24 173408



FOREST AND STREAM.

A Weekly Journal of the Rod and Gun.

ANGLING, SHOOTING, THE KENNEL, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISHCULTURE, PROTECTION OF GAME,

AND THE

INCULCATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUTDOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

VOLUME XXXIII.

~~August~~, 1889—JANUARY, 1890.

PUBLISHED BY THE

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY,

NEW YORK.

1890.

SMITHSONIAN LIBRARY

FOREST AND STREAM.

INDEX---VOLUME XXXIII.

EDITORIAL.

Page.

Accidents with the Gun....101, 121, 141, 201
Adirondack Forests....281
Bear Hunting of To-day....341
Bits of Talk....61, 101, 161
Boy and Gun....445
British Columbian Butchers....509
Camp Pests....41
Canada, American Clubs in....1
Christmas Number....421
Connecticut Association....321
Cooper's Leatherstocking Tales....181
Coursing....401, 421, 445, 509
Cox, S. S., Death of....141
Creedmoor Meeting....161
Darling Case....321
Deer on Long Island....281
Docking Dogs' Tails....21
Dogs, Conditioning for Field Work....61
Eye, Human, and Beast's....221
Field Trials and Field Work....281
Fishes, Study of Fresh-water....181
Florida, Sportsman's....485
FOREST AND STREAM Decade....465
Game Law Codification....445
Game Protection Advance....301
Jekyl Island Pheasants....81
Mad Bull—Pistols All....241
Massachusetts, Wild Turkeys for....509
Mosquito Pest Mitigation....121
National Park and the Mormons....401
National Park Fires....1
National Park Fishculture....81, 161, 321
National Park in 1889....341, 381, 465
One-Man Power....321
Pacific Salmon Fisheries....121
Pawnee Hero Stories....221
Quail Mystery....261
Restricting Game Killed....221
Rifle Team Abroad....81
St. Lawrence Anglers' Association....301
Shooting from Steamers....241
Soulé, H. H., Death of....41
Sparrow Nuisance....1
State Military Shoots....141
Thanksgiving Turkey Shoot....361
Trophies of Skill....201
Uniform State Laws....485
Volcanoes of Alaska....301
Wild Pigeon....261
Woodcock, Ways of the....21

THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST.

Acadian and Canuck....427
Adirondack Jottings....3
Alaska, Notes from....447
Angler, The, in New Zealand....162
Antlers at the Antipodes....182
Australia, The Black Trackers of....446
Autumn Thoughts (poetry)....242
Boar, How we Slew the Great....242
Boer Land, Big Game in....428
Brier Land, A Week in....466
Brulé, Running the....342
Bull and the Bears, The....162
Camping Out (poetry)....22
Camps of the Kingfishers....42
Cattle Drive, A (poetry)....182
Charlotte Harbor....495
Civilization vs. Savagery....403
Comanche Chief....262
Cooper's Woodcraft....382
Dogs, Dingoes and Kuris....427
Dun Horse, The....362
En Acadié (poetry)....263, 282
Far West, Sporting in the....404
First Spear....426
Fishing à la Mode....429
Florida, A Winter in....322, 342
Florida Coast Adventure, A....426
Florida Days....486
Frontier Town, In Pawn in a....202
Grouse Shooting in Manitoba....2
Gunning Down by the Sea....362
Hotel Life in Europe....83
Horse-Head Seal, Hunting the....510
Hunting Without a Gun....82
Isle of Cormorants, The....302
Jamaica, Three Days in....427
Japan, As They Live in....429
Kangaroo Hunting....428
Kingfishers, Camps of the....42
Loup, Quail Shooting on the....429
Manitoba, Grouse Shooting in....2
Mexico, Chat From....428
Mixed Feathers....510
Modern Knight, The (poetry)....202
Mount Olympus, Shooting on....22, 62, 103, 142
National Park, The....3
New Hampshire, The Hill Farms of....447
New Mexico, Sport in....402
New Zealand, The Angler in....162
North Carolina Coast, On the....263
Old Times in California....282
Out Doors....102, 122
Pawnees, A Summer Hunt with the....222, 363
Photography as a Pastime....402
Quail Shooting on the Loup....429
Reporter, The....425
Sand-Spit A....382
Siskiyou, Rod and Gun in....403
Sitting Bull's Warriors, With....2
Slide Rock From Many Mountains:
I.—Sleeping Sentinel, The (poetry)....466
Sport in New Mexico....402
Sporting in the Far West....404
St. Augustine Hunter, A....496
Trombetas, On the....423
Unc' Jim's Speyunce....302
Winter Glimpses....510

NATURAL HISTORY.

Albinoes and Hybrids Among Birds....204
Albino Woodpecker....512
American Ornithologists' Union....324, 343
Antlers, Large....497
Antlers, Locked....449
Aquaria Notes....143, 164
Bitron....422
Black Bass Nesting....103
Blue Heron Over Central Park....303
California Birds' Food Investigation....283
Chickens, My....104
Dingo....467
Double-Headed Animals....164
El Carpintero....512
English Starling in Maine....85
Fawn, Late....449
Fox, Black....265, 303
Frog's Food Habits....5, 183
Frog, January....497
Game in Town....304, 324, 364, 422
Giraffes in Captivity....323
Grouse in Captivity....85, 344, 422
Grouse of Utah....104
Grouse Weights....467
Hare, Swimming....422
Hawks that Kill Hens....497
Hummingbird Combat....265
Loons....23, 204
Massachusetts Wild Turkeys....124
Mexican Wild Turkey....123
Mocking Bird in Massachusetts....404
Niagara County Birds....164, 183
Old-Time Natural History....23
OUT-OF-DOOR PAPERS:
II.—From My Window....283
III.—Windbound on Chamberlain....303
IV.—A Question of Taste....323
V.—Winter Fishing....363
VI.—The Brook....405
VII.—A Boy's Eyes....422, 469
Owl, Great Gray, in New York....449
Quail in Dixie (Utah)....123
Quail's Nesting Habits....243
Quail, Plumed....84
Rabbit, Long-Haired....405
Rattlesnake Killer....182
Reptile Hibernation....265
Rhode Island Rare Birds....364
Robin's Nest in December....422
Sandusky Bay, Waders in....265
Seals, Eared....84
Skunk Bite, Death from....384
Skunks, Chocolate-Colored....324
Skunks on Dress Parade....85
Snake, Stinging....164
Snake, Two-Headed....144
Snipe, Tame....449
Snowy Heron on Lake Ontario....497
Snowy Owl....511
Star Gazer's Electric Organs....23
Sunfish Nest Building....83
Swallow, Edible....512
Teal's Wiles....265
Turtle, Nesting of....96
White-Footed Mouse....103
White Goat, Nomenclature....83
White Goat in Captivity....48
Wild Duck, Tame....303
Wild Pigeons....124, 243, 467
Woodcock Habits..24, 44, 65, 83, 123, 143, 144, 243, 468
Woodcock and Wires....5
Woodcock in Town....303, 324
Woodrat....512
Yukon Fauna....44

GAME BAG AND GUN.

Page.

Adirondack Deer....167, 245, 385, 452
Adirondack Deer Law....287
Adirondack Notes....147
Aiming the Gun....327, 354, 385, 440, 471, 516
Arkansas Game Law....7
Autour de ma Chambre....87
Bear and Man....364
Bear as a Boxer....246
Bear, Big....147
Bear Hunting in New Mexico....67
Bear, My First....283
Bear Scrimmage....26
Bears in Adirondacks....45
Bear Stories, Bunch of....326
Bellingham Bay....288
Big-Gun....5
Black River Association....516
Boston Shooters....323
Boston Sportsmen in Maine....166
Boys and Guns....365, 449
Boyhood Stamping Grounds....288
Buck, Story of....385
Buffalo, His First....305
Buffalo Hunt....405
Bullets from Shotgun....26, 45, 145
Bullets, Hollow....26
Bullets, Seeing....243
Bullets, Tubular....433
Bullet, Weed....304
Camp Parlor....328
Canvasback Ducks....324
Canvasback, My First....324
CHICAGO AND THE WEST:
Mineola Club....5
Fox River Association....67
Chicken Shooting....86
Gaylord Club....105
Game and the Markets....126
Jacksnipe....145
Horicon Marsh....166
Rising Sun Game Park....246, 267
Grand Calumet Heights Clubs....324
Indiana Quail Shooting....346
Partridge Lake Club....388
Lake Koshkonong....407
Nee-Pee-Nauk, Pere Marquette and Sieur de La Salle....470
Black Hawk Club....514
Chickens in Illinois Cornfields....327
Chinese Pheasants....471
Christmas Misadventure....498
Connecticut Association....147, 389, 409
Connecticut Game....309
Connecticut Game Market....327
Connecticut Grouse Shippers....288
Connecticut Wardens....309
Crippled Wildfowl....347
Darling Case....309, 325
Delaware Situation....309
Deer in Massachusetts....167
Deer Hunting in Texas....86
Ducks and Duck Shooting....244
Ducks in Great South Bay....405
Ducks in South Dakota....147
Du Pont, Gen. Henry....67
Floating for Ducks....470
Florida Side-Hunt....469
FOREST AND STREAM GUN TEST:
Colt....6, 266
Greener....25, 144, 165
Merrill Recess Bore....26, 45, 145
Scott....124
Folsom....185
Winchester Repeater....204
L. C. Smith....228
Hollis....308
Remington....386, 451
Francotte....408
Discussion of Results..44, 67, 245, 284, 345, 365, 513
Forty Years, Incidents of....470
Fox Hunt at Chester....346
Fox Hunt at Worcester....365
Gallatin River Country, Mont....227
Game Birds of the Plains....513
Game Seasons....87
Game Season Notes....226, 245
Game Protection Scheme....434
Gauge, All-Around....387, 407
Grouse Weights....515
Grouse in New England....267
Grouse of the Pocono....286
Gun Locks, Safety of....244
Guns of Small Bore....225
Hounders and Still-Hunters....497
Hudson River Wild Rice....268
Idaho Wildfowl....388
Illinois Notes....286
Iowa Game Notes....46
Jobs, Dr....434
Kansas Misadventures....184
Lallie-Poo, Cruise of....306
Luck on a Friday....384
Maine Deer....86, 387, 452, 471, 515
Maine Deer Story....287
Maine Hunting Ground....66
Manitoba Association....107
Market Hunting....46, 365, 453
Maryland Ducking Clubs....367
Maryland Seasons....7
Massachusetts Association....516
Massachusetts Wild Turkeys....167
Medford, Wid....497
Megantic Club....307
Memories of Youth....478
Michigan Deer Country....285
Michigan Ducks....167
Michigan Wild Turkeys....205
Mississippi Notes....515
Moose Hunt....304
Moose in a Barnyard....288
Moose in Quebec....328
Nebraska, Week in....235
New Jersey Gun Tax....434, 472, 498
New York Association....407, 450
New York Game Protectors....18
North Carolina Quail....287, 452
Odd Incidents....243
On a Stand....227
Ontario Incidents....327
Otter Trapping....45
Ozark Mountains....5
Pattern and Penetration Test (see FOREST AND STREAM Gun Test).
Pend D'Oeille Country....223
Pennsylvania Game Galore....166
Plymouth Woods....167
Quail Banquet....389
Quail Habits....288
Quail in Roanoke and Wythe....513
Quails' Nests....46
Recoil in Breechloaders....86
Remembrances and Old Memories....471
Revolver for Game....409, 452
Revolver Loading....184
Rifles and Caliber....45, 106, 147, 185, 226, 244, 452
Rutland Club Dinner....366
Ship Harbor Tragedy....205
South Carolina Season....347
Squirrel Shooting....165
Tarheel Ducking....326
Taxing the Gun....268, 305, 347, 389
Tenderfoot Duck Hunt....305
Tennessee Game Law....46
Texas Game Country....106, 471
Three Deer in Three Shots....285
Todd Case....471
Tramps With a Pocket Rifle....469, 497
Trappers of the Rappahannock....345
Trip Over Clip....146
Turkey Hunt....287
Utopia of American Game....327
Wadding Cartridges....328
Wild Celery....347, 387
Wild Rice in the Hudson River....87, 226
Wild Turkeys in New ~~Jersey~~ England....325, 346
Wisconsin Export Law....228
Woodchuck Climbing Trees....87
Woodcock Hunt....304
Woodcock, Notes on....44
Woodcock Shooting....167
Worcester Notes....26, 246
Worcester Opening Day....106, 145
Wyoming Big Game....516
Wyoming Game Protection....406
Wyoming Non-resident Law....471
Wyoming Outing....66, 85
Wyoming Ranch, On a....286

ANGLING AND FISHCULTURE.

Alaska Investigations....268
Alaska Salmon Pack....435
Alaska Streams....229

490.573
.F71

Page.

Alaska Trout on Flies.....435
Albatross Investigations.....208
Ananias, the Fisher.....331
Angel Fish.....493
Anglers' Association of Eastern Pennsylvania.331
Anglers, Gentle.....229
Angling Contest.....5
Angling Notes.328, 348, 391, 410, 435, 454, 472, 498, 518
Aquaria Notes.....143, 207, 247, 289, 369, 453
Argentine from Maine.....302
Arizona Fish Commission.....208
Astrology and the Fishing.....207
Baker's Pond Bass.....410
Barracuda Fishing.....289
Barrett W. S., Death of.....331
Bass, Black.....491
Bass, Bristly.....390
Bass, Channel.....490
Bass Culture, Black.....443
Bass, Defense of.....410
Bass Fishing.....122
Bass Fishing Grounds.....3
Bass in Honeoye Lake.....269
Bass in Indiana.....9
Bass in Massachusetts.....127
Bass in Niagara River.....149
Bass in Potomac.....230
Bass in Susquehanna.....149
Bass in Texas Christmas Week.....517
Bass in Virginia.....435
Bass, Large.....349
Bass Notes.....89
Bass, Potomac.....48
Bass, Protest Against.....348
Bass Record, Big.....29
Bass, Rhode Island.....48
Bass, Sea.....492
Bass, Striped.....492
Bass Stand.....67
Bass, Vermont.....205
Bass and Perch in Susquehanna.....186
Bay of Quinte.....187
Beam Trawl Fishing.....111
Bears, Birds and Fishes.....348, 368
Black Bass.....491
Black Bass at Towanda.....69
Black Bass Culture.....443
Black Bass Fishing.....328
Black Bass Flies.....391
Black Bass in Baker's Pond.....410
Black Bass in England.....473
Black Bass in Illinois.....187
Black Bass in Lake Winola.....88
Black Bass in Maine.....229
Black Bass in Minnesota.....229
Black Bass in Texas.....167
Black Bass in Vermont.....118
Black Bass in Virginia.....435
Black Bass Lures.....312
Black Bass, Nesting of. Gill.....163
Black Bass, Potomac.....48
Black River Association.....516
Blooming Grove Fly-Casting.....331
Bluefish.....492
Bluefish at Merrimac.....29
Bluefish in Massachusetts.....127
Bluefish in Winter.....518
Boardman River Fishing.....48
Boat Stove.....472
Boston Anglers, Haunts of.....30
Brass, Heated.....453
British Fish Hatchery.....129
Brook Trout for a Cent.....390
Brook Trout in Colorado.....499
Brook Trout, Large.....131
Brulé River Fishing.....342
California Fishing.....473
California Salmon on the Fly.....410
Canada, American Clubs in.....47
Canada Fish Breeding.....149
Canada Fishing Clubs.....312, 328
Canadian Salmon Leases.....518
Canandaigua Anglers' Association.....269
Carp, First Shipment of.....349
Carp Fishing.....462
Carp for Texas.....331
Carp from Texas.....279
Carp, Large.....312
Castalia Club.....369
Catfish, Albino.....454
Catfish, Sea.....494
Catfish and Dog.....348
Catskill Mountain Waters.....30
Cavalli.....488
Cero.....487
Cero in Bays and Rivers.....312
Channel Bass at Fire Island.....232
Charlotte Harbor Fishing.....494
Chicago and the West....48, 67, 68, 88, 168, 267, 349, 473, 498, 514
Chicago Anglers and Angling.....27
Chiquit is Squeteague.....248
Chitte Fishing in Mauritius.....230
Chub, White.....157
Clackamas River Salmon.....369
Club Leases.....247
Club Preserves.....205
Clubs and Preserves.....368
Cobia.....492
Codfish, Young.....111
Coeur d'Alene Club.....389
Color in Fishes, Changes of.....47
Colorado Fish Hatchery.....187
Colorado Fishing.....49, 435
Colorado for Eastern Brook Trout.....499
Colorado Trout Work.....248
"Compleat Angler".....21
Connecticut Pond Fishing.....391
Cork Jacket.....110
Crabs from the Skies.....467
Crank Talk.....311
Crappie, Habits of.....157
Crappies at Vincennes.....269
Cutlass Fish.....169

Page.

Dan's Hole Pond Trout.....390
Deep Sea Fish.....144
Detroit Fish Exhibit.....169
Dolphin.....489
Dolphins, Review of.....169
Drum.....490
Drum Fishing at Cape May.....311
Dynamiting Fish.....312
Eared Seals.....3, 64, 84
East Indian Game Fish.....369
Eel, A Big.....331
Eel in Fresh Water.....378
Eel, Silver.....330
Eutopia and Trout Lake Association.....411
Eutopia and Trout Lake Club.....9
Ferrule, Heated.....499
Ferrule, Burning Out a.....169, 435
Ferrules, Brass.....410
Fire Weed for Trout Lines.....289
Fish and Game Preserve.....3
Fish Breeding in Canada.....149
Fish Caught in Fishway.....187
Fish Commissioners, List of.....518

Fish Commissions:

Arizona.....208
Illinois.....369
Missouri.....231, 349, 411
Pennsylvania.....30, 436, 455
Wyoming.....411

Fishculture in Illinois.....150
Fishculture in National Park.....81
Fishculture in New Hampshire.....49
Fishculture in North Carolina.....111
Fish Epidemic.....69
Fish Laws in Pennsylvania.....167
Fish Protection a Blessing.....368
Fish Protection, Benefits of.....409
Fish Protection in Pennsylvania.....312
Fish Protection, St. Lawrence.....149
Fish Shipped Without Water.....453
Fish Traps, Treatment of.....349
Fish Wardens' Work.....9, 30
Fish Weirs, Destructive.....590
Fisherman's Jug.....230
Fishery Census.....129
Fishery Statistics of United States.....111
Fishes, Double-Headed.....134
Fishes, Study of Fresh-Water.....181
Fishes Under Ground.....390
Fishing Affected by Rains.....1
Fishing à la Mode.....429
Fishing, Arrests for Illegal.....231
Fishing, Cheap.....186, 207
Fishing Clubs in Canada.....329
Fishing Extortions.....141
Fishing in the Far West.....404
Fishing Leases, Canadian.....41, 47
Fishing Privileges.....301
Flies for Fishes.....391
Flies in Alaska.....435
Flies, Materials for.....348
Florida Fishes.....485, 487
Florida Fishes Under Ground.....390
Florida Fishing.....322, 342, 518
Florida Number.....517
Flounders, Long Island.....9
Fly-Casting at Blooming Grove.....331
Fly-Fishers' Club of London.....349
Fly-Fishing, Pleasures of.....268
Fly Larvæ for Salmonidæ.....455
Four-Eyed Fish, Shooting.....205
Frog in New York in January.....497
Frogs as Fish-Eaters.....5
Frogs' Legs.....378
Fur Seals, Protection of.....41
Gaylord Club.....105, 128
Gilchrist, F. C., Fishery Inspector.....369
Gill-Nets Captured.....347
Gill-Nets Opposed.....411
Gizzard Shad in Aquaria.....289
Goldeye or Mooneye.....380
Goldfish Parasites.....453
Grouper, Red.....492
Guides.....186
Gulf of Mexico Fishing.....250
Haddock, Large.....310
Havre de Grace Fishing.....187
Henderson Bay Fishing.....149
Herbert, J. C. on Pacific Fishing.....410
Hickory Shad.....229
Holbricot, or Amber Fish.....290
Honeoye Lake Bass.....269
Horsehead Seal Hunting.....510
Illinois Black Bass.....187
Illinois Fish Commission.....369
Illinois Fishculture.....150
Illinois Fishes Rescued.....435
Indiana Bass.....9
Indiana Fishculture.....473
Jewfish.....118, 492
Kentucky Fish and Game.....434
Kentucky Fish and Game Club.....1, 30, 435
Kingfish.....488, 489
Kingfishers, Camps of the.....8, 28, 42, 68, 87, 107, 126, 148, 168, 206
Kingfisher's Luck.....290
Klamath Lake Fishing.....454
Koshee Lake.....11
Lady Anglers.....45
Lafayette Fish in Aquaria.....2
Lafayette Fish, Large.....2
Lake Champlain Fishing.....
Lake Erie Gill-nets.....
Lake Erie Herring.....
Lake Erie Whitefish Work.....
Lake Koshkonong.....
Lake St. John.....
Land Fish.....
Land Sharks.....
Laurentians, A Week in the.....10
Leases in Canada.....
Light on Fish.....
Lines, Selection of.....
Lockport Anglers.....

Page.

Loggerhead Turtle Nesting.....496
Luck, A Piece of.....207
McGinty Bait.....499
Mackerel, Diminished Catch of.....269
Mackerel, Spanish.....487
Mackerel, Thimble-eye.....290
Maine Angling Interests.....390
Maine Black Bass.....229
Maine Salmon Culture.....435
Maine Salmon Work.....248
Maine Trout.....7, 116
Maine Trout Sharks.....330
Massachusetts Association.....516
Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association.....485
Massachusetts Fishes.....329
Massachusetts Fishing.....30
Mauritius, Chitte Fishing in.....230
Menhaden at Wood's Holl.....369
Menhaden Steamers Seized.....181
Metabetchouan River Fishing.....290, 312, 348
Mimicry in Fishes.....369
Mine Water Destroying Fish.....369
Minnow Bait.....228
Minnow Life Preserver.....67
Missouri Fish Commission.....231, 349, 411
Mistassini Lake.....161
Mooneye or Goldeye.....380
Moon Fish.....493
Montana Big Trout.....229
Mullet, Silver.....493
National Park, Fishculture in.....81, 110
National Park, Stocking.....321
National Rod and Reel Association.....435, 518
Nebraska Trout.....231
Neversink River.....454
New England Fishing.....69
New England Trout and Salmon Club.....516
New Hampshire Fishculture.....49, 448
New Hampshire Woods and Waters.....391
New York Association.....407, 450, 516
New York Fish Commission.....270
Newfound Lake Fish.....29
Newfound Lake, Stocking.....311
Newspaper Thief.....48
Niagara River Bass.....149
Nipigon Angling.....247
North Carolina Angling.....331, 517
North Carolina Trout Streams.....109
On the Bay (poem).....228
Opah in California.....290
Oregon Fishing.....349
Oregon Fishing Industries.....270
Osage River Fishing.....127
Otters, How to Trap.....45
Oysters on Trees.....103
Oysters, Scarcity of.....270
Pacific Salmon Fisheries.....121
Patchogue Fishing.....311
Pennsylvania Fish Commission.....30, 435, 455
Pennsylvania Fish Protection.....312
Pennsylvania High Water.....48
Penobscot Salmon for Pennsylvania.....499
Plaice for Halibut.....187
Pompano.....488
Pond Fishing.....391
Pumpkin Seeds.....230
Rainbow Trout on a Fly.....328
Red-eye Perch.....157
Redfish.....490
Red Snapper.....491
Reel, A Historic.....512
Remoras and Sharks.....289
Restigouche Salmon Culture.....369
Rhymester, An Incredulous.....331
Rice Lake.....207
Rod and Gun in Siskiyou.....403
Rod and Reel Association.....435
Rod and Reel Association, National.....409, 518
Rods, Selection of.....518
Ronkonkoma Lake.....30
Round Bay Fishing.....169
Rutland, Vt., Fish and Game Club.....347, 366
Safety Appliances.....110
St. Lawrence Anglers' Association.....301, 310
St. Lawrence Association.....69
St. Lawrence Fish Protection.....149
Salmo Purpuratus on the Fly.....454
Salmon, Abundance of Humpback.....269
Salmon Angling in Clackamas.....369
Salmon, Appearance of King.....269
Salmon Culture in Maine.....435
Salmon Culture, Restigouche.....369
Salmon Fisheries, Pacific.....121
Salmon Fishing in Scotland.....247
Salmon Flies.....391
Salmon in Pennsylvania.....499
Salmon in the Neversink.....410
Salmon Leases, Canadian.....518
Salmon Pack, Alaskan.....435
Salmon Score.....20
Salmon, Silverside.....248
Salmon Work in Maine.....248
Salmonidæ Fed on Fly Larvæ.....455
[illegible] Water Fishes in Fresh Water.....261, 390
[illegible] racuda Fishing.....289
[illegible] Fish.....435, 473
[illegible] reams.....161, 187, 473
[illegible] ort.....161
[illegible] stroying Fish.....369
[illegible] mon Fishing.....247
[illegible].....492
[illegible].....494
[illegible].....329
[illegible] Declining.....447
[illegible].....489
[illegible] American.....312
[illegible] Eared.....3, 64, 84
[illegible] Death of.....41
[illegible] Fishing.....328
[illegible] Rivers.....290
[illegible] zard.....289
[illegible] te Appearance of.....290
[illegible] Abundance of.....331
[illegible] nd Remoras.....289

Page.

Sheepshead.....491
Shrimping in France.....208
Silver Side Salmon.....248
Siskiyou Fishing.....403
Smelts at Plymouth.....410
Snake on a Hook.....369
Snook.....493
Spoon-Hook in Klamath Lake.....454
Spot in Aquaria.....289
Springfield Club.....30
Star Gazer, Electric Organs of.....123
Steelhead Salmon Fishing.....48
Striped Bass.....492
Striped Bass Fishing.....348
Striped Bass from Boats.....434
Sunapee Trout from Dan's Hole Pond.....390
Sunfish, Nest Building of. Gill.....43, 83, 164
Sunfishes, Habits of.....453
Sunset Club.....128
Susquehanna Bass.....149
Susquehanna Bass and Perch.....186
Susquehanna River, Camping on.....46
Susquehanna River Fishing.....29, 311
Tanneries Destroying Fish.....369
Tarpum.....493
Texas Bass in Christmas Week.....517
Texas, Large-Mouth Bass in.....167
Toadfish Eaten.....247
Tomcod, Range of.....378
Trombetas River Fishing.....423
Trout, A Handsome.....49
Trout, American Sea.....312
Trout, Black-Spotted.....410
Trout, Brown, in Virginia.....187
Trout, Large Brown.....269
Trout, Late Spawning.....207
Trout, Maine.....7
Trout, Rainbow, on the Fly.....328
Trout, Sunapee.....390
Trout, Supposed Fossil.....269
Trout, Taking a Big.....149
Trout, Three Reckless.....69
Trout, Von Behr.....391
Trout and Game in West Virginia.....410
Trout and Leeches.....47
Trout and Salmon Club, New England.....516
Trout Culture.....462
Trout Flies for Maine.....391
Trout Flies for Snake River.....393
Trout from Corry, Pa.....499
Trout from Worn Out Streams.....348
Trout in Chateaugay Lakes.....472
Trout in Maine.....110
Trout in Massachusetts.....9, 127
Trout in Nebraska.....231
Trout in North Carolina.....109
Trout in Rhode Island.....9
Trout in Virginia.....248
Trout in Worcester County, Mass.....473
Trout in Yellowstone.....208, 472
Trout Lines of Fireweed.....289
Trout Luck.....7
Trout Near San Diego.....290
Trout of Tahoe Lake.....290
Trout of the Pools.....29
Trout of the Yellowstone.....472
Trout of Twin Lakes.....167
Trout Painting.....331
Trout Sharks.....390
Trout Spawning in Salt Water.....499
Trout Work in Colorado.....248
Trunkfish.....487
Twin Lakes, New Trout of.....167
United States Fish Commission.....89
U. S. Fish Commission Aquarium Fishes.....189, 208
United States Fish Commission Work.....248, 331, 435, 473
Unknown River.....108
Vancouver Island Fish and Fishing.....48
Vermont Bass.....205
Virginia Trout.....248
Von Behr Trout.....391
Waban Lake Fishing.....369
Wall-Eyed Pike in Pennsylvania.....455
Wall-Eyed Pike, Large.....312
Walton, Izaak.....47
Washington Fishing.....49
Waterproof Myth.....290
Weakfish.....489
Weakfish in Great South Bay.....89
Webster, Daniel, as a Fisherman.....167
Whales, Scarcity of.....331
Whiting at Providence.....311
Whitefish Work on Lake Erie.....187
Whiting.....489
Winnanish in Metabetchouan River.....290
Winter Fishing.....363
Woods Holl Fishes.....109
Worcester Trout Fishing.....473
Wyoming Fishculture.....411
Yellow Perch Spawning.....499
Yellowstone Fishes.....187
Yellowstone Park, Stocking.....161, 331
Yellowstone Trout.....208, 472
Yellowtail.....491
Yukon District, Fauna of.....44

THE KENNEL.

All-Round Dog.....209, 233, 251, 273, 499
American Coursing Club Meet.....313
Andy McGregor.....500
A. K. C. Expenses.....171, 232, 248, 272, 290
A. K. C. Meeting.....189, 293, 375, 393, 457, 499
A. K. R. Transfer.....331
All-Day Field Trials.....210, 251, 393
Alpine Kennels.....332
American Coursing Club.....291, 313
Apollo Stakes.....519
Bang Bang, Death of.....458
Beagle, A Small.....91
Beagle Club.....519
Beagle Lost.....208, 500

Page.

Beagle Training....130, 169, 456
Belgian Hares....500
Bettye S.—Sally Brass II. Race....478
Black and Tan Setter Stake....29, 31
Black and Tan Terriers....251, 375
Boston's Vagrant Dogs....50
Brooklyn Dog Show....31, 71, 112, 151
Brooklyn Dog Show Report....151
Brunswick Fur Club Field Trials....291, 349
Buffalo Kennel Club....352
Bull-terrier Importation....189, 315
Canadian Field Trials....231, 273, 291
Canadian Field Trials Report....350
Canadian Kennel Club....170
Central Field Trials....190, 273, 331
Central Field Trials, All-Aged Entries....275
Central Field Trials, Free-For-All Entries....331
Central Field Trials Report....393, 411, 437, 455, 476
Champion Hesper....332
Chicago Dog Show....393, 456
Clumber Spaniel Lost....208
Clumber Spaniel Snow....413
Collie Stakes....71, 129, 393, 500
Collie's Heroism....31
Contagious Diseases of the Dog....71
Coursing....111, 130, 172, 208, 209, 231, 270, 291, 292, 313, 458
Coursing and the S. P. C. A....458
Coursing, Another Phase of....518
Coursing at Louisville....172
Coursing Clubs....456
Coursing Rules....292
Coursing, St. Louis Report....208
Critics and Croakers....232
Cropping....49
Cross-bred Dog....251
Cupid's Record....31
Dad Wilson....375
Danbury Dog Show....111, 250
Danbury Dog Show Report....250
Death of Promising Puppy....233
Denver Dog Show....112, 315
Desdemona II....233
Dip and Dash....499
Diseases of the Digestive Organs....50
Doc, Sale of....331
Dog Breakers, An Opening for....375
De Buch—Jewess....375
Dog Law, Pennsylvania....172
Dog License Laws....10, 50
Dog Sale at Aldridge's....30
Dog Talk....11, 31, 50, 70, 91, 112, 130, 151, 172, 190, 210, 233, 251, 273, 293, 313, 393, 437, 499
Dogs of Bath....50
Dogs of the Day....520
Eastern Coursing Club....209, 353, 375, 391, 412, 435, 458, 500
Eastern Field Trials Club....130, 250, 374, 500, 519
Eastern Field Trials All-Aged Stake Entries....250
Eastern Field Trials Report....353, 372, 392, 476
Elmira Dog Show....50, 71, 90, 130, 189
Elmira Dog Show Report....189
English Kennel News....457
English Mastiffs....9, 315
English Setter Bitches Stolen....30
Fanny's Record....70
Fleas and Lice....70
Field Trials....189
Foxhound Field Trials....291
Foxhound Lost....50, 500
Foxhound Pack, Avent's....11
Foxhounds at Bench Shows....437, 499
Fox Hunt Clubs....391
Fox-Terrier....112, 233
Fox-Terrier R. B. Lee....233
Fox-Terrier Club....413
German Dogdom....190
Gordon Setter Club, 71, 169, 209, 231, 251, 273, 476, 520
Gordon Setter Stolen....232
Great Dane Importation....273
Great Dane Standard....150, 169
Helena Dog Show Report....151
Huscroft....349
Huskies at Lake St. John....10
Importing Dogs....11
Indian Dogs....312
Indiana Field Trials....130, 250, 273, 315, 332, 351, 370
Indiana Field Trials All-Aged Stake Entries....250
Indiana Field Trials Report....351, 370
Indiana Kennel Club....412
Injection and Disinfection....291
Inter-State Field Trials....519
Irish Setter Field Trials (English)....30, 233, 272
Irish Setter, Trotting....273
Jack....210
Lad of Bow Prize....232
Lady Temple....436
Lit, Death of....374
Liver, White and Lemon....500
London Dog Show Report....170
London Dog Show....11 71, 91, 170
Lost Dogs, Where They Go....315, 332, 375
Mascoutah Kennel Club....293
Mastiff Club Specials....476
Mastiff Importation....31
Mastiff Toe Nails....209, 315
Muzzle in England....292
National Coursing Association....112, 270
National Coursing Meet at Hutchinson....270
New Jersey Kennel Club....436
New York Dog Show....476, 520
New York Dog Show Judges....393
Nights with the Coons....70
Northern Illinois Dog Show....353
Not Registered....520
Olympia Dog Show....11
Ohio Field Trial Club....112
Origin of the Dog....130
Ottawa Dog Show Report....171
Ottawa Dog Show....31, 91, 171
Otho, Death of....190
"Our Prize Dogs"....393
Patsey Afield....393
Patsey as a Stud Dog....31
Pendleton Dog Show....90
Pet Dog Club....352
Philadelphia Kennel Club Trials....315, 349
Podgers Talks Dog....210, 232, 332
"Poh Prinneh"....290
Pointer Club....130, 520
Pointer Found....112, 293
Pointers, Prolific....315
Port Huron Dog Show Report....250
Rabbit Baiting....112
Rabbits in England....500
Rabies, Prevention of....90, 91
Registration Fee....90, 112, 150
Reporter, The....476, 499
Robins Island Field Trials....293, 374
Sooner Dog....233, 273
Southern Field Trials Entries....373
Southern Field Trials Report....437, 474
Spaniel Club Sweepstakes....521
Spaniels at Toronto....412
Specials at New York....520
Spratts Patent....352
St. Bernard Importation....91, 130, 189, 233
St. Bernard Puppy, Large....49, 332, 520
St. Bernard Club....312, 393, 500
Stock-Keeper and Assistants....210, 231, 249, 373
Stud Book Regulations....500
Stud Book, Free Uses of....209
Tail of a Dog....90
Toledo Dog Show Report....171
Toledo Dog Show....49, 71, 91, 129, 171
Toronto Dog Show Report....187
Toronto Dog Show....31, 50, 71, 91, 130, 187
Tragedy of the First Snow....520
Transaction in Dog Flesh....312, 352, 375
Transportation to Field Trials....291
Turk and Big Ben....9
Vandalia's Last Dog....10
Vortigern, Death of....352
Wacouta Kennel....71
Western Massachusetts Fox Club....290, 332
Wilmington Dog Show Report....151
Worcester Fur Company....293

RIFLE AND TRAP SHOOTING.

Al Bandle's Shoot....175, 212
American Shooting Association....32, 74, 92
Baltimore Tournament....235
Barrel Reflectors....234
Blooming Grove Park....334
Budd vs. Kleintz....236
Canadian Wimbledon, The....152
Capital Revolver Work....333
Central Illinois Shoot....192
Chicago and the West....395
Chicago Trap Shooters....522
Christmas Day Shoots....477, 478
Class and Daly vs. Kleintz and Irwin....355
Class vs. Thompson....413
Compton Hill....73
Conlin's Anniversary....375
Connecticut State Shoot....294
Connecticut Tournament....194
Corry Gun Club....439
Creedmoor Fall Meeting....72
Cookston Tournament....33
Elliott's Kansas City Shoot....500
Elm City Gun Club Meet....74, 234, 502
Essex Gun Club....459
Fargo Tournament....115
Florence Tournament....132
Fodde Shoot....254
Fred Tolley's Tournament....195
Harrisburg Tournament....316
How to Shoot....394
Illinois Association....74
Inter-State Match in New Jersey....152
Inter-State Match Wrangle....191
Ira Paine, Death of....173
Keystone Tournament....113
Kingbird Tournament....439
League Shooting....32
Le Mars Tournament....132
Massachusetts vs. New York....174
Matt Gindele, Capt....294
Middlesex Tournament....252
Minnesota State Shoot....91, 153
National Rifle Club....191
Nebraska Tournament....394
Newark Tournament....294, 315, 333, 354
New Jersey Association....194
New Jersey's Big Shoot....51
New Jersey State Shoot....213
New Wimbledon, The....274
New Year's at Newark....502
New York Suburban....355
Nickle Plate Gun Club Tournament....275
Norwood Gun Club Tournament....235
Our Team Abroad....11, 31, 51, 112
Our Team at Home....72
Park Ridge Shoot....74
Pennsylvania State Shoot....153
Pennsylvania Shooting....294
Reading Gun Club....175, 275
Rensselaerwyck Meeting....251
Rocky Mountain Tournament....175
St. Catherines Tournament....52
St. Paul Tournament....193, 354
Sea Girt Shoot....191
Seville Tournament....154
Smokeless Powder....234, 332, 354
Third Brigade R. A. Meet....174
Trap at Chicago....213
Trap Chat....33
Trap Shooters' Tour....376, 502
Trap Shots in a Palace Car....316
Trenton Shoot....295
U. S. Cartridge Company's Tour....459
Virginia Field Sports Association....254
Watson's Park....502
Williamsport (Ind.) Tournament....334

YACHTING.

Page.

Alarm....297
Alerte....156, 357
Alice (sharpie)....318
America's Cup....17, 77, 137
Atlantic....38
Baboon Sail Plan....462
Bedouin....36
British Racing Fleet....462
British Yachtbuilding....358
Cape Catboats....16 77, 93, 525
Cape May Cup....198, 238
Celt....118
Choctaw....15, 156
Classification....276, 297, 317, 336, 377, 356, 357, 396, 414 416, 441, 442, 525
Composite Construction....216, 442
Constellation....35

CRUISES:

Anderson....176
Fearless....318, 481
Georgian Bay....441
Liris....377
Marblehead....376
Medusa....297
Pacific Coast....337, 416

Cythera....155
Decima....414
Douglas & Co....17, 479
Enchantress....297
Forty-foot Class....35, 54
Fredonia....17, 38, 137
Futurity Race....198
Galatea....278
Genesta....156
Gleam....56
Good Resolutions....481
Gorilla....278
Harbinger....15, 16, 77, 98
Intrepid....505
Irex....156
Jameson Yacht....526
Katrina....36
Lady Evelyn....318
Lead Keels and Iron Bolts....258
Lightships....461
Liris....198, 337
Livingston's Design....238
Magic....525
Maritime Exhibition....278, 337, 526
Marine Conference....278
Minerva....16, 137, 176, 317
Mopsa....15, 37
Nantucket Shoals....461
Naval Reserve....318, 526
Norton System....17

OBITUARY:

Capt. Robt. B. Forbes....397
E. N. Dickerson....442

Paradox....17
Racing in Two Classes....238
Sea Fox....57, 480
Shamrock....505
Shark....15
Singlehander, poem....117
Spinaker....397, 526
Stanton's New Yacht....397
Twenty Rater....54
Valkyrie....16, 36, 77, 137
Vineyard Shoals....461
Waterproofing....526
West India Hurricanes....35
Who Won....177
Wona....278
Xara....36
Yacht Race (poem)....14
Yacht and Boat Sailing....17
Yampa....17

CLUBS AND RACES.

American....38
Annisquam....136
Atlantic....17, 177
Atala....97
Bay of Quinte....198
Beverly....15, 37, 56, 97, 118, 136, 156, 198, 397
Brooklyn....138, 526
Bunker Hill....137
Buzzard's Bay....57
Canarsie....17
Cape Ann....79, 198
Cape Cod....56, 78
Carroll Cup....36
Cleveland....176
Corinthian, Marblehead....56, 77, 78, 117, 136, 137, 176
Corinthian, New York....56, 97, 216
Corinthian, Providence....176
Cottage City....98
Dorchester....38, 156, 198, 526
Duxbury....17, 98
Eastern....14, 16, 36, 136, 155, 414
Fredonia—Hesper....137, 156, 196, 216
Goelet Cups....76
Great Head....98, 137
Great South Bay....77, 176
Greenwich....137
Hamilton....56, 215, 278
Hull....98, 135, 156, 479, 526
Indian Harbor....17, 56
Jeffries....72
Kathleen—Shona....216
Knickerbocker....138
Lake Y. R. A....135, 198, 337, 357, 414, 416, 462
Larchmont....17, 38, 118, 155, 215, 526
Larchmont Oyster Boats....137
Lynn....137, 526
Mabel....97
Mahopac....38, 58, 98, 138
Marine and Field....118
Massachusetts....526
Miramichi....118, 197
Mona....78
Monatiquot....78, 156
Montgomery S. C....138, 198, 258, 177
Morgan Cup....196
Newark Bay....215
Newburyport....17, 38
New England Y. R. A....57
New Jersey....359
New Rochelle....57
Newport Races....196
New York....16, 35, 75, 77, 96, 297, 396, 441
New York Y. R. A....36, 136, 238, 337
Ocean Race of 20-footers....57
Pavonia....156
Pleasant Bay....56
Pleon....53, 77, 137
Quaker City....53, 77
Queen City....138, 198, 239
Quincy....56, 97, 98, 137
Rajah....78
Rhode Island....17, 78, 136
Riverside....138
Rogers Cup....196
Royal Canadian....17, 138, 155, 198, 215, 259, 462
Royal Y. C....57
Savin Hill....17, 57
Seawanhaka....17, 336, 337, 397, 525
Shona....216
Sing Sing....38, 239
Sippican....57, 526
South Boston....17
South Boston Mosquito Fleet....17, 57, 137
Southwark....56
St. Lawrence....57, 136, 318
St. Lawrence River Skiffs....318, 359, 416
Tappan Zee....56
Tuckups....118
Weymouth....137
Windward....118
Yonkers Corinthian....77

STEAM YACHTING.

Alva....17
Bowdish Launch....258
Bretagne....506
Cruising Launch....318
Electra....156
Evolution....442
Leo....198, 217
Naphtha Launches....97
Sagamore....138
Sapphire....198
Sparkle....137
Sultana....38, 461
Thornycroft Boiler....197
Wave Crest....318

CANOEING.

Amateur vs. Professional....199, 238
Canoes and Sailing Boats....279
Canoe Yawl....398
Changes in A. C. A. Rules....57, 398
Christmas Canoeing....482, 523
Clerk of the Course....238
Compound Centerboards....298, 336

CRUISES:

Adirondacks Without a Guide....460
A Delusion Dispelled....336
A Dismal Story....298
"His Kindness Rewarded"....335
Lake Winnepesaukee....355, 398
Long Island Sound....298
Shenandoah....318
Why We Didn't....440
1,500 Miles in an Adirondack Boat....480, 504, 523

Fly....217, 237, 255
"Mini" Tent....278
Racing Canoe 15×31½....524
Sailing Trophy....336
Paddling Trophy....156, 237
Snips from Snaps at '89 Meet....117, 278, 297
Starting Races....258
Tent, The "Mini"....278

CLUBS AND RACES.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION:

Atlantic Division....14
Book and Club List....38
Executive Committee....279, 319, 377, 397
1889 Meet....98, 116, 156, 416
1890 Meet....157, 279
New Racing Rules....398

Arlington....157, 503
Brantford....218, 238
British C. A. Meet....133
Brooklyn....78, 157, 279, 319, 335, 441
Corinthian Mosquito Fleet....14, 237, 238, 258, 279, 523
Crescent....298
Galt....199
Ianthe....218, 397
Lake St. Louis....57
Massasoit....482, 523
Marine and Field Club....198
Newburgh....218
New York....218, 237, 417
New York Athletic Club....177, 198, 218, 237
Ottawa....178
Pequot....14, 98, 319
Philadelphia....461, 482
Pointe Claire....199
Puritan....38, 298, 504
Red Dragon....157, 238, 336, 440
Rochester....440
Royal Canadian....134
South Boston....523
St. Johnsbury....336
Toronto....157, 238, 417
Ubique....279
Vesper....178
Western C. A....57

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, JULY 25, 1889.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 1. No 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Only advertisements of an approved character inserted. Inside pages, nonpareil type, 30 cents per line. Special rates for three, six, and twelve months. Seven words to the line, twelve lines to one inch. Advertisements should be sent in by Saturday previous to issue in which they are to be inserted. Transient advertisements must invariably be accompanied by the money or they will not be inserted. Reading notices $1.00 per line.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

May begin at any time. Subscription price, $4 per year; $2 for six months; to a club of three annual subscribers, three copies for $10; five copies for $16. Remit by express money-order, registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canadas and Great Britain. For sale by Davies & Co., No. 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London. General subscription agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Davies & Co., Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searles and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London, Eng. Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France, sole Paris agent for sales and subscriptions. Foreign subscription price, $5 per year; $2.50 for six months.

Address all communications
Forest and Stream Publishing Co.
No. 318 BROADWAY. NEW YORK CITY.

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL.
Can the Nuisance be Abated?
Putting Out the Fires.
American Clubs in Canada.
Snap Shots.
THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST.
Goose Shooting in Manitoba.
With Sitting Bull's Warriors.
Adirondack Jottings.
The National Park.
NATURAL HISTORY.
The Rared Seals.—I
GAME BAG AND GUN.
Chicago and the West.
The Ozark Mountains.
Pattern and Penetration Tests
Shooting Seasons in Maryland
The Arkansas Game Law.
SEA AND RIVER FISHING.
A Story of Trout Luck.
Maine Trout.
Camps of the Kingfishers.—II.
THE KENNEL.
Black and Tan Setter Stake.
Dog License Laws.
THE KENNEL.
Huskies at Lake St. John.
Olympia Dog Show.
London Dog Show.
Dog Talk.
Kennel Notes.
Kennel Management.
RIFLE AND TRAP SHOOTING.
Range and Gallery.
Our Team Abroad.
The Trap.
YACHTING.
The Yacht Race (Poetry).
Rhode Island Y. C.
Racing at Marblehead.
Atlantic Y. C. Cruise.
Minerva.
Eastern Y. C. Cruise.
New York Y. C.
Cape Cats and Cutters.
Racing Notes.
CANOEING.
The Atlantic Division Meet.
Pequot Canoe Association.
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CAN THE NUISANCE BE ABATED?

IN a report on the English sparrow recently issued by the Agricultural Department, are a number of recommendations looking toward the destruction of these birds and the checking their increase and spread. These recommendations naturally come under two heads; first, recommendations for legislation, and second, recommendations to the people. Under the head of legislation is advised the repeal of all laws protecting this species, the enactment of a law legalizing the killing of the bird and the destruction of its nest, eggs and young at all seasons of the year, the enactment of a law making it a misdemeanor to feed or shelter the sparrow or to interfere with those engaged in destroying it, the passage of a law protecting certain small predaceous birds which feed largely upon it, and of other laws providing for the appointment of duly authorized sparrow killers. The recommendation that to feed or shelter the sparrow be made a misdemeanor is one which will not appeal to public sympathy and cannot be enforced, and, therefore, is not to be commended; but the other suggestions are valuable. It is well said that in towns and cities, where the use of firearms and poison must be restricted to the hands of a few persons, the destruction of the sparrows should be intrusted to some public officer. In many towns this work would naturally fall within the field of work of those officers who have the charge of the public parks.

At the same time with the destruction of the sparrows, every effort should be made to foster and encourage our native birds, of which many species would return to live in our cities, could the birds which have usurped their rightful place be driven out. The subject of bounties is intelligently discussed, and it is very satisfactorily shown that this method of getting rid of the sparrows is exceedingly expensive and quite inefficient. The recommendations to the people are more important than those which concern legislation, though the two naturally go together. If the plague of sparrows is to be abated it must be by concerted action by the people. The suggestions cover the use of firearms, traps and poisons, and the destruction of nests and disturbance at roosting places. The sparrow is a very sagacious bird and speedily learns to avoid danger. Thus, while it may be impracticable to kill all the birds in a given locality, it is possible, by constantly harrassing them, to drive away those which have not been destroyed. Their wariness makes them a hard bird to trap, and experiments in poisoning them do not appear to have met with much success. The plan of disturbing them at night, while roosting, and the destruction of their nests and eggs, promise to do much to drive them away and to reduce their numbers. It is very evident that war can be most efficiently waged against the birds during the breeding season.

While many people appreciate that the presence of the house sparrow in such numbers in North America is a serious evil, but few, we fancy, understand that this bird has become an actual curse, and that it destroys millions of dollars' worth of property each year. The chief sufferer by this destruction is the farmer, the grain grower, the cultivator of small fruits and the truck gardener. It is to the agriculturist that this report especially appeals. He will be benefitted by a careful study of its contents, and if he looks into the subject, will appreciate the necessity of taking active steps to protect himself against the ravages of this bird.

The sparrow has obtained so firm a foothold in this country that it is a very grave question if it can be exterminated, but concerted action all over the United States and Canada would undoubtedly result in a considerable reduction in its numbers. The farmers can no more afford to suffer the sparrows to increase unmolested than a grain dealer could to permit his bins to be overrun with rats. They must protect themselves, if not now, then later when the numbers of the birds which plunder them shall have increased an hundred fold, and when the prospects for success in the eradication of the pest will have correspondingly diminished.

AMERICAN CLUBS IN CANADA.

THE rapidity with which desirable hunting and fishing territory in Canada is being taken up by clubs of sportsmen composed chiefly of Americans is not unnoted by the Canadians themselves; and there is growing up a strong feeling against the system of leasing these preserves to the associations from over the line. This feeling crops out in many ways; one encounters it everywhere in Canada, and expressions of it are current among Canadian visitors to the United States.

The ground of the complaint is this. There are vast tracts of good fishing and hunting territory which are the property of the Crown, and over which the Canadian sportsman has been in the past free to roam at will, without let or hindrance. If one now ventures upon these lakes and rivers and woodlands, he is confronted at every turn by a club warden or guardian, who warns him that he is trespassing on forbidden ground; and if he does not withdraw with becoming alacrity this guardian proceeds to put him under arrest. Thus the Canadians find that the waters where they once fished free are now held by clubs; the Government has given to these clubs exclusive privileges, and will defend the holders in maintaining these privileges. To be thus barred out is regarded as a hardship, and complaint is naturally indulged in against the whole system in general and the Americans in particular.

It is impossible not to feel some sympathy with those who make such complaints; and yet the more intelligent of those who feel themselves aggrieved do not hesitate to say that in spite of their personal hardship they approve the leasing system. It is beyond question that the game and fish are more efficiently protected in the preserves controlled by clubs than in the public domain. In many cases the individuals loudest in berating the American lease holders are persons who have in the past paid no regard to the game laws, and in effect their cause of dissatisfaction is that they cannot now pursue their lawless practice in safety as in former times.

It is all nonsense to talk of the clubs as encroaching upon the natural rights of poor people. As a matter of fact no such rights are molested. The clubs actually bring much money into the country; this finds its way into purses which otherwise would be empty. Equally unreasonable is it to entertain jealousy of the club members because they are Americans and not Canadians, for it is to be remembered that the Americans are invited by the Canadians themselves to put their money into leases, and the Canadian Government would lease its lands quite as readily to the Queen's own subjects as to foreigners, on the same terms. To carp at Americans for doing what Canadians have the privilege of doing themselves but refuse to do, is only to act the part of the dog in the manger.

PUTTING OUT THE FIRES.

FOREST fires constitute the most serious danger to which the National Park is exposed. As far back as we can remember such fires have raged in the Park each season, and have usually devastated great tracts of timber. Occasionally, during a wet season, such fires would spread but little, and would cause no serious injury to the forests, but at other times they might burn for months and leave great sections of the Park mere blackened wastes, which would disfigure the landscape for many years.

It is interesting to watch the methods of Captain Boutelle, the new superintendent of the Park, and to find displayed an amount of energy and decision which promises great things for the future of the Park.

As will be noticed in the letter from our special correspondent, printed elsewhere, when the announcement of the fire came, the whole command promptly started out and put the fire out. Captain Boutelle was dining when the fire was reported. He did not stop to finish his meal, but gave orders to have "boots and saddles" sounded at once, and in a few moments the troop was off. There was no sending out of scouts who should look at the fire, see whether it was much of a blaze or not, and then report. Captain Boutelle just went out and put the fire out. A delay of twelve or twenty-four hours would have permitted the conflagration to assume such proportions that it would have been beyond the control of any body of men.

Intelligence and promptness are certainly above all others the qualities needed in a superintendent of the National Park.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE Niagara Falls cranks are at it again. Last Sunday, the papers report, Carlin D. Graham and Walter Odell, a New York Central Railroad conductor, set afloat a barrel, in which was strapped a Newfoundland dog, and sent it over the Horseshoe Fall. If there is no statute by which the men who do these things can be jailed, the decent part of the community should see to it that the penal code is amended.

We give to-day another of the FOREST AND STREAM pattern and penetration tests made at our range at Claremont, New Jersey. It may be explained that in this series the tests will be made from time to time as guns are offered for the purpose; and it is not our intention to hold a tournament where many different arms shall be tested in competition. The testing apparatus has been improved, so that it is now practicable to put a gun through all stages of the trial at short order. The results obtained in these tests will supply a mass of valuable data.

We do not often record side-matches in which competitive anglers fish for a score; but there was a match of that kind at Budd's Lake, New Jersey, last week, which deserves to be noted because of its queer result. Two men, Jacob Allen and Capt. Johnson, fished for three and one-half hours for the championship; and the contest ended in a draw. Each had the same score in numbers, weight and varieties, namely, five pickerel, fifteen bass and four yellow perch.

The frequent rains in the Eastern States have materially affected the fishing, for the streams have been too high to give good sport, and the scores have been meagre. The muggy weather, too, has added unusual hardships to the pursuit of the July woodcock spectre; and the birds bagged in Jersey swamps have been secured only by heroic endurance.

The Kentucky Fish and Game Club, with headquarters at Louisville, has a membership of 340, in different parts of the State; and it will take in hand at the next Legislature a suitable game bill. Kentucky has no general law respecting fish, except one which forbids killing with explosives. There is certainly need of a revision in this respect.

The Sportsman Tourist.

GOOSE SHOOTING IN MANITOBA.

LAST fall, on deciding to take a western trip over the Canada Pacific R. R., a friend advised me to take a rifle and gun, as there was plenty of game at various points along the line, and subsequent experience proved there was opportunity to use them. At North Bay we reached the C. P. R., and after rolling along comfortably through a long stretch of wooded country came to the beautiful scenery of the Lake Superior region, where the road runs along the lake shore in many places, affording on the one hand views of rocky cliffs of distinct and brilliant colors, according to the rock formation, and on the other the wide expanse of blue water, dotted here and there with lovely islands not unlike the famous Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence. The scenery is, however, of a bolder and grander order.

We reached Nepigon about noon, and an inquisitive passenger rushed about to inspect a tame fox, which created considerable amusement for the crowd by leaping playfully at our friend, who tumbled over backward in his haste to avoid the supposed dangerous beast.

Brook trout grow large in the Nepigon River. Some friends of mine fished there last August and caught several weighing from five to six pounds each. I am bound to believe it for I saw the fish.

We arrived at Port Arthur about 3 P. M., but found that we were an hour ahead of time according to the "Central" standard time, and must turn our watches back to 2, and then call that 14 o'clock, for we are now to use the twenty-four hour system, counting 1 P. M. as 13 o'clock and so on to 24 o'clock (midnight) A little troublesome at first, but when accustomed to it very convenient, especially in studying the time tables of those railroads that have adopted it. It would be a great boon to the traveling public if it were to become universal.

We are now about 1,000 miles from Montreal, one-third of the distance across the continent, and have passed from the first or Eastern Division to the Western Division, which extends to the Rocky Mountains; that part of the road from the mountains to the coast forming the Pacific Division. Fort William was a post of the Hudson's Bay Company more than a century ago; but now a mammoth grain elevator stands near the old fort, the fur house is turned into an engine room, and the trade in furs and pelts has changed to a thriving traffic in lumber, grain and coal. Here we leave Lake Superior and run through a rocky and timbered region until near Winnipeg, where the prairie soon establishes itself and remains a fixture for the next thousand miles.

At Winnipeg our attention was attracted to the finely-mounted heads of large game in Hine's taxidermist shop. Nearly all the larger game animals were represented by very handsome specimens. There were several heads each of both white and blacktail deer, elk, moose, and two noble caribou heads. Most of these came from the region not far removed from Winnipeg, while from the western plains of Assiniboia and Alberta were antelope and two grand heads of buffalo bulls, one of which was reported to have been killed a few weeks previous in the Saskatchewan River country, some distance north of the railroad. The Rockies and other western ranges of the Pacific slope contributed the bighorn sheep and white goats, the "billies" with long, venerable beards, the "nans" with no whiskers and smaller horns. A huge timber wolf of formidable appearance glared at us with his glass eye, and altogether there was so much game we were reminded of the darky and his ejaculation, "Golly, if I only had a gun!"

However interesting it was to examine these specimens, we were quite willing to board our train and leave the town for the country. On either side the level prairie extended as far as the eye could reach. Here and there the virgin sod had been broken by the plow, showing a black fertile soil, and frequently we passed immense fields of wheat, which had been cut and stacked ready for threshing. These grain stubbles are the favorite feeding grounds for grouse, both the sharp-tail and pinnated being well represented, and geese and brant of several varieties resort regula ly to such fields in the early morning and then again during the latter part of the afternoon.

We accepted the invitation of friends at Virden to stop for a few days, and when Ned remarked that he would like to shoot a goose and intimated that he would like company, I was soon ready to join him, and even though our trip should prove a veritable wild goose chase. When I found that we were to depend upon flight shooting alone, I must confess that I was a little skeptical as to our success, for I had learned to regard wild geese as abundantly able to keep out of range of the ordinary amateur shotgun. My doubt was not entirely removed when Ned's wife told him that she was tired of ducks and he need not bring any more home. So, evidently it was goose or nothing, and like the boy after the woodchuck, "we'd got to git him."

We started for some likely sloughs about ten miles away calculating to reach them in time for the evening flight. Our tough little pony took us along at a rapid trot over the rolling prairie, and then we slackened our pace as we descended the bluff, and reaching the valley of the Assiniboine, pass over a wide strip of level bottom land somewhat timbered, cross the river and soon begin to climb the steep bluff on the other side. On gaining the top, we look back and admire the beautiful view of the valley dotted here and there with single trees and clumps of timber, the river winding along, the bluff opposite in some places almost perpendicular, in others covered with autumn tinted foliage interspersed with evergreens sloping back to the broad prairie beyond. The sunshine was bright but not too warm. The clear, pure air so invigorating that it was a luxury to breathe.

Arriving at our destination, we stable the pony and start at once for the sloughs. One long one is found to be nearly dry, leaving it we proceed to another, and on the way are cheered by the strange calls of some huge cranes stalking about in an adjoining stubble, and at frequent intervals, flocks of ducks and geese are seen flying over.

On reaching the next slough we find it to be a large one with considerable water in it. Some scattering flocks are on the water, or resting on the exposed mud flats around the edge. We foolishly try to get nearer these latter, but the cover is thin, and they are well beyond it and rise quite out of range, so we console ourselves with the thought that we are not after ducks anyway, and wouldn't shoot any if we could, and moreover if we did, the geese might be alarmed at the report of our guns. Thus fortified against any disappointment at our failure to bag the ducks, we pulled ourselves out of the mud and gained the cover of a strong growth of rushes on the side of the slough nearest a stubble where we had observed many geese flying. We took our stations some distance from each other, so that any birds passing over midway between us would be within long range of either.

We waited some time, and I began to think all the ducks in Manitoba were gathering on that stubble. Flock after flock came flying as though coming our way, but attracted by the calls of those on the ground, circled around and settled. We could not see them, as they were not only a long distance away, but also beyond one of those long, lazy swells of land so characteristic of rolling prairie. Some cranes came flying along with slow, labored flight, and dropping down, added their music to the general clamor with which all fresh arrivals were greeted.

We thought it might be that the geese were bragging to the cranes of how on a certain occasion they saved Rome by their timely gabble, and the cranes retorted something about chestnuts, which had provoked a general row, or maybe they were holding a caucus to nominate candidates for the fall campaign. But the powwow gradually subsided, and presently a small flock was seen on the wing. Will they come to the water behind us? Yes, they are coming our way. We crouch lower, and hardly dare look again, for we think they will fly near us, but they passed by out of range. Yet we are glad to see them pitch into the water of our slough, for we feel sure that others will come.

And soon another flock is flying toward us, but they pass out of range, and we begin to wonder if we have selected the wrong stand. Presently Ned tries a double at a flock on his side, but they are too far away and flying pretty high. I accept a similar opportunity on my side and bang away with both barrels, but the geese sail right along unharmed. "They fly high," I call to Ned. "Yes," he replies, "but we must have 'em." It may be that he had in mind his wife's parting injunction to "bring home a goose, but no more ducks," for as the next flock came they passed between us, near enough to give him a good chance, which he improved by bringing down his goose in fine style. At the report of his gun the birds swerved a little toward me, and though they were so far away that I did not expect to reach them I could not resist firing one barrel, and was gratified to hear the responsive thud of another goose as he struck the mud stone dead.

I felt quite encouraged, and shouted to Ned, "Now, bring on your geese!" The geese, however, brought themselves on, flock after flock; but although we banged away several times, we got no more, yet e felt that sometimes the fault was with ourselves, as the birds seemed near enough.

As we tramp back through the long prairie grass and mire, in the deep mud of the long slough, we conclude that we have all the geese that we can conveniently carry. This feeling, however, does not prevent our planning to turn out early the next morning, and before sunrise we are on our way to the big stubble field again.

The wheat had been stacked ready for threshing, the stacks standing here and there over the field in bunches of four. I took my station at one of these stacks, and Ned went to another a short distance away.

The previous evening I had evidently fired at birds way out of range, and so I firmly resolved to risk no shots unless they were near. The result was, that I did not fire a shot that morning; but I afterward concluded that I had gone to the other extreme, for the morning was foggy, and consequently I erred in supposing that several flocks which sailed by my stand were too far away, when they really were within shooting distance.

The fog was so thick that I could not even see the stacks where Ned had taken his stand, but I could hear the report of his gun, and when he came up I saw that he was successful again, and this time had bagged a gray brant.

After breakfast we tramped to another slough covered with patches of reeds affording good cover. Here we found plenty of ducks, and as the bottom was hard, waded in, jump-shooting a few at first and getting other shots at those circling around near us. But after a while the ducks around us took wing and circled too far out. Ned, who had on wading pants, concealed himself in a favorable clump of reeds some distance from the shore, while I sauntered down the slough to a part where the ducks had not been disturbed, getting a few long shots myself on the way and giving Ned some fine shooting as the birds circled about his head.

While engaged in this pleasurable occupation of helping my neighbor, I spied a large flock of mallards ahead, and worked down carefully toward them. I was moving in rather thin cover closely watching the ducks when I suddenly caught sight of a flock of geese beyond the ducks, coming directly toward me. They were flying low, but they caught sight of me almost as soon as I did of them, and veered away. They were evidently about to alight, but changed their intention in a hurry, rose higher and kept on toward Ned. "There," I said to myself, "I'll bet that lucky chap will get a shot at those geese." And sure enough, they passed directly over him, and although they were flying quite high by the time they reached him, they were not out of reach of his little twenty gauge gun, and I was almost as pleased as he could have been, to see one of those big geese come tumbling down in response to his shot. It proved to be a Canada goose of the largest size, and Ned afterward told me it was comical to witness the efforts of his little spaniel tugging away at the big bird and trying to retrieve it.

The mallards had by this time taken alarm, so I kept on down the slough some distance further, and, on reaching some scrubby trees growing out of the high bank, a large bird, which I at first supposed was a marsh hawk, took wing just ahead of me. A second look convinced me that it was not a hawk, and I fired. The bird dropped at my shot, but immediately rose and was off again when I stopped him with my second barrel. I found that I had secured a handsome specimen of the Arctic variety of great horned owl. When I showed my prize to Ned he remarked that we could now have boiled owl as well as roast goose. I acknowledged that it took considerable shooting to kill my owl, and he might be a trifle tough, but probably not more so than his old gander. We finally agreed that we would not boil the owl, and Ned decided to present the gander to a friend who had a very large family.

One of the smaller geese fell to Ned's wife, and was served the next day in fine style, with all the embellishments and accompanying dishes, and my experience with that goose justifies me in saying that Ned's better half can roast a goose fully as well as he can shoot one.

On our way back to town, we met two friends going out. They came back the next day with four geese and a big white crane, besides a number of ducks. No decoys are used. The shooting is all flight shooting, such as I have described.

Judging from the number of geese that frequent this country I should suppose that with the aid of decoys, a large number might be obtained. But moderation can nowhere be better practiced than in shooting game. We do not seek to exterminate it or drive it away from its favorite haunts, and I am sure that a true sportsman's chief pleasure does not consist in taking all the life possible, or entering into competition with others to decide who can do the most killing.

I was informed by reliable parties that in localities further west very fine flight shooting might be had at not only ducks and geese, but swans, cranes and other varieties of waterfowl, and judging from what I saw of them from the car windows in passing, I do not doubt it. I was so favorably impressed, that I planned to stop over at one or two points on my return from the coast, but my stay was prolonged so that on my return I found the lakes and sloughs all frozen over and the main body of the birds had passed south.

I will in a future number try to give some account of a hunting excursion in the Cascade Mountains.

ROCHESTER, N. Y. C. H. K.

WITH SITTING BULL'S WARRIORS.

IN these days, when we hear much of the last of the buffalo, let me tell you and your readers of the last great buffalo hunt of the Sioux Indians. I was one of three or four white men who happened to be present at the great and, what must be to all there, a never-to-be-forgotten event.

On the 25th of October, 1883, about four hundred lodges of the Sioux left their camp at Standing Rock, on the Missouri River, for their great buffalo hunt on the Grand River plains, some two hundred miles to the westward. The runners had come in with the intelligence that Tatonkas were plentiful on the head of the Heart, the Cannon Ball and Grand rivers; so the hunt was called, soldiers elected, councils held, medicine made, and we were ready to start.

It was a grand sight that frosty October morning. Hundred of gaily-dressed Indians, mounted on their wiry little ponies, herds of pack animals, wagons, carts and long lines of *travois* loaded down with tepees and blankets; old squaws and young ones, men and children crowded the trails leading out upon the yellow plain. As was their custom, not a gun was allowed to be fired. The prairie chicken could sit and eat his buckberries without fear of the rifle's death-dealing crack; the antelope could gaze curiously from the many little ridges; his time was not yet; the straggling bull would start from some grassy hollow and lumber off, but no lead nor lance sought to stay his flight.

After six days' marching we could see the crest of Rainy Butte, but still some forty miles to the westward. One evening we had made our camp on the banks of a tributary of Heart River, and piles of buffalo chips were smoking before every lodge, when the lookout sentinel posted on the nearest hill signaled "Scouts coming." Then in a short time the four Sioux sent out in the morning came riding into camp, going first to the chief's lodge to report; and soon the crier was heard, his resounding yells reaching every part of the camp. It was the Indians' evening paper, and soon all knew the events of the day, including the scouts' report. That evening a grand council was held, and one hundred of the best riders and hunters were elected for the morrow's hunt as killers, for the scouts had reported a large herd of buffalo only four miles away.

It was a great sight that the sun shone upon the next morning. A hundred of the picked Sioux, mounted on their fleetest and fattest ponies, led by old Rain-in-the-face, of Black Hill and Big Horn fame, filed out on the broad prairie. Following these came the skinners and packers. The herd was soon located. The number might have been fifteen hundred or two thousand. Two of the hunters were sent around to get in the wind of the game, while the rest spread out to windward, carefully keeping out of sight of the buffalo. We had not long to wait. The animals soon scented the men, and away they went charging over the prairie, head to the wind, at a rate which soon brought them in sight of the waiting hunters. Seeing these they sought to turn, but too late. The yelling Sioux were around and among them. The sharp crack of the short Winchester and Sharp carbines, mingled with the wild, triumphant cries from the hunters, the incessant roar of hoofs, the clouds of yellow dust, bellowing bulls, snorting ponies, ridden by half-naked savages, made a scene for excitement the like of which it has never been my fortune to witness. The herd soon became rattled, turning this way and that; met on every side by their almost equally active foe, their leaders shot down or crippled, they commenced to run in a circle—"milling," as it is called. This was just what the Indians wanted. They now rode at the outside, sending their lead down into the backs of the flying animals, and often at such close range that the hair was singed by the powder blast. Hundreds fell, until the plain seemed to be one great slaughter yard. Breaking at last, the small remnant of the morning herd tried to seek safety in a wild dash for liberty. Straight away over the plain they went, stopping for nothing; and woe to the Indian or pony trying to stop or turn them. It was during the winding up of the chase that the daring riding of the Indians could be seen. Singling out a flying buffalo an Indian would give chase. Slowly the gap between pursued and pursuer would be closed. With head down, tongue out, and blazing eyes, the great shaggy brute swept along, taking the prairie as he found it. Close behind him came the fleet Indian pony and rider, one as eager as the other. No ground too rough, no hill too steep; across gulches, over ridges, down ravines, went the panting bull, but lead him where he would, the quick pounding hoofs be-

hind him kept drawing nearer and pressing closer, until at last, with a sudden burst of speed, the pony is alongside, the rifle drops, a flash, a sharp crack, and the chase is ended. The buffalo plunges to the ground, and with a few struggles he is dead. Elsewhere an Indian is seen running down a bunch of ten or twelve; sometimes it is hard to tell if he is riding his pony or one of the buffalo, so close are they; and the smoke from his rifle tells he is not idle. Now and then a great black mass drops and rolls before him almost under his pony's feet, but with a quick spring the wiry little animal clears the struggling brute and is away again running side by side with the others.

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon the chase was well over; thirteen hundred buffalo had fallen, and many others had escaped, but badly wounded. The prairie now was covered with men, women and children, pack animals, *travois* and wagon carts. Butchering was the order of the day, and by sundown nearly everything of the meat kind was at the main camp. Here a grand feast in celebration of the hunt was given; all night long the squaws were kept busy boiling and roasting, while the bucks told tales of their prowess in the field, sang songs or made speeches. Little did they think that it would be the last great buffalo hunt of their people. To the young ones of the tribe it will seem like a dream, or as if the doors of the happy hunting grounds had been opened to them then, and then after one glance at the exciting scenes so dear to their people, closed upon them forever. J. J. FULTON.

ADIRONDACK JOTTINGS.

PERHAPS the following paragraphs, wearing various hues and colors, are worth a place in among the mental archives of those who have found pleasure in handling the rod and gun. The facts and incidents are placed in paragraphs because they have no more connection with each other than Artemus Ward's lecture on "Babes in the Woods" had with its subject.

A good story has never been told in print of royal Reuben Wood, that genial friend to everybody, whose death was so widely mourned. He was a true son of good old Izaak Walton, an enthusiastic and successful angler, of course. One evening while in camp in the Adirondacks, he was challenged by a member of the party whose knowledge of angling was but slight. The conditions were that they should stand near each other by the side of a favorite pool, each casting into the pool during a period of fifteen minutes, the contest to be decided by count. Uncle Reube's eyes glistened as the details of the match were considered, and at the same time he set about "making up" a new cast of flies, that he might be able to do his best when the struggle came the following day. It was prepared with all his wonted skill, cunning and delicacy, and laying the new "cast" and his cigar aside he lay down to dream of how he would lure the dainty trout to his creel. At the appointed hour the contest began, with the usual judges and a referee. The challenger oft and repeatedly led beautiful trout to his score, but Mr. Wood was less fortunate. He was not successful in "striking" his "rises," and only now and then did he secure a fish. Late in the contest he exchanged the leader he had made up so carefully for one which had been much used, and then his luck began; but it was too late, for when the time for the contest expired he was badly beaten. The real reason of his failure was kept a secret for some time, but it finally became known that while Mr. Wood slept the challenger had filed the barbs from his hooks. In no other way could that noble-minded man have been beaten.

Yes, it is true that larger frogs swallow smaller frogs. I have been myself a witness to the process, and it is no less certain that black snakes swallow both frogs and trout, for I once found both in the same snake. When a turtle finds such a combination he should have the contentment of an alderman at the annual dinner.

Did you read the story of the frog that swallowed a bumble bee and the attack of cholera morbus that followed?

"Sim" Washburn is a well-known guide at Loon Lake in the Adirondacks. Like his father, he does not allow himself to "get left" in telling stories. It was his father who said he was once lost for forty-eight hours; that when he came into a clearing on the morning of the second day he met his brother, who called him by name. "Am" said he had been lost so badly that he didn't know his brother or his own name. But of "Sim:" He tells the story of a bear which he trapped, catching the animal by one hindfoot. The bear loosened the chain of the trap, and dragging the trap to a tree, crawled up the body thereof with his forefeet that he might place the free hindfoot upon the spring of the trap and open the jaws thereof. "But," said "Sim," "he wasn't heavy enough, and you could see in the bark of the tree where he put his toe nails in and pushed down to make himself heavier. In that way he opened the trap."

Saranac Lake guides will tell you that wires were laid from the Saranac Inn to some of the principal fishing resorts in the vicinity that ex-President Cleveland's luck might be telegraphed to an anxious world. This story is somewhat "fishy," nevertheless tourists often hear it.

Paul Smith now owns 15,000 acres of land and water surrounding his summer habitation, which he proposes to hold for a game and fish preserve for the guests of his house. One of his sons is the manager of the Foquet House at Plattsburgh, which Paul recently purchased. By the way, did you know that his real name is Apollo Smith? That he was for many years a guide and is now worth half a million or more dollars? He was known when a guide as "Pol" Smith, and the corruption has progressed until Paul is now his accepted name. Why not take one more step and prefix "Saint?" It would accord well with his lake, St. Regis.

Ex-Mayor Bookstaver, of Syracuse, has several times delivered a lecture, in which he takes the position that the brute creation is endowed with souls, and that if the spirit of man lives in the hereafter, so must the spirits of brutes. This is no new idea, to be sure, but he fortifies it with exceptionally strong proof, scriptural and otherwise. He relates wondrous instances of the intelligence of animals, even more surprising than that which is shown in this item which I found somewhere:

"I have a collie puppy, sprung from a breed noted for its remarkable intelligence, whom I have continually had to chastise for his persistence in selecting the best sofa for his afternoon nap. He apparently set his mind to reasoning over this and came to the right conclusion—that he was punished for the damage to the sofa cover. Accordingly the other day he rolled up the piece of carpet which has been set apart for his nightly accommodation in the servant's hall, and having carried it in his mouth to the drawing room, spread it out carefully on the forbidden sofa, where he was discovered sleeping the sleep of innocence, no doubt being quite satisfied that he had surmounted the only objection to his choice of a soft resting place."

Probably there are no more extended or prolific bass fishing grounds in this country than those stretching from Onondaga Lake, near Syracuse, to Ogdensburgh The river from Onondaga Lake to Oswego, where it empties into Lake Ontario, affords excellent sport. Along the shores of Lake Ontario there are many excellent resorts, while off Sackett's Harbor is Stoney Island, around which tons upon tons of large, gamy fish have been taken. And so down the St. Lawrence River there are many "bass bars," which yield abundantly to him who knows where they lie and has the art of capturing these fish. Many a three pounder has been taken, and not a few four-pounders have come to grief.

Syracuse has many expert anglers who visit all waters and tell big stories. Supreme Court Justices Kennedy and Vann are now on vacations in the Adirondacks, and County Judge Northrup is soon to go to St. John's. Rev. Dr. Lockwood will spend August and part of September in the great wilderness, and Bishop Ludden will go South on a hunting trip in the fall. Other men of Syracuse, who are hardly less prominent—among them the venerable ex-Judge Comstock—will soon flee to resorts which nature still adorns. Syracuse is most fortunately situated in relation to good water for anglers, and it has at least its full proportion of experts. Comparatively few of its rest and recreation seekers find their way to fashionable watering places, but seek the seclusion of much less pretentious and far more restful resorts, where neat flannel shirts and other clothing to match have not been ruled out by the mandate of fashion. D. H. B.

SYRACUSE, July.

THE NATIONAL PARK.

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK, July 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have had very hot and dry weather for the past three weeks. The forest and grass lands are in a very parched and inflammable condition. Many small fires have been extinguished by the soldiers patrolling the Park before they could do any damage. The few showers have helped matters a little, but not enough to have even checked a forest fire if it once got a start. But for the vigilance and prompt action of Capts. Boutelle and Bomus, with the men under their command, much damage would have been done to the forest in the Park. Capt. Boutelle's orders are that if a fire starts of any size beyond the control of one man, for everybody to drop whatever work they are doing and go immediately to the fire to assist in putting it out. A recent instance will illustrate how carefully the reservation is being protected from fire. A few minutes before 7 o'clock on the evening of the 13th inst. a telephone message was delivered to Capt. Boutelle, that there was a large fire in Hayden Valley, on Trout Creek. In twenty minutes the captain and every available man at Camp Sheridan were in the saddle and soon started on their night ride of forty miles to the scene of the fire. An escort wagon with five days' rations followed immediately. In the meantime every man except the cook had left the camp at the Lower Geyser Basin for the same point. The command reached the fire on the morning of the 14th and soon had it under control and extinguished before it had done any great amount of damage. If Capt. Boutelle had waited until morning before he started, he would have found the fire beyond his control; nothing but a heavy storm could have saved the vast body of timber between the Yellowstone and Madison rivers, as every day the fire would have been spread by the gales that begin to blow by 10 o'clock. The prevailing dry weather would have allowed the fire to burn for weeks. The Captain deserves great credit for his prompt action and untiring efforts in preserving the beautiful forest of the Park from destruction.

The travel to the Park is increasing rapidly. Tourists over the stage lines are arriving in parties from forty to sixty daily. From seven to fifteen teams with camping parties pass the Hot Springs every day. On the 14th inst. twelve teams belonging to American immigrants from the Black Hills, on their way to Oregon, started through the Park. After doing the wonders here they will continue their journey, leaving the Park at Riverside. Following the teams from Dakota was one from northern Iowa bound for the same State. They are well provided with everything necessary for their long drive and to settle in a new country.

On the 16th inst. the U. S. Geological Survey, Mr. Arnold Hague in charge, left the Springs for a permanent camp at the Yellowstone Lake. From there the parties will travel to their work on the east side of the Park.

Work on the wagon roads is progressing rapidly. The $50,000 that became available on the 1st of July is being expended as the law directs, most of it on the new road from the Upper Geyser Basin to the Yellowstone Lake; nearly 200 men and teams are employed.

The Hon. S. S. Cox is paying the Park a long visit and making himself thorough familiar with the reservation and its needs to make it what it is intended to be—a pleasure ground for the people of the United States. H.

"CARIBOU HUNTING" is a handsome water-color painting which comes to us from the Hamilton Powder Co., of Montreal, Canada. The scene is laid in a Canadian forest on a winter day. Two successful hunters are making their way to camp on snowshoes, and dragging after them the huge caribou that has fallen before their aim. The composition is admirable, and the picture is so evidently true to life that it deserves a high place among illustrations of woods sport. When one sees so many meretricious drawings of game and its pursuit, it is a pleasure to call attention to a decidedly good piece of work like this.

Natural History.

THE EARED SEALS.—I.

AS will be seen by our "List," published in the *Carnivora* of the present series of articles, we have in the United States fauna three species of eared seals, all belonging to the family *Otariidæ*, and each one placed in a separate genus.

But few of our animals have had a greater share of attention bestowed upon their natural history than the *Pinnipedia*, and they are well deserving of it. Prior to 1879 there existed a comparatively rich literature pertaining to the *Otariidæ*, but this was vastly increased when in 1880 and 1882, respectively, appeared the exhaustive works of Allen on the North American Pinnipeds and Elliott on the Seal Islands of Alaska. Both of these admirable monographs enter in great detail upon the life-histories, the economical aspects and our present knowledge of the sea lions and seals, and Allen especially has something to tell us about their osteology and general structure.

In the case of the eared seals now before us, the writer has largely drawn upon these well-known authorities for the information herein set forth, and the figures illustrating my remarks are all from the accurate pen of Mr. Elliott, being selected from his published sketches.

Before passing to the consideration of the Californian sea lion, it will be as well to remind the reader that seals and walruses are now universally considered by zoölogists to be true *Carnivora*, that in past ages have become, by the action of evolutionary laws, modified for an aquatic existence. So that now the water is their true element, and in it their movements are active and graceful, while on land both seals and walruses are extremely clumsy creatures. The eared seals and walruses are the higher types of the group in all particulars, while the more remotely related *Phocidæ* are the lowest and more generalized species. Professor Allen has said that "the pinnipeds present a high degree of cerebral development, and are easily domesticated under favorable conditions. They manifest strong social and parental affection, and defend their young with great persistency and courage. They are carnivorous (almost without exception), subsisting upon fishes, mollusks and crustaceans, of which they consume enormous quantities. The walruses and eared seals are polygamous, and the males greatly exceed the females in size. The ordinary or earless seals are commonly supposed to be monogamous, and there is generally little difference in the size of the sexes. The walruses and eared seals usually resort in large numbers to certain favorite breeding grounds, and during the season of reproduction leave the water and pass a considerable period upon land.

"The earless seals, on the other hand, with the exception of the sea elephants, do not so uniformly resort to particular breeding grounds on land, and leave the water only for very short intervals. They usually bring forth their young on the ice, most of the species being confined to the colder latitudes. Only one of the various species of the *Pinnipedia* appears to be strictly tropical, and very few of them range into tropical waters. As a group, the pinnipeds are distinctly characteristic of the arctic, antarctic and temperate portions of the globe, several of the genera being strictly arctic or subarctic in their distribution. The walruses are at present confined mainly within the arctic circle, and have no representatives south of the colder portions of the Northern Hemisphere. The *Otariidæ* and *Phocidæ*, on the other hand, are abundantly represented on both sides of the equator, as will be noticed more in detail later."

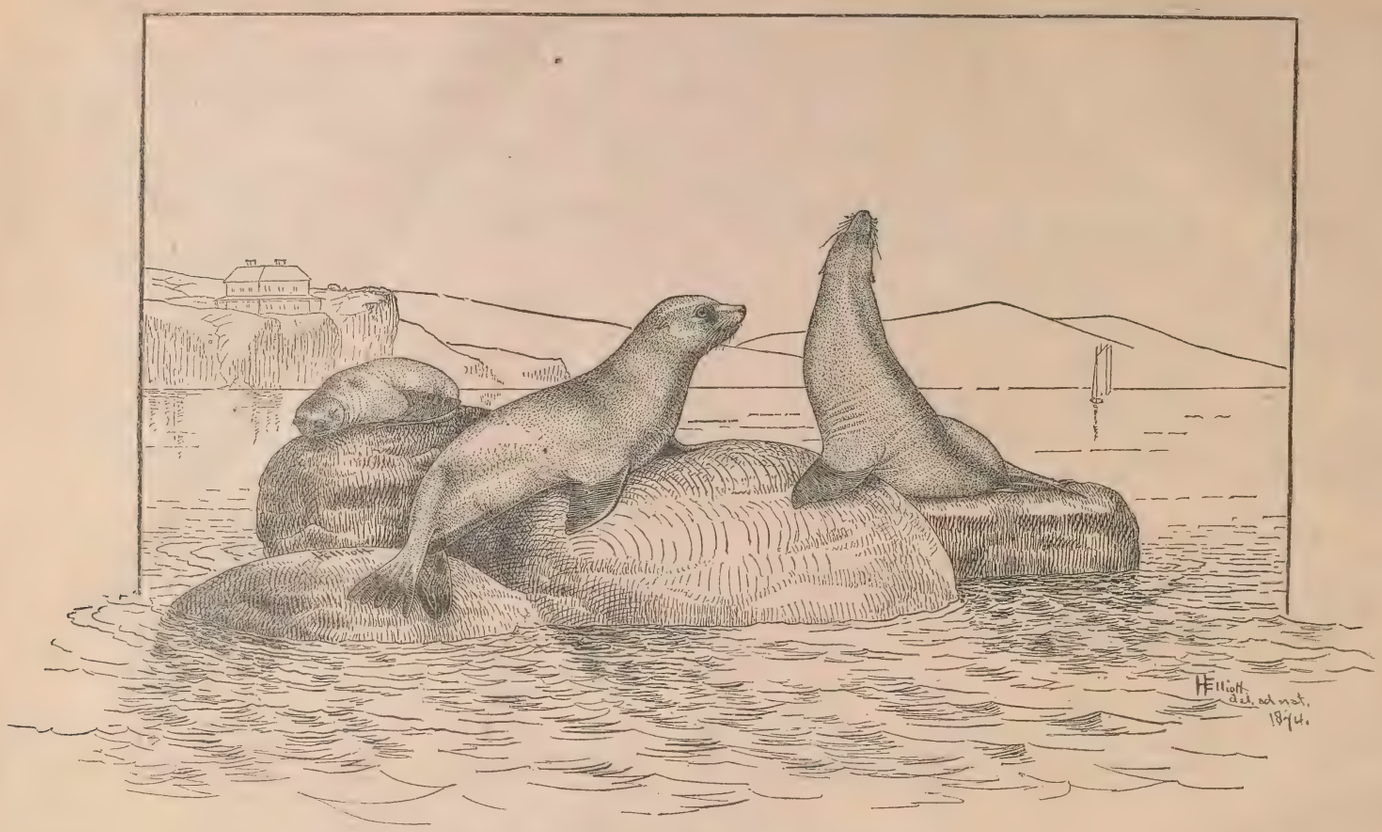
To these general observations of Allen I would add, that so far as the discovery of fossil pinnipeds is concerned, their remains are meager. The late miocene and pliocene strata in this country and Europe have afforded the most specimens, and some of these have been described by Van Beneden, but they throw scarcely any light upon the origin of seals in time, though the general affinity of these animals to the ancient bear type is recognized. And Flower says that "all the extinct forms at present known come within the definition of the existing families; and, though annectant forms between these occur, there are as yet no transitions to a more generalized type of mammal. Indeed, all those of which the characters are best known belong to the completely developed Phocine or Trichechine, not to the Otarine type."

To come now to the study of the Californian sea lion (*Zalophus californianus*), I will for an appreciation of its form and external appearance, simply invite the reader's attention to Mr. Elliott's superb and life-like sketch of the animal, herewith reproduced, through the generosity of the editor of FOREST AND STREAM.

First of all we must observe, that these eared seals are naturally classed in two groups, determined by the character of their pelage or coat. They are distinguished as the "hair seals" and the "fur seals" or respectively the "sea lions and the "sea bears." Now the hair seals have only a coarse, stiff coat of hair, without any underfur, while the fur seals yield that well-known and valued pelt the soft "sealskin" of commerce, it being the underfur of the species to which we allude. The Californian sea lion is a typical hair seal, and agreeing with its kind is characterized when full grown, by its brownish or yellowish coat of hair, which varies in length with the time of the year, and is notably darker in the young of this species. There is a wide range of variation in this particular, and the northern and southern types appear very different, even at the same season. Although the *Otariidæ* are found in the Arctic and Subarctic oceans upon both sides of the equator, they are, strange to say, entirely absent from the waters of the North Atlantic, a fact for which we have no satisfactory explanation.

So far as our explanation is concerned, the Californian sea lion is for the most part restricted to the coast of California, it never having been observed north of that, while southwardly its range has not been determined with precision.

In point of size the male California sea lion is decidedly larger than the female, the former attaining a total length of 9ft. or more, while the latter rarely attains to 7ft. Corresponding differences, as we might readily imagine, are to be found in the skeleton, whereas in the external characters the male and female resemble each other considerably.



THE CALIFORNIAN SEA LION.—AFTER ELLIOTT.

Copy life size, Plate 14, of the "Fishery Industries of the United States" (G. B. Goode). Sect. I., "Hist. of Aquatic Animals" Plates.

Passing next to the habits of these truly interesting animals, we find one of the best accounts of their behavior in captivity published in FOREST AND STREAM, by Mr. F. J. Thomson, in a contribution entitled "The Habits and Breeding of the Sea Lions in Captivity" (FOREST AND STREAM, Vol. XII., pp. 66, Feb. 23, 1879). That paper will well repay a second reading and obviate the necessity of my adding anything further on that part of the subject here.

One of the best descriptions of the habits of the sea lion is given by Capt. Scammon and quoted quite fully in Allen's Pinnipeds. The work to which I refer is entitled by Scammon a "Sketch of a Sealing Season upon Santa Barbara Island," and occurred in 1852. He states that "On approaching an island or point occupied by a numerous herd[of these sea lions] one first hears their long plaintive howlings, as if in distress, but when near them the sound becomes more varied and deafening. The old males roar so loudly as to drown the noise of the heaviest surf among the rocks and caverns, and the younger of both sexes, together with the 'clapmatches,' croak hoarsely or send forth sounds like bleating of sheep or the barking of dogs; in fact their tumultuous utterances are beyond description.*

"A rookery of matured animals presents a ferocious and defiant appearance; but usually at the approach of man they become alarmed and, if not opposed in their escape, roll, tumble, and sometimes make fearful leaps from high, precipitous rocks to hasten their flight. Like all the others of the seal tribe, they are gregarious, and gather in the largest numbers during the 'pupping' season, which varies in different latitudes. On the California coast it is from May to August, inclusive, and upon the shores of Alaska it is said to be from June to October, during which period the females bring forth their young, nurse them, associate with the valiant males, and both unite in the care of the little ones, keeping a wary guard, and teaching them, by their own parental actions, how to move over the broken, slimy, rock-bound shore, or upon the sandy, pebbly beaches, and to dive and gambol amid the surf and rolling ground swells. At first the pups manifest great aversion to the water, but soon, instinctively, become active and playful in the element; so by the time the season is over the juvenile creatures disappear with the greater portion of the old ones, only a few of the vast herd remaining at the favorite resorts throughout the year. During the pupping season, both males and females, so far as we could ascertain, take but little, if any, food, particularly the males, though the females have been observed to leave their charges and go off, apparently in search of subsistence, but they do not venture far from their young ones. That the sea lion can go without food for a long time is unquestionable. One of the superintendents of Woodward's Gardens informed me that in numerous instances they had received sea lions into the aquarium which did not eat a morsel of nourishment during a whole month, and appeared to suffer but little inconvenience from their long fast.

"As the time approaches for their annual assemblage, those returning or coming from abroad are seen near the shores, appearing wild and shy. Soon after, however, the females gather upon the beaches, cliffs or rocks, when the battles among the old males begin for the supreme control of the harems; these struggles often lasting for days, the fight being kept up until one or both become exhausted, but is renewed again when sufficiently recuperated for another attack; and, really, the attitude assumed and the passes made at each other equal the amplification of a professional fencer. The combat lasts until both become disabled or one is driven from the ground, or perhaps both become so reduced that a third party, fresh from his winter migration, drives them from the coveted charge. The vanquished animals then slink off to some retired spot as if disgraced. Nevertheless, at times, two or more will have charge of the same rookery; but in such instances frequent defiant growlings and petty battles occur. So far as we have observed upon the sea lions of the California coast, there is but little attachment manifested between the sexes; indeed, much of the Turkish nature is apparent, but the females show some affection for their offspring, yet, if alarmed when upon the land, they will instantly desert them and take to the water. The young cubs, on the other hand, are the most fractious and savage little creatures imaginable, especially if awakened from their nearly continuous sleeping; and frequently, when a mother reclines to nurse her single whelp, a swarm of others will perhaps contend for the same favor.

"To give a more detailed and extended account of the sea lions, we will relate a brief sketch of a sealing season on Santa Barbara Island. It was near the end of May, 1852, when we arrived, and soon after the rookeries of 'clapmatches,' which were scattered around the island, began to augment, and large numbers of huge males made their appearance, belching forth sharp, ugly howls, and leaping out of or darting through the water with surprising velocity, frequently diving outside the rollers, the next moment emerging from the crest of the foaming breakers, and waddling up the beach with head erect, or, with seeming effort, climbing some kelp-fringed rock, to doze in the scorching sunbeams, while others would lie sleeping or playing among the beds of seaweed, with their heads and outstretched limbs above the surface. But a few days elapsed before a general contention with the adult males began for the mastery of the different rookeries, and the victims of the bloody encounter were to be seen on all sides of the island, with torn lips or mutilated limbs and gashed sides, while now and then an unfortunate creature would be met with minus an eye or with the orb forced from its socket, and, together with other wounds, presenting a ghastly appearance. As the time of 'hauling-up' drew near, the island became one mass of animation; every beach, rock, and cliff, where a seal could find foothold, became its resting-place, while a countless herd of old males capped the summit, and the united clamorings of the vast assemblage could be heard, on a calm day, for miles at sea. The south side of the island is high and precipitous, with a projecting ledge hardly perceptible from the beach below, upon which an immense sea lion managed to climb, and there remained for several weeks—until the season was over. How he ascended, or in what manner he retired to the water, was a mystery to our numerous ship's crew, as he came and went in the night; for 'Old Grey,' as named by the sailors, was closely watched in his elevated position during the time the men were engaged at their work on shore.

"None but the adult males were captured, which was usually done by shooting them in the ear or near it; for a ball in any other part of the body had no more effect than it would in a grizzly bear. Occasionally, however, they are taken with the club and lance, only shooting a few of the masters of the herd. This is easily accomplished with an experienced crew, if there is sufficient ground back from the beach for the animals to retreat. During our stay an instance occurred which not only displayed the sagacity of the animals, but also their yielding dispositions when hard pressed in certain situations, as if naturally designed to be slain in numbers equal to the demands of their human pursuers. On the south of Santa Barbara Island was a plateau, elevated less than a hundred feet above the sea, stretching to the brink of a cliff that overhung the shore, and a narrow gorge leading up from the beach, through which the animals crowded to their favorite resting place. As the sun dipped behind the hills, fifty to a hundred males would congregate upon the spot, and there remain until the boats were lowered in the morning, when immediately the whole herd would quietly slip off into the sea and gambol about during the day, returning as they saw the boats again leave the island for the ship. Several unsuccessful attempts had been made to take them; but at last a fresh breeze commenced blowing directly from the shore, and prevented their scenting the hunters, who landed some distance from the rookery, then cautiously advanced, and suddenly yelling, and flourishing muskets, clubs and lances, rushed up within a few yards of them, while the pleading creatures, with lolling tongues and glaring eyes, were quite overcome with dismay, and remained nearly motionless. At last, two overgrown males broke through the line formed by the men, but they paid the penalty with their lives before reaching the water. A few moments passed, when all hands moved slowly toward the rookery, which as slowly retreated. This maneuver is termed 'turning them,' and, when once accomplished, the disheartened creatures appear to abandon all hope of escape, and resign themselves to their fate. The herd at this time numbered 75, which were soon dispatched, by shooting the largest ones, and clubbing and lancing the others, save one young sea lion which was spared to see whether he would make any resistance by being driven over the hills beyond. The poor creature only moved along through the prickly pears that covered the ground, when compelled by his cruel pursuers; and, at last, with an imploring look and writhing in pain, it held out its fin-like arms, which were pierced with thorns, in such a manner as to touch the sympathy of the barbarous sealers, who instantly put the sufferer out of its misery by a stroke of a heavy club. As soon as the animal is killed, the longest spires of its whiskers are pulled out, then it is skinned, and its coating of fat cut in sections from its body and transported to the vessel, where, after being 'minced,' the oil is extracted by boiling. The testes are taken out, and, with the selected spires of whiskers, find a market in China—the former being used medicinally and the latter for personal ornaments.

"At the close of the season—which lasts about three months on the California coast—a large majority of the great herds, both males and females, return to the sea, and roam in all directions in quest of food, as but few of them could find sustenance about the waters contiguous to the islands, or points on the mainland, which are their annual resorting places. They live upon fish, mollusks, crustaceans and seafowls; always with the addition of a few pebbles or smooth stones, some of which are a pound in weight.*

"Their principal feathery food, however, is the penguin in the southern hemisphere and the gulls in the northern; while the manner in which they decoy and catch the *Gaviota* of the Mexican and California coasts display no little degree of cunning. When in pursuit the animal

* Mr. Elliott, in referring to the differences between the Californian and Alaskan sea lions, calls attention to the dissimilarity of their voices. The Northern sea lion, he says, "never barks or howls like the animal at the Farallones or Santa Barbara. Young and old, both sexes, from one year and upward, have only a deep bass growl, and prolonged, steady roar; while at San Francisco sea lions break out incessantly with a 'honking' bark or howl and never roar." (Allen, N. A. Pinnipeds, pp. 305.)

* It is said that in captivity these animals will devour from forty to fifty pounds of fresh fish in the course of a single day.

dives deeply under water and swims some distance from where it disappeared; then, rising cautiously, it exposes the tip of its nose above the surface, at the same time giving it a rotary motion, like that of a water-bug at play. The unwary bird on the wing, seeing the object near by, alights to catch it, while the sea lion at the same moment settles beneath the waves, and at one bound with extended jaws seizes its screaming prey and instantly devours it.

"A few years ago great numbers of sea lions were taken along the coast of Upper and Lower California, and thousands of barrels of oil obtained. The number of seals slain exclusively for their oil would appear fabulous, when we realize the fact that it requires on an average, throughout the season, the blubber of three or four sea lions to produce a barrel of oil. Their thick, coarse-grained skins were not considered worth preparing for market in a country where manual labor was so highly valued. At the present time, however, they are valued for glue stock, and the seal hunters now realize more comparative profit from the hides than from the oil." But while the civilized sealers, plying their vocation along the seaboard of California and Mexico, destroy the *Lobo marino* for the product of its oil, skin, testes and whiskers, the simple Aleutians of the Alaska region derive from these animals many of their indispensable articles of domestic use."

Many other highly interesting accounts of these ponderous carnivores of the sea, with intensely engaging histories of their million hosts as they gather upon the naked islands of the North Pacific, have been published, but my space will admit of nothing further here, and in my next contribution I will pass to the consideration of Steller's sea lion and the northern fur seal.

R. W. SHUFELDT.

FROGS AS FISH EATERS.—The question of the fish-eating habits of frogs being agitated in your columns, I add a note. Some years ago I set up a fresh-water aquarium, and after duly stocking it with water plants, I put in some small fishes—minnows, shiners and sunfish—also a few tadpoles, all of which lived together in harmony for a while; but as the tadpoles grew larger, I removed all but one, which in due time parted with tail and gill and took upon him the form of a frog—a transformation interesting to observe and a true evolution, to be seen of all, requiring no fine-spun hypothesis or bold assumption to prove it. After this I began to miss my fishes, one by one, and charged the theft to the house cat. One day, however, I caught the solemn-looking batrachian in the act of swallowing a shiner, and concluded that the others had gone the same road. So, as an act of retributive justice, I employed the frog as a bait for black bass.—S. C. C.

WOODCOCK AND TELEGRAPH WIRE.—Towanda, Pa., July 1.—A woodcock was found last week in this place that had come in contact with the telegraph wire. It was picked up and care taken to nurse it, but it died twenty-four hours after being discovered. It was a young bird.—W. F. D.

Game Bag and Gun.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

MINEOLA CLUB, Fox Lake, Ill., July 13.—To-night the new Mineola club house was formally opened There were twenty-three vehicles waiting for the Wisconsin Central early train at Lake Villa, and each of these took away an average of a dozen passengers. The ride across country, six miles, was pleasant and hilarious, and it was still early evening when the carriages halted in front of the grand and now nearly completed structure, which represents the highest point of architectural elaborateness yet reached by any Chicago sportsmen's club. I do not believe there is in the whole country so large and perfect a building devoted to a similar purpose. Detailed mention of this club was made early in the series of Chicago club articles that appeared in FOREST AND STREAM last winter. The building was not then completed, and indeed there is a little painting and the like to be done yet; but the gas and water supplies were lately put in, the interior fully finished and furnished, the kitchens lavishly stocked, and all appointments made perfect for this, the opening night.

As the carriages drew up on the beach in front of the grand entrance, a band on the upper gallery struck up a lively air in welcome to the arriving guests. This was repeated when Capt. Hill's lake steamer discharged its many-colored cargo at the landing, and when the little yacht Ida Belle came in and gracefully folded her wings. The corridors and balconies began to fill up rapidly with a gay assemblage, in which shooting, fishing and tennis costumes mingled with the sober business garb of those who had not yet had time to get into their club clothes, and with the bright summer attire of the ladies.

The beautiful Mineola dining hall was soon the scene of as picturesque a spectacle as one would be apt to see outside of a fancy ball supper, and the generalship of Mr. C. H. Clark, who has divided his energies and left his Lakeside hotel to assume managership of the Mineola club house, sent everybody away smiling as only he can smile who has dined well and happily.

After supper the music continued, welcoming the big moon, which now swam stately up and cast a path of silver right down at the foot of Mineola stairs. Over this silver path stole boat after boat, bringing in guests from Howard's, the Lakeside, Fox Lake Club house, Lippincott's and Ingleside. Mineola was going to do herself credit to-night.

There was a bank of grass about fifty feet from shore, right in front of the club house, and it looked fishy, so as it grew dark I jointed a fly-rod and stole down to try a coachman. I managed to catch a sunfish and a croppy, and had the novel experience of fishing to the music of a full band—the most unique I ever knew, except when I fished for goldfish in an insane asylum. That was at Lexington, Ky. The goldfish were fifteen inches long, and lived in a pond which was surrounded by a high railing to keep the lunatics out. They locked me inside of this, with many unkind remarks about my needing locking up inside the main building; then they went away and left me, and for about an hour I was entirely happy; about as happy as I was to-night fly-fishing to music in front of Mineola. For those who never fished in that way, I may say that music is a great stimulus in fly-casting, and seems to go very naturally with it.

When the first boatload of guests arrived the music changed from brass to strings, and soon everybody "chased the glowing hours with flying feet." The is good dancing all over more than fifty yards of Mineola Club house. It is very openly and roomily built, and the wide galleries are an additional blessing. In galleries, parlors and corridors the gay and gala ball kept up until the moon's silver path slanted the other way, and one by one the white-winged boats went down it for the other shores, and Mineola, somewhat justly flushed with her first success, folded her hands early in the morning of the following day and sighed because she was happy.

There were present on Mineola opening night the following ladies and gentlemen: W. G. Webster, H. P. Wadhams, F. J. Magin and family, C. E. Deane, C. E. Clifton, H. Chapin, J. Watson, J. J. Silberhorn, T. Edwards, S. Wolf, Mrs. L. A. Daviess, W. L. B. Jenney, Robt. G. Dwen, J. G. Beazley, Miss Adelaide Leckie, Miss Katharine Leckie, B. G. Fisher and wife, A. Bournique, Miss Mae Bournique, W. C. Hough and wife, Fred. L. Champlin, Geo. K. Cole, Walter Cole, Mrs. C. E. Cole, Miss Cole, J. G. Dwen, J. F. Lutz, Miss Emerson, F. C. Sparling, J. O. Pierson, Geo. Warrington, Mrs. R. M. Fair and family, Mrs. A. De Graf, Miss Mae Faegersten, Mrs. Robt. Lindblon and family, J. C. McCord, J. T. McCord, A. R. Carman, L. M. Hamberger. From the Howard House: M. C. Lange, E. H. Manfield and wife, J. W. Hope, Saml. Kroth and wife, Geo. W. Rice, F. E. Hines, D. J. Hull and wife, H. D. Hull, Isaac Tower and wife, Dr. Bohr, Mrs. J. V. Forve, Miss Florence Forve, J. B. Bernhardt, L. A. Zells, J. H. Healy, J. Kelly, Chas. Harbaugh, Mr. Porter and wife, Mrs. J. L. Jennings and Henry Smith, of New York. From the Lakeside: L. L. Barth and wife, A. W. Adams, Dr. A. G. Goodman, Mrs. Follett, E. N. Hill and wife, Charles H. Symonds, J. H. McBride and wife, Mrs. P. L. Elder, J. R. Payson and wife, E. C. Towske and wife, Norman Fraser and wife, Fred Ludlow, Mrs. C. Ludlow, Mrs. Pierce, Miss Morse, W. Veitch, L. Krellow and wife, H. H. McLane, Wm. A. Hirsh, David L. Frank, Mrs. J. Blocki, Miss Jeannette Blocki, Miss Pauline Krauss, Arthur Stein, R. H. Baum, J. Magnus, G. A. Maclean and wife, Miss Edna Towske, Chas. R. Murray, C. S. Roberts, Robt. H. Aiken, Miss Flora Lane, Miss Sisson, R. O. Millar, G. A. Soden, Miss Katie Duffy, W. B. Hains and wife, Miss Emma Vehon, Miss Rose Goldstein, Miss Fanny Lehman, W. G. Twelty, W. H. Lane, T. D. O'Brien, W. M. White, H. F. Schmid, Mrs. J. Steele, J. L. Gould, A. F. Sherman, W. F. Hall, L. M. Hamburger, G. R. Erb, Jas. McNally, Jerome Merrill, E. P. Donnell, J. L. Jennings, H. L. Ward, M. Elkin. From Fox Lake Club: J. Ford Hall and wife, Chas. H. Foster, Miss Gertrude Foster, Mrs. Samuel T. Smith and daughter, of Kansas City, Geo. T. Cook and Miss Susie Cook, C. A. Hyde, Victor D. Gowen. From Lippincott's: Hon. Andrew Shuman, Ed. Parsons and wife, J. Gillespie and wife, Misses Katie and Mabel Gillespie, Ed. C. Gillespie, John Cowles and wife, Miss Minnie Happelle, Miss Jennie Hartwick, Miss Metta De-Pay, A. L. Coe and wife, A. Fletcher Smith, Hamilton Browne, Wm. Maypole and wife, Miss Florence Lendarker, Col. O. Lippincott and wife.

July 14.—To-day nature is repentant and weeping after her dissipation. Heavy rain and high wind have prevailed during the greater part of the day. Fox Lake is higher than it has been all season, and is washing over all the landings. The water is very rough, and the lake has not had a boat out for the greater part of the day. I took a duck boat and rowed over to Lippincott's this afternoon. The craft shipped a tubful of water, and I was heartily glad to get inshore. At 3 P. M. Ida Belle weighed anchor, and made a pretty course to the head of the lake, with all her crew on the windward rail and all sails double-reefed. Frolic did not go out. A little steamer showed her nose from over Ingleside way, but soon put back. It has grown calmer toward evening, and the sun shines fitfully.

To-day Mr. J. G. Dwen took me to the hill at whose foot Mineola Club lies, and showed me what is known to be the finest of the many Indian or mound-builders' mounds discovered on the bluffs about Fox Lake. A number of these mounds have been opened, always with most interesting results; but this particular mound, which lies on the highest point of the bluff, on the west side of the lake, has never been opened, although Mr. Dwen said he once had trouble to keep a certain party from digging down into it. The mound is perhaps 100ft. from base to base across, and is more sharply conical than these mounds usually are. It is nearly free from trees, and its shape is so perfect as to suggest it a recent mound. Mr. Dwen will soon open this mound, and wished the assistance of Dr. Velie, of the Academy of Sciences, or some other competent authority. It would take a day or so to run a channel through from the foot of this mound as it properly should be done. It is highly probable that something of interest will be found when this mound is opened, and if so, I shall be glad to report it, as I shall probably be there.

There is a quaint and ghastly ornament on the mantel in one of the Mineola smoking-rooms, in the shape of a skull and crossbones, elegantly mounted on a dark velvet panel inclosed in a heavy oak frame. Beneath is the inscription, "Mineola, Chief of the Pottawatomies. Presented by J. G. Dwen." This skull was found in a mound struck in excavating the sidehill for Mineola club house foundations. Mr. Dwen had it carefully cleaned and mounted as above described, and presented it to the club. The lower jaw of this skull was never found, but the skull itself seems perfect, and the upper teeth are magnificent. The color of the skull is dark yellow and unbleached. These exhumed Indian skulls are always of this color, and cannot be bleached. This sad reminder of some savage hunter who once doubtless parted the wild rice of these lakes as deftly, or looked out over the wide and pleasant waters as gladly on some bygone morning as do the modern hunters who by sharp contrast are gathered here to-day, bore no amulet or charm and carried no tablet by which he might be known. It is only fancy that calls him Mineola. Yet Mineola ranged these bluffs, and skimmed these waters early in this century, from 1830 to 1835, and his people, the Pottawatomies, were the only tribe which inhabited this lake region then. Since then it was Mineola Club, named for him, that brought these yellow bones to light, it seems no wild further fancy to say that this was Mineola. Now, then, may Mineola live long in this his modern tepee, and may he scare lagging hunters early to bed, and may he give them manly dreams and make them tireless in the chase as well as wise in council.

E. HOUGH.

THE OZARK MOUNTAINS.

I WAS brought up near the "divide" of this range in Missouri. The little stream in which I paddled, barefoot, and fished for chub, perch, catfish and an occasional bass, and along whose banks I circumvented the gray squirrel, fell away to the north, but a day's drive would take one to waters that found their way to White River and the South. It is quite natural, therefore, that I should feel an interest in those blessed old "blackjack" covered flint hills—it is a burlesque to call them mountains.

Your correspondent in the issue of July 1 knows what he is talking about. I have some little fear that the natives told him some unreliable "bar" stories. I never understood that bears were abundant in any section there except in the swamps of the Mississippi. Otherwise the information he got was reliable. The native's idea on the subject of quail shooting is none the less amusing to me now because it was the current one where I was raised. One reason of it was that the general sentiment was in favor of the rifle as opposed to the shotgun, even for turkeys, because the latter "made so much noise" and "took so much ammunition." Economy of ammunition, by the way, was a cardinal principle, inherited from the pioneer days, when powder and lead were hard to get. Another practice arising naturally from the use of the rifle and the desire to economize ammunition was that of holding your fire until you had a sure thing. Nobody shot on the wing, and many a running or snap shot was neglected that would fill the soul of the modern shooter with delight. I often think now of the majestic turkey gobblers I have seen rise and sail away, thrashing the brush and looking as big as a dodo, without even the smallest thought of shooting after they left the ground. Oh for such a chance now! I remember that once when a huge fellow flew almost into my face I banged at him, so to speak, in self-defense, but without touching a feather. That discouraged me. A result, however, of this careful shooting was an astonishingly large proportion of kills to the number of shots. When a squirrel rifle cracked you might take it for granted, about nine times out of ten, that there was a dead squirrel, with a bullet in his head at that, for they rarely shot in the body.

The ordinary way of hunting deer was by driving, a process familiar to your readers. So little is written about turkey shooting, however, that I venture to say a few more words about that royal sport. Our custom as boys was to hunt them in two ways. One was to hide and call the gobblers in the spring when they were mating. This most exciting and difficult game was finally stopped by the Legislature, who decided, and justly, perhaps, that it was bad for the preservation of turkeys to shoot them at that season. The other way was to hunt at night in the fall and winter, starting the flocks from their roosting places and getting usually a shot or two. Going back next morning we would hide in the bushes before daylight. Just at dawn the scattered flock would begin to assemble, calling softly to one another. If they were young and inexperienced it was easy work. But as the season advanced they became exceedingly wary, and he who got a shot had to be skilled in the business. I have hunted many different kinds of game, but the turkey (*Meleagris gallopavo*, for the Mexican variety is different and more striped) is of them all the most difficult to outwit. To approach him in the day time, when he is on his native heath and alert, is next to impossible. I know of only two ways in which it can be done. One is to confuse him by means of a little barking, fussy dog, a spaniel, for instance, at which he will fly up into a tree and sometimes give you a shot, and the other is to wrap yourself in a sheet when the woods are covered with snow and he doesn't want to fly anyhow, and thus approach him. Your "Old Man" from Virginia says he will sometimes lie to a dog, which is probable, though having never hunted him with a trained dog, I do not know. One thing ought to be added, and that is, that the meat of a young turkey from September to midwinter is just about as near perfection as one could ask. A very good account of the spring methods of shooting gobblers may be found in Mayer's "Sport with Gun and Rod."

I have wondered with your correspondent why there are no grouse in those hills. There certainly are not. There was a tradition of "pheasants" in my boyhood days, but I never saw one, and I think they were mostly further north. From what I can remember of the description they were probably ruffed grouse. Bob White is there in all his glory, and is usually called partridge.

AZTEC.

MEXICO, July 13.

A BIG-GUN.—James Waters, the recluse of Horse Island, near the mouth of the Detroit River, died a few days ago. He had lived the life of a Crusoe on the island for forty years, and little is known of him except that he came from England. His only companions at the time of his death were two dogs and forty cats. Among his personal effects was a wonderful fowling piece that was proved by a manufacturer's mark to have been made in England 200 years ago. It is called a pontoon gun, and was used by the hermit in the wholesale slaughter of waterfowl. The length of the gun is 11ft., its diameter at the muzzle 7¼in. and at the breech 5¼in. It has a flint lock, and 1lb. of powder and 3lbs. of shot constitute a charge. During the gunning season the recluse kept the gun mounted on a small flat-bottomed boat, which was covered with lake grass and boughs of trees. When a flock of geese or ducks settled near the island Mr. Waters would slowly propel his craft toward the unsuspecting fowls until they were within range of his gun. When he had everything in readiness to discharge the gun he would reverse the motion of the boat to break the force of the recoil, which was something terrific. It is said that he was often rendered unconscious for several minutes by the concussion. The same authority asserts that it was not an uncommon thing for him to bag fifty or sixty fowls with a single volley of his murderous weapon. The gun was sent to a son of the deceased living at Naples, Ill.—*Detroit Tribune, July 15.*

PATTERN AND PENETRATION TESTS.

THE COLT GUN.

THE trial in the FOREST AND STREAM Gun Test, which took place July 17, brought to the front a pair of Colt guns. They formed an attractive but not altogether an even running team. One of these arms was the property of Dr. A. E. Merrill, U. S. A. He had put the gun into the hands of a smith for a recess choke treatment, intending to make it so that ball as well as shot cartridges might be fired from it. The report on the boring, or rather, the measuring of the barrels after the boring, shows that the enlargement of the bore commences about 1½in. from the muzzle and is about .006 or .008 of an inch larger for about 2in. in the left-hand barrel. The enlargement of the right-hand barrel commences about ½in. from the muzzle and is about 3½in. long, and so far as can be judged from



COLT GUN (DR. MERRILL'S), 40YDS., RIGHT BARREL, 249 PELLETS.

the use of lead disks it is somewhat larger than the change in the left, about .02 of an inch. Putting the distances from the breech and the measurements taken of them into tabular form, the report shows:

Distance from Breech.	Diameter, inches. Right barrel.	Left barrel.
Breech	.815	.815
3.1	.732	.732
3.2	.746	.742
7.0	.736	.728
10.0	.736	.738
13.0	.734	.737
16.0	.733	.737
19.0	.731	.736
22.0	.728	.726
25.0	.727	.734
26.5	.726	.735
28.5	....	.731
Muzzle	.726	.726

When the gun reached the FOREST AND STREAM office



COLT GUN (DR. MERRILL'S), 40YDS., LEFT BARREL, 233 PELLETS.

for trial, a request was made on Gunsmith Dannefelser to prepare a series of charges. He loaded fifty cartridges with 3½drs. of dead shot powder and 1⅛oz. of No. 8 chilled Cincinnati shot. Bullet charges were also prepared, but upon their performances a separate report will be made. At the range Supt. Alfred Moss had a Colt arm also of 12-gauge, of which he is very proud, and with which he has had no end of sport. He was invited to shoot both weapons and did so, using the cartridges from the same batch. His weapon was of the regular full muzzle choke pattern, and in looks, finish and balance a very satisfactory arm.

The day was all that could be wished for such a test. The wind was a lazy 3-o'clock breeze, with hardly power enough to lift the bit of blue ribbon hung to guide the marksman in his aiming. The big roll of white paper, into which the shots pass to make their pattern, was set in motion; the penetration pads were dropped one after another into the slot behind, and the gun firing went on with great celerity. First the Merrill Colt made its record at 40yds., and this was promptly followed by the performance of the Moss Colt at the same range. Then back to 60yds. the more severe test was applied to the arms in the same order. There was not a single break or pause in the entire test. What the weather conditions were, a glance at the recorded meteorological observations will show. No better day for such work ought to be asked for by any gun man, and that they were doing their best, or very near it, there is no reason to doubt. So far as hitting power was concerned, as indicated on the penetration pads, the two arms were very nearly equal, and each barrel as well, but in pattern the difference was great enough to rouse the query whether after all the old form of choking, in order to make room for the solid-ball cartridge in use, was altogether an improvement to the Merrill arm. It certainly did not gain much advantage in its extra weight, and as for recoil, marksman Moss complained that the kick was much greater than in his own gun. Looking at the results by percentage it will be seen that but one barrel out of the four fired from got over 50 per cent. of the average load into a 30in. circle, while at a previously-struck circle the percentage was much lower.

In the shots fired for maximum patterns, irrespective of aim, the Moss gun showed itself a much better holder than its companion weapon. The table of the variation of centers between the points aimed at and the centers taken for best pattern show as follows:

MERRILL (COLT) GUN.

40 Yards. Right Barrel.	Left Barrel.	*60 Yards.* Right Barrel.	Left Barrel.
1.... 3 in.	2½in.	1... 9 in.	8 in.
2.... 7 in.	6 in.	2 ... 8½in.	9½in.
3. .. 5 in.	5½in.	3....10½in.	10 in.
Aver'ge.5 in.	4⅓in.	Aver'ge.9 in.	9 in.

MOSS (COLT) GUN.

1.... 2⅛in.	1⅛in.	1 ... 7 in.	10 in.
2.... 3½in.	3 in.	2.... 7⅛in.	9 in.
3 ... 4 in.	3½in.	3 ... 8½in.	6⅛in.
Aver'ge.3⅛in.	2⅓in.	Aver'ge.7⅓in.	8⅛in.

Without further talk of the test we leave the formal record of it to tell its own story. How the cartridges were loaded, how the guns were handled and how they behaved themselves are all told there in the dead accuracy



COLT GUN (SUPT. MOSS'S), 40YDS., RIGHT BARREL, 285 PELLETS.

of unyielding figures. Enough shots were fired to show that there were no flukes, and to make the averages real records of the doings of the respective arms. At some future day, when other Colt guns are tried, perhaps they will tell a different tale, and as soon as the Hartford Co. shall send on a weapon for trial the Colt may be expected to show quite a different gait along the range where the tests are conducted.



COLT GUN (SUPT. MOSS'S), 40YDS., LEFT BARREL, 316 PELLETS.

CLAREMONT, N. J., July 17, 1889.

TEST MADE AT FOREST AND STREAM GUN-TESTING SCREEN.

Gun—Colt, Damascus steel barrels (Dr. Merrill's Gun). Cost, $—. No. of gun, 3,975. Weight, 8¼lbs. Length of barrels, 30in. Gauge, 12. Right barrel, recess choke. Left barrel, recess choke.
Weather—Clear. Direction of wind, 3 o'clock. Force of wind, 3 miles per hour. Thermometer, dry, 76°. Do., wet, 67°. Humidity, 63°. Barometer, 29.9in.
Charge, as given by holder of gun:

BOTH BARRELS.

Shell—U. S. C. Co.'s Climax.
Powder, Brand—Dead Shot.
Powder, Quantity—3¼ drs.
Shot—*Make*—Cincinnati Chilled. *Quantity*—1⅛ oz. *Size*—8.

CARTRIDGE ANALYSIS.

Three Cartridges Taken at Random.

BOTH BARRELS.

Loading.		*Powder.*	*Shot.*	
Heavy card over shot; two B. E. wads and card over powder.	1...	98 grs.	543 grs.	569 pellets.
	2...	99 grs.	561 grs.	589 pellets.
	3...	98 grs.	532 grs.	552 pellets.
	Average	98 grs.	545 grs.	570 pellets.

TEST AT 40 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

RIGHT BARREL. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*	LEFT BARREL. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*
1. 244 pellets.	14 sheets.	1. 263 pellets.	12 sheets.
2. 249 pellets.	12 sheets.	2. 250 pellets.	14 sheets.
3. 207 pellets.	21 sheets.	3. 255 pellets.	16 sheets.
4. 197 pellets.	13 sheets.	4. 245 pellets.	12 sheets.
5. 135 pellets.	12 sheets.	5. 158 pellets.	13 sheets.
Av. 206 pellets.	14 sheets.	Av. 234 pellets.	13 sheets.

Three shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.	LEFT BARREL.
1..... 280 pellets.	1.....290 pellets.
2..... 243 pellets.	2..... 281 pellets.
3..... 199 pellets.	3..... 263 pellets.
Average 237 pellets.	Average 278 pellets.

TEST AT 60 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

RIGHT BARREL. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*	LEFT BARREL. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*
1. 91 pellets.	6 sheets.	1. 92 pellets.	6 sheets.
2. 94 pellets.	4 sheets.	2. 43 pellets.	5 sheets.
3. 27 pellets.	5 sheets.	3. 68 pellets.	5 sheets.
4. 78 pellets.	5 sheets.	4. 85 pellets.	.. sheets.
5. 120 pellets.	6 sheets.	5. 96 pellets.	4 sheets.
Av. 82 pellets.	5 sheets.	Av. 77 pellets.	5 sheets.

Three shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.	LEFT BARREL.
1..... 112 pellets.	1..... 90 pellets.
2..... 106 pellets.	2..... 72 pellets.
3..... 92 pellets.	3..... 110 pellets.
Average 103 pellets.	Average 90 pellets.

CLAREMONT, N. J., July 17, 1889.

TEST MADE AT FOREST AND STREAM GUN-TESTING SCREEN.

Gun—Colt, Damascus steel barrels (Alfred Moss's Gun). Cost, $65. No. of gun, 6,413. Weight, 7½lbs. Length of barrels, 30in. Gauge, 12. Right barrel, full choke. Left barrel, full choke.
Weather—Sunny. Direction of wind, 3 o'clock. Force of wind, 3 miles per hour. Thermometer, dry, 76°. Do., wet, 67°. Humidity, 63°. Barometer, 29.9in.
Charge, as given by holder of gun:

BOTH BARRELS.

Shell—U. S. C. Co.'s Climax.
Powder, Brand—Dead Shot.
Powder, Quantity—3½ drs.
Shot—*Make*—Cincinnati Chilled. *Quantity*—1⅛ oz. *Size*—8.

CARTRIDGE ANALYSIS.

Three Cartridges Taken at Random.

BOTH BARRELS.

Loading.		*Powder.*	*Shot.*	
Heavy card over shot; two B. E. wads and card over powder.	1...	98 grs.	543 grs.	569 pellets.
	2...	99 grs.	561 grs.	589 pellets.
	3...	98 grs.	532 grs.	552 pellets.
	Average	98 grs.	545 grs.	570 pellets.

TEST AT 40 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

RIGHT BARREL. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*	LEFT BARREL. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*
1. 268 pellets.	14 sheets.	1. 279 pellets.	14 sheets.
2. 193 pellets.	12 sheets.	2. 316 pellets.	16 sheets.
3. 285 pellets.	12 sheets.	3. 106 pellets.	10 sheets.
4. 228 pellets.	14 sheets.	4. 244 pellets.	11 sheets.
5. 145 pellets.	11 sheets.	5. 272 pellets.	13 sheets.
Av. 224 pellets.	12 sheets.	Av. 243 pellets.	13 sheets.

Three Shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.	LEFT BARREL.
1..... 301 pellets.	1..... 270 pellets.
2..... 268 pellets.	2..... 292 pellets.
3..... 254 pellets.	3..... 314 pellets.
Average 274 pellets.	Average 292 pellets.

TEST AT 60 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

RIGHT BARREL. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*	LEFT BARREL. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*
1. 38 pellets.	7 sheets.	1. 92 pellets.	7 sheets.
2. 93 pellets.	5 sheets.	2. 91 pellets.	8 sheets.
3. 59 pellets.	.. sheets.	3. 105 pellets.	5 sheets.
4. 97 pellets.	.. sheets.	4. 120 pellets.	6 sheets.
5. 40 pellets.	6 sheets.	5. 114 pellets.	9 sheets.
Av. 65 pellets.	6 sheets.	Av. 104 pellets.	7 sheets.

Three Shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.	LEFT BARREL.
1..... 90 pellets.	1..... 115 pellets.
2..... 68 pellets.	2..... 122 pellets.
3..... 87 pellets.	3..... 106 pellets.
Average 81 pellets.	Average 114 pellets.

A 200YDS. DASH.—For some time past a bear has been strolling about the farms in Kempt Road, and during that time carried off four sheep. One day last week a son of Nat Comley's was down on his knees weeding turnips, when he heard an unusual sound, and on looking up says he "saw the best animal race they ever had in that part of Bonaventure." The race was between an immense bear and a two-year-old heifer, and the distance 200yds. The race was close throughout, but the heifer got a couple of yards start and kept that distance to the barn, where the bear was scared off. Next evening Mr. Comley sat at the edge of the woods, a short distance from the house, with a smooth-bore gun in his hand. He had to wait but a few minutes when bruin appeared. Mr. Comley is a good shot. The bear weighed 450lbs. The skin brought $22.—*Restigouche Pioneer, Campbellton, N. B., July 10.*

TUBULAR BULLETS.—Mr. A. Weed, of Tarrytown, N.Y., whose tubular bullets were described in these columns the other day, will be absent on a camping trip in Canada for six weeks, and his correspondents who may apply for specimen bullets will be obliged to await his return.

SHOOTING SEASONS IN MARYLAND.

Counties.	*Partridges.	Woodcock.	*Pheasants.	Rabbits.	License.
Anne Arundel	Nov. 1-Dec. 24	July 4-Feb. 1	Oct. 15-Jan. 1	Oct. 15-Jan. 15	$ 6.50
Allegany	Oct. 15-Jan. 1	June 15-Feb. 1	Sept. 1-Jan. 1	Oct. 15-Jan. 1	Free
Baltimore	Oct. 1-Dec. 26	June 15-Feb. 1	Sept. 1-Jan. 1	Nov. 1-Dec. 26	10.00
Caroline	Nov. 1-Feb. 1	July 4-Feb. 1	Aug. 15-Jan. 1	Nov. 1-Jan. 1	4.50
Carroll	Oct. 20-Dec. 24	July 1-Jan. 1	Oct. 1-Dec. 24	Oct. 15-Dec. 24	Free
Cecil	Nov. 1-Jan. 10	June 10-Jan. 1	Sept. 5-Feb. 1	Nov. 1-Jan. 10	Free
Dorchester	Oct. 20-Feb. 1	June 15-Feb. 1	Aug. 15-Jan. 1	Oct. 20-Jan. 15	Free
Frederick	Oct. 15-Jan. 1	June 15-Feb. 1	Oct. 15-Jan. 1	Oct. 1-Feb. 1	Free
Garrett	Oct. 15-Dec. 1	Sept. 1-Dec. 1	Sept. 1-Dec. 1	Oct. 15-Jan. 15	Free
Harford	Oct. 15-Dec. 26	June 10-Jan. 1	Sept. 1-Feb. 1	Oct. 15-Dec. 26	Free
Howard	Oct. 24-Dec. 24	June 15-Dec. 24	Aug. 15-Dec. 24	Oct. 24-Dec. 24	7.50
Montgomery	Nov. 1-Dec. 15	July 1-Jan. 1	Sept. 1-Jan. 1	Sept. 1-Feb. 1	Free
Somerset	Nov. 1-Feb. 1	June 15-Feb. 1	Aug. 15-Jan. 1	Oct. 15-Jan. 15	Free
Talbot	Oct. 15-Dec. 31	July 4-Jan. 1	Aug. 15-Jan. 1	Oct. 15-Dec. 31	9.50
Washington	Oct. 20-Jan. 1	June 15-Feb. 1	Aug. 12-Dec. 31	Oct. 15-Jan. 15	Free
Wicomico	Nov. 1-Jan. 1	June 15-Feb. 1	Aug. 15-Jan. 1	Nov. 1-Feb. 15	Free
Worcester	Nov. 1-Feb. 1	June 15-Feb. 1	Aug. 15-Jan. 1	Nov. 1-Jan. 15	Free
Kent	Nov. 1-Dec. 24	July 4-Feb. 1	Aug. 15-Jan. 1	Nov. 1-Dec. 24	4.50
Prince George	Nov. 1-Dec. 24	July 4-Feb. 1	Aug. 15-Jan. 1	Nov. 1-Dec. 24	6.50
Queen Anne	Nov. 1-Dec. 24	July 4-Feb. 1	Aug. 15-Jan. 1	Oct. 15-Jan. 15	4.50
Charles	Nov. 1-Dec. 24	June 15-Feb. 1	Aug. 15-Jan. 1	Oct. 15-Jan. 15	20.00

* Maryland partridges are elsewhere known as quail, and the pheasants as ruffed grouse or partridge. Wild turkey season, Frederick county, Nov. 15-Jan. 15. Rail, Harford county, Sept. 1-Feb. 1; Garrett county, Sept. 15-Jan. 1; Talbot county, Sept. 10-Jan. 1. Summer ducks, Montgomery county, Sept. 1-Jan. 1. Talbot and Wicomico counties, Sept. 10-Jan. 1. Ducks on Chesapeake Bay, Nov. 1-March 31.

THE ARKANSAS GAME LAW.

SEDALIA, Mo., July 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In a recent number of your paper I see an article from Mr. J. M. Rose setting forth the provisions of the Arkansas game law. Having had some experience with Arkansas game, I feel interested, and am glad to know that Mr. Rose is no less so. The law making the open season for deer begin in August looks a little bad, but I am sure it will not prove very detrimental, as the deer will be too poor for the Little Rock market, and a poor deer is about the meanest thing a person can eat; and it will not take a great many to supply the few farmers who will go out that hot weather to hunt them. But hurrah for that part of the law which prevents them being sent out of the State to market. This is one step in the right direction. I have seen a wagon load of deer shipped from one little station at one time, and at other times have seen the saddles and hides shipped and the forequarters thrown away, as they could not be sold at any price. I have seen quail trapped and netted and brought to this station by the score; there their heads were pinched and the birds shipped to Memphis by hundreds. There are thousands of quail in Arkansas, and the law should prevent their being netted. I don't think, however, there is any danger of them being exterminated; I am sure there is not if it is to be done with a gun, for they rarely ever shoot a quail. I glory in the Arkansas game law. If they would only include other game, such as turkey, duck and quail, it would be much better; but as it is they will do to imitate, and the example should be followed by other States. Arkansas is the first to start the ball on its correct course. I will say, to encourage Mr. Rose, that the Arkansas folks are the best people I ever saw to respect the law. L. S. E.

THE MISSOURI GAME OUTLOOK.—Sedalia, Mo., July 15.—We have the finest prospect for game in this part of the country known for years. I drove out about four miles from town yesterday and "Bob White" greeted me on every side. I have inquired from engineers running out of here and they say they see old ones continually. An engineer told me yesterday that some days he truly believes he sees five thousand on a run of forty miles between here and Warsaw. I am going to take a holiday about Oct. 20 and visit my brother, who is living on the farm in Calloway county. I received a letter from him a few days ago, a portion of which reads as follows: "I have never seen so many quail in my life as there are here now. I have seen several coveys of young birds, and there is a world of old ones. Be sure to come: you will have the finest sport you ever had in your life. Crops are promising; everything that can be asked, and people are prospering and feeling good."—L. S. E.

THE WORCESTER (MASS.) SPORTSMEN'S CLUB held its annual field day at Rutland last Tuesdaay.

Sea and River Fishing.

A STORY OF TROUT LUCK.

I SIT down to write a big trout story; a story in which I am interested only to the extent that my wife, who has been on many trouting trips with me, caught the next largest trout, and a friend who, by the way, had never before dipped a line in Maine waters, caught the largest. I brought up in the rear with a six-pounder. It was a very quiet little party that started from Boston, on the morning of the 24th of May, for a few days fishing on Richardson Lake. There were only three of us. Sickness kept back the others, who were to make up the party. Slowly we wended our way toward the lake by way of Andover, Maine. We had been told that the fishing was dull. The news was good. Always tell us that the fishing is poor, and we will bring out the big trout. We reached Camp Stewart without special incident, except that some of the hand baggage was one day behind, and of course the fishing rods, though a small amount of tackle happened to be at hand. We reached camp at 4 P. M. of Saturday. It did not take long to don the old clothes that are always ready in that camp, and with an improvised rod, ten handsome trout were ready to be served for supper. Col. H. M. Fitch, the third member of the party, considered this a rather remarkably feature of the trip, though he has fished in the Rocky Mountains and in many parts of the world, and he has now gone to Sitka, Alaska, with his fish rod in his trunk. But for those who know there are always trout to be had for the table there; that is enough. The next day was Sunday and the delayed fish rods did not arrive till night; hence one member of that party was saved from breaking the Sabbath—except with a cedar pole.

On Monday the rods were in hand and fishing began in earnest, that is when the weather permitted; the wind blew the most of the time during the middle of each day, and our fishing was put in at sunset and before 8 o'clock in the morning, at which time the lake was comparatively mild. Our success was good each day. A plenty of trout, all the way from ¼ to 3lbs., but up to Wednesday morning no large ones had been caught. With Chas. Cutting, of Andover, as guide, Mrs. M. went out that morning to see what could be done. They were absent from the camp about one hour, when they came rowing slowly back. The little boat touched the log wharf in front of the camp. The water had begun to be boisterous, and Madam is afraid of very rough water. She called to me to come down and help her out of the boat. Naturally lazy, I suggested that Cutting should assist her. But nothing would do but what I must go down to the boat. Mrs. M. had "caught a curious trout." She had "caught a little one." She paints trout pictures, and I calculated that she had caught a trout of fine coloring. Down I went to the wharf. There, in the bottom of the boat, lay a trout 24in. in length, with a weight of 7¼lbs. Madam had caught it all her own self. She had conquered it with that little lancewood rod of mine, only weighing about 9oz., and not even the tip was broken. The reel and line are as good specimens of tackle as the present age affords—the celebrated extension reel invented by Henry C. Litchfield, of Boston. Was she a happy woman? Ask Charles Cutting, the guide. It may be stated right here that the same Charles Cutting told Col. Fitch that he was more pleased to have Mrs. Moody take that trout than any other person in the world. The trout was hooked fully half an hour before it could be brought to the top of the water. Then when Mrs. Moody saw its size the force of her arms gave out, and Cutting had to take the rod for a minute or two, when the lady finally brought the fish to the net.

That evening I went out fishing. The wind had died away and the surface of the lake was a beautiful mirror. I had the same rod and tackle that had conquered the big trout in the morning. All of a sudden I had a strike that nearly took the rod from my hands. The reel sung out twenty feet more of line in an instant. Cutting remarked that "you have a big one." I was ready for him. The little rod proved all that I had ever expected of it. Scarcely an inch of line could I get. The trout sounded for the bottom and evidently found it. Then he sulked. I could not start him. The boat was slowly drifting toward the shore, where the snags were numerous and bad for a hooked trout to get among. Neither Cutting nor I had noticed the fact, so intent were we in watching that rod and line, till all at once a big snag, an ugly tree-top, was not fifty feet from the boat. I called Cutting's attention to the danger. "We must try and tow the trout out into clear water," he remarked, and took up his oars. I expected trouble, but curious enough the trout then made an attempt to go under the boat, and we succeeded in getting him into deep water, safe from snags. Again he begun the operation of sounding and running out line. At times the rod was bent up nearly double, till the reel was released and more line taken. But at last he was drawn exhausted to near the top of the water. He had been hooked twenty-five minutes by the watch when he was brought to the net, and he weighed plump six pounds. I was satisfied. I am satisfied to-day with my spring fishing trip. I had caught, up to that evening, nearly sixty trout, and had counted nor saved nothing under half a pound, except in cases where they were so badly hooked as to kill them. I had also caught nearly two-thirds of these trout with the fly, though it was very early for fly-fishing.

If one desires to see the eyes of a happy man, let them take Charles Cutting, as a guide, and hook a big trout. It is worth the trip to see. He has grown old in guiding, but the man who employs him gets trout, if there are any to be had. Col. Fitch and Madam came down to the wharf to congratulate me, as we came leisurely rowing in that evening. We told them that we had caught a little one—we had several little ones. You should have seen the expression on their faces when they saw that 6lb. fish. The Colonel's congratulations were hearty, but alas! there was a tone of sadness. His trout were all only fair sized. I had told him, at the outset of the trip, that the trout of the world were to be found in the waters he was to fish. We were to break up camp the next morning. We advised the Colonel to try the trout in the morning. His trunk was all packed the evening before and the little steamer would not come for us till 9 o'clock. Reluctantly he promised to do so. I was up early—half past four. There was Cutting at the wharf, with the bait—minnows—all caught. He was strapping his hands to keep them warm. The mercury, though it was May 31, was down to 44. Col. Fitch came down rather reluctantly. He had little confidence in any good luck for him that morning. He had broken his rod all to pieces on a 3lb. trout the day previous, but had saved the fish by means of the reel. I told him to take my rod: the one that had already killed the big trout. He was afraid to do so. "I fear that I shall break it," he remarked, "and I should want to embalm that rod if I were you." I told him that I did not fear his breaking it, and Cutting remarked that there was not the least danger, provided he handled it fairly well: for already it had bent double under the struggles of big trout. He took the rod and they paddled away. In about an hour and a half they came back. I saw by their motions that something was to pay. The Colonel shouted that he had "caught a little trout," which was again true. But that little trout story was played out with me. I ran down to the wharf, Madam followed. They were just coming up alongside. Could I believe my eyes? There was a trout 27in. in length, and full 9lbs. in weight. The Colonel caught my hands. A happier angler I never saw in all my experience of more than 30 years. His face was a study. He had made a record that he need never hope to be beat. The trout was one of the most perfect specimens of *Salmo fontinalis* I have ever seen. The vermillion spots were very numerous and the sheeny sparkle was a sight to behold. Best of all, the little rod was as perfect as when he had started out. It had stood the strain of that giant trout for nearly three-quarters of an hour, and to-day it is as perfect as when it was made. Not a tip has been broken. When any one attempts to tell a reader of the FOREST AND STREAM that there is no difference in rods, or that a cheap rod is as good as a fair-priced piece of workmanship just tell him that he does not know whereof he speaks. Mrs. Moody's trout is to be painted, and Chas. Cutting is to have the picture. Good reader, are there any trout in the Rangeleys? If you are preparing to say no; that big trout are scarce there, then I will tell you that I learned on my way in that the Stevens party, Mr. Shattuck and Mr. Smart, had taken a 7 and an 8-lbs. trout. Will Shaw, of the Andrews House, South Paris, Me., took a 9½lbs. trout above the Narrows a few days before we went in. His wife got a big landlocked salmon. A gentleman from Portland has taken a 9-pounder. Mrs. J. P. Whitney went out trolling only a few days before our visit. She had bet with some of their guests that she could take a bigger trout that day than any of them. After fishing a little over an hour she returned with a trout that more than tipped the scales at 8lbs. But a curious feature of this trout was that soon after it was weighed there came out of its mouth a sucker that weighed over a pound. These great trout swallow fish nearly as large as themselves.

W. K. MOODY.

MAINE TROUT.

THE fishing season is not entirely over, so far as Boston boys are concerned. It will do to call them boys, for they have not lost their boyhood love for the laughing trout stream and the quiet forest lake, though it is of grown up merchants and the masters of commerce we speak. With them the outing on the lake and stream is one of the bright spots in the year's life, and every year it brings forth new delights. Mr. R. D. Richardson, of the grain firm of Richardson & Co., will start this week for his annual trouting on the Lake Superior waters. It sounds odd to hear of Lake Superior for trout—odd to the Boston sportsmen, since he usually finds his fishing to the North, or more commonly in the East—but nevertheless it is plain that Mr. Richardson has found a spot that almost any of the Boston boys would delight to visit with rod and reel. Richardson & Co. are also proprietors of the Port Huron, Sarnia and Duluth steamboats, and this is probably the strongest reason why Mr. Richardson came to seek his trouting home so far away. He and his brothers own a steam launch, outside of their grain steamers, and then pack up rods and lines, with all the paraphernalia for a couple of weeks' fishing. They take a good cook on the craft, which is by the way over 100ft. in length, and very seaworthy, and they live on board of her. They betake themselves to Jackfish Bay, which is about the extreme northmost point of that great inland sea, Lake Superior. Here they are pretty well up in the lands of the Dominion, and pretty well north, too. The season is not very early up there, neither is the growth of timber as luxuriant as it is a few hundred miles further south. They go to Jackfish Bay with the steamer, and as far up the river which empties into the bay as the state of the stream will permit. Sometimes they find good fishing for trout and whitefish on the lake and in the streams that fall from the stunted north woods into the lake, but usually they make excursions up these rivers and into ponds and lakes a short distance away. Here they have the fishing all to themselves. There are no inhabitants, or only half-breeds and Indians, who go through to Hudson's Bay from this point. By the way, it is not many miles up into the highlands from this part of Lake Superior before one finds the headlands to have turned and the waters to be running toward Hudson's Bay. Mr. Richardson's party make one or two very pleasant excursions in these wilds. They strike off from Jackfish Bay an hour or two up a little stream till they cross a pond in a boat that their guides have to take in for the purpose. Then they take another tramp through the woods a half hour, till another pond is reached. This pond they go around, and then up a rough carry, and over the rise till the water sheds the other way. Then they go down a sharp descent, and they are at Mountain Lake, a lake several miles long, hidden in the virgin wilderness, and seldom visited by other sportsmen. Indians and half-breeds fish and hunt there on their way to and from Hudson's Bay. On this lake the fishing is sometimes excellent, but the Richardson party usually goes directly to the outlet, which, by the way, is into Lake Superior, but too steep and woody, rough and roundabout to follow up from the great lake itself. The outlet falls several hundred feet in a half mile from Mountain Lake, and there are several trout pools. These pools are the delight of Mr. Richardson, and to talk with him about testing his fly leaders to a strain of six and eight ponds would make one believe that there are large trout in those very pools. He says that they get all the trout they want. They get trout on the fly that weigh four and five pounds. They get doubles and trebles at a cast. The design of the party is some season to provide themselves with guides, tents and provisions and follow the streams down to Hudson's Bay. As it is, Mountain Lake is about as far north as Manitoba, and it is into the north woods, where one need not fear intrusion. Who would not like a trouting home up there?

SPECIAL.

CAMPS OF THE KINGFISHERS.—II.

ECHO LAKE, ONTARIO, CANADA.

ANEBISH or Encampment Island, about half-way between Point Detour and the Sault, is a vicinity noted, the Captain said, for the very fine bass fishing at the rapids, later in the season. The river here has three channels, one flowing into the north passage on the Canada side, one between St. Joseph and Anebish Islands and one between Anebish and the mainland on the Michigan side, each with its rapids designated respectively East, Middle and West Anebish Rapids, shortened by the natives and lake-going people into 'Nebish Rapids. The Middle Rapids, at the head of Anebish Island, over which nearly all the Lake Superior traffic passes, is not a great hindrance to navigation.

Had it been September we would have made our camp right there on 'Nebish Island, for heart of angler could wish no "fishier" looking water, clear and blue as it came from the great lake above, nor for a more restful picture for the eye as it took in at a sweeping glance the beauties of Anebish Island to the left, the foot of Sugar Island in plain view a short distance up the river, and the high wooded shore of Canada and the upper end of St. Joseph Island on the right, to say nothing of some tiny wooded rocky islets up near the head of St. Joseph that seemed placed there for the especial purpose of involving the beholders in the hopeless effort of making out which was the "sweetest" and loveliest of the lot. But it was useless to waste time in longing for a closer acquaintance with them; we were bound for Echo Lake, the unknown, whose waters were yet as a sealed book to us.

On the way up we had questioned the Captain about the lake (steamer captains are supposed to know everything, but frequently don't), but he knew little in regard to it. He had heard it was a good region for trout, that it was a small lake not over a mile long, but he had never heard of any one disturbing its waters for bass.

At the landing at Anebish Island a young, bright-looking fellow came aboard, whom the Captain addressed as "Ben," and he was at once turned over to us as one likely to give all the desired information about the lake we were seeking. Yes, Ben had be(e)n there. He said the lake was two or three miles back from the river in the mountains; was a mile long, not over a mile and a half and maybe a half mile wide. Near the head was a fine camping place, with a stream near by that was full of good trout; but as to bass, he had never heard of any one taking them out of the lake, but supposed there were plenty in it, and so on.

Fine trout fishing right "adjacent to the camp" was "good enough for the Joneses," and we were correspondingly elated at the prospect of appeasing the cravings of our "trout tooth," which had become somewhat bothersome from a year's idleness. Ben was voted a "bully feller," and was undoubtedly a young man of good parts; bright and chock full of information for anglers; but it turned out (as is usual in such cases) that he had never been to Echo Lake, even mentally, and knew, if possible, less about it than we did, and we knew nothing.

Ben also knew everybody at the Sault, and would come around to the hotel after supper and put us in the way of hiring good boats for the trip to the lake, etc., etc. After supper Ben didn't show up, nor have we seen him since; and I may safely assert that we have lost faith in Ben and his ilk, and have come to the conclusion that the only way to get at the exact location and dimensions of a new lake is to ask some one about it who has never been there—and then hunt it up ourselves.

After leaving the rapids, a matter of four miles, we entered a very beautiful sheet of water, Great Lake George, another widening out of the river, nine miles in length by four and five wide.

As we neared the head of this lake Ben pointed past the foot of a low, green-clad island, across a wide rush-grown bay to a gap in the Canada hills, where he said was the mouth of Echo River, the outlet of Echo Lake, and this, which was corroborated by the Captain and the jolly mate, proved to be the only reliable scrap of information gleaned from him.

Less than a mile further on, we entered the river proper, with Squirrel Island on one side and Church's Landing, or Churchville on the other, neither more than a good stone's throw from the deck of the steamer.

Church's Landing is a small settlement on Sugar Island, which is 25 miles in length, on the American side of the river.

Just above the head of Squirrel Island a sharp bend in the river to the west shuts out the view of the broad waters of Lake George, and as the steamer swung into the channel over against the Canada shore, we passed Cunningham's Landing, and a mile or more further up Garden River on the same side.

This is quite a pretentious but sleepy-looking little Canadian village, with a post-office, as some of our party afterward learned by ordering their mail forwarded there from the Sault, which, as far as we have found out up to date is still in process of forwarding. The mail facilities between the two places seem to be somewhat out of gear, although the distance is only about 10 miles as the crow flies.

Garden River takes it name from an insignificant little "crick" flowing into the St. Mary's River a short distance below, our attention being called to it by Ben as we passed the mouth of it, as a great trout stream up near the headwaters somewhere in the vicinity of Echo Lake, but after our experience with Ben we are firmly of the opinion that there are no fish in it better than white suckers and "stone rollers."

The scenery along the river from Garden River up is of entrancing beauty, and we enjoyed it so thoroughly that we were in sight of the falls long before we were ready to turn from the other wonders of this wondrous river. From the deck of the steamer, as we approached the town, we could see a tumbling, roaring, white-capped mass of water rushing from shore to shore, lashed into spray and foam as it tossed and whirled over its rocky bed, a restless, resistless, ever-rushing torrent—the combined volume of the thousand streams and brooks feeding the great lake above, to find temporary rest at the foot of the rapids in the wide, deep basin reaching in unbroken expanse between the two towns, the American and Canadian Sault de Ste. Marie.

It is a masterpiece of nature's handiwork worth a long journey to behold, a sight not soon to be forgotten; but now we had little time to devote to it, for the steamer was at the dock and all was hurry and bustle to get the calamities ashore and our arrangements made for the night.

The calamities were stored in a warehouse a few yards away, which is also the custom house of the port, to be under lock and key for the night, and soon after we were under the protecting "fin" of mine host H. B. Smith, of the Chippewa House, a block from the river, distracting him with questions about the country, the fishing in the region round about, and especially about Echo Lake. He had heard of the lake, but could give us no information about it or the bass fishing to be had in it; didn't know anything about bass or bass fishing, but was "way up on trout:" in fact, every one we talked with knew nothing about bass, but they all knew trout; everybody knew trout, fished for trout, talked trout, ate trout, when they could get 'em, and could tell us where to find them, big and little, by the bar'l, but bass was an unknown quantity, and had to take a back seat where trout was king. We began to feel that our piscatorial education had received a violent backset, and were on the verge of feeling sorry that we had come so far after a little sport with such an insignificant fish as the black bass when there were so many lordly trout "layin'" round loose in the streams waiting to be yanked out.

"Take a Mackinaw boat," said one, "and go around Whitefish Point and fish the streams along the south shore of Lake Superior for 40 or 50 miles, and you can can catch hundreds and hundreds of 'em; fish the streams along the north shore 60 or 80 miles above, and you can catch thousands of 'em."

But nobody fished for bass. They just talked trout to us till we felt dry and spotted, and old Sam moved the Jedge to unusual hilarity the next morning by telling him that "during the night he had dreamed he was a 'speckled beauty'" (Sam's a trifle speckled when in good condition), and in making a pass at a June bug hovering over the brook in which he was disporting himself, he kicked the covers off the bed and the wind out of his partner, Charley, at the same flirt, and didn't get the bug after all. "A clear case of 'bugs,'" Charley said, brought on by mixing too much "Soo" water with his festivities the previous evening at the Chippewa House bar. Some time after supper, when we had given up our steamer acquaintance, Ben, an old guide and "land looker," a Capt. J., whom Capt. Barker had promised to send around, dropped in to fill us up with information about the country and the fishing and the lay of Echo Lake. Capt. J. was a trifle off color, having several dashes of aboriginal blood in his veins, but he was withal a clever gentleman, well informed, a good talker, and thoroughly acquainted with all that northern region, for he had been a land looker and guide from away back, and had camped and fished for trout and hunted and looked up pine lands on half the northern peninsula of Michigan and a goodly strip of Canada for years past. He told us all about Echo Lake (and it turned out to be in the main correct), how to get there, and said there was one very small stream coming in near the head of it, in which we might find a few trout, but he knew nothing about our fish, the bass.

Then he launched out and told us of a score or more of trout streams till we felt bad again that we had been brought up as plain bass fishers, and when he wound up the first chapter of his discourse with "Yes, gentlemen, the country is full of 'em, actually full of 'em," our "trout tooth" gave a mighty yearn for a chance at a dozen or two of 'em, albeit there were none on the table for supper or breakfast.

He referred us also to a Mr. Everett, who had some very good small boats to hire, and advised us to hire a tug to take us and our baggage and small boats to the camp, which we decided to do, as the three boats would not carry us and our outfit at one trip.

In the morning we would see a Mr. P. M. Church, a hardware merchant, and hire his steam tug Pioneer, which was the only one in the harbor that had a smoke-stack with a "jint" in itby which it could be lowered in order to pass under the bridge near the mouth of Echo River.

All this talk took place in presence of the dispenser of beverages attached to the Chippewa House, and as the captain had a habit of saying, "Don't mind if I do," and "Same as before," in answer to certain questions propounded him by our boys and the dispenser, by the time the pow-wow was over some of our boys were chock full of "information" and the captain even fuller of "same as before," and with all his attainments as a pine-looker couldn't have told the difference between a Norway pine and a squaw vine.

But he evidently got home all right, for he turned up next morning before breakfast fresh as a morning glory, albeit with his hearing a trifle impaired it seemed, for when asked by old Sam, "How did you rest last night, Captain?" he replied, as he nodded to the dispenser, "Same as before, with a little bitters," and then he talked some more trout, and told us of a few more streams that had escaped his memory the night before.

From all accounts we made up our minds that it was somewhat of a region for trout.

He told us also that we could hire the cook of the Pioneer, Louis Lesarge, a wiry little Indian, to go with us to camp, as it would be the last trip the Pioneer would make anywhere for a few weeks, and Louis was a good camp cook, etc.

Captain J—n was a walking edition of general information, complete in one volume.

We found Mr. Everett and hired his three boats at $2 a day for the three, and then waited an hour or more for Mr. Church to arrive at his store, chafing with impatience at the waste of valuable time. The price for the tug was $20 a day, but as she had a half day's work to do in towing a couple of loaded lumber scows down to a sawmill just above Church's Landing—right on our way—we could put the small boats and our calamities on one of the scows and go that far without charge, then the tug was at our service for the remainder of the day for $10. The bargain was made, and we were to pay the master of the tug, Capt. Dave Tate, at the end of the service.

Then Capt. Dave had to go to the Custom House and go through a farce of red tape to get permission to take his boat into a Canada pond. First, the name of his vessel and her tonnage, name of master, number of crew, destination, and nature of cargo to be carried. This matter of cargo called for a few more yards of red tape in the shape of another set of blanks, that brought the writer in speaking contact with the grizzled but good-natured Customs official.

The first blank space in this document was filled in with my baptismal and other appellation. Where from? The number in the party? Where we were going? What we were going to do? And what we had along with us to do it with?

Old Grizzly asked a few more not very "sarchin'" questions—just to kill time, as we supposed—and we finally agreed on a simple "fishing and camping outfit," and the tape trade on that side of the river was at an end.

When the blanks had all been filled in, to the pleasement of our grizzled friend, and duly copied into a big book, a handful of them were handed to Capt. Dave, who then had to cross the river with them to the Custom House on the Canada side to get a "permit" to enter Canadian waters with his tug, another delay that caused us a violent attack of "annexation fever" right there, which was only relieved by prompt measures in the shape of some "plain an' ornamental, but vigorous oratory," after we were out of ear-shot of Old Grizzly. Capt. Dave took his departure across the river in one of the little ferry tugs plying between the two Soos every twenty minutes or so, to be gone a couple of hours, as it proved, and Sam and I to relieve the pressure, walked up to have a look at the locks and rapids, and as a matter of interest to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM a brief mention of these great locks may not be out of place.

The old locks nearest the river are two in number and are each 350ft. in length by 70ft. in width, now seldom used except in a rush.

The figures for the new lock were kindly furnished by Mr. M. Lynch, the superintendent in charge, and I quote from his letter:

"The dimensions as given are taken from the records of this office, and you can rely on them as being correct. The chamber of the new lock is 515ft. between hollow quoins, 80ft. wide, narrowed to 60ft. at the gates. The depth is 39½ft., capacity 1,500.000cu.ft., lift 18ft., depth on the miter sill 17ft. A guard gate is placed at each end of the chamber, making the total length of the walls 717ft. The water is let into the lock from two culverts under the floor. These culverts extend from a well above the upper gates to another well below the lower gates, each culvert being 8ft. square. There are 34,207cu.yds. of masonry, in the construction of which about 35,000 barrels of cement were used, every barrel of which was tested before it was taken on the wall. The weight of one leaf of the upper gates is 40 tons, one leaf of the lower gates 76 tons."

The rapids have a fall of 17½ft., and are 1,500yds. in length. At a point opposite the locks the river is 733yds. wide, while at the widest part of the basin, below the rapids and between the two towns, it has a width of 1,280yds.

When he had looked over the new and old locks to our satisfaction, we walked down to the water's edge a few yards away to get a better view of the rapids, and to see if there were any Indians out in the river "scooping" for whitefish.

Sure enough! there, 100yds. out and down near the foot of the rapids in very swift, broken water, were a couple of the copper-colored, huckleberry-gathering fiends in a birch canoe, one kneeling in the stern holding the frail craft perfectly motionless in the current with a pole braced against the bottom of the river, and the other standing in the bow with net in hand gazing intently into the swiftly rushing water. At least that was the situation as we made it out from the shore, but if that Indian was holding the canoe in the rapid current with no other aid than the pole, it was an exhibition of marvelous skill that can certainly be acquired only by long practice.

We watched far some time without seeing a motion from either occupant of the birch, when suddenly Mr. Lo, in the bow, made a dive and a down stream scoop with his long-handled, overgrown landing net, but it came up dripping and empty, and he resumed his cigar-sign attitude, with the difference, however, that the glance of his eye had a downward slant into the water instead of the vacant gaze into empty space affected by the wooden warriors standing guard in front of tobacco stores.

"Water haul," said old Sam, with a dry rasp in his voice, "could do that well myself with a pitchfork." A few minutes of motionless gazing into the water and Mister Lo made another quick swoop with the net with the same result as before, and then the canoe dropped back with the current a few yards and came to a stand-still again. A short period of waiting and again the net was plunged into the swift current, and as it came out we could see a gleam of white and pearl through the meshes, struggling and flopping as it was swung over the canoe, and when the Indian had released the fish and resumed his watch for another victim, we walked back over the locks and down to the dock, where the Pioneer with her tow had been brought up from her slip below, to await the coming of Captain Dave, well satisfied that our trip of over 700 miles had not been in vain. We had seen a broken-spirited child of the forest, a frayed remnant of the once powerful Chippewas, scoop a luckless whitefish out of the rushing waters of the rapids with a long-handled net—a feat Sam said "he could perform himself if the fish would keep still till he got the net well around it." But in truth the great locks, the beautiful river, and the wonderful rapids amply repaid us for the trip.

Captain Dave had not yet returned, but we pulled the boats up on one of the loaded scows, put our camp chests and luggage aboard (we came near overlooking a big box of side meat, potatoes, butter, eggs, flour, etc., that Knots and Charley had bought up town), and waited nearly another hour for him.

He came at last when our patience was about exhausted, and judging by a snap of his eyes and a whiff of his breath he had evidently met with some of his Canadian friends across the river, and had been "tamperin' diligently with the flowin' bowl."

Another half hour was trifled away in a trip up town, and at last he came aboard and we were off down the beautiful river and to Echo Lake, with a good store of provisions, fluid and solid, good boats and a good cook—we had hired Louis—and our spirits rose to the bubbling over point at the prospect of soon being established in a good camp.

Although old enough to have outgrown a tendency to indulge in youthful capers, the "boy" that was left in old Sam and the writer got the upper hand, and I chronicle the "episode" without comment that there on

the top of a lumber pile, when a couple of miles down the river, we relieved the tension on our good feelings struggling for a vent in a brief but highly artistic sandhill crane dance, greatly to the amusement of the other boys and a couple of Indian passengers for Church's Landing, who occupied reserved seats on the camp chests.

"Go it, Hickory," shouted old Knots. "Sail in, Snakeroot," screamed Charley, "that off leg o' yourn needs a little ile in the pastern jint, but I'll bet on old Kentuck." "Hump yourself, James Mackerel, or you'll get left," from the Jedge, and similar fragments of encouragement and shouts of laughter, even the stoical Indians joining in the hilarity, filled the air till old Snakeroot, exhausted and the sweat streaming from his face, wound up the festivities with a prolonged Kentucky whoo-oo-p, that moved our Indian auditors to manifest their approval of the performance by a violent outburst of merriment and sundry nudges and grunts of satisfaction that we failed to appreciate for lack of an interpreter. But we had our dance of rejoicing a little too early in the day.

It was after 1 o'clock in the afternoon when we rounded in at the saw-mill dock to leave the scow, but we would still have plenty of time to reach our camping place long before sundown and get the tents up before nightfall. We went forward to see the Captain about getting our baggage on the tug and securing the small boats to tow astern, but he was nowhere to be seen. Our cook was in the wheel house, but came out on the deck looking sour and morose without saying a word, and directly Captain Dave emerged from the engine room, blear-eyed and with his throat and face scratched and bleeding and bunged up, looking as if he had been interviewing a sausage machine.

Without looking to the right or to the left, or uttering even a grunt, he staggered into the wheelhouse, took his little ship's compass from the box, a book—his account book perhaps—and his charts, bundled them awkwardly under his arms, got ashore with some difficulty, and still without a glance at us, a word or a grunt, zigzagged off across the common and disappeared in the woods a couple of hundred yards away, "permit" and all, chuck full of "Dominion pine top," and "United States tangle leg," and "drunker'n a biled owl." Then Louis told us the Captain had come aboard at the Sault with a couple of bottles of whisky in his pockets besides the load inside, and when down the river a few miles had called him to the wheel and gone into the engine room, where he soon after got into a fight with the engineer, a big, powerful man, and from the general appearance of Capt. David Tate when he left the boat the engineer must have mistaken him for a bunch of waste and used him to mop up the floor of the engine room to give it a tidy look for the next day, Sunday.

As Louis finished his tale of the skirmish, told in very good American, the engineer came ashore and laid us out flat with, "Well boys, I'm sorry for you, but I guess you're in a fix. I can't take you any further, for it's a $50 fine to move a boat without the master, and I don't feel like paying it, even to get you to your camp. Capt. Tate's got the devil in him and gone home, he lives over in the woods a mile or so back and it looks like you're left." We began to see it in the same light.

After some further talk of a decidedly sulphurous nature, in which we held up our end in a creditable manner, the engineer said that the only thing left for him was to put out the fires, leave the boat in charge of the mill men and go back to town and report the case to the owner, Mr. Church, and as a tow was just then coming up Lake George two or three miles away, he asked that one of us take a smallboat and go out in the stream with him when they went by and he would get aboard. I went out with him, and as the great propeller went by, towing three big, deeply-laden schooners, the captain was hailed and nodded permission to get aboard, and as the last of the tow went rushing past, a line was thrown us by a sailor, and as we swung alongside the engineer went up and inboard, and I pulled back to the boys, who sat around on the camp chests with long faces, dazed and crushed by this unlooked-for calamity.

There we were, in a category this time of somewhat alarming dimensions, and no visible way out of it.

"Shipwrecked, b'gosh," said Snakeroot, with a visage as long as a bass rod, "an' 700 miles from home. Con*found* (this was Sam's strongest form of profanity) a drunken half-breed, anyhow; you can't trust 'em with a drop o' the critter no more 'n you can a nigger in a watermelon patch."

The situation was certainly annoying, but it would not do to sit down and wait for something to turn up.

"Where are we now, Old Hickory?" asked Knots, puffing in a vague sort of way at his pipe.

"What'll we do now, James Mackerel?" from the Jedge, as he squirted a half gill of tobacco juice in the water, to watch a half score of small sunfish rush to the surface in a wrangle for an instant over the supposed morsel and then back away in disgust.

What's to become of us all now, Old Calamity?" huskily from Snakeroot, and Charley said, "Think fast, and let's get out of here," which was more practical.

It was decided to load the boats and start for Echo Lake at once, leaving one man to look after the luggage till we came back, if it was midnight, and the other two boats were slid in the water from the scow and the work of loading about to begin, when Louis, who had been a silent spectator, said, "Boys, if you'll listen a minute, I think I can help you out of the scrape, for I'm goin' to stick to you and see you through, after the way you have been treated." We were ready to catch at any kind of a straw, and waited to hear what he had to propose. "I know a couple of Indian boys," he went on, up around the bend at Cunningham's Landing, that own a good big Mackinaw boat with two sails and a jib, and if one of you will go with me in one of the boats I'm sure I can get them to take you to Echo Lake, and the boat will carry you all and everything you've got and tow the boats behind."

In ten minutes the little fellow and the Jedge were out of sight around the bend, and we walked around and waited, and watched the big saw cleave its way through a log at the roofless mill a few yards back from the river, made a few "general remarks" about Captain Tate meantime, and wished—at least one of us did—that there was not a solitary drop of "cussed licker, fermented or otherwise, on the face of this livin' airth."

At the end of nearly an hour, which seemed three, we saw a boat come around the bend with a sail set, but not till it was within a few hundred yards did we make out the occupant to be the Jedge, and alone. "Another backset," said old Sam, but we would know when the Jedge arrived.

This, the larger of the three boats, had a centerboard, and the mast and sail having been left in, the Jedge was playing sailor, and just now, as he went by well over toward Squirrel Island, was trying to lower the sail, but something had fouled and it stubbornly refused to come down. Every minute or so the wind heeled the little craft over till our hearts were in our mouths, and becoming vexed at the Jedge's awkward efforts to lower the sail and yet more alarmed lest he capsize and drown before our eyes I took the smaller boat and started after him, now well down toward Church's Landing, but when two-thirds of the distance between us had been gone over the sail came down and I pulled back to the dock "mad as a nest o' hornets," but thankful the "episode," as Sam called it, had no more serious termination. When he came ashore and received a good scoring for the scare he had given us, he eased our minds with the information that "Louis and two more Injuns would soon be here with the Mackinaw."

Another half hour of impatient waiting brought the boat, and after the briefest kind of a pow-wow, in which Louis acted as interpreter, Tom, the elder of the two Chippewa brothers, agreed to take us to Echo Lake for $5. Without parley, for the charge was reasonable, the calamities were put aboard and then we waited some more while Louis made a trip down to his house at Church's Landing, where he lived with his family, after his "turkey." (In lumberman's parlance his turkey is his blankets, clothing and other "household effects" strapped or tied into a compact bundle readily carried.)

KINGFISHER.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A PENNSYLVANIA WARDEN'S WORK.—Fish Warden Hague is the first of all such officials in this State to hand in his annual report to the Fish Commissioners. It being his first makes it an interesting document, inasmuch as it contains an account of prosecution and conviction of 36 persons in this section for unlawful fishing and names the reason for the arrest of each. This information gives the public a better idea of what constitutes illegal fishing than even the production of the fish laws. Warden Hague was appointed last June, and has accomplished in that time more than all of his colleagues in the State combined, as not one of them has up to date brought about a prosecution and conviction in his district. The following are the names and cause of arrest: B. Lazarous, County Detective of Beaver county and Chief of Police of Rochester, was caught violating the law in seining in company with Thos. B. Lukens, Jacob Stahl and George B. Hoyt, foreman of the Phœnix Glass Works of Phillipsburg, below the dam at Bridgewater, Beaver county. Geo. Brockett, Jas. McCall, Wm. Schade, Chas. Rodgers, John Sweeney and Frank Ellis violated the law with dip nets at Dam No. 1, Monongahela River. David Grounds, Matt Lewis, Jos. Carothers, John Ford, John Metz, Herman Hartner, H. C. Stevens, Chas. Hadrington, for violating the law with rod and line out of season at Cork's Run. Henry Dilly, Samuel Webster, Samuel Mackey, Michael Ryan, Herman Schweitzer, M. Hellring, Ed. Laughlin and Frank Schidle, alias Frank Nick, prosecuted for fishing on Sunday. Daniel Mackey, for catching bass under 6in. Wm. Mulcahey, Jas. Fleming, E. Laughlin, Frankie Schidle and Peter Bailey, for out-line fishing. Ed. Laughlin and Franklin Schidle, for gill net fishing. Col. Jos. Reed, of Beaver county, for possessing a hoop net, and Jos. M. Reed, Jr., of Beaver county for catching bass and salmon out of season.

EUTOPIA AND TROUT LAKE CLUB.—The territory of the Eutopia and Trout Lake Fish and Game Association, at St. George, New Brunswick, has recently been visited by one of the members, Dr. B. F. Vosburgh, of this city, who writes to the secretary as follows: "I can assure the members that we have secured most desirable property and privileges in St. George. The scenery is magnificent, the air dry and bracing and the fishing I believe to be equal to any obtainable in Canada. My visit was not for purposes of fishing, but to investigate the property and desirability of the club house site. I am pleased beyond measure with the lakes and streams to which we obtain access and fishing privileges. In several of the same we have exclusive rights. I was surprised at my success in fishing, having taken thirty-seven fine trout in about two hours. This for July, considered the poor month for trout fishing in New Brunswick, was to me a satisfactory performance. I am familiar with the lake region of New York and other trouting territories, and can truthfully say that St. George is beyond comparison; superior to any place I know of for magnificent scenery, invigorating atmosphere and climate, ease of accessibility and abundance of fish; consisting of brook, lake trout and landlocked salmon. I am informed that deer are abundant and near at hand. Partridges are plentiful; I saw a covey of half-grown ones near the site of the club house, as well as several pairs of black ducks. I am enthusiastic over the place, and am positive the members of the club will not be disappointed when they visit their property, in obtaining sport and game, such as I believe is rarely obtainable in so short a distance from New York." The club has a membership of thirty-seven, and the secretary is Mr. J. McGrath, of 120 Broadway, this city.

TAUNTON, Mass.—I have been trouting in Massachusetts but twice this year, so I have tried for the large ones. First day I got nine beauties, averaging about 9oz. They were all gamy fish, and I caught nearly all on the finest hook I could buy, with May flies (natural) for bait. Fourth of July I went six miles out of this city and in three hours' fishing caught eight trout and three pickerel. The pickerel were small brook pickerel. But the eight trout weighed over 4½lbs. The largest weighed 17oz. and three others weighed ½lb. each. I enjoyed the day very much, and spent some time looking for woodcock signs. They are very plenty, as are those of partridges. One old hen sat on the railroad track with a brood of a dozen or more chickens large enough to fly. Dr. Chas. Atwood brought in a creel of fifty trout last week, all of a size, and would average about ½lb. Whillenton Junction is high hook this year with a 2lbs. 7oz. trout.—COHANNET.

SEINES, NETS of every description. American Net & Twine Co., Mfrs., 34 Commercial st., Boston, or 199 Fulton st., N. Y.—*Adv.*

INDIANA BASS.—Camden, Ind., July 14.—Fishing with the fly may have been a lost art or it may never have been at all, but it is now the wonder of this vicinity. My friend and companion, Hon. Charles E. Scholl, having seen me cast the fly while outing, quickly saw its advantages and delights and secured a fly-caster's outfit. Now his Furguson lights like the snowflake full 50ft. distant. Last Wednesday we brought to creel an even dozen of as beautiful small-mouths as were ever taken from the stream. Having learned to tie flies from Thadeus Norris's descriptions published long ago in FOREST AND STREAM, I taught Dr. Scholl, and we use none other but our own make. Our surest killers are yellow or old-gold bodies, with brown hackles, stiff and bristling along body, with heavy hackle at head, red tag, red black and brown wings or red and white, all cut or bunched, tail yellow and red, We dye our own feathers and use only such material as we can get here except gut and sprout hooks.—J. P. H.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Three young men left this city one morning the last of April and brought back fifteen handsome trout. They averaged ¼lb. each, the largest not over ½lb. One week later one of the young men took me to the same brook after a shower, and we caught twenty, the largest weighed ½lb. These trout were very even in length and resembled salt-water fish, very light color and bright spotted. The brooks in this State were stocked with trout fry a year or so back, and it is very noticeable in the size of the fish caught. They are nearly all of a size. I have noticed a great many woodcock borings while following the trout brooks, and I should judge these birds would be quite plenty this summer.—COHANNET.

LONG ISLAND FLOUNDERS. — Thirty flounders were caught by one party of fishermen in the Great South Bay, at Sayville, Long Island, last Saturday. This catch was an unusual one in season and in score.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 7 to 11.—First Annual Dog Show of the Brooklyn Kennel Club, at Brooklyn, N. Y. Charles Dickerman, Secretary.
Sept. 9 to 13.—Dog show of the Farmers' Lancaster County Fair Association, at Lancaster, Pa. A. A. Herr, Secretary.
Sept. 10 to 13.—Sixth Annual Dog Show of the London Kennel Club, at London, Ont. C. A. Stone, Manager.
Sept. 10 to 13.—Dog Show of the Central Canada Exhibition Association, at Ottawa, Can. Capt. R. C. W. MacCuaig, Secretary.
Sept. 11 to 13.—First Annual Dog Show of the Toledo Kennel Club, Toledo, O. T. B. Lee, Secretary.
Sept. 16 to 19.—Dog Show of the Dominion of Canada Kennel Club, in connection with the Industrial Exposition at Toronto, Canada. Capt. Greville Harrison, Secretary.
Sept. 17 to 20.—Dog Show of the Pet Stock Association at Elmira, N. Y. J. Otis Fellows, Superintendent, Hornellsville, N.Y.
Oct. 7 to 12.—Eighth Annual Dog Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society, at Danbury, Conn. B. C. Lynes, Secretary.

Jan. 27 to Feb. 1, 1890.—Dog Show of the Colorado Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Denver, Col.
Feb. 18 to 21, 1890.—Fourteenth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.
March 11 to 14, 1890.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Rochester Kennel Club, at Rochester, N. Y. Harry Yates, Secretary.
March 25 to 28, 1890.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Mass. Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.
April 1 to 4, 1890.—Sixth Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 4.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club. P. T. Madison, Secretary, Indianapolis, Ind.
Nov. 11.—Inaugural Field Trials of the Canadian Kennel Club, at Chatham, Ont. C. A. Stone, Secretary, London, Ont.
Nov. 18.—Eleventh Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
Dec. 2.—Inaugural Field Trials of the Central Field Trial Club, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Secretary, Mill's Building, New York, N. Y.
Dec. 16.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trial Club, at Amory, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Secretary, Marietta, Ga.

Jan. 20, 1890.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club at Bakersfield, Cal. H. H. Briggs, Secretary, 313 Bush street, San Francisco, Cal.
Feb. 11, 1890.—Fourth Annual Field Trials of the Texas Field Trial Club, at Marshall, Tex. W. L. Thomas, Secretary.

COURSING.

Oct. 9 to 12.—Fall meet of the National Coursing Club at Hutchinson, Kan. M. E. Allison, Manager.
Oct. 21.—Annual Meet of the American Coursing Club, at Great Bend, Kan. F. K. Doan, Secretary, St. Louis, Mo.

BLACK AND TAN SETTER STAKE.

DR. MEYER sends for publication the following appeal to owners of black and tan setters:

The Central Field Trials Club has offered a special stake of $100 for black and tan setters, providing there are ten entries or eight starters. The black and tan setters to be drawn together, the winner to take the stake, and then to be drawn as his position indicates from the number of heats he has won with the English setters. This is an opportunity to bring the black and tan setters to the front and give them the position they deserve. Besides winning the black and tan setter special stake, the winner has an opportunity to compete for the regular setter stake. If the owners of black and tan setters feel disposed to add to the stake by private subscription, the stake might be increased in that way to, say, $250. I will personally give $25 toward it. I hope you have a dog that you will enter. Please let me hear from you at an early date. JOHN H. MEYER.

159 WEST THIRTY-FOURTH STREET, New York.

THE ENGLISH MASTIFFS TURK AND BIG BEN.—*Editor Forest and Stream.* Some months since I wrote you on mastiffs, and remarked that Mr. Nichols was really the breeder of the famous champion Turk, as he bred Hilda to King and sold her to Miss Aglionby in whelp. By a letter from Mr. Nichols I learn that I was mistaken in the somewhat non-essential point of Mr. Nichols having sold the bitch in whelp. He sold her to Miss Aglionby on the condition that the bitch be bred to King, and he have second choice of pups, which choice was Turk. For all practical purposes, I was right in my original statement, although not correct as to all details. I was very, very far wrong, however, in my statement that there was ground for suspecting that Hercules and not Turk was the sire of Big Ben. This suspicion was based on both dogs being in Mr. Nichols's kennels at the same time, with various minor matters, but Mr. Nichols cuts the ground from under me by saying that he did not buy Hercules until after Big Ben was whelped, so an "accident" could not have happened in that matter, and I am glad that another suspicion as to a pedigree is so effectually laid at rest.—W. WADE (Hulton, Pa., July 15).

DOG LICENSE LAWS.

[*Continued from page 495.*]

WE continue below the publication of our reports on the laws relating to dogs in towns, and the methods adopted to reduce the number of vagrant curs. The information has been secured by correspondence with the mayors or presiding officers of the several places named, and the reports were all made in 1888:

Dakota.

Fargo.—The tax on dogs in the city of Fargo is $1 each. Unlicensed dogs are destroyed. This year there were taxes collected on 324 dogs, and about thirty killed.—SETH NEWMAN, Mayor.

Grand Forks.—The tax on dogs is $2 per annum, and on bitches $5. Licensed dogs wear a tag issued by chief of police when license is issued. Unlicensed dogs are impounded and kept in custody twenty-four hours, and if no one owns them and the tax is not paid they are shot. Last year about ninety-nine dogs were destroyed. In 1888 up to the present time 119 stray dogs have been destroyed.—ALEX. GRIGGS, Mayor.

Colorado.

Pueblo.—The license on dogs is $1.75 a head. All unlicensed dogs are impounded and destroyed.—A. ROYAL, Mayor.

Denver.—The tax on dogs in this city is: males $2, females $5. Unlicensed and stray dogs are impounded and destroyed. During the current year 1,360 males and eighty-eight females were licensed. Dogs are only impounded during the summer months. They are kept five days, advertised, put up at auction, and those unsold chloroformed.—E. S. CHAPMAN, Private Secretary.

Kansas.

Lawrence.—A special ordinance of this city provides for the imposition of a tax of $2 for each dog and $5 for each bitch, and for prosecution for misdemeanor for any violation of said ordinance. Dogs caught without collars and license tags within the limits of the city are killed and buried under the direction of the city marshal.—A. G. HONNOLD, City Clerk.

Kansas City.—Tax imposed on males $1, on females $2. We have no dog pound. We have issued this year 2,100 licenses so far (Sept. 24) since the 1st of June. The laws of Kansas prevent the destruction of dogs by the city authorities without consent of the owner. We arrest the owner or harborer of an unlicensed dog, and the defendant is tried before the police court, and if we can show that he is guilty he is fined, and then compelled to at once take out his license or suffer the penalty of another fine.—C. S. GRIFFIN, License Inspector.

Parsons.—The license tax is $1 per year for male dogs and $3 for females. The stray dogs and unlicensed ones are impounded, kept for 3 days, and if not redeemed in that time they are killed. Last year we paid the dog catcher 50 cents per dog for every dog he killed, and he killed 154.—MARY S. OUTLAND, City Clerk.

Abilene.—We charge $1.75 on dogs and $3.25 on bitches, and when tax is not paid I simply take the dog, shoot him and plant him. They pay me 50 cents.—W. J. KIRKWOOD, City Marshal.

Topeka.—Our dog tax is $2 for males and $5 for females. If the license is not paid we arrest the owner or harborer and fine him $5 besides the tax. Any stray dog that we can find no owner for, or no one who harbors him, is killed. We have an ordinance that allows us to impound the dogs and destroy them, but we found it much more effective to take the man who harbors and fine him than to fool with the dog.—D. C. METSKER, Mayor.

Leavenworth.—The tax on dogs in this city is males $2 and females $3. Unlicensed and stray dogs are shot. 473 were destroyed this year and 1,100 paid license.—W. W. ROBERTS, Chief of Police.

Wisconsin.

Racine.—Our license on dogs is males $2 per year, females $5. Unlicensed dogs are shot, and they are then buried.—L. H. COLEMAN, City Clerk.

Milwaukee.—The city imposes a license fee of $2 per year on each dog. Whenever there is a person who has a dog in his or her possession without a license, the party is brought before the court and a fine imposed upon them. Dogs are not impounded nor killed. Their offenses are visited on their owners.—F. PARINGER.

Fond du Lac.—We have no license for dogs and no pound. At a certain time our ordinances require the dogs to be muzzled, and if not complied to they are shot by the police if found, and all dead dogs we have buried, and we do not keep any records.—ALEX. MCDONALD.

Oshkosh.—The Mayor of Oshkosh reports that the license on dogs in that city is $2, and on bitches $3. Stray dogs are shot on sight, and their remains profitably utilized.

Waukesha.—We have no dog tax or dog pound.—F. A. MERRILL, President.

Nebraska.

Hastings.—In theory at least we tax dogs $1, and bitches $3 each. In default of this annual payment the animal is dispatched or removed from the jurisdiction of the city. The body is then buried in the earth to avoid offense. We have no dog pound in the sense you comprehend it, and I am unable to more than approximate the revenue derived from taxation without consulting the records especially. I would place the amount at $200 per annum. Population of city 15,000.—A. D. YOCUM, Mayor.

Fremont.—License on dog $1 each per annum. Manner of disposing of unlicensed and stray dogs is to shoot them on the spot, and carcass consigned to earth. About 400 consigned, but if any encouragement would gladly increase the number.—B. F. STOUFFER, Mayor.

Omaha.—Our city imposes a dog tax of $1 per annum. We have no regular method of disposing of unlicensed dogs except to authorize the policemen to shoot them, when they are taken by the garbage master and disposed of to the refining and rendering companies, or thrown into the Missouri River.—W. J. BROATCH, Mayor.

Lincoln.—The license tax on dogs in this city is $2 per year. Our treatment of untaxed dogs, or rather those whose owners do not pay license for them, is to let them live, move and have their being, except perhaps when some scare of hydrophobia is prevailing, when a few unmuzzled curs are shot. They are not impounded and rarely ever shot. Since I have been mayor I have made no war upon the dogs. I will never order a dog killed because the owner refuses to pay his tax, unless the dog be vicious, or mad, or dangerous.—A. J. SAWYER, Mayor.

Arizona.

Tucson.—Our city license on male dogs is $2, on female $4. Unlicensed strays are caught and impounded by pound master, and if not reclaimed within two days they are destroyed. There have been about 500 caught and killed this year; very few were redeemed.—W. E. STEVENS, Mayor.

Montana.

Helena.—The tax on dogs in this city is $2 for males and $4 for females. Stray dogs are impounded and killed after three days. No use is made of their remains.—A. C. BOTKIN, City Attorney.

Oregon.

Portland.—The dog license is, males $1.50, females $3 per annum. Unlicensed and stray dogs are impounded and after a certain time killed and buried. License fees collected in 1887, $424.50.—VAN B. DELASHMUTT, Mayor.

Washington.

Tacoma.—The Mayor of Tacoma reports that the license fee in that city is $1 for males and $2 for females, and that unlicensed and stray dogs are impounded and then dumped in the bay.

Seattle.—The license fee for dogs is $1 per year, for bitches $2.50. Unlicensed dogs are impounded and destroyed.—W. R. FORREST, Clerk.

New Mexico.

Albuquerque.—Our tax on dogs is $1 and on bitches $3 per year. Unlicensed dogs are killed and buried.—A. E. WALKER, Mayor.

Wyoming.

Cheyenne.—We license about 100 dogs yearly: $3 for dogs and $5 for bitches. We try to impound all unlicensed dogs, and kill them by using poison after holding them four days. Should owner of dog care to get one out of pound he pays license and $1 pound fees. Cannot say how many we kill yearly, about 150.—WM. R. SCHNITGER, City Marshal.

Utah.

Ogden City.—We charge $3 per year, and destroy all not licensed.—D. ECCLES, Mayor.

Arkansas.

Hot Springs.—The annual tax on male dogs is $1 and on bitches $2. The amount collected for dog tax was $547.50, and the expense incurred $118.35, leaving net $429.15. All unlicensed dogs are impounded and killed within forty-eight hours if not redeemed by payment of license fee, fine of $5 and pound fee of $2. Number of killed about 400.—M. MCKEOGH, City Clerk.

Pine Bluff.—Dogs are taxed $1, bitches $3. Unlicensed dogs are impounded and destroyed.—H. KING WHITE, Mayor.

Little Rock.—The city tax on dogs is $1.50, and $2.50 on bitches. Dogs found at large without a license tag are impounded, and when there is a sufficient number they are shot. Up to present date there have been 400 dogs impounded, of which there have been killed 376.—FRANK BOTSFORD, Chief of Police.

Fort Smith.—The tax in this city is $1 a year. Unlicensed dogs are impounded and destroyed. About 150 were impounded and destroyed this year.

Mississippi.

Natchez.—Our city has a tax of $1.25 per dog. We get rid of the miserable curs by giving them strychnine. The city has a pound, and it is strictly kept by our city marshal. The dogs are afterward taken to the river and given to its mighty stream.—THOS. R. QUARTERMAN, City Clerk.

Missouri.

Moberly.—We impose a tax of $1 per year on males and $3 per year on females. The marshal is instructed to kill dogs found running at large after notice to pay tax has been served.—R. R HAYNES, Mayor

St. Joseph.—Our license is on dogs $1, bitches $2, with a fee of 25 cents on each license issued. Unlicensed and stray dogs are impounded for 48 hours, and if not redeemed are killed by drowning, unless valuable, when they are kept for 48 hours longer and sold for what they will bring.—PURD B. WRIGHT, City Clerk.

Jefferson City.—The license tax is $1. Unlicensed and stray dogs impounded three days, and if not redeemed taken to the river and shot. The number destroyed this season is 70.—GEO. N. WINSTON, City Clerk.

Hannibal.—Our city dog tax is $1 for first and $2 for each additional dog owned by one person. We impound, and if not redeemed in a certain time they are shot. Our dog law is not strictly enforced, but is held for emergencies and somewhat of a restraint against an over supply. A strict enforcement of any arbitrary dog law would be very obnoxious, except under exceptional contingencies.—J. B. BROWN, Mayor.

Columbia.—Our license is $1. Dogs not licensed by 1st of May are impounded and advertised, and at the expiration of three days, if not claimed, are killed and removed out of town and buried. We have collected on about 150 and killed about 50 this year.—W. I. ROBERTS, Marshal.

Sedalia.—The license fee is $1. Unlicensed and stray dogs are shot. 350 license checks sold this year.—W. D. ILGENFRITZ, Acting Mayor.

Kansas City.—The license fee is, males $1; females $3, license tag 25 cents additional. Unlicensed or stray dogs are impounded and drowned. Number of dogs drowned from Jan. 1 to Sept. 21, 1888, 896.—W. O. HUCKETT, Sec'y.

St. Louis.—The dog tax is $3. Neglect to pay the tax is punishable as a misdemeanor. Dogs caught at large without collars and registered tags, and without muzzles when the Board of Health orders that they be worn, are sent to the pound, and may be redeemed by a payment of $3 in addition to the license fee, if due, and 50 cents to the dog-catcher; but if in the opinion of the marshal it is not safe to impound a stray dog, he may shoot him. Dogs impounded and not redeemed within three days are slain.—M. A. FANNING, Secretary.

Kentucky.

Covington.—We have no pound. Our ordinances impose a license of $1 a year on each dog with a fee of 25 cents for small brass tag to be worn upon the collar, but the license is of little effect and is not enforced, consequently we have a large population of useless curs. The only check upon their increase is an annual slaughter during two or three months of those found running at large unmuzzled. The mayor, by direction of the Council, issues a proclamation that all unmuzzled dogs found on the street for sixty or ninety days shall be destroyed, and the officers usually get away with 300 or 400 in that way.—R. A. ATHEY, Mayor.

Newport.—The license for dogs is $1, and bitches $2 per year. Persons refusing to pay license are liable to arrest and shall be fined not less than $5 nor more than $10. We have no pound.—M. J. COSTIGAN, City Clerk.

Owensboro.—Our tax on dogs is $2. We have no pound for stray dogs. We kill them.—J. LEE, Mayor.

Paducah.—We don't license dogs. It is against our laws for dogs to run at large unless they are muzzled. In the summer months I hire a dog killer and have all killed that I can. Sometimes we shoot them, sometimes we poison them—anything to kill them.—CHAS. REED, Mayor.

Texas.

Houston.—Tax is $2 on males and $4 on females. They are killed by shooting or poisoning. They are not impounded. No account of the number killed is kept.—EDITOR EVENING TIMES.

Denison.—The Mayor reports that the license fee on dogs in that city is $1 and on bitches $2. Unlicensed dogs are impounded and destroyed.

El Paso.—We collect $2.50 on male and $5 on female dogs per year. We have to this date collected $100. We impound dogs for three days; if they are not called for and license tax with 50 cents pound fees paid, they are killed.—O. B. BEALL, City Clerk.

Sherman.—No tax is levied on dogs. From June 1 to Oct. 1 all dogs allowed to roam at large without muzzles are destroyed.—J. P. GEREN, Mayor.

Fort Worth.—The tax on dogs is $2.50 per annum. Stray dogs are impounded and killed if not claimed in 24 hours. This year the law was not enforced in consequence of higher courts declaring it illegal and unconstitutional in Texas.—H. S. BROILES, Mayor.

Galveston.—There is an annual license tax on dogs of $1. Only those who have valuable dogs get license. Have discontinued impounding, Police carry poisoned meat to give stray dogs on the street.—WM. SELKIRK, Auditor.

Austin.—There is no tax. When dogs get too numerous, dogs are not impounded, but officers are instructed to see that when a piece of poisoned meat is left down the dog gets it, otherwise they must take it up. There have been about 1,200 dogs destroyed during the present year last past.—JAMES E. LUCY, City Marshal.

HUSKIES AT LAKE ST. JOHN.

MR. CHAS. HALLOCK, writing from the Lake St. John country, 200 miles north of Quebec, which is now the center of attraction for anglers from both sides of the international line, says: "In all my wanderings in Labrador and the British Northwest, I have never happened upon such a pure strain of huskies [see FOREST AND STREAM, page 230, Oct. 11, 1888,] as I have found at the Montaignu's Indian Mission at Point Bleue. While I was at Hotel Roberval, those two redoubtable voyageurs and half-breeds, the brothers Patrick and Prosper Cleary, who have made the trip to James Bay via Lake Mistassini several times, came down from the Point with two lovely pups of a maltese color about two months old. Their ears were already sharp and erect, and their tails had begun to curl and brush. A perfect pair of dark olive-rimmed spectacles curved above the eyes, and the gentleness combined with their brightness to win favor at once. They were beauties. The pair were offered to some members of the Springfield (Mass.) Club for ten dollars, but only one was accepted at the price. It was worth fifty! The other went back to its dam at the Mission. And all the time, though conceding the bargain, I was hoping it would be declined, for I never yet knew these dogs to survive the hot summer of the unwonted lower latitudes. It would be a sin to take them south to die. You remember, when 'Esquimaux Joe' came back with Arctic explorer Hall, he brought two magnificent full-grown huskies, which managed to live through the succeeding winter, but they succumbed with the advent of hot weather, and Joe himself never got acclimated, but died prematurely. A day or two afterward I drove up to the Point in manager B. A. Scott's rig and saw the old dam. There was never a finer dog bred to travel. She has done her sixty miles a day to come to and travel. In color she was like a pure-blood jenny, such as win blue ribbons at Kentucky stock fairs, while she was wholly without that viciousness which is peculiar to the regulation draft dog of northern regions.

"Talk of mean curs, there is nothing in nature so 'ornary' and low down as the Labrador mongrel, which is employed to haul wood and do chores along the North Atlantic coast, from Belle Isle Strait up. He is a composite of the worst traits. Even the Moravian missionaries have not been able to modify his vices. They are refractory in harness and quarrelsome among themselves. Their drivers often have to stun them to make them work. The big ones are kept hampered with heavy wooden clogs fastened to their necks, so that the weaker dogs may have a chance for their lives. I remember once to have seen a gang of twenty or more go over the face of a steep rock bluff in the hight of a scrimmage. Those which were not crippled by the fall continued the fight. They seemed to enjoy it. Perhaps their ancestors came from Donnybrook or Tipperary. When engaged in melees they never give tongue. It is always a silent game; first, a wild rush and scamper something like a fox hunt, only that every dog takes his turn at playing fox, and then a plunge, a halt and a surge, with an inextricable confusion of dark, lithe bodies, and a ceaseless swish of restless, bushy tails. An old-fashioned football game on a college campus is something like it. So persistent is the play that perfect quiet reigns, a quiet so absolute that the spectator might think it peace, were it not that when the ganglion opens out every dog looks as if he had a red flannel pad tied around him. Of course, pluck, tenacity and endurance are essential qualities to these burly creatures, which in their slavish service to man are expected to do their forty miles per day with loaded sledges on a single frozen fish for breakfast; but one cannot help wonder why they are not more tractable while yet so useful.

"I once watched a scrimmage of this sort which occurred just after a fresh fall of snow, and when the convention finally adjourned there was a large oval discoloration at the place, as if a barrel of mixed paints had bursted. It was an essentially chewed up community.

"My own impression is that the true husky type is better preserved right here among the Montaignais of the Lake St. John region, and among the Nascaupies beyond Lake Mistassini, than in any other part of the continent, east or west, unless I except the Mackenzie River district. The coast dogs are no good, either in Labrador or Alaska, while the once reputable canines of the interior Selkirk settlement at Lake Winnipeg are sadly degenerated. Five years ago I ranged the latter section of country all over to get a team for my frontier exhibit at the New Orleans Exposition, but failed to find a perfect dog that could be bought for money.

THE VANDALIA'S LOST DOG.—There is a small dog along the city front that feels just about as disconsolate as small dogs are supposed to feel when they have done anything out of the way. This little dog, however, is rather a hero, having survived the wreck of the Vandalia at Samoa and returned with his shipmates on the Rockton to Mare Island, where he was adopted by the crew of the Adams. Having been boss of the Vandalia, this little dog, who goes by the euphonious name of Nig, thought that he should hold the same position on the Adams, and when it was disputed by Lieutenant Winslow's setter, Nig became indignant and whipped the Lieutenant's dog so badly that for some time his life was despaired of. This was a horrible indignity for the quarterdeck to sustain at the hands of a forecastle dog, and Lieutenant Winslow ordered the sailors to throw Nig overboard as a dishonorably discharged dog. This was something the Jack tars could not think of doing, and as they could not keep their pet aboard, and had no means of getting him back to Mare Island, as the Adams was about to go to sea, they brought Nig ashore and turned him over to the Vandalia sailors, who were waiting along the water front for their back pay and bag money. Getting a dishonorable discharge after four years' service in the Navy was pretty tough on Nig, and Thursday night he managed to get full. Yesterday he was sick and felt pretty bad, and as he had never been ashore before he did not know how to act. The number of people and the number of dogs nearly drove him crazy, and he lay down on the sidewalk and moaned. The dog felt so bad ashore that the Vandalia sailors are going to try to get him back into the service in some way, and they think that after his gallant service in Samoa they will be able to have Lieutenant Winslow's dishonorable discharge set aside, and Nig restored to his former proud position on one of Uncle Sam's war ships.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

OLYMPIA DOG SHOW.

THE thirty-third show of the English Kennel Club was held at Olympia, South Kensington, July 9 to 12. There were 1,472 entries. The London *Field* says: "The collection of dogs was pretty much the same as during the last two or three years; if not better in quality certainly no worse. * * Mastiffs were present in great force, the open dog class being especially good. Puppies were also excellent. * * The collection of St. Bernards were by no means a representative one. * * The open classes for Great Danes were disappointing. * * Deerhounds were another poor display. * * A lot of excellent greyhounds were shown. * * Pointers were generally understood to be quite a disappointment. * * Woolton Game second again in large-sized bitches, and this is no doubt the last we shall see of her in this country, either at field trials or elsewhere, for acting for Mr. Hitchcock, of New York, she was claimed by Spratts Patent at her catalogue price of £150, and cannot be considered dear at the money. * * The bitches under 50lbs. formed the best lot of pointers in show. * * The English setters were better in quality and numbers than the pointers. * * The bitch class was one of the best ever taken into the ring. * * There were no great particular stars among the black and tan setters. * * Irish setters in the open dog class were fairly strong. * * Retrievers were no more than fair. * * The congregation of beagles was an unusually strong one, Mr. Nutt sending seven and a half couples of little beauties, of which four couple were hard-haired, miniature otter hounds almost, and one of the features of the exhibition, for they were shown together off the benches in a kennel of their own. The lot are of uniform size, about 13 inches, and are well grown, hound-marked, with excellent legs and feet. So good were the rough ones that the judge gave them a special first prize that went to Crafty, a little hound with a pin wire coat and the bone and substance of a miniature cart horse. * * The spaniel classification was bad, and entries did not come up to expectation. * * There was a little interest centered in the collies, because it was said Dublin Scot had improved so much since his sojourn in America that he was likely to beat all the champions in this country, so his spirited owner sent him over. However, we failed to find any improvement in him; he was well shown, but his expression, never good, is a little worse than ever, and though Caractacus was looking less fit than we ever saw him, he beat the Stars and Stripes' favorite very easily indeed. * * There was a great display of old English sheepdogs, including many of different types. * * In fox-terriers Vesuvienne was beaten in the challenge class by her kennel companion Venio. At first glance he is not a taking dog, but will stand pulling to pieces; and about the only faults to be found with him are his not very nice ears and some little amount of fullness in cheek; his coat is perfect, he is built on working lines, his jaw is powerful, and limbs first-class. Of course the ears and faulty cheeks detract from his expression, so we fancy the bitch should have beaten him. * * There was an excellent entry of Irish terriers. The other terrier classes were not above the average. * * In pugs Bessie (Dr. M. H. Cryer's), the third prize bitch, appears to have been successful at American shows; she possesses as much or more character as any benched around her here, and her eyes are very good indeed, so are her skull and size, she falls away too much in front of her eyes; were her muzzle squarer she would be equal to our best. * * The ladies had, as usual, an excellent display of toy terriers, toy spaniels and fancy dogs. * * The Blenheim spaniels were about the best lot of pet dogs in the hall, being both numerous and good in quality."

LONDON DOG SHOW.

THE prize list of the London Kennel Club dog show, to be held during the Provincial Fair at London, Ont., Sept. 10 to 13, will be out in a few days.

There are challenge classes for mastiffs, St. Bernards, pointers, English, Irish and Gordon setters, collies and spaniels and separate classes for English and American foxhounds.

The prizes are $10, $5 and diploma in the majority of classes, and $7, $3, and diploma in the remainder. Kennel prizes in cash for four or more in the following breeds: St. Bernards, foxhounds, collies, spaniels, fox-terriers, English, Irish and Gordon setters, besides a large number of specials.

The show will be under the management of Mr. C. A. Stone, who managed the last show so successfully; he has also been appointed secretary. Premium lists mailed to any address by applying to him, 421 Richmond street, London, Ont. The judges will be announced shortly.

DOG TALK.

THE following tale comes to us through the *Stock-Keeper*: "The other day the people who attended the weekly market in a certain French town were surprised to see a peasant woman who was offering for sale a horse, which was tariffed at 4s. The same woman was selling a dog for which she demanded £20. They thought she must be mad, and they told her so. 'Be that as it may,' she said, 'the man who wants the horse at 4s. must first take the dog at £20.' A purchaser eventually secured the two, and afterward would have the explanation. It transpired that the deceased husband of the artful peasant woman had chargod her in his will to sell his dog and his horse. The price of the dog was to be hers, and that of the horse she was to pay over to his family. This reads like an Ollendorffian excerpt, but it is not. It took place at Coutances, in the north of France, last week."

As will be seen in the notes on the Olympia dog show, Mr. F. R. Hitchcock has purchased the pointer bitch Woolton Game. He has been very fortunate in securing so good a bitch. She was owned by the well-known pointer breeder Mr. George Pilkington, and has a capital record both in the field and on the bench. She is two and a half years old and will undoubtedly prove to be one of the most valuable of her breed ever imported to this country.

We clip the following from the *Scottish Fancier*: "The *Saturday Review* says Scotland is free from rabies. This is true, but we have a few gangrel bodies that gang periodically daft. When we see the symptoms beginning we send them south to London, and they are at once taken on the staff of a dog paper—hence the stuff we read about hydrophobia at this season."

By order of Council all dogs in London, Eng., and in the Metropolitan Police District, which extends for some fifteen miles around London, are to be muzzled when in public places from Aug. 1 until Jan 1, 1890, for the purpose of exterminating rabies. This order does not apply to dogs while being used for sporting purposes.

The London *Field*, speaking of setters, says: "Although two or three of our best animals have recently been sent to America, others remain which are quite good enough to take the place of the expatriated ones." This is, at least, encouraging to Americans who are seeking world beaters, whatever the English judges may think of it.

Danbury will hold its annual dog show Oct. 7 to 12. As was stated in our report of the show last year, the premiums will be greatly increased this year, and it is expected that many valuable specials will be offered, the show will be held under A. K. C. rules.

We hear that Mr. S. W. Skinner, Jr., of Auburndale, O., has purchased from Mr. M. R. Hood Wright, Newton Hall, Eng., the deerhound bitch Brora, winner of first in the challenge class at the recent Olympia show.

It has been decided to offer $1,200 in premiums at the Toronto dog show. This show is held the week following London and Ottawa, and will undoubtedly be well supported.

Fourteen English foxhounds arrived on the Denmark last Monday, consigned to the Rockaway Hunt Club, Cedar hurst, L. I.

IMPORTING DOGS.—New York, July 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If Mr. W. Wade had consulted some practical custom house broker before writing the letter which appears over his signature in your issue of the 11th inst., he would have saved himself a considerable amount of writing material, and his mind and conscience would have been relieved from the strain which they at present appear to labor under. There is no "confusion" whatever in regard to the importing of dogs for breeding purposes, Mr. Wade's assertion to the contrary notwithstanding. The law of 1883 reads as follows: "Animals specially imported for breeding purposes shall be admitted free upon proof thereof satisfactory to the Secretary of the Treasury, and under such regulations as he may prescribe." And in a circular letter dated May 17, 1883, the Secretary of the Treasury has prescribed regulations for carrying out the beforementioned law, which are so simple that any person of the slightest intelligence can understand them. The law does not require that the animals shall be imported solely for breeding purposes, but it does require that they shall be imported specially for breeding purposes, or in other words, the law requires that the leading purpose shall be that of breeding. Dogs or other animals, valuable mainly for their breeding qualities, are not excluded from free entry merely because they are intended for sale. Mr. Wade can import dogs and dispose of them immediately after landing, either by sale or gift, and he will violate no law at present on the statute books of Uncle Sam. He must simply furnish satisfactory proof to the custom authorities that his dogs are of superior breed and calculated to improve the stock of the country.—E. B. GOLDSMITH.

RED FOX PACK.—Hickory Valley, Tenn., July 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having selected quite a good pack of foxhounds for the purpose of breeding and running in the trials for foxhounds, I claim the name of J. M. Avent Red Fox Pack for my pack. The principal part of this pack are from dogs that I have been running after red foxes for the last fifteen years, and have great confidence in their ability as red fox dogs. I am very anxious to see fox hunting clubs organized in many different States, so that I will have a good opportunity to thoroughly test dogs of my breeding under good competent judges after red foxes, against the best from the many noted packs in America. The following is a full list of my pack: Fox III. and Jennie, dog and bitch, 7 years (Fox II.—Norah); Mink and Music, dog and bitch, 3 years (Red Mink—Fan); Fox's Rock and Nellie, dog and bitch, 2 years (Fox III.—Jennie); Flora, bitch, 1 year (Fox III.—Walker's bitch); Cripple, Fannie and Fairy, dog and two bitches, 10 months (Fox III.—Jennie); two dogs 9 months (Sport—Music); one dog 1 year, Cook strain; litter 3 months (Fox III.—Music); two dogs 2½ months (Mink—Jennie), all black and tan. Flash, black, white and tan bitch, 3 years (Bran—Fly); one bitch, black, white and tan 5 months (Walker's dog and bitch); Mallis, red bitch, 3 years from Mr. Spear's pack, and Cleveland, red dog, 4 years (Kinnie's Mink—Kinnie's bitch).—J. M. AVENT.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 or any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Spider. By Blue Ridge Beagle Kennels, Denver, S. C., for black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped Feb. 23, 1889, by Thom (A.K.R. 6777) out of Dinah (Thom—Lucy Hinton).

Spite and Spot. By Blue Ridge Beagle Kennels, Denver, S. C., for white, black and tan beagle dog and bitch, whelped Feb. 23, 1889, by Thom (A.K.R. 6777) out of Dinah (Thom—Lucy Hinton).

Rowena. By Warner & Hamilton, Canaan Four Corners, N.Y., for black, white and tan collie bitch, whelped July 13, 1888, by Clipper (A.K.R. 2529) out of Nellie McGregor (champion Rex—June).

J. M. Avent Red Fox Pack. By J. M. Avent, Hickory Valley, Tenn., for his pack of foxhounds.

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Rhea—Grindel. Ernst Platz's (Bridesburg, Pa.) St. Bernard bitch Rhea (A.K.R. 5086) to H. Rowland's imported Grindel, July 4.

Pearl Noble—Foreman. N. Wallace's (Farmington, Conn.) English setter bitch Pearl Noble (Count Noble—Jennie III.) to C. F. Crawford's champion Foreman (Dashing Monarch—Fairy II.), July 4.

Forest Dora—Count Howard. Rosecroft Kennels' (Birmingham, Conn.) English setter bitch Forest Dora (A.K.R. 500) to F. Windholz's Count Howard (Sir Alister—Mena), July 1.

Molly—Tim. Chas. H. Mason's (New York) Irish setter bitch Molly (Hugh Roe—Sophie) to Max Wenzel's Tim (Biz—Hazel), June —.

Kit—Tim. Mr. Randolph's (Berkley Heights, N. J.) Irish setter bitch Kit (Kildare II.—Snipe) to Max Wenzel's Tim (Biz—Hazel), July 16.

Ruby Glencho—Tim. L. A. Van Zandt's (Yonkers, N. Y.) Irish setter bitch Ruby Glencho (Glencho—Tara) to Max Wenzel's Tim (Biz—Hazel), July 12.

Lulu III.—Tim. J. J. Scanlan's (Fall River, Mass.) Irish setter bitch Lulu III. (Glencho—Lulu II.) to Max Wenzel's Tim (Biz—Hazel), June 30.

May—Chief. F. L. Morrell's (Mamaroneck, N. Y.) Irish setter bitch May (Berkley—Mag) to Max Wenzel's Chief (Berkley—Duck), June 30.

Lady Abbot—Glencairn. Oldham & Willey's (Salmon Falls, N. H., and Mamaroneck, N. Y.) field spaniel bitch Lady Abbot (champion Black Prince—champion Newton Abbot Lady) to their Glencairn (Bracken—Belle), April 24.

Hillside Linden—Mixture. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Hillside Linden (Belgrave Sequence—Linden Nettle) to their Mixture (Spice—Fairy III.), July 15.

Princess—Raby Mixer. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Princess (Venetian—Lorette) to their Raby Mixer (Raby Mixture—Richmond Olivebud), July 16.

Tennis—Reckoner. Wm. T. McAlees's (Philadelphia, Pa.) fox-terrier bitch Tennis (Raby Mixer—Temptation) to Hillside Kennels' Reckoner (Regent—Nita), July 17.

Dusky Daze—Dusky Trap. W. S. Applegate's (New Albany, Ind.) fox-terrier bitch Dusky Daze (Dusky Trap—Daze) to A. Belmont, Jr.'s, Dusky Trap (Dusky Splinter—Spider), May 21.

Richmond Myrtle—Blenton Rubicon. W. S. Applegate's (New Albany, Ind.) fox-terrier bitch Richmond Myrtle (Raby Tyrant—Richmond Olive) to A. Belmont, Jr.'s, Blenton Rubicon (Regent—Rachel), July 3.

Spunky—Toons Royal. F. W. Souther's (Melrose, Mass.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Spunky (Corney's Ben— ——) to Chas. N. Symonds's Toons Royal (champion Dreadnaught—Hamilton's Filis), July 13.

Daisy—Toons Royal. Chas N. Symonds's (Salem, Mass.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Daisy (Roy—Bess) to his Toons Royal (champion Dreadnaught—Hamilton's Filis), July 7.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Fly. D. E. Peters's (North Baltimore, O.) foxhound bitch Fly (Uhlery's Sport—Burgoon's Fanny), July 14, nine (eight dogs), by H. E. Cook's Brave.

Jennie III. N. Wallace's (Farmington, Conn.) English setter bitch Jennie III. (champion Foreman—Tallman's Jennie), July 7, seven (four dogs), by B. F. Wilson's Count Noble (Count Windham—Nora).

Bonny. Max Wenzel's (Hoboken, N. J.) Irish setter bitch Bonny (Tim—Nora V.), June 29, nine (three dogs), by his Chief (Berkley—Duck).

Dora. Ed. P. Kremer's (Lebanon, Pa.) Irish setter bitch Dora (Chief—Doe), July 3, ten (eight dogs), by Max Wenzel's Tim (Biz—Hazel).

Lady Abbot. Oldham & Willey's (Salmon Falls, N. H., and Mamaroneck, N. Y.) field spaniel bitch Lady Abbot (champion Black Prince—champion Newton Abbot Lady), June 26, four (three dogs), by their Glencairn (Bracken—Belle).

Cracovienne. J. A. Hoffar's (Washington, D. C.) fox-terrier bitch Cracovienne (Resolute—Fandango), July 15, four (three dogs), by his Belvoir Trap (champion Mixture—champion Thistle).

Jaunty. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Jaunty (Joker—Torment), July 12, two (one dog), by their Raby Mixer (Raby Mixture—Richmond Olivebud).

Bradford Lill. P. H. Coombs's (Bangor, Me.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Bradford Lill (Tickle-'em—Judy), June 22, three (one dog), by his Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beale's Lady).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Prince Charlie and Gillivan. Silver fawn pug dogs, whelped May 23, 1889, by Kash out of Lady Thora, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Thos. Preiten, Parkersburg, W. Va.

Duke of Montrose. Silver fawn pug dog, whelped May 23, 1889, by Kash out of Lady Thora, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to H. H. Redford, Parkersburg, W. Va.

Donna Juanita. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped May 3, 1888, by Rockingham or Prince Foreman out of Donna (A.K.R 5792), by Rosecroft Kennels, Birmingham, Conn., to Jas. W. Wood, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Clara. Black and tan Gordon setter bitch, whelped April 25, 1889, by champion Royal Duke out of Jennie II., by Louis Parisette, Jr., Brooklyn, N. Y., to Jos. Schwartzenberger, Hicksville, L. I.

DEATHS.

Miss Newton Obo. Black field spaniel bitch, whelped June 1, 1886 (Young Obo—Newton Abbot Lady), owned by Oldham & Willey, Mamaroneck, N. Y., and Salmon Falls, N. H., July 15, in parturition.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

G. H. T., Mohawk, N. Y.—I have a fine Irish setter pup, eight months old, which I think has a touch of the mange. I would like you to tell me just what to do as he is very valuable to me. ANS. Give 3 compound cathartic pills in one dose. They can be concealed in a morsel of meat. Give 5 grains of quinine in pill form every morning and 4 drops of Fowler's solution every evening in food. If the eruption is bad use the following ointment once daily:

℞ Amyli	℥ i
Ung. zinc oxid	℥ i
Vascline	℥ ss

Mix. Sig. External.

Rifle and Trap Shooting

RANGE AND GALLERY.

OUR TEAM ABROAD.

[*From Our Special Correspondent.*]

WIMBLEDON CAMP, July 8.—The series of matches for which the Massachusetts rifle team crossed the Atlantic, to contest with the English Volunteers, ended with the victory over the South London Rifle Club at Nunhead range on Friday, July 5, a series of successes quite unparalleled, and with a majority of points in each case that calls for an explanation. An unbiased study of the series of contests, considering that the accuracy of the rifles are equal, leads to the conclusion that the secret of the success of the Massachusetts team consists in the perfection of their coaching system; this, with the advantage of the quickly adjustable sight on the Springfield, helped the Americans to pile up totals far beyond the capacity of the English marksmen with their Martinis; shooting over a bar for a rear sight, with vertical lines of white paint put on with a brush or pencil for wind allowances. The Massachusetts men could so quickly return from two points of windage to a shot on the true zero for wind allowance, or graduations of one-quarter or half of a point; it was impossible for the Englishmen to stop and paint new lines on their sliding bar between shots, and their mistaken allowances for wind in the varying currents that were always present in all of the matches proved their downfall, this is the kernel in a nutshell, from a rifleman's point of view

First and only practice of the team at Nunhead Range, July 1:

	200yds.	500yds.	600yds.	
Pvt Farrow	4544454—30	5554455—33	4424425—25—	88
Sergt Merrill	3444443—29	4554454—31	2554455—30—	87
Lieut Edes	4524444—28	5445444—28	5352355—30—	84
Maj Hinman	4445455—31	2542532—23	5552344—28—	82
Sergt Doyle	4444345—28	2443445—26	4445253—27—	81
Lieut Hussey	4545354—30	2455355—31	4322350—19—	80
Corp Huddleston	5555334—30	2345543—28	2025244—19—	77
Pvt Farnsworth	5433550—24	0452340—22	5535245—29—	75
Pvt Bull	5024454—24	3554533—28	2553332—23—	75
Sergt Bull	4444545—30	3234455—26	0522235—19—	75
Lieut Bumstead	5345445—30	2433334—22	3552403—22—	74
Lieut Johnston	3443234—23	0552523—22	2204552—30—	65
	332	320	291	943

It will be seen from the above by a close scrutiny of the scores, the varying conditions of each individual not forty-eight hours off the deck of an ocean steamer, some having a fine show at the first range only to get demoralized at the longer distances.

Ten guineas was donated by a prominent member of the South London Rifle Club for a prize to be competed for by members of the Massachusetts team. It was decided to divide the money into five prizes: first $15, second $12,50, third $10, fourth $7.50, fifth $5, and compete for it at the 200yds. range. Thus it would not interfere with the coaching instructions of the team at the longer ranges. The winners of the prizes were respectively: Maj. Hinman first, score 31; Sergt. Bull second, score 30; Private Farrow third, score 30; Lieut. Bumstead fourth, score 30; Lieut. Hussey fifth, score 30. Immediately the above scores were finished a nice lunch was enjoyed by both teams. This seemed to have a very beneficial effect on the Americans, who proceeded at once to do the handsome for the team of the Honorable Artillery Company in real Massachusetts style.

Nunhead Range, July 5:

Massachusetts Team.

	200yds.	500yds.	600yds.	
Maj Hinman	5454445—31	4445454—30	5555555—35—	96
Sergt Bull	5455545—33	2455553—30	5255555—32—	95
Pvt Farnsworth	5445445—31	5435545—33	4544552—29—	93
Lieut Edes	5335455—30	5335455—33	3355543—28—	91
Lieut Bumstead	4444454—29	4535454—30	4355545—31—	90
Sergt Merrill	4443345—27	4545555—33	5544434—29—	89
Sergt Doyle	5454455—32	4345555—31	3525352—25—	88
Pvt Bull	5444444—29	5555555—35	2335543—24—	88
Pvt Farrow	4454444—29	2345455—28	3355544—29—	86
Lieut Hussey	4544444—29	4455455—32	2055554—25—	86
Pvt Huddleston	5555544—33	5225555—29	2344434—24—	86
Sergt Johnston	3444444—29	5434552—28	4352542—25—	80
	362	372	334	1068

South London Rifle Club.

	200yds.	500yds.	600yds.	
Lieut Craig	5444444—29	4555555—34	5455553—32—	95
Sergt Trask	4455534—30	5555355—33	2235555—27—	90
Major McKerrill	4345545—30	4444545—30	5442444—28—	88
Master B Heath	5544444—30	5555553—33	5432452—25—	88
Capt Smith	3444444—27	4555542—30	5554443—30—	87
Pvt Coleman	4444554—29	4445535—30	5255353—28—	87
Pvt Wells	4444454—29	4455545—31	5533334—26—	86
Pvt Delafield	4443334—25	4355544—30	4554435—30—	85
Pvt Foster	4443453—27	5534354—29	4433552—26—	82
Pvt Lowe	4454444—29	5334535—28	3442344—24—	81
Pvt Tulee	2243424—21	4354455—30	4345444—28—	79
Capt Rose	5444243—26	4444455—30	3323035—21—	77
	330	358		325 1025

Rank and scores in five matches and one practice shoot of the Massachusetts Rifle Team in England, 7 shots each range, 200, 500 and 600yds., Springfield muskets:

	Points.	Average		Points.	Average
Maj Hinman	535	89⅛	Lieut Hussey	511	85⅛
Sergt Bull	528	88	Corp Huddleston	510	85
Pvt Farrow	528	88	Pvt Bull	507	84⅛
Lieut Bumstead	525	87½	Lieut Edes	507	84½
Sergt Doyle	525	87½	Pvt Farnsworth	497	82⅞
Sergt Merrill	520	86⅔	Sergt Johnston	469	78⅛

The Wimbledon meeting opened in a drizzle of rain, still the plucky marksmen were on hand dressed in all sorts of waterproofs with which to shed the falling drops. The American team arrived Saturday evening at 5:30, and having a camp or double row of tents to themselves were soon safely housed. Sunday was enjoyed by a majority of the team by a visit to London, then up the Thames by train and boat, dining at Henley, then a visit to Maidenhead, all under the kind care and protection of the Honorable Artillery Company of London. The competitions entered into by the Americans in camp on Monday were the Alexandra, at 500 and 600yds., the Graphic and Robin Hood at 200yds., all with the Martini-Henry. The team men were given a very slim chance to get elevations or test the rifles loaned them, 7 shots at 200yds. and 500yds. being all the experience allowed them, and this was on Saturday at a strange range before coming to Wimbledon; thus it will be seen that their chances for fine scoring were very slim indeed.

In the Alexandra 7 shots at 500 and 600yds. Maj. Hinman was in the prize list with a total of 60, 33 at 500 and 27 at 600yds. Private Farrow would also have come in but for a ruling against one of his shots. A 3 and 5 were shown on the dummy in response to the fourth shot; the marksman claimed the highest, but only the lowest was scored, and all amount of protest as well as an appeal to the Council was of no avail, thus this shooter's chances were ruined, because some other unfortunate accidentally shot on this target at the same moment. Sergt. Doyle was obliged to go into the match without having fired but two shots out of the Martini placed in his hands; these were at pool, and owing to the crowded state at the firing points of the pool targets, it was impossible to fire any shots, except by getting in line and waiting for 25 or 30 men to shoot two shots each. It should be remembered that with 2,300 marksmen anxious to get pool shots, and but 5 pool targets open, many that are squadded to shoot their matches early must necessarily be crowded out. This taking up of the Martini rifle by the members of the team seems in a certain sense to be a mistake; it lowers in the eyes of the Englishmen the high regard now placed on the skill of the Americans; it will give to the Englishmen in the coming team matches renewed confidence, and as the new conditions proposed, it will allow them to shoot in their favorite positions at 200yds. range. Their line of reasoning is that if only one of the American team can get in the prize list of the Alexandra, which has a row of 325 prizes, the Massachusetts men cannot be such wonderful shots after all. This has been overheard in quite few instances.

The Springfield musket with the Buffington sight has been excluded from competing in any of the matches where military sights or rifles are allowed. Considerable pressure was brought by many prominent English marksman on the Council that they should, as a matter of international courtesy, allow the Springfield musket and Buffington sight, as used by the United States Government, to be shot by the American team in the matches at Wimbledon especially devoted to the experimental military rifles. This would simply include matches wherein the English marksmen use their M. B. L. rifles, which are equipped with wind gauges and spirit levels, this latter very desirable feature the Springfield musket does not possess.

At a rifle meeting in June, at Dunball, 100 of the leading shots of the north of England signed a memorial to the Council of the English National Rifle Association "to permit the Americans to use their regulation Springfield rifles in M. B. L. competition at Wimbledon." The Council refused to allow the Massachusetts men this privilege. Thereupon the Scottish Rifle Association prepared and sent to the English N. R. A. the following:

"To the Council of the National Rifle Association: We, the undersigned members of the Council of the Scottish Rifle Association, respectfully draw your attention to the memorial which has been signed by the competitors at the Darnley prize meeting, as to permitting the Americans to use their regulation Springfield rifles in M. B. L. competition at Wimbledon, in the terms of which we heartily concur."

This was signed by James Merry, Col., 3d Lanark, Vice-Chairman; J. N. Smith, Col., 1st L. R. V., Vice-Chairman; William Thorburn, Major, Captain Scottish Twenty; William Blackwood, Capt., 21 Midlothian; John Lennox, Capt., Galloway R. V.; A. R. King, Col., 36 (Renfrew) V. B. A. and S. Highs; A. Mein, Col., 4th V. B. Cameronians; Harington Stuart, Col., 2d V. B. Cameronians.

Therefore the Council of the Scottish Rifle Association "heartily concur" in the protest of a hundred of the leading shots in North that the action of the N. R. A. Council, in this particular matter, is a breach of international courtesy on their part.

To still further show the interest taken by the English Volunteers in this visit, and their desire to show the Americans every courtesy, the following is an extract from a letter written by Mr. Lowe, S. M., which was printed in the London *Times*:

"I submit that the regulation arm of every foreign nation should, as a matter of course, and as a matter of international courtesy, be admitted in the category of experimental military rifles at Wimbledon. Certainly competitors with Metford, Rigby, and Fraser M. B. L. rifles have nothing to fear in competing against the Springfield with its lighter cartridge and inferior shooting power. The sliding and screw sights are simply two different mechanical means of arriving at the same result—a distinction without a difference."

It will be seen that both the English and American rifles are supplied with a wind gauge sight, but because the American does not slide exactly in the same manner as the English one it must be ruled out of all the matches. The fact is, there is but one match on the programme in which the Massachusetts men would care to use their muskets, this is the Steward, 7 shots at 200yds., standing position, M. B. L. rifles allowed, all the other matches devoted to this English M. B. L. with spirit level attachments, is at the distances of 800, 900 and 1,000yds., at which ranges it is well known the 70grs. of powder in the Springfield cartridge cannot successfully compete with the 90 and 100grs. in the English cartridges.

As a last resort, certain of the Massachusetts men took to the Wimbledon committee a Springfield musket with the buckhorn sight of 1879 attached, instead of the Buffington sight, with a desire to use the same in the M. B. L. match at 200yds. The rifle with this sight was finally passed, and it now remains to be seen what can be done with the Springfield at 200yds. against the English M. B. L. with its spirit level and wind gauge on the bar of the rear sight. The Alfred match, consisting of 7 shots at 200yds. with the Martini-Henry, was entered by eight of the team. At the finish four were found to be in the list of prize winners: Sergt. Johnston, score 32, wins £5; Corp. Huddleston, score 31, wins £3; Major Hinman, score 31, wins £3; Sergt. Bull, score 30, wins £2. This is the best showing yet made by the team with the English military rifle.

The Windmill match, which consists of 7 shots at 200 and 500yds., will be finished to-morrow. Eight of the team are entered.

F. ARROW.

LONDON, July 16.—The Duke of Cambridge to-day inspected the Canadians who are taking part in the rifle matches at Wimbledon. He congratulated them upon their loyalty, which led them to take part in successive contests at Wimbledon.

After inspecting the Canadian marksmen the Duke of Cambridge visited the American camp, where he was received by Lieut. Newton, Major Marion and Private Farrow. Private Farrow showed him the action of the Springfield rifle, in which he was much interested. The Duke said he would urge the Council to arrange a match between the Americans and a select team of British marksmen, but it fell through and all the talk at Wimbledon was about this falling through of the match between Massachusetts and the North London Rifle Club teams, which was to have been shot on Saturday. The London Club raised a difficulty because the Americans were so well treated in the matter of conditions.

Private Farrow took a minor prize in the Albert contest.

The winner of the Queen's Prize in the rifle shooting at Wimbledon was Private Reid, of the First Lanarkshire Regiment, who made a score of 281. Reid's victory delighted the Scotch riflemen, who invited the Americans to their camp to join in the rejoicing.

LONDON, July 17.—At Wimbledon to-day, notwithstanding a heavy storm of rain, hail and thunder, the Massachusetts riflemen showed the style of their skirmish drill. The whole camp assembled to witness the maneuvers. The members of the team were drawn up in a line 600yds. from the target. They then advanced, halting at intervals of fifteen seconds, until they were within 150yds. of the target. The firing resulted as follows: Huddleston out of 47 hits scored 191; Doyle, 52 hits, 166; Hinman, 33 hits, 123; Hussey, 31 hits, 114; Sergeant Bull, 20 hits, 98; Johnston, 22 hits, 76; Private Bull, 22 hits, 73; Farnsworth, 25 hits, 73; Edes, 23 hits, 72, and Bumstead, 20 hits, 50. Ten halts were made. The rapidity of the fire and the accuracy of the shots excited the cheers of the spectators.

The Rajah of Kolapore's Imperial Challenge Cup was won by the Canadian team. The score of the Canadians was 657 and that of the British riflemen 684. The Canadians also won the Colonial prize of £80, awarded to the team, exclusive of the home team, which makes the highest aggregate score in the competition for the Kolapore cup.

[Canada has now won the cup five times—viz., in 1872, 1875, 1881, 1884 and 1889, and the Colonial prize twice—viz., in 1886 and in 1889. The cup has been competed for since 1871, and has on all other occasions been won by the mother country.]

LONDON, July 18.—The match for the Elcho challenge shield was shot at Wimbledon to-day and was won by the Irish team, which made a score of 1,689. The English team scored 1,684, and the Scotch team 1,626.

LONDON, July 19.—The Massachusetts rifle team took part in the shooting for minor prizes in the Stewards' contest at Wimbledon to-day. The conditions were seven shots each at 200 yards. Following are the scores of the winners: Farrow 33, Sergeant Bull, Doyle and Hinman, 32 each, and Johnston, Merrill and Bumstead, 31 each. Mr. Lincoln, the United States Minister, visited the camp of the Massachusetts riflemen, at Wimbledon, Thursday, and had a hearty reception. The American team afterward visited the Crystal Palace.

LONDON, July 20.—The American riflemen have gone to Paris. They have won altogether something like 30 prizes in individual matches, and will take home double sets of sleevebuttons, indicative of victories.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., July 20.—The suggestion that this city welcome home the successful Massachusetts marksmen, in which there is so large a representation, with a banquet and reception, has met with favor. It is proposed that the victorious team be persuaded to stop over in the city on their way to Boston. After a parade and reception, militia and shooting organizations can join in giving a banquet to the men who have won honors abroad. While the last week's experience at Wimbledon has not been as favorable to the Massachusetts marksmen, they have won all the matches they went to win. They had a hope that the national association would relent and allow the Springfield rifle in the individual contests at Wimbledon. Thus they took no special practice with the Martini-Henry rifle.

BOSTON, July 20.—The regular weekly shoot of the Massachusetts Rifle Association was held to-day, and a large number of riflemen were present, including many militiamen. The shooting conditions were good, there being a light wind from 2 to 10 o'clock. Mr. Frye won the champion gold medal, and Mr. Munroe won the gold medal in the 20-shot rest match. Mr. Frye also won the silver membership badge. Next Wednesday the trap-shooters of the Association will hold their prize match and sweep shoot. Following are the scores made to-day:

Twenty-shot Rest Match.

J R Munroe	11 9 12 10 11 12 12 12 11 12 12 10 9 9 12 12 11 11 11 9	9—218
S Wilder	11 10 9 10 10 10 10 11 10 9 11 10 9 9 10 10 12 9 9 10	9—199
W Thompson	11 10 7 8 8 10 9 9 9 11 10 9 10 12 11 10 12 11 9 10	9—196
J N Eames	9 12 11 11 6 9 8 9 10 11 8 8 9 7 2 9 12 9 9 10	9—179

Champion Medal Match.

J A Frye	7 9 6 8 7 8 7 6 6	6—73
C C Clarke	7 8 6 9 9 8 8 7 4	7—73

Victory Medal Match.

C H Eastman	9 8 9 10 7 8 8 6 7	8—80
J A Frye	7 7 9 10 8 7 8 10 6	8—80
O M Howard	5 8 7 10 10 8 10 7 6	6—77
E Kelley	4 7 8 9 6 8 10 9 9	6—77
A N Mann	7 6 9 4 10 10 6 9 6	6—73
L Ames	8 9 10 6 9 6 7 8 7	6—73
M Alden	6 10 8 10 10 6 6 5 3	5—72

Silver membership badge, won on the following 10 scores by: J N Frye 72 77 78 73 72 75 76 74 79 79

Rest Match.

J R Munroe	11 11 12 11 10 9 9 11 10	10—104
S Wilder	10 12 11 9 9 10 12 11 10	9—104
W P Thompson	8 12 10 11 11 9 9 12 12	10—104
A Ballard	10 10 9 9 11 12 9 11 19	9—100
A S Hunt	11 9 11 10 10 9 10 10 11	8— 99

Off-Hand Match.

J A Frye	10 10 5 10 5 8 9 10 6	6— 79
F Daniels	7 5 4 10 9 9 7 10 7	10— 76
M Alden	5 9 8 6 7 8 6 6 7	10— 72
A S Hunt	7 7 9 8 6 7 5 9 5	6— 71
S O Merville	7 5 7 8 7 8 6 8 4	8— 67
L Comey	6 7 8 10 4 8 7 7 7	7— 68
P Jones	7 6 6 7 7 6 9 5 8	7— 65
L B Ames	4 9 6 5 6 9 6 9 4	9— 64
F Martin	6 5 5 10 5 9 5 6 5	7— 63
F T West	7 7 5 8 6 3 6 3 8	6— 59

Military Match—200yds.

R J Meroth	3542424445—37	W H Cooper	3243233432—29
H W Atkins	4234241443—35	W F Buck	3244323340—28
A T Hatch	2344334442—33	W Renfrew	3431223304—28
D J McGilvray	3444230432—30	G H Wright	3343002344—26

500yds.

E Kelley	4443544555—43	W L Swan	4444424453—38
H R Koehler	5543553553—43	C H Richwood	2423424524—33
W Claupein	5445455438—42	W E Phillips	3345222234—30

600yds.

W Claupein	4545553455—45	H R Koehler	4434555343—40

NORTHAMPTON, Mass., July 16.—The members of the local militia company are practicing weekly at 200yds. and hope to get together a good team by fall to take part in the State team matches at South Framingham. The first team practice took place July 11 when the following scores were made:

Pvt T T Cartwright	5455544—32	Sergt Lewis	4444433—26
Pvt Busch	5445444—30	Corp Keefe	2433454—25
Pvt Maynard	4544345—29	Pvt G Clark	2444442—24
Pvt Moynihan	4444454—29	Capt Lovell	4442333—23
Pvt Swift	5324554—28	Lieut Moulton	4422244—22

ST. LOUIS, Mo., July 20.—Ten members were present at the last shoot of the St. Louis Pistol Club. Summerfield won the medal. All shooting is at a 20yds. standard American target. The scores are as follows:

G Alexander	8 8 9 10 7 10 10 7 8	9—86
A E Bengel	8 9 5 9 6 8 10 10 10	10—85
O Neuhaus	10 9 7 7 9 7 10 10 8	7—84
F A Fodde	9 8 9 10 8 10 8 9 9	4—83
S G Dorman	9 9 5 10 8 10 7 8 6	10—82
M Summerfield	7 9 9 9 10 5 5 8 10	8—80
J A Lee	5 5 10 8 9 8 10 9 8	7—79
W J Lord	10 8 8 9 7 5 8 7 8	10—79
W Bauer	8 5 4 8 10 7 8 9 8	6—73
W Hettel	9 7 5 7 6 7 6 8 10	8—73

A match between Mohrstadt and Summerfield, members of the St. Louis Pistol Club; 12½ standard American target was used:

M Summerfield	9 10 9 8 10 8 10 9 10	10—93
	10 7 6 10 9 9 9 9 9	10—88
	9 6 8 8 7 9 9 9 9	8—82
	10 8 7 7 7 8 9 8 10	10—84
	6 10 7 8 10 10 8 8 9	8—84—431
E Mohrstadt	7 9 9 8 8 10 10 10 7	7—85
	10 10 10 8 10 10 7 9 8	8—90
	9 9 10 7 9 9 6 7 10	7—83
	9 7 10 8 9 10 9 8 10	10—80
	8 10 7 10 6 8 10 8 9	5—82— 430

The team match between Robertson and Copeland, of Cincinnati, and Perret and Mohrstadt, of this city, resulted in favor of the Cincinnati team. A 12½yds. Standard American target was used. Following are the scores:

C V D Perret	7 7 8 7 10 9 7 7 10	9—81	
	8 8 6 8 9 5 9 10 9	8—80	
	9 5 9 5 7 7 8 8 5	8—71—	232
E C Mohrstadt	9 9 8 9 8 7 9 10 8	8—85	
	8 9 10 10 9 9 7 8 10	8—88	
	10 10 10 10 8 10 9 10 8	9—95—	268
B J Robertson	92	95	99—276
B Copeland	82	82	90—254

Summary:

St. Louis.		Cincinnati.	
July 2	525	July 2	518
July 9	495	July 9	543
July 16	500	July 16	530
	1,520		1,691

NIAGARA FALLS, July 20.—The annual rifle competitions of the Division of the Atlantic and Department of the East, comprising that portion of the United States Army in the country east of the Mississippi River, will be held at Fort Niagara, N. Y., commencing on Aug. 28, and continuing for a week or ten days. Major W. F. Randolph, of the Third Artillery, will supervise the competition, and post commanders have been ordered to report to him before Aug. 12 the names of enlisted men who have been selected to compete for places on the department and division teams. Old Fort Niagara, where the shoot will take place, has attached to it a military reservation of about 300 acres, and is large enough to accommodate a battery of light artillery and a regiment of infantry. The range is the best in the United States, and can be used to equal advantage for either rifle or artillery practice. The regular army competition is held alternate years, this being the off year. In place of it there will be a competition of distinguished marksmen on Bellevue range, near Omaha, beginning Aug. 27. Major Guy V. Henry, of the Ninth Cavalry, will have charge. Cavalry competitions for revolver and carbine practice will be held as follows: Bellevue, Neb., Aug. 12; Fort Leavenworth, Kan., Aug. 26; Fort Wingate, N. M., Aug. 26.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

Secretaries of clubs and managers of tournaments are requested to keep us advised of the dates of their shoots, so that we may give due notice in our column of fixtures.

FIXTURES.

July 31.—South Side Gun Club, at Newark, N. J. W. R. Hobart, Secretary.

July 31, Aug. 1 and 2.—Dakota Sportsmen's Association, at Aberdeen, Dakota.

July 31 to Aug. 2.—Dakota Territorial Sportsman's Association Tournament, Aberdeen, Dak. C. Sam Vroom, Secretary.

Aug. 7, 8, 9.—Forester Gun Club Tournament, Davenport, Ia. For particulars address J. W. Howard, Davenport.

Aug. 7, 8 and 9.—Forester Gun Club Shoot, at Davenport, Iowa.

Aug. 8.—West End Social Gun Club, of Pittsburgh, Inanimate Target Tournament, Williams Grove, Cambria county, Pa. James Worden, Secretary.

Aug. 13, 14, 15.—Second Tournament of the American Shooting Association, Boston, Mass.

Aug. 13, 14, 15, 16 and 17.—Tournament at Leadville, Col.

Aug. 20, 21, 22, 23.—Second annual tournament of the Keystone Manufacturing Co., of Corry, Pa. Traps will be pulled by a new electric apparatus.

Sept. 17, 18, 19, 20.—Central Illinois Sportsmen's Association's eleventh annual tournament, Jerseyville, Ill.

Sept. 24, 25, 26 and 27.—Fifth Annual Tournament given by Al. Bandle, at Cincinnati; $1,000 guaranteed.

Oct. 8, 9, 10, 11.—Middlesex Gun Club Tournament, Dunellen, N. J. W. F. Force, Secretary, Plainfield, N. J.

Oct. 15, 16, 17, 18.—Tournament at live birds and inanimate targets. J. F. Kleinz, Secretary, 600 South Delaware avenue, Philadelphia.

Oct. 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25.—Second Tournament of the Mercer Gun Club, at Trenton, N. J. E. G. Updegrove, President.

WORCESTER, Mass., July 19.—The classification series of contests, at Coal Mine Brook Range, under the auspices of the Worcester Sportsman's Club, were continued this week. In the class score each man had a possible 30 birds, and in prize score a possible 10 birds:

Class A. Class Sc'e.	Prize Sc'e.	Class A. Class Sc'e.	Prize Sc'e.
G J Rugg....27	1111111111—10	M D. Gilman..24	0101111101— 7
E T Smith....29	1101111111— 9	C R B Claflin..24	1101111100— 7
E D Burbank..25	1111110111— 9	A S Gilman...24	0001111101— 6
A R Bowdish..24	1110111111— 9	E T Snow.....23	1101110010— 6
C B Holden...23	0111111111— 9	H Colvin.....26	1000011101— 5
E S Knowles..23	1011011111— 8		

Class B. Class Sc'e.	Prize Sc'e.	Class B. Class Sc'e.	Prize Sc'e.
M A Linfield...17	1111110111—9	C R Holman...13	1101010000—4
W E Johnson..20	0111101011—7	C Foreband...12	1101001000—4
A B Franklin.20	1111001100—6	F Foreband....10	0000000100—1

FLORENCE, Mass., July 16.—Norwood Gun Club, match at 25 Keystones, American Shooting Association rules:

D Gaylor	1111110001111110001111—20
T Cartwright	1111100111011111110001110—19
H H Chilson	1111111100111010000111—18
F W Twiss	1101110111000110101010111—16
E L Abercrombie	1111000000111111130011—15
Z Foster	1111110000011000110101011—13
E Feiker	0000111010100110101010100—12

Five pairs Keystones:

L Gaylor	1101001111—7	H H Chilson	1010011110—6
F Muttleman	1100101110—6	T T Cartwright	1001001100—4

Twenty birds at 25yds. rise:

T T Cartwright	10110111011011010—14

Practice shoot:

H H Chilson	1111111000000001111000011011011000 0001111011011000011000010100001001—39
Abercrombie	0000111111111000101001000011010110—19
F W Twiss	1111000000110031110010111101011—16
Cartwright	1101111101010101001010110—15
Maynard	0100010100011101010110— 9
L Watling	1100011101— 6

Mr. Chilson used a 16 and 18-gauge and stood 18yds. with both, which accounts somewhat for the poor runs he made. He made a run of twelve straight, which is the largest yet made by any member of the club. Mr. Gaylor's score is the best yet made out of 25 by any member of the club, and the shooting of Cartwright at 25yds. was fine. The club expect to have a new club house up by the next shooting day, and will hold a tournament of two days in the near future.—KOSMOS.

NEWARK, N. J., July 18.—The regular monthly shoot of the Essex Gun Club was held to-day at Marion, with a fair attendance for the season, and some good scores were made. The birds were a good lot, as all birds are when Heritage has charge. Two sweepstakes of 4 birds each were shot previous to regular shoot, in which 7 members took part, with a score of 47 kills out of 52. The club recently elected a new member from the Hedden family, Mr. A. E. Hedden, a young man who promises to make it 100 in the shade for the "vets," killing 18 straight and using second barrel but four times. Another feature of the shoot, and one that created some surprise and much comment, was the use of a "featherweight" gun, made by Francotte and weighing 5¼lbs., by O. von Lengerke, who killed 9 out of 10 at 30yds. rise. These guns are becoming popular, and in the hands of practical men do excellent work. The diamond badge for the month was carried off by Frank Class, while the other prizes went to C. M. Hedden, Class A; A. E. Hedden and Wm. Hughes, Class B, and Henry Babbage, Class C. Score of regular shoot:

O von Lengerke (30)	2121201211— 9	Freche (28)	1110120112—8
Class (30)	1111111111—10	Babbage (26)	2121111110—9
C M Hedden (30)	1121211111—10	Morris (26)	1110121120—8
A E Hedden (28)	1111121121—10	Wrightson (26)	0102111101—7
Hughes (28)	1112211112—10	S S Hedden (26)	1111110101—8
Leddy (28)	1210221111— 9	Freeman (26)	1111111001—8

Killed 106 out of 120; average, 88⅓ per cent.—FORD.

MR. AL. BANDLE announces his fifth annual tournament to take place at Cincinnati, O., on Sept. 24, 25, 26 and 27. One thousand dollars in cash is guaranteed and all surplus money to shooters making the best averages; no pro rata.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn.—The monthly sweepstakes tournament of the Minneapolis Gun Club, held Thursday, July 18, only a fair number of shooters were present, as a good many were attending the Crookston tournament. All of our monthly tournaments this year have been held under disadvantages, with a high wind or rain prevailing, but this last proved an exception, as the weather was warm and pleasant. On Thursday, Aug. 15, our shooting season for the year will close, when all ties for badges will be shot off. A programme of sweepstakes will be issued and prizes for best averages will be given.

No. 1, at 10 singles, entrance $1: Ensign 8, Block 9, Marshall 6, Osmer 10, Fox 7, Dalton 7, Lawrence 6, Cutter 9. Osmer first, ties on 9 divided second, Ensign third, Fox and Dalton fourth.

No 2, at 6 singles and 2 pairs, entrance $1: Ensign 7, Block 8, Marshall 4, Fox 8, Osmer 9, Lawrence 6, Dalton 9, Cutter 8. Osmer and Dalton first, Block, Fox and Cutter second, Ensign third. Lawrence fourth.

No. 3, at 15 singles, entrance $1.50: Ensign 9, Block 14, Marshall 9, Osmer 11, Fox 9, Dalton 11, Cutter 10, Lawrence 12. Block first, Lawrence second, Osmer and Dalton third, Cutter fourth.

No. 4, at 4 singles and 3 pairs, entrance $1: Block 8, Lawrence 5, Dalton 8, Fox 9, Cutter 6, Marshall 6, Osmer 7, Ensign 7. Fox first, Block and Dalton second, Ensign third, Cutter and Marshall fourth.

No. 5, at 10 singles, entrance $1: Cutter 7, Marshall 6, Lawrence 9, Dalton 10, Fox 7, Ensign 7, Osmer 7, Block 9. Dalton first, Block and Lawrence second, Ensign third on shoot-off, Marshall fourth.

No. 6, club badge shoot, at 10 singles and 5 pairs, entrance $2:

*Block	1111111111	10 10 10 11 11	—16
Osmer	1111100110	11 10 10 10 11	—14
Lawrence	1111110011	10 10 11 10 01	—14
*Dalton	1111111110	10 10 10 11 11	—16
Graefe	0001110000	10 10 01 10 10	— 8
Cutter	1110110101	10 10 10 10 10	—12
Warwick	1011111110	10 10 11 11 10	—15
Webley	0100011000	10 10 10 10 10	— 8
Ensign	1111111111	09 10 10 10 10	—14
Shott	1001100010	11 01 10 10 11	—11
Jones	1110110011	10 10 09 10 10	—11
Goosman	0100100111	10 00 00 10 10	— 8
Marshall	0100111111	00 10 10 00 10	—10
Fox	1100011001	11 10 10 00 10	—10
Kennedy	1001001001	10 10 10 10 11	—11
Brady	0011010111	11 10 10 10 10	—12

*Non-members. Ensign senior badge, Warwick junior badge, Brady amateur badge. Block and Dalton first, Lawrence and Ensign second on shoot-off, Cutter third, Jones fourth. Block won first average, $10, with a score of 64 out of 75; Dalton second, $7.50, with 61; Osmer third, $5, with 58; Ensign and Lawrence fourth, $2.50, in shoot-off with 52. Averages are made up from total number birds killed in the six events.

"Tribune" badge shoot, at 9 singles and 3 pairs, entrance $1.50, handicap match:

Ensign	011000111 00 00 00— 5	Goosman	1101001011 10 10 11— 9
Warwick	1100110011 10 10 10— 9	Kennedy	1111011111 10 10 11—12
Murphy	1001011001 01 11 11— 9	Fox	1111011011 11 10 10—11
Brady	0001111110 10 10 01— 8	Danicls	0101011000 10 10 10— 8
Lawrence	0111100001 11 10 10— 8	Block	0111111111 11 10 00—11
Cutter	0011111001 11 10 10—10	Jones	1111000000 10 11 10— 8
Webley	0011000110 10 10 10— 7	Osmer	0110101000 10 11 10— 8
Marshall	0000111111 10 01 10— 9	Dalton	0101111101 11 11 10—11
Shott	0000111011 10 11 10— 9		

Kennedy won badge and first money, Block, Fox and Dalton second, Cutter third, Jones fourth.—L. H.

NEW YORK, July 10.—The Manhattan Gun Club held its regular shoot to-day at Woodside, L. I., for a gold medal presented by Mr. Max Lichtenburger.

Bayer	101010—3	Ma'senholder	100000—2
Hoffmann	101101—4	Lambrecht	100001—2

Hoffman wins gold medal.

Match at glass balls:

Bayer	1111101011—8	Lambrecht	1010100000—4
Hoffman	1001000111—5	Roth	1001000000—2
Maisenholder	1001000110—4		

Match at glass ball:

DrVon Ramdohr	0111001101—6	Roth	1010100000—3
Hoffmann	1110101111—8	Eberhardt	1100100110—5
Bayer	1110100000—4		

Match at clay-pigeons.

Hoffmann	1010011101—6	Eberhardt	1100101000—4
Dr Von Ramdohr	1101010091—4	Bayer	1001000110—4

Match at clay-pigeons:

Dr Von Ramdohr	1000001001—3	Bayer	1000011100—4
Eberhardt	0101100011—5	—JOHN W. BAYER.	

CHICAGO, Ill., July 18.—Following are the scores of two individual matches shot at Mak-saw-ba grounds, July 14. Mr. Mussey's score of 96 out of 100 is certainly noteworthy. There was $100 up on this match. The score: Match No. 1, at 100 live birds:

W P Mussey.....12112121111111121111222121211112211121122112121212
2121111110121111111110012021121121122112221111 —96
G W Randall.....11221112121021212102121122112212111111121
2212121112111211120121012111230122110.0021111110—90

Match No. 2, 25 live birds, 30yds., $25 a side:

J P Hayde.....0110212121100020212110000—15
C S Wilcox.....2102121101111122112021221—21

Mr. Wilcox allowed Mr. Hayde 4 birds, and beat him out 2 birds notwithstanding.

Below are totals of Mak-saw-ba club shoot, June 30, for the suit of hunting clothes offered by Mr. W. L. Shepard, of the Cumberland Club. This was the first shoot of the three for the hunting clothes. The score at 15 live birds, 30yds, was:

Organ	13	Holden	10
Sheperd	11	Hardy Richardson	13
Mussey	15	Pfeffer	14
Dick	12	Stephens	10
Wilcox	13	Hayde	11
Watson	14	Murdough	5
Leiter	12	Read	8
Randall	12	Goodman	9
Waldron	8	Van Vlimigen	4

E. H.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., July 14.—The Riverside Gun Club held their regular medal shoot to-day. The attendance was good and some fair scores were made; 20 bluerocks, walk-around system:

Pohlman	1101111111101111101—17	Haggerty	1111111011111111111—19
Bright	0100111111111101110—15	Silzer	0100101111011111000—11
Maune	1101111011111011101—15	C Weber	0010113001101111110—12
E Predock	0001000000110101010— 7	A Predock	0110110110001100011—11
Langenb'r	1101111110101011111—16	Horstman	1111011101111011111—16
Mensch	1110100111001101011—13	P Weber	0111111111111111111—19
Schulz	0110111101111001111—15	Eikhoff	1110111110100110110—14
Pancok	1100011001100101010— 9	Lindes	1110000101010101000— 9
Borch'd'g	1011100001010101101—11	N Predock	0101110100000010010— 8
Milfeil	1101000010100100011— 9	Rosier	1101110101111101110—15
Kling	1011011111101111—15	Sprick	1111110100111100110—14

Mr. Haggerty first medal, Mr. W. Pohlman second medal, Mr. Horstman third medal.—T. M.

HARRISBURG, Pa., July 27.—The regular monthly shoot of the West End Social Gun Club came off at the stock yard grounds July 11, and was won by Mr. C. E. H. Brelsford on the tie shoot-off, he shooting in very good form and killing his birds very clean. The birds were a lively lot and gave the boys the go by sometimes unexpectedly. Match for gold medal, 12 live birds, 2 ground traps, 21yds., old Long Island rules:

H B Shoop	1101001011—6	Schultz	1111011111—8
Brensinger	1011100101—6	Miller	1111011111—9
Ginther	0111001010—5	McKee	1111111101—9
H Bach	0101111111—8	Sellers	000110w.
Marshall	1011111110—8	Whiteman	1111011010—7
Brelsford	1011111111—9		

Ties on 9 birds, 21yds., Belsford 5, Miller 2, McKee 3. The club will give a tournament on August 8; inanimate targets, at Williams Grove, Pa. Everybody invited. For particulars address James Worden, Sec'y.—M. H. B.

NEW YORK, N. Y., July 17.—Emerald Gun Club regular club shoot at Sea View Park, New Dorp, S. I., 10 live birds, 5 ground traps, 80yds. boundary. Emerald Gun Club rules, 3 prizes:

Dr Hudson (30yds).	1022011110— 7	P J Keenan (25)	1011111101— 8
F Shrader (30)	0212020001— 5	J Measel, Jr (30)	1110001111— 7
L O Gehering (30)	2110010211— 7	J McConnell (21)	0010000110— 3
N Measel (30)	1111200000— 5	G Nowark (25)	1111112000— 7
T J Crystal (25)	0111120011— 7	M W Murphy (25)	0112111001— 7
J Howard (21)	0001200101— 4	T P MacKenna (25)	1121212111—10
P Butz (30)	0012000101— 4	Col J H Voss (32)	1020111111— 8
H Rubino (25)	2010201100— 5	S McMahon (25)	1101120122— 8
C Grainger (30)	2202101210— 7	Dr Leveredge (25)	1121111112—10
J Bade (25)	0011110111— 7	T Cody (30)	2021102201— 7

Col. J. H. Voss wins first prize, killing 8 birds at 32yds. Ties on 10 for second, 25yds., miss and out: T. P. MacKenna 0, Dr. Liveredge 1, and won second for the first time. J. Howard third. Referee, Nicholas Measel; scorer, P. J. Keenan.—T. P. MACKENNA Rec. Sec.

TOWANDA, Pa., July 20.—At a tournament of the Towanda Rod and Gun Club, held July 4, a Championship County Badge was shot for, the winner to hold same against all comers for one year, subject to a challenge on thirty days' notice from any shooter resident of the county. The winner was W. K. Park, of Athens, Pa., a good shot and honorable sportsman. In the same village with Park resides E. W. Davies, a keen sportsman and fine trap shot. He has probably bagged more woodcock than any other resident of the county of his age, it being his favorite game bird. Davies thought he would like to wear the badge a short time at least and challenged Park for a shoot, which took place on the Waverly Gun Club grounds, at Waverly, N. J., 3 traps, known angles, bluerock targets, American Association rules. 25 birds. Through the kindness of Mr. Park three of his former opponents of this place were allowed to shoot for the badge at the same time and place, and "do him up" if they could. A few sweepstake shoots were indulged in after the regular match. Entrance 25 cents. Some of the ties divided, others shot off. Following are the scores, championship match:

W K Park	1111011011111011111011—21
E W Davies	1101011000101101100111100—13
A V Rittenbury	0100011101111010101011010—15
W F Dittrich	0011101110101110110110110—16
J W Snider	1011111001010110111011100—17

First match:

Park	111100—4	Dittrich	011011—4
Snyder	011111—5	Thatcher	011010—3
Rittenbury	101111—5	Davies	111111—6

Second match:

Park	101011—4	Thatcher	111011—5
Snyder	101111—5	Davies	101010—3
Dittrich	110100—3	Lang	011010—3
Kittenbury	111010—4		

Third match, doubles:

Park	10 01 10—3	Dittrich	10 10 11—4
Snyder	10 11 01—4	Thatcher	01 10 11—4
Rittenbury	11 10 11—5	Davies	11 10 00—3

Fourth match:

Park	11111—5	Rittenbury	11010—3
Snyder	01110—3	Dittrich	11000—2
Davies	01110—3	W. F. DITTRICH.	

CLEVELAND, O., July 19.—The badge shoot of the East End Gun Club to-day brought out a large number of shooters, and some good scores were made in spite of the strong wind blowing across the range. Twenty-five birds at 18yds. were shot. Sheldon and North tied for the first badge, the former finally winning it after a hard contest in the shoot off. Wherry won the second badge. The score:

Phone	1110101011110101011010110—18
Elford	1111011000101001011011000—13
Henschel	0100010100000100001110001— 8
Sweetman	1000101011100111010111011—16
Shelden	1110111011111111111011011—21
Shiner	0011011000011000000100100—10
*Elworthy	1111101111110101001111101—19
Brockway	1011101111101011101111011—19
B King	0110101000001010010100110—10
W Neff	1110000101101011110000011—15
W King	1101011011110101111110111—18
Harris	1111110110111010110101001—18
P North	1111101100110111111111111—21
Conger	1110010111101011110001101— 6
Maygo	1110011011010001100011011—15
Wherry	1101011011011011111011111—20
Byrnes	1001111101111111101011101—19
*Lewis	0011010110101001010100100—12
*Turner	0010011110000101101101111—14
*Angalon	0111011010110100011111111—18
Bishop	0011101011111110101111111—19

*Visitors.

The Cleveland Gun Club has accepted the challenge of the East End Club for a series of three matches, and they will be shot July 25, Aug. 22, and Sept. 26. The Clevelands requested that the American Shooting Association rules should govern instead of Chamberlin rules, and the East Ends have conceded the point. The shooting will be over three traps.

CORRY, Pa., July 18.—Willie Low and Blyde still hold the medals, although shooting at 20 and 22yds. rise, and their 24 and 23 out of a possible 25 cannot well be beaten at that distance. Following are the scores in detail at keystone rules, Keystone rules:

Willie Lew	1111111111111111111101111—24
Blydenburg	1111111111011111111111111—23
Laurie	1111111111101111111111011—23
Austin	1111110111011011011111110—21
H Arnold	0110111011111011111111071—20
Oliver	1011010001101111111111110—18
Dunbar	1101111110111011001110011—18
Blydenburg, Jr	1110111010111011010111101—18
Ward	1101001110111011111010100—17
Swan	0111101001011100111111101—16
M Arnold	1000110110111010011111101—16
Tyler	1110000101111010001011011—15
Van Vleck	0101110101101101011001—15
Edwards	1000110011111111010001000—15
Blair	0001101010010110111111100—13
Berliner	0110100091010111011100011—13
Wetmore	1001010010010101001011011—12
Green	0011011000000001111101000—11
Starbird	1011000101101101010010000—11
Gardner	0110100101001010100001000— 9
Bentley	0000011100010000010101000— 8
Marsh	0101000101102000010001000— 7

GRAND CROSSING, Ill., July 18.—The Audubon Club medal shoot, at fifteen live pigeons, handicap, 80yds. boundary, Illinois State rules:

W P Mussey (31 yds.)	2121120110111112—13
R B Wadsworth (30)	1011210100021211—10
J E Price (31)	2112111112120222—14
H B Fox (30)	1112100211211213—13
Chas Morris (30)	2100001101212220—10
Chas Kern (31)	1100112221211223—13
Chas S Wilcox (28)	1012122221202012—12
W W Foss (30)	1120111101211202—12
C W Lapham (30)	2020112221221213—13
W L Shepard (30)	1211210212101113—13

EATON, N. Y., July 20.—Eaton Sportsmen's Club shoot. Match at 9 kingbirds, 3 traps, 18yds. rise, shot under National rules:

Richardson	111010110—6	Cole	111111010—7
Peet	111101111—8	Briggs	111011111—8
Fryer	001110103—4	Curtis	011010100—4

Match at 15 kingbirds, 3 traps, 18yds. rise, shot under National rules, for a badge:

Richardson	111001011001100— 8	Briggs	100000011111111— 9
Peet	111111111111111—15	Short	010000000100001— 3
Fryer	001110111111111—14	Curtis	110111011111011—12
Cole	111101011010010—10		

WASHINGTON HEIGHTS CLUB.—New York, July 20.—A pigeon shooting match took place this afternoon on the grounds of the Washington Heights Gun Club, at 167th street, near Tenth avenue, for a purse of $500, the winner taking $300, second $150, third man $50 and the fourth contestant paying all expenses. The competitors were C. H. Preyer, Dr. A. B. Amabile, M. Fortunato and C. R. Terwilliger. The conditions were 21yds. rise, both barrels, at 20 birds, and Preyer easily secured the first prize by killing 17 out of 20 birds. Terwilliger came next with only seven misses, and Dr. Amabile was unfortunate enough to earn the distinction of defraying the day's expenses by missing 15 out of 20. The score was as follows:

Preyer	0101111011111111111—17
Terwilliger	0111111101101010100—13
Fortunato	1001110001110000100— 9
Amabile	0000000100000101010— 5

After the match an open sweepstakes was shot for, with the following result: Terwiliger 4, Preyer 3, Fortunato 3, Male 3 and Gutterding 0. The tie for second money was shot off at one bird each and resulted in favor of Mr. Preyer.

COAHOMA GUN CLUB.—The brotherhood of sportsmen of Clarksdale, Miss., have organized a club with the style and title of the Coahoma Gun Club with the following roster: T. G. Dabney, President; J. R. Coat, Secretary and Treasurer; J. P. Riley, W. C. Deavors, A. B. Carruther, Frank McCroy, W. P. Wildberger, R. H. Wildberger, A. M. Littlejohn, M. M. Daily, J. W. Cutrer, E. R. Kilpatrick, P. A. Dolan, A. Kirstine, Walter Clark, N. L. Leaval, W. A. Todd. The objects of the above organization are those common to similar ones elsewhere, including the promotion of the preservation of game. We hope to send FOREST AND STREAM some good scores on bluebirds, etc.—T. G. DABNEY, President.

Every week we are obliged to defer to the next week trap scores which come in too late for publication in the current issue. It is particularly requested that scores be sent us as early as possible.

WELLINGTON, Mass., July 20.—There was a fair attendance at the grounds of the Wellington Club to-day, and some good scores were made in the silver pitcher match. In this match, at eight clay pigeons and seven bluerocks, Chase won with a clean score of 15. The other scores were: Melcher 13, Savage and Roxton 12, Moore, Snow and Schaefer 11, Sanborn 10, Bradstreet, Stone, Pomphrey and Baxter 9.

In the Merchandise Badge match, Roxton, Bradstreet, Warren, Melcher and Snow tied with 13 each. The other scores were: Nichols, Savage and Field 12, Chase, Schaefer and Savage 11, Pomphrey and Sanborn 10, Stone 9.

The winners of the sweepstakes matches follow:

First event, seven bluerocks—Chase and Roxton 7, Melcher, Snow and Schaefer 6, Sanborn and Savage 5, Bradstreet and Pomphrey 4. Second event, eight clay pigeons—Chase 8, Melcher, Moore and Savage 7, Field 6, Sanborn and Snow 5. Third event, six clay pigeons—Sanborn, Field and Pomphrey 6, Bradstreet, Cowee, Snow and Roxton 4, Moore, Schaefer and Baxter 4, Stone and Savage 3. Fourth event, five clay pigeons—Roxton, Bradstreet and Cowee 5, Warren, Field and Nichols 4, Schaefer and Sanborn 3, Baxter 2. Fifth event, five clay pigeons—Warren, Savage and Melcher 5, Bradstreet, Cowee, Baxter and Snow 4, Schaefer 3, Stone 2. Sixth event, six bluerocks—Roxton 6, Bradstreet 5, Chase, Field and Nichols 4, Warren and Savage 3. Seventh event, five pairs bluerocks—Schaefer 9, Bradstreet, Field and Nichols 8, Snow and Chase 7. Eighth event, five clay pigeons—Roxton and Snow 5, Baxter 4, Moore 2. Ninth event, six bluerocks—Sanborn 6, Field and Schaefer 5, Pomphrey 4. Tenth event, ten clay pigeons—Schaefer, Baxter and Field 9, Pomphrey and Moore 8, Sanborn, Warren, Nichols and Melcher 7. Eleventh event, six bluerocks—Bradstreet, Field and Schaefer 6, Roxford, Sanborn and Moore 5. Stone, Baxter, Nichols and Savage 4.

CINCINNATI, July 20.—Al Bandle, who is matched to shoot J. L. Winston a 100 live-bird match at St. Louis, Wednesday, July 24, will leave with a delegation of local shooters to-morrow night. He will stop at Belleville, Ill., the guest of the gun club there, and on Tuesday will shoot at 100 live birds in practice for his big event. The betting on the result, which was even two weeks ago, has now turned to odds in favor of Bandle, this owing, perhaps, to the latter's fine shooting in practice the last two weeks. The shot will take place at the Compton Avenue Ball Park, and will be at 100 single live pigeons, under London Gun Club rules, 31yds. rise, birds to be sprung from 5 ground traps, and the stake to be $250 a side and expenses. The confidence Cincinnati shooters lay in Bandle, their champion, will make the aggregate Cincinnati money number in the thousands. Mr. Edwin Taylor, an old-timer and experienced live-bird shot, will coach and look out for Bandle's interest on the occasion, and steer him on the way to victory and the mighty dollars of the hungry St. Louis pigeon-shooters. Bandle has a hard race before him, but he has had harder ones and won them, and all the boys here think a victory for him certain.

SOUTH SIDE GUN CLUB.—At the regular semi-annual meeting of the South Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., the following gentlemen were elected members of the governing committee: J. R. Burnett, Oswald von Lengerke, Asa Whitehead, I. H. Terrill and W. R. Hobart. The committee elected J. R. Burnette president and W. R. Hobart secretary and treasurer. Members on roll 58. The third shoot of the club will be held on Wednesday, July 31, beginning at 10 o'clock A. M. The programme consists of 10 events as follows: 10 clays, 5 pairs clays, 10 hats, 5 pairs hats, 15 bluerocks, 5 pairs bluerocks, 10 bluerocks, 20 bluerocks, 10 clays, 10 clays. The shooting will be under club rules, and prizes will be divided into 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. of the sweepstakes. Shooting will go on rain or shine. An invitation is extended to sportsmen generally.

BROOKLYN, July 19.—The New York German Gun Club, the majority of whom reside in Brooklyn, combine their shooting with a good social time. To-day the members held their mid-summer shoot at Dexter's Park, Jamaica Plank Road. Seventeen went to the traps to shoot for the gold medal of the club; conditions, 10 birds each, club handicap. F. Pfaender, 30yds. rise, killed all his birds and won the badge. G. Boesenecker 7, H. Sauter 8, J. Schlicht 8, H. Greiner 3, F. Frazer 4, G. Goeritz 9, J. Lucas 8, P. Hassinger 9, P. Garms, Jr., 9, H. Bonden 7, P. Garms, Sr., 6, J. Corwein 5, Dr. Cantrell 5, H. Dannefelser 9, P. Klein 7, F. Praender 10, J. Haff 7. Referee, Capt. H. Sauter.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

C. B. S., Elmira, N. Y.—For seasons see our game columns.

T. P. F. AYLMER.—If not too bad, a wire scratch brush will remedy it.

STAMFORD (CONN.) ROD AND GUN CLUB.—We have a letter for the president of this club.

G. C. B., New York.—We know of no yacht with such a name about New York or Boston.

P. J. F.—For codfish use stout line, small cod hook, heavy sinker, and bait with clam, soft crab or menhaden.

W. J. S.—In our Trajectory Tests, the .40-60-210 Winchester gave for 200yds. range a trajectory of 1.151in. at 100yds. No Winchester .38 was tried, but a Marlin .38-55-255 gave for the same distance 11.617in.; a Remington-Hepburn .38-50-320 gave 12.408in.; a Bullard .38-45-190 gave 12.691in.; and a Stevens .38-40-145 gave 13.588in. See full report of Trajectory Test, price 50 cents.

J. D. B., Roselle, N. J.—1. Is it against the law to catch trout and pickerel in Maine during September and October? 2. Is it against the law to shoot deer, caribou, moose and partridges during September and October? Ans. 1. The Maine trout season will close Sept. 30, except in St. Croix River and tributaries and in Kennebec county, where it will close on Sept. 14, and in Misery and Saccatieu, emptying into Moosehead Lake, Sept. 9. No law on pickerel. 2. Season for moose, deer and caribou will open Oct. 1. Partridge shooting Sept. 1 to Nov. 30 inclusive.

A. J.—The Creedmoor targets are divided into three classes of the following sizes: 1. Third class, to be used at all distances up to and including 300yds., target 4×6ft.; bullseye 8in. in diameter, center 26in., inner 46in., outer remainder of target. 2. Second class, to be used at all distances over 300 to and including 600yds., target 6×6ft.; bullseye 22in. in diameter, center 38in., inner 54in., outer remainder of target. Third class, to be used at all distances over 600yds., target 6×12ft.; bullseye 36in., center 54in., inner, square, 6×6ft., outer remainder of target. Bullseye counts 5, center 4, inner 3, outer 2.

E. A. B.—Will you please inform me whether it is necessary for a person shooting in the State of New Jersey to belong to a shooting club or game association of that State? Ans. The New Jersey law requires that non-residents of the State shall not fish and shoot "without complying with the by-laws of the game protective societies, organized, or to be organized, under the laws of this State;" and a penalty of $50 is provided. This is interpreted by the societies to mean that a non-resident must before fishing or shooting become a member of one of the societies, and take out a certificate to that effect; and persons have been arrested for not doing this; and they have paid their fines on the principle that it was cheaper to pay than to fight.

M. M., Ripley, O.—My pug dog was bred by Mr. John Green, of Liverpool, Eng., and is registered in the A. K. R. No. 5756. My pug bitch Vixen (A.K.R. 3958) was bred by Geo. Gillivan, West Jefferson, O.; sire, champion Bradford Ruby; dam, Flossy (A.K.R. 2250). Now, the secretary of the American Kennel Club refuses to register pups from this pair. He also refuses to register my dog Christy and bitch Vixen, although the sire and dam are registered in the A.K.C.S.B., which, according to their first condition, entitles her to registry. My dog being imported, his sire and dam would not be registered in the A.K.C.S.B., as per Condition First. But I furnished him the pedigree as given me when I bought him, extending back three generations in England, as per Condition Second. Are they not entitled to registry? Ans. Vixen is eligible, as her sire is already registered, No. 4970, and her dam also, No. 4450. If, as you state, you have furnished the pedigree of Christy for three generations, he is also eligible.

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nanit," "Gloan," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybillene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1887-88.

Commodore: H. C. ROGERS ..... } Peterborough, Can.
Secretary-Treasurer: GEO. W. HATTON } Peterborough, Can.

	Vice-Com.	*Rear-Com.*	*Purser.*
Central Div.	W. R. Huntington.	E. W. Masten	T. H. Stryker, Rome, N. Y.
Atlantic Div.	W. P. Stephens	L. B. Palmer	F. L. Dunnell, 186 Jerolemon St., Brooklyn.
N'thern Div.	Robert Tyson	S. S. Robinson	Colin Fraser, Toronto.
Eastern Div.	J. Arthur Gage	A. S. Putnam	Ralph F. Brazer.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of $2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year. Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay $1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division.

Persons residing in any Division and wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore—J. R. Bartlett, Fremont, Ohio.
Vice-Commodore—D. H. Crane, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore—C. J. Stedman, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Secretary-Treasurer—O. H. Root, Cleveland, Ohio.
Executive Committee—C. J. Bousfield, Bay City, Mich.; T. P. Gaddis, Dayton, O.; T. J. Kirkpatrick, Springfield, O.

FIXTURES.

JULY.

18-29. W.C.A. Meet, Ballast Pd.
27. Yonkers, Annual, Yonkers.

AUGUST.

—. Pequot Meet, Thimble Islands.
7-23. A. C. A. Meet, Sugar Island. St. Lawrence River.

SEPTEMBER.

2. Arlington, Annual, Arlington, N. J.
7. Puritan, Record Races, No. 5.
14. Ianthe, Annual, Newark.
7. Brooklyn, Annual, postponed.

THE ATLANTIC DIVISION MEET, JULY 13-22.

THE second annual meet of the Atlantic Division was held last week at the mouth of Cheesequake Creek, on Raritan Bay, in New Jersey, the camp beginning on Saturday and continuing through the following week. Last year, the first of the new division, no permanent camp was made, a cruising meet being substituted, but this season it was decided to spend the whole time in camp. Cheesequake Creek was selected on account of its central and easily accessible position, between New York and Philadelphia and on the line of the leading railways. The camp site was located along the side of a high sandy bluff, the tents of the Brooklyn, Ianthe and Arlington clubs being pitched on the plateau at the top, the other tents about the slope and foot, and the canoes and shore tents along the beach, a stretch of clean yellow sand and gravel running for miles in either direction. The beach shelves so gradually that at low water a man can walk out over an eighth of a mile, but no trouble was experienced in laying out a very good triangular course for sailing and a straight course along the shore for paddling. The view from the bluff was very fine, Perth Amboy perched on a hill a couple of miles away on the west, the green hills and picturesque shores of Staten Island to the north, and further away the Lower Bay and Coney Island; while the races could be viewed to perfection.

The camp was formally opened on July 13, by Rear-Com. L. B. Palmer, of the Ianthe C. C., in the absence of the vice-commodore, and during the day canoeists came in from all points, a small steamer being secured to run between Perth Amboy and the camp each day. A number of canoeists from New York and Brooklyn pitched their tents and came from the city every night, returning to business in the morning. Among the clubs represented were the Arlington, Brooklyn, Bayonne, Hoboken, Ianthe, Crescent, a new club lately organized at Greenville, on Newark Bay, Knickerbocker, New York, Paterson, Red Dragon, Perth Amboy, Hartford and Yonkers. The first part of the week was spent in sailing and preparing for the races which took place on Friday and Saturday, under the direction of Messrs. Schuyler and Quick, the regatta committee. On Friday Ex-Vice-Com. Stanton reached camp in his cutter Vandal, but was obliged to anchor well off shore, the yacht drawing 6ft. On Saturday he dressed ship in honor of the occasion. Mr. Vaux sailed down in his canoe yawl Penguin, while Mr. Cox, of Newark, came in a curious canoe cutter, a craft of canoe build, but with an overhang aft and drawing over 2ft. A number of sneakboxes and a St. Lawrence skiff made up the list of unclassified boats. Among the new boats were the Atom, Mr. Vaux's handsome Everson racer, Rear-Com. Palmer's new Rushton, Cigarette, a handsome new boat by Wignall, of Philadelphia, modelled after the Fly, and Siren, a very nice specimen of amateur boat building by Mr. O. F. Coe.

The races were held on Friday and Saturday, the weather being fair and a good breeze blowing on each day. The unlimited sailing was the most exciting of all, the three rounds being very closely contested by Messrs. Forrest and Vaux. There were ten starters, the course being 4½ miles, the wind fresh N.W. and the tide a strong ebb offshore by the outer buoy. Mr. Vaux fouled the flag as he started, coming to the line a little too soon and recrossing, being last over except Mr. Palmer, who was very late in getting away. Dimple led at the start, a free reach, but Atom worked up through the fleet and nearly caught the leader in the windward work on the second leg, leading Dimple on the run in. They came for the buoy at the end of the second round with Atom a length ahead, but outside, and as she was compelled to give room at the buoy Dimple cut in ahead of her, making a neat jibe and taking the lead on the last round. On the third round Atom was very close to Dimple, but failed to catch her. Ianthe started so far in the rear that she was not in with the others. She carried 135ft. of sail, much more than any other. Nenemooska sailed a good race, finishing third. The special cruising race was won by Mr. Cox in a Canadian canoe fitted for sailing, with decks and centerboard. As usual, the large craft and unclassified canoes did not enter, only three starting. The hurry-scurry race was a novelty, all the contestants wading out to the canoes after a foot race on the beach, there not being depth enough to make it necessary to swim. On Saturday afternoon Mr. J. L. Kearney, of Perth Amboy, sailed over with a boatload of pretty girls and all the materials for a clambake, which was held on the beach after the races.

In the evening the annual meeting was held about the campfire, with Vice-Com. Stephens presiding. The division officers were elected for the following year as follows: Vice-Com., M. V. Brokaw, Brooklyn C. C.; Rear Com., Irving V. Dorland, Arlington C. C.; Purser, W. R. Haviland, Yonkers C. C. Executive Committee, Messrs. Henry La Motte, of Philadelphia, and F. W. Kitchell, of Perth Amboy. A resolution to the Executive Committee recommending that the number of members necessary to the establishment of a new division be reduced from 100 to 50 was introduced by Mr. R. J. Wilkin and carried. The prizes were presented by the chairman of the Regatta Committee, Mr. Schuyler. Some very good music was furnished by a quartette from the Yonkers C. C. and the rest of the evening was spent very pleasantly over some big watermelons. On Sunday a number of the canoeists started to cruise home and the meet was practically concluded. It was in every way a success and promises well for a large A. C. A. meet in the division next year. The full summary of the races is as follows:

Event 1. Paddling, Class I.—One and one-third miles:

Scout	B. Palmer	Ianthe	2
Sybil	O. T. Conner	Ianthe	6
Atom	W. L. Dudley	Washington	5
Baby Essex	G. L. Metze	Hoboken	7
Minx	W. R. Burling	Ianthe	1
Valesca	H. M. Kreamer	Red Dragon	3
Dimple No. 3	Geo. C. Forrest	Hartford	
Wind	Geo. Douglass	Ianthe	4

Event 2. Paddling, Classes II. and III.—One mile:

Brunonia	C. D. Cooke	Paterson	5
Sybil	W. R. Burling	Ianthe	1
Atom	W. L. Dudley	Washington	3
Valesca	H. M. Kreamer	Red Dragon	4
Thetis	D. M. Bond	Red Dragon	2
Wind	W. F. Marvin	Ianthe	6

Event 4. Tandem Paddling—One mile:

Valesca	Kreamer and Bond	Red Dragon	1
Anita	Stewart and Conner	Ianthe	2
Naiad	Place and Dorland	Arlington	3

Event 3. Paddling, Class IV.—One mile:

Dimple No. 3	Geo. C. Forrest	Hartford	4
Sybil	O. F. Coe	Crescent	3
Valesca	H. M. Kreamer	Red Dragon	1
Thetis	D. M. Bond	Red Dragon	2
Anita	O. T. Conner	Ianthe	5
Nenemooska	Geo. P. Douglass	Ianthe	Did not finish.

Event 5. Paddling Upset:

Anita	H. S. Farmer	Ianthe	1
Thetis	D. M. Bond	Red Dragon	2
Turtle	F. Place, Jr.	Arlington	5
Thetis	D. M. Bond	Red Dragon	
Valesca	H. M. Kreamer	Red Dragon	3
Atom	W. L. Dudley	Washington	
Nenemooska	G. L. Douglass	Ianthe	1
Anita	H. S. Farmer	Ianthe	4

Event 1. Sailing, Unlimited—Four and a half miles. Time 1.10¼:

Sweetheart	Geo. O. Totten, Jr.	Unattached	
Naiad	G. W. Cox	Newark	
Cigarette	F. W. Noyes	Red Dragon	
Atom	C. B. Vaux	New York	2
Ianthe	L. B. Palmer	Ianthe	
Sybil	O. T. Coe	Crescent	
Dimple No. 3	G. C. Forrest	Hartford	1
Lasata	G. L. Metze	Hoboken	
Sea Fox	J. Warnecke	Hoboken	
Nenemooska	G. P. Douglass	Ianthe	3

Event 2. Cruising Special—Three miles:

Ignaw	F. Place, Jr.	Arlington	Upset.
Sweetheart	Geo. O. Totten, Jr.	Unattached	2
Lasata	G. L. Metze	Hoboken	
Sea Fox	J. Warnecke	Hoboken	
Cynesca	R. Hart	Ianthe	Upset.
Anita	H. S. Farmer	Ianthe	
Naiad	G. L. Cox	Newark	1
Thetis	D. M. Bond	Red Dragon	3

Event 3. Sailing Upset:

Dimple No. 3	G. C. Forrest	Hartford	1
Nenemooska	Geo. P. Douglass	Ianthe	2
Sea Fox	J. Warnecke	Hoboken	4
Atom	C. B. Vaux	New York	3

Event 4, Sailing Maneuvering:

Nenemooska	Geo. P. Douglass	Ianthe	6
Brunonia	C. D. Cooke	Paterson	3
Cigarette	F. W. Noyes	Red Dragon	2
Dimple No. 3	Geo. C. Forrest	Hartford	5
Ianthe	L. B. Palmer	Ianthe	4
Atom	C. B. Vaux	New York	1

Event 5. Sailing Unclassified—Three miles:

May	E. B. Weed	Triton	
Anna	T. W. Peterson	Raritan	2
Tadpole	H. S. Farmer	Ianthe	1

Event 6. Combined Sailing and Paddling—Three miles:

Nenemooska	Geo. P. Douglass	Ianthe	1
Cigarette	F. W. Noyes	Red Dragon	2
Dimple No. 3	Geo. C. Forrest	Hartford	4
Ianthe	L. B. Palmer	Ianthe	3

PEQUOT CANOE ASSOCIATION.

THE third annual meet will be held at the summer quarters of the P. C. A., at Rogers Island, Stony Creek, Conn., 15 miles east of New Haven, from July 31 to Aug. 10. The programme is as follows:

Wednesday, July 31.—Making camp and getting settled.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday.—Short cruises to neighboring islands and mainland.

Sunday.—Services at 10:30 A.M. by the Chaplain, Rev. A. N. Lewis, rector of Memorial Church of the Holy Trinity, Westport.

Monday.—10 A.M. Paddling race, canoes, 1 mile, open race. 11 A.M. Yacht race, by classes, from stakeboat off club house, round Branford Beacon and return, open race, Herreshoff time allowance. 2:30 P.M. Sailing canoes, unlimited sail, open race, course from stakeboat off club house, round Inner Reef Buoy and return. 4 P.M. Tug of war, canoes, open race.

Tuesday.—10 A.M. Tandem paddling race, canoes, 1 mile, open race. 11 A.M. Yacht race, by classes, for members only. Course, from stakeboat off clubhouse, around Branford Beacon and return. Seawanhaka allowances. 2:30 P.M. Sailing canoes. Sail limited to 75sq. ft., open race, course from stakeboat off club house, round Inner Reef Buoy and return. 4 P.M. Upset race, canoes, open race.

Wednesday.—10 A.M. Launch race, classes 2 and 3. Course from stakeboat off club house, round Branford Beacon and return. Postponed races at any time during the day. 5 P.M, tournament, canoes, open to all.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday.—Short cruises and camp life. Camp-fire every evening during the week.

Class A, cabin sloops, 20ft. l.w.l. and over. Class B, cabin sloops, under 20ft. l.w.l. Class C, open sloops, 20ft. l.w.l. and over. Class D, open sloops, under 20ft. l.w.l. Class E, catboats, 20ft. l.w.l. and over. Class F, catboats, under 20ft. l.w.l. Class G, yawls, 20ft. l.w.l. and over. Class H, yawls, under 20ft. l.w.l. Class K, sharpies, 20ft. l.w.l. and over. Class L, sharpies, under 20ft. l.w.l. Class M, sailing canoes, over A.C.A. limits. Class N, sailing canoes, within A.C A. limits. Class O, paddling canoes, over A.C.A. limits. Class P, paddling canoes, within A.C.A. limits. Class 2, steam launches. Class 3, Naphtha launches.

Each boat competing in races must be manned and handled by the owner or some amateur.

For crew, one man may be carried for every 4ft. of loadline.

Shifting ballast will be allowed only in classes C and D.

No prizes will be awarded in any class unless more than one boat starts.

Programme for Cruise.—Starting from the Thimbles after the close of the meet. Monday, Aug. 12, Saybrook; Tuesday, New London; Wednesday, Greenport; Thursday, Sag Harbor; Friday, Thimble Islands; Saturday, disband.

A general invitation is extended to canoeists and cruisers to join in this cruise.

The committee includes Messrs. W. W. Cornwell, W. A. Borden and F. P. Lewis.

CORINTHIAN MOSQUITO FLEET.—The following order for the squadron cruise has been issued by Com. Smith: The Corinthian Mosquito Fleet will rendezvous in Echo Bay, New Rochelle, on Saturday morning, July 27, for its first annual cruise. The start will be at 9 o'clock, attention being called by a gun from flagship Hyacinth. The run will be to the Dorion House, Norwalk Harbor, starboard hand on entering; distance twenty miles. In the event of the weather proving against making this port, the fleet will then run to Indian Harbor Hotel, Greenwich, Sunday the fleet will start at 9:30 A. M., without gun. If the weather be favorable, the run will be made to George Hotel, Black Rock. Distance from Dorion House, eleven miles. Monday, the start will be at 8:30 A. M., from a one gun salute from flagship. The run will be to Thimble Islands. If the weather should prevent, after starting, the leading boat will, if possible, make port at Branford Point, three miles east of New Haven Light, and the fleet will follow. A prize will be given on each day's run, to the boat reaching port first (excepting Sunday's run). Dr. F. M. Wilson will present a prize to the boat judged to be the best all-around cruiser, to be rated thus: Safety 30, comfort 30, speed 20, beauty 20; total, 100. At the Thimble Island further information will be given as to cruise. It is desirous that the members make an effort to assemble on this occasion, as it promises much sport and pleasure. The new club book, just issued, contains a list of forty-five members, and a fleet of thirty boats.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Atlantic Division: W. H. H. Warner, Brooklyn; W. J. Wright, Yonkers. N. Y. Northern Division: John H. Buchanan, Charles Turnbull, and W. J. Milliam, of Galt; G. P. Benson and F. G. Hamilton, of Cardinal, and Capt. H. B. Mackey, Kingston.

YONKERS C. C.—The annual regatta of the Yonkers C. C. will be held on Saturday, there being the usual programme of races under A. C. A. rules. The races will begin at 2:30 P. M.

Stranger—"I say, Johnnie, is it against the laws to catch fish in that pond?" Johnnie—"Yes, sir." "But there's a police officer fishing there now. He wouldn't do so if it was against the law." "Well, it may not be against the State law to catch fish in that pond, but it's against the laws of nature, for there isn't a blessed fish in it."—*Yonkers Statesman*

A BUSY BOSTON MAN writes: I never take up a copy of FOREST AND STREAM without wanting to ask questions or make comments on a half dozen points in it; but I am so busy these things do not get written. Actually your paper gives me more unalloyed delight and rest and escape from care than all the others that I take.—A.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

JULY.

25. Miramichi, Miller and Call Cups.
27. Corinthian, Marblehead.
27. Beverly, Mon. Beach, 2d Buz. Bay.
27. Monatiquot, Club, Ft. Point.
27. Buffalo, Sweep, to Point Colburn.
27. Cape Cod.
27. Hamilton, 25ft. Class.
27. Quaker City Cor., Riverton.
27. R. Can., 20ft. Class, Toronto.
29. Detroit, 2d Pennant.
31. Pleon, Open.
31. Hull, Ladies' Day.
31. Cedar Point.

AUGUST.

3. Quincy, Open Race.
3. Buffalo, Club, Buffalo.
3. Sippican, Club, Marion.
3. Beverly, Marbleh'd, 1st Cup.
3. Lynn, Club, Lynn.
3. Cape Cod.
3. West Lynn, 1st Cham., Lynn
3. New Haven, Annual Cruise.
3. So. Boston, Mass., 2d Pen., City Point.
5. American, 3d Cham.
5. Dorchester, Open, Club.
5. Rhode Island, Club Cruise.
7. Pleon, 2d Cham.
7. New York, Cruise, Rendezvous New London.
8. Great Head, Moonlight Sail.
8. Miramichi, Vice-Com. Stewart's Pennant.
10. Lynn, Ladies' Day, Lynn.
10. Corinthian, Marblehead.
10. Monatiquot, 2d Cham., Ft. Pt.
10. Buffalo, Annual Cruise.
10. Hull, 2d Cham.
10. Cape Cod.
13. Detroit.
15. L. Y. R. A., Rochester.
16. Monatiquot, Ladies' Day, Fort Point.
16. Great Head, Cham. Sail off.
16-31. Quaker City, Cruise, Chesapeake Bay.
17. Great Head, Open.
17. Quincy, Ladies' Day.
17. Beverly, Marbleh'd, 3d Cham
17. Hull, Special Outside Race, 30 and 40ft.
17. American, Around Plum Island, go as you please.
17. Chelsea, Ladies' Day.
17. So. Boston, Mass., Pen. Sail off, City Point.
19. American, Open.
19. Detroit, 3d Pennant.
19. L. Y. R. A., Hamilton.
21. Pleon, 3d Cham.
21. L. Y. R. A., Toronto.
24. Lynn, Excursion, Lynn.
24. Beverly, Mon. Beach, 3d Open.
24. Larchmont, Oyster Boats.
24. Corinthian, Marblehead.
24. Hamilton, 20, 25, 30 and 35ft. Class, Whitewings Cup.
24. R. Can., Skiff Class, Toronto.
26. L. Y. R. A., Belleville.
26. Rhode Island, Open.
28. Pleon, Sail off.
29. L. Y. R. A., Oswego.
29. Cedar Point.
31. Beverly, Marbleh'd, 1st Open
31. Sippican, Club, Marion.
31. Hull, Cham. Sail-Off.
31. Quincy, 3d, Cham.
31. Chelsea, Club.
31. West Lynn, 2d Cham., Lynn.
31. So. Boston, Mass., Cham. Sail off, City Point.
31. R. Can., 20ft. Class, Toronto.

SEPTEMBER.

3. Lynn, Open, Lynn.
3. Beverly, Mon. Beach, 3d Open
3. Corinthian, Marblehead.
3. New York Y. R. A., Open.
3. Dorchester, Open, Club.
3. So. Boston, Mass., Open, City Point.
4. Buffalo, 3d Class, Buffalo.
4. New Haven, Ladies' Day.
7. Hull, 9th Open.
7. Beverly, Marblehead, 3d Cup
7. Larchmont, Fall Annual.
7. Hamilton, Cruise.
7. Miramichi, Miller and Call Cups.
7. R. Can., Prince of Wales and Lansdowne Cups, Toronto.
12. Beverly, Mon. Beach, 3d Buz. Bay.
14. Monatiquot, Open, Ft. Point
14. R. Can., 25ft. Class, Toronto.
14. Corinthian, Marblehead.
14. Lynn, Club, Lynn.
14. Hamilton, 20ft. Class.
14. American, Open to all boats on Merrimac River.
14. Chelsea, Club.
14. West Lynn, Sail-off, Lynn.
16. Dorchester, Open, Club.
16. Quaker City, Open.
21. Hamilton, 25ft. Class.
21. Beverly, Marbleh'd, Sail Off.
28. Lynn, Club, Lynn.
28. Buffalo, Club, Buffalo.
28. West Lynn, Sweeps, Lynn.
29. Detroit.
30. Quaker City, Review and Cruise.
21. R. Can., Cruising, Toronto.
26. Cedar Point.

THE YACHT RACE.

BY K. H.

A RATTLING breeze from out the west
Stretches like drumheads ev'ry sail,
Each wave beats like a muffled flail
Upon the glist'ning hulls that breast
The endless droves of tossing manes
Hurrying across the wind-swayed plains.

Haul taut each sheet until it sings
Like chords of an Æolian harp;
Now see the long bows, clean and sharp,
Rush forward, sped by tireless wings
That cleave their way into the wind
While long waves stretch away behind.

What grander sense of power than this
To feel the sea's strong shoulder pressed
Against the helm, as though 'twould wrest,
It from thy grasp; while salt sprays kiss
The wings that glance across the swells
And scuppers foam like boiling wells.

Ten miles to windward, cross and cross
The white fleet beats toward the mark,
While hemp and canvas strain. Now, hark
How as the glad waves toss and toss,
The bell-buoy breaks upon the ear
Its brazen note more clear and clear.

And now it mounts upon a swell,
Another reach and it's a-lee.
Now swirling in the heavy sea,
The leader turns, with sheets eased well,
And, the next moment, bursts her cloud
Of spinaker athwart the shroud.

Then like some downy, snow-white fleck,
She's blown across the blue expanse.
The fresh wind seems to pause in trance,
To those who stand upon her deck,
The seas to cease their headlong race
In homage to her matchless grace.

The breeze dies with the setting sun,
But not until the trembling air,
Ruffling the waters here and there,
Has wafted on its chosen one
Across a goal of gleaming gold,
And then the conq'ring pinions fold.

RACING AT MARBLEHEAD.

EASTERN Y. C. ANNUAL REGATTA, JULY 15-16.

IN spite of the great annoyance and disappointment caused by the absence of the outer marks on the first day of the Eastern Y. C. annual regatta, the racing as a whole may be considered a great success, as a good race was made in each class, and the wet jackets and cold rain of the first day were well paid for by the glorious weather of the second. The racing may be divided into four parts—that of the schooners, the larger single-stickers, the forties and the thirties. From the following list of entries it will be seen that, as usual, the turnout was but meagre, especially in the large single-stick classes, only Clara, Alga and Fanita being present; but the number and excellence of the smaller boats, as well as the close matching in the largest class of schooners, made the sport most exciting. The entries were as follows, those marked thus * not starting:

FIRST CLASS—SCHOONERS.

	Length.
Merlin, Col. W. H. Forbes	43.45
Sea Fox, A. Cass Canfield	91.43
Mayflower, F. T. Underhill	90.32
Fortuna, H. S. Hovey	94.25

SECOND CLASS—SCHOONERS.

Œnone, Col. Cochrane	79.60
Quickstep, Fred Grinnell	70.18
*Diana, J. C. Soley	41.60

FOURTH CLASS—SLOOPS.

Clara, Dr. J. C. Barron 54.90

FIFTH CLASS—SLOOPS.

Alga, C. A. Longfellow 51.83
Fanita, T. H. Shepard 50.80

FORTY-FOOTERS.

Verena, J. A. Beebe 47.00
Chiquita, A. Hemenway 46.88
Gorilla, R. P. Carroll 48.50
*Helen, C. A. Prince 46.20
Alice, P. D. Wheatland 47.00
Minerva, C. H. Tweed 46.07
Pappoose, Bayard Thayer 42.60

SPECIAL CLASS.

Kathleen, W. Whitlock 37.56
Saracen, W. P. Fowle 36.40
*Elf, W. H. Wilkinson ....
Harbinger, J. R. Hooper 27.10
Beetle, Curtis Guild 29.04
*Swordfish, J. B. Paine 29.80
Evelyn, W. D. Small ....
*Siva, H. D. Ward ....
*Duchess, Wood Brothers ....
*Crystal, E. J. Andrews ....

SEVENTH CLASS.

Ramona, W. N. & W. P. Bray 33.65
*Hilda, C. P. Curtis ....

The classes and prizes were—For schooners: First Class (over 75ft. w.l.), $250; Second Class, (over 50ft. and not over 75ft. w.l.) $125; Third Class (30ft. and not over 50ft. w.l.). $50. If three or more first class schooners complete the course, a second prize of $100 will be awarded.

For sloops, cutters and yawl: First Class (over 70ft. w.l.), $200; Second Class (over 61ft. and not over 70ft. w.l.), $150; Third Class (53ft. and not over 61ft. w.l.), $100; Fourth Class (46ft. and not over 53ft. w.l.), $75; Fifth Class (40ft. and not over 46ft. w.l.), $75; Sixth Class (35ft. and not over 40ft. w.l.), $50; Seventh Class (25ft. and not over 30ft. w.l.), $50. If five or more yachts in any class complete the course, a second prize of $25 will be awarded.

In addition to the regular prizes offered by the Eastern Y. C., through the kindness of Mrs. A. Cass Canfield the following cups were also offered for the best corrected time made by any yacht of the Eastern or Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., provided two or more yachts complete the course in competition for each: A cup valued at $250, to schooners of the first and second classes; a cup valued at $150, to sloops, cutters and yawls of the first class, third, fourth and fifth classes; a cup valued at $100, to schooners of the third class, and sloops, cutters and yawls of the sixth class and smaller.

Schooners of the third class to be rated at ⅞ their actual measurements.

The course was the usual triangular one shown in the diagram in our last issue, the start in this case being made to the S.W. of Halfway Rock, and the distance being: To S.E. mark, 12⅝ knots; thence to S.W. mark, 12 knots, and thence to finish, 11⅝ knots. The two outer marks were to be floats with a ball and flag on each, the S.W. being set ¾ knot E. of Harding's bell buoy. The full triangular course, 36¾ knots, to be sailed in either direction, according to the wind, was for all above fifth class sloops; the thirties and forties, as well as the 35ft. class, sailing out and back over one side of the triangle only. The start for the Canfield cups was timed from the gun, but 5m. was allowed in the start for the class prizes; the large schooners starting first, the second class 10m. later, the other regular classes 5m. after them all, and the special (30ft.) class 8m. later.

Sunday was spent quietly at anchor in Marblehead Harbor, a fine racing breeze blowing all day, and at evening there was fair promise of the best of weather on the morrow. At 4 A. M., however, a light rain began to fall, with the wind about E. by N., gaining in strength to a moderate breeze before the start and a lower sail breeze by the middle of the race. The fleet worked out about 10 A. M. and was off the start in good season. The signals on the judges' tug showed the S.E. mark as the first turn for the triangular course, and the S.W. mark as the outer one for the smaller classes. All hands were on the watch for a sharp start, and when the whistle blew at 11:15 the four big schooners came for the line on port tack, Fortuna leading, then Mayflower and Sea Fox, pushing each other, and Merlin last by a minute or two. A little later the two second class schooners, Œnone and Quickstep, crossed the line together, the former leading. Clara sailed alone in her class, but she was matched for the Canfield cup with the class below, Alga and Fanita. She and Alga crossed side by side, Clara to windward, while Fanita was a little late. Clara carried a working topsail, with small club on mast-head foot, and intermediate jibtopsail. Alga had much more than she should, with clubtopsail and jibtopsail, while Fanita staggered along under a single big jib. The small craft from the forties down started in another direction, having the wind so nearly abeam that it was a question whether spinakers or balloon jibtopsails were wanted, Alice and Harbinger setting the former and the rest carrying ballooners or No. 1 jibtopsails.

The schooners were soon lost in the mist, but as they hurried on Merlin gradually made up her lost ground, and finally caught the others. Mile after mile was sailed and still no mark nor tug was found, and after going some 4 or 5 knots beyond the position of the mark all gave up and started for home, the second class following their example. The three single-stickers, Clara, Alga and Fanita, had been making a good race of it, the narrow cutter gaining on the wider keel craft, while the centerboard boat was a poor third. Alga was handicapped by a clubtopsail which she was stiff enough to carry, but which held her back. Clara had a long lead about 10 miles out, when her topsail sheet parted and the sail was torn before it could be taken in. An effort was made to reeve a new sheet, but in a heavy sea it was a difficult matter, and she continued under lower sails. Alga started to lower her club to leeward and was soon in a box, with sheet and halliard started and the sail careening like a kite to leeward, but after a time it was safely landed on deck. Fanita held on for about five miles, making very poor work of it with her big jib, and at last turned and ran for home. Failing to find the mark and not seeing the leaders returning, Clara held on for about 16 miles and then ran back to Alga, hailing her to the effect that she was going home, but the words could not be heard on the other boat. Alga continued for a time, hunting for the mark, and then changed her course in the direction of the second mark. As soon as this was seen on Clara she too squared away and set spinaker and working topsail, the new sheet being rove off when before the wind. She ran for a long time in the heavy rain and dense mist, until finally Minot's Ledge Light was made out, when she came on the wind for the second mark. A heavy sea was now running and the wind was blowing very strong, so the topmast was housed. Alga was made out some distance inside of her, also on the wind. The pair sailed thus for a time until the Graves Buoy was picked up, nothing being seen of the mark for the very good reason that the tug had not set either raft. It was now late in the afternoon, and Clara was headed for home, Alga being still inside of her. The pair beat up past Nahant and Swampscott, Alga coming in a little ahead. On the long leg out to sea Clara had led Alga by about 10m. in 16 miles.

Thus far no race had been made, but the smaller craft were more fortunate, finding the Bell Buoy and turning that in place of the float, the leaders, Verena and Saracen, each losing a little time in hunting for the proper mark before determining to turn the buoy. The forties made a close start, Gorilla ahead and to windward, most of them carrying clubtopsails. Spinaker booms were dropped to port, but only Alice set a sail, and soon all were carrying balloon jibtopsails. The order at first was Gorilla, Verena, Pappoose, Minerva, Chiquita and Alice, but about 5 miles out Verena took the lead. When the lower mark was neared and it became necessary to take in kites for the beat home, the full force of the wind became apparent and the ballooners gave a great deal of trouble, getting in the water in several cases. Verena was first to jibe around the mark, the times being:

Verena	12 56 30	Minerva	12 58 07
Chiquita	12 57 10	Alice	1 02 30
Gorilla	12 57 10	Pappoose	1 03 47

Minerva had carried less sail down wind than any of the others and was fourth boat, a fact that troubled her skipper very little with 12 miles yet to go to windward in a strong breeze and sea.

Just after rounding Alice lost her owner, Mr. P. D. Wheatland, overboard from the counter, where he was at work on the mainsheet. As he had on thigh boots and oilers with heavy woolens beneath his case was very serious in the heavy sea. Those on board the boat were able to do very little to help him as she came around the mark in bad shape, but fortunately Pappoose, after leading Alice all the way, had been in trouble near the mark with her ballooner, so that Alice passed her. Coming up now a line was thrown from her deck to the struggling man, and he was drawn on board completely exhausted.

The story of the beat home is a very short one, simply that Minerva outsailed the centerboard boats so badly that no one questions the fairness of her victory, besides which she came through all right, while two of the centerboard craft, Verena and Chiquita, were seriously disabled in the sea, their boards being injured. Minerva made one long leg to Tinker's Island, then two short hitches more brought her to the finish, Gorilla, Chiquita and Verena each requiring three.

If Minerva's victory was a decided and undisputed victory for the keel cutters, the result in the 30ft. class was no less a point for the other side, as the two cracks of the class, the Burgess cutter Saracen and the Gardner cutter Kathleen, were badly beaten by a centerboard catboat, and in "cutter weather." Lest the friends of the sandbagger such as is known about New York and on all internal waters as a catboat should be too greatly elated, we must explain that this craft, though wide, shoal, and with a board, and by courtesy a catboat, is really a "morfydite" sloop, carrying jib, spinaker, and in some cases clubtopsail. The "Cape Cod catboat," of which several specimens have lately been seen about New York, is in a way the product of the Beverly Y. C., a part of whose races are sailed on Buzzard's Bay. The strong competition has had an effect on the local builders, and under encouragement of the club such fast craft as Surprise, Harbinger, Mucilage, Atala, A. P. E., Gymnote, Kiowa and Elna have been produced. These boats, though upward of two beams in length and of light draft, are necessarily able and seaworthy, on account of the rough water found where they are most raced. The rig, a cat mainsail set well forward, a large jib set on a long bowsprit without stays, a spinaker and a topsail, has very little top weight compared with a cutter or sloop, and is very handy, though the boats are hard to steer without the jib. Harbinger is 28ft. l.w.l., plumb stem and square stern, the latter quite wide. She has a large cockpit and a flush deck forward of it, with a good cuddy beneath. She steers with a wheel. In the last (full) Y. C. race Harbinger beat Nimbus, a well-known 33ft. sloop, and one of Shadow's rivals, by elapsed and corrected time; and on July 4, though handicapped by a collision which cost her a bowsprit and sent her jib under the keel where it fouled the board, she made a good race. Like most of her class Harbinger is ballasted with stone, which permits of a distribution of the ballast that is believed by the builders of these craft to be essential to speed and ease in rough water. She was built by Hanley, the builder of Surprise and Mucilage.

Ramona, in the 35ft. class, had a walk over, her opponent not appearing; but five boats started in the 30ft. class, Saracen, Kathleen, Evelyn, Beetle and Harbinger. Saracen took the start, with jibheader and second jibtopsail, Harbinger under jib and mainsail following. Kathleen evidently expected to carry a spinaker, but soon found her error and set a second jibtopsail. Harbinger tried her spinaker until the boom went in four pieces. Saracen gained on the run down, all having their hands pretty full in the heavy sea. Harbinger was next and then Kathleen, a little distance astern. After passing the Graves all hands turned to in good season to prepare for the beat home, the cutters housing topmasts, which put Harbinger, with small lower sails and no topweight, on more than an even footing with them. The times at Harding's Bell Buoy, which was turned in the absence of the proper mark, were:

Saracen	1 11 20	Kathleen	1 55 15
Harbinger	1 11 55	Beetle	1 21 15
Evelyn	1 15 16		

On the first long leg home Kathleen began to do better work and passed Saracen, running up on Harbinger when near Tinker's Island, and getting a good berth on the cat's quarter, both standing inshore on board tack. Then and Saracen had to go on port tack, off shore, to weather Tinker's Island, butting into the heaviest sea of the day, but to their great disgust the cat held her starboard tack around the island and in smoother water. Harbinger finished first, while Kathleen headed Saracen to the line, but was beaten on allowance. Beetle and Evelyn did not finish, the former springing her masthead and being towed home. The full times are as follows, as given last week:

40FT. CLASS.

	Start.	Turn.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Minerva	11 31 21	12 57 59	2 58 18	3 22 18	3 19 14
Gorilla	11 30 28	12 57 20	2 56 28	3 26 28	3 25 28
Chiquita	11 31 45	12 57 05	3 04 32	3 34 32	3 32 14
Verena	11 30 49	12 57 00	3 09 35	3 39 35	3 37 15
Pappoose	11 31 03	1 05 30	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..
Alice	11 31 55	1 02 25	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..

35FT. CLASS.

Ramona	11 32 41	.. ..	3 39 45	4 09 45	.. ..

35FT. CLASS.

Harbinger	11 36 19	.. ..	3 31 43	3 56 43	3 37 56
Saracen	11 35 40	.. ..	3 45 49	4 00 09	3 58 50
Kathleen	11 35 51	.. ..	3 34 56	3 59 56	3 59 05
Beetle	Disabled.				
Evelyn	Not timed.				

Minerva wins the cup offered by Mrs. Canfield, the corrected times being: Minerva 2:19:14, Kathleen 3:41:14.

The disgust and disappointment of the regatta committee and the yachtsmen over the conduct of the tugboat captain was most emphatically expressed when all reached the club house, and it is proposed to sue the owners of the tug for the loss. The club steamer, with a number of ladies and members on board, was out all day, but nothing in the way of a race was visible after the start. It was determined to sail the race of the larger boats next day, and Mr. Bayard Thayer, owner of Pappoose, offered a special cup, to cost $100, for the forties to try again for.

During the night the weather again changed, and the morning was fair and pleasant as any one would wish, with a nice sailing breeze from N.W. Again the fleet worked out to Halfway Rock for the start about 10 A.M., but several were missing. Fanita was not visible, evidently having enough on the first day, so Alga had a walkover in her class, but was matched with Clara for the Canfield cup. Gorilla's owner had left on the previous evening before the special race was arranged; Alice and Helen did not enter, and Chiquita could not raise or lower her centerboard after the hard race of Monday. Clubtopsails were barred on the schooners, but Clara and Alga each carried one as they maneuvered about the line. A one gun start was the order in each of the classes for the Canfield cups, the regular club prizes being given for the usual start with 5m. interval. The starting line was long enough and all conditions favorable, and the start in each class was very fine. That of the large schooners was by all odds the best piece of schooner racing seen for a long time, in fact the present was the only schooner race sailed this year which was worth looking at from start to finish. The four yachts crossed the line together, with an interval of 31s., while in the second class the difference between the two boats was but 9s, and with the singlestickers but 13s.

The course this time was the reverse of the previous day, sailing first to Harding's Bell Buoy and then to the S.E. mark, a tug; the two forties being sent off free to the latter mark first. The steam yacht Oneida was kindly offered by her owner, Mr. E. C. Benedict, to the regatta committee, and followed the race closely. The wind was quite light at the start, blowing W.N.W., with a little more weight at times inshore, and very light on the second leg off shore.

All went over on starboard tack, Sea Fox, Merlin, Mayflower and Fortuna, in order, Mayflower carrying balloon jibtopsail and the rest No. 1 jibtopsails in addition to balloon maintopmaststaysails. Merlin, being to windward on the line, soon drew ahead, with the Fox on her weather quarter, while Mayflower and Fortuna were busy with each other a little astern. The wind was stronger inshore, and all hugged in close to Nahant, passing well inside the Graves. Fortuna and Mayflower luffed out and finally took the lead of the others, easing off a little to make the mark, which was turned as below. In the second class, Quickstep had the weather berth at the line and held it for several miles, stopping all attempts of the larger boat to pass her to windward, but at last Œnone ran through her lee and left her a little. Clara and Alga also started close together, the former to windward. She gained steadily from the start, the pair taking a direct course for the mark instead of running inshore with the schooners. The forties went off in another direction, sailing for a time with spinnakers to starboard, but finally Verena lost her centerboard and was obliged to retire, Pappoose also giving up the race. The times at Harding's Bell Buoy were:

Fortuna	12 27 02	Œnone	12 50 21
Mayflower	12 38 03	Quickstep	12 52 44
Merlin	12 39 17	Clara	12 57 45
Sea Fox	12 40 43	Alga	1 02 00

After a jibe spinakers were set to port and Sea Fox at once gained on the leaders, soon taking first place. Quickstep, too, pulled up, heading Œnone, while Alga left on Clara. The times at the second mark were:

Sea Fox	2 43 33	Quickstep	2 57 30
Merlin	2 45 25	Œnone	2 59 08
Fortuna	2 48 33	Clara	3 01 15
Mayflower	2 53 15	Alga	3 10 24

Quickstep had broken the gooseneck of her spinaker boom and was delayed for a time in setting the sail, but still managed very handily to pass her rival. The last leg was, as it proved, a little more than a very close reach for all but Clara, the cutter jamming up for Half Way Rock on one tack, while all the rest made two and some three. Sea Fox held Merlin over the last leg, leading her in by less than 2m. Quickstep had the race beyond question with an allowance of nearly 12m., but she managed to win on elapsed time as well by a clever maneuver. Failing again to pass her to windward Œnone ran through her lee and ahead, but when the latter had tacked and the pair met again Quickstep crossed her bows. Both were now very near the line and Quickstep could not weather the rock, so she tacked just to windward of Œnone and sailed along the line, the other not being able to head her nor willing to go astern. When she was ready Quickstep came about and crossed the line, having forced her rival to keep on a little too far to cross ahead of her after tacking. Clara had not been held up as closely as she might have been on the first part of the leg and had to nip up to weather the rock, but she cleared it without a tack, Alga just missing it and having to make a hitch to get by. The full times were:

FIRST CLASS SCHOONERS.

	Start.	1st Mark.	2d Mark.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	Can'l'd Cups.
Merlin	11 15 55	12 39 17	2 45 25	4 21 38	5 05 43	5 04 50	5 05 45
Sea Fox	11 15 53	12 40 43	2 48 38	4 19 55	5 04 02	5 01 22	5 02 15
Mayflower	11 15 58	12 38 03	2 53 15	4 32 03	5 16 05	5 12 30	5 13 28
Fortuna	11 16 24	12 37 02	2 48 33	4 32 57	5 16 33	5 16 33	5 17 57

SECOND CLASS SCHOONERS.

Œnone	11 27 28	12 50 21	2 59 08	4 45 28	5 20 28	5 20 28	5 06 17
Quickstep	11 27 37	12 52 44	2 57 30	4 45 05	5 20 00	5 08 25	4 54 14

FOURTH CLASS SLOOPS AND CUTTERS.

Clara	11 30 34	12 57 45	3 01 15	4 50 34	5 20 34	5 20 34	5 20 34

FIFTH CLASS SLOOPS AND CUTTERS.

Alga	11 30 47	1 02 00	3 10 24	5 05 33	5 35 33	5 35 33	5 29 28

The last column gives the corrected times for the Canfield cups, reckoned from the starting gun of each class. The allowances in all classes were increased by ¼ as the race was sailed at a greater speed than 6½ knots. Sea Fox wins the class prize, $250; Quickstep wins the Canfield cup for schooners, the class prize, $125, and the Puritan cup for the year, for best corrected time over the course for yachts of the Eastern Y. C., with rig allowance. Clara is not enrolled in the club, but she makes the best corrected time over the course after giving the rig allowance to the schooners. The race was a fair one in every way, the Marblehead course, though liable like all others to calms and fogs, is beyond question the finest and fairest in the country, with a minumum of tide, deep water all over it, straight legs and little to break the wind. Sea Fox won fairly on her merits, after as fine a race as has been sailed for a long time. Merlin did well, especially when it is considered that she, as well as Quickstep, went through that most trying experience of new sails and gear in a N.W. wind. Mr. Burgess sailed on her in this, her first race. She is a wooden craft, designed by Mr. Burgess for Col. W. H. Forbes, and is 112ft. over all, 90ft. l.w.l., 25ft. 9in. beam, 9ft. 3in. draft, with a centerboard of the usual form, coming up to the deck. She is painted white and has the fashionable clipper stem and a single mosepole.

The honors of the second class go to the handsome little Quickstep, a new boat designed by Mr. Burgess for Col. Frederick Grinnell, and built in steel by Piepgrass. One is apt to be misled in judging of the speed of a yacht by the form of her topsides, but before the race Quickstep attracted the eye at the first glance as the handsomest in sheer and the fashioning of the counter of all Mr. Burgess's large yachts, and after the race she showed that she was as fair below as above. She is a centerboard boat, 65ft. l.w.l., with trunk cabin, designed for a fast cruiser, a very good type of boat for the purpose, and every way preferable to a single-sticker of the same size. The sheer is very fair and graceful, with but a moderate curve, while the counter is cleaner about the bulwarks than any of the older boats, with a marked improvement in appearance. She defeated her keel sister Œnone very easily, in spite of the difference in size, both on even as well as corrected time.

Alga, the rival of Clara for the Canfield cup, is also a keel, one of the new Burgess 45-footers. With her present rig, though by no means a small one, she cannot be called a racer in comparison with the latest forties, but is a fine type of boat, and it will be a great pity if the class is ruined by the racing fever and an excess of sail. Her present sail plan is but little greater than the last forties, some 200ft. less than Liris, in fact, if we are correctly informed. Her dimensions are l.w.l. 45ft., beam 15ft., draft 8ft. 3in. Below she has the best arrangement we have yet seen in any boat of her size, a fine cabin with a permanent berth built in on each side, with closets, bookcase, stove, etc.; a large after cabin, and ample room forward for pantry, ice chest, galley and forecastle.

Most of the forties are by this time pretty well known to our readers, but Verena is a new boat, an improved Nymph, the dimensions being the same, l.w.l., 40ft., beam, 14ft. 5in., draft 6ft. She is a handsomer craft than Nymph, both above and below water, and from her sailing thus far a great deal was expected of her. In the first race she moved very fast in the light air and held first place until she lost the wind, but in the second race she did but little, wrecking her centerboard in some way, though it was not discovered until the following day that anything was wrong. Her poor performance might be laid to some unusual accident to the board, but considering that her sister boat Chiquita, built last year, a deeper boat with a smaller board, also wrecked hers, the most reasonable inference is that in such powerful craft, with big spars, the centerboard is a serious element of weakness, and that in each case it succumbed to the strains incident to hard racing in a heavy sea. Considering the character of Minerva's victory over Gorilla as well as Verena and Chiquita, the honors of the race of Monday must go to the keel, while even making allowance for a fluke on Saturday Minerva has the Hovey cup and did some good sailing in order to win it.

Between Saracen and Kathleen there is evidently little to chose; the former was beaten in New York, on unfamiliar courses and among strange boats, by the latter, and at Marblehead the beating was reversed under similar conditions. Saracen is not only a well-sailed boat, but she is sailed by a small crew, only six being allowed in the Corinthian Y. C.; but this crew has sailed with Mr. Fowle for a long time in the old Saracen, and is well used to working together. Kathleen, on the contrary, has been handled in her New York races by a crew of ten, brought together this spring for the first time. The first race was a hard one in every way for the visiting boat—a tired crew, only a few hours to prepare for the race after a trying cruise, and a new and perplexing course; but the second race was much fairer. The honors are now fairly even between the two, and a series of matches would be very interesting; but it is doubtful, though Kathleen will be East for some time, whether she can command a full racing crew.

The question between the small cutters and the Cape cats is a very interesting and by no means a simple one. The two types are so far different that it is difficult to compare them, and it is also an open question whether they should race as one class. In weather where the cutters must house topmasts her small sail plan and light weight aloft is a great advantage, but how it would be when the deep boats could carry the kites that they are sparred and measured for is another question; or even what the result would have been on Monday had the course been a dead hammer to windward in the sea that was running.

The details of the racing, though in new hands, were this year very well arranged, and the regatta committee, Messrs. Charles H. Joy, T. Dennie Boardman, J. S. Fay, Jr., R. D. Sears and William S. Eaton, Jr., have nothing in the way of blunders or neglect of duty to reproach themselves with. The measurements and allowances for all courses were ready in advance, and the racing throughout was well conducted.

BEVERLY Y. C.—147th Regatta, Second Cup Race, Marblehead, July 20.—The club met with the worst and most aggravating weather on July 20 that it has yet encountered. It had been blowing hard S. by E. all through the previous day, and during the night was almost a gale. The day opened with a very strong S. by E. wind, a pouring rain and a very heavy sea; it seemed certain to be a repetition of Monday's weather. Only the heavy weather boats put in an appearance, everybody being soaked, but expecting a good time. Just before the start wind died suddenly to a dead calm; sun came out very hot, while ugly black clouds threatened a squall. Elf withdrew just before start, and the following drifted over the line, some with bows to port, others to starboard, it being absolutely a flat calm: First class, Saracen; second class, Swordfish and Marguerite; third class, Nerina, Wraith, Kathleen and Kiowa; fourth class, Dolphin. A breath from N. E. caught Nerina, Kathleen and Wraith, and sent them up a trifle on Swordfish. Marguerite withdrew. Dolphin seemed to gain on Kiowa, but it turned out that she was anchored and Kiowa was going stern first. After half the allowed time had run out and boats were two-thirds way to first mark, Nerina withdrew, followed by rest of third class. They held on but failed to make race on time. It will be resailed July 26.—X. Y. Z.

NEW YACHTS.—Lawley has finished up all of the spring work except the Owen 45, which is now in frame awaiting a purchaser. In the big shed is a 28ft. l.w.l. keel cruiser, designed by Mr. Burgess, a strong, staunch and roomy little craft with good headroom under a combination skylight and companion. Near her is a centerboard 34, with lead keel, hollow S section and hard bilge, the sheer outline being similar to Mr. Burgess's centerboard forties. The lead keel has also been run for a new forty, a centerboard similar to Verena.... Boyle of East Boston, is busy with a centerboard jib and mainsail boat for Messrs. Small. She will be 24ft. over all and 19ft. l.w.l.... Williams is busy with a 20ft. catboat for Mr. C. E. Turner, the keeper of the Bug Light.

GREAT HEAD Y. C.—The second championship regatta is postponed from July 17 to Aug. 16.

MINERVA.

THE leading feature of this season's racing is the new 40ft. class, and among the large fleet of new racers that adorn it the little Scotch cutter Minerva is certainly the most prominent thus far. The fleet itself, including twenty yachts of the same length, none of them over three years old, and all built for speed, has never been equalled in the past history of yachting, and while as yet the racing has not been as hot as it should be, and some of the boats have failed to enter more than once or twice, it is far more instructive and conclusive than in any class in the past. It is too soon yet to pick out the ultimate winner, but it is easy to see that Minerva stands a very good chance for first place at the end of the season, and that the boat which will beat her must begin very soon and sail very fast. Whether or no she proves in the end to be the fastest of the fleet, she is a most remarkable craft, and well deserving of careful study by all who are interested in the improvement of our yachts.

Two points about her are worthy of special notice; she represents the first serious attempt by a skilled designer to build a fast boat with a moderate sail area under American rules; and also she is in every respect an honest, strong and safe vessel, no sacrifice of strength being made for the sake of a gain in lightness. There have been many yachts in the past on this side of the water with small sails, and on the other side the narrow cutters have carried rigs of very modest proportions, but the whole tendency of American designers has been toward larger rigs and more powerful models, the winning boats of one year being simply larger on the same measurement than those of the preceding year. This is plainly shown this year in such craft as Maraquita, Tomahawk and Chispa compared with Baboon and Xara of last season; to say nothing of Liris, a still more extreme craft. With the same problem before him as that at which Messrs. Burgess and Gardner were working, Mr. Fife has sought a very different solution, and it would seem thus far with complete success. In place of great beam, 13 to 15ft., he has taken a moderate amount, 10ft. 6in.; on the same extreme draft, a little over 9ft., he has arranged his lateral plane in a different form; above the water he has been content with a moderate freeboard of about 28in.; and in place of 3,400 to 3 600ft. of sail he has taken but 2,700it. Assuming that the narrow boats of six or seven beams to length were bad, it has been the fashion of Americans to jump to the general conclusion that to be fast a yacht must be very wide, at least 5½ beams, and any one who has dared to insinuate that the new yachts, from Volunteer to Nymph and Verena, were too beamy, has been scoffed at as a "cutter crank."

As we have repeatedly pointed out, there is a very wide difference between the 15ft. beam of Galatea and the 23ft. 3in. of Volunteer; the 17ft. of Fanita and the 7ft. 2in. of Ulidia; and the 13it. 6in. to 14ft 6in. of the new Burgess forties compared with a narrow cutter of the same length. At the time when the close matches between the very narrow cutter Clara and the wide Cinderella were attracting so much attention (in December, 1886) we published a very handsome design by Mr. Will Fife of a moderate Clara, built to race under the New York and not the old tonnage rule, and with 11ft. 4in. beam in place of the 9ft. 1in. of Clara. There can be no doubt that such a yacht would be very successful here as a racer, to say nothing of her space, accommodation and economy of running, the sail area being about that of Maraquita or Tomahawk, though she would be 13ft. longer; but none of our acute yachtsmen or designers took the hint, it was left for Mr. Fife himself to put the principles of the design in wood two years later. How successfully he has done it is proved by Minerva's performances thus far, her merits being fully conceded by all.

The fact that the new yachts of all classes are too large and powerful for their length, too deep ,and too heavily rigged, has been fully recognized by all intelligent yachtsmen and designers for the last two years, and yet it never seems to have occurred to any of them to try a more moderate type of cratt. Proposals in plenty have been made to change the rules, but no one has cared to try whether anything but extreme beam and immoderate sail could win under the present conditions. It is more than likely that important changes in the rules will be made at the end of the present season, but in view of what Minerva has done and is likely to do it seems probable that less radical changes will be necessary than were at first contemplated.

As matters now stand, Minerva is as fast as any of her class under the New York rule, and able to give her time to them, but this is only half the story. If she were a mere shell or racing machine her speed might count for little, but on the contrary she is a remarkably strong and handy little ship, as her long voyage across the Atlantic has proved. We understand that Mr. Fife's contract called for the delivery of the yacht safely in American waters, and he evidently proposed to take no risks on light build or flimsy construction for the purpose of winning races. The frame is of oak, of liberal scantling, with planking 1½in. thick of elm, pitch pine and mahogany, the latter from the waterline up. The planksheer is of teak, and with the deck is 1½in. thick, while the bulwark is about 5in. high and 1½in. thick, capped with a neat elm rail. The coamings and deck fittings are of teak, and all remarkably neat and shipshape. The channels are of steel plate, the bowsprit is fitted with turnbuckles and legs so as to house in for one reef, as in most American forties. The turnbuckles are small affairs of gunmetal, on the outboard end of the bowsprit shrouds. The windlass is one of Reid's patent, and the mast is fitted with Pagel's patent mast winch.

If Minerva has somewhat less room below than some of the overgrown monsters which are compressed into a length of 40ft. on the loadline, she has ample and comfortable accommodations, and all that can be reasonably expected on the length. Entering the main companion, there is a space 3ft. long, by way of steerage, on the port hand abreast the ladder being a large toilet stand and bowl, with running water, with linen closet below; while on the starboard side is a large water closet. The after cabin has ample standing room under the deck, and is fitted with two permanent berths, besides lockers and closets, making a very cosy room. The main cabin has a good breadth to the floor and the usual arrangement of sofas and cellaret lockers, with closets above the latter for china, etc. In the center is a swing table, with room to pass on each side. The finish below is in mahogany, very neat and attractive. The fore part of the boat contains, besides the forecastle, a galley, ice chest and conveniently arranged pantries, there being ample headroom from the stem to the after bulkhead for the whole length of the boat. In material and workmanship, Minerva will compare favorably with any of the American forties; while as to her strength and seagoing powers, she has stood a test that few of them would care to be put to, having crossed the Atlantic under her own canvas in thirty days, from Fairlie, Scotland, to Boston.

We have heard but one opinion as to her appearance, all conceding that she is as handsome as any if not the handsomest of her class, both in hull and rig. She has a very long clipper stem with neat figurehead and trailboards, a long overhang aft, but so nicely proportioned that it does not appear excessive, while her sheer is straight forward and moderately curved aft, being fair throughout, and with no exaggerated features. The freeboard is low compared with the home boats of the class. The rig is the conventional cutter, but with laced mainsail and bar bobstay in place of the old bobstay tackles. Minerva's cost was probably about $5,500 at her builders, or under $6,000 delivered in New York or Boston. A 35ft. yacht of similar build and design would cost about $3,500 and a 30 about $3.000 on the other side.

Our reports of the races thus far show what Minerva has done, but we quote the following from other journals, whose views differ from our own on many points, and who certainly can not be accused of any partiality for such yachts as she. The Boston *Globe* says: "Minerva was doing wonderful work, outpointing and outfooting the fleet, and so much so that she crossed the finish line just 4m. 10s. ahead of her nearest competitor. When Capt. Barr was asked after the race how she did it, he could only say that she seemed to be faster than the rest and so won."

The Boston *Herald* says: "Minerva was showing what she could do in such a sea and wind. There she was marching out from the others, outwinding and outfooting them all. She carried her sail well, and, although she dragged her boom through the water at times, this did not seem to stop her. It was a grand rush, and the others were not in it under the severe conditions. Gorilla was beating Cniquita, and the latter was too much for Verena. Minerva outpointed and outfooted the centerboards. The order on the way home was Minerva, with Gorilla between her and Chiquita, Verena holding the leeward position of the four. Minerva crossed the line a winner, sailed to a handsome victory by the skillful hand of Capt. Charles Barr. It was no walkover, gained by chance or luck, but an honest victory, and one which means more than a dozen victories gained in light winds and flukes.

"Chiquita and Verena did not do so well as Minerva, and made one more tack than she did to reach the finish line. Minerva is a fast one, and she showed yesterday that, with her slack bilge and small beam, she could carry her sail better than the coarse bilge and wider beamed boats.

"In summing up the races sailed, a fair judgment would be that Minerva is a very fast boat and one it will be hard to beat. In strong winds and heavy sea is her best play, and if she is beaten, it will be in light airs. Her record thus far has been a remarkable one, and she seems to win all the cups that may be offered in her class, especially under yesterday's conditions."

The Boston *Post* speaks as follows: "Minerva sailed grandly. She went through the water very fast, and not only outfooted the others, but pointed better, and altogether made much better weather. The others seemed to sag to leeward, and made heavy work in the seaway. Two miles from Harding's, Minerva went to the lead, which she increased continually to the finish. On her first hitch she made Tinker's Island, and from there only two short tacks were needed to take her to the line, which she crossed nearly five minutes ahead. The other yachts could only make Tinker's island on the first hitch, and they were obliged to make three tacks before crossing the finish."

The Boston *Herald* of July 21, in summing up the races, deals with Minerva as follows: "Coming to the forties, one finds data and facts to work on. It will not now do to make the unreserved statement 'that Minerva will show up only in light winds,' as two most prominent yachtsmen have said, for the facts are strongly against it, and the result has proved that the Burgess or any other boats have a better chance against Minerva in light airs than in anything else, as the performance of Verena with Minerva in the race for the Hovey cup fully shows. Minerva is a cutter pure and simple, so are all the other forties, so far as rig goes, and they are in no particular like the old American sloop. Minerva is the first 40-footer that Fife has built for American waters, still she beats a fleet of a dozen or more of American design in the first month of her racing. To say that Fife could not improve on Minerva would be unfair, and not giving him due credit for his intelligence and experience in building this type of boat. By the wind, where the centerboard was expected to outwind the cutter, Verena and Chiquita failed, and came out, not only beaten, but disabled, with broken centerboards and part of bulwarks on Chiquita carried away. Close hauled they were not in it with Minerva. They could not lie so high and were not so comfortable or easy in a seaway. Verena was crippled on account of her board, and she was badly managed and handled, and allowance should be made for this. This much is known, however, Verena did not fetch as high in two boards as Minerva did in one, and Capt. Barr says: 'Had not our compass gone wrong, Minerva could easily have fetched higher than she did, because she could have been sailed closer.' The centerboards suffered with the keel-boats as to breakdowns, for none of the latter came to grief, while Verena and Chiquita met with mishaps. In no item or particular has Minerva an advantage over our forties more than the rig. On her weight aloft is everything, and every extra ounce of weight has been done away with. Her rigging is smaller and weighs less, and still is stronger than the American forties. She has a comparatively short lower mast, which measures four feet less from deck to hounds than Mariquita, Gorilla or Tomahawk; also a shorter bowsprit, less sail area and narrower beam. She has a snug lower sail plan, smaller than on any of our forties, while she has a larger topmast. Take her mainmast. It is smaller in diameter, her gaff is also smaller, and her spinaker pole is very light. Her topmast, though longer, is smaller than the American forties. Instead of having a knife edge on the lead keel, it is very wide at the bottom, and is full 20in. amidship. The lead keel is not put on parallel with the rabbet, but runs diagonally, thus lowering the center of gravity of the lead keel. Her mast also rakes aft. She has more outside lead, with the possible exception of Liris, than any of our boats. Thus far Minerva has shown up better than any of her class, though Liris and Tomahawk have yet to be heard from in future races."

Minerva is likely to sail in most of the races to come and if she does as well in them as she has thus far she will stand at the top of class in racing honors.

EASTERN Y. C. CRUISE.

ON Wednesday morning the united fleet of the Eastern and Seawanhaka clubs sailed from Marblehead for Bar Harbor, the immediate destination being the Isle of Shoals. To enliven the cruise Mr. Bayard Thayer offered a prize under the following conditions:

"A purse of $250 will be awarded the schooner in the first and second classes of the fleet, which shall make the best average record in the daily runs, with time allowance, according to the Eastern Y. C. table. During the cruise of the two clubs all yachts are to sail in cruising trim and to carry no more than the regular crew, but a pilot may be carried. Clubtopsails shall not be used. The first yacht at the finish shall anchor, so as to define with the mark previously agreed upon, the finish line, and shall time all yachts crossing it thereafter, including the 40ft. class. She shall show by day her ensign at the main truck, and at night her side lights immediately below her anchor light, the red above the green. Except as above the conditions shall be governed by the sailing regulations of the Eastern Y. C."

Mr. P. D. Wheatland also offered a cup for the 40ft. yacht making the best average record. The day was clear and bright, with a smooth sea, the wind being very light from N., working to the eastward. About 10:30 A. M. the Nooya, steam yacht, Mr. J. M. Sears, ran out of the harbor, in company with Dagmar and Radna, and anchored off Half-way Rock, forming a starting line. The signal to get under way came from Fortuna, Clara being the first yacht to leave the harbor. The three forties, Alice, Gorilla and Pappoose, soon followed; then came Hanniel, steam yacht. The big schooners Gitana and Dauntless were anchored off the mouth of the harbor, and both weighed anchor together, but it was a long time before either gathered way. Gitana finally worked out, but Dauntless lay across the narrow harbor for half an hour before she was finally filled away and moving. Meanwhile the little Burgess schooners, Monhegan and Viator, and the cutters Zigeuner and Medusa passed out, followed by Ruth, Mystery, Nebula, Vixen, Clytie, Fortuna, Œnone, Quickstep, Adrienne, Sea Fox, Crusader and Mayflower. The latter two left the fleet for the westward. Before the fleet, now in a long line from Marblehead to Half-way Rock, had crossed the starting line, a very violent storm of rain and hail came up, with thunder and lightning in abundance. A small centerboard yacht, the Mist, was capsized off Egg Rock, sinking and leaving her crew of two to save themselves by means of cork cushions, while the schooner Adrienne took a bad knock down, starting for Boston after she righted to repair damages. After the storm the weather cleared again and the fleet reached Isle of Shoals safely. Booth Bay was made on Thursday and Rockland on Friday, the fleet being detained there over Saturday by fog, and only reaching Bar Harbor on Sunday. Kathleen had stayed behind at Marblehead, but caught up with the fleet at Rockland.

CAPE CATS AND CUTTERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In looking over your account of Eastern Y. C. race of July 15 you seem to me unfair to the "big Cape cat Harbinger," when you say: "But she was inside the islands in smooth water out of the heavy sea."

Any one who did not see the race would infer from this that she had smooth water for a large portion of the race. Now, the facts are, Harbinger is at least 2ft. shorter on waterline than the others, has no overhang and a much small sail spread. All the boats ran 12 miles to Hardings over exactly the same course without any lee whatever, then had to beat back, a long and short leg.

The first long leg, just 10½ miles, took them to the outer end of Tinker's Island,- it was entirely open and the same for all. As the wind was parallel with the coast there was little or no lee to be had except behind Tinker's Island, which projects from the shore. Kathleen and Saracen tacked at outer end of island, while Harbinger held on through the lee of Tinker's in smooth water, tacking across the bar at inner end of island.

Now, Tinker's Island is less than one-third of a mile long; Harbinger had the advantage of the difference between rough and smooth water for this distance only. Boats now had to sail three miles to the rock. Harbinger's starting point being one-third of a mile nearer shore, but all were off mouth of Beverly Harbor and none of them under a lee. Saracen and Kathleen tacked again in shore, one-half mile beyond Tinkers, into the same water Harbinger had, but from Tinkers to Half Way all had to meet a heavy head sea. Harbinger got some advantage no doubt, but the race was won, bar accidents, long before she parted company with the others. Harbinger lost her spinaker in run out, getting it into the water; this did not help her. FAIR PLAY.

[As we were too far distant to see the end of the 30ft. race we were obliged to depend on the statements of others. Harbinger's performance in any case during the whole day was good enough to stand on its own merits, even though she had been beaten by the larger boats, and as it was she would have won on time, even though she had not headed the cutters at the line.]

DORCHESTER Y. C. CRUISE.—The annual cruise of the Dorchester Y. C. began on July 20, the first port visited being Portland, where a race for a $50 cup, offered by Com. Soley, will be sailed by the fleet of the Dorchester and Portland clubs. The fleet will spend about 10 days in cruising along the Maine coast and back.

NEW YORK Y. C.

A MEETING of the New York Y. C. was held on July 18 at Delmonico's with Com. Gerry in the chair, the following members being present: Ex Com. James D. Smith, chairman of the America's Cup Committee; Sec. J. V. S. Oddie, Edmund C. Stanton, Frederick B. Fiske, Stephen Peabody, ex-Com. S. Nicholson Kane, E. E. Chase, F. W. J. Hurst, John Hyslop, E. S. Auchincloss, William E. Iselin, R. S. Church, R. Underhill, John E. Brookes, Edward M. Brown, Chester Griswold, S. H. Nichols, John M. Wilson, John H. Bird, J. Frederick Tams, Robert Inman and L. H. Smith.

The following report and correspondence was then presented by the America's Cup Committee: The America's Cup Committee have the honor to report that the challenge made by the Royal Yacht Squadron, on behalf of the Earl of Dunraven for the America's Cup, has been withdrawn. To this herewith submit the entire correspondence. In their letters of July 16 to the special committee of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and also to Lord Dunraven, they felt it incumbent upon themselves to show that the last statement in the letter from the special committee of the Royal Yacht Squadron, viz., that "in the event of winning the Cup they would be compelled to insist upon receiving more favorable terms from a challenger than those under which they challenged," is a clear contradiction of the terms of the deed of gift, because it gives to the club challenging and to the club holding the Cup the right to make the match on any terms or conditions satisfactory to both parties; thereby giving the holder the right to make any concessions if willing to do so. We therefore submit that a lamentable ignorance is betrayed as to the nature and terms of the deed, or such a statement could not be made at the very moment that the New York Yacht Club was giving terms for a match different from those contained in the deed of gift. With this your committee's functions end, We ask to have our report accepted and the committee discharged.

JAMES D. SMITH, Chairman.
J. R. BUSK.
RUTHERFORD STUYVESANT.
WILLIAM KREBS.
PHILLIP SCHUYLER.
GOUVERNEUR KORTRIGHT.
ELDRIDGE T. GERRY, ex-officio.
LATHAM A. FISH, ex-officio.
ARCHIBALD ROGERS, ex-officio.
J. FRED TAMS, Secretary.

NEW YORK, July 16, 1889.

Richard Grant, Esq., Secretary Royal Yacht Squadron, London:

SIR: I am duly in receipt of your note of June 27, forwarding a communication of the same date from the special committee of the Royal Yacht Squadron appointed to decide any question that might arise relative to the challenge of the Royal Yacht Squadron, on behalf of the Earl of Dunraven, for the America Cup, and I inclose herewith a reply to the same, which please deliver to the committee. I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

JAMES D. SMITH, Chairman.

TO THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON.

NEW YORK, July 16, 1889.

DEAR SIRS: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of June 27 last through the Secretary of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and I note with great regret that you are unable to confirm the challenge of the Royal Yacht Squadron on behalf of the Earl of Dunraven for the America Cup.

The members of the New York Yacht Club and American yachtsmen generally were looking forward to the contest with much interest and pleasure, and will be disappointed at this result.

To correct the misapprehension which appears to exist in the minds of your committee and to prevent, if possible, the recurrence of the same, the committee of which I am chairman feel called upon to refer to the last paragraph of your communication and to point out to you that the new deed of gift, to the terms of which you object, expressly provides that "the club challenging for the cup and the club holding the same may, by mutual consent, make any arrangement satisfactory to both, and also any and all other conditions of the match," etc., so that, in the event of the Royal Yacht Squadron being successful in winning the cup, it would not be compelled to insist upon receiving more favorable terms from a challenger than those under which it challenged, and I trust you will pardon me for adding that my committee believe that if opportunity were given other objections to the new deed of gift would be found susceptible of easy explanation. I have the honor to be, dear Sirs, your obedient servant, JAMES D. SMITH, Chairman.

To Messrs. CHARLES BARING, JOHN MURHOLLAND, ALLEN YOUNG, C. B., Special Committee of the Royal Yacht Squadron.

TO THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN.

NEW YORK, July 16, 1889.

MY LORD: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 24th of June last. I have also received a letter from the special committee of the Royal Yacht Squadron, appointed to decide any question that might arise concerning the challenge made by them on your behalf for the America Cup.

You are doubtless familiar with the contents of this paper, and it was with profound regret that I learned from it that the special committee were unable to confirm the challenge made on your behalf for the America Cup.

American yachtsmen were greatly interested in the proposed match, and are much disappointed at the result, especially as at this period of the negotiations it was entirely unexpected.

The action of the special committee appears to be based upon objections to the terms of the new deed of gift, and as the only one of the objections mentioned by them is founded upon a misapprehension, I cannot refrain from expressing to you the belief of my committee that if an opportunity had been offered the difficulties in the way of completing the arrangements for the match might have been removed.

As it is, however, the whole matter has come to an end, as have also the functions of the committee of which I am chairman. I am, consequently, unable to say anything to you concerning other races to be sailed.

The entire correspondence will be referred to the New York Y. C. at a meeting to be held on the 18th inst., and I trust the suggestions made by you will receive favorable consideration.

I desire to express for myself and other members of my committee the hope that we may have the pleasure of seeing you on this side of the Atlantic during this summer. I have the honor to be yours very truly, JAMES D. SMITH, Chairman.

To the Right Honorable the Earl of Dunraven.

The report was subsequently modified by substituting for the sentence following "if willing so to do" the clause "and we fail to understand their misconception on this point," after which it was adopted and the committee discharged.

The following resolution, offered by Mr. J. F. Tams, was also adopted:

Resolved, That the New York Y. C. do not put up a special cup for competition in a match race with the Valkyrie, as suggested in Earl Dunraven's letter of June 24, 1889, to the chairman of the America's Cup Committee, but that all the club events be opened to him, and that the Earl of Dunraven be so notified by the secretary.

On a motion of ex-Com. S. Nicholson Kane, chairman of the Regatta Committee, that committee was authorized to spend $600 for cups as first and second prizes, to be raced for during the coming cruise by single stickers of the 70 and 40ft. classes; after which the following gentlemen were elected: F. L. Osgood, F. P. Sands, Henry E. Jones, Wm. H. Hollister, John Mason, Lansing Lamont, David J. Jackson, W. E. Pearl, John J. Kane, Wm. Butler Duncan, Jr., Richard Suydam Palmer, Mary B. Mollins, Hugh Cochrane, Paul Eve Stephenson, Fordham Morris, F. M. Jenks, L. W. Coe, Edmund Warren, Willoughby Weston, Henry A. Bishop, J. Edward Addicks.

A VERY POOR EXCUSE.—While no one disputes the fairness of Minerva's victories, it is said by way of excuse that she is in better form and is better handled than the rest of the fleet. Such an excuse as this is worse than a beating, and speaks little for the skill of the skippers on the other forties. Capt. Charles Barr, who commands Minerva, is a young man who has yet to win his reputation as a racing skipper, having sailed, we believe, three or four races in Shona in the past three seasons, besides three races in Minerva this year. There is no doubt that in his hands Minerva is kept in perfect shape, but it is too soon for the older and more experienced men in the other forties to admit that they are behind the young Scotchman in keeping up or handling their boats. In the Hovey cup race she was sailed for the first time by Capt. John Barr, of Clara, and she suffered at the start by setting her No. 1 jib and large foresail, neither of which had been tried on her before, and which, even in the light air, made too much headsail. She also carried a No. 2 clubtopsail at the start, doing much better later on when it was shifted for a No. 1. Some of the new boats have been seriously handicapped by the late dates at which they were completed, but there are others for which no such excuse can be urged, though not more than three or four of this year's and last year's boats together are yet in fair racing form.

ATLANTIC Y. C. CRUISE.

ALTHOUGH the carefully arranged programme of the Atlantic Y. C. was not carried out, some important changes being necessitated by the weather, the cruise was a complete success, a goodly number of yachts following Com. Hogan's flagship Cavalier from Whitestone to Newport. The original plan was to rendezvous at Whitestone on July 12, sailing to Black Rock next day, Saturday, remaining over Sunday, and running to New London on Monday, racing to Shelter Island on Tuesday for cups offered by the Commodore; thence sailing to Stonington on Wednesday, Newport on Thursday and New Bedford on Friday, disbanding there. The fleet gathered at Whitestone as per orders and sailed on July 13 with a light S.W. wind for Black Rock, the following yachts being present: Chispa, Gem, Arab, Mabelle, Fanny, Anaconda, Beatrice, Roamer, Athlon, Republic, Venitzia, Concord, Mouette, Cavalier, Fearless and Azalea. The run was a scrub race, each striving to be in first, though no prizes were offered. The times of arrival at Black Rock were:

Fanny	2 52 00	Concord	3 31 00
Azalea	2 58 30	Beatrice	3 23 00
Fearless	2 56 30	Arab	3 34 30
Athlon	3 01 00	Roamer	3 29 00
Chispa	3 06 00	Polly	3 33 00
Cavalier	3 08 00	Venitzia	3 12 00
Shamrock	3 12 30		

The flagship Daphne, of the Larchmont Y. C., with the cutter Oriva, now owned by Mr. C. C. Munroe, Nymph, Curlew and several others of the Larchmont fleet were at anchor, being on the club cruise. In the evening a ball was given at the George Hotel. Daisy, Stella and Olga joined the fleet here. Sunday was spent in port, service being held by the Fleet Chaplain, Rev. W. H. Thomas. In the afternoon several of the smallest yachts started for the Thimble Islands in order to break the long run to New London.

Monday morning brought such a storm from N.E. that part of the fleet decided to remain at Black Rock, but the little Chispa was promptly away when the signal was given, followed by Anaconda, Fanny, Athlon, the Cavalier, Roamer, Azalea and Venitzia. The wind and sea increased during the morning until Anaconda, after reefing, was glad to turn tail and run for Black Rock again. Concord also had enough, running back to the anchorage, while Fanny ran into Bridgeport. The Commodore finding the fleet so scattered put into New Haven and set the wires at work to find out how many were safe. Only two yachts reported from New London, Athlon and Chispa, the latter a forty, all the rest had given up and run to leeward for shelter. Athlon held on, though the weather was far from pleasant, and Mr. Lawton kept his little ship going under gaffmainsail when the big schooners Azalea and Fearless had had enough. The fleet was scattered all along the Connecticut shore, at Black Rock, Bridgeport, Morris Cove, Thimble Islands, Sachem's Head and New London, straggling into the latter port during Monday night and Tuesday morning after the storm had abated. Cavalier and Azalea had a private race from Morris Cove to New London, the latter winning. Gem and Roamer had lost topmasts during the cruise, but joined at New London after making repairs. The race to Shelter Island for the Commodore's cup was sailed on Wednesday, the start being made at 10:06 A. M. The yachts were close-hauled on the first leg, making several tacks to weather Plum Island. At times there was breeze enough to take the topsails off Athlon and Fanny. The full times of the race were as follows:

SCHOONERS BETWEEN 50 AND 63FT.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Correct'd.
Azalea	10 14 36	1 21 10	3 06 34	3 08 34
Fearless	10 11 00	1 29 15	3 18 15	3 15 25
SLOOPS BETWEEN 54 AND 71FT.				
Fanny	10 12 50	1 04 50	2 52 00	2 52 00
Athlon	10 13 27	1 23 19	3 09 52	3 08 28
SLOOPS BETWEEN 47 AND 54FT.				
Anaconda	10 12 20	1 07 45	2 55 15	2 55 15
Venitzia	10 13 37	1 51 10	3 37 33	3 36 19
Roamer	10 14 58	1 25 09	3 10 11	3 06 50
SLOOPS BETWEEN 41 AND 47FT.				
Concord	10 09 40	1 48 40	3 39 00	3 39 00
Stella	10 13 43	2 08 24	3 54 41	3 50 48
SLOOPS BETWEEN 35 AND 41FT.				
Chispa	10 07 15	1 15 09	3 07 54	3 07 54
Polly	10 09 12	1 48 42	3 39 30	3 39 22
SLOOPS BETWEEN 30 AND 35FT.				
Daisy	10 07 55	1 40 41	3 32 46	3 32 46
Beatrice	10 07 22	1 58 59	3 51 37	3 51 37
SLOOPS BETWEEN 25 AND 30FT.				
Arab	10 09 15	2 04 54	3 55 19	3 55 19
Mabelle	10 08 35	Not timed.		

Azalea beats Fearless 8m. 51s., Fanny beats Athlon 16m. 28s., Anaconda beats Roamer 11m. 35s., Concord beats Stella 11m. 43s., Chispa beats Polly 31m. 38s., Daisy beats Beatrice 18m. 51s., and Arab beats Mabelle.

In this, her first race, the keel forty Chispa made a very good showing with the large centerboard boats.

At 5:30 A. M. on Thursday the fleet was under way for Newport, the wind being very light. After noon it dropped entirely, and the yachts drifted nearly all night, Roamer, Anaconda, Fanny, Azalea and several others reaching Newport before midnight, and the rest straggling in next morning. A meeting was held on board the flagship, at which it was decided not to proceed to New Bedford, as the weather was bad outside, and the fleet was formally disbanded at Newport. The last event of the cruise was a race on Saturday from Newport to New London between Anaconda and Fanny in a strong N.W. breeze. Anaconda won. Cavalier and some others will go on to Bar Harbor, several of the yachts have returned to New York, and others are still about Newport and New Bedford.

RHODE ISLAND Y. C. ANNUAL REGATTA.

THE Rhode Island Y. C. sailed a very successful regatta on July 16, the third annual championship for cups in each class, as follows: Class A, the Low cup; Class B, the Flint cup; Class C, under 24ft., the Anderson cup; each cup to be won three successive times to become the property of the winning boats. A prize was also given by Vice-Com. F. P. Sand, to be awarded to the yacht in Class A winning under the sail area and waterline measurement proposed by Mr. Burgess. The courses were for Classes A and B from between judges' boat and signal off club house, to and around stakeboat off Gull Point, mouth of Potter's Cove, leaving same on port, and return to starting point, distance 20 miles; Class C, from between judges' boat and signal off club house, to and around red spar buoy off Nayatt Point, leaving same on port, back to starting point, distance 8 miles. All boats to go on channel sides of buoys, beacons and lighthouses, except that can buoy 1 mile south of Conimicut Light, and spar buoy north of Providence Point, might be ignored. The weather was clear with moderate N.W. wind, but quite puffy during the race. The chief interest was in the performance of the new Burgess 40, Awa, a yacht similar to Nymph and Verena. She only left Lawleys's a few days before, and was not yet completed. As she had neither spinaker nor clubtopsail these sails were barred by agreement with her rivals. The summary was as follows:

CLASS A.

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Correct'd.
Millie	44.10	12 31 45	3 01 07	2 29 22	2 29 22
Awa	42.10	13 32 43	3 02 14	2 29 31	2 27 29
Peri	38.06	12 23 35	3 07 43	2 34 08	2 27 06
Mignon	37.07	12 34 08	3 16 37	2 42 29	2 34 19
CLASS B.					
Diamond	26.02	12 35 43	3 21 18	2 45 35	3 45 05
Mascot	26.05	12 36 46	3 31 08	2 54 22	2 54 22
CLASS C.					
Faust	23.03	12 42 20	2 26 40	1 44 20	1 44 20
Victor	22 06	12 40 29	2 22 25	1 41 56	1 41 11
Gladys	22.01	12 40 09	2 27 02	1 46 53	1 44 40
Jessie	21.00	12 40 29	2 27 14	1 46 45	1 46 26
Arnold	18.09	12 40 51	2 36 17	1 55 26	1 50 26
Vision	18.05	12 40 51	2 35 08	1 54 17	1 48 51
Jaunty	17.05	12 40 50	2 40 32	2 09 02	2 02 14
Edna	21.09	12 40 05	2 27 42	1 47 37	1 46 14

Winners—First prize: Class A, Peri; Class B, Diamond; Class C, Victor; Sand's prize, Millie. Regatta committee, R. H. Carver, Owen L. Leach, Frank E. White, Wm. G. Brennen.

Peri is an old-style centerboard boat, built by Alonzo E. Smith, and is but 37ft. l.w.l. Under Mr. Sand's ownership she has been greatly improved, and is kept and raced in excellent form. Awa was greatly handicapped by new sails and gear and lack of trial. Peri would have won the Sand's prize, a handsome pair of marine glasses, but her owner was the giver of the prize, so it goes to Millie. The open regatta of the club will be sailed about Aug. 27, and will be open to the 40ft. class. Awa will doubtless be in fair condition by this time, and a race between her and the keel forties would be very interesting.

GREAT HEAD Y. C. CRUISE.—On July 13 the fleet of the Great Head Y. C. visited Marblehead, continuing on the following day to the eastward.

CANARSIE Y. C.—The postponed regatta of the Canarsie Y. C was sailed on July 20 over a 12 mile course from Canarsie around the Rockaway Inlet Buoy and return. The wind was light N.W. The summary was:

FIRST CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Kate, W. Tillotson	3 37 30	5 54 05	2 22 37½
Peri, W. Sheppard	3 28 04	. . . .	. . . .
Amaranth, P. Ketchum	3 39 40	6 00 50	. . . .
Ethel, A. Kalenbarth	3 37 20	6 00 47	. . . .
Edda, T. H. Jers	3 37 30	. . . .	. . . .
Yucatan, E. X. Kan	3 38 25	. . . .	2 18 55
Crygnet, F. Gallagher	3 40 50	6 00 30	. . . .
So So, D. Brinsley	3 38 00	. . . .	1 56 55
Clara D., W. H. O'Donohue	3 38 00	5 37 00	2 14 02½
Ajax, F. Ketchum	3 38 00	. . . .	. . . .
Amora, F. Wrischirg	3 38 00	5 46 20	2 07 27½
SECOND CLASS.			
Siren, W. A. DeLong	3 42 10	5 50 35	2 02 20
Sardine, H. Rigby	3 40 40	5 43 30	1 57 20
Bulkur, F. C. Ninderman	3 41 35	6 00 30	2 18 55

E. H. Brewn, Israel Fisher and John H. Isco were the judges.

RACING AT DUXBURY.—On July 20 the annual Standish House regatta was sailed in a strong S.W. wind, the times being:

FIRST CLASS—10 MILES.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Pearl, H. M. Freeman	17.06	2 04 12	1 21 51
White Swallow, E. M. Watson	18.09	2 20 00	1 20 00
Marion, J. M. Watson	19.02	2 01 50	1 22 10
Hildegarde, W. T. Whitman	19.02	1 57 50	1 17 50
SECOND CLASS—8 MILES.			
Carrie R., John C. Dawes	16.02	1 38 30	1 00 34
Ida B., F. H. Pratt	17.02	1 57 26	1 23 01
Kittie, L. H. Delano	15.03	1 57 18	1 19 53
Solitaire, S. C. Winsor	17.01	1 32 25	0 57 53
Mayflower, W. Porter	16.00	1 50 15	1 16 53
Ben Harrison, S. Richards	17.09	1 47 16	1 12 26
Myra, W. Beadle	16.03	Not taken.	
Henrietta, A. M. Watson, Jr	16.09	1 46 40	1 11 38
THIRD CLASS—8 MILES.			
Sadie W., W. J. Turner	15.01	2 01 35	1 23 53
Marie, Frank P. Speare	14.11	Not taken.	
Clear the Track, Oscar C. Hunt	15.04	1 53 35	1 16 19
Josephine, J. Burnes	17.00	2 02 25	1 27 45
Paul Revere, Clarence Smith	16.00	1 53 53	1 22 21
Jessie, I. Morton	15.03	1 53 37	1 16 12

In the third class the first and second prizes were not declared, owing to dispute in measurement. The judges were John A. Irwin, Sidney M. Hedges and Wm. J. Wright.

SOUTH BOSTON MOSQUITO FLEET.—The second championship race was sailed on July 20 in light and variable winds. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Skipper, J. R. Tufts	14.11	1 21 48	1 21 43
Minnie, J. Bertram	15.00	1 24 04	1 24 04
Sprite, H. M. Wells	15.00	1 24 24	1 24 24
Enigma, J. F. Small	14.04	1 26 10	1 25 26
Victor, C. A. Borden	14.10	1 26 37	1 26 26
Lucy, W. H. Ransom	14.10	1 29 02	1 28 51
Nellie, J. O. Leary	14.11	1 31 02	1 30 57
Nina, J. P. Bullard	14.11	2 00 22	2 00 17
SECOND CLASS.			
Grace, F. Borden	12.02	1 41 38	1 38 08
Sadie, F. W. Green	11.11	2 03 48	1 59 43
Baby, J. W. Bragdon	12.11	Capsized.	

The judges were Messrs. J. S. Barry, M. W. Ransom and W. O. Elliott.

SAVIN HILL Y. C.—The third regatta of the Savin Hill Y. C. was sailed on July 20, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
White Fawn, W. C. Cherrington	25.01	1 55 00	1 31 45
Merlin, A. C. Peters	22.08	Withdrawn.	
SECOND CLASS.			
Peri, Frank Driscoll	19 00	1 45 30	1 20 54
Jester, W. H. Besauck	19.02	1 50 30	1 25 55
Petrel, W. Briggs	18.00	1 54 00	1 28 14
Avis, I. H. Odell	18.09	2 01 30	1 35 17
Siko, A. McInnes	19.10	2 00 03	1 38 02
Elsie, W. B. Bird	17.04	2 04 30	1 38 00

The judges were Messrs. R. H. Rice, Frank Driscoll and E. P. Sharp.

ROYAL CANADIAN Y. C.—Club race, 25ft. class, July 13. Courses triangular; start from front of Town Club to south spar buoy, thence back through west gap past a buoy in front of Island Club; thence to a buoy half way between Gooderham's wharf and east gap. Distance 10 miles. Weather very wet and almost dead calm at start. Wind, none at start; a slight breeze from S.W. sprang up at 3:45.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mischief, F. Thomas	3 11 57	3 11 51
Kelpie, L. V. Perenial	3 07 30	3 07 30
Volante, C. Black	3 11 45	3 09 40
Brenda, A. A. Allan	2 57 30	2 54 27

Winner first prize, Brenda; second prize, Kelpie; third prize, Volante.

NEWBURYPORT RACES.—On July 20 the first of a series of races was sailed in a light breeze, the times being.

FIRST CLASS—10 MILES.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corercted.
Budge, Rogers & Darland	19.01	1 56 47	1 16 59
Vexer, P. J. Lowe.ll	19.10	1 59 12	1 20 23
Hazard, Pierce & Moody	23.02	1 58 36	1 24 25
SECOND CLASS—8 MILES.			
Gem, Woodwell & Beske	14.10	2 05 38	1 27 34
Cuckoo, W. Pitchforth	14.08	2 12 28	1 32 03
Maud		Did not finish.	

THE DOUGLASS YACHTS AND BOATS.—One of the largest and most comprehensive catalogues of yachts and boats that we have yet seen is that of the R. J. Douglass Co., of Waukegan, Ill., in which is described every sort of pleasure craft from a twenty dollar skiff to a fully equipped keel cutter costing $2,000 and over, besides a large line of steam craft. The firm builds every description of rowing boats, hunting skiffs, gigs, dinghies, racing shells and barges, besides which it has established an enviable reputation, especially in the West, for canoes, having introduced some very good models of its own, a number of them being of a class in favor on the lakes, from 33 to 40in. beam. The firm has made a specialty of one class of boat that is a branch of its business which is likely to prove very successful. This is the designing and building of cruising and racing yachts ready for shipment to any point, the only limit of size being that of the ordinary freight car. These yachts are of excellent design, with lead or iron keels and any rig desired, but mostly the cutter, and are constructed of the best materials. The smallest size is the 18ft. keel cruiser or canoe yawl, and the largest stock size is keel cutter 34ft. over all, 27ft. l.w.l., 9ft. extreme beam, 6ft. 6in. draft, 7 tons displacement, 3½ tons of lead on keel. One member of the firm is a trained designer and a practical sailor and cruiser as well, and under his care the models of all the boats built are constantly tested and improved. With new shops and a complete wood-working plant, as well as a large stock of seasoned material the concern is able to turn out a far better craft than the average small builder and at a less cost. The list of steam yachts, screw, sidewheel and sternwheelers is quite a long one, including all varieties of launches for hunting, pleasure steaming or working purposes.

INDIAN HARBOR Y. C.—A regatta under the auspices of the above club will be sailed at Greenwich on Aug. 3, open to the following classes of open boats: First—Jib and mainsail boats 23ft. and under 27ft. Second—Jib and mainsail boats 20ft. and under 23ft. Third—Catboats 23ft. and under 27ft. Fourth—Catboats 20ft. and under 23ft. Fifth—Catboats 18ft. and under 20ft. Sixth—Catboats under 18ft. (special class). Boats to be classed on their mean length, *i. e.*, load waterline, to which is to be added one-half of overhang. The regatta will be sailed under the rules of the New York Y. R. A., which allow shifting ballast, one man for every 3tt. of sailing length in addition to helmsman, for crew, and regulate the time allowance by the Herreshoff table. The course will be from Rockport Point twice around Captain's Island and return; distance about 10 miles. Suitable cups will be given as prizes to the winning boat in each class in which two boats start, and a second prize will be given in each class in which five boats start. Owners of boats in any class desiring to enter for a sweepstake of $25 each, to be sailed for in addition to the regular prizes, are requested to communicate with the committee on or before Aug. 1. A fee of $1 must accompany each entry. Entries will close at 10 o'clock on the morning of the regatta. Race will be started at 1 P. M. Regatta Committee—Richard Outwater, Henry O. Asten and F. B. Jones, Silleck House, Greenwich, Conn.

"YACHT AND BOAT SAILING."—We have received a copy of the sixth edition of this successful work, containing a number of additions, mostly in the direction of small racing and cruising craft, such as have become so popular within the last few years, both here and abroad. The new British rule on the one hand, and the latest development of yacht designing in America on the other, have tended to a close similarity of types, and in the small classes at least there is now little difference. Such yachts as Minima, by Mr. Arthur E. Payne, Madcap, by Mr. C. P. Clayton, and the design by Mr. Dixon Kemp for a 5-rater, are not widely different from the new thirties, such as Saracen and Kathleen, in model. A class of small yachts that is this year in great favor in England, and that would prove equally popular here for young Corinthians, is shown in the Madcap, a keel cutter, 21ft. 8in. l.w.l., 7ft. 3½in. beam, and 5ft. 4½in. draft. These craft, of which a number have been built this season, are known by the rather undignified title of "hencoops," owing to the fact that they are all raced by ladies. They sail about Southampton and are of 2½ rating, Madcap being allowed 700ft. of sail. Her owner, Miss Mabel Cox, has won quite a reputation as a successful racer, and now a number of other ladies propose to emulate her. A very interesting series of designs by Mr. Watson gives some valuable details of the double-skin construction, the yacht being a very stylish single-hander, of 20ft. l.w.l. and 6ft. 4½in. beam, a miniature Thistle in outline and finish. The famous Thames racing gigs are represented by the remodelled Ruby and the Mystery, the latter a very curious craft with a deep forefoot and no draft aft, the rudder being very large. Among the other new designs is one by the author, Mr. Dixon Kemp, of a very powerful and handsome 19ft. gig for rowing and sailing, a class of boat that is adapted for pleasure or racing use in all inland waters. The older portion of the book has been revised and brought down to the present date.

SEAWANHAKA CORINTHIAN Y. C.—The new club book of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. shows a membership of 340, and a fleet of 138 yachts, including 22 steamers, 27 schooners, 32 decked keel yachts, 27 decked centerboard yachts, and 30 open yachts. Among other interesting matter the book contains the new routine for colors, salutes, etc., and a valuable article by Fleet Surgeon J. West Roosevelt, on the treatment of medical and surgical emergencies on yachts. The private signals are this year for the first time arranged on a new and very convenient plan, being grouped together by their colors instead of alphabetically.

YAMPA.—On July 19 at 2:30 P.M. the steel schooner Yampa, Mr. C. W. Chapin, anchored off Staten Island after a voyage of 33 days from Havre, the wind being very light and ahead most of the time. The run across was made in better time, 9 days from New York to Fayal, whence she proceeded to St. Michaels and Madeira, making the run from the latter port to Cadiz, in 52 hours, logging 306 knots in 24 hours. Mr. Chapin and his two young daughters visited Paris from Cadiz rejoining the yacht at Havre for the return. Yampa is commanded by Capt. W. E. Eldridge, formerly with Mr. Chapin in the Julia.

CHANGES OF OWNERSHIP.—Puzzle, str., J. L. Mott to A. B. Claflin....Espirito, slp., G. L. Haight, to F. J. Adams....Flora Lee, skipjack, W. H. Packard, to C. D. Lanning....Mystery, steam yacht, N. P. Ryder, to F. W. Hurlbutt....Phantom, schr., H. D. Faulkner, to H. S. Parmlee....Beatrice, schr., J. H. Darsen, to C. A. Smith....Eugenie, steam yacht, H. E. Converse, to A. R. Culver.

AN AMERICAN DESIGN FOR ENGLAND.—Mr. Burgess has lately made a design for a 20 rating yacht for an English yachtsman, the yacht to be built in England. She will be about 43×13ft. l.w.l., and will race with boats about 2ft. longer and 3ft. narrower, such as Vreda, Dragon and Windward.

SOUTH BOSTON Y. C. CRUISE.—On July 20, pursuant to the order of Com. Fuller, the fleet was ready, but the bad weather prevented the review in the morning. It was held later in the day, after which the fleet sailed for Salem Willows, where a dance and illumination occupied the evening. The cruise will continue during this week.

LARCHMONT Y. C.—A very pleasant cruise through the Sound was made by the Larchmont Y. C. The fleet included the following yachts: Leona, Elin, Clochette, Triton, Vision and Mist, and sloops, Daphne, Nymph, Carrie, Oriva, Volusia, Amaranth, Mona, Undia and Narwhal.

ALVA, steam yacht, Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, arrived at Newport on July 20. Nepenthe, sloop, Vice-Com. Richardson, reached New Orleans on July 12, after a voyage of 47 days from Boston, her best run being 194 miles in 24 hours.

MONATIQUOT Y. C.—The championship race will be sailed on July 27. Vice-Com. E. F. Linton has presented to the club three prize cups or other trophies to be sailed for by the different classes.

DEFEAT OF THE PARADOX.—The new lugger Paradox sailed her first races on Saturday and Monday in the regattas of the Royal Cinque Port Y. C., off Dover, being beaten each time.

OHIO Y. C. CRUISE.—The first cruise of the Ohio Y. C. was brought to a successful ending last week, Com. Ketcham, in the schooner Speranza, led the fleet.

FREDONIA.—Mr. Forbes's yacht-fisherman was at Madeira on June 22 about to sail for home via Teneriffe and Bermuda after a pleasant voyage out.

NEVERSINK.—The Norton yawl Neversink, commanded by Capt. Lawlor, reached Havre on June 28 after a successful voyage.

QUAKER CITY Y. C.—The second Corinthian races of the Quaker City Y. C. will be sailed at Riverton, on the Delaware, on July 27.

NEW YORK Y. R. A.—The programme of the Labor Day regatta has been issued, but we have not space for it this week.

LYNN Y. C.—The regatta of July 13 was postponed, most of the fleet being absent.

QUEEN CITY Y. C.—A club by this name has just been organized in Toronto.

"Those were pretty good fish stories published the other day," remarked a Nashville gentleman, to a reporter of the *American*, "but there is a moderately young man in the real estate business in this city whose experience can discount any I ever heard of. Here, last week, he was fishing down in the Big Harpeth River, and had just settled down to business, when a fish came along and ran off with his hook and line while he was killing it. He looked into the water and saw his disappearing tackle and saw myriads of fine fish sporting amid the waters. He had to return to Nashville at the close of that day, and it wouldn't do to come without something to show for his skill. Though his line was gone, he had plenty of hooks and bait remaining, and a desperate expedient flashed through his mind. Divesting himself of all his wearing apparel except the shirt, he carefully tore the rear of that useful garment into strips, and upon each he placed a baited hook. Thus equipped, he plunged in the stream and boldly made for the opposite shore. It seemed that he never had so hard a swim in his life, but he finally reached the bank and unloaded dozens of the finest fish that you ever saw. When he swam back for his clothes he took off the hooks lest the accumulating weight of the fish might drown him. Those who are not in the secret regard his luck as phenomenal."—*Nashville Republican.*

Missouri is one of the few States in the Union which continue to pay bounties on wolf scalps. A St. Louis paper explains that during the war men were so busy hunting men that they paid no attention to wolves, which increased so rapidly as to make sheep-raising impracticable in some of the southern counties. In five years, from 1870 to 1876, the State paid out $1,500,000 for wolf scalps at $3 per scalp. The St. Louis editor says it will take another million and a half to exterminate the wolves of south Missouri.

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 220 pages, price $2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

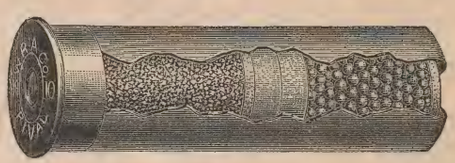
THE revised and abridged edition of the A. O. U. Check List of North American Birds, including the additions and changes made in the supplement, will be sent post free on receipt of 50cts.—*Adv.*

FOR A DISORDERED LIVER try BEECHAM'S PILLS.—*Adv.*

HUMPHREYS'
VETERINARY SPECIFICS
For Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs, AND POULTRY.
500 Page Book on Treatment of Animals and Chart Sent Free.
CURES { Fevers, Congestions, Inflammation,
A.A. { Spinal Meningitis, Milk Fever.
B.B.--Strains, Lameness, Rheumatism.
C.C.--Distemper, Nasal Discharges.
D.D.--Bots or Grubs, Worms.
E.E.--Coughs, Heaves, Pneumonia.
F.F.--Colic or Gripes, Bellyache.
G.G.--Miscarriage, Hemorrhages.
H.H.--Urinary and Kidney Diseases.
I.I.--Eruptive Diseases, Mange.
J.K.--Diseases of Digestion.
Stable Case, with Specifics, Manual, Witch Hazel Oil and Medicator, $7.00
Price, Single Bottle (over 50 doses), - .60
Sold by Druggists; or Sent Prepaid anywhere and in any quantity on Receipt of Price.
Humphreys' Med. Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

Forest & Stream File Binders.
PRICE, $1.00.
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

HAVE YOU SEEN OUR NEW
Illustrated Catalogue
OF
FISHING TACKLE?
It is the most elaborate and magnificent book ever published in the Sporting Goods line. Send us 25 cents and we will forward you a copy post paid.
ABBEY & IMBRIE,
No. 18 VESEY STREET, NEW YORK.

WINCHESTER
STAR  RIVAL
LOADED PAPER SHOT SHELLS.
Ask your Dealer for them.
Not Sold at Retail by the Manufacturers.
WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.,
312 Broadway, N. Y. NEW HAVEN, CONN.
Send for 82-page Catalogue of Arms and Ammunition.

THE AMERICAN SHOOTING ASSOCIATION'S {Limited}
Second Tournament at Beacon Park, Boston, Mass., Aug. 13, 14 and 15.
$1,700 IN GUARANTEED PURSES.
Grand team shoot, West vs. East. Western team: Ed. Taylor, Capt.; Al Bandle, J. R. Stice, C. W. Budd, Rollo O. Heikes. Eastern team: H. McMurchy, Capt.; H. W. Eages, O. R. Dickey, W. E. Perry, H. B. Whitney.
All shooters must qualify by filling out classification blanks and sending them to New York office, receiving a card in return. As over two hundred shooters have signified their intention to be present, thirty traps will be used. Programmes and classification blanks mailed on application. Address
J. M. TAYLOR, Manager, Room 184, Stewart Building, New York City.

NOTICE TO FISHERMEN. CUT PRICES.
HERE I AM AGAIN AS USUAL, CUTTING THE PRICES OF FISHING TACKLE. IT WILL PAY YOU TO BUY YOUR TACKLE IN BROOKLYN.

PRICE.		PRICE.
$2.75	For Split Bamboo Salt-Water Bass Rod, 6 strip, 2 joints, 8ft., 20oz., Solid Reel Seat, Nickel Trimmings, Double Guides, Silk Wound Black Beaded Handle	$2 75
3.32	For Split Bamboo Black Bass Rod, 8½ft., 3 joints, 10 or 12oz., Solid Reel Seat, Nickel Trimmings, Raised Tie Guides, Extra Tip, Silk Wound, Wood Form	3.32
3.32	For Trout or Black Bass Fly Rod, same finish as above, 10½ft., 7 to 9oz., complete in wood form	3.32
.90	For Ash and Lancewood Weakfish or Striped Bass Rod, Hollow Butt, Extra Tip, Swelled Ferrules	.90
1.50	For Fine No. 00 Brass Multiplying Reel, Balance Handle, Screw Oil Cup, holds 600ft. 18-thread Linen Line, diameter 3¾in. Also Nos. 0, 1, 2, 3, same price. See catalogue	1.50
3.75	For Hard Rubber and Nickel Multiplying Reel, with Drag, Raised Pillars, holds 600ft. 15-thread Linen Line	3.75

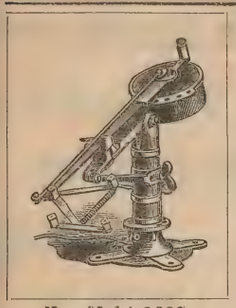
Hooks. Down go the prices. My best quality all kinds snelled on single gut, 10cts. per doz.; double, 15cts.; treble, 20cts.; in ½ doz. packages. Leaders: Treble gut Weakfish and Striped Bass Leaders, three length, 5cts.; four length, 7cts.; five length, 9cts.; all best quality. Reel Lines on Blocks of 300ft., 9 thread, 38cts.; 12 thread, 43cts.; 15 thread, 46cts.; 18 thread, 53cts. 300ft. Braided Linen Reel Lines on Blocks, 41cts. Broken lots of Hooks from best manufacture, all kinds and sizes, 2cts. per dozen. SEND FOR CATALOGUE.
Open Evenings. J. F. MARSTERS, 51, 53 & 55 Court St., Brooklyn, N. Y.


UPTHEGROVE & McLELLAN,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Shooting and Fishing Suits
AND CLOTHING FOR
CIVIL ENGINEERS, RANCHMEN, LUMBERMEN, MINERS, ETC.
Write for our new combined Catalogue with samples of Imported
Corduroys, Moleskin, Mackintosh, Canvas and Flannels.
SEE OUR NEW SHADES OF ENGLISH CORDUROY.
Address UP. & MC., Valparaiso, Indiana.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
ACT LIKE MAGIC
ON A WEAK STOMACH.
25cts. a Box
OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

SAVE MONEY. BEFORE YOU BUY

BICYCLE or GUN
Send to A. W. GUMP & CO.
DAYTON, OHIO, for Prices.
Over 400 shopworn and second hand Cycles.
REPAIRING AND NICKELING.
Bicycles, Guns and Typewriters taken in trade.


New Model, 1889.

Keystone Targets & Traps

Are as good as can be had. Keystone Traps are the traps for clubs to use, as they will throw all targets. Keystone Targets are the smoothest, best made and most economical for clubs to use.

AGENTS:

J. P. LOVELL ARMS CO.,	Boston, Mass.
E. K. TRYON, JR. & CO.,	Philadelphia, Pa.
HIBBARD, SPENCER, BARTLETT & CO.,	Chicago, Ill.
E. C. MEACHAM ARMS CO.,	St. Louis, Mo.
N. D. FOLSOM & CO.,	New Haven, Conn.
H. KEIDEL & CO.,	Baltimore, Md.

Do You Shoot?

Will you write for our Catalogue, containing "Hints on Trap Shooting," by "Mallard"—How to Form a Gun Club, Constitution and By-Laws, Rules for Shooting, etc., etc., which we mail free?

THE STANDARD TARGET CO.,
Cleveland, Ohio.

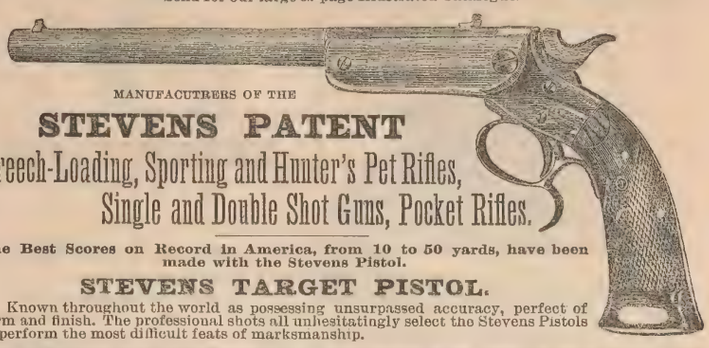
Sam Lovel's Camps;

Uncle Lisha's Friends Under Bark and Canvas.
A SEQUEL TO "UNCLE LISHA'S SHOP."
By ROWLAND E. ROBINSON
The two series of papers published in FOREST AND STREAM, with added chapters. An inimitable portraying of the woods and village life of Danvis folks. Cloth, 253 pp. Price $1
FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY,
318 Broadway, New York


PREMIERE QUALITE,
Our New Cigarette.
As the result of long labor and careful study we have this superb Cigarette to offer. It cannot be surpassed in purity or excellence; and is a novelty, unique, chaste and dainty. It is from the highest cost Virginia and North Carolina leaf.
The finest Smoking Mixtures are of our Manufacture.
Fifteen First Prize Medals.
WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

J. Stevens Arms and Tool Co.

P. O. Box 4100, Chicopee Falls, Mass.
Send for our large 52-page Illustrated Catalogue.



MANUFACUTRERS OF THE
STEVENS PATENT
Breech-Loading, Sporting and Hunter's Pet Rifles,
Single and Double Shot Guns, Pocket Rifles.

The Best Scores on Record in America, from 10 to 50 yards, have been made with the Stevens Pistol.

STEVENS TARGET PISTOL.
Known throughout the world as possessing unsurpassed accuracy, perfect of form and finish. The professional shots all unhesitatingly select the Stevens Pistols to perform the most difficult feats of marksmanship.

DO NOT DISPOSE OF YOUR

American Clay Bird Traps,

As we are now prepared to furnish the

CHAMPION CLAY BIRD,

Which is far superior to the old American bird, and can be thrown from the same trap.

$9 PER THOUSAND. FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

BANDLE ARMS CO.,
CINCINNATI, O.

NESSMUK'S POEMS.

FOREST RUNES. By Geo. W. Sears. {Nessmuk}.
Large octavo, 208 pages, printed on heavy paper, bound in cloth, gold lettering, with a portrait of the author. Price, $1.50.
FOR SALE BY ALL BOOK DEALERS

The Celebrated Smith & Wesson Revolvers

HAVE BROKEN ALL RECORDS FOR REVOLVER SHOOTING.



The Most Perfect Small Arms

EVER MANUFACTURED.

Unrivalled in Beauty of Finish, Durability and Accuracy.

Manufactured in calibers .32, .38 and .44-100. Single and Double Action Hammerless Safety and Target Models, with all latest improvements—Automatic Shell Extractor, Rebounding Lock and Patented Safety Device.

The Smith & Wesson Revolvers are constructed entirely of **best wrought steel,** carefully inspected for workmanship and stock, and GUARANTEED. Do not be deceived by IMITATIONS largely manufactured of **malleable cast iron,** and often sold for the genuine Smith & Wesson. All of the Revolvers of this firm are stamped upon the barrels with their name, address and dates of patents.

If dealer cannot supply you, orders sent to address below will receive prompt and careful attention. Catalogues and prices furnished upon application.

SMITH & WESSON,

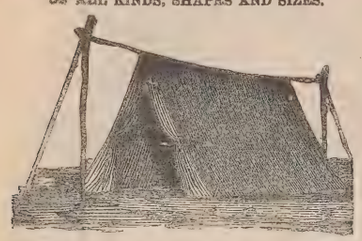
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Yachting Goods.

SPORTSMAN'S

Camping or Fishing Tents

OF ALL KINDS, SHAPES AND SIZES.



Yacht and Canoe Sails of most approved styles Also awnings for store fronts, windows, yacht boats etc. New style of Canoe Tents made at low figures Flags, Burgees and covers of all kinds. Camp Stoves, Camp Chairs, Sacking Bottoms, Hammocks all kinds of Fancy Tents, and in fact anything made from canvas when an intelligent description is given of what may be needed. My beautifully illustrated circular now ready. Send stamp for price list Address S. HEMMENWAY, 60 South st., N. Y. City.



HIGGINS & GIFFORD,
GLOUCESTER, MASS.

Manufacture to order Yachts, Rowboats, Yawls Excelsior Life Boats and Seine Boats. Two medals awarded at the London Exhibition. 3,000 boats built the last thirteen years.
Send for New Catalogue for 1887.

Boston Yacht Agency.
43 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

Yacht Designers & Brokers

Designers of the Mabel F. Swift, Sharon, Marguerite, Jester, Siren. Ariel, Eureka, Mermaid Caribou and others. Agents for Mansfield's Hollow Spars. Catalogues of yachts for sale mailed on application.

G. F. CLARK & CO.
G. F. CLARK. J. BORDEN

HOLLOW SPARS

For all kinds of Sailing Craft. Send for reduced price list to manufacturer and patentee. Hollow canoe masts, 25c. per foot. J. W. MANSFIELD, 598 East Seventh st., South Boston, Mass.

Yachts and Canoes For Sale.

For Sale Cheap—Sloop Yacht,

26ft. over all, 22ft. l.w.l., 8ft. 6in. beam, 3ft. draft, planking cedar, four years old; complete cruising and racing outfit. Warranted in perfect condition. Can be seen at Bordentown. LANG T. THOMPSON, Bordentown, N. J.

WOODCRAFT.

By "NESSMUK."

A book for people who love outdoor life; for the hunter, the angler and the canoeist. The work has been of service to thousands of outers, and will help thousands of others. It is full of practical advice and information from one who has spent his life in learning by hard experience what he now tells his readers. No camper can afford to be without it. Cloth, 160 pages, illustrated. Price $1.00.

FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO.,
New York.

DAVIES & Co., 1 Finch Lane, London, Eng

Pedigree Record Book

Containing 175 blank pages arranged for carrying out a dog's pedigree to the fifth generation with a lettered index for ready reference. $2.50
FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO
318 Broadway, New York.

CANOE AND BOAT BUILDING FOR AMATEURS.

Fourth edition, 264 pages 52 plates. Price $2.

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.
NEW YORK N. Y.

LONDON: DAVIES & CO., 1 Finch Lane,

Small Profits. Quick Sales.



TROUT FLIES.

36 Cts. Per Doz.

H. H. KIFFE,
318 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.
Send for Catalogue.

NEW GUNS SHOP-WORN.
Send for Catalogue.



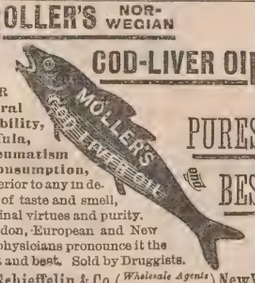
Sent C. O. D. on Receipt of $5.00

Bonehill Damascus, Complete, Top Snap, 10 ga. 32 in. 10¼ lbs., net.....$20.00

	List:	Net:
L. C. Smith, with hammer, 10 ga. 32 in. 12 lbs.	$70.00	$40.00
L. C. Smith, with hammer, 10 ga. 30 in. 7¾ lbs.	70.00	40.00
L. C. Smith, with hammer, 10 ga. 32 in. 11 lbs.	65.00	36.00
L. C. Smith, with hammer, 10 ga. 30 in. 8¼ lbs.	65.00	36.00
N. R. Davis, with hammer, 10 ga. 30 in. 9½ lbs.	55.00	25.00
N. R. Davis, with hammer, 10 ga. 32 in. 9 lbs.	33.00	20.00
Remington, with hammer, 10 ga. 30 in. 8¼ lbs.	40.00	20.00
Colt, with hammer, 10 ga. 32 in. 9 lbs.	85.00	42.50
Colt, with hammer, 10 ga. 32 in. 8¼ lbs.	75.00	37.50
Parker Bros. with hammer, 10 ga. 32 in. 9½ lbs.	60.00	40.00
Parker Bros. with hammer, 10 ga. 32 in. 10½ lbs.	85.00	52.50
Colt, hammerless, 10 ga. 30 in. 9 lbs.	80.00	61.00
L. C. Smith, hammerless, 12 ga. 30 in. 7¼ lbs.	90.00	64.00
Har. & Rich., hammerless, 10 ga. 32 in. 9 lbs.	100.00	60.00
W. W. Greener, Ejector, hammerless, 10 ga. 30 in. 9 lbs.	270.00	182.50
Parker Bros. hammerless, 10 ga. 30 in., 0 lbs.	85.00	68.00
Parker Bros. with hammer, 10 ga. 30 in. 7½ lbs.	80.00	55.00
Parker Bros. with hammer, 10 ga. 32 in. 10½ lbs.	100.00	65.00

E. C. MEACHAM ARMS CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

MOLLER'S NORWEGIAN **COD-LIVER OIL**



FOR General Debility, Scrofula, Rheumatism or Consumption, is superior to any in delicacy of taste and smell, medicinal virtues and purity. London, European and New York physicians pronounce it the purest and best. Sold by Druggists.

PUREST AND BEST.

W. H. Schieffelin & Co. (Wholesale Agents U.S. and Canada) New York

Pleasure and Profit.

A copy of "How to make Photographs," with descriptive catalogue sent without charge to all interested.



AMATEUR OUTFITS. Supplied from $2.50 upwards, with which PICTURES of the highest excellence can be made.

The Scovill & Adams Co.,
423 Broome St., New York.

GURDON TRUMBULL'S

Names and Portraits of Birds

Which Interest Gunners; with descriptions in language understanded of the people.

Practically speaking, this is the first popular volume of ornithology ever issued from the press; a work which goes far to demonstrate that scientific accuracy may be as easily maintained in English as in Greek or Latin. Follows the game birds all over the continent and gives a glossary of all the local names in popular use. Illustrated with admirable portraits from the pencil of Mr. Edwin Sheppard of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, which, with the clear descriptions in the text, will enable any man who can read to identify the contents of his game bag.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS:

It is the first, so far as we know, [illegible] of books of which the need is felt in every department of natural history.—*Troy Press.*

The book should find its way to a choice place in every sportsman's library.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

I would much rather know what this book tells me, the various names by which the people call a bird, than the Latin, Greek or Hebrew name which science gave him for the sake of cataloguing him. * * * It is more value to me to have a description of a bird in plain English which I understand than in scientific language which I do not understand.—*W., in Journal of Commerce.*

SOLD BY
Forest and Stream Publishing Co.
PRICE, $2.50.

The Diseases of Horses;

Their Pathology, Diagnosis and Treatment. To which is added a complete dictionary of equine materia medica. By HUGH DALZIEL.

A very complete, concise and intelligible treatise, conveniently arranged. Every horse owner should have such a book. Paper, 102 pages. 75c.
FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.,
318 Broadway New York.

SPORTSMEN SMOKERS

SHOULD ALL SMOKE OUR CELEBRATED



Hand-Made Havana Cigars.
MADE IN TWO STYLES AND SIZES.

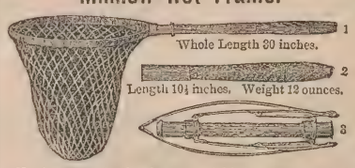
LONDRES PERFECTO, 5in. long @ $7.00 per 100
CONCHAS ESPECIALS, 4¼in. @ 6.00 "

The favorite cigar of Rod and Gun Clubs generally. These cigars are made of the choicest tobaccos grown, and selected with the greatest care. They cannot fail to suit the taste of all lovers of the fragrant weed. Each cigar has the brand impressed on it, and every box has a label, fac-simile of the title of the popular journal, and our firm's signature, without which none are genuine. We are the only authorized manufacturers of the above brand, and to insure the smoker of the genuine we would ask you to send us your orders direct. We will deliver, free of express charges, either size, on receipt of price.

A. W. FOOTE & CO., Sole Manufacturers,
125 Maiden Lane, New York.

DODGE'S PATENT

Collapsing, Folding, Landing and Minnow Net Frame.



No. 1 represents the frame unfolded and expanded, ready for use. Can be unfolded and expanded with the net on the ring (in 30 seconds) by the same motion that is used to open an umbrella. The ring is 12in. in diameter, made of steel, broad and strong where it joins the staff, and narrow and light at the outer side. The other working parts are made of brass, nickel plated. Nos. 2 and 3 represent the frame collapsed and folded, staff unjointed ready to pack. Can be carried in tackle box, trout basket, grip sack or pocket.

PRICE COMPLETE, $4.00.
J. N. DODGE, 278 Division St., Detroit, Mich

LOG CABINS

AND

HOW TO BUILD THEM.

BY WILLIAM S. WICKS.

This is a complete exposition of the art and method of building log cabins from the simplest dog kennel to highly artistic dwellings. Everyone going into the woods and designing to construct his shelter with the materials at hand, should procure "Log Cabins," for in its pages he will find a variety of designs, simple and ornate, adapted to temporary shelter or to permanent homes, with full and clear instruction and illustration in every matter of detail. Sent, post free, for $1.50.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO,
318 Broadway, New York.

Ligowsky C. P. No. 3

The only target having the patent

INTURNED EDGE.



2,000 shots out of each 1,000 targets on account of non-breakage in shipping, trapping and falling upon ground. The only target made with the INTURNED EDGE, producing the surest breaker when hit, and surest non-breaker when not hit. Our traps are sold for the sole purpose of shooting our targets.

PITCH YOUR TENT



on the Mountain, by the Lake or Stream, and have an enjoyable and economical vacation.

Send 15 cts. for large Illustrated Catalogue of Tents and Sportsman's Goods; also, "How to Camp, Where to go," etc.

E. C. COOK & BRO.,
49 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

Increasing Sales Attest the Popularity of THE GENTLEMEN'S CIGARETTE.

SPECIAL FAVOURS.

Manufactured only by
KINNEY BROS.
(KINNEY TOBACCO CO. Successors). Also manufacturers of the Old Reliable
SWEET CAPORAL.

No Chemicals.



W. BAKER & CO.'S

Breakfast Cocoa

Is Absolutely Pure, and it is Soluble.

To increase the solubility of the powdered cocoa, various expedients are employed, most of them being based upon the action of some alkali, potash, soda or even ammonia. Cocoa which has been prepared by one of these chemical processes, can usually be recognized at once by the distinct alkaline reaction of the infusion in water.

W. Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa

is manufactured from the first stage to the last by perfect mechanical processes, **no chemical being used in its preparation.** By one of the most ingenious of these mechanical processes the greatest degree of fineness is secured without the sacrifice of the attractive and beautiful red color which is characteristic of an absolutely pure and natural cocoa.

W. Baker & Co., Dorchester, Mass.

For Sale.

TROUT STREAM.

For Sale—1050 acres of land within four miles of the city of Cheboygan, Mich., on which there is five miles of the best stocked trout stream in Michigan; hatching house, two dwellings, ice house, barn, stables, etc., which cost over $3000, and forty acres of cleared land, all for $10,000; $3000 in cash, balance in five or eight years at 7 per cent. Ill health is the owner's only reason for selling. Apply to WM. ELLIOT, Box 204, Cheboygan, Mich. may16,3mo

Chinese Golden Pheasants.

Superb plumage; domesticated; $25 per pair; five pair $22.50; ten pair $20; cocks $12; chicks $12 a pair. JAMES MORRISON, Mr. Schieffelin's place, Tarrytown, N. Y. jy18,2t

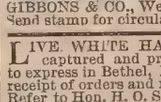
FOR SALE.—HELGRAMITES FOR BASS fishing in quantities to suit customers. Price $2 per 100. JOHN SCOTTON, Nashua, N.H. jy18,2t

FINE HAMMER GUN

For Sale Cheap—A very fine 12-gauge hammer breechloading gun, made by E. & G. Higham, Liverpool, Eng.; cost $300; full pistol grip, weight 7lbs. 10oz., length of stock 14½in., drop at comb 1⁹⁄₁₆in., at butt 2³⁄₁₆in. For cash only. Address W. H. PIERCE, Peekskill, N. Y. 1t

Common Pigeons.

Old birds, good flyers. C. I. BLACKFORD, Bellefonte, Pa. 1t



Chester White, Berkshire and Poland China Pigs, fine setter dogs, Scotch Collies, Foxhounds and Beagles, Sheep and Poultry. Bred and for sale by W. GIBBONS & CO., West Chester, Chester Co., Pa. Send stamp for circular and price list.

LIVE WHITE HARES (*Lepus Americanus*), captured and properly boxed and delivered to express in Bethel, Me., in good condition on receipt of orders and remittances at $3 per pair. Refer to Hon. H. O. Stanley, Dixfield, Me., Fish and Game Commissioner. J. G. RICH, Bethel Me. dec16,tf

LIVE QUAIL,—SEASON CLOSED. Re-open Sept. 1. Send orders early. Other specialties, live deer and English pheasants. Also English partridge and pheasant eggs.
E. B. WOODWARD, Commission Merchant
174 Chambers street, New York.

In the Stud.

St. Bernards.

IN THE STUD.

Champion "RIGI."

Young stock for sale sired by Rigi.
WENTWORTH KENNELS,
P. O. Box 264, Utica, N. Y.

Yorkshire Toy Terrier

The English bench winner **Bradford Harry** Described in all show reports as "best Yorkshire in America." Photos 50c. Pedigree and winning free. P. H. COOMBS, 1 Exchange Block, Bangor Me.

Medford Fancy Goods Co., New York City

I. BREMER, Pres. & Treas.



Dog Collars and Furnishing, made of Brass, Copper, Silver, Gold, Harness Leather, Seal Skin, Alligator Skin, Morocco, Calf Skin, Patent Leather, and fifty other varieties of leathers and metals; any special material, sent to us or through your dealer in these goods, to have us make up. Send for catalogue

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 1, 1889.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 2. No 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Only advertisements of an approved character inserted. Inside pages, nonpareil type, 80 cents per line. Special rates for three, six, and twelve months. Seven words to the line, twelve lines to one inch. Advertisements should be sent in by Saturday previous to issue in which they are to be inserted. Transient advertisements must invariably be accompanied by the money or they will not be inserted. Reading notices $1.00 per line.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

May begin at any time. Subscription price, $4 per year; $2 for six months; to a club of three annual subscribers, three copies for $10; five copies for $16. Remit by express money-order, registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canadas and Great Britain. For sale by Davies & Co., No. 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London. General subscription agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Davies & Co., Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searles and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London, Eng. Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France, sole Paris agent for sales and subscriptions. Foreign subscription price, $5 per year; $2.50 for six months.

Address all communications
Forest and Stream Publishing Co.
No. 318 BROADWAY. NEW YORK CITY.

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL.
Ways of the Woodcock.
Docking Tails and Cropping Ears.
Snap Shots.
THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST.
Shooting on Mt. Olympus.
Camping Out (Poetry).
NATURAL HISTORY.
Some Old-Time Natural History.
The Woodcock and the Worm.
That Stinging Snake.
GAME BAG AND GUN.
Pattern and Penetration Tests
Bullet from Shotgun.
A Bear Scrimmage.
Hollow Bullets.
Notes from Worcester.
"Cruising in the Cascades."
SEA AND RIVER FISHING.
Chicago Anglers and Angling.
Camps of the Kingfishers.—III.
A Salmon Score.
Trout of the Pools.
Newfound Lake Fish.
Haunts of Boston Anglers.
FISHCULTURE.
Lake Ronkonkoma.
THE KENNEL.
English Setter Bitches Stolen.
Brooklyn Dog Show.
Irish Red Setter Club's Field Trials
Mastiff Importation.
Sales of Sporting Dogs at Aldridges.
Dog Talk.
Kennel Notes.
Kennel Management.
RIFLE AND TRAP SHOOTING.
Range and Gallery.
Our Team Abroad.
The Trap.
American Shooting Associa'n.
Bandle defeats Winston.
The Crookston Tournament.
YACHTING.
The Forty-Foot Class.
West India Hurricanes and the Great March Blizzard.
New York Y. C. Cruise.
Beverly Y. C.
Valkyrie.
Racing Notes.
CANOEING.
Puritan C. C.
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DOCKING TAILS AND CROPPING EARS.

IF we recollect rightly it is Hugh Dalziel who tells of a time in Great Britain when dogs without tails were exempt from taxation; and so to chop off a dog's tail was to lop off with it one's tribute to the crown. That time, if it ever existed, is now as hazy as the reign of good King Womba, and in the degenerate present the most that can be said in defense of docking the tails of dogs and cropping their ears is that fashion calls for such mutilations. And the whims of fashion are quite as apt to be dictated by perverted tastes as by good sense. Witness the docked-tailed horses of our avenues and the villainous high check-rein, both of them a reproach to humanity. The practice of docking horses' tails, it is true, is not without defence on the ground of utility; veterinary surgeons there are who aver that to cut the tail off short is beneficial to the physical condition of the horse. Nor are there wanting advocates of docking dogs' tails for hygienic reasons. The notion is entertained by many ignorant people, and stoutly enough defended, that a puppy's tail must be cut off because in the end of it is a worm, and this worm is the cause of distemper. Cut off the tail and thus remove the worm, say these sapient grannies, and the dog will never be ailing. This "vulgar error" of the worm in the end of the dog's tail is widely prevalent, and thousands of puppies have sacrificed their brushes in consequence thereof. A similar superstition holds with respect to a mythical worm in the cow's tail, which must be cut out to insure the cow's good health. It is not difficult to understand that the white cords of the tail, in dog or cow, might have been mistaken by an ignorant person for worms, and that in this way the curious belief about their removal may have arisen. But the strange thing is that intelligent dog owners will accept this ridiculous theory of the worm in the tail, when propounded by ignorant individuals whose opinion would be received on no other subject under heaven; and will countenance the mutilations which are based on the silly superstition.

Another reason given for docking the tails of sporting dogs is that when of reduced length this appendage is less subject to injury in the field. It is a common thing for dogs working in the brush to whip their tails so vigorously as to seriously wound them by the constant beating. The end of the tail becomes raw, and after working a rough cover the dog's sides and flanks will sometimes show the marks where the bleeding tail has whipped against them. If cutting off a few joints of the tail would remedy this laceration, the operation might be admissible, but experience demonstrates that the docking is not effectual to accomplish such a purpose. A dog given to whipping its tail in the brush so violently as to lacerate it will suffer whether the tail be of natural length or shortened by a few joints; of course if the mutilation be such as to leave only a stump of the tail, that remnant will be safe enough, but though a man may be content to drive sheep with a bob-tailed sheep dog, no one of good taste wants to follow a stump-tailed setter in the field.

It is well known that a greyhound's tail is of the greatest importance to it in directing its course and turning; a dog without this useful member would stand no chance to win a coursing match. It is quite reasonable to conclude that the tail of natural length serves a like useful purpose in other breeds. The rule is that nature does her work well, and if she has given dogs tails and ears, man with his notions and knives canot improve on nature.

Those who have read Théophile Gautier's chapters on his pets will recall a pertinent bit of testimony afforded by his experiment with a white rat. Acting on the prevalent notion that a rat would do better if its tail were cut off, Gautier deprived one of his rats of this appendage; but the effect was quite the reverse of beneficial; in spite of being lightened of his caudal extremity, this rat was always less agile than his companions, was wary in gymnastic exercises and often experienced a tumble; he was like a tight-rope walker without his pole, like a boat without a rudder; he would not venture on narrow ledges where his long-tailed fellows went with *sang froid* and safety; in short, he was a rat without a tail; a rat tinkered by man, and very much less of a rat than nature made him.

WAYS OF THE WOODCOCK.

IN his interesting paper on the woodcock, published in our Natural History columns, Mr. Brewster requests our views on certain habits of the bird. The two points of especial interest are the boring and the whistle, or twitter, so well known to shooters, and about which such diverse opinions are held.

We have only once seen the woodcock bore in the wild state. The bird, started by a companion, alighted within 6 or 8ft. of where we were standing, ran a step or two, stopped, turned its head on one side, stood so for an instant as if listening, and then plunged its bill into the mud. It at once withdrew it, and raising the point of the bill, appeared to be swallowing, but as its back was toward us we could not see just what it did.

We have, however, seen the woodcock bore in captivity. The operation, which was performed with great deliberation, was repeated many times, and was witnessed on several different days, being always done in the same manner. The bird introduced the point of his bill into the damp earth at an angle of about 80 degrees, and by a series of slow pushes buried it to the base. While doing this, his left foot was slightly advanced and his body inclined downward. When the bill was fairly buried, the bird stood perfectly still. He looked as if he were listening, and we thought it quite probable that he was doing so. It seemed likely also that he was feeling, employing both senses to detect any movement in the earth beneath him. The apparent sensitiveness of the bill in the woodcock, as in some other waders, appeared to us to justify the impression that the sense of touch as well as of hearing came into play. If the bird found no worm, he withdrew his bill, and again plunged it into the earth at a little distance further on. If a worm was felt, or some sound or motion indicated that one was near, he partly withdrew his bill, and, altering its direction, plunged it in again and drew out the worm. The operation of deglutition seemed to begin as soon as the point of the bill touched the worm. A movement of the bases of the upper and lower mandibles indicated that he had a worm, and as the bill was withdrawn the two came together again and again very rapidly, and almost as soon as the bill was fairly clear of the earth the end of the worm disappeared down the bird's throat. It appeared, when the bird made his first thrusts into the ground, as if they were tentative, a deliberate thrust followed by a moment of waiting, another thrust and then another wait, in all perhaps three or four motions before the bill was buried to its base. This slow action we took to be an exploration by the tip of the bill for motion in the earth, at first near the surface and then deeper and deeper. When the bird had learned that there was a worm in the soil there was no hesitation. The bill was buried by a sharp quick thrust, about which there was no uncertainty. After devouring all the worms that it could, this bird commonly cleansed its bill by means of its feet, and then washed it in water by gently shaking its head. This bird, which weighed six ounces, devoured eight ounces of worms in twenty-four hours.

The cause of the whistle of the woodcock has long been a mooted point. There is no doubt that in rising the bird makes a noise with its wings, which might perhaps be called a whistle, but the sound to which we refer is the well known ringing note, as often heard in the woodcock cover, and which sometimes closely resembles the twitter of the kingbird. A crow, a robin, an English sparrow and a pigeon all make a noise with their wings, and so does the woodcock, but this sound, we believe, is not to be confounded with the other and better known note of the springing bird. We said last week that we believed that this sound was vocal, and that we could give reasons for this belief, which appeared to us conclusive. We came to this conclusion in October, years ago, when we one day shot a woodcock and broke its wing close to the body. Having a puppy at home we captured the bird alive in order to work the young dog on it. While attempting to catch it in our hands it ran ahead of us, now and then springing into the air as a wounded bird will, trying to support itself on its uninjured wing, and at each attempt to rise from the ground whistling. To us it appeared impossible that this one wing, which from the circumstances could not have been moved rapidly or it would have turned the bird quite over, should have made this sound.

At another time we captured a wing-broken bird which we held in the hand in the house; by a sudden spring it slipped from our grasp and fell to a chair, a distance of a foot or two. As it struggled to release itself and fell, it uttered the well-known whistling note. Subsequently, when this same bird was released on the ground before the young dog, it sprang into the air, using its uninjured wing as before, and whistling. This we have seen a number of times, and with many different wing-broken birds. Again, some of these wing-tipped birds, in the thick grass and weeds of a yard, have made this whistling when it appeared to us an impossibility for them to have used their wings.

The vocal whistle of the woodcock and the whistle of its wings appear to us as different as the well known "scaip" of the Wilson's snipe is from the whistle of its wings. Most snipe shooters have seen a wounded snipe run on the ground, constantly springing into the air and uttering its cry. We have never heard it questioned that this call of alarm was vocal, and we believe that the twitter or whistle of the woodcock is in the same way vocal.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE presence in the Yellowstone National Park of Hon. S. S. Cox, of New York, as reported in our last number, will interest and encourage those who have long been hoping for legislation by Congress looking toward the protection and proper government of this reservation. It will be remembered that several years ago Mr. Cox, by his eloquence, defeated by an overwhelming majority a bill which authorized the running of a railroad through the Park. Since that time he has taken a great interest in Park matters, and it is believed that his present trip is made for the purpose of thoroughly informing himself about this region with a view to possible future discussions in Congress.

The world does not weary of Izaak Walton, nor do publishers tire of bringing out new editions of the "Compleat Angler." It is reported that James Russell Lowell has written a preface for a new edition which will be published in Boston next autumn.

The Sportsman Tourist.

SHOOTING ON MOUNT OLYMPUS.

BROUSSA, Asia Minor, Nov. 25, 1888.—Almost up to the day of my departure from home I was debating with myself whether to take rifle, rod and gun along with me, or devote myself in my travels wholly to the haunts of men. I meant to stay abroad two years, going through to Eastern Europe and on to Egypt, and it was dimly borne in upon me that my enjoyment of foreign cities would have an added zest if I could strike out of the regular routine of foreign travel occasionally and dropping down on some remote country place, devote a few days or a week to those sports in which, whether because of the sports, or the charms of the surroundings, I have spent perhaps the pleasantest days of my life. My hesitation was due to more causes than one. Firstly, I was in doubt whether in the over-populated countries of the Old World there was any fur, fin or feather left worth going after; secondly, if I took my guns, I must take all needed supply of ammunition along with me, for the probabilities were that I should find no cartridges to fit my weapons on the continent of Europe; and the possession of a few hundred cartridges might expose me to grave suspicion and possible detention. Finally, I determined to confine my ammunition at starting to fifty metallic shells for my Winchester (loaded), as many empty metallic shells for my 12-bore, a bullet mould for each, for I have great faith in the efficacy of a smooth-bore for big game at close quarters, and then it is so light and comes so readily to the shoulder! To this I added one canister of powder and half a bag each of Nos. 4 and 6 shot, with caps and recapping apparatus, so that I might be prepared whenever opportunity or inclination for sport might overtake me.

For fishing I brought two split-bamboo rods, light and heavy, with two spare tips for each, and plenty of tackle; and up to a week ago these last were the only portion of my outfit which had afforded me any amusement. I have had some very pleasant days' fishing in Germany, and might have had some shooting had it been later in the season; but I went on to Vienna—*lustiges Wien*—at the beginning of September, and spent six weeks there without the least desire to tear myself away from its charms. But even gay Vienna paled at last before the enchantment of distant lands, and by the middle of October I was gliding down the beautiful blue Danube on my way to the city of the Golden Horn, of dome and spire and minaret, the Constantinople of the Christian, the famous Istamboul of Moslem story. And now Constantinople, too, has been left behind, and presents to my mind nothing but a confused picture, in which the bright eyes of Greek and Armenian and Frankish women gleam sparkling through the shadows of the Christian quarter of the city.

Such pictures are not wanting here in this famous old city of Broussa, the old-time capital of the Moslem invader; but here nature triumphs, and always will triumph. In Constantinople the city is everything, the distant mountains and the Bosphorus are but accessories; but in Broussa the works of man pale before the grandeur of Olympia, before the calm sublimity of its snow-capped peaks rising above the rich, many-hued foliage of its forests; the autumn tints of its oak and beech and walnut and chestnut contrasting with the dark foliage of the pines above, and the pale olivaceous green patches of an intermediate belt, in which the boxwood tree grows in clusters or intermingles itself with the other hardwood trees, looking like olive groves in the distance.

Turning seaward, the eye from the city's elevation wanders away out over the broad expanse of the deep blue sea of Marmora, watches the ceaseless flow of its heaving, rolling waves, and insensibly comes round to the soft curved line where its waves lave the feet of the mountain below us and far away on either hand, and rests on the broad plain cultivated or dotted with fig trees and mulberries almost down to the water's edge.

The plain below the city and between it and the sea is largely devoted to agriculture, and the harvest being long past the fields are now for the most part bare, but the presence of innumerable groves of the China mulberry, grown by every peasant for silk worm culture, relieves the monotony; while from the level of the city upward the whole country is laid out in olive and fig and mulberry groves and vineyards, and divided by ravines, whose clear sparkling streams roll unimpeded down to and through the streets of the city to the sea. How deliciously cool are the streams of Broussa on a hot day! Fresh from the snows of old Olympus and flowing through shady forest and grove nearly their whole course. There is no need for ice-water in Broussa.

And yet it is a weary and a rugged course that these streams have wandered over on their way downward from the snowy crests above. One would hardly believe it sitting here at the window and looking up, but I know it. There was evidence of it in every aching bone of my body this morning, evidence of it in my thorough appreciation of rest, for I only returned last night from a week's outing among the secret defiles of its higher ranges, touching the snow line which from here I see so plainly.

Looking up, it appears to be but a pleasant half-day's climb to the snow line, and as to elevation, it is only ten thousand feet or say two miles high, and yet it has been a weary week's journey to climb to the snow line and back again. Why, it took a day and a half to walk down, and although I rode in the last six or eight miles of the journey last evening, I never felt so stiff in my life after a march as I did this morning. I took a cup of coffee in bed at eight o'clock, and lay lazily dreaming until eleven, before I got up to breakfast. Again I lay down for a couple of hours, before I summoned energy to go to the vapor bath, that luxurious institution in which one is exposed to the exhalations of nature's own vapors as they rise upward from the cavernous recesses of the earth through the floor of the building. I went through the vapors, my thews and sinews were kneaded, every kink and twist taken out of them, and then as I leaned back in my couch, lazily inhaled the smoke of my narghile and supped my fragrant mocha, I felt myself already in elysium, and could not help the spontaneous exclamation, "Bismillah, God is great!"

When I sat down last evening to the long-neglected duty of penning a letter to FOREST AND STREAM, I was animated by a sense of duty to my brother sportsmen at home, to give them the benefit of my experience, and be as it were a light to the path of those who wish to follow in my footsteps. I planned in my mind to give an account of flies cast upon the sparkling waters of rippling German streams, winding up with an account of my week's outing on the heights of my neighbor old Olympus, but there go more words to the telling of a story than I had any idea of, and looking back I see now that I ought to have told about the fishing by the way before I said anything about Broussa, and the classic mountain which looks down upon it, and now it appears to me that I missed the thread in telling my story and that it would be to violate every canon of the story tellers not to go back and pick it up. I have come down from the heights of Mount Olympus to the haunts of men, and your readers having been advised of the fact, are immediately interested in knowing what I did there. As to my experiences with the rod in the streams of the German fatherland months ago, they will perhaps be ready to listen to the narrative of them some other time, but for the moment their ears are not attuned to it. They are listening for the echoes of my rifle among the cavernous recesses of Mount Olympus, and they shall not be disappointed but let us go back and begin at the beginning, for "order is Heaven's first law."

Already while I was in Constantinople, through my Greek servant Timayanes, whom I had engaged as body guard, and who expressed himself ready and able to cook if required, I had begun to make inquiries about the prospects of shooting in the mountains. Plenty of quail and sober-colored brown pheasants were being brought into the market, but mountaineers who brought them in all agreed in the statement that there was nothing to shoot within three days' march of Istamboul, and that the upper tiers of forest which sheltered wolves and wild boar and occasional bear, were more accessible from Broussa. Arrived in Broussa I was delighted to find the statement corroborated, not merely by heresay evidence, but on the day after my arrival Timayanes brought me a man who lived in one of the highest villages up the mountain side, and who reported stags and boars and wolves in the forest, which were frequently killed when a leading village headsman of those parts, one Ahmed Khan, turned up with men and dogs for a grand battue; he added further that of his own knowledge there were wild goats among the rocks on the grassland above the forest, and ptarmigans under the snow line, but nothing to compensate one for the rough climb, excepting brown bears, which it was better for the solitary sportsman to leave unmolested. This was on Saturday, and having got precise instructions as to the route to Ahmed Khan's village, I had a letter written to him to the effect that I proposed being at his place on Monday evening and hoped that he would arrange a battue for Tuesday, and that he might charge me with a day's rations for any number of men and dogs employed in beating, not exceeding fifty of each. On Sunday, shortly after midday, Ahmed Khan's messenger arrived with a very courteous and satisfactory reply, and instructions to wait and guide me up the following day, and all necessary preparations being made and a lot of cartridges, both ball and shot, filled for the smoothbore, it was arranged to start at 9 o'clock the following morning and make a leisurely journey.

We were in the saddle about half-past eight, Agina, the guide, accompanying us on foot. Our road ran obliquely across the hill behind the city for a mile, and then descended into a ravine over whose bouldery bed ran a clear stream which looked very promising for fish. The whole country is laid out in vineyards and groves and gardens, the fig trees covering the rocky sides of the ravine. Crossing this we began a tolerably stiff ascent, after two miles of which we again got a view of the sea of Marmora, with Broussa some two thousand feet below us. Climbing on until we had reached an elevation of three thousand feet, we passed over the brow of the hill and began to descend. For two miles we went steadily downward before we touched a stream at an elevation of not more than a thousand feet above sea level. From this point out the ascent was gentle but steady, and by noon the groves and vineyards of the lower slopes were left behind. The hillsides were terraced for cornfields, and higher up was the woodland, large areas of which had been laid bare, and were evidently being still laid bare, for droves of donkeys and mules were continually passing us with their loads of firewood for the city.

At 1 o'clock we stopped at a mountain stream for luncheon, after which we again pushed onward and upward through the timber land, sometimes sunk in the deep recesses of the forest, at others getting a commanding view of the sea, and arrived at Ahmed Khan's village toward four in the afternoon after a march which I estimate from fifteen to twenty miles, and there was Broussa nestling at our feet barely four miles as the crow flies, and looking not more than two miles off.

Ahmed Khan was a fine looking old fellow, and received me very courteously, making numerous inquiries through my dragoman about my health, country and friends, and I having been previously instructed by the daughters of the hotel keeper at Broussa, who, by the way, is a German, made a series of similar polite inquiries in return. Then I turned the conversation to the battue, and was informed that all had been arranged, that five village headmen would turn out to-morrow, with as many guns and probably seventy or eighty followers and dogs. We are here, said Ahmed Khan, just at the upper limit of the range of both deer and bear, and below the region of the timber antelope (which latter, he explained to me, was a larger animal than the wild goat of the rocky cliffs above the timber), and the battue will cover a range stretching from the level of the village to about 1,500 feet below. The bears, too, my informant said, came down from the mountains at this season every evening, but for the most part return to the upper ranges in the morning.

My Winchester was produced and an effort made to explain its capabilities. I don't know with what success, but they all said Allah Akbash most emphatically, which means God is great, and this I understood as a polite way of suggesting that miracles were nothing to God, but that to fire a dozen times without reloading was something outside of human experience. The barrel was too short, too, for his approval, being some nine inches shorter than his flintlock, and he asked how far it would kill in a tone that implied that it might do for close quarters. Looking across the ravine at a big white rock, that I judged to be 400yds. distance, I challenged him to a trial of skill; but he said he had never tried shooting at that distance, which must be at least 600 paces. But he was anxious to see me try, and as there was still half an hour of daylight remaining, two villagers were sent across with instructions to go above and some fifty paces to the left of the mark and watch results.

They looked very small in the fading daylight, as they crawled up the hillside more than a quarter of an hour later, for the ravine was deep, and recollecting how apt one is to underestimate distance in mountain country, and attaching weight to the opinion of my host, I put up the 500-yard sight and aimed for the top of the rock. I sighted first in the middle and was slowly rising the muzzle when one of the two men shouted to announce they were in position. As I pulled the trigger I thought I saw something move on the top of the rock and come into my line of vision, and as the two men at once set up a continuous yelling, I reported that I had seen something move on the top of the rock, and had fired at it, but did not know whether I had hit it or not, and that indeed at that distance I could not say whether it was a deer or a bear.

It was quite dusk when the men returned, and reported that as soon as they got into position and shouted a bear rushed out and made straight for the top of the rock, and at once rolled over and down its face before the report of the rifle reached them. Following in its wake they found blood, and one of them brought a small stone, the other a leaf, each with a drop of blood on it. I need hardly tell you what a sensation I created nor the amusement with which I listened to the exclamation, "Bismillah! Allah Akbar!"

My supper soon arrived, and consisted of a pilaff, or great dish or rather tray, of boiled rice, moistened with butter and rendered savory with raisins, pistachios and cardamoms, and crowning this a hindquarter of kid. This was followed by figs and raisins for dessert, after which the attendant brought narghiles and coffee, my host and his villagers returned to the Serai, as the building is called which in every considerable village is allotted to travelers, and the evening was passed not so much in conversation as in looking at each other, and giving vent to occasional exclamations of a pious nature, such as "Bismillah! Allah Akbar! Allah hu!" etc., etc.

Ahmed Khan withdrew early—about half-past 8—the villagers followed immediately, and Timayanes at once set about preparing my bed. As I seated myself at the edge of it finishing my last pipe, the evening prayer fell upon my ear, and as it ceased the whole villaged repeated the concluding sentence, "La Allah il Allah, Mahomed Rasool Allah"—There is no God but Allah, and Mahomed is the prophet of God. A.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CAMPING OUT.

IN CAPE BRETON.

HERE on the waters of the fair Bras d'Or
I glide along through an enchanting scene,
Where nought is heard, save unseen birds that pour
Their songs through halls of forest decked in green,
And voices of clear waters that have been
Wooed from their woodland dwellings into rest.
Afar the quick-winged eagle glides between
Vast mountain gulches to its young and nest;
Silence and shadows fall, and day dies in the west.

The glassy mirror of the lake assumes
A color borrowed from no earthly hue;
The air around is laden with perfumes
Of drowsy flowers impatient to renew
Their dewy sleep; the robin sings adieu,
And wings its flight to where its nestlings are;
Each passing moment charms the more the view,
Till comes on twilight's breast her single star,
And night floats slowly in the varied scene to mar.

But only for awhile, for lo, the change—
The wondrous change from dark to mellow light!
The moon appears, and o'er the woodland range
Ascending, steeps its sides in glory. Bright
The waters gleam beneath, and lonely night
Has cleared her brow of sorrow. Growing still,
The giver of this fair, enchanting sight
Develops to the eye o'er yonder hill
A flock of wild birds flying. From the mountain rill,

A distance off, come murmurs crystal clear;
The sad owl starts the echoes from the brake,
Complaining to the moon; while, drawing near,
A zephyr murmuring, bids the tall trees shake
In ecstacy of motion till they take
Its wandering spirit in their outstretched palms
And charm it into music. Now awake
The drowsy forests sweet melodious psalms,
Born of the wind that comes from meadowlands and farms,

Where yellow buttercups and daisies lie
In dewy sleep beneath the glow worm's light
And starry beauty of the summer sky.
But when the moon in clouds withdraws from sight,
And all the fairy scene has vanished quite,
Comes gentle sleep with many a lullaby
And pleasant dream, until Aurora bright
Spreads all her wealth of loveliness on high,
And pours the linnet forth its early melody.

Now push from off the beach the light canoe,
The tapering rod and choicest flies prepare,
And where the river joins the waters blue
Of the deep lake, all rippling, cast with care
To lure the wily sea trout sporting there!
Now beautifully dance the flies, and lo!
A moment more he leaps into the air,
And then with sudden plunge doth downward go
Till, spent, his spotted sides upon the surface glow.

When, tiring of the angler's theme, at last
You long, in autumn, after noble fare,
You soon can quit the lakes for forests vast
Where towering Smoky penetrates the air
A thousand feet from ocean. Here the bear
Dwells in his hermitage of rocks and wood,
The swift-limbed caribou darts forward where
Long level tracts of meadow yield him food,
Hemmed in on every side by mountain solitude.

Or track the monster moose through regions vast,
Where primal oaks and stately pine trees grow,
Until the rifle's fatal speed at last
O'ertakes and lays the antlered monarch low;
And as the life-stream from his side doth flow,
Mark how he struggles in his pain to rise
And combat with his death-inflicting foe,
Till gloomy darkness shoots athwart his eyes,
And quivering in each limb, the mighty victim dies.

Then homeward speed through verdant solitudes,
The heart exulting and the eye aglow,
Until, what time the broad sun, sinking, floods
The heavens with his splendor, on the brow
Of the vast mount you stand and far below
Behold the liliputian haunts of men
Beside the mighty sea whose murmurs low,
By distance mellowed, turn to music. Then
Descend the winding path and join the world again—

The selfish world, where, 'mid the ceaseless strife,
The heart grows callous and the soul's confined;
Where petty longings dwarf the better life,
And freedom blest we ne'er or seldom find.
But where the mighty oaks sway to the wind,
And mountains lift their cloud-clapped peaks on high,
The heartache and the care are left behind;
Forgotten is life's sad satiety;
Health, peace, contentment cheer; and joy beams in the eye.

FOURCHIE, Cape Breton. H. E. BAKER.

Natural History.

SOME OLD-TIME NATURAL HISTORY.

THE terrible story of the massacre at Fort William Henry has seldom been told without quotations from or at least allusion to the account thereof given by Captain Jonathan Carver, a provincial officer who was an eye-witness of the tragedy, and narrowly escaped becoming one of the victims. This account occurs in his "Three Years' Travels throughout the Interior Parts of North America," as an illustration of the horrors of Indian warfare, and has been credited by historians, according to their bias, as more or less trustworthy.

The dingy little volume, which is inscribed to "Joseph Banks, Esq., President of the Royal Society," has a chapter devoted to "The Beasts, Birds, Fishes, Reptiles and Insects" which are found in the interior parts of North America, and another which treats of the "Trees, Shrubs, Roots, Flowers, &c." These chapters seem to have attracted little attention; though as curiosities in the literature of natural history and as internal evidence as to the value of whatever else the author has written, they are worthy of notice.

One is given the impression that the author has not fabricated his accounts out of whole cloth, but given us in good faith second hand what he has received from very untrustworthy first hands. He never as offensively offends our credulity as does the Rev. Samuel A. Peters in his "General History of Connecticut," who as for example thus describes the Connecticut at Bellows Falls: "Here water is consolidated without frost, by pressure, by swiftness, between the pinching, sturdy rocks, to such a degree of induration that an iron crow floats smoothly down its current; here iron, lead and cork have one common weight; here, steady as time and harder than marble, the stream presses irresistible if not swift as lightning; the electric fire rends trees in pieces with no greater ease that does this mighty water."

Carver's fault is simply in being inaccurate and careless. Certainly the Provincial captain could not have been an officer of the Rangers, whose peculiar service taught them to read as they ran, signs so obscurely traced that they were as a sealed book to the ordinary plodder of forest byways. Nor, in the days before he went soldiering, could he have been a Yankee country boy, to have learned no more of things that such a boy is likely to meet now whenever he drives the cows home from the woodside pasture or goes a-fishing, things that such a boy would hardly fail to see then, when this New World was so wild that the shadow of the untamed forest crept close to the most populous town.

Doubtless more nighthawks then than now wheeled in wavering flight against the evening skies of summer, and boys watched their headlong plunge from aerial heights, listening for the twang of their swift descent, and found the one nestless egg laid on the bare earth, and saw the mother bird flitting silently away, alighting lengthwise on the nearest branch. Yet of so common a bird our captain says: "This bird is of the hawk species, its bill being crooked. At twilight it flies about and darts itself in wanton gambols at the head of the belated traveler."

Without falling into the vulgar error of confounding the two birds, he briefly describes the whippoorwill, which the Indians call the Muckawiss. Upon hearing its note they are "assured of milder weather and begin to sow their corn. The Indians and some of the inhabitants of the back settlements think if this bird perches upon any house, that it betokens some mishap to the inhabitants of it."

In his description of the fish hawk there is a hint which may enable unlucky anglers to improve their score and reputation. "It skims over the lakes and rivers, and sometimes seems to lie expanded on the water as he hovers so close to it, and having by some attractive power drawn the fish within its reach, darts suddenly upon them. The charm it makes use of is supposed to be an oil contained in a small bag in the body, and which nature has, by some means or other, supplied him with the power of using for this purpose." And he adds, with the certainty of faith, "It is, however, very certain that any bait touched with a drop of the oil collected from this bird is an irresistible lure for all sorts of fish, and insures the angler great success."

"The loon," he tells us, "is a waterfowl, somewhat less than a teal, and is a species of dabchick," and wrongly says that the "color is a dark brown, nearly approaching black;" but rightly enough, that "its flesh is very ill-flavored and only repays the trouble taken to obtain it by the excellent sport it affords," for "it requires three persons to kill one of them, and that can only be done the moment it raises its head out of the water as it returns to the surface after diving," as "they will dexterously avoid the shot by diving before they reach them." Had war alarms frightened all the loons from Lake George when the captain was campaigning on its shores; or had innumerable triplets of gunners destroyed them, or had the abashed waterfowl, outdone in devilish vociferation by Montcalm's Indians, withdrawn themselves from observation and left only "hell-divers" to invite the fusilade of marksmen and fool our naturalist into such belittling and erroneous description of our great northern diver?

He tells us that "the whetsaw is one of the cuckoo kind, a solitary bird and scarcely ever seen," and we are convinced that he never saw the little Acadian owl, but he had seen "the king bird, which is like a swallow and seems to be of the same species as the black martin or swift. It is called the king bird because it is able to master almost every bird that flies. I have often seen it bring down a hawk."

What is the Wakon bird, so called by the Indians, who hold it in veneration? He says it "appears to be of the same species as the birds of paradise. It is nearly the size of a swallow, of a brown color, shaded about the neck with a bright green: the wings are of a darker brown than the body; its tail is composed of four or five feathers, which are three times as long as its body, and which are beautifully shaded with green and purple. It carries this fine plumage in the same manner as a peacock does. I never saw any of these birds in the colonies, but the Naudowessie Indians caught several of them when I was in their country, and seemed to treat them as if they were of superior rank to any other of the feathered race," and in the Indian language its name signifies Bird of the Great Spirit.

Our captain has more to say of the rattlesnake than of any other reptile. In his "Travels" he tells a marvelous tale of a rattlesnake that a Menomonie Indian had tamed and carried about with him in a box, from which he let it loose in October, and wagered two gallons of rum with the French gentleman who told Carver the story, that the snake would appear there and return to the box on a certain day in the following May. At the appointed time the Indian and the Frenchman met at the place, but the snake did not come at the call of his master, who then offered to double the bet that the snake would come within two days; and "on the second day about 1 o'clock the snake arrived, and of his own accord crawled into the box, which was placed ready for him."

The rattlesnake plantain is an approved antidote for the poison of this snake, bountifully supplied by Providence wherever this creature is to be met with. "The leaves of this herb are more efficacious than any other part of it," and being chewed and applied immediately to the wound and some of the juice swallowed, seldom fails to avert every dangerous symptom. "A decoction of the buds and bark of the white ash taken internally is another remedy, salt another—newly discovered—and "the fat of the reptile rubbed on is frequently found to be very efficacious." He never could discover the manner in which they bring forth their young, but he gives positive testimony on the subject of snakes swallowing their young. "I once killed a female that had seventy young ones in its belly, and these were perfectly formed, and I saw them just before retire to the mouth of their mother, a place of security, on my approach. The galls of this serpent, mixed with chalk, are formed into little balls and exported from America for medical purposes, an excellent remedy for complaints incident to children." The flesh of the snake also dried and made into broth is much more nutritive than that of vipers, and very efficacious against consumptions!"

The thorn-tail snake "is found in many parts of America, but is seldom seen. It receives its name from a thorn-like dart in its tail, which is said to inflict a mortal wound." Only one specimen of the two-headed snake was ever seen in America, and that was found near Lake Champlain in the year 1762, and presented to Lord Amherst.

Of seven or eight sorts of land turtles it is well to know that the bite of the least and most beautiful "is said to be venomous."

Capt. Carver describes the tiger of America as resembling in shape those of Africa and Asia, though considerably smaller and of a "darkish fallow color, and entirely free from spots. The cat of the mountain is in shape like a cat, only much larger, in color of a reddish or orange cast, beautified by black spots of different figures."

In his Western travels he can hardly have fallen in with the grizzly bear, for he makes no mention of it, and says that the bears of America are timorous and inoffensive, unless they are pinched by hunger or smarting from a wound. The sight of a man terrifies them, and a dog will put several of them to flight."

"There are two sorts of foxes in North America which differ only in their color, one being of a reddish brown, the other of a gray; those of the latter kind that are found near the river Mississippi are extremely beautiful, their hair being of a silver gray."

He gives a very good description of the buffalo, but confounds the elk and the moose, saying of the first that its horns are not forked like those of a deer, but have all their teeth or branches on the outer edge, and that the horns of the latter, though "almost as numerous" as that animal's, branch on both sides like those of a deer. "It has feet and legs like a camel."

"The carcajou, which is of the cat kind, is a terrible enemy" to the deer, elk, moose and caribou, which he lies in wait for and springs upon," when he fastens upon his neck and opening the jugular vein, soon brings his victim to the ground. This he is enabled to do by his long tail, with which he encircles the body of his adversary; and the only means they have to shun their fate is by flying immediately to the water; by this method, as the carcajou has a great dislike to that element, he is sometimes got rid of before he can effect his purpose."

"The skunk," he says, "is the most extraordinary animal that the American woods produce," though he has just described a quadruped whose tail enables it to hold on to its victims—a "tail-holt" quite different from that taken in the ordinary sense. "As soon as he finds himself in danger, he ejects to a great distance from behind, a small stream of water of so subtle a nature and at the same time so powerful a smell, that the air is tainted with it for half a mile in circumference, and his pursuers, whether men or dogs, being almost suffocated with the stench, are obliged to give over the pursuit." This "displeases rather from its penetrative power than from its nauseousness," and "is considered as conducive to clear the head and raise the spirits." The captain is not squeamish, for he has often fed on skunks and found them sweet and good. Indeed, one who can speak authoritatively of the broth of rattlesnakes, would not spleen against the flesh of the skunk. Does it occur to the Ichthyophagos Club what a valuable member it might have had it been born a century and a quarter earlier, or Captain Carver a hundred years later than he was?

His lengthy description of that prolific theme of the imaginative naturalist's pen, the beaver, is only noticeable for the absence of exaggeration and for his forbearance when in the closing sentence he assures us that were he to "enumerate every instance of the sagacity that is to be discovered in these animals they would fill a volume and prove not only entertaining but instructing."

The otter "greatly resembles a beaver but is very different from it in many respects." Wherein the resemblance consists he does not set forth, but only the differences, except that "in winter it is contented with the bark of trees or the produce of the fields."

But nothing is likelier to shake the reader's faith in the captain's veracity or accuracy than what he writes of animals that he could hardly have failed to see often and that would almost force the most careless observer to notice their form and habits. How could one whose service must frequently have taken him to the haunts of the muskrat, escape a better acquaintance with that miniature beaver than to write of him that his summer fare is "strawberries, raspberries and such other fruits as they can reach," and that "in winter they separate, when each takes up its lodging apart in some hollow tree, where they remain quite unprovided with food and there is the greatest reason to believe subsist without any till the return of spring," or of the mink, that in shape and size "it resembles a polecat," which he has told us is larger than a skunk, that it "is blacker than almost any creature," and that its tail is round like that of a snake but growing flattish toward the end and is entirely without hair!" If he ever smelled the nauseous effluvia of the mink, he must have had a nose of his own to enable him to say that "an agreeable musky scent exhales from its body."

Of the little space devoted to insects, the greater part is taken up by a description of the "lightning bug, or firefly, which is almost the size of a bee, and if you permit five or six to crawl upon your hand and they freely exhibit their glow together, they will enable you to read almost the smallest print."

Of trees, he tells us that the hemlock, though "of very large growth, is quite useless and only an incumbrance to the ground," an opinion in which he would find few to agree with him now.

What can be the "Wickopic or Lucknic," which "appears to be a species of the whitewood, and is distinguished from it by a peculiar quality of the bark, which when pounded and moistened with a little water, instantly becomes of the consistence and nature of size. With this the Indians pay their canoes, and it greatly exceeds pitch or any other material usually appropriated to that purpose; for, besides its adhesive quality, it is of so oily a nature that the water cannot penetrate through it, and its repelling power abates not for a considerable time." It is a pity that a tree having such valuable qualities should not be generally known.

The hickory is, as we well know, "a very good firewood;" but how many know that "as it burns an excellent sugar distills from it?"

Who that is accustomed to the weird autumnal bloom of our witch hazel would recognize it when found "covered early in May with numerous white blossoms." He tells us, "It has been said that it is possessed with the power of attracting gold or silver, and that twigs of it are made use of to discover where the veins of these metals are hid," but he conscientiously adds, "I am apprehensive this is only a fallacious story and not to be depended on."

A stickler for old names is glad to see that our captain gives that of wake robin to the Indian turnip and not to the moose flower or white trillium, as is the fashion nowadays. If he was ever fooled into tasting the root and knows whereof he affirms, the effect recorded is singular, for he says that "it will greatly inflame the tongue and immediately convert it from its natural shape into a round hard substance, in which state it will continue for some time."

With this pungent taste of Captain Carver's wake robin we take leave of the naturalist and traveler, wondering whether he who so long since journeyed to the undiscovered country from which no traveler returns, was attempting to impose upon the credulous reader or was himself imposed upon by unscrupulous tellers of campfire tales. ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

[The thorn-tail snake, so called from the thorn-like dart at the end of its tail, must be identical with the hoop snake, so much discussed in these later times, and with the stinging snake "H. P. U." and "Coahoma" are interested in finding a specimen of. This elusive creature is certainly entitled to veneration because of its age, and is no less deserving of respect for so successfully keeping itself aloof from naturalists for a century or more.]

LOONS.—In FOREST AND STREAM of July 11, "J. G. R." has an article on loons, in which he says: "Once in a small space of open water, there they must stay until the ice thaws sufficient to give them a chance to rise, which requires at least one-eighth of a mile. They cannot arise from the land nor from any hard surface, only from a large space of water. They can be easily shot when confined in one of these open spaces of water, but to shoot one in the open lake is considered a big thing to do." Such was my belief in years gone by and will be accepted by most, if not all, who read the article. But is it true that a loon cannot rise from a small body of water? If one will remain in a small body of water and suffer death it is pretty good evidence that he cannot get away, but it is not conclusive. One will stay in the open lake for hours under a constant fusilade and not take to wing for safety. The loon usually leaves the water in the manner described by "J. G. R.," for the reason that it is easily done by a bird heavy in body and small in pinion. I believe the loon can rise from a small body of water or from any body of water likely to attract attention. What say the readers of FOREST AND STREAM?—JOSEPH IDE.

THE WOODCOCK AND THE WORM.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following, coming from Audubon, ought to bear a good deal of weight on the question raised in your last issue as to how the woodcock get their food from the mud by boring. He says on page 20, Vol. VI. (of the edition of Roe, Lockwood & Son, New York, 1861): "The food of the woodcock consists principally of large earthworms, of which it swallows as many in the course of a night as would equal its own weight. It obtains its food by perforating the damp earth or mire, and also by turning the dead leaves in the woods and picking up the worms that lie beneath them. On watching a number of individuals probing mud in which a number of earthworms had been introduced, in a tub placed in room partially darkened, I observed the birds plunged their bills up to the nostrils, but never deeper; and from the motion of the parts at the base of the mandibles I concluded that the bird has the power of working the extremities so as to produce a kind of vacuum, which it enables it to seize the worm at one end and suck it into its throat before it withdraws its bill, as do curlews and godwits."

Some summers ago, while shooting woodcock, I observed some birds in an old field ditch under some willows; these birds were in the open ditch and were feeding or boring in the mud; it was early in the morning, but the sun was well up, so that I had full chance to see them; they were not twenty to twenty-five feet away. These birds acted as Audubon relates that his tame birds did, that is, they ran the bill deep into the mud, held it there, and appeared to suck in with their throats, but on the withdrawal of the bill I never saw the worm. Now with snipe, I have often seen the worm after the bill is withdrawn, and more often have taken the worms from their mouths after they were shot.

There is one point I don't understand in regard to the construction of the woodcock's bill, nor can I reconcile it with the sucking theory, and that is that, unlike the snipe's, the woodcock's upper bill overhang's the lower, or more properly speaking, the lower bill is shorter and fits into the upper; and if I am right, it is stiff at the ends and not soft and capable of being opened like the snipe's. Now if this is so, how can he open his bill while in the mud to suck, and not open the whole length of it? A snipe can; he opens just the very end and makes a tube of his bill. I have not a woodcock head with me, and an old one would be too dry to surely test this point, but I am quite sure a woodcock's bill is as I describe it.

BOSTON, Mass. E. B.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"A Study of Woodcock," by "Paul Pastnor," in FOREST AND STREAM for July 18, is certainly a remarkable contribution to the literature of the subject of which it treats. Indeed, one hesitates to take the writer seriously or to feel quite sure that his "little old wood witch hobbling about with a very long black cane," did not befog his senses by some potent spell, under the influence of which he dreamed, instead of saw, the curious things which he describes so pleasantly. But, as he truly observes, "many mirth-provoking theories, in the course of modern investigation, have become science," and it would be not less unsafe than ungenerous to positively ridicule or discredit any of his observations or theories, however fanciful they may seem. Moreover, most of them, as I shall presently show, are by no means as new as their author apparently thinks. For convenience of discussion, the leading points in his article may be briefly restated and considered as follows:

(1) That the woodcock possibly has a song. There is no doubt about this, for the fact has been recorded and more or less freely commented on by several observers. (See *American Sportsman*, IV., 1874, p. 19; the same, pp. 41, Torrey's "Birds in the Bush," pp. 222–225; Nuttall's Manual, "Water Birds," pp. 196–197). The bird sings in the air during the mating season, in the evening twilight, rising in a spiral course to the height of three or four hundred feet, thence descending in zigzag lines, at the same time uttering warbling notes, which, to my ears, at least, are very sweet and musical, recalling the sound produced by a water whistle such as boys sell in the streets of our cities. I have witnessed this performance many times at various places, and on several occasions have traced the bird's flight from the ground to the highest point which it reached and back to earth again.

(2) That both the European and American woodcock pick up and carry off their young is also a fact attested by many observers, although writers differ in their impressions as to the way the thing is done, some asserting that the chick is carried in the parent's bill; others, on her back; others, in her claws, and still others, that it is held pressed close to her body between her thighs. The last view seems to be supported by the best evidence, although it is not improbable that the method varies at different times. An article on the subject in the *Zoölogist* (third series, Vol. III., pp. 433–440) is accompanied by on illustration, depicting the European woodcock carrying its young very much as "Paul Pastnor" describes.

(3) I have never seen anything to indicate that the woodcock has a strongly developed bump of curiosity; but there seems to be no reason for challenging your correspondent's observations on this point, which are certainly very interesting and apparently quite conclusive.

(4) The assumption that the woodcock is only semi-nocturnal, although doubtless, contrary to the general impression of sportsmen, is perhaps correct. I have never detected a wild bird in the act of boring in the day time, but in the stomachs of several specimens, killed at about mid-day I have found fragments of earth worms. This would seem to be strong presumptive proof of diurnal feeding, for earth worms must be very rapidly digested in the stomach of a healthy woodcock.

(5) It is certainly possible that the evening flights of woodcock may be occasionally undertaken, as your correspondent believes, simply to enjoy "a mad, merry whirl in the air;" but nothing that I have seen warrants such a conclusion. On the contrary, after observing these flights on many occasions and at various places and seasons, I am convinced that the birds rise at evening from the thickets in which they have spent the day merely to seek richer but more exposed feeding grounds, where they dare not trust themselves by daylight. The fact that "Paul Pastnor's" birds flew into open meadow is significant in this connection.

(6) The assumption that the woodcock does not secure its food by boring, but that the holes which it makes in the mud are intended to serve as passages through which earthworms may be lured to their fate by the simulated sound of rain, produced by the subsequent dancing and fluttering of the bird on the surface above, is apparently an original, and certainly a rather startling theory. From the nature of the case such a theory cannot be disproved, but it may be discredited, partly on the ground that observations made in the field at night, even in the clearest moonlight and with the aid of a good glass, cannot be wholly reliable, partly by evidence that the bird sometimes gets its food in simpler ways.

Audubon, "watching several individuals probing mud in which a number of earth worms had been introduced, in a tub placed in a room partially darkened," concluded "from the motion of the parts at the base of the mandibles * * * that the bird has the power of working their extremities so as to produce a kind of vacuum, which enables it to seize the worm at one end and suck it into its throat before it withdraws its bill, as do curlews and godwits (" Birds of America," Vol. VI., pp. 20-21). I am not aware that this supposition has been since verified, although it does not seem improbable that the woodcock, without withdrawing its bill, may sometimes suck up very small earth worms or other minute animals found in soft mud. However this may be, it certainly frequently, if not habitually, employs a different method, at least with earth worms of fair size.

In July, 1878, I saw a live woodcock in the possession of Mr. C. J. Maynard. He had it from a boy who flushed it in a garden, whence it flew against the side of a house, falling sufficiently stunned to be easily captured. It recovered in a short time and was placed in a large box, prepared for its reception by covering the bottom several inches deep with loam, sinking a basin of water in the center, and planting tall living weeds about the back and sides. When I first looked in the bird was squatting among the weeds, nor did any motion on my part avail to cause it to shift its position, save by shrinking a little closer to the ground, but when a live screech owl was brought and held against the wires that covered the front of the cage, the woodcock at once rose and advanced to meet its *vis-à-vis*. Singularly enough the owl seemed to be the more frightened of the two. Indeed, the woodcock showed no perceptible fear. After the removal of the owl the woodcock ran about freely, exploring all the corners of its limited domain, and probing the earth vigorously, but apparently without success, although it left no spot untried. Its long bill was thrust downward with wonderful rapidity and on every side in quick succession, the motion strongly resembling that of a man spearing eels. Then the bird would take a step or two and try again. Sometimes it would stop and apparently listen with its head held slightly on one side, the ear directed downward. Again it would stamp with its feet quickly and forcibly, several times in succession, then hold its head very near the ground, evidently listening for the movements of suspected worms beneath, for, immediately afterward, it twice probed rapidly and closely over the spot to which its ear had been applied. It rarely stood erect, and moved with a skulking gait, the head drawn in between the shoulders and slightly raised and lowered, with a nodding motion, between each step. When frightened, it held its tail nearly erect and spread to the utmost the down lower coverts, drooping beneath the tail feathers in a vertical, fan-shaped fringe. When undisturbed, and always when feeding, the tail was depressed and closed. Mr. Maynard told me that the bird ate half a pint of earth worms twice each day.

It will be observed that during the observations just recorded, I did not actually see the woodcock secure an earth worm; in fact, it is quite certain that of the many thrusts which it made while I was watching it, none was successful, for I stood within a few feet of the cage into which a strong light penetrated freely. If I remember rightly, Mr. Maynard said that no earth worms had been put into the cage for several hours previous to my visit, and that the bird had probably nearly or quite exhausted its last supply. Hence its ill success in boring had no special significance. The attitude of listening was most suggestive, however, and the subsequent rapid and exciting boring about the spot to which the bird's ear had been applied convinced me that its stamping was simply for the purpose of startling the worms and inducing them to betray their whereabouts by the sound, however slight, of their movements beneath the surface. Robins listen in a similar way before locating and dragging forth an earth worm. They also sometimes stamp just before listening, although this action is not as vigorous and strongly marked on their part as it was with the woodcock. If the latter stamped for the purpose of simulating the sound of rain, and thereby inducing the worms to come to the surface, why did it not, after executing its "war dance," remove a step or two, or, at least, assume a position of watching instead of listening and immediately boring again?

Fortunately it is needless to multiply arguments in support of this view, for Mr. Maynard actually saw his bird, after stamping and listening, "turn either to the right or left or take a step or two forward, plunge his bill into the earth and draw out a worm which he would swallow, then repeat this performance until all the worms were eaten." ("Birds of Eastern North America," pp. 374, 375). Then this statement proves that the woodcock is perfectly able to "withdraw a worm from the ground with its bill," despite "Paul Pastnor's" incredulity on that point; while taken in connection with the other facts and arguments above detailed, it also proves that the "war dance" serves—at least sometimes—the purpose which I have explained.

Since writing the above I have come upon the following in an early number (Vol. I., No. 16, p. 251) of FOREST AND STREAM:

"Did our readers ever see a woodcock 'boring?' We have, and this is how he did it: Once on a time we surprised one of these gentry at his matutinal occupation, and so intent was he that he never noticed our presence. We had always supposed that he thrust his long bill into the moist earth and drew out his grub, snipe-fashion, and swallowed it; but no, he pegged away vigorously at the ground, something as woodpeckers hammer, digging deeper and deeper, until he actually stood on his head to reach the greatest depth. Then when he had one hole bored he began another, and so continued until he had made nine, as we ascertained by counting afterward. But never a worm or grub did he draw forth from subterranean sources. He had been merely preparing his little stratagem, setting his traps, so to speak, and when all was ready he laid down on his stomach, with his bill flat to the ground, and commenced beating the perforated earth violently with his wings. Presently a little worm or a grub or other insect came to the surface, and peering above the edge of one of the holes was incontinently sucked into the long protruding bill. Directly afterward a red well-scoured angle worm was victimized—we could see it distinctly as it passed into the bill—and possibly others would have followed had not our stupid dunderhead of a setter worked up on the scent and flushed the bird."

This note, which was apparently written by Mr. Chas. Hallock, the then managing editor of FOREST AND STREAM, curiously confirms as well as anticipates "Paul Pastnor's" observations. Although it does not mention the "rain" theory, it undeniably gives the latter much added probability. Indeed, if Mr. Hallock (?) was deceived in his impressions, the behavior of his bird may be fairly regarded as proving that the woodcock sometimes gets its food in the way that "Paul Pastnor" maintains.

Before concluding I should like to add a word about the whistling sound which the woodcock makes when flying. In your editorial remarks in the issue of July 18 you say that you "believe that it is not made by the wings, and could give reasons which to us appear conclusive." Will you kindly give these reasons? I must confess that nothing in connection with the habits of this interesting bird seems to me surer than that its shrill silvery whistle, which so thrills the heart of every sportsman, is produced by the wings. My grounds for this conviction are: (1) That I have over and over again had the same experience as that given by your correspondent, "H. D. N." (FOREST AND STREAM, Vol. XXXII., No. 25, July 11, 1889, p. 510), of shooting birds that did not whistle and finding that they were without the small, stiff, attenuated primary quills, while in no instance have I ever known a bird which lacked these quills to make the least whistling sound; although I do not deny—indeed, I have seen repeated instances of the fact—that a full-plumaged woodcock possessing these quills sometimes rises without whistling. (2) That twice upon picking up wounded woodcock by their bills I have had them beat their wings vigorously as if flying, producing at the same time the usual shrill whistle. One of these birds flapped so slowly that the whistle was not continuous, but on the contrary, made up of closely connected, but still separate, notes, each of which could be distinctly associated with a stroke of the wing. In both instances I held the bird's mandibles tightly together.

Surely nothing could be more conclusive than this. Assuming that it settles the origin of the sound, we are led naturally to consider what advantage a bird derives from it ability to whistle with its wings, for it is an universally-admitted law of nature that no highly specialized or peculiar function is developed in any animal except to serve some definite purpose, either of use or ornament. Now the attenuated primaries, as I prefer to call them, whistling quills, are present and equally developed in young as well as old birds of both sexes, and at all seasons excepting during the moult. It is evident, then, that they are not secondary sexual characters. The woodcock is also the only member of its family with which I am familiar which does not habitually and frequently utter some vocal whistle or call when flying. As far as is known the love-song already described, a harsh, night-hawk-like *paip*, made only when the bird is on the ground, and chiefly, if not wholly, by the male during the mating season, and a low *put'l*, given in connection with the *paip*, are the only vocal notes which the woodcock utters. Why then may not its wing-whistling serve the same purpose as the vocal calls of other waders, viz., to inform its companions of its movements and approximate position? This, at least, has seemed to me a logical inference from the facts just stated.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass. WILLIAM BREWSTER

THAT STINGING SNAKE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your number of July 11 contained a very interesting and instructive communication from Miss Catherine C. Hopley upon my favorite subject—snakes. As a good deal of Miss Hopley's letter was devoted especially to my enlightenment, I hope, through your courtesy, to be permitted to thank her, and express my high appreciation of her kindness.

I am especially indebted to Miss Hopley for elucidating the question as to whether venomous snakes shed their fangs periodically; and, indeed, I had myself concluded that they do so, from the invariable provision of young ones to take the places of the mature fangs when displaced, as nature could hardly be expected to provide so lavishly and with such regularity for the probably infrequent occasions when the supplementary fangs would be needed to repair accidental breakage.

As regards the other question, of the existence or not of stinging snakes, which Miss Hopley has effectually set at rest, I believe she taxes me with rather more credulity on the subject than my observations of inquiry warranted. I had myself made the same reflections which she suggests, that is, that the existence of such a species could hardly have escaped the investigations of naturalists. I am also aware that most unscientific people are more credulous about snake myths than about any other subject, except perhaps those of ghosts and the efficacy of remedial nostrums. Still, having heard quite a number of intelligent and generally veracious white men positively aver that they had seen and killed such snakes, I think I may be pardoned for making inquiry touching the matter of scientific authority. Mr. Walter Clark, of this place, a man of education and intelligence, assured me that he had killed a snake with a sting in its tail this spring, and thought he could procure me a specimen. I have offered ten dollars to any one who will bring me a live specimen of the stinging snake.

In conclusion I wish to say to Miss Hopley that I have derived more information about snakes from her writings than from any other source, as no scientific snake literature has ever fallen into my hands, and my knowledge of them is mainly gathered from my own cursory observations in the woods. COAHOMA.

CLARKSDALE, Miss.

P. S.—A friend at my elbow affects to see something very ludicrous in the idea of a denizen of the Mississippi swamps going to London for information about snakes.—C.

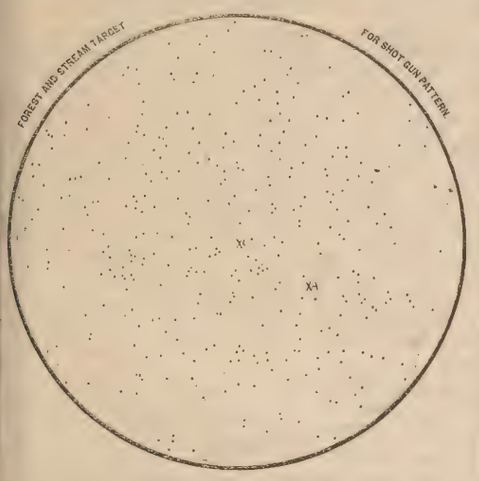
Game Bag and Gun.

Antelope and Deer of America. By J. D. Caton. Price $2.50. Wing and Glass Ball Shooting with the Rifle. By W. C. Bliss. Price 50 cents. Rifle, Rod and Gun in California. By T. S. Van Dyke. Price $1.50. Shore Birds. Price 15 cents. Woodcraft. By "Nessmuk." Price $1. Trajectories of Hunting Rifles. Price 50 cents. Wild Fowl Shooting; see advertisement.

PATTERN AND PENETRATION TEST.

THE GREENER GUN.

WHEN the FOREST AND STREAM sent out its invitations to gun makers, asking them to have representative guns in our gun trials, a prompt answer came across the ocean that a gun would be sent from the works of W. W. Greener. It came a few days ago to the American representative of the Greener gun, Mr. Squires, of 176 Broadway. It bore the tag "FOREST AND STREAM Trial Gun," and was as beautiful a piece of mechanism as one could care to look upon. It was of the last output from the Greener establishment, and with it came cartridge cases, wads and shot. "Load fifty cartridges with your best English powder, and also make up fifty cartridges of American powder and shot, and we will try



GREENER GUN, 40YDS., RIGHT BARREL, 382 PELLETS, AM. CART.

them together." This was all the request made by the FOREST AND STREAM gun man, and on the 24th a gentleman from Squires's came to the range laden with gun and charges. The big roll of paper, nearly five hundred pounds in weight and over fifty-two inches wide, was set rolling. Pad after pad of penetration paper was placed behind, and soon the shots were telling their stories in emphatic style on the paper sheets. It was not a happy day for a test, or rather it was a day for a very severe test. It was not dry enough to cake the barrels to any extent, but there was a sharp, increasing wind which blew across from right to left at the rate of from twelve to sixteen miles per hour, increasing as the test went on from the lower to the higher rate of speed. The 40yds. distance was first covered, and the opening shots, after a warming-up pair of cartridges had been fired, was with the American-made charges. How well they acted and how finely the gun handled them is shown fully in the tabulated report. The large size of the paper sheets employed, and the easy working of the gun-test machinery,



GREENER GUN, 40YDS., LEFT BARREL, 355 PELLETS, AM. CART.

enabled a double count to be made on every discharge. Thus, when the large sheet of clean white paper rolled down, a bullseye was pasted on it, and when the shot was fired a 30in. circle was struck from the center of this bullseye. Then another circle of the same size was struck from such a center as to include the best pattern shown on the large white expanse. It sometimes happened that the aimed-at circle included the best pattern, and nothing was gained by shifting. The circle first struck was the one in which the gun, practically in the hands of a gunner, ought to make its best pattern. The second circle was the best work of the barrels, with the disturbing factors of wind, any possible bad barrel setting and bad aiming all obliterated. How they compare is shown in the following table, showing the pattern results of every shot fired:

PATTERN 40YDS.—ENGLISH CHARGES.

	Right Barrel. Aimed circle.	Struck circle.	Dist. bet. centers.	Left Barrel. Aimed circle.	Struck circle.	Dist. bet. centers.
1	236	249	5 in.	146	206	9 in.
2	188	185	3½in.	123	211	9½in.
3	86	115	7 in.	192	209	4½in.
4	226	231	4 in.	199	242	7 in.
5	183	208	7½in.	173	205	9 in.
Average	183	198	5 in.	167	215	8 in.

PATTERN 40YDS.—AMERICAN CHARGES.

1	323	356	6 in.	241	314	5½in.
2	323	362	5½in.	288	355	8 in.
3	253	282	7 in.	233	329	9 in.
4	286	327	7 in.	317	353	4 in.
5	303	327	6 in.	184	207	7½in.
Average	298	331	6 in.	253	312	7 in.

PATTERN 60YDS.—ENGLISH CHARGES.

1	52	54	6 in.	70	102	9 in.
2	67	73	5 in.	24	31	6 in.
3	83	81	6 in.	100	108	5½in.
4	77	70	7 in.	104	114	7 in.
5	105	99	6 in.	42	59	7 in.
Average	77	75	6 in.	68	83	7 in.

PATTERN 60YDS.—AMERICAN CHARGES.

1	113	124	4½in.	69	78	5½in.
2	131	123	7 in.	77	115	11 in.
3	122	147	8 in.	70	81	8 in.
4	95	125	7 in.	52	91	9½in.
5	98	126	6½in.	108	141	7 in.
Average	112	129	6½in.	75	101	8 in.



GREENER GUN, 40YDS., RIGHT BARREL, 249 PELLETS, ENG. CART.

There was no cleaning out of the gun when the trial was in progress and Range Supt. Moss who did the firing said he found it a pleasant working arm with a slight increase of recoil when the English charges of the quick burning Pigou, Wilkes & Laurence powder were throwing the No. 6 shot, which according to the American measurement would very nearly correspond with the grade No. 7, there being a difference of but 10 pellets in the ounce. As the gun went from the range it was with the understanding that it should be available for another test when the weather conditions might be of the most favorable, and the gun given an opportunity to show a still better average than that indicated in the subjoined formal exhibit of the test.

CLAREMONT, N. J., July 24, 1889.

TEST MADE AT FOREST AND STREAM GUN-TESTING SCREEN.

Gun—Greener Hammerless Ejector. Cost, $250. No. of gun, 36,854. Weight, 8lbs. Length of barrels, 30in. Gauge, 12. Right barrel, full choke. Left barrel, full choke.
Weather—Clear. Direction of wind, 3 o'clock. Force of wind, 15 miles per hour. Thermometer, dry, 78°. Do., wet, 67°. Humidity, 63°. Barometer, 29.8in.



GREENER GUN, 40YDS., LEFT BARREL, 242 PELLETS, ENG. CART.

Charge, as given by holder of gun:

BOTH BARRELS.

Shell—Greener Sporting Life.
Powder, Brand—Pigou, Wilkes & Laurence Alliance No. 5.
Powder, Quantity—3¼drs.
Shot—*Make*—Newcastle. *Quantity*—1⅛oz. *Size*—No. 6 English.

CARTRIDGE ANALYSIS.

Three Cartridges Taken at Random.

BOTH BARRELS.

Loading.		*Powder.*	*Shot.*	
Card over shot; felt and card over powder.	card 1...	91 grs.	600 grs.	372 pellets.
	over 2...	92 grs.	608 grs.	380 pellets.
	3...	90 grs.	605 grs.	377 pellets.
	Average	91 grs.	604 grs.	376 pellets.

TEST AT 40 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

RIGHT BARREL. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*	LEFT BARREL. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*
1. 236 pellets.	20 sheets.	1. 146 pellets.	16 sheets.
2. 188 pellets.	17 sheets.	2. 123 pellets.	.. sheets.
3. 86 pellets.	15 sheets.	3. 192 pellets.	14 sheets.
4. 226 pellets.	16 sheets.	4. 199 pellets.	17 sheets.
5. 183 pellets.	15 sheets.	5. 173 pellets.	17 sheets.
Av. 183 pellets.	17 sheets.	Av. 167 pellets.	16 sheets.

Three shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.	LEFT BARREL.
1..... 249 pellets.	1..... 211 pellets.
2..... 231 pellets.	2..... 209 pellets.
3..... 209 pellets.	3..... 242 pellets.
Average 229 pellets.	Average 220 pellets.

TEST AT 60 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

RIGHT BARREL. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*	LEFT BARREL. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*
1. 52 pellets.	5 sheets.	1. 70 pellets.	12 sheets.
2. 67 pellets.	11 sheets.	2. 24 pellets.	.. sheets,
3. 83 pellets.	11 sheets.	3. 100 pellets.	4 sheets.
4. 77 pellets.	10 sheets.	4. 104 pellets.	3 sheets.
5. 105 pellets.	15 sheets.	5. 42 pellets.	12 sheets.
Av. 77 pellets.	10 sheets.	Av. 68 pellets.	8 sheets.

Three shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.	LEFT BARREL.
1..... 73 pellets.	1..... 102 pellets.
2..... 70 pellets.	2..... 108 pellets.
3..... 99 pellets.	3..... 114 pellets.
Average 80 pellets.	Average 108 pellets.

CLAREMONT, N. J., June 24, 1889.

TEST MADE AT FOREST AND STREAM GUN-TESTING SCREEN.

Gun—Greener Hammerless Ejector. Cost, $250. No. of gun, 36,854. Weight 8lbs. Length of barrels, 30in. Gauge, 12. Right barrel, full choke. Left barrel, full choke.
Weather—Clear. Direction of wind, 3 o'clock. Force of wind, 15 miles per hour. Thermometer, dry, 78°. Do., wet, 67°. Humidity, 63°. Barometer, 29.8in.
Charge, as given by holder of gun:

BOTH BARRELS.

Shell—U. M. C. Co.
Powder, Brand—Dupont Ducking.
Powder, Quantity—3¼drs.
Shot—*Make*—LeRoy Chilled. *Quantity*—1¼oz. *Size*—8.

CARTRIDGE ANALYSIS.

Three Cartridges Taken at Random.

BOTH BARRELS.

Loading.		*Powder.*	*Shot.*	
Card over shot; heavy felt and card over powder.	card, 1...	91 grs.	611 grs.	623 pellets.
	card 2...	89 grs.	606 grs.	519 pellets.
	3...	89 grs.	613 grs.	539 pellets.
	Average	89 grs.	610 grs.	560 pellets.

TEST AT 40 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

RIGHT BARREL. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*	LEFT BARREL. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*
1. 323 pellets.	14 sheets.	1. 241 pellets.	15 sheets.
2. 323 pellets.	18 sheets.	2. 288 pellets.	16 sheets.
3. 253 pellets.	13 sheets.	3. 233 pellets.	13 sheets.
4. 286 pellets.	15 sheets.	4. 317 pellets.	12 sheets.
5. 303 pellets.	14 sheets.	5. 184 pellets.	12 sheets.
Av. 298 pellets.	15 sheets.	Av. 368 pellets.	13 sheets.

Three shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.	LEFT BARREL.
1..... 356 pellets.	1..... 355 pellets.
2..... 362 pellets.	2..... 329 pellets.
3.. .. 327 pellets.	3..... 353 pellets.
Average 348 pellets.	Average 345 pellets.

TEST AT 60 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

RIGHT BARREL. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*	LEFT BARREL. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*
1. 113 pellets.	10 sheets.	1. 69 pellets.	6 sheets.
2. 131 pellets.	4 sheets.	2. 77 pellets.	6 sheets.
3. 122 pellets.	4 sheets.	3. 70 pellets.	.. sheets.
4. 95 pellets.	6 sheets.	4. 52 pellets.	6 sheels.
5. 98 pellets.	7 sheets.	5. 108 pellets.	4 sheets.
Av. 112 pellets.	6 sheets.	Av. 75 pellets.	5 sheets.

Three shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.	LEFT BARREL.
1..... 147 pellets.	1..... 115 pellets.
2..... 125 pellets.	2..... 91 pellets.
3..... 126 pellets.	3..... 141 pellets.
Average 133 pellets.	Average 115 pellets.

AUGUSTA, Ga., July 23.—Dove shooting has commenced in this county. The Legislature now in session has changed the law, so that the season now opens July 15 instead of August. This is the best game we have. The doves feed morning and evening on the new pea fields and millet and wheat patches. They are fine eating, and the young are tender and juicy. A bag of 25 to 30 in an afternoon or early morning is not rare. As a table bird I consider them superior to quail, woodcock or snipe.—J. M. W.

A BEAR SCRIMMAGE.

BETHEL, Me., July 17.—Last week as P. Conley was coming home from Bethel to Greenwood, just at sundown, when near the home of J. G. Rich, he saw a bear in a ravine making his way up into a patch of woods near the house of M. Deegan.

He at once ran his horse to Deegan's house and alarmed him. Mr. Deegan had an old muzzleloader double gun, which was empty and rusty, hung in the slings, which he was not long in loading with No. 6 shot, a handful of powder and a small bullet to each barrel. Then calling his (shepherd-and-cur) dog Rover, and Conley taking an axe, they started out, striking the woods ahead of where the bear was last seen, in the direction he was heading. The dog took the lead, crossing the ravine and ascending the hill in the woods some distance ahead of the two men, thinking, no doubt, they were after the cows, as that was where they were pastured. Soon after the dog entered the woods beyond the ravine he commenced barking, and the men separated, Deegan going directly toward the sound of the dog, and Conley with his axe up ahead, so as to cut him off in case the dog was running him.

Deegan, by his short cut, soon came to the place where the dog was full of business, running around a hemlock tree which was about one foot through, looking up and singing out at the top of his voice. Deegan soon espied old bruin up among the limbs, grinning, growling and gnashing his teeth; so he called to Conley to come quick, as they had the bear.

At this moment the bear showed signs of jumping from the tree, evidently not liking the appearance of the intruders, and as he sided round to leap Deegan "unhitched" and placed a charge of small lead and big powder just back of his fore shoulder among his ribs which had the effect to expedite his leap, and before Deegan was aware what had happened, the bear was under full headway up the hill closely followed by Rover. Conly hearing the tumult came tumbling over the logs through the thick brush, almost out of breath, catching up with Deegan in his race after the dog and bear.

The scrimmage was now at its height; the dog close to the heels of the bear, who, in his anxiety to seize the dog, would turn a somersault backward, growling fiercly; and this together with the barking of the dog, the hallooing of the men and the crashing of dry limbs under their feet, made the woods echo with unearthly sounds. The bear finding it too hot for him soon took to another tree, going into the limbs in a twinkling. It was now nearly dark, and it was hard catching a glimpse of the black beast in the tree. Underneath stood Conly with his axe with blood in his eye. The teeth and howl of the dog were fearful, and Deegan, to get a look at the bear, had climbed the hill above him until he was breast high with him.

The bear was now mad, and his eyes were like two balls of fire that shone through the darkness in a complete blaze, showing his position to the men below, who both discovered the bear in the act of leaping upon them from his high perch. Conley sang out, "Shoot now or never." Deegan drew up instantly and pulled, and not a moment too soon, for as the charge crashed through the bear's skull he had given a spring for the ground below and fell dead at the feet of the three braves. He was a noble beast with fine pelt and a big head full of savage-looking teeth. It was altogether a hunt to be proud of. They hauled the bear up to Rich's house on a wagon, for him to skin and cure the pelt for them, and the meat was the next day distributed among the game-loving people of Bethel.

It is no unusual thing for bears to make havoc among the flocks of sheep in our vicinity, but to hunt and kill one in forty-five minutes after he is discovered, and within forty rods of a house, is an unusual thing, and makes an item we think worthy of record.

This is the seventy-fourth bear we have skinned, seventy-three of which we ourselves have killed.

J. G. R.

BETHEL, Me.

HOLLOW BULLETS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the FOREST AND STREAM of July 18 there is an article on hollow bullets, the writer saying he drills a hole in the .44-200 Winchester bullet and uses 45grs. of powder. He says these bullets with this charge tear a muskrat to strips and in soft pine or earth they expand and resemble a mushroom. I think when he tries the above bullets with the load of powder he names on game as large as deer he will be disappointed, as I think there will be no shattering nor smashing over that produced by a solid bullet of same size.

A charge of 45grs. powder behind 200 of lead would hardly give velocity enough to cause the bullet to expand on large game. To be sure, boring out the point of the bullet would decrease its weight and increase the velocity.

I have found that a bullet which will turn almost inside out in a bag of sand and expand in soft pine so as to resemble a mushroom and which will also badly shatter an animal the size of a woodchuck, will simply go through a deer, leaving no signs of shattering in its course, and making a hole where it comes out no larger than a solid bullet of same caliber and weight.

My experience with hollow express bullets has not been very extensive, yet last summer I shot about 300 of the Winchester 300-grain 45 hollow pointed bullets, using a Winchester .45 rifle with slow twist. I load my cartridges and used 100 grains American Rifle Cartridge Powder No. 2. The penetration with this load was very good, at 40yds. it would drive a buliet through 12in. of clear pine, at 150yds. through 5in. of well-seasoned chestnut and flatten the bullet against a wall. I shot eleven woodchucks with this load and there was considerable smashing; in most cases it would make a hole on coming out as large as my fist, and often when through the middle of the body, one side would be completely torn off.

I expected great results from these bullets on large game, but was disappointed. The first deer I shot at was standing on a bog in some water bushes, and I could just see the outline of its back. The bullet struck the shoulder a trifle back and high, cutting off the lower end of spine. The deer dropped in its tracks and never kicked. I expected to find a hole where the bullet came out from 3in. to 6in. in diameter, but found it but a trifle larger than the size of the bullet. The next two deer were shot, one square through the shoulders and one standing quartering, just back of shoulder, bullet coming out near hip. Later I shot a four-year-old steer and a heifer which had been running wild all winter in the woods. I hit them about the same as the deer, and when cutting up both deer and cattle I was very careful to follow the course of the bullets, and in no case was there any shattering; a solid bullet would have done the same work.

I expect this summer to experiment with the Winchester .45-300 grain solid bullet, and by boring holes of different depths and dimensions, to get a bullet that will expand in a deer's body and also have sufficient penetration. The difficulty is to get something to test them on. Pine, sawdust, sand, etc., are unsatisfactory, and I think I will try the carcass of a horse or cow. A bullet which would expand in such a target ought to do the same on a deer.

C. M. STARK.

NORTH DUNBARTON, N. H., July 22.

BULLET FROM SHOTGUN.

IN the report of the Colt gun sent in for trial by Dr. Merrill, given in the FOREST AND STREAM of last week, it was stated that the gun was choked in the manner indicated in order that it might do good work when loaded with ball cartridge. In sending on the weapon Dr. Merrill kindly inclosed the ball mould, and this enabled a test to be made of the quality of the weapon as a single bullet carrier. Three sets of cartridges were prepared. In each was placed a charge of 85grs. of Dead Shot powder, and over it two B. E. wads and a card. The variation in the cartridge was in the bullets. These were cast of an alloy made up of fifteen parts of lead to one of tin, again of pure lead, and again of the harder and lighter alloy used in type metal and in the making of stereotype plates. Fifteen selected balls of each casting were taken and loaded, five of each sort were fired from each barrel of the Merrill Colt gun and five were taken to the FOREST AND STREAM laboratory for analysis. The bullets were well crimped down over the wads, and when three of each sort were weighed up showed as follows in grains.

	1	2	3	Aver.
Lead and tin	553	549	550	551
Pure lead	562	565	565	564
Type metal	525	525	523	524

The afternoon taken for the trial was a very good one. There was a cross wind from the right and to make the test a severe one of the arm, distance of 100yds. was taken from the target face, while to avoid any irregularity from bad aiming on the part of Range Supt. Moss, who fired the weapon, the shooting was done over a bag rest. One of the FOREST AND STREAM shotgun targets was put up for the right and another for the left barrel results, and out of 30 shots fired 19 were located on the targets, 12 from the right and 7 from the left barrel. All the shots fired were located within a 4ft. square, but the paper sheet with its 30in. circle was but 36in. square and did not catch all the bullets.

In the target diagrams printed the shots are numbered in the order fired, A being the lead and tin shots, B the pure lead, and C the type metal bullets. How they stand in string measurement the following will show:



RIGHT BARREL.

	1	2	3	4	5
Lead and tin	13 in.	13½in.	12in.	....	4 in.
Pure lead	18 in.	14 in.	....	11 in.	14 in.
Type metal	13½in.	15½in.	4in.	....	10 in.



LEFT BARREL.

	1	2	3	4	5
Lead and tin	16½in.	7 in.	19in.	....	....
Pure lead	....	....	....	10½in.	10½in.
Type metal	9 in.	....	....	20½in.	....

In having the gun choked as he did, it was not the intention of Dr. Merrill to secure a gun with which he could do exact work at extra long distances. He spends much time as a collector, and frequently when not after the smaller species of birds, finds chance for a near-by shot at something heavy; and if he could secure a weapon at all good for this double demand he would be content How the gun acts under the double test is shown fully in the trial to which it was subjected by FOREST AND STREAM, and which is set forth in exact tabulated form both for shot and ball.

NOTES FROM WORCESTER.

WORCESTER, Mass., July 24.—Tuesday was the Worcester Sportsmen's Club's annual field day at Rutland, which is always looked forward to by members of the club (and particularly by their families) as the red-letter day of the trap-shooting season.

It is the club's "ladies' and children's" day, and a royal good time is always had. Rutland is very prettily situated on high ground, about twelve miles north of the city, and is quite a resort for New Yorkers who wish to escape the heat and dust of the city.

The Prospect House was thrown open to the ladies and children, who at once made themselves at home and proceeded to engage in the various diversions by which they could get the most enjoyment out of the day's outing. A large tent had been erected near the shooters' stand for the convenience of those who wished to witness the shooting. The range was laid out in a field, just in the rear of the hotel.

The principal event was the fifth contest in the series of sixteen for the Norcross trophy. The conditions of each shoot are 30 clay birds from 5 open traps, distance handicap. The previous winners were: M. D. Gilman, E. F. Smith (2), Chas. Howe and C. B. Holden. The contest to-day was close and exciting and resulted in a victory for Geo. Sampson, of South Lancaster, he breaking 27 birds. The birds were hard thrown and the heavy wind made them anything but easy shooting. Many guests from the hotels were interested spectators of the shoot. Everything passed off remarkably smooth considering the difficulties under which the shoot was run, and everybody had a jolly time, the only drawbacks being the heavy shower about noon, and the execrable dinner served at the Prospect House. The former soon cleared away, leaving the air deliciously cool and fragrant, but the dinner will linger unpleasantly in the minds of many for some time yet. At the close of the shooting the youngsters were gathered in and the start for home made.

The drive home in the cool of early evening was delightful and a fitting close to a most enjoyable day's outing. How the little ones had enjoyed it, and their mothers too, and what a pity we can't have such days more frequently. Little do the majority of our wives know of the pleasures of the field, but they prove apt scholars, and who will say that they have no need for the health-renewing power of the woods. Fortunately for us, we have not to look so far forward to our next field day as they, for many a time during the day, had I heard the boys remark, one to another, with much significance, and in tones of eager anticipation, "Only six weeks more."

The prospects for a good season's shooting are decidedly bright. A good number of broods are reported, and the season so far has been very favorable to their growth.

While trouting last week I put up two broods of partridges and the chicks were able to fly well and apparently could take care of themselves now if left alone, but, as in every section where there is no concerted action to compel observance of the game laws, there is but little hope that they will escape being shot into before Sept. 1. The "bird hog" is already at work on woodcock, in fact the only brood I have found this season during my tramps along the trout streams was cleaned up by one of that class last week.

Still we are not without a fish or game warden.

He got his appointment, leased and posted a little brook, and warned, through the daily papers, all violators of the fish and game laws, that he would spare no man.

That was in the early spring. HAL.

THE SNIPE FLIGHT.—The Cedars, Oakdale, L. I., July 20.—The first flight of snipe made their appearance here this morning, the flight commencing about 10 o'clock and lasting till 2, when the wind changed from the southwest to northwest, the birds dropping off to the leeward, thus ending the flight and the shooting. What little time it lasted I made a small bag of yelpers, yellowlegs and meadow plover. The birds were in splendid condition, and had the wind continued in the southwest the prospect was big for good shooting.—ALFRED A. FRASER.

"CRUISING IN THE CASCADES."

Editor Forest and Stream:

A very valuable addition to the literature of subjects congenial to the sportsman and lovers of nature in all its forms, has just been issued under the above title. Its author, "Coquina" (G. O. Shields), is well known to sportsmen as the author of several books, and many sketches on kindred subjects.

To those who derive no pleasures but such as are to be found amid the busy haunts of men, this volume will have but few attractions. But the true lover of nature who delights to occasionally escape from the petty annoyances and petty worriments inseparable from civilized (so called) life, and to wander amid scenes that tell only of the infinite power, the beneficence and the grandeur of the Great Ruler; who delights to worship in the grandest of all of His temples (not made with hands), the mountains; who realizes and feels His presence on every mountain peak, in the dark cañon, in the rushing wind, in the gentle zephyr, and amid such scenes, above all, realizes his own infinite littleness, he it is who will take pleasure in following the author amid some of the grandest and most beautiful scenery of this continent. If added to this he should be imbued with some of the tastes and sympathies of the sportsman, additional zest will be given in the pleasant and graphic and truthful description of fishing and hunting incidents. The young sportsman who is desirous of hunting large game will find many indispensable hints as to their habits and the best method of pursuing them. The general reader will get much valuable information as to the prospects and resources of the country bordering on Puget Sound. This book will meet with much favor. P.

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nanit," "Gloan," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybilene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

Sea and River Fishing.

CHICAGO ANGLERS AND ANGLING.

CHICAGO, July 17.—My late visit of two or three days at Fox Lake has given me an opportunity to learn something more of Chicago angling waters, and also something more of Chicago bait-casting, and I would say something of both.

While at the Mineola club house I heard that Mr. Chas. F. Hills, of the Fox Lake Club, had taken a very fine string of bass, and on going over to investigate, found the facts to be these: Two boats had taken fifty-one bass on Saturday. Messrs. Charles E. Hyde and R. B. Miller, fishing in the same boat, had taken twenty-two bass and four pickerel, the largest bass weighing 4½lbs. Mr. Hills, fishing alone, had taken twenty-nine bass, the largest 4½lbs. Out of the total catch it was said there were only three or four bass weighing less than 3lbs. The average was very heavy, and the joint string, so great that one man could not lift it from the wharf, was pronounced the best brought in during the season, unless one might except the slaughter by pot-fishers on the spawning beds in May. Mr. Hills is known as probably the most successful bass fisherman of Fox Lake. He is a member of the Fox Lake Club, and is president of the Fox River Fish and Game Association, the most active and most practical protective organization in Illinois. He said that Saturday's score was the best he had made for four years, and that although he and his friends had recently been leaving Fox Lake for other waters, they were content to stay at home now. It is Mr. Hills's custom never to take over twenty-five bass in a day. On this occasion he thought he had twenty-six, but found the count a trifle long when it came to stringing up.

These bass were all taken by casting with the frog. I knew Mr. Hills to be the champion and the ablest exponent of the art of two-handed casting, and the leader of quite a school of Fox Lake anglers of that style. I wished to study this style, the more especially in order to avoid the imputation of having ascribed to the single-hand men all the glory that belongs to Chicago bait-casters in general. Therefore, when Mr. Hills invited me to go out in his boat with him on Monday, I accepted with a graceful alacrity that must have made his head swim.

When we put off from Fox Lake Club landing at 7 o'clock Monday morning, the lake was quiet, but much discolored from the heavy storm of the day before. The wind was in the north, and the day cool. It was not an especially good prospect for bass, and things did not improve when we pulled up the channel into Grass Lake and found the pockets where Saturday's bass were taken all full of roily and disturbed water. The weather remained very quiet during the day until afternoon, and the water gradually cleared. The evening was a very good one for fishing.

As I had not brought up any casting outfit, Mr. Hills brought out one from his extended stock. He has four butt pieces, nicely made to his own order, with eight sections and tips. The rod he handed me was of rounded split bamboo section and lance tip, 8ft. 3in. long. I do not know the weight, but it was heavy for single-handed casting. In feel the rod was very stiff, but when mounted with the No. 4 reel, which Mr. Hills prefers, the balance was good. Mr. Hills himself used a bethabara section, with a trifle more action than my rod had. His reel was a No. 4 Meek. He gave me a No. 4 Milam. Later on I experimented with a jeweled Meek No. 3, which I found in his tackle box, the best provided one I ever saw a bait-caster carry. There were one or two other reels besides those mentioned, and a lot of lines, swivels, hooks and what not. This box in annually filled at wholesale, and perhaps this is the reason that it has come to be generally understood in Fox Lake Club that it is Mr. Hills's duty to fit out any stranger who may be within the gates.

Contrary to the code of the single-hand men, Mr. Hills uses no leader above his frog, but attaches the snell of the No. 6 Sproat hook to the swivel at the end of the line by means of a brass snap-link built much like a blanket pin. The single-hand men use no swivel, but do use a split shot for sinker. The double-hand men use a swivel and no sinker. This is partly warranted on Fox Lake and Grass Lake waters, where the water plants are so dense and numerous as to make it very desirable to keep the hook on top of the water. I noticed that Mr. Hills never let his frog sink, and he had little or no trouble from fouling his line. I tied a short leader above my frog, and found that the knots of it constantly accumulated moss and grass, and this was the : orse if I did not at once reel in the frog along the surface. There would seem to be a reason for this Fox Lake style, therefore. Its chief drawback seems to be the way in which it handles the frog after the cast, and I must say that my late observations would incline me think the single-hand men have the advantage here. The little bullet keeps the frog belly down, an excellent thing in casting, as every angler knows. Our frogs on last Monday often floated on their backs with disgusting persistence. It should be said, however, that these were not the tougher and much superior meadow frogs, but the big yellow lake frogs—young bullfrogs, I believe. These would bloat up after a few casts, and after that they had to be squeezed out, or they never would float belly down. The swivel and link ought to work a meadow frog all right, and we may suppose it effective, at any rate, certainly in view of the results. It is results that count, and I don't know of anybody in this neck of woods who gets any more bass than Mr. Hills.

Besides the casting outfits mentioned, we had everything else two anglers could possibly need. There were 60 lusty frogs in the pail, and half a ton of lunch just back of the boatsman's seat. A serviceable long-handled landing net reposed at hand, and there was a sack for our bass when we caught them. Mr. Hills offered me a big straw hat which he fished from under the seat, and gave me some glove-fingers to protect the thumb in case the line made it sore. He himself drew on a pair of white kid gloves. I must say that when Mr. Hills is thus fully attired for a bass reception, in trousers, flannel shirt, big straw hat and white kids, he makes an imposing figure. "There is nothing too good for these bass," said he.

It transpired later on that nothing we had was good enough. Never were bass so persnickity as these Grass Lake fellows, which on the Saturday previous had fairly jumped out of water to catch the frog. "They don't act like the same fish," said George Drury, the oarsman who pulled us. We only got six in a day's steady fishing, one of which was adjudged too small and so returned. Mr. Hills caught all the fish. I had only three strikes, and lost the only fish hooked. I should think Mr. Hills had twenty strikes at least, but he waited for the bass to swallow the frog before striking, and as the bass seemed only half hungry, he lost most of his fish by that operation. The bass would whirl down on to the frog, carry it to the bottom, look at it, turn it over, and let it go, to the grief of the waiting trio in the boat. They acted very singularly and gingerly, and all we could do was to ascribe the trouble to the late storm.

I prefer to attribute my lack of success to the fact that I did not have on any white kids, although I am afraid that my fate would have been the same for any other ordinary bait-caster who might go fishing in the same boat with this casting demon who proceeded to cast all over and around the country between Antioch and Lake Villa. It was my business to watch this, and I took so much pleasure in doing so that my own poor luck ceased to concern me. I found my rod heavy for single-hand casting, and was fain to inquire into the method of the two-handed men.

"Why," said Mr. Hills, as he gave a careless sort of a jerk which threw the frog about half a mile over toward the Lotus club house, "it's easy enough. It's very easy indeed when you get the motion. You simply steady the butt of the rod with one hand in the cast. At the close of the cast you let go of the rod with that hand and swing the rod on out with the other hand. The tip of the rod is pointing toward the frog when it lights, so that the line may run straight out, and the reel is thumbed just as in any kind of casting. Double-handed casting does not require any very great amount of strength. It is done with an easy swing. Yet I think the double-handed men can cast further and more accurately than the single-hand men. The steadying of the rod at the butt with one hand affords a fulcrum, which is a great advantage. It does not make any difference on which side of the boat you wish to cast. You can use either hand on the butt of the rod, and so reverse positions; and you can cast straight ahead of the boat better with two hands than in any other way. If you want to make a quick cast without much change of position you can cast over head with both hands, and that is often a good way to do."

Mr. Hills gave me practical illustrations of all these different positions, and I was delighted at the ease with which he cast, time and again, a distance which must have been close upon 50yds. He can cast over 50yds. on special effort, and is the best two-handed bait-caster with light tackle I ever happened to meet, albeit matter of fact and not boastful in the least; which latter is a pleasant fact to add.

Study of the methods of our two classes of bait-casters leads to the noting of some slight differences in detail, though their methods are essentially the same. The two-handed casters usually stand up in the boat while at work, as Mr. Hills did, his boat being large and steady enough to render that proceeding safe. It is the boast of the single hand men that they can sit down and work their lighter rods as well. The two-handed men retain to some extent the old Henshall pattern of rod, although they have stiffened it a little, and they follow also to some extent what may be called the Henshall style of casting, with the addition that they very freely use the overhead cast, a very effective and useful one. They do not rely so much on the spring of the rod as the single-hand men do, and in the cast with them the rod traverses a larger arc. There is a tendency toward a larger reel with the two-handed men, although Mr. Hills told me that he did not see that the No. 4 gave much actual advantage in distance. He always has his No. 3 reels mounted on No. 4 plates and provided with No. 4 handles. Nothing is more troublesome in reeling in a fish than a meagre little handle from which the fingers are constantly slipping.

Bringing up the question of oil or no oil for the casting reel, Mr. Hills told me that he found the best of reels needed a little oil after two or three days of hard work. He had one reel spoiled by over-heating and friction, and since then had made a practice of watching and occasionally oiling his reels, using the oil very sparingly, and only upon the spindle and main cogs.

In the matter of casting lines, I found that Mr. Hills favored the pure silk line, and had a number of them. He thought the raw silk harsher on the thumb and not superior in any way. The linen line he did not like, because it did not work so well when water-soaked and swelled.

We discussed all these things as we sat on the shady lake shore and made away with the large and typically luxurious Fox Lake Club lunch, which, like everything else in the boat, was perfectly adapted to the angler's needs. I was more than ever convinced that there is no laying down any absolute law for anglers, since each is bound to exercise his own taste and judgment, and since the customs of each angling water are usually based upon reason. There remains, however, no question that the style of casting used by Mr. Hills and his friends is the most perfectly practical and suitable one possible in the shallow, weedy, and yet transparent waters of the lake where they do the greater part of their fishing; neither is there any question that I saw this style of casting at its best when I went out with Mr. Hills. The day was, therefore, a thoroughly satisfactory one to me, and I was only sorry to see it close when, hailing the little yacht Frolic as she was gliding down the channel, we were taken in tow, and so swam gently home in the early evening.

Ever since I had been talking with the two Comstock brothers about their catching bass on flies by moonlight, I had had a curiosity to see also this form of bass fishing, and it was with regret that I learned at the last moment that these gentlemen could not go upon the Twin Lakes trip we had planned, for fly-fishing. There was a late moon on at the time of my Fox Lake trip, and I deter- to try after supper if I could not redeem my fortunes among the smaller *Percidæ*, since the big bass had not come my way. Accordingly I jointed up what is after all my favorite rod, a split-bamboo fly-rod, and after dark hied me toward a certain bend of the shore which appeared to have a fishy look. This was just beyond the Mineola boat houses, near the sunken fence. I tied my boat fast to a clump of bulrushes, and began to cast with coachman and professor flies. At first I took sunfish, then as it grew darker the rock bass and croppies took hold, and I caught some good big ones. It was quite dark when I landed my first bass, a gamy little fellow of about three-quarters of a pound, which I put back into the water. A little after this I struck a 2lb. wall-eyed pike, which broke my leader and escaped at the boatside. I do not know what this fish was doing in the shallow end of the lake, nor should there have been any bass there. I took another bass, a half-pounder, just after the moon came up, and this one I also returned.

There were fish rising about the boat continually. It was so dark part of the time that I could not see my cast, which I knew was broken and tangled up, but the fish seemed not particular. I had two angle-worms, which I stuck on the flies, but the sunfish soon got them. As it grew dark the fish ceased rising, and I put some pieces of fish on the fly-hooks and sunk the flies with a split shot. I caught some rock bass in this way, and then the bullheads began to bite, and as every bullhead meant a good fly broken off in his interior, I quit fishing in that way, after having a good deal of fun with one or two of the big ones. The moon was just up nicely, and I was settling down to comfortable fishing, at about 11 o'clock, when they began to put out the lights at the Mineola Club, at which I cut loose from the bulrushes and rowed in. I had thirty odd very nice little fish, all caught pretty respectably. I always thought it better fun to catch a little fish on a light rod than to catch a big one on a heavy rod, and I am prepared to say now that fly-fishing by night on these lakes is a delightful and fascinating sport. I hailed it as one more addition to the many pleasures of the woods and waters I have shared in this region, and as one more face in the many-sided field of legitimate sports so easily accessible from this city.

July 18.—State Fish Commissioner Bartlett will be at Fox Lake this week and will then go on down Fox River to make the final arrangements about putting in the fishways. It is thought that the work already done has had much to do with the improvement of the fishing this spring. Mr. Bartlett will on this trip also put down some brush for croppy beds in Fox Lake or Grass Lake. The croppies breed and hang about such spots.

The outlook for angling at Fox Lake certainly appears favorable under the circumstances, although it is simply a wonder that it remains so good as it is. We saw a number of old spawning beds in Grass Lake, and in one little hole in the weeds saw five or six hundred bass fry about ¾in. long. Grass Lake is a vast natural breeding ground, and the little ones have every chance for their lives among the dense reeds, rushes and mossy undergrowth of that remarkable piece of water. It is Grass Lake that has fed Fox Lake and the near-lying waters.

Fishing through the ice is carried on to a frightful extent at Fox Lake during the winter time. There is no law against it. The maudlin, wretched, cowardly pseudo-sentiment of our State Legislature still accords to our poor, dear farmers to catch some fish "for food" during the winter. As a matter of fact, the farmers and others fish for the market. Stop the sale of fish or game, and you preserve it. The two Dutchmen who last winter loaded a wagon box full of game fish in one day at Fox Lake did not want the fish for food. They sold them. When will the time come when we can get three sensible and courageous men in the same Legislature! Never, I fear, while there is any money in politics and the same old selfish fear in the politician's heart. Speed the quiet efforts of our strong and growing organization, the Fox River Association! This society is gathering strength all the time, and is spreading quietly all over the State through the efforts of its able officers. I hope to live to see the time, and I believe the time will come, when this organization will dictate terms to the politicians. Their selfish fear may then be on the angler's side. This is the deliberate plan of the organization, and if it succeeds, its success will be a notable one for anglerdom.

There is another cause of terrible destruction of fish life in the *constant use at Fox Lake of young black bass for bait.* Thousands and thousands of this noble fish are destroyed thus every month and every week. It is impossible to use the seine for catching minnows in those waters without taking out as many young bass as minnows. These are offered for sale by the boatmen, and are bought by the city people who ought to know better. There is one boatman, whose name I know, who has repeatedly sold pailfuls of young black bass in this way, knowing them to be such. What should be done to such a man, and what to the people who would buy his spoil of the waters? Let Fox Lake anglers watch this, and spread a better sentiment about the lake. It is easy at least to empty the minnow pail of every such inhuman offender, and it is to be hoped that this will be promptly done upon occasion. The wonder is that there is any fish at all left in this lake system.

There has not been much night spearing done this season on Fox Lake waters, although what was taken to be a spearing light has been seen on two nights on Grass Lake. There is only one man suspected of having an illicit set net. Such rewards have been offered by the clubs and protective society that open violations of the law are now infrequent. The fault now lies with the law itself.

Mr. Hills tells me he saw a dozen muscallonge of this year's spawn, I believe in Pistaqua Lake. They were six to ten inches in length. They were in shallow water. He also saw some pickerel of this year's spawn, which were much smaller.

The gentleman above named has been spending a week or so at Fox Lake, and he relates one odd experience of the week, in which he took, on last Saturday, a bass which on last Thursday had broken off his hook and swivel, with a part of the line. On Saturday he lost another cast, with a red-ibis fly attached, and this he is confident of recapturing yet. Hr. Hills has thus retaken bass on four different occasions at Fox Lake. Once in Lane's Bay he lost a frog and 8in. of line, and within fifteen minutes caught the same bass with the hook in his mouth, and within 10yds. of where he first struck him. From this he would infer that the bass feels little pain from taking the hooks, and fights merely against the restraint of the hook and line.

Mr. Chas. E. Hyde caught twenty bass in one day over in Nippersink Bay earlier in the season, and twenty-one another day. He has also been with Mr. Robt. Miller, Mr. Hills and Mr. John Wright, of Lincoln, Neb., over at Loon Lake on one or two of the successful trips mentioned earlier. Mr. Hyde's largest bass for this year is

5½lbs. His largest fish story is that of the bass which swall owed a chimney-swallow that happened to be dipping down into the lake, the bass being taken a few moments later with the tail of the swallow sticking out of his mouth. Mr. Cook and Mr. Foster both vouch for the truth of this story, but they think the story might have been arranged better and more dramatically.

When I reached the province of fish scores and fish stories, I knew I could call all the returns until I had seen Col. Lippincott over on the point. I rowed over and learned that the Colonel and Mr. John Coles on last Wednesday caught 29 bass and 18 wall-eyed pike, and on Thursday afternoon 7 bass and 30 wall-eyes that weighed 78 pounds. To the Hon. Andrew Shuman was accredited the following remarkable score: One dogfish, 2 garfish, 17 bullheads, 15 silver bass, 1 wall-eye, 1 pickerel, and a number of perch and sunfish. I was evidently upon the land of Kit North. Col. Lippincott's mascallonge story for 1889 I shall be obliged to defer, but promise to write it out at some future day. I passed a very pleasant hour or two at this old landmark house of the lakes.

E. Hough.

CAMPS OF THE KINGFISHERS.—III.

ECHO LAKE, ONTARIO, CANADA.

At last we were really on the way to camp again, with Louis at the tiller of the Mackinaw and headed quartering across and up the river for the head of Squirrel Island instead of down and around the islands into the bay; but Tom knew a channel around that way that would cut off a mile or two in reaching the mouth of the river, and this was a consideration not to be overlooked, as it was getting well along in the afternoon.

Around the head of the island the Indians had to use setting poles in the shallow water, as the island had "shut off our wind;" but after a couple of hundred yards of this creeping along, at a grunt and a motion from Tom, Lewis shoved the tiller hard to starboard and we slid into an opening in the grass and rushes barely wider than the boat, and soon after had the wind again on the starboard beam, which drove us along at a spanking rate through a streak of open water, rush-lined on either side, 'till we entered the mouth of Echo River.

At the bridge spanning the stream a short distance above, the masts were unstepped to pass under; and here we took to the small boats to relieve the Indians of the tow.

Here at the bridge is a little settlement called Echo; we were on our way up Echo River to Echo Lake, and at the head of Echo Lake another river comes in called Upper Echo River, verily a region of country where the woods seem full of echoes.

Lower Echo River is more like a crooked canal than a river, having no perceptible current and a width of 50 to 80ft. from the mouth to where it leaves the lake, the distance being perhaps a trifle over three miles. The banks are low, in some places swampy and heavily wooded on both sides except for a couple of small clearings on the right hand side going up, and is about as lonesome, God forsaken looking a locality as one could well get into.

With the small boats in the lead we followed the windings of the sluggish stream, but as we kept the heavy pulling Mackinaw in sight our progress was slow, even with no current to contend against; and when we reached the outlet it was nearly nightfall, and the air was so full of haze and smoke that we could not see a quarter of a mile up the lake. To make matters worse a heavy wind was blowing straight down the lake, kicking up such a rough sea that Tom and Louis thought it would be unsafe to try to beat up to the camping place without good daylight to work the boat in.

Between us and the hills to the right was a good-sized clearing in which stood a comfortable-looking hewed log house with a new log barn. In the clear, open barn lot reaching to the water we decided to put up a couple of tents and get some supper, for we were both tired and hungry. As the last bundle came ashore the farmer came down from the house to investigate this invasion of his premises; but on explaining the situation to him he said there was no occasion to pitch any tents or bother about supper; if we would come up to the house his wife would try to scare us up a bit to eat such as they had, and we could bring our blankets and sleep on the floor, as there was plenty of room for us all but no spare beds. Blessed are the Samaritans, of whom Dan Ruttle (our farmer friend) is one, and his good wife is another. We got some blankets and quilts, and to make as little trouble as possible, some eggs, butter, and a piece of side meat were fished out of the provision box to help out the supper, and took our way up to the house with a thankful feeling that we had fallen into good hands. Mother Ruttle, a short, fat, buxom matron, with dress sleeves rolled up to the shoulder exposing an arm the size of a city bell's waist, bustled around and soon had the pork and eggs fried, and a two-gallon pot of tea brewed that was strong enough to loosen the feathers on a loon at one application. A great loaf of most excellent home-made bread, nearly a foot square and half as thick, was sliced up, and the other boys and the Indians fell to, while farmer Ruttle and "James Mackerel" stood around outside in the dark waiting for the second table, "fit muskeeters" and got better acquainted. We made our beds in the parlor and a small side room, both guiltless of a carpet but scrupulously clean and neat, and lay down to pass a rather uncomfortable night, for the mosquitoes were troublesome, and a pine floor is several shades harder than the bosom of mother earth; but we were tired and worn out with the day's work and vexations, and daylight was abroad before we were aware of it.

Declining an earnest invitation to wait for breakfast, we soon had the Mackinaw loaded, and with the small boats again in the lead took our way up the now placid lake to the "mine dock," where we were to make our camp, not without a promise that some of us would visit our neighbors frequently thereafter, as Mother Ruttle had agreed to bake us a loaf or two of her famous bread as needed, and supply us with milk, butter, eggs, and a chicken or two occasionally if our appetites took a turn that way. (All we could prevail on these good people to take, except our thanks, for the trouble they had been to on our account the night before was just one dollar; they said it was enough and wouldn't take any more, and their charges for everything we got of them afterward were just as reasonable).

A pull of two good miles up the lake more than ever convinced us that our steamer acquaintance, Ben, was a direct descendant of Ananias, for we were not yet half way to the head of it, and it was wider where we then were than its utmost length as given by him. Farmer Ruttle told us the lake was over five miles long and the upper half something more than two miles in width, and from our experience with Michigan miles this seemed to be about correct. He said that the bass fishing in the lake was first-class, but we were too early for it; the same story that had been dinned into our ears ever since sighting Detour Point. "Pickerel, pike and muskylunge were also abundant," he said, "but the pickerel were not biting at all, just now, and wouldn't for a month or more."

This part of it was good news, for as old Ben Renshaw would have expressed it, "Ef ther' was ary fish on the face o' this livin' airth that we wus tired of ketchin', it wus them durned 'snakes.'" However, our rejoicing was brief, as it turned out that neighbor Ruttle, like most of our Canadian brethren, had fallen into the error of calling a wall-eyed pike (pike-perch) a pickerel, and a pickerel a pike; and there is probably not a day in the year, Sundays not excepted, that a "Canada pike" will not bite; but we consoled ourselves with one of old Ben's scraps of philosophy, "that ef we couldn't ketch any bass, 'snakes' an' muskylunge, an' trout was good enough for the Joneses, for they never was used to the best of everything nohow."

The landmark by which we were to find our camping place was a warehouse near the water's edge well up to the head of the lake, built by a copper mining company for storing tools and supplies pending their need at the mine, and a low dock of small pine logs reaching 40 or 50ft. out in the lake in front of the warehouse, known as the "mine dock." An easy pull of about an hour took the small boats alongside the little dock, and a light breeze springing up, the Mackinaw spread her wings, and half an hour after the calamities were ashore and we were looking around for soil enough to hold a tent pin in this region of rocks for our first camp in the Queen's territory.

The warehouse proved to be a great affair of at least 15 by 20ft., as near as we could guess its dimensions without measuring, sided up and down with inch pine boards and covered with a good tight shingle roof. Three or four boards had been torn off near the big door (which was closed and fastened with a padlock), giving free access without the trouble of bothering the fastenings, an arrangement that Sam figured out to be "a heap handier 'n a pocket in a shirt." Inside we found the wreck of an old wheelbarrow, some bars of ½in. iron, some dirt and a good pile of clean hay in one corner, which makes an excellent bed if good browse is scarce; and we decided to make use of the warehouse instead of pitching the tents. Old Sam cut some "bresh" from an adjacent thicket, of which he made a broom, and soon had the place swept clean; the boxes were carried in and opened, and while the others arranged the beds and fixed up for housekeeping, Louis and I set up "that stove" a few yards back of the house (this is for the especial eye of brother "Seneca") and in fifteen minutes had a roaring fire belching black smoke and flame out of the pipe, and breakfast under way.

After breakfast a table ten feet long was built of boards brought from the saw mill, a big fly stretched over it and the other stove put up (the Jedge had brought along his "four-holer")—a proceeding which I fear would have paralyzed Brother "Seneca" had he been there—and then we took a few minutes' rest, which were passed in "a genuine and absorbing interest in the beauties of (surrounding) nature," right there in presence of those two harmless looking camp stoves. The fact is we have come to believe that a camp stove has nothing whatever to do with one's love of nature or a keen relish for sport with rod and gun. It is a matter of preference and convenience, and above all, comfort in the matter of camp cookery; a question of preference as between contented serenity over a simple sheet-iron stove, and smoke-blinded, watery eyes, smothered profanity between gasps as you dodge the blinding, stifling puffs that pursue you from every point of the compass as you sweat and swear over a coffee-spilling, frying-pan-upsetting, "onsatisfyin'," tribulation-breeding open fire, as usually constructed; and moreover, I believe Brother "Seneca," or any other brother, would devour a flapjack cooked in a frying-pan over "that stove of ours" with as much relish as if it were baked on the hardest, and smoothest, and cleanest of hot flat stones; and then turn and "absorb the beauties of a rare landscape" (slightly misquoted) with as keen a zest as moved him in the absorption of the flapjack.

Are we to be denied the privilege of worshipping in the great outdoor sanctuary of the woods and charged with not possessing a genuine love of nature because we choose to surround ourselves with a few comforts that can be conveniently transported to a camp? Must we be classed as "tenderfeet" and rated with those who see nothing in the woods but trees? and read out of the brotherhood on account of a little harmless, comfort-giving sheet-iron stove that may be carried with one hand? Must we fall back on the primitive methods of our forefathers before we can "be possessed of a genuine and absorbing interest in the beauties of nature?" If this be so we had better leave our tents, our frying-pans and our match boxes at home, and go to the woods equipped only with blanket, flint and steel. We hold up for the camp stove when it can be taken along with as little inconvenience as a box of tents or provisions (otherwise we can get along with a couple of ½in. square iron bars, a matter of three feet long, or a plain open fire with no accessories); and we don't believe it lessens in the smallest degree our appreciation of the beauties of nature in whatever shape they may come to us, or our inborn and abiding love of the woods and the waters of the forest and stream. But this is a disgression, for which I trust the brethren, and especially "Seneca"—may his days be long in the land—will not "hold a skunner agin me."

Making camp was accomplished in much less time than usual, thanks to the little warehouse; and it was yet early in the day when rods were jointed and preparations made to go a-fishing: to make a study of the water; look up the likely spots for bass; spy into the lurking places of him of the vicious eye and the terrible jaw—the mighty maskinonje—and bring sure to gaff, as the signs in the waters made certain promise, a goodly score of sneaking pickerel (the pike, by reason of being on the wrong side of the border line).

The Indian boys ran up the sails of the Mackinaw to a gentle breeze blowing from below, and stood away from the little dock on a "larboard leg" down the lake for home without a word or sign of adieu; in fact, they had said nothing since leaving the sawmill dock the day before, except an occasional grunt or a word or two at long intervals addressed to Louis or each other in gutteral Chippewa. They were handy with their boat and good boys to work, but they were about as talkative and companionable as their imitation wooden brethren that infest the cities, and the expression their stolid faces would have made a green frog look cheerful and hilarious in comparison. The last seen of them they were well down to the foot of the lake under bare poles, the big oars shining in the sun as they rose and fell in lazy, measured stroke, which took the place of the fickle breeze which soon after spent itself in a feeble flurry among the pines and cedars at the head of the lake.

Selecting a couple of dozen frogs from the menagerie box (only about forty or fifty of them had been jolted to death on the journey), old Sam and I left the dock in the smallest of the three boats for a cruise of observation that would doubtless bring back the old smell to the frying-pans at supper time. We left the other boys to finish slicking up the camp, try the waters for bass or snakes up and down shore from camp, or make the acquaintance of the little trout stream, the mouth of which was only three or four rods above the warehouse.

We followed the trend of the shore around to the upper end of the lake, a quarter of a mile or more from camp, along a belt of bulrushes and grass where the water looked very "pikish," fishing carefully with the choicest of speckled frogs, but not a hungry long-snout, bass nor wall-eye seemed to take the slightest note of our presence; but we were not discouraged, for years of experience had taught us the virtue of patience in waiting on the whims of fish. "If they won't bite to-day, they will to-morrow," has soothed the heart of many a disappointed angler at the close of an unsuccessful day, and Sam and I went on our way, content that if the fish wouldn't bite we could enjoy the beautiful day and the wild, rugged scenery around us, and be none the worse for our contemplated trip around the lake. Near the upper end, on the left, a thick growth of trees and bushes extended back from the water a few rods to the foot of an almost bare, perpendicular cliff of brown-gray rock, rising 200ft. or more above the lake, scarred and seamed and rent into a thousand fantastic shapes, with here and there a hardy, dwarfed pine or cedar hanging out from the rough wall, held in place by its tough roots that found a holding in the teams and fissures that zigzaged over the ragged front of the time-stained and weather-beaten crag, drawing sustenance to prolong their stunted lives, it seemed, from only the bare rock. On a dead spike projecting out from one of these, three crows were having a vigorous cawing match because the limb was not long enough, according to their views of elbow room, to hold all three at once, and as each crow seemed to think that particular limb the only one in the vicinity worth perching on, they were crowding each other off the end by turns, the one forced to take wing cawing furiously as he circled around a moment before taking his place next to the cliff; when the crowding process would begin again till the outer one was forced from the limb under vociforous protest, addressed to the other two in selected invectives in the original "crow."

As we stopped the boat to watch the performance, a shadow swept across the face of the rocky wall near the noisy trio, and instantly the show was at an end and the three egg-sucking thieves sought the shelter of the tree-tops below in silence and were lost to sight.

Looking up to discover the reason of their caws-less flight we saw a magnificent bare-headed, snowy tailed American eagle high overhead slowly flapping his way in the direction of Upper Echo River, but whether the crows had made him out to be one of the "crow-eating" variety in search of a lunch, or whether they had suddenly remembered something left below in the cool shadows of the woods which called for immediate attention, we have never been able to determine.

"Crows are queer critters," said old Sam as he stood up to make a cast in toward the rushes, "full o' deviltry an' cunnin' an' tricks, a new-fangled game o' 'crow-quet' they were playin' on that limb up there, I reckon," and as the crowsfeet around his hone-t old gray eyes contracted into a faint smile he hummed in a Michigan-sawmill-like tone:

> "Quoth the blackbird to the crow,
> Down to the cornfield we will go,
> For it's bin our trade to pull up corn
> Ever since old Adam was born."

Thus relieved he sat down with his eye on his line waiting for the expected bite as it swung around astern when the boat gathered headway under a few quiet strokes of the oars.

Just here we found out how the lake must have received its name. Having occasion to change the oars on account of a slight unevenness in the pull an accidental rap of one of them against the boat was repeated in the woods against the base of the cliff with startling distinctness, and a shout from old Sam was echoed in the same frayed and ragged tone in which it left his unmusical throat.

We amused ourselves like a couple of boys for awhile "hollerin'" and shouting a word or two at a time to hear the echo "talk back," but when we had passed a certain point we could get no response, and we turned our attention to the more serious matter of catching a few fish for supper and breakfast.

We had plenty of pilot bread, salt pork, bacon, dried beef, beans, eggs, butter and other plain groceries in the camp, but we wanted fish; even the despised pickerel would taste better now than the most toothsome dish Louis could devise from all our stores.

Just now we were at the very head of the lake off a little bay where the Upper Echo River came in, winding, as we afterward learned, around near the base of the cliff through woods and bushes so dense that we could not determine the locality of the mouth; but as we were more concerned in the waters of the lake a search for it was left for another day. With quiet stroke we skirted along the rushes, admiring the wild, rugged beauty of the towering cliff, the green clad hills sloping down to the water nearer the camp, and the placid lake veiled in a thin blue haze that softened the rougher points of the high, rock-lined shore a mile or more below the camp, when as we passed a clump of bulrushes a hundred yards out from shore, a sharp warning note from the click of old Sam's reel told us that mischief was afoot, and in-

stantly the beauties of the landscape were out of sight and mind, and the keener instincts of the angler aroused for the coming fray at the first musical turn of the reel handle. A noiseless, backward sweep of the oars stopped the boat, and Snakeroot was on his feet with a world of expectancy in his eyes, leaning eagerly forward awaiting the next move of the fish, which had stopped after running off twenty or thirty feet of line.

"Pickerel, from the symptoms," said Sam, and very gently the point of the rod was raised to "feel of him," and as the line tightened the fish made a quick dash, jerking the rod down straight, which knocked the curve of anticipation out of old Sam's spine, and with a smart "swipe" he "smote him full sore," and the first battle of the campaign was opened.

Pulling out three or four rods from the rushes, having quickly reeled up to prevent fouling the lines, the "skipper" held the boat in position to watch the fun, but the fight was short and uninteresting. Foiled in two or three efforts to reach the rushes, the fish swung out in the lake and went by the boat with a rush that made the line hiss, but the pull of the rod stopped him inside of thirty yards, and he was reeled back with little resistance to within striking distance with the gaff—a villainous-looking Canada pike of four or five pounds.

As he lay there slowly working his pectorals and glaring wickedly at us, I reached out and hit him a smart whack on his partly exposed head that stunned him for an instant, and reversing it, jerked the steel through both jaws and lifted him in the boat, where the club finished the murder, for it does look like murder to kill a brave fish that has fought a good battle and lost against superior strength and generalship, even though it be a piratical, predacious pickerel.

With a grin of intense satisfaction, but without uttering a word at scoring the first fish ahead of the skipper, old Sam hooked on another frog and we resumed our way around the head of the lake at a slow pace that would keep the frogs a couple of feet or more under the water.

As we passed a patch of "muskrat" grass a little further along, the music of the click brought Sam to his feet again, and with the tightening of the line and the strike a moment later, a bass went into the air with a glorious leap that made us hold our breath until he struck the water with a splash and the rod bent in a graceful curve, proclaiming that he was "still thar," as Sam tersely expressed it. Then ensued a brief, fierce struggle, old Sam silent and unmoved the while, except for a subdued chuckle and a sparkle in his eyes that betokened the intensity of his pleasement at "hanging" the first bass.

Once again after a wild rush the fish left the water, only to fall back to his death; for the hook still held and at last he was gently led alongside and lifted by thumb and finger in the boat, a clean built, black-backed, small-mouthed bass of not quite 3lbs weight, as registered by Sam's "instantaneous pocket scale."

This was encouragement for sport ahead, but we fished diligently along for a mile or more down the south shore without striking another fish.

The water was shallow, 4 to 8ft. deep, for 200yds. out from shore, with a scattering growth of bulrushes that marked the line of deep water, good looking territory for long snouts; but we could lure them from their hiding places with neither frog nor troller.

Along this shore to the very water's edge was a line of woods that rose in gradual ascent to the top of the mountain, a half mile back, so dense that from the camp across the lake it looked like a great green carpet spread evenly over the entire slope. It was a rare and ever-pleasing picture, and Old Knots spent hours in his comfortable, high-backed camp chair, placed at the end of the little dock, lost in silent contemplation of "his landscape," as he called it, and filled with an "absorbing interest in the beauties of nature," utterly oblivious to the "near adjacency" of that hapless camp stove that had ministered to his comfort in so many pleasant camps before.

On bright afternoons, when the sun had got around where its slanting rays brought out the full glory of the landscape, he would sit there in silence till the shadows from the hills behind fell on the camp, gazing abstractedly across the lake, weaving, as we fancied, quaint figures in the carpet of living green, the while yanking out with lancewood switch some heedless sunfish or pert young perch that had fanned lazily in near the dock, attracted by the wiggling worm, that to its simple mind had no connection with the harmless-looking little stick projecting motionless over the water—this, as he said, "just to add spice to his enjoyment." Sitting there with his landscape spread out before him, with his rod, his pipe—the old brown friend that had solaced him for many a year in sun and shadow—he was a picture of serene and indolent content; his cup of happiness was full to the brim, and if ever honest angler got full measure of enjoyment out of his camp with the least possible exertion, Old Knots got it at the camp on Echo Lake. KINGFISHER.

A SALMON SCORE.

THERE is one club of anglers, holding the lease of a Canadian salmon river, who have abundant cause to be satisfied with their season's work. The fishing began June 15 and was continued until July 1. Six fishermen were on the river, and their catches were as follows:

	Number.	Average Weight.	Total Weight.
No. 1	93	21⅝lbs.	2,031lbs.
No. 2	44	23½ "	1,033 "
No. 3	72	24⅝ "	1,778 "
No. 4	51	22⅝ "	1,152 "
No. 5	74	23 "	1,704 "
No. 6	70	22⅛ "	1,548 "
Total	404	22.881bs.	9,2481bs.

THE BIG BASS RECORD.—A correspondent, A. F. N., reports from Renovo, Pa., that a black bass of large size was taken in the West Branch of the Susquehanna, at that point, last week. It measured 29¾in. in length and weighed 9lbs. 15oz. It was speared by torchlight, and surely deserved a better fate. Another black bass which deserves to go on record was captured at Greenwood Lake, July 24, by Nat Davy, a guide who was at the time out with Messrs. H. J. Phillips and J. N. Lewis. It was a big-mouth, measured 24¼in. in length, 16¼in. girth, and weighed 7¾lbs. It was taken by skittering close to shore.

TROUT OF THE POOLS.

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich., July 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I had hoped that what I have heretofore written about late spawning trout would have moved others of your correspondents to state facts about their experience in this regard, and relating to other waters than those which I have fished. Perhaps we shall yet hear from some of them, for I know that there are those who have caught many more trout than I this season. I yesterday took seven, of which four contained spawn, apparently ripe. I regret that I cannot truthfully say that I was sorry that I had killed these trout, for some of them were unusually large for these waters, and one in particular I had, in Irish phrase, put my "comether" on some time ago.

One of your entertaining correspondents not long since alluded to the fact that in the experience of most anglers there are pools apparently fitted to contain good trout, yet there they are "never" taken. I know such places, and have usually found the explanation of the apparent dearth of fish to be that the pool was tenanted by a trout whose wisdom rendered him proof against the ordinary allurements of the angler, while his size and pugnacity kept other trout from occupying a portion of his chosen retreat.

With this opinion, I one day, some three weeks ago, approached with great caution a bend in a brook where the water swirled in an eddy beneath overhanging trees and bushes, and had scooped beneath the bank a glorious lurking place for a large trout. I had always tried it in passing, but invariably without success. Creeping cautiously behind a large cedar tree, I made a cast beneath the pendant foliage, which landed my bait (not fly) several feet up stream and quite out of my sight, for it was much as if I had been fishing from a sentry-box, and casting around to the back thereof. The bait was taken, but not so greedily as to lead me to suppose that I had aroused a whale; and when after a moment I lifted the tip, I was surprised at the fuss kicked up at the end of my line. Steering the trout clear of roots and bushes, I was cautiously drawing him in, when the hook pulled out and I left lamenting.

I yesterday found myself at the same place, and no bite. Some five yards distant was a similar pool, only more brushy, and which, like the first, had always disappointed me. Over this the cast was made, and the bait taken exactly as my trout had seized the other. I gave all the time necessary for gorging the hook, perhaps a little more, as I wished to make sure work. Then I moved my rod tip south and by west, so as to clear the branches, and I had him.

In a pool where there were about twenty roots and sticks to the square foot, nothing is easier than to let the trout foul the line over some of them, but in about two minutes he was within reach, and shortly lay quivering among the hepaticas. This trout weighed 15oz. In that brook they seldom exceed ¾lb. to ¼lb.

Having deposited my capture among some freshly gathered ferns at the bottom of my creel, I moved down stream to a large log which stretched across, below which was a pool where I seldom missed a capture. Making a cast, I was rewarded by a minnow, and supposed there were no trout there. Another cast sent the bait a few feet further on, and it was taken. The trout was a large one, and before I had landed him the snood parted close to the hook, and the fish disappeared. I stood upon the log, looking disconsolately into the clear, shallow stream, when behold! my trout appeared in sight and evidently in trouble. He darted here and there, half turned upon his side, and floated near the surface with his nose above water; then settled to the bottom of the pool, just under my eye. While I was gazing, surprised, and uncertain what I should do next, the trout again rose near the surface, and lowering the butt of my rod I tapped him on the head, and then stepping into the brook, I managed to slip my hand under his gills and to lift him out of the water. He weighed ¾lb.

The hook had caught in his throat, and, as I concluded, disorganized his breathing apparatus. He would probably have died had I not succeeded in capturing him.

KELPIE.

NEWFOUND LAKE FISH.

IN reply to a letter of inquiry which we sent to Commissioner Riddle, he writes of the great lake trout of Newfound Lake, New Hampshire: "In reply to your inquiry of yesterday I inclose you two paragraphs from the Manchester *Union* of July 13. The fish are a superior quality of lake trout; on account of the very clear water they are much better eating than our common lake trout. The weights of the fish were given by Capt. R. W. Musgrove, of Bristol, and the names of those who caught them. He is a reliable man, and his statements are correct. The Legislature now in session will make an appropriation to build a hatching house at Newfound Lake, and it will be complete this fall in season to fill the troughs full of eggs. No finer landlocked salmon can be found in this section than at Newfound Lake, excepting at Sunapee Lake The commission have planted thousands of young fry within the past four years and thousands of young salmon can be found in the tributaries of Newfound Lake at this time. GEORGE W. RIDDLE.

The *Union* describes Newfound Lake as "one of the most charming bodies of water that dot the face of the earth, a gem of which New Hampshire may well be proud. Lately it has become famous by reason of the catch of lake trout and landlocked salmon, which has been heralded through the columns of Captain Musgrove's excellent paper. It is needless to say that the people of the towns surrounding the lake are enthusiastic, for in size and number of trout taken no New England lake compares with it. It is about seven miles long and three miles wide at the broadest part, opposite the Lake View House, and of depth, over 200 feet in some places. It has a large watershed, and is fed by Cockermouth River, Fowler's River, and half a dozen or more good trout brooks.

"It is a natural trout water and has always yielded tribute to the spear in spawning time, but has not excited real sportsmanship until within three years. There have been several plants of lake trout and landlocked salmon, and their comparative immunity from pursuit by anglers has given them opportunity to develop remarkably. The introduction of the spoon hook has taught Bristol people that there is more sport in landing a 10lb. trout or salmon in a legitimate way, than in spearing a bushel when they are performing the natural offices of the reproduction of their species, and public sentiment accordingly protects them from vandalism very effectually. Their greatest enemies now are the devouring sucker, eel and shadwrites, which fatten upon the spawn in the fall.

"The notoriety given the lake is drawing sportsmen from all over New England, and while their coming is welcomed and desired, the people about the lake wish to guard against the practical extinction of these desirable fish by the establishment of a hatchery, where the spawn, stripped from the fish, may be hatched out, and the fry, when in some measure able to take care of themselves, returned to the waters of the lake.

"The success of the Commission in increasing the stock of game fish in Sunapee Lake in spite of continuous fishing seems to warrant the attempt at Newfound. Black bass, trout and salmon have contributed to make Sunapee Lake a popular summer resort, and real estate values have increased until hitherto worthless pasture lands are bringing from $200 to $1,000 per acre for building lots for summer cottages. The mammoth trout of Newfound are sure to draw increasing numbers of fishermen annually, while the lake affords peculiar attractions for cottagers. Its outlet is two miles from Bristol village, where the visitor must leave the cars, which precludes the possibility of the lake being thronged with excursionists. It is preëminently a place for fine summer residences. The present dream of people interested in its development is a small steamer, with a stage line from Bristol to Plymouth, the latter being only about ten miles from the upper end of the lake."

The record of fishing in the lake, as kept by Capt. R. W. Musgrove, editor of the Bristol *Enterprise*, gives the following scores for five weeks for trout and salmon:

"The season opened April 16 and practically closed May 23. During this time W. C. Ross and John F. Rogers, of Bristol, caught one trout weighing 10lbs., another 15lbs. and four others, weight not given, also a landlocked salmon weighing 16lbs.; George H. Fowler and C. N. Drake caught 19 trout weighing 185lbs., that being 4 of 10lbs. each, three of 9lbs. each, 2 of 7lbs. each, 2 of 3lbs. each, 2 of 12lbs. each, 2 of 6lbs. each, 1 of 13lbs., 1 of 11½lbs., and 1 of 20lbs.; W. H. Wheeler and Henry Boutwell, Fitchburg, Mass., 2 trout, one weighing 5 and the other 13lbs.; Fred Holmes, Hebron, 3, weighing 8, 10 and 8lbs., also 2 trout and a salmon, weights not given; George Follansbee, Bristol, 2 trout, one weighing 8¾ and the other 7lbs.; Charles Alden and George H. Wood, Laconia, the former catching 1 of 6¾lbs. and the latter 4, weighing 5½, 8, 4, 8¼lbs. each; E. F. Pike, Bristol, 5 weighing 47½lbs.; Capt. W. A. Bickford, Bristol, 3 weighing 12, 10 and 7lbs. each and 2 weight not given; Marshall Ballou one weighing 9 and another 8lbs.; Moses Noyes, Craig and Lund, Nashua, 3 trout, weighing 7, 8 and 12lbs.; F. W. Colley, Bristol, trout weighing 8, 9, 10, 5, 10 and 9lbs. each; William Ackerman, Bristol, one weighing 9lbs.; H. Tukey, Bristol, 2, 8¼ and 5¾lbs. each; James Colley, Bristol, 1 of 8lbs.; Charles Mason, Bristol, 4, weighing 12, 10, 8½ and 5lbs. each, and 2 salmon, weighing 8 and 13lbs. each; Albert Hill, Boston, 1 of 8lbs, and Henry Thayer, Boston, 1 of 10lbs.; Frank Huse, Ashland, trout weighing 5, 6 and 10lbs. each; Frank Sanborn, Franklin, 1weighing 8¾lbs.; N. Adams, Bristol, trout weighing 9, 10, 12 and 10lbs.; A. Adams, Bristol, trout weighing 9, 4 and 12lbs. each; Capt. Saunders, Bristol, trout weighing 11, 5 and 6lbs.; Frank Mudgett, Lake Village, 1 trout weighing 19¼lbs.; Chas. Fox, Hill, 1 trout weighing 8lbs.; G. Sumner, Lawrence, Mass., 1 trout weighing 10lbs.; F. F. Roby, Boston, 1 trout weighing 12lbs.; Phillip Adams, Bridgewater, 2 trout weighing 7 and 8lbs.; Henry Rogers, Hebron, 1 trout weighing 8lbs.; S. S. Clark, Hebron, 1 of 8lbs.; Fred Hall, Bristol, 1 of 12lbs.; Dr. A. Q. Ballou 1 of 8lbs.; Gen. H. L. Porter, Concord, 1 of 12lbs.; Gust Walker, Concord, 1 of 10lbs.; James Ballou, Bristol, 1 of 11lbs.; C. H. Hinds, Franklin, 2 of 10lbs. each; Darius Cross, Bristol, 2 landlocked salmon; D. H. Sleeper, Bristol, 1 of 4¼lbs. and a 8lbs. salmon; Rev. C. H. Taylor, formerly of this city, 6, 3 of 9lbs. each and the others of 10, 11 and 5lbs., one salmon weighing 4lbs., Mr. Taylor's catch being the result of two days on the lake; J. F. Rogers, Hebron, 3 trout and 1 salmon, weight not given, making a total of 109 trout, weighing 976½lbs. and an average of 9lbs. each."

SUSQUEHANNA RIVER FISHING.—Harrisburg, Pa.—The Susquehanna is one of the most magnificent rivers in this country for the small-mouthed bass and the Susquehanna salmon (pike-perch). It is not necessary to mention any particular location, as there is good fishing from tidewater, at Port Deposit, to Renova on the West Branch, and in the entire Juniata. Harrisburg is well supplied with anglers; private and social club houses are numerous and well appointed, and located near good fishing grounds. Many visitors from distant cities have gone home full of praise for the generous hospitality shown them, and highly pleased with the large strings of fine fish caught. While there are a good many who depend upon the delusive fly, the majority stick to the stone-cat and the lamprey eel, which are the most killing in these waters. Since bait is so scarce and high priced some of our people are trying a new and lazy method to capture the wary bass. When the water is muddy rods and lines are discarded and parties go out in row boats, and by keeping in near the grass, close to shore, the fish are frightened into jumping out of the water and frequently into the boat. A short time since, a party of four, at Marietta, had thirteen bass jump into their boat. As the writer, with some gentlemen, was returning one dark night from an island in the river, holding a lantern to guide us, three fine large bass jumped into the boat. They were, no doubt, attracted by the light. We have quite a number of lady anglers here who handle the rod with a skill equal to that of some of our oldest veterans. One of them, Miss E., successfully landed a black bass weighing 4lbs. 13oz., and another bass, weight 3lbs. 8oz., was taken by one of our other lady anglers. Louis Kapphan, with Mr. Hartz, at Coxestown, took twenty-five bass, the largest of which weighed 4¼lbs. Geo. Meredith, a railroad engineer, captured fifteen bass at Dauphin, the largest weighing 6lbs. I hope to give you some good records later on.—DWAIR.

BLUEFISH AT THE MOUTH OF THE MERRIMAC.—It is reported that a bluefish was caught near the mouth of the Merrimac River on July 22.

HAUNTS OF BOSTON ANGLERS.

THE season is well advanced, but the trouting is not yet entirely over. Reports continue to come in of good catches. The streams in New England are very high for the midsummer season. Abundant rains have kept them up and the vacationist has a better chance for trout. This is peculiarly true of the brooks in the region of the White Mountains. A couple of Boston salesmen fishen some of the streams in the vicinity of Mount Washington last week with remarkable success. They report the trout larger than usual. The fishing at Rangeley is said to be holding out better than usual this season. The Houghton & Dutton party, of Boston, have been at their Pleasant Island camps, and the fishing has been good. Salmon fishing at Bangor has not been a success this year, but the reports from the New Brunswick waters are better. Dr. Frank Getchel, of Philadelphia, formerly a Waterville, Me., boy, has been to the New Brunswick salmon waters and has had remarkable success. He claims to be nothing more than a green hand at the business of salmon fishing, though a lover of trout fishing when a boy, yet on the first forenoon he hooked and landed four. In one day he hooked thirteen salmon and landed ten of them. He returns with a paper signed by native fishermen and guides saying that such a feat had never been performed before on the waters where he fished.

But the big men of Beacon Hill like to go a-fishing as well as the common mortals for whom they make laws, even well into the hot weather, and thus deprive themselves sometimes of the annual fishing trip. Senator Daniel Gunn, of Suffolk, has just returned from a two weeks' fishing trip to Country Harbor, Nova Scotia. The Senator has been to the same fishing point before, but last year he was deprived of an outing by the long session of the Legislature. This year he resolved, come what might, to drop the business of making sleepy statutes for the line and fly-rod. The fourth of July he picked up his already packed fishing outfit and just boarded the "Flying Yankee" for St. John, and thence to Moncton, N. B. Thence he went to Truro, New Glasgow and Antigonish, Nova Scotia. Thence his route was by stage, 29 miles, to Melrose. This part of the ride is through a delightful farming country. Mr. Gunn says that the pasturage is "up to the eyes" of the sleek, well-fed cattle, and that the crops are "hiding the fences"—a most delightful country for a cool summer ride. From Melrose it is 17 miles further, by team, to Country Harbor. Here, in their season, Senator Gunn finds the sea trout in all their glory. Country Harbor is at the head of a beautiful sheet of transparent tidewater, flowing in and out, some 12 miles, to the sea. On the north side of the bay are lofty mountains covered with dense hardwood, close down to the water's edge, rendering the scene at nightfall or at moonlight grand and beautiful in the extreme. The artist might visit there with profit, as well as the sportsman, and if both were happily combined in the same man, then that man would be doubly paid for his trip. But Senator Gunn is well satisfied to bring away a good slice of the scenery "in the eye of his memory." All sorts of salt-water fish abound in this bay, and at the proper season, and when wind and tide both serve, the famous sea trout are taken very freely.

Senator Gunn's luck was all that could be asked for. On one tide he hooked and landed sixteen trout in less than one hour. Several times doubles were taken on the fly. Contrary to his usual custom, he put on three flies, with the result of triplets, twice successfully landed. But the crowning cast of all brought up a trout on one fly, a pollock on another, and a perch on the third. At the same moment a fishhawk and a gull were soaring above his head, and while he was landing this most remarkable catch each dropped into the water and secured a fish. The Senator concluded that that was a lucky day for all hands. To say that our good friend had a pleasant time is not to over state the story in the least. Senator Gunn is a warm friend of the FOREST AND STREAM, and when he had landed the trout, the pollock, and the perch, all at the same cast, his first thought was, "How will that sound in that much loved paper which comes regularly once a week." Then he thought: "Now, when I get home and tell this story to the boys, even the old wooden codfish in the State House, on Beacon Hill, will wink his eye and smile." There was no room for him on that cast. The only other time that he has ever deigned to move was, when, several years since, some one was making a remarkable speech before the House, and happened to declare that the fishing interests of Massachusetts Bay would some time be of greater value than her agriculture. Then the old wooden fish turned around into the position he is in to-day.

Moose are still plenty in that country. Mr. Gunn saw tracks and signs. Partridges are abundant, and the flocks are large. Rabbits are very plenty. Mr. Gunn thinks that he has found something of a sportsman's paradise, though he has no further interest in it than that his brother sportsmen may share it with him. Good accommodations are to be had at Mrs. McZaren's, Country Harbor.

SPECIAL.

THE KENTUCKY FISH AND GAME CLUB will pay $20 reward for information that will lead to the conviction of any person or persons caught in destroying the fish in the public waters of the State of Kentucky, by the use of dynamite or other explosives, and this club will faithfully promise to keep the name of the informer a profound secret, and consider any correspondence strictly confidential. Address, G. G. BERRY, Sec'y, 234 Fifth street, Louisville, Ky.

PENNSYLVANIA.—A Beaver correspondent writes anent the report of Warden Hague's work, given in our last issue: "Warden Hague received his appointment in June, 1888, and has accomplished in that time more than all his colleagues, as not one of them has up to date brought about a prosecution and conviction.—G. A. S."

THE SPRINGFIELD CLUB, of Springfield, Mass., who have acquired a 300-square-miles fishing and hunting territory in the Lake Amabilish district of Quebec, report great trout fishing. Some of the members declare that they have had a surfeit of trout, and their fishing experience transcended the most ambitious dreams.

FISHING IN THE CHESAPEAKE BAY has been poor during the past ten days owing to the storms.

FISHING IN MASSACHUSETTS.—Wellesley, Mass., July 25.—We have been fishing several times this season, and for the last few times have had very good success. My brother Win and I went up to the lake this afternoon for live bait (minnows, etc.) and then went over to the perch grounds. The perch kept us busy for two or three hours, and we got a fine string of them. Win pullled one to the surface which broke his line and got away. I think it was the largest perch I have ever seen; we both thought him a large black bass at first, but as he turned over on his side he showed his black bands and red fins. I once caught a yellow perch in the same place that weighed 1lb. 8oz.; this one must have weighed all of 2 or 2¼lbs. Toward evening the eels began to take hold, and we soon had the boat so slimy with them that it was unsafe to step about in it, the footing becoming very insecure. I have been up to the farm pond several times this season, but have only caught a few bass so far. The best fishing seems to be right here in our own lake, and for one who likes to catch small fish the sport is good. Frogs are very abundant this season, and many of them are of extraordinary size. I caught one a week ago that weighed exactly 1½lbs. It was the largest frog that I have ever seen except, perhaps, the monster preserved in the Smithsonian.—S. F. DENTON.

THOMAS J. CONROY'S ASSIGNMENT.—It is with much regret, that will no doubt be shared by thousands of anglers throughout the United States and Canada, that we announce the assignment of the old and well-known fishing tackle house of Thomas J. Conroy, New York. Established nearly 60 years ago by the original John Conroy, the firm has changed its title a number of times and was variously known as John Conroy, J. & J. C. Conroy, J. C. Conroy & Co., Conroy, Bissett & Malleson, Conroy & Bissett, and in '83 it took the present style, Thomas J. Conroy. During this long term of years this noted concern has supplied the wants of anglers in every section of the country, and we feel sure there is no lack of sympathy for them in their present trouble. It is hoped that a speedy settlement will be arrived at and that the old concern will once more cater to the angling fraternity. As a sequel to this, and no doubt caused by it, we learn that Mr. Frederick Malleson, fishing tackle manufacturer of Brooklyn, N. Y., has also failed. He was formerly connected with the firm of Conroy, Bissett & Malleson, but separated from them in 1881 and assumed control of the manufacturing department. We are unable to state how disastrous these failures are, but trust the embarrassment will be only temporary.

THE CATSKILL MOUNTAIN WATERS are looking up. Trout fishing there has been restored, until it is now possible to make good catches in many streams long barren of any but fingerlings. A 2lb. trout was secured last Monday by John H. Ireland, who took his beauty from Eastkill Lake, near Onteora Park.

Fisheulture.

LAKE RONKONKOMA.—Messrs. Fred Mather and Prof. Bashford Dean, of the College of New York, are exploring Lake Ronkonkoma, Long Island, with the view of ascertaining its depths, bottom temperatures, and the characteristics of its animal and vegetable life. They report having found bottom in the deepest part of the lake, but as yet have not made the results known. Black bass, pike, pink and yellow perch are found in large numbers in the lake.

THE PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION have just completed a contract for a new and large hatching house at Allentown in addition to the one already there. This will increase the capacity of the eastern hatchery to double its present size.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 7 to 11.—First Annual Dog Show of the Brooklyn Kennel Club, at Brooklyn, N. Y. Charles Dickleman, Secretary.
Sept. 9 to 13.—Dog Show of the Farmers' Lancaster County Fair Association, at Lancaster, Pa. A. A. Herr, Secretary.
Sept. 10 to 13.—Sixth Annual Dog Show of the London Kennel Club, at London, Ont. C. A. Stone, Manager.
Sept. 10 to 13.—Dog Show of the Central Canada Exhibition Association, at Ottawa, Can. Capt. R. C. W. MacCuaig, Secretary.
Sept. 11 to 13.—First Annual Dog Show of the Toledo Kennel Company, Toledo, O. Chas. E. Rowland, Secretary, Box 423.
Sept. 16 to 19.—Dog Show of the Dominion of Canada Kennel Club, in connection with the Industrial Exposition at Toronto, Canada. Capt. C. Greville Harston, Secretary.
Sept. 17 to 20.—Dog Show of the Pet Stock Association at Elmira, N. Y. J. Otis Fellows, Superintendent, Hornellsville, N.Y.
Oct. 7 to 12.—Eighth Annual Dog Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society, at Danbury, Conn. B. C. Lynes, Secretary.

Jan. 27 to Feb. 1, 1890.—Dog Show of the Colorado Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Denver, Col.
Feb. 18 to 21, 1890.—Fourteenth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.
March 11 to 14, 1890.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Rochester Kennel Club, at Rochester, N. Y. Harry Yates, Secretary.
March 25 to 28, 1890.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Mass. Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.
April 1 to 4, 1890.—Sixth Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 4.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club. P. T. Madison, Secretary, Indianapolis, Ind.
Nov. 11.—Inaugural Field Trials of the Canadian Kennel Club, at Chatham, Ont. C. A. Stone, Secretary, London, Ont.
Nov. 18.—Eleventh Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
Dec. 2.—Inaugural Field Trials of the Central Field Trial Club, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Secretary, Mill's Building, New York, N. Y.
Dec. 16.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trial Club, at Amory, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Secretary, Marietta, Ga.

Jan. 20, 1890.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club at Bakersfield, Cal. H. H. Briggs, Secretary, 313 Bush street, San Francisco, Cal.
Feb. 11, 1890.—Fourth Annual Field Trials of the Texas Field Trial Club, at Marshall, Tex. W. L. Thomas, Secretary.

COURSING.

Oct. 9 to 12.—Fall meet of the National Coursing Club at Hutchinson, Kan. M. E. Allison, Manager.
Oct. 24.—Annual Meet of the American Coursing Club, at Great Bend, Kan. F. K. Doan, Secretary, St. Louis, Mo.

IRISH RED SETTER CLUB'S FIELD TRIALS.

ASHBOURNE, Derbyshire, Eng., July 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Presuming that it will be interesting to the readers of your valued journal, I herewith inclose programme of the Irish Red Setter Club's field trials. The trials will begin Sept. 17 at 9 A. M. Seven events are on the card.

No. 1.—The Irish Setter Puppy Stakes, for Irish setters born on or after Jan. 1, 1888, with £5, cup and 50 per cent. of entry fees to first, 20 per cent. of entry fees to second and 10 per cent. to third. Entry 2 guineas for non-members and 1 guinea for members.

No. 2.—The Irish Setter All-Age Stakes, for all Irish setters, with £5, cup and 50 per cent. of entry fees to first, 3 guineas, cup and 20 per cent. of entry fees to second and 10 per cent. of entry fees to third. Entry same as No. 1.

No. 3.—Irish Setter Brace Stakes, for Irish setters, with 5 guineas, cup and 50 per cent. of entry fees to first, 20 per cent. of entry fees to second and 10 per cent. to third. Entry same as No. 1.

No. 4.—The Irish Field Trial Derby Stakes, a sweepstakes of £5 each for setters (all breeds) and pointers whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1888, with 50, 20 and 10 per cent. of the pointer entry fees to the pointers and the same to the setters, and a special 5 guinea cup to absolute winner.

No. 5.—The Grand All-Age Stakes, a sweepstakes of £6 10s., with 50, 20 and 10 per cent. to first, second and third.

No. 6.—The Grand Brace Stakes. Entry and prizes same as No. 5.

No. 7.—Special Prize—The Irish Red Setter Club's Field Trial champion cup, value 20 guineas, to be competed for by the winners in all the stakes. Entries for Derby close Aug. 1. All other stakes Aug. 31. The judges are Dr. J. H. Salter and Capt. J. K. Millner.

The moors are abundantly stocked with game, it lies well and the dogs will be shot over. The absolute winners of each stake, including one dog selected from each of the first prize winning braces will compete for the champion cup. Three of the stakes are open to pointers and setters of all breeds, and three are for Irish red setters only.

The committee have taken every care to frame these trials on a sound and popular basis, and have given every encouragement to owners. In all probability the competitors will be very numerous, and the competition keen, as the time of year is very suitable. The brunt of grouse shooting will be over, and in England a fortnight's sport on partridge will have been had. The dogs will then be in the height of training, condition and experience, and as real work will be done by them, without doubt all sportsmen will look upon the winners of each stake, and the champion cup, as absolutely the best sporting dogs of the year.

Dr. Salter is one of the most respected, experienced and fairest of judges in Great Britian, and every one will have the greatest confidence in his decisions, assisted by Capt. J. K. Millner.

The committee look forward to one of the keenest competitions ever known. It is the first time these trials will be held for open competition, and the committee trust that it will become a most important annual event, and in that case they will endeavor to present a 50 guinea champion cup in the future.

M. H. COOPER.

ENGLISH SETTER BITCHES STOLEN.

ROSECROFT KENNELS, New York, July 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On Jan. 24 last, our English setter bitches Passion and Countess Peg disappeared from the kennel of our Mr. Fiske at Plainfield, N. J. It was not deemed wise to advertise them by name at the time, for obvious reasons; but as all efforts to find them, or any trace of them, have entirely failed, it is believed that they have very probably been removed from this part of the country, and we consider it proper to advise the dog world in general, especially the managers of shows, etc., throughout the country, against the possibility of their being brought to light in some other section. Below is a description of the two, although at least one of them, Passion, would be sufficiently well known to be recognized, at any rate, anywhere in the eastern part of the country. If they, or either of them, should at any time "show up," we should be glad to have any brother sportsman do as he would be done by; and, of course, we will cheerfully pay any expenses incurred in any way.

Passion—7246—blue belton bitch, whelped July 29, '83, by Goodsell's Prince out of Pebble. Was bred by Prof. Rice, of Brooklyn. Rather small—weighs about 43lbs. Head nearly evenly marked, and very much resembling Royal Albert's in contour and marking, but, of course, a trifle lighter; circular black patch over the top of the hips; no other patches, but is heavily and pretty evenly mottled all over. Short stem, heavily feathered and correctly carried; excellent chest, body, quarters, hocks, shoulders and elbows; very strong loin. One of the few good, pure Laverack bitches, and shows her Laverack breeding at the first glance. Her weak points are a trifle throatiness, not very marked, and a tendency when heavy to drop a trifle in the back and pasterns, not very noticeable when light in flesh. Very mild in disposition, but not very free with strangers, and inclined to hunt better for her friends than any one else. Is an excellent quail and partridge bitch; ranges very wide, and with great judgment, as she has had considerable experience

Countess Peg—8290—black, white and tan bitch, by Fairy King out of Countess Floy, whelped June 30, 1885, also small; not far from Passion's size. Black ears with the usual tan linings, and both sides of head black with tan marks on the cheeks, triangular star on forehead with a narrow blaze; triangular patch of black above the root of tail; tan fleckings on forelegs and muzzle; otherwise pure white; stands low behind and raises high in front; head shows the Foreman tendency to a little shortness, as also does the neck; very fine chest, back, loin, ribs, quarters, hocks, legs and feet; coat and feather very soft, full and long; stern short, but usually not well carried, though at times it is carried perfectly. Has lost one toe on right hind-foot, although she does not go lame. Exceptionally quiet and a great pet. In following "to heel" walks very close and always a little on the right hand. Is a good bitch on quail, on which she has been principally used.

WILSON FISKE.

SALE OF SPORTING DOGS AT ALDRIGDE'S.

ON Thursday afternoon the salesroom at Aldridge's in St. Martin's lane was crowded with would-be purchasers of the many pointers, setters, retrievers and spaniels which were to be sold to the best bidder. Among the kennels represented were those of Mr. Lloyd-Price, of Rhiwlas; Sir T. B. Lennard, Belhus; Mr. Assheton Smith, Vaynol, and others, including altogether some thirty-eight brace of dogs, most of which had good characters in the field as workmen. The pointers from Rhiwlas were first offered and had a speedy sale, ten animals fetching 236gs., or an average of about 23½gs. each. Ben Ultimus, by Little Ben out of Bellona, a liver and white pointer, winner of third prize at the late national field trials, realized most money, viz, 50gs.; then Luck of Merioneth, a lemon and white 2½yrs. old dog, by Luck of Edenhall, sold for 40gs.; Belle of Edenhall, his sister, 30gs.; Rowdy, a black and white bitch, 27gs., and Yellow Stockings, by Sixpense out of Golden Slippers, changed hands for 21gs. The other pointers went for less money. An Irish setter, only 15mos. old, sold well for 24gs.; a Sussex spaniel, said to be perfect in work, was not dear at 17½gs., while three retrievers, all well broken, went for 92½gs., viz., Ben, 2yrs. old, wavy-coated, 40gs.; Yarrow,

3yrs., 34gs., and Nell, curly-coated, 18½gs. Seven and a half brace of dogs from Mr. Price realized the excellent sum of 346gs. Two brace of Irish setters from Mr. J. M. Niall brought 52½gs., although one of the animals appeared to suffer from chorea. Sir T. B. Lennard's dogs did not sell so well. The good-looking Chandos, a great winner on the bench and perfect in the field, was cheap enough at 26gs., as was Kite at 15gs., both bought by W. Nicholson, of Ercall Heath; Belhus Duchess and Marcel changed hands at 14½gs. Following these come the well bred and highly broken two-and-a-half-year-old retriever Darkey, 18½gs; Coch-y-Bondhu, a black and white pointer, who ran at the late Kennel Club trials, and a right good dog, 16½gs., and Sam, a retrieving spaniel, 2 years old, a close worker, ran up to 16gs. Charles Bishop sold Blucher of Halesworth privately for 25gs., by no means more than his value; a peculiar colored slate-liver brace of pointers went together for 26gs., well matched they were in appearance; and Bella of Halesworth, a lemon and white bitch, changed hands at 20gs. Ben Hellam, an old breaker, sold two brace of pointers and setters for 48gs., then several lots went for little money, until Woolton Grouse (brother of Woolton Game, sold last week for £150), a good-looking, rather leggy dog, was bought for less than his value by Mr. T. Statter for 20gs. A number of Clumber spaniels were sold, including Barney (16,467), a cup winner at Edinburgh; Dash, a very good-looking dog, and several others, at much below their value, at prices ranging from 1g. to 3gs. each, those from Mr. Assheton Smith's being most promising, and cheap. A handsome orange and white setter bitch, Belle, sold for 10gs., and a well-bred blue and white setter, Ulverston Duke, for 6gs. The next sale, which will be the last of the season, takes place on Friday, July 26, at the usual time.—*London Field.*

MASTIFF IMPORTATION.

MELROSE, Mass., July 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have imported the mastiff dog champion Ilford Chancellor, winner of the following prizes: First Crystal Palace (puppy class) and Old English Mastiff Club produce stake; first and special Dover, first Frome, first Maidstone, 1886; first and special Crystal Palace, first Newport, first and special Ipswich, first Hull (beating Albert Victor and Victor Hugo), first Southport, challenge Norwich and Chelmsford, 1887; champion Crystal Palace (beating Victor Hugo, Hotspur, Prince of Wales, Montgomery and Admiral under Dr. J. Sidney Turner), first Manchester, first West Hartpool, 1888; first and special Coventry and Guisboro, champion Liverpool, first Otley, Bradford, Harrowgate, Bakerwell and Altricah; challenge Manchester, 1889. He has also won many silver cups and gold medals. He is the best son and best-bred son of champion Ilford Caution. He is also the sire of many promising puppies, including Chocolate Girl, the winning bitch puppy last year at Agricultural Hall, beating the well-known Jubilee Beauty. Also Ilford Cato, first Peoples Palace, 1887; second Crystal Palace and Old English Mastiff produce stakes, 1888; and Ceral, winner of two firsts Ilford, and first Peoples Palace, 1888. E. H. MOORE.

BROOKLYN DOG SHOW.

THE premium list of the first annual exhibition of the Brooklyn Dog, Poultry and Pet Stock Association is now ready for distribution. The show will be held at Ridgewood Park, Sept. 8 to 11. The judges so far announced are Messrs. K. E. Hopf, H. C. Glover, T. F. Rackham, W. J. Stanton and H. F. Schellhass. The show will be held under A. K. C. rules. Challenge classes are provided for each sex in mastiffs and both varieties of St. Bernards, with prizes of $10 and $8, $5 and medal in open classes. Pointers, English setters, Irish setters, Gordon setters, field spaniels and cocker spaniels have one challenge class each, with prizes of $8 and $3, and $5, $3 and medal in open classes. Fox-terriers and pugs have one challenge class each, with $5 and $3, and $5, $3 and medal in open classes. Spratts Patent will bench and feed. Mr. T. F. Rackham is the superintendent, and Mr. Charles Deckelmann, Ridgewood Park, Evergreen Station, L. I., is the secretary. Entries close Aug. 28.

DOG TALK.

THE well-known St. Bernard champion Save died July 3. He was owned by Mr. J. F. Smith, of Sheffield, Eng. Save has long been considered one of the finest specimens of his breed ever shown, and his winnings have been numerous and valuable, among them are the 100-guinea challenge cup, which he won twice.

It has been announced that Mr. John Davidson would judge at different shows the second week in September. Although his services have been requested at other places, it is definitely stated that he will judge the sporting classes at Toledo, Mr. H. W. Lacy taking the non-sporting.

There is a report that Dr. Cryer has sold his pug bitch champion Bessie in England to Mrs. C. Houlker, a well-known breeder and exhibitor of pugs.

Mr. Trenor L. Park, of this city, has purchased from Mr. Alfred George, London, Eng., the bull bitch Mischief, famous as the losing contestant in the recent "bulldog match" between Messrs. Peace and Pybus-Sellon.

It appears that the cropping question was not settled by the English Kennel Club after all. Dr. Turner's resolution as passed only proposes "to consider the advisability of taking into consideration the question of cropping." The matter is now in the hands of the Kennel Club committee, and possibly some action upon the question may some time be taken.

In England it is felony to steal a dog's collar, but only a misdemeanor to steal the dog. An act has recently been introduced into Parliament providing that dogs shall be deemed domestic animals within the meaning of the act relating to the possession of property. It is certainly odd that in law the collar should be rated above the dog. This reminds us of a little circus that took place in an animal store on Park Row, this city, the other day. One of the snakes laid hold of a monkey and slowly but surely gulped her down, the proprietor meanwhile with great presence of mind taking off the monkey's collar, and saving at least so much from the serpent's maw.

PATSY AS A STUD DOG.—Des Moines, Ia.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On July 23 my Nino whelped thirteen, six dogs, by Claremont Patsy (formerly Patsy), thus one of Mr. Damon's first statements to me, to wit: that "Patsy is a very strong stud dog," has, to a certain extent, proven true. Of course we cannot tell what the puppies will be like until they get some age, but I will say that they are of very good color and have but little white on them. I am glad that the Indiana Kennel Club is going to give Irish setters a chance to distinguish themselves, and we all ought to enter one or more of our dogs and give the public a chance to see what they can do. Mr. Sweeney says he will enter one and I will do the same. Let us all come in and make it a success. For my own satisfaction I would like to see what some of our fine dogs can do in the field with hot competition. In my judgment this is the only way we can find out which are the best dogs to breed to to get fine field performers.—F. H. PERRY.

CUPID'S RECORD.—Englewood, N. J., July 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My Italian greyhound Cupid was a prize winner at the following places: Cincinnati, Richmond, New York, Troy, Albany, Utica, Rochester, Boston, Worcester, and was given hc. at Philadelphia for some unexplained reason. No certificate of merit or prize card was sent me, except in two cases, viz., New York and Richmond. Will you kindly tell me if there is any way for me to prove the above winnings (in case I wish to sell) unless I refer to the A.K.R.—EDITH M. VANBUREN. [The winnings of Cupid are: Second New York, 1887, First, Boston, New Haven, Syracuse, Richmond; and second Cincinnati, 1888. Second New York; first, Boston, Worcester, Rochester, Troy, Albany and Utica, and hc. Philadelphia, 1889. This will probably be accepted by a purchaser of the dog.]

A COLLIE'S HEROISM.—Augusta, Ga., July 23.—Last week the heroism and intelligence of a collie dog was exhibited in this city to a remarkable degree. A little white boy, ten years old, was walking the railroad trestle spanning the Augusta canal, and fell through in water about 6ft. deep. A collie dog belonging to the little boy had already passed over, but on hearing the cries of his young master, immediately jumped in and dragged him to shore, when he was assisted by men passing along. The photograph of boy and dog is attracting much attention in front of one of our galleries.—J. M. W.

TORONTO DOG SHOW.—The bench show committee of the dog show to be held at Toronto Sept. 16 to 19, have decided to offer $1,300 in prizes. The premium list will be ready for distribution this week. In addition to the regular prizes a large number of valuable prizes will be offered. The Governor-General has signified his willingness to become patron, and has donated a special prize of $50, which will be awarded to the best kennel of English setters. The address of the secretary is Capt. C. Greville Harston, Public Library Building, Toronto, Can.

BLACK AND TAN SETTER STAKE.—New York, July 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A mistatement occurred in my letter published in your issue of last week which I wish to rectify. The Central Field Trial Association has offered a special stake of $100 for black and tan setters, providing they receive ten entries and not less than eight starters, the winner to take this stake. My previous letter states that the winner is to be run against the English setters, which is incorrect. Kindly insert the above and oblige JOHN H. MEYER.

OTTAWA DOG SHOW.—We have received the premium list of the dog show to be held at Ottawa, Can., Sept. 9 to 14, in connection with the second annual fair of the Central Canada Exhibition Association. The prizes in the regular classes are $7 and $3, with $5 for puppies. In addition there are a large number of valuable specials already offered and many more are promised. Mr. J. Otis Fellows will judge all classes. Entries close on Aug. 31, and should be made to the secretary, Capt. R. C. W. MacCuaig, Ottawa, Can.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 or any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Spray. By Chesapeake Kennels, Malvern, Ia., for sedge Chesapeake Bay bitch, whelped Oct. 16, 1887, by Barnum (Monday—Maryland) out of Nan (Bob—Nellie).

Maryland. By Chesapeake Kennels, Malvern, Ia., for sedge Chesapeake Bay bitch, whelped June 23, 1888, by Barnum (Monday—Maryland) out of Gympsie (Barnum—Nan).

Magnolia. By Chesapeake Kennels, Malvern, Ia., for sedge Chesapeake Bay bitch, whelped March 7, 1887, by Duke (Drake—Fannie) out of Nellie (Dash—Fannie).

Gowrie II. By Chesapeake Kennels, Malvern, Ia., for sedge Chesapeake Bay dog, whelped May 20, 1888, by Gowrie (Sunday—Nellie) out of Twist (Gowrie—Lucy).

Leon. By H. W. Neefus, Elizabeth, N. J., for lemon and white pointer dog, whelped May 27, 1889, by Sancho Pedro out of Sall La Blonde (Ted of Bergen—Duchess Hessen).

Sir Lucre. By Chas. Sidler, Milwaukee, Wis., for apricot fawn pug dog, whelped June 20, 1889, by Lord Nelson (Toby—Queen May) out of Minnie (Cricket—Pansy Blossom).

Althea II. By W. H. Walker, Portland, Ore., for black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped July 14, 1889, by Zero (Banjo—Nellie) out of Althea (A.K.R. 842).

Takawa. By A. E. Pitts, Columbus, O., for white, black and tan markings fox-terrier bitch, whelped June 11, 1889, by Raby Signal (Raby Mixture—Richmond Olivebud) out of Gretchen (champion Bacchanal—Marguerite).

BRED.

☞ Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Nellie II.—Barnum II. Chesapeake Kennels' (Malvern, Ia.) Chesapeake Bay bitch Nellie II. (Gowrie—Kate) to their Barnum II. (Barnum—Gympsie), July 13.

Fannie Brown—Glencairn. C. G. Hinckley's (Lee, Mass.) collie bitch Fannie Brown (Clipper—Nellie McGregor) to Jas. Watson's Glenclairn (Glenlivat—Nellie McGregor), May 16.

Roslyn Belle II.—Scotilla. H. C. Folmer's (Shenandoah, Pa.) collie bitch Roslyn Belle II. to Mitchell Harrison's Scotilla (Dublin Scot—Flurry II.), June 25.

Belle Randolph—Nick of Naso. Fleet View & Reading Pointer Kennels' (Lynn, Mass.) pointer bitch Belle Randolph to C. J. Peshall's Nick of Naso, July 21.

Daisy F.—Kash. Thos. Fowler's (Pittsburgh, Pa.) pug bitch Daisy F. (Silver Shoe—Dixie) to A. E. Pitts's Kash (Bradford Ruby—Lady Cloudy), July 9.

Queen Dido—Kash. G. Gillivan's (West Jefferson, O.) pug bitch Queen Dido (Joe—Flora) to A. E. Pitts's Kash (Bradford Ruby—Lady Cloudy), July 19.

Bacchante—Blemton Trump. H. P. Thompson's (Toronto, Can.) fox-terrier bitch Bacchante (Bacchanal—Venatrix) to Macdonald's Blemton Trump (Bacchanal—Tiara), July 3.

WHELPS.

☞ Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Magnolia. Chesapeake Kennels' (Malvern, Ia.) Chesapeake Bay bitch Magnolia (Duke—Nellie), May 1, seven (three dogs), by their Barnum (Monday—Maryland).

Spray. Chesapeake Kennels' (Malvern, Ia.) Chesapeake Bay bitch Spray (Barnum—Nan), July 24, three bitches, by Ed. Lynch's Duke (Drake—Fannie).

Fannie Brown. C. G. Hinckley's (Lee, Mass.) collie bitch Fannie Brown (Clipper—Nellie McGregor), July 16, two (one dog), by Jas. Watson's Glencairn (Glenlivat—Nellie McGregor).

Flirt. J. R. Hulk's (Bridgeport, Conn.) pointer bitch Flirt, July 19, fifteen (nine dogs), by F. E. Clark's Vanstone (Tammany—Juno).

Beauty. O. J. Stoddard's (Lynn, Mass.) pointer bitch Beauty (Bonne—Bess), July 24, eight (four dogs), by Fleet View & Reading Pointer Kennels' Spot Dash.

Nun Nicer. A. E. Pitts's (Columbus, O.) pug bitch Nun Nicer (Douglas II.—Dot), July 11, six (five dogs), by his Kash (Bradford Ruby—Lady Cloudy).

Zadie. G. Gillivan's (West Jefferson, O.) pug bitch Zadie (Treasure—Peggie), June 13, five (three dogs), by A. E. Pitts's Kash (Bradford Ruby—Lady Cloudy).

Puss B. G. Gillivan's (West Jefferson, O.) pug bitch Puss B. (Treasure—Peggie), June 4, six (three dogs), by A. E. Pitts's Kash (Bradford Ruby—Lady Cloudy).

Madam Barry. American Kennels' (Boston, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Madam Barry, July 26, ten (five dogs), by their Gruss Bayard.

Nino. F. H. Perry's (Des Moines, Ia.) Irish setter bitch Nino (Elcho—Noreen), July 23, thirteen (six dogs), by his Claremont Patsy (Frisco—Nellie IX.).

Bessie Glencho. St. Cloud Kennels' (Mott Haven, N. Y.) Irish setter bitch Bessie Glencho (champion Glencho—Flame), July 18, twelve (five dogs), by Dr. Wm. Jarvis's champion Elcho, Jr. (champion Elcho—champion Noreen).

Brown Betty. C. M. Raymond's (West Brighton, S. I.) cocker spaniel bitch Brown Betty (Beauclerc—Dozzle-Dozzle), June 24, four (two dogs), by A. C. Wilmerding's Black Prince (Benedict—Madcap).

Miss Brag. G. H. Carr's (Hartford, Conn.) cocker spaniel bitch Miss Brag (A.K.R. 3997), June 1, five (four dogs), by his Obo V. (A.K.R. 4590); four black, one liver.

Nina. E. W. Fuller's (Hartford, Conn.) cocker spaniel bitch Nina (Brag—Phyllis), June 25, seven (five dogs), by G. H. Carr's Obo V. (A.K.R. 4590); all black.

Lulu Obo. Wm. Shiloh's (Hartford, Conn.) cocker spaniel bitch Lulu Obo (A.K.R. 6501), March 1, two (one dog), by G. H. Carr's Obo V. (A.K.R. 4599); all black.

Gypsy S. R. N. Seyms's (Hartford, Conn.) cocker spaniel bitch Gypsy S. (Newton Abbot Laddie—Dinah), July 21, three (two dogs), by G. H. Carr's Obo V. (A.K.R. 4590); all black.

Pundita. G. H. Carr's (Hartford, Conn.) cocker spaniel bitch Pundita (A.K.R. 6089), March 25, seven (four dogs), by his Obo V. (A.K.R. 4590); all black.

Elora Tatters. H. P. Thompson's (Toronto, Can.) fox-terrier bitch Elora Tatters, July 12, seven (five dogs), by Macdonald's Blemton Trump (Bacchanal—Tiara).

Dusky Daze. W. S. Applegate's (New Albany, Ind.) fox-terrier bitch Dusky Daze (Dusky Trap—Daze), July 20, two bitches, by A. Belmont, Jr.'s Dusky Trap (Dusky Splinter—Spider).

Jessie. John Hackett's (Hamilton, Ont.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Jessie, June 30, six (two dogs), by P. H. Coombs's Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beale's Lady).

SALES.

☞ Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Gowrie, Jr.—Wave whelps. Sedge Chesapeake Bays, whelped March 10, 1889, by Chesapeake Kennels, Malvern, Ia., a dog each to Edmund Key, Marshall, Tex.; A. L. Crumb, St. Cloud, Minn.; Ed. O. Geran, Manitowoc, Wis., and A. I. Schreier, Dubuque, Ia., and a bitch to H. D. Ford, Chicago, Ill.

Cricket—Pansey Blossom whelp. Stone fawn pug dog, whelped April 27, 1889, by C. G. Hinckley, Lee, Mass., to H. C. Burdick, Springfield, Mass.

Punch. Stone fawn pug dog, whelped April 27, 1889, by Cricket out of Pansey Blossom, by C. G. Hinckley, Lee, Mass., to Thos. Fayhe, Lenox, Mass.

Brighton Queen. Lemon and white English setter bitch, whelped May 12, 1888, by King Fred out of Lady Brighton, by F. M. Shelley, Sheridan, N. Y., to W. D. Bremen, Ind.

Sandycroft Vim. Red Irish terrier bitch, whelped Jan. 16, 1887, by Benedict out of Geesala, by V. M. Haldeman, Milford, Del., to W. Flood, Philadelphia, Pa.

Sandycroft Clipper. Red Irish terrier dog, whelped March 26, 1889, by Dennis out of Sandycroft Vim, by V. M. Haldeman, Milford, Del., to A. B. Frost, West Conshohocken, Pa.

Sandycroft Grit. Wheaten Irish terrier dog, whelped March 26, 1889, by champion Dennis out of Sandycroft Vim, by V. M. Haldeman, Milford, Del., to Dr. E. M. Moore, Jr., Rochester, N. Y.

DEATHS.

Golden Gem. White and tan fox-terrier bitch, whelped Aug. 25, 1888 (Dick—Norwich Belle), owned by C. H. Kobicke, San Francisco, Cal.; from poison.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

G. E. W., Littleton, N. H.—A spaniel has canker in her ear very bad, her eyes run a little, the hair has come off around them; she also scratches a great deal, but has no lice or fleas. Please send me a receipt for it and oblige. Ans. Give five drops of Fowler's solution in the food night and morning for three weeks. Keep the bowels free with teaspoonful doses of syrup of buckthorn and use the following:

℞ Tr. opii..... ℥i.
Bromo chloral..... ℥i.
Aq..... ℥i.
Mix. Let a few drops fall in the ears night and morning.

TUPAC.—What is the dog's normal temperature? I can find no statement of it in standard works on canine pathology. Ans. The normal mean temperature of the dog is 99.4°. This would be slightly increased if the thermometer were introduced into the mouth or rectum.

Rifle and Trap Shooting

RANGE AND GALLERY.

OUR TEAM ABROAD.

LONDON, July 29.—The Massachusetts rifle team were received to-day at the Mansion House by the Lord Mayor of London, who toasted them and congratulated them upon the many successes they have achieved during their visit to England. Major Frost in returning thanks on behalf of the team, said that the courtesy shown by the Lord Mayor to American visitors was proverbial.

LONDON, July 29.—The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company gave a banquet to-night in honor of the Massachusetts riflemen. Major Jones presided. Mr. Lincoln, the United States Minister, was among the guests. Mr. Lincoln, replying to a toast to the President of the United States, dwelt upon the absence of a military element in America. The Americans, he said, had learned to do without large armies. A stranger traveling from New York to San Francisco, and thence to New Orleans and Montreal, would learn to be no more surprised at the presence of a soldier than at the sight of that remarkable bird called "adjutant."

On Thursday, July 18, Major Frost, in the name of the team, presented their English honorary secretary, Mr. Gratwicke, with a magnificent watch, in testimony of their high appreciation of the services he had rendered to them, and of their regard for him personally. "A gift," says the *Volunteer Service Gazette*, "made in such a manner is equally honorable to the donors and the recipient. Certainly it would have been hard to find any one better fitted for the arduous duties of English Secretary to the American team than the able and cheery quartermaster of the 4th V. B. Devon."

On the day of the departure of the team from Wimbledon the *Volunteer Service Gazette* voiced the sentiment of all British riflemen as follows:

"Our Massachusetts visitors leave Wimbledon this afternoon and go thence to Paris for about a week. They will make but a very brief stay in London on their return, as they are to sail from Liverpool by the City of Chicago on July 31. We are sure that we shall be joined by every one who has been brought into contact with Major Frost and his comrades in wishing them God speed and a happy return home. They have, indeed, been most courteous and friendly guests, and have throughout evinced the utmost willingness to accept all the arrangements which they found existing, inconvenient as some of them must have been to them. Even in the case of the abandonment of the great match with the North London Club, in respect to which some of us might have been disposed to grumble a little, we find our mouths closed by the American marksmen, who decline to admit that they are in any way disappointed, or that any one is to be blamed. We hope that as the Massachusetts riflemen have seen the death of Wimbledon, they will have the curiosity to come and see the birth of Bisley Common, where we can promise them a cordial welcome."

CANADIAN OFF-HAND SHOTS.—The Off-hand Rifle Association shot its fifth match July 23 for the championship, in a series of ten matches. Each club shot over its own range. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed in the association. The last match of the series will be shot at Orillia on Oct. 10, when all teams will be present. The annual meeting will take place on the evening of the first day, and individual prizes will be given for the second day's shooting. A large sum of money will be distributed. A valuable silver medal will be presented to the gentleman who makes the highest average during the series of matches. The score of each team on July 27 and the total matches won and lost is appended:

	Points.	Won.	Lost.		Points.	Won.	Lost.
Orillia	803	46	2	Aurora		20	28
Newtonbr'k	782	41	7	Pt Edward..	691	18	30
Scarboro,...	759	46	8	Midland		13	35
King City..	723	29	19	Alliston..... ...		8	40
Tottenham.	702	25	23	Byng Inlet.. ...		3	45

The sixth match will be shot on Aug. 20.

BOSTON, July 27.—The shooting at the Massachusetts rifle range to-day was done during a pouring rain storm and under such conditions as only rifle enthusiasts would have endured. When the markers came out of the pits they looked like drowned rats. It was one of the worst days ever experienced at this range. Mr. Clarke won the champion medal, Mr. Munroe won the gold medal in the 20-shot rest match and Mr. Kelley won the bronze victory medal. This association has put on two new matches to close Dec. 31, one medal match for rest shooting, and one military medal match for off-hand, with three medals in each match. Following are to-day's scores:

Twenty Shot Rest Match.

J R Munroe	11	11	11	12	9	9	8	11	12	10
	10	12	9	10	9	11	8	9	12	11—205
J N Eames	9	9	11	12	7	9	12	10	12	7
	10	8	6	7	10	9	12	12	12	10—194
W P Conway	12	11	9	10	10	8	9	12	9	10
	7	7	12	11	8	9	12	9	8	8—191
W Thomas	9	9	8	8	10	12	11	11	11	8
	11	9	9	11	9	9	9	9	5	11—189
S Wilder	8	8	10	7	9	9	9	10	8	12
	9	12	12	11	9	9	7	9	6	9—183

Champion Medal Match.

C C Clarke	6	7	7	7	6	7	10	7	7	8—72
J A Frye	7	7	9	6	4	6	6	7	8	8—68

Victory Medal Match.

E Kelley	10	6	10	10	9	7	6	7	8	7—80
O M Howard	7	10	7	8	7	8	10	6	6	7—76
S O Melville	8	9	6	10	6	5	7	6	7	5—70
A S Hunt	3	8	7	7	0	0	9	7	7	9—64

Military Medal Match.

F Carter	5	4	5	5	4	5	4	4	4	4—44
C Bridge	4	4	4	4	5	5	4	4	4	4—42
A S Field	4	3	4	4	3	4	4	5	4	3—38

Rest Medal Match.

W C Prescott	12	12	11	8	8	10	12	9	10	8—100

Bronze victory medal was won on the following 10 scores by:

J E Kelley	78	79	76	80	76	76	80	77	72	79

All-Comers' Off-hand Match.

J A Frye	10	8	8	7	9	9	10	9	7	9—86
H C Lane	7	5	9	8	8	9	6	5	7	7—71
S O Melville	5	6	4	4	7	10	6	6	5	10—63
P Jones	8	8	7	6	2	6	5	5	6	10—63
A S Hunt	2	3	6	9	5	9	4	8	4	7—57
C Hyde	6	1	7	10	3	6	5	4	7	6—54
G L Hosmer	4	7	6	6	3	3	3	9	5	7—53
O T Moore	6	1	6	7	5	5	2	3	5	5—46

All-Comers' Rest Match.

J R Munroe	9	9	11	9	10	12	9	12	9	11—101
W P Thompson	11	8	9	10	9	9	11	12	10	9—98
A Ballard	7	10	10	10	12	10	11	8	9	8—95
W P Conway	11	12	9	9	9	10	7	9	9	8—93

Military Match.

G H Wright	3534543434—38	A E Tenney	4324234454—35
H W Atkins	4443344434—37	W L Swan	4434404543—35
D J McGilvray	3543442433—35		

CREEDMOOR.—New York, July 30.—The fifth of the series of marksman's badge and sharpshooters' matches was shot at Creedmoor July 27. The attendance was small on account of the heavy rain in the forenoon. Conditions fair, but bad light, changing from cloudy to sunshine. Following were the winners:

	200yds.	500yds.	Total.
J T Hull, Co F, 23d Regt	21	24	45
W A Stokes, Co I, 23d Regt	22	23	45
F S Kennedy, Co F, 7th Regt	21	22	43
G L Stebbins, Co K, 7th Regt	20	22	42
O E Dudley, Co F, 7th Regt	23	19	42
H M Field, Co F, 23d Regt	19	22	41
J Macaulay, Sup Stf Off	22	18	40

Next matches: Aug. 3, 10, 17, 24, and Sept. 2 (Labor Day).—J. MANZ, Jr., Asst. Sec. N. R. A.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., July 27.—The Pistol Club had a small attendance, and those who did take part made very poor scores. Standard target reduced to 20yds. is used for all shooting. The scores:

S G Dorman	9	8	8	7	10	7	7	10	10	8—84
M Summerfield	9	6	9	10	9	7	7	8	7	8—80
G Alexander	10	6	6	6	7	9	6	10	10	10—78
E Mohrstadt	8	9	9	7	9	6	10	5	8	6—77
A E Bengel	6	4	6	6	9	5	9	7	9	9—70

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., July 26.—Teams from City Guard in competition yesterday at Lake Lookout range made some unusually fine scores, that of the winning team, 196, never having been made at a State match at Framingham previous to 1887, when the City Guard team made a total score of 197. Not 5 teams in the State have beaten the total of 190 made by the other team yesterday. These were the scores:

Team Match.

Martin	5355544—31	Sterling	5554454—32
W E Hosmer	4441545—30	Johnson	5444444—29
Merrick	4444444—28	F L Hosmer	3454453—29
McInnery	4443444—27	S E Smith	3434444—26
H J Smith	4444344—27	Bowers	4343435—26
McDonald	4444443—28	Lamerhirt	4432345—25
Taft	4533144—25—196	F Syner	4544033—23—190

THE GODSAL RIFLE.—A repeating rifle action on an entirely new principle has been invented and designed by Major P. T. Godsal, 4th (Eton College) V. B. Oxfordshire Light Infantry, late Instructor of Musketry, 52d Light Inf antry. It seems to hold an intermediate position between what are known as the bolt and block systems, and it is claimed for it that it combines all the strength and soundness of the former with the repeating power of the latter, and that it is the simplest action and cheapest to manufacture that has yet been produced. The main advantage in the bolt system is that traveling motion which enables it to be used as a repeater, and, having this motion, the Godsal rifle would be taken by a superficial observer to be a "frock-locking bolt." A closer examination, however, reveals that it is better entitled to be called a "traveling block action," since in all its essential features it resembles the block systems. Instead of a bolt 6in. long the obturator in the Godsal action consists of a solid steel cylinder less than 1in. long. This locks by means of 3 lugs into the breech, and it is held, when unlocked, by a hollow carrier containing the mainspring and striker, which travels on a slide or bar, which bar forms a rearward continuation of the lower lug of the breech, and forms a rigid connection for the wood of the butt. Thus the long heavy bolt and the corresponding long trough or breech shoe of the bolt action is dispensed with altogether.

The extractor is of the well-known block action type. The peculiarity of it is that it has a long rod projecting buttward from the claw, and lying alongside the above-mentioned stock-bar parallel with the axis of the barrel. As the carrier is drawn back it strikes at the right moment against a projection on this rod, and so knocks out the cartridge. It is well known that a knock or tap is better than a wrench for breaking the adhesion of a sticking cartridge, and in point of fact, it is said that the pressure of the end of the little finger throwing back the carrier never fails to extract a cartridge with the Godsal action. On the contrary, with a bolt action, a spring claw snaps over the rim of the cartridge, and to extract it a severe wrench, often requiring the whole force and weight of the right hand, is necessary, and the action is jammed shut until the cartridge moves.

In the one model exhibited, the Godsal rifle is fitted with a modification of the present Government magazine, which is attached in a simple manner to the left side of the action. We understand that the Godsal rifle has been not only invented but entirely designed by Major Godsal himself, but the workmanship is by Messrs. W. & C. Scott & Son, of the Premier Gun Works, Birmingham, and the inventor bears high testimony to the admirable manner in which his designs have been carried out.—*Volunteer Service Gazette.*

CHICAGO, July 22.—At the annual encampment at Springfield Company D, First Regiment, I. N. G., won the beautiful Forsyth medal, which has been competed for by companies C, D and E, for the last three years, the terms being best company score at ranges from 100 to 500yds., and also in running skirmish fire at 10 shots between those distances. The highest individual score this year was made by Lieut. Jas. A. Clark, 146 out of a possible 175. Company D won by only .39 on the average. The Forsyth medal was presented to the First by the actress, Kate Forsyth, in return for a uniformed regimental visit to one of her performances in this city. It is an elaborate and beautiful medal, large and expensive, and is recognized as one of the most prominent incentives to marksmanship known to the Illinois State militia. It is at present in possession of Capt. Jos. H. Barnett, who will probably deliver it to Lieut. Clark for keeping until the next yearly competition.—E. HOUGH.

TORONTO.—Capt. Beaty, of the Toronto Field Battery, is making arrangements for a rifle match between a team of eight or ten men of his battery and one from the Hamilton Field Battery. It is likely that the contest will take place on the fine range of the latter.

NEWARK, N. J., July 25.—It was expected that the fine weather to-day would draw a big crowd to the shooting park to take part in the trophy and expert matches, but the party at no time numbered more than a dozen. The conditions were almost perfect for good shooting, and the result was shown in some remarkably fine scores. The eighth competition for the members' trophy was won by H. Williams with a total of 222 out of a possible 250 points on the German ring target. Other scores were: F. C. Campbell 211, C. H. Townsend 208, J. A. Boyken 207, A. Begerow 197, C. E. Derivaux 190. C. E. Gensch 183, F. A. Freiensehner 175, W. M. Drexler 149. The previous contest was also won by H. Williams on a score of 229, J. A. Royken getting 201, J. Coppersmith 195, A. Begerow 195, F. C. Campbell 193 and F. P. Laute 183. In the expert match first place was taken by H. Williams, who scored 69, 66, 66, 65, in four consecutive tickets. F. C. Campbell made 65, 63, A. Begerow 65, 64, 62, 62, 60. J. A. Boyken 64, 63, 62, 61. F. A. Freiensehner 65, 65, C. E. Gensch 64, 61. In the previous contest C. E. Gensch made 68, 60, 59. 57, 57, F. C. Campbell 66, 61, 60, C. E. Edgar 62, 60, 58, P. Bell 58. The expert match will be open at the shooting park on Thursday and Saturday....Entries of teams for the New Jersey championship shoot at the picnic and prize shoot of the Our Own Rifle Club on Aug. 20 close to-day. The conditions of the shoot are 5 men in a team, 5 shots per man at 25yds. on the Our Own Standard 25-ring target. .22-calibre s, with 3lbs. trigger pull only are allowed. Each club may enter as many teams as it chooses, but no man can shoot on more than one team. The members of the winning team will each receive a handsome gold medal, and the team will be declared the champions of New Jersey. The Our Own Club will not enter a team.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

FIXTURES.

July 31 to Aug. 2.—Dakota Territorial Sportsman's Association Tournament, Aberdeen, Dak. C. Sam Vroom, Secretary.

Aug. 7, 8, 9.—Forester Gun Club Tournament, Davenport, Ia. For particulars address J. W. Howard, Davenport.

Aug. 8.—West End Social Gun Club, of Pittsburgh, Inanimate Target Tournament, Williams Grove, Cambria county, Pa. James Worden, Secretary.

Aug. 13, 14, 15.—Second Tournament of the American Shooting Association, Boston, Mass.

Aug. 13, 14, 15.—The Charlotte Gun Club's First Annual Tournament, Charlotte, Mich. E. W. Dolson, Secretary.

Aug. 13, 14, 15, 16 and 17.—Tournament at Leadville, Col.

Aug. 20, 21, 22, 23.—Second annual tournament of the Keystone Manufacturing Co., of Corry, Pa. Traps will be pulled by a new electric apparatus.

Sept. 3, 4, 5.—Annual Tournament of the Rocky Mountain Trap Shooters, Denver, Colo., Broadway Athletic Park. Inanimate and live targets. Address C. M. Hampson, Denver.

Sept. 17, 18, 19, 20.—Central Illinois Sportsmen's Association's eleventh annual tournament, Jerseyville, Ill.

Sept. 24, 25, 26 and 27.—Fifth Annual Tournament given by Al. Bandle, at Cincinnati; $1,000 guaranteed.

Sept. 24, 25, 26, 27.—New Jersey State Sportsman's Association for the Protection of Fish and Game Annual Tournament, on grounds of the Jersey City Heights Gun Club, at Marion, N. J. W. F. Quimby, 291 Broadway, N. Y.

Oct. 8, 9, 10, 11.—Middlesex Gun Club Tournament, Dunellen, N. J. W. F. Force, Secretary, Plainfield, N. J.

Oct. 15, 16, 17, 18.—Tournament at live birds and inanimate targets. J. F. Kleinz, Secretary, 600 South Delaware avenue, Philadelphia.

Oct. 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25.—Second Tournament of the Mercer Gun Club, at Trenton, N. J. E. G. Updegrove, President.

LEAGUE SHOOTING.

THE American Shooting Association is not by any means sitting idly by in the matter of encouraging trap work, and in the scheme which Manager Taylor has put forth there is enough for a good deal of discussion. Will such leagues pay? Will they provoke enough rivalry to make them successful in the way of sport? and if they fail on a large scale, may they yet not prove a great benefit on a small scale?

The Association has started out to encourage trap-shooting in every way. Its large tournaments are intended to bring together trap men in a wholesale and wholesome fashion. So far as they can, the Association's managers have rid trap-shooters of many of the annoyances, in the way of unfair classification, which marked the old-time gatherings. They have been fair to the tyro shot, the rising shot, while sitting down fairly and flatly upon the professional who made his marksmanship pay at the expense oftimes of sportsmanlike conduct. Now, the plan of the Association is to keep up the interest in trap matters between the tournaments, and this it is proposed to accomplish by means of the systematic league shoots.

The plan which the Association's circular outlines shows that much thought has been given the project, and it shows further that the Association is prepared to back up its side of the scheme by a liberal advance of funds, if the shooters will on their part get together and do their best at the trap. Major Taylor has worked the plan out with considerable care, and it would seem that it is clear enough to be readily understood by any one at all familiar with shooting contests. As far as possible the utmost liberty has been given every contestant, with proper regard to the rights of the other shooting teams. It is a chance for teams to wipe out old grudges by shooting under the general rules laid down by the Association, and the final scores, when reached, will form good gauges to measure future team work by.

AMERICAN SHOOTING ASSOCIATION.

League Shooting.

THE American Shooting Association presents to the trap shooters and clubs of America the proposed rules for league shooting, and invites their criticism of them. It is proposed to put them to actual test the coming year, confidently believing that this system of shooting will largely increase the interest in trap-shooting, the social intercourse between individuals, and promote that friendly rivalry between the clubs of the different States, so desirable, and at the end of the season create unusual interest when the final ties are to be decided. Although little has been known or said about the proposed league shooting, many leagues have been formed and tendered to the Association for action; and many other clubs have said "We can form a league on short notice, advise us of plans, rules, etc." The Association having had so many matters to attend to, consequent upon its formation and getting properly under way, thought it best not to begin this system of shooting until May or June of next year; in the meantime, through proper criticism and ample preparation, it will be prepared to carry it to a successful termination. There seems to be no reason why this system of shooting should not become a very popular one, creating such popular enthusiasm that the scores and standing of the different leagues will be reported and published in such manner as other sports of the day.

The rules are liberal in permitting shooters in the teams to use any gun, shell, target, etc., in use by their club, with only the provision that they are in accord with the Association's rules. As will be seen, the teams are to shoot but once a week, and at such number of targets as are shot at in usual club practice matches—this will not involve any additional expense to clubs or individuals of the teams. Clubs will find that this manner of shooting weekly on home grounds by a selected team (or meeting the opposing team on home or other grounds) will very much increase attendance at their weekly shoots, for all will be interested in the result, and as the time taken to shoot such matches is short, those in attendance will join in other shooting for the afternoon with increased interest.

Leagues can be so formed from the teams representing them, that they may very many times meet each other on grounds mutually agreed upon, specially so on holidays, where an admission can be charged. In this way every club that is represented in a league can pay its team entrance fee without recourse to other means. Accompanying this, the plan for forming purses is given, and if clubs do not take hold of it, we believe there are few clubs who do not have members spirited enough to form a team to represent their club, assuming all responsibility of entrance and who will shoot through the season with good results to themselves and their clubs. The figures given are based upon there being 20 leagues formed, and show from this small number the largest purses, with smallest amount of entrance money, and the greatest number of chances to win ever proposed. It is confidently believed, from the assurance given from many sections, that 40 to 50 leagues will readily be formed; if so, the purses will be increased accordingly, and if over 50 leagues are formed no doubt the different prizes can be divided, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. and still leave them much larger than in statement given.

It is asked that all clubs throughout the United States will at their first meeting consider this matter, and give such expression concerning it as they may care to, to the manager at the New York office, that such preparation as is necessary may be made for the coming season's work. The details are many and should be thoroughly settled and published by Jan 1 for benefit of clubs. No club should consider that it is too weak to be represented by a team, as the club will be much benefitted by the increased attendance that will surely follow at its weekly shoots, and each team must secure a place in the ties. No doubt in many instances it will prove to be better to have a position of second or third to a strong team than to have first place in a league of ordinary teams. A table of a supposed league in Ohio is published with the rules, showing in the simplest manner how and on what dates teams will meet each other; also a statement of the prizes with the division of them, on a basis of fifty, thirty and twenty per cent., which shows that even the lowest prize that can be won is well worth contending for—should as many as forty leagues be formed, any one can figure out how large the prizes will be by doubling those given as first, second and third, and so on, and dividing them into forty, thirty, twenty and ten per cent. No matter how many additional leagues may be formed above the basis of calculation, on twenty, no additional entrance money will be charged.

It only remains now for the clubs throughout the United States to take action and respond to the efforts of the Association, to inaugurate an interest in the favorite sport of trap-shooting never before thought of, and which will give the public a correct estimate of the strong and popular hold it has among the healthful pastimes of the day. It will also enable the sportsmen to form correct conclusions as to the comparative strength of club against club, State against State, and section against section; for under the proposed rules all sections of our country can compete.

Respectfully submitted J. M. TAYLOR, Manager.

RULES OF THE AMERICAN SHOOTING ASSOCIATION (LIMITED).

For League Shooting.

FORMATION OF LEAGUES.—Sec. 1. Each league must be composed of six teams, formed from the members of a regularly organized gun club. Sec. 2. Any club wishing to enter teams for the formation of leagues in the State in which the club is located, must notify this Association of the fact, giving the name of the club, the address of its president and secretary, and the names and addresses of the men comprising its team (four active, and not over four reserve). Sec. 3. Any club may enter as many teams as there are leagues in its State, but only one team to each league. Sec. 4. The Association will form leagues from the teams that are reported to it; but any six teams from as many different clubs in the same State, may form and report a league to the Association, and if properly formed the league will be recognized. Sec. 5. If more than one league is formed in any State they will be designated as league number 1, 2, 3, etc., of the State in which they are located.

FORMATION OF TEAMS.—Sec. 1. Each team must be composed of four active and not over four reserve men, who are all members of one regularly organized gun club, and also residents of the State in which the league is formed. The name and address of each member of every team must be furnished to this Association. Any four members of each team reported to the Association shall be eligible to shoot in any of that team's contests. No person shall be eligible to shoot in more than one team. Sec. 2. The appointment of the eight men selected shall hold good to the first day of January next following, except in the event of death, or unavoidable or protracted absence, in which case the vacancy in the team shall be filled by the club of which the team are members, by the appointment of another member of that club.

TEAM SHOOTING.—Sec. 1. Each team shall shoot three matches with every other team of its league on days appointed by the Association or mutually agreed upon by the contestants with the consent of the Association. In every such contest four members of each team shall shoot at 25 single rises each and in accordance with the rules of the American Shooting Association (Limited) for trap-shooting. Sec. 2. Teams may shoot all matches on their home grounds at the given scheduled dates for shooting with each other, such matches to be known as telegraph matches, or they may meet on grounds mutually agreed upon. Sec. 3. Any team failing to shoot upon the schedule or agreed date shall forfeit the match to the opposing team.

FRAUDULENT ENTRY.—Should any person, not entitled to enter under the Association's rules, appear as a shooter at a match, the team with which said person is shooting shall forfeit the match to the opposing team.

GUN, AMMUNITION, ETC.—No restriction is placed on the use of any gun, shells, targets, etc., provided they are in accordance with the Association's rules for trap-shooting.

SCORES.—The scores of all matches must be made in triplicate, as provided for in the score book, with ink or indelible pencil, and shall be properly attested by two judges and a referee. One score must be mailed to the Association, and one to the opposing club, within twenty-four hours after any match, and the third retained in the score book. *Note.*—A score and record book, arranged for triplicate scores as required above, and sufficient for two years; also giving the schedule days appointed for each team to shoot, and the names of all the members of their league, will be furnished each team by the Association at a cost of $1.

REPRESENTATIVE.—Each team shall have the right to send a representative to see that the scores of opposing teams are properly made; and the Association reserves the right to have a representative, known or unknown, at any contest, to see that the shooting is conducted according to its rules.

VIOLATION OF RULES.—Any violation of rules reported to the Association, will be promptly considered by the Association's Court of Appeals, and if deemed sufficient cause, the team violating the rules shall forfeit the match to the opposing team.

PRIZES.—Sec. 1. Prizes will be offered by this Association to be competed for by all teams that secure either first, second, third, fourth, fifth, or sixth places in their respective leagues, as follows, and are based upon the condition that 20 leagues are formed, of six teams each, that shoot through the series. If a larger or smaller number of leagues are formed, the prizes will be increased or decreased accordingly. Sec. 2. All winning teams of each league will compete against each other for the prizes offered for their respective places. Sec. 3. All contests for these prizes and all ties in such contests must be shot in accordance with the trap-shooting rules of the American Shooting Association (Limited), and will be under the direction of the Association as to time, place, etc., and four members of each team must shoot at 100 targets each.

First Prize, $1,000.—A first prize of one thousand dollars is offered to be competed for by all teams winning first place in each league. Entrance, each team, $20, with $30 additional when first place is secured.

Second Prize, $900.—A second prize of nine hundred dollars is offered to be competed for by all teams winning second place in each league. Entrance, each team, $20, with $25 additional when second place is secured.

Third Prize, $800.—A third prize of eight hundred dollars is offered to be competed for by all teams winning third place in each league. Entrance, each team, $20, with $20 additional when third place is secured.

Fourth Prize, $700.—A fourth prize of seven hundred dollars is offered to be competed for by all teams winning fourth place in each league. Entrance, each team, $20, with $15 additional when fourth place is secured.

Fifth Prize, $600.—A fifth prize of six hundred dollars is offered to be competed for by all teams winning fifth place in each league. Entrance, each team $20; with $10 additional when fifth place is secured.

Sixth Prize, $500.—A sixth prize of five hundred dollars is offered to be competed for by all teams winning sixth place in each league. Entrance, each team $20; with $5 additional when sixth place is secured.

Entrance money, $20, to be paid on or before..... Each prize will be divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. among the teams having the three highest scores in first, second, third, fourth, fifth and sixth places respectively as follows:

First prize $1,000, divided $500, $300, $200.
Second prize $900, divided $460, $270, $180.
Third prize $800, divided $400, $240, $160.
Fourth prize $700, divided $350, $210, $140.
Fifth prize $600, divided $300, $180, $120.
Sixth prize $500, divided $250, $150, $100.

Note.—In this arrangement every team in each league secures a place and gets into the ties, where the chance for winning one of

the prizes is less than one in seven, viz: twenty leagues of six teams each, total 120 teams. Number of prizes 18, divided is 6⅔. If twenty leagues are formed the shooters forming teams have a great number of chances for winning, and more money for the amount of entrance, than by any plan ever before proposed.

CHAMPIONSHIPS.—Sec. 1. The team making the highest score in the final contest for the first prize, shall fly the championship pennant of the United States until the close of the contests next following. Sec. 2. The team of each State making the highest score in the contest for the first prize, shall be entitled to fly the State championship pennant of the State in which the team is located for the following .....

FORFEITS.—Scores made by any team failing to pay entrance money, or the amount of additional money when a place is secured, and before shooting ties, will not be recognized; and any team paying entrance money and not paying the additional money, will forfeit the same, with all other rights.

Supposed league in Ohio, with schedule based on Thursdays, commencing May 23, 1889:

Names of Club Teams.	Cincinnati.	Dayton.	Cleveland.	Springfield.	Columbus.	Toledo.
Cincinnati...	{	May 23 June 27 Aug. 1	May 30 July 4 Aug. 8	June 6 July 11 Aug. 15	June 13 July 18 Aug. 23	June 20 July 25 Aug. 29
Dayton.....	May 23 June 27 Aug. 1	{	June 6 July 11 Aug. 15	June 13 July 18 Aug. 22	June 20 July 25 Aug. 29	May 30 July 4 Aug. 8
Cleveland....	May 30 July 4 Aug. 8	June 6 July 11 Aug. 15	{	June 20 July 25 Aug. 29	May 23 June 27 Aug. 1	June 13 July 18 Aug. 22
Springfield...	June 6 July 11 Aug. 15	June 13 July 18 Aug. 22	June 20 July 25 Aug. 29	{	May 30 July 4 Aug. 8	May 23 June 27 Aug. 1
Columbus....	June 13 July 18 Aug. 22	June 20 July 25 Aug. 29	May 23 June 27 Aug. 1	May 30 July 4 Aug. 8	{	June 6 July 11 Aug. 15
Toledo.....	June 20 July 25 Aug. 29	May 30 July 4 Aug. 8	June 13 July 18 Aug. 21	May 23 June 27 Aug. 1	June 6 July 11 Aug. 15	{

Example: Cincinnati will shoot against Dayton, Cleveland against Columbus, and Springfield against Toledo on May 23. To ascertain when matches will take place, take the name of the club in left hand column and follow out to column of opposing club, and the dates will be found where the columns meet. Thus Cleveland will shoot against Columbus May 23, June 27, Aug. 1.

THE CROOKSTON TOURNAMENT.

CROOKSTON, Minn., July 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Crookston tournament is ended, and the participants have returned well satisfied with everything but their own shooting. The weather was fair but windy, except the last day, when it was fearfully hot, 95° in the shade. Everything passed off smoothly and pleasantly, not a jar or cross word being heard during the three days. The attendance was not as large as it should have been for so excellent a programme, and the club lose some money, but have paid all guaranteed and average prizes in full.

Among the visitors present were Rolla M. Heikes, of Dayton, O., who was permitted to shoot in sweepstakes only; John A. Ruble, of Beloit, Wis., who captured first, a city lot valued at $250; J. H. Benson, of Fargo, who secured second average, a fine Parker hammerless gun; H. W. Jones, of Atwater, Minn., third average, $30; P. E. Hanson, of Lutchfield, Minn., fourth average, $20; W. H. Skinner, fifth average, $15; also R. M. Anderson, Stillwater, who with A. K. Fuller, of Crookston, won first money in the team shoot; Burkhart, the gunman, of St. Paul, "Holt," "Max," "Hamline," "Chandler," also from St. Paul; S. H. Robbins, Fargo, Dak. Ties divided when not otherwise specified:

10 singles, $1.50:

Morris	1111110111—9	Holt	1111111111—10
Skinner	1101111101—8	Burke	1111110111—9
Max	1111111111—10	Benson	1111111111—10
Stone	1101110011—7	Chantler	1111011111—9
Ruble	1111101110—8	Morrisey	0111111111—9
Barber	1001111110—7	Cowing	1001010011—5
Heikes	1101111111—9	Hamlin	1011101111—8
Gorgas	0110101111—7	Cowing	0000100010—2
Jones	1111101111—9	Robbins	1110111111—9
Hanson	1111111110—10	Thompson	1111100111—8
Barnes	1111111111—10	Wile	0111011110—7

7 singles, $3:

Morris	1111111—7	Chantler	1111101—6
Morrisey	1110111—6	Morrisey	1110011—5
Skinner	1111111—7	Cowing	0100010—2
Max	0111111—6	Hamlin	1111011—6
Stone	1111111—7	Cowing	1100011—4
Barber	1110111—6	Robbins	1100011—4
Heikes	1111111—7	Thompson	1010111—5
Jones	1001111—5	Wile	0110111—5
Hanson	1111110—6	Williamson	1011100—4
Barnes	1101111—6	Barnes	1101111—6
Holt	1100111—5	Ruble	1111111—7
Burke	1111111—7	Fuller	0101111—5
Benson	0110111—5		

Sweepstake, 4 singles and 3 pairs, $2:

Morris	1111 10 10 01—7	Barber	1110 11 11 10—8
Skinner	1011 00 10 11—6	Ruble	1111 10 10 11—8
Morrisey	1111 10 11 10—8	Cowing	0001 10 11 11—6
Barnes	1110 10 10 10—6	Wile	1111 10 10 11—8
Chantler	1110 10 11 11—8	Benson	1001 11 10 11—7
Max	1111 11 01 11—9	Heikes	1111 10 10 11—8
Stone	1001 01 00 10—4	Williamson	1011 10 01 11—7
Burke	1101 10 10 11—7	Fuller	1111 10 11 10—8
Hamlin	0111 00 10 10—5	Holt	1111 11 10 10—8
Hanson	1111 10 10 10—7	Jones	1111 10 11 11—9
Thompson	1110 10 10 11—7	Robbins	1011 10 10 05—5

Extra sweepstake, 10 singles, $1.50:

Morris	0001001101—4	Heikes	1110111111—9
Max	1110111011—8	Barnes	1011101111—8
Stone	1011016110—6	Burke	1111011111—9
Robbins	0001010110—5	Cowing	1110110100—6
Morrisey	1111111111—10	Wile	1111110110—8
Skinner	1111111101—9	Hanson	1111011111—9
Chantler	1011111111—9	Holt	1001111111—8
Jones	1111111111—10	Thompson	1111111111—10
Barber	1110101101—7	Ruble	1111111111—10

$75 guaranteed, 10 singles, $3:

Morris	1011111011—9	Burke	1111111011—9
Skinner	1011111000—7	Benson	1111111111—10
Max	0101111111—8	Williamson	1111110101—8
Stone	1101111111—9	Morrisey	1101101110—7
Ruble	1101111111—9	Cowing	1111111110—9
Barber	0111111111—9	Hamlin	1011011110—7
Heikes	0111111111—9	Cowing	1011110110—7
Chantler	1011111111—9	Robbins	1011100011—6
Jones	1111111111—10	Thompson	0111111111—9
Hanson	1111011011—8	Wile	0111110.00—6
Barnes	1111111111—10	Fuller	1111111110—9
Holt	1111111111—10		

Extra sweepstake, 6 pairs, $1:

Morris	10 10 10 11 11 10—8	Burke	10 10 10 10 00 10—5
Skinner	11 10 01 10 10 11—8	Benson	10 11 10 11 10 11—9
Max	11 11 01 10 11 11—10	Chantler	11 00 10 10 10 10—6
Stone	10 10 00 11 11 11—8	Morrisey	11 11 11 11 11 11—12
Ruble	10 11 10 10 11 11—8	Cowing	01 11 10 10 11 01—8
Barber	01 10 11 11 10 10—8	Hamlin	10 10 01 10 10 10—6
Heikes	10 10 11 11 11 10—9	Cowing	10 11 10 11 11 10—10
Williamson	11 10 11 10 10 11—9	Robbins	11 11 00 10 11 11—9
Jones	10 11 11 11 10 11—10	Thompson	10 10 11 10 01 01—7
Hanson	11 11 10 11 11 11—11	Wile	01 00 10 11 11 10—7
Barnes	00 00 10 11 11 10—6	Cleary	10 10 10 10 10 10—6
Holt	10 11 10 11 11 10—9	Fuller	00 11 11 11 10 00—7

Second Day.—Twelve singles, $2:

Stone	011011111100—8	Barber	101111111110—10
Skinner	111111010111—8	Thompson	011011001111—8
Morris	101100111001—7	Hamlin	101111111111—11
Cowing No. 1	100111110010—7	Max	100101111011—8
Budd	011011111000—7	Chantler	101101111011—9
Morrisey	1111111111—12	Jones	101011111111—10
Holt	111101010111—9	Ruble	110111111111—11
Hanson	111011011011—9	Hoch	101001101111—8
Burke	111101111111—11	Heikes	111111111111—12
Barnes	101111111110—10	Wile	110101111100—8

Sweepstake, 9 singles, $1.50:

Stone	011111001—7	Thompson	101000010—4
Skinner	111111111—9	Max	111111111—9
Morrissey	111101111—8	Cowing No. 2	111111100—7
Chantler	111111111—9	Rubie	110010111—6
Williamson	011101001—5	Clarey	110111100—6
Cowing No. 2	001100000—4	Fuller	101010111—6
Hanson	111111101—8	Barber	111111101—8
Burke	011111111—8	Morris	000111001—4
Budd	011010110—5	Wile	111101111—8
Jones	111111110—8		

4 singles and 3 pairs, $3:

Morris	1110 11 01 10—7	Fuller	1111 10 10 11—8
Skinner	1111 10 10 11—8	Barnes	1011 00 11 11—7
Stone	1010 10 10 10—5	Ruble	1111 10 01 11—8
Cowing, No 1	1010 10 10 10—5	Burke	1000 10 11 10—5
Benson	1111 11 11 10—7	Williamson	1100 10 10 10—5
Hanson	0111 11 00 11—7	Holt	1011 10 11 10—7
Hamlin	0111 00 11 00—5	Thompson	0010 10 10 10—4
Barber	1111 11 10 11—9	Robbins	1111 10 10 11—8
Jones	1111 11 11 01—9	Gorgas	1101 10 00 00—4
Chantler	1011 10 10 11—7	Will	1101 10 11 11—8
Budd	1111 10 01 11—8	Heikes	1111 11 11 11—10
Max	1111 10 10 11—8	Morrissey	1111 00 10 10—6

Sweep, 6 singles, $1:

Skinner	110101—4	Max	101001—3
Williamson	111111—6	Hamlin	001111—4
Jones	111111—6	Chantler	111110—5
Cowing	011111—5	Holt	101111—5
Heikes	101011—4	Morris	110111—5
Morrisey	111111—6	Thompson	011000—2
Hanson	111111—6	Gorgas	001110—3
Barber	110101—4	Fuller	111170—5
Ruble	111111—6	Barnes	111011—5
Stone	101100—3		

Sweep at 6 singles:

Stone	011110—4	Hanson	011111—5
Morrisey	111110—5	Chantler	111111—6
Hamlin	001000—1	Heikes	111111—6
Skinner	111111—6	Ruble	011111—5
Budd	110111—5	Ward	110001—3
Williamson	101111—5	Flint	000100—1
Jones	111111—6	Burke	111101—5
Holt	111111—6		

Nine singles, $1.50:

Stone	110111100—6	Jones	111111111—9
Morris	111111011—8	Hamlin	011111001—6
Skinner	111010111—7	Chantler	110001111—6
Cowing No 1	111111111—9	Max	011110000—4
Hanson	111110111—8	Burke	111011111—8
Cowing No 2	001001111—5	Holt	011111111—8
Morrisey	110110101—6	Gorgas	111111111—9
Budd	110010111—6	Barber	111111101—8
Benson	111111111—9	Clary	100101111—6
Robbins	111111111—9	Fuller	010111011—6
Williamson	110110111—7	Wile	001011110—5
Thompson	110100111—6	Barnes	100111101—6
Ruble	101111101—7	Heikes	111111101—8

Sweepstake, 6 singles and 1 pair, $1.25:

Stone	111111 10—7	Barber	101111 11—7
Skinner	100111 10—5	Morrissey	100011 10—4
Burke	111011 11—7	Hanson	111101 11—7
Williamson	001111 00—4	Jones	111110 10—6
Morris	001111 11—6	Heikes	111111 11—8
Cowing	100011 10—4	Thompson	110110 10—5
Holt	111111 11—8	Ruble	111111 10—7
Hamlin	111111 10—7	Budd	111111 10—7
Max	011011 11—6	Barnes	110001 10—4

$10C guaranteed, 9 singles and 3 pairs, $3:

Morris	1101111110 11 10 11—12	William'n	1101001111 11 11 10—11
Stone	1001011111 10 10 00—9	Hanson	1111011111 10 11 10—12
Skinner	1111111111 11 11 11—15	Hamlin	1111111110 01 11 01—12
Cowing	1101111111 10 11 11—13	Budd	1011111111 10 00 11—11
Morrissey	1111101111 10 11 00—11	Max	1111111111 01 10 01—12
Barnes	1111101110 10 11 00—10	Chantler	1111111111 00 10 10—11
Benson	1111111011 10 11 10—12	Holt	1101111111 10 10 11—13
Cowing, 2	1011010000 00 10 01—6	Burke	0111111111 10 11 10—12
Robbins	1011111011 10 11 10—11	Thompson	1101110111 00 11 10—10
Wile	1010111111 10 11 11—12	Fuller	1011111111 10 11 10—12
Barber	1001011011 10 11 00—8	Gorgas	1110011111 11 00 10—10
Jone's	1111111111 01 10 10—12	Heikes	1111111111 11 10 11—14
Ruble	1111111111 10 01 10—12	Clary	1111101101 11 00 10—10

Skinner $40, Cowing and Holt $30, Jones and Benson $20, "Budd" $15.

Sweepstakes, walking match, $1:

Stone	01111—4	Williamson	10110—3
Morris	11000—2	Barber	10111—4
Skinner	00111—3	Jones	01011—3
Ruble	10111—4	Hanson	00001—2
Barnes	01111—4	Burke	10001—2
Max	01110—3	Hall	11000—2
Heikes	10101—3	Budd	10010—2
Morrissy	11000—2	Cowing N.o 2	00001—1
Holt	11100—3	Thompson	00001—1
Hamline	00000—0	Cowing No. 1	10111—4

Sweep, 6 singles, $1:

Hanson	111110—5	Chantler	111111—6
Jones	111101—5	Stone	110101—4
Morrissy	011111—5	Burke	000110—2
Burke	101111—5	Barnes	001100—3
Skinner	110101—4	Morris	010111—4
Hamline	100011—3	Holt	111010—4
Williamson	010111—4	Ruble	111111—6
Max	011101—4	Heikes	111011—5

Sweepstake at 6 singles and 1 pair, $1.50:

Morris	011111 10—6	Jones	111101 01—6
Skinner	111111 10—7	Morrisey	111111 10—7
Hanson	111111 11—8	Max	010111 11—6
Chantler	111111 11—8	Barnes	100011 10—4
Cowing	111101 10—6	Wile	101100 10—4
Heikes	111111 11—8	Thompson	111101 10—6
Hamlin	011111 00—5	Ruble	111111 00—6
Stone	010110 10—4	Barber	111011 11—7
Williamson	111001 10—5	Holt	111011 10—6

15 singles, $2:

Morris	011110111101110—11	Chantler	111110011111111—13
Stone	011101111010101—10	Barnes	001111011111111—13
Skinner	111111101010001—11	Hamlin	011011010100001—8
Cowing	111101101111011—12	Max	111101111111110—13
Morrisey	111111011111111—15	Burke	111111101010101—11
Barber	111111110101—13	Holt	111111111111101—15
Hanson	111101010111010—11	Heikes	110111111001111—12
Jones	001111111111111—13	Thompson	111111111111101—14
Ruble	011111111111111—14		

Sweep, 6 singles:

Stone	111101 5	Max	111001—4
Skinner	110110—4	Morris	110111—5
Budd	110111—5	Ward	011111—5
Hanson	101111—5	Wile	101101—4
Heikes	111111—6	Ruble	011111—5
Jones	111111—6	Barnes	011111—5
Hamline	100110—3	Cowing No 1	101110—4
Morrissey	110110—4	Cowing No 2	111010—4
Williamson	111110—5	Barber	100111—4
Thompson	001110—3	Clary	001001—2
Burke	111011—5	Fuller	111171—6
Holt	100110—3		

Walking match, 7 singles, $3:

Morris	0111010—4	Jones	0011101—4
Stone	1011101—4	Williamson	0110111—5
Skinner	0100011—3	Fuller	1111010—5
Barker	1110.010—4	Ruble	0101111—5
Cowing	1011100—4	Burke	0010001—2
Wile	0010100—2	Thompson	1000101—3
Chandler	0011110—4	Max	0010110—3
Hanson	1111001—5	Holt	0001001—2
Morrissy	0000001—1	Barnes	0011111—5
Robbins	1100111—4	Gorgas	0111000—3
Benson	0110110—4	Heikes	0011010—3

Four singles and 3 pairs, $1.50:

Morris	1110 10 01 00—5	Jones	1011 10 11 00—6
Thompson	1000 00 11 00—3	Burke	1011 10 11 11—8
Stone	0111 10 11 00—6	Benson	1111 11 11 11—10
Wile	1100 01 10 11—6	Morrisey	1111 10 11 10—8
Cowing No. 1	1111 11 11 11—10	Williamson	1101 01 00 10—5
Max	1011 10 11 10—7	Fuller	1010 11 11 10—7
Barber	1100 00 00 11—4	Robbins	1011 10 11 10—7
Barnes	0101 10 10 11—6	Ruble	1111 11 11 11—10
Cowing No. 2	1001 00 00 11—4	Chantler	1111 10 11 10—8
Skinner	1111 11 01 11—9	Heikes	1111 10 10 11—8
Hanson	0111 10 11 11—8	Holt	1000 10 10 10—4

Ten singles, $3:

Barber	0101110111—7	Burke	1001110111—8
Fuller	0100101111—6	Wile	1111001110—7
Gorgas	1011001011—6	Heikes	1111110111—8
Stone	1011011001—6	Skinner	1110110111—8
Jones	1111101111—9	Hanson	1111111111—10
Robbins	1111101100—7	Morris	1110101101—7
Smith	1110111111—9	Chantler	1111110111—9
Max	1111111101—9	Ruble	1111111011—9
Williams	1111111111—10	Benson	1111111100—8
Cowing No 1	1111111101—9	Holt	1110111100—7
Morrisey	1100010101—6	Thompson	1101100010—5
Barnes	1110111110—8		

6 singles and 1 pair, $1:

Jones	0111111 01—6	Barnes	111111 10—
Morrissey	111111 11—8	Stone	111111 00—6
Hamlin	010101 10—4	Max	100111 11—6
Heikes	111111 00—6	Ruble	111001 11—6
Skinner	111111 10—8	Holt	111100 10—5
Chantler	111111 10—7	Williamson	001100 01—4
Morris	110101 11—6	Hanson	101010 10—4

Team shoot, 9 singles, $5:

Max	111111111—9	Morris	111101111—8
Chantler	101101101—6—15	Jones	111111101—8—16
Hall	111011011—7	Heikes	101001111—6
Burke	110111111—8—15	Gorgas	001100110—4—10
Hanson	111101111—8	Benson	111111111—9
Cowing	111101111—8—16	Robbins	100111000—5—14
Skinner	111111101—8	Barnes	111111111—9
Morrissey	111110101—7—15	Fuller	011111111—8—17
Ruble	111111000—8		
Wile	111111000—6—14		WILLIAMS.

BANDLE DEFEATS WINSTON.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., July 26.—Winston failed to make good his share of the stake money for the match between himself and Al. Bandle, of Cincinnati, and the $100 forfeit which represents $50 deposited by both when the match was made, was paid the latter. But rather than disappoint a large crowd that had assembled at Compton Avenue Park on the 24th, they put up the filled-case watches and shot at 100 birds, with the result that the Cincinnati man won by the score of 91 to 84. The weather was most disagreeable for the shoot, and the birds were only a fair lot. Some were moderately strong, but the majority were rather tired when liberated. Bandle was the first to miss, but Winston soon after dropped to the rear and remained there all through the match. Mr. Jeff Daniels, of East St. Louis, acted as referee. The score:

One hundred live pigeons, London Gun Club rules, guns not to exceed 8lbs. in weight:

J L Winston	2212022021—8
	1122122001—8
	2012212212—9
	0212211212—9
	2011112102—8
	1110100021—7
	1211a20211—8
	0120212111—8
	1212111122—10
	0211122112—9—84
Al Bandle	12o2121212—9
	1122121212—10
	1111111121—10
	1112022101—8
	0111111110—8
	2o1012212—8
	211o121212—9
	2112121220—10
	0121112221—9
	1121122122—10—91

The figure 2 denotes killed with second barrel; o dead out of bounds. Summary: Bandle—Tailers, 15; right crossers, 18; left crossers, 12; incomers 19; right quarterers, 20; left quarterers, 16; used second barrel 33 times; dead out of bounds, 4; best run 31. Winston—Tailers, 14; right crossers, 17; left crossers, 22; incomers, 17; right quarterers, 12; left quarterers, 19; used second barrel 39 times; dead out of bounds, 2; best run, 16.

At the conclusion of the above shoot J. E. Hagerty, who suffered one defeat at the hands of Winston, jumped him for another race, and one of the Cincinnati gentlemen who accompanied Bandle offering to back Winston, a match was made at 100 live birds for $100 a side. It took place yesterday and resulted in favor of Winston. It was a much more interesting affair than the one of the day previous, as the score will show. Birds were an average lot. Mr. J. C. Addington officiated as referee. The score:

One hundred live pigeons, modified Hurlingham rules, for $100 a side:

J E Hagerty	2211222212—10	J L Winston	2113211121—10
	1122102221—9		2212121111—10
	2212222201—9		0022211o2—8
	2200112111—8		2111122221—10
	2111112111—10		1112011111—9
	1111101111—9		1011111121—9
	1221212202—9		2121122111—10
	212o112022—9		0111121o1—8
	2121112122—10		2221221112—10
	1112110221—9—92		1121122122—10—94

Summary: Hagerty, tailers 10, right crossers 32, left crossers 18, incomers 21, left quarterers 12, right quarterers 7, dead out of bounds 2, used second barrel 42, best run 23. Winston, tailers 9, right crossers 24, left crossers 23, incomers 27, right quarterers 9, left quarterers 8, dead out of bounds 2, used second barrel 34, best run 28.

TRAP CTAT.

THE annual tournament of the Rocky Mountain trap shooters will be held at Denver Col., Broadway Athletic Park, Sept. 3, 4 and 5. Inanimate and live targets, 3 sets of traps, $2,000 premiums. Only professionals barred from medal contests, class shooting 80, 70 and 60 per cent. It will be under the auspices of the Queen City Gun Club, C. M. Hampson, President, and visitors are promised a grand good time.

The New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association for the Protection of Fish and Game will hold a tournament on the grounds of the Jersey City Heights Gun Club, at Marion, N. J., on Sept. 24, 25, 26 and 27. An attractive programme has been arranged, to include two days at live bird shooting and two days at inanimate targets. This is the first tournament given by the association in a number of years and will no doubt bring out all the old time Jersey shots. The State trophy shot for by teams of three, will be an interesting event and altogether an enjoyable time is anticipated. We understand that the Jersey City Heights boys will leave no stone unturned to give visitors a rattling good week.

CORRY, PA.—At the regular shoot, July 25, of the Corry Gun Club, Laurie took the gold medal, Blydenburg silver medal, Hammond leather medal. Penrose barred from medal contests:

Penrose	1111111111111111111111—24
Laurie	0111101111111111101111111—22
Blydenburg	1111111010111011101010111—20
Blydenburg, Jr	0011110011111011111011101—18
Wilson	1111101111010110111011101—18
Swan	1101111010101111101111010—18
Oliver	1011011110301111101011—18
Lewis	1111101111011101010101101—18
Edwards	1010010110111011110101111—17
Wetmore	1110001101011101111011019—17
Green	1001101111111111110010100—17
Marsh	1011111101011110011111001—17
Blair	1110100101111010110000001—14
Ward	0110010010101011011101100—14
Mead	1111000111101100011001010—14
Starbird	1101010010111011100011000011—13
Gardner	1110001111001101010100111—13
Van Wert	0000000001001000000000000—2
Hammond	0000000001000000000000160—2

WORCESTER, Mass., July 26.—The regular meet of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club this week was not held at the Coal Mine Brook Range as usual. The day of the meet was also the annual ladies' day. This year the club decided to make a trip to Rutland, which is about a 12-mile drive. A temporary range was constructed in the field back of the Prospect House, and a large tent erected for the ladies. The forenoon was occupied in a social way. Many were occupied in viewing the country, the outlook is very extended and interesting. Then others were engaged with whist and euchre. The first event at the traps after dinner was the fifth contest for the Nolcross trophy. Each man had a possible 30 clay birds. The result of the contest follows: George A. Sampson 27, A. B. Franklin 26, G. W. Russell 25, C. Crompton 25, G. J. Rugg 24, C. H. Howe 24, L. R. Hudson 24, H. D. Jourdon 23, E. T. Smith 23, A. L. Gilman 23, M. D. Gilman 22, W. R. Dean 22, W. E. Fuller 22, Dr. Bowers 21, E. S. Knowles 21, F. M. Harris 21, T. P. Wilkinson 18, V. E. Prentice 18, C. Doane 17, E. F. Swan 15, C. R. Holman 14, F. Forehand 14. This was the sixth contest for the trophy. At the first M. D. Gilman scored 28 and held it for two weeks; then E. T. Smith scored 27 and held it for the next two weeks. At the third contest C. H. Howard scored 28, and it went to him for two weeks; then it went back to E. T. Smith for two weeks, he having scored 26 with two others, and in shooting off the tie broke every one of the ten balls. At the fifth contest it went to C. B. Holden for two weeks, and at this week's contest it was secured by Sampson. The next contest will be week after next.

JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS.—Marion, N. J., July 27.—After an interlude of several months the regular cup shoot of the J. C. H. G. C. took place on their grounds at Marion, N. J., on Tuesday, the 16th ult. Owing to so many shoots coming off on the same day in the neighborhood and the shortness of the notice sent out by Old South Paw, there were but a few of the members present to take part, but what they lacked in numbers they made up in hilarity and enthusiasm. It reminded one of the palmy days of the club. Never has there been a better or more satisfactory meeting on these grounds; the weather fine, the birds good. Old South Paw in his glory, and Old Reliable No. 1 (Uncle Billy Hughes) himself again after his severe illness. Esculapius (Dr. Burdett), after laying aside the steel tubes for more than a year, resumed them with his old time grace and accuracy, winning the cup with seven straight kills, some of them magnificent shots. One of the nicest features of the occasion was an impromptu sweep perpetrated by that all-round joker, Old South Paw—a 5-bird sweep. The entries only for the birds, the lowest on the score to wash the glasses for the libationists. But who would have thought the victim would be Old Reliable No. 1, a veteran of fifty years at the traps, and shooting, too, in his old style? But here is where luck on the birds came in. Uncle Billy had three exceedingly foul birds out of his five; he stopped one of them grandly with one dead out of bounds. There was much hilarity on the occasion, as he was surrounded, arrested, marched into the club house, shown the water-pail, the glasses and the towels. One rinsing would not do the boys, and it was only after repeated cleansing that they would accept Uncle Bill's first attempt in the Biddy business.

The committee on the State tournament, Messrs. Quimby, Lindsley and Heritage, are working like beavers, and their past experience and success in such efforts guarantees a superior time this fall. They expected to announce the 24th, 25th, 26th and 27th days of September as the days set; but as Al Bandle has arranged that week for his big shoot, and as it is a mutual wish to have him present East with the J. H. C. boys whom he treated so royally on their trip West last year, the tournament may be postponed one week later. This will make the shooting pretty lively. Al Bandle's latter part of Sept., J. C. Heights' forepart of Oct., to be followed the following week by a four-days' shoot of the Middlesex Club at Dunnellen. Oh, my, what a cracking, and what a quantity of powder will be burnt. But it is all good for the trade. When fall arrangements have been settled upon we will duly announce. The following are the scores of the sweeps and for the cup:

Four birds, modified Hurlingham rules, first and second sweeps:

Lindsley	1111—4	2212—4	Burdett 1220—3 2210—3
Wm Siegler	2111—4	1112—4	Quinlan 1202—3 1111—4
Heritage	2102—3	0022—2	Wm Hughes 1111—4

Third sweep, 5 birds, lowest score to do the washing:

Lindsley	21111—5	Hughes	02110—3
Quinlan	02111—4	Siegler	12221—5
Heritage	12111—5	Burdett	12101—4

Uncle Billy the victim.

The fourth sweep was very closely contested between Lindsley and Quinlan, it taking the eleventh bird each man to decide. But as the scores will show, Lindsley got even with Quinlan later on in the bluerock sweep; 4 live birds:

Lindsley	1111—4	Hughes	1112—4
Quinlan	1211—4	Siegler	2210—3
Heritage	0112—3	Burdett	1011—3

Owing to the lack of shells Hughes drew out his third of the first money, and the others scored:

Lindsley	2222220—7	Quinlan	2211111—7

Regular monthly shoot for silver cup, modified Hurlingham rules, 7 birds, Wm. Siegler holding cup from last contest:

Siegler (29yds)	2121001—5	Burdett (26)	1122111—7
Heritage (26)	1102212—6	Quinlan (29)	1101200—4
Lindsley (26)	0211200—4	Hughes (26)	1111110—6

Won by Burdett, 7 straight; his third bird was an incoming twister that on its second twist, snipe-like, off to the left was splendidly dropped with the second barrel.

The live birds having given out, the clay saucer traps were placed in position with the following result, two moneys:

Siegler	1111111111—10	Hughes	1111011110— 8
Lindsley	1101011111— 8	Quinlan	1101111111— 9

Second event, 10 clays or bluerocks:

Siegler	1111111111—10	Quinlan	1111111011— 9
Lindsley	1011111111— 9		

In shoot off for second, miss and out, Lindsley 9, Quinlan 10. And thus closed a good day's sport. JACOBSTAFF.

NEW YORK SUBURBAN SHOOTING GROUNDS.—Claremont, N. J., July 27.—Shoot for Lefevre trophy:

Johnson	1110110111101110111111101—20
Jersey	1111010011101101011111111—18
Lindsley	1101111111111011111111110—22
Quimby	1110111011101111111111111—22

Sweep No. 1, 25 cents entry:

Miller	1111101111—9	Lindsley	1101110011—7
Johnson	1100010110—5	Beach	1110001100—5
Jersey	1000110110—5		

Jersey second on shoot-off.

No. 2, same:

Miller	1101111011—8	Lindsley	1110110000—5
Johnson	1010110011—6	Beach	1110110111—8
Jersey	1110111101—8		

Miller won first on shoot-off.

No. 3, same:

Miller	1111111111—10	Lindsley	0101110101—6
Johnson	1011101010— 6	Beach	1101111111—9
Jersey	1101010110— 6		

No. 4, same:

Miller	1111111110—10	Lindsley	0101111111—8
Johnson	1111111010— 8	Beach	1101111010—7
Jersey	1101111011— 8		

Johnson won second on shoot-off.

No. 5, same:

Miller	1111111111—10	Lindsley	1100111111—8
Johnson	1111011111— 9	Beach	0111110011—7
Jersey	1111001111— 8		

No. 6, same:

Miller	1111111110—10	Lindsley	0111101011—7
Johnson	1101111011— 8	Beach	1111110111—9
Jersey	1010100110— 5		

No. 7, 50 cents entry, 3 moneys, ties divided:

Miller	1111111111—10	Beach	0111111101—8
Johnson	0101001011— 5	Quimby	1011100100—5
Jersey	1110110111— 8	Lindsley	0110101001—5
Richard	0101101011— 6	Moffatt	1011100000—5

No. 8, same, ties divided:

Miller	1111111110—10	Moffatt	1111111110— 9
Johnson	1101111011— 8	Quimby	1110011100— 6
Jersey	0001111111— 7	Rose	1110111010— 7
Rich	0000100111— 4	Lindsley	1111111111—10

No. 9, 2 money, ties divided:

Miller	1111110111—9	Moffatt	0111000111—6
Jersey	1100111111—8	Lindsley	1011111111—9
Johnson	1111110111—9		

No. 10, ties divided:

Miller	1111111111—10	Lindsley	1111111010— 8
Moffatt	1011101010— 6	Jones	0111011111— 8
Johnson	1111111111—10		

No. 11, Miller second in shoot-off:

Miller	1111101111— 9	Lindsley	0111100101— 6
Moffatt	1111111011— 9	Jones	1111111011— 9
Johnson	1111111111—10		

No. 12, ties divided:

Miller	1101111011—8	Lindsley	0111110111—8
Moffatt	1101111100—7	Jones	1011001111—7
Johnson	1111001111—8		

CONNECTICUT STATE SHOOT.—There will be a State tournament of Connecticut clubs at Meriden during the State Fair in September. Among the events will be the individual championship of Connecticut, a 2-man team match, a club team of 10 men from any club in Connecticut. Shooting will be from 3 sets of 5 traps on the Keystone system. Shooters will be divided into 3 classes, A, B and C. Class A, open to all shooters in Connecticut whose average is over 80 per cent.; Class B, open to all shooters whose average is less than 75 per cent. and over 60 per cent.; Class C, open to all shooters whose average is under 60 per cent. The management will offer a $100 guaranteed purse to be shot for each day. It is also intended to arrange events each day open to all shooters. A big time is expected.

MIDDLESEX CLUB.—At a meeting of the Middlesex Gun Club held at Plainfield, N. J., on Saturday, July 24, Messrs. W. Fred Quimby, T. H. Keller, M. W. Mulford, Nefe Apgar and William Sigler were appointed a committee to manage the annual tournament of the club, that is to take place at Dunellen on Oct. 8, 9, 10 and 11. The Middlesex Club is the largest shooting organization in this country, and is noted for its liberality in offering large guaranteed purses, consequently these tournaments are always largely attended. This tournament will be no exception, as the management propose to guarantee about $2,500. The programmes will be ready for distribution about Sept. 1, and can be had upon application to the committee, President S. G. Smith, or Secretary William L. Force at Plainfield, N. J.

BOSTON, July 24.—The best of weather conditions prevailed on this range to-day, enabling the marksmen present to put up as fine a series of scores as is often shown even in this stronghold of fine shooting. The main interest centered in the Gold Coin match, in which Perry and Stanton led, after a close and exciting contest. The shooting in all the events was of such excellence as to lead to the impression that the trap shots of this club will show up among the leaders in the coming tournament of the American Shooting Association. The summary of the day's shoot follows:

Gold Coin Match.

Fifteen clay birds and 15 Standard targets; Keystone squad system:

	Clays.	Standards
Perry	111111111111111—15	111111111111111—14—29
Stanton	111111110111111—14	111111111111111—15—29
Bowker	111111101111111—14	111111111101101—13—27
Choate	111111111101111—14	111101111101011—12—26
Swift	111011111111111—14	101111111101101—12—26
Beaudry	111111011111110—13	111101101101111—12—25
Snow	101111111111111—12	111011110111011—13—25
Eager	110010101110111—10	111111011111111—14—24
Knowles	101111111101100—11	110110111111111—13—24
White	011111111101101—12	101101111111101—12—24
Hosmer	011111110101111—12	111111111100100—11—23
Nichols	110111101111111—12	110100011111011—11—23
Roxton	111011011111100—11	111101010110111—12—23
Dodge	011110111110110—11	010110111101101—10—21
Fields	110011010111001— 9	110011010101001— 9—18
Bert	001011010010100— 6	101010000101101— 8—14

The minor sweepstakes were won by the following competitors:

Five Keystone targets—Stanton 5. Choate, Swift, 4, Beaudry, Nichols 3. Five Keystone targets—Dodge 5, Stanton 4, Beaudry, Nichols 3. Five Keystones, squad firing—Hosmer, Stanton 5, Bowker, Nichols 4, Choate 3. Ten clay birds—Beaudry, Bowker 10, Choate 8, Dodge, Stanton 7. Ten clay birds—Hosmer 10, Bowker, Stanton, Swift 9, Nichols 8. Five clay birds—Hosmer 5, Choate, Dodge, Swift 4, Nichols 3. Ten Keystone targets, squad firing—Swift 10, Bowker, Stanton 9, Knowles, Parker 8, Hosmer 7. Three pair Keystones—Bowker 5, Perry, Stanton, Swift 4. Beaudry 3, Choate 2. Fifteen Standard targets, squad firing—Stanton 15, Eager, Perry 14, Bowker, Knowles, Snow 13, Choate, Roxton 12 Fifteen clay birds, squad firing—Perry 15, Stanton, Swift 14, Beaudrey 13, Hosmer, Nichols 12. Ten Keystone targets, Keystone rules—Bowker, White 10, Choate, Hosmer 9, Eager 8, Beaudry 7. Ten clay birds—Fields, Perry 10, White 9, Dodge, Eager 8, Swift 7. Ten Keystone targets—Beaudry, Knowles 10, Perry, White 9, Dodge, Swift 8, Fields, Nichols 7. Three pairs Keystone targets—Choate 6, Perry 5, White, Nichols 4, Fields 3. Ten Keystone targets—Knowles, Roxton 10, Choate, Nichols, Perry 9, Stanton, Swift 8. Ten clay birds—Perry, Swift, White 10, Kno wles 9, Beaudry, Dodge, Nichols 8. Ten clay birds—Nichols, Roxton, White 10, Knowles, Perry, Swift 9, Choate, Eager, Stanton 8.

PORTLAND VISITS TOPSHAM.—July 24 was a day which will be held in pleasant remembrance by the members of the Riverside Gun Club, of Topsham, Me. The early morning train of that day brought nine members of the Portland Gun Club to visit the Riversides and spend the day before the traps downing the clay-birds and bluerocks. In the forenoon a friendly match was engaged in at 20 singles and 10 double birds, one trap throwing clay-birds and the other bluerocks. The day was perfect, and one that would test the skill of the shooters to the most, as a strong wind was blowing from the northwest, which was a quartering wind from right to left toward the shooter, and the birds, taking advantage of the fact, proved themselves up to the times, often sailing away as if nothing had happened, leaving the man at the score looking wistfully in the direction they had gone, wondering what they would do next. The match was a most interesting one from beginning to end, as no one could tell what the result would be until the last shot was fired, as will be seen by the scores given below. The afternoon was spent in sweepstakes shooting until time for the Portland club to return home. These clubs have visited each other several times, and enjoyed many a pleasant day together at the traps. May the good feeling which exists between them never be broken.

Riversides.		
A Q Goud	111111101101110110111	01 10 00 11 11—22
W A Crocker	100101110011101111101	00 10 01 10 11—18
M C Hall	011110111011111160111	01 11 10 11 10—22
A E Hall	010001101100101010111	10 01 00 01 11—15
G E Keen	110101111111000111110	01 10 10 00 11—18
G H Goud	010011011100110110111	10 00 01 11 11—18
C H Winslow	100011101111101101011	01 10 11 11 00—20
S Strout	111110000012110010110	10 10 11 10 11—19
C Goud	001010100010100010010	01 11 01 00 00—11—164
Portlands.		
J F Randall	110011101101101001101	10 10 00 10 11—18
T B Davis	001101111111111111110	10 10 00 11 10—21
A L Dow	111110010111101111001	01 01 00 11 11—20
W F Todd	111111101101110011111	00 01 11 01 10—21
G N Pierce	010010111111011111100	01 11 11 10 10—21
F Merrill	011010001101011111011	00 10 01 10 00—15
J F Peterson	100101101110100111101	01 10 00 11 01—17
F C Thornton	111100101101010010011	11 11 01 10 00—18
E G Peterson	011001100001010011111	10 00 00 00 10—12—163

CHAS. GOUD, Sec'y Riverside Club.

NEWARK, N. J., July 24.—A large party attended the Roseville Maplewood match to-day, when the Roseville boys received their second defeat from their opponents. A strong wind prevented many good scores being made, but on an average the shooting was fair for the entire afternoon. The team scores were as follows:

Roseville, First Team.		Maplewood, First Team.	
Castles	11	Quad	11
Kitchell	14	Dunnican	10
Whaton	12	Siggins	14
Simms	14	Lighthipe	11
Huff	11—62	Sickley	16—68
Second Team.		**Second Term.**	
Badgely	10	Tillou	12
Thorn	11	Smith	12
Condit	12	Reilly	12
Wheaton	17	Yoemans	13
Smith	10—60	Burnett	16—65

On the total count the Maplewood team beat the Rosevilles by 11 birds. After a fine lunch sweepstakes were indulged in until dark. First sweep, 10 clays, first money was taken by Terry, second by Siggins and Badgely, third by Quad, fourth by Perry. Second sweep, 5 clays, first money by Quad and Sickley, second by Wheaton, Davenport and Burnett, third by Lighthipe and Donnican. Third sweep, 3 pair clays, first money Harrison, second by Lighthipe and Huff, third by Eager. Fourth sweep, 5 pair clays, first by Yoemans second by Badgely, third by Lighthipe. In the first match between the Roseville and Maplewood teams, the latter were the victors by 14 birds. The South Orange and Maplewood gun clubs have consolidated, and hereafter the shooting will be done on the Maplewood grounds.

GOVERNMENT PIER, Chicago.—Some of the members of the Prairie Gun Club paid a visit to the Pier on Thursday afternoon, July 18, and enjoyed themselves hugely at 10 single Keystones:

MacDonald	1110111101—8		1110111111— 9
Dominick	1111011111—9		1101010111— 7
Bart	1010101111—7		1111111111—10
Hoffman	1101111111—9		1011111111— 9
Clemens	1111111101—9		1111111111—10
Sam	1010111001—6		1101111100— 7

Twenty Keystones:

McDonald	11101111111111110111—18	Hoffman	11111111011111101111—17
Dominick	10111011111111111011—17	Clemens	11011111111111111110—18
Bart	10011101111111110111—16	Sam	11110100111111010101—14

At Saturday's shoot the pleasure of the shoot was somewhat marred on account of the stupidity or cupidity of the steamboat men, who failed to return for the shooters after charging them for a round trip and an exorbitant fare at that. These lake front steamboat men are fooling with the wrong class of people. There are no more liberal men on earth than our trap shooters when they are treated square, but they resent an injury.

Match at 12 singles:

Barlow	111101101111—10	Clark	000111000011— 5
Gillespie	111101111001— 9	Dago	111111100111—10
Wood	010111111111—10	Sinbad	111001111111—10
Lee	111110110110— 9	Smith	101001101111— 8
Spooner	010110010110— 6	Knoke	100110100111— 7
Jones	110001011001— 6	Benson	010111100011— 7

Match at 6 pair doubles:

Barlow	11 01 10 11 11 11—10	Clark	00 10 00 10 10 10— 4
Gillespie	10 10 01 11 10 11— 8	Dago	11 01 11 11 11 10—10
Wood	11 10 01 11 11 10— 9	Sinbad	01 10 11 01 10 11— 8
Lee	11 10 01 11 01 11— 8	Smith	11 01 10 11 01 11— 9
Spooner	01 01 01 00 11 01— 6	Knoke	10 01 10 01 10 10— 6
Jones	00 10 10 10 11 00— 5	Benson	01 01 11 01 00 10— 6

Every week we are obliged to defer to the next week trap scores which come in too late for publication in the current issue. It is particularly requested that scores be sent us as early as possible.

PHILADELPHIA, July 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Wawaset Gun Club, of Wilmington, Del., visited Fernwood, Pa., on Monday, July 22, and shot a team match against the Philadelphia Sportsmen's Gun Club, whose grounds at Fernwood are the finest anywhere within easy access of our city. The gun editor of the *Item* was invited to act as referee, but, owing to illness, was unable to be present, much to his regret. The contest was a close one throughout. The Fernwood shooters confidently anticipated taking the Wilmington boys into camp, but somehow or other "the thing got reversed," to use the expressive words of Secretary Joseph McKinney. That well-known trap-shot, W. W. Abbott, with Messrs. Jefferson, A. B. Mack and W. B. Hill, had their photographs taken in a group at the close of the match on account of their "off" scores. The photograph will be framed and placed in the Fernwood club house, with the inscription: "Ah, there! Why didn't you get there?" Appended are the full scores. Referee, A. L. Lumb; judges, Messrs. Weldon and Brailler:

Sportsman's Club.		Wawasset Club.	
J A Penn	1111111111011011111—17	Ryan	1101011111111110111—17
J Gibbs	0001011111111111111—16	R Miller	1111111011011110011—16
F McQuaid	1111101111111111101—15	W Buckm'r	1111101110111011111—15
Armstrong	1010111111111001011—14	D Buckm'r	0111011111111111011—15
H French	1101011010011011110—12	Stout	1101011111111111010—15
H French	1001110010000101111—11	B Miller	1111010011101111101—14
Griffin	1000111001101011100—11	Silliton	0001011111110101111101—13
Griscom	0001011111101001100—11	Smith	1111110101001011001—12
Thorne	1011010100011111010—11	Hartlove	0001010101111011111011—12
Irwin	0001101011110010110—11	Huber	1110010100011101210000—10
McKinney	1111101001011000000—10	C Buckm'r	0011111101100101000110—11
Maher	1001111000101001110111— 9	Ewing	1011100100000011101— 9
Davis	1110000011001110006— 9	Fox	1110101110001101000— 9
Jefferson	0011101000000001111— 7	Mack	0010000101100100000001— 7
Abbott	0000100000000011100— 5	Hill	1000010000101010101001— 7
	170		183

WAW-WAW.

NEWARK, N. J., July 27—Samuel Castles, Jr., and Myers Fuerth shot a match at 50 artificial birds, on the South Side Gun Club grounds, this afternoon, and Castles lost by a score of 38 to Fuerth's 40. It was an exciting contest, and was not decided until the 49th bird was shot at. R. H. Breitnhall, of this city, and Mr. Beam, of Englewood, shot a match at 50 bluerock targets on July 25. Mr. Beam won by breaking 47 to his opponent's 42.

LODI, O., July 17.—Lodi Gun Club, regular weekly shoot, at 25 standard birds, 3 traps, 18yds., National Association rules:

Smalley	0110110001100001100000000— 8
Noggle	0001100000001011001110101—10
Collins	1111011110111111001100100—17
Lee	1101100111010000001111110—14
Rogers	0111110111111010010100110—16
Elliott	1111111010000101111001101—16

THE RIVERSIDE GUN CLUB at their regular medal shoot had a large attendance. The weather was fine and some fair scores were made. Twenty bluerocks, walk around system:

Kling	1101111010100111100111—14	Schonberg	0000101011111100110010—10
Eikhoff	1111111000111111100111—15	A Predock	1101000101111111101111—15
Langenb'r	1011010011111111111011—15	Maune	1001000101110000000010— 8
N Predock	1111110111100011101—16	Sprick	0011010000010000101— 7
Kerr	1000100110011111101—12	P Selzer	0101111011010111111—15
Pohlman W	0111101110111101101111—15	Haggerty J	1111101010011111111—16
Horstman	1001110110101100016—12	P Weber	0101111111111111101—16
Pancok	0011100100010101111—11	Rosier	0101111010000111111—14
E Predock	1100111001101010000—10	F Pohlman	0110100011000101000— 8
Milfeil	1110110100010100101—10	Linders	0011101101011100011—12
Schulz	1110111000001010011—11	Cicardi	0111010101110101111—14

N. Predock first medal, J. Selzer second, J. Rosier third. On the 18th of August the club will hold a tournament on its grounds, foot of Dock street, and will send invitations to all city and suburban clubs. The best of accommodations will be furnished and the members will make it their object to make a palpable success out of the affair.—T. M.

WELLINGTON, Mass., July 27.—There were just eight gunners at the traps of the Wellington Club to-day, and they found the sport rather disagreeable, owing to the blinding rain storm. Sanborn, Bond and Field tied with 13 each in the silver pitcher match, and in the shoot-off Sanborn won. Bond did not contest. Sanborn also won the merchandise badge match with 14, Bond using the first time since the matches were opened that the same man carried away both prizes. The winners in the sweepstakes follow: First event, 6 bluerocks: Sanborn, Field and Melcher 6, Bond 5, Chapin, Stone and Chase 4. Second event, 5 clay-pigeons: Sanborn, Stone, Bond and Melcher 5, Chapin and Cowee 4, Chase and Field 2. Third event, 5 clay-pigeons: Stone, Bond, Field and Sanborn 3, Chapin, Cowee and Melcher 2, Chase 1. Fourth event, 6 bluerocks; Field 6, Chase and Stone 5, Bond, Chapin and Sanborn 4. Fifth event, 5 clay-pigeons: Field 5, Sanborn and Chase 3, Bond, Stone, Chapin and Cowee 2. Sixth event, 7 bluerocks: Bond and Field 7, Sanborn 6, Melcher 5, Seventh event, 8 clay-pigeons: Sanborn 7, Bond and Field 6, Stone, Cowee, Chapin and Melcher 5. Eighth event, 5 clay-pigeons: Chase, Bond, Sanborn and Field 5, Cowee and Melcher 3, Stone 2.

TORONTO, July 20.—The Stanleys shot for the ninth time to-day on McDowall & Co.'s grounds for the president's gold watch, which is a very tasty as well as good article. A merchandise match for three prizes was also disposed of, besides a number of sweeps, in which some fair scores were made. Mr. Sawdon, Sr., secured the watch with 18 to his credit out of 25. A strong wind blew across the traps. The scores stand: Watch shoot at 25 birds: Sawdon, Sr., 18, Dick 16, Creathers 14, McDowall 13, Sawdon, Jr., 12, Charles 11, Bales 10. Merchandise shoot for three prizes at 20 birds: Emond 16, Charles 15, McDowall 14, Sawdon, Sr., 14, Felstead 12, Green 11, Dick 11, Creathers 10, Bales 9. Sweepstake at 10 birds, class shooting, first class: Emond 10, Charles 9, Dick 7, McDowall 5, Felstead 6, Green 6, Creathers 5. Second class: Dick 8, Emond 8, Black 6, Charles 6. Team shoot at 10 birds per man: McDowall 10, Charles 9; total 19. Dick 8, Emond 3; total 11.

ST. CATHARINES.—The annual tournament of the Peninsular Gun and Game Club will be held at St. Catharines July 31 and Aug. 1. Ten shoots are on the programme, and sweepstakes will follow. The tournament is under the auspices of the Dominion Gun Alliance, and except in one match, in which Hamilton blackbirds will be used, the targets will be Stark's matchless birds. The guaranteed prizes amount to $500. Mr. Jas. A. Keyes is secretary of the Peninsulars.

THE FORESTER GUN CLUB will hold a grand tournament at the Forester Gun Club Park, Davenport, L. I., Aug. 7, 8 and 9. Shooting begins at 9 A. M. American Association rules. Good accommodations, refreshments and machine-loaded shells on the grounds. Price of birds included in entrance. J. W. Howard, E. Emerson, Charles Culins, Harry Young and F. O. Davis, Committee of Arrangements.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

F. O. P., New Bedford.—Commissioner Riddle tells us that the Newfound Lake fish were lake trout. See report in our angling columns.

J. O. P.—Is there any law in the State of New York compelling a person when building a dam for an ice pond on a stream that is inhabited by trout to build fishways for trout to run up over the dam? Ans. No.

A. T. F., Little Falls, N. Y.—The New York deer law allows hunting from Aug. 15 to Nov. 1, and the use of hounds from Sept. 1 to Oct. 20 (but in Queens and Suffolk counties only in first ten days of Oct.) Hounding forbidden in St. Lawrence and Delaware counties. One person allowed only three deer. Transportation limited to one carcass, which must be accompanied by owner of same.

C. W. S., Stottville, N. Y.—The Creedmoor targets are divided into three classes of the following sizes: 1, First class, to be used at all distances up to and including 300yds., target 4×6ft.; bullseye 8in. in diameter, center 26in., inner 46in., outer remainder of target. 2, Second class, to be used at all distances over 300 to and including 600yds., target 6×6ft.; bullseye 12in. in diameter, center 38in., inner 54in., outer remainder of target. Third class, to be used at all distances over 600yds., target 6×12ft., bullseye 36in., center 54in., inner, square, 6×6ft., outer remainder of target. Bullseye counts 5, center 4, inner 3, outer 2.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Would like to join hunting party for about two weeks, Colorado, Montana, or Arkansas. Address MOCCASIN, P. O. Box 3008, N. Y. City.

THE revised and abridged edition of the A. O. U. Check List of North American Birds, including the additions and changes made in the supplement, will be sent post free on receipt of 50cts.—*Adv.*

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

3. Quincy, Open Race.
3. Buffalo, Club, Buffalo.
3. Sippican, Club, Marion.
3. Beverly, Marbleh'd, 1st Cup.
3. Lynn, Club, Lynn.
3. Cape Cod.
3. West Lynn, 1st Cham., Lynn
3. New Haven, Annual Cruise.
3. So. Boston, Mosq., 2d Pen., City Point.
5. American, 3d Cham.
5. Dorchester, Open, Club.
5. Rhode Island, Club Cruise.
7. Pleon, 2d Cham.
7. New York, Cruise, Rendezvous New London.
8. Great Head, Moonlight Sail.
8. Miramichi, Vice-Com. Stewart's Pennant.
8. N. Y., New London to Newport.
9. N. Y., Goelet Cups, Newport.
10. Lynn, Ladies' Day, Lynn.
10. Corinthian, Marblehead.
10. Monatiquot, 2d Cham., Ft. Pt.
10. Buffalo, Annual Cruise.
10. Hull, 2d Cham.
10. Cape Cod.
10. N. Y., Newport to Vineyard Haven.
11. N. Y., Vineyard Haven.
12. N.Y., Race, Vineyard Haven.
13. Detroit.
13. N.Y., Vineyard Haven to New Bedford.
14. N. Y., Rowing Races, New Bedford.
15. L. Y. R. A., Rochester.
15. N. Y., New Bedford to Newport.
16. Monatiquot, Ladies' Day, Fort Point.
16. Great Head, Cham. Sail off.
16. N. Y., Citizens' Cups, Newport.
16-31. Quaker City, Cruise, Chesapeake Bay.
17. Great Head, Open.
17. Quincy, Ladies' Day.
17. Beverly, Marbleh'd, 3d Cham
17. Hull, Special Outside Race, 30 and 40ft.
17. American, Around Plum Island, go as you please.
17. Chelsea, Ladies' Day.
17. So. Boston, Mosq., Pen. Sail off, City Point.
19. American, Open.
19. Detroit, 3d Pennant.
19. L. Y. R. A., Hamilton.
21. Pleon, 3d Cham.
21. L. Y. R. A., Toronto.
24. Lynn, Excursion, Lynn.
24. Beverly, Mon. Beach, 3d Open.
24. Larchmont, Oyster Boats.
24. Corinthian, Marblehead.
24. Hamilton, 20, 25, 30 and 35ft. Class, Whitewings Cup.
24. R. Can., Skiff Class, Toronto.
26. L. Y. R. A., Belleville.
26. Rhode Island, Open.
28. Pleon, Sail off.
29. L. Y. R. A., Oswego.
30. Quincy, Point.
31. Beverly, Marbleh'd, 1st Open
31. Sippican, Club, Marion.
31. Hull, Cham. Sail-Off.
31. Quincy, 3d, Cham.
31. Chelsea, Club.
31. West Lynn, 2d Cham., Lynn.
31. So. Boston, Mass., Cham. Sail off, City Point.
31. R. Can., 20ft. Class, Toronto.

SEPTEMBER.

2. Lynn, Open, Lynn.
2. Beverly, Mon. Beach, 2d Open
2. Corinthian, Marblehead.
2. New York Y. R. A., Open.
2. Dorchester, Open, Club.
2. So. Boston, Mosq., Open, City Point.
4. Buffalo, 3d Class, Buffalo.
4. New Haven, Ladies' Day.
7. Hull, 9th Open.
7. Beverly, Marblehead, 3d Cup
7. Larchmont, Fall Annual.
7. Hamilton, Cruise.
7. Miramichi, Miller and Call Cups.
7. R. Can., Prince of Wales and Lansdowne Cups, Toronto.
11. Windward, Ruffle Bar.
12. Beverly, Mon. Beach, 3d Buz. Bay.
14. Monatiquot, Open, Ft. Point
14. R. Can., 25ft. Class, Toronto.
14. Corinthian, Marblehead.
14. Lynn, Club, Lynn.
14. Hamilton, 20ft. Class.
14. American, Open to all boats on Merrimac River.
14. Chelsea, Club.
14. West Lynn, Sail-off, Lynn.
16. Dorchester, Open, Club.
16. Quaker City, Open.
18. Windward, Ruffle Bar.
21. Hamilton, 25ft. Class.
21. Beverly, Marbleh'd, Sail Off.
28. Lynn, Club, Lynn.
28. Buffalo, Club, Buffalo.
28. West Lynn, Sweeps, Lynn.
30. Quaker City, Review and Cruise.
21. R. Can., Cruising, Toronto.
25. Windward, Ruffle Bar.
26. Cedar Point.

WEST INDIA HURRICANES AND THE GREAT MARCH BLIZZARD.

IT IS seldom in a temporate climate that a storm ashore means anything more serious than a temporary annoyance—muddy roads, wet streets, a trifling interruption to business or damage to crops—and it is fortunately only at very rare intervals that such a memory of hardship, suffering and even death is left as is still vivid in the minds of landsmen along the whole North Atlantic seaboard, and even far back from the coast. Prior to the great blizzard of a year ago the suggestion that a few hours of rain and snow could completely cripple the entire mechanical resources of the great American railways and make prisoners of the dwellers in the great cities, putting them for days in a state of siege and cutting off all sources of supplies and communication, would have been considered absurd and visionary. There are many who know from experience the danger and suffering which attended a short journey through the most populous streets of New York, with aid on every hand, but there are few who can form any adequate idea of the effects of the storm a short distance off shore, or of the suffering of those who encountered it on the deck of a pilot boat or coaster.

Not only from a scientific standpoint and as a guide to navigators, but as a matter of history is it fitting that the great blizzard of March, 1888, should be honored with a permanent record, and at the hands of one who is in every way qualified for the task. Mr. Everett Hayden, in charge of the Division of Marine Meteorology of the U. S. Hydrographic Office, at Washington, is well known to all who navigate the North Atlantic as the editor of the *Monthly Pilot Chart*, which has done so much to lessen the dangers of navigation. A thorough and enthusiastic student of all that pertains to the specialty that he has chosen Mr. Hayden has for a long time made a careful study of the West India hurricanes, their origin and causes, following up the great work begun many years since by another American, Mr. Wm. C. Redfield, of New York. From his official position Mr. Hayden was in possession of a large number of records of vessels on the coast during the blizzard, and from these and much additional matter he was enabled to compile the interesting lecture delivered before the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. last February, and published in the FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 14. Since then this same lecture has been carefully revised and added to by the author, being enriched by a number of lithographic plates, and is now ready for publication in book form by the Forest & Stream Publishing Company.

Beginning with a description of the great Bay of North America, Mr. Hayden first describes in detail the formation of the ordinary tropical cyclone, and then proceeds to trace the origin of the great blizzard, following it day by day by means of colored charts, and bringing into relief every interesting feature of this memorable storm. Valuable as this record is to the navigator who may be exposed at any time to similar dangers, it is no less interesting to the casual reader, as the mechanism of these powerful forces of nature is laid before him. Even the landsman, who looks upon the wind as blowing from one direction or the other according to chance and independent of any control or direction, cannot fail to be interested in the manner in which the track of a cyclone is marked out and its probable direction foretold, while to the mariner the same problem has a far more vital significance. In addition to much that will interest the non-technical reader or the scientist, the book contains a great deal of clear practical information relating to the handling of a vessel in a cyclone, the use of oil at sea, and similar important matters. It is published in the form of a large quarto volume, bound in paper, containing 30 pages of text and 23 large lithographic plates, the price being $1.

NEW YORK Y. C. CRUISE.

THE programme for the annual cruise is, so far as yet arranged, to rendezvous at New London, on Aug. 7, sailing next day for Newport, where the Goelet cups will be raced for on the 9th if possible. On Saturday, Aug. 10, the fleet will run to Vineyard Haven, racing on Monday for the Martha's Vineyard Association cups. An informal reception will be given at the Oak Bluffs Club on the same evening, and on Aug. 13 the fleet will run to New Bedford, lying there next day for the usual rowing and naphtha launch races. On Aug. 15, Thursday, the return run to Newport will be made, where the races for special prizes offered by the club will probably be sailed next day. The prize for the 70ft. class will be a $250 cup, and for the 40ft. class a $150 cup, with a second prize of $100 if more than two enter. No yachts shall enter that have hauled out to clean bottom after the beginning of the cruise. The courses will be 12 and 9 miles to windward or leeward and return.

The 40ft. sweepstakes of the Corinthian Y. C. of New York will be sailed about the same time, while the postponed race in the same class is also likely to come off at Newport. The fleet will disband about Aug. 17. The Weld cup, for 40 footers, will be raced for soon after at Marblehead, and some of the fleet may go round the cape, but the cruise will not extend any further than Vineyard Haven. The four runs will be as follows, a prize of $100 being offered for the best average record in each class:

From New London to Newport, about thirty-five nautical miles, start off Sea Flower Reef (entrance to Fisher's Island Sound) and finish off the Dumplings.

From Newport to Vineyard Haven, about thirty-seven nautical miles, start off Brenton's Reef Lightship and finish off Red Buoy 2, off West Chop. Sow and Pigs Reef Buoy must be left on the port hand.

From Vineyard Haven to New Bedford, about thirty-four nautical miles, start of the bluffs in front of the Sea View House and finish of Clark's Point Light, leaving Sow and Pigs Reef Buoy on the starboard hand.

From New Bedford to Newport, about twenty-seven nautical miles, start off Clark's Point Light and finish at Brenton's Reef Lightship, leaving the Hen and Chickens Lightship on the starboard hand.

The start and finish will be made over imaginary lines drawn from the Electra to the points or objects mentioned.

Competing yacts will receive for each run numbers according to the order in which they finish in their respective classes by corrected time. For runs on which they do not start they will be given a number equal to the greatest number of contestants in their class on any of the runs. Yachts failing to finish will receive a number equal to the total number of contestants in their class on that run. The winners in each class will be the yachts having the smallest totals at the end of the cruise. Should the totals of two or more contestants of the same class be equal, the vessel making the best average corrected time in the runs which they sailed together will be the winner. No prizes will be awarded in any class in which two or more yachts do not start in at least one of the runs.

The Goelet cups will be of the same value and offered under the same conditions as in former years. Yacht owners are specially requested to have their yachts measured before the beginning of the cruise if they propose to enter the runs or races. The flagship Electra will carry the regatta committee.

BEVERLY Y. C.

THE 147th regatta, second cup race, which was not made in time on July 20, was sailed on July 26 at Marblehead in a light E.S.E. air. It was almost a repetition of July 6, though there was a trifle more wind.

The larger classes beat out to Half-Way Rock, then had wind on port quarter to S. E. Pigs, when they had a run home, coming up harbor with spinakers set, 10 miles. The feature of this race was the phenomenal work of Swordfish to windward, starting 5m. after Elf and Saracen, she rounded Half-Way Rock ahead of Elf and close to Saracen; while at Pig Rocks Saracen only led her 10s. Here Saracen drew ahead, and getting a better breeze spun out her lead, but the flagship beat her 27s. on allowance.

The small classes beat to Half-Way, then ran home, leaving Martin's and Archer's buoys on port, 6⅝ miles.

The heavy weather boats were again at a discount, Dolphin being distanced by Nonpareil. At the start in harbor, where it always blows a little harder than outside, Kathleen took first place, closely pressed by Kiowa, who left Nerina and Pixie; Mosca seemed out of form, and on clearing harbor stood to southward, while the others followed the larger classes toward Lowell Island. At the island Kathleen barely crossed Kiowa's bow and stood on to the eastward, all the others tacked to the southward. Running along the island it breezed up a trifle, Pixie dropped astern and Kiowa outpointed and outfooted Nerina.

Outside the island the breeze moderated and Nerina turned the tables, getting abreast of but to leeward of Kiowa, who tacked to the eastward in search of a breeze. At this time Kathleen was seen coming out with a good lead, having gained decidedly in the smooth water inside; but she also seemed to sail faster than the others; Kiowa overstood to the eastward before tacking; she lost time by this, and Nerina outside had a little more wind.

Kathleen rounded first, with a good lead, then Nerina and Mosca, with Kiowa some ways astern; Nonpareil having a long lead on Dolphin. Kiowa gained rapidly, soon passing Mosca, who having no show with Kathleen made no attempt to stop her. It was soon evident that if Kiowa could pass Nerina half a mile before the finish she could give her her time; she tried again and again, first to leeward then to windward, frequently getting her bow ahead, only to be covered and drop back—for a mile and a half the crews of either boat could have touched the other; finally Kiowa got by in a luffing match, just before reaching the line, and crossed two seconds ahead, with her boom over Nerina's deck about a foot aft of the latters mast. She lost however on allowance and this race shows a flaw in the B. Y. C. rule of measurement; it is waterline and sail area, the latter being got at by measuring boom, gaff and distance from boom to upper peak halliard block. Nerina and Kiowa are both 20.4 waterline; Nerina's sail admittedly contains many more square feet of canvas, but the distance from throat to peak halliard band is less than on Kiowa, making latter the larger boat and losing her the race.

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Saracen, W. P. Fowle	33.07	2 11 30	2 10 39
Elf, W. H. Wilkinson	36.02	2 18 37	2 16 14
SECOND CLASS.			
Swordfish, Com. Paine	31.07	2 15 57	2 10 12
Marguerite, Francis Skinner, Jr.	23.01	2 30 20	2 21 33
THIRD CLASS—SLOOPS.			
Kathleen, R. S. Peabody	25.10	1 48 00	1 41 59
Mosca, C. H. W. Foster	24.06	1 57 31	1 49 34
THIRD CLASS—CATS.			
Kiowa, W. A. and W. L. Jeffries	22.03	1 55 00	1 45 20
Nerina, R. C. Robbins	21.09	1 55 02	1 44 57
Pixie, F. W. Chandler	21.04	2 00 45	1 50 18
FOURTH CLASS.			
Nonpareil, W. O. Taylor	18.09	2 02 12	1 49 20
Dolphin, R. C. Robbins	18.00	2 13 24	1 58 44

Winner first class, Saracen, holding the cup. Winner second class, Swordfish, holding the cup. Winner third class sloops, Kathleen, tieing Mosca for the cup. Third class cats, Nerina, tieing Kiowa. Fourth class, Nonpareil, tieing Dolphin.

The 148th race, second Buzzard's Bay championship, was sailed at Monument Beach, July 27. The day opened with a strong E. by S. wind and a pouring rain; it looked so nasty that the skipper of the judges' boat did not report for duty and told the reporters there would be no race; consequently the Sunday papers so announced it. The judges and yachtsmen did not see it in this light, and started the race promptly on time, sending first and second classes over following course: Leaving Scraggy Neck Buoy and Wings Cove Buoy on starboard, Dry Ledge Buoy and Pine's Buoy on port and return, 11½ miles. Third class, leaving Pine's Buoy, Aberly Ledge Buoy and Dry Ledge Buoy on starboard, Pine's on port and return, 7½ miles. Fourth class went twice to and around Buoy 11 and return, 5 miles.

The wind played the most extraordinary pranks; most of the time it blew hard, but dead calms were interspersed; it shifted so that third class had a dead beat over the entire triangular course and the others had it dead before the wind all the way. At the start it was strong E. by S., changing to N.E., N., N.W., with heavy, squally and dead calms, then back to S.E., finishing S.W., calms being thrown in between changes and plenty of pouring rain.

Mattie had a walkover, Grekel and Sirius not showing up. In second class Mist led Thyra home by the width of her mast only, the difference was too small to time, but Mist was a few inches ahead. Both boats were measured and Thyra's new gaff was found to be decidedly longer than the old one; she had also received more ballast since her first measurement and part of her overhang was in the water, increasing her waterline.

Daisy appeared with her third rig this season, going up to 21ft. sailing length, she managed to beat Eina 14m.

Edith beat Kitten in fourth class. Mattie, Mist, Daisy and Edith take firsts, Kitten takes second, Mattie and Mist win and hold champion pennants, Daisy and Edith win legs, tieing Eina and Kitten. Summary as follows:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mattie, Howard Stockton	26.07	3 51 12	3 42 50
SECOND CLASS.			
Mist, G. H. Lyman, Jr.	25.06	3 44 20	3 31 33
Thyra, Paul Bartholow	26.01	3 44 20	3 37 02
Gymnote, W. E. C. Eustis	25.11	3 49 19	3 32 14
THIRD CLASS.			
Daisy, Howard Stockton	21.00	2 45 15	2 32 38
Eina, John Parkinson	22.00	2 57 37	2 46 00
FOURTH CLASS.			
Edith, Irving Chapman	18.10	2 25 40	2 15 39
Kitten, G. H. Richards *et al*	17.11	2 27 00	2 16 03
Polly, Richard Codman	16.02	2 32 59	2 20 27
Nymph, Geo. G. Amory	16.11	Withdrawn.	

Judge—F. S. Edwards. X. Y. Z.

CONSTELLATION.—The new Burgess schooner Constellation made a trial trip lately to Newport, where she now lies.

MOPSA.—The new 27ft. cruising cutter Mopsa was launched last week at Lawleys'.

THE FORTY-FOOT CLASS.

FEW of those who have watched the exciting and interesting races of the new 40ft. class have paused to give a thought to its origin, or have appreciated the fact that the growth of such a fleet, in so short a time and with no apparent reason, is one of the most remarkable accidents in the history of yachting, and so far as we know without precedent. When Banshee was launched, two years ago this month, there was not only no 40ft. class, but no indications of one, and the present fleet was not even dreamed of. In the straggling fleet then in the racing, from Shadow and Elephant, 34ft., up to Vixen and Fanita, 45, there were several yachts about 40ft., the best known being Crocodile and Rival, but there was nothing approaching a clearly defined class. Banshee, as is well known, was built without regard to racing, but about the same time there was launched in Boston a new Burgess boat, a keel craft some 4ft. shorter, and intended to race with Shadow and Shona, of 34ft. Pappoose, as the new boat was christened by her owner, young Mr. Adams, then a senior at Harvard, was a wide cutter, of a type not very different from the length class boats of Southampton water, her dimensions being 44ft. over all, with plumb stem, 36ft. l.w.l., 12ft. 6in. beam and 7ft. 7in. draft, with nearly 9 tons of keel. Flush-decked, cutter-rigged and cleancut in her quarters, with a single fair sweep from keel to rail in her midship section, she betrayed no relationship to the old Boston keel sloop, with its hard bilge, flat floor, deep skag keel, heavy round quarters and high cabin house. The first performance of the newcomer was with the renowned Shadow, the fastest centerboard of her size in the country, whom she easily defeated. As to size, the odds were largely in favor of the new boat, but her sails and gear were new and bad, while Shadow had the advantage in point of crew and handling generally. Shona was very easily disposed of, and in a short time the new boat was recognized as the best of her class. About the same time Banshee was being tried, and as she gave evidence of being a speedy boat her owner was encouraged to make some changes in ballast and sail in hopes of increasing her speed. Though the pair did not meet that season, they both became widely known, and much interest was felt in their first meeting, which, however, did not take place until the following spring.

In the mean time Mr. F. W. Flint, of Larchmont, owner of the 27ft. sloop Nymph, was in the market for a new yacht, and after the Volunteer-Thistle races he gave Mr. Burgess an order for a compromise forty. During the winter and spring Mr. Burgess received three more orders, the yachts being built by Lawley; Xara, a keel boat, Chiquita, a deep keel boat with a small board, and Baboon, a keel boat, for the owner of Pappoose. With these six yachts all in the racing the class was pretty firmly established, but it so happened that the few races sailed last year were devoid of any decisive results, and no one could say at the end of the season that any one boat had shown herself superior to the rest. One result, however, followed the racing, such as it was, the forty foot fever had fairly set in, and during the past winter no less than ten additions were made to the class in New York and Boston, making, with Minerva, built late last season in Scotland, a fleet of seventeen yachts. With possibly one exception all may be considered as racing craft, speed being one of the first requirements, though all are intended for cruising and fitted up for life aboard during the summer as well.

This fleet, as it stands to-day, has never been equaled in the history of yacht racing. When racing was at its height in England, during the last years of the tonnage rule, some large fleets were seen, notably in the 5 and 10 ton classes, but the boats, though evenly matched, were all of one type, differing a little each year, but teaching nothing save how to cheat the rule under which they raced. The present 40ft. fleet, seventeen new boats, or twenty in all if we include, for the sake of a comparison of types, the two old sloops, Crocodile and Rival, and the new cutter Ulidia, covers the whole range of type from the shoal centerboard to the narrow and deep cutter, and offers opportunities for study and comparison such as have never before been known. There have been instances of large fleets of racing yachts all of one size or nearly, but these have been the result of slow growth under some special stimulus or legislation. As the above brief history of the new class shows, however, it is an accident, an unforseen and spontaneous growth, which, with the number and individual excellence of the boats, makes the class the most interesting and remarkable one that has ever raced. Some very good races have already been sailed this year, and more are in prospect, but in none have more than half the boats entered. If the entire fleet, old and new, could be brought together near the end of the season, when all are or should be in good form, and a series of four or five races sailed over the Newport or Marblehead courses, the results would be more valuable and conclusive than a dozen years of ordinary racing in all classes. Such an opportunity has never before been offered, and it is worth a strong effort on the part of the clubs to secure such a thorough trial.

The fleet, 17 new and 3 old boats, is as follows, the figures being as nearly correct as possible. Naturally, the designers are in no way desirous of making public the details of their work, in fact in most cases the figures, especially those relating to spars, ballast, draft and displacement, are jealously guarded. The table, however, is sufficiently correct for all practical purposes, differing not more than an inch or two in any dimension. The length in some cases may be a little under 40ft., the designed length being from 3 to 6in. under the class limit, but there are a few wooden boats that by their second season do not need a little judicious dubbing to keep them in their class, the official measurements running from 39.70 to 39.96ft., a very narrow margin.

	Length over all.	Length l.w.l.	Beam.	Draft.	Displacement.	Ballast.	Sail area, N. York rule.
[1]Pappoose	44	37	12.6	7.7	18	8.9	2334
[1]Baboon	51	40	13.2	8.3			2900
[1]Xara	48	40	13	8.3			2900
[1]Lotowana	51	40	13.8	9			3000
[1]Maraquita	53	40	13.8	9.1	24	13	3262
[1]Tomahawk	52	40	12	10		14	3332
[1]Chispa	53	40	13.6	9.1	24	13	3300
[2]Nymph	50	40	14.6	6	21.10		2900
[2]Verena	51	40	14.6	6	21.1)		2950
[2]Awa	51	40	15.3	6			2900
[3]Chiquita	51	39.9	13.4	7.4			2922
[3]Gorilla	54	40	14.3	7	24.5	14	3257
[3]Banshee	48.6	49.9	14	6			2800
[4]Helen	57	40	12.6	10.6			2800
[4]Alice	57	40	12.8	9.6			2915
[5]Minerva	54	40	10.6	9.3			2754
[6]Liris	58	40	13	10	28	16	3603
Crocodile, c. b	44.4	40	14	5.10			
Rival, c. b	40.7	38.3	14.8	5.1			
Ulidia, keel	51.8	42	7.2	8			2150

[1] Burgess keels, [2] centerboards, [3] Smith centerboards, [4] McVey keels, [5] Fife keel, [6] Gardner keel. The above dimensions are in feet and inches. The weights are in long tons.

The fleet all through presents a most interesting study in points of model, finish, build, fittings, accommodation and rig; but, unfortunately for our readers, we are not sufficiently in the confidence of the designers to be able to present them with full working drawings of all parts. Nothing is more difficult to convey in words than the points of difference in vessels; watch any two yachtsmen beginning a discussion, words soon fail them and recourse is had to diagrams and hieroglyphics, often of the crudest, but at the same time expressive. In the course of a heated after-dinner discussion we have seen a big blue pencil brought into play on a damask table cloth, and on another occasion a bit of chalk fished out of a pocket and used with effect on the parlor carpet to clear up some knotty point. In order to make their leading characteristics clear to many of our readers who have not seen the boats, in a way that is not possible in words, we have had recourse to the accompanying diagrams, none of which are official, but are drawn as nearly to scale as possible from rough sketches made when the boats were docked and from such aid as is afforded by photographs.

While not pretending to give the minor points of difference between such similar boats as Nymph and Verena, or Baboon, Maraquita and Chispa, they show with tolerable accuracy the leading features of the different types, and the direction in which the designers of to-day are working. The overhang, freeboard, draft and beam are drawn to scale as closely as possible, and the peculiarities of sheer and outline of keel are tolerably accurate. The positions of keel and masts are not based on actual measurements, but the general disposition of the ballast is correctly indicated, being well strung out in most cases.

The first sketch shows the modern Burgess keel-centerboard compromise, such as Nymph, Verena, Awa and the 45ft. Nanon,

The second shows a still further step toward the keel boat, the compromise Gorilla, by Mr. A. Cary Smith, a deeper boat than Nymph. The next step is not shown, but is represented in the fleet by Chiquita, 3in. deeper than Gorilla and 11in. narrower, her midship section being between Nymph and Chispa. The third sketch shows Chispa and Maraquita, the Burgess keel boats, to which family belong Pappoose, Baboon, Xara, Lotowana and the 45ft. Alga. The table shows the difference of these boats in draft and beam, and the outline of the midship section is also different in each, but the main characteristics of the family are plainly shown. The next sketch shows the greatest extreme to which Mr. Burgess has thus far gone in Tomahawk, deeper and narrower than any previous American craft. The fifth sketch shows the new Gardner boat Liris, her 30ft. sister Kathleen being very similar in form but a little less extreme, while the last shows the Fife cutter Minerva. Just why Chispa, Tomahawk and Liris are classed as American keel sloops while Minerva is called a British cutter is something that we have not been able to find a reason for, but then it is sometimes desirable to keep up appearances, even though they may be deceitful.

It is of course impossible without the complete lines before us to go into a discussion of the minute niceties of form and refinements of model, but in the present condition of yacht racing and designing the question of fine form is of far less importance than power, as governed by dimensions, ballast and sails, and these latter points may be clearly illustrated by such approximate diagrams as we give.

The most striking feature of the fleet is the great draft, more than has ever been taken by British designers on the same length of loadline, the maximum for a narrow 10-toner being about 8ft. 6in. on 42ft. l.w.l. The deepest of the new fleet, the McVey boat Helen, we have no sketch of, but she is similar to Chispa in outline, though deeper, drawing 10ft. 6in. The disposition of the lateral plane, so different from that of the old keel craft with plumb sternpost and deep forefoot, is practically the same in all the new boats save Minerva. The rake of the post is moderate, from 32 to 35 degrees, only Liris and Minerva having the great rake of the old cutters, nearly 45 degrees. The keel is carried as low as possible for a distance of some 15ft. forward from heel to post, but when it once begins to rise a direct cut is made for the stem at the waterline, there being no indication of the old gripe or forefoot once considered essential to windward work. This peculiarity is most marked in Liris, but it is plainly evident in the shoalest of the new boats, Nymph and Verena. How much of it is due to the influence of Thistle we leave our readers to judge, but the same features, the carrying of the lead keel at the lowest possible point and where the weight would tell most, and then a cutting away of the draft where it gave no benefit in the way of low weight, have been a marked peculiarity of Mr. Watson's work for some years. It is clearly shown in the 5-ton Shona, built in 1884, the profile of the under-water body being the same as the modern forties. The most extreme examples of this feature, a straight line forming the bottom of the keel, and then another straight line joining it with the stem at the waterline, is found in the designs of the late Lieut. Von Saefkow, as in the Nuckel (whose lines are given in "Small Yachts), Anna, Lolly and other German cutters. In Nymph, Verena, Gorilla and notably in Liris this feature is seen, but the deeper Tomahawk shows a different outline, the bottom of the keel being a fair curve, with a deeper forefoot and more area just under the mast than in the others. In Liris the ballast is carried very low, the keel being wider than usual, and all the weight being outside, but the keel runs up very sharply to a point just below water, where a peculiar knuckle is retained. In Minerva Mr. Fife has made a marked departure, the outline being that of a huge fin or centerboard, the heel of post being carried down to the point of maximum draft, and the keel running up sharply to the waterline, preserving a little depth at the fore end.

While there is little if any more forefoot than in Thistle, there is a very marked difference in the area and disposition of the lateral plane, the deep heel being retained. The dotted line shows the proportionate depth and outline of Thistle, her draft being but 13ft. on 86ft. l.w.l., compared to Minerva's 9ft. on 40. Minerva certainly shows no lack of windward ability but seems to hold on with the centerboards in spite of her slack forefoot and absence of gripe, but unlike Thistle she has a powerful hold on the solid and undisturbed water into which the heel of the keel is constantly moving; and this, with the added area, gives the necessary resistance. It is very doubtful whether mere area of lateral plane alone, either in the shape of a forefoot or a continuous deepening of the keel, would remedy the defect in Thistle; but there is no doubt as to the advantages of such a form as Minerva's for windward work, approaching as it does the action of a centerboard. There is of course on a given draft a loss of stability compared with Liris or Tomahawk owing to the higher position of the lead, but this is more than compensated for in boats of moderate draft by the increased lateral resistance. We have no data as to the dimensions of Minerva's keel, but it is quite wide, 20in. on the upper side. Tomahawk has no outside keel, being a steel boat, but the lead is poured into the lowest point of the hull, and consequently the weight is very low.

While on the subject of keels it is worthy of notice that in his new boats Mr. Burgess has narrowed the bottom of the keel considerably, making the lead deep and thin, in fact Saracen's keel was removed and recast last winter, being made much deeper and thinner. In Maraquita and Tomahawk the keel is but 5in. wide on the bottom, being about 3½in. deep. As Liris has a breadth of 12in. and Minerva probably as much, it is easy to see the gain in stability, a point in which Maraquita and Tomahawk are both conspicuously deficient. As every inch of draft is to be avoided, especially after 9ft. is reached in a 40-footer, the main objects of the designer must be to make the most of his lateral plane on the given draft, and at the same time to keep his lead as low as possible. It would seem that while the latter end is obtained in a form such as Tomahawk's, with a deep rocker under the middle of the boat, the best disposition for the purposes of lateral resistance is that of Minerva, the triangular fin. This, however, must raise the center of the lead considerably higher than in Tomahawk and Liris, a disadvantage that may be largely overcome by a wide rather than a narrow keel. Comparing Tomahawk and Minerva, the later with 9ft. draft and 10ft. 6in. beam, is decidedly stiffer than Tomahawk with 10ft. draft and 12ft. beam, and though her sail plan is much smaller it drives her faster. As to the disadvantage of the extra foot of draft it is hardly necessary to speak; it might be endured if it gave safety, speed or room over Minerva, but it gives neither. There is another incidental advantage in such a contour of keel as Minerva's. When Tomahawk, Liris or Gorilla take the ground they must rest on a point near the center of the boat, and are on to stay until helped off by more tide or a powerful pull. When the deep-heeled craft touches, unless on a very shelving bottom, she grounds on the heel of the sternpost and may be lifted clear by a few men on the bowsprit end or any shifting of weights forward. There is nothing to prove that a keel of 12in. width on the bottom offers any more resistance than one of 5in., and the advantage in the way of low weight is material. In some of the extreme narrow cutters the width of keel in proportion to the beam was carried to a degree that was harmful, but there seems little to fear on this score in the present types of boat.

Going now to the sheer plan above water, a strong similarity in the sheer is noticeable. The added freeboard has destroyed the rank sheer once universal, and the modern boats are comparatively straight. The fashion just now is for a parabolic sheer, like that of the Watson and Fife cutters, quite straight forward and with considerable curve aft. In Liris, as shown, this feature is carried to an extreme degree, the counter being very long and with a quick curve at the end. Minerva shows a fair and moderate sheer with less side than the American boats, her least freeboard being about 28in., or less than some of the new thirty foot boats. All of this year's boats show an overhang forward, the plumb stem of Pappoose and Xara being out of fashion for the time. How much good is derived from the clipper stem save in the matter of deck space and a longer staysail is a question not yet decided; but if the performance of Pappoose in the 40ft. class and Titania in the 70ft. can be taken, it is more apparent than real as far as speed or power are concerned. In all of the Burgess boats the overhang, both forward and aft, is short, but in Liris the ends are spun out to great length, the counter being very fine on the extreme end. The stem is also quite long and finished in the English fashion with carved trail boards, giving a handsome appearance. Minerva is finished in the same manner, but the overhang is less. Her counter is of moderate length but very light and graceful in appearance.

In nearly all the Burgess boats the bulwark is regularly built up, locust stanchions, pine bulwark and oak rail, the total height being about 8in., a construction that has a great influence on the appearance, the width of the bulwark showing for the entire length of the boat. Both Gorilla and Liris have a blind bulwark that does not show from the outside, the finish being made by a broad gilt stripe below the plankSheer. In Gorilla the bulwark is a solid piece of pine, 4½in. high forward and 3in. aft, bolted to the plankSheer. In Liris a similar chock is used, but finished with a neat oak cap. Minerva has a solid teak chock about 5in. high forward and 3in. aft., finished with an elm cap. In each case there is no break where the bulwark joins the plankSheer, but the side of the boat is carried up to the rail, the plankSheer not showing. The gold stripe is run so as to give the appearance of a high bulwark, but approaches the curve of the rail toward the end of the counter, giving a very clean and shapely finish. In Tomahawk the steel side plating is carried up to form the bulwark, being capped with a small rail, the gilt line being used to define an imaginary plankSheer.

The midship sections afford an interesting comparison, running as they do from a beam of 15ft. to a little over 10, with equal variation in draft. The first is approximately that of Nymph and Verena, 14ft. 6in. beam, Awa being still wider by 9in. In the centerboard boats the keel is of necessity kept wide, as shown, owing to the slot, being about 12in. on bottom. These boats all have the regular cabin house, the side being about 13in. high, and a large cockpit extending aft of the wheel. The headroom is a full 6ft. under beams, but of course much less in the forecastle. Though 3in. narrower, Gorilla has really a more powerful section than Nymph and Verena, the differences in this respect not being correctly shown in the sketches. She is also about 12in. deeper, and has a flush deck, with 5ft. 10½in. under beams, the headroom forward being much better than in the others. She too has a centerboard, but the trunk only comes 4ft. above the cabin floor instead of running up to the cabin roof, as in the others. The midship section of Chiquita is not shown, but it would be between that of Verena and Chispa, the draft being 7ft. 3in. She too has a centerboard, but the trunk is entirely below the cabin floor, and she would be called a keel boat if seen out of water or below deck; as she shows a deep body, while inside there is no evidence of a trunk. She has a cabin house as a matter of choice rather than necessity, as she is deep enough to be flush-decked; and the same may be said of the new Lotowana. The section of Chispa is very nearly that of Maraquita, one being based on Baboon and the other on Xara, but the four boats are very similar, differing in a little more or less bilge and a thinning through the keel at about the height of the floors. The keel of Chispa is 12in. on bottom, 18in. on top and 30in. deep, but Maraquita's is but 5in. on bottom and about 35in. deep. Tomahawk is thus far the narrowest of the lot and the deepest save Helen. Liris shows a very large and powerful section, and taken with her ballast plan her great stability is easily accounted for. The bilge is deeper and harder than in the Burgess boats, and there is plenty of room for lead below, the keel being 18in. wide on top and 12in. on bottom by 32in. deep.

The tendency of the Burgess models has been away from the direction of the moderate cutters (an S section as in Tomahawk and Minerva with moderate beam about the waterline and quite thick through the floors); and has approached more nearly to the "wine-glass" section, with great beam, easy bilge, high and rather flat floor, and a deep thin fin by way of keel. Such a boat must be very stiff and powerful, fast in smooth water, but a poor sea boat and hard on spars and gear, while the shoal body, apart from the thin, deep keel, gives little headroom. No doubt under the present classification a light test on sail a very fast boat might be built by carrying this principle to an extreme as yet only indicated; a very wide, saucer-shaped hull, of light displacement, with a deep fin and lead keel. Such a boat would be a most undesirable sort of machine in every way, and in no respect the equal of such a compact little ship as Minerva. In her no feature has been carried to an extreme, but the aim of her designer would seem to be a careful and harmonious combination of the elements to produce a successful whole, rather than to excel the rest of the class by pushing to an extreme in one direction or another.

The great difference in size between Minerva and the others of her class is very accurately shown by the drawings, she is a much smaller vessel in every way; but all familiar with the subject will admit that she is as large a boat as should be built on the limit of the class, 40ft. load waterline. Thanks to a life long training in a measurement and classification by length, American yachtsmen have come to regard length as the sole standard of size, the one controlling factor in design, and to consider that they could take what liberties they pleased with all other elements so long as the class length was not exceeded. Length was taxed, but beam and sail were not, consequently the general effort was to cheat the rule, no one realizing that at the same time it was beating himself. In the past both beam and sail were taken in excess, and of late the case has been even worse as beam, draft and sail are all pushed far beyond a reasonable limit. In the days of the shoal boats the modeller was always impelled by the idea that he was getting something without paying for it to take a few inches more beam, with its accompanying sail; and though now and then a man was wise enough in his generation to see the advantages of moderate beam and sail he found few to listen to him. In the same way to-day the constant temptation is to beat last season by more beam, more draft, more sail, and as a rule it has been successful. As greater extremes are reached there is less margin left for this sort of improvement (?) in design, and the time has now come when the limit of draft at least has been exceeded in the 40ft. class. The next step has been taken this year, the lightening of the hull, with an increase of ballast and sail, until a limit will soon be reached in that direction also.

It is beyond question that great improvements have been made in American yachts in a few years, and that greater speed has been attained than in the past, the average of the fleet as well as in the best of each class being higher. It is a pertinent question, however, as to just what proportion of this advance is due to improvements in model and the refinements in designing, and how much to such purely mechanical features as the lead keel, a better construction, wire rigging, fine canvas and patent blocks. The means and tools at the disposal of the yacht designer are far superior to fifteen years since; but is he doing any better work individually? Do the boats of this year win from those of last because of better models and more perfect adjustment of details, or because after carrying 12 tons of lead and 3,000ft. of sail last year a designer feels safe in carrying 14 tons and 3,300ft. of sail this year? The laws of the clubs have practically dealt with length alone, and the efforts of both designer and owner have been directed to evading these laws, but very few have comprehended that there is a far higher law that cannot be disregarded with impunity. The laws of the clubs say that so long as length is kept within limits, any amount of beam and draft, of lead and canvas may be taken, but there is a natural law which forbids that more than a certain amount of power shall be disposed of to advantage on any given length. More than one designer, both professional and amateur, has already butted his head against this law and is rubbing a sore spot without a very clear idea as to what hit him, and a couple of seasons more of racing under the present rules will bring others up all standing. Given the present limit of 40ft., it is hard to say exactly what beam, draft and displacement should go with it to make the best yacht, not of necessity the fastest under the present conditions, but a desirable type of boat under amended conditions. This we know, that the limit has been exceeded in draft, beam, nearly 11ft. draft, and a displacement not far under 30 long tons.

Continuing our description to other details we need only say that the boats are all cutter rigged according to the latest American practice, that is with a slightly different sail plan from the old narrow cutters, a longer lower mast and shorter topmast, with jibs set flying in most cases, but in Nymph, Verena and some others set on a stay, with laced cotton mainsails, mostly fitted with a jackstay and toggles on the boom and a cutter outhaul, with a round bowsprit fitted to house in about 5ft., the bobstay and bowsprit being set up with turnbuckles instead of tackles. On the wider boats, Nymph, Verena, Awa, Baboon, Pappoose, Xara and Chiquita, the chainplates are set on the inside of the plank, but in Minerva, Liris, Alice and Helen steel plate channels are used to increase the spread. The outfit of sails includes generally four sizes of jibs, a working and balloon foresail, working and clubtopsail, baby, intermediate and large jibtopsail, balloon jibtopsail and spinaker, while Chispa and several others carry a gaff trysail. Minerva rejoices in two sizes of foresail in addition to the balloon, and in a small clubtopsail, a very handy little sail. The standing rigging, of steel wire, is usually set up by turnbuckles instead of lanyards, and the quarter lifts, topsail halliards and jib halliards are of flexible wire rope. Hollow spars are used to a certain extent, but the masts are all solid.

The sail areas are given in the table, the official measurements of the New York Y. C., which are sufficiently close to the actual areas for all purposes of comparison. The wide range will be noticed from 3,600ft. on Liris to 2,724 on Minerva, these two extremes showing up thus far as the fastest of the class. As sail spread is a pretty good gauge of the cost of running and also of building, these figures tell their own story. On a given length larger sails mean a larger and more powerful boat, extra lead, stronger construction, more expensive form (as a rule), larger spars and rigging, consequently greater first cost, and at the same time a larger crew, greater wear and tear of hull and gear, and breakage of spars, and more expense in renewals. Each of these items may be but small in itself, but when the sail area is increased 25 or 30 per cent. the expenses begin to increase quite rapidly. Whether or no the speed and accommodation must increase in the same ratio remains to be seen.

We have already described the leading yachts of the class in detail during the past winter, but a brief comparison of the general fittings of the fleet will serve to make this description more clear. The centerboard boats have each a large cockpit, from 8ft. to 10ft. long, a feature which is permissible in them as the depth is not sufficient to allow an after cabin. In the keel boats, however, a very good after cabin or ladies' stateroom may be had, and all but Maraquita are thus arranged. She has a cockpit 9ft. long and 7ft. wide, about 16in. deep, from which the companion opens, as in a cabin house yacht, in spite of her flush deck. When it comes to a choice between an after stateroom and a cockpit in a yacht of 30ft., and over, we should take the cabin every time as of more value, but no such alternative exists in the 40ft. class, and both may be had. Chispa is arranged with a very convenient cockpit on deck, far enough aft to allow an after cabin as well, the only disadvantage being a slight loss of space in the sail locker. Minerva has a convenient cockpit or steering well abaft her cabin, and several others are similarly fitted. Liris and Tomahawk are flush-decked, with no opening save a circular one giving access to the sail locker and used as a steering well, and Pappoose, Baboon and Xara are fitted with oval openings for the same double purpose. There can be no question of the advantage of a cockpit large enough to accommodate three or four in bad weather, especially in "family cruisers," as some of the forties purport to be.

Minerva, Liris, Tomahawk, Baboon, Pappoose and Xara steer with a tiller, but most of the others use a wheel, Gorilla being fitted with both. On nearly all the pump break windlass is used, Liris having a neat little crank capstan of Irish make, while Minerva and Helen are fitted with Reid's bitts and windlass, a Scotch device. The ordinary oak or locust bitts are used to carry the heel of bowsprit and the windlass in most cases, but Liris has bitts of steel plate, similar to Madge and Clara. All except Liris and Tomahawk are of the usual wooden construction, more or less heavy in proportion to the care and skill of the designer and builder, Liris being of composite build and Tomahawk of steel. The cost is a detail that will interest many, but we can only give approximate figures. A centerboard boat like Verena or Nymph, with all lead ballast, oak frame, yellow pine planking, iron fastenings in deadwood and plank, main cabin and state-room finished in painted pine, with toilet-room with wash bowl and closet, ice-box, pantries, water tanks and plumbing; with complete outfit of spars, sails and rigging, will cost about $6,000. The new keel boats, Chispa and Maraquita, are said to have cost about $7,000, while a steel or composite boat will cost from $8,000 up. If we have been successful in our attempt our readers will have a fairly good idea of the 40ft. class as it stands to-day, and will be able to draw their own conclusions from the results of the races. The first question in the minds of most yachtsmen is, "Which boat will win?" but we propose to carry the subject further and to endeavor to determine which are to be commended and improved, and which condemned and replaced by something better.

VALKYRIE.

BEYOND the facts that Gen. Paine has replied to Lord Dunraven's letter, and that he has also written to the owners of Titania, Katrina, Bedouin and Shamrock, in regard to matches between these yachts and Valkyrie, there is nothing definitely known. Gen. Paine will not state whether he has agreed to act as the representative of Lord Dunraven, and declines to make public his letter. Valkyrie has been fitting out at Southampton for the voyage, and will probably sail in a few days. Lord Dunraven's 60 of last year, Petronilla, is also fitting out for the home racing, and will sail at Cowes for the Queen's Cup.

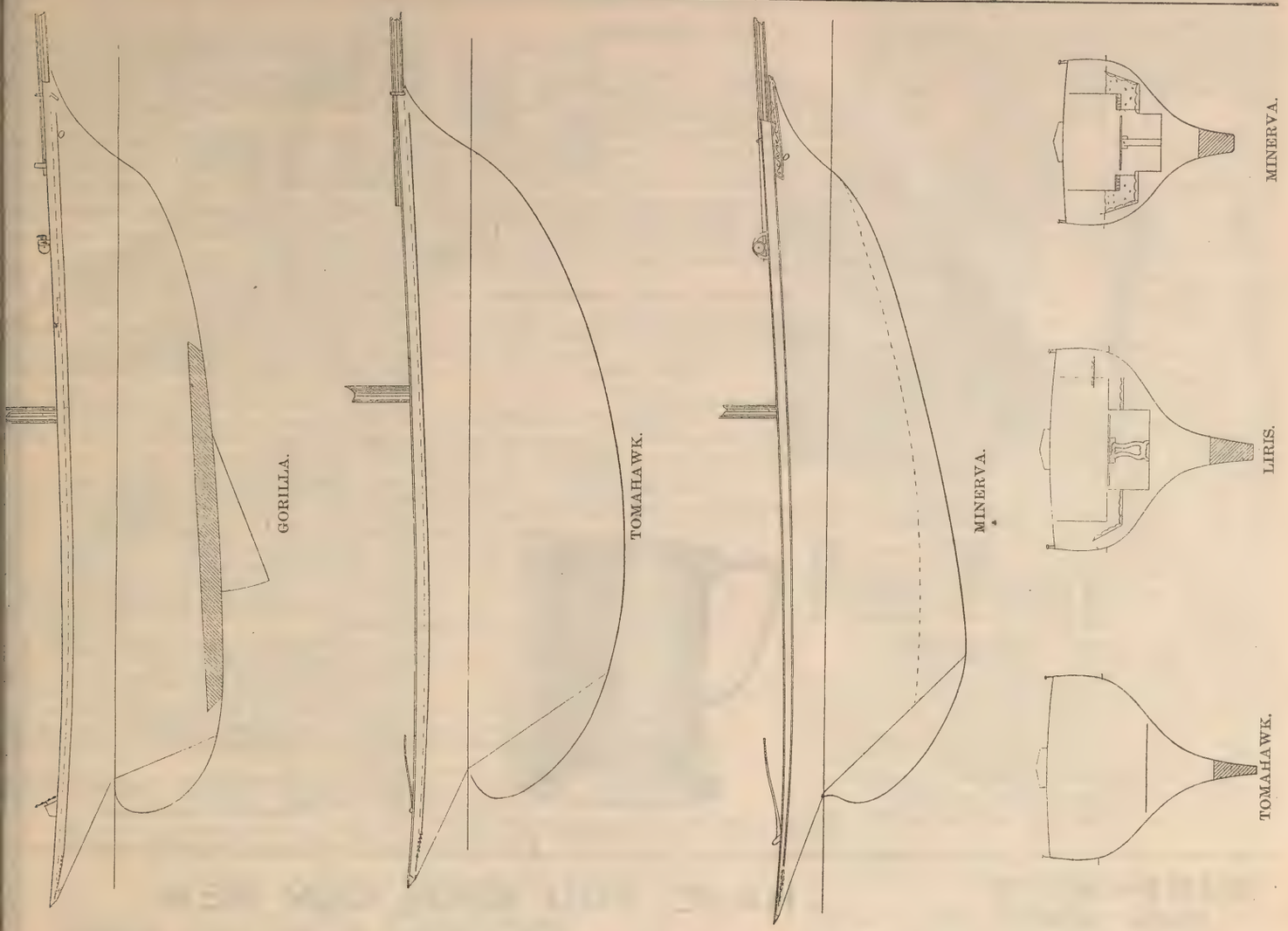
NEW YORK Y. R. A. REGATTA.—The first union regatta of the New York Yacht Racing Association will be sailed on Labor Day, Monday, Sept. 2, being open to the following clubs, members of the N. Y. Y. R. A.: Columbia, Harlem, Hudson River, of New York; Jersey City, Pavonia, of Jersey City, N. J.; Newark, of Newark; Newark Bay, of Bayonne; New Jersey, of Hoboken; Sing Sing, of Sing Sing, N. Y.; Staten Island Athletic Club, Yachting Dept., West New Brighton, S. I.; Williamsburg, N. Y. C., Astoria, L. I.; Yonkers C. Y. C., Yonkers, N. Y.; Point O' Woods, Y. C., Saugatuck, Conn. The start will be made from Liberty Island at 11 o'clock A. M. and will be a flying one for all classes. Preparatory signal will be given by long blast of steam whistle and raising blue peter on flag staff of steamer. Ten minutes later long whistle and raising yacht ensign will be the signal for classes A, B, C, D, E, F and G to start. Ten minutes later long whistle and raising N. Y. Y. R. A. signal will be the signal for all other classes to start. Ten minutes later a long whistle be given as handicap signal. All yachts not having crossed the line within ten minutes after the signal for their class will be timed as starting at the expiration of said ten minutes. The courses will be as follows: Start and finish for all classes from an imaginary line between the steamboat and a stakeboat anchored to the east of Liberty Island, Courses I.—Classes A, B, C and D. To and around buoy No. 8½ (S.W. Spit), leaving it in turning on the port hand and return over same course. Course II.—Classes E and F. To and around the red bell buoy at inside end of Swash Channel, leaving it in turning on port hand and return over same course. Course III.—Classes G. Nos. 1, 2, 5, 6 and 7. To and around buoy No. 13 off Swinburn Island and return, keeping same on port hand. Course IV.—Classes 3, 4, 8 and 9. To and around buoy No. 15, leaving it on port hand, thence to and around Fort Lafayette and return to starting point. The classification will be according to the rules of the N. Y. Y. R. A. as follows: Class A, schooners, 40ft. and over; Class B, cabin sloops, over 53 and under 62ft.; Class C, cabin sloops, over 45 and under 53ft.; Class D, cabin sloops, over 38 and under 45ft.; Class E, cabin sloops, over 32 and under 38ft.; Class F, cabin sloops, over 27 and under 32ft.; Class G, cabin sloops, all under 27ft.; Class 1, open sloops, over 27 and under 32ft.; Class 2, open sloops, over 23 and under 27ft.; Class 3, open sloops, 20 and under 23ft.; Class 4, open sloops, all under 20ft.; Class 5, cabin cat-rigged yachts; Class 6, open cat rig, over 27 and under 32ft.; Class 7, open cat rig, over 23 and under 27ft.; Class 8, open cat rig, over 20 and under 23ft.; Class 9, open cat rig, all under 20ft. Measurements and time allowances: The sailing measurement shall be according to the rules of the N. Y. Y. R. A.—the load waterline added to one-half the overhang. Time allowances according to the tables adopted by the association. All entries must be made in writing, giving the correct measurement according to the Association rules as specified above, and must be sent to the secretary on or before Aug. 26. Numbers will be distributed to the competing yachts from the stakeboat on the morning of the regatta, and must be returned to the regatta committee after the race or by mail. Yachts may carry crew as follows: Cabin yachts, one man for every 5ft. of sailing measurement or fractional part thereof besides the helmsman; open yachts, one man for every 3ft. of sailing measurement or fractional part thereof besides the helmsman. Club signal—Each competing yacht must fly its club signal at the peak. Ballast—Shifting ballast will be allowed in open yachts. Sails—Cabin sloops, mainsail, forestaysail, jib, flyingjib, jibtopsail, clubtopsail, gaff topsail, balloon jib and spinaker; open sloops, jib and mainsail only; catboats, mainsail only. Time of race—The race must be made by any yacht in any of the classes in seven hours or less, and will be a race for all classes. Copies of the N. Y. Y. R. A. sailing rules and regulations can be obtained from the secretaries of any of the clubs. Regatta committee: R. Palmer, Pavonia Y. C.; Charles B. Cameron, Newark Y. C.; B. S. Gibson, Sing Sing Y. C.; J. K. Tucker, Hudson River Y. C.; George Parkhill, Secretary Columbia Y. C. and Secretary N. Y. Y. R. A., 61 East 130th street, N. Y.

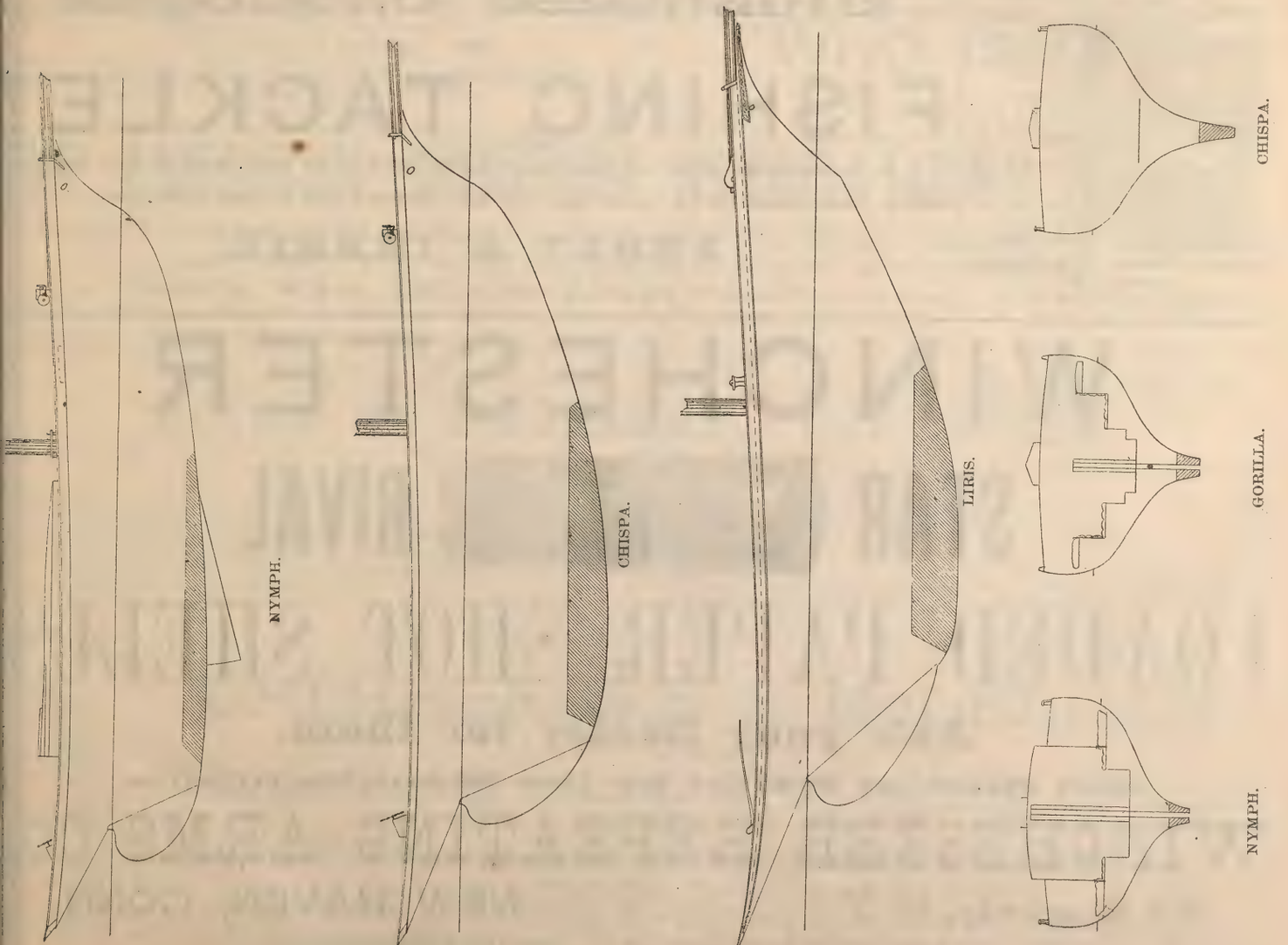
THE 70FT. CLASS.—The seventy-footers have been keeping very quiet since the New York Y. C. regatta, none of them entering in the Sound or Eastern races. The reason for all this is that they are busy preparing for the races of the New York cruise, and more particularly for those with Valkyrie later on. Titania and Shamrock have needed little in the way of alterations, but Katrina and Bedouin have been making some important changes. The pair are at Poillon's; where Katrina's mast has been replaced by a larger one of the same wood, Oregon pine. Her new boom, of white pine, lately made from one of Mayflower's, will be replaced by a cheese sandwich stick of Oregon pine 4ft. longer, or 75 in all, her sail plan being increased considerably. In addition her board has been deepened about 18in. Bedouin has had a longer topmast and a new cheese sandwich boom 68ft. long, of Oregon pine. Both sticks have been very carefully put together under the direction of Mr. Driscoll, being sawn in two and hollowed out, the adjoining edges carefully dowelled together and joined with a mixture of lime and pot cheese. Similar sticks of Oregon pine are doing good work still on Titania and Gorilla.

EASERN Y. C. CRUISE.—The combined cruise of Eastern and Seawanhaka fleets came to an end on July 24 at Bar Harbor, where the fleet was formally disbanded. On Monday the gig race, for the purse offered by Mr. E. V. R. Thayer, was rowed with 5 entries, Sea Fox being first and Fortuna's gig second. The 40ft. race for the Carroll cup did not come off on account of fog, but it will be sailed off Newport after the New York cruise. The winners of the prizes for the best average on the runs have not yet been determined. On Wednesday the fleet dressed ship in the morning, after which it was formally disband by Com. Hovey. Kathleen and Medusa were at Portland on July 27 and Sea Fox at Marblehead.

XARA, Mr. Meau's 40-footer, is now fitting out at Lawleys'. Capt. Tom Sloan will race her during the season.

MONATIQUOT Y. C.—The first championship race, of July 27, was postponed to July 30, on account of rain.


GORILLA.
TOMAHAWK.
MINERVA.
MINERVA.
LIRIS.
TOMAHAWK.


NYMPH.
CHISPA.
LIRIS.
CHISPA.
GORILLA.
NYMPH.

AMERICAN Y. C. OF NEWBURYPORT, MASS.—The first championship race of the American Y. C., postponed from July 8, was sailed on July 20. At the time of starting, 2:30, it was calm, and so the start was set for 4 o'clock, when a very light air from the N.W. sprang up, continuing light throughout the race. The first class crossed the line at 4 o'clock, and the second class five minutes later. The inside, No. 2, courses were sailed by both classes:

FIRST CLASS.	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Budge, Durland and Rogers	19.00	1 56 47	1 16 59
Vexer, P. J. Lowell	19.10	1 59 12	1 20 33
Hazard, Pierce and Moody	23.02	1 58 36	1 24 25
SECOND CLASS.			
Gem, Besse and Wordwell	14.10	2 05 38	1 26 25
Cuckoo, Walter Pitchford	14.09	2 12 28	1 32 03
Maude		Did not finish.	

Distance of first class, 10 miles: second class, 8 miles.

MAHOPAC Y. C.—First pennant regatta for sloops 19 to 23ft., July 20, regular club course, sailed twice, 10 miles, weather fair, wind light, northerly:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Flora, E. S. Ponvert	2 20 27	2 19 27
Vida, David Hunt	2 22 25	2 22 25
Vixen, F. H. Patteson	2 23 35	2 23 15
Mattie, J. Luckenbach	2 25 20	2 24 00

Regatta Committee: Wm. A. Nash, A. Ammerman and J. F. Suydam.

SING SING Y. C.—On July 26 a race for class 6 and class 8 catboats was sailed over a 12m. course, in a squally S.W. wind. Aller, owned by Samstag brothers, beat Com. Ralph Brandreth's Madge by 2m. 19s. actual time, going over the course in 1:56:30. Columbia, owned by Isaac Washburn, Jr., won in the 8 class, beating the Orient, owned by Augustus Osborn, by 49s., corrected time, covering the course in 2:00:39. Pauline B., owned by James Smith, capsized off Scarborough. The judges were Col. B. Stuyvesant Gibson. Charles Gowen and Justice Pierre Reynolds.

DORCHESTER Y. C. CRUISE.—On July 22 a joint race of the Dorchester and Portland clubs was sailed off the latter place, the times being in first class: Restless, 4h. 24m. 41s.; Ianthe, 4h. 52m. 11s; Clytie, 5h. 18m. 7s.; Bohemian disabled. Distance 31m. In the second class race, Nomad, of Dorchester, won in 2h. 38m. 10s.; Ethel second, in 3h. 1m. 33s.; Willie and Idler, of Portland, were third and fourth. Rondina carried away her topmast, while Aldo and Magic also were disabled. A $50 cup for each class was given by Com. Soley. On July 26 the fleet was at Camden, Me.

LARCHMONT Y. C. OYSTER BOAT RACE.—The fifth annual oyster boat race of the Larchmont Y. C. will be sailed on Aug. 24 over the regular Captain's Island course, starting at 10 A. M. The classes are: Cabin sloops, 35ft. and over, and those under 35ft.; open sloops, 30ft. and over, and those under 30ft., and catboats. The prizes, two in each class, will be in cash. Entries free to be made in writing not later than Aug. 23 to the regatta committee at Larchmont.

AMERICAN Y. C.—The annual regatta of the American Y. C. will be sailed in September this year, over two courses, from Race Rock to a point opposite the club house at Milton Point, a distance of 80 knots, and from the club house to Stratford Shoal Light and return, 56 knots. The annual races of naphtha launches belonging to the club will probably be held next month.

FREDONIA.—Mr. J. Malcolm Forbes and party arrived at Gloucester on July 26 in the schooner Fredonia. Puritan is now fitting out at Naushon and will join the New York fleet.

RACING AT CASCO BAY.—A race will be sailed in Casco Bay on Aug. 17 for prizes offered by the Waldo Company, open to all yachts under 35ft., the course being about 11½ miles.

SULTANA.—At Handren & Robin's yard, the Erie Dry Dock, the new steel steam yacht Sultana, designed by Mr. J. Beavor Webb for Mr. Trenor L. Parke, is now in frame and partly plated.

ATLANTA.—The Pride of Bay Ridge has lately been put into commission under her new schooner rig, and is now cruising on the Maine coast.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1887-88.

Commodore: H. C. ROGERS..... } Peterborough, Can.
Secretary-Treasurer: GEO. W. HATTON }

	Vice-Com.	*Rear-Com.*	*Purser.*
Central Div.	W. R. Huntington.	E. W. Masten.....	T. H. Stryker, Rome, N. Y.
Atlantic Div.	W. P. Stephens.....	L. B. Palmer.....	F. L. Dunnell, 186 Jerolemon St., Brooklyn.
N'thern Div.	Robert Tyson.....	S. S. Robinson.....	Colin Fraser, Toronto.
Eastern Div.	H. E. Rice, M. D.....	Maxton Holmes.....	H. D Marsh, Springfield, Mass.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of $2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year. Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay $1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division.

Persons residing in any Division and wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore—C. J. Stedman, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Vice-Commodore—T. J. Kirkpatrick, Springfield, O.
Rear-Commodore—Thos. S. Gates, Columbus, O.
Secretary-Treasurer—J. B. Keogh, Chicago, Ill.

FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

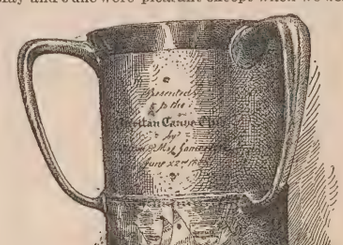
—. Pequot Meet, Thimble Islands.
7-23. A. C. A. Meet, Stave Island, St. Lawrence River.

SEPTEMBER.

2. Arlington, Annual, Arlington, N. J.
7. Brooklyn, Annual, postponed.
7. Puritan, Record Races, No. 5.
14. Ianthe, Annual, Newark.

PURITAN C. C.

SINCE last we met many things have hapnened. The months of May and June were pleasant except when we desired good



days; then it usually rained or blew a gale, causing many postponements, which have run over till September and October.

So far this season there have been three mainmasts gone by the board and seven men have taken involuntary baths.

The club has recently been presented with two cups to be raced for; one a silver cup and one a pewter mug for the second best man.

The silver cup presented by Capt. and Mrs. James W. Cartwright is to be held three years in succession before the winner owns it. The races are open to members of the club, each boat to be sailed by her owner, thus stimulating the activity of the members.

The rules governing it are as follows:

I. This cup is to be raced for at least three times each season by members of the Puritan C. C., the canoe winning the most races to hold the cup for one year, and to have its name and the owner's inscribed upon the cup.

II. The races are open to any canoe of the A and B classes, A. C. A. classification.

III. Each canoe must be sailed by her owner, and one man shall form the crew of each canoe.

IV. Mainsails, except in the case of "pin and ring" rigs, must hoist by means of a halliard.

V. No ballast may be shifted above the gunwale.

VI. No deck seat which projects beyond the beading of the gunwale, or any other appliance which illegitimately increases the beam and not the body of the canoe may be used.

VII. With the above exceptions, the racing rules of the A.C.A. will be followed in the races for this cup.

VIII. Any man holding the cup for three years in succession may keep the same as his own property.

The cup has three handles, is 8in. in height and 5in. in diameter. Mr. Jos. S. Dean, a member of the club, gives the pewter cup for a second prize, to be kept by the winner. It is hoped that these cups will have the desired effect.

Our race days have all been bad so far, and as many of the members are away for the summer the races will be sailed in the later summer.

The record races for June 16 and 17 were given up, the club attending the local meet on Peddock's Island, both of the paddling events coming to our club.

JAMES W. CARTWRIGHT, JR., Sec'y P. C. C.

THE CANOE CLUB LIST AND A. C. A. YEAR BOOK.—We have received from the Nautical Publishing Co. a neatly printed volume bound in canvas containing a complete list of all American canoe clubs, as well as foreign clubs, the total number of the former being 85. The reports as to membership are not complete, but a total of 2250 active members is given, to which must be added the associate members. A very attractive and useful feature of the book is the large collection of club flags and totems in colors, the first attempt of the kind. The editorial work was done by Mr. C. B. Vaux, editor of *Sail and Paddle*, and he has turned out a very complete and useful volume. It is proposed to make the List an annual if the support which it receives from canoeists shall prove sufficient to justify it. The price is $100 per copy.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Northern Division: Jas. MacKendrick, Galt; J. S. Wallace, Toronto; Robt. S. Barrow and C. A. Sanderson, Montreal. Central Division: Martin D. Atkins, Geneva, N. Y.; Fred. M. Barnard and Benjamin H. Beach, Rome, N. Y. Atlantic Division: Dr. W. A. Campbell, Brooklyn; Charles Philip Easton, Yonkers, N. Y.

REDUCED RATES TO THE A. C. A. MEET.—Members desirous of securing the reduced rates of fare to the A. C. A. meet must present their certificates of membership at the office where they buy their ticket, and will receive there the proper trunk line certificate. The division pursers do not supply the trunk line certificate.

BRITISH CANOE ASSOCIATION.—The third annual meet of the British Canoe Association began yesterday at Lake Windermere, continuing until Aug. 10.

BEECHAM'S PILLS cure billious and nervous ills.—*Adv.*

HUMPHREYS'
VETERINARY SPECIFICS
For Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs, AND POULTRY.
500 Page Book on Treatment of Animals and Chart Sent Free.

CURES { Fevers, Congestions, Inflammation,
A.A.—Spinal Meningitis, Milk Fever.
B.B.—Strains, Lameness, Rheumatism.
C.C.—Distemper, Nasal Discharges.
D.D.—Bots or Grubs, Worms.
E.E.—Coughs, Heaves, Pneumonia.
F.F.—Colic or Gripes, Bellyache.
G.G.—Miscarriage, Hemorrhages.
H.H.—Urinary and Kidney Diseases.
I.I.—Eruptive Diseases, Mange.
J.K.—Diseases of Digestion.

Stable Case, with Specifics, Manual, Witch Hazel Oil and Medicator, $7.00
Price, Single Bottle (over 50 doses), .60
Sold by Druggists; or Sent Prepaid anywhere and in any quantity on Receipt of Price.
Humphreys' Med. Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

Forest & Stream File Binders.
PRICE, $1.00.
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

HAVE YOU SEEN OUR NEW
Illustrated Catalogue
OF
FISHING TACKLE?
It is the most elaborate and magnificent book ever published in the Sporting Goods line. Send us 25 cents and we will forward you a copy post paid.
ABBEY & IMBRIE,
No. 18 VESEY STREET, NEW YORK.

WINCHESTER
STAR  **RIVAL**
LOADED PAPER SHOT SHELLS.
Ask your Dealer for them.
Not Sold at Retail by the Manufacturers.
WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.
312 Broadway, N. Y. NEW HAVEN, CONN.
Send for 82-page Catalogue of Arms and Ammunition.

PAINLESS EFFECTUAL
BEECHAM'S PILLS
THE GREAT ENGLISH MEDICINE — WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

For Weak Stomach—Impaired Digestion—Disordered Liver.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

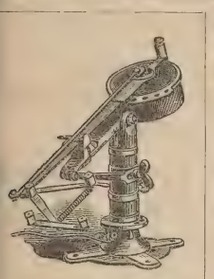
PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOX.

Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England.

B. F. ALLEN & CO., Sole Agents

FOR UNITED STATES, 365 & 367 CANAL ST., NEW YORK,

Who (if your druggist does not keep them) will mail Beecham's Pills on receipt of price—*but inquire first.* (Please mention this paper.)



New Model, 1889.

Keystone Targets & Traps

Are as good as can be had. Keystone Traps are the traps for clubs to use, as they will throw all targets. Keystone Targets are the smoothest, best made and most economical for clubs to use.

AGENTS:

J. P. LOVELL ARMS CO.,	Boston, Mass.
E. K. TRYON, JR. & CO.,	Philadelphia, Pa.
HIBBARD, SPENCER, BARTLETT & CO.,	Chicago, Ill.
E. C. MEACHAM ARMS CO.,	St. Louis, Mo.
N. D. FOLSOM & CO.,	New Haven, Conn.
H. KEIDEL & CO.,	Baltimore, Md.

Do You Shoot?

Will you write for our Catalogue, containing "Hints on Trap Shooting," by "Mallard"—How to Form a Gun Club, Constitution and By-Laws, Rules for Shooting, etc., etc., which we mail free?

THE STANDARD TARGET CO.,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Sam Lovel's Camps;

Uncle Lisha's Friends Under Bark and Canvas.

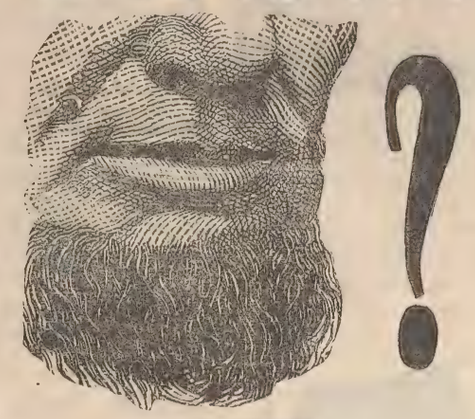
A SEQUEL TO "UNCLE LISHA'S SHOP."

By ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

The two series of papers published in FOREST AND STREAM, with added chapters. An inimitable portraying of the woods and village life of Danvis folks. Cloth, 253 pp. Price $1.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY,
318 Broadway, New York.

"WHO IS IT?"



PRIZE PUZZLE.

This is one of the Presidents of the United States who always shaved himself with the famous "Genuine Yankee Shaving Soap." Twenty-two other Presidents did the same. Where is the bright boy or girl who can tell which one this is?

WHOEVER—old or young—will send in the right name and enclose five 2-cent stamps for packing, postage, etc., shall receive from us, as a prize, a full-sized cake of this famous "YANKEE SHAVING SOAP," packed in a neat case, FREE, postage paid.

A splendid present to give to your father, brother, or any one who shaves. Address,

The J. B. WILLIAMS CO.,
GLASTONBURY, CT.

"WHO IS IT?"

THE AMERICAN SHOOTING ASSOCIATION'S {Limited}

Second Tournament at Beacon Park, Boston, Mass., Aug. 13, 14 and 15.

$1,700 IN GUARANTEED PURSES.

Grand team shoot, West vs. East. Western team: Ed. Taylor, Capt.; Al Bandle, J. R. Stice, C. W. Budd, Rollo O. Heikes. Eastern team: H. McMurchy, Capt.; H. W. Eages, O. R. Dickey, W. E. Perry, H. B. Whitney.

All shooters must qualify by filling out classification blanks and sending them to New York office, receiving a card in return. As over two hundred shooters have signified their intention to be present, thirty traps will be used. Programmes and classification blanks mailed on application. Address

J. M. TAYLOR, Manager, Room 184, Stewart Building, New York City.

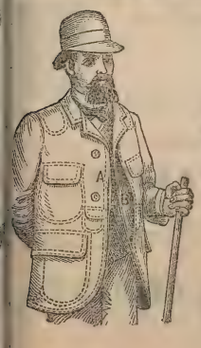
NOTICE TO FISHERMEN. CUT PRICES.

HERE I AM AGAIN AS USUAL, CUTTING THE PRICES OF FISHING TACKLE. IT WILL PAY YOU TO BUY YOUR TACKLE IN BROOKLYN.

RICE.		PRICE.
2.75	For Split Bamboo Salt-Water Bass Rod, 6 strip, 2 joints, 8ft., 20oz., Solid Reel Seat, Nickel Trimmings, Double Guides, Silk Wound Black Beaded Handle	$2.75
3.32	For Split Bamboo Black Bass Rod, 8½ft., 3 joints, 10 or 12oz., Solid Reel Seat, Nickel Trimmings, Raised Tie Guides, Extra Tip, Silk Wound, Wood Form	3.32
3.32	For Trout or Black Bass Fly Rod, same finish as above, 10½ft., 7 to 9oz., complete in wood form	3.32
.90	For Ash and Lancewood Weakfish or Striped Bass Rod, Hollow Butt, Extra Tip, Swelled Ferrules	.90
1.50	For Fine No. 00 Brass Multiplying Reel, Balance Handle, Screw Oil Cup, holds 600ft. 18-thread Linen Line, diameter 3¾in. Also Nos. 0, 1, 2, 3, same price. See catalogue	1.50
3.75	For Hard Rubber and Nickel Multiplying Reel, with Drag, Raised Pillars, holds 600ft. 15-thread Linen Line	3.75

looks. Down go the prices. My best quality all kinds snelled on single gut, 10cts. per doz.; double, 15cts.; treble, 20cts.; in ½ doz. packages. Leaders: Treble gut Weakfish and Striped Bass Leaders, three length, 5cts.; four length, 7cts., five length, 9cts.; all best quality. Reel Lines on Blocks of 300ft., 9 thread, 38cts.; 12 thread, 43cts.; 15 thread, 46cts.; 18 thread, 53cts. 300ft. Braided Linen Reel Lines on Blocks, 41cts. Broken lots of Hooks from best manufacture, all kinds and sizes, 2cts. per dozen. SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

pen Evenings. J. F. MARSTERS, 51, 53 & 55 Court St., Brooklyn, N. Y.



UPTHEGROVE & McLELLAN,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Shooting and Fishing Suits

AND CLOTHING FOR

CIVIL ENGINEERS, RANCHMEN, LUMBERMEN, MINERS, ETC.

Write for our new combined Catalogue with samples of Imported

Corduroys, Moleskin, Mackintosh, Canvas and Flannels.

SEE OUR NEW SHADES OF ENGLISH CORDUROY.

Address UP. & MC., Valparaiso, Indiana.

Yachting Goods.

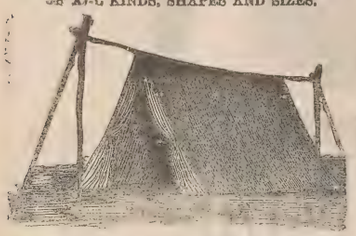
LAUNCHES AND PLEASURE BOATS.



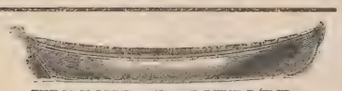
STEAM YACHTS, 10 to 50ft. in length. RACINE AUTOMATIC MARINE ENGINES AND BOILERS, OIL FUEL. Owner his own engineer. Celebrated Racine Row Boats and Canoes. Hunting and Fishing Boats a specialty, $20 and upwards. Send stamps for separate catalogue, specifying line of goods desired.

THOMAS KANE & CO.,
137 & 139 Wabash Avenue Chicago, Ill

SPORTSMAN'S
Camping or Fishing Tents
OF ALL KINDS, SHAPES AND SIZES.



Yacht and Canoe Sails of most approved styles Also awnings for store fronts, windows, yacht boats etc. New style of Canoe Tents made at low figures Flags, Burgees and covers of all kinds. Camp Stoves, Camp Chairs, Sacking Bottoms, Hammocks all kinds of Fancy Tents, and in fact anything made from canvas when an intelligent description is given of what may be needed. My beautifully illustrated circular now ready. Send stamp for price list. Address S. HEMMENWAY, 60 South st., N. Y. City.



HIGGINS & GIFFORD,
GLOUCESTER, MASS.

Manufacture to order Yachts, Rowboats, Yawls Excelsior Life Boats and Seine Boats. Two medals awarded at the London Exhibition. 1,000 boats built the last thirteen years.
Send for New Catalogue for 1887.

WARD'S
Marine Boiler Works,
Charleston, Kanawha, W. Va.

"Best boiler for yachts."—J. A. Bostwick, N.Y. "The only boiler giving satisfaction."—E. S. Stokes, N. Y. "Increased our speed at least two miles."—Painter Bros., Pittsburgh. "Has given the best possible results."—Capt. Tozier, U.S.R.M.

A. WILSON,
Sail Maker,
No. 416 ATLANTIC AVE., BOSTON, MASS.
Yacht Sails and Flags a Specialty.

SMALL YACHTS.
Their Design and Construction, Exemplified by the Ruling Types of Modern Practice. With Numerous Plates and Illustrations.
—BY—
C. P. KUNHARDT.
Cloth, 370 pages of type and illustrations, and 71 plates. Size of page, 14½×12½. Price $7.00.
FOR SALE BY THE
FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

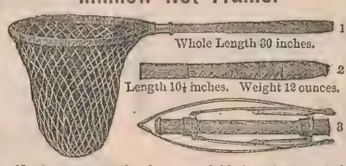
CANOE AND BOAT BUILDING FOR AMATEURS.
Fourth edition, 264 pages 52 plates. Price $2.
Forest and Stream Publishing Co.
NEW YORK N. Y.
LONDON: DAVIES & CO., 1 Finch Lane.

SPORTSMEN SMOKERS
SHOULD ALL SMOKE OUR CELEBRATED



Hand-Made Havana Cigars.
MADE IN TWO STYLES AND SIZES.
LONDRES PERFECTO, 5in. long @ $7.00 per 100
CONCHAS ESPECIALS, 4½in. @ 6.00 "
The favorite cigar of Rod and Gun Clubs generally. These cigars are made of the choicest tobaccos grown, and selected with the greatest care. They cannot fail to suit the taste of all lovers of the fragrant weed. Each cigar has the brand impressed on it, and every box has a label, facsimile of the title of the popular journal, and our firm's signature, without which none are genuine. We are the only authorized manufacturers of the above brand, and to insure the smoker of the genuine we would ask you to send us your orders direct. We will deliver, free of express charges, either size, on receipt of price.
A. W. FOOTE & CO., Sole Manufacturers,
125 Maiden Lane, New York.

DODGE'S PATENT
Collapsing, Folding, Landing and Minnow Net Frame.



No. 1 represents the frame unfolded and expanded, ready for use. Can be unfolded and expanded with the net on the ring (in 30 seconds) by the same motion that is used to open an umbrella. The ring is 12in. in diameter, made of steel, round and strong where it joins the staff, and narrow and light at the outer side. The other working parts are made of brass, nickel plated. Nos. 2 and 3 represent the frame collapsed and folded, staff unjointed ready to pack. Can be carried in tackle box, trout basket, grip sack or pocket.
PRICE COMPLETE, $4.00.
J. N. DODGE, 278 Division St., Detroit, Mich

LOG CABINS
AND
HOW TO BUILD THEM.
BY WILLIAM S. WICKS.
This is a complete exposition of the art and method of building log cabins from the simplest dog kennel to highly artistic dwellings. Everyone going into the woods and designing to construct his shelter with the materials at hand, should procure "Log Cabins," for in its pages he will find a variety of designs, simple and ornate, adapted to temporary shelter or to permanent homes, with full and clear instruction and illustration in every matter of detail. Sent, post free, for $1.50.
FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.,
318 Broadway, New York.

Ligowsky C. P. No. 3
The only target having the patent
INTURNED EDGE.



2,000 shots out of each 1,000 targets on account of non-breakage in shipping, trapping and falling upon ground. The only target made with the INTURNED EDGE, producing the surest breaker when hit, and surest non-breaker when not hit. Our traps are sold for the sole purpose of shooting our targets.

PITCH YOUR TENT



on the Mountain, by the Lake or Stream, and have an enjoyable and economical vacation.
Send 15 cts. for large Illustrated Catalogue of Tents and Sportsman's Goods; also, "How to Camp, Where to go," etc.
E. C. COOK & BRO.,
40 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

No Chemicals.



W. BAKER & CO.'S
Breakfast Cocoa
Is Absolutely Pure,
and it is Soluble.
To increase the solubility of the powdered cocoa, various expedients are employed, most of them being based upon the action of some alkali, potash, soda or even ammonia. Cocoa which has been prepared by one of these chemical processes, can usually be recognized at once by the distinct alkaline reaction of the infusion in water.
W. Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa
is manufactured from the first stage to the last by perfect mechanical processes, **no chemical being used in its preparation.** By one of the most ingenious of these mechanical processes the greatest degree of fineness is secured without the sacrifice of the attractive and beautiful red color which is characteristic of an absolutely pure and natural cocoa.
W. Baker & Co., Dorchester, Mass.

GURDON TRUMBULL'S
Names and Portraits of Birds
Which Interest Gunners; with descriptions in language understanded of the people.
Practically speaking, this is the first popular volume of ornithology ever issued from the press; a work which goes far to demonstrate that scientific accuracy may be as easily maintained in English as in Greek or Latin. Follows the game birds all over the continent and gives a glossary of all the local names in popular use. Illustrated with admirable portraits from the pencil of Mr. Edwin Shepard of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, which, with the clear descriptions in the text, will enable any man who can read to identify the contents of his game bag.
OPINIONS OF THE PRESS:
It is the first, so far as we know, [illegible] of books of which the need is felt in every department of natural history.—*Troy Press.*
The book should find its way to a choice place in every sportsman's library.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*
I would much rather know what this book tells me, the various names by which the people call a bird, than the Latin, Greek or Hebrew name which science gave him for the sake of cataloguing him. * * * It is more value to me to have a description of a bird in plain English which I understand than in scientific language which I do not understand.—*W., in Journal of Commerce.*
SOLD BY
Forest and Stream Publishing Co.
PRICE, $2.50

THE SURPRISE CART



For SPORTSMAN'S USE. Besides our regular cart for Road Speeding and Track Purposes, we manufacture the only cart especially adapted for hunters' use, having gun holder, ammunition box, etc. Send direct to the manufacturers for wholesale prices and circulars.
WINANS, PRATT & CO. 69 Pitcher Street. KALAMAZOO, MICH.

HILL ON THE DOG.
THE STANDARD WORK ON THEIR
MANAGEMENT AND DISEASES.
Price $2.00.
FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.
318 Broadway, New York.

Increasing Sales Attest the Popularity of THE GENTLEMEN'S CIGARETTE.
SPECIAL FAVOURS
Manufactured only by
KINNEY BROS.
(KINNEY TOBACCO CO. Successors). Also manufacturers of the Old Reliable
SWEET CAPORAL.



HUTCHINSON'S GLOVES
ARE THE BEST MADE
For driving or street wear. Made with care from selected stock and warranted. Those wishing serviceable gloves and to learn how to get them and save money, send stamp to the manufacturer for his book about gloves.
Established 1862.
JOHN C. HUTCHINSON, Johnstown, N. Y.

The Diseases of Horses
Their Pathology, Diagnosis and Treatment. To which is added a complete dictionary of equine materia medica. By HUGH DALZIEL
A very complete, concise and intelligible treatise, conveniently arranged. Every horse owner should have such a book. Paper, 102 pages. 75c
FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.
318 Broadway New York.

For Sale.
PARK FOR RENT
A Tract Containing Over 10,000 Acres.
Situated in the northern part of Center Co., Pa. with over twenty miles of fine trout stream about twenty miles of frontage on the west branch of the Susquehanna River. Well wooded and naturally stocked with pheasant, bass, trout, deer, bear, etc. Will be leased for a term of years at a low rental, to a gunning or fishing club which will protect the property from fire and trespass. Convenient to Philadelphia and Erie and Beech Creek Railroads. For further information apply to
GEORGE R. BOAK, Pine Glen, Center Co., Pa.
GEO. E. KIRKPATRICK, 19 S. 12th st., Phila.

TROUT STREAM.
For Sale—1000 acres of land within four miles of the city of Cheboygan, Mich., on which there is five miles of the best stocked trout stream in Michigan; hatching house, two dwellings, house, barn, stables, etc., which cost over $300 and forty acres of cleared land, all for $10,000 $8000 in cash, balance in five or eight years at per cent. Ill health is the owner's only reason for selling. Apply to WM. ELLIOT, Box 20 Cheboygan, Mich. may16,3mo



Chester White, Berkshire and Poland China Pigs fine setter dogs, Scotch Collies, Foxhounds and Beagles, Sheep and Poultry bred and for sale by W. GIBBONS & CO., West Chester, Chester Co., Pa. Send stamp for circular and price list.

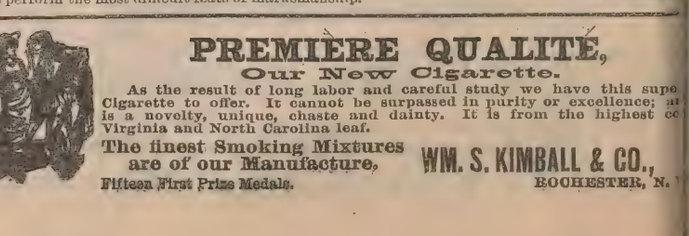
LIVE WHITE HARES (*Lepus Americanus*) captured and properly boxed and delivered to express in Bethel, Me., in good condition on receipt of orders and remittances at $3 per pair. Refer to Hon. H. O. Stanley, Dixfield, Me., Fish and Game Commissioner. J. G. RICH, Bethel, Me. dec16,tf

LIVE QUAIL.—SEASON CLOSED. Re-open Sept. 1. Send orders early. Other specialties, live deer and English pheasants. Also English partridge and pheasant eggs.
E. B. WOODWARD, Commission Merchant, 174 Chambers street, New York.

LIVE BUCK FOR SALE, ABOUT 1 YEAR old; very fine specimen. Address W. SUTHERLAND, Petersburg, Va. It

WILD RICE.—THE GREATEST WILD fowl food. Send your orders now for fresh seed. R. VALENTINE, Janesville, Wis. aul,

J. Stevens Arms and Tool Co
P. O. Box 4100, Chicopee Falls, Mass.
Send for our large 52-page Illustrated Catalogue.



MANUFACTURERS OF THE
STEVENS PATENT
Breech-Loading, Sporting and Hunter's Pet Rifles,
Single and Double Shot Guns, Pocket Rifles.
The Best Scores on Record in America, from 10 to 50 yards, have been made with the Stevens Pistol.
STEVENS TARGET PISTOL.
Known throughout the world as possessing unsurpassed accuracy, perfect of form and finish. The professional shots all unhesitatingly select the Stevens Pistols to perform the most difficult feats of marksmanship.



PREMIERE QUALITE,
Our New Cigarette.
As the result of long labor and careful study we have this superb Cigarette to offer. It cannot be surpassed in purity or excellence; it is a novelty, unique, chaste and dainty. It is from the highest colored Virginia and North Carolina leaf.
The finest Smoking Mixtures are of our Manufacture.
Fifteen First Prize Medals.
WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 8, 1889.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 3. No 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Only advertisements of an approved character inserted. Inside pages, nonpareil type, 30 cents per line. Special rates for three, six, and twelve months. Seven words to the line, twelve lines to one inch. Advertisements should be sent in by Saturday previous to issue in which they are to be inserted. Transient advertisements must invariably be accompanied by the money or they will not be inserted. Reading notices $1.00 per line.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

May begin at any time. Subscription price, $4 per year; $2 for six months; to a club of three annual subscribers, three copies for $11; five copies for $16. Remit by express money-order, registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canadas and Great Britain. For sale by Davies & Co., No. 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London. General subscription agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Davies & Co., Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searles and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London, Eng. Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France, sole Paris agent for sales and subscriptions. Foreign subscription price, $6 per year; $2.50 for six months.

Address all communications

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

No. 318 BROADWAY. NEW YORK CITY.

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL.
Death of "Seneca."
Camp Pests.
Snap Shots.
THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST.
Camps of the Kingfishers.—IV.
NATURAL HISTORY.
Nest Building of the Sunfish.
Fauna of the Yukon District.
GAME BAG AND GUN.
Pattern and Penetration.
Notes on the Woodcock.
Small-Caliber Rifles.
Recess-Bored Shotguns.
How to Trap Otters.
Iowa Game Notes.
Tennessee Game Law.
CAMP-FIRE FLICKERINGS.
SEA AND RIVER FISHING.
Camping on the Susquehanna.
As Touching Walton.
American Clubs in Canada.
Trout and Leeches.
Changes of Color in Fishes.
Vancouver Island Fish and Fishing.
An Off Day on the Boardman.
Chicago and the West.
Rhode Island Bass.
Fly-fishing for Steelhead Salmon.
FISHCULTURE.
Fishculture in New Hampshire.
THE KENNEL.
Boston's Vagrant Dogs.
Diseases of the Digestive Organs.—II.
The Cropping Question.
Elmira Dog Show.
Toledo Dog Show.
Toronto Dog Show.
Dog Talk.
Kennel Notes.
Kennel Management.
RIFLE AND TRAP SHOOTING.
Range and Gallery.
Our Team Abroad.
New Jersey's Big Shoot.
The Trap.
St. Catharines Tournament.
YACHTING
The Forty-Foot Class.
Quaker City Corinthian Race.
Racing Notes.
CANOEING.
W. C. A. Meet.
Proposed Changes in A. C. A. Rules.
The A. C. A. Meet.
Lake St. Louis Regatta.
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

DEATH OF "SENECA."

HENRY H. SOULÉ, whose pen name of "Seneca" has long been known to readers of the FOREST AND STREAM, died at his home in Syracuse, N. Y., last Tuesday evening, Aug. 6. His age was thirty-five.

Mr Soulé was a journalist of decided versatility; for several years and up to the time of his death he was the managing editor of *Freund's Music and Drama*, of this city; and he was a constant contributor to the dailies of New York and Washington. Many bright things came from his pen, but there were no subjects of which he wrote with more ready sympathy than of the pursuits of the field. To these pleasures he had been devoted from boyhood. Deprived of the use of one of his legs, and compelled to go on crutches, he nevertheless, with a sturdy pluck which commanded the admiration of his friends, overcame this seeming obstacle to participation in outdoor life, and proved himself an adept in shooting, fishing, and of later years canoe and small-boat cruising.

The same high spirit and cheerful resolution which thus triumphed over physical disability also prompted "Seneca" to make the most of his opportunities, so that while busily engaged in newspaper work in New York he found time to make himself familiar with all the cruising waters, fishing resorts and camping sites in the vicinity. He had a penchant for exploring hidden nooks, and penetrating into out of the way places; he found out the by-ways. From these solitary excursions he brought back fresh knowledge of natural history, and often, too, quaint studies of human nature there encountered. The marsh folk, the trapper, the pot hunter, the fisherman, all the queer characters who haunt the borders of civilization, waifs and strays of humanity left behind in the eddies and on the shoals, these were picturesque subjects of study whose interest for him never failed.

"Seneca" had many characteristics of that type of sportsmen of whom "Nessmuk" is a familiar example. His taste for nature was pure and simple. He loved the forests, and the streams, and the marshes, and the lakes, for themselves. With a crowd in camp he had no patience; in canoe racing he could find no pleasure; but the charms of single-handed expeditions in canoe or sneakboat and the witchery of the solitary camp-fire on the shore lured him for days and weeks.

Some years ago he collected in book form and published under the title of "Canoe and Camp Cookery" the culinary lore he had acquired in these outings. Within the last few months our Sea and River Fishing columns have contained papers from his pen descriptive of the fishing resorts in the vicinity of New York. A comprehensive book of hints and recipes for sportsmen was in preparation and nearly completed before his last illness.

Always a bright and cheery companion and a true friend, Henry H. Soulé will be widely and sincerely mourned.

SOME CAMP PESTS.

WE hear so much of the delights of life in camp that those whose experience is limited are somewhat given to imagine that camping is all sunshine, and that not even a summer cloud rises above the horizon, to lower the spirits of the woodsman by the prospects of a shower. Old hands, however, those who measure the time that they have spent in camp by years, and not by days or weeks, know that this impression is an erroneous one, and that there is no place where a man can be so utterly wretched as in camp. That the past is always looked at through rose-colored spectacles is due merely to the well known fact that memory always brings out in strong relief that which is pleasant, while sad and painful recollections soon fade from the mind. And it is well that this should be so, for were men to recall the trials, disappointments and misfortunes of life as vividly as they do their past pleasures, successes and triumphs, one of Mr. Mallock's queries would certainly be answered by most people in the negative. But we forget in part all that is disagreeable, or if we remember it, do so with pleasure, and in our present happier circumstances laugh at past miseries.

Of the torture caused by mosquitoes, blackflies and fleas; or the pronounced and sincere dejection caused by traveling day after day through the rain, it is not worth while to speak at length, for almost every one who has lived in camp at all has been through these dismal experiences. The sorrows of the insect-bitten wretch who annoints himself with evil-smelling compounds in the hope of thus escaping the attacks of his enemies, and of the scarcely less unhappy mortal who for days is drenched with rain, for nights has to sleep in wet blankets, and whose food during all this time is cold, soggy and unattractive, have often been recited.

There are a number of camp annoyances, however, which are not often experienced except by one whose outdoor life has extended over a good deal of time, and who has taken the rough with the smooth in many places. One of these, and an extremely annoying one, especially in autumn, is the plague of flies. These pests make themselves felt all through the summer, but they are especially annoying in the early autumn. They then become veritable pests, spoiling one's meat, getting into dishes and food, both cooked and uncooked. But perhaps the most aggravating thing that these wretches do is at the approach of sundown to collect inside the tent and cluster in a thick black mass along the ridge pole. Then as the night advances and it becomes colder, one by one they lose their foothold and drop down on to the faces of the individuals who are trying to go to sleep on the ground below. It is really very annoying to be roused just as you are stretching out your limbs before dropping off to sleep by having a fly strike you on the face and remain there. You shake it off, not exactly knowing what it is, and then presently one drops on the blanket just below your face, and then you feel your next door neighbor start as one hits him. By this time you have realized what the trouble is, and are in doubt as to whether you had better get up and scrape all the flies down from the tent or shall simply cover up your head with the blanket and let them drop. In the former case you will be shivering with cold before you have accomplished your task; in the latter you will be likely to be kept awake half the night by the flies, which, revived by the warmth of your body, will make little exploring tours under the blankets and will try to lodge themselves between your clothing and your skin or to get into any other good warm place. The best thing to do with meat when flies are troublesome is to raise it on a pole as high above the ground as may be convenient. On the top of a pole from 25 to 30ft. in height flies will seldom find meat, and it is practically secure from their attacks.

The industrious ant too often proves himself a nuisance to the camper who remains long in one spot, for unless precautions are taken this small beast is likely to introduce himself into all the receptacles in which provisions are kept. This, however, is a small matter, for the intruders can be removed from such places without difficulty. But when they swarm upon your blankets, either because you have made your camp too close to their nest or have incautiously dropped some fragments of food in or near the tent, it is a difficult matter. It is an unquestioned fact that ants make very undesirable bedfellows, and we have seen a sad-eyed lot of campers fairly driven from their tent by the insects, and obliged to spread their blankets, as best they could, at a distance from the canvas where they had originally sought repose.

We have spent many a month in camp with an enthusiastic ornithologist, and when at night he would come into the tent and spread out before us the treasures that he had collected during the day, we have shared his delight and his enthusiasm. It has more than once happened, however, when we were lying in camp for several days, that some of his specimens had been overlooked and had slipped behind some article in the tent. Then, after it has lain there for a day or two, the burying beetles begin to assemble. Where they come from it would be hard to say. The first intimation of their presence is given by one of them sneaking to cover when the fold of the blanket under which he has been concealed is turned down. If he be found by an old hand, much profanity follows and a thorough clearing out of the tent. As soon as the decaying specimen is removed, the trouble ceases. The beetles having been expelled do not return. While they are with us, however, they are very disgusting.

SNAP SHOTS.

IN the current discussion of the Behring Sea seal fishery question, many curious notions come to the surface. Here is the Washington correspondent of the New York *Herald* gravely asserting that the State Department is disposed to adopt the theory that British captains must keep their hands off because the seals breeding in America's territory are "American property," no matter where found. As set forth by the correspondent the contention is this: "The seals have a habitation and breeding ground in-shore and absolutely within the jurisdiction of the United States. Our government could well maintain that they did not lose their character as the property of the United States by venturing into the high seas." As a matter of fact seals are *ferœ naturæ*; if they leave American territory and take to the high seas we have no more control than the Canadians have over wild geese which breed in Canada and are killed in North Carolina. Protection of the seals from water-killing in Behring Sea is of the highest importance, but it will never be attained by any such violation of first principles as is this notion of "American property" in them.

The formidable list of fifty-nine exempt counties named in the Tennessee game law might give the impression that the law must be restricted and local; but the State has ninety-six counties, and there still remains wide scope for the law's application. Tennessee's neighbor, Georgia, has no general State law, but each county is the subject of special legislation. It is a large State, and its climate is diversified. In the north and west end are the mountain ranges, where it is cold; in the east and south the coast line and Florida borders. To the south, for instance, the open season on quail and summer duck is a month earlier than at Augusta.

The communication from "Podgers" may be accepted as fairly representing the sentiment of American holders of Canadian fishing leases. The feeling against the system is by no means universal; and we hear of one club, now made up of Canadians, which is ready to enlarge its membership by admitting Americans. This is the Laurentides Club, which holds some very fine trout lakes within a few hours of Quebec by rail and controls a tract where there is good bear and caribou hunting.

The Sportsman Tourist.

CAMPS OF THE KINGFISHERS.—IV.

ECHO LAKE, ONTARIO, CANADA.

OLD SAM and I went on our way down the shore, so intent in admiring the bold rocky hills on the further side, whose scarred and ragged fronts rose skyward to a height of 200 and 300ft. above the lake, that I doubt if anything less than a 40lb. maskinonje would have awakened us to a realizing sense of our whereabouts or our mission, which was to hunt up the fishy-looking places and get some fish for the camp.

The shore along which we were now pulling was fronted by a wall of rough, very black rock that rose straight out of the water to a height of ten or twelve feet and extended back to the foot of the sloping hill twenty or thirty rods away, the intervening spaces covered with a growth of small trees and bushes with here and there a cluster of luscious red raspberries peeping and laughing at us from the top of the bank, because, we had a notion, we could not climb the rocky wall to get at them. A few rods further along, the wall terminated in a bold point of black, bare rock, from whence the shore swept in a deep curve around to the left to the very foot of the wooded hill, forming a quiet little bay backed by a cedar swamp and lined in front with a heavy fringe of dark green bulrushes that followed the shore line as far as we could see down the lake.

A pickerel fisher would have followed the rushes around the bay, tolerably sure of picking up a few long-snouts, but we were after better game, and kept straight on down the lake to a small island, a quarter of a mile below, that reared its rocky front lakeward fifteen or twenty feet above the water. Landing at the upper end we wedged the boat in a fissure of the rock which was here nearly on a level with the waterline, and got out to stretch our cramped legs and have a look at this little beauty spot, the only island in Echo Lake. The side facing the mainland on the southerly side was low and flat, two or three feet above the water for half the length of the island, and except at the upper end and the high bare rock looking out on the lake, covered with a thin soil that supported a growth of good-sized bushes, a few young birches, patches of soft gray moss and a few scattering, stunted huckleberry bushes from which we picked just enough berries to whet our appetites for more. Two or three fair-sized pines standing guard at the extreme lower end, one dead and grim, their roots laced and intertwined in the crevices of the rock in curious shapes and contortions, completed the pleasant picture, and the half hour or more we spent in poking around the little rocky islet, picking huckleberries, peering into cracks and crannies and writing our names with a chip of sharp stone in half a score of places on the smooth, weather-worn rock—as any other pair of schoolboys might have done—was duly chronicled in old Sam's mental note-book as "one o' the pleasant episodes o' the trip." A few yards from the boat we found "sign" that a camper had been there at some time; it was a well-flattened bed of old hay sheltered from the sun and night dews by an overhanging clump of bushes, a mildewed, dilapidated old shoe, a fragment of a decayed old sock—"evidently a one-legged man," old Sam said, "or he would have left the other shoe and sock"—a few strips of birch bark, curled and crinkled and warped by the hot sun, and the remains of what had been a very small fire. We looked in vain for an old tin can lying around, and Sam figured it out that the camper "must hev been a one-legged Injun."

At last we climbed, with some "slip backs," up the side of the rock to the top, where, looking out on the lake we got a glorious view from near the camp clear around down to the Ruttle farm and back up the other shore, less than an eighth of a mile away, to the rocky point above, and a good view at a glance of the whole island. It was not more than 50 or 60yds. long by nearly half as wide, irregular in shape and almost a solid rock, seemingly upheaved by some convulsion of nature from the depths below. Beneath us a rough rocky bottom sloped away a few yards and was lost in the blackness that denoted deep water; how deep we could only conjecture, as we were too lazy to fasten a stone to one of our fish lines and sound for bottom.

All around the lower end and along the side next the shore was a belt of grass and rushes; and we got back in the boat to try for a bass or two; but after fishing carefully around it twice without a nibble we agreed that it was wrongly named, Ruttle having told us it was called Fish Island on account of the great fishing to be had around it at certain times in the season. As this did not seem to be one of the "certain times," and it was too late in the day to go on down to the foot of the lake, we pulled across to a low rocky point less than a mile away, from which the low densely wooded land stretched a half mile or so to the foot of the high hills.

The shore front along here was almost solid rock, in places rising straight up from the water, but for the greater part sloping abruptly down from heights of 3 to 10 and 15ft. In many places we noticed little sharp wavy ridges ½in. to 1in. high and 2in. to 6in. apart, running laterally with the shore, that looked like a black corrugated roof put on the wrong way, but old Sam expressed it more clearly, perhaps, when he said "it looked like some feller had been pourin' hot pitch on the slopin' rock an' the little waves had cooled before they reached the water." Our education bearing on geological formations in general having been somewhat neglected in our youth, "Snakeroot's" way of settling the origin of the little sharp ridges was "good enough for the Joneses," and we kept on our way around the shore into a wide bay, reaching deep into the woods on the left, which we found to be comparatively shallow, 8 to 20ft. deep, and well grown up with "mus'rat" grass, bulrushes and patches of great "bush weeds," so familiar to us in some of the lakes of northern Michigan. As we passed one of these 50 or 60ft. in shore Sam stood up and cast his frog within a yard of it, and had hardly resumed his seat, when he was up again with "got another bite at last, b'gosh!" and by the time the skipper had reeled up and taken the oars in hand again he struck the fish; and after a fierce surge that sorely tried the temper of his rod, a handsome specimen of the tribe of *Esox* shot fully six feet in the air and fell back with a loud splash that made our hearts stand still till the line tightened again. "Another confounded pickerel," said Sam, as he swung his rod around to the left with a hard pull to keep his lordship away from the bush weeds, for once he should get a turn around one of these angler's abominations it would be certainly good-bye to Sam, with a part of his line besides.

"Maskinonje, Sammy, as sure as you're a sinner," said the skipper, "didn't you note the markings on his side while he was in the air."

"Pickerel all the same," insisted Sam, and the fight went on. The fish started toward the boat, but two or three quick strokes on the oars shot us up lake into a trifle deeper water, clear of rushes, the line slipping out from under Sam's thumb with sufficient pressure on to keep a taut line.

Suddenly the fish took a wide sheer to starboard, and before Sam could "pull himself together" was stuck fast in a patch of grass near the bottom, but we could tell he was still on by the twitching of the rod tip. "Well, if that aint the beatinest fish ever I hung; wants to dig a hole in the bottom of the lake with his snoot, I reckon," said Sam, as he held his rod well up with one hand and scooped the sweat from his forehead with the other, the skipper meanwhile holding the boat steady in place and waiting for the fish to "saw loose" or break hook or line and go his ways. But it was a trusty little thread of braided silk, and after a minute or two of intense waiting, long, narrow blades of grass, cut by the line, began to come to the surface till the water was covered with it for a yard or more.

All at once the line slackened, the rod flew up; and Sam came near losing his "equibilerum" and going overboard. "Great Scott! he's gone and done it," from Sam, in a tone that moved the skipper to tears—of hilarity, and in the same breath, "Hooray! there he goes again," as the line tightened and the rod bent to its work once more. Ten minutes more of hard, stubborn fight in open water, where "the odds were even," and *Esox* came to the top of the water with dorsal out in token of surrender, and was led alongside, as Sam said, "pullin' sideways like a hog goin' to war," where the skipper jerked the gaff in him just "abaft his fo'castle" and lifted him in the boat. "A sure enough maskalonge after all," said Sam, as he kneeled and pushed a stringer needle through the lower jaw and knotted the other end of the cord firmly to make sure of his captive, and then he was hooked on the pocket scale and held up with another "hooray!" when he registered just 7½lbs. "A mighty small fish to cut sich a big swath in tall grass," remarked Old Kentuck, swinging his prize over the side of the boat and tying him securely to the seat rail.

The taking of this youngster was highly gratifying, for it was a sign that more of his tribe might be found lurking in the rushes and bush weeds around the lake; mayhap his ancesters were yet living, hale and hearty pioneers, who could claim the waters by preëmption.

During the excitement of the past few minutes the skipper's frog had been allowed to hang unheeded in the water, and now, aided by the sinker and the easy working of the reel, was quietly reposing on the bottom a dozen yards away, stiff and dead from over-exertion in trying to get to the surface for a breath of fresh air. On reeling up to make a cast, and when the frog was just at the top of the water, a fish that looked as long as Sam's maskinonje came with a rush from the depths below, seized it with wide open jaws, and with a flirt of his tail that made the water fly, turned and went out of sight in the direction of the rushes, leaving us so astonished at his open-faced impudence that 20 or 30ft. of line had run slowly off the reel before we realized that the skipper had at last got a run; the first of the day and the season.

With a trifle of nervousness, being somewhat out of practice, the fish was struck, and the old rod that had done yeoman service in many similar encounters showed up its good qualities in a way that made old Sam's eyes snap, coupled with a few mild suggestions from him as to how a "beginner" should hold his rod, handle his fish, keep his head "flat" and cool (with the blazing sun slanting in his face with a fervency that made his mustache curl), etc.: all of which was lost on the skipper, who was "busy as a dog in a yaller jacket's nest," trying with might and main and rod to keep the fish away from a small forest of great bush weeds rearing their tops near the surface off to the right, which had escaped our notice.

The fight was short and desperate, and in four or five minutes the fish was pulled alongside within reach of the gaff; but as Sam raised it to give him a paralyzer the fish went under the boat with a dash which sent a shower of water in his face. We had been looking for a move of this kind, and when he went under the boat the rod was whipped around the bow, the tip a couple of feet under water to clear the line, the fish going at a pace that soon had the old rod on its good behavior again.

After a stubborn rush of 20 or 25yds., the rod prevailed on him to stop and take a rest and he was coaxed back to within a few feet of the boat, when old Sam with a grunt of satisfaction dealt him a whack just back of the eyes with the gaff handle that set his fins to quivering; and reversing it, lifted him in the boat with, "There! consarn yer ugly picter, I guess ye won't throw water in my face agin, ye sneakin' varmint."

He was a "sure enough pickerel" and weighed less than 6lbs. by the mental process, as we did not think him of enough account to hang on the scale. We took four more of these Canada pike in a quarter of a mile of fishing along up the shore of the bay, and then, as the sun had dropped out of sight behind the mountain, it was time to start for camp if we were to make it before dark.

We had hoped to get another maskinonje or a few bass, but it was not to be; and we reeled up and laid the rods in the boat, content with our measure of success, but trusting to find them in better biting mood another day.

A mile further up we got out on a great flat, partly submerged stone, lying in the water some few feet from the rocky shore, to get the "hump" out of our backs and straighten with sundry jerks and kicks our cramped and stiffened legs. Before us, the base a few rods from the water, rose a cliff of bare, ragged rock 300ft. above the lake, the sloping space between covered loose broken rocks, from the size of a cobble stone up to great masses weighing hundreds of tons, that had been loosened by time and the elements from the giant wall frowning in grim, silent grandeur above us, the rock on which we stood having evidently once been a part of the cliff that had fallen from above and rolled down the slope to find a resting place at last in the waters of the lake. After resting a while and puzzling our brains over this weather stained, inscrutable page of the Great Author's manuscript spread before us, we turned to have a look at the water round about, and the prospect looked so inviting for sport that old Sam was moved to hook on a frog and feel of the water for a bass.

The rocky bottom, free of rush or grass as far as we could see, looked as though it might be the abiding place of some of the early settlers of the *Micropterus* family, but a half dozen casts by old Sam in as many different directions failing to get a response, we got back in the boat and took our way along shore up lake to camp.

Another mile, as we guessed it, took us around a rocky wooded point and in sight of the little warehouse a matter of a half mile away, but it looked so unlike the usual camp of the Kingfishers that Sam "reckoned we uru t be lost, strayed or on the wrong trail." But there was the "old flag," the ever glorious Stars and Stripes 30ft. above the outer end of the little dock, flapping lazily in the light breeze that was too feeble to blow it clear of the staff, and with a cheer that was directly answered by four yells, pitched in as many different keys, we—that is to say, the skipper—bent to the oars and in a few minutes the boat was alongside the dock and the boys eagerly looking over our catch, for on this in some measure depended the prospects for future sport.

"One maskalonge, one bass, six snakes, and thirty or forty bass and five or six maskalonge that got away; fair day's sport," said the Jedge, as the fish were passed out and laid on the dock.

"I'll take my oath," said old Knots with his usual perversity, "if I couldn't catch a bigger maskalonge than th t I'd stay in camp and fish off the dock for bluegills."

"Bet old Sam chased him on shore and killed him with the gaff, see where he hit him?" chipped in Charley, pointing to the gaff wound, at the same time dodging behind old Knots that he might be out of reach in case Sam's good nature lost its balance.

"Bigger maskinonje in lake than him," said Louis, who had been quietly looking on, "see um so long," holding h s hand above his head to indicate he had seen them as long as from his hand to the dock on which he stood.) (Mem.—I may note that Louis and Tom, one of the Indians that took us to the lake, are the only persons whom I have ever heard call this fish a maskinonje, nor can I give on paper the peculiar sound of the four syllables as pronounced by them.)

We were however, too tired and hungry to heed the fishy jokes of the boys, and in a very short time the bass and one of the pickerel were cleaned, cut up and sizzling in the frying pans, and as the last shadows climbed the highest point of Knots' landscape across the lake we sat around the table to our first fish in camp.

Jest, and joke, and laugh mingled with the noisy hum of the multitudinous mosquito, old Knots worked off on us his annual and ancient story of "the old darky and his shrunken catfish," a yarn that we had come to look forward to as one of the inflictions of the yearly camp, but at which we were bound to laugh from a sense of courtesy and force of habit. We would have been as happy as a colony of beavers with a new dam had it not been for the blackfly, that terror of the north woods when the season "hits." The Jedge said "they had been coming the most of the afternoon in delegations from every province and back county in Canada to pay their respects to us in honor of our first visit to the Queen's dominions, and were only waiting the coming in of old "Snakeroot and James Mackerel" to begin the festivities of the evening." In the midst of a discussion as to the merits of the Canada pike and the dogfish as a food fish, the last delegation from the upper Nepigon put in an appearance, accompanied by a small army of "no see ums," and then the fun began in earnest.

The fishy discussion was suddenly dropped and is not settled yet, and one at a time, but with a surprising unanimity of purpose, we left the table and sought the bushes a few yards away for a "bresh" with which to beat off the invaders. By a masterly flank movement old Knots succeeded in reaching the warehouse and a box of "Jumboline" that he had brought along in his "pie-box" (his name for his trunk) with which he smeared his hands, face and neck, and with this temporary protection we finished supper in comparative peace.

While down at the farm next morning I told Mother Ruttle about our experience with the pestiferous insects, and she at once set about preparing a simple mixture that she said was the only thing they had found that was a sure defense against the attacks of the blackfly. An old empty tin can was nearly half filled with grease from the grease pot in the cupboard, an equal quantity of tar from the tar bucket back of the house was added, and the can placed on the stove, where the contents were heated and stirred until thoroughly mixed. That was all, but back at the camp a half-ounce of oil of pennyroyal was added, and the whole brought to a simmer, well stirred and allowed to cool, making a mixture about the consistency of flapjack batter—this for lack of a better comparison. We found this to be a sure protection against the blackfly, the mosquito and the punkie (Dick Macauley's "croppie"), and although not quite as cleanly as some of the much advertised and worthless "insect repellants," it is better to bear the small discomfort of its use than be "eat up blood raw by the bloodthirsty varmints." When well smeared with it we might have been easily mistaken for full-blooded Chippewa Indians, but an application of soap and warm water before going to bed restored our natural color, and a new coat was only put on when needed; we did not allow it to form the famous "Nessmuk glaze."

For the benefit of the brethren going to this region or northern Michigan during "fly time," which lasts some seasons as late as the middle of August, I beg to give the formula, which I trust will do away with the necessity for "a heap o' plain and ornamental cussin'." Take of tar—just the plain, old-fashioned tar of our fathers—half a pint; lard—vaseline is better—half a pint; oil of pennyroyal, half an ounce; creosote three drops; mix with heat, and can or bottle for future use. Leave your other smears at home, for they afford only temporary relief at best, and old Sam solemnly avers that "a black fly will laugh his wings loose at all such flimsy shams jest as soon as he reads on the bottle or box that it's a sure enough fly-killer."

With darkness the blackflies and punkies took their departure, leaving us only our old friends the mosquitoes, for whose better entertainment we built a big camp-fire, around which we gathered to smoke, "swap reminders," and relate the experience of the day.

While Sam and I were out on the lake the others had

put the finishing touches on the camp, caught some minnows and young perch with hook and line off the dock, and Louis and the Jedge had taken a rod a piece and gone up the little rocky stream on a hunt for trout. In a shallow pool a few rods from camp they had seen five or six fine ones lazily fanning the bottom with their fins, but their careless approach had scared them and they flashed out of sight under a slightly shelving bank, from which all arts and lures failed to coax them.

Not to be outgeneralled in this manner, these two worthies hit on a scheme that soon brought the hapless trout to an untimely end. A long-handled landing-net was procured from the camp and Louis hunted up a light pole, with which he poked and punched under the bank till the trout were routed out into open water, whence by dint of much "shooing" and "thrashing" with the pole two of them were driven to the riffle at the lower end of the pool in the shoal water and among the half-submerged rocks, where they floundered around in utter bewilderment till ignominiously scooped out with the landing-net in the hands of the Jedge.

Three or four more drives netted three more, and then the vandals strung them on a twig and marched into camp, where they told Charley and Knots a great story about the sport they had in taking them with rod and line. We had them for breakfast, but none but the Jedge and the Indian knew how they were taken for nearly a year after, when the Jedge in a shamefaced, penitent sort of way told the story of their capture with a request that it never find its way into the columns of FOREST AND STREAM.* It was an unfair and unsportsmanlike way of getting a mess of trout, but those of us not in the secret found them possessed of the same old flavor as though lured to the pan with the most cunningly devised fly, and our "trout tooth" was appeased.

The very last touch had been given the camp in the afternoon by Charley and the Jedge, when they cut a long, slim pine sapling, fastened a small pulley at the top, rove the halliards, braced it firmly at the outer end of the little dock, and run up "the old flag," under whose stars and stripes every man in the camp save the Indian had marched and tramped a thousand miles further south than where we now sat around our peaceful camp-fire—some of them where the Minies were thicker and more "multitudinous" than our present enemy, the blackfly, and where the "song of the bullet" was as familiar a sound as the melody of our pestiferous friends, whose high treble "*whee e-e*"—more annoying than their bite—had been our camp lullaby since building our first camp-fire in the North Woods.

It was not, perhaps, a very marked token of respect to the Kanucks to hoist the American flag on their territory, but we had become so accustomed to seeing the glorious old bunting flying from some prominent point in front of our different camps, that it were doubtful if the boys would have rested easily o' nights without it. In fact, Charley and the Jedge, not realizing at the time that they were out of the United States, had lost sight of the seeming discourtesy; but now as the flag was up, and there was no probability that we would have visitors in this out-of-the-way place, the "old rag of beauty" was allowed to flaunt its length in the breeze or hang listless down the staff as the wind god willed to the end of our stay on the lake.

An hour or two of reminiscences of former camps, "reminders" and yarns, and the circle broke up for the night, greatly disappointed over the non arrival of old Dan, for whom a lookout had been kept down the lake all the afternoon. A note had been left for him at the Chippewa House, where we were tolerably sure he would stop over night in case he followed us up, with instructions how to find us; but now, after various conjectures as to what had happened to the old pelican, he was given up, and we turned in for a night of dreamless and restful sleep in our new camp. KINGFISHER.

* Alas! poor Jedge, he's dead now, and every man of us grieved over his death, for he was a big-hearted, open-handed, kindly comrade, whose place in the mess may not be filled, and whose memory will grow green in our hearts till we answer to the final roll call.

Natural History.

NEST BUILDING OF THE SUNFISH.

BY THEODORE GILL.

A RECENT article on the "Hatchery of the Sunfish," in *Nature* (for June 27, 1889), shows that the characteristic habits of that beautiful favorite of juvenile anglers are not as well known as might be thought. It has impelled me to consider the matter, and I find there are several deplorable gaps in our knowledge of its habits, which could be readily filled up. I have recently made several visits to ponds where the fish abounds, but have not found any nest, either because the season of nesting has passed or because the water was too muddy to enable observations to be made. The habits of the common sunfish and all its relatives are probably similar, and as it belongs to the same family with the noble black basses, and what will throw light on one will reflect it on the other, the interest of observations made on any species may be realized. It is widely known, at least in the New England and Middle States, that the sunfish makes a rude nest and cares for its eggs, but exact details still remain to be gleaned. The observations already published are not numerous; and as they will doubtless prove of interest to all lovers of nature, the two longest accounts are here reproduced.

The first detailed statement of the nidification of the sunfish appears to have been published by Dr. John D. Godman, a physician of Philadelphia, well known as the author of a work on the Mammals of North America, and also favorably known to a less number through his "Rambles of a Naturalist."† These contain some charming sketches of animated nature in action and are redolent of country life. "These beautiful sketches appeared originally in a weekly journal published in Philadelphia," we are told in a biographical sketch of their author, but in what particular journal or what time we are not told. It is only stated further that "they were composed while the author was confined to a bed of sickness, and from which he was removed in a few weeks to the tomb. The series was consequently left incomplete." Dr. Godman died on the 17th of April, 1830.

The observations on the habits of the sunfish purport to have been made by Dr. Godman in "Curtis's Creek, a considerable arm of the Patapsco," in Anne Arundel county, Maryland. He premises that "during the spring months, and while the garden vegetables are yet too young to need a great deal of attention, the proprietors employ their blacks in hauling the seine," but "as the summer months approach, the aquatic grass begins to grow, and this fishing can no longer be continued, because the grass rolls the seine up in a wisp, so that it can contain nothing."

"At this time (he says) the spawning season of the different species of sunfish begins, and to me this was a time of much gratification. Along the edge of the river, where the depth of water was not greater than from four feet to as shallow as twelve inches, an observer would discover a succession of circular spots cleared of the surrounding grass, and showing a clear sandy bed. These spots, or cleared spaces, we may regard as the nest of this beautiful fish. There, balanced in the transparent wave, at the distance of six or eight inches from the bottom, the sunfish is suspended in the glittering sunshine, gently swaying its beautiful tail and fins; or, wheeling around in the limits of its little circle, appears to be engaged in keeping it clear of all encumbrances. Here the mother deposits her eggs or spawn, and never did hen guard her callow brood with more eager vigilance than the sunfish the little circle within which her promised offspring are deposited. If another individual approach too closely to her borders, with a fierce and angry air she darts against it, and forces it to retreat. Should any small and not too heavy object be dropped in the nest, it is examined with jealous attention, and displaced if the owner be not satisfied of its harmlessness. At the approach of man she flies with great velocity into deep water, as if willing to conceal that her presence was more than accidental where first seen. She may, after a few minutes, be seen cautiously venturing to return, which is at length done with velocity; then she would take a hurried turn or two around, and scud back again to the shady bowers formed by the river grass, which grows up from the bottom to within a few feet of the surface, and attains to twelve, fifteen, or more feet in length. Again she ventures forth from the depths; and if no further cause of fear presented, would gently sail into the placid circle of her home, and with obvious satisfaction explore it in every part."

Dr. Godman availed himself of the knowledge of the habits of the sunfish resulting from these observations to obtain fish for his table in a very unsportsmanlike manner. He was tired of country fare. "It was either broiled bacon and potatoes, or fried bacon and potatoes, and so on at least six days out of the seven. But, as soon as I became acquainted with the habits of the sunfish, I procured a neat circular iron hoop for a net; secured to it a piece of an old seine, and whenever I desired to dine on fresh fish, it was only necessary to take my skiff and push her gently along from one sunfish nest to another, myriads of which might be seen along all the shore. The fish, of course, darted off as soon as the boat first drew near, and during this absence the net was placed so as to cover the nest, of the bottom of which the meshes but slightly intercepted the view. Finding all things quiet, and not being disturbed by the net, the fish would resume its central station, the net was suddenly raised, and the captive placed in the boat. In a quarter of an hour I could generally take as many in this way as would serve two men for dinner, and when an acquaintance accidentally called to see me during the season of sunfish, it was always in my power to lessen our dependence on the endless bacon. I could also always select the finest and largest of these fish, as while standing up in the boat one could see a considerable number at once and thus choose the best. Such was their abundance that the next day would find all the nests re-occupied. Another circumstance connected with this matter gave me no small satisfaction; the poor blacks, who could rarely get time for angling, soon learned to use my net with dexterity: and thus, in the ordinary time allowed them for dinner, would borrow it, run down to the shore, and catch some fish to add to their very moderate allowance."

Another account of the nidification of the sunfish was published many years later interjected in the midst of an article on "The Glanis of Aristotle," printed in 1857 in the Proceedings of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences (v. 3, pp. 325 (329, 330)–333). Agassiz fortified the statement of Aristotle that the *Glanis** cares for its young by the results of his own observations or of hearsay on several American fishes. Most of these accounts he had been unable to verify. "But," he continues, "I have had ample opportunity to watch the *Pomotis* in the breeding season every spring for the last eight years. At that time it approaches in pairs the shores of the ponds in which it lives, and selects shallow, gravelly places, overgrown with *Potamogeton*, water lilies, and other aquatic plants, in which it begins by clearing a space of about a foot in diameter, rooting out the plants, removing with violent jerks of its tail the larger pebbles, carrying away with its mouth the coarser gravel, and leaving a clean spot of fine sand, in which it deposits its eggs, surrounded and overshadowed by a grove of verdure as presented in the following wood-cut [not given here]. In this inclosure one of the parents remains hovering over its brood and keeping at a distance all intruders. The office of watching over the progeny does not devolve exclusively upon either of the sexes, but the males and females keep watch alternately. The fierceness with which they dart at their enemies, and the anxiety with which they look out for every approaching danger, show that these are endowed with stronger instincts than have been known heretofore in any of their class. Their foresight goes so far as to avoid the bait attached to any hook, however near it may be brought to them, and however lively and tempting it may be. *Pomotis* do not build their nests singly; hundreds of them may be seen along the same shore, within very small distance of one another, forming, as it were, temporary settlements, two nests sometimes hard by each other, or only separated by narrow partitions of water plants. However near to one another, the pair of one nest do not interfere with those of another, but like good neighbors they live peacefully together, passing over each other's domain when going out for food without making any disturbance. But whenever an unmated single fish makes its appearance among the nests, he is chased away like an intruding libertine and vagabond. The development of the egg is very rapid. In less than a week the young are hatched, and the parents soon cease to take any further care of them."

The most recent account of the nidification of the same fish has been communicated by William L. Stone, of Jersey City, to *Nature* (v. 40, p. 202). That gentleman's own words are as follows: "I have thought that an example of the intelligence (instinct?) of a class of fish which has come under my observation during my excursions into the Adirondack region of New York State, might possibly be of interest to your readers, especially as I am not aware that any one except myself has noticed it, or, at least, has given it publicity.

"The female sunfish (called, I believe, in England, the roach or bream) makes a 'hatchery' for her eggs in this wise. Selecting a spot near the banks of the numerous lakes in which this region abounds, and where the water is about 4 inches deep, and still, she builds, with her tail and snout, a circular embankment 3 inches in height and 2 inches thick. The circle, which is as perfect a one as could be formed with mathematical instruments, is usually a foot and a half in diameter; and at one side of this circular wall an opening is left by the fish of just sufficient width to admit her body, thus: [A diagram is given.]

"The mother sunfish, having now built or provided her 'hatchery,' deposits her spawn within the circular inclosure, and mounts guard at the entrance until the fry are hatched out and are sufficiently large to take charge of themselves. As the embankment, moreover, is built up to the surface of the water, no enemy can very easily obtain an entrance within the inclosure from the top; while there being only one entrance, the fish is able, with comparative ease, to keep out all intruders."

It need scarcely be noted here that the sunfish of the United States, although called roach and bream in some places, is not at all related to either of those fishes, but is the representative of a special family (*Centrarchids*), peculiar to and characteristic of North America, but related to the perch family. As will be noticed, the account of the nest does not harmonize with those of Godman or Agassiz, nor do they agree with my own observations.

Such are the principal detailed accounts of the nest-building proclivities of the common sunfish. It will be noticed that in all it is assumed that the female fish is the principal or only one concerned in the care of the eggs. The statement that the female is the guardian, is, however, merely the result of an assumption based on our knowledge of the economy of the higher vertebrates, and at least requires verification. I am myself inclined to believe that the chief or the sole guardian of the eggs after their deposition is the male. This I judge to be the case from analogy also, but from analogy among the kindred of the fish. The cichlids of South America and Africa are very like the sunfish, and, in fact, have often been mistaken for such, and, so far as observed, the males are the sole guardians of the eggs. So are the males of the catfishes and the sticklebacks the custodians of the products of their females' ovaries. Instead, therefore, of the assumption of the female being the care-takers of the nest being the probable one, the reverse is more likely. The real facts in the case are so easy to ascertain in the proper season that no longer delay should supervene. Certainly, with all the piscicultural establishments in the country, and the large appropriations they enjoy, it is strange that the facts are still unknown, especially as the black basses have been the subjects of long attention and extensive cultivation. I note a few desiderata of our information respecting the species:

1. Time of nest building.
2. Exact manner of preparing the nest, especially how far the tail and mouth are used in clearing the chosen site.
3. Exact size and character of the nest.
4. Mode of oviposition.
5. Subsequent care of the eggs, whether by female and male together or alternately, or by female alone or male alone.
6. Size and age of the young and their movements when abandoned by their guardian.
7. Does the guardian fan or agitate the eggs, and in what manner?
8. Is a vacated nest really taken charge of by another fish, or is the new occupant simply an interloper that avails itself of a suitable resting place?

These questions ought to be easily answerable by one to whom the nests are accessible, and, for the credit of American pisciculture and natural history, we may hope they soon will be answered.

* The *Glanis* of Aristotle was universally supposed to be identical with the *Silurus glanis* of Europe, and although the identity was denied by Agassiz, not a single character was mentioned by Agassiz to distinguish the two.

A HARD TIME OF IT.—It is not to be supposed that any one will think much of the birds in these times of rains and floods; but the birds have their uses, and we may give them a passing thought. They are having a hard time of it just now. It is well that they are feeding their second brood, where the number of mouths is not apt to be so large as in the first nesting. We have been reminded of this by a wood robin (*Turdus mustelinus*) that has a nest just outside our window, on the branch of a tulip tree. She is dreadfully troubled this morning over the heavy rain that is now falling. There is one young one in the nest nearly ready to fly, and as the nest is filling with water (from three or four overhanging leaves that shed the rain directly into it), the poor bird is almost beside herself. The young bird has crawled up near the edge of the nest. Here the mother sits above it with her wings and tail spread out covering her home, while the rain is bedraggling her plumage. We should judge she was "wet through."—A. H. G. (Sing Sing, July 31).

SPARROWS VS. ELECTRICITY.—For the extermination of the English sparrow pest I suggest the use of uninsulated electric light wires. The wires should be situated near the favorite breeding places of the birds and should be in short sections connected with the regular electric light wires. This method of killing sparrows will be most effective in late fall and early spring, during which seasons sparrows congregate in towns and cities.—DEACON.

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nanit," "Gloan," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybillene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

X1836

FAUNA OF THE YUKON DISTRICT.

WE quote from the report of Dr. George M. Dawson on an exploration in the Yukon District, Northwest Territory, and adjacent northern portion of British Columbia, some interesting facts concerning the animals of that little known region:

"The fauna of the region traversed by us does not differ notably from that of other parts of the northern country which are already moderately well known. There are, no doubt, many interesting points yet to be determined in respect to distribution, but our opportunities for obtaining information of this kind were very limited. The smaller black-tailed deer (*Cariacus columbianus*) occurs on the islands of the southern portion of Alaska and the adjacent mainland coast, but is nowhere found on the island side of the Coast Ranges. The mountain goat is moderately abundant in the Coast Ranges, and is also found in the mountainous inland regions, probably throughout. The bighorn or mountain sheep occurs, together with the last mentioned animal, on the mountains about the head of the Lewes and other parts of the inland spurs of the Coast Ranges, but does not inhabit the seaward portions of these ranges. It is also found generally in the mountains of the interior, including the Rocky Mountains.

"The moose is more or less abundant throughout the entire inland regio , and together with the caribou, which is similarly ubiquitous, constitutes a great part of the food of the Indians. We found the moose particularly plentiful along the Upper Liard River, and it is stated that the country drained by the White River is noted among the Indians as a moose and beaver region. The caribou is everywhere common, but is scarcely seen in the valleys or lower country during the summer, when it ranges over the high, alpine moors and open slopes of the mountains.

"The black and grizzly bears roam over the entire region and are often seen along the banks of the rivers in the latter part of the summer when dead or dying salmon are to be obtained with ease. Wolves are not particularly abundant, but the cross-black-and silver fox are more than usually common.

"The smaller fur-bearing animals, being similar to those found generally in the northern parts of the continent, do not require separate enumeration. The entire upper Yukon basin, however, yields furs of exceptionally high grade. * * * Among a few skins brought back by us is that of a mouse which Dr. C. H. Merriam has found to be a new species, and has described under the name of *Evotomys dawsoni*.*

"The salmon ascend the Lewes River as far as the lower end of Lake Marsh, where they were seen in considerable numbers early in September. They also, according to the Indians, run almost to the headwaters of the streams tributary to the Lewes on the east side. Salmon also run up the Pelly for a considerable distance above the mouth of the Lewes, but their present limit on this river was not ascertained. The lakes and rivers generally throughout the country are well supplied with fish, and a small party on any of the larger lakes would run little risk of starvation during the winter, if provided with a couple of good gill-nets and able to devote themselves to laying in a stock of fish in the late autumn.

"As might be anticipated from the interlocking of streams tributary to the Mackenzie and Yukon in this region, the fishes in both drainage areas appear to be identical, so far as I was able to observe, with the exception of the salmon, which is, of course, confined to the Yukon tributaries. The principal fishes noticed are whitefish (*Coregonus nelsoni*), lake trout (*Salvelinus namaycush*), grayling (*Thymallus signifer*), pike (*Esox lucius*) and sucker (*Catostomus catostomus*).

"The names above given are on the authority of Dr. T. H. Bean, of the U. S. Commission of Fish and Fisheries, who has very obligingly examined for me the photographs of fishes which were taken. No photograph, unfortunately, was obtained of the salmon seen on the Lewes, etc., but Dr. Bean informs me, from my description of its size, that he has little doubt it was the king salmon (*Oncorhynchus chouicha*)."

* American Naturalist, July, 1888.

DELAWARE NOTES.—Nearly every farm in Kent county has its covey of partridges. The partridges which were purchased in the South and freed in this State last year by the Delaware Game Association have certainly come up to the expectations. The Association will endeavor to get 4,000 more partridges this season. This is an excellent year for squirrels and nuts, and in a few more weeks the squirrels will be in prime eating condition, when our sharp rifle shots may treat themselves to a delicious squirrel pie. This has been a disastrous season for cottontails (rabbits), as it has been so rainy many of the young were drowned in their nests. The employés of the Delaware Railroad have a pet. Near Blackbird station a wild duck has built her nest in a dead tree within a few yards of the railroad, where undisturbed by the roar of passing trains she is sitting contentedly on a clutch of nine eggs, much to the curiosity of passengers and watched with interest by her railroad friends.—DEL A. WARE.

WOODCOCK AND WORM.—Montreal, Aug. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was an interested reader of the late article concerning the woodcock's method of getting a supply of worms for food. I once had a brood of ducks led by a favorite drake that had been a pet around the farm several years and had evidently gained some knowledge from experience. After a rain the brood would go out on the lawn and employ tactics very similar to those of the woodcock; *i. e.*, they would go through just the same movement a man would in stamping the ground alternately and rapidly with either foot, then place the ear close to the ground and listen. A worm deftly billed from the ground usually followed this move, or the old duck sampled another spot a few inches distant. I have watched the performance by the half hour and laughed at the knowing way it was accomplished. I have great faith in the woodcock story.—LAURENTIDES.

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 220 pages, price $2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

Game Bag and Gun.

PATTERN AND PENETRATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

With the completion of the test of the Greener gun on the 24th inst., your trials of shotguns had reached ten and gave an opportunity for some comparative figures which I have made. Of course, shooting as you do, each gun with the charge most likely to bring out the best points of the weapon, there is a seeming variation which to some may appear confusing, but bringing each result down to a basis of percentage of results from charge used and there is at once a fair basis of comparison. I have made a table of these percentages for each barrel of each gun and for each gun as a whole. In doing this, in order to eliminate all the uncertain and variable factors of wind, bad aiming, etc., I have taken the figures for pattern from the average of the struck circles instead of from the average of aimed circles. This is better for the gunmakers, but shooters and buyers must remember that it is the aimed circle wich tells the story of how the gun will act in the field and not the circle struck for best patterns on the sheet after the shot is fired.

40YDS. PATTERNS.

Gun.	Gauge.	Charge.	Right Barrel. Pellets.	Prct.	Left Barrel. Pellets.	Prct.	Whole Gun. Pellets.	Prct.
Rem. (Sch. Pdr.)	16	489	219	.447	239	.488	229	.468
Rem. (Bl. Pdr.)	16	367	240	.653	205	.558	222	.605
Parker	10	595	432	.726	426	.715	429	.721
Parker	12	546	371	.679	354	.648	362	.663
Parker	10	535	326	.609	388	.725	357	.667
Parker	12	536	364	.679	365	.680	364	.679
Colt (Merrill)	12	579	237	.415	278	.487	257	.450
Colt (Moss)	12	570	274	.480	292	.512	283	.496
Greener (Eng. crt.)	12	376	229	.601	220	.585	225	.599
Greener (Am. crt.)	12	560	348	.621	345	.616	396	.707
Average		514	304	.591	311	.605	312	.607

60YDS. PATTERN.

Rem. (Sch. Pdr.)	16	489	102	.208	100	.204	101	.206
Rem. (Bl. Pdr.)	16	367	105	.286	94	.256	100	.271
Parker	10	595	214	.358	224	.376	219	.367
Parker	12	546	160	.293	189	.346	175	.319
Parker	10	535	181	.338	178	.332	179	.335
Parker	12	536	151	.281	176	.328	163	.304
Colt (Merrill)	12	570	103	.180	90	.157	96	.166
Colt (Moss)	12	570	81	.159	114	.200	97	.153
Greener (Eng. crt.)	12	376	80	.212	108	.287	94	.249
Greener (Am. crt.)	12	560	133	.233	115	.205	124	.219
Average		514	131	.255	138	.269	134	.259

THE PENETRATION RECORD.

Gun.	Gauge.	Charge. Pdr.	Shot.	Proportion.	40yds. Right bar. Sheets.	40yds. Left bar. Sheets.	60yds. Right bar. Sheets.	60yds. Left bar. Sheets.
Remington (Sch. pdr.)	16	37	402	1 to 13½	10	11	4	4
Remington (Blk. pdr.)	16	71	423	1 to 5⅞	22	17	8	7
Parker	10	132	576	1 to 4¾	18	16	9	10
Parker	12	90	529	1 to 5⅞	20	19	10	9
Parker	10	125	559	1 to 4½	17	14	9	8
Parker	12	107	554	1 to 5	14	16	9	8
Colt (Merrill)	12	98	545	1 to 5½	14	13	5	5
Colt (Moss)	12	98	545	1 to 5½	12	13	6	7
Greener (Eng. cart.)	12	91	604	1 to 6½	17	16	10	8
Greener (Am. cart.)	12	89	610	1 to 6⅞	15	13	6	5
Average		94	543		16	15	7½	7

Regarding the results in the way I have indicated, we find that the average percentage of shots getting into the circle at 40yds. was about 60, and that curiously enough the left barrel showed a slight advantage. The best record is that made by the 10-gauge Parker gun at its first trial, running up to 72 per cent. Yet the same gun with another charge on another day ran only up to 66 per cent. The lowest per cent. on the list was that of the Colt gun as treated by Dr. Merrill, with the Schultze powder charge in the Remington gun coming in a close second for low place. The Greener gun in its double test struck very near the average. What there is in careful loading and skillful manipulation of the arm is shown in the high percentage of the Parker gun, shot as it was by an expert from the factory and provided with cartridges specially loaded for exact work. I am surprised at the poor showing made by the Schultze powder cartridges, but as they were loaded by the gun owners and perhaps not in a manner to bring out the best points of the powder, perhaps it was not an altogether fair trial. It should be good enough, however, to convince the gentleman who owned the gun that his best policy would be to use black powder instead of the expensive imported patent article.

Now let us take a look at the 60yds. test. Perhaps you are giving the arms too severe a test in requiring them to do work at this range, yet we always hear so much of the extra long shots which sportsmen are making, and the dealers are so glad to quote them and claim so much for the arms on the strength of them, that it is well to have an exact showing of just how the weapons do act at the distance of 180ft. It will be seen that about a quarter of the shot manage to group themselves in the selected circle, and in some cases the run is far below that. Here again the Parker with its careful manipulation and care in shooting leads the list and makes a very creditable showing at the long distance. It would be interesting in view of your showing of just where the shot does not go at this range, to see where it does scatter, and if a sheet of paper could be secured large enough to mark off a pattern, showing just where every shot of the entire charge did go.

In studying the penetration pads, the comparison can only be by seeing how such and such an arm carries itself as compared with the average of all the guns. There is less exactness about this, because just why the Dennison pads run light and heavy, with their tough sheets and heavy porous ones intermingled, is one of the things I have never been able to discover. However, they are as fair for one gun as another, and so they are useful in making comparisons. I have made a table of the proportions of powder and shot by weight. Of course, the proportions run high in the case of the white powder, but the black powder charges run very even. The little Remington 16-gauge held its own here, as on the pattern sheets, and the English-loaded cartridges in the Greener gun proved to be hard hitters. The tables tell so much, and tell it so well, that I will leave them for the examination of your readers, convinced that if rightly studied they will be of large value in telling not only how to load, but, more important still, in acting as warnings what not to use in the charging of a shotgun. NICK.

[A typographical error last week made the Greener gun 40yds. total for left barrel 368 pellets, when it should have been 253.]

NOTES ON THE WOODCOCK.

THE spring budding yellow pea green was cast all over growing nature on Good Friday, and the charming sun rays and delightful temperature, with summer zephyrs, were truly a fitting recognition of the holy day at the gates of Easter. As evening fell, in the dreaming twilight shadows of that glorious day, we stood spell-bound, watching the towering love movements of the cock of the wood.

Arden and the writer walked over to the homestead of my wife, on the brow of the hill near Turner's, and took to the low meadows of its broad acres, skirted by the backwoods, wherein runs a babbling brook, tributary from Rumsey Pond to the Ramapo River, forty-seven miles from your office sanctum. There for upward of an hour we stood spell-bound, entranced by the love movements of some woodcock domiciled in the lone, secluded woods.

Here for years and years have we watched and studied the habits and nature of this grand, delicious game bird; at this season of the year mated and happy indeed in the same towers of love and contentment as seen by us this beautiful spring eve, forty years ago, the hermit of the wood which in due season fell to our old Joe Manton (blessed be the name, for great indeed was his sporting bore above all others of his day in penetration and range) in years passed, that have now, alas! left old "Canonicus" a wreck of his former self in the field and covert side—

> Time is passing on, John,
> Yes, years are telling on;
> Eyes are growing dim;
> And alas! we do not shoot with former vim.

In the month of July the old birds, with their young, resort to dells and glades where the dense foliage of the trees excludes the scorching rays of the sun. In such places there are generally found springs and small streams not absorbed by the heat of the season; these keep the ground moist and afford places at which the young birds can procure their natural sustenance without quitting their concealment and security. Living springs are found to be their natural resort in dry, sultry weather; equally so during frost, and for the same good reason the ground contiguous, being kept open and soft so as to make the birds prosecute their natural search for worms. The interior depths of large pieces of woodland will seldom be found the resting place of the young brood of woodcock, or indeed of scarcely any of the feathered game birds. It may be their place of refuge, but not of general abode.

The experience of many years has taught us to look for game in the skirts and outlets of woodlands. On being disturbed the birds may retreat to the intense shades and shadows of the dense wood; but they will otherwise seldom be found there, more especially in the early part of the season, on being routed and shot at. Detached pieces of woodland, where the ground is broken in ridges and undulating hollows, the rougher and more uneven the better, where water springs ooze out of the hillsides, will be found the haunts of the woodcock, and the surest finds and trysting places of this most delicious bird at all seasons of the year and through all winds and weathers. The reason for this is obvious. A choice of almost every kind of ground is offered him in his hunt for food; be the weather what it will, without traveling any distance in search of it. If the season is dry, parched and sultry, cool springs and moist shady glades are at hand; if the wind blows hard from any quarter the opposite side of the knoll affords a screen from its blast; should rain descend in such quantity as to inundate the low bottoms between his chosen little hills, a shift of ground can be had at once by taking post on the side or even top of the ridge; if the weather become cold and tempestuous, there are thickets for shelter and protection; and if frost should bind and render obdurate the general surface of the ground, that which borders upon the springs will remain open and penetrable.

Although we cannot too much reprobate the custom of beginning to shoot in the early part of July, even when allowed by law, yet if this must be acceded to, low, moist, mellow ground bordering upon a copse of wood will prove a sure find, provided the grass has not yet been mown for hay, nor recent rain rendered the low ground too wet.

We have frequently fallen in with numbers of young birds congregated in like situations upon the farm at this stage of the game season, when the adjacent woods and bottoms afforded few to the working of a well-trained, sensitive-nosed dog of high breeding and true field blood.

Now, so strong has ever been our detestation of July shooting, that in 1858 we had our old friend, the late Henry William Herbert, draft a bill to put a stop to it and place the open season so far back as October. We presented the draft to the Sportsmen's Club, and by dint of strong talk had it indorsed and approved and sent to Albany in care of Mr. Van Buren, the member from Oswego county; and passed. The July shooting of that year the unfortunate Herbert did not live to partake of, nor to participate in the defense of "the Herbert game law." Yet so determined had the sportsmen of Orange county become against July sport, and so assured of its necessity, that when on the 4th of July of that year, the then president of the "New York Sportsman's Club" was detected in shooting in the confines of the county and over grounds adjacent to my county home, this necessitated my presenting the facts to the club at its next monthly meeting, then held at the old "Woodcock Inn," situated on the north side of Houston-street next to Bellow's stables, between Broadway and Crosby street, which presentation forced his resignation from the high office and his deposition from the club.

When the long meadow grass is all raked up and cleared off, the shady nooks of woodland standing on bottom or moist ground somewhat springy, covered with long coarse grass or bogwood and skunk cabbage, will be found to afford the most sport. Toward the first of September, or soon after maize corn becomes in bloom and tassels out, it affords a field of good cover. The woodcock then takes to the cornfield for the double purpose of shelter and feeding ground; if there should be frequent falls of rain or if the soil is sufficiently moist to permit worms to approach to the surface he will quarter there; if otherwise he is seldom found there. Here he will continue for several weeks or until the tops of the stalks are cut; this operation so much alters and diminishes his protection that he in his wisdom immediately deserts the

maize field and takes himself again to the woodland and thicket, which become his abode for the residue of the season, shifting from low to high ground as the weather changes. Toward the latter part of September and October he will have become more shy and much wilder than when found in the earlier part of the season.

The young birds having attained their full growth in size and strength, are with difficulty distinguished from the old parent birds. All now rise strong on the wing and take long flights, and for the most part will be found in strong cover and more dense woods than heretofore; and it requires more exertion and assiduity on the part of the dogs to discover them. Nor will they be so tenacious of lying in their feeding places or the immediate vicinity of the ground; their attention being more directed to retreats of safety than contiguity to their food, they will be found more dispersed over the various beats.

Toward the latter part of October they will have become very fat and plump, fully one-quarter heavier than in either July or August. Should it now be unusually dry for the season, you may look for them in strong thickets which skirt swampy ground, and rough, uneven places, rendered impervious by briers and the like. After a heavy rain storm or a repetition of showers, the woodcock at this season takes to the high, dry woods, and if any such have in the neighborhood strong and extensive patches of blackberry bushes, although in other respects somewhat free from underbrush, you will there be sure to find him. November having arrived, accompanied by a bitter frost, the woodcock begins to think of winging its way southward; his time of departure is expedited at this period or retarded two or three weeks, depending on the holding off or setting in of cold weather.

At about this date the birds are found in perfection, and are very different from the meager fledglings of July or the moulted birds of August in gamy flavor and flesh. To fall in with them at this period is highly gratifying to a keen sportsman. What can exceed the rapture of delight of hearing one rise with its strong, loud, whizzing noise, going off with the strong flight velocity of a hawk? Then to hit him full, and as he falls fully sixty yards away, his bounding sound upon the ground tells surely he is down.

As the frost becomes more sensibly felt, he will resort to the springs for a week or ten days, but upon being pinched rather too severely seeks more temperate quarters for the winter, and by the last of nut-brown November or the first week in December scarcely a woodcock remains north of the Potomac unless the season is like that of 1869–70, or that of 1887–88, and this of 1888–89.

CANONICUS.

North New York.

SMALL-CALIBER RIFLES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I agree with the suggestion that the new rifle ought to be of larger caliber than .25, say .27. In fact, I thought of suggesting the same, but did not do so for fear that if opinions were not unanimous nothing would come of it. As to killing large game with the .22-caliber, I know of more than one instance in which deer have been killed, but they usually ran some distance; and much smaller animals will often do the same, even escape when hard hit. The cheapness of the .22-caliber ammunition is a great argument in its favor, however. AZTEC.

Editor Forest and Stream:

For the benefit of those seeking a first-class .22cal. outfit for all purposes that they can possibly be used for, let me say that if they would follow "Iron Ramrod's" suggestion, which I have done, and procure a Maynard rifle, sighted with Lyman's rear and front sights, using two barrels, one barrel 24in. long, chambered for the ordinary .22cal. short rim-fire cartridge, and one barrel 26in. long, chambered for the Winchester center-fire 15–45 cartridge, they will have the best, most convenient and most accurate .22cal. outfit to be had. There are others, but they do not combine with their other good qualities the convenient principle of using a number of different barrels on the same stock. With my .22cal. barrel, using the ordinary short rim-fire cartridge, I find it perfectly accurate up to 100yds. or more, shooting remarkably close and hard, in one instance shooting it 200yds. and penetrating a 1in. pine plank, not the soft northern white pine, but the hard yellow pine of the South.

The .22cal. barrel using the Winchester center-fire 15–45 cartridge is the most remarkable shooting iron I have ever seen or used for so small a caliber. I have never used it on deer, but think that under favorable circumstances by making two splits in the bullet down to the shell, taking care not to destroy the shape of the bullet, making the splits cross each other at right angles in the center, it would do fine work.

I intend trying this, and in the meantime would be glad to hear through your columns of any one trying it, also would beg "Iron Ramrod" to let us have some more of his valuable information in reference to the .22cals.

Greenville, Texas. TWENTY-TWO.

Editor Forest and Stream:

During the summer of 1888, while I was building a house about 1½ miles down the Indian River, we saw a deer in a small clearing. My companion, Mr. Arnell, took his .22cal. short Stevens and when within 85 steps dropped the deer so dead that it never even kicked. He struck the neck bone about 5in. from the head. Soon after, some boys hollered that there was a bear swimming across the river. We both ran, he for his gun and I for a rowboat. When within about 60ft. of the bear, though the waves were high, he told me to stop and soon after crack went his gun; the bear made some flounces but soon was in the boat. Since then I have bought me a .22cal. repeating Winchester, and for daylight hunting at not over 100yds. I ask but little odds.

We go bear hunting here at night, with a bullseye lantern on the head, or on a bright moonlight night on the ocean beach where the turtles come out and lay their eggs; the bears are very fond of turtle eggs and travel the beach to get them. I was over there about four weeks ago and came up to one that was eating eggs out of a nest with his head down in the hole. I got up within 30ft., and as I had a shotgun for night hunting, I fired. It surprised the bear, but off he ran, I after him and tried to fire the other barrel, but the old muzzleloader it would not go off, as usual; so having a revolver I pulled that and shot him three times while running down the beach in the sand about 100yds.; then he ran off into the thick scrub; and as I was by myself with no light, and being a little bashful, I came home after a light. I found him about 50yds. in the scrub. While skinning him I found my revolver bullets first under the hide as they had all gone in the upper part of his shoulder; but the buckshot struck him just behind the foreshoulder very low down. I also found while skinning him eight to ten other buckshot and bullets. He was very fat. It took three loads of two strong men to carry his flesh a short distance; and finer meat I never saw or tasted.

For sport the Indian River county near here is second to none I know of in the United States. There are bear, deer, panther, wildcats, coons, possums, quail, turkeys, ducks by the acre in the fall, and fish and oysters by the mile square and of the very finest kind. The early fall or late spring is the time to come here, or a good time can be had at most any season. M. C. M.

Orchid, Florida.

RECESS-BORED SHOTGUNS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the FOREST AND STREAM for July 25 and Aug. 1, are the published results of a gun trial that you kindly had made on your range. As the recess system of boring is apparently but little understood in this country, perhaps you will allow me a little space to describe its advantages. It is not really a choke, but an enlargement of the barrel, commencing about 2in. from the muzzle and extending toward the breech for from 2 to 4in., the last 2in. of the barrel being practically of the same diameter as that part on the breech side of the recess; there is, therefore, no obstruciton to the passage of a ball. Without reference to the use of the latter, some English gun makers adopt the recess method of boring in all their guns, and obtain with it as close a shot pattern as with the more common form of choke. It is much used by sportsmen for jungle shooting in India where game can only be seen at close range, at which the effect of a 12-gauge round ball is found to be quite as deadly as that of a .45 or .50 express bullet.

Many know from experience that in thickly wooded countries, as in some parts of the South and of the Northwest, such would be a most useful gun, as in collecting birds or shooting grouse or ducks, one is always liable to run across a bear or other large game, which is certainly lost unless shot can quickly be changed for ball cartridges. In watching at night over bait for a bear such a gun is quite as deadly as a rifle and much more convenient. The "Paradox" gun, made by Holland, is a successful device for obtaining similar results, which, in my opinion, is more than can be said of the various three-barreled guns and inserted rifle tubes. The boring of my gun was experimental, and had not been tested by the gun maker. The shot patterns were, of course, very unsatisfactory, but this may easily be remedied by deepening the recess, which at first was purposely made shallow. Targeting balls at 100yds. was an extreme test, and as such the results were by no means bad. Sixty yards may be considered as long range for accurate work from such a gun, and at 40 or 50yds. I believe the results would answer all reasonable expectations. Creasing instead of crimping the shells would probably give better results, and it should not be forgotten that only the usual round shotgun fore sight was used, there being no rear sight on the gun. The object of using type metal was to reduce the weight of the ball as much as possible. That used for the tests gave a ball weighing 524 grains, but another lot gave balls averaging only 484 grains, an important reduction of eighty grains, as compared with those cast from pure lead. It may again be repeated that this method of boring can be made to give a very clear pattern with shot, and in addition permits the safe use of a round ball with reasonable accuracy up to 50yds. It is not intended as a substitute for a rifle for general hunting purposes, but for the uses indicated above, and in its proper sphere is a very useful "all-around" gun.

Philadelphia, Aug. 3. J. C. MERRILL.

HOW TO TRAP OTTERS.

A CORRESPONDENT writing from Louisa county, Virginia, wishes to know how to trap otters. Possibly the subject may be of interest to others also. The writer, having served an apprenticeship in trapping the wild animals formerly found in the lake regions of Minnesota, Dakota and Iowa, respectfully offers a few suggestions for the benefit of our Virginian friend, hoping that they may call out from "J. G. R." and others a statement of their methods, as the subject is of interest to every old trapper, and few of us are too old to learn.

Among my trapper friends the otter was regarded as a much more difficult animal to trap than either the fox or beaver. His habits are peculiar and his cunning a surprise to many a young trapper. He will travel for miles up and down streams or across country from one lake to another with an interval commonly of several days between his journeys. The trapper, consequently, visits his otter traps at intervals of three or four days.

A narrow-necked peninsula in the bend of a creek or river is almost certain to be crossed by the narrow path of the otter, and a point of land extending out into a lake is a favorite romping place. Where the slide of the otter terminates at the edge of the water is the safest place for the new beginner to set his trap, provided that the slide shows that the animal always enters or leaves the water at the same place. If the water is shallow at the bank of the lake or stream the trail often spreads out on approaching the water, showing that the otter enters the water at any one of half a dozen places. Such a spot is to be avoided.

Get a Newhouse trap, No. 3 in size, go to the spot, either in a boat or by wading along in the edge of the water from a point on shore three or four rods distant from the otter's trail, having the trap opened ready for setting, and a strong stake well sharpened inserted in the ring of the trap chain. Now we are ready to set the trap without making any disturbance above water. Arrived at the spot select the point where it appears that the otter will step when next he comes that way, and in water about six inches deep smooth the bottom to make a good place for the trap; place the trap so that the jaws will spread out on each side of the otter's line of approach, extend the chain full length up or down the stream, and, with a hatchet brought for the purpose, drive the stake firmly into the bottom with the top of the stake driven below the surface of the water.

Then if the top of the stake is bright in color like green timber, gather some mud from the bottom and smear over it. Now gently sift some mud in the water above the trap, until a very thin coat of soft mud hides any brightness of the trap from view.

Wade back to where the stream was first entered, having been careful not to touch the bank, and the trap is set in the manner known as the "water set." Another good water set may sometimes be obtained in the center of the channel of a narrow stream, on shallow rapids. Two things must be carefully noted here. First, that the otter does not travel on the shore at this point, and secondly, that a point be selected for the trap where the channel is narrow and the water shallow.

Sometimes, however, open waters cannot be found, and ice covers the surface of both lake and stream. And again, a good water set is sometimes impossible when the otter does not enter the water in any particular place, as for instance along shallow sloughs. Here the "land set" must be used. This is much more difficult, yet if done properly is much the better set of the two. A careful study of one very peculiar habit of the otter enables the trapper to outwit him, cunning as he is. At some certain point on the otter's line of travel on the land, and commonly near the top of a bank down which he has a regular slide, is a spot selected by this strange animal for voiding excrement. He will travel for long distances to reach this spot rather than do so at any other place. Sometimes it is deposited all in one heap, and sometimes scattered over a space a rod or so in diameter. If it is not in one pile, the trapper, making as few steps as possible, must gather the dried accumulations and deposit them on the greatest heap already formed, and having a perfectly clean trap ready (some trappers prefer having the trap well smoked with the smoke of dried grass), together with the stake for fastening, proceed to dig a hole in the ground with the blade of the hatchet, in front of the heap of excrement, and about a foot distant from the edge of it, on the side next the otter's trail, using the fingers as little as possible to avoid leaving scent. Dig just deep and wide enough to hold the trap, and use all possible skill in covering the trap, to have just as little matter covering it as may be and have it well hidden, in order that the trap jaws be not hindered from gripping firmly when sprung, and to leave the general appearance of the ground the same as before the trap was set. Be careful also to set the trap so that the jaws lie open on each side of the otter's line of approach. Now drive the stake below the surface of the ground and cover it and the chain carefully.

The job is now complete, and the trapper—who of course will have been careful not to blow his nose or spit tobacco juice near the trap—walking carefully away, and on afterward coming to visit it once in two or three days will only approach near enough to see that the trap is all right, stands a very good chance to make the acquaintance of the sleek brown creature with the much coveted overcoat, provided his work has been well done.

The otter when next he comes to the spot, if the excrement be piled in one heap and everything else apparently undisturbed, will, almost inevitably, approach the heap walking backward and dancing around until it would be difficult to find room for a silver quarter between his tracks. No fear of him getting loose if once well caught and the trap hold. His foot is a mass of bones and sinews as tough almost as wire, and impossible for him to gnaw in two. The beaver with his chisel teeth will often cut off a forefoot to free himself from the trap, but the otter never. I never knew but one to get loose from a trap. He was caught only by the little dew claw or fifth toe on the side of the foot, and this held him all right and until he had whipped two dogs in the morning, when it pulled out of his foot, and in spite of the charge of small shot sent after him the plucky animal escaped into the lake, while a certain dejected trapper about my size, stood on the shore gulping down his disappointment as he watched the circling waves that rose above the disappearing otter. ORIN BELKNAP.

Thetis, Washington.

TWO BEARS IN ONE DAY.—On June 12 I received a letter from Emmett Harris, of No. 4, South Branch of Beaver River, Herkimer county, N. Y., saying that on May 13 "he caught a female bear in a trap, and while on his way home from the trap he killed the largest male bear he ever killed or ever saw; it weighed 300lbs. and was twice as heavy as the female caught in the trap." Two bear in one day is pretty good work for a man of 65 years. But Mr. Harris is an old hand at it, as the many skulls of panthers, bears, wolves, beaver and other animals that hang upon the rafters and roof poles of his camp attest. I made the acquaintance of Mr. Harris during a tramp through the Adirondacks from Northville, Fulton county, to Lowville, Lewis county, last September and October. Since then I have sent him (as he states it) "a good deal of reading," among which were a number of copies of FOREST AND STREAM, and for which he says "he does not know how he is ever to pay me;" but adds, "if I live and nothing happens I will send you a deer head next fall to put up," and for the balance which he considers he is indebted to me, he invites me to come about the middle of October and still-hunt deer for a couple of weeks. All this I am offered (and I have assured him I would like nothing better) for a few copies of FOREST AND STREAM. Verily, it is a valuable paper.—J. L. DAVISON.

NORTH CAROLINA.—Rockingham, Aug. 1.—We have had a very heavy rainfall for the last few weeks, and I fear that the young birds—*Perdrix virginianus*—have fared badly, especially in the lowlands. About July 1 the prospects for an abundant supply of Bob White in most of the central counties of this State were excellent. Where birds are generally plenty, I was told, there seemed to be very few. Though not migratory, as are the quails, ducks, snipe, etc., Bob White now and then shifts his usual haunts and takes to the woods, or other places where he escapes observation, returning to his native fields later in the season.—WELLS.

KANSAS.—Uniontown.—The quail crop is short in Bourbon county this season on account of heavy rains. Prairie chickens are scarcer than ever known before.—H. E.

IOWA GAME NOTES.

MANSON, Iowa, July 20.—The season here has been all that could be desired for game birds to breed. Prairie chickens were never more abundant since the country has been settled. Fine broods three-quarters grown are to be found in every field, and frequently a brood is seen that are very small. Contrary to law the guns can be heard from the city limits every evening and morning, and it is a wonder so many reach maturity. A person driving along any of the much traveled roads is almost sure to flush several flocks. How long the abundant supply lasts depends altogether on the future observance of the game laws.

Last winter I did not notice a single quail, although driving most every day. When spring came the quail returned and can be seen and heard every day. I have noticed probably forty pairs, but have seen no young accompanying any of them, which leads me to believe they did not breed or have not brought forth their broods yet.

A few Canadian geese still breed here, and the nest is usually placed on a muskrat house in a large slough. Very few of the young reach maturity, as the nests are closely watched and the eggs taken or the young captured soon after hatching. There are numbers of them domesticated among the farmers. They breed among themselves or usually mate with the tame geese. The few young that grow up wild are almost always killed by the hunters in August. A few red-headed ducks remain here during the summer and must breed. Mallards and bluewing teal are now accompanied by fine broods of young, and they are already being killed for the table. They breed more abundantly than any of our waterfowl, and while young fall an easy prey to the small boy and army musket.

The sickle bill curlew, avocet and dow bird are most extinct here, and will soon be numbered with the good things that were. Jacksnipe are still to be found in large numbers, especially in the fall. The upland plover is not near as plenty as it used to be. Not being very hard to approach, they too fall an easy prey to the gunner. Golden plover are probably more abundant in spring on the burnt prairies than any other of the small game. Thousands are killed annually and stored in the ice houses at Laurens and other points. Men from the Eastern cities come here every spring and hire all the gunners they can get; some are paid by the day and ammunition furnished, while others furnish their own ammunition and receive ten cents apiece for all black-bellied and upland plover, dow birds, curlew and jacksnipe. A man at Pocahontas Center using a Spencer repeating shotgun told me he usually killed from 50 to 125 plover a day through the season. These birds are all stored and carried over for the fall and winter trade. We have had and still have excellent wildfowl shooting, about which more anon. H. A. K.

A WORD ABOUT MARKET HUNTERS.—St. Joseph, Mo., July 29.—Have just returned from a trip through part of "Sunny Kansas." Chickens seem to be quite plenty. Last Saturday I saw at one of the leading hotels in Kansas City a party of men whom, from certain ear-marks, I "sized up" as Eastern "sportsmen" (?) They were supplied with guns and the usual baggage, and were seeking information relative to the westbound Santa Fe trains. About Sept. 15 I shall look for a glowing account of "a recent shooting trip in Kansas," also the customary "cussing" of the "market hunters" in the columns of our sporting publications. I am acquainted with several men who shoot for the market, and after many years spent in such company in rush "blinds" and "stubble," I am impelled to the belief that their success depends on their intimate knowledge of the habits of the game they seek, and their dexterity with the gun, and not on the pot-hunting and untimely murder of half-fledged birds. In fact, I have never seen a market hunter shoot at a sitting bird, and I honestly believe that the greater part of the game killed in close season or by pot shots at resting coveys can be justly charged to those who make the most ado about the market hunter. No one regrets more than I the steady diminution of our game supply; though I have never been and am not now a market hunter, I should like to see stringent game laws rigorously enforced. We need a national law making spring shooting a criminal offense. We also need a deal less twaddle about market hunters.—HOODOO.

MISSOURI.—Alexandria, July 31.—Last winter having been unusually mild, quail are very numerous and are successful in raising their young, despite the regularity and frequency of rains. While mowing along a rail fence during the second week in June, I discovered two nests of the quail, which were the only ones I have found for years. In both cases the birds were absent, and my curiosity caused me to investigate the number of eggs. The first nest was lined with a layer of eggs reaching two-thirds of the way to the top, thus affording a sure and easy numbering of the eggs, which amounted to fifteen. The second nest was an object of wonder to me, for I have never seen the equal. It was about 5in. across, and very deep, and such a pile of pretty white eggs. I wanted to know their number, but how could I take the census of Bob White's home when I know he is so very careful about his premises? The eggs were piled about three layers in depth, and it was a puzzling undertaking, yet by careful counting and recount I ascertained that the nest contained twenty-two eggs. Passing by the nest frequently, I always found the lady quail quietly sitting on her eggs, never being uneasy at my close presence. Like the American eagle on our silver dollar, the quail had to spread itself to cover such a large number of crystals which promised to develop a flock of lively little Bob Whites within a few days. As early as June 20 I saw a fine flock of young quail which were large enough to fly.—JASPER BLINES.

GAME BIRDS OF VANCOUVER ISLAND.—The prospects for the September shooting near Esquimalt are very bright. A gentleman estimated the number of grouse that he saw in one day's stroll through the woods at 150 brace. Blue grouse abound on the hills and willow grouse in the swamps. The mountain quail and the valley quail, introduced from California, have multiplied enormously. We have recent information from Nanaimo to the effect that golden pheasants, brought over from China and protected for several years, have increased greatly and afford rare sport.

WHATCOM, Washington, July 13.—Several cougars have been killed in the last four weeks. Black bears are often met with and several have been captured. Ruffed grouse are promising to be numerous. I have the promise of a fine specimen of a four-pronged spotted buck, when the proper season shall return; spots about as large as a quarter-dollar. There are several yet of that kind of white and spotted deer upon some of the islands of Puget's Sound, but they are getting scarce.—J. Y. C.

MEXICAN GAME.—San Luis Potosi, Mexico, July 24.—We have had capital dove shooting for a week or two. They bred somewhere in the mountains, I suppose, and suddenly appeared in the plains hereabout in great numbers. A kind of wood pigeon with a white spot on his wing is abundant in some places also, and gives excellent shooting. Jack rabbits and cottontails there are for those who want them. Have not been to the quail cover as yet, supposing them too small.—AZTEC.

TENNESSEE GAME LAW.

AN ACT to be entitled an Act for the better protection of game in this State.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Tennessee, that it shall be and is hereby declared unlawful for any person to hunt, kill, or trap deer for profit in the State of Tennessee; provided, however, that all citizens of Tennessee be allowed to hunt, or kill or capture deer for their own consumption from the first day of August to the first day of January of each year; and provided further, that all citizens of Tennessee may kill or capture deer for profit on his own land, but not elsewhere, from the first day of August to the first day of January of each year.

Sec. 2. Be it further enacted that it shall be and is hereby unlawful for any person to hunt, kill, net, trap or capture quail or partridges for profit in the State of Tennessee; provided that any citizen of this State may hunt, kill, trap or capture quail or partridges for profit on his own land, but not elsewhere, nor at any other season of the year than from the first day of November to March the first of each year within the time limited; provided that it shall be unlawful for any person or persons to net partridges or quail at any season of the year.

Sec. 3. Be it further enacted that any person violating the provisions of this act shall be fined for the first offense not less than five nor more than twenty-five dollars, and for each subsequent offense not less than twenty-five nor more than fifty dollars and imprisonment, at the discretion of the Court, not exceeding three months.

Sec. 4. Be it further enacted that the constables and justices of the peace of each county be game wardens to prosecute violators against the provisions of this bill.

Sec. 5. Be it further enacted that grand juries shall have inquisitorial powers of all violations of this act. And the Circuit and Criminal Judges shall give the same in charge to the grand juries, and the killing, hunting or capturing in any wise the game protected by this act.

Sec. 6. Be it further enacted that the following counties are hereby exempted from the provisions of this act: Carroll, Benton, Henderson, White, Cumberland, Van Buren, Smith, Cannon, Dyer, Cocke, Sullivan, Unicoi, Grundy, Sevier, Fentress, Lincoln, Putnam, Pickett, Johnson, Carter, Franklin, Humphreys, Hickman, Lauderdale, Crockett, Lewis, Perry, Decatur, Green, Grainger, Hawkins, Jackson, Polk, Warren, Robertson, James, Meigs, Rhea, Weakly, Hardin, McNairy, Campbell, Union, Bledsoe, Sequatchie, Overton, Claiborne, Chester, Marion, Williamson, Marshall, Morgan, Bedford, Moore, Lawrence, Wayne, Macon, Clay, Gibson.

Approved April 2, 1889.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

270.

A FRIEND of mine, John D., tells me a joke which he has kept to himself for a year or more past. He was sitting in his boat among the weeds and rushes along the margin of a small lake about four miles from here, patiently waiting for the ducks to come in. He had sat until late in the afternoon without a shot, when suddenly he noticed a flock of about forty mallards come down from the north and drop into the water close in shore, some 200yds. down the lake, and behind a point of flags and tall weeds which extended into the lake. Laying his gun down in the bottom of the boat, he dropped on his knees and commenced poling carefully down the shore, the water being about 18in. deep, with a foot of mud at the bottom.

After going a short distance the gun under his knees in the bottom of the boat began to bother him, so he picked it up, and carefully deposited it behind him without looking around. In due time he worked up to the point of flags behind which the mallards had alighted. Cautiously pulling aside some weeds, he discovered the whole flock bunched together in a little cove, not over 30yds. distant. "Great Scott!" thought John, "here is what I have been looking for all these years, a pot-shot at mallards." Pushing his pole into the mud and holding on with his left hand, he began to feel behind him with his right for the gun. Somehow he didn't just seem to fetch it, and after a little nervous fumbling he turned his head to locate it. Horror of horror! the gun was gone. John says his feelings at this juncture may be imagined to some extent, but can never, never be described. The discovery so surprised him that he made a miss-move of some kind and away went the ducks. Upon slowly retracing his way toward the point of starting, he found the gun with about 4in. of the muzzle sticking out of the water just where he had carefully stuck the butt in the mud when he put the gun behind him. John always looks now where he lays things, but the visions of that flock of mallards haunts him to this day. C.

271.

On a pleasant summer's day in one of the 80s, two well-known gentlemen of Attleboro, Mass., who were enjoying a short vacation at the summer resort called Menauhant, located on the south shore of Cape Cod, were taking a sail in a small catboat, on an inland bay known as the Eel Pond. One of the gentlemen had been endeavoring to work the boat to windward with but little success, so that the other took control, but with the result that in a few minutes he had capsized the boat. After having clung to the boat and yelled themselves hoarse, a fisherman bore down toward them and called to them to throw him their painter. Then the least frightened of the two answered back:

"We haven't any painter with us. We are only two Attleboro jewelers."

During the remainder of their stay in that vicinity watch chains and cuff buttons were freely distributed by them. ZENAS.

Sea and River Fishing.

CAMPING ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.

AT the close of a successful day's fishing in the summer of 1887, on that part of the Susquehanna in Wyoming county, Pa., locally known as the "Neck," where the grand old stream sweeps around the projecting mountain that obstructs its way and flows five miles to gain one in its onward course to the bay, Sharpe and I mutually agreed that when the rolling year again brought the vacation season around, there we would pitch our tent and spend a week in the way so dear to every lover of camp life. And so it came to be talked of whenever we met, with all details arranged; and Aug. 13 was finally fixed upon as the day of departure. But during the night of the 12th the long-protracted drouth was broken by such a fall of rain as I have seldom known. Roads were washed until almost impassable, fields gullied and disfigured, every rivulet turned to a boiling, seething torrent, and the river became awe-inspiring in the powerful onward rushing of its boisterous waters. Storm followed storm at short intervals, which, with the consequent high water, kept us at home until Sept. 3, when a start was made. My team took me with my boat and camp kit to the river at Meshoppen, where I launched the boat, and the current, with but little assistance from the oars, soon carried me over the three miles to the rambling little village of Mehoopany, where I expected to find Sharpe awaiting me. But it was not until the next day that, with duffle packed aboard, we were at last off in the boat. The river had risen several inches during the night, which argued ill for good fishing. A few strokes of the oars shot the boat out into the current, and we floated gently away to our destination. We ran through some rough water at the old dam, but our buoyant little boat carried us safely through, and soon we shot through Horse Race Rapids and glided out upon the stretch of placid water that was to be our fishing ground.

The gleam of a white tent among the trees and smoke rising skyward showed that others, like ourselves, had been drawn here by the many attractions of the place. After a careful exploration of both banks, a favorable site was selected, and our boats quickly unloaded. Here the "grub box" came to the front; and our hunger satisfied, we turned our attention to camp building. Drawing my little "Nessmuk," the white chips were soon flying, the shelter cloth stretched and the sides thickly woven with leafy branches. Crossing to the mountains opposite I climbed the almost perpendicular ascent and cut from its rocky hold a bushy topped hemlock that, falling, rolled to the water's edge. The branches were lopped off, piled into the boat and transported to camp, where, at our leisure, we stripped them of their brouse, the finest of which went into two sacks to form pillows, the remainder making our bed at least a foot deep, elastic, fragrant and inviting to sound and restful sleep. Over it our blankets were spread. Water was brought from the spring near at hand. In front the fire was built; and the kettle suspended from the long pole was soon boiling; the coffee simmered on the coals at one side; and the picture was complete. At supper the potatoes were of the whitest, and the boiled ears of corn were sweeter even than those we so well remember "on mother's table," while the aroma of the coffee filled the camp.

Then followed the hour of lounging and story-telling so dear to all who go to the woods and streams for relaxation and rest. As the twilight deepens the fire burns brighter, the wreaths of white smoke drift out of the circle of light, and sparks fly up among the trees overhead. The fire shines directly into camp, and coupled with the fatigues of the day soon produces drowsiness; and replenishing the fire we turn in for the night. Sharpe's heavy, regular breathing soon tells he sleeps soundly, but I lie awake for some time listening to the many voices of the night—the wind as it softly rustles the leaves of the oak, hickory and birch that overspread the camp, and my thoughts fly away back among the hills of the Susquehanna, and I think of the little fellow I left there, and how his eyes would shine with wondering delight, and what a frolic we would have about the fire were he but here to-night. A few more years and I will take him with me and teach him lessons in woodcraft, and by intimate associations fill his young heart full of admiration and love for all the wondrous and beautiful works of nature. A heart thus filled is strongly fortified against the many corrupting influences he must meet in the years to come; and although he may spend hours with rod and gun that might be otherwise usefully employed, who will say that such time is wasted. My reverie at last ends in oblivious sleep, and the next of which I am conscious Sharpe rolls over and nestles closer, the night being somewhat chill, and the fire having burned low. I rise, replenish the fire and go out from the shadow of the trees upon the river bank. The night is clear and still. Numberless stars sparkle overhead. The tall pines on the mountain's crest—sentinels standing guard on the world below—are dimly outlined against the sky. The waters of the river are obscured by a heavy curtain of fog. The roar of the rapids comes faintly to my ear. Peace broods over all.

It was late when we opened our eyes next morning. The sun was shining brightly, and a squirrel, perched in the hickory in front of the camp, was earnestly coughing and scolding in wonderment at the scene below. After our meal, rods were jointed, leaders put to soak, and we were ready to try the fishing. The water had fallen several inches during the night and our hopes rose correspondingly. After fishing till nearly noon we returned to camp with twelve bass towing behind the boat. Nothing remarkable as to number or size, yet we were satisfied. No large ones were taken and no big ones got away, for the reason, perhaps, that none were hooked. Sharpe dressed the fish while I kindled the fire and got the potatoes and coffee on to boil; and any one who had seen the pile of bass I fried would have thought the camp contained at least half a dozen hungry men. We were in no such haste to begin the fishing of the afternoon as we had felt in the morning, but went about it leisurely and caught a fair string that were placed in a box in the water to be drawn upon as occasion required.

Supper over, we paid a visit to the camp we had noticed among the trees on the picnic grounds at the foot of the island. The party consisted of four, three of Elmira and one of Laceyville, all of the hardware trade. As we approached the vicinity the camp was enveloped

in a cloud of blue sulphurous smoke, and an odor of burning brimstone filled the air. There was no fire in the camp and some phenomena must account for the state of the atmosphere. The disturbance was apparently volcanic. We met two of the party at the landing returning from a visit to Mehoopany. Walking with them up to the tent we learned the cause of the disturbance as told by the occupants in language abounding in forcible adjectives. Early in the afternoon they had gone up the river a short distance to fish, bribing a boy to watch the camp by the promise of a much coveted rod. After the departure of the fishermen Tommy found it rather dry business, and finally wandered off on the beach and amused himself with wading in the water and digging mussels in the sand; and the sun was low in the west when he returned to find that a herd of cows had taken possession and wrought ruin in his absence. All the edibles had been piled on one of the large tables and the cows had made a clean sweep. Bread, bacon, potatoes, onions, corn, salt, all had disappeared. A box of pepper alone remained. Tommy drove them away, and upon comprehending the damage they had done, fled the camp. We arrived just in time to hear the expletives of the fishermen as they came to realize the state of affairs. Many and awful were the threats of vengeance against unfortunate Tommy. Many methods of torture were suggested, but none decided upon as equaling the offense. A party was detailed to visit the farmhouse back from the river and soon returned with a loaf of bread and a peck of potatoes, and in the cooking of the supper and the more than real interest aroused by the finding of a case of beer in the boat that had been to town, both their loss and revenge were forgotten. Tommy did not get the coveted rod, but we learned later that he managed to get away secretly with a valuable reel belonging to one of the party.

The night was exceedingly chill for the time of year; but a good fire kept burning the entire night flooded the tent with both light and warmth. Thursday morning dawned bright and beautiful. At breakfast the amount of toast that Sharpe devoured was far more noticeable than his catch of bass the day before. Breakfast over, a consultation was held, at which it was decided to devote the forenoon to exploring the river for some distance below. For me the locality has a double interest. On the opposite shore and a little below our camp, something over sixty years ago stood the old log cabin in which my father was born; and we put up our tent on the farm where his early boyhood was spent. Often have I heard him tell of the game and fish to be found here in those early days—of the wild turkeys that flew across the river to feed in the cornfields, the big flocks of ducks that passed up and down, of the deer pursued by dogs that swam the river, and of the many fish caught. Although great changes have taken place in the past fifty years, still the locality is a charming one, and offers many inducements to the camper. The Vosburg tunnel now used by the Lehigh Valley Railroad leaves five miles of river undisturbed by the screech of locomotives and the jar and rumble of heavy trains. The mountains are grandly beautiful, the fishing good, and the farmers who occupy the pleasant houses a little back from the river will welcome you heartily, and if you are the gentlemen all campers should be, will do all in their power to make your stay a pleasant one.

So we drifted about that bright September morning, landing often to explore the shores, visited the cemetery and found many familiar names on the mossy tombstones, and finally accepted an invitation to dinner from a hospitable farmer. The broad and fertile acres he tills have passed from father to son for three generations, and no doubt at least one of the five manly boys we met there will follow the occupation of the father. We found Mrs. B. a charming lady, and the hour we spent in that hospitable home will long remain a pleasant memory. Dinner over we took leave of the farmer in the midst of a melon patch where the fruit lay thick upon the ground and we were asked to help ourselves to all we could use.

We fished in the afternoon with good success. The following morning the leaden sky and south wind spoke plainly of an approaching storm. We had proposed staying another night, but wishing to avoid the storm we broke camp early, packed the boat and started up the river. The wind being astern a large umbrella was made to do duty as a sail and good progress was made. Landing Sharpe at Mehoopany I pulled along to Meshoppen, where I found my team awaiting me. A ride of nine miles put me at home again. My vacation passed with a pleasant memory. That night and the following day as the rain fell steadily I was glad to be at home, but already had I begun planning for another outing another summer with the same congenial companion along the same grand old river. BON AMI.

AUBURN, Pa.

AS TOUCHING WALTON.

ACCORDING to Allibone, Walton's "Compleat Angler" has gone through thirty-four editions in England, two or more in the United States and one in Germany, and has been called "the angler's Bible." In some respects it is treated by the votaries of the rod and reel as the sacred volume is by some Christians—it is much quoted and little read.

Some angling writers are in the habit of referring to this author as "Sir Isaac Walton." If they had diligently studied the life and writings of the plain citizen of London, who carried on the trade of linen draper, in half a shop, in Fleet street, A. D. 1624, they would not have made the mistake of knighting him.

Walton belonged to that respectable middle class of Britons who have been for centuries the strength and glory of old England, and who settled the newer and greater England beyond the Atlantic.

And one of his sayings is quoted, "I had rather be a civil, well governed, temperate, poor angler, than a drunken lord," which meant something at a period when the English nobility seemed to rule by divine right, and like the King; could do no wrong.

Although the "common father of all anglers" was a plain and unassuming man, he was on terms of intimate friendship with many of the literary men and clergy of his time, the lives of some of whom he wrote. The anglers of the present day cannot do better than to study the life and writings of their prototype. S. C. C.

MARIETTA, Georgia.

AMERICAN CLUBS IN CANADA.

LAKE EDWARD, Quebec, Aug. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* By the mail last evening I received the FOREST AND STREAM of July 25. I had just had a late "snack" after a day's fishing with good success, and cocking my feet at the regulation angle, a habit our English friends never tire of ridiculing (the reason they never do it is, I imagine, their modesty in exhibiting the size of their feet), and with the proverbial brierwood well filled and lighted, I proceeded to open the paper and see who had told the biggest lie—fish story, I mean.

The first item my eye encountered was a short editorial headed "American Clubs in Canada," which referred to the alleged prejudice of Canadians against the leasing of lakes and rivers and formation of clubs by Americans.

The complaint that we are monopolizing their fishing has, as you say, two sides to it.

Firstly—If the Canadians wanted these lakes and rivers themselves, why did they not secure them in accordance with their own laws? They had the same and better opportunities, living on the ground, as it were; and they knew that the Canadian Government was offering these privileges, which have been in the market for years, and only within the last two have Americans availed themselves of the opportunity.

Secondly—There is a plenty of lakes and rivers that we have not taken up, a little more remote, perhaps, but available with a moderate outlay for trails to give access to them. Mr. Canadian don't propose to spend any money for his pleasure. He wants all fishing free, which is not in accordance with the laws of the mother country, which Canada takes as its authority. The American clubs spend money for these privileges. They pay a rental to the Government. They build houses, cut roads and trails give employment to guides and mechanics, travel on Canadian railroads, patronize Canadian hotels, in fact, spend ten dollars in the country for fishing privileges where the Canadians spend one. Why, then, should the Government withhold these privileges from Americans to give resident grumblers free fishing? And again, the men composing the membership of these American clubs are true sportsmen, and do not believe in indiscriminate slaughter. They do not go in for depleting. They catch a moderate number and waste none, and become really the best protectors of game and fish Canada could have, for they prevent the pot-hunter from unlimited destruction of fish, regardless of numbers they can preserve or use.

As an instance, when up here last fall, a party of five from Quebec camped on the Jeanotte River, at its outlet from Lake Edward, for a week. The number of trout they caught they did not state; but they brought up four barrels, and one of the party confessed that they had thrown away twice that quantity. From my own observations I should say they caught over a thousand pounds of trout, more fish than any club would have taken in two years. And this was not the only instance of slaughter. Another party, camping on the same river, went into a regular fish curing business, smoking and carrying away probably 500lbs.; and all these gentlemen were Canadians, residents of Quebec and Montreal, not an American among them. These are the people who are howling against the granting of fishing privileges to us Americans. They want the Government to keep the rivers and lakes open for their benefit, and never a penny do they propose to pay for this murderous system of cleaning them out.

The Canadian Government is acting wisely in granting privileges to Americans and American clubs, as it thereby insures a perpetuation of the attractions Canada presents to sportsmen, the preservation of its fish, and the continued business for hotels, railroads, mechanics and laborers, for not a club established that does not expend thousands of dollars in buildings and expenses, every dollar of which is a local benefit. Can the people or the Government reap an equal benefit from the pot-hunter? At the rate they are now ruthlessly wasting the fish all along the line of the railroads, these pot-fishermen will in a very few years denude Canada of its fish and fishing, and make it no longer attractive to sportsmen; and as a consequence there will be less expenditure in the remote localities where people live who never saw a dollar in coin until the railroad brought American sportsmen to them. This may seem a wild statement, but there are plenty of men fifty years of age in the wilds of Canada who never saw a dollar in cash (coin or paper) until the advent of the railroad in the midst of them. They say missionaries and railroads are great civilizers. Very true, but give me the railroads every time. I have been where it was only the missionary; Christianity and whisky were having a tight race, with whisky considerably ahead, which was, of course, not the teachings of the missionary, but the natural result of civilization; whisky follows close on the heels of enlightenment. I heard a converted native once say, when asked if he was not glad he had been rescued from his heathen condition and been made a good christian, "Yes, me heap sorry missionary man not come sooner; me lose heap time, no whisky."

As I am up here in the land, or rather waters, of the trout, I suppose you would like to hear how the fishing is. Well, as they say, it is fair to middling. The trout learn to seek the deep waters of the lakes during the hot spell, and it can be hot up here as elsewhere, when it gives its mind to it. The fishing in the streams (fly-fishing) is not bad, but the mosquitoes are. The pestiferous blackfly has departed, leaving the mosquitoes in possession. To fish on the shores of any stream in Canada at the present moment with any degree of comfort one should wear a veil and long gloves that protect the wrist. In an hour's fishing yesterday I caught four trout, averaging 2¼lbs. each, fair and actual weight, and a dozen or so of a size that would have been accounted large for brook fishing at home. With this string I quit fishing, as being entirely unprotected and unprepared, the zeal manifested by the blamed insects was greater than my enthusiasm for fish, and I abandoned the ground.

At Lake St. John they are taking a goodly number of ouininish or ouininish (you can spell it either way you like, there being no recognized authority except the unreliable pronunciation of Mr. Indian). The fishing privilege at the Grand Discharge, the place to fish for them, has been leased by a Canadian party, who has a comfortable camp house on the ground, where fishermen find accommodations by paying $5 per day for board and the privilege of fishing. To get there you take the steamboat Peribonca at Roberval, the terminus of the Quebec and St. John's Railroad, on Wednesdays and Saturdays. By leaving New York on Monday or Thursday from Forty-second street depot, you will arrive at Roberval Tuesday evening, or Friday evening, fare $16, tourist ticket. Board up this way $2 per day, guides $1.50, boats $1, at which prices you get fair equivalent, but not the gout. The wininish are great fighters and you want good sound tackle, but of course not heavy for good sport. Double or heavy gut flies and leaders make a surer thing of saving your fish, skill and science do the balance. It is the next thing to salmon fishing. The fish do not run large just now, from 3 to 5lbs., but what there is of them is very animated; they differ with you as to views of who is master, and it requires considerable skill in the argument to convince them that they are going home with you and not you with them, a discussion that all true fishermen delight in. PODGERS.

TROUT AND LEECHES.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., July 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Reference in a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM to leeches preying upon trout by destroying the young fry and fastening themselves to the adult fish, should elicit further information. So far as my observation goes, I have not found leeches destructive to speckled trout, at least in the manner stated by your Montreal correspondent, by preying upon the adult fish.

Some fifteen miles from Flesherton, in Grey county, Ont., there is a deep spring fed lake, about seventy acres in extent. This, known as Brewster's Lake, has far more than a local reputation on account of the size and numbers of its fish, though they are at all times extremely difficult to take with hook and line, whatever lure be employed, or whatever the season or time of day or night they may be angled for. Although continually netted, the lake still maintains its reputation for large size and numbers of its speckled trout. Indeed, I have never seen such fat, well-fed and red-fleshed fish as those taken from this lake.

Some twelve miles distant in another direction in Grey county there is a large mill pond formed by the headwaters of the Noisy River. This, until it became hopelessly fished out, was also noted for its numbers of large, highly colored fish. In both of these waters the leech exists in great quantities; and that it is a favorite of the trout I have repeatedly verified by noting the contents of the fishes' stomachs. The pond has a muddy bottom, but its fish are among the sweetest I have ever tasted. I never noticed any crustaceous food to speak of in this water, and I came to the conclusion, whether warranted or not, that the extremely brilliant flesh of the fish in both the waters specified was due to the leech diet they so abundantly supplied.

The pond mentioned was originally stocked by a pailful of fish placed in it from an adjoining lake, and the young fry, it would seem, found no difficulty since then in avoiding the multitudinous leech. This with reference to the statement quoted from the London *Field:* "The most deadly enemy to young fish I believe to be leeches, and in some streams it seems to me to be a puzzle how any of the small fry when just emerged from the egg can escape them." Naturally, in warmish, sluggish waters where the leech exists very numerously, and where the hiding places of the young fry are restricted, the latter must necessarily suffer.

With reference to a remedy for the trouble complained of by your correspondent, possibly stocking the waters with speckled trout that have been accustomed to a leech diet would prove the easiest and most efficacious. But may not the case he refers to of the leech fastening themselves to the adult gray trout be owing to a disease of the fish which invites the enemy and renders the fish less able to rid themselves of their persecutors?

GEORGE H. ELLWANGER.

CHANGES OF COLOR IN FISHES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

An exchange says: "There is a hot-tempered little fish, known as *Betta pugnax*, and kept as a sort of domestic pet by the Siamese, to display its prowess for the Mongolian amusement. When in a state of quiet, its dull colors present no remarkable sight, but if two be brought together, or if one sees its own image in a looking glass, the little creature becomes suddenly excited, the raised fins and the whole body shine with metallic colors of dazzling beauty."

This fact, if it is one, is important to science in determining that the iridescence and complexion of fishes, at least of some fishes, is to a degree emotional or voluntary. The blush may not be peculiar to the human face alone. The finer the organization, the keener the sensibilities. In coarse species the colors appear fixed. In higher grades they are evanescent, or at least variable, especially in the scienids, red mullets and dolphins. The fact that coloration is heightened by anger, fear, delight, or apprehension, or by emotional excitement of any kind, indicates a suffusion of blood to the surface of the body.

A study of the phenomenal effects may assist in throwing some light upon the venous circulation of fishes, which has so long been an interesting subject of investigation. Fishes may not be as cold-blooded as philosophers have represented. The chromatophers or pigment cells in the skin of a fish are extremely sensitive. Guenther demonstrates how easily they are excited by external irritation. When they are expanded intense colors prevail; when they contract the fish becomes paler. A mere change from darkness into light is sufficient to induce them to contract and *vice versa*. In trout which are kept in dark places, the black chromatophers are expanded, and consequently such specimens are very dark colored; when removed to the light they become paler almost instantly. Fish which do not see must naturally have less sensibility than those which have sight, because they have fewer media of perception. Blind fish are always of a neutral tint, no matter where they are, or whether their companions are light-colored or not. It would be interesting to experiment with blind specimens of the Siamese fish, and ascertain whether they become brilliant by excitation. CHARLES HALLOCK.

SEINES. NETS of every description. American Net & Twine Co., Mfrs., 34 Commercial st., Boston, or 199 Fulton st., N. Y.—*Adv.*

VANCOUVER ISLAND FISH AND FISHING

DURING these hot days of the middle of July the markets of Victoria, apparantly as destitute of ice as the Clay street fish market of San Francisco, are supplied with about the same kinds of fishes as one finds in California—several species of flounders, including the halibut, whiting (*Microgadus proximus*), cultus cod (sometimes incorrectly styled black cod), rock trout (species of *Hexagrammus*), rock cod (several species of *Sebastichthys*), perch (various genera of the viviparous *Embiotocoids*), salmon, salted eulachon and fresh sturgeon.

In the dry dock at Esquimalt many of the harbor fishes enter while the water is running in, and sometimes fail to escape when the pumping is done. At one time a supply of black bass (*Sebastichthys melanops*) more than sufficient for all the town, was captured, and the removal of the surplus caused a good deal of trouble. Anchovies, locally known as sardines, are swimming about the wharves, continually expanding and closing their capacious gills, wandering gregariously in undulating lines or imperfect circles, frequently breaching out of water in silvery dashes to escape the attacks of concealed enemies, and gradually showing a state of decimation which foreshadows their approaching end. Lazily loafing in the shadow of a landing may be seen the despised ratfish, or rabbit fish (*Chimæra colliei*), whose only functions seem to be to look grotesque and annoy the expectant angler. The diligent small boy is here, but he is not catching sunfish and catfish, nor cunners and eels; his string, when he carries one, contains sculpins (*Artedius*), viviparous perch (*Embiotocoids*) and rock trout (*Hexagrammus*). His older brother is out in a boat, fishing with annelides and tube worms for what he calls whiting, but we would name it tomcod, for it is the *Microgadus proximus* in California and northward to Alaska. Or he may be trolling for silver salmon, which means any of the large-scaled species in the sea-run condition; we bought a fine chinnook, or quinnat, from a fisherman who supposed he had a genuine silver salmon. We were assured that salmon will not take the fly about Esquimalt, and that smelt will not accept bait.

Nanaimo River at this time is lined with dead salmon. Speckled trout are said to be very scarce in the river, but the chain of lakes through which its headwaters flow is well supplied with trout. Anglers who drive out about nine miles from Nanaimo report excellent fishing. Some of the fishermen use grasshoppers or fresh beef or mutton for bait; others tie their own flies, using grouse feathers. It is said that almost any kind of artificial fly will prove successful. The Nanaimo is a rapid stream, with many rocks intermingled with sand.

AN OFF DAY ON THE BOARDMAN.

DURING the latter part of May last I shouldered rod and creel and started down the North Branch of the Boardman River. I had not been down the stream and knew nothing of its fishing grounds. I started in just below the village of Kalkaska. My first dip in the stream rewarded me with a 15in. trout. "Well, now," thought I to myself, "why have I not come down here before to-day?" I went on down the stream through the thick growth of willows; so dense were they that I could get to the stream only at intervals of ten to twenty rods apart. The water was high from the recent rains, and I found it a difficult task to fish along the stream through this patch of willows, so I walked on down to the cedars. Here I struck in again, taking out a nice trout here and there; but I found it very hard work to get through those cedars that had blown down or washed into the stream, and at some places completely damming the stream by a jam of driftwood and cedar trees, forming a mass so dense one could wade the stream only here and there. But I wanted to explore this fishing ground further down.

I came to one of these places filled with driftwood and attempted to climb over it. I had got near the top, which was about twelve feet high, when a limb I was standing on broke, letting me drop some four feet between the logs. I was climbing over when a stub of a limb caught hold of the seat of my pants, and there I was suspended in mid-air; and yet I was firmly wedged in between the logs, my feet within three or four feet of the water, but touched nothing, and when I attempted to draw myself up by my hands there was a snag that caught my back and prevented me from raising my body. Here I was, all alone except for my dog; he walked out to where I was imprisoned and seemed to want to aid me if possible. The mosquitoes seemed to know I was in a trap, and accompanied by a dozen or more sand flies they just pecked in to me as though that was their only and last chance. But what could I do? I laughed as I struggled to free myself from the prison I was in. At last the limb that held me by the seat of my pants gave way, and down I went into the water up to my arms, besides nearly losing one of my eyes by a limb gouging me as I dropped between the logs.

Of course I did not attempt to get any trout there, as I had frightened them so badly they would not show themselves for some time. But just below this place was another mass of driftwood and brush, and here I got ten beautiful trout. I followed on down and came to a jam of cedars and driftwood some fifteen or eighteen feet high, and just below it was a grand place to catch some nice trout, but there was no way to get to it, only to get up on top of the huge pile and fish off from it. I succeeded in climbing up to the top. My boots were full of water, which makes any one so clumsy in climbing over a mass like this. Standing on the very top of this pile and letting out a long line, I dropped my hook in between some logs and succeeded in fastening to a pound trout. I got him out of the water and nearly up to where I stood when the snell broke and down went my prize into the stream again. Putting on another hook I drop in and get another trout equally as large and beautiful as the first; but he was not so securely hooked and he got away. Again I dropped into the same place and felt a wriggling at the hook. I struck, and I think had a very large trout from the way he pulled, but just then I lost my balance and had to jump right into the very place I was fishing in. I could only shut my eyes and not try to save myself, as there was nothing to grasp hold of. I landed in this mess of logs, sticks and leaves, barking shins, bruising my knees and legs, scratching my hands and face and breaking my rod. I thanked my stars that I was not killed. I crawled out of this jungle, and after fixing my rod started on.

I came to a marshy place where there were no logs in the stream, but a dense growth of willows on either side of the river; and as the river was out of its banks on both sides there was only one way to get to a deep dark looking hole a few rods below and that was to get into the stream and wade down to it. This I did, and at the first cast a big fish took my hook, which caused the tip of my rod to bend almost double. I could not fetch him to the top of the water for a long time, and when he did come it was with a fearful rush, springing about two feet out of water. Then he dashed back and forth, to one side of the stream, and then down, then up. I played him for fully ten minutes, when he seemingly gave up and I stretched forth my hand to take him in. With a mighty rush he started up stream, then whirled and went down like a streak of lightning. I checked him and he dove down and succeeded in winding the line around a projecting root out of my sight about two feet under water and snapped my line in two. Oh, what luck I was having. I put on a fresh hook and dropped in again, and I either hooked eight different large trout and lost all but two or else I caught the same one more than once. However, two of those I lost were 18 or 20in. long, and the two I got were 15in. long and 8in. around.

I was disgusted with the luck I had all day, and started for home determined to try them big fellows again, of which I will tell you some future time. On arriving home my wife was surprised to see such a nice basket of trout; the 40 weighed 12lbs. What would she have thought had I saved all those big fellows I lost? The next day I was so lame I could hardly move; my legs were black and blue where the skin was not knocked off; and yet all this is sport to me or to any lover of trout fishing.

I have been fishing about 25 times this spring and have had extremely good luck in getting large trout. We fish here in the Boardman River and Rapid River and its several branches; Rapid River has more trout in its cold waters than any other stream in this section. I am going to Manistee River soon to try my luck catching grayling; if I have any luck I may write you about it.

Kalkaska, Mich., June 26. BROOK TROUT.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, July 22.—Mr. Alex. T. Loyd, retiring president of the Grand Calumet Heights Club, mentions in his report one thing of especial interest to sportsmen in general. This is in connection with a sad accident which occurred three weeks ago on the river near the club house. I quote from the report:

"On last Sunday, I regret to say, we had the first serious accident on our grounds. An invited guest and a young friend were in some way, probably through changing positions in their boat, upset. The gentleman succeeded in clinging to the boat until rescued by Drs. Harlan and Reed, who fortunately heard his cries for help. The young man, unable to reach the boat, was drowned. The body was recovered some six hours later, but the efforts of Drs. Harlan and Reed to restore animation were unsuccessful.

"In this connection, I would impress upon every member the absolute necessity:

"First—Of rendering his boat not only unsinkable, but buoyant, by fastening within it a number of sealed tin cans."

"Second—To provide a rubber boat seat, or a tin box for a boat seat, with cords attached, so it can be quickly and easily secured to one's person. This is especially valuable when on the lake, permitting one to reach the shore at times when he could not do so if he were unable to quit the overturned boat.

"Third—Never to suffer the anchor rope to be fastened to the boat except when in actual use. A neglect of this precaution contributed in a marked degree to the fatal results attending the late accident."

Mr. Loyd has his own boat provided with ten air compartments, which buoy it perfectly when the boat is filled with water. Such an arrangement is simple and inexpensive, and adds so largely to fancied and actual safety that it would be well if all shooters and fishers followed it. It alone would not perhaps have saved this poor boy's life, for he fell away from the boat and drowned within ten feet of shallow water, but his companion could have thrown him a rope had he himself been secure upon a strongly floating boat. The blame here rested in that fatuous ignorance and carelessness by which an unskilled and ignorant man took an equally unskilled and ignorant boy out in a boat with him. The boy's parents blame the man for this, although he meant it only in kindness to the boy, whom he loved as his own son, and took on this little vacation trip because he was the brightest of his young clerks. The blame lies deeper yet. Any grown man should know enough of outdoor sports to be able to handle a boat safely on a tranquil stream, and it had been better kindness had this boy's parents taught him the use of boat and water instead of keeping him away from them in timid fear, as they always did. There was no perfect rounded manhood in that boat, nor the beginning of any such, when so trivial an accident resulted in death. In justice, however, it should be added that the gentleman who escaped had one artificial leg, which prevented his swimming even the few feet necessary to be passed to reach the drowning boy.

Grand Calumet has put an addition of 22×24ft. at the east end of the club house, and fitted it up with twenty-two lockers. These will be sold at $3 to $4 each to members, and will be a source of slight revenue. A boat-house for fourteen boats is also building on the lake shore, tiers in which will be sold at $2 to $5. An attempt will be made to put the sandy flat in front of the house down in grass, although this may be difficult. The purchase of twenty acres of surrounding ground is under consideration still, bonds having been issued in $2,000, but remaining partly unsold. It is to be hoped the wealthier members will take hold of this. This young club shows steady increase in membership. It is one of the very pleasantest clubs for summer, being right upon the lake and in delightful surroundings, easily accessible from the city.

E. HOUGH.

THE revised and abriged edition of the A. O. U. Check List of North American Birds, including the additions and changes made in the supplement, will be sent post free on receipt of 50cts.—*Adv.*

FLY-FISHING FOR STEELHEAD SALMON.

DURING the spring of 1889 for the first time in tributaries of the Columbia River the steelhead salmon or Gairdner's trout have been taken in large numbers with artificial flies. These trout spawn in the small branches of the Clackamas, whose waters reach the Columbia through the Willamette. They ascend to their spawning grounds early in the spring and begin running down in May, increasing in numbers during June. In April a rack is placed in the Clackamas to stop the ascent of the chinnook or quinnat salmon for the purpose of securing females to furnish eggs for the salmon-breeding station of the U. S. Fish Commission. This rack prevents the descent of the steelheads and becomes a center of abundance for the spent trout as well as for the gravid salmon. The enterprising anglers of Vancouver and Portland were quick to utilize this opportunity for their favorite pastime. There was almost no limit to the number of trout which were thin, but clean, silvery and perfectly ravenous after their arduous journey and protracted fast. The majority of those who had eaten the fish spoke favorably of their edible qualities. Nearly all the flies seemed to be killing. The fish averaged fully 30in. in length and were sufficiently gamy to suit the most exacting angler. An expert could be fully occupied the whole day long and every day in the week, landing perhaps twenty trout daily. Major Canby and Major Lee, of Vancouver Post, on the Columbia; Mr. John Cran, of Portland, and Mr. Reed, owner of the Bunker Hill mine, are among the enthusiasts whose skill was rewarded with almost a surfeit of success. Gradually, but surely, the salmon and trout of the West are becoming fascinated by the attractive devices of the fly-fisherman, and new sources of enjoyment are continually being discovered, where at first the disciples of Walton met with many discouragements.

LIVINGSTON STONE.

RHODE ISLAND BASS.

NEWPORT, R. I., July 27.—I inclose you list of striped bass taken with rod and reel by me for the week ending July 27. Flounders are biting very freely; I am taking from 15 to 40 a day. The outlook is very good for a good catch of bass. This season they have been late in showing up, but I have as good a show of fish at my place as I have had for a number of years. There have been but few bass taken as yet. Graves Point Club reported one last Monday morning, the first of the season. The West Island Club two for the season. Pasque Island Club the last time heard from had taken one. Easton's Point fished by H. A. Robbins two.

Bluefish are quite plenty and are biting both at buoy and chum bait, but not as freely at chum as they will later on. Bass taken week ending July 27: Monday 22d, four weighing 11½lbs., 8½lbs., 6lbs. and 5½lbs. Tuesday 23d, three weighing 14½lbs., 10½lbs. and 6½lbs. Thursday 24th, four of 11lbs., 8lbs., 6lbs. and 5½lbs. Friday one of 5½lbs.

W. M. HUGHES.

BLACK BASS FISHING IN THE POTOMAC.—Washington, D. C., Aug. 5.—Anglers met with very good success during the ten days ending July 29, in the Potomac between Cabin John's Bridge and the Great Falls. Messrs. Godey, Daw, Carroll, Jackson and Coburn made fine catches. Mr. Godey caught seventy-six in one day, with eighty-four minnows, casting from rocks into eddies near the falls. This was the second string of fish caught this season that was too much for one man to lift. Mr. Godey says his largest bass weighed 6lbs. Mr. Daw also fished with minnows, Mr. Jackson with shiners, Mr. Coburn with mill roaches, and Mr. Carroll with worms caught from ten to thirty bass in one day's fishing. These gentlemen claim that the Potomac is the finest river for black bass fishing in the world, and their scores seem proof of the assertion. Fishing here has been unusually good this season. There has been so much rain, flood and muddy water that when the angler casts his hook the fish seem to like the novelty and immediately catch on. Experienced fishermen say that the river is alive with bass. This is accounted for in various ways: some think the floods have brought the fish down from up river, and others say they come from the canal, which has been completely wrecked and emptied. I think the latter explanation largely correct, as I have been informed by parties living along the canal that many bass were found in its bed after the waters of the Potomac had receded. If the water become clear and stay in that condition we may expect some grand sport in the Potomac during August, September and October. The two last months are the best for bass when the conditions are favorable.—BAB.

A NEWSPAPER THIEF BROUGHT TO BOOK.—When the *Republic-Times* boasts, as it delights of all things to do, of its superior news facilities, its meaning is now easily understood. The principal article in last night's issue appeared under the heading, "A Fishing Experience: An Every-Day Romance of a Clark County Stream," purporting to be the work "of a member of the *Republic-Times* staff who has returned from a two-days' outing on Mad River." The article, excepting the introductory paragraph, was faked bodily and *verbatim* from FOREST AND STREAM, the issue of July 11, 1889, beginning about one-third from top of the last column of page 506, the article being under the title "Trouting on the South Boardman," the name of the river being changed to "Mad" to suit circumstances, and the word "trout" to "bass," as anybody can see by glancing at the page. That's one way of gathering local news. Getting out on the turf and hustling is another. Plagiarism in the pulpit or oratorical contest is attended by severe penalties. In some newspaper offices it passes for enterprise and ability, and is something to be boasted of in print.—*Springfield Gazette.* [The fellow who perpetrated that fraud wouldn't be bashful about stealing another man's fish and then bragging that he caught them himself.]

PENNSYLVANIA HIGH WATER.—Clearfield, Pa., August 5.—Born in the mountains and having spent many years of my life in the woods, I appreciate your weekly visits, and only wish you were in the hands of every true lover of nature. The heavy rains and floods of June and July have interfered materially with the trout and bass fishing in central Pennsylvania, and even now in mid-summer the river is so muddy that bass fishing is out of the question.—H.

SEATTLE, Wash., July 26.—I arrived here from San Francisco on the 18th inst., and being a lover of the rod and gun, I immediately sought all the information in relation thereto. Two and one-half miles from the post-office is Lake Union, a beautiful body of water of ten miles area and teeming with trout and whiting, which are being killed in large quantities by sawdust, which is dumped into the lakes by sawmills on the banks. There is a wanton destruction of fish and game in this State, and I sincerely wish you to call the attention of the people to this fact. We have many beautiful lakes, rivers and creeks, which in the past were teeming with fish, but what with seining, netting and other unlawful practices the fish will soon be gone. Seattle is rapidly being rebuilt with brick and stone.—W. P. C.

COLORADO FISHING.—A friend writes from Denver: The fishing in the Grand River, in Middle Park, was not so good as usual, owing to low water. My best was 1¼lbs.: of these I landed three all told; but ½ and ¾lb. made up the catches as a rule, and lots of sport in it. Some of the members of the United States Fish Commission are on a tour through the State, and it begins to look as though the fishing interest might assume importance. The increase in the number of people who go a-fishing is something wonderful. Ten years ago it seemed to exc te old Hunks's anger and disgust, but even old Hunks has got the notion that he has been wasting his life. I found several of him enthusiastic.

A HANDSOME TROUT.—Worcester, Mass., July 31.—Last Wednesday Mr. Fred N. Cook, of this city, took a brook trout which excited the admiration of the local fishermen, who examined it with much interest. Besides being an "old lacer" (1lb. 9oz.), it was pronounced by all who saw it to be one of the most perfect specimens of brook trout it had been their good fortune to see. Perfectly symmetrical in shape, brilliantly marked and handsomely colored, he was indeed a beauty. Mr. Eben Harrington, a local artist who has made quite a reputation by his fish pictures, will reproduce him in oil.—HAL.

Fishculture.

FISHCULTURE IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

THE Boston *Journal* has published an interesting account of the new fish hatching station belonging to the States of New Hampshire and Massachusetts, and located about 2½ miles from Holderness. The hatchery has room for 2,000,000 fish annually. The troughs are made of Michigan pine, the inside painted with two coats of a mixture of paraffine varnish and brown oxide of iron and then with two additional coats of the varnish. Brown oxide of iron and oil cover the outside. By this treatment the growth of fungus is prevented. The egg-screens are 12in. by 18in. by one inch in depth and contain 6,000 eggs. The wire bottom has 12 wires to the inch for general use and 7 to the inch for salmon eggs. The screens receive several coats of paraffine varnish. The water supply enters a receiver at the end of the room, from which it passes into the troughs through faucets placed about half way up the side of the receiver to secure water as free as possible from vegetable sediment. The eggs are kept in darkness during the period of hatching, which continues from 120 to 150 days according to temperature.

The following young fish were hatched during the past season:

Penobscot salmon	600,000
Landlocked salmon	125,000
Loch Leven trout	30 000
California trout	40,000
Brook trout	800,000
Golden trout (*aureolus*)	12,000
Lake trout	200,000

From eight to twelve weeks were required for developing the fry. The spawning season of the California trout was from March to May; for the other salmonoids the season continued from the last week in September to the last week in January.

Col. Hodge has obtained a fertile hybrid between the saibling and brook trout. This cross has the back mottled as in the brook trout and the parr marks of the saibling on its side.

The results of restocking streams are very gratifying, the fishermen making the best catches of brook trout known for twenty years. Newfound, Squam and Winnipesaukee lakes are furnishing the largest yield of lake trout recorded. Fish of this species weighing 20lbs. are reported from Newfound and Winnipesaukee. The Sunapee Lake hatching station has 75,000 landlocked salmon from eggs of fish native to the lake, also 100,000 brook trout, 140,000 golden trout, 10,000 California and 30,000 Loch Leven. All of these will go into Sunapee Lake. The total cost of the Fish Commission work, exclusive of building expenses, was about $3,000.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 7 to 11.—First Annual Dog Show of the Brooklyn Kennel Club, at Brooklyn, N. Y. Charles Dickleman, Secretary. Entries close Aug. 28.

Sept. 9 to 13.—Dog Show of the Farmers' Lancaster County Fair Association, at Lancaster, Pa. A. A. Herr, Secretary. Entries close 11 A. M., Sept. 9.

Sept. 10 to 13.—Sixth Annual Dog Show of the London Kennel Club, at London, Ont. C. A. Stone, Manager.

Sept. 10 to 13.—Dog Show of the Central Canada Exhibition Association, at Ottawa, Can. Capt. R. C. W. MacCuaig, Secretary. Entries close Aug. 31.

Sept. 11 to 13.—First Annual Dog Show of the Toledo Kennel Company, Toledo, O. Chas. E Rowland, Secretary, Box 423.

Sept. 16 to 19.—Dog Show of the Dominion of Canada Kennel Club, in connection with the Industrial Exposition at Toronto, Canada. Capt. C. Greville Harston, Secretary.

Sept. 17 to 20.—Dog Show of the Pet Stock Association at Elmira, N. Y. J. Otis Fellows, Superintendent, Hornellsville, N.Y. Entries close Sept. 7.

Oct. 7 to 12.—Eighth Annual Dog Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society, at Danbury, Conn. B. C. Lynes, Secretary.

Jan. 27 to Feb. 1, 1890.—Dog Show of the Colorado Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Denver, Col.

Feb. 18 to 21, 1890.—Fourteenth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

March 11 to 14, 1890.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Rochester Kennel Club, at Rochester, N. Y. Harry Yates, Secretary.

March 25 to 28, 1890.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Mass. Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

April 1 to 4, 1890.—Sixth Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 4.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club, P. T. Madison, Secretary, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 11.—Inaugural Field Trials of the Canadian Kennel Club, at Chatham, Ont. C. A. Stone, Secretary, London, Ont.

Nov. 18.—Eleventh Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Dec. 2.—Inaugural Field Trials of the Central Field Trial Club, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Secretary, Mill's Building, New York, N. Y.

Dec. 16.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trial Club, at Amory, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Secretary, Marietta, Ga.

Jan. 20, 1890.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club at Bakersfield, Cal. H. H. Briggs, Secretary, 313 Bush street, San Francisco, Cal.

Feb. 11, 1890.—Fourth Annual Field Trials of the Texas Field Trial Club, at Marshall, Tex. W. L. Thomas, Secretary.

COURSING.

Oct. 9 to 12.—Fall meet of the National Coursing Club at Hutchinson, Kan. M. E. Allison, Manager.

Oct. 24.—Annual Meet of the American Coursing Club, at Great Bend, Kan. F. K. Doan, Secretary, St. Louis, Mo.

THE CROPPING QUESTION.

BELOW will be found a report of the discussion of the cropping question at the meeting of the English Kennel Club, July 10, for which we are indebted to the *Kennel Gazette:*

Mr. Shirley, on rising, said this was a meeting to consider a resolution brought forward by Mr. J. S. Turner on the question of cropping. We all remember that Mr. Turner brought this forward at the general meeting held at the Alexandra Palace show last February. We considered then that it had not been sufficiently discussed, and it was referred back to a committee. Since then voting papers have been sent out to all members and associates of the Kennel Club, and to all owners and breeders of Great Danes, black and tan terriers, English terriers, Irish terriers, and toy terriers. The result of this had been that the Kennel Club committee now think the question ripe for discussion.

Mr. J. S. Turner: In introducing this resolution I will not detain you long, as no doubt most of you have made up your minds upon the subject. I do not know whether this meeting is convened simply to receive the proxies or voting papers which have been sent out, or whether it is to come to a decision by taking the votes of those present; whether, in fact, the Kennel Club is to lead or to follow. Are we to be guided by abstract principles of right and justice, or to truckle to their perversion by misguided men? Any man with a properly equipped conscience can give but one answer—that we should be afraid of nothing that is recommended by reason and justice. Cropping is a fraud and a villainy which is not intelligible to the ordinary nature-loving mind, and is perpetuated only by thoughtless and selfish interest. Why discountenance plucking coats of wire-haired and Bedlington terriers and allow the cropping of ears—in fact put a premium upon the act. Is it logical to condemn one man for improving a fox-terrier's ears, or making a collie's face resemble a picture in the *Stock-Keeper* and allow others to cut and carve their dog's ears as they will. In last month's *Kennel Gazette* appears an apologia by Mr. Arkwright, in which he made no attempt to deny the cruelty, nor did he advance any argument as to the utility of cropping. He contented himself simply with the contemplation of the beautiful, as modified by the art of the cropper. I certainly cannot follow him when he says that the pain of having the ears cut into fancy shapes and being rubbed for several days when still sore is nothing compared with what human beings are subjected to by doctors for abscesses and other maladies. Surely he has not suffered from a gumboil or else this is not written seriously. He says one class of dogs, Irish terriers, would be improved because they own naturally a small, neat ear. But this, I think, is against the weight of evidence. A second class, says Mr. Arkwright, Great Danes, would be half spoiled, but would have size and color left. But the third class, bull-terriers, if left with their natural ears, would become so hideous to contemplate, that a stolidly impressive being could hardly repress a shudder. They would most certainly disappear from the face of the earth, destroyed by sentiment of well-meaning meddlers. Does Mr. Arkwright mean by this that bull-terriers have nothing to recommend them but their cropped ears? No color? Well, no! unless it be at the back of the ear and cropping has removed it. No size? No! sans everything! Poor bull-terriers! How little did we know that "Auricula et preterea nihil" was to be inscrolled on your hatchment! Perhaps a better motto would be "Save me from my friends." For Class III. Mr. Arkwright says that large stiff ears have been a feature of the bull-terrier from the beginning. What beginning? I maintain that large ears are produced by cropping. I should incline to the belief that bull-terriers, being a cross between the bulldog and terrier, have, like most aggressive animals, comparatively small ears; but as the coarsest were selected to cross with, the large ears have become to a great extent fixed as a feature of the breed. The Great Dane Club has passed a very curious resolution, which in effect says we shall have all or none. By this means they hope, I suppose, to have none. The members of this club assert by implication that docking, rounding and cutting off dew-claws are to be condemned, and eventually they hope to

> Compound for sins they are inclined to
> By damning those they have no mind to.

Personally I have no objection against this sweeping reformation, but I do not think the doggy world is yet prepared for it, and I cannot see that docking and removing of dew claws are such cruel and useless practices as cropping of ears. I consider that this is a question that calls for some immediate action on the part of the Kennel Club, and it is to obtain this end that I propose the resolution.

Rev. G. F. Lovell: Might I ask Mr. Turner what resolution he proposes to submit to the meeting?

Mr. Turner: This question has been mentioned by me several times. I brought it forward at the Kennel Club show held at the Alexandra Palace, and it has been before several committee meetings and adjourned from time to time. The resolution proposed is, "To consider the advisability of taking into consideration the question of cropping."

Mr. Herbert: I take it that this meeting is to consider whether this question of cropping shall be referred to a committee meeting or not, and that it will not decide the whole matter now.

Mr. Shirley: I think Mr. Turner's resolution is quite in order, and that it would be impossible for the committee of the club to ignore Mr. Turner's resolution if this meeting passed it.

Mr. Herbert thought there should be no rule, but that the various specialist clubs should be allowed to follow their own choice in the matter. If members were for cropping let them crop; if they were against it let them stop it.

Rev. G. F. Lovell was of the same opinion.

Mr. Herbert did not consider this meeting was competent to deal with this matter, and he thought, and in fact all Great Dane men thought, and he spoke as representing the Great Dane Club, that this meeting was simply convened for the purpose of considering the advisibility of advising the committee to take into their consideration the question of cropping and not for the purpose of finally disposing of the question. He was distinctly in favor of cropping, and in fact considered it a necessity in Great Danes, as adding to their general appearance and smartness, and that if cropping was to be stopped he thought that classes for Great Danes might be dropped.

Mr. Shirley thought it might be convenient now to state the figures and results of the voting papers sent out to the members, associates, and different breeders of Great Danes, black and tans, bull-terriers, toys, Irish terriers and white English terriers, whose names appear in the last three years Kennel Club Stud Book. He said he had gone carefully through these votes and counted them. There were 942 papers sent to breeders; 41 were returned through the post, we received 406 answers, and this leaves 495 that have not been accounted for. Of these answers, Great Dane men sent in 20, 14 for cropping, 6 against; or rather more than two to one in favor of cropping. Bull-terrier men 41 for cropping, 7 against; which is about six to one in favor. Black and tan terrier men 23 for cropping, 21 against. White English terrier men 21 for cropping, 16 against, or a slight majority in favor of the practice; the Irish terrier men were about four to three, or 23 against 17 in favor of cropping; and toy terrier men were a small majority in favor of the practice, 6 in favor, 4 against. Now, as to the members and associates, he did not attach as much importance to their opinion as to that of the breeders, as a good many of them had, perhaps, never bred a dog in their lives; 407 papers were sent to the associates; one was returned, 192 answers received, 214 not accounted for, the great majority of votes were against the practice of cropping; 136 against cropping Great Danes, 46 for cropping; bull-terriers, 139 against, 56 in favor; black and tan terriers, 138 against, 46 for; Irish terriers, 159 against, 28 for; toy terriers, 150 against, 36 for. He said that he did not think the uncropped classes provided at this show were a success. The entries in Great Danes were 4, black and tan terriers 9, Irish terriers 9. A good many letters had been received on the subject, and he thought that the Kennel Club ought to consider the matter, and not again have it postponed.

Mr. Turner thought the entries in the uncropped classes satisfactory, considering the short time (four months) which has elapsed since the classes had been given, and the majority of breeders had only cropped dogs to exhibit.

Rev. O'Callaghan: It seems that many of the associates and members are against cropping.

Mr. R. Herbert wanted to know how many of the gentlemen out of the 136 voting as associates on the question of cropping Great Danes belonged to the Great Dane Club, or had ever bred one. Mr. Shirley explained that no papers were sent to those associates who received a paper as exhibitor of any one of the breeds affected.

Mr. Vicary, as frequent judge of Irish terriers, was opposed to Mr. Turner's resolution. He considered that uncropped Irish terriers were generally wanting in the "varmint" expression which should characterize the breed, and that the best dogs were nearly all cropped. Moreover, he did not admit that a small drop ear is a true characteristic of the breed.

Mr. J. C. Tinne was in favor of Mr. Turner's resolution. He upheld the practice of removing the dew claws, as he considered it was an act of kindness, and where dogs were kept for working purposes it was a necessity, but he was certainly much opposed to the cropping of ears.

Rev. G. F. Lovell: The question as I understand is to consider the advisability of advising the committee to take into consideration the question of cropping, and for this I am quite prepared to vote, but I certainly do not think that this meeting should finally dispose of the question. I consider that cropping is not a cruelty, but it is a saving of great pain to a dog when fighting. You must remember that many of our terriers are sent over to India for hunting purposes, and if their ears were not cut this would be one of the first things that the hunted animal would bite, thus causing great pain to the dog, and spoiling his chances of success. He contended that cropping of ears was only going back to nature, as all the ancient breeds had prick ears. He thought that the Kennel Club would suffer materially if they took Mr. Turner's view of the cropping question, as owners who now cropped their dogs would not show at Kennel Club shows, but would support those that were not held under Kennel Club rules, and this was a sort of thing that he thought the Kennel Club did not wish to encourage.

Mr. P. C. Reid said he did not agree with Mr. Lovell. He had himself tried terriers in India, and had not found that they suffered any extra pain through having natural ears, as while the hunted animal had hold of the ear it would not be able to do any further mischief. He did not quite agree with Mr. Turner's resolution, but he was in favor of discouraging the extensive practice of cropping.

Mr. Shirley read out the opinions of some of the most prominent breeders who had sent in voting papers, among whom were Messrs. Pratt, Soulter, Buller, Spelman, Hutchings, and others.

Mr. Herbert: Are we to vote for this question as a whole and settle the matter forever, or have the committee of the Kennel Club power to set aside any decision arrived at by this meeting?

Mr. Shirley thought they had no such power; they were voting on Mr. Turner's resolution.

Mr. Reid asked if Mr. Turner could be allowed to amend his resolution so as to take the breeds separately. Mr. Lovell objected to this, as they had no legal right to accept an amendment, but were bound by the notice on the paper, although he himself did not understand what they had to vote on.

Mr. Shirley: I have ruled over and over again that Mr. Turner's resolution is perfectly in order.

After some further discussion between Mr. Lovell and Mr. Shirley the former gentleman left the committee room. Mr. Shirley now put the question, when there voted: For Mr. Turner's resolution, 10; against, 7; majority, 3.

Resolution carried.

TOLEDO DOG SHOW.

THE premium list of the first annual dog show of the Toledo Kennel Company is ready for distribution. The show will be held in conjunction with the Tri-State Fair at Toledo, O., Sept. 10 to 13. Mr. John Davidson will judge the sporting, and Mr. H. W. Lacy the non-sporting classes. Mr. Geo. H. Hill is the superintendent. The list provides 82 classes. Mastiffs, St. Bernards (each variety), English setters, Irish, black and tan setters, cocker spaniels (any color), collies, bulldogs, fox-terriers and pugs, each has one challenge class with prize of $10; open, dogs $10 and $5, bitches the same, puppies diploma and ribbon. Pointers have a challenge class for each sex, prizes the same as in other classes. In beagles there is one challenge class, with prize of $8, and $8 and $4 in open classes. Great Danes, deerhounds, greyhounds, foxhounds, field spaniels (any color), and Irish water spaniels have two classes each, dog and bitch, with $10 and $5 each. Bull-terriers, two classes, with $8 and $4. Newfoundlands, dachshunde and whippets have one class each with $10 and $5. The remaining breeds have one class each with $8 and $4. Kennel prizes of $15 each are offered for mastiffs, St. Bernards, deerhounds, pointers, English setters and Irish setters. Upward of fifty specials are already offered and more are promised. Entries close Aug. 26. The address of the secretary is C. E. Rowland, Box 423, Toledo, O.

A LARGE ST. BERNARD PUPPY.—Andover, Mass., July 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* One of the St. Bernard puppies from my Essex—Mora litter, born March 24, weighed at four months old just 65lbs. He is a smooth-coat and the smallest of the litter. He is not fat but in fine condition. He is the property of Mrs. Edward Frothingham of Boston. I have never known a smooth puppy to weigh as much at that age.—E. L. HANDY.

BOSTON'S VAGRANT DOGS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I take pleasure in replying to your inquiries as to the management of Boston's dog pound, giving a short account of the system originated and carried out by me for the past twelve years in my capacity as special constable, appointed by the city "to rid our streets of mongrel, mangy, uncared for and unlicensed dogs."

Some time ago I myself inquired into the methods in vogue in other cities, with a view to improve my own, and found that those adopted in most places were more brutal than was necessary, even affording curious onlookers an opportunity of witnessing the manner in which the dogs were disposed of. I trust through the general inquiry made by you to shortly read in your valuable paper reports from the larger cities showing that more humane methods have been adopted for the capture and disposal of this unfortunate class of dogs.

My investigation (if I may call it so) failed to show me any more merciful or more instantaneous method than that adopted by myself, of which I give a description.

A covered light wagon is used for impounding. This is well ventilated at the bottom, sides and rear, allowing a free circulation of fresh air. The plan of attack in the thickly settled portions of the city proves most successful in the early morning hours, when the dogs come out for an airing and when their owners are not so suspicious; for as a rule a certain class of owners are greatly attached to them—but rather more so to the license fee.

Two assistants accompany me on the team and scour the alleys and back yards, returning often with a vagrant under each arm. These are passed through an aperture in the front of the wagon or cage which closes with a spring. It is not long, however, after the capturing season sets in than every one is on the lookout for "Dr. Al. Watts" and the dogs themselves seem to know by instinct the sound of his approaching vehicle which, by the way, is kept out of sight of the "suspected" places as much as possible.

The dogs are by this time (those which are not concealed) on the alert, and in this dilemma I find the use of the "lasso" of the greatest advantage, for where they can dodge and outrun the boys the lasso in trained hands will do the business.

Several trips are made in this way in the course of the day, as I make it a point never to crowd; thus avoiding any snarling or howling and, strange to say, any fighting among the prisoners. This is of benefit too in the case of small dogs, many of whom are unavoidably captured through the neglect of their owners in not having collars on them, and who would fare sadly from the results of overcrowding.

Arriving at my repository, the freight is unloaded into a boxed elevator and is carried to a large room in the upper story and extending the length of the building. Here they are detained one day and then dispatched. The finer specimens are, however, first separated from the crowd and conveyed to an adjoining room to await the call of their master or mistress who pay a fee of $1 for their "unfortunate friend," having first been to the station house and obtained a license.

The revenue accruing to the city from this source is of no small dimensions. The destroying agent used by me in dispatching those uncalled for is a deadly poison, a combination of acids in powder form. It is instantaneous, a few grains being sufficient for the smaller dogs and less than one-fourth of a spoonful for the larger. The victim is held firmly between the knees of an assistant at the door of the elevator, who forces the jaws open; the poison is then administered, the muzzle held for an instant while it is swallowed, and the animal released in the elevator, where he falls dead, almost before he can lick his chops; the whole performance lasting less than one minute. The elevator is then lowered and the carcasses delivered to the tanner's team in waiting below; the tanner finding it sufficiently profitable to remove them gratis.

It may be well to observe that much has been done by this means of late years to elevate the standard of dogs in this community, and that in propagating a higher breed of dogs in general, I have received assistance and encouragement from many lovers of the animal and the people generally.

Nevertheless it is surprising the way worthless curs multiply annually, the number captured every season (July 1 to Oct. 1) being almost incredible, averaging about 1500. I can only account for this great influx during the remaining nine months of the year by the fact that the same stringent measures are not adopted in the towns in the immediate vicinity, and am confident if my authority extended to Somerville, Chelsea and other suburban surroundings, Boston would before long be well rid of vagrants of this class, and a more well-bred and intelligent class of the "noble dog" prevail.

DR. AL. WATTS.

BOSTON, Mass., 1888.

DISEASES OF THE DIGESTIVE ORGANS.—II.

VERY few diseases are found in the structures forming the mouth of the dog, excepting the common results of injury. Decay of the teeth, as it occurs in man, and sometimes in domestic animals, is unknown in the dog. When those organs suffer at all, the disease is inflammation of the membrane covering the fang of the tooth, sometimes complicated with abscess in the jaw and a tender and spongy condition of the gum. The teeth become loose, saliva flows from the mouth, the dog ceases to bite his food, and the breath is fetid in the extreme.

Dogs which have been kept on stimulating food and prevented from taking exercise are most subject to this disorder, which is only one phase of the generally disturbed state of the digestive system. Canker is the name given to the disease of the mouth above described, probably with the idea that it is of a malignant or cancerous nature. There is no reason for this belief, however, as the affection, so far as its local manifestations are concerned, does not spread to other parts, and will yield to general and local treatment, excepting in the case of very old and plethoric dogs which cannot stand the necessary remedial measures.

Removal of the loose teeth is absolutely required at the commencement of the treatment, and in bad cases the whole of these organs will have to be taken away—not at one time, but as quickly as may be without causing serious irritation. Dogs suffer a good deal, not only from the pain of an operation, but from fear; and a debilitated subject may be rendered prostrate by a prolonged operation. Astringent lotions of sulphate of zinc and tannin are very useful in cases of canker, and may be applied immediately after the removal of any of the loose teeth. A soft brush or a piece of soft sponge on a stick is the best instrument for the purpose of mopping the gums well over. Constitutional treatment will consist of laxatives and alteratives, followed by tonics. Carefully adjusted dietary is perhaps of more consequence than medicine.

A dose of aloes in the form of pills should be given at once. The dose will be from five grains to a dram, according to the size of the dog. The object, it must be remembered, is not to purge, but to produce a laxative effect only; and small doses, which may be repeated, are better for this purpose than large ones.

Occasional emetics are always useful in case of disordered digestion in the dog, even if the animal is in poor condition, but still more beneficial if the dog is over fat.

Regulation of the diet is the most difficult part of the treatment of disease in dogs. No sentiment is ever in the way of the adjustment of the dietary of the horse, ox, sheep or pig; but the dog, like his master or mistress, has fancies which must be consulted, and in either case the stern directions of the doctor as to the daily food become subject to modifications.

So far as circumstances will permit, the dog's diet should be changed. Generally it will be found that animals affected with canker in the mouth have been fed irregularly on the choice morsels from the owner's table, and the substitution of a meal twice a day of vegetables with a little gravy, or an allowance of rice with milk or gravy, will be most effectual in alleviating the condition of the system. No alarm need be felt if the dog for some time obstinately refuses the uninviting provisions. In time the stimulus of appetite will tempt him, and it is a good sign to see the animal reconciled to simple food.

Injuries to the mouth occur under various conditions. A sting from a wasp or bee which has been snapped up by the dog, or the puncture of the gum or lip by a spike of bone which the animal was engaged in gnawing, will cause very peculiar symptoms. Saliva runs from the mouth, and the dog makes strong efforts to dislodge something from the mouth by the aid of the paws, running meanwhile from one point to another in the utmost alarm. This state of excitement is much like one phase of rabies, and the dog runs considerable risk of being dealt with as a rabid animal. A careful inspection of the mouth would enable the veterinary surgeon to detect the injury, but no one is much inclined to open the mouth of a dog suspected to be mad to see if any other cause for the symptoms exists.

Impactment of a piece of bone in the back part of the throat, or its lodgment between the molar teeth will give rise to symptoms of extreme pain and alarm, but the discovery of the cause of the excitement having been made the cure is easy, as the removal of the offending body is followed by immediate relief.

Choking sometimes occurs from the attempt to swallow an unusually large or a particularly hard portion of food, or sometimes from the accidental passage into the œsophagus of a stone which the dog has run to retrieve at his master's bidding.

Symptoms of choking are so well understood, that the tyro will at once realize that the dog has something in its throat. The animal makes constant efforts to expel the body, and, failing to do it, exhibits signs of distress.

If the symptoms of choking are misunderstood, and nothing is done for the relief of the animal, swelling of the neck may occur; the tongue becomes enlarged and hangs from the mouth, and the inflammation extends to the lining membrane of the mouth. Fish bones, or pins or needles, or any pointed bodies which the dog may pick up, will sometimes get fixed in some part of the throat or swallow, and cause the formation of an abscess; and when the discharge takes place, the body will most probably be discharged at the same time. But there is always the danger that the symptoms may give rise to a suspicion that the dog is affected with dumb rabies.

Cases of choking are not adapted for amateur treatment; much tact and skill are necessary for the removal of an obstruction from the throat, and the dislodgement of any substance from the swallow must be effected by the aid of instruments, which are effective only in practiced hands. In some instances it is necessary to cut down upon the substance which is retained in the œsophagus, and remove it, the wound being stitched up afterward and treated by antiseptic dressing. The operation is not difficult, nor are there any serious consequences to be apprehended, but it is obviously beyond the reach of the amateur.

In connection with the surgery of the mouth, it is necessary to allude to the old-fashioned operation of "worming," which consists in the removal of a small white thread from the fold of mucous membrane beneath the dog's tongue. Modern veterinary books do not refer to this operation, except as a piece of ancient barbarity, which was justified on the plea that it prevented dogs from going mad. It cannot be said that the superstition has died out, because the operation is still performed, and the difficulty in the matter is that the scientific man, while he may contend that the removal of the "worm" from under the tongue cannot have any protective effect against rabies, is quite unable to offer any explanation of the use of the small body, and therefore his objections have small weight.—*London Field.*

ELMIRA DOG SHOW.

WE have received the premium list of the first annual dog show of the Elmira Poultry and Pet Stock Association, to be held at Elmira, N. Y., Sept. 17 to 20, in conjunction with the Interstate Fair. The show will be held under A. K. C. rules. Messrs. John Davidson and H. W. Lacy have been appointed judges. The prize in the challenge class for mastiff dogs is $15; bitches, the same; open dogs, $10, $5 and diploma; bitches, the same. Each variety of St. Bernards, same as mastiffs. Newfoundlands, one class, $10, $5 and diploma. Deerhounds, challenge dogs, $10 and $5; bitches the same; open, same as mastiffs. Foxhounds, each sex, $10, $5 and diploma. Pointers (two classes), English setters, Irish setters, Gordon setters, beagles, collies, bulldogs and bull-terriers, challenge dogs, $10, $5 and diploma; bitches, the same; open classes, same as mastiffs. Spaniels, over 28lbs., challenge (one class), $10; open, black, same as mastiffs; other than black, the same. Clumbers (one class), $10 and $5. Irish water, the same. Cockers, challenge (one class), $10, $5 and diploma: open, black, same as mastiffs; other than black (one class), $10, $5 and diploma. Fox-terriers, challenge (two classes), $10; open, same as mastiffs; wire-haired, $10. Irish terriers, challenge (one class), $5 and $3; open, same as mastiffs. Yorkshire, challenge (one class), $10; open (two classes), $10 and diploma. Pugs, challenge (two classes), $10; open, same as mastiffs. Black and tan, Bedlington, Scotch, Dandie Dinmont and toy terriers, Japanese spaniels, Italian greyhounds, Mexican hairless and Siberian wolfhounds (one class esch), $10, $5 and diploma. Skye terriers (two classes), the same. King Charles and Blenheim spaniels (one class each), $10 and diploma. Great Danes (two classes), the same. Miscellaneous, large and small (one class each), $10, $5 and diploma. Kennel prizes of $10 each are offered by the club for mastiffs, St. Bernards, deerhounds, greyhounds, pointers, English setters, Irish setters, spaniels, beagles, collies, bulldogs, bull-terriers, fox-terriers and pugs. Entries close Sept. 7. The address of the secretary is Geo. M. Robinson, Elmira, N. Y.

TORONTO DOG SHOW.

WE have received the premium list of the dog show to be held at Toronto, Canada, Sept. 16 to 19, under the auspices of the Dominion of Canada Kennel Club and the Ontario Collie Club, in connection with the fair of the Industrial Exhibition Association. Seventy-one classes are provided for, the premiums amounting to nearly $1,200. The show will be held under the rules of the Canadian Kennel Club. Mr. John Davidson will judge setters, pointers, collies, beagles, foxhounds and spaniels, and Mr. C. H. Mason the remaining classes. Entries close Sept. 4. The address of the secretary is Capt. C. Greville Harston, Public Library Building, Toronto, Can.

FOXHOUND LOST.—Mr. H. C. Graff, Kensington, O., has lost his foxhound dog Roller: he is black and tan with small white spot on breast and throat. One ear is slit at point. He is six years old and strayed or was stolen on the night of July 13. Any one learning his whereabouts will confer a favor by informing his owner.

DOG TALK.

THE stud book committee of the A. K. C. at a meeting held July 19, considered the Meersbrook Maiden and Meersbrook Girl muddle, and decided that the proofs as to their identity offered by Dr. Foote were satisfactory. The committee declined to recognize all awards received by these dogs while shown under wrong names. The committee investigated the charge of Mr. J. Shelley Hudson against Mr. G. W. Ewing for giving wrong pedigree to the English setter bitch M'liss C., and found that Mr. Ewing was right, as the dam of M'liss C. and her litter sister were both of the same name. The committee also investigated the charge of Mr. J. E. Isgrigg against Mr. P. T. Madison, that he wrongly advertised his English setter dog Rush Gladstone as a champion. Information from Mr. Madison showed that the dog had twice won a champion prize at small shows not held under A. K. C. rules. The committee adopted the following resolution: "*Resolved*, That notice is hereby given that the advertisement of Mr. P. T. Madison, which states 'The English setter champion Rush Gladstone (A.K.C. S.B. 3522), unbeaten on the bench,' is misleading, but it is the sense of this committee that it has no power in the premises other than the publication of the fact that the dog did not win a championship under the American Kennel Club rules."

The *Fanciers' Gazette* says of cropping: "If cropping is to be stopped, the order would come better from a legal side. Supposing that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals took the matter in hand, and said that if any dog from after Aug. 1, 1889, was shown cropped, the case would be inquired into, and a prosecution ordered; then we are certain that in 1890 the puppy classes in all breeds which are accustomed to be cropped would be classes of uncropped dogs, and in due time all the classes would be so."

Bench show managers will find it to their interest to forward to this office for distribution, copies of their premium lists and entry blanks. It is often the case that we have calls for them on the day that entries close. We should also have early advice of date when entries close, which will be published in our "fixture" column.

The managers of the Toledo dog show offer a special prize of $50 to the exhibitor scoring the greatest number of points, the winnings of each exhibitor in the various classes to be added together. The points will score as follows: First prize 5, second 4, vhc. 3, hc. 2, and c. 1 point.

We are advised that a large number of valuable special prizes have already been offered for the Toronto dog show, and that many more are promised. The management expect that the show will be the best yet held by the club.

Dr. M. H. Cryer, who has been enjoying the honeymoon abroad, is expected home next week.

We hear that Mr. F. F. Dole is coming out strong at the dog shows next spring.

THE DOGS OF BATH.—Bath, Me., July 1.—In an article on dog license laws I notice a statement "We have no unlicensed or stray dogs in Bath, Me." It is true in no sense of Bath, Me. The licensing of dogs is optional with the cities and towns in this State, some taxing and licensing them, others not. In this city, like many others, the good for nothing mongrel curs are largely in excess in numbers to the useful ones, and efforts have periodically been made to devise some method of abating the nuisance, with little success, until now it has been determined that all unlicensed dogs must go. To date there have been 226 dog licenses taken out in this city. Is is estimated that there soon will be 300 dogs wearing that little metal medal that licensed dogs must carry about with them. Unlicensed dogs are to be slain.—GEO. E. NEWMAN.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 or any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Chispa. By A. C. Johnson, Mechanicsville, N. Y., for black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped June 12, 1888, by Ross (A.K.R. 2116) out of Spot (A.K.R. 3339).

Rustic Prince, Rustic Joe, Rusticoat and Rustic Ruby. By Geo. W. Fisher, Catawissa, Pa., for fawn pug dogs, whelped July 6, 1889, by Rustic King out of Rose (Bradford Ruby—Gyp).

Ada. By W. A. Wheatley, Memphis, Tenn., for white and orange English setter bitch, whelped June, 1889, by Samuel of Posen out of Col. Wood's bitch.

Duke VIII. By G. A. Goddard, Worcester, Mass., for black cocker spaniel dog, whelped May 10, 1889, by Black Pete (Obo, Jr.—Phonsie) out of Phyllis (A.K.R. 5293).

BRED.

☞ Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Naso's Belle—Spot Dash. H. L. Rice's (Boston, Mass.) pointer bitch Naso's Belle (Naso of Kippen—Belle Randolph) to Fleet View & Reading Pointer Kennels' Spot Dash (Sir Philip Sydney—Topsy), Aug. 1.

Portland Lilly—Sir Anthony. Geo. W. Lovell's (Middleboro, Mass.) pointer bitch Portland Lilly (Glenmark—Zanetta) to his Sir Anthony (champion Graphic—Zitta), Aug. 2.

Loo—Peek-a-Boo. C. G. Hinckley's (Lee, Mass.) pug bitch Loo (Othello II.—Street's Loo) to J. H. Seeley's Peek-a-Boo (Bradford Ruby—Susie), April 27.

Daisy—Rustic King. G. W. Wenck's (Northumberland, Pa.) pug bitch Daisy (Tom Thumb—Bijou) to G. W. Fisher's Rustic King.

Julie—Othello. Geo. W. Fisher's (Catawissa, Pa.) pug bitch Jule (Tom Thumb—Bijou) to Dr. M. H. Cryer's Othello, July 20.

Schats—Ben Hur. Tracy Gould's (Vineland, N. J.) St. Bernard bitch Schats to his Ben Hur (A.K.R. 6727), July 29.

Zora—Ben Hur. Tracy Gould's (Vineland, N.J.) St. Bernard bitch Zora (A.K.R. 6899) to his Ben Hur (A.K.R. 6827), July 3.

Novice—Sir Herbert. C. H. Marshall's (Leominster, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Novice (champion Hermit—Irma) to Chequasset Kennels' imported Sir Herbert (champion Plinlimmon—champion Queen Jura), July 22.

Duchess of Heathfield—Sir Herbert. C. H. Spring's (Newton Lower Falls, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Duchess of Heathfield (Rip Van Winkle—Recluse) to Chequasset Kennels' imported Sir Herbert (champion Plinlimmon—champion Queen Jura), May 24.

Nesta—Sir Herbert. Chequasset Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Nesta (champion Merchant Prince—Lys) to their imported Sir Herbert (champion Plinlimmon—champion Queen Jura), June 2.

Marvel—Sir Herbert. Chequasset Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Marvel (champion Hermit—Alma) to their imported Sir Herbert (champion Plinlimmon—champion Queen Jura), May 30.

Rudolphia—Sir Herbert. Chequasset Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Rudolphia (Rudolph II.—Maria) to their imported Sir Herbert (champion Plinlimmon—champion Queen Jura), July 9.

Lys—Sir Herbert. H. S. Pitkin's (Hartford, Conn.) St. Bernard bitch Lys (champion Hermit-Sombre) to Chequasset Kennels' imported Sir Herbert (champion Plinlimmon—champion Queen Jura), June 20.

Bessie—Sir Herbert. G. W. Schenk's (Burlington, Ia.) St. Bernard bitch Bessie (Duke of Lancaster—Kron) to Chequasset Kennels' imported Sir Herbert (champion Plinlimmon—champion Queen Jura), July 4.

Jessie—Locke. T. H. Welch's (Newburyport, Mass.) Gordon setter bitch Jessie (Argus III.—Lowell's Nellie) to J. T. Johns's Locke (Bailey's Tom—Pansy), June 25.

Julia—St. Cloud. St. Cloud Kennels' (Mott Haven, N. Y.) Irish setter bitch Julia (Duke II.—Peg II.) to their St. Cloud (champion Elcho—champion Noreen), July 29.

Fan—Buffalo General. L. Wister's (Philadelphia, Pa.) black and tan terrier bitch Fan to A. W. Smith's Buffalo General (Halifax General Lady Lottie), July 30

Lady Fidget—Tick Tack. E. C Ray, Jr.'s (Mamaroneck, N. Y.) fox-terrier bitch Lady Fidget (Music—Thistle) to W. M. Barnum's Tick Tack (Bacchanal—Miss Tackler), July 20.

Flo—Bradford Harry. C. N. Symond's (Salem. Mass.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Flo (Bright—Fan) to P. H. Coombs's Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beale's Lady), Aug. 2.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

May B. Geo. W. Lovell's (Middleboro, Mass.) pointer bitch May B. (Glen Granbic—Jeanette), July 25, ten (four dogs), by his Beaufort H. (champion Beaufort—Zuba).

Rose. Geo. W. Fisher's (Catawissa, Pa.) pug bitch Rose (Bradford Ruby—Gyp), July 6, five dogs. by his Rustic King.

Snowflake. Geo. W. Lovell's (Middleboro, Mass.) English setter bitch Snowflake (Prince Noble—Cassandra F., Aug. 2, seven (five dogs), by his Phil Warwick (Cid—Victoria).

Miriam. H. B. Young's (Montreal, Can.) Irish setter bitch Miriam (A.K.R. 6274), July 16, nine (five dogs), by his Sakta (A.K. R. 5558).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Budge. Stone fawn pug dog, whelped April 27, 1889, by Peek-a-Boo—Loo, by C. G. Hinckley, Lee, Mass., to Mrs. A. L. Fraleigh, Troy, N. Y.

Thimble. Stone fawn, black points, pug bitch, whelped March, 1889, by champion Dude out of Tresa, by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to Mrs. W. McGee, Clinton, Ont.

Rustic Knottie. Fawn pug bitch, whelped April 6, 1889, by Rustic King out of Tra-la-la, by Geo. W. Fisher, Catawissa, Pa., to G. W. Wambach, Baltimore, Md.

Rustic Anna. Fawn pug bitch, whelped April 6, 1889, by Rustic King out of Tra-la-la, by Geo. W. Fisher, Catawissa, Pa., to A. F. German, Louisville, Ky.

Rustic George. Fawn pug dog, whelped April 6, 1889, by Rustic King out of Tra-la-la, by Geo. W. Fisher, Catawissa, Pa., to Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass.

Essex (A.K.R. 931)—Mora (A.K.R. 6148) whelp. St. Bernard dog, whelped March 24, 1889, by Essex Kennels, Andover, Mass., to A. M. Jenkinson, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sancho. Orange tawny and white St. Bernard dog, whelped March 24, 1889, by Essex (A.K.R. 931) out of Mora (A.K.R. 6148), by Essex Kennels, Andover, Mass., to G. H. Millin, Boston, Mass.

Cato. White and orange St. Bernard dog, whelped March 29, 1889, by Essex (A.K.R. 931) out of Mora (A.K.R. 6148), by Essex Kennels, Andover, Mass., to E. Frothingham, Boston, Mass.

Mora. Orange and white St. Bernard bitch (A.K.R 6148), by Essex Kennels, Andover, Mass., to John Keevan, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Chequasset Peeress. Orange brindle, white markings, St. Bernard bitch, whelped May 7, 1889, by champion Ben Lomond out of Lady Hanley, by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass.

Chequasset Parthia. Orange, white markings, St. Bernard bitch, whelped May 11, 1889, by Monte Rosa out of Kleine, by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to E. C. Freeman, Cornwall, Pa.

Heidel. Orange, white markings, St. Bernard bitch, whelped March 16, 1884, by Cæsar out of Nun, by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to E. Scott, St. Paul, Minn.

Phil Warwick. Black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped Dec. 10, 1883, by Cid out of Victoria, by G. W. Lovell, Middleboro, Mass., to F. L. Usher, Potsdam, N. Y.

Vortigern—Meersbrook Maiden whelps. Black and tan terrier dogs, whelped May 28, 1889, by Rochelle Kennels, New Rochelle, N. Y., one each to A. W. Coates, Long Branch, N. J., and Miss L. Ballou, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Buffalo General—Meersbrook Girl whelp. Black and tan terrier bitch, whelped May 24, 1889, by Rochelle Kennels, New Rochelle, N. Y., to A. W. Smith, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dick. Black and tan terrier dog, whelped June 6, 1886, by Whitehead's Prince out of ——, by A. W. Coates, Long Branch, N. J., to Rochelle Kennels, New Rochelle, N. Y.

PRESENTATIONS.

Ada. White and orange English setter bitch, whelped June, 1889, by Samuel of Posen out of Col. Wood's bitch, by Col. John P. Wood, Fayetteville, Ark., to W. A. Wheatley, Memphis, Tenn.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

W. G. S., Newburg, N. Y.—I have a very valuable Skye terrier; he is five years old and has a touch of the mange. I would like you to tell me just what to do for it. Ans. Keep the bowels open by giving two or three compound cathartic pills at a dose. Apply zinc oxide ointment every morning. Give 4 drops of Fowler's solution daily in the food.

SUBSCRIBER, Toronto.—I have thoroughbred Irish setter dog about 10 months old. Lately what appears like a wart has grown on its upper lip just under the nose, about the size of a large pea, and I notice a small one now appearing just opposite on the under lip. Would you please say what I should do to remove them, or by leaving them alone will they go away? Your advice will be acted upon. Ans. See a surgeon or veterinary. The warts should be removed and the nose cauterized. They can be removed with the knife, snare or galvanic current.

H. A. P., Leavenworth, Kan.—Irish setter year old, always been troubled with weak eyes, although same continue of good color. Always been kenneled with his brother, and latter not affected. Symptoms weak and watery, and growing smaller and more deep set, and hair adjacent fallen out. Keep both dogs in kennel, with moderate exercise daily, and feed nothing but cooked meat and scraps from hotel table. Never had mange nor distemper that I know of; have never dosed him excepting occasionally with sulphur, and rarely with Prof. Flint's condition powders. Has always since six months old been troubled with weak appetite, but it don't seem to affect his vitality, as he is still the more active dog of the two. What ails the critter, and what should be done? Ans. Feed very little meat. What meat is given may be cooked with corn meal and served cold. Give 5 drops of Fowler's solution morning and evening for three weeks. Keep the bowels free with teaspoon doses of syrup of buckthorn. Exercise regularly.

A. W. T., Dorchester, Mass.—My pointer dog, 8 years old, has what I think is rheumatism. When lying down he moans with a low, piteous whine at frequent intervals, and does not like to rise up when down, and when moving around yells at times as though something had hit him. I first noticed something wrong with him on Saturday last when he got wet, and at night seemed to be chilled; for that I gave five drops tinct. aconite and repeated next night. The chills are passed, leaving above symptoms with nose slightly hot. Please prescribe in next issue if possible. Ans. It is rheumatism, which is not uncommon in dogs of his age. Use the following:

R Ext. colocynth co.....grs. 45
Ext. colchici acet.....grs. 30
Ext. hyoscyami.....grs. 10
Hydrarg chlorid mit.....grs. 10
Mix. Div. in pills No. 30. Sig. One three times daily hidden in a small bit of meat.

Rifle and Trap Shooting

RANGE AND GALLERY.

OUR TEAM ABROAD.

THE members of the Massachusetts rifle team are now on the ocean, very near this port, and within a few days will be on land receiving the congratulations of their friends. They have done more than well, and bring back with them only pleasant memories and the respect of every shooting man abroad. On the last Friday in the Wimbledon camp, Major Hinman and other members of the visiting team were entertained at the dinner of the London Scottish Corps. "The dinner was a most successful one, and in the course of the evening Major Alexander gave 'The Visitors,' coupling with the toast the name of Major Hinman. Major Hinman, in responding, acknowledged the great kindness which had been extended to the Massachusetts riflemen during their visit to England, and alluded to the pleasure with which they would remember the many friendships they had made, and especially those in the mess tent of the London Scottish. Speaking of the meeting generally, he suggested a reduction of the bullseye at the ranges where ties were most frequent, and also expressed a hope that, if the visit of the American team did no other good, it would at least be of service to the English Volunteers in inducing the authorities to place a more useful sight upon their rifles. As an inspector of rifle practice in the United States, and speaking from experience extending over a considerable number of years, he had no hesitation in asserting that the sights of the Martini-Henry rifle might be very greatly improved without in the least degree impairing the serviceable character of the weapon. Concerning the members of the American team, they were extremely pleased with the cordiality with which they had been greeted, and felt much indebted to the Council of the Association for all they had done to make their visit a pleasant one. They were quite content with the results of their shooting with the Martini-Henry rifles, and were very glad to have had the opportunity of here and there making an impression on the prize list."

Many of the team men visited the Bank of England and also the English mint, and feasted their eyes on the well-guarded funds. They also looked in at the House of Commons.

"On Saturday morning a parcel arrived from Cornwall containing a 'blower' for each member of the team, which had been made by Quartermaster-Sergeant Burns out of the cases of Springfield cartridges which had been discharged at Wimbledon. The blowers were fitted with amber mouthpieces, and the kindness which dictated the gift was much appreciated. Captain Stohwasser, on behalf of the team of the H. A. C., who were the first to compete with the Massachusetts riflemen in England, presented to Lieut. Bumstead, who made a score of 100 points, a very handsome representation of the badge of the H. A. C. in silver. The present bore a suitable inscription, and gave much pleasure to the recipient and the team. On Saturday afternoon the entire team attended the distribution of prizes, after which they quitted the camp, and proceeded by the 9 o'clock train to Paris, via Newhaven and Dieppe. As we have already mentioned, the team won all the matches previous to the Wimbledon meeting. At Wimbledon itself, several of the team entered for the individual competitions, and the success they gained was gratifying to themselves. Altogether they carried off nearly £80 worth of prizes, the chief being the telescope, value £28 10s., given by Mr. Steward for shoulder shooting, and won by Corporal Huddleston. In the same competition the following were also winners: Private Farrow £4, Sergeant Bull £3, Lieut. Edes £1, Sergt. Doyle £1, Major Hinman £1, Sergt. Johnston £1, Sergt.-Major Merrill £1, Lieut. Bumstead £1. Major Hinman won £5 in the Alexandra, £5 in the Alfred. £2 in the All-Comers' Aggregate, £3 in the Duke of Cambridge, and £1 in the Perinet & Fils. Corporal Huddleston won £5 in the Alfred, and £2 in the Windmill series. Sergt. Bull won £3 in the Alfred, and Private Farrow £5 in the Albert. At Paris, the team, who were accompanied by Major Durrant, of the H. A. C., and Miss Durrant, as also by Mrs. Frost, devoted the week to the sights of Paris and the Exhibition."

The team set sail in the City of Chicago on July 31, after several final courtesies in England, and on their arrival here will pay a formal visit to the mayor of New York prior to their being taken in hand for receptions, etc., by their Boston admirers.

In writing from Wimbledon to a Boston friend, Major Frost said: "Well, here we are at Wimbledon just about settled, and the rain pouring down in torrents. We are well satisfied with our work of last week. We have done what we hoped to do, viz., won every match. Some of our scores were not brilliant, but when you consider the Englishmen on their own range couldn't touch us, we ought to be satisfied. Rain, gales of wind, etc., the worst I ever saw. The galling part to the Englishmen is that we beat them handsomely at 500 and 600yds. in their own positions, when they certainly expected to wipe out our lead. At Brighton, where we were beaten at 200yds. for the first time, we couldn't stand up in the gale against the beef of the Englishmen and they beat us twelve points, but how we did wipe the ground with them at 500 and 600yds. The whole secret of our success is working together and good coaching. The Englishmen don't know how to coach a team. Every team we met was made up of English and Scotch '20 men,' the best that could be raised."

NEW JERSEY'S BIG SHOOT.

THE rifle range at Sea Girt promises to see a fine team contest early in September when the men entered for the Inter-State shoot appear for the match. This will be the first match of the kind ever shot in New Jersey. The match was projected by and is under the direct management of Brig.-Gen. Bird W. Spencer, Inspector-General of Rifle Practice, the conditions briefly stated being as follows:

Open to one team from each State and Territory in the United States, and one team each from the Army of the United States, stationed within each of the three military divisions, Atlantic, Pacific and Missouri (three teams in all), consisting of twelve members of the regularly organized and uniformed National Guard or Militia of such State or Territory or of the Army of the United States. Each team must be provided with a certificate from the Adjutant General of the State it represents, or the Adjutant General of the Division of the Army which it represents, certifying that each of its number is a regular member of the uniformed Militia or Division of the Army which he represents, in good standing, and was such on June 1, 1889. Competitors shall appear in the uniform of their corps. Distance, 200 and 500yds. Position at 200yds., standing; at 500yds., prone. Weapon, any military rifle which has been adopted, authorized or issued as an official arm by any State, or by the United States. Rounds, 10 at each distance. To the team making the highest aggregate score a suitable trophy will be presented by the Governor and Commander-in-Chief, in behalf of the State of New Jersey, and to be held by the Adjutant-General of the State or Division whose team may win it. Also a medal to each member of the winning team. No sight shots will be allowed. No rifle shall be cleaned or wiped out, except between ranges. Teams making a tie score must shoot off the tie at the close of the match. The range will be open for practice twenty days prior to the match. The executive officer shall be the Inspector General of Rifle Practice of the State of New Jersey, assisted by a statistical officer and an assistant, a range officer and five assistants. The State of New Jersey will furnish camp equipage, quarters, cots, blankets and cooking utensils, for a period of twenty days, to all teams who regularly enter into the match, without charge, and will also supply, for the purpose of practice, ammunition suitable for the United States Model Springfield B. L. 45cal., at cost.

The entries closed on Thursday last, and Gen. Spencer said that he had entries from Massachusett, New York, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Division of the Missouri, U. S. A., Division of the Atlantic, U. S. A., Division of the Pacific, U. S. A., and from New Jersey, making eight teams in all. There is some doubt, however, in regard to the Division of the Pacific team, and the teams contesting may only number seven.

The General also expects a big attendance at the match on the part of officials of the several States, and states that the Governors of New York and Delaware, with their full staffs, have already signified their intention of spending a few days at the camp. One hundred and fifty-four wall tents, each one being provided with a fly, have been pitched directly opposite the main entrance to the camp, for the use of the several teams. The tents are arranged in seven streets, eleven tents being on either side of each street. The State will look after the comfort of all shooters. The members of some of the teams will be at the camp about the 15th inst., and will then remain until the match is finished. The Jersey team has not been chosen as yet, but will be carefully selected, and will be given plenty of practice, putting in all its time on the ranges after Aug. 15 up to the date of the match shooting on Sept. 2.

ST. CATHARINES, July 29.—A friendly shoot between picked teams from St. Catharines and Niagara Falls came off at the 12-Mile Creek butts this afternoon, in which the Saints were victorious by 47 points. The Niagara Falls team included two crack Wimbledon men, and the outcome was entirely unexpected by the home team. Nine men shot on each side, 7 shots each at 200, 400 and 500yds. Following is the score:

St. Catharines.	200.	400.	500.	T'l
C A Richardson	26	17	23	66
O Carlson	27	19	20	66
A Cook	26	19	20	65
W H Bradley	27	20	16	63
J Cawker	20	22	19	61
J S McClelland	24	22	13	59
G Wilson	24	19	14	57
S Harper	28	12	13	53
J Carlson	28	13	12	53
				543

Niagara Falls.	200.	400.	500.	T'l
J J Banfield	22	23	24	69
G A McMicking	25	19	18	62
G E Buckley	29	18	14	61
C Bower	24	17	18	59
J J Flynn	28	18	13	59
G Muggins	24	17	13	54
M Kelliher	28	5	17	50
W Parker	23	14	7	44
C Huggins	24	9	5	38
				496

The return match will be shot at the Chippewa ranges, Niagara River, early in August.

BOSTON, Aug. 3.—A good attendance of shooters were present to-day at the Massachusetts rifle range and entered the various matches. After the rain let up at noon the shooting conditions were very good, with a light wind from 6 to 8 o'clock. The fine scores of Messrs. Hill, Frye and Munroe are worthy of notice. Mr. Clarke won the gold medal in the 20-shot rest match, and Mr. Frye won the silver victory medal. Next Wednesday the trap-shooters hold their regular prize and sweep shoot. Following are the scores made to-day:

20-shot Rest Match.

S Wilder	9	12	9	12	8	11	9	9	11	9	
	9	10	9	12	12	11	9	10	10	11	—200
J R Munroe	10	11	9	9	12	10	10	9	11	9	
	12	8	9	8	11	8	9	5	10	9	—193
J N Eames	9	11	9	12	10	9	8	12	10	10	
	0	10	8	9	9	9	9	6	8	10	—191

Champion Medal Match.

C C Clarke	6	7	5	5	8	8	10	9	9	9	—76
S O Merville	5	9	7	8	8	5	8	10	6	9	—75
J A Frye	6	8	8	5	8	8	6	6	8	6	—69

Victory Medal Match.

C M Hill	9	10	8	10	7	10	8	10	9	10	—91
J A Frye	8	10	9	8	9	7	7	10	10	10	—88
C H Eastman	6	10	7	7	10	5	5	10	6	9	—75
S O Merville	8	7	7	8	6	6	7	9	6	8	—72
L Alden	4	8	8	7	7	8	6	7	10	7	—72
A S Hunt	6	6	5	8	9	8	7	7	5	8	—69

Rest Medal Match.

W P Thompson	9	9	9	12	11	11	8	10	10	12	—101
O Moore	9	10	10	10	9	11	12	6	8	9	—97

Military Medal Match.

A McCarthy	5	4	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	—42

Rest Match.

J R Munroe	12	11	12	12	9	11	11	12	12	12	—114
S Wilder	10	11	9	12	12	10	11	12	12	12	—111
J N Eames	10	9	12	12	15	9	9	9	12	22	—106
A Ballard	8	9	8	12	12	9	11	9	8	12	—99
W B North	9	8	11	9	11	9	9	9	12	11	—98
W C Hodges	10	9	10	9	8	9	8	11	9	12	—95
A S Hunt	11	10	11	11	8	8	10	8	9	9	—95
H A Baker	9	8	10	9	9	8	10	7	11	7	—88
G Ware	8	9	9	8	8	8	6	8	11	9	—84

Silver Victory Medal.

J A Frye	10	9	10	6	6	10	9	8	8	9	7— 84

Off-hand Match:

J A Frye	8	8	9	10	8	5	7	9	10	9	—83
J E Kelley	8	7	6	6	8	8	9	9	10	7	—78
D L Chase	8	9	7	9	4	8	7	7	10	7	—76
A Ballard	6	6	7	5	6	9	7	10	10	8	—74
G L Hosmer	9	4	5	7	6	6	7	9	5	4	—62
H Stone	6	5	9	3	4	6	6	3	4	4	—50

Military Match.

W Claupein	3	4	5	5	4	5	3	5	3	6	—42
H W Atkins	4	4	4	2	5	4	4	4	4	4	—39
A R Davis	4	4	4	5	4	3	3	4	2	2	—35
J Janson	2	4	3	3	3	4	5	4	3	3	—34
C H Richwood	2	5	4	4	5	4	2	4	4	0	—34
F Cheney	2	4	4	3	4	4	3	4	3	3	—34
G W Taylor	0	5	4	4	3	3	3	3	3	5	—34
G H Wright	3	3	4	3	3	5	5	4	4	2	—34
J V Huntley	3	4	3	4	3	3	3	3	5	4	—33
F Nichols	0	4	2	5	4	4	3	5	0	4	—31
W Buck	3	3	4	3	4	0	4	4	3	0	—29
A Wilson	0	2	3	5	3	2	4	3	3	0	—24

WILMINGTON, Del., July 29.—After being closed during the State encampment, Headlmoor Rifle Range, Wilmington, Del., was reopened this afternoon with renewed activity. There was a fair attendance, and as a result of the generally good scores the sport was fully enjoyed. The event of the day was the fine pistol shooting by E. J. Darlington, who knocked "smithereens" out of all local records with that arm by rolling up a score of 92, which was also a clean score of bullseyes. I. P. Taylor also made two fine scores, one of which was a clean score and the other nearly so with the exception of one shot, which was a close 7. The work with the rifle was very good and even. Following are the scores. Standard American target, off-hand:

Pistol Match, 50yds.

E J Darlington	8	10	8	10	10	9	9	10	8	10	—92
J P Taylor	10	9	8	10	8	10	8	8	8	8	—87
J Evans	6	9	9	7	7	7	8	9	10	9	—81
E Jackson	6	7	8	9	7	8	8	9	8	6	—73
E Darlington	6	9	7	9	9	9	5	10	7	5	—76
D Evans	7	8	6	4	4	5	7	10	7	5	8—68
E Davis	4	7	6	4	4	5	5	8	7	9	—59

Record Match, 200yds.

E J Darlington	10	9	10	8	9	9	6	5	7	6	80
W S Darlington	9	5	8	8	6	10	8	7	6		6—74
W Heiuel, Sr	9	6	7	5	8	7	7	5	10		7—72
I P Taylor	7	8	7	7	3	6	9	9	9		6—70
H Simpson (mil.)	7	10	8	4	5	7	3	5	6		4—59
W H Floyd (mil.)	8	7	5	2	2	6	9	2	7		9—58
E Darlington	5	4	10	5	5	6	6	7	8		2—58
G Darlington	3	3	9	6	5	8	4	5	6		3—57
C Fehrenbach (open sights)	3	3	8	5	3	4	3	10	3		9—51
J Cooke (mil.)	4	2	0	4	5	0	6	4	—42		

Military Match, 200yds., Creedmoor Target.

Sergt H Simpson...4554434444—41 Sergt F Williams...3433453453—37
Lieut W Floyd.....4444444444—40 Pvt H Johnson.....4234444444—37

Special Record Match, 100yds., S. A. Target.

E J Darlington	10	9	10	9	8	9	10	8	8	9	—90
W S Darlington	9	8	9	8	7	10	10	9	5	10	—85

Military Qualifications.

Corp J Cooke, 100yds.....44444—20 200yds.....44435—20—40

CREEDMOOR, Aug. 3.—The sixth marksman's badge and sharpshooter's matches, were shot here to-day. The weather was stormy throughout the day, with a very unsteady wind, shifting from 6 o'clock to 3, and then back to 9 o'clock. The attendance was good in the afternoon, and some very good scores were made. Sergt. Frank Stuart, of the 69th Regt., took the gold marksman's badge with the elegant score of 49 out of a possible 50. Following were the winners of the match:

	200yds.	500yds.	Total.
F Stuart, N C S, 69th Regt	24	25	49
A C Saunders, Co H, 23d Regt	22	24	46
R M Kalloch, Co H, 7th Regt	23	22	45
J M Maconnell, Co H, 9th Regt	19	25	44
A L Ely, Co G, 7th Regt	20	24	44
E F M Wendelstadt, Co C, 23d Regt	19	24	43
A G Scranton, Co F, 7th Regt	19	24	43

Medal Winners.

J D Foot, Co F, 7th Regt	21	25	46
C A Jones, Co G, 7th Regt	22	24	46
R M Dunn, Co G, 7th Regt	18	25	43
A McDougall, Co C, 7th Regt	20	23	43

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Aug. 2.—Fodde and Alexander tied for the medal at the last meeting of the Pistol Club, but the former won on the shoot-off. For all shooting a 20yds. standard American target is used.

Fred A Fodde	10	9	9	8	6	7	8	10	10	9—86
G Alexander	10	7	9	8	10	10	10	7	7	8—86
E Mohrstadt	7	7	8	5	9	10	10	9	10	9—84
M Summerfield	8	10	7	8	10	7	8	6	10	10—84
L G Dorman	8	8	8	10	10	10	5	9	8	5	82
W Bauer	10	8	8	8	9	6	6	8	8	10	8—81
A E Bengel	10	5	8	9	7	8	9	6	7	8	—77
J Albach	10	6	8	7	8	4	9	5	7	9	—73
J A Lee	10	6	8	7	8	4	9	5	7	9	—73

NEWARK, N. J., Aug. 1.—The expert match at the Shooting Park did not draw a very large crowd this afternoon, and it is not surprising when the poor shooting weather is considered. The match has held its own steadily since April 4, when it was opened, and has fully met the expectations of the society members. At 2 o'clock it was clear while at 3 it was cloudy, and from that time to 7 it changed every twenty minutes. The wind blew from the right early in the afternoon, but later it whisked around to "9 o'clock" and got very "fishy." The leading scores in the expert match were as follows: H. Williams, 69, 64; A. Begerow, 68, 67, 62, 61, 60, 59, 59; C. H. Townsend, 68, 56; F. C. Campbell, 67, 63; J. Coppersmith, 67, 65, 61; C. E. Gensch, 64, 61; F. A. Freiensehner, 58; G. Snellen, 56, 55.

NEW YORK.—The Harlem Independent Schuetzen Corps' eighth annual tournament will occur at Washington Park on Aug. 12 and 13. At the tenth monthly practice shoot, held at the Morrisania Schuetzen Park, F. W. Kohring won the first class medal on the ring target, A. Hildebrandt the second class, Mr. Langbein the third class, and J. Hall the fourth class. First and second prizes at the figure target were won by A. Hildebrandt and E. Karl. In ten monthly shoots A. Hildebrandt made 1,558 points on the main target. The largest aggregate number of points made during the year at the ring target out of a possible 1,250 was E. Karl's, first class, 1,082; in the second class P. Zeugner made 953, in the third J. Gut, 1,022; in the fourth class C. Schaeffer, 882. A prize of $275 has been offered for competition at the ring target on Aug. 2, and $100 for shooting at the small target.

NEW YORK SCHUETZEN CORPS.—The New York Schuetzen Corps has decided to hold its autumn shooting tournament at Babylon, L. I., in September. At the last tournament of the club Capt. S. Wehrling, who, as is customary, fired the second shot in honor of the Governor of the State of New York, brought down the very undemocratic crown which adorned the eagle's head, a feat which has never been performed during the thirty-two years' existence of the corps. Secretary B. Kumm received instructions to send the crown to Gov. D. B. Hill, and received in turn a letter from his Excellency expressing his pleasure and appreciation of the kindly sentiments conveyed.

OTTAWA, July 27.—The greatest score ever made with a Snider rifle at the Rideau range, at 200, 500 and 600yds., standing position at 200yds., was made to-day by Capt. Gray, of the Gwards, who scored 32, 34, 32 -total 98—while practicing with several other officers. This speaks well for the man, for the weapon, and the Canadian-made ammunition used.

PETERBORO, Aug. 1.—The regular monthly match of the Rifle Association was held this afternoon, at 200, 400, 500 and 600yds. range. The leading scores were Capt. Miller 78, A. Mason 78, D. Cameron 76, Capt. Dennistwon 74. J. B. Pentland 74, Geo. Fitzgerald 73. The competition in these matches is very keen this year.

PAINE AT WIMBLEDON.—On the afternoon of July 17, when the American team gave its display of skirmish practice, the Chevalier Ira A. Paine gave a revolver exhibition. At 50yds., with an 8in. bullseye, he made 21 bulls and 4 inners with 25 shots. At 200yds., with a 2ft. bullseye and 25 shots, he made 13 bulls, 9 inners, 1 magpie, and 2 outers.

AMERICAN WINNERS AT WIMBLEDON.—Mr. Walter Winans, for the third year in succession, has been unbeaten in the revolver competitions, winning first prize in both the revolver competitions with Colt and Smith & Wesson revolvers. Mr. Louis W. Winans won the Purdey Cup at the "running deer" target.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

Secretaries of clubs and managers of tournaments are requested to keep us advised of the dates of their shoots, so that we may give due notice in our column of fixtures.

FIXTURES.

Aug. 7, 8, 9.—Forester Gun Club Tournament, Davenport, Ia. For particulars address J. W. Howard, Davenport.

Aug. 8.—West End Social Gun Club, of Pittsburgh, Inanimate Target Tournament, Williams Grove, Cambria county, Pa. James Worden, Secretary.

Aug. 13, 14, 15.—Second Tournament of the American Shooting Association, Boston, Mass.

Aug. 13, 14, 15.—The Charlotte Gun Club's First Annual Tournament, Charlotte, Mich. E. W. Dolson, Secretary.

Aug. 13, 14, 15, 16 and 17.—Tournament at Leadville, Col.

Aug. 20, 21, 22, 23.—Second annual tournament of the Keystone Manufacturing Co., of Corry, Pa. Traps will be pulled by a new electric apparatus.

Sept. 3, 4, 5.—Annual Tournament of the Rocky Mountain Trap Shooters, Denver, Colo., Broadway Athletic Park. Inanimate and live targets. Address C. M. Hampson, Denver.

Sept. 17, 18, 19, 20.—Central Illinois Sportsmen's Association's eleventh annual tournament, Jerseyville, Ill.

Sept. 24, 25, 26 and 27.—Fifth Annual Tournament given by Al. Bandle, at Cincinnati; $1,000 guaranteed.

Sept. 24, 25, 26, 27.—New Jersey State Sportsman's Association for the Protection of Fish and Game Annual Tournament, on grounds of the Jersey City Heights Gun Club, at Marion, N. J. W. F. Quimby, 291 Broadway, N. Y.

Oct. 8, 9, 10, 11.—Middlesex Gun Club Tournament, Dunellen, N. J. W. F. Force, Secretary, Plainfield, N. J.

Oct. 15, 16, 17, 18.—Tournament at live birds and inanimate targets. J. F. Kleinz, Secretary, 609 South Delaware avenue, Philadelphia.

Oct. 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25.—Second Tournament of the Mercer Gun Club, at Trenton, N. J. E. G. Updegrove, President.

THE ST. CATHARINES TOURNAMENT.

ST. CATHARINES, July 31.—The annual tournament of the Peninsular Gun and Game Club of St. Catharines, under the auspices of the Dominion Gun Alliance, began here to-day. There were a large number of shots present from Buffalo, Cleveland, Toro to and other places, and a splendid day's shooting resulted.

The first match was at 10 "matchless" blackbirds, for a purse made up out of the entrance money. There were seventeen competitors. The following were the principal scores:

B Tolsma, Buffalo	9	E H Smith, Lasalle, N Y	8
J Wayper, Hespeler	8	J W Felsted, Toronto	8
D Evans, Port Colborne	8	Dr Charles, Toronto	8
E Andrews, Sardinia, N Y	8	J Koch, Buffalo	7
Dr Neff, Port Colborne	7	Mr George, Toronto	7
E A Clifford, Hamilton	7	C Kemp, Toronto	6
G Rogers, St Catharines	6	C Oehmig, Buffalo	6
W Emond, Toronto	9		

Tolsma and Emond divided first money, and in the ties Wayper took second, Koch third and Oehmig fourth.

Shoot No. 2 was at 25 "matchless" blackbirds, $100 guaranteed, divided into six prizes, E. H. Smith, Lasalle, N. Y., took first money, breaking 24; Dr. Charles, Toronto; C. Oehmig, and Paul North, Cleveland, broke 23 each and divided second, third and fourth; J. Koch, Buffalo, took fifth with 21, and Wayper, of Hespeler, won the tie of three 19's and took sixth money.

Shoot No. 3 for teams, open to members of the Alliance, was postponed until Thursday.

Shoot No. 4, open to members of the Alliance, was at 20 "matchless" blackbirds. The first prize was a gold watch, valued at $75, presented by Mr. Charles Stark. It was won by Mr. W. Emond, of Toronto, who broke 19 out of 20. The entrance money was made up into five prizes. J. W. Felsted, of Toronto, took first money with 17, George Rogers, St. Catharines, and J. H. Smith, Port Perry, divided second and third with 15 each, Dr. Charles, Toronto (22yds.), W. Reid, Port Dalhousie, and W. Wayper, Hespeler (24yds.), broke 14 each for fifth money. Charles won the tie, breaking eight out of nine.

The remainder of the time was filled in with sweepstake shooting, and a number of scores were made in the merchandise match, which continues during the tournament. Shooting will be continued all day Thursday, and a large number of additional visitors are expected.

Aug. 1.—The shooting tournament was continued to-day after the thunderstorm subsided. At 10 o'clock the crack, crack of the shotguns was heard, and continued up to 3 o'clock, when another downpour sent the shooters under canvas. The firmament cleared up in half an hour, and shooting was again resumed, continuing up to 7:30. Owing to these delays the day's shooting consisted of disposing of three items of to-day's programme. The remaining shoots will be taken up to-morrow.

The shoot opened with a match of 10 birds for entrance money stakes, and was won by W. Emond of Toronto, Andrews of Sardinia, N. Y., and Feistead of Toronto, who divided first money, Rogers of St. Catharines, Charles of Toronto, and E. H. Smith of La Salle, N. Y., divided second. Wayper of Hespeler, and Tolsma of Buffalo divided third.

No. 6 shoot was for a Greener gun, presented by Charles Stark and valued at $100; 25 matchless birds; Alliance scouts to handicap shooters. This was the most important shoot of the day. The following are the principal scores: D. Evans, Port Colborne, 23; Charles, Toronto, 21; J. Wayper, Hespeler, 19; E. H. Smith, Port Colborne, 18; W. Emond, Toronto, 17. Evans won the gun. Charles took first prize money, and the remainder in rotation, there being four money prizes.

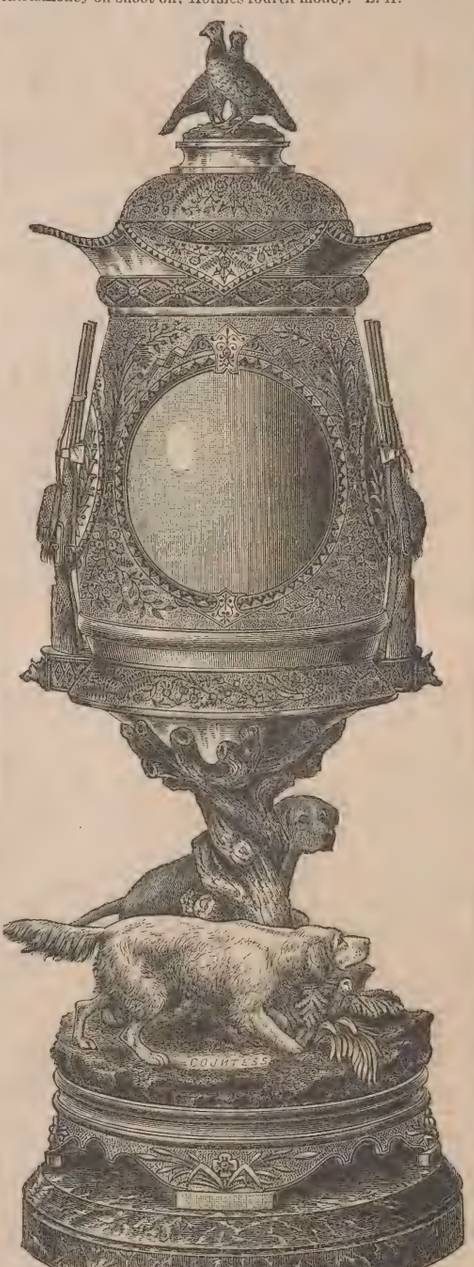
In No. 7, $100 was guaranteed. This one was at 20 matchless birds. It was a keenly contested match and the money was divided into five prizes. E. Andrews of Sardinia, N. Y., took first with a score of 18. Charles of Toronto and North of Cleveland, with 17 each, took second and third, and Messrs. Koch, G. H. Smith of La Salle, White, Felsted, Tolsma and Rogers each scored 16. Tolsma got fourth, G. H. Smith fifth, and Koch sixth

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Aug. 3.—Owing to rain and threatening weather there was a small attendance at the tournament of the Springfield Shooting Club, at Lake Lookout this afternoon. Keystone rules governed, and although there were a number of events on the programme, the only scores recorded were made by Z. C. Talbot of this city, who made 61 in the off-hand record score, and 84 in the rest score.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn.—A good deal of interest was manifested on Wednesday, July 24, in the challenge team match between J. C. Joyslin and E. B. Walker, against L. Harrison and F. C. Lawrence. The conditions were 100 blackbirds each, 50 singles and 25 pairs, 3 traps, American Shooting Association rules, $100 a side and the suppers. A strong wind was blowing from the southwest which made the shooting exceedingly difficult, especially on the pairs, as the traps were throwing the birds from 60 to 70yds. Score as follows:

	Singles.	Pairs.		Singles.	Pairs.
Joyslin	42	28—70	Harrison	39	36—75
Walker	30	24—54—124	Lawrence	37	26—63—138

The defeated team are out with another challenge, same conditions, but the winners want them to "make a record" for themselves before they will accept another challenge. After the team contest live bird matches were in order; the programme was not finished, as the birds were such poor flyers. Shoot No. 1, 5 live birds, entrance $5, 3 moneys: Paine 5 Beiner 5, Dalton 3, Fox 3, Chandler 1, Edson 5, Joyslin 5, Walker 5, Jones 2, Sumner 4, Stone 4, Holmes 3, Lawrence 1, Webley 4, Cutter 5, Catamaran 4; all ties divided. Shoot No. 2, 7 live birds, entrance $5, 4 moneys: Paine 7, Reiner 7, Joyslin 5, Jones 5, Webley 6, Catamaran 6, Cutter 5, Fox 6, Chantler 5, Barnes 6, Rockey 7, Stone 6, Edson 6, Walker 7, Holmes 4, Lawrence 3, Sumner 3, Roxy 5. Paine, Reiner, Rockey and Walker divided first money; Webley, Fox, Barnes and Edson divided second money on shoot off; Cutter and Chantler divided third money on shoot off; Holmes fourth money.—L. H.



THE L. C. SMITH TROPHY.

To be shot for at the Corry Tournament, August 21.

TORONTO, July 27.—At McDowall & Co.'s grounds to-day the following scores were made for the McDowall gun: Charles 14, Rice 14, Winchell 13, Emond 13, Bales 11, Drassey, Maliet, Sawdon, Sawdon, Jr., retired. A number of sweepstakes followed.

The members of the Owl Gun Club held their eighth semi-annual shoot for the cup presented by Mr. J. P. Moore at McDowall & Co.'s grounds yesterday and to-day, at 25 artificial birds. Owing to the high wind on Friday the scores were not as good as they would have been. Considerable interest was taken in this shoot on account of the cup having been won twice by two members and it only requiring to be won a third time to become their property. It was won by J. Rice, it being the second time he has won it. Following are the scores:

J Rice (18)	1010011111111111111101111 21
C Kemp (18)	1110110011111111111101010—19
C Charles (24)	1011011111001011111010111—18
R George (18)	1101011110101011111010111—18
J Townsend (21)	1100110101111001111101011—17
J Felstead (21)	1100111101111111100001010—16
T Louden (18)	1101110011010101001011110—15

W. McDowall, J. Douglas, A. Elliot, A. Austin, F. Mallett, D. Black, C. K. Koune, W. Pearson retired.

MADISON COUNTY ASSOCIATION.—Eaton, N. Y., Aug. 5.—As quite a number of the gun club members are taking their summer vacation, no shooting has been done for some weeks. A meeting of representatives from the Cazenovia, Eaton, Canastota and Oneida gun clubs was held at Oneida, Friday, and the organization of a Madison County Association to combine them all, with perhaps one or to more clubs, was effected, with the following officers: President, John Maxwell, Oneida; Vice-President, E. C. Bass, Cazenovia; Secretary, E. B. Roberts, Canastota; Treasurer, A. E. Richardson, Eaton. Trophies will be owned by the association and contested for from time to time by the various clubs.

BLAUVELTVILLE, N. Y., Aug. 3.—The Spring Hill Gun Club had a shoot this afternoon on their grounds after the rain had let up some. The light was not the best for shooting, but the boys managed to get there just the same. This club holds the championship for Rockland county, and as such champions have been challenged by the Bergen County Club to shoot a match on or about Aug. 15 at 21 bluerocks, 12 men on each side. The same will be accepted, and may the best men win. The following are the scores of to-day's shooting, No. 1, 5 bluerocks, 5 traps:

E J Peck	11110—4	J Bogart	11101—4
C C Allen	01110—3	G Pierson	11111—5

No. 2 same:

Peck	11111—5	Bogart	11011—4
Allen	11100—3	Pierson	11011—4

No. 3, 7 bluerocks:

Peck	1111111—7	Bogart	1011001—4
Allen	1111111—7	Pierson	1111011—6

No. 4, same:

Peck	1111110—6	Bogart	1111101—6
Allen	1111100—6	Pierson	1000110—3

No. 5, same:

Peck	1110110—5	Bogart	0111001—4
Allen	0010011—3	Pierson	0010111—4

No. 6, same:

Peck	1111111—7	Bogart	1111101—6
Allen	0111111—6	Pierson	0111000—3

No. 7, same:

Peck	1111011—6	Bogart	1011101—5
Allen	1111100—5	Pierson	1110111—6

No. 8, same, 5 bluerocks:

Peck	01111—4	Pierson	01110—3
Allen	01100—2	Hathaway	01010—2
Bogart	11111—5		

No. 9, same, 10 bluerocks:

Allen	1111111111—10	Peck	1110111011— 8
Bogart	0111111100— 7	Hathaway	1101110111— 8
Pierson	1111111111—10		

No. 10, same, 10 bluerocks:

Allen	1111111110— 9	Peck	1111111111—10
Bogart	1110111100— 7	Hathaway	1111111111—10
Pierson	0100111110— 6		

No. 11, same, 10 bluerocks:

Allen	1111101101—10	Peck	1111111111—10
Pierson	1111011111— 9	Hathaway	1110011111— 8

No. 12, same, 10 bluerocks:

Allen	1110100111— 7	Hathaway	1101311111— 8
Pierson	0110111111— 8	Blauvelt	0010010000— 3
Peck	1111101011— 8	Post	1011111001— 7

No. 13, same, 10 bluerocks:

Allen	1110111111— 9	Hathaway	0011111111— 8
Pierson	1111111011— 9	Blauvelt	1111001111— 8
Peck	1111011011— 8	Post	1110011001— 6

No. 14, same, 10 bluerocks:

Allen	1111001101— 7	Hathaway	0111111111— 9
Pierson	1111011111— 9	Blauvelt	1100111110— 7
Peck	1111111111—10	Post	1110111011— 8

No. 15, same, 10 bluerocks:

Allen	1111111111—10	Hathaway	1111110101— 8
Pierson	0111111110— 8	Blauvelt	1111001011— 7
Peck	1111011111— 9	Post	1110111110— 8

No. 16, same, 10 bluerocks:

Allen	1110111100— 7	Hathaway	1111011111— 8
Pierson	1111111110— 8	Blauvelt	1011000111— 4
Peck	0111111110— 8	Post	1111110100— 7

The shoot-off of tie on event No. 15 between Pierson, Hathaway and Post was very exciting. Pierson dropped out on second bird, Hathaway and Post both missed their seventh bird, which was sprung from No. 5 trap while the shooters faced No. 1 trap, on repeating the shot Hathaway got his eighth bird and Post lost. Altogether we had one of the best shoots ever held on these grounds and the boys propose turning out next Saturday for more.—H.

NORTH END VS. UNION.—On Saturday, Aug. 3 the Union Gun Club, of Springfield, went down to Frankford, Pa., and shot a team match with the North End Gun Club and were defeated by the Frankford boys by a score of 187 to 199 out of a possible 250 Keystones. We left Elizabeth on the 9:05 A. M. train and ought to have reached Frankford at 10:45, but owing to a hot box were nearly half an hour late, not reaching there until 11:15. On getting off the train we found the genial secretary of the North End Club on hand to meet us, and just outside the depot railing W. Wolstencroft and W. Pack mounted on their mustangs to pilot us to the grounds. We climbed into the two stages provided for us, and in a very few minutes reached the grounds, where we found some of the boys practicing and seeing that everything was in working order. It did not take many minutes to put the guns together and get a sweepstakes under way. As soon as that was finished another one was started, and it did not take very long to shoot this out, although there were 15 entries. Just at this time a heavy thunder shower came up, and as it rained in torrents all hands stepped inside the club house and discussed the fine lunch served up for us by the caterer of the North Enders. By the time lunch was finished it had stopped raining and the main event of the day was started. Teams were divided into squads of three. Capt. Miller, of the Union team, having won the toss, decided to go to the score first. Each man shot at 5 targets every time he went to the score, and so it was not long before the first squad of each team had shot out their scores. Result, a tie. Then the second squad was called, and everything went nicely until after the first round, when a man appeared on the scene and informed us that we must stop shooting there as two people were lying at the point of death about half a mile away and the report of the guns disturbed them. Of course the only thing to be done was to stop, and a consultation being held between the captains it was decided to adjourn to another ground which we were informed was about ten minutes' walk from where we were. Guns were put in cases and shell cases picked up and the start made, and we walked, and walked, and walked, and after twenty minutes' pretty sharp work reached the cornfield where the new ground was. Here we had to wait over an hour and a half for the traps to be brought "only ten minutes' walk." At last the traps arrived, were spiked down, and all was ready, but nearly two hours had been wasted and it was decided to only shoot at 25 Keystones per man, instead of 50, as originally agreed upon. Everything now being ready, the second squad continued shooting their scores, and on being finished it was found that the Union boys were four ahead. Now it all lay with the third and last squad to hold their end up and the match would be won for the Unions, but just here all signs failed, and Johnson, the leader of the last squad, went all to pieces, closely followed by Sayre. These two good men were only following the lead of Collins in the squad before, but the result was disastrous for their team, as it lost them the race, the North Enders gaining 16 on this squad, and therefore winning the match by a handsome majority of 12. Three cheers were given by vanquished and victors, and a 10-bird sweep at once got under way. At 5:45 P. M. we started for the depot and left for home on the 6:19 train, having had a good day's sport and a right royal good time, for which we thank our hosts, the North End Gun Club, of Frankford. Another match will in all probability take place on some neutral grounds, and then it is to be hoped that our cracks will not all go to pieces. At any rate may the best team win. Following are the scores and conditions: Teams of 10 men each, each man to shoot at 50 Keystones (reduced to 25), thrown from 5 traps, American Association rules, losers to pay for the birds:

North End—First Squad.		Union—First Squad.	
W Wolstencroft	24	Miller	22
W Pack	19	Sigler	21
Lum	22—65	Williams	22—65
Second Squad.		**Second Squad.**	
Buckmaster	17	Collins	16
Ridge	22	Sickley	20
Richards	15—54	Brantingham	22—58
Third Squad.		**Third Squad.**	
J Wolstencroft	21	Johnson	16
W H Pack	18	Sayre	13
Penn	21	Lundsley	17
Russ	20—80	Grunderman	18—64
	199		187

12-BORE.

ERIE, PA.—Election of officers of the Presque Isle Gun Club resulted as follows: President, Chas. Siegel; Vice-Pres., W. S. Hunt; Secretary and Treasurer, Harry Abell; Captain, James Heydrick. Regular shoot, Aug. 2:

Abell	0100110001001110—6	Wm Siegel	0100010010010110—5
Heydrick	1010101011011011—9	Hirt	0100001001010000—4
C Siegel	1000101011010101—7	Cosper	1010100011011111—9

Ties: Cosper 5, Heydrick 6.—HEY.

ST. LOUIS, Mo.—The dates of of Fred Fodde's second annual amateur tournament have been set for Oct. 8 to 11.

CHICAGO, July 27.—The Government Pier shoot is held upon the breakwater which protects the Chicago harbor. It can only be reached by boat, and is over a mile from shore, where the water is over 20ft. deep. Still the attendance is good, three afternoons every week, as the shoot is open to all. Is there any town or city where there is more interest taken in trap-shooting? Recent scores are as follows: July 23, open to all, Keystone targets, 3 Keystone traps, 18yds. rise:

Long	1011101101—7	Scholtz	1101011010—6
Hoffman	1110111110—8	Ehringer	1001001011—5
McDonald	0110110111—7	Kurz	1010010101—5
Joe	1100111001—6	Povenz	1010010010—4
Trapp	1111111101—9	Wood	0111011011—7
Peasley	0101010111—6	Benson	0111111111—9
Kroell	0111010111—6	Dennis	1101000000—3
Smith	0010011010—4	Clemens	0110000001—3

July 25, same conditions:

Jean	0011101100111111111—15	Purvis	0111001110001101111—13
Joe	1011100111111101111—16	James	1101600101001011001—10
Kroell	1101011110101111111—16	Ward	1911001111000001010—10
Jones	0010100001100111100— 8		

July 27, same conditions, strong wind blowing:

Dement	100101010101— 6	Ross	000101100000— 3
McDonald	1101115011111— 9	Forbes	011000011000— 4
Phillips	1110111111111—11	Lester	001001100000— 3
Ludlow	0110111011110— 8	Kroell	0111111011111—10
Cramer	0001011011111— 7	Jones	1010111011101— 8
Joe	0011101110111— 8	Gray	0010000100101— 4
Franenhall	1110111110111—10	Smith	0101000000000— 2

6 pair doubles:

McDonald	10 11 00 00 10 10— 5	Cramer	10 10 10 00 00 00— 3
Kroell	10 11 00 10 00 00— 4	Ludlow	00 10 11 11 10 11— 8
James	10 11 10 11 10 01— 8		

WORCESTER, Mass., Aug. 1.—At the regular meet this week of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club at the Coal Mine Brook range, the first event was a two-men team match. Open traps were used, the contest was for $25 a side, and each man had a possible 100 clay-pigeons. The score of Russell was the best ever made at this range. The contestants were G. W. Russell, of Fall River, and W. R. Dean, of this city, against Dr. W. P. Bowers, of Clinton, and George A. Sampson, of Lancaster. Gilbert J. Rugg and Charles H. Howe were judges and E. S. Knowles referee. The score in detail follows:

Russell	55544—23	Sampson	44444—20
	25355—21		55454—23
	55444—22		44544—21
	54555—24—90		35354—20—84
Dean	35443—19	Dr. Bowers	55324 19
	35453—20		32222—11
	35545—24		12353—14
	43555—22—85—175		43352—18—62—146

In the classification series, each man had in the class score a possible 30 birds and in the prize score 10 birds. All who break 22 or more in the class score form Class A; the remainder in Class B. The totals of each man in each score follow:

	Classific'n.	Prize.		Classific'n.	Prize.
	Class A.				
E T Smith	29	10	C H Howe	26	8
G W Russell	29	10	E T Snow	25	8
S S Knowles	28	9	A R Bowdish	26	7
A L Gilman	27	9	F M Harris	22	7
Dr W P Bowers	25	9	A B Franklin	22	7
G J Rugg	23	9	M D Gilman	23	6
C B Holden	27	8	Geo A Sampson	26	5
W R Dean	27	8			
	Class B.				
B E Jewett	19	7	C Forehand	16	5
V F Prentice	17	7	C R Holman	16	5
H Colvin	20	5	F Forehand	20	4

Ties divided.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Aug. 1.—About 200 trap-shooting enthusiasts went to Compton Avenue Park yesterday, and were regaled with one of the prettiest shooting matches it has been their lot to witness for many a day. J. L. Winston killed 98 live birds out of 100, while his opponent J. E. Hagerty scored but 89. They were a good lot, and some might be classed as "corkers." It was a most interesting affair, and some money changed hands on the result. Match at 100 live pigeons for $100 a side, Hurlingham rules, except that Hagerty used a 10-gauge gun; 50yds.:

J E Hagerty	12201c2121— 8	J L Winston	1112112212— 10
	1211221121—10		1211112212—10
	1112212111—10		2112122210— 9
	1211122221—10		1112113011— 9
	2212202111— 9		1112222212—10
	1012 11211— 9		1112111211—10
	1222120211— 9		1212121211—10
	2222012201— 8		1221111121—10
	2210201210— 7		1111112211—10
	2111201211— 9—89		2111111111—10— 98

Summary: Hagerty—Tailers, 12; right crossers, 26; left crossers, 11; right quarterers, 15; left quarterers, 9; incomers, 27; used second barrel 42 times; best run of straight kills, 39; dead out of bounds, 1. Winston—Tailers, 18; right crossers, 31; left crossers, 8; right quarterers, 14; left quarterers, 11; incomers, 18; used second barrel 28 times; best run of straight kills, 62; dead out of bounds, 1. Referee, J. C. Addington. Time, 2.30.

Jule Sieminskie, after some little coaxing by his friends, consented to meet J. L. Winston in a match at the trap for $100, each to shoot at 100 Champion clay birds, but if he had ever possessed impressions that he was a world-beater, they have, now that the affair is over, been knocked into a cocked hat. Both scores are poor. A strong wind from the south, which blew directly from the shooter, made the targets fly irregular, and is principally the cause of the low scores. American Shooting Association rules, with 5 traps:

J Sieminskie	0111111111— 9	J L Winston	0111111111— 9
	0011011111— 7		1010110010— 5
	1111100111— 8		1111111110—10
	0111101111— 8		1110001011— 6
	0111110101— 7		1111110110— 8
	0001110111— 6		1010110110— 6
	1001101110— 6		1001111101— 7
	1111111110— 9		1111111110— 9
	0900111012— 5		1001110101— 6
	0011011110— 6—72		1011111111— 9—75

CHICAGO CLUBS.—Team shoot at Davis, Ind., July 21:

	Maksawba Club.		
R B Organ	1112201222— 9	J P Card	2111120122— 9
C S Wilcox	1020121122— 8	T B Leifer	2211220210— 8
W H Haskell	2111102011— 8	T Wilmarth	1112111112—10
G Randall	0011101011— 6	H C Beuchner	2011222211— 9
W P Mussey	1111210111— 9	J Watson	1111210111— 8—84
	Calumet Heights Club.		
W N Lowe	2121101222— 9	R Donnolley	1101110011— 7
M G Hart	2001212012— 7	M R Fleming	0122000020— 4
A Loyd	0221212000— 6	G S Millett	1020111021— 7
F H Bissell	2211000000— 4	S Booth	2212111211—10
S Yonge	2121112221—10	G E Marshall	2102022110— 7—71
	Cumberland Club.		
O M McDuff	0121110112— 8	W L Shephard	1111111112—10
J M Hutchinson	1121110110— 8	Jo Peirson	1101110011— 7
John Heiland	1100102221— 7	C E Felton	1210112222— 9
H Loveday	0102212011— 7	M Eich	2201211201— 8
C D Gammon	2212121212—10	G Farmer	1111110112— 9—83

WELLINGTON, Mass., Aug. 3.—At the Wellington Gun Club's traps to-day in the race for the silver pitcher, Perry led the rest with a score of 14. He will do his best to defend it the next two races from 21yds. The other scores in this match for the day were: Bond, 13; Webster and Warren, 12 each; Bradstreet, 11; Pomphrey, Field, Sanborn and Gale, 10 each; Chase and Chapin, 9 each; Stone and Lang, 7 each; Porter and Savage, 6 each. In the merchandise match, four tied for the badge with 14, but by general consent Bradstreet was placed in custody of the same. The scores made were: Chapin, Bradstreet, Bond and Pomphrey, 13 each; Warren Stone, Field, Snow, 12 each; Sanborn and Lee, 11 each; Perry and Webster, 10 each; Chase, 9. In the sweepstakes the winners of first prizes were as follows: Six bluerocks, 18 entries, Bond, Stone, Sanborn and Chase; five pigeons, 18 entries, Savage, Gale and Chase; five pigeons, 15 entries, Bond, Webster, Lang and Chapin; five pigeons, 16 entries, Snow, Lee and Field; six bluerocks, 17 entries, Chase, Sanborn and Lee; five pigeons, 16 entries, Perry, Pomphrey, Warren and Bradstreet; seven bluerocks, 16 entries, Webster; eight pigeons, 17 entries, Perry; ten pigeons, 19 entries, Chase; Keystone target, 10 birds, Chase 10, Field, Lang, Perry, Webster and Warren, 9 each; Chapin, Bond, Pomphrey, Bradstreet and Snow, 8 each; Sanborn, Gale, Porter, Nichols and Lee, 7 each. The club will have a practice shoot at the Keystone targets next Thursday afternoon.

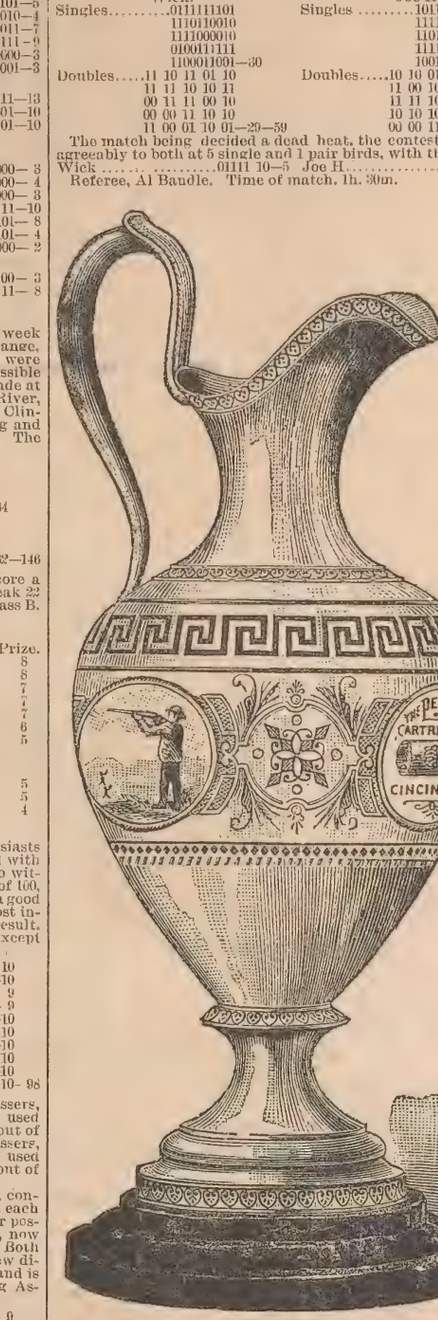
CINCINNATI, July 29.—From the opening until the close of to-day's pigeon match between Joe H. and Wick on the old Avenue Ball Park a constant rain fell, and in the first half of the shooting it did not rain, but poured, the referee, however, compelling both contestants to proceed with the match, which they did, the result being a thorough wetting and more trouble in handling wet guns, which explains the poor scores made. At the finish of the first half of the match (singles) Joe H. led his opponent 8 birds, and he was naturally looked upon as a sure winner. The score stood:

	Wick.		Joe H.
Singles	0111111101	Singles	1011110001
	1110110010		1111111011
	1111000010		1101101110
	0100111111		1111111111
	1100011001—30		10011 —35
Doubles	11 10 11 01 10	Doubles	10 10 01 10 10
	11 11 10 10 11		11 00 10 11 00
	00 11 11 00 10		11 11 10 10 01
	00 00 11 10 10		10 10 10 00 10
	11 00 01 10 01—29—59		00 00 11 00 10—24—59

The match being decided a dead heat, the contestants shot off agreeably to both at 5 single and 1 pair birds, with this result:

Wick ..... 01111 10—5 Joe H. ..... 11111 10—6

Referee, Al Bandle. Time of match, 1h. 30m.



PETERS CARTRIDGE TROPHY.

To be shot for at the Corry Tournament, August 20.

BREWER VS. WOLSTENCROFT.—A match has been made between John L. Brewer, the celebrated American trap-shot, and Wm. H. Wolstencroft, who is acknowledged to be one of the best trap-shots in America. Wolstencroft is the crack shot of the North End Gun Club, and believed to be the equal of any man in America at inanimate targets. For some time he has been practicing at live pigeons, and in a recent argument the point was raised that he didn't dare to face Brewer at the trap. Wolstencroft's friends declared that they were willing to have him meet Brewer, provided the latter would concede some handicap in rise. Brewer agreed to concede 2yds., if the match was shot under London Gun Club rules, at 100 live pigeons each. The match was immediately made, and $100 put up on each side to make it binding. Brewer wanted to shoot within three days, but Wolstencroft's backers demurred, and Aug. 8 was finally agreed upon. The articles of agreement were thereupon drawn up. It is stipulated that each contestant shall shoot at 100 live pigeons, to be trapped out of the same hamper; 12-gauge guns, 8lbs. or under, London Gun Club rules, Brewer to conceede a handicap of 2yds. rise, standing at 30yds., while Wolstencroft stands at 28yds., to be shot at Gloucester Baseball Grounds on Thursday, Aug. 8, rain or shine, play or pay, and the gun editor of the Philadelphia *Item* to act as final stakeholder, and also to officiate as referee; the first gun to be fired promptly at 3 P. M. The London Gun Club rules allow the shooter to hold the gun in any way desired after "Pull" has been called, otherwise they are similar to Hurlingham rules.

WATSON'S PARK, Grand Crossing, Ill., Aug. 3.—Match between A. W. Reeves and Sam Booth, at 25 live pigeons each, 5 ground traps, 30yds. rise and 80yds. boundary, Illinois State rules, $25 each:

A W Reeves	1111101210111221101111111—22
Sam Booth	1012121212002121101111121—21

RAVELRIGG.

BROOKLYN, July 31.—The Glenmore Rod and Gun Club had a prize shooting match at Dexter Park to-day. In shooting for the club's diamond badge there were four ties. Wm. Levens won the badge in the shoot-off by killing 6 straight. The prizes in classes B and C consisted of handsome pieces of silverware. Mr. C. M. McGee won the prize in class B, and R. Max won the prize in class C. In the sweepstakes Mr. A. Bothy was first and Mr. Levens second. Mr. A. G. Duryea was scorer.

Every week we are obliged to defer to the next week trap scores which come in too late for publication in the current issue. It is particularly requested that scores be sent us as early as possible.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

8. Great Head, Moonlight Sail.
8. Miramichi, Vice-Com. Stewart's Pennant.
8. N. Y., New London to Newport.
9. N. Y., Goelet Cups, Newport.
10. Lynn, Ladies' Day, Lynn.
10. Corinthian, Marblehead.
10. Monatiquot, 2d Cham., Ft. Pt.
10. Buffalo, Annual Cruise.
10. Hull, 2d Cham.
10. Cape Cod.
10. N. Y., Newport to Vineyard Haven.
11. N. Y., Vineyard Haven.
12. N. Y., Race, Vineyard Haven.
13. Detroit.
13. N. Y., Vineyard Haven to New Bedford.
14. N. Y., Rowing Races, New Bedford.
15. L. Y. R. A., Rochester.
15. N. Y., New Bedford to Newport.
16. Monatiquot, Ladies' Day, Fort Point.
16. Great Head, Cham. Sail off.
16. N. Y., Citizens' Cups, Newport.
16-31. Quaker City, Cruise, Chesapeake Bay.
17. Great Head, Open.
17. Quincy, Ladies' Day.
17. Beverly, Marbleh'd, 3d Cham
17. Hull, Special Outside Race. 30 and 40ft.
17. American, Around Plum Island, go as you please.
17. Chelsea, Ladies' Day.
17. So. Boston, Mosq., Pen. Sail off, City Point.
19. American, Open.
19. Detroit, 3d Pennant.
19. L. Y. R. A., Hamilton.
21. Pleon, 3d Cham.
21. L. Y. R. A., Toronto.
24. Lynn, Excursion, Lynn.
24. Beverly, Mon. Beach, 3d Open.
24. Larchmont, Oyster Boats.
24. Corinthian, Marblehead.
24. Hamilton, 20, 25, 30 and 35ft. Class, Whitewings Cup.
24. R. Can., Skiff Class, Toronto.
26. L. Y. R. A., Belleville.
26. Rhode Island, Open.
28. Pleon, Sail off.
29. L. Y. R. A., Oswego.
29. Cedar Point.
31. Beverly, Marbleh'd, 1st Open
31. Sippican, Club, Marion.
31. Hull, Cham. Sail-Off.
31. Quincy, 3d, Cham.
31. Chelsea, Club.
31. West Lynn, 2d Cham., Lynn.
31. So. Boston, Mass., Cham. Sail off, City Point.
31. R. Can., 20ft. Class, Toronto.

QUAKER CITY Y. C. CORINTHIAN RACE.

ONLY twelve yachts put in an appearance on July 27 at the first gun was fired to start the second Corinthian race of the Quaker City Y. C.

The wind was blowing from the northeast with heavy rain, but at the time the race started, 2:40 P. M., it died away into gentle zephyrs and at times was a dead calm.

The race was open to yachts belonging to the Trenton and Riverton yacht clubs, governed by the rules of the Quaker City. There was no time allowance and no time limit to the race. The course was as follows: Starting across an imaginary line between the committee's boat and the pier at Riverton, to and around a station boat off the pier at Delanco, keeping it on the port; thence to and around a station boat off Bridesburg, keeping it on the starboard; thence to point of starting, finishing across an imaginary line and the committee's boat and pier, keeping to the east ward of Hen and Chickens both ways.

The distance was ten miles, and the wind was so light that only two boats finished, the Osceola and Mohican. The schooners Helen and Flossie concluded not to start, as the channel was very narrow for such large yachts and the wind almost too light. The boats were classified as follows:

Sloops, Cutters and Yawls.—First class, Over 35ft. l.w.l.; second class, 32ft. and less than 35ft; third class, 26ft. and less than 32ft.; fourth class, less than 26ft.

Open Yachts—Cats.—Class A, 26ft. and over; Class B, 20ft. and less than 26ft.; Class C, less than 20ft.

The following yachts started: Sloops, Q. C. Y. C., Osceola and Agnes; cutter, Nannie; cats, Mohican, Coronet, George de B. Keim, Riverton Y. C., Josephine, Nettie, Olga and Curlew.

At 2:40 P.M. the Osceola crossed the line closely followed by the Agnes and Nannie. Five minutes later a second gun started the catboats, and the Mohican taking the lead soon forged to second place, following the Osceola who was now well in the lead. The tide was flood, but before half the fleet had rounded the stakeboat at Delanco ebb tide set in and with the light air the laggards had a hard time to round. The Osceola gradually increased her lead and was soon a mile and a half ahead of the Mohican who led the Coronet, the rest straggling behind. The tide with a little wind carried the boats down the river pretty fast, and the Osceola, rounding the stake at Bridesburg, commenced to buck the tide which was very strong and there was scarcely enough wind to give steerage way. She finally got a slant and crossed the line far in advance of the other boats in the race.

The Mohican, with Coronet in the meantime had rounded the stakeboat and hauled sheets aft for home but the wind dying out she, with the Coronet, Nettie and Keim was forced to come to an anchor until flood tide. The Mohican did not finish until 10:20 in the evening, and therefore wins first prize in class A of the catboats. Altogether the race was very unsatisfactory. The yachts were restricted to the following sails: Sloops and yawls, mainsail, forestaysail, jib, jibtopsail, gafftopsail and spinaker. Open yachts to mainsail. The following is a summary of the race:

THIRD CLASS SLOOPS.

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Osceola, Brereton Pratt	29.01	2 40 00	6 23 00	3 43 00
Mamie, R. K. Neff, Jr	27.06	2 40 00	Did not finish.	
Agnes, Lewis K. Crump	22.02	2 40 00	Did not finish.	
CLASS A—OPEN CATS.				
Mohican, Clarence B. Kugler	26.09	2 45 00	10 20 00	8 35 00
Coronet, H. Yale Dolan	26.04	2 45 00	Did not finish.	
Josephine, D. A. Waters	26.04	2 45 00	Did not finish.	
Nettie, C. M. Biddle	26 06	2 45 00	Did not finish.	
Olga, A. W. Hansell	26.00	2 45 00	Did not finish.	
CLASS B—OPEN CATS.				
Geo. deB. Keim, G. deB. Keim	22.00	2 45 00	Did not finish.	
Curlew, L. C. Cook	16.00	2 45 00	Did not finish.	

Curlew was in Class C, less than 20ft., but having no competitors, went into the class above. Osceola takes first prize in her class, also the "Riverton Prize," donated by the Riverton Y. C., open to competition by the yachts of the Quaker City Club only, which was awarded to the yacht making the fastest actual time over the course, irrespective of class. Personal prizes will also be given to members of the winning crews. Mohican takes first prize in her class, also individual prizes. Judges: Addison F. Bancroft, Charles L. Wilson, Newkirk N. Wentz.

PLEON Y. C.—The 16th regatta of the Pleon Y. C., of Marblehead, was sailed on July 27, starting in a light S.W. wind followed by a heavy squall. The times were:

SPECIAL CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Don, High & Blaney	16.05	1 55 01	1 54 14
Minua, J. H. Norris	16.01	1 56 53	1 54 14
Foam, J. Stacey	16.09	2 00 48	1 59 48
Volunteer, J. J. Blaney	16.04	2 09 16	2 07 55
Pink, R. Russell	15.05	2 13 32	2 12 15
Anna L., H. Martin	Withdrew.		
Mabel, H. Stone	Withdrew.		
FIRST CLASS—KEELS.			
Oswa, H. Hildreth	16.05	1 59 03	1 48 46
Edith, S. W. Sleeper	15.05	1 55 13	1 52 47
Pink, G. Corbett	14.03	2 07 58	2 04 45
Gypsy, F. M. Baker	13.01	2 20 40	2 16 16
Milo, E. Damson	Withdrew.		
Snail, Wood	Withdrew.		
FIRST CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.			
Minnie, J. Bertram	13.09	1 54 58	1 51 15
Laura, F. Merkland	13.01	2 03 10	1 58 46
Lucy, W. H. Ranson	13.11	2 02 45	1 59 12
SECOND CLASS—KEELS.			
Estelle, C. Pierce	11.09	1 15 13	1 11 40
Madge, H. D. Jackson	11.07	1 16 07	1 12 26
Kittie, F. O. Gould	12.10	2 08 50	2 05 42
SECOND CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.			
Enigma, J. F. Small	12.05	1 01 44	0 58 39
Reba, Palmer & Poole	12.09	1 08 46	1 05 54
Grace, F. Borden	11.08	1 12 53	1 09 16
Minnie, J. W. Dunlap	12.07	1 12 42	1 09 44
Gem, J. I. Taylor	11.00	1 14 38	1 10 31

The club held its second assembly at Nanepashemet Hall in the evening.

LAKE MAHOPAC.—Second Dean House cup race for 1889, sailed July 27; Mahopac Y. C. course; distance, 10 miles. Weather cloudy, with slight rain. Wind N.E., very strong at start, dying out almost entirely before finish:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected
Vida, David Hunt	22.10	2 19 15	2 19 05
Flora, E. S. Ponvert	21.07	2 20 45	2 19 20
Mattie, E. Britton	22.00	Dropped out.	

The Vida, having also won the first race of this series, takes the cup for this season. Regatta Committee—Wm. A. Nash, A. Ammerman and J. H. Jacquelin.

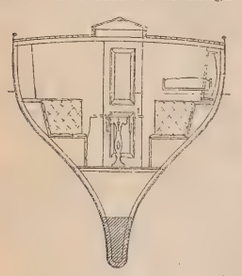
THE FORTY-FOOT CLASS.

We called attention last week to the fact that the sail area is a very fair gauge of the cost of yachting, and though some may be inclined to differ from us at first, a careful consideration of the subject will show the correctness of this view. Of the attendant disadvantages apart from the expense in hard cash the most serious one is certainly excessive draft, and this is to a very large extent regulated by the sail area, as our sketches and tables show. As to the various items of money outlay, the first cost, depending upon the amounts of lead, canvas and spars used; the renewals, more expensive to make and more frequently required with an extravagantly large rig; the running expenses, including the number of crew; and the lessened life of the yacht; all vary in proportion to the sail plan as soon as this assumes abnormal dimensions. The following table gives the sail areas of a number of well-known yachts, with their principal dimensions. The figures are the official measurements by the method used in common by the New York and Seawanhaka clubs, and are taken from the club books. The sail area is considered as a triangle having a base equal to the length from the intersection of the line of jibstay or luff of jib with bowsprit to the end of boom, with ¼ of gaff added; while the perpendicular is taken from the upper side of main boom when on the saddle to the under side of gafftopsail block to sheave. While this is but an approximation, the error is nearly the same in all cases; so that the result is sufficiently accurate for all practical purposes of measurement, or for such a comparison as ours.

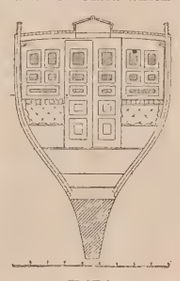
		L.W.L. Ft. In.	Beam. Ft. In.	Draft. Ft. In.	Sail.
Cinderella	C.B.	52.00	16.09½	6.08	3900
Liris	K.	40.00	13.00	10.00	3603
Clara, design by Fife.	K.	52.03	11.04	9.06	3483
Bertie	C.B.	49.00	17.05	6.06	3401
Alga	K.	45.00	13.00	8.03	3400
Oriva	K.	50.8½	11.11	9.00	3364
Tomahawk	K.	40 00	12.00	10.00	3352
Maraquita	K.	40.00	13.08	9.01	3262
Gorilla	C.B.	40.00	14.03	7.00	3257
Daphne	C.B.	46.00	16.04	6.06	3230
Clara	K.	52.00	9.01	10.00	3220
Regina	C.B.	47.07	16.02½	4.03	3136
Adelaide	C.B.	46.02	14.11	7.00	3040
Chiquita	C.B.	39.09	13.04	7.04	2922
Verena	C.B.	40.00	14.06	6.00	2930
Nymph	C.B.	40.00	14.06	6.00	2900
Baboon	K.	40.00	13.02	8.03	2900
Helen	K.	40.00	12 06	10.06	2800
Minerva	K.	40.00	10.06	9.03	2754
Maggie	K.	44.06	8.05	8.06	2620
Vreda	K.	45.09	10.00	8.06	2500
Ulidia	K.	42.06	7.03	8.09	2190

The difference in the sail areas is more clearly shown in the accompanying diagram in which the relative size of the sails of some of the leading yachts are contrasted, each sail plan being represented by a triangle. The greatest work done in proportion to the power is in the narrow or medium cutters. Clara's sail, of 3220ft., driving a displacement of 375 tons, while Liris, with 3600ft., has but 27 tons or less to move. The centerboard forty Gorilla, with 13 tons less displacement, carries it much slower than Clara does her 37.5 tons, and has a little more sail. The twenty-rater carries about the same displacement as Gorilla, and probably would be nearly as fast, but she has 750ft. less sail.

To yachtsmen familiar with the above craft below deck and knowing the accommodations which each affords, the table tells a very plain story. At the head of the list is Cinderella, a fast centerboard of the compromise type, 52ft. on l.w.l.; but the next boat, with almost as large a rig, is the new forty, Liris, 12ft shorter. The next is the design for a wider Clara which we



20-RATER.



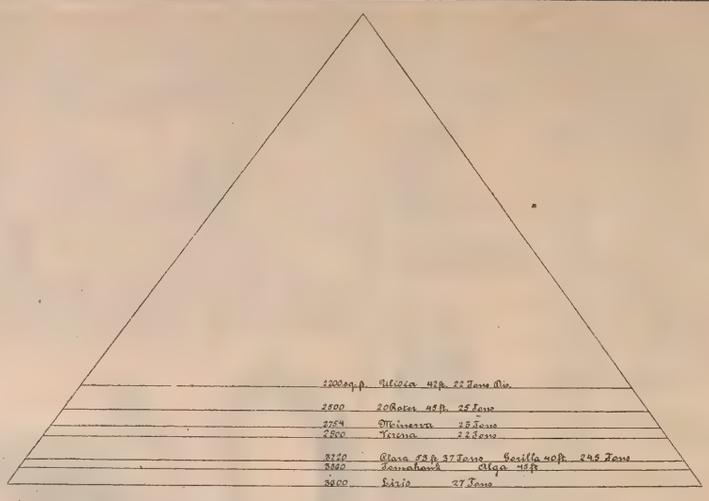
CLARA.

spoke of last week, and which has never been built from. Going down the list it is a long way before the fastest of the whole lot is reached, the narrow Clara with her rig of only 3220ft. Above her are the new forties Tomahawk, Maraquita and Gorilla, the sloop Daphne, of 46ft., as well as Liris and Cinderella. In the matter of speed, after several seasons' racing Clara has found none of the lot to beat her, and though it is possible that Cinderella might be made to do so, she has never yet done it. Clara can easily save her time off of the best of the forties, and she has just beaten the 45ft. Alga very easily. For a given sail area then it must be conceded that Clara has proved herself faster than the rest of the fleet in a range of three classes from 40 to 53ft.; but in spite of her speed we should never recommend Clara, of six beams, as a desirable model, especially in American waters. The necessity for extreme narrow beam no longer exists, and there is every reason on the score of comfort on deck and below, and especially in working ship in a race, why more beam is desirable. Clara's interior plans, published in FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 8, 1888, show that in the matter of ample space and convenient arrangement she is a very fine boat, but with a moderate increase of beam from 9ft. to 11ft. 4in., the deck room and cabins would be materially improved, as shown in the plans published Dec. 9, 1886, the angle of heel being at the same time lessened. The speed of this last boat is merely problematical, but in view of the success of Minerva and Clara it seems certain that she would be very fast. Her sail area, as will be seen, is but little greater than Tomahawk's, but her interior would be incomparably superior.

For the purpose of further comparison we have plotted the outline of Liris's hull and sails over the sail plan of Clara. In the matter of room Liris is certainly a wonder on 40 t. Her section, given last week, shows the main cabin, a wide room 8ft. long, with a very wide locker on each side, the inclined back folding up to make a berth at night, giving room for four in the cabin. The table is large, and there is ample width of floor. A space of about 3ft. is set off for the companion, on the port side being a passage to the after cabin, as well as lamp locker, closet for coats, and a set of drawers beside it. On the starboard side is a toilet room opening from the after cabin. This latter room is nearly 8ft. long, with two permanent berths and a seat in front of each. Forward of the main cabin is a second toilet room, abreast the mast opposite to it, is the ice-box and pantry, on the port side is a naphtha stove, while forward are the berths for the captain and crew. Compared with the other forties, or with most centerboard yachts up to 50ft., the accommodations are very superior, but judged on their own merits there is a great deal too much crowded into the limited length. To race her successfully with her big spars requires two hands besides a captain and mate, making five with the steward, a crew as large as Clara's, but there is not length in the forecastle for so many; the captain is berthed in a hammock cot among his crew, and the cooking and sleeping quarters are brought very close together.

The centerboard boats, such as Nymph and Verena, naturally have rather less room, there being the big trunk in the center and limited depth at each end under the deck. The cabin is aft, as usual, there being an owner's room on starboard side of trunk, with toilet room forward, the headroom here being much less than in the keel boats. Gorilla has a very good cabin and also plenty of headroom forward, being flush decked. Verena and Nymph have permanent berths on each side in the main cabin, as shown.

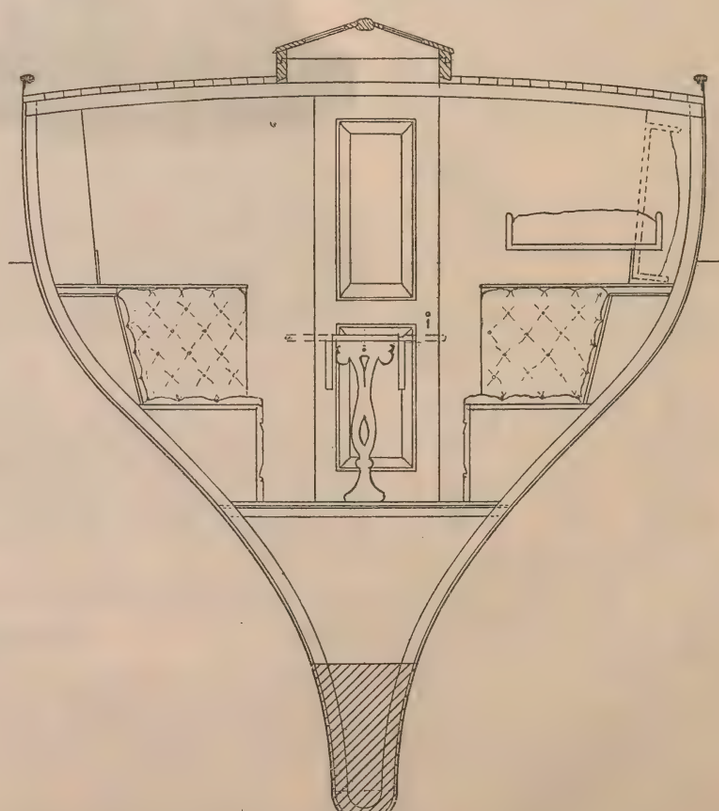
Going now to the smallest of the class, Minerva, the arrangements are similar to Liris, but the width of the main cabin is less, there being narrower sofas and no berths above, though there is space for them if desired. Both main and after cabins are roomy and comfortable, there is ample room for two in the after cabin, two in the main cabin, and her captain, two hands and steward forward; while her rig of 2.754ft. can be easier handled by a crew of eight than the 3,600ft. of Liris by twelve men. We have naturally taken Liris as the basis for comparison as she is the most



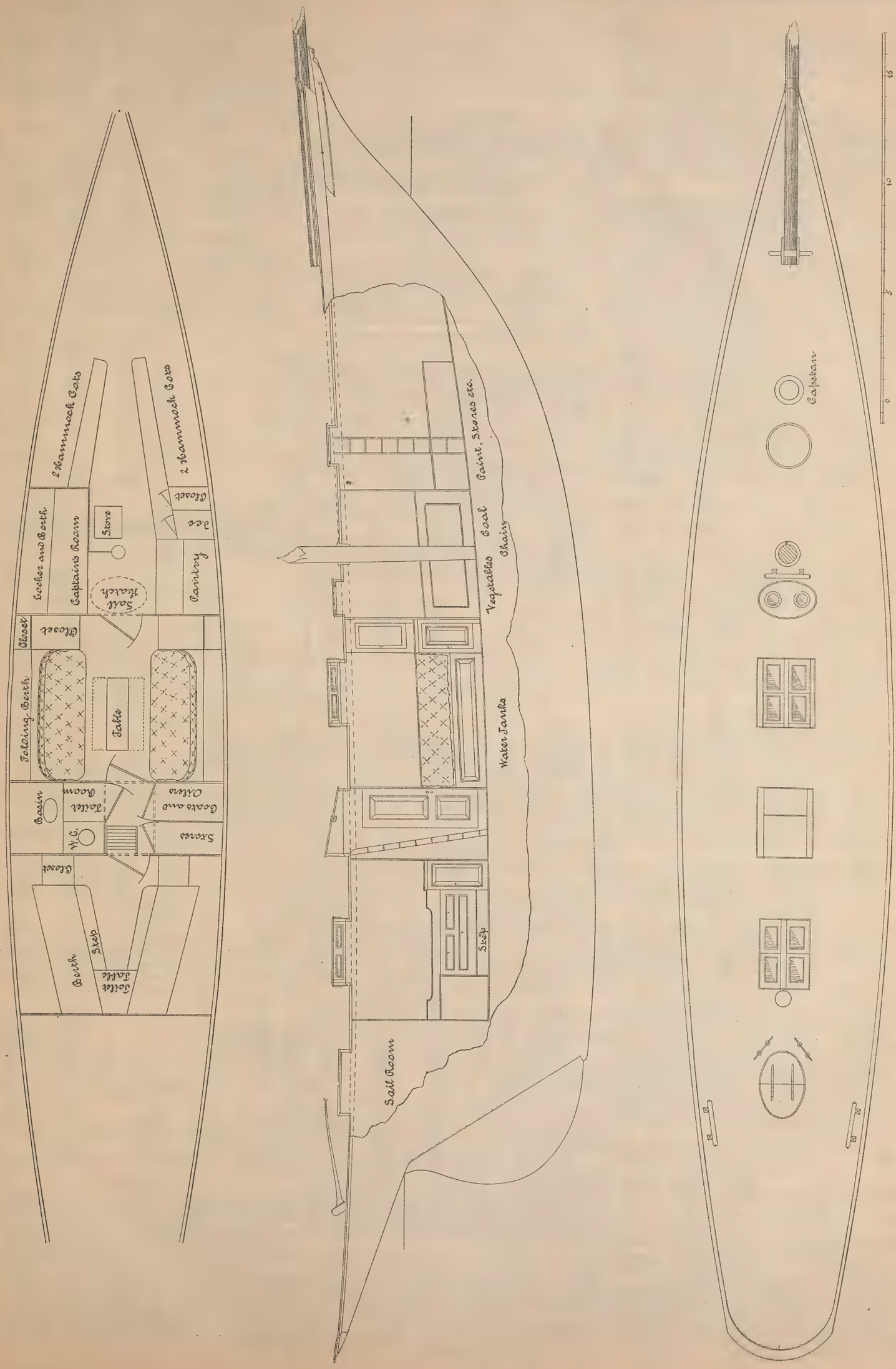
RELATIVE PROPORTIONS OF SAIL PLANS.



COMPARISON OF SAIL PLANS OF LIRIS AND CLARA.
Dotted lines Liris, full lines Clara.



MIDSHIP SECTION OF 20-RATER.



20-RATING CUTTER, 45FT. L.W.L., 10FT. 4IN. BEAM, 8FT. 8IN. DRAFT. DESIGNED BY G. L. WATSON, 1889.



COMPARATIVE DECK ROOM OF 40FT. YACHTS.

extreme of the class, but the case is the same with Tomahawk, Maraquita and Gorilla; as a class they are huge, unwieldy brutes, with sail plans out of all proportion to the return in the way of speed, accommodation or convenience. In comparing the very wide boats with those of moderate or even narrow beam, it must be remembered that while the difference in the breadth of main cabin is greatly in favor of the wide boat, the comparatively fuller lines of the narrower boats give as much or more room in the after cabin and forecastle.

Directly opposed to the latest developments of our 40ft. class is the corresponding class of 20 raters now coming into use in England through the influence of the new length and sail area rule. The accompanying plans, for which we are indebted to Mr. Watson, show the arrangement of one of his latest twenties, such as Vreda of last year. The dimensions are: Over all 58ft., l.w.l. 45ft., beam 10ft. 4in., draft 8ft. 8in., displacement 25 long tons, ballast about 13 tons. The free-board is very low, only 27in., and as the reduced midship section shows in comparison with those given last week, the boat is small in every way compared with the forties. How she compares with them in accommodation is shown in the plans; the main cabin is 7ft. 9in. long, with 6ft. 3in. headroom under deck and sufficient breadth for a comfortable sofa locker on each side with a folding berth as shown above. This berth may be pivoted so as to lie close against the side when closed, but to give room beneath for one to sleep on the sofa when it is open, so that four can be berthed in the main cabin. The floor space is not so great as in Liris and Chispa, nor is the extreme width above the lockers so great, but there is plenty of room for sleeping, dining or lounging. The steerage, just abaft the main cabin, has a good toilet room to port and two large closets, one for coats and oilers and one for stores, to starboard. The after cabin is as large as in the wide forties, being 7ft. 4in. long with 6ft. 4in. headroom. There are two permanent berths, with a closet at the end of each, a dressing table and mirror against the after bulkhead and drawers below the berths. Forward there is a separate room for the captain on port side, with icebox and pantries on starboard.

While the arrangement of the cabin is practically as good as in the wide boats, that in the forecastle is infinitely better. In the first place, owing to the greater length, the forecastle proper, with its hammock cots, is not crowded quite so close to the steward's department; in the second place, a separate room is made for the captain, a very great advantage in preserving discipline, and having a beneficial influence on both the captain and his crew. In the third place the captain's room and adjoining passage are available in racing for a most convenient sail room, the oval hatch in deck giving easy access to it and keeping the main cabin clear of sails. This type of boat, the moderate beamed cutter, permits of the most economical arrangement of space that is possible in a yacht, the advantages in the way of fore and aft accommodation being far in excess of the lessened breadth in the wings in the main cabin or a little narrower floor. The breadth of 10ft. is enough, as she will stand straighter on her feet than the wider boats with larger rigs. There is room abaft the after cabin for a large cockpit if desired, the sail room being fully as large as in the forty-footers, while the canvas is much less in bulk. The greatest point of difference between her and the American forties is the sail area, only 2,660ft. being allowed by the English rule, and as this includes the clubtopsail, the equivalent area by New York rule would be only about 2,550ft., or even less than Minerva's.

As to speed, such a yacht would probably be unable to save time in the ordinary weather from the 40ft. class in American waters, being designed under very different conditions, but the same design is capable of some modifications in the way of increased sail, which, if we can judge from Minerva, would put it on an equality with the wider boats in point of speed. The cost, always a important point, compares favorably with the wide boats, as a wooden 20 rater can be built in England with hull of oak, elm, mahogany and teak, polished hardwood in cabins, with all fitting and racing outfit for $5,500 to $6 000, or with 30 per cent. added for difference in cost here, about the same as a keel 40 of very ordinary wooden construction.

It is probable that an imported 20 rater with these dimensions and so small sail plan might not prove successful here, either in racing or as a popular type of boat, but the great difference in point of sail and power between her and the latest forties point strongly to the direction in which improvement must be looked for. The 20 rater is an evolution from one extreme, the very narrow cutter, made under certain conditions. Working on this side from the opposite extreme of the very wide keel boat, and under altered rules and conditions, the result would naturally be different. A medium between the two extremes, the present design and such forties as Maraquita, Tomahawk, Liris and Gorilla, would be found in a boat of about 43ft. l.w.l., 11ft. beam, 9ft. draft, and with a sail area of about 2,900ft. Such a yacht should cost no more than the wide forties of the same quality; she could not well heel to a greater angle than some of the latter; she would be a far better and safer sea boat, her accommodations would be greatly superior, the draft would be less by a foot, and it would depend on the skill of her designer as to whether she could win from the rest.

It is too soon yet to say what the results of the season will be, or to draw any final conclusions, but if the big rigs on Liris and Tomahawk and Gorilla should win, still bigger rigs must be used next year to beat them, if any further extreme is possible. In view of this the experiment of such a yacht as we have indicated, of less cost and power, and smaller in all ways save length than the present machines, would be a most valuable one; but unfortunately it is not possible under present conditions. The only resource at present offered to the designer is to take the maximum length allowed him and to build the largest possible boat, regardless of cost, sea-going powers or moderate draft. It may be that Minerva will yet prove that the reverse is possible, that a small boat can be built to win under the present rules, but even if she do, the present tendency backed by custom and prejudice, is to force men into the largest possible craft on a given length rather than into such a moderate boat as she.

If we were dealing with steam it would be an easy matter to make a man understand that for a given speed the more room he could get for a certain expenditure the better boat he would have. Coal bills and repairs to machinery have a far more direct way of appealing to a man's pocket than the corresponding expenses due to a big sail plan, but the latter are felt just as heavily in the end. The question is precisely the same in both cases, the economic utilization of power, whether in the form of coal or canvas, and the vessel which gives the best return, not in one item alone, but in a general average of speed, adaptability, accommodation and cost of running, is the best and most worthy of the encouragement of the clubs. If the length rule in any form will give such a vessel, then it is as good a rule as any; if the present measurement and conditions favor such boats there is no necessity for a change, but there is good reason to doubt whether such is really the case, and whether the whole matter of measurement is not in urgent need of a thorough overhauling before any more building is begun in the winter.

CORINTHIAN Y. C.—The race of July 27 was sailed in a strong northeast wind and heavy sea, topmasts being housed. The times were:

FIRST CLASS, 27 TO 30FT.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Saracen, W. P. Fowle	38.03	2 05 37	2 04 54
Elf, W. H. Wilkinson	36.01	2 19 38	2 17 11

SECOND CLASS, 24 TO 27FT.

Agnes, W. E. Cummings	31.02	2 33 42	2 27 37
Trudette, L. M. Haskins	30.11	2 34 04	2 27 45

THIRD CLASS, 21 TO 24FT.

Swordfish, J. B. Paine	31.06	2 42 48	2 36 59
Marguerite, T. Skinner, Jr.	27.10	2 54 57	2 45 50

FOURTH CLASS, 18 TO 24FT.

Wanda, R. C. Robbins	21.07	1 35 50	1 23 23
Mosca, C. H. W. Foster	20.03	1 31 58	1 24 24
Annie, Palmer	Not measured.		

CORINTHIAN Y. C. SWEEPSTAKES.—The sweepstakes race of the Corinthian Y. C. of New York will be sailed on Aug 10 off Newport, at the conclusion of the New York cruise, over a 25 mile triangular course, starting from Brenton's Reef Lightship. The entries are: Alice, P. D. Wheatland; Chiquita, A. Hemenway; Gorilla, Royal Phelps Carroll; Helen, C. A. Prince; Liris, Messrs. Wetmore, Hoyt and Mather; Maraquita, August Belmont, Jr.; Minerva, Charles H. Tweed; Pappoose, Bayard Thayer; Tomahawk, E. D. Morgan,

BEVERLY Y. C.

THE 149th regatta was sailed at Marblehead on Aug. 3. This was a sweepstakes race and all the first and second class boats were frightened off by Saracen and Swordfish; these two boats were ready to start but having no competitors did not do so.

The day opened about as disagreeably as possible, a pouring rain with a succession of calms and thunder squalls, but just before the start it cleared off and a good wholesail southerly breeze struck in.

Only Kathleen, Mosca and Kiowa had formally entered; Dolphin put in an appearance but as no one wished to start against her in that breeze, Kiowa's owner asked Mr. Robbins to start Wanda instead, which was done; Wanda being 21ft. l.w.l. is in second class, but her sail measurements are so small that Kiowa allows her. Wraith came up at the last moment and started, but forgot to enter.

The start was a pretty one, the boats going off with wind well on starboard quarter. Kathleen got a second or two the best of the start, then Kiowa, Wanda and Mosca with Wraith a trifle astern. Kiowa drew ahead a trifle with Wanda close on to her; Kathleen luffed across their stems and took some of their wind. Selman's was passed in a bunch, Kiowa a trifle ahead; here Wanda got her wind and closed up, the two boats running neck and neck for awhile, with the others so close that one photograph would have covered them all.

Kiowa kept off a little to get a clear wind and slowly pulled out a trifling lead, jibing round No. 3 ahead. Wanda second with the others in a bunch.

From 3 to Curtis wind was on port quarter, Kiowa increasing her lead a little. At Curtis Point they jibed again and had a beam wind to Bowditch, whence they had a beat home. There was a heavy sea rolling in and it was a good test of the boats. Kiowa gained faster than before, while Wanda dropped the jib and mainsails, of whom Kathleen led Mosca a trifle. Once on the wind Mosca got in irons and lost time, while Kiowa gained more rapidly, outpointing and outfooting her completely and seeming to have the race in hand. It was now breezing up and a heavy head sea was met. The course required boats to go to leeward of red buoy 3; Kiowa was pointing to westward of it, but bore off a little, going to leeward. Kathleen, however, who had stood on further than the others before tacking and was to windward of Kiowa's wake, did not bear off, but passed to windward of buoy. The others did not fetch it. Had Kathleen kept off she would have lost more time than she beat Wraith by.

Soon after passing buoy Kiowa's headstay parted with a loud report, the masthead sagging aft and to leeward. This spoilt the set of her sail; she was unable to lay as good a course as before, and it was a question if her mast would not go, as it was buckling badly.

Wanda and Kathleen at once began to gain on her, and her chances looked very poor. At the mouth of the harbor Wanda had closed up till she was dead astern and inside her allowance; inside harbor, however, the smoother water allowed Kiowa to trim sheets flatter, and gave her some chance to outpoint Wanda, which she did to such purpose that she was able to luff over line just clear of leeward stakeboat, while Wanda had to make a short tack. Summary as follows:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Kiowa, W. G. and W. L. Jeffries	22.03	1 27 07	1 15 44
Wanda, R. C. Robbins	21 10	1 28 03	1 16 16
Kathleen, R. S. Peabody	25.07	1 29 41	1 21 14
Wraith, H. Benson	22.03	1 33 32	1 21 50
Mosca, C. H. W. Foster	24.06	1 38 15	1 28 54

It was an exciting race, and a triumph for the cats over the jib and mainsails. Wraith protested Kathleen for cutting Buoy 6. Judges ruled that prize go to Mosca on account of Wraith's neglect to enter properly, but Mr. Foster refused to take it, so prize goes to Wraith.

Judges: E. M. Parker, Bancroft C. Davis. X. Y. Z.

[In the report last week of the regatta of July 27 the times in fourth class were too great by one hour.]

INDIAN HARBOR Y. C., AUGUST 3.

THE first annual regatta of the Indian Harbor Y. C. was sailed off Greenwich, Conn., last Saturday. This club is a new one, and is made up principally of members residing in Greenwich for the summer. On account of the valuable prizes offered and the $25 sweepstakes in addition, a brilliant array of entries were obtained. At 2 o'clock the steamer Vulcan, Capt. Lenox, with the judges, C. E. Jenkins, George E. Gartland and William J. Jones, and the regatta committee, Richard Outwater, H. O. Asten and F. B. Jones, on board, took up her position at the starting line, a line drawn between two stakeboats anchored about half a mile east by south of Rockport Point. The course was thence to the red spar buoy off the west end of Great Captain's Islands to a stakeboat anchored about one-quarter of a mile south of Captain's Island to the black spar buoy off the east end of Little Captain's Island, to the starting line, to be sailed over twice, a distance of ten miles. The race was under the rules of the N. Y. Yacht Racing Association, the Herreshoff time allowances being used.

The preparatory signal was given from judges' steamer at 2:14 P. M., and the signal to start at 2:19. All crossed the line within the stipulated time of five minutes except Jennie Willis and Dot, which were handicapped 30 seconds and 20 seconds respectively, the handicap time being 2:24 P. M. At the start and throughout the race a southwest wind was blowing of moderate strength, with the ebb tide. Shortly after the start Tattler took the lead and was never headed, winning easily. From the start to the first turn was a dead beat to windward; the rest of the course was a lift sheet and off the wind. Tattler did the best work to windward in the third class, and Ida K. in the fourth class. With lifted sheets most of the other competitors seem to hold their own. The following is the summary of the race:

CLASS 1—JIB AND MAINSAIL.—20FT. AND UNDER 27FT.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Jennie Willis, J. A. Willis	25.07	2 17 40	2 17 40

CLASS 2—JIB AND MAINSAIL.—20FT. AND UNDER 23FT.

Ramona, H. Jennings	21.00	2 18 40	2 18 40
Coyote, H. Bucknall	20.05	2 24 45	2 23 56

CLASS 3—CAT-RIGGED—23FT AND UNDER 27FT.

Dot, C. T. Pierce	26.06	2 31 53	2 31 33
Zanth, P. C. Ralli	25.00	2 49 26	2 47 52
Sirene, H. E. Doremus	24.07	2 20 44	2 18 42
Tattler, J. H. Cornwell	24.07	2 08 45	2 06 43
Edna, Grieve & Neubold	24.04	2 13 36	2 11 17
Frou Frou, Doc Merrill	24.00	Withdrew.	

CLASS 4—CAT-RIGGED—20FT. AND UNDER 23FT.

Lassie, H. O. Asten	19.11	2 49 50	2 49 50
Ida K., C. W. Voltz	19.11	2 22 44	2 22 44
Rival, Bert Hart	19.11	2 43 00	2 43 00
Zelda, J. H. Williams	19.04	2 27 40	2 26 47
Giggle, Leonard Jacob, Jr.	19.03	2 31 02	2 30 01
Ione, H. A. Sherman	18.06	2 44 05	2 41 52

CLASS 5—CAT-RIGGED—UNDER 20FT.

Belle, John Williams	17.00	3 11 55	3 11 55
Alpha, W. F. Gilmore	16.08	3 29 34	3 28 57
Vitesse, Percy Hicks	16.03	2 48 14	2 46 49

Thus in Class 1 the Jennie Willis had a walk over. In Class 2 the Ramona wins, beating the Coyote 5m. 11s. In Class 3 the Tattler wins, beating Edna 4m. 34s. In Class 4 Ida K. wins, beating Zelda 4m. 8s. In Class 5 Vitesse was the winner, beating Alpha 25m. 6s. Second prizes, club signals, were given to Edna and Zelda. The prize for fastest corrected time was given to Tattler. Shortly after the race a match was made between the Tattler and Edna for $1,000.

HULL Y. C., LADIES' DAY.—Rainy weather, little wind and a collision helped to spoil the ladies' day of the Hull Y. C. on July 31. At 3 P. M. the rain fell steadily, but at 5 o'clock it stopped, but there was no wind. Troubadour, Com. Whitten's flagship, was in collision with a collier, losing her main boom. In the evening a dinner and hop took place at the club house.

RIVERSIDE Y. C.—The regatta of the mosquito boats of the new Riverside Y. C., at the mouth of the Miamus River, on Aug. 3, was hardly more than a drift. Twelve yachts started, the winner being D. B. Hill, with Ripple second.

QUINCY Y. C., OPEN SWEEPSTAKES, AUG. 3.—The open sweepstakes of the Quincy Y. C. was sailed on Aug. 3, the summary being:

SPECIAL CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Eureka, E. R. Rogers	20.08	1 26 13	1 00 01
Diadem, A. L. Hayward	18.02	1 28 28	0 50 34
Nereid, C. F. Colby	20.08	1 29 48	1 03 36

FIRST CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Madge, Cumming & Howes	23.08	1 36 55	1 10 03
Secret, E. F. Linton	22.06	1 38 29	1 10 38
Posy, R. G. Hunt	22.02	1 39 03	1 10 43
Moondyne, W. H. Shaw	24.08	1 37 11	1 11 15
White Fawn, W. C. Cherrington	25.01	1 37 37	1 12 03
Adolph, Henry Moebs	22.07	2 43 12	1 15 17
Erin, John Cavanagh	26.10	1 39 57	1 15 42
Undine, J. B. Holmes	23.04	1 44 19	1 17 03

FIRST CLASS—KEELS.

Echo, Burwell & Isham	24.05	1 40 40	1 14 30
Tuelga, Hall & Johnson	22.01	1 49 03	1 20 38
Beth, J. W. Dutton	23.08	1 49 08	1 22 16

SECOND CLASS.

Mabel, F. L. Dunne	19.11	1 29 20	1 02 32
Peri, Frank Driscoll	18.10	1 30 44	1 02 36
Atala, E. F. Linton	19.10	1 29 48	1 02 45
Hester, P. R. Blackmur	19.11	1 29 58	1 03 00
Undine, A. H. Doole	19.06	1 33 56	1 06 31
Drift, A. Morse	18.08	Withdrew.	

THIRD CLASS.

Flora Lee, Lanning & Bockus	16.10	1 28 39	0 57 57
Mirage, John Dearborn	17.05	1 31 52	1 01 44
Wave, T. P. Willey	17.06	1 42 38	1 12 56
Guenn, E. M. Horton	17.08	1 45 04	1 15 35
Mabel D, R. D. Ware	16.03	1 54 46	1 03 27
Wildfire	17.02	... ...	... ...
Rocket	Time not taken.		

The judges were Geo. G. Saville and John W. Sanborn.

PLEASANT BAY Y. C.—The Pleasant Bay Y. C. of Chatham, sailed a regatta on July 29 in a strong S.W. breeze. The summary was:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Surprise	25.05	Withdrawn.	
Chatham	26.08	1 23 22	1 17 16
Muriel	25 02	1 22 55	1 15 52
Victor	25.09	1 21 45	1 15 06
Jumons	25.04	1 22 51	1 16 56
Echo	25.04	1 23 03	1 16 08
Fenesta	25.01	1 23 25	1 16 21
Lillian	25.00	1 26 19	1 19 11
Volunteer	25.03	Withdrawn.	
Flash	26.06	1 20 47	1 14 35
Sachem	25.00	1 25 25	1 28 17
Hector	25.06	1 29 40	1 22 31

SECOND CLASS.

Playmate	24.06	1 24 16	1 16 48
Haha	23.03	1 26 55	1 18 56
Vivian	23 05	Withdrawn.	
Triton	24.06	Withdrawn.	
Etta	23.07	1 24 02	1 14 42
Althea		Withdrawn.	

TAPPAN ZEE SAIL AND ICE Y. C.—The first regatta of this club was sailed on Aug. 3, on the Hudson River, the courses being from the start off Grand View, around a markboat off Sing Sing, then down around a markboat off Dobb's Ferry and home, 20 miles, for classes E to 8, and around the Sing Sing mark and return, 16 miles, for class 9. The wind was strong from S.W. with a violent squall just after the start. The times were:

CLASS E—CABIN SLOOPS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gleam, R. E. Prousser	25 03	Time not taken.	

CLASS 2—OPEN SLOOPS.

Thorn, Wm. E. Kinzey	24.05	Did not finish.	
Ella G., C. E. Gilson	19.02	Disabled.	

CLASS 5—CABIN CATRIGGED YACHTS.

Whileaway, Robt. Underhill	27.01¼	4 35 54	4 35 54

CLASS 6—OPEN CATRIG BETWEEN 27 AND 32FT.

Madge, Com. Brandreth	28.00½	4 45 34	4 45 34

CLASS 7—OPEN CATRIG BETWEEN 23 AND 27FT.

May F., Com. Copeland	24.09¾	4 29 21	4 18 07
Alma, H. Cheney	25.00¾	4 29 18	4 27 44
Aller, P. F. Sanstag	25.09½	4 36 36	4 28 36

CLASS 8—OPEN CATRIG BETWEEN 20 AND 23FT.

Pauline B. James Smith	22.06¾	4 53 32	4 33 27
Columbia, J. T. Washburn, Jr.	22.06	4 42 16	4 42 06
Orient, A. R. Osborne	22.02	4 38 30	4 37 30
Amy, E. C. Weeks	21.04½	Time not taken.	

CLASS 9—OPEN CATRIG UNDER 20FT.

Echo, G. R. Bradley, Jr.	19.06	4 14 26	4 12 23
Ermine, C. A. Preston	17.06	4 03 24	3 57 10
Maud S., W. D. Kelley, Jr.	16.06	4 48 55	4 38 54
Juliette, E. A. Holdimann	16.01	4 32 17	4 21 48
Commodore, J. Osborn	16.00	5 17 55	... ...

The winners and prizes were as follows: Whileaway a handsome cabin light; Madge a cabin clock; May F., special prize, gold stop watch, and class prize, an aneroid barometer; Ermine won a anchor light; Pauline B. won a pair of marine glasses, and Gleam a pair of side lights. Col. B. S. Gibson, Sing Sing Y. C., was judge, and the regatta committee were Thomas B. Williams, M. Gooderson and George B. Meyer.

HAMILTON Y. C. LOCAL REGATTA, JULY 27. Course once around Hamilton Bay, distance 15 miles. Weather fine, wind east.

FOR WHITE WINGS CUP.

	Length.	Start.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Coquette		2 15	4 32 37	2 17 37
Echo		2 15	4 36 15	2 21 15
Cyprus		2 15	4 37 15	2 22 15
Alert		2 15	4 50 55	2 35 55
Aideen		2 15	4 51 40	2 36 40
Schemer		2 15	... ...	... ...

25FT. CLASS.

Hadia	25.00	2 15	4 43 40	2 28 30
Stella	22.00	2 15	5 01 25	2 42 35
Greyhound	24.10	2 15	5 05 25	2 46 25
Neptune	24.10	2 15	Did not finish.	

White Wings cup won by Echo on time allowance of 3m. 50s., Coquettte second, Cyprus third; 25ft. class, Hadia first, Stella second, Greyhound third.—EMILIUS JARVIS, Capt.

SOUTHWARK Y. C.—Sweepstake Regatta, July 28. Courses Glouster Ferry wharf to Rhuign Point buoy and return to start point. Distance 8 miles. Weather cloudy and rain. Wind southeast. Tide ebb.

SECOND CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.
James Dailey	2 00 00	3 43 00
Emma Ruff	2 00 00	3 49 00
Harry Bordman	2 00 00	3 44 00
David Ryan	2 00 00	3 43 31
Emma H	2 00 00	3 42 56
Harry E	2 00 00	withdrawn
James Irvin	2 00 00	3 45 07
Bradshaw	2 00 00	3 45 00

FIFTH CLASS.

Calaway	1 45 00	3 40 00
Lee	1 45 00	3 42 00
Mischief	1 45 00	3 41 09

Winner first prize, class two, Emma H.; class five, Calaway. Prizes class two, $10, class five, $5. The Emma H. was sailed by Chas. Dunley, champion swimmer of the Delaware. Judges, Jilet Wilson, John Gest.

CAPE COD Y. C. REGATTA.—The postponed regatta of the Cape Cod Y. C. was sailed on Aug. 3 in a light S. wind, the summary being:

FIRST CLASS.

	Elapsed.
Bessie, Edward Penniman	1 26 32
No Name, Wm. Wareham	1 37 08
Wave Crest, D. L. Young	1 37 33

SECOND CLASS.

Pemmegewassett, W. M. Crosby	1 43 32
Little Brave, E. E. McKerson	1 42 20
No name, R. E. Oliver	1 33 33
Carrie L	Did not finish.

THIRD CLASS.

Imp, J. P. Knowles	1 25 10
Lillian, A. O. Hurd	1 21 50
Sachem, P. A. Doane	1 33 11
Mischief, E. L. Snow	1 36 02

The judges were S. K. Kingman, Albert Smith and H. J. Smith

GLEAM.—The American catboat Gleam, whose races in English waters gave rise to quite a discussion several years since, capsized in a race at Southampton two weeks since. She is now owned by Mr. C. P. Clayton, who has fitted a lead keel to her in place of the board.

THE SWEEPSTAKES RACE OF 20FT. CUTTERS.—The sweepstakes race between the little cutters Nanita, Madge and Tadpole along the south shore of Long Island, was sailed on July 6-7, the summary being as follows. Nanita was built from the lines of the Windward, and is 18ft. by 6ft. on the L.w.l. Course: From imaginary line south of Norton's Point, Coney Island, to and around Montauk Point to Fort Pond Bay, Cullenden Point bearing south, distant not more than one mile; distance, 110 miles. Weather generally fair, slight local showers in vicinity of Montauk Point. Wind southerly until sundown, then hauled to S.S.W. until 12 M., running until it reached S.W. finally at 10 A. M. Sunday; from 10 it held W.S.W. until we hauled round Montauk Point at 7 P. M., then died out. Tide, middle ebb at Norton's Point, last of ebb at Montauk Point:

	Length.	Start. July 6, P. M.	Turn. M'nt'k Pt. July 7. P. M.	Finish. Cul'nd'n Pt. P. M.	Elapsed.
Nanita	18.03	4 45 00	7 15 00	11 57 00	36 12 00
				July 8, A.M.	
Tadpole	19.00	5 10 00	7 14 00	2 00 00	38 50 00

Nanita is owned by C. Coughtry, and Tadpole by C. Dunn and C. Wyant. Nanita's log gives the following details: With Capt. Coughtry and Mate Mowton passed Norton's Point 4:45 P. M., Saturday, July 6, under plain lower sails, close hauled, and heading to weather Rockaway Buoy. Passed to southward of it at 6 P. M. Then steered E.S.E. until 1:20 A. M., with Fire Island Light north 12 miles distant. Then steered N.E. until under the beach abreast of Moriches. Passed Shinnecock Light at 11:45 A. M., and turned into Gardner's Bay at 7:30 P. M. From Montauk to Cullenden Point had light head winds and tide, and made slow work of it, passing finishing line at 11:57 P. M. Tadpole's log says she passed Norton's Point at 5:10 P. M. Ran over southern end of Duck Bar at 7:15, and passed Nanita at 7:30. Sighted Fire Island Light at 11:25 P. M., and had it due north, distant 12 miles, at 2:10 A. M. Spoke Nanita at 3:30 A. M. Wind steady, S.W. Made Shinnecock out to the eastward at 10:10 and passed to southward of it at 11:40 A. M. Sighted Montauk at 3:30; Nanita off shore one-half mile. Met the ebb to south and west of the Point at 7 P. M., and ran through heavy tide rips for 20 minutes. Stood in on the wind for Cullenden Point, which we passed at 2 A. M. Monday, July 8.

BUZZARD'S BAY Y. C.—The first regatta of the Buzzard's Bay Y. C. was sailed off Onset on Aug. 3 in a sharp S. W. wind. Eina came in second after breaking her boom, and Bertha lost her gaff. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Ocean Belle, Inbow	31.08	2 20 07	2 10 32
Mollie, Hill	31.07	2 10 15	1 41 40
Mattie, Stockton	33.03	2 05 46	1 58 52
SECOND CLASS.			
Starling, Berse	31 03	2 18 44	1 49 42
Adelaide, Sherman	31.02	2 20 34	1 51 32
Melisse, Jones	31.02	2 45 23	2 16 21
Mist, Lyman	31.01	2 06 30	1 37 28
Crawl, Phinney	30.03	Broken mast.	
Gymnote, no owner	32.06	2 18 14	1 50 31
Defiance, Perry	30.05½	2 12 57	1 43 27
Gilt Edge, Whittemore		No length. Broken boom.	
THIRD CLASS.			
Ulala, Winship	25.04	Gave up.	
Bertha, Hulkins	24.10	2 31 57	2 27 56
Dassy, Stockton	25.01	2 26 28	2 22 23
Eina, Parkinson	26.05½	2 26 10	2 23 14

SIPPICAN Y. C.—Eighth (club) regatta, Aug. 3.—Course No. 2; weather, cloudy with showers; wind, southwest, single reef; tide, ebb. Summary:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Creole, L. Bacon	19.04	1 45 50	1 28 22
Laura, F. R. Wing	19.02	1 56 55	1 39 22
Edith, J. Chapman	17.02	2 00 30	1 40 03
Trump, J. Whiting	19.01	Disabled.	
Mattie, W. H. Davis	15.07	1 54 00	1 35 45
Red Wing, T. Hemenway	16.02	Withdrew.	
Hebe, A. Shepley	16.01	Withdrew.	
Wide Awake, J. C. Pegram, Jr	14.09	Withdrew.	
Reba, W. Perry		1 09 45	0 47 34
Whisper, J. S. Whiting		1 30 05	
Fairy, J. H. Clark, Jr		Withdrew.	

Winners: Class Three, Creole first, Laura second; Class Four, Mattie first; Class Five, Reba first, Whisper second. Trump, when in a leading position, carried away her tiller and was forced to withdraw. Regatta Committee: J. Whiting, chairman; F. R. Wing, F. H. Luce. Judges: Messrs. Luce and Wing.

ST. LAWRENCE Y. C.—Sailing skiff race, July 20, twice around the regular skiff course; distance, 10 miles. Weather very changeable. Wind, light to fair northerly:

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	
Yukwa, W. J. Wallace	20.05	3 55 00	6 03 00	
Vreda, G. H. Duggan	20.07	3 55 00	6 04 10	
Jean A., G. H. Labbe	20.05	3 55 00	6 05 20	
Tara, C. Scott	20.00	3 55 00	Did not fin'h	

This was the fourth race of the series for Rear-Com. Paton's cup, and though only four boats started, they were all of the first class. A shower came up and killed the wind when the boats were rounding the first buoy, but it afterward freshened and held for the remainder of the race. Yukwa got the best of the start and was never caught, though her lead of 4m. at the western buoy was reduced to 1m. 10s. at the finish. Jean A. sailed very well, and was second boat when the wind was light. Duggan and Wallace have each scored two races in the series, of which only a postponed race remains, for which Duggan is not entered. Judges, J. Simmons and J. H. Howard.

NEW ROCHELLE Y. C.—"JULIA" CUP.—The postponed race of July 27 for the silver punch bowl offered by Mr. August Kron in the 35ft. class was sailed on Aug. 3 in a good S.W. breeze. The course was from the club house to West buoy, off Execution Light; thence to Matinnicock Point; thence to the start; thence to East buoy, off Execution Light; thence to West buoy, off Execution Light, and home, 17 miles. Eurybia led over most of the course, but was finally passed by Elephant. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Elephant	2 03 30	5 11 28	3 07 58
Eurybia	2 03 15	5 13 32	3 10 17
Phantom	2 04 00	5 33 04	3 29 04
Amazon	2 04 30	5 36 28	3 31 58

The corrected time was not computed, but as Elephant is smaller than Eurybia she wins.

THE MOSQUITO FLEET of South Boston sailed its second cup race on Aug. 3 in a reefing breeze from S.W., Course, 5 miles triangular, Dorchester Bay:

	Length.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.		
Skipper, J. R. Tufts, Jr	14.11	1 09 45
Minnie, J. Bertram	14.10	1 06 39
Nellie, J. O'Leary	14.11	1 10 43
Victor, C. A. Borden	14.10	1 04 39
Enigma, J. F. Small	14 04	1 07 56
Lucy, W. H. Ranson	14.11	Disabled.
Sprite, H. M. Wells	15.00	Disabled.
SECOND CLASS.		
Grace, Fred Borden	12.02	1 26 10

SAVIN HILL Y.C.—The 4th club race of the Savin Hill Y. C. was sailed on Aug. 3 in a strong S.W. wind, the summary being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Ethel S., L. Spalding	23.01	1 42 22	1 16 39
Merlin, H. G. Patten	22.03	1 35 40	1 09 34
Helen, W. Shaw	25.02	Withdrawn.	
SECOND CLASS.			
Jester, W. H. Besarick	19.02	1 17 18	0 52 31
Siko, A. H. McInness	19.10	1 14 39	0 49 23
Avis, I. H. Ouell	18.09	1 17 15	0 51 02
Elsie, W. B. Bird	17.04	Withdrawn.	

NEW ENGLAND Y. R. A.—Eight clubs were represented at the special meeting of the New England Y. R. A. at the Parker House on July 31. In the absence of a president, Sec'y-Treas. G. W. Mansfield, of the Salem Bay Y. C., called the meeting to order and occupied the chair till Mr. H. L. Parker, vice-commodore of the Lynn Y. C., was chosen chairman for the evening. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved, after which the secretary stated the object of the meeting, the election of a president, President W. Lloyd Jeffries, of the Beverly Y. C., having resigned on account of his not being able to undertake the duties of the office. A committee to nominate a candidate was appointed as follows: Capt. T. D. Bagley, Monatiquot Y. C.; Fred S. Clayton, Chelsea Y. C., and Sec'y Mansfield. They submitted the following names: Louis M. Clarke, Dorchester Y. C., for president, and George G. Saville, Quincy Y. C., to fill the vacancy upon the executive committee, which Mr. Clarke's election to the presidency would cause. Both candidates were unanimously elected, after which the meeting adjourned.

ALICE—ZIGEUNER.—These two cutters were in collision off Kittery, Me., on July 27, both being damaged. The blame is laid to Alice.

ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON.—The following telegram was received on Monday: "Cowes, Aug. 4.—James D. Smith, America Cup Committee, New York Y. C.: Your interpretation of deed, and suggestion that objection in our letter of June 27 can be overcome alters case. Challenge holds good provided cup can be held subject to challenges under Volunteer-Thistle conditions and provided necessary extension of time granted. Cable reply that Valkyrie may prepare.—GRANT." Secretary Oddie replied as follows: "Aug. 5.—Richard Grant, Secretary Royal Yacht Squadron, Cowes, England: Cablegram to Smith received. When you withdrew your challenge, America Cup committee was discharged. Meeting of club cannot now be called until its return from squadron cruise.—ODDIE, Sec'y."

SEA FOX.—On July 31 Sea Fox, Com. Canfield's steel schooner while bound from Boston to Newport, went ashore on the Shovelful Shoal, off Monomoy Point, in a fog. Mr and Mrs. Canfield were on board, with a party of friends. The ladies were landed in the small boats, while a party of wreckers went to the aid of the yacht. She was finally floated off and proceeded to New Bedford, where she was docked. It is reported that she sustained no serious damage, and will be ready for the New York cruise. Com. Canfield paid $1000 to the wreckers for their assistance.

Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

—. Pequot Meet, Thimble Islands.
7-23. A. C. A. Meet, Stave Island St. Lawrence River.

SEPTEMBER.

2. Arlington, Annual, Arlington, N. J.
7. Brooklyn, Annual, postponed.
7. Puritan, Record Races, No. 5.
14. Ianthe, Annual, Newark.

THE WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION MEET.

BALLAST ISLAND, JULY 13-29.

THE Ballast Island meet for 1889 is a thing of the past, and as the last man toppled his tent and, like the Arab, silently stole away, he dropped a regretful tear that meets could not last forever, and that a long, cold winter and raw spring must intervene between the next gathering, July, 1890.

It being the first meet in four years the writer has attended without a canoe, he probably saw the racing and working of a camp from a more placid standpoint than ever before, and should some of his ideas clash, remember they are the views of but one man as they presented themselves.

Canoeically the camp was not a success. Socially it was a howling one.

Two causes detracted from the all absorbing interest there is generally felt in a canoe meet, first too many women—the squaws were more numerous than the braves, for every man who had a wife or sweetheart had the same and her friends on Ballast.

The statement that there were too many of the fair sex may sound strange, coming from one who generally passes most of his leisure moments during a meet at Squaw Point, but nevertheless it is an undisguised fact that canoe meets and the ladies don't go well together. The men become indifferent alike to cruising and racing. They dress too much and dislike wetting their new flannels for the sake of a glorious dash through the whitecaps of Lake Erie. Instead of rigging and pumicing canoes they are off on the yachts with mandolin, guitar, banjo and ices. Instead of the old time gatherings on the docks and around the campfire discussing their various hobbies, they are away till the wee sma' hours with steam launches to the ball room floors of the neighboring hotels.

It's pleasant, but alas it is not canoeing, and so long as the W. C. A. stay in the close proximity of cottages and club room, and enjoy the refining influence of charming women they cannot have the old time never-to-be-forgotten barbaric meets of years gone by.

A movement is on foot to hold the camp of '90 in the primitive way with a mess tent and no squaw camp, and we sincerely trust that it may be tried for one year at least.

The second cause for the small attendance was that the W. C. A. has not been kept before its members through the papers and otherwise, so that interest has been lost by many who have departed for new fields of pleasure to pass their vacation. Only the old faces put in an appearance; no new racers of the dark horse character led the fleet to the windward buoy.

A new departure has come, however, in the shape of Class C, and interest centered in the Longworth cup race for that class. Thirteen new boats entered the arena. We cannot call them canoes, for although sharp at both ends they are not "capable of being efficiently paddled by one man," and are therefore fitted with bow-facing oars. They are nearly all 16x40, and are rigged in various ways. There was the miniature schooner, that when crated took four men to lift; the catrig man whose 18ft. boom would have capsized him surely had he been compelled to sail free; the leg-of-mutton, with enormously tall sticks to spread his limit of 140 sq. ft.; the balance-lug man, who when it freshened had to reef and hike out his best or take a ducking, and close sailing sloops that could run away from the rest in light winds, but played a luffing match to keep right side up when the wind increased.

Strange as it may appear, each and every man built his Class C for comfortable sailing and cruising only (?), yet with one exception every cockpit was filled with a trunk for a plate board, and each carried unlimited bags of ballast to aid their weight on the windward rail to keep their craft from capsizing.

In no race in which these comfortable cruisers participated did the wind blow other than light, and much regret was expressed by a disappointed audience that their seaworthiness was not tested, but from the swampy condition in which some returned to the dock, it may be taken for granted that the "life-saving crew" would have demanded salvage, had there been anything like the sea in which the Class B sailed for the Gardner cup.

It was conceded that the smaller canoes were faster, the races proved it, and some enterprising mug-hunter will build just outside the Class B, and win the trophy next year.

For a canoeist living upon open water a Class C is no doubt a good craft—but though is more comfortable, and a 50ft. yacht still more so—but for a river or small lake man to own a boat that he cannot paddle or lift alone, and still consider himself a canoeist, makes it appear that the old original spirit of perfect independence had departed.

A new rule was made last winter by the executive committee, abolishing standing rigs, and requiring all sails to be capable of lowering and reefing. The committee did this, believing it was the popular opinion of the Association, that it was unsafe to use the lateen, sprit and Pecowsic sails, but it was amusing to see the dummy reef lines on some of the racers who risked (?) their lives regardless of laws, and who were as helpless to shorten sail as ever a standing sail man was. It does seem like carrying authority a little too far when the kind of sails a canoeist shall use is dictated, and a petition from the Class B men will be presented and accepted by the executive committee at their next meeting to rescind the rule.

We have seen the light standing sail live through a blow, when the baggy water-logged boom of the reefed sail, and heavy spurs of the hoisting rig, have capsized their skipper. We have seen the canoe with standing rig capsize in a gale, and then without assistance be righted, sail on and finish the race—a feat almost impossible in a heavy sea with a hoisting rig and mass of tangled lines. We have always regretted to see that the "get there" qualities of the standing rigs have such a galling effect upon the minds of some would-be mug winners.

The annual business meeting was held on Tuesday afternoon and the following officers for the ensuing year elected: Commodore, Chas. J. Stedman, Cincinnati C. C.; Vice-Commodore, T. J. Kirkpatrick, Jabberwock C. C.; Rear-Commodore, Thos. S. Gates, Columbus, O.; Secretary-Treasurer, J. B. Keogh, Tippy C. C., Chicago; Executive Committee, Col. J. R. Bartlett, Freemont, O.; Hon. G. W. Gardner, Cleveland, and D. H. Crane, Chicago.

As there were but nine Class B canoes to contest for the W.C.A. trophy the entries necessary to start were reduced from ten to five.

The commodore was instructed to appoint a flag committee to present designs for officers' flags.

A committee of three, Skipper Longworth, D. H. Crane and T. P. Gaddis were appointed to arrange for a mess tent and camp for '90.

The conditions for the Longworth cup were presented as follows:

First—The cup shall be known as the Longworth Challenge Cup, to be competed for by Class C canoes only.

Second—It shall be sailed for at each annual meet.

Third—Only active members of the W. C. A. in good standing can enter

Fourth—At least five canoes must start to make a race.

Fifth—The course to be triangular, distance not less than six miles, and the course must be completed in less than three hours or no race.

Sixth—The cup can be held by the winner, who must give bonds for its safe return, for one year, when it is to be returned to the regatta committee in good order to be raced for again. At the end of ten years the person winning it the greatest number of times shall become its owner. In case of a tie the ownership shall be decided by another race at the same meet.

These rules can be changed or amended if it is thought advisable by the executive committee at any annual meeting by a vote of two-thirds of the members present.

The Longworth cup is a beautiful solid silver tankard costing $150, designed and made by Dubme & Co., of Cincinnati. A vote of thanks was extended to the skipper for his generous gift.

The annual canoe hop was held at Rehberg's on Thursday evening, and was a grand success, netting about $50 to the Association. The "annual blow" succeeded in preventing steamers from Sandusky bringing a large party to the dance.

The carnival on Friday evening was postponed for a year on account of rough water, and the twenty tents of the camp were decorated by hundreds of laterns. Fireworks, a camp-fire, music, singing and stories entertained 200 people for several hours.

THE RACES.

First race, free for all, twice around Ballast: B. W. Wood first, O. A. Woodruff second; 25 starters; wind light, no sea.

Second race, Class B, on triangle, 3 miles: B. W. Wood first, N. B. Cook second; 10 starters; wind fresh, no sea.

Third race, passenger, 3 miles: Nat Cook and J. H. Ware in sloop-rig ed Class C first. N. B. Cook and J. R. Bowie second; 7 starters; wind light.

Fourth race, Class A, paddling, ½ mile: R. P. McCune first, O. H. Root second; 5 starters.

Fifth race, Class 3, paddling: R. P. McCune first, Thos. S. Gates second; 4 starters.

Sixth race, sail and paddle, ½ mile: B. W. Wood first, J. W. Hepburn second; 6 starters; wind fresh; one capsize.

Seventh race, Class 1, paddling, ½ mile: R. P. McCune first, Thos. S. Gates second; 3 starters.

Eighth race, paddling upset: Clough Anderson first, R. P. McCune second, O. A. Woodruff th rd.

Ninth race, sailing, novice, 1½ miles: H. F. Groesbeck first, T. P. Daniels second; 3 starters; wind light.

Tenth race, Gardner Cup, 6 miles: O. A. Woodruff, Dayton, O., first; J. B. Keogh, Chicago, second; J. O. Shiras, Cincinnati, third. Nine starters, 3 finished; wind fresh, heavy sea at first buoy; three capsized, J. W. Hepburn, T. P. Daniels and N. B. Cook.

Eleventh race, consolation, 3 miles: J. B. Keogh first, J. R. Bartlett second; 6 starters; wind strong.

Twelfth race, man-overboard: H. D. Crane first, J. B. Keogh second; 10 starters; wind light, no sea.

Thirteenth race, W. C. A. trophy, 7½ miles; 9 starters, 4 finished; wind light, no sea: B. W. Wood first, O. A. Woodruff second, N. B. Cook third, J B. Keogh fourth.

Fourteenth race, Longworth Cup, Class C, 6 miles; 10 starters, 7 finished; wind light and steady, no sea: D. H. Crane, Chicago, first; J. R. Bartlett, Fremont, second; Geo. A. Warder, Springfield, third. This was the closest race ever sailed at a W. C. A. meet, and the last leg being the windward one, all canoes finished closely bunched.

JABBER.

PROPOSED CHANGES IN THE A. C. A. RULES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have four little matters to present for the consideration of the Association in general and for the executive committee in particular.

The first is the proposition that I made in the shape of a recommendation to the executive committee at the Atlantic Division meeting, and which I simply presented, so that our boys would do a little thinking. I understand thoroughly that there are objections to the change, possibly sufficient to prevent its passage, but it will do the Association no harm to consider why its growth in certain directions is so inconsiderable.

The second is the suggestion that we adopt some practical insignia to designate the flag officers at the meets, etc. The present "uniform" as described in Article X. of the By-Laws is not practical for the reason that the final clause nullifies all that precedes it. How would it do to make that article read as follows:

"The commodores shall wear embroidered on the front of the hat or cap two crossed paddles in gold, with the letters A. C. A. in gold in the three lower corners. The commodore in addition shall wear three stars in silver, one above and one on either side of paddles. The vice-commodore's, same as commodore, omitting star above, and the rear-commodore's the same as commodore, omitting stars at side. The secretary-treasurer shall wear a quill in silver supporting the letters A. C. A. in gold. The pursers will substitute quill in gold for one in silver."

This would give the officers an insignia which would be unostentatious and at the same time would indicate to the members their official character. To have a camp of about three hundred carried on successfully, and by that I mean for the greatest pleasure to the greatest number, the few in authority should be distinguishable in some manner. If necessary we might discard the tiller and retain only the cap device, which all officers would surely get.

The third is that I would suggest the following amendment to Article IV. of the By-laws, viz., by adding "The signal by whistle shall be three long blasts followed by one short one." This has been the official signal for seven years, although it has never been so recorded.

The fourth, and for the present the last, is that we change the subdivisions of the by-laws from "articles" to "chapters." It should be article of the constitution, chapter of the by-laws, and rule of the sailing regulations.

I have just shot these out for consideration and discussion, not supposing that any action will be taken before the executive committee in October, if at any time. Some one must do it or we would jaunt along in the old rut and never improve. Are there any other changes suggested?

ROBERT J. WILKIN.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Aug. 3.

LAKE ST. LOUIS C. C. REGATTA, JULY 27.

THE regatta of the Lake St. Louis C. C. at Montreal, on July 27, was a success as far as the racing went, though a heavy rainstorm made the day very unpleasant. Messrs. Leys and Jaques, who held the challenge cup, did not defend it. The summary of the races is as follows:

Open canoe sailing race, 2 miles, commodore cup—W. L. Jamieson's Daphne won, Mr. Sanderson's Point Claire second, F. Stuart's Pauline third, W. Charles's Ino fourth.

Punt race, handicap, for boys under 14 years of age, distance 1 mile—A. Amos won, H. Baby second, G. Boyer third.

Tandem race (green), distance 1 mile—F. Riley and A. Irvine won, H. Jenner and T. E. Ames second, Howard and Jackson third, A. E. Noad and H. Danforth fourth.

Hand-panddling, distance 100 yards—Norman Fletcher won, L. Girdwood second.

Tandem challenge cups—J. Morris and J. Irvine (St. Lambert) won, F. Shearwood and G. H. Guggan (Lachine) second, N. E. Grassett and A. E. Nash (Lachine) third, F. Stuart and F. Fairbanks (Lachine) 0, Johnson and Wright (Toronto) 0, H. Routh and C. Routh (Lachine) 0.

Boys' tandem race—Davidson and Drinkwater won, Ames and Levine second.

Single paddle, ¼ mile with turn, commodore's cup—W. Robertson (Lachine) won, Alex. Irvine (St. Lambert) second, L. Girdwood (St. Anns) third, F. Johnson (Toronto) 0, F. J. McClure (Longueuil) 0.

Four in a canoe, distance ½ mile—Fairbanks's crew (Lachine) won, McClure's crew (Longueuil) second, Nash's crew (Lachine) third, Routh's crew (Lachine) fourth, Irvine's crew (St. Lambert) fifth.

Dugout canoe race, thirteen in each canoe—Ste. Rest crew won.

The officials were: Referee, J. G. Ross; starter, Duncan Robertson; timekeeper, C. R. Christie. The judges were Dr. Andreas, S. O. Shorey and A. Boyer.

AN UNKNOWN QUANTITY.—The canoe Alle, built by the St. Lawrence Skiff Co. for Mr. J. Graham Fraser, and fitted with the Martin centerboard steering gear, will be entered for the races at Stave Island. There is no question of her ability to outmaneuver anything afloat, the movement of the helm and canoe being simultaneous. As to speed her fine lines and extraordinary stability are marks of promise. She has been sailed alongside of the Aldeck, sister of W. S. Grant's Pappoose, and outweathered and outfooted the plateboard boat handily. Her 5ft. of unobstructed cockpit allows her a place in the cruiser class. Mr. W. S. Grant will sail her.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Northern Division: John B. Turner, W. B. Fullerton and T. P. Richardson, Gananoque, Ont.; W. E. Christie and B. T. Kirkhouse, Montreal; W. J. Millican, Galt; G. R. Baker and G. P. Scholfield, Toronto. Atlantic Division: T. Knight Durham, of Red Bank.

THE A. C. A. MEET.

WE have just received the following report for publication, it having been delayed by a mistake:

Commodore H. C. Rogers, American Canoe Association:

The Committee on Camp Site and Arrangements for 1889 beg respectfully to report that they have held several meetings at the site of the proposed camp, and that the western end of Stave Island has been selected as the most desirable place. The island is located about two miles N. E. of the old camp at Grindstone Island, is just over the Canadian boundary line and is an ideal place.

The ground slopes evenly toward the S. W. and S., and most of it is well shaded. The surface is cleared and the landings, while somewhat stony, are good.

The ladies' camp, or rather "Paradise Park," will be located about half a mile north of the general camp, and is so situated that while within easy reach of the general camp, both camps will be free from interference.

The camp store will be located to the N.N.E. of the general camp, and can be reached from both camps by water or land.

Arrangements have been made for a general mess, and the usual price of three tickets for $1 will be charged. The same party will run the camp store.

The Deseronto Ferry Company will have their steamer stop at the camp four times each day, and the rates will be: To Gananoque, Ont., 10 cents, to Clayton, N. Y., 15 cents. Canoes and camp kits free. Steamer's name is Deseronto.

Notices have been prepared, under your supervision, to be posted in the hotels and on river steamers, etc., informing the public that the camp is not open to the public except on Aug. 21, when visitors may land without badges.

Members' friends may be permitted to land on any day, but they must wear the regular "guest" badge. Your committee would respectfully recommend that this provision be strictly enforced.

A very capable man has been secured as chief carpenter, and as he has had considerable experience in the line of building wharves and landing stages at several meets at Stony Lake, we feel he and his associates will give general satisfaction.

A member of the site committee, Mr. J. G. Edwards, will go to the camp on Aug. 5 and will attend to general matters, while the remainder will report at an early day.

In conclusion, Mr. Commodore, it is but fair for the chairman to say that all, or nearly all, of the committee's work has been done by yourself, and the other members of the committee, namely, Col. J. Z. Rogers, of Peterboro; Mr. J. G. Edwards, of Lindsay; Ford Jones, of Brockville, and C. E. L. Porteus, of Kingston, while the chairman has done very little. It is proper for the members at large to know this so that they will give credit to those who have worked so well for the success of the 1889 meet.

Trusting that our report will prove satisfactory to yourself and the Association, I am, sincerely yours,

ROBERT J. WILKIN, Chairman, etc.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., July 22.

Mr. C. H. Porteous, of the Camp Site Committee, sends the following information:

Time Table of Steamer Deseronto.—Leaves Clayton for camp 11:45 A.M. and 5:15 P.M. Leaves Gananoque for camp 7 A.M. and 3:45 P.M. These hours give close connection with express trains at Clayton and Gananoque.

Fare for Members.—From Clayton to camp or return 15 cents. From Gananoque to camp or return 10 cents. Canoes and kits free.

Camp Address.—For American letters: "A.C.A. Camp, Clayton, N. Y." For Canadian letters: "A.C.A. Camp, Gananoque, Ontario." Letters thus addressed will be delivered daily at camp.

The distance from Clayton to camp by way of easterly end of Grindstone Island about 6½ miles. Steer for Gananoque Narrows Light, 1½ miles northerly from eastern end (camp site of 1886) of Grindstone Island. Distance from Gananoque to camp 4½ miles. Steer for Jack Straw Light and then for Gananoque Narrows Light.

Mr. Geo. C. Forrest, of Hartford, writes us inclosing the following letter:

DEAR SIR—I have yours of the 26th and 29th ult., and note fully what you say. Upon reflection, I have decided to make a special arrangement with the canoeists who forward their canoes to Clayton by freight over our line and reship same to original point of shipment over our line, and to give them a one-half rate on the return. So, if you will kindly convey this information to the members of your organization, advising them it will be necessary to preserve the paid freight bill or receipts which they get in paying charges at Clayton, to present same to our agent when they wish to make return shipment. Same to act as evidence that the shipment was received at Clayton by freight over our line.

We shall apply the above rule as far as possible, but cannot do so where we have through tariffs to points outside of New York State. The only existing through tariffs we have are from Clayton to the West via Suspension Bridge, also Clayton to New England via Norwood and the O. & L. C. road. So any shipments being returned via Utica, Rome, Syracuse or Oswego will come under this special arrangement all right, and we have no interstate tariffs to conflict.

So, for the general rule, I will agree to return canoes under above condition from Clayton to Utica, Rome, Syracuse and Oswego at one-half tariff rate, provided we have received our full tariff rate to Clayton, same as in your case.

I trust this will be entirely satisfactory.

F. W. PARSONS, G. P. A. Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg R.R.

LAKE HOPATCONG C. C. CHALLENGE CUP.—The second race for the Breslin challenge cup, won by L. B. Palmer on July 4, was sailed on Aug. 4. The contestants were Mr. N. H. Smythe, of the Brooklyn C. C., in the canoe Vagabond, and Mr. D. D. Gessler, of the Hopatcong C. C., in the canoe Sylph. Mr. Palmer did not defend his cup. The race was sailed over the 4-mile triangular course of the Hopatcong C. C. in a heavy wind. L. J. Pilcher gave the signal for a flying start at 2:38. Sylph crossed the line first at 2:38:09, followed by Vagabond at 2:38:19. Catching a wind Sylph increased her lead by 50ft. and pointed away for the first buoy with the wind very fresh. Vagabond followed. First buoy rounded, Sylph 2:39:02, Vagabond 2:40:38. Distance between start and first buoy, one-half mile. On the long stretch between buoy No. 1 and No. 2 with the wind astern Sylph gained steadily on Vagabond. Buoy No. 2 was rounded, Sylph 2:48:04, Vagabond 2:51:19. Sylph still gained and crossed the finish at 3:00:01, followed by Vagabond, who, while not crossing finish, arrived in at 3:06:31. The full times were:

	Start.	1st Buoy.	2d Buoy.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Sylph	2 38 09	2 39 02	2 48 04	3 00 01	0 21 52
Vagabond	2 38 19	2 40 38	2 51 19	3 06 31	0 28 12

The Breslin challenge cup was offered by the Lake Hopatcong C. C. at its second annual regatta, held July 4, 1889, at which time it was won by L. B. Palmer, of the Ianthe C. C., but the race of yesterday gives it to Mr. D. D. Gessler, thus bringing it back to the Lake Hopatcong C. C.—L. P. P.

A COMPANION WANTED.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I intend to take a canoe trip to Boston the last of August or the first of September, and would like to get a canoeist from Lowell or Lawrence to go with me for a week or so. If any who would like to take the trip will write to the address below I will make arrangements with them. This is my first cruise, and any points in regard to camping out and the tides will be thankfully received. Some of the Puritan C. C. of Boston took the trip last year, and were well pleased with it.—BURT W. KELLEY, Lowell, Mass., Box 385.

PHOTOS OF THE ATLANTIC DIVISION MEET.—Mr. W. R. Tobias, of Perth Amboy, N. J., has for sale the following views of Atlantic Division camp, Cheesequake Beach: No. 1, group of A. C. A. men. No. 2, the camp from the west end. No. 3, tents of the Red Dragons and Washington. No. 4, cooking breakfast; Vaux. No. 5, start of the cruising race. No. 6, Hobart "all over" cruising race. No. 7, winning canoe passing home buoy; cruising race. No. 8, on the beach, after the morning races. No. 9, unlimited race; the start. No. 10, unlimited race; out at sea. No. 11, sailing; upset race. No. 12, coming in from the upset races; Vaux. No 13, on the beach during the upset race. No. 14, tandem paddle race; the start. No. 15, hurry-scurry race; in the water after the boats. All of these views are cabinet size except Nos. 1 and 2, which are 7x9 size. Price for whole set by mail, $2. Single copies, cabinet size, 15 cents; 7x9 size, 35 cents.

CRUISING TO THE A. C. A.—Vice-Com. Tyson, Mr. A. M. Rice and Mr. J. W. Sparrow, members of the Toronto C.C., started July 27 from Toronto to cruise to Stave Island, in canoes Isabel, Dixie and Idler. Their route covers a hundred odd miles on Lake Ontario; then through the Murray Canal, three or four miles; through the Bay of Quinte, about forty miles; Adolphus Reach and the North Channel, about thirty-five miles; then the St. Lawrence River, twenty odd miles. They intend to take things in a leisurely manner, and expect that ten days will be sufficient to make the trip, allowing for probable detention by heavy weather on such open water.

Answers to Correspondents.

BLUE BELTON, New York.—The blue belton is an English setter. The standard and points for judging all breeds can be obtained at this office. Price, 50c.

L. H., Ohio.—The Ohio law relating to hunting rabbits with ferrets reads: "Whoever, upon the premises of another, uses or employs, or attempts to use or employ, ferrets for the purpose of catching rabbits, or driving them from their burrows or hiding places, shall be fined for the first offense not more than twenty nor less than five dollars, and for any subsequent offense not more than one hundred nor less than fifty dollars."

W. C. C.—1. Is not the Colt Lightning the fastest shooting gun there is? 2. Concerning the propellant force of gunpowder, could you not obtain good results by mixing Schultze or E. C. with gunpowder, or by putting in the black powder first. I don't of course mean just to prime the cap. 3. Would it not be a good plan to mix fine and coarse gunpowder, or to put in half the charge fine and the other half coarse; for instance, in loading 12s, put in a dram of fine and then a dram of coarse? Ans. 1. In tests of speed familiarity with the arm generally counts more than style of weapon. The fact that it is not necessary to remove the arm from the shoulder makes it very quick. 2. No; such mixtures are not satisfactory. 3. No; better to shoot a homogeneous powder.

F. P., Saugerties.—Will you be kind enough to give me some information as to where I can procure a quantity of wild rice from a reliable dealer, when and how to plant it, and cost per bushel? What would be the probable chances of successful growth in the bays along the Hudson River at this point and in small lakes here? Will it grow in sluggish, dirty streams, and if so, does it tend to improve the quality of those waters? Will it drive out other aquatic vegetation? Ans. It will be supplied by Chas. Gilchrist, Port Hope, Ont., or Richard Valentine, Janesville, Wis. Cost, $2 per bushel. Sow it in the late fall; soak over night and scatter broadcast in shallow water. It should do well in the Hudson, as it has in the Connecticut. It will grow in sluggish streams and in lakes, and in some places, notably in a Long Island stream, it has not only overcome other vegetation, but choked the stream channel as well.

BEECHAM'S PILLS cure sick headache.—*Adv.*

HUMPHREYS'
VETERINARY SPECIFICS
For Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs, AND POULTRY.
500 Page Book on Treatment of Animals and Chart Sent Free.
CURES { A.A.—Fevers, Congestions, Inflammation, Spinal Meningitis, Milk Fever.
B.B.—Strains, Lameness, Rheumatism.
C.C.—Distemper, Nasal Discharges.
D.D.—Bots or Grubs, Worms.
E.E.—Coughs, Heaves, Pneumonia.
F.F.—Colic or Gripes, Bellyache.
G.G.—Miscarriage, Hemorrhages.
H.H.—Urinary and Kidney Diseases.
I.I.—Eruptive Diseases, Mange.
J.K.—Diseases of Digestion.
Stable Case, with Specifics, Manual, Witch Hazel Oil and Medicator, $7.00
Price, Single Bottle (over 50 doses), - .60
Sold by Druggists; or Sent Prepaid anywhere and in any quantity on Receipt of Price.
Humphreys' Med. Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

Forest & Stream File Binders.
PRICE, $1.00.
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

HAVE YOU SEEN OUR NEW
Illustrated Catalogue
OF
FISHING TACKLE?
It is the most elaborate and magnificent book ever published in the Sporting Goods line. Send us 25 cents and we will forward you a copy post paid.
ABBEY & IMBRIE,
No. 18 VESEY STREET, NEW YORK.

WINCHESTER
FELT GUN WADS.
PINK EDGE. **THE BEST.** BLACK EDGE.
White Felt Wads, 3-8 inch Thick, Equal to the Best Imported Bag Wads.
Ask Your Dealer For Them.
WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.,
Send for 76-Page Illustrated Catalogue. **NEW HAVEN, CONN.**

The Celebrated Smith & Wesson Revolvers

HAVE BROKEN ALL RECORDS FOR REVOLVER SHOOTING.



The Most Perfect Small Arms

EVER MANUFACTURED.

Unrivalled in Beauty of Finish, Durability and Accuracy.

Manufactured in calibers .32, .38 and .44-100. Single and Double Action Hammerless Safety and Target Models, with all latest improvements—Automatic Shell Extractor, Rebounding Lock and Patented Safety Device.

The Smith & Wesson Revolvers are constructed entirely of **best wrought steel** carefully inspected for workmanship and stock, and GUARANTEED. Do not be deceived by IMITATIONS largely manufactured of **malleable cast iron,** and often sold for the genuine Smith & Wesson. All of the Revolvers of this firm are stamped upon the barrels with their name, address and dates of patents.

If dealer cannot supply you, orders sent to address below will receive prompt and careful attention. Catalogues and prices furnished upon application.

SMITH & WESSON,

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

THE AMERICAN SHOOTING ASSOCIATION'S {Limited}

Second Tournament at Beacon Park, Boston, Mass., Aug. 13, 14 and 15.

$1,700 IN GUARANTEED PURSES.

Grand team shoot, West vs. East. Western team: Ed. Taylor, Capt.; Al Bandle, J. R. Stice, C. W. Budd, Rollo O. Heikes. Eastern team: H. McMurchy, Capt.; H. W. Eages, O. R. Dickey, W. E. Perry, H. B. Whitney.

All shooters must qualify by filling out classification blanks and sending them to New York office, receiving a card in return. As over two hundred shooters have signified their intention to be present, thirty traps will be used. Programmes and classification blanks mailed on application. Address

J. M. TAYLOR, Manager, Room 184, Stewart Building, New York City.

NOTICE TO FISHERMEN. CUT PRICES.

HERE I AM AGAIN AS USUAL, CUTTING THE PRICES OF FISHING TACKLE. IT WILL PAY YOU TO BUY YOUR TACKLE IN BROOKLYN.

PRICE.		PRICE.
$2.75	For Split Bamboo Salt-Water Bass Rod, 6 strip, 2 joints, 8ft., 20oz., Solid Reel Seat, Nickel Trimmings, Double Guides, Silk Wound Black Beaded Handle	$2 75
3.32	For Split Bamboo Black Bass Rod, 8½ft., 3 joints, 10 or 12oz., Solid Reel Seat, Nickel Trimmings, Raised Tie Guides, Extra Tip, Silk Wound, Wood Form	3.32
3.32	For Trout or Black Bass Fly Rod, same finish as above, 10½ft., 7 to 9oz., complete in wood form	3.32
.90	For Ash and Lancewood Weakfish or Striped Bass Rod, Hollow Butt, Extra Tip, Swelled Ferrules	.90
1.50	For Fine No. 0 Brass Multiplying Reel, Balance Handle, Screw Oil Cup, holds 600ft. 18-thread Linen Line, diameter 3¼in. Also Nos. 0, 1, 2, 3, same price. See catalogue	1.50
3.75	For Hard Rubber and Nickel Multiplying Reel, with Drag, Raised Pillars, holds 600ft. 15-thread Linen Line	3.75

Hooks. Down go the prices. My best quality all kinds snelled on single gut, 10cts. per doz.; double, 15cts.; treble, 20cts.; in ½ doz. packages. Leaders: Treble gut Weakfish and Striped Bass Leaders, three length, 5cts.; four length, 7cts., five length, 9cts.; all best quality. Reel Lines on Blocks of 300ft., 9 thread, 38cts.; 12 thread, 43cts.; 15 thread, 46cts.; 18 thread, 53cts. 300ft. Braided Linen Reel Lines on Blocks, 41cts. Broken lots of Hooks from best manufacture, all kinds and sizes, 2cts. per dozen. SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

Open Evenings. J. F. MARSTERS, 51, 53 & 55 Court St., Brooklyn, N. Y.



UPTHEGROVE & McLELLAN,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Shooting and Fishing Suits

AND CLOTHING FOR

CIVIL ENGINEERS, RANCHMEN, LUMBERMEN, MINERS, ETC.

Write for our new combined Catalogue with samples of Imported

Corduroys, Moleskin, Mackintosh, Canvas and Flannels.

SEE OUR NEW SHADES OF ENGLISH CORDUROY.

Address **UP. & MC.,** Valparaiso, Indiana.

For a DISORDERED LIVER Try BEECHAM'S PILLS. 25cts. a Box. OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

The Still-Hunter,

—BY—

T. S. VAN DYKE.

PRICE, POSTPAID, $2.00.

For Sale by the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

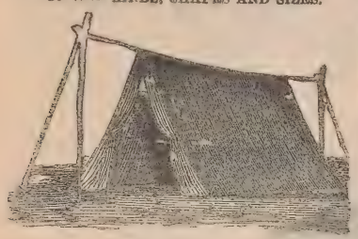
SENSATION.

We have for sale an elegant steel engraving of the celebrated pointer Sensation. Size of plate, 14x20; size of sheet, 22x28. Price, $1 each

FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., 318 Broadway, N. Y.

Yachting Goods.

SPORTSMAN'S
Camping or Fishing Tent
OF ALL KINDS, SHAPES AND SIZES.



Yacht and Boat Sails of most approved style. Also awnings for store fronts, windows, yacht boat etc. New style of Canoe Tents made at low figure Flags, Burgees and covers of all kinds. Camp Stoves, Camp Chairs, Sacking Bottoms, Hammocks all kinds of Fancy Tents, and in fact anything made from canvas when an intelligent description is given of what may be needed. We beautifully illustrate our circular now ready. Send stamp for price list. Address S. HEMMENWAY, 60 South st., N. Y. City.



HIGGINS & GIFFORD,
GLOUCESTER, MASS.
Manufacture to order Yachts, Rowboats, Yawl Boats, Excelsior Life Boats and Seine Boats. Two medals awarded at the London Exhibition. 3,000 boats built the last thirteen years.
Send for New Catalogue for 1887.

A. WILSON,
Sail Maker,
No. 416 ATLANTIC AVE. BOSTON, MASS.
Yacht Sails and Flags a Specialty.

SMALL YACHTS

Their Design and Construction, Exemplified by the Ruling Types of Modern Practice With Numerous Plates and Illustrations.

—BY—

O. P. KUNHARDT.

Cloth, 370 pages of type and illustrations, and 9 plates. Size of page, 14½×12½. Price $7.00.

FOR SALE BY THE
FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

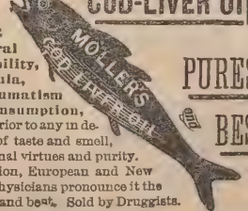
CANOE AND BOAT BUILDING FOR AMATEURS.

Fourth edition, 264 pages 52 plates. Price $2

Forest and Stream Publishing Co
NEW YORK N. Y.
LONDON: DAVIES & CO., 7 Finch Lane.



MOLLER'S NORWEGIAN
COD-LIVER OIL

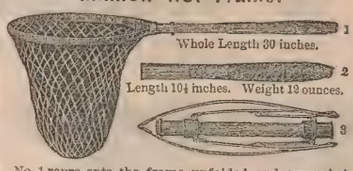


FOR General Debility, Scrofula, Rheumatism or Consumption, is superior to any in delicacy of taste and smell, medicinal virtues and purity. London, European and New York physicians pronounce it the purest and best. Sold by Druggists.

PUREST & BEST.

W. H. Schieffelin & Co. (Wholesale Agents U.S. and Canada) New York

DODGE'S PATENT
Collapsing, Folding, Landing and Minnow Net Frame.



No. 1 represents the frame unfolded and expanded, ready for use. Can be unfolded and expanded with the net on the ring (in 30 seconds) by the same motion that is used to open an umbrella. The ring is 12in. in diameter, made of steel, round and strong where it joins the stalk, and narrow and light at the outer side. The other working parts are made of brass, nickel plated. Nos. 2 and 3 represent the frame collapsed and folded, staff unjointed ready to pack. Can be carried in tackle box, trout basket, grip sack or pocket.

PRICE COMPLETE, $4.00.
J. N. DODGE, 278 Division St., Detroit, Mich

No Chemicals.



W. BAKER & CO.'S
Breakfast Cocoa
Is Absolutely Pure, and it is Soluble.

To increase the solubility of the powdered cocoa, various expedients are employed, most of them being based upon the action of some alkali, potash, soda or even ammonia. Cocoa which has been prepared by one of these chemical processes, can usually be recognized at once by the distinct alkaline reaction of the infusion in water.

W. Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa

is manufactured from the first stage to the last by perfect mechanical processes, **no chemical being used in its preparation.** By one of the most ingenious of these mechanical processes the greatest degree of fineness is secured without the sacrifice of the attractive and beautiful red color which is characteristic of an absolutely pure and natural cocoa.

W. Baker & Co., Dorchester, Mass.

LOG CABINS
AND
HOW TO BUILD THEM.

By WILLIAM S. WICKS.

This is a complete exposition of the art and method of building log cabins from the simplest dog kennel to highly artistic dwellings. Everyone going into the woods and designing to construct his shelter with the materials at hand, should procure "Log Cabins," for in its pages he will find a variety of designs, simple and ornate, adapted to temporary shelter or to permanent homes, with full and clear instruction and illustration in every matter of detail. Sent, post free, for $1.50.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.,
318 Broadway, New York.

Ligowsky C. P. No. 3
The only target having the patent
INTURNED EDGE.



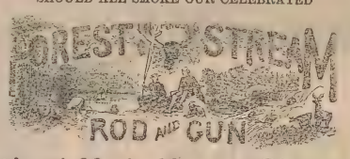
2,000 shots out of each 1,000 targets on account of non-breakage in shipping, trapping and falling upon ground. The only target made with the INTURNED EDGE producing the surest breaker when hit, and surest non breaker when not hit. Our traps are sold for the sole purpose of shooting our targets.

HILL ON THE DOG.
THE STANDARD WORK ON THEIR
MANAGEMENT AND DISEASES.
Price $2.00.
FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.
318 Broadway, New York.

Increasing Sales Attest the Popularity of THE GENTLEMEN'S CIGARETTE.

SPECIAL FAVOURS.
Manufactured only by
KINNEY BROS.
(KINNEY TOBACCO CO. Successors). Also manufacturers of the Old Reliable
SWEET CAPORAL.

SPORTSMEN SMOKERS
SHOULD ALL SMOKE OUR CELEBRATED



Hand-Made Havana Cigars.
MADE IN TWO STYLES AND SIZES.
LONDRES PERFECTO, 5in. long @ $7 00 per 100
COCHAS ESPECIALS, 4½in. @ 6 00 "

The favorite cigar of Rod and Gun Clubs generally. These cigars are made of the choicest tobaccos grown, and selected with the greatest care. They cannot fail to suit the taste of all lovers of the fragrant weed. Each cigar has the brand impressed on it, and every box has a label, fac-simile of the title of the popular journal, and our firm's signature, without which none are genuine. We are the only authorized manufacturers of the above brand, and to insure the smoker of the genuine we would ask you to send us your orders direct. We will deliver, free of express charges, either size, on receipt of price.

A. W. FOOTE & CO., Sole Manufacturers,
125 Maiden Lane, New York.

The Diseases of Horses;

Their Pathology, Diagnosis and Treatment. To which is added a complete dictionary of equine materia medica. By HUGH DALZIEL.

A very complete, concise and intelligible treatise, conveniently arranged. Every horse owner should have such a book. Paper, 102 pages. 75c.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.,
318 Broadway, New York.

Wanted.

WANTED.—TWO YOUNG FELLOWS TO make up a party of four, to spend two weeks in the Adirondacks; deer and trout; start Sept. 1; expenses less than $35 each. Address MATHIAS COMBES, Amsterdam, N. Y. 1t

For Sale.

TROUT STREAM.

For Sale—1000 acres of land within four miles of the city of Cheboygan, Mich., on which there is five miles of the best stocked trout stream in Michigan; hatching house, two dwellings, ice house, barn, stables, etc., which cost over $3000, and forty acres of cleared land, all for $10,000; $6000 in cash, balance in five or eight years at 7 per cent. Ill health is the owner's only reason for selling. Apply to WM. ELLIOT, Box 204, Cheboygan, Mich. may16,3mo

FOR SALE.—ONE FINE REMINGTON match rifle, .32 40, one Smith & Wes on .32-cal. target revolver, new, one Stevens bicycle rifle, .22-cal., 10in. barrel. These arms are guaranteed accurate, in first-class condition, and will be sold very low. Address I. S. WEAVER, 212 East German st., Baltimore, Md. 1t



Chester White, Berkshire and Poland China Pigs, fine setter dogs, Scotch Collies, Foxhounds and Beagles, Sheep and Poultry, bred and for sale by W. GIBBONS & CO., West Chester, Chester Co., Pa. Send stamp for circular and price list.

LIVE WHITE HARES (*Lepus Americanus*), captured and properly boxed and delivered to express in Bethel, Me., in good condition on receipt of orders and remittances at $3 per pair. Refer to Hon. H. O. Stanley, Dixfield, Me., Fish and Game Commissioner. J. G. RICH, Bethel, Me. dec16,tf

LIVE QUAIL. SEASON CLOSED. Re-open Sept. 1. Send orders early. Other specialties, live deer and English pheasants. Also English partridge and pheasant eggs.
E. B. WOODWARD, Commission Merchant, 174 Chambers street, New York.

WILD RICE.—THE GREATEST WILD-fowl food. Send your orders now for fresh seed. R. VALENTINE, Janesville, Wis. aul,tf

J. Stevens Arms and Tool Co.
P. O. Box 4100, Chicopee Falls, Mass.
Send for our large 52-page Illustrated Catalogue.



MANUFACTURERS OF THE
STEVENS PATENT
Breech-Loading, Sporting and Hunter's Pet Rifles, Single and Double Shot Guns, Pocket Rifles.

The Best Scores on Record in America, from 10 to 50 yards, have been made with the Stevens Pistol.

STEVENS TARGET PISTOL.

Known throughout the world as possessing unsurpassed accuracy, perfect of form and finish. The professional shots all unhesitatingly select the Stevens Pistols to perform the most difficult feats of marksmanship.

DO NOT DISPOSE OF YOUR
American Clay Bird Traps,
As we are now prepared to furnish the
CHAMPION CLAY BIRD,

Which is far superior to the old American bird, and can be thrown from the same trap.

$9 PER THOUSAND. FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

BANDLE ARMS CO.,
CINCINNATI, O.

Do You Shoot?
Will you write for our Catalogue, containing "Hints on Trap Shooting," by "Mallard"—How to Form a Gun Club, Constitution and By-Laws, Rules for Shooting, etc., etc., which we mail free?
THE STANDARD TARGET CO.,
Cleveland, Ohio.



PREMIERE QUALITÉ,
Our New Cigarette.

As the result of long labor and careful study we have this superb Cigarette to offer. It cannot be surpassed in purity or excellence; and is a novelty, unique, chaste and dainty. It is from the highest cost Virginia and North Carolina leaf.

The finest Smoking Mixtures are of our Manufacture.

Fifteen First Prize Medals.

WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 15, 1889.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 4. No 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Only advertisements of an approved character inserted. Inside pages, nonpareil type, 30 cents per line. Special rates for three, six, and twelve months. Seven words to the line, twelve lines to one inch. Advertisements should be sent in by Saturday previous to issue in which they are to be inserted. Transient advertisements must invariably be accompanied by the money or they will not be inserted. Reading notices $1.00 per line.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

May begin at any time. Subscription price, $4 per year; $2 for six months; to a club of three annual subscribers, three copies for $10; five copies for $16. Remit by express money-order, registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canadas and Great Britain. For sale by Davies & Co., No. 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London. General subscription agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Davies & Co., Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searles and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London, Eng. Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France, sole Paris agent for sales and subscriptions. Foreign subscription price, $5 per year; $2.50 for six months.

Address all communications
Forest and Stream Publishing Co.
No. 318 BROADWAY. NEW YORK CITY.

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL.
Put the Dog in Condition.
Bits of Talk.
Snap Shots.
THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST.
Shooting on Mount Olympus.
Kennebago Mountain Cave.
The National Park.
Concerning Certain Writers.
ATURAL HISTORY.
The Eared Seals.—II.
A Woodcock's Whistle.
GAME BAG AND GUN.
An Outing in Wyoming.
A Maine Hunting Ground.
Bear Hunting in New Mexico.
Gen. Henry Du Pont.
Chicago and the W-st.
Pattern and Penetration.
CAMP-FIRE FLICKERINGS.
SEA AND RIVER FISHING.
A Bass Stand.
Chicago and the West.
Camps of the Kingfishers.—V.
Three Reckless Trout.
New England Fishing.
St. Lawrence Association.
Angling Notes.
THE KENNEL.
Nights with the Coons.—IX.
Fleas and Lice.
Dog Talk.
London Dog Show.
Toronto Dog Show.
Contagious Diseases of Dogs.
Kennel Notes.
Kennel Management.
RIFLE AND TRAP SHOOTING.
Range and Gallery.
Our Team at Home.
Creedmoor Fall Meeting.
The Trap.
Compton Hill.
Elm City Gun Club Meet.
Park Ridge Shoot.
Illinois Association.
YACHTING.
A Plea for the New York Y. C.
Cape Cats and Cutters.
New York Y. C. Cruise.
Quaker City Y. C. Cruise.
Corinthian Y. C. of Marblehead.
CANOEING.
Brooklyn C. C.
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PUT THE DOG IN CONDITION.

THE hunting season will soon be here, and the sportsman should see to it that the companion, upon whom he depends for so much of his pleasure while enjoying his outing, is in suitable condition to perform his part in a satisfactory manner. Nothing is more disheartening and disgusting in shooting than to see one's dog quit after an hour or two of work, fagged out and done for. A long hunt with little or nothing to show for it may yet have compensations if man and dog have worked together sturdily and faithfully, each doing his part. But there is no bright gleam amid the gloom when before fairly warming up to the day's work, one's pointer or setter gives out from simple inability to go on. And it is all the worse when the shooter knows that his own negligence is to be charged with the dog's lack of condition. The poor animal that lies panting at your feet, or with drooping head and stern slowly drags himself along at heel, you well know would go if he could; and when you reflect that he would hunt if he had only been properly treated, you resolve that the next time you will attend to the matter and see that he has the necessary preparation, forgetting that the same thing happened last year, and that this same resolve was then made.

It is comparatively an easy matter to put a dog in proper condition for work if he is in good health. Get out of bed at break of day, whistle up your companion and take a tramp with him through the fields or on the road. A mile out and back will perhaps be sufficient the first day, the distance to be gradually increased as your judgment dictates, until you can easily do at least five times the distance. A couple of weeks of this work, with proper attention to diet, will bring out both dog and man in better condition for opening day than would be believed by those who have not undertaken such a preparatory course.

Many a good field dog has been put down for a "quitter," when the owner was much more to be blamed than the dog. It not infrequently happens that the sportsman who joys in the possession of a bench winner, and fondly dreams that he has a canine paragon, takes the poor brute into the field and puts him through a half day's hunting, which should be pleasure, but is actually hard punishment; and all because not the first thing has been done to condition the animal for the field. One encounters scores of sportsmen who are ready to decry bench shows, and to pooh pooh bench show form and bench winnings, because they have known some famous bench winner to be "all beat out" by a homely, ungainly dog that would be hooted off the bench; and this simply because the bench show dog's master has foolishly been content with his prize records, and has paid no attention to conditioning his dog for field work. The biggest pile of bench winnings ever accumulated could not make a pointer nor a setter a stayer in the stubble, but there is no reason under heaven why the bench winner, if properly cared for, should not be a field winner also.

BITS OF TALK.

IX.—FIRST LESSONS.

"HE was the first one I ever saw shoot on the wing, and over a dog," said the Famous Shot, "and he gave me a cue that day to the best sport in the world. I have often thought that I owed that man some acknowledgment, but, as a matter of course, he was my instructor only by the purest chance; he was out after a bag of birds, and a pile of fun; and never dreamed that the country boy perched on the top rail of that old Virginia fence was taking it all in as a new and joyous revelation of what partridges, as we called them, were made for. I have tried to hunt him up, but he must have been dead for years; he was white-haired then, and that was twenty-five years ago."

"One does feel a peculiar gratitude toward the shooter who initiated him into the mysteries of the craft or the angler who first showed him the knack of throwing a fly," said the Fisherman, "they are our fathers in sportsmanship, and for all you know you yourself may even now be an object of such tender regard on the part of some urchin to whom you have 'all unbeknownst' taught the art."

"I took my first lesson," said the Major, "from that rare sportsman, Ethan Allin, whose death was recorded in FOREST AND STREAM only a week or two ago. One day when I was out, I came across Ethan. He was shooting with an old dog and a puppy, which he was putting through a course of sprouts. I don't remember whether he asked me to go along with him or not, but I joined him anyway, for youngsters don't always wait to be asked; and by and by the old dog came to a point. Ethan sent me in to flush the bird. I could go right to the spot now with my eyes shut, though it happened forty years ago."

"Your photographic memory is as good as an amateur camera for reproducing field scenes," put in the Fisherman.

"At any rate it's worth more to me than a thousand cameras. Well, I flushed the bird, which flew from me out of the cover into the open across Ethan's left. He deliberately raised his gun and dropped her, slick and clean. I started for the bird, 'broke shot' so to speak, for according to all the light I had had up to that time the approved thing was to get to the game as soon after the charge of shot had got there as was possible; I had never heard of a dog retrieving. With a yell, 'Hi, hi, there!' and frantic gesticulations Ethan held me back, and sent the puppy in to point the bird, and then the old dog to show the young one how to retrieve it according to Gunter. When I saw Ethan drop his bird so easily and calmly, I said to myself, 'If he can shoot partridges flying I reckon I can do it too, and I will.' I went home that night, cleaned out my old flintlock, and went down to the store for a quarter of a pound of powder and a pound of shot, the regulation allowance in those days. I had No. 8 shot this time, for Ethan had told me that the BBs I had been using were not the right sort for birds. The next morning early I whistled up my yellow and white rabbit dog Carlo."

"The one you tell the tears-and-sobs story about?"

"Yes, the same cur. We started out for glory or the grave. I posted myself at a rock ledge, near a ravine, where I knew well enough there were sure to be pa'tridges, and I had studied them enough to know that when they broke cover they would fly my way. Then I ordered the dog to go in, he had been through it many a time before for rabbits; and I clutched the old gun and waited. It was not long before sure enough a cock grouse came out of the brush and made directly toward me. I waited as long as I could, then banged away, and the bird tumbled down as dead as a stone. That was the first bird I ever aimed at flying and I could not do better to-day. 'There,' said I, 'I knew I could do it. It's easy enough to kill pa'tridges flying.' Before I could load up four or five more birds had gone out, all good easy shots, which I confidently reasoned would have been mine had I been ready for them. I went on, and when the next grouse came in range it did its part beautifully, and I went through the motions too, but at the shot it did not stop, but sailed right on, only a bit faster. At this I was simply dumbfounded; and in my astonishment I forgot all about loading, and the rest of the birds got away without a shot.

"I tried another one, and a fourth; and kept it up until powder and shot were gone, but not another bird was added to the victim of my first lucky shot. The next day I took another quarter-pound of powder and pound of shot and set out for some more of it. That ammunition was all fired out of the flintlock before night; but there were just as many pa'tridges flying around alive and well in that part of the country at night as there had been in the morning. My blazing at them was a perfectly healthy and invigorating course of treatment for the grouse tribe. Before the last charge had been fired, I came to the conclusion that it was not, after all, so beautifully simple to kill pa'tridges on the wing; and I decided, too, that a flintlock gun could not get there; it took up too much time in getting started, and the shot could not catch the bird. So I resolved to have the arm converted into a percussion lock.

"The next morning I took the gun and a dollar, and walked seven miles to the shop of Graves the gunsmith. 'Could he alter the gun?' 'Yes.' 'What would it cost?' 'A dollar and a quarter.' My jaw dropped. A dollar was big in those days, and it was just the size of my pile. Graves was a man of feeling, he recognized the disappointment of the small boy with the big gun, and he bargained to fix over the lock for the dollar and two pa'tridges to be delivered at some future time. Joy reigned again; but there was another damper when Graves told me to come back in three days for the gun. Again my jaw dropped; there were pa'tridges to be shot, I must shoot them, and I did not see how I should ever wait three days before trying it again. But this time again fortune favored the boy with the gun. A man who was in the shop said to Graves, with a laugh, 'Let my job wait, and fix the boy's gun; I can wait; he can't.' And Graves took hold of it. I watched every motion, every movement of hammer and file; and by night I was home again, with a percussion gun, another supply of powder and shot, and a box of G. D. caps. I left my dog home in the morning, for I had come to the conclusion that I could do better without him. To make a long story short, before the end of the season, by sticking to business pretty close, I could kill about one out of every three grouse flushed; and if you think I cannot shoot on the wing now, come up next month, and I'll open your eyes. But what I started out to say was that I have always had a kindly feeling toward the man who first showed me that the thing could be done."

THE terrible drouth which has prevailed in the Park this summer has resulted in an unusual number of forest fires, but by his energy and promptness Captain Boutelle, the Superintendent of the Park, has succeeded in subduing or limiting them in every case except one. This fire, which is still raging between Yellowstone and Shoshone Lakes, was not discovered until it had been burning for some days and was entirely beyond man's control. Only a rain storm can put it out.

A WISE game law reflects the intelligence of a community; a foolish one its want of sense. The North Carolina law protected deer from the first of January to August fifteenth. It having been repealed, with respect to that portion of the State lying east of the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad, any one who is mean enough to do such a thing can now kill deer at any season, even in the Florida style of butchering does heavy with fawn.

THE index to Volume XXXII. is contained in this issue.

The Sportsman Tourist.

SHOOTING ON MOUNT OLYMPUS.—II.

(Continued from Page 22.)

I LAY awake a while meditating on my fortunate shot and on the prospects of bringing bruin to final account in the morning, but soon a black pall clouded my vision, and weary with the day's march I slept the sleep of the just. I had taken only a short nap, at least so it seemed to me, when I felt the chill night air creeping into my bones, and rousing myself to wrap the covering closer around me, I caught the sound of voices with the morning freshness about them, and springing up in bed I saw the first faint roseate hues of dawn in the eastern sky through the open portals of the serai. The voices were on the other side of the yard, and going to the door I saw that Timayanes was already astir and kindling a fire on the outdoor hearth. Half a dozen powerful dogs, apparently half-bred greyhounds, contrasting strongly with the street dogs of the East, were prowling about the yard, and one of them sighting me, set up a deep bay. He was promptly called to order by Ahmed Khan, who was one of the speakers I had heard, and at that moment the arrival of another party with half a dozen dogs, diverted attention of men and dogs alike from me.

The business of the toilet did not occupy me more than ten minutes, but in that short interval day had broken, and a perfect Babel of voices in salutation or conversation, mingled with the occasional growling of dogs and the reproofs of their keepers. Ahmed Khan presented me to the assembled village head men, and this ceremony performed, every one sat down to a hasty meal, which consisted principally of bread and dates and sparkling spring water, but Timayanes, knowing my weakness, had prepared a savory omelette for me. This was soon disposed of, and long before the sun had risen above the horizon, the order of procedure had been decided on, although not without some excited discussion, and by means of Timayanes I understood that I was to take up my first position about 500 yards down the southern slope of the mountain, and that the beaters would drive the game toward me, or rather toward a line of marksmen of whom I would be one.

They had certainly allotted me a promising spot. It was on a spur of the mountain forming a sharp bend in the bubbling brook which washed its base. There was a huge granite boulder near the point of the spur, and right in front of it a large cedar tree, which apparently had prevented its rolling into the brook. Behind me the mountain rose several hundred feet, densely covered with dark cedar and fir trees on ridge and slopes, while in front of me, across the stream, was a considerable fringe of open grass, and between it and the forest on the opposite slope was a clearing nearly a hundred yards wide, on which the wild box had recently been cut out for market, and as I learned afterward the exploitation of this timber for engraving purposes is the principal source of livelihood of these mountain villagers. There were two or three marksmen between me and the village, but not in a direct line nor in sight, and as soon as I was left to myself I lighted my pipe, knowing that it must be at least a quarter of an hour before the beating would begin, and as I puffed leisurely away, with my Winchester and the smoothbore loaded with ball at hand, the first welcome but distant bay of one of the hounds broke on my ear. Now another and another took up the strain, and grasping my Winchester I stood against the cedar in eager expectation.

At first the sounds drew nearer and nearer, but very soon it was evident that the dogs were not coming my way, and laying down the weapon I sought a more easy posture.

As I seated myself commanding a view of the stream downward for a hundred yards or so before it was lost in a bend of the hill, there stood facing and watching me a large buck deer with a grand pair of branching horns. He was on my side of the brook, about sixty yards from me, and had evidently come down to drink without observing me, and as I was to leeward of him he could not have scented my tobacco.

He must have raised his head from the water at the sound of my changing posture, for, as I looked, the water dripped from his mouth. We eyed each other for an instant, then my hand stole round toward my smoothbore, but ere I could grasp it there was a wild plunge through the forest, and springing to my feet I brought the gun round to bear in the direction of the sound, but the deer was gone. Those who have been there can imagine how fit I was to kick myself.

Soon the baying of the hounds was heard again, and, although at a great distance, it appeared evident that they were coming in my direction. I heard a shot which sounded at least half a mile off, and a minute later a second somewhat nearer. The game was evidently being beaten up along the line.

Standing motionless against the cedars, the smoothbore grasped in both hands, I stood prepared for action when the opportunity arrived, but, impelled by some instinct, I turned my eye across the brook to the left, and there, just emerged from the forest, and listening to the distant baying of the hounds, stood a grizzly wolf. Oh, that I had the Winchester in my hand, or that I could exchange without attracting his notice!

At that moment there was another shot; the dogs bayed in chorus evidently nearing us, and while this was in progress I noiselessly changed weapons, and drew a bead upon the wolf. At that instant he sighted me, but before he could move I had him between my sights, and drawing trigger, I saw him drop on his haunches, and heard the angry yelp telling that the ball had struck home.

From the moment the last shot had been fired down the line, the baying of the dogs announced that they were closing in on their wounded quarry, which I concluded was a bear or a boar, but which afterward proved to be an old wolf. Another shot was fired, which appeared to have given the quarry his quietus, for the baying of the dogs ceased, and distant voices were heard distinctly.

Presently from the opposite forest came the low sharp yelp of a dog on trail, and at the same moment a pair of pheasants, started by the dogs, came flying toward me, and I heard, but did not see them, alight in a tree immediately behind me.

The pack took up the cry and the dogs were soon giving tongue in lively chorus; a shot rang out some 200yds. below me, and still the dogs came yelping on. Presently a black object came out of the forest and plunged into the grass on the other side of the creek, making almost straight for me.

The dogs came baying on some 50yds. behind, and as the quarry approached I made him out to be a boar, and seeing that he would certainly pass me at close quarters I noiselessly exchanged my Winchester for the smoothbore. By this time he was about 80yds. from me and, shaping to cross right in front of me, and being sure of my shot, even if he now should swerve, I stood motionless, letting him pass me at about 30yds., when I pulled trigger, and the ball going clean through both shoulders he fell heavily forward and the dogs were soon in upon him.

The first beat was over. The whole party of huntsmen and beaters were advancing on the scene of my last exploit. The dogs were driven off the now dead boar and my nearest neighbor claimed the quarry, or rather the score, on the plea of first hit, which he made good, his ball having lodged in the boar's haunch; the quarry itself was not much in demand among Mussulmen for their own pot, and Timayanes, who soon arrived upon the scene, looked perhaps more regretfully upon the sturdy hams than I, but he had been too well brought up and I too well instructed for either of us to claim a portion of the unhallowed food. The wolf skin was mine by indisputable law of the chase, and as the whole party came together it transpired that another wolf, a two-year-old buck deer, a doe and the boar constituted the bag of the first beat.

The sun was now more than an hour high, and no time was lost in arranging the second beat, which was a further advance on the previous lines. Beaters and dogs were detached to take up their positions along the line, and the marksmen started to cross the beat. My own course was round the base of the hill on a spur of which I had been stationed. I crossed the brook in front of me, and again at 200yds. distant, and plodded westward through the forest for more than a mile, uphill and down, crossing three ravines and taking up my position on the slope, about a hundred yards above the bed of a ravine through which a tiny stream trickled. The timber was open, consisting of oak and box and chestnut and some other trees with which I was unacquainted.

Seated on a ledge of rock I commanded a good view of the slope below me, and of that across the ravine, and lighting my pipe I began to amuse myself judging distances, but had scarcely entered on the task before the distant hum of voices informed me that the beating had commenced.

Presently a doe and fawn came trotting up across the ravine, and paused to listen just opposite to me. I drew a bead on the dam with my Winchester, but not with any intention of firing, and while so engaged a whiff of my pipe must have reached her, for starting suddenly, she wheeled around, caught sight of me and plunged up the ravine, followed by her fawn. A few minutes later a hare came climbing up the slope and had reached within 5yds. of me before she wheeled suddenly and plunged down the slope. Again a fox ran along the slope toward me and when about 50yds. off, turned round to listen, offering a fine broadside shot. I was unwilling to fire lest I should disturb bigger game, and the next moment he turned, sighted me, vanished behind a tree, and I saw him no more.

The dogs now began to give tongue, and very soon the whole pack was heard in full cry all along the line. A stag came plunging over the crest of the opposite hill and paused to listen, turning almost broadside on to me. He was about 250yds. off, as nearly as I could judge, and resting my elbow on my knee, I prepared for a steady shot. Before I could get him into line he wheeled toward me and trotted down the hill. This was bringing him nearer, and I reserved my fire until he reached the bed of the ravine, where for a moment I lost sight of him.

He soon reappeared, going up the slope at about 150yds. distant, and increasing his distance at every stride, but as I brought my Winchester to bear he glided partly behind a tree. My finger was already on the trigger, the shot rung out, and I heard the beast galloping away, and caught transient glimpses of him between the trees, but could not get another sight of him that gave any chance for a shot.

All this time the dogs were coming on in full chorus, and now shots were heard in rapid succession along the line. A wild sow and litter of eight or ten young ones crossed my station at about 70 or 80yds., grunting as they went, and I raised my gun to fire, but at that moment the yelp of an injured dog convinced me that there was nobler quarry afoot, and I reserved my fire, giving all my attention to the baying of the dogs which were held at bay by some animal about 200yds. to my right.

A shot rang out from the nearest station below me, and the quarry now made straight for me, the dogs closing in and making life miserable for him at every step. At length he came into view, a big brown bear, close pressed by the dogs, and seeing that progress was slow and that the villager of the nearest station, having reloaded, was hastening to take part in the fray, I felt like having a hand in too, and made good time getting over the intervening space. As I came up the turbaned son of the Prophet gave the bear a shot at close quarters, and while he was reloading I endeavored to improve upon his performance, but the way the dogs were dancing round him and getting on behind made it difficult. I got my opportunity at length, striking him in the neck and bringing him down, which was the signal for half a dozen dogs to close in and seize him at once, but rolling over he got one of the dogs under him, and was just getting a grip on his hindquarters when the villager and I both took him in the head at close quarters, and settled him, the dog escaping unhurt. The hunters and beaters soon assembled as at the close of the previous beat, and after a very wordy discussion I learned that there were two claimants for the bear's skin, both of whom had fired before we who gave him his quietus came on the scene, and I participated keenly in the investigation, hoping, as was suggested by Ahmed Kahn, that it would prove to be my bear of the previous evening. We found no indications, however.

Besides the bear, two wolves, a buck, three does and a fox had been shot by the villagers, and Timayanes coming on the scene I was asked what I had fired at. I reported the wolf and buck, and all hands starting to investigate, I pointed out the spot as nearly as I could recollect where the buck stood when I fired. One of the marksmen sighted the track of my bullet through the outer bark of the tree the deer had passed behind; in another moment the dogs were following on the deer's tracks, and to my surprise and delight came upon him dead about 120 yards from where the ball had struck him. The Mussulmen were not as happy when they found that he was already dead, but an old beater cut his throat and murmured a prayer over him that made the flesh good enough for the less scrupulous of the villagers.

Returning to the spot where the ball grazed the tree they stopped, pointed out my station, and evidently discussed the distance, which appeared to sustain my reputation in their estimation.

Although the sun was now high in the heavens, it was decided to have another beat before noon. Some of the beaters were detailed to gather up the game and carry it to camp, with instructions where to find us for the midday siesta.

The next drive was a great success; it covered a great deal of ground and occupied until high noon. Another bear was killed, together with five wolves, three boars, or rather two boars and a sow, three deer, two of which were females, the other a young stag, and a hare. My own share of this bag was two wolves and a hare, all of which fell to my Winchester.

This over we collected by the bank of a stream under the shade of a clump of three grand old oaks, and partook of a light meal, followed by a siesta for me and the headmen. Meanwhile some of the beaters were collecting the game, one of the pigs being allotted to the dogs, which soon disposed of him.

It was well on toward 3 o'clock before all had reassembled, and by the time they had eaten and rested it was nearly 4 o'clock; but it was only intended to have one more beat, and this being backward and nearly parallel to the ground beaten in the morning, was designed to bring us out above the village.

The marksmen having had their direction and goals indicated, it was explained to me that as soon as the dogs and beaters should be spread out in line the drive would commence, and that the marksmen would walk steadily on keeping their eyes open all around them, and not take up position unless some animal should come in sight, or the hounds come baying in that direction.

Timayanes accompanied me, and our course lay up a steep gully, at the head of which we had to pursue a zigzag course to climb to the crest of the hill. Long before we reached it we heard the distant baying of the dogs, far away below and to our left, but we pressed steadily on, sighting nothing but the solitary marksman about 200yds. distant on our left, by whom I endeavored to regulate our course. We paused a while on the brow of the hill, and while resting heard a shot far away on our left, but as all was again silent we pursued our course around the near brow of the mountain.

We must have walked at least two miles without seeing anything, when a shot rang out to our left over the crest of the hill and we paused to listen. All was still around us and we had just started afresh, when I heard some animal plunging through the forest above us and had scarcely brought my Winchester into position before a buck burst upon me through some undergrowth at about 20yds. distance. I fired as he caught sight of me and swerved, got in a second shot at his haunch as he galloped back the way I had come, and a third, a good broadside, as he reached the crest of the hill again at about 100yds. off.

This last shot hit him, I knew, for I heard the unmistakable thud of a ball striking living flesh, but before I could cross the crest of the hill I heard another shot, followed shortly by the shouting of my neighbor, who had dropped the wounded animal, and was now standing over him with his long knife dropping blood.

My ball had struck the beast behind the shoulder, rather too high to be immediately fatal, and after a careful examination it was evident that the villager's first shot had been a miss and that the buck was mine, or at least the kudos, and the extra portion allotted to first shot.

We sat down to rest here and I lighted my pipe, and very shortly we heard the baying of dogs again. The sounds grew nearer, and presently it was evident that the whole pack was coming our way.

Nearer and nearer came the music; Timayanes concealed himself, and the villager and I took up positions at about 100yds. apart, straining our eyes to get the first glimpse of the hunted quarry.

Now, along with the baying of the dogs, we heard the rush of what appeared to be a whole troop of wild animals tearing through the underbrush and scattering the stones with their hoofs.

The course was up the ravine we had ourselves climbed, but from the head of the ravine it swerved to our rear, and as they mounted the hill we obtained glimpses of a sounder of wild boar with the hounds in close pursuit. They were too far off and showed too indistinctly for a shot, but soon we heard music, which announced that the foremost dog had seized the hindmost boar, and that he held on to him until the pack closed in and tore him to pieces, the occasional yelping and savage growling of the dogs evidencing that the boar died fighting, succumbing only to superior numbers.

Meantime the herd had got away, and the dogs having finished their meal took up the trail again in full cry until the music died away in the distance in our rear.

The drive was over and the sun already low, and we were still some four or five miles from the village. He who had laid my deer low for me opened up communication with his next neighbor, who proved to be Ahmed Khan, and it was arranged that they should stand by the deer, waiting the advent of the beaters, while Timayanes and I pursued our way homeward.

But the day's sport was not yet over for me. We had trudged on hopeless of seeing anything, until at length we gained the brow of a hill from which we could look down over the village, nearly a thousand feet below. Our course had been too much to the left, and the country between us and the village was all cleared land, while above us rose a belt of forest, behind which the distant snowy peaks shone roseate in the setting sun.

Immediately in front of us was a buckwheat field with a brush fence, and as it was nearer to go through than around it, we looked for an easy place to get over the fence. Timayanes took the lead, but no sooner had he mounted the fence than he sprang back and motioned to

me to take his place whispering "bear" in a very excited manner.

The bear was there, some 200yds. from where I stood, and too busily engaged upon the business in hand to take much notice of what was going on around him, and as he was close to the fence, I took the smoothbore in hand and determined to stalk him, telling Timayanes to keep close to me with the Winchester.

When I thought we had about reached the spot, I peered over the fence; the bear had heard or scented us and had paused to take notes, and immediately my head showed over the fence, he slipped away at a pace which I would hardly have given him credit for.

Fortunately I had the smoothbore in my hand, and I gave him right and left in rapid succession, the second ball taking him in the back of the neck, and dropping him at about 60yds. I saw him still crawling away; and hastily exchanging weapons with Timayanes, I followed the beast up, and began pumping lead into him at close quarters, but it was not until the ninth ball had been lodged squarely in his brain that he turned over dead.

We now made the best of our way to the village, arrived at which we heard the distant voices of the returning huntsmen and beaters.

Some game was already in camp, and active operations in cooking were soon in progress, the whole party engaging in one common feed, before making a division of the spoils. Timayanes broiled a venison cutlet for me that I ate with gusto, following it with a cup of fairly good Mocha. This disposed of I was soon asleep, but the villagers hung about the fires feasting and smoking and recounting the events of the day until far into the night.

A.

KENNEBAGO MOUNTAIN CAVE.

IN 1850 the State of Maine placed on the market certain townships and parts of townships of public land in the Bingham West Kennebec Purchase, so-called. Most of these lands were remote from civilization, in which were high, rugged and precipitous mountains, deep ravines and rushing cascades, although in the valleys between the mountains there were beautiful lakes and smooth running rivers, also open meadows of tall grasses and reeds, where the moose, caribou and deer roamed in freedom and peace; also timber lands where the woodman's axe had never struck a blow. These lands were advertised for sale by the land agent of the State, and were situated in the northern part of Oxford, Franklin and Somerset counties, inland many days' journey from settlements or roads, or in the deep recesses of the mountain wilderness. In the year 1835—fifteen years after Maine had become an independent State—there sprang up a great excitement in timber lands, and speculation ran so high that the authorities found it necessary to township off the untrodden wilderness of wild lands belonging to the State. These lines were run by competent surveyors at that time. Many of these townships had been sold by the State to individuals and corporations, leaving the most remote and least valuable portions still in possession of the State. Many speculators were now on the *qui vive*, looking up township lines and making explorations. Among that class was Mr. E. S. Prentis, ex-mayor of Bangor, a prominent lawyer, and he employed the writer of this article to guide and assist him in exploring certain tracts of land situated in the counties named, more especially some parts of townships bordering on the Canada line.

It was in the month of August, 1850, that we started out in our light birch canoe well stored with camping outfit. The basis of our supplies was salt pork and hard bread, with pepper and salt, sugar and tea, a ball of butter, and a little flour. Our cooking utensils consisted simply of fry-pan, wire broiler and two-quart tin pail. Then we had each a blanket, also a light axe and a small gun. Our ammunition consisted of powder and bird shot No. 6, with bullets for bear, moose or other large game, should any come in our way. We started from Lake Mollychunkemunk and made our way up through Mooseluckmeguntick and Cupsuptic, sacking our canoe and camping kit across the carries between the lakes, and landed at the head of the last-named lake, where we hid our boat and made up our packs for the journey.

We had charts of the township lines as they were run out in 1835, and a good compass, and our plan was to make up our course every morning, and go entirely by compass. We allowed one mile an hour through the thick woods as an average progress, and kept a sharp lookout for old blazed or spotted trees, and when we found one we cut into it to see how many years old it was—counting each ring or grain of the tree since the blaze was made, as signifying a year's growth. Thus we distinguished between our township lines and lines made by Indians years before or after the survey of these lands. When we were sure we had struck a township line we followed it up to the corner, where the surveyor marked on a tree the number and range and whether it was the northwest, southwest, northeast or southeast corner; thus giving us our exact position in the forest, and on the chart, and making a true starting point for our next object.

As we struck into the thick woods from our canoe we soon saw marks and signs of wild beasts—deep paths—worn into the ground a foot or more, and fresh tearings on the bark of trees made by bears; also foot prints of denisons of the forest. The further we proceeded northward and away from the habitations of man, the thicker these signs became, until we not infrequently got a glimpse of some heavy animal just escaping out of sight. Partridges and other birds were extremely tame and abundant; indeed we did not pretend to shoot them except just before a meal; and we never lacked for game at our meals on this trip. We made our time pass pleasantly by each in turn relating some adventure either of his own or some one else's experience.

Two persons traveling together in the woods make much more noise than one, and I think if there had been but one, or in other words, if I had been alone, I should have got chances to shoot many large animals of various kinds. But we were not on a hunting excursion, still we were amid wild animals. On coming to a brook we would try for trout and soon catch enough for a good meal. I often saw them jump out of the water and take the hook before it touched the water. And all the streams and ponds on our way seemed to be just swarming with fish life. Camping at night we cut large trees and built big fires at our feet, spread fine-picked evergreen boughs on the ground for a bed, and stretched out in the open air covered with our blankets—with the starry heavens over our heads—minding well to keep up a good blaze, for we well knew that our best protection from wild beasts was our fire.

Everthing went on pleasantly for several days. We traveled about ten miles a day over swamps, mountains, streams, large or small, and this would have grown monotonous only for the spice of hearing the cries of wild animals every night, some of which seemed to come uncomfortably near, especially when we awoke to find our fires growing low and detecting in the howl not far away the well defined voice of the wolf. But after a few days our tired bodies would give way to slumber in spite of the varied noises all about us after nightfall. It stirs the blood of the fatigued woodsman to sit on a log in the early evening and listen to the calls of the denizens of the forest. They seem to take that time to try their voice and see what reply they can get. One unaccustomed to this manner of life would expect to be eaten up alive before morning.

After ten days steady traveling northerly we found mountains growing more abrupt, ravines deeper, timber shorter-bodied, and very little level ground, and the general face of the country rough and rocky, as if nature began to form an impenetrable barrier to our advance, the whole region looking cheerless and forsaken, imparting to us a forlorn feeling of hopeless insecurity. Often while reflecting in these woods we could not but realize the horror of our situation should either of us get injured by any accident, either with gun or axe or in any other way, so that he could not travel. Surely the sick one would have to be left to the mercy of the elements and wild beasts that even one of us might be saved.

Our object of exploration having been secured, we turned our faces homeward. The morning we started back was cloudy and ominous, the rising winds soughed through the treetops, the smothered roar of the distant waterfalls, and all nature seemed pregnant of some fearful uncertainty.

We had so crooked about in our wanderings, exploring various townships, and estimating their timber capacity and cash value, and other objects connected with our enterprise, that to make a comparatively straight course home necessarily took us in an entirely new course. The East and West Kennebago Mountains were all the landmarks we had seen that we knew since we left our boat, and our course must be made entirely by compass home, as it had been on our journey out. In setting our compass for a start a large high mountain not very far away loomed up exactly in our course, and somewhat dampened our ardor, as we had had a taste of climbing many such eminences on this trip. We had materially lessened in weight our knapsack, and so considered ourselves in light marching order, and started off as if every step carried us nearer home. The day grew darker as the afternoon wore on, but nothing of note occurred until two or three o'clock in the afternoon, when we found ourselves gradually ascending a mountain. We set our compass and found our course correct and traveled on, the ascent growing steeper as we advanced. I heard a subdued rumbling and called the attentions of Mr. Prentis to the fact. We had before heard the shaking of the ground under the heavy tread of wild animals, but this was different, and we unwillingly had to admit that a thunder storm was approaching, and we were with no protection from the elements except our common clothing. We held a council of war, and decided to go on and run our chances.

The mountain grew steeper and the storm nearer and the timber growth shorter, until as we emerged up and out of green woods into an open, ledgy, bare mountain top, and about the same time the storm broke on us in all its fury, with wind, rain and lightning. The duel of the elements was tremendous; no adequate description can be given of its fury. The play of the lightning below us on the mountain side and in the valleys, the flood of rain beating through our clothing to the very skin, the awful roar and reverberation of the thunder among the mountains, all gave us a feeling of awe, seeming more like something supernatural than a common storm.

It was growing toward night and we were on top of a barren mountain; but we had great hopes that by pressing on with our utmost speed we might cross the top and descend far enough on the opposite side to reach the timber, and so make a fire and shelter for the night. The short brush and vines spread out thickly under our feet and retarded our progress, and occasionally threw us sprawling upon hands and knees by entangling our feet. The whole top of the mountain was a ledge, having been burned over by fire, leaving an occasional stub of short wood or sharp stick stub to help trip us up. Reaching the top we found it comparatively level for half a mile or so; and as the storm cleared off we stopped, wonder-stricken with the majestic view before our eyes. To the south we could see one of the Rangeley lakes, and to the north Moosehead Lake, and intervening many ponds and sheets of water and high mountins in a wilderness of woods as far as the eye could reach on every side.

But we must push on, for the sun was lowering fast, and we knew not the distance we must yet travel to get to a comfortable place to camp for the night. As we descended the south side we found the mountain much more precipitous and dangerous traveling. The northwest side of our hills and mountains in Maine, as a rule, are very gradually sloped, and the southeast sides are abrupt and often perpendicular. Naturalists say this formation was occasioned by the drift from northwest to southeast in the glacial age of the world. Our drift was southeast, and we hurried on, often finding large seams or openings in the ledge well grown over by wild vines. A stifled cry caused me to stop and look around, as I was a little in advance of Mr. Prentice, who had fallen into a crevice or fissure a little on one side from the path I had taken; and in answering his call I found he had slipped down fifteen or twenty feet in a narrow seam in the ledge, and was sitting on a shelf of the rock that protruded out over a large, dark place, which appeared to be a room. I asked him if he was much hurt, and he said he had sprained his wrist—he guessed that was all. I worked myself down toward him with difficulty, and found it next to impossible for us to get up again that way; so, worming our way carefully down by stepping on and clinging to projecting spurs of the ledge, we soon found ourselves in a large room, and fearing to advance in the darkness, I gathered some dry sticks and leaves that had fallen or been blown into the crevice and lighted a torch.

And now my pen fails me to describe the beauties of that cave, with its stalactites of various hues hanging pendant from the roof, golden, silvery and all shades of the rainbow, as the fire cast its light against their tremulous sides. We have read of fairy tales, of mountain retreats and wonderful sights in the recesses of the earth; but I never imagined anything one-half so beautiful as I now saw.

The room itself was oblong, perhaps 20×40ft., and its irregular sides might be 20ft. high. We did not stop long to examine the beauties of this cave, feeling it possible that we were prisoners in this lonesome den, but began to search for some opening to make our way out; but what was our surprise and horror on looking about to find bones and skulls of animals scattered promiscuously about the place, some of which were very large and different from anything we had ever seen before, although we had hunted and killed all kinds of wild animals indigenous to this part of the country.

Going around the unequal sides of the room we discovered a passage way, long and narrow, leading into another apartment, through which ran a small stream or brook out of whose sands we brought away specimens having the appearance of gold; and listening we could hear the growling and snarling of some large animal, which appeared to be some distance further into the mountain. This gave us quite an impetus to escape if possible from our seeming prison.

Creeping along a well-worn pathway on the south side of the cave, we discovered a glimpse of daylight in the distance, and lost no time in following the pathway out to the light. We were not, however, one moment too soon, for the animal, whatever it was, had discovered us by scent or our talking, and came toward us fiercely growling and gnashing his teeth, until we had gained the open air through what appeared to be a common pathway for wild beasts.

We made the best of our way down the side of the mountain until we reached the timber, when we cut spruce and white birch and made a roaring fire, stripped ourselves of our outer garments, and commenced the process of drying our clothes and cooking our supper, after which we laid our tired bodies down to rest and sleep. Although the stream in the ravine beside which we were sleeping roared like the elements in a thunder storm, and the wind howled among the craggy rocks of the steep mountainside, and the proximity of wild beasts we had heard, all would, in the beginning of our journey, have kept sleep far from us, and a scary night of frightful visions before us, we slept on, and awoke in early morning refreshed and ready to devour our frugal meal. After breakfast, our courage being somewhat renewed, and the morning clear, I said to Mr. P., "Let us go back to the cave and look it over a little." "Well," said P., "if you feel like it, and have got some bullets left, I am willing, but we may have some serious business with that varmint that followed us out last night." "We must run our chances." I said, "but this is once in a lifetime, and too good to be lost." So we were soon climbing up the steep sides of the mountain on our back tracks again, with a good-sized roll of birch bark for a torch.

Arriving at the entrance we came out of the night before, we were amazed at the perpendicular height of the mountain over our heads, very near seventy-five feet, along the whole side as far as we could see. Had we not come down the crevice into the cave and out on the lower side, we should have had to go the length of the mountain around to get down its steep side.

We now cut a stick three feet long and split one end of it, and filled the split with the bark, touched a match, and started in. Watching for signs beside the little stream that ran along the passageway, we discovered in the golden sand a footprint of a large animal with long toenails or claws—a round foot pressed deeply in, as if the creature was a heavy fellow. We also saw lesser tracks in the sand of various animals; some we thought were of the loup cervier, others bear, wolf, badger; in fact it was a well-trodden path into the cave. The avenue we were following narrowed after leaving the brook, so that we had to stoop and sometimes crawl through narrow holes. After going 100ft. or more we came into another room, not so large as the first, but darker and covered over the top with small stalactites and on the bottom with bones and skulls much the same as the first.

Looking, with our torch in hand, we found another passageway leading further in, and on starting in a short distance we got a draft of air strongly impregnated with the odor of wild beasts, such as we had smelled in a menagerie. We hesitated; and, listening intently we heard the crying of what we thought was young panthers. After listening intently for some moments, I said to Mr. P., "Shall we go on or go back?" "Do as you like," said he, "but I think it foolhardy and dangerous." And I was as willing as he to retrace our steps.

On reaching the great chamber into which Mr. P. had fallen the night before, we heard the well defined growl of the animal that so frightened us before coming through the narrow passage from the outside; we involuntarily crept back to the further side of the cave. I cocked my gun, which was loaded with two bullets, and as the animal rushed along the narrow passage I fired. The sound stunned us both, and the effect lasted several days, feeling very disagreeable. As our torch was now almost gone out I hardly think I hit him, but he gave an unearthly yell as he leaped along toward the room we had left before. We only got a glimpse of his receding form, but that was all we wanted of him.

We took some specimens of what was in the cave and made our way out as fast as possible and down the mountain to where we had camped the night before, and packing up, again started on our journey homeward.

Our trip back was very much like the first, only we shot a fisher, a black wildcat and a martin, which we had mounted, and of which I still have a specimen.

When we struck out on the shore of the Cupsuptic we were not ten rods from our birch canoe.

This was thirty years ago last August, and I have never seen that cave since, but I have a great desire to once more visit the wild animal den of the Kennebago mountain cave.

J. G. RICH.

BETHEL, Maine.

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nanit," "Gloan," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybillene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

THE NATIONAL PARK.

[*From our Special Correspondent.*]

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK, Aug. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The National Park is shrouded with a dense cloud of smoke, objects but a short distance off are invisible. The tourists make the usual round, their view of the country limited to a narrow strip along the roads. The sun rises a copper-red disk, powerless to cast a shadow until high in the heavens; as it declines toward the west where the volume of smoke is more dense, it passes through all shades from a bright gold to blood red as it sinks below the horizon. Millions of acres of forest are on fire to the north, west and south of us. From every quarter reports come that prairie or forest fires are raging, with now and then the destruction of houses and other property. So far the Park has escaped any very extensive fires, except one on the divide between Yellowstone and Shoshone lakes. This was reported to Capt. Boutelle the morning after his all-night ride to the fire in the Alum Creek country; as soon as that fire was under control a march was made to the outlet of the lake; the next day, after a march of twenty-five miles through fallen timber, the command reached the scene of the fire, this was several miles in extent, in a section of country destitute of water. The officers and men stayed by the fire all night, not having anything with them for camping, and the next day they reluctantly resumed their march to the Upper Geyser Basin, their nearest point to supplies. Capt. Boutelle was convinced there was no use to attempt to check the fire; the men were willing to work, but their efforts would have been without effect. Since then the fire was mostly extinguished by a shower, except at the northern edge, where it is still burning.

July 27 a fire was reported on the mountain east of the Beryl Spring in Gibbon Cañon. Capt. Boutelle left the Mammoth Hot Springs by dark, the soldiers starting out at 1 o'clock A. M. The fire proved to be quite extensive, requiring an hour's fast walking to go around it. Owing to the nature of the country it was not spreading very fast and the air was calm. The men went to work as soon as they could get tools, and after great exertion cut a wide space around the fire, removing all the trees and mat of pine needles with shovels. This was very tiring and exhaustive work in the dense smoke and heat, with no water except what they had in their canteens. In a few hours the fire had been surrounded by a bare space, cutting it off from the rest of the timber. The fire is still burning, but inside the bounds watched by soldiers, who are relieved every few hours. This fire and the one on the divide between the lakes was undoubtedly started by lightning.

Capt. Boutelle gives the soldiers unstinted praise and thanks for the manner in which they have seconded his efforts to control the fires in the Park. They have cheerfully borne the hardships incidental to such labor, working cheerfully in the blinding smoke and heat, often without sleep for days, and with only such food as they could carry in their pockets.

This summer buffalo gnats and deer flies are very troublesome to horses and men, also keeping the game on the highest peaks or in the dense timber during the day. The roads are very dusty, ground to a powder by the great number of wagons. A tour through the Park will not be a pleasure trip until we have rain or snow to clear the air, lay the dust and kill the flies.

The Hotel Association have nearly ready for the water at Yellowstone Lake a 72ft. steam launch. This was brought from Lake Minnetonka, Minn., in sections. It required twenty-four horse teams to freight it from the railroad to the lake, a distance of sixty miles. This will be the first steamboat to disturb the waters of the lake; several sail boats have been built and launched there. The first two went down the river and over the Great Falls; the wrecks of the others are on the shore near the outlet. The lake is a very dangerous piece of water; it will require a careful crew to handle the steam launch with safety.

The working crews on the new wagon roads are busy on the road along the lake shore and from the Upper Geyser Basin. The new road through Gibbon Cañon is being pushed as fast as men and teams can do the work. A surveying party under the direction of the chief engineer of the Northern Pacific Railroad, is at work locating a road up the Clark's Fork Cañon to Cooke City. If built up that route a railroad can reach the mines of that district without touching the National Park. Interested parties have asked permission of Captain Boutelle, the acting superintendent of the Park, to run a survey to Cooke City from Cinnabar, as most of the proposed line lies within the reservation lines. Capt. Boutelle has referred the letter to the Secretary of the Interior for action. H.

CONCERNING CERTAIN WRITERS.

IF there is any one thing that is truly enjoyable above all others, it is "sporting literatoor." It includes all those graphic and soul-stirring accounts of exploits in field and by stream which fill the columns of would-be sportsmen's journals, as well as the no less graphic tales recounted by veracious individuals who do most of their hunting and fishing by mouth. Both oral and written "literatoor" of these classes have this one thing in common—they are produced for the entertainment and instruction of the public by those who do not allow the facts to embarass them, and who in treating of their subjects in a purely "literary" way, attempt to make up by imitation and drafts on their imaginations for any lack of actual experience. These tales fall trippingly from the lips of their narrators, and they run smoothly along the printed pages, to all appearances; but you have only to wait a little and sooner or later the pretended adept is sure to get the barrel of his gun between his legs, or tangle his feet in his landing net, and take an ignominious tumble.

Several samples of this kind of literature have lately come under notice, and are here jotted down for the edification of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM and the warning of those who think they can construct fishing and hunting experiences from their inner consciousness.

Only a few weeks ago an old college chum who has been living for a number of years in Colorada, re-visited his former home. Discussing the Western country, he chanced one day upon the subject of the trout fishing which he enjoyed annually in the waters a hundred miles west of his town. Naturally, a great many questions were asked him. "Did they fish with a fly?" "Oh yes, altogether." "And what kind of a rod do you use in fly-fishing?" "A very light one, I assure you; one that weighs only 16oz."

Fancy an experienced fisherman whipping the water for his favorite fish with a rod that weighed a pound!

Not a whit better is the case of a Long Island correspondent of the New York *Times*, who not long ago undertook, in a letter to that paper, to instruct his readers as to the proper outfit for trout fishing. Hear him on the right proportions of a rod for bait-fishing!

"A rod should be 14ft. long, about 7oz. in weight and so tough, strong and elastic as to bend almost double without breaking. A good reel fitted to it and a line of silk or linen with snells and hooks and a box of bait, a sinker on each snell heavy enough to prevent the current of swift streams from whirring the hook about too fast, and a creel to carry the fish in, complete the equipment."

Shades of Izaak Walton! Imagine this expert angler "yanking" a pound trout over his head into the adjacent tree tops with a rod 14ft. long and weighing 7oz. And this ingenious apparatus is built for bait, and not for fly-fishing. What kind of a rod must he use when he is daintily placing his cast of flies like the fall of snowflakes on the surface of the pool.

As a corresponding illustration of the effects of a vivid imagination, here is a pen picture copied from a Western paper, and written by a gentleman who is supposed to indulge in a quail hunt. The party are afield and everything is in a state of thrilling expectation for the covey which is to be discovered at the proper moment. "You give the dog the word," says the writer, "and he dashes in. Whiz, whirl, with the commotion of a rising hurricane the birds spring into the air and scatter with the speed of an arrow and the noise of a young cyclone. Quick now, you cannot wait for aim, or your birds are gone. Bang, bang go the guns. The trained dog following the line of your shots, is nosing the ground and presently has laid at your feet one, two, mayhap a dozen as the results of the hasty shots of the party of three."

In other words, an average of two birds to each of the six barrels. Isn't this a great deal more destructive than the snare or the net? By the time this covey was flushed once more under such circumstances, there wouldn't be a single bird left.

Sometime last year there was issued with the imprint of a well-known Boston house, a book describing the (supposed) adventures of a party on a Canadian salmon river. A "Colonel" who is fortunate enough to be the lessee of a river in the Province of Quebec takes a number of young gentlemen on a fishing excursion, and the author, who seems to know all about salmon fishing, details with great care their preparations, their fishing outfit, and their achievements in the way of capturing their prey. He evidently has all the fishing lingo at his tongue's tip (he even explains what it is to give a fish the butt), and yet occasionally he tells too much. For example: When the party have arrived at the fishing grounds the "Colonel" opens his tackle box which contains a number of flat paper packages, and we are gravely told that "in the upper one of these was a collection of coils of white cat-gut," which the "Colonel" explains as casting lines. When the author "crammed" for his book he evidently jumped at the conclusion that "gut" and "cat-gut" were one and the same thing. Of course they had a large assortment of flies, and it was decided to use a "Jock Scott" to begin with. It is described as "having a black and orange body, and a wing made up of feathers from the jungle cock, the blue macaw, the golden pheasant, and a number of other birds."

With this wonderful combination of feathers at the end of a catgut leader one of the boys named Jack hooks a 30-pound salmon. The fish goes through all the various maneuvers which well-trained and proper-minded salmon are supposed to undertake at such times, jumping, bolting and sulking in the most approved methods made and provided. Jack is using a greenheart rod, and the author tells us that "It is wonderful to him (Jack) to see how much strain it will stand. The tip is curved almost like a barrel hoop," when the rod is under the stress of a fish.

This kind of fishing "literatoor" needs no diagram for the man who knows from experience where the strain comes on a rod, and that it moves toward the butt instead of the tip with increasing tension upon the line. But this is doubtless enough of its kind, and the reader may make his own moral and apply it likewise.

TOLEDO, O. JAY BEEBE.

Natural History.

THE EARED SEALS.—II.

STELLER'S sea lion is the *Leo marinus* of Steller (1751) and the *Eumetopias stelleri* of Allen (1880), and is one of the largest of our existing North American mammals. Males have been captured measuring in total length 14ft. and weighing nearly 1,300lbs.; the females, however, rarely exceed one-third the weight of the males and less than two-thirds of the length. Limitations of space will prevent me from entering upon any detailed description of the external form of these animals, but an admirable idea of this can be obtained from Elliott's excellent sketches herewith presented.

It will be well to observe, though, that "the color varies with age and season. The young are of a rich dark chestnut brown. The adults on their first arrival at their breeding grounds in spring present no sexual dissimilarity of color, which is then light brownish-rufous, darker behind the forelimbs and on the abdomen. Later the color changes to bright golden-rufous or ocher. The pelage is moulted in August, and the new coat, when fully grown in November, is light sepia or vandyke-brown, with deeper shades, almost dark upon the belly. At this season the females are somewhat lighter colored than the males, and occasionally specimens of both sexes are seen with patches of dark brown on a yellowish-rufous ground." (Elliott).

This sea lion is not only found from the coasts of northern California to Behring's Straits on the north, but also occurs on the shores of northern Japan.

Through the labors of Dr. Murie, W. A. Forbes, F.Z.S., and J. A. Allen the comparative anatomy of this and other forms of the eared seals is fairly well understood, but there yet remains much to be done in the same direction, and fortunate indeed will it be for science if some day a morphologist of the genus who must write and describe under all manners of conditions, enjoy the opportunities that Elliott enjoyed early in the '70s. An unlimited amount of material of both sexes and every conceivable age, and with instruments, pen, paper and colors at hand and with a working field library! Even Allen was compelled to write of this specimen as late as 1880, that "The skeleton of the female is still unknown to me." ("N. A. Pinnipeds.")

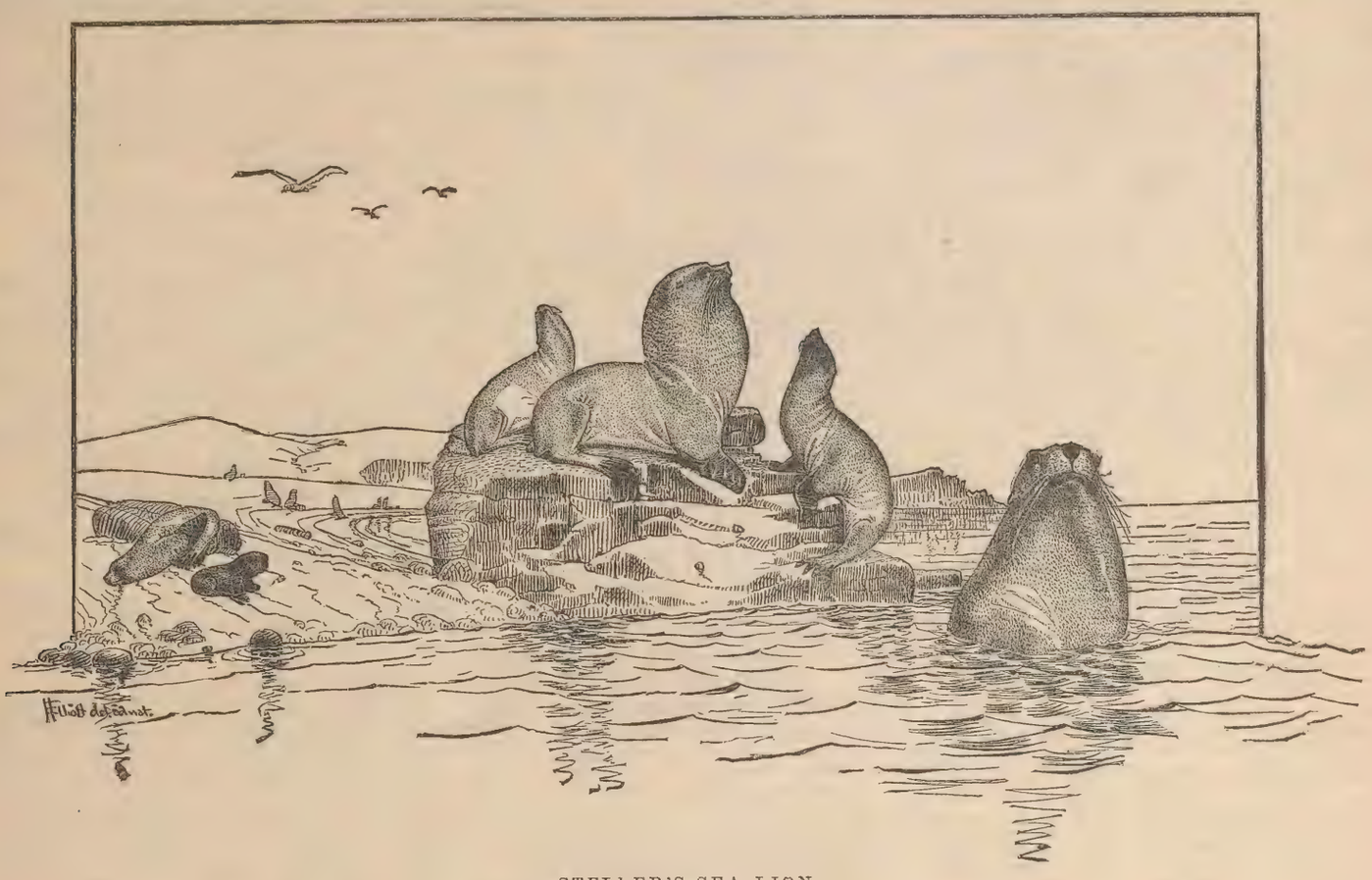
Two facts seem to have earned for these animals the name of "lion;" one being their roar and the other the general contour of their head and shoulders. According to Captain Bryant, "At the fourth year of age the neck and shoulders thicken, from having a thick layer of fat under the skin, the skin itself being loose and flabby. When the animal is at rest on a rock, with its hind flippers folded under its body, its head erect and the shoulders thrown back, the loose skin and fat lies in folds, looking like the mane of a lion; hence its name sea lion. This thickening of the neck is peculiar to the adult male." It will be seen from our figure that the largest of the *Otariidæ* in reality possesses no long mane as we find in *Leo*. The several species of eared seals have much in common so far as their habits are concerned, and the products derived from them by man are much the same, with the exception that the hairless seals afford "hides," while the fur seals yield "pelts" of great value. The methods of capture, already referred to by me, also agree in many particulars, as do also the range and food of the several species. From Allen's "Pinnipeds" I obtain the following admirable account of the species now under consideration; it being contributed by Mr. Charles Bryant, who spent many years at the sealeries. Captain Bryant tells us that "from fifteen to twenty thousand sea lions breed annually on the Prybilov or fur seal islands. They do not leave the islands in winter, as do the fur seals, to return in spring, but remain during the whole year. They bring forth their young a month earlier than the fur seals, landing during the months of May and June. They advance but little above high tide mark, and those of all ages land together. The strongest males drive out the weaker and monopolize the females, and continue with them till September. They go with them into the water when they are disturbed, and also watch over the young. When in the water they swim about the young and keep them together until they have an opportunity to land again. The females also keep near, rushing hither and thither, appearing first on one side and then on the other of the groups of young, constantly uttering a deep, hoarse growl at the intruder whenever they come to the surface. When left undisturbed, they all soon land again, preferring to spend the greater portion of their time at this season on the shore. During the breeding season they visit the same parts of the shore as the fur seal, but the sea lions, by their superior size and strength, crowd out the seals, the latter passively yielding their places without presuming to offer battle to their formidable visitors. After having been disturbed the sea lions continue for some time in a state of unrest, occasionally uttering a low, moaning sound, as though greatly distressed. Even after the breeding season they keep close to the shore near the breeding station until the severe weather of January. After this time they are seen only in small groups till the shores are free from snow and ice in the spring.

"The capture of these animals is laborious and hazardous, and must be managed by the most skillful and experienced of the natives. They are so sensitive to danger and so keenly on the alert that even the screaming of a startled bird will cause the whole herd to take to the water.

"The only place frequented by sea lions that, by the nature of the ground, is practicable for their capture, is ten or twelve miles from the village where all the natives reside. They keep so near the shore that the favorable time to get between them and the water is when the tide is lowest; and they are so quick of scent that the wind must blow from them toward the sea, so they may not smell the hunters as they attempt to approach them. The chiefs select a party of fifteen or twenty of the best men, who leave the village prepared for an absence of a week or ten days, for the place selected for the hunt. Near this they have a lodging-house, where they wait for favoring conditions of wind and tide. Under cover of the darkness of night, the chief takes the lead and the men follow, keeping a little distance apart, creeping noiselessly along the shore at the edge of the receding tide until they get between the sea lions and the water. At a given signal the men start up suddenly, fire pistols and make all the noise possible. The animals thus suddenly alarmed immediately start in whatever direction they happen to be headed; those facing the water rush precipitately into it. These the hunters avoid, letting them pass them, and start at once after those heading inland, shouting at them to keep them moving until some distance from the shore. The sea lions, when once fairly in motion, are easily controlled and made to move in the desired direction till they reach some convenient hollow, where they are guarded by one or two men stationed to watch their movements and prevent their escape until enough have been obtained to make a herd for driving, numbering usually two or three hundred individuals. They sometimes capture in this way forty or fifty in a single night, but oftener ten or twenty, and many times none at all. As at this season sea lions of all ages and sizes congregate together, it often happens that females are captured while their cubs escape, or the reverse, but as the capture is continued for several successive nights at the same place, and the new captives are driven to the herd already caught, the mothers and their young are again brought together. They recognize each other by their cries long before they meet, and it makes lively work for the herders to prevent the herd from rushing to meet the new comers. When the recruits join the herd, mothers and cubs rush together with extreme pleasure, the mothers fondling their young, and the latter, hungered by separation, struggle to nurse them. After a sufficient number have been thus obtained they are driven to the village for slaughter, in order that all parts of the animal may be utilized.

"The distance to the village is, as already stated, about 10 or 12 miles, and the route lies near the shore. Along the way are several small ponds through which they pass and which serve to refresh them on their slow toilsome journey. The journey is necessarily slow and tedious, for the sea lions are less well fitted for traveling on land than the fur seals, which are able to raise their

bodies from the ground and gallop off like a land animal. The sea lions travel by bending the posterior part of the body to the right or left, extending their long flexible necks in an opposite direction to balance themselves, and then slowly raising their bodies by their fore limbs and plunging forward, by which movement they thus gain an advance of only half a length at a time. When they arrive in sight of the ponds they make a hurried scramble for them, and, rushing in pell-mell, roll and tumble in the water as though it afforded immense relief to their heated and wearied bodies. When it is convenient to do so they are allowed to rest over night in the water, by which they acquire fresh vigor for the completion of the journey. This severe and unnatural exertion overheats and exhausts these poor beasts and necessitates long halts to enable them to rest and cool. It usually requires five days to make the journey, averaging two miles per day. Three men conduct the herd, and camp at night with their charge. On starting they kill a young cub for their subsistence, using the flesh for food and the blubber for fuel in cooking it and making their tea.



STELLER'S SEA LION

"After two days' travel the animals become very tired, and as soon as they are permitted to halt they drop at full length with their limbs extended. But their rest is not peaceful, for some restless one soon starts up and flounders over the others as if seeking a better place. This disturbs the whole herd, which constantly keeps up a low moaning apparently expressive of sore distress. A most apt description of such a scene was once given by a military officer who was seated with me on the edge of a sand-drive watching a herd resting in this condition. After a long silence he observed, 'This is the first thing I have ever seen or heard that realizes my youthful conception of the torment of the condemned in purgatory.'

"When the herd is once fairly halted and at rest it requires from half an hour to an hour to get it moving again in marching order. The process is quite novel and worth describing. The sea lions have now become so accustomed to their captors that they will sooner fight than run from them, and they are too much deafened by their own noise to hear or fear any other sound. As they lie on the ground in a compact mass, one of the men takes an umbrella (before the introduction of umbrellas a flag was used), and goes twenty or thirty yards to the rear of the herd and approaching stealthily until he is quite near, suddenly expands the umbrella and runs with it along the rear of the herd: then closing it he retires to repeat the maneuver. This has the effect to rouse the rear rank, which thus suddenly alarmed, plunges forward and arouses those in front, which immediately begin struggling and biting. The return of the man with the umbrella communicates another shock and adds another wave to the sluggish mass. This is repeated at intervals of four or five minutes till the successive shocks have aroused the whole herd, when, with much roaring and bellowing, the whole mass begins to move, gradually extending itself in a long irregular line in open order, each animal lumbering along as best it can. By shouting and waving flags at the rear and on the flanks of the herd, they are kept moving until it is necessary to halt them again for rest. Seen when thus moving in a long irregular line, the slow heaving motion of their bodies and the swaying of their long flexible necks give a grotesque appearance to the scene, and suggest anything but a herd of lions. The islands, being composed of volcanic rock, is full of subterranean fissures covered thinly with soil and vegetation, and the earth so resounds with the noise of the tread of the sea lions that the sound may be heard to the distance of two miles. The approach of the herd to a village is always an occasion of interest and excitement to all of the inhabitants, who go out *en masse* to meet them and escort them to the slaughtering-ground, where they are allowed to rest and cool before they are killed.

"The sea lions are too formidable to be killed with clubs like the fur seals. When all is ready for the slaughter the herd is started up a sloping hillside; the hunters follow, armed with rifles, and shoot the full-grown males from behind, the back of the skull being the only part a ball can penetrate. After all of these have been killed, the head of the column is checked and turned back so that the animals become massed together, and piled on each other five or six deep. In this way those below are held by those above while the hunters, armed with short lances, watch their opportunity to rush up to the struggling mass and thrust their lances into some vital part of the doomed beasts. This is attended with some danger to the hunters, who sometimes receive serious wounds from being hit with the lances that the sea lions, in their death agonies, seize in their mouths and wrench from the hands of the hunters.

"Nearly every part of these animals is valuable to the natives, but they have no commercial value outside of Alaska. Their skins are indispensable to the sea otter hunters of the Aleutian Islands, for the covering of their canoes in which they hunt these animals. The natives also use them for covering their large boats used in loading and unloading vessels. * * * Its flesh is preferred for food to that of the fur seal, that of the full-grown animal being finer in texture, lighter in color, and of a sweeter flavor, and it dries more readily in preserving it for winter use; the flesh of the young at the age of four months is esteemed a great luxury by the natives, and is not easily distinguished from veal by educated palates. * * * Only the skeleton is left to waste.

The stomachs of the full-grown sea lions are found to always contain from six to ten pounds of stones, varying in size from that of a hen's egg to a large apple. These stones are the same as those found on the beaches, worn round and smooth by the surf. The natives say they take these stones into the stomach for ballast when they leave the breeding grounds, and cast them out again when they land in the spring. I have, however, had no means of verifying this, as the only season when they are taken is during the winter.

"As soon as the animals have all been killed the men proceed to remove the skins and blubber, and the other useful parts, which the chiefs divide and distribute among the several families. * * * Only a few of the skins are required for use on the island, the remainder being shipped to Ounalashka and other points, where they are sold to the sea otter hunters. The value of the skins at the island is sixty cents each. About eight hundred are annually taken at Saint Paul's Island, without apparently any decrease in the stock.

"There are many other places in the Territory where these animals bring forth their young, but as they resort mostly to outlying rocks and ledges, they cannot be captured in any considerable numbers." R. W. SHUFELDT.

THE WOODCOCK'S WHISTLE.

IT seems strange to me that the question as to whether the woodcock whistles with his wings or with his throat is still an open one. In the first place the *timbre* of the sound is certainly very wingy, and any one who has lived and loved among the birds is familiar with so many wing notes that are analogous to those of the woodcock that it would be hard to convince him that the loud clear twitter of the October cock as he springs from the yellow brakes over the tops of the sere rustling alders, is caused in any way except by his pinions.

My red setter Grouse—dear old Grouse, who is now in the happy hunting grounds where there is no close season—had a neat way of retrieving by holding the bird's head gently in his mouth, and while bringing me wounded woodcock in this way I have often heard the identical twitter when the bird fluttered, that he had made when trying to charm us on his first spring.

Whether the sound is made by the primaries or by the little stiff feathers at the pollex of the wing I would not try to guess, but as the European woodcock, which hardly whistles at all, has a larger development of the pollex feathers than has our woodcock, it seems probable that the sound is caused by the primaries. The little stiff feathers, by the way, are saved by hunters for artists' use in Germany, for when mounted for use as a brush very accurate delicate lines can be laid with them.

NEW YORK, Aug. 8. ROBERT T. MORRIS.

THE LOON'S FLIGHT.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read with much interest "J. G. R.'s" letter on loons in your issue of July 11, and Mr. Ide's reply in that of Aug. 1. Now, loons have been the object of much careful observation and study with me, both as a sportsman and as an ornithologist, and I wish to confirm Mr. Ide's statement with a little good evidence of my own. I am quite certain that a loon can, under favorable conditions, rise from a body of water of very small size, provided there be wind to assist him. On one occasion I lay in a blind at the extremity of a slender tongue of land which projected into the lake, forming on one side a kind of small bay. In this a loon was fishing, in very shallow water filled with dense weed. He was very close in to the shore—I should say not more than 10 or 20ft. from it, and some 20yds. to the right and inside of my blind. There were no ducks flying, and I became very curious as to whether the loon could dive and get far away among such heavy bottom growth. Standing up I fired upon him, when instead of diving he at once rose easily toward the shore and away from me, clearing without difficulty some low bushes which lay before him. He rose then some 4ft. in 12; there was quite a strong wind off shore at the time, which of course helped him. I have another case in mind where a loon was shot flying, hard hit and crippled in the feet; in trying to escape capture he rose by a supreme effort when close by the boat, and passing over it dropped on the other side. These instances are to me conclusive; and I believe that while a loon's instinct teaches it to dive whenever possible, as the surest means of escape, yet it can and will on occasion rise in an extremely short distance. I am equally sure, however, that in an extremely small pond shut in by woods of great density, a loon cannot rise, as I know of one having been tired out and captured on such a piece of water.—CARYL D. HASKINS.

RECENT ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—Purchased—One sloth bear (*Melursus labiatus*) ♂, one caracal (*Felis caracal*), one Bauer's parakeet (*Platycercus zonarius*), two red-faced parrakeets (*Agaporius roseicollis*), one cock of the rock (*Rupicola crocea*), one green snake (*Cyclophis vernalis*), thirty-eight chameleons (*Anolis principalis*), four pine snakes (*Pityophis melanoleucus*), one king snake (*Ophibolus getulus*), two tree boas (*Epicratis anguifer*), one glass snake (*Ophiosaurus ventralis*), one whip snake (*Bascanium flagelliforme*), one ground rattlesnake (*Crotalophorus miliarius*), one hog-nosed snake (*Heterodon platyrhinus*), eight striped lizards (*Eumeces fasciatus*), and two red-backed salamanders (*Plethodon cinereus erythronotus*). Presented—Two raccoons (*Procyon lotor*), one opossum (*Didelphys virginiana*), one Fournier's capromys (*Capromys pilorides*), one purple gallinule (*Porphyrio martinica*), one mocking bird (*Turdus polyglottus*), one white-fronted parrot (*Chrysotis leucocephalus*) two barn owls (*Strix flammea americana*), one sulphur-crested cockatoo (*Cacatua galerita*), one Levaillant's amazon (*Chrysotis levaillanti*), one black-billed cuckoo (*Coccyzus erythropthalmus*), one spiny soft-shelled turtle (*Aspidoneches spinifer*), nine painted terrapins (*Chrysemys picta*), one box tortoise (*Cistudo carolina*), five alligators (*Alligator mississippiensis*), one pine snake (*Pityophis melanoleucus*), two black snakes (*Bascanium constrictor*), and four yuma spermophiles (*Spermophilus tereticanus*). Born—One red kangaroo (*Macropus rufus*), one fallow deer (*Cervus dama*) ♀, nine opossums (*Didelphys virginiana*), and seven red-headed ducks (*Fuligula ferina americana*).

Game Bag and Gun.

AN OUTING IN WYOMING.

WE left the pleasant little city of Blair, Nebraska, Nov. 4, on the 7:50 westward bound train on the F. E. & M. V. R. R., and at Arlington were joined by Cook, which made our party complete. Our destination was central Wyoming, where we were going for big game in response to a cordial invitation from Mr. W. J. Crane (a fellow townsman of Cook's), who is interested in a large tract of oil lands. In his letter urging us to come he wrote, "Come prepared for b'ar;" and we were. Jim's rifle was .45-60, model '76, Winchester; Cook had a Winchester, model '86, .45-90; while I carried a Sharps hammerless military, .45-70. We were all well supplied with ammunition; and among the rest each had about twenty-five cartridges loaded with explosive bullets for the said b'ar. We reached Casper at 11 o'clock the next night, and found Crane awaiting us. We spread our bedding on the floor of the depot and turned in, but not until after I had got a big rag stuck in my rifle in trying to clean it.

We were up bright and early Tuesday morning, and started for the town of Casper, which was about half a mile from the depot, for some breakfast and to get the rag out of my rifle. After a breakfast of elk steaks we turned our attention to the gun. I filled the barrel with kerosene oil and let it stand a while, then tried to punch it out, but could'nt do it. The rag was fast about three inches above the end of the chamber. Jim said: "Pull the bullet out of a cartridge, fill up the space with paper between the rag and powder, and blow it out." He said he had done it several times, and it came out easily enough. That appeared to be about the only thing we could do, but I did not like to risk it, for I remembered having read in FOREST AND STREAM a number of years ago an article headed "A Fool and a Gun;" perhaps some of you recollect it. But it was either take the chance or go home, as that was all the gun I had with me. From a cartridge I had loaded myself I removed the bullet, and in doing so spilled a very little of the powder, not more than five grains; put a paper wad in the shell and then filled the barrel from the rag to the mouth of the chamber, so I could just crowd the shell into its place, stepped out into the street, held the muzzle down toward the ground, and pulled the trigger. It snapped. I tried carefully to throw the lever down, but it did not start easily. I had hold of the barrel just forward of the breech action. The barrel suddenly became so hot that it burned my hands. The powder had burned, but it could not get out. I laid it down on the steps of a store where we were getting our supplies, went into the store and shut the door. The boys wanted to know what was the matter. When I told them they ridiculed the idea. There was no appearance of smoke escaping from either breech or muzzle. Brewster, the merchant, wanted me to go out and open it. I respectfully but firmly declined to monkey with it until that cartridge had had time to die. After waiting about five minutes Brewster said if no one else was going to open the thing he was. I begged him to be careful, as it would certainly blow out behind as soon as the slide was dropped. He went out, took hold of the barrel with his left hand, put the under part of the stock against his knee, and with his right hand yanked the lever down, when she went off, making as much noise as ever. The shell struck the ground, glanced and went across the street, over the opposite houses, whistling like a bullet. I then came to the conclusion that it was another case of a fool and a gun, and in this case there were several of us fools. There were at least 65grs. of good powder in the shell; it was a light military rifle, and why it did not blow all to flinders I can't see. Now this is no yarn, but strictly true.

I finally got the rag out by taking a three-eighths rod of iron, sharpening one end to a point, heating red-hot and burning it out. After I had got my rifle in shape, we loaded up our traps, laid in a supply of grub, also of baled hay and oats for the horses, and started for Crane's camp on Spider Creek, about forty miles northwest of Casper. There was about eight inches of snow on the ground, the wind was north, and cold was no name for it. We had a good span of horses and a lumber wagon; but it was loaded with about 1800lbs., the road was a mixture of sand and snow; and our fastest gait was a walk. We took turns driving, and when one got cold he would get off and walk. We wanted to get to the derrick that day, as it was the only house we should see on the road, and this was about twenty miles from Casper. It was late in the afternoon and we had got within two or three miles of the derrick when we saw the first band of antelope; there were about 150 of them; they were to one side of the road and ahead of us. Crane drove the team and Cook, Jim and myself kept behind the wagon out of sight until we had got as near as we thought we could come before they would leave, when we stepped out and opened up on them. They were about 400yds. distant; they ran across the road ahead of the team and then doubled back the way we had just come.

When the battle was over we saw one was down, we went up to it and found it was shot through the back. I shot it through the head to put it out of its misery; we then dressed it, and in carrying it to the wagon found the trail of another that was bleeding badly. Cook and I wanted to follow it, but Crane said no; we had not time. However, as he said it was only about a mile to our stopping place Cook and I started after it. Cook gave it up after he had gone about a quarter of a mile. I stuck to the trail for about two miles and came to where it had lain down in the snow. The bed was all bloody; but the snow must have stopped the bleeding, for I could find no more blood, and it was impossible to distinguish the track from the hundreds of others that covered the ground. I hated to give it up, but there was no help for it. I took my back track until I struck the wagon track and then pulled on after the rest. I found Jim waiting for me, and we finally got to the derrick a little after sundown, oh, so tired. The derrick, so-called, is where an Omaha company have been drilling for oil. In the house, half "dugout" and half log cabin, lives a Mr. Van Gordon with his wife and brother-in-law. One year ago they carried her there on a bed, and now she is the picture of health. They entertain travelers, she doing her own work with what help she gets from her husband and brother. She gave us a supper and breakfast that would shame many a swell hotel. May her days be many and happy.

Wednesday morning the wind was north, it was cold and snowing some but the clouds were thin and it looked as if it would clear up after a while. A Mr. Ayers had stayed at the derrick the night before, and as he had four horses and a light load, and was going our way, I rode with him. We shot at some sage hens, but did not get many. I shot a Jack rabbit on the run. The weather cleared up at noon; we reached Crane's camp about 4 P. M. After supper Crane showed us an Indian mummy, that they found laid away in a cavity among the rocks near his camp; the grave had been opened before Crane found it, but there was a cart load of stuff left that had been buried with him, blankets, tin pans, and cups, several of each, a long-handled frying pan, stone axe, arrow points, files, knives, spurs, saddle, saddle bags, bits, and a hundred and one other things.

We stayed at Crane's camp that night and the next morning loaded up for our hunt. It was Crane's intention to take us to Garfield's Peak, in the Rattlesnake Mountains, but there was so much snow he thought we could not get in there, so we pulled for Pine Mountain, on the opposite side of the valley from Garfield's peak, and distant about 10 miles from camp.

The day before, when about five miles from Crane's camp, we had met a party of five hunters on their way home. They were from Norfolk, Neb.; had been out a month and had a wagon load of meat, heads and other trophies. They were Dr. Hassen, John McClary, Geo. Iles, L. Sessions and P. F. Bell, all from Norfolk. We had the same team we came from Casper with, and in addition two saddle ponies; to be used for riding or packing our game into camp. One of Crane's men accompanied us, Jack Courrier, a fine fellow and a good hunter. He had been on the frontier for years and knew the ropes. He had a Sharps hammerless military which he called "Screaming Betsey," but he was carrying a Winchester that Crane had borrowed for him for the occasion. The sights of this were out of whack, which brought Jack to grief that day. Cook and Jack were afoot and a short distance behind the wagon, Jim was driving, and Crane and I were riding the ponies, when we discovered a large band of antelope, several hundred of them, near the east side of the valley and some way ahead of us. About opposite us near the east side of the valley was a swell or hog-back, and the antelope were near the upper end of it. Cook and Jack ran for the lower end of the pass, between the bluffs and the ridge, Crane rode over it into the hollow, while poor Jim had to tend to the team. I hurried up my pony and tried to head them off, and turn them down to where the others were waiting for them. Before I had gone far enough up the valley to turn them, four of them ran across in front of me and a fine buck stopped and stood broadside at about 200yds. I had plenty of time to get off and shoot him before he ran, but I was afraid that if I opened upon him it would drive the rest of the game on up the valley, and that the other boys would not get any shooting, so I paid no attention to him and kept on, and succeeded in driving about fifty down toward the boys. They nearly ran over Crane who was sitting on his pony looking the other way, and when he did see them he was too badly rattled to shoot at all. A moment afterward I heard the music of Cook's and Jack's Winchesters; they kept it up lively for a short time. In the midst of the shooting I saw Jim get down off the wagon in a hurry and get behind it. He remarked afterward that a .45 was all right in its place, but that he did not like them quite so close. I expected from the amount of shooting Jack and Cook had been doing that they had got lots of game; but when they came over the hill with Crane and I asked them about it, all I could make out was something about a thousand antelope and a blank blanked gun. They had not raised a hair, and Crane said they ran within 30ft. of him.

About a mile further on we again sighted the antelope, and the ground was very much the same shape as before. Cook and Jim took the lower end of the draw, between a long, high hog-back and the bluffs, Crane was out on the bottom with the team; Jack and I, on the ponies, succeeded in driving about half the band, I should say about two hundred, down the hollow to where Jim and Cook were waiting for them. Soon we heard the Winchesters going it merrily, and Jack and I beat the devil's tattoo on the ribs of our ponies to get into position to receive such as should run back past us. Just as we got there, Jack says, "Here they come." We had just time to throw the bridle reins over the ponies' heads, letting them drag, in which condition the ponies would stand as if hitched. I turned up my Lyman sight for 200yds., for I saw they would cross us at about that distance. There were about fifty of them, running in Indian file, and making good time, too. I pulled in just ahead of the leader, a big doe, and cut loose. She went on as if nothing had happened; and while I was loading I saw Jack shoot twice with the borrowed Winchester, and his bullets struck the ground about half way to them. I then shot at a fine buck, and had the satisfaction of seeing him turn a sommersault; he was up again in a second, and left the band and ran straight away from me. I let the rest go and shot at him again, but missed. Jack said, "You have got him, he won't go far." We went back and got on to the ponies. We could see my buck a short distance off; he had lain down; we rode up to within about 100yds. of him; he had his head up watching us. Jack said, "If you don't want a devil of a chase after that fellow, you had better give him one through the shoulders as he is."

I slipped off the pony and shot my antelope, hitting him in the heart, killing him instantly. Crane came up with the wagon. I dressed my game, and was about to put it on the wagon, when Crane said, "We don't want those forequarters; we can get meat enough, and we have got so much load now that we shall have all we can do to get up the mountain." So much against my inclinations I skinned out the forequarters and left them for the coyote and the raven. In a short time the boys came in sight, bringing the saddles and heads of four more that Jim and Cook had killed. They had several more down in sight, and Jim started after them, but a bunch of range cattle started for him, and he concluded he had got antelope meat enough for the present. The cattle will not often go for a horseman, but it is not safe for a foot man to get near them, for they are very apt to come for him, and if they do, the only thing to do is to get out of sight if he can, and if not, shoot, and shoot to kill. Jim got behind a point of rocks and the cattle left. We put our meat on the wagon and started, and over behind a swell, where the antelope had disappeared, we found my doe shot through the lungs, and dead. We saved the saddles and kept on.

Now, I suppose it will be in order for some one to rise up and call us game butchers and give us fits for wasting game. Well, we did waste some meat, but we could not very well help it. It was getting late, we had a big load and there was a pull of three miles up a steep mountain, but we made it, got our tent up and supper out of the way before dark. Our team was about played out, but a good feed and rest brought them around all right.

The principal reason that Crane decided to take us to Pine Mountain was, that about two weeks before, Jack had been up there and found a band of elk of about fifty. He killed two and wounded two or three more, and we expected to find them. Besides, there was plenty of deer there. The mountain is about four miles long and one mile wide; the top is like any other patch of rolling prairie, covered with a stunted growth of sage brush. All around the sides are cañons or gullies, narrow at the top and wide at the bottom or foot of the mountain, and in them near the top is more or less timber, pitch pine and cedar. While we were there the weather was fine, clear, and quite warm through the day, but it froze hard at night. We had a good tracking snow nearly all the time.

After supper we skinned our antelope saddles and cut the hams up into suitable pieces to dry, rubbed them with salt, and hung them up on the ridge pole of our tent. The rest we kept for camp use. We skinned and prepared for mounting some of the best antelope heads, then made our beds and turned in to be ready for business in the morning.

BLAIR, Nebraska. DR. E. A. PALMER.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A MAINE HUNTING GROUND.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Readers of the FOREST AND STREAM who are looking for big game next fall will be interested in a brief account of a hunting trip which Mr. A. S. Thompson and his brother made last fall in northern Franklin county, Maine. It is a region which is swarming with game, the most important being bear, moose, deer and caribou. The portion of the country over which our trip extended, says Mr. Thompson, lies about ten miles northwest of Phillips village, and consists of the large timber belt, extending from Jerusalem twenty-five miles north of Kingfield on the east to Rangeley on the west, at which point it is cut from the northwest forest by a buckboard road from Rangeley to the Kennebago Mountains; and embracing in its limits the townships of Mt. Abraham (or Million Acres), Jerusalem, Redington, Dallas, also townships 1, 2, 3. The most important mountains are Mt. Abraham range, which lies from the east to Redington, while Saddlerock and the Boil lie further west.

Small lakes and ponds and brooks abound and are full of trout, as are also the numerous streams which go to make up the Sandy River on the south, the Dead River on the north and Caribou Valley streams being the headwaters of the Carabassett on the east. I can say, after twenty years' tramping in the forests of Maine, that I never saw such a sportsmen's paradise.

We made our home camp at the home of our old friend, the veteran hunter, Cylas Wing, of Phillips, who, notwithstanding that he is on the shady side of sixty, drove us seven miles in the sparkling zero morning to the last clearing, where he headed the party for the day's hunt. A fine day was before us. The earth was enshrined with twelve inches of snow, with a crust sufficient to bear us on snowshoes, with two inches of recent snow on top of this, thus making it favorable to judge of the extent of the game in this wonderful winter pasture. At about 9 A. M. we entered the woods and within fifteen minutes' tramp the deer tracks resembled a sheep yard. At 11:30 A. M. we came up with a large buck deer, whose antlers showed us seven prongs; but our guns with buckshot failed to bring him down. At 1:30 P. M. we came upon a small one with equally bad result. Finding our guns inadequate, we returned home, where we arrived at 6:30 P. M.

The next day we provided ourselves with Winchester rifles, and with Mr. John Shepard as guide we started for the Abraham range in quest of caribou, making Redington our center, the camp being on Sluice Stream. At 9 A. M. we struck the tracks of five caribou, but wishing to ascend Mount Pisgah, the west arm of Abraham lying west of Caribou Valley, we at once made for the heights, where we found a most enchanting view. The scenery was charming and picturesque. Here we found the snow literally tramped down by large herds of caribou; twenty-two in one herd were easily counted, all traveling in one direction. After admiring the beautiful scenery spread out before us, and obtaining such knowledge of the hunting and fishing advantages of this section, we took the trail of our game, which we brought down at 2:30 P. M. It was a large blue buck caribou of 400lbs. weight and stood thirteen hands high. After admiring him we left him where he had fallen for the night, and starting for the settlement arrived at 6:30 P. M. On the following day with a sled and friendly aid we brought him out for the admiration of congratulating friends. Several foxes were also killed by our party.

For several years the forests far beyond bordering on Canada north of Rangeley and Kennebago have been the resort for sportsmen, and I account for the unusual amount of large game now in this region by the fact that they have been driven to this quiet home which has abundant pasturage. Convenient camps will be built the coming season on the above grounds, and I would recommend all sportsmen who contemplate a hunting trip next season to take this into account. Either for trout or game there is no more genial and reliable guide than John W. Shepard, of Phillips, Me., who will cheerfully answer any inquiries and will have every comfort in his camps for nimrods and sportsmen the coming season and for all who wish to visit this virgin hunting ground.

With our fox pelts and caribou I returned to my home and business. Mr. Thompson says he would be pleased to meet some lovers of the chase at the new camp in Caribou Valley in October next. W. H. ALLEN.

LIVERMORE FALLS, Me.

FOREST AND STREAM has illustrated circulars of G. O. Shields' new book, "Cruisings in the Cascades, and Other Hunting Adventures," which will be sent to any address on application. The book is pronounced by "P." T. S. Van Dyke, "Sillalicum," and other authorities one of the most entertaining and instructive works on big-game hunting ever published.

BEAR HUNTING IN NEW MEXICO.

TIERRA AMARILLA, Rio Arriba County, New Mexico, June.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is quite a long time since I gave you any information about the hunting in this vicinity, the fact is that we were "holed up" during the winter, only going out occasionally when a fresh track had been seen near camp, or for a deer or turkey; of which latter there are plenty. Deer were somewhat scarce on account of the numerous bands of Apaches who camped quite close. My horses and burros were so poor, owing to the amount of snow and want of grass, that we did not uncarth our camp till the beginning of May. A nice little run ending in a kill is the cause of this epistle, so I will proceed to give you the details.

About 4:30 A. M., one morning toward the end of May, one of the Mexicans in my employ came into camp and told us that the horses would not be driven past a little spot near camp, and of course we concluded that they had seen a bear or mountain lion near that spot. Accordingly we set forth as soon as breakfast was over. The Mexican (Fernandez), a Pueblo Indian, Andrés and I took four couples of dogs and left camp on horseback, the other two preferred going on foot, thinking they had a better chance of heading the bear by taking a short cut, where horses could not go. We met with a slight delay at the first which might have given our quarry a good start. It was thus: I had with me two puppies totally unbroken; no sooner did they smell the track than off they bolted, dragging the old dogs with them and howling at the top of their voices; being all coupled, however, they could not make very rapid headway. Quick as thought Andrés jumped from his horse, which by the way immediately left him and had to be caught. He secured one bunch of dogs and I the other. They had made such a noise that I decided to loose them at once, although I was not sure whether they had scented the bear or a passing deer. This was certain, that whatever it was, they must have startled it, and knowing only too well how soon both dogs and bear will run out of hearing in these mountains, when an animal gets a long start, I lost no time in uncoupling them, and away they went at racing pace and full cry, up the mesa, down into the wide valley in which is our camp, and up the opposite side; we could just hear the direction in which they had gone by an occasional faint yell in the distance. We got to the top very much out of breath, having led our panting plugs over the steep and rocky side.

Here the dogs would undoubtedly have been lost for a time had it not been for an old hound who came waddling along in the rear, with her nose on the ground and making no end of noise. This one we followed and soon came in hearing of the pack still going down the cañon at the back of the camp. We had a rough old ride after them over logs, holes, rocks, etc., for about a mile, when we dismounted, tied our horses and went down the side opposite to the one which we came up. Here at the bottom of another cañon was the sight that always tickles me most. At the top of a large pine sat a fine brown bear, looking down with evident concern at the dogs below, who all appeared to have gone mad, jumping, howling and biting the roots of the tree. Andrés, who had been left behind, had taken a short cut and got ahead of us, nothing unusual, for that wily Indian does not seem to exert himself much, but nevertheless he invariably gets there all the same. Being there first, he got first shot, but although an excellent hunter in the way of finding game, he is no marksman; and he promptly put a bullet in the old bear's foot, which made him loosen his hold, and down he came "thump." When you hear this thump there is always a decided sensation that you have shot something. The dogs seized him on all sides, but he not being at all dead, rose up and dispersed them without ceremony; but being unnecessarily close we were not desirous of witnessing any more fighting and lost no time in filling him full of express bullets.

He was a very short, stubby bear, weighing about 500lbs., and the cook rendered 85lbs. of lard from his carcass, a very unusual amount of fat for the time of year, most bears being so thin now that the dogs stand a poor show of catching them. The fur was a beautiful dark brown about 7in. long. We have every prospect of a good spring, for the bears a few miles off have killed lots of cattle and some horses.

N. B.—Since I wrote this we have killed seven more bears, two silvertips, two blacks and three cinnamons, also three bey lynx. At present we are fishing for the wily trout, which fishing, by the way, is hard to beat. My friend caught one of 4lbs. yesterday, and on a good day over a hundred fish can easily be caught if necessary. The new law prohibiting the sale of trout from the Chama and other rivers has already done much to improve the fishing. A. P. F. COAPE.

GEN. HENRY DU PONT.

GEN. HENRY DU PONT, the venerable head of the extensive powder manufacturing firm of E. I. Du Pont de Nemours & Co., died Aug. 8. Gen. Du Pont was born Aug. 8, 1812, in the family homestead where his long and useful career ended. He was the second son of Eleuthere Irenee Du Pont de Nemours, a distinguished Frenchman, who in 1800 sought asylum in this country from Jacobin persecution, and founded the famous powder works on the banks of the Brandywine River, Delaware. At seventeen he was appointed a cadet at the United States Military Academy at West Point, graduated in 1833, and on July 1 of that year was ordered to duty with the Fourth United States Artillery, at Fortress Monroe, as Brevet Second Lieutenant. During the succeeding fall and winter he performed frontier service with his command at Fort Mitchell, on the Creek Indian Reservation, Alabama. Resigning his commission at the request of his father July 15, 1834, he returned to Wilmington to assist the latter and his elder brother in the manufacture of gunpowder. The sudden death of the elder Du Pont in Philadelphia from cholera the following October made his connection with the firm continuous and important. At that time the powder works on the Brandywine were the most extensive in the country, and on the death of his father Henry Du Pont at once assumed a large share of the responsibility of the enterprise. In 1850 he undertook the chief direction, and from that year until the present his was the directing and decisive mind. From a capacity of 2,000 pounds a day during the second war with Great Britain, at which period they were the sole source of supply of the American Army, the daily output was enlarged to fully twenty times that amount. The product of the Brandywine mills has been an important factor in every American war since the Revolution, and likewise in several European conflicts, notably the formidable struggle in the Crimean, when large cargoes of Du Pont powder were shipped for the use of the allied armies. During the war of the rebellion the company, at the request of President Lincoln, sent one of its members to Europe to make purchases for the Union Army. The firm kept abreast of the powder manufacturing of the world, and in all its enterprises Gen. Du Pont was the dominating spirit. He proved equal to every hazardous demand of his business, and it is said of him that no man, perhaps, ever accomplished more for himself and his associates with less business exaction. Enterprise, courage, fair dealing and liberality were the characteristics of his business life.

Gen. Du Pont's diversion was agriculture. He was probably the most extensive land owner in Delaware, and his holding was the most valuable in the State. During the later years of his life his recreation consisted almost entirely in driving over his vast estate, inspecting crops and stock and planning improvements. The miles of well cultivated fields along the banks of the Brandywine were his pride and pleasure, and he spent thousands of dollars in enriching and improving them. Gen. Du Pont's personal estate is valued at $15,000,000.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 6.—Following is the assembly call for what will probably be the most important movement in fish protection in the State of Illinois. The Fox River Association has already drawn about it a considerable following of the angling clubs of Illinois, and there is little question that this movement will grow until it can assume a political importance which will enable it to dictate to some of our weak-kneed legislators. In a late letter to Mr. Geo. E. Cole, secretary of the Fox River Association, Commissioner Bartlett says that he has already received a large number of letters in regard to the proposed State organization, and is notified of the organization of two local clubs for the express purpose of joining the State movement. The State convention will in all probability be held here about next October, and it is in every way desirable that so worthy a movement should have the backing of every angler of this State. Something should be done, and it will be done. The call reads: "To Whom it may Concern: It is proposed by parties interested in the preservation and propagation of the fishes in the State of Illinois to form a State organization. In connection with above proposition, S. P. Bartlett, secretary of the Board of Fish Commissioners of this State, has suggested to the Fox River Fish and Game Association to issue a call for a convention for the purpose of forming such organization. Complying with the suggestion, the Fox River Fish and Game Association hereby calls on all fishing clubs, and all those interested, to correspond with John Wilkinson, 150 Kinzie street, Chicago, respecting the time and place for such convention; and, also, all other germane matters which might properly be of interest before such convention." E. HOUGH.

175 MONROE STREET.

PATTERN AND PENETRATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

With interest I read of the trials made at your shotgun test, but I am not sure as to what conclusions you expect to arrive that will be of practical use to every one who uses a shotgun. Is it not about settled that no two guns, no matter how costly, or by whom made, allowing them to be as near as possible identical, will not vary in their performance? For instance: The writer knows of two made by an eminent firm—made of Damascus steel, same gauge, but differing about 8oz. in weight. The heavier gun, after years of trial, has been found to do its best work with less powder and more shot than the lighter one requires. That will do its best work with more powder and less shot. Commonly we would expect the heavier gun to require a larger load to excel. Again, when finer shot are used, another alteration in loading for each gun has been found best. It took a good deal of shooting to ascertain those simple facts, and even yet we are not fully settled as to a rule of exactly how hard to compress the powder, or how best to confine the wad on shot. Now if these guns, coming from same factory, costing the same, will not render the same performance with the same loading, how shall any rule be established for the thousands of shot-shooting guns except for each one to march up to your place of trial and have its weak and strong points brought out? Rifles of given weight and bore may be more uniform in their work, but of this I am not certain. We have watches which cost alike, and made for all the eye can discover exactly alike, but they will not keep time alike. I shall be sorry if these exacting trials at your test do not establish some fact or facts which will apply to every gun in the land; but my limited experience has caused me to regard our multitude of shotguns as like so many fiddles; can't tell what they will do until each one is tried for itself under varied circumstances. W. H.

SHOCKING TREATMENT FOR SPARROWS.—The suggestion of "Deacon" in last week's publication, to use uninsulated electric light wires, was always a pet theory of mine. I think it is the best way that has been as yet suggested. Poisoning, trapping, shooting all have their defects about a town, and it is noticeable that where the wires are, so are the sparrows, and vice versa. I originally thought of it as a good way to obtain birds, unhurt for stuffing.—W. C. C.

TOWANDA, Pa., Aug. 12.—A few summer woodcock hunters have been out in this neighborhood but report birds scarce. One party brought in two, the only ones that were seen or killed. Grouse and quail are reported doing well, many large broods being seen; and the prospects are that sportsmen will have fine sport when the season opens.—D.

MUSKET VS. DAMASCUS.—While shooting at a target a boy came along with a bored out musket, 19-gauge, 34in. long. At five rods he could put more shot into an envelope than I could with my fine Damascus 12-gauge 30in. long. We used No. 8 shot. How do you account for this?—S. (Caledonia, N. Y.).

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

272.

FLICKERING No. 270 puts me in mind. Fred Fuller, a cousin of the writer, was a most enthusiastic sportsman, and for some years resided near Detroit, Mich., where the extensive flats gave him a fine opportunity to follow his favorite pastime of duck shooting. He had a splendid set of decoys, and a number of half domesticated wild ducks, which he also used for that purpose. His guns and boats were the best of their kind, and his friends understood that they were at liberty to borrow his outfit when he did not use them.

A certain small creek which found its way into the flats became known as Fuller's stand, and so frequently was he found there, that gradually his fellow sportsmen came to recognize it as his own rightful shooting ground.

One morning Fred took gun, decoys and boat, and started for a day's sport. Shortly afterward Tom B., a friend, sportsman, and great wag, came to borrow Fred's decoys. Finding them gone he betook himself to his own boat, and rowed on to the flats.

Ducks were scarce; and after several hours' waiting for a shot, Tom picked up his oars and started for the aforesaid creek, in which Fuller's boat could be generally found with decoys nicely anchored just outside its mouth. Tom rowed carefully down to the spot, and peering through the tall marsh grass, discovered the decoys close at hand, bobbing serenely up and down, while an occasional quack from a live duck made things more realistic.

"By Jove, they look pretty!" said Tom. "I have a great mind to let into 'em," he added, as he raised his heavy muzzleloader to his shoulder. "How I could peck that old drake that Fuller thinks so much of." And as a bright idea struck him, Tom again raised his gun. "I'll shoot just over 'em! How mad Fuller 'll be. He'll think some one is blowing his decoys out of water." And with visions before his eyes of 6ft., and 220lbs. of excited sportsman towering up over the grass in sublime passion, and the subsequent hilarity of himself, Tom blazed away, once, twice. "Whew! Holy Moses!" A furious quacking, a mighty roar, and a hundred ducks rose from the water, and put for a healthier place. When Tom had angled for his gun some hours, and finally recovered it from its resting place in the mud, where he had rapturously thrown it, he started home, soliloquizing in a manner which, revised, was as follows: "By thunder! if I ever again shoot over a man's decoys, trying to be smart, I hope some one will fill my hide full of BB's. Some men are born asses." On that eventful morning my cousin was not within three miles of his usual stand.

OSWEGO, N. Y. ED. NOEL.

Sea and River Fishing.

A BASS STAND.

THE spot is frowned on by the highest and most inaccessible of a long line of cliffs. The matted turf has ventured a little over the edge and descends among the crevices toward a clump of weeds and scrub, but nothing ventures lower save the swallows that frequent the damp, rough-chiseled walls. The base is well buttressed against the ocean by a confusion of huge boulders, with a line of reefs extending out to break the attack. Here the unknown angler was wont to clamber out to a precarious footing, with his line reaching off beyond the breakers; but nothing now remains of his handiwork save a line of iron rods, well rusted and bent, that were drilled there between tides. At low water, with a fog to help the illusion, these boulders, half submerged, with their broad backs covered with a tenacious sea growth, greenish black, dripping and rank, appear a group of unclassified marine monsters, well harpooned and stranded.

The breakers that frequent this locality are mostly of a rough, boisterous nature, but sometimes they are disposed to loll about in lazy attitudes. At times a massive wave, with an indolent but irresistible movement, rises to engulf a great, low-lying rock, then suddenly disappears and a hundred rivulets are hurrying back, leaving the rock all dripping from its bath, with an isolated pool on top to simmer there until another tide. On sunny days they all assume an aspect of peaceful accord, rolling gently across the ocean in pursuit of curving lines of foam to harvest in winrows on the beach; but in cloudy times they come from the commotion at sea in a different temper. The smaller, frothing waves are all absorbed, and the advance is led by one, ponderous, opaque, mottled with seaweed and débris, and a presence like the front of ocean. The outer reef, potent to disconcert an ordinary breaker, only aggravates this into foam on the crest as the monster, rounding the point with the precision of infantry, sweeps on, preserving a perpendicular attitude, with the crest impending over an abyss that yawns ahead with rapidity. Destruction seems inevitable in its path, but the course is shoaling rapidly, the footing becomes insecure for one reared like this, beyond soundings, there's a stooping in the posture, a moment of tottering, a mighty roar and the giant expires in tons on the beach, giving birth in its dissolution to a ravenous progeny, springing far inland to return dragging back the reluctant gravel in sounding remonstrance.

But not all the breakers can thus pass the challenge of the outer reef. Some are deflected toward the distant shore; some collapse into seething maelstroms; others are betrayed into misleading channels, a tortuous journey, till, deprived of their headway, they all come together again in a deep place near the shore and get to rearing spires and steeples, till suddenly seized, drawn back and hurled among gloomy caverns with their trophies from the deep: rare shells, curious bits of living things and glistening flora. JEFFERSON SCRIBB.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

A MINNOW LIFE PRESERVER.—An ingenious contrivance for aerating the minnow bucket consists of a rubber tube with a bulb. The end of the tube is inserted in the water and the pressure of the bulb forces in the air, which means life to the bait, and removes the necessity of frequently changing the water. The life preserver is manufactured by Messrs. A. B. Shipley & Son, of Philadelphia.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 7.—Continuing the investigation set on foot by FOREST AND STREAM into the sporting resources of this region, I started about two weeks ago to explore a section of the country lying to the north of here, with an especial purpose of getting some accurate knowledge in regard to the trout fishing accessible from this point; which knowledge, it is safe to say, can be called accurate only when gained at the expense of careful personal effort, since what was last year a prolific stream may this year be a barren one, and since further all reports on such matters, be they from sportsmen or woodsmen, must so generally and generously be accompanied by a salty seasoning of mental reservation. The objective point of this trip was the Gaylord club house, situated 300 miles north of Chicago, in the wilds of the Wisconsin pine woods, but there was so much divergence from the straight path thither, and so much of interest found by the way, that I beg to offer first some preliminary comment on the conditions and conditon of that country, reserving the specific mention of the club until the following paper, thus giving the artist a chance to make a picture of the club house, and the chance reader of both papers a better idea of where the club house is.

The railway line chosen in this case was the Milwaukee and Northern, a busy young road that runs straight north, up into the pine and iron country of Wisconsin, to the south shore of the coldest of the unsalted seas. In the big union depot at Milwaukee I found a chance open to all travelers for a comfortable shave, and the north bound sleeper open at 9 P. M. to all duly shaven northbound men. Thereinto I climbed, and at 1:45 on the following morning started northward, although I knew nothing of that until we reached Ellis Junction, in the middle of the pine woods, where the train stopped for breakfast, and where according to the advice of Mr. Tabberner, the Chicago general agent of the road, I was first to disembark. Ellis Junction is the woods station for numbers of Chicago trout fishers and deer hunters. Its postoffice name is Crivitz, by which it is better known. In its neighborhood there were formerly numerous runways for deer, and probably more deer have been shipped from that point, legally and illegally, than from any other one point in Wisconsin. It is the starting point for the upper Oconto country, the Thunder River country and also for Medicine Brook, the Peshtigo Rapids and other trout waters nearer at hand. As a town it is not any very great affair, consisting for the most part of the railway eating-house, a saloon or so, a big sawmill and its attendant population. It is, however, a very good type of north-woods town.

The station agent at Ellis Junction told me that he and the district game warden, Judge Bartels, had, a day or so ago, caught sixty-seven trout, which, when dressed, weighed 52lbs. Some of these trout, he said, were so long that their tails turned up as they lay in a market basket. Although I told this man that both his road and my paper wished for definite news in regard to the trout fishing, he was reluctant to tell me where these fish were caught, and referred me to Judge Bartels, whom I had not time to look up. I subsequently heard of this catch of trout repeatedly during the trip, but no one knew exactly where it was made, owing to different reports given out by the fishers, naming both Medicine Brook and Thunder River as the locality. This was blind trail number one.

Mr. Tabberner had told me to look up Dan Seaby, whom I should find at Ellis Junction, Middle Inlet, or Lake Neoquebay, and whom he recommended as a good boy to guide one in that region. "Dan Seaby," said Mr. Tabberner, "sent me down a basket of trout that made my hair stand on end. He is catching some big ones up there, and if you find him you will not need go further north than there."

I asked the station agent if he knew Dan Seaby, and he had never heard of him. I telegraphed to Middle Inlet and learned that he lived there, but was not at home. Some one said he might be over at Lake Noquebay, which was only three miles.

"No 'taint, neither," said some one else, "it's good eight miles."

"Well, it's only three miles over to the inlet," remarked the first speaker.

"That's all you know," said a third party, "it's five mile, easy."

Seeing that I was fallen upon one of those reliable counties, where the more you hear the more you don't know, I started to walk to Lake Noquebay, relying not so much upon their directions as to the road as upon the general direction in which the lake lay from the railway. This was blind trail number two.

Following the railway track north through one of the most desolate and impassable stretches of pine land and cedar swamp it was ever my fortune to see, I came across a clear little stream flowing to the right, and could not resist the idea that there must be trout in it, improbable as that should be so near to a ravenous railway town. By the bridge grew a wild red rose, and likewise a bunch of ripe red raspberries. Barring the mosquitoes, which I soon drove pale and fainting from the spot by a good application from a greenery-yallery box of lollacapop, this little corner, by the way, seemed much like Paradise to one escaped from a desk. Whistling somewhat, all to myself, I set down my pack, tied a cast, and caught a trout, not 40ft. from the railway bridge. Him I returned, as being too small, and leaving the rose also to say good morning to some later traveler, I went along exultant. The country was entirely new to me, and one always enjoys a new sort of country. Most black and dismal and forbidding it looked, as I must say, when I left the railway and started into the forest along a trail which might or might not be the path to Lake Noquebay.

A sharp walk of three-quarters of an hour brought me again to my friend the brook, this time in a dark little hollow, crossed by a log bridge. I could not resist the temptation, and so put down my pack again, jointed my rod, and caught another little trout from under the bridge. The swamp on either hand was too dense for passage, and I fished no further. As I penetrated yet further into the silent and solemn pine forest, the trail appeared fainter and fainter. I fancied I had missed the right path, and at length turned back, grumblingly retracing my steps to the railway.

Near by I found a little farm and a log house, and the owner, Mr. Shepherd, told me I had been within a mile or so of Lake Noquebay. "But," said he, "you'll find Dan Seaby over at the Inlet. It's a mile and three-quarters from here." Fortified by a cup of tea, I started on again, reflecting whether I had or had not lost any time by losing my way.

Middle Inlet I found to consist of nine families, some piles of cedar logs and posts and the general debris of a milling camp. The station office was in a freight car, and two freight cars joined by a little hallway constituted the home of station agent Dropp, his wife and his three children. Dan Seaby was sitting on a slab bench in front of the "depot." He was thinking. It is a great country for thinking, up there. He was a big, good-natured boy of eighteen, smooth-faced and youthful, if beyond man's stature in girth and height. I told him my errand and his face fell a foot. "Gol darn the luck," said he.

"What's the matter with the luck?"

"Well, you see, I'm married."

"What!"

"Yes, I'm married. That's my house over there," and he pointed to a house so small he could have carried it under his arm. "I'm married, and my wife she's sick she is, and she's only sixteen, and you know how women are" (this with a wise look on his boyish face).

There being nothing else left for me to do, I sat down and whistled a long whistle of surprise. "Some folks never does have any luck," said Dan, eagerly jabbing his knife into the bench. "That's me. I'd ruther go fishing with you than anything else on earth. But then you know how they is." And he sighed mournfully.

"It aint any use, nohow," he said, brightening up a bit after we had talked a while. "The dam on the lower inlet is shut down, so's they can make hay on the marsh below here. The creek where I caught all my big trout is away out at the bottom of a big pond, and you can't get at it. They won't open the gate, and even if they did, the water wouldn't run down good in less'n three or four days. There's a good many trout, eight or ten inches long, over in the North Branch, about five or six miles. We kin ketch a lot over there—but pshaw! I can't go. *I* can't go nowhere. Some fellers never does have any luck!"

The upshot of all this was that a youth by the name of Dave Teeters accompanied me to the North Branch. We walked four miles to the stream, and upon ascending it for half a mile or so came to an elaborate logging dam, beneath which lay as beautiful a pool as one could wish to see. This we fished thoroughly without a rise. Earlier in the season a lumberman by the name of Hoff caught 380 trout at this point in one day, and another man at about the same time took 309. We wanted about one dozen, but the above individuals had our share. The stream was fished out.

Above the dam I had my first experience of the style of fishing necessary in this section. The back-water from the dam had spread up stream for nearly two miles, soaking the low banks until they formed a quaking bog in which it was no uncommon thing to go down nearly to the armpits. Across this, however, we pushed on and came into a fallen cedar swamp which could have afforded Doré good studies for his illustrations of the Inferno, and which passed the wildest dreams of confusion I ever had. It was a mat of interlacing dried hard poles and limbs, through and over which we plunged with heart of desperation. At this work the natives, with their spike-shod logging shoes, are far superior to the average angler; but the angler who cannot walk a 4in. pole across a 40ft. abyss of bottomless mud would better stay out of that region.

And yet all this creek had been fished before us, for we could see a trail wherever there was dirt enough to hold a footprint. Later we learned that fishers from a lumber camp below us had that day taken over 100 trout in the stream above where we were, our entry being too late in the evening to permit us to go very high up. We picked out a few miserable seven and eight-inch trout from under logs and among the tangled brush. The short line, stiff pole, heavy sinker and bait made the only practical outfit for this fishing. I found my fly-rod next to useless, and I did not take a trout upon the fly. I do not call that trout fishing. I learned that this stream, in common with all others of the region, was persistently fished by market fishers, who kept every trout caught, no matter how small. There is one conductor on the Milwaukee & Northern Railway, whose name I can give to the authorities of the road if necessary, who buys all the trout, big and little, that the Middle Inlet boys will catch for him, paying them twenty-five cents a pound. He always buys these trout to eat, he says, but as I happen to know of a hundred pound or so he has taken down the road late this summer, I submit that he has a mighty good appetite for fish. I would hardly dare connect this with the fact that trout bring fifty cents a pound at this end of the road.

The train butcher also develops an occasional abnormal fondness for trout, and if one of these poor, down-trodden log camp fellows, who never did a day's work in his life, but who insists that he has the right to murder trout and venison irresponsibly, should happen to have ten or twelve pounds of these little fingerlings in his box, the train butcher does not find it too much for his appetite. I offer these facts to Mr. Sheardown and Mr. Dutton and Mr. Tabberner, of the Milwaukee & Northern offices, and ask them if they like it. The great bulk of the trout now being taken in these waters are the result of recent planting by the Fish Commissioners, and the trout are being skinned out of these streams before they are over 3in. long. In the winter time fishing through the ice is carried on continually. "Don't you think the trout taste as good to us in the winter as they do to you in the summer?" is the answer to your protests. The law is not thought of. The game warden for the district is, so nearly as I can learn from his neighbors, pretty nearly no good as a game warden. I could not learn of his ever having made a conviction. He is either a delinquent or an almighty much maligned individual. His neighbors tell me that he himself never spares a fingerling; that last winter he fished through the ice, and that he has publicly declared his intention to run a hound on deer this fall. That's the way they talk. Is it all due to the popular feeling against a game warden in a lawless district, or is there ground for it? If he can't convict, I will tell him that I had open confessions, or rather bold declarations, made to me of violations of the trout and deer laws enough so that I could go up there and arrest two-thirds of those entire communities. If the warden is not asleep all day, he knows of these constant violations and suffers them. Put him out. Get some one in there who is awake and not afraid. These fellows won't hear to sense or reason. They have no sentiment to which you can appeal. They are utterly selfish, utterly ruthless, utterly wanton and merciless. They will respect nothing but the law, and that only when the law has shown itself rough and unsparing. A good conviction or two once in a while will save thousands of little trout, and hundreds of illegally killed deer, in this absolutely lawless and careless, reckless and heartless region. Get a game warden. Get a man with eyes, ears and sand. I don't think it would take much of the latter. This class of lawbreakers is the one of all others fondest of a great big bluff, and the most absently absent when it comes right down to pulling a gun.

I shall have more to say on the depletion of the game and fish supply in this region in later writing, for I gave the matter as extended and thorough a looking into as I could, and covered a good deal of territory. What little I have said here will make the history of the Gaylord Club appear the brighter when we come to see it. As further preparation thereto I may briefly add that my story of Middle Inlet, where I lived in the freight car with the station agent, and made divers trips which may be condensed into later mention, made merely a confirmation of the old story of extermination. Sick of this, I was as glad to reach Gaylord club house as I hope the paper's readers may be. E. HOUGH.

175 MONROE STREET, Chicago.

CAMPS OF THE KINGFISHERS.—V.

ECHO LAKE, ONTARIO, CANADA.

EARLY dawn found us surrounding a solid breakfast of fried "pike," bacon, eggs, pilot bread and coffee (colored with "condemned milk" in lieu of the pure article), flanked by the Jedge's "scooped" trout; and by the time the sun peeped a good morning from the summit of Knots' landscape, Sam, Charley Knots and the Jedge were paired off and away, one boat heading up the lake, the other to the bay around the point below, leaving the smaller boat for the skipper to make the trip to the farm at the foot of the lake after bread and a bucket of milk.

The old rod and a bucket of frogs were placed in the boat; and a straight wake was made for the rocky point opposite the little island, and not till around this and in a small bay, was a frog put on the hook and dropped over alongside the rushes to tempt a bass or some hungry longsnout looking for an early breakfast. Three pickerel were taken in the little bay, two of them as full of good honest fight as a bass or a trout, while the other was a very stick in his motions, affording about as small sport as reeling in an old oyster can.

Can it be that fish are like the human family, some full of vim and vigor and muscle, and others born tired and dyspeptic and afflicted with ills and ailments that make life a burden? From the great difference in the fighting qualities of the members of the pike family, this would seem to be the case, but in the eternal fitness of things the dyspeptics and drones and "tramps" of the tribe are happily in the minority.

Studying over this fishy problem as I went along, and wishing a 5lb. bass might take a notion that the frog towing astern would about fill some empty space in his digestive apparatus, another point was passed down toward the outlet where the lake narrowed to a quarter of a mile, lined along the shore I was following with a growth of grass, bulrushes and bushweeds that reached nearly half way across. The frog kept getting tangled up in these, till to be rid of the annoyance I reeled up and laid the rod in the boat, when, as I picked up the oars again, I was startled by a break in the water a few yards inshore, and turning quickly saw the broad tail and two feet of the body of a great fish flash in the sun for an instant and then quietly disappear under the water.

Grasping the rod and getting to my feet with the electricity working in the roots of my hair in a manner that threatened to lift my hat, the astonished frog was cast within a few feet of where the fish went out of sight, and I waited anxiously for a few moments for a tug at the line that would begin a fight that would be the crowning glory of all the exploits of the Kingfishers in time past and for generations to come. But the looked for tug didn't come; his mightiness was probably lying quietly in the shadows of the bushweeds crushing the life out of some luckless Canada pike that had heedlessly got within striking distance of his terrible jaws. The frog was reeled in and cast a few yards further down shore and wound up to a short cast without a sign of having been noticed; then up the belt of rushes a few yards and brought back with sundry enticing yanks and twitches that would have turned the head of any dull-witted pickerel; but old General *Esox* was too smart and wary, or too busy with his breakfast, to notice an insignificant speckled frog, and all the persistent casting went for naught.

After a half hour spent in this fruitless work, the frog was taken off and a big troller tied on the line and spun up and down the fringe of rushes for a hundred yards, tangling in the weeds occasionally; but another half hour resulting in nothing but "grass bites," the troller was reeled up and the boat headed for the farm, a quarter of a mile below, with the skipper in a somewhat demoralized frame of mind.

However, reflection brought the conviction that it were folly to fish for this king of Echo Lake with ordinary bass tackle; nothing less than a butcher's meat hook and a clothesline would have prevailed over and brought him to grief in the wilderness of bush weeds, grass and bulrushes infesting this part of the lake—albeit I wasted another half hour trying to provoke a fight as I went back, for I wanted the satisfaction of breaking a line on him, if nothing more.

Louis, who had frequently fished the lake and knew its waters well, was no doubt right when he said he had "see um so long," for judging by the breadth of tail and the couple of feet of body exposed by this one, he was certainly longer than Louis.

This great maskinonje was seen near the same bunch of rushes on two different days afterward by others of the party, but could not be induced to take bait or troller, and for all we know, he is there yet, the terror of the Canadian pike and monarch of all the waters of Echo Lake. Another was seen near the head of the lake in water 4 or 5ft. deep, that was measured with the eye at more than 5ft. in length, and I have no doubt whatever that there are a great many more in the waters of Echo that will weigh from 10 to 50lbs.

Entering the river at the foot of the lake a few rods above the farmhouse, the boat was pulled in under overhanging branches to a famous spring neighbor Ruttle had told us about, and I got out to slake my thirst, for I was dry and hot, and a cool draught would help to soothe the disappointment at the failure to provoke a battle with the big maskinonje. Gushing out from under the roots of a good-sized maple leaning far out over the water, its branches sweeping the surface, was a vigorous little stream nearly on a level with the waters of the river, that was so clear and extremely cold that had it not been for the intervening miles of forest and lake, a slight stretch of the imagination might easily have followed it through some mysterious underground connection to the great spring at the foot of Six-mile Lake in beloved old Upper Michigan. Using the milk bucket instead of a cup, a quart or two was dipped out of the little basin a foot deep by a couple of feet across, and while quaffing it with frequent pauses, for it was too cold to drink much of at a time, fish and fishing were forgotten in the enjoyment of this best gift of nature to thirsty man—sweet, pure, cold water welling from the bosom of Mother Earth.

When the contents of one of old Sam's stone jugs had "evaporated" (and with the aid of old Knots and the Jedge the process was not a tedious one), the jug was filled at the spring by some of the party on the daily trips to the farmhouse, that we might have a drink of pure water in place of the flat-tasting water of the little trout stream, which was, however, much colder than the waters of the lake; and it may be mentioned for the benefit of any friend of the angle who may happen to wander into the region of echoes (having brother "Wawayanda" and his buttermilk specially in mind), that this spring and another almost as good on the opposite side of the river, in a swamp at the upper end of Ruttle's clearing, are the only springs or streams of good, drinkable water we found around the entire circuit of the lake.

Pulling across and down to a small pine log at the edge of the water that stood for a dock, further progress was stopped by the big mongrel house dog standing at the top of the bank with bristles and tail up and a proclamation of war in the surly growl that greeted me as I stepped out and fastened the boat to a handy bush. Here was another "category," but a few well chosen and conciliatory remarks at last convinced him of my peaceful intentions, and I was allowed to climb the bank, where we stood confronting each other a few moments, neither of us quite decided what would be the next best move, when a sharp rebuke from Mother Ruttle, who opportunely appeared in the kitchen door, lowered bristles and tail, and "Jack," with abashed face and sidelong glance, sneaked around behind the woodpile, from where he eyed me furtively till I reached the house, much relieved in mind. A few minutes later he came tiptoeing up to the house to see if his mistress had recovered her good humor, and noting that I appeared to be on friendly footing with the family, the hatchet was buried with a few lazy wags of his tail and sundry pats on the head, that ended in a romp, and we were fast friends afterward.

When I got back to camp in the afternoon the other boys were in with a dozen pickerel and a bass for their share of the sport; rather a slim prospect for bass, but as there is always an excuse ready for fish not biting well, we laid it to a feeling of rain in the air and other "signs" which are a never failing source of comfort to the true disciple when the luck is poor. The old angler who goes to lake or stream without a full assortment of "consolers" to fit each case of failure, and an abiding faith in the traditions and signs and omens cherished of the craft, is a broken rod, a poor stick, and fails in his duty of setting a good example to the younger fry of the brotherhood growing up about him.

While sitting around on the dock after a late dinner, smoking and discussing the advisability of trying the fish again later in the evening, we sighted a boat coming around the point some three miles below; and Knots got out his glass to see if he could make out the phiz of brother "Friz," of Detroit, whom we were expecting that afternoon, but a long and careful scrutiny of the four in the boat failing to "remind" him of anything, the glass was passed over to the skipper for a look.

When the focus had been adjusted and the glass leveled a moment, his hat was swung in the air with a "Hooray, old Dan, by the great horned frog!" and the glass was passed around to the others and back to old Knots, who had meantime sharpened his vision with a few drops of "O. F. C," that he might the better penetrate the haze mantling the water and recognize his old companion of many a camp, who sat perched on a bundle containing his tent, fly and camp cot (we knew the make-up of the bundle as well as if present at the packing), facing the rower in the old familiar camp pose of elbow on knee and chin in hand, the useless old right arm hanging limp at his side, gazing contentedly out from under the wide brim of the same old once white wool hat, that had stood the pelting of many a rain and sheltered him from the fervid rays of many another July sun in years gone by—the same old Uncle Dan who had a place in all our hearts.

A second look by Knots brought the admission, "The bald-headed old pelican of the Sangamon, sure!" And then, not to let us lose sight of the knotty side of his nature, the sunburned sinner laid the fault to the glass by declaring that "the binocular must be out of fix, or that he had been looking the first time through the 'theater' instead of the 'field' or the 'marine' lens." The gnarly old bundle of perversity always found a knothole to crawl through when cornered, and to use a slang phrase, "It was a cold day when old Knots got left" in a skirmish of wits, or failed to snub and squelch any one audacious enough to differ with him in his clinched and riveted opinions on matters terrestrial and otherwise.

When it was settled that it was really Uncle Dan, a combined yell of greeting went out over the water to our grizzled old comrade, and directly a faint cheer came back through the haze, proclaiming that the yell had been heard and understood; and then Knots was suddenly reminded that it was a fitting time to celebrate, which he, Sam, Charley and the Jedge proceeded to do, while Louis was sent to the trout stream for a bucket of fresh water, that "James Mackerel" might not be left out of the festivities.

Waiting patiently till the boat drew alongside the dock, Dan was helped out and put through a course of welcome in the shape of hand shakes and sundry mild-mannered kicks and cuffs—the usual proceeding with a Kingfisher who comes late to camp—that doubtless set his open-eyed companions in the boat to wondering if they would have to go through a like ordeal as a sort of initiation ceremony; but when we were through with old Dan they got out and were duly introduced as Mr. Guy P. and Harry B., of Decatur, two young friends, 18 or 20 years of age, rigged out, we noticed, in high-toned dudish store clothes and jaunty stiff hats, whom he had brought along for their first trip to the north woods, while the one at the oars proved to be our friend Everett, of whom we had hired the boats.

Instead of meeting us at Richmond or Ft. Wayne, Dan had at the last moment changed his plans and taken the steamer J. Gould at Chicago and arrived at Sault the night before, got the note left at the Chippewa House, hired Mr. Everett the next morning to take them and their traps in his big yawl to the camp, a matter of 23 miles; got his old once white wool hat out of the inseparable old leather trunk to preserve his complexion, lost an hour or two hunting for the mouth of Echo River; and here they were with the afternoon well gone, all tired, leg-cramped and hungry, "and it behooved us," he said, "to fly around lively and get them something to satisfy four howling appetites in about the time it would take old Bill Schrall to land a 'suckermoojen.'"

A pot of coffee was made and a bite set before them, which was soon disposed off; and then the task of putting up Dan's tent according to his critical notions was begun, a job that was turned over to the two youngsters that they might learn something in the way of making a camp. Dan was supervising architect, and before the cots were hung and stretched to his pleasement on posts driven in the ground, and tent in place over them, we had a notion that the boys wished they had staid at home.

A small level spot a few yards up the hill was selected and cleared of some low bushes, but the soil was so rocky that it was difficult to drive a stake; and to make matters more interesting for the youngsters the blackflies began to come in from the bushes, and every few minutes they would drop axe, hatchet or saw with which they were at work and make frantic swipes with both hands over neck and face where the blood suckers were "getting in their work." The pests had the supervising architect at a great disadvantage, as he had but one hand with which to defend himself, but a coat of Mother Ruttle's blackfly cream liberally applied by the skipper caused them to leave him and redouble their attention to the boys. They were advised to varnish themselves with the mixture as we were, but they thought it too "nasty" and continued at their work, until at last, when they could stand it no longer, Harry meekly asked, "Where is that smear, as you call it? I guess we'll have to put some of it on or jump in the lake."

They repaired to the warehouse and after a while surprised us by coming out, one rigged in a baseball uniform and the other gorgeous in a lawn tennis suit of stockings, skin-tight knee breeches and shirt with marvelous and bewildering stripes running athwart ships, and the hands, face and neck of both well coated with the grease and tar. This unusual spectacle in camp was too much for old Sam's nerves, who was moved to nudge the Jedge and remark in a stage whisper, "another ep.sode."

Working diligently with little bother from the flies and guided by frequent suggestions and instructions from old Dan, the boys after a while had the cots in good shape, and then a couple of us helped put up the tent over them. Owing to the rocky nature of the place this was a matter requiring patience and tact, for every guy had to be in exact line to suit the eye of Uncle Dan, (Sam declared he got cross-eyed squintin' at 'em), a deviation of a quarter of an inch raising a protest; but by much driving and resetting of stakes the task was at last accomplished about supper time, much to the relief of the two novices; and peace and good will reigned in the camp. The elders of us had been there many a time before and never got flurried over the old pelican's peculiarities, for it was a pleasure to help him in his almost helplessness, and note the expression of serene content that took possession of him when the camp was made.

Our friend Everett had decided to stay over night with us and rest up for a fresh start in the morning, as the long pull against the current after getting into the river would have run him well into the night before reaching home, a wise conclusion, for we had a good bed for him, and plenty to eat.

After supper the cool air and the skeeters moved Harry to change his gorgeous thin shirt and breeches for a heavier suit of old clothes, and then around a big camp fire the plans for next day were discussed and the "two kids," as the Jedge dubbed them, were regaled with Knots' ancient catfish story, old camp yarns and reminders—all new to them—till everybody got to yawning and the circle broke up for the night. KINGFISHER.

A FISH EPIDEMIC.—A Calcutta paper reports: The large tank at the corner of the Esplanade and Dhurrumtolla st eet at daybreak yesterday morning, presented an unusual spectacle to several hundreds of astonished passers-by. Some 5,000 fish, varying from 40lbs. to over 80lbs. in weight each, were seen floating and panting on the surface of the water, unable to move, and evidently suffering from some cause. Several of them were handled by people near the edge of the tank, making no effort to get away, and 7 of them, which were evidently dying, and which had floated on their sides, were taken out of the tank. One fish, weighing 66lbs., with some of the tank water, has been sent to the chemical examiner to government for analysis. The police formed a cordon round the tank to prevent natives from stealing the fish, which seemed so exhausted that they could have been lifted out of the water with the hand in thousands. Strange to say, not a single small fish was affected, as none were seen on the surface. After the lapse of a little more than an hour the fish appeared to recover, and one by one gradually sunk and disappeared. Few of the thousands who daily pass and repass this tank could have had any idea of the large number of monstrous fish it contains, and those who witnessed the sight yesterday morning will not readily forget the curious spectacle it presented with these monsters floating about.

ST. LAWRENCE ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting of the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence was held at Thousand Island Park Aug. 7. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, P. H. Warner, Rochester; First Vice-President, H. H. Chandler, New York; Second Vice-President, Jacob Hayes, New York; Secretary, W. H. Thompson, Alexandria Bay; Treasurer, R. P. Groat, Clayton.

THREE RECKLESS TROUT.

IT is a little late in the season for trout stories, and my companions of the field who drop in at the office to spend the evening nowadays have passed along to bluefish and bass, with occasional woodcock and curlew variations; and on cool evenings a few early symptoms of ruffed grouse disturbance are manifested in our confabs.

Last evening, however, there was a sudden atavism to trout stories, and the question as to whether trout would ever bite immediately after being injured by the hook brought out the fact that every one of us had known them to do so. I recalled one instance when, about four years ago, I was fishing at evening at the mouth of Eagle Creek inlet on the Fulton Lakes. A half-pound trout struck the stretcher fly with a dash and a splash, but failed to hold fast. In retrieving the flies for another cast I noticed something clinging to the stretcher; and on examination this proved to be a piece of trout skin about the size of a three-cent piece. After making half a dozen casts in other directions, the flies were again tossed near the log under which the injured trout lurked, and this time he used the right end of himself for hooking purposes and was landed in the boat according to the custom of the time. A bright red spot near the dorsal fin showed where the skin had come from that was found upon the hook a moment before.

About two years ago, while fishing with bait in my beloved old Poohtatook Brook, in Connecticut, I hooked a large trout in very shallow water; and in his struggles to get free, while I was obliged to hold him closely, he splurged out upon a flat moss-covered rock, unloosed himself, sprang back into the brook and ran down to a shallow pool a couple of yards below, remaining in sight all of the time. Not really expecting him to bite again, I floated the worm down toward him, and it was immediately pounced upon and with deadly effect, for I can hear that old fellow flopping in my basket still.

Last month, while fishing in Ashley Falls Brook, in Massachusetts, a four-ounce trout was bound to have my Reub-Wood fly; but he had bad luck in his attempts, and I sympathized with him to the extent that I offered it to him several times in rapid succession. He hurled himself at it with might and main every time, and finally was tossed out upon a big wet rock. I noticed that he was strangely deformed, being decidedly humpbacked; but that he had "angel's wings" concealed in the hump there was no doubt, for he had no sooner spluttered off from the rock and found himself in deep water than he commenced jumping at the Reube-Wood fly again, and was finally hooked and landed. ROBT. T. MORRIS.

NEW YORK, August, 1889.

NEW ENGLAND FISHING.

BOSTON, Aug. 12.—The fishing season in the New England streams holds out later than ever this year. Rain in abundance has given an unusual pitch of water, and this proves to be favorable to trout fishing. Reports show good catches, even to the August vacationists, who usually find dried-up streams, and trout only in the pools. Mr. Soule, of Bradford, Thomas & Co., of this city, has just returned from a two weeks' vacation in Waldoboro, Maine, the home of his boyhood, where he found the fishing unusually good in the streams that he had come to look upon as about "played out." In his score was one trout of 1¼lbs. weight, a very fine specimen for the brooks in that locality. But Mr. Soule was greatly disgusted with mosquitoes, which he found to be holding out unusually late in that part of the country. Generally the middle of July brings them about to an end for the season; but Mr. Soule found them "thicker than mist," and that was thick the most of the time when the rain did not pour, and they bit harder than in June. The only way that the stream could be fished at all was by the liberal application of pennyroyal and other specifics. The weather has been remarkably warm and wet, both conditions favorable to mosquitoes.

Mr. Frank Dexter, of the firm of Dexter, Bros., of this city, starts this week with his wife for Kennebago, to spend the whole month of August. This is their usual annual trip. Mr. Dexter has a hay fever, for which the high mountain air of the Kennebago region is a perfect cure. Besides, both Mrs. Dexter and himself are enthusiasts with the fly-rod. They catch trout legitimately and for the pleasure of fly-fishing, and they live to enjoy the mountains and the lakes, without desiring to kill trout for the mere sake of numbers. They are among the few who have learned that it is not all of fishing to fish, nor all of an outing to kill trout or game. Mrs. Dexter tells a good story of a party of Boston vacationists—two gentlemen. They hired a boat at Greenvale, and went trout fishing. They were gone all day, and came in with great luck. In fact, they had a boat almost full of trout—that is, they were trout, till some one who had spent a few summers in that region pronounced them chubs. The gentlemen had never seen a trout. SPECIAL.

TOWANDA, Pa., Aug. 10.—Towanda is located on the banks of the Susquehanna River, and in the neighborhood of fine black bass fishing grounds. The season so far has been one of small catches, or not any, on account of muddy discolored water, caused by heavy and frequent rains. One day the past week the fishermen who happened to be on the street saw a large 5lbs. black bass being taken to jail by a deputy sheriff. It was a gift to the sheriff of this county, sent in by Attorney Califf, who is in camp about three miles above this place with his family. It is the second one of the same size and weight captured by him this season. It takes from one-half to three-quarters of an hour to land one of those fellows, Mr. Califf says, providing you have good luck. Our other fishermen lose all their big ones. Everybody that goes out hooks a big fellow in his imagination, but fails to bring him home. This capture gave new blood to the fishermen, and the water clearing up many boats were out yesterday. All brought in fine strings, mostly black and rock bass.—SUS. Q. HANNAH.

LAKE KOSHKONONG.—Fort Atkinson, Wis.—An especially strong struggle was made last winter in the Legislature to abolish fishing through the ice, but the measure was defeated. Our lake, so famous for canvasback ducks on account of its large wild celery beds, is four miles wide and eight miles long, and is situated in the southeastern part of the State; and from our small lake alone

over fifty tons of bass, pike, pickerel and perch were caught with hook and line during a period hardly covering two months last winter. We are sick of it, but can't help it; and so must content ourselves to sit in a boat and soak a minnow, waiting almost in vain for a bite from any kind of a fish. All that could be done to stop this kind of fishing was done last winter, and now we will patiently wait another two years until the Legislature again convenes, then we will make another bold stagger to stop this wholesale butchery.—REX.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 7 to 11.—First Annual Dog Show of the Brooklyn Kennel Club, at Brooklyn, N. Y. Charles Dickleman, Secretary. Entries close Aug. 28.

Sept. 9 to 13.—Dog Show of the Farmers' Lancaster County Fair Association, at Lancaster, Pa. A. A. Herr, Secretary. Entries close 11 A. M., Sept. 9.

Sept. 10 to 13.—Sixth Annual Dog Show of the London Kennel Club, at London, Ont. C. A. Stone, Manager.

Sept. 10 to 13.—Dog Show of the Central Canada Exhibition Association, at Ottawa, Can. Capt. R. C. W. MacCuaig, Secretary. Entries close Aug. 31.

Sept. 11 to 13.—First Annual Dog Show of the Toledo Kennel Company, Toledo, O. Chas. E. Rowland, Secretary, Box 423.

Sept. 16 to 19.—Dog Show of the Dominion of Canada Kennel Club, in connection with the Industrial Exposition at Toronto, Canada. Capt. C. Greville Harston, Secretary.

Sept. 17 to 20.—Dog Show of the Pet Stock Association at Elmira, N. Y. J. Otis Fellows, Superintendent, Hornellsville, N.Y. Entries close Sept. 7.

Oct. 7 to 12.—Eighth Annual Dog Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society, at Danbury, Conn. B. C. Lynes, Secretary.

Jan. 27 to Feb. 1, 1890.—Dog Show of the Colorado Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Denver, Col.

Feb. 18 to 21, 1890.—Fourteenth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

March 11 to 14, 1890.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Rochester Kennel Club, at Rochester, N. Y. Harry Yates, Secretary.

March 25 to 28, 1890.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Mass. Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass. B. A. Williams, Secretary.

April 1 to 4, 1890.—Sixth Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 4.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club. P. T. Madison, Secretary, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 11.—Inaugural Field Trials of the Canadian Kennel Club, at Chatham, Ont. C. A. Stone, Secretary, London, Ont.

Nov. 18.—Eleventh Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Dec. 2.—Inaugural Field Trials of the Central Field Trial Club, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Secretary, Mill's Building, New York, N. Y.

Dec. 16.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trial Club, at Amory, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Secretary, Marietta, Ga.

Jan. 20, 1890.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club at Bakersfield, Cal. H. H. Briggs, Secretary, 313 Bush street, San Francisco, Cal.

Feb. 11, 1890.—Fourth Annual Field Trials of the Texas Field Trial Club, at Marshall, Tex. W. L. Thomas, Secretary.

COURSING.

Oct. 9 to 12.—Fall meet of the National Coursing Club at Hutchinson, Kan. M. E. Allison, Manager.

Oct. 24.—Annual Meet of the American Coursing Club, at Great Bend, Kan. F. K. Doan, Secretary, St. Louis, Mo.

NIGHTS WITH THE COONS.—IX.

ALTHOUGH I lay no claim to being a coon hunter, still I cannot refrain from giving your readers an account of a hunt which I participated in, and really enjoyed, in October, 1886.

A friend living at Glens Falls requested me to come and spend a few days with him at his cottage on Lake George, and, to make it an inducement, added, "that I could spend the day shooting grouse, and, perhaps, if I would bring along a hound, might find some rabbits," remarking lastly that there were plenty of coons, that they had nearly destroyed Henry B.'s corn, that he knew of a dog at East Lake George that was good for coons, and he would have him at the cottage, and "we will go along some night and get a coon." I will admit I did not take much stock in the coons, for several reasons. First, because I never had seen a successful coon hunt, had tried on two occasions to get a coon by being out all night and nearly tiring myself out, and got left both times, instead of getting a coon. In the second place, Harvey never could be induced to go hunting for any other game, although he enjoys fishing, and I did not for a moment think that he would go tramping around through the woods, across marshes, over rough, rocky ground on the mountain side on a dark night, when he could not be induced to join in a hunt on a fine day; but I was mistaken. I concluded to accept his hospitality, and after loading a supply of shells, and with rifle, gun, ammunition and hound in a conveyance, I headed for Point Comfort. When I arrived I found Curly, the East Lake George dog, there. I think this dog somewhat resembled "Nessmuk's" "dog without a pedigree," not in appearance, as I should pronounce Curly a half-bred cocker spaniel, "the other half, just dog," but in his being better than he looked. Hero, one of our great Danes, was also there, and with the hound I brought we were well supplied with dogs.

It was nearly sundown when I reached the cottage, and after the horse had been stabled we walked over to the cornfield and saw the ground strewn with stalks, with the husks on the ears stripped back and the cobs bare. I never saw such havoc, and I could hardly believe that it was coons that had done the mischief. "We will try the coons to-night," said he. "All right," was my reply, but I did not even then believe him in earnest.

But when after eating supper and enjoying our usual smoke, he arose, lighted his lantern, and said, "Get your gun." I realized that under his quiet manner there smouldered rage against the despoilers of his crops. We started for the cornfield with all three dogs at our heels. Just before we reached the corn Curly entered the low, marshy ground to the south of the field, and was lost to sight, and soon out of hearing. Hero, who was only one year old, and never hunted anything except woodchucks, kept close to us, while the hound went out in the corn, and very soon we heard her, about five rods away, tune up and head for the marsh. Before she could reach the edge we heard Curly barking furiously not ten rods away in the marsh and in line of the trail the hound was running. Quick as a flash Hero was gone, and Harvey, with lantern in hand, made a dash for the spot, saying as he went, "I knew we would have a coon to-night, I smelled them in the air."

Upon reaching the spot we found all three dogs looking up at a dark object on top of an ash stump about 20ft. high, but only Curly barking. I asked Harvey if he thought it a coon or a cat; he replied, "A coon, of course; give it to him," and at the crack of the right barrel down he came and landed among the dogs, who soon extinguished what little life was left. Curly was made of good mettle, and would get a hold and hang like death, while Hero, who stood 30in. at shoulder, would pick up coon and Curly and shake them both like a terrier would a rat.

We had been from the cottage only fifteen minutes and had scored our first coon. After taking this one in we crossed over on the south side of the marsh, and had barely started toward the mountain before the hound gave another cry, and the music had hardly died away before Curly came up and struck in ahead of her. Away he flew like the wind, and inside of two minutes had his coon up a tree not fifteen rods away and was again making the woods ring with his music. One shot brought this one down and he was handled in approved style by the dogs.

We took him from them, and as we were not over five minutes' walk from the cottage, started to take him in, and were about half way there, when we heard Curly again, about ten rods further toward the mountain, in a thicket of cedars. We knew all the dogs were there and would stay, so we went to the cottage with our second coon, and our wives concluded that as the dogs were not far off they would go along and enjoy the sport of doing up the third coon.

We reached the spot but could see no coon, as the cedars were very thick, and to look up was like looking into a sea of ink, but Curly insisted there was a coon up in one of the cedars, so I set down my gun and commenced climbing the tree. I had nearly reached the top, and could see the light of the sky overhead but no coon, when of a sudden I thought I felt something behind me, and on turning partly around I found the coon had climbed so far up the tree that the top had bent over and he was almost touching me at my back. By the light of the lantern I marked a spot on the ground at the foot of a birch tree where I would stand to shoot, and also the angle I must hold the gun at to be in line with his coonship, and then descended, took my position and fired, when with a crash down he came, and with a yell and snarl died among the dogs. This coon weighed nineteen pounds. The ladies thought they could manage to carry him to the cottage, as we wanted to go further north to an old orchard, and so after hanging him over a stick with the coon between them they left us.

We went to the orchard and did not strike another; were gone perhaps an hour, and concluded we had had sport enough, and were almost back to the cottage when we heard a yell, one bark from Curly and a growl from Hero about four rods to our right, and when we arrived at the spot found Curly froze to another coon and Hero handling both as though they cost nothing. The two still-hunters had ran upon him in a little opening, and before he could reach a tree had him, and to get him meant to kill him on the spot. After taking this one from the dogs, and while we stood talking over the results of the evening, we heard a grand rush through the dry leaves, and inside of a minute Curly again broke the stillness of the night. This proved our worst coon, as he had climbed a poplar not over 10in. through at the butt and 60ft. high, with not a limb for 40ft. It took six charges to stir him, as we could not tell which dark spot was the coon, as the tree had several clumps of leaves still clinging to its branches, but at last he came down with a thud. This made our score stand 5 coons inside of three hours, and we felt satisfied with the results and entered the cottage at eleven o'clock.

I remained at Point Comfort the two succeeding nights, and we got one coon each night. Should I live for a half century I will never forget that "night with the coons," and never expect to enjoy another as successful.

F. B. ZIMMER.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

FLEAS AND LICE.

FOR the benefit of a number of correspondents we republish the following article, which first appeared in our issue of Feb. 28, 1884:

We have recently received several communications requesting information as to a sure method for ridding dogs of lice. Almost all of the various remedies that are recommended for their extermination will have the desired effect providing they are promptly applied. None of them will accomplish the purpose unless so applied. We have repeatedly stated that "eternal viligance is the price of freedom from fleas." This axiom is especially applicable when seeking to circumvent the bloodthirsty *lus*. The main difficulty in getting rid of these troublesome pests is owing to a want of care in applying the remedy. The louse is very prolific and matures at a very early age, and as none of the various remedies will destroy the vitality of the egg, no matter how thorough has been the war of extermination, a day or two will see their ranks again full. It is necessary, therefore, in order to make a sure job of it, that the work be thoroughly done in the first place and thoroughly repeated at least once a week, until "the last armed foe expires." Persian insect powder, when rightly used, answers the purpose very well, and is perhaps the most cleanly and least troublesome method in cold weather, but as the powder only stupefies and does not kill the insect, it is necessary to follow its application with the fine comb, of course destroying by fire every captive. To apply the powder, place the animal upon a large sheet of strong paper, and with an insect gun or common pepper box thoroughly dust the powder into every portion of his coat, following this with a vigorous shampooing until every insect receives its share. Most of them will at once vacate the premises and fall upon the paper. Those that remain must be found with the comb and all thrown into the fire. This should be repeated every three or four days until the parasites all disappear. A decoction from quassia wood will also destroy lice. Take two or three ounces of the chips and tie them up in a muslin bag. Suspend them in a pail of water, stirring occasionally. After two hours the decoction is ready for use. Apply it freely with plenty of soap and rinse off with clear water. Strong tobacco water, applied in the same manner, may be used with good results, although it is apt to make the animal sick. Whale oil, freely used, is also sure death to lice. This should be thoroughly washed out of the coat within a few minutes after using on account of cleanliness. There are many other remedies that will accomplish that purpose, but those mentioned will be found amply sufficient. Mercurial preparations of all kinds are never to be used for this purpose, as bad results are always sure to follow. Neither can kerosene be recommended for the same reason. It is absolutely necessary that the kennel and bedding be attended to or all of your labor will be in vain. A good coat of whitewash put on hot, taking care to fill up all the cracks, will render your kennel almost insect proof. The bedding should be changed often. Cedar shavings make the best bed, although those of pine will do very well. The bedding of dogs who sleep in the house should be frequently scalded out in strong soapsuds, and after rinsing in clean water, hung in the sun until perfectly dry. By closely observing the above rules any one can soon rid his kennel of both fleas and lice.

FANNY'S RECORD.—Englewood, N. J., Aug. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Since you have been so courteous as to give me the list of Cupid's winnings, will you do likewise with his dam Fanny, whose record I am not quite sure of, not having been notified by cards. Also, is it not obligatory that some sort of certificate be sent owners from the bench shows.—EDITH M. VAN BUREN. [The winnings of Fanny are: First and special, New Haven and Boston. First, New York, and champion, Philadelphia, 1885. Second, New York, 1886. First and special, New York, 1887. Second, New York, 1888. First, New York, 1889. Some show managers send certificate of awards to owners, but many do not. There is no rule in the case, but if exhibitors demand such a rule, there is no question that it can be easily obtained.]

DOG TALK.

FROM the City of Mexico Mr. L. B. France writes to the Denver *Republican*. "At the restaurant I have several times noticed a blooming wife of 250lbs avoirdupois, if she weighs an ounce; her attire is faultless, but everything looks tight. I could not avoid the impression that any unusual exertion on her part would require me, in modesty, to leave. With her is a delicate, happy-looking man in an English jacket of plaid, and his thin legs encased in tight trousers; he always wears a smile of devotion and carries an Italian greyhound, which he holds in his lap and feeds. The trio are accompanied usually by a thin, grizzled gentleman with an eye-glass, who soaks his bread crust in his chocolate; he is happy, too, and beams on his companions, not forgetting the dog. In their tours to and from the restaurant the elder gentleman assumes the lead, talking cheerily over his shoulder to the lady and she in turn to her delighted follower and his handsome charge. Whether the young man is the husband or dry nurse I have not learned. The dog is remarkably well bred and studiously refrains from putting his nose into his guardian's plate. Consideration for the dumb brutes is not wanting. In nearly every doorway will always be found a dish of water; these are for the dogs, who may be vagabonds or not. Rabies in the family of our faithful friends is more imaginary than real. It is a rare disorder, notwithstanding the opinion of the average policeman to the contrary. At the altitude of the City of Mexico I dare say a case was never known. But to keep the water handy is a police regulation to be observed by every householder under penalty of a fine. If it will not ward off madness, it will serve as a sign to detect it. So the dogs are conveniently provided for and the timid citizen is given an assurance of a safeguard against all sorts of curs."

The *Stock-Keeper* is disgruntled at the manner in which news of the Kennel Club meetings is disseminated, and has something to say on the question, and at the same time it gives a bit of the pedigree of Mr. Huscroft, who it will be remembered promulgated the Salisbury pedigree scandal. We append the remarks:

"Just a word about the apparently one-sided supply of information from the Kennel Club. A distinction should be drawn between general and precise information. We can quite understand how the results of committee inquiries leak out, and become public property. The parties to a case usually know whether they have won or lost, and cannot be expected to keep the result a secret until the appearance of the *Kennel Gazette*. They know the decision—for, though the committee do not consider their decision until the opposing parties have withdrawn, the effect of it is conveyed to the parties to the case; but, as the deliberations are carried on in private, we do not understand how, in the case of the Dublin matter, the very words of the club's resolution were published in a contemporary.

"Our remarks of last week on this subject having elicited no remark, we are now inclined to inquire whether this information was supplied to our contemporary by Mr. Huscroft, who, we understand, is editor or sub-editor of the *Kennel Gazette*. He is, we believe, the source of information which he is in a position to supply to different channels, for besides editing the official organ of the Kennel Club, he acts as London correspondent to an American paper, purveying for it a weekly budget of kennel news. We have heard that he has similar relations with a continental journal. He is further connected with an advertising agency, and also acts as guide and adviser to Americans who, being over here, may require his services when making their canine purchases.

"Which English journals Mr. Huscroft supplies with his intelligence we cannot say, but if the official resolution under notice was sent by him to our London contemporary, we should like to know why he, in his official capacity on the *Kennel Gazette*, picked out a particular newspaper, instead of transmitting official information to all the recognized organs of the kennel world. He cannot have forgotten the *Stock-Keeper*, as it was in our office during the few months he was in our employ that he picked up whatever he knows about dogs. When he was engaged by us he knew practically nothing about this subject, the names of many breeds must have been quite foreign to his mind; but though his duties were confined chiefly to office work, he may have made himself somewhat familiar, in a superficial way, with the doings of the fancy. If, therefore, in his position as editor of the *Kennel Gazette* he may supply information to the press, we consider we are entitled not to be constituted an exception.

"Further, Mr. Huscroft will require to conduct his various vocations with much skill, or he will get himself mixed. Mr. Huscroft, the editor of the *Kennel Gazette*, as Dr. Jekyll, prim and proper, must keep Mr. Huscroft, the American correspondent, as Mr. Hyde, the promulgator of unfounded statements, quite separate and distinct. The English 'editor' should forswear the American 'correspondent,' who made public a wicked and false charge against a fellow countryman residing in America. Mr. Huscroft, in the safe distance of the American journal, has fulminated mendacious insinuations against the paper which served him as a stepping-stone to his present position as editor of the *Kennel Gazette*, he dare not repeat them in an English paper subject to the jurisdiction of our law. Further, Mr. Hyde Huscroft has in the American paper written on the late bulldog match in such suspicious terms as to lead readers across the Atlantic to think that the editors of this journal entered into a conspiracy with Mr. George Raper, Mr. J. Ellis, Mr. Astley probably, and Mr. Preece also, to do Mr. Pybus-Sellon out of his money. Of course in this country, where we are known, and where Mr. Huscroft is known, such a charge could only excite notice for its monstrous impertinence—but in America, where the editor of the *Kennel Gazette* poses as a canine authority, his charges may—nay, do, we believe—find credence. Therefore, Dr. Jekyll Huscroft must be careful not to lapse into Mr. Hyde Huscroft, or the members of the Kennel Club may find the editor of their official organ prosecuted for libeling the proprietors of an English journal and several well-known and respected members of our kennel world."

Dr. C. A. Lougest, Jersey City, N. J., has imported the well-known mastiff bitch Cambrian Princess, and sold her to Mr. E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass. She was whelped Feb. 3, 1882, and is by champion Bran and out of Modesty. She has won the Old English Mastiff Club's forty guinea challenge cup eleven times, as well as many first prizes, medals and cups. She also won the prize of honor at Brussels. She is the dam of Minting and Mr. Moore is fortunate in securing her for his kennel.

The National Coursing Association propose holding meetings near some of the large cities, beginning at Louisville, Ky., the first week in September, and at Lexington and Cincinnati, O., the weeks following. Jack rabbits will be used, and the dogs will be muzzled, thus climinating the element of cruelty, unless it be cruel to tantalize the dogs in such fashion.

It is rumored that several agricultural fair associations in different sections of the country will hold dog shows in connection with their annual exhibitions. We will thank our friends who may have knowledge of such contemplated shows to send us particulars.

Mr. S. W. Smith, the well-known English St. Bernard fancier, was judge of the breed at the recent Darlington show. Previous to the judging he received the following

letter, which he placed in the hands of the committee, and ordered the exhibitor and dog out of the ring: "S. W. Smith, Esq.: Dear Sir—I am showing Lorna Doone at Darlington. I think of selling. I advertised her a week ago, and have a customer hanging on. Fifty guineas is her price, and I think I shall get most of it, especially if you can put me well up on Friday. I would guarantee you a £5 note, or perhaps more. Lorna is looking well. I am, sir, yours truly, T. Cook."

There has been considerable talk of holding a dog show at Hamilton, Canada, in connection with the Central Fair, next month, but we understand that the project has fallen through for this year. An effort will be made to hold a first-class show there next year.

Some medical students recently applied to Mayor Grant for permission to take living dogs from the pound for scientific purposes. The animals were evidently wanted for the purpose of vivisection, and of course the permit was refused.

A public swimming bath has just been opened at Stuttgart. A rather novel adjunct to this institution is a bath for dogs, fitted up in elaborate style and at large expense, and intended for canines of all classes.

LONDON DOG SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The premium lists of the London Kennel Club's bench show of dogs, to be held at London, Sept. 10 to 13, are now ready and can be had by applying to C. A. Stone, Secretary, Toronto, Ont.

The prizes are, challenge $10, and $10 and $5 in the open classes in the majority of cases, and $7 and $3 in the puppy and remaining classes. Cash kennel prizes are offered for St. Bernards, foxhounds, English, Irish, and Gordon setters, fox-terriers and spaniels. Besides, a silver tea set, valued at $50, donated by the Hobbs Hardware Co., for the best kennel of English setters owned in Canada.

The Provincial Fair Association has presented a gold medal, valued at $40, for the best kennel of collies, open to the world; also a special prize of $10 in cash for the best kennel of spaniels in Canada, given by the London Kennel Club.

The judges are: James Mortimer, of Babylon, N. Y., mastiffs, St. Bernards, Newfoundlonds, Great Danes, pointers, setters, foxhounds, collies, fox-terriers, bulldogs, bull-terriers and pugs; Mr. Geo. Bell, of Toronto, the remaining classes.

American exhibitors will not be troubled by the customs at the lines. The London Kennel Club having made arrangements whereby all dogs will come to London in bond, and they will have a customs officer at all trains to pass the dogs on their arrival. All exhibitors who show at London and intend showing at Toronto the following week will be allowed the privilege of keeping their dogs in the buildings of the London Kennel Club over Sunday. This will give them a chance to exercise their dogs and get them in condition for the Toronto show. There are special prizes in all classes. C. A. Stone, Secretary.

TORONTO DOG SHOW.

Toronto, Aug. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am glad to be able to tell you that there is every prospect of our having a very good show. We are hearing from the leading men on your side, and, of course, all our prominent men show here, as this is always the largest show in Canada.

Our list of special prizes is growing fast, and we expect to have handsome kennel prizes for each sporting class, also numerous prizes from $5 to $20 for each of the non-sporting classes. We have contracted with Spratts for feeding.

Our choice of judges seems to have given universal satisfaction, and we are in receipt of numerous compliments, as much from your side as from our own country, upon our general arrangements.

Last time we had 425 entries. This year we expect to get fully 550. Any breeder who has not received a premium list should let me know at once, and I hope they will send their entries along as early as possible.

C. Greville Harston,
Sec'y Dominion of Canada Kennel Club.

CONTAGIOUS DISEASES OF THE DOG.

In this country, and under ordinary circumstances, dogs enjoy a remarkable immunity from diseases which are properly classed among the contagia. Distemper, which has recently been described, is the only commonly occurring disease of an infectious nature, and even that malady does not spread, excepting under favorable conditions.

Rabies is the most deadly of all contagious diseases of animals; but it is not confined to dogs, although it may be kept up by, even if it does not always originate in them. No animal seems to be exempt from rabies after actual inoculation, and the attack is fatal to all excepting birds, some of which recover without any treatment, and afterward remain refractory to the action of the rabic virus.

After distemper, which is the most common contagious disease peculiar to the dog, several diseases are referred to, but they are of very occasional occurrence, some of them almost unknown, as diphtheria, foot-and-mouth disease, the surra disease, anthrax, variola, glanders, measles, cholera, tubercle and septicæmia.

Diphtheria was described by the late Prof. Robertson in 1875. An outbreak of disease, which was at first thought to be distemper, occurred among greyhound puppies and the malady was subsequently communicated to the older dogs. The progress of the affection was attended with a remarkable fatality, only four animals recovering out of thirty which were attacked.

Several forms of the affection were noted, in which the symptoms varied in degree of severity, but in all the cases there was the characteristic gray exudation on the mucous membrane of the back part of the throat. In one form of the diphtheritic disorder there was acute inflammation of the throat with high fever, swelling of the glands, and difficulty in swallowing. Some of the dogs suffered from vomiting and diarrhœa. In the second form of the disease the symptoms were less acute, but there was considerable effusion of fluid into the areolar tissue of the neck. A third form of the disease was characterized by blood-colored discharge from the nostrils and mouth.

Cases have been recorded of communication of diphtheria to dogs by inoculation with, and also by ingestion of, diphtheritic matter; but it is obvious that the disease cannot be designated as a contagious malady proper to the dog.

Foot-and-mouth disease, according to Steel, is communicable to the dog, and cases are mentioned of the disease arising from drinking the milk of diseased cows. We have seen kittens become sick from the effects of such milk, and dogs have died after having been kept in contact with the feet of cattle which had been killed while suffering from foot-and-mouth disease; but we have not seen any symptoms in the dog which in themselves suggested that the animal was affected with the actual affection.

Surra disease.—Mr. Steel, in his work on the diseases of the dog, refers to the presence of parasites in the blood of dogs which have been inoculated with the surra disease in India. The parasite is not one of the true spirilla, but is a monad of an elliptical form with a flagellum at each end. It is found in the blood of common sewer rats in this country, and does not in those animals appear to do any harm.

Anthrax is, by some authorities, stated to affect the dog, and it is undoubtedly true that dogs which each eat the flesh of animals dead of anthrax die rapidly in consequence, but it is doubtful if adult dogs really take the disease. The symptoms and morbid appearances correspond to those of blood poisoning; swelling of the glands of the throat, tumors in the head and also in various parts of the body, and in some cases acute œdema, are the general symptoms. Experiments which were made in France led to the conclusion that puppies up to six months old are especially subject to the anthrax contagium, and in these cases the anthrax bacilli are found to be in abundance in the blood and tissues after death. In order to determine the question of the susceptibility of dogs to anthrax, further experiments with pure cultivations of the bacillus of anthrax are necessary. No satisfactory conclusion can be drawn from those cases in which dogs die after eating the partly decomposed portions of anthrax carcasses, because dogs are very subject to septic poison, and it is quite likely that some of the putrid matter may enter the blood stream through a slight abrasion in the membrane of the mouth.

Variola is another disease which is said to affect the dog, either from inoculation or ingestion of the virus. Dogs are said to have suffered from eating portions of sheep which have died from sheep-pox. According to Steel, variola of the dog is either malignant or benign, and the eruption, as in man, may be discrete or confluent. The disease passes through the several stages of papules (pimples), vesicles, pustules and scabs or crusts. Dogs which are infected with variola suffer from the usual fever of invasion before the eruption appears, and there are the usual complications, depending on the severity of the attack. Sometimes the breathing organs are involved, and a dangerous form of bronchial inflammation occurs, which commonly proves fatal. When the digestive organs are chiefly affected, diarrhœa is a prominent symptom, and it is especially noticeable that the breath and the exhalations from the skin in these cases are excessively foul.

Considering the fatality which is said to attend the disease variola in dogs, it is fortunate that its occurrence is so rare that very few veterinary practitioners are aware of its existence.

Measles is another of the contagious maladies to which the dog is said to be susceptible, and Mr. Steel refers to a case which came under the notice of the Epidemiological Society in 1876. A dog which had suffered from distemper four years previously licked the hand of a child affected with measles in a severe form. In twelve days time the dog became ill with catarrhal symptoms, and on the fourth day it died, with marked congestion of the air passages. Whether the case referred to was really measles or blood poisoning may be considered as doubtful. At any rate, measles cannot be said to be one of the contagious maladies of the canine race.

Cholera is said to affect dogs and cats, and experiments seem to confirm this view; but there is nothing remarkable in the circumstance that during the prevalence of cholera in men, dogs and cats, which may receive the infective matter by accident or design into their system, may suffer from virulent diarrhœa, with vomiting. The true nature of the disease in men has yet to be defined, and very little can therefore be affirmed in regard to its character in the lower animals.

Glanders is undoubtedly communicable to the carnivora, and there is no reason to doubt that dogs incur a certain degree of risk by association with glandered horses; besides which, the disease with its characteristic signs has been produced experimentally by inoculating dogs with the matter of glanders, and also by feeding them on the flesh. Glanders in the dog does not seem to be a fatal disease, but among the larger carnivora, lions particularly, it is very deadly.

Tuberculosis, according to Steel, has not been detected in the dog; but a spurious form of tubercle is found in the lungs and lymphatic glands, due to the ova of the *Strongylus vasorum*. A similar condition of the lungs of the sheep, caused by the presence of a gordian form of strongle, was described as tubercle many years ago. Since the discovery by Koch of the tubercle bacillus, the true character of deposits which bear a general resemblance to tubercle can be ascertained with certainty.—*London Field.*

COLLIE STAKES.—Rahway, N. J., Aug. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Kindly publish the following: Members of the Collie Club are hereby notified that entries for the Collie Stakes of 1890 should be sent to the secretary at once. In consequence of the Long Island Live Stock and Fair Association having abandoned the idea of giving a bench show in September, the fall section of the Collie Stakes for 1889 cannot be decided as announced. A committee has the matter in charge.—J. D. Shotwell, Sec'y.

ELMIRA DOG SHOW.—Elmira, N. Y. Aug. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We will give owners of fast foxhounds a chance to win fame and cash at Elmira. Every evening after the races a live fox will be led around the course. All the hounds will be started together. The first one in gets $10, second $5, third $2.50. No entry fee will be charged for the race, but all dogs must be entered in regular classes. Will also have beagles work on fox or rabbit trail.—J. Otis Fellows.

WACOUTA KENNELS.—Omaha, Neb., Aug. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have to-day sold my right and title in and to the name of the Wacouta Kennels, as well as all the remaining stock in said kennels, to Dr. Geo. B. Ayres, of Omaha, Neb.—R. A. Craig. The Wacouta Kennels will hereafter be at Omaha, and now contain the following mastiffs: Edwy, Lord Raglan, Champion Rose, Ilford Comedy, Dolly Varden II., Mollie Comedy.—Dr. Geo. B. Ayres.

TOLEDO DOG SHOW.—Toledo, O., Aug. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Since the issue of our prize list the following have been donated as specials at our show: $10 cash for best bulldog or bitch; fine collar, spiked, value $5, for best Great Dane. American English Beagle Club offer a suitable collar for best beagle owned by member of the American English Beagle Club. Other specials are expected and will be announced later.—C. E. Rowland, Secretary.

AMERICAN GORDON SETTER CLUB.—Baltimore, Md., Aug 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* By order of the Executive Committee of the American Gordon Setter Club, the annual meeting for election of officers will be held at Baltimore, Md., Room No. 9, Chamber of Commerce, Oct. 9, 1889, at 5 P. M.—I. T. Norris, Sec'y.

BROOKLYN DOG SHOW.—Arlington, N. J., Aug. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wish to inform you that I have decided not to officiate as judge for St. Bernards at the coming Brooklyn dog show.—K. E. Hopf.

Dogs: Their Management and Treatment in Disease. By Ashmont. Price $2. Kennel Record and Account Book, Price $3. Training vs. Breaking. By S. T. Hammond. Price $1. First Lessons in Dog Training, with Points of all Breeds. Price 50 cents.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Bayard. By C. H. Kobiche, San Francisco, Cal., for black and tan American foxhound dog, whelped March 14, 1889, by Reb out of Kate.

Gipsey Queen. By G. T. Hinks, Paterson, N. J., for liver cocker spaniel bitch, whelped March 23, 1889, by Captain Stubbs (Colonel Stubbs—Maud) out of Queen Bess (Brag—Flossy).

Tipperary Kennel. By J. H. Acroyd and L. A. Lockwood, Pawtucket, R. I., for their kennel of Irish setters.

NAMES CHANGED.

Bob White to Taps. By Chas. E. Nott, Wakefield, Mass., for lemon and white English setter dog, whelped April 20, 1889, by Gus Bondhu out of Rural Neva.

BRED.

☞ Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Lady Bess—Scotilla. Geo. N. Sherman's (Poughkeepsie, N. Y.) collie bitch Lady Bess (James—Bess) to Chestnut Hill Kennels Scotilla (Dublin Scot—Flurry II.), June 30.

Salva—Sears' Monarch. W. A. Power's (Greenwood, Mass.) mastiff bitch Salva (Ilford Caution—Bess) to E. B. Sears's Sears' Monarch (Lord Raglan—Dido), July 13.

Countess of Dunsmore—Sears' Monarch. Wyoming Kennels' (Melrose, Mass.) mastiff bitch Countess of Dunsmore (champion Beaufort—Holda) to their Sears' Monarch (Lord Raglan—Dido), July 8.

Countess of Moncton—Sears' Monarch. Wyoming Kennels' (Melrose, Mass.) mastiff bitch Countess of Moncton (Clement—Juno) to their Sears' Monarch (Lord Raglan—Dido), July 5.

Maid of Athens—Sears' Monarch. G. E. Robbins's (Melrose, Mass.) mastiff bitch Maid of Athens (Major—Maida) to E. B. Sears's Sears' Monarch (Lord Raglan—Dido), June 24.

Belle of Bangs—Duke of Vernon. Vernon Kennels' (Mt. Vernon, N. Y.) pointer bitch Belle of Bangs (Bang Bang—Miss Merrimack) to L. Gardner's Duke of Vernon (Glendale—Spotless), Aug. 9.

Werda—Ben Hur. Tracy Gould's (Vineland, N. J.) St. Bernard bitch Werda (Khartoum—Countess) to his Ben Hur (A.K.R. 6727), Aug. 8.

Maud—Plinlimmon, Jr. W. J. Slane's (Dorchester, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Maud (Rector—Lulu) to E. B. Sears's Plinlimmon, Jr. (champion Plinlimmon—Princess Beatrice), June 15.

Una—Plinlimmon, Jr. Galaxy Kennels' (Malden, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Una (Bayard, Jr.—Sappho), to E. B. Sears's Plinlimmon, Jr. (champion Plinlimmon—Princess Beatrice), July 1.

Lady Wellington—Plinlimmon, Jr. Wyoming Kennels' (Melrose, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Lady Wellington (Duke of Wellington—Henly Juno) to E. B. Sears's Plinlimmon, Jr. (champion Plinlimmon—Princess Beatrice), June 29.

Countess Flo—champion Beaumont. J. H. Meyer's (New York) black and tan setter bitch Countess Flo (Heather Roy—Molly) to his champion Beaumont (Ronald III.—champion Floss), Aug. 13.

Bess—champion Beaumont. J. E. M. Lordly's (New York) black and tan setter bitch Bess (Dan—Nellie) to J. H. Meyer's champion Beaumont (Ronald III.—champion Floss), Aug. 10.

Lily of the Valley—Duke. Rural Kennels' (Wakefield, Mass.) English setter bitch Lily of the Valley (Blue Dick—Bella Gladstone) to M. E. Murphy's Duke (Dash III.—Donna), June 26.

Tiny—Bradford Harry. Geo. E. Richards's (Bangor, Me.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Tiny (Tug—Mistress Mary) to P. H. Coombs's Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beale's Lady), Aug. 6.

WHELPS.

☞ Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Eastern Queen. J. W. Alsop's (Middletown, Conn.) mastiff bitch Eastern Queen, July 4, six, by E. B. Sears's Sears' Monarch (Lord Raglan—Dido).

Helen. C. H. Whitcomb's (Roslindale, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Helen, Aug. 2, six (five dogs), by American Kennels' Gruss Bayard.

Forest Corinne. F. C. Smith's (Groton, N. Y.) Irish setter bitch Forest Corinne (champion Bruce—Little Nell), Aug. 6, ten (eight dogs), by D. Rhodes's Aldershot (champion Chief—Bizreena).

Beatrice. J. B. Martin's (San Francisco, Cal.) fox-terrier Beatrice (champion Bachannal—Blemton Arrow), July 24, eight (five dogs), by Joseph Donohoe's Clover Turk (Mixture—Spite).

SALES.

☞ Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Brighton Queen. Lemon and white English setter bitch, whelped May 12, 1888, by King Fred out of Lady Brighton, by F. M. Shelley, Sheridan, N. Y., to W. D. Wright, Bremen, Ind.

Rural May. Black and white English setter bitch, whelped July, 1886, by Belthus out of Daisy, by Rural Kennels, Wakefield, Mass., to Dr. W. Pitt Norris, Birmingham, Ia.

Bob White. Lemon and white English setter dog, whelped April 20, 1889, by Gus Bondhu out of Rural Neva, by Rural Kennels, Wakefield, Mass., to Chas. E. Nott, same place.

Rena Belton. Lemon and white English setter bitch, whelped Feb. 14, 1889, by Leigh Belton out of Rural May, by Rural Kennels, Wakefield, Mass., to Evan H. Bragg, North Sidney, Me.

DEATHS.

Floss B. Black spaniel bitch, whelped December, 1883, by Zulu out of Sweep, owned by Rural Kennels, Wakefield, Mass., from stoppage of the bowels.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

Not Mange, but Ringworm.—My somewhat unsuccessful treatment of mange in dogs prompts me to apply to you or some of your numerous readers for a solution of the trouble. I have had more or less trouble with something resembling mange for five or six months, and while some cases have yielded to treatment others have not, and I am beginning to ponder the question, can mange be thoroughly cured, and if so, how? My dogs are all thoroughbred English beagles, and the one I am mostly concerned about is a very pretty little bitch nearly a year old that has been affected with something resembling mange that does not yield to treatment. About six months ago I noticed a small spot on her left shoulder where the hair was falling out, and shortly the place was entirely bare of hair. At once I began treating for mange with train oil and sulphur (a remedy with which I had been successful), and gradually the hair came back, but other spots became affected, and now she is nearly half nude on legs, belly, breast, feet and hip, notwithstanding she has been under treatment all the time. I have used train oil and sulphur, oxide zinc ointment (recommended by Forest and Stream); and about six weeks ago I began using a preparation obtained from a kennel and poultry farm in New Hampshire which was warranted to cure mange by using two applications. I have applied it sixteen times, double strength, and no cure yet. In addition to the external remedies I have given Fowler's solution of arsenic for two or three weeks and then stopping a week or two and see no good results. I have also used train oil, sulphur, soft soap equal parts and spirits turpentine one-half part, thoroughly rubbed into hair. The affected parts present rather a peculiar appearance, or at least differing from the general mangy look. The red and inflamed look has left them except around the edges, and the skin is thick and dry. Lately it has more the appearance of a seeded wart than anything I can compare it with. A red or inflamed looking circle is around affected spots, and I fear it will spread over the entire body, producing death or rendering the animal useless. Occasionally I have given areca nut followed by castor oil, thinking the trouble might be from worms or something of the kind. The bitch is a very light feeder, but has kept in good order all the time. I cannot think the trouble arises from filthy kennels or bedding, for the kennels are frequently cleaned out and no filthy bedding allowed, and the dogs have the liberty to run at will during daytime. I do not confine my dogs at night in close stalls, but put them in a yard provided with dry houses for them to use at will. Hoping to gain more information regarding mange and the best treatment of it from some one who has been successful in treating it, I close with best wishes for Forest and Sream.—Subscriber, Denver, S. C. [The bitch has ringworm. Use mercurial ointment twice daily. Or use a strong carbolic solution, one in thirty or twenty on one day and the ointment the day following. Ringworm is a parasitic disease. Fowler's solution continued for three weeks is an aid, and syrup of buckthorn for the bowels. Low diet.]

Names and Portraits of Birds, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 220 pages, price $2.50. For sale by Forest and Stream.

Rifle and Trap Shooting

RANGE AND GALLERY.

OUR TEAM AT HOME.

THE Massachusetts rifle team reached America again on Saturday morning last. They came by the City of Chicago, and at the pier General George W. Wingate was present with a committee of the National Rifle Association to meet them. The committee consisted, besides General Wingate, of General Charles F. Robbins, inspector of rifle practice; Major-General Josiah Porter and General Ferdinand Earle. There were also Colonel H. S. Stockwell, inspector of rifle practice; Major Berry and Major Shorkley, of Boston. After the team's luggage had passed inspection by the Custom House officers they got into carriages and were driven to the City Hall. Their baggage in the meantime was loaded on a truck and carted to the foot of Murray street, the pier of the Fall River line for Boston. A detail of Captain Wilson's Second Battery, N. G. S. N. Y., acted as an escort as the men filed into the City Hall.

In the mayor's room the victors were met by Judge Henry A. Gildersleeve, who made a neat presentation speech, and Mayor Grant then said:

"Major Frost and members of the Team of Massrchusetts Volunteer Militia: I have great pleasure, on behalf of the city of New York, in welcoming you upon this occasion, and still more in being able to congratulate you upon the great success which you have achieved abroad. Washington said with truth that 'the great defense of a free government is a well-regulated militia.' It has always been the policy of our government to keep up a small standing army, and to trust to the citizen soldiery of the various States for our defense in time of trouble. This the history of the nation has shown to be wise. While other countries are almost crushed by the immense standing armies they are compelled to maintain, while the streets of foreign cities are crowded with uniformed men taken from civil life and supported by taxation, here the professional soldier is practically unnoticed among us. It is therefore of great importance that everything which renders our National Guard efficient in war should be encouraged, and that those who show themselves proficient should be commended. Among all the duties of a soldier there is none more necessary than skill in the use of the rifle with which he is armed. You have not only demonstrated that at Creedmoor, but in the five contests in which you have been pitted against the selected riflemen of the English Volunteers you have nobly maintained the honor of the United States. Our people are proud of the skill you have shown, are proud of your victories. Our sister State Massachusetts, which you have so worthily represented, will undoubtedly receive you with all the honor which is your just due. I desire, on behalf of the State and city of New York, to join with it in tendering to you my sincere congratulations upon your success and my best wishes for your future."

In response Major Frost said that he had tried to uphold the honor of America, and in doing this he trusted that the work of the team would reflect credit not only upon his own State of Massachusetts, but upon New York State and city as well.

After the reception the party left the City Hall, and at 11 o'clock again entered the carriages in waiting. They were driven to the Hotel Normandie, Thirty-seventh street and Broadway, reaching there at noon. A banquet, provided by General Ferdinand P. Earle, chief of artillery on Governor Hill's staff, with covers set for fifty, was in readiness, and the riflemen and their distinguished entertainers immediately sat down to enjoy the good things.

There were many neat bits of speeches and, amid a great applause, the following despatch from Boston was received:

MAJ. J. P. FROST—Your comrades and self will be received at the depot here by a delegation of officers from all the military organizations in the State. They will escort you to Young's Hotel, where a breakfast will be given you on behalf of the State of Massachusetts. On Monday morning you will be given a breakfast by the city of Boston, at which Mayor Hart will preside, and a reception will follow. (Signed) The Committee.

After the applause this was read:

Maj. J. P. Frost:

Your associates on the *Boston Globe* congratulate you on your splendid victories abroad. We are proud of you Jim, and await with pleasure the return of your "bright, breezy and conversational" countenance to the "Hub." W. F. KENNY,

Day Editor, *Boston Globe*.

Three cheers were here given for Maj. Frost. Then Col. Rockwell, inspector general of the staff of the Governor of Massachusetts, said:

"I think it due from the representative of the State of Massachusetts to acknowledge the many courtesies that have been extended to the company of riflemen here present, and on their behalf and on behalf of the State of Massachusetts tender our thanks to Gen. Earle and the other gentlemen of the State Militia of New York."

Here Gen. Earle was given three cheers. Then Gen. Wingate remarked:

"Col. Rockwell, Maj. Frost and members of the rifle team—We recognize the fact that we are receiving a body of our fellow-riflemen, who are the champions of the world."

This called forth a tempest of applause, and the general continued:

"Although they come from the State of Massachusetts, and we are of the Empire State, they are flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone; State lines have nothing to do with it."

Gen. Robbins spoke in behalf of the National Guard of the State of New York, saying that they were much elated over the victories.

Maj. Frost was next called upon. He said he had learned his speech by heart by being called upon so often. The team did its best abroad, and got all it went for and a little more. "I think," he added, "that after our experience we could go over again and beat them worse than we did this time. As it is, they haven't realized yet what has happened." (Laughter.)

The major then said the English papers gave the first match 25 lines, the second a half column. From this the papers increased the space to three-quarters of a column and to over a column, and called the team invincible. The English people overwhelmed the team with their hospitality. In conclusion Maj. Frost thanked the committee for its splendid reception.

Three cheers were given with a will for the doughty major; then every one was cheered. Judge Gildersleeve, who went over with the first team sent to England, gave some interesting reminiscences.

They were afterward taken on a drive through Central Park, and then through the courtesy of Francis Wilson, were invited to the performance of "The Oolah" at the Broadway Theatre. The theatre was specially decorated for the occasion.

The men went on board the steamer Pilgrim, of the Fall River Line, on which they started for Boston at 5 o'clock, all save Farrow, who has remained abroad to do some fine shooting at Versailles and at the Swiss ranges.

BOSTON, Aug. 11.—Fourteen bronzed men in the uniform of the Massachusetts militia alighted quietly from the 9:30 train this morning at the Old Colony station. They were the picked Massachusetts marksmen, headed by Major J. P. Frost. When the team got off the train they were pleased to find in waiting a committee of military officers, upon whom devolved the pleasant duty of escorting the victorious marksmen to Young's Hotel, where a breakfast was to be given them by the State in appreciation of their excellent work. The committee consisted of Adjutant-General Dalton, Colonel H. T. Rockwell, inspector of rifle practice; Major F. G. King and Major H. G. Kemp of the Cavalry Battalion. Arriving at Young's the party held an informal reception in Room 10, and the marksmen received many congratulations from their comrades and superior officers. On their arms were the badges which had been presented to them abroad. The first one was from the Queen and read in gilt letters, "Wimbledon, 1889." As only 100 of these badges are presented each year in the United Kingdom, the men were justly proud of them. Another badge was that presented to the members of the team by Minister Lincoln at the complimentary dinner which he gave them. It was in the form of a heart, with the American and English flags crossed above it. On the heart in gilt letters were the names of the teams with which they had competed, as follows: South London Rifle Club, Royal Berkshire Regiment, Sussex County Team, London Rifle Brigade and the Honorable Artillery Company. Underneath were the words in gilt letters, "England, 1889."

The menu card was gotten up with great elegance and was in three parts. The outside was of tinted cardboard. On the front was a design of hand-painted flowers, and bore the words "Welcome Home" raised in gilt letters. In the interior was a sheet of white satin bearing the words "Breakfast to the Massachusetts Rifle Team by the Military Department, State of Massachusetts." The menu was on the third page, the three sheets being tied with a silk cord. At the conclusion of the breakfast there were many flattering words of welcome and praise said. The team then marched to the headquarters of the second brigade, where it was dismissed, and uniforms were exchanged for citizens' clothing. At 10 A. M. to-morrow the team will be the guest of Mayor Hart, who will give a breakfast at Young's Hotel. The Western members leave for Springfield in the afternoon, where a dinner is to be given them, and those belonging to the second brigade will join their commands at Framingham.

In summarizing his trip Major Frost said on arrival: "The team upon the whole is the best I could chose. It is true that I might have selected a few individual shots who would have done better than any one of my men, but I looked for an average team. I wanted a team in which jealousy would be entirely absent, and where it would be a matter of indifference who would be first or last man. We worked together so well and spurred one another on so much that I attribute our success greatly to those facts. In all the matches in which we were engaged there was only a difference of 22 points between the best man and the lowest man. Considering the number of shots fired that difference is paltry indeed.

"We had—and that is to be taken into consideration in judging of the team's excellence—but 800 men to choose from while the Englishmen had 250,000 volunteers. Any one was eligible. Just think what an advantage that was! But, thanks to the facts already mentioned, with good material, good health, steady nerves and good coaching we gained the victories despite the odds against us.

"Our competitiors were recognized as the leading riflemen of England, and the matches were with the service arm of each country and regulation ammunition. We had little practice, owing to the late arrival of our steamer, and had to shoot our first match the same day we unpacked our rifles, in anything but shooting form. This, too, with the fine team of the Honorable Artillery Company of London. Seven of its twelve men were members of the English twenty, and the remaining five had national reputations.

"The Berkshire county team was a strong one, too, with Fidler, Kemp and Warwick, all in the English twenty.

"The London Rifle Brigade was a rattling good body. Earl Waldegrave is an English twenty man, and Preston, Desmond, Lattey and Killiher, all shot on the Irish twenty this year. We rolled up a tremendous score with this team, averaging over 90 out of 105 per man, and beating the English record with the position standing at 200yds. instead of kneeling. Bumstead made 100 out of 105—remarkable work.

"The Sussex county team, which we shot at Brighton, had Cortis and Livesay, of the English national team, and others of reputation. The weather was horrible, and we made the poorest score of the trip, only aggregating 988 points, almost 100 points under the day before at Rainham, yet defeating the Sussex team by 78 points, and then after their beating us by 12 points at 209yds.

"The South London team was picked from all the best shooting organizations in and out of England. Major McKerrell came down from Scotland. Captain Rose is the crack shot of the Queen's Westminster; Sergeant Smith and Private Lowe are Queen's medalists. Trask made second top score in the English twenty this year, and Foster, Tuke, Hath and Wells all are national 'cracks.' We made our second highest score with this team, improving 53 points on our second shoot over the Nunhead range."

"What is the relative excellence of the Springfield rifle over the Martini-Henry?" was asked.

"I don't suppose our English brothers would agree with me in my estimate. To me the Springfield rifle is the better arm up to 500yds. What it is beyond in team matches remains to be seen. We won the 600yds. distance in four out of the five matches, but lost the other by nine points. Our sight undoubtedly overbalanced the extra fifteen grains of powder shot by the English arm, but what the Springfield would do with eighty-five grains of powder yet remains to be shown. Again, there is the relative capacity of the competing men to be considered and the excellence of the team coacher.

"What the Martini-Henry can do with a decent rear sight will, in my opinion, soon be demonstrated, for I think the English volunteers, at least the marksmen, will soon have an improved sight issued to them. Opinion favors it, and our demonstration of the possibilities of the Springfield, especially in skirmishing, has rather fanned the flame.

"We could not ask for a more fraternal or royal welcome. We were cordially received at every hand, and entertained with unbounded hospitality.

"The red and gold badge worn on the left arm above the elbow is the Queen's, received at Wimbledon, and is the most coveted honor to be won by an English shooting soldier, be he regular or volunteer. The shield with the American and English colors entwined came from Minister Lincoln.

"The trip has been an unqualified success, and well worth all the labor and expense."

Capt. Frost has figured out the tabulated score of the Americans and their opponents on the other side, and is quite proud of it. Here is the score of the team's work:

	200yds.	500yds.	600yds.	Total.
Massachusetts	354	305	296	1015
Honorable Artillery	315	341	305	961
Massachusetts	335	375	354	1064
Royal Berkshire	298	349	325	972
Massachusetts	347	390	347	1084
London Rifle Brigade	315	354	340	1007
Massachusetts	316	347	325	988
Sussex	328	312	270	910
Massachusetts	360	372	336	1068
South London	332	368	325	1025

The following is the individual record:

	Individual Average.	Average Per Shot.
Major Hinman	99 3-5	4 33-105
Sergt Bull	90 3-5	4 33-105
Lieut Bumstead	90 1-5	4 31-105
Sergt Doyle	88 4-5	4 24-105
Pvt Farrow	88	4 20-105
Sergt-Maj Merrill	86 3-5	4 13-105
Corp Huddleston	86 3-5	4 13-105
Pvt F R Bull	86 2-5	4 12-105
Lieut Hussey	86 1-5	4 11-105
Lieut Edes	84 3-5	4 5-105
Pvt Farnsworth	84 2-5	4 2-105
Pvt Johnston	80 4-5	3 89-105
Average of team	86 1-2	

In the total of 1,260 shots fired at the several ranges but 11 failed to reach the target. Out of a highest possible attainable of 6,300 points they scored 5,219. At 200yds., shooting off shoulder, they counted 1,712 points, an average of 4.08 minus per shot; at 500yds., in the prone position, they aggregated 1,849 points, or 4.40 plus per shot; and at the 600yds., in the same position, they reached a total of 1,658 points, or 3.94 plus the grand aggregate, showing an average of 4.14 plus per shot. The following is the detailed record of the shooting in the several matches:

Match	Yds.	Misses.	Outers.	Inners.	Centers.	Bullseyes.
Honorable Artillery Co.	200	..	..	5	56	23
	500	..	9	5	18	52
	600	2	16	23	20	23
First Royal Berkshire	200	2	2	10	49	21
	500	..	3	6	24	51
	600	..	5	16	19	44
London Rifle Brigade	200	..	2	7	53	22
	500	..	1	3	21	59
	600	2	6	11	23	42
Sussex Volunteers	200	1	5	19	46	13
	500	2	6	13	19	44
	600	1	14	15	18	36
South London Rifle Club	200	..	..	5	50	29
	500	..	5	4	25	59
	600	1	10	14	21	38
Total		11	84	156	462	547

The individual record of the members of the team fixes their standing in this order:

		200yds.	500yds.	600yds.	Total.
1.	Hinman	147	155	153	453
2.	Bull, M W	147	157	149	453
3.	Bumstead	152	156	143	451
4.	Doyle	142	158	144	444
5.	Yarrow	149	153	138	440
6.	Merrill	138	160	135	433
7.	Huddleston	152	149	132	433
8.	Bull, F R	143	159	130	432
9.	Hussey	140	155	136	431
10.	Edes	137	149	137	423
11.	Farnsworth	129	157	136	422
12.	Johnston	136	143	125	404
Total		1712	1849	1658	5219

It will be observed that the best score made by the Massachusetts men was recorded in their match with the London Rifle Brigade, when they reached a total of 1,084 points. This score has been three times exceeded at Creedmoor, namely in the 1887 match of the National Rifle Association for the Hilton Trophy, when the Massachusetts State Team won with a score of 362, 382, 352—1,096 points, the team of the Division of the Atlantic, U. S. A., being second, with 361, 380, 352—1,093 points, and the New York State Team third, with 357, 372, 359—1,088 points. The significant feature of this record consists in the fact that while the Massachusetts and United States Army teams used the Springfield rifle, the New York team shot with the Remington, or, as it is popularly known, the "gas pipe." The team of New York National Guardsmen who accomplished this remarkable result consisted of the following members of the National Guard, finishing in the order and with the scores here given: J. S. Shepherd, Twenty-third Regiment, 97; J. F. Klein, Seventeenth Separate Company, Infantry, 95; S. C. Pirie, Twenty-third Regiment, 93; George S. Scott, Twenty-third Regiment, 93; L. J. Elliott, Twenty-third Regiment, 92; Thomas G. Austin, Thirteenth Regiment, 92; Ezra De Forest, Twenty-third Regiment, 91; George F. Hamlin, Twenty-third Regiment 89; James McNevin, Thirteenth Regiment, 88; Thomas J. Dolan, Twelfth Regiment, 87; C. A. Jones, Seventh Regiment, 86; Edward F. Young, Seventh Regiment, 85. As all of these men are still in service and in good shooting form there would seem to be a strong likelihood that the General Inspector of Rifle Practice will find little difficulty in complying with the instructions of the Commander in Chief to select a team that can win in the Sea Girt, N. J., matches, where the Massachusetts men will meet teams from the other States in a closely contested team fight.

CREEDMOOR FALL MEETING.

THE 17th annual prize meeting of the National Rifle Association opens on the Creedmoor range on Tuesday, Sept. 10 and runs 5 days. The programme includes the following matches:

No. 1. Directors' Match.—200yds., open only to directors of the N. R. A., rounds 5, any military rifle, including specials.

No. 2. Judd Match.—Open to all comers, the Remington .50cal. State model, or the United States Springfield, 200yds., standing, rounds 7, entries and re-entries $1 each, the aggregate of two scores to count for the first five prizes, 25 prizes.

No. 3. Wimbledon Cup Match.—Open to all citizens and residents of the United States, 1,000yds., 30 shots, any rifle, cleaning allowed. Won in 1875 by Maj. Fulton, in 1876 by I. L. Allen, in 1877 by Dudley Selph, in 1878 by Frank Hyde, in 1879 by C. H. Laird, in 1880 by W. M. Farrow, in 1881 by F. J. Rabbeth, in 1882 by W. Budworth, in 1883 by H. T. Rockwell, in 1884, 1885 and 1886 by J. W. Todd, in 1887 by T. J. Dolan, in 1888 by W. M. Merrill.

No. 4. President's Match.—First stage: 200 and 500yds., 7 shots at each distance, open to all members of the army, navy and marine corps, or the national guard, 17 prizes. Second stage: Open to all prize winners in the first stage, 600yds., 10 shots.

No. 5. The Long Range Military Match.—Any military rifle, including specials, 800 and 900yds., any position, open to all comers, 15 shots at each distance, 6 prizes.

No. 6. The Tiffany Match.—All-comers, continuous match, 200 yds., standing, 7 shots on the American standard target, any weight rifle with 3lbs. trigger pull, but no palm or other rest allowed. The allowance for special military rifles will be 3 points, for other military rifles 4 points, and for the Remington State model .50cal. 5 points on each string, cleaning allowed between shots for rifles other than military or special military, the first prize will be a silver vase presented by Messrs. Tiffany & Co.; 31 cash prizes aggregating $264. The aggregate of 3 scores to count for all prizes. Extra prizes of $5, $3 and $2 will be awarded each day to the 3 competitors making the greatest number of bullseyes.

No. 7. Governor's Match.—10 shots at 500yds., position any, any military inclucing specials, open to all comers, $175 divided in 24 prizes.

No. 8. All-Comers' and Marksman's Badge Match.—Open to everybody, 200 and 500yds., 5 shots at each distance, Remington .50cal. State model or such other rifles as may be issued or authorized by the State of New York, 30 prizes, total $215.

No. 9, Hilton Trophy Match.—Open to teams of 12 from the army, navy or militia, 200, 500 and 600yds. Rounds, 7 at each distance, any military rifle which has been adopted, authorized or issued as an official arm by any State or government. Won in 1878 and 1879 by New York, 1880 by Division of Missouri, U. S. A.; 1881 by New York, 1882 by Pennsylvania, 1883 by Michigan, 1884 and 1885 by Division of Atlantic, U. S. A.; 1886, 1887 and 1888 by Massachusetts.

No. 10. Inter-State Military Match.—Open to one team of 12 militiamen from each State or Territory in the United States, distances 200 and 500yds., any military rifle which has been adopted, authorized or issued as an official arm by any State or government. Prize: To the team making the highest aggregate score, a large bronze "Soldier of Marathon." Won in 1875 by New York, 1876 by Connecticut, 1877 by California, 1878 and 1879 by New York, 1880 by New Jersey, 1881 by New York, 1882 by Pennsylvania, 1883 by Michigan, 1884 and 1885 by Pennsylvania, 1886, 1887 and 1888 by Massachusetts.

No. 11. Inter-State Long Range Match.—Open to teams of 4 from all rifle associations or clubs in any State or Territory in the United States, 800, 900 and 1,000yds., 15 shots at each distance, any rifle within the rules. Won in 1877 by Amateur Rifle Club, N. Y., in 1878 by Massachusetts Rifle Association, in 1879 by New Jersey State Rifle Association, in 1880 by Empire Rifle Club, N.Y., in 1881 by Ilion Rifle Club, in 1882 by Ilion Rifle Club, in 1883 by Ilion Rifle Club, in 1884 by Amateur Rifle Club, N. Y.

No. 12. New York State National Guard Match.—Open to teams of 12 men from each regiment, battalion or separate company of infantry of the national guard of the State of New York, 200 and 500yds., the Remington rifle, State model .50cal., 5 shots at each distance.

No. 13. First Brigade National Guard Match.—Open to teams of 12 from each regiment, battalion, or separate company of infantry in the first brigade of the State of New York, the Remington rifle, State model, 50cal., 200 and 500yds., 5 shots at each distance.

No. 14. Second Brigade National Guard Match.—Open to teams of 12 from each regiment, battalion or separate company of infantry in the second brigade, of the State of New York, the Remington rifle, State model, 50cal., 200 and 500yds., 5 shots at each.

No. 15. Revolver Match.—Distance 30yds., 5 shots on the American standard target, reduced for 100yds. Position standing, offhand use of one arm only allowed, revolver not to exceed 2¾lbs, in weight, maximum length of barrel (exclusive of chamber) 7½in., minimum trigger pull 3lbs., plain open sights sufficiently strong for service purposes, ammunition any, cleaning allowed between scores only, army revolvers, with 3lbs. trigger pull and using service ammunition, will be allowed 10 points on 3 scores, aggregate of 3 scores to count for all prizes, $60 div. into 10 prizes.

No. 16. Steward Match.—Open to all comers, 200yds., Creedmoor count, 5 shots, the Remington .50cal. State model or the United States Springfield rifle, match open every day.

The matches will be shot as nearly as possible upon the following days, though the right is reserved after entries are made to change the order of shooting. Tuesday 2 and 3, Wednesday 5, Thursday 4 and 11, Friday 12, 13 and 14, Saturday 9 and 10. 1, 6, 7, 8, 15 and 16 will be open every day.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Aug. 9.—There was a good attendance at the last shoot of the St. Louis Pistol Club. Mr. Hettel, after shoot-off with Mohrstadt, Neuhaus and Dorman, won the medal. Shooting is at a 20yds. standard American target. The scores are as follows:

W H Hettel	7	10	10	10	6	7	8	9	8	9—84
L G Dorman	6	8	7	9	10	10	9	6	10	9—84
E Mohrstadt	8	9	8	9	8	8	8	9	7	10—84
O Neuhaus	6	7	10	8	0	10	7	10	9	8—84
S V D Perret	6	9	10	7	8	8	8	7	8	8—79
M Summerfield	9	10	6	8	9	8	6	7	7	10—78
Fred A Fodde	8	7	6	6	7	8	9	7	9	10—77
W Bauer	8	6	5	10	8	5	5	8	10	7—75
G Alexander	7	6	7	8	7	9	5	5	9	10—73
J Albach	8	6	6	4	7	7	7	7	8	7—67
M Billmeyer	4	10	6	6	6	6	9	5	7	7—66
A E Bengel	6	7	8	5	5	8	4	5	7	6—61

Mohrstadt and Summerfield, both members of the local pistol club, have now shot three friendly matches; the former has won two, Both scores are good. Summerfield wound up very strong in his shooting. Conditions were 50 shots each at a 12½yds. Standard target, with 22cal. pistols. The score is as follows.

E Mohrstadt	10	8	7	10	10	8	9	7	10	6—85
	7	10	7	8	9	9	10	10	9	10—89
	9	10	9	8	10	7	9	10	9	10—91
	8	8	10	9	10	7	10	8	10	10—90
	10	6	8	6	10	9	8	10	7	8—82—437
M Summerfield	8	8	8	7	8	8	8	7	7	7—75
	9	8	7	9	9	10	10	5	8	9—84
	9	10	7	9	9	7	10	8	9	9—87
	10	9	8	9	9	8	8	10	8	9—88
	10	10	6	10	10	9	10	10	9	10—94—428

BOSTON, Aug. 10.—The several prize and practice matches of the Massachusetts Rifle Association were well patronized to-day at their range, a good number of riflmen being present. The shooting conditions most of the day were very good, with a light wind from 7 to 8 o'clock. Mr. Wilder won the gold medal in the 20-shot match, and Mr. Clark won the champion gold medal. C. M. Hill, of Lawrence, has finished shooting in the Victory medal match and won the gold, silver and bronze Victory and gold membership medals with some remarkable scores, as will be seen below. Following the scores of to-day:

20-Shot Rest Match.

S Wilder..... 11 11 11 12 10 8 11 8 10 7
10 11 9 12 9 9 12 10 12 9—202
J Francis..... 9 9 9 10 11 11 10 9 9 9
10 8 10 10 9 9 9 12 12 12—196
J R Munroe..... 10 9 9 12 10 9 12 8 9 9
11 12 10 12 8 10 9 9 10 6—194
J N Eames..... 9 12 11 9 10 8 11 9 3 10
9 12 10 9 10 7 8 10 9 10—191
P Williams..... 6 7 7 9 9 8 12 8 8 6
10 6 4 9 8 11 11 9 9 11—170

Champion Medal Match.

C C Clark..... 6 8 5 9 8 5 8 10 8 8—74
S O Merville..... 3 7 9 7 7 7 5 6 6 5—62

Victory Medal Match.

H Severance..... 9 6 8 7 9 9 7 7 8 9—79
C H Eastman..... 5 9 6 8 7 8 10 10 8 6—77
S O Merville..... 10 5 7 6 9 8 7 5 7 7—71
O T Moore..... 6 6 7 7 5 8 9 7 7 7—69
A S Hunt..... 6 9 5 6 8 9 6 6 8 6—68

Gold Victory Medal, won on ten 86s or better, 200yds.—C. M. Hill, 86, 91, 87, 89, 90, 89, 87, 91, 86 86.

Gold Membership Badge, won on ten 81s or better—C. M. Hill, 89, 82, 82, 83, 86, 88, 81, 86, 83, 83.

Silver Victory Medal, won on ten 80s or better—C. M. Hill, 89, 80, 85, 80, 83, 81, 86, 83, 87, 81.

Bronze Victory Medal, won on ten 75s or better—C. M. Hill, 78, 83, 79, 81, 85, 82, 83, 84, 95, 81.

All-Comers' Rest Match, 200yds.

J R Munroe..... 12 12 12 12 10 12 12 12 10 11—115
J N Eames..... 10 11 11 10 10 9 12 10 10 12—109
S Wilder..... 11 9 11 11 9 12 12 9 9 12—108
J Francis..... 10 11 9 11 9 12 12 9 9 12—104
W P Thompson..... 11 12 8 10 10 11 9 12 12 6—103
A Ballard..... 11 10 10 9 8 8 9 9 10 11— 95
S W Hart..... 9 8 12 8 12 11 9 9 9 8— 95
B G Barker..... 8 7 10 11 9 8 8 8 10 11— 92
A S Hunt..... 7 8 6 6 7 8 7 9 9 12—81
M A Morris..... 8 5 10 6 8 5 9 9 7 9— 76
M C Bean..... 7 8 6 6 7 7 9 8 8 9— 75

All-Comers' Off-Hand Match, 200yds.

F Daniels..... 8 7 9 7 8 7 4 9 6 8— 73
S O Merville..... 5 9 10 7 9 4 9 5 7 6—71
G L Hosmer..... 8 7 5 7 10 7 9 7 2 7— 69
M C Bean..... 5 6 9 7 9 6 6 4 9 7— 68
A S Hunt..... 5 5 7 5 9 6 5 9 9 7— 67

Military Match, 200yds.

J Wright..... 4543444345—37 B E Grant..... 3402044354—20
F W Nichols..... 4434144423—33 G H Wright..... 3233453502—27
D J McGilroray..... 2322330334—29 A J Wilson..... 3330042444—27

500yds.

J V Huntley..... 3443344245—36 J T Hanson..... 5022332333—26
O V Prescott..... 2554442204—32 A Spring..... 2020235454—27

800yds.

F Carter..... 5345555544—43

WILMINGTON, Del. Aug. 10.—A short time ago two pistol matches were arranged between E. J. Darlington and I. P. Taylor of Wilmington, Del., and N. A. Hughes and S. C. Steuber, of Williamsport, Pa, also with W. T. Whiteford and R. B. Powers, of Barnard, Mo. The terms of the matches provided for two men in each team, and Mr. Taylor intended to shoot in company with Mr. Darlington, but owing to death in the family of the former Mr. Darlington was obliged to shoot alone. He arranged the matches more for vacation pastime rather than with any hope of winning, as Mr. Hughes is recognized as one of the best of the very few fine pistol shots of Pennsylvania, and as for Mr. Whiteford, he is known as one of the most brilliant pistol shots of the West. But the phenomenal bounds with which Mr. Darlington's marksmanship has improved within the last few months enabled him to acquit himself with credit and win by a good lead in both cases. An incident in the match with Whiteford and Powers shows the quality of Mr. Darlington's nerves. Having made 9 consecutive scores of 81 and upward he naturally desired to make the last score round up evenly, but at the end of the seventh shot he found he would be obliged to make 27 to do so. This meant three straigh bullseyes or two 10s and a 7, and he did a trifle better and made an 8. The matches were shot during last week, and the scores, which have just been received, are as follows, 50yds., Stevens .22cal. pistols, standard American target.

First Match—Darlington vs. Hughes and Stuber.

E J Darlington..... 5 6 6 6 9 9 6 7 10 9—73
6 7 10 10 8 8 10 10 7 10—86
7 8 8 3 8 9 8 7 9 5—77
10 8 9 10 6 6 8 8 10 10—86
6 7 8 7 7 10 8 8 9 9—79
9 6 7 6 8 6 10 6 6 10—76
9 10 8 9 6 8 9 10 6 8—83
10 9 10 9 7 9 6 9 9 8—86
6 9 10 8 8 10 8 9 10 7—86
8 8 8 9 8 8 8 9 10 10—85—817—817
N A Hughes..... 9 5 9 10 6 7 5 8 7 7—74
7 10 5 9 8 7 10 10 9 10—85
8 6 6 8 9 8 8 8 8 5 75
8 10 10 6 9 10 6 7 9 9—86
9 9 7 6 6 8 7 8 5 7—72—396
S C Steuber..... 7 8 7 7 7 5 8 6 9 4—67
8 10 9 9 7 10 9 8 5 6—80
6 10 5 10 7 7 7 7 8 8—74
6 9 9 5 9 6 8 7 8 6—72
6 9 8 10 10 9 9 7 4 7—70—363—755

Second Match—Darlington vs. Whiteford and Powers.

E J Darlington..... 7 7 9 9 9 7 7 7 10 10—82
10 10 10 7 7 8 7 8 9 9—85
8 7 10 10 9 10 10 6 9 8—87
10 7 6 10 8 8 10 9 10 9—87
7 8 10 8 6 8 7 9 8 10—82
7 6 9 7 6 7 9 10 10 8—82
6 7 6 10 8 10 5 10 10 9—81
3 8 10 9 9 7 9 9 10 10—89
8 9 10 7 10 10 8 9 7 6—84
7 7 8 8 9 8 6 10 10 8—81—840—840
W T Whiteford..... 9 8 9 6 9 7 8 8 10 9—84
10 10 8 6 10 5 6 9 9 8—84
9 8 8 9 8 10 9 9 7 9—86
8 10 9 9 9 9 9 10 5 9 10—88
9 8 10 9 10 9 5 8 8 10—86—428
R B Powers..... 9 9 7 9 5 5 8 9 7 6—74
6 9 5 6 4 6 6 10 5 6—62
8 5 7 10 4 9 9 5 6 6—67
7 6 7 6 9 8 6 7 7 4—67
6 7 10 10 10 7 3 6 8 10—77—347—775

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Aug. 8.—Two teams from the City Guard shot a match at Lake Lookout yesterday under the rules that govern the annual matches at South Framingham. It was a perfect day for rifle shooting, but notwithstanding the favorable conditions some of the leaders on the champion team did not make a very good showing. Their score equals the best ever made at the State matches, however. The picked team made a very good showing, and demonstrated the fact that with a little more practice the old hands will have to look sharp to retain their laurels. The scores:

Capt. McDonald's Team.		S. M. McInerny's Team.	
F L Hosmer	4545445—31	J Martin	3445554—30
J M Johnson	5 44445—30	S M McInerney	3445445—29
J A Sterling	4454444—29	J E Bolliger	4534445—29
W E Hosmer	4444444—28	H J Smith	4544445—28
W M Merrick	4444444—28	E R Taft	4434444—27
S Bowers	4444344—27	F Syner	4443242—23
H McDonald	5443454—27—200	G Lammerhirt	0443444—23—189

After the match the following scores were shot:

H J Smith	4554545—32	J A Sterling	4444454—29
W E Hosmer	5545445—32	F Hosmer	4454444—29
W M Merrick	4444554—30	S Bowers	4444444—28
H McDonald	5444454—30	E R Taft	4444543—28
J M Johnson	5544444—30		

These men qualified as marksmen in the third class:

Wm L Young	44434—19	G L Hersey	23543—17
H J Vesper	34334—17	W Parker	45044—17
W J Smith	53324—17		

LIVERPOOL, Aug. 8.—Americans coming across would do well to leave their revolvers at home. Mr. J. W. Smith, of Los Angeles, who crossed on the Adriatic with his father and brother, both of whom manufacture rugs in New York, was arrested today, searched, taken to court and fined $25 and costs for having a pistol and 45 rounds of ball cartridges in his baggage.

ROCHESTER, Aug. 7.—To-day was by all odds the busiest day yet at the Schuetzenfest at Windsor Beach. The attendance of spectators and gunners was very large. The day, too, was perfect, and, as scarcely a breath of air was stirring, some excellent scores were made. The chief feature of the day was the contest between the teams composed of the Rochester Schuetzengilde and the Central Schuetzenverein of Buffalo. The prize was the handsome silver cup which the Rochester marksmen won from the Buffalos on the occasion of the contest in Buffalo in July. According to the terms of the match the cup must be won twice in succession by one of the teams in order to become its permanent property and exempt from challenges. The contest was a remarkably close and exciting one, but the Rochester men again proved too much for the Queen City marksmen, and won, although they had but five points to spare, the score standing 738 to 732. Following are the individual scores of the members of the two teams, 100 points being possible in 10 shots:

Rochester Team.		Buffalo Team.	
Frank Schwikert	88	Joseph Schmidt	78
John F Boyd	71	Matt Long	87
Charles Green	87	Frank Rudler	90
M D Tarba	84	John Zenner	51
Ed Shackleton	75	Alex Kercher	70
E Meyer	57	Gott Wackerle	70
W O La Force	79	William Cleesattel	70
Charles Hoehn	76	Val Loebner	60
Frank Harvey	55	Joseph Diegel	65
Charles Harvey	66—738	Michael Bernhardt	71—732

HAMILTON, Ont., Aug. 7.—To-day a match took place between twelve members of the Victoria Rifle Club and the same number from the Waterdown Rifle Association, at the Victoria ranges, Hamilton. The shooting was at ranges of 200, 500 and 600yds., seven shots at each range. The Victoria Club team won by 110 points. The Waterdown team was one man short, so they were allowed A. Poole, of the Victoria Club, who made a great record. His score at the 500yds. range was the largest that has been made on the grounds. He made eight consecutive bullseyes, one of them being a side shot:

Victoria Club.	200	500	600	Tl
M Graham	33	33	20	86
E B Ross	27	32	26	85
W H Clarke	30	24	30	84
Geo Margetts	32	28	24	84
E G Zealand	26	31	25	82
A Murdoch	27	26	26	79
A Pain	27	22	22	78
G Murdoch	28	23	21	77
W Thompson	29	22	25	76
R Hooper	26	27	23	76
J Adam	27	22	18	67
P T Robertson	26	22	18	66
	338	324	278	940

Waterdown Club.	200	500	600	Tl
A Poole	32	35	16	83
E F Rymal	27	26	26	79
W Cuckow	29	26	23	78
A Robertson	30	27	21	78
W Ryckman	27	20	25	72
Dr McGregor	31	26	15	72
J Esterbrook	27	22	14	63
T Mulloch	25	24	11	60
G Cartwright	26	27	7	60
J Palmer	27	20	11	58
J Dickson	29	18	10	57
	333	300	197	830

NEW YORK, Aug. 12.—The seventh marksman's badge and sharpshooters' matches of the N. R. A. were shot at Creedmoor on Saturday, Aug. 10. The rain again interfered in the forenoon and delayed the match until 11 o'clock. The conditions were fair, the wind was from 7 to 9 and very tricky at times. Attendance good in the afternoon and scores very fair. Following were the winners:

	200yds.	500yds.	Total.
A Stein, Co C, 7th Regt.	24	23	47
Cash Prizes.			
G E Constable, Co F, 13th Regt.	21	25	46
E A Anderson, Co I, 71st Regt.	22	24	46
R Byars, Co G, 22d Regt.	21	23	44
F A Wells, Co B, 23d Regt.	22	22	44
G W Lotz, Co G, 13th Regt.	22	22	44
C C Wallace, Co I, 14th Regt.	20	23	43
J T Kirby, Co A, 7th Regt.	21	22	43
Medal Winners.			
Geo Ball, Co F, 23d Regt.	21	25	46
G S Scott, Jr, Co A, 23d Regt.	23	22	45

A. Stein won the gold marksman's badge for the second time.—J. MANZ, JR., Ass't Sec'y N. R. A.

MALDEN, Mass, Aug. 10.—There was a large attendance at the Bear's Den Range this afternoon, the weather being favorable, and a number of excellent scores were made as follows:

Sergt W H Thompson, Queen's Own	54345—21
G M Pottle, Co. L, 5th Regiment	44545—22
A H Whitteking, Co. L, 5th Regiment	45454—22
Lieut E C B Erickson, Co. L, 5th Regiment	54445—22
Capt J H Lathrop, 1st Brigade Staff	45455—23
Lieut H M Borghardt, 1st Brigade Staff	44334—18
Sergt E B Wells, 1st Brigade Staff	23053—13

It is expected that the range is to be open every Tuesday afternoon in future. Some of the crack companies in the State are making arrangements to lease it every Tuesday, so as to give its members a chance to practice, this being counted one of the finest rifle ranges in the State.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 10.—The Philadelphia Rifle Club at their regular weekly shoot had quite a large attendance, and some very fine shooting was done, particularly that of Mr. Jas. M. Green, as he shot a 22cal. special Wurfflein rifle. During the afternoon he made 21 red flags (4in. cartons), also making the nearest center-shot during the day. He also had the honor of winning the club silver medal, making 62 points out of a possible 75, 60 being required to win the silver and 66 to win the gold medal. Following are the official scores, 200yds., off-hand, on the Standard American target:

E Travis	7	8	10	8	10	10	8	7	8	7—83
C Molter	6	8	8	8	6	8	7	10	7	10—79
E F Kolb	10	10	9	5	5	5	9	9	6	10—78
J M Green	9	7	9	6	6	6	8	6	8	7—75
Wm Wurfflein	4	8	6	6	7	5	8	6	9	7—66
M Brierly	8	7	5	9	8	2	6	5	7	7—64
Wm Gelzer	7	6	9	5	7	6	4	5	6	6—62

Point target, 4in. centers: J. M. Green 21, E. Travis 18, Price 12, E. Steiber 10, C. Molter 9, E. F. Kolb 5, Wm. Gelzer 4. Honor targets, possible 75: J. M. Green (medal) 62, Wm. Wurfflein 58, E. Travis 57, Price 53, E. F. Kolb 47, E. Steiber 46, Wm. Gelzer 47, C. Molter 56, M. Brierly 13.

NEWARK, Aug. 7.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Newark Shooting Society held this evening the shooting committee was instructed to arrange for the annual king and honor shoot of the society, the same to be held on Sept. 26. The same rule will obtain as in former years on the honor target, each member shooting being obliged to donate a prize valued at not less than $3, the maker of the highest score being awarded the king's medal. No member can win more than one of these medals. Besides this there will be a point target, open to all for a percentage of the receipts, and also a ring target, open to all, for a fair-sized prize list to be arranged later.... Aug. 8.—The trophy match was won by J. T. B. Collins with a score of 217, A. Begerow scored 216, H. Williams 212, C. H. Townsend 200, J. Coppersmith 208, C.E. Gensch 200, F. C. Campbell 190, W. Drexler 182, F. A. Freiensehner 153. In the expert match the score were as follows: A. Begerow 68, 64; J. Coppersmith 67, 66, 64, 64; H. Williams 64, 64, 61, F. C. Campbell 64, 62, 62; J. T. B. Collins 62; C. E. Gensch 62; C. H. Townsend 57.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

Secretaries of clubs and managers of tournaments are requested to keep us advised of the dates of their shoots, so that we may give due notice in our column of fixtures.

FIXTURES.

Aug. 13, 14, 15, 16 and 17.—Tournament at Leadville, Col.

Aug. 20, 21, 22, 23.—Second annual tournament of the Keystone Manufacturing Co., of Corry, Pa. Traps will be pulled by a new electric apparatus.

Aug. 22.—Amateur tournament, at Keystone target, Peekskill, N. Y. W. H. Pierce, Secretary.

Sept. 3, 4, 5.—Annual Tournament of the Rocky Mountain Trap Shooters, Denver, Colo., Broadway Athletic Park. Inanimate and live targets. Address C. M. Hampson, Denver.

Sept. 10, 11, 12.—St. Paul, Minn., Gun Club Tournament, at Hamilton. F. D. Ponsonby, Secretary, St. Paul.

Sept. 17, 18, 19, 20.—Central Illinois Sportsmen's Association's eleventh annual tournament, Jerseyville, Ill.

Sept. 24, 25, 26 and 27.—Fifth Annual Tournament given by Al. Bandle, at Cincinnati; $1,000 guaranteed.

Sept. 24, 25, 26, 27.—New Jersey State Sportsman's Association for the Protection of Fish and Game Annual Tournament, on grounds of the Jersey City Heights Gun Club, at Marion, N. J. W. F. Quimby, 291 Broadway, N. Y.

Oct. 8, 9, 10, 11.—Middlesex Gun Club Tournament, Dunellen, N. J. W. F. Force, Secretary, Plainfield, N. J.

Oct. 8, 9, 10, 11.—Fred A. Fodde's Second Annual Amateur Tournament, at St. Louis, Mo. Inanimate targets and live birds.

Oct. 15, 16, 17, 18.—Tournament at live birds and inanimate targets. J. F. Kleinz, Secretary, 600 South Delaware avenue, Philadelphia.

Oct. 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25.—Second Tournament of the Mercer Gun Club, at Trenton, N. J. E. G. Updegrove, President.

COMPTON HILL.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Aug. 9.—The tournament of the Compton Hill Gun Club held last Wednesday was favored with pleasant weather and a good attendance. There was no wind to affect the flight of the targets and the scores were as a rule very good. Keystone targets were used for all events. Dr. E. L. Spencer of Bunker Hill, Ill., was awarded $10 for the best average of the day. His score was 84 out of 93 shot at, not counting ties. Second prize $5 was won by Lenhard, and third, $3, by J. Longsworth. The shoot was in every particular a grand success and the club will hold another shortly.

Shoot No. 1, 6 targets:

J Lee	110000—2	E Prendergast	111111—6
B Weaver	111111—6	S Prendergast	111111—6
T Bauer	111111—6	Dr Spencer	111111—6
S Hill	111111—6	McGivney	011110—4
F Rawlins	010101—3	Sieminskie	111110—5
Charles	000011—2	J Steffen	111001—4
J Lenhardt	011111—5	E Meyer	110110—4

Weaver and Bauer first, Sieminskie and Lenhardt second, ties on 4 divided third.

Shoot No. 2, 9 targets:

Sieminskie	011101111—7	Rawlins	100111100—5
Weaver	111111111—9	E Prendergast	111011101—7
Lenhardt	011111111—8	Hill	111111110—8
Meyer	111110111—8	W Flynn	010011100—4
B Westhus	111110111—8	Lee	100101101—5
McGivney	101111100—6	Dr Spencer	111111110—8
Good	101101111—7	Jack Schaff	100010110—4
Steffen	101110101—6	Thorpe	110111011—7
G Prendergast	011010111—6	Twist	110111101—7
Charles	110101111—7	Puchta	111000101—6
Bauer	011111111—8	L Dening	101110111—7

Sieminskie first, Meyer and Bauer second, Good, Charles and Dening third, G. Prendergast and Puchta fourth.

Shoot No. 3, 12 targets:

Sieminskie	111111011000— 8	Lee	111111101100— 9
Weaver	111100101111— 9	G Prendergast	111111011111—11
Bauer	111111110111—11	Good	001011101011— 7
Charles	010010110011— 6	Brinkman	011011101001— 7
Westhus	111011101011— 9	Dening	110110110110— 8
Meyer	111111111112—12	Lenhardt	111111101111—11
Rawlins	011011001000— 5	Puchta	111101111111—11
Hill	111001011111— 9	Thorpe	001111101101— 8
E Prendergast	111111111101—11	Dr Spencer	111111111011—11
Steffen	101111111111—11	Flynn	111100010001— 6
Jones	001001110011— 6		

Meyer first, Steffen second, Lenhardt third, Westhus and Hill fourth.

Shoot No 4, 6 targets:

Sieminskie	111110—5	G Prendergast	111110—5
Weaver	011110—4	Westhus	011001—3
Bauer	101111—5	Dr Spencer	111111—6
E Prendergast	111111—6	P Lobadie	101010—3
Hill	011111—5	Prechter	010010—2
Rawlins	101110—4	Brinkman	100010—2
Charles	010110—3	Dening	111010—4
Lenhardt	111111—6	Steffer	111111—6
Jones	111011—5	Lee	100110—3
Meyer	111111—6	McGivney	101011—4
Good	100011—3	Flynn	011110—4

E. Prendergast and Dr. Spencer first, Sieminskie and Bauer second, Dening and Flynn third, P. Lobadie fourth.

Shoot No. 5, 9 straight:

Sieminski	111111111—9	Good	111010111—7
Weaver	101110111—7	Puchta	010111101—6
Bauer	101111111—8	Dr Spencer	111010111—7
Jones	110001111—6	Lobadie	011011101—6
Charles	100101101—5	Westhus	111111110—8
Meyer	111111111—9	Dening	111111001—7
Hill	111111111—9	Brinkman	111011111—8
Rawlins	010011111—8	McGivney	110110110—6
E Prendergast	110111111—8	Flynn	101111001—5
G Prendergast	111011111—8	Steffen	111111101—8
Lenhardt	111111111—9	Lee	101111010—6

Ties on 9 divided first, Westhus second, Dening and G. Prendergast third, Rawlins fourth.

Shoot No. 6, 12 targets:

Sieminskie	111111001111—10	Steffen	111111001111—10
Weaver	110110110111— 9	E Prendergast	111111111011—11
Rawlins	101101001111— 8	Good	111111111011—11
Hill	110111111111—11	Puchta	111111110010—10
Wade	110111110010— 8	Lenhardt	101111111111—11
Dening	111111011001—10	Westlins	111101111111 11
Bauer	111111111001—11	Brinkman	101100101101— 8
Jones	111111111011—11	G Prendergast	101100101101— 7
Lobadie	110111101110— 9	Dr Spencer	011111110111—10
Charles	111001010111— 9	Hagerty	101010110111— 9
E Mohrstadt	111111111011—11	Lee	111101011011—10
Meyer	111111111112—12		

Meyer first, Bauer and Good second, Sieminskie and Dr. Spencer third, Lobadie and Hagerty fourth.

Shoot No. 7, 9 targets:

Steffen	010011111—6	Sieminskie	111111101—8
Hill	111101111—8	Weaver	110111111—8
Dr Spencer	111111011—8	Meyer	101111101—7
E Prendergast	111101111—8	Rawlins	001101000—3
Lenhardt	111011111—8	Mackwitz	111111011—8
Westhus	111001111—7	Lobadie	101000110—4
Charles	111110110—7	Jones	111111111—9
Dening	101011101—6	Hagerty	111111111—9
Good	101010110—5	Bauer	111011111—8
French	111111110—8	Puchta	101111001—6
G Prendergast	100100110—4	Brinkman	001101110—5
Latshaw	100011000—3	McGivney	111100011—7

Ties on 9 divided first, ties on 8 divided second, Westhus third, ties on 7 divided fourth.

Shoot No. 8, 12 targets:

Sieminskie	111111111111—12	Steffen	111000101110— 7
Weaver	111101101110— 9	Westhus	111111011111—11
Bauer	111101111101—10	Puchta	111001111011— 9
Hagerty	111101101111— 9	Brinkman	011011111111—10
Lenhardt	111111011111—11	Good	001010100010— 4
Jones	111111111011—11	Dening	111101100111— 9
Charles	011001111001— 7	S Prendergast	111111111111—12
Dr Spencer	111111111112—12	Latshaw	110110111011— 9
E Mohrstadt	110110011111— 9	McGivney	111110101010— 8
Rawlins	001111110000— 6	Sloan	000000001000— 1
Hill	111011111011—10	Meyer	111101111110—10

A 100-target sweepstakes took place at Compton Avenue Park yesterday. The weather was favorable. Keystone targets, walk-around rule:

J Wilber	21	20	22	16	—79	F Bauer	20	21	22	23—86
J E Hagerty	13	14	14	14	—55	Ed Meyer	21	22	24	23—90
J Latshaw	16	16	17	17	—66	B Westhus	19	22	23	21—85
H P Wilson	18	16	13	18	—65	J R Shepley	20	18	19	20—78
Col Moore	17	15	15	17	—64	J Longsworth	9	7	11	11—38

Meyer first, Bauer second, Westhus third.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 8.—The Coney Island shoot to-day for the Bohemian medal was a big event for the shooters. There were 54 contestants for the prize, and the success of the shoot was largely due to the clever direction that affairs were given by Bandle, "Wick" and Charley Kauffman. Following is the official score of the shoot: Merrick 18, E. Fey 18, C. Stevens 15, Wick 20, Cole 22, Hayes 18, E. Taylor 18, Kentuck 19, S. Vincent 19, Randall 16, Coudell 22, W. Hessler 15, Bohemian 10, Pinckard 13, Late 18, Adams 16, Colonel Stevenson 16, Bramble 9, Warwick 17, Green 13, Whitney 18, Richard 22, Willie 19. C. Apsking 7, J. Zeigler 6, Kattenhorn 19, C. E. Briggs 8, J. E. Miller 9, Halthouse 4, Dachfire 16, Kreb 19, Dayton 10, Tittle 20, Hayseed 17, Bandle 21, Tanner 9, J. Kestner 12, Graham 17, Clarence 15, Leedom 17, S. Rowen 15, J. Schatsman 17, Armstrong 13, Weiner 9, T. Gastrights 19, Frank 16, Krause 15, Exist 10, No Good 15, Murphy 14, Montice 8, Caldwell 15, J. S. Ervin 1, R. Trimble 16. Coudel, Coe and Richard being a tie, they shot at 10 singie birds each: Coudel 8, Coe 9, Richard 9. Second tie at 5 single birds: Coe 3, Richard 5.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 8.—A big trap shoot is taking place on the government pier to-day, the proceeds of which will be given to the popular Fresh Air Fund for children.

ELM CITY GUN CLUB MEET.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Aug. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following are the scores of the tournament held on the ground of the Elm City Gun Club, Aug. 9. This is our third attempt in this line and in spite of the threatening weather several good shots were present, among them being Yerrington and Barnes, of Norwich, Woodford, Alcott and Capen, of Avon, Whitlesey, of Hartford, and Ferris, of Westport, who with Messrs. Whitney, Hill, Bates, Gould, Albee, Sherman, Widman, and Beers make a place pretty hot for the best of them. We hold regular shoots on the first and third Fridays in each month.

Event No. 1, 6 Keystones:

Hill	111111—6	Beers	111011—5
Merriman	111111—6	Woods	100001—2
Ferris	111011—5	Folsom	011100—3
Tyler	000111—3	Eddy	110110—4

Event No. 2, same:

Whitney	111111—6	Folsom	011011—4
Hill	111011—5	Ferris	111000—3
Merriman	110111—5	Woods	000000—0
Tyler	110111—5	Beers	010010—2
Eddy	010111—4		

Event No. 3, 9 Keystones:

Sherman	111111111—9	Yerrington	111110011—7
Gould	111111110—8	Barnes	101110111—7
Whitney	101111111—8	Tyler	011010111—6
Ferris	111111011—8	Hill	111010111—6
Capen	011111011—7	Merriman	101110110—6
Whittlesey	111010111—7	Folsom	110010110—5
Beers	011011111—7	Woods	110110010—5

Second and third divided, Tyler and Hill tied again on 3 to Merriman's 2 and divided fourth.

Event No. 4, 9 Keystones:

Yerrington	111111111—9	Tyler	111111100—7
Alcott	111111111—9	Capen	111011101—7
Hill	111011111—8	Gould	011111110—7
Ferris	111111110—8	Merriman	011011101—6
Whitney	111111011—8	Barnes	011011011—6
Sherman	111111011—8	Whitlesey	101101110—6
Beers	111101111—8	Folsom	101110100—5
Woodford	111111101—8		

First and third divided. Shoot off for second: Whitney 0, Beers 1, Hill 3, Woodford 5, Ferris and Sherman 6 and divided. For fourth: Whittlesey 0, Merriman and Barnes 3 and divided.

Event No. 5, 3 singles and 3 pairs:

Capen	011 11 11 11—8	Barnes	110 11 10 10—6
Hill	111 01 10 11—7	Whitney	111 00 10 11—6
Merriman	111 11 10 10—7	Gould	011 10 10 00—6
Yerrington	111 11 10 10—7	Whitlesey	110 11 10 10—6
Sherman	111 10 11 10—7	Alcott	001 11 11 01—6
Folsom	111 10 10 10—6	Ferris	111 10 00 01—5
Beers	111 10 10 10—6	Woodford	011 10 10 00—4

Second div. For third, Alcott 1, Folsom 2, Whitlesey 4, Beers and Barnes 5, Whitney 6, Gould 7 and won.

Event No. 6, at 12 Keystones, both barrels:

Hill	111111111111—12	Gould	111111111110—11
Ferris	111111111111—12	Woodford	111101111111—11
Whitney	111111111111—12	Yerrington	111111101011—10
Beers	111111111111—12	Whittlesey	111101111110—10
Avery	111111111111—12	Alcott	101111110111—10
Folsom	011111111111—11	Merriman	110011111110— 9
Sherman	111011111111—11		

Shoot off for first, Ferris 2, others 3 and div. Other ties div.

Event No. 7, 10 straightaways, 21yds., ties divided:

Yerrington	1111111111—10	Hill	1011110111— 8
Whitney	1111111111—10	Ferris	1100111111— 8
Sherman	1111111111—10	Woodford	0110111111— 8
Beers	1111111111—10	Merriman	0111011111— 8
Gould	1111111111—10	Alcott	1010011111— 7
Folsom	1110111111— 9	Tyler	0101111110— 7
Whitlesey	1011111111— 9	Barnes	0100111111— 7
Avery	1111110111— 9	Capen	1101011001— 6

Event No. 8, team match, 12 birds per man:

Widman	111110011111—11	Sherman	111111011111—11
Bates	111111111111—12—23	Whitney	111010111011— 9—20
Alcott	110110111111—10	Folsom	111011111011—10
Woodford	111111111111—12—22	Beers	101111111100 —10—20
Gould	111110111010— 7	Avery	111001111000— 7
Yerrington	101111111111 —11—21	Ferris	111111101111—11—18
Barnes	111111111101—11	Hill	010010011110— 6
Whitlesey	110111110111—10—21	Merriman	101111111101—10—16

Third div., Sherman and Whitney fourth on shoot-off.

Event No. 8, 6 singles and 3 pairs, ties divided:

Widman	111110 11 11 11—11	Merriman	111111 10 10 10— 9
Avery	111111 11 10 11—11	Hill	111101 11 00 10— 8
Gould	111110 11 11 11—11	Ferris	111101 10 10 10— 8
Whitlesey	111110 11 11 11—11	Whitney	111010 10 11 01— 8
Bates	110111 11 11 10—10	Sherman	111011 00 10 10— 7
Capen	111111 11 10 10—10	Barnes	011101 00 11 10— 7
Woodford	111111 10 10 10— 9	Folsom	110010 00 11 10— 6
Yerrington	111111 00 11 10— 9		

Event No. 10, 9 Keystones:

Hill	111111111—9	Capen	011111110—7
Sherman	111111111—9	Bates	110111011—7
Gould	111111111—9	Whitney	011101111—7
Beers	111111111—9	Merriman	101111011—7
Yerrington	111111011—8	Folsom	111110101—7
Barnes	111110111—8	Whitlesey	110111110—7
Avery	111111011—8	Eddy	111110101—7
Widman	011011111—7	Ferris	111010101—6
Woodford	101011111—7		

First and second div., Widman and Woodford third on shoot-off.

Event No. 11, 12 Keystones, both barrels:

Yerrington	111111111111—12	Capen	111111110110—10
Hill	111111111111—12	Alcott	111110011111—10
Whitney	111111111111—12	Sherman	111000111111— 9
Gould	111111111111—12	Bates	111100101111— 9
Beers	111111111111—12	Woodford	101011111101— 9
Avery	111011111111—11	Widman	111111011001— 9
Whitlesey	111111101111—11	Woods	011110010110— 7
Folsom	110111111101—10	Merriman	110010110110— 6

First, second and third divided; Sherman fourth on shoot-off.

Event No. 12, at 6 singles and 5 pairs, ties divided:

Whitney	111111	10 10 11 11 11—14	
Bates	111111	11 10 11 01 11—14	
Gould	111111	11 10 11 10 11—14	
Avery	111110	01 11 11 10 11—13	
Whitlesey	110111	10 11 11 10 11—12	
Sherman	111110	10 11 10 10 10—11	
Folsom	110101	11 11 10 10 10—11	
Hill	101110	10 11 01 01 11—11	
Widman	011111	10 11 10 00 11—10	
Capen	011110	10 10 11 01 10—10	
Barnes	011010	10 00 10 11 10— 9	
Merriman	010010	00 11 10 10 10— 8	

Event No. 13, 15 Keystones:

Yerrington	111111111111011—14	Avery	101101111101111—12
Sherman	111111011111111—14	Merriman	110111111011110—12
Hill	111111111101111—14	Albee	101101111011111—12
Bates	111111011111111—14	Woodford	011111011111011—12
Whitney	011111101111111—13	Widman	011110111011110—11
Gould	111111110111110—13	Folsom	110011111000111— 9

First and second divide; Avery, Merriman and Albee third on shoot off.

Event No. 14, miss and out: Hill 10 and won, Widman 9, Albee 7, Yerrington 6, Gould 5, Whitney 5, Folsom 4, Avery 4, Whitlesey 3, Bates 2, Sherman 2, Merriman 0.

Event No. 15, 9 Keystones, ties div.:

Yerrington	111111111—9	Bates	111101111—8
Albee	111111111—9	Whitney	111111110—8
Whitlesey	111111111—9	Folsom	111110011—7
Hill	111111111—9	Widman	110010011—5
Sherman	011111111—8		

Event No. 16, 6 Keystones, ties div.:

Yerrington	111111—6	Sherman	111101—5
Bates	111111—6	Widman	110010—3
Hill	111111—6	Whitney	100110—3

DAYTON, O., Aug. 7.—At the regular Kennel Club shoot to-day Adolph Sander won the trophy with a score of 26 out of 30 bluerocks, Ed Cooper and Charles Wheaten 24 each, Gus Sander and Charles Stoddard 21 each, Charles Sander 22, Charles Hanich and Thomas Hannah, 20 each.

Every week we are obliged to defer to the next week trap scores which come in too late for publication in the current issue. It is particularly requested that scores be sent us as early as possible.

AMERICAN SHOOTING ASSOCIATION.

BOSTON, Aug. 13.—The second annual tournament of the American shooting Association is now in progress. The shooting grounds are located at Beacon Park, a time-honored trotting track, but a few miles out from Boston in the town of Allston.

These grounds are admirably adapted for conducting a large tournament, and the arrangements made by the Association are very complete. In anticipation of an extra large attendance Major Taylor had devoted considerable time to devising a ground plan which would allow of the constant operation of many sets of traps without occupying too much space. As a result of his work six sets of five traps each are in a half circle, and at these traps the shooting is almost ceaseless at Peoria blackbirds, Keystone targets, bluerocks, standards, Ligowsky, kingbirds and Al. Baude clay birds. By this plan all shooters are kept in a more confined space and are within easy call when wanted from one set of traps to another. Under this arrangement no delays occurred, and the 11 events of the day were gotten through in short order.

One of the most interesting contests was the team race of teams of two men belonging both to the same club. Ed Collins and E. Pumphrey, of the Ferdinand Gun Club, made 39 out of 40, but the management decided that they were not members of a regularly organized gun club, and so awarded first prize to the team making the next highest score. This caused some kicking on the part of Messrs. Collins and Pumphrey, but the management was firm and insisted on the ruling and returned the entrance fee. About 150 shooters were present, representing all the Eastern States and many Western States as well. A larger number is expected to-morrow, when the event of the week, the team race between the East and the West, is to be shot. Stice, Budd and Baadle, who were confidently expected to be here, are not present. The scores of the whole tournament will be given in full next week.

F. Mason.

PARK RIDGE SHOOT.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 8.—A novel form of trap-shooting entertainment has been devised by Mr. Henry Stephens, one of the best known Chicago shooters, which will be largely attended by the gentlemen of this city, and doubtless will be a success. Following is the call:

"You are cordially invited, with your family and friends, to attend a basket picnic at Los Alamos Park, Park Ridge, on Tuesday, Aug. 20. Gentlemen accompanied by ladies are invited to lunch at Mrs. Henry Stephens's table in the park. Adjoining the park there will be trap-shooting for four prizes, valued at $1,750, viz: One lot at $550, and three lots at $400 each. Contest open to all members of any shooting club, in good standing, residing in Cook county, Ill. The conditions of the shoot will be as follows:

"Ten live birds from five ground traps, Illinois State rules to govern. Class A will have two prizes, value $550 and $400; class B one prize, value $400; class C one prize, value $400. The shooters will be classified A, B and C, according to the ability of the shooter, to be determined by a committee of the following well-known gentlemen: R. B. Ogden, W. P. Mussey, W. L. Shepard, J. J. Gillespie, W. W. Foss, W. W. McFarland, W. N. Low and C. D. Gammon. Entrance to shoot $10 (including birds and railway fare). Railway tickets to picnic and the shoot can be obtained free of charge from W. P. Mussey, 104 Madison street, Western Arms and Cartridge Co., 49 State street, Jenney & Graham, 53 State street, or will be mailed to you by applying to Henry Stephens, Room 14, Portland Block."

E. Hough.

ILLINOIS ASSOCIATION.

CHICAGO, July 29.—*To the Members of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association:* Messrs. R. B. Organ, W. P. Mussey, Chas. S. Wilcox, Geo. T. Farmer and C. S. Burton having united in a request that the competition for the trophies provided by the Chicago *Herald* and the Jenney & Graham Gun Co., and contested for at last annual tournament of the Association, be re-opened; therefore, in compliance with the conditions under which these prizes were presented the Association, Thursday, Aug. 29th proximo, is appointed as the date, and 10 o'clock A. M., Watson's Park, Grand Crossing, as the hour and place.

The special conditions referred to, as governing the proposed contests, are as follows: "On the request of five persons, members of the State Sportsmen's Association, the president shall call shoots for these trophies, not oftener than once in three months, and shall give thirty days' notice of the date of the shoot; the contests shall be held at Chicago, and shall consist of twenty live birds to each man, the entrance fee shall be $20, including birds; from the purse $50 shall be awarded to the previous winner of the trophies, the remainder to be divided into four moneys, on the basis of 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Ties for the trophies shall be decided at five birds. The gun and medal shall become the personal property of any contestant winning them three times."

F. C. Donald, President.

BLAUVELTVILLE, N. Y., Aug. 10.—The Saturday half-holiday matches of the Spring Hill Gun Club were very interesting as will be seen by the scores below. The day being perfect there assembled quite a number of good shooters who all enjoyed themselves and will try the sport again. On Friday, Aug. 16, this club will send a team to shoot a friendly match with the Bergen County Gun Club. Match No. 1, 5 bluerock clay-pigeons:

Dr Allen	01111—4	P Moeller	00110—2
J Bogart	11111—5	C A Kittle	10001—2

Match No. 2, same:

J Bogart	11110—4	Van Riper	01111—4
Dr Allen	10010—2	C A Kittle	11011—4
P Moeller	10010—2		

Ties for first: Bogart 2, others 1 each. For second: Moeller 1, Allen 0.

Match No. 3, same:

J Bogart	11111—5	Van Riper	11111—5
A D Kittle	11010—3	Dr Allen	11111—5
P Moeller	11101—4	C A Kittle	10010—2

Ties for first: Van Riper 9, Bogart 8, Allen 5.

Match No. 4, 9 bluerock clay-pigeons:

A D Kittle	101111110—8	G Pierson	111110111—8
Dr Allen	111101111—8	Van Riper	110111111—8
F Waite	110111111—8	J J Blauvelt	011110101—6
J Bogart	101001101—5	C M Hathaway	111111111—9
P Moeller	111111010—7	C A Kittle	011100011—5

Ties on 8: Van Riper 9, Allen 8, Pierson 2, Waite 1.

Match No. 5, same:

Hathaway	111101110—7	P Moeller	011101101—6
Waite	110001001—4	A D Kittle	011111101—7
Dr Allen	011011111—7	J J Blauvelt	111110100—6
Pierson	111111111—9	Van Riper	111111110—8
J Bogart	111111111—9		

Match No. 6, 9 bluerock clay pigeons:

F Waite	001111111—7	P Moeller	110101101—6
Pierson	111111101—8	F Post	110111011—7
Dr Allen	010111111—7	J Lippe	101011010—5
J Bogart	111111111—9	Barnutz	011111101—7
Van Riper	111111011—8	Hathaway	100111111—7
A D Kittle	110111111—8		

Ties on 8: Pierson 1, Van Riper 12 and 2, Kittle 12 and 1. On 7: Post 6, Waite 5, Allen 1, Barnutz 0.

Match No. 7, same, ties div.:

A D Kittle	110001101—5	Blauvelt	101111111—8
Hathaway	111110110—7	Waite	101111110—7
Pierson	111101111—8	Barnutz	001011011—5
Bogart	111011101—7	Lippe	011111100—6
Post	111111110—8	Dr Allen	111111111—9

Match No. 8, same, ties divided:

A D Kittle	111111110—8	Post	101011011—6
Hathaway	001111111—8	Blauvelt	110111111—8
Pierson	111011111—8	Barnutz	000010011—3
Waite	101000111—5	Bogart	100101010—4
Allen	111011111—8	Lippe	111101001—6

Match No. 9, same, ties divided:

A D Kittle	111010011—6	Allen	111111111—9
Hathaway	111100111—7	Blauvelt	110110011—6
Waite	101011101—6	Post	101110111—7
Pierson	111010111—7	Forshay	011011111—7

Match No. 10, same:

Kittle	111110101—7	Pierson	110111110—7
Hathaway	111111111—9	Allen	101011111—7
Waite	110001100—4	Post	101011111—7

Ties on 7: Kittle 4, Allen 3, Post and Pierson 1.

C. A. Kittle, Sec'y.

ST. PAUL, Aug. 5.—The fourth annual tournament of the St. Paul Gun Club will take place Sept. 10, 11 and 12, at Hamline, during State Fair week.—F. D. Ponsonby, Sec'y.

N. Y. SUBURBAN SHOOT.—Claremont, N. J., Aug. 10.—Sweep No 1, 25cts. entry, 10 birds, 2 moneys:

Miller	1111111111—10	Tatham	0111101111— 8
Johnson	0111111101— 8	Pomphrey	0111001100— 5
Sigler	1111101101— 8		

Johnson won second on shoot-off.

No. 2, same:

Miller	1111111111—10	Tatham	1110111100— 7
Johnson	1111110101— 8	Pomphrey	0101101111— 7
Sigler	0111100111— 7		

No. 3, same:

Miller	1111011111— 9	Tatham	1111111111—10
Johnson	1111100110— 7	Pomphrey	1111110111— 9
Sigler	0001111111— 7		

Second divided.

No. 4, same:

Miller	1011011111— 8	Tatham	1011100101— 6
Johnson	1111111001— 8	Pomphrey	1111110111— 9
Sigler	1111011011— 8		

Miller second on shoot-off.

No. 5, same:

Miller	1111111111—10	Tatham	1111110111— 9
Johnson	0111111101— 8	Pomphrey	1100111111— 8
Sigler	1111111110— 9	Collins	1111111111— 9

Sigler took second.

No. 6, same, 3 moneys:

Miller	1111111111—10	Tatham	1011111001— 7
Johnson	1110101111— 8	Pomphrey	1111110011— 8
Sigler	1111111011— 9	Collins	1011111011— 8

Pomphrey third on shoot-off.

No. 7, same:

Miller	1111111111—10	Tatham	1011111010— 7
Johnson	1111011111— 9	Pomphrey	1111111111—10
Sigler	1011111111— 9	Collins	1111101111— 9

First divided, Johnson second on shoot-off.

No. 8, same:

Miller	1111111111—10	Pomphrey	1101111111— 9
Johnson	1111111111—10	Collins	1011111010— 7
Sigler	0101011111— 7	Moffatt	1111110111— 9
Tatham	0111011111— 8	Rose	1000010110— 5

First and second divided.

No. 9, same:

Miller	1111111111—10	Collins	0111111111— 9
Johnson	0011011111— 7	Rose	0101100011— 5
Sigler	1111010010— 6	Moffatt	1111110101— 8

No. 10, same:

Miller	1111101111—9	Moffatt	1110111011—8
Johnson	0010101111—6	Collins	1011111111—9

Collins won first money on shoot-off.

Shoot for Lefever trophy:

Johnson	1110111001111111111101414011—20
Sigler	1111111111111111100010110—21
Tatham	1111111111011100011100111—19
Collins	1111101111111111111111010—22

Sweepstakes, 25 birds, 50 cents entry:

Miller	1111111111111111111011111—24
Pomphrey	0111111111111111111110—23
Moffatt	1011000111110100101011111—16

Johnson 20, Sigler 21, Collins 22. Miller first, Pomphrey second, Collins third.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 6.—The Wingohocking Gun Club of Germantown shot a return match with the Sportsmen's Gun Club, of Feranwood, Delaware county, Pa., this afternoon. The conditions were teams of 10 men, 25 Keystone targets, 5 traps, American Association rules:

Sportsmen's Gun Club.

J A Penn	1101111111111111111111—24
J H Sivad	1001111011100101111111001—17
J Gibbs	0010111010101111111111111—19
A Irvin	0111111110100111101111171—20
Harry French	1111100000101110101010101—14
J McKinney	1000011011110101111110000—14
F McQuaide	0101111011101111011111111—20
J Armstrong	1111111011101110100111111—20
Harvey French	1101100111011111010111111—19
E Maher	1110111101110010111111101—19—196

Wingohocking Gun Club.

W Greenwood	1101111101110000111111010—18
Mr Mitchener	0110111011011000110111110—16
Mr James	0011100010111101010100001—12
J Thurman	1011111101110101011071110—19
Wm Garvin	1110101110010011111001—15
F Kuhn	0001000111000101010101001—10
Mr Foster	0001111011111100100000111—14
Mr Ware	1011010100100001111101301—13
W White	1111110111111111011111100—21
H Thurman	0101101001010010100111017—13 168

CORRY, Pa., Aug. 1.—At the shoot to-day H. Arnold won gold medal, Swan silver medal, Bentley leather medal. Score:

Penrose	1110111111111111111111111—24
H Arnold	1011111111111111111101111—23
Lewis	1111111111111101101111111—23
M Arnold	1101111101111111111111111—23
Swan	1111110110110101011111011—20
Austin	1011111111111101101101110—18
Wetmore	1011110111111111001101111101—19
Oliver	0011111111011100110111111—19
Ward	1011010100011111111111111—19
Clover	1110010101111111101001111—18
Howard	1110111011111111011101100—18
Edwards	1110111001010010010011111—15
Starbird	1101001011110010000111111—14
Berliner	1111010011100111000001110—14
Marsh	0111001111000101010010001—14
Bentley	0101000010010010000101000— 6

MT. GRETNA, Pa., Aug. 8.—There was a three-cornered contest between the Mountville Gun Club, Lancaster Gun Club and Marietta Gun Club, at Keystone targets. Keystone rules. Captains Leachey and Rial and Mr. Ruby carried off the honors of the day, each breaking 25 straight. Although rain fell during the shooting, everybody was in the best of spirits, and the event was thoroughly enjoyed.

Mountville Club.	Lancaster Club.	Marietta Club.
H Leachy, C...25	Anderson, C... 9	Rial, Capt.....25
W S Martin...23	Fieles..... .. 24	Hogentobler ..12
U Kauffman..23	Snyder 22	Surgeon 17
W F Yohn.....20	Ilyus. 11	Herbst..... 19
J Workman..23	Martin 18	Haines 19
C G Garber....2 3	Bausman..... 21	King 17
Pennypacker..19	Lehman..... 17	Ruby..... 25
E K Brenner..16—172	Miller ..... 18—140	Musselman....21—155

READING, Pa., Aug. 7.—There was a large sweepstake pigeon shooting match on the Berks County Agricultural Grounds on Tuesday, Aug. 6. Among the well-known shots present were Kleinz, Jones, Welsh and Irvin, of Philadelphia; Cooper and Goodman, of Mahanoy City; Jackson, of Lebanon; Gechter, of Oley; Hill and Dare, of this city. Oliver Hinnershitz, proprietor of the 5-Mile House, was selected as referee, William James, scorer, and Mose Fleishman, trapman. The first match of 10 birds each was shot in the morning, the shooters being Kleinz, Welsh, Ben Fleishman and Irvin, Hurlingham rules, 30yds. rise. All four made clean scores, and the match was declared a draw by the referee, and is to be decided at some future date. In the afternoon the crowd began to gather, and by 3 o'clock several hundred people were present. The birds that were used were a little poor, and nearly all had to be chased out of the trap. The entrance fee was $5, to be divided into first, second and third prizes, the first to receive 50 per cent., the second 30 per cent., and the third 30 per cent. The first match of 10 birds in the afternoon was shot with the following score:

Cooper	2101111001— 7	Goodman	1111111111—10
Kleinz	1110101111— 8	Welsh	1121111221—10
Gechter	1110012111— 8	Irvin	1111111222—10
Jones	1001112200— 6	Clouser	1011110122— 8
Hill	2211111121—10	Jackson	1111111120— 9
Dare	1112201111— 9		

In the second match only 7 birds were used, which resulted in the following:

Cooper	1112212—7	Welsh	1101111—6
Kleinz	2121211—7	Dare	1102120—5
Jones	2012111—6	Clouser	0001101—3
Hill	1111122—7	Jackson	1101111—6
Goodman	0111100—4		

In the third match only one barrel was used, and the first one missing was out of the match. The rise was changed to 25yds. In this match there were 11 entries: Kleinz, Irvin, Jackson, Dare, Welsh, Hill, Mellot, Clouser, Cooper, Wicklein and Fleishman. The money was divided between Kleinz, first; Wicklein second, and Hill, third. There will be a match for $200 a side between Cooper, of Mahanoy City, and Hill, of Reading, about the beginning of September. One hundred birds will be shot at, and Hurlingham rules will govern.

WALNUT HILL, Aug. 6.—A better day for trap shooting never greeted sportsmen than was experienced by the shotgun men who met at Walnut Hill to-day, and fine scores were frequent. The event of the day was the eighth competition in the gold coin match, in which Mr. Perry led, closely followed by Messrs. Swift and Bowker. Gold coin match, 15 clay birds and 15 standard targets, Keystone squad system:

	Clays.	Keystones.
Perry	111111101111111—14	111111111111111—15—29
Swift	111101111111111—14	111111110111111—14—28
Bowker	111111111111111—15	111011111111011—13—28
Beaudry	101111001011111—12	111111111111111—15—27
White	111111111111111—15	100101011011111—11—26
Stanton	011111111011111—13	111110011111101—13—26
Warren	101110111010111—12	111111011111111—13—25
Knowles	111111111011111—14	101111001111101—11—25
Snow	111111110111110—13	101011111101111—12 25
Perham	111111111010110—13	111101010111101—11—24
Fielding	111111011011111—13	011110101101111—11—24
Hosmer	110001111111111—12	011101111100111—11—23
French	100111101111111—12	101101100111110—10—22
Nelson	101001111111111—12	101101100100101— 8—20
Nichols	110011001011101— 9	110001100011111— 9—18
Nye	111101100010001— 8	110101101111000— 9—17

BREWER'S BIG RECORD.—John L. Brewer, champion trap-shot of America and England, on Thursday, Aug. 8, at Gloucester (N. J.) base ball park, in a match at 100 live pigeons, London Gun Club rules, for $100 a side, broke the American record by killing 99 out of 100. His opponent, Wm. H. Wolstencroft, the crack shot of the North End Gun Club, withdrew after shooting at 89 birds, of which number he killed 84; this was his first appearance in a match at live pigeons, but has long been a superb trap shot at inanimates. When each contestant had 11 birds to shoot at to finish the match it was discovered that only that number were in the hampers: a consultation ensued, and Wolstencroft agreed to withdraw, provided the match be continued the next day, in case Brewer failed to shoot him out. Brewer killed the closing 11 birds straight, thus winning the race and breaking the record admirably. The gun editor of the Philadelphia *Item* officiated as referee and final stakeholder. The birds were not an extra good lot:

Wolstencroft	2101211122111101112101111—22 1111111121211111111111111—25 1111110111111121111111111—23 1110111111122w.	—13—84
Brewer	2121521112112121212121111—25 1111212212111111111112111—25 1121111102121211211112111—24 1121212111121111211212112—25	—99

Time of shoot 1h. 53m.

Summary: Rq., right quarterer; Lq., left quarter; D., driver; T., towerer; I., incomer; At., above trap.

	Rq.	Lq.	D.	T.	I.	At.
Wolstencroft	12	11	9	2	32	23
Brewer	21	17	6	6	28	22

Wolstencroft used his second barrel to kill 12 times; for safety times. Brewer used his second barrel to kill 28 times; for safety times. Both shooters used Greener hammerless guns, slightly under 8lbs, loaded 4drs. Schultze wood powder, 1¼oz. No. 6 shot; Wolstencroft used Rival shells, while Brewer used the English Eley.

FLORENCE, Mass., Aug. 6.—Norwood Gun Club, 25 Keystones, Keystone trap, American Shooting Association rules:

J F Gaylor	1001111101111101101011111—20	
W Tivirs	1011100101111111100111011—18	
Mittleman	1110111000101011101111111—18	
Foster	1001111010010001010111101—15	
H Chilson	1110000010010111100111111—15	
T Cartwright	0010001110011010011011011—13	
Feiker	0111111100101011001000000—12	

At 5 pairs:

J Gaylor	01 11 10 10 11—7	

Practice:

H Chilson	1101101011111101111—15	
Gaylor	1010111111100	—11

The base ball team use the same grounds; and through a misunderstanding the ball club commenced a match this afternoon, so that the gun club could not shoot until after 5 o'clock. The club will hold a one day tournament the last week in August. The club has now nearly thirty members, and is growing rapidly. The members are well pleased with the Keystone targets and traps, which they use. The captain of the club is well posted on the rules, and he makes all who shoot live up to the American Shooting Association rules.—KOSMOS.

DAVENPORT, Iowa, Aug. 2.—Forester Gun Club's regular monthly shoot, good attendance; match at 6 single and 3 pair Keystones, 30yds. rise:

Branigan	111111	11 11 11—12	J F Kray	111010 11 10 10— 8
Collins	111111	10 11 11—11	Q Maser	111101 11 01 10— 8
Goos	100000	10 00 00— 2	F Davis	111111 11 00 11—10
Culins	001001	01 00 10— 4	G Farrell	011010 00 10 11— 6
Shads	011110	10 10 01— 7		

WORCESTER, Mass., Aug. 8.—This week the principal event at the regular meet of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club at Coal Mine Brook Range, was the seventh contest for the Norcross Trophy. It resulted in a victory for A. L. Gilman, who can hold it for the next two weeks, when he must make the best record again or it will go to some one else. The men who have held it thus far are: 1st, M. D. Gilman with a score of 28; E. T. Smith, 27; C. H. Howe, 28; E. T. Smith, 26 and 10; C. B. Holden, 30, and Geo. A. Sampson, 27. In the contest each man has a possible 30 birds, and in case there is a tie he has a possible addition of 10 birds. Score for the shoot: A. L. Gilman 27, A. R. Bowdish 26, G. J. Rugg 26, E. Welch 26, E. B. Burbank 25, E. S. Knowles 25, M. D. Gilman 25, C. Crompton 24, E. F. Swan 23, W. R. Dean 23, Geo. A. Lampson 22, W. G. Larkin 21, A. B. Franklin 21, W. E. Johnson 21, M. A. Linfield 21, H. D. Bourdan 21, Dr. Bowers 20, F. Forehand 20, C. R. Holman 19, F. M. Harris 18, Y. F. Prentice 16.

MONTREAL, Aug. 10.—The St. Lawrence Gun Club are making another effort to stimulate the interest in shooting, which always lags somewhat at this time of the year here, and their annual tournament, which was held to-day, was most satisfactory in every way, the attendance being very large and nearly everybody present took part in one or more of the competitions. The day's sport opened with the club match at 10 birds each, 21yds. rise, both barrels. Some excellent shooting was done in this match and was promising for the rest of the day, Messrs. Bousquet and Leduc grassing their strings straight and the latter winning on the shoot-off. In the open shoot at 10 birds at 26yds. rise, ties and Bedard divided, Leduc getting third in the ties. For the ladies' match there were 29 prizes, and this shoot kept the enthusiastic ones busy all day until darkness came on, as entries were duplicated. There were 50 entries.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Aug. 10.—The pleasant weather to-day attracted a large attendance to the grounds of the Wellington Club, and some fine shooting was done in the various matches. In the silver pitcher match Perry won for the second time with 14 out of 15, at 7 bluerocks and 8 clay-pigeons. The other scores in this match were as follows: Chase, Chapin, Fielding and Allen each, Walker, Bradstreet and Lee 11 each, Sanborn, Franklin, Dalley, Bowker, Cowie and Bond 10 each, Nye, Melcher and Nichols 9 each, Porter 8. In the merchandise badge match Chapin was first with 15 straight. Sweepstakes followed.

PEEKSKILL, N. Y.—An all-day shoot at Keystone targets, three traps, Association rules to govern, open to amateurs only, will take place at Peekskill, N. Y., Aug. 22, on the grounds of the Ravine Gun Club, ten minutes walk from the H. R. R. depot, or five minutes by stage. The grand event of the day will take place at 10:30 A. M. sharp, at 25 targets; first prize a fine 12-gauge C. Smith hammerless, value $150. The balance of the prizes will be paid in cash. The attendance of all amateurs is requested, and a good time is promised.—W. H. PIERCE, Sec'y, Ravine Gun Club.

KEYSTONE TOURNAMENT.—In addition to the money prizes offered by the management at their tournament on Aug. 20 to 24, the citizens of Corry have donated many valuable articles of merchandise for competition in the various events. Extensive preparations have been made for the entertainment of visiting shooters, notably a banquet and a ball at the Rink. It seems that Corry is going to do herself proud on this occasion, and a right good time may be expected.

THE PHILMONT ROD AND GUN CLUB, of Philmont, N. Y., is just organized with about twenty-four charter members. Regular meetings the second Monday of each month; regular shooting days, second and fourth Saturdays of each month. Officers: Geo. A. Lockwood, President; E. S. Beardsley, Vice-President; C. D. Hicox, Secretary; Geo. Baker, Treasurer; M. Powell, Captain; S. Scism, Geo. Ferguson, D. Ames, Directors.

THE revised and abriged edition of the A. O. U. Check List of North American Birds, including the additions and changes made in the supplement, will be sent post free on receipt of 50cts.—*Adv.*

Yachting.

"West India Hurricanes and the Great March Blizzard." By Everett Hayden, U. S. Hydrographic Office. Large quarto, with 23 lithographic plates. Price $1. Contains full history of the great storm of March, 1888, with practical information how to handle a vessel in a cyclone; use of oil at sea, etc.

FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

15. L. Y. R. A., Rochester.
15. N. Y., New Bedford to Newport.
16. Monatiquot, Ladies' Day. Fort Point.
16. Great Head, Cham. Sail off.
16. N. Y., Citizens' Cups, Newport.
16-31. Quaker City, Cruise, Chesapeake Bay.
17. Great Head, Open.
17. Quincy, Ladies' Day.
17. Beverly, Marbleh'd, 3d Cham
17. Hull, Special Outside Race, 30 and 40ft.
17. American, Around Plum Island, go as you please.
17. Chelsea, Ladies' Day.
17. So. Boston, Mosq., Pen. Sail off, City Point.
19. American, Open.
19. Detroit, 3d Pennant.
19. L. Y. R. A., Hamilton.
21. Pleon, 3d Cham.
21. L. Y. R. A., Toronto.
24. Lynn, Excursion, Lynn.
24. Beverly, Mon. Beach, 3d Open.
24. Larchmont, Oyster Boats.
24. Corinthian, Marblehead.
24. Hamilton, 20, 25, 30 and 35ft. Class, Whitewings Cup.
24. R. Can., Skiff Class, Toronto.
26. L. Y. R. A., Belleville.
26. Rhode Island, Open.
28. Pleon, Sail off.
29. L. Y. R. A., Oswego.
29. Cedar Point.
31. Beverly, Marbleh'd, 1st Open
31. Sippican, Club, Marion.
31. Hull, Cham. Sail-Off.
31. Quincy, 3d, Cham.
31. Chelsea, Club.
31. West Lynn, 2d Cham., Lynn.
31. So. Boston, Mass., Cham. Sail off, City Point.
31. R. Can., 20ft. Class, Toronto.

SEPTEMBER.

2. Lynn, Open, Lynn.
2. Beverly, Mon. Beach, 2d Open
2. Corinthian, Marblehead.
2. New York Y. R. A., Open.
2. Dorchester, Open, Club.
2. So. Boston, Mosq., Open, City Point.
4. Buffalo, 3d Class, Buffalo.
4. New Haven, Ladies' Day.
7. Hull, 9th Open.
7. Beverly, Marblehead, 3d Cup
7. Larchmont, Fall Annual.
7. Hamilton, Cruise.
7. Miramichi, Miller and Call Cups.
7. R. Can., Prince of Wales and Lansdowne Cups, Toronto.
11. Windward, Ruffle Bar.
12. Beverly, Mon. Beach, 3d Buz. Bay.
14. Monatiquot, Open, Ft. Point
14. R. Can., 25ft. Class, Toronto.
14. Corinthian, Marblehead.
14. Lynn, Club, Lynn.
14. Hamilton, 20ft. Class.
14. American, Open to all boats on Merrimac River.
14. Chelsea, Club.
14. West Lynn, Sail-off, Lynn.
16. Dorchester, Open, Club.
16. Quaker City, Open.
18. Windward, Ruffle Bar.
21. Hamilton, 25ft. Class.
21. Beverly, Marbleh'd, Sail Off.
28. Lynn, Club, Lynn.
28. Buffalo, Club, Buffalo.
28. West Lynn, Sweeps, Lynn.
29. Detroit.
30. Quaker City, Review and Cruise.
21. R. Can., Cruising, Toronto.
25. Windward, Ruffle Bar.
26. Cedar Point.

NEW YORK Y. C. CRUISE.

WITH a fleet growing each year in size and quality, and with all details and arrangements carried out to perfection, the annual cruise of the New York Y. C. is becoming each year of greater interest from a racing standpoint, and is less of a straggling from port to port, with plenty of fun but little racing, as in some past years. The large singlestickers have done a great deal since 1885 in stirring up the racing on the cruise, usually the first occasion on which all met in racing trim, and though they have disappeared, their influence is still felt. This year the runs from port to port are more of a feature than ever before, making together a most interesting series of races in cruising trim, but none the less exciting on that account. The courses are four in number, from New London to Newport, about 38 knots; from Newport to Vineyard Haven, 37 knots; from Vineyard Haven to New Bedford, 34 knots, and from New Bedford to Newport, 27 knots. The prizes, known as the squadron trophy cups, are of the value of $100 in each class, being awarded to the yacht making the highest average in the four runs. The system is the same as that used for several years by the American Canoe Association in its races. The competing yachts in a class are numbered according to the order of the finish, by corrected time, the winner being 1, the second 2, etc. Yachts which do not start in any race will be given a number equal to the greatest number of starters in the class on any run; while yachts which start and do not finish will be given a number equal to the starters in that particular race. The record will be summed up at the end, the cup going to the yacht with the lowest total. An average of four races in this way will give a very fair test, flukes and accidents in any one race being partly eliminated.

Besides these cruising races there are three special events, for which the yachts will strive and leave nothing undone to win, so that the times will afford an interesting comparison with those made in cruising trim. The most important of the three is of course the Goelet cup race, for the two cups annually given by Mr. Ogden Goelet, $1,000 for schooners and $500 for singlestickers. The other two are for cups to the value of $500, given by the Marthas Vineyard Association, for races off the Vineyard, and special cups of $250 for the 70ft. class and $150 for the forties, given by the club, to be sailed off Newport at the end of the cruise. In addition to these follow the race of the forties for the Carroll Cup and the Corinthian sweepstakes.

The complete programme of the race is as follows:

Aug. 7.—Rendezvous of the fleet at New London.
Aug. 8.—Run to Newport, 38 knots, for squadron cruise cups.
Aug. 9.—Goelet cup race off Newport.
Aug. 10.—Run to Vineyard Haven, 37 knots, second race for squadron cups.
Aug. 11.—At anchor, Vineyard Haven.
Aug. 12.—Martha's Vineyard Association cups.
Aug. 13.—Run to New Bedford, 34 knots, third race for squadron cups.
Aug. 14.—At anchor, New Bedford, rowing and launch races.
Aug. 15.—Run to Newport, 27 knots, fourth race for squadron cups.
Aug. 16.—Race for special club cups; 70 and 40ft. classes off Newport—fleet disbands.
Aug. 17.—Race for Carroll cups, 40-footers, Newport.
Aug. 19.—Race for Corinthian sweepstakes, 40-footers, Newport.

Early on the morning of Aug. 7 the flagship Electra left New York with Com. Gerry; Secretary Oddie, Treasurer Hurst, Fleet-Captain Stephens Peabody and the regatta committee, Messrs. S. Nicholson Kane, W. E. Iselin and Chester Griswold on board. After a pleasant run through the Sound, the flagship dropped her anchor off the Pequot House, at New London, at 5 P. M., in the midst of a fleet of over 100 yachts. The fleet is a noble one, including the handsome steam yacht Alva on one hand, and from her every variety of yacht down to the cat-rig forties. Among the large boats the new and handsome schooner Constellation claimed first place by virtue of her size and appearance, while the Burgess fisherman Fredonia and Mr. Bryant's Alert were objects of considerable interest. The big sloops were entirely unrepresented, neither Volunteer nor Puritan being in commission, but the remains of several were haunting the scenes of their past glories, all under schooner rig. Elma, once Priscilla, Mayflower and Atlantic, are all with the fleet. The racing contingent is made up as follows, many only entering for the squadron cups and not for the Goelet or Vineyard Haven cups:

SCHOONERS—FIRST CLASS.

		Length.	Allows.
Dauntless	C. H. Colt	112.83	
Norseman	Ogden Goelet	110.12	1.90
Constellation	E. D. Morgan	110.00	1.99
Ramona		103.44	3.11
Palmer	R. Stuyvesant	104.17	6.36
Wanderer	Geo. D. Weld	104.00	6.49
Intrepid		99.30	10.29

SECOND CLASS.

Gitana		96.81	
Montauk	J. C. Brooks	95.33	Allows. 1.30
Fortuna	Henry Hovey	94.92	1.66
Norma	L. H. Smith	94.30	2.23
Ruth	H. G. Marquand	90.83	5.46
Fredonia	J. M. Forbes		Not measured.

THIRD CLASS.

Merlin	W. H. Forbes	92.00	Allows.
Sea Fox	A. C. Canfield	90.79	1.16
Alert	Henry Bryant	90.00	1.91
Sachem	Wm. Arnold	89.14	2.75
Mayflower	F. T. Underhill	89.08	2.81
Varuna	Sturgest & Rives	87.00	4.91
Grayling	L. A. Fish	85.21	6.76

FOURTH CLASS.

Marguerite	W. F. Burden	83.37	Allows.
Iroquois	R. W. Ellis	81.74	1.81
Halcyon	Henry Lippitt	81.08	2.56

FIFTH CLASS.

Sylph	Geo. H. Chase	70.09	Allows.
Quickstep	J. K. Grinnell	68.57	2.35
Clio	E. C. Moffat	67.62	3.46
Harbinger	H. G. Russell	67.00	4.39
Triton	J. J. Faye	65.18	7.39
Azalea	Edmund Blunt	62.12	12.19
Lotus	Daniel Appleton	60.39	15.19
Agnes	J. N. Winslow	57.66	20.19
Whim	W. G. Brokaw		
Curlew	W. L. Brooks		

SLOOPS, CUTTERS AND YAWLS—THIRD CLASS.

Titania	Oliver Iselin	74.30	Allows.
Katrina	Auchincloss Bros	73.85	.59
Bedouin	A. Rogers	72.16	2.83
Gracie	F. P. Earle	71.94	3.13
Pocahontas	J. D. Smith	69.00	7.25
Fanny	F. B. Fiske	68.80	7.54
Vision		66.00	11.74

FOURTH CLASS.

Hildegarde	J. C. Bergen	63.75	Allows.
Wizard	Ernest Styles	60.00	6.40
Whileaway	G. F. Randloph	57.50	11.01

FIFTH CLASS.

Cinderella	W. B. Hopkins	55.48	Allows.
Clara	J. C. Barron	54.28	2.45
Eclipse	F. Gallatin	52.26	6.76

SIXTH CLASS.

Adelaide	R. W. Inman	49.17	Allows.

SEVENTH CLASS.

Liris	Samuel Mather	46.47	Allows.
Tomahawk	E. D. Morgan	45.67	2.12
Maraquita	Aug. Belmont, Jr	45.67	2.12
Gorilla	R. P. Carroll	45.04	2.21
Lotawana	W. G. Foster	44.71	4.75
Nymph	F. W. Flint	44.55	5.20
Vandal	Harry Stanton	41.00	15.71
Peri	F. P. Sands	39.40	

Among the New York yachts were a number of the Eastern Y. C. fleet, the Burgess forties, Awa of Providence and Verena; and the McVey boats, Alice and Helen.

At a meeting of captains on board the flagship in the evening the programme as given above was adopted, subject to the weather, and it was decided to make an early start for Newport next morning, going outside of Fisher's Island, instead of the usual course inside. During the evening the fleet and the houses on shore were illuminated, the Pequot House making a handsome display of lanterns. A drum and fife corps on board a six-oared gig rowed through the fleet and gave some very stirring concerted music.

New London to Newport, First Run, Aug. 8.

Thursday morning was clear and bright, with a very light northerly wind. Some of the yachtsmen were astir early and out of the harbor in good season, but others counted on delay on the part of the committee, and very deservedly were left, a number being handicapped. A number of yachts made an early start through Fisher's Island Sound, leaving forty-nine to start in the race. The flagship was off the start, near Leo Flower Beacon at 9 A. M., and at 9:33 the starting gun for the first division, all under fourth class schooners and fourth class sloops and cutters, was fired. Clio was first over, followed by Gorilla, but half the fleet was handicapped. Liris fared very badly, being handicapped by 17m., which brought her just ahead of the large craft of the second division, which started at 9:58. Many had carried spinakers to starboard out of the harbor, but the wind had died out before the schooners reached the line. Dauntless, as usual, was in trouble, nearly fouling Fortuna at the line. The times at the start were:

First Division.

Clio	9 34 46	Nymph	9 36 13
Gorilla	9 35 09	Harbinger	9 36 30
Bertie	9 37 05	Quickstep	9 37 26
Adelaide	9 35 43	Lotowana	9 37 54
Handicap time	9 38 00		
Maraquita	9 39 18	urlew	9 46 06
Azalea	9 39 45	Clara	9 46 37
Agnes	9 39 52	Triton	9 48 30
Cinderella	9 39 56	Liris	9 54 57
Whim	9 40 21		

Second Division.

Sachem	9 59 43	Norseman	10 02 48
Grayling	9 59 50	Sea Fox	10 02 58
Pocahontas	10 00 26	Constellation	10 03 34
Œnone	10 00 51	Wizard	10 03 37
Fanny	10 01 24	Elma	10 06 23
Mayflower	10 01 36	Halcyon	10 00 51
Montauk	10 02 11	Katrina	10 06 51
Handicap time	10 05 00		
Merlin	10 08 10	Iroquois	10 11 04
Bedouin	10 08 40	Palmer	10 12 29
Dauntless	10 08 50	Ramona	16 14 21
Titania	10 09 32	Fredonia	10 16 45
Fortuna	10 10 00	Alert	10 22 00
Gracie	10 10 15	Intrepid	10 24 15

The wind had come in light from the east by the time that the fleet was well past Race Rock, all working along on starboard tack. Grayling soon ran well ahead, holding close in shore and wasting nothing in distance all day. Constellation was doing well in the very light air considering her size. Gorilla was making the most of a very good start, and headed the fleet for a long time, until the schooners passed her. Sachem managed to hang dangerously close to Grayling and at one time had a very good chance to lead her in, but threw it away. Clara, after a late start, ran through the fleet, and before Point Judith was reached she was the windward boat, out to south and east of all, but when at last a southerly breeze came in and spinakers were set to starboard she was far astern of Grayling and the rest in shore. Marguerite sailed faster than she has ever done before, but failed to save her time off Œnone. The wind was fluky, in patches here and there, and shifting in direction all day, so that it was no fair test of any of the yachts. In the 70ft. class Katrina outsailed Titania and both Fanny and Gracie beat Bedouin. Clara easily beat her own class, including her old rival, Cinderella, and also the class above her, being little astern of Hildegarde on even time.

In the forties Gorilla led all day, but Liris, starting with a handicap of 17m., passed Lotowana, Awa, Peri and Nymph in succession, coming up with Maraquita off Charlestown Beach. The latter was carrying a large balloon jib, not a jibtopsail, but a jib, hoisted to the masthead and set about 6ft. in from the bowsprit end, reaching aft to the mast. This sail did good work in the light air, but Liris finally passed her, and when spinakers were set off Point Judith was a little ahead, Maraquita soon crawled up abeam, and for three miles there was a very pretty race, each in turn drawing ahead a little. Liris finally ran ahead, finishing first by a minute, but losing second place on allowance. She had made up all but 3¼m. of Gorilla's lead at the start of 19¼m., Peri beat Nymph and Lotowana in, but by a mistake she was not timed, the official times were:

SCHOONERS—FIRST CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Dauntless	10 08 00	5 03 20	6 55 20	6 55 20
Norseman	10 08 48	4 58 16	6 55 28	6 54 18
Constellation	10 03 34	4 51 03	6 47 29	5 46 15
Ramona	10 08 00	5 01 04	6 53 04	6 51 09
Palmer	10 08 00	4 48 47	6 40 47	6 36 52
Intrepid	10 08 00	5 05 43	6 57 43	6 51 22

SECOND CLASS.

Fortuna	10 02 11	4 22 40	6 20 29	6 19 41
Norma	10 08 00	4 48 46	6 40 48	6 49 45
Ruth	10 06 51	5 15 29	7 08 38	7 07 15
Fredonia	10 08 00	5 00 03	7 01 03	Not meas'd

THIRD CLASS.

Merlin	10 08 00	4 29 36	6 21 36	6 21 36
Sea Fox	10 02 58	3 56 54	5 53 56	5 53 13
Alert	10 08 00	4 57 31	6 49 31	6 48 20
Sachem	9 59 43	3 49 44	5 49 51	5 48 09
Mayflower	10 01 36	4 22 42	6 21 06	6 19 22
Grayling	9 59 50	3 37 48	5 37 58	5 33 48
Elma	10 06 23	4 37 20	6 30 57	6 28 31

FOURTH CLASS.

Marguerite	10 04 25	3 51 30	5 47 05	5 47 05
Iroquois	10 08 00	4 36 41	6 28 41	6 27 34
Halcyon	10 06 51	4 34 53	6 28 02	6 26 27
Œnone	10 00 51	3 51 02	5 50 51	5 47 03

FIFTH CLASS.

Quickstep	9 37 26	4 19 55	6 42 29	6 41 02
Clio	9 34 56	4 48 57	7 14 01	7 11 53
Harbinger	6 36 30	4 29 26	6 53 56	6 50 14
Triton	9 38 00	4 45 10	7 07 10	7 02 44
Azalea	9 38 00	4 31 03	6 53 03	6 45 32
Agnes	9 38 00	4 35 42	6 57 42	6 45 15
Whim	9 38 00	5 09 29	7 31 29	Not meas'd
Curlew	9 38 00	No finish.		

SLOOPS, CUTTERS AND YAWLS—FIRST CLASS.

Titania	10 08 00	4 14 57	6 06 57	6 06 57
Katrina	10 06 51	4 06 41	5 59 50	5 59 58
Bedouin	10 08 00	4 43 29	6 35 29	6 33 44
Gracie	10 08 00	4 31 52	6 23 52	6 21 56
Pocahontas	10 00 26	4 57 30	6 57 04	6 52 36
Fanny	10 01 24	4 23 26	6 22 02	6 17 23

FOURTH CLASS.

Hildegarde	10 02 43	4 16 38	6 13 55	6 13 55
Wizard	10 02 47	Not timed.		
Whileaway	10 06 09	4 40 52	6 34 43	6 27 56

FIFTH CLASS.

Cinderella	9 38 00	4 27 50	6 49 50	6 49 50
Eclipse	9 38 00	3 52 34	6 14 34	6 13 13
Bertie	9 37 05	4 39 32	7 02 27	6 58 02
Sagitta	9 38 00	4 25 10	6 47 10	Not meas'd

SIXTH CLASS.

Adelaide	9 35 43	4 34 34	6 58 51	6 58 51

SEVENTH CLASS.

Liris	9 38 00	4 02 54	6 24 54	6 24 54
Maraquita	9 38 00	4 04 03	6 26 03	6 24 45
Gorilla	9 35 09	3 56 41	6 21 33	6 20 11
Lotawana	9 37 54	No finish.		
Nymph	9 36 13	4 22 22	6 46 09	6 42 57
Peri	9 37 15	Time not taken.		

Newport, Goelet Cup Race, Aug. 9.

For four seasons the big sloops monopolized the interest in the Goelet Cup race; since the memorable meeting of Puritan and Priscilla in 1884 this race, the first in which the new boats of the year entered in racing form, has been looked to as a test and an indication of the result of the trial races to follow. This year the sloops are conspicuously absent, and the schooners are once more in the ascendant. How long before another race of the first class sloops will be seen here is a question no one can answer, as it seems likely that Volunteer will sooner or later join the two-stickers. On this neutral ground, between Boston and New York, some of the classic schooner races of the day have been sailed, Montauk and Fortuna, then Grayling against the Eastern boats, and later Grayling and Sachem, have fought for the supremacy over the Block Island or Sow and Pigs courses.

There was a time when the New York fleet had every advantage both in point of numbers and in quality, but of late she has had nothing to boast of in either respect, and this year Boston has had decidedly the best of it, with an unusually fine display of schooners. First in size comes the new steel Constellation, white, like all the Burgess boats, and with a rig that overtops all her class. Another new Burgess boat is the white yacht-fisherman, Fredonia, just back from her voyage to Madeira with Mr. J. Malcolm Forbes, her principal owner, on board. She is a handsome vessel, and fast enough as a cruiser, but without kites and plenty of wind she has no place in a fleet like this. Another hard weather boat, with a leaning toward fishing rather than racing, is Alert, designed by her owner, Mr. Henry Bryant, but like Fredonia she is not canvassed for racing, though she did some fine work at Vineyard Haven last year. Under the red and white flag of the Forbes family was another new schooner, the wooden Merlin, designed by Burgess and built by Lawley. She had already been beaten at Marblehead by Sea Fox, and was looking for a chance to retrieve her laurels.

Œnone is in all ways an Eastern boat, and both Sachem and Mayflower, though now owned in New York, are Burgess boats. Besides the old Dauntless, New York had but two representatives, the Ellsworth boat, Grayling, and Com. Canfield's Sea Fox, designed by himself.

With so many good schooners the sloops attracted less attention than in the club regattas, but a race between Titania and Katrina is in itself well worth seeing, and this was the first real meeting since Katrina had been overhauled. Bedouin and Gracie also sailed the course, but they kept out of the way and troubled nobody. There was no place for the forties, but two of these bold bantams made up a private match rather than lie in harbor all day, and sailed out to Block Island and back.

The Goelet cups, as every yachtsman knows, have been given for the past eight years by Mr. Ogden Goelet, of the schooner Norseman, a cup costing $1,000 for schooners and one costing $500 for sloops, each being held permanently by the winner. The race is always started off Newport during the cruise, and is now the most important regular event of the year. There are no class divisions, but the regular club allowance is given. Of the two courses sailed, Block Island and Sow and Pigs, the latter has been chosen since 1885, but this year a strong S.W. wind, making nearly a dead beat of about 13 knots to Block Island, was blowing in the morning, so this course was chosen. The second leg, to a mark-boat off West Island, was about 16 knots, and the last leg, home to the start off Brenton's Reef Lightship, about 7 knots, 37 in all.

Orders were given for a start at 10:30, and the flagship was in position on time, but a wait was made as usual for the laggards. The gun was finally given at 11:00. Alert, on port tack, making a very prompt start, followed by Grayling, Fredonia, Sea Fox and Merlin. All of these rounded the lightship on port tack, crossing the east end of the line, but just as Katrina crossed, the schooner Œnone came under Electra's stern on starboard tack, running across the wake of the schooners and just ahead of Katrina, forcing the sloop about under her lee, Katrina was compelled to make a short hitch to the east, and then tack again, thus making two useless tacks, while Œnone gained nothing herself by the maneuver. Titania loafed about the line until all but Dauntless had crossed, thus being able to select her own water without fear of interference. The times at start were:

Alert	11 00 48	Gracie	11 03 12
Grayling	11 01 11	Mayflower	11 03 35
Fredonia	11 01 24	Constellation	11 03 56
Sea Fox	11 01 28	Bedouin	11 04 36
Merlin	11 01 45	Sachem	11 05 16
Œnone	11 02 07	Titania	11 07 17
Katrina	11 02 11	Dauntless	11 07 23

Gorilla and Maraquita started to sail around the first mark and back, being timed at the start, Maraquita 11:35, Gorilla 11:35:20. Both went off on port tack under mainsails and jibs, Gorilla holding far to windward of Maraquita and doing much the better work. Constellation and Fredonia had housed fore-topmasts and Gracie had also housed her topmast, but the others of her class were carrying working topsails sometime after they had settled down to work, only Bedouin going over the line with one, Sea Fox, Alert, Fredonia and Mayflower carried maintopsails from the start, and Grayling and Merlin soon set theirs, as well as baby jibtopsails, Sachem carried no topsails, but a main-topmaststaysail.

The fleet ran along on port tack for about half an hour, tacking when abreast of Narragansett Pier. Dauntless, the last of the lot, parted her bobstay after sailing four miles and ran home.

Constellation had not been carrying sail any too ably, but before Narragansett Pier was reached she was compelled to shorten it, by the clew of the foresail tearing away. The sail was reefed several times, each time tearing, until it was finally stowed and she sailed the race out without it. When they tacked Grayling and Sea Fox were the leaders, but Alert, standing well off shore, worked into a very good position, Fredonia following her, but to leeward. Titania had gained on Katrina, while both had dropped Bedouin badly. Gracie, after sending up topmast and working topsail, carried away the head of her jib, and was delayed by the accident.

At 12:30 Katrina went on starboard tack, Titania following at 12:33:30. Sea Fox, to windward of Titania, was on port tack along the shore by Point Judith. Alert, after her tack off shore, was now nearing Grayling, who had sailed a middle course. Katrina had crossed Grayling's bow at about 12:36, Grayling tacking at once when to windward of her wake. At 12:46 she in turn crossed Alert's bow. Alert, followed by Merlin, held on in Sea Fox's wake. About 1 P. M., when nearing the markboat, Sea Fox crossed Grayling's bow and tacked in her weather, at once running away from her. The order of the schooners was now Sea Fox, Grayling, Constellation, Merlin, Alert, with Sachem, Mayflower, Œnone and Fredonia well astern.

Titania had fairly caught Katrina when she went on starboard tack at 1:28, Katrina soon following, being now to leeward. There was a very strong ebb tide running at the mark, and while the Fox was safe to weather it Titania's chances were doubtful, and Katrina's much worse. The Fox went by safely, but just as Titania was near the mark her balloon jibtopsail was broken out by accident, knocking her off. The sail was quickly taken in, but she only squeezed by the boat with an inch to spare by the aid of a pilot's luff. Katrina was doubly unfortunate, as Grayling had now come up and crossed her bow as she came for the mark, and then tacked to windward of her. The times were:

Sea Fox	1 32 00	Gracie	1 51 35
Titania	1 36 33	Bedouin	1 52 30
Katrina	1 38 09	Sachem	1 55 10
Grayling	1 38 17	Mayflower	1 55 40
Constellation	1 30 36	Œnone	1 58 40
Merlin	1 42 19	Fredonia	1 58 45
Alert	1 44 01		

Sea Fox had beaten Constellation 6m. 9s., Grayling 6m. 35s., Merlin 10m. 31s., Œnone 26m. 2s., and Fredonia 28m. 50s., while Titania had in turn beaten Sea Fox 1m. 15s. Titania had made 6m. 42s. on Katrina.

Spinakers were set to starboard for the long run, the schooners mostly setting maintopmast staysails and the sloops balloon jib-topsails. Alert had no spinaker, and so ran wing and wing, while Constellation set no maintopmast staysail. Titania was in hard luck, her extension spinaker boom breaking at the joint, throwing a man who was on the boom into the water. He held on to the outhaul and was taken on board, but a long time was lost before the spinaker could be taken in and reset with an Irish reef in it on the larger part of the boom. Katrina had passed her, so she sent up a clubtopsail to help her along. Sea Fox carried only working topsails, but Grayling swung her club. The only times taken at the West Island mark were:

Sea Fox	3 13 09	Titania	3 21 11
Constellation	3 17 40	Merlin	3 25 00
Katrina	3 18 50	Alert	3 32 30
Grayling	3 21 11	Gracie	3 33 30

Bedouin, Mayflower, Sachem and Œnone were not timed, and Fredonia gave up on second leg.

The last leg was a close reach, the wind still holding its strength. The positions were little changed. Sea Fox gained on Grayling, while Alert made very good time over the leg. Titania parted her throat halliards on the last leg, but still came in a winner. As the flagship came up to Brenton's Reef, Gorilla was seen running into Newport, while Maraquita was just at the Lightship, Gorilla winning by 10m. The full times for the Goelet cups were:

SCHOONER CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sea Fox	11 01 29	3 56 55	4 55 26	4 44 25
Grayling	11 01 11	4 06 01	5 04 50	4 50 20
Constellation	11 03 56	4 02 44	4 58 48	4 57 34
Merlin	11 01 45	4 08 45	5 07 03	Not meas.
Mayflower	11 03 38	4 24 17	5 20 39	5 07 59
Sachem	11 05 16	4 26 51	5 21 35	5 09 16
Alert	11 00 48	4 15 08	5 14 20	Not meas.
Œnone	11 02 07	4 32 32	5 30 25	Not meas.
Fredonia	11 01 25	Did not finish.		
Dauntless	11 07 23	Disabled.		

SLOOP CLASS.

Titania	11 07 17	4 06 07	4 58 50	4 58 50
Katrina	11 02 11	4 03 42	5 01 32	5 01 09
Bedouin	11 14 36	5 20 52	5 16 16	5 14 31
Gracie	11 03 12	4 21 39	5 18 27	5 16 31

Sea Fox beats Grayling 5m. 57s. and Constellation 13m. 11s. In a true breeze and from such a fleet Sea Fox's victory is a notable one, as she won on her merits throughout. Titania beat Katrina very fairly in spite of two mishaps, making a gain of 7m. in the windward work. Bedouin did poorly all day, barely beating Gracie, while neither came anywhere near the two steel boats.

The race was finished in the rain which continued through the evening.

The new club house of the New York Y. C. has proved a great convenience. It is a square two-storied building in colonial style, as is appropriate to the locality. There is a large room on first and second floors, with toilet rooms and lockers. The roof is surmounted with a large lantern with the club night signal in colored glass. The architect of the building is Mr. John Boit of Newport. The house is placed on the end of the wharf where the New York float has always been placed, the present float being on the north side, with an extra float for the use of boats 'crews and stewards. The following additional cups have been offered for races next month. Mr. E. D. Morgan offers a $500 cup for 70 footers, with a second prize of $100 if five start; and prizes of $150 and $100 for the forties. Mr. Rogers of Bedouin, offers two cups, of $150 and $100 for the 30-footers. The 70ft. class will race on Sept. 16; the 40ft. on the 17th, and the 30ft. on the 19th.

Newport to Vineyard Haven, Second Run, Aug. 10.

The early morning of Saturday promised but little, with cloudy skies and prospects of thick weather, but there was a strong S.W. wind for the run to Vineyard Haven, and the fleet was under way fairly early, though a number were handicapped. The flagship was off Brenton's Reef by 10, and the start was given at 10:35 for the smaller yachts, Nymph, Vandal and others had already gone ahead for the Vineyard, leaving a fleet of thirty-eight racers. The first over the line was Clara, with her old antagonist, Cinderella, chasing her. Gorilla made an early start, well ahead of her class. Liris came next, while Lotowana and Maraquita were handicapped, the latter seriously. The larger yachts started at 11 o'clock, Palmer, Fortuna, Fredonia and Sea Fox crossing together. The times of the start were:

Gun	10 35 00	Sagitta	10 38 23
Clara	10 36 00	Clio	10 39 00
Cinderella	10 36 51	Peri	10 39 14
Gorilla	10 37 00	Liris	10 39 54
Harbinger	10 37 09	Handicap gun	10 40 00
Bertie	10 37 15	Lotowana	10 40 10
Azale	10 37 25	Maraquita	10 55 45
Adelaide	10 38 03	Concord	11 07 33
Quickstep	10 38 03		
Gun	11 00 00	Dauntless	11 10 47
Palmer	11 02 07	Hildegarde	11 16 40
Fortuna	11 02 13	Constellation	11 04 32
Fredonia	11 01 17	Sachem	11 05 22
Sea Fox	11 02 37	Mayflower	11 05 52
Alert	11 03 29	Marguerite	11 07 18
Intrepid	11 03 41	Merlin	11 07 50
Iroquois	11 04 32	Norseman	11 09 22
Bedouin	11 05 54	Handicap gun	11 10 10
Montauk	11 06 54	Titania	11 10 35
Elma	11 07 57	Katrina	11 11 08
Œnone	11 08 00	Ramona	11 17 02
Grayling	11 09 52		

There was wind and sea enough at the start to toss the little fellows about in a lively way, all carrying working topsails. Liris tried her second jibtopsail, but the clew tore out. Constellation began to leave the others from the start, sailing away from her own class easily. By the time that Vineyard Sound Lightship before reached the fleet was turned completely inside out, the little fellows that had been the leaders for a time, owing to their start, now straggling along in the wake of the big schooners that had overtaken them. The wind and sea together proved too much for some of the spars, Cinderella's topmast going, though by the time she lost it Clara had fairly beaten her. A little while after Clara herself came to grief, her topmast also going. Palmer lost her foretopmast, coming in among the laggards.

Starting very close together, each a little handicapped, Titania and Katrina sailed together all day, the former steadily drawing away. Gorilla was sailing very well, but Liris had worked out ahead of her, about making up the difference in the start, when the starboard runner on Liris, a flexible steel rope, gave way just before the Vineyard Haven Lightship was reached. She was luffed off her course for some time while the damage was repaired, losing a good deal. When in Vineyard Sound spinakers were set to starboard on the big fellows, but there was still sea enough to trouble the forties. The flagship was off West Chop by 2 P. M., and a little later Constellation came down under a great spread of canvas, balloonjibtopsail, spinaker and balloonmaintop-maststaysail. Only 8m. astern of her came Sea Fox, again a winner, beating her own class, the class above her and all but Constellation of the first class. She would receive about 10m. from Constellation and was but 3m. astern on elapsed time, she had beaten Grayling by nearly 3m. Fortuna beat Montauk, Marguerite beat Iroquois and Quickstep beat Harbinger. Titania beat Katrina by nearly 7m. Clara met her first defeat in America, except when she carried away her bowsprit two years since at Marblehead. After she lost her topmast on Saturday Bertie caught and passed her. Gorilla scored her third successive victory, beating Liris, Peri, Lotowana and Maraquita. The full times were:

FIRST CLASS—SCHOONERS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Constellation	11 04 32	2 36 55	3 32 24	3 31 10
Intrepid	11 03 41	2 55 52	3 52 11	3 45 50
Norseman	11 09 22	3 02 26	3 53 04	3 51 54
Dauntless	11 10 00	3 03 24	3 53 24	3 53 24
Ramona	11 10 00	3 12 27	4 02 27	4 00 32
Palmer	11 02 07	3 44 04	4 41 57	4 38 52

SECOND CLASS—SCHOONERS.

Fortuna	11 02 13	2 49 03	3 46 51	3 45 50
Montauk	11 06 54	2 57 39	3 50 45	3 49 57
Fredonia	11 02 17	3 18 54	3 16 37	*

THIRD CLASS—SCHOONERS.

Sea Fox	11 02 37	2 44 05	3 41 28	3 40 43
Grayling	11 09 52	2 58 19	3 43 27	3 44 17
Merlin	11 07 53	2 56 53	3 48 54	3 48 54
Sachem	11 05 22	2 58 17	3 52 55	3 51 19
Mayflower	11 05 52	3 05 31	3 59 39	3 57 55
Elma	11 07 57	3 10 15	4 02 18	3 59 52
Alert	11 03 29	3 07 49	4 04 20	4 03 09

FOURTH CLASS—SCHOONERS.

Marguerite	11 07 18	3 05 31	3 58 13	3 58 13
Iroquois	11 04 32	3 05 06	4 00 34	3 59 27
Œnone	11 08 00	3 11 28	4 03 28	3 59 40

FIFTH CLASS—SCHOONERS.

Quickstep	10 38 03	2 46 56	4 08 53	4 07 26
Harbinger	10 37 00	2 47 54	4 10 54	4 08 12
Azalea	10 37 27	3 05 06	4 27 39	4 20 08
Clio	10 39 00	3 02 40	4 23 44	4 21 32

THIRD CLASS—SLOOPS.

Titania	11 10 00	3 09 50	3 59 50	3 59 15
Katrina	11 10 00	3 16 24	4 06 24	4 06 02
Bedouin	11 05 34	3 26 59	4 31 25	4 29 40

FOURTH CLASS—SLOOPS.

Hildegard	11 10 00	3 49 02	4 39 02	4 39 02

FIFTH CLASS—SLOOPS.

Bertie	10 37 05	3 03 13	4 25 58	4 21 33
Clara	10 36 00	3 08 25	4 32 25	4 31 00
Sagitta	10 38 22	3 23 30	4 45 07	*
Cinderella	10 36 51	Did not finish.		
Concord	10 40 00	Did not finish.		

SIXTH CLASS—SLOOPS.

Adelaide	10 38 03	3 56 01	4 47 58	4 47 58

SEVENTH CLASS—SLOOPS.

Gorilla	10 37 00	3 27 28	4 50 28	4 49 06
Liris	10 39 54	3 32 35	4 52 41	4 52 41
Peri	10 39 14	3 45 09	5 05 55	*
Lotowana	10 40 00	3 52 54	5 12 54	5 09 58
Maraquita	10 40 00	3 56 00	5 16 00	5 19 42

*Not measured.

Anchors were hardly down in Vineyard Haven before the yachtsmen were ashore at the dilapidated wharf, all bound across the smooth concrete roads to Cottage City, in all sorts of conveyances. The place was full of wheels and wheelmen, the annual meet of the L. A. W. being just over, and bicycles, tricyles and socials abound on every road and street. The generous hospitality of the Oaks Bluffs Club was extended to all members of the fleet, and the handsome club house on the bluff was the general rendezvous during their stay. The club has done much to help the island, and this year it has made a strong and successful effort to make the place still more popular with yachtsmen than in the past.

Sunday was a bright and beautiful day, a cloudless sky and light breeze. The yachts in harbor, about 100 in all, dressed ship in the morning. Com. Gerry and his staff attended service at the Episcopal church. In the afternoon a reception was held on the Alva, most of the yachtsmen attending. Several of the racers were busy repairing damages in season for the morrow's race. Clara ran over to New Bedford at midnight on Saturday for a new topmast. Liris replaced her wire runners by manilla and borrowed a new spinaker boom from the schooner Clio. Clio is 27ft. longer on l.w.l. than Liris, but the boom was several feet too short for the 40-footer. The arrangement of classes for the four Vineyard Haven cups put the first, second, third and fourth class schooners together, the fifth class sailing alone; while second and fourth class sloops sailed together, and the fifth, sixth and seventh made up the entries for the fourth cup. The course was from a starting line off the Sea View House, at Cottage City, past the whistling buoy off Nobska Head, then on five miles further to a markboat off Tarpaulin Cove for the smaller schooners and single-stickers, and about 3 miles further still to a second markboat off Robinson's Hole for the larger yachts, returning over the same courses, making about 22 and 28 knots.

There are with the squadron a number of Eastern yachts, the racing forties Helen, Alice, Verena, Awa and Pappoose, that have accompanied the fleet from New London, but have taken no part in the runs, not belonging to the New York Y. C. These boats were desirous of trying conclusions with Liris and the other forties, but as the club declined to open the race for the Vineyard Haven cup to them, a special sweepstakes of $25 each was made up, to be sailed in connection with the Vineyard Haven cup.

Vineyard Haven Cups, Aug. 12.

Monday turned out another clear day, with a very light wind from N.W. in the morning. At 10 A. M. the Electra was at anchor off the Sea View House, and at 10:20 the start was given. Titania was first away, running along the line and over in quick time. Then came Gorilla, the other forties waiting a little. The number of large schooners made the early part of the races very hard for the little ones, as they were constantly blanketed by some larger boat. Quickstep made a good start, followed by Azalea. Merlin and Grayling had the best of the start in the large class, Sea Fox being in a tangle with other boats, while Katrina was in a bad berth also. As Liris crossed the inshore end of the line on port tack, followed by Pappoose and Awa, Maraquita on starboard tack came by and put her about, covering her for a time, but Liris in turn soon worked out to windward of Maraquita. The tide was a strong ebb, the wind very light ahead, and clubs and small jibtopsails were set. The start was timed:

Titania	10 21 30	Maraquita	10 25 20
Gorilla	10 21 35	Gracie	10 25 45
Alice	10 23 35	Liris	10 25 50
Quickstep	10 23 40	Constellation	10 25 50
Azalea	10 23 45	Pappoose	10 25 55
Merlin	10 24 04	Sea Fox	10 26 20
Katrina	10 24 06	Awa	10 27 55
Grayling	10 25 00	Mayflower	10 30 00
Helen	10 25 15	Sachem	10 34 50

The fleet worked slowly around the East Chop, Titania in the lead, all hugging the shore and working well into the harbor. The wind was very light and flaky the first hour, but after that, when the leaders were well out in the Sound, it freshened considerably, growing stronger later on and holding to the finish. Pappoose was doing very good work, sneaking along inshore and picking up what air was going. She had been astern of Gorilla, Maraquita, Alice and Liris, but Captain Watson worked very cleverly, and aided by a little luck in the shape of a stray zephyr he got her out into the Sound and clear of the land, as well as of the big boats. Alice too managed to get out into the breeze, and she and Pappoose made a very pretty race across to the whistling buoy off Nobska Head, the rest of the class still being under West Chop. Gorilla, the leader at the start, was becalmed there, with Maraquita. Liris, after having a good lead over Pappoose and Maraquita, had been becalmed in the harbor, and later, after touching on a rock on a cast inshore, found herself between Gracie and Grayling, the schooner completely shutting her off from the open water outside. By the time she was fairly out of this pocket, she was the last of her class. Both Sea Fox and Constellation were astern, and with no wind in the harbor. Gracie and Grayling finally managed to get out, and when the breeze freshened Gracie went away fast, passing Titania before the turn. Her jibtopsail sheet parted before the mark was reached, so that Titania overtook her, and being inside compelled her to give room at the buoy. The times were:

Alice	11 50 40	Merlin	11 54 33
Pappoose	11 50 47	Sachem	11 55 16
Quickstep	11 51 40	Awa	11 55 31
Gracie	11 52 45	Sea Fox	11 55 46
Titania	11 52 50	Azalea	11 56 15
Grayling	11 53 19	Helen	11 56 28
Katrina	11 53 37	Gorilla	11 56 38
Mayflower	11 54 00	Liris	11 57 37
Maraquita	11 54 30	Constellation	11 59 31

Thus far the work had been very fluky and unsatisfactory, but the wind was now blowing fresh up the course, making a dead beat of 8 for the larger boats, there being all that the largest of the forties could carry a clubtopsail in. Grayling and Titania at once began to leave their classes. Quickstep was doing well, and Pappoose and Alice were still far ahead of the other forties. Constellation was aground for a few minutes in the harbor, and so was last, but with this exception Liris was the tail boat at Nobska buoy. Once on the wind, and with sheets trimmed for hard work, she began to show her quality, walking through the fleet of forties and leaving Helen, Gorilla, Awa and Maraquita astern in quick time. Awa, with her great beam, was tempted into carrying jibtopsail and clubtopsail too long, and after a warning in the shape of a hard knock down she hurried them in. Alice had more wind than she wanted coming down to lower sails for a time in spite of a ton of lead put in at Newport, but Pappoose carried her club in great style walking out to windward.

The order now was Titania, Katrina, Grayling, Merlin, Sea Fox, Quickstep, Pappoose, Alice, Liris, Azalea.

Sachem had already distinguished herself during the race by forcing the little Alice about when the latter had the right of way, and emboldened by her success, she tried for larger game. Mayflower was going along on starboard tack, when Sachem on port tack rammed into her just abaft the mainmast, carrying away Mayflower's mainboom and tearing her mainsail badly. Both gave up at once.

The first to turn the shorter course was Quickstep, setting spinaker to starboard. Following her came Pappoose and Alice, Liris being a little astern of Alice. As Azalea came for the mark on starboard tack, the big Constellation bound for the other mark ran in between her and the markboat, shutting off the smaller boat completely. While in this position Constellation, instead of holding on and clearing the other as quickly as possible, tacked just beside the mark, covering it completely. As there was plenty of room and no other boats near there was no excuse for such interference with a boat in another class. Gorilla and Maraquita were close together at the mark. The small boats rounded the second mark as follows: Quickstep 12:41:00, Pappoose 12:42:10

Alice 12:47:00, Liris 12:47:05, Azalea 12:50:00, Gorilla 12:50:30, Maraquita 12:51:30, Helen 12:52:17, Awa 12:54:45.

The large boats were not timed at the outer mark, the flagship running home to time Quickstep.

The little fellows carried spinnakers to Nobska mark, Liris tearing hers and being compelled to set her balloon jibtopsail as a spinnaker. Alice was doing well off the wind, holding Pappoose, and Liris was gaining little or nothing on either, but was holding Maraquita and Gorilla. At Nobska Buoy all trimmed down for a broad reach home, balloon jibtopsails being set. There was still plenty of breeze, and the pace was very fast. Quickstep finished first in sight of the crowd of spectators on the bluff. Azalea being some distance astern. Pappoose came first of the forties, closely followed by Alice, but it was clear that the little Indian baby had taken the sweepstakes, but the result of the regular race for the Vineyard Haven cup was still in doubt. Liris was coming for the finish in grand style, swinging her silk club and balloon jibtopsail, but when within a quarter of a mile from the line her starboard spreader gave way, the topmast went at the cap, and both topmast and topsail yard fell across the gaff, breaking it in the middle. The wreck was a tolerably bad one, and with Maraquita and Gorilla close astern under all kites the chances were very poor, but the crew of the Liris were used to little mishaps, and were quickly at work. The broken spars and gear were hauled out of the water, and under the headsails and crippled mainsail the yacht was headed for the line, crossing it in time to beat Maraquita by 21s.

The large boats were not timed at the turn, but the order was Titania, Katrina, Grayling, Merlin, Sea Fox, Gracie. Spinakers were set to starboard to Nobska buoy, and then balloon jibtopsails for the reach in. Grayling finished first, with Sea Fox and Merlin close astern, Mayflower, Sachem and Constellation withdrawing. The full times were:

CLASSES 1, 2, 3 AND 4 (SAILING AS ONE CLASS).

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Grayling	10 24 41	2 59 21	4 34 40	4 24 16
Sea Fox	10 27 46	3 02 03	4 34 17	4 26 57
Merlin	10 24 27	3 04 55	4 40 28	4 33 20
Mayflower	10 30 31	Did not finish.		
Sachem	10 31 00	Did not finish.		
Constellation	10 27 13	Did not finish.		

CLASS 5—SCHOONERS.

Quickstep	10 23 51	1 57 59	3 34 08	3 34 08
Azalea	10 24 16	2 11 06	3 46 50	3 43 14

CLASSES 1, 2, 3 AND 4 (SAILING AS ONE CLASS).

Titania	10 21 50	2 52 53	4 31 03	4 31 03
Gracie	10 27 05	3 04 22	4 37 07	4 35 36
Katrina	10 24 41	3 02 07	4 37 28	4 37 28

CLASS 7—SLOOPS.

Pappoose	10 26 32	2 13 32	3 47 00	not ms.
Alice	10 22 -5	2 15 28	3 52 43	not ms.
Liris	10 23 01	2 21 10	3 55 09	3 55 09
Maraquita	10 25 55	2 22 28	3 56 33	3 55 30
Gorilla	10 22 22	2 23 06	4 00 54	3 59 55
Helen(unoffic'l time)	10 26 32	2 27 18	4 00 46	not ms.
Awa	10 29 22	2 31 06	4 01 34	not ms.

Grayling beats Sea Fox 2m. 43s.; Quickstep beats Azalea 9m. 6s.; Titania beats Gracie 4m. 33s. and Katrina 6m. 25s.; Pappoose beats Alice 7m. 43s., actual time, and about 10m. corrected time, and Liris beats Maraquita 21s.

In the evening a reception was held by the Oak Bluffs Club, at which the cups were presented by Pres. Van Slyck. Com. Gerry was present with his staff in uniform. During the night Mayflower and Liris took a tug for New Bedford to repair in time for the rest of the racing. Clara came in at sunset from New Bedford with a new topmast.

Vineyard Haven to New Bedford, Third Run, Aug. 13.

The orders were for an early start on Tuesday morning, but a cloudy sky and strong S.W. breeze caused many of the smaller craft to start out to Quick's Holl rather than to keep with the squadron through Vineyard Sound, the course being from off West Chop around the red buoy off Cuttyhunk, and to a finish off Clark's Point. Of those which started nearly all the schooners had reefed mainsails, No. 2 jibs and foretopmasts housed, Grayling setting all lower sail with topmasts on end. Titania, Katrina and Gracie housed topmasts, reefed mainsails and set No. 2 jibs, Titania shifting to No. 1 after running out to try the wind. The small schooners showed similar sail, while Bertie, Gorilla, Maraquita and Lotowana had topmasts housed, two reefs in and small jibs.

The start was given at 10:10, the flagship being anchored off West Chop. Maraquita was first over, followed by Gorilla, with Quickstep, Harbinger and Bertie, some of the larger yachts crossing with the small ones and returning for the start of their division 20m. later.

The fleet worked across toward Tarpaulin Cove on port tack, Quickstep and the forties holding to the Vineyard Haven shore. Sea Fox soon tacked away from the fleet, also working the Vineyard Haven side, while Titania, Grayling, Katrina and most of the others held along by Naushon. Titania was not only leaving Katrina rapidly, but was holding the schooners, being ahead of Grayling. She finally stood across the Sound when near Cuttyhunk, Grayling after her, and Katrina now far to leeward. Sachem had been in some trouble, giving up, and she and Dauntless had taken a short cut for New Bedford.

When the leaders came together at 1:35 Grayling covered Sea Fox's bow, tacking at once, but failed to blanket her; Sea Fox at once ran from under her lee, and in 20 minutes was far ahead of her. Titania was doing the best sailing of the day, under whole lower sail and working topsail, and led Sea Fox at the buoy off Cuttyhunk, the turn being timed: Titania 2:28:38, Sea Fox 2:29:28, Grayling 2:31:35.

Sheets were started, and at 3 P. M. the schooners set spinakers, Grayling also setting clubtopsail. Sea Fox finished first, but did not save her time on Grayling. Official summary:

FIRST CLASS SCHOONERS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Dauntless	10 45 00	Did not finish.		
Constellation	10 40 51	4 06 41	5 25 50	5 24 33
Palmer	10 36 14	4 14 19	5 38 05	5 34 48
Intrepid	10 36 56	4 27 19	5 50 23	5 45 04

SECOND CLASS SCHOONERS.

Fredonia	10 36 01	4 17 39	5 41 35	Not meas.
Fortuna	10 37 12	4 22 28	5 45 16	5 45 16
Norna	10 41 46	4 22 03	5 40 15	5 27 18

THIRD CLASS SCHOONERS.

Merlin	10 37 30	4 24 45	5 47 15	5 47 15
Sea Fox	10 36 12	3 50 04	5 13 52	5 13 16
Sachem	10 39 11	Did not finish.		
Grayling	10 37 12	3 51 56	5 14 44	5 11 14

FOURTH CLASS SCHOONERS.

Marguerite	10 37 53	4 42 56	5 55 03	5 55 03
Iroquois	10 41 10	4 22 45	5 41 35	5 40 49
Halcyon	10 39 08	4 58 50	6 19 42	6 18 23
Œnone	10 37 26	4 43 30	6 06 04	6 02 53

FIFTH CLASS SCHOONERS.

Quickstep	10 12 00	4 08 10	5 56 11	5 56 11
Harbinger	10 12 31	4 45 58	6 33 27	6 32 26

THIRD CLASS SLOOPS.

Titania	10 42 20	3 53 53	5 11 24	5 11 24
Katrina	10 41 10	4 05 16	5 24 06	5 25 06
Gracie	10 38 50	4 24 30	5 45 40	5 44 05

FOURTH CLASS SLOOPS.

Hildegard	10 40 14	4 45 35	6 05 21	6 05 21
Whileaway	10 42 06	Did not finish.		

FIFTH CLASS SLOOPS.

Bertie	10 14 04	4 39 25	6 25 21	6 25 21

SEVENTH CLASS SLOOPS.

Maroquita	10 10 43	4 55 58	6 45 15	6 45 15
Gorilla	10 11 51	4 55 49	6 23 58	6 23 37
Lotowana	10 15 00	Did not finish.		

Constellation beats Palmer 10m. 15s., Norna beats Fortuna 7m. 58s., Grayling beats Sea Fox 2m. 2s., Iroquois beats Marguerite 14m. 14s., Quickstep beats Harbinger 36m. 13s., Titania beats Katrina 12m. 42s., Hildegard wins. Bertie wins, Gorilla beats Maraquita 21m. 45s.

GREAT SOUTH BAY Y. C.—The first regatta of this new club was sailed off Conover's wharf, Islip, on Aug. 9. At 10 o'clock the boats got off on a triangular course of 6½ miles, three times around for sloops, twice for the cats. The catboats started first with a stiff southwest wind. The interest in the race centered in the sloops Berkeley, Patience and Belle Powell. The Belle won, Patience carried away topmast when half way over the course, Evelyn won in second and Markee in third class sloops. Madge, Senad and Damfyno won in second, third and fourth classes of cats. Silver trophies were presented as prizes to the winners.

YONKERS CORINTHIAN Y. C. CRUISE.—The fleet of the Yonkers Y. C., under Com. Prime, was at Red Bank last week on the annual cruise. On Aug. 7 a race was sailed, open to yachts of the North Shrewsbury and Yonkers C. Y. C., but it ended in a drift. Next day it was resailed, Nedaga winning in second class and Irene in third. The cruise of the Corinthians was a most enjoyable one, and wound up with a hop at their fine club house on Monday evening.

CAPE CATS AND CUTTERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I sincerely trust the episode of the Harbinger's victory over the Saracen and Kathleen at Marblehead, will not be allowed to pass without further comment, and, if possible, explanation. As it stands at present it is certainly startling. Here for years back we have been learning the lesson of depth and low ballast and the cutter rig. We have the outcome of it all in Kathleen and Saracen, and against these we have a centerboard boat, shallow, comparatively, of (presumably) small displacement, enormous beam, rock ballast, and a rig very like the old-fashioned American sloop, and in what every yachtsman regards as the crowning test of a yacht, turning to windward in a good breeze, the centerboard sloop shows herself as good as the cutters. Lay aside the discussion of the question of whether or not the Harbinger would have won but for her taking advantage of smoother water. The startling thing is that she should make any showing beside the other two boats at all. Under such conditions of wind and water the two keel cracks should, if modern theories are correct, have soaked out to windward 3ft. to her 2.

But if "Fair Play" is correct, on the long beat of ten miles before Tinker's Island was reached she fully held her own with them, and the timings show that she went down the wind as rapidly as they did, I don't see much force in the argument that she had much advantage by reason of her light top hamper and small sail plan. A cutter with her topmast housed is surely light enough aloft. I am a believer in keel craft of moderate dimensions with outside ballast and cutter rig. But facts are facts, and if it is the fact that a boat can be built practically safe in any weather a small yacht need expect to meet, equally comfortable for all purposes except being out at sea at night, much easier to handle and as good a performer in good racing weather as a modern fashionable 30ft. "keel mine," while costing about a fraction as much to build and equip, why, good many of us would like to know it. So let us have the facts. Did the Harbinger really show as good ability to windward as her two rivals, and if so how do the experts account for it? Was it her board or her beam, or her small displacement, or her rig, or all combined, or what?

INQUIRER.

CORINTHIAN Y. C. OF MARBLEHEAD.

A FINE series of races has been arranged by the Corinthian Y. C. of Marblehead, to cover four days, Aug. 24, 26, 27 and 28, and open to the 40, 30 and 27ft. classes. The prizes include the Eastern Y. C. or Weld cup, valued at $250, now held by the Chiquita, to be sailed for 5 times, the winner of the greatest number of races taking the cup. In the 30ft. class are two cups, one of $125, offered by a member of the Corinthian Y. C., for cutters and sloops over 27ft. and not over 30ft., and one of $102, given by the owner of Saracen, for the keel yacht making the best average in the three days' racing of the 30ft. class, Saracen not included. A cup valued at $100, given by a member of the club, is offered for sloops and cutters over 21 and not over 27ft. l.w.l.

There will be four days of racing in the 40ft. class, and three days in each of the other classes. In the 30ft. and 27ft. classes the yacht winning two races shall own the cup. In case of a tie in either of theses classes, there will be a sail-off on Wednesday, Aug. 28.

The Eastern Y. C. cup for 40-footers will be sailed for under the sailing rules of the Eastern Y. C., and the cups for the 30ft. and 27ft. classes will be sailed for under the sailing rules of the Corinthian Y. C. In the 40ft. and 30ft. classes the races will be open to yachts of any club, but in the 27ft. class competition will be restricted to yachts of the Corinthian Y. C. Yachts in the 40ft. class may carry one man for each four feet of racing measurement or fractional part. Yachts in the 30ft. and 27ft. classes may carry six men, one of whom may be a paid man, but they must be steered by an amateur. In the 27ft. class the helmsman must be a member of the Corinthian Y. C.

No race in any class will be considered made unless finished by one of the yachts in that class before sunset.

In case the judges' steamer should not be at the line in time for the return of any class a judge will be stationed in a boat flying the Corinthian Y. C. flag, who will take the time until the steamer has resumed her position.

Contestants are requested to read this circular carefully, as one or two minor points have been altered since the issue of the previous circular.

Entries must be made in all classes. All entries must be directed to the chairman of the regatta committee, Corinthian Y. C. House, Marblehead Neck, Mass., and must be received by 2 o'clock P. M. of Friday, Aug. 23. Entries should state the racing measurement, where known.

The regatta committee includes Messrs. George A. Stewart, Chairman, Frank W. Chandler, William P. Fowle, John B. Paine Harry P. Benson.

QUAKER CITY Y. C. ANNUAL CRUISE.

THE following orders have been issued for the cruise of the Quaker City Y. C. Com. Middleton has appointed Mr. Samuel A. Wood fleet captain:

Flagship Helen, Quaker City Y. C., harbor of Philadelphia, Aug. 1, 1889. General Orders No. 7:

1. The vessels of the fleet will rendezvous in the cove above Turkey Point, Chesapeake Bay, for the annual squadron cruise, on Monday, Aug. 19.

2. Captains will report aboard the flagship at 8 o'clock A. M., at which time the movements for the earlier days of the cruise will be decided upon. At 9 o'clock, on signal from the flagship, the fleet will proceed to Shady Beach, the country seat of Capt. Joseph L. McDaniel, of the yacht Mascotte, who has extended an invitation to captains and their guests to spend the day with him. The cruise will extend to Baltimore and Annapolis. Special features of the cruise will be a day's fishing at Betterton, a clam bake at Tolchester, rowing and sailing races by the boats belonging to the vessels of the squadron, and swimming races for members of the crews. Races will be given at Baltimore, Annapolis, Bay Ridge or Tolchester—rules and regulations governing the same will be issued to captains by the regatta committee. The Chesapeake Bay and Baltimore yacht clubs have been invited to participate in these races.

3. There will be two divisions of the fleet during the cruise, the first division comprising all schooners, first and second class sloops and steam yachts. The second division comprising third and fourth class open yachts and steam launches.

4. The daily runs will be trials of speed for all classes, and the first yacht arriving at the destined post will take its own time and that of the others, and report the result to the commodore. In all races the second division will start fifteen minutes in advance of the first division.

5. The signals for starting will be as follows: First gun from flagship to prepare to sail; ten minutes later, second gun from flagship, for second division to start; fifteen minutes later, third gun from flagship for first division to start.

6. The routine and rules contained in the Club Manual will be observed during the cruise.

7. Yachts, when in squadron, are earnestly requested to take their ship's time in striking flags from that of the flagship; and in no case to anticipate it.

8. Captains intending to join the squadron are requested to notify the fleet captain at the club house, No. 911 Walnut street, at as early a date as possible.

By order of the Commodore.

SAMUEL A. WOOD, Fleet Captain.

A PLEA FOR THE NEW YORK Y. C.

A NEW defender of the New York Y. C. has come forward in the person of a member of the club, Mr. Arthur Ryerson, now in Europe, who writes as follows to the London *Times:*

SIR—So much criticism appears in the public prints concerning the New York Y. C. and the new deed of gift of the America's Cup that, as a member of that club and an American yacht owner, I ask room for a line in defense.

It would be as well, I think, for those who stigmatize the present deed of gift as an attempt on the part of the New York Y. C. to hold the cup under conditions narrower than those originally attached to it to be reminded for how it was won.

The schooner America simply came over and raced against the whole fleet of that day, and whatever time rules were then in vogue in English waters.

The first return races in America, sailed, I think, against Mr. Ashbury's challenge, were of the same character, and it was because of English protest and at English request that we gave up this style of contest and bound ourselves to match the challenger with our best ship, which we have done since.

When we conceded this, we at one step gave up more than all other conditions, precedent or subsequent, combined. It is one thing to cross the Atlantic to raise a match, and quite another to sail 3,000 miles to take part in a regatta and chance being beaten, not only by one superior boat, but by any one of perhaps twenty inferior ones through a fluke. If the New York Y. C. should announce to-morrow that it held the Cup under the conditions in accordance with which it was originally won, it would put an end to all contests for it. That effectually disposes of any charge that we have imposed restrictive conditions.

A word as to the actual conditions of the present deed of gift. I take it the condition most objected to is that providing that if the challenger be a small boat the challenged may still match her with their largest and best. The object of this condition is to limit contests to the best on both sides. If the object of these contests is, as I presume it is, to settle yachting supremacy, what object or gain is there in England sending over a 70-footer, and beating our 70-footer, while at the same time we might have a boat equal to beating, not only the English 70-footer, but any other English yacht? I fancy that the public on both sides are interested in the question of which country has the best yacht, not the best 70-footer. The question is a broader one than either naval architects or experts would seem to regard it. The condition is a stimulant for either side to send their best ship, for if they do not they put themselves under the handicap of being opposed by a better one.

I have noticed this point because it seems to have been the rock upon which the recent challenge has split. If the object of the contest is to settle which country has the best yacht, I think any one must admit the condition to be a wise, nay, even a necessary one.

Again, at English request the race over the New York inside course was given up, and all the races set to be sailed outside, where local knowledge counts for nothing. I do not think any other conditions are worthy of comment. Several times, however, we have changed our measurements, and each time to favor the English yacht—that is, by taxing beam.

Now, in view of all this, it is a trifle hard to be accused of unsportsmanlike conduct, and it is a more serious matter than looks, because, despite of all the demagogues may do or say there is a pretty solid appreciation among gentlemen in America of English principles and English honor an appreciation which I, for one, should hate to see disturbed by a mere misunderstanding. I hope that some one will be found to follow in the footsteps of those thorough sportsmen, Sir Richard Sutton, Lieut. Henn and Mr. Bell, and that the cup may be seen changing hands every year or two, and that with each change we may see still greater triumphs in both ships and sailing. I ask you to insert this rather long-drawn-out letter in the name of fair play, and remain very obediently yours,

ARTHUR RYERSON.

BROWN'S HOTEL, London.

We would call Mr. Ryerson's attention to the fact that in the original race the owners of America declined to sail under the "time rule then in vogue," and the race was sailed with no time allowance from America to the small cutters. In speaking of the first race, in 1870, he also omits to say that the English protest against meeting one yacht by the entire fleet was most emphatically backed up by the then commodore of the New York Y. C., Mr. Henry G. Stebbins; and the whole proceeding was condemned in the following year by Mr. Geo. L. Schuyler.

By Mr. Ryerson's own showing there can be no fairness in sailing a fleet of home vessels against one foreign challenger, and so far from the action of the New York Y. C. in giving up this point in 1871 being in any way a generous concession, no one can read the very strong letter of Mr. Schuyler, in April, 1871, and the discussions that took place then, without coming to the conclusion that in place of any voluntary act of a generous nature the club was driven with difficulty to do a simple act of justice.

Mr. Ryerson is correct in assuming that the 90ft. limit and no time allowance are objected to by the opponents of the new deed, but he passes by entirely the chief grounds of objection, that the designer of a challenging yacht is so impeded and tied down that he cannot hope for success, and at the same time he is obliged to show his hand long in advance to his adversary, getting nothing in return. This is one of the worst features of the new deed, far more severe on the challenger than the 90ft. clause, bad as that is. In taking the popular ground that biggest and best are synonymous in yacht racing, Mr. Ryerson like most other defenders of this view overlooks the fact that the 90ft. class is but visionary, there never has been one and there is now no likelihood of its establishment, and in the meanwhile the Cup must be laid on the shelf.

He evidently heard the statement lately made by Mr. Geo. L. Schuyler, or he would not have fallen into the error of saying that the inside course was abandoned at the request of English yachtsmen. Mr. Schuyler has very frankly given the true reason, that the course was too shoal for Volunteer and Mayflower with 22ft. of draft, and not for Thistle with 18ft. In speaking of the changes of measurement, Mr. Ryerson does not go into details, and has unfortunately overlooked the change made after the Cambria races, and in preparation for Livonia. On the whole we fail to see that he has proved anything in behalf of the club, or advanced any statements that are not misleading or easily refuted.

JEFFRIES Y. C.—The annual open regatta of the Jeffries Y. C. was sailed at Boston on Aug. 10 in a strong S.W. breeze, the courses being, for the special, first class keels and centerboards, from judges' boat, leaving black buoy No. 5 on starboard, red buoy No. 10 on port, Governor's Rock and Glade's buoy on starboard, Apple Island buoy on port, Governor's Flats buoys No. 1 and 2 on starboard, Sculpin Ledge buoy on starboard, Thompson's Island red buoy No. 2 on starboard, Castle Rocks No. 7 on port, Glade's buoy No. 7 on starboard, No. 10 and No. 5 on port to starting line, 9 miles. The jib and mainsails, second class centerboards and keels, sailed from judges' boat leaving buoy No. 5 on starboard, buoy No. 10 on port, Governor's Rock and Glade's buoy on starboard, Apple Island buoys on port, Governor's Flats buoys Nos. 1 and 2 on starboard, Thompson's Island red buoy No. 2 on starboard, Castle Rocks No. 7 on port, Glade's buoy No. 7 on starboard, No. 10 and No. 5 on port to starting line, 7½ miles. The times were:

SPECIAL CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Jessie, H. N. Wilson	26.06	3 09 00	1 30 37
Æolus, J. Rood	26.08	3 09 08	1 31 21
Daisy, H. Potter	26.04	3 10 42	1 32 37

FIRST CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Posy, R. G. Hunt	22.02	3 15 14	1 25 03
Sea Bird, C. L. Joy	22.08	3 09 23	1 25 53
White Fawn, W. P. Cherrington	25.01	3 10 03	1 29 11
Amilda, E. E. Deal	24.09	3 13 19	1 32 06
Good Luck, J. B. Farrell	23.00	3 15 14	1 31 03
Nellie May	21.01	3 20 35	1 35 18

FIRST CLASS—KEELS.

Echo, Brown and Ishana	24.09	3 09 45	1 28 12
Judith, W. B. Pigeon	23 04	3 13 06	1 30 25
Bride of Wind, F. J. Toby	22.03	3 18 30	1 24 36
Thelga, Hall and Johnson	22.01	3 19 38	1 35 33
Beth, J. W. Dutton	23.07	3 20 02	1 37 42

SECOND CLASS—KEELS.

Astrea, R. M. Benner	20.01	3 20 52	1 34 54
Zetta, R. D. Flye	20.09	3 26 23	1 38 52

SECOND CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Atilla, E. P. Linton	19.10	3 25 07	1 33 52
Mabel, F. L. Dunne	19.10	3 28 00	1 36 45
Rocket, H. M. Faxon	16.02	3 28 44	1 32 47
Flora Lee, Lanning and Bachus	16.10	3 37 21	1 43 22

JIB AND MAINSAILS.

Auk, A. A. Martin	18.06	3 11 32	1 23 42
Eureka, E. Rogers	20.05	3 10 22	1 24 50
Tom Cat, C. H. Lockhart	19.00	3 14 31	1 27 18
Diadem, L. A. Haywood	18.02	3 22 48	1 34 34
Joe, W. H. Fanuloe	18.01	3 23 27	1 35 07

The judges were Walter S. McLauchlin, A. H. Rowe, F. S. Armstrong, W. A. Hanlsey. Measurer, Ambrose A. Martin. Regatta committee, F. W. Proctor, Jacob Rood, Charles P. Pilse, Ambrose A. Martin, Douglas Moreland, Charles L. Joy.

PLEON Y. C. SECOND CHAMPIONSHIP, AUG. 7.—The second championship regatta of the Pleon Y. C. was sailed in a moderate breeze off Marblehead on Aug. 7, the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SPECIAL CLASS.			
Don, High & Blaney	16.00	1 17 37	1 15 59
Minna, J. H. Norris	16.01	1 22 00	1 20 27
Anna L., H. Martin	16.07	1 28 57	None.
Fly, P. S. Russell	14.01	Did not finish.	
FIRST CLASS—KEELS.			
Oswa, H. Hildreth	16.05	1 06 41	1 05 26
Edith, L. W. Sleeper	15.01	1 11 42	1 09 17
Snail, Wood	15.11	1 18 20	1 16 40
Iris, R. C. Bridge	15.09	1 20 18	1 18 18
FIRST CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.			
Sapphire, C. S. Street	14.05	1 16 31	1 13 26
SECOND CLASS—KEELS.			
Midge, H. Jackson	11.07	1 11 30	1 07 49
Estelle, C. Prince	11.09	1 13 58	1 10 25
SECOND CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.			
Reba, Palmer & Poole	12.09	0 56 13	0 53 12
Gem, J. O. Taylor	11.10	1 01 46	0 57 42
Minnie, J. W. Dunlap	12.10	1 03 30	1 00 33

CAPE ANN Y.C.—The yacht race of the Cape Ann Y. C. was one of the chief attractions of the annual "River Day" at Annisquam. The day is observed as a general holiday, being given up to water sports of all kinds. The race was sailed in a strong S.W. wind, the summary being:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected
Hazard, Pierce & Moody	22.08	1 53 54	1 33 01
Climax, Tucker	18.06	2 00 00	1 35 06
Maud S., Irwin	10.09	2 00 37	1 38 15
Lark, Parkhurst	18.02	2 10 27	1 45 50
Silver Cloud, McLaughlin	20.04	2 11 35	1 48 50

Black Cloud, Evelyn, Old Honesty, withdrawn.

SECOND CLASS.

Madcap, Wheeler	11.06	2 02 42	1 38 08
Alpine, Stetson	16.02	2 15 56	1 48 59
Luna, Webster	16.10	2 17 12	1 51 01
Uncas, Webster	16.00	2 19 18	1 52 07
Sassacuss, Griffin	16.09	2 20 50	1 54 33

Sapphire and Keno, time not taken.

THIRD CLASS.

Volna, Wheeler	14.02	1 37 54	1.18 14
Umbria, Hildreth	14.06	1 51 47	1 32 12
Minot, Boardman	13.05	2 01.59	1 41 41

P. T. Douglass, time not taken.

Judges: James S. Steele, Daniel B. Stanwood and Henry Norwood. Prizes in first class, $10, $8 and $5; second class, $8, $5 and $3; in third class, $3, $2 and $1.

CORINTHIAN Y. C.—The second championship regatta of the Corinthian Y. C. was sailed off Marblehead on Aug. 10 in a strong S. W. wind, followed by a rain squall and calm. Mignon beat Saracen by nearly 5m., passing her near the end of the race. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mignon, W. P. Fowle	34.09	2 05 41	2 02 20
Saracen, H. Batson	38.03	2 08 11	2 07 08

SECOND CLASS.

Moondyne, A. J. Shaw	29.00	2 22 22	2 14 47
Agnes, W. E. Cummings	31.02	2 27 52	2 21 08
Ione, J. S. Payen	36.08	2 23 11	2 21 47
Trudette, L. M. Haskins	30.11	Did not finish.	

THIRD CLASS.

Swordfish, J. B. Payne	31.06	2 28 28	2 22 39
Otter, P. Chase	Not measured.	No time taken.	

FOURTH CLASS.

Myrtle, R. C. Poor	20.00	1 37 20	1 26 06
Wanda, R. C. Robbins	21.07	1 39 18	1 38 23
Nerena, R. Saltonstall	21.08	No time taken.	

FIFTH CLASS.

Mosca, G. H. H. Foster	25.03	1 34 50	1 27 13
Kathleen, R. S. Peabody	25.07	1 34 35	1 27 16
Wraith, H. P. Benson	23.03	1 37 35	1 28 32
Carmita, F. E. Peabody	24.03	1 38 22	1 30 24

SIXTH CLASS.

Dauphin, R. C. Robbins	18.00	1 57 08	1 43 13
Nonpareil, W. O. Taylor	18.08	1 57 10	1 44 04

Nerena grounded, and injured her keel so, the board jammed.

MONATIQUOT Y. C. SECOND CHAMPIONSHIP, AUG. 8.—The second championship regatta of the Monatiquot Y. C. was sailed on Aug. 8, off Weymouth, the wind being light from E. for a part of the race, freshening later on. Moondyne was protested by Erin for sculling with the rudder during the calm, but the protest has not been decided. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Moondyne, A. J. Shaw	24.10	2 23 29	1 56 28
Erin, John Cavanagh	26.11	2 31 39	2 04 25

SECOND CLASS.

Posy, R. G. Hunt	22 03	2 29 40	1 57 22
Secret, E. F. Linton	22.06	2 34 37	2 03 06
Nereid, C. F. Colby	20.09	2 40 53	2 07 17
Madge, W. H. Howes	23.08	2 44 32	2 14 16

THIRD CLASS.

Atala, E. F. Linton	19.10	5 08 46	1 37 17
Rocket, H. M. Faxon	16.02	2 16 02	1 38 35
Diadem, L. Hayward	18.02	2 10 19	1 41 24
Hester, P. R. Blackmar	19.11	Withdrawn.	

The judges were: Henry Gardner, Dana Smith and A. J. Bates.

RAJAH AND MONA.—A very interesting race was sailed, by arrangement, on Aug. 3 between the Mona and Rajah. The course was from the Black Can Buoy off the easterly end of the Hen and Chickens Rock (over an imaginary line, of which the other extremity was the judge's boat) to and around Matinnicock Buoy; then to and around the Red Buoy off the westerly end of Captain's Island, then to and around Matinnicock Buoy and to finish line. Mona allowed Rajah 3m. 20s., and the times were as follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mona	10 57 00	2 19 00	3 22 00	3 25 21
Rajah	11 02 11	2 23 40	3 21 29	3 21 29

Wind, S. W., strong and steady; a reach, run, beat, and reach. Mona gained 1m. on each reach. Rajah gained about 2½m. on run with spinakers. On the wind the boats appeared to be equal. The judge was Mr. Otto Sarony of regatta committee of Larchmont Club.

RHODE ISLAND Y. C. OPEN REGATTA.—The third annual open regatta of the Rhode Island Y. C. will be sailed off the club house, Pawtuxet Neck, on Aug. 27. The classes will be sloops, 33ft. and under 48ft. l.w.l.; 23ft. and under 33ft.; cats, 24ft. and over; 20ft. and under 24ft.; 17ft. and under 20ft.; under 17ft. No shifting ballast will be allowed. A cup of the value of $50, given by Com. F. P. Sands, will be awarded to the yacht in Class 1 winning under the waterline and spar measurement proposed by E. Burgess. Entries will be received of yachts enrolled in any yacht club. They may be mailed to 12 Aborn street, Providence, R. I., or left with the janitor at the club house. Entries will close Aug. 26, at 12 o'clock noon. One member of each crew will be placed upon some other boat to see that the rules are observed. It will be the duty of such person to report any infraction of the rules to the judges immediately after the finish of the race.

CAPE COD Y. C.—The second of the series of regattas held by the Cape Cod Y. C. was sailed off Orleans on Aug. 10, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.

	Elapsed.
No Name, William Wareham	1 24 05
Kickapoo, D. B. Gould	1 26 01
Bessie, Edward Penniman	Did not finish.

SECOND CLASS.

Seola, E. E. Nickerson	1 25 06
Pemmegiwassett, W. M. Crosby	1 39 09
Transit, Samuel Small	1 41 02
Carrie L., George Clark	Did not finish.

THIRD CLASS.

Mischief, E. L. Snow	1 06 34
Imp, J. P. Knowles	1 30 19
Prince, P. Doane	1 36 27

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1887-88.

Commodore: H. C. ROGERS, Peterborough, Can.
Secretary-Treasurer: GEO. W. HATTON, Peterborough, Can.

Vice-Com.	Rear-Com.	Purser.
Central Div.—W. R. Huntington.	E. W. Masten.	T. H. Stryker, Rome, N. Y.
Atlantic Div.—W. P. Stephens.	L. B. Palmer.	F. L. Dunnell, 136 Jeroleomon St., Brooklyn.
N'thern Div.—Robert Tyson.	S. S. Robinson.	Colin Fraser, Toronto.
Eastern Div.—H. E. Rice, M. D.	Maxton Holmes.	H. D Marsh, Springfield, Mass.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of $2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year. Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay $1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division.

Persons residing in any Division and wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore—C. J. Stedman, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Vice-Commodore—T. J. Kirkpatrick, Springfield, O.
Rear-Commodore—Thos. S. Gates, Columbus, O.
Secretary-Treasurer—J. B. Keogh, Chicago, Ill.

FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

—. Pequot Meet, Thimble Islands.
7-23. A. C. A. Meet, Stave Island, St. Lawrence River.

SEPTEMBER.

2. Arlington, Annual, Arlington, N. J.
7. Puritan, Record Races, No. 5.
14. Ianthe, Annual, Newark.
7. Brooklyn, Annual, postponed.

BROOKLYN C. C.—A race was sailed on Saturday, Aug. 3, for the Brooklyn C. C. challenge cup. The course was triangular, although a strong ebb tide made it practically to leeward and return, insuring a good race. Com. Wilkin's Queen Bess had the best of the start, but Niente, Mr. F. L. Dunnell, overhauled her on the run out and turned the first mark ahead. Here the windward work began and it looked like a victory for Queen Bess, as she immediately took a windward position, but only for a short time, for Niente began to outfoot her and gained a lead on the second tack, which she held to the finish. Phœnix, Mr. W. McK. Miller, the only other starter, did not finish.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Atlantic Division: C. W. Burroughs, New Jersey. Eastern Division: W. F. Stevens, Portland, Me.

Answers to Correspondents.

S. N. R., Pawtucket.—We will make inquiries for you.

INSECT POWDER, Ridge Hill, Mass.—See article on fleas and lice in kennel department.

H. B., England.—For the bullfrogs apply to Eugene G. Blackford, Fulton Market, New York.

G. W. M., Chattanooga, Tenn.—For the ornithologist's tools apply to John Wallace, No. 16 North William street, New York.

S. Y. M., Toledo, O.—The Illinois prairie chicken season will open Sept. 1 and close Nov. 1; the quail season will open Oct. 1 and run to Dec. 1.

E. A. B., New York.—For membership in New Jersey societies you may apply to the West Jersey Game Protective Society, Chas. H. Barnard, Secretary, Gloucester City, N. J., or to W. L. Force, Secretary New Jersey Game and Fish Protective Society, Plainfield, N. J. Certificates from either apply throughout the State.

SPORT, Nyack.—You can kill ruffed grouse in Maine after Sept. 1, but large game is protected to Oct. 1, at which date the fishing for trout will close.

READER, Ansonia, Conn.—For trout fry apply to your Fish Commissioners, Wm. M. Hudson, Hartford; James A. Bill, Lyme; Robert B. Chalkin, Saybrook.

ORNITHOLOGIST, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.—Please tell me how I can obtain a naturalist's license. Ans. Apply to Mr. J. E. Allen, American Museum of Natural History, Central Park, New York.

D. AND OTHERS, St. Clair.—Where can good black bass fly-fishing be had in September, within a day's travel of Philadelphia? Ans. Try the Susquehanna River in the vicinity of Towanda, or of Renovo.

RIFLE.—The standard American target counts 2 for 4×6ft. space outside of first circle, 3 for 46in. diameter circle, 4 for 26in. circle, 5 for 19 68-100in. circle, 6 for 14 80-100in. circle, 7 for 11in. circle, 8 for 8in. circle, 9 for 5 54-100in. circle, and 10 for 3 36-100in. circle.

CESTRIAN, Bowdon, England.—1. You will find trout fishing in California; and the tackle stores there are so well supplied with suitable goods that you may leave the purchasing of tackle until your arrival. 2. The small game includes quail, doves and hares; and there is capital wildfowl shooting.

X. Y. Z.—1. Will a telescope sight be of any use to old eyes in shooting squirrels and other small game in the woods? 2. Are they of any practical use to the hunter in a general way? 3. Is the Rural Manufacturing Company of Philadelphia reliable? Ans. 1. Yes. 2. They are of good service under certain conditions of rest shooting. 3. We believe it to be.

T. C. S., Detroit.—All the revolvers will "jump," even the best grades; but you can to a great degree remedy this by preparing your own cartridges, using lighter loads. The two makes you name are of surprising accuracy when held right, as demonstrated in the shooting galleries, but they are there shot with specially prepared loads.

A. B., Lancaster county, Pa.—1. The name "Bob White" is applied to the bird commonly called "quail." "Wells's" contention is that the bird is not a true quail. In this he is right, but it is too late in the day now to think of correcting the erroneous nomenclature. 2. There is no well-defined line between amateur and professional trap shots; the distinctions now made are not based on any hard-and-fast rule, but certain individuals are recognized professionals and are so treated.

C. G., Rye, N. Y.—Can you inform me how the shooting of small birds can be stopped? Every Sunday it is a continual bang all day. I am aware of the law, but our game keeper lives far from this place, and, if I should complain to him, I have my doubts of his taking any action in the matter. I tried to get the justice of the peace of my village interested in the protection of the small birds, but he says if I will make a complaint he will take action. Now, how is a stranger going to make a complaint against one whom he has never seen before? Ans. The proper course is to lay the matter before your district protector, Dr. Willett Kidd, Newburgh, who will undoubtedly give it his attention.

AZTEC.—1. Of what brand is the dead shot powder mentioned in your gun tests? 2. I find the abridged A. O. U. Check List does not help to identify birds. What work would you recommend for that purpose? Does the unabridged Check List of the A. O. U. or of Coues give full descriptions and characters of the birds? If I must have a larger work, will Ridgway's "Manual" or Coues's "Key" be most likely to meet the requirements of Mexico? 3. Is Trumbull's "Names and Portraits" confined to the United States? 4. What is the scientific name of the turtle dove? Ans. 1. Made by the American Powder Mills, Boston, Mass. 2. Ridgway's "Manual" will answer your purpose for Mexican birds. 3. Trumbull's work professes to apply to the eastern half of the United States. 4. The turtle dove, also called the mourning dove and Carolina dove, is the *Zenaidura macroura*.

QUERIES AND REQUESTS.

R. R. S., Philapelphia, writes: I would like to be one of a party of two or three to fish and hunt for large game in Colorado or Idaho about Sept. 1, for recreation and pleasure.

E. L. R. asks: Can any of your numerous readers inform me where a party of three can go in Virginia and find sport for a month with turkey, deer, bear, etc? We are willing to go any distance to find plenty of game and few hunters.

G. D. L. writes: Have any of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM used hollow pointed bullets of .38-cal. rifle cartridge? I use a .38-55-255, and it gives fair results with solid bullet; but would like some one who has experience with the hollow point of that caliber to give his opinion of the matter.

X. Y. Z. writes: I expect to start about Sept. 1 for a hunting trip in British Columbia. Would like a companion. From the aquaintance I have already formed both of persons and places, I confidently expect a pleasant and successful trip. I don't care so much whether my companion has much experience in hunting, camping, etc. (although that is desirable, of course), as that he be companionable and able to put up with some of the inconveniences without grumbling.

A party of two sportsmen who are going to Montana for big game would like the pleasure of spending a day or two with some readers of FOREST AND STREAM having good dogs, on the line of Northern Pacific R. R. in Dakota, after chickens, ducks and geese. Being in moderate circumstances, in exchange, should any reader see fit to entertain them, they will extend the same goodfellowship to the party for a grouse and quail hunt in their native State. References given if desired. Address SPORTSMAN, Box 442, Towanda, Pa.

BEECHAM'S PILLS act like magic on a weak stomach.—*Adv.*

HUMPHREYS'
VETERINARY SPECIFICS
For Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs, AND POULTRY.
500 Page Book on Treatment of Animals and Chart Sent Free.

CURES { Fevers, Congestions, Inflammation,
A.A. { Spinal Meningitis, Milk Fever.
B.B.—Strains, Lameness, Rheumatism.
C.C.—Distemper, Nasal Discharges.
D.D.—Bots or Grubs, Worms.
E.E.—Coughs, Heaves, Pneumonia.
F.F.—Colic or Gripes, Bellyache.
G.G.—Miscarriage, Hemorrhages.
H.H.—Urinary and Kidney Diseases.
I.I.—Eruptive Diseases, Mange.
J.K.—Diseases of Digestion.

Stable Case, with Specifics, Manual, Witch Hazel Oil and Medicator, $7.00
Price, Single Bottle (over 50 doses), - .60

Sold by Druggists; or Sent Prepaid anywhere and in any quantity on Receipt of Price.
Humphreys' Med. Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

Forest & Stream File Binders.
PRICE, $1.00.
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

HAVE YOU SEEN OUR NEW
Illustrated Catalogue
OF
FISHING TACKLE?
It is the most elaborate and magnificent book ever published in the Sporting Goods line. Send us 25 cents and we will forward you a copy post paid.
ABBEY & IMBRIE,
No. 18 VESEY STREET, NEW YORK.



UPTHEGROVE & McLELLAN,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Shooting and Fishing Suits
AND CLOTHING FOR
CIVIL ENGINEERS, RANCHMEN, LUMBERMEN, MINERS, ETC.
Write for our new combined Catalogue with samples of Imported
Corduroys, Moleskin, Mackintosh, Canvas and Flannels.
SEE OUR NEW SHADES OF ENGLISH CORDUROY.
Address UP. & MC., Valparaiso, Indiana.

WINCHESTER
FELT GUN WADS.

PINK EDGE. **THE BEST.** BLACK EDGE.

White Felt Wads, 3-8 inch Thick, Equal to the Best Imported Bag Wads.

Ask Your Dealer For Them.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.,

Send for 76-Page Illustrated Catalogue. NEW HAVEN, CONN.

NOTICE TO FISHERMEN. CUT PRICES.

HERE I AM AGAIN AS USUAL, CUTTING THE PRICES OF FISHING TACKLE. IT WILL PAY YOU TO BUY YOUR TACKLE IN BROOKLYN.

PRICE.		PRICE.
$2.75	For Split Bamboo Salt-Water Bass Rod, 6 strip, 2 joints, 8ft., 20oz., Solid Reel Seat, Nickel Trimmings, Double Guides, Silk Wound Black Beaded Handle	$2 75
3.32	For Split Bamboo Black Bass Rod, 8½ft., 3 joints, 10 or 12oz., Solid Reel Seat, Nickel Trimmings, Raised Tie Guides, Extra Tip, Silk Wound, Wood Form	3.32
3.32	For Trout or Black Bass Fly Rod, same finish as above, 10½ft., 7 to 9oz., complete in wood form	3.32
.90	For Ash and Lancewood Weakfish or Striped Bass Rod, Hollow Butt, Extra Tip, Swelled Ferrules	.90
1.50	For Fine No. 0 Brass Multiplying Reel, Balance Handle, Screw Oil Cup, holds 600ft. 18-thread Linen Line, diameter 3½in. Also Nos. 0, 1, 2, 3, same price. See catalogue	1.50
3.75	For Hard Rubber and Nickel Multiplying Reel, with Drag, Raised Pillars, holds 600ft. 15-thread Linen Line	3.75

Hooks. Down go the prices. My best quality all kinds snelled on single gut, 10cts. per doz.; double, 15cts.; treble, 20cts.; in ½ doz. packages. Leaders: Treble gut Weakfish and Striped Bass Leaders, three length, 5cts.; four length, 7cts., five length, 9cts.; all best quality. Reel Lines on Blocks of 300ft., 9 thread, 38cts.; 12 thread, 43cts.; 15 thread, 46cts.; 18 thread, 53cts. 300ft. Braided Linen Reel Lines on Blocks, 41cts. Broken lots of Hooks from best manufacture, all kinds and sizes, 2cts. per dozen. SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

Open Evenings. J. F. MARSTERS, 51, 53 & 55 Court St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

PAINLESS EFFECTUAL

BEECHAM'S PILLS

THE GREAT ENGLISH MEDICINE WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

For Bilious and Nervous Disorders, such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fulness, and Swelling after Meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Scurvy, Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, &c. THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES. This is no fiction. Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills, and *they will be acknowledged to be a Wonderful Medicine.*—"Worth a guinea a box."—BEECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed, will quickly *restore females* to complete health. For a

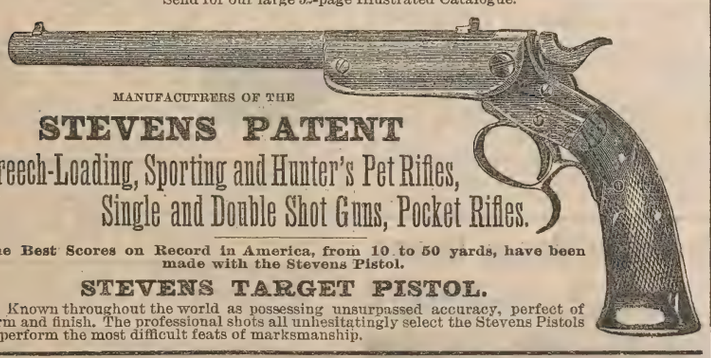
WEAK STOMACH; IMPAIRED DIGESTION; DISORDERED LIVER;

they ACT LIKE MAGIC:—*a few doses* will work wonders upon the Vital Organs; Strengthening the muscular System; restoring long-lost Complexion; bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the ROSEBUD OF HEALTH the *whole physical energy* of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands, in all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that BEECHAM'S PILLS HAVE THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY PATENT MEDICINE IN THE WORLD. Full directions with each Box.

Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England.
Sold by Druggists generally. B. F. ALLEN & CO., 365 and 367 Canal St., New York, Sole Agents for the United States, *who,* (if *your* druggist does not keep them,)
WILL MAIL BEECHAM'S PILLS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE 25 CENTS A BOX.

J. Stevens Arms and Tool Co.

P. O. Box 4100, Chicopee Falls, Mass.
Send for our large 52-page Illustrated Catalogue.



MANUFACUTRERS OF THE

STEVENS PATENT

Breech-Loading, Sporting and Hunter's Pet Rifles, Single and Double Shot Guns, Pocket Rifles.

The Best Scores on Record in America, from 10 to 50 yards, have been made with the Stevens Pistol.

STEVENS TARGET PISTOL.

Known throughout the world as possessing unsurpassed accuracy, perfect of form and finish. The professional shots all unhesitatingly select the Stevens Pistols to perform the most difficult feats of marksmanship.



PREMIÈRE QUALITÉ,
Our New Cigarette.

As the result of long labor and careful study we have this superb Cigarette to offer. It cannot be surpassed in purity or excellence; and is a novelty, unique, chaste and dainty. It is from the highest cost Virginia and North Carolina leaf.

The finest Smoking Mixtures are of our Manufacture.

Fifteen First Prize Medals.

WM. S. KIMBALL & CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Small Profits. Quick Sales.



TROUT FLIES.

36 Cts. Per Doz.

H. H. KIFFE,
318 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.
Send for Catalogue.

SPORTSMEN SMOKERS

SHOULD ALL SMOKE OUR CELEBRATED



Hand-Made Havana Cigars.

MADE IN TWO STYLES AND SIZES.

LONDRES PERFECTO, 5in. long @ $7.00 per 100
CONCHAS ESPECIALS, 4¼in. @ 6.00 "

The favorite cigar of Rod and Gun Clubs generally. These cigars are made of the choicest tobaccos grown, and selected with the greatest care. They cannot fail to suit the taste of all lovers of the fragrant weed. Each cigar has the brand impressed on it, and every box has a label, fac-simile of the title of the popular journal, and our firm's signature, without which none are genuine. We are the only authorized manufacturers of the above brand, and to insure the smoker of the genuine we would ask you to send us your orders direct. We will deliver, free of express charges, either size, on receipt of price.

A. W. FOOTE & CO., Sole Manufacturers,
125 Maiden Lane, New York.



ABOUT GLOVES.

When you are buying **gloves,** kid or dogskin, for driving or street wear, remember that there is such a thing as a price that is too **cheap.** It is best to pay a fair price and get good gloves like **Hutchinson's.** They are made from selected stock in the best manner and are **warranted** to be the most serviceable made. If you want to know more about gloves in general and Hutchinson's gloves in particular, enclose stamp for the book "**ABOUT GLOVES.**" No matter where you live or what you do it will interest you. It gives a history of gloves and illustrations of their use, prices of the different styles and qualities, directions for measurement and ordering, also testimonials from those who **know the value** of Hutchinson's gloves. **Established 1862.**

JOHN C. HUTCHINSON, Johnstown, N. Y.

Canned Goods.

SPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR YACHTING AND CAMPING PURPOSES.

Over 40 years' experience. None but the BEST of EVERYTHING used, by the most skillful and experienced hands. No Glucose or Blue Vitriol used. Call and examine for yourself.

WILLIAM COHEN & CO.,
229 and 231 Washington street, New York.

THE SURPRISE CART



For SPORTSMAN'S USE. Besides our regular cart for **Road Speeding and Track Purposes,** we manufacture the only cart especially adapted for hunters' use, having gun holder, amunition box, etc. Send direct to the manufacturers for wholesale prices and circulars.

WINANS, PRATT & CO. 69 Pitcher Street, KALAMAZOO, MICH.

CANOE AND BOAT BUILDING FOR AMATEURS.

Fourth edition, 264 pages 52 plates. Price $2.

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.
NEW YORK N. Y.
LONDON: DAVIES & CO., 1 Finch Lane.

SMALL YACHTS.

Their Design and Construction, Exemplified by the Ruling Types of Modern Practice. With Numerous Plates and Illustrations.

—BY—

C. P. KUNHARDT.

Cloth, 370 pages of type and illustrations, and 70 plates. Size of page, 14½×12½. Price $7.00.

FOR SALE BY THE
FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.,

Yachting Goods.

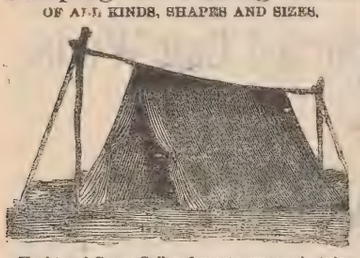
LAUNCHES AND PLEASURE BOATS



STEAM YACHTS, 19 to 50ft. in length. RACINE AUTOMATIC MARINE ENGINES AND BOILERS, OIL FUEL. Owner his own engineer. Celebrated Racine Row Boats and Canoes. Hunting and Fishing Boats a specialty, $20 and upwards. Send stamps for separate catalogue, specifying line of goods desired.

THOMAS KANE & CO.,
137 & 139 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

SPORTSMAN'S
Camping or Fishing Tent
OF ALL KINDS, SHAPES AND SIZES.



Yacht and Canoe Sails of most approved styles. Also awnings for store fronts, windows, yacht boats etc. New style of Canoe Tents made at low figures. Flags, Burgees and covers of all kinds. Camp Stoves, Camp Chairs, Sacking Bottoms, Hammocks, all kinds of Fancy Tents, and in fact anything made from canvas when an intelligent description is given of what may be needed. My beautifully illustrated circular now ready. Send stamp for price list. Address S. HEMMENWAY, 60 South st., N. Y. City



HIGGINS & GIFFORD,
GLOUCESTER, MASS.

Manufacture to order Yachts, Rowboats, Yawls. Excelsior Life Boats and Seine Boats. Two medal awarded at the London Exhibition. 2,000 boat built the last thirteen years.
Send for New Catalogue for 1887.

Boston Yacht Agency.
43 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

Yacht Designers & Brokers

Designers of the Mabel F. Swift, Sharon, Marguerite, Jester, Siren, Ariel, Eureka, Mermaid Caribou and others. Agents for Mansfield's Hollow Spars. Catalogues of yachts for sale mailed on application.

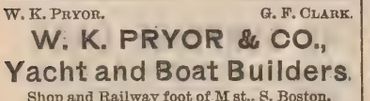
G. F. CLARK & CO.
G. F. CLARK. J. BORDEN

W. K. PRYOR. G. F. CLARK.

W. K. PRYOR & CO.,
Yacht and Boat Builders.
Shop and Railway foot of M st., S. Boston.

Estimates and contracts made for all kinds of Yacht work. Yachts hauled out and stored for the winter. First class work at reasonable rates.
Office, 43 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

The Spring Lake Glinker Boat Manufacturing Co



BUILDERS OF ROW BOATS.
All Pearson's Celebrated Model. Send for catalogue. Spring Lake, Ottawa Co., Mich.

WARD'S
Marine Boiler Works,
Charleston, Kanawha, W. Va.

"Best boiler for yachts."—J. A. Bostwick, N.Y. "The only boiler giving satisfaction."—E. S. Stokes, N. Y. "Increased our speed at least two miles."—Painter Bros., Pittsburgh. "Has given the best possible results."—Capt. Tozier, U.S.R.M.

A. WILSON,
Sail Maker,
No. 416 ATLANTIC AVE., BOSTON, MASS.
Yacht Sails and Flags a Specialty.

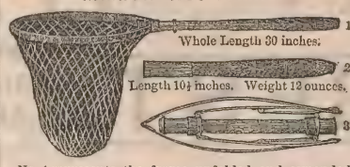
CANVAS CANOES;
AND
HOW TO BUILD THEM.
By PARKER B. FIELD.

The directions are as plain and explicit as possible for the construction of a canoe 13ft. 6in. × 27in. at an expense of not to exceed $7, while the simple operations are within reach of the skill of any careful amateur. No technical terms are used and the successive operations are carefully described in detail, each step being made clear before proceeding to the next. Illustrated; paper 48 pages; price 50 cents.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.,
318 Broadway, New York.

Increasing Sales Attest the Popularity of THE GENTLEMEN'S CIGARETTE.
SPECIAL FAVOURS.
Manufactured only by
KINNEY BROS.
(KINNEY TOBACCO CO. Successors). Also manufacturers of the Old Reliable
SWEET CAPORAL.

DODGE'S PATENT
Collapsing, Folding, Landing and Minnow Net Frame.



No. 1 represents the frame unfolded and expanded, ready for use. Can be unfolded and expanded with the net on the ring (in 30 seconds) by the same motion that is used to open an umbrella. The ring is 12in. in diameter, made of steel, broad and strong where it joins the staff, and narrow and light at the outer side. The other working parts are made of brass, nickel plated. Nos. 2 and 3 represent the frame collapsed and folded, staff unjointed ready to pack. Can be carried in tackle box, trout basket, grip sack or pocket.

PRICE COMPLETE, $4.00.
J. W. DODGE, 278 Division St., Detroit, Mich

No Chemicals.



W. BAKER & CO.'S
Breakfast Cocoa
Is Absolutely Pure, and it Is Soluble.

To increase the solubility of the powdered cocoa, various expedients are employed, most of them being based upon the action of some alkali, potash, soda or even ammonia. Cocoa which has been prepared by one of these chemical processes, can usually be recognized at once by the distinct alkaline reaction of the infusion in water.

W. Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa

is manufactured from the first stage to the last by perfect mechanical processes, **no chemical being used in its preparation.** By one of the most ingenious of these mechanical processes the greatest degree of fineness is secured without the sacrifice of the attractive and beautiful red color which is characteristic of an absolutely pure and natural cocoa.

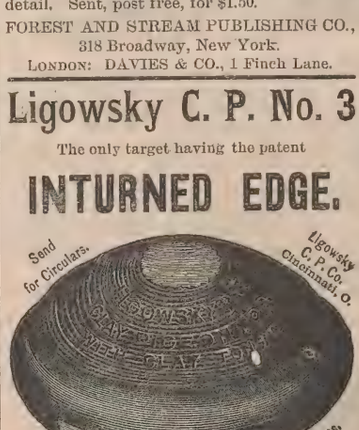
W. Baker & Co., Dorchester, Mass.

LOG CABINS
AND
HOW TO BUILD THEM.
By WILLIAM S. WICKS.

This is a complete exposition of the art and method of building log cabins from the simplest dog kennel to highly artistic dwellings. Everyone going into the woods and designing to construct his shelter with the materials at hand, should procure "Log Cabins," for in its pages he will find a variety of designs, simple and ornate, adapted to temporary shelter or to permanent homes, with full and clear instruction and illustration in every matter of detail. Sent, post free, for $1.50.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.,
318 Broadway, New York.
LONDON: DAVIES & CO., 1 Finch Lane.

Ligowsky C. P. No. 3
The only target having the patent
INTURNED EDGE.



2,000 shots out of each 1,000 targets on account of non-breakage in shipping, trapping and falling upon ground. The only target made with the INTURNED EDGE, producing the surest breaker when hit, and surest non-breaker when not hit. Our traps are sold for the sole purpose of shooting our targets.

Hotels and Routes for Sportsmen.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

When planning your summer piscatorial tour remember that this company controls over 4,100 miles of railway, equipped in the most approved modern style, and passing through a magnificent country, noted for its unsurpassed facilities for sport.

A FEW OF THE PRINCIPAL RESORTS.

PORTLAND, ME.—For salt water fish.
RANGELEY LAKES (via Bryant's Pond or Bethel, Me.)—For brook trout, pickerel, yellow perch, rock bass.
THE WHITE MOUNTAINS (via Gorham, N. H.)—For pickerel, trout, bass, cusk.
THE SALMON RESORTS of Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia (reached via Quebec).
LAKE ST. JOHN DISTRICT.—For Ouananiche (reached via Quebec).
THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE (in the neighborhood of the line for 400 miles).—For mascalonge, pike, bass, whitefish, pickerel, perch.
THE THOUSAND ISLANDS (via Gananoque or Kingston).—For pickerel, black bass, mascalonge, pike.
MUSKOKA LAKES (the best place on the continent for fishing, shooting and camping, reached from various points on Northern and Northwestern Division).—For brook and salmon trout, black bass, mascalonge pickerel.
PARRY SOUND AND GEORGIAN BAY.—For pickerel, mascalonge, black bass.
LAKES ONTARIO, ERIE, HURON AND MICHIGAN, (via stations at all principal ports).—For the varieties of fish for which they are noted.
LAKE SUPERIOR (via Collingwood, Wiarton, Sarnia, in connection with steamship lines).—For lake trout, etc.

The charges for hotels, guides, and camping at many of the fishing waters named above, are extremely low. Full particulars of same, with many valuable hints as to baits, best months and general facilities are published in a pamphlet entitled **"Fishing and Hunting Resorts of the Grand Trunk Railway,"** which will be furnished gratuitously on application to any of the company's principal agents, or of the General Passenger Agent, Montreal, P. Q.

WM. EDGAR, Gen. Pass. Agent. JOSEPH HICKSON, Gen. Manager.

THE
Northern Pacific RAILROAD
Reaches the Best Fishing Waters on the Continent.

DETROIT AND BATTLE LAKES, MINN., afford excellent fishing for black bass, mascalonge, pike and other varieties.

First-class hotel accommodations, boat equipment and services of oarsmen at reasonable rates.

The waters of the Yellowstone, Gallatin, Madison and Jefferson Rivers, in Montana, all immediately accessible from Livingston, Gallatin and Townsend, are a revelation to fishermen. These streams and their numerous tributaries abound in GRAYLING and the various species of speckled trout known as "ROCKY MOUNTAIN," "RAINBOW" and "COLORADO," many of which reach a size **unknown in other American waters.** LAKES PEND D'OREILLE and COEUR D'ALENE, in Idaho, are also in immediate proximity to the line and with tributary streams yield the finest species of mountain trout and other varieties.

The SPOKANE RIVER, in Washington Territory, accessible from Spokane Falls on the main line, is one of the finest trout streams in the Northwest.

THE LAKESIDE HOUSE at Lake Pend d'Oreille, for sportsmen, will be opened by this company in the spring of '89. Terms reasonable. Attractions and facilities for sport unsurpassed.

The streams and lakes now comparatively easy of access, by the Northern Pacific, assure the veteran sportsman a new experience and a quality of sport not now attainable in eastern waters.

Special Rates for Sportsmen will be Made to all Points on the Line.

A handsomely illustrated book entitled "The Wonder land" will be sent free to any address on application to the undersigned and a mention of FOREST AND STREAM. The preliminary chapters contributed by John Hyde, F. R. S., are descriptive of the Fishing Resorts along the line of the N. P. R. R., the Yellowstone Park, Lake Cœur d'Alene and Puget Sound Resorts. The chapters "Through Wonderland," etc., written by Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka, the celebrated explorer and writer, are descriptive of the "INLAND PASSAGE," THE NORTHWEST PACIFIC COAST AND THE TOURISTS' ROUTE TO ALASKA. Other publications of interest will also be forwarded.

CHAS. S. FEE,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent, St. Paul, Minn.
Or, C. B. KINNAN, Agent Passenger Dep't, 319 Broadway, New York City.

ROUND MOUNTAIN LAKE.
A New Trout Fishing and Hunting Resort.

KENNEDY SMITH, so long and favorably known to sportsmen and summer tourists who have visited the Dead River Region, has within the past year built the best set of camps in Maine. All are neatly furnished and will be kept in a first-class manner; plenty of very nice boats. Trout are plenty and rise well to a fly. Large and small game very plenty. This camp has no equal for lake and mountain scenery in Northern Maine. High up among the mountains over 2,000ft. above sea level. Pure air; no hay fever. For any other information address
KENNEDY SMITH, Eustis, Me.

Bromfield House, Boston.



EUROPEAN PLAN.
MESSENGER, Proprietor.

Hotels and Routes for Sportsmen.

Canadian Pacific Railway.

NEW TERRITORY
FOR THE
SPORTSMAN AND ANGLER.

Do you want the very cream of Canadian big game hunting, salmon, speckled trout, bass fishing, etc., etc., or to spend a summer holiday with canoe and camera?

THEN READ CAREFULLY THE FOLLOWING LIST.

The magnificent hunting grounds and trout streams of the ROCKY MOUNTAINS for bear, sheep, goat, panther, elk, deer, etc., and mountain trout; the grand prairies and woodlands of the Canadian Northwest for moose, elk, antelope, deer, bear, swan, geese, grouse, duck and myriads of other waterfowl; the far-famed Nepigon and kindred waters on the north shore of Lake Superior for superb speckled trout and whitefish; the Lake Superior and Sault Ste Marie regions for trout, lunge, black bass, bear, deer, grouse and duck; Lake NIPISSING and TROUT LAKE for deer, grouse, duck, and all varieties of game fish; the OTTAWA and MATTAWA rivers and their tributaries for explorations by canoe, bear, deer, grouse, etc., and speckled trout and black bass fishing equal to the best (moose and caribou are protected until 1895); the NORTH SHORE of the St. Lawrence River and LAKE ST. JOHN, and the region north of the City of QUEBEC for caribou, grouse, salmon, speckled trout and winnanish; The RIDEAU LAKES and other famous waters in Ontario for canoeing, camping and black bass fishing, and the forests surrounding them for deer and grouse; LAKE MEGANTIC and MOOSEHEAD LAKE for moose, caribou, deer and grouse, and trout and landlocked salmon in adjacent lakes and their tributaries; the world-renowned rivers and forests of NEW BRUNSWICK and NOVA SCOTIA for noble salmon, and moose and caribou. All of these are traversed by the Great Canadian Pacific Railway system, and they are the very finest portions of Canada for the sportsman and angler. Most of the points mentioned are new territory, only lately rendered accessible, where such a thing as over-hunting or too close fishing will be unknown for many years.

Illustrated descriptive guide books of summer tours and hunting and fishing resorts furnished on application to

E. V. SKINNER, ... 353 Broadway, New York.
C. E. McPHERSON, . . . 211 Washington street, Boston.
I. F LEE, ... 232 Clarke street, Chicago.
OR TO
R. KERR, General Passenger Agent, WINNEPEG.
P. McNICOLL, General Passenger Agent, MONTREAL.

LAKE GEORGE, BROOKDALE FARM (300 acres) on Silver Bay, between Sabbath Day Point and Hague; accommodates sixty. A select family resort, combining the simplicity and freedom of farm life with the conveniences and comforts of a first-class hotel. Sanitary conditions and water supply are perfect. A lawn of 10 acres, orchard of 15 trees, tennis courts, fine boats, good teams. Fishing and hunting are excellent. The most successful house on Lake George this season. Terms for September, $8 to $12 per week. References given and asked for. Prospectus sent. J. J. WILSON, Proprietor, 359 Broadway, New York.

Wanted.

WANTED.—LIVE DEER, PRAIRIE CHICKens, partridge, quail and turkeys. Address full particulars, Box 3350, P. O. New York City. au15,4t

For Sale.

TROUT STREAM.

For Sale—1000 acres of land within four miles of the city of Cheboygan, Mich., on which there is five miles of the best stocked trout stream in Michigan; hatching house, two dwellings, ice house, barn, stables, etc., which cost over $3000, and forty acres of cleared land, all for $10,000; $5000 in cash, balance in five or eight years at 7 per cent. Ill health is the owner's only reason for selling. Apply to WM. ELLIOT, Box 204, Cheboygan, Mich. may16,3mo

TO LEASE.

One of the best shooting and fishing grounds of about 2,000 acres land and water. Located in Virginia at thirty miles from Norfolk. Desirable place for a club. Apply to SAM P. DUNN, 53 Whitehall st., New York City.

I WILL SELL BALLARD RIFLE, MIDrange, .32-40; cost $50, and $15 worth of ammunition and tools, for $25; also Colt .45-cal. double action revolver, $8, almost new. S. P., 71 Wall street, New York. 1t



Chester White, Berkshire and Poland China Pigs, fine setter dogs, Scotch Collies, Foxhounds and Beagles, Sheep and Poultry, bred and for sale by W. GIBBONS & CO., West Chester, Chester Co., Pa. Send stamp for circular and price list.

LIVE WHITE HARES (*Lepus Americanus*), captured and properly boxed and delivered to express in Bethel, Me., in good condition on receipt of orders and remittances at $3 per pair. Refer to Hon. H. O. Stanley, Dixfield, Me., Fish and Game Commissioner. J. G. RICH, Bethel, Me. dec16,tf

LIVE QUAIL.—SEASON CLOSED. Re-open Sept. 1. Send orders early. Other specialties, live deer and English pheasants. Also English partridge and pheasant eggs.
E. B. WOODWARD, Commission Merchant, 174 Chambers street, New York.

WILD RICE.—THE GREATEST WILDfowl food. Send your orders now for fresh seed. R. VALENTINE, Janesville, Wis. aul,tf

HILL ON THE DOG.
THE STANDARD WORK ON THEIR
MANAGEMENT AND DISEASES.
Price $3.96.
FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO,
318 Broadway, New York.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 22, 1889.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 5. No 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Only advertisements of an approved character inserted. Inside pages, nonpareil type, 30 cents per line. Special rates for three, six, and twelve months. Seven words to the line, twelve lines to one inch. Advertisements should be sent in by Saturday previous to issue in which they are to be inserted. Transient advertisements must invariably be accompanied by the money or they will not be inserted. Reading notices $1.00 per line.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

May begin at any time. Subscription price, $4 per year; $2 for six months; to a club of three annual subscribers, three copies for $10; five copies for $16. Remit by express money-order, registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canadas and Great Britain. For sale by Davies & Co., No. 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London. General subscription agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Davies & Co., Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searles and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London, Eng. Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France, sole Paris agent for sales and subscriptions. Foreign subscription price. $5 per year; $2.50 for six months.

Address all communications

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

No. 318 BROADWAY. NEW YORK CITY.

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL.
The Team Abroad.
The Jekyl Island Pheasants.
Fisheulture in the National Park.
Snap Shots.
THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST.
Hunting Without a Gun.
Hotel Life in Europe.
CAMP-FIRE FLICKERINGS.
NATURAL HISTORY.
The Woodcock's Whistle.
The Eared Seals.—III.
The Plumed Quail of Arizona.
GAME BAG AND GUN
An Outing in Wyoming.
Maine Game.
Deer Hunting in Texas.
Recoil in Breechloaders.
"Autour de ma Chambre."
Chicago and the West.
Open Game Seasons.
SEA AND RIVER FISHING.
Camps of the Kingfishers.—VI.
Chicago and the West.
FISHCULTURE.
U. S. Fish Commission Work.
THE KENNEL.
The Tail of a Dog.
Prevention of Rabies.
The Registration Fee.
Pendleton Dog Show.
Dog Talk.
Kennel Notes.
Kennel Management.
RIFLE AND TRAP SHOOTING.
Range and Gallery.
Minnesota State Shoot.
The Trap.
American Shooting Association.
Trap Notes.
YACHTING.
New York Y. C. Cruise.
Beverly Y. C.
The Corinthian Sweepstakes.
That Naphtha Launch Explosion.
Racing Notes.
CANOEING.
A. C. A. Meet.
Pequot Meet.
NEW PUBLICATIONS.
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE TEAM ABROAD.

IN their visit to Great Britain the Massachusetts men achieved success because they deserved it. They won their way to the front by hard work, and had defeat met them on British soil no one would have been more surprised than the shooting members of this squad. They had the best arms and the best method, and these advantages enabled them to vanquish as good or better men shooting upon home ranges.

The managing spirit of the trip had laid out a neat plan of campaign. In a quiet unassuming way he had drawn on matches with several representative shooting corps among the English volunteers. With characteristic British complacency, the home teams were quite confident of success, and the way in which the Yankee visitors bowled over one after another of the strong teams pitted against them must have very much surprised the discomfited ones.

The scores were not very extraordinary, no great revolution in shooting matters is to follow the trip, but what was done and how it was done ought to set some of those who dominate in shooting circles abroad thinking and acting. It was the adjustable rear sight which helped more than any other one thing, was the confession of the American victors. Will the rules of Wimbledon, at once so fixed and so complicated, be amended so as to get the best shooting irons into the hands of the men instead of as now, being framed with the seeming one object of seeing how well the men can shoot under the most repressive regulations?

It is nonsense to say that the sight is not a practical field device. It is the arrangement of a regular army officer and has the indorsement of every military man. That it has not been tried in any deadly campaign is simply because of our luck as a pacific nation. It would not be well for those who advocate the Martini to fall back on its campaign record.

Perhaps some day, when a few more American teams have iterated and reiterated the lesson, the British may learn the knack of team coaching in a way to bring a company of fairly good shots up to a total which a group of brilliant shots, each for himself and Old Nick for the aggregate, never can equal.

The team deserves all the praise which can be put upon them. The discipline was excellent. The work was done in a quiet, effective fashion, without any hurrah effort or claptrap surroundings. The men won good opinions because they deserved them, and, having had a good time, come home again to draw public attention to the fact that it was a Massachusett team, and that not another of these two-score Commonwealths is able to put a similar team in the field. Why not? Because rifle practice is not yet appreciated at its full value, and in many States the Guard is not yet out of its target-company uselessness.

THE JEKYL ISLAND PHEASANTS.

WE have given statistics from time to time of the progress of the pheasant product of the Jekyl Island Club (occupying an island near Brunswick, Georgia), and especially of the hatching of the first birds imported, seventy-eight, from which were raised, a year ago this last spring, the surprising number of 1,000 birds, all of which arrived at maturity and were turned loose to take care of themselves, which they have done.

With a view to continuing the experiment of importing brood birds, and as a further test of success, the club decided not to take up any of the original birds over the product for hatching purposes, but sent to England again for fresh birds. A coop of fifty were shipped and but one bird was lost. The other forty-nine were landed in healthy condition; and they proceeded immediately to business. The result of this second experiment has been equally gratifying. At last report from the game keeper 960 had been hatched, which did not represent the number of eggs laid, which was 1,600, by this small flock of birds. The eggs are placed under the common barnyard hens for hatching and raising. Owing to a scarcity of hens the eggs are not all utilized, and a few were addled by thunderstorms. It will be seen that it was in the possibilities to have raised perhaps 1,200 birds from the 49, which would have been a most wonderful product and certainly a very encouraging result.

The future pheasant shooting of the club is an assured fact, as already there must be, with the raising of this year and last added to the natural work of the wild birds, as many as 2,500 or 3,000 healthy birds on the island with which to open the season. The club contemplate making all preparations another year for setting 5,000 eggs. No wonder membership in the Jekyl Club is so eagerly sought and hard to obtain.

FISHCULTURE IN THE NATIONAL PARK.

THE project of stocking with food fish certain waters in the National Park which are now barren has often been discussed by some of those most interested in the reservation, and it now seems likely that this matter may really be taken in hand.

At the solicitation of Captain Boutelle, Col. McDonald, U. S. Commissioner of Fisheries, recently visited the Park, and made an examination of certain of these waters, which he believes can be stocked with game fish to the great advantage of the Park and the public.

It has long been remarked as a singular fact that the headwaters of one branch of the Snake River—that on which Shoshone and Lewis Lakes are situated—contain no fish above the falls, and the same thing is true of the heads of the Gibbon and Gardiner rivers, above their falls. This fact would suggest that the streams of this region were peopled by migration, but against that theory stands the fact that the waters of Yellowstone River and Lake above the Falls are abundantly supplied with trout. However that may be, it is beyond question that three river systems in this region, together with innumerable lakes, are without fish, while other waters, hardly a stone's throw distant, teem with trout.

Three species of fish of excellent quality are found in this region. These are the trout, the grayling and a whitefish. The last named, though a good fish, is not nearly so valuable as the two first. It would be an admirable thing if trout and grayling could be planted in these barren waters, but Commissioner McDonald looks at this subject from a broader standpoint, and sees the grand opportunity which the Park offers for experiments on the acclimatization of certain species of fish foreign to these waters. He has expressed himself as desirous of introducing into one of these river systems the brown trout of Europe; the Eastern brook trout might be introduced in another, and the grayling in the third; or the brown trout and the grayling might do well together in the same stream, as is the case in European waters.

It seems altogether likely, providing a fuller examination of the streams shall justify it, that a fish hatchery will before long be established in the Park, and a systematic effort made to increase the supply and the number of varieties of fish in this most beautiful national preserve. The thorough stocking of streams which flow into both Atlantic and Pacific oceans is an important matter, and should be undertaken with as little delay as possible. The project is one which is equally interesting, whether viewed from an economic or from a purely scientific standpoint.

SNAP SHOTS.

WE have had occasion more than once to allude to the trait of human nature which makes it so much easier for a man who is cognizant of unlawful shooting and fishing practices, to sit down and write a complaint of them to send to a distant journal, than to do anything practical in the way of punishing the offenders. A Vermont correspondent recently reported in our columns that the six-inch trout law of that State was being generally enforced. In response to this some one wrote to him from a town in eastern Vermont, relating that the law was there commonly violated; this informant was urged by him to lay his information before Warden Frank H. Atherton, of Waterbury, who would punish violators. And that was the end of it, as it is in nine cases out of ten. The only moral is, that if a person is unwilling to do his individual part toward enforcing the law, he ought not to complain because others fail to do their part.

Light on the woodcock and worm question: According to the last Smithsonian report the Hupa Indians, in Humboldt county, California, relish angleworms as a delicacy. In the autumn, when the ground has been well soaked by the rains, the Yuki housekeeper takes her "woman stick," a pole 6ft. long and 1½in. thick, sharpened and fire-hardened at the end; and thrusting this into the ground about a foot in depth, twists it around in every direction, so agitating the earth that the worms come to the surface in large numbers for a radius of two or three feet, and are scooped up for soup. "Frequently," says the report, "the worms are brought to the surface by the Indians dancing over the ground to make the game uncomfortable below." The Indians of Round Valley punch a pole as far as possible into the damp earth, work it back and forward, and by pressure drive out the worms, which they eat raw or make into soup. Now, may it not be true that when the woodcock bores for worms it procures them in three ways, by seizing any which it may come upon directly in boring, by agitating the earth by successive borings, thus driving the prey to the surface, and further by the dancing, stamping or beating with the wings described by observers?

A movement is on foot to go to the New York Legislature at its next session with the plan of converting a portion of the Adirondack wilderness into a public park. The rapidity and certainty with which the forest lands are being denuded by lumbermen, and all the choicest hunting, fishing and camping grounds are taken up by individuals and clubs, emphasize the importance of putting through the park project at once if it is to be done ever.

The "camp cure" has proved efficacious in scores of instances. A correspondent whose pseudonym is well known adds as a postscript to a letter: "I then thought, and, I believe, my friends also, that before this time there would have been a dozen lines or so in the FOREST AND STREAM as an obituary notice of 'Kelpie.' Camping out saved me."

Members of the South Fork Club, owners of the Lake Conemaugh dam, have been sued for damages by some of the Johnstown victims, and have expressed a determination to defend the suit. The case will shortly come up in court. The dam, it is said, will be rebuilt on a smaller scale than the former one.

The fifteenth of August and the first of September mark the opening of a number of game seasons, as given in our Game Bag and Gun columns.

The Sportsman Tourist.

HUNTING WITHOUT A GUN.

FRESH fields for exploration and adventure have become few and restricted, and if they had not, there are many who could not and many who would not seek them.

We, who for one reason or the other never get far from the ground to which our pioneer grandfathers transplanted their families, must content ourselves with hundredth hand exploration and make the most of small adventures. As we till and mow, with all the ease a farmer may, the fields that our grandsires smoothed for us with infinite toil out of the old wilderness, so we float with only the labor of oar and paddle along the streams whereon their way was beset with a century's downfall and drift of bordering forest. If afoot we lose our way and faintly realize what it is to "get lost," it must be in second-growth woods where we can almost feel the way of the wind or see it in the drift of the clouds, and we recover our bearings with little exercise of woodcraft. It is a greater adventure for us to meet a raccoon than for them to have encountered a bear; the muskrat and the mink are rarer sights to our eyes than the beaver and otter were to theirs, and they saw moose and deer oftener than we see grouse and woodcock. But we have more time to look at the little that is left us of the wild world, and may possibly discover something that was overlooked by our toiling forefathers.

With such purpose, and with a whole day to devote to it, I came to the creek this morning, intending to voyage somewhere, perhaps up the South Slang, diverging therefrom into Goose Creek, and as far up as its narrow channel would let me, or if another way should invite me more, down to the mouth of Wonakaketukese and cruise along the shore of the Bay of the Vessels, or up beautiful Lungahnetsik.

But my purpose and half-formed plans were frustrated when I found my boat was gone from her soft bed of mud, borrowed by some one, who had not taken the trouble of asking, to ferry himself across to the Myer's Landing. There she was, hauled up on the further shore, not thirty rods away, "so near and yet so far," for between us lay impassable marsh and channel. Should I wait till the unlicensed borrower returned, or should I take a three-mile tramp by way of the first bridge and follow the shore around to where she was now lying? It would be long waiting if my unknown beneficiary should choose to come back by another route, or not come back at all, and so of the two the longer and more toilsome seemed the easier and quicker way to regain possession of my boat.

Lighting my pipe and shouldering my paddle, after a long look up and down the channel in fruitless quest of some friendly craft that might give me ferriage, I took the path that boatless generations of red and white men had trod before me. Frequently it led me under some old apple trees, the ragged survivors of the old settler, Davis's orchard, planted a hundred years ago. Near them is a wild plum tree, a giant of its slow-growing race, a foot and a half in diameter, standing patriarchal in a thicket of its sprouts. How the old settler's children must have delighted in the fruit of this tree—a lusty one even in their young day—poor little souls, with nothing to satisfy the child's craving for such fare but what nature had impartially set for them and bird and beast. How sweet to their palates were the red horse plums while they were awaiting the tardy fruitage of these seedling apple trees.

I fancy that Tom Sweet's bear was on his way to this tree, doubtless well known to all the bears that ranged hereabouts, or was returning from it, overladen with a paunchful of unstoned plums, when the valorous old fisherman overtook him in midchannel and beat the life out of him with his paddle. The elm Tom stripped the bark from to make a harness for his saddle horse wherewith to haul his trophy home, has gone the way of most of our old trees, and I look in vain for a great elm, with a long scar seaming its trunk, for my imagination to browse upon.

The apple trees, that for half a century have had no care, have not lost all characteristics of civilization, but show a manner of growth very different from the wild apple trees one finds in pasture land and sometimes in the woods, when one would not guess what they were but for their fruit; for they have tall, slender trunks and a thin ramage of lithe branches, quite unlike what one expects in the apple tree. The wild tree of the pasture is more like its neglected brethren of the orchard, scrubby and beset with sprouts, but with no such mark of the pruning saw as may be seen on these trees where the square-cut stumps of limbs jut from the trunk, their ends almost overgrown with bark and each with a branch of later growth curving upward therefrom, shaped like a monstrous teapot spout. Many years have passed since their branches were thinned but by decay and storm, or their fruit gathered but by the squirrels.

But what jolly "paring bees" it gave occasion for, uproarious with the unrestrained fun of old-time merry-makings, when all the young folks of the wide neighborhood gathered at the house up yonder, to pare, quarter, core and string the apples. Do I hear the squeak of the fiddle tuning up for Money Musk, the squawk of make-believe surprise of a buxom damsel kissed in a romping game, and the guffaw of the swain who caught her? Or was I only dreaming, and the sounds that caught my ear were only the chafing of a branch, the squall of a red-headed woodpecker, the cawing of a crow? Long ago the fiddler exchanged his cracked instrument for a golden harp; the lads and lassies of those days were old men and women when we were babies, and have slept for many years beneath the graveyard golden rods; and their ghosts, if inclined to visit the scenes of their junketings, would find scarcely a trace of it, for the hearthstone is under the turf and the chimney bricks are scattered far and wide.

There is the swaying branch that fooled my ear, there is the crow, sagging along in flight from shore to shore, and there the woodpecker, trying his luck at fly-catching. Old trees have grown too scarce to supply his stomach's wants, or he has discovered that it is easier to bore thin air than wood for his food, and he seems to be having fair success in this lighter industry. Every loop he makes from his perch on that basswood stub, though it is done with a jerking flight, quite awkward compared with the airy swoop of the kingbird or phebe, apparently brings something to his maw, and he repeats his sallies with evident satisfaction. If he learned this trick of the born flycatchers, I wonder if he borrowed one of his notes of the tree toad who must be as intimate an acquaintance.

A golden-winged woodpecker, happy possessor of many befitting names, flies up before me from an ant hill with a loud "yarrup" and a "flicker" of gold and white. While I am speculating on the possibility of his final development with his groundling habits, into a woodcock, I stumble through a thicket of willows and upstarts the real woodcock, thridding the soft fluff of leaves with a rapid whir so different from the yellowhammer's flight that I am convinced that my highhole's way to woodcockery will not be made in my day. He has rid himself in some measure of the loping flight of the woodpecker, acquired when trees were nearer together than now, and one stroke of the wings would bear a bird from tree to tree, but how and with what years of practice shall he acquire that rapid wingbeat which surrounds the flyer with a brown halo, an aureole, if he might attain it, how manage those sudden shiftings of course that one may fancy sometimes surprise even the woodcock himself, as they certainly do him who essays to stop them. Well, I am content that he should continue even as he is, game for those who hunt without a gun, a delight to the eye that sees him beyond in intervening gun sight, a delight to the ear and the heart when his jolly cackle tells of the assured arrival of spring.

While I stop to mark the woodcock's flight as he darts away to another of his haunts, I am given a rare and pretty sight. Another alights on the soft inner border of the marsh just before me, and struts a moment with lowered wings and spread tail, then daintily prods the mud with his bill, boring till he strikes a worm, which he brings up and swallows. How he knew the worm was there is as much a mystery as how the squirrel knows where in the unmarked level of the snow to dig for a nut and find it. He alighted silently, with as little fuss and flutter as the ruffed grouse makes when he alights on his own undisturbed affairs, and you can hardly believe that he is the same bird who tears his noisy way through branches or air when rudely or warily, you intrude upon his privacy. He gives you a lesson in silent approach, when he comes to you. I make a wide detour and leave the woodcock to his late breakfast or early dinner, and do not hear him fly away, though no doubt his quick ear has caught my careful footfalls. Perhaps not seeing me, he takes me for some kindlier animal than man, or possibly he knows that I am hunting without a gun.

Above the Myer's Landing the steep banks of Little Otter are scored with frequent gullies, which in the old times, where there were ducks, were the coigns of vantage of gunners, who creeping down them, were almost sure to find a flock of woodducks upon a log waiting for a raking shot, or a huddle of unsuspicious teal, or a great drove of dusky ducks, comforting themselves with wild rice, duck gossip and aquatic sport. Those old gunners held the obsolete idea of sport, that its object was to get game, and perhaps they had an eye to the flesh pots as no sportsman has now, and perhaps had another, or both, to feather beds, for I remember some old duck shooters who cared nothing for a duck but for its feathers. They never squandered their handfuls of powder and shot on a single bird, rarely risked the chances of a wing shot at flocks, but patiently waited for great opportunities of destruction, then picked up their ten or a dozen birds and went home, happy with the result of one wise expenditure of ammunition. The ducks learned nothing from these infrequent lessons of danger; and the unscathed ones were back in their haunts next day. But the incessant banging of latter day sportsmen has taught the few surviving wildfowl to avoid the narrow limits of these upper marshes, where it is now unsafe for even a poor bittern or kingfisher to venture.

As I breast the further bank of one of these gullies I am painfully reminded that here I was given my first chance of a shot at ducks. Coming to the crest of the bank it was my luck to see them before they caught sight of me, a flock of twenty or more, sitting just off the end of this point in such a huddle that a blanket might cover them all. Down I sank close to the ground, and pushing my gun before me, wormed my way through thirty rods of ripe thistles till I was in short range of them. And now I, who had only for a year or so been permitted to use a gun, and with no greater achievement than squirrel shooting to boast of, was to cover myself with glory and suddenly attain a place among great sportsmen. My heart hammered loudly and painfully, but I took careful aim, remembering all I had ever heard of the danger of over-shooting in down-hill shots, and then pulled the trigger manfully, without a wink or a flinch, and the miserable little thin-shelled corroded abomination of a "G. D." cap—may the soul of the Frenchman who made it never find peace—responded only with a flat click. That mischance holds a place among the bitter disappointments of my life; and the old pain visits my heart with the same first sickening twinge whenever I see this spot. I wish the old scent of the marshes and the old indescribable aroma of autumn woods might as easily come to my nostrils, just as of old they arose from marsh and woodland, and I catch a whiff of them sometimes, but faint and elusive, and not to be inhaled with the full invigorating thrill they gave the boy. Alas! the boy's keenness of scent has gone with many another of his youthful belongings.

In one of those days, when I was hunting with a gun, I stood on the sticky shore of Mud Landing, closely scanning marsh and channel that seemed to have no living thing in or upon them, when all at once they burst into teeming life. A hawk, cruising over the marsh, made a sudden swoop, when, with a thundering roar of two hundred wings, a great flock of woodducks uprose from the sedges and wild rice and at once settled in the channel, so safe from his attack in water deep enough to dive in, that the baffled marsh harrier sailed sullenly away. They were far out of range of my shotgun and not to be more nearly approached without a boat, so that all my satisfaction was in the goodly sight of them and that consolation of him who hunts with or without a gun—the ill-luck of the hunter.

This landing, the only one of the lower creek where bank and channel meet, the marsh everywhere else separating them, was a favorite fishing place for us boys, to whom boating was forbidden. Here we could cast from the shore into deep water with a delightful uncertainty of what we might catch and, also with great expectations. It might be that our worms would lure only pumpkin-seeds or perch or bullheads, but there was always a possibility of their tempting a hungry pickerel or pike perch or sheepshead. These last valiant fighters we valued only for the fun of catching, the show they made on our strings and the "lucky bones" which were the inner adornment of their heads, or perhaps carried by them as by us, for luck. I have no knowledge that these charms ever brought us good luck, but we felt that the chances were better with a pair of them rattling in our trousers pockets. We did not know that these fish were good to eat, for our mothers had not learned that parboiling would make them very toothsome when boiled, broiled or fried, as after wrestling with the toughness of the first one, all the sheepshead we caught went to the cats.

A little further up stream is Bowfin Bay, in whose weedy shallows greatly abound the uncouth and worthless fish who gave it a name. If one desires only the "goode tugging" that Gervaise Markham promises to show you if you "tie a hooke with a Frogge upon it with a string at the foote of a Goose, and put her into a Pond," he may get as much as he likes of it here with the same bait (only his frog is better skinned), a strong hook and line and a stout pole, not a rod. The stronger the tackle the better, for when the bowfin is hauled in there comes with him all the marsh growth within the line's scope. Of the edible qualities of this fish it may be said that of the many who have tried to eat him few have succeeded, and fewer yet have been bold enough to pronounce him good. This may be said in his commendation, that in his infancy he is much beloved of pike-perch and bass, and so hardy that he may be kept for the angler's use half the summer in a tub of unchanged water.

Here is Potash Landing, the uppermost of the lower creek on this bank and named for works of that ilk that stood here in old times; and here in olden times the proprietor's clerk of this township suffered the loss of the land records in his keeping, "about forty deads for about six thousand acors." The mishap, which befel "the 3 day of the 10m., 1785," is circumstantially chronicled in his own hand and spelling in the archives of the town. The old surveyor was moving "to letill ortor crik forls" with his "wife and five childarn and one woman peggy smith by name and one child was all in an open bote and it was a dark rany time." There was nothing in the matter-of-fact account of the affair to give one the impression that these women and children were suffering unusual hardship in such belated, stormy travel, but the rather, that it was an ordinary circumstance of pioneer life, remarkable only for the casualty by which "Ritings of grate importuns" were "bornt." Wider apart than the lapse of years which divide them is the difference between our easy lives and theirs of toil and privation.

It is not easy to imagine these smooth, grassy slopes, shaggy with the wild woods that clothed them then; these shores, bristling with the prone and inclining trees, through which the "open bote" came to the end of her voyage, nor easy to picture to oneself the savage wildness of the gorge at the falls, choked with an inextricable confusion of floodwood that the lithe mink could scarcely find a passage through, above the hidden current.

The drought-shrunken stream is too weak to turn the millwheel to day, and the sawyer is idly pottering about among the scant array of logs in the millyard awaiting the slow filling of the dam. A footman need not take the bridge, and I cross the dribble of waste water dry shod. The jolly sawyer welcomes me as warmly as if I were the owner of a thousand logs, shows me the latest improvement of his mill, consisting of a new prop set in the labyrinth of posts and props that keep the log slide from tumbling down, and then takes me into his museum, the disused grist-mill, whose inner walls are hung with an odd collection of old-time implements and weapons. To each old farming tool and household utensil of clumsy but honest workmanship, to flintlock musket and militia captain's sword, he sets some fanciful history of his own invention, and the forenoon has grown short when I set forth on my way down the left bank.

As my head gets above the crest of a ridge, some moving objects on the slope of the next catch my eye, which presently make them out to be a family of foxes, five cubs at play and the mother watching their pranks with evident approval and pride in their promise of vulpine excellence. How alert and nimble they are, how different every motion from the clumsy gambols of puppies. While I watch them, forecasting sport in November days, when I shall not go hunting without a gun, and freshening my memory of the runways hereabouts, Madame Vixen, who does not let pride get the better of watchfulness, by some sense becomes aware of my intrusion, and speedily calls her babies indoors, she lingering last at the threshold to chide me with a snarling bark. Upon closer inspection, the neighborhood of her abode does not betoken neat housekeeping, for there is an untidy litter of bones and feathers strewn about, lambs' legs and turkey pinions enough to enkindle the wrath of all the shepherds and poultry wives in town. I shall tell them no tales of her, and pray that she may be left to rear her young in peace, that none of them may fall in with any but such as hunt without a gun till fields are dun and woods are brown.

Following a path much used by cows and fishermen, I skirt Hemlock Point, where many years ago I visited a party of St. Francis Indians, trappers and basket-makers, who were camped here in the shelter of the great hemlocks. The place would not invite them to tarry in it now, for not a tree is left to shade it, and of the beautiful hemlocks there remains but the name. With the exception of my friend, the sawyer, and one other, every riparian owner on the lower creek does his worst to strip the banks of trees, to the stream's loss of beauty and his of soil. I must confess to some unchristian satisfaction, when the rotting roots of the murdered trees loose their strong, kindly hold, and a rood of land slips into the spring floods.

The locust trees of the Myer's Landing are close in sight now, and with the nearer prospect of getting afloat, I begin to rearrange the plan of the voyage that must be shortened to accommodate it to what remains of the day. I stumble over the grassgrown foundations of the old Dutchman's house, and wonder to what quarters of the world was scattered the dusky brood that he and his mulatto wife reared here in the shadow of the locusts that he planted. There is something pathetic in the

thought of those children, whose lot was cast with the despised race of the mother, though more of white than of negro blood ran in their veins. I remember one of them, a comely, sad-faced woman, harbored in middle age in the family of a negro, whom in her girlhood she was too proud to marry. Poor Chloe, on what shore, far from this quiet stream you first beheld, were you stranded by the tide of years?

I round the last thicket that hides my boat, grasping my paddle for the long, strong push that shall send her swishing through the marsh, and my foot is almost raised to step on board, when I discover that she is not here. The sole occupant of her flattened bed of rushes is a big bullfrog, who winks at me placidly over his broad straight mouth, uncommitted by upward or downward curve to a smile of derision or a sad expression of sympathy. Over there on the further shore, in the very place where I sought her this morning, just as far from me now as then, lies my boat in the port to which the honest thief has most considerately returned her.

If my emotions are those of gratitude or of a quite opposite character, I have no language wherewith to give them expression, but if that fellow were within fifty yards of me at this moment, I am inclined to believe that he would have reason to be thankful that I am hunting to-day without a gun. ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

FERRISBURGH, Vt.

HOTEL LIFE IN EUROPE.

IN November, 1881, accompanied by my wife I started for Europe, where we remained until December, 1882. We landed in Havre, spent a month in France, another in Germany and Austria, and from February until May in Italy, the summer in Germany, France and Switzerland. Since our return I have very frequently been consulted by friends in moderate circumstances, as to the expenses of such a trip I have always stated, although in very general terms, for I have relied upon memory, that while journeying was dearer, yet hotel life in Europe was much less expensive than in the United States. I have long intended to overhaul my hotel bills and find out just what it did cost us.

At each city we visited it was our custom to go to the best hotel, to look at the rooms, obtain prices including service, lights, fires, etc., and to then mention the sum we were willing to pay; in every case this amount, or at least a considerable reduction from the sum first named, was agreed upon.

We were neither extravagant nor parsimonious. In each place we had a room or rooms, not above third floor, and as high as that only where there was a "lift." We had sometimes one large room, quite as often bedroom and parlor, and sometimes three rooms.

Neither of us drank much wine, but complied with the usual custom and always had it at dinner.

We drank the wines of the country we were in, not calling for claret in Germany, Capri in France, Assmanshausser or Liebfrauenmilch in Italy. In the tables I have included board, lodging, service, lights, fuel and laundry.

I have excluded in most cases the expenses of entertaining friends, including high-priced wines.

I had intended excluding all items such as cigars, carriages, stamps, telegrams, payments for purchases, etc., and have to a great extent carried out my intention; but as the task of overhauling such a lot of bills, containing such an endless amount of items—five or six sometimes for a simple first breakfast, such as "2 breads, 2 butters, 1 milk, 1 sugar, 2 eggs, 1 honey," for instance—has become very tiresome, especially as I have forgotten the meaning of many of the words, I have gone through the last forty-eight or fifty quite rapidly, and undoubtedly have missed many such items not large enough to attract attention, for when a hack costs but a mark or franc and a message but a few pfennigs or sous, they don't stand out as they would in a New York hotel bill. It is more than probable that a more careful revision would reduce the amount.

My most expensive day was at Baden-Baden; one room only, $8.55; the least expensive at Aix la Chapelle, or more proper Burtschied, a suburb, where sulphur baths are furnished, which was $4.90 per day for three rooms, first floor. The low price was due to our stay at that place being over three months. A single room at the same hotel, for but one person, cost $5.

The Quirinal at Rome was remarkably reasonable. First-class in every respect, the charges for one room for 25 days were $5.25 per day, but by making arrangements, I was given two large rooms connecting on the upper floor (where all typhoid fever patients are sent by the doctors), and a small room, where I could smoke and sleep, including the board of two nurses and a bottle of Chiante at dinner, for $8.34 per day. I think I've made good my claim that a fairly provident man and wife can live in Europe at the best hotels for less than $5 per day.

In many of the places mentioned there are excellent *pensions*, notably the Pension Chapman at Rome and Florence, and others in Germany, where very comfortable rooms and excellent fare can be had at not greatly over one-half of the hotel prices.

NECESSARY EXPENSES INCURRED DURING A YEAR OF EUROPEAN HOTEL LIFE.

GERMANY.—Baden, *De Russe;* Aix la Chapelle, *Carlsbad;* Cologne, *De Dom;* Frankfort, *Frankfurter Hof;* Homburg, *Quatre Saisons;* Heidelberg, *Grand;* Munich, *Quatre Saisons;* Mayence, *D'Angleterre;* Strasburg, *D'Angleterre;* Soden, *De L'Europe;* Stuttgart, *Marquard;* 160 days; total bills $800, or $5 per day.

AUSTRIA.—Loeben, *Zum Post;* Vienna, *Metropole;* 17 days; bills, $106 39, or $6.25 per day.

BELGIUM.—Antwerp, *De L'Europe;* Brussels, *De Flandres;* 7 days; bills, $38.90, or $5.76 per day.

SWITZERLAND.—Geneva, *National;* 4½ days; bills $22.50, or $5 per day.

FRANCE.—Havre, *Frascatti's;* Aix le Bains, *De L'Univers;* Paris, *Bedeune;* 55 days, bills $385, or $7 per day.

ITALY.—Bellagio, *Grand Bretagne;* Capri, *Quissisana;* Castelmare, *Quissisana;* Florence, *D'Italie;* Genoa, *Isota;* Lugano, *Du Pare;* Milan, *Grand;* Naples, *Grand;* Pallanza, *Grand Pallanza;* Pisa, *Minerva;* Rome, *Quirinal;* Sorrento, *Villa Nardi;* Turin, *Grand;* Venice, *Grand Britannia;* 118 days, bills $775.75, or $6.59 per day. Deducting from above 39 days at Rome, when, through illness, three rooms and board of two nurses were required, the amounts are for 79 days; bills $450.35, or $5.70 per day.

RECAPITULATION.

	Places.	Days.	Bills.	Per Day.
Germany	11	160	$800 00	$5 00
Austria	2	17	106 39	6 25
Belgium	2	7	38 90	5 76
Switzerland	1	4½	22 50	5 00
France	3	55	385 00	7 00
Italy	14	79	450 35	5 70
	33	322½	$1803 14	$5 59

WANDERER.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

273.

PLACE—Attic chamber of a farmhouse not far from one of the best trout streams in Massachusetts.

Time—Four A. M. The alarm clock goes off with a vehemence that brings a challenge from the rooster in his house twenty rods away, and starts P. and Scribe, who have been listening for it all night, out of bed at the first tinkle. Scribe dresses, and on looking around for P., instead of finding him ready to start, is surprised to see him still in ghostly attire shuffling about the room searching for something. "What are you looking for? Why don't you dress and come along?" asks the impatient Scribe. "My pants. Where can they be?" Then with a shudder as he looks at the frosty grass outside, P. turns upon his fellow bogtrotter, "Confound you, Scribe, I believe you've got on pants enough for two." P. looks Scribe over, sees he is mistaken, and resumes his search about the room. "Well," quoth P., after a five minutes' grope in the dark (the only matches in the company had disappeared with P.'s vest, which had gone with his pants), "it's no use, Scribe, I can't go fishing without pants. You had better go along and I'll get back to bed." "What's that sticking out from under your pillow?" asked Scribe. "O, I remember now," said P., "I put them under my pillow last night to raise my head up higher. Guess I can go after all." SPECKLED BEAUTY.

BROCKTON, Mass.

274.

"You wants a b'ar st'ry, does you? Well, I spec I kin give you one. It was a good while back, afore this country got settled up so.* Some of my cows got strayed off, down thar in the bottom somewhars; so I jest ketched my old sorrel horse, Pete, and put the saddle on, and got my cow whip—fur I had a powerful good un in them days; it had a lash nigh 30ft. long, and, lors, how that whip would crack! You might a hearn it a mile off. I didn't carry no gun, kase that would be unhandy while I had the whip. I mounted old Pete and took the path down thar by the branch, what you see over yonder. I rid about half a mile. I reckon, when all of a suddent I seed a b'ar about half ways up a good-size tree, and not more 'n 30yds. off. Says I, 'I'm gwin to see what my whip will do for you.' Then I rid up a little closter and swung the whip around over my head once or twice, and fetched that b'ar a carwhallaper right over his rump. Lors! you orto have seed that b'ar squirm. It hurt him so bad he couldn't holler. Then I swung the whip around agin, and give him a wipe right over his snout that fotch him down a bit. Then I gin him another on the rump and driv him up a piece. Then on the snout and fotch him down some. I kep' on licking that b'ar, first on one eend and then on t'other, till I got him cowed. Then I whipped him over the snout till he comes down the tree and got in the cow path. When I had him thar, I driv him toward home, and whenever that b'ar tried to leave the path I jest whipped him on that side and driv him back. He was a little onruly at first, but after a little I just driv him same as if he'd been a cow. And I kep' on a-drivin' of him until I come in sight of my brother. I hollered to him to fetch a gun and shoot my b'ar what I had driv home. So he fotch the gun and killed the b'ar in his tracks.

"Since I found out this way to kill b'ars, I never have no trouble to carry my b'ar meat home." TOT.

*The squatter who told this story to the writer, in Alabama, some fifty years ago, said the country was getting "too thickly settled," and that "he should have to move away." When asked how far it was to his nearest neighbor, he said, "Twenty-five miles."

275.

Hunting Without a Gun: It was many years ago. He was hunting bear in one of the swamps of Alabama in a canebrake. He was in a narrow path in a dense growth of cane, and had put his gun down for a moment, when suddenly the bear and dogs came down the path, right upon him. The cane was so thick that he could not dodge to either side, and had only time to grasp as many canes on opposite side of him as he could hold, and draw himself up, his feet above his head, and let the bear and dogs pass under him. A true story, as told me by Uncle Franklin R.; he being the chief actor and the gymnast on this occasion. TOT.

Natural History.

THE WOODCOCK'S WHISTLE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Will you kindly allow me a little more space in which to answer the arguments that you advance in support of your belief that the whistle of the woodcock is a vocal noise, and not made by the bird's wings?

You discriminate between the sound which the bird makes in rising, "which might perhaps be called a whistle," and which you admit is produced by the wings, and a "well-known ringing note" which you compare to the twitter of the kingbird. I am perfectly well aware that the woodcock's whistle varies considerably in form and perhaps slightly in tone, also at different times, but to my ear it does not vary to anything like the degree that the *scaipe* of the Wilson's snipe varies from the slight whistling which the latter bird sometimes makes with its wings. With the woodcock the variations have seemed to me to be distinctly correlated with different phases of flight. Thus I have observed that when the bird beats its wings vigorously, rapidly and evenly, its whistle is clear, shrill, and practically continuous; when the wing beats are slow and languid, the whistle becomes feebler and less resonant; when they are intermittent it is divided into distinct syllables or set of syllables, which, as you say, sometimes suggest the twitter of the kingbird. I have frequently seen a woodcock, after flying some distance, scale downward on set wings as if about to alight, and then, apparently changing its intention, turn sharply upward, at the same time resuming its flapping. In such cases the whistling has invariably ceased during the interval of sailing, and quite as invariably has been renewed when the wing began to move again. I have never known a woodcock to produce any form of whistling or twittering when its wings were at rest.

These facts impressed me long ago with the belief that the sound, throughout all its changes or modulations, was produced by the wings, but I did not feel that I had any real proof on this point until after the experiences described in my last letter. The sound made by the wounded birds which I held by the bill was precisely the same as that made by other wounded birds which I have seen jump up ahead of a dog and attempt to fly in the manner you have described. It does not seem possible that I could have been mistaken as to the origin of the whistling made by the former, while in respect to the latter, I fail to understand why the injured wing may not be moved with normal velocity and power. Your objection that if so moved it "would have turned the bird quite over," has no real force, for I have repeatedly seen a wing-broken woodcock during a vain attempt to fly with one wing actually turn quite over and land on its back, with feet kicking in the air. Moreover, if the sound is vocal, why is the woodcock invariably dumb during the moult? As already stated, I have never known a bird which lacked the "whistling quills" to make the least whistling or twittering, either during the ordinary flight or after being wounded and when trying to evade the dog.

As to the Wilson's snipe, I cannot see why the fact that, like many other birds, it utters when wounded a sound which every one admits to be vocal, should furnish an analogy bearing difectly on the case of the woodcock. Would it not be quite as logical to claim that because the quacking of a flying mallard or black duck is unquestionably vocal, the whistling sound supposed to be produced by the golden eye's wings must be also vocal?

Before concluding, however, I would say that, while I believe most firmly that all of the various modifications of whistling and twittering which the woodcock makes while flying are produced by its narrow, stiffened, primary quills, I do not wish to be understood as denying that at least some of these sounds may be vocal. It is so easy to be mistaken about a comparatively simple thing, and so difficult to settle positively a point as elusive as that of the origin of the woodcock's whistling, that I am perfectly willing to admit that the matter may be still an open question which, it is to be hoped, the readers of FOREST AND STREAM will investigate further at every possible opportunity. WILLIAM BREWSTER.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your articles on the woodcock have interested me very much. In your issue of Aug. 1 both yourself and Mr. Wm. Brewster give opinions as to the manner of the woodcock making the whistling noise. I quite agree with Mr. Brewster that the noise is made by the wings, although for many years I was a doubter, until the following occurrence settled it in my mind. One day quite late in the autumn, having very slightly wounded a full-feathered, large fall bird, I retrieved it myself, not letting the dog touch it. As I was holding it by the bill my companion said, "Hear it whistle." I immediately placed the bill lengthwise, between my thumb and forefinger, holding it tightly the whole length; whenever it fluttered, which I let it do several times before killing, it made the twittering whistle so peculiar to the woodcock, that certainly was proof positive. As for the cause, I consider it the same as the whirring sound of the quail and grouse, viz., rapid motion of the wings, caused by fright. Quite often after flushing a woodcock, and when it is some distance away, when shot at and not killed, we hear the same whistle, caused, no doubt, by the additional fright at the sound of the gun or noise of the shot passing near; not a poetical but certainly a practical reason. I hope these articles will cause sportsmen to be more observing, and that new facts as regards this very eccentric bird may be brought to light. W.

SALEM, Mass.

BIRD NOTES FROM MISSOURI.—The spring and summer months with us here in northeast Missouri have been pretty well, and this summer will be recorded as a period of gentle and frequent showers. Until about June 10, the temperature remained exceptionally low for this latitude; and as a result, vegetation was delayed in growth. Regardless of all these adverse agencies, the wildfowls and birds appear to be prospering. All the migratory birds arrived about the usual dates. As the forest area here remains almost as extensive as ever, we have a great variety of birds of beautiful plumage and sweet song. A few of the strictly native Southern mockingbirds venture this far north to add their joyful notes to the congregation of musical voices. Our best singer, I think, is the brown thrush or common mockingbird, which retains its rank of being the bird *par excellence* for clearness of notes and variety of song. The catbird and even the much praised Southern mockingbird both fall far below the thrush in point of distinctness and excellence of song. Some writers assume that the thrush's power of mimicry is acquired, yet this is not well established.—JASPER BLINES.

NESTS OF THE SUNFISH.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read with much interest the article in your paper in regard to "Nest Building of the Sunfish." I have examined the so-called "nests" several times and have lifted the sand and gravel carefully out of the bottom, but have never found any spawn, although the fish were in the nests when I went to examine them and would return to them shortly after I left and level the bottom again with a current of water from their tails. The nests I have chiefly examined were in a mill-pond. There were more nests made by perch (yellow belly) than by sunfish. I also found chub in these nests, but whether they made them or not I do know; but if I dropped any pebbles in their nests they also would flirt them out with water or, if too heavy, the water would cut the sand from under the pebbles so that they would sink low enough not to trouble the fish. I have also found these nests made by perch on the flats of a tide water river, where they were left dry every low water. —R. F. R. (King William County, Va.)

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 220 pages, price $2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

THE EARED SEALS.—III.

OTHER wonderfully interesting accounts of this sea lion have been given us by Mr. Elliott, Capt. Scammons and others, but I must hasten to devote my remaining space to a brief notice of the northern fur seal or sea bear (*Callorhinus ursinus*).

This animal has nearly the same geographical distribution as has Steller's sea lion, while to those at all interested in our animals, the form, coloration and the magnificent pelage of fur of this well-known seal are all too familiar to require my entering upon such details here. These are, moreover, all recalled by the life like sketch of a group of fur seals by Mr. Elliott, herewith reproduced.

To Mr. Elliott is due full credit for the most detailed accounts of *Callorhinus*. In his work upon the Seal Islands of Alaska we find the most minute descriptions of the external characters of this animal at all ages, while its habits seem to be almost exhaustively treated. Then he has presented us with a long series of sketches from nature of the haunts of the fur seal, with the animal itself in all imaginable attitudes. Some of these sketches are well calculated to impress upon our minds the fabulous numbers that gather at the "rookeries" during certain seasons; they are packed together and can best be estimated by the acre. Had the present writer not already taxed the generosity of FOREST AND STREAM to the utmost in the matter of figures, some of these sketches might be introduced, but the reader had best seek a copy of the work to which I refer and study them all. They are well worth it. It will at once be seen that most striking differences exist between the male and female *Callorhinus* in point of form and size. According to Allen an old male will measure between 7 and 8ft. and a full grown female about half that length. A pup a week old is about 1ft. long and weighs between 6 and 8lbs., and an old male will weigh nearly 375lbs., while a female rarely attains to a weight of 90lbs. The great resort of all resorts for the fur seal are the islands composing the Prybilov group, and in 1872 Mr. Elliott estimated that there were 3,000,000 of them on Saint Paul's Island alone, and probably 163,000 on its neighbor, Saint George's Island, the following year, at a time when another separate estimate was made. The fur seal has been written of at greater or less length ever since 1751, when Steller described it in no small detail, both as to its anatomical structure and its habits. In 1817 Péron first noted its distinction from the fur seal of the Southern Hemisphere, but even this was not clearly defined until 1859, when Dr. J. E. Gray pointed out the distinctive characters of the two species. In alluding to Elliott's "Seal Islands" Allen says: "The work is nicely illustrated with photographic plates, taken from Mr. Elliott's sketches, about twenty-five of which are devoted to the fur seal. The text of this rare and privately distributed work has since been reprinted with some changes and additions and has been widely circulated. It contains very little relating to the fur seal that is strictly technical, but the general history of its life at the Prybilov Islands is very fully told, while the commercial or economic phase of the subject is treated at length."

Fur seals migrate to and from the rookery at St. Paul's Island every season, the males returning in advance, a few vigorous bulls being the first to appear during the early part of May. It is at such times that their locomotion on shore and their wonderfully agile action in the sea can be most favorably studied. In speaking of the rookery to which I have just alluded, Elliott says, "From the time of the first arrivals in May up to the 1st of June, or as late as the middle of the month, if the weather be clear, is an interval in which everything seems quiet; very few seals are added to the pioneers. By the 1st of June, however, or thereabouts, the foggy, humid weather of summer sets in, and with it the bull seals come up by hundreds and thousands, and locate themselves in advantageous positions for the reception of the females, which are generally three weeks or a month later, as a rule." Then follow the extraordinary battles of the bulls, with all the strange habits incident thereto. "The sound arising from these great breeding grounds of the fur seal, where thousands upon thousands of angry, vigilant bulls are roaring, chuckling, piping, and multitudes of seal-mothers are calling in hollow, bla-ating tones to their young, which in turn respond incessantly, is simply indescribable. It is, at a slight distance, softened into a deep booming, as of a cataract, and can be heard a long distance off at sea, under favorable circumstances as far as five or six miles," and is constant, night and day, throughout the season. The females begin to arrive in June, and the duties that then devolve upon the bulls are so onerous that the latter are obliged even to entirely abstain from all food and water for a period of several months. During this time they are nourished solely by the absorption of adipose of their own bodies, being very fat at first, and woefully lean after the ordeal.

The cows when they arrive show great gentleness of disposition as compared with the ferocious, fighting, flesh-tearing bulls. "When they come up, wet and dripping, they are of a dull, dirty gray color, darker on the back and upper parts, but in a few hours the transformation made by drying is wonderful; you would hardly believe they could be the same animals, for they now fairly glisten with a rich steel and maltese-gray luster on the back of the head, neck and spine, which blends into an almost pure white on the chest and abdomen." These females are driven to land at the rookeries from the approach of the period of parturition, their pups being born soon after their landing, shortly after which they receive the attention of the bulls.

The landing of the cows has been described by Mr. Elliott in the following words, he says: "They are noticed and received by the bulls on the waterline station with much attention; they are alternately coaxed and urged up on to the rocks, and are immediately under the most jealous supervision; but owing to the covetous and ambitious nature of the bulls which occupy the stations reaching way back from the waterline, the little cows have a rough-and tumble time of it when they begin to arrive in small numbers at first; for no sooner is the pretty animal fairly establishe ' on the station of bull number one, who has installed her there, he perhaps sees another one of her style down in the water from which she has just come, and in obedience to his polygamous feeling, he devotes himself anew to coaxing the later arrival in the same winning manner so successful in her case, when bull number two, seeing bull number one off his guard, reaches out with his long strong neck and picks the unhappy but passive creature up by the scruff of hers, just as a cat does a kitten, and deposits her on his seraglio-ground; then bulls number three, four, and so on, in the vicinity, seeing this high-handed operation, all assail one another, and especially bull number two, and have a tremendous fight, perhaps for half a minute or so, and during this commotion the cow generally is moved or moves further back from the water, two or three stations or more, where, when all gets quiet, she usually remains in peace. Her lord and master, not having the exposure to such diverting temptation as had her first, he gives her such care that she not only is unable to leave did she wish, but no other bull can seize upon her." Other points of most engaging study and dwelt upon at length by the entertaining writer just quoted, are the various sizes of the harems with respect to the females in each, the habits of those bulls who fail to secure harems at the beginning of the season, the amount of punishment that an old bull will stand before he will quit his position, the universal amiability of the cows, the extraordinary attitudes they assume both on shore and in the water, the birth and numbers of the pups, and the behavior toward them by their mothers and the bulls, and their own habits, the disbandment of the harems later in the season, and the growth and education of the pups, all these points as I say are brought out with an ever-increasing interest, and finally "by the middle of September the rookeries are entirely broken up, only confused, struggling bands of cows, young bachelors, pups, and small squads of old bulls, crossing and re-crossing the ground in an aimless, listless manner; the season is over, but many of these seals do not leave these grounds until driven off by snow and ice, as late as the end of December and 12th of January."

But there still remains the natural history of the thousands upon thousands of "holluschukie" or bachelor seals; the consideration of the young females; the most exciting chapters treating of the chase of the fur seal, and the entire history of the fur-sealing trade, preparation and disposition of the skins, and other matters: the enemies of the fur seal and its migrations. It is evident that it will be simply impossible for me even to touch ever so lightly upon these subjects, and the reader will never regret the hours he may spend in reading the works from which I have so extensively quoted. It will be gratifying to the reader to know that after Mr. Elliott's long years of study of the millions of fur seals that resort every year to the Prybilov Island, and their constant destruction by man, and by their natural enemies in other quarters, he had "no hesitation in saying quite confidently that, under the present rules and regulations governing the sealing interests on these islands, the increase or the diminution of the life will amount to nothing; that the seals will continue for all time in about the same number and condition."

We will pass in our next paper to a brief consideration of the earless seals or the family *Phocidæ*, an enumeration of the North American representatives of which I have already presented in a former contribution.

R. W. SHUFELDT.



THE FUR SEAL (*Callorhinus ursinus*). FROM LIFE SKETCHES BY H. W. ELLIOTT, PRIBYLOV ISLANDS, 1872-1876.

A. Old "seecatch" or male, 8 to 24 years old.
B. Young "seecatch," 6 to 8 years old.
C. Young males, 2 years old.
D. Female nursing pup.
E. Cow fanning herself.
F. Cow asleep.
G. Cow napping and fanning herself.
H. Female crooning to the male.
J. Old male; a characteristic attitude.

THE PLUMED QUAIL OF ARIZONA.

THE plumed quail are very abundant in the walnut grove valley, some fifty miles south of Prescott, Arizona. The vegetation through this valley is called chapparal or brush, consisting principally of scrub oak and cat-claw. The quail delight in this brush, and during the heat of the day nearly every second clump conceals a covey.

A novice sportsman, approaching a clump, gun in hand, hears first a subdued note of warning from a more watchful bird; this is repeated by others, giving evidence of a large covey in concealment. Our novice now feels the delightful excitement caused by game near at hand, and holding his gun in readiness, approaches warily. He comes nearer, every instant expecting the birds to rise; still nearer and nearer, and there is no movement from the clump. He feels disgusted, thinks he has been deceived in the quail, and lets his gun fall. As he rounds the brush and looks about, some 60ft. off he sees the covey, running daintily and swiftly away; and as the birds see they are discovered, they turn quickly behind another thicket. Now our novice is wiser and steps quickly but carefully toward the birds. With a rushing whirr they are up, and he must be a good shot to bring more than one down. Swift as our Eastern quail, if they are old birds they scatter more, and their flight being through thick clusters of bushes, our sportsman may get only a few glimpses of them.

A covey of these quail as they are running over the

arid brown wastes of Arizona is a beautiful sight. There are sometimes thirty birds together, and as they step along, their heads slightly thrown forward and their crests erect, they are unsurpassed by any of our game birds for beauty and neatness. Their colors are clean and clear; in the male this is especially so; their crest is a beautiful affair, a jet-black, club-shaped, tight bunch of feathers about an inch and a half long.

The quail spend the day upon the foothills feeding, and just at dusk come down to the stream which drains the valley, to drink. After drinking they settle in the willows along the banks for the night; while thus settling they constantly call to each other in their sweet, plaintive notes. In their courtships and pairings they are very interesting, and make a source of endless delight to a lover of natural history. At this time the cock brings himself into prominence; and his challengings and struttings, his fights and victories, his billings and cooings, are pleasing studies of social bird life, to be seen on the arid desert, on the mountain or in the cañon, and in the verdant river bottoms.

Their food consists principally, I judge, of the seeds of the scanty herbage. It seems sometimes the birds must live very hungry, the grasses and weeds are so scanty. Probably they consume many insects though, and gain a good sustenance from these. Sometimes they make havoc in the crops of the ranchers. One planter disgusted me by telling me how he succeeded in poisoning several hundred quail.

Many of the teamsters in Arizona carry shotguns besides their usual weapon and kill many quail. The quail gather about the camping ground to get the grain left and dropped by the stock, and the "bull-whacker" or "mule-skinner" makes a pot shot into the flock of feeding birds, killing twelve or twenty.

But the little bird, although nature and man seem against him, flourishes and is happy, helping to make a rather dark place brighter. T. W. B.

New Haven.

Skunks on Dress Parade.—Chicago, Ill., Aug. 19.—A friend in Wisconsin tells me of an amusing incident he noticed in the woods up there. Himself and a companion were riding along together, when there suddenly stepped into the road ahead of them a little army of skunks—one old skunk and five half-grown kittens. These seemed perfectly fearless, and halting by the wayside, the gentleman's companion began firing at them with a six-shooter, although he did not hit any of them. At the sound of every shot, the skunks, which had marshaled themselves into perfect line, threw up their tails in perfect unison, as straight and stiff as a ramrod, above their backs, making no further hostile demonstration, and simply standing at a ready until their fear had partly subsided. They repeated this maneuver a dozen times, and my informant says the total effect was funny in the extreme.—E. Hough.

Grouse Reared in Confinement.—A correspondent of the Truro, Nova Scotia, *Sun* says that the young partridges hatched on the farm of Mr. Henry Hills, of Lower Stewiacke, N. S., were not hatched under a common hen; on the contrary, they were hatched from eggs laid by a tamed partridge, a pair of which Mr. Hills has had in his possession for five years. The mere act of taking a nest full of eggs home and hatching them under a hen does not appear a very extraordinary feat. But the fact that Mr. Hills has held these wild birds in captivity for five years, and has at last succeeded in raising from them a brood of young birds, is what we call an extraordinary feat, and is, we believe the first instance of the kind ever accomplished. Another very difficult feature in Mr. Hills's achievement is the fact that his birds were captured when fully fledged.

An English Starling in Maine.—Calais, Me., Aug. 14.—A boy has sent me an English starling shot here with some redwings. I saw some imported ones were let out at Central Park last spring. This may be one of them come north.—Geo. A. Boardman.

Game Bag and Gun.

AN OUTING IN WYOMING.

(Concluded from Page 66.)

FRIDAY morning, bright and early, we were up and had breakfast out of the way. Cook and Jack started out together, and Jim and I, Crane said he would hunt around camp. We hunted north of camp for some time, but saw nothing. My boots were galling my ankles in a horrible manner, and I gave up and went to camp, where I found Crane. We built up a big fire, took the old bake kettle and pot-roasted several rump roasts of antelope, and stayed at camp the rest of the day. Jim came in first and reported a small blacktail doe killed as the result of his day's shooting. Jack and Cook came in shortly after; each had killed a fine buck, which they had dressed and hung up; they were ravenously hungry.

Saturday I had been studying what I could wear on my feet that would not murder me. I finally put on five pairs of socks with my rubber overshoes over them, tied my canvas pants tight under the hollow of my feet, and was all right. They were soft, warm and light. I had hit it. All the other boys took the horses and went out to bring in the three deer killed yesterday. I went east of the camp to the head of a cañon, and hunted down a way until I struck a track that was coming toward me. I turned on the track and followed it back up the side of the cañon, across the top of the mountain to near camp, down into another cañon, where the one I was following joined a band of others. I followed them for a while until I came across what I thought were elk tracks. I left the deer tracks and followed them. I had never seen an elk nor an elk track. Some one had told me that they looked like cattle tracks, only more pointed. This answered the description of the track I was on, so I stuck to them until I found out they were cattle tracks. I never realized the poverty of the English language as I did then. I struck off across to where I left the deer tracks, and was working carefully along up a small cañon that branched off from the main one, when I saw start out from under a cedar tree five does and a splendid buck; they walked along a few steps and stopped to look at me. I guessed the distance at 250yds., raised my sights, up with old reliable, sighted for his shoulder and cut loose. He was standing on a very steep side hill, and at the crack of the rifle he staggered down the hill sideways several feet, but did not fall. The others ran to the top of the gulley and stopped; he followed them. I had shot him with an explosive bullet, so I thought he was safe; and I shot again at one of the others as soon as I could load. When I shot the second time he ran off to the right behind a large rock; the others ran straight over the hill out of sight. I hurried up to where I had seen him last, took his track and followed it about 40yds. and found him. He was down, but looked as if he had lain down to rest. His eyes were open and looked as bright as could be. I did not know but he was laying for me, and as I had no fancy for a rough and tumble fight with a wounded buck that would weigh two hundred and fifty pounds, I loosed the safety catch to my rifle, and with the gun loaded in both hands, went up near enough and gave him a punch with the muzzle, but he was dead. To say that I was pleased would not half tell it: it was the first deer that I had ever killed to be sure of. I had shot at deer with others and some one had killed them, but no one knew who; this one was my own. Was not he a beauty? He had a fine set of antlers. I dressed him and found the bullet had struck him back of the shoulders, too high for the heart; it had exploded and had cut the wind pipe and forward part of the lungs into hash; the base of the bullet had gone out the other side. Notwithstanding this terrible wound he had been on his feet in sight for as much as thirty seconds, and had run as much as 60yds., part of the way up a hill that was at least 45 degrees elevation. I might as well have tried to hang up a horse alone, so I dragged him upon a rock, tied my handkerchief to his antlers to scare away any varmint, and put out on the tracks of the others. I had followed them about a half mile when I came on to the carcass of a bull elk that had been killed probably the fall before. The horns were 3ft. 7in. long, and 3ft. 2in. between the tips, and were large and as even as they could be. I twisted off the head and carried it on top of a hill so I could find it again and went on. I followed the tracks until they scattered near our camp, and concluded to leave them and go to camp, get a pony and some help and bring in my deer.

When I got to camp I found two nice bucks and a doe hanging on a tree near the tent; the boys had brought in the game killed the day before and had gone out again. Crane, Jack and Cook had taken the horses and wagon when they went after their game, and Jim had taken the white pony and gone after his doe alone. About the time the other boys got their bucks loaded up and were starting for camp, Jim put in an appearance and said he had been having a small-sized circus with the pony, for when he attempted to blindfold her to put the doe on her back, she yanked him all over that part of the mountain until she broke the bridle and then lit out in the direction of camp. They drove over to where Jim's doe was, put it in the wagon, and Crane drove to camp while the others hunted for more. After getting the deer into camp Crane went off west of camp and saw the same band that I got my buck out of, but did not get a shot. I got me something to eat and then went back and brought in the elk head I had found. By that time Crane had returned, but it was too late to go after my deer, so we went to getting supper. Jim came in about dark and reported another doe and a coyote killed; Cook and Jack came in soon after, had seen four deer and had shot at them, but got nothing. We had antelope soup for supper, and any one who says it is not good never tried it after tramping all day. After supper we skinned out the heads of the deer killed yesterday ready to mount.

Next morning Cook and Jack started off east of camp and hunted all day. Cook killed a small doe and they dressed and hung it up on a tree, wounded another and followed it nearly to camp, but it was getting dark and they left it until morning. Jim and I had taken the brown pony and gone out and got the deer he had killed the day before. I brought it into camp and he hunted. Crane and I hung Jim's doe up with the rest and then took both ponies and went after my buck. I rode that pony over places I would have been afraid to go afoot; he was slow, but sure. When we got near the dead deer I saw a bobcat that had been feeding on the entrails run off over the hills; he was out of sight before I could dismount and shoot at him; he had killed one magpie and wounded another that I caught and took to camp. We loaded my buck on to the brown pony and went to camp. I worked a while cleaning my elk head, when Jim came in and reported a big buck killed in the same cañon that I had killed mine in, so Jim, Crane and I took both ponies and went out after it. Jim with his rifle went ahead, Crane and I rode the ponies. It was near sundown and we were about half a mile from camp, when Crane pointed off to the west and exclaimed: "Great Scott! look at that elk; yes, and there are two more." And sure enough, on top of a ridge clearly outlined against the sky were three animals, one feeding and the other two walking around; they looked about the size of big cows. Crane told me to stay and watch them and he would hurry on after Jim and get him to come back with his rifle. Oh, how we regretted leaving our guns in camp. I watched them for about fifteen minutes, when, as Jim and Crane did not come back, I went on and found them at work on the buck, getting him ready to pack. On the way back, when near where we saw the elk, Jim pointed up on to the ridge and said: "Are those your elk? Well, you are dandies. They are nothing but blacktail does." He was right; they did not look to be a quarter as large, owing, I suppose, to the difference in the light. However, he blazed away at them three times before they stirred, and then they walked over the ridge out of sight.

We had now six fine deer hanging on the trees around the tent, and the ridge pole of the tent well garnished with antelope venison that we were jerking. In his rambles to-day, Jim found a dead cow elk that Jack wounded three weeks ago to-day, but could not find; also an immense buffalo bull that had been killed some months before. They had skinned out the hindquarters and left the rest, not even taking the hide; the horns were beauties, and Jim managed to get them off and brought them in.

Monday morning Jim and I were both lame from tramping and climbing, and thought we would make a lazy hunt that day; so we went out to where we had seen the does the night before. We could see by the tracks that there was a regular crossing there, so we fixed ourselves comfortably and watched for several hours, but saw nothing. Then we played boy for an hour, rolling rocks from the ridge down into the cañon. I then proposed that we work across to where I had killed my deer, and see if we could see any deer and perhaps get a shot at my bobcat. We found the cat back there after the rest of the entrails; but he heard us before we got in sight of him, and had started for some more retired place. We both shot at him and made the stones and gravel fly just behind him, and from the way he made tracks he evidently thought there was no place like home. We kept on up the side of the mountain, and while passing through a large clump of cedars jumped a fine doe not 30yds. from us, that ran across in front of where we were. Both shot and missed her. She ran off to the right along the side of the mountain among the cedars; we followed her tracks for about 60yds., to where she had stopped to look at us. We got a glimpse of her as she dashed down the hill, and Jim said she would come out on a naked knoll about 100yds. distant. Sure enough, the next instant she ran up to the top of the knoll and stopped. We both fired and down she went, dead as a stone. As it was but about half a mile to camp, we carried her in and hung her up with the rest.

Cook and Jack went out this morning after the doe they had hung up yesterday. Cook had left his handkerchief tied to the carcass to scare away any prowlers. He found his game about half eaten up by a couple of bobcats, and his handkerchief the worse for it. They sent the remnants to camp by Crane, and went to look for the cats who had mortally insulted Cook. They hunted all day and returned to camp at dark with nothing. Tuesday morning Jack got up at daylight and went out before breakfast, it was windy and looked like a storm. We had just finished breakfast when Jack came in and said he had killed a nice buck and doe. All hands except myself took the horses and wagon and went after them. We were busy nearly all day getting our meat and heads ready to take home. We had killed ten deer in all, five large bucks, and five does, and had them hanging on trees around the tent. It was a sight that would have delighted any sportsman. I would have given anything for a good photograph of camp as it looked when we commenced to cut up our deer, I tried to make a pencil sketch of it, but it was not a brilliant success, but afforded lots of fun for the boys. Cook and Jack came in about 4 o'clock, Jack had killed a badger; he got something to eat and then went out again; he wanted a buck's head for some friend of his to mount, the two he had already killed were for Crane, and his partner Moffit. He came in at dark but had nothing.

Wednesday morning Jack was up and out by daylight. We struck the tent, packed the wagon and got ready to start by the time Jack came in sight. He had seen nothing. We then pulled for Crane's camp, saw lots of antelope on the way but killed none. Made Crane's camp in time to get the tent up and make things snug for the night. Thursday some of Crane's men took the team and went after wood, and we loafed around camp, and toward night went out to look for antelope. Jim was the only one that had any luck. He killed one, and as it was near the road we would travel the next day, he left it where he shot it. Friday morning we loaded our traps into the wagon, bade good-bye to Jack and the rest of the men, and started for Casper. Picking up the antelope Jim had killed, we got to the derrick in time for dinner, and there heard how the Presidential election had gone. We determined to make Casper that night if possible. We saw a large oil spring by the side of the road that was a curiosity to those of us who had never seen anything of the kind before. When we had come up the road the boys on the train did everything they could to make us comfortable, so when we stopped at the derrick for dinner we skinned the antelope, cut it in quarters and put it in a gunny sack, and when we got to Casper in the evening and found the train standing on the track, we rapped on the door of the luggage car, and when they opened it we bundled the sack of meat into the car and told them to divide it to suit themselves. We left Casper at 6 o'clock the next morning and arrived in Blair Sunday evening, having been gone just two weeks. Taking everything into consideration it was the pleasantest trip I ever took. We had good weather, a pleasant company; there was not a cross word spoken on the trip, no one was hurt, we got all the game we wanted and reached home when we intended to. Jim, who is a taxidermist of no mean ability, has been with me for some days, and has our bucks' heads mounted in fine shape. Mine is hanging in the room where I am writing this, and as he looks down at me it seems as if I could hear him say, "It is all right, old man, but if we were to try this thing over again you would not get me so easy."

Dr. E. A. Palmer.

Blair, Nebraska.

A Modern Fable.—One day a city snap shot went out hunting, he carried an improved breechloading shotgun, and his special boast was that he never shot either bird or animal without giving it a fair chance for its life. His sentiments were favorable to the protection of all game birds and birds of song and beautiful plumage. At least this was his conviction on the subject when he wasn't out hunting. After spending most of the afternoon in a pretty good run of luck, he found that his game pouch contained 3 red birds, 13 doves, 2 grouse, 6 quail and 1 squirrel. "This will do," he said, and then he started to cross a field, homeward bound. Presently up flew two quail, one of which soon fell a victim to the destructive aim of the snap shot. The other bird, being closely pursued by a hungry duck hawk which happened to be near, sought safety in some tall grass, but was seized by the greedy bird of prey. Just then there was another report from the sportsman's gun and the hawk with its prospective dinner fell to the earth. In the evening, after the fly-shot had partaken of a toothsome supper of game birds, and had related his adventures in flowery adjectives, he sat down and wrote for a high class paper an article entitled: "Hawks, the Great Destroyers of our Game-Birds."—Jasper Blines.

Forest and Stream, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nanit," "Gloan," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybillene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

DEER HUNTING IN TEXAS.

ON the 1st day of November last, the writer, in company with Messrs. Joel W., John and James Walker, Geo. A. Witter, Geo. W. James, Jack Ray and J. L. Greathouse, left Belton by overland for Walker county, in quest of bear and deer. It was decided that the Bedias should be the point of destination. The Bedias is a small running stream, which heads at the village of Bedias in Grimes county, and winds its way through the heavy pine forests until it empties into the Trinity at Calhoun's Ferry.

Our first day's travel brought us within about twenty miles of Calvert, and the next day being occupied in quail hunting along the route, we barely reached Calvert by sundown. Sunrise the next morning found us on our journey. We reached Franklin, Robertson county, about 10 o'clock, and a few miles east we stopped for dinner. Up to this time we had been living like lords, having all the small game such as quail and squirrels that we desired. The writer and Mr. Greathouse, alias Sam Bass, were the only quail hunters in the party. Mr. John Walker, however, would occasionally get what he called a "pot shot" on the ground, thus demolishing the entire covey. Bill, our cook of the mulatto persuasion, was kept busy all this time preparing the game for the next regular meal. Night here finds us approaching the famous "two bits" bridge across the Navasota River. Being met about a mile from the bridge by the keeper, who was going to supper, we were informed that it was a toll bridge, and that if we would pay him the dollar for our four wagons it would save him two miles ride going back. Sam Bass thought it best, however, for him to go back, as he told the gentlemen that we were not in the habit of crossing a bridge until we came to it. After crossing the bridge it was about good dark, and tired and worn out as we were, we all went to work to assist the cook, and soon afterward a good supper greeted us, for our appetites were indeed sharp.

This place on the Navasota is known as San Antonio crossing, and is on the old Nacogdoches and San Antonio road, which has been used for a great many years. We left San Antonio crossing the next morning about daylight for Madisonville, Madison county, a distance of twenty-two miles. We traveled on without striking much small game, except an occasional squirrel, which is very readily picked off the limb by Sam Bass with his trusty Winchester.

At about 11 o'clock, on the fifth day of our travel, we reached the Bedias Bridge, and according to directions from a physician in Madisonville, proceeded down the stream until we came to a sawmill. Upon inquiry we were told that game was very plentiful in there. Said the gentleman, "The mast this year is very heavy, and I have never seen deer so plentiful as at the present time. I saw eight or ten deer in one drove within 300yds. of this mill yesterday, and it is no trouble at all to kill them. But I want to say one thing to you in regard to running your hounds in here. There are certain still-hunters who reside through here, who have bluffed out every hunting outfit that has ever been through here. I have known them to go to the camp after all of the hunters were asleep and drag a green deer's hide through the camp and put out strychnine bait in this manner." Believing that this was too high up on the creek, as it was our intention from the first to get out of the settlements, we thanked the gentleman for his information; and after winding our way through the heavy pine for about four miles, came to a little opening in the woods called Manning Prairie. Upon inquiry from a "gentleman of color," we found that we were in the forks of the Bedias, and that it was splendid hunting ground.

After getting everything arranged in camp, we concluded to take a little round to get used to the woods and see if we could not kill a deer for immediate use, as we were beginning to get out of meat excepting bacon. Mr. Joel W. Walker was detailed to do the driving for that evening, and we all occupied such stands as we believed to be good ones, not knowing at that time how the deer would run. After being out for a couple of hours and running several deer, we succeeded in getting one out by Mr. Walker, who had quit the drive and turned the dogs over to his son John and taken a stand himself. After several shots were fired Mr. Walker finished the job. It was decided that it was too early to go in to camp, so the doctor and myself were detailed to carry the deer into camp, a distance of about one and a half miles. After an hour's run the rest of the boys returned empty handed; finding more deer but failing to get a shot. On the Bedias it is almost impossible to use a horse in hunting, as the thickets are so numerous.

It was decided the next day that it would not do to remain longer in the forks of the creek. We knew that there were plenty of deer in here, but just how to kill them was a mystery. In walking around some of the boys met Mr. Ira E. Woods, who lived about three miles from where we were camped. He informed us that we had camped at the wrong place for killing deer. He said we could find plenty of them, but there was no such a thing as killing them—a fact we had already learned. Before leaving the Bedias we all concluded to take a round at ducks, and in less time than an hour we had killed more than we could do anything with. Mr. Woods had advised Mr. James, whom we all seemed to look upon as our foreman, to camp at a spring about 100yds. from his residence, assuring us that if we would we could there kill all the deer we wanted. The settlements through here are very thin, and deer have thousands of acres of mast to feed upon, so it is no wonder they are so plentiful. We at once set to work to get things ready, and in three hours time were located at a beautiful spring at the eastern corner of Mr. Woods's yard fence; and after being told that deer would come up and drink water out of this spring house, it was admitted by all that this was the place we had been hunting. The woods were open here, and in some drives a horse could be used very readily. Mr. Woods seemed very anxious to hunt with us, and the next morning, Monday, we all started out in good earnest, each one anxious to kill a deer. Mr. Woods placed us on the stands, and then with James Walker made a short drive. It was not long before they started five deer, and James Walker killed one of them in the drive; and I succeeded in killing a fine little yearling buck, which happened to run my stand.

For several days we stayed here, never failing to kill one, two and sometimes three deer every time we would go out. It was here that we met old Bill Murray, a negro, who is an old hunter, and has been living on the same farm most of his life. He lived on this place during the war, and belonged to Richard Murray, of Huntsville, Tex. Bill at once advised us that he would "miss a crap any time to hunt," and that we could not stay too long to suit him. We found Bill to be very useful to us as he was acquainted with every hog-path in the woods and could tell us more about the country in one day than we could learn in a week if let alone.

After staying at Mr. Woods's three or four days we were advised by Bill to move about three miles toward Huntsville and camp on Past Oak Creek, at the edge of Brushy Prairie. This we did, and the result was almost marvellous. Mr. James being very fond of fire-hunting he and Bill concluded to take a round one night; and while out Bill shot two down and wounded a third.

Mr. Woods and the Doctor concluded to go one night; and after a ten-mile round on horseback they returned without seeing an eye. "It is strange," said Mr. Woods, "that some nights I can go out, and in less time than we were gone last night I can shoot down half dozen deer; and again I go out with the same result as that of last night. There is no certainty in killing deer by fire-hunting, though I believe the best time to go is the first night after a rain."

We stayed here until about the 12th, and never failed to kill deer. Mr. Joel W. Walker killed, not more than 300yds. from camp, one of the largest bucks that the writer has ever seen; and Bill said that if they grew any larger in these woods he had not seen them. Previous to the killing of this large buck by Mr. Walker, while we were camped at Woods's spring, Mr. James had killed one that we thought was large, but it was small compared to the one killed by Mr. Walker.

On the morning of the 13th it began to look like rain, and the dogs being about run down, we concluded to start for home. Bidding farewell to Bill and Mr. Woods, we turned our faces homeward. We, however, had not gone more than a quarter of a mile from camp before we saw five deer cross the road ahead of us. Mr. Walker's dogs being the only ones tied, Sam Bass spent about an hour in getting his own back. After taking a horse from the wagon and riding about two miles he succeeded in blowing them off.

Everything passed off pleasantly from this time until, as we approached the Navasota, all of the dogs being loose, they trailed some deer that had just crossed the road, and Mr. Walker had the misfortune to lose two of his best hounds.

We arrived home on the 16th, and all agreed that we had one of the best times possible, and all that was needed to complete the entire outfit was Wess. Danly with his "deer and bear" dogs and Col. Tad Powers with his little dirk knife. W. E. C.

Belton, Texas.

RECOIL IN BREECHLOADERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

About thirteen years ago I wrote you an article on recoil. I thought the difficulty of getting the contracted powder chamber into the shell required more powder to give same penetration as the patent breech of the muzzle-loader. I had used an old J. Manton for some years for bird and deer hunting; little wonder I was prejudiced against the breechloader. My boys got two made to order, pretty to look at, and I thought handy, and with plenty of powder might throw shot far enough to kill a bird. About five years ago five or six of us went to Atlantic county, N. J., for a deer hunt, but found the woods so dry the dogs could not do anything, so we concluded to go home and wait for a rainstorm. Before separating we tried our guns at the form of a deer chalked on a door and placed at 80yds., all breechloaders but the old Manton. Only one placed a buckshot in the deer that would have killed; the Manton put in three and through the door. The breechloaders did not stick their shot. I just hugged the old black gun. We went into the house to get ready to go home, the guns standing around in the corners. A hunter jumped up saying, "What is this? a gun bulged an inch from the muzzle." "There," said another hunter, "I always load my buckshot loose, so as to pass the choke without bulging." All this confirmed instead of abating my prejudice.

We went home to await the rain, and being in the gun store in the city, I told the circumstance to the gunsmith. He laughed saying, "You have got a Parker." I said, "Yes, two of them." He took a No. 12 brass shell, selected shot that would chamber very tight four. He said: "Load your brass shells with 5drs. best powder, 12 shot, try your breechloader on a deer. I will guarantee your gun won't bulge."

The rain came; three of us went to look around the woods for sign of a buck that had fooled us more than once. At 7 A. M. two took two dogs, going due east. I started alone, due south. I had got about three and one half miles, and was looking around the water stand on the side of an old pine field, a big tree here and there, no underbrush but sand and moss; could see half a mile in any direction; the wind was light and from northeast. I heard the notes of a dog on a warm trail, and although like a mosquito at first, and swaying to north and south, always drawing nearer, until I took my stand leaning against a big tree, my left arm resting on a snag, the little gun across, my finger on the trigger. Suddenly a squirrel in an adjoining tree barked and made so much noise I looked around to see why. There was my buck; it had made a circuit around the field so as to come up in the wind to that water stand. He winded me at 30yds. and went off due north on the jump. I inwardly groaned. Oh! for the old gun. The little one was after him with a snap. He came down as if shot with a cannon. The left hindleg broken in three places, once below and twice above the knee, with one shot behind that raked him, and one in the neck behind the ear. A four-snagged swamp buck, with a beautiful set of horns, he weighed 228lbs. dressed. The men came in answer to my summons. I stood where the buck changed his course. The driver looked at the track, saying, "Fooled again." I took them to the tree I shot from, and stepped 104 steps to where the deer lay. They looked and admired. I had no eyes or admiration for anything but the little gun that stood by a tree close by. I confirmed that shot by many others afterward. In a broadside at a buck seven shots broke the ribs, through heart and lungs, and through the other side. Little wonder my prejudice is changed to pure love. My impression is that many a good gun is condemned because not properly loaded, and I think that means tightly loaded, so that the powder has to force the charge all the way through the barrel, and not be brought up at the muzzle by an abrupt choke, as in many guns, nearly a sixteenth of an inch smaller than the bore. It may be prejudice, but I cannot see but the more a gun is muzzle-choked the more penetration is impaired and recoil caused.

On this principle, I conceived the idea of boring my No. 12 chambers to take No. 10 shells, with the chamber shoulder taken down to thickness of brass shell. This gives the choke in the breech instead of the muzzle. The charge goes into the barrel tight, and if the wad is solid is tight all through the barrel. This, I think, will give better penetration. I have shot thirty to forty shells three or four times. The report sounds more like a rifle than a shotgun, and feels more like it at the shoulder; so much so that I would rather shoot 100 shots now than ten before. Prejudice.

Camden, N. J.

MAINE GAME.

THE prospects for partridge shooting in Maine this fall are somewhat a matter of doubt, and I am very much afraid that they are not good. Thus far I have failed to learn of any number of flocks seen, though taking a good deal of pains to question fishermen and guides who have been into the woods. The theory would be that owing to the absence of snow, and hence crust, last winter, the birds should have wintered well, and again that the very early spring should have been favorable. But almost ever since the early spring the weather has been very wet, with remarkably heavy rains, especially during June and July; the very time when the chicks would be the least able to stand the cold and wet. Indeed I hear the idea advanced that the young grouse have suffered almost to utter extermination all along the seacoast of Maine for a strip 100 miles inland. North and west of this strip there was not as much rain during the latter part of May and early in June, and it is possible that the young birds may have fared better. But on the whole I do not expect very good partridge shooting in Maine this fall, and I find that others, familiar with the hunting localities of the State, think the same way.

But the prospects for large game in Maine are good. Mr. John Danforth writes a friend here, or at least that friend tells me so, that three moose have lately been seen by fishermen and guides at Parmachene, and that several caribou have been seen and tracked. The gentleman receiving the letter will start for that lake early in October or late in September. He says he shot his three deer there last fall, and he intends to be there till after the first snow this fall. But the worst feature of the whole is that he does not go up there with a proper feeling as to the game laws of that State. He says that he shot his three deer last fall, and would have shot more had the weather permitted. He also says that all the deer would have been used on Mr. Danforth's table—none would have been suffered to waste. He says that Mr. Danforth encourages the shooting of deer by sportsmen, even beyond the limit of the law, for he "can take care of them." Now that is just what the gentleman says. I would not harm Mr. Danforth, and I hope that the story is not the truth, but he has no right to any more than three deers at his camp in any one open season. The gentleman has no more right to shoot more than three deers than he would have to rob my game bag of a deer that I had shot, and if he will persist in taking more than three deer in a season, he is really robbing other sportsmen of the game that they might shoot were they left by the man who has already had his share.

Special.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 20.—The prairie chicken crop in Illinois promises to be an unusually good one, the close season having had a remarkably good effect. There are coveys now in considerable abundance along almost all the valleys and wild land where the grass was high enough for them to breed well. The Illinois valley has plenty of chickens, and the Kankakee marshes have bred their thousands. I know of three coveys of birds within four miles of Morgan Park, a Chicago suburb, and have heard of numbers of young birds all through the northern part of the State. It is fair to say that this bird, formerly thought to be practically extinct for sporting purposes in this State, will be abundant this year, and can be kept so under intelligent treatment. Season opens Sept. 15. Our legislators tried to open it Sept. 1, but a clerk by an engrossing error made it Sept. 15, very fortunately. There have been chickens killed in this district already, and by Sept. 1 a great many coveys will be broken up. No arrests heard from.

From what I know and hear from Kansas, I would hardly advise any one to go from a distance to that State for prairie chicken shooting, except upon the definite advice of a friend certain as to the shooting in some given locality. There is some shooting in spots in Kansas, but you have got to know the spots, as the chicken supply in that country was badly cut down by severe winters three years or more ago. Illegal shooting all over this State. The gun clubs are about the worst. They keep the chickens killed off, so that by opening day there isn't much shooting left.

Nebraska should be a better State to make for than Kansas this year for prairie chickens. Dakota is, of course, good as yet in some localities, where there has been wheat enough sown to gather the birds in. Perhaps because I know more about that country personally, I believe I should about as soon chance it for chickens in northwestern Iowa as anywhere. The law is entirely disregarded there, but it is naturally a great place for the pinnated grouse.

Really the best ground in the United States for pinnated grouse shooting is in the Indian Territory. I should prefer the Osage or Creek Nations, below Coffeyville, Kansas. That is grass shooting, and is very good. The weather is very warm down there, and hunting not so pleasant as in the North. The law, United States and military, must be broken to get in there, and there is risk of getting into serious trouble, and of having a darky soldier jab a bayonet into you. It would be well if darky soldiers with bayonets guarded the grouse in the localities first mentioned.

Mr. H. M. Joralmon, long identified with sporting journalism in Chicago, and an authority on guns and shooting, has left his late field of work and gone into the banking business in Denver, Col. It is to be hoped he

will continue as an amateur in what was once his professional employment. E. HOUGH.

The Illinois prairie chicken season will open Sept. 15, not Sept. 1. The law as passed (and so reported in our columns) made the season open Sept. 1, but by an error in engrossing the law as enacted the date was made Sept. 15, as appears from this dispatch from Pres. Fred C. Donald, of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association:

"CHICAGO, Aug. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The prairie chicken law as enacted made open season Sept. 1; as engrossed and printed it appears Sept. 15. Attorney-General decides law must stand as published until corrected by a court of competent jurisdiction.—FRED C. DONALD."

"AUTOUR DE MA CHAMBRE."

WHO has not been charmed by LeMaistre's ingenuity? He tells of the preservation and cherishing of animal life within the walls of his dwelling—I, on the contrary, propose to relate a story of its destruction, in true and sportsmanlike fashion.

This torrid August has driven my family to the cool, sleek strand of Cape May, and I am left alone to find a corner of my house less hot than the other three—or dozen.

Yesterday evening, I was sitting in my library, close to the open north window, awaiting the announcement of dinner, and turning the pages of the *Century*, and looking beyond the woes of Siberia into its flowers and freshness. Across the room darted a saucy mouse, and sought refuge in the grate, which at this season is filled with torn paper and rubbish generally. There he sat and leered at me.

Now, in my closet, under lock and key, stands a Flobert, charged with what is called a "sparrow cartridge." This cartridge is a small copper tube, the diameter of a crow quill, and has some sort of fulminate which makes no noise or smoke, and propels a few grains of dust-shot. Last winter, while confined to my bed by an accident, I used, on pleasant days, to pop through the window at the English sparrows which frequented the big wistaria which covers the house front, killing about one in three shots. I do not like to destroy birds wantonly, but these little foreign pests are too typical to be spared. They are little pauper immigrants, and, having been admitted to our shores through malice or stupidity, are now driving out the home industries of our robins, orioles, warblers and chippies. The cartridge in the Flobert is not left there for them, however. It is for a neighbor's dog, which has bitten children, and which, when he traverses his evening lunch route, responds with a little yelp to the occasional salute given to discourage his visits.

The slight mortality to the sparrows, at a range of twenty feet, and the feebleness of the dog's response to the salute, had given me a contempt for the cartridge's efficiency.

Leaving my mouse grinning in the grate, I quietly walked to the closet, took out the Flobert, and returned to my seat and *Century*. A glimpse, a snap-shot, and a success as amusing as unexpected. F. S. J. C.

WILD RICE IN THE HUDSON RIVER.—Hudson River Improvement, Engineer's Office, Albany, Aug. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "F. B.," of Saugerties, in last week's issue makes inquiries about the chances of wild rice growing in the sluggish bays of the Hudson at and near this place. Some of the most extensive fields of rice on the Hudson River are to be found in the immediate vicinity of Saugerties. South of the mouth of Esopus Creek there are several large patches, notably one at a place called the "Vlaie." North of Saugerties, as for instance at Catskill, Athens and Hudson, he will find some of the largest fields on the river, and at all of these points it seems to thrive very well indeed. The most northerly patch on the river, of which I have any knowledge, is located at Bear Island, a point five miles south of Albany. I am unable to learn at what time or where rice first made its appearance on this part of the river, but it seems to have been noticed for the first time by rail shooters at New Baltimore about fifteen years since. The finest growth of rice one would wish to look at can be seen back of the dykes near Castleton and New Baltimore.—S.

WOODCHUCK CLIMBING TREES.—Rochdale, Mass.—I noticed a discussion in FOREST AND STREAM a few weeks ago as to woodchucks climbing trees. My dogs treed one the other day. This woodchuck was on a small limb less than 3in. in diameter, and was 2½ to 3ft. from the body of the tree, which was pine and a foot or more in diameter, 10ft. from the ground. He looked very comical with his big belly spread out and over the small limb. I was at home, and hearing my two dogs barking sharply, I started out to see what was the matter, and found dogs and 'chuck as described. My opinion is that a woodchuck might climb a tree when hard pressed by dogs if the tree was conveniently near and the chuck's hole a good ways off—not otherwise.—F. E. B.

OPEN GAME SEASONS.

Arkansas.

Deer, Aug. 1 to Feb. 1. Wild turkey, Sept. 1 to May 1. Pinnated grouse, prairie chicken, Sept. 1 to Feb. 1. Quail, Virginia partridge, Oct. 1 to March 1. Exportation of fish and game forbidden.

Connecticut.

Ruffed grouse, quail, woodcock, gray squirrel, Oct. 1 to Jan. 1. Wildfowl, Sept. 1 to May 1. Sora rail in Litchfield, New Haven and Fairfield counties, Aug. 20 to Jan. 1; elsewhere, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1.

Georgia.

No uniform State game law; county laws govern. In Richmond county, deer, Oct. 1 to Jan. 1; wild turkey, partridge, quail, Oct. 15 to April 1. Summer duck, dove, Aug. 15 to April 1. Woodcock, Aug. 15 to Jan. 1.

Idaho.

Buffalo, elk, antelope, deer, mountain sheep, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. Quail, Oct. 1 to Dec. 15. Mongolian pheasants protected at all seasons.

Illinois.

Deer, wild turkey, Sept. 15 to Jan. 15. Pinnated grouse, prairie chicken, *Sept. 15 to Nov. 1. Ruffed grouse, quail, pheasant, partridge, Oct. 1 to Dec. 1. Woodcock, July 15 to Dec. 15. Gray, red, fox or black squirrel, June 1 to Dec 15. Wildfowl, Sept. 15 to April 15.

*See note under "Chicago and the West."

Kansas.

Pinnated grouse, prairie chicken, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. Quail (on one's own premises), Nov. 1 to Jan. 1.

Maine.

Moose, deer, caribou, Oct. 1 to Jan. 1; one person may kill only one moose, two caribou and three deer in a season; dogging forbidden. Mink, beaver, sable, otter, fisher, muskrat, Oct. 15 to May 1. Woodduck, dusky, black, teal or gray duck, Sept. 1 to April 1. Ruffed grouse, partridge, woodcock, Sept. 1 to Dec. 1. Quail, Oct. 1 to Dec. 1. Pinnated grouse, prairie chicken, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. Plover, Aug. 1 to May 1.

Maryland.

The laws are complex, each county having special provisions; a tabular statement was given in our issue of July 25, 1889.

Massachusetts.

Ruffed grouse, partridge, woodcock, Sept. 1 to Dec. 1. Quail, Oct. 15 to Jan. 1. Ducks, Sept. 1 to April 15. Plover, snipe, rail, marsh and beach birds, July 15 to May 1. Gray squirrels, hares, rabbits, Sept. 1 to March 1. Deer protected at all seasons.

Mississippi.

State law subject to modification by county enactments. In Yazoo county: Doves, Aug. 1 to March 1. Deer, Sept. 15 to March 1. Wild turkey, Oct. 1 to May 1. Quail, Oct. 15 to April 15.

Montana.

Bison, buffalo and quail protected for ten years from 1889; moose, elk and beaver protected for six years from 1889 White-tailed deer, black-tailed deer, mule deer, mountain sheep, Rocky Mountain goat, antelope, Sept. 15 to Jan. 1.

New Brunswick.

Moose, deer, red deer, protected to 1891. Mink, otter, sable, fisher, beaver, Sept. 1 to May 1. Partridge, Sept. 20 to Dec. 1. Woodcock, Sept. 1 to Dec. 1. Snipe, Sept 15 to March 1. Black duck, woodduck, teal, Sept. 1 to May 1. License fee $20 for non-residents. Issued by J. DeWolfe Spurr, Chief Game Commissioner, St. Johns, or Provincial Secretary, Fredericton.

Newfoundland.

Caribou, Oct. 1 to Feb. 15. Ptarmigan, willow grouse, partridge, Sept. 15 to Jan. 12. Black game, canercailzie, protected to 1891 Moose and elk protected to 1896. Hare, rabbit, Sept. 1 to March 1. Otter, beaver, Oct. 1 to April 1. For full text of deer (caribou) law relating to non-residents, see our issue of June 20, 1889. The non-resident license fee is $50.

New Hampshire.

Plover, yellowlegs, sandpiper, duck, rail, Aug. 1 to Feb. 1. Woodcock, ruffed grouse, partridge, quail, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. Deer, moose, caribou, Sept. 1 to Dec. 1. Mink, beaver, sable, otter, Oct. 15 to April 1. Raccoon, coon, gray squirrel, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. Hares, rabbits, muskrats, Sept. 1 to April 1.

New Jersey.

Quail, partridge, ruffed grouse, pheasant, rabbit, Nov. 1 to Dec. 15, inclusive. Woodcock, the month of July, also Oct. 1 to Dec. 15, inclusive. Upland or grass plover, Aug. 1 to Dec. 15, inclusive. Wilson, English or gray snipe, the months of March and April and Oct. 1 to Dec. 15, inclusive. Reed bird, rail bird, marsh hen, Sept. 1 to Dec. 15, inclusive. Black and fox squirrels, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. Gray squirrels in northern section (Bergen, Essex, Hudson, Hunterdon, Middlesex, Morris, Passaic, Somerset, Sussex, Union and Warren counties), Nov. 1 to Dec. 15.; elsewhere Nov. 15 to Dec.25.

New Mexico.

Elk, buffalo, deer, antelope, mountain sheep, wild turkey, grouse, quail, Sept. 1 to May 1.

New York.

Deer, Aug. 15 to Nov. 1; hounding season, Sept. 1 to Oct. 20, on Long Island Oct. 1 to 10; no hounding in St. Lawrence and Delaware counties; one person may kill only three deer in a season; one carcass only can be transported if accompanied by owner. Rabbits, hares, Nov. 1 to Feb. 1. Black and gray squirrels, Aug. 1 to Feb. 1. Wildfowl, Sept. 1 to May 1.; Long Island waters, Oct. 1 to May 1. Quail, Nov. 1 to Jan. 1. Woodcock, Aug. 1 to Jan. 1. Ruffed grouse, partridge, Sept. 1 to Jan 1. Plover, bay snipe, sandpiper, shore birds, in Queens and Suffolk counties, July 10 to Jan. 1. Rail birds, meadow hens, in Queens and Suffolk counties, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. Robins and blackbirds on Long Island and Staten Island, Nov. 1 to Jan. 1. *Exceptions*—Chautauqua county, wildfowl, Sept. 1 to Feb. 1. Delaware county, woodcock, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. Oneida county, ruffed grouse, partridge, woodcock, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. Queens and Suffolk counties, ruffed grouse, partridge, Nov. 1 to Jan. 1. Duchess county, ruffed gronse, partridge, woodcock, squirrel, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. Rockland county, woodcock, gray squirrel, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. Columbia county, woodcock, ruffed grouse, partridge, Sept. 1 to Dec. 1; quail, Nov. 1 to Dec. 1; rail, Sept. 1 to Dec. 1.

Ohio.

Quail, Nov. 10 to Dec. 15. Squirrel, June 1 to Dec. 15. Woodcock, July 15 to Nov. 1. Ruffed grouse, pheasant, prairie chicken, Sept. 1 to Dec. 15. Wild turkey, Oct. 1 to Dec. 15. Ducks, Sept. 1 to Dec. 15; in Lake Erie and its estuaries and bays, ducks may be killed only on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday of each week in open season. Deer, Oct. 15 to Nov. 20. Dates inclusive.

Quebec.

Caribou, Sept. 1 to Feb. 1. Deer, Oct. 1 to Jan. 1. Moose protected to Sept. 1, 1890. Hares, Nov. 1 to Feb. 1. Woodcock, snipe, partridge, Sept. 1 to Feb. 1. Ducks and teal, Sept. 1 to April 1. Non-residents must procure hunting license from the Commissioner of Crown Lands. Fee $20.

Rhode Island.

Woodcock, ruffed grouse, partridge, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. Quail, Oct. 1 to Jan. 1. Bartram's tattler, upland plover, Rhode Island or grass plover, Aug. 1 to April 1. Dusky duck, black duck, woodduck, summer duck, blue or green-winged teal, Sept. 1 to March 1. Rabbit, hare, gray squirrel, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1.

South Carolina.

Deer, Sept. 1 to Feb. 1; in counties of Clarendon, Georgetown, Colleton, Williamsburg, Marlboro, Kershaw, Horry, Darlington, Marion and Berkely, Aug. 1 to Feb. 1. Wild turkey, partridge, quail, woodcock, pheasant, Nov. 1 to April 1. Dove, Aug. 1 to March 1.

Tennessee.

Deer, Aug. 1 to Jan. 1. Quail, partridge, Nov. 1 to March 1. For excepted counties see our issue of Aug. 8, 1889.

Texas.

Male deer at any time (females, Aug. 1 to March 1). Prairie chickens, July 1 to March 1. Quail, partridge, Sept. 1 to March 1. Many counties are exempt from the law.

Utah.

Elk, deer, mountain sheep, antelope, Sept. 1 to Dec. 1. Wildfowl, Sept. 15 to April 15. Quail, partridge, grouse, Aug. 15 to March 15.

Vermont.

Deer protected to Nov. 1, 1890. Mink, beaver, otter, Nov. 1 to April 1. Quail, "woodcock or ruffed grouse," partridge, Sept. 1 to Feb 1. Woodcock, Aug. 15 to Feb. 1. Wildfowl, other than woodduck, Sept. 1 to May 1.

Virginia.

Deer, Aug. 1 to Jan. 1. Partridge, quail, Oct. 15 to Jan. 1. Pheasant, ruffed grouse, wild turkey, Sept. 15 to Feb. 15 in counties west of the Blue Ridge (except Rockbridge); in Rockbridge and counties east of the Blue Ridge (except Prince Edward), Oct. 15 to Jan. 15; in Prince Edward, Oct. 15 to March 1. Woodcock, Nov. 1 to April 1. Waterfowl, Sept. 1 to May 1. Marsh hen, Jan. 1 to June 20. Willet, Jan. 1 to July 20. Gull, striker, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. Certain counties are exempt from the law.

Wisconsin.

Woodcock, Aug. 1 to Dec. 1. Quail, partridge, pheasant, ruffed grouse, prairie hen, prairie chicken, sharp-tailed grouse, grouse of any variety, plover, squirrel, Aug. 1 to Dec. 15. Snipe, wild duck, wild goose, braut, Aug. 1 to Dec. 15. Deer, Oct. 15 to Dec. 1. Otter, martin, mink or fisher, Nov. 1 to May 1.

Wyoming.

Deer, elk, moose, mountain sheep, mountain goat, antelope, buffalo, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1 (may not be killed by non-residents). Colon or quail protected to September, 1893. Ptarmigan, pinnated, sharp-tailed, sage, red or other grouse, sage hen, July 15 to Nov. 15.

Sea and River Fishing.

CAMPS OF THE KINGFISHERS.—VI.

ECHO LAKE, ONTARIO, CANADA.

THE morning came on windy, and by the time Everett was below the island on his way home the lake was so rough that the others did not care to go out; but as the skipper and old Dan had not had a fish together for a whole year, we got ready and headed up lake to fish around to the further side and down as far at least as to the island.

When we turned at the head of the lake to fish along down shore, we had the wind dead ahead and the waves running nearly two feet high; and the hard work—on the part of the skipper—of making headway against wind and sea more than balanced the pleasure of the fishing, for although we had both our lines out we didn't get a fish on the way clear down to the rocky point above the island.

Here we turned sharply to the left and followed around the little bay to the foot of the hill in comparatively quiet water, and down shore till opposite the island, when we crossed over and got out to rest, for the skipper's muscles were a trifle overstrained in the long tussle with wind and waves since leaving camp.

In the little bay we had taken four big Canada pike after four stubborn and well-contested fights; and this in a measure paid us for the hard work of the last two or three hours.

After picking a few huckleberries and strolling around till the kinks were out of backs and legs, we got back in the boat to make the circuit of the island for a bass or two; but here the wind had a fair sweep from the foot of the lake, and we found it hard work to manage the boat and both fish at the same time.

At the lower end, just outside the belt of bulrushes, Dan struck a fish; and while the skipper held the boat and listened to the whistling of the wind through the branches of the old dead pine standing sentinel at the point of the little inlet, an exciting trial of strength and skill took place between the old pelican and a pugnacious black bass of 3lbs. (afterward weighed at camp), that made ample amends for the poor luck of the morning. Twice he left the water to show us how high he could jump, and then tried to catch Dan off his guard by making a sudden dash for the bulrushes, but the grizzled veteran was up to all the tricks and stratagems of the *Micropterus* family, and soon had him alongside the boat exhausted and gasping, when the skipper lifted him in out of the wet and shortly returned him to the water with a stringer knotted in his lower jaw to "rumynate," as old Ben would have said, "on the onsatisfyin' result o' tamperin' with a speckled frog that went around loaded fur bass."

While the stringing was going on the wind blew the boat in among the rushes; and before we were fairly out again Dan was in another difficulty with another bass of about the same size as the other, and after a very similar performance he took his place on the stringer with his mate, to be followed in quick succession by three others, varying little in size, all taken by old Dan, while the skipper fished a little and attended to the stringing and the boat without as much as a solitary nibble during the whole time. But it was pleasure enough to note the expression of pure delight that beamed all over Uncle Dan's face while this exciting episode was going on; and when they suddenly quit biting, and he had made a dozen casts without a strike, the skipper headed the boat for a pull around the island, more than ever impressed with the truth that "it is not all of fishing to [catch] fish."

When we had fished carefully around to where we had started from without striking another fish, we concluded to go on down to the farm after milk and back around to the bay across the lake from the island, where old Sam had taken the young maskinonge, that we might be sheltered from the increasing wind, where both could have a chance to fish with some degree of comfort; nor did we put out a line going down or back, till we rounded the rocky point and got into smoother water, where the boat did not pitch and roll so badly.

In the bight of the bay, and for a quarter of a mile out, the water was quiet and unruffled, and here we had some great sport with the pickerel; no less than eleven fell to Dan's rod that weighed from 5 to 12lbs.; while the skipper held up his end with a less pretentious but no less satisfactory score.

The big 12-pounder was the hardest and longest fighter of his tribe we had ever struck, and for the first fifteen minutes of the contest we would have wagered our best rod against a split shot that he was one of the *Esox* family, but when he finally made a dash under the boat and we got a sight of him, Dan's hopes of beating old

Sam by taking the biggest masky were scattered to the winds and he made a few impromptu remarks that are better left out of these chronicles lest they leave the impression that his religious training was in a measure lost sight of in his early youth.

But the villainous old longface made a great fight, if he wasn't a masky, and proved himself dead game from snout to caudal. It seemed as if he would never tire, and the struggle was kept up with a dogged, persistent pull and frequent rushes, that nigh blistered Dan's thumb, till led alongside, when he was knocked on the head and dragged in the boat, where he lay limp and dying, no longer a terror to the timid bluegills and goggle eyes that made their home in the grass and thickets of bush weeds growing in the bay.

Old Dan was in his glory, several times we were handling a fish each at the same time, and he was only induced to bring the sport to an end when the shadows crept away out on the lake, warning us of approaching night, when the rods were laid in the boat and we took our way to camp in a happy frame of mind over our first day out together; and with "peekrils" enough to have kept "Sam Lovel's Camp"—"Peltier," "Solon Briggs" and all—sortin' bones for a month.

As we pulled into the dock, we found Knots planted in his chair under the old flag flapping in the breeze, gazing across the lake at his landscape, over which were lazily drifting great wisps of soft gray mist, the summit lit up with the last rays of the setting sun peeping out from under a bank of clouds hanging over the mountain at our backs, the whole forming a picture of sunset loveliness that would have caused our artist friend Tom Lindsay to go into raptures, had he been there to catch the spirit of the scene with his ready pencil.

The two kids were in a boat fishing a few hundred yards up the lake, old Sam was taking a quiet nap under a mosquito bar in the warehouse, Louis was busy with the supper and looking after a camp kettle of savory bean soup simmering on the iron bars over a small open fire, while Charley and the Jedge were yet out; the one with the Jedge's rifle looking for a bear he had lost back in the hills, as he had informed the others before starting out, the other with his rod somewhere up the little stream, spying out the hiding places of the wary trout that were hardly plentiful enough to pay for the work of clambering and barking his shins over the rough rocks to reach the few pools where they had their abiding places.

The Jedge came quietly out of the bushes near the bank of the stream soon after, with a string of five or six fair-sized trout on a forked twig; and Charley came down the main road a little later carrying his lost bear, which Knots pronounced the "worst shrunk bear in the Dominion,"—reminding him once more of his old and napless yarn of the old darky and his "shwunk" catfish.

Charley's "bear" was a slim-built little animal, hardly as large as a gray squirrel, covered with a coat of the finest and softest lead-colored fur, except a strip of pure white along the belly. We could tell nothing of the form or shape of the head, as he had clipped it off with the rifle ball, as the little fellow peered at him from a cleft in the rocks, as clean almost as though cut with a knife. None of us knew what to call it, but Louis took a look at it and said, "marten."

Louis announced that supper would soon be ready, and a resonant solo evoked from the bottom of a frying-pan with a fragment of rock, called the boys in from up shore, and we gathered around the table without annoyance from the mosquitoes or blackflies, the stiff wind up the lake during the day having blown them high and dry back in the hills. (We found it a good rule, in making a camp on a lake shore, to select a point, if one is to be found, free of underbrush as possible, on the side of the lake where the prevailing course of the wind is on shore, in which case the flies and mosquitoes are not nearly so troublesome.)

The two boys had come in with a string of sunfish and perch, two or three "snakes," and a broken rod, the latter due to their limited knowledge of the rush-under-the boat proclivities of the Canada pike; but Harry, the victim of the mishap, was made happy the next morning by the loan of one of Uncle Dan's old reliable Japanese cane rods, tried and tested in many a hard-fought battle with the bass and longsnouts of Upper Michigan, and the worthless $1.50 stained and varnished wooden fraud with beech-lancewood tops was cast aside as so much useless timber.

And here a word to the youngsters and beginners: Never buy a cheap wooden rod that is stained and varnished and painted up to conceal a brittle, crossgrained piece of wood. Buy a good rod or wait till you get to the woods and cut a pole, and you will never have to bewail the loss of a good fish and the greater—not the best, for they have no best—part of your kindling-wood rod.

KINGFISHER.

SCRANTON, Pa., Aug. 10.—I took a 4lb. 19in. black bass from Lake Winola last week with an 11oz. lancewood rod. This was my first experience. It was great sport, for he fought long and hard. I attribute the successful capture of him to the instructions got from reading fishing articles in your columns. I have reason to think there are landlocked salmon there, though none have ever been taken. Can you give me instructions how to get them? What do they bite, when, deep or shallow water?—W. [We doubt that there are any landlocked salmon in the lake above mentioned, and our correspondent must refer to the lake trout (*S. namaycush*). During the summer months the lake trout makes its home in deep water, and may be caught with the spoon trolling on or near the bottom. It is a ravenous feeder, and most any kind of fish makes good bait. A good way to attract the fish is to scatter pieces of bait (fishes cut into small pieces) over the waters to be fished a day in advance. A rod and reel and one hundred to two hundred yards of fine strong line, with a ten-ounce sinker on the end for deep fishing, a gut leader of ten or twelve feet, tied to the line about its own length from the sinker, makes a good outfit. Dealers furnish numerous contrivances for the capture of this fish.]

SEINES, NETS of every description. American Net & Twine Co., Mfrs., 34 Commercial st., Boston, or 199 Fulton st., N. Y.—*Adv.*

THE revised and abriged edition of the A. O. U. Check List of North American Birds, including the additions and changes made in the supplement, will be sent post free on receipt of 50cts.—*Adv*

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

AS stated in my earlier letter, life at the little town of Middle Inlet, deep in the pine woods of northern Wisconsin, could hardly be expected to furnish any thrilling excitement, yet I managed to put in several very pleasant days here, spending most of my time in trying to get Dan Seaby to go out fishing with me, or in trying to find out the secret of the ineffable peace and content with life which seems to brood over that community. So far as I could learn, Middle Inlet toils not, neither does she spin, but she lives and is happy, and that is more than many of us can say for ourselves. We might accept Dan Seaby as the type of Middle Inlet philosophy. "The difference between me and you is right here," said Dan, "as soon as you've had your supper, you begin to worry about whether you're goin' to have any breakfast er not. Now, ef I just have the supper, I aint worryin' about the breakfust at all. That's me!"

No one knew how Dan managed to get the supper, but he seemed somehow to find enough for himself and his girl wife. He was the happiest man I ever saw, and I like to think about him. Barely 18 years of age, he stood over 6ft. tall and was very strongly built. It is said that he can lift 350lbs. from the ground and put it up over his head. He is valued on the logging "drive," and is skilled in all the wild accomplishments of the North Woods. He can stand erect upon a slender log which his weight sinks 2ft. beneath the water, and pole it where he likes as rapidly as one could run a canoe. Even the little boys came and told me how Dan Seaby could spear the pickerel, and the older members of the community all acknowledged that Dan could catch trout where nobody else could, and when others fishing at this side could not get a bite. The country thereabouts is unspeakably rough and hard to traverse, yet I found that Dan took it with all ease, whether in log jam, windfall, cedar swamp or tamarack bog, and never missed his footing, no matter how slippery the log or limb. He is a typical son of the forest, and knows every foot of ground for 50 miles about his home. He used to live on Lake Noquebay where he was well-known as a guide. Once his sailboat upset in late November, and he was in the water for two or three hours, at a season when the lake was fringed with ice. "Oh, I didn't mind it much," said he. "The boat she was upside down, so I just dove under her and come up inside, and crawled up under the seat-boards. I wasn't only two or three inches over the water then, and down on the bottom I could see the fish as plain as day. I never saw so many fish in my life. There was plenty of air in the boat, and I just took it easy. It was a lot warmer inside than it was out. Bimeby I see the water get shallower, and 'fore long I struck a bar and waded out. It seemed a good while 'fore she drifted acrost the lake."

It is said of Dan that he never goes to bed without getting his feet wet, and that he can't sleep well if his clothes are dry. Another peculiarity, which may or may not be connected with the above, is that I never happened to see Dan have on two stockings of the same color. But, taken as he is, I would not change a line of Dan, even if I could make him all over, nor have any one think I hold him one shade less than a generous, open-hearted fellow, simple and hearty as the breath of the woods that raised him, ready to share his last crust, and ready to go out of his way to accommodate even a stranger. I like such men infinitely more than I do the knock-kneed fools in cap, belt and blazer, we sometimes see about the edge of cities, posing as apostles of the love of outdoor air.

One day Dan and I went up the Middle Inlet stream about three miles, but found that stream so full of logs and sand that we turned back. Had we kept on three miles further, to the upper dam, we should have found good fishing in the deep water above there, as I afterward learned. All these streams are logged and dammed. That is the most dammed country I ever saw. In the early season, the fishing below these dams is magnificent, but by this time you can hardly find anything but chubs in the great, beautiful pools below the dams. It is a mystery where the trout get to. It is probable that they run up into the small or brushy streams, or lie in the deep water far out in middle of the back-water. In either such locality, they are nearly inaccessible, and the fly is utterly worthless as a lure. If we except the pools between the railroad and Lake Noquebay, the Pike River, the lower Thunder River and the rapids of the Peshtigo, it is fair to say that the angler cannot use the fly, and can hardly use a fly-rod, so unutterably tangled, dense and thick-grown is the wilderness along the narrow and hidden little streams. The short, stiff rod, the short line, heavy sinker and big bait, are unquestionably the best and almost the only practical tackle.

The Milwaukee and Northern Railway has put several hundred thousand trout into its streams in the past three years, and has this season planted nearly 100,000. This is certainly a wise and commendable action, and is indeed the only thing to do if the company wish to have any fishing left near their line. I lately met Mr. Sheardown, general passenger agent, and Mr. Tabberner, the general agent of this road, located at Chicago, and they both laughed at me when I spoke of the danger of their streams being fished out. "Why, didn't you catch any fish?" they asked. It is true I did. But so does everybody else up there, and the result is the streams will not stand it. There is no restraint practiced and no limit placed. The result is already apparent. The railway company will do well to keep up its planting, for the harvesting is continuous, and by and by it will be only gleaning.

Lake Noquebay, five miles from Ellis Junction, or Middle Inlet, is a great water for bass, pickerel and wall-eyed pike, or "doré," as the latter fish is called in that country. These fish run up into the inlets and get into the great pools under the logging dams, where they lie in numbers. The pool at the Forks, or junction of the Middle Inlet and the North Branch, was full of these fish, and sport at them was common. Even so high up on the Middle Inlet as the second dam, I was told, one might be pretty certain of striking a big doré and perhaps a big trout or two. As this was only a mile or so below the railway station, I walked down one morning, declaring my intention of landing a doré on the little fly-rod. This, of course, excited laughter from the villagers, who declared "that thing'd break." Yet, using a big bunch of angle-worms, I did hook and land a three-pound doré. It was not very much of a fight, and the result was no trick at all.

Speaking of angle-worms, any one going into this country to fish should take the worms up with him if he cares for that bait. Except where they have been planted, there is hardly a worm to be found in all that country. We found trout-fins much superior to worms for bait, however, and it will hardly pay any angler to bother much about a can of worms to take along. The fin is a much tougher and more lasting bait, and quite as attractive as any for trout in those waters.

One day I went up the Lower Inlet, where so many large trout had been taken. It was said that over 2,000 trout had been taken in this water within 60 days, and the average was very heavy, a pound, pound and a half or larger being nothing uncommon. The dam being shut down, there was back-water running up nearly a mile and covering many of the best fishing points, yet by dint of wading and floundering waist-deep through the treacherous grassy bog covered by the overflow, we managed once in a while to get out to the creek bank, and then nearly always got some good trout. The local market-fishers said that nobody knew where all the trout came from in this stream. If left unfished for a week or two, there seemed to be as many as ever; and after the water had run down, upon opening of the gates, the fishing was always extremely good. I think the trout lie in under the banks and work out from time to time. There are many places along these streams where the water runs directly underground, as I noticed on the Medicine Brook, and the whole country is honey-combed with water chambers invisible from the bank. It is in such places that the largest trout lie, only coming out to the mouth of their caverns when tempted by some exceptional bait. I found several such holes while wading the Medicine Brook.

This fishing on Lower Inlet was only about three miles from the station. Indeed, one does not need a team to get at pretty fair fishing for small trout close to the railway. Shepherd's Creek, a brushy and difficult stream, affords good fishing at little ones, within three miles from Middle Inlet. The South Branch, between the railway and the Forks, offers some difficult but paying water. I caught six trout one morning under the dam, right in the village of Middle Inlet, where no one thought any trout were left. In fact, I never made a trip that I did not catch some trout, and I kept Station Agent Dropp and his family supplied with trout all the time I lived with him in his freight-car home. The only drawbacks in the fishing were the smallnes of the run, the terribly rough going in the country, and the extreme sluggishness in biting of the trout in these streams; at this season they bite much more like suckers than like trout, and the bigger the trout, the more timidly they bite.

Wausaukee is six miles above Middle Inlet. A nine-mile buckboard ride brings one to good fishing from that point. The trout run a little larger. The stream is so rough that a fly-rod can hardly be used. Bait is best for that water.

Pembine is about thirty miles above Middle Inlet. There is good fishing in the river there, anywhere from two miles to six miles from town, earlier in the season. There is an infernal old market-fisher here who keeps the trout pretty well skinned out of these waters. He usually catches from 6 to 15lbs. a day. Everybody in town knows he breaks the law. The law is universally broken all through that country. If you raise your voice against that, you are safe to hear some loud talking, and the natives will bulldoze you, if they think they can. An example or two is very much needed in that country, and would have a swift and salutary effect. A game warden with a backbone is needed. Let the railroad company get one such appointed. It will be money in their pockets.

I met an old, rough-spoken, kind-hearted character by the name of Van Keuren at Middle Inlet, our first acquaintance being during a little circus we had over his shutting down the dam so that he could cut hay on the marsh below. I reasoned with him that a little paltry hay didn't amount to anything compared to the trout fishing he had spoiled, and he remarked that he would remove the interior machinery of anybody who dared raise the gate, which remark disposed me to go and raise the gate. We finally compromised the matter by going fishing together over to Medicine Brook, about sixteen miles from the village. Van Keuren drives a clinking good team, and is the best woods driver I ever saw. The way we cleared stumps, logs, trees and brush wood was a caution, and we went over country where I should not have thought it possible for a wagon to go. If any one is going into that country he cannot do better than to get Van Keuren to take him. He will go flying, and if the wagon holds together will get to the good fishing. Our trip was made directly after a heavy windstorm and the road was in a bad shape from "cross timber." We had to cut through nearly a dozen fallen trees, some of them 2ft. in diameter. At this work Van Keuren and his companion, Charlie Chelsey, proved themselves mighty handy. It was always a pleasure for me to see a genuine woodsman handle an axe. No writer has ever described this as well as Cooper, I think in his novel "The Prairie."

None of us knew the way over to Medicine Brook, and we got lost out in the "Flats," and in our wanderings discovered a beautiful lake, Elbow Lake, as we learned later. Saw moccasin tracks in the road, and knew the Indians had come in after huckleberries—a very scarce crop this year in that country. We finally found our stream, at first a tiny, crooked driblet, almost hid in the grass and brushwood. We followed down over the most treacherous and boggy country imaginable, finding a spring in every bog, until the creek grew rapidly bigger and deeper, and became a very good trout stream indeed. The fishing was very rough, as is usual on all these streams, and the art of it consisted in dropping your bait in between the branches into the deepest and blackest holes; but we caught a lot of beautiful trout, a number of which ran over a pound. I have rarely seen fish so plentiful and so large in so small a stream. I caught one rainbow trout, a half-pounder. Large numbers of this variety have been planted in these Wisconsin streams,

and in some waters they are said to be doing very well. They grow more rapidly than the native trout.

Our Medicine Brook trip was a great success, but still we did not find the place where the Ellis Junction men had caught their big trout; and that was just what we were after, for we were told it was in the Medicine.

I now went up to the "Soo Line," and made the visit to the Gaylord Club, of which I shall write later, and on coming back stopped off again at Middle Inlet. Mr. Van Keuren was all ready for a trip over to the Thunder River, distance twenty miles, and said he was told that the Thunder was where the big catch of trout was made. That settled it. We started the next morning at four o'clock, and before sun up were on the horrible corduroy road which crosses Shepherd Creek swamp between the Inlet and Ellis. After we got over this purgatory, the rest of the ride was delightful. We crossed the broad and beautiful Peshtigo River just above Ellis Junction, and followed up the valley of that pleasant stream. The air grew fresh and pleasant, the road was good and smooth, the country was open and pleasant, and on the whole this trip was the finest one we had. A constant source of delight was the discovery of lake after lake, nestled down in the green hills, and often visible only in a flash of silver through the surrounding forest. Many of these little lakes were very gems of beauty, and apparently unknown to the angler. Not even the bark roof of an old camp showed upon their shores, and no boat could be discovered in the reeds. We had not time to fish these waters, but it is almost certain that they hold plenty of bass, as do most of the lakes of that region. Wisconsin is the wateriest country I ever got into.

We crossed the main Thunder River, leaving Thunder Lake to the left. Plush's Camp, on Thunder Lake, is a good place for strangers to stop at in this district, and good fishing is within easy reach from there. Thunder River empties into the Peshtigo, and from the road down is a wide, beautiful trout stream, where a rod can be used well and some comfort taken in fishing. If we had gone down this stream we should probably have taken some large trout, but we feared the stream had been fished to death, and so kept on up, stopping for a rest at the camp by the dam, where the North and South branches of the Thunder unite. We heard that Marinette parties had been in there for some time, and had stripped the streams. Thousands of trout had been taken out, and a party was camped there then, packing trout down on ice. They told us our chance was slim, and advised us to go somewhere else. "Great heavens!" I thought, "is there any place else where some trout hog or other has not been before and cleaned out the fish?" But we resolved to try it; so, wisely disregarding all their advice, we pushed on up the South Branch, above the "Haymarsh," and went into camp, tentless, but happy, near the little bridge over the creek above the marsh. This is fully five miles above the big dam, and about twenty-five miles from Ellis Junction.

In the morning one of our party, Charlie Hiller, drove the team down to the dam. Van Keuren, Charlie Chesley and myself resolved to fish down the stream to that point, which we expected to reach in time to drive to Ellis and catch the south-bound evening train at 8 o'clock, which was to take me away from Wisconsin. As I wanted a basket of trout to take home with me I resolved to quit all conscientiousness and go in for results for once. I discarded my split-bamboo fly-rod, took a stiff lancewood bass-rod about 8ft. long, tied the line directly into the snell of the hook and put on a bunch of fins about as big as my fist. I didn't have very much sport, but I should remark that I caught trout. It is no trouble to out-fish the market-fishers if you use their tools.

It was 2 o'clock instead of 12 when we got down to the dam, and how we ever got there at all is more than I can tell. The stream runs through a swamp whose like I never saw. The thicket of alders, willows and water-elms was the densest I ever saw, and if one worked out through the tamarack bog to the hills he met such a jungle of cedar fall, broken pines and boggy creeklets that he wished he had stayed out in the middle. That stream is not fished out and never will be. It will protect itself. On over one-third of its length it is impossible to get at the water at all. In the more open places lower down we found the paths of fishermen, plainly beaten, but we went through country never touched by anglers. We only tasted the stream here and there, but we got a splendid lot of trout. I had sixty dandies, several which we thought would run a pound and very few small ones.

We went home, still wondering where those big trout had been caught. A half-hour before the train started south I met George A. Schlick, a saloonkeeper and liveryman at Ellis Junction. We talked of trout. He took me to his ice house, and there, right before my eyes, showed me a basketful of that very same brand of trout, caught that very day!

I had worked hard, and had traveled far and wide on my trips for some good trout. My largest would not weigh over a pound and a half. Here were trout that would weigh two pounds, three pounds, three pounds and a half—great magnificent fellows, so long that you had to turn them up at both ends to get them into a market-basket! And they had been taken right in that troutless Peshtigo River, at the mouth of Medicine Brook, within ten miles of Ellis Junction, and within four miles of where we had been fishing. When I learned that, I could have sat down and cried. I would always rather catch one big trout like that than fifty little younglings. And here they were.

"Yes," said Mr. Schlick, "there are trout in the Peshtigo, below the big falls. I have often caught them in the rapids between there and the mouth of the Medicine, and there are several other points equally good. We caught these trout on minnows, and we also caught numbers of mighty good bass right out of the same hole. The trout don't always bite, but they're there. They lie in the deep, cold holes at the mouth of the creeks. In working for these big trout this short-pole, jerk-'em-stiff business don't go. You've got to know how to fish, and you want the right tackle. Come with me and I'll show you some big trout."

I couldn't come, but I have been mourning over it ever since, and some day I shall go up there again, and get out in the middle of those rocky rapids, chin-deep, and fish for trout the way a fellow ought to fish, with a fly and a fly-rod, and not jerk them out through the brush on bass tackle.

This ended my trip. My friend the station agent at Ellis Junction could have made it very pleasant for me if, on the first morning we met, he had not sent me out of the country and away from his pet fishing hole—which I found out after all, and take pleasure in publishing, on his account. His companion, Judge Bartels, the game warden, I did not see at all. I didn't hear any one say much about his ever wardening anything, but everybody says he is an almighty good hand to take you to the best fishing grounds, and I presume that is so. I got a lot of experience on my little trip, and learned that without a reliable guide you can fool away a lot of time following out directions intended to keep you away from the best fishing.

On our Thunder trip we were not far from the headwaters of the Oconto, where the fishing is good. If it were not, F. P. Taylor and his Chicago party would not be in there now on a second trip. It won't be so good when they come back. They will kill two or three thousand trout.

The mosquitoes are not bad in Wisconsin this year. Any one going in should be sure to take heavy woolen underwear. The nights are cold. E. HOUGH.

BASS NOTES.—Pottsville, Pa., Aug. 10.—I have enjoyed reading Dr. Gill's "Nest Building of the Sunfish." I have now an explanation of the reason why I could not take two small-mouth black bass with the fly or bait. I was very anxious to have them in my net. As near as I could guess they would measure 10 or 12in. They must have been protecting their spawn. It was in just such a place as he describes the sunfish makes its hatchery. They acted in the same way, but would take neither bait nor fly. While fishing with John Messner at Dauphin last year we both caught the same bass. One hook was swallowed, but the bait was 6in. up the leader, the other hook was through the side of the head, but the bait was swallowed and came out loose with the first hook. We were fishing with small live catfish from the same boat.—C. W. P.

WEAKFISH are now caught in great numbers in the West Channel of Great South Bay, Long Island.

Fishculture.

U. S. FISH COMMISSION WORK.

THE Albatross during the winter and spring of 1889 was at work along the southern coast of and in the Gulf of California, and since June her work has been extended northward, through Oregon, Washington and southern Alaska. Capt. Tanner was in command as hitherto with Prof. C. H. Gilbert as chief naturalist, C. H. Townsend assistant naturalist and B. A. Alexander as fishery expert.

Her work on the northern coast had reference mainly to halibut and cod, though of course her investigations were of a general nature. Where her work has been carried on continuously by soundings it is of vast importance to the Hydrographic office and to the Coast Survey. These soundings are made to determine the location of fishing grounds or to discover unknown banks.

The special Senate Committee of Indian Affairs, consisting of Senators Dawes, Stockbridge, Manderson and Jones, of Arkansas, accompanied the steamer along the Alaskan coast as far as Sitka, in order to investigate the conditions of the Indians in that region, making frequent stops.

Prof. Gilbert being obliged to join his college in September, left the ship the first part of August and is now in Washington, where he will work up the results of the cruise in those departments of which he was in charge. Her cruise up to the present time has been exceedingly valuable in its results. Reports upon this work are in course of preparation and will be published as soon as possible.

The Fish Hawk has been prepared to continue her investigations into the ravages of the starfishes upon the oyster beds along the southern New England coast and has commenced work in the vicinity of South Norwalk. She will, while making scientific investigations concerning the characteristics of the beds and the habits of the starfishes with reference to determining some method of preventing the injury which they do to the beds, also make practical tests as to protecting the beds and ridding them of the starfishes after they have been attacked. This is one of the most difficult problems connected with the fisheries. The starfishes destroy several hundred thousand dollars' worth of oysters every year in the waters of Rhode Island, Connecticut and New York. South of that region they do no harm to the beds, the reason being that the water south is too fresh, where the beds occur, to enable the starfishes to live upon them.

The results of this work are anxiously waited for by the oystermen of Long Island Sound. The Fish Hawk is in command of Lieut. Robert Platt, U.S.N., with Mr. C. F. Hodge, of Clark University, as naturalist.

The Grampus is engaged upon an investigation of the region between New York and Nantucket through which the mackerel pass in their migrations north and south. This work is being carried on from near the shore into the inner portion of the Gulf Stream. The object of this investigation is to ascertain if possible the cause influencing the movements of the schools of mackerel from year to year with respect to their abundance and times of their passage: as is well known there is a great variation in their numbers and movements in different years, and some seasons they move northward at a lower level in the water than at others, so that the fishermen are not able to find them. The Grampus has already undertaken some work in connection with this subject in the springs of 1887 and 1888. She has now been fitted with the most approved scientific appliances, and it is expected that important results will be obtained. Prof. Wm. Libbey, Jr., of Princeton College, is in charge of the investigation, assisted by Professors Magie and Rockwood of the same college. One cruise has already been made, and Prof. Libbey reports many new facts not hitherto known respecting the Gulf Stream.

With respect to the interior waters, two parties are now at work under the direction of President D. S. Jordan, of the Indiana University. One of these parties, which is headed by the professor in person, is working in Colorado and the adjoining territories; the other, under Professor S. E. Meek, of Iowa, is investigating the waters of Missouri and the adjoining regions. These explorations consist in making thorough examination of the rivers with respect to the fishes living in them, the general characters of the river basins, the temperature of their waters, etc. The principal object is to ascertain the different species occurring in the rivers which have an economic value, and also learn the advantages of streams for the introduction of certain fishes. This work began about the middle of July, and will be continued into September.

The work at Wood's Holl is in charge of Dr. H. V. Wilson, formerly of Johns Hopkins University. The doctor's principal work is the study of the embryology of economic species in connection with the work of fishculture, which is carried on at this station during a large part of the year. There have been no changes at this station during the summer; at different times from twelve to twenty naturalists, the most of whom are engaged in studies having a more or less direct bearing upon the work of the Commission. These naturalists are men that volunteer, or persons occupying tables at the station by the courtesy of the Fish Commission. Among them are Prof. W. H. Brooks, of Johns Hopkins University; Prof. Edward Linton, of Washington and Jefferson College, of Pennsylvania; Mr. E. R. Boyer and Mr. C. B. Davenport, of Harvard College; Prof. T. H. Herick, of Cleveland, O; Mr. S. Watase and Dr. R. P. Bigelow, of Johns Hopkins University; Dr. E. A. Andrews, and Dr. James I. Peck and others.

The Fish Hawk and the Grampus have headquarters at Wood's Holl, and in the intervals of their work are carrying on investigations in connection with the laboratory. Among the important economic questions which have been studied here have been the rearing of young lobsters from the egg, and the starfish and oyster question; also the life history and the habits of the economic fishes.

NEW FISHCULTURAL STATIONS.

Several new stations for the Fish Commission are being established, some of which are in a condition now for beginning work. These stations are as follows:

At Leadville, Col., where the Government has set aside a reservation of nearly 1,500 acres for the use of the hatchery, a hatchery and ponds will be built mainly for rearing and distributing trout in the extreme Western States and Territories. Col. John Gay, Inspector of Stations for the Commission, is in charge of the laying out and construction of this station.

A station on the Clackamas River, Oregon, is being established for the replenishing of Columbia River with salmon, of which the natural supply has been enormously decreased during the past few years. Livingston Stone is in charge of this station.

At Neosho, in the Ozark region of Missouri, a hatchery for rearing and distributing members of the salmon family (trout) and indigenous fishes of the region is being established.

At Duluth, Minn., a station has been established for propagating the whitefish. This station was operated last winter for the first. It is in charge of Dr. R. O. Sweeny, formerly State Fish Commissioner of Minnesota.

There is also a station about to be established at Put-in-Bay, Ohio, on Lake Erie, for the collection of whitefish eggs, and also for their hatching and distribution to a certain extent. Put-in-Bay is the scene of one of the most important whitefish fisheries of the Great Lakes, and it is expected that by concentrating most of the work of collecting eggs at this place they can be obtained with greater economy, and probably in much larger numbers than ever before. Such of the eggs as cannot be accommodated for hatching here will be sent to other stations for that purpose.

The Penobscot salmon hatchery, which is situated at East Orland, Maine, eight miles south of Bucksport, in charge of Mr. C. G. Atkins, is being much improved. Congress having appropriated money for the purchase of land, including the site of the old hatchery, the facilities for the hatching and rearing of salmon at this station will be greatly enlarged. Mr. Atkins has had charge of the Maine stations since they were first organized.

The Commissioner, Col. Marshall McDonald, left Washington on the 8th of July for an examination of the western stations and especially the ones which are being constructed and those for which plans have been drawn up. His trip, therefore, has included the Leadville station, the stations in California, Oregon, Minnesota and Lake Erie. He has also visited the Yellowstone Park, where it is expected that facilities can be furnished for hatching fishes to be placed in the headwaters of the principal streams of that region. On the west coast he also paid attention to questions of general interest, especially at San Francisco and Portland. The Commissioner is expected to return to Washington the latter part of August. He has been accompanied by Mr. George H. H. Moore, in charge of distribution, and by Mr. J. J. O'Connor, chief clerk of the Commission. During the absence of the Commissioner, Professor Richard Rathbun, in charge of the division of scientific inquiry, is acting Commissioner.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

SUBSCRIBER.—It is hardly probable that Mr. Fife will consent to the publication of Minerva's lines.

S. C. P., Caribou, Me.—You cannot buy ribs ready made, but will find full instructions for making them in "Canoe and Boat Building."

AWAHSOOSE.—The beetle is the *Trox unistriatum*; this genus is usually found on the ground, under old woolen clothes, hides, etc. It is harmless.

H. H. B., Palmer, Mass.—The lines of Rob Roy cannot be had, but the Raritania in "Canoe and Boat Building" is a similar boat and probably as good.

F'LIN, New York.—What effect would it have upon a 12-bore Parker gun, choke-bore, 30in. barrels, to shorten the barrels 2in. or more? The gun shoots too close for brush shooting of the thickest kind. Ans. It would convert it into a cylinder and give wider scatter to the shot.

W. D., Philadelphia.—What kind or kinds of native birds can be kept in a building about 6ft. square and 10ft. high? It is well-built and sheltered from storms, has open wire work in lower half of south side, but can be closed at night. The sun shines on it all day. There is no artificial heat. Ans. No species of American wild birds is adapted to thrive in such quarters; confined there wild birds would drag out a miserable existence.

F. W. N., Plattsburgh, N. Y.—The Attorney-General of New York, in a letter to the Secretary of State, dated June 17, gave these points in a summary of the new State dog law, now in force: "It increases the tax upon a dog other than a bitch from 50 cents to $1. It exempts all dogs under four months old from any tax. It provides for the registry of every other dog, annually, on or before the first day of May, by the owner or harborer. * * * Penalties are then provided for the failure to register, number or license such dogs. Provision is then made that any dog not registered or collared, as provided for in the act, may be lawfully killed by any constable, etc. The act is not to apply to any dog owned or possessed by any person or association, etc., engaged in the business of breeding dogs, etc. The amendatory act, it is provided, shall take effect immediately. It will be seen, therefore, that the only change in the amount of the tax provided for is in the addition of 50 cents for each dog other than a bitch. By the Revised Statutes, the assessors of towns, etc., are required to finish their assessment rolls by the first day in August in each year. So much of this act, then, as provides for the assessment of the tax, is capable of enforcement the present year. So much of the act, however, as provides for the registering and collaring of dogs, must be done annually, by the first of May, and so much of the act as provides for the furnishing of lists by the town clerk or village clerk, must be done by the first day of June. It is clear that these provisions of the act cannot take effect before the year 1890. No other construction can be given to these provisions of the act. * * *—CHAS. F. TABOR Attorney-General."

Small Yachts. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price $7. Steam Yachts and Launches. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price $3. Yachts, Boats and Canoes. By C. Stansfield-Hicks. Price $3.50. Steam Machinery. By Donaldson. Price $1.50.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 7 to 11.—First Annual Dog Show of the Brooklyn Kennel Club, at Brooklyn, N. Y. Charles Dickleman, Secretary. Entries close Aug. 28.

Sept. 9 to 13.—Dog Show of the Farmers' Lancaster County Fair Association, at Lancaster, Pa. A. A. Herr, Secretary. Entries close 11 A. M., Sept. 9.

Sept. 10 to 13.—Sixth Annual Dog Show of the London Kennel Club, at London, Ont. C. A. Stone, Manager. Entries close Sept. 5

Sept. 10 to 13.—Dog Show of the Central Canada Exhibition Association, at Ottawa, Can. Capt. R. C. W. MacCuaig, Secretary. Entries close Aug. 31.

Sept. 11 to 13.—First Annual Dog Show of the Toledo Kennel Company, Toledo, O. Chas. E. Rowland, Secretary, Box 423. Entries close Aug. 26.

Sept. 16 to 19.—Dog Show of the Dominion of Canada Kennel Club, in connection with the Industrial Exposition at Toronto, Canada. Capt. C. Greville Harston, Sec'y. Entries close Sept. 4.

Sept. 17 to 20.—Dog Show of the Pet Stock Association at Elmira, N. Y. J. Otis Fellows, Superintendent, Hornellsville, N.Y. Entries close Sept. 7.

Oct. 7 to 12.—Eighth Annual Dog Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society, at Danbury, Conn. B. C. Lynes, Secretary.

Jan. 27 to Feb. 1, 1890.—Dog Show of the Colorado Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Denver, Col.

Feb. 18 to 21, 1890.—Fourteenth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

March 11 to 14, 1890.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Rochester Kennel Club, at Rochester, N. Y. Harry Yates, Secretary.

March 25 to 28, 1890.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Mass. Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

April 1 to 4, 1890.—Sixth Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 4.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club. P. T. Madison, Secretary, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 11.—Inaugural Field Trials of the Canadian Kennel Club, at Chatham, Ont. C. A. Stone, Secretary, London, Ont.

Nov. 18.—Eleventh Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Dec. 2.—Inaugural Field Trials of the Central Field Trial Club, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Secretary, Mill's Building, New York, N. Y.

Dec. 16.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trial Club, at Amory, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Secretary, Marietta, Ga.

Jan. 20, 1890.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club at Bakersfield, Cal. H. H. Briggs, Secretary, 313 Bush street, San Francisco, Cal.

Feb. 11, 1890.—Fourth Annual Field Trials of the Texas Field Trial Club, at Marshall, Tex. W. L. Thomas, Secretary.

COURSING.

Oct. 9 to 12.—Fall meet of the National Coursing Club at Hutchinson, Kan. M. E. Allison, Manager.

Oct. 24.—Annual Meet of the American Coursing Club, at Great Bend, Kan. F. K. Doan, Secretary, St. Louis, Mo.

THE TAIL OF A DOG.

FATE has decreed that this should be cut short, as the story itself will subsequently unfold to you, and strange to say, were it not for the brevity of this tail there would be no tale at all. On the morning of April 1, 1882, the population of W., a small town in northeastern Illinois, was increased by the valuable addition of two bright-eyed yellow pups, as near alike as the Siamese twins. They were thoroughbred Irish setters, and were proud of their ancestors, who many years before had dwelt in the city of Dublin.

James Riley and William Ferguson became the envied possessors of these puppies. Ferguson named his puppy Jack, and Riley called his Sport. Although both masters labored diligently in training their dogs, Sport soon proved to be the better dog in the field, as he was gifted with a more vigorous constitution than Jack. While Riley was exulting over the excellent results of Sport's careful training, and congratulating himself on being the possessor of a fine fielder, Ferguson was grumbling over his ill luck, and it seemed inevitable that he must lose the fruits of his labor, as Jack's health was rapidly failing. However, Riley was also destined to taste the cup of bitterness, for, notwithstanding his many precautions, one day Sport met with a sad loss. It was about the middle of the afternoon that Sport, with the aid of a small boy, managed to tie himself loose from Mr. Riley's dog house. It did not take him long to join his friends in the streets, but his freedom was of short duration. He had not turned more than a half-dozen corners when, unfortunately, he came in the vision of a young Mr. Mills from the country, who had a special fondness for bird dogs, and had been known to become so attached to them that they would invariably find themselves chained to his dog house ere this attachment ceased. Half rations now took the place of the bill of fare to which Sport had been accustomed, and this was not the only thing that gave him an unfavorable impression of country life. Mills, fearing that some one might recognize Riley's dog, cut off the greater portion of his tail. This severed the last tie which bound Sport to his new master, and he longed to be once more under Riley's tender care, away from the insults of this country barbarian. I do not know what Sport's politics were, but he howled for protection when Mr. Mills introduced this extreme measure. Poor Sport, he was now afloat on the stormy sea of life without a rudder.

It was about two weeks after Sport's taste of the Mills inquisition that Riley, having been informed of his dog's whereabouts, drove out to the farm of Mills, where he found what was left of his lost bird dog. Notwithstanding the great change which deprivation of food and tail had wrought in the appearance of the unfortunate animal, Riley immediately recognized the remainder of his once noble dog. We must give Mills credit for having the honesty to inform Riley that his dog had voluntarily come there a short time before, and that he had fed the dog to keep it from starving; but Sport's appearance would hardly substantiate this statement. After Riley, by the use of strong adjectives, had expressed his indignation at the way in which Mills had mutilated the caudal appendage of his dog, he put the living skeleton into his buggy and drove home. Once more placed on full rations, Sport soon became himself again, but he never regained his wag.

Mills was not the only one in the neighborhood who took a fancy to Riley's dog, and in spite of care Sport again disappeared, but after a short search was found behind the barn, cold and lifeless. The following day Riley persuaded Pat, the hired man, to help bury the dead dog; and that night when Pat went down town he told the boys that Jimmy Riley had shed tears over the loss of his dog, and that his parting words were "Good-bye, Sportie." Of course, this was not "all wool and a yard wide;" nevertheless it was very annoying to Jimmy Riley to hear the boys in the street call after him, "Good-bye, Sportie." This lasted for about a week, when one night, as Riley stepped out of the kitchen door, he was startled to see in front of him, full of life and gladness, to all appearances, the identical dog that he had buried but a few days before, and there could be no mistake, for there was the stub of a tail wagging away as naturally as ever. Jimmy, fearing that this was an hallucination, called the dog into the house, where Mrs. Riley explained that it was a sure case of resurrection. Pat told the boys down town that Jimmy Riley's dog had turned up again, and that Jimmy had come into the house and informed his mother that Sportie was resurrected. So the boys had a new tune to harp on, and whenever Riley showed himself on the streets, some small boy would yell out, "There goes Resurrection Riley!"

This is a true, although strange, story. The explanation is this: We left Ferguson despondent over the failing health of his dog Jack, nor were his fears unfounded; for one afternoon, about two weeks after Riley had rescued Sport from the country barbarian, Ferguson found his dog dead on the barn floor. While he stood there wrapped in his disappointment, a sudden thought struck him which drove away his gloom. Why could he not take advantage of the striking resemblance between his dog and Riley's and exchange with him. Riley was out of town that afternoon, and at dusk Ferguson carried Jack over to Riley's place, cut his tail the length of Sport's, placed Sport's collar on him, left him behind the barn and departed with Riley's dog. Although Sport was kept carefully tied up in Ferguson's barn, he managed one day to escape, and went home, where he was received as one resurrected.

This was not the only time in this brief tragedy that Sport took the part of the resurrected dog. The same afternoon on which Jack died, Mr. Ferguson's father had gone out to the barn for the hatchet, and discovered Jack lying dead on the floor. That evening he had occasion to go again to the barn after Sport had been chained there, and on opening the door was considerably frightened to have what he thought to be the dead dog jump into his face as full of life as ever.

The old saying is, "Three times and out." So it was with Riley's dog. About three weeks after his return, Sport was stolen for the third time and was never heard from again.

E. W. Austin.

PREVENTION OF RABIES.

CURE of rabies, as it occurs in the lower animals, has never been looked upon as a promising subject of inquiry. As soon as the existence of rabies is recognized, there is no hesitation in directing the destruction of the animal which is suffering from the disease: and even if this course is not taken, a few days suffice to render it unnecessary, and no one thinks of testing the action of medicines on a rabid horse, ox, sheep, dog or pig.

Man, when affected with rabies in its usual form of hydrophobia, has from time immemorial been treated by numerous "cures," as they are called, which, however different in character, agree in being equally inefficacious, and it is allowed by medical authorities that there is no authentic case of recovery from the disease on record.

Prevention of rabies is a far more hopeful matter than its cure. The term may mean the prevention of the occurrence of the disease altogether; or it may be limited to the treatment of infected animals, with the view of neutralizing the effects of the virus which has been introduced into the system. Or it may be taken to include the whole; and in that sense it suggests, as a matter of primary importance, stamping out the disease among the animals which are most liable to take it, and, when affected, the most dangerous to man and other animals which come within their reach. Slaughter of diseased animals is one essential part of the stamping-out system, to the adoption of which, in cases of rabies, very few people will object. The objections appear when any attempt is made to apply restriction to animals, especially dogs, which are not mad, in order to prevent them from doing mischief if they should become mad; and the most effectual way of securing this end is the use of a proper muzzle

An Order of Council, to which we referred in a former article, is now in force to provide for the muzzling of all dogs being at large in any place to which the public have access in the Metropolitan Police District. Exception is made in favor of dogs which are used for sporting purposes, or for the destruction of vermin. Seizure and detention of unmuzzled dogs is also provided for in the order; but, until the Board of Agriculture Bill becomes law, there is no power vested in the authorities to order the slaughter of stray dogs, unless they are rabid, or suspected of being rabid. The Privy Council Order is limited in its operation to the Metropolitan Police District, and local authorities in other districts where rabies has appeared have made regulations for muzzling dogs within their districts; but many of the regulations contain an exception in the case of sheep-dogs and dogs used for driving animals, besides which, they often provide an alternative to muzzling in the case of dogs which are under proper control by being led by means of a string or chain. These exceptions have recently been objected to as likely to destroy the beneficial effects of the restriction, and the following circular has just been issued to all local authorities by whom regulations relating to rabies have been made:

Agricultural Department, Privy Council Office, 44 Parliament street, Westminster, S. W., July 24, 1889.

REGULATIONS FOR RABIES.

SIR: I am directed by the Lords of the Committee of Council for Agriculture to request that you will have the goodness to inform your local authority that the Privy Council are advised that in making regulations directing the muzzling of dogs on account of rabies, although it may be desirable that exception be made in favor of packs of hounds, harriers, or beagles, or greyhounds, or other sporting dogs while being used for sporting purposes, or to any dogs while being used for the capture or destruction of vermin, and in charge of competent persons, there does not appear to be any sufficient reason for extending this exception to drovers' dogs, or to dogs used for driving animals, such dogs being most dangerous to other animals if they become "rabid," besides being able to perform their work without biting.

I am further directed to request that you will point out to the local authority the insecurity afforded by any alternative regulation which permits a leading strap or chain to be substituted for the muzzle, it being clear that a led dog (if he is unmuzzled) is able to bite any person or animal that may happen to pass within his reach; and this objection even more strongly applies to an alternative regulation which permits dogs to be in a public place under what is called control.

It would appear therefore advisable, in applying regulations to any particular district, to insist on the muzzling of all dogs (other than dogs while being used for sporting purposes or for the destruction of vermin, as before mentioned) while being in any public place, whether the dogs are led or not, with a muzzle so constructed as to render it impossible for the dog while wearing the same to bite any person or animal.

The Lords of the Committee are of opinion that it would be useful if, at the foot of handbills announcing regulations the following short description of the most marked symptoms of rabies in dogs were given:

"Change of habits, restlessness, moving from place to place, often hiding in dark secluded corners, depraved appetite, gnawing and eating indigestible substances, altered voice, difficulty of swallowing, but showing no dread of water, thick viscid saliva hanging from the corners of the mouth which the dog tries to remove with its paws, frequently snapping at the air or imaginary objects. These symptoms in the furious form of the disease are followed by paroxysms of excitement, in which there is an irresistible tendency to bite and attack other animals, especially dogs; the animal then wanders from its home, biting and snapping at every animal that may come in its way; emaciation and exhaustion rapidly follow with loss of nervous power, partial paralysis often supervenes, and the animal drops and dies if it has not previously been destroyed.

"In the dumb or torpid form of the disease the premonitory symptoms are followed by dropping or paralysis of the lower jaw, rendering the animal unable to bite or bark; the tongue swollen and livid hangs out of the mouth. The dog in this condition seldom leaves its home, but endeavors to remain quiet in some dark place; takes little or no notice of what goes on around it; paralysis of the hind limbs soon sets in, and death quickly follows."—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

C. L. Peel.

It is perfectly obvious that the leading strap or chain offers no security to passers by. A dog under such restraint, if in the early stage of rabies, would be all the more inclined to snap at any living thing which came within its reach, and therefore the chain cannot be in any sense a substitute for the muzzle.

Dogs used for driving animals were often exempt from the muzzle under the Rabies Orders in 1886-1887, although they did not contain any provision for such exemption; and considering the terribly disastrous consequences which would follow from the ravages of a drover's dog among a herd of cattle or flock of sheep in the event of his becoming rabid, the exemption cannot be defended.

In reference to the preventive treatment to be applied to man or animals which have been bitten by a rabid dog, it may be said that people are familiar with everything which can be said on the subject. Prompt application of caustic after rapid and free washing of the wound is advocated, and a strong solution of corrosive sublimate appears to be the best form of caustic to apply. Between the local treatment by caustic or actual cautery the adoption of Pasteur's system of inoculation, there seems to be no alternative; and whatever may be the merits or defects of either method, there can be no doubt that both should be looked upon as temporary expedients which are justified by the circumstances. But the one important object which the sanitarian should keep in view is the eradication of the disease.—*London Field.*

THE REGISTRATION FEE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At a recent meeting of the Stud Book Committee (which is composed of three members) it was decided that after Dec. 31, 1889, the registration fee for each and every dog would be $1. I do not think that this action in itself is a judicious one. At all events, it would have looked much better if the question had been brought up before a meeting of the A. K. C. after due notice had been given to its members.

As it is, one feels like asking: "Does the A. K. C. exist for the purpose of protecting and governing the breeders and exhibitors, or are they here to maintain the A. K. C.?" If the latter is the case, then, of course, all they have to do is to say "yea and amen" to all the rules and regulations the Stud Book Committee may be pleased to adopt. The registration fee is a direct tax on the breeder. The first question an intending purchaser asks is: "Is the dog registered?" Hence the breeder is compelled to register the puppies he sells. Not only does he derive no direct benefit from it, but it is simply so much money out of his pocket. Suppose he gets an average of $50 for each puppy he sells, the fee of $1 would represent two per cent. on the value of the dog. If the average price is lower the percentage is proportionately higher. As things go this is too high a tax; half a dollar is quite enough, especially now that nearly all dogs are registered, for all that is required is to give the name of the dog and the names of sire and dam and their respective numbers, for instance: "Turned out of the Ring, by Breeder Unknown, number so and so, out of Pedigree Unknown, number so and so."

If the Stud Book Committee is after dollars and cents, outside of whether the enactment of this rule would be detrimental or not to the breeder, it will, I am afraid, not gain its point; for breeders will think twice before they register puppies at $1 per head, and, therefore, the registrations will decrease. If the club is in need of money it will have to be raised in some other way. This is an important question and should be well considered. It will, I hope, be brought up before an A. K. C. meeting, and clubs and associate members would do well to discuss the matter beforehand and instruct their delegates accordingly. I trust that the decision of the Stud Book Committee will not be upheld; but if the clubs, members of the A. K. C., and associate members should vote otherwise, breeders will either have to pay the dollar or else get out of the business.

K. E. Hoff, Associate Member A. K. C.

Arlington, N. J.

PENDLETON DOG SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some time ago it was decided to hold a stock show at Pendleton, S. C., in connection with the State Agricultural Society, which took place Aug. 7, 8 and 9. A few lovers of fine dogs also decided to have some of their stock on hand for exhibition, just to let the people know there are some as fine sporting dogs in this section as can be found. Beagles were the class best represented, there being eleven shown. The Blue Ridge Beagle Kennels, Denver, S. C., had six on exhibition, all thoroughbreds, descendants of the finest strains in America, having such imported dogs as Sam, Dolly, Warrior, Rover, Rattler, Elmore's Ringwood, Lady Bird, Music, Actress, Banker, etc., as ancestors. They had a young dog, Boston, that gives great promise of being hard to beat when thoroughly matured. He is by Joe (Riot—Skip) out of Pansy (Elmore's imported Ringwood—Fairy). They showed the smallest beagle ever seen in these parts and probably the smallest in the United States. She was just a year old the day shown and only weighed 6½lbs. S. Y. Stribling, Seneca, S. C., showed three dogs, by Thom out of Music. Mr. W. J. Hembree, Denver, S. C., showed two bitches, one by Thom out of Venus, the other by Thom out of Nell. As far as numbers go pointers were a weak class, but strong in quality. Mr. S. D. Cherry, proprietor of Oconee Pointer Kennels, Seneca, S. C., had a rare good specimen in St. Elmo. This youngster combines the blood of Meteor and Sensation, being by Meteor, Jr., out of Bell, she an in-bred Sensation bitch. This youngster is snow white with deep liver ears and side of head and liver spot at root of tail. He was pronounced by judges the finest specimen they ever saw. Mr. Cherry is an enthusiastic sportsman and intends to supply his kennel with the best blood obtainable. He knows how to handle a gun as well as he handles a dog. He bagged 1,003 birds in three months' shooting. Dr. W. W. Watkins, Pendleton, S. C., showed a very fine young pointer from the best native field stock. None of the dogs shown were entered for competition. The beagles being something comparatively new attracted a good deal of attention and comment. Exhibitors were besieged with all kinds of questions, showing a lamentable lack of knowledge of this noble breed of small dogs. After gazing in wondering admiration on them as they were being removed from the cage one fellow remarked: "If I could shoot birds on the wing like some people do, I would have me some of these dogs."

Blue Ridge.

ELMIRA DOG SHOW.—Hornellsville, N. Y., Aug. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Everything looks promising for the Elmira dog show. We are having applications for premium lists from all over the States and Canada. Entries are coming in fast, and we shall have some of the best kennels there are. We shall feed Challenge food, and use "Sanitas" as a disinfectant.—J. Otis Fellows, Supt.

DOG TALK.

IN an article upon the English field trial celebrities of the present year, *Land and Water* gives the following description of Trip of Kippen, that is entered by Messrs. Lowe & Hitchcock for the Eastern Field Trial Club Derby: "Trip of Kippen (fifteen months), by Tutsham Trip, last year's winner at Shrewsbury, was unlike any other setter puppy at the trials, except his half brother, Aldon Trip, which ran third at Worksop. The Kippen puppy is a liver and white dog, long in the body, long in the stern, and rather long in the leg, and prick-eared, but he has good, strong, straight forelegs, nice, well-bent stifles and good feet. He carries plenty of feather, and, like the rest of the family, is a good one to go, and has a very fair, if not actually good nose. At times he worked very well, while at others his performance indicated a somewhat jealous and headstrong disposition. Furthermore, he did not appear to have been thoroughly well broken, and had evidently not seen a great many hares before he ran at Newport. At times he was staunch before and behind, although backing is clearly most distasteful to him. He is a dog that wants a lot of work to steady him, and, like the rest of the Woodhill Bruce and Tutsham Trip family, he can stand a lot of work. He won the Derby rather by chance than otherwise, although in our opinion, when thoroughly broken, he could always beat Banco of Brussels, as he has a rather better nose than the latter, and more pace, which he always seemed to utilize in taking the outside cast from Banco."

Madison Square Garden at last is being torn down. For several years it has often been given out that the structure was to be at once demolished and replaced by something better adapted for public use. In our issue of Feb. 28 there is a description of the building to be erected in place of the Garden. Some are sanguine enough to predict that the amphitheater will be finished in time for the dog show next February; but it is hardly possible that this will be the case, and the Westminster Kennel Club will undoubtedly have to find other quarters for their show, and they will probably select the American Institute Fair Building, where their shows were held in 1881 and 1882.

There will be a dog show at Wilmington, Del., Sept. 2 to 7, in connection with the second annual fair of the Wilmington Agricultural and Industrial Association. The premium in some of the important classes is $5, dogs and bitches to compete, with $3 for puppies. In nearly all the remaining classes the premium is $3, with $2 for puppies. In case the judge deems an animal worthy of second prize, a silver medal will be given. There will also be a special of $10 for largest exhibit. Mr. James Watson will judge all classes. The address of the secretary is Mr. T. D. Brown, Wilmington, Del. Entries close Aug. 27.

The resolution adopted by the stud book committee of the American Kennel Club increasing the fee for registration to one dollar does not take effect until Jan. 1. There is considerable talk among dog owners of making an effort to have the resolution rescinded at the next meeting of the club.

At a recent meeting of the English Spaniel Club, the subject of holding field trials of spaniels was discussed and the matter was postponed for further consideration until the next annual general meeting of the club.

The London Fox-Terrier Club appears to be in a flourishing condition. At its annual meeting recently held, the treasurer reported a balance on hand of $650, and a membership of over 100.

The mail vote of the Spaniel Club for a list of official spaniel judges closes Aug. 23. The number elected is not to exceed eight and is not confined to members of the club.

The Scottish Kennel Club will hold their show at Edinburgh, Sept. 18 to 20, instead of in October as previously announced.

ST. BERNARD IMPORTATION.—Peterborough, N. H., Aug. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have received from Mr. H. J. Bitterton of England the smooth-coated St. Bernard dog Parson—formerly Barry. He was bred by Herr Doppeler of Berne, Switzerland, of whom he was purchased by Mr Bitterton last year. Parson is the sire of Juno, first and special at the late International show at Berne—the bitch that Mr. Bitterton did not succeed in buying, and which Mr. Hopf thinks is likely to remain at home for some time.—W. H. WALBRIDGE.

A SMALL BEAGLE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Please allow me through the columns of your paper to give the measurements of a beagle bitch belonging to the Blue Ridge Beagle Kennel, and challenge the beagle fraternity to beat it in size—small size I mean. She is by Banker out of Dolly (Riot—Skip), whelped Aug 8, 1888. At one year old she just weighed 6½lbs., is 8½in. high, 12in. ear spread, 13in. chest measure. She has always had all she would eat, and has kept in good order. For her size her field qualities are first-class. She has an exceptionally fine nose, and gives a free tongue. Her sire, Banker, is by champion Rattler out of imported Actress. He was bred by Dan O'Shea, London, Ont., and is the winner of five first prizes, two specials and one brace special. If any beagle fancier has anything to beat this, please trot it out gentlemen and let us hear from you.—JOHN L. JOLLEY (Denver, S. C., Aug. 12).

DOMINION OF CANADA SHOW.—The secretary reports things progressing favorably for this show, and there is every indication of its exceeding any other show ever held in Canada. The following are some of the extra special prizes that have been offered: A gold medal, value $20, known as the Hub medal, for the best fox-terrier dog and bitch owned by any one Canadian; $8 prize for the best pointer puppy under 12mos old; $4 prize for the best black retriever bitch with pups, or failing that the best dog; $10 silver cup for the best greyhound dog in the show; $10 for the best kennel of English beagles; a handsome silver cup for the best English setter bitch with a litter of pups; a fishing rod for the best brace of Gordon setters; a revolver for the best brace of Irish setters; $5 for the best pair of Great Danes; $10 for the best St. Bernard dog and bitch; a barrel of ale for the best Irish setter owned in Canada. With a few others this completes the second preliminary list of extra specials, and the secretary promises a third in a short time, and speaks with confidence of receiving at least $1,000 of extras. Each of the breeds, such as mastiffs, St. Bernards, Great Danes, also setters, pointers, collies, spaniels and Irish spaniels, also all the terrier classes, have already received one, in some cases as many as three or five extra specials, and the committee are holding out every inducement to large breeders both in Canada and the United States to bring kennels of from two to six dogs for competition, and this course is giving great satisfaction.

TOLEDO DOG SHOW.—The Eberhart Pug Kennels, of Cincinnati, have offered a box of cigars for best bulldog in show, and meerschaum cigar-holder for best greyhound in show.—TOLEDO KENNEL CO.

THAT "RABIES" MEETING IN LONDON.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Unless I am entirely "off," the above was a most remarkable affair: Firstly, it was a meeting called by the Lord Mayor. At such a meeting it would be the presumption that all representative men, known for knowledge on the subject matter of the meeting, would be welcomed, but nobody was admitted but those holding invitations. This may work in England; but, great snakes! wouldn't we raise Cain? Then a resolution was passed advocating muzzling, but with reservations, so that all dogs were not to be subject to it. To this Mr. Hugh Dalziel demurred, and on a show of hands, his was the only one elevated. (It ought to have had two clubs in it), but for all of that, the resolution passed unanimously! I suspect that some of the trouble came from the diversity of opinion there is in England on the rabies subject, and really hostile positions taken by different bodies; and I suppose the Lord Mayor was backing one side or the other, but it seems to have been much of a bungle. I confess, I haven't got all the threads straightened out, and if I am wrong in my conclusions, would be glad to know it. I am firmly of the belief that Mr. Dalziel knew what he was doing, and had the right end of the stick; he always steers clear of the other end.—W. WADE.

LONDON SHOW.—London, Ont., Aug. 19.—The specials are still coming in. There will be specials in every class besides extra specials for Canadian dogs. We are bound to make this a success. Prof. Parker, of New York, and his troup of dogs, will give two performances each day. The dog circus and judging will be done in a large tent 100 by 40ft., which we have engaged expressly for the purpose. Mr. Mortimer will also judge the greyhound and deerhound classes. Besides the large list of specials published in our premium list we have received the following: Piece of silverware, valued at $50, for the best kennel of St. Bernards, four or more. The American Collie Club donates $10 for best collie dog or bitch owned and exhibited by a member of the Collie Club of America. Geo. Bell, Toronto, donates a very handsome special for the best cocker dog or bitch. There is a special for best St. Bernard pup under six months, and one for the best cocker bitch and four of her progeny. W. J. Reid & Co., London, donate a special, valued at $25, for the best kennel of St. Bernards, four or more, owned in Canada. There is a special for best St. Bernard bitch and two of her progeny, also specials for best fox-terrier dog and fox-terrier bitch owned in Canada. The entries close Sept. 5.—C. A. STONE, Sec'y and Manager.

TORONTO SHOW.—Toronto, Aug. 19.—Our premium list mentions the English Kennel Club shows as counting toward wins for the challenge class. This is an error. This year we do not count wins under the E.K.C., as we are working under the C.K.C. rules and in conjunction with the A.K.C. Since writing to you I have received a handsome special cash prize for a kennel of bloodhounds; also a special extra for the second collie puppy in class 44, and a very handsome silver cup for the best cocker dog and two of his get, and a special prize for a kennel of cockers, and another special for setters and several others. I hope to send you a complete list next week. Entries are coming in, but I would ask our friends to send theirs along as soon as possible, as we want to know exactly how many dogs to provide for. I hear from all sides that we shall have the largest exhibition ever held in Canada.—C. GREVILLE HARSTON, Secretary Dominion of Canada Kennel Club.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 or any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Birmingham Lass. By F. F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., for sable and white collie bitch, whelped May 22, 1887, by Duke of Rutland (champion Woolf—champion Madge) out of Lady De Brooke (Sefton—Judy).

Tam o' Warwick. By Warwick Kennels, Bridgeport, Conn., for black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped June 23, 1889, by Warwick Albert (champion Royal Albert—Maida) out of Warwick Countess (Prince Phœbus—Rosey).

Dash o' Warwick and Meg o' Warwick. By Warwick Kennels, Bridgeport, Conn., for black, white and ticked English setter dog and bitch, whelped June 23, 1889, by Warwick Albert (champion Royal Albert—Maida) out of Warwick Countess (Prince Phœbus—Rosey).

Protection. By F. F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., for white bull-terrier dog, whelped Aug. 3, 1889, by Hinks (White Sam—Duchess III.) out of Starlight (champion Grand Duke—champion Maggie May).

Beverwyck Trap II. and 2d Lillias. By Jas. E. Unks, Muncie, Ind., for white, black and tan fox-terrier dog and bitch, whelped June 17, 1889, by Beverwyck Trap (Dusky Trap—Daze) out of Lillias (champion Splauger—Blemton Lily).

BRED.

☞ Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Dinah—Boston. Blue Ridge Beagle Kennels' (Denver, S. C.) beagle bitch Dinah (Thom—Lady Hinton) to their Boston (Joe—Pansy), Aug. 11.

Birmingham Lass—Sefton. F. F. Dole's (New Haven, Conn.) collie bitch Birmingham Lass (Duke of Rutland—Lady De Brooke) to J. F. Goodfree's Sefton (champion Charlemagne—champion Madge), June 26.

Gipsey—Balkis. G. L. Griffith's (New York) imported greyhound bitch Gipsey to H. W. Huntington's champion Balkis (Clyto—Primrose), Aug. 10.

Baroness IV.—Wacouta Nap. W. E. Walden's (Watervliet, Mich.) mastiff bitch Baroness IV. to E. Ryder's champion Wacouta Nap (A.K.R. 5435), July 28.

Lady Alice—Parson. John Mead's (Greenfield, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Lady Alice (Bernard's Prince—Fanny) to Contocook Kennels' Parson (Bello—Thyros), July 6.

Yum-Yum—Parson. Contocook Kennels' (Peterborough, N. H.) St. Bernard bitch Yum-Yum (Marco—Hermita) to their Parson (Bello—Thyros), Aug. 3.

Nell—Markland Ranger II. F. G. Kent's (Tiverton, R. I.) Gordon setter bitch Nell (Dan—Moll) to C. T. Brownell's Markland Ranger II. (Markland Ranger—champion Nell), Aug. 1.

Nellie D.—Trentham Baron. M. Dillon's (New Haven, Conn.) bull-terrier bitch Nellie D. to F. F. Dole's Trentham Baron (champion Trentham Dutch—Trentham Belle), Aug. 9.

Nellie—Trentham Baron. Mr. Foley's (New Haven, Conn.) bull-terrier bitch Nellie to F. F. Dole's Trentham Baron (champion Trentham Dutch—Trentham Belle), July 25.

The Duchess—Hinks. G. H. Davison's (Millbrook, N. Y.) bull-terrier bitch The Duchess (champion Count—White Violet) to F. F. Dole's Hinks (White Sam—Duchess III.), July 4.

Lillie Belmont—Beverwyck Trap. Jas. E. Unks's (Muncie, Ind.) fox-terrier bitch Lillie Belmont (Carl Leycester—Coquette) to his Beverwyck Trap (Dusky Trap—Daze), June 20.

Bell—Bradford Harry. E. G. Carleton's (Boston, Mass.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Bell (Bradford Harry—Bell) to P. H. Coombs's Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beal's Lady), Aug. 10.

Forest Fern—Sir Tatton. Forest Kennels' (London, Ont.) blue belton setter bitch Forest Fern (Prince Royal—Forest Rany) to Item Kennels' Sir Tatton (Sir Alister—Belle of Furness), Aug. 7.

WHELPS.

☞ Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Warwick Blonde. Warwick Kennels' (Bridgeport, Conn.) English setter bitch Warwick Blonde (Yale Belton—Warwick Countess), July 9, seven (five dogs), by H. F. Schellhass's Countess (champion Rock—Meg); two dogs and one bitch since dead.

Spinaway. G. E. Stickney's (Newburyport, Mass.) Irish setter bitch Spinaway (champion Chief—Tyrrell's Nellie), Aug. 3, eleven (eight dogs), by his Derby (champion Berkely—Aura).

Juliet Obo. H. F. Hildebrand's (Indianapolis, Ind.) cocker spaniel bitch Juliet Obo, Aug. 6, three dogs, by his Romeo Obo.

Sheeny Obo. H. F. Hildebrand's (Indianapolis, Ind.) cocker spaniel bitch Sheeny Obo, July 29, two dogs, by his Romeo Obo.

Starlight. F. F. Dole's (New Haven, Conn.) bull-terrier bitch Starlight (champion Grand Duke—champion Maggie May), Aug. 3, ten (six dogs), by his Hinks (White Sam—Duchess III.).

Dauntless. F. F. Dole's (New Haven, Conn.) bull-terrier bitch Dauntless (champion Jubilee—Modjeska), Aug. 16, six (three dogs), by his Trentham Baron (champion Trentham Dutch—Trentham Belle).

Young Venom. F. F. Dole's (New Haven, Conn.) bull-terrier bitch Young Venom (Old Prince—Venom), July 26, five (three dogs), by his Hinks (White Sam—Duchess III.); all since dead.

Lady Mellville. F. F. Dole's (New Haven, Conn.) bull-terrier bitch Lady Mellville (champion Trentham Dutch— ——), July 27, six (two dogs), by Fred Hinks's White Sam (Silver King—Kettering Maggie).

SALES.

☞ Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Essex—Mora whelp. Orange and white St. Bernard dog, whelped March 24, 1889, by Essex Kennels, Andover, Mass., to Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass.

Warwick Albert—Daisy Druid whelp. Blue belton English setter dog, whelped March 1, 1889, by Warwick Kennels, Bridgeport, Conn., to R. F. Mix, Ballston, N. Y.

Warwick Albert—Warwick Countess whelps English setters, whelped June 23, 1889, by Warwick Kennels, Bridgeport, Conn., a black, white and tan dog to W. Wicks and a lemon belton dog to H. H. Holmes, both of Stratford, Conn.; a black, white and ticked dog to W. J. Baughn, Ridgeville, Ind., and a black, white and ticked bitch to R. F. Mix, Ballston, N. Y.

Warwick Albert—Dot Noble whelp. Blue belton English setter dog, whelped June 29, 1889, by Warwick Kennels, Bridgeport, Conn., to R. F. Mix, Ballston, N. Y.

Rita II. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped April 7, 1887, by Harry Obo out of Rita, by Warwick Kennels, Bridgeport, Conn., to J. A. Heather, Huntsville, Mo.

Buffalo Alice and Buffalo Amy. Black and tan terrier bitches, whelped May 30, 1889, by Buffalo General out of Gipsey Queen, by A. W. Smith, Buffalo, N. Y., to John G. Burns, same place.

PRESENTATIONS.

Beverwyck Trap II. White, black and tan fox-terrier dog, whelped June 17, 1889, by Beverwyck Trap out of Lillias, by Jas. E. Unks, Muncie, Ind., to Ralph Unks, Pittsburgh, Pa.

DEATHS.

Lillias. White, black and tan fox-terrier bitch, whelped July 6, 1887 (Splauger—Blemton Lilly), owned by Jas. E. Unks, Muncie, Ind., Aug. 9; from poison.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

F. A. P., Bath.—I have a mastiff dog, about four years old, that is troubled with eruption coming out of the back of his neck and foreshoulder, about the size of a good-sized pea. He seems to feel all right in every way except that the bunches make him scratch continually. Can you tell of anything that will help him? I have given him Fowler's solution and washed him once a week in borax water, which has always kept him in nice condition, but it doesn't seem to work on this trouble. His coat is in nice condition, with the exception of these bunches; he is plump, but not fat, and gets plenty of exercise, and is kept clean. Ans. Wash with solution of carbolic acid 1–40. Dry and then apply the following ointment, rubbing in gently:

℞ Ung. zinc oxide.
Ung. diachylon..... .....aa ℥i.
Mix. Sig. External.

E. E. G., Stoughton.—On August 1 noticed that my setter dog, ten years old, was considerably bloated. I gave him four doses of castor oil, twelve mandrake pills, a dose of sulphur and eight injections of castile soap and lukewarm water. The oil did not have much effect, the pills no effect, but the injections finally started his bowels a little. I noticed that a worm about 5in. long came from him. I then procured a bottle of Dr. Humphreys' D.D., which I saw advertised in the FOREST AND STREAM, and am doctoring him now with that for worms. He is still bloated, but does not seem sore when touched, passes water all right, has some appetite, but not ravenous; eyes do not run any to speak of; does not breathe regularly. Previous to this sickness he has been kept on chain, as he has always, and fed on pudding of meal and scraps. When I take him to walk I notice he stops and licks stones. Will you please inform me, in your next issue, if you think I am doctoring him for the proper thing, i. e., worms, and give me any suggestions you can? The woodcock season opens here Sept. 1, and I am anxious, if possible, to have him in trim by that time. Ans. You will find that he has another round worm to come away. Castor oil is the best purge to use. Santonine pills, two or three grains in each pill, and given four times daily, concealed in a morsel of meat, will probably bring away the remaining worm or worms. The diet during the treatment should be mostly milk.

Rifle and Trap Shooting

RANGE AND GALLERY.

MINNESOTA STATE SHOOT.

THE fifth annual tournament of the Minnesota National Guard will be held at Lake View Camp, Lake City, opening on Sept. 3 and running four days. The list of matches is long and varied, and includes the following:

Sept. 3—Opening of bullseye match or pool shooting, 200yds. Fifty per cent. of proceeds divided each day among holders of bullseye tickets.

No. 1. Red Wing Match.—Individual, 10 shots each at 100, 200, 300 and 500yds.

No. 2. Pillsbury Match.—Company teams, teams of 6 men each from a company, 7 shots each at 200 and 500yds.

No. 3. Continuous Match.—Individual, 200yds. standing, scores of 5 shots each, best 3 scores to count.

Sept. 4.—No. 4. Regimental Team Match.—Teams of 10 men from each regiment of the State, 10 shots each at 200, 300 and 500yds.

No. 5. Company Team Match.—Teams of 7 men from each company, 7 shots each at 200 and 500yds.

No. 6. Commissioned Officers' Match.—Individual, 10 shots each at 200 and 500yds.

No. 7. Enlisted Men's Match.—Individual. 5 shots each at 100, 200, 300 and 500yds.

Sept. 5.—No. 8. Reeve Match.—Individual, open to commissioned officers of the National Guard of any State or Territory, 5 shots each at 200, 300 and 500yds.

No. 9. Minneapolis Match.—Individual, 7 shots each at 200, 300 and 500yds.

No. 10. Stillwater Match.—Individual, 10 shots each at 200, 300 and 500yds.

No. 11. Fergus Falls Match.—Individual, 10 shots at two distances; targets, position and distances designated at time of opening of this match.

Sept. 6.—No. 12. Washburn Match.—Teams of 12 men each from any State or Territory in the United States, 10 shots each at 200 and 500yds.

No. 13. St. Paul Match.—Individual, 10 shots each at 200, 300 and 500yds.

No. 14. Revolver Match.—Individual, 10 shots on Standard American target, 50yds., open to all comers, pistols or revolvers of 4in barrels or over, and .38cal. and over.

Address, Major C. M. Skinner, Minneapolis.

FINE SCHUETZEN WORK.—The shooting during the two days' festival of the German-American Shooting Society at Union Hill, N. J., last week was something remarkable. In a contest for sixteen gold medals, single tickets to count, three shots per ticket, the lowest winning score was 70 points in a possible 75, a large number of 69's and 68's being dropped. On the ring target there were three 72's, two 71's, five 69's, five 68's and three 67's, the fortieth winning score being 60. On the honor target two 71's, one 70, one 68 and one 67 were put up. The principal prizes were won by L. Flach, M. Dorrler, G. Walther, G. Zimmerman, J. A. Boyken and C. G. and B. Zettler.

BOSTON, Aug. 17.—The fine weather to-day attracted many shooters to the Massachusetts Rifle Association range, and while some complained of the light and wind, the veterans and some of the younger shots did some good shooting. Several members of the Boston Press Rifle Association were present, and one of their cracks put up a fine score of 84 decimal count, which was a good 49 Creedmoore count, ending with six bullseyes. J. R. Munroe won the medal in the 20-shot rest match. The champion off-hand match was not shot. Below are the scores for the day:

Twenty-Shot Rest Match.

J R Munroe	12	11	10	11	12	11	12	11	10	10	
	12	11	9	12	12	10	10	11	12	9	—218
J Francis	8	10	12	9	11	9	11	11	12	12	
	12	12	11	10	12	10	10	12	10	10	—214
J N Eames	10	8	12	12	11	11	11	10	10	10	
	11	10	12	11	10	10	10	10	12	8	—209
S Wilder	11	9	11	11	9	12	12	12	11	9	
	8	12	9	9	11	10	10	8	11	11	—206
J N Frye	9	12	9	10	11	9	9	10	10	10	
	11	12	12	10	9	12	10	8	9	8	—200
W P Thompson	10	11	6	8	8	9	9	9	10	11	
	12	9	8	12	8	12	9	10	11	12	—194
B G Barker	9	9	7	9	8	10	8	9	10	12	
	7	9	9	8	9	9	10	8	12	9	—181

All-Comers' Rest Match.

J R Munroe	12	11	11	12	9	12	11	10	10	12	—110
J N Frye	11	11	11	9	11	12	12	10	10	9	—106
W Washburn	9	12	10	12	11	12	8	10	12	9	—106
R M Wakefield	12	11	11	9	9	8	12	12	12	11	—105
J N Eames	9	10	9	10	11	10	11	11	11	10	—102
S Wilder	12	8	9	10	10	8	12	12	9	11	—101
W P Thompson	10	10	8	12	11	9	9	12	9	10	—100
S W Winn	8	10	11	10	8	9	7	12	12	10	— 97
P B Hunt	10	8	9	10	12	8	10	10	9	10	— 95
W E James	6	10	10	12	11	10	9	9	8	9	— 94
E R Drake	8	9	8	10	10	12	8	9	12	9	— 92
A W Stearns	8	7	10	11	9	9	7	12	11	8	— 92
M A Morris	6	9	12	9	7	8	8	8	8	8	— 83
T H Hall	9	7	6	8	8	7	9	10	11	8	— 83
G S Hubbard	5	6	7	9	6	6	7	11	11	12	— 80
A M Day	8	8	11	6	11	7	6	6	8	7	— 77

Victory Medal Match.

A Law	5	10	6	10	7	10	7	6	9	8—78
S O Mervale	7	7	7	6	10	9	9	9	9	7—79
W M Day	5	8	8	10	7	10	6	7	5	7—73
C B Jackson	5	9	7	6	7	6	9	10	5	9—73
A O Ball	6	5	7	7	7	5	8	10	5	7—67
C E Henry	4	8	4	9	6	8	10	5	5	7—66
L Albert	6	6	8	7	9	5	6	7	3	5—61

All-comers' Decimal Off-hand Match.

F Daniels	10	7	8	10	9	7	8	7	5	9—80
A Keach	3	7	7	6	8	8	7	6	10	10—72
D Q Forest	8	4	7	8	8	6	4	9	8	9—71
S O Merville	8	6	8	5	7	5	9	6	6	9—69
M Bean	9	6	7	8	6	6	8	5	6	8—69
C B Jackson	7	5	8	5	6	6	5	8	9	7—66
E R Drake	6	7	5	8	3	8	3	8	3	10—60
C B James	5	5	5	6	7	6	6	6	8	5—59
W A Morris	4	5	5	8	3	2	8	3	7	5—50

Military Match, Off-hand, 200yds.

C E Wiggins	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4—40
W C Evans	4	3	4	4	4	3	3	4	4	4—38
D J McGilvray	4	4	3	5	4	4	4	4	2	4—38
E W Chase	3	3	4	4	4	3	4	3	4	5—37
W F Burk	3	4	4	2	4	3	5	4	5	3—36
G H Wright	4	2	2	4	4	3	4	4	3	5—35

Military Match, 500yds.

J V Huntley	3	5	4	5	4	3	4	2	5	4—39
J F Hanson	4	4	4	0	3	2	5	5	4	5—36

WILMINGTON, Del., Aug. 12.—To-day was the most perfect day for outdoor sports since last fall. The clear atmosphere and the cool, bracing northwest wind combined to tempt all lovers of open-air pastimes to their various fields, but especially strong to the Healdmoor rifle range. There was a fair attendance and local marksmen enjoyed a full and active afternoon of sport. The shooting embraced nearly every variety, and the scores were generally good. One day last week E. J. Darlington shot a 100-shot revolver match for record, and tied his brother's fine 10-shot record of last March, and then beat it one point by making two fine runs of 90 and 91. The score is a fine piece of work and is admired by all who know what marksmanship means. It fully heads the general scores, which are as follows, standard American target, off-hand:

100-Shot Revolver Match, 50yds.

E J Darlington (S. & W. 32-44)	7	8	8	10	8	8	8	5	5	9—76
	10	10	7	5	9	7	9	8	10	8—83
	9	8	8	6	9	9	8	9	9	6—79
	10	10	9	8	9	9	10	7	7	6—85
	8	10	5	7	8	10	9	7	6	8—78
	9	10	7	9	8	9	8	10	11	10—90
	10	6	7	10	10	8	9	9	5	4—78
	9	7	6	8	9	10	7	5	5	6—72
	10	10	10	8	10	9	10	9	8	7—91
	9	9	10	7	9	7	10	9	9	9—88—820

Pistol Match, 50yds.

E J Darlington	10	10	9	7	9	10	7	10	9	9—90
E Darlington	7	6	9	10	7	8	8	9	9	9—82
J Evans	5	10	8	7	8	7	8	9	8	7—78
C Heinel, Sr	9	10	10	9	5	4	6	9	7	7—77
C Schmid	10	8	8	4	10	6	4	6	5	7—68
H Johnson	7	5	8	10	8	4	4	5	3	2—59

Telegraph Team Match, 100yds., Reduced Target.

E J Darlington	4	8	8	6	8	7	10	5	8	10—74
	5	6	10	7	8	6	10	4	9	6—71
	7	8	4	5	6	10	8	5	5	6—64
	6	7	10	7	6	4	5	8	8	9—70
	8	6	10	4	4	8	8	8	7	8—71—350
W S Darlington	7	4	7	9	8	4	9	4	6	7—65
	6	8	8	6	7	8	9	7	7	5—71
	7	7	3	10	5	6	8	7	6	10—69
	10	4	9	3	6	10	3	6	6	5—67
	8	6	8	8	7	3	6	4	8	5—62—334—684
H M Thomas	4	9	8	6	4	3	9	4	6	8—61
	8	9	5	6	9	8	4	7	7	6—69
	5	9	8	7	7	8	9	7	6	6—72
	6	6	7	7	4	8	8	6	7	4—63
	6	7	9	7	8	10	5	9	8	5—74—339
S H Thomas	4	9	6	10	6	9	5	6	8	6—69
	8	7	6	10	5	9	7	6	7	7—70
	10	6	6	6	6	8	3	7	4	7—63
	7	6	7	5	4	9	7	9	5	6—65
	6	4	3	8	10	7	9	9	8	8—71—338—677

Record Match, 200yds.

E J Darlington	5	6	9	8	7	8	10	6	6	10—74
C Heinel, Sr	5	10	7	10	7	7	7	8	6	8—75
H Simpson (mil)	6	6	5	7	5	4	6	10	6	7—62
C Fehrenbach	8	9	2	9	4	9	4	5	8	9—62
H A Padb'rg (mil)	4	6	6	3	5	7	8	5	5	5—55
A Heinel	8	5	5	9	2	2	3	7	7	3—51
W C Atwell (mil)	6	2	4	3	2	1	5	5	8	8—42
Ames	0	6	0	7	3	3	5	3	3	7—37

Military Match, 200yds., Creedmoor Target.

Sergt H Simpson	4544444444—41	Corp S Phillips	2444444452—38
Pvt H Johnson	3434454424—40	Pvt W Atwell	4843324454—36
Pvt H A Padberg	4443454444—40		

CREEDMOOR, New York, Aug 19.—The marksman's badge and sharpshooters' matches of the N. R. A., shot at Creedmoor on Saturday, Aug. 17, were favored with good weather, and the attendance was very large. The conditions were good, with a light 10 o'clock wind, which at times was rather gusty and tricky, but the scores were very good. Following were the winners of the match:

Cash Winners.

	200yds.	500yds.	Total.
J F Klein, 17th Sep Co	22	25	47
Geo Shorkley, N R A	21	25	46
C H Gans, 3d Brig Staff	22	24	46
C F Robbins, Staff S N Y	23	23	46
W L Frost, Co C, 12th Regt	20	25	45
T G Austin, Co G, 13th Regt	22	23	45
J A Frothingham, 2d Brig Staff	20	24	44

Medal Winners.

W A Stokes, Co I, 23d Regt	22	24	46
F Stuart, N C S. 69th Regt	22	23	45
A L Ely, Co G, 7th Regt	21	22	43

J. Manz, Jr., Ass't Sec'y N. R. A.

SMOKELESS POWDER.—The new powder came in for a showy test recently at the sham fight given at Spandau before the German and Austrian Emperors. The battle took place on the heights south of Spandau. One division of ten battalions used the new smokeless powder, while their opponents used the old style powder. The contrast between the effects of the two explosives was striking, the troops using the old powder being completely enveloped in smoke.

NATIONAL RIFLE CLUB.—To complete the record we here give the scores made at the last meet of the National Rifle Club, at Vernon, Vt. Standard weight of rifles, 20lbs. as fired; all over must give ½in. per pound; under 20lbs. will receive ½in. per pound on each string of 10 shots. Match to be 5 strings of 10 shots each. Any style rest allowed that does not confine rifle or add weight to it. Sights, any. Time rules. String measure. Distance, 40 rods. The contestant in each string making longest string to drop out of the match. Lowe was testing some U. S. bullets. Brockway, shooting a rifle of his own make, scored the shortest aggregate string in the history of the club, then sold his rifle to Stephenson. Hayes shot his rifle without cleaning from beginning to end. Smith has never yet missed a shoot. All used muzzleloaders, 40 rods, rest. String measurement in inches:

	Weight. Lbs.	Allowance.	1	2	3	4	5	Total.
R C Cressy	19	2/16	19 8/16	15 2/16	14 6/16	19 6/16	16 2/16	
E B Stephenson	19	2/16	21 7/16	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
R F Bingham	17	1/16	20 2/16	15 2/16	12 8/16	8 2/16	.....	.....
L Park	20	....	15 8/16	.....	12 4/16	11 3/16	.....	.....
Chas Henry	20	....	20 7/16	14 6/16	20 8/16	14 3/16	.....	.....
D A Brown	18	4/16	15 2/16	14 10/16	11 8/16	11 8/16	9 12/16	63
N W Smith	15	10/16	18 7/16	21 13/16	.....	.....	.....	.....
N S Brockway	18	4/16	10 12/16	8 8/16	8	8 7/16	9 6/16	45 13/16
Wm V Lowe	20	....	19 14/16	.....	10 6/16	17 3/16	14 13/16	.....
Wm Hayes	17	6/16	16 7/16	10 2/16	11	8 2/16	10 2/16	55 13/16

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 15.—One of the greatest prize shooting festivals ever held on the Pacific coast will take place at Harbor View Park on the 25th and 26th inst., under the auspices of the California Schuetzen Club. Delegations of marksmen will come from Marin, Sonoma, Alameda and Santa Cruz counties. The St. Helena Rifle Club will send a contingent of its best riflemen. The California is the crack club of the coast, and includes among its members some of the best shots in the United States. The shooting will begin at 8 o'clock in the morning and closes at 6:30 o'clock in the afternoon, with an intermission from 12 to 1 for dinner. The shooting will be off-hand, 200yds. distance, all rifles not over .45cal. and not more than 70grs. of powder, and all sights except telescope, and any pull of trigger will be allowed. A 12in. black, divided into three parts, will be used as a point target, on which will also be counted the best centers. Forty prizes, ranging from $40 to $1, will be given to the marksmen shooting closest to the center of the target. Twenty-five prizes, from $40 to $1, will also be given to competitors making the mosts points during the day. Probably the keenest competition will be manifested among the marksmen participating in the King shooting. Each person entering will be allowed 200 shots, and the marksman making the goeatest number of points will receive a diamond medal, besides a handsome money consideration, and be crowned Shooting King. All persons making 400 points will receive a diploma as master marksman. A special prize of $2 50 will be given for the first and last bullseye in the forenoon and afternoon. The target representing the upper part of a man will also be used. These targets are 30in. nigh and 20in. broad at the bottom, divided into perpendicular lines, counting from the middle. Forty prizes, amounting to $250, will be distributed on this target. In order that absolute security may be insured and the guests of the club witness the proceedings with safety, the grand stand over the shooting room has been made bullet-proof by placing 10in. of sand between the spectators and marksmen. The stand was tested one day last week by Philo Jacoby, who placed the muzzle of a .45-70 Winchester—one of the largest rifles used—within 10ft. of the stand and the bullet was found to have penetrated but 7in., and was then perfectly flattened.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

Secretaries of clubs and managers of tournaments are requested to keep us advised of the dates of their shoots, so that we may give due notice in our column of fixtures.

FIXTURES.

Aug. 20, 21, 22, 23.—Second annual tournament of the Keystone Manufacturing Co., of Corry, Pa. Traps will be pulled by a new electric apparatus.

Aug. 22.—Amateur tournament, at Keystone target, Peekskill, N. Y. W. H. Pierce, Secretary.

Sept. 3, 4, 5.—Annual Tournament of the Rocky Mountain Trap Shooters, Denver, Colo., Broadway Athletic Park. Inanimate and live targets. Address C. M. Hampson, Denver.

Sept. 10, 11, 12.—St. Paul, Minn., Gun Club Tournament, at Hamilton. F. D. Ponsonby, Secretary, St. Paul.

Sept. 17, 18, 19, 20.—Central Illinois Sportsmen's Association's eleventh annual tournament, Jerseyville, Ill.

Sept. 24, 25, 26 and 27.—Fifth Annual Tournament given by Al. Bandle, at Cincinnati; $1,000 guaranteed.

Sept. 24, 25, 26, 27.—New Jersey State Sportsman's Association for the Protection of Fish and Game Annual Tournament, on grounds of the Jersey City Heights Gun Club, at Marion, N. J. W. F. Quimby, 291 Broadway, N. Y.

Oct. 8, 9, 10, 11.—Middlesex Gun Club Tournament, Dunellen, N. J. W. F. Force, Secretary, Plainfield, N. J.

Oct. 8, 9, 10, 11.—Fred A. Fodde's Second Annual Amateur Tournament, at St. Louis, Mo. Inanimate targets and live birds.

Oct. 15, 16, 17, 18.—Tournament at live birds and inanimate targets. J. F. Kleinz, Secretary, 600 South Delaware avenue, Philadelphia.

Oct. 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25.—Second Tournament of the Mercer Gun Club, at Trenton, N. J. E. G. Updegrove, President.

AMERICAN SHOOTING ASSOCIATION.

THE second tournament of the Association was held at Beacon Park, Boston, on the 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th inst. Many shooters from out of town arrived on Tuesday night, and the corridors of the Quincy House, which was headquarters, swarmed with familiar faces. President Dimick and Manager Taylor were on hand to welcome the arrivals, and the prospects for a good time and a large attendance seemed favorable. The attendance, however, did not come up to expectations. The vicinity of Boston is one of the best, if not the best, trap-shooting sections of the country, and it was expected that the clans would turn out in great numbers. Just why they did not is unknown, but it seems that the generous purses offered by the Association and the classification system should have induced many more amateurs to attend. The C class matches were none of them largely filled, and many of the guaranteed events fell short in entries. The first business of Tuesday was a tally-ho ride tendered by President Dimick to the directors of the Association and the representatives of the sportsmen's journals. Mr. Dimick's plan was to give the visitors an idea of the beauty of Boston's suburbs, and in this he succeeded. The route was to the Chestnut Hill Reservoir through Brookline, and it was thoroughly enjoyed by the fortunate participants. The coach arrived at the grounds about 10 o'clock, at which time the traps were in operation.

A new arrangement of traps, with the special view of accommodating a large number of contestants, had been devised by Major Taylor. Six sets of five traps each were placed in a half circle, and midway between them and a little behind the scoring stands, was the Association tent. In this Major Tayl r had his headquarters and there the press and all who would were regaled with lemonade made with the Major's own hands and served from an enormous silver punch bowl won by him years ago by his skill at the traps in Kentucky. Under the Association's system of supplying the press with scores in full, there remained not much work for the scribes to do. The force of assistants was rather young and more work devolved on the Major than is usual. With six sets of traps in constant operation and the Keystone rules prevailing, the programme was promptly run through. The fusilade of guns was unceasing, except from 1 to 2 o'clock, when dinner was served in a mammoth tent, and such a dinner as it was—a rarity on a shooting ground and equal to that served in any first-class hotel. The caterer was J. A. Dill, Melrose, Mass., and he certainly deserved better patronage than by reason of the weather was accorded him.

On Tuesday morning the air was heavy with humidity and promises of coming rain, which were realized by several hard showers during the day. But it was on Wednesday that the clouds opened and poured forth a perfect deluge of moisture. This commenced long before any one was up, and on discussion the day's programme was postponed, and a notice given to that effect. Some of the shooters would not be denied, however, and about twenty-five started for the grounds determined to burn some power at all hazards. The day was spent in shooting extra sweepstakes, many of which were shot while the rain fell in torrents, but no official scores were kept. These were the most enthusiastic ones, and in truth, the most careless of their comfort and health as well, for the grounds were in a decidedly mushy condition. Beacon Park is situated right on the Charles River, and is partly composed of marshy land, where, it is said, snipe and bay birds are plentiful. In fact, some who went out in the rain were favored with a shot at live targets. Five grass birds flew over the traps and were all bagged, three by Mr. Law and two by Mr. Manchester.

Those who remained at the hotel passed the time between anathematizing the weather clerk and talking shoot. The talk was accompanied with pantomimic action, and in little groups all around the office and billiard rooms one could see an umbrella drawn quickly to the shoulder and sighted. The ruling passion was shoot, and it seemed the aim of all to come as near the actual firing of a gun as possible. As is usual match talk was the outcome of some of the discussions and one race was made between Belle O. Heikes, of Dayton, O., and Al. Spangler, of Syracuse, against E. Gillette, of Boston, and Dan Lefever, of Syracuse. The conditions were 50 single birds per man, for $10 a side and the supper. As 2 o'clock arrived the imprisoned ones became very restive and unable longer to stand the confinement, it was proposed to go out and shoot this race at once, so rubber coats were donned and away they went. The match resulted in a tie on 86; this when shot off at 10 birds each gave the victory to Heikes and Spangler. Gillette shot three different guns during the race and this no doubt contributed to his defeat.

Match race between Heikes and Spangler against Lefever and Gillette, at 50 birds each for $10 a side and the supper.

Heikes	11111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—47
Spangler	11011111111101101111101111010111001111001110111—46—86
Lefever	11111111111111111111111111101110111111111111111—48
Gillette	11111111111101111011010110011011011111011111—38—86

Ties at 10 birds each:

Heikes	1111111111—10
Spangler	1011011111— 8—18
Lefever	1111101111— 9
Gillette	1011111111— 8—17

Dick Schaefer started on the warpath and wanted to shoot a match with any one on the grounds. J. E. Pumphrey, of Columbus, O., accommodated him "just once" at 50 Peorias. Dick won with a score of 46 to 42. Later in the week they shot two more matches, one of which Schaefer won and Pumphrey the other. Dick shot a strange gun, which pounded his shoulder and drew blood, but when not occupied in coaxing entries and running sweeps he was sure to be found shooting a match with some one, and it is but fair to say that in the most of them he was victorious.

Thursday was also a dismal day, but the tally-ho carried its load of guns, ammunition and live freight to the traps at about 9:30, and Wednesday's regular programme was put through. The great team race, West vs. East, was to be shot, but as Bandle, Budd and Stice, of the Western team, were absent, this was postponed until Friday, when two teams fairly approaching each other in skill could be picked. In place of it Friday's match No. 8 for teams of four men from any one club was substituted. There was much interest displayed in this match, which ended in a victory for the Onondaga Sportsmen's Association team of Syracuse. The Onondagas seem to be dangerous opponents in team races, as they usually get there.

Canada sent two representatives in the persons of Messrs. E. Octave and J. R. Meadowcroft, of the Dominion Gun Club, of Montreal, to see how Boston ran a great shoot. They seemed as indifferent to weather conditions as the average American shooter, and in spite of the rain on Thursday they were present, and evinced much interest in all that occurred. During the day Mr. W. Wolstencroft, the crack North End Gun Club, Phila., shot, gave an exhibition of the rapidity with which a Winchester repeating shotgun can be worked. Four birds were sprung simultaneously, and in as many seconds nothing remained of them but a shower of broken clay. An unfortunate accident happened to Mr. H. A. Penrose, of the Keystone Target Co. While adjusting one of his traps it was sprung by a trapper, and the arm struck his knee-pan with great force, making a nasty cut. It was soon dressed, however, and Pen. limped around smiling for the balance of the day. It is to be hoped that all the soreness will have disappeared before the Keystone tournament, at which Pen. is a very pressing necessity.

All the target companies were represented; Paul North, of the Bluerock Co.; C. C. Hebbard and Rolla O. Heikes, of the Standard; W. H. Cruttenden, of Kingbird; D. Kirkwood, for the Peorias. Many other celebrities were present, among them S. A. Tucker, with his new Parker; Harvey McMurchy, of L. C. Smith fame; W. Fred Quimby, the only "Fred;" Lieut. Albee, who works a Winchester like a charm; Ed. Taylor, of Cincinnati, who talks Laflin & Rand powder to every one; M. F. Lindsley, whose main hold is wood powder, and many others. The only directors of the Association present besides Mr. Dimick were Chas. Tatham, of Tatham's Shot Works, and Geo. T. Harding, of the Leroy Shot Co.

In consequence of Wednesday's postponement it was necessary to continue the tournament on Friday, and on that day the most perfect weather prevailed. The sun shone brightly, and just enough air was stirring to rob its rays of too great warmth. The little encampment of tents, with streamers flying, and the bright colored scorers' stands presented a very pleasing sight as the coach drove on the grounds. Its fine weather came a little too late in the week to be of much benefit to the Association, as many had left for home, having made arrangements to remain only three days. The small number present meant a loss to the Association on the guaranteed events, but they were all shot in regular order. As the scores show, some of the contestants were very fortunate in falling into positions alone, where good returns resulted. Two teams were made up to shoot the team race of five, and instead of its being the East against the West, it really was the East against the whole country. A strong team, consisting of Perry, Dickey, Wheeler, Swift and Smith, was picked to represent the East, and pitted against them were McMurchy, Heikes, Whitney, Miller and W. Wolstencroft. The latter was a combination of all hard to beat, and all opinions pointed to an easy victory for them. The match was by no means a walk-over, however, and the Eastern team did themselves great credit in the face of such decided opinion, being beaten by 7 birds only, after an exciting race in which the scores were close all through. When this event was settled, there remained little of the programme to finish, and this was quickly attended to. Once more the tally-ho was in demand, and soon those who for four days had faced each other at the traps were speeding in many directions toward their homes.

Socially the second tournament of the American Shooting Association was a grand success, and if it falls a trifle short financially it is to be attributed to the weather, which without doubt kept many intending participants away. The most perfect harmony prevailed during the entire shoot, no kicks were made, and no objections to the classifications, in which no changes were made. The scores in full are given below:

Tuesday, Aug. 15.

Match No. 1, Class A, open to all, 20 Peorias, entrance $3:

Miller	11111011111111111111—19
Wheeler	11111101011111111111—19
Taylor	11101000101111101101—13
Eager	11101111011111110.0—16
Heikes	11111111101111111111—19
E Collins	11101011103 11011111—15
Dickey	11111111111111111111—20
E T Smith	11111111111111111110—19
Tee Kay	11111111011111110011—17
Gilman	01110111111111111110—16
Allen	11111111111111111111—20
Perry	11111111101111111111—19
Beaudry	11111010101111111110—18
Pumphr'y	11111111111111111111—20
Mosher	11101111111111100111—17
Whitney	11111111111111111111—20
North	10110111111111111111—18

Schaefer	11111111111111111111—20
Law	11101111111111111111—19
Smith	01111111111111111111—19
Fielding	11111111101101011101—16
Chapin	01111111101111111101—17
Hughes	11111111001111101111—17
Clark	11111101011111111111—18
Bates	11111111111111111111—20
Knowles	11101111001010111111—15
Bowdish	10110111101111111111—17
Atwell	11000111111111111011—16
Baxter	11010110101111110111—16
Russell	11111111111111111110—19
Quimby	10111111111111111011—18
Allen	11011011100011111110—14
Yerrington	11101111111111111111—19
Smith	11111111111111111111—20
North	11110101011111111111—18
Lindsley	11111111111111111111—20
Albee	11111101111101111001—16
J Wolstencroft	11101111111111111110—18
W Wolstencroft	11111111111111111111—20
Clagett	11101101101111101110—14
Lee	10111101111111111101—17

Match No. 2, Class B and C, 20 standards, entrance $3:

Colony	11100001110011111—14
Gore	11111010101111111—18
Dean	11101111111111101111—18
Allen	11011011100011111110—14
Law	11101111111111111111—19
Smith	01111111111111111111—19
Fielding	11111111101101011101—16
Chapin	01111111101111111101—17
Hughes	11111111001111101111—17
Clark	11111101011111111111—18
Bates	11111111111111111111—20
Knowles	11101111001010111111—15
Bowdish	10110111101111111111—17
Atwell	11000111111111111011—16
Baxter	11010110101111110111—16
Russell	11111111111111111110—19
Quimby	10111111111111111011—18
Yerrington	11101111111111111111—19
Smith	11111111111111111111—20
North	11110101011111111111—18
Lindsley	11111111111111111111—20
Albee	11111101111101111001—16
J Wolstencroft	11101111111111111110—18
W Wolstencroft	11111111111111111111—20
Clagett	11101101101111101110—14
Lee	10111101111111111101—17

Tinker....1111111111101110101—17
Gould ..1111111111111111111—20
Gerrish..1111110111101010111—16
Barrett..0010000101010111111—11
Saunders.1111111101101110111—17
Bond.....1111101111111111001—18
Burbridge0011111111111001101—17
Roxton...1111111111111111111—19
B audry..1111111111111111111—19
Tee Kay..1110001111111101111—16
Sampson.1111111110111111011—18
Taylor...0011101111110111110—15
Manley...1111111111111111111—19
Willey....1111111111111111011—18
Davis.....1100011110111101110—14
Gilman...1111110111011111107—17
Mosher...1111011110111101111 17
Sanborn..1111111111100011001—14
Bowker...0111110111011111111—17
E Collins.1111111111111111111—20
Pumphry.1100111011110011111—15
Widgeon..1111111011111111111—17
Litch ...1111111111111001110 –16
Houghton0111111111111111011—18
Nichols..1111101111011011111—17
Warren...1111111111111111111—20
Swift.....1111111111111101111—19
Dan.....1011010101010101010—12

First, $49.50, won by Bates, Gould, Yerrington, E. Collins, Warren. Second, $37.40, won by Law, Smith, Beaudry, Manley, Russell, Lindsley, W. Wolstencroft, Swift. Third, $24.80, won by Dean, Bond, North, J. Wolstencroft. Fourth, $12.40, won by Chapin, Mosher, Bowker.

Match No. 3, Class C, 20 singles, entrance $3:

Alexand'r1111111101111001011—16
Sturber...0116011111111001010I—13
Weber....0110101111111111111—17
Holmar...1111111010111010010—15
Folsom....1111111111101010010—15
Makoffey.0000101011011001100—10
Chapin....1111101111111111111—19
Woodruff.1011111000100111111—14
Hammond1110110111111111101—17
Bartlett ..0100011111111111101—15
Whitney...1111111111111111111—20
Choate....0000010101011001111—12
Wheeler..0111111111111111111—19
Miller....1111111010111111111—18
Lindsley..1101110111010111101—15
J Wolsten-
croft....0111110111111101011—16
Stark.....0111010111011111111—17
Dickey....1110111111111111111—18
Davis.....0100111011011011011—13
Knowles..1111010111111111110—18
Bates.....0011600111010111001—13
Beaudry..1110111111111101110—16
Carlands.0010101111111111116—16
Tinker....1111111111111111111—20
Smith ....1111111111111111111—19
Bowdish..1011111101111101107—17
R C Perry1111111111111101110—18
Pumphrey1011010001111111116—16

First, $60, won by Heikes, Miller and Wheeler; second, $45, won by Penrose, Yerrington, Smith, Wolstencroft, McMurchy, Whitney and Tinker; third, $20, won by Beaudry and W. E. Perry; fourth, $15, won by Lefever.

Match No. 6, Class B, open to Class C, 20 singles, guaranteed purse $150, entrance $5:

Roxton...1111111111111111111—20
W Wolst-
encroft.1011111111111011111—18
J Wolst-
encroft.1111100001111001111—15
Fielding..0101111101111111110—16
Law ... ..1111111111111111111—20
Barrett...1110001101011111111—15
Lindsley..1111101111111111110—18
Gerrish...0011010101010000111—11
HSTaylor1110101000111110001—13
Albee.....0101010111111111111—17
E T Smith1101111111111111111—19
Warren...0111111111111110010—16
Hughes...1011110101111111111—17
Beaudry..1111111111111111111—20
Tinker....0111111101111111111—18
Litch.....1110110111111111011—17
Bates.....1111111111011011111—18
Knowles..1111111111111111111—20
Davis.....1111111111000111011—17
Russell...1111111111111111111—20
Dean.....1111101101111111111—18
Clark.....0111101111100111111—17
Atwell....1100001010111000111—12

Gore.....1111111111011111111—19
Quimby...1111101111111010111—17
Gilman...1001100110110010111—12
Swift.....1110111011111111111—18
Colony....1111110101010111111—16
Collins...1111111111101111111—19
Allen.....1111111111111111111—20
North.....1111111110111111011—18
Tee Kay..1111111101101011111—18
Dan.....1111111101111011111—18
Bond.....1111111111010101101—16
Perry't'n01111101111101110001—15
Manly ...0110011111111111111—17
Pumphr'y1101111111111111111—20
Bowdish..1111011111111111111—19
Strong ...0011110111111011111—16
Sampson..1110111011111110100—15
Mosher....1111111111111111110—19
Bowker...1111111111111111111—20
Chapin....1111111111111111111—20
WSPerry.1111001011110011111—15
Elmar....1010000100011011001— 8
Mosher...0001100011111101111—13

First, $60, won by Roxton, Beaudry, Knowles, Russell, Allen, Boker and Chapin; second, $45, won by E. T. Smith, Gore, Collins, Pumphrey, Bowdish and Mosher; third, $30, won by W. Wolstencroft, Lindsley, Tinker, Bates, Swift, North, Tee Kay and Dan; fourth, $15, won by Hughs, Litch, Davis, Clark, Quimby and Gould.

Match No. 7, Class C, 20 single Ligowskys, $150 guaranteed, entrance $5:

Elmer....1100011111011011111—15
Short.....1111101101111111017—17
Folsom ....1100110111010011111—14
Weber.....1111111011111101111—18
Mahaffey..1111110011111111111—19
Houghton..1101010101000111101—13
Nichols...1011101111111111010—16
Hill.....1110111111111111111—19
Cady .....1101101011111111111—19
Chapin....1101101111111011111—17
Beaudry..1110101000111001111—13
Baxter....1111100001011111110—16
Woodruff..1101111101101011111—16

Hammond.1111111111011111119—19
Braley....0111111001110011111—15
Atwell....1101111101101111017—17
Wilkinson.1111101111011010101—15
Rowe.....0111101111111110011—15
Davis.....1100000110110010101—11
Hall.....1101001010111111001—13
Blake.....1111111111111010017—17
Ward.....0011100001011110000— 8
White.....1111111111111111111—20
Dill.....1000001010110010110—10
Tyler.....1011111111111111118—18

First money, $60, Hammond; second, $45, Weber and Tyler; third, $30, Short, Chapin, Blake and Braley; fourth, $15, Nichols and Woodruff.

Match No. 8, 2-man team match, 20 single Peoria targets per man, open to any two men from one club, $100 guaranteed, entrance $5:

Massachusetts Rifle Association.

Dickey.....1111111111010111111—19
Perry.....1111111111101111111—19—38

Jamaica Plains Gun Club.

Roxton.....1111111111111111111—20
Chapin.....1101011101100111101—14—34

Marlboro Gun Club.

Eager.....1111001111101010111—16
Wheeler...1111111111111111111—19—35

Worcester Gun Club.

Russell.....1111111111111111111—20
Dean.....1111111110111111101—18—38

Union Gun Club, Springfield Gun Club.

E D Miller.....1111111111111111111—20
W Wolstencroft.....1111011111101111110—17—37

Dunbarton Gun Club.

Stack.....1111111101010111111—17
W S Perry.....0011111111101111111—17—34

Wellington Gun Club.

Choate.....0111111160111111111—17
Beaudry...1111101100111011111—16—33

Lowell Gun Club.

Kuowles.....1011111101101111111—17
Bates.....1111101100111011111—16—33

Hartford Gun Club.

Willey.....1110111101110111111—17
Manley.....0111111111111101111—18—35

Wellington Gun Club.

Sanborn.....0111111111111101111—18
Litch .....1011101111010011111—15—33

Onondaga Gun Club.

McMurchy.....0111111100101111111—16
Spangler.....1100011111111011011—15—31

Onondaga Gun Club.

Mosher.....1111110111111111111—19
Lefever.....0110111111111110111—17—36

East End Gun Club, Cincinnati, O.

Heikes.....1111111111111111111—19
Taylor.....1011110111111011011—16 35

Elm City Gun Club.

Gould.....1101010001111101101—13
Yerrington.....1011110111111101110—16—29

Worcester Gun Club.

Bowdish.....0111111111111111111—19
Houghton.....1111111101111011111—18—37

Worcester Gun Club.

Gilman.....1000010111110100101O—11
Smith .....1111111111111111111—20—31

Wellington Gun Club.

Snow.....1111100111111111110—17
Dan .....1111111111100111 —18—35

Wellington Gun Club.

Law.....1111001111111110111—17
Warren .....1011111111111111001—16—33

Falmouth Gun Club.

Swift.....1111111111101111119—19
Lee.....1111111101101111111—18—37

North End Club, Frankfort, Pa.

J Wolstencroft.....0110111111101111101—16
Penrose.....1111110111111111111—19—35

East End Gun Club, Cleveland, O.

Wightman.....0110101111011101111—15
North.....1111111110011111017—17—32

Walnut Hill Gun Club.

Folsom.....0111111000111001191—13
Clark.....1111111101111101101—17—30

Worcester Gun Club.

Sampson.....1011010100101001111—12
Bowker.....1101111111101111111—18—30

First, $40, won by Dickey and Perry, and Russell and Dean; second, $30, won by E. D. Miller and Wolstencroft, Bowdish and Houghton and Swift and Lee; third, $20, won by Mosher and Lefever; fourth, $10, won by Willey and Manley.

Match No. 9, free for all, 10 pairs Keystones, entrance $3:

Heikes.....11 11 11 11 11 01 01 10 11 11—17
Lindsley.....11 00 11 11 01 11 01 11 10 01—14
Quimby.....11 00 01 11 00 11 11 11 01 01—13
Choate.....01 11 11 11 01 11 01 01 01 11—15
W S Perry.....00 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 01 01—16
Dickey.....01 11 11 11 10 11 00 01 11 11—15
Wheeler.....11 01 11 11 01 01 01 11 01 11—15
Eager.....00 01 11 00 11 11 00 01 11 11—12
Whitney.....10 11 11 11 11 11 11 01 11 11—18
Stark.....10 10 01 00 00 11 00 0w.
Taylor.....00 10 11 10 11 01 11 01 11 11—14
Gould.....11 11 01 11 01 10 01 11 10 01—14
Miller.....11 01 00 11 11 01 10 01 11 11—16
Smith.....11 01 11 01 10 01 01 01 01 11—13
McMurchy.....10 10 01 01 11 10 01 01 10 11—12
Bates.....11 11 11 11 01 01 01 11 11 11—17
Knowles.....11 11 01 11 10 01 10 10 10 10—13
W Wolstencroft.....01 01 11 11 11 11 01 11 11 11—17
Beaudry.....11 11 01 11 11 11 01 11 00 11—16
Franklin.....10 11 11 11 00 10 00 01 00 10—11
Tinker.....10 10 01 10 00 00w.

First, $20.30, won by Whitney; second, $15.20, won by Heikes, Bates and Wolstencroft; third, $10.15, won by Perry, Miller and Beaudry; fourth, $5.07, won by Dickey and Wheeler.

Match No. 10, Class B and C, 10 singles and 5 pairs Standards, entrance $3:

Burbridge ... .0111011010 11 11 11 10 00—13
Fielding .....1110111111 10 11 10 10 11—16
Beaudry .....1110111111 10 11 10 10 10—15
Knowles .....1111111111 10 10 10 11 00—15
Franklin.....0001101111 10 11 00 11 10—12
Barrett.....0010110111 11 01 00 11 10—12
Bates .....1100111111 10 01 00 10 11—13
N Wolstencroft.....1111111111 11 11 00 00 11—16
Colony .....1100101001 10 10 11 11 10—12
Smith .....1011111101 01 10 11 10 10—15
Willey .....1110111112 11 11 11 10 11—18
Russell .....1111111111 10 11 10 11 01—17
Warren .....1111111111 10 11 11 10 11—18
Quimby .....1111110111 11 00 10 10 10—14
Shaugler.....1001011111 11 10 01 10 11—14
Davis .....0110010101 11 11 11 11 00—13
Law.....1110101111 10 10 10 11 10—14
Strong .....1111111110 11 10 10 11 16—16
LaFever .....1111101111 11 11 11 11 10—18
Tyler.....0100010111 10 11 01 10 11—12
E Collins.....1111111111 11 11 11 11 11—18
Bowd sh.....1001010111 11 10 10 11 11—14
Houghton.....1001100001 11 10 01 10 10—13
Lindsley.....1111111111 01 10 10 10 10—15
Roxton.....1111111111 01 11 10 10 11—17
Perry, N S.....1111111111 11 11 11 11 11—20
Gore.....0111111111 11 11 01 10 11—17
J Wolstencroft .....1101111111 11 01 11 11 11—18
Pomphrey .....1111111111 11 11 00 10 11—17
Litch.....1110111110 10 10 11 11 11—16
Dan .....1111111001 11 10 10 10 00—14
Manly .....1111111001 10 11 10 11 11—17
J H Hill.....1101111111 11 11 10 11 10—17
Chapin.....1011111111 11 11 11 11 11—18
Swift.....1101111111 11 10 11 11 11—18
Gould.....1111111111 10 10 01 11 11—17

First, $34.56, won by W. S. Perry; second, by Willey, Warren, Lefever, J. Wolstencroft, Collins, Chapin, Swift; third, $17.28, Roxton, Gore, Manly, Gould; fourth, $8.64, Litch, Fielding Beaudry, W. Wolstencroft, Strong.

Match No. 11, Class C, 20 single Ligowskys, entrance $3:

Alexand'r0111101101111111110—16
Weber....1111111111011011111—18
Elmer....1101011111110011111—16
Davis.....1111011111100100011—12
Manches'r1111011101001011110—14
Mahaffey.1001111101111111111—17
Nichols...1111111111111111011—19
Folsom....1111101011111111111—18
Atwell....1111111101101001110—15
Ward.....1101101011110001101—13
Waite .....1111111100111111101—17
Woodruff.1111011001111111110—15
First, $23.04, won by Hammond; second, $17.28, won by Nichols and Houghton; third, $11.52, won by Folsom and Weber; fourth, $5.76, won by Holman, White and Mahaffey.

Holman ..0011111101111111111—17
Bartlett..0110010111011011111—14
Chapin....1010121111101101017—15
Hammond1111111111111111111—20
Frenc'....1110111111110011110—16
Nye.....0110111011110111111—15
Widgeon..1111111111101111000—16
Baxter ....1111011010111000110—14
Houghton 1111111111111111011—19
Terry. ..0101111001001001110—11
Hall.....0001111011111011111—16
Bartlett..1101110011111111111—19

Extra, No. 1, Class B and C, 20 single bluerocks. Entrance $3:

Roxton....1111011111001111111—17
Dean.....1011011101011111110—15
Gore.....1111111111101011101—17
Yerri'gt'o1111111111111110111— 19
Franklin.1001111111001111110—15
Beaudry..1111111011011111111—18
Wigham'n1011111110100111010—13
Dan.....1101111110111111111—18
W Wolstencroft..1111111111111111111—20
Law.....1111111100110111111—17
Strong....1111111111111111001—19
Chapin....1111110111111111111—19
Knowles..1111011011101101111—16
Swift.....1101111111111111111—19
Warren...1111111111011111118—18
First, $28.80, W. Wolstencroft; second, $21.60, Bowker; third, $14.40, Beaudry, Dan, Warren, Russell, Willey and Lee; fourth, $7.20, Roxton and Bates.

Russell...1111011111011111118—18
Burbridge0011000111111111111—18
North ....1111111101111111111—19
Willey....0111111111011111111—18
Tucker....1111011101111011111—17
Lee.....1111111011111111110—18
Bowdish..1111101111111111111—19
Bowker...1111110111111111111 - 19
Houghton0001010000111011100—10
Clark.....1101011110110111116—16
Baxter....1111111111011101011—17
Pumphr'y1111111111111111001—19
Collins...0101011111111111117—17
Barnett ..0111100111110011111 –15
J Wolstencroft....1110111101110011101—15

Extra No. 2, Class C, 10 singles, entrance $1:

Weber.....1111111110—9
Stuber.....1101011001—6
Alexander.....1010011100—6
C H Manchester ....1110001111—7
Woodruff.....1111111100—8
Hall .....1111111101—9
A T .....1111111011—9
Holmes.....0111111110—8
Geo Elmer.....1110111101—8
H Bartlett.....1011111011—8
Ward.....1000100111 – 5
Hammond.....1011111119—9
Mahaffey.....0110001100—4
P D White.....1110110111—8

Short .....1101011110—7
French .....1111111101—9
Folsom.....1110111111—9
Cady.....0100101111—6
J H Davis.....1101011111—8
Hill.....1110101111—8
N Bartlett.....1111110111—9
Widgeon.....1101111010—7
Baxter.....1111100110—7
Nichols.....1110111111—9
Atwell.....0111111111—9
D H Terry.....1111111110—9
G H Rowe.....1111010101—7

First, $6.61, won by Folsom and N. Bartlett; second, $5.88, won by Woodruff, Houghton, Elmer, H. Bartlett, White, Davis and Hill; third, $3.11, won by G. H. Rowe: 4th, $1 96, won by Alexander, Stuber and Cady.

Extra No. 3, Class C, 10 singles, entrance $1:

Folsom.....1110111100— 7
G H Rowe.....1111101100— 7
Widgeon.....1110011111— 8
N Bartlett.....0101011111— 7
Stuber.....1010101101— 6
Nichols.....1011111011— 8
H Bartlett.....1011111111— 9
Woodruff.....0111110110— 7
Baxter.....0111001110— 6
French.....1111111111—10
Cady.....1111101011— 8

Manchester .....0010011001— 4
Ward.....1010111101— 7
J H Davis .....1111111111—10
P D White.....1111111111—10
Chapin .....1111011111— 9
Mahaffey.....0111000111— 6
Fielding.....1011110111— 8
T A Hall.....1011101111— 8
J H Hill.....1101111110— 8
Hammond.....1110011101— 7

First, $5.88, won by Davis, French and White; second, $4.41, won by Chapin and H. Bartlett; third, $2.94, won by Widgeon, Nichols Hall and Hill; fourth, 57 cents, won by Hammond and N. Bartlett.

Thursday, Aug. 15.

Match No. 1, open to all, 20 single bluerocks, entrance $3:

Heikes ...1111111111011111101—18
E Taylor..1111111111111111111—20
Miller....1111111111111111110—19
Collins...1110111111111111111—19
W Wolstcroft....1110111111111111111—19
Lindsley..1111111111101111101—18
Yerri'gt'n0101111111101111101—16
Bowker...1111111101111111111—19
Preston...1110111001101111110—16
Perry.....1001110111101011111—15
Eager.....1111011111111111111—19
Manley....0110111111011111111—17
Choate....0100011010110111110—13
Whitney..1111111110111101111—18
M'Murchy1111111111111111111—20
Sterry ....0011111111111111111—18
North.....1111111111111111111—20
Mosher ...1111101011111101101—16

Wheeler..1111111111111111101—19
Beaudry..1111111011111011111—18
Bowdish..1111111111111111111—20
Dickey....1111111111111111111—20
J Wolstencroft..1111111011111111111—19
Houghton 0110010010011101011—11
Gould.....1111110111111111110—18
Sanborn..1101000100011001100— 8
Davis .....1111111111111111111—20
Preston...1111011001101111110—16
Perry'y01110111111101111111—17
Lefever...1111101111111110111—18
Cady.....1111111111111111111—19
Tee Kay ..0011111011111111111—18
Warner...1101111111111111111—19
First, $34.55, won by E. Taylor, McMurchy, North, Bowdish and Dickey; second, $25.90, won by E. D. Miller, W. Wolstencroft, Warren and Swift; third, $17.30, won by Lindsley, Whitney, Lefever, Gould and Beaudry; third, $8.65, won by Manley and Mosher.

Match No. 2, Class B and C, 20 single Ligowsky targets, entrance $3:

Albee.....0011111101111011111—16
Law.....1011111101111111010I—16
Chapin....1111101101111111111—18
Roxton....1111111101010111111—17
Swift.....1111111111110101011—17
Allen.....1111111101101101111—17
Cowee.....1100011000111011111—13
Plummer..0011111011110111111—15
Post.....1101111111111111111—19
Bates.....1101101011111111101—16
Yerring-
ton.....0111111111101101111—17
Connor....1111111011 01101111—16
Manley....1111010111011111117—17
Lindsley..1111111111111111010—18
Hughes...0011110111101111011—15
Wilbur....1111101111011111111—18
Barrett...1101100111111111111—17
Wood.....1111011111010111101—16
Tucker....1110111111111111111—19
Clark.....1101111111111111111—18
Clagett...0011000110011111113—13
North.....1111111111111111101—19
Bowdish..1111101101111111111—18
Houghton1111100111111111100—16

Sterry....1111111111011111101—18
Webb.....0110101111101101111—15
Dodge....1111111111111111111—20
Davis.....1111010111111001111—16
Beaudry..1111111111111111111—20
Tee Kay ..1111111111111111111—19
Ham'ond..1101010011101110111—14
Saunders.1111011111111110110—17
Baldwin..1111010000101111010—12
Pumphry.1111101111011011101—17
Cady.....1111000101101101101—13
Mosher...1011111110101101111—16
Fielding..1011110101101111111—16
Collins....1111111111111000 1—16
Hubbard..1011011101111101001—14
Wolstencroft..1110111111111111111—19
Russell ..1101111111111011110—17
Gore.....1111111011111111111—19
Warren...1111011111111111111—19
Lang.....1111101101110111117
Bond.....1110001011111010 w.
Gould.....1110111111111111101—18
Shaw.....1111111111001111101—17

First, $47.04, won by Dodge and Beaudry. Second, $35.28, won by Post, North, Tee Kay, Wolstencroft, Gore and Warren. Third, $23.52, won by Chapin, Wilbur and Clark. Fourth, $11.76, won by Yerrington, Bartlett and Swift.

Match No. 3, Class C, 20 single Peorias, entrance $3:

Weber....1111101011010110101—15
Baldwin..1011011111111110110—16
Dunbam..1011011111111010101—16
Hall.....1111101011111110110—16
Fielding..1111111101001011—15
Nichols...1011111011111101011—16
Hammond01010100000100111100—10
Perry.....0110100000100111100— 9
Shaw.....1011111101011111111—16
Woodruff.1111111101101111111—18
Hubbard..1111111100101011111—16
Wilbur....0111110111111111111—17
Wood.....1110111111101111111—18
Mahaffey.1000101001011011110—12
Cady.....1111011101010101101—15
Steuber...0001001010110000001I— 7
Chapin....1111111011111111111—19
Boothby..0111101110011101111—15
Jones.....1001010100000010010— 8
Ingersoll..1100001010011010011—11
Baxter.....1111111001001111111—16
Whittlesy 1111100111111111110—17
Webster..1011011100111111111—16
Tatbam...1110101011110100111—14
Short.....1101011011110001011—15
Langdon..0101001010000101000— 7
Alexander1011111111100111100—15
Spangler..1111111101111111111—19
First, $26.88, won by Spangler and Chapin; second, $20.16, won by Shaw, Woodruff and Wood. Third, $13.44, won by Weber, Wilber and Whittlesy. Fourth, $6 72, won by Hubbard and Nichols.

Match No. 4, Class A, open to all, 10 singles and 5 pairs standards, entrance $3:

Wheeler.....1111111111 11 11 11 11 11—20
McMurchy.....1111111111 11 11 11 10 11—19
Albec.....1111111111 11 10 11 11 10—18
Perry.....1011111111 10 11 11 11 11—18
Eager.....1101111111 10 11 11 11 10—18
Dickey.....1101111011 11 10 11 00 10 14
Bates.....1011111111 11 10 10 11 01—15
Miller.....1111111111 11 10 11 11 10—18
Sterry.....1111011110 10 10 00 11 11—14
Beaudry.....1101011111 11 11 11 11 11—18
Bowdish.....1111111101 00 10 11 10 00—13
Houghton.....1100111101 10 10 00 11 11—13
W Wolstencroft.....1111111111 11 10 10 10 11—17
Gould.....1011111110 11 01 11 10 01—15
J Wolstencroft.....1111111111 11 10 11 11 11—19
Choate.....1111111001 11 00 11 10 01—14
Warren.....1101111011 11 10 11 11 11—17
Whitney.....1111111111 10 01 11 01 10—16
Heikes.....1110111111 11 11 11 11 11—20
Rockworth.....1010110100 10 10 10 10 11—11
Hubbard.....1110111111 11 00 10 11 11—16
Mosher.....1111011111 11 11 11 11 01—18
Lefever.....1111111111 11 01 11 11 11—18
Perry.....0111111111 11 10 11 11 11—18
Swift.....1111111111 11 11 11 11 11—20
Hughes.....0001111111 01 00 11 11 00—12
Law.....1111011111 11 11 01 11 01—17
Plummer.....1010001111 11 10 11 11 11—14

First, $27.85, won by Wheeler, Whitney and Smith; second, $23.85, won by McMurchy and J. Wolstencroft; third, $11.88, won by Miller and Beaudry; fourth, $6.10, won by W. Wolstencroft.

Match No. 5, class A, 20 single standard targets, $150 guaranteed, entrance $5:

Taylor.....1111111111111111111—20
Beaudry..1111111110101101111—17
M'Murchy1111101100111111111—17
Heikes.....1111111111111111111—20
Wheeler..1111111111111111111—20
Whitney..1111111111111111101—19
Russell..1111011111010111111—17
Lindsley..1111111111111101111—19
Miller ....1111111111111111111—20
W Wolstencroft..1011111111111111111—19
Dickey....1101111111111111111—19
Norths....1111101111111101111—18
Choate....1100100101011001111—16
J Wolstencroft.....1111111111011011111—17
First, $60, won by Taylor, Heikes, Wheeler and Miller; second, $45, Whitney, Lindsley, W. Wolstencroft, Swift, Lefever; third, $30, Dickey, North, Sterry, Yerrington, Nichols, W. E. Perry; fourth, $30, Beaudry, McMurchy, Russell, J. Wolstencroft, Litch.

Match No. 6, Class B, open to Class C, 20 single Ligowsky targets, $150 guaranteed, entrance $5:

Dodge.....1111111111111111111—20
Allen.....1111111111111111111—20
Whitem'n1111111011111111111—18
Beaudry..1111111111111101111—18
Melcher..1011010010100000010— 8
Post.....1111011111111111000—16
Tucker....1111111011100111111—17
Lindsley..1101111111111111111—19
Y'ringt'n1111111111111111111—20
Sterry....1101111111111101111—18
Plummer..1101101011111111111—17
Sterry....1101111111111111111—19
Hussey....0111111101111111116—16
North.....1111111011111111111—19
Lefever...1110111110111011111—17
Hubbard..1110101101111011111—16

Bates.....1111111111111011111—19
Gould ....1010111111111011101—16
Fielding..1111111011111111110—18
Perry.....1110101111111101110—15
Bond.....1011111011111010101—15
Rock'w'th0110001110001101011—12
Pumphr'y1111111111011011111—18
W Wolstencroft.....1111111111111111111—19
Mosher....0111111111111111111—19
Homer ...0011100111101001C01—10
Bowdish..1110111111111111111—19
Russell...1111111111111111111—20
Woodruff 1111010111111111111—18
Shaw.....1111111111010111111—18
Chapin....1110000111111111010—15

Stone.....1111111111010001110—14 Tee Kay..0010111111100111111—15
Roxton.....111.0.01111111111110—17 Barrett...0111111111111100111—17
J Wolsten- Gore.....1101111111111111111—19
croft. ..0'1111111101111111111—18 Warren .0110'111111101111111—17
Law .....01111111111111111010—17 Swift.....1111111111111010111—18
Nichols..11101011111111101010—15 Knowles.0000111100111011111101—12

First, $60, won by Dodge, Allen, Yerrington and Russell; second, $45, won by Lindsley, North, Bates, Mosher, Bowdish and Gore; third, $30, won by J. Wolstencroft and Woodruff; fourth, $15, won by Lefever, Roxton, Law, Barrett and Warren.

Match No. 7, Class C only, 20 single Keystones, $150 guaranteed; entrance $5.

Chapin....01111101110111010110—15 Baxter....10101101100010000001— 9
Tatham ...00101101001110111100—11 Cowie...10111111111'1039'111—17
H Weber.11101111011101111101—17 Short.....01161010100101010'11—12
J Davis...11111011100111111111—17 Wood.....11101111010111011110—15
Spangler..01111111110111110111—17 Hall ... .'1001111001101110001—12
Whittlesy 00101111111111111011 1—16 Hammo'd.'10 0100'111000111100—13
Ho'ght'n..11101111001101101010—14 Jones. ...11111111101010101017—17
Shaw .....11011111111111010—17 Connor....00111111111101011—16
Woodruff.11111011011 1011111—17 Terry .....10111100001001011—12
Fielding..0100011111111110101—14 Dill.....11111000101101010111—14
Cady.....01'10111000111111115—15 Baldwin..11110110111111111111—18
Ingersoll..1001010111110010011—12 Newton...01100010'10'0101011011—11
Boothby...10111100111111010117—17 Homer....10111011111100111101—15
Webster..11601010100001111101—11 Alex'nd'r.11'1111111111111110—18
Hubbard..11111110 10011101'110—15 Bradstr't.1'0001110'1'00100'00—10
Nichols...01100101111010100011—11 Widgeon...1110.0111101110000—13
Mahaffey.0000110010011000010— 6

First, $60, won by Alexander and Baldwin; second, $45, won by Weber, Davis, Spangler, Shaw, Woodruff, Cowie; third, $30, won by Whittlesy, Boothby, Connor; fourth, $15, won by Chapin, Woods, Homer, Hubbard, Cady.

Match No. 8, substituted in place of team match East vs. West, 25 single Keystone targets per man, teams of four men from one club, $100 guaranteed, entrance $5:

Union Gun Club of Springfield, N. J.

E D Miller.....1111100111010111111111—21
A Wolstencroft.....1110111111111111010111—22
Collins 1111111111111111101111 23
Lindsley.....1111111111111111111111—23—89

Mass. Rifle Association No. 1.

H N Eager.....1110'1111111111011101—21
W E Perry.....01 1111111110010111111—20
Wheeler.....1111111111111111111—24
Dickey.....1111111101111111111111—23—88

Jamaica Plains Gun Club.

Roxton.....1111111111011111100111—22
Barrett.....1111111111111111111110—22
Shaw.....1001100 1111111111111111—21
Chapin.....1111111111111011111111—23—88

Wellington Gun Club No. 1.

Gore.....0111111101111010101111—20
Warren .....1111111111111111111111—24
F Swift.....1101110111111111111111—22
Law.....1011110111111111111111—22—88

Worcester Gun Club.

Russell.....1110011101111111101010—19
Bowdish .....111'1111101111011111111 22
Beaudry.....10'0010101111111111111110—19
N S Perry.....0001011010111110000101—16—76

Onondaga Sportsmen's Association, Syracuse, N. Y.

Lefever.....1111111111101111111111—24
Spangler.....0111111101011111111111 22
Mosher.....1111111111011010101111—21
McMurchy.....1110111111111111111101—23—90

Wellington Gun Club No. 2.

Baxter .....1000011001111111011010—16
Litch .....111111 1101000111010—19
Webster.....10101100111'0 0011110000—14
Lang .....1010101.01101110.1011111—18—67

New Haven Gun Club, Conn.

Gould.....1111101111111111111111—23
Clark.....1111101011100111010111—19
Saunders.....1111101111011111111011 22
Hubbard.....1010111111111111111101—21—85

Mass. Rifle Association No. 2.

Bowker.....1110111101111110C101110—19
Sawyer.....1111110101111111010'000—18
Nichols .....1111111101101011100111—20
Bates.....1101111101011011111111—21—78

First, $50, won by Onondaga Sportsmen's Association of Syracuse; second, $30, won by Union Gun Club; third, $20 shot off and divided by Massachusetts Rifle Asso iation team No. 1 and Wellington Gun Club team No. 1.

Match No. 9, Class A, open to all, 20 single bluerocks, entrance $3:

M'Murchy1111011101111111110 1—17 Lefever...1111111111111111111 20
Heikes. ..1110111111111111111—19 N S Perry 1101110101111111110—16
Taylor. ...1111011110111111110—17 Law.....1111111111111111011—19
Dickey....1111011101111111110—18 Swift.....1111111111111111111—20
Whitney ..1111111111111111117—20 Warren ..1111111111111111101—18
W Wolst- Bowdish..111.1010101111011111—16
encroft..1101111111111111011—18 Sterry....10 1111111111111101—18
Hughes...1101100001100110010—10 Connor...1111001111011111110—17
Pumphr'y 1111111111111111111—20 Wheeler .1110'00 1110111011111—16
Bates.....1101111011101010111—15 Feaudry..1111111101111101111—18
Miller.....1101111111111111111—19 Webster..1101111010100100'101—13
Perry. ...0111101510111011111—15 Roxton...1011101111011110001—14
Yerri'gt'n 1111101111111111011—19 Bond .....1101111111111110100—16
Lindsley..0111111111111011111—18 Lang. ....0111111111101011101—16
Eager.....1111111111111111111—19 Cowle.....1110011101111111111—17
Choate....0110011111111111111—17 Barret ...1111.1 1111111111111—20
Bowker...1101111111111111 1—19 Tatham....1111011011100001111—14
North.....1111111111111111110—19 Gillette...10 1110111000.1111111—17
J Wolsten- Tucker...1111100111101111111—17
croft....1111111011111111111—19 Chapin....1101101111101101111—16
Starls...1110111111011111011—17 Litch. ...1111111101101171001—16
Mosher...1011101111111111111—18 Clark .....1101'110/1113110011—15
Davis.....0111111111111111000—16 Russell...1110111110011103000 —17
Gould. ...111110.1110111111111—18 Gore.....1111101111111111110—12

First, $45.10, Whitney, Pumphry, Lefever, Swift and Barrett; second, $33.85, Heikes, Miller, Eager, Bowker, North, J. Wolstencroft and Beaudry; third, $22.55, Dickey, Wolstencroft, Lindsley, Mosher, Gould, Warren, Sterry and Beaudry; fourth, $11.30, McMurchy, C. Taylor, Tucker and Gore.

Match No. 10, Class B and C, 20 single Ligowsky targets, entrance $3:

Roxton....1111111111111111111—20 Shaw .....1111111110011111111—18
Lindsley..1111111111111101111—19 Barret'...1'1'111111 101001000'1—14
Russell...1111101111111101111—18 Tea Kay...1110011111111111111—19
Law.....1111111110101101111—17 Fielding..1011101101111111001—16
Allen.....1010011111101111111—16 Dodge....1101111101011111111—18
Swift.....1111111111111111111—20 Gould ...1111101111111111111—19
Sterry ...1111111011111111'111—19 W Wolst-
Sanborn..11 10100111101111111—'6 encroft..1111111011111111111—19
Tucker ...1110101101101101010—14 J Wolsten-
Bond.....1011101101101111111—17 croft.....1111111111111001111—18
Rockw'th.1111101101111111111—18 Gore.....1011101011110111111—16
Quimby...0111111111111110111—18 Mosher....1101110100110011111—14
Warren...1110111111111111111—19 Snow .....1100111111111111101—17
Lane .....1111010111111111110—17 Saunders..1111111111111111'111—20
Plummer..1111111111111111111—20 Stone.....1111010110'10'0010—13
Collins...1111101 1110111111111—18 W Davis...1111111111111 111'1—20
Pumphrey0110.01110100130w. Beaudry..1101111111111101111—17
Manly...1011111111111111111—19 Nichols...1101111111111101101—17
Hughes...1110110011010111111—15 Johnson..1110111111111110 010—16
Chapin....0.1001110111111111111—16 Gille te...1101010100011103100—10
Melche ...0111101010111101101—14 Bowdish..1111100111111111111—18
Woodw't 1111111101 0111111101—17 Post.....1111111111111111111—20

First, $40.32, Roxton, Swift, Plummer, Saunders, W. T. Davis, Post; second, $30.24, Lindsley, Sterry, Warren, Manly, Gould, W. Wolstencroft; third, $19.20, Dodge, Collins, J. Wolstencroft, Bowdish, Shaw; fourth, $9.59, Lang, Woodworth, Snow.

Match No. 11, Class C, 20 single Keystones, entrance $3:

H Webber.1110111111110110101—16 Nichols...1110111111111110111—18
Laugdon..1100101011001000w011—10 Ingersoll..0101100001111101011—12
Whittles'.0101111111110101111100—14 Chapin....1111111110001100111—15
Woodruff.1011111111111111101—18 Dill .....1111111010001001111—11
Shaw.....0110111111001100100—12 Hammond1101111110101111111—17
Mahaffey.1100001100111010011—11 Tyler .....1111101111101111010—15
Elmer.....0101011000111001111—12 Towne....1011011111010101110—14

First, $16.80, Nichols and Woodruff; second, $10.08, Hammond; third, $6.72, H. W. Webber.

Extra No. 1, open to B and C, on 10 single kingbird targets, entrance $1:

Law.....10010101111— 6 Lang.....1110111111— 9
Dodge.....1111111111—10 Bond.....1111111111—10
Roxton.....1111111111—10 Hubbard.....1110101111— 9
Swift.....1111111111—10 Woodworth...1110111111— 9
Gould .....1111111111—10 J H Davis.....0.0101.01 0 — 5
Elmer.....1010111000— 6 Warren .....1111111111—10
Tee Kay .....1111111100— 8 Collins.....1100110111— 7
Clagett... .....1111111110— 9 Yerrington.....1111111011— 9
Barrett.....0111011111— 8 Plummer.....1011101111— 8
Lindsley.....1111011111— 9 Cowee.....1111011111— 9

Tucker.....1111111111—10 J Wolstencroft.....1111111111—10
Alexander.....1101011111— 8 Post .....1111111011— 9
Allen.....1111111111—10 Rockworth.....1101111111— 9
Fielding.....01'0011111— 7 W L Davis.....1111011111— 9
Houghton .. ....1010101111— 7 Connor.....0'1101'0'11— 6
Gore .....1110'1'101— 8 Short.....'111100'11— 8
Sanborn.....1111'0'11— 8 Beaudry .....1111'1'01— 9
Tatham.....0011110'11— 7 Wood.....1010011001— 6
Bartlett.....1111'1'011— 9 Wilbur.....111'0'0'11— 7
Webb. .....0'1110'11'1— 8 Jones .....1101011111— 8
Shaw.....1101111111— 9

First, $11.55, won by Roxton, Swift, Gould, Bond, Warren and J. Wolstencroft. Second 8.60, won by Lindsley, Lang, Post and W. L. Davis. Third, $5.75, won by Barrett, Webb, Alexander and Plummer. Third, $2.83, won by Wilber.

Extra No. 2, Class C, 10 single Peoria targets, entrance $1:

Nichols.....'111'111111—10 Steuber.....10100'0110— 5
Wood.....1101111011— 8 Cowie .....1101011111— 8
Wilber.....1011110101— 7 Connor .....1111111111—10
Webber .....1'0'1111'11— 9 Terry .....0001101110— 5
Langdon.....0011'0000— 4 Tatham.....1011111110— 8
Shaw.....1111111111—10 Dunham.....0101101111— 7
Woodruff.....1111'00101— 7 Webster.....1111110111— 9
H Bartlett.....1011111111— 9 Hubbard.....1110011111— 9
Mahaffey.....1101010110— 8 Widgeon .....1111111111—10
Baxter.....1110111101— 8 Chapin.....1'11111110—10
Whittlesey.....1101001010— 5 Boothby.....1110111110— 9
Hall .....1111110111— 9 Ingersoll.....0101'00001— 5
Alexander .....1101'101111— 8 Cady.....01'11'11'0— 8
Jones.....0000011111— 5 Houghton .....1101000101— 5
Baldwin.....0111011111— 8 Hammond.....1111111101— 9
Short.....1110'1011'1— 7 Atwood.....1011011011— 7

First, $8.93, won by Chapin, Widgeon, Nichols, Shaw, Connor; second, $6.72, Bartlett, Hubbard, Hall; third, $4.48, Alexander, Cady, Cowie; fourth, $2.24, Wilber.

Extra No. 3, Class C, 10 single Peorias, entrance $1:

Jones.....1110011110— 7 Webber .....1011001110— 6
Ingersoll.....1101011011— 7 Webster.....0111001011— 6
Wigeon .....1101111011— 8 Ames.....1111011101— 7
Fielding.....1101111011— 8 Short.....1111100111— 8
Wood.....1111101001— 7 Steuber .....1001111011— 7
Wilber .....0111100111— 7 Davis .....1111110111— 9
Shaw.....1111101111— 9 Newton .....0000'10111— 5
Chapin.....1111111111—10 Baxter.....1111001111— 7
Alexander.....0101001111— 6 French.....1111011101— 7
Bradstreet.....1110011110— 7 Baldwin.....1111011111— 9
Cady.....0110111111— 8 Whittlesy .....1101111111— 9
Mahaffey.....1110'00010— 5 Dill.....1110110111— 8
Hall .....1111111111—10 Rundill.....1111110101— 8
Bartlett .....1101111010— 7 Connor.....1111111011— 9
Woodruff.....1111111101— 9 Cowee.....1111011111— 9

First, $8.40, won by Chapin and Hall; second, $6.30, won by Whittlesy, Connor and Woodruff; third, $4.20, won by Dill and Fielding; fourth, $3.10, won by Bradstreet.

Friday, Aug. 16.

Match No. 1, Class A, open to all, 20 single Ligowsky targets, entrance $3:

M'Murchy1011111111011111111—18 Whitney .11111111111111111—20
North.....1111101111011111111—18 J Wolsten-
Heikes.....1111111111111111—20 croft. ..1111111111111111111—19
Fager .....1111100110111101011—16 Chapin...1110111011111101111—17
Miller.....1111110111111011111—18 Smith.....1111111111111111—19
W Wolst- Yerri'gt'n1111011111111111—19
encroft..1 0111111111111111—19 Mosher...1111111111011011—18
Wheeler..1111111110111011111—18 Pumphr'y1101111111101110111—17
Dean.....1111111110001111'10—16 Davis ....1111111110111011111—18
Dickey....1111'1101111111111—19 Russell...0111111111111111'0—18
Swift.....1111111111011111111—19 Barrett...1111101101011010101—14
Perry.....1111111111111111011—19 Tucker....1111010111010101011—15
Taylor....1010111101101111111—17 Sterry ...1111101111111111111—19

First, $25.05, won by Heikes and Whitney; second, $17.30, won by Fager, Swift, Sterry and W. Wolstencroft; third, $11.50 won by Wheeler, Miller, and W. L. Davis; fourth, $5.75, won by Taylor, Chapin and Pumphrey.

Match No. 2, Classes B and C, 20 single Keystones, entrance $3:

Russell...0111101111111011111—17 Gillette...withdrew.
Baldwin...1111110011111011010—15 Davis. ....1111010101111011100—14
Tee Kay..1001111010101010010—13 Collins ...1111110101111110 0—16
Roxton...1111111010101111111—17 Hughes...0011101'10101110 101—13
Mosher....1110100011111111011—16 W S Perry0 1010010101011111—13
Post.....0011001011001011100—10 Smith.....0111111111111101111—18
Gore.....1110111110001111100—14 Barrett...1111111011110111111—18
Tinsler...1111011010010111000—12 Warren...1101101111111111110—17
Shaw.....1101001111011000111—13 Beaudry..1111100011010w.
Yerri'gt'n1111611111111011111—17 Pumphry.1110111111111111111—19
Woodruff.0011111101101110—w. Wood .....1011111011110 01011—14
Tatham...1111011111111010000—13 Lefever...1011111001011111—16
W Wolsten- Whitem'n001110110111011—14
croft....1111111111111111111—20 Law.....01001001110,01001101—10
Dean.....0101111111011111111—17 J Wolsten-
Sterry ...1111110110101001111—14 croft. ..0111111111111101010—16
North ....1111111101011111110—15

First, $28.76, won by W. Wolstencroft; second, $22.32, won by Pumphry; third, $14.88, won by Smith and Barrett; fourth, $6.81, won by Roxton, Yerrington, Dean and Warren.

Match 3, Class C, 20 single standard targets, entrance $3:

Holman ...1110000011001100101111—11 Mahaffey.1110011111011111101—16
Woodruff 1101101111111111101101 -16 Hammo'd0101101111011111111—16
Alexand'r 1111111110101111101—17 Tatham...1111110101100101011—14
Webber...1011111111110 01111—17 W Jones..1011110111111001111—16
Nichols...1011111 1110'1101101—16 Jones...1011111111111111111—19
Wood.....1111111111011111111—19 Spangler .1111010111011111111—17
J H Davis0111111111111011110—16 Shaw.....1010111111011111111—17

First, $16.80, won by Wood and W. Jones; second, $10.08, Alexander, Webber, Spangler and Shaw; third, $6, Woodruff and Davis.

Match No. 4, Class A, 10 pairs kingbirds, entrance $3:

Miller.....11 11 10 10 10 11 10 10 11 10—14
Dickey .....00 11 10 11 10 11 11 11 01 11—15
W Wolstencroft.....11 11 00 11 10 11 01 11 11 11—16
Heisler.....01 11 10 11 11 10 01 11 10 11—15
Whitney .....10 11 11 01 11 11 11 01 11 11—17
Dean.....11 11 11 10 10 10 00 10 11 11—12
McMurchy.....11 10 10 10 11 10 11 10 11 11—16
Wheeler.....10 00 11 11 11 11 10 11 11 11—16
Leiever.....11 11 00 11 11 11 01 01 03 11—15
Tinsley .....10 11 10 11 11 00 00 10 11 00—11
Warren .....00 11 11 00 10 11 11 00 11 11—13
Smith .....10 11 10 11 11 10 11 11 10 11—16
Spangler.....10 11 11 10 10 10 10 10 10 01—12
J Wolstencroft .....10 10 00 00 01 11 00 01 11 01— 9
W S Perry.....11 11 11 11 11 11 10 11 11 11—19
Russell.....10 00 11 11 11 10 11 10 10 10—15
Pumphrey .....11 10 00 10 01 10 10 01 10 10—11
Edgar.....11 11 00 01 11 11 10 11 11 11—16
Baldwin.....11 11 10 11 10 10 01 10 10 11—14
Beaudry .....10 00 11 11 11 11 10 11 10 10—14
Mat Taylor.....11 11 00 00 11 11 11 11 10—14

First, $20.32, won by Perry; second, $75.21, Whitney; third, $10.16, W. Wolstencroft; fourth, $4.45, Dickey.

Match No. 5, Class A, 20 kingbirds guarantee $150, entrance $5:

MaiTaylor1111111111111111111—20 Lefever...1110111111011111111 18
Wheeler..1011111111111111111—19 Collins...1111101111111111011—18
Dickey ..1111101111111111111—19 Tinker...0111111111111011110—17
Miller.....1111111110111111111 -19 M'Murchy0111001111111111111—17
Heikes.....1011111111111111111—19 North ....1110110111110111111—17
Sterry... 0111111111111111111—19 Beaudry..1111111111001110111 17
Taylor.....11111 0111111111111—19 Russell..1010101111111111111—17
Perry. ....1111111111111111110—19 Smith.....1111101111111111301—16
Eager.....1011111011111111111—18 Law .....0111111101111011 011—16
Yerri'gt'n1 1110110 1111111111—18 Warren...1011010101101111111—15
Mosher....1111111101111111110—18 Chapin ...0110110111w.
Whitney .1111111101011111111—18

First, $60, won by Major Taylor, second, $45, won by E. Taylor; Wheeler, Dickey, Miller, Heikes, Sterry and Perry; third, $30, won by Eager, Yerrington, Mosher, Whitney, Lefever and Collins; fourth, $15, won by Tinker.

Match No. 6, Class B, open to C; 20 single Peoria targets, $150 guaranteed, entrance $5:

Davis. ...1111111111101111111—19 Yerri'gt'n.1111111111111011111—19
Russell....1111111111111111111—20 Gore .....1111011111 1111011111—17
Bowker...1111101111111111111—19 Mosher....1110111110101011111—16
Pumphr'y1111111011111001101—15 Sterry....1111100011110111110—15
Rorton...1111111011111011111—18 Davis .....00110 1111101111161—15
Barrett...1001111110101101111—13 Tucker....1011100110111111111—16
Tee Kay..1110101111111101001—15 Shaw.....110 0101111011111111—16
Allen.....1001111111111111111—18 Hughes...0111030110011011101—12
Law.....1111111111011111111—19 Spangler..1110011111011011101—16
Post.....1011111101111001101—15 Warren...1111111001111111111—18
Swift.....1110111111111111111—19 Woodruff 1101311110111011101—15
Dean.....1110101111101101111—17 Lefever...1111111111111111111—20
Nichols...1111111111111101101—17 Taylor...0111111110111111111—18
W Perry..1111111001011111110—15 Smith.....0111111011111111111—17
Beaudry..1110111011111111111—17 Chapin....1111111101101111110—17
North. ...1111101111111111111—19

First, $60, Lefever and Russell; second, $45, Davis, Swift, Bowker, Law, North and Yerrington; third, $30, Roxton, Allen, Warren and Taylor; fourth, $14 C ain.

Match No. 7, Class C, 20 single bluerocks, $150 guaranteed, entrance $5:

Tatham ...1010101110000101110—11 Shaw.....1011110111111111111—15
Mahaffey.1000111010100'101 11—14 W Jones..1111111111'001 111'1 18
Jones. ...1'0'0101111'1'1010'11—15 Alexander1111'1101111101111—18
Hamm'nd1111111101'0010001—14 Spangler..011'1'11.11111111111—19
Whittlesy1011111011'0111111—18 Cowee ...10100'1010000'1117'10 -11
Webber ..10'1110111'1101111111 -17 Wood.....1111111111111111'1—20
Woodruff.1101010101100'111—14 Hall .....1111110001'1110'10—15
D Brown..0010011101010000'101—10 Tyler.....0911111101011111110—15
Nichols...1'0'1111011111111101 -17

First, $75, won by Wood; second, $45, won by Spangler; third, $30, won by Whittlesy, Jones and Alexander.

Match No. 8, team match of 5 men each, 5 from the State of Massachusetts against a picked team from any locality, at 50 Ligowskys:

Western Team.

McMurchy.....1111111011111111111100111111111111111111—47
E D Miller.....1111111001111101111111111111111111111111110 -45
W Wolstencroft.1101111111111111111111111111111111111110—48
Whitney .....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111—48
Heikes.....1111111111111111111101111101111111111111—46

234

Eastern Team.

W E Perry.....1111111101111101111101111111111111111111—47
E T Smith.....1111111101011011111101111111001111111011111—42
Frank Swift .....1111101101101111011111101011111111111111—42
Wheeler .....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111—48
Dickey.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111110111—48

227

Extra No. 1, class A, on 10 single Ligowsky targets, entrance $1.50: Miller, W. Wolstencroft, Smith, Beaudry, Perry, Collins, Heikes and Whitney 10 each, Eager, Dickey, Lefever, Taylor, Swift and Dean 9 each, J. Wolstencroft, Sterry and Wheeler 8 each, Mahaffey and McMurchy 7 each, Gore 5. First, $9.00, won by Beaudry, Miller, W. Wolstencroft and Smith. S cond, $7.20, won by Taylor, Dickey, Eager and Lefever. Third, $4.80, won by J. Wolstencroft, Sterry and Wheeler. Fourth, $2.40, won by Mahaffey and McMurchy.

Extra No. 2, class B and C, 10 single Peorias, $1 entrance: Sterry 10, Gould 10, Yerrington 10, W. Wolstencroft 10, J. Wolstencroft 10, Roxton 10, F. Swift 10, Pumphrey 9, Bowker 9, Barrett 8, Tinker 8, Chapin 8, Bond 8, Jones 8, Collins 8, E. T. Smith 8, Russell 8, Allen 8, Tee Kay 8, Davis 7, Dean 7, Franklin 7, Hughes 6. Sterry, Gould, Yerrington, W. and J. Wolstencroft won first; Pumphrey and Bowker second; Barrett, Tinker and Chapin third; Davis and Dean fourth.

Extra No. 3, open to all, 20 single bluerocks, entrance $3: W. Wolstencroft 20, Yerrington 19, Strong 19, Chapin 19, Swift 19, Bowdish 19, Bowker 19, Marth 19, Pumphrey 19, Dan 18, Beaudry 18, Russell 18, Willey 18, Lee 18, Warren 18, Roxton17, Gore 17, Law 17, Tucker 17, Bates 17, Collins 17, Clark 16, Knowles 16, Dean 15, Franklin 15, Burbridge 15, Barrett 15, J. Wolstencroft 15, Wightman 13, Houghton 10. All ties divided.

FRANK MASON.

DAVENPORT, Iowa, Aug. 8.—The semi-annual tournament of the Forester Gun Club opened to-day. The weather was all that could be desired and the attendance of shooters was good. All shots were under Keystone rules.

Match No. 1, 10 Keystones, 5 ground traps, 4 prizes:

C W Budd.....1111111111—10 Golm .....1101111111— 9
H Schumacher.....1111111111—10 E Henry.....0110101011— 6
C E Cahoon.....1111111111—10 S W Howard.....1111111101— 9
E Stone .....0111111111— 9 G M Reader .....0111100111— 7
E Emerson.....0110011011— 6 G E Banigan.....1010111000— 5
A Long.....0011110101— 5 A B Still.....1111101101— 8
W S Tobie.....1000111101— 7 Bennewitz.....1001111101— 7
C E Strawn.....1111111110— 9 F O Davis.....0000110100— 3

Budd, Schumacher and Cahoon div. first money, $12.25; Stone, Strawn, Golm and Howard second, $9.20; Kemper and Still third, $6.10; and Reader and Bennewitz fourth, $3.05.

Match No. 2, 12 singles, 5 target traps, 4 prizes:

A Long .....1100110101111— 8 C W Budd.....111111111111—12
W S Tobie.....1111101111011—10 C E Strawn.....1111111111111—12
Kemper .....1011011100111— 8 C E Cahoon.....1111111111011—11
Golm .....1111111111100—10 F O Davis.....0101001001 01 - 5
Schumaker .....1111111001111—10 E Emerson.....1010 10110'0— 7
O B Still.....1011111101010— 9 Bennewitz.....0111101011111— 9
Stone.....1101001010000— 5 Reader.....1110000110000— 5

Budd and Strawn div. first, $14.75; Cahoon second, $11.10; W. S. Tobie, Golm and Shoemaker third, $7.40; Bennewitz and Still fourth, $3.70.

No. 3, 7 live birds, 3 prizes:

C W Budd.....1111111—7 Schumacher.....1101110—5
Strawn.....1000114—4 Henry.....001111—5
Still .....1111111—7 Davis.....1010001 3
Cahoon .....1111111—7 Bannigan.....0011111—5
E Stone .....1110111—6 Golm.....1111101—6
Sands.....1131110—5 Laflin.....1101111—6
Kemper.....1111101—6

Budd, Still and Cahoon divided first, $16.90; Laflin, Golm, Stone and Kemper second, $14.80. Shoot-off for third, $10.55: Schumacher 0, Sands 3, Davis and Bannigan 5 and div.

No. 4, 5 pair targets, 5 target traps, 4 prizes:

Budd.....10 11 11 10 11 8 Bennewitz.....00 10 11 10 10—5
Still.....11 10 11 11 11—9 E Emerson.....00 11 01 00 01—4
Cahoon.....00 10 10 10 10—4 Henry.....01 11 11 10 11—8
Marshall.....11 11 10 10 10—7 L Peterson .....00 00 10 10 10—3
Strawn.....10 11 11 11 11—9 Kemper.....01 11 10 00 10—5
Schumacher.....00 10 10 10 11—5 E Stone.....10 10 11 11 11—8
W Tobie.....10 10 11 10 11—7 J Howard .....11 11 10 10 00—6
Sands.....10 01 11 10 11—7 Robinson.....10 01 01 00 10—4
Golm .....10 10 10 11 10—6 R W Cool.....11 00 10 10 01—5
E L Tobie.....10 10 10 10 11—6

Still and Strawn divided first, $12.95; Budd, Henry and Stone second, $9.70; Marshall, Tobie and Sands third, $6.45; Tobie, Howard and Golm fourth, $3.20.

No. 5 15 single Keystones, 5 target traps, 5 prizes:

Marshall.....'0111111110'0—12 E L Tobie....1111110101010111—11
Still .....1111111111111—15 Kemper.....1010110111111111—12
Strawn .....1111111111111—15 W Golm. ....1011111111010—12
W S Tobie.....1 0111111111101—13 Stone.....0011100100000—6
Cahoon.....1111101111101—13 Laflin.....0011001000000111— 6
Budd .....1111101111111—14 Robinson. ...1000011 011111—10
Cody .....1011000101001000— 6 Davis .....1110111101111111— 11
Howard .....0001110111111—11 Henry .....0000001101010— 5

Still and Strawn divided first, $14.60; Budd second, $12.20; Tobie and Cahoon divided third; Marshall, Kemper and Golm fourth, $7.35; Howard, Tobie and Davis fifth, $4.90.

No. 6, 8 single live birds, 5 ground traps, 4 moneys:

C E Cahoon.....1111111—7 E L Tobie.....11011110—6
Budd.....1111111—8 Sands.....1111 010—6
Marshall.....1111111—8 Cool.....1111111—8
Howard .....1011111—7 Henry.....1011101—6
Howard .....1111111—8 Van Patten.....1110111—7
E Stone.....1111111—8 Golm .....01010111—5
Laflin.....11110117 Bannigan.....10101101—5
Kemper.....01110110—5 Davis .....1111101—7

Budd, Marshall and Stone tied again on 3 and div. first, $32; Laflin and Davis tied again on 3 and div. second, $24; Tobie, Sands and Henry third, $16; Kemper, Golm and Bannigan fourth, $8.

No. 7, 10 single Keystones, 5 target traps:

Strawn.....0111111010— 7 Scott .....1111111111—10
Budd.....1111111111—10 E Emerson.....10.0101001— 4
Marshall.....0011011111 — 7 F M Frazier.....1101001110— 6
Howard.....1101001101— 6 Cahoon.....1111111111—10
Kemper .....1111111111—10 Young .....1110111110— 8
E L Tobie.....1011111101— 9 Golm.....0111101111— 8
W S Tobie.....1011110101— 7 Still .....1111011101— 8
M Stevenson .....1011100100— 5

Budd, Kemper, Scott and Cahoon first, $10.20; E. L. Tobie second, $7.65; Young, Still and Golm third, $5.16; Strawn, Marshall and W. S. Tobie fourth, $2.55.

No. 8, 10 single Keystones, 5 ground traps, 4 moneys:

Budd .....1111101111— 9 Strawn.....1101111101— 8
Cahoon .....0011111111— 8 Bennewitz.....1111110000— 4
Young.....0111111111— 9 E Emerson.....0010101001— 4
F M Frazier.....0100001111— 5 Sands.....1111111110—10
W S Tobie.....1000110011— 5 W Stole.....0110100101— 5
Marshall.....1111111111—10 E L Tobie .....1101111111— 9
Kemper.....0111111111— 9 Robinson.....1000100100— 3
Banuigan.....1001111100— 7 Golm.....1111111111 10
Steavenson.....0010100001— 3 Scott.....0111111011— 8

Sands, Golm and Marshall first, $8.65; Budd, Young, Kemper and E. Tobie second, $6.50; Cahoon and Strawn third, $4.30; Bannigan and Bennewitz fourth, $2.15.

Aug. 8—The attendance to-day was just about the same as yesterday. No. 9, at 6 single Keystones, 5 target traps, 3 prizes:

Marshall	011110—4	W S Tobie	111111—6
Williams	111001—5	Budd	011111—5
E L Tobie	111012—5	Golm	001111—4
L P Scott	011111—5	F M Frazier	100101—3
Strawn	001011—3	O B Still	111111—6
Steveson	100101—3	J Hayward	111111—6
Cahoon	111111—6	Hanns	011101 –4

On shoot-off Cahoon first, $4.60; Budd second, $4; Marshall third, $2.90.

No 10, at 10 single Keystones, 5 target traps, 5 prizes:

Marshall	1111101101101011111—16
Budd	1111111111111111101—17
W Tobie	1111111100011111111—18
Strawn	1111111111111111111—19
Cahoon	0011111111111111—18
Wilson	1111101111101110001–15
Scott	1110111111111200111—17
E Tobie	1111111111010101111—17
Golm	1111010100110001111—13
Still	1011111111011110111—17
Davis	1011111010101100111—15

Budd and Strawn first, $22.75; W. Tobie and Cahoon second, 19; Scott, E. Tobie and Still third, $15.20; Marshall fourth, $11.85; Davis fifth, $7.60.

No. 11, 5 single live birds, 5 ground traps, 3 prizes:

Marshall	11111—5	Golm	11111—5
Williams	11110—4	Cool	11110—4
O B Still	11111—5	E L Tobie	10110—3
Stevenson	10100—2	Banigan	10111—4
Frazier	11110—4	Wilson	11111—5
Scott	11111—5	Henry	11110—4
Budd	11111—5	Strawn	01111—4
Cahoon	11111—5	Harms	11111—5
W S Tobie	11111—5	A D Booth	00001—1
Mullkin	10010—2	Davis	11111—5

Shoot-off, Marshall, Budd and Cahoon 3 each, took first, $18. Frazier, Ban gan and Strawn $15.75. E. L. Tobie got third $11.75.

No. 12, 10 single Keystones, 5 target traps, 4 prizes:

Budd	1111111111—10	L Mason	0100101110— 5
Cahoon	1011111111— 9	W S Tobie	1111111110— 9
Strawn	1111111100— 8	Stevenson	1111111110— 9
Marshall	1111111011— 9	Golm	1100111111— 9
Frazier	1001111111— 8	Still	1111011011— 8
E L Tobie	1101111111— 9	Robinson	0001011101— 5

Budd took first, $8.15. On shoot-off Cahoon second, $6.10. Strawn and Still divided $4 10. Golm took fourth, $2.05.

No. 13, 12 single live birds, 5 ground traps, Keystone rules, 4 prize:

Budd	111111001111—10	Tobie	111110110110 – 9
Cahoon	111110 0110— 9	Davis	111111111111—12
Williams	100011111110— 8	Strawn	011010111111— 9
Marshall	111011011110—10	Henry	111111011010— 9
Still	111111001110—10	Howard	111111010111—10
Cool	011011011011— 8	Golm	011001111111— 9
Van Patten	011010 10101— 6		

Davis first, $36 40; on shoot off Marshall with 7 second, $27.30; Henry with 3 third, $18; Williams and Cool divided fourth, $9.10.

No. 14, 10 single Keystones, 5 traps, 4 prizes:

Budd	1111111101— 9	Barnold	1011111010— 7
W S Tobie	1011111111— 9	Strawn	1111111111—10
Marshall	1111111110— 9	Fenell	1001110000— 4
Cahoon	1111101101— 8	Golm	0101111110— 7

Marshall and Strawn divide first, $5.45; Budd and W. S. Tobie second, $4 10; Cahoon third, $2.70; Golm fourth, $1.35.

In addition to the regular programme the following extras were shot, 6 live birds, 5 ground traps, Keystone rules, 3 prizes:

Stone	111101– 5	Van Patten	111001—4
Steavenson	011010 3	Cool	110111—5
Budd	111111—6	E L Tobie	101101—4
Marshall	111 11—6	Scott	100111—4
Laflin	111111—6	Henry	110110—4
Cahoon	101111 5	Kemper	111111—6
Still	111011—5	Golm	111010—4
Howard	111111—6		

Shoot off at 10 live birds: Howard missed his tenth; Budd, Marshall and Laflin killed straight and divided $21. Ties on 5 divided $18.40. Ties on 4 won by Scott and Henry with 3 each and divided $12.10.

Six singles and 2 pair Keystones, five traps, three prizes:

Budd	111111 11 11—10	Golm	101010 10 11— 5
W S Tobie	010111 11 11— 8	E L Tobie	111111 01 10—8
Laflin	100 00 10 11— 5	Stone	011111 10 11—8
Strawn	110101 00 — 4	Sands	011000 11 10—5
Marshall	101111 11 11— 9	Steavenson	011010 10 01—5
Cahoon	111111 10 11— 9	F M Frazier	111011 11 01—8

Budd took first, $6.10; Marshall and Cahoon second, $5.20; Young third, $3.80.

Ten single Keystones, five traps, three prizes:

W S Tobie	1011111111— 9	E L Tobie	0111111111—9
Stevenson	0011110111— 7	Scott	1101011011—7
Marshall	1101111111— 9	Golm	1111011110—8
Cahoon	1111111111—10	Budd	0111111111—9
Frazier	1111101111— 9	Still	1111011111—9
Strawn	1111111111—10	Davis	1111110101—8

First, $4.55, divided by Strawn and Cahoon; second, $4, divided by W. S. Tobie, F. M. Frazier, E. L. Tobie and Budd; third, $2.85, divided by Golm, Still and Davis.

Six live birds, 5 ground traps, 3 moneys:

Marshall	111111—6	Golm	011111—5
Still	011111—5	Wilson	001111—4
Scott	011110—4	Davis	110111—5
Budd	111111—6	Williams	011000—2
Cahoon	111111—6	Henry	001111—4
W S Tobie	100011—3	E L Tobie	111011—5

First money, $12, div. by Marshall, Budd and Cahoon; second, $10.50, div. by Still and E. L. Tooie; third, $7.50, div. by Howard and Henry.

Aug. 9. To day's programme was declared off on account of rain, and all shooters left for home. The club has recently had a new fence put up around the park, which is a great improvement, and now no club in the West has a finer park than the Foresters. Frank Taylor, the club caterer, served excellent dinners during the tournament. The tournament was conducted under the Keystone rules entirely. So many of the boys are such good shooters that few ties were shot off. This was the most successful midsummer shoot ever held by the club. W. M. PIERCE.

N. Y. SUBURBAN SHOOTING GROUNDS.—Claremont, N. J., Aug. 17.—Following are to-day's scores, ties div.:

Shoot for Lefever trophy:

Sigler	1111111111111111111111—25
Hathaway	0101100101101111111010—17
Jones	1111111111111101011111—23

Sweep No. 1, 50 cents entry, 1 money:

Sigler	1111111111—10	Pearson	1111101110— 8
Hathaway	1110111101— 8	Doran	1001000000— 2
Waite	0100011 1— 5	Nixon	0010001111— 5

No. 2, same:

Sigler	1111011111—9	Pearson	1010111111—8
Hathaway	0110001011—5	Doran	0001110100—4
Waite	0000001011—3	Nixon	1101011111—8

No. 3, same:

Sigler	1111111111—10	Pearson	1111111111—10
Hathaway	1111100110— 7	Doran	1000010000— 2
Waite	1101101000— 5	Nixon	1111010001— 6

No. 4, same:

Sigler	1110110111—8	Pearson	1000110101—5
Hathaway	1000111010—5	Doran	0010001010—3
Waite	0100001011—4	Nixon	0111010110—6

No. 5, same:

Sigler	1011111111—9	Pearson	0110011111—7
Hathaway	0011111001—6	Moffatt	1111111011—9
Waite	0101100000—3	Vincent	0110101110—6

No. 6, same:

Sigler	1111111111—10	Pearson	0000010010— 2
Hathaway	1111111111—10	Moffatt	1011101111— 8
Waite	0100001000— 2	Jones	1011111111— 9

No. 7, same:

Sigler	1110111111— 9	Pearson	0111110011— 7
Hathaway	0001101101— 5	Moffatt	1111011111— 9
Waite	0100010011— 4	Jones	0111111011— 8

No. 8, same:

Sigler	1111111111—10	Pearson	0111001111— 7
Hathaway	0101101101— 5	Moffatt	0111000101— 6
Waite	0100110101— 5	Jones	1111111111—10

No. 9, same:

Sigler	1111110111— 9	Moffatt	0111001111— 7
Waite	0100110 00— 3	Jones	0111111111— 9
Hathaway	1011101111— 8	Nixon	1111111111—10
Pearson	0101111101— 6		

No. 10, same:

Sigler	1110111111— 9	Nixon	0110111101— 7
Jones	1011100 00— 5	Moffatt	00001w.

No. 11, 5 double birds, 1 money:

Sigler	11 11 11 10 10— 8	Moffatt	11 00 11 10 11— 7
Jones	00 10 10 10 00— 3	Nixon	11 11 10 01 01— 7

CORRY will be reported in our next issue in full.

DAKOTA TOURNAMENT.—Herman, Minn., Aug. 13.—The Dakota Territoral Tournament held at Aberdeen, Aug. 6, 7 and 8, was not a glowing success owing to the non-attendance of Dakota sportsmen; only four sportsmen from Dakota and one from Aberdeen attended, and one of these went home on the second day. President Fred. Shaft, of the Aberdeen Club, and Secretary C. S. Vroom did all in their power to make a success of a failure. They did make it pleasant as possible for visiting sportsmen, among whom were John A. Ruble, of Beloit, Wis., who took first average; Rolla O. Heikes, of Dayton, Ohio, second average; J. H. Block, St. Peter, Minn., third average; A. J. Arland, Mt. Vernon, Dakota, fourth average; H. S. Williams, St. Paul, fifth average, and others. The wind was blowing a howling hurricane in shooters' faces the first day, and there were about as many misses as hits, still Ruble made the excellent record of 70 out of 72, including 12 pairs. Three Keystone traps were used. One man shot from known, trap shooting either three or six before leaving the score, otherwise American rules governed. The second day the wind reversed and blew on the shooters' backs, and although it blew very hard the shooting was not so difficult. The dust was very bad and altogether they were as disagreeable two days as the writer ever shot in. Following are the scores:

Seven single Keystone, entrance $2, 4 moneys: Ruble 7, Heikes 6, Block 6, Shaft 6, Newton 6, Dennison 6, Williams 5, Arland 5, Heninger 4, Holla 5. Ruble first, Heikes and Dennison div. second, Williams, Holla and Arland div. third, Heninger fourth.

Eight singles and one pair, entrance $3, 4 moneys: Ruble 10 Heikes 10, Block 10, Holla 9, Shaft 8, Dennison 8, Heninger 7, Newton 7, Arland 7, Williams 6. Ties div.

Ten single Keystones, entrance $2.50, four moneys: Heikes 10, Arland 10, Ruble 9, Williams 8, Holla 8, Block 7, Newton 7, Heninger 6, Dennison 6, Shaft 6. Ties div.:

Five pairs keystones, entrance $3, four moneys: Ruble 10, Block 9, Williams 9, Newton 8, Arland 8, Shaft 9, Heikes 6, Holla 6, Heninger 6. Ties div.

Ten single Keystones, entrance $2, four moneys: Heikes 10, Shaft 9, Ruble 9, Block 8, Arland 8, Williams 7, Holla 7, Newton 7, Heninger 6, Vroom 5. Ties div.

Six singles and 2 pairs, entrance $2.50: Ruble 10, Heikes 9, Block 9, Newton 9, Williams 7, Heninger 7, Holla 7, Arland 7, Shaft 5. Ties div.

Fifteen straightaway, entrance $4: Ruble 15, Shaft 15, Holla 14, Block 13, Arland 13, Heikes 12, Heninger 12, Newton 12, Williams 11. Ties div.

Six singles and 2 pairs, entrance $2: Shaft 10, Williams 9, Heikes 8, Ruble 8, Block 7, Arland 7, Holla 6, Heninger 5, Newton 5. Ties div.

Ten singles, entrance $2: Heikes 10, Block 9, Williams 9, Ruble 9, Heninger 9, Holla 9, Newton 7, Shaft 7, Arland 6. Williams and Holla div. second after shoot-off.

Four singles and 2 pairs, entrance $2.50: Block 8, Williams 8, Heikes 7, Ruble 7, Holla 7, Shaft 7, Newton 6, Arland 6. Shaft and Ruble second after shoot-off; others div.

Fifteen single rises, entrance $2: Shaft 13, Williams 13, Heikes 13, Block 12, Holla 12, Ruble 11, Arland 10, Newton 9. Ties div.—WILLIAMS.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Aug. 17.—There was a good attendance at the grounds of the Wellington Club to-day, and although the weather conditions were good the scores made were not up to the average. In the silver pitcher match at 7 bluerocks and 8 clay-pigeons Warren, Chapin and Lee tied with 12 each, and in the shoot-off Warren won with 6 straight. The other scores in this match were as follows: Perry, Melcher and Baxter 11, Stone, Porter, Hammond and Sanborn 10, Field, Bond and Bradstreet 9, Chase and Bradbury 8. In the merchandise badge match at 15 clay-pigeons Lee won with 13. The other scores in this match were: Sanborn, Field, Chapin, Bradstreet, Melcher, Bond, Dill and Porter 12, Chase and Warren 11, Baxter 10, Stone 9. The winners in the sweepstakes follow: Five clay-pigeons—Chapin and Dill 5, Sanborn, Perry and Porter 4, Melcher 3, Stone and Bradbury 2. Six bluerocks—Bond 6, Warren and Chapin 5, Sanborn, Porter and Melcher 4, Field 3. Five clay-pigeons—Bond, Field and Perry 5, Chase 4, Stone 3, Sanborn, Bradbury and Wood 2. Six bluerocks—Chapin 5, Bradbury, Stone and Wood 4, Chase 3, Sanborn 2. Eight clay-pigeons—Perry and Wood 8, Warren, Sanborn and Bradstreet 7, Chase and Melcher 6, Bond 5 Seven bluerocks—Baxter 7, Stone, Porter and Chapin 6, Warren and Melcher 5, Bond, Wood, Dill and Bradbury 4. Five clay-pigeons—Sanborn, Chapin, Wood and Baxter 5, Field, Bradbury and Porter 4, Chase, Stone and Melcher 3. Five clay-pigeons—Chase, Bradstreet and Dill 5, Sanborn, Field, Chapin and Melcher 4, Porter, Wood and Baxter 3, Stone 2. Five clay-pigeons—Porter, Melcher and Wood 5, Field, Stone and Bond 4, Chapin and Dill 3, Green and Baxter 2. Six bluerocks—Sanborn and Chase 6, Porter 5, Field 4. Five clay-pigeons—Porter and Dill 5, Stone 4, Chapin 3. Six bluerocks—Sanborn, Porter and Field 6, Stone and Bond 5, Chapin and Bond 4.

TORONTO, Aug. 17.—The Stanley Gun Club held their eleventh shoot for the President's gold watch at McDowall & Co.'s grounds this afternoon. About a dozen members competed for the trophy, Mr. C. Charles winning with a score of 19 out of 25 at 24yds. rise, this making his second win. Two other members have also won the prize twice:

C Charles (25yds.)	1111001011111111101101110—19
W McDowall (24)	1111111111011100111000101—18
T Sawden, Sr (24)	0010001101010111111000110—13
T Sawden, Jr. (24)	0100110001101011100010110—12
T S Bayles, (18)	0101000011011100000010010—10
J Beatty (19)	1100001010111011000100000—10

F. Emond, F. Mallett, J. Rice, J. Daisey and J. White retired after missing 8 birds.

First sweepstake at 10 birds:

Charles	1111101011—8	Daisey	1101000100— 4
McDowall	1111111101—9	Emond	1111111111—10
Sawden, Sr	1011111111—9		

Second sweepstake at 10 birds:

Charles	1001110101—6	Sawden	1111100011—7
McDowall	1011111011—8	Emond	1111111101—9

WORCESTER, Mass., Aug. 16.—At this week's regular meet of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club at Coal Mine Brook Range, the principal event was the continuation of the Classification Match. Each man has a possible 30 clay-pigeons or blackbirds in the class score, a possible 10 in the prize score, and 5 or more in shooting off a tie. The work of each man somewhat in detail follows:

Class A.	Class'n.	Prize.	Class A.	Class'n.	Prize.
M D Gilman	24	10	E F Swan	22	6
Geo Sampson	22	10	A B Franklin	25	6
E T Smith	28	9	C H Holman	23	6
C B Holden	26	8	W A Linteld	22	4
C H Howe	26	8			

Ties on 10 and 8 div. Ties on 6; Swan 5, Franklin and Holman 4,

Class B.	Class'n.	Prize.	Class B.	Class'n.	Prize.
Chas Crompton	21	9	F Stone	16	4
C Forehand	13	6	F Forehand	13	4
V F Prentice	18	5			

MONTREAL, Aug. 4.—The St. Hubert Gun Club tournament took place to-day a few miles beyond Petite Cote, some twelve members taking part in the tournament. Mr. Lamoureux killed his 12 birds straight and took first place. Mr. Dubuc took second place with 11 birds. In the open shoot at 10 live birds there was some fine shooting done. The birds were lively and were shot at against a brisk wind at 21yds. The following is the score, 14 taking part for a sweepstake:

Pelser	1001101011—5	Jones	1111111111—10
Dionne	1111111011—9	Pauce	1111111011— 9
Boucher	1010111110—7	Paquet	1010111111— 8
E Octave	0110011111—7	Celin	1111111111—10
Truesdel	1111111101—9	Martineau	1101111111— 9
Smith	0011111111—8	Racette	1011110111 – 8
Lareau	1000110111—6	Parizeau	0011111111— 8

Mr. Colin took first money, having killed his 10 straight with one barrel. Mr. Jones also killed his 10 straight, but had to use his second barrel once on a stiff flyer crossing to the right. Mr. Truesdel, with 9 out of 10, took third place after tieing off with the other nines. In the ladies' shoot there were some 50 entries. Messrs. Octave, D. Robert, Paquet and Smith got their 9 straight. Ties being shot off, the following took prizes: E. Octave first, D. Robert second, Smith third, Paquet fourth. The tournament as a whole was very successful and quite up to the usual standard of all tournaments given by the St. Hubert Gun Club, who, although not often heard from over the Peorias or other inanimate targets, can nevertheless be counted on to hold their own at live targets.

PHILMONT, N. Y., Aug. 10.—Philmont Gun Club's regular shoot at 10 bluerocks under National rules:

Milton Powell	1100111010 6	E J Beardsley	0100001100—3
G Vanderburgh	0001010011—4	D Myers	1001010100—4
W A Lingman	1110011001—6	D Howland	0000 1011 5
A L Becker	0000100001—2	Chas Smith	1000111011—6
Geo Ferguson	0000100010—2	D Ames	0010001100—3
Geo Baker	0000110110—4	Dr Vedder	0100000010—1
Dr Stickles	0000000000—0	C D Hicox	0011100100—4
S Scism	0100000000—1	H Beardell	0000100000—1

LODI GUN CLUB.—Lodi, Ohio, Aug. 11.—The Lodi Gun Club held a sweepstakes shoot on their grounds yesterday. A large number of visitors were present from neighboring towns, Seville especially being largely represented. The following matches were shot:

Practice shoot, 6 standards:

DeWitt	10101—4	F Aldrich	101100—3
Eggert	111110—5	Smalley	001000—1
C V Matteson	010101—3	Collins	001111—4
Robinson	011111—5	Noggle	000100— 1
Rockey	010001—2	Kennard	100111—4
H Aldrich	111111—6	Doolittle	010011—3
Rogers	101111—4	Wertz	001000—1

Match No. 1, 9 standards:

C V Matteson	111111000—6	F Aldrich	101000001—3
H Aldrich	111111011—8	Rogers	111101001—6
Robinson	011001101—4	Egbert	101111111—7
Rockey	011001011—5	Kennard	011001100 4
DeWitt	011110100 -5	Smalley	001000000—1
C L Matteson	111110101—7	Collins	100111110—6

Match No. 2, 12 standards:

Robinson	111111000111—10	C L Matteson	1101001011 10—7
C V Matteson	0010 10101110 – 5	DeWitt	1100101001010—6
Beach	1010000101 1— 6	Collins	0110110001111—7
Egbert	1110011111 1—10	F Aldrich	1110011100001—7
Barnes	010 1100 1110— 7	H Aldrich	0101011111110—8
Zimmerman	0111100001100— 6	Stevenson	0000001100 1—4
Rogers	1111101010 0— 8	Smalley	0000000000000—0
Rockey	1011111010 1— 9		

Match No. 3, 6 singles and 3 pairs:

Robinson	111111 10 10 10—9	Rockey	101111 00 10 01—7
Egbert	010111 11 01 11—9	C V Matteson	101101 10 11 10—8
DeWitt	010000 00 01 10—3	H Benscotten	101001 10 00 01—5
H Aldrich	101011 11 10 11—8		

Match No. 4, 10 standards, both barrels:

Robinson	1011011110—7	C L Matteson	1011110011—7
C V Matteson	1011011110—7	Barnes	0000010011—3
H Aldrich	1110111111—8	Zimmerman	1110010110—6
Rockey	1111011101—8	Collins	1101000111—6
Egbert	1101110111—8	Chase	1111001000—5
Rogers	1110111010—7	Smalley	1100001000—3

Captain H. H. Benscotten was present and gave an exhibition of fancy rifle shooting. He used a Colt's repeating rifle, .22cal. He broke 88 out of 100 glass balls thrown in the air, breaking the last 10 in 15 seconds, missing one of the last 10 but picked it up and shot it in time to break the 10 balls in 15 seconds. The captain is a fine shot, and is said to be almost equal to Dr. Carver, the famous rifle shot.—A. E. ELLIOTT.

CHICAGO CLUBS.—The second match between the Mak-saw-ba, Cumberland and Grand Calumet Heights gun clubs was shot at Grand Calumet Heights Station, Ind., Aug. 3, with the following results. The third and last match will be shot Aug. 20:

Mak-saw-ba Club.			
R B Organ	1122111211—10	J P Card	2011010111—7
H C Buechner	1100212011— 7	H Sloan	0012202212—8
W P Musser	2121111112—10	C T Wilcox	1111111012—9
T Wilmarth	1121111121—10	G Randall	1210012111—8
J Watson	1111111111—10	W H Haskell	1201202021—7—86
Cumberland Club.			
W McFarland	1211110111— 9	McDonald	2212101111—9
J Hutchinson	1120212111— 9	J Hickson	1112010122—8
C Hoffman	0100121112— 7	H W Loveday	1202221110—8
C D Gammon	1211111111—10	G T Farmer	0102222210—7
W L Shepard	0111112111— 9	M J Eich	0112122210—8—84
Grand Calumet Heights Club.			
W N Lowe	1111111110— 9	G I Mallett	0010211022—6
Wills Isbell	0021010111— 6	R H Donnelly	2110020111—7
C Kern	2212111111—10	F E Moore	2101011011—7
G E Marshall	1010101111— 7	S M Booth	1021211211—9
S E Young	2201122112— 9	C E Willard	0011001111—6—76

POTSDAM, N. Y., Aug. 14.—The Potsdam Gun Club, regular semi-monthly shoot at 6 kingbirds, 3 kingbird traps, 18yds. rise, National rules, budge prizes:

Watkins	101110—4	Holmes	111011—5
Lang	110110—4	Ward	111110—5
Heath	011110—4		

Ties on 5 at 3: Holmes 2, Ward 3.

Watkins	111010—4	Holmes	110111—5
Heath	110111—5— 9	Lang	110111—5—10

FLORENCE, Mass., Aug. 13.—Norwood Gun Club. Match at 25 Keystone targets. American Association rules:

H H Chelson	1011111111111011011111011—21
L F Gaylor	1111110011101111101101100—18
F W Twiss	1100101010110111110110011—16
C O Harris	0110111101110111101011101—17
T Foster	0101010110011010111000100—12
T Cartwright	1010101100000001000011001— 8

At 5 double rises:

Gaylor		10 11 10 11 10—7	

Practice:

Foster	1010110110011101— 9	Gaylor	1001101110101011011111101—16
Twiss	1111011101011101—11	Chelson	1100101110111111—12

The club's new club house will be finished this week. The club will hold a tournament Aug. 27, open to all, except in one event. The horse cars run to the ground. Plenty of birds will be on hand, Keystone traps and birds.—ROSMOS.

WATSON'S PARK.—Grand Crossing, Ill., Aug. 14.—South Chicago Gun Club shot at 10 live pigeons, 5 ground traps, 30yds. rise and 80yds. boundary, birds killed with second barrel counted only one-half:

Doc Larkin	0121121211— 7½	B Fogli	0011011121— 6½
F Willard	2110111111— 8½	Lem Willard	0212201111— 6½
Chas Templeton	1111121112— 9	Ed Marsh	1021011222— 6½
Alva Reeves	1111111111—10	Emery Reeves	1110211121— 8

The medal shoot same day at 20 blackbirds, 18yds. rise:

E Reeves	01101111001 10111011—12	E Marsh	0000011010000000001— 5
Dr Larkin	10000110101010111010—10	L Willard	11010110111111111011—16
A Reeves	00101110101101000110	B Fogli	01010111110100011111 —13
Templet	10110101011111111101—15	F Willard	11111111011101101111—17

F. Willard won. RAVELRIGG.

FARGO, Aug. 15.—The sixth annual tournament, under the auspices of the Fargo Union Gun Club, opened here to-day with a large attendance of noted northwestern sportsmen. The day's programme opened with a sweepstake (9 singles), in which there were 23 entries. In the first regular event (10 singles) there were 25 entries. Skinner, of St. Paul, won first money, shooting off ties on 10; Lewis second money in shooting ties on 9; third was divided and to 4th won by Laizure. In the second event (9 singles) there were 25 entries. First money was divided by C. Bowers and Jones; second divided by Stone and Schiorman; third by Arnold and Lewis; fourth by Morris, Morrissey, Ahlstrom, Robbins and Thompson. In the third event Benson and Skinner divided first money; Thompson and Baldwin second; Smith, Arnold, Roberts and Lewis third; Rich and Jones fourth. In the fourth event Jones won first money; second money was divided by Morrissey, Benson, Roberts and Rich; third by Fuller, Arnold, E. Bowers and C. Bowers; fourth won by Schiorman and fifth by Fletcher. The club guarantees $600.

Every week we are obliged to defer to the next week trap scores which come in too late for publication in the current issue. It is particularly requested that scores be sent us as early as possible.

Yachting.

"West India Hurricanes and the Great March Blizzard." By Everett Hayden, U. S Hydrographic Office. Large quarto, with 23 lithographic plates. Price $1. Contains full history of the great storm of March, 1888 with practical information how to handle a vessel in a cyclone; use of oil at sea, etc.

FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

24. Lynn, Excursion, Lynn.
24. Beverly, Mon. Beach, 3d Open.
24. Larchmont, Oyster Boats.
24. Corinthian, Marblehead.
24. Hamilton, 20, 25, 30 and 35ft. Class, Whitewings Cup.
24. R. Can., Skiff Class, Toronto.
26. L. Y. R. A., Belleville.
28. Rhode Island, Open.
28. Fleon, Sail off.
29. L. Y. R. A., Oswego.
29. Cedar Point.
31. Beverly, Marbleh'd, 1st Open
31. Sippican, Club, Marion.
31. Hull, Cham. Sail-Off.
31. Quincy, 3d, Cham., 35ft.
31. Chelsea, Club.
31. West Lynn, 2d Cham., Lynn.
31. So. Boston, Mass., Cham. Sail off, City Point.
31. R. Can., 20ft. Class, Toronto.

NEW YORK Y. C. CRUISE.

Vineyard Haven to New Bedford, Third Run, Aug. 13.

THERE can be no complaint this year of lack of wind for the runs and races, the average being better than usual, and nearly every day has brought wind enough to afford a test of the boats. The first day's run was very light and fluky, while for an hour in the Vineyard Haven race the wind was very light, but the Goelet cups were sailed for under more satisfactory conditions of weather than have held since 1885; the second run to Vineyard Haven was begun in a strong working breeze, with plenty of wind to spare at the finish; the race for the Vineyard Haven cups was sailed for three-fourths of the course in a good clubtopsail breeze, and the third run was under still different conditions, the early part being sailed with reefed mainsails and housed topmasts, and the latter part with a strong breeze, though kites were carried off the wind.

On Tuesday morning a strong S.W. wind was kicking up a sea off West Chop, the whitecaps were running down Vineyard Sound, and though the water was comparatively smooth by the Middle Ground there were hills and hollows in plenty between Gay Head and Cuttyhunk. There were obvious reasons for the housed topmasts, double-reefed mainsails and No. 2 jibs on the forties, but there seemed no sufficient reason for a single-reefed mainsail and double-reefed foresails on such a craft as Constellation, 100ft. l.w.l., or even for the reefed mainsail and housed foretopmast on Sea Fox. Dauntless carried her maingafftopsail, Palmer had a single reef in mainsail, but both topmasts on end, the fore being a jury one, the broken spar of Saturday set up temporarily. Fredonia carried all her sails with foretopmast housed, Sachem, Merlin and Marguerite had reefed mainsails and foretopmasts housed, while Quickstep and Harbinger had housed both sticks and reefed main and foresail. The most conspicuous of the schooner fleet was the little Grayling, swinging all her lower sails and with both sticks up, evidently with no fear of the weather. The race in this class really belonged to Sea Fox in such weather, considering her size and model, but she lost it before the start by a double error; in the first place in reefing at all; in the second in starting with less sail than such a craft as Grayling was carrying. Had she started with full sail any freshening of the wind would have hurt her far less than Grayling; while in the opposite case of less wind, she need have lost no time by small canvas or time spent in shaking out a reef. Further than this she left Grayling early in the race instead of sticking close to her. The 70-footers showed no topmasts and carried reefed mainsails and No. 2 jibs, Gracie having two reefs in.

During the night the old America had come in, and as a matter of courtesy she was timed with the fleet. Alert was not in harbor, but just as the fleet started she came down before the wind with whole lower sail and working topsails set, running for the shoals. Clara did not start, though in port with a new topmast, as Captain Barr was taken suddenly ill, while two of the crew were also unwell, the fleet surgeon, Dr. Asch, spending some time aboard. Mayflower and Liris took a tow for New Bedford at 3 A. M. for repairs.

The cruising contingent, Nymph, Vandal, Adelaide, Whim, Azalea, Triton, and the Eastern forties, Awa, Alice and Helen, ran through Quick's Hole for New Bedford, the course for the races being from off West Chop up Vineyard Sound and by the Sow and Pigs Buoy, to a finish off Clark's Point, 31 knots.

At 10 A. M. the Electra was anchored off West Chop, the preparatory gun being fired at 10:10, with 5m. handicap limit. Although the large boats had 25 more before their start, a number of them crossed the line with the little ones, Titania running out and then returning to set a larger jib, No. 1. But four forties started, Gorilla, Maraquita, Lotowana and Peri; while Bertie had a walkover in the 53ft. class, and Hildegarde and Whileaway were the only starters in the 61ft. class. The start was timed:

Start	10 10 00	Œnone	10 37 26
Maraquita	10 10 43	Merlin	10 37 30
Gorilla	10 11 51	Marguerite	10 37 53
Quickstep	10 12 09	Gracie	10 38 50
Harbinger	10 12 30	Halcyon	10 39 08
Handicap gun	10 15 00	Sachem	10 39 11
Peri	10 15 15	Hildegarde	10 40 14
Medusa	10 15 28	Constellation	10 40 51
Lotowana	10 18 27	Katrina	10 41 10
Start	10 35 00	Iroquois	10 41 10
Fredonia	10 36 04	Norna	10 41 28
Intrepid	10 36 06	Whileaway	10 42 06
Sea Fox	10 36 12	Titania	10 42 09
Palmer	10 36 14	Handicap gun	10 45 00
Fortuna	10 37 12	Dauntless	10 49 00
Grayling	10 37 12		

Maraquita and Gorilla were first away, the former well ahead and to windward, both working close in to West Chop. Maraquita set her staysail, but before the steamboat wharf was reached Gorilla had crossed her bows. Lotawana and Peri were several minutes astern at the start. Quickstep followed the forties along shore, working the Vineyard Haven shore all day, but the rest of the fleet made one long tack from West Chop to Noshka Head, working closely under the Naushon shore for a time and then crossing the Sound, while a few, like Titania and Grayling, held under this shore all the way. Katrina, as in several previous starts, was in a knot of schooners at the line, but Capt. Haff held Titania back until all but Dauntless had crossed, and then chose his own water. Titania stood out on port tack, making a short leg in the middle of the Sound and then back on port tack again she headed for Tarpaulin Cove the third boat.

At 11 o'clock some of the big schooners began to realize that things were not what they seemed, and Grayling, with several others, set their maintopsails, Sea Fox shaking out a reef. Quickstep was now the leader of the small craft, with Gorilla well ahead of Maraquita and Bertie by the Vineyard Haven shore. Titania was now leading the larger division, being to windward of Grayling under the Naushon shore, while Sea Fox, on starboard tack, was making across for the south side of the Sound. She was beating Grayling as it was, and could have done so safely had she stayed by her, but in breaking tacks so early in the race she took a heavy risk. Katrina was a safe distance astern of Titania, Merlin and Sachem were following Grayling at a respectful distance, the big fisherman was doing good work, while Constellation was only about the middle of the fleet. Lotawana broke the toggles of her boom, leaving the foot of the sail loose, and gave up, running through Quick's Hole, and both Maraquita and Medusa parted throat halliards, while Palmer carried away jurytopmast during the day.

At noon Sea Fox had tacked off shore, being quite close in. Quickstep was well ahead of her neighbors, Bertie had not yet passed the forties, and Gorilla was a long way ahead of Maraquita. The others had begun to straggle across the Sound, Palmer being well out in the middle, while Norna was leading Fortuna. Katrina was not far from Grayling, and at 12:20 crossed the schooner's bows.

About the same time Sachem was in trouble under the north shore. She had already succeeded in forcing Gracie about when the sloop had the starboard tack, and now she was lying in irons. Twice she tried to tack and failed, then by means of a jibtopsail she was paid off until broadside to with no way on, when she took a very bad knock down, partly filling her cabin and floating all loose stuff off her decks. When she was righted she steered for Quick's Hole.

At 1:20 Titania was leading easily, crossing the Sound on port tack, having just shaken out a reef. Sea Fox, astern, was also on port tack off Bay Head, while Katrina was standing in toward shore on starboard, now a very long distance astern, Sea Fox crossing her bows when they met. To leeward of Sea Fox was Quickstep, while in Nemsha Bight, under Gay Head, were Fredonia, Gracie, Medusa, Constellation, Norma and the small craft. The wind was lighter than at the start, a lower sail breeze for the seventy-footers, but there was quite a head sea rolling in. Grayling, far ahead of the rest on the north shore, had picked up a favoring breeze off Robinson's Hole, and was coming out very fast on starboard tack to meet Sea Fox, and for ten minutes it was a very close thing as to which was ahead. At 1:45 she crossed Fox's bows, tacking at once on her weather beam, but the Fox at once danced away through her lee, and in ten minutes had left her a good distance astern. Grayling set a maintopmaststaysail, but it only hurt her, and soon after Titania set her jibheader, Katrina setting hers and a baby jibtopsail.

Titania was doing the best work of the day, holding two fast schooners 13 and 20ft. longer than she in a strong wind. The leaders were now near Sow and Pigs buoy, and it was a question whether Titania or Sea Fox would pass first, but the single-sticker led by a few seconds, the times being:

Titania	2 28 40	Katrina	2 43 58
Sea Fox	2 29 33	Quickstep	2 46 08
Grayling	2 31 40	Constellation	2 51 00

Palmer, Fredonia, Gorilla, Gracie, Norma, Fortuna and Merlin turned in order, but could not be timed, as the flagship was hurrying for the finish off Clark's Point.

Sheets were started at the buoy, and after a little the wind drew sufficiently astern to allow spinakers to port, both of the schooners setting them, but Titania did not need one to beat her class. Grayling also set a clubtopsail, but Fox carried only her two jibheaders. She had two minutes to make on the run in, and it was soon apparent that she could not do it. She led at the line, but was beaten by two minutes on corrected time. Maraquita was badly beaten by Gorilla, and Iroquois pulled off a good victory from her class. Norna beat Fortuna quite badly, but it does not count, as she was hauled out during the cruise. The fisherman, Fredonia, is not measured, but is very close to Norna. Constellation won in her class, but her showing during the day was nothing remarkable, as she cannot carry her canvas in a strong breeze. Quickstep, as usual, sailed very fast all day. Titania beat Katrina very badly all over the course. The times were:

SCHOONERS—CLASS 1.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Constellation	10 40 51	4 06 41	5 25 50	5 24 33
Palmer	10 33 14	4 14 19	5 38 05	5 34 48
Intrepid	10 36 56	4 27 19	5 50 23	5 45 04
Dauntless	10 45 00	Did not finish.		

SCHOONERS—CLASS 2.

Norna	10 41 48	4 22 03	5 40 15	5 37 18
Fredonia	10 38 04	4 17 39	5 41 35	Not meas.
Fortuna	10 37 12	4 22 28	5 45 16	5 45 16

SCHOONERS—CLASS 3.

Grayling	10 37 12	3 51 56	5 14 44	5 11 14
Sea Fox	10 36 12	3 50 04	5 13 52	5 13 16
Merlin	10 37 30	4 24 35	5 47 15	5 47 15
Sachem	10 39 11	Did not finish.		

SCHOONERS—CLASS 4.

Iroquois	10 41 10	4 22 45	5 41 35	5 40 49
Marguerite	10 37 53	4 32 56	5 55 03	5 55 03
Œnone	10 37 26	4 43 30	6 06 04	6 02 53
Halcyon	10 39 08	4 58 50	6 19 42	6 18 23

SCHOONERS—CLASS 5.

Quickstep	10 12 09	4 08 20	5 56 11	5 56 11
Harbinger	10 12 31	4 45 58	6 33 27	6 32 24

SLOOPS—CLASS 3.

Titania	10 42 29	3 53 53	5 11 24	5 11 24
Katrina	10 41 10	4 05 16	5 24 06	5 24 06
Gracie	10 38 50	4 24 30	5 45 40	5 44 03

SLOOPS—CLASS 4.

Hildegarde	10 40 14	4 45 35	6 05 21	6 05 21
Whilcaway	10 42 06	Did not finish.		

SLOOPS—CLASS 5.

Bertie	10 14 04	4 39 29	6 25 21	6 25 21

SLOOPS—CLASS 6.

Gorilla	10 04 51	4 33 49	6 23 58	6 23 37
Maraquita	10 10 43	4 55 58	6 45 15	6 45 15
Lotowana	10 15 00	Did not finish.		

A large fleet was awaiting the racers in New Bedford harbor, having come through Quick's Hole, one, the new Awa, losing her centerboard by the way. In the evening a reception was held on board the flagship, Commodore Gerry and his staff in dress uniform welcoming a large number of guests. The flagship was brilliantly illuminated by a string of electric lights from the mastheads to the bow and stern, and also around the awnings, while many other yachts were bright with colored fires. On shore was a bonfire of tar barrels, while a fleet of canoes, decked out with strings of colored lanterns, paddled about the harbor.

The orders for the next day called for an early start for the final run to Newport, but about 6 A. M. a light rain began to fall, the wind coming in heavily from the south, blowing up the harbor. Incoming yachts reported thick weather and a heavy sea outside, while several of the fleet, after leaving for Newport, soon came running in. A signal, start postponed, was given from the flagship at 10 A. M., and after waiting until noon, it was finally decided not to start, the weather being worse rather than better. Alice and Helen hauled out at New Bedford to prepare for the Corinthian sweepstakes of Monday, but the other forties could not do so without giving up the last run. The day was very disagreeable in every way, and the yachtsmen worried through it very impatiently.

New Bedford to Newport, Fourth Run, Aug. 15.

Thursday was slightly better than Wednesday, but still not much to boast of; cloudy and chilly, with a light N.E. wind in the harbor and every prospect of fog outside. To avoid the latter as far as possible the time of starting was advanced, and at 9:20 the flagship was anchored well off Clark's Point. A number of yachts had already started, leaving but twenty-five to cross the line for the run. The preparatory gun for the smaller boats was fired at 9:33, the starting gun being at 9:43 and the handicap at 9:48. The larger boats were started 10:08, with a handicap gun at 10:18. The times were:

Gorilla	9 47 17	Grayling	10 13 17
Harbinger	9 47 53	Gracie	10 13 48
Lotowana	9 48 08	Palmer	10 15 02
Bertie	9 48 55	Titania	10 15 09
Clara	9 49 26	Halcyon	10 16 01
Liris	9 49 29	Œnone	10 18 20
Maraquita	9 50 50	Marguerite	10 18 20
Quickstep	9 59 15	Merlin	10 18 52
Fortuna	10 10 09	Sea Fox	10 18 57
Constellation	10 10 11	Mayflower	10 18 57
Katrina	10 12 43	Iroquois	10 19 10
Hildegarde	10 12 44	Fredonia	10 21 08
Intrepid	10 12 47		

All the small boats were late in starting, and some were handicapped. The wind was very light, and spinakers were carried on port side by all. Clubtopsails were carried by all but Lotowana and Fortuna, the former having a jibheader and the latter a square-headed yardtopsail. Fredonia carried working topsails, maintopmaststaysail and jibtopsail. Balloon jibtopsails were run up or broken out on the line. Titania as usual picked out a place for the start where there was nothing near her, but Katrina went across with Grayling blanketing her and Intrepid close to her. Clara had come in during Wednesday from the Vineyard, Capt. Barr being well again, and she had started near the head. At 10:40 off the Dumplings the order was Gorilla, Clara, Liris, Bertie, Maraquita, Lotowana, Harbinger, Quickstep. A few minutes later Maraquita took in her spinaker and jibed over, and spinakers soon came in on all the first division, being reset in a little while on starboard side.

The fleet moved on slowly, the wind being even lighter than at the start. Constellation and Katrina led the second division, with Grayling third. A heavy roll was met off the Hen and Chickens, which lasted until the fleet was safe in Newport Harbor, an old sea coming in. The times at Hen and Chickens were:

Gorilla	12 01 15	Harbinger	12 16 50
Clara	12 02 15	Katrina	12 21 00
Liris	12 05 15	Titania	12 22 00
Bertie	12 06 30	Gracie	12 22 30
Lotowana	12 14 16	Hildegarde	12 25 20
Maraquita	12 15 35	Constellation	12 26 00
Quickstep	12 15 47	Grayling	12 28 30

Maraquita had trouble with her extension spinaker boom, and broke it.

For the next hour there was little or no wind, Clara and Gorilla lay near West Island, hardly drifting, while Liris fanned up on them. The large boats astern were coming down under spinnakers, but they would not draw on the leaders. After rolling another half-hour the Norna, not in the race, but just ahead of Clara, caught a nice breeze from the north and trimmed sheets for a reach. A few minutes later Clara and Gorilla caught it nearly at the same time, balloon jibtopsails coming in quickly. Liris went ¼ mile astern, had to wait for some minutes more before her turn came, and the rest were served in the same way, the head boats getting the breeze first. Titania and Katrina were not far apart, the latter ahead, but Capt. Haff was hunting for the breeze as far as was possible, and picked it up first. There was no time to lose, as the fog was shutting in rapidly, jibtopsails of all sizes, from babys to ballooners, were set according to the skill of the various skippers, some of the schooners sending up balloon maintopmast staysails. The last four miles were quickly run off, the flagship anchored off Brenton's Reef at 2:30, and a little later Clara came by under lower sail and clubtopsail, followed by Gorilla and Liris with baby jibtopsails drawing. Next came the lively little schooner Quickstep, followed by Beatrice, and then the big Constellation. The prettiest picture of the day was the finish of Titania, with Grayling's bowsprit almost touching her boom end, and Sea Fox close aboard of Grayling. The latter had started 5m. ahead, so Fox was the winner. Maraquita finished with her balloon jib set. The official times were:

FIRST CLASS SCHOONERS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Constellation	10 10 11	3 52 30	4 42 19	4 42 10
Palmer	10 15 02	3 10 28	5 10 26	5 02 28
Intrepid	10 12 47	3 30 13	5 17 26	5 13 42

SECOND CLASS SCHOONERS.

Fortuna	10 10 09	3 21 29	5 11 20	5 11 10
Fredonia	10 18 00	Did not finish.		

THIRD CLASS SCHOONERS.

Sea Fox	10 18 00	2 56 25	4 38 35	4 38 04
Grayling	10 13 17	2 56 08	4 42 51	4 39 48
Mayflower	10 18 00	3 07 06	4 49 06	4 47 50
Merlin	10 18 09	3 20 48	5 02 48	5 02 48

FOURTH CLASS SCHOONERS.

Iroquois	10 18 00	3 02 32	4 44 32	4 43 43
Œnone	10 18 00	3 22 39	5 04 39	5 01 53
Halycon	10 16 01	3 26 20	5 10 19	5 09 10
Marguerite	10 18 00	3 27 25	5 09 25	5 09 25

FIFTH CLASS SCHOONERS.

Quickstep	9 48 00	2 51 46	5 03 46	5 03 46
Harbinger	9 47 33	3 08 18	5 20 45	5 19 50

THIRD CLASS SLOOPS.

Titania	10 15 09	2 55 55	4 40 46	4 40 46
Gracie	10 13 48	2 59 03	4 45 15	4 43 50
Katrina	10 12 43	3 01 43	4 49 00	4 49 00

FOURTH CLASS SLOOPS.

Hildegarde	10 12 44	3 04 01	4 51 17	4 51 17

FIFTH CLASS SLOOPS.

Clara	9 48 00	2 44 18	4 56 18	4 56 18
Bertie	9 48 00	2 51 58	5 03 58	5 01 51

SEVENTH CLASS SLOOPS.

Gorilla	9 47 17	2 46 47	4 59 30	4 58 30
Liris	9 48 00	2 50 05	5 02 05	5 02 05
Maraquita	9 48 00	3 05 03	5 17 03	5 15 45
Lotowana	9 48 00	3 16 22	5 28 22	5 26 14

Constellation beats Palmer 20m. 9s.; Sea Fox beats Grayling 1m. 44s.; Iroquois beats Œnone 18m. 10s.; Quickstep beats Harbinger 16m. 4s.; Titania beats Gracie 3m. 4s.; Gracie beats Katrina 5m. 10s.; Clara beats Bertie 5m. 33s.; Gorilla beats Liris 3m. 35s.; Liris beats Maraquita 13m. 40s. and Maraquita beats Lotowana 15m. 29s.

Newport, Special Race, Aug. 16.

The programme for Friday included the special races for 70 and 40-footers that had not hauled out to clean bottom since the cruise began, the prizes being a $250 cup for the 70ft. class and a $150 cup for the 40ft., with a second prize of $100 for more than two entries in each class. Besides these races, a special sweepstakes for the large keel schooners of $100 per side was arranged privately. For the latter prize only Dauntless, Palmer and Fortuna started, and of the seventies only Titania, Gracie and Bedouin; Katrina not starting. In the 40ft. class the starters were Gorilla, Liris, Maraquita and Tomahawk; this being the first race the latter has sailed since the Corinthian regatta in June. The courses were, for schooners, the regular Block Island course; for the seventies, 12 knots to leeward and return, and for the forties 9 knots.

The weather on Friday was a great improvement on that of the preceding day—clear and bright, with a light N. W. wind, and a long easy roll to the sea. The start was set for 11 A. M., and at that time the racers were off Brenton's Reef Lightship, all carrying clubtopsails, and with spinaker booms ready to starboard.

Tomahawk was sailed by Mr. Morgan, Mr. Burgess being on board; Maraquita was sailed by Mr. Belmont and Capt. Haff, while Capt. Chas. Barr and some of Minerva's men were on board; Liris was sailed by Mr. Lovejoy, and Gorilla by Capt. Smith. Clubtopsails were barred by consent in the keel schooner class. The single-stickers started at 11:30:20, and the schooners 2m. later. The times of crossing were:

Maraquita	11 31 57	Gracie	11 38 15
Gorilla	11 33 26	Titania	11 39 57
Tomahawk	11 37 03	Fortuna	11 51 59
Liris	11 37 13	Palmer	11 52 02
Bedouin	11 38 14	Dauntless	11 58 04

Maraquita and Gorilla, to the westward, went over in time, but Tomahawk and Liris, timed almost together, were handicapped nearly a minute. Bedouin and Gracie followed Liris. All of these carried spinakers to starboard, but Titania had only her balloon jibtopsail. She hauled up a little and went over the line at a good gait, running out to windward before she came in her course and set spinaker. Maraquita and Gorilla were ahead to the west of the fleet, Titania astern of both with Gracie beside her. Bedouin was abeam of Gracie, with Tomahawk between the two and a little ahead, while Liris was abeam of Bedouin and under her lee. The wind was very light and there was a long, easy roll to the sea. Under these conditions the heavy keel boats at once pushed to the front. Liris went by Bedouin and from under her lee, working across her bow until the big cutter was on her lee quarter and Gracie some dis ance astern on her weather quarter. Tomahawk was next to Liris, just ahead of Gracie, both Maraquita and Gorilla having dropped back a little. Bedouin had gained on both Gracie and Titania, and was ahead in her class.

The fleet jogged along easily until 1 P. M., when Liris lost the wind and took in spinaker, the big boats also taking in theirs. There was every promise now of a S. W. breeze after a few puffs from that direction Liris trimmed her headsails for it. She had hardly started off before it dropped, and she was left becalmed. A few minutes later the wind came in about W. by N., striking Gorilla and Maraquita first, then Tomahawk, while Liris was left becalmed until the others were well away from her.

It was now a reach to the mark, now only some 3 miles away, and under balloon jibtopsails the boats were traveling very fast.

The seventies found the same luck as the forties, Titania getting the wind first and soon having a long lead on Gracie and Bedouin. When Maraquita and Gorilla first caught the breeze as it worked to the west Gorilla was to windward, both carrying spinakers, Maraquita took hers in quickly and huffed under Gorilla's stern, running out to windward and ahead. A heavy puff in Gorilla's balloon jibtopsail broke the shackle of the bobstay tackle, and the topmast went over to leeward. She at once turned for home, clearing up the wreck. Liris nearly lost hers in the same way, but managed to get the ballooner down in time to save it. Maraquita mistook the mark and overstood, so that Tomahawk caught her. The times were:

Tomahawk	1 58 03	Liris	2 00 02
Maraquita	1 58 24		

The seventies ran out three miles further, Titania leading the procession as usual. They were timed:

Titania	2 14 55	Bedouin	2 18 55
Gracie	2 16 35		

Instead of a beat the course home was only a close reach, all but Maraquita fetching on one tack, though at first it seemed as though they could not fetch. Tomahawk and Maraquita were well away before Liris rounded, both lowering their clubtopsail, but Liris held on to hers, carrying it easily. She worked out to windward of the leaders and soon passed Maraquita. Tomahawk gave her a closer race, and the two had a hard battle of it to the line. Liris carried her clubtopsail for nearly half the distance home, and then lowered it, going faster at once. She had a good weather berth and a certainty of fetching, while it was doubtful whether Tomahawk could fetch as the wind was. When within a couple of miles of the line Liris was nearly abeam of Tomahawk. Here the wind fell lighter for a few minutes, and Liris set her club again. Soon the puffs came in heavily as she neared the land, and though she carried her sail well enough she was not doing as well with Tomahawk. The wind also shifted enough to let both boats over the line very easily. Maraquita had set a baby jibtopsail some time before, and was now well to leeward of the flagship, making the east end of the finish line. As she came for the line Tomahawk luffed out, crowding Liris so close that she barely shaved by the Lightship, her bowsprit lapping Tomahawk's boom. Maraquita was obliged to tack for the finish, Tomahawk led by six seconds, winning by forty-four seconds, Liris taking second prize.

In the large class Titania gained steadily on both, coming in an easy winner.

The schooner race was not specially exciting, there not being wind enough. The first leg was a reach to the markboat off Block Island, being timed:

Fortuna	2 20 30	Dauntless	2 38 25
Palmer	2 25 16		

On the next leg with spinakers to port Palmer gained, the times being:

Palmer	3 38 00	Dauntless	3 55 00
Fortuna	3 41 00		

Palmer finished first, but failed to save her time over Fortuna. The times were:

KEEL SCHOONERS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected
Fortuna	11 51 59	4 34 08	4 42 09	4 32 57
Palmer	11 52 02	4 31 03	4 39 01	4 25 06
Dauntless	11 55 20	5 04 02	5 08 42	5 08 42

CLASS 3—SLOOPS AND CUTTERS.

Titania	11 35 20	3 32 06	3 56 46	3 56 46
Gracie	11 35 20	3 37 32	4 02 12	4 00 57
Bedouin	11 35 20	3 39 07	4 03 47	4 02 29

CLASS 7—SLOOPS AND CUTTERS.

Tomahawk	11 35 20	3 17 30	3 42 10	3 41 33
Liris	11 35 20	3 17 36	3 42 16	3 42 16
Maraquita	11 31 57	3 22 09	3 50 12	3 49 20
Gorilla	11 33 26	Disabled.		

The winners were: Fortuna beat Palmer 2m. 9s. Class 3, Titania beat Gracie 4m. 11s. Class 7, Tomahawk beat Liris 44s.

During the day a number of yachts left the fleet. Liris sailed for Fall River immediately after the race, as the railway at Newport declined to haul her. Tomahawk had been out on the Newport ways, but only by the aid of a full tide. Gorilla went on the Newport ways, but Maraquita, who expected to haul with her, could not get on the cradle, as Gorilla stuck before going far enough on to admit another boat astern of her.

Saturday, like Friday, was fair and warm, and in the morning the rowing and launch races were held. That for the Gamecock colors and $25 brought out four four-oared crews, Mayflower, Dauntless, Sea Fox and Norna, the former winning easily. But one entry was received for the Owl colors, Harry Shambo, of Lurline,

steam yacht. John Martin, of Norna, schr., entered to make a race, but was beaten by Shambo, the prize being $10 and $5 given by Com. Gerry, in addition to the flag.

The launch race was quite exciting, the course being 3 miles and each boat being handicapped at the start according to its power. There were nine starters, two from Electra and one each from Oneida, Vidette, Unquowa, Norna, Dauntless and Intrepid. The big fellows were well over the first half of the course before the big ones were started, the three 6 h. p., Electra, Oneida and Palmer, going off before Electra's large launch, an 8 h. p. Ofeldt boat. Oneida's launch won, with Electra's larger launch second. The prize was $25, given by the commodore.

After the race a meeting of captains was held on the flagship, and the fleet was formally disbanded, Com. Gerry leaving in the Electra for Sag Harbor, returning to New York by Monday morning. Many of the yachts left, a few remaining over to see the Corinthian sweepstakes sailed for on Monday.

The winners of the squadron cruise cups are Constellation, Fortuna, Grayling, Iroquois, Quickstep, Titania, Hildegarde, Bertie and Gorilla. In the fourth schooner class a remeasurement of Marguerite and Œnone is necessary before it is certain whether or no Iroquois wins. A summary of the cruise shows that it lasted 10 days, in which time four runs, each a race of about 50 miles, were made, and three special races were sailed, with three days spent at anchor. While this has made the cruise interesting and exciting it has made a great deal of hard work, especially for the crews, and in the smaller classes. The influence of this competition has been beneficial, and it is in the right direction theoretically, as the races are of necessity sailed in cruising trim.

The regatta committee have worked hard, and the result has been a success, as all of the races have been sailed without any hitches or mishaps. They have been greatly aided in the work by the perfect appointments of the flagship, in the way of fast launches and every convenience for work, and the club owes a great deal to Com. Gerry for the generous way in which he turns the flagship into a committee boat for all races. The work is done as it never could be from a tugboat; in fact without such a yacht as the Electra racing over all the present one would not be possible. There is one point in which the present squadron cruises are weak, the absence of visiting and social intercourse between the yachtsmen. At New London, Newport and Cottage City, as soon as the anchor is down the gig is at the gangway and all hands are ashore. Of course there is a good deal of gaiety and life about the hotels, and all meet in the evening, but there is not the close intimacy among the yachtsmen as would result from one or two stops at out of the way harbors, where there are no outside attractions, and where the evenings are spent on board of one yacht or another. In spite of the disappointment due to some bad weather, the cruise of 1889 must be set down as a very successful one, to be looked back on with pleasant memories in the future.

THE CORINTHIAN SWEEPSTAKES, NEWPORT, AUG. 19.

THE few yachtsmen who waited in Newport until Monday were treated to a race such as is very seldom seen, a contest only equalled in quality by those of the great sloops in the trial races of 1886 and '6. The number and excellence of the entries, the size of the stakes, and the number of designers interested were enough to make the race of special importance, and in addition the course and weather was such as to make a most exciting race, and a far fairer test than has yet been made of the merits of the new forties. Unfortunately the centerboard side of the question was allowed to go almost entirely by default, all but one of the eight boats starting being keels, and so no fair chance for comparison was afforded, but this is of little importance when it is considered that the winner has beaten the best of the centerboard boats, Chiquita, Verena and Nymph, as badly as she has the other keels. The race was arranged last June by the Corinthian Y. C. of New York, at the suggestion of Mr. August Belmont, Jr., the entrance being $100 per boat, 60 per cent. to go to the first boat, 18 per cent. to the second, 12 per cent. to the third, and 10 per cent. to the club. The date was set to follow the New York Y. C. cruise, the course to be 25 knots triangular, starting from Brenton's Reef Lightship. Nine entries were received, all but Chiquita starting:

	L.W.L.	Sail Area.	Corrected Length.	Allowance.
Liris, C. W. Wetmore, et al	39.70	3,603	49.86	Allows.
Tomahawk, E. D. Morgan	39.65	3,532	48.68	1 18
Gorilla, R. P. Carroll	39.92	3,257	48.50	1 32
Maraquita, A. Belmont, Jr.	39.92	3,173	48.12	1 58
Alice, P. D. Wheatland	39.90	....	46.35	3 56
Helen, C. D. Prince	39.90	....	46.35	5 56
Minerva, C. H. Tweed	39.96	2,754	46.07	4 17
Pappoose, Bayard Thayer	39.90	2,332	42.60	8 45

Of the above boats Liris was designed by Mr. William Gardner, Tomahawk, Maraquita and Pappoose by Mr. Burgess, Gorilla by Mr. A. Cary Smith, Alice and Helen by Mr. A. G. McVey, of the Boston *Herald*, and Minerva by Will Fife, Jr. The race has naturally been looked to as the most important of the year, and everything was done to put the yachts in the best possible form. Alice and Helen were docked at New Bedford, Liris hauled out at Fall River, Tomahawk had hauled out at Newport just as the cruise began, not being used since, and Gorilla and Pappoose also hauled out at Newport at the last moment, only Maraquita being unfortunate enough not to be able to haul out at all. The great draft of some of these boats, upward of 11ft., has made it a matter of difficulty to find docking facilities in a hurry, only the larger railways being capable of hauling them. Tomahawk was hauled at Newport with great difficulty, the same ways refusing to attempt to haul Liris, while Maraquita was unable to get out on account of a moderate tide only.

All were stripped for the race, every spare bit of wood and furniture being taken ashore, while the best skippers and crew were picked for them. Liris had Capt. George Pittuck, of Bedouin, at the stick, with Mr. Gardner and a picked crew of Corinthians and professionals; Tomahawk had Mr. Morgan at the stick, with Mr. Burgess beside him and a picked crew; Maraquita had Capt. Haff of Titania at the wheel, with young Capt. Haff as mate and part of Titania's crew, Mr. Belmont being on board; Gorilla was sailed by her skipper, Capt. Smith; Pappoose was sailed by Capt. Nat Watson; Helen had Capt. Crocker, of Puritan and Shadow fame, at the wheel, with Mr. John Bryant, owner of Shadow; Alice was sailed by Capt. James T. Smith, the talented designer being on board, while Minerva was steered by young Capt. Charles Barr, her skipper, Capt. John Barr with some of Clara's crew being on board.

The tug Assistance, with the regatta committee, Messrs. Eben B. Clark and W. H. Plummer, and Mr. W. Lloyd Jeffries, of the Beverly Y. C., as judge, ran out of the harbor about 9:30, there being then a nice S.W. air stirring. The start was not hurried, as more wind was needed and the breeze was freshening, but when Brenton's Reef Lightship was reached there was quite a breeze. The eight boats had worked out with clubtopsails set, and carried them for a time, but about 10:30 Pappoose started to douse hers, showing only a jibheader. One by one the others followed, Minerva setting a small clubtopsail, until only Liris was swinging a club.

The course for the first leg was laid out S.W., 8¼ knots, being nearly parallel with the trend of the shore from Narragansett Pier to Point Judith. The preparatory whistle was blown at 10:48, but owing to the wording of the sailing directions there was some doubt as to whether the interval was 10 or 15 minutes. Tomahawk, closely followed by Minerva, came for the line at 10 minutes, beautifully timed for the start, but both were obliged to return, Gorilla, crossing the other way, was also sent back. When the start was finally given, at 11:03, the fleet was to the west of the Lightship, the line being on the east side. Tomahawk again came first for the line, but Liris was lapping her, though unable to force her way between Tomahawk and the ship. Minerva was close after them and stuck her nosepole in between Liris and the ship, coming on the weather of Tomahawk as the three cleared the line. Gorilla was next, the first four crossing within a minute, but the rest were a little later, crossing in processson, with Helen last. Strange to say none were handicapped, something seldom seen. The times were:

Tomahawk	11 03 59	Alice	11 05 28
Liris	11 04 04	Maraquita	11 05 39
Minerva	11 04 11	Pappoose	11 05 49
Gorilla	11 04 52	Helen	11 06 48

All crossed on starboard tack, but Pappoose was hardly clear of the line before she went on port tack, heading in for Narragansett Pier. As there was every chance for more wind inshore, the move seemed a good one, and later events proved it so. Tomahawk was now a little ahead of Minerva, but the latter was climbing out to windward at a great pace. Liris was not holding either, being the leeward boat. Gorilla, Helen and Alice followed Pappoose at once, but the leaders held their first tack, followed by Maraquita. At 11:19 Minerva went on port tack inshore, the others following. She had now a decided lead, with Tomahawk second, and Liris and Maraquita dropping astern. Gorilla was leading the inshore division, with Helen next. Minerva was holding the best wind, outpointing and footing Tomahawk. Liris was well out to windward, but astern, while Maraquita, to leeward of Tomahawk, was abeam of her but not holding to windward. At 11:27 Liris lowered her clubtopsail, getting it on deck before setting her jibheader. The second division was now working short tacks close under the beach, Gorilla leading. As Pappoose and Alice closed in at 1:40, Alice crossed Pappoose's bow. Maraquita and Helen were now the last, and both set small jibtopsails.

The two divisions were approaching rapidly, Minerva on port tack leading one, and Gorilla on starboard the other. They met at 11:50, Gorilla being close enough to cause Minerva to tack. It was a curious sight as the two fleets, separated for three-quarters of an hour, came together again. Minerva, leading the first division, was ahead of Gorilla, leading the second, while Alice, Pappoose and Helen, of the second division, dropped into line respectively ahead of Tomahawk, Liris and Maraquita, of the first division. Evidently the inshore work of the smaller and presumably slower boats had been better than the offshore tacks of Minerva, Liris and Tomahawk. That this was the case is proved by the work of the next hour, with the fleet now in the same wind and water and sailing on even terms, as Tomahawk and Liris pulled up several places before the turn was reached. At 12:20 Minerva was off Point Judith, with the mark about two miles away. The others were coming up astern in the order in which they afterward turned, Tomahawk having now headed Gorilla, while Liris was next to the latter. Minerva set her balloon jibtopsail as she came for the mark, and then dropped her spinaker boom to starboard, running up and sheeting out the sail at once. The times at the first turn were:

Minerva	12 41 45	Helen	12 48 59
Tomahawk	12 44 46	Alice	12 49 43
Gorilla	12 46 24	Pappoose	12 50 28
Liris	12 46 41	Maraquita	12 51 42

Elapsed time, first leg to windward:

Minerva	1 37 34	Liris	1 42 21
Tomahawk	1 40 41	Alice	1 43 47
Gorilla	1 41 23	Pappoose	1 44 23
Helen	1 41 57	Maraquita	1 45 46

Minerva thus beats Tomahawk by 3m. 7s. in 8 knots to windward, and Gorilla and Helen about 4m. The conditions of the windward work were unusually fair, the only advantage being that gained by the early tack inshore by four of the boats.

Going down wind there was a marked difference of opinion among the fleet as to the best canvas to carry. Minerva set her spinaker at once, making it draw, but the rest were very slow. Liris carried hers in stops 10 minutes after turning, while Tomahawk ran the whole 8 miles under balloon jibtopsail. As Minerva continued to gain and Tomahawk lost most on this leg, the former must have been nearly right. All carried balloon jibtopsails, and clubtopsails were sent up, Liris lowering her jibheader to set the ballooner at 1 o'clock, Minerva at the same time shifting her small for the large club. At 1:33 Minerva lowered spinaker and hauled up a little for the tug, carrying balloon jibtopsail, balloon foresail and clubtopsail. She made a serious blunder in not dousing the balloon jibtopsail before coming on the wind for a close reach, the wind being now nearer west, as she had a safe lead on elapsed time, without her allowance, and risked the race on the chances of losing her topmast. She staggered along a short distance, after making a very pretty turn, and after running up off her course a little she was obliged to lower the balloon jibtopsail. Liris had run Tomahawk over the second leg and was very close to her at the mark, when Tomahawk swung off for a wide sweep, giving Liris a fine chance to cut her out. Capt. Pittuck made a handsome turn, close aboard the tug, and was off and away before Tomahawk. The most amusing bit of work in the entire race was the clinch at this mark between the two McVey boats. Capt. Crocker had brought Helen close to the tug for a neat turn when her white sister, Alice, with Designer McVey on board, rushed down on her, forcing a passage between her and the mark at the imminent risk of a foul. Helen was forced to give room. Maraquita had set her balloon jib on the run, and held to it all the way home. The turn was timed:

Minerva	1 43 20	Alice	1 52 19
Liris	1 49 30	Helen	1 52 17
Tomahawk	1 49 49	Pappoose	1 54 00
Gorilla	1 50 07	Maraquita	1 56 05

Elapsed time, second leg, free reach:

Minerva	1 01 35	Pappoose	1 03 48
Alice	1 02 34	Gorilla	1 03 52
Liris	1 03 05	Maraquita	1 04 40
Helen	1 03 32	Tomahawk	1 05 09

Minerva had also gained on this leg, Alice doing good work, while Liris had run Tomahawk considerably. The wind was now well aft and dead strong enough to swing clubtopsails to. Minerva was hopelessly ahead of the fleet, but there was still a number of scores to be settled, and all did their best. Liris had shaken Tomahawk at the turn, while Gorilla collared the latter, and was now to windward of her. On this leg Liris traveled very fast and none of the rest could catch her. Gorilla worked out on Tomahawk, thereby hurting her, and at 2:15 was hanging to Tomahawk's weather quarter. She then set a baby jibtopsail and began to walk by Tomahawk to windward, soon passing her and leading her over the line. The finish was a fine one, the boats traveling very fast under a good press of canvas. Alice, Helen, Pappoose and Maraquita crossed in a bunch. The full times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Minerva	11 04 11	2 27 20	3 23 09	3 18 52
Pappoose	11 05 49	2 40 15	3 34 26	3 25 41
Gorilla	11 04 52	2 35 20	3 30 28	3 23 38
Liris	11 04 04	2 33 25	3 29 21	3 23 21
Helen	11 06 48	2 40 20	3 33 32	3 29 36
Alice	11 05 28	2 39 20	3 33 52	3 29 56
Tomahawk	11 03 56	2 35 50	3 31 51	3 30 33
Maraquita	11 05 39	2 40 10	3 34 31	3 32 33

Elapsed time, third leg, close reach:

Liris	43 55	Tomahawk	46 01
Minerva	44 90	Pappoose	46 15
Maraquita	44 08	Alice	47 01
Gorilla	45 13	Helen	48 03

Minerva wins $540, Pappoose $162, and Gorilla $108, the money to be put into cups.

As the day was clear and the legs short, the intermediate times were taken with more accuracy than common, and are correct to a quarter of a minute or less. They show a clear gain for Minerva in the windward work and off the wind, while Liris, Minerva and Maraquita were practically equal on the reach. Tomahawk was second boat in the windward work, but slow in running and reaching. The little Pappoose did good work all day, and takes second money on corrected time, while Gorilla takes third money. The elapsed times are instructive, as Minerva beats Pappoose over 11m. on even sailing, she beats Gorilla over 7m. and Liris over 6m. The two McVey boats did very good work, beating both the Burgess boats, Tomahawk and Maraquita.

In view of what Minerva has done before this season, there is no escape from the conclusion that she is a good deal too fast for the rest of her class, and that they have no business with her. As to the rest, the present race, though a perfectly fair one, cannot be taken as a conclusive test of the merits of all, as its results have been contradicted, or only partly supported by the previous races of the year. It is to be regretted that such centerboards as Nymph and Verena were not in it, as their performance with the keels would have been very instructive. Gorilla did fairly well, though a part of her gain was made by the early tack in shore, but taken all through she has made a very creditable showing in the late races. There are a number of races yet to be sailed before the season closes, and from them all it may be possible to tell which is really the second best forty, but as to the fastest of the class there can no longer be any doubt. Minerva has settled that. She will be in the Corinthian races at Marblehead this and next week, where she will meet Gorilla, Helen, Verena, Maraquita, Chiquita, Pappoose and probably Alice. Liris is not likely to go round, as her owners have no time and wish to use her for cruising about the Sound within reach of business. The Nymph is out of racing for the present, and will not go round the Cape, but she will be in the fall races about Larchmont and the Lower Bay.

ATALA AND MABEL.—These two boats have matched for a series of three races, for a silver cup, the first being sailed on Aug. 17, over course No. 7 of the Hull Y. C., 6 miles. Mabel, owned by F. L. Dunne, Hull Y. C., is 21ft. 6½in. sailing length, and Atala, owned by E. F. Linton, of Weymouth, is 22ft. 3½in.; both centerboards. The wind was from light to moderate during the race, which was started at 11:20 A. M. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Atala, E. F. Linton	1 52 44	1 31 32
Mabel, F. L. Dunne	1 56 50	1 36 03

Atala wins by 8m. 31s.

QUINCY MOSQUITO BOATS.—The first race of the Quincy mosquito boats was sailed on Aug. 17, off Hough's Neck, the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Teaser, Fred Estes	15.04	1 43 30	1 10 53
City Point, Frank Pray	15.02	1 44 15	1 11 43
Coot, White and Nicol	15.03	1 45 00	1 12 15

Eva, Edith, Dart and Cosett withdrew.

BEVERLY Y. C.

150TH REGATTA, THIRD CHAMPIONSHIP, AUG. 17.

THE pennant in the second class having been twice won by Swordfish, there was no race in that class, and no one seemed anxious to tackle Saracen, who had a walkover.

In third class an excellent entry appeared and a close race was the result, separate prizes with allowance being raced for by the cats and sloops, but the whole class sailing for one championship on actual time, Mosca and Kiowa each having won a leg.

In fourth class Nonpareil and Dolphin, who each had a leg to their credit, sailed a close race. It is to be regretted that Psyche, who was entered, did not put in an appearance.

Before the start Mosca tried the experiment of setting up her jibstay till her hollow mast was bent well forward; the mast could not stand it and was sprung a little during the windward work. Kiowa had just come from the shops, where she had had the rail on her mast taken off and hoops substituted; this required that throat halliard fastenings be removed from mast and replaced. The workmen improved on owner's orders and replaced fastenings with a patent eyebolt, in place of a band round mast as ordered; the result was that when she left her moorings, ten minutes before start, the eyebolt drew out at once, and sail came down with a run; the block was lashed onto mast again in time to start, but rope lashings stretched badly, leaving sail very slack and bothering her on the windward work.

There was a nice westerly topsail breeze blowing at the start with occasional puffs of some force, which died out somewhat toward the finish.

Wraith was handicapped by a bad start; Kathleen was off first with Kiowa just astern, then Hoiden, Mosca and Edith close together, Wraith bringing up the rear.

Kathleen and Kiowa began to drop the others on the run to Bowditch, Kathleen luffing as far as obstructions near course would allow, to prevent Kiowa getting by her; the result was they sailed a longer distance than the others. In every puff Kiowa gained; between puffs Kathleen drew ahead; finally Kiowa got by, rounding Bowditch Ledge about 30s. ahead; Mosca was third, then Hoiden, Edith and Wraith.

It was a beat to Curtis Point, the boats standing in to the shore with the wind very light. Kathleen could not point with Kiowa, but outfooted her, so when she came out on the starboard tack the Cape cat had to give way to avoid a foul. Mosca at this time was closing well.

After the wind grew stronger and when boats next met, Kiowa was ahead, rounding windward mark about 30s. ahead of Kathleen, Mosca third. At this time the others were close together some distance astern, Edith having a trifling lead, when she broke her rudder and was forced out of the race. Running back to buoy 3 Kiowa held her own on Kathleen, but from 3 to the finish, with wind forward of abeam and dying out, Kathleen gained, and Mosca gained on both, but they were not able to catch her.

In the fourth class Nonpareil made a bad start, and never caught her competitor. Result as follows:

First class course, 10 miles round Half-Way Rock, S. E. Pig Breaker and return. Third and fourth classes, round Bowditch Ledge Beacon and stakeboat off Curtis Point, returning outside of 7, 5 and 3 and Selman's Berth, 7½ miles. Wind, west; fair topsail breeze:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Saracen, W. P. Fowle	38.05½	2 01 00	2 06 00
THIRD CLASS—CATS.			
Kiowa, W. A. & W. L. Jeffries	22.01	1 29 38	1 18 06
Hoiden, Gordon Dexter	22.02	1 35 25	1 24 08
Edith, F. H. Wood	20.05	Disabled.	
SLOOPS.			
Kathleen; R. S. Peabody	25.07	1 29 47	1 21 39
Mosca, C. H. W. Foster	24.06	1 30 35	1 21 14
Wraith, H. P. Benson	22.03	1 34 44	1 24 21
FOURTH CLASS.			
Dolphin, Royal Robbins	18.00	1 41 35	1 25 31
Nonpariel, W. O. Taylor	18.09	1 42 16	1 27 08

Saracen wins in first class, Kiowa in third class cats, Mosca in sloops, Dolphin in fourth class. Championship for first class won and held by Saracen, championship for third class won and held by Kiowa, championship in fourth class won and held by Dolphin. Judge, Patrick Grant, Jr.

THAT NAPHTHA LAUNCH EXPLOSION.

A TERRIBLE casualty occurred at Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 7, when a quantity of naphtha gas exploded, burning a boat house and the hull of a naphtha launch, and killing three children and a man and seriously injuring a woman and another child. The newspapers reported that the accident was caused by the "explosion of the yacht's boiler." The launch was one of those manufactured by the Gas Engine and Power Co., of this city, who have advertised in our columns that hundreds of their launches were in use without a single accident. The naphtha launch is rapidly winning its way in popular favor, and it is recognized as a distinct advance in navigation. The craft are in use by so many readers of FOREST AND STREAM that we have been at some pains to gain accurate information about the facts of the Buffalo affair, and to learn whether the accident should be charged to the launch or to sheer culpable carelessness in handling naphtha independently of the working of the launch. The facts are given in the subjoined letters, sent to us by the manufacturers. From this examination by Buffalo parties, it appears that the yacht's "boiler" did not "explode;" the explosion was caused by naphtha gas, formed by a large quantity of naphtha spilled in the boat and thrown overboard, where it floated on the surface. This naphtha uniting with the atmosphere formed explosive gas, and it was this gas that was ignited, not in the "yacht's boiler," but outside, and independently of any legitimate handling of naphtha in connection with the yacht. An analogous case would be that of loading a shotgun, scattering the powder about on the floor, and then touching a match to it. Gun and powder and yacht and naphtha are perfectly safe engines so long as handled right. The Buffalo casualty, we are satisfied, cannot be regarded as in the slightest degree damaging to the safety of the naphtha launch, but it should impress upon all who use the craft the importance of extreme care in handling the naphtha itself, when by uniting with the atmosphere it may form an explosive gas. The letters are as follows:

BUFFALO, Aug. 16.—*Gas Engine & Power Co., Morris Dock, New York City.*—GENTLEMEN: After having quite thoroughly investigated the cause of the recent explosion of gas in Mr. Crocker's boat house, I am fully satisfied that it occurred as the result of gross carelessness in the handling of naphtha, and that it was entirely independent and in no way connected with the machinery or apparatus of the naphtha launch which was in the boat house at the time. In fact, although the hull of the launch was almost consumed by fire, communicated to it by the burning naphtha spilled on the water and in the boat which ignited from the explosion of gas generated therefrom, yet the naphtha tank, the retort or coil, and every part of the machinery of the boat, is to-day whole and unimpaired, except in so far as it may have been affected by the intense heat of the fire to which it was subjected.

Of course, every intelligent person (and none others have any business to handle such an agent) understands that naphtha, when poured, slopped or spilled about over a large surface, exposed to the atmosphere, will evaporate rapidly, and mixing with the atmosphere, will form an explosive gas. By pumping a large quantity of naphtha into the bottom of the boat, with nothing to prevent its flowing freely under its floors, then dipping out the naphtha, or such part of it as was easily accessible, pouring considerable quantities of this overboard on the surface of the water, leaving the bottom of the boat well saturated with the naphtha and then lighting a match in the midst of all this immense exposure of naphtha-saturated, gas-generating surface, is it any wonder that a disastrous explosion occurred? If one had gone deliberately at work to manufacture just the conditions necessary to produce a powerful explosion of naphtha gas, he could hardly improve upon these methods. As an owner of a naphtha launch which I have now run for two seasons with the greatest satisfaction, and as I believe, with great safety, I was much pleased to find, upon getting at the bottom facts, that the recent explosion was due to no fault of construction or defect in the naphtha launch, but was entirely dependent upon gross thoughtlessness in the handling of naphtha, contrary to all proper usage in dealing with an agent which requires a little care and prudence wherever it may be handled.—Yours truly, R. V. PIERCE, M. D.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 15.—*Gas Engine & Power Co., Morris Dock, N.Y. City.*—GENTLEMEN: In reply to your recent inquiry as to the cause of the burning of the naphtha launch and boat house, would say I learned of the accident about two hours after its occurrence, and just as my sons and self were leaving our boat house in the naphtha launch Louisa, purchased of you some two years since. As we were going to the yacht club house to take my family for an evening sail, I determined to visit the scene of the disaster before doing so, to learn if possible the cause. I examined the wreck, and became satisfied that neither the coil, or retort, as you choose to call it, nor the tank had been injured,

both being intact. Having satisfied myself that the boat and its appliances were not at fault, I resumed my journey, taking my wife and children aboard, and spending the evening on the lake. I mention this fact to show you my confidence in the safety of the naphtha launch. I have since learned, in an interview with the owner, that at the time the accident occurred the parties in charge, in order to find out what was the matter with their strainer, or to see if there was dirt in the naphtha, had pumped the naphtha from the tank into the compartment about the engine, disconnecting some of the valves near the pump for that purpose, and using the hand naphtha pump to do it. That they then transferred this naphtha from the compartment in the rear to the tank, then cleaned out the back compartment, throwing over the refuse naphtha, which of course floated on the surface of the water, and shortly after this the explosion occurred. Knowing as I do that the rear compartment is neither naphtha nor watertight, and from this fact realizing that the naphtha must have gone from that through the entire length of the boat, I can readily see how the burning of the boat occurred. I am of the opinion that in their efforts to start the boat, and in their manipulation of pumping the naphtha into the compartments, then carrying it back to the tank and turning it in, they had filled the boat house with gas from the naphtha, and that communication was made between the lighted match at the coil and the boat house, either through the naphtha left in the boat or that on the surface of the water, and that the gas in the boat house exploded and set it on fire instantly. Since the accident occurred I was present at the raising of the hull, and upon close examination of the coil, tank, pipes, and machinery of every description, I am confirmed in my belief that none of them had given away, and that the accident was caused by the use or handling of naphtha, and not at all owing to any fault of the boat. In fact, the examination proved a great surprise, as it showed that although the entire boat, sides and top, were completely burned to the waterline, the tank was but slightly bulged and one stay pulled through. There was naphtha still inside of it. Yours truly, GEO. B. HAYES.

HULL Y. C.—The second championship race of the Hull Y. C. was sailed on Aug. 17 in a moderate W. wind, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Magic, E. C. Neal	31.03	2 35 16	2 06 54
Albatross, J. J. Henry	34.02	2 38 26	2 12 50
SECOND CLASS.			
Harbinger, J. R. Hooper	28.01	2 30 16	1 58 15
Erin, J. Cavanagh	26.08	2 37 50	2 04 28
THIRD CLASS.			
Posy, R. G. Hunt	22.02	2 00 02	1 24 36
Undine, E. B. Holmes	23.04	2 06 20	1 32 21
Secret, E. F. Linton	22.06	2 03 49	1 28 48
Echo, Burwell & Isham	24.05	2 01 13	1 28 43
Thelga, H. J. Johnson	22.01	2 02 37	1 27 05
FOURTH CLASS.			
Eureka, E. B. Rogers	20.06	1 34 46	1 12 04
IXL., Skinner & Smith	16.02	1 51 49	1 24 52
FIFTH CLASS.			
Mabel, F. L. Dunne & Brown	19.10	1 43 16	1 20 04
Myrtle, C. R. Poor	19.02	1 42 42	1 18 54
Atala, F. L. Linton	19.10	1 39 28	1 16 16
Tartar, J. B. Forsythe	19.11	1 55 18	1 32 10
SIXTH CLASS.			
Rocket, H. M. Faxon	16.02	1 49 38	1 22 41
Wildfire, H. A. Keith	17.03	1 53 23	1 27 39

Magic and Atala win each a championship leg, and Harbinger, Posy, Thelga and Eureka win full championships. The judges were Benjamin W. Rowell, Wm. E. Sherriffs, John R. Chadwick and James B. Forsythe.

DUXBURY REGATTA.—The third subscription race at Duxbury was sailed on Aug. 17, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Pet, H. T. Hayden	17.03	Not taken.	
Mary, J. W. Seaver, Jr.	16.06	2 01 34	1 17 18
Marion, James W. Watson	19.02	1 45 30	1 05 50
Dux, William Adams	17.07	1 40 33	1 04 10
White Swallow, E. W. Watson	18.09	1 43 50	1 06 30
Pearl, F. H. Palmer	17 06	1 57 30	1 15 09

First White Swallow, second Dux, third Marion.

SECOND CLASS—CENTERBOARD SPRITSAILS.

Solitaire, Sanford C. Winsor	17.01	1 36 48	1 02 16
Henrietta, A. M. Watson, Jr.	16.01	2 00 10	1 34 58
Carrie B., John C. Dawes	16.02	Not taken.	
Kittie, L. H. Delano	15.03	2 10 20	1 32 55
Myra, S. C. Cheney	16 03	1 44 32	1 08 44
Fred and Emma, Fred Wadsworth	15.09	1 51 40	1 15 00
Mayflower, Bache & Snow	16.00	1 41 10	1 04 58
Katherine, Everett Ewell	16.00	1 48 42	1 12 30
Ben Harrison, S. S. Rychards	17.00	1 33 16	1 03 36
Rooster, Percy B. Fowle	16.06	1 46 56	1 11 32
Florence, Geo. B. Cushing	15.00	Not taken.	
Unknown, Ernest Sweetser	15.07	2 11 50	1 36 08
Fair Play, Geo. D. Bartlett	16.07	1 37 36	1 02 20
Eaton, E. R. Eaton	16.00	Not taken.	

First Solitaire, second Fair Play, third Ben Harrison.

THIRD CLASS—KEEL SPRITSAILS

Sadie W., William J. Turner	15.01	2 12 37	1 34 55
Osiris, John M. Watson	15.01	1 19 30	1 41 48
Paul Revere, Clarence Smith	16.00	2 10 45	1 34 33
Clear the Track, Oscar Hunt	15.05	1 49 38	1 12 30
Jessie, J. Morton	15.07	1 50 45	1 14 03

First Clear the Track, second Jessie, third, Paul Revere.

The judges were John A. Irwin, Sidney M. Hedges and Lewis K. Keith, and the committee of Arrangements Charles M. Cook, Sanford C. Winsor, Alfred D. Green, Lewis H. Delano and Capt. Joshua M. Cushing.

COTTAGE CITY RACES.—The Citizens' race for Cape catboats was sailed off Cottage City on Aug. 15, the wind being N.E. The times were:

FIRST CLASS—21FT. SAILING LENGTH.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Climax	1 48 55	1 17 45
Wildcat	2 03 24	1 28 14
Mollie	2 06 23	1 32 13
Defiance	2 09 26	1 34 56
Tramp	2 06 12	1 35 02
Mary	2 08 01	1 36 01
Edna	Did not finish.	

SECOND CLASS—18FT. TO 21FT.

Daisy	2 03 54	1 23 34
Hero	2 06 10	1 26 30
Algonquin	2 07 10	1 26 50
Elna	2 07 55	1 29 15
Mascot	2 14 07	1 33 17
Marion	2 20 29	1 41 59
Sachem	2 24 42	1 47 02
Drift	Did not finish.	

THIRD CLASS.

Edith	1 38 48	1 03 28
Reba	1 49 33	1 11 01
Psyche	1 47 24	1 12 44
Rena	1 54 43	1 16 27
Shawnee	Did not finish.	

FOURTH CLASS.

Mary E	1 21 55	0 50 25
Annie	1 21 47	0 56 29
Marion	1 38 50	1 07 38
No Name	Did not finish.	

FIFTH CLASS.

Otter	1 38 48	1 05 54
Messer	1 41 00	1 09 41
Sanford	1 49 50	1 17 44
Jones	1 55 53	1 24 21
J. Arthur Beebe	Did not finish.	

SIXTH CLASS.

E. Donnelly	1 48 55	1 15 49
Capt. Ireland	1 50 20	1 19 14
J. D. Hoxie	1 55 58	1 24 46
Olga	Did not finish.	

MAHOPAC Y. C.—Third pennant regatta, Aug. 17. Regular club course, sailed twice; time limit, 2 hours; distance, 10 miles. Weather fair. Wind W.N.W., moderate:

JIB AND MAINSAIL—CLASS 2.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected
Flora, E. S. Ponvert	21.17	1 38 28	1 37 32
Vixen, F. H. Patteson	22.05	1 42 20	1 42 01
Vida, David Hunt	22.10	1 43 30	1 43 30
CATBOATS—CLASS 4.			
Dart, Ad. Engler, Jr.	15.00	1 55 15	1 55 15
Mist, D. N. B. Sturgis	20.02	1 52 03	1 50 00
Susie S., E. Sturgis	15 00	Did not finish.	

Flora won in Class 2 and Dart in Class 4. Vixen broke her jibboom square in the middle just after the start, and sailed half of first round and all of second without a jibboom. Regatta Committee and Judges—Herbert A. Levy, J. S. Cooley and Edwin C. Dusenbury.

GREAT HEAD Y. C. SECOND CHAMPIONSHIP.—The second championship race of the Great Head Y. C. was sailed on Aug 16 in a light S.W. wind, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Owl, J. S. Cushing	25.00	1 27 10	1 03 07
Hustler, J. C. Miller		Time not taken.	
SECOND CLASS.			
Nellie May, T. J. Young	21.00	1 29 00	1 01 16
E. A. C., Geo. H. Worcester	20.04	1 44 50	1 16 24
THIRD CLASS.			
Modoc, D. W. Belcher	15.02	1 04 28	0 41 00
I. X. L., C. L. Smith	16.01	1 04 55	0 42 43
Rocket, W. H. Faxon	16.02	1 06 34	0 44 07
Evelyn, L. W. Harrington	18.03	1 07 12	0 46 37
Thera, George Bryden	15.09	1 06 00	0 51 28

The sail-off will take place on Aug. 31.

QUINCY Y. C. SECOND CHAMPIONSHIP.—The Quincy Y. C. was unlucky on Aug. 15 in having no wind for its second championship race, the yachts drifting over the course, and being timed as follows:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Posy, R. G. Hunt	22 02	2 39 29	2 11 99
Erin, John Cavanagh	26.00	2 45 07	2 20 19
Adolph, Secret and Mooadyne withdrawn.			
SECOND CLASS.			
Pet, J. McFarland	19.08	3 25 34	2 58 21
Mabel, F. L. Dunne	20.00	3 28 26	3 01 36
Atala, E. F. Linton	Withdrawn.		
JIB AND MAINSAIL.			
Diadem, L. A Hayward	18.02	3 19 23	2 50 29
Nereid, C. F. Colby	20.09	3 24 28	2 58 20
THIRD CLASS.			
Rocket, H. M. Faxon	16.02	3 14 41	2 43 15
Mirage, John Dearborn	17.03	3 17 28	2 47 40

Wildfire, Elise, Flora and Guenn withdrawn. The judges were John A. Sanborn and C. A. French.

CAPE CATS AND CUTTERS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It will be very hard to give "Inquirer" all the information he desires about Cape cats and cutters, but I can give him some of the facts, which to my mind in one trial prove nothing. Saracen, Kathleen and Harbinger crossed the starting line but a few seconds apart, so the start may be considered even. The first leg was a reach of something over 11 miles with the wind on the port quarter. Saracen rounded the buoy first, with Harbinger one-half and Kathleen four and a half minutes later. Harbinger would probably have rounded first or at least with Saracen if she had not carried away her spinaker boom, which she had swung well forward. Neither of the others carried spinakers. From the buoy to Tinker's Island, a stretch of about 8 miles, Kathleen caught Harbinger and both passed Saracen. Harbinger only tacked on this stretch, which she did twice to break Kathleen's wind, who was weathering on both boats nicely. Beyond Tinker's Island the contest is of no value, as the catboat ran into smooth water. The honors were, reaching, Saracen, Harbinger, Kathleen; and on the wind, Kathleen, Harbinger, Saracen. I will not attempt to explain the cutter's defeat, but after witnessing the catboat's victory I would willingly back the Kathleen if matched against her with any time allowance which taxed each equally and where shifting ballast is not allowed.—EYE-WITNESS.

Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

—. Pequot Meet, Thimble Islands.
7-23. A. C. A. Meet, Stave Island St. Lawrence River.

SEPTEMBER.

2. Arlington, Annual, Arlington, N. J.
7. Brooklyn, Annual, postponed.
7. Puritan, Record Races, No. 5.
14. Ianthe, Annual, Newark.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION MEET.

TENTH ANNUAL.

Stave Island on the St. Lawrence.

AUGUST 18.—It is now three years since a meet has been held on the St. Lawrence, and naturally many new faces are seen in camp. Delaney Point, where the camp was held for three successive seasons, is in plain view from the present camp on the upper or western end of Stave Island. To reach the camp from Clayton one passes through Eel Bay and past the old camp ground which now seems bare indeed. The steamboat course from Clayton to Gananoque passes just to the westward of Stave Island marked by a lighthouse on a little point across the narrow channel from the camp. There are many small islands near with narrow straits between them forming a regular fringe all about the camp and affording protection from storms. The arrangement of the camp is almost identical with that at Lake George last year—on three sides of the narrow end of an island, with a little strait between it and the next island. The shore is well adapted to the building of landing stages for canoes, and easily reached by paths from the higher land where the tents are pitched on somewhat rocky ground in a pine grove with little or no undergrowth. The steamboat wharf is to the east of the camp in a fine little harbor, and very near the dining shed where the campers take their meals—three tickets for one dollar. E. J. Searle, of Gananoque, is running the mess department—in a very much better way than that of last year. The dining shed is in an orchard on the Dickson place—it can hardly be called a farm.

Near the mess shed is a large three-pole circus tent, put up for holding meetings and for the use of members. It was converted into a ball room last Thursday evening by the campers, an imported Canadian band furnishing the music and Paradise Point, the ladies' camp this year, the partners. Squaw Point, as it was called in the earlier days, is on the north side of the island on the main Canadian channel of the river.

A few over 200 names have been registered on the secretary's books up to to-night as regular campers and 146 canoes. Over 50 have entered for the races and 47 for the chief sailing event, so the contests that begin at 9:30 to-morrow promise to be specially interesting. The clubs represented are: Peterboro (9), Deowainsta (Rome, 4), Whitby (4), Toronto (20), Lindsay (9), Vesper (Lowell, 6), Bayonne (2), Brooklyn (7), Amsterdam (2), Kingston (4), Knickerbocker (N. Y. city, 7), Pittsburgh (2), Montreal (3), Ubique (4), Watertown (3), Jabberwock (2), Cincinnati (1) Brockville (7), Gananoque (8), Philadelphia (2), Corinthian Mosquito Fleet (New Rochelle, 1), Ianthe (Newark, 3), Hartford (1), Galt (3), Yonkers (4), Arlington (6), Ottawa (4), Lake St. Louis (2), Puritan (4), Bobcaygeon (4), New York (2), Marine and Field (Bath, L. I., 6), Kwo-ne-she (Trenton, 1), Rochester (2), Oswegatchie (Ogdensburg, 1), Lakefield (4), Monican (Albany, 3), Buffalo (1), Deseronto (1), Quebec (1), 40 in all. There are also other A. C. A. members unattached to any club.

Mr. B. W. Wood, of the Tippy C. C., Chicago, winner of the Western Canoe Association trophy at Ballast Island in July, is here with his canoe Wood, as a guest, and will take part in the races, having been invited by the regatta committee. Hyde D. Murphy, a correspondent of the Boston *Herald*, is reporting the meet for his paper and sending sketches for publication of camp scenes and the crack canoes. The far-famed, around-the-world-since-the-last-meet Jabber is also here—but without a canoe and with a camera. Mrs. Dean, of Lindsay, is chaperoning a party of young ladies, who enliven the camp-fires with songs, including Miss MacGachen, of Littlebourne, Eng., and Miss Herriman, of Grand Forks, Dak. Mr. Mrs. and Miss Seavey, of New York, are camping at Paradise Point, as they have been yearly for some time, and Mrs. L. J. Edwards, of Seattle, W. T., is also there.

Commodore Rogers was on hand early with Secretary Hatton, of Peterboro, and camp was formally opened on the 9th. Canoeists have been coming in daily ever since. Ex-Commodore Edwards, chairman of the regatta committee, is not here, owing to the recent death of his wife, Mr. French, of Buffalo, of the committee taking his place. Messrs. Whitlock and Bailey, acting for the committee, laid out the courses the middle of the week, and successfully located them to the westward of the camp in the Canadian channel, where the prevailing wind (S.W.) gets a clear sweep across. The current is not strong here and need hardly be calculated on in the sailing. Three ex-commodores have registered—Rathbone, Gibson and Wilkin—and many division officers are present, except from the East.

The Vesper men arrived early and have been sailing steadily all the week. They mean business and are cut out for winners, with Paul Butler as their captain.

Many skiffs keep coming and going to and from Gananoque, Clayton, the summer resorts and the camp. One, with most brilliant turkey red sails, is regularly at the camp, and presents a very peculiar appearance sailing about the island.

Yesterday, when a party of three were paddling to camp from Gananoque, they were passed by one of the river steamers and upset by the swell, losing all their traps. The steamer did not even stop to help the paddlers, and they spent a most uncomfortable half hour—not to say dangerous—in the water before they were rescued by a skiff party.

There is a camp circus billed for Tuesday night in the large tent. The rehearsals already held have developed plenty of talent, and the show promises to be a howling success.

The Toronto club are here in force, thirty members with a big canoe, holding fourteen paddlers and two end men, called Unk-ta-hee. When the full complement of the crew is on board the ship is an imposing sight. The other extreme is illustrated by a small Peterboro canoe weighing just 12lbs.

The weather up to to-day has been most discouraging—rain every day, and sometimes all day, accompanied by high winds. To-day and yesterday were fine, and the promise is for good weather for several days to come. The Northern Division trophy was posted to be raced for on Friday, but the weather effectually put a stop to even starting it.

There is an extra race put on the programme, a sailing race, 6 miles, for a large vase presented to the Association by Mr. E. H. Barney of Springfield, Mass. The idea originated with his son George, who died last May, and Mr. Barney has followed out the ideas of his son to the letter. The regatta committee have decided—as the conditions of the race were left to them—that the cup should be sailed for annually until won twice by one man, when it should become his property. The race is to follow the trophy race, and the trophy winner is barred out. Mr. Barney is in Clayton, and will be at the camp to witness the races. The vase is of copper, egg-shaped, on four supports, and is a really beautiful prize.

The programme of the races to be contested Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday is as follows:

RECORD EVENTS.

1. Paddling, classes 2 and 3, decked; ½ mile.
2. Paddling, class 4, decked; ½ mile.
3. Paddling, classes 2 and 3, open; ½ mile.
4. Paddling, class 4, open; ½ mile.
5. Combined paddling and sailing, ½ mile alternately; total, 3 miles, A and B.
6. Sailing, classes A and B, 4½ miles.

OTHER EVENTS.

7. Trophy, sailing, 7 miles.
8. Paddling, class es 2, 3 and 4, open or decked; 1 mile.
9. Paddling, tandem, class 4; ½ mile
10. Club fours, any canoe not over 16ft.; ½ mile.
11. Paddling, upset (open canoes entering to have ½ minute start on condition of being emptied after turning over); 150yds.
12. Hurry-scurry—run, swim, paddle.
13. Sailing, upset.
14. Sailing, cruising race; 6 miles.
15. Gymnastics and tournament.

The order of the races will depend upon the weather—sailing events first, if the wind answer.

The Northern Division cup will be raced for at the meet by members of the division, and there will doubtless be other special races, including race for unclassed canoes, if present.

Canoes noted as "decked" entering events Nos. 1, 2 and 3, must be decked at least one-half their length, have effective keel or centreboard and two water-tight tanks or bulkheads; in other words be properly equipped sailing canoes. In No. 14, in addition, canoes must have a well not less than 16in. wide for a length of 4ft., with a sleeping space of at least 6ft., of which at least 5ft. must be clear; there must be no projecting centerboard when housed, and no sliding seats or standing sails, start to be made with sails down, and sails to be lowered on deck once during the race. Open canoes in events 3, 4, 8, 9 10 and 11 must use single-blade paddles; in all other cases any paddle may be used.

Classes A and B will sail together on equal terms, all distinctions between them being abolished, and no separate record kept either for prizes or record points.

The novice prize, open only to members who never sailed a canoe before September, 1888, will be awarded on the result of the first round of race No. 6.

The camp was assembled at 11 o'clock this morning to hold divine service. As no minister was present Commodore Rogers offered a prayer and hymns were sung. About the camp-fire in the evening singing also was the order of exercise. A bugler from the Royal Military College at Kingston sounds the call for colors morning and evening, and the flags go up and come down at gun fire, 7:30 A. M. and 9 P. M.

Monday, Aug. 19.—Members of the Rochester, Knickerbocker, Brockville, Oswego, Lakefield, Red Dragon, Philadelphia and Washington C. C. turned up this morning, the first day of the races. The weather was anything but promising, as during breakfast it rained and the wind seemed to promise plenty of power in an hour or two. The sailing race was put on the bulletin as the first one to be called, at 9:30, No. 6 on programme. At the start it looked very threatening, but later cleared off and a fine day has resulted, with plenty of wind, but no gale. The start was made at 10:12 A.M., 38 canoes crossing the line on a reach to first buoy, Elida, Brazer of Lowell, getting off first. Wind strong from south-west down river. There was much less confusion in getting off than might have been expected and no serious fouls. At the first buoy, however, several canoes got bunched about one that upset and the following boats cleared the scramble by giving it a wide berth. Dr. J. A. Gage, canoe Owl, of Lowell, the winner of the novice race last year, got the lead on the windward leg and held it to the finish. Ford Jones of Brockville in Canauck came in second. The course was sailed over three times and the large fleet presented a glorious sight. Combined with this race was the race for novices, once around. The first 10 boats in—the ones that will race for the trophy—were as follows:

1. Owl, Dr. Gage, Lowell	11 13 00
2. Canauck, Ford Jones, Brockville	11 14 00
3. Elida, Brazer, Lowell	11 16 00
4. Mac, McKeudrick, Toronto	11 16½
5. Fly, Paul Buler, Lowell	11 16¾
6. Wood, B. W. Wood, Chicago	11 18 00
7. Notus, Bailey, Pittsburgh	11 18 01
8. Wasp, Walsh, Lowell	11 18 30
9. Cyrus, Whitlock, Brooklyn	11 19 30
10. Atom, Vaux, New York	11 19 53
11. Dimple, Forrest, Hartford	11 19 54
12. Horner, Andrews, Rochester	11 20 00
13. Una, Frazer, Toronto	11 21 00
14. Nenemoucha, Douglas, New York	11 21 45
15. Given, Morse, Toronto	11 22 00

G. C. Dempsey, canoe Drift, of Lowell, won the novice race. First boat did the course in 1h. 1m., fifteenth boat 1h. 10m.

Event 3 was next called, four entries, half-mile, paddle, single blades, J. F. Smiley, P. W. Strickland, Darcey Strickland, A. Torrence, all Canadians.

Very close race, down the wind straightaway, won by Torrence, Sm ley second. Time 5m. 58s. and 5m. 58½s. Three finished. This ended the morning's racing.

PEQUOT MEET.

THE annual meet of the Pequot Canoe Association was held from July 31 to Aug. 12, and in many features was the most successful in the history of the Association. The weather previous to the opening day was very unpleasant, but the racing week was marked by fair weather. The disappointing feature of the meet was the inability of small boats at distant points to reach camp in time, owing to the prevailing rough water and heavy rain. Among the visiting clubs were the Corinthian Mosquito Fleet, represented by Com. T. H. Smith; the Newburgh C. C., by Com. Van Dalfsen and Nate S. Smith, and the Springfield C. C., by Emil C. Knappe, in the Agawam.

The honors all went to Mr. Knappe in the canoe class, and to the Legrand B. in the cruiser class.

The register shows over 150 names for the week. The last night of the racing week was marked by a hop, over one hundred guests being present from neighboring islands and the main shore. The "barracks," as they are termed, were converted into a most picturesque dancing pavilion by the ladies in camp, and the general effect was most attractive.

The Association will in all probability offer a trophy challenge cup next season, to be raced for by canoes only.

The membership has increased to 92, and is rapidly reaching high water mark. A club house, to contain 42 rooms, with quarters for boats, etc., is being discussed, and will probably begin to materialize before next season. F. P. LEWIS, Sec'y-Treas.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Northern Division: T. M. Budgett, Montreal, Que.; F. H. Dumble, Rev. H. Auston, W. J. Gibson, Gananoque, Ont.; John Wilson, Bobcaygeon, Ont. Atlantic Division: Wm. Lawrence Dudley, Wasnington, D. C. Central Division: S. Gilbert Averell, Ogdensburgh, N. Y.; Mr. Benj. W. Wood, Chicago, Ill.; Charles Russell, Ogdensburgh, N. Y.

New Publications.

THE EXPLORATIONS OF JONATHAN OLDBUCK, F.G.S.Q., IN EASTERN LATITUDES. Canadian History, Legends, Scenery, Sport. By J. M. LeMoine, Quebec, 1889. Paper, 265 pages.

This volume is just what the author professes it was his aim to give his readers, a familiar itinerary of travel by sea and land, covering a score of years and over the most picturesque portion of the Province of Quebec. And if one were privileged, in truth, to choose a traveling companion in Canada, what a rare satisfaction it would be to go in company with this historian, antiquary, botanist, ornithologist, sportsman, angler, wit and story teller, whose erudition, versatility and broad sympathies are shown in the noble list of volumes already given to Canadian literature, and now newly demonstrated in this volume just from the press. Wild flowers of the woods and fields and the dust of musty historical manuscripts, one might think, would not appeal to the same tastes; yet the LeMoine who has written a book on the "Wild Flowers of Quebec" is the same LeMoine whose antiquarian note book has supplied the material for volumes of history.

And very much as an ardent botanist searches out and brings to the notice of the world rare plants and blossoms, has the author in this book collected the flowers of historical and legendary lore. One is surprised, too, in turning over the pages, to notice how on every hand the sportsman tourist, guided by such a friendly companion, would find associations of interest to him, because touching on his favorite pursuits. Even the geographical names become in Le Moine's hands keys to stores of anecdotes and reminiscences of Canadian hunters and fishermen. Thus of Rousseau de l'Ours he writes: "What gave it its sporting name? I have a faint rememoran e of a bear story, more than two hundred years old, in which the local nimrod, Seigneur Giffard, while lying *perdu* for wild geese—one spring—on the sedgy banks of this river, is stated to have spied a huge bear roaming in the neighborhood, mayhap in quest of the seigniorial mutton. Gaunt, tired, possibly unconscious of evil intent, ruin was lapping the crystal draught of the Ruisseau. To substitute in his long duck gun slugs for goose shot was the affair of an instant for this sporting Laird, and, lo! brum's brave spirit was wafted to where all good bears go!"

Again, of Hunter River the story is told that it received its name in commemoration of the fate of an English officer, who, having become lost in the woods while hunting, did not appear when his appointed wedding day came, and returning at last, to find another favored suitor in his place, betook himself again to the woods, where he was found on the banks of this river dead.

The "Explorations" is a book to dip into; and open it where one may, there is incident and story. Thus, in describing the shrine of La Bonne Ste. Anne, with its votive offerings of crutches and staves left behind by the cripples cured by resort hither. "Over the side door, a small painting portrays roughly a forest and a man crushed under a tree; in the foreground is seen a small dog, which looks as if he was carrying something away. An old legend relates that a Canadian named Dorval, while at work, alone in the woods near Tadoussac, was crushed under a tree he had hewn down, and had his leg broken. Pinioned under the fallen trunk, and without hopes of help in this wilderness, he uttered a prayer to Saint Anne, who immediately inspired a means of deliverance. He took a piece of bark, soaked it in his blood and gave it to his dog, telling him to go and seek help at the neighboring dwellings. The faithful animal, divining the thoughts of his master, ran to Tadoussac, his restless movements and the piece of bloody bark, which he placed at the feet of those he met, awakening attention. Some followed the animal, who brought them to his imprisoned master. Thus delivered, Dorval hastened to accomplish his vow and to deposit an ex-voto, as a token of his gratitude."

The chapter on the Magdalen Islands contains a description of Canadian salmon rivers with a review of the angling works relating to them. This was published in the FOREST AND STREAM some time ago; our readers will be glad to have it in this convenient form for a new reading, and with it "The Cruise of the Hirondelle," with its account of Seal and Crane Islands, Montmagny's game preserve, and a store of sporting lore connected with the lower St. Lawrence. Not the least entertaining chapter is the concluding one "On Some Historical Dogs." The mastiff Pilot, "described by Father Lalemant, in 1647, as leading each morning to the woods her litter of savage pups taking with them a ramble round the Fort, at Montreal; scouring the undergrush and scanning carefully every bush to discover a skulking Mohawk. Woe betide the unlucky whelp who shirked his work! Pilot would worry, snap at him—baying fiercely if a lurking foe was in the neighborhood."

The list includes many a noble animal worthy of being remembered, down to the author's own St. Bernard Wolfe: "A noble fellow and a reliable friend. He proved a most efficient guardian of the grounds. His stature, strength, majestic demeanor and deep, loud baying attracted wide attention, and inspired visitors with respect not unmixed with awe; such was the opinion entertained of him by the urchins of Bergerville, that, with the aid of a few legends about his ferocity adroitly dropped by the gardner, none had the hardihood to cross the frontier after nightfall; and though Wolfe has some time ago joined the great majority, the terror of his name still lasts; he is supposed still to stand sentinel at night." No tourist in the Dominion can afford to omit giving this book a place in his satchel, where it will be at hand for constant reference.

COLE'S COMBINED SYSTEM OF DRAINAGE AND IRRIGATION: By A. P. Cole, Wellsville, N. Y. This is a practical manual of the new system of agriculture originated by Hon. Asahel N. Cole, whose death occurred in July last, and is printed by the author. It is a system of sub-irrigation, by which the rainfall, being first gathered into lateral trenches, instead of running to waste in superficial streamlets, is gradually released by slow percolation, whereby plants find abundant moisture for their nourishment at all seasons. This system is perfectly and naturally illustrated in the fertile plains of the Northwest, where the soil freezes 8ft. deep in the long severe winters, and gradually melting in spring and summer, enables the farmers to produce great crops of wheat, even though no drop of rain should fall during the entire growing season. Mr. Cole was no theorist, and the practicability of his system has been demonstrated always wherever it has been tried. The results of his individual efforts at Wellsville astonish all who investigate them.

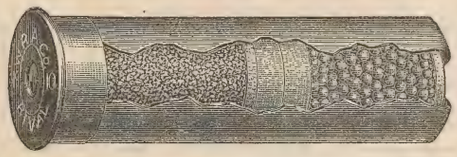
Canvas Canoes and how to Build Them. By Parker B. Field. Price 50 cents. Canoe and Boat Building. By W. P. Stephens. Price $1.50. The Canoe Aurora. By C. A. Nevill. Price $1. Canoe Handling. By C. B Vaux. Price $1. Canoe and Camera. By T. S. Steele. Price 1.50. Four Months in a Sneakbox. By N. H. Bishop. Price $1.50. Canoe and Camp Cookery. By "Seneca." Price $1.

FOR A DISORDERED LIVER try BEECHAM'S PILLS.—*Adv.*

HUMPHREYS'
VETERINARY SPECIFICS
For Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs, AND POULTRY.
500 Page Book on Treatment of Animals and Chart Sent Free.
CURES { Fevers, Congestions, Inflammation,
A.A.—Spinal Meningitis, Milk Fever.
B.B.—Strains, Lameness, Rheumatism.
C.C.—Distemper, Nasal Discharges.
D.D.—Bots or Grubs, Worms.
E.E.—Coughs, Heaves, Pneumonia.
F.F.—Colic or Gripes, Bellyache.
G.G.—Miscarriage, Hemorrhages.
H.H.—Urinary and Kidney Diseases.
I.I.—Eruptive Diseases, Mange.
J.K.—Diseases of Digestion.
Stable Case, with Specifics, Manual, Witch Hazel Oil and Medicator, $7.00
Price, Single Bottle (over 50 doses), .60
Sold by Druggists; or Sent Prepaid anywhere and in any quantity on Receipt of Price.
Humphreys' Med. Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

Forest & Stream File Binders.
PRICE, $1.00.
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

HAVE YOU SEEN OUR NEW
Illustrated Catalogue
OF
FISHING TACKLE?
It is the most elaborate and magnificent book ever published in the Sporting Goods line. Send us 25 cents and we will forward you a copy post paid.
ABBEY & IMBRIE,
No. 18 VESEY STREET, NEW YORK.

WINCHESTER
STAR  **RIVAL**
LOADED PAPER SHOT SHELLS.
Ask your Dealer for them.
Not Sold at Retail by the Manufacturers.
WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.,
312 Broadway, N. Y. NEW HAVEN, CONN.
Send for 82-page Catalogue of Arms and Ammunition.


UPTHEGROVE & McLELLAN,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Shooting and Fishing Suits
AND CLOTHING FOR
CIVIL ENGINEERS, RANCHMEN, LUMBERMEN, MINERS, ETC.
Write for our new combined Catalogue with samples of Imported
Corduroys, Moleskin, Mackintosh, Canvas and Flannels.
SEE OUR NEW SHADES OF ENGLISH CORDUROY. Address **UP. & MC.**, Valparaiso, Indiana.

The Celebrated Smith & Wesson Revolvers

HAVE BROKEN ALL RECORDS FOR REVOLVER SHOOTING.



The Most Perfect Small Arms

EVER MANUFACTURED.

Unrivalled in Beauty of Finish, Durability and Accuracy.

Manufactured in calibers .32, .38 and .44-100. Single and Double Action Hammerless Safety and Target Models, with all latest improvements—Automatic Shell Extractor, Rebounding Lock and Patented Safety Device.

The Smith & Wesson Revolvers are constructed entirely of **best wrought steel** carefully inspected for workmanship and stock, and GUARANTEED. Do not be deceived by IMITATIONS largely manufactured of **malleable cast iron,** and often sold for the genuine Smith & Wesson. All of the Revolvers of this firm are stamped upon the barrels with their name, address and dates of patents.

If dealer cannot supply you, orders sent to address below will receive prompt and careful attention. Catalogues and prices furnished upon application.

SMITH & WESSON,

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

NOTICE TO FISHERMEN. CUT PRICES.

HERE I AM AGAIN AS USUAL, CUTTING THE PRICES OF FISHING TACKLE. IT WILL PAY YOU TO BUY YOUR TACKLE IN BROOKLYN.

PRICE.		PRICE.
$2.75	For Split Bamboo Salt-Water Bass Rod, 6 strip, 2 joints, 8ft., 20oz., Solid Reel Seat, Nickel Trimmings, Double Guides, Silk Wound Black Beaded Handle	$2 75
3.32	For Split Bamboo Black Bass Rod, 8½ft., 3 joints, 10 or 12oz., Solid Reel Seat, Nickel Trimmings, Raised Tie Guides, Extra Tip, Silk Wound, Wood Form	3.32
3.32	For Trout or Black Bass Fly Rod, same finish as above, 10½ft., 7 to 9oz., complete in wood form	3.32
.90	For Ash and Lancewood Weakfish or Striped Bass Rod, Hollow Butt, Extra Tip, Swelled Ferrules	.90
1.50	For Fine No. 0 Brass Multiplying Reel, Balance Handle, Screw Oil Cup, holds 600ft. 18-thread Linen Line, diameter 3½in. Also Nos. 0, 1, 2, 3, same price. See catalogue	1.50
3.75	For Hard Rubber and Nickel Multiplying Reel, with Drag, Raised Pillars, holds 600ft 15-thread Linen Line	3.75

Hooks. Down go the prices. My best quality all kinds sp elled on single gut, 10cts. per doz.: double, 15cts. treble, 20cts.; in ½ doz. packages. Leaders: Treble gut Weakfish and Striped Bass Leaders, three length, 5cts.; four length, 7cts., five length, 9cts.: all best quality. Reel Lines on Blocks of 300ft., 9 thread, 38cts.; 12 thread, 43cts.: 15 thread, 46cts.; 18 thread, 53cts. 300ft. Braided Linen Reel Lines on Blocks, 41cts. Broken lots of Hooks from best manufacture, all kinds and sizes, 2cts. per dozen. SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

Open Evenings. J. F. MARSTERS, 51, 53 & 55 Court St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.
Beecham's Pills
For Bilious and Nervous Disorders.
"Worth a Guinea a Box"—but sold
for 25 cents,
BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Increasing Sales Attest the Popularity of THE GENTLEMEN'S CIGARETTE.
SPECIAL FAVOURS.
Manufactured only by
KINNEY BROS.
(KINNEY TOBACCO CO. Successors). Also manufacturers of the Old Reliable
SWEET CAPORAL.

Small Profits. Quick Sales.



TROUT FLIES.
36 Cts. Per Doz.

H. H. KIFFE,
318 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.
Send for Catalogue.

LOG CABINS
AND
HOW TO BUILD THEM.

By WILLIAM S. WICKS.

This is a complete exposition of the art and method of building log cabins from the simplest dog kennel to highly artistic dwellings. Everyone going into the woods and designing to construct his shelter with the materials at hand, should procure "Log Cabins," for in its pages he will find a variety of designs, simple and ornate, adapted to temporary shelter or to permanent homes, with full and clear instruction and illustration in every matter of detail. Sent, post free, for $1.50.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.,
318 Broadway, New York.
LONDON: DAVIES & CO., 1 Finch Lane.

DO NOT DISPOSE OF YOUR
American Clay Bird Traps,

As we are now prepared to furnish the

CHAMPION CLAY BIRD,

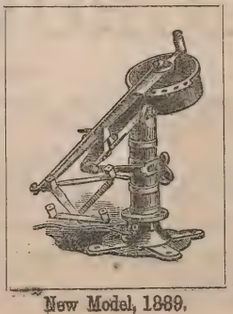
Which is far superior to the old American bird, and can be thrown from the same trap.

$9 PER THOUSAND. FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

BANDLE ARMS CO.,
CINCINNATI, O.



PREMIÈRE QUALITÉ,
Our New Cigarette.
As the result of long labor and careful study we have this superb Cigarette to offer. It cannot be surpassed in purity or excellence; and is a novelty, unique, chaste and dainty. It is from the highest cost Virginia and North Carolina leaf.
The finest Smoking Mixtures are of our Manufacture.
Fifteen First Prize Medals.
WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.



New Model, 1889.

Keystone Targets & Traps

Are as good as can be had. Keystone Traps are the traps for clubs to use, as they will throw all targets. Keystone Targets are the smoothest, best made and most economical for clubs to use

AGENTS:

J. P. LOVELL ARMS CO.,	Boston, Mass.
E. K. TRYON, JR. & CO.,	Philadelphia, Pa.
HIBBARD, SPENCER, BARTLETT & CO.,	Chicago, Ill.
E. C. MEACHAM ARMS CO.,	St. Louis, Mo.
N. D. FOLSOM & CO.,	New Haven, Conn.
H. KEIDEL & CO.,	Baltimore, Md.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 29, 1889.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 6. No 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Only advertisements of an approved character inserted. Inside pages, nonpareil type, 30 cents per line. Special rates for three, six, and twelve months. Seven words to the line, twelve lines to one inch. Advertisements should be sent in by Saturday previous to issue in which they are to be inserted. Transient advertisements must invariably be accompanied by the money or they will not be inserted. Reading notices $1.00 per line.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

May begin at any time. Subscription price, $4 per year; $2 for six months; to a club of three annual subscribers, three copies for $10; five copies for $16. Remit by express money-order, registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canadas and Great Britain. For sale by Davies & Co., No. 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London. General subscription agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Davies & Co., Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searles and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London, Eng. Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France, sole Paris agent for sales and subscriptions. Foreign subscription price, $5 per year; $2.50 for six months.

Address all communications

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

No. 318 BROADWAY. NEW YORK CITY.

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL.
A Chapter of Accidents.
Bits of Talk.—V.
THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST.
Outdoors.
Shooting on Mount Olympus.
Oysters on Trees.
NATURAL HISTORY.
My Chickens.
The Grouse of Utah.
Young Codfish on the Massachusetts Coast.
GAME BAG AND GUN.
Open Game Seasons.
A Ducking (poetry).
Gaylord Club of Chicago.
Fields to be Harvested.
Small-caliber Rifles.
Worcester's Opening Day.
CAMP-FIRE FLICKERINGS.
SEA AND RIVER FISHING.
Camps of the Kingfishers.—VII.
A Trip to the Unknown River.
A Week in the Laurentians.
Western North Carolina Trout Streams.
Two Days on Koshee Lake.
Maine Trout.
FISHCULTURE.
Fishculture in the National Park.
Beam-Trawl Fishing.
THE KENNEL.
Coursing.
The Fox-Terrier.
National Coursing Association
The Registration Fee.
Dog Talk.
Kennel Notes.
Kennel Management.
RIFLE AND TRAP SHOOTING.
Range and Gallery.
Our Team Abroad.
The Trap.
Keystone Tournament.
Fargo Tournament.
Chicago Yearly Triangle.
YACHTING.
The Plaint of the Singlehander (poetry).
Beverly Y. C.
The Corinthian Races.
CANOEING.
A. C. A. Meet.
NEW PUBLICATIONS.
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

IT is a thousand pities that the man who had the knack of shooting to hit if it was a deer and miss if it was a calf did not transmit his convenient skill to the present generation, for the good of the human race. It would have averted much suffering, sorrow and woe.

The deer hunting season in the Adirondacks opened on Aug. 15. Before sunset of that day the customary fatality had occurred; and a sportsman, a New York business man, who was hunting for deer, was himself taken for a deer by another hunter, shot at and killed.

This recalls the case of the Ronkonkoma, Long Island, hotel proprietor who went out deer hunting one Sunday, a year or two ago, and shooting at what he took to be a deer, brought down his human victim. The count of men who have been seriously wounded or killed outright by blundering hunters would be an extensive one. We do not recall a more deplorable case than that of two members of deer hunting parties in the Ozark region of Missouri. One of these parties had gone into the woods from Nevada, Mo., and the other from Wyandotte, Kan. They camped near to each other, but neither knew of the proximity of the other. One morning the two parties left their camps, all clad in the hunter's garb, made of ducking, which, at a distance, strongly resembles the hair of a deer. About 9 o'clock that morning Will Requa of the Nevada party fired at what he supposed to be a deer moving through the woods, but the object proved to be W. H. Gunter, one of the Wyandotte hunters. Requa at once started forward to recover his game. Gunter, who had been fatally wounded, and supposing Requa, who was an entire stranger to him, was intending to kill him, raised his gun and discharged both barrels at Requa, killing him instantly.

A deer hunter near Center Tremont, Maine, took his comrade for a deer and lodged a buckshot in his leg; a Parkersburg, West Virginia, man shot his comrade dead under the same delusion; a Cowichin, British Columbia, man killed a man for a deer, not knowing that any hunter but himself was in the woods.

The "man-target" has done duty for almost every species of game, and for some objects not game, as witness the hard experience of Mr. F. M. Nixon, of Marshview, Pa. Last winter this gentleman and a Mr. Palmer were riding in a sleigh, when Palmer mistook Nixon's leg, which was outside the robe and inclosed in a gray legging, for a dog trying to get into the sleigh; drew his revolver and promptly put a bullet where it would have killed the dog.

We reported some time ago a case of a man who was hunting wild turkeys in Kentucky, and out of season at that, and fired at a rustling in the leaves. The noise had been made by another turkey hunter, who was seriously wounded. Very similar to this was the case of John Gurley, of St. Francis county, Ark., last spring. Gurley was hidden in a patch of tall grass and was imitating the cry of the wild turkey when his neighbor, who knew nothing of his presence, shot into the grass, hoping to kill a turkey. The ball, which was fired from a Winchester rifle, entered the victim's shoulder; and his crippled condition will all his life bear mute testimony to his skill in imitating the turkey's call.

A West Virginia farmer, who had been greatly annoyed by groundhogs, one day took his gun and went up the hill to a point from which he had frequently seen and shot numbers of his tormentors, and lay in wait. In a short time he saw a rustling in the weeds and grass below him. He fired, and then ran down to the spot, and to his horror found that he had shot a small boy, who had been out digging ginseng.

A Maryland gunner, having killed a squirrel, slung it over his back. Another gunner caught sight of it through the brush, thought it was a live squirrel running up a tree trunk, and blazed away. There was no question after this that the squirrel was thoroughly dead, and at last accounts the man with the peppered back was expected to live. A party of Pennsylvania bear hunters had been dispersed during the day in the woods. The first man who returned to camp climbed up into a tree to break off browse for his bunk. Another hunter returning just then thought the man up in the tree was a bear. He fired and the man tumbled out of the tree dead.

Gen. Wade Hampton was once while deer hunting mistaken for a bear, but there was nothing serious about the incident as narrated by Fitzhugh Lee, one of his companions on the hunt.

"We were all dressed," said he, "in the rough fantastic hunting costumes of the period. No deer was seen, but by the stand occupied by one of the party there passed eighteen beautiful barefooted mountain girls picking whortleberries. The hunter saw them, and was about to invite them to take a seat on his stand when they caught sight of him. Whereupon the leading beauty exclaimed, 'Great jiminy, gals, there's a bear,' and throwing down their buckets they broke through the bushes down the mountains like deer, and just about as wild."

A Florida paper, the Clearwater *Times*, relates an extraordinary experience by which Capt. James Meredith, of DeSoto, nearly lost his life. One night, just after dark, Capt. Meredith fixed a hunting lantern on his head and came ashore to shoot raccoons, alligators, or any such game as he might find along the beach. His light was seen from Mr. John Blanton's house and was construed to be something unaccountable, no one being able to account for the peculiar light, which would be suddenly very brilliant, and then as suddenly gone, the result of Meredith turning his head in different directions. Mr. William Harn, determined to capture that jack-o'-lantern, set out with a .32cal. revolver, accompanied by Andrew O'Quinn. They hastened along the beach in the direction it had been last seen, hoping to be in its neighborhood when it should again show itself. It appears that Meredith had seen them coming, but they didn't see him. When they walked up within about fifteen feet, Meredith turned his face toward them, when the lantern startled them by blazing in their eyes. They had seen nothing, and this sudden flash so excited them that before Meredith had time to speak Harn fired. The ball entered the cheek an inch or so below the right eye and now lies buried about three inches deep in Meredith's head. Dr. Edgar was sent for, but could not get the bullet, but we understand that the patient is on the road to a rapid recovery. Of course great regret is felt over the affair, but Meredith appears to be the most cheerful and least concerned.

It is reasonable to assume that not one in five is reported of the casualties where human beings are maimed or killed by shooters who mistake them for wild animals, and go off half-cocked before knowing what they are shooting at. The moral is contained in the injunction which a sable philosopher once gave a Detroit policeman, as related in this veracious little tale from the *Free Press* of that city:

A woman on Lafayette street east rushed out the other day and informed a policeman that she had seen a big dog crawl under her barn, and she believed the animal mad. The officer went around by way of the alley, accompanied by the usual crowd, and, after peeking and peering for some time, he shot three bullets under the barn to scare the dog out. After the third shot a movement was heard, and presently the long end of a colored man crawled into view. After backing out and brushing the dirt out of his eyes he added: "Was it me you were shooting at?" "I supposed it was a dog under there," replied the officer. "Well, sah, doan' you nebber 'spose no mo'! It's dangerous." And he showed a bullet hole in his cap, and another in his coat, as proofs of the accuracy of the officer's aim. He had crawled under after a rabbit which had escaped from a neighbor. "It's all right," he said as the officer apologized, "but doan' you 'spose no mo'! You jist keep right down to cole facts. Dis 'sposin' around ar' what gits pussons into ser'us truble."

BITS OF TALK.

V.—THE TEARS-AND-SOBS STORY.

"BLESS the boys. I like to come across them when I am fishing. There is a satisfaction in talking to them. Some of the dearest recollections of my angling days are of the healthy, clear-skinned, clear-eyed, clear-souled, innocent, ingenuous, unsophisticated, natural country boys I have met," said the Fisherman.

"Here's to the small boy, the brown-cheeked boy, the bare-footed boy, the boy with the yellow dog and the letter in the post-office," responded the Major, as he parted the grass from the spring and quaffed a double hollowed handful of the pure water. "To meet him and talk with him is as refreshing as this cool spring on a hot August day."

"Noble sentiment," echoed the Famous Shot, "and here's to the healthy, clear-complexioned, clear-skinned, clear-eyed, clean-souled, unsophisticated, bare-footed string of trout he will sell you for a quarter if he is truly unsophisticated, but will charge you two dollars and a half for if he is up to snuff. Of course you like to run across him; and no doubt he likes to run across you, too, when you have no fish, and he has a string to sell."

"Don't be a cross-grained old cynic," retorted the Fisherman, rising from his prone position, with the spring water dripping from his chin. "As for the boy's trout, I would rather have stored away in my memory that little picture given by Mr. Starbuck, in the FOREST AND STREAM the other day, of the boy and girl he met on the Boardman, than of the biggest basket of biggest trout ever caught. You were a bare-footed country boy once yourself, though according to your own tell, if you were ever unsophisticated it must have been in early infancy. Don't forget that you snared partridges on the old farm, and set figure-4s for rabbits, and owned a yellow cur dog, too, or were owned by him, just as the Major here was."

"Yes, I have heard of the Major's Carlo, the dog of sentiment; how was it, Major?"

"He had been owned by Rev. B. C. Phelps, a Methodist preacher, stationed at Danielsonville, Conn.," responded the Major, who does not hesitate having told a story twenty times to tell it twenty-one times. "When Mr. Phelps was removed to another charge he made me a present of him. The dog took kindly enough to me, as yellow dogs always do to small boys, and we struck up a great friendship, and had glorious old times hunting woodchucks and rabbits. It was 'hunting without a gun,' but with Carlo's help I captured lots of game, such as it was. The dog had not appeared to mind parting from his former owner, and as time went by I took it for granted that he had forgotten that he ever owned any other master than myself. One day, it must have been a year afterward, we had been out on a hard campaign against the woodchucks, and I reached home just at sundown. As I went into the house by one door Mr. Phelps entered by another; he had been an intimate friend of my father's, and now walked right in without any ceremony. After greetings by my father and mother, and just as Phelps was seating himself, Carlo came running in, without noticing that he was there. 'Why, Carlo!' said Mr. Phelps. The dog stopped, looked, and with a bound was in his old master's lap, and lay across his knees motionless, with his head hanging down, while tears rolled down from his eyes and dropped on the floor. Well, sir, at seeing the dog weep Phelps himself choked, and the tears came into his eyes. Father he followed suit, and I heard something that sounded like a sob from mother."

"Do you mean to say that the dog actually wept?"

"It was as I tell you; I saw the tears; and I quite agreed with Phelps when he said, 'This is the most affecting scene of its kind I ever witnessed.' There was not a dry eye in the house."

"I'll warrant you boo-hooed too."

"I don't remember about that, but if I did not I should be ashamed to own it."

"Did any dog ever make *you* cry?" asked the Fisherman of the Famous Shot.

"Yes, but I was very sick and weak at the time; and it was years and years ago. When I was a boy I did not joy in the possession of a cur, the Fisherman to the contrary notwithstanding; but I owned a red Irish setter, pedigree unknown, named Trim. In the next yard to us was a tree of early red apples. We children could not get over there for them, for the old woman who lived there could see us; but one summer, by throwing two or three apples over there and sending Trim through a hole in the fence to retrieve them, we taught him the trick, and he brought us every apple that dropped from that tree. He must have carted over bushels to us, first and last, and the old woman was never the wiser."

"The clear-souled, ingenuous, unsophisticated country boy," remarked the Fisherman to himself under his breath.

"Well, the next summer when red apple time came, it happened that I was not sending dogs to steal fruit. A dive in a swimming hole, where I had miscalculated and bumped the bottom, had given me brain fever. And Trim was not playing thief for anybody else. He just kept himself in my room, staying mostly under the bed, and for the two or three days before the crisis in my illness refusing to eat anything. They tried to get him out, but he was not to be fooled with, and kept his post, especially as it was a sort of comfort to me to have him there. At last one evening the doctor said that that night would decide it. Of course, every one was full of anxiety and nervous suspense, and, to judge from appearances, no one was more concerned than the dog, who was holding the fort under the bed. It was a long, long night, but when the doctor came early the next morning he found me alive, and in a cheery tone he said to my mother and sister, 'The boy is all right now; he will get well!' The words were no sooner out of his mouth than Trim, gaunt and dishevelled, his eyes sunken and hair standing seven ways for Sunday, came out from under the bed, with his ears pricked up, tail wagging and body squirming, and darted through the half-open door and scrambled down stairs and outdoors. In less than a minute he came rushing back again, and running up to my bed leaped up on to it and dropped into my hand an old shrivelled up red apple. I don't know anything about the others, but in my part of the house there was not a dry eye that time. 'Let him cry,' said the doctor, 'it will do the boy good.' And it did, for it did not take me long after that to pick up and get out again. If there had been any way of keeping that apple you bet I'd have it now."

Buffalo Jones, of Kansas, has sold a portion of his buffalo herd, and announces that a syndicate has been formed in Ogden, Utah, to establish a "zoölogical farm," with these buffalo as a basis.

The Sportsman Tourist.

OUTDOORS.

THE golden haze of a calm October day was in the air and lay on lake and forest, mellowing the sombre hues of the hemlock trees, and shading upward in a mellow glow along the great maple wood that clothed in softened splendor the slopes and summits of the rounded hills.

The wagon drove away and left us—the Kelpie and me—on the margin of a small woodland stream which issues from the bear-haunted fastnesses of the great Intermediate swamps.

There was just water enough to float us and our belongings, though the brook was scarcely wide enough to enable me to turn the boat at need.

The belongings aforesaid seemed somewhat numerous and bulky for an old campaigner to take along on a week's cruise, but it was all right nevertheless. I was not in the best of health, having suffered from too close attention to business and from the effects of the recurrence of an old strain. I had not, up to that time, found it convenient to take during the season an extended outing, and decided that while I was about it I might as well make myself as comfortable as possible.

As I was saying, the wagon drove away and left me sitting on a log by the side of a brook, serenely surveying the scattered camping tools with a delicious sense of freedom from cares, past, present and future; listening to the sharp rat-tat of a red-headed woodpecker on a bough overhead, the cheery *chir-r-r* of a red squirrel across the stream, the call of a loon upon the distant lake; and smoking the while the pipe of peace and good will to all mankind.

"A gentleman," says D'Orsay, "may sometimes be in haste, never in a hurry." I was in neither haste nor hurry, for was I not at home as oft before? In that forest are no signs to stare the traveler in the face while warning him "Beware." Wherever I chose I might pitch my tent, and though morasses compassed me about I yet could trust myself to find a "dry chance" for a camp ground before night.

The forest was damp from recent rains, but the inside of an old stump furnished material for the foundation of a fire, which shortly blazed against its root, and a small tin teakettle, dinted and blackened through long service, soon simmered above the blaze, suspended from the free end of a long stick.

Things began to look cheerful and homelike, to me at least, however they might have appeared to a man who cared naught for camping for its own sake, but sought to learn the art because he heard somebody say that he had read somewhere that "camping out is getting to be quite the fashion."

The fire was builded mainly as a matter of form, since I had not as yet "come to my appetite;" so, for the sake of appearance and to pass away the time, I roasted in the ashes *à la* Gellatley a couple of eggs, made tea, set the table and dined.

Some of you young fellows may think it odd that a single camper with a one-man boat should speak of setting the table, but it isn't—not a bit. I can camp, when necessary, with no outfit save a tin cup and a rifle; but seldom do so from choice. I have seen people who, possibly because they wished to load themselves light, but more probably for other and less plausible reasons, did not when going into woods, burden themselves even with the commoner accessories of civilization, such as towels, soap, combs and toothbrushes. I do not remember that, when in camp, I have ever failed in the performance of my regular ablutions, or in making myself as decent as possible, excepting when in a waterless region or where the springs were frozen.

It is my habit on an excursion of this kind to take with me two pails with covers. On this occasion these were the common wooden buckets used in packing candy, which, having served their commercial uses, may be purchased cheaply from any confectioner. The pails, like the boat, were painted a dull September green, and were attached by a 4-inch strap hinge to the covers, which being provided with a common hinged hasp with staple, could at need be secured by a stick or padlock.

One of these pails contained ammunition, fishing tackle and sundries; this being placed at the root of a friendly tree, and covered with a small pillow (a capital thing in camp), served me as a seat, while the lid of the other, turned back and supported by a stick set upright in the ground, made a small but convenient table.

The top of the pail was occupied by a tin pan, provided with wire handles for convenience in lifting it out, and containing a knife, fork and spoon, besides various small cans with butter, sugar, pepper, salt, etc. Beneath this was a similar pan; below this the cellarage. The reader may in imagination stow this with any edibles he most may fancy. The other pail was similarly arranged, though with due reference to the difference in its contents and to convenience in coming at the various articles of a sportsman's outfit without causing confusion among them.

These pails are easily handled, carried or stowed in a boat or camp. I fitted them up to suit myself, and they serve well their purposes. Their cost, complete, was somewhat less than one dollar.

Dinner over, I began to realize that while there was no haste, the afternoon was yet wearing away, and that I had not as yet determined where I should put up for the night. I therefore leisurely placed my possibles in the boat, extinguished my fire, laid the old 10-bore on the top of the blankets, seated myself in the stern, took up the single-bladed maple paddle, of many years' good service, pushed off from the landing, and floated down stream through the silent forest.

The alder bushes which bordered the stream sometimes bent low toward the surface, and it was while stooping to clear an obstruction of this sort that the first duck started just ahead of the boat, so that I failed to tender him the compliments of the season. With an exclamation of surprise at my negligence, he put on steam and soon disappered from view. Aha, my friend, well pleased am I to see you yet once more, and I trust that you but herald the coming of your relatives in force. It minds me well of other days, and makes me young again, to hear the sudden splash, and the whistling rush, as the swift pinions cleave the calm, still air.

We paddle onward, soon to reach a little woodland lake. The water deepens, wider grows the stream. As we round a bend, in the dense cedar swamp, the waters flash to the rising of a second duck, that darts away through the dense tangle of evergreen branches; but at the first beat of wing the paddle drops from my hand; as it strikes the waters the gun is leveled. This time "Aunt Hannah" takes part in the conversation, and leaves and twigs, shattered by the heavy charge, float downward through the air. Then comes another and a heavier plash, and the gray bird once more floats upon the stream. Recovering the paddle by means of a line which attached it to the boat, I retrieved the game in passing, and now saw in advance the broadening shimmer of rippling waves, and soon had reached the lake. Coasting leisurely along, I prospected for a camping ground, but none offering sufficient inducements presenting itself in this neighborhood, I paddled on, and soon entered another stream, whose presiding genius appeared to be a large owl, which gazed fixedly upon me from the boughs of a hemlock, as with noiseless paddle and motionless head I silently glided past.

Perhaps it felt that there was sympathy and peace between us, as did the muskrat which crossed the watery trail, for instead of suddenly disappearing beneath the wave, after the manner of his kind, he held his course until he reached the open portal of his habitation in the southern bank. Amid the gloom of the towering hemlocks in advance, another lake gleams forth, and shortly we are floating on its waves.

It was about five o'clock when the Kelpie poked her nose into the rushes which fringed the margin of a small secluded cove, and stepping ashore, I surveyed the surroundings and pronounced them good. A suitable site for the tent, such as would shed the water in case of rain, was selected a few rods from the shore, and soon the boat was made fast and her lading transferred to the spot which for the next four days and nights was to be my home.

The first thing in order was to start a fire, and this accomplished, I unrolled my tent, and met with a disappointment. Instead of the tight and serviceable canvas roof which has well protected me in many storms, I had by mistake brought another, which through long years of faithful service has for some time past been invalided, and done duty mainly as protection against frost for grapes or tender vegetables.

Of short duration, however, was my chagrin. Though the rents of this ancient pavilion yawn like the crack of doom, shall they be suffered to daunt the soul of an old-timer who erst for months did face the moon with never the semblance of roof between him and the sky? Perish the thought! I grasped my axe, and in twenty minutes had the thing arranged as best I might. Despite the rents, it did shed rain that very night, for rain there was, as I expected. When I am on a campaign, it commonly does rain before I get home again.

In this connection I may remark that I have always used preferably the A tent, and that, generally speaking, a rope serves well the purpose of a ridge-pole. In the woods it may be fastened between two trees, while in the open you can pass it over two upright poles (I have for this use sometimes employed my oars), and make fast to a stake, thus dispensing with the necessity of procuring a long pole, which cannot always be found. This method is, however, open to objection where violent winds prevail.

If it is desired that the fire shall warm and brighten the interior of the tent, the flaps, or if properly constructed the whole front, may be turned back; or if preferred, it is easy to convert this shelter into a one-sided camp. I can say but little of the shanty tents, never having used one. They are doubtless good, but from what I have heard and read, I question whether I should be willing to go to the trouble of putting one up, unless for a long stay. I am content to spend whatever time is requisite in making things shipshape and comfortable, but no more; and when I make camp, I choose to be bothered with as few details as possible. The cost of a common A tent made from drilling, heavy sheeting, or canvas even, is but small, and with a little ingenuity anybody can get one up at short notice.

Perhaps it may be thought by experts, if such should chance to read this paper, that I am unnecessarily diffuse in speaking of my camping conclusions, but certain letters and inquiries which have reached me from time to time lead me to think there is a large and increasing body of young persons who, having a touch of the Robinson Crusoe fever, would like to try camping out, if only they knew how to do it without going beyond their means. Having at hand no mentor, and believing that in order to enjoy camp life it is necessary first to procure a complete and expensive outfit, they are deterred from trying the experiment. For these, if for any class in particular, I have penned these notes. As I wrote not long ago in answer to a young correspondent, "With the exception, perhaps, of firearms and fishing tackle, my camping outfits have ordinarily been of the simplest and most inexpensive description, and I suppose that I have had as much enjoyment of them as most campers, whatever the amount of their investment."

Neither is it necessary to buy the highest priced reels, rods or guns to get good service and value for your money; yet nevertheless it may be said that the better the gun and the finer the tackle the greater will be the satisfaction of their owner, when once he has learned to distinguish between the methods of the lone sportsman and those of the pot-hunting clown.

I filled the teakettle, set it above the fire and made my simple preparations for supper—very simple they were, for as yet the long sought appetite had not come.

First, I whittled me a fork and toasted bread. I often do this when in camp, and prefer for that purpose a trident having its tines divergent like the legs of a camera. This dodge commonly saves the toast from falling into the fire. A beech twig makes on occasion a very fair dining fork, but is less serviceable as a toaster. It is usually too flat.

Supper over, I washed the tea things, secured in a dry place a good supply of kindlings against the morning's need, and as it was yet too early to turn in I decided to devote a portion of the evening to the contemplation of my surroundings. I had brought with me a piece of canvas, about 4x6½ft., with a broad hem at each border. Cutting two stout poles of suitable length I pushed them through these hems, and a stretcher being placed between the ends of the poles, which were supported by small logs (the largest at the head), a mattress was completed, which, though not as good as a properly constructed "bough berth" of hemlock or fir tips, made yet a very comfortable couch. The timber was for the most part hard wood where I had camped, and to collect and properly arrange a bed of boughs would have taken more time and energy than I had at command.

Well, I up-ended the poles of my mattress against a large tree, placed at its foot a bucket duly cushioned, and leaning the while luxuriously back against the canvas couch, lighted my pipe and looked out upon the water of the little lake.

The camp-fire, freshly fed with logs and topped with crackling cedar boughs, silvered the mossy bolls of the beechen trees, and cast strange shadows on the drifting mists which floated over the paths of light that streamed along the wave. Dreamily I listened to the voices of the night—the cry of fox or coon, the laugh of the loon on the distant lake, the call of the owl to his lonely mate, and, faint and far, her welcome in response. *Hoo-hoo-o-o.* Plump! What's that? Wafted shoreward, there floats upon the evening breeze a fragrance not of frankincense or myrrh, but like unto that which since her occupancy no one has as yet been able to eliminate from the apartments of the Empress Josephine at Malmaison. Nothing but a muskrat, but I believe I was asleep.

How did I occupy myself during the four days passed in that camp? 'Twere long to tell; yet I did as near nothing as a live man well may do. I was in no condition for hard service, and I read, strolled, sketched, paddled or dreamed, as best suited existent conditions.

It occurred to me one afternoon that I would like a grouse, and, taking up my gun, I set forth to procure the game. There were many of these birds in the woods, but the leaves as yet were pretty thick, and I had no dog. I bent my steps accordingly to the log cabin of one John Smith, of whom you have read in the history of Virginia. He had a dog and a pig pen; and was, as I approached, engaged in roofing the latter. The pup sat near, and greeted me after the manner of the common "yaller dog" of America.

In answer to my inquiries, John stated that he had no gun; "but," said he, regretfully, "'f I hed, I'd a hed more pat'ges 'n I'd a-knowed what ter dew with. The's lots on 'em jes' t'other side o' thet corn patch—thet is, the' was, but ther boys hes ben a-shewtin' on 'em these here las' rainy days, 'n' I don't s'pose the's so many 's the' was. But we'll go see."

I intimated that one bird would serve my turn; and, laying down his hammer, John called the dog, and we soon had crossed the corn patch, passing on the way a grove of maple sprouts, from which came the whirr of a startled grouse as the dog dashed into the covert.

"Thar's one, anyway, but ther bresh 's so thick 't yer carn't see 'em. Yeou gwup the hill, 'n' I'll cross over t' ther swamp, apast thet slashin'."

Up the hill I climbed accordingly, but soon was recalled by the voices of the dog and his owner. "Here's one."

Clambering painfully over logs and through the bushes, I reached at length the spot where stood the historic mossback, pointing with a cornstalk upward into a tall tree.

"Where is he?"

"Yender he is, jest right thar he lit, anyway, 'n thet bunch o' leaves. I carn't fa'rly see him m'self, but I know he's thar."

No grouse could I see; but, horrible to tell, I aimed deliberately at the broadside of the cluster of leaves, and sure enough down dropped a fine cock grouse. This answered my purpose, and declining John's friendly offer to seek for more, I bagged the bird and leisurely sought my camp. On the way I perceived another grouse sitting upon the top rail of a snake fence, where he remained until I had approached within a few yards, then taking wing, he crossed the road and disappeared in the thicket. I did not move the gun from my shoulder but moved on, wondering meanwhile what sort of a shot Bogardus would have made at my grouse, had he thrown a stick to scare the bird and fired when it darted downward.

On one occasion while at this camp I went fishing—not precisely because I wanted fish, but that I chose to try if the bass would bite. After looking over the artificial flies, minnows, spoons and other baits in my kit, I turned to the mess pail, and taking therefrom a piece of salt pork, I severed a portion of the rind and proceeded with the point of my hunting knife to carve it into the rude semblance of a frog. I next jointed my light lancewood rod and attached the reel, which is of the Henshall-Van Antwerp pattern, and runs with remarkable freedom. These were made by Thomas H. Chubb, and have served me well in the capture of many heavy fish. Placing the queer-looking image on the hook, I put forth into the lake and slowly drifted along the shore before the breeze, casting as I did so, over the likeliest spots for black bass.

Soon there was a tug, and I shortly drew to the side of the boat a pickerel of moderate size, which I did not want. I therefore permitted him to disengage himself from the hook, and moving onward, I neared the head of the river which leads to the lake below.

Here was a likely spot for bass, but would they bite? To solve the problem I cast the bait as far as the rod would send it over the black waters of a little cove which lay behind a projecting point of land, and straight there was business at the other end of the line, while the water broke to the leap of a lordly bass, some 60ft. away.

I thought of the classifications of Mr. Henry Guy Carleton, and murmured as the fish leaped, "Mycropterus buster!" Some writers seem possessed with a belief that the big-mouthed bass is inferior to the small-mouth in game qualities. Had one of these gentlemen been at the butt of my eight-ounce rod, I think that he would have had no occasion for the next fifteen minutes to charge the fish with an undue lack of activity; but wearied at length, the bass floated near the surface, the net passed under his gleaming side, and with scarce a struggle he was duly transferred to the bottom of the boat.

The contest ended, I returned to camp, satisfied that the fish would bite. I did not weigh the bass, but any angler can arrange that part of the performance to suit himself. KELPIE.

CENTRAL LAKE, Michigan.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

SHOOTING ON MOUNT OLYMPUS.—III.

(Continued from Page 62.)

BEFORE retiring for the night, I gave instructions to Timayanes that the venison and other game was to be divided in accordance with the custom of the country, and that I would arrange for the rations for the beaters in the morning. I instructed him further to secure a man to take off the bear and wolf skins.

The sun was half an hour above the horizon the following morning when Timayanes aroused me from my slumbers, and reported breakfast ready. I felt disposed to turn over and indulge in half an hour's sleep on the other side, when he added that the village headmen had already put in an appearance, presumably for their several village snares of the rations.

On hearing this I jumped out of bed, made my toilet with all diligence, and knowing that there was no possibility of disposing of the matter with promptitude, American fashion, I decided that the village elders must wait until I had taken breakfast.

However, time is of little importance with these people, and as there had been but little leisure for gossip the day before, I had no doubt they would be glad of the opportunity of discussing me before I made my appearance.

The lives of these people, thought I, are so uneventful, that years hence they will probably date events from the period when the Frank came and did a day's hunting with them. So I ate my venison and sipped my coffee leisurely; then, lighting my pipe, I went out and joined them in their confab.

Their clothes were coarse; Ahmed Khan wore a long robe of unbleached muslin that reached nearly to his feet, and the others all wore robes of similar material, but dyed blue. The cloth was evidently of home manufacture; and, indeed, from where I was seated I caught occasional glimpses of a woman weaving, as she periodically reached the end of the web exposed to my view. The men wore turbans to match the tunic.

All rose at my approach and salaamed courteously, and being again seated, Timayanes had first to put numerous questions to me concerning how I had slept and how I felt this morning; and having given satisfactory replies and propounded similar questions through my interpreter, and re-echoed their pious expressions that it was all through the goodness of God, etc., the conversation gradually slipped round to the events of yesterday, which were discussed in detail, and numerous congratulations and compliments poured upon me for my success and skill as a marksman.

In return I complimented the slayers of the boars and the one who had laid my stag low for me, and then made inquiries as to what each of the others had slain. As all this had to be done through an interpreter, it took time; but I had the satisfaction of knowing that it was all being done regularly and in order, and that I had my breakfast inside of me.

"And now, Ahmed Khan and gentlemen," I said, by way of plunging boldly into business, "if you will say in a lump what the ration and its cost amounts to, it shall be adjusted."

"The regular ration," said Ahmed Khan, in reply, "is an oki of meal with a quarter oki of olives and half an oki of dried dates, but what is that," continued he, "between us and thee? We and our people and belongings are all at your disposal. Let that pass."

Of course I didn't let it pass until I had made him say how many beaters there were there—a matter which involved discussion, enumeration of names, and some calculation—and the local market price of meal. There were sixty-two beaters, then I counted a triple ration for each of the village headmen, calculated the price of the eighty rations in sequins, produced the coin, amounting to about eight dollars of our money, laid it before Ahmed Khan, and asked him to be good enough to see to its proper distribution.

But I had made other and more liberal provision for hunting on Mount Olympus. There were a dozen bowie knives in my bag, fresh from Sheffield, and instructing Timayanes, a glittering blade was laid before each of the headmen, with a request that he keep it in remembrance of my visit. This was unexpected, and my hosts made no attempt to conceal their pleased surprise.

The conversation now turned to guns, but more especially to my Winchester. A repeating rifle was something new to them, and although no direct request was made, I knew they were all very anxious to be made acquainted with its mechanism and workings.

Timayanes was accordingly sent to fetch it, a mark was set up at a hundred and fifty paces, and after I had fired two shots, Ahmed Khan and each of the villagers fired one in turn, and appeared lost in admiration and desire for its possession.

Returning to our seats, they asked what good the rifle would be to them without the cartridges, how many cartridges I had brought with me, etc., and Ahmed Khan appeared so disappointed when I told him it would be necessary to send to America for renewals, that it struck me as a passing thought, that he expected me to give it him, or wanted to make a trade for it.

I next diverted conversation to a new channel, by inquiring about the game in the higher ranges, and was told that there were chamois and mountain sheep above the timber, and bears also, and that they would be down now on their summer feeding grounds, but that the country was rugged and difficult, and that it would be a long and fatiguing day's march to reach the timber limit from the village.

I told them that I had come resolved to reach the upper mountains and engage in a chamois hunt, and, if possible, secure a mountain sheep, that I was willing to spend two days there, and asked what arrangements were necessary, and whether I could get a good guide.

After some conversation which appeared to me somewhat constrained, Ahmed Khan suggested that if I would stay three days at the village, they would send up and get down some heads of both sheep and chamois, which would come much cheaper than if I were to organize an expedition, and go for them myself.

I endeavored to convey to him through the interpreter that, although the climbing of mountain heights involve some hardship, it is pleasant to look back upon the labor performed, when sitting at home at ease, and that in years to come, when my hand shall perhaps be palsied by age, it would be satisfaction to point out the trophies of the chase to my sons and grandsons, and say: "I too was once young and vigorous, my feet pressed the mountainside, my hand was steady, and my aim sure. These trophies are my witnesses."

"God is great!" exclaimed they all. "The Frank has come from a far country to kill game in Mount Olympus, and what was there to hinder him? The country and the people were at his command, and he was free to come and go at pleasure. The Frank was doubtless a great man in his own country? (this inquiringly) and was perhaps prepared with letters of introduction to Futteh Ali Shah?" I had to confess that I had nothing of the sort that in point of fact I had never heard of Futteh Ali Shah. "Who is he?" I asked: "the headman of some village in the mountains?"

"Well, no," was the response after some consultation among themselves; "there isn't any village, at least no village like this with women and children. Futteh Ali's followers do not take their wives to the mountains, at least not as a rule, and they are rather unsettled in the matter of habitation. Caves are plentiful in the mountains, and they dwell in them mostly."

"They are not robbers, are they?" I asked.

"Now Allah forbid that I should speak of the mountain chief in these terms," said he. "Futteh Ali Shah is a good neighbor who never despoiled one of the value of a kid, but pays honestly and in full for all the supplies he gets from us, but he is chief of the mountain ranges, and it might be as well to ask his permission before entering his territory. At least people who go to visit him generally communicate with his agents at Broussa or Stamboul. If the Effendi had any suitable present with him, and would send it by the hands of a villager, he would return on the third day, and if the present was accepted, the Effendi might go with confidence."

I explained that I was unwilling to force myself so long upon his hospitality, to which he replied that he and his village were mine as long as I liked to remain, and that they felt my presence an honor; but I passed this over, and asked him what he thought of my going directly to Futteh Ali's camp, and asking his permission to shoot in the mountains. On this point the villagers were unwilling to express an opinion. They gave verbal approval, but it was so much qualified by their manner that it was evident that they did not wholly recommend the procedure; and thinking that they would discuss the matter more freely in my own and Timayane's absence, I asked them to consider the matter and let me know their conclusion later in the day. Meantime I begged that they would have a guide and some men to carry the pack if the journey were decided on.

"What do you think of their making so much fuss about it?" I asked Timayanes.

"Simply that Futteh Ali Shah is a bandit," he replied, "who will bargain through his agents for safekeeping at a moderate price while you are outside his net, but who is apt to name his own price, and put it high, too, if you enter his precincts without stipulation."

"But Ahmed Khan," I inquired, "and the other villagers. Are they in league with him?"

"No," said Timayanes, "they fear him, and would not actually step between him and his quarry; but they would not betray you nor take part in the spoils. Ahmed Khan was so much interested in your repeating rifle, because he was sorry that it should fall into the hands of Futteh Ali Shah."

"Then would it not be the best course to pack up our traps and go down to Broussa at once, before the bandit gets news of our presence or our contemplated trip upward?"

"It is now too late," said Timayanes; "Futteh Ali Shah's agent in Broussa had news of your Highness's intended trip, and sent word to the bandit, along with a full account of your pedigree, as far as it could be gathered in Stamboul. One of his men was in the village last night, and it is as dangerous to go down as to go on to the mountains. We are trapped!"

"And what hand have you had in this?" I asked, eyeing him scrutinizingly.

"You wrong me, Effendi," he answered; "I have heard of Futteh Ali Shah as a noted bandit, who goes shares with the authorities, or sets them at defiance, as it suits him, and who, when hard pressed, takes to the mountains; but I had no idea he was in this neighborhood until last night, when I discoursed with one of his men, and learned that your every movement was known to Futteh Ali Shah since you reached Stamboul, together with the exact amount of your letter of credit, drawn nine months ago for about two thousand sequins, and now reduced to a balance of five hundred."

I eyed the wily Greek keenly, but he showed no disturbance. Was it possible that he had got hold of my letter of credit, or made inquiries at the banks? Possible; but then it was just as possible that the bandit's agents, hearing of my meditated trip up the mountains, had instituted prompt inquiries through channels familiar to them

And they had got the figures down to a fine point. I had left home with $3,500, and had now something less than a thousand, designed to defray the costs of a trip to the land of the Pyramids and return to the United States. And now how would this matter turn out? Fighting was out of the question, and escape perhaps impossible, even with the aid of Ahmed Khan, who would be willing to aid me at a price if he dared, but who dared not incur the animosity of his troublesome neighbor, who held court for the avenge of his own wrongs.

I had a very uncomfortable time of it, left to my own reflections. It was possible that he might hold me for a big ransom, which there was none to pay, in which case he would be certain to have my head taken off as a point of honor. More likely that knowing the amount of my resources he would demand a check for the sum, hold me captive while it was being collected, then act the good fellow and give me five sequins and a letter of recommendation to the authorities, begging them to see me on my way to America, or to commend my case to the consideration of the U. S. Minister at Constantinople. But grave as was my dilemma, and foreseeing clearly as I did that my holiday would be brought to an abrupt termination, I could not help being anxious as to whether I should get a few days of chamois and mountain sheep hunting, while the messenger was absent securing my ransom.

Gradually it dawned upon me that the wisest course I could adopt was to put the best possible face on the matter, and recognizing the inevitable, endeavor to mollify matters by submitting with graceful resignation and endeavoring to preserve a show of *bon camaraderie* toward my captors. I intended to spend the money in travel, and the worst would but cut my holiday short, and so, before the day was far advanced I sent Timayanes to Ahmed Khan to announce my determination to go up the mountain the following morning, to ask him to get me a good guide for the chamois hunt and necessary packmen, and to intimate that they would all be pid before starting. A.

OYSTERS ON TREES.

BUSINESS recently called me to Honduras, and I have just now returned well pleased with my trip. My friend Bliff, accompanying me part of the way, served to add to the enjoyment, for Bliff is a cheerful companion at all times, and takes the rough and the smooth without complaining. We have been boon companions many a day through flood and field, and when I broached the hope of his accompanying me, he jumped at the chance. We were duly installed as passengers on board the steamship Wanderer. This steamer is subsidized to carry Queen Victoria's mail that comes from England via New York and New Orleans to her little colony down in Honduras.

On the fifth day we arrived at Belize, in British Honduras. On entering the pretty harbor of Belize evergreen islands could be seen on every hand. My companion and I had laid out a programme of trips to be made here and there in the interest of business and pleasure, and the town of Belize was to be our base of operations. Mine host of the Union Hotel was quite accommodating, and whenever we chose to take a trip to the neighboring country or adjacent islands, he procured us horses, boats and attendants, and supplied a substantial lunch. After our arrival at Belize, Bliff and I would sally out with our samples and drum up the town for a few days, and then we would change the programme by taking a ride into the country or making a trip to some of the islands or cayes in the vicinity.

I had often heard of oysters growing on the trunks and branches of trees—groves of living green umbrageous trees, with oysters growing upon them—and my friend and I set aside one day to investigate the fact. We hired the services of a young negro boatman called Lightfinger. His boat resembled most of the small boats used on this coast. It was thirty feet long by six feet beam, and with a depth of hold of about three and a half feet amidships, and a slight rising sheer at bow and stern. It was hewn out of a solid log of wood, of the tree called "toobroos." The forward and after ends were decked over, and waterways extended along the sides of the cockpit. A platform of boards covered the floor, and beneath it rested iron ballast, of which there was about a ton. Three or four removable thwarts were arranged along the cockpit for seats, and upon them were placed pigs of iron of about one hundred weight each, for shifting ballast. Hooks were attached by pieces of rope to the pigs, and by these hooks they were held jam up to the weather coaming, and in coming about they could be easily detached and slid over to the other side. Sharp as a knife

at bow and stern, and with a keel of at least ten inches below the garboards, these craft would please the eye of the extreme cutter men, for their lines are extremely graceful and they sail well. The rig of this particular craft consisted of a single large jib hanked to a wire stay, a leg-of mutton mainsail bent to a parrel yard, and an ordinary leg-of mutton dandy. The luffs of the two latter sails were laced to the mast, and the halliards rove through a sheave in the masthead, just below the truck. The jibstay and main shrouds collared over a shoulder in the mast. The main halliard was bent to the middle of the parrel yard, and when the yard was hauled chock up to the sheave it extended about half way down the mast, leaving only about one-third of the sail luff to be laced to the mast. It is a simple and snug rig for any kind of a boat, and I intend to use it on my next canoe.

Another feature was the booms, the main one overlapping the dandy mast by at least 3ft., and in coming about in a strong breeze it required a smart hand to shift ballast and lift the boom over in time. The natives here do it very easily, and work the jib sheets at the same time, for these long boats do not come round quickly. I soon acquired the knack of doing it myself. The booms were of native bamboo of about 5in. diameter at the butt, making a light and strong spar, and I have been told that a great many of them are carried to England, and highly prized there for the use of small yachts.

This canoe, or dory, as it is called in Honduras, awaited our pleasure one clear and beautiful morning, and away we went. The wind was fresh and cool, the water green and clear, and the sea had just enough roll and tumble in it to impart an agreeable motion. Bliff and I lay back at our ease taking in the panorama of the rapidly passing town, with its pretty white houses and cocoanut groves. The ships in the harbor made a very pleasing picture, and on the right hand could be seen many islands large and small scattered around the harbor. We felt exhilarated taking it all in so free and easy, but I suppose this is a sensation we all experience once in a while. Our dory cut the water like a knife and slipped along rapidly and easily, with hardly a ripple in her wake, and in about half an hour we had left the sight of the town with its convent and shipping and soldiers' barracks away behind us. We were then nearly abreast of an island called Moho Caye. The front of it is embowered in graceful cocoanut trees, and the back part trends off into swamp, and is covered with a dense growth of the red mangrove. This mangrove tree grows in either fresh or salt water swamps, and even in water three or four feet deep. The limbs of the trees send shoots or roots down into the water, and thus a thicket of mangroves is a matted mass of trunks and limbs and roots. On these limbs and trunks and roots, deep down under the surface of the water, cling bunches and single oysters, and thus are formed the oyster groves I had heard of. The leaves of these trees are of a beautiful dark green, and the swamp islands from a distance look like fairy bowers.

We poled our dory around to the south of the island, but could not get very near, as we were scraping bottom all the time. We passed over numerous oyster beds while doing so, and with an ordinary rake which had been provided we hauled aboard a lot of the oysters. They were small and flat, and the shell looked more like a flat clam than an oyster. But the inside tasted all right, and our boatman swallowed that down with a relish. I did not care much for them myself, except as curiosities, for the mud that stuck to them did not smell appetizing. Bliff turned his nose up and would not touch them. I was anxious to get some of the specimens growing on the green limbs, with leaves attached, but we could not get near enough to the trees, for our cutter-canoe drew no less than three feet. Our boatman would not go overboard after them, as he said sharks were too plentiful, so after spending an hour or two pottering around, we pulled up stakes and shoved out into deep water and anchored.

It was now about twelve o'clock, and being hungry we made preparations for a breakfast. We triced up the main boom and spread an awning over the cockpit, and by shifting the thwarts around had a large free space to sit or lounge in and prepare our meal. The baskets and boxes provided by our jovial landlord were duly inspected and pitched into with a relish, and it was fully two o'clock before we got through our midday rest and set sail to return. By this time quite a sea had got up, the wind freshened and had drawn more to the south, so that it was a beat nearly all the way to town. Our canoe heeled to it gracefully, and with all hands and the three pigs hanging out to windward, we waltzed through that rough water like an express train. The whitecaps rolled in toward us fast and furious, the spray dashed over the bows in sparkling showers, but our good boat kept on her way as steady as a ten-tonner, and with a weather helm as light and tender as a horse's mouth. We were soon abreast of the town, but about three miles out in the harbor, and in tacking in toward shore we gave free sheet and passed to the south of the town and around a point called Tela's Folly. Here we passed over more oyster beds, and in approaching the shore found good hard bottom. There were some mangrove trees in the water, isolated from those on the banks, and by taking in all sail and by working around with a push-pole, we managed to get near them. With cutlass in hand our boatman stripped and jumped overboard, and in a little while he brought us some fair specimens of limbs with oysters attached, but he had hardly returned on board when two shark fins were seen cutting the water over the spot where he had been chopping. Fully satisfied with our day's outing, we soon upped sails, and after clearing the point chased the wind on the home run. L.

New Orleans.

The Woodcock's Whistle.—Cookstown, Ont., Aug. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:*—A short time ago you were kind enough to print a few lines from me stating that it was my belief that the whistling sound which the woodcock makes when flying is made by the wings, the three narrow primary quills producing the whistle. Yesterday afternoon I went out after the woodcock for the first time this season. The dogs raised eight birds. Not one of the eight birds made the slightest whistling sound. I shot two (quite enough for my purpose); on my examining them I found that they had lost by moult the three primary feathers of each wing, which feathers are just commencing to grow again. The rest of the wing is perfect. I take the liberty of inclosing the wings to you, and would be pleased if you would kindly examine them. —H. B. N. [We find the wings to be as described.]

Natural History.

MY CHICKENS.

I HAVE been rearing a brood of young chickens lately —bringing them up by hand as it were; and have been much interested in watching their development. Their mother died the day after they were hatched, in fact before some of them had chipped the shell, so that all their actions have been prompted by what man calls instinct, and nothing can be ascribed to education.

The first promptings of instinct which I noticed was on the third day, when they began to scratch in true chicken style the board on which I fed them their corn meal. On the fifth day I noticed them running feebly after insects, some of which they caught and devoured. One of them captured a "stink bug," and the very face which he made, as he disgustedly dropped him, would have made a sick man laugh. Up to the eleventh day they huddled together on the ground at night, but at that date began to show a tendency to fly up to the perch.

It was not till the thirteenth day that they showed any fear of the buzzards which were perpetually flying over them; and this fear seemed to develop very suddenly. They had been watching a buzzard for several minutes, without any symptoms of alarm, when suddenly one gave a squawk of alarm, and all rushed panic-stricken under the house. And yet their instinct seems to have curious limitations. They show no fear at sight of a dog, but let a rabbit come loping along, and they seem to go wild with fright. Thunder and lightning scare them, but beating on the head of an empty hogshead, or the flash of a dark lantern in their faces at night, seems to only stupefy and benumb them. Sometimes I throw a live mouse into their coop, and they tackle him valiantly and soon peck him to death, but the introduction of a dragon fly sent them, at first, screaming to the darkest corners, though now they look on him placidly, but make no effort to attack him. They will not touch corn when I throw it to them, but will try persistently to swallow lima beans, which are too large for them to manage.

They seem to possess some slight reasoning power. For instance, I feed them twice a day—morning and evening—and always at the same place, in front of their coop, some fifty yards from the kitchen door. As soon as they hear the rattle of the spoon against the tin pan they set off as fast as their legs can carry them, to the coop, around which they are huddled, open-mouthed, when I arrive. But they do this only toward sunset; at no other time of the day do they pay any attention to it. They did at first, but finding it no good, they have evidently reasoned it out that only at a certain time, and at a certain place, are they to be fed. They evidently, therefore, have evolved conceptions of time and space.

I notice almost as great an individuality among them as though they were human beings. Although they are all the same breed—pure Plymouth Rocks—and have all been handled alike, some are so tame I can put my hands upon them at any time, while others will not allow me within ten feet of them, except at feeding time. Some of the tamer ones, too, seem to be of an affectionate disposition, and when I pick them up cuddle down in my lap like pet kittens, while others seem to simply endure my handling, but without any return of feeling. One likes to have his head and back stroked, and will remain quiet for a long time under the operation; another stands upon his dignity, and though he allows me to hold him in my lap without protest, yet squawks and struggles indignantly if I attempt to smooth down his feathers. Some are bullies and are constantly pecking and worrying the others; some are as meek as Moses, and accept all kicks and cuffs uncomplainingly. One I have named the Philosopher, from his habit of mounting a hillock, and remaining there in meditative contemplation till he evolves some course of action, which he proceeds to deliberately carry out. He never seems to be in a hurry, except at meal time, when he is as active as the rest. Another one I call the Jew, from his Hebraic propensities "to keep all he has and get all he can." Some are avaricious and greedy, some sulky and brooding; in fact, I find a wonderful resemblance in them to the human species.

There is quite a difference, too, in their physical conditions. Though they are all of the same hatching, and have received precisely the same care and attention, yet some are now fully three times as large as some of the others. Some, too, are fully feathered, while some are still running around scandalously naked. The size does not depend upon sex, for the large ones are indiscriminately cockerels or hens, nor does the accession of feathers depend upon size, for some of the largest are the worst off in this respect. Though the eggs all came from one hen and were all impregnated by the same cock, both pedigreed fowls, yet some of the chicks are bare-shanked, some feathered down to the toes, some heavy-bodied and long-legged. Can these differences be attributed to reversion back to different primal types?

Later.—Since the above was written a dire misfortune has overtaken me. A thieving possum found his way to the coop and in one night slaughtered nine of my pets. But, *Laus Deo!* Vengeance overtook him, for in endeavoring to get out at the same hole between the slats by which he entered, his foot slipped, and I found him in the morning choked to death, his murderous career ended. So at one fell swoop over half of my pets are gone, and with the usual one-sidedness of fate, they were the best of the lot. The murderer was a connoisseur and picked out the largest and plumpest of the flock. The Philosopher's early life is over, but the Jew is spared to continue his career of petty thievery. Since the tragedy the survivors appear benumbed with horror. During the day they skulk furtively around or sit fearfully brooding under the shadow of the house, and at night, instead of trooping noisily to the accustomed place to roost, they huddle around me as I sit on the back porch enjoying my pipe, and seem anxious to claim my protection during the dreaded watches of the coming night. Their nervous systems seem to have received such a shock that I fear idiocy, or at the best melancholia, may result. Think what a strain it must have been to fearfully crouch all night, while a bloody assassin was piling the floor with the mangled corpses of their brothers and sisters! To fear that each moment their turn might come next! To hear the piteous cry as each new victim breathed his last, to be followed by a moment of silent agony, as the gore-stained murderer paused before selecting a new sacrifice! No wonder that the long drawn out agony of those hours of darkness and terror has left an impress upon their sensitive minds, which time alone can remove. H. P. U.

Louisiana.

THE GROUSE OF UTAH.

IT has always seemed remarkable to me that the men of science could find so many different species of grouse in the regions that they have passed over once perhaps, and I have hunted over for years and with the single purpose of learning just how many species of birds and animals could be found.

Now, it is well known that food and climate differing will produce a difference in the same species of animals or birds. The early years of my observations of the grouse family were spent in northern New York, where the ruffed grouse, commonly known as the partridge, was abundant. This bird further south is called pheasant. But whether in the Adirondacks, Pennsylvania, Maryland or Ohio, with slight differences caused by differences of food and climate, it is the same variety of the grouse family. And precisely the same bird is very common in northern Utah. The same general color, the marks on the fan-shaped tail, the drumming propensity, and every motion are all precisely those of the Eastern partridge, pheasant or ruffed grouse. Nor in my judgment are there two species, one differing from the above, in the Northern States and Canada, generally called the spruce grouse. The ruffed grouse eats spruce buds in winter, when he can't get the buds of the birch, which he likes much better; but in summer berries, beech nuts in fall, and buds in winter are his common food. After filling their crop with buds, I have seen them pitch from their tree into the snow in a thick cedar swamp, and there they remain, if not molested, until a thaw occurs, when they come out for another feed. When in this condition the snow prevents freezing, and if the fox or lynx (wildcat) does not happen to discover them, they can and do remain a month or more in a torpid state, without food and apparently without inconvenience.

In Utah this grouse is found in the thick covers along the creek bottoms and from seven to ten thousand feet above the level of the sea. The blue grouse or pine hen is a larger bird than the ruffed grouse. In summer it ranges the more open hillsides in search of berries, and at the beginning of the winter they get into large flocks and betake themselves to the pine groves where they manage to live on the buds of the spruce pine.

A third species of grouse found here is a handsome bird, reddish brown with white specks, and should be looked for in summer in the willows of the streams, high up in the hills and in the high grass of small damp prairies. When flushed he rises quick and flies very fast. After the first hundred yards of flight he commences to sail and begins to cackle something like the domestic hen at times. This species is known to Western sportsmen as the specked grouse, or the cackler, and is often referred to as the willow grouse.

The fourth species is the sage cock, whose habitat and habits are tolerably well known. This bird likes high hillsides as well as the other three varieties, and as he has a stomach in place of a gizzard, he is generally put down by writers as not being a grain eater. The sage cock will eat the leaves from sage brush when it cannot get berries or grain, but it will go further for a morning feed from a wheat field than any bird I know except a wild goose. I have killed sage hens with stomachs filled with ripe wheat picked up the same morning, in places where no wheat was to be had nearer than eight miles, and in fact with no cultivation of any kind nearer in any direction. They fly long distances in search of food but return to roost in the same place at night, generally on some steep sidehill and free from shrubs or high grass. This I conclude is to prevent surprise from cat, fox or coyote, always found in the country of the sage cock.

There is no unpleasant flavor to the flesh of any of these varieties of grouse in summer and fall, where they range in the hills; and in my judgment the flesh of a sage chicken, two-thirds grown, has the finest flavor of any. I have killed the four species of grouse in a walk of half a mile after seeing the first one in Parley's Park, east of Salt Lake.

The sage cock goes to some spring to drink, and visits its watering place about sundown in the summer. The chicks, until full-fledged, depend for safety on squatting down when overtaken by the hunter, and it does not matter whether there is grass or bare ground, the bird is rarely discovered, except with a dog, or unless the sportsman is actually about to step on it. A chick, half-grown, when separated from the rest of the brood, sets up and keeps up a plaintive note, which no one could doubt was the note of a bird lost and very sorry to be in that condition. I have no doubt that this fowl can be profitably domesticated. It is larger than the domestic hen, and in my judgment the flesh is greatly preferable. In southern Utah the sage cock is found only on the high mountains. Indeed, it is only there that grass and berries can be found. In the extreme southern part of Utah partridges or quail are plenty. They do not go north on to the higher tablelands, but are confined to that part of our Territory known as Dixie. Geo. H. Wyman.

Utah.

National Museum Notes.—Professor Ridgway has completed and handed in his report upon the steamer Albatross birds. This report includes descriptions of a number of new species from the Straits of Magellan and the Galapagos Islands; the collections from the latter locality being especially interesting and important, since it includes birds from islands not previously visited by any naturalist. The National Museum has received from Mr. W. Knudsen a collection of birds from Kanai, Sandwich Islands, which is of much interest. These are being worked up by Dr. Stejneger. A valuable collection of birds from Caucasia has been received from the Tiflis Museum of Natural History—a region previously entirely unrepresented in the bird collections of the National Museum. The bird collection of the National Museum having outgrown the capacity of the old cabinets to such an extent as to prevent satisfactory arrangement of the study series, some new cabinets, constructed on a different principle and embodying all of the latest improvements, are now being made, and the collection will soon be rearranged in such a manner as to render every specimen easily accessible.

Game Bag and Gun.

OPEN GAME SEASONS.

Dakota.

Buffalo, elk, deer, antelope, mountain sheep, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. Prairie chicken, pinnated grouse, sharp-tailed grouse, ruffed grouse, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. Wild duck, snipe, goose, brant, curlew, plover, Sept. 1 to May 15. Exportation forbidden.

Delaware.

Partridge, grouse, quail, rabbit, hare, Nov. 15 to Jan. 1 in New Castle county; in Kent and Sussex counties, Nov. 15 to Feb. 1. Reed bird, ortolan, rail, Sept. 1 to Feb. 1. Wildfowl, Oct. 1 to April 15. Woodcock, July 1 to Sept. 15, and in New Castle county, Nov. 15 to Jan. 1, and in Kent and Sussex counties, Nov. 15 to Feb. 1. Non-residents must procure license (fee $25) from the Delaware Game Protective Association. Exportation restricted.

District of Columbia.

Partridge, quail, Nov. 1 to Feb. 1. Pheasant, ruffed grouse, Aug. 1 to Feb. 1. Woodcock, July 1 to Feb. 1. Prairie chicken, pinnated grouse, Sept. 1 to Feb. 1. Snipe, plover, Sept. 1 to May 1. Wildfowl, Sept. 1 to April 1. Reed bird, ortolan, Sept. 1 to Feb. 1. Venison in possession, Aug. 15 to Jan. 1.

Indiana.

Deer, Oct. 1 to Jan. 1. Quail, pheasant, Oct. 15 to Dec. 20. Wild turkey, Nov. 1 to Feb. 1. Prairie hen, prairie chicken, Sept. 1 to Feb. 1. Woodcock, July 1 to Feb. 1. Wildfowl, Sept. 1 to April 15.

Iowa.

Pinnated grouse, prairie chicken, Sept. 1 to Dec. 1. Woodcock, July 10 to Jan. 1. Ruffed grouse, pheasant, quail, wild turkey, Oct. 1 to Jan. 1. Wildfowl, Aug. 15 to May 1. Deer, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. Beaver, mink, otter, muskrat, Nov. 1 to April 1. Exportation forbidden.

Kentucky.

Quail, partridge, pheasant, Oct. 1 to March 1. Wildfowl, Sept. 15 to May 1. Woodcock, June 1 to Jan. 1. Deer (male) at any time; female deer, Sept. 1 to March 1. County laws prescribe other seasons.

Louisiana.

Deer, Oct. 1 to March 1. Wild turkey, Oct. 1 to April 15. Quail, pheasant, partridge, Oct. 1 to April 1.

Manitoba.

Deer, cabri, antelope, elk, wapiti, moose, reindeer, caribou, Oct. 1 to Jan. 1. Grouse (all varieties), Sept. 1 to Dec. 1. Woodcock, plover, Aug. 1 to Jan. 1. Wildfowl, Aug. 15 to May 1. Otter, fisher, pekan, beaver, muskrat, sable, Oct. 1 to May 15. Marten, Nov. 1 to April 15. Exportation forbidden. Non-residents must procure annual license from Minister or Deputy Minister (fee $25).

Missouri.

Deer, Sept. 1 to Jan. 15. Wild turkey, Sept. 15 to March 1. Pinnated grouse, prairie chicken, ruffed grouse, pheasant, partridge, quail, Virginia partridge, Oct. 15 to Feb. 1. Woodcock, July 1 to Jan. 10. Turtle dove, mourning dove, meadow lark, starling, plover, Aug. 1. to Feb. 1.

Nebraska.

Buffalo, elk, mountain sheep, deer, antelope, Oct. 1 to Jan. 1. Grouse, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. Quail, wild turkey, Oct. 1 to Jan. 1.

A DUCKING.

A COLD east wind was blowing,
And in the distant west
His last red rays were glowing.
As the day god sank to rest.
The rushes brown were bending low,
The yellow rice stalks swayed,
The water lily's wax-like blow
Had withered and decayed.
High curling waves with foaming crests
The lake's broad bosom flurried,
And southward from deserted nests
The noisy blackbirds hurried.
The busy muskrat's sheltering roof
With roots and rushes mended,
Added its mute convincing proof
That summer joys were ended.
Pintails their airy circles drew,
Low swung the mallard duck,
And I, on a capsized canoe,
Was "cussing" at my luck.

CHICAGO, Illinois. HOODOO.

THE GAYLORD CLUB OF CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, ILL., Aug. 23.—In many respects the little organization known as the Gaylord Club presents more of interest to sportsmen readers than any club yet found whose clientage belongs to this city. Its club house is situated just three hundred miles distant from Chicago, in the heart of a wilderness whose general view, at least, offers no sign of human occupancy. Its domain is, or will soon be, larger than that of any other sportsmen's club in this city. Its possessions include lake, forest and stream, in a country where the wild trout and the wild deer are yet native and fairly abundant; and, above all, it is extending over its domain a protecting hand which will keep its wild creatures and make them yet more abundant, and which will preserve unmarred and unchanged a generous portion of a country where nature has been generous but abused.

The president and founder of the Gaylord Club is Mr. M. M. Gaylord, and the notion of starting the club came to him last year, the club being now only in its second season, and in the first year of its actual organization Mr. Gaylord's health was not very good, and to benefit it in a logical and sensible way he struck north into the pine forests of Wisconsin, joined a party of "timber cruisers" (scouts sent out by the lumber companies to find available logging grounds), shouldered his pack like the rest of them and so sallied forth on a journey which might or might not end almost anywhere. During this journey the party stopped on the shores of Coleman Lake, named after a noted lumberman and known to but few except loggers and hunters of that region. The beautiful little lake, perhaps five or six miles in circumference, rimmed in like a shining jewel by the dark band of the pine forest, appealed too strongly to his eye, and the oftener he gazed the stronger grew the fascination. There were deer about the lake; the north branch of the Pike—as glorious a trout stream as ever preached a sermon—rolled by distant but a few miles, the south branch of the Pike, an equally beautiful and equally prolific stream, headed right out of the lake itself, the inlet at the upper end of the lake held trout, and so did the lakes into which it widened out; there were big trout and big bass, too, in the main lake itself, and a little way further up lay a lake then known as Moon Lake, where bass fairly swarmed; not far from there lay the moss-edged Five Lakes, where the deer came down at evening; and every way, further than any man could think or listen, stretched the great, quiet, restful pine woods, wherein no man can long be tired or ailing, and where, if one must one day die of sheer old age, his soul could simply join the whisper of the woods, and so talk on of peace and rest to the other mortals in the ages yet to come. It needed but little thought to see the beauty and the advantages of the country, and Mr. Gaylord unslung his pack and said he would go no further. The idea of the club and its subsequent rapid organization were born of the pity felt in the discoverer's heart that so noble a country should be perpetually outraged by men who could not appreciate it. The process of the organization was a very speedy one, and eminently characteristic of an energetic man and the most energetic city in the world. The thirty-five shares—for it was thought best to limit the membership pretty closely—were rapidly taken up, and to-day a share is worth five times what it cost, and none are for sale. The annual dues of $20 are light, and the whole conduct of the club is one which offers rare privileges to its select membership at a cost more reasonable than might naturally be expected. There is not really very much expense attached to running a club of this kind, after the buildings are put up, beyond the very moderate salary of the club keeper. It is customary for each member to pay a nominal rate for board during the time of his actual stay at the club, and this adjusts the question of relative use of the club's privileges by those who may or may not go up often to visit it.

Gaylord club house is situated at the edge of the forest and at the edge of the lake, on a bold point of the shore from which a delightful panorama of land and water is visible. The building is about 90x40 feet in extent, and is made from lumber hauled in from the nearest railway station—Dunbar—some fifteen miles away, at which



GAYLORD CLUB HOUSE.

point a flourishing sawmill is whittling away at the big forest. Dunbar is on the "Soo Line" railway, and is the nearest telegraph and mail point. The point of disembarkation for the club house is Kirton, about six miles further west than Dunbar, on the same line. There is a good litle station house at Kirton, but there is no regular station agent there, and trains only stop there upon flag or to let off the occasional traveler bound for the club house on the lake. The club road leaves the railway something over a mile west of Kirton station house, and it is hoped by the club that, as it grows older and brings more business over the road, the "Soo" people will move the station house down to their road, put in a station for them, and make things generally a good deal more comfortable and convenient for the club than they ever have been yet. There is only one passenger train each way, daily, over the "Soo" road on this division, but the freight trains—semi-occasional as all freight trains are—will carry the club visitor from Pembine, on the Milwaukee & Northern road, over the thirteen miles to Kirton on the "Soo." The total time from Chicago is about twenty-four hours, or a trifle more. Still, the club members ought not to expect all the conveniences of perfected railway travel in a country which they pride themselves is still a wilderness, and through whose dense forest the railway winds, like a thread, for miles and miles, unstrung by any human habitations except those of the infrequent little sawmill towns, whose traffic is not yet worth a fortune to any railway.

The interior of Gaylord club house is very spacious, convenient and inviting. There is an ideal great fireplace in the main room, and in this room, which answers as the general club room, there are the racks for guns and rods and the lockers for the storing of garments and odds and ends of personal property. The dining hall, kitchen and keeper's rooms lie to the left of the main room, and to the right are something like a dozen sleeping apartments, all furnished with democratic equality. A broad gallery fronts the lake, and is a delightful spot in the evening, as the sun sinks on the opposite side of the lake. There is an ample ice house, well furnished, and there are also barns and kennels for the dumb members of the *ménage*. A good team is kept all the time at the club house. There are, I should think, fifteen or twenty boats of different sorts in and about the lake, and on the last day of my visit a big sailboat was brought in by Mr. O. R. Glover, a friend of Mr. Gaylord's, who with his brother is putting up a big log camp for a pleasure resort on a bluff further up the lake. This is the only other habitation about the lake.

I met Mr. Glover on the freight train going over from Pembine, and as there was no team over from the club house, we started out to walk the six or seven miles over to the lake. There had been a heavy rain that day, and the deep woods were moist almost to unpleasantness; indeed, our feet and legs were wet as if we had waded deliberately in water. We were, however, well fortified by a dinner obtained at the table of the "bridge gang," who were boarding in a box car side-tracked at Kirton. We did not mind wet feet, when at length we topped the last hill between us and the lake, and looked out over the little mirror lying in the woods. Mr. Gaylord was out trying for a bass, and we met him at the boat landing, and were soon well fed and comfortable before the big fireplace.

On the following day Mr. Gaylord inaugurated a trip over a part of the club territory, it being incidental to the programme that we should try for a little trout fishing on the way. Mr. Gaylord has been up at the club house all summer, and will remain there until the close of the deer season, preferring the woods to the city. He should, therefore, be fairly posted on the whereabouts and condition of the fishing on the club premises. He said:

"These fish puzzle me. Sometimes we catch very large trout here in the main lake, but they are not biting now. Earlier in the season one boat has taken forty-four black bass in little over an hour, but now you can hardly expect half a dozen in a morning's fishing, and they will not bite at all in the middle of the day. In June I have caught sixty trout below the Brock dam, as fast as I could cast the fly to them, yet now you cannot catch a thing there but chubs. Last week I caught a half dozen good trout in the stream below there, but a while ago I could easily have filled a basket in the same time. I don't know where the trout have gone. Of course many of them have worked up into the smaller and colder streams, but my firm belief is that our fish have been skinned out. There have been two fellows fishing for the market all the season; their camp is at the bridge on the North Pike. A lot of "Soo Line" railway officials came in on the North Pike this summer, and took out nearly 3,000 trout. Every party that has gone in below here has killed its similar numbers, and every little stream around here is visited continually by men fishing for the market. These streams are too small to stand such a drain. I know we have plenty of bass left, but as to the trout, I simply believe we are fished out."

"What do you propose to do about it?" I asked.

"Come with me to the outlet of this lake, and I will show you. We have as fine a natural breeding stream for trout as you ever saw. We intend, with the assistance of the authorities at Madison, to put in a fish hatchery right here. There are three logging dams below here, one a 'rolling dam,' or dam built high enough to insure a heavy enough volume of water to enable the men to roll the logs over the wide shallows below it. This dam is so high that no trout can get over it. Above this dam and the others there are wide pools which hold no fish but chubs and trout. We will stretch strong wire nets below to keep our trout from going down stream. They can have these pools to grow in, and the lake and streams above here to run up into if they like. We do not care how much they run up above the lake, for we are watching the inlet now, so that we do not fear trespassing to any serious amount. If the young trout go into the lake, they will work out one way or another, and so we will always have good fishing above or below the lake. The water lies so that it is a natural preserve. We are going to stock it, and in five years we will show you better fishing than there is now, you may depend on that."

Our subsequent journey down the beautiful South Branch bore out all that Mr. Gaylord said and more. That stream is an ideal trout stream. Broad and with great volume of water even at the present low stage of the lake, clear and cold as ice water, and tumbling along over a rocky bed which seemed a natural right-of-way for trout. I have never seen a stream, unless it were some of the mountain streams of the Rockies, which was more beautiful or more beautifully adapted to trout fishing. Here I had my first opportunity, and, indeed, almost my only opportunity during the trip, to cast a fly. What was the result? Hundreds of chubs, and hardly a trout in the prettiest part of the stream. By climbing, crawling and wading up to a small stream which runs in above the Brock dam, I found a long pool of nearly motionless water just at the edge of the overflow of the dam. Here, standing nearly waist-deep in the trembling bog, whose bottom was no one knows where, I caught about a dozen splendid trout, a few of which would run over a pound. They bit very sluggishly. In fact, the trout in that section were not nearly so gamy as the chubs. The latter took the fly readily, and the trout would not. I think it was too late in the season, and believe the trout were working up into the narrow waters preparatory to the spawning season, which begins in September. The bass spawned very late in Coleman Lake this year, many so late as the end of July; but the trout seem about to spawn early. I took several trout nearly ready to spawn in the pool above mentioned, learning this too late to spare them.

The Gaylord Club must have between 3,000 and 4,000 acres of land in title and under lease. It controls all the shore of the lake, about five miles along the South Branch, and nearly as much on the "Inlet," including the enlargement of that stream known as Trout Lake. It owns all the lake shore where the club house and garden are situated. Its tenure on most of the other land is by lease from the great lumber companies who practically own that country. The land is now nearly all "logged off," and is worthless for any other purpose. In most instances, therefore, the lumber kings have been content to lease bodies of the land merely in consideration of the payment of the taxes. They ought to be glad to get even that much for it, for it is the most desolate pine country on earth, and never will be farmed in the lives of any now living, at any rate. In this way the Gaylord Club has been continually picking up land, and will continue its operations until it has an immense acreage under its control. The lumber people all feel very well disposed toward the club, and well they may, for it is starting in the middle of a great wilderness of lawlessness the only movement that will ever bring people into that country, and the only movement which will keep up the supply of fish and game which constitute the sole inducement to bring in any visitors except the logging gangs and railroad men.

There are a great many deer in that country yet, and under intelligent treatment there always will be plenty. Thirty deer were killed from the Gaylord club house last fall, and doubtless the shooting members of the club will have good sport this season, although old Nig, the club's big hound, will have to be left tied up this year. Wisconsin has already offered her proof of the fact that hounding of deer is the worst thing possible to spoil the sport and to drive the deer out of the country. The only protest I heard from the natives against violations of any law were against the Chicago and Milwaukee men who

bring big packs of hounds in and run the deer all out of the country. The righteous native summer pot-hunter rebels at this. One frank apostle of the native creed admitted to me that he had in Michigan taken pay as a guide in putting out the hounds, and afterward sold the scalps of hounds he had killed for that same party on the hunt. North wood's morals are touchingly fine and elevated! It is hard to say that all loose hounds should be killed, but it is easy enough to see that all hounds should be kept out of that country. It may as well be definitely announced that hounding will not be permitted on Gaylord Club territory, and any violator of this law will be hunted for until caught and punished to the full limit. Mr. Gaylord is a man not disposed to be quarrelsome, but he says be is not spending money up there to be fooled with; his determination is sufficient to make him fearless in enforcing the rights of the club.

The beneficial results of a little honest work of this kind will soon be apparent. Stock in a well-conducted club like this will be worth more and more as the years go by. To some extent these club preserves solve the question of game and fish protection, and as such factors they certainly deserve the interest of all sportsmen. I have, in an earlier article or two, shown just how much the law is respected in that country, and to just what extent local protection is carried by the law and its wardens in adjacent territory not thus preserved by a club. The only just verdict is that the game law is worthless as now applied in that region. I will cite one instance as foundation of the belief that the law will be enforced on Gaylord Club territory: On the last night of my stay we noticed a light moving around the lake shore near the outlet. At once the club keeper, Mr. Thompson, was sent out, and quietly paddling up discovered the poacher to be a man from one of the temporary log camps near by. He was ordered off the lake at once, and went. Had there been no Gaylord Club there, some doe or half-grown fawn might have been killed that night. Be sure, in any other place in that big wilderness, the illegal hunter might have run his jacklight undisturbed. I do not believe the wardens are efficient in very many instances.

I had a smart Aleck of a young Chicago fellow boast to me the other day that he and his party always killed plenty of deer on their summer trips into Wisconsin, and that the game warden of Elk River district had on one occasion gone out deer hunting with them in the summer time, last year. Neither native, nor Indian, nor city smart Aleck will be allowed to break the law on the Gaylord Club grounds. Mr. Gaylord does not boast of the plentifulness of game and fish on the club property. To the contrary, he says that the country has been nearly ruined for sport; but he also says that in five years it shall tell a different story, and this beyond doubt is true. His ideas are moderate and intelligent, and all he deprecates is the complaint of members who may come up expecting to catch a basket of trout in an hour, or to kill a deer every time they go out. That is not to be wished or expected. If members would see that most nearly approximated, they will do well to keep Mr. Gaylord right where he is, for he is unquestionably on the right track, and he has got sense and sand. E. HOUGH.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

FIELDS TO BE HARVESTED.

JAYTON, Kent County, Texas, Aug. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Through the warm summer days of the past weeks work of nearly all kinds has ceased. The mornings and late afternoons are pleasant while a good breeze prevents the heat being oppressive at any time. It seems to be a waste of nature that this country, which would afford such fine and profitable sport to so many of the denizens of the cities, is so far from them. The prairies here teem with plover, doves, Bob White and the crested quail, to say nothing of rabbits and jack rabbits. The inhabitants of this country need no outings, their every day life being spent in riding and looking after half-wild stock, which are never fed. The small game above mentioned is never hunted or shot at; becoming so used to the stock passing about, they have little or no fear of man. The jack rabbit, a hare approaching the size of a fox, is very fleet, never going to any shelter when pursued, but keeping on the prairie and depending on its fleetness of foot to escape, which it generally does. Large, strong and properly trained greyhounds can take them. The chase is rare sport, but nothing of the kind has occurred here for years. A neighboring ranchman who had a truck patch too much infested went gunning one afternoon recently and with a .22cal. rifle killed 47 out of 55 shots. They weigh 7 to 12lbs. each. (No other instance of shooting them has come to the knowledge of the writer.) In riding a little over one mile yesterday evening I counted 19 by the roadside.

Tracks of bears, panthers and the large gray wolves are very ferocious and live upon cattle and colts which they kill. If there is any place on earth where hunters or sportsmen would be welcome it is here, particularly if they were equipped to hunt the fiercer kinds. Foxes and catamounts are quite common, but the coyote or prairie wolf is the most common and most universally hated on account of his cowardly, sneaking, thieving propensities. STOCKMAN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice with regret that some of the able sportsmen of our big State are quite content seemingly to have her lie in oblivion as far as making any representation of game is concerned. To many Northern and Eastern sportsmen it may be news to hear that the very best quail shooting in the Union is to be had in Texas. When I say best I do so advisedly, as there are more birds than I have ever seen anywhere else, and but little or nothing to bother the dogs, such as burrs, etc. There is plenty of water with lots of shade, and if a man gets tired of killing quail there is a large variety of other game, such as deer, bear, turkey, antelope, and ducks and geese by the million. Another advantage this country has over others is the nice, soft bottom for dogs' feet; the dogs will go for weeks in the soft mesquite grass without being footsore. The only drawback, if it can be called so, is the mild weather. Upland plover are giving us pretty good sport just now, and are in great numbers on the prairie. The young quail are well grown, and judging from the numbers close to town the outlook for a good fall's shooting is grand. The best time to come here for a shoot is about Nov. 1, when the weather is cool enough for the game to keep. COTTONTAIL.

DALLAS, Texas, Aug. 21.

WORCESTER'S OPENING DAY.

WORCESTER, Mass., Aug. 26.—As the open season on partridge and woodcock draws near, and reports of plenty of birds are heard, bird hunters begin to make up their parties for opening day.

As Monday, Sept. 2, the opening day this year, comes on Labor Day, the number of hunters out will probably be large.

Worcester sportsmen usually hunt in pairs, and the season is usually spent with the same partner year after year. It is a little early yet for the final arrangements to be made, but the following partners have been selected: "Lisha" Knowles and Uncle Nathan Harrington, who, with their famous opening day lunch (including home-made apple pie, carroway seed cookies, bottled cider and cigars), have hunted opening day together for years, take with them Congressman Walker and his son, who could scarcely have fallen into better hands. E. F. Swan and Austin Warren, the only pair who hunted through the rain a year ago, will try it again. They know where there are a lot of them, too, "by Jinks." L. E. Divol goes to Lancaster to hunt with Geo. Sampsom. G. J. Rugg and Robt. Mason will endeavor to duplicate their usual large opening day bag. E. T. Whitaker and Harry Morse will hunt together. Dr. Harris and Col. Drennan go down to the cape after shore birds instead of trying the covers about here. E. T. Smith goes to Milford to hunt with Charlie Howe, and if Milford birds don't get a hustling for an opener then I am no prophet. Two better bird shots can't be found.

Less illegal shooting is reported this year than usual, and the present week, the last of the close season, during which most of the illegal shooting is done, will probably not be a very profitable one for violators of the game laws.

The Worcester Sportsmen's Club has shown more than the usual amount of interest in the matter, and last week arranged with one of the keenest and most resolute detectives in the State to look after the early shooters. He is thoroughly acquainted with every mile of country about here, knows where illegal shooting is likely to be done, and when he goes after a man he usually gets him. We look for one or two examples this week, but hope they will not be necessary.

The club has also published in all the local papers the following notice, and any one who gets into trouble must do so wantonly and with his eyes open:

"To Bird Hunters: The open season on partridge and woodcock begins Sept. 1, and until that time it is expected that all who respect the law will hold up until it is legal to shoot game. A reward of $10 will be paid by the Worcester Sportsmen's Club for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of any one violating the law. We are willing to wait. If you don't, look out for trouble.—G. J. Rugg, Pres.; A. B. F. Kinney, 1st Vice-Pres.; E. S. Knowles, 2d Vice-Pres.; M. D. Gilman, Treas.; E. F. Swan, Sec.; V. F. Prentice, C. H. Morse, W. R. Dean, E. T. Smith, Executive Committee."

They mean business, too, and have the coöperation of about all the farmers in this vicinity, who are as anxious for the enforcement of the game laws as sportsmen. HAL.

SMALL-CALIBER RIFLES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Much has been said about a new size of small-bore rifle, .25 and .27cal. being mentioned. I do not like the .25 for several reasons: It is too near the .22 for much greater killing power and it cannot be made from a .22 as well as can a .27. If the idea is to get a new size as near the .22 as possible the .25 is all right, but if greater killing power is wanted and the .32 is too large, why not split the difference and make a .27? No trouble would then be experienced by any rifle manufacturer in cutting the many rusty .22s out to the new .27. I prophesy that for some time after the new size is out a great many more .22s will be rebored for the new size than new guns will be sold, and consequently let us have a size that makes it possible to produce a perfect barrel from a rusty .22. W. W. L.

MEDFORD, Wisconsin.

A NOVEL REFRIGERATOR.—Chicago, Ill., Aug. 19.—A young friend of mine, who has for several years each summer gone with his father on a camping trip on the south shore of Lake Superior, tells me of a novel expedient they often employed for preserving their venison in warm weather. In that country some of the streams are flanked by long rows of sandhills, whose composition is so loose that they shift about continually under a wind of any force. In the winter time the high winds often blow the sand over the great snow banks which lie upon the north side of the sand dunes, covering up the snow to a depth of several feet. The snow is thus kept unmelted, and even in the middle of summer one can dig down through the sand to it and find the best imaginable sort of a natural refrigerator. In this way, said my young friend, they buried their deer and trout, and found them kept entirely fresh so long as they cared to leave them. This is certainly a new instance of nature's bountifulness with the sportsman. I wonder if my innocent informant knew that he had wronged kindly nature in killing during the summer season the deer they buried in the snow? It would be better to bury just the trout next time. Trout and deer do not go together.—E. HOUGH.

IDAHO GAME.—Cœur d'Alene, Idaho, Aug. 20.—I am told that game in this and adjoining counties is very plentiful. Owing to the very extensive forest fires which are raging hereabouts, hunting is considered to be more practicable than it usually is at the commencement of the season, deer having remained in the bottoms and being greatly confined in range. Good hunters and fair shots give stalking up in disgust at the expiration of a week of hardest work without coming to shot, and either leave or hound. What deer are killed hereabouts with the exception of an occasional one by a fishing party or roving Indian are killed before the hounds. Of all deer killed by hounding parties I have to see the first one offered for sale or shipped. Grouse and pheasants having wintered well and being but little disturbed at any time, will offer good sport.—MUSE.

RAIL AND REED BIRD SHOOTING will be in order next Monday in Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware and the District of Columbia.

MANITOBA PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION.—The Manitoba Game and Fish Protective Association's headquarters are at Winnipeg; Colin Inkster, President; Chas. A. Boxer, Secretary-Treasurer. Persons learning of cases of infraction of the game or fish laws are requested to immediately communicate with the secretary-treasurer of the Association, in order that proceedings may be instituted. All information of this nature will be treated as strictly confidential, and the names of the persons furnishing it will not be divulged. Copies of the game law and warning posters containing the principal provisions of the law will be supplied free of charge on application to the secretary treasurer of the Association. For open seasons on game see head of this department.

A WEST VIRGINIA RESORT.—Columbus, O., Aug. 23.—In your issue of Aug. 15 E. R. L. asks where a party of three can go in Virginia, and find sport for a month with turkey, deer, etc. Permit me to say in reply, that I know of my own knowledge Romney, West Virginia, to be one of the best and most accessible points for such an outing. Romney can be reached by the Baltimore and Ohio R. R. A letter addressed to Capt C. S. White, State Fish Commissioner, Romney, W. Va., himself an ardent sportsman, will be pretty sure to elicit all the information desired.—M. P. P.

THE FIELD PLOVER have been exceedingly common in the vicinity of Laurel, Maryland, flocks of from one-half dozen to fifteen being found in the stubble fields. Considerable destruction of young quail is reported by their being cut to pieces by mowing and reaping machines.

THE CONNECTICUT ASSOCIATION, at its annual meeting, re-elected Mr. A. C. Collins president, and he well deserved the place for another year.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

276.

SOME two years back there lived in this city an aged woodsman, who had been given over in his boyhood days to the sports of gun and dog. One evening several of his hunting friends were telling about the running qualities of their dogs, and no doubt some rather careless handling of the truth was done for his special benefit. After each one had given an instance of the marvelous staying qualities of a certain dog he used to own the old fellow gave them the following: "Well, boys, some of you have had some pretty fair dogs, I admit, but before this meeting breaks up I must tell you of a dog I owned when I first came to northern Wisconsin in '72. He was a handsome and inteligent creature, and had I think the sweetest voice of any hound I have ever seen or heard. We started out one October morning, and before going far Zeph was running a deer. After listening to him a minute, I started for a runway, where I knew they would go, but they passed and were far away before I reached my stand. I waited round about for two or three hours, when I heard Zeph in the distance, coming closer and closer, though not coming near enough for a shot. Then they made three more rounds and I got a shot at the buck, while I noticed Zeph was gaming on him. The next time they got within hearing I whistled and called to the dog, but he did not or would not hear, and I started for home expecting he would soon follow, but I went to bed minus my dog. Being a little anxious I was out early next morning, but found no dog; and so I started back to the woods. After reaching the spot where I last saw Zeph I began looking around and calling to him. Soon I heard the old familiar chorus nearing me, and shortly I saw the buck and Zeph running for all they were worth (though it was not very fast), with their tongues out, Zeph yelping as usual, but he was about three rods ahead of the buck!" W. W. L.

277.

The geese were coming in thick; there was no doubt about that. Every morning and evening for a week or ten days the sky was filled with the peculiarly formed flights, and the air was melodious with vigorous honks. Now, one day of this is usually enough to cause a longing for action, but let a sportsman stand a ten days' siege, and only those who have experienced it can tell what my feelings at that time were. But relief was at hand. A friend proposed that we should drive out to the farm of a mutual acquaintance and bag some geese. "Right you are, Van, I will be with you in a minute." I got my gun, a couple of dozen shells, and was ready. Upon reaching the sidewalk I found another gunner added to the party, Mr. A. This was a welcome addition. We climbed into the buckboard, the nondescript, by courtesy called a horse, was, by a little persuasion, induced to get into a cross between a trot and a canter, and we slowly left Hastings behind.

We arrived at the farm on time, tied the horse to a haystack, took five tin geese decoys over on to the edge of a cornfield, stuck them up, built up some hou-es out of cornstalks, filled a pipe, and prepared for business. Van was on my right, about 25yds. away, while Mr. A. had gone to my left fully fifteen rods. The geese decoys were directly in front of me on some newly plowed ground, and as it had been recently seeded it was "just the spot."

Van and I were talking, when he exclaimed, "Look out, here they come." And come they did, hundreds of them, right over our heads, near enough to be touched with a fish pole. I cocked both barrels, when a tearful voice uprose from my left, "For the Lord's sake, don't shoot, boys, until they come my way." It was A., who was just out of gunshot. Van hurriedly whispered, "We'll give him a chance;" and we both lay still.

The main flock passed over to the south; but fully one hundred swung out over the decoys, and commenced to slowly circle round them fully a dozen times. Van and I could have knocked down a dozen with our four shots, but every time the flock would swing away from us, the supplicating voice rose up, "Oh, boys, remember I'm here. When they work down my way, we'll all get a shot. Now, boys, don't shoot until I get a whack at them," Van and I told him that we would not spoil his

chance, and there we sat. Yes, gentlemen, sat there for one hour by my reputable Waterbury. The flock lit within 10ft. of me, and commenced to feed slowly away. Van and I talked freely the whole time they were feeding, but no attention was paid by them to us, owing, no doubt, to the fact that the "guards" were placed far out on the open plowed field.

Some one on the prairie fired a gun, when up rose our flock. Six reports rang out simultaneously; but, alas, the birds were out of range. I distinctly heard my shot spatter one old honker I had picked out. That was all, however; it had lost power to knock him down.

As it was getting late, we concluded to go home; the horse was persuaded to meander; and in due time we reached town.

When we were talking matters over the next day, in the presence of a veteran goose hunter, he made a remark which I have since taken to heart and always act upon. It ran to the effect, "Friendship is friendship, and hunting is hunting, and friendship stops right short in the range of a good shot when hunting geese."

GARDNER, Ill. A. H. B.

Sea and River Fishing.

CAMPS OF THE KINGFISHERS.—VII.

ECHO LAKE, ONTARIO, CANADA.

IT came about next morning that Charley and the skipper were to fish together that day; and accordingly after breakfast we wrapped a day's rations in an old newspaper, and with our rods, a bucket of frogs, the milk pail and a two-gallon stone jug to bring back filled with water from the natural ice water spring at the foot of the lake, pulled out for the farm below, just as the sun looked over into the lake from the summit of the hills back of upper Echo River.

Except for a faint ripple, the water was quiet, and we fished and idled along down shore till it was near noon, before we were below the island; but the sport was rather poor, as we took but four or five pickerel, although we passed over the same water where, the evening before, Dan and I had taken them till our arms were tired handling the slimy sneaks.

We were a little disappointed at not getting a bass or two, but we found consolation in a fragment of old Ben Renshaw's philosophy: "Pickerel fishin' was good enough for the Joneses, for the Joneses never was used to the very best o' fishin' nohow,"—which had eased his mind, and ours, on many a day in past years when the bass were like Dick Mac——'s customers—"a leetle too facetious in th ir tastes to appreciate good vittels."

The big maskinonje was again seen to break water with a great swirl after we had passed his haunt a hundred yards or so, in pure derision, as it seemed to us, at the feeble tackle we were foolish enough to think might prevail against his great strength; but we did not turn back to risk the humiliation of a defeat, knowing the advantage he would have in the forest of bushweeds and rushes infesting his chosen territory. Besides, for the last mile or two Charley had complained of a headache and nausea, to which he was subject, and we wanted to get to the farmhouse where he could lie down for awhile and get Mother Ruttle to make a cup of strong tea, which would doubtless afford at least a temporary relief. At the landing we were met by the dog Jack, who had not forgotten his new-made friend of the day before, and instead of erect bristles and a growl, we were welcomed in his waggish way and escorted with sundry doggish antics to the house, where on stating Charley's case the good dame set about brewing a cup of tea, while he stretched himself on a lounge looking really like a sick man; but he said the "spells" never lasted long, and for me to take the boat and go up the lake for a couple of hours' fishing, after which he thought he would feel well enough to start back to camp, where a dose of "crow and ginger" would put him in good shape again.

On going down to the boat, after seeing that nothing more could be done for him, I found that my four-footed friend had been there before me. The bottom of the boat was strewn with torn pieces of paper, a few fragments of egg shells, and a corner of a square cracker that he had overlooked, and this was the remains of our lunch. He had eaten a good-sized cut of raw bacon that we had intended to broil over a quick fire, four or five hard-boiled eggs without taking much notice of the shells, all of the crackers except the fragment lying under the thwart; and the indications were that he had bolted the bigger part of a *Cincinnati Commercial Gazette*, editorials and all. Verily, the appetite of the average country dog passeth the understanding of man.

To say my temper was a trifle ruffled would be drawing it mild, for I began to feel a craving for some of that lunch myself, and a sound drubbing on sight was straightway laid by for the culprit; but on turning to go back to the house, there at the top of the bank stood the thieving rascal, wagging his tail with half stroke and with such an innocent "fooled-ye-that time-ole feller" look on his four by nine countenance that I had to laugh outright; and once more the hatchet was buried between us, and Jack escaped the thrashing he so richly merited.

Back at the house, Mother Ruttle in the goodness of her heart made the lunch good by two great slices of buttered bread and a bowl of fresh sweet milk; and with many thanks I took my way up lake in a placid state of mind, with Jack following along the bank to the upper end of the wheattield, where he stood at the edge of the swamp for awhile, looking after the boat with a wistful expression that said as plainly as dog language could, "When you come down again don't forget your lunch."

Three more pickerel were added to the string tied to a bush at the landing as the result of the trip up the lake to the island and back; and the last were turned over to Mother Ruttle—enough to keep the whole family in fish for a week. During my absence the good woman had killed a chicken and made a savory pot of broth, which seemed to be the very remedy Charley was hankering after, as he had drank it all and was feeling much better, albeit he still suffered from a trifling "fullness" in the region of the stomach, which was small wonder. But the skipper and little Henry, the bright-eyed eight year-old "baby" of the family, got the best end of the "festival soup" by eating the chicken and tossing the bones to Jack, waiting at the door, whose appetite and capacity for mixed victuals appeared to be boundless.

When the last scrap of the chicken had disappeared and Charley announced himself ready to start, we pulled across to the spring, filled the jug and headed for camp, not very well satisfied with the day's experience, but it was yet several hours till dark and we decided to fish the deep bay a while before going in.

As we were pulling lazily along past the rocky point across from the island, our rods winged out on either side with the frogs trailing sixty or seventy feet astern, a swirl in the water near the fringe of rushes and a violent pull at the line that made the reel handle spin brought the skipper to his feet and out of a pleasant reverie, with a jerk that jarred the little boat from stem to stern and roused Charley out of a half doze with, "What's the matter, Hickory, spring water goin' to yer head?" at the same time reeling in his line to be out of the way, knowing by the indications that a fight with a good fish was at hand. Slowly the line ran off the reel out in the lake and as quickly as possible Charley took the oars and pulled the boat some yards away from the rushes to give Hickory room to work when the fray opened.

When sufficient time had been given the fish to swallow the frog, a smart strike started the fun, and instantly he turned and swung in toward the shore. The pull on the rod was so heavy that we thought sure it was a big pickerel making the trouble, and the old rod was nearly doubled in the effort to hold him away from the rushes for which he was heading, but it was no use, and a moment later a magnificent fish went high in the air 10ft. inside of the rush line, turned half over in a graceful curve, and fell back with a noisy splash in the water with head pointed in the direction of the boat. It was a feat an acrobat might have been proud of, but we had no time to waste in applause, as he was coming out in the lake again at a pace that kept the reel busy to take up the slack of the line. Fortunately the line had not fouled in the rushes, and we were now, barring an accident, on an equal footing in the struggle.

While it was in the air we saw that it was a maskinonje; and forgetting his illness and his late tussle with the pot of chicken broth, Charley let out a yell—in which Hickory lifted up his voice and "jined"—that started our lunch thief to barking at the farm below, and scared into silence a saucy little red squirrel chattering at us from a limb of a cedar hanging over the water near the point.

The fish went by the boat out in the lake with a steady rush, and Charley, dropping the oar blades in the water, pulled after him; and then we had it, around and up and down the lake for nearly a half hour, before he showed any sign of weakening, swimming deep the while, and never showing near the surface again after the first leap in the bulrushes.

At last (as we have noted is a habit of the "masky" when he has exhausted his strength and arts in an effort to escape from the deadly hook) he came to the top of the water, near a hundred feet away in this instance, and lay there with his dorsal sticking out, resting up as it looked, and studying out a new scheme to break the little thread that was worrying him to his death. Charley backed the boat quietly up to within four or five yards, when with a great flirt of his tail, he went under water again for another brief struggle with the tough old rod. The persistent strain soon brought him to the top again, tired out and dazed at his failure, and this time he was pulled within striking distance, when reaching cautiously out Charley deftly jerked the gaff into his lower jaw—this to avoid making a mortal wound—and swung him into the boat with one sweep of his arm.

We wanted to take him alive to camp, and to this end working carefully to avoid his dangerous teeth, the little line that had wrought his dowfall, was cut a few inches above the gimp, leaving the hook somewhere out of sight in his "innards," a stringer securely knotted to his jaw, and the brave old fellow dropped back in the water and tied near the stern, where after a few powerful surges that only served to tighten the knot and yank his countenance out of shape, he gave up the useless struggle and towed quietly along after the boat as though accustomed to it all his life.

He was not a large fish for one of his tribe (weight just 13lbs.), but he was the gamiest and hardest fighter the old rod had ever been called on to do battle with, and it was handled thereafter with a perfect confidence in its trusty qualities.

Another hook was tied on, and we pulled in and fished diligently back and forth along the rushes a distance of a hundred yards two or three times in the hope of striking his mate, for where one is found the mate is not usually far away; but if in the vicinity when the other was struck, it had probably taken the alarm and "hied off," as old Ben would have said, into deep water. We pursued our way along the shore somewhat disappointed, as Charley had never taken a maskinonje, and he was aching in every fiber of his body to "hang" a big one just to see how his new split-bamboo rod would work on a "sure enough maskylong." I was sorry the one towing astern had not taken his frog instead of mine; but it was the luck of angling, and it were little use to repine over it. I might, too, have handed him my rod after striking the fish, to give him a taste of the fighting qualities of the tribe of *Esox*, but there would have been small satisfaction in this, as every angler wants to strike his fish with his own rod, that he may feel the gratification of having done it all himself and get the full measure of the glory resulting from a well-earned victory, or bear alone the twinges of a defeat.

Talking it over in this light as we went along past a point just as we turned into the bay, the skipper's reel took another whirling fit that moved Charley to remark as he reeled up, "Now, just look at the luck of the old sardine, will ye? Must a-put honey on yer frog."

A backward stroke of the oar stopped the boat, and snatching up the rod under a trifle of excitement, a too hasty strike that was like burying a hook in a log gave promise of another and a greater contest; but a sudden and violent jerk of the line that caught the skipper off his guard wilted our hopes, the rod flew back, and when a few appropriate remarks had been offered up befitting the situation, the line was reeled in to find the hook broken off below the barb, the result, no doubt, of striking a bony part of the fish's mouth. It was a calamity to be deplored. What a great story was spoiled for the boys in camp. And then it was certainly not less than a 40-pounder, for who ever heard of an honest angler losing a maskinonje of a lesser weight?

While another hook was tied on, Charley made several casts around in the vicinity where the fish was struck, and then we pulled back over the water and back again, but the prick of the broken hook had doubtless made the old fellow shy of speckled frogs; and after wasting a half hour in a vain endeavor to "hang" him again, we went on around into the bay to take revenge on the first sneaking Canadian pike that should dare take issue with us in the matter of using United States frogs in Canadian waters.

We found so many of them eager to discuss the bait question with us, and some of the "longest-headed" ones so strong in their opposition to our "real" intentions, that it was nearly dark before the controversy was wound up and we were ready to start for camp.

Supper was waiting for us when we got in, but we waited for no invitation, as a couple of slices of bread had been rather a meager day's ration for the skipper, and the chicken broth had evaporated so thoroughly that Charley looked as thin as a spring bear after a hard winter's hibernation.

The boys had been out during the day with varying success, and like us, none of them had taken a bass, but unlike us none had brought in a maskinonje, the noblest fish of all the northern waters with the possible exception of the simon pure salmon; and we were as a consequence the heroes of the day.

We turned in early after a short session around the camp-fire, tired and happy, and were lulled to sleep by the nightly concert outside of the mosquito bars and the soothing patter of rain on the shingles overhead, which before midnight had increased to a storm that awoke everybody in the little warehouse except the Jedge, whose sonorous snore kept time in regular measure with the angry dash of the surf on the sandy beach only a few feet away.

A heavy wind was blowing from the southwest and the boats were beating and grinding against the dock in a manner that required immediate attention if we expected to see them afloat in a shape other than splinters in the morning. Lighting a lantern and donning our rubber coats, old Sam and I got out in the storm and by dint of some hard work and a few general remarks on the state of the weather succeeded in getting them one at a time around on the lee side of the dock, where they were left tugging at their painters to ride out the night in comparatively smooth water. Then we made a trip up the hill to see how Dan and the two boys were faring in the tent; and found them awake with everything snug and dry and the tent standing the strain of the wind without starting a stake, a condition of things due to the old pelican's foresight in selecting the ground on which it stood and the care exercised in putting it up. It has always been an understanding in our camps that when a tent is pitched to suit the critical eye of Uncle Dan it is good enough to let alone, and we went back to the warehouse to find the Jedge still keeping time with the beat of the surf and in a few minutes we were under the bar joining in the chorus.

When we got out in the morning the wind had gone down, but the rain was still falling steadily, and Louis got breakfast, wrapped in Charley's rubber coat that hid him from ear to heel, flitting from the fly to the stoves and back, meantime keeping up a stream of mongrel French and Chippewa profanity that no doubt would have been highly amusing had we understood it all. So long as he confined himself to French, Knots, who understood and spoke it equal to a genuine peasouper, acted as interpreter; but when Louis branched off into Chippewa to reach a climax not attainable with the ordinary Kanuck jargon, there were painful gaps in the entertainment that Knots was unable to bridge over. However, when Louis had at last exhausted his list of plain and mixed cuss words and was beginning over again with some variations, as Knots informed us, the breakfast was ready and we gathered around the table to the music of the falling rain that still ran in tiny streams from the edges of the sloping fly.

Toward 10 o'clock the rain stopped and Sam and Charley decided to take a boat and go up Echo River to some rapids Louis told them about to see if they could find a few trout, while Knots and the skipper got ready for a trip to the farm and a little pickerel fishing (we had about given up the bass), if it came in our way going down and back.

Before we reached the point below, it began to rain again; and by the time we were within half a mile of the farm it came down in such torrents that even with rubber coats on we pulled ashore and took to the woods to get out of the wet, where each selected a good sized hemlock under which we stood, and squatted for nearly an hour, cramped and uncomfortable, till the water began to drip through the foliage overhead even worse than the downpour on the lake.

With grim determination we took to the boat again after bailing out a bar'l o' water, and made our way through the blinding rain to the farmhouse, this time without seeing our four-footed friend Jack, who usually stood at the top of the bank near the landing to wag us a welcome.

It was well along in the afternoon before the rain let up and we got started back to camp to do a little fishing on the way, having done nothing coming down. As we pulled across to the spring to fill the jug, we noticed there was a strong current in the river running up stream into the lake, a condition of affairs that rather upset our notions of gravity, as gleaned from "Comstock's Philosophy" in our youth, but the phenomenon had been made as clear as mud to Charley and the skipper (we had noticed the current running the wrong way the day before) by Ruttle, who explained that it was the "suction." "Suction" was the one solitary word that settled the matter in his mind—it was just "the suction" and nothing else, and we just let it "suck" and went on up the lake to our fishing; but the grizzled, practical head of old Knots figured it out that the up stream current was doubtless due to a strong wind blowing up Lake George, backing the water up in the bay below and forcing it through the canal-like river into Echo Lake, the flow changing its direction when the wind went down.

"You will notice, James Mackerel," he said, with a glint of humor in his eye as he selected a frog from the bucket when he neared the territory of the big maskinonje, "that there are a great many things in this world that we can't understand—and there goes one of 'em, the slippery cuss," as the frog by a dexterous twist escaped from his grasp and in a twinkling was a dozen feet away, swimming frantically for the rushes.

Reaching into the bucket and holding the lid carefully to

prevent the frogs from jumping out, he clutched another one with a grip that made it croak, and when he had run the hook through both jaws exactly in the center, to make it trail without twisting in the water, he made a long cast astern and picked up the thread of his talk where the "slippery cuss" had parted it, and who was now out of sight among the rushes.

"As I was saying when that tricky batrachian kicked out of my hand, there are a good many things in the world that we can't understand unless we know the reasons for 'em. Neighbor Ruttle's theory about the inflow of the river is perfectly clear to *his* mind, and he has no doubt been waiting a good while for a chance to work his suction on a lot of suckers like us fellows, to show how easy it is for a man of attainments to see through a hole in a grindstone, so to speak, and tell why the water back there runs up stream at certain times. I tell you, James Mackerel, there's nothing like—great Cæsar's bones! stop the boat. That must be the old maskalonge you have been talking about so much," and the dissertation was cut short as he stood up in the narrow boat balancing himself like a "teeter snipe," while the click of his reel reeled off a few bars of lively music, always pleasing to the angler's ear, whether made by pickerel, bass or maskinonje.

But it was not the "old general," only a rank-smelling Canada pike of three or four pounds, that after cutting a few capers in the grass was summarily pulled alongside and knocked on the head with the gaff handle, a warning to others of his tribe not to trifle with old Knots when not in an amiable humor.

Knots detests a pickerel as a cat does mud, because they are snaky and slimy and emit a disagreeable odor, and he sets small store by them as a game fish; but a mile further up lake another big one came so near smashing his cherished bethabara rod in a long, determined struggle that his notions about their fighting qualities were all upset for the time, and when at last the old fellow was brought to gaff he was ready to sit down and rest his weary wrist and "take his oath that this particular longsnout had only missed being a maskalonge by having the wrong spots and markings put on by mistake in his infancy." It was a pretty fight, and Knots was so pleased with the performance of his rod that he was in great good humor all the rest of the way to camp.

We took five or six more on the way up, but could get no sign from a bass; and we began to think there were very few of them in the lake, or that we had lost our cunning and forgotten all our years of training as old-time bass fishers. But no doubt the true reason we got so few was that they were not in the humor to feed on the baits offered them; or it was not quite late enough in the season, as we had been told from the first; and it was the more aggravating to stand on the dock of a clear afternoon and see from two to half a dozen great lazy, black-backed fellows sunning themselves in the shallow water out from the mouth of the little stream, fanning the gravelly bottom with their fins as though it were the only thing in life they had to do.

We tried most of the arts known to the craft to fool them; we would quietly cast a frog, minnow or young perch among them from the screen of some bushes on the bank; but they would swim leisurely off into deep water without paying the slightest attention to the tempting bait only to get away from it; and then from the dock we tried them with perch, shiner, frog, rubber helgramite, phantom minnow, flies of divers hues, spoon and grasshoppers. But they were blind to all our lures, and we were fain to content ourselves with the sport to be had with the ever-hungry Canada pike, hoping the while that a maskinonje might occasionally slip in "between bites" just to vary the monotony.

Charley had brought along a minnow bucket full of genuine home-grown Kentucky fishin' worms—with a pedigree—(about everything animate in Ole Kentuck has a pedigree), and the appetites of their epicurian highnesses, the bass, might possibly have been tempted with these; but one of the camp rules forbade the use of worms, even with pedigrees, for any fish except "bluegills," minnows, sunfish and other small fry, and any "Kingfisher" caught insulting a bass by offering a worm for bait would have been requested to "hand in his resignation at an early date." But we kept on fishing for bass, and kept right on taking pickerel till old Sam "declar'd that if we didn't soon leave the lake we would all have 'snakes,'" and that night a camp-fire consultation resulted in a determination to worry the waters a few days longer and then break up and go back into Michigan where the bass were not quite so particular about their diet.

The trip made by the Kentuckians up Echo River for trout furnished old Sam with another "episode," but this time it was in the nature of a dismal failure, as he expressed it, "from start to finish." They had readily found the mouth of the stream and followed it up for a half mile or so to the riffles, where they left the boat and took to the bank and fished along up for another quarter of a mile, fighting mosquitoes and blackflies, and pushing their way at intervals through a tangle of low cedars and underbrush to the stream, without getting a rise or even a sight of a trout, and then the rain came down on them, even as it had come down on Knots and the skipper at the lower end of the lake—very copiously and wet; and as they had with great "hind sight" left the camp hurriedly, and without their rubber coats, they came back soaked to the skin, chilled to the bone, without a solitary fish and as forlorn looking a pair of old loon-atics as ever took shelter under a leaky cedar bush in a hard rain to keep from getting wet.

However, a change to dry clothing restored the circulation of their blood and their good humor, and when Louis announced supper, Sam was just winding up a graphic description of "the miseries of a rainy day in the bresh of upper Echo River and the delights o' trout fishin' in a crick that had nothin' in it but a passel o' measley white suckers," ending the recital in a voice that sounded like a buzz saw cutting its way through a knotty hemlock log, with, "My feller fish liars, I'm more'n ever convinced that the feller—I forgit his name—that wrote in the Scripters that 'all men ar' liars,' was mighty nigh right, an' ef he'd only said trout liars it would hev bin a cl'ar case that he was lookin' 'way into the futur', an' had in his mind's eye the present prevaricatin' gineration o' this very region." KINGFISHER.

The revised and abridged edition of the A. O. U. Check List of North American Birds, including the additions and changes made in the supplement, will be sent post free on receipt of 50cts.—*Adv.*

A TRIP TO THE UNKNOWN RIVER.

ON the morning of June 4, 1889, a party of four gentlemen left Columbus, O., on a fishing expedition to the Unknown River, Michigan. Arrived at Sault Ste. Marie, or the "Soo," we went direct to the ferry and crossed over to the Canadian side of the river. By half past 4 o'clock we had found a hotel that suited us pretty well, and half an hour later were on the road to the rapids, which are about a mile from the hotel. We had promised ourselves trout for breakfast the next morning, and we were going to have them if possible. When we reached the rapids we found that it was almost impossible to throw a fly on account of the wind that was blowing a perfect gale from the north; but with this against us we took seven good-sized trout and got back to the hotel before dark.

The Canadian "Soo" is just now enjoying a boom in real estate. Several new hotels and a large number of dwelling houses have been put up in the last year, and a goodly number are now being erected. The new ship canal in course of construction is located just opposite the United States canal. About 600 men are now employed in excavating, and more will be added as soon as places can be found for them. Three years is the time given for the contractors to finish the canal; then the Canadians will "shinny" on their own side and Uncle Sam will lose a lot of toll.

We found the fishing in the rapids fairly good. We could get all the 6 to 8in. trout we wanted, and occasionally hook one 10 to 14in. long. Of course, the water in the rapids is as clear as crystal all the time, there are very few mosquitoes, and it is a pretty place to fish. Any one used to trout fishing, either with fly or bait, can have good sport here any day in the season. The St. Mary's River affords fine bass fishing at a number of points. One place, the Nebish Rapids, is especially noted for its fine bass fishing. August and September are the months to come for bass. Any one desiring information regarding this locality would do well to write to Mr. Peter M. Moore, Deputy Fish and Game Warden, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., who is well informed as to the trout and bass fishing, and is a very obliging gentleman.

The taking of whitefish is carried on by the Indians altogether. Two of them in a canoe start in below the rapids and work up as far as they can, then the one in the stern holds the canoe with a set pole, while the forward one with his little scoop net scoops until he gets five or six whitefish; then they return to the shore, sell the fish for ten cents, get two drinks and go back to fishing again. This is a nice arrangement for the tourist, for one never fails to find Indians fishing in the rapids.

On Sunday we visited the American Soo and took dinner with friend Kennedy of the Hotel Superior. Tuesday morning we boarded the boat and started for the Unknown River, about 140 miles distant, where we arrived the next day at noon. We found the river very high and roily, and the prospect for fly-fishing not very good, but we concluded to make camp and wait until the river went down. Our dinner of bacon, potatoes, bread, butter and coffee was prepared and dispatched in short order, as our fifteen-mile ride over a corduroy road and the piny ozone had made us as hungry as bears. It took us all the afternoon to arrange our camp, a broken ridgepole delayed us some, as we had to stop and make a new one, but by 7 o'clock everything was in good shape, so that we had nothing to do now except to cook our meals, throw flies and fight mosquitoes. We were all about tired out, and the prospect of catching any trout was not favorable, but we voted that all should try and perhaps some one of us would get one for breakfast. We tried flies, but could not get a rise, then we tied on spoons and got three trout in twenty minutes, the three weighing 5¼lbs. We stopped fishing then, for we thought we could get plenty in the morning; but alas! for our hopes, that night a terrible storm came up, and it rained in torrents for several hours. By morning the river had its Sunday clothes on and was on a regular tear; and it seemed out of the question to do much fishing for several days.

For the following ten days it rained almost every day, keeping the river on a continual boom. We fished a little every day with spoon and minnows and managed to get enough trout to eat. Of course we had a good deal of time on our hands these rainy days, but we got along pretty well and managed to get four meals a day between the showers. Our chief amusement was whist, but we enjoyed every bit of our camp life. A mink came to our camp every night for scraps, but he got in the habit of eating the soap and almost anything else that happened to be left out, so we declared war against him. Charlie made a dead-fall big enough for a bear, but Mr. Mink was not to be caught that way, there was a darker fate awaiting him. We had two dozen pickles sent us one evening, and as it was not our time of day for eating pickles only two of them were disposed of at supper, but the mink came that night and got the remaining twenty-two pickles, and was buried the next day. Finally the weather became settled, the rain ceased and the river got down to a condition for fly-fishing; then the sport began in earnest. We had six live-boxes stationed along the river at convenient places, and all the trout we could save alive were put into these boxes to be kept until we should start home.

One side of the river is heavily timbered, but the side on which our camp was located is cleared land extending half a mile back from the river. In the edge of the clearing, a half mile from camp, is a farmhouse owned by some lumber company, and is the only house on the river. Mr. R. and his good wife run the farm and board the men during the logging season. We are under obligations to Mrs. R. for her kindness to us in furnishing butter, milk, eggs and many other nice things to eat. The river is 75 to 150ft. wide. The bed in rocky with a clay streak here and there that is as slippery as soap. There are no logs, brush nor overhanging trees to bother the fly-fisherman, and the stream is full of trout, big ones too, as it was rare to hook one weighing less than a pound. We fished in sight of camp nearly all the time, scarcely ever going further away than half a mile. The best flies we found to be black-gnat, brown-hackle, gray-peacock hackle, silver-doctor, professor, royal-coachman, Ruben-Wood, Govenor-Alvord, queen-of-the-waters and the chippie. By far the most killing fly we used was the one called "the chippie." It is a combination of red, yellow, white and black and was gotten up and named by one of the dealers in Columbus. The New York house who manufactured them made a poor job of the lot we had. We have about a dozen flies on our list that we have sworn by for years, but we all had to acknowledge the superior taking qualities of the chippie, and will hereafter have it on our list.

We had a week or ten days of lovely weather, and the days went by quickly enough as the time for breaking camp drew near. Finally came the last evening we were to spend in camp, and with it many regrets that we must leave on the morrow. To celebrate the occasion we finished up the day with a grand supper of everything we had in the locker. A 3lb. trout was rolled up in clay and baked, and trout were cooked in several other ways, and there were baked pork and beans, boiled onions, boiled potatoes, eggs one side, bacon, salt pork, bread and butter, jelly cake, cookies, coffee and cream as thick as your finger. The crowning dish was the baked trout, which all pronounced good enough for a king.

Before turning in for the night we had a summing up of the trip, from the bear tracks we saw in the road to the big trout we had played and lost on such and such a day. George and Henry had kept the party in good humor with their jokes and were voted the champions in that respect. If any little annoyance had occurred to any one on the trip, it had been forgotten, and we remembered only the pleasant things, and all voted our trip a grand success. With thoughts of home and friends that we should soon see we rolled up in our blankets and were soon fast asleep. We were up bright and early in the morning making preparations for our departure. The live-boxes were hauled up and the significant number of 13 trout were dealt out to each one, making 52 altogether. We had about 20 that would weigh form 1½lbs. to 2½lbs. each, several weighing about 3lbs. each and 1 of 4½lbs. These were carefully packed in two boxes with pounded ice. The team came along about 9 o'clock, our traps were put into the wagon, and jumping in ourselves we soon left behing the beautiful Unknown and the camping place where we had spent so many pleasant hours. Two days later we arrived home safe and sound, with the trout all in good shape. The trout were on exhibition all one day, and several hundred people came to see them. Some would not believe they were brook trout because they were so large. Those who knew all about trout said they were the finest lot they had ever seen. JACK.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, July 10.

A WEEK IN THE LAURENTIANS.

THE glory of the Laurentian region of Quebec is its lakes and rivers. Apart from these, the whole region, except for a comparatively few small clearings, is so densely covered with a growth of timber, mainly coniferous, that the contracted view affords nothing to relieve the unbroken somber uniformity of the evergreen forest. In a state of nature, the old trees, spreading their gnarled arms on all sides, create with their foliage a lace-work shade through which the softened sunlight penetrates in tremulous flickerings too subdued to support undergrowth on the forest floor, and the eye wanders away through dim vistas, outlined by stately columns; but one must wander far away into the Quebec wilderness nowadays to reach the primeval forest. The ubiquitous lumberman has been everywhere and removed all the large timber, and a young generation springing up in its place crowds the ground in the struggle for existence, and the trees as yet branched to the ground render the forest gloomy and almost impenetrable.

But the first glance of water ordinarily suffices to dispel the impression of monotony. Here by some sequestered lake the forest-clad hills are seen reflected in its calm depths, and the eye wanders over a wide succession of hill and dale to where some mountain chain bounds the distant horizon; and occasionally the lake shore, rising ten, twenty, or it may be fifty feet from the water, reveals the massive gneissic rocks, the foundations for these sombre solitudes. But one must go to the river's bank for the realization of the wild grandeur which the lake shores only suggest. The lake scenery may be fairly characterized as soft, the rugged floor and walls of the cavernous rifts of the rocks are concealed beneath the calm surface of the lake which mirrors the blue sky in its tranquil depths, fringed by the reflected forest in the deep shadow of its shores. When the banks of the rivers are reached, the gloomy monotony of the eternal spruce forest, and the soft beauty of the lake shore, alike give place to scenes of wild grandeur, at least in those places where the river running along the foot of some lofty mountain has eaten into its base and brought the giant masses of gneiss tumbling down, to obstruct its own course and form alternate pools and rapids, leaving the mountainside rising sheer sometimes for several hundred feet above the water's edge. If the rock were homogeneous in structure the effect would be comparatively tame, but the massive crystalline gneiss is often shattered *in situ* into more or less regular blocks, as if by contraction or earthquake, and these superimposed one upon the other on the broken face of the mountain, or strewing the river's banks, present a scene of rugged grandeur almost unparalleled. The gneiss rock of this region is sometimes found as black as coal, and sometimes contains sufficient iron to render it a bright red. Both varieties are found with perfect crystalline structure, constituting it perhaps the most beautiful stone on the continent for ornamental architecture, while the fact that it sometimes exists in comparatively regular massive blocks would materially facilitate quarrying operations.

But it is not my intention to boom the Canadian gneiss with the object of getting up a syndicate to work the Laurentian quarries. The rock will have its market value in the course of a century or two, and it is no use trying to force matters. Besides, I did not start out to describe the natural resources of the Dominion. I went forth to breathe the fresh air of the pine woods, and to cast a fly upon the still bosom of Canadian lakes and upon the rapids and whirling eddies of its rivers, and I came home so full of the exhilarating oxygen of the wilderness, and of inward gratification at having found fishing waters that were all my fancy painted them, that I resolved to publish the news to the world of anglers, and advise the weary toilers of the city who have never yet tried couclusions with the sportive ouinaish to follow my trail to Lake St. John in the wilderness, and its Discharge through gorge and chasm, which constitutes the headwaters of the Saguenay.

Day after day, week after week, the task has been postponed in subordination to more pressing duties; but the call was upon me, and the sense of responsibility in

the matter is at length pressing so heavily upon me, that my sleep is disturbed by visions of a monstrous ouinanish fighting me for hours, and then at last poising itself in mid air, fixing its fishy eyes upon me with a countenance expressive rather of sorrow than of anger, and reproaching me for duties neglected, then shaking himself free of the fly and plunging sullenly into the depths of the river.

Thus urged and haunted, I seize my pen at every available opportunity; and if any one wants to know why I didn't begin with the fishing, let me politely crave permission to tell my story my own way: you shall know all about the ouinanish in due course.

Moreover, catching fish is not the sum total of the joys of a fishing tour; there is, perhaps, as much enjoyment drunk in with the exhilarating forest air, or by sympathy with the scenes reflected upon the retina. Who does not love the plunging, rolling, rippling, eddying river, with its black pools and frothy rapids? What sweeter music is there than the soft murmurs of its waters? But, for all that, when I set out with the aphorism that "the glory of the Laurentian region is its lakes and rivers," it was but as a prelude to a second aphorism, that the glory of its lakes and rivers is its game fish. My passing remarks upon the scenery were only introductory and by the way. I am a fisherman, and although I am intensely fond of river scenery, and appreciative of the oxygen of the pine forest, I am free to admit that I never enjoy them so much as when I find waters densely populated by gamy fish after my own heart, with whom I have succeeded in placing myself on a familiar footing. You cannot get the same ouinanish on every day for a week, see him jump six feet out of water almost within reach of the landing net, survey you tranquilly from the corner of his eye while poised in air, then shake himself free and plunge into the depths of the pool, without establishing something of mutual appreciation. And all this is after the manner of ouinanish or wininish—whichever may be the approved spelling.

My acquaintance with the ouinanish began on a Saturday; it was July 27. The boat from Robervale crosses the lake only on Wednesdays and Saturdays, fare seventy cents: leaves about 9 A. M., reaches the opposite shore, some two miles from the mouth of the discharge, about 1 P. M.

The opening of the discharge, the first rapids, and the great pools or lakes below them, about two miles as the crow flies, and perhaps nearly double that distance following the tortuous course of the river, is held by Mr. Griffiths under the old riparian laws which vested the fishing rights in the owners of the adjacent lands. Mr. Griffiths is a man of means and leisure, an ardent fisherman, and spends his summers with his wife on the borders of the lake. They keep no hostelry, but many guests are received under their hospitable roof. Fishing permits can be obtained from Mr. Griffiths at a charge of $5 a day per rod, the number of such permits in force at any one time being limited to five.

Next in order come Mr. Scott's waters, which are leased from the Quebec Government for $100 a year and extend about seven miles further down the discharge.

Below this the Alma Club, of twelve members, owns down to the junction of the Grand and Little Discharge, the two main headwaters of the Saguenay. This is practically the seaward limit of the ouinanish, although an occasional fish goes down the rapids to the Saguenay proper and makes one in the score of the Saguenay Club.

Mr. Scott has put up a light factory-made building of pine and paper with accommodations for a dozen guests, and charges $4 a day for accommodation and fishing permit. A canoe and two boatmen are necessary adjuncts to ouinanish fishing in these waters, and these are supplied at a further charge of $2.50 a day. It is possible to get along with one good man by making a carry whenever one comes to the ascent of rapids, especially if the fisherman being paddled into convenient places will do a good share of his fishing from the rocks, but one gets along much better with two, especially in the matter of handling the fish in rough waters, when one man is wanted to give all his attention to the canoe. So much for the preparatory conditions.

The river itself, for the Grand Discharge, although properly described as such, is by no means a river of the conventional type, of approximately equal breadth throughout its course. The outlet is dotted with numerous wooded islands, and the escaping waters are soon inclosed in a wild rocky gorge, down which they rush and leap with roar and fury, emptying themselves into a broad deep basin about a mile in diameter, with two small islands in its center. There is perhaps no more favored fishing spot in the river than in the seething, whirling, eddying waters of this great pool, although a succession of shallow rapids and deep broad island-studded pools is the leading characteristic of these waters.

The ouinanish should always be sought where the waters are in commotion, either in the rapids, or where the white foam floats on the surface of the whirling eddies; in these latter the whitefish too disport themselves, their arched backs continually showing above the surface in their gambols, but it is hard to induce them to take the fly, and harder still to haul them in out of the wet, so delicate are their mouths. I did not succeed in taking one during my stay, but I learned by experience at Mrs. Griffiths' hospitable board, that she and a whitefish could make excellent chowder.

The pike or pickerel lurks in the quiet eddies at the foot of the rapids, and as he is also sometimes taken in some of the broad basins of the river in which the water is as calm as in a lake, and in which the ouinanish is never found, it is probable that he goes there to digest his prey in quiet, for your pike, although not a game fish, is doubtless something of a philosopher. The doré or pike-perch is also found in these waters, and a sucker or chub appears plentiful enough and takes the fly occasionally. These latter too may be very good although coarse table fish, but with ouinanish in plenty the fisherman is quite content to see the canoemen take all the other spoils of the waters to their families. As to the ouinanish, his good qualities at the table harmonize perfectly with the excellent traits he displays as a game fish. These fish are admirably fitted to minister to man's enjoyment, for I can safely say that from the moment they took the fly until they passed into my digestive organs all my experiences of them were pleasurable. The flesh is more delicate than that of either trout or salmon, and may be eaten continuously without palling on the appetite.

Well, as I said, I reached the waters of the ouinanish on a Saturday. I was on my way to Scott's, and as one of his guides, John Morell, crossed in the steamer with me and had his house just a hundred yards from the landing place, I was soon on my landward way to my destination. John Morell's report was one and a half miles by buckboard, and an equal distance on foot, and as John had often tramped it with a load on his back, his estimate proved pretty correct.

The buckboard broke down with a snap at the foot of the first rough descent, but it was only the spring board that had snapped, and by sitting one in the front and the other behind and driving carefully over the stones, we took the strain off the other board and achieved the journey in safety.

John engaged me to fish from his canoe before starting, and regarding me as a tenderfoot in possession, he eyed the two casting lines around my hat, and asked what sort of flies I had brought. I showed him those I had bent on, which included slate grays, browns, scarlet and white, but he shook his head remarking that they would not do at all, and produced a packet of smaller flies which he said were the correct thing for ouinanish. In vain I ransacked my memory for the French equivalent of the good old saying that "old birds are not caught with chaff," but I managed to express myself to the general effect that my flies were all so good that any one of them was better than all the rest, and that they displayed a measure of diversity which fish are always charmed with.

John sighed, and when on the Monday following we shot the first rapid a hundred yards below the house, and reached the pool below with three fish on, one on a royal-coachman, one on a scarlet-ibis and the third on a Jock-Scott, I found it impossible to lead him into a discussion on the comparative merit of flies, he looked far more disposed to anathematize the fish for their lack of discrimination. However, his flies were good enough, and I have no doubt he will find a market for them some day.

I found only one guest at Scott's on my arrival, and he had just eaten all the dinner and gone fishing again. But the good wife had spared one egg, perhaps for the baby, and this, fried with a rasher of ham and supported by good bread and butter, with tea, appeased the cravings of the inner man.

Dinner disposed of I reported courteously to my employer that I was at his service whenever he felt disposed to go fishing, but he replied that 5 o'clock was early enough, and then went to his shanty and lay down for a nap. I let him sleep until four, then roused him and told him that I was going fishing, and asked whether he felt disposed to go with me or not. We were soon afloat, and after fishing some time in a swirling pool and landing one or two fish we shot a rapid, and bringing the canoe into an eddy at the foot John suggested to me to fish from the rocks, while he went to find another man to help him.

I caught half a dozen fish before supper, one of which, a three-pounder, I took on a minnow, and after the meal was over I lighted my pipe, took my rod and strolled down to the rocks in front of the house.

The whitefish were disporting themselves in lively style, and supposing they were large ouinanish, I cast my flies in eager anticipation; but they did not rise, and I gradually took in the situation.

I took two small ouinanish, both under half a pound, and a two-pound sucker, which fought so gamely that I mistook him for a black bass. The ouinanish I put back again for next season.

Here let me remark that while a few fish of six or seven ounces are taken every day at this season, they are comparatively rare, at least in the waters fished in. The next size, about three-fourths of a pound, and presumably a two-year-old fish, is very common, but the preponderance of fish in a day's catch, as far as my experience goes, is of the third size, a fish running pretty uniformly about a pound and a quarter, and, as I suppose, a three-year-old fish. The next larger size is a two-pounder, also in fair proportion as to numbers, while three, four and five-pound fish are rare in the order of their size, and anything above five pounds exceptional. I was under a misapprehension as to the size of these fish, and took larger flies than were necessary, but a half-pound trout or ouinanish can take the biggest salmon fly made.

But for sport I want no bigger fish than the ouinanish, and nothing more gamy, although in the matter of fighting I think some writers have unconsciously overestimated his abilities. In leaping, whether for height, grace or frequency, he is unsurpassed by any fish I know; but for a desperate run which makes the wheel spin round while he runs out fifty or a hundred feet of line, the black bass is unapproachable by a wininish of equal weight. In fact, it is not the tactics of the Canadian fish to make one desperate plunge and exhaust himself in the effort. At the moment of striking he may go off a few yards, but give him the butt and place your finger on the line and he is content to maintain a good steady strain, springing occasionally into the air to try to shake the fly loose. Get your fish on, and it matters little what size he is, you may paddle away to the opposite shore and tow him along with you without paying out more than an occasional yard or two of line. The consequence is, that when you get him alongside he shows little sign of exhaustion, and unless your boatman is handy in getting the net under him at the right moment, your fish makes a little run, springs into the air to reconnoitre, and even if he fail to win a slack line and work the hook out, as he is apt to do at close quarters, he is still as fresh as when first struck, and it is better to give him line freely and encourage him to run, than to keep him wheeling about the boat.

The Sunday morning following my arrival at the camp it rained incessantly, but it cleared up a little in the afternoon, and I strolled down to the rocks below the camp and did a little unsuccessful fishing with the fly; then I bent on a minnow and enticed a 4 pound pickerel into a dry cleft of the rock; bent on the flies again, and at length landed a 2-pound ouinanish, which gave fresh fish for supper. A little later I took two 1-pound chubs at one cast, which completed my fishing for the day; a smart shower and a sprained ankle suggesting that I had better have left Sunday fishing alone.

The following morning we were at work in good time, and made one or two circles of the foaming water above the first rapid. We then shot down the rapid. A fish got on as we entered it, and when we reached the basin below I found as beforesaid that we had three on. One of these fish was a three-pounder, one a pound and a half and one three-quarters of a pound. John saved them all cleverly, and paddling into a broad expanse of still water suggested that I bend my minnow on the second rod. This I did, and finding the reel revolve slowly I placed it so that the handle was in contact with one of the ribs of the boat. There was a run, and before I could get the rod in my hand a pickerel, or pike, as they are properly called here, snapped the line and carried away the only minnow I had. Fortunately I was able to replace it with a spoon, and before we had completed the circuit of the pool I got on another pike, which gave three runs and made as plucky a fight for life and liberty as one could ask for in a game fish. He weighed 7lbs. John commenced another circuit of the pool, but I reminded him that I came out primarily for ouinanish, and he turned and paddled me into living waters.

Fishing alternately from the canoe and from the rocks, I scored up seven ouinanish before dinner, after putting back one or two yearlings, and I have no doubt I might have doubled the score had we devoted all our attention to the rapids, but while John was as capable a boatman as one could wish in a canoe, and a man to be relied on in an emergency, he soon rendered it clear to me that he wasn't in search of any emergencies.

After dinner I saw Mr. Griffiths in his canoe, and after a little chat with him, he insisted on my becoming his guest and having a day in his waters, and I promised to avail myself of this privilege on the morrow, and the raw edge of my enthusiasm having been by that time taken off, I allowed John and his son and helper a two hours' rest before I called them to renewed exertions. That afternoon I took six fish ranging from three-quarters of a pound to two pounds, and although I was eclipsed every time by my brother of the craft, a genial Kentuckian who was at the camp with me, I took quite enough to satisfy me.

In the evening John asked permission to take the pike and some surplus fish to his family, being anxious to see his wife who was sick. This was readily conceded, and he appeared enthusiastic at the prospect of securing some big fish in Griffiths' waters. I had consequently no anxiety about his being promptly on hand in the morning.

C. F. AMERY.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NORTH CAROLINA TROUT STREAMS.

I NOTICE fishing notes in FOREST AND STREAM from various sections of the country, but do not remember to have seen any from Western North Carolina. Many of your readers may not be aware of the fact that some of the finest trout fishing is to be found in the streams rising among the hills and mountains of the western part of this State. A portion of the headwaters of the Savannah River are to be found in Jackson and Transylvania counties, and probably there are no streams in any section of the country better stocked with trout than these. They are cool, pure, mountain streams, not deep, so that the fish do not grow much larger than a pound in weight, but they are very plenty, and the sportsman soon finds that his creel is full. It is not an uncommon thing for one hundred or more to be taken in a single forenoon, and in some of the streams even more. Most of the waters are fished by wading, and as the streams are shoal this can be easily done. There are many places, however, where a fly can be easily cast from the bank. The Horse Pasture and Toxaway rivers are the two best streams in Transylvania county, and the east forks of the Chatuga, in Jackson county, are very good. The writer is an invalid and able to walk but a short distance, so he has been obliged to confine his fishing to the easterly fork of the Chatuga, and to a distance of half a mile on the stream, and yet has taken this spring—from March 15 to June 1—over five hundred trout, and within a distance of a mile and a half over one thousand have been taken from this stream. No other fish are to be found in the upper waters of these streams, and the season for fly-fishing opens on March 1 and lasts until Sept. 1.

I have fished the streams of Connecticut, Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire, the lakes and streams of Nova Scotia, but have never found any stream fishing equal to such as is found here. In some of the larger streams in Maine the fish grow to a much larger size but do not compare in number. Here they are very gamy, and with light tackle afford most excellent sport.

The game here consists of rabbits, gray squirrel, ruffed grouse, partridge (Bob White), wild turkey, deer, wild cat, and occasionally bear. This section would be a fine location for a sportsman's club. There are no natural ponds nor lakes, but plenty of small branches where trout ponds could be constructed at very little expense. The climate is mild and healthy; seldom any snow in winter, and cool and salubrious in summer, and is much sought as a summer resort by people from the low country as well as from the higher latitudes. Parties desiring to visit this section of the State should go to Walhalla, S. C., by rail, and there take private conveyance to Cashiers Valley, N. C., which is a central location, from which point the best fishing can be easily reached. Comfortable quarters, with good plain fare, can be had here at a very moderate price. W.

COLLECTOR ERHARDT, of the New York Custom House, gave this advice to a young man who was going fishing one day last week: "You are a young man. You are a nice young man. You are going fishing. Much of your future welfare, your success in life and in business may depend upon your action during the next few weeks. Never be misled as to the size of the fish. It is wonderful how large a small fish will become after it gets out of the water. Young man, a very small Kodak will take a very large picture of a very small fish. Good luck to you."

WOOD'S HOLL, Mass., Aug. 15.—Bluefish are quite plentiful this season about here. Young bluefish from 4 to 6in. long are in good numbers. Squeteague are very scarce and run small. Sea bass fishing with hook and line is about as last year, fair. I have seen but six or eight young sea bass this season, and not a single young squeteague. Bonito, Spanish mackerel and cero have been common this summer, more having been captured this season already than in the five years previous to this altogether.—V. N. EDWARDS.

TWO DAYS ON KOSHEE LAKE.

GRAVENHURST, Ont., Aug. 5.—From many reports and from a recent personal experience, I find the fishing in our Muskoka lakes excellent at present. In all the lakes surrounding us large catches are daily made. A few days since a party of six as jolly anglers as ever made a trip went to Koshee Lake for a two-days' outing. The party consisted of Mac, the dude of the party and a right royal fellow; Harry K., the champion yarner on duck shooting in the crowd; Joe W., a "dawn good fellow;" Emery C., Sile, and, last but not least (in size), the writer. We were also accompanied by three ladies, wives of three of the party. An early start and a delightful drive of seven miles brought us to the lake, where we embarked on one of the two small steamers already at the landing. After a few minutes' sail among the islands we landed on Wawayanda's Point. This point received its name in memory of the visit and camp of two months' duration of the author of "Camp Flotsam," one of the most delightful and interesting writers on camp life and fishing that it has ever been my good fortune to read. I cannot attempt to describe this beautiful lake. Only the pen of "Wawayanda" can do it justice. The unabridged name of the lake is Koshee-she-bog-a-mog, and when pronounced by an Indian it sounds really musical. "Wawayanda" and myself tried diligently to get an authentic definition of the name. "The lake of the (or a) hundred islands" is, I believe, the accepted translation. It is about five miles in length; the breadth is hard to determine, owing to the numerous deep bays and islands, but about one and one-half miles would, I think, be the average. There are certainly a hundred or more islands of every conceivable shape and size. During the visit of "Wawayanda" the shores of the lake and very many of the islands suffered the scourge of all pine countries, fire, due in the majority of instances to the carelessness of campers and lumbermen. I am pleased to say, however, that a clean new growth is rapidly springing up, which will in a short time restore in a measure the pristine beauty.

After unloading the calamities ("Kingfisher") and engaging the steamer to call for us again in the evening, we got our tackle in order and struck out. The ladies elected to remain on the shore to look after the plunder and to loaf. We had two large roomy boats, three of us in a boat, and each party struck out for some favored locality. Your correspondent being probably the best acquainted with the lake, selected an old well-tried nook. A few fine fish rewarded our efforts. The bass did not bite freely, as the day was well advanced and clear, with the water perfectly calm. At noon the melodious echoes of a tin horn, operated by the *enfant terrible* of the party (a future sportsman), recalled the parties to the point, where a bounteous lunch awaited us.

After lunch a start was again made with a change of location. The sky had clouded over and a nice fishing breeze was rippling the water. We chose a channel between two small islands. After anchoring the boat the fun began. For a couple of hours I never saw the bass bite better. Frequently the three of us would be fighting a regular trio of old mossbacks at one time, leaving one of the party to handle his fish and the landing net at the same time. Frogs and worms were the baits used. Flies and spoons seemed to have no attractions for them on this particular day, although on former occasions I have taken many a good string with the artificial fly; a large fly made with turkey wings and a large yellow body being the best. Nearly every fish that we secured seemed to be literally gorged with winged ants, showing that a migration of these insects must have taken place during the previous night. Seventeen bass of an average weight of 2¼lbs. were taken without moving the boat. The largest one, a 4-pounder, yielded to the excellent play and faithful Washabo rod handled by Joe, who, of course, began at once to throw out unlimited instructions. After a few hours' sport we all met at the appointed hour on the point. The other crowd showed up with about thirty measly catfish as the result of their efforts. The efficacy of light tackle as placed against the bean pole had been fully discussed before our start, and each was bound to demonstrate the supremacy of his favorite. Each of the three in our boat was using a valuable rod and light tackle, while the others to a man were armed with small trees, and yanked their helpless victims in by main force and akwardness. After considerable chaffing they reluctantly confessed that there was something loose somewhere. The steamer putting in an appearance we gathered up the fragments and steamed back to the landing.

The ladies occupied for the night a vacant house kindly placed at their disposal by Mr. Clark, the proprietor. Right here a dilemma presented itself. Who ever heard of ladies occupying a strange house without a stalwart defender during the dark shades of the night? So one of the party was duly installed to guard over the fair ones, which he immediately did by bravely swinging a hammock over the stove in the kitchen, tumbling in and never opening an eye until called the next morning. The rest of the party adjourned to the barn, each rolled himself up in his blanket, and on the fresh, new mown hay slept the sleep of the just. Shortly after daylight the ubiquitous mosquito got in his fine work, and we concluded to try an early morning fish, so taking to the boats in the same order as the day before we proceeded to the fishing grounds. A stern resolve seemed settled over the bean-pole crowd, and that with whisperings and mutterings warned us that our work was cut out for us. A catch of five splendid old bronze backs rewarded us, while the other boat only showed up one. All of our ancient jokes and wit fell stale and unprofitable at the breakfast round up. Not a smile could we provoke, but a grim, silent party soon wended their way to the boat again, followed by such encouragement as we, out of our generosity, bestowed upon them.

The steamer again landed us at our old rendezvous. The day seemed just ordered for us. It was one to delight any bass fisher; a clouded sky with breeze enough to cause a splendid ripple on the water. We started out jubilant in anticipation of a splendid day's sport. We tried one likely spot after another without a single strike; we grew anxious and adopted the "move on" system; changed our bait, but it was all useless.

Observing that the bean-pole crew lingered in the same locality, with a pertinacity out of all keeping with their conduct of the day before, we concluded to sneak up and investigate. We found that they were occupying the same spot that we did when we made our big string. I've had lots of fun in my short life, but it paled into insignificance when compared with the hilarity that was spread over that crowd. "Whoop! I've got him," was about the only intelligible expression we heard. They seemed all to be fighting old mossbacks at one time. One would yank this way, and another that, their poles would get tangled up, they yelled and cheered, and the antics of that beggarly set made us sick. Nineteen splendid bass fell to that jeering crowd. Comparisons were odious, and we voted we had fun enough for that trip.

In all nearly sixty fish were taken, every one gamy to the last degree and all of good size. The fish were all kept alive until we started for home, by means of the stringer I described in FOREST AND STREAM some time ago. It is the most complete stringer that I have seen yet. I describe it again: Get about two dozen Lindsay's safety blanket pins No. 8; knot them on a good, strong, hard-twisted cotton cord about 1in. apart. About 12 to 16in. above last pin tie on a large brass swivel, and to this tie on another cord about 3ft. long; fasten this to the gunwale of the boat. In stringing the fish pass the pin up through thin part of under lip and lock it, and throw the fish overboard. Never pass a cord through the gills, as it interferes with the respiration and drowns the fish.

Packing up we started back to town. The drive in the evening was enjoyable in the extreme. We arrived home tired but happy. The fish were distributed to our friends who were not fortunate enough to enjoy the sport of the trip. Just as I am closing a report comes to me that some grand catches have been made in the vicinity of Bala. KOSHEE.

MAINE TROUT.

THE cold weather and high water are bringing the trout back to the fishing grounds in the lakes and streams of New England earlier than usual this season. It is not commonly the case that there is much fly-fishing in the Maine lakes in August, but such was the case last year, for the season was wet and cold like the present. Trout are a great deal under the influence of the temperature of the water, and a few frosty nights will bring them back from their hot-weather haunts in the deep pools into the shoal waters, when they quickly begin to rise to the fly freely. Those who read the FOREST AND STREAM will remember that the fly-fishing in Maine and New Hampshire waters was earlier last year than usual, and they will also remember that the weather was colder. There was a frost in Maine, late in August, that entirely destroyed the sweet corn, and this frost was followed by a number of days and nights very cold for the season. Soon after came news of good fly-fishing. Dr. James, of Boston, came back from Moosehead Lake last week. He came back because business called him. But he is off again this week for the same region. The trout are rising to the fly freely in Moosehead, nearly two weeks earlier than usual. The Doctor caught over fifty last week, the largest weighing 3lbs. About the same reports come from the other Maine lakes. Considerable company is summering at different stations on the Rangeley Lakes, and the sportsmen are having good luck with the fly-rod. One gentleman reports excellent sport at the Outlet, Rangeley Lake, last week. The mercury was down to 42° one morning, while there was a touch of frost in the valleys. The mercury at Moosehead registered 40° one or two mornings last week.

Black bass fishing is not proving very satisfactory in New England waters this season. There was considerable sport early in the season, but later there has been considerable fishing, with but few bass, as the result. In Maine lakes and ponds the black bass is fast becoming an unpopular fish, and besides the pickerel the question is frequently asked, "What is the stickleback here for?" He is not popular as a food fish, and as to his gaminess, the Maine sportsmen, with a plenty of trout within reaching distance, have never taken kindly to the foreigner.

The latest idea in the fish line (no intentional pun) is a pliable form of a trout. Mr. E. J. Shattuck, one of the Vive Vele Camp owners at the Narrows, Richardson Lake, had the good fortune to secure a nine-pound trout on his spring fishing trip this year, and he has had made a pliable model of this fish. The form is perfect, as it is shown in Appleton's window, on Washington street, but the coloring is not up to the standard. In the first place there is too much yellow or orange, and again the mottling or wavy blending of the darker colors on the back is not as it should be. But Mr. Shattuck will not thank me for this criticism, though I hope that he may some time be so fortunate as to put his pliable model beside of a real trout, just out of the waters of the Narrows, and then I am sure that somebody will immediately have an order to paint that model over.

Mr. Nat Manson, of the firm of Bellows & Manson, iron merchants, with his friend Mr. Binner of Cambridge will depart for Camp Stewart, Richardson Lake, on Friday. They are going for the double purpose of a vacation, which they both very much need, and for a good time in the woods. Besides Mr. Manson has had an early call of the hay fever This hay fever leaves him as soon as he strikes the mountain air. A bear is to be added to their catch this year. Last year it was a deer. Oscar W. Cuttings is to be guide and cook. Oscar has been up at the camp nearly all summer. He came out the other day over the mountain, and in Sawyer Notch he saw this very bear that Manson and Binner are after. He has written them, and they are coming prepared. If that bear is caught by those hunters, the FOREST AND STREAM shall hear of it. SPECIAL.

SAFETY APPLIANCES.—Cœur d'Alene, Idaho.—Appreciating suggestions to increase safety of boating and canoeing parties, embodied in article "Chicago and the West," Vol. XXXIII., No. 3, I beg leave to state that I consider a cork jacket, as adopted by the U. S. Government, and a large ring buoy essential parts of boat equipment. The merits of these articles are well known, they are easily procured and cheap.—MUSE.

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nanit," "Idoan," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybillene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 220 pages, price $2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

Fishculture.

FISHCULTURE IN THE NATIONAL PARK.

[From a Special Correspondent.]

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK, Aug. 16.—The trip made by Col. McDonald, United States Fish Commissioner, and Captain Boutelle, for the purpose of examining those waters of the Yellowstone Park which are at present without fish, was in all respects satisfactory. The Gardiner, Gibbon and Shoshone waters were visited, and it was found that food and spawning places were abundant in the lakes or streams of each system, and that there is no apparent reason why trout should not do well. In the Firehole River, where the water is warmed by the heated outflow from the geysers, it is thought that coarser fish, such as the rock bass and the pike-perch, would do well.

It seems quite probable that each one of the river basins named may be stocked with fish of a different species, and if this should be done, it would make the National Park the grandest fishing ground on this continent, and would add enormously to its attractiveness to all classes of visitors. Col. McDonald has indicated his intention of making these experiments, and has expressed the opinion that landlocked salmon, Loch Leven trout and lake trout might be introduced into the waters of Shoshone and Lewis Lakes. These could be planted either as fry or as yearlings, since there exist, so far as known, no enemies which could prey on these young fish. Into the waters of the Gibbon the brown trout of Europe may be introduced, while the headwaters of the Gardiner seems well adapted to the Eastern brook trout.

Just how the waters of the Yellowstone Lake shall be treated is a somewhat intricate problem. At present, the only fish known to inhabit this lake is the black-spotted *Salmo purpuratus*, which may very possibly have reached this body of water from the other side of the range, crossing from Pacific to Atlantic waters in times of melting snow; when, as is sometimes the case, waters flow from one pool or lake into either ocean. A well-known example of this occurs at Two-Ocean Pass, where the streams which form the heads of Atlantic and Pacific Creeks, flow side by side on almost the same level, but in opposite directions, through a low meadow, and in times of high water are no doubt connected. Across this, or some similar pass, the Pacific slope trout may have passed into the Yellowstone waters.

The trout of the Yellowstone Lake, as is well known, are affected with a parasite, which lives in their flesh. It is a long, flat, jointed worm, which occurs knotted up; sometimes close under the skin and sometimes penetrating into the abdominal cavity. This worm, which is probably the larval stage of some tree insect, was described by Prof. Leidy many years ago, under the name *Dibothrium cordiceps*, but its life history has never been studied, and nothing is known about it. Although by no means all of these Yellowstone Lake trout are thus afflicted, and though the proportion of diseased fish varies from year to year, yet the presence of this parasite causes all fish taken from the lake to be regarded with suspicion, and it is to be hoped that a study of this worm and a knowledge of the causes to which its presence is due may result in finding a remedy for the affection.

The food of these Yellowstone Lake trout appears to consist mainly of insects, though no doubt they devour a certain proportion of the young of their own species, for Col. McDonald recently found a small trout in one of them. They are very even in size, rarely exceeding a pound and a half in weight. The largest that I have ever seen was caught here by Professor E. S. Dana in the year 1875, and measured 22in. in length. It has been suggested by Captain Boutelle that the small size of these fish may be due to the fact that they are underfed, and this seems plausible, since we know that in the Yellowstone River, where fish food is abundant, trout of this same species attain a weight of five, six and even nine pounds. It is possible that were these trout in the lake better fed, they might be better able to resist the attacks of the parasitic worm which now preys upon them.

The waters of Yellowstone Lake are clear, cold and very deep. No systematic series of soundings has as yet been made, but the Geological Survey have found 350ft. of water, and between Stevenson Island and the main shore there is over 200ft. It is more than probable that the whitefish either of the Great Lakes or of the Northern Rocky Mountain would do well in Yellowstone Lake, and their young would furnish an admirable food for the trout. So far as our limited observations go, the trout are at present found for the most part in the streams tributary to the lake, in the river, and along the lake shore. They do not seem to occur in any numbers in the very deepest water, and there is thus a very large portion of this great body of water which is practically uninhabited by fish. The introduction of the whitefish would people this barren area, would afford an unfailing food supply to the trout, and might wholly change the character of these latter. The experiment certainly would seem worth trying.

It is generally believed that the whitefish can be taken only by means of nets, but this impression is erroneous. To say nothing of the numerous records of the casual capture of large whitefish by means of the fly, and the well-known fact that the river whitefish rise freely to this lure, we have it on unquestionable authority that the lake whitefish rise freely to a small brown fly. They have, however, a small and very tender mouth, and must be handled with the greatest skill and delicacy if they are to be saved. The time may come when this species will be regarded as a valuable game fish as well as one of our most delicious food fishes. The whitefish is native to many of the mountain lakes in the northern Rocky Mountains, and there is little reason to doubt that it would flourish in the Yellowstone Lake, providing the fry first introduced could be cared for until they have attained sufficient size to be safe from the attacks of the trout. They would probably thrive in many of the mountain lakes of the Yellowstone region. If, as now seems probable, there is to be a general stocking here of such waters as are now without fish, it will probably be necessary to furnish the introduced species with fish food, and such food the whitefish will supply. The hatching and rearing of the whitefish has been conducted on so extensive a scale that this side of the question presents no difficulties whatever.

Col. McDonald's visit to the National Park promises to result in a great benefit to the Yellowstone region, and to the country watered by streams which take their rise in that region. The U. S. Commissioner of Fisheries takes a broad view of the question of stocking the waters of the National Park, and sees in this project much more than the mere present advantage to the tourists who visit the region. The stocking of these waters will result in a large addition to the supply of food fish to the inhabitants of those sections watered by the Missouri and the Snake rivers. A fish hatchery in the Park will serve as an admirable point from which to distribute fresh-water fish to all points in the northern Rocky Mountains, and will fitly supplement the work now being done in Colorado by the U. S. fish hatchery there.

Col. McDonald's appreciation of the Park and his interest in its many features, æsthetic and economic, give assurance that he will do all that lies in his power to develop the resources of this wonderful region, and, if he can carry out the plans which have suggested themselves to him, he will earn for himself the thanks of the whole public. It must not be forgotten that Col. McDonald's visit was suggested by Capt.

Boutelle, who personally showed the Commissioner through the Park and introduced him to its waters, and thus a large share of the credit for whatever may be done will belong to the Superintendent of the Park.

BEAM-TRAWL FISHING.*

IN his introductory note Capt. Collins states that, "This report has been prepared for the purpose of placing before those directly interested in the fisheries of the United States such information as seems necessary to convey a moderately comprehensive idea of the British beam-trawl fishery."

The history, development and the importance of this fishery is dwelt upon at length. The apparatus used in conjunction with the trawl, the methods of fishing and the manner of marketing the fish are fully described. The fishes captured in the trawl net are, principally, turbot, sole, brill; plaice, dabs and halibut (flatfishes); and cod, haddock, hake, ling and whiting (*Gadidæ*).

The captain's observations were made principally at Grimsby and at Hull, and in a cruise in the North Sea made in 1880; he also studied the apparatus and methods shown at the International Fisheries Exposition, London, 1883.

This is the most comprehensive treatise on the subject dealt with that has been published, and taken in connection with the recent attempt of the U. S. Fish Commission to introduce into American waters that highly-esteemed delicacy, the European sole, and the growing demand for flatfishes in our markets, its appearance seems timely.

This pamphlet will be issued as a "public document free," as all of the Fish Commission publications are. In this connection it may be added that the possibilities of bringing fish alive from Europe are greater now than heretofore, for the reason that the Commission may some time find it practicable to send the Grampus across the Atlantic for that purpose. This vessel is provided with a well for transporting fishes alive, and it is believed that many of the most valuable of the flat-fishes of Europe can be successfully transported to this side of the Atlantic.

* The Beam-Trawl Fishery of Great Britain; with notes on beam-trawling in other European countries; etc. By Captain J. W. Collins, Assistant in Charge of Division of Fisheries of the U. S. Fish Commission. Bulletin of the U. S. Fish Commission, 1887, pp. 289-407. To be issued also in a 4to pamphlet of 119 pp., with 22 full-page illustrations and 34 figures in the text, showing in detail the apparatus, and giving lines showing the construction of vessels used in the beam-trawl fishery.

YOUNG CODFISH ON THE MASSACHUSETTS COAST.—A statement has recently been going the rounds of the press concerning the occurrence of young codfish off Plymouth, Mass., where no young of that species have been seen for many years, the oldest fishermen having no recollection of seeing any there before. So great was the surprise that the fishermen could scarce believe their own eyes and dared not call them "sure enough" cod, though the resemblance placed the matter almost beyond question. To do away with all doubt, however, a well-known gentleman of Plymouth sent a specimen of the fish to the U. S. Fish Commission at Wood's Holl, where it was at once identified as a young codfish (*Gadus morrhua*), and judged to be about one and one-half to two years old. It measures 13in. in length, and is evidently the young of the ocean gray cod, a variety quite distinct from the reddish brown "rock cod" that feed among the algæ near the shore. We learn from Capt. J. W. Collins that, while in command of the Grampus in the winter of 1886-87, he planted 3,000,000 young cod on Jan. 28, 1887, between Race Point and Plymouth. It seems more than probable that the present unusual abundance of young cod off Plymouth may be traced to this plant, though it is by no means impossible that fish of this species hatched but at Gloucester may have found their way across Massachusetts Bay to Plymouth. The results of the cod hatching at Gloucester for the past two years have been apparent during the past spring and this summer. Young cod, varying in age from a few months to a year or more, have thronged the outer harbor of Gloucester, and have been so plentiful on the inshore grounds off Eastern Point as to prove a source of annoyance to the boat fishermen, who have frequently been obliged to change their position because these fish nibbled the bait off their hooks as fast as they were put out. When these fish have attained maturity and swarm in similar abundance upon the shore grounds, the effect will be apparent both in the increased earnings of the fishermen and in the superior quality of the fish put upon the market.

NORTH CAROLINA FISHCULTURE.—We have been looking for a long time for the Agricultural Department of North Carolina to resume its interest and work in the propagation of fish. We hardly think the people of the eastern third of the State, and comprising more than one-third the population, will consent to have this important scientific industry longer neglected, in the face of the manifest fact that the former work of the department in that line has shown itself to have been of such immense value in restocking our waters with food fishes in superabundance. The hatching of shad was the very first work of the Agricultural Department on its establishment, in 1877, and so far as one can see, by actual results, it was the most successful and the most valuable of all the work of that department in the State. Why it was abandoned, just as its good effects were beginning to be realized, has never been satisfactorily explained, and the people of eastern Carolina have just cause to feel that they were outraged in the matter. As a result of the artificial propagation of shad they are more numerous in our eastern waters than were ever known within the memory of men, but unless the system is restored and the work permanently kept up, the supply will be speedily exhausted, and our water as barren of them as before the process of artificial propagation was resorted to.—*Wilmington (N. C.) Messenger.* [It is to be hoped that the Legislature of North Carolina will be alive to the issue at its next session, and make a liberal appropriation so as to enable the Department to resume the work of restocking the waters of the State with valuable fishes.]

FISHERY STATISTICS OF THE UNITED STATES.—Dr. Hugh M Smith and Mr. W. H. Abbott, of the U. S. Fish Commission, have gone to Eastport, Maine, to collect statistics of the fisheries of that State. Mr. Ansley Hall will soon be ordered to Belfast, and Mr. C. H. Stevenson to Boothbay, Me., for the same purpose. There is a district assigned to each one of these to canvass. The Maine coast is a specially difficult region for such work, owing to the many outlying islands and the almost numberless indentations of the shore line, from all of which fishing is carried on to a greater or less extent, and where in many cases the places can be reached only by water in boats. It is quite impracticable to accomplish anything there except when the weather is mild, and for this reason a special effort is now being made to complete the investigation before the close of the warm season. A complete canvass will be made of the entire New England coast; indeed, it is already well advanced. Mr. F. F. Dimmick is at work for the Commission at Boston, and Capt. S. J. Martin and Mr. E. F. Locke at Gloucester. Mr. W. A. Wilcox has nearly completed his inquiries on the Pacific coast from San Diego to Puget Sound. He is now at Port Townsend, and soon will be ordered East to assist in the work in New England.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 9 to 12.—First Annual Dog Show of the Brooklyn Kennel Club, at Brooklyn, N. Y. Charles Dickleman, Secretary. Entries close Aug. 29.

Sept. 9 to 13.—Dog Show of the Farmers' Lancaster County Fair Association, at Lancaster, Pa. A. A. Herr, Secretary. Entries close 11 A. M., Sept. 9.

Sept. 10 to 13.—Sixth Annual Dog Show of the London Kennel Club, at London, Ont. C. A. Stone, Manager. Entries close Sept. 5

Sept. 10 to 13.—Dog Show of the Central Canada Exhibition Association, at Ottawa, Can. Capt. R. C. W. MacCuaig, Secretary. Entries close Aug. 31.

Sept. 11 to 13.—First Annual Dog Show of the Toledo Kennel Company, Toledo, O. Chas. E. Rowland, Secretary, Box 423. Entries close Aug. 26.

Sept. 16 to 19.—Dog Show of the Dominion of Canada Kennel Club, in connection with the Industrial Exposition at Toronto, Canada. Capt. C. Greville Harston, Sec'y. Entries close Sept. 4.

Sept. 17 to 20.—Dog Show of the Pet Stock Association at Elmira, N. Y. J. Otis Fellows, Superintendent, Hornellsville, N.Y. Entries close Sept. 7.

Oct. 8 to 12.—Eighth Annual Dog Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society, at Danbury, Conn. B. C. Lynes, Secretary. Entries close Sept. 28.

Nov. 14 to 16.—First Dog Show of the Continental Kennel Club, at Denver, Col. Claude King, Secretary.

Jan. 27 to Feb. 1, 1890.—Dog Show of the Colorado Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Denver, Col.

Feb. 18 to 21, 1890.—Fourteenth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent

March 11 to 14, 1890.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Rochester Kennel Club, at Rochester, N. Y. Harry Yates, Secretary.

March 25 to 28, 1890.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Mass. Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

April 1 to 4, 1890.—Sixth Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 4.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club. P. T. Madison, Secretary, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 11.—Inaugural Field Trials of the Canadian Kennel Club, at Chatham, Ont. C. A. Stone, Secretary, London, Ont.

Nov. 18.—Eleventh Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Dec. 2.—Inaugural Field Trials of the Central Field Trial Club, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Secretary, Mill's Building, New York, N. Y.

Dec. 16.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trial Club, at Amory, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Secretary, Marietta, Ga.

Jan. 20, 1890.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club at Bakersfield, Cal. H. H. Briggs, Secretary, 313 Bush street, San Francisco, Cal.

Feb. 11, 1890.—Fourth Annual Field Trials of the Texas Field Trial Club, at Marshall, Tex. W. L. Thomas, Secretary.

COURSING.

Oct. 9 to 12.—Fall meet of the National Coursing Club at Hutchinson, Kan. M. E. Allison, Manager.

Oct. 24.—Annual Meet of the American Coursing Club, at Great Bend, Kan. F. K. Doan, Secretary, St. Louis, Mo.

COURSING.

THE following article on coursing is from the pen of Dr. G. Irwin Royce in the *Clipper*, published at Hutchinson, Kansas:

As a pastime there is nothing that so thoroughly adapts itself to all classes of people as coursing. It meets the popular demand for harmless competition without uniting with it any of the offensive elements of other contests. It is peculiarly American in its methods, quick and fiery, and with that peculiar reckless dash, with the competitors thoroughly in earnest racing for blood, and ending with a kill that is sudden and painless to the rabbits. Although the competition is wholly with the two dogs, there is almost a nervous interest to see if they will secure the rabbit before he reaches a place of safety. The only animal that will bring out all of the speed and quickness of the greyhound is the fleet-footed jack rabbit of the Western plains, and for this reason he is employed to test the speed of the swift and silent pursuers. The speed of the jack rabbit is something phenomenal, and at certain seasons of the year and when in condition from being pursued by ordinary cur dogs successively for weeks, there are no two greyhounds in the world that can catch them, but take them as usually found and even in the best season, March, a good pair of dogs will secure three out of five. To thoroughly appreciate him he should be seen in his native element.

As far as history goes back you will find accounts of the chase with fleet dogs, but the larger kind of animals were more generally pursued, and it remained for the English to introduce competition with the greyhound and to originate the peculiar type of greyhounds for their special purpose, and the scientific contest with greyhounds has become one of the most important pastimes in England, and the services of the successful greyhound at the coursing meetings will command almost fabulous prices.

The greyhound was brought to this country at a very early day, and they have been used on the Western plains for coursing antelope, deer and other large game, but more especially for pursuing the jack rabbit. The brave Custer took great pains to gather up a choice pack, and it became the chief source of amusement for the officers while on duty on the borders. Many enthusiastic owners of smaller packs scattered over the West have derived great pleasure from pursuing the swift prairie hare, but there was little thought of uniting the interests and formally contesting the speed of their favorites until the year 1885, when a request was made by the writer for correspondence in regard to the formation of a coursing club. No response was made, although several gentlemen had signified a desire personally to unite with us in advancing the interest; and seeing that the only method left was to make a date and invite all who were interested to be present, we made such a call in April, stating that a meeting would be held on the Cheyenne Plains, near Great Bend, Kan., March 1, 1886, and that an organization would be formed at that time. This was responded to by Mr. M. E. Allison, of Hutchinson, Kan.; V. R. Bartlett, of Winfield, Kan.; Dr. Van Hummel, of Denver, Col., and others, advising an organization at once, and in response to this a meeting was called for July 9, at Topeka, Kan., and the result was the formation of the American Club, and the date fixed for Oct. 15 for the first grand meeting. The meeting was successful beyond the most sanguine expectation of the projectors, and it suddenly sprang into popularity, and its future was assured. Three annual meetings have been held, and slumbering interest in this most delightful pastime is now thoroughly aroused throughout the United States. The original design of coursing was to visit an open field where the nimble hare was known to abound and to frighten him from his hiding place in the grass, and as he appeared, loose the greyhound from the slips and pursue him to death. This is called open field coursing, but in order to bring it within the reach of those who are unable to go long distances to witness the sport, local or inclosed parks are being arranged where the rabbits are confined to a limited space of, perhaps, a few hundred acres, and a narrow race track filled up and the rabbits secured and the contest confined to this space, with an escape for the rabbits at the end of a half or quarter mile.

This method is equally scientific and probably more humane, because it affords the rabbit a greater chance for life and prevents the dog from running one of those pumping races of two miles or more. Often the dog and rabbit have been found dead within a few feet of each other, literally run to death in one of those long three or four mile races on the open prairie. After the second meeting of the American Coursing Club, at Great Bend, Kan., Mr. M. E. Allison, of Hutchinson, Kan., filled with enthusiasm at the success of coursing, conceived the idea of forming a local organization in Hutchinson, Kan., and building a park, which he has carried to a successful termination, and to-day the National Coursing Association Park, at Hutchinson, Kan., is the only complete and thoroughly equipped coursing and breeding park in the United States; it comprises a full half section of ground, made rabbit-tight by a wire fence surrounding the whole, and now in the inclosure there are no less than 500 strong, healthy jack rabbits, untamed and fairly in their native element. When required for the contest they are frightened to a narrow inclosure and secured a day previous to the running, but in no sense are they tamed or domesticated, and to disabuse the mind of the fact of their being unable to protect themselves from the dogs one has only to see an old resident leave the chute for the escape at the lower end of the course and he will declare that truly motion is quicker than sight.

A grand meeting will be held at this park Oct. 8 to 11, with purses aggregating $800. After much thought and consultation with a few enthusiastic practical coursing men it was decided to more thoroughly popularize the sport by bringing it directly to the doors of those residing in the Eastern cities where even a jackrabbit is a novelty, and by arranging a coursing ground on a race track, invite the public to an entertainment that is chaste, grand and most highly entertaining. Dates have been arranged for several cities east of the Mississippi, and the following are the cities to be visited this fall and winter: Louisville, Sept. 4 to 7, inclusive; Lexington, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Memphis, Chattanooga, Birmingham, New Orleans, and most of the larger cities of the South.

The knowledge of coursing is so limited that we deem it only proper to give a description of the method of testing the speed of the greyhound. A stake is made of, perhaps, thirty-two dogs, and in order to bring perfect fairness to the test the dogs are chosen by lot to run together, two at a time. There would necessarily be sixteen pairs in the first round, and there would be left sixteen winners. These sixteen would again be paired off, and when the eight pairs had been run off there would be left four pairs to contend with each other, then two pairs, and the last two unbeaten dogs try conclusions for the first honors, and the one last running with winner is called the "runner up" because he ran a successful race up to the last round. In order to judge of the comparative merits of the greyhound, the value of the work done is credited to each dog by points. The points of the course are, first:

Speed, which is counted one, two, three, according to the superiority shown.

The turn is where the rabbit is forced to jump to one side to avoid the dog, and counts one point for the dog making the turn.

The third is the go-bye, which counts two or three points conditioned on whether the dog runs by the other dog on a straight course or whether they are running on a circle. If one greyhound starts a length behind the other anywhere in the race and runs by him and gets a length in the lead it is a go-bye.

The trip is where the dog touches the rabbit and throws him over, but fails to hold him, and counts a point.

The wrench gives a dog a half point. This is when the rabbit is forced from running a straight line, but does not turn at a direct angle.

The kill is the most difficult to judge, as the dog may score two points or nothing. If by his own dash and great speed he picks up a swift rabbit on a straight run it may count two points, but should the hind dog simply grab the rabbit as he is turned to him by the other he may get no credit at all.

These probably are repeated several times in a race, and often it is difficult to keep near enough to the dogs to judge the true merits of the course, and should the points be equal at the kill, the race will have to be repeated till one dog has shown superiority over the other.

The rules have been carefully amended from time to time, and to-day they are as near perfection as one could ask, barring the difference between our fields and rabbits and those of the English. In time these little differences will be adjusted and we will be more consistent. In arranging the rules for the American Coursing Club, several superfluous words in the English rules were left out, as for instance, it speaks of a dog sticking in a muse, but there is more or less of a tendency to ape the English, and it will require time to thoroughly Americanize coursing; now and then a mulish Englishman arrives in this country filled with bombast, seasoned with conceit, and contempt for the illiteracy of the blasted American, and for a time works mischief, but their selfish methods are soon exposed and they are relegated to more than obscurity. It is well to be a little wary of absorbing too much of their superior knowledge, for it don't mix well with our limited stock of information, as several have found to their cost.

The great popularity which coursing is destined to have in this country demands that it shall be kept free from objectionable features as far as possible, so that our wives, mothers and sisters shall be able to attend a coursing meeting with safety and pleasure.

Thus far in this country no criticism has fallen on us, and no occasion should be given whereby the most fastidious can carp.

The dogs are loosened and are at their best. The jockey is not there to restrain them, and the rabbit is quite sure to hold out splendid inducements for them to extend themselves.

In the open meetings on the Western prairies they flee for safety and frequently distance the dogs and are safe. Even when they are killed, it is so sudden that cruelty can scarcely be mentioned in connection with coursing, and in inclosed park coursing, the dogs can even be muzzled and in this way prevent their doing the rabbit any injury whatever. Unfortunately for coursing, a few gentlemen in the East, commendably eager to see the contest, substituted the fox-terrier for the greyhound, and the little cotton tail for the jack rabbit, and they were loosened in an inclosure, without an escape, and pursued to the death. This brought on them the stormy indignation of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and this kind of rabbit baiting was abolished, but no just cause for interference can be found in connection with the true methods of coursing with the greyhound and jack rabbit, for even those having the most delicate sensibilities can scarcely find one objectionable feature connected with the pastime. When once seen a thirst is created for more, ever after there is an unabated interest, and in time coursing will have a foremost position in the world of amusements, and the beautiful and affectionate greyhound will take his position as the king and aristocrat among dogs.

DANBURY DOG SHOW.—Bridgeport, Aug. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Danbury Agricultural Society will hold their annual bench show Oct. 8 to 12, under the auspices of the Connecticut State Kennel Club. They will give premiums of $5 and $3 in all classes and will charge no entrance fee. Premium lists will be out in a few days, entries will close ten days before the show. The address of the secretary is B. C. Lynes, Danbury, Conn.—Dr. Jas. E. Hair.

THE FOX-TERRIER.

WHO that has ever enjoyed his friendship would not read with pleasure anything said in his praise? During these summer days I have been fortunate enough to gain the love of one called Witty, owned by a friend of mine, and many delightful rambles have we had together—Witty and I—among the beautiful hills about Stanley, N. J., the home of Geo. Shepard Page (well known to many of your readers). With Witty's assistance, too, I have added much to my limited knowledge of the inhabitants of the fields and wildwood. For all-around sport the fox-terrier doubtless excels any of his genus. He will find you the lair of the fox and the home of "Brer Rabbit," and, indeed, of any other animal—beast, bird or reptile; he has a particularly ill feeling toward snakes, and is very happy when he has become sure that one of these has been killed beyond a doubt. This conclusion he usually arrives at after a lengthy war dance, in which the snake's vertebræ is broken in numerous places from neck to tail. But it is for dauntless courage that he is most distinguished, and I am sure he would rejoice in a contest with a bear ten times his own size. He is apparently composed of equal parts of pluck and animation, and endowed with keen intellect.

During our outings we have discovered that there is still some game left in New Jersey, including rabbits, opossums, quail, partridges, etc. Among the things unearthed by Witty one day was a skunk fully two-thirds as large as himself. Perceiving the smell I discreetly retired to the lee side of the field in which the den was located and awaited developments. It was not long before Witty had persuaded the skunk that he needed some fresh air. Chambers's Cyclopædia, in describing the skunk, states that "dogs flee at once" because of the smell. I can, however, vouch for it that this time "Chambers" has made an error, unless Witty is unusually brave even for a fox-terrier. When he and the skunk emerged from that hole all arrangements had been made for a duel, and it was fought bravely on both sides until the skunk was left on the field a feast for crows. The skunk was jet black in color, with the exception of a small white comb-like triangle on its forehead and a white tip on the end of his tail. Although sustaining only slight bodily injury, Witty had been impregnated with that awful smell. After a few days' treatment with disinfectants, administered by his groom, and liberal bathing, this was overcome, for which the little animal seemed fully as grateful as I, who had been deprived of his society. On another occasion he led me to the haunts of an opossum, which animals, I believe, are rare so far north as New Jersey. It was secured alive, but I regret to say that after two weeks' captivity that 'possum proved too sharp for his keeper, and no longer forms a part of Mr. Page's interesting collection of animals, to which it had been added. C. H. M. Rose.

New York, Aug. 23.

NATIONAL COURSING ASSOCIATION.

WE have received the programme of the semi-annual meeting of the National Coursing Association, to be held at Hutchinson, Kan., Oct. 8 to 12. Two events are on the card. The National Derby, open to the world, with $200 to the winner, $100 to second, $50 to third and $25 to fourth. American sweepstakes, open to American-bred dogs, with $100 to winner, $50 to second, $25 to third and $15 to fourth. Consolation stakes will be arranged for dogs thrown out in the first round if time and weather permit. Entrance free, the Association reserving one-third of the winnings as a general entrance fee. Entries close Oct. 7, at 8 o'clock P. M., at which time the drawing will take place. The address of the manager is M. E. Allison, Hutchinson, Kan.

THE REGISTRATION FEE.

Article XXII. Constitution of the American Kennel Club.—The business management of the American Kennel Club Stud Book shall be subject to the direction of a committee of three, elected by a majority of the delegates present at the annual meeting of the club, and shall render account to the Association annually at such meeting.

AT a meeting of the Stud Book Committee, held Aug. 22, it was deemed advisable to make a public explanation of the reasons for which the registration fee is to be increased after Jan. 1, 1890, to the sum of $1. Two or three protests against the action of this committee having appeared in some of the sporting papers, expressing the hope that the American Kennel Club at its next meeting would rescind our action, makes it necessary to go back to the establishment of the official Stud Book. From Jan. 1, 1887, to March 1, 1888; some fifteen months, the Stud Book was in the charge of and compiled by the secretary of the club. It was an experiment, its future could not be foretold. In order to meet the necessary expenses a large number of the friends of the club advertised in the book, and notwithstanding this increase of its income, the club could not afford to pay even a fair salary for the work the Stud Book entailed. Owing to the increased business of the Stud Book this committee, on March 1, 1888, appointed an editor of the book, and demanded of him his entire time and attention, and yet could not afford to fix and pay a stated salary. The two years' experience of both the secretary and the editor showed them conclusively that the cost of publishing each entry was greater than the amount charged for it, and this induced the secretary to bring the matter before the American Kennel Club at its meeting Dec. 6, 1888. By referring to the official record of that meeting, published in the January issue of the *American Kennel Gazette*, and also in the several sporting journals the week following the meeting, the following extract from the proceedings will be found:

Mr. Vredenburgh called attention to the registration fee, which at present is fifty cents, and advocated in cases of voluntary registration the charge of one dollar. On suggestion of Mr. Hitchcock the matter was left to the Stud Book Committee.

By this action the American Kennel Club evidently thought that the Stud Book Committee was in a better position to determine this matter than the club itself was, and accordingly gave this committee power to act as its judgment dictated. When the fee of fifty cents was originally fixed it was by the action of this committee, which is elected annually by the American Kennel Club, and this same committee was given the power to increase it to one dollar if it was found necessary to do so.

The committee determined to permit the old fee to remain in force for the year 1889, and now gives five months' notice of the increased fee. Our reasons for the increase are the following: The cost of composition, printing, electrotyping, stock and binding of each volume is about 33 cents for each entry. To this must be added the salary of the compiler of the book, a proportionate share of office rent, postage and stationery; these combined swell the total cost of the publication of each entry to a fraction over 81 cents. Since Jan. 1, 1889, the Stud Book has paid its editor a stated salary on the last day of each and every month, together with its share of its other legitimate expenses, and when the present volume is published and paid for the result will be that it has been published at a loss of over 31 cents on each and every entry that the book contains. We desire to state in this connection that the income and expense of the Stud Book is kept entirely separate and distinct from the other departments of the American Kennel Club, and the Stud Book does not pay the *American Kennel Gazette* for the monthly publication of the preliminary registrations that have been assigned Stud Book numbers, said publication being entirely complimentary.

The other resolution unfavorably commented upon has been forced upon the committee. Persons from all sections are continually requesting to be furnished with extended pedigrees of dogs that are registered in the several stud books that are kept at the office of the American Kennel Club. These requests are becoming so frequent, and to comply consumes so much time, that the committee deems it necessary to charge for the work, and fixed the reasonable sum of fifty cents, for which is issued an official certificate of a pedigree, including the fourth generation when possible, and duly signed by the secretary of the club.

Hermann F. Schellhass,
Thomas H. Terry,
A. D. Lewis,
} Stud Book Committe.

DOG TALK.

THE editor of the Barbourville (Ky.) *News* vouches for this story: Mr. Ed. Arthur, of Flat Lick, whose reputation for truth and veracity has never been and cannot be impugned, relates that the dogs were mad with ambition, and around the circuit of about three miles they whirled the fox with such rapidity that poor reynard was soon too hot to take a hole. To continue the chase was disaster to him. What then? Strategy! Strategy a failure, and all would indeed be up with him. Standing on an eminence some distance off, one of the hunters saw the fox stop as if to listen just as the whistle of the passenger engine on the C. V. railroad shrieked for a crossing. Down the mountain he leaped, and through a deep narrow cut just a few feet in front of the dogs; and about 50yds. in front of the train went fox and dogs. The train was running a fifty-mile gait. On it came over dogs and close up to reynard, when that wily diplomat leaped on to the cowcatcher, rode safely through the cut, jumped to the ground and loped leisurely into its accustomed haunts.

George Dunne, of the Burlington's contracting freight office, in Chicago, recently had an embarrassing experience. He was out in one of the suburbs when he saw a fine dog trotting along in the street. Naturally enough he whistled to him, and when the animal came up he patted him kindly. The dog then followed him. After a walk of a block or so Dunne became conscious that he was being followed by a pretty young lady. This was so unusual that he did not know what to make of it, and he did not know the cause until he heard the young lady call the dog. He tried then to chase the animal back, but he would not go. Finally, just as he reached the house at which he was about to call, the young lady met a suburban policeman, and George heard her tell him something about a dog thief. But as he slammed the gate behind him the dog ran back to his fair owner, and the rural officer's services were not needed. As it was, however, Mr. Dunne felt hurt at being mistaken for an ordinary "dog pincher."

A novice writes: "Will some of the readers of Forest and Stream tell me how to train a beagle on rabbits when I have no old or trained dog to use with him, and can a beagle be used on coons? I also want an all round bird dog; one that can be used on all game birds, and in the late fall be used to retrieve ducks."

Here is an opportunity for those of our readers who have successfully solved the problems, to give their experience for the benefit of brother sportsmen.

A new field trial club has been organized in Ohio. The club is composed of influential men, and we are assured that no effort will be spared to make their inaugural trials a success. A hearty local support is promised, and the trials closely follow those of the Indiana Kennel Club. There is no doubt that the participants there will liberally patronize the new club.

Mr. J. F. Smith, of Sheffield, Eng., has decided to dispose of his celebrated kennel of St. Bernards. Among them are the smooth champions Guide, Watch, Keepor, Sans Peur, Belline and Sunrise. Here is an opportunity for American fanciers to procure some winners.

Mr. W. H. Walbridge, of Petersborough, N. H., has recently received seven Schipperkes, three dogs and four bitches, from Belgium.

We are frequently asked to furnish premium lists of the different dog shows, and will cheerfully do so if managers will send them to us.

The Brooklyn dog show next month will not be open on Sunday as has been stated. The dates are Sept. 9 to 12.

There will be no dog show at Baltimore this year, as the club cannot obtain a suitable building.

The Montana Kennel Club hold their first dog show this week at Helena, Mont.

RABBIT BAITING.—We commend the following clipping from the *Stock-Keeper* to the advocates of rabbit baiting: "On the 19th inst., in the House of Commons, the Home Secretary, in reply to Mr. Buchanan, said that he had received memorials as to the practice of rabbit coursing. While greatly disapproving of the cruelty involved he did not see his way, in the present state of public business, to the possibility of amending the law. We have good reason to anticipate that as soon as the present enormous pressure of business eases off Mr. Mathews will take steps to amend the law so as to abolish rabbit coursing altogether. We draw the attention of Mr. August Belmont, Jr., and his friends to this statement of an English Minister, delivered in the presence of a great body of sportsmen, for there has always been a powerful sporting element in the English Parliament. When some months ago we took it upon ourselves to assure our American kinsmen that they were mistaken in taking up rabbit coursing under the impression that it was a British sport, our remarks met with anything but a favorable reception. Mr. Belmont, Jr., having since had time to inquire among his English acquaintances, and with this statement of our Home Secretary before him, will now, we hope, be inclined to admit that he was misled on this subject."

POINTER DOG FOUND.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There strayed into our place last Tuesday night a large pointer dog. Thinking that he probably belonged to some one living near, I shut him up and made inquiries, but up to the present time I have failed to find an owner for him. Not wishing to keep him myself, I have given him to a friend of mine to keep until some one claims him, well knowing that in the meantime he will have a good home. Some of your many readers may have lost such a dog. Brake is looking wonderfully well, and think I shall show him in Brooklyn next month.—Stanton W. Pentz (Fanwood, N. J., Aug. 26).

DENVER DOG SHOW.—Auburn Park, Ill., Aug. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream.* The Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway, through its genial passenger agent, Mr. John Sebastian, have kindly agreed to carry all dogs to and from the Continental Kennel Club's bench show, to be held at Denver, Col., in November, free of charge when accompanied by an attendant.—H. L. Goodman.

OHIO FIELD TRIAL CLUB.—The Ohio Field Trial Club was organized last week at Wooster, O. Following is a list of officers: President, Hon. M. L. Smyzer; vice-president, Capt. A. S. McClure; secretary and treasurer, John Bolus; executive committee, John H. Law, F. J. Mullin; C. E. White, J. F. Marchant and A. M. Parrish; committee on grounds, Messrs. Clark, Jones, Lake, Horn, Huffstott and Ebright. The trials will probably be run near Wooster about the middle of November. Only one stake will be run this year, a free-for-all, with $10 forfeit and $15 additional to start. Entry blanks and full particulars can be obtained by addressing the secretary, John Bolus, Wooster, O.

BROOKLYN DOG SHOW.—Brooklyn, Aug. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Through our printer's error and an oversight the idea has become prevalent that the Brooklyn Kennel Club's show is to be open on Sunday, whereas it does not open until Monday, Sept. 9, but dogs from a distance can be benched on Saturday, and will have every attention.—C. Deckelmann, Sec'y.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 or any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Spright. By C. G. Browning, Worcester, Mass., for black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped March 29, 1888, by Ebony (Obo II.—Lofty) out of Jessie (Pompey—Gypsy Girl).

Mabel R. By C. G. Browning, Worcester, Mass., for black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped March 29, 1889, by Billy Obo (Obo II.—Darkie) out of Bessie (Obo II.—Critic).

BRED.

☞ Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Music III.—Leader. H. F. Schellhass's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) beagle bitch Music III. to his Leader, Aug. 14.

Royal Cute—Duke of Vernon. L. Gardner's (Mt. Vernon, N. Y.) pointer bitch Royal Cute (Duke Royal—Gala Day) to his Duke of Vernon (Glendale—Spotless), Aug. 22.

Beauty—Kash. R. M. Conway's (Owensboro, Ky.) pug bitch Beauty (champion Joe—Peggie) to A. E. Pitts's Kash (Bradford Ruby—Lady Cloudy), Aug. 9.

Lady Thurman—Kash. Howard Bros.' (Columbus, O.) pug bitch Lady Thurman (Silver Shoe—Dixie) to A. E. Pitts's Kash (Bradford Ruby—Lady Cloudy), July 30.

Spright—Obo II. C. G. Browning's (Worcester, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Spright (Ebony—Jessie) to J. P. Willey's Obo II. (Obo—Chloe), Aug. 15.

WHELPS.

☞ Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Fair Inez. F. C. Nims's (Painesville, O.) pug bitch Fair Inez (Zango—Nellie), July 27, five (four dogs), by A. E. Pitts's Kash (Bradford Ruby—Lady Cloudy).

Donna. Rosecroft Kennels' (Plainfield, N. J.) English setter bitch Donna, Aug. 25, four (two dogs), by F. Windholz's champion Rockingham.

Beauty. J. F. Campbell's (Montreal, Can.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Beauty (Dandy—Nicey), Aug. 15, two bitches, by H. Smith's Major Halifax (Thornton's Music—Lady Halifax).

SALES.

☞ Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Kash—Nun Nicer whelps. Silver fawn pugs, whelped June 20, 1889, by A. E. Pitts, Columbus, O., a dog each to Jas. Lawrence, same place; Fred Morton, Cambridge, O., and Geo. W. Wambach, Baltimore, Md., and a bitch to Mr. Rieke, Paducah, Ky.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

J. W. G. D., Chestnut Hill.—I have a pug dog, age about five years, is suffering from hemorrhoids. The discharge is slight, but causes intense itching. Ans. Get the following:

℞. Morph. sulph. ..... gr. iss.
Plumb. acetat. ..... grs. xx.
Acid tannici ..... grs. xx.
Unguenti rosæ ..... ℥ii.
Mix. Sig. Apply night and morning. This must be forced slightly inside the sphincter muscle.

H., Bordentown, N. J.—I have a mastiff dog, 1 year 7 months old, that had the so-called distemper about six months ago. His being a very light case seemingly, my only treatment was to keep him warm and dry and feed a low diet. Since the attack left him he has had the chorea, and for the last three months his eyes have been very sore, almost closed, and constantly discharging a yellowish matter, though at first it was greenish. I treated him for chorea, with the formula in Hallock's "Gazetteer," but though he seemed to get a little better it did not cure him. Is there anything I can do for his eyes? Can I still help his chorea? Ans. 1. Sponge the eyes with borax and water, teaspoon to the teacup. 2. Give a pill containing ¼ grain of nitrate of silver and ½ grain of extract of nux vomica morning and evening for three weeks. Also give one of Bland's iron pills three times daily.

Rifle and Trap Shooting

RANGE AND GALLERY.

OUR TEAM ABROAD.

[*From our Special Correspondent.*]

PARIS, Aug. 1.—Much comment and criticism has been raised among the volunteers and marksmen attending this year's Wimbledon meeting, at the want of success of the American marksmen, when using in the matches the English government musket, the Martini-Henry. Believing that a thorough explanation will set our friends right on the subject, we venture to start from the beginning. After a perusal of the programme sent to the Massachusetts team by the National Rifle Association of Great Britain, many of the members expressed a desire to take part in the matches confined to the use of the Martini musket. Each marksman having some reputation as being a "good holder" and fair judge of wind velocity, especially at the distances of 200, 500 and 600yds., thought that with accurate shooting Martinis, the chances would be favorable for obtaining a place in the prize lists. On the voyage across the water, the subject being discussed, it was recommended by a member of the team who had had experience at Wimbledon years before, that Martini rifles should be procured from some private manufacturer by each member, as it was his opinion that the majority of rifles winning prizes in the Martini matches were those made by private manufacturers, but according to law, submitted to the Government viewers to be stamped for safety and compliance with certain gauges as to bore and cartridge. This idea was favorably entertained, but was put to flight during the team competitions, the honorary secretary reporting that the N. R. A. would loan the team some Martinis of Government make, and the secretary assured the members that it was conceded on all sides that the "rack rifles" of the Government were superior, and were all right in every way. This, coming from such good authority, was gladly accepted. The team matches following each other so closely, the Americans could not procure the English rifles until Friday morning, and all the time found by the secretary to grant the members of the team practice with these rifles, was to fire 7 shots at 200, the same number at 500yds. This was on Saturday afternoon, and on the following Monday morning the Alexandra match began at 500yds. It will be seen that the Massachusetts men did not have time allowed them to discover very much about the rifles so generously loaned them, before entering into an important competition at 500yds.

It should be said that the member suggesting the rifles of private make had doubts regarding the Government muskets, and made inquiries among the members of the English teams as to the Martinis used by them, and found that about 8 out of every 10 shot with Martinis of private make; yet this did not

weaken the faith put in the promise that the Government "rack rifles" to be loaned the Massachusetts men would be all right in every particular. The honorary secretary went with the team to Mr. Kerr's gun store in London and rifles were selected. Some were stamped on the side "Enfield, 1882," another "1883," and others had "Birmingham, S. A. Mfg., 1886." The skeptical member of the team called attention to this and remarked that the new "rack rifles" had the appearance of being considerably mixed up. He was quieted with the remark that these rifles had been specially selected for the Americans, and were the best to be had. Doubts yet lingered, but they were lulled by the reply of one of the shop keepers to a quiet question put by the skeptic as to the rifles being just out of the Government racks. He replied that these rifles had been to Wimbledon Common for two or three years in succession, to be loaned out there to customers and competitors, and had given good satisfaction in every case. Then the skeptic joyfully selected his own and one for another member of the team, giving gentle sighs of gratitude for the generosity of the English National Rifle Association in taking so much pains to procure accurate shooting weapons for the members of a rifle team that had just scored five successive victories over the flower of the British Volunteers.

Now comes the disagreeable part of the duties of your scribe, and that is to tell your readers just how accurate these rifles—these Martinis, as the honorable secretary was assured and assured the team, were to come right from the Government racks—did shoot in the hands of ten expert marksmen; these marksmen had very recently proved themselves to the English Volunteers to be adepts with good American weapons, and now was their opportunity to "down" the English marksmen with their own musket. I hesitate to picture to you the result individually. It was of the most disastrous description. Some of these selected "rack rifles" when held carefully at the bullseye at 200yds. would shoot their bullets from 12 to 18in. to the left of the center of the target, and others just as far to the right. The rifle selected and used by the writer, when held straight at the bullseye at 200yds., with the sight down to its lowest point, would shoot its bullets into the 3-ring or magpie circle near the top of the target; and in order to get a bullseye or near to it, a fine sight had to be drawn at an imaginary spot 18 to 20in. below the black bullseye. The other marksmen were compelled to aim to the right and left, as the case might be, as much as they could judge necessary from the meager experience granted them to get acquainted with their weapons. The writer's experience at 500yds. was just as bad. With the sight at its lowest possible point, the aim had to be taken with the front sight held on the bank or grass underneath the target. Conditions of this character so suddenly thrust upon the American experts proved demoralizing in the extreme. The entrance fees to the important matches had to be paid in before the opening of the Wimbledon meeting, and once paid in it was difficult to get them returned, especially if the shooter was present on the ground; and in some cases members of the American team gave away their tickets of entrance to some of the matches, being so disgusted with the performance of the Martinis so carefully selected for their benefit. It is the writer's opinion that, if selected at all, the rifles must have been selected for their erratic qualities as regards arrangement of sights and accuracy of shooting. It should be remembered that there is a rule at Wimbledon forbidding the filing or altering the sights on pain of disqualification, so no chance was there to correct these important adjuncts of the rifle.

There can be no doubt but what the rifles loaned the team were samples of the English Government Martini rifles, and if a fair lot, it cannot be wondered at that the Volunteers desiring to win prizes at Wimbledon, and are able financially, provide themselves with rifles of Field or Frazier or other reliable manufacture.

Fancy Maj. Heap or the prayerful (but unlucky in the Queens) Pearce and dozens of other successful marksmen, being provided with the same weapons that were loaned to the Massachusetts men, where would they have landed in the prize lists? Our echo answers "Nowhere." To show a comparative performance of the same ten men at Wimbledon with the Springfield musket, after the old-style sights had replaced the Buffington and the rifle admitted into one match at 200yds., 7 shots from the shoulder, nine of the ten are in the prize list, Huddleson taking first prize with 34, Farrow fourth with 33, Bull and others coming in with 32 and 31. This is mentioned simply to show that the Massachusetts men had not lost their power of "holding" correctly and suddenly gone to "smash."

There are certain points about the Martini mechanism we consider superior to the Springfield for target purpose. Take the stroke of hammer, the shorter the distance the hammer has to fall, it is surely an advantage, and the trigger can be arranged for "pull off" without that disagreeable creep, creep, also present in certain of the "selected" rifles. The accuracy of the barrels of the private makers was proven again and again at Wimbledon, the private makers also put the rough regulating sights on correctly, and if the improvement of a wind gauge could be added it then would become a very formidable weapon to pit against the Springfield, but until this latter improvement is added the Massachusetts team need have no fear for the English Volunteers.

The writer had an argument with certain posted volunteers and military men on the matter of sights, trying to discover what objections could be urged against an aperture sight and a wind gauge for military purposes, and the trigger can be arranged. Tommy Atkins (a favorite name for the English soldier), had not the brains necessary for the correct understanding and manipulation of a wing gauge sight; this was the sum and substance of the objections. Here is what they allow Tommy Atkins as a competitor to carry and use at Wimbledon: Two pots of paint, black and white; two brushes, one for each color, to smear his sights with; one elevating Vernier, to read in one hundred and fiftieth parts of an inch (this is to set the elevation of the rear sights for the different distances, and requires careful eyes and handling); an optometer (this also is a Vernier, a species of quadrant with fine screw adjustment for laying off his lines to the right and left of the zero for wind allowance). These allowances are put on with the white paint brush or a pencil. Next comes the orthoptic, a round disc of vulcanized rubber pierced with holes, having a screw attachment to fasten to the visor of the cap. It is then twisted to allow one of the holes being placed in front of the eye, through which he takes his aim. A rubber tube of any desirable length, with a shell at one end and a horn mouth-piece at the other, completes the outfit. These are allowable to Tommy Atkins in lieu of a sight with side movement and an aperture in the bar. It is most authoritatively stated, but not in these words, that the American Buffington sight is not a servicable sight. Its complicated movements of elevation and lateral screw adjustments are objections insurmountable to the ordinary Tommy Atkins. When the fact of many years' service by the United States troops is urged, the strength, solidity and reliability of the movements shown, and no necessity for paint pots, brushes, Verniers for elevating or marking side lines, and we point to the orthoptic in the sight and the one in the cap visor, it is a crushing blow. But the only reply is the parrot one, it is not a military sight, it is not a serviceable sight, Tommy Atkins, etc., over again and again. It only remains to be said that some of the cross-bow men of years and years ago were provided with better sights than is now on the English Martini rifles. There are samples well preserved of rear sights, with aperture and side adjustment for wind allowances, of the ancient cross-bows, with which the merry men of old England were once armed and fired the fatal arrow.

F. Arrow.

NEWARK, N. J., Aug. 20.—Many marksmen were present at the annual tournament of Our Own Rifle Club, which took place at Shooting Park to-day. The chief event of the day was the team championship shoot, in which there were 12 representative teams entered. The Miller Rifle Club, of Hoboken, were the favorites. The contest, however, was finally won by the first team of the Howard Rifle Club, of Newark. The scores were as follows: First team of the Howard Rifle Club 584, Miller Rifle Club, of Hoboken, 568, first team of American Rifle Club, of Newark, 568, Excelsior Rifle Club, of Jersey City, 558, second team Howard Rifle Club, of Newark, 553, Puritan Rifle Club of Newark, 548, Monroe Rifle Club, of Newark, 542, second team American Rifle Club, of Newark, 531, Rheutia Rifle Club, of Newark, 504, and Hudson Rifle Club, of Jersey City, 494. The members of the winning team each received a handsome gold medal inscribed "Team Championship of New Jersey."

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Aug. 22.—The department of Dakota leads all in small arms practice. The average made in the competition which ended to-day was 5,223, which is two points better than any other department. The department of the Platte has usually made the record. Sergeant Scully, who leads the team, made a total of 566, which is the highest score made in the division this year. He completed it to-day by making 122 at skirmish firing, a most remarkable record. To-day was the last day of the rifle contest, and probably the most interesting day of the four. The shooting was skirmish firing, and with very favorable conditions of wind and light. Lieut. Paxton covered himself all over with glory in his first run, scoring a total of 112. The general average of scores was very good, much larger than at any other day's shooting. Much interest was manifested in the firing of Lieut. Clark and Sergt. Scully, the competitors for the first place in the team and the gold medal. The latter was won by Scully, with a total of 566 points, the highest record made in the division this year. Lieut. Clark follows, a close second at 543 points. Following is the score, total points of four days' firing, best twenty men:

Sergt. Scully, 15th inf.	566	Sergt. Guerdin, 25th inf.	490
First Lieut. Clark, 12th inf.	543	Lieut. Gerhardt, 20th inf.	489
Sergt. Newgent, 15th inf.	520	Pvt. Rock, 3d inf.	487
Pvt. Sweinhardt, 22d inf.	511	Pvt. Boyle, 20th inf.	487
Corp. Meeker, 15th inf.	505	Corp. Lang, 12th inf.	485
Sergt. Way, 22d inf.	503	Lieut. Bruce, 22d inf.	481
Pvt. Dillon, 15th inf.	500	Pvt. Irish, 3d inf.	474
Sergt. Hargreaves, 22d inf.	492	Corp. Koulkrod, 20th inf.	474
Corp. Vols, 12th inf.	492	Sergt. Wilson, 15th inf.	468
Pvt. Marti, 3d inf.	491	Pvt. Belle, 12th inf.	465

The team selected to compete at Camp Douglas in the division contest is as follows: Sergeant Scully, Fifteenth infantry; Lieut. Clark, Twelfth infantry; Sergeant Newgent, Fifteenth infantry; Private Sweinhardt, Twenty-second infantry; Corporal Meeker, Fifteenth infantry; Sergeant Way, Twenty-second infantry; Private Dillon, Fifteenth infantry; Sergeant Hargreaves, Twenty-second infantry; Corporal Vols, Twelfth infantry; alternates, Sergeant Guerdin, Twenty-fifth infantry; Lieut. Gerhardt, Twentieth infantry.

BOSTON, Aug. 24.—The shooting house at the range was a busy place to-day, and there were quite a number of new shooters present, who filled the places of some of the veterans now off on their vacations. The weather was good. A gentle wind from 2 to 4 o'clock only served to carry off the smoke from the rifles, and the light was very fair. J. R. Munroe again won the 20-shot rest match. The best scores for the day are as follows:

20-Shot Rest Match, 200yds.

J R Munroe	11 12 10 10 12 12 10 11 9 11	9 12 12 10 10 10 12 12 11 12—218	
B G Barker	12 10 8 5 9 12 11 8 9 9	10 11 10 12 9 12 10 12 9 11—199	
J W Eames	8 8 9 11 9 12 9 11 12 9	10 11 9 9 10 8 10 9 11 11—194	
W P Thompson	9 9 10 12 7 9 10 12 9 9	9 9 11 12 9 9 11 8 9 11—194	
W P Conway	10 6 9 9 9 9 9 7 12 18	9 9 12 11 9 9 9 10 7 10—183	

All-Comers Rest Match, 200yds.

J N Eames	10 9 12 12 10 12 11 9 12 12—109
W P Thompson	12 8 12 11 12 12 8 11 12 8—106
W C Prescott	0 12 9 10 9 11 8 12 10 11—101
S W Hart	11 9 10 10 12 8 11 8 10 12—101
W E James	12 12 10 12 9 7 9 9 9 12—101
J Cutts	9 12 9 7 8 8 9 10 11 8—91
E R Drake	5 7 8 10 6 8 10 9 8 9—80
E Alston	4 8 8 7 9 7 6 9 10 7—75
G S Hubbard	7 7 8 8 7 0 9 10 10 9—75

Victory Medal Match, 200yds.

S O Mervale	7 7 10 8 8 8 9 4 8 7—76
J B Fellows	8 9 6 4 7 4 3 9 10 10—75
C B James	8 6 4 9 10 7 4 7 5 5—65

All-Comers Off-Hand Decimal Match.

W Charles (mil.)	8 6 8 7 9 7 9 9 8 7—78
J B Fellows	9 9 7 8 10 6 8 7 8 7—78
W O Burnite (mil.)	7 10 6 9 7 6 9 10 7 6—77
C Williams (mil.)	5 7 5 9 6 10 10 5 8 8—73
N A Herbert	10 7 5 10 7 5 6 7 7 9—73
F Daniels	8 6 7 9 4 6 8 10 5 9—72
A McBean	6 10 6 5 10 7 5 7 6 8—70
S O Mervale	3 10 6 4 7 7 6 9 7 10—69
D C Forest	5 10 5 8 7 6 4 7 7 9—68
A O Ball	5 7 6 6 7 7 7 4 8 9—68
P B Hunt	4 8 5 7 6 8 8 5 7 9—67
C B James	6 6 9 4 10 5 10 5 5 6—66
J B Chamberlain	8 3 6 9 4 9 4 6 7 6—62
A O Henry	7 3 5 8 7 10 4 5 4 8—61
A King	4 7 5 9 7 7 2 7 10 0—58
R E Came	6 6 7 3 5 6 7 4 6 3—53
E Alston	4 4 5 6 9 3 6 6 3 5—51
P Sumner	3 4 6 4 5 4 4 5 7 5—47
G Warren	4 3 2 0 5 7 6 8 9 3—47

Military Match, 200yds.

C E Wiggin	4444444534—40	W F Bush	2223543434—33
W L Swan	4444553443—40	J C Campbell	3034244444—32
J R Smith	2344444353—37	B F Williams	4444423430—32
O F Prescott	0345344544—37	W J Ames	4433343303—29
A J Wilson	3325434345—36	W Robinson	4353223232—28
J F Hanson	4444425450—35	G W Taylor	3323034432—27
G H Wright	0434344444—34		

Military Match, 500yds.

C Williams	5544445555—43	J B Huntley	5454545435—45
W O Burnitte	5435454555—45	O F Prescott	3555252235—40

Military Match, 800yds.

W Charles	4455545554—46	J W Chambers	5524355554—43
C W Cook	4545454555—46	P B Hunt	5353454444—41
C Williams	5544455444—44		

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Aug. 23.—The seventh tournament of the St. Louis Pistol Club came to an end with the shoot held last Wednesday night. It was not as largely attended as the previous ones, still the interest in the outcome was no less exciting. Mr. O. Neuhaus proved himself the fortunate individual in the contest. He won the medal on the general average and also the handicap prize. Alexander took second and Mohrstadt the third prize. At the last shoot Alexander quit with the top score, and he will retain the medal until next Wednesday, when it will be turned over to Mr. Neuhaus, to be held by him for all time to come. A meeting of the club will be held shortly to arrange for another shoot. For all shooting the club uses a .22cal, pistol and a 20yds. standard American target. The score:

G Alexander	8	7	10	10	7	10	8	10	8	8—86
O Neuhaus	7	9	8	10	10	6	8	9	8	10—85
S G Dorman	8	9	10	10	9	9	9	5	8	7—84
M Summerfield	9	8	10	7	7	7	10	9	7	9—83
W Hettel	9	8	10	7	7	4	10	7	8	8—78
F A Fodde	7	6	8	7	10	9	9	8	6	9—77
A E Bengel	10	6	5	8	7	0	10	9	10	8—73
J A Lee	8	8	9	8	9	5	7	5	5	7—71
J Albach	4	5	4	6	9	7	7	6	6	8—62

The second pistol match between Summerfield and Dorman, both members of the Pistol Club, took place last Monday night. This time Summerfield won, making one each. Another will probably take place shortly. The scores made by both are exceedingly poor and far below what they are capable of. The conditions of the match were 50 shots each at a 12½yds. standard American target with .22cal. pistols. The score is as follows:

M Summerfield	7	9	6	9	8	6	5	9	9	8—76
	7	7	1	0	9	9	7	10	10	8—87
	8	10	5	8	10	9	9	9	5	10—82
	7	8	9	9	8	6	10	7	10	8—81
	8	8	8	6	10	6	10	10	8	9—83—409
S G Dorman	5	9	8	9	9	10	6	8	9	9—82
	9	9	6	6	7	7	10	6	6	9—75
	10	10	10	5	6	8	8	10	10	6—86
	8	7	8	8	8	9	7	6	9	9—79
	7	10	10	9	6	8	8	9	10	9—86—408

WILMINGTON, Del., Aug. 19.—To-day was perfect Monday No. 2, so far as target shooting is concerned. The ground was dry. The weather, compared with the average for several months, was remarkably pleasant, so that out door life was strongly inviting. These conditions, combined with the excitement of target shooting, brought out a fair attendance at Healdmoor Range, and the sport was fully enjoyed. E. J. Darlington added another great score to his already growing list with the pistol. Following are the scores, Standard American target, off-hand:

Pistol Match, 50yds.

E J Darlington	8 9 10 8 10 9 10 9 9 8—90
J Preston	10 7 7 9 10 8 5 10 9 8—84
E Darlington	9 6 7 6 8 10 10 8 9 9—82
I Peters	6 10 10 4 8 9 6 7 5 5—71
D Evans	5 5 10 8 7 5 3 8 6 8—65

Revolver Match, 50yds.

E J Darlington	8 10 8 7 9 8 7 8 8 6—79
I Preston	8 7 10 10 5 4 7 8 8 6—75
E Jackson	8 7 8 9 7 6 6 8 8 5—70
H Simpson	8 7 4 3 9 7 5 8 6 9—66
H Johnson	4 6 9 4 5 9 4 6 5 2—54

Record Match, 200yds.

W S Darlington	6 7 8 8 9 10 5 6 5 10—74
E J Darlington	7 8 10 8 7 8 9 4 7 5—73
G Darlington	5 10 5 4 5 5 5 4 6 10—58
E Darlington	4 9 4 4 3 10 6 8 4 5—57

Military Match, 500yds., Creedmoor Target.

Pvt H Johnson	5 5 2 5 4 4 4 3 5 5—42
Sergt A Jackson	5 4 3 4 5 3 4 4 4 5—41
Corp F Williams	5 4 3 5 5 8 3 4 4 3—37
Sergt S Howard	4 4 3 3 5 5 5 4 2 2—37
Pvt W Fuller	2 5 3 5 2 3 5 5 0 4—34
Corp L Amos	4 0 4 2 5 5 2 2 5 4—33

CREEDMOOR, New York, Aug. 24.—The matches of the N. R. A., shot here to-day, were attended with rain in the forenoon. About 11 o'clock the sun came out hot and bright, and a tricky 6 o'clock wind made it very trying to the competitors, as the light changed continually. However, some very good scores were made. The attendance was good. Following were the winners in the sharpshooters' match:

	200yds.	500yds.	Total.
W A Stokes, Co I, 23d Regt.	23	24	47
G T Musson, Co K, 23d Regt.	21	24	45
H D Hamilton, Co G, 23d Regt.	22	23	45
J H Cockburn, Co D, 12th Regt.	23	22	45
W G Owen, Stf, 12th Regt.	20	24	44
C L Underhay, Stf, 12th Regt.	21	23	44
J S Shepherd, Co D, 23d Regt.	22	22	44
J N Munson, Co G, 7th Regt.	20	23	43

Medal Winners.

H W Jamesen, Co A, 7th Regt.	21	25	46
J Macaulay, Sup Off	21	25	46
W J Underwood, Co H, 7th Regt.	24	22	46
G L Hoffman, Co H, 7th Regt.	22	23	45
C H Gaus, 3d Brig Stf.	22	23	45
J F Klein, 17th Sep Co.	22	23	45
J B Frothingham, 2d Brig Stf.	19	25	44
T G Austin, Co G, 13th Regt.	20	24	44
A T Weston, Stf, 22d Regt.	20	24	44
Geo Shorkley, N R A.	20	23	43
J M Maconnell, Co H, 9th Regt.	21	22	43

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

Secretaries of clubs and managers of tournaments are requested to keep us advised of the dates of their shoots, so that we may give due notice in our column of fixtures.

FIXTURES.

Sept. 2.—Amateur Tournament, at Keystone Targets, Elm N. Y. Thomas B. Ward, Manager.

Sept. 3, 4, 5.—Annual Tournament of the Rocky Mountain Trap Shooters, Denver, Colo., Broadway Athletic Park. Inanimate and live targets. Address C. M. Hampson, Denver.

Sept. 10, 11, 12.—St. Paul, Minn., Gun Club Tournament, at Hamilton. F. D. Ponsonby, Secretary, St. Paul.

Sept. 17, 18, 19, 20.—Central Illinois Sportsmen's Association's eleventh annual tournament, Jerseyville, Ill.

Sept. 24, 25, 26 and 27.—Fifth Annual Tournament given by Al. Bandle, at Cincinnati; $1,000 guaranteed.

Sept. 24, 25, 26, 27.—New Jersey State Sportsman's Association for the Protection of Fish and Game Annual Tournament, on grounds of the Jersey City Heights Gun Club, at Marion, N. J. W. F. Quimby, 291 Broadway, N. Y.

Oct. 8, 9, 10, 11.—Middlesex Gun Club Tournament, Dunellen, N. J. W. F. Force, Secretary, Plainfield, N. J.

Oct. 8, 9, 10, 11.—Fred A. Fodde's Second Annual Amateur Tournament, at St. Louis, Mo. Inanimate targets.

Oct. 15, 16, 17, 18.—Tournament at live birds and inanimate targets. J. F. Kleinz, Secretary, 600 South Delaware avenue, Philadelphia.

Oct. 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25.—Second Tournament of the Mercer Gun Club, at Trenton, N. J. E. G. Updegrove, President.

KEYSTONE TOURNAMENT.

THE second annual tournament given by the Keystone Manufacturing Co. was held at Corry, Pa., last week. The programme called for five days at the traps, commencing Tuesday, the 20th, and also announced sweepstake shooting on Monday, the 19th, for the benefit of shooters from a distance arriving ahead of time, and affording them an opportunity to become familiar with the traps and system of shooting. Only a few availed themselves of this privilege, however, as the majority of contestants did not arrive till Monday night. A number of sweeps were shot, but as they were decidedly informal, no record of the scores are given. The Phenix Hotel was the abiding place of the majority of visitors, and on Tuesday morning many familiar faces were noted among the passengers to the grounds. There were E. W. Yerrington, Norwich, Conn.; Rolla O. Heikes, Dayton, O.; E. S. Bescoffen, Huron, O.; H. B. Whitney, Phelps, N. Y.; H. McMurchy and Geo. Siller, Syracuse, N. Y.; J. and W. Ashcroft, Philadelphia, Pa.; C. A. Wagner, Pulney, N. Y.; M. F. Lindsley and E. D. Miller, of New Jersey; N. D. Folsom, New Haven; A. Willey, Hartford; A. Pope, Olcan, N. Y.; Lieut. Geo. E. Albee, New Haven; Capt. T. A. Peacock and wife, Westfield, N. Y.; H. W. Wheeler, Marlboro, Mass.; O. R. Dickey and E. Streeter, of Boston, and many others. The shooting was done on new grounds, much better suited to the purpose than those in use last year. They are situated on the brow of a hill, giving a beautiful view of the surrounding rolling country, and the only objection that can be made is that in their exposed position the wind has full sweep, and by its antics causes the targets to take new and strange flights. This is, perhaps, hardly an objection in these days when so many contestants are able to make astonishingly good scores; anything that adds to the difficulty of hitting them makes a contest more interesting and uncertain.

The Keystone Company must have been at considerable expense in fitting these grounds, for they are supplied with every requisite for the proper handling of a large tournament. On passing through the gate, the first building to the left is a commodious club house with gun racks and numerous lockers; still further to the left is the cashier's office where entries are received and winnings paid; in this building are accommodations for the press. Adjoining it is a large blackboard on which the score of each event is kept as shot. At the right of the club house is another building put up by the ladies of the Episcopal church, who are always prominent at the Keystone shoots. This structure is used as a dining hall and will accommodate 75 or 100 persons comfortably. Here each day these ladies had a good and bountiful dinner, prepared and served with their own fair hands, and that their efforts were appreciated goes without saying. Shooters no doubt can content themselves with a sandwich and cup of coffee when nothing better is to be had, but it is safe to say that they enjoy a good hot dinner no less when away than at home. The fare was excellent, the appointments clean and sweet, the price moderate and the smiling faces of the ladies, Heaven bless them, were good to look at. May they live long and cater for many another Keystone tournament, thereby adding a goodly number of shekels to the church funds. Some of the visiting shooters were accompanied by their wives, among whom were Mrs. Dickey, Mrs. Streeter and Mrs. Willey. These ladies joined heartily with the Corry fair ones, and with Mrs. Penrose, Mrs. Graves and Miss Parsons catered to the inner man by dispensing of lemonade, pop and cigars. Their tent was well patronized and seemed to be a pleasant resting place for the weary and thirsty contestants. The presence of ladies as visitors was a novel and pleasing feature at this tournament. Every afternoon from 100 to 200 were present, completely filling the verandas of the club house and testifying their approval of good shots by vigorous applause.

A new arrangement of traps was in operation, ten in a row, allowing the use of squads of eleven men at a time. While at the score contestants stand on a thick layer of tan bark, under which is a good cinder foundation, so that the hardest rain storms have no effect on it, as the rain filters through and a system of piping conveys the water outside the grounds. The trap screen and pits are solidly built of heavy plank, the trappers have a comfortable place conducive to the rapid discharge of their duties, and in front of each is an electric button by which a signal is given to the puller that all is ready. The pulling arrangement is such that traps can be sprung by a slight touch of the handles, and the puller, Mr. Henry Frazier, won admiration by his ability to work the traps promptly on call when sound asleep.

Mr. H. A. Penrose was a most efficient referee, keeping the squads actively engaged, and his musical voice was anything but that at the end of the week, from the constant shouting of "ded" or "1-o-o-o-st." Mr. C. H. Wetmore, the moving spirit of the Keystone Company, attended to the social duties of the tournament, and right royally did he acquit himself, his courtesy even going so far as to administer a shave in a tonsorial parlor to a friend who could not wait for the call of "next." A sight of the victim after his escape, spoke volumes as to Wetmore's (in)ability to handle the razor, but gratitude forbade any comments.

The Keystone Company were very liberal in guaranteeing money, $1,025 being offered during the four days; each day's programme contained four guaranteed events for amounts from $25 to $100. In addition to this there were four trophy shoots; three of these trophies were cups, which have been illustrated in our columns; one donated by the Keystone Company, one by the Peters Cartridge Company, and one by the L. C. Smith Gun

Company. They are to be held for one year and then returned to the donor for competition at the next Keystone tournament. The fourth trophy was an elegant diamond ring, with a setting in form of a Keystone target. This was offered by the Keystone Company, to be the property of winner, and to carry with it the title of "Champion Rifle Shot of America." All the guaranteed events overfilled and the surplus money after deducting for the birds, was divided among the five contestants making the best averages.

Tuesday, Aug. 20.—The tournament proper opened at an early hour with a good attendance and many crack shots. A new claimant for glory was discovered in the person of Mr. Will Lewis, of the Corry Gun Club. He entered in all the events and shot out every one, till it seemed as if he could not miss. Counting the tie shooting, his score was 103 straight. This, we believe, was the best run made during the tournament, and is the more deserving of praise as Mr. Lewis is a shooter who has only developed since the organizing of the Corry Club a year ago. This was his day, but later on he fell somewhat behind, as do even the best of shots. Some amusement was created during the day at the expense of Mr. Clover, who borrowed Mr. Wetmore's gun to enter in a match for doubles, and only detected that the gun had but one plunger after firing at five or six pair. The five regular programme events resulted as below:

Event No. 1, 10 singles, $50 guaranteed, entrance $2.50:

Lindsley	1001111101 - 7	C Wagner	1111111011— 9
Benscotten	1000111111— 8	Davison	1111011110— 7
Lewis	1111111111—10	Shearer	1010 1100 1— 6
J Wolstencroft	1111111111—10	Hendershot	1111111111—10
W Greener	1110111111— 9	C Coy	0030 0011 1— 5
Dayton	1 1 1100101— 7	Clay	0100111011— 6
E D Miller	1111111111—10	Clover	1010 1011 0— 6
Riblet	1111100111— 8	H B Whitney	1111111111—10
Dickey	1110111110 - 8	T A Peacock	1111110111— 9
Wheeler	1111111111—10	Yerrington	1111111111—10
Kelsey	1111111111—10	Pope	1111111110— 9
Irwin	0111111111— 9	Geo Luther	1111111101— 9
Koutz	0100000111— 4	Heikes	1111111130— 9
Snaffer	0001010001— 4	Smith	1111111111—10
Stanton	1111111111—10	Cundell	0010000100— 2
O'Connell	1001100110— 5	Keller	0011001010— 4

All ties divided.

Event No. 2, 15 singles, $75 guaranteed, entrance $4:

Lewis	111111111111111—15	Irwin	111111111001110—12
Shearer	110111111111100—12	S'anton	111110111111101 13
Clay	000100111111001— 9	Miller	111111100111111—13
Lindsley	001110101111110—10	Pope	101111011111111—13
Heikes	111111110111111—14	Greener	111111111111111—15
Hess	110111001111111—13	Wheeler	111111111111111—15
Croy	111111101111111—13	Smith	111111101111111—14
Luther	111111110111111—14	J Wolstencroft	001011011011101— 9
Ribl t	111111111001111—13	Kelsey	111111110111101—13
Wagner	011111111111111 14	O'Connell	111111110111111—13
Dayton	111011110110111—12	Clover	100110111110101—10
Benscotten	111001111111111—13	Whitney	111110111101111—13
Hendershot	011010000111110— 9	Koutz	111011101101111—13
Yerrington	111111101111111 14	Peacock	110111111111110—13
Dickey	111111111010 011—13	Page	111101011111111—13
Davison	111000011011110— 9		

First and second divided, third shot off and won by Stanton, fourth shot and won by Irwin.

Event No. 3, 20 singles, $100 guaranteed, entrance $5:

Wheeler	11111111111111110111—19	Greener	00111011111011011011—14
Miller	01111011111101111111 17	Stanton	11111111111111111011—19
Dickey	111111 01111111011111—18	Benscotten	11111111111111101111—19
Lindsley	11100101111111100111—15	Kelsey	01111011111101111011—16
Hend'shot	11011110011111010 111—16	Irwin	11101111111111111111 19
Davison	11111000011010101112	Luther	11111011000011111111—18
Clay	11111111101011111—18	Dayton	11111011111111111111—20
Riblet	00110111111111100111—15	Laurie	11100111101101001019—13
Croy	11110 0011 11 11010000—13	Shearer	11111011011011101110—15
Heikes	11111011111011111111—18	Wagner	11111110111111111111—19
Yerr'gt'n	11111 01011 11111111—18	Pope	00111111111111111111—20
Clover	11111111111111011111—19	Peacock	11110 01111 01 011 10 -16
Lewis	10111101111011111111—17	M'Murchy	11111111111111111111—19
Whitney	11 01111111111111111—19	Cun'al	11111111111 01100111—16
J Wolsten-		O'Connell	11111011100010 10111—15
croft	11111111111111011011—18	Willey	10011100011111001—15
Smith	02011011 0100011110—12	Blyde'b'rg	10120111111111101 16

First, second and third div.; fourth shot off and won by Kelsey.

Event No. 4, 50 singles, for Keystone trophy, entrance $5.

Hendershott	10111111110001110111001011 00130000001010101111—31
Lindsley	11011111011111111111001100113001101111111111—41
Pope	11001111111101110011011100101011601100110 11111—36
Greener	11111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—49
Laurie	11111111111 11111111111111000010101011111111001—41
Dickey	11111111111111111011111111111111111111111111—48
Whitney	11111111111111111111101111111111111111111111—48
Wheeler	11111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—48
Miller	11111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—47
Stanton	11111111111111111111011111011111111111111111—47
Clover	11110111011011111111111111111111111111111111—44
Dayton	11011010111101101111111111 10111111111011011110 41
Heik's	11111111111011111111111111 011 11111111100111110—43
Yerrigton	11111100111110011111111111111011011111111111111—44
Clay	11111111001111111111111111111111111111111111—41
Wagner	11111111111111111111 11 11111 11111111111111111011—47
Irwin	11111011011111111111111111101 11111 11111111111011 43
Croy	11011010001111101111011000101111111111111101111 38
Benscotten	11111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—46
J Wolstencroft	00001101111111111111111111111111 11111111111111111—49
Lewis	11111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—48
Riblet	11111111111111111 10111011111111111111111111111—44
Smith	11111011011111110 011111111110 11 11111111011011111—41
Willey	11 01111111011111111 01111101111011011111111111—43
Luther	11011111011111010111111110 10 11111 1 01111101 1100 40
Kelsey	11111111111111111111111111111100110111011111111111—42
McMurchy	01110111111111111111011010101111111111111111111111—44
Blydenburg	0011 0 1101 1 0 1100 01110110 11111111111 100 111—37
Peacock	11111011101100111111011111101111111111111111111—44

Lewis and Greener divide first, and on shoot off Lewis won the trophy; other ties divided.

Event No. 5, 10 singles, $50 guaranteed, entrance $3 50:

Hendershott	1111010010— 6	Laurie	01111110 10— 7
Dayton	0111101111— 8	B'rydenbury	0001001101— 4
Riblet	1111111111—'0	Yerrington	111 0 1101— 8
Dickey	11111 1111—10	Kelsey	1110111111— 9
Heikes	1111 11111—10	Luther	1011110 11— 7
Clay	1010101111— 8	McMurchy	1111111110— 9
Davison	1111111111—10	Peacock	1100111111— 8
Wheeler	1111111111—10	Smith	1110111 01— 8
Croy	0110101100— 5	Lewis	1111111 11—10
Whitney	1111111111—10	Greener	1111111110— 9
Clover	0101111111— 8	Mark	1111111110— 9
Stanton	1111111111—10	O'Connell	1111111110— 9
Albee	1011111110 - 8	Lindsley	1111110111— 9
Folsom	1111111111—10	Pope	1111111111—10
Miller	011 11111— 9	Willey	1011111011— 8
Wagner	1101110111— 8	J Wolstencroft	1111110000— 6
Benscotten	1111111111—10		

First shot off and divided by Whitney, Benscotten, Stanton and Lewis, second shot off and divided by Kelsey and Lindsley, third shot off and won by Willey, fourth divided.

Wednesday, Aug. 21.—Promptly at 9 o'clock the guns began to pop, and the day's programme was soon in brisk operation. Lowering clouds gave warning of rain, which later fell in torrents, causing a cessation of hostilities for about half an hour, but owing to the complete system of drainage there were no puddles of water for the unwary to step in. A brisk wind blew right across the traps, and the birds ducked and dodged like live creatures, causing great uncertainty as to the proper place to hold on them. The contest for the Smith trophy resulted in a tie on 49 between H. B. Whitney and H. McMurchy, of the Smith gun. They divided the money, and Whitney breaking one bird took the cup, as McMurchy forfeited his right to shoot.

Second Day.—Event No. 1, at 10 pairs Keystones, $2.50 entrance, $50 guaranteed:

Heikes	11 11 01 10 11 10 11 11 11 11—17
Miller	10 11 10 10 10 11 11 11 11 11—16
Hendershott	11 10 11 00 10 10 10 01 11 10—12
Clay	10 10 10 10 00 10 00 11 10 10— 9
Mack	11 11 10 11 01 11 11 11 11 11—17
Willey	11 00 00 11 01 01 11 11 11 01—13
Wagner	11 11 10 10 11 01 11 11 11 00—16
Ned	10 10 10 10 10 00 11 10 10 10—16
Lindsley	11 11 01 01 11 11 11 11 10 11—17
Stanton	00 10 11 10 10 00 10 10 11 11—11
Wheeler	11 01 10 11 01 11 11 11 11 10—17
Dickey	11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 10 11—19
Whitney	10 10 11 11 10 11 11 11 11 11—17
Davison	11 11 11 11 11 01 11 10 11—18
Kelsey	11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11—20

Greener ..... 11 11 10 10 10 11 11 10 10 11 10—14
Albee ..... 10 11 10 10 10 11 10 11 11 11 10—14
Pope ..... 11 10 00 10 00 11 10 11 10 00 10—10
Folsom ..... 11 11 00 10 10 10 10 11 10 10—12
Benscotten ..... 10 11 11 11 10 11 11 10 11 11—17
J Wolstencroft ..... 10 10 00 10 11 10 11 11 10 00—11
McMurchy 11 10 00 10 10 10 10 11 10 10 11
Clover 10 10 11 11 00 10 10 10 11 11 12
Lewis ..... 10 11 11 00 10 10 10 00 11 11—12
Dayton ..... 10 10 10 11 11 11 11 01 10 11—15
Peacock ..... 00 00 11 10 10 10 00 11 10 10 - 8
Yerrington ..... 00 10 10 10 10 00 10 10 10 00— 7
Riblet ..... 11 10 11 10 11 00 10 10 00 00—11

Whitney won first alone, second won by Kelsey, third shot off and won by Heikes, fourth divided.

Event No. 2, at 20 single Keystones, entrance $4; $75 guaranteed:

Willy	1111110110111111111—18	M'Murchy	11111000111 01 111100—14
Albee	01011111111111010110—15	Heikes	11111111111 0111111—19
Croy	11111010101110 0 0110—14	Hen'rshot	01101111100111010110—14
Folsom	11111 0 1101111111—18	Davison	11101110111111111—18
Lindsley	11011101101111111 0—16	Dickey	01011 1 0110101011111—15
Wagener	11001111111111110111—17	Benscot'n	10111111101111111111—18
Lewis	11111101 1011011—18	Smith	11111 0111110 1 1111—16
Greener	11111111111111111111—20	Kelsey	11111111111111111111—20
Clay	11110001101111111111—16	Clover	10111111100101101 0—14
Wheeler	11011111011111101—17	Dayton	10110111110100000100—11
Miller	11111111111111111111—19	Yerr'gton	11111111111111111111 20
Luther	11110111111 01110111—17	Stanton	11111111111011111—18
Davis	11011010111111001111—14	Riblet	11111100011101111111—16
Mack	01011010111111001111—14	Ned	11011000010110110110—12
O'Connell	10001111111111001—12	Whitney	11101111111111111111—19
J Wolsten-		Peacock	01111111000110011111—14
croft	11111110111111100'—17	Billingsly	11011100111000001111—13

First and second divided, third shot off and divided by Lewis, Davison, Smith and Stanton; fourth shot off and divided by Wheeler and Luther.

Event No. 3 at 25 single Keystones; entrance $5, $100 guaranteed:

Clay	10111101111101111000000010— 15
Willey	11111111111011010101000000—17
Clover	11111111101101111111001100—20
Folsom	01011011011010100111111—16
Lindsley	01111111010110011111111—19
Croy	11010101001011111111101—17
Greener	11111111111111111111111111—26
Heikes	01111101101011111111111011— 20
Dickey	11111111111111111111111111—24
Wheeler	11111010111111111111111111—22
Miller	00111111101101111111111111—21
Benscotten	11111111111010011111111—22
Hendershott	01110001100111011010110—15
Wagner	11011101111100101111111—20
McMurchy	11111111111111111111111111—24
Whitney	11100011111111111111111111—23
Lewis	11111111111111111111111111—26
Peacock	01011111111111111111111111—21
Davison	01111111111111111111111111—21
J Wolstencroft	01111111111111111111111111—22
Yerrington	11111111111111111111111 24
Smith	10111110011011011111111—19
Albee	11111010111111111111111—23
Davis	11101000000131111010101—14
Pope	11111011010111111111111—20
Stanton	11111111111111111111111—22
Kelsey	11111111111111111111111—24
Luther	11111111111111111111111—23

All ties divided.

Event No. 4, L. C. Smith Championship Cup, at 50 single rises, entrance $5. Cup to be held by winner for one year, and then to be returned to donor for contest at next Keystone tournament:

Clay	01110111111111011111110000010101111001111101010 37
Willey	10111101010111111111111010100011111011011011—40
Dickey	10111111 0001010101011111111111111111111111—38
Wagner	11111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—50
Yerrington	11110111110 11111101111111 01111111111 1110 111—45
Croy	10111 0011 01100101111 11111 1110 10100 1111111111—33
M Murchy	11111111 11111111111111111111111111111111 1111—50
Heikes	11111111111111111111011011111111111111 10110011—43
Folsom	01111110111101101101111111011111111111011 01—40
Kelsey	1 11 11111111111101111000111100111111111111111—44
Miller	10111000111111111011111111111111111111111111—44
Smith	10000 0101 111 01111001011 19 11010 11101011101—37
Hendershot	10111111111011010071011111000111111000000000—20
Lindsley	11111111111101001011011011111011111111111111—37
Whitney	11111111 11111111111111111111111111111111111111—50
Stanton	01111101101111111011111111 11111001001111111110—40
Dayton	11111101111111111111111001011111111 011110111011—42
J Wolstencroft	00001 0011111111010 11111111111111100 1101111011—38
Dayton	10 1010101011111111111111011111001101000111001101111—35
Albee	11111110011111111111011111111111111101110111111—45
Riblet	11110110111011111110111010111111111111111111—43
Pope	11111001101010011111111111111111111111111111—37
Greener	11011011111111111111111111 11111111111111111111—48
Wheeler	11011111111111111111111111 01011111110 01101111011—43
Clover	11111101111111111111111111111111111111111111—48
Laurie	01100010111111011111111111 11111111111111111111—45
Cenecotten	11111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—50
Peacock	11111111111111111111111111 11111111111111111111—44

McMurchy and Whitney tied for the trophy and div. first money, Whitney taking the trophy, as McMurchy forfeited his right to it; Green won second, third div., fourth shot off and div. by Kelsey and Miller.

Event No. 5 at 10 single Keystones, $2.50 entrance, $50 guaranteed:

Stanton	0110110110— 6	Whitney	1111111 10— 9
Dickey	1110111 10— 8	Miller	11 11111 1—10
Folsom	0111111111— 9	Pope	0011111110— 7
Albee	00111 0 1 - 7	McMurchy	1111011 0— 8
Willey	1111111011— 9	Greener	1110110111 — 7
Lindsey	1111111110— 9	Heikes	1111111111—10
Davison	1110111111 - 9	Laurie	1111111111—10
Wheeler	1110111110— 8	Croy	1001111101 — 7
Wagner	111 111111—10	Hendershott	1110101111— 8
Davis	1101110111 — 8	Luther	1111111 1—10
Clover	1111111111—10	Peacock	00 100 110 — 5
Yerrington	1111111111—10	J Wolstencroft	0011101101— 6
Kelsey	1111111110— 9	Benscotten	1111011111— 9

First and second divided; third shot off and won by Wheeler; fourth shot off and won by Greener.

Thursday, Aug. 22.—Fair weather prevailed, with all conditions favorable to good scores. During the day a tie occurred in one event between three men, one of whom was O. R. Dickey. The prize was a patent baby jumper, donated by one of the citizens. It was decided to shoot the tie miss and out, and as Dickey was sent to the score first, breaking his bird, the other two missing, it looked suspiciously like a job. At any rate, the result caused a laugh which Dickey took good naturedly. A friendly match, with Winchester repeating shotguns, was shot between Lieut. Albee and M. F. Lindsley at four sets of triplets, three birds sprung simultaneously. Albee won with a score of 11 to 10.

Third Day.—Event No. 1, at 10 single Keystones, $2.50 entrance, $50 guaranteed:

Folsom	1011111110— 8	Stanton	1111111111—10
Irwin	1011111111— 9	Koutz	1100110100— 6
Wagner	1011111110— 8	Luther	11111 111—10
Wheeler	1001111110— 7	Yerrington	1111111110— 9
Heikes	1011111111— 9	Willey	1111011001— 8
Lindsley	1111110111— 9	Miller	1111011111— 9
Pope	1111011111— 9	Peacock	1110000111— 6
J F Mallery	1111010111— 8	Smith	1111011111— 9
F E Mallery	1011110111— 8	Davison	1011101111— 8
McMurchy	1111101111— 9	Dickey	1111111111—10
Kelsey	1111111111—10	Greener	1111111111—10
Benscotten	1111111111—10	Whitney	1111111111—10
Albee	0111111111— 9	Babcock	1001111111— 8

First shot off and divided by Benscotten, Yerrington and Greener, second shot off and divided by Lindsley, Pope, McMurchy, Albee and Miller, third shot off and divided by Wagner, F. E. Mallery and Willey, Wheeler won fourth alone.

Event No. 2, at 12 single Keystones, $3 50 entrance, $50 guaranteed:

Smith	111100101001— 7	Heikes	11111111111—12
Dickey	110111101111—10	Whitney	011111111101—10
Wheeler	111111111111—12	Benscotten	111111111111—12
Stanton	000111111111— 9	McMurphy	110111111111—11
Peacock	111111111011—11	Davison	111110101010— 8
Luther	111101111111—11	Kelsey	111110111111—11
Irwin	111111101111—11	Folsom	111111101110—10
Yerrington	111111111111—12	F E Mallery	001011011111— 8
Lindsley	111011111111—11	Wagner	111101111111—11
Greener	111111111111—12	Willey	101111111110—10
Miller	111111111111—12	Albee	110111111110—10

First and fourth divided, second shot off and won by Wagner, Peacock and Luther, third shot off and won by Dickey.

Event No. 3, at 25 single Keystones, $5 entrance, $100 guaranteed:

Smith	11101011111000011111111—19
H ik's	11051011 1 1 11111 101 11—21
Greener	11111111111111111111111111—26
Dickey	11111111111111111101111—24
Wheeler	11101111 0011111111111—22
Stanton	11111 1111111 0110 0111—23
Yerrington	11111110 101 01111011 1—23
Lindsley	11111111111101 11111 111—25
Miller	11111011111111101111111—23
Whitney	1111111111111111111111—25
Benscotten	11111111111 1 11111111—25
Folsom	11111011111100110111111—21
Luther	10111111 0 0111101 01101111 10
Albee	10111111 0 0111101 0101111 19
Pope	11111111111111111111111111—24
Wiley	111 1111111 1 11111011101—23
Kelsey	11111111 1001111 1111111—23
Wagner	11111111 1101111111111111—23
McMurchy	11111111111111111111 1111—24
Peacock	10111111111111111111111111—21
Irwin	11 11010111 11111111111111111—23
F Isom	01101001011101101110110 1003010111101101101—33
Albee	11111011011000111111 1101111111111 0111—42
Kelsey	11111111001111011111110110 10111111111001111011—41
Greener	10111111111 01 11111111111111111111111111111—48
Benscotten	01111011111111111111111111111111111111111111—45
Pope	11101101111010110111000011 1011111010110100 34
McMurchy	11111111111101011111111111111111111111111111—46
Miller	10111111111111111111 0101111111111111111111—46
Wheeler	11111111111111111111 11111101111111111111111—49
Yerrington	11111111111111101111111010 11111111111111111111—47
Whitney	11111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—49
Lindsley	1 01101001110 01110111111111111111101111 111111—42
Wagner	11111111111111101 11011 11010 1 111011 1011101—44
Laurie	11001111111111111111001100 1100111111101111111101—41
Lewis	01110101011111111111000110111111111111111111—38
Luther	0110 0011100011111111111111111111011011111111111—40
Willey	11111000100111111111111111111111111111111111—42

All ties for money divided; ties on 49 shot off for the trophy, which was won by Dickey.

Event No. 5 at 15 single Keystones, $4 entrance, $75 guaranteed:

Davison	0101111111111 —13	Irwin	111111111111 —15
Heikes	111 1111 111111—15	Pope	0 1101110110—11
Dickey	111111111111111—15	Whitney	111111111 101 14
Luther	1111111111111 —14	Wagner	111111111111111—15
Kelsey	111111111110110—13	McMurchy	0111111110 11111—13
Miller	1011111111100111—12	J Wolstencroft	111111111111101—14
Wheeler	1110 1111111111—14	Yerrington	1101111111110—14
Lindsley	1111011111111 —14	Willey	1011111001111—11
Folsom	1001110101010101— 9	Lewis	1011111111111—13
Albee	1111111101111 —14	Swan	0111111011111—13
Greener	1111111111110—14	Benscotten	1111111111111—15
Babcock	0111111111111 —14	Peacock	1111111111111—15
F E Mallery	1101 0111 1 001—11	Laurie	0011111111111—12
Stanton	1111111111011 —14	Davis	1100111111111—12

First, third and fourth divided; second shot off and divided by Wheeler and Stanton.

Friday, Aug. 23.—The shooters were somewhat later than usual in reaching the grounds owing to an unwonted dissipation the previous night. The citizens of Corry, determined, it seems, to make the stay of the visitors a pleasant one, had prepared a supper and reception to welcome them. On reaching the hotel Thursday evening, light repasts were partaken of and hurried toilets made, and at about 9 o'clock the shooters, headed by a band, marched in a body to the rink, where a committee of ladies and gentlemen, as well as a large number of spectators, were awaiting their arrival. They were soon seated at long tables profusely decorated with flowers and other things equally pleasant to look at but more suitable for consumption. While engaged in disposing of ice cream, cake, fruits, etc., speeches of welcome were made by several gentlemen; among them was one by Attorney C. G. Olmstead, who from his own fondness for both the gun and rod was particularly suited to the task. He recounted stories of his early career in shooting woodducks and other wild beasts, made several telling hits on the peculiari ties of his fellow club members, and succeeded in thoroughly amusing his audience. The band then started in to do their part, and the floor was soon covered with whirling couples in the mazes of a waltz. The festivities were continued until a late hour, and in the opinion of those who participated the reception added much to the pleasure of the Keystone shoot.

Late hours are said to have an effect on the nerves, but a look at the scores made to-day would seem that it stiffens them, or that those who shot in the events were a very hardy set of men. Two events, programmed for Saturday, were shot, in addition to the others, the diamond ring and the team race. Each of these were at 100 birds, and they were run off one right after the other; nearly all contestants were in both, and 200 birds with hardly a rest is quite a strain. The race for the diamond ring resulted in a tie on 97 between Rolla O. Heikes and L. D. Miller; for a while it looked as if Heikes would make a straight, but owing to a slight difficulty with his gun, he lost three birds. Miller was then ahead of him with only one bird missed, and the ring seemed almost within his grasp, but in his last ten he dropped two. Heikes had then ten to shoot at, and it was necessary to break all to tie. This he did in fine style, centering them all. The tie was immediately shot off at 50 birds each Heikes winning with a straight score of 50 to Miller's 46. The winner, thus bearing the title of "Champion Target Shot of America," was heartily congratulated on his nerve and victory.

The team race was an idea of the Keystone Company to determine the supremacy of the East and West, and teams had been picked from men located either side of Corry as the dividing line. There were enough Eastern men on hand, but not enough from the West, so a team was chosen to represent the East, which comprised three men from Massachusetts, one from Connecticut and two from New York. The Western team, so called, had two from Ohio, three from Pennsylvania and one from New Jersey. The most intense interest centered in this race, as it was extremely close throughout. The Western team secured the lead by two birds almost at the start and it then varied from that to five at the highest to one at the lowest; they finally won by three birds, with proof by the best score ever made by any team of six men. When this was finished every one was thoroughly tired, and a quick departure was made for the hotel.

Fourth Day.—Event No. 1, at 10 single Keystones, $2.50 entrance; $50 guaranteed:

Stanton	1110111111— 9	Dickey	111'111111—10
Lindsley	1111111011— 8	F E Mallory	1101101011— 8
Willey	1101110101— 7	Swan	1101100110— 6
Wheeler	111111 001— 8	Lewis	0111111 11— 9
Clover	1111111111—10	Heikes	111 1 1111—10
Pope	1111111011— 9	Wagener	1111111010— 8
McMurchy	1101111111— 9	Davis	1111111100— 8
Whitney	1111111111—10	J E Mallory	1 110 1111— 9
Kelsey	0111111111— 9	Peacock	1111 11111—10
Babcock	1011111111— 9	Luther	1111011111— 9
Benscotten	1101111111— 9	Greener	1111111111—10
Yerrington	1111111111— 9	Miller	1111111111—10
Laurie	1111111111—10	Davison	0111111110— 8

First shot off and divided by Dickey, Greener and Miller; second shot off and divided by Pope, Kelsey and Babcock; Wheeler won third on shoot-off and Willey took fourth.

Event No. 2, at 20 Keystones, $4 entrance, $75 guaranteed:

Greener	11111111111111111111—20	Stanton	10011111111111111111—18
Dickey	11111100111111111111—18	Laurie	00111111111101 1111—17
Pope	11111011111111111111—19	Lindsley	01111111110 11 10011 15
Whitney	11111111111101 11111—19	Kelsey	11111111 1111 1011011—18
Miller	11111111111110111111—19	Folsom	11111111010 1100111—16
Wheeler	11101111111111110111—18	Albee	10 0011111011111 1—15
Clover	11110111111011101111—17	Luther	11111111111111111111—20
M'Murchy	11111111111111111111—20	Yerr'gt'n	11111111111111111111—20
Peacock	11111111111101111101—18	Willey	10111111111111111101—18
Lewis	11111111111111 01111—19	Davison	11111011011111111111—18
Benscten	11111111111011111111—18	J Wolsten-	
Wagner	10011011011111111111—18	croft	11111111111111110111—19
Heikes	11111111111111111111—19		

First divided, second shot off and divided by Miller, Lewis, Benscotten, Heikes and Woistencroft, third shot off and divided by Wheeler, Stanton, Miller and Willey; fourth shot off and divided by Clover and Davison.

Event No. 3, at 15 single Keystones, $3 entrance, $50 guaranteed:

Kelsey	011011111111111—13	Wheeler	111101111111111—14
Peacock	101110.011111.1—12	Benscotten	111111011001111—13
Heikes	1111111111011—14	Whitney	1111110 1111111—14
Willey	01 1001111111—12	Babcock	111110 1111111—13
Yerrington	10 1 1111111111—14	Wolstencroft	011111111111111—14
McMurchy	110111111111010—12	Lasher	101 01111111111—13
Dickey	011 10111111001—11	Lindsley	111111111111001—13
Stanton	111111111111 11—15	Blydenburg	011111111101101—12
Greener	1 1111111101111—14	Pope	111111111111110—14
Miller	111111111111 11—15		

First divided, second shot off and divided by Heikes, Greener and Wheeler, third shot off and divided by Kelsey, Benscotten and Lindsley, fourth shot off and divided by Willey and Blydenburg.

Event No. 4 at 10 single Keystones; $1.50 entrance, $25 guaranteed:

Willey	1111111111—'0	Kelsey	1111111111—10
Miller	1111011111— 9	McMurchy	1111111111—10
Greener	1111111111—10	Wheeler	1011111101— 8
Stanton	1111111111—10	J Wolstencroft	1111111110— 9
Heikes	1111100110— 8	Peacock	1100111110— 7
Dickey	1111111111—10	Pope	1100101111— 8
Yerrington	1111111111—10	Blydenburg	1111110001— 5
Whitney	1111111111—10	Lindsley	1111111111—10
Babcock	0110011111— 8	Austin	0111000110— 5
Smith	1111111111—10	Lasher	1111111101— 9
Benscotten	1111111111— 9		

First shot off and divided by Greener, Yerrington, Whitney, Kelsey and McMurchy; second divided; third shot off and won by Blydenburg; Peacock won fourth alone.

Extra No. 5, at 10 single Keystones; $3 entrance:

Heikes	1111111111—10	Lindsley	0111011111— 8
Wheeler	10.1111111 — 9	Stanton	1111111111—10
Miller	0111101111— 8	McMurchy	1110111110— 8
Greener	1111101111— 9	Blydenburg	10.1011111— 8
Dickey	1111110110— 8	Willey	1111011100— 7
Yerrington	1111111111—10	Peacock	1111111111—10
Benscotten	1111111111—10	Luther	0111111111— 9

First and second divided, third shot off and divided by Miller and Lindsley.

Individual championship contest for the Keystone trophy, a diamond ring, and the title of Champion Target Shot of America, at 100 single Keystones, entrance $5:

W Wolstencroft ..1111111111111111111111111111011111111111101111111111
1111111111111111111111111111

JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS GUN CLUB.—The regular monthly shoot for the cup of the Jersey City Heights Gun Club took place, as ordered by Grand Mogul and Master of the Situation "Old South Paw," on the grounds of the club, at Marion, on the 21st inst., and was another very pleasant affair to the few engaged therein; and some extraordinary shooting was done. They were a fair lot of birds, very few refusing to spring at the falling of the trap, but all the shooters had their best caps on, and but a few birds scaled the fence. Siegler (Old Reliable No. 2) leads the score with 24 dead birds out of 25 shot at, Hughes (Old Reliable No. 1) 18 out of 21, Jones 21 out of 23, South Paw 18 out of 23, Levering 18 out of 21. Burdett was a little off, having many incomers, missing 4 birds out of 16 shot at. Under ordinary circumstances that would not be thought a bad score, but it stood no show that day when Dr. Levering—a duffer among the duffers, whose handicap is but 23yds. (he insisted upon shooting with the others at 28) and who had not shot a pigeon for over two years—came forward and wrested the laurels from such old-timers as Hughes and Siegler and the whole kit, killing his 16 birds straight; and had not his 12-bore shells given out and he been obliged to take a 10-bore and a strange gun for the last shot on the shoot-off, there is no telling what his score might have been. Moral—Always take plenty of your own shells. The following is the score for the cup (Burdett holding it from last month), modified Hurlingham rules (which we think are abominable). Jerry Maher referee and trap puller:

Burdett (27yds)	0100111—4	Siegler (29)	1111221—7
Hughes (28)	1111121—7	Jones (29)	1121212—7
Heritage (26)	1211010—5	Levering (23)	2101201—5

Hughes takes the cup, having made the best score, using the second barrel but once.

First sweep, ties divided:

Jones	1111—4	Heritage	1110—3
Siegler	1111—4	Hughes	1010—2

Second sweep:

Hughes	2111—4	Burdett	1111—4
Siegler	1111—4	Heritage	2211—4
Jones	1102—3	Levering	2121—4

Shoot off for first money, miss and out: Hughes and Siegler 2, Burdett and Heritage 0, Levering 3, and wins first money amid the cheers of the crowd.

Third sweep:

Hughes	0111—3	Siegler	1111—4
Jones	1121—4	Burdett	2102—3
Levering	2121—4	Heritage	1111—4

Shoot off: Heritage and Levering 2, Jones 3, Siegler 4 and wins first. There remaining a few good birds Jerry Maher had three bottles of lemon soda with South Paw that he would score three birds in succession, and Jerry did it. Thus ended a pleasant day's sport. 2, second barrel; o, dead out of bounds.—JACOBSTAFF.

FLORENCE, Mass., Aug. 20.—Norwood Gun Club, 25 single Keystones, 5 Keystone traps:

E E Harris	0010011101100110111010010—13
L Gaylor	1110110100001000011000111—12
T T Cartwright	0010011010001011100110110—12
H H Chilson	0111001100000000101010011— 9
Z Foster	1110000001101000110000— 9
F Nuttleman	1111010000001010101111—14
E Feiker	1010100100000001111101101—11

Double rises:

Gaylor	00	01	01	11	00	11— 6
Nuttleman	00	01	10	11	00	00— 4
Cartwright	00	00	00	01	10	00— 2

Practice:

Gaylor	1101100101111001111010100—15
Cartwright	1001111000101010110100111—15
Chilson	0110001011100110111000000—12
Feiker	10101011000 — 5
Foster	1100100110 — 6

This was the first time the club have shot from 5 traps, which accounts for the poor scores.

Match at 25 kingbirds, 5 traps:

T T Cartwright	0111111101111000001111101—17
F W Twiss	0011000111111110101101011—17
L Gaylor	1101100101110011100111111—17
Z Foster	1101101111010101110101010—17
C O Harris	0101011011110101000111101—15
E Feiker	0010010111100101111010010—14
E E Davis	0100110110111100100011100—12

Double rises:

Gaylor	11	11	11	10	11—9
Cartwright	11	11	11	11	01—9

Twiss	10	01	10—3
Nuttleman	10	10	10—3

Practice:

C O Harris	11111 — 5
Cartwright	11001011 — 7
Nuttleman	0011101000101111100010010—13
Twiss	1001111110 — 7
Davis	1101110000 — 4
Gaylor	0011101001 — 5

The club will use five Keystone traps at the tournament Aug. 27.—KOSMOS.

WALNUT HILL, Aug. 21.—There was an unusually small attendance at the range to-day. The weather conditions were good, and some fine scores were made, notably the clean score of 30 birds made in the gold coin match by W. E. Perry. Gold coin match—15 clay birds and 15 keystone targets, keystone squad system:

	Clays.	Keystones.
Perry	111111111111111—15	111111111111111—15—30
Swift	111111111111111—15	111101111111100—12—27
Lee	110011111101111—12	101110111111101—13—24
Bowker	111110111011111—13	111000111101111—11—24
Nichols	101111111010001—11	011011010111111—11—22
Hammond	101010010101111— 9	011111111111101—13—22
Perham	101110111100011—11	001110010001011— 7—18
Thomas	1101010110 Withdrew.	
Hill	0011010111 Withdrew.	

The following named were winners in the sweepstake events: Six standard targets—Nichols and Swift 6, first; Hammond and Perham 5, second. Ten keystone targets—Swift 5, first; Hammond 4, second. Six standard targets—Hammond and Lee 6, first; Swift and Nichols 5, second. Ten keystone targets—Nichols 9, first; Swift and Lee 8, second; Hammond and Bowker 7, third. Ten clay pigeons, keystone system—Swift 10, first; Lee and Perham 9, second; Bowker 8, third. Ten standard targets—Lee 10, first; Nichols and Hammond 9, second; Swift 8, third. Ten keystone targets, keystone system—Bowker 9, first; Hammond and Swift 8, second; Nichols 7, third. Ten standard targets—Nichols 9, first; Bowker, Hammond and Perham 8, second; Lee and Swift 7, third. Ten clay pigeons—Perham and Nichols 9, first; Swift and Perry 8, second; Bowker and Lee 7, third. Ten standard targets—Hammond 9, first; Bowker and Swift 8, second; Lee 7, third. Five standard targets, straightaway, 40 yards rise—Perham and Lee 2, first; Bowker and Swift 1, second. Fifteen clay birds, keystone system—Swift and Perry 15, first; Bowker 13, second; Lee 12, third. Fifteen keystone targets, keystone system—Perry 15, first; Hammond 13, second; Swift and Lee 12, third. Seven Chicago tin pigeons—Swift 6, first; Perham 5, second; Lee 4, third. Ten standard targets—Swift 10, first; Nichols 7, second; Thompson and Perham 6, third. Five Chicago tin pigeons—Perry 5, first; Hill 4, second. Ten clay pigeons—Swift and Perham 9, first; Thompson 6, second; Hill 4, third. Five straightaway standard targets, 40 yards rise—Perry 11000, first; Nichols 00100, second. Five straightaway standard targets, 40 yards rise—Nichols 11000, first; Perry 00100, second. Five straightaway standard targets, 40 yards rise—Nichols 00110, first; Perry 00010, second. The next shotgun competition Sept. 4.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., Aug. 17.—The third live bird match between S. B. Vandegrift and Jack Faulkner on one side and Geo. A. Muller and John Rothacker on the other side was shot at the Inlet, the conditions of the match being $50 a side, 15 birds each, 30yds. rise, Hurlingham rules, 50yds. boundary. The weather was very fair for shooting and the shoot was witnessed by at least 500 spectators; the birds, with the exception of a few, very strong flyers. This was the deciding match, as each party had one victory, but Faulkner and Vandegrift carried of the honors, winning two out of three. Following is the correct score of the shoot:

Vandegrift	011211201010011—10	Muller	001210011002111— 9
Faulkner	101212111211112—14—24	Rothacker	111211211010110—12—21

PARIS, Ky., Aug. 21.—John Webb, Jr., and Robert C. Tucker had a match shoot at the Maysville Bridge to-day for $20 a side, 100 clay-pigeons. Webb won the match by breaking 84 pigeons to Tucker's 83. The following is the summary:

Tucker	1011111011100100101111—15	Webb	1111111111111111111111—20
	1111110111111111101—18		1011111111101111101—17
	1111111001011111110—16		1011110111111110101—16
	1110111101110110111—16		1110011011111111160010—14
	1101101111111111111—18		1111011111011111010—17
	—		—
	83		84

BLAUVELTVILLE, N. Y., Aug. 24.—The Spring Hill Gun Club and visitors made the following scores this afternoon. Weather perfect. All events 5 traps, 10 birds, angles, entrance 50 cents, ties divided.

No. 1:

Allen	0111110101—7	Snedeker	0011000010—3
Lippe	1001110101—6	Duryea	1000010100—3
Hathaway	1110111110—8	Barnard	0110010010—4
J J Blauvelt	1111011010—7	Post	1011110111—8
E J Peck	1101111111—9	J Peck	1010011011—6

No. 2:

Allen	0111111101—8	Blauvelt	1111101100—7
Hathaway	1111111011—9	Barnard	1010000111—4
E J Peck	0111011011—7	Post	1101110011—7
Lippe	0101010011—5	Snedeker	0101011101—6
Duryea	0010000011—3	J Peck	1111010011—7

No. 3:

Allen	0011111111—8	Blauvelt	1110011001—5
Hathaway	1110111110—8	Post	1110111001—7
E J Peck	1111001110—7	J Peck	1111101111—9
Duryea	1011110010—6	Snedeker	1001010000—3

No. 4:

Allen	0011110011—6	J Peck	1111101011—8
Hathaway	1111010111—8	Duryea	1100101011—6
E J Peck	1101111011—8	Snedeker	0010100100—3

No. 5:

Allen	1001111111—8	J Peck	0111111111—9
Hathaway	1111111011—9	Duryea	0101000011—4
E J Peck	0100111011—6		

No. 6:

Allen	1111111010— 8	Duryea	0010010010— 3
Hathaway	1111101111— 9	Snedeker	0110100901— 4
E J Peck	1111111111—10	J Peck	0011011101— 6

WELLINGTON, Mass., Aug. 24.—Some two dozen gunners faced the traps at the grounds of the Wellington Club to-day, and some good shooting was done in the several matches. In the silver pitcher match, at 8 clay pigeons and 7 blue rocks, Nichols was the winner with 15 straight. The other scores in this match were: Shumway 13, Bond 12, Stone, Melcher and Cowee 11, Sanborn, Chase and Warren 10, Bradstreet and Snow 9, Chapin 8, Bradbury 6. In the merchandise badge match at 15 clay pigeons, Sanborn, Shumway, Bradstreet and Bond tied with 14 each, and in the shoot off Bond won. The other scores in this match were: Bradbury 13, Chase, Chapin, Stone, Melcher and Snow 12, Cowee, Warren and Porter 11, Webster 9. The winners in the sweepstakes follow: First event, 5 clay pigeons—Chapin and Melcher 4, French and Bradbury 3. Second event, 6 blue rocks—Shumway and Chapin 5, Chase and Bradbury 4. Third event, 10 clay pigeons—Chapin 9, French 8, Shumway and Melcher 7. Fourth event, 5 clay pigeons—Chapin, Bradbury, Sanborn and Porter 5, Melcher, Stone and Snow 4, Warren and Webster 3, Bradstreet and Cowee 2. Fifth event, 6 blue rocks—French 6, Chase 5. Sixth event, 6 blue rocks—Snow 6, Chapin and Bond 5, Bradbury and Everett 4, Warren 3. Seventh event, 5 clay pigeons—Bond and Nichols 5, Shumway, Porter, Bradbury and Melcher 4, Cowee 3, Webster 2. Eighth event, 7 blue rocks—Stone and Shumway 6, Bond 5, Bradbury, Edwards and Webster 4, Chapin and Porter 3. Ninth event, 8 clay pigeons—Cowee, Shumway, Bond and Edwards 7, Porter and Melcher 6, Sanborn and Stone 5, Bradstreet and Snow 4. Tenth event, 5 clay pigeons—Webster and Sanborn 5, Bradstreet and Snow 4, Cowee, Warren and Chase 3, Porter 2. Eleventh event, 5 clay pigeons—Bradstreet 5, Chapin and Bond 4, Webster and Melcher 3, Stone 2. Twelfth event, 6 blue rocks—Sanborn 6, Stone, Bond and Chase 5, Edwards 4, Shumway 3. Thirteenth event, 6 blue rocks—Bradstreet and Yellowlegs 6, Chase 5, Warren, Porter, Everett, Bond and Webster 4, Shumway and Homans 3. Fourteenth event, 10 clay pigeons—Sanborn and Edwards 10, Chapin and Bradstreet 9, Bond, Nichols and Warren 8, Stone 7. Fifteenth event, 6 blue rocks—Chapin 6, Bond 5. Sixteenth event, 6 blue rocks—Cowee 6, Chase and Sanborn 5.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 20.—Bandle, Murphy and Ferris were narrowly defeated by another aggregation of three at the East End Club grounds to-day. The losers paid $50 to the winners and the expenses of the match in full and banqueted the delegation, some fifteen, at a prominent first-class Cincinnati restaurant on their arrival in Cincinnati. The match was close and exciting, but landed the men winners as follows:

Courtney	0111101011100110011111111100011011011010100110
(Syracuse)	1101100901011000101010111111111111111111111011111—71
E Taylor	1111110111011111011101000101111111101001111111
	0111101110011100110110 01111010001111111111101101—73
Cole	1100111001100111101100011101111101101010011
	1110111101111011111111111100011000111011111111—73—217
Al Bandle	0000001111010101111011111001001111010111101100111
	1101111101010111111101101111001111111111111101111—73
F Ferris	0010011111111111111001100101000011111110001101011
	1011111001111031111111111011000111111111001110—71
G Murphy	1000111011011111111111111011011100111000111101100
	1100111101111031011011111111111031110111110111—72—216

HUTCHINSON, Kan., Aug. 24.—The Hutchinson Gun Club held their third quarterly shoot yesterday. The shooting was not up to our regular average, as there was a stiff Kansas breeze blowing over the traps, or what some Eastern shooters would call a gale; and I believe we have the swiftest throwing traps in the country, as I have seen nearly all the traps of the gun clubs in this part of the country, and I have seen none to equal them yet; and this fact, together with the wind, made it very difficult shooting. The race was a very interesting one from start to finish. Mr. Fred Burslem, our gun dealer, won the trophy, with a very creditable score, considering the condition of the weather. He used a 12-bore Lefever, under 8lbs., and smoked his birds in good shape. One of the members, after missing three straight, was heard remark, "I would like to see some of the experts break 86 out of 100 over these traps." Conditions of match, 50 single bluerocks: Fred Burslem 38, J. D. George 36, E. H. Young 35, Will Allen 33, E. B. Holly 32, C. H. Menke 32, Miles Taylor 32, Wm. Chamberlain 28, H. J. Winters 24. C. R. Dodds 17.—SHADY.

ROME, N. Y., Aug. 23.—The Rome Gun Club held its regular weekly shoot at the Riverside Park to-day, and the following scores were made in sweeps at 12 birds each, except the last, when it was at 10:

E L Betson	10 11 11 9 5	William Besley	9 6 .. 6
M R Blackman	9 10 10	George Hauk, Jr.	9 10 10 10
J L Farquaharson	8 6	P Smith	7 2
M B Kingsley	9 8 10 10 9	H O Tooker	6 9 6 ..
George Payne	4 4	H H Jones	9 9 6
E C Worden	8 10 8	Suits, Canastota	6 9 4
W P Walker	10 10 8	Roberts, Canastota	12 6

Messrs. Suits and Roberts, of Canastota, reported that the Canastota team could not meet the Romans to-day as intended. They desired a postponement of the friendly shoot agreed upon until a later day. This was granted.

N. Y. SUBURBAN SHOOTING GROUNDS.—Claremont, N. J. Aug. 24.—Shoot for Lefever trophy:

Jones	1111111111111111010111111—23
Sigler	1111111111111111111111111—25
Johnson	0110101111111101111111111—22

Sweep No. 1: Jones 8, Sigler 10, Johnson 7, Apgar 7.
Sweep No. 2: Jones 9, Sigler 9, Johnson 4, Apgar 5, McNeill 3.
Sweep No. 3: Jones 8, Sigler 10, Johnson 5, Apgar 8.
Sweep No. 4: Jones 8, Sigler 10, Johnson 8, Apgar 8, McNeill 4.

Apgar second on shoot off.

Sweep No. 5: Jones 5, Sigler 6, Johnson 6. Johnson took money.
Sweep No. 7: Jones 6, Sigler 10, Johnson 9, Apgar 9. Johnson took second on shoot off.

NEWARK, N. J.—The Southside Gun Club will hold a shoot on the club grounds on Labor Day (Sept. 2), being at 10 A. M. Ten events will be provided at the usual rates, and the prizes will be divided into 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.

INDIANAPOLIS, Aug. 19.—There was a shooting match to-day between Ed. Voris, of Crawfordsville, and George C. Beck, this city, on which considerable money was wagered. The terms of the match called for 25 clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise; 25 live pigeons, 31yds. rise; 25 English sparrows, 26yds. rise, and the score shows: Clay-pigeons, Beck 22, Voris 18; live pigeons, Beck 21, Voris 22; English sparrows, Beck 25, Voris 22.

WORCESTER, Mass., Aug. 23.—The principal event at the regular meet this week of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club was the eighth contest for the Norcross trophy, which was secured for the next two weeks by G. J. Rugg. In this contest each man has a possible 30 clay-pigeons. The meet was at the ground of the club at Coal Mine Brook range. The work of each man in detail follows: G. J. Rugg 29, C. B. Holden 27, W. R. Dean 26, E. T. Smith 26, W. E. Johnson 26, E. B. Burbank 26, W. L. Davis 26, A. L. Gilman 25, F. M. Harris 25, M. D. Gilman 24, E. S. Knowles 24, H. W. Webber 24, E. Welch 23, Geo. Sampson 23, F. F. Swan 22, A. B. Franklin 22, C. H. Howe 20, Mr. Ames 20, H. D. Jourdan 19, C. R. Holman 17, F. Forehand 17, J. C. Doherty 14, V. F. Prentice 15, H. Smith 13, Capt. E. A. Hams 5.

FODDE'S TOURNAMENT.—St. Louis, Aug. 24.—Please omit live birds from announcement of my shoot and make it targets exclusively.—FODDE.

ELMSFORD, N. Y., will have an amateur tournament at Keystones, Sept. 2.—THOS. B. WARD, Manager.

Every week we are obliged to defer to the next week trap scores which come in too late for publication in the current issue. It is particularly requested that scores be sent us as early as possible.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION MEET.

TENTH ANNUAL.

Stave Island on the St. Lawrence.

SECOND PAPER.

MONDAY, Aug. 19, P. M.—The combined race was called immediately after dinner. No. 5 on programme, 1½ miles sail and 1½ miles paddle, in half mile stretches. Twelve started at 3:03:07; nine finished. Won by H. L. Quick, of Yonkers, in canoe Evangeline, 3:52:18, thus completing the course in 49m. 41s., the best time ever recorded. W. G. MacKendrick was second (3:54:04). Gage, Brazer, Goddard, Whitlock, Forrest, Fraser and Masten followed in the order named. At times during the race MacKendrick led. Quick did the best work of the race on the last half mile paddle. It was a hard race well contested all through.

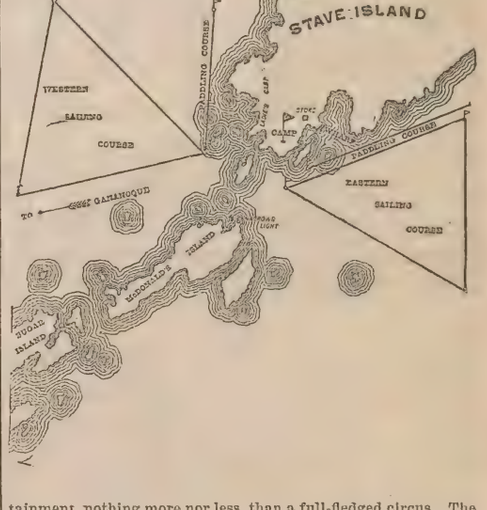
No. 9, Tandem, half mile paddle, followed soon after the combined race, four crews. MacKendrick and Wright won with single blades, Cartwright and Putnam came in second, double blades. Torrance and Smillie, single blades, third, and Quick and Masten fourth, doubles.

No. 1, Paddling, Classes 2 and 3 decked, half mile, won by M. F. Johnson, A. S. Putnam second, followed by Masten and Cartwright.

No. 4, Paddling, Class 4, open, half mile, won by H. Wright, second and last J. MacKendrick.

The upset paddling race (No. 11, 150yds.) was then called, although it was after supper time, so as to get as much of the programme worked off as possible. Won by Andrews, as usual, H. F. MacKendrick second, Goddard third, Whitlock fourth. M. F. Johnson did not finish. Open canoes were given half a minute start. Decked canoes won. This event wound up the racing for the day. Six of the fifteen events were successfully worked off.

The big tent, erected for business meetings, etc., in the orchard near the mess sheds, by order of the commodore and committee on camp site, suggested to L. W. Seavey a novel enter-



tainment, nothing more nor less than a full-fledged circus. The idea was splendidly carried out by him and his twenty or more aids, and the show that was given this (Monday) evening will be long remembered by all who saw it or took a part. There have been camp-fires at former meets, lantern parades on the water, practical jokes, mock trials, songs, speeches, and many other evening entertainments, but never before a circus, and a genuine one, too. There was bareback riding, tight-rope walking, gymnastics, contortion acts, bar performances, tumbling, turning, clown business, ringmaster, trick animals, heavy-weight lifting, barrel-turning, handsprings, summersaults, wild men and wild animals, a band, sawdust ring, Deadwood coach and all. The circus was a success as an entertainment, and ten-cent admission paid more than double the money expended in getting it up. Mlle. Jabberwock, in true circus-rider costume, mosquito-netting dress and all—barring a heavy moustache—rode a farm-horse, well tired out after a hard day's work. She (or he) was mounted on a board platform tied on the colt's back over some canoe cushions. The animal was led round the ring by two attendants, and carefully stopped before the hoop-holders to give the lady time to get comfortably through the paper and hand the ring back to the attendant. The tight rope was easily walked by a daring canoeist, who put his balancing-pole over a rope stretched above his head, and then fearlessly ventured forth. The entire programme lasted over two hours and kept the large audience in fits of laughter all the time. The costumes, although impromptu, were clever, appropriate and often artistic. Rubber balls did good service instead of iron ones for the giant to lift, as the latter were not to be had. The show terminated with the taking of a flash-light photograph of the interior of the big tent, audience, band, performers and all. The show was announced in some of the local Canadian papers. On the Wednesday following Manager Seavey received a letter from a young fellow in Toronto, who applied for a position as tumbler in the circus, sending a letter from a temperance society stating that he was of good character. He evidently had been led to suppose that the circus was a permanent organization.

Tuesday, Aug. 20.—Calm. No. 2. Paddling, Class 4, decked, therefore first called. Twelve started and finished. Record race, won by W. G. MacKendrick (Mac), Cartwright (Ilex) second, Colin Fraser (Uno) third. It was by far the best paddling race of the meet, closely contested and exciting all through. No 10 then followed, for club fours, Ubique vs. Toronto, James MacKendrick and his three sons won. Wright, Shaw, Tulgie and Mason, of Toronto, however, fought every inch of the way and lapped the Ubique boat at the finish, where a foul occurred and the Toronto crew were swamped, Shaw having quite a narrow escape. He was so exhausted that he sank at once when the canoe went down. His companions grabbed him, and kept him afloat till assistance arrived. This ended the morning's racing.

The trophy sailing race was called first after dinner, as a light breeze had sprung up which promised to stay. Start was made at 3:35. The twelve who earned their right to race were: Dr. J. A. Gage, Ford Jones, R. F. Broyer, W. G. MacKendrick, Paul Butler, B. W. Wood, R. W. Bailey, F. T. Walsh, W. Whitlock, C. B. Vaux, F. F. Andrews and Colin Fraser. Forrest won place II in Monday's race, but was ruled out for fouling Whitlock. The three invited to compete were Forrest, Douglas (who was 14 on the trial race) and Goddard, who had been upset in the first race by a canoe which fouled him. The wind held light throughout the race. The course was sailed to port. There was no tacking, as the canoes could lay a true course on every leg of the triangle. Dimple was the only canoe having to make a tack in the entire race.

Order in which canoers completed each round:

	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	Finish.
1. Jones	3	3	3	1	1	5 15 40
2. Butler	5	4	4	2	2	5 16 26
3. Douglas	2	2	2	3	3	5 17 50
4. MacKendrick	4	5	5	4	4	5 17 58
5. Goddard	7	6	6	5	5	5 18 39
6. Gage	10	9	7	6	6	5 18 56
7. Brazer	6	8	8	7	7	5 20 52
8. Fraser	8	10	10	8	8	5 21 01
9. Andrews	12	13	11	9	9	5 24 28
10. Walsh	14	14	13	10	10	5 25 08
11. Vaux	13	12	12	11	11	5 27 31
12. Forrest	11	11	14	12	12	5 31 08
13. Bailey	1	1	1	Tiller broke.		
14. Wood	9	7	9	Dropped out.		
15. Whitlock	15	15	15	Dropped out.		

Time of winner over the course, 1h. 40m. 40s.

Cannuck, the winning boat, was the only one in the race carrying standing sails. Nearly all used deck seats.

No. 13. Upset sailing race was called directly after the trophy. Six starters. Andrews righted his canoe first but had too much water in to compete with Goddard's canoe Blanche, which has the cockpit all fenced in. Blanche won by half a length, Andrews second. Forrest could not right Dimple after the upset owing to the very large sails he carried holding so much water that they outweighed him. Douglas, too, had to be towed ashore.

The Central Division held their business meeting right after supper, Vice-Com. Huntington in the chair. Geo. A. Warder, Springfield, O., (the original Jabber) was elected Vice-Commodore, and James Shiras, Cincinnati, O., Purser. Both these gentlemen are also members of the Western Canoe Association. Mr. Warder suggested that the Central Division hold their meet next July on Ballast island, with the W.C.A. This idea met with great favor, nothing was passed formally however till time is given for a conference. The other officers elected were: Rear-Com. Mr. E. L. French of Buffalo, and Ex.-Com., Member, J. S. Wardwell, Rome, N. Y. The proposed amendment to allow 50 members to form a Division (instead of 100, as now written), was sat down on pretty hard, and the members of the executive committee A.C.A. present were instructed to vote against it if it was proposed at the annual A.C.A. meeting Wednesday evening.

The Northern Division also held a business meeting and elected the following ticket: W. J. White, Vice-Com., Montreal; W. J. Read, Rear-Com., Bobcaygeon; Chas. M. Whitlaw, Purser, Montreal; D. B. Jaques, Ex. Com. Men., Toronto. After several ballots had been cast for the different places suggested for holding the meet—and a hot discussion indulged in—Lake of the Two Mountains, near Montreal, St. Lawrence River, was chosen.

Wednesday, Aug. 20.—The cruising race, No. 14, was set for this morning, but a gale of wind prevented it being called. The special Barney cup race, and the special Northern Division cup race were also postponed. No. 8, championship (trophy) paddling race was called. Torrance, Smillie, Johnson, Putnam, Wright and MacKendrick were eligible for it, from the results of the record races. MacKendrick did not enter. Johnson won, Putnam second, Torrance third.

A protest was made by Mr. Torrance, of Brockville, against Messrs. Johnson and Putnam, on the ground that the canoes used by them in the championship paddling were not in accordance with the rule. The two canoes were mere shells, built of ⅜in. planking and weighing but 35lbs. each. They were decked with stuff little thicker than veneering and equipped with ridiculous substitutes for centerboards and rudders, with mast holes too small to carry a reasonably strong spar. The decision of the regatta committe was as follows:

The regatta committee unanimously declare Messrs. Johnson and Putnam ruled out of Race No. 8, as their canoes do not comply with the conditions regulating such race, their boats not being properly equipped sailing canoes. This ruling also applies to all other races in which these gentlemen took part. D. B. JAQUES.
(Signed) R. W. BAILEY.
E. L. FRENCH.

Thus the honor flag was awarded to Torrance.

A subscription has been started to provide a cup for a paddling trophy, to be a perpetual challenge trophy to be raced for under such conditions as the committee my impose. Messrs. Gibson and Whitlock will receive subscriptions.

Torrance won the hurry-scurry (No. 12), with Douglas second. Toronto and Brockville had a tug-of-war. Brockville won first heat; Toronto won second and third.

At the meeting of the Executive Committee in the evening Mr. Henry Stanton, of New York, was elected Commodore for 1890, and Mr. F. L. Dunnell, of Brooklyn, was elected Secretary-Treasurer. The question of a meeting place for next year, within the Atlantic Division, was informally discussed, and a site on the north shore of Long Island, probably Oyster Bay, was recommended as the most desirable. The idea of a salt-water meet near New York city was received with enthusiasm by the Canadian members, and a large attendance is promised. Dr. Gage called attention to the need of a change in the record system, recommending that canoes must start in all three of the record races in order to win a prize. This suggestion was very favorably received, and will probably be acted upon.

After the meeting a large camp-fire was lighted and kept up until a late hour, the banjoes, guitars and a mandolin furnishing good music.

For the first time the record was made up as early as Wednesday night, thanks to the untiring industry of the clerk of the course, Mr. David A. Poe, of Montreal. The full list is as follows:

RECORD 1889.

Name.	Canoe.	Points.
1. W. G. McKendrick	Mac	27.837
2. J. A. Gage	Owl	24.478
3. R. F. Brazier	Ellida	22.479
4. H. L. Quick	Evangeline	20.242
5. Colin Fraser	Una	16.674
D. S. Goddard	Blanche	15.523
Wm. Whitlock	Cyrus	15.027
Paul Butler	Fly	12.837
M. F. Johnson		10.000
A. Torrance		10.000
H. Wright		10.000
Ford Jones	Cannuck	9.050
J. W. Cartwright	Ilex	9.180
F. T. Walsh	Wasp	8.574
B. W. Wood	Wood	8.268
R. W. Bailey	Notus	7.924
G. C. Dempsey	Drift	7.016
C. B. Vaux	Atom	6.882
F. F. Andrews	Hornet	5 535
G. P. Douglas	Nenemouska	5.844
A. F. Putnam	Mad Cap	5.500
J Smillie		5.500
J. W. Morse	Gwen	5.498
G. C. Forrest	Dimple 3	5.068
T. McCann	Rakely Lass	4 806
D. B. Jaques	Hyla	5.768
Chas. Archibald	Mab	3.422
H. S. Rogers	X X	3 076
E. Mason	Alpha	3.000
C. F. Walters	Sofronia	2.730
G. W. Ruggles	Hero	2.584
Geo. A. Warder	It	2.038
W. S. Lister	Bat	1.692
R. W. Baldwin	Irene	1.346
D. Strickland		1.000
J. MacKendrick		1 000

Thursday brought a change of weather that promised to be permanent, clear skies and a warm sun. The first race called was Event 14, sailing cruising race; the course being shortened from six to three miles. The start was made with sails on deck, and at the end of the first round they were lowered and hoisted again. The four starters were:

		1st Round.	2d Round.
Evangeline	H L Quick, Yonkers	10 29 09	10 52 37
Hyla	D B Jaques, Toronto	10 32 52	10 58 23
Mac	W G MacKendrick, Toronto	10 36 09	11 01 27
Inez 3d	D A Poe, Montreal	10 39 05	Withdrew.

Mac capsized on first round but righted and finished the race. The next race was for the Pecowsic Cup, a large and handsome vase of burnished copper, made by Granberry & Co., of New York, and presented by Mr. Barney in memory of his son, the late George M. Barney. The cup must be sailed for at each annual meet until won twice by the same man. The winner of the A. C. A. trophy not being eligible for this race. The distance was set at six miles, but for this first race was reduced to three. The summary was:

			1st Round.	2d Round.
Cyrus	Wm. Whitlock	Brooklyn	11 53 37	12 13 15
Owl	J. A. Gage	Vesper	11 53 23	12 15 29
Blanche	D. S. Goddard	Vesper	11 55 17	12 15 30
Alpha	E. Masten	Yonkers	11 55 55	12 16 46
Nenemooska	G. P. Douglas	Ianthe	11 56 00	12 17 30
Drift	J. C. Dempsey	Vesper	11 59 48	12 23 26
Uno	Colin Fraser	Ubique	12 01 28	12 24 20
Fly	Paul Butler	Vesper	11 54 11	12 25 21
Mac	W. G. MacKendrick	Ubique	Broke rudder.	
Chum	H. M. MacKendrick	Ubique	Capsized at start.	
XX	H. Rogers	Peterboro	Capsized.	
Evangeline	H. L. Quick	Yonkers	Mast step broke.	
Ellida	R. S. Brazer	Vesper	Steering gear broke	

Cyrus mistook the flags at the starting line and did not cross properly, so the cup goes to Owl. Owl sailed her last leg, a reach, with her well full of water. Nearly every boat which finished capsized during the race, but was righted by her crew and continued.

A special race, paddling, with turn, for a Brough centerboard, presented by the maker, was won by A. Smillie, of Brockville, with A. Torrance, also of Brockville, second, out of four starters. The day's racing finished with canoe gymnastics, Mr. Forrest taking the prize.

The general meeting of the Association was held in the afternoon, the prizes being presented by the ladies from Squaw Point. The result of the election of officers was publicly announced. The evening was given up to a camp-fire, the ladies being present.

Friday was also clear and bright, and though many were preparing to leave, the Northern Division race for the Orillia cup was called with 10 startors, the summary being:

		1st R'nd.	2d R'nd.	3d R'nd.	4th R'nd.
Uno	Colin Fraser	10 08 00	10 27 00	10 45 45	11 15 00
Hyla	D. B. Jacques	10 10 05	10 31 30	10 55 00	11 16 08
Mab	Chas. Archibald	10 11 00	10 33 40	10 56 15	11 16 45
Mac	W.G. MacKendrick	10 12 15	10 34 40	10 58 00	11 19 30
Levite	W. Lee	10 10 00	10 32 15	10 56 00	11 19 40
Inez 3	D. A. Poe	10 15 00	10 42 15	11 08 00	11 35 00
Grebe	A. H. Mason	10 13 15	10 39 40	Withdrew.	
Petrel	G. E. Sparrow	10 14 00	10 38 10	Withdrew.	
Dixie	H. B. Tillie	10 17 00	Withdrew.		
Isabel	Robt. Tyson	10 17 30	Withdrew.		

Chum was entered, but again capsized at start. Mac's deck seat broke and dropped the crew into the drink, but did not capsize, so he climbed aboard and continued. Uno capsized on third round, but righted, and won. She is better known as Dawn, an old racer.

The prize for the best canoe cooking kit was awarded to James Cartwright, of the Puritan C. C., the other contestants being Messrs. Scott, Quick, Poe, Wilkin, Rice and Judge Dartnell.

A large number left camp at noon, and in the evening only about fifty were left in the main and ladies' camp, most of these leaving on Saturday. The weather, cooler than usual and with a great deal of rain, was very different from that of the three years at Grindstone, but the meet was a success in spite of such a serious drawback.

ENTRIES RECORDED FOR SAILING RACES.

No. on Sail.	Name.	A.C.A.No.	Canoe.	Club.
1	W. G. MacKendrick	995	Mac	Toronto.
2	H. G. MacKendrick	957	Chum	Toronto.
3	Colin Fraser	234	Una	Toronto.
4	Will H. Fraser	740	Beaver	Toronto.
5	W. F. Lees	1501	Lerites	Ubique.
6	Ford Jones	869	Cannuck	Brockville.
7	D. B. Jaques	990	Hyla	Toronto.
8	J. Wilcox Morse	1536	Gwen	Ogdensburgh.
9	D. A. Poe	1345	Inez	Montreal.
10	W. J. Read	1454	Effa	Bobcaygeon.
11	W. A. Smith	1306	Erie	
12	H. J. Tulley	1561	Dixie	
13	M. J. Collins	1364	Little Bob	Bobcaygeon.
14	T. McCamus	1394	Rakeby Lass	Bobcaygeon.
15	Geo. Sparrow	1401	Petrel	Toronto.
16	J. Wilson	—	Iola	
17	Robt. Baldwin	86	Irene	Ottawa.
18	Robt. Tyson	66	Isabel	Toronto.
19	A. Macgachan	991	Kate	Lindsay.
20	A. H. Mason	903	Cube	Toronto.
21	Geo. P. Douglas	1239	Nenemooska	Ianthe.
22	Reade W. Bailey	1236	Notus	Pittsburgh.
23	Everett Ruggles	1291	Alpha	Yonkers.
24	H. L. Quick	1217	Evangeline	Yonkers.
25	W. E. Pentz	1046	Molly	Knickerbocker.
26	B. W. Wood	(W.C.A.)	Wood	Tippy.
27	J. W. Cartwright	1484	Ilex	Puritan.
28	Paul Butler	754	Fly	Vesper.
29	J. A. Gage	1303	Owl	Vesper.
30	D. S. Goddard	1093	Blanche	Vesper.
31	R. F. Brazer	1302	Ellida	Vesper.
32	Chas. Archibald	—	Mab	
33	C. Bowyer Vaux	93	Atom	New York.
34	A. S. Putnam	1033	Mad Cap	Worcester.
35	Wm. Whitlock	35	Cyrus	Brooklyn.
36	G. Whitlock	1291	Hero	Rochester.
37	A. R. Pope	1396	Ixion	Ogdensburgh.
38	G. C. Forrest	1065	Dimple	Hartford.
39	Geo. C. Dempsy	1321	Drift	Vesper.
40	F. F. Walsh	1523	Wasp	Vesper.
41	Geo. A. Warder	1141	It	Jabberwock.
42	H. S. Rogers	539	XX	Peterboro.
43	H. M. Stewart	458	Marie	
44	C. F. Walters	798	Sofronia	Rochester.
45	W. S. Lister	1071	Bat	Lakefield.
46	F. F. Andrews	271	Hornet	Rochester.

BAYONNE, N. J., Aug. 19.—We intend holding our regular regatta on Sept. 7, in front of our boat house at Bayonne, and have added a tandem canoe race, open to all, over a one-mile course straightaway. Gold medals will be given to winning boat. Entries close one week before regatta.—REGATTA COM. B. R. & A. A., per C. H. Cook, Sec'y.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Atlantic Division: Arthur LaMotte, Delaware; F. L. Metcalf, New York.

Yachting.

"West India Hurricanes and the Great March Blizzard." By Everett Hayden, U. S. Hydrographic Office. Large quarto, with 23 lithographic plates. Price $1. Contains full history of the great storm of March, 1888, with practical information how to handle a vessel in a cyclone; use of oil at sea, etc.

FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

29. Cedar Point.
31. Beverly, Marbleh'd, 1st Open
31. Sippican, Club, Marion.
31. Hull, Chan. Sail-Off.
31. Quincy, 3d. Cham.
29. L. Y. R. A., Oswego.

SEPTEMBER.

2. Lynn, Open, Lynn.
2. Beverly, Mon. Beach, 2d Open
2. Corinthian, Marblehead.
2. New York Y. R. A., Open.
2. Dorchester, Open, Club.
2. So. Boston, Mosq., Open, City Point.
4. Buffalo, 3d Class, Buffalo.
4. New Haven, Ladies' Day.
7. Hull, 9th Open.
7. Beverly, Marblehead, 3d Cup
7. Larchmont, Fall Annual.
7. Hamilton, Cruise.
7. Miramichi, Miller and Call Cups.
7. R. Can., Prince of Wales and Lansdowne Cups, Toronto.
11. Windward, Ruffle Bar.
12. Beverly, Mon. Beach, 3d Buz. Bay.
14. Monatiquot, Open, Ft. Point
14. R. Can., 25ft. Class, Toronto.
14. Corinthian, Marblehead.
14. Lynn, Club, Lynn.
14. American, Open to all boats on Merrimac River.
21. Chelsea, Club.
31. West Lynn, 2d Cham., Lynn.
31. So. Boston, Mass., Cham. Sail off, City Point.
31. R. Can., 20ft. Class, Toronto.
14. Hamilton, 20ft. Class.
14. Chelsea, Club.
14. West Lynn, Sail-off, Lynn.
14. Marine and Field Club, Regatta.
16. Dorchester, Open, Club.
16. Quaker City, Open.
17. Morgan Cups, Newport.
18. Windward, Ruffle Bar.
18. Morgan Cups, Newport, 40ft. Class.
19. Rogers Cups, Newport, 30ft. Class.
21. Hamilton, 25ft. Class.
21. Beverly, Marbleh'd, Sail Off.
21. R. Can., Cruising, Toronto.
25. Windward, Ruffle Bar.
26. Cedar Point.
28. Lynn, Club, Lynn.
28. Buffalo, Club, Buffalo.
28. West Lynn, Sweeps, Lynn.
28. Larchmont, Special, 40ft.
28. Detroit.
30. Quaker City, Review and Cruise.

THE PLAINT OF THE SINGLEHANDER.

AH, woe is me, and, ah, woe is me,
And sad is my dreadful lot;
For, like the tar of the Nancy brig,
I'm crew of a young man's yacht.

At daylight's dawn I the whole crew am,
And I holystone the deck;
I scrub, and scrub, and rub, and rub.
Till of dirt there's ne'er a speck.

Then I put on an apron and cap,
And, lo and behold, I'm a cook;
Though what I don't know about such things
Would fill an enormous book.

And after that the first mate I am,
And report to my cap'n bold,
Arrayed in my togs of navy blue,
With buttons of shining gold.

I've got "Defiance" writ on my cap,
For that's the name of the yacht;
But I nurse defiance in my soul,
For such is my dreadful lot.

The jolly crew of the cap'tain's gig
Is next in my line of parts,
And I rows the captain safe ashore,
Then back to the ship I darts.

And so it goes from morn till night,
Till my brain is all at sea;
And I sometimes has to stop and think
To find out just who I be.

—*George D. Sutton, in Puck.*

THE CORINTHIAN RACES.

MARBLEHEAD, Aug. 24.—The first races of the midsummer series of the Corinthian Y. C. were sailed in light and fluky winds and calms. Rain fell all the morning. The start was postponed until noon, when it cleared up a trifle, and a light wind came in from the northeast. When the yachts were half way over the course the wind died away entirely and for a time the yachts floated about in a dead calm. Only the 40 and 27ft. classes finished, and Minerva had only twenty-three seconds to spare before the time limit was up.

The races included those for the Weld cup for 40-footers, best three in five, Chiquita having already won a leg. A race for 30-footers for a cup valued at $125, given by a club member, and in addition a cup of the value of $100, offered by Saracen's crew for the 30ft. yacht making the best average in the three races for it, Saracen barred, was also sailed. The Corinthian Y. C. also offered a cup of the value of $100 for the yachts, sloops and cutters of the Corinthian club of 21 and not over 27ft. The course for the 30 and 40-footers was from a line between the judges' boat and Marblehead Rock; thence to a mark boat, eight miles southeast, three-quarters south, leaving it on the starboard; thence to Graves Whistling Buoy, leaving it on the starboard; thence to the starting point; distance 24 nautical miles. The smaller class rounded the first mark and return, distance 16 miles.

The yachts were timed around the mark as follows:

Minerva	2 01 00	Chiquita	2 04 00
Tomahawk	2 01 30	Alice	2 12 00

After turning the mark light sails were set and a long drifting match took place to the Graves. On rounding the second mark the wind increased to a good sailing breeze and the yachts made fair time home. They were led by the Minerva. The little cutter increased the distance between herself and the rest of the fleet, and finished some seven minutes in advance of her nearest rival.

Just after the start of the forties, the 30ft. class was sent away. Saracen obtained the advantage and was followed by Shark, Kathleen, Harbinger, Union and Crystal in the order named. Soon after the start Kathleen pushed to the front and obtained a good leading position. Had the wind held she would have finished first without doubt. Shark was second at the time, with Saracen just behind. As they could not finish before the time limit, the race in that class was declared off.

The whistle for the start of the 27ft. class was blown at 12:40:30. The yachts crossed the line as follows:

Wanda	12 41 00	Mopsa	12 42 00
Agnes	12 41 30	Posy	12 42 15
Siva	12 41 45	Ione	12 42 30
Swordfish	12 41 45		

In this class Swordfish was the first yacht to turn the outer mark, and she was followed by Ione 6m. later. Mopsa was just behind, and the others were well to the rear. The yachts held a good wind home, and Swordfish on the run increased her lead and crossed the line many minutes ahead of the class. Following is the summary:

FORTY-FOOT CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Minerva, C. H. Tweed	46.04	6 00 37	5 57 28
Tomahawk, E. D. Morgan	48.68	6 07 04	6 07 04
Chiquita, A. Hemenway	46.88	6 12 41	6 10 11
Alice, P. D. Wheatland	46.35	6 18 50	6 15 41

TWENTY-SEVEN-FOOT CLASS.

Swordfish, J. B. Paine	31.06	4 16 04	4 06 46
Posy, R. G. Hunt	28.07	4 38 37	4 25 19
Ione, J. B. Poyen	36.08	4 35 08	4 31 51
Agnes, W. E. Cummings	31.02	4 42 33	4 32 49
Mopsa, C. F. Lyman		4 39 03	Not meas.
Siva and Wanda		Times not taken.	

Aug. 26.—The wind was blowing fully twenty miles an hour at the time of the start, and the judges decided to send the boats to windward, making the course ten miles to windward and return. The Xara, under the management of Capt. Tom Sloan, late of the Gorilla and Liris, was first to cross the line, followed by the Tomahawk, Minerva, Pappoose, Chiquita, Gorilla and Alice. The Minerva had only just got under way when she lost her bowsprit, and a few minutes later the Tomahawk lost her throat halliards and tore away her main sheet block, withdrawing from the race. The Xara, which carried all her lower sails and working topsail, made rapid work of it at first. She tacked to starboard at 11:19 and was obliged to keep off, when the Chiquita, her nearest competitor, passed her to windward.

At 11:15 the 30-footers were sent away, the Cape Cod cat-boat Harbinger taking the lead, followed closely by the Kathleen, Mignon, Saracen and Shark. Just after passing Half-Way Rock the Kathleen went by the Harbinger, and soon after the Saracen took second place. Then the Shark passed the Cape Cod boats, and the Harbinger and Mignon were left to fight it out.

At 11:20 the 27-foot class got away, with the Posy leading, the Ione and Agnes a little way behind, and the Swordfish, Moondyne, Wanda, Echo and Madge following. The Ione took the lead and did some fine windward work, outpointing the fleet. At 11:21 the Chiquita tacked to starboard, followed by the Pappoose a minute later. The Gorilla followed suit, going just to leeward of the Kathleen, which was then leading the 30-footers. At 12 o'clock the Chiquita had the lead, with the Gorilla, Xara, Pappoose and Alice following. They turned the outer mark as follows:

Chiquita	1 21 12	Xara	1 25 08
Gorilla	1 23 29	Pappoose	1 31 12

In the meantime the 30-footers were nearing the mark, with the Kathleen ahead a half mile, and they turned as follows:

Kathleen	1 36 39	Harbinger	1 47 00
Saracen	1 41 10	Mignon	1 51 48
Shark	1 44 03		

After rounding the mark both classes set their spinakers and stood for the finish. The Alice tried to send her topmast aloft, it having been housed, but it had swelled so that it would not move, and she was obliged to give up the attempt. On the run home the Chiquita held the lead, and finished at 2:12:39. The Gorilla gained on the Xara and Pappoose, and passed them, finishing at 2:14:28, the Xara coming in next at 2:17:45, and the Pappoose at 2:24:16. Alice did not finish.

Of the 30-footers the Saracen cut down the lead of the Kathleen, and the Snark made a gain of one minute. The Kathleen finished at 2:57:08, and the Saracen at 2:59:30.

The Ione was the first to finish of the 27-footers, with plenty of time to spare, the Swordfish finishing 7½ minutes later.

The race was intensely interesting throughout, the wind holding good. The Posy lost a man overboard, and, after rescuing him, put into Gloucester. Following is the summary:

FORTY-FOOTERS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Chiquita	3 22 39	3 20 34
Gorilla	3 24 38	3 24 08
Xara	3 27 45	3 25 08
Pappoose	3 34 16	3 27 38

THIRTY-FOOTERS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Kathleen	3 42 45	3 42 21
Saracen	3 44 03	3 42 27
Shark	3 49 56	3 47 50
Mignon	3 58 09	3 51 27
Harbinger	3 54 22	3 48 46

TWENTY-SEVEN-FOOTERS.

Ione	2 42 07	2 36 24
Swordfish	2 50 33	2 43 54
Wanda	3 01 37	2 42 41
Moondyne	2 53 22	2 43 51

Posy, Echo, Madge and Agnes did not finish.

Aug. 26.—The 30 and 40-footers sailed over the triangular course formed by Marblehead Rock, Graves Whistling Buoy and the markboat; distance twenty-four nautical miles. The 27ft. class sailed sixteen miles out to the first mark and return.

The wind at the start was strong from the northeast, but shifted to the eastward as the day advanced. It was a day of accidents, and before the first mark had been reached half the fleet was disabled. It was not the wind, but the bad sea that caused the mishaps. About twenty minutes after the start a big wave struck the fleet, and away went the Gorilla's topmast, snapping off about four feet above the masthead and disabling the yacht.

Five miles from the start the Xara was holding a leading position, Pappoose being second and Chiquita third. Heavy seas were met and three more boats were disabled. The spreader of Xara broke and left no support for her topmast. She lowered her clubtopsail and bravely continued the race, but having no show for a position withdrew after rounding the first stakeboat.

The Minerva was the next to meet with an accident. Her port rigging was carried away, but the quick work of her trained crew saved her topmast. This set the Minerva back to last place. Just then the spreader on the Alice broke, and, although she kept on in the race, she was badly handicapped.

During these exciting scenes the Pappoose had gone to the fore and the boats rounded the first mark as follows:

Pappoose	12 10 38	Xara	12 12 20
Chiquita	12 11 19	Tomahawk	12 12 25
Minerva	12 12 09	Alice	12 18 36

In the run to the Graves the wind shifted to the eastward and balloon jibs were set. The boats with larger sails drew up on the Pappoose, and the Minerva passed her about a mile from the first stakeboat. The time at the second mark was:

Minerva	1 30 57	Tomahawk	1 32 22
Pappoose	1 31 17	Alice	1 38 09
Chiquita	1 31 25		

The last leg was a beat home, and the Minerva again showed her superiority over the American boats, and finished an easy winner. The Pappoose slipped into second place by corrected time.

The 30-footers crossed the line in this order: Saracen, Harbinger, Kathleen, Shark and Mignon. Saracen led the fleet over the course. The bad luck of the day struck Shark, and her mast broke 10ft. above the deck. She saved her sails, and lashing her clubtopsail to the stump of the mast, put back to the harbor. After turning the stake the Mignon and the Kathleen drew up toward the irons and passed the Harbinger. On the windward work the New York boat, the Kathleen, immediately began to show her power and took the lead of her class, but she did not get out of her time allowance, and, although she finished first, she was beaten on corrected time by the Saracen and the Mignon.

The small boats of the 27ft. class had a hard time in the choppy sea, but were generally well handled. Ione and Siva were disabled and withdrew. The summary is as follows:

FORTY-FOOT CLASS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Minerva, C. H. Tweed	3 57 11	3 53 15
Pappoose, Bayard Thayer	4 07 29	3 57 29
Tomahawk, E. D. Morgan	4 01 53	4 01 53
Chiquita, A. Hemenway	4 05 12	4 02 04
Alice, C. A. Prince	4 11 52	4 07 56
Xara, James Means	Disabled.	
Gorilla, R. P. Carroll	Disabled.	

THIRTY-FOOT CLASS.

Saracen, W. P. Fowle	4 23 07	4 20 36
Mignon, B. Robson	4 30 20	4 22 28
Kathleen, W. Wurlock	4 32 18	4 22 40
Harbinger, J. R. Hooper	4 33 28	4 23 21
Shark, Morton Prince	Disabled.	

TWENTY-SEVEN FOOT CLASS.

Swordfish, J. B. Paine	3 16 21	3 07 03
Mopsa	3 14 14	3 07 58
Moondyne, Shaw Brothers	3 55 37	3 23 16
Ione, J. S. Perrin	Disabled.	
Siva	Disabled.	

The result of to-day's race makes a tie between Minerva and Chiquita for the Weld Cup. Swordfish wins the Corinthian cup in the 27ft. class. Saracen and Kathleen are tied in the 30ft. class, unless the protest of yesterday is decided in favor of Saracen, in which case Saracen will get the cup.

BEVERLY Y. C.

THE 151st race, third open sweeps, was sailed at Monument Beach, Aug. 24, in a light northeaster.

The day opened with a dead calm, which prevented Climax in first class and Hera (late Creole) in third class from arriving in time to start.

The boats got off in a light northeasterly air, which increased till there was a decent breeze at the finish.

Sirius, in first class, had an easy time in beating Mattie with her short rig. The second class brought out champion Mist, her old competitor Wildcat, Faust from Fall River, Gymnote, Thyra and Widgeon, a new boat just completed by Dunn for Mr. Williams. The latter's sail, just received from the sailmaker, had a tight cloth in it, was baggy, and did not do her justice.

On the run down the boats bunched up. Coming home it was close work among the leaders. Widgeon did very well, while Wildcat beat them all, and Mist was unable to hold either of the leaders. Gymnote broke tacks and lost by it.

In the third class, Daisy, with her big rig, fairly beat Eina, gaining steadily all over the course, though in the last three miles, when it breezed up a little, she only gained 11s.

Result of races so far shows that in a breeze Eina is easily first in her class, but in a light air Daisy, with her large rig, can beat her right along. Summary as follows:

Courses: First and second classes, leaving B Buoy 3, Scraggy Neck Buoy and Bird Island Buoy on starboard and return; 11 miles. Third and fourth classes, leaving B Buoy 3, Abial's Ledge Buoy, judge's boat and B Buoy 3 on starboard and return; 8 miles. Wind N.E., light.

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected
Sirius, M. N. Bray, B.Y.C.	26 06	2 38 13	2 26 56
Mattie, H. Stockton, B.Y.C.	26.07	2 47 48	2 36 31
Climax, F. C. Stetson, Mattapoisett	30.04	Did not start.	

SECOND CLASS.

Wildcat, S. P. Hill, B.Y.C.	25.00	2 33 02	2 19 57
Widgeon, Moses Williams, Jr., B.Y.C.	25.08	2 34 37	2 22 19
Mist, Geo. H. Lyman, Jr., B.Y.C	25.06	2 36 08	2 23 38
Thyra, Paul Bartholow, B.Y.C.	26.01	2 36 55	2 25 05
Faust, E. S. Wright, Fall River	25.05	2 37 11	2 24 35
Gymnote, W. E. C. Eustis, B.Y.C.	25.11	2 44 50	2 32 49

THIRD CLASS.

Daisy, Howard Stockton, B.Y.C.	21.00	2 25 51	2 12 24
Eina, John Parkinson, B.Y.C.	22.00	2 27 39	2 15 16
Petrel, Vice-Com. Richards, B.Y.C.	20.07	2 39 25	2 25 30
Hera, Louis Bacon, B.Y.C.	21.10	Did not start.	

FOURTH CLASS.

Kitten, G. H. Richards et al. B.Y.C.	18.01	2 45 47	2 28 46
Dyonis, Eugene Johnson, Mon. Beach		Not timed.	

Winners: First class, Sirius; second class, Wildcat first, Widgeon second, Mist third; third class, Daisy; fourth class, Kitten. Judge, W. Lloyd Jeffries.

In the account I sent you of the Beverly Y. C. 150th race an error of timing appears. Mosca's time was 1m. slower than I wrote; hence Kathleen takes prize in third class sloops.

BLUE WITH A GOLD CASTLE.

PRESIDENT ELIOT'S GIFT TO HIS PILOT.—President Eliot, of Harvard, was one of the pioneer tourists to the Maine coast, and spent many seasons cruising around Frenchman's Bay in his yacht before Bar Harbor obtained its world-wild celebrity. One year he had a skipper from Waukeag Point, now known as Sorrento, to sail his yacht. In the fall the professor gave him as a token of gratitude a forfeyears a Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, which, as the man could neither read nor write, was as useful to him as a side pocket would be to a toad. The skipper received it with all due gratitude, and left it for safe keeping with the village doctor. Several years passed by, when one day the skipper's wife came to the doctor and said, "I guess I'll carry that ere book home now, for Sammy's ben goin' to school all winter, and he knows enough to read the stories in it now!"—*Mount Desert Herald.*

MARINE AND FIELD CLUB.—The first annual yacht race of the Marine and Field Club was sailed Saturday afternoon off the club house in Gravesend Bay. There were twelve entries, confined to second and third class sloops and one class of catboats, the first class of sloops not having been filled. The course for sloops was from the club house around the bell buoy at the junction of the swash and ship channel, keeping to the eastward of buoys 11 and 13, then to and around buoy 15 and back to stakeboat, in all about thirteen miles. The catboats only went around buoys 11 and 13, about nine miles. The starting gun sounded at 2:06, and the boats went off with the wind at south southeast. It was accordingly a beat out, then a run before the wind over the second leg of the triangular course and a reach over the third leg. The Athlon was somewhat handicapped by having to sail short-handed, while the winner in the class the Penguin, had a decided advantage over the others in being sailed by Capt. Joe Ellsworth. Of all the boats entered the Pengum was the only one sailed by a racing expert, the others being handled entirely by their owners or amateur friends. In the catboat class the Diodon (a cabin cat with fixed ballast) had almost a walkover, there being some confusion apparently in the minds of the skippers of the other two boats as to the location of the stakeboat and buoy 11, both having fouled at the stakeboat, but to right themselves they both started over again, and laid their course for Coney Island Point to escape the first of the flood, while the winner trusted to and found the ebb tide strong in the channel. The race was a decided success, and the prizes handsome, while the hospitality of the club was unbounded. It is to be hoped that their next, or second, annual regatta will be still more of a success, as their efforts are certainly in the right direction:

SECOND CLASS SLOOPS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Penguin	2 07 00	4 00 58	1 53 58	1 49 01
Athlon	2 11 31	4 01 42	1 50 11	1 50 11
Annie	2 07 07	4 17 08	2 10 01	2 06 51
Amelia	2 07 54	4 30 41	2 22 47	2 15 21

THIRD CLASS SLOOPS.

Polly	2 11 10	4 19 31	2 08 21	2 08 21
Guide	2 12 37	4 37 42	2 25 05	2 23 05
Pastime	2 07 30	4 40 52	2 32 22	2 28 44
Tourist	2 11 40	4 53 55	2 42 15	2 38 16

CATBOATS.

Diodon	2 09 27	3 52 00	1 22 39	1 22 15
Zilpha	2 07 45	3 41 00	1 35 15	1 33 15
Manhattan	2 10 40	Did not finish.		

The judges were ex-Commodore Rosenquest, D. E. Tuthill and Charles A. Teshon. J. B. White, E. C. Homans, F. B. Fiske and W. S. Elliott constituted the regatta committee.—H. C. WARD.

WINDWARD Y. C.—Jamaica Bay presented a lively scene on the 25th inst., when the last race of the fall series of the Windward Club was sailed. Two previous races had occurred on the 11th and 18th inst. The prizes were fine silver watches—two for first and second in first class and two for the second class. In the first class W. H. O'Donohue's Clara D. won first, and R. and A. McEvoy's Lizzie R. took second. In the second class H. T. Rigby's Sardine and L. A. McMillan's Martha were a tie, as each had won one race. It was to decide this tie, and also to determine the winner of the consolation cup, that the last race was sailed. The cup is an elegant silver and gold one, appropriately decorated, and was, by far, the most desirable trophy. The club course is from Ruffle Bar dock to the red can buoy at Rockaway inlet, thence back, turning a stake boat at the Black Wall and finishing at the dock—about twelve miles in all. The Sardine and Martha were started first and had a fairly tight race of it all the way; the Sardine finally winning by one minute and forty seconds. About twenty minutes after their start the gun was fired, and all boats which failed to win in the previous races were off for the consolation cup. There were nine of them, and a pretty sight they made, heeled over to a south-easterly wind, with sandbags and crews perched high up to windward. It was a beam wind to the Ledge of Ohaney Bar, and from that to the buoy sheets were lifted a trifle. It was nip and tuck between the Lady Glenmore and the Julita all the way down, and they turned the buoy almost together. As they hauled on the wind the supremacy of Julita at windward work was very apparent as she both out-pointed and out-footed the Glenmore, and in less than five minutes was a boat length ahead. This lead she steadily increased, as it was a close haul back to the stake boat. Turning the stake the Bertha B. followed the Julita, with the Glenmore third. It seemed like a very close race on account of the time allowance given by the Julita to both these boats, but as she started some seconds after them she was by thirty-two seconds. All the boats are cat-rigged; the Julita being 21 feet 4 inches in length and owned by Jos. Hatch, of Brooklyn. She is a Wallin boat, and in her ability to point and work to windward shows the handiwork of her builder. The official time is given below:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sardine, H. T. Rigby	1 13 50	1 13 50
Martha, L. A. McMillan	1 17 39	1 15 30

CONSOLATION RACE.

Julita, Jos. Hatch	1 15 12	1 15 12
Lady Glenmore, R. and A. McEvoy	1 16 34	1 15 44
Bertha B., D. C. Bowker	1 16 56	1 16 16
Aurora, A. Weisching	1 20 05	1 18 10
So So, D. Brinsley	1 19 08	1 18 18
Siren, Dr. W. H. DeLong	1 20 07	1 19 57
Bert, J. O'Neil	1 27 47	1 22 17
Louise, Jas. Spencer	Not taken.	
Florence, Windward Club	Not taken.	

MIRAMICHI Y. C., AUG. 22.—The absence of Fisherman from Thursday's race deprived it of interest, as Kilbride was known to be a sure winner in the moderate southwest wind that prevailed. She started with a reef in her mainsail but soon shook it out and gained steadily to the turn. Kitteh made a good fight and gained half a minute on the run home. Blondy, with a jib considerably too small for her, her own having been stolen by a sneak thief, followed the others pretty closely, considering the difference in size. Fedora was nowhere in the light wind, being dead between the puffs, and was further in the rear than usual. When Kilbride was leaving the wharf after the race was over, she came in collision with her owner's steamer, Derby, and broke her mainboom. The next race for the Miller cup will be sailed Thursday, Sept. 12, when it is expected Fisherman will be on hand to compete for the cup. She has scored one for it, Kitteh one, and Kilpride two. The starters and timekeepers were Messrs. John Sadler and L. J. Tweedie. The following is the record:

	Elapsed.	Corrected
Kilbride	2 11 20	2 11 20
Kitteh	2 17 40	2 16 48
Blondy	2 26 10	2 21 21
Fedora	2 59 15	2 35 42
Shamrock	Did not finish.	

The distance was ten miles and the wind light and puffy. The race was started from Chatham while the tide was still ebbing, and it was flood tide at the finish, the boats having some tide against them most of the time. The time of the leader was therefore remarkably fast, ten miles to windward and back in 2h. 11m. 20s.

A DISASTROUS CRUISE.—Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Aug. 22.—The pleasure cruise of the yacht Celt came to a sudden end 15 miles south of Siskowit Harbor, Isle Royal, and the pleasure-seekers arrived here last night on the steam barge Samuel Mather. The yacht sprang a leak, and sank 15 minutes afterward, giving those on board scarcely time to take their yawl boat. Then began a long pull over Lake Superior for the Sault passage, as the vicinity where the shipwreck occurred is not frequented by vessels. After being on the lake several days they were picked up off Outer Island by the Mather. The occupants of the yacht were P. M. Benser and wife, and N. G. Rodman. They were bound for Ashland on a trip down the lakes.

LARCHMONT.—The fall regatta of the Larchmont Y. C. will be sailed on Saturday, Sept. 7. Members of the New York, Seawanhaka Corinthian, Atlantic, New York Corinthian, American, Oyster Bay Corinthian, New Haven, New Rochelle, Corinthian of Marblehead, Mass., and New Bedford yacht clubs are invited to enter their yachts. For full particulars and entry blanks address E. J. Greacen, Potter Building, Park Row; Otto Sarony, Larchmont, or Chester C. Monroe, 47 William street. The club will give a special race for 40-footers Sept. 28.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug 26.—A race between the tuckups Harry Seigel and the Andrew Rivel, for a purse of $100, took place Aug. 26 on the Delaware. The course was from Riverview to the buoy off Bilingport and return. The start was made at 11:22, lower buoy 12:45, finish 1:57. The Rivel capsized off the Point House. This ruled her out. The crew righted her, bailed her out, and finished three minutes ahead of Seigel.—L. B.

BEECHAM'S PILLS cure bilious and nervous ills.—*Adv.*

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

J. O. C.—For game seasons see our last issue.

J. G. S.—Maynard Arms Co., Chicopee Falls, Mass.

F. E. N.—You were right if you did not mean to play it.

X. Y. Z., who wrote for information about telescope sights, will please send his address.

W. J. M., Belmont, Mass.—The addresses of bench show secretaries are given in our kennel fixtures.

S. V. W., Hackensack, N. J.—We gave all the game seasons for New Jersey in last issue. For complete text of law apply to Chas. A. Shriner, Sec'y Passaic County Fish and Game Protective Association, Paterson, N. J.

A. C. H., Hoboken, N. J.—Will you inform me through your paper whether or no the American rifle team were ever beaten? If so, when, where, and by whom? Ans. Yes; the military team of the N. R. A. was defeated at Wimbledon and at Creedmoor.

E. W. CAMPBELL, West Pittston.—1. To organize a gun club go first among your friends, and follow lines laid down in club constitution we send you. 2. There are no discriminations in privileges of shooting game, with respect to citizens and foreigners, in this country.

H., Southwest, Pa.—Is it legal to use live pigeons for trap-shooting in Pennsylvania? Can you give me any plan for capturing English sparrows alive for trap-shooting? Ans. 1. No. 2. Send to Dr. C. Hart Merriam, Ornithologist, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., for the English Sparrow Bulletin.

C. B. S.—What is the composition of the artificial targets used in trap-shooting, and how are they made? Is either the composition or process by which they are manufactured patented? If so, can you give me dates of patents? Ans. They are made of clay, plaster, pitch and other substances. Targets and traps are patented; we have not the numbers of patents, but the manufacturers would send them to you.

G. F. S., Haverhill, Mass.—The Boston *Journal* reports: "The largest brook trout ever caught on this continent was landed recently at Spring Creek, N. Y. The fish weighs six pounds and two ounces, and its proportions are perfect. This is one of the species of brown trout, the spawn of which was imported from Germany and received at the New York State Hatchery on Feb. 18, 1884, so that its age cannot be more than between five and six years. The largest ever caught previously weighed a trifle over five pounds." I made statement that a much larger specimen of genuine brook trout was preserved in Smithsonian Institute, and was laughed at. Was I wrong? Ans. The Spring Creek fish was a brown trout. The record on speckled brook trout runs up to 11lbs. You were right in your statement respecting weight.

CALIFORNIAN, Los Angeles, Cal.—Can you tell me what a jew fish is? They frequent the waters about the islands off the coast of southern California, also I believe the waters of Florida. I witnessed the catching of several in the last week off Catalina Island, Los Angeles county, Cal. The largest weighed 300lbs. It was caught with live bait, rock bass. The fish is very game and the largest one took the boat for quite a little tow before it got exhausted enough for the fishers to pass a rope through its gills and tow it to shore. The fish is shaped very much like a perch of immense size. There are lots of them round the island and they afford good sport. Ans. The jew fish of the California coast is catalogued as the *Stereolepis gigas;* it is sometimes called the black sea bass, is the largest food fish on the coast, sometimes reaching 500lbs., and ranges from the Farralones to below San Diego. The jew fish of the Florida coast, also named "Warsaw" and "black grouper," is known to science as the *Promicrops guasa;* we have seen a specimen in Florida weighing 300lbs., and it reaches a weight in Cuba of 600lbs. It is perhaps the adult of the black grouper or some closely allied specimen. The name jew fish is in Florida also applied to the black grouper (*Epinelphus nigritus*). The tarpum is sometimes called jew fish.

F. E. A., Waterbury, Vt.—We have a good-sized river here, which was well stocked with bass about five years ago, and we are taking a good many now, but never hear of any very large ones being taken or at least very rarely. They grow larger, as several large ones have been seen at one time or another. The general belief among our local anglers is that they run down the river and over the falls in the spring. The falls are four miles below here, and are impassable to any fish coming up stream, and I believe no bass would go down. The river rushes through a narrow gorge, over huge rocks, etc., and in one or two places has a perpendicular fall of, say, 10 to 15ft. The whole volume of the river runs through a narrow split in the solid rock, and for quite a distance above and below the perpendicular fall the water runs at a steep angle. The water is churned into foam all the way through, and it seems impossible that any fish could go through alive. The river falls quite a distance in a few rods—certainly no fish could live there, or go up stream—but some think the bass run down during high water. They have a free run of about 10 miles of river—a dam above here keeping them below it. Do you think it at all probable that large bass would shoot falls such as I have described? Ans. Bass could descend these falls safely, but it is extremely doubtful whether they could ascend them.

New Publications.

BOURGOYNE'S INVASION OF 1777, with an outline sketch of the American invasion of Canada, 1775-76. By Samuel Adams Drake. Boston, Lee & Shepard. 50 cents. This is one of the series of "Decisive Events in American History" and the turning point in the great drama of American Independence. No novel issued from the press during the current year can rival it in intensity of romantic interest.

AN ALIEN FROM THE COMMONWEALTH, The Romance of an Odd Young Man. By Robert Timsol. Boston. Cupples & Hurd. $1.50. This is a fancy biographical sketch of a young Virginian of broken fortunes during his college and early professional and literary career in Northern and Western States. The apparent object of the author is to show that while fastidious sentiments of honor are all very well to the possessor of a million, they are fatally in the way of a young man engaged in the battle of life. The author has, nevertheless, a high appreciation of such impracticable sentiments out of business hours, and after showing that his hero is unfitted for the duties of active life in a narrow sphere he endows him with an inheritance of a million by way of giving him a suitable environment.

In "Sam Lovel's Camps" Mr. Robinson has written a series of very interesting, clever and even valuable sketches which take the reader back to the great period before the beginning of the railroad era, and into a village life which can no longer be studied, because it has ceased to exist in the region here exploited. Nor are there any of the queer people introduced whom we should not be sorry to have missed knowing, for there is a freshness, a quaintness encountered in even the brightest of what are called dialect stories. In the last chapter of "Sam Lovel's Camps" there is an indication of a half formed purpose to bring old Uncle Lisha back from the uncongenial West, and we hope Mr. Robinson will carry out the idea, and thus obtain the justification for a third instalment of his remarkably bright and interesting papers.—*New York Tribune.*

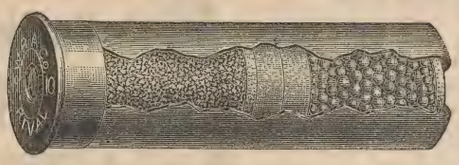
THE LEADING JOURNAL.—Mr. Jas L. Davison, the well known naturalist of this city, has furnished FOREST AND STREAM with a complete list of the birds seen here, the time of their arrival, departure, and other interesting facts about them, as the result of his observations, and it will shortly be published in that popular journal. While we are about it, we may as well report as the result of our observations, that of all the journals of field sports, fishing, natural history, etc., that come to Lockport, FOREST AND STREAM is the most popular and widely read.—*Lockport (N. Y.) Express.*

Boy (to his friend who has fallen down the hole)—Say Tommy, if you should never come out of dere erlive, can I have your bull purp?—*Life.*

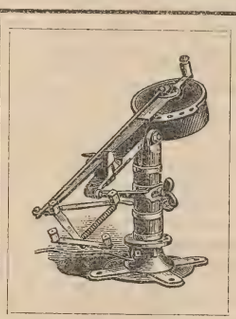
HUMPHREYS'
VETERINARY SPECIFICS
For Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs, AND POULTRY.
500 Page Book on Treatment of Animals and Chart Sent Free.
CURES { A.A.—Fevers, Congestions, Inflammation,
A.A.—Spinal Meningitis, Milk Fever.
B.B.—Strains, Lameness, Rheumatism.
C.C.—Distemper, Nasal Discharges.
D.D.—Bots or Grubs, Worms.
E.E.—Coughs, Heaves, Pneumonia.
F.F.—Colic or Gripes, Bellyache.
G.G.—Miscarriage, Hemorrhages.
H.H.—Urinary and Kidney Diseases.
I.I.—Eruptive Diseases, Mange.
J.K.—Diseases of Digestion.
Stable Case, with Specifics, Manual, Witch Hazel Oil and Medicator, $7.00
Price, Single Bottle (over 50 doses), - .60
Sold by Druggists; or Sent Prepaid anywhere and in any quantity on Receipt of Price.
Humphreys' Med. Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

Forest & Stream File Binders.
PRICE, $1.00.
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

HAVE YOU SEEN OUR NEW
Illustrated Catalogue
OF
FISHING TACKLE?
It is the most elaborate and magnificent book ever published in the Sporting Goods line. Send us 25 cents and we will forward you a copy post paid.
ABBEY & IMBRIE,
No. 18 VESEY STREET, NEW YORK.

WINCHESTER
STAR  RIVAL
LOADED PAPER SHOT SHELLS.
Ask your Dealer for them.
Not Sold at Retail by the Manufacturers.
WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.,
312 Broadway, N. Y. NEW HAVEN, CONN.
Send for 82-page Catalogue of Arms and Ammunition.

PAINLESS EFFECTUAL
BEECHAM'S PILLS
THE GREAT ENGLISH MEDICINE
WORTH A GUINEA A BOX
For Weak Stomach—Impaired Digestion—Disordered Liver.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOX.
Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England.
B. F. ALLEN & CO., Sole Agents
FOR UNITED STATES, 365 & 367 CANAL ST., NEW YORK,
Who (if your druggist does not keep them) will mail Beecham's Pills on receipt of price—*but inquire first.* (Please mention this paper.)


New Model, 1889.
Keystone Traps & Targets
FOR SALE BY
H. C. Squires, - - New York.
J. P. Lovell Arms Co., - Boston, Mass.
E. K. Tryon, Jr. & Co, Philadelphia, Pa.
Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett & Co., Chicago.
E. C. Meacham Arms Co., - St. Louis, Mo.
N. D. Folsom & Co., - New Haven, Conn.
H. Keidel & Co., - Baltimore, Md.
Powell & Clement, - Cincinnati, O.

Book Publishing.
Possessing peculiar facilities for publishing new books on field sports, adventure, travel, and open air life, the Forest and Stream Publishing Company begs to invite the attention of authors to its book department. Correspondence solicited and estimates furnished.


PREMIÈRE QUALITÉ,
Our New Cigarette.
As the result of long labor and careful study we have this superb Cigarette to offer. It cannot be surpassed in purity or excellence; and is a novelty, unique, chaste and dainty. It is from the highest cost Virginia and North Carolina leaf.
The finest Smoking Mixtures are of our Manufacture.
Fifteen First Prize Medals.
WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

BIRD PORTRAITS.
Some Native Birds for Little Folks.
BY W. VAN FLEET, M.D.
A handsome imperial octavo volume of untechnical descriptions of the lives and ways of fourteen American birds. The list comprises:
Robin, Chickadee, Kingfisher, Great Horned Owl, Bobolink, Blue-jay, Woodcock, Nuthatches, Meadowlark, Ruffed Grouse, Cedar Bird, Kildeer, Summer Duck and Crossbills.
Each of these birds is beautifully illustrated by the photogravure process from drawings by Howard H. Darnell. The paper is substantial, and the 147 pages of large, clear, handsome type contain just the sort of information necessary to make little folks better acquainted with the birds described, and to awaken a taste for extended study. Everything has been done to make the volume one of the most handsome gift books of the year. Price, postpaid, $3.00. FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO., 318 Broadway, New York.

Canoe and Camp Cookery.
By "SENECA."
A practical cook book for canoeists, Corinthian sailors and outers. Practical because the author gives explicit and intelligible directions for preparing such dishes as he has himself actually tested in camp and on a cruise. This is just where the recipes differ from the absurdly impracticable dishes given in some so-called camp cookery books. The cooking outfit is described, and numerous hints on camp economy add to the value of the work. Cloth, 98 pages. Price $1.00.
NEW YORK: FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO., 318 Broadway.
LONDON: DAVIES & CO., 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill.
This volume contains much that is valuable and interesting to American yachtsmen and canoeists. The design, construction and use of small craft of all kinds is treated of in a simple and entertaining style, and the instructions are clear and easily understood.
Large crown 8vo., 380 pages and 16 large folding plates.

Yachting Goods.

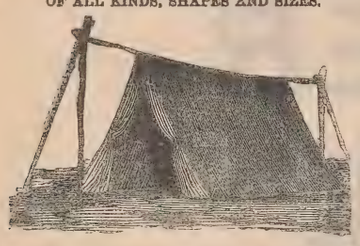
LAUNCHES AND PLEASURE BOATS.



STEAM YACHTS, 19 to 50ft. in length. RACINE AUTOMATIC MARINE ENGINES AND BOILERS, OIL FUEL. Owner his own engineer. Celebrated Racine Row Boats and Canoes, Hunting and Fishing Boats a specialty, $20 and upwards. Send stamps for separate catalogue, specifying line of goods desired.

THOMAS KANE & CO.,
137 & 139 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

SPORTSMAN'S
Camping or Fishing Tents
OF ALL KINDS, SHAPES AND SIZES.



Yacht and Canoe Sails of most approved styles Also awnings for store fronts, windows, yacht boats etc. New style of Canoe Tents made at low figures Flags, Burgees and covers of all kinds. Camp Stoves, Camp Chairs, Sacking Bottoms, Hammocks all kinds of Fancy Tents, and in fact anything made from canvas when an intelligent description is given of what may be needed. My beautifully illustrated circular now ready. Send stamp for price list. Address S. HEMMENWAY, 60 South st., N. Y. City.

WARD'S
Marine Boiler Works,
Charleston, Kanawha, W. Va.

"Best boiler for yachts."—J. A. Bostwick, N.Y. "The only boiler giving satisfaction."—E. S. Stokes, N. Y. "Increased our speed at least two miles."—Painter Bros., Pittsburgh. "Has given the best possible results."—Capt. Tozier, U.S.R.M.

A. WILSON,
Sail Maker,
No. 416 ATLANTIC AVE., BOSTON, MASS.
Yacht Sails and Flags a Specialty.

Yachts and Canoes For Sale.

LARGE CANOE FOR SALE.
H. L. CAMPBELL, Buffalo, N. Y.

SMALL YACHTS.

Their Design and Construction, Exemplified by the Ruling Types of Modern Practice. With Numerous Plates and Illustrations.
—BY—
C. P. KUNHARDT.
Cloth, 370 pages of type and illustrations, and 71 plates. Size of page, 14½×12½. Price $7.00.
FOR SALE BY THE
FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

GURDON TRUMBULL'S
Names and Portraits of Birds
Which Interest Gunners; with descriptions in language understanded of the people.

Practically speaking, this is the first popular volume of ornithology ever issued from the press; a work which goes far to demonstrate that scientific accuracy may be as easily maintained in English as in Greek or Latin. Follows the game birds all over the continent and gives a glossary of all the local names in popular use. Illustrated with admirable portraits from the pencil of Mr. Edwin Shepard of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, which, with the clear descriptions in the text, will enable any man who can read to identify the contents of his game bag.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS:

It is the first, so far as we know, [illegible] of books of which the need is felt in every department of natural history.—*Troy Press.*

The book should find its way to a choice place in every sportsman's library.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

I would much rather know what this book tells me, the various names by which the people call a bird, than the Latin, Greek or Hebrew name which science gave him for the sake of cataloguing him. * * * It is more value to me to have a description of a bird in plain English which I understand than in scientific language which I do not understand.—*W., in Journal of Commerce.*

SOLD BY
Forest and Stream Publishing Co.
PRICE, $2.50.

AN EXCURSION TO
ALASKA.

The wonderful richness of this Arctic country and the rapid strides in material prosperity which it is making, are attracting the attention of the whole world, and since the completion of the Northern transcontinental railway lines Sitka is as easily reached as Paris. Every one wants to go to Alaska, and for those who can make the journey Mr. Hallock's volume,

OUR NEW ALASKA,

is indespensable. To those who want to go, but cannot, this volume with its graphic pen pictures gives a clear idea of the interesting conditions of life in the far North. Price $1.50. Sent post free by the

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.,
318 Broadway, New York.
LONDON: DAVIES & CO., 1 Finch Lane.

ATTENTION!!
YACHTSMEN AND CAMPING PARTIES

Desirous of obtaining the best of **Canned Goods** specially adapted to their purpose, should examine our stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere. Over 40 yrs. experience. Fruits, Vegetables, Pickles, Preserves, Jellies, Catsups, etc.
WILLIAM H. COHEN & CO.,
229 & 231 Washington street, New York.



HUTCHINSON'S GLOVES
ARE THE BEST MADE

For driving or street wear. Made with care from selected stock and warranted. Those wishing **serviceable** gloves and to learn how to get them and save money, send stamp to the manufacturer for his book **about gloves.**
Established 1862.
JOHN C. HUTCHINSON, Johnstown, N. Y.

DECOYS.

Send for price list of the finest decoy ducks in the world. H. A. STEVENS, Manufacturer,
Weedsport, N. Y.

SPORTSMEN SMOKERS
SHOULD ALL SMOKE OUR CELEBRATED



Hand-Made Havana Cigars.
MADE IN TWO STYLES AND SIZES.
LONDRES PERFECTO, 5in. long @ $7.00 per 100
CONCHAS ESPECIALS, 4¼in. @ 6.00 "
The favorite cigar of Rod and Gun Clubs generally. These cigars are made of the choicest tobaccos grown, and selected with the greatest care. They cannot fail to suit the taste of all lovers of the fragrant weed. Each cigar has the brand impressed on it, and every box has a label, fac-simile of the title of the popular journal, and our firm's signature, without which none are genuine. We are the only authorized manufacturers of the above brand, and to insure the smoker of the genuine we would ask you to send us your orders direct. We will deliver, free of express charges, either size, on receipt of price.
A. W. FOOTE & CO., Sole Manufacturers,
125 Maiden Lane, New York.

No Chemicals.



W. BAKER & CO.'S
Breakfast Cocoa
Is Absolutely Pure, and it is Soluble.

To increase the solubility of the powdered cocoa, various expedients are employed, most of them being based upon the action of some alkali, potash, soda or even ammonia. Cocoa which has been prepared by one of these chemical processes, can usually be recognized at once by the distinct alkaline reaction of the infusion in water.

W. Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa
is manufactured from the first stage to the last by perfect mechanical processes, **no chemical being used in its preparation.** By one of the most ingenious of these mechanical processes the greatest degree of fineness is secured without the sacrifice of the attractive and beautiful red color which is characteristic of an absolutely pure and natural cocoa.
W. Baker & Co., Dorchester, Mass.

LOG CABINS
AND
HOW TO BUILD THEM.
BY WILLIAM S. WICKS.

This is a complete exposition of the art and method of building log cabins from the simplest dog kennel to highly artistic dwellings. Everyone going into the woods and designing to construct his shelter with the materials at hand, should procure "Log Cabins," for in its pages he will find a variety of designs, simple and ornate, adapted to temporary shelter or to permanent homes, with full and clear instruction and illustration in every matter of detail. Sent, post free, for $1.50.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.,
318 Broadway, New York.
LONDON: DAVIES & CO., 1 Finch Lane.

Increasing Sales Attest the Popularity of THE GENTLEMEN'S CIGARETTE.
SPECIAL FAVOURS.
Manufactured only by
KINNEY BROS.
(KINNEY TOBACCO CO. Successors). Also manufacturers of the Old Reliable
SWEET CAPORAL.

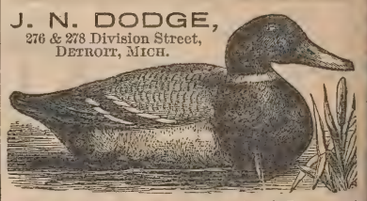
Small Profits. Quick Sales.



TROUT FLIES.
36 Cts. Per Doz.

H. H. KIFFE,
318 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.
Send for Catalogue.

J. N. DODGE,
276 & 278 Division Street,
DETROIT, MICH.



Manufacturer of White Cedar Duck Decoys of all kinds. Also Swan, Geese, Brant, Coot, Shell Drake, Plover, full-shaped and flat folding Snipe Decoys. Duck and Turkey Calls. Decoys made like any pattern furnished without extra charge. Bottom prices to the trade. Illustrated price list.

Ligowsky C. P. No. 3
The only target having the patent
INTURNED EDGE.



2,000 shots out of each 1,000 targets on account of non-breakage in shipping, trapping and falling upon ground. The only target made with the INTURNED EDGE, producing the surest breaker when hit, and surest non-breaker when not hit. Our traps are sold for the sole purpose of shooting our targets.

Wanted.

WANTED.—LIVE DEER, PRAIRIE CHICKens, partridge, quail and turkeys. Address all particulars, Box 3350, P. O. New York City. aul5,4t

NOTICE TO FISHERMEN. CUT PRICES.
HERE I AM AGAIN AS USUAL, CUTTING THE PRICES OF FISHING TACKLE. IT WILL PAY YOU TO BUY YOUR TACKLE IN BROOKLYN.

PRICE.		PRICE.
$2.75	For Split Bamboo Salt-Water Bass Rod, 6 strip, 2 joints, 8ft., 20oz., Solid Reel Seat, Nickel Trimmings, Double Guides, Silk Wound Black Beaded Handle	$2.75
3.32	For Split Bamboo Black Bass Rod, 8½ft., 3 joints, 10 or 12oz., Solid Reel Seat, Nickel Trimmings, Raised Tie Guides, Extra Tip, Silk Wound, Wood Form	3.32
3.32	For Trout or Black Bass Fly Rod, same finish as above, 10½ft., 7 to 9oz., complete in wood form	3.32
.90	For Ash and Lancewood Weakfish or Striped Bass Rod, Hollow Butt, Extra Tip, Swelled Ferrules	.90
1.50	For Fine No. 0 Brass Multiplying Reel, Balance Handle, Screw Oil Cup, holds 600ft. 18-thread Linen Line, diameter 3⅜in. Also Nos. 0, 1, 2, 3, same price. See catalogue	1.50
3.75	For Hard Rubber and Nickel Multiplying Reel, with Drag, Raised Pillars, holds 600ft. 15-thread Linen Line	3.75

Hooks. Down go the prices. My best quality all kinds snelled on single gut, 10cts. per doz.; double, 15cts.; treble, 20cts.; in ½ doz. packages. Leaders: Treble gut Weakfish and Striped Bass Leaders, three length, 5cts.; four length, 7cts., five length, 9cts.; all best quality. Reel Lines on Blocks of 300ft., 9 thread, 38cts.; 12 thread, 43cts.; 15 thread, 46cts.; 18 thread, 53cts. 300ft. Braided Linen Reel Lines on Blocks, 41cts. Broken lots of Hooks from best manufacture, all kinds and sizes, 2cts. per dozen. SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

Open Evenings. J. F. MARSTERS, 51, 53 & 55 Court St., Brooklyn, N. Y.



UPTHEGROVE & McLELLAN,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Shooting and Fishing Suits
AND CLOTHING FOR
CIVIL ENGINEERS, RANCHMEN, LUMBERMEN, MINERS, ETC.
Write for our new combined Catalogue with samples of Imported
Corduroys, Moleskin, Mackintosh, Canvas and Flannels.
SEE OUR NEW SHADES OF ENGLISH CORDUROY.
Address UP. & MC., Valparaiso, Indiana

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 5, 1889.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 7. No 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Only advertisements of an approved character inserted. Inside pages, nonpareil type, 30 cents per line. Special rates for three, six, and twelve months. Seven words to the line, twelve lines to one inch. Advertisements should be sent in by Saturday previous to issue in which they are to be inserted. Transient advertisements must invariably be accompanied by the money or they will not be inserted. Reading notices $1.00 per line.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

May begin at any time. Subscription price, $4 per year; $2 for six months; to a club of three annual subscribers, three copies for $10; five copies for $16. Remit by express money-order, registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canadas and Great Britain. For sale by Davies & Co., No. 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London. General subscription agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Davies & Co., Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searles and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London, Eng. Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France, sole Paris agent for sales and subscriptions. Foreign subscription price, $5 per year; $2.50 for six months.

Address all communications

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

No. 318 BROADWAY. NEW YORK CITY.

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL.
Mitigation of the Mosquito Pest.
A Second Chapter of Accidents.
Pacific Salmon Fisheries.
Snap Shots.
THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST.
Outdoors.
NATURAL HISTORY.
Quail in Dixie.
The Woodcock's Whistle.
The Mexican Wild Turkey.
CAMP-FIRE FLICKERINGS.
GAME BAG AND GUN.
Chicago and the West.
Pattern and Penetration.
SEA AND RIVER FISHING.
Camps of the Kingfishers.—VIII
On the Osage.
The Sunset Club.—V.
The Gaylord Club.
FISHCULTURE.
A British Fish Hatchery.
THE KENNEL.
Collie Club Stakes.
Western Coursing News.
THE KENNEL.
Training Beagle Puppies.
Dog Talk.
The Pointer Club.
Kennel Notes.
Kennel Management.
RIFLE AND TRAP SHOOTING.
Range and Gallery.
The Sea Girt Shoot.
The Trap.
Florence Tournament.
Le Mars Tournament.
Trap at Chicago.
CANOEING.
British Canoe Association Meet.
YACHTING.
Minerva.
The Lake Y. R. A. Round.
New York Y. R. A. Regatta
Rhode Island Y. C. Regatta.
Hull Y. C. Regatta.
Corinthian Y. C. Races.
Beverly Y. C.
Lynn Y. C. Regatta.
The America's Cup.
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MITIGATION OF THE MOSQUITO PEST.

THERE is a word of comfort and encouragement to be spoken for the man in camp in the remotest wilderness, to whom these tidings shall come, as he smears himself with repellants, chokes and gasps amid the smudge and does battle against the hordes of humming, buzzing, stinging torments. He and all of his unhappy kind may take heart and hold their own against adversity with renewed determination, for philanthrophy wedded to science extends her promise of a mitigation of the mosquito curse.

Mankind has signally demonstrated by a score of examples its ability to upset the balance of nature, and at will to multiply or obliterate certain forms of animal life. It is a well recognized principle that by the intervention of human agency the natural enemies of a given species may be so reduced as to foster the increase of that species; and the supply of another species may be cut down by simply caring for its enemies; thus we provide protection for certain birds in order that they may increase and prey upon harmful insects. On a precisely similar principle it is now proposed by a naturalist that a systematic effort shall be made to mitigate the mosquito nuisance by giving aid and comfort to its enemies.

The natural foes of the mosquito are the dragon-flies and spiders. The dragon-flies, or devil's-darning-needles, are known to devour mosquitoes in great numbers, and are sometimes called mosquito hawks. Dr. Lamborn has offered a prize for a preliminary study of the habits of the dragon-flies, his purpose being to discover if it may not be practicable to rear them artificially, as fish are cultivated, as an offset to the mosquitoes. This may appear Quixotic, but the proposal has the indorsement of no less an authority that Dr. Henry C. McCook, who in the current *North American Review* expresses an opinion that the project is at least worthy of careful consideration.

It must be confessed that in this scheme, whose fulfillment can come, if ever, only in the distant future, there is at best but a small grain of cold comfort for him who in this present hour is encompassed by mosquitoes as by a cloud. The satisfaction, such as it is, consists in that unworthy trait of human nature which finds a certain degree of solace in the resolve to some time square accounts with one's enemies.

PACIFIC SALMON FISHERIES.

THE depletion of salmon which is so marked on the coasts of Washington and Oregon, is now going on perceptibly in most of the Alaskan rivers, and it will be necessary to provide for their preservation by appropriate legislation, supplemented by fishcultural work. It is to be hoped that wise and intelligent efforts will be put forth tending to foster and preserve the valuable fisheries of Alaska.

As to the salmon fisheries of Oregon and Washington, there is much needed, especially in the way of fishcultural work. Prohibitory measures, closing the fisheries for any great length of time, will not do, as it would mean ruin to a majority of the fishermen. The men employed in these fisheries would be compelled to seek other kinds of work, the nets and seines would be a dead loss amounting to thousands of dollars, and a general demoralization would result. The work of keeping up the supply in the Columbia and McCloud rivers was commenced last year by the turning out of eleven million salmon fry into those streams, and we understand that this work of aiding nature by artificial methods will be carried forward on these rivers, and extended as much as possible in the near future. If these fisheries are properly carried on, and a strict enforcement made of the law regulating the close seasons, we believe that they can be kept up. The close season should cover such a period of time as to allow some of the best runs of fish to reach the spawning grounds. Hatcheries should be established near the mouths of the rivers, and the fish kept in ponds or traps until they become yearlings, and then turned loose into the ocean. If this system were adopted very good results would follow.

It is to be earnestly hoped that these fisheries will not be wholly destroyed. Let Congress enact and have enforced laws protecting the important fisheries of Alaska.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE Kentucky Fish and Game Club, of Louisville, Ky., now enrolls five hundred members. The organization is doing great good. It has procured numerous indictments of parties who have killed fish with dynamite; and that practice has been diminished to an encouraging degree. The club members will try for suitable fish and game laws next winter; and attention will also be given to a revision of the trespass law.

The citizens of Limestone, Tennessee, are making extensive preparations to celebrate the one hundred and third anniversary of Davy Crockett's birthday, on the farm where he was born near that place. Among the guests will be his grandson, Col. Bob Crockett, a former contributor to our columns, who has inherited in large degree the wildwoods proclivities of his grandfather.

Put out the camp-fire before you leave it. Be sure that it is utterly extinguished, not only on the surface but below. At this season of the year a fool can start a fire that an army of wise men cannot put out. Use common sense in this matter.

The deer is legitimate rifle game; to have the right flavor, venison must be secured with a single ball of lead out of a rifle barrel, and not with a charge of buckshot from a scatter gun.

A SECOND CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

THERE is a class of accidents with firearms, which naturally group themselves under the head of those attendant upon the sometimes useful, often foolish and always fascinating practice of shooting at a mark. The class is so comprehensive that under it may be catalogued the case of the small boy in San Francisco, who aimed his parlor rifle at a fly on the door of an out-house and killed a man inside, and that of the United States Navy officer whose shell practice on the coast of Japan killed certain of the natives and gave room for international complications.

A large proportion of the accidents of this class naturally happen on the rifle ranges and in the shooting galleries. A detachment of Illinois militia were shooting on the Highwood range near Chicago, when, after several shots had been fired without any scoring by the marker, investigation showed that the boy had been killed by a bullet which had first passed through the target. In an out-door range in Union Park, in the upper part of this city, a bullet went by the target and killed a boy who was passing. In instances of this character the shooter is clearly not to blame when the casualty is the result of an improperly constructed range. It is to be taken for granted that when a range is opened to the public it is safe, particularly if it is a military range. That a properly constructed open air rifle range may be conducted for a long term of years, where tens of thousands of shots are fired with perfect safety and without accident, is abundantly demonstrated by the record of the National Rifle Association at Creedmoor. No one has ever been killed or maimed by a rifle ball at Creedmoor. There have been other accidents. Markers at the targets have now and then had their hands cut by the splashing lead of bullets; a man was once severely injured by falling on the point of a broken flagstaff, after the manner of Saul upon his sword; and several people have been injured by being caught between the cars and the railway platform when rushing to leave the range; but there is no record of accident by the premature discharge of a rifle nor by a stray bullet.

One of the curiosities of modern journalism is a paper called the *Celestial City*, published in New York, whose contents are largely made up of communications from the spirit world. A recent number contained a letter purporting to have come from a man who had been killed while marking for a companion on a rifle range. The letter read:

> My comrade was not to blame, it was from my own carelessness, and it could not be helped. I did not raise the signal as I should have done. I forgot it; therefore I cannot blame him in the least. It was entirely my own fault, and it is much better that it was me instead of him, for he has a family and I have none. Yes, I had a dream in which I saw myself shot, the same as I found in reality, but I forgot it entirely on that day until the fatal moment. Then it instantly flashed across my mind. O! I am so sorry for Comrade Pope, he is feeling so badly over it. Tell him for me that it is all right with me, and there can be no blame attached to him, for it was purely accidental, and I am all right.

But while the individual shooter, who discharges his gun at a target on a public range, where it is to be taken for granted that the conditions of safety have been complied with, is free from responsibility for casualties caused by defective range conditions, the law makes provision for punishing those who maintain such death traps. A case has just been decided in the Massachusetts courts which it is hoped will serve as a precedent in affixing legal responsibility upon careless managers of rifle ranges and rifle galleries. The case was that of the people vs. Serwyn Gleason and Georgiana E. Gleason, proprietors of a shooting gallery in Worcester. On August 9 an iceman, William A. Pierce, was killed in the street by a stray bullet, which was subsequently discovered to have come from the Gleasons' gallery. They were arrested and tried for manslaughter, the indictment charging them with having induced "a person unknown to shoot carelessly in their gallery, thus causing Pierce's death; also with criminal carelessness in not taking proper precautions to prevent bullets passing through the walls of the gallery; also with being accessory before the fact to Pierce's death." The result of the trial has been to find Gleason guilty and to send him to prison for a year, the woman being acquitted. If a shooting gallery is not conducted without menacing the public safety, it ought not be tolerated for an hour.

The vast majority of accidents attendant upon shooting at a mark result from an amazing thoughtlessness on the part of the shooter himself. Fools with pistols and shotguns and rifles blaze away without in the least concerning themselves about what may become of the missile they let loose on its fateful errand. It was not so long ago that the papers related how a crowd of precious young idiots in an Alabama town were shooting their pistols at some improvised target in the street, when one of the stray bullets striking a glass bottle, glanced, and killed a merchant who was standing in his own doorway. In New York city on the last Fourth of July, three youths set up a target on a roof and fired at it with a rifle until they had killed a little girl some blocks away. This surely is bad enough, but it does not begin to compare with the usual custom certain microcephalous individuals have of celebrating the Fourth and other holidays by discharging the bullets from their revolvers at ran-

dom into the air, to make a noise; they have not even the excuse of shooting at a mark.

The case already alluded to of the boy who shot a fly on the door and killed a man behind the door has many parallels, for the marksman often neglets to ascertain what may be on the other side of the mark he aims at. A Fairfield county, Conn., man kept an old Spencer rifle loaded for burglars. One day he thought it would be a good plan to unload it and put in a fresh charge. He set up a tin can against his neighbor's barn, paced off his distance and fired. The neighbor was in the barn back of the can, and the wound was fatal. And here is a story of what came so near being an accident of this sort that it deserves a place here:

Four Europeans who had been out after tiger in the Maimensing district were, says a Calcutta paper, returning at the close of a very long day, and had almost reached the factory where they were to dine and pass the night, when the Captain ordered a halt. The "line" at once pulled up, and he said, "I hate seeing loaded rifles taken into a house (it was the old muzzle-loading days), more especially where there are children. I propose that we fire ours off." "All right," said another, "but we have not had a shot all day; what do you say to a 'pool'?" "There's nothing to fire at," observed a third. "There's that ghurrah," said the Captain, pointing to an earthen vessel which some ryots, who were working at a little distance, had as usual, brought their day's supply of drinking water in. "Very good," said the fourth, "but what with bad light and the distance, it's by no means an easy shot. I propose we each put a chick on." "How shall we decide as to the order of firing?" said one. "Oh," replied the Captain generously, "commence at your end of the line." The mark was by no means an easy one to hit, for the distance was well-nigh a hundred yards, the guns smooth-bores, and the light that deceptive kind which one gets just between daylight and dark. But on the other hand, the hunters were exceptionally good men, all excellent shots, either of whom could hit a running deer from the back of an elephant twice out of three times. "Fire away," said the Captain. No. 1 grazed the right of the vessel, and it was thought must have hit it. No. 2 went just over it. No. 3 went a little to the left. "Thank you, gentlemen," said the Captain, "I'll trouble you for those twelve rupees." He raised his gun as he spoke, and the next moment the jar was covered with earth, the bullet had cut the ground beneath it. Presently the vessel was seen to wriggle and then to kick, while a feeble cry proclaimed it to be a baby. Consternation was depicted on every face. The elephants bolted, the sahibs jumped down and rushed to the spot, the parents running from the opposite direction. The little mite hadn't been touched and was carried off by the father and mother with great rejoicing. They also took the "pool" along with them, and right glad the sahibs were under the circumstances to part with it.

The Sportsman Tourist.

OUTDOORS.

[*Concluded from page 102.*]

THE most of the bass that I have caught in the Intermediate Lakes were of the large-mouthed variety, while those taken below the dam at Elk Rapids, where these waters empty into Grand Traverse Bay, are usually small mouths, which seems odd. Another queer thing is that, except myself, I have never chanced to see any person take a bass. When long ago I fished in the New England States there were no bass there to my knowledge, and for many years I scarcely ever wetted a line except for trout of one or another sort. Even when at a later period of my life I had the black bass within reach I did not seek them, and it is only since my residence in the Grand Traverse region that I have learned that bass fishing with light tackle is a sport which no angler need despise.

It has never been my fortune to fish where the black bass were very abundant, but in some of the rivers in Kansas, Missouri and the Indian Territory, I have seen the rapids almost crowded with them, many of great size. Excepting spears no tackle was to be had and I caught none.

In these waters I do not much affect the use of the fly or of the minnow in the pursuit of bass. One objection to the fly is that it will commonly capture twenty or more rock bass to one of the larger species, which is tiresome and vexatious. These lakes contain much grass and weeds in many places where fishing is best, and a minnow soon wears out, though attached by the most approved method to the hook. The artificial minnows seem to take better in swift waters than in still. Whatever the bait, if living, I always kill it before placing it on the hook. Probably I should catch more fish if I didn't, but I commonly get all I need.

On the whole I know no better bait than the frog, and if when hooked through the lips, a strip of red flannel is first passed lengthwise round the body, the two ends fastened by the hook, this bait will last a very long time.

Should it chance that some extremely exclusive and highly artistic fly-fisher or minnow-caster has so far smothered his feelings as to follow my discourse to this point, he will probably exalt his æsthetic nose, and pass contemptuously over the remaining portion of the paper. To such, if such there be, I would say that in my judgment it is well enough at times that high art should combine with common sense. If a man fishes unsuccessfully, for days perhaps, with a certain sort of lure which has been pronounced by recognized authorities as the correct thing, it speaks well for his persistence, and also for his devotion to high-art angling.

One, however, naturally infers that the main object of this angler is the display of skill and dexterity, the catching of fish being merely incidental; and the lordly contempt evinced by some of these gentlemen for the man who, though in no sense a "fish-hog," prefers on most occasions as far as may be to consult his convenience and the desire of the fish as well, recalls to mind the stories of duels which were sometimes fought in presence of opposing armies, between Moslem and Crusader. The business of a warrior of either party was, professedly, to kill as many infidels as possible, but when one fellow succeeded in up-ending his antagonist, and, poking the "dagger of mercy" or the spike of a battle-axe under his nose, invited him to surrender; a spirit of complaisance not perhaps unnatural under the circumstances generally induced a prompt accession to the request. These formulæ completed, the fallen man arose, brushed from his sollerets the dust of the tiltyard, and with reciprocal and profound congés the duellists returned each to his own friends. No soul of infidel of either faith had thus been sent to hell—cross and crescent were *in statu quo*—but the best lance of the twain had shown his prowess, and he was well content.

I passed the next day in camp. It was Sunday, and I had several calls. The first of these was from a young man who crossed the lake and came up to my tent, bearing in his hand a large fat coon, just taken from a trap set not far distant. He told me that I "ought ter hev ben with him, half an hour ago, for he see a rousin' big buck jes' t'other side o' ther lake." In order to put my views of the matter on a level with his comprehension, I replied that bucks were worth at that season fifty dollars apiece, which was more that I could afford. He took up his coon, and saying that "he guessed there wouldn't nobody bother me much 'f I shot a deer or tew round there," he disappeared amid the amber glow of the forest leaves.

I finished putting the camp to rights, and sat me down to read. The book was an old favorite, "Norway and the Norwegians," by Miss Martineau, and I think first appeared in the United States in the columns of *Littell's Living Age*. I had not read it in many years, and just as I was beginning to renew my acquaintance with the farmer-fishermen of the Arctic Circle, a shadow fell across the page, and I rose to greet an old acquaintance. He was a woodsman from the start, and many years ago, when worn and wearied with the toils of war, he brought his family into the Northern wilds, and pitched his tent amid these solitudes. The forest went down before his axe, and the beautiful wilderness became a garden. Hunting, fishing, farming by turns, he still lives on the farm he cleared so long ago, and though he has had a hard struggle with fortune, yet was he never known to turn from his door any one who sought a meal or the shelter of his roof. Two dollars, he said, was all he owed, and he could pay that pretty soon. His place was clear of debt, he liked the country, and he guessed he'n the ol' woman 'd lay their bones near by, some day, f'r all the talk o' better countries south."

Declining my offer of a bucket, he seated himself upon the ground, and, chewing the while a piece of elm bark, the old man discoursed of hunting. "When I lived in Saint Clair county the' was me 'n' four Allen boys 't hed a gun in our hands all the time. The' was lots o' ol' pine choppin's plum full o' blackb'ries, 'n' the' was bears till you couldn't rest. One fall the fire got into the woods 'n' drove the bears out. Well, sir, jes' 'soon 's anybody see one on 'em, they'd git on a hos 'n' come over 'n' let us know. We hed enough o' bear huntin' that fall. We' was out day 'n' night, 'n' sometimes we'd get completely tired out. We killed twenty-five on 'em in three weeks."

"You must have understood bear hunting."

"We did. We'd practiced shootin' on the run, 'n' we had a dog 't was sure when onct he struck a trail. The way we ust ter practice was tu git a barrel head 'n' put some cleats acrost it, an' one on us 'd throw it so 's 't 'd roll along the ground. The' was a white spot 'n the middle, an' we got so 't we'd git the ball 'ithin three or four inches most every shot, 'n' pooty often we'd plug the center."

"They use swinging and trap targets nowadays," said I.

"Yes, so I've heerd; but them 's tew stiddy. You see, the barrel head 'ud jump an' jounce, 'n' you had ter be on yer leathers 'f you meant ter hit it center. We hed a rule never to shoot at a bear's head, onless he was sideways to us. Course, 'f he was up a tree, we could plug him anywhus we was a min' ter.

"Nobody thet hain't never see a bear performin' 'th a dog, haint no idee o' ther spring the' is into 'em. No, I don't want no foolin' with 'em at clost quarter, 'n' I want a gun I c'n depend on, every time.

"Our dog was a pretty big one, but he was quick, and he know'd how ter keep out o' ther way. The' was three on us watched him one day 's much 's three quarters of an hour. We was sure o' ther bear, and we wanted ter seem 'em perform. The bear he wanted ter tree, but ther dog he wouldn't let him. Whenever the bear 'd git up, say four foot high, ther dog he'd jump up 'n' give 'm a nip. He was so heavy 't the bear couldn't keep his holt, 'n' down he'd come. Then he'd set up agin the rhuts o' the tree, 'n' the dog he'd play around the back on 't, f'm one side to t'other, 'n' the bear he'd look just this way 'n' then that way, 'n' arter a while ther dog he'd catch him a nip, 'n' the bear he'd jes' turn a summerset—seemed 's ef he'd go twenty foot, but ther dog he wouldn't be there. Finally, the bear he got so tired 't he wouldn't try ter climb the tree, 'n' we jest hauled off 'n' shot him.

"Sometimes a very slight wound apperently 'll kill a bear, an' then again you'll hev to shoot 'em all to pieces. One we killed, the' was fifteen men a'ter him that time, hed fourteen balls through him, 'n' seven on 'em was in his head, 'n' he wa' n't dead then."

"How did it happen that there was so many of you?"

"Why, you see, he come right down into the village, 'n' we just dropped everything 'n' put a'ter him. One feller 't worked in a cooper shop—he hean't no gun, so he jes' grabbed up a pair o' them coopers' adze, 'n' when he come up 'ith the bear, he 's so excited he jumped right astraddle on him, 'n' hit 'im a' awful clip 'ith them adze. It cut his laig half off, 'n' the next crack split his skull."

"That bear didn't have fair play."

"No more he didn't, that's a fact. Well, I declare, I didn't think the mornin' 's so fur gone; I mus' be off. Come up 'n' see us 'fore ye go."

Again I opened the book, but scarce had read a page when another step stirred the crisp maple leaves along the trail. This time the talk was of loans and mortgages, and my advice was sought how best a little farm, almost its owner's sole possession, might now be freed from the incumbrance with which its owner had through illness been compelled to charge the land. He soon departed, taking with him my advice and sympathy. His needs were great, and I did not at once return to my book, but gazed dreamily out upon the placid lakelet and the cloud-swept skies, and thought how many there are among the rich and generous of our land who need but know a case of real distress to straightway send relief. But after all, the very rich are few and far; the poor we have always with us.

Then came a basket-maker, holding by the hand a toddling child, who gazed with wide blue eyes upon my shining reel, and soon slumbered in his father's arms. The sun drew near the western hilltops when the little laddie waked, and, made glad by the gift of a newly-coined nickel, trotted away by his father's side, and soon the rattle of their footsteps died away among the trees.

I stirred the fire, and ate a hearty supper, for the long-sought appetite had come at last, and I was hourly gaining in health and strength. I watched the glimmer of the lake and thought over old times until the fire had burned low, and the spangled skies seemed close above the trees, then betaking myself to my blankets, lay down to pleasant dreams.

Next morning I bade good-by to my pleasant camp, and, paddle in hand, was soon threading the devious waterways of a large and lonely swamp. I had thought to shoot ducks upon this trip, but it happened that I came just between the flights, so that up to this time I had seen but four.

Toward noon a dam was reached, below which for some distance the stream is so choked with logs and similar obstructions as to be difficult of navigation. I accordingly shouldered my fusee and sought the cabin of a neighboring farmer, around whom clustered several incipient hunters, who eyed curiously my gun and accoutrements while I made known my errand.

One of the boys was forthwith dispatched in search of a yoke of oxen, supposed to be "som'ers in the timber," and during his absence I asked the old Scotchman if the wood ducks often nested thereabouts.

"Ay," said he, "there was a richt pretty pair o' deukes biggit i' the hollow tree thot stood oot i' the mowin' lang syne. Ae woonter, I coot it doon for eilding, an' i' the spreng the deukes was fleein' roond, an' a-fleein' roond, to find the auld tree agen. An' had I thocht they wad hae missed it sae, I'd na coot it doon ava'."

The oxen were driven up the lane and attached by a yoke and chain to a sort of sledge, rough hewn from the forest, and made by the axe and auger alone from the curved stems of trees. It served as a conveyance for the boat, which, being placed thereon, was hauled to a cove a mile or so below the dam and launched upon the waters of the Six-Mile Lake.

"The water 's but rough. I doot ye'll hardly wun the foot o' the loch the day," said the old man, as he saw the surges rolling on the point opposite our landing. "Thank ye, sir, good luck t' ye;" and with many a "Wo-ha!" with thump and bump and clank of chains, the clumsy sledge clattered against the gnarled roots of the cedars and soon vanished in the dense undergrowth.

Being undecided as to my future movements, and in no hurry whatever, I kindled a fire and made coffee, the while watching the foaming swells which swept along a few rods from my seat, to break and shatter on the tussocks of a little marsh above the landing. I had been at this place before, and remember that on one occasion a certain greenhorn took post in the marsh, where he did watch for ducks, the sun meanwhile beating furiously on his unprotected head. Toward noon there came from his stand a heavy bang. Another soon followed; and as dinner was nearly ready one of our party took boat and brought the shooter in, hungry and duckless. During our meal he detailed the manner of his firing two sitting shots at the same duck. "I took desput good aim, tew, 'n I dono haow I missed him."

"Is that your duck?" said Marden, pointing to a diver not far distant.

"Ye-es, thet's him—dern the thing."

"Do you want to see him killed?"

"W'y, yes—but yeou caan't dew it. I tell ye I took *desput* aim, an'—"

"You just paddle me over there after dinner, and we'll see," and the hunter resumed his attack on the shoulder of a twenty-pound maskinongé.

After dinner Marden lighted his pipe, took up his gun, seated himself in the bow of the canoe, and with slow and careful strokes of the paddle the greenhorn sent the craft toward the seemingly unconscious diver. The face of the paddler was lighted with a smile, for he expected to see a miss. The duck suddenly disappeared beneath the surface.

"There, I told ye ——"

While the words were spoken the duck again appeared; as its head broke water the gun was leveled and discharged, and a look of blank amazement spread over the countenance of the greenhorn when he saw the bird floating dead upon the surface of the lake.

"Wall, I swow," was all he said; and fishing up the diver the boat returned to camp, Marden merely saying: "You'll know how to do it another time."

The coffee began to simmer, and laying a few twigs across the top of the coffee pot that the beverage might not boil over, I made my simple meal and much enjoyed the same.

A boat was coming up the lake, and I watched her progress as the sail swelled out in the stormy wind, and sweeping round a point she lowered canvas and made the land in safety.

That decided me. A week before I should not have undertaken the job, but now I stowed the cargo and made all secure, using for lashings some lengths of insulated copper "office wire." There is nothing better for this use. You can always untie them, and they cannot easily be loosed or parted by accident.

I shipped the bow-facing oars and pushed out into the lake for my six miles' pull. It was a tough one, but I made it, ran through St. Clair's River and lake, and camped near its foot, where I slept the sleep of a weary man who has earned his rest by a six-mile pull in the teeth of a good, double-reefed breeze.

The next forenoon was devoted to a stroll in company with a sportsman who, with his wife, was passing the season in that neighborhood. Late in the day I moved my camp to a point on Bowers' Lake (the next below). The night was cold and windy, and I prospected for a good camp ground—a favorite amusement of mine on trips like this. There is a pleasing sense of proprietorship in cruising leisurely along, watching the birds, fishes, insects, plants and scenery in general, until some little peculiarity of bank, stream or foliage attracts your attention, while furnishing indications that one or more of the requisites of a good camp ground are waiting your inspection. You give a twist of the paddle to port, and a stroke or two sends the nose of your craft right into the door of your hotel. Course, you haven't a deed of the land; but it's yours all the same. As Curtis long ago wrote in one of those admirable papers in the old *Putnam's Magazine*, "Bourne owns the dirt and the fences." Let him have them, so that you carry away from the

camp you will make good store of pleasant recollections, to which the value of the land where you have camped is as nothing. The money we have had and lost is of no further use to us; but "no one can take from us the remembrance of the good times we have had."

For this camp I chose a spot where a small brook wound along the base of a steep bank, deep bowered in the cedars, and which sheltered me from the wind. Next morning there was ice in the teakettle, and it set me thinking of snowshoes.

Those living in the neighborhood of the Manhattoes during the fearful blizzard of March, 1888, learned to place true value on the accomplishment of snowshoeing, and found that, like the proverbial revolver of the Texan, when you want "rackets" (as my grandmother used to call them), you want 'em mighty bad. Still, the people might have been able to leave their houses and walk over those snowdrifts, had they only known how.

I was once caught in a snowstorm in the forests to the north of Squam Mountains. It was nearly dark when I managed to strike the trail which led to the cabin of an old trapper, with whom I passed the next two days. There came a thaw and a freeze, and on the third morning the shadows of the mountaintops fell across a landscape beautiful indeed, as we surveyed it from the cabin door, but as impracticable for the pedestrian as could well be imagined, unless with the aid of snowshoes. These I did not possess, for it was yet comparatively early in the season, and I had looked for no such storm, having planned to leave the forest before the winter had fairly set in.

As we arose from breakfast the old man said: "This jest about whips the grub, 'n' I've got ter put aout f'r the settlement. My furs hes been all packed tew three days 'fore you come, 'n' 'f 't hedn't a ben f'r this gol darned storm, I'd a ben fawty mild away 'fore this. I kin tramp it on my snowshoes, but I wa'n't a cal'latin' on comin' back 'fore spring. I kin though, 'f you say so, 'n' git ye aout some way."

I thanked him for his kind offer, which I nevertheless declined, and cast about for materials with which to improvise a pair of snowshoes. A couple of "shakes," split from a cedar trunk, were soon fashioned into a pair of "raquettes" about four feet long by twelve inches at the broader part, where the moccasin rested, and the hole was made for the toe to play up and down in traveling, and the sides were slightly tapered from that point fore and aft. The toe-bar and a couple of supplementary cleats of hard wood were lashed across with deerskin thongs, the slings made of the same material, and in two hours' time or so I had a rude but serviceable pair of snowshoes, on which I walked in comfort and safety out of the now half buried camp and over three feet of snow.

With little difficulty I made my way in the trail of the trapper to the nearest settlement, thanking my stars the while for the hint I long before received from one familiar with Indian ways, for it had saved me many hours of severest toil and may have saved my life. Moral—Given a large packing case, old or new, and you have material for snowshoes.

The last breakfast of the trip was cooked and eaten, the fire extinguished, and regretfully we glided away from the last camp of the season, Pleasant are my recollections of that spot. So dense was the thicket of alders which concealed it from the view of those who passed it on the lake, that I had thought it but a swamp; yet nevertheless landed at the invitation of the tiny brooklet, and pushing through the brake, found all things needful for a temporary home. If sight and sinew fail me not, I shall visit it again.

This day I wanted fish, not for myself but for friends. I selected my most seductive lure, put together my little rod and was ready for action. Faithfully I waved that switch over the likeliest spots in Bowers's, Willson's, Benway's, Hanly's and Cedar Lakes, but without result. I did not catch a fish. Perhaps the cold, rough weather was reason sufficient for this want of success.

The cruise was over, the outfit safely stored, and I once more seated myself at the supper table, this time fully prepared to dispose of my share of its burden, and feeling that my outing had not been barren of beneficent results.

I had gone prepared to shoot ducks, and had I killed more than were needed to supply the camp I could have sent them home. It turned out that I had no difficulty in consuming all I shot, but one was enough. I should have no trouble in reloading shells for my next outing.

I was much improved in health, and had bagged much game of that sort which longest lives in pleasant recollections. Yet was I compelled, when asked for the story of my cruise, to make answer in the words of Canning's needy knife-grinder, for in truth I did not think that I had one to tell. KELPIE.

Natural History.

THE WOODCOCK'S WHISTLE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am much interested in the habits of the woodcock, and take every chance to observe the same. I believe, with Mr. Brewster, that the variation of the whistle is due to the difference in the rapidity of the flight, having noticed that invariably the note is sharp and clear when the bird is flushed close under foot, and quite light and sometimes hardly noticeable when the bird flushes of its own accord. I have watched (from the top of a large rock surrounded by alders, and dividing a small spring brook) a pair of woodcock which raise their young each year in the same spot, near my old home in Taunton, Mass. They flit back and forth with almost noiseless wings, and the hen is so tame when the eggs are nearly hatched that you can touch her gently with the finger without driving her away. But should you step up abruptly, or should a dog appear, then the whistle sounds clear enough. I cannot believe the note is made by vocal organs, for I have held a bird in my hand by the bill, with the nostrils covered, and am satisfied that the sound made by the wings and the "whistle" were one and the same thing. Can the vocal theorists explain why the note is not heard during the moulting season? I have noticed that a partridge whose wing feathers have been cut with shot will have the same whistle occasionally. Is it not in the construction of the feathers? What say the modern naturalists? Argument and exchange of opinion often bring a brother sportsman pleasure. So does the whistle! May it ever return each year.

H. B. SOULE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The woodcock has always been a favorite of mine. I have shot a good many of them and shot at a good many more that I failed to take home with me. When I was a boy I used to spend a good deal of my leisure time along the streams and in the swamps of New Jersey, wearing out on an average a half-dozen straw hats each season catching trout to put in our spring and coming home hungry, bedraggled and covered with the swamp mud, that I had succeeded in attaching to my clothes through my desire to know where every woodcock had punched a whole in the swamp mud, on my stamping ground. To find a piece of swale well worked over by the woodcock filled me with greater delight than even to find that my mother was out of wood and wanted to bake.

I think I have heard most of the noises they make and I have seen some of their antics on the mud. It is my opinion that the woodcock does make sounds during flight that are vocal, but only during a short time in the year. I have seen them in the spring leave the ground about dusk, going almost straight up in the air and often attaining a considerable height, I could hear them making a twittering noise that I always considered vocal. After keeping this up for a few moments they would drop like a shot to the ground. I never heard them make this noise but in the spring, and then only at dusk. But I think that the noise made by the woodcock on being flushed is made by the vibration of the wings. I came to my conclusion through this incident. While living on the southern end of Staten Island I started across lots to Princess Bay after ducks. While crossing a marshy spot I flushed a woodcock and, I forgetting that my gun was loaded with heavy shot, up went the gun and down came the woodcock. On going to retrieve it I noticed it crouched at the side of a bunch of grass, and taking a second look found that a large shot had struck it at the base of the bill, cutting both mandibles, causing them to hang down on its breast, giving his lordship a decidedly picturesque look. I stopped to pick him up, when away he went, whistling as merrily as a horsecar conductor, requiring the second load of duck shot to stop him.

ARLINGTON, N. J. F. W.

QUAIL IN DIXIE.

IT may not be generally known that a portion of the southern part of Utah is called Dixie. The name applies to the region lying south of what is known as the "rim" or place where the high tablelands break off, and descent is made into a warm sandy valley sloping down to the Colorado River. The soil and climate of Dixie are similar to those of Arizona and southern California. Beds of lava are seen, and many varieties of cactus.

In this district, lying partly in Utah and partly in Nevada, and ranging only as far north as the "rim," quail are found in abundance. This variety is, no doubt, the *Lophortyx gambeli*, and has its home mainly in the valley of the Colorado below the Grand Cañon and in the cañons opening out on to the Colorado River. In general appearance this bird differs little from the California valley quail. Some differences in its habits exist, and one quite noticeable is in its proclivities for evading its pursuers by running instead of using its wings. Except when suddenly startled or hard pressed it manages to escape without flight. When flushed, each bird, after about the usual flight for quail, runs off by himself, and at a rapid gait. Occasionally by rapid pursuit the covey may be flushed a second time, and then a portion of them are apt to hide, and may then be sought as other varieties. On the soft sands I have sometimes tracked a single bird half a mile or more after the covey had been flushed and fired into.

This species of quail, when not molested, like to stay about the houses and farms of farmers and become half domesticated. I have had them come close to the door of my tent in the morning, and with the most lively chatter pick up such crumbs of food as they found scattered about; and they at one time had a habit of coming on to the back porch of my house to get oats left there. I noticed one other difference between this and other quail. It is in a danger call they give in spring and during their nesting time. My observation would indicate that these quail form a colony at nesting time embracing all the birds of quite an area around. They choose ground covered with high bushes in preference to a rocky hillside covered with sage and small bushes. I was at some pains to observe one of these nesting colonies. On nearing the ground I saw a cock quail perched on the highest of a clump of oak chapparal. When within about three huudred yards he gave what I took to be an alarm call—one note. Immediately the call was repeated from the tops of the different clumps of bushes all about the neighborhood. When I had come within, perhaps, one hundred yards of my first quail he suddenly dropped to the ground and made off at great speed, and I saw him pass over the ridge of a small hill running for dear life, as he no doubt thought.

The call is best represented by the word *Creer*, pronounced in a sharp high key. In a minute after the first alarm note, *creer, creer*, from many throats could be heard over all the neighborhood. The females were not to be seen, nor with the limited time I had for search did I find a single nest. There may be no uniformity in collecting in colonies for nesting; an instance or two does not prove so much with me as to some others, but it looks strongly that way; and at another place about the same time I found a large number of cock quail feeding together, and I have no doubt their mates were near by busy with maternal cares. I would like to know the result of more extended observations on the subject.

There are no mountain quail in Utah, nor any other varieties native to this region. Both the valley quail of California, and the Bob Whites have been planted in the various cañons from Ogden to the head of Utah Lake. They have done well, and are by law protected for two years more. But in fact they are now being shot. If unmolested they would be likely to spread over Utah generally. Now they are confined to the mouth of cañons and will be easily exterminated.

The game and fish laws are not obeyed. Trout are being killed with giant powder. Two days since, at the spot where this was written, I heard from the door of my tent a loud explosion, and saw the water from the creek rise in a column high above the willows fringing the creek. When I visited the spot a little later I was surprised at the perfect destruction made of all the trout in that pool. The larger ones had been carried away by the vandal that did the work, but there were scores of small dead floating or at the bottom of the pool. Half a dozen larger ones had been overlooked in the hurry to get away by the new-fashioned angler. I am afraid we are no better in Utah than they are in Maine in observance of this class of laws. I fear that in all our country there will be no place where deer, grouse or trout will be found except on private grounds. Laws most wholesome and necessary have a place on the statute books, but they do not avail because not enforced. Public opinion must stand in with the statutes.

UTAH. GEO. H. WYMAN.

THE MEXICAN WILD TURKEY.

IN comparing this bird, *Meleagris gallopavo mexicana* with *Meleagris gallopavo*, I meant to say he is more stupid, instead of "striped," as the types had it. Either statement is correct, though one might be led to suppose from the latter expression that the wild turkey of the United States is to some extent striped. This is not so. To write for the readers of FOREST AND STREAM about the difference between the two varieties would seem a useless waste of space, and yet I must admit that it is a somewhat recent addition to my own stock of information. Audubon failed to make a proper discrimination, and confusion on the part of such authority is sure to be perpetuated by many who follow him.

The most remarkable characteristic of *Meleagris gallopavo* is that he cannot be domesticated. The proof of this is overwhelming. Of course individuals can be tamed, but the wild instinct always prevails. Once when a boy I captured a dozen eggs, eleven of which were hatched. As I remember, nine of the chickens survived, under the fostering care of a domestic hen. As they grew toward maturity, however, their nightly resting place in the trees became higher and higher and further and further from the chicken house. They were as tame as ordinary chickens, but active and able to fly well. I was trying to devise some way of capturing them without resorting to the extreme method of shooting them, when after several absences of a night or two they disappeared. The same experience was repeated by almost every family of the Western States. Audubon tells of a gobbler he tamed and made a pet of, in Kentucky, which at the age of more than three years finally left him, though on finding it in the woods afterward it allowed him to approach it.

This untamable nature, together with the persistency of color in his dark bronze plumage, made the development of the domestic turkey from such stock one of the puzzles of my boyhood. I remember to have seen more than once the statement that the turkey is a native of Persia. Such a theory is perhaps the desperate effort of some puzzled soul to escape the difficulty just mentioned. It is gratuitous and entirely unfounded. As Benjamin Franklin once suggested, he might be made our national emblem, for he is as much an American gift to the world as maize, tobacco and "Irish" potatoes.

The domestic turkey is a descendant of the Mexican wild variety. I have not had opportunity to examine this bird personally, but I believe it is generally admitted that even in a wild state his color is not fixed. A Mexican who is in the employ of one of the sub-contractors on the railroad from this city to the Gulf of Mexico, and whose camp is in the midst of a paradise of game, tells me that the turkeys are *pinto*. This word means simply spotted. Whether there is more than simple black and white I do not know. The manner of producing the variations common in the domestic variety is well understood.

The Indians here had a name, still current, for the turkey which was apparently intended to represent his note. A Spanish work on natural history, which I have examined, in a desperate effort to reduce the sounds to writing, produced this, *hucxololt*. If any reader of the FOREST AND STREAM wishes to read this aloud he needn't try to pronounce the word. Just let him give his neck a "yank" and gobble. Anybody can do that, whether he knows Spanish or not. About the commonest color of domestic turkeys here is gray, the feathers dark below and tipped with white. This gives a neutral effect quite common in nature, and I suppose is about the color of the wild ones.

The same man of whom I spoke above, told me of at least two kinds of what I took to be grouse, besides the *chachalaca*, and two or three kinds of quail, the Indian names of which I could not retain. As the railroad is to be completed this fall, giving a busy man a chance to take a run into that favored country, I hope to make the trip and have something interesting to report. Some youthful and ambitious naturalist ought to set his eyes on that section, for, so far as I can ascertain, it is almost virgin soil. AZTEC.

SAN LUIS POTOSI, Mexico.

THE ELECTRIC ORGANS OF THE STAR GAZER.—In the Proceedings of the U. S. National Museum, Vol. 3, p. 18, 1880, Dr. Jordan states that Dr. J. A. Henshall had informed him that the star gazer (*Astroscopus y-græcum*) in life exhibits strong electrical powers, these powers apparently having their seat in the naked skin on the top of the head. Dr. Jordan then adds: "So far as I know, such phenomena have not hitherto been ascribed to any fish of this family. I therefore put this statement on record, in hopes that subsequent observers of this rare fish may be able to verify it." Professor Gilbert informs us that during the cruise of the Fish Commission steamer Albatross along the coast of Lower California a star gazer (*Astroscopus*) was obtained in Magdalena Bay, April 8, 1889, which had the power to give electrical shocks. A man had been ordered to take the fish from the aquarium, in which it had been kept alive, and eviscerate it preparatory to preserving in alcohol. Upon taking hold of the fish with the thumb and fingers of one hand in such a way as to make the necessary incision, he felt a shock, and not knowing what to make of it turned the fish over to Professor Gilbert, who also felt the shock very perceptibly, as did two other gentlemen present. The specimen from the Pacific was a great surprise to Professor Gilbert, as this genus was known only to the Atlantic before.—BAB.

EXPLORATIONS IN ARIZONA AND NEW MEXICO.—Dr. L. Stejneger, of the U. S. National Museum, Curator Dept. of Reptiles, left Washington Sept. 2, for Arizona and New Mexico, where he will make collections of birds and reptiles. The Doctor will first go into the San Francisco Mountains, in central Arizona, and work south. He expects to be engaged about three months upon this work. The field to be gone over is quite rich in objects of natural history, and Dr. Stejneger will probably add much desiderata to the collections of the museum. Dr. C. Hart Merriam, of the Agricultural Department, is now in the same field collecting mammals and birds. Prof. F. W. Knowlton, of the U. S. National Museum, is also working in the same territory collecting plants.

RANGE OF THE WILD TURKEY.—Plainfield, Mass.—Referring to your investigations respecting the range of the wild turkey to the northward and eastward, let me say that I have just learned from tradition that "Gobble Mountain," in Chester, took its name from the quantity of wild turkeys which were once found there. Chester is in the northwestern part of Hampden county, which projects into Hampshire county. This is the furthest limit of *Gallopavo's* habitat which I have heard of in this direction.—CHAS. HALLOCK.

WILD PIGEONS.—Calais, Me., Aug. 26.—After some years we are this summer having some of our old acquaintances in the way of wild pigeons. Several flocks have been about, and I hope they may again become abundant.—GEO. A. BOARDMAN.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

278.

SEVERAL years since the skipper and myself pulled down to Great Marsh before sundown to get a few shots at black duck, which were striking in quite plentifully. The skipper set the stools, while I busied myself in shoving my boat into the edge of the marsh and covering her with sedge so that the birds might not sight me as I lay in her. As soon as he had finished the stools the skipper pulled away to a favorite blind, and by that time I was ready for business. The dusk was set in and we had had no shots, and I had been intently watching for any birds which might fly over, when I glanced at the decoys and saw that the skipper had set more than he said he had. That is, I thought he said seven, and surely I counted eight. My first impulse was to cover that extra bird, and my gun was at my shoulder before I happened to think that possibly it might be that he was mistaken, and that if I filled his decoys full of shot he might not be filled with happiness; and besides, the laugh would never be over with the boys. I wavered a minute between an impulse to "turn her loose" on the outside bird, but he was so quietly resting on the water without a quack or perceptible motion to be noticed through the dusk, that I had not the sand to take the chance of its not being a decoy. No duck had lit, and this extra one might easily be a decoy set by the skipper in excess of the seven he had told me he placed. To solve the problem I gently rocked the boat in the marsh. Whir! Bang! Up got a black duck and off over the marsh he whistled, followed by my right barrel, but too late. The duck must have swam up from some distant part of the marsh, and so quietly that I had not seen him till he was among the decoys. I didn't say anything about my brilliancy to the skipper. He had no delicacy of feeling, and would laugh. F. P. L.

279.

In our engineer corps was Col. Sam H., a very modest and refined gentleman of Irish persuasion, and possessing considerable ability, but so much addicted to the "rosy," that he frequently found himself on the supernumerary list. He was acting in the capacity of draftsman, in which department he possessed considerable skill. Col. Sam stood patiently at his drawing board from morning till night day after day. On one occasion, being invited by some gentlemen to join them the following morning on a fishing expedition, I thought I would give Col. Sam a holiday, so I asked him to take a seat in my buggy. He gladly accepted, as he had not had a smell of the woods for some months. We started at daybreak, and having driven some six miles from the town of Monroe, Louisiana, to the banks of a pretty stream in a swamp, the party of six or eight bivouacked for breakfast. Having built a fire, boiled a coffee pot, and broiled over our cold meats of various kinds, we ate our breakfast with keen relish, and then prepared for fishing.

I had provided a fishing line for Col. Sam, and when all were busy in preparations I produced it and handed it to him. Now Col. Sam had probably never cast a hook in water in his life, nor pulled a trigger. He gazed at the line in embarrassed surprise, then exclaimed, "Me feesh! I—ah—I left me glarsses. I carn't see to bait me ho-o-o-k!" So Col. Sam loitered about the woods until noon, when the party assembled at the camp-fire with a goodly store of black bass, goggle eye, bream and jackfish, wriggling fresh from the water. They were soon transferred from their native element to hot lard in a frypan, when their bright and glistening skins speedily became crisp and brown. Then Col. Sam exhibited his prowess as a fisherman in a manner to excite the envy of all dyspeptics. We continued our sport in the afternoon until the gathering gloom in the swamp admonished us to get out to the "big road" before it became too dark. Then hitching up our "teams" we rattled back to town in merry mood. This was the first and only time that Col. Sam ever essayed to play fisherman.

MEMPHIS, Tenn. COAHOMA.

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nanit," "Gloan," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybillene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 220 pages, price $2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

Game Bag and Gun.

PATTERN AND PENETRATION.

SCOTT, 10-BORE.

THE Scott gun was the make of weapon put to test when the screen was put in use on the afternoon of Aug. 7. The particular arm on trial was the property of a gentleman well known among the duck shooters of the Long Island inlets, and the large 10-gauge Scott which he offered for trial has often done good service across the waters of the Great South Bay. It can hardly be said that it acquitted itself in any very satisfactory shape before this shooting screen. Two sets of cartridges were prepared, intended to run as nearly even as the two makes of powder would permit, and they were loaded by the Schultze powder agent in this country so as to insure the best possible showing for the white explosive.

The day was a very fair one for the trial, a 5 o'clock lifting wind affecting the flying shot but little, and the



SCOTT GUN, BLACK POWDER, RIGHT BARREL, 126 PELLETS.

pellets had a good chance to make the best pattern of which they were capable. Of course, with such charges of powder behind large shot, and chilled shot, too, the penetration ran heavy, and it became explainable how an arm of such poor pattern might yet make a good record if only the shooter put in plenty of charge, for with such a striking force a single shot would drop a pretty fair-sized waterfowl. The gun was well held, since out of five shots fired from each barrel at each distance with each sort of powder, the average distance in inches between the centers of the aimed and struck circles ran as follows:

	Black Powder.		Schultze Powder.	
	Right Barrel.	Left Barrel.	Right Barrel.	Left Barrel.
40yds.....	5in.	4in.	5in.	4in.
60yds.....	5½in.	4in.	4in.	3in.

In not a few instances the advantage gain in the pattern sheet by shifting from the center aimed at was very slight, showing that the aiming of Supt. Moss, who did the firing, was good, and that the gun put its shot as far



SCOTT GUN, BLACK POWDER, LEFT BARREL, 115 PELLETS.

as it was able about the point of aim. The average for the five shots fired in each instance, from each barrel at each distance, and with the two sorts of powder, shows as follows:

	Black Powder.				Schultze Powder.			
	Aimed Circle.		Struck Circle.		Aimed Circle.		Struck Circle.	
	Right Barrel.	Left Barrel.	Right Barrel.	Left Barrel.	Right Barrel.	Left Barrel.	Right Barrel.	Left Barrel.
40yds..	101	99	106	104	81	69	83	74
60yds..	43	50	49	56	38	44	43	46

In noting the averages it should be borne in mind that the opened cartridges showed an average of 276 pellets in each one, so that reckoned by percentage there was not a single average which reached 40 per cent. of the quantity of shot fired, and at 60yds. not even 20 per cent. was reached. The advantage was slightly with the black powder in both distances of the test. Coming to a comparison of penetration, the large quantity of black powder, running up to 132grs. of explosive behind 585grs. weight of shot, showed itself in the hard hitting. The white powder was neatly balanced with the black, so far as force was concerned, as the penetration runs very even, with the advantage slightly with the white powder.

The testing of this gun was an illustration of just how the FOREST AND STREAM gun test is to do its work. It was not intended that trial be made only of sets of guns gotten up as show pieces by the various makers just to display the top notch work of any particular make. These trials are interesting as measurers of what arms ought to do, but beyond this sort of test there is the trials of the arms in the hands of the general run of gunners. Just as in our trajectory test of rifles we asked for



SCOTT GUN, SCHULTZE POWDER, RIGHT BARREL, 124 PELLETS.

stock rifles, taken out of a lot, and not fettled up for a special test; so in shotgun work, and even more so than in rifles, we wish to see what the average gun is doing. In almost every instance the gun shoots better than the holder holds, but this is no reason why a man should bring along a 10lbs. gun and fire away a big load of shot at each trigger pull simply to do the work which an 8lbs. arm properly loaded would accomplish.

In this instance it is not to be supposed that the Scott works will consider the performance of this gun as typical of their entire output, no more so than the Colt works consider our recent trial of a pair of Colt arms as showing what that make of arms ought to do. Yet the owners of those Colts, just as the owner of this Scott, each considered himself the owner of a pretty good weapon, and was ready to back it with his money and time in a trip after game. They were successful in dropping their birds, rather in spite of than because of, any extra aid given by the arms carried. Put to the cold, exact test of a number of figured shots at the paper target, the guns do not figure out largely. Yet in the hands of their



SCOTT GUN, SCHULTZE POWDER, LEFT BARREL, 103 PELLETS.

owners, hopeful zeal took the place of close pattern, and fair success was met with across marsh and meadow.

The Scott gun tried was a heavy, serviceable arm. Shooter Moss said he could not detect any special difference in recoil between the two powders, and this may have a significance in looking at the penetration figures. In one shot the wad over the Schultze powder at 40yds. came down the range and through the paper screen along with the metallic contents of the charge.

Our figures in the record so thoroughly cover the story of the gun's doings, that we will leave them, together with the selected best patterns, to tell the story of the test. In the cuts it should be borne in mind that *A* in each instance is the point of aim, while *C* is the center of the struck circle for greatest pattern.

CLAREMONT, N. J., Aug. 7, 1889.

TEST MADE AT FOREST AND STREAM GUN-TESTING SCREEN.

Gun—Scott hammer. Cost, 8—. No. of gun, 15,981. Weight, 10½lbs. Length of barrels, 33in. Gauge, 10. Right barrel, full choke. Left barrel, full choke.
Weather—Clear. Direction of wind, 5 o'clock. Force of wind, 4 miles per hour. Thermometer, dry, 75°. Do., wet, 67°. Humidity, 66°. Barometer, 30.1in.
Charge, as given by holder of gun:

BOTH BARRELS.

Shell—U. S. C. Co.'s Climax.
Powder, Brand—Dead Shot.
Powder, Quantity—4½ drs.
Shot—*Make*—Tatham. *Quantity*—1¼ oz. *Size*—6 Chilled.

CARTRIDGE ANALYSIS.

Three Cartridges Taken at Random.

BOTH BARRELS.

Loading.		Powder.	Shot.
Card over shot; two B. E. wads and card over powder.	1...135 grs.	588 grs.	275 pellets.
	2...130 grs.	567 grs.	271 pellets.
	3...132 grs.	589 grs.	274 pellets.
	Average 132grs.	581 grs.	273 pellets.

TEST AT 40 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

RIGHT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.	LEFT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.
1. 123 pellets.	27 sheets.	1. 111 pellets.	19 sheets.
2. 107 pellets.	31 sheets.	2. 89 pellets.	26 sheets.
3. 93 pellets.	23 sheets.	3. 95 pellets.	27 sheets.
4. 92 pellets.	.. sheets.	4. 101 pellets.	31 sheets.
5. 91 pellets.	33 sheets.	5. 103 pellets.	28 sheets.
Av. 101 pellets.	28 sheets.	Av. 99 pellets.	26 sheets.

Three shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.	LEFT BARREL.
1..... 126 pellets.	1..... 115 pellets.
2..... 112 pellets.	2..... 104 pellets.
3..... 101 pellets.	3..... 104 pellets.
Average 113 pellets.	Average 108 pellets.

TEST AT 60 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

RIGHT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.	LEFT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.
1. 33 pellets.	22 sheets.	1. 51 pellets.	19 sheets.
2. 32 pellets.	.. sheets.	2. 66 pellets.	18 sheets.
3. 62 pellets.	9 sheets.	3. 23 pellets.	17 sheets.
4. 42 pellets.	22 sheets.	4. 58 pellets.	.. sheets.
5. 47 pellets.	15 sheets.	5. 52 pellets.	15 sheets.
Av. 43 pellets.	16 sheets.	Av. 50 pellets.	17 sheets.

Three shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.	LEFT BARREL.
1..... 66 pellets.	1..... 59 pellets.
2..... 50 pellets.	2..... 68 pellets.
3..... 51 pellets.	3..... 61 pellets.
Average 55 pellets.	Average 63 pellets.

CLAREMONT, N. J., Aug. 7, 1889.

TEST MADE AT FOREST AND STREAM GUN-TESTING SCREEN.

Gun—Scott hammer. Cost, $—. No. of gun, 15,981. Weight, 10½lbs. Length of barrels, 33in. Gauge, 10. Right barrel, full choke. Left barrel, full choke.

Weather—Clear. Direction of wind, 5 o'clock. Force of wind, 4 miles per hour. Thermometer, dry, 75°. Do., wet, 67°. Humidity, 66°. Barometer, 30.11in.

Charge, as given by holder of gun:

BOTH BARRELS.

Shell—U. S. C. Co.'s Climax.
Powder, Brand—Schultze.
Powder, Quantity—4 drs.
Shot—*Make*—Tatham. *Quantity*—1¼ oz. *Size*—6 Chilled.

CARTRIDGE ANALYSIS.

Three Cartridges Taken at Random.

BOTH BARRELS.

Loading.		Powder.	Shot.
Card over shot; one B. E., two P. E. wads and card over pdr.	1... 61 grs.	596 grs.	280 pellets.
	2... 60 grs.	592 grs.	273 pellets.
	3... 59 grs.	578 grs.	270 pellets.
	Average 60 grs.	588 grs.	274 pellets.

TEST AT 40 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

RIGHT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.	LEFT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.
1. 69 pellets.	26 sheets.	1. 97 pellets.	25 sheets.
2. 98 pellets.	25 sheets.	2. 45 pellets.	.. sheets.
3. 24 pellets.	25 sheets.	3. 83 pellets.	.. sheets.
4. 124 pellets.	36 sheets.	4. 20 pellets.	.. sheets.
5. 91 pellets.	26 sheets.	5. 100 pellets.	30 sheets.
Av. 81 pellets.	28 sheets.	Av. 69 pellets.	27 sheets.

Three Shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.	LEFT BARREL.
1..... 90 pellets.	1..... 102 pellets.
2..... 110 pellets.	2..... 84 pellets.
3..... 106 pellets.	3..... 103 pellets.
Average 102 pellets.	Average 93 pellets.

TEST AT 60 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

RIGHT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.	LEFT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.
1. 18 pellets.	.. sheets.	1. 56 pellets.	16 sheets.
2. 50 pellets.	17 sheets.	2. 50 pellets.	18 sheets.
3. 41 pellets.	.. sheets.	3. 50 pellets.	17 sheets.
4. 8 pellets.	.. sheets.	4. 36 pellets.	17 sheets.
5. 43 pellets.	21 sheets.	5. 27 pellets.	20 sheets.
Av. 38 pellets.	19 sheets.	Av. 44 pellets.	18 sheets.

Three Shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.	LEFT BARREL.
1..... 50 pellets.	1..... 60 pellets.
2..... 50 pellets.	2..... 52 pellets.
3..... 55 pellets.	3..... 50 pellets.
Average 52 pellets.	Average 54 pellets.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Aug. 31.—The officers of the Missouri Fish and Game Protective Association have determined to put a stop to the illegal sale of prairie chickens in this city, and with this object in view they recently appointed an agent to investigate and report to them the results of his investigation. For a week or more the agent labored hard in the good cause and his vigilance was well rewarded, for he succeeded in having warrants issued against a number of prominent restaurant and hotel keepers who were serving their guests with a delicious article of "owl," and one game dealer suffered a similar fate. They were all arrested and gave bonds for appearance in court. Sportsmen here are highly elated over the splendid showing made by special officer Voris, and they also hope that the violaters will be given the butt end of the law for selling chickens at this time when the open season for them in this State is 45 days off yet.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 27.—We have been blessed with beautiful, World's Fair weather here for the past season, and one could hardly believe that it was summer at all. Some of our shooters who have gone afield for an early shoot report fair weather all through upper Illinois and Indiana.

Numbers of shooters have already gone into the latter State for the ostensible purpose of fishing or snipe shooting, but it is highly probable that next Sunday will see most of them out after chickens, if they do not go before that time. There will be very fair prairie chicken shooting in upper Indiana this fall, unless all the promise of the earlier season be falsified. Some little illegal shooting is reported in Illinois, but it is being kept quiet. Illinois, Indiana and lower Wisconsin are going to afford Chicago shooters really very good prairie chicken shooting this fall, without the necessity of going very far from home. But it will not last long. The guns will be out in thousands after this big, beautiful and easy game bird, and the supply will rapidly fade away. There is no bird so defenseless as the pinnated grouse, and it is the prey of every one, from Zulu up.

Speaking of snipe reminds one that jack snipe made their appearance on our marshes three weeks ago, and came in considerable numbers ten days or more ago. A few of those who were "on to" this have quickly slipped out and made some good bags already. Mr. John Grey, of the Cumberland Club, whom I have once mentioned as a very successful duck shot, told me to-day that he had just got in from the club, and had bagged 44 jack snipe in less than half an hour (he said) on the little flat directly in front of the club house. "I don't think I was gone over 20 minutes," said he, "the place was alive with them. The boys don't know it yet."

Lately I read a lot of learned stuff about snipe in another journal, and supposed I was learning something until I fell to talking with Ed Irwin, of Corry, Pa., who spends his summer on Chautauqua Lake, and who comes out to Koutts, Ind., on the Kankakee River, to shoot snipe for the market, as he has done for the past twenty years. He says that region holds out better than any snipe ground he knows. Mr. Irwin said, "That fellow you are talking about says snipe come in in three separate flights. Well, I have watched the jack snipe pretty close for over twenty years, and I don't think they do anything of the kind. You can't lay down any such rule. Snipe usually come in on the full moon. Your early Illinois snipe came in on the full moon, and you will notice that they will thin out now and not be in to any great extent till the full moon of next month. A good many people write about game who don't know very much about it. I am convinced that if this gentleman had observed jack snipe so long as some of us, he would have changed his mind about the three-flight business."

Golden plover crossed Ohio three weeks ago, and they are on our prairies here now to some extent. I have not yet seen any one who has been out after them, but I will shortly look up Italian Joe. He knows where all the plover are.

Mr. W. T. Best, of the Chicago Tin Pigeon Co., starts this week for Denver, Col., to attend the big shoot of the Queen City club, which will probably result in the further strengthening of the "Rocky Mountain Trap-Shooters," and should be quite a considerable affair. Mr. Best has space offered him in this shoot for his bird, which is one of the new and good inventions which Chicago is all the time turning out for the sporting world. I have tried not to miss mentioning any noteworthy product of that kind during the past year, and believe that the columns of this paper will show that this city has done more in the way of originality and enterprise in that respect than any other in the Union during the period named.

The Standard Cartridge Co. of Chicago is now well settled in its beautiful new offices at the northeast corner of Randolph street and Wabash avenue, and things have a rather explosive look in them, the large floor having the offices of the Standard Cartridge, the Dupont Powder, the Oriental Mills, the Atlantic Dynamite Co., and the Repauno Chemical Co. Mr. C. E. Willard, the superintendent of the Standard Cartridge, has his desk right up in the front, as if he wasn't at all afraid of being seen over at his new place of business. Charlie Willard is so well known that it isn't news to talk about him. He will have to *chasser* around between here and St. Louis, until Chicago annexes St. Louis, which will be before long. Mr. Rice's desk, and the Dupont office, are railed off handsomely just back of this, and the Oriental Mills come next. Mr. Rice's private office, which is furnished with singular good taste for its purposes, lies at the end of the suite, and is a very good climax to the whole. Mr. Rice has a number of heads of big game in his office. He has also a large rug, which I took to be native Mexican, but which he says is West Indian weaving. It is very homely—enough so to be attractive, he says. All these offices are finished in old oak, and all the desks are of that wood. The total effect is one I do not see equalled in similar offices in this or other cities, and shows what dignity sporting interests may assume upon occasion in this city. Mr. Rice and Mr. Willard say that their machinery will soon be in. Both these gentlemen are known in this country, and it would afford absent friends pleasure to behold them in their new quarters, to which they seem now perfectly adjusted.

The actual business of the field is now beginning to assert itself. Our shooters are growing uneasy, and are oiling up their guns. There is a vague suspicion in the air that something is going to happen before long. The anglers hold on, but the shooters will before long outnumber them. The fall, the natural time for field sports, draws on apace. The nights are growing cooler.

Aug. 28.—Some weeks ago a lone highwayman held up and went through a Milwaukee & Northern train at Ellis Junction, securing booty and escaping unharmed. A little while ago the same man robbed a Wisconsin Central train in the same manner, escaping into the great Northern wilderness with equal ease. Yesterday he held up a stage coach which was carrying four passengers from the great angling water, Lake Gogebic, to the station on the Lake Shore & Western road. One of the passengers resisted and fired at the robber, who returned the fire, and has probably killed two of the occupants of the stage, himself escaping once more into the woods, once more to be pursued by a sheriff, a posse and a reward. These things seem interesting to me, as the above are three of our best fishing lines of railway, and the outrages were committed right in the angling territory of which I have lately written. From what I saw of the almost impassably dense and impervious nature of some of that country up there, I should say it was simple folly to undertake to find a man who had five minutes start in those woods, unless the pursuit had trailers, either dogs or men.

Almost simultaneous with this account comes news of a train robbery on the D. & R. G. in Colorado, a country with whose dry and rocky character I happen also to be familiar. Yet in this case the Indian trailers followed the robbers for miles and miles, and captured them, even in spite of their removing their boots and swathing their feet in thick rags. I have seen an Apache scout follow the trail of a deserter over the dry foothills which lie about Fort Stanton, as fast as the squad cared to follow him, and he rarely hesitated. This makes me think that an Indian such as these could run down their bandit murderer for them; and that no one else can.

Our shooters are beginning to ask the old question, "Are we going to have any ducks this fall?" So far, the water in the marshes seems at very good stage, and everything looks prosperous. English Lake men say their marsh is so high that they feel quite safe. Cumberland marsh also reports a good run of water and a good prospect. The high water will make snipe shooting good, almost without doubt.

Our shooters here are to a great extent wildfowl or trap-shooters. Upland shooting has had a swift decadence in this region, although there are a few who still know and seek its delights. We hav till a slight hold upon this most excellent style of spo , and it is to be hoped that our upland birds may gradually be preserved and restored to us, as our pinnated grouse have been by the late close law.

Shooters should bear in mind once more our open date on prairie chickens. It has been lately accurately stated in these columns, and is Sept. 15, not Sept. 1. The daily papers of this city, usually wrong on all sporting matters, have recently wrongly announced this date as Sept. 1. The latter is the date our noble-minded Senate tried to spring on us, although the clerk frustrated the scheme with his lucky stumbling pen. We have got a dandy legislature out here. There are only a few things they don't know, and they are after those few. Every one of them is a Solon J. Daniel, and his intellect would cast a gloom.

AUG. 28.—*Later.*—It seems that the news about the Gogebic stage robber is of more direct interest to FOREST AND STREAM than appeared at first. Mr. A. G. Fleischbein, of Belleville, Ill., was one of the men shot by the highwayman, and he died of his injuries at 6 o'clock this morning. Mr. Fleischbein was a prominent sportsman in his community, and well known in business and political circles. He was also well known as a contributor to the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, which paper must certainly deplore his untimely taking off while on his pleasure trip into the woods. It is melancholy to add that when Mr. Fleischbein fell from the stage in consequence of his injuries, he was deserted by his three companions, and left lying alone in the road so long that the loss of blood caused his subsequent death. He complained of this. He said also that the robber threatened to kill him as he lay crippled in the road.

Aug. 29.—We have had a sensation. We have had two arrests on South Water street for illegal handling of game. We have met the enemy, and we are theirs.

Some time ago a Mr. Bortree and others made complaint to Mr. Fred C. Donald, president of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, that there was a large amount of illegal game coming in. Mr. Donald undertook to institute action. He went to some of the leading members of the association, and passed his hat to raise a little collection. He got his hat back. Then he grew a trifle warm, went down in his own pocket, and expended $45 of his own money, for which he will never receive a "thank you," and hired a man to get evidence for a prosecution. We have a game warden out here, but like most game wardens, his whereabouts is mostly shrouded in mystery. Not a member of our State association knew the name or address of our trusted officer; although it transpired later that his name is H. P. Brunsewitz, and his address No. 12 Clybourne avenue. This information was gained from the arrested game dealers. They said that Mr. Brunsewitz came down to them, on South Water street, to ask them what his duties were! It is presumed they told him his duty was to lapse into peaceful silence. Anyhow, he lapsed.

The special agent, Mr. Malcolm McNeil, reported that he found il egal game in a number of cases. "Well, go ahead and make a seizure," said Mr. Donald, "I can't tell you whom to arrest and whom not. Go ahead."

Mr. McNeil went ahead, armed with his little search warrant in the name of the people of the glorious State of Illinois. And he lit down upon just about the two men out of all South Water street whom every sportsman of Chicago would have liked to see let alone. He arrested Mr. Henry A. Sloan, one of the most prominent members of the Mak-saw-ba club, a sportsman beloved by his fellows, and a man who has spent more money in game protection than almost any in the State Association. He found a box of chickens, ducks and quail sitting in front of Mr. Sloan's place, and made the seizure. The other case was against Mr. G. W. Randall, also well-known in the Mak-saw-ba club and in shooting circles here. Ducks and chickens were in Mr. Randall's box, which Mr. McNeil received as it was unloaded from the freight wagon.

Mr. Donald at once informed Mr. Wolfred N. Low, last year president of the State Association, who is constituted by State's Attorney Longenecker, assistant prosecutor in Cook county for cases of this nature, and although Mr. Low hardly liked the look of things, the writs were out and returnable, and nothing was left but to go ahead on the path Mr. McNeil had cut out. A continuance was had by defense on last Saturday, and on Tuesday at 9 A. M. the State vs. H. A. Sloan was tried.

Mr. Low opened the prosecution with a direct apology for his friend Mr. Sloan, of whom he spoke in terms of the highest respect. "Your Honor," said he, "Mr. Sloan will, I trust, be found to be brought before you under some misapprehension. Even should evidence be found against him, I am satisfied that he has received this game, for the killing of which he is not responsible, only at the last resort and as a protection to his business on a street where the general morals are such that action of this kind is almost necessary; for a more active and con-

scientious sportsman we do not have with us than Mr. Sloan."

After this open admission of the inefficiency of our game laws—which bears directly upon the facts set forth by myself last fall and later, to the effect that the conflict in open dates of the great game markets practically keeps all the markets open the year round—Mr. Low proceded with the prosecution to a short extent, Mr. Donald thinking it best to go on.

Defense set up that the prosecuting witness was not a game warden; that only a game warden had power under the statute to search premises for illicit game; that although power to prosecute a fine might lie in the people, action did not lie in this case for the people.

Upon the defense being outlined, Mr. Low dismissed the prosecution. The result was practically a non-suit and not a trial on the facts at all. Defense showed incidentally the name and address of the proper game warden. The Randall suit being of the same nature no appearance was entered in it, and it was dismissed. The Randall birds were sold by agreement. Mr. Sloan left Justice Smith's court in anger and refused to remove the confiscated game, which was put into a freezer by prosecution and watched. Mr. Sloan said he knew nothing of the birds and did not receive them. Mr. Randall said his birds came from Sioux City, Iowa. I am told this box also had quail in it.

Mr. Donald tried earnestly to secure the attendance of a number of our leading sportsmen at this trial, and sent to FOREST AND STREAM an invitation to be on hand. The latter was accepted, but the result of the morning suit caused the dismissal of the afternoon suit, which was the only thing to be expected. Not a soul of our leading sportsmen was there. Mr. Donald said to me, "When I left the room I was so disgusted with the whole affair that I would have handed in my resignation as president of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, if I could have found anybody to hand it to." Mr. Donald shall do nothing of the kind. He has nerve enough to make a start, at least, and so he belongs right where he is. Certainly the boys will be piqued and shamed enough by these rather inglorious results to chip in and back up Fred C. Donald, one of their own companions, to the extent of the $50 or $100 necessary to make another proper case, and one which will result in a conviction on South Water street, which will now laugh louder than ever at our "yearly trap-shoot league" of an association, if something is not done. I am ready to stand my share of such a fund. I believe FOREST AND STREAM is ready to stand its share. Every shooter in this city ought to be able to stand his share. The association has no money. Let it not be said that it is all apathy. Not much money is needed. Mr. Low offers his services to prosecute a case at any time. The iron is hot now. There are plenty of summer quail in the market now, and it won't take long to get a case. Besides, you know, we know the name of our game warden now.

Such, so far as I am able to make it, is a plain, unvarnished exposition of the truly delectable state of affairs in game protection in this city. Is it any better anywhere else? Is there any State sportsmen's association which is anything more than a yearly trap shoot? If any, speak, and give our sleeping brethren the benefit of one good example. I have no grudge against the Illinois Association, certainly, but if there is anything on earth I do love in newspaper work, it's facts. I talked with Mr. Low, ex-president, to-day.

"Mr. Low," I said, "a while ago I wrote an article for FOREST AND STREAM in which I tried to rip the State Association up the back a little on this protection business. The paper declined to use so severe an article. What do you think—are we any good, or not?"

"No," said Mr. Low, "we are not, and you were doing no injustice, but a possible good, in stating the facts as you did. There is lamentable deficiency both in the State Protective Association and in the State game laws. Look at the balk made on the prairie chicken law this year. We hardly know how we stand. Judge Caton has just handed me an old decision which makes it at least doubtful whether you can't go behind the law as published. All I can say is, we are mixed, and badly mixed. I once stated for FOREST AND STREAM, and also publicly in an address to our State convention, I believe, that our game wardens had police authorities under the new law; but for the life of me I can't find this clause in the published laws, although I have received congratulations upon its being passed. The amount of it is, that none of us sportsmen can afford to go down to Springfield and stay a whole session to watch a measure through. We can't afford it. The Association makes no appropriation for it. But the South Water street men can afford to have a lobby there, and they do. Result is, they get there, and we don't. No, sir, you may say for me that I love the Association and enjoy its meetings, but so far as being a practical protective association is concerned, our record shows that we have no right to claim it."

Upon being questioned to similar purpose, Mr. Donald, the present president of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, said:

"I am feeling pretty sore about this late action. I have had a *bona fide* intention to do something on this line, and I honestly thought I would have backing enough from the boys to give me at least a little moral support in these late cases, unfortunate as they were. I had no support whatever. I am willing and anxious to try again, and do not believe in giving up so easily, at least not until issue has been fairly joined in a well-taken case. I want to go ahead and fight now, if there is any interest held by any other members. But what am I to do? The truth is, our association don't take hold and never did, and it all is very discouraging."

Once we had a president to our association who once upon a time was asked for $5 to aid in a game law prosecution. "If it was for politics, I'd go you," said he, "but for game protection, excuse me!" This man is now high in politics here. In men like Mr. Donald and Mr. Low we have a great deal better material than that, and both these gentlemen have certainly shown themselves generous of their time and money to the last degree. To what good?

We have here, made right to order, a beautiful example of the practical—not the theoretical—workings of the local protection system and the game warden scheme. We can see, not what it might accomplish, but what it does not accomplish. Our law is no good, because it can not show results. Our law is so weak that perhaps all we can do at best is to break it over the heads of the game dealers at the very next suit. Our law, plainly, is worthless. But we are not going to change it. Our State association has no money to employ even one man to try to better it.

Now, here is another side to it. I know almighty well that men like Henry Sloan and George Randall and Col. Bond don't want to sell unlawful game. They would rather not. They would be willing to go into some compromise which would relieve them of the necessity—that is it, the necessity. When will our high and mighty sportsmen, who can't protect anything, and don't want to try, come down from the hill of their own conceit and offer a flag of truce to these game dealers, who can do just what they want to do, and who are desirous in many cases of saving the game, and not of selling it? In such a union there is strength indeed. It is not certain that such a union is impossible, if proper grounds of compromise were determined.

I have written of this before, and have thought of it often. It is my hobby. The present state of affairs does not induce one to think otherwise. There may never be a time when sportsmen and game dealers, East and West, will march on shoulder to shoulder, strong as an army with banners, but until something of the sort is approached or undertaken, do not let the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association imagine that it is an army with banners. Far more like is it to the melancholy spectacle of the lone Knight of La Mancha, mounted upon a bony and tottering steed, clad in armor, becoming yearly more antiquated and unfit for modern use, and waving feebly a rotted, weak and pointless spear.

Aug. 31.—Irving Park Gun Club, near this city, having grown impatient at the continual violation of the chicken law in this vicinity, has made arrangements to prosecute the next instance. So far as I can learn, the approaching of the open date has caused much more violation of the law than was the case last year or the year before. Everybody wants to get in ahead now, and is afraid some one else will get a chicken or so. No convictions. No arrests.

One of the members of one of our prominent clubs here killed six prairie chickens last week, at the club house in Indiana. He is not especially anxious to have this generally known. A grand example he sets!

To-morrow is open day in Indiana. There are numbers of birds along the edge of the Kankakee marshes, or there were a few weeks ago. The marsh hunters, pushers and "swamp angels" generally have been at them steadily for a long time. One pusher at the Cumberland Club, whom I thought quite above such work as that, is reported to have been shooting chickens regularly. No arrests. The Indiana law is a very peculiar one. In order to convict, it is almost necessary that the prosecuting witness shall have seen the defendant kill the bird, no doubt being left as to that fact. Of course, that is a good protective law. It protects the law breaker. Most of our game laws do.

Mr. W. N. Low has received an invitation from his brother at Wall Lake, Iowa, to come out for a chicken shoot. Wall Lake is in Wright county, Iowa, and is in one of the best chicken countries I ever knew. That used to be our Iowa hunting ground, and I have passed many pleasant days about that peculiar little lake. There is fair pickerel fishing in the lake, and there are bullheads till you can't rest. We used to back the wagon down into the lake at night and fish with a lantern hung at the tail gate. The farmers of that neighborhood were very hospitable and friendly in those days, eight years ago. Mr. Low says the chicken supply is still good around there. Mud Lake, in Hamilton county, below there, should also have a few chickens around on the stubble about it, we always used to get all we cared to eat, and that with only a little hunt each evening. All that part of Iowa and also the country still further to the northwest in that State is naturally a grand chicken country. It is shamefully, persistently and unlawfully harried by the market shooters. Local gun clubs are also very bad.

I presume if a party of shooters should head for Ruthven, in northwestern Iowa, they would either get good chicken shooting near there or learn where it could be had. I should not pretend to advise any shooter more definitely than this, because the conditions of a shooting country change very rapidly. Moreover, I should regret very much to send into this or any other country a party of shooters who might, as so many others have done there, simply give full rein to their love for slaughter, and go in to see how many chickens they could kill. There have been thousands of chickens killed in Iowa which never were picked up out of the grass, and thousands which were left rotting about the camps. Add to these the hundreds of thousands shipped to the yawning game markets, and you may well wonder there is a bird left in the State. The law is worthless. No arrests. Open date in Iowa Sept. 1.

Sept. 1.—Into the pleasant life of one whose duties bring him much among sportsmen, whom we may count the best of friends, there comes sometimes an event the more painful through the contrast of its setting. This morning Mr. W. K. Massie writes from Lexington, Ky., announcing the death at that city, on Aug. 27, of Mr. George Williams, one of the best known young sportsmen of that community, and one of my entertainers during my late visit to Lexington. Mr. George Williams was a brother of Roger D. Williams, known to readers of this paper through his connection with greyhound interests. Mr. George Williams was an expert and enthusiast in the sports of the field, and moreover a gentleman, kind and manly. The picture of vigorous young manhood, his death was keen surprise to his friends. During his duties as adjutant at the maneuvers of the State guard, he was overcome by heat, and expired a few hours later in a congestive chill. He and his cousin, Mr. Massie, had just planned a fishing and camping trip together. Few young men would be missed so much in sporting circles, and few so much among the friends who knew him socially. He was a man. E. HOUGH.

MCFARLAND AND HIS DEER.—Keene Valley, N. Y., Aug. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* You may be glad to notice the fact that the game warden of Essex county is doing his duty. A guest of the Adirondack House in this place returned from a trip in the woods about the first of this month with a deer. When told that it was out of season, he replied that he didn't care for that; he should kill a deer whenever he got a chance. The skin of the deer was nailed to dry on the stable door. But word was sent to the game warden at Malone. He came here at once, and the offender, a McFarland, of Philadelphia, paid $100 to settle it. It will teach him a lesson and be a warning to others. A gentleman who came from the Saranac to-day told me they were hounding there, and he saw a party start out with hounds this morning.—CAPIAS.

MINNESOTA, Aug. 22.—Prairie chickens are scarce here, and a great deal of the land is posted. Lawlessness on the part of hunters has driven farmers to this step. Sloughs are so dried up after five dry seasons that there will be little or no fall duck shooting.—Y.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Woodcock and partridge are very plenty this season, and the law has been respected better than common this year. The prospects are good for the first of September. I shall try my luck with the rest of the boys.—COHANNET.

THE Ideal Loading Tools are steadily growing in favor among sportsmen, and the manufacturers are kept busily at work in order to supply the demand. The subjoined letter is a sample of many which speak in praise of their value:

One of Thousands.

AUBURN, Me., Aug. 19, 1889.

The Ideal Manufacturing Co., New Haven, Conn.:

GENTS—Enclosed please find $1.25, for which send me a set of your "Ideal Shotgun Loading Tools," SAME AS I HAD BEFORE, 12-gauge, and all nickel plated. Yours respectfully, S. J. BRETT, Auburn, Me., P. O. Box 897. P.S.—Please send as soon as possible. —S. J. B.

AUBURN, Me., Aug. 25, 1889.

GENTS—The Loading Tools sent me Aug. 21 arrived all right. They are the handiest set of tools that I ever owned to take on a hunting trip. Yours respectfully, S. J. BRETT.

Sea and River Fishing.

CAMPS OF THE KINGFISHERS.—VIII.

ECHO LAKE, ONTARIO, CANADA.

I HAD not looked into the little trout stream yet, except at the "Jedge's pool" near the camp, and accordingly next morning, with rod and bait box of worms—fly-fishing was out of the question on account of the "bresh"—I took my way up the rough road leading from the dock along the ridge overlooking the gulch, at the bottom of which the stream found its way among the ragged rocks, intending to first have a look at the abandoned copper mine back in the hills and then fish the stream back to camp.

A matter of half a mile from the lake the stream separated, the road crossing the left hand branch by a rude bridge, and following the other one toward a high, rocky hill a quarter of a mile further on. The left branch we afterward learned from Farmer Ruttle was the outlet of a small lake—nearly a mile long—that was a couple of hundred feet higher than Echo Lake, and might be reached by a trail leading across a distance of a mile and a half from the deep bay, a couple of miles below our camp. He said it was full of a kind of fish that the people of the neighborhood called trout, but from his description we could not make out the species, unless they were the landlocked salmon. A suggestion that we take a light boat across the carry and try it a day or two developed the fact that there was not muscle enough in the camp that was willing to undertake the feat, and the lake was left in its solitude.

The road led along a little brook to a cluster of four or five nearly new and very comfortable hewed log houses, standing on a level spot of a few acres near the foot of the hill, all open and deserted, giving the place a dreary and deserted appearance, that was further heightened by the oppressive stillness that reigned over the scene. A path led off the left from the road up a slight ascent to the level above, and following this I entered one of the most pretentious of the houses and sat down on a pine bench in the main room to rest, for legs will get weary and the breath grow short as the years "silver the crown," and the road had been nearly all up hill since leaving the camp.

Scattered around on a long pine table, on another bench and on the floor, were fragments of "blossom rock," copper ore and other specimens, that reminded me of pleasant days and climbs in the Rockies in years a-gone, when life was young and bright and muscles tireless. Selecting a few to take home, they, with the rod and bait box, were left on the table to be picked up on the way back; and taking another path that led back to the road down past the "root house," I crossed the stream on another bridge and was directly climbing the side hill along a zigzag road—cut in the rock in this manner to ease the grade—to the mine entrance, which we had been told was a hundred yards or more from the cluster of houses. When about out of breath, a level spot in the road gave me a chance to recover my wind and peer into a chasm 20 or 25ft. deep and 4 to 8ft. wide, at the bottom of which the little stream whimpered noisily as it tumbled over its rocky bed on the way to the level below.

Spanning this was another stout log bridge, and on the further side against the side of the hill was a rude shed, under which stood a good-sized upright steam boiler (however, there was no engine in sight) that had doubtless done duty in pumping water from the mine. A steam boiler is not a rare sight, but I marveled much how the mine men ever got that one up that steep, tortuous road.

Two or three rods from the shed I entered the mouth of a tunnel that led straight into the hill, doubtless to the shaft where the copper came from; but after following the drift a few rods it was so dark and gruesome, with little pools of water under foot and the monotonous drip, drip of the drops percolating through the rocky roof overhead, that I turned and came out in the sunshine and free air again, with my curiosity fully gratified without a peep in the shaft or knowing how far it was from the mouth of the tunnel. But the wild beauty of the place was compensation enough for the tramp from the lake, and I sat down on a stone to enjoy it.

At my feet was the deep rift in the rock, seemingly cut by the attrition of the stream during unknown ages; below and to the right spread the little valley where stood the deserted houses of the miners; further on a belt of timber and swamp, out of which came the left branch of

the stream, and at the further side of the woods rose the rocky ridge that reached nearly down to the camp at the lake side. In front, back and off up the gulch to the left, rocks, rocks, rocks; rough, smooth, rugged, ragged, rent and riven, with hemlock, pine and cedar, bushes, balsams and quaking aspens to soften the hardness of the picture—truly the Rocky Mountains in miniature.

After a half hour spent in an "absorbing interest" in the wild scene, I took my way down the road and back to the house where I had left my rod, with a half-fledged notion that the Bible version of the creation of Mother Earth in six days smacked somewhat of a fish story, or that Moses must have mislaid some of his statistics when rounding up the first chapter of Genesis. But the handiwork of the Lord is beyond the ken of man, and old Sam makes it out that, "We must read the great book o' natur', each accordin' to his gifts."

Back to the stream I fished along to the forks and on down to a fall a quarter of a mile or more above the camp, floundering through brush that would have puzzled a bird to get through, climbing over rocks and fallen trees and logs, without getting a bite or seeing anything in the shape of a fish except a few small minnows that doubtless came from the lake back in the hills.

Peering over the ledge straight down into a shallow basin scooped out of the solid rock 20ft. below, one side of which was a vertical wall as high as the top of the fall, I no longer wondered at the absence of trout above, for no fish could have surmounted the thin sheet of water that ended in scattering drops in the pool beneath, without the aid of a good pair of wings.

Picking my way with difficulty down over great masses of ragged rock to the stream across from the wall, I tried the basin—nowhere more than a few feet wide—carefully for a trout, but it seemed that there were none in it, and I went on down the wild glen disappointed, for it was a very likely looking place for one of the elders of the tribe to make his abode. A few rods below the big fall I came to another smaller one of a couple of feet where the shallow water slid over a smooth flat rock and fell into a pool 8 or 10ft. across, but not over a foot and a half deep in any spot. On the further side a great stone of several tons weight hung out over the stream, hiding the bottom for 2 or 3ft. underneath, and near this I cautiously dropped the baited hook. Instantly two trout darted from under the rock, one about 10in. long, and the other fully 6in. longer, but the smaller one was the quicker, and as his jaws closed over the squirming worm a dextrous motion of the wrist fastened the hook, and after a very brief and very sharp struggle he was "histed" bodily from the water and swung out, jerking and twisting over the bank, and just then the score was settled for a barked shin in clambering down around the upper fall. Stringing him on a forked twig and securing it in the edge of the water a rod above the little fall, the bait was adjusted with extra care on the hook and again quietly dropped, with one of old Sam's "curves of expectancy" in my spine, in the pool near the big rock. But the struggles of the smaller one had evidently frightened the big fellow, and the most artful "bobbings" and "twitchings" of the Kentucky worm with a pedigree failed to inveigle him from his retreat under the stone, and I backed away from the stream and sat down on a flat rock to ruminate for half an hour on the "reasoning powers of an old trout," and give him time to get over his scare.

Then I crossed the brook and dropped the bait in from behind the rock, without showing anything past it but the tip of the rod, the shortened line and the baited hook; but it was of no avail; he had made up his mind that the writhing worm in front of him had something to do with the violent and unaccountable capers of his mate a short time before, and his astonishing and unexplained flight from the pool of their choice, and nothing, even a frisky black cricket I caught and impaled on the hook, nor the brilliant anal fin of his partner made to spin in the most enticing and bewildering manner past the rock, would lure him from his hiding so long as the recent mysterious catastrophe was fresh in his mind; and I left the place with my one trout and a lament, resolved to go back another day and have it out with the cunning old patriarch if it took from early dawn to gathering darkness, but something kept turning up to prevent a return to the stream, and for anything known to the contrary he is there yet alone in his glory, the sole occupant of "the big boulder pool."

When I emerged from the bushes an hour later near the camp, six more had found their way on to the forked twig, rather a meager showing for a "famous" trout stream; but I was satisfied, and this goes a good way in the matter of a day's sport, albeit the day had not been one unmixed with some backsets. I had caught seven good trout, came back with a pocket full o' rocks in the shape of specimens, and had greatly enjoyed the wild and rugged scenery. I had also missed looking in the mine shaft, lost a section of cuticle from my right shin, and been outgeneraled by the big trout—these are backsets. Yet withal it was a day to be remembered as one of the pleasant "episodes" of the trip, and I went to sleep that night in a serene frame of mind and full of good will to men.

The next morning I took another maskinonje, which acted as a soothing salve to the poor bass fishing we were having. The Jedge and I had started for a cruise up around the head of the lake to show the boys how to catch bass, the Jedge tacking on the proviso as we left the dock, "if we have luck," and with a bucket of minnows and some fresh frogs caught at the farm a couple of days before, we hoped to make our boast good with a string that would be the envy of the camp, but, "the best laid schemes o' men and mice, etc."

When only about 300yds. from the dock, and before we were fairly settled in our seats after the hooks had been baited and run out astern, a noisy break in the water and a violent jerk at the line brought the skipper to his feet with the old rod in hand and "blood in his eye," waiting for the fish to get a good taste of the bait before gorging it. As it was only a small shiner not over 2½in. long, with no sinker on the line, the signs meant bass, but the reel turned so slowly as the line ran off that the Jedge said, "snake."

However, when the strike was made, a surge that doubled the rod settled the question as to bass, and when a moment later a splendid maskinonje went in the air a hundred feet astern with a leap that made our blood tingle, the Jedge quickly took the oars with a "whoop" that brought the boys out on the dock to see what had broken loose, and then the boat was headed out into the lake a few rods to give us a chance for a fair tussel in more open water.

But the fight proved a tame affair and a disappointment, and not to be compared with the game battle made by Knots's big pickerel two days before. This fellow must have been the poltroon of the tribe, or suffering from a bad fit of indigestion (for lack of something to digest, as we found out when Louis dressed him), for the fight did not last five minutes. A couple of sharp, short rushes after he fell back in the water, just to save the reputation of the family as it seemed, ended the spiritless struggle, and he was pulled alongside like a piece of driftwood, where the Jedge sank the gaff in his back and lifted him in the boat. It was the feeblest exhibition of "game" that had ever come under our notice, and to strike a maskinonje, big or little, and land him without a desperate and prolonged fight, was something we could'nt understand. The almost total lack of fighting qualities displayed by this one was a mystery, but we settled it the best way we could by charging it up to weakness from long fasting, as evidenced by the thorough emptyness of his "innards" when opened.

The Jedge fastened a stringer to his jaw and swung him over the side of the boat, remarking in his easy, dry way, "It's a wonder he had the nerve to tackle that sickly little shiner."

As the gaff had about killed him, and not caring to tow a dead weight, we pulled back to the dock to relieve the suspense of the boys, who, having seen the Jedge lift him in the boat, were, we well knew, "a sufferin' in their minds" to know his size and weight.

He had the length and frame of a 25lb. fish, but when put on the scale his "royal lankness" only pulled the indicator down to 15lbs., whereat old Sam was moved to explain, "From the looks an' gineral thinness o' that feller, the pearch an' sunfish crop didn't hit in his neck o' woods this season I reckon." KINGFISHER.

ON THE OSAGE.

A TRIP of less than 150 miles west by south of St. Louis, and one finds himself in the forest primeval. There are no towering pines and hemlocks, but there are some mighty tall pecans and huge spreading oaks. At the junction of the Anglaise with the Osage River, in Missouri, Izaak, Jr., Mrs. Izaak, Jr., and the Kid—for there is now a Kid—located for a week's outing. And they got it. In fact, they got several outings as well as several innings. This was due to fleas. The primary object of our trip was fishing, but more time was spent in hunting the aforesaid nimble jumpers. The fish in the Osage may not be free biters, but the same can not be said of the flea that inhabits its banks. It is a very free biter, both by night and day. Its industry in that line is enormous. And it is a great jumper. It will jump ten feet into space, and then, like the boomerang, will return to the place from which it started without any intermediate landing. But to my narrative.

It was about 4 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon when we reached our destination and were kindly welcomed by our excellent hostess, Mrs. B., who soon had a meal in readiness whose excellence was a surprise in this wild region of hills and forests, far from towns and railroads. But eating was of small account when there was fishing ahead, and Izaak, Jr., soon had his tackle in trim, and hurried down to the junction of the rivers a few hundred yards away. The Osage is here about 200yds. wide, while the Anglaise is about 50yds. The outlook was not very satisfactory, for instead of finding clear water the Osage was quite muddy, and the smaller stream but little better. But there were fish there sure enough, for I could see them breaking water, and occasionally one would make a big splash. I was soon on a big log by the bank, and with a Seth-Green fly on my line, I began the testing of the waters. After a few casts I felt a vicious pull, but the strike proved an empty one. A few more casts and the line went out as if it was attached to the drive-wheel of a locomotive. There was a slacking up, then a start, and now I give a yank and feel that something is on the hook, but it was a most peculiar feeling; felt as if a puppy had hold of the line and was shaking it. I reeled in my line, and when the critter got to shallow water it just made things squirm, but in a moment more I had it on the bank, and what do you suppose it was? An alligator gar, by the great horn spoons of mud! What in thunder was this tinclad reptile of past geological ages doing up here in the Osage River to spoil my fishing? said I to myself. For I knew where this monster frequents all civilized fish would desert. But I tried again, and in a few minutes more had another tinclad squirming about on the bank. To fish longer in such a spot was no use, and as it was getting dark I went back to the house, and soon to bed to drown in sleep my great disgust.

I had not slept long when I was partly aroused by Mrs. Izaak, Jr., yelling out, "I've got a bite; get up and light the lamp." "Pull up your line," I shouted, for in my half-awake condition I, of course, had fish in my mind; "you don't need any lamp to pull up your line." But a vigorous reply thoroughly awoke me to the awful fact that the bite was the bite of a flea. The lamp was lit, the search begun. Picture it yourself; Izaak, Jr., in his *robe de nuit*, holding the light, Mrs. Izaak doing the searching, and the Kid assisting by vigorous kicks and yells. But I will not enlarge, for you've all been there yourselves. A Kodak camera could only do justice to the scene.

The next morning I determined upon getting some live bait, and accompanied by Boss, I set out over the hills for a small creek where minnows did abound. Boss was the name of a twelve-year-old lad who earned this distinction by bossing everything with which he had to do. But we got along splendidly, secured our bait, and then struck across the country to the Anglaise River some two miles above its junction with the Osage. The water here was quite clear, there was a fair current, and deep pools gave promise of the gamy bass. With a live minnow I again began operations, and soon felt a nip. On reeling in I found the minnow snipped in two as by a pair of scissors. "Helen Blazes," I exclaimed, "more garfish." And it was even so. After a few more trials I caught one of the hideous things, and at once started down stream for a more likely spot. I soon found it in a pool below an eddy, and there near the top of the water lay a big bass, at least he looked big to my longing eyes. I gently dropped a minnow in front of his nose, but he would know it not. Then I tried a nice little frog with the same result, but before I could tempt him with a crawfish he turned tail and sailed away down the river. I fished the pool some more and took a small bass and a channel cat, and this was all I got on my journey down the stream.

But that big bass was still on my mind, and the day after Boss and myself took the boat for a fish up stream, as far as we could go. On the way up to where was my big fish a few channel cat were caught, and when I arrived at the pool I intended the bass should be mine. I had no doubt he was hiding behind a big log which lay in the middle of the stream. With crawfish for bait I made several casts up and down, and finally over the log in the middle of the creek. Sure enough, out rushed Mr. Bass, and, with a swirl, he took the bait; a sharp strike and he was firmly hooked, and was soon safely landed. Its weight was a little over 2lbs., and it was the only decent-sized fish that I took.

The fact is, there was no fish to take, and beyond buffalo fish, channel cat and gar-pike, I do not believe that fish are at all abundant in these waters. The State of Missouri could well afford to offer a premium for every gar-pike destroyed, for they are rapidly driving out all respectable fishes.

But the country at this spot must offer fine sport to the hunter during the fall months. Squirrels are abundant, quails are plentiful, turkeys are fairly numerous, and deer are still found in sufficient numbers to afford good sport. But I saw no partridges, nor did I hear their drumming, though the country is admirably fitted for these birds. The natives say that they are found, but they certainly are very scarce.

Some idea of the backwardness of this section may be inferred when I state that there is not a railroad in the county, and but few bridges. The roads wind up and down, backward and forward, over the hills and valleys, and are marked by blazed trees. A guide is needed to go any distance. If you want to go to a point south of you, you generally start in a northern direction, and to reach an eastern point you take a westerly bearing. Stock of all kinds roam at large through the forests, and the tingle of bells is heard on every hand. It is a pioneer country, with the exception that the pioneers are old settlers who have made but little progress since they put up their rude log huts many years ago.

One can scarcely believe that within 150 miles of St. Louis there is a section of country of so primitive a nature. Most of the houses are simply rude huts of but one room, and the chinks in the walls by no means are well filled. There is but little furniture, only home-made benches and tables. Glass for windows is unknown in most of the houses, the small peep holes being closed with boards when necessary. Some attempt is made at raising crops, but the weeds get the start for lack of cultivation. As might be expected the people are in harmony with such surroundings. Emigrating from North Carolina and Tennessee, one still hears the "we'uns" and "you'uns" of the poor whites of the South, and they have not discarded the shiftless ways of their ancestors. They all use tobacco, big and little, male and female, and cuss words are an integral part of their language, which, of course, is a dialect curious to the stranger. Thus a sack or bag is a "poke;" and, by the way, everything is carried in pokes on horseback, which is the standard of locomotion in this section. A man who lives in a house with two rooms is said to have "two houses." If there are six rooms he has "six houses." The natives are distrustful of strangers, and though civil enough are hard to get information from. They have great curiosity, and my little No. 22 Winchester, and split-bamboo "pole with a wheel on it," were great wonders to them. An old lady who lived on the opposite bank of the Osage said to Boss: "You've got a little gun over there that just goes 'piff.' I'd like to see that little gun." Although Izaak, Jr., wore a jeans shirt and a pair of old pants with the regulation pants, he was still looked upon as a city chap, probably on account of his rod and gun.

It must not be inferred from these remarks that there are no progressive people in this section, for there are a number of really thrifty men who have good houses and farms, and live in comparative luxury. They certainly deserve credit for the way they have risen above their surroundings; and with the advent of a railroad they would then reap the full value of their industry.

But our week's outing is at an end, and pleasant enough it was, even if the fishing was not good. But a true angler always has a good time, fish or no fish. I can not close without extending thanks to our hosts, Mr. and Mrs. B., and their two promising boys, for their many kindnesses to us. They are former St. Louisians, and the husband came to this wild region a number of years ago to regain his broken-down health, and his wife, with heroic devotion, has endured the inconveniences of a frontier life to gain this desired end.

And now back in the city are the Kid, Mrs. Izaak, Jr., and the Lone Fisherman, IZAAK, JR.

ST. LOUIS, Missouri.

FALL RIVER, Mass.—Bluefishing in Mount Hope Bay and Seconnet River has been a failure, as has also the scup and tautog thus far. The tautog are plentiful in Narragansett Bay, however, and are running nearly a month earlier than usual. Word was sent here and to Providence that there were bluefish between Patience and Providence islands, and the boats that got there that day (July 19) did well. But inside of ten hours there were seven poray steamers on the grounds, and the bluefish went the way of the menhaden, which is (like "that of the transgressor") hard. I counted nearly forty fish weirs within a distance of six miles on the left hand side of Seconnet River. Is it any wonder we can't catch fish? —COHANNET.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—My experience with trout and bass this summer, and the reports from reliable sources, indicate good luck all around. The beautiful Falmouth and Middleboro lakes, in Massachusetts, are yielding more large bass to the eager sportsman than ever before. Both the fish and the number caught are large. All the season nearly the trout brooks were overflowed, but in spite of that setback there have been numbers of fine fish brought in to be admired by those who stayed at home waiting for the brook to get back to its original channel.—COHANNET.

SEINES, NETS of every description. American Net & Twine Co., Mfrs., 34 Commercial st., Boston; or 199 Fulton st., N. Y.—*Adv.*

THE GAYLORD CLUB.

[Concluded from Last Week.]

ONE very pleasant feature noticeable during the visit at the Gaylord club house, in Wisconsin, was the presence of a number of young folks who were spending the summer there. Messrs. Charles and Lee Fargo, sons of Mr. C. E. Fargo, a member of the club, had neither of them reached the age of sixteen, perhaps, but were both good woodsmen and very clever boys. In the same team, too, was Mr. Charlie Hill, nephew of Mr. Gaylord, who has had the honor of having a whole lake named after him before he was fourteen, I should think. Miss Bessie Shuey, daughter of Mr. W. H. Shuey, one of the directors, was acting lady of the house, and wisely finished her collegiate education with the best of all degrees, that obtainable only in the school of woods and water. This young lady exulted in what was fairly a new life for her. The time is slowly coming when parents will realize the importance of something more than a bank and business education for their children, boys or girls. There was nothing on the whole trip pleasanter than watching these civilized young savages. This shows, too, the advantages of a membership in a club like this. One can send up his children for a summer outing where they will be out of harm's way and directly in the path of health and happiness.

One day I went on a solitary exploring expedition of my own. Rowing up the Inlet about three miles, I should judge, I landed and walked over a little divide to "Charlie Hill Lake," a beautiful little body of water a mile or so across, which lies, like its companions, girt about closely by the deep and solemn forest. I found the lake full of bass, which were jumping continually in the shallow water near the lily pads. I pitched a frog to one and he took it while not 20ft. from me, winking jovially as he did so. He was a big fellow, and in my excitement I struck him so hard that I broke my lancewood bass rod short off at the second joint. I saved the bass however, and then sat down patiently by the side of that leaping water and mended my rod. I built a little fire and burned out the ferrule, but after that I could not get the temper back in the ferrule very well, and though I soused it red-hot into the lake, it remained soft, and bent to nearly 45 degrees each time I landed a fish.

I had on wading trousers, and managed to get out nearly fifty yards from the shore. Standing nearly to the armpits in the water, I cast the frog well out with the casting tackle, and caught my trout creel solid full of bass in a short time with my crippled rod. Then I got disgusted with bait rods in general, for it didn't seem to give the bass chance enough, and I saw I could afford to lose a few. So I waded ashore, walked a quarter of a mile back to my boat and got my sweetheart, the split-bamboo fly-rod, which I love more than almost anything. I caught a lot of frogs, and having no better way to carry them I put them in one of my stockings, which I knotted at the end and tied to a button on the wading trousers. Thus equipped I went back and waded out again, this time with blood in my eye. The little rod would barely carry a frog, but I found I could cast one far enough to get to the bass.

I do not think I shall ever forget the experience I then had. Certainly I never saw such fishing before, nor do I expect to ever again see such. I had bass run 50ft., like a streak of light, and take the bait within 10ft. of me, in plain sight. Twice I had bass run between my legs after they were hooked, and I imagine my efforts to get a leg over the line, standing as I was in the deep water, must have looked very funny. None of the bass weighed less than 3lbs., I should say, and such fighters I never did see. It was next to impossible to stop them short of the last inch of line, and when they started for deep water they made the longest runs of any bass I ever saw. They bit with such ferocity, and made such savage runs and twirls in the water as they struck, that several times I was startled into backing away from them as they came on. It was savage sport. I fished with a leader and a No. 20 hook, and the way they smashed my tackle in the lily pads was a caution. But if I ever got one clear of the lilies, the little rod grew vicious, and usually bested the fish in due time. Again and again I waded ashore to empty my heavy creel. Two bass jumped out of the creel and got away. A third I caught in my hands after he had jumped out. There were two Indians, Pottawatomies, who came upon me as I was fishing, and whom I chartered to catch frogs for me, as I had somehow lost my stockingful.

"Me ketchum muk-a-wa-qua (frog)" said the older Indian. "You ketchum shaw-meek (bass). You give-um me plenty shaw-meek?"

"How much shaw-meek?" I asked.

"Me likum 'bout six," replied he, delicately.

"Get out, you beggar!" said I. "I'll give you two." I did, however, finally give him his six bass.

These Indians laughed at the idea of catching fish on such a rod as the little fly-rod, but they paddled out in their dugout, and at the first bass I hooked they were entirely broken up, and came near falling out of their canoe. Talk of Indian apathy! I never saw two mortals tickled more, and show it more unmistakably. They laughted and shouted and crowded in close as I would let them, and hailed the successful result of each fight with as much delight as I, eagerly handing me out another "muk-a-wa qua," and stroking the big "shaw-meeks" as if they loved them. The coppery beggars quite won my heart. They formed part of a rather unique sporting experience; I believe that, of all such I ever knew, these three hours with the bass formed the very acme in my life.

I caught my last six bass on the fly, and then upbraided myself that I had used anything else at all. My last fish was a 4 or 4½-pounder, I should think. As I hooked him, there were two little boys from the Hamilton & Merriman lumber camp who came and stood on the bank, who stood on one leg each and exclaimed, "Oh, Gee!" as the big fish boiled and whirled around and doubled the sinewy rod down. I traded these boys fish for help in getting my catch back to the boat. I saved in all twenty-three bass. I could have caught a hundred, for they were absolutely rising to every cast when I stopped, at 4 o'clock. The fish were all large-mouthed bass, but in that cold lake they were gamy to an extent I never saw equalled. This was sport somewhat different from picking trout out from under a log. I caught some big trout on that trip, but they were duffers to the bass. A trout tries to spit out the bait, if he finds his timid bite has hooked him, and tries to get away. A bass shuts his mouth the tighter, and fights, unscared. The trout is a prettier fish, but not to be spoken of with such bass as these. Then, if for only once, I had perfect sport; I want no better, and I know I shall never see any better.

The Milwaukee & Northern Railway people—and its officials are mighty nice men, genuine sportsmen, too—have in the past two years and a half put in nearly 300,000 young trout in the waters along their line. That is the kind of railroad they are. Now, if they will only just believe that their liberality is being tremendously abused up there, and if they will get in good wardens and try to keep their country decently treated, they will deserve even more, as they now do very much, the support of our sportsmen. I have stated facts as they exist. There is no trouble about getting sport up there, but the privileges of a grand country have been abused.

The "Soo Line" planted 60,000 trout on its line this year. It needs to, if it is going to send out such parties of officials as it did this summer. Still that is right action and they can't plant too many more.

Many of these trout plants were of young rainbow trout, which we occasionally heard from. Mr. Gaylord said he should favor the hatching of this trout, as it grows more rapidly and becomes larger than the native brook trout. In the magnificent Pike River, properly stocked and properly treated, what fishing, what fishing there could be!

We got to talking about different sorts of trout. I referred everybody up there to FOREST AND STREAM'S Trout Supplement, of April 4, last spring. I do not see how anybody interested in fishing can afford to be without FOREST AND STREAM. There are so many things like that to be learned in it, and it is so pre-eminently the fishing paper of America.

This rambling recountal, necessarily made up largely from my own personal experiences, will serve to show that Gaylord Club offers all the sport any reasonable man could ask at trout, deer or bass, in spite of all past misusage. Moreover, the club will plant wild rice in the inlet swamp, and so cultivate its duck shooting, of which it has a little now. But I cannot write of that, and must stop, although I am sure I could write all week and not say all I wish to say. Following is the list of this novel, pleasant and thoroughly commendable little club: President, M. M. Gaylord; Vice-President, W. W. Auger; Secretary and Treasurer, H. C. Hayt; Directors, M. M. Gaylord, W. W. Auger, W. H. Shuey, A. C. Soper and M. E. Dayton. Members: W. W. Auger, A. A. Augustus, Francis Beidler, B. B. Botsford, H. C. Buechner, G. K. Bulson, H. T. Burnap, F. P. Burnham, W. J. Chalmers, G. H. Christy, Wm. Cuthbert, M. E. Dayton, C. Howard Douglass, W. J. Edbrooke, Galusha Emigh, C. E. Fargo, Wm. H. Fenner, Jr., Erastus Foote, Jr., M. M. Gaylord, H. T. Glover, G. M. Harvey, H. C. Hayt, A. T. Hodge, E. H. Lahee, R. A. Shailer, R. H. L'Hommedieu, C. W. Merriam, H. H. McDuffee, W. H. Shuey, A. C. Soper, J. P. Soper, A. M. Thomson, W. J. Watson, A. W. Wheeler and W. B. White.

CHICAGO, 175 Monroe street. E. HOUGH.

THE SUNSET CLUB.—V.

"ONE of the most important accomplishments and characteristics of a true angler," said the president, after the club was duly opened, "is that when he makes an engagement his companion can count on it being fulfilled. For instance, if I promise to meet one of you at sunrise at a certain place, you will expect me to be there and on time, and if I fail I know how great is your disappointment. A good fisherman is like a prompt business man, both have patience, and their word can be depended upon. An experienced angler will sit for hours at a time in one spot, the more secluded the better, patiently waiting for a strike of a bass or some other gamy fish, and if he does not get a nibble not a sigh escapes his lips; he may 'wet the hole in his mouth' for good luck, but he is as silent as an Egyptian mummy. On the other hand, let a fellow angler disappoint him in the early morning and nothing can ease his mind; he is nervous, miserable, for the brightest hopes of his expectations have fled. The cross accidents of human life are a fruitful source of disappointments, but none can compare to the defeated hopes of a hook and line fisherman. I know there are many here to-night who would like to give some of their experiences relative to this subject, but as I notice Hon. E. D. Potter standing in the rear of the hall, and as he comes at my invitation to say a few words to us about the black bass and other fish of that family, we will postpone any remarks until another time."

Repeated calls were made for Judge Potter, but he seemed earnestly engaged in conversation with Dr. James A. Henshall, who had "dropped in" from his cruise with Judge Longworth in the yacht Minx, and while they were talking a member from the islands said: "Mr. President, seeing Judge Potter in the hall reminds me of an incident which may be of interest at this time. As the Judge and Dr. Henshall are exchanging fish yarns I will relate it. A few years ago the Judge planted quite a number of Hudson River eels in the bay, and you all know from the many reports received that they grew rapidly and that very large ones have been caught, both with nets and hook, showing that they not only find suitable food, but are becoming quite plentiful and of enormous size. A friend of mine who lives on the banks of the Ottawa River, a clear stream tributary to Lake Erie, is so fortunate as to own a well cultivated garden. In a meadow patch he planted quite a number of peas. They grew tall and blossomed, and the vines drooped with the fruit. He watched them with a great deal of interst, and when they were ready for table use he set a day to pick them, but as rapidly as they became ripe they mysteriously disappeared. He was satisfied they were stolen in the night time. Accordingly he laid in wait for several nights, but he failed to see the robber, and the peas began to grow less each day. Neighbors were accused until they volunteered to watch the patch; but all to no purpose; they failed to discover the thief. One morning at the break of day the owner chanced to stroll along the beach, when he was surprised to see a large eel hastening toward the water and *en route* spitting peas at the gardener. This explained the mystery. Eels were stealing his peas. The same afternoon he went to the city, procured a wagon load of sawdust, and after midnight, when he heard the eels shelling the peas, he sprinkled the sandy beach with sawdust, and in the morning he surprised his family and the neighbors by showing them forty-three eels of all sizes wriggling in the dust. He captured the entire flock. I heard him say that if these were the kind of eels the State of Ohio proposed distributing in the waters of Lake Erie, he proposed entering a protest against the introduction of foreign fish into the State."

"That's nothing," said a brother from Massachusetts who had cruised around Nova Scotia. "In Country Harbor, ninety miles from Halifax, the farmers can't raise watermelons. Eels can clean a patch much quicker than colored men can in Mississippi."

As Judge Potter walked toward the rostrum the eel question was dropped, although there were a dozen States yet to hear from. After a few introductory remarks the Judge said:

"The Centrachidæ family embraces bass and sunfishes of the western waters, and are all gamy fish. The family is known by the peculiarity of the dorsal fin, which is situated centrally on the back and so divided as to appear like two fins, while it is but a continuous fin notched deeply in the middle. Of these there are sixteen genera and upward of sixty species; but as I have not time, or inclination for that matter, to go into a scientific description of this numerous tribe, I shall confine myself to that portion of them that are mostly fished for in our Western lakes and their tributary waters. In my remarks before the club, in designating the different species of fishes, I have used the terms familiar to ichthyologists as well as the vulgar names by which they are known to our fishermen, so there can be no mistaking of the fish referred to. My apology for using the technical terms known to scientists is that I observe your secretary taking notes with the design, I have no doubt, of printing them, and remembering that all the world does not speak the English language, and knowing, too, that the reports of your secretary, from their popularity, are very likely to be read where our language is not spoken, I have endeavored to use the common nomenclature of scientists throughout the world.

"To begin with, let us take the black bass; and here I must be allowed a word as to his name among scientists. Cuvier and Valencienes call him *Huro* and *Grystes*. Rafinesque calls him *Micropterus*. I shall adopt Lacepede in treating of this fish, for the reason that he has priority in naming him. The large-mouth or cove bass is known then as *Micropterus pallidus* according to Rafinesque, and *M. salmoides* by Dr. J. A. Henshall, whose authority is entitled to credit. We will adopt this name. He is sometimes called the Oswego bass, and may be known by his large mouth; in color, dark olive green, with a deep notch between the spine and soft rays of the dorsal fin. He is found in coves and sluggish streams where there are plenty of aquatic plants, and is fished for along the margins of ponds and streams, near the grass. In the autumn he is taken with the live minnow or the spoon. He is not a very gamy fish and soon yields to the rod of an expert angler. He is found in all Western and Southern waters, and is probably more generally distributed throughout the United States than any other fish. The small-mouth black bass is called by Gill and Lacepede *Micropterus salmoides*, but Dr. Henshall proves very clearly that he was first described by a Frenchman by the name of Dolomieu, and very justly names him *Micropterus dolomieu*, and by that name I shall introduce him to the club. His color is a dark green, more or less barred and spotted. The notch in the dorsal fin is shallow, the scales and mouth are much smaller than the large-mouth bass. They are found in the great chain of western lakes and streams and all the regions west of the Alleghenies. They are common in New York, from Lake Champlain west and south. They have been introduced into some of the streams and smaller lakes of New England and New York. They were, some years ago, introduced into Otsego Lake, N. Y., but the fishermen there complain that although the "lake is full of them," they cannot be induced to take the hook, except occasionally. This is strange, for wherever found they are vigorous biters and next, if not equal to, the speckled trout in gameness. They take the spoon rapidly; the live minnow in still-fishing, or the dead in trolling. They take the fly, the black cricket being the deadliest lure I ever tried. The fish being mostly found in clear, cold water, is always a desirable table fish. I have taken them with the fly on the north shore of Lake Superior, in Batchawanung Bay, weighing six pounds, and they are mighty ugly fish to handle, requiring the utmost skill to land them. I have played them there for twenty minutes before I could get them in right, and then they would spring two or three feet out of the water, open their mouths, shake their heads, and ten to one cast the hook clear of their jaws. In Lake Superior I have always found their stomachs full of crayfish.

"At this time I will not speak of the rock bass, white bass, speckled or strawberry bass of our native waters, but will say a few words about the *Roccus lineatus*, the marine striped bass which enters the bays on the Atlantic coast. They are taken with seines in great abundance in the Potomac River in the spring of the year. During the summer and fall they are taken with hook and line, baited with herring and other small fishes, and will not refuse a crawfish, lobster or frog. They are vigorous biters, and show all the game an angler may desire. They were formerly abundant at the falls of the Potomac, above Georgetown, D. C., where their average weight was about 3 or 4lbs., sometimes running as high as 25lbs. Mr. Webster, Mr. Crampton, British Minister, and Baron Stoeckel, Russian Minister, often resorted thither for recreation. The last time I visited this place the party consisted of Messrs. Juctice Nelson and Grier, of the Supreme Court, and Gov. Seymour, of New York. We took an early start, Dexter, of the National Hotel, Washington, furnishing the supplies. Justice Grier was an ardent fisherman. Justice Nelson and Gov. Seymour preferred the shade surrounding a beautiful spring of water, on the Virginia side of the Potomac, where our headquarters had been established. I cannot brag much on our success in fishing. I remember I hooked a very large bass that took a sheer and entered the rapids, carrying away upward of 50yds. of a very valuable line, which, I have every reason to believe, he or she (whichever it may have been) carried to the ocean in a hurry, for the fish was going at a rapid gait in that direction at last

accounts. Judge Grier was a good story teller and he had three good listeners, and before night we were in a state to laugh at almost anything the Judge might say. It is amusing to see how grave and dignified judges and Governors can unbend when they go a-fishing. I see you are all interested, and as my half hour has expired and you have several candidates to initiate, I must bid you good evening, and hope some time to tell you something about one of the greatest of fishes, the muskalonge, and a few of the early experiences I have had in capturing this favorite fish."

As soon as the Judge left the room, the president immediately ordered the Grand Conductor to prepare the floor for the introduction of the candidates—Capt. A. G. Shearman, R. McC. Smith and W. S. Brown.

"Are the Passenger Agents still in the closet?" asked the president of the Keeper of the Keys.

"They are waiting your pleasure."

"Prepare them in accordance with our ritual; see that they are well blindfolded and encased in Stromburg sacks."

Mr. S. A. Court, Ohio's Pythian Secretary, kindly tendered his services to assist in the initiation, and the president instructed him to take charge of the floor. To his experienced mind the club is indebted for the prompt workings of the scenery; the fine condition of the Overland Goat, and the general smoothness of the ceremonies. The passenger agents were hoodwinked and properly prepared, when brother Court, in his Oklahoma voice, announced the readiness of the candidates. The hall was darkened and not a sound could be heard. The door was ajar, and out from the swamp stillness broke the Western Traffic Glee Club, engaged for the occasion, in one of their hushed melodies, and when the music died out, much resembling a disappearing freight train, four distinct raps were heard.

"Who disturbs the solemnity of this association," cried the president in a muffled voice.

"Three worldly strangers, who seek admission to our club," replied the keeper of the door.

"Have they credentials?"

"They have, and are approved by the Central Traffic Association, and are properly posted in accordance with the revised laws."

"Why do they come here?"

"To learn to subdue their passions; to become familiar with the secret arts and mysteries of the Sunset Club."

"How do they know they are eligible?"

"By being often tried, never denied, and willing to try again. Capt. Shearman has caught horny suckers, butter chubs, silver sides in the waters of Black River, near Oberlin College, and mermaids in San Francisco Bay. Mr. Brown has flanneled frogs from lily leaves, caught yellow-belly catfish in the mouth of the River Raisin, and seeks admission to this club for the purpose of learning how to land Baw Beeze black bass. Col. Smith is no angler, but has sailed on the centerboard sloop Burns at Elkhart, Indiana, with wonderful results. They are gentlemen withal."

"Let the candidates be weighed," cried the president.

Their average weight was 198lbs. Their button hole bouquets were ordered removed. A long silence then followed. The three passenger agents were led slowly around the room while the glee club filled the spacious hall with melody. This club comprised the following gentlemen: Mr. M. E. Gaul, Cleveland's favorite railroad theatrical agent, as basso profundo; T. J. Clark, passenger agent C. R. I. & P. R. R., smothered tenor; A. G. Robinson, (with diamonds) passenger agent C. & A. R. R., mezzo contralto; D. P. Wheeler, (special) passenger agent F. & P. M. R. R., warbler from Michigan, and W. A. Mc Whinney, passenger agent C. M. & S. P. R. R., saw-filing soprano. These gentlemen were stationed in the shadow of the veteran F. M. Snavely, passenger agent C. & N. W. R. R., who handled the baton with agility, and with the tread of an assistant traveling auditor, glided noiselessly about the group. The music was fine, in fact all the insects in the neighboring district left. When the president noticed the glee club vacillating, and their discordant sounds become more frequent, he motioned for the conductor to stop in front of his station.

"Strangers," he said, as they were filed side by side, "as the sun rules the day, the moon governs the night, so am I invested with the power to rule and govern this club with equal regularity. There are two important things we would impress upon your minds, viz.: a listening ear and a silent tongue. These have the same bearings upon the workings of this club as it does in your business. A few questions. Do you know of any regulation in the inter-State law forbidding your spitting upon the bait used?"

All were silent. Five minutes passed and they made no effort to reply.

"The conductor will do his duty," said the president. "We must have ready replies."

Three inflated bladders were successfully brought to bear upon the uncovered heads of the candidates. Brown smiled. Shearman looked serious. Smith dodged.

"We do not," they responded, after the conductor had whispered in their ears.

"In landing a bass or a pike what system have you found the safer, the long or the short haul?"

Again they hesitated. The president cried.

"Is my question fully understood?"

They nodded assent. Some rumbling noise in their rear caused Brown to venture a reply. He said:

"If a large fish, the long haul; if small, the short haul."

"Capt. Shearman, in baiting your hook do you insert the barb through the 'head of the department,' or do you prefer the 'terminal facilities' at the other end of the minnow?"

"In Black River we string the minny the same as we do worms."

"Col. Smith, do you know a good place to get frogs?"

"Yes, sir; from the track master."

"As the Interstate law positively prohibits reba(i)ting; and in order that you may comply with its provisions, what suggests itself to be done to men in your positions?"

After a moment's hesitation they replied in one voice, "A listening ear and a silent tongue."

There is meaning in this response.

"Strangers," said the president, after a few pointed secret questions, "in all secret societies experience has taught the founders that it is necessary that the candidates should undergo some trying ordeal to test their confidence in mankind. Our club has followed this example and the cabinets are well stocked with implements of torture, which our obligations will bring into use, but you have influential friends in this club who appreciate the great work you passenger men have done to encourage travel to your various places of fishing and hunting grounds, and we appreciate your efforts to advance this noble art to a standard equal to the highest accomplishments of mankind. With this in view our advisory counsel wisely suggest that we permit you to select from the mountain recesses of the western world a goat adapted to your strength and capacity, which you will be required to ride successfully in these halls. The candidates may be taken to 'The Rookery,' the hoodwinks removed, after which they will appoint a chairman, who will receive a salary as compensation for his services, for the minutes served, and taking $25,000 as a yearly basing rate. You will name the person you desire to get the goat."

The candidates were led from the room. In five minutes the president received the following:

"We want a Broncho Rocky Mountain goat from this side of the divide and prefer Mr. Fred H. Lord, of the C. St. P. & K. C. Railway, be instructed to purchase the goat.—W. S. Brown, Chairman."

"Brother Court," said the president, "you will inform the candidates that their wishes will be complied with and the goat will be here in time for the next meeting. They may retire. You will have Mr. John Bastible, the genial representative of the C. H. & D. Railway, accompany them to see that they go directly to their hotel. Before the club adjourns the secretary has received a communication from Baw Beeze Lake, Michigan, asking the club to send one of our members to that lake for the purpose of teaching the natives how to land black bass weighing over three pounds, I will appoint the secretary as a committee to visit the region and report at the next meeting." There being no further business the club adjourned.

J. E. GUNCKEL.

Fishculture.

A BRITISH FISH HATCHERY.

BY AN ENGLISH FISHERY COMMISSIONER.

IN consequence of the depleted condition of many of the rivers in the United Kingdom, rendered so by the multifarious malpractices of mankind, the science of fishculture has become a recognized necessity, and is now resorted to as a means of resuscitating barren locations and restoring decayed fisheries to a condition of plenteousness. During the past few years a steady advance has been made in the science and not only has the number of fishculture establishments increased, but the methods of hatching and rearing fish through the various stages of development have undergone great improvements, so that the science has now been brought within the range of practical utility. At the present time the demands for fish wherewith to stock waters are in excess of supplies, and coarse fish are quite as much needed as trout. Being impressed with the large amount of decay that prevails in our rivers and the depleted condition of waters capable of sustaining fish, and recognizing in fishculture a power sufficient to restore them to a state of plenty, Mr. William Burgess, some years ago, founded a fishery at Malvern Wells, in the Midland, on a large scale, and called it the Midland Counties Fishculture Establishment. The success attending its formation was such as to induce him to considerably extend its scope beyond his original conception, with the result that it has now become the largest establishment of the kind in England. Naturally its object is to develop fish life in the waters of the United Kingdom to meet the dual requirements of food and sport. In order to carry this into effect upon a sound, practical and extensive basis, every facility has been provided for hatching ova and rearing fish in sufficient quantities to meet existing demands. At the present time these demands cannot be adequately satisfied by pisciculturists, and many an applicant for young fish and yearlings frequently cannot be supplied; while there are some who, however desirous of stocking waters they may be, refrain from doing so in consequence of the high charges made, which are frequently prohibitive. It is the desire of Mr. Burgess to raise fish in such numbers as will enable him to supply all the best species and varieties at all seasons of the year.

The location chosen for the establishment is admirably suited to the requirements of fishculture, by reason of its natural surroundings. The water flows from untainted sources, and can be regulated in accordance with the requirements of the fish, be they fry, yearlings or matured forms, or it can be drawn off from the ponds when it is desired to empty them for the purpose of sorting or dispatching fish. One series of ponds is provided for fry, another for yearlings, and another for older fish, some of the ponds being 100yds. in length and 10ft. in depth. A fall is created at each pond, so that the water in passing through is thoroughly oxygenated. In all his operations Mr. Burgess emulates nature as closely as possible, not only with a view of raising strong, vigorous fish, but in order to rear them with the lowest possible mortality.

Two hatcheries exist, one being for the incubation of *Salmonidæ* ova, and the other for those of coarse fish, such as perch, roach, carp, tench, etc. The *Salmonidæ* hatchery is large and roomy, and is capable of bringing to life many millions of young fish. The mode of hatching is that known as the "overflow system," the incubating apparatus being supplied with spring water, which is concentrated in a colossal reservoir, whence it passes through filters into the hatchery. The hatching boxes are slightly elevated one above another in order to provide for a slight fall of water, which has the effect of aerating it throughout. The species and varieties of fish hatched embrace not only all British, Scottish and Irish *Salmonidæ*, but transatlantic varieties as well, the ova of the latter having been courteously granted by Col. Marshall McDonald, United States Fish Commissioner. The ova are laid down in the winter months, and in the spring the hatching house is crowded with struggling masses of young fish. Here they remain until nature deprives them of their self-contained store of food, when they are turned adrift to seek their living in nursery ponds, pending distribution in public waters. Although an ample supply of natural food exists in the ponds, the fish are fed artificially as well, thus supplementing the food store.

In addition to *Salmonidæ* culture, a very large amount of space is devoted to the artificial propagation of coarse fish, such as perch, carp, tench, roach, etc. Hitherto we have heard a great deal about the culture of salmon and trout, but nothing about that of coarse fish for whose benefit fishculture has not been used in the same way as it is for *Salmonidæ*. Recognizing the numerical decrease of these humbler forms and the loss thereby occasioned to the working classes, Mr. Burgess has gone to considerable trouble and expense to create a coarse fishculture department, and he is now equally successful in propagating this class of fish as he is the higher classes. Many difficulties stand in the way of cultivating coarse fish. In the first place, it is no easy work to secure the spawn, which, unlike that of *Salmonidæ*, is adhesive. The ova is very minute and hatch out much sooner than *Salmonidæ* eggs, so that promptitude in dealing with them has to be observed. When the alewives make their appearance from the ova fresh difficulties arise, they being so minute that they soon escape unless prevented. Food must be given them within a few days of their birth, and that of such a nature as can be absorbed by the tiny creatures. This point has been closely studied by Mr. Burgess, whose self-manufactured food meets their requirements.

The practical ability of the establishment has been tested many times lately, and so numerous and various are the wants of the public that Mr. Burgess has had to greatly add to the establishment recently in order to meet them. Every effort is made to breed as great a variety of fish as possible, to suit all kinds of waters, be they open or inclosed, soft or hard in quality, and strict investigation is made into the conditions thereof before planting fish. The enterprise which Mr. Burgess has exhibited in this direction is of no ordinary type, and it is to be hoped that the forward march he has made will meet with the recognition it deserves. Among the species and varieties of fish propagated by Mr. Burgess are the *Salvelinus fontinalis*, *Salmo irideus* and *Coregonus albus*, several rivers having recently been liberally stocked gratuitously in Somersetshire and Devonshire.

FISHERY CENSUS.—Capt. J. W. Collins, who has been appointed special agent of the census office, in charge of the work upon the fish and fisheries, will spend several weeks at Wood's Holl. On his way there the captain will visit Boston and Gloucester to inquire into the fisheries and other matters of special interest to the census. The census work this time, so far as it relates to the fisheries, will be almost entirely statistical, and there will be no attempt to monograph as in 1880. The work of the year need not be repeated and the text, it is expected, will be limited to brief explanations of the tables presented and to a concise review of the present condition of the fisheries in which comparisons can be drawn to show the changes in the fisheries since 1880. The descriptions will be made as brief as possible. No effort will be spared to have the data completed at the earliest possible moment since it is the purpose of the superintendent of the census to publish the results of his work at an early date, in order that the people may be currently informed of the statistical condition of the country.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 9 to 12.—First Annual Dog Show of the Brooklyn Kennel Club, at Brooklyn, N. Y. Charles Dickleman, Secretary. Entries close Aug. 23.

Sept. 9 to 13.—Dog Show of the Farmers' Lancaster County Fair Association, at Lancaster, Pa. A. A. Herr, Secretary. Entries close 11 A. M., Sept. 9.

Sept. 10 to 13.—Sixth Annual Dog Show of the London Kennel Club, at London, Ont. C. A. Stone, Manager. Entries close Sept. 5

Sept. 10 to 13.—Dog Show of the Central Canada Exhibition Association, at Ottawa, Can. Capt. R. C. W. MacCuaig, Secretary. Entries close Aug. 31.

Sept. 11 to 13.—First Annual Dog Show of the Toledo Kennel Company, Toledo, O. Chas. E. Rowland, Secretary, Box 423. Entries close Aug. 26.

Sept. 16 to 19.—Dog Show of the Dominion of Canada Kennel Club, in connection with the Industrial Exposition at Toronto, Canada. Capt. C. Greville Harston, Sec't'y. Entries close Sept. 4.

Sept. 17 to 20.—Dog Show of the Pet Stock Association at Elmira, N. Y. J. Otis Fellows, Superintendent, Hornellsville, N.Y. Entries close Sept. 7.

Oct. 8 to 12.—Eighth Annual Dog Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society, at Danbury, Conn. B. C. Lynes, Secretary. Entries close Sept. 28.

Nov. 14 to 16.—First Dog Show of the Continental Kennel Club, at Denver, Col. Claude King, Secretary.

Jan. 27 to Feb. 1, 1890.—Dog Show of the Colorado Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Denver, Col.

Feb. 18 to 21, 1890.—Fourteenth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

March 11 to 14, 1890.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Rochester Kennel Club, at Rochester, N. Y. Harry Yates, Secretary.

March 25 to 28, 1890.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Mass. Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

April 1 to 4, 1890.—Sixth Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 4.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club. P. T. Madison, Secretary, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 11.—Inaugural Field Trials of the Canadian Kennel Club, at Chatham, Ont. C. A. Stone, Secretary, London, Ont.

Nov. 18.—Eleventh Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Dec. 2.—Inaugural Field Trials of the Central Field Trial Club, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Secretary, Mill's Building, New York, N. Y.

Dec. 16.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trial Club, at Amory, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Secretary, Marietta, Ga.

Jan. 20, 1890.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club at Bakersfield, Cal. H. H. Briggs, Secretary, 313 Bush street, San Francisco, Cal.

Feb. 11, 1890.—Fourth Annual Field Trials of the Texas Field Trial Club, at Marshall, Tex. W. L. Thomas, Secretary.

COURSING.

Oct. 9 to 12.—Fall meet of the National Coursing Club at Hutchinson, Kan. M. E. Allison, Manager.

Oct. 24.—Annual Meet of the American Coursing Club, at Great Bend, Kan. F. K. Doan, Secretary, St. Louis, Mo.

COLLIE CLUB STAKES.

RAHWAY, N. J., Sept. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Collie Club has initiated a new departure in having the Collie Stakes judged at the kennels of the secretary of the club, at Rahway, N. J. So many breeders of collies refuse to expose their valuable young dogs to the dangers of our bench shows, that it has seriously interfered with entries for the stakes, and the club believes that the difficulty can be avoided by having the stakes judged at the kennels of some prominent breeder.

Mr. Thos. H. Terry officiated as judge of the fall section of the Collie Club Stakes, and his decisions were accepted without any kicking. In dogs, first went to Colonel Scot, bred and owned by the Chestnut Hill Kennels, by Dublin Scot out of Flurry III. Second to Duke of Kalmia, owned by J. D. Shotwell, bred by the Kalmia Kennels, by Surbiton out of Ethel II. Third to The Bard, bred and owned by the Fordhook Farm Kennels, by Smuggler out of Whirlpool. There were but two bitches present, first to Chestnut Hill Kennels' Roslyn Clara, by Caractacus out of Pitch Dark; second to Jas. Watson's Hera, by Strephon out of Juno II.

J. D. SHOTWELL, Secretary.

TOLEDO DOG SHOW.—Toledo, O., Aug. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We shall have an excellent show as far as quality goes. We have 208 entries; 11 mastiffs, 25 St. Bernards, 4 Great Danes, 4 deerhounds, 3 greyhounds, 30 pointers, 12 English setters, 24 Irish setters, 15 black and tan setters, 6 cockers, 7 bulldogs, 7 bull-terriers, 9 fox-terriers, 6 black and tan terriers, 12 pugs, etc.—C. E. ROWLAND, Sec'y.

WESTERN COURSING NEWS.

HUTCHINSON, Kan., Aug 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The coursing season is just upon us and the long tails are being put to the work preparing for the fall siege, and we have a good promise of some great work from them. The entries will probably include at least fifteen imported greyhounds, among which will be the imported dog Trales, the Glendynes, Little Lady Glendyne and Lady Graham Glendyne, the daughter of the famous Jester. The black bitch, Lady Millie Glendyne, having unfortunately died, lessens their chances for winning the honors, as she proved the fastest from the slips of either of the four. The other three are now in the hands of our old friend Arthur Massey, the American Coursing Club slipper, and they will undoubtedly come to the slips quite fit. Mr. D. C. Luse has also given over his imported bitch, Dick's Darling, and several of her pups to Mr. Massey for training, so that our slipper will have more than a passing interest this season in several of the flyers as they leave the slips. Mr. Allison has several young ones that will make a hard fight for the Derby, they having in their veins the direct blood of Reno Belle and Rowdy, the winner of the 1887 Derby and also champion Sandy Jim and a sister of Mike G. Four of the litter of Joe Burnside, son of the famous California Quicksilver and little Humming Bird, will probably contend for the first honors. So we can safely say that there will be some wonderful speed contests at October meet of the American Coursing Club way in advance of any previous meeting.

The National Coursing Association, of Hutchinson, Kan., has preparations fully made for a grand meeting Oct. 8 to 12. The stakes are so arranged that the winners will bear the burden of the entries and the second-raters will stand an equal show with the best without a sure expense, and many doubting Thomases will be encouraged to enter untried dogs that may prove extra good ones. The park is now well stocked with jacks, and the track, the escapes and everything is in perfect order, and the rabbits go like the wind to the escapes.

The first inclosed coursing meeting will be held on the Jockey Club track at Louisville, Ky., Sept. 4 to 7, and the second meeting will be held at St. Louis, Mo., on the Jockey Club track, Sept. 16 to 21. We make a grand drive in the park to-morrow, with one hundred people assisting, to secure a supply of the strongest rabbits for these meetings; and we will leave for Louisville Wednesday evening, Aug. 28. I have finally joined forces with the National Coursing Association and will assist in pushing the work to success, and hope to see accomplished what I have long desired and worked for—viz., coursing made one of the greatest sporting events throughout the United States.

G. IRWIN ROYCE.

TRAINING BEAGLE PUPPIES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

To comply at length with the request of a novice, regarding the training of beagle puppies, would afford me great pleasure, but at present I can but hastily and briefly give my ideas on that one subject concerning the beagle. In the near future I shall favor—or tire, as the case may be—your readers with a more exhaustive treatise on the beagle in general.

As to the proper way of training a puppy, it is at all times best to start them in with an older and experienced dog, if such a dog is obtainable for that purpose, and there are few places in the country which are without one or more good "rabbit dogs," whether thoroughbred or otherwise. To get a puppy out with such a dog only a few times will suffice: all that is necessary is to show your puppy and make him understand and recognize the game and scent he is to follow. The rest will come to him without any teaching whatever, experience being the only teacher after that. When I had the time I always considered the training of puppies a decided pleasure, and nearly every evening in season would find me along the beautiful shore of our grand river, the Susquehanna, giving the little 'uns their first lessons, but now this is for me impossible, owing to business responsibilities, and Sunday afternoons is now about the only time that I can devote to the training of my youngsters, for which transgression the orthodox portion of your readers, I hope, will not condemn me.

Do not take out more than one good dog with your puppies. After your puppy has an idea of the work before him, and the age or strength to follow a dog or pack, he may then be hunted in such company.

For the benefit of a novice I will assume that an experienced dog is not obtainable for the purpose of training the puppy and we are thrown upon our own resources to break in the little long-eared beauty, and this is not a difficult task by any means, for the hunting of rabbits is to the beagle a natural characteristic of the breed and need not be acquired, and it is only to hasten natural gifts along in their development that any training at all is necessary. Whether a puppy is trained with or without an experienced dog, consideration must be given to the age of puppy, season of the year, time of day, locality, etc. We read of, and have perhaps owned puppies of our own, which were exceptionally precocious, yet I am of the opinion that it is labor lost to commence training a puppy before the age of six months—seven or eight suit me better still—when they will pick up the faster and save a novice much vexation and discouragement.

I prefer a puppy whelped in the early spring, so as to make him anywhere between five and eight months old in the early autumn months, September and October, which is the best time of year for training of puppies, as rabbits, young and old, appear plentier than at any other time. The late afternoon is probably the best time of day, when rabbits come out of their hiding places. Select, of course, a place where rabbits are plentiful, and, if possible, where the formation of the cover is such through which your puppy can get with ease, for, as he will not possess the anxiety and determination of a broken dog, he would not be so willing to go through brush, briers, etc. Let me here say that it will be only half the task if two puppies can be trained together, as a jealousy will exist between them, which at that period will prove of value and hasten their training.

Observe the above hints as to age of puppy, season, time of day and locality and take your puppy—or better, puppies—out an hour or two before sundown without feeding them. Take them to the proper place and do not sit down, but keep moving about, as they will be more eager to hunt than if they see you sitting somewhere, in which case they would be more apt to desire to play with you than to hunt. When opportunity offers, judiciously urge and encourage them. Two or three outings of this kind will start them off all right, and you can depend on rapid improvement thereafter.

This is not a task, but a rare pleasure and a benefit to any one. A beagle trained by your own hands will be more valuable and dearer to you, having attached to him or her the recollections of these early outings, which probably brought to your notice more vividly the incomparable beauties and mysteries of peaceful nature, which at that time may have—and would now if you could enjoy them—proven a balm to both mind and body. Many and dear are the recollections of the past connected with my training of puppies, and could I enjoy the same pleasures now my mind would be less disturbed by care and my health benefited thereby. Alas! close confinement to business prevents and I have little time left for the care of my dogs and I will have little or no chance to follow them afield this season. They have consequently been neglected to a certain extent, and it pains me to admit that at present they are not in the best of condition. Although knowing that many of our best kennels are at this season troubled with flies, skin irritation, etc., to the detriment of their dogs, yet had I the time I could have my dogs in better shape than they are at present. I don't desire to keep my dogs in anything but the best condition and shall therefore dispose of all except a brace or two, and will not keep more till I can do so with proper care.

Champion Bannerman is as spry and puppyish as ever, and many are the times that strangers who have never seen him will ask: "And how old is that little white puppy?" Champion Maybelle II. and Krueger's Dot are about holding their own.

Apropos Mr. Jolley's (Blue Ridge) item in reference to his small specimen of beagle. He requests others to "trot out" their small ones. I have none, nor do I want them, for I have no use for runts. I am an admirer of the small basket beagle, but do not care for stunted specimens of the larger variety. Mr. Jolley's undoubtedly belongs to this latter class, being sired by Banker, a coarse dog of fully 14 or more inches. I do know of another such specimen, which will compare favorably with Mr. Jolley's entry in this race for records for smallness, as far as breeding, hunting quality and smallness are concerned. This little bitch is Queen M., entered at the last Lynn show by the reputable breeders Clark and Rutter. She is by my lamented Cameron's Racket out of the prize winning bitch Vickey, which I sold Mr. Rutter. It will, therefore, be seen that this little bitch is more than seven-eighths Rowett, and equal to the best in the land as far as breeding is concerned, and I have been assured that she is a remarkable performer in the field for one of her size. Yet she is a runt or a freak, the same as Mr. Jolley's, coming as they do from such parents. I have not the exact weight or measurements of this little bitch, yet should it prove of any value to your readers, I am confident that Mr. Rutter will be pleased to furnish that information. A. C. KRUEGER.

WRIGHTSVILLE, York County, Pa.

DOG TALK.

A NEW JERSEY melodrama: Scene First—Our mutual friend Peshall reclining in an easy chair in his sanctum, enjoying the exquisite flavor of his special brand of Victoria Reina, Aristotle in hand and all the works of the ancients within easy reach, a self-satisfied smile overspreading his beaming countenance as he unearths from the musty volume a ponderous thunderbolt to hurl at some friend, when his meditations are interrupted by the entrance of a stranger with an old-fashioned carpet bag which he carefully deposits on the floor beside his chair, and in insinuating tones proceeds to remark, "I hear from everybody that you understand all about dogs and all kinds of animals, and as I don't, I've called to ask you to do me a favor." "Certainly," said our genial friend in his most gracious manner, "I am ever ready and willing to assist a brother sportsman so far as it lies in my power. Now, if you want an apt quotation from the ancients to point a moral or adorn a tale, the material is all here; or if you want a pup, I expect a litter from dear old Jimmie soon, and shall be only too happy—" "No," said the stranger, "I never heard of the ancients, and the old woman is down on dogs; but I'll tell you," pointing to the bag and hitching his chair a bit closer, "I've brought over our tom cat for you to fix so that he won't run out nights." Just then Peshall's pet bull-terrier Baby came bounding into the room, and as she caught a whiff of scent from the feline she uttered a whine of delight almost human in expression, and before you could say Jack Robinson that old-fashioned carpet bag and its frantically squalling inmate were describing parabolic curves that are not laid down in the books. Our mutual friend was nonplussed, indignant and horror-stricken. To think that he, a cherished official of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, should be thought capable of committing the proposed dastardly crime against nature and the cat, was enough to freeze his heart's blood. Speechless he stood, oblivious even to the fun that Baby was enjoying, intent only on administering a fitting rebuke to the fiend in human form who had dared to offer such indignity to him and the cat. At last he partially recovered his self-possession, and with burning words struggling for utterance he turned to the inhuman monster, but, together with the old-fashioned carpet bag and its now feebly struggling inmate, he had taken his departure, and the curtain drops.

Apropos of the reference in "Bits of Talk" last week to a dog thief stealing apples is this from the Boston *Globe*: "It is queer how things fall out. The very day that I was writing a paragraph for this column, suggesting, in a truly Christian and philanthropic spirit, that dogs might successfully be employed as thieves, on that very day two men and a woman were arrested somewhere out west for this identical crime. They traveled about in a wagon, accompanied by a big dog, who caught as many chickens as he could lay his jaws upon and brought them to his human accomplices. The men then wrung the necks of the fowls, and so soon as a sufficient number had been accumulated, took them to the nearest large town and put them on the market at a reasonable price. The woman, it is said, was the leader in this enterprise, and it must be admitted that the scheme does credit to feminine ingenuity. How it fell through is not made plain, but probably the men bungled. She ought to have left them at home."

The judges elected by the American Spaniel Club are A. C. Wilmerding, S. R. Hemingway, James Watson, C. H. Mason, Wm. West, E. M. Oldham, J. P. Willey and C. M. Nelles.

Mr. E. S. Porter will judge mastiffs, bulldogs, bull-terriers, foxhounds and beagles at the Danbury dog show, and Mr. James Watson the remaining classes.

The regular quarterly meeting of the executive committee of the A. K. C. will be held at 44 Broadway, Sept. 19, at 1 o'clock P. M.

There were ninety entries at the dog show held at Helina, Mont., Aug. 28 to 30. A full report will appear next week.

Mr. J. L. Campbell, of Montreal, Can., has been reinstated by the advisory committee of the American Kennel Club.

INDIANA FIELD TRIALS.—Indianapolis, Ind., Sept. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Our trials promise to be a great success this year. Mr. J. M. Freeman, one of our vice-presidents, who lives at Bicknell, reports an abundance of birds. The club desires to thank the following parties through your columns for special prizes donated by them: Mr. B. Waters, Chicago, Ill., one copy of his "Breaking, Training and Kennel Management"; Ideal Manufacturing Co., New Haven, Conn., six sets of their Ideal shotgun implements; Mr. W. B. Leffingwell, Clinton, Ia., one copy of his "Wild Fowl Shooting"; Upthegrove & McLellan, Valparaiso, Ind., one of their fine hunting coats.—P. T. MADISON, Secretary.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.—Saratoga Springs, Aug. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The regular quarterly meeting of the Eastern Field Trials Club will be held at 44 Broadway, New York, on Tuesday, Sept. 10, at 2 o'clock P. M.—W. A. COSTER, Sec'y.

THE POINTER CLUB.

NEW YORK, Aug. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At a regular meeting of the Pointer Club of America held this date the following business was transacted: Maj. J. M. Taylor's application for membership was presented and he was unanimously elected. The resignation of Chas. J. Peshall, Esq., was read and accepted.

The secretary was instructed to announce, "that upon a count being taken of the vote of the members of the club it was found that the following named gentlemen were selected, having received the highest number of votes, for recommendation to bench show committees for 1889-90, as proper persons to judge pointers, in the order named: Mr. F. R. Hitchcock, Hon. John S. Wise, Mr. J. M. Tracy, Mr. Jas. L. Anthony, Mr. Chas. Heath, Mr. Geo. W. La Rue. The selection of any of the above named gentlemen will insure the hearty support of the club.

The report of the special committee appointed to prepare a list of prizes to be given by the Pointer Club was adopted as follows:

For 1890—Open to All.

THE POINTER CLUB PRODUCE STAKES.—$50 added money. For pointer puppies whelped on and after Jan. 1, 1889, the Pointer Club of America add $50. The stakes to be decided at a spring show of 1890, to be hereafter designated. Entries close at the same time as the regular entries of such show. Terms of entry: Litters may be entered previous to Jan. 1, 1890, for $3, provided they are under six weeks old, each of the litter to be eligible to compete. Puppies entered previous to Jan. 1, 1890, at $1 each if under three months old; at $2 each if under six months old; at $3 each if under nine months old at the time of entry. After Jan. 1, 1890, all entries shall pay $5 each. Should an entry be sold, the buyer shall pay $1 in order to compete with such entry. The winner to receive 50 per cent. of the whole stake, second 20 per cent., third 10 per cent., and the breeder of the winner to receive 20 per cent. of the stake. Entry fee must be paid at the time of entry. Competitors must be entered in the regular classes of the show. Entry to be made to the secretary of the Pointer Club of America.

Open to Members Only.

STUD DOG PRIZE.—$10 for best pointer stud dog shown with two of his get, the latter to be not over 3 years of age and not necessarily owned by one person.

BROOD BITCH PRIZE.—$10 for best pointer brood bitch shown with two of her progeny, the latter to be not over 3 years old and not necessarily owned by one person.

$10 for best pointer dog, and $10 for best pointer bitch, that has been placed or won a heat at any field trial run in America. $10 for best pointer dog or bitch exhibited and owned by a member of the club.

In addition to the above the American field pointer cup value $100 (open to all) will be given at a show to be designated by the Pointer Club, to be announced hereafter, under the conditions as published. Entry blanks will be furnished by the secretary upon receipt of application and 2-cent postage stamp. GEO. W. LA RUE, Sec'y and Treas.

239 BROADWAY, New York.

ORIGIN OF THE DOG.—The ancestry of the dog is a topic which has been much discussed of late at the French Academy in Paris. M. Boule maintains that as far back as the pliocene period of geology the canine family showed much the same divisions as it exhibits to-day. There were the wolf, the fox, and the jackal tribes and types, and a fossil jaw taken from pliocene rocks near Puy shows certain characteristics which are seen in our own domesticated dogs of to-day. Are we to assume then that the dogs of our period represent a much more ancient and original type of animals than science would have us hitherto believe? If fossil evidences are trustworthy, the dogs of remote antiquity, so far from having originated from the wolf stock, may be regarded as having possessed a distinct personality of their own. We may probably have to go back into the tertiary to find the primordial stock from which the wolf, fox, jackal and dog may together have sprung. By the way, the statement has been made on responsible bases that there are at present one hundred and eighty-nine varieties of domesticated dogs. What a composite animal they would all make if bred or resolved into one! And would the result truly represent the primordial dog type? And would that unit most nearly resemble the wolf, the fox, or the jackal? Which?—CHAS. HALLOCK.

ST. BERNARD AND PUG IMPORTATION.—London, Aug. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I shall leave in a few days for the States with 8 St. Bernards, large and small, and 3 pugs. The pugs are dog puppies by champion Loris out of May Queen, the property of Miss A. H. Whitney, of Lancaster, Mass. The St. Bernard dog Sir Noel, by Lysander out of Lady Pauline, is for W. H. Beede, Lynn, Mass. The balance I have purchased for my own kennels, and include the bitch Manon, by Valour out of champion Gretchen, and two of her present litter; Lady Pauline, by Grandee out of Princess Bismark, dam of Sir Noel and Victory, who stands 33in. standard measure: a dog puppy by Refuge II. out of Lady Pauline; a bitch puppy by champion Hesper out of Cologne, litter sister to champion Carmelite, and a bitch puppy by champion Hesper out of Diva; she weighed 24lbs. at 9 weeks. Hesper weighs 204lbs. Diva stands 31½ and weighs 160lbs.—A. R. CROWELL.

ELMIRA DOG SHOW.—Hornellsville, Sept. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have received many valuable specials, collected by the Poultry and Pet Stock Association. One of $20, for the best four working cocker spaniels. Entries close the 7th; all entries mailed that day will be accepted.—J. OTIS FELLOWS, Supt.

TORONTO DOG SHOW.—There is a large number of valuable special prizes offered for the dog show to be held at Toronto, Sept. 16 to 19. Printed lists may be obtained of the secretary, Capt. C. Greville Harston, Toronto, Can.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 or any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Daisy Dean. By High Rock Cocker Kennels, Lynn, Mass., for black cocker spaniel bitch, age not given, by Shady out of Nellie.

Young Royal Prince, Jr. By H. L. Gilson, Wakefield, Mass., for white bull-terrier dog, whelped May 12, 1889, by Young Royal Prince (Young Royal—Scarlet II.) out of Tillie (Dutch, Jr.—Terry).

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Melody—Trailer. H. F. Schellhass's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) beagle bitch Melody to his Trailer, Aug. 7.

Apollona—Ben Lomond. John Keevan's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) St. Bernard bitch Apollona (champion Apollo—Brunhilde) to E. H. Moore's Ben Lomond (champion Barry—Thetis), June 20.

Lady Bernard—Parson. P. H. Hurley's (Worcester, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Lady Bernard (Grimsell—Yum Yum) to Contoocook Kennels' Parson (Bello—Thyras), Aug. 25.

Bizreena—Chief. F. L. Cheney's (Pittsfield, Mass.) Irish setter bitch Bizreena (champion Nimrod—Bizorah) to Max Wenzel's champion Chief (Berkley—Duck), Aug. 29.

Daisy—Desmond II. F. L. Cheney's (Pittsfield, Mass.) Irish setter bitch Daisy (Chief—Leigh Doane) to Chas. T. Thompson's Desmond II. (Frisco—Grouse), Aug. 19.

Daisy Dean—Black Duck. High Rock Cocker Kennels' (Lynn, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Daisy Dean to their Black Duck, Aug. 25.

Bijou—Black Duck. High Rock Cocker Kennels' (Lynn, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Bijou to their Black Duck, Aug. 20.

High Rock Jet—Black Duck. High Rock Cocker Kennels' (Lynn, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch High Rock Jet to their Black Duck, July 27.

Biddy—Bradford Harry. A. M. Goldsmith's (Chicago, Ill.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Biddy (Bonnie Briton—Lassie) to P. H. Coombs's Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beal's Lady), Aug. 16.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Lady Bess. Geo. H. Sherman's (Poughkeepsie, N. Y.) collie bitch Lady Bess (James—Bess), Aug. 30, eight (four dogs), by M. Harrison's Scotilla (Dublin Scot—Flurry II.).

Vesta. C. A. Altmansperger's (Minden, Ia.) mastiff bitch Vesta (Diavalo—Madge), Aug. 18, seven (three dogs), by Dr. Geo. B. Ayres's Edwy (champion Orlando—Countess of Woodlands).

East Lake Virgie. Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch East Lake Virgie (Bradford Ruby—Puss B.), Sept. 1, five (three dogs), by H. Eichler's Joe II. (champion Joe—Viola).

Lakme. F. Kimball's (Worcester, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Lakme, Aug. 20, eight (four dogs), by E. H. Moore's Ben Lomond.

Apollona. John Keevan's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) St. Bernard bitch Apollona (Apollo—Brunhilde), Aug. 20, twelve (six dogs), by E. H. Moore's Ben Lomond (champion Barry—Thetis).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Bonnie Comedy. Fawn, black points, mastiff bitch, whelped March 24, 1889, by Edwy out of Ilford Comedy, by Dr. George B. Ayres, Omaha, Neb., to E. L. Marston, same place.

Hector—Lakme whelp. Orange and white St. Bernard dog, whelped Sept. 19, 1888, by F. Kimball, Worcester, Mass., to Miss Emma C. Pratt, same place.

Ben Lomond—Lakme whelp. Orange and white St. Bernard bitch, whelped March 11, 1889, by F. Kimball, Worcester, Mass., to Miss Florence Heywood, same place.

Keeper—Regina whelps. St. Bernards, one dog and two bitches, whelped June 12, 1889, by Contoocook Kennels, Peterborough, N. H., to A. N. Rea, New York.

Dude. Liver cocker spaniel dog, whelped May 2, 1889, by Black Duck out of Bijou, by High Rock Cocker Kennels, Lynn, Mass., to E. M. Bassett, Dracut, Mass.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

F. B. D., Woodstock, Vt.—I have a pup covered with warts of a flesh color and soft, except on the ends, which are hard and rough; some of them are ¾in. in length; others are large in size and flat. Can you give me any advice as to the cure of them? Ans. The larger ones can be snipped off with strong sharp scissors and the basis cauterized with strong nitric acid or nitrate of silver (lunar caustic). The smaller ones may be burned down without cutting. See a veterinary.

W. G. H., Washington.—Will you please inform me in your next paper what to do for my pug dog? His skin was red in the first place and now he is covered with little bunches all over him and he is losing his hair and has a bad odor. Ans. Use zinc oxide ointment every day, rubbing it in after washing. Keep the bowels open with a teaspoonful of syrup of buckthorn every other day, and give 5 drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic in the food each day. If the dog is very fat get the weight down. Feed once daily, and stop the arsenic at the end of three weeks.

P. J. R., Evanston, Wyo. Ter.—I have a fine Gordon setter puppy six months old. He has had a bad attack of distemper, from which he is just recovering, and is now troubled with a very severe nervous twitching in right foreleg. Local authorities say it is probably St. Vitus's dance. I have been giving him 6 drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic three times a day for the last week, but it does not appear to do him any good. Will you kindly advise me in your next issue what I had better do for him? Ans. Give one-quarter grain of extract of nux vomica in pill form three times daily. You can hide the pill in a bit of meat. Do not feed meat. Keep the bowels easy with teaspoonful doses of syrup of buckthorn. Rubbing with a stimulating liniament like chloroform liniament, will benefit. Exercise regularly. From time to time put the puppy on Fowler's solution for a week, as you have done.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

JACKSNIPE will please note line under heading of this department.

SUBSCRIBER.—For deer go to Meacham Lake, in the Adirondacks. As you do not specify your game, we cannot advise further.

CANONICUS.—The inclosed insect is *Sphærophthalma (Mutilla) occidentalis* (female). The *Mutillidæ* are found running on the ground in warm sandy places; the males have wings, but the females are wingless. They sting severely. The "enormous and beautiful hornet" might have been *Stizus speciosa*.

W. C., Mt. Vernon.—Is there such a paper as the *American Naturalist?* Inform me where and how I can get a diminishing tube made. It must be thin and light and yet strong. Say about 2ft. long and half an inch at one end, sloping gradually to a quarter of an inch. Ans. 1. The *American Naturalist* is published monthly by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., No. 24 Park place, New York. 2. Any tinman or coppersmith will make the tube.

J. H. W., Fontanet, Ind.—1. Where can I get rules governing the National Rifle Association? 2. Are there any rules in general use for trap shooting? 3. Where can I get Creedmoor targets or others? Ans. 1. Write to secretary National Rifle Association, 5 Beekman street, New York. 2. Write to Major Taylor, American Shooting Association, Stewart Building, New York. 3. Dennison & Co., 198 Broadway, New York, have all paper targets for sale.

I. P. McK., Detroit.—Please inform concerning the famous brook trout said to have been killed in the Saguenay River, Canada, about the year 1838, weighing 22lbs., and exhibited at that time at the old Astor House, New York. A wager was decided on this by the New York *Clipper* some ten or twelve years ago; that paper gave the full history of the fish, and declared it a real brook trout. Ans. The above-mentioned specimen was not examined by competent authority, so far as we are aware. The largest brook or speckled trout of which we have a well-authenticated record is the 12-pounder taken by Mr. Seth Green and Dr. Hoy in the Sault Ste. Marie; the 11-pounder of Professos Agassiz, taken from the headwaters of the Androscoggin River, Maine, in 1860, and the 10-pounder (probably 11 when taken from the water) captured by Geo. Shepard Page in Rangeley Lake.

AFTER BREAKFAST.—You may take the most elegant and complete vestibule train ever constructed, leaving Chicago daily at 10:15 A. M. via the Chicago and Atlantic Railway. These magnificent trains offer unsurpassed accommodations for all classes of travel to New York, Boston and Eastern cities. Pullman dining cars are a feature of this new departure, and run through in either direction between Chicago and New York. Instead of exacting extra charges, for fast time and peerless accommodations proffered, the Chicago and Atlantic through its own agencies and those of connecting lines quotes fares to Eastern cities from $1.50 to $3.00 less than is charged by other routes. Consult your local ticket agent on this important item, or for maps, folders and time cards, giving full information of the Chicago and Atlantic, New York and Chicago Vestibuled Limited carrying all classes of passengers, address for prompt reply, F. C. Donald, General Passenger Agent, Chicago. Inclose two green stamps for an amusing, novel and paradoxically ingenious toy. A harmless, fireless, powderless, everlasting fire cracker.—*Adv.*

Rifle and Trap Shooting

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE SEA GIRT SHOOT.

OUR next week's issue will contain the result in detail of the Inter-State military shoot set down for Sept. 4, at the New Jersey State Camp at Sea Girt. It is believed that New York will send a winning team to the range. This depends, however, on whether the State of Massachusetts enters its celebrated team in the competition. In such an event the New York team expects to gain second place, since it is hardly possible under the circumstances to wrest victory from a team whose members are safely to be relied on to average 45 points at 200 and 500yds. out of a highest attainable of 50, with a corresponding average at 600yds. All is not harmony so far as the selection of a team to represent New York is concerned. The selection of a team to represent this State has been intrusted by the Commander-in-Chief, through the Adjutant General, to the General Inspector of Rifle Practice, Brigadier General Charles F. Robbins, who has entered upon the task of choosing the twelve men who are to uphold the shooting repute of the National Guard in a systematic manner. He has decided to invite men to accept places upon the team upon the strength solely of past achievement or reputation. The list of sharpshooters throughout the State who have shown themselves competent to score 72 points or better at 200 and 500yds., 5 shots at each distance, has been scanned, and those men have been requested, by letter, to shoot in a stated number of competitions, with a view to demonstrating what they are capable of accomplishing at the present time. From those the twelve contestants will be selected. This course has been found fault with because so-called "reliable" shots have been ignored. It is claimed that the team should be made up in accordance with established precedent; stated days of competition should be designated and no records made in matches of the National Rifle Association be accepted. As this has not been done, it is claimed that failure will follow. To this the friends of Gen. Robbins say, that if the coming match were a competition of minor importance, the claims of the individuals, and of the organizations of which they are the representatives, might properly be considered. But the event is a contest in which New York is called upon to put forward the utmost shooting strength of its National Guard. There are in the State two score reliable "team" men. Of individual shots, capable of making brilliant records upon occasion, there are a great number, but the latter are not available to the present purpose. From present appearance the majority of the team is likely to be taken from Brooklyn. It is doubtful whether the Seventh Regiment will have a representative. Results at Creedmoor of late years have indicated that the Twenty third Regiment of Brooklyn is possessed of the strongest team shooting organization in the National Guard of the State, and eight of the twelve men will be chosen, on their merits, from the Twenty-third. The Sixty-ninth will have one representative, and the First Brigade furnish the tenth man, the two remaining members being drawn from organizations in the interior of the State.

Gen. Robbins, who will captain the New York team, has an excellent roll to select from. The list of experienced shooters and team men from which the twelve are to be selected comprises the well-known names of Shepherd, Scott, Hamlin, Hamilton, Wells, Elliott, Ball and Stokes of the Twenty-third Regiment, Brooklyn; Assistant Surgeon Linsley, Twelfth Regiment; Sergt. Frank J. Stuart, Sixty-ninth Regiment; Corp. John F. Klein, Seventeenth Separate Company of Infantry, Flushing; Major Chas. H. Gaus, Third Brigade, Albany; Lieut. Wm. J. Underwood and Pvt. Alex. Stein, Seventh Regiment, New York city, and Pvt. D. H. Ogden, Twentieth Separate Company, Binghamton. With two exceptions the fifteen experts here named are veterans.

The following members of the National Guard were selected to represent New Jersey in the match:

Col. James M. Van Valen, Assistant Inspector-General of Rifle Practice.

Col. John C. Owens, Assistant Inspector-General of Rifle Practice.

Capt. Wm. F. Decker, Co. C, First Battalion.

Capt. Thos. A. Curtis, Inspector of Rifle Practice, Third Regiment.

Second Lieut. Henry R. Goesser, Co. A, Second Battalion.

Sergt. Alex. C. Neuman, standard bearer, division staff.

Hosp. Steward Frank H. Lalor, Seventh Regiment.

Color Sergt. Chas. Chinn, First Battalion.

Pvt. Alfred E. Conway, Co. C, Third Regiment.

Pvt. James R. Gladden, Co. D, Third Regiment.

Pvt. Chas. H. Townsend, Co. G, Fifth Regiment.

Pvt. Wm. Hartman, Co. B, Seventh Regiment.

Pvt. John Ransom, Co. B, First Battalion.

Pvt. Joseph Coyte, Jr., Co. A, Second Battalion.

Captain—Col. G. E. P. Howard, Division Staff.

Adjutant—Maj. R. Heber Breintnall, First Regiment.

Quartermaster—Capt. Wm. H. Early, Seventh Regiment.

Those who have been selected to shoot on the team have been industriously practicing on the State range, the practice having been under the supervision of Col. G. E. P. Howard, who was captain of the last American military team that crossed the ocean. The members of the team were quartered in tents on the ground at the Governor's cottage. About 8 A. M. daily the men began practicing at the 200yds. range and then fired at the 500yds. range. After lunch the same programme was repeated.

The New Jersey team have the latest model Springfield rifle with "Buffington" rear sight and improved front sight cover, using the triangular open sight at 200yds and the peep sight at 500yds.

The Delaware team arrived at the camp on Wednesday, Aug. 28, and began practising on Thursday morning. The team is as follows: Maj. C. W. Cary, Capt. John S. Willis, Capt. Isaac J. Wotten, Capt. Wiswell, Lieut. Floyd, Lieut. E. G. Boyd, Lieut. J. E. Booth, Sergt. F. Taylor, Sergt. Lunt, Corp. Werner, Corp. Harbert, Private Atwell, Sergt. Amos J. Leitch, Sergt. Howard Simpson, Lieut.-Col. Garret B. Hart. The Delaware team also uses the improved Springfield rifle.

On Monday the New York team arrived at the range from Creedmoor, where they have been practicing for the last two weeks.

ZETTLER RIFLE CLUB.—On the 27th ult. was held the sixteenth annual shooting festival of the Zettler Rifle Club, which was held at Charles C. Wessel's Cypress Hills Park, and the crack shots of the vicinity reigned supreme during the day, for the crack of the rifle began at 7 o'clock in the morning, and the last shot was not fired until fourteen minutes past seven at night. Then a brass howitzer was discharged and the shooting terminated. The entry lists were all well filled and some excellent scores were made, the average being a very high grade of marksmanship. The club officers are as follows: Bernard Walther, President; N. D. Ward, Recording Secretary; A. P. Hunt, Corresponding Secretary, and B. Zettler, Shooting Master. The committee in charge of the festival were: W. B. Hanscom, M. Dorrler, W. H. Bostlemann, H. Holges, L. Flah, G. Zimmermann, G. W. Downs, G. A. Schurmann, J. A. Boyken, R. Busse, William Hayes, C. G. Zettler, J. Coppersmith, V. Steinbach, J. Arnold, V. Dittmar, F. A. Ringler, T. J. Dolan, L. Krauss and M. B. Engle. The festival was one of the most successful ever given by this time-honored organization. A summary of the day's shoot is as follows: Target of Honor—Conditions: Three shots, open to members only, for prizes presented by the judges and members; highest possible number of points, 75. Score:

J Heckling	23	25	23—71	M Fehr	10	23	22—55
L Flah	23	21	22—66	G D Weigmar	24	13	15—52
G Zimmermann	20	23	23—66	B Zettler	20	13	19—52
C G Zettler	25	19	21—65	G W Downs	14	22	16—52
J Coppersmith	19	22	24—65	V Dittmar	17	16	19—52
J A Boyken	23	20	20—63	H Holges	9	21	20 50
T J Dolan	24	18	21—63	M Farbach	11	17	22—50
H Ohls	22	19	22—63	J Klein	17	19	13—49
G Joiner	21	25	16—62	J Eilsen	17	12	19—48
M Dorrler	18	24	19—61	H Statt	18	13	16—47
L Kraus	19	19	22—60	C Bluneberg	9	21	16—46
C Wessel	23	14	23—59	F A Ringler	19	5	22—46
G Bowmanes	19	19	21—59	N D Ward	14	13	15—42
R Busse	15	24	19—58	M T Riges	16	9	15—40
H Kleinbulb	17	21	19—57	P A Bloun	12	11	16—39
V Steinbach	22	20	15—57	C Ryan	19	2	14—35
M B Engle	20	20	17—57	F R Frorker	15	13	0—28
B Walther	19	19	18—56	C G Edgar	24	3	2—29
G Witte	21	18	17—56	H Shipman	14	0	14—28
G Plaisted	16	22	17—55	A Colmax	11	0	0—11

Ladies' shoot—Mrs. Downs 44, Mrs. Walther 44, Mrs. Snyder 40, Mrs. Boyken 39, Mrs. Dson 39, Mrs. Engle 38, Mrs. Schumann 38. In shooting off the tie for the ladies' first prize Mrs. Downs won, scoring 15 points to Mrs. Walther's 14 points.

Ring target, highest scores—M. Dorrler 75 points, G. Joiner 72 out of a possible 75. Premium winners—M. Dorrler 351, J. A. Boyken 349, W. H. Beardsley 348 and L. Flah 346.

BOSTON, Aug. 13.—The pleasant weather and fine shooting conditions caused many riflemen to visit the range to-day, and all the matches were well patronized, especially the military medal match. The champion gold medal was won by Mr. Clarke, and the gold medal in the 20-shot rest match was won by Mr. Francis. Following are the best scores made to-day:

Twenty-shot Rest Match.

J Francis	11	9	11	12	9	10	10	12	10	10	
	9	9	9	7	9	11	9	11	9	11	—198
W P Thompson	9	11	11	7	9	10	10	12	10	10	
	11	10	11	9	12	10	10	0	8	9	—198
B G Barker	8	9	10	9	9	8	12	7	8	11	
	8	9	8	11	8	9	10	8	8	8	—178

Champion Medal Match.

C C Clarke	10	9	6	6	10	7	6	5	5	6— 70
C Willard (mil)	7	7	5	5	9	7	7	7	5	6— 65
B James	9	5	5	5	4	10	4	8	5	6— 61

Victory Medal Match.

J E Kelley	6	7	10	10	9	10	9	7	8	7— 83
H Severance	10	8	8	9	7	8	6	9	8	7— 80
S O Merville	10	8	9	8	8	9	7	7	7	6— 79
O Moore	8	7	8	8	8	8	6	8	7	7— 75
A S Hunt	6	7	7	6	4	5	6	7	6	7— 61

Military Medal Match.

W G Hussey	5545545454—46	O E Pettman	4444433445—39
W I Getchell	4444455554—44	R H Keen	3543344454—39
A S Field	5454444544—43	E H Cowan	3443244444—36
W S Hunt	4434445445—41	A Spring	4344333333—34
F E Martin	5444444435—41	M T Day	4343330034—24

Boston Press Match.

B D Farwell	6	4	5	6	9	8	7	7	4	9— 65
A S Hunt	5	6	7	5	5	6	6	9	4	7— 60
C S Estes	5	5	6	8	6	4	4	10	10	2— 60
O C Baker	3	1	0	4	2	9	8	5	2	8— 42

Bronze membership badge won on the following 10 scores by C H Eastman: 70 80 73 75 74 77 69 69 72 69

All-Comers' Rest Match.

W P Thompson	8	12	12	12	11	11	10	10	9	9—104
S Beals	12	9	12	8	6	9	12	9	9	8— 94
A Ballard	11	9	9	10	11	11	9	11	9	9— 99
G Emerson	8	9	9	9	10	9	11	8	9	7— 89
C H Eastman	9	7	11	9	9	9	9	8	9	8— 88
S C Beck	8	9	8	9	8	9	8	8	8	9— 84
E R Drake	7	6	6	6	8	10	9	9	8	11— 83
J Cutts	6	6	10	9	8	10	8	8	9	7— 81
S J Williams	4	5	9	9	12	10	6	8	8	8— 79

All-Comers' Off-Hand Match.

A McBean	8	9	8	10	10	10	8	6	7	5— 81
J E Kelley	7	8	5	10	10	7	8	8	7	9— 79
F Daniels	7	9	10	7	4	9	8	8	9	6— 75
S O Merville	3	7	9	5	7	7	5	8	8	6— 70
A Ballard	7	6	10	7	5	8	5	9	6	9— 70
A S Field, mil	9	9	4	8	6	5	5	8	9	4— 67
O T Moore	7	8	5	7	7	5	8	5	8	7— 67
A Elton	5	6	5	6	6	5	9	8	6	7— 63
A S Hunt	8	10	5	4	3	9	6	3	6	3— 57

Military Match—200yds.

W D Huddleson	4445555545—46	G H Wright	4424033333—29
W L Swan	4444345454—41	E C Bradbury	2433400534—28
O T Prescott	4434445453—40	P A Ward	4040344332—27
W F Buck	2234444445—35	J Frothingham	4333022432—26
C H Reed	5433043424—32		

Military Match—500yds.

W D Huddleson	5535555555—50	J Kenny	3445455543—42
W G Hussey	5555545554—48	P J Flanders	5004555553—37
W Johnson, Jr	5545455555—48	A McBean	3403553554—37
A S Field	5554455545—47	A Spring	0052544355—33
S E Howard	5555545544—46	F E Bunker	3333244352—32
C A Dean	4354555444—46		

CREEDMOOR, Sept. 2.—The biggest match day this season at Creedmoor took place to-day. There were matches, and the competitors from the different regiments N. G., S. N. Y., were at the range in full force. The shooting began at 9:30 A. M., and the crack of the rifles did not cease until 5:30 o'clock. The day was a fair one, but was not favored by the marksmen as favorable for shooting. In the morning the sky was too bright for the shooters, and in the afternoon and toward evening the marksmen complained of a tricky, fish-tail wind that blew on either side of the range; consequently better scores have been made. But the officers of the National Rifle Association said the scores were good, and that they were well pleased with the success of the meeting. Large representations from the 7th, 23d, 9th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 22d, 47th, 69th, 71st, 32d, and the 5th separate company were present. The following are the prize winners who previously won medals at 200 and 500yds., making a score of 45 points or more out of a possible 50:

	200yds.	500yds.	Total.
T J Dolan, 12th Regt	23	23	46
A J Vaast, 7th Regt	21	24	45
C H Liscomb, 13th Regt	21	24	45
J N Munson, 7th Regt	22	23	45
H Greenman, 23d Regt	21	23	44
F Van Leonnep, 7th Regt	22	22	44
M E Bunton, 22d Regt	22	22	44

The winners of silver medals to-day are:

R M Dunn, 7th Regt	21	25	46
H T Lockwood, 7th Regt	21	25	46
F M Lotz, 13th Regt	23	23	46
W H Palmer, 7th Regt	21	24	45

The bronze medal winners, making 43 points or more, were:

H M Field, 23d Regt	21	23	44
R M Kallock, 7th Regt	23	21	44
F W Happy, 7th Regt	20	23	43
R Byars, 22d Regt	21	22	43

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Aug. 31.—There was to have been a meeting of the St. Louis Pistol Club held at the Laclede gallery last Wednesday, but had to be postponed because not enough of the members put in appearance to make up the requisite quorum. The meeting was called by the president for the express purpose of making arrangements for the holding of another tourney by the club. An effort will be made to gather the clans next Wednesday night, and if successful there will be no difficulty in quickly arranging the details for another shoot, as the majority are all of one opinion as to how the affair should be arranged.

KIRKWOOD, N. J., Aug. 30.—The match between Mr. George Tyrell and Mr. Ed Travis (the latter to use only one hand), 25 shots each, at 200yds., Standard American target, off-hand, came off here to-day with quite a large attendance. Travis won by the handsome majority of 30 points. When the distance was measured it was found to be 218yds.; the shooting took place in a broiling hot sun. Travis used his special Wurfflein .32-25cal. rifle, weighing exactly 8lbs.

BELGIUM'S ARM.—The Belgium Small Arms Commission have recommended the adoption of the German Mauser if Herr Mauser will consent that the gun shall be made in Belgian factories.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

Secretaries of clubs and managers of tournaments are requested to keep us advised of the dates of their shoots, so that we may give due notice in our column of fixtures.

FIXTURES.

Sept. 3, 4, 5.—Annual Tournament of the Rocky Mountain Trap Shooters, Denver, Colo., Broadway Athletic Park. Inanimate and live targets. Address C. M. Hampson, Denver.

Sept. 10, 11, 12.—St. Paul, Minn., Gun Club Tournament, at Hamilton. F. D. Ponsonby, Secretary, St. Paul.

Sept. 13.—South Manchester, Conn., Tournament. C. R. Hathaway, Secretary.

Sept. 17, 18, 19, 20.—Central Illinois Sportsmen's Association's eleventh annual tournament, Jerseyville, Ill.

Sept. 24, 25, 26 and 27.—Fifth Annual Tournament given by Al. Bandle, at Cincinnati; $1,000 guaranteed.

Sept. 24, 25, 26, 27.—New Jersey State Sportsman's Association for the Protection of Fish and Game Annual Tournament, on grounds of the Jersey City Heights Gun Club, at Marion, N. J. W. F. Quimby, 291 Broadway, N. Y.

Oct. 8, 9, 10, 11.—Middlesex Gun Club Tournament, Dunellen, N. J. W. F. Force, Secretary, Plainfield, N. J.

Oct. 8, 9, 10, 11.—Fred A. Fodde's Second Annual Amateur Tournament, at St. Louis, Mo. Inanimate targets.

Oct. 15, 16, 17, 18.—Tournament at live birds and inanimate targets. J. F. Kleinz, Secretary, 600 south Delaware avenue, Philadelphia.

Oct. 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25.—Second Tournament of the Mercer Gun Club, at Trenton, N. J. E. G. Updegrove, President.

FLORENCE TOURNAMENT.

FLORENCE, Mass., Aug. 27.—Norwood Gun Club's tournament.

First event, 7 straightaway, 5 Keystone traps:

H Keyes	0101111—5	T T Cartwright	0110110—4
J W Russell	1101101—5	Z Foster	0010011—3
F Nuttleman	1010011—4	F W Twiss	0101001—3
C O Harris	0101101—4	L F Gaylor	1100000—2

Ties on 5 and on 3 div.; on 4, at 3 each, Harris 0, Cartwright 1, Nuttleman 2.

Second event, 5 birds:

F Twiss	10111—4	Foster	01100—2
F Nuttleman	11101—4	Harris	00011—2
H Keyes	00111—3	Gaylor	00011—2
Cartwright	10110—3	Russell	00000—0

Ties on 4 and on 3 div.; on 2, at 5 each, Gaylor 2, Foster 2, Harris 4.

Third event, 6 singles and 2 pairs Keystones; ties div.:

Keyes	111101 10 10—7	Russell	000010 10 11—4
Brewer	001111 00 10—5	Cartwright	001100 01 10—4
Herrick	100911 10 10—5	W E Cobb	001101 00 00—3
Harris	110101 10 00—5	Mayott	001000 00 10—2

Fourth event, 10 birds; ties div.:

Keyes	1100111111—8	Cartwright	1001001 0 01—4
Cobb	1111101011—8	Foster	1000000 1 10—3
Harris	1011001111—7	Russell	0011011 0 00—3
Herrick	1100011110—6	Mayott	0010000 0 00—2
Brewer	0100010101—4	Nuttleman	0000000 0 00—1

Fifth event, Keystones, miss and out: Brewer and Harris first.

Sixth event, two-men teams, 10 birds per man, ties div.:

Albee	1001110101—6	Mayott	0100001001—3
Keyes	1111110101—8—14	Herrick	1111001110—7—10
Georgia	1011111111—9	Ellsworth	1011110000—5
Hart	1000011011—5—14	Lavanway	1000011110—5—10
Upson	0001111111—7	Brewer	0011010011—6
Terry	1110111010—7—14	Cobb	0001000010—2—8
Gaylor	1100001111—6	Harris	1111000011—6
Nuttleman	0111101100—6—12	Cartwright	0000000100—1—7

Seventh event, 5 pairs, ties div.:

Herrick	11 10 10 11 11—8	Cobb	11 00 11 01 00—5
Keyes	10 11 10 11 10—7	Albee	10 10 10 11 00—5
Harris	10 10 11 11 01—7	Georgia	00 10 10 01 10—3
Gaylor	10 11 10 10 01—7	Brewer	10 00 10 10 10—4
Lavanway	10 01 11 10 11—7	Hart	10 10 00 01 10—4
Russell	11 00 11 01 01—6	Duffy	10 00 01 01 10—4

Eighth event, 7 birds, ties div.:

Albee	1111111—7	Georgia	1111001—5
Gaylor	1111101—6	Terry	0101111—5
Ellsworth	1111101—6	Hart	1100110—4
Upson	0111111—6	Brewer	1011100—4
Keyes	1111110—6	Mayott	0011010—4
Cobb	1111110—6	Nuttleman	1010010—3
Herrick	1011101—5	Foster	0000110—2

Ninth event, miss and out: Hart, Albee, Russell, Ellsworth and Cartwright divided.

Tenth event, $25 guaranteed, first $12, second $8, third $3, fourth $2, ties div.:

Keyes	1101011111111011111—17	Lava'way	1110000110001101110—11
Albee	1110111010111111111—17	Cobb	1110110000101001111—11
Georgia	1101111111101101011—16	Abe'cr'bie	0111010010000101111—11
Bolt	1011100111111011000—14	Cart'right	1110111010100000—10
F Twiss	0110101011110111011—13	Mayott	1110000011010001100—9
Gaylor	1011110011010110000—13	Nutt'man	1110000111010001100—9
Brewer	0110110110101101011—13	Ellsworth	0110000010101011100—9
Herrick	1010011100103111110—12	Terry	0011100001100101001—9
C Harris	0010111010110011011—12	Foster	0101110000003010111—8
J A Hart	0111101110010110000—11		

Eleventh event, 10 birds straightaway, ties divided:

Albee	1111111111—10	Russell	1100011111— 7
Keyes	1111111111—10	Bolt	0111011001— 7
Georgia	1101111111— 9	Nuttleman	1010011101— 6
Herrick	1111111011— 9	Harris	1111001010— 6
Twiss	1111111101— 9	Upson	1101010001— 5
Hart	1111111101— 9	Cartwright	1001110001— 5
Ellsworth	1111111011— 9	Foster	0010010001— 3
Brewer	1011111101— 8		

Twelfth event, 5 birds, ties divided:

Upson	11111—5	Cartwright	01111—4
Harris	11111—5	Georgia	10011—3
Herrick	11111—5	Brewer	10110—3
Keyes	11111—5	Hart	01110—3
Albee	11101—4	Russell	10001—2
Bolt	11110—4	Cobb	01010—2
Twiss	11011—4		

Thirteenth event, 2-men teams, 6 birds, ties div.:

Ellsworth	111111—6	Terry	100011—3
Lavanway	111011—5—11	Upson	110111—5— 8
Mayott	110111—5	Brewer	111001—5
Twiss	111011—5—10	Harris	011001—3— 8
Keyes	101111—5	Gaylor	101011—4
Herrick	110011—4— 9	Nuttleman	100011—3— 8
Georgia	111111—6	Duffy	100110—3
Hart	100110—3— 9	Feiker	011001—3— 6
Bolt	000111—3		
Albee	111111—6— 9		

Fourteenth event, 10 birds:

Keyes	0011111111—8	Duffy	1001000111—5
Upson	1111110011—8	Bolt	1011001010—5
Herrick	1011111110—8	Harris	0110011000—4
Brewer	1111011110—8	Mayott	0100111000—4
Georgia	1010011111—7	Cobb	1001100000—3
Albee	0110011011—6	Ellsworth	1100003100—3
Lavanway	1100011101—6	Feiker	0000011010—3
Russell	1101101001—6		

Fifteenth event, 5 birds:

Keyes	10111—4	Cobb	11001—3
Herrick	11110—4	Bolt	11001—3
Duffy	11101—4	Foster	01001—2
Cartwright	11101—4	Twiss	10100—2
Chilson	01111—4	Russell	10000—1
Brewer	01101—3		

For first, shoot-off, Keyes 3, Herrick, Cartwright 2, Duffy 1, Chilson 4. Other ties div.

Sixteenth event, 5 birds, shooter back to trap until he has called pull:

Chilson	11111—5	Cobb	11100—2
Duffy	10111 4	Brewer	11000—2

The club is well satisfied at their first attempt at holding a tournament, and expect in the near future to hold either a two or three days' tournament and put up some good-sized purses. The grounds are well adapted for holding a large tournament, the horse cars running within a minute's walk of the shooting stand. The club house is all furnished, and several of the members have made the club presents of furniture. Every one was well satisfied and there was no kicking whatever, everything running along smoothly. The club are indebted to Col. Geo. E. Albee for many points he gave. The Colonel's style and mode of shooting called out frequent applause. The following makes of guns were used by the different shooters: Dr. Herrick, Parker hammerless; Georgie, Winchester; Hart, Colt hammerless, Gaylor, Winchester; Albee, Winchester; Keyes, Manhattan; Mayott, Daly hammerless; Cobb, Clabrough; Nuttleman, Winchester, Twiss and Foster, Lefever; Harris, Parker hammer; Brewer, Parker hammer; Duffy, Feiker; Russell and Cartwright, Whitney safety hammerless. NORWOOD.

LE MARS TOURNAMENT.

LE MARS, Iowa, Aug. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The boys had a great shoot and lots of fun for their money. The Le Mars Gun Club comes out in good shape, making ends meet and sending every one away pleased with the treatment received. The threatened rain held off and the clouded sky made it all the better for the shooters. The score shows that nearly one hundred shooters were here from abroad. Geo. Hughes, of Fonda, carried off the most prizes, and Ruble scored $72 for his two days' work.

Tuesday.—Shoot No. 1. 15 Peoria blackbirds: Grim 13, Hughes 14, Edington 8, Clark 12, Cram 11, McF 14, Pinder 10, Gilson 10, Law 8, Schueckloth 10, Slagle 13, H. J. Trotter 12, Haas 9, Yates 11, E. D. Trotter 10, J. A. Ruble 15, Proctor 7, Knapp 11, Moreton 10, E. L. Webster 10, Mayner 12, Van Sickle 10, Bry Renshaw 14, Sampson 14, Lyons 13, Redfern 11, Mickley 10. First, Ruble, $16.20; second, third and fourth divided; total prize $40.50.

Shoot No. 2, 10 live birds: Hughes 10, Ruble 9, Dent 9, Moreton 5, Grim 9, Edington 7, Sampson 5, Clark 9, Cram 8, Forde 6, Yates 5, McF 7, Gilson 9, Proctor 6, Sharp 5, Van Sickle 6, H. J. Trotter 6, Schueckloth 8, Webster 9, E. D. Trotter 8, Hass 6, Watkins 2, Cawin 5. First, Hughes, $23; second, shot off to Ruble; third and fourth divided; total, $87.50.

Shoot No. 3, 10 bluerocks: Grim 9, Gilson 6, Dent 1, Ruble 10, Whitney 4, Edington 7, Schueckloth 7, Slagle 5, Redfern 7, Hughes 10, Mayher 8, Webster 6, McF 8, Hass 8, B. Renshaw 7, Knapp 10, E. D. Trotter 7, H. J. Trotter 9, Lyons 8, Pinder 6, Weldon 8, Cram 9, Yates 5, Clark 8, Sampson 3. First divided, $20; second, third and fourth divided; total, $50

Shoot No. 4, long distance shoot, 45yds. rise, 10 blackbirds: Ruble 1, Forde 3, McF. 1, Hass 2, Slagle 4, Knapp 1, Hughes 5, Proctor 3, Grim 3, Lyons 4, Redfern 4, Dent 3, B. Renshaw 3, Sampson 5, Gilson 1, Yates 3, H. L. Trotter 4, Webster 5, Cram 4, Clark 0, Edington 2, E. D. Trotter 3, Weldon 4, Pinder 6, Schueckloth 3. First, Pinder, $5; second, third and fourth divided, total $12.50.

Shoot No. 5, 5 pair live birds: Grim 5, Dent 5, Forde 1, Clark 8, Ruble 8, Chester 4, Hughes 9, Schueckloth 7, Fritchell 8, H. J. Trotter 5, Gorman 5, E. D. Trotter 4, Moreton 7, Gilson 7, Sampson 7, Slagle 6, Cram 9, Hass 5, Webster 7, Van Sickle 5, Proctor 6, Edington 5, Kelley 7, Renshaw 6. First divided, $24; second, third and fourth divided, total $60.

Shoot No. 6, 10 blackbirds: Yates 7, Webster 7, Sampson 8, Hass 6, Weldon 7, P. Sophy 4, Slagle 9, Edington 4, Dunn 4, Redfern 7, Pinder 3, Cram 10, Priestly 7, Mayher 9, Renshaw 8, Gilson 6, McF. 6, Knapp 7, E. D. Trotter 9, J. T. Brown 5, H. J. Trotter 10, Ruble 7, Clark 9, Hughes 10, Grim 10, Schueckloth 9, Forde 6, Fritchell 9, Gorman 7, Lyons 10. First divided, $18; second, third and fourth shot off and divided by Knappe and Ruble, total $45.

Shoot No. 7, 10 live birds: Forde 7, Kelley 1, Dent 7, Moreton 5, Mack 10, Gorman 8, H. J. Trotter 9, Ruble 7, Gilson 8, Schueckloth 5, E. D. Trotter 8, Grim 9, Clark 10, Chester 4, Webster 9, Hughes 10, Cram 10, Edington 9, Sampson 9, Yates 6. First shot off by Mack, $24; second, third and fourth divided, total $50.

Shoot No. 8, 10 pairs bluerocks: Grim 18, Cram 16, Edington 10, Mayher 14, Sampson 15, Schueckloth 14, Weldon 13, Slagle 16, Yates 12, Hughes 20, Webster 15, Gilson 6, Ford 6, Mack 11, Redfern 18, Fritchell 11, Chester 12, Hass 12, Ruble 12, Lyons 19, B. Renshaw 10, Proctor 7, Dent 11, Moreton 7, Clark 15, Gorman 11. First, Hughes, $16.20; second, Lyons; third and fourth divided: total, $40.50.

Wednesday.—Shoot No. 1, 10 blackbirds: Grim 9, Hughes 9, Mayher 9, Slagle 5, Andrews 3, Yates 10, Fritchell 9, Parker 5, Schueckloth 6, Gilson 10, H. J. Trotter 8, Webster 9, Lyons 8, E. D. Trotter 9, Redfern 9, Chester 8, Moreton 6, Dent 8, Sampson 9, Weldon 5, Ruble 8, Hass 5. First divided, $13.20; second shot off, divided by Mayher and Webster; third shot off by H. J. Trotter; fourth divided; total, $33.

Shoot No. 2, 10 live birds: Grim 9, Dent 4, Chester 7, Moreton 6, Yates 5, Gilson 8, Hughes 9, Mayher 9, Webster 10, H. J. Trotter 7, E. D. Trotter 8, Fritchell 6, Schueckloth 9, Slagle 6, Ruble 7, Sharp 4, Sampson 7. First, Webster, $13; second and third divided; fourth shot off and divided by Ruble and H. J. Trotter; total, $42.50.

Shoot No. 3, novelty shoot, 10 bluerocks: Grim 7, Brown 8, Yates 2, Sampson 4, Chester 3, Moreton 3, Slagle 4, Weldon 6, Dent 4, Redfern 4, Lyons 8, Hughes 7, Howard 7, Mayher 4, Webster 8, E. D. Trotter 8, H. J. Trotter 5, Gilson 5, Fritchell 4, Ruble 6. First divided, $8; second, third and fourth divided; total, $20.

Shoot No. 4, 4 pairs and 7 single bluerocks: Grim 11, Schueckloth 8, Howard 7, Hughes 13, Webster 9, Trottnow 9, Mayher 9, Lyons 12, Ruble 9, Dent 3, Slagle 4, Welden 13, Moreton 4, Redfern 11. First div., $12.20; second Lyons, third div., fourth shot off by Webster; total $28.

Shoot No. 5, 5 pairs live birds: Grim 7, Dent 5, Moreton 4, Schueckloth 6, Slagle 6, Watkins 7, Gilson 3, Webster 4, Ruble 7, Hughes 9, Hass 4. First Hughes, $11; second, third and fourth div.; total $27.50.

Shoot No. 6, 10 blackbirds: Sampson 9, Dent 8, Moreton 8, Grim 9, H. J. Trotter 10, Hass 7, Webster 10, Howard 9, Gilson 8, Mayher 9, Slagle 5, Priestly 7, Schueckloth 6, E. D. Trotter 9, Welden 8, Ruble 10, Lyons 6, Hughes 8, Yates 7, Fritchell 7. First div., $12; second div., third shot off by Gilson, fourth shot off by Priestly; total $30.

Shoot No. 7, 10 live birds: Chester 5, Howard 7, Mayher 8, Ruble 8, Hughes 10, Sampson 7, Gilson 9, Dent 4, Sharp 5, Moreten 6, S. Clark 5, Hass 7, Webster 7, E. D. Trotter 7, H. J. Trotter 10, Welden 7, Slagle 9, Schueckloth 6, Grim 8, Horrigan 5, Trottnow 3. First div., $16.80; second and third div., fourth shot off by Webster; total $42.

Shoot No. 8, 25 bluerocks: Lyons 20, Grim 23, Howard 18, Redfern 15, Hughes 21, Dent 15, H. J. Trotter 22, Welden 23, Moreton 12, Chester 17, Watkins 10. First div., $6.60; second H. J. Trotter, third Hughes, fourth Lyons; total $16.45.

Prizes for poorest shot in each shoot: Joe Watkins, box shells; A. R. T. Dent, same; Tom Adams, keg of powder; B. F. Yates, bag of shot; A. R. T. Dent, re and de-capper; Al Gilson, Fonda, duck call; E. C. Schueckloth, box cigars; C. W. L. Trottnow, 100 paper shells; Henry Moreton, lamp; Dr. Howard, Sheldon, two-dollar hat; O. J. Clark, Sibley, box shells; Slagle, of Holstein, box shells. Poorest shot in all shoots, first day, P. A. Edington, Sheldon, $2.50; second day, Henry Moreton, same.

TRAP AT CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, Aug. 24.—Cumberland Team Shoot—Team match at 25 birds, 30yds., Illinois State rules:

Geo T Farmer	1111122111111111111011221—24
W W McFarland	1111211111111212111101111—24—48
C D Gammon	2201211210010211111111—21
W L Shepard	1111122012111112222121101—23—44

Mr. Nichols and Mr. Farmer shot a side match, the latter conceding 5 birds to Mr. Nichols: 15 birds, Illinois State rules. Score:

H D Nichols...10210202011211—11 Geo T Farmer.12111121111211—15

Mr. Nichols's score stood, by terms, 16, and he won. The birds were a good lot and strong flyers in both the above shoots. These scores and the tie shoots in the Park Ridge contest show what it needs to win in this vicinity. There have been some remarkably good runs on live birds made here lately, and all the boys seem picking up.

Aug. 26.—Pursuant to notice published in these columns by Mr. Fred C. Donald, president of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, the undecided trophy shoots took place yesterday, for the Chicago *Herald* diamond trophy medal and the Lefever gun offered by Jenney & Graham Gun Co. There was quite a nice little attendance, and the weather was very pleasant. Mr. John Watson had a good lot of birds on hand, and the shooting was interesting and fairly close. The conditions of the shoot were 20 live birds, 5 ground traps, and by making a sweep of the shoot, with the snug entrance of $20, the boys fixed it so things were interesting in a double sense.

T P Laflin	11221111101111210030—16
W N Low	12111121101102111111—18
W P Mussey	00121222121202202222—15
W E Phillips	11121110212111211110—18
M J Eich	11111122111211111112—20
John Watson	11111102012111101111—17
C E Cahoon	02211110111211111011—17
C B Dicks	10011211210020101112—15
R B Wadsworth	11111110112211211111—18
W W Foss	11111212020222132022—17
J S Orvis	21111211111111211111—20
Tom Stager	21000120220111221 2—15
A W Reeves	12111111221202102110—18

Ties on 20: Eich, 11111—5; Orvis, 10111—4. Ties on 18: Low, 120; Phillips, 20; Wadsworth, 1210; Reeves, 12221—5. Ties on 17: Watson, 11111—5; Cahoon, 11121—5; Foss, 10110—3.

Messrs. Orvis and Eich having tied on 20 straight, agreed to divide the money, $63.20. In the shoot-off for the medal and gun, ties of 5, Mr. Eich won with 6 straight, and is, therefore, holder of medal and gun, whose possession he must maintain through three shoots to own. Mr. Orvis lost his third bird in a singular way. He got a driver, and failing to stop with the right, his left barrel snapped. Ordered to shoot another bird, he killed it with the first barrel. "Hold on," said he, "I didn't kill that bird right. I ought to have shot a blank shell first." Ordered to shoot another bird, first cartridge blank, he missed and lost with the second barrel.

Mr. Reeves won second in shoot-off; Messrs. Watson and Cahoon divided third, $31.60; Mr. Laflin won fourth, $15.80.

There were also some live-bird sweeps, 5 birds, $3 entrance. In the last one, Messrs. Watson, Cahoon, Phillips and Laflin divided first, $5.40; Messrs. Dicks, Reeves, Young and Low divided second, $3.60. The whole occasion was one of those very pleasant ones frequent at John Watson's park. E. HOUGH.

Grand Crossing, Ill., Aug. 31.—Lake County Gun Club medal shoot, 10 live pigeons, 30yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, Illinois State rules:

Wies	1011112102—8	Baumgartner	0100212201— 6
Edbrook	0111112222—9	*Watson	1121212111—10
Koehler	1100210211—7		

*Not member of club. RAVELRIGG.

TORONTO, Aug. 31.—At the Stanley Gun Club's shoot this afternoon on McDowall & Co.'s grounds quite a number faced the traps, the main event being the fortnightly shoot for the President's gold watch. The shooting was good considering the distance from the traps at which some of the shooters stood. The shoot was very interesting, and enthusiasm ran high, as three of the members have already captured the trophy twice each. Mr. Sawden, Sr., who has already won it twice, it was thought, had it, with 23 out of 25, but by steady work Emond slid in with 23, thus beating old Tom by one bird.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., Aug. 29.—For the closing badge and sweepstakes shoot of the Minneapolis Gun Club weather and wind were favorable; and the excellent programme called out a large attendance. The scores in the badge shoot were good and the boys struggled hard to procure medals. Mr. Ensign succeeded in landing the two leading badges, *Tribune* and Club Senior, by hard shooting. A delegation of St. Paul shooters were present, and as usual carried off the honors and a good chunk of money in the sweepstake events. The officers of the club are more than pleased with the success that has attended the club during the past season, and the promise for the coming year looks bright.

Tribune badge shoot at 30 singles and 10 pairs, for members winning in handicap shoots during the year:

	Singles.	Doubles.			Singles.	Doubles.	
Ensign	29	15	44	Marshall	27	16	43
Warwick	24	14	38	Lawrence	25	16	41
Murphy	26	15	41	Nicholson	29	14	43
Stokes	27	12	39	Cutter	22	14	36
Dunn	22	9	31				

Ensigns wins badge and retains it as his personal property.

Club shoot at 30 singles and 10 pairs, badges to become the property of winners. Members classified:

Senior Class.

	Singles.	Doubles.			Singles.	Doubles.	
Ensign	27	14	41	Pratt	25	15	40
Joyslin	26	15	41	Murphy	26	15	41
Rockey	24	10	34	Dunn	18	9	27

Junior Class.

Lawrence	25	14	39	Warwick	22	12	34
Cutter	25	10	35	Nicholson	26	16	42
Brady	17	w	..	Pyle	26	13	39
Marshall	25	13	38				

Amateur Class.

Knapp	20	12	32	Boardman	18	13	31
Fox	25	11	36	Goosman	19	11	40
Roxy	12	w	..	L F Kennedy	19	8	27

On shoot-off Ensign won senior badge, Nicholson junior, Fox amateur.

Sweepstakes.—No. 1, at 10 singles, entrance $1: Marshall 8 Quane 5, Daly 9, Pratt 8, Bennett 9, Hamline 10, Mike 4, Hansen 9, Holt 8, Murphy 7, Catamaran 9, Baldwin 7, Ensign 10, Cutter 8, Dalton 8, Lawrence 6, Stokes 7, Shott 4, Dunn 5, M. F. Kennedy 9, Forbes 7, Burke 7. Hamline and Ensign first money, Bennett and Catamaran second money in shoot-off, Pratt and Cutter third money in shoot-off, Baldwin fourth money in shoot-off.

No. 2, at 6 singles and 2 pairs, entrance $1.50: Marshall 9, Dalton 8, Murphy 8, Bennett 9, Hamline 8. M. F. Kennedy 8, Daly 8, Forbes 9, Hansen 7, Baldwin 4, Holt 7, Burke 8, Shott 8, Mike 7, Cutter 8, Quane 7, Pratt 7, Dunn 5, Ensign 10, Catamaran 9, Stokes 8. Ensign first money, Marshall, Bennett, Forbes and Catamaran second money, Murphy and Kennedy third money in shoot-off, Hansen and Pratt fourth money in shoot-off.

No. 3, at 12 singles, entrance $2: Bennett 14, Hamline 14, Daly 13, Dalton 11, M. F. Kennedy 14, Shott 10, Mike 7, Hansen 14, Marshall 13, Murphy 11, Baldwin 12, Holt 13, Cutter 15, Forbes 12, Ensign 13, Stokes 11, Pratt 13, Catamaran 14, Burke 13. Cutter first money, Hansen and Catamaran second money in shoot-off, Daly and Holt third money in shoot-off, Marshall fourth money in shoot-off.

No. 4, at 9 singles and 3 pairs, entrance $1.50: Bennett 10, Hamline 11, Marshall 13, Mike 11, Hansen 14, Dalton 8, Murphy 11, Shott 11, Daly 13, Holt 13, M. F. Kennedy 13, Ensign 13, Forbes 12, Cutter 12, Baldwin 12, Burke 9, Catamaran 13. Hansen first money, Daly second money in shoot-off, Forbes, Cutter and Baldwin third money, Hamline and Murphy fourth money in shoot-off.

This will be the last shoot this season, as a good many of the boys will be out duck shooting this fall and it does not give us a sufficient quorum at the shoots.—CRUTCH.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Aug. 29.—A good-sized crowd of the Lyon Gun Club assembled last Wednesday afternoon to do battle for the medal, and several good scores were made by the participants. The new star targets, manufactured by Reuss & Co., of Belleville, Ill., were given their first trial in this city and gave entire satisfaction. Medal and sweepstakes shoot, 20 star targets:

Sieminskie	18	Peisinger	17
Schroeder	13	J Busch	8
G Busch	10	Steffen	17
Lenhardt	19	Reuss	14
Hammer	9	Victor	13
Hossfuther	17	Glicker	6
Snow	13	Harris	17
Stussel	16	Hill	19
Lee	14	Koenig	8
Herold	12	O Schroeder	13
Valentine	10	Schenk	13
Isch	12	Lang	11
Stutc	13	Waing	19
Bauman	16	Roy	14
Jaffrey	8		

Roy won medal and first money, Sieminskie second, Peisinger third.

Last Monday was a delightful day for out-of-door sport, and it was happily taken advantage of by the Compton Hill Gun Club to hold a medal shoot. There was no wind to affect the flight of the targets, and good scores were the rule by the members. The contest was conducted under A. S. A. rules strictly. Medal shoot, 25 Keystone targets, A class:

J Sieminskie	1110111001111111111111100—20
W E Field	1101110011111111111111111—20
W H Homer	1111111101111111111111101—23
C Prendergast	1110111111111111111011001—20
B Weaver	1111101111111011111001111—21
McGivney	0011001101101011011010001—13
Godfrey	1110111101111011111001101—19
F A Drayer	0011101100101111111001111—17
J Steffen	0011010111000101011100—13
J Lenhardt	1110111010110010101111111—18
E Mohrstadt	1100001110000101011100—13
E Meyer	1110111010111010110111011—19
W Flynn	1001000111101000111010111—14

Williams won the medal.

B class:

L Scheer	1111111101011110111110111—21
W Hettel	0101010101101101111101111—17
C Younge	0011110010101101011011111—17
G Rawlings	1101101161111011011001011—17
Smith	1110111001100010101001111—14

Sheer won medal.

NEWARK, N. J., Sept. 2.—A sweepstakes shooting match at live pigeons, open to all at $5 an entry, was held at John Erb's Shooting Park, Bloomfield road, to-day. The first event was a series of 5, 4-bird sweeps, in which F. Class made the highest score, only missing 1 bird—and that the last one of 20—scoring 19. S. Castle scored 17, J. Erb 17, C. M. Hedden 16, E. Francis 16, and William Green 11 out of 18 birds shot at. The ties in this event were afterward shot off by J. Erb, E. Francis and C. M. Hedden, Francis winning with 19 birds. The second event was a 21-bird sweepstakes, straight, which was won by F. Class, who made the phenomenal score of 21, killing every bird shot at. In this event C. M. Hedden and J. Riggot each scored 20, J. Erb and E. Francis 19 each, H. Leddy 17, W. Campbell and William Green 16 each. The third event was a 7-bird sweepstakes, straight, at $5 an entry. In this E. Class again won, scoring 7 straight birds, C. M. Hedden, W. Campbell and J. Erb each scoring 6 out of 7 birds, while S. Castle, William Green, J. Riggot and E. Francis each scored 5. The fourth and last event was another 7-bird sweepstakes, straight, shot by the same competitors in the previous event, with the exception of C. M. Hedden. F. Class, J. Riggott and E. Francis scored 7 apiece, the sweepstakes being divided among them.

The South Side Gun Club of Newark also held a tournament at their grounds on New Jersey Railroad avenue, shooting at clay-pigeons, bluerocks and composition bats. The first event was a straight sweepstake of 10 clay-pigeons. In this W. R. Hunt and J. Cooper scored 10 each. The second event was a match at 5 pairs clay-pigeons, 2 traps being sprung simultaneously. In this M. S. Lindsley and E. A. Jeffrey scored 9 each. The third event was at 10 bats straight. Hunt, Jeffrey, Lindsley, J. Cooper and J. H. Terrill each scored 10. The fourth match was shot at 5 pairs of bats. Hunt and J. Cooper scored 10. The fifth event was at 15 bluerocks straight. Manitz scored 14. The sixth event was shot at 5 pairs bluerocks. D. D. Terrill scored 6 out of 10. The seventh was at 10 bluerocks straight. Manitz and Lindsley scored 9 each. The eighth event was at 20 single bluerocks straight. J. Cooper scored 17. The ninth event was at 10 clay-pigeons straight. Hunt, Lindsley and Jeffrey scoring 10 each. The tenth was at 10 clay-pigeons straight. First money was won by Lindsley, who scored 10.

SOUTH MANCHESTER, Conn.—The Manchester Gun Clbb will hold a tournament Sept. 13, at South Manchester. All purses divided into four equal parts. Entrance from 50 cents to $2.50.—F. E. WATKINS, Pres.; C. R. HATHAWAY.

ELMSFORD, N. Y., Sept. 2.—Irvington Gun Club club shoot, 25 Keystones, 3 traps, 18yds. rise, National American rules:

Rowley.....1011001110101000110010111—14
Winters.....1111111001001010011111110—17
W Ward.....1111111011011111111101111—22
Travers.....1111101111111111111011100—21
Acker.....1001000010010111101100010—11
Munzie.....1001111111100111111110000—17
Thos Ward.....1101101111111111111111111—23

Thos. Ward won medal, Acker won leather medal. Next club shoot Sept. 14.

No. 1, 5 live birds, 2 traps, 30yds. rise, 80yds. bounds, old Long Island rules, $2 entrance, 2 prizes:

E Ward....10000—1 T Ward....10111—4
Menzie....11100—4

No. 2, same:

Menzie....11101—4 Devaney....01011—3
E Ward....10000—1 T Ward....10111—4

No. 3, same:

Menzie....10011—3 T Ward....11110—4
E Ward....00001—1 Rowley....00111—3
Devaney....00100—1

No. 4, same:

Menzie....00100—1 Menzie....11101—4
E Ward....11101—4 T Ward....11111—5
Devaney....11100—3

No. 5, 10 Keystones, 15yds. rise, National rules, $1 entrance, 3 prizes:

E Ward....0101110111— 7 Menzie....0110010111— 6
Frank....1101000100— 4 Rowley....1111011111— 9
T Ward....1111111111—10

No. 6, same:

E Ward....0111011110— 7 Menzie....1100101110— 6
Frank....0000000100— 1 W Ward....1010001111— 6
T Ward....1111111111—10 Rowley....1101111111— 9

No. 7, same:

J Rowley....0111011110 - 7 W Ward....1110111111— 9
Frank....0010100111— 5 Rowley....0111111110— 8
T Ward....1110101111— 8 E Ward....1001010110— 5
Menzie....0011111000— 6

Travers vs. Menzie, 15 live birds, 20yds., 2 traps, old Long Island rules, $10 a side:

Menzie....1000001111010—7 Travers....1101110100 —9

Ward vs. Menzie, 10 Keystones, 18yds., 3 traps, American rules, $5 a side:

T Ward....1111111111—10 Menzie....1111111011— 9

Same conditions:

Rowley....1101110101— 7 W Ward....0111011100— 6

MADISON COUNTY ASSOCIATION.—The first meeting of the Madison County Trap Shooters' Association occurred at Oneida, N. Y., Aug. 28 on the grounds of the Oneida Gun Club. About 30 of the best shots in the county were present and the best feeling prevailed during the day. There were six contests on the programme, but by far the most interest centered in the team shoot for the $140 trophy lately purchased by Eaton, Oneida, Cazenovia and Canistota to be shot for at each meeting by teams of four, each club entering as many teams as they desire, each man shooting at 15 singles and 6 pairs, at 18yds rise. There is to be a fine badge for the best individual score. Both the trophy and badge were won by the Eaton Club:

Eaton's First Team.

Peet....1111111111110110 10 11 10 11 10 11—22
Richardson....0110011110101111 10 11 10 11 10 01—18
Hall....0110100111111111 11 10 11 00 11 11—19
Curtis....1011111101010101 11 10 11 11 11 10—21—80

Eaton's Second Team.

Fryer....1100001011110111 11 10 00 00 11 01—15
Cole....0111011111111111 00 10 11 00 11 00—18
Briggs....1110101101101000 01 00 00 00 00 10—11
Sackett....0100111101101111 00 11 11 11 10 10—18—62

Oneida's First Team.

Markham....1111111111100101 11 10 10 11 11 10—21
Maxwell....1111111001111100 10 11 11 01 10 11—20
Tuttle....0111101110000111 10 11 11 01 10 00—18
Deverux....1101001010111101 10 10 10 11 00 10—15—74

Oneida's Second Team.

Mort....1111010101111000 00 10 01 00 10 00—13
Chase....0110100010010100 00 10 11 11 01 10—12
Marble....1010101011111111 10 11 11 10 11 11—21
Clark....0011101111011111 11 10 10 00 00 10—16—62

Canistota's First Team.

Lancing....1010001611111101 10 10 11 10 11 10—17
Clow....1100100011100111 10 10 10 01 10 10—14
Sorts....1001011000000009 10 00 00 10 01 00— 7
Roberts....1001000111111000 10 10 10 11 01 11—16—54

Canistota's Second Team.

Bishop....0001100101010110 10 00 00 10 00 00— 9
Salisbury....0110000111100009 10 10 10 10 11 11—14
Gilbert....0110101110001101 10 11 10 10 10 00—14
Ward....0110010111011101 10 10 10 11 10 00—15—52

Cazenovia Club.

Atwell....0111111001111111 10 10 10 11 10 11—20
Dwyre....1110101010010100 10 00 00 10 00 00— 9
Thompson....1111011010100011 10 10 00 00 10 10—14
Bass....0010001011011101 10 10 11 10 10 00—13—56

Thus Eaton won with 80 out of a possible 108, and the badge was captured by Peet.

ROCKLAND COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP.—Nyack, N. Y., Sept. 2.—Third and last match for championship, 5 traps, Keystone rules, 25 bats, three teams:

Haverstraw Club.

J Peck....1111111011110111001111111—21
C L Gordon....1111110111110110111111111—22
J Von Lengerke....1110111111111111111111111—24
E J Peck....1111110011011110111010111—20
A Teneyck....1001101111001011010101—16—103

Spring Hill of Blauveltville.

G Pearson....1111101111101111011111011—22
J Jones....1101111011101110101111101—19
C J Bogert....1011111011111111111111011—22
C M Hathaway....1111111100111111110111111—22
C C Allen....1111110111101111010011111—20—105

Nyack Club.

P Moeller....1011101110001000011100110—12
Voorhis....1101111101111011111011110—20
Lydecker....1011110101100110000101001—14
H Garner....0110111001111110001111011—17
A Tremper....1010110101011010100010—13— 76

1st Von Lengerke, 2d divided, 3d J. Peck, 4th divided. Fair day, good crowd.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 27.—Mr. Henry Stephen's trap shoot and basket picnic at Los Alamos Park, Park Ridge, Aug. 20, was a great success, and the interest in the result has not yet subsided. As published earlier in these columns, the conditions of the shoot were 10 live birds, 5 ground traps, Illinois rules, shooters classified A, B and C, and prizes four lots in Park Ridge, valued $1,750. Class A had two prizes, value $550 and $400; Class B had one prize, value $400; Class C had one prize, value $400. The score:

C B Dicks....2211211211—10 A Place....1211122210— 9
F O Griffin....0122120120— 7 J O Orvis....2111112212—10
S S Kimbell....1220202001— 6 W N Low....1121121111—10
A C Stevens....2022200201— 6 G W Randall....1012000112— 6
G L Deiter....1122221110— 9 J M Hutchins....1111112022— 9
L P Hansen....2022222012— 8 W W Foss....2011221211— 9
C E Felton....0112011112— 8 Abe Kleinman....1111021011— 8
Chas Kern....2000122022— 6 M J Eich....1221111010— 8
H A Sloan....1123111211—10 Jos Gillespie....0011222020— 6
W W McDuff....2210221011— 8 W P Mussey....0111122222— 9
Dr Ashley....1121112212—10 G Washington....1121012211— 9
F Canfield....1111020221— 7 J E Price....1111111220— 9
G S Haskell....1212222111—10 T Stagg....1122221222—10
R B Wadsworth....2121211112—10 C D Gammon....2102021021— 8
W Gillespie....1112111121—10

In class A, Messrs. R. B. Wadsworth, J. H. Ashley, W. G. Payson, J. S. Orvis and W. N. Low tied on 10 straight. This tie was shot off at Grand Crossing, Saturday, Aug. 24, and won by Dr. J. H. Ashley, who killed 25 straight to win. The ties on 9 in class A are Messrs. J. E. Price, G. L. Deiter, W. P. Mussey, W. W. Foss and J. M. Hutchinson, but the tie is not yet shot, owing to the inability of the boys to "get together," Mr. Dieter being absent on his conductor's run on the Milwaukee road.

In class B, Messrs. Henry Sloan and Ben Dicks are tied, but they are afraid to shoot any more because one of them must lose. In class C, Messrs. G. S. Haskell and Tom Stagg were tied on 10, and Mr. Haskell bought out Mr. Stagg's interest in the lot, paying him $125. Remaining results will be announced when decided.

Aug. 28.—In the deciding shoot of the series held by Mak-saw-ba Club for the suit of hunting clothes presented by Mr. Shepard, Mr. R. B. Organ won the suit, which he is now wearing. Scores were handed to Mr. Billy Mussey for conveyance to FOREST AND STREAM, but he done los' 'em.—E. HOUGH.

HAVANA, Ill.—A Peoria blackbird tournament will be held at Havana, Ill., Oct. 16 and 17. Full particulars may be obtained by addressing W. A. Henninger, secretary, Havana, Ill.

NORRISTOWN, Pa., Aug. 24.—The Matsunk Gun Club, of Matsunk, Pa., and the Penn Gun Club, of Norristown, Pa., shot a friendly team match on the grounds of the Penn Gun Club today. The conditions were 18 targets per man, teams of 13, National Association rule. The Matsunk Club won the match in fine style:

Matsunk Gun Club.		Penn Gun Club.	
Cressman	14	Kerper	13
Nefiles	15	Gross	12
Bell	14	Cassel	12
Ritter	12	J Yost	7
O'Brien	11	Kobl	8
Noblitt	13	Mack	13
T Smith	16	Haws	12
Swartley	16	Stranger	14
Miller	8	Taney	11
S Carter	15	Geheringer	10
J C Carter	13	Sheetz	7
J B Smith	11	P Yost	8
Heffelfinger	9—167	Ashenfelter	12—141

A return match will be shot at Matsunk at an early date.

CORRY, Pa., Aug. 29.—At the regular weekly shoot of Corry Gun Club to-day the weather was fair with light wind from the east. A picnic and other attractions made the attendance small, and a new trap specially intended for straightaways made them so difficult to stop that many goose eggs were the result. H. Arnold won gold medal, shooting out Penrose in the tie. Ward won silver medal, and Kellher the leather medal. Score:

Laurie....1101011111111111111100101—20
H Arnold....1111101111111111110111111—23
Berliner....0100111001101101001000100—12
Swan....0101101111111010101101011—17
Dunbar....1112010111001111011100—18
Ward....1110111111101101111111101—21
M Arnold....1011110111011001111011011—18
Blair....1010000001001010001111100—15
Wetmore....1110010101111001010101001—14
Penrose....0111011111111111111111111—23
Nichols....0001010101101110910111111—14
Kellher....1100000030001101011101010—10

Special Race.

Penrose....1111111111111111111111111—25
Mead....1111011101111100111101101—19
Blydenburg....1011101111111111111110110—21
Laurie....1111111111110111111111—24
Starbird....1110101010101001010111011—15

WILMINGTON, Del., Aug. 30.—To-day was a great day on the grounds of the Wawaset Gun Club, Wilmington, Del. The crack Sportsmen's Club, of Philadelphia, visited this city and were defeated in a match by the home club. The match was at Keystone targets, and the home club won by a score of 214 to 181. The match was the second one between the two clubs, the Wawaset having defeated the Sportsmen in Philadelphia by 13 breaks. The day was perfect for trap-shooting and the three hours of the match were pleasantly spent. The full score follows, 20 birds per man:

Wawaset Gun Club.		Sportsmen's Gun Club.	
C Buckmaster	16	Penn	16
Ritter	16	Davis	17
Sillitoe	14	Gibson	10
Arnbold	17	Hunter	12
Weldin	17	Irwin	11
Stout	18	Harvey	
Nutter	17	French	18
Hartlove	13	Grant	4
Wood	10	Harry	
Fox	13	French	13
Huber	12	Tredway	15
Miller	18	Farnum	16
Woodw'rd	9	Thorn	12
Smith	18	Jefferson	3
W Buckmaster	14	McQuaid	14
M'Kend'k	18	Maher	14
	214		181

The officers of the day were: Referee, Edward Gibson; judges, Dr. Nebinger for the Sportsmen and C. C. Mahoney for the Wawaset; Jos. McKinney scorer for the Sportsmen and W. J. Taussig for the Wawaset.

CAPE MAY, Aug. 31.—The grounds of the Cape May Athletic Club were filled to-day with a large and brilliant audience gathered to witness the shooting contest for the Cape May Athletic Club Cup. The event was open to all amateurs. There were forty entries, but only twenty-four put in an appearance. Each man was allowed 25 birds, 15 singles and 5 pairs of doubles, bluerock pigeons, inanimate, from bluerock standard traps. Three traps were used, 16yds. for 12-bore and 18yds. for 10-bore, National Association rules, 1½oz. of shot. The result of the contest was not reached, although the shooting commenced at 12:30 and continued until the departure of the last train, when some of the contestants were compelled to leave and carry the shoot over until Monday.

H Thurman....11101011111001—10 11 10 11 11 11— 9—19
G W Cattell....1101110110111110—11 11 11 11 00 11— 8—19
R L Low....1111111101001111—12 10 00 11 11 11— 7—19

Eighteen was next highest score, made by Geo. Austermuhl, West Jersey Gun Club, 12 breaks on singles and 6 on doubles; J. T. Armstrong, W. J. G. C., 10 singles, 4 pairs doubles; E. B. Leaming, W. J. G. C., 11 singles, 3 doubles; A. Munch 16, J. S. Leaming 16, E. L. Griscom 15, Leonard Finletter 15, John Mecray 14, Harry Robbins 14, Harry Thompson 1, J. Thurman 13, Harry Hazelhurst 13, C. W. Taylor 13, J. R. Evans 12, D. Mayhew 11. Jos. Freas 11, E. S. Cattel 10. The Physic cup, now held by Mr. Leonard Finletter, was shot off by five of those who had entered for the contest. The conditions for this cup were 25 birds, singles from five traps, under National Association rules. Those shooting to-day were:

Leonard Finletter....1111110101101111101101111—20
Spicer Leaming....0001010111111111111101101—18

Benzet 16, J. W. Moorehead 14, J. R. Evans 14. The other entries were to shoot on Monday, after the tie of the first match is shot off. J. Leaming, E. O. Wagenhurst and J. W. Moorehead officiated as judges; E. L. Dana, T. D. Finletter and Harris Evans, scorers; Hon. John E. Reyburn, referee.

ELIZABETHTOWN, Pa., Aug. 31.—The East End Gun Club, of this place, held their first shoot for the handsome gold medal on Reise's shooting ground this afternoon, Mr. M. Lindemuth winning with a score of 21 out of 25 Keystone targets. Mr. Henry A. Coble, the noted Rocky Mountain ranger, acted as referee, and gave such universal satisfaction in his decisions that the boys have decided to appoint him every time he is in the vicinity. Following is the score:

Lindemuth....1111111101011111111111001—21
Keller....1000100011101101110016001—12
Kersey....1011101111101101100101111—17
Coble....0111111111111011001010001—18
Herbroth....1001000101010101101100110—12
Westhofer....0111110001010110010111100—14

GEO. H. KELLER, Sec'y.

THE MIDDLESEX SHOOT.—The next trap-shooting event of national interest that will occur hereabouts will be the fifth annual tournament of the Middlesex Gun Club, that takes place at Dunellen, N. J., Oct. 8, 9, 10 and 11. The programme, now ready, is an attractive one, and will draw together a large number of expert marksmen from all sections of the country. The first two days will be devoted exclusively to artificial target shooting, the last two to live pigeons. The management have hung up $1,350 to be divided by classes A and B, governed by American Shooting Association rules and classification. Heretofore the Middlesex Club have had as the feature of their tournaments a $1,000 guaranteed sweepstake at 100 live pigeons, $100 entrance. By special request of a large number of shooters who do not feel like entering so large an event, it will be omitted this year, and a sweepstake at 25 birds, $25 entrance, $400 guaranteed, open to the world, will be substituted. This will give all an opportunity to participate, and, as the club adds all surplus money, it will undoubtedly fill to as large an amount as the original race. The programme can be had on application to W. Fred Quimby, 291 Broadway, or W. L. Force, Plainfield, N. J.

SING SING, N. Y., Aug. 29.—A team from the Ravine Gun Club of Peekskill, composed of Pierce, Olmstead, Wygant, Dykman, Everingham and Bonfils, defeated a team from the Sing Sing Gun Club, consisting of Gettle, G. Smith, Pringle, Haines, Capt. Abram Jones and Hitchcock, in a match at 50 Keystone targets each to-day by the score of 228 to 203. Charles Acker of Sing Sing was referee.

NEWARK, N. J., Aug. 28.—At the all-day's shoot of the Maplewood Gun Club to-day, E. D. Miller shoot at 152 targets and broke 144; W. Sigler shot at 132, broke 122; J. Sickley shot at 115, broke 93; C. von Lengerke shot at 50, broke 41; F. Dunnican shot at 82, broke 67, H. Lighthipe shot at 60, broke 50.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Aug. 31.—There was a fair attendance at the grounds of the Wellington Club to-day, and several good scores were made in the various matches. In the silver pitcher match at 7 bluerocks and eight clay pigeons, Sanborn won with 13. The other scores in this match were: Perry and Edwards 12, Melcher, Warren and Bradstreet 11, Bond, Field and Cowee 10, Snow 9, Nichols and Chase 8. In the merchandise badge match at 15 clay pigeons Perry was first with 15 straight, but he not being in the match, the badge was won by Sanborn with 14. The other scores were: Chapin and Snow 13, Chase, Cowee and Field 12, Porter 11, Bond, Peabody, Warren and Dill 10, Melcher and Bradstreet 9. The winners in the sweepstakes follow: 7 bluerocks: Chapin, Sanborn and Bradstreet 6, Melcher 5, Nichols and Porter 4, Parker 3. 8 clay pigeons: Sanborn, Edwards and Dill 7, Bond and Melcher 6, Cowee 5, Chapin and Porter 4. 5 clay pigeons: Chapin, Bond and Perry 5, Warren and French 4, Chase and Melcher 3. 5 clay pigeons: Chase, Chapin, Peabody and Perry 5, Sanborn, Dill and Field 4, Petit, Bradstreet and Cowee 3. Melcher 2. 5 clay pigeons: French, Perry, Snow and Sanborn 5. Chase, Melcher and Cowee 4, Chapin, Porter and Field 3, Warren 2. 6 bluerocks: Field, Chapin and Chase 5, Bond, French and Cowee 4, Porter 3. 5 clay pigeons: Chapin, Bond, Chase and Cowee 5, Field, Melcher, Nichols and Perry 4, Porter and French 3. 5 clay pigeons: Bond, Porter and Perry 5, Chase 4, Field 3. 6 bluerocks: Warren 6, Chapin, Porter and Field 5, Melcher 4, Nichols and Dill 3. 5 pairs of bluerocks: Melcher 9, Warren and Bradstreet 8, Perry and Chase 7, Cowee and Field 6. 5 pairs bluerocks: Chapin, Chase, Bradstreet and Cowee 8, Parker and Perry 7, Snow, Warren and Edwards 6. Peabody and Melcher 5. 10 clay pigeons, Keystone match: Chase and Perry 10, Field and Warren 9, Porter, Edwards and Bond 8, Sanborn and Melcher 7. 6 bluerocks: Warren and Nichols 5, Porter and Edwards 4, Bond and Chapin 3. 5 clay pigeons: Perry 5, Cowee, Snow and Melcher 4, Porter 3.

ELLIOTT VS. WINSTON.—Kansas City, Mo., Aug. 24.—Kansas City is noted for the number of good shots it contains, and I am safe to say that there are more pigeons killed and more clay-birds broken inside its limits than any city in America. One of our most interesting matches was shot the other day. The participants were the well-known trap shot, J. L. Winston, of St. Louis, and our champion of Kansas City, J. A. R. Elliott. Winston having won three out of four matches from Elliott in June, returned for more glory, and no time was lost in making a match at 100 live birds each, American Association rules, for $250 a side. The match took place in the base ball park, and as the wind blew from the southwest the competitors shut it out, and in the inclosure was warm, having a tendency to make the birds fly slow and easy. Winston seemed to have rather the hardest birds in the beginning, though the latter part was about even. Elliott was the first to score; his first miss was his 26th bird, which left him in the lead of 2. Winston failing to score his 12th, 20th and 21st, at the end of 50 Elliott was in the lead of 2; Elliott failing to score his 87th left him in the lead of but 1, and the match was not won until he had scored his last bird. J. L. Winston shot an L. C. Smith hammerless, with 3½drs. Schultze's powder in first, with Laflin & Rand's in second, with 1¼oz. of No. 7s in both barrels. J. A. R. Elliott shot a Greener hammerless, with 3½drs. of Schultze's powder in both barrels, with 1¼oz. of 8s in first, and 7s in second. The score:

Elliott....1111111111111111111111111

in the camp occasionally but stayed in the town. There were nine ladies and a dozen children staying at Ambleside, opposite to the camp, who were connected with members of the Association in attendance.

Roughly speaking, then, it may be summed up thus: Thirty-two members and ten visiting men, making a total of forty-two men; and with ladies and children who visited the camp almost daily at some interval or period, over sixty persons. Considering that the membership of the Association is just about 110, the average may not be considered low. But it is only fair to point out that it is, perhaps, not the wisest policy for a man to say he will join a meet like this when he is uncertain. It would have been better in this case had they promised conditionally rather than have sent a definite acceptance. But perhaps it is somewhat too much to expect of human nature to forego the leading strings of gentle charmers who charmed in several cases much too successfully, and kept men in tow whose hearts otherwise were in the camp.

THE SITE.

A word is necessary here in justice of the foresight of Mr. Livingston who selected the site—a word, that is, of appreciation of the spot selected. Banks sloping gradually out on the lake from the shelving shore up some 15ft. elevation had themselves many natural advantages. Thinly wooded, covered with moss and grass, and backed by a profusion of ferns, the ground was itself perfect; but its position deserves still higher commendation. The view from the camp was the finest in the lake district to our thinking so far as we know. The mountains behind Ambleside, the village itself with its beautiful spire peering above the trees, Longdale Pikes, and the mountainous ridges behind Grasmere, formed a perfect natural amphitheatre placed at sufficient distance to enhance the remarkable beauty not to say grandeur of the whole scene. As the men lay or lounged in their tents or about the camp they saw this lovely panorama; and so far as the beauty of the landscape went, the season that was spent here gave an opportunity of witnessing it under every aspect. The shadows of brightness and of gloom alternately chased each other across the peaks as if in play, while when the valleys were lit up the peaks were in gloom, or vice versa. So it was ever changing; now distant and now near; now hidden in cloud, now sparkling in the bright sunlight. It was a mile and a quarter from Ambleside pier to the camp, and boats and canoes were plying the whole day through, as men went in search of stores, or relief, or change. The strong feature, however, of all was that the camp was protected from almost every wind by a rich, closely-grown forest of the intensest green, that fringed the banks of the "Congo," the tiny sluggish stream behind the camp, so christened by the B. C. A.ites. The number of visitors to the camp was very great. As boat after boat came alongside many landed and were courteously received by the members. These of course were not counted in the modest total.

THE ASSEMBLY.

Several Royal C. C. men and nearly all the Mersey contingent assembled on the Wednesday before Bank Holiday, and thus practically they had the camp to themselves. It was anticipated that the real camp would begin on the following Saturday before Bank Holiday, but as a matter of fact it was announced that the official camp practically broke up on the following Saturday week. This was one of the misfortunes or one of the things that somewhat marred the after pleasure of the main body of the men who remained to the end. But, no doubt, it is a point that will be met another year in some other way. It was generally thought that it will be preferable to start a camp on the Saturday before Bank Holiday, let that come when it may, and to hold the general meeting on the Bank Holiday, so that the men are afterward unrestrained and free for whatever pursuit they choose to participate in. Another thing is worth consideration, and it is, that as the Association grows and the meets get larger, that the very fullest preparation should be made on a proper businesslike footing, so as to prevent misunderstanding, and to add to the moral, social and sanitary comfort of the members.

THE FLOTILLA.

Perhaps this will be the proper place in which to say something about the craft at the camp. It can only be fair to assume that as there were nearly thirty English canoes, more or less, in attendance, there was among them a fair representation of the miniature fleet of the nation.

Many of the canoes were very indifferently fitted. Some had the sails beautifully fitted and perfectly white; others were neither clean nor carefully equipped. The fittings—embracing centerboards, rudders, cleats, hatches and other things—showed here and there good points; but, on the other hand, a great deal was to be desired on many other points.

The canoes which we should like first to mention are the Mersey canoes. It will be news, and indeed a surprise to many to learn that these boats still carry very much of the Rob Roy about them. Small well, with oval ends, a narrow beam, clinch built of light pine, propelled by very small lug sails, but mainly by the paddle. For river work these canoes are perfect, but when it comes to beating in heavy winds on big waters like the Mersey, they must be fearfully handicapped. It is only just that we should add in our notes on these boats that they were very neatly made and finished, chiefly from the yard of Bond, of Birkenhead. Another surprise was that so few of them had adopted the deck position for sailing. The disadvantage, not to say danger, under which these boats labored was apparent in all the sailing races, where, for instance, the Severn did the four rounds of the triangular course before some of them had completed their second, and yet the dimensions of the two boats were not dissimilar. The Merseys run from 27 to 29in., and the Severn is but 27½; they were 11in. in depth while the Severn is but 10. Of course the latter canoe has bigger sails, and the very latest, and therefore presumably best, of fittings. Many of the men were evidently impressed with the idea that they lacked much by not having centerboards, and perhaps Windermere will help to convince them of the necessity for such an appendage.

Two canoes that were perhaps as interesting as any were the double canoes, manned (if we may say so) by Mr. and Mrs. Nisbet and Mr. Fourheard and Miss Drake respectively; raking masts on both, with tan sails on the Dorothy and white on the Irene. The sailing of these canoes was rather disappointing, though in paddling they behaved splendidly, and one of them even came in second in a paddling race against the light Mersey paddling boats, in spite of its weight and length.

One of the very best canoes in camp—a canoe embodying many skillful points both in work, fittings and design—was the Acquilla, owned by Mr. Todd of the West C. C., Sunderland. Taking her altogether, she was among the very best built boats there, the work of an amateur. Every piece of metal about the whole craft was plated, much of the brass work being American. Of these the cleats were least satisfactory.

The canoe which attracted, deservedly, perhaps, a fair amount of attention, was the '89 Severn. Carvel-built, a rakish, smart little craft, she showed a clean pair of heels to everything else on the water, winning, as she did, every race in which she competed, though her skipper passed on the prize to the second man as first and the third as second, believing, as he did, that the boats did not compete on anything like equal terms. The third race, however, in which this boat competed, she lost an expensive polished brass centerplate, and not to be outdone, Mr. Charrington, who is now the proprietor of Mr. Holmes's late Pollywiggle, managed to upset her, in spite of her big beam and stability, and the boat turning completely over, dropped her centerplate through the deck. Thus one plate was lost last year out of a Forth canoe on Loch Lomond, and two disappeared in Windermere Lake. We make a special point of these mishaps, so that care may be taken to so fit and secure centerboards that loss becomes impossible. In the case of the Severn, the aperture for receiving the fine was so small that when two of us were fitting it on at the Harp, we oiled the line to get it through, and in that condition it was spliced without being whipped, and so the oil caused the splicing to slip little by little. When sailing along the upper stretch of the triangular course, running free before the wind, the centerplate up, on rounding the buoy it was suddenly dropped, too literally.

The greatest diversity in type and size hailed from the Tyne. One of the brothers Richardson (vice-commodore) had a rather deep, narrow canoe, while his older brother had a powerful, deep craft, with big sails. Young Laws came with a Tyne canoe about 18ft. in length, with a good beam and depth, looking stanch, a tubby kind of craft, but a splendid one to sail; in fact, with more sail, less wind scour, a foot more length, and carvel built, we believe she would have made it hot for the Severn. Her skipper handled her well, and became deservedly popular as a clever sailor.

One craft should not be overlooked, namely, a canoe that had not been in or on the water until her skipper sculled her across from Ambleside to the camp. We mean the Meyrol, built to the plans of the '87 Severn by Bathurst of Tewkesbury. She is capable of being sailed from deck or below, will carry one or two, can be paddled double or paddled double Canadian or single Canadian, or can be sculled. She looked very handsome on the little peninsula on which her skipper chose to tinker away at her fittings, and developed excellent pace in a gale on her last day on the lake.

FITTINGS.

A good deal might be said in detail of the fittings of the canoes which were very carefully examined. On the whole, there was a great divergence, one might say, between a man's notions as to the strength of the lines for canoe rigs. One man, for the tack of a small mizen, had attached a powerful cord, actually thicker than Mr. Tredwen had fixed on the Pearl for the hoisting of a 67lb. centerplate. Another canoe we examined had for the main halliard a piece of thin woven line the same as we have for reefing the Severn's mizen. Another canoe had for the painter a piece of manilla line ⅜in. in diameter, therefore quite large enough for hoisting the mainsail of a 7-ton cutter. This same painter, by the way, was rove through a ring fixed in the stem six inches below the head and about as much above waterline, both objectionable and unsightly. The little sail of about 45 sq. ft. on this canoe had for a painter a piece of line about half an inch in diameter. Many of those who had adopted deck fillers had somewhat ramshackle arrangements, flimsy, weak and unreliable, and as a result at least one deck apparatus found its way to the bottom. If nattiness and neatness are not necessities, they are at least, from a practical standpoint in boating matters, essentials, that is, if a man wants to be smart and to bear the name of understanding and loving the sport to which he gives his time.

BIG CANOES.

The last canoe that Mr. Tredwen designed, namely, the Pearl, at present owned by Mr. O'Brien, of Belfast, did very indifferently in the races, though a capable and handy craft, very stable in heavy blows. Of the larger type of boat, Mr. Wilmer's Doris, Mr. Holmes's Ethel—nicknamed Pancake, and Mr. Thorpe's Tessa, were the only representations, except a local boat, the Tomtit, owned by Mr. E. P. Wally, an Ambleside resident. We fancy that a greater number of the larger craft will put in an appearance at the next meet, which, it is supposed by many, will be held at Falmouth Harbor.

The small paddling canoe, pure and simple, utterly destitute of anything in the shape of sailing appliances, as a class was conspicuous by its entire absence.

The materials that were chiefly used in canoes were: London and Tewkesbury, mahogany; the Mersey, pine.

CLUBS REPRESENTED.

The clubs were represented in something like the following numbers: The R. C. C. nine members present; the Tyne had three; there were three members of the Wear present; while the Mersey had seven; the Hull Yawl Club was represented by three or four members; twenty-four persons signed the visitors' book in the committee tent, and before the camp broke up thirty-two actual B. C. A. members had put in an appearance.

THE ASPECT OF THE CAMP.

Standing about fifty yards from the main body of the camp was the big bell tent, inhabited by boating men from Liverpool, Southport and New Brighton, who had come on their own account to spend a little time on Windermere. Next, facing the shore and with a splendid view of Ambleside Bay, was Irene Villa, Mr. Nisbet's tent, replete with flags, Chinese lanterns, and Celestial umbrellas and easy chairs. A little landing stage was specially arranged opposite to this camp, while the two rakish-looking double canoes, when not traversing the lake, were moored alongside. We then come to a very novel tent, that of Mr. R. M. Richardson, of Gateshead. The tent is what is commonly known as the Marquee shape, designed by an American, a modification of whose plans appeared in the *Canoeist* two years ago, from which this has been built, together with two others of a similar type, Law's and Charrington's. But Mr. Richardson's was the only one that was watertight and which showed the best proportion. We then come to another tent, inhabited by Mr. W. C. Richardson, which was the ordinary Clyde or house-shape tent, with bedstead and a lamp to heat the tent. The next was that of Mr. Wilmer's, relieved by an extensive display of flags and many houselike comforts, known as Doris Court. Next to that again, Mr. O'Brien's neat white tent, behind it Mr. Law's spotless white Marquee, generally flapping freely with every breath that was wafted through the camp. But if the tent did not sit well or keep out the water very well, its owner at any rate kept it the pink of neatness. Very near this was a large white tent, with a number of the Mersey canoeists ensconced themselves, and behind it was a large club tent lent by Mr. Bartley for the meet, and behind that again the committee tent, at the end of which, to the left, was the galley. Following down the line, we stumble across Bartley's tent, a turtle-shaped canvas construction that gives an infinite amount of room inside, both as to width as well as length. In front of this was the Petrel tent, occupied by Mr. Graves and friend from Stony Stratford. Facing this, but nearer the center, was Acquilla's tent, occupied by Mr. Todd, W. C. C., and Mr. Webster, R. C. C. Behind this again, and on the ridge, was another little terrace of tents, the first of which was occupied by Mr. Wrigley and an unattached friend from Liverpool. Next was the stripe tent, with a stripe awning or fly sheet, of the Dennison brothers; while the extreme end was brought up by a pretty, attractive Marquee tent of the aforesaid American pattern, occupied by Mr. Charrington, who complained bitterly that the heavy rain found its way in. Mr. Rogerson also shared the quarters in this tent part of the time.

The last of the whole series, standing on a little lower ledge by itself, stood the camp that was designated by a blue signpost at the corner the "Severneries;" while the whole plot of ground round the two tents composing this camp was tastily railed in by red posts and a white line bearing the name "Freehold (ing) Farm." This consisted of a new red and white striped tent, with a white fly sheet, the style and shape of the tent being the square or house style. Standing next to it, in the same row as it were, was another tent (with a white fly sheet), made of neat, narrow-striped stuff, the shape being what is known as the A tent. This was designated "Mizzen Lodge," and held the lantern, slides, bags and all spare gear belonging to the Severn's camp, which was occupied by Mr. W. F. Fowler and the editor of the canoeing half of the *Model Yachtsman and Canoeist*. Standing between the two tents was a tall flagpole, from which floated a blue ensign bearing the name in white letters "Severn." The inside of the main tent was decorated with a festoon of fans and photographs, while the floor was laid with a figured scarlet carpet. Several other tents, such as Messrs. Wilmer's, Nisbet's and Richardson's, were carpeted. The practice of naming the tents was not universal by any means.

HOW THE TIME WENT.

A lady visitor to the camp asked, "What do you do with your time? You cannot always be sailing across the lake and back." Her question gives an opportunity of answering. As a rule, nine days out of a dozen it was raining till rather a late hour in the morning, when the men continued their slumbers, hoping it would clear that they might take a comfortable dip. Whatever time they got up there was a plunge, then shaving and dressing. And then there was cooking. As a rule there were generally three or four round the galley from half past eight till ten, and from two to three o'clock, and any time between seven and nine, while "Jack," the genial camp attendant, usually kept the stove in good trim, and paid his periodical visits from tent to tent with his water and Hudson, and washed up smartly.

As a rule the letters were fetched by the attendant about nine in the morning; and after breakfast there was a scattering of the fleet some sailing across to Ambleside for stores, others to answer letters, send telegrams, and generally look after, as far as they were able, business at home. Some went on long photographic excursions, either afloat or ashore; others enjoyed an hour's tinkering at their craft. Many had long convivial conversations over the morning or afternoon pipes.

In this way the whole camp was always behind time, the enemy generally being ahead of everybody.

CAMP AMUSEMENTS.

These were of a multitudinous character, and opened on the first Saturday night in August with an impromptu concert in which Mr. Nisbet very ably took the leading part, assisted by Miss Drake, Mr. Fourheard, Mr. Richardson, Mr. Wally and others.

Then followed the little assemblies in the tents, and the problem of how many men could be stowed into six square feet was put to the test. All these little camp-fires were intensely enjoyed, usually very merry, and always pleasant. Sometimes the hilarity reached a high pitch, and, perhaps, mitigated materially against the slumbers of that portion of the camp who had thought well to turn in.

On the following Tuesday evening Mr. Holding managed to interest the camp in the big tent with a talk about his "Watery Wanderings" trip in Scotland, illustrating the same by about seventy very beautiful pictures thrown on the screen by his lantern. During the camp four of these lantern exhibitions were given, two the first week and two the second, and all appeared to be very much enjoyed.

The second concert took place on Saturday the 10th, a printed programme having been previously got out embracing twenty items. The banjo playing of Messrs. Richardson, Holmes and Nisbet, together with the violin obligato of Mr. and Mrs. Haywood, were really fine. The entertainment was brought to a conclusion by Mr. Nisbet leading in the Eton boat song. The only recitation was by Mr. E. P. Wally, who gave "The Man that Whistled" in inimitable style.

THE RACES.

The first race took place on the Ambleside Bight near the pier, being an alternate paddling and sailing race. It was rather trying to some because the wind blew strongly, and the men had not had sufficient practice for a thing requiring so much skill as to change position, raise and lower sail, and otherwise manipulate their mimic craft with sufficient smartness. At the same time it was spiritedly prosecuted from beginning to end, Mr. O'Brien, R. C. C., taking first prize, and Mr. Laws, T. C. C., second. A good number of spectators witnessed this race.

A series of contests took place the next week of a very interesting and pretty character. The first, on Monday, was a sailing race round a triangular course that had been buoyed out by the Rear-Commodore with red flags near and opposite the camp, so that the whole of the spectators, visitors at camp, and those who did not race could see the flotilla from start to finish. T. H. Holding had brought some handsome flags for first and second prizes, the same gentleman getting up the race lists. The first muster was 14 craft, and a very pretty sight it was. The prizes were won by Laws and Richardson, who came in second and third, after the Severn.

On Tuesday there was a coach ride to Keswick, when twenty joined. It was the finest day of the whole fortnight.

Another race took place on Wednesday in which there were about 9 entries. This was also a sailing race, Mr. Richardson, T. C. C., first, and Laws second. In this race the Severn lost her centerplate and retired, being then in the first place.

The next day (Thursday) another race took place—again a sailing race—and the prizes fell to the same lucky hands.

THE ANNUAL MEETING.

This was held on Saturday at 11 o'clock, with a capital attendance. The whole meeting passed off in splendid spirit. When the site of the next camp came to be voted upon, nine voted for Holland, about the same number for Falmouth Harbor, and seven for Lough Erne, in Ireland. Rob Roy was elected Commodore, Mr. E. H. Richardson (ex-rear-commodore) taking the Vice-Commodoreship, and T. H. Holding was elected Rear-Commodore. Mr. Percy Nisbet was enthusiastically re-elected Secretary. Messrs. Wilmer, Fourhead and Bartley were added to the executive committee.

It was reported that there was nearly £20 balance in hand, out of which much of the camp expenses would have to come. The beautiful Year Book was again to be brought out on a similar scale of taste and excellence to the present year's edition.

After the meeting there was some very pretty racing. The first was a maneuvering race, three rounds, which was won by the Severn, the first and second prizes going to the brothers Richardson. Then followed a paddling race, which was won by Mr. Haywood, M. C. C., Mr. Fourheard being second. The upset race which followed had but three entries, Messrs. Nisbet, Laws and Edwards. The former won.

After the camp broke up the whole body of ladies and gentlemen were grouped and photographed by Messrs. Wilmer, Dennison and Holding. As it is estimated that between two and three hundred plates were exposed at and near the camp by the canoeists and friends in attendance, it is almost certain that a fine selection of pictures of an interesting nature will be made and will be on sale to the members later on. The photographs taken at the last year's meet had a large sale.

LESSONS FROM THE CAMP.

We cannot more fitly bring to a close this somewhat lengthy account of the '89 B. C. A. meet, than by naming out a few points in which another year's experience may be turned to profitable account, learning, as the men will, from the experience just passed through.

First—They will probably be careful to secure their centerboards from the possibility of either dropping through below or, in the case of a capsize, dropping out above.

Second—They will see that their tents are so made and fitted that they shall neither be draughty nor wet, as many tents displayed both these defects. They will, therefore, if they are wise, have such tents as pertain most to the house form, with walls to the side; and they will go to the expense and trouble of having fly sheets extended over them, the said fly sheets coming well forward of tent, so that the campers may dress and undress outside their tents, when it is raining, if necessary.

Third—They will pay such attention to their sails and fittings that they shall work safely, securely and well, so that in racing or in sailing they may participate in this splendid exercise without fear of a mishap.

Fourth—That some regulations will have to be made for the better observance of the hours of closing. When a considerable body of men are assembled, if one-half should turn in to sleep, there must be some regulation to prevent a section, though awake themselves, from disturbing the rest, always made and provided that the said turning-in hour is fixed at a reasonable time.

Fifth—The galley must have a portable house that shall protect the stove and the cooks from downpours of rain, and be so arranged that it may shield the wind from any side.

Sixth—The sanitary provision for health, order and decency will need the committee's marked and special attention another year.

Seventh—Such races, sports and excursions as are contemplated should be planned in a set form as far as possible beforehand, so that individuals in making private arrangements may not find their interests clashing in any way.

Eighth—Proper approaches to the camp and proper landings should be erected before the camp assembles.

On the whole the B. C. A. meet for '89 was a success, and we trust in '90 it will be eclipsed. Four men only were upset, though the winds were variable and trying. Seven canoeists ascended the "Zambezee," *i. e.*, Windermere's chief feeder. It was rough work over the rocks and up the rapids, but was voted our best day.

SEVERN.

ROYAL CANADIAN Y. C.—A race for skiffs and canoes was sailed on Aug. 24 in a light S.E. wind, the starters being: Puritan, skiff, N. B. Dick; Uneasy, skiff, W. H. M. Bonnell; Ruby, skiff, J. Stovell; Mac, canoe, W. G. MacKendrick; Sardine, canoe, S. V. Baldwin. Ruby carried a topsail and led the fleet, with Mac second, until Puritan passed her on the second leg. On the next leg, to windward, Mac made a long lead, holding it to the finish. The times were:

Mac	2 31 00	Ruby	2 40 00
Puritan	2 38 00	Sardine	2 41 00

Uneasy not timed. Mac takes the first prize of $12; Puritan second, $8, and Ruby third, $4. The success of the canoe is not specially gratifying to the owners of the skiffs, and there is some talk of an attempt to bar them out of the skiff class.

OTTAWA C. C.—The annual race for the handsome sailing challenge cup will take place on Saturday, Sept. 7. The race is open to all amateur members of recognized Canadian canoe clubs using canoes of Canadian build. The canoes must come within classes A and B of the A. C. A. Sails must be made so as to lower, and no deck seats extending beyond the sides of the canoe can be used. The regatta will take place during the week commencing Sept. 9 and includes a seven mile tandem with single blades, a gunwale race with a turn in it, an upset, a double blade, a single blade and a double blade tandem.

IANTHE C. C.—The annual regatta of the Ianthe C. C. will take place on the Passaic River at Newark, Sept. 14, at 2:30 P. M. The programme consists of ten events. Trains leave foot of Chambers street on the Erie R. R. for Woodside at 1, 2, 3:30 and 4:22 o'clock, returning at 5:21, 6:22, 8:02 and 11:06 P. M. Depot only two blocks from club house.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Northern Division—John C. Iredale, Fred V. Massey, Toronto; Elbert L. Fish, Cobourg, Ont.; A. Torrance, James Smellie, Brockville; George Gillies and George Wilson, Gananoque, Ont. Atlantic Division—Wm. H. Martin, Rochester, N. Y.

MARINE AND FIELD CLUB.—The first canoe regatta of the Marine and Field Club, of Bath, Long Island, will be sailed on Sept 14, off the club house at Gravesend Bay, there being races for seniors, juniors and novices, under A. C. A. rules. Entries should be made as soon as possible to Russell Bleeker, 108 Front street, New York.

Canvas Canoes and how to Build Them. By Parker B. Field. Price 50 cents. Canoe and Boat Building. By W. P. Stephens. Price $1.50. The Canoe Aurora. By C. A. Neidé. Price $1. Canoe Handling. By C. B. Vaux. Price $1. Canoe and Camera. By T. S. Steele. Price 1.50. Four Months in a Sneakbox, By N. H. Bishop. Price $1.50. Canoe and Camp Cookery. By "Seneca." Price $1.

THE revised and abridged edition of the A. O. U. Check List of North American Birds, including the additions and changes made in the supplement, will be sent post free on receipt of 50cts.—*Adv.*

Yachting.

"West India Hurricanes and the Great March Blizzard." By Everett Hayden, U. S. Hydrographic Office. Large quarto, with 25 lithographic plates. Price $1. Contains full history of the great storm of March, 1888, with practical information how to handle a vessel in a cyclone; use of oil at sea, etc.

THE LAKE Y. R. A. ROUND OF 1889.

FROM its location and many advantages Long Island Sound has long held the first place as the leading American yachting ground, and as a part of the great thoroughfare between New York and Boston it must always play a prominent place in yachting, but it has some formidable rivals in the great inland lakes, and the day will yet come when the lake fleets will equal those of the seaboard in numbers and quality. Although there is a large number of pleasure craft and many races are sailed on the chain of lakes between Superior and the St. Lawrence, yachting is yet for the most part in its infancy, and has hardly gone beyond the preliminary stage, depending for its success on the efforts of individuals, and of a few scattered clubs, rather than on any strong and general movement in its behalf. Year by year, however, the interest is extending, the sport is one that appeals strongly to Americans, and as it becomes better known it grows rapidly in popularity. The great international races about New York have played a most important part in awakening a pride and interest in yachting, and nowhere more than in isolated localities where really good yachts were seldom or never seen. As might be supposed, the sport is most advanced in the East, decreasing through Lake Erie and so to the West, being most backward on Lake Michigan. On the first of the great lakes, Ontario, it has become a permanent institution, boasting of a large body of yachtsmen and a fine fleet.

The lake itself is perhaps the best for yachting purposes of the entire chain, a body of water 180 miles long and 50 miles wide, twice the dimensions of Long Island Sound, free from outlying shoals, with bold shores, and a depth of upward of 100 fathoms. The fresh blue water is free from tides, with only a slight current, and practically at the same level from year to year. The shores in many parts are picturesque, in some unusually so, while there are a number of small harbors with almost draft enough for a modern American forty-footer. The first seeds of yachting on the lake were planted on the Canadian side about Toronto, which has boasted of two large clubs for many years, but within half a dozen years yachting has become more popular on the south shore, under the care of such clubs as the Oswego and Rochester. To the yachtsmen of Lake Ontario is due the first earnest and successful effort to establish a definite system, rather than to allow matters to run themselves, to the inconvenience of all concerned, as is the case on the Atlantic coast. The yachting interests of the lake are in the hands of the Lake Yacht Racing Association, a union of the different Canadian and American clubs, that has been in existence for six seasons, during which time it has done much for the advancement of yachting. The clubs interested are the Oswego, Rochester, Hamilton, Royal Canadian (of Toronto), Bay of Quinte, and Kingston. All of these clubs use the same rule, that first introduced by the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., the regattas being open to all yachts enrolled in the Association. A series of five or six regattas is sailed every year at the different ports in the course of the two weeks' cruise known as the lake round or circuit, each under the management of the club at whose port it is held. The fleet includes some 50 yachts between the sizes of 25 and 70ft. l.w.l., among them being the new Smith schooner Oriole, the Atalanta, once a contestant for the America's Cup, and the fast centerboard sloop White Wings, built by Cuthbert, the builder of Atalanta and the other challenger, the Countess of Dufferin.

The most peculiar feature of the lake fleet is the family of Scotch cousins that has come together at different times, and largely by chance, there being four Watson boats and one Fife. The largest of the lot, Aileen, 55ft. l.w.l., was designed by Watson and built at Toronto, a moderate cutter but with hardly draft enough for good windward work. The old Verve, built by Mr. Watson in 1877, has long been owned in Toronto, and this year her younger sister, Verve No. 2, built in 1881, has been bought by Com. Boswell of the R. C. Y. C., after being on Lake Michigan for several years. Last year Madge, after a varied career about New York, was purchased by four Rochester yachtsmen, and has been racing against her sisters this season. The poor little lassie had fallen into vandal hands while in New York, and has been converted into a sad travesty of the trim little ship that skipper Duncan took such good care of when he brought her out here in 1881. Her low, light rail was replaced by a solid bulwark of about 3in. thick and 1ft. high all around her, the bitts and bowsprit were raised up on chocks, high in the air, while below she was fitted up in steamboat fashion with no end of heavy mahogany joiner-work, marble basins and similar truck, until the original hull was nearly sunk out of sight. To complete the fell work, her topsides, including the copper, were painted white from the waterline up. With a few similar improvements in the rig the work of spoiling her was completed. Her present owners have rid her of a good deal of the stuff inside, and cut down the rail, but she is still nowhere near her old trim, nor can she come near to the newer Verve in most weathers. The prettiest and dumpiest cutter of the lot is the little Cyprus, an old Fife boat of 5½ beams, 30x5ft. 4in. Though a bit *passé* and showing her age, the model has less of the lean and flat-sided look than most of her kind, and in the heyday of her youth she must have been a very handsome boat. Even now she proves too much for the wider boats that race with her.

This year White Wings was left alone to represent the skimming dish interests, the old flyers Atalanta, Iolanthe, Garfield and Cygnet not doing any racing. That she is well able to do it is fully proved, as she met with but one defeat, at Rochester; while last year she scored nine firsts to the same number of starts on lakes Erie and Ontario. No doubt a great part of her success is due to excellent handling, though her crew is composed almost entirely of young Corinthians. The new order of things is represented by the Burgess compromise, Merle, 34ft. l.w.l., a boat of the general type of Nymph and Verena. She has been very successful, but has met few boats good enough to test her merits fairly.

The lake fleet as it stands to-day has been gathered from all quarters; the narrow cutters from the Clyde race side by side with the old McGiehan skimmers from the Jersey flats about Pamrapo; the Boston keel boats, wide and deep, are found there, too, while Cuthbert has built a number of fast centerboard sloops of shoal draft. Besides these a number of boats, good, bad and indifferent, have been built by other parties about the lake, some from designs by Watson or Smith, some from amateur designs, and more from no designs at all, they have simply "growed." Some have been built under the old Thames rule, some under a length rule, a few under the present length and sail area rule, and many without any regard to rules or measurement. Under these conditions it has been a hard matter to grind down the fleet into any kind of racing shape, and many difficulties have been met. Naturally many of the older boats have dropped, and entries are small in some classes; but the racing each year is very satisfactory, all things considered.

The conditions which maintain on Lake Ontario are different from those on the Atlantic coast or in Great Britain, and none of the imported boats are fully suited to them, nor has any serious effort yet been made to build a yacht to meet them. When this is done by some skillful designer, either amateur or professional, who is thoroughly familiar with lake yachting, a great improvement in the fleet is likely to follow. The danger of over-sparring and of too much power has been foreseen by many of the lake yachtsmen, and this spring a movement for a heavier tax on sail was inaugurated, but after discussion all action was postponed until the annual meeting of the L. Y. R. A. in November. The classification by corrected length is advocated by many, and it is not improbable that it may be adopted.

The sixth annual round, just finished, included five regular races in addition to 200 miles of cruising from port to port with the fleet, to say nothing of the distance traveled by most of the yachts to the rendezvous, and then home from the final race. The programme this year included a rendezvous at Rochester, New York, on Aug. 14, a race on the following day, then a run of 120 miles to Hamilton, Ontario, a race there, followed by a run of 31 miles to Toronto, racing there, then on to Coburg, 65 miles, stopping for a race, and across the lake to Oswego, 90 miles, for the final race, leaving some of the yachts 150 miles from home when the cruise disbanded. The original programme included a race at Belleville on Aug. 20, the intention being to drop Kingston this year, and to race alternately at the two places in the future; but at the last moment a change was made, and Belleville dropped out, Coburg filling up the lake offering a regatta instead. The completion of the new Murray canal, lately opened, has greatly shortened the route to Belleville and the Bay of Quinté, and will enable the fleet to reach Belleville in the future without making a long and tedious detour.

Rochester, First Regatta, Aug. 15.

By the evening of Aug. 14 a number of yachts were at anchor at Charlotte, the port of Rochester—Aileen, Atalanta, Verve No. 1 and 2, White Wings, Madge, Cyprus, Merle, Amelia, Majel, Velnette, Deerhound, Vision, Rivet and others.

The course was a peculiar one, the start being off the piers at Charlotte, and the three arms of the course, each 4 miles, being laid out N.W. by N.; N.E. by N.; and E.½N., in the shape of a fan. The 50ft. class sailed out to the N.W. mark, back to start, then out to E. mark and back, and then out to N.E. mark and in to start, 24 miles. The 36, 30 and 25ft. classes sailed around the N.W. mark and back, then around the N.E. and to start, 16 miles. The prizes were: 50ft: class, $75 to first and $50 to second; 36ft. class, $50 and $25; 30ft. class, $40 and $20; 25ft. class, $25 and $15. Two to start or no prize, three to start or no second prize.

On Thursday morning there was half a gale of wind blowing from S.W., with a very heavy sea running, a short, steep chop, such as the quiet Lake shows in a little while under the impulse of a strong breeze. The large class had no starters, Aileen not racing this year, but the 50ft. class brought out Verve No. 2, owned by Com. Boswell, Royal Canadian Y. C., of Toronto; Verve No. 1, owned by Mr. Norman B. Dick, of Toronto; White Wings, owned by Capt. E. Jarvis, Hamilton Y. C., and Madge, owned by Messrs. Golding and Cartwright, of the Rochester Y.C. All started under lower sails, the times at the line being:

Verve No. 2	10 43 00	Madge	10 46 45
White Wings	10 43 30	Verve No. 1	10 47 25

Owing to a delay with the gun, Verve No. 2 and White Wings were obliged to make a second start, being timed as above. When a little way out, the spinaker boom of White Wings, a short stick that passes under the forestay, broke its lashing and fell, going aft between the main shroud and topmast shroud, the end dragging in the water. Much time was lost before the spar, with 4ft. broken off the end, could be hauled inboard, the heavy sea making all work on deck very difficult. Verve gained greatly on this round, leading White Wings by 7m. at its conclusion. She gained during the remainder of the race, finishing a few seconds ahead, but failing to save her time. Madge started her chain-plates and withdrew. Merle sailed a good race in her class, and Cyprus beat her two wide rivals badly. The full times were:

FIFTY-FOOT CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Verve No. 2	10 43 00	2 18 54	3 35 54	3 34 40
White Wings	10 43 30	2 18 30	3 35 00	3 35 00
Verve No. 1	10 47 25	2 20 22	3 41 57	3 36 01
Madge	10 46 45	Disabled.		

THIRTY-SIX-FOOT CLASS.

Merle	10 54 20	1 17 21	2 23 01	2 21 09
Deerhound	10 53 10	1 24 38	2 21 28	2 21 28
Vision	10 58 10	1 48 28	2 50 18	2 44 17

THIRTY-FOOT CLASS.

Cyprus	11 03 11	1 42 45	2 39 34	2 39 34
Amelia	11 03 33	2 05 05	3 01 32	2 58 06
Majel	11 06 27	Not timed.		

TWENTY-FIVE FOOT CLASS.

Velnette	11 13 55	2 19 00	3 05 05	3 03 28
Mary E	11 14 05	2 50 35	3 35 35	3 35 35
Lady Eva	11 14 00	Withdrew.		
Edna	11 15 05	Withdrew.		

Majel was not timed owing to a blunder in fiuishing. The steam yacht Siesta was offered by Mr. H. H. Warner to the regatta committee, Messrs. Warner and Baker being the judges. The regatta committee included Messrs. Matt Cartwright, chairman; J. J. Leary, J. R. White, A. T. Hagen, E. J. Woodbury and H. G. Thayer.

In the evening a reception was held in the handsome house of the Rochester Y. C., just completed, Com. Newell presiding and presenting the prizes. Next day a number of the yachts sailed for Hamilton, but the sea was so heavy that they returned, starting anew on Saturday morning and reaching Hamilton next day. The schooner Oriole, of Toronto, joined the fleet, and also the Wasp, of Cleveland. The latter yacht was built in Chicago in 1882 by John Townshend, being originally a sloop of 64ft. l.w.l., 19ft. 10in. beam, and 6ft. draft. In 1887 she was purchased by Com. George W. Gardner, of Cleveland, and lengthened to 70ft., being deepened 8in., while her rig was changed to a schooner. A match was made between her and Oriole, designed by Mr. A. Cary Smith, both being the same on l.w.l.

Hamilton, Second Regatta, Aug. 19.

The courses for the Hamilton regatta were for 75 and 50ft. classes, 24 miles; 36, 30 and 25ft. classes, 16 miles; 20ft. class, 8 miles. The prizes were: 75ft. class, $100 and $50; 50ft. class, $100, $50 and $30; 36ft. class, $40 and $25; 30ft. class, $80, $40 and $25; 25ft. class, $50, $25 and $15; 20ft. class, $50, $25 and $15; steam launches, $40, $20 and $10.

The starters were: 75ft. class, schooners Wasp and Oriole; 50ft. class, White Wings, both Verves, Madge, Condor and Aggie; 36ft. class, Merle, Coquette, Psyche and Vision; 30ft. class, Echo, Cyprus, Alert, Surge, Nadia, Laurel, St. Elmo, Majel and Amelia; 25ft. class, Greyhound, Vandetta, Neptune, Kelpie and Stella. The start was made at 11:30, with a fresh S. W. wind, dropping to a calm later on and being variable all day. The times were:

75FT. CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Oriole (Toronto)	11 31 40	4 35 50	4 54 10
Wasp (Cleveland)	11 33 08	4 34 17	4 50 32

50FT. CLASS.

White Wings (Hamilton)	11 31 07	5 26 51	5 04 16
Verve No. 1 (Toronto)	11 34 25	5 24 47	5 45 50
Verve No. 2 (Toronto)	11 32 10	5 19 55	5 46 25
Aggie (Oakville)	11 31 55	Not timed.	
Condor (Toronto)	11 32 25	Not timed.	
Madge (Rochester)	11 33 28	Not timed.	

36FT. CLASS.

Merle (Toronto)	11 46 55	3 44 30	3 57 35
Vision (Coburg)	11 46 00	4 01 50	4 12 59
Coquette (Hamilton)	11 43 45	4 05 48	4 18 39
Psyche (Hamilton)	11 47 05	4 24 22	Not t'd.

30FT. CLASS.

Alert (Hamilton)	11 50 51	4 08 07	4 16 59
Echo (Hamilton)	11 50 25	4 16 17	4 21 30
Nadia (Hamilton)	11 51 55	4 27 00	4 30 57
Amelia (Rochester)	11 53 25	4 28 40	4 31 22
Majel (Rochester)	11 50 54	4 28 29	4 35 52
Cyprus (Hamilton)	11 50 52	4 35 42	4 44 50

25FT. CLASS.

Vandetta (Hamilton)	12 03 45	4 31 34	4 27 50
Stella (Hamilton)	12 01 50	4 49 53	4 48 03
Neptune (Hamilton)	12 17 00	5 43 20	5 26 50
Kelpie (Toronto)	12 02 50	5 35 50	5 33 00
Greyhound (Hamilton)	12 03 12	Not timed.	

20FT. CLASS.

Caprice (Toronto)			2 27 55
Aleda (Hamilton)			
Aideen (Hamilton)			

A race for steam yachts resulted as follows, the corrected time and winner not being known:

STEAM YACHTS.

	Start.	Finish.
Beckett (Hamilton)	2 15 00	3 53 30
Marguerite (Hamilton)	2 15 00	3 57 53
Electric (Toronto)	2 15 00	Withdrew

The officers of the regatta were: J. F. Monck, Com.; John Stewart, Vice-Com.; Æmilius Jarvis, Captain; J. H. Fearnside, Hon. Sec.; G. F. Birely, Hon. Treas.; H. Lee, Meas.; R. A. Mathesius, Time Keeper; Sailing Committee—Æmilius Jarvis, chairman; J. F. Monck, J. H. Fearnside, H. Lee, W. H. Judd, H. A. Mackelcan and R. A. Mathesius.

The prizes were presented in the evening at the Ocean House, Com. Monck presiding, and Com. Boswell, of Toronto, making the presentation. The run to Toronto was made next day in a light air.

Royal Canadian, Third Regatta, Toronto, Aug. 21.

The course for the Royal Canadian Y. C. regatta was the usual 15-mile triangle in the lake, the 75 and 50ft. classes sailing two rounds, the others one. The prizes were: 75ft. class, $125 and $75; 50ft., $125, $75 and $50; 36ft., $100, $50 and $30; 30ft., $60, $40 and $20; 25ft., $50, $35 and $20. The Murray cup for 50ft. class, and the Lorne cup for 30ft. class, were offered for yachts enrolled in the R. C. Y. C. only.

The wind was fresh S.W. at the start, falling light for a time, with a heavy squall near the end. No schooners started, and White Wings, the leading boat, failed to find the first mark, overstanding considerably, so that Verve No. 2 made the mark ahead of her. In the squall White Wings broke her gaff and was compelled to lower sail and fish it with a pair of oars, but she finally won, the times being:

50FT. CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
White Wings	10 00 55	3 30 50	5 25 50	5 23 57
Verve No. 2	10 08 00	3 54 20	5 49 10	5 46 42
Condor	10 16 30	4 17 30	6 12 30	6 08 00
Cygnet	10 05 00	4 14 50	6 09 50	6 09 50
Verve No. 1	10 02 20	4 26 30	6 21 30	6 18 04
Aggie	10 09 40	Withdrew.		
Whistle Wing	10 30 00	Withdrew.		
Madge	10 18 15	Withdrew.		

36FT. CLASS.

Merle	10 17 00	1 10 05	2 53 05	2 53 45
Vision	10 31 10	1 37 00	3 17 00	3 14 20
Psyche	10 16 50	1 38 15	3 21 28	3 26 43
Escape	10 16 30	2 17 16	4 00 04	3 54 43

30FT. CLASS.

Cypress	10 31 40	2 14 30	3 42 50	3 42 50
Amelia	10 17 40	2 35 30	4 00 30	3 50 54

25FT. CLASS.

Nadia	10 50 00	2 53 30	4 03 30	3 54 31
Stella	10 50 00	3 00 16	4 10 10	4 10 10
Kelpia	10 50 00	4 19 20	5 29 20	5 27 46
Mischief	10 53 20	Withdrew.		

20FT. CLASS.

Aileen	Not timed.
Caprice	Not timed.

Aileen won in this class, but no time was taken. Undine, steam yacht, Mr. F. B. Polson, was used as the judges' boat.

The officers for the day were: Judges, Thomas Baugh, H. C. Dumas, F. B. Polson; starters, C. W. Postlethwaite, W. Dickson; timekeepers, L. H. Robertson, J. E. Robertson.

The yachtsmen were entertained in the evening by the R. C. Y. C. at its island house, where the prizes were presented, and on the following day the fleet sailed for Coburg with a fresh S.W. wind.

Coburg, Fourth Regatta, Aug. 23.

Though Coburg has but few yachts there is great interest taken in the L. Y. R. A., and no effort was spared to make the stay of the yachtsmen a pleasant one. The courses were triangular, just off the harbor, and the prizes were: 50ft. class, $60, $40 and $25; 36ft., $50, $30 and $20; 30ft., $25, $15 and $10; 25ft., $15 and $10. Oriole, Aileen, Atalanta and Condor arrived too late to start. The wind was light and fluky until near the end, when a squall struck the fleet, carrying away the topmast of the Verve No. 2. The times were:

50FT. CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
White Wings	10 35 00	5 26 09	6 51 05
Madge	10 32 43	5 28 43	6 05 00
Verve No. 1	10 34 13	5 40 44	7 16 31
Endie	10 35 00	5 56 06	7 21 06

Verve No. 2 did not finish.

36FT. CLASS.

Merle	10 55 00	5 02 20	6 07 20
Psyche	10 52 23	5 52 12	6 59 49
Vision	10 55 00	5 59 31	7 04 31

30FT. CLASS.

Alert	11 12 39	4 29 40	5 17 01
Amelia	11 11 38	4 30 20	5 18 42
Majel	11 12 13	Did not finish.	

25FT. CLASS.

Nadia wins	Not timed.

The prizes were presented in the evening at the Dunham House, after which a ball was given in honor of the yachtsmen at the Arlington. Saturday was spent in harbor, several of the yachts going out with ladies on board, and in the afternoon the yachtsmen attended a garden party. The fleet left Coburg during the night and early in the morning, but there was little wind and a swell outside the harbor. Some of the yachts sailed direct for Oswego, ninety miles distant, while others put in to Charlotte or Sodus, all reaching Oswego by Monday afternoon. The Oswego Y. C. was waiting to receive them, and in the evening a hop was given in the parlors of the Doolittle House.

Oswego, Fifth Regatta, Aug. 20.

The course for this race was laid out off the breakwater, starting between it and a buoy, being five miles to leeward and return, three rounds for the 50ft. class, two rounds for the 36 and 30ft. classes, and one for the 25ft. class. The prizes were: 50ft. class, $60, $45 and $25; 36ft., $50, $40 and $20; 30ft., $30, $15 and $10; 25ft., $20, $10 and $5. The championship pennant, given by Mr. J. T. Mott, was also sailed for by the yachts of the Oswego Y. C.

The Lake was smooth with a strong S. wind, and the course was laid nearly north. There was too much wind for clubtopsails at the start, but it fell when half the race was sailed, being very light at the finish of the large yachts. White Wings took the lead at the line and gained steadily on Madge and the two Verves over the whole course. The run out was made with spinakers to starboard, Madge tearing hers badly at the start. The second, fourth and sixth legs were nearly dead to windward, Verve No. 2 was next to White Wings, but could never catch her. Merle won easily in her class, beating Vision and Katie Gray. Cyprus beat Amelia in the 30ft. class, and Volante, a 20ft. cruiser with yawl rig, won in the 25ft. class. The full times were:

50FT. CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
White Wings	10 02 55	3 12 01	5 09 45	5 09 45
Verve No. 2	10 04 20	3 27 45	5 23 20	5 20 52
Verve No. 1	10 01 40	3 33 35	5 31 15	5 22 49
Madge	10 03 05	3 54 45	5 51 14	5 48 39

36FT. CLASS.

Merle	10 13 35	1 25 20	3 11 45	3 11 45
Vision	10 10 40	1 39 20	3 28 45	3 25 05
Katie Gray	10 10 35	1 41 35	3 31 00	3 25 25

30FT. CLASS.

Cyprus			3 32 55	
Amelia			4 07 10	

25FT. CLASS.

Volante	Winner.
Magic	Second.
Fleda	Capsized.

In the evening the large boat house of the Oswego Y. C. adjoining the handsome club house was cleared of the boats and fitted up with tables, supper being served there to all the visitors after Com. McMurrich had presented the prizes. After some songs and speeches the party broke up, and next morning the fleet dispersed, some going to Rochester, some to Toronto, and others to Hamilton and Coburg.

HULL Y. C. OPEN REGATTA, AUG. 30.

IT was expected that the forties would turn out in force for the open regatta of the Hull Y. C., but the hard racing of the Corinthian Y. C. had told on the fleet. Tomahawk had gone to Lawley's to strip and lay up, Gorilla and Minerva were off for New York, where they will race at Larchmont, and Chiquita did not appear. Pappoose and Alice were on hand in the morning, but there was a dense fog, so the start was delayed, and when finally decided on, at 2 P. M., both had left the harbor. As the start was not made until 3:20 but one round, 12 miles, was sailed, the course being: Across the line between the judges' steamer off Point Allerton and boat bearing red flag, leaving judges' steamer on port; thence four miles southeast by east, leaving boat flying white flag of Bare Rock on port, to and around flagboat flying Hull Y. C. pennant, leaving it on port; thence four miles northeast, one-quarter east, to and around flagboat flying Hull Y. C. pennant, leaving it on port; thence four miles west-southwest, one-half south, leaving Harding's bell buoy on port, flagboat flying white flag off Point Allerton on starboard, to and across starting line, leaving judges' steamer on port.

The starters were divided into keel and centerboard classes, Shadow being sailed by Capt. Crocker, Kathleen by Mr. Crowninshield, with other Marblehead amateurs, and the new Burgess centerboard 30, Shark, by Mr. Fowle and Saracen's crew. There was a good breeze at the start, lasting through the race, Shadow led her class, winning easily, while Kathleen left the thirties from the start, beating all on elapsed time, though Harbinger would have taken the prize on corrected time had the keels and centerboards been classed together. As it was, Kathleen came within 15s. of beating the famous centerboard Shadow, 4ft. longer and 4ft. wider, without time allowance. The new centerboard 30, Shark, was 3m. astern of the keel Kathleen. The times were:

FIRST CLASS—30FT. AND LESS THAN 35FT.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Shadow, John Bryant	33.11	2 07 39	1 38 41
Albatross, J. J. Henry	34.02	2 10 35	1 41 51
Nimbus, J. J. Souther	34.05	2 12 13	1 43 49
Magic, E. C. Neal	31.02	Withdrew.	

SECOND CLASS—CENTERBOARDS, 24FT. AND LESS THAN 30FT.

Harbinger, J. R. Hooper	28.01	2 09 13	1 34 28
Shark, Morton Prince	30.11	2 10 59	1 39 13
E. W. D., E. W. Dixon	25.01	2 20 24	1 42 02
White Fawn, W. C. Cherington	25.01	2 23 18	1 44 56
Erin, John Cavanaugh	26.08	2 24 04	1 47 40
Duchess, Wood Bros.	25.03	2 26 12	1 48 02
Moondyne, Shaw Bros.	24.08	2 31 00	1 52 04

SECOND CLASS—KEELS, 24FT. AND LESS THAN 30FT.

Kathleen, W. Whitlock	31.07	2 07 54	1 36 48
Elf, W. H. Wilkinson	29.03	2 11 50	1 38 32
Ione, J. S. Poyen	28.01	2 18 58	1 42 52
Veto, C. P. Pike	26.01	2 22 22	1 45 16
Malvena, A. J. Lovett	29 01	2 21 53	1 48 15
Mignon, H. Babson	28.07	Withdrew.	
Breeze, Geo. Martin, Jr.	30.00	Withdrew.	

The judges were B. W. Rowell, J. A. Stetson, J. R. Chadwick, J. B. Forsyth and W. E. Sherriffs. A protest was entered by Nimbus against Shadow and Albatross for measurement, but the result of the measurement will not affect the prizes.

CORINTHIAN Y. C. RACES AT MARBLEHEAD.

THE result of the three days' racing reported last week gave Minerva and Chiquita each two legs for the Weld cup, as it was supposed; while, as Kathleen was disqualified for passing inside of the can buoy on South Breaker in the first race on Monday, the club prize for the 30ft. class went to Saracen and the Saracen cup to Mignon. In the 27ft. class Swordfish won the cup. The regatta committee, after announcing Minerva as the winner of the first race on Saturday, decided on Tuesday that there had been no race, the finish having been made 23s. after sunset, instead of 23s. before. It is stated that though she crossed before the gun was fired from the Fortuna, the gun was some seconds behind the time of the observatory at Cambridge. As it fortunately happened, the only result was to give Minerva an extra chance to show how much faster she is than all the American boats of her class; but had she met with any mishap in the extra race, and the Weld cup gone to the next boat, Chiquita, 18m. astern, a grave injustice would have been done to Minerva by such a decision. It is right enough to have a time limit and to adhere to it to a second, but in this case, instead of a provision that the race should be sailed within a certain number of hours, there was an arbitrary limit of sunset. As the start was delayed for an hour through no fault of Minerva, it would have been very unfortunate and unfair had she lost the cup and the honors of such a fine series of races. Had a protest been made against the race being awarded to her the committee might have been obliged to entertain it, but after the way in which she has outsailed them there is not one of her rivals that would have denied Minerva the race on purely technical grounds.

Aug. 28—Fourth Day.

The wind on Wednesday was light, E.S.E., with a long swell left from the sea of the preceding day. The course was 10 miles to windward and return, starting from Half-Way Rock. Gorilla was unable to complete repairs in time to start, and Tomahawk had lost interest in the racing and gone to Lawley's to lay up; so only five yachts started, crossing the line as follows:

Xara	11 25 54	Pappoose	11 26 22
Minerva	11 26 01	*Chiquita	11 26 30
Alice	11 26 18		

Xara had the lead, but Minerva soon passed her for the day. Before the turn was reached Pappose had worked into second place, the times at the turn being:

Minerva	1 55 58	Xara	2 11 51
Pappoose	2 05 50	Chiquita	2 12 45
Alice	2 10 29		

The run home was made under spinakers, with booms well forward, Pappoose made 47s. on Minerva in the running, but lost the race by 5m., corrected time. The full times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Minerva	11 26 01	3 37 31	4 12 31	4 09 54
Pappoose	11 26 22	3 46 36	4 21 36	4 14 56
Alice	11 26 18	4 03 31	4 38 31	4 37 54
Chiquita	11 26 30	4 05 14	4 44 40	4 28 09
Xara	11 25 54	4 10 52	4 40 42	4 43 05

Aug. 29—Fifth Day.

The ownership of the Weld cup was pretty well settled by Wednesday's race, but a little secondary excitement was infused into the last race on Thursday by the contest for the Carroll cup, offered for a race at Bar Harbor in July, but not sailed, and now open to Gorilla, Pappoose and Alice, the only forties that made the cruise to Mt. Desert. The wind was fresh, N.E. by E., and the course was a triangle from Marblehead Rock around the Whistling Buoy off the Graves, then 8 miles to windward and around a mark boat and home, 24 miles. The start was made at 11:39, a wait being made to accommodate Gorilla, whose new topmast was not quite set up. The start was timed:

Minerva	11 30 17	Gorilla	11 31 04
Pappoose	11 30 26	Alice	11 31 35
Chiquita	11 30 52		

There was some sea and a good breeze at the start, but during the race the wind fell off somewhat.

On the run to the Graves, partly under spinakers, Minerva only gained 3 minutes on Chiquita, the times being:

Minerva	12 40 35	Gorilla	12 44 44
Chiquita	12 43 16	Alice	12 45 23
Pappoose	12 44 37		

On the next leg, of only 8 miles to windward, she gained 14 minutes on the Burgess centerboard Chiquita. On this leg Pappoose tried a little jockeying with Gorilla, the former being on port tack and the latter on starboard. Gorilla held her course, and Pappoose just failed to clear her, catching her bowsprit under Gorilla's boom. The spar held, though it bent badly, but the topmast was pulled out of the little Indian baby, leaving her under lower sails. She cleared away the wreck and continued, making a good race in spite of the breakdown. The times at second mark were:

Minerva	2 38 00	Pappoose	3 00 20
Chiquita	2 55 10	Alice	3 05 50
Gorilla	2 55 47		

The run in was devoid of incident, Minerva holding her lead easily and winning by 18 minutes from Chiquita. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Minerva	11 30 17	3 33 56	4 03 56	4 00 00
Chiquita	11 30 52	3 51 13	4 21 13	4 18 05
Pappoose	11 30 26	4 02 02	4 32 20	4 22 25
Gorilla	11 31 04	3 53 10	4 23 10	4 22 02
Alice	11 31 35	4 03 27	4 33 27	4 29 31

Pappoose takes third place from Gorilla under the allowance table of the Eastern Y. C., but in the race for the Carroll cup, sailed under Seawanhaka allowances, Gorilla beat Pappoose. The five races, constituting in all one of the most interesting and instructive series on record, reflects great credit on the Corinthian Y. C. The management of the series was in the hands of Messrs. H. H. Buck, H. E. Van Nostrand, W. A. Harvey, F. A. Seamens and E. W. Hodgkins.

NEW YORK Y. R. A., FIRST REGATTA, SEPT. 2.

THE young New York Yacht Racing Association, formed last winter, sailed its first regatta on Sept. 2, the event being a success in every way. The entries numbered 132, and though 50 did not start, the remainder made a very large fleet, 83 in all. The start and finish was off Liberty Island, the courses being: For Classes A, B, C and D to and around Buoy No. 8½ on southwest Spit. Classes E and F to and around Red Bell Buoy at end of Swash Channel. Classes G, Nos. 1, 2, 5, 6 and 7, round Buoy No. 13, off Swinburne Island. Classes 3, 4, 8 and 9 round Buoy No. 15, leaving it on port hand, thence to and around Fort Lafayette.

The yachts were rated under a plain and simple rule "with no plus in it"—length on waterline added to length over all, and the sum divided by 2. There was a whole sail breeze up the Bay and Narrows, making a beat out and run home. The times were:

CLASS D—CABIN SLOOPS OVER 38 AND UNDER 45FT.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Dudley	12 24 53	Did not finish.		
Avalon	12 24 11	Did not finish.		
Gertrude	12 26 53	6 42 54	6 15 41	5 23 01
Phantom	12 24 59	Did not finish.		

CLASS E—CABIN SLOOPS OVER 32 AND UNDER 38FT.

Tam o' Shanter	12 25 53	6 12 00	5 49 07	5 03 39
Caprice	12 28 59	6 17 36	5 48 57	5 03 17
Carrie Van Voorhees	12 21 51	5 28 59	5 06 48	4 20 04
Agnes S	12 29 13	6 22 39	5 53 26	5 06 16
Mergus	12 27 46	5 32 36	5 04 50	4 17 32
Coquette	12 28 37	6 43 55	6 15 18	5 27 08
Emily B	12 24 53	6 31 46	6 06 53	5 17 23
Lottie	12 22 22	6 12 06	5 49 44	4 59 20
Emma and Alice	12 30 00	6 08 45	5 38 45	4 48 21
Katie Louise	12 21 20	6 27 24	6 06 04	5 15 26
Wacondah	12 25 05	Did not finish.		

CLASS F—CABIN SLOOPS OVER 27 AND UNDER 32FT.

Progress	12 30 00	6 51 09	6 21 09	5 29 43
Emmy C	12 26 53	6 07 08	5 40 13	4 48 15
Gracie T	12 30 00	Did not finish.		
Peerless	12 23 40	Did not finish.		
Forsyth	12 22 07	5 33 20	5 11 13	4 15 53
Julian	12 21 21	Did not finish.		
Wabasso	12 26 27	Did not finish.		
Jonah	12 30 00	6 45 25	6 15 25	5 17 45
Annie R	12 27 22	Did not finish.		
Restless	12 23 06	6 03 58	5 40 52	4 45 50

CLASS G—CABIN SLOOPS UNDER 27FT.

Hattie	12 24 17	5 44 45	5 20 28	4 33 34
Christine	12 25 55	5 21 59	4 56 24	4 09 06
Lurline	12 26 01	5 07 10	4 41 09	3 53 57
Arrow	12 24 51	Did not finish.		
Empire	12 26 05	5 34 44	5 08 39	4 19 00
Flirt	12 28 45	Did not finish.		
Nellie C	12 25 37	5 48 47	5 23 10	4 30 38
Bertha	12 22 53	5 02 48	4 39 55	3 53 58

CLASS 1—OPEN SLOOPS OVER 27 AND UNDER 32FT.

Amateur	12 36 05	4 21 16	3 45 11	3 04 20
Eagle Wing	12 37 15	4 55 49	4 18 34	3 34 48

CLASS 2—OPEN SLOOPS OVER 23 AND UNDER 27FT.

Jas. T. Corlett	12 34 23	4 12 49	3 38 26	2 52 31
Gesine	12 37 12	4 42 06	4 04 54	3 14 54
Our Own	12 32 29	4 49 42	4 17 13	3 37 09
Eunice	12 32 14	Did not finish.		
Thorn	12 35 10	5 04 39	4 29 29	3 40 25

CLASS 3—OPEN SLOOPS OVER 20 AND UNDER 23FT.

Leader	12 40 00	Did not finish.		
Sophia	12 32 58	4 16 35	4 43 37	3 00 26
Just Woke Up	12 38 12	4 11 34	3 33 22	2 50 11
Rival	12 38 05	3 50 11	3 12 06	2 27 43
Gypsie	12 34 15	4 39 36	4 05 21	3 20 08

CLASS 4—OPEN SLOOPS UNDER 20FT.

Lone Star	12 40 00	4 28 04	3 48 04	2 58 40
Mascotte	12 40 00	Did not finish.		

CLASS 5—CABIN CATBOATS.

Ripple	12 37 00	5 40 31	5 03 31	4 11 00
Venture	12 39 59	Did not finish.		
Ella F	12 34 40	4 51 55	4 17 15	3 32 30
Bessie	12 37 14	4 47 25	4 10 11	3 30 35

CLASS 6—OPEN CATBOATS OVER 27 AND UNDER 32FT.

Nora L	12 39 33	4 58 15	4 18 41	3 35 08
Elvira	12 36 51	4 57 05	4 20 14	3 35 59
Squan	12 34 05	4 59 41	4 25 36	3 41 06
Nina	12 33 50	4 50 10	4 16 13	3 25 57

CLASS 7—OPEN CATBOATS OVER 23FT. AND UNDER 27FT.

No Name	12 37 59	6 35 48	5 57 49	Not m.
S. S. Free	12 25 30	5 00 15	4 24 45	3 38 38
May F	12 30 20	Did not finish.		
Irene	12 31 20	5 07 00	4 33 47	3 44 08
Alida	12 34 12	4 49 55	4 15 43	3 25 30
Aller	12 33 20	4 56 42	4 23 22	3 36 33
Edna	12 34 36	4 40 13	4 05 37	3 15 49

CLASS 8—OPEN CATBOATS OVER 20 AND UNDER 23FT.

Pauline B	12 31 36	3 57 20	3 25 44	2 43 48
H. H. Holmes	12 34 49	4 14 51	3 40 02	2 57 46
Three Brothers	12 33 29	4 18 39	3 45 10	3 02 46
Lizzie V	12 36 33	4 06 01	3 29 28	2 45 38
F. Oliver	12 30 00	4 10 57	3 30 57	2 47 15
Emma D	12 32 19	4 17 03	3 44 44	2 59 09
Shamrock	12 30 03	4 34 05	3 57 05	3 15 19
Irex	12 32 24	4 13 21	3 40 57	2 59 08
Mary S	12 34 15	4 29 25	3 55 10	3 12 32

CLASS 9—OPEN CATBOATS UNDER 20FT.

So So	12 34 23	4 16 53	3 42 30	2 56 20
Hoodoo	12 36 59	4 46 02	4 09 03	3 22 23
Go Softly	12 35 39	4 13 07	3 37 28	2 51 18
Ida K	12 33 32	4 16 24	3 42 52	2 56 38
Gauntlet	12 34 00	Disabled.		
Henry Fisher	12 40 00	4 44 02	4 04 02	3 16 44
Triton	12 35 00	4 37 09	4 02 09	3 14 35
Miriam	12 38 00	5 44 01	5 05 01	4 16 18
Dash	12 37 18	Did not finish.		
Bon Ton	12 35 54	4 07 35	3 32 41	2 42 47
Eddie	12 40 00	Did not finish.		

The winners were—Class D, Gertrude; class E, Mergus; class F, Forsyth; class G, Lurline; class 1, Amateur; class 2, James T. Corlett; class 3, Rival; class 4, Lone Star; class 5, Bessie; class 6, Nina; class 7, Edna; class 8, Pauline B.; class 9, Bon Ton.

The regatta committee included Messrs. Puhlman, Cameron, Gibson, Tucker and Parkhill. Judges were Messrs. Petersen, Simms and Gartland.

RHODE ISLAND Y. C. ANNUAL REGATTA.

THE annual open regatta of the Rhode Island Y. C. was sailed on Aug. 27 in a strong N.E. wind, the courses being:

For classes 1, 2 and 3, from judges' boat and signal off club house, stakeboat off southeast of Warwick Light, leaving same on port, thence around stakeboat off Rumstick Point, leaving same on port and return to starting point, 20 miles.

For classes 4 and 5, from judges' boat and signal off club house around black spar buoy off Greene's Island, leaving same on starboard, thence around black spar buoy between Silver Spring wharf and north end of Starve Goat Island, leaving same on port, thence, leaving black spar buoy opposite club house on starboard, back to starting point, crossing line from south to north, 9 miles.

For class 6, from judges' boat and signal off club house, to and around signal southwest of Bullock's Point wharf, thence around black spar buoy off Gaspee Point, between Silver Spring wharf and north end of Starve Goat Island, thence around signal off Bullock's Point wharf, thence around buoy off Gaspee Point, back to starting point, turning stakes to be left on starboard, 10 miles. The times were:

FIRST CLASS—SLOOPS 33FT. AND UNDER 43FT.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Peri	12 42 36	3 35 02	2 52 26	2 45 24
Awa	12 41 11	3 29 09	2 47 58	2 45 38
Millie	12 40 49	3 27 30	2 46 41	2 46 41
Mignon	12 44 19	3 40 41	2 55 22	2 49 12
Wilful	12 43 16	4 06 31	3 23 19	3 14 19
Valhalla	12 43 33	4 09 44	3 26 11	3 17 03
Undine	12 42 30	4 00 17	3 17 57	. . . .

SECOND CLASS—SLOOPS 23FT. AND UNDER 33FT.

Annie	12 50 00	3 54 31	3 04 31	3 02 33
Diamond	12 50 00	4 03 45	3 13 45	3 07 33
Myrtle	12 50 00	4 05 04	3 15 04	3 14 12
Frolic	12 46 16	4 05 22	3 19 06	3 14 24
Rhodia	12 49 44	4 08 42	3 18 58	3 18 40
Mascot	12 50 00	4 16 04	3 26 04	4 20 42
Ramona	12 50 00	4 17 04	3 27 04	3 27 04
Egbert	12 49 50	Broke down.		

THIRD CLASS—CATBOATS 24FT. AND OVER.

Climax	12 53 57	3 57 56	3 03 59	3 02 59
A. P. E	12 54 23	4 03 54	3 09 30	3 04 48
Tramp	12 51 30	4 02 45	3 11 15	3 11 05
Louise	12 51 25	4 02 37	3 11 12	3 11 12
Emilia	12 53 15	4 09 20	3 16 05	3 11 23
Mattie	12 45 58	4 18 34	5 23 36	3 21 16

FOURTH CLASS—CATBOATS 20FT. AND UNDER 24FT.

Victor	12 55 47	3 23 49	1 28 02	1 27 12
Gladys	12 56 09	3 25 52	1 29 43	1 27 13
Faust	12 56 02	3 29 26	1 33 24	1 33 24
Maud	12 56 38	3 30 31	1 33 53	1 33 26
Jessie	12 58 11	3 34 59	1 36 48	1 34 11
Edna	12 57 42	3 33 53	1 36 11	1 34 28
Alice	12 57 11	3 33 34	1 35 26	1 34 44
Surprise	12 56 44	3 33 01	1 36 17	1 35 05
Hesper	1 00 35	Did not finish.		
Unknown	1 01 02	Capsized 2:15 off Popham.		

FIFTH CLASS—CATBOATS 17FT. AND UNDER 20FT.

Daisy	1 01 30	3 38 50	1 37 20	1 37 20
Rarus	1 01 47	3 41 54	1 40 07	1 39 54
Vision	1 02 11	3 45 03	1 42 52	1 41 40
Arnold	1 01 49	3 45 16	1 43 27	1 42 45
Jaunty	1 01 59	3 01 57	1 59 58	1 57 15

SIXTH CLASS—CATBOATS, 17FT. AND UNDER.

Zara	1 05 24	3 08 45	2 03 21	2 02 24
Nettie	1 06 13	3 14 30	2 08 17	2 08 17
Bat	1 06 33	3 21 23	2 14 50	2 12 02

The old sloop Peri, sailed by her owner, Mr. F. P. Sands, defeated the new Burgess 40, Awa. The special prize given by Vice-Com. Sands goes to Millie.

ANNISQUAM REGATTA.—An open regatta was sailed at Annisquam on Aug. 24, the prizes being given by the citizens and summer visitors. The wind was very light and the finish was made after dark, the times being:

FIRST CLASS—22 TO 27FT.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Black Cloud, Brown	23.04	4 06 10	3 52 21
Hazard, Pierce and Moody	23.00	4 27 15	3 53 28
Evelyn, Small	26.03	4 45 55	4 15 10

SECOND CLASS—18 TO 22FT.

Maud S., Irwin	21.05	4 29 18	3 52 35
Silver Cloud, McLaughlin	22.00	5 31 30	4 55 51
Climax, Tucker	18.07	Time not taken.	
White Wings, Perry	20.00	Time not taken.	
Inez, Lloyd	20.03	Time not taken.	

THIRD CLASS—15 TO 18FT.

Luna, Webster	16.08	4 50 35	4 07 38
Madcap, G. H. Wheeler	16.07	4 12 10	4 38 04
Two R's, Presson	17.06	Withdrawn.	
Uncas, Hodgkins	16.08	Withdrawn.	

MOSQUITO CLASS.

Wirwina, McFarland	14.07	2 34 15	2 07 45
Pansy, Davis	15.00	2 38 40	2 12 42
Voma, H. Wheeler	14.08	2 40 25	2 14 25
Trudy, A. Wheeler	13.08	2 18 14	2 46 20

EASTERN Y. C.—The fall regatta of the Eastern Y. C. will be sailed to-day off Marblehead, open to 40ft. yachts of any club. The prizes are $200, with a second of $100 for 5 starters and a third of $50 for 7 starters.

CORINTHIAN Y. C.—The Corinthian Y. C., of Narragansett Bay, will hold its first regatta on Sept. 1.

BEVERLY Y. C.

THE 152d regatta, fourth open sweepstakes, was sailed at Marblehead on Aug. 31, in a rather moderate easterly breeze, rather stronger in harbor than outside, only the best boats entered.

First and second classes had a beat to Half Way Rock, a long and very short leg to S.E. Breaker, a reach to Gales Ledge and the wind on the quarter home.

In first class Shark and Elf for some reason did not start; Ione broke gaff just before start, leaving Kathleen, Mignon and Harbinger to fight it out.

Kathleen got the best start, Harbinger being under her lee and Mignon astern, the latter was not good enough and fell astern. The Cape cat gradually ate up to windward while footing with her competitor, and was first at Half Way Rock, which she rounded at once, standing toward S.E. Breaker, Kathleen stood on a little, but when Harbinger tacked for the Breaker she crossed the sloop's bow; on the reach Kathleen passed her, but running home the cat held her own and won easily on allowance.

In second class Hazard and Black Cloud sailed a close race, the latter winning by a trifle. It is to be regretted that the absence of Swordfish's owner kept her out of the race.

In the third class Tom Cat appeared with a large catboat rig, and was looked on as a winner in the light air. Heron sailed her first race and her big rig made her formidable. The crack C. B. jib and mudsail had a walkover, but sailed over course to try the others; she started reefed. Kiowa appeared with a new and very poor mast that buckled badly.

Boats crossed in a bunch on gunfire. Heron ran well but fell to leeward, while Kiowa took lead of windward division. Wraith tacked to southward as she cleared the point, others went to northward of Cat Island. For several tacks Kiowa crossed the bows of Mosca and Kathleen by gradually increasing distances, Eureka crawling up, and others dropping astern.

Outside of Cat Island there was a little sea. Tom Cat dropped back to Heron; Kiowa increased her lead on all but Eureka, who had shaken out reef as breeze became very light.

Kiowa rounded Half-way Rock first, then Eureka, then Heron, Kathleen, Mosca and Wraith in a bunch, then Tom Cat, followed by Roxy.

On the run in Eureka's big rig carried her past Kiowa, the latter having a small cruising rig, but she could not save her allowance. On the whole, it was a good day for Cape catboats. In the fourth class Rocket easily beat Dolphin. Summary as follows. Judges, Wm. A. Jeffries and A. S. Hardy:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Kathleen, Wm. Whitlock	40.00	2 16 01	2 15 01
Harbinger, J. R. Hooper	33.00	2 16 04	2 11 10
Mignon, H. Babson	34.09	2 21 39	2 19 07
Shark, Morton Prince	Did not start.		
Elf, W. H. Wilkinson	35.11	Did not start.	
Ione, J. S. Poyen	Did not start.		

SECOND CLASS.

Black Cloud, C. Brown	30.09	2 30 55	2 24 10
Hazard, Pierce & Moody	29.07	2 32 58	2 25 11
Fraud, H. T. Hutchings	28.00	Not timed.	

THIRD CLASS CATS.

Kiowa, W. A. & W. L Jeffries	22.01	1 43 04	1 33 17
Tom Cat, C. H. Lockhardt	21.11	1 47 57	1 38 01
Heron, F. E. Cabot	21.02	1 48 05	1 37 31
Pixy, F. W. Chandler	21.04	Not timed.	

THIRD CLASS SLOOPS.

Kathleen, R. S. Peabody	25.07	1 49 53	1 42 42
Mosca, C. H. W. Foster	24.06	1 50 37	1 42 40
Wraith, H. P. Benson	22.03	1 51 00	1 41 20

SPECIAL CLASS.

Eureka, E. B. Rogers	25.06	1 41 52	1 34 38

FOURTH CLASS.

Rocket, H. M. Faxon	18.04	1 55 03	1 41 45
Dolphin, Royal Robbins	18.00	2 05 59	1 52 20

First prizes won by Harbinger, Black Cloud, Kiowa, Wraith, Eureka and Rocket; second prize by Heron. Kathleen, 3d class, asked for remeasurement after race, report not yet received, but it cannot change prize.

The first open race and 153d regatta was sailed at Monument Beach on Sept. 2, and was the most successful race that has been sailed for years in the Bay. The entry was large and made up of the pick of the Cape boats, the wind was true and strong enough to make a good race, and the result in the various classes very close.

Day opened with a dead calm and fog, the B. B. Y. C. being unable to sail their race, advertised for 9 A. M., on time; but about noon a high S.S.W. breeze struck in, and by 1:30 there was a nice, whole sail breeze, increasing steadily through the race.

In first Quisset and Climax sailed a good race, both of them beating A. P. E. In second Crawl had just her breeze and took advantage of it, coming within 13s. of Climax on corrected time, with Mist, Wildcat, Widgeon and Defiance close up. Widgeon's new sail is very baggy; she could not point with the others, but reached very fast; when in trim she will be heard from. Gymnote had just received a new and larger sail, but it fitted so badly that it could not be used.

In third class Petrel and Eina appeared with new and larger sails, bound to beat Daisy if possible. The latter sailed a very plucky race. Shad cracked her mast badly on Saturday, and could not get a new one; she restopped it, turned part way round, and started to race till mast went.

Daisy led off, Eina about half her allowance behind; it was very close work, but Eina finally caught up with Daisy, but could not pass her, as Daisy had weather gauge. They finished first round together, Daisy 2s. ahead; Eina finally passed her, but too late to make up her allowance.

The little fellows also sailed a close race, Edith winning by 35s. Kitten protests Reba for fouling Buoy 3. Protest not yet decided.

In the special class Reliance beat Ramona handsomely.

Courses—First and second classes: From starting point, leaving Black Buoy No. 3 on starboard, Bird Island Buoy No. 13 on port, Scraggy Neck Buoy No. 10 on port, to judges' yacht; 11 miles. Third class: Leaving Black Buoy No. 3, Abial's Ledge Buoy, judges' boat, and Black Buoy No. 3 on starboard, and return; 8 miles. Fourth class: Leaving Black Buoy No. 3, judges' yacht and Black Buoy No. 3 on starboard, and return; 6½ miles. Sloop class: Leaving Black Buoy No. 3 on starboard, Scraggy Neck Buoy and Black Buoy No. 3 on port, and return; 13¾ miles. Wind, S. S. W., whole sail breeze.

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected
Climax, E. C. Stetson, Mattapoisett	30.05	2 08 16	2 00 53
Quissett, J. L. Stackpole, B.Y.C.	29.06	2 10 52	2 02 37
A. P. E., Dan'l Crosby, Osterville	27.04	2 15 42	2 05 15
Violet, G. H. Richards et al, B.Y.C.	27.06	2 26 26	2 16 10

SECOND CLASS.

Crawl, G. E. Phinney, Mon. Beach	26.04	2 12 39	2 01 06
Mist, G. H. Lyman, Jr., B.Y.C.	26.08	2 14 07	2 02 56
Widgeon, Moses Williams, Jr., B.Y.C.	26.10	2 16 14	2 05 14
Wildcat, S. P. Hill, Mon. Beach	26 04	2 16 23	2 04 50
Defiance, H. E. Perry, Mon. Beach	26.04	2 17 21	2 05 48
Gymnote, W. E. C. Eustis, B.Y.C.	26.10	2 20 34	2 09 34
Thyra, Paul Bartholon, B.Y.C.	26.11	2 22 15	2 11 20
Lestris, Joshua Crane, B.Y.C.	24.02	2 26 08	2 12 01
Beatrice, W. E. Curry, B.Y.C.	24.10	2 31 24	2 18 06

SLOOP CLASS.

Reliance, N. H. Emmons, B.Y.C.	35.05	2 52 04	2 48 05
Ramona, M. N. Bray, B.Y.C.	36.00	3 04 00	3 00 32

THIRD CLASS.

Eina, John Parkinson, B.Y.C.	22.09½	2 04 14	1 52 34
Daisy, Howard Stockton, B.Y.C.	21.01	2 05 41	1 52 19
Laura, Chas. Wing, Sep.Y.C.	21.06	2 07 08	1 54 13
Hera, Louis Bacon, B.Y.C.	21.11	2 08 04	1 55 36
Petrel, Vice-Com. Richards, B.Y.C.	20.07	2 09 25	1 55 30
Ulula, W. H. Winship, B.B.Y.C.	21.02	2 28 02	2 14 46
Trojan, W. H. Tolhurst, Mon. Beach	22.10	Withdrew.	
Racer, John Rider, B.B.Y.C.		Withdrew.	

FOURTH CLASS.

Edith, Irving Chapman, B.Y.C.	16.05	1 30 30	1 18 00
Kitten, G. H. Richards, et al, B.Y.C.	19.10½	1 34 15	1 22 12
Iola, J. C. Dexter, Mattapoisett	15.08	1 35 19	1 18 35
Reba, W. K. Berry, Mattapoisett	16.00	1 35 26	1 19 18
Polly, Richard Codman, B.Y.C.	18.05	1 36 50	1 22 22
Nymph, Geo. G. Amery, B.Y.C.	17.01	1 38 36	1 23 38
Dyonis, Eugene Johnson, Mon Beach	not m.	1 45 39	. . . .
Rena, A. M. Hiller, Mattapoisett	not m.	1 47 00	. . . .
Mab, F. B. Beamont, B. Y. C.	16.07	1 47 11	1 27 10

Class one, first, Climax; second, Quissett. Class two, first, Crawl; second, Mist; third, Wildcat. Class three, first, Daisy; second, Eina; third, Laura. Class four, first, Edith; second, Iola; third, Reba. Special class sloops, first, Reliance. Judges, W. Lloyd Jeffries and Lawrence Tucker.

BLUE WITH A GOLD CASTLE.

WATCH HILL.—The annual sailing race for yachts and boats was sailed on Aug. 27 over 12-mile course in a stiff N.E. wind, the times being: Dawdle, 2:12; Louie Maud, 2:13:15; Rosina, 2:17:09; Ariel, 2:24:08; Orient, 2:24:35; Onward, 2:19:05; Ripple, 2:28:00. Admiral Rowe, U. S. N., and Captain F. Clarkin were the judges.

MINERVA.

THE wonderful success of Minerva, the first and only effort of one designer opposed to the largest and finest racing fleet that has ever been seen, is likely to have a most important influence on the yachts of next season. That her wins have been entirely on merit is fully conceded by all the papers which have for so long upheld the extremely wide and powerful American type. We quote the following as showing the present feeling.

"It is something for Yankee yachtsmen to ponder on, that while they have beaten England with the latter' special class of boats, the monstrous sloops, and have maintained the supremacy of the special Yankee type of big boat, the schooner, by the victory of Sachem over Minerva three seasons ago, and that while Titania could in all probability show her stern to Valkyrie in the 70ft. class—it is something to ponder on that the Yankees have been beaten in their most numerous and most representative class by a little Scotch ocean voyager, and that, too, when the class was filled by an extraordinary number of new and fast boats. Minerva's work is a marvel and a source of a good deal of surprise, to tell the truth."—*Providence Journal.*

"Even more completely has the superiority of the Minerva been demonstrated in the series at Marblehead, Ideal racing weather has been met, ranging from a light air to half a gale, and in every race in which she has sailed the Scotch boat has won first place. As far as performance goes, she has won four races out of five, though the first is not an actual race, as it was not finished before sunset.

"But the fact stands that the Minerva, designed by a Scotch designer, is faster than any yacht of home production in her class. American designers have been worshipping the fetich of big power so blindly that they have been unconscious of the possibilities of yachts of small power. This is not to be wondered at, as the successes of the past few years of America cup yachting have been wrought by superior power of model. It is well that our eyes have been opened by a yacht of the Minerva's size, as her success will give our designers a chance to learn before they are called upon to beat a boat of Minerva type and excellence in the America Cup competition."—*Boston Herald.*

"The Scotch cutter Minerva is certainly a wonderful boat, and the way she defeated the Burgess favorites in heavy weather and in light, is somewhat startling. The popular notion that the triumphs of American vessels over British craft were due principally to the centerboard is now stowed away. It is the shape of the boat, and not the drop of the board, that does the business."—*Boston Morning Post.*

"The Minerva picked up the tugboat in three tacks. The Chiquita, though standing out further than the Minerva, did not fetch so high, and had to make one more tack than the Scotch boat. The Minerva had opened a great gap between herself and the second boat, Chiquita, and she worked out to windward, almost bare of wind, so close was she sailed.

"It was the worst beating ever received by the fleet of 40-footers. The Minerva beat the Chiquita in a true breeze and head sea over two minutes a mile, and the Chiquita is one of Mr. Burgess's best forties. If some of the doubters of the abilities of the Minerva had been out yesterday looking at her wonderful performance, 'seeing, they would have to believe.'"—*Boston Herald.*

The following remark is credited to Mr. Burgess by the New York and Boston papers, and is now going the rounds of the press: "The Minerva is a racing machine, and if anybody wants that type of boat, I can design it. She is no such boat as our forties."

Mr. Burgess is too well posted to believe any such story as this, and we doubt very much whether he has been correctly reported. It is idle to call Minerva a racing machine when she has safely made an ocean voyage that such boats as Nymph, Yerena, Gorilla, Liris and Chiquita would never venture on. She is apparently built with a view to strength rather than extreme lightness, and if she is not as heavy as the American forties it is on account of better material and greater skill in her construction. As to her accommodation, while no attempt has been made to crowd the cabins of a 55ft. yacht into one of 40ft., she has very good room, two cabins, toilet room, large forecastle, galley, etc., with draft of 9ft., she is certainly better for cruising than such craft as Helen Tomahawk and Liris, drawing 10 to 11ft. When the record of the season is made out, a full list of starts, wins, and broken spars and lost centerboards, it will be readily seen that she is no such boat as the American forties; a fact that would be still better proven by the expense accounts of the various forties for new sails and spars, alterations to hull and ballast, and money spent in the fruitless effort to win prizes. Minerva is a hard fact, but one that cannot be disputed. The only fair and rational course is to concede freely her speed, her seaworthiness, her moderate cost of running, her comparatively large accommodations, and to seek for the means of improving on them.

THE AMERICA'S CUP.

THE following letter has lately been received by Secretary Oddie. The London edition of the New York *Herald* on Aug. 23 contained the same letter, with a lengthy explanation designed to clear up the muddle due to brief cables from each side:

ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON CASTLE, }
COWES, Aug. 16, 1889.

DEAR SIR—I have this day sent you the following cablegram:

Have anxiously awaited definite reply to Squadron's last cable. Even if satisfactory answer be received, no time to prepare to cross and race. Valkyrie, therefore, can't sail this year. Have written.

It would take me at least a fortnight to prepare my ship for the voyage, and two or three weeks on your side to get ready to race, and at this advanced season of the year, when a quick run across cannot be anticipated, it is obvious that even if any answer satisfactory to the Royal Yacht Squadron is returned to their cable of the 4th inst., I cannot now be in time to race. I am, therefore, reluctantly compelled to recognize that, owing to circumstances beyond my control, a match is out of the question this year.

You will pardon my pointing out that if the committee and the New York Y. C. had agreed to either of the propositions made in my letters of May 4 and June 24, the result would have been different. In my letter to you on May 4 I begged that a match might be sailed, and any difference between the two clubs as to the terms upon which the cup was to be held in the future, be settled afterward; and in my letter to Mr. Smith, of June 24, I said that if the New York Y. C. found themselves unable to offer the Ameriea Cup as a prize, I was anxious to sail against whatever yacht would have been selected to defend it, either for a prize of equal value or for nothing at all. I cannot but express my great regret that neither of the propositions was accepted. Had they been so, and assuming, as is suggested in your letter of July 16, that the difficulty about the new deed of gift could be overcome, the matches would have taken place. I am sorry that the New York Y. C. looked upon the letter of the Royal Yacht Squadron, dated June 27, as a withdrawal of my challenge. The Royal Yacht Squadron refused to confirm the challenge subject to certain conditions affecting future challenges to which it took exception. Such a conditional refusal to ratify could, I should have thought, be looked upon as a definite withdrawal only on the supposition that the conditions objected to would be insisted upon if the opinion of the New York Y.C. committee as expressed in Mr. Smith's letter to me of July 16 is correct—namely, that "if an opportunity had been offered, the difficulties in the way of completing the arrangements for the match might have been removed."

I am only expressing my great regret that the opportunity was rendered practically impossibie by the dissolution of the committee.

Notwithstanding the impossibility of racing this year, I hope the New York Y. C. will reconsider the cablegram of the Royal Yacht Squadron of the 4th instant, and if a satisfactory answer is returned I trust that my challenge may be considered as merely postponed.

In that event Valkyrie will be ready next season to meet any vessel that could have sailed against her had the match taken place at the time originally proposed.

I have the honor to be, sir, yours very faithfully,

DUNRAVEN.

It appears that the issue between the challengers and the holders of the Cup is as complicated as ever, and that it will take lawyers rather than plain yacht sailors to decide the many trivial points that have arisen. The real question has evidently been lost sight of entirely—whether the conditions under which the Cup is now offered are fair or unfair; and if the latter, in what particular. Until this is settled it is a mere waste of time to quibble as to whether the challenge was or was not withdrawn, or to dicker over the "conditions governing the Volunteer-Thistle races."

If Lord Dunraven will make up his mind finally on two points it will save him considerable time and expense in writing and cabling. The New York Y. C. will not give him a race for the Cup on any terms unless the club under whose flag he challenges shall accept the last deed of gift as valid and binding. Secondly, if no match is arranged for the America's Cup, the New York Y. C. will not aid in settling up another trophy in place of the Cup. If Lord Dunraven had wanted only sport and good racing he should have crossed early in the year and given battle to our 70-footers, or if he will only be satisfied by a meeting with the champion yacht of America, he should build a 90ft. yacht and meet Volunteer. It is very clear now that no 70-footer will be put forward to defend the America's Cup, nor will the New York Y. C. do anything toward the placing of the 70ft. class on the same plane as Volunteer.

Rumors of new challengers are already rife, Col. North, owner of Deerhound, is spoken of as likely to build, or even to buy and alter Thistle. Mr. John Jameson is said to have offered Irex for sale with a new Watson cutter in view, while Mr. Hodgens, owner of Vreda, may have a new Watson cutter of large size. If any of these gentlemen are desirous of challenging for the America's Cup, and would avoid the disastrous fiasco which Lord Dunraven and the R. Y. S. have made, we would advise them to procure at once authentic copies of the original deed of gift and the two so-called deeds of 1882 and '87, and to study them carefully. There is not a great deal of time left, as the design of the yacht must be completed and its principal elements mailed from England by Dec. 1 at latest in order to sail a race next year.

LYNN Y. C., OPEN REGATTA, SEPT. 2.

THE open regatta of the Lynn Y. C. was sailed in a light E. wind on Sept. 2, the courses being: First Class—From starting point to Egg Rock, leaving it on starboard; thence to Whistling Buoy, off Graves, leaving it on starboard; thence to Winthrop Spar Buoy; thence to flagboat, off Grover's Cliff, leaving it on starboard; to and across line between judges' boat and flagboat. Fourteen miles.

Second, Third and Fourth Classes—From starting point to Whistling Buoy, off Graves, leaving it on starboard; to Winthrop Spar Buoy, leaving it on starboard; thence to flagboat off Grover's Cliff, leaving it on starboard; to and across line between judges' boat and stakeboat. Ten miles. The times were as follows:

FIRST CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected
Harbinger, J. R. Hooper, Hull	27.10	3 41 21	3 00 28
Magic, E. C. Neal, Lynn	31.02	3 45 52	3 09 07
SECOND CLASS - KEELS.			
Echo, Burrell & Isham, Hull	24.05	3 32 55	2 57 17
Judith, W. P. Pigeon, Jeffries	23.04	3 28 50	2 54 51
Beth, J. W. Dutton, Hull	23.08	3 30 37	2 57 02
Bride of the Wind, F.A. Toby, B.H.Y.C.	21.08	Did not finish.	
Elsie, Collins & Chase, West Lynn	23.02	Did not finish.	
SECOND CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.			
Black Cloud, A. Brown, Cape Ann	25.10	3 00 10	2 26 47
Posy, R. Hunt, Monatiquot	22.02	3 09 27	2 34 01
Maud S., T. R. Irving, Cape Ann	21.05	3 13 05	2 36 30
Hazard, Parr & Moody, American	23.08	3 44 52	2 41 17
Sea Bird, C. L. Joy, Jeffries	22.08	3 21 26	2 46 38
Bobolink, Tufts & Putnam, Lynn	23.01	3 40 05	3 05 43
E. W. D., E. W. Dixon, Hull	25.01	3 20 33	2 48 35
Duchess, Wood Bros., Quincy	25.01	3 23 02	2 51 04
Madge, Cummings & Stone	23.08	Did not finish.	
Storm King, Harry Jones, Lynn	23.00	Did not finish.	
THIRD CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.			
Auk, A. Martin, Jeffries	19.02	3 19 57	2 40 01
Budge, T. Durland, American	19.02	3 27 24	2 48 14
Tom Cat, C. H. Lockhart, Lynn	18.07	3 30 35	2 50 15
Vexer, P. J. Lowell, American	20.05	3 37 44	2 50 56
Diadem, L. H. Hayward, Quincy	18.02	3 46 21	2 56 23
Nellie Farley, Martin & Smith	20.11	3 40 06	3 03 00
Lark, A. P. Parkhurst, Cape Ann	19.02	3 43 00	3 03 20
THIRD CLASS—KEELS.			
Astrea, R. M. Benner, Lynn	20.00	3 37 53	2 59 26
Flying Yankee, Sawyer & Rich, West Lynn	19.00	3 52 17	3 13 21
Inez, Goodrich Bros., West Lynn	18.11	4 13 00	3 32 56
Marion, A. Parker, West Lynn	19.06	Did not finish.	
Martha, Washington, Nahant	19.08	Did not finish.	
Io, J. Armory, Corinthian	17.05	Did not finish.	
Heather Bell, A. Stewart, Lynn	18.07	Did not finish.	
Velma, H. L. Parker, Lynn	18.02	Did not finish.	
FOURTH CLASS, ALL CATBOATS.			
Madge, F. A. Dunne, Hull	19.10	3 24 21	2 45 42
Wild Cat, G. W. Walley, West Lynn	16.06	3 55 45	3 11 29
Flora Lee, C. D. Lanning, Quincy	16.10	3 57 11	3 33 13
Maud, R. W. Hobbs, West Lynn	17.08	Did not finish.	
Alice, C. P. Lynch, West Lynn	17.08	Did not finish.	
Edith, C. J. Blethen, Lynn	20.04	Did not finish.	

SOUTH BOSTON MOSQUITO FLEET.—The third championship race of the Mosquito Fleet Y. C. was sailed on Aug. 31, off City Point, in a fresh E. wind. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Minnie, J. Bateman	1 07 03	1 06 58
Enigma, J. F. Small	1 10 00	1 09 16
Skipper, J. R. Tufts, Jr	1 09 32	1 09 27
Sprite, H. M. Wells	1 09 30	1 09 30
Lucy, W. H. Ransom	1 10 05	1 10 00
Nellie, A. J. O'Leary	1 12 05	1 12 00
Nina, J. P. Bullard	1 11 30	1 11 25
SECOND CLASS.		
Grace, F. Borden	1 16 55	1 13 25
Snag, J. W. Robinson	1 16 55	1 13 10

Baby and Sadie withdrew. Minnie wins first class cup. Grace protests Snag on measurement. The judges were Messrs. F. T. Merry, James Bragdon and W. O. Elliott.

Open Regatta, Sept. 2.—Course, triangular, Dorchester Bay; distance 5 miles. Weather, clear. Wind, S.E., very light:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Enigma, J. F. Small	14.04	1 22 55	1 22 11
Victor, C. A. Borden	14.10	1 27 50	1 27 39
Minnie, Jas. Bertram	14.10	1 30 37	1 30 26
Lucy, W. H. Ransom	14.11	1 32 55	1 32 50
Skipper, J. R. Tufts, Jr	14.11	Did not finish.	
Nina, J. P. Bullard	14.11	Did not finish.	
SECOND CLASS.			
Grace, F. Borden	12.02	1 49 07	1 46 17
Edith, G. F. Mayhury	12.07	1 49 27	1 47 02
Bunty, J. F. Cooper	12.11	1 55 38	1 53 09
Baby, J. W. Bragdon	12.11	Did not finish.	
Mascott, F. Whitman	12.02	Did not finish.	

Winners: Class 1, first, Enigma; second, Victor; third, Minnie. Class 2, first, Grace; second, Edith; third, Bunty. Judges, James Bragdon, W. O. Elliott, T. O'Leary.

LARCHMONT OYSTER BOAT REGATTA.—The sixth annual oyster boat race of the Larchmont Y. C. was successfully sailed over the Captain's Island course on Aug. 24 in a moderate S.E. breeze. The times were:

CLASS 1—CABIN SLOOPS 35FT. AND OVER.

	Elapsed.	Corrected
Stella, G. H. Guest	4 09 27	4 01 42
Grace S. Mackey, G. Mackey	4 02 24	4 02 24
Jennie R., A. L. Ford	4 11 04	4 05 49
Watson, P. E. Van Buskirk	4 09 13	4 07 28
CLASS 2—CABIN SLOOPS UNDER 35FT.		
Florence May, J. C. Webster	4 06 13	3 59 43
Claudia M., A. L. Ford	4 09 49	4 06 19
Emma R. Martin, G. W. Martin	4 18 30	4 15 46
Lucy Neal, C. E. Jones	4 28 30	4 27 53
Mary, P. Eschenck	4 41 45	4 38 15
Annie K., A. & J. Wetmore	4 38 57	4 38 57
CLASS 3—OPEN SLOOPS 30FT. AND OVER.		
Stella May, G. M. Smith	4 22 09	4 17 32
Julia B., J. L. Shorn	4 20 21	4 19 58
Loon, G. G. Duryee	4 32 11	4 32 11
CLASS 4—OPEN SLOOPS UNDER 30FT.		
Emma C., G. Bell	4 10 37	4 04 52
Delphine, J. A. Willis	4 12 17	4 06 47
Addie B., J. Crooker	4 17 01	4 10 39
Minnie S., C. W. Starkins	4 18 50	4 13 43
Economy, W. E. E. Ellsworth	4 21 56	4 21 56
Emily, E. Verity	4 35 59	4 33 22
CLASS 5—CAT-RIGGED BOATS.		
Joke, J. E. Devoe	4 43 05	4 43 05
Mamie, A. H. Mott	4 53 12	4 52 49

The winners and prizes are: Stella, $50; Grace S. Mackey, $25; Florence May, $40; Claudia M., $25; Stella May, $40; Julia B., $25; Emma C., $40; Delphine, $25; Joke, $40; Mamie, $25. The judges were E. J. Greacen, Otto Sarony and Chester C. Monroe.

GREENWICH Y. C.—The second race of the series was sailed on Aug. 24, in a strong S.E. wind. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Dot	12 52 30	3 57 10	2 58 50
J. C.	12 52 00	3 53 37	2 42 57
Lassie	12 52 48	3 48 26	2 42 38
Sea Gull	12 52 00	Did not finish.	
SECOND CLASS.			
Rival	12 52 35	3 45 38	2 53 03
Giggle	12 52 15	3 40 44	2 47 09
Ione	12 55 00	3 46 06	2 48 16

Lassie was disqualified for carrying a professional crew.

PLEON Y. C.—On Aug. 20 the second match between Oswa and Sapphire was sailed, the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Oswa, H. A. Hildreth	16.05	1 42 02	1 40 45
Sapphire, C. S. Street	16 00	1 43 30	1 41 52

Judge, W. O. Taylor.

On Aug. 21 the third championship regatta was sailed in a light wind, the times being:

SPECIAL CLASS, 17FT. AND UNDER, DORIES.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Don, Blaney & High	16.00	1 32 26	1 30 48
Minna, J. H. Norris	16.01	1 41 14	1 38 41
Fly, P. Russell	14.10	1 49 42	1 47 03
FIRST CLASS KEELS.			
Oswa, H. A. Hildreth	16.05	1 20 18	1 19 01
Edith, S. W. Sleeper	15.11	1 29 07	1 26 41
Snail, A. G. Wood	15.11	1 37 46	1 36 06
Iris, R. C. Bridge	15.09	1 36 16	*1 34 26
FIRST CLASS CENTERBOARDS.			
Sapphire, C. S. Street	16.00	1 36 07	1 34 29
Laura, F. H. Murkland	13.02	Did not finish.	
SECOND CLASS KEELS.			
Estelle, E. Pierce	11 09	1 17 47	1 14 14
Midge, H. Jackson	11 07	1 35 36	1 31 55
Brownie		1 42 00	
Shiela, W. B. Jackson	12.11		
SECOND CLASS CENTERBOARDS.			
Reba, Palmer & Poole	12.09	1 12 10	1 09 18
Perhaps, B. B. Crowninghield	12.10	1 13 28	1 10 40
Gem, J. F. Taylor	11.00	1 11 00	1 07 26
Mamie, J. W. Dunlap	12.10	1 15 00	1 12 12

Edith protests Oswa for fouling buoys.

On Aug. 29 the sail-off and Wood's cup races took place, the summary being:

SPECIAL CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Don, Blaney & High	16.00	1 11 36	1 09 56
Minna, J. H. Norris	16.01	1 14 44	1 13 11
FIRST CLASS KEELS.			
Edith, G. Sleeper	15.01	1 17 12	1 17 12
SECOND CLASS KEELS.			
Shiela, W. B. Jackson	12.11	0 50 26	0 47 41
Midge, H. L. Jackson	11.07	0 53 45	0 50 04
Estelle, E. Pierce	11.04	0 54 07	0 50 34
SECOND CLASS CENTERBOARDS.			
Reba, Palmer & Poole	12.09	0 48 08	0 45 16
Mamie, J. W. Dunlap	12.10	0 49 57	0 47 03
Gem, J. F. Taylor	11.00	0 51 10	0 47 03

Don having already won two legs, takes the Wood cup.

CORINTHIAN Y. C. SWEEPSTAKES AND REGATTA.—The Corinthian Y. C. of Marblehead sailed a regatta on Sept. 2, there being in connection with it a sweepstakes for the 30ft. class, in which Kathleen, Elf and Mignon started. The wind was light to moderate S.E. during the race, the course being 18 miles for 30ft. class. Kathleen won very easily. The full times were:

FIRST CLASS 27 TO 30FT.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Kathleen, W. Whitlock	30.03	2 08 25	2 08 59
Mignon, H. Babson		2 24 41	2 21 20
Elf, W. Wilkinson	26.01	2 31 40	2 29 13
SECOND CLASS.			
Ione, J. S. Poyen	32.10	2 33 13	2 28 27
FOURTH CLASS.			
Drift, C. J. Morse		1 41 49	
Corsair, D. H. Millet	20.08	1 48 35	1 37 21
Edith, Fred Wood	20.05	1 50 00	1 38 30
Wanda, Royal Robbins	21.07	1 54 51	1 44 26
FIFTH CLASS.			
Lassie, W. S. Eaton	25.02	1 44 26	1 36 49
Mosca, C. H. N. Foster	25.03	1 48 02	1 40 28
Kathleen, F. S. Peabody	25.07	1 48 43	1 41 24
Carmita, F. E. Peabody	24.08	1 53 41	1 45 43
Wraith, H. P. Benson	33 03	1 53 47	1 45 44
SIXTH CLASS CATBOATS.			
Rocket, H. M. Faxon	18.04	1 49 17	1 35 44
Mirage, J. Dearborn	18.08	1 51 03	1 39 44
Josephine, D. H. Follett, Jr	21.05	1 54 12	1 43 38
Dolphin, R. C. Robbins	18.00	2 06 01	1 52 06

QUINCY Y. C.—The third championship regatta was sailed on Aug. 31 in a fresh E. wind. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected
Erin, John Cavanagh	26.10	1 57 13	1 13 05
Posy, R. G. Hunt	22.02	1 43 26	1 15 06
Moondyne, H. W. Shaw	24.08	1 41 32	1 16 44
Adolph, Henry Moebs	22.07	1 46 24	1 18 29
Secret, E. F. Linton	22.05	1 53 52	1 24 47
SPECIAL CLASS—JIB AND MAINSAIL.			
Diadem, L. A. Hayward	18.02	1 40 08	1 11 14
Nereid, Chas. F. Colby	20.09	1 40 37	1 14 29
SECOND CLASS.			
Mabel, E. L. Dunne	19.11	1 38 21	1 11 22
Pet, Jas. McFarland	19.08	1 51 47	1 24 33
Undine, W. H. Doble	19.06	1 54 24	1 26 59
THIRD CLASS			
Flora Lee, Lanning and Bockers	16.10	1 50 23	1 19 50
Guenn, E. Horton	17.08	1 54 29	1 22 59

Judges—John Sanborn, Chas. French and ex-Com. J. H. Slade. Mabel and Diadem each win a championship prize, while Erin wins one leg, to be sailed off with Posy.

BUNKER HILL Y. C.—The twenty-first annual regatta of the Bunker Hill Y. C. was sailed on Sept. 2, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Thelga, Hall & Johnson	21.03	1 22 02	1 03 40
Unida, Webber & Schwab	27.00	1 35 20	1 30 20
Beulah, E. Esson	25.07	1 43 45	1 28 02
Why Not, P. J. McLaughlin	23.00	2 01 00	1 43 48
SECOND CLASS.			
Cora, J. H. Harvey	18.00	2 30 00	2 09 12
Tabitha, T. H. Broman	16.00	2 05 00	2 27 32
THIRD CLASS.			
Flash, C. A. Winters	15.01	1 33 20	1 19 12
Sprite, P. J. Henchy	14.10	1 40 10	1 25 52

The judges were Messrs. G. B. Thomas, G. H. Barrows, P. M. Bond, H. Leadbetter and F. A. Dodge.

WEYMOUTH, LINTON TROPHIES.—The third race for the Linton trophies was sailed on Aug. 22, Erin winning, White Fawn parting her peak halliards. In the second class Madge won, taking the cup; while in the third class Rocket withdrew and Diadem beat Atala, taking the cup. As White Swan, Erin and Echo each held one leg in the first class a sail-off was necessary, and it took place on Aug. 29, in a fresh N.E. wind, the course being 9 miles. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
White Fawn, W. C. Cherrington	31.01	1 48 45	1 25 04
Erin, John Cavanagh	33.01	1 47 49	1 25 32
Echo, E. L. Burwell	28.09	1 57 14	1 32 44

The judges were Dana Smith, Edward T. Jordon, N. F. Hunt and T. D. Bagley. At a meeting on Aug. 20 the protest of Echo against Moondyne, for sculling with the rudder, was not allowed, but Echo's protest against White Fawn, for not giving room, was sustained, the race being given to Echo.

GREAT HEAD Y. C.—The championship sail off of the Great Head Y. C. took place on Aug. 24, in a light S.W. wind, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Owl, J. S. Cushing	25.00	2 23 32	2 15 06
E. W. D., E. W. Dixon	25.01	2 26 00	2 02 02
Vivid, F. E. Richardson	28.11	2 31 20	2 10 23
SECOND CLASS.			
Eureka, E. B. Rogers	20.07	2 23 32	1 55 22
Nellie May, T. J. Young	21.00	2 35 43	2 07 59
Thera, J. W. Bryden	15.00	Not timed.	

NEW STEAM YACHTS.—Aug. 24 the steam yacht Sparkle, built by Enoch Moore for Col. W. L. Singerly, owner of Restless, steam yacht, was launched at Wilmington, Del. Robert Wetherell & Co., of Chester, will build the engines. Harlan & Hollingsworth, of Wilmington, Del., have contracted to build a steam yacht 185ft. long for Mr. H. M. Flagler, of the Standard Oil Co., present owner of the old schooner Columbia. Mr. Fredk. Gallatin, owner of the sloop Bertie, will also build a steam yacht about as long as Com. Gerry's Electra.

FREDONIA AND HESPER.—At the conclusion of the New York Y. C. cruise a challenge was issued by J. Malcolm Forbes, on behalf of Fredonia, to race any of the other fishermen. As a result a match has been arranged between her and the well-known Boston pilot boat Hesper No. 5, to sail a 45-mile triangular course on Sept. 26, for $3,000 per side. Hesper is now being fitted with a larger main boom and bowsprit and a new suit of larger sails.

BROOKLYN Y. C., FALL REGATTA, SEPT. 2.—The full regatta of the Brooklyn Y. C. was sailed on Sept. 2, over courses on Gravesend Bay, the times being:

CLASS A, OPEN MAINSAIL BOATS UNDER 20FT.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Carrie	11 43 03	1 31 44	1 50 41	1 50 30
Alma	11 49 40	1 31 40	1 51 00	1 51 00
CLASS B, OPEN MAINSAIL BOATS OVER 20FT.				
Manhattan	11 31 07	1 55 47	2 24 40	2 20 34
Panchito	11 31 53	2 29 15	2 57 22	2 54 21
Henry Grav	11 34 44	1 56 04	2 21 20	2 54 21
CLASS C, OPEN JIB AND MAINSAIL BOATS UNDER 25FT.				
Faustina	11 33 46	2 01 04	2 27 18	2 27 18
Effie	11 32 47	Did not finish.		
Alice	11 34 27	2 11 26	2 36 59	2 32 57
CLASS 1, CABIN SLOOPS AND CUTTERS UNDER 25FT.				
Priscilla	11 33 24	Did not finish.		
Seminole	11 31 26	Did not finish.		
Rhada	11 31 56	Did not finish.		
Lotus	11 32 08	Did not finish.		
Mamie	11 32 25	Did not finish.		
CLASS 3, CABIN SLOOPS UNDER 35FT.				
Nydia	11 31 32	3 06 28	3 34 56	3 34 56

The winners were Carrie in class A, Manhattan in class B and Faustina in class C. The regatta committee included Messrs. William Dodman and John J. Welsh.

MONTGOMERY SAILING CLUB.—Semi-monthly regatta, Sept. 1.—Course, Norristown to Indian Creek and return. Distance, 5 miles. Weather, clear and fine. Wind, fresh easterly. Summary:

	Length.	Corrected.
Playford, tuckup	15.00	1 22 40
Volunteer, tuckup	15.00	1 26 00
Nellie, tuckup	15.00	1 26 40
J. S. Frith, tuckup	15.00	1 29 15
Vesuvius, tuckup	15.00	1 32 30
Igidious, tuckup	15.00	1 32 55
Gracie, skiff	12.00	1 34 30
Iola, ducker	15.00	1 34 55
J. S. Lever, tuckup	15.00	1 36 20
Priscilla, tuckup	15.00	1 38 35
Starlight, canoe	16.00	1 42 15

It was a run to the buoy, 2½ miles, the Gracie being first to round in 33m. from the start. The tuckups were set back 10m. at the start; but they more than made it up in the beat to windward, 2½ miles, in short tacks. Judge, Wm. Alcorn.

MAYFLOWER, schr., has been laid up, and is offered for sale.

KNICKERBOCKER Y. C. FALL REGATTA, SEPT. 2.—The annual fall regatta of the Knickerbocker Y. C. was sailed on Sept. 2, from Port Morris around the Gangway buoy, 20 miles, in a light and variable S.W. wind. The times were:

CLASS 1.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Nyssa	11 25 00	5 06 50	5 41 20	5 33 50
Mascotte	11 25 00	5 09 51	5 44 51	5 39 06
Jennie	11 25 00	5 07 55	5 42 55	5 42 57
CLASS 2.				
Black Hawk	11 25 00	4 44 38	5 19 38	5 19 38
Jessie	11 25 00	5 14 36	5 49 36	5 43 21
CLASS 3.				
Nanita	11 23 30	4 13 00	5 49 30	5 48 20
Marvel	11 25 00	5 41 36	6 16 36	6 15 00
Madge	11 25 00	Did not finish.		
CLASS 4.				
Rosetta A.	11 19 50	5 11 58	5 52 08	5 52 08
Torino	11 20 00	5 46 32	6 26 32	6 20 59
Fannie	11 16 30	5 48 32	6 32 02	6 25 14
CLASS 7.				
Mayotta	11 19 10	5 09 40	5 50 30	5 48 42
Surprise	11 19 30	5 13 45	5 54 15	5 54 15
Alice	11 20 00	5 25 42	6 05 42	6 05 32

Winners—Class 1, Nyssa; Class 2, Black Hawk; Class 3, Nanita; Class 4, Rosetta A.; Class 7, Mayotta. Black Hawk carried away spinaker boom, but won the pennant for the fastest time over the course.

ROYAL CANADIAN Y. C.—A race for the 20ft. class was sailed on Aug. 31 over a triangular course, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Woos	2 42 50	2 42 50
Caprice	2 43 00	2 44 05
Elida	2 43 10	2 45 25
Molly	Withdrew.	

QUEEN CITY Y. C.—The Queen City Y. C., a new Toronto club, sailed a race on Aug. 31, the times being:

	1st Round.	Finish.
Alliance	4 24 00	5 49 00
Rambler	4 30 00	6 09 00
Come Again	4 37 00	6 15 00
Koh-i-Noor	4 39 00	6 17 00
Hunter	4 41 00	6 17 15

SAGAMORE, steam yacht, has been sold by Mr. J. N. Slater to his cousin, Mr Wm. Slater. The latter gentlemen purchased the Talisman when Sagamore was built, and now gives her back in part payment. Mr. J. W. Slater will use her until he can build a new yacht 130ft. long, 23ft. beam, and 6ft. draft.

RIVERSIDE Y. C.—The ladies' day regatta of the Riverside Y.C., of Greenwich, Conn., was postponed from Aug. 31 to Sept. 2, on account of the wind, being sailed finally in a good S.W. breeze. Each yacht carried several ladies, those on the winners being presented with gold pins as prizes. The times were:

CLASS A.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Eleanor	2 47 32	5 55 09	2 11 32	2 11 32
CLASS B.				
Wayward	2 55 07	Did not finish.		
Alcedo	2 48 45	6 01 50	3 13 05	3 13 05
CLASS C.				
Vorant	2 45 38	6 16 27	3 30 49	3 30 49
CLASS D.				
Dot	2 54 08	4 48 44	1 54 36	.....
Zanthe	2 51 32	4 47 54	1 56 22	1 55 30
Sirene	2 54 30	4 43 19	1 48 49	1 47 55
CLASS E.				
Rival	2 52 45	4 48 24	1 55 39	1 55 39
Lassie	2 50 31	4 41 32	1 51 01	1 51 01
Zelda	2 50 44	4 35 29	1 44 45	1 44 40
Telephone	2 54 46	5 05 33	2 05 47	.....

The judges were J. E. Peck and F. Friedman; timekeeper, Louis Finiels. The pennant regatta has been changed to Sept. 14.

MAHOPAC Y. C. FIFTH PENNANT REGATTA, AUG. 31.—Mohopac club course; distance 10 miles. Weather, fair. Wind, strong northerly:

CLASS II.—JIB AND MAINSAIL.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vida, David Hunt	22.10	1 33 55	1 33 55
Flora, E. S. Pouvert	21.07	1 38 37	1 37 41
Vixen, F. H. Patteson	22.05	1 41 58	1 41 39
CLASS IV.—CATBOATS.			
Mist, D. N. B. Sturgis	20.02	2 03 05	2 03 05
Dart, Henry Engler	15.00	2 07 01	2 03 08
Susie S., Edward Sturgis	15.00	2 07 50	2 03 57

Vida first in Class II., Mist first in Class IV. Vida takes the pennant in Class II. Further races must be sailed to determine the holder of pennant in Class IV. Regatta committee and judges—H. A. Levy, J. S. Cooley and E. C. Dusenbury.

A SAILOR DROWNED.—On Aug. 29, as Marguerite, schooner, Mr. W. T. Burden, was sailing up Peconic Bay to Greenport, one of her crew, James Walsh, was struck by the boom and thrown into the water, all efforts to rescue him or even to find the body being unavailing.

BEECHAM'S PILLS cure sick headache.—*Adv.*

HUMPHREYS'
VETERINARY SPECIFICS
For Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs, AND POULTRY.
500 Page Book on Treatment of Animals and Chart Sent Free.
CURES { A.A.—Fevers, Congestions, Inflammation, Spinal Meningitis, Milk Fever.
B.B.—Strains, Lameness, Rheumatism.
C.C.—Distemper, Nasal Discharges.
D.D.—Bots or Grubs, Worms.
E.E.—Coughs, Heaves, Pneumonia.
F.F.—Colic or Gripes, Bellyache.
G.G.—Miscarriage, Hemorrhages.
H.H.—Urinary and Kidney Diseases.
I.I.—Eruptive Diseases, Mange.
J.K.—Diseases of Digestion.
Stable Case, with Specifics, Manual, Witch Hazel Oil and Medicator, $7.00
Price, Single Bottle (over 50 doses), - .60
Sold by Druggists; or Sent Prepaid anywhere and in any quantity on Receipt of Price.
Humphreys' Med. Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

Forest & Stream File Binders.
PRICE, $1.00.
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

HAVE YOU SEEN OUR NEW
Illustrated Catalogue
OF
FISHING TACKLE?
It is the most elaborate and magnificent book ever published in the Sporting Goods line. Send us 25 cents and we will forward you a copy post paid.
ABBEY & IMBRIE,
No. 18 VESEY STREET, NEW YORK.

WINCHESTER
STAR  **RIVAL**
LOADED PAPER SHOT SHELLS.
Ask your Dealer for them.
Not Sold at Retail by the Manufacturers.
WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.,
312 Broadway, N. Y. NEW HAVEN, CONN.
Send for 82-page Catalogue of Arms and Ammunition.

NOTICE TO FISHERMEN. CUT PRICES.
HERE I AM AGAIN AS USUAL, CUTTING THE PRICES OF FISHING TACKLE. IT WILL PAY YOU TO BUY YOUR TACKLE IN BROOKLYN.

PRICE.		PRICE.
$2.75	For Split Bamboo Salt-Water Bass Rod, 6 strip, 2 joints, 8ft., 20oz., Solid Reel Seat, Nickel Trimmings, Double Guides, Silk Wound Black Beaded Handle	$2.75
3.32	For Split Bamboo Black Bass Rod, 8¾ft., 3 joints, 10 or 12oz., Solid Reel Seat, Nickel Trimmings, Raised Tie Guides, Extra Tip, Silk Wound, Wood Form	3.32
3.32	For Trout or Black Bass Fly Rod, same finish as above, 10½ft., 7 to 9oz., complete in wood form	3.32
.90	For Ash and Lancewood Weakfish or Striped Bass Rod, Hollow Butt, Extra Tip, Swelled Ferrules	.90
1.50	For Fine No. 00 Brass Multiplying Reel, Balance Handle, Screw Oil Cup, holds 600ft. 18-thread Linen Line, diameter 3/32in. Also Nos. 0, 1, 2, 3, same price. See catalogue	1.50
3.75	For Hard Rubber and Nickel Multiplying Reel, with Drag, Raised Pillars, holds 600ft. 15-thread Linen Line	3.75

Hooks. Down go the prices. My best quality all kinds snelled on single gut, 10cts. per doz.; double, 15cts.; treble, 20cts.; in ½ doz. packages. Leaders: Treble gut Weakfish and Striped Bass Leaders, three length, 5cts.; four length, 7cts., five length, 9cts.; all best quality. Reel Lines on Blocks of 300ft., 9 thread, 38cts.; 12 thread, 43cts.; 15 thread, 46cts.; 18 thread, 53cts. 300ft. Braided Linen Reel Lines on Blocks, 41cts. Broken lots of Hooks from best manufacture, all kinds and sizes, 2cts. per dozen. SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

Open Evenings. J. F. MARSTERS, 51, 53 & 55 Court St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
(THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.)
Cure BILLIOUS and Nervous ILLS.
25cts. a Box.
OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

YOUR ADDRESS ON A **Postal Card**
Mailed to us, brings you **promptly 30 samples** of cloth, guaranteed self-measurement blanks, whereby you can have your clothing **cut to order** and sent to any express or P. O. Pants, $3 to $5. Suits, $13.25 to $21.
PLYMOUTH ROCK PANTS CO.,
11 to 17 Eliot St., or 18 Summer St., Boston, Mass.
Or call at our nearest BRANCH STORE:—285 Broadway, New York; 943 Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, D. C.; 72 Adams street, Chicago, Ill.; Burnside Building, Worcester, Mass.; Gilmore House, Springfield, Mass.; 914 Main street, Richmond, Va.; 198 Westminster street, Providence, R. I.; Old Register Building, New Haven, Conn.

WM. H. COHEN & CO.,
Packers of first class Canned Fruits, Vegetables, Pickles, Preserves, Catsups, etc., etc.
Nos. 229 & 231 Washington St., New York.
Specially Adapted for Yachting and Camping.
Over forty years experience with factories in the best farming districts of the country, and most skillful hands that can be obtained.
SEND FOR PRICE LIST.

DECOYS.
Send for price list of the finest decoy ducks in the world. H. A. STEVENS, Manufacturer, Weedsport, N. Y.

Increasing Sales Attest the Popularity of THE GENTLEMEN'S CIGARETTE.
SPECIAL FAVOURS.
Manufactured only by
KINNEY BROS.
(KINNEY TOBACCO CO. Successors). Also manufacturers of the Old Reliable
SWEET CAPORAL.

Small Profits. Quick Sales.



TROUT FLIES.
36 Cts. Per Doz.

H. H. KIFFE,
318 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.
Send for Catalogue.

Pocket Kennel Record.
For Recording Pedigrees, Produce, Sales and other memoranda.
Full leather, 50 cents.
FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.,
318 Broadway, New York.

DO NOT DISPOSE OF YOUR
American Clay Bird Traps,
As we are now prepared to furnish the
CHAMPION CLAY BIRD,
Which is far superior to the old American bird, and can be thrown from the same trap.
$9 PER THOUSAND. **FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.**
BANDLE ARMS CO.,
CINCINNATI, O.

Canoe and Camp Cookery.
By "SENECA."
A practical cook book for canoeists, Corinthian sailors and outers. Practical because the author gives explicit and intelligible directions for preparing such dishes as he has himself actually tested in camp and on a cruise. This is just where the recipes differ from the absurdly impracticable dishes given in some so-called camp cookery books. The cooking outfit is described, and numerous hints on camp economy add to the value of the work. Cloth, 98 pages. Price $1.00.
NEW YORK: FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO., 318 Broadway.
LONDON: DAVIES & CO., 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill.
This volume contains much that is valuable and interesting to American yachtsmen and canoeists. The design, construction and use of small craft of all kinds is treated of in a simple and entertaining style, and the instructions are clear and easily understood.
Large crown 8vo., 380 pages and 16 large folding plates.



UPTHEGROVE & McLELLAN,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Shooting and Fishing Suits
AND CLOTHING FOR
CIVIL ENGINEERS, RANCHMEN, LUMBERMEN, MINERS, ETC.
Write for our new combined Catalogue with samples of Imported
Corduroys, Moleskin, Mackintosh, Canvas and Flannels.
SEE OUR NEW SHADES OF ENGLISH CORDUROY.
Address **UP. & MC.,** Valparaiso, Indiana.

The Celebrated Smith & Wesson Revolvers
HAVE BROKEN ALL RECORDS FOR REVOLVER SHOOTING.



The Most Perfect Small Arms
EVER MANUFACTURED.
Unrivalled in Beauty of Finish, Durability and Accuracy.

Manufactured in calibers .32, .38 and .44-100. Single and Double Action Hammerless Safety and Target Models, with all latest improvements——Automatic Shell Extractor, Rebounding Lock and Patented Safety Device.

The Smith & Wesson Revolvers are constructed entirely of **best wrought steel,** carefully inspected for workmanship and stock, and GUARANTEED. Do not be deceived by IMITATIONS largely manufactured of **malleable cast iron,** and often sold for the genuine Smith & Wesson. All of the Revolvers of this firm are stamped upon the barrels with their name, address and dates of patents.

If dealer cannot supply you, orders sent to address below will receive prompt and careful attention. Catalogues and prices furnished upon application.

SMITH & WESSON,
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.



"A PLEASURE SHARED
IS A PLEASURE **DOUBLED**—"

And the man who enjoys the delightful qualities of **WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS**—and recommends them to his friends—*doubles* the luxury of an EASY, SOOTHING, DELIGHTFUL Shave.



Gentlemen who Shave Themselves will derive Ease, Comfort, and Pleasure from the use of

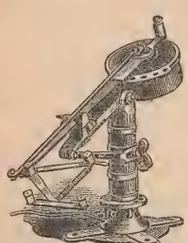
WILLIAMS SHAVING STICK

TRY IT YOURSELF! TELL YOUR FRIENDS OF IT!!

This EXQUISITE TOILET ARTICLE contains all of those rich and lasting qualities which have made our "GENUINE YANKEE SHAVING SOAP" famous for 50 years. Delicately scented with finely selected Attar of Roses. Each Stick in a neat Wood Case covered with Red Morocco Leatherette. Very Portable. Indispensable to Travellers. A Convenience and Luxury for all who Shave.

If your Druggist does not keep Williams' Shaving Soaps they will be sent, postpaid, to any address upon receipt of price in stamps or currency, as follows: WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK, 25 cts. GENUINE YANKEE SOAP, 15 cts. WILLIAMS' CELEBRATED BARBERS' SOAP—FOR TOILET USE. Remarkable for Purity. A LUXURY FOR BATHING.—A Pound Package—6 Cakes—by mail, 40 cts. Registered packages 10 cts. extra. We take pains in mailing to insure safe transmission. Address:

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Connecticut, U.S.A.
(Formerly Williams & Bros., Manchester.) ESTABLISHED 1840.



New Model, 1889.

Keystone Traps & Targets

FOR SALE BY

H. C. Squires,	New York.
J. P. Lovell Arms Co.,	Boston, Mass.
E. K. Tryon, Jr. & Co,	Philadelphia, Pa.
Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett & Co.,	Chicago.
E. C. Meacham Arms Co.,	St. Louis, Mo.
N. D. Folsom & Co.,	New Haven, Conn.
H. Keidel & Co.,	Baltimore, Md.
Powell & Clement,	Cincinnati, O.

BIRD PORTRAITS.

Some Native Birds for Little Folks.

BY W. VAN FLEET, M.D.

A handsome imperial octavo volume of untechnical descriptions of the lives and ways of fourteen American birds. The list comprises:

Robin, Chickadee, Kingfisher, Great Horned Owl, Bobolink, Blue-jay, Woodcock, Nuthatches, Meadowlark, Ruffed Grouse, Cedar Bird, Killdeer, Summer Duck and Crossbills.

Each of these birds is beautifully illustrated by the photogravure process from drawings by Howard H. Darnell. The paper is substantial, and the 147 pages of large, clear, handsome type contain just the sort of information necessary to make little folks better acquainted with the birds described, and to awaken a taste for extended study. Everything has been done to make the volume one of the most handsome gift books of the year. Price, postpaid, $3.00. FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO., 318 Broadway, New York.



PREMIERE QUALITÉ,
Our New Cigarette.

As the result of long labor and careful study we have this superb Cigarette to offer. It cannot be surpassed in purity or excellence; and is a novelty, unique, chaste and dainty. It is from the highest cost Virginia and North Carolina leaf.

The finest Smoking Mixtures are of our Manufacture.

WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Fifteen First Prize Medals.

WOODCRAFT. By "Nessmuk." Price, $1.00.
FOR SALE BY FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

SPORTSMEN SMOKERS

SHOULD ALL SMOKE OUR CELEBRATED



Hand-Made Havana Cigars.

MADE IN TWO STYLES AND SIZES.

LONDRES PERFECTO, 5in. long @ $7.00 per 100
CONCHAS ESPECIALS, 4¼in. @ 6.00 "

The favorite cigar of Rod and Gun Clubs generally. These cigars are made of the choicest tobaccos grown, and selected with the greatest care. They cannot fail to suit the taste of all lovers of the fragrant weed. Each cigar has the brand impressed on it, and every box has a label, fac-simile of the title of the popular journal, and our firm's signature, without which none are genuine. We are the only authorized manufacturers of the above brand, and to insure the smoker of the genuine we would ask you to send us your orders direct. We will deliver, free of express charges, either size, on receipt of price.

A. W. FOOTE & CO., Sole Manufacturers,
125 Maiden Lane, New York.

No Chemicals.



W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa

Is Absolutely Pure, and it is Soluble.

To increase the solubility of the powdered cocoa, various expedients are employed, most of them being based upon the action of some alkali, potash, soda or even ammonia. Cocoa which has been prepared by one of these chemical processes, can usually be recognized at once by the distinct alkaline reaction of the infusion in water.

W. Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa

is manufactured from the first stage to the last by perfect mechanical processes, **no chemical being used in its preparation.** By one of the most ingenious of these mechanical processes the greatest degree of fineness is secured without the sacrifice of the attractive and beautiful red color which is characteristic of an absolutely pure and natural cocoa.

W. Baker & Co., Dorchester, Mass.

LOG CABINS
AND
HOW TO BUILD THEM.

BY WILLIAM S. WICKS.

This is a complete exposition of the art and method of building log cabins from the simplest dog kennel to highly artistic dwellings. Everyone going into the woods and designing to construct his shelter with the materials at hand, should procure "Log Cabins," for in its pages he will find a variety of designs, simple and ornate, adapted to temporary shelter or to permanent homes, with full and clear instruction and illustration in every matter of detail. Sent, post free, for $1.50.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.,
318 Broadway, New York.
LONDON: DAVIES & CO., 1 Finch Lane.

GURDON TRUMBULL'S

Names and Portraits of Birds

Which Interest Gunners; with descriptions in language understanded of the people.

Practically speaking, this is the first popular volume of ornithology ever issued from the press; a work which goes far to demonstrate that scientific accuracy may be as easily maintained in English as in Greek or Latin. Follows the game birds all over the continent and gives a glossary of all the local names in popular use. Illustrated with admirable portraits from the pencil of Mr. Edwin Shepard of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, which, with the clear descriptions in the text, will enable any man who can read to identify the contents of his game bag.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS:

It is the first, so far as we know, [illegible]s of books of which the need is felt in every department of natural history.—*Troy Press.*

The book should find its way to a choice place in every sportsman's library.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

I would much rather know what this book tells me, the various names by which the people call a bird, than the Latin, Greek or Hebrew name which science gave him for the sake of cataloguing him. * * * It is more value to me to have a description of a bird in plain English which I understand than in scientific language which I do not understand.—*W., in Journal of Commerce.*

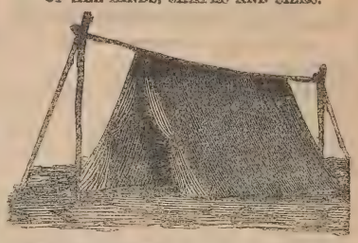
SOLD BY
Forest and Stream Publishing Co.
PRICE, $2.50.

Wanted.

WANTED.—LIVE DEER, PRAIRIE CHICKens, partridge, quail and turkeys. Address full particulars, Box 3350, P. O. New York City.
au15,4t

Yachting Goods.

SPORTSMAN'S
Camping or Fishing Tents
OF ALL KINDS, SHAPES AND SIZES.



Yacht and Canoe Sails of most approved styles also awnings for store fronts, windows, yacht boats etc. New style of Canoe Tents made at low figures. Flags, Burgees and covers of all kinds. Camp Stoves, Camp Chairs, Sacking Bottoms, Hammocks, all kinds of Fancy Tents, and in fact anything made from canvas when an intelligent description is given of what may be needed. My beautifully illustrated circular now ready. Send stamp for price list. Address S. HEMMENWAY, 60 South st., N. Y. City.

A. WILSON,
Sail Maker,
No. 416 ATLANTIC AVE., BOSTON, MASS.
Yacht Sails and Flags a Specialty.

Yachts and Canoes For Sale.

LARGE CANOE FOR SALE.
H. L. CAMPBELL, Buffalo, N. Y.

J. N. DODGE,
276 & 278 Division Street,
DETROIT, MICH.



Manufacturer of White Cedar Duck Decoys of all kinds. Also Swan, Geese, Brant, Coot, Shell Drake, Plover, full-shaped and flat folding Snipe Decoys. Duck and Turkey Calls. Decoys made like any pattern furnished without extra charge. Bottom prices to the trade. Illustrated price list.

Ligowsky C. P. No. 3

The only target having the patent

INTURNED EDGE.



2,000 shots out of each 1,000 targets on account of non-breakage in shipping, trapping and falling upon ground. The only target made with the INTURNED EDGE, producing the surest breaker when hit, and surest non-breaker when not hit. Our traps are sold for the sole purpose of shooting our targets.

MOLLER'S NORWEGIAN
COD-LIVER OIL



FOR General Debility, Scrofula, Rheumatism or Consumption, is superior to any in delicacy of taste and smell, medicinal virtues and purity. London, European and New York physicians pronounce it the purest and best. Sold by Druggists.

PUREST and BEST.

W. H. Schieffelin & Co. (Wholesale Agents U.S. and Canada) New York

WOODCRAFT.

By "NESSMUK."

A book for people who love outdoor life; for the hunter, the angler and the canoeist. The work has been of service to thousands of outers, and will help thousands of others. It is full of practical advice and information from one who has spent his life in learning by hard experience what he now tells his readers. No camper can afford to be without it. Cloth, 160 pages, illustrated. Price $1.00.

FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO.,
New York.
DAVIES & Co., 1 Finch Lane, London, Eng

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 12, 1889.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 8. No 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Only advertisements of an approved character inserted. Inside pages, nonpareil type, 30 cents per line. Special rates for three, six, and twelve months. Seven words to the line, twelve lines to one inch. Advertisements should be sent in by Saturday previous to issue in which they are to be inserted. Transient advertisements must invariably be accompanied by the money or they will not be inserted. Reading notices $1.00 per line.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

May begin at any time. Subscription price, $4 per year; $2 for six months; to a club of three annual subscribers, three copies for $10; five copies for $16. Remit by express money-order, registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canadas and Great Britain. For sale by Davies & Co., No. 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London. General subscription agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Davies & Co., Messrs. Sampion Low, Marston, Searles and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London, Eng. Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France, sole Paris agent for sales and subscriptions. Foreign subscription price, $5 per year; $2.50 for six months.

Address all communications
Forest and Stream Publishing Co.
No. 318 BROADWAY. NEW YORK CITY.

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL.
The State Shoots.
A Third Chapter of Accidents.
Snap Shots.
THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST.
Shooting at Mt. Olympus.—IV.
NATURAL HISTORY.
Aquaria Notes.
Notes on Back Numbers.
Whistle of the Woodcock.
A Two-headed Snake.
GAME BAG AND GUN.
Texas Game Law.
Pattern and Penetration.
Bullets from Shotguns.
Chicago and the West.
Worcester Opening Day.
Rifle Facts and Theories.
A Trip over Clip.
Ducks in South Dakota.
A Big Bear.
Game Notes.
CAMP-FIRE FLICKERINGS.
SEA AND RIVER FISHING.
A Week in the Laurentians.
Camps of the Kingfishers.—IX.
About Land Sharks.
Taking in a Big One.
St. Lawrence Fish Protection.
Angling Notes.
FISHCULTURE.
Fish Breeding in Canada.
THE KENNEL.
Registration in the Gazette.
Great Dane Standard.
Helena Dog Show.
Wilmington Dog Show.
Brooklyn Dog Show.
Dog Talk.
Kennel Notes.
RIFLE AND TRAP SHOOTING.
Range and Gallery.
Inter-State Match in New Jersey.
The Canadian Wimbledon.
Minnesota State Shoot.
Pennsylvania State Shoot.
The Trap.
Seville Tournament.
CANOEING.
The A. C. A. Meet.
Arlington C. C. Regatta.
A. C. A. Paddling Trophy.
YACHTING.
Beverly Y. C.
Eastern Y. C. Regatta.
Hull Y. C. Regatta.
Larchmont Y. C. Regatta.
An Accident to Electra.
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE STATE SHOOTS.

IN our columns this week Minnesota, Pennsylvania and New Jersey appear side by side in rivalry, each State displaying the doings of its militiamen at the butts. Canada sends down the story of her Colonial Wimbledon, and next week will come the narrative of the scores made at the annual fall meeting of the National Rifle Association at Creedmoor. This is good so far as it goes: but instead of having less than a half dozen States holding shoots, the list should run through the entire Union, and every section show what it can do in comparison with its sister Commonwealths. In any National Guard a system of rifle practice once started is sure to be a very popular feature of military life. The men will be sure to keep it up, provided the official heads of the Guard give even a half-way support. The old-time enthusiasm, which expended itself, at the annual musters, in showing how this separate company could beat another separate company in marching ramrod fashion and in going through the manual of arms like well-greased automata, finds a far more sensible outlet through the rivalry of the contests at the targets; and all the time the men, instead of becoming a fine-looking and obedient uniformed machine, are trained into self-reliant fighters, for no man has yet been able to find any royal road to becoming a good shot. Practice, *practice*, PRACTICE, is the one pathway to success and fame as a marksman, and an intelligent private does not need an officer at his elbow to tell him how to practice.

That rifle practice has come to stay; that it is to become more and more a feature of regular as well as militia military life, can hardly be disputed. The competitions now in progress between members and teams of the various army departments and divisions are really of far more national importance than many other subjects given more notice in the public eye, and many a man in blue is glad of the break in the monotony of his enlisted life which comes through rifle practice. Enough States have taken up rifle practice to show that it can be carried out with the most satisfactory results, and at a minimum of cost. In those States where as yet nothing has been done, the neglect can only be explained on the ground that the official heads are either negligent or incapable. It is easy now to study what the pioneer States have done, what they have learned by experience to leave undone, and so devise a system of practice which shall at once produce the best results.

On the whole, the records are satisfactory. Massachusetts has spoken for herself in magnificent fashion on several English ranges, as she had previously ruled the roost on this side. Of the other States, each shows that there are good shots wearing the State uniform, and no longer can be truthfully uttered the taunt flung at our soldiers scarce a decade ago, "You are very pretty, but you can't shoot."

A THIRD CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

IF it were possible to collect data for a comprehensive study of shooting accidents, it would be found that most casualties of this nature would naturally fall into groups, each group having a distinct classification. Thus two weeks ago we made note of numerous instances where human beings had been mistaken for various species of game and deliberately shot at by hunters; and last week we spoke of the fatalities caused by stray bullets and the recklessness of shooters who do not stop to discover if there are human beings in range of their shots. A third class is of the purely accidental ones which result from the carelessness or clumsiness of shooting companions.

This is the season of the year when the accident insurance companies expect to be called on to pay insurance on men who have been maimed or killed by their field comrades. Last week a member of a deer-hunting party in Sullivan county, in this State, was killed by the accidental discharge of a companion's gun; the men were walking in single file, the one ahead carrying his gun on his shoulder pointing downward at the stomach of the man behind; a twig caught the trigger, the gun went off and the man behind died within an hour. Only a week before this came the report of the accidental killing of a prominent Iowa banker by his son while they were out hunting. These instances are multiplied again and again, and they constitute a distinct class of shooting accidents.

A judicious person will hesitate before venturing into the field with one whose shooting habits are unknown to him; and the older a person grows and the more he sees of field shooting and field shots the less inclined is he to risk his person and life with careless gunners. Few of us would be persuaded by the assurance of the German baron who invited an English guest to shoot with him on his preserve. "I have shot tiger in India," said the Englishman, by way of excuse, "and your German hunting is not exciting enough, don't you know?" "Ah!" returned the baron, "you love dancher, do you? Den you should go shoot mit me. Only an fordn'ght ago I shooted mine bruder-in-law right through de shtomach." No less reassuring was that reply of the keeper of an English estate, when a guest who had heard of his host's carelessness in the field, asked just as they were starting out, "Has Mr. —— ever wounded anybody?" "Oh yes," replied the keeper solemnly and in a whisper, "Mr. —— shoots a man every year." Such men have not learned the first principle of sportsmanship, for no man has a right to count himself a fellow of the craft until he has learned above all things caution in handling his weapon.

The simple rule never to point a gun at the person of a human being is the only safe maxim; nine of every ten accidents in the field are caused by a violation of it. The Utica, N. Y., young man who when trying to remove a cap from his gun, blew off the head of a boy standing by; the Milltown, Me., hunter, who when about to aim at a target, accidentally pressed the trigger of his rifle and put a bullet through the thigh of his friend with fatal results; the Kenosha, Wis., gunner, who when bringing down the barrels of his gun after loading it, discharged it and shot three children; the Leavenworth, Kan., man, and the Newport, R. I., gunner, who caused their friends to perish by similar premature gun discharges; all these and scores of others would not have been "prostrated with grief," "crazed" and otherwise made to suffer the tortures of self-reproach and condemnation, had they but observed this simple and with the exercise of only a slight degree of thoughtfulness entirely practicable rule. A gun is a deadly weapon; death is the purpose of its use; and there is no excuse for those who, forgetting or disregarding this, bring death to their fellows.

There are other accidents which are due to pure awkwardness and want of skill on the part of the shooter. From such wounding one is not safe in the city streets. It is notorious that when a policeman discharges his revolver at a fugitive, it is not the fugitive but the man on the other side of the street, or the child in the fifth story window who most often suffers. A policeman in New York the other day tried to shoot an alleged mad dog; the dog escaped, but a thirteen year old boy lost an eye. A compact item in a Jacksonville, Fla., paper, from an Ocala correspondent told a similar story in a nutshell: "Sunday as our meat man, H. M. Fowler, was attempting to slaughter a beef at his slaughter house, he accidentally shot his man Ben in the arm."

This proclivity of bullets aimed at one object to strike another has long been recognized, as appears from an old advertisement wherein it was ingeniously turned to account by an aggrieved owner of an ass thus, "Whereas, several idle and disorderly persons have lately made a practice of riding on an ass belonging to Mr. ———, now, lest any accident should happen, he takes this method of informing the public that he has determined to shoot the said ass, and cautions any person that may be riding on it at the same time to take care of himself, lest by some unfortunate mistake he should shoot the wrong one."

The paragraphers find frequent subjects for jest in the doings of careless gunners. When the Emperor of Germany while shooting at Buckow accidentally wounded a citizen of Berlin, who was looking on, this incident, coming after the peppering of three Scotch game keepers by Prince Henry of Battenberg, prompted the New York *World* to suggest, "If active hostilities of this kind continue in Europe the Universal Peace Society will have to interfere. No reasonable person insists that the aim of royalty should be high, but it ought at least to be accurate." A Bridgeport, Conn., man was shot through the foot by the discharge of a friend's gun; the *Standard* of that city reported that the charge "tore a hole in the foot six inches in diameter," whereupon the Danbury *News* commented, "This will give the reader an idea of the tonnage of the Bridgeport foot."

It must be confessed that this is unseemly joking on a serious subject, which has in it less of humor than of pathos. The lapse of twenty-five centuries has not deadened the touching appeal to sympathy in that story of Adrastus, the son of Georgias, the son of Midas, who in the year 550 B. C., having first killed his own brother by accident at home, and then with a javelin aimed at a wild boar having slain the son of his patron Crœsus, waited in silence and solitude until after the funeral, and then, "knowing within himself that of all men he ever heard of he was the most burdened with calamities, slew himself upon the tomb."

SNAP SHOTS.

BY the death of Hon. S. S. Cox, in this city last Tuesday, the friends of the National Park have lost a powerful, consistent and valued ally. Mr. Cox had an intelligent interest in the Park, and what was in the highest degree a patriotic concern for its conservation as a possession for the people for all time. In its defense against the plottings of railroad schemers Mr. Cox took an active part on the floor of the House, and it was in large measure due to his exertions that the purposes of the grabbers were balked. By his services in this course he made himself worthy of grateful remembrance. His voice and his influence will be missed in future legislation respecting the Park.

The complaint by our correspondent "Podgers" has a substantial basis. He went fishing and has returned not full of elation over the big string of fish captured, but cast down by the cruel treatment endured at the hands of the swindlers who prey on his kind. It is a complaint, too, that will find an echo in the hearts of numerous others who have fared in the same way. It is within the experience of most men who go from home on shooting or fishing excursions that the expenses of such outings are constantly growing, and this is not because more services are demanded, but because the demands for services rendered are becoming exorbitant.

Ira Paine, the famous pistol shot, died in Paris last Tuesday.

The Sportsman Tourist.

SHOOTING ON MOUNT OLYMPUS.—IV.

(Concluded from Page 103.)

THE following morning, some half hour after daybreak, our little party, consisting of five packmen, the guide, Tamayanes and myself, filed out of the village and commenced the ascent of the hill behind it.

Ahmed Khan and several of the villagers followed us with their prayers, not so much perhaps because they expected them to do us any good, but as a matter of pious custom.

Our course was an easy incline until we reached the ridge of the hill, up which we toiled wearily for a couple of hours, until we came to a long saddle, which turned our course at right angles. The crest of this saddle was bare, but on either side a deep wooded ravine had its source, and I could not help pondering on the possibility of escape from my dilemma, if I were to plunge down either of them and work my way down to the sea. A day's journey would surely bring me into the cultivated lowlands.

Whether it was that I did not trust my followers, or that I suspected that the bandit's men were lying in hiding near at hand, or that I shrunk from the undignified position in which I should be placed if taken while trying to escape, or whether it was that, having made up my mind to the sacrifice of the money, which would otherwise have been spent in holidaying, I was fascinated by the romance of the situation and saw in it possibilities of compensation for my contracted tour, I hardly know. It may be that all of these considerations had their measure of weight in determining results, but at any rate, although I looked both to right and left, I pressed "onward, right on."

Arrived at the end of the saddle, we plunged into open pine forest; there was no trail, and the hill before us being too steep for a packman to breast easily, we tacked away to our left until we came out on a precipitous opening, with no vegetation but raspberry and blackberry bushes among the shattered rock masses.

High above us in front we got a glimpse of the grass-green mountainside, dotted with gray granite rocks; but there was an indistinctness of detail which convinced me that we had still a great deal of climbing to do before we got there. Then a laughing exclamation from one of the packmen, and we turned, and, lo! there was Broussa nestling at our feet, the sea of Marmora laving her shores, and idealized by distance into a perfect earthly paradise.

The packmen threw down their packs, and we sat and looked down on the scene, so seemingly peaceful from our point of view, in the calm, clear sunlight, and the balmy atmosphere of the pine forest, an atmosphere which I at once proceeded to vitiate with my pipe.

Again we started, and after an hour's hard struggle reached the top of the hill. Before us spread a vast expanse of rugged treeless mountains towering skyward, but between us and the mountainside was a deep ravine, how deep we knew not, a ravine into which the sun rarely penetrated, so cool was the air; there were even traces of snow under some of the rocks.

And now downward we toiled through the forest for nearly an hour, guided by the descent and by the murmur of what at first appeared a brawling brook, but which at closer quarters proved quite a river, and evidently a formidable one in flood. Big boulders were scattered over its bed, and logs laid down for crossing from boulder to boulder, betrayed the handiwork of man.

The water had that delicious freshness always appreciable in granite mountains, but was too cold to drink much of, and as we resolved to camp here for dinner, a fire was lighted, food cooked, and the aroma of coffee soon pervaded the scene. We appeared to be all alone, no sign of man or beast intruded itself upon us.

"Perhaps," said Timayanes, "the bandits were lying in wait for us below Ahmed Khan's village, but even if so they are already on our tracks."

Weary indeed was that march up the hill. It was 4 o'clock before we emerged from the forest, and we had still a couple of miles to cross along its upper edge to the camping ground, where we found water, fuel and protection from the elements under shelter of some overhanging rocks.

As we sat around the camp-fire in the evening after supper I instituted inquiries and learned that these mountain wilds are not wholly uninhabited, but are roamed over by bands of shepherds, who are given to dispute with each other about their feeding grounds, and to settle their disputes with the club, but who, since Futteh Ali's residence among them, have been accustomed to look up to him as the representative of absolute power and dispenser of justice.

No one knew just how many followers Futteh Ali Shah had. There might be hundreds or even thousands in the organization. The little band that he had brought to the mountains was variously estimated at from thirty to fifty, but most of his adventures were in Broussa and Stamboul.

The villagers spoke in quiet respectful terms of him, as they would of any one having authority. The mere fact that he was for the present outlawed by the government at Constantinople did not affect the merits of the case in their estimation. He still made good his right to live his own way, and to dictate to others the terms on which they should live. He was evidently a man to be looked up to.

For myself, I was from the first satisfied that he was not an ordinary footpad, who would rob you of what you might have on your person, and then cut your throat to prevent your telling tales. He was from all accounts a gentleman and man of honor, a man who if he promised to send your head down to Broussa, unless its price in sequins were sent at an appointed time, would fulfil his promise with the most punctilious exactitude.

A comfortable couch of fir boughs was spread under the rocks, and spreading my blanket on this, I slept the sleep of the just, while the other members of the party were still passing round the pipe.

The morning broke bright and clear. There were no signs of life outside our own party, and, breakfast disposed of, we started on the hunt, leaving Timayanes behind to cook for himself and me, and one villager to bring wood and water, and cook for the rest of the party.

What a bed of wild flowers was the grassy slope up which we plodded for some two miles from camp! It terminated at length in a rocky peak which stretched down from above, and as we came to the edge of the tableland to avoid this, the mountainside sloped away down from us for thousands of feet, a treeless tract, with scant herbage, and broken up into hill and ravine and rugged precipice, while high above the snow-clad peaks shone brightly in the morning sun.

Here I took out my field glass and scanned the whole hillside, and for a long time in vain. At length far away and considerably below the level on which we stood, a thousand feet at least, I saw a dark object which I made out to be a chamois, recumbent upon an exposed point of rock; a little further search showed two more on a ledge of the rock, perhaps 50ft. below him. I had considerable difficulty in bringing them into the field of the guide's vision. He had never used a telescope before, but at length he sighted them, and grasped the situation. Then he laid down the glass and announced that they were a long way off.

"We can reach them in an hour," I said.

"No, Effendi," said he with an inward chuckle, "it is not a straight line from us to them. We shall do well to reach them in two hours: but there they are, and not likely to move until toward evening, unless disturbed. There is plenty of time."

It was a more rugged journey than anything I had any conception of, steeper in places than I supposed it possible for man to climb, but the villagers went, and I followed. My head was clear enough, and a very little tuft of grass, I found, would help one over a very bad place.

And so we went on, down the declivity again, until we stood on the edge of a sheer precipice of fifty, a hundred, perhaps two hundred feet fall, and had to turn, and cross ridge and ravine again, in quest of a more feasible descent.

An hour from the start we paused on the edge of a precipice, and got another good view of our game, now just visible to the naked eye, and the guide endeavored to plan out a line of approach. Now for the first time we noticed that away deep down in the hollow there was a sea of vapor, with arms rolling up the channels in the mountains. It was clear sunlight above us, but if we once got enveloped in the cloud, as we now certainly would, we could make little progress until it should clear off again. I was feverishly impatient to reach the chamois before they would become enveloped in mist.

And so we struggled on for another hour, and saw the sea of dense mist spread out under our feet, and still slowly rising, until at length the guide who was in advance reached a point of rock from which he stepped back noiselessly, then motioned to me to come and get a peep.

How my heart throbbed as I peeped over and saw three big bucks quietly chewing the cud, about a hundred feet below me, and only about a hundred yards away, while some fifty feet lower was a herd of fifty or more, half enveloped in the upper edge of fog.

I paused a moment to recover breath, then sank on one knee, rested my elbow on the other, and took a very deliberate aim.

The shot rang out, the report echoed and re-echoed from hill to hill, I saw where the ball struck the rock about a foot too low, saw the buck spring to his feet, and had an indistinct vision of other forms springing up from the ground, realized that the distance was greater than I supposed, raised the sight, pulled the trigger again, saw the buck rise on his hindlegs and wheel partly round, make a couple of plunges forward, try to save himself on the edge of the precipice, stagger a moment, and then topple over headlong into the sea of cloud.

All this required but a few seconds; at the moment the buck fell I saw innumerable figures plunging downward in all directions, and twice more my trusty Winchester rang out, aimed at two beasts, at the very edge of the mist, but with what success I knew not.

It took at least a quarter of a mile's clambering before we reached the spot that the chamois had alighted on, at the foot of the precipice. We were now enveloped in the cloud, and although we could pierce the gloom for a radius of ten or fifteen feet, we could discern absolutely nothing beyond that distance.

There was no buck there, but the guide pointed out the great pool of blood, where he fell, and the track which he had made sliding down the incline. We went down this carefully, for about fifty feet, and came on him dead, on the very edge of another fall of unknown depth. All hands set to work and dragged the carcass to a more level piece of ground, and at once proceeded to skin him, preparatory to cutting him up, for in no other way could we have got him to camp.

While this work was in progress, the guide and I tried back, and after some search found blood on another trail, which we followed for half a mile at least. At length the quarry loomed up big through the mist, but broke away so suddenly, that although I pulled the trigger, I believe I missed him at five yards.

There was a big pool of blood where he had lain, and I was fit to kick myself at the thought that I had not exchanged my Winchester for the smoothbore, while going through the fog. I made the exchange now, and again we went on through the fog, tracking the blood stains, until we came to a place where he had fallen, rolled over, and then slidden down the hill.

He had not gone far. We sighted him some fifty yards below trying to struggle to his feet, but I was too quick for him, a ball through the shoulders settled him, and my guide was soon astride him with the knife.

The guide now made me understand that he wanted me to remain by the buck, and skin it, while he went for help, and signifying my assent, I lighted my pipe, drew my hunting knife and motioned him off. I suppose I was nearly an hour getting off the skin, but the task was finished at length, and as I turned round to look for a restful seat, I was startled by some big object going by me through the fog.

All was now clear below me, the bottom of the cloud had just reached my level, and I immediately sprang for my smoothbore, but the beast was heading upward, and was already lost in the cloud before I could raise my weapon. But instantly there rang out the report of a gun quite close to me, the angry growl of a bear, a second shot, a woman's scream, a man's more distant shout, and while this was transpiring I was rushing up the hillside, and saw through the mist the wounded and enraged bear rushing on the man who had just fired his second shot and turned to flee.

The bear rose to his haunches and was in the act of striking with his paw, when, fearing to fire high, lest the ball should go through to the man, I let go at his haunch.

This brought him around with a rush toward me, and as he came within five yards I fired from my side and sprang around a point of rock. The bear dropped, but endeavored to crawl to me, growling savagely; happily the incline was steep, and he slipped down it some ten feet before he could stop himself. In that interval I was fumbling for my cartridges, and had got one into the breech and closed it, but before I could raise the gun to my shoulder another hunter was at my side, and had sent a ball into his open jaws that paralyzed him.

Pausing a moment to see that his work was done, he at once turned, and without a word to me sprang up the hill. I followed, and a few strides sufficed to bring us in sight of the young man, a mere boy, who had fired the first shots. He was seated on the ground, looking very haggard; and his jacket, torn and matted, with blood at the shoulder, showed where he had been wounded. The bear was grasping him by the shoulder when I fired.

He smiled feebly as we approached, and the second hunter knelt over him, and spoke in very tender accents, and to my astonishment bent over and kissed him.

I looked at the wounded boy, at his clear fair skin, his delicate features, and at the contour of his heaving bosom, and then remembering the woman's cry, I said to myself, "Here is a romance." Then as I looked at the clear, bold, falcon eye, the lithe figure and reckless look of the handsome fellow who had come last on the scene, I knew beyond a doubt that I was in the presence of the noted bandit chief, and of some disguised lady love who shared his wild life with him.

I spoke to him in English involuntarily, and he turned and asked me in French if I knew anything of the leech's art, and on my replying that I had studied it, he asked me to examine the wound.

Ripping the sleeve of the jacket, I removed that first, and then cutting away a portion of the muslin robe beneath, I laid bare the wound, which was considerable, but hardly dangerous. The bear had grasped her shoulder and my shot had made him let go before he had fairly closed his grip, but not in time to prevent his raising the skin and flesh, and laying bare the quivering muscles.

Water was soon brought, and having washed the wound, I took off my shirt, washed it out, and making a wet pad of the linen front, I laid it on the wound, after laying the skin in position, made a partial bandage of the remainder of the shirt, then borrowing the chief's silk sash, which he wore round his waist, I completed the bandaging satisfactorily.

The patient then drank some water, and after thanking me with her eyes, and exchanging a few words with the chief, the latter sounded a horn, which soon brought answering echoes from above, and in ten minutes or so there was half a score of picturesque looking ruffians on the scene.

Before their arrival I had told the chief that the wounded girl would have to be carried to camp, and apparently the task of making a stretcher was a familiar one to them, for they very soon had one constructed of their muskets and waistbands, and we were soon ready for departure.

I then mentioned my chamois to the chief, and was able to point it out to him, for by this time the cloud had lifted high above us. He remarked that the road was rough, and that all his men would be wanted for the stretcher, but that he would send back a party immediately for the chamois and bear skin. Then on second thought he detailed one of the party to remain behind, and take off the bear's pelt.

We came up to the tableland just at the spot from which we had descried the chamois in the morning, and as we reached it we could see in the distance, my men toiling like ants up the ascent, with their loads of meat. We made no halt, but one of the chief's men was told off to wait their arrival. What his instructions were I could not, of course, understand, and I could not bother the chief with inquiries.

I judged from the direction we took that the camp was about two miles from my own. It was down in the forest, on the bank of a stream. The litter was taken to a ledge of rock, differing from my shelter of the previous night only in respect that it formed quite a large chamber, which had been, perhaps in part, hollowed out by man.

The girl was able to stand, and alighted and walked a little, leaning on the chief's shoulder, but a light cot was brought, rug and pillow adjusted, and she was easily persuaded to repose, for indeed she looked rather faint, although she smiled and occasionally spoke cheerfully.

To my astonishment Timayanes and the villager were at the camp, with all my belongings, and he told me in a few whispered words that the chief had arrived some two hours after my departure, ordered the removal of everything to the camp, left a man as guide, and then set out in my tracks.

I stuck to my post as surgeon, and asked for vinegar. This was happily forthcoming, and removing the heavy silk sash from the wounded shoulder, I sought to allay the inflammation by the continued application of vinegar and water, the first experience of which made the poor girl wince, but she bore it bravely with set teeth.

The chief called me, and asked if I knew how to treat the wound, and if I had all that was necessary, for if not he would at once dispatch a dozen men to Broussa, capture a doctor and bring him up, but that he was unwilling to resort to such a step unless it were absolutely necessary; unless, in fact, life were at stake.

I told him that I thought there was little danger, that the torn parts had been placed in position and would soon reunite, and that the only thing to do at present was to keep down the inflammation by cooling applications. I added that an ointment would then be required to heal the wound, but that if he could procure a lot of resin drops from pine trees, I could, from that and olive oil, compound a very healing ointment.

This evidently comforted him. Timayanes was called up and asked about the yellow pine resin. Several of the men knew what was meant, and I added that if enough could not be found outside the bark, a number of trees near camp should be wounded and the resin collected in the morning.

Half an hour after our arrival the first chamois came on the ground, with my men. These fraternized very amicably with the bandits, for such they really were, and cooking was soon in progress. Later still, the other

chamois and the bear skin being brought into camp, and the whole party assembled, everything went merrily.

Among the party was one of the mountain shepherds with five sheep, and I saw that, owing presumably to there being so much meat in camp, he was being sent away; but I recommended to the chief to retain one sheep and have it killed, as its flesh would be much better for the patient than venison. This was done, and I gave orders to have some mutton broth made from one of the legs, and the fat removed when cold.

On the whole, I thought matters had taken a favorable turn, but the chief, though polite, was rather formal than cordial, perhaps not without a certain measure of anxiety as to the disposition of his followers. They all knew that I had cut loose at the right moment, and saved the girl; but that was rather the chief's concern than theirs.

A camp was allotted to me, and I supped alone, the chief sending me a bottle of Cyprian wine of approved vintage. After supper and a smoke, during which several of the bandits strolled around, and chatted and joked with Timayanes, the chief sent his salaam, and asked if I would come to his camp.

I found the patient a little feverish, and prescribed wine and water, and spoke cheerfully to her, telling her that her wound would be quite healed in a week, then sat on, and tried to make conversation with the chief, which was difficult, as neither of us had a familiar knowledge of French, and we sat for a time in silence.

"We have been watching you for some days," said the chief, at length, "and while I am myself under obligations to you, these rascals will expect to be paid for their trouble. My own finances are low, too, or I would gladly barter with them for your liberation. Something they must and will have."

"I am entirely in your hands," I replied, "and ready to be guided by your advice, and from what I learned yesterday, you know exactly the state of my finances."

"We know certainly the state of your letter of credit with the banks, but as to what property you may have in your own country, we have no knowledge."

"That," said I, "is easily told; my only possession in the United States is my citizenship. I have five hundred sequins, and with these I meant to visit Egypt before returning to my own home. Now, I propose to get you to buy me off from your followers for half the sum. For yourself, I will ask you to accept my repeating rifle, and on my return home I will send you sufficient shells to last you a lifetime. And now, being here and having a patient to attend to, I should like to spend a couple of days hunting the mountain sheep."

"It is good," said the chief; "sit with the patient while I go out and hold council."

After he was gone the patient summoned me to her side and gently slipped a ring into my hand. I saw the diamond sparkle as she did so, and closing my hand on hers with gentle pressure, I thanked her as well as I could.

The chief was absent fully an hour. When he returned his brow was clear.

"I have arranged with them," he said, "more easily than I expected. You will write a check in the morning for 125 piastres and remain here hunting and attending to our patient while the messenger is absent. This is a loan to me, which I will repay as soon as I can command funds. You shall not lose your trip to Egypt. I am myself of Egyptian origin, a descendant of the Pharaohs, the Om Rah, the Lords of Light, the builders of the Pyramids."

And now let me bring my story to a close. I gave the check the next morning and almost immediately started off on a hunting tour, accompanied only by my own villagers. A flock of mountain sheep was found with the telescope, high up under the snows, and hours spent in crawling up to them. I did not know just how far we were from them, as we toiled up a steep ravine, when my guide motioned me to climb the bank. I did so, and there, not 20yds. from me, stood a big ram with a flock of twenty at rest around him. We stared at each other, and alas! in that decisive moment, buck fever or some other fever took possession of me, and with a film over my eyes my ball went astray. As the flock sped away toward some precipitous rocks, I let loose again four times, and one sheep fell, but regained his feet immediately, and in two minutes more the flock was gone.

On our way down we almost ran into a herd of chamois and I dropped two of them, which greatly raised all our spirits. I reached camp to find my patient doing fairly well under the weak vinegar treatment, in good spirits and with fair appetite. Nearly a pound of resin had been collected, there was olive oil in plenty, and while my supper was being cooked I melted and skimmed the resin, added the oil and prepared an unguent which I set aside to cool.

The next day was devoted to idleness. I removed the bandages from my patient's arm, washed the wound and put on a large plaster of the unguent. The wound had begun to heal, and although there was some inflammation I was satisfied it was doing well, and spoke encouragingly, and she, for her part, became quite cheerful and made light of her wound.

The next day we went on the wild sheep chase again. I dressed my patient's wound before starting, and found that there had been considerable discharge, but that the inflammation was subsiding. This day, too, it was an all-day climb to reach the sheep, but we got there. There was no 20yd. shooting this time. I got into cover at about 120yds. and knelt there and rested, until I had in great part recovered my breath; then I drew a steady bead upon one old ram, and cut loose. I heard the welcome thud, and then as the stricken beast began to plunge around in a circle, I knew there was no need to fire at him again, so I gave my attention to the retreating flock, dropping two of them, a young ram and a ewe. It made a heavy load for the party, and I had to carry the head and skin of the bighorn myself, a burden that makes my shoulders ache every time I think of it.

That evening some shepherds brought in two fine pair of old horns and skins, which I purchased for a sequin to our mutual satisfaction. My patient was doing well, and I enjoyed my mutton chops with an appetite which made me think that on some future occasion, if fortune favored me, I should willingly enough give a hundred sequins for such another day's toil, to be closed with such another supper, eaten with such an appetite, and such another bottle of Cyprian wine. Futteh Ali Shah—your very good health! I will seek you out when I next come to Turkey.

The following morning the messenger returned from the city with the proceeds of my check, which the chief distributed equally among his followers, and my patient having got over the shock to her general health, wanted to get up, but I insisted on her lying quiet, and drinking her mutton broth, for another day or two, which she consented to the more readily, that I promised to spend another day there.

I had heads and skins enough to satisfy me, but during the last two hunts we had put up several flocks of ptarmigan, and as I had brought along a hundred shot cartridges, I determined to spend a day among the birds, and was well satisfied with the results, although I got only seven birds.

Returning early, I put the chief through a course of drill upon the Winchester, which I formally presented to him, and in the evening, the last evening we spent together, he grew communicative and friendly, but not a word in allusion to the history of the gazelle-eyed Fatima.

At daybreak the following morning I breakfasted, and while Timayanes attended to the packing and dispatch of my impedimenta, I visited my fair patient, dressed her wound, which was almost healed, and pressed her hand as we took one long keen parting glance. Then bidding cheerful adieu to the rough band, and shaking hands with the chief, with a quiet earnestness, as if we were attached friends, I began the descend of the Olympus.

Facilis descensus. We took our midday meal with Ahmed Khan, and at eight o'clock that evening, bathed and refreshed, I sat down to dinner at my inn at Broussa.

The authorities had been making some demur about my shooting trip, and this the U. S. Minister at Constantinople straightened out without difficulty.

Ten days later I received a bill of exchange drawn by Futteh Ali Shah, on the banker Suleiman Buksh, in my favor, for one hundred and twenty-five sequins. So I got well out of the hunting adventure without losing my trip to the Pyramids. Fatima claimed the bear skin as her right by law of the chase. A.

Natural History.

AQUARIA NOTES.

[Occasional Observations on the Fishes of the Aquaria of the U. S. Fish Commission at Washington.]

BREEDING AND NEST-BUILDING HABITS OF THE TWO-SPINED STICKLEBACK.

A NUMBER of nests of the two-spined stickleback (*Gasterosteus biaculeatus*) were built during the month of April, and the young were duly hatched. The operation of building the nest is quite different from that of the four-spined stickleback (*Apeltes quadracus*), not being so complete an example of fish architecture.

The eggs are deposited in a little nest-shaped accumulation of alga on the bottom of the aquarium, or among the alga growing on a stone. They are then covered with bits of alga, the male fish drawing himself over them from time to time with a slow, quivering motion, the spines extended and the fins vibrating with the greatest rapidity. This was supposed to be the process of fertilization until closer observation showed the addition of several fine grayish threads after each operation. It should be mentioned that from the time of the act of spawning the male is the sole actor, the female at once taking her departure or being driven away. In a small vessel she would be killed.

The head of the fish is used as by the four-spined stickleback in fashioning a hole through which circulation may be kept up among the eggs.

The addition of the alga and repetitions of the spinning process alternate until the nest is of sufficient size. Large pieces of alga are thrown carelessly over the nest with the evident intention of concealing it. After the nest is completed the threads binding it together may be plainly seen, giving it the appearance in some cases of a loosely-constructed cocoon, but it is not the neat and compact structure of the four-spined stickleback.

The nests are about the bulk of a hemisphere one inch in diameter, but more or less irregular in shape. The efforts of the male to induce or compel the female to visit the nest and spawn are highly interesting. The nuptual coloration of the male fish is very beautiful, being pink and blue-fleeked with pearly and bronze tints.

Circulation is kept up (among the eggs) during incubation by fanning with the pectoral fins and by drawing or forcing water through them with the mouth.

After the young are hatched the male still keeps up a vigilant warfare upon anything approaching their vicinity, even fiercely and incessantly attacking a net or glass pipette put down to capture some of them.

The male parent himself darts at the young when they emerge from cover with the evident intention of frightening them into hiding. They dart under the alga like a brood of chickens at the appearance of a hawk, but soon troop out like a lot of merry children at play to be again and again driven under cover by the anxious father as he returns from his fierce and tireless forays against intruders into his claim.

HATCHING THE HORSESHOE CRAB.

Some hundreds of the eggs of the horseshoe crab (*Limulus polyphemus*) were mailed to Dr. Smith of the Fisheries Division of the U. S. Fish Commission, by E. S. Howell, of Dias Creek, N. J., in the month of August, and hatched rapidly on being placed in a tank of seawater. In a month they were examined and some of them were found to have doubled in size. Their food in the aquarium is apparently limited to decaying ulva and probably some infusorial life.

AN EXAMPLE OF VORACITY.

A rock-fish (*Roccus lineatus*) about 3in. long, not having been fed for two days, on being given a bounteous supply of worms so gorged itself that the end of one worm protruded from its vent about a quarter of an inch and squirmed about vigorously, withdrawing and protruding for some time, until it finally disappeared for good. WM. P. SEAL.

AUDUBON MAGAZINE.—We wish to procure copies of the *Audubon Magazine* of the dates of February and August, 1887; the original price will be paid for them. Address the Forest and Stream Publishing Company.

THE WHISTLE OF THE WOODCOCK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There seems a great diversity of opinion among sportsmen as to the manner in which the woodcock produces the peculiar whistle, some maintaining that it is caused by the sharp cutting of the air by their pinions, others (myself among the number) that it is through the instrumentality of the bill. Why should every other bird have its distinctive note and the woodcock alone be mute? The woodcock's cousin, the English snipe, has his cry as he starts from the boggy meadows, why should one make that peculiar noise with the wing and the other not? I have repeatedly flushed woodcock as I have snipe, and both have started on the wing without any noise whatever; then why should they be silent at one time and make their peculiar sound at another, when equally started, if the wings produce the sound? Again, I have held a wounded woodcock in my hand and he has made a twitter, while grasped about the body without the possibility of moving the wings. Again, while going along country roads, where no fright was involved, and with nothing to call for unusual speed, I have heard the same cry or whistle. I know that in the fall I have flushed birds that have gone away at such a speed that if the whistle were in the wing they went fast enough to make it equal to my dog whistle, but still with no note. I may be dead wrong and a numbskull of the first water, but after forty years of woodcock shooting I still believe in the bill. If I am proved to be in the wrong I had better go slow, keep dark and put the shot in first. C. H.

The above are the views and opinions of my fellow sportsman and friend, Mr. Charles Hinkle, manager of the art department of the *Illustrated Sporting News*. I know of no man more observant, trustworthy or experienced in woodcock shooting, or a better field shot on the wing or more true sportsman. His views and experience coincide with my own. I am certainly not of those who hold to the idea that the noise is produced by the woodcock's primary quills.

If this whistle emanates from the startled swiftness of sudden fright-flight, through action of rushing air and by action of wind on the primary or pinnated quill, how is it then that you gentlemen all hear this said-same twitter or whistle by the wounded and enfeebled bird's weak flutter in your hand, precluded from wind action, which you claim is its sole cause? Again, how is it that this whistling note is given out frequently through the entire moult season? This has been carefully noted by friends of mine who spent the month of August last roaming the hills and woods of Litchfield, and at all times noted the whistle sound given out on startled intrusive flight. And often in the shades and shadows of its feeding solitude, when disturbed while feeding, and as you all say and bear witness never on alighting or on its flight for food. The whistle is vocal and guttural beyond question, as witnessed by "F. W." in letter of your issue Sept. 5 last, where he said he had shot the bird's bill away at its base, and then his "horsecar conductor" gave full proof that he had yet a vocal note.

On the border of a wood spring rill were found on the 30th day of August just past two woodcock sitting on nests not two hundred yards apart. Now, gentlemen, with this fact staring you full in the face, from a section that has been personally preserved by its owners for several years past, what have you to say as to the cruel and unsportsmanlike July mid-summer shooting of this most delicious game bird? CANONICUS.

NORTH NEW YORK.

NOTES ON BACK NUMBERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reply to your correspondent "H. W. D L.," who wonders if man's sympathy for God's creatures increases as he grows older, I would reply that it does. At least, that is my experience; and I observe the same trait of compassion in the majority of mankind. From my youth I have been a lover of the gun and the rod; and, although a comparatively young man, I have so much feeling for the animal and feathered tribes, that I do not do half as much hunting as I formerly did. A great writer has said: "God is in everything; be cruel to none; neither abuse anything by intemperance."

I never heard that the eggs of the great horned owl were forty-six days in hatching. If that is true, the owl exceeds all our domestic fowls in length of time required to develop the little owls, and comes near to the time of the ostrich, which averages near fifty days, according to the owners of California ostrich farms.

A recent writer in this journal made inquiry if the eggs of wild birds and fowls ever fail to hatch. Yes, most assuredly. This summer I found a quail's nest containing fifteen eggs. Wishing to know how they succeeded, I revisited the nest in a couple of weeks, and found all the eggs but one had sent forth Bob Whites. I also found a nest of twenty-two eggs. These were all taken by some person, as they were near a frequented path. Where there are as many as twenty or more eggs, two or three will fail to hatch.

Angling for bullfrogs is a pleasant diversion with rod and line, if the frogs are tolerably plentiful. A small piece of red flannel serves for bait, also white worms. It is curious to see how savagely a big bullfrog will bite at almost anything which is offered to him.

On Aug. 14 I observed a true Southern mockingbird here in 40° north latitude. This is the rarest bird we have. Have any of your readers observed the Southern mocking bird north of this latitude?

As the subject of albinos is always of interest to the general reader and the naturalist, I will add my share to the list of curious freaks of nature. Some years ago a trapper of this locality caught a white mink in a steel trap. Being unaware of the digression which nature sometimes makes in developing a specimen of either fowl or animal perfectly opposite in color to the rest of its species, the trapper would scarcely believe he had caught a real mink. Not long since I observed a common henharrier that was almost white. But most noteworthy of all the albinos that ever came within my direct observation was a turtle dove which remained in this region for some months a few years ago. It was a beauty; so white

and pretty. I noticed it several times, and have often wished I had added it to my collection of natural history specimens. JASPER BLINES.

ALEXANDRIA, Mo.

A RARE DEEP-SEA FISH.—On Aug. 2, the schooner Pathfinder, of Gloucester, captured a halibut on the eastern part of George's Bank in 175 fathoms of water, in the stomach of which was found a specimen of *Malacosteus niger* (?), a rare deep-sea fish. This species was first described by Ayres, in the Boston *Journal of Natural History* in 1849, page 53, from a specimen 8½in. long. The specimen here noticed is about of the same length. This fish is strictly a deep-sea form and shows that halibut have the habit of going down many fathoms. This specimen was presented to the U. S. Fish Commission at Washington by Mr. John Davis, through Capt. S. J. Martin. It is one of the few donations made by New England fishermen to the National Museum and Fish Commission. Many rare and curious fishes as well as other objects of zoölogy have been brought to light and preserved by the fishermen of the New England coast.

A TWO-HEADED SNAKE.—Aukland, Md., Sept. 6.—A boy in coming to town on last Saturday, Aug. 31, found a small snake, supposed to be a garter snake, having two perfectly developed heads. The snake is about 6in. long, and the heads are joined to the body about three-quarters of an inch back on its neck. Each head is perfectly developed. Upon teasing it with a pencil or stick it will strike viciously, sometimes with both heads and sometimes with only one. It seems to have perfect control of both heads and moves them independently of each other. It has been in captivity now about a week, and is apparently as lively as when captured. Is it a common thing for snakes to have two heads? This is the first one I have ever seen or heard of.—S. L. [It is a rare freak of nature.]

WOODCOCK AND WORM.—Until the recent discussion I supposed every one who when a boy dug earth worms for bait-fishing was familiar with the fact that they will come to the surface if the ground is thumped. Whether they do so thinking it is rain or because, as I think more probable, they find the vibration uncomforable, I do not know. Nor do I know anything of the habits of woodcock. But I have often seen results similar to these produced by the "woman stick" of the Hupa Indians.—AZTEC (San Luis Potosi, Mexico).

MR. CROWLEY.—A plaster cast of the bust of the celebrated chimpanzee, "Mr. Crowley," late of Central Park, New York, was made by Mr. Richardson, and now occupies a prominent position in the mammal hall of the U. S. National Museum at Washington.

RECENT ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—Purchased—Two kusimanse (*Crossarchus obscurus*), one lynx (*Lynx canadensis*), one sooty mangabey (*Cercocebus fuliginosus*), two Tamarin marmosets (*Midas ursulus*), four Abyssinian guineafowl (*Numida ptilorhyncha*), one darter (*Plotus anhinga*), two blue-bearded jays (*Cyanocorax cyanopogon*), nineteen banded rattlesnakes (*Crotalus horridus*), nine copperheads (*Ancistrodon contortrix*), one blacksnake (*Bascanion constrictor*), one copper-bellied snake (*Tropidonotus sipedon erythrogaster*), three ring-necked snakes (*Diadophis punctatus*), one banded watersnake (*T. fasciatus*), one two West African pythons (*Python sebæ*), three hog-nosed snakes (*Heterodon platyrhinus*), one hog-nosed snake (*H. platyrhinus niger*), one hog-nosed snake (*H. platyrhinus atmodes*), four Valeria's snakes (*Virginia valeriæ*), four fence lizards (*Eumeces fasciatus*), nine slimy salamanders (*Plethodon glutinosus*), two chameleonlike lizards (*Chamæleolis chamæleontides*), five equestrian lizards (*Anolis equestris*), one ribbon snake (*Eutænia saurita*), three common watersnakes (*Tropidonotus sipedon*), two corn snakes (*Coluber guttatus*), one garter snake (*Eutænia sirtalis*), and one green snake (*Cyclophis æstivus*). Presented—Two gray foxes (*Canis virginianus*), one Cuban iguana (*Cyclura nubila*), one bonnet macaque (*Macacus radiatus*), one red fox (*Canis vulpes fulvus*), six opossums (*Didelphys virginiana*), two barn owls (*Strix flammea americana*), one bald eagle (*Haliætus leucocephalus*), one red-tailed buzzard (*Buteo borealis*), one sharp-shinned hawk (*Accipiter fuscus*), two screech owls (*Megascops asio*), one black duck (*Anas obscura*), one redstart (*Setophaga ruticilla*), one great blue heron (*Ardea herodias*), thirty newts (*Desmognathus miniatus*), two pine snakes (*Pityophis melanoleucus*), one painted terrapin (*Chrysemys picta*), four musk terrapins (*Aromochelys odoratus*), one green turtle (*Chelonia mydas*), one alligator (*Alligator mississippiensis*), one Marcy's garter snake (*Eutænia marciana*), two striated turtles (*Chelopus insculptus*), one red-bellied terrapin (*Pseudemys rugosa*), one box tortoise (*Cistudo carolina*), and one Leconte's snake (*Rhinochilis leconteï*). Born—One Indian antelope (*Antilope cervicapra*), one beaver (*Castor fiber canadensis*), and one zebu (*Bos indicus*).

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

280.

SPEAKING of fishing reminds me of an amusing little incident that occurred in my family last spring. My wife shares with me a passion for fishing, and during the season we frequently take a boat and row out to the mouth of the river to fish for pike and white bass with minnows. Some unscrupulous person has told my wife that male fish will not bite a hook held by a man, and *vice versa;* so that one lovely evening toward the latter part of June, when we had dropped our anchor on our accustomed fishing ground, I said, "Now, my darling, we will soon see whether there is more he or she fish in the creek." We had hardly assumed the easiest possible position to await the bites, when my wife, in her accustomed energetic manner, succeeded in landing a 2-pound white bass. She did not say "First blood," women are so funny, you know, but I am sure she thought it. A weary half hour dragged away. No bite. I began to think my minnow must be off, and pulled up to see. While adjusting the bait a mean but brilliant idea presented itself to me, why not catch her fish over again? As her back was partly turned, and she was intent on fishing, the plan seemed feasible. I put her poor little he bass on my hook and slid him gently in. I had hardly got my line out before I pulled it in again. I said, "We are even." This scheme worked like a charm; so that, by the exercise of considerable tact and by working hard, I succeeded in hauling that fish in seven times before dark. I dragged him (or her) all over the river. "Mostly she fish to-night," I said. She said, "Let's go home." As I had been having quite a good time I did not object. Well, when we came to string those fish there was but one in the boat. Only the sound of the oars broke the stillness in that boat as we rowed home. C. W. R.

OSHKOSH, Wisconsin.

Game Bag and Gun.

TEXAS GAME LAW.

VICTORIA, Texas, Aug. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in a recent number of FOREST AND STREAM what purports to be an abstract of the game laws of this State, and find therein so many errors that I venture to correct them in order that readers of this journal may not be unwittingly led into violating the laws. Article 426 of the penal code reads as follows: "It shall hereafter be unlawful for any person to kill, ensnare or trap, or in any way destroy any wild deer in the period of time embraced between the 20th day of January and the 1st day of August of each year." After providing penalties for violation of the foregoing clause, the article further provides that any "butcher, huckster, marketer, carrier or express agent, or any person found in possession of fresh-killed venison one day before the above specified open season begins, or ten days after the open season has closed, shall be deemed guilty of the violation of the provisions of this article, and liable to the same proceedings and penalties herein provided." The open season for prairie chickens is from the first day of August to the first day of February. Quail from Oct. 1 to May 1. Wild turkeys Sept. 1 to May 1. GUADALUPE.

PATTERN AND PENETRATION.

GREENER, 10-GAUGE.

WHEN Mr. J. N. Such, of South Amboy, read the report of our Greener gun test in his FOREST AND STREAM, he felt that his favorite arm had not done itself credit. A gunner for years, he had gone through a deal of testing himself. He had purchased this, that and the other make of arm, had found some better, others worse, and had finally settled upon a Greener 10-gauge of the last model as being the best ducking gun he had come across, and one in every way meeting his intelligent demand of what such a gun should be. "I would like to shoot my Greener, which I feel confident will hold its



GREENER 10-GAUGE, 40YDS., RIGHT BARREL, 373 PELLETS, NO. 8 SHOT

own with any arm you can bring to your testing screen," said Mr. Such. "Load some cartridges and come along," was the reply of FOREST AND STREAM, and early on the morning of Aug. 8 the range was visited. It was a perfect morning for a gun test, and well did Mr. Such remark, "If the gun don't do good to-day, it certainly is not the fault of the weather conditions." The atmosphere was laden with moisture almost to the point of saturation. The wind came quartering down from the rear right hand in a lazy fashion, and once or twice during the shooting it started in to rain.

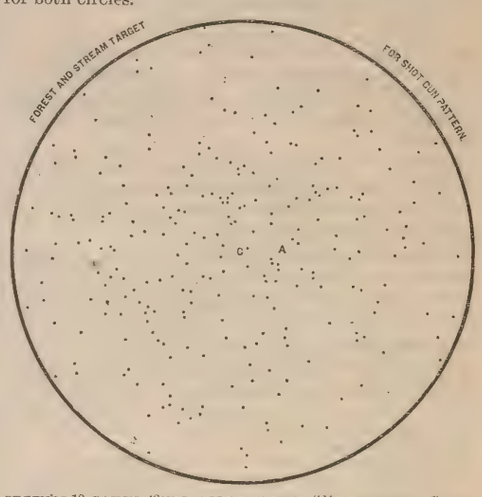
Mr. Such had loaded three sets of cartridges; one was No. 8 chilled shot and the other No. 7, and a third with No. 1 soft. The last is his favorite charge when out on Barnegat and Raritan Bays after the heavier fowl there. The loading of the charges had been most carefully performed, and the analyses show how evenly the powder



GREENER 10-GAUGE, 40YDS., LEFT BARREL, 362 PELLETS, NO. 8 SHOT.

and shot figures run. In crimping down the 7s and 8s shot cartridges, Mr. Such had not used the usual complete turn over of the upper and free end of the shell; instead he had followed the rule of having the card over the shot as light as consistent with good holding, so as to allow the shot charge free run from the barrel. After having put the card over the shot, he pressed down two opposite sides of the shell top with his penknife back, and left the shell with two projecting points. The charge was well held in, sufficiently so, at least, for carrying in the pocket, and for use by a careful gunner. The charge of the No. 1 shot, as it filled the shell close up to the mouth, was crimped down in the ordinary way.

The gun acted in the best manner throughout, and no special incident marked the firing of the sixty shots of the entire triple test. How close the gun held and how well the aimed circle corresponded with the struck circle is shown in the following tally sheet of each shots pattern for both circles.



GREENER 10-GAUGE, 40YDS., RIGHT BARREL, 264 PELLETS, NO. 7 SHOT

No. 8 Shot.—40yds.

Right Barrel. Aimed Circle.	Struck Circle.	In.	Left Barrel. Aimed Circle.	Struck Circle.	In.
301	351	7	344	360	7
313	324	4	281	354	7
345	373	4	295	298	3½
276	231	4	316	362	3
347	352	2½	312	357	7
Av...316	336	4	316	346	5½

No. 8 Shot.—60yds.

127	166	7½	140	160	7½
115	138	7	141	163	8½
63	106	8	159	162	4
167	172	5	128	150	7
173	166	4	129	156	6
Av...129	148	6	139	158	6½

No. 7 Shot.—40yds.

251	264	5	171	180	4½
236	246	4	271	275	3
245	243	3	218	224	4
255	264	2½	248	248	4½
242	229	5½	240	248	4
Av...246	249	4	229	235	4

No. 7 Shot.—80yds.

112	120	6	114	122	6½
124	127	5½	107	104	5½
104	93	5½	115	124	6
98	113	6½	104	110	5½
97	101	3	103	123	4
Av...107	111	5½	109	117	5½



GREENER 10-GAUGE, 40YDS., LEFT BARREL, 275 PELLETS, NO. 7 SHOT.

At the 60yds. distance an interesting trial was made. A few of the black powder cartridges used in the Scott gun test of the day previous were brought out, and two shots from each barrel were fired through the Greener gun. How they behaved is shown in the following tabular comparison between the doings of these two shots and the average at this distance by the Scott gun as given in the FOREST AND STREAM of last week.

Scott Gun, 60yds.. Average.

Right Barrel. Aimed Circle.	Struck Circle.	Penetration.	Left Barrel. Aimed Circle.	Struck Circle.	Penetration.
43	55	16	50	63	17
Greener Gun, 60yds., Two Shots.					
68	79	27	87	81	15
78	100	20	96	88	18
Av...73	89	23	92	84	17

In a recent number of the FOREST AND STREAM, it will be remembered, our statistical correspondent "Nick" took up the gun test tables to date and drew some general averages. This showed an average of 60 per cent. for ten tests at 40yds., with the maximum test reaching 72 per cent.; while at 60yds. the general average was 25 per cent. and the best trial 35 per cent. In the Greener gun under discussion it will be seen that in the No. 8 shot the figures for the entire gun were 69 per cent. and 31 per cent. for the 40 and 60yds. distances respectively, and 68

per cent. and 32 per cent. for the same distances of the No. 7 shot. It would seem, then, that the faith of Mr. Such in his Greener gun as a close hitter was not misplaced, while its power as a hard hitter is shown by the figures of penetration in the formal record of the entire test.

The record of the No. 1 shot will be given in the next number of the FOREST AND STREAM.

CLAREMONT, N. J., Aug. 8, 1889.

TEST MADE AT FOREST AND STREAM GUN-TESTING SCREEN.

Gun—Greener Ejector Hammerless. Cost, $350. No. of gun, 35,937. Weight, 10¾lbs. Length of barrels, 32in. Gauge, 10. Right barrel, full choke. Left barrel, full choke.
Weather—Cloudy. Direction of wind, 9 o'clock. Force of wind, 3 miles per hour. Thermometer, dry, 73°. Do., wet, 69°. Humidity, 82°. Barometer, 30.15in.
Charge, as given by holder of gun:

BOTH BARRELS.

Shell—U. S. Co.'s Climax.
Powder, Brand—Dupont's Eagle Ducking No. 2.
Powder, Quantity—4¼drs.
Shot—*Make*—Tatham's. *Quantity*—1¼oz. *Size*—No. 8 Chilled.

CARTRIDGE ANALYSIS.

Three Cartridges Taken at Random.

BOTH BARRELS.

Loading.		*Powder.*	*Shot.*	
Card over shot; slight crimp; 2 B. E. wads and card over pdr.	1...	110 grs.	546 grs.	515 pellets.
	2...	109 grs.	550 grs.	522 pellets.
	3...	108 grs.	545 grs.	516 pellets.
	Average	109 grs.	547 grs.	517 pellets.

TEST AT 40 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

RIGHT BARREL. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*	LEFT BARREL. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets*
1. 301 pellets.	14 sheets.	1. 344 pellets.	15 sheets.
2. 313 pellets.	16 sheets.	2. 281 pellets.	14 sheets.
3. 345 pellets.	21 sheets.	3. 295 pellets.	16 sheets.
4. 276 pellets.	17 sheets.	4. 346 pellets.	17 sheets.
5. 347 pellets.	15 sheets.	5. 312 pellets.	13 sheets.
Av. 316 pellets.	17 sheets.	Av. 316 pellets.	15 sheets.

Three shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.	LEFT BARREL.
1..... 373 pellets.	1..... 360 pellets.
2..... 351 pellets.	2..... 362 pellets.
3..... 352 pellets.	3..... 357 pellets.
Average 358 pellets.	Average 359 pellets.

TEST AT 60 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

RIGHT BARREL. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*	LEFT BARREL. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*
1. 127 pellets.	8 sheets.	1. 140 pellets.	10 sheets.
2. 115 pellets.	6 sheets.	2. 141 pellets.	9 sheets.
3. 63 pellets.	.. sheets.	3. 159 pellets.	8 sheets.
4. 167 pellets.	9 sheets.	4. 128 pellets.	12 sheets.
5. 173 pellets.	11 sheets.	5. 129 pellets.	9 sheets.
Av. 129 pellets.	8 sheets.	Av. 139 pellets.	9 sheets.

Three shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.	LEFT BARREL.
1..... 160 pellets.	1..... 160 pellets.
2..... 172 pellets.	2..... 163 pellets.
3..... 166 pellets.	3..... 162 pellets.
Average 166 pellets.	Average 162 pellets.

CLAREMONT, N. J., Aug. 8, 1889.

TEST MADE AT FOREST AND STREAM GUN-TESTING SCREEN.

Gun—Greener Ejector Hammerless. Cost, $350. No. of gun, 35,937. Weight 10¾lbs. Length of barrels, 32in. Gauge, 10. Right barrel, full choke. Left barrel, full choke.
Weather—Cloudy. Direction of wind, 9 o'clock. Force of wind, 3 miles per hour. Thermometer, dry, 73°. Do., wet, 69°. Humidity, 82°. Barometer, 30.15in.
Charge, as given by holder of gun:

BOTH BARRELS.

Shell—U. S. Co.'s Climax.
Powder, Brand—Dupont's Eagle Ducking No. 2.
Powder, Quantity—4¼drs.
Shot—*Make*—Tatham's. *Quantity*—1¼oz. *Size*—No. 7 Chilled.

CARTRIDGE ANALYSIS.

Three Cartridges Taken at Random.

BOTH BARRELS.

Loading.		*Powder.*	*Shot.*	
Card over shot; slight crimp; 2 B. E. wads and card over pdr.	1...	109 grs.	548 grs.	379 pellets.
	2...	109 grs.	549 grs.	379 pellets.
	3...	108 grs.	548 grs.	373 pellets.
	Average	109 grs.	548 grs.	377 pellets.

TEST AT 40 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

RIGHT BARREL. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*	LEFT BARREL. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*
1. 251 pellets.	21 sheets.	1. 171 pellets.	20 sheets.
2. 236 pellets.	20 sheets.	2. 271 pellets.	22 sheets.
3. 245 pellets.	18 sheets.	3. 218 pellets.	22 sheets.
4. 255 pellets.	21 sheets.	4. 248 pellets.	17 sheets.
5. 242 pellets.	18 sheets.	5. 240 pellets.	22 sheets.
Av. 246 pellets.	20 sheets.	Av. 229 pellets.	21 sheets.

Three shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.	LEFT BARREL.
1..... 264 pellets.	1..... 275 pellets.
2..... 246 pellets.	2..... 248 pellets.
3..... 264 pellets.	3..... 248 pellets.
Average 258 pellets.	Average 257 pellets.

TEST AT 60 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

RIGHT BARREL. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*	LEFT BARREL. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*
1. 112 pellets.	11 sheets.	1. 114 pellets.	13 sheets.
2. 124 pellets.	12 sheets.	2. 107 pellets.	12 sheets.
3. 104 pellets.	6 sheets.	3. 115 pellets.	17 sheets.
4. 98 pellets.	12 sheets.	4. 104 pellets.	9 sheets.
5. 97 pellets.	8 sheets.	5. 103 pellets.	16 sheets.
Av. 107 pellets.	12 sheets.	Av. 109 pellets.	13 sheets.

Three shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.	LEFT BARREL.
1..... 120 pellets.	1..... 112 pellets.
2..... 127 pellets.	2..... 124 pellets.
3..... 113 pellets.	3..... 123 pellets.
Average 120 pellets.	Average 126 pellets.

BULLETS FROM SHOTGUNS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your paper for August 1 you give a description of a trial of Dr. Merrill's shotgun with bullets, and state that he is desirous of securing a weapon good for both shot and ball. There are two guns sold in London, either of which would probably suit. One is the "Paradox," by Messrs. Holland, and the other the "Colindian," by Charles Lancaster.

The former, while made of only 7lbs. weight, is stated upon the best authority to be as accurate with bullets, up to 100yds., as an express rifle, and to throw shot extremely well. I have seen no accounts of any trial of the "Colindian," but doubtless it is also very good with both shot and ball.

During many years, when in countries where both large and small game abounded, I made numerous experiments in order to find out the best method of loading shotguns with bullets. Gunmakers usually recommend using them naked, of such a size as to just touch the barrel all around, and pouring melted tallow over them after pressing them down upon the wad. Loaded in this way they rarely do any harm, but on one occasion a bullet scored the barrel of a valuable gun, belonging to myself, with a long spiral mark which could not be taken out, so I carefully avoided naked bullets afterward.

A very celebrated gunmaker in this country advised me to use them one size larger than the bore, assuring me that they would not do the least harm. This might, perhaps, be a good plan with barrels of extra thickness at the breech, so as to be safe from bursting.

I have found no method to give greater continuous accuracy than having bullets one size smaller than the bore, wrapped in patches of strong thin linen. At first I used to tie the patch very tightly round the bullet with strong thread, cut off the neck as closely as possible, dip it into melted tallow and place it with the neck exactly in the center of the felt wad before pushing wad and bullet down into the shell. This method gives excellent shooting up to 40yds., and in some guns 50yds.; but I afterwards found that 20yds. could be added to the range by using loose patches of such a size that their edges will barely meet over the center of the bullet. After the ball is pushed home the edges of the patch should be brought together and fixed there by pouring tallow over them. It then remains round the bullet during its passage up the barrel, and drops off a little in front of the muzzle when fired.

The following points are worth attending to in order to make a smoothbore do its best with bullets:

1. The balls should be perfectly round and smooth. This is more necessary than with a rifle.

2. They should be hardened with about one-twentieth part of tin, so that the spherical shape may not be altered by the explosion of the powder.

3. The powder should be of large grain, because the blow to the bullet will not be so sudden as with fine grain.

4. The wad should be of thick, soft, well lubricated felt.

5. The "cut off" part of the bullet should be in the center of the wad.

6. The patch should be free from any threads of uneven thickness.

7. The tallow should be distributed as evenly as possible all round the angle where the bullet touches the inside of the shell.

8. Turning down the edges of the shell upon the bullet diminishes the accuracy considerably. As a rule, if it fit with proper tightness, the tallow will hold sufficiently firm; but when otherwise, a crimper should be used, which indents the shell all round, just above the bullet, and keeps it in its place.

Barrels for ball shooting should be rather thicker than usual at the muzzle, and those with a straight taper all the way from the breech are more apt to shoot well than those which are made thin half way from the muzzle, like ordinary shotguns.

Theoretically a cylinder-bore ought to be the most accurate, but a recess choke can be made to shoot quite as well. Some years ago I had a gun made with a full choke (on the recess principle) in the right barrel, and the left a perfect cylinder for bullets. After long and careful trials I found that the left gave no better shooting than the right, so had it turned into a full choke like the other, and there is now no difference between them. They both carry ball very truly up to 60 or 70yds., but the left is slightly superior with shot.

Mr. Lane, a very noted authority upon shotguns in this country, wrote some time ago to the London *Field* about firing bullets from smoothbores. He recommended drilling a hole in the bullet and fixing a piece of string, about as thick as a trout line, in it with a wooden peg, then cutting off the string so as to leave it 6in. long. This is coiled in the shell upon the wad, the bullet is pressed home and fastened by pouring hot grease all over it until covered level, but the shell is not crimped. Mr. Lane says, "Thus loaded, a 6in. bull may be struck an indefinite number of times at 60yds., and very fair shooting can be got at double this distance."

I believe that much of the inaccuracy of smoothbores with bullets is due to their having no hind sight. This can be proved by removing that sight from a rifle and trying to what extent the shooting is spoiled. In cases where ball shooting is required from a shotgun it would be well worth while to fix a short Lyman sight to the grip. And here I would suggest that if Mr. Lyman would make some very small sights, giving elevation for only about 150yds., they would probably have a good sale for use upon rifles for small game. The short sight which he has already brought out is so thick that it looks clumsy upon a rifle of 5 or 6lbs. weight, but its advantages are very great. In combination with the ivory bead foresight correct aim can be taken at rabbits in the twilight, when the notch of the open hind sight is almost useless.

J. J. MEYRICK.

DUBLIN.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 7.—The season being now open in Indiana on prairie chickens and also on wildfowl, a great many of our shooters, especially members of the shooting clubs who have properties in that State, have gone down during the week for a few days at the early birds. There are considerable numbers of local ducks on the marshes, among others a good many wood ducks and teal. That chickens have bred very plentifully along the Kankakee marshes this season seems to be the opinion of almost every hunter who has been down. Numbers of these beautiful big birds have been brought in. Mr. L. K. Waldron got a very good bag near the Mak-saw-ba Club. He located the birds the first day, killing only three, and on the following day had very good sport.

Mr. J. B. Hosmer, of D. S. Munger & Co.; Mr. John Howley, of the Scottish National Insurance Company; Mr. John L. Jones, of Powell & Jones, and Mr. Henry Durkee, are just back from a chicken shooting trip in Minnesota. They stopped at Ortonville, and found it necessary to go out only six or eight miles from that town. The party bagged about a hundred birds apiece.

The main interest of our shooters just now is centering in the exceptional and really remarkable jacksnipe shooting, which is so abundant everywhere. The brown-streaked little fellows seem to be scattered all over the country. Messrs. Henry Sloan and F. P. Taylor have been down on and near Mak-saw-ba marsh nearly all the week, and have had good sport at snipe. Billy Mussey got 17 one day in the first of the week, and was forced to stop shooting on account of the extreme heat which there prevailed. At the same time Tommy Miller got about a dozen birds, Mr. C. B. Dicks about a dozen and a half, and Mr. Joel Kinney about as many. Mr. Waldron also had good luck, and four Hoosiers of the great unwashed class shot nearly all day long, and must have had a number of birds. Nearly all of the above shooting was done on a strip near Rat Island, above the club house. Mr. Mussey tells me that the birds were in hundreds, and by good steady work a man should have bagged at least fifty per day.

Cumberland marsh has had plenty of jacksnipe also; and there have been numbers killed at Water Valley, lower down on the Kankakee. I have not heard from the great snipe ground near Koutts, Ind., but should think the shooting there must be fine now. The birds are reported as fat and lying close.

Yellowlegs are in our country in great abundance, but we do not hear very much of the golden plover just now. There was a flight of the latter bird in a while ago.

If anything can be foretold at this date we are apt to have an early winter this year. The dispatches from St. Paul, Minn., this morning, say that the migratory birds are beginning to move south, and this, coupled with the heavy frost in that country, is taken to mean an early advance of winter's rigors. Another fact of greater significance than this is the action of our local ducks this fall. I have before this mentioned the fact that our native-bred ducks here band up and go north late in August or early in September, returning south with the main migration later in the season. This year no such northern migration has taken place, and it is thought that this is because the country to our north is very dry. The presence of the jacksnipe so early is considered additional poorf of this. Whether it is dry or cold that is starting the game down, the result will doubtless be well for our shooters, for our marshes are now at good stage and bid fair to remain so.

The great duck marsh at Horicon, Wis., is probably the greatest shooting preserve of this part of the country. No spring shooting is allowed on that marsh, nor any until after Sept. 1 in the fall, no matter what the State law may be, for the club makes and holds its own laws. There are thousands of ducks on the Horicon marsh already, and the shooting has begun on them. Early this week Mr. Percy Stone, a member of Horicon Club, bagged 33 ducks in one day, 17 of the bag being mallards. At the same Mr. Jack Pierson got 46 and Mr. C. E. Felton 22. From this it is inferred the shooting must have been good. Redheads, mallard and teal are in on the Horicon marsh.

Mr. F. M. Howe got 10 ducks in about an hour on Tolleston marsh last Monday morning.

Mr. J. A. Sharp and a friend got 51 ducks at Water Valley on opening day. They had a very nice little bag, all shot out of one blind. They also got a lot of snipe.

Mr. R. Turtle has been having a lot of fun with the snipe, and says he killed some not very far from Englewood, eight miles out of town. Almost all the boys who have gone out have had good fun and good success. There is some go in this place yet as a shooting resort.

E. HOUGH.

WORCESTER OPENING DAY.

WORCESTER, Mass., Sept. 7.—Monday was about as good a day for opening as could be expected at this season of the year, at the same time it was about as hard a day to hunt as could be imagined. The sun was partially hidden by fog and smoke most of the day, but old Sol was doing business right along. Scarcely a breath of wind stirred the leaves, and the air was perfectly lifeless. The sportsmen were out in force and in some localities shooting was pretty brisk. A good supply of birds is reported, and considering the difficult shooting good bags were made. Vegetation of all kinds is unusually rank this year, probably owing to frequent rains early in the season. This tends to lessen the number of open shots one can get, but gives promise of better sport later on. That the birds bred well there is no doubt, and the reports of their being found in bunches would seem to indicate that less illegal shooting than usual had been done. Adding the month of December to the close season, thereby leaving more old birds to breed another year, is also proving itself a wise move.

The following are some of the bags reported, though there are doubtless many others not heard from: G. J. Rugg and Robt. Mason got 12. E. T. Swan and A. J. Warren, 9. W. R. Dean and Levi Moore, 8. E. T. Whittaker and C. H. Morse, 7. E. T. Smith and C. H. Howe, 6. W. S. Perry and A. Perry 9. S. Parker and J. H. Locke, 3. E. S. Knowles, Nathan Harrington and Geo. Walker, 3. Chas. Crompton and J. Doherty, 1 each. F. Houghton and E. Warren, 3. Of this number 44 were partridges and 18 woodcock. Only two small partridges were reported, the young ones mostly being three-quarters grown and able to keep the shooter guessing.

HAL.

RIFLE FACTS AND THEORIES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I note a claim that the .22cal. is deficient in its killing qualities, and writers advocate .25, .27 and .30cals. Now a .25cal. is only .03 of an inch larger than the .22, and when you get to the .27 it is only .05 less than the .32, and .30cal. is only .02 of an inch less than .32. The difference is so small that it seems like splitting hairs.

Does not the killing power depend greatly upon the proportions of the cartridge, that is the amount of powder used to drive the bullet? Will not the .22cal. bullet with a good charge of powder kill game more quickly than the same bullet driven with a smaller charge of powder? I believe a strong charge of powder will drive a bullet more rapidly and greatly increase its killing power.

The first gun I ever owned was a muzzleloading rifle, about 36in. barrel, round ball, 265 of the bullets weighed 1lb. avoirdupois. This rifle was cut one turn in 42in. There never was any trouble with its killing power. I have shot many squirrels with this gun and the bullet made a hole big enough to run your finger through it, even at 80 or 100yds. We used comparatively a large charge of powder and the bullet always did its work satisfactorily, why will not the .15-45 cartridge .22cal. do its work effectively? The twist in the rifling of the muzzleloader did not make the difference, if it did the present theory is all wrong. If quicker twist increased killing power, the Springfield and Bullard with their twist one turn in 22in. and others with from 18 to 20in. ought to do better than the old muzzleloader with its twist of a turn in 42in.

Referring again to the demand for an additional caliber between the .22 and .32. If the .32cal., 100 or 115gr. bullet, is too large, it is very easy to make it lighter by shortening it without changing the bearings in the groove of the rifle. The diameter of the .32cal. bullet is not too great, and it seems to me that for all-around shooting at small game a .32 20 100 to 115grs. bullet will fill the bill if the gun is a good one. I would like the cartridge better, I admit, if it had 35grs. of powder to the 115gr. bullet, and believe it would make a lower trajectory, increase the range and increase the killing power. In fact, there is no doubt in my mind that one great fault of most breechloading guns is that there is too little powder used to give the range and accuracy the different calibers ought to have—say a proportion of one-third the weight of the bullet, to give the weight of the powder necessary to get the greatest range and accuracy in any caliber. I think that is about the rule for long-range heavy-rifled artillery. It is claimed that the rifle bullet (with that loading) might jump the groove. If this argument is correct, might not a longer twist be used with advantage in range, and in all other respects, and so diminish the tendency to jump the grooves and lead the barrel?

The manufacturers of shooting and target breechloaders seem to be at sea on these subjects, and their own catalogues show that they are not consistent and not settled about the proper proportion of the powder charge for the weight of lead they use. They started with a rim-fire cartridge, 28grs. powder, 200grs. lead for .44cal.; then center-fire cartridge, 40grs. powder, 200grs. lead, for 44cal.; then a 38cal., 40grs. powder and 180grs. lead; then 45cal., 70grs. powder, 405 to 408grs. lead. Thus:

28grs. powder, 200grs. lead, powder proportion 14 per cent.

40grs. powder, 200grs. lead, powder proportion 20 per cent.

40grs. powder, 180grs. lead, powder proportion 22⅔ per cent.

70grs. powder, 408grs. lead, powder proportion $17\frac{32}{204}$ per cent.

It is hardly worth while to go through all the calibers, but when you come to express rifles, .50cal., you get .50-95-300, .50-115-300 and .40-82 260, giving the weight of powder in these cartridges 31⅔ per cent., 38⅓ per cent. and 31-7/7 per cent. respectively. Now, if these percentages are good for the calibers named, why not the correct thing for all calibers?

That the writer is not alone in some of the opinions advanced, is shown by the paper written by W. W. Kimball, U. S. N., and published in *Scribner's Monthly* for September. It is worth reading. Allow me to quote an item or two. Speaking of the French military rifle (the Lebel), he says: "Ballistically it is good. It shoots well because the caliber is good, because the bullet is fairly well proportioned, because the rifling is good, because the recoil is light, and, above all, because the charge makes the bullet go fast." Again: "If a big, heavy bullet could be made to go as fast as a light one, it would, of course, hit harder." Again: "The small bullet leaving the muzzle of the French Lebel gun strikes a blow one-third heavier than does the big one of the Springfield."

I am at a loss to understand these quotations if they do not refer to a greater proportion of powder to weight of the bullet in the French Lebel and British Lee rifles than the proportions used in the Springfield or other military rifles using a smaller charge of powder in proportion to their bullets.

I hope you will excuse the length of this article. I don't know much about these matters, and want to learn if I can; and hope some of your correspondents who like the rifle and have studied it and know more about it, will enlighten others who want to know more than they do.

SENEX.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have made a test of the 22-5-30 cartridge and two others, using my Maynard rifle, 26in. barrel, quick twist, made expressly to shoot the U. M. C. "long rifle" cartridge. The shooting was done in the back position, without artificial rest. At 100yds. a third-class Creedmoor target reduced to one-half size was used. At 50yds. the target was reduced to one-fourth size. All of the targets, except the last one at 100yds., were shot in a wind blowing at the rate of about five to fifteen miles an hour from the 10 o'clock quarter. When the last target at 100yds. was shot the wind was so light that its direction could not be determined. In the following summary the first column shows the kind of cartridges used, the second column the number of points scored in five shots, Creedmoor count, on reduced targets. The third column shows the diameter of a circle inclosing the five shots, and cutting the centers of the two bullet holes furthest apart. The fourth column shows the diameter of a circle similarly inclosing four of the five shots. The rifle was sighted as nearly right as possible for the long rifle cartridges, and no change was made in the sighting when the other ammunition was used. This was not doing full justice to the .22 short, as far as points are concerned, as the groups from this ammunition averaged about four inches low on the target at the longer distance. It is, however, quite fair to compare the size of the group with that of the other cartridges.

		Points.	Groups, inches.	Cluster 4 shots. inches.
100yds.	.22 long rifle	25	1¾	1
	.22 long	9	..	..
	.22 short	20	4½	..
100yds.	.22 long rifle	24	3¼	1 1/16
	.22 long	20	14	..
	.22 short	22	5½	..
100yds.	.22 long rifle	24	3	23/16
	*.22 long rifle	24	3¼	23/16
50yds.	.22 long rifle	24	1⅜	⅞
	.22 long	21	5¾	..
100yds.	.22 long rifle	25	2⅜	1¾
	.22 long	19	9	..
	.22 short	21	5¾	..

*Shot by Geo. Ritter.

In the first test of the .22 long, the size of the group could not be ascertained as three of the five shots missed the target, 14in. wide by 22in. high. All of the cartridges were of U. M. C. make. The rifle was cleaned two or three times during the shooting. At one time 25 shots were fired without cleaning. There were no keyholes on any of the targets. The "long rifle" cartridges showed great accuracy and were but slightly deflected by the wind, not more than one point being required on the wind gauge at any time. The .22 long gave such irregular shooting that I could not decide as to the proper elevation or windage to use. The sharp twist of the rifling kept the bullets point on, but the shooting was less accurate than I ever obtained from any combination during upward of twenty years, and experiments with many different weapons.

E. A. LEOPOLD.

NORRISTOWN, Pa.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We have too great a mixture of rifles, guns and ammunition on hand at present. If one wishes a little stronger, I should say more deadly rifle, that he can feed very cheaply, let him use the .32 with everlasting reloadable shells, with the buckshot and five to twenty grains of powder in his repeater used as a single-loader. They won't work through, I should say, from the magazine. As I said, I used this load for hundreds of shots in a .32 Winchester with perfect satisfaction.

All such small-bore rifles should be of full length and weight, the barrel 30 or 32in. long, or in other words the sportsman's rifle should be of the same weight as his gun. A 30in. .22 does not make nearly so loud a report as one of 19 or 20in. In fact that is one of the prime beauties of the arm; if a fellow happens to miss, the game don't know that there is a man around with a gun; it does not take the little whiplike crack to be the voice of a gun, so one often gets a second shot.

It should also be kept in mind that the .22 is a dangerous weapon. A short time ago in San Francisco a man shot at a fly on a door, with one, and instantly killed a man behind the door. On another occasion I found a party of boys shooting at a mark on the side of a barn, the balls went whistling through both sides of the boarding of inch pine in a thickly settled neighborhood. Again a party of us were shooting "for blood" at a target with one 80yds. We placed our target on a great cottonwood plank 2½ft. wide, 8ft. long and between 2 and 3in. thick, and had "Billy" for target keeper and referee. After Frank and I had fired two shots a piece, I went up to see the result. Billy reached the plank just before I did, at the back of the plank. As he came up to it he stopped and his face paled. "Why Billy," said I, "what is the matter?" Said he, "My first impression was with you dare devils shooting this way, that the only safe place for me was behind that big plank; I heard the bullets whistle over the hill after each shot and supposed of course you had missed the plank, but blame my skin if every bullet has not come right through." He was right, they had, and if he had taken refuge behind that plank to be out of danger, they would have gone into and perhaps through him.

There is another good point about the .22, it neither kicks nor deafens one. A nervous man can learn to shoot with it. I could never have made anything of a shot with a kicking rifle with a loud report. I was too "narvous," too liable to shut both eyes and "dodge" when I pulled trigger. The world surely does move, and we "old uns" are being left in the shade, for during six or seven years of constant rifle shooting over a wide extent of country, and with hundreds of men, during three years of which time I never once "got left" in all around shooting, I never saw as good targets made with any rifle, by any person, as FOREST AND STREAM has reported lately, as being made with a revolver, off-hand, at 22yds. Eight shots, 22yds., that could be covered with a twenty-five cent piece, beats my best, beats us all, in my rifle shooting days.

BYRNE.

PETALUMA, Cal.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have noted with interest from time to time the remarks on the .22cal. rifles that have been made by many of your correspondents, and it is a subject upon which a great deal can be said and then "the half will not be told." I have tried a great many rifles and different cartridges made by different factories, and the most satisfactory results that I have yet reached have been made with the following arms and ammunition. The best and finest shooting rifles that I have yet seen were made by the J. Stevens Arms and Tool Co., and by the Massachusetts Arms Co. The latter company are the manufacturers of the well known Maynard rifles. Both these factories are located at Chicopee Falls, Mass. These are, I think, the only two factories that make rifles that handle the .22 long "rifle" cartridge successfully, as they give them a quick twist (16 to 18in.), which insures extreme accuracy. For target work these rifles and cartridges, the latter made by the Union Metallic Co., stand without a peer, and I have seen many a clean score of 100 made with them at 40yds. in gallery shooting upon the standard target. They are cheap, convenient and can be obtained almost anywhere that guns are sold. For a light gallery-practice cartridge this one is unexcelled, and although the .22 short is a fine shooting one, the long "rifle" cartridge beats it at long or short range.

The rifles "hunters' pet," pistols, etc., that are made for the above named cartridge, will also use the .22 short and give better results than with the slower twist used in most of the other makes. Both these companies make rifles to use the well-known .22-10 grain central-fire cartridge, and when a reloadable shell is desired this one is sometimes preferred to the rim-fire cartridge. While the 10-grain is an excellent one for squirrel shooting, etc., the long rifle rim-fire is perhaps the most accurate, if extremely fine work is desired. There is also another cartridge, the new .25cal. center-fire, that is now being made by these people, and the writer saw a target a few days since at the Massachusetts Arms Company's factory of seven successive shots at 200yds., all of which were inside of a 2in. circle. This cartridge is the equal of the .32cal. at 200yds., and for small game is much better for many reasons that are obvious. The .25cal. is here and has come to stay, and while it has been delayed somewhat on account of difficulties in drawing a good solid head shell, the U. M. C. Co. have finally mastered it, and another good cartridge has been added to the list from which the lover of rifle shooting may choose. The Stevens Company are also ready to furnish these rifles, and for geese, turkeys, ducks, etc., that have to be shot at long distances, these guns will, I think, prove to be the correct thing.

Now that sportsmen have the calibers of rifles graded from .22 to .38 and .40 caliber, and graduated so finely, it seems as though they should be happy. A Maynard rifle of .25cal. (with the shells and bullets) is before me as I write this. The bullet is three-quarters of an inch long and weighs 85grs., composed of one part tin and forty parts lead. The shell is 1⅝in. long, slightly "necked," and has a solid head, is reloadable many times, and holds 20grs. of powder. This cartridge will be known as the .25-20-85. It has a flat trajectory, is very steady in the wind for so small a bore, and does not tear up the game like the larger sizes. The writer has eagerly watched the development of this new rifle and cartridge, and while he has "kept still and held his breath" up to the present time, is now ready to "talk right out in meetin'." With these three or four little cartridges to choose from, the lover of the small-bore should be satisfied. The .25cal. is a more powerful cartridge than might be supposed, for the writer has been informed upon good authority that deer have been dropped "dead in their tracks" by this bullet that weighed but 64grs. The penetration is good, all that could be desired, and as the curve is low it makes a most excellent cartridge to use over the water, where, as almost every one knows, it is so difficult to judge distances. "Long may it wave."

IRON RAMROD.

SOMERVILLE, Mass.

A TRIP OVER CLIP.

THE opening of the bird shooting season is always anticipated by sportsmen, but by none more than by Will and myself. As usual, the sun found us astir on the morning of Aug. 1, because we knew that others would be in the brush, and we purposed to have our share of the fun. Six o'clock finds us on the road, and after a drive of about three miles we come in sight of the Alder Run. With what joy Clip bounds at our side while we are hitching our horse to the road fence, and when he hears the shells rattle and sees the guns come from the case he can only be quieted by the firm command "charge," while we plan the attack. Clip, by the way, was suffering from a severe bite in the shoulder received some two weeks before, and I had endeavored to protect this by a stout breast blanket. He is less than two years old, and has the most "get there" in him of any dog I ever saw in the brush. I hesitated, after Will got his position, to give him the word for fear of a flush. But walking to the edge of the cover I peaked in and saw fresh signs of the work of the longbills. Cautioning my friend to be on his guard, I motioned the dog in. He had not gone far before he made game, and with a few steps more he was stiff. It took but a few steps on my part to flush a woodcock, and as my mind was more on the action of my dog than killing the bird, I failed to shoot; but felt sure he would have a warm reception when he broke cover on the outside. And, sure enough, I heard two barrels in quick succession and a call for me to come in that direction. I obey, and, as usual the question comes, "Did you get him?" "Don't know," is the reply. We follow up the line, and soon the dog comes to a point, and I failing to flush, he is coaxed on, and picks up the bird only winged.

We continue on up the run, and to my surprise find only two more woodcock. One of these Clip points in elegant form, standing with one front foot upraised, while the other rests upon an old mossy log; a straight-edge placed on his nose would have touched every inch of his spinal column to the end of his tail. While Will crowds through the brush to admire the dog, up jumps the bird and comes directly toward my face. I let him pass, and turning, dropped him inside of fifty feet. As he struck the mossy bank another one, frightened by the fall, takes wing, and with a loud whistle, goes up like a rocket. With gun at position I follow him until he breaks cover and is just straightened to fly, when the left barrel cut the twigs and he drops within six feet of the other. While I am having this little picnic Will and Clip stand mute spectators. Clip springs to my side eager to fetch dead, while Will congratulates me with, "Well done, old boy." After quieting the dog's nerves, he is allowed to retrieve.

We then seat ourselves near a beautiful spring and eat our lunch. After an hour's rest we start in a new direction to work back toward the horse, and for the next half hour we saw no less than twenty young partridges. They were so plenty that after I would flush one for Clip he would sometimes point another before I could call him twenty feet. I at last got disgusted trying to look for woodcock where there were so many grouse in the way, therefore I took the dog by the collar and led him out of the brush, and as soon as I saw Will coming I knew what his first sentence would be, and sure enough it was, "Mark this spot down for September 1," and I did.

Sure enough that day found us in the same cover, and after a varied succession of misses and good shots, we bagged sixteen grouse. This was the largest bag made by two guns in this section during the early season, but sixteen birds on September first do not begin to fill my eye like one-half that number of glossy, brown, plump fellows killed in October.

WING.

ADIRONDACK NOTES.

LEWIS COUNTY.—While floating on Mud Pond recently, Henry Bock killed two deer at one shot. He was using a single barrel shotgun and saw the deer standing quite near together. Picking out the largest he fired, the one shot at dropped in his tracks, the other ran about five rods, where he fell. On coming up with him they found that two shot had hit him, one breaking a foreleg, the other piercing his lungs. When out with parties in years past Henry has always managed to kill the largest deer, but this time he outdid himself.

Woodcock are not as numerous on their favorite haunts this season as formerly. Probably on account of the very wet season causing them to leave for higher ground. Some very fair bags were made on the opening of the season at the expense of a thorough wetting, as shooters were compelled to wade most of the time. One score was eighteen birds for two men and two dogs. This is the best heard from to date.

Ruffed grouse are reported as scarce by woodcock shooters.

An incident happened while shooting on the first of August that seems worth relating. We had come out of the best cover, not having found a bird, and were approaching a narrow stream bordered for a rod or so on either side by alders, when the dogs, which were rather wild, rushed into the alders and flushed a bird, which was shot and killed. My friend had not seen the bird and asked what I was shooting at. I had just time to ejaculate, "woodcock," when another bird flushed, followed in a second by a third. We both shot. My bird fell, while my friend's flew across a road, which was near, into a lane used for driving cows to water. We both got into the road as soon as possible, where we could see the bird standing under a bush with his head partly toward us. We tried to get the dogs to flush him, but they refused to hunt alone, so my friend tried to flush him by throwing stones; the second one hit him fair, killing him. He had only been slightly wounded in one wing. My friend remarked, "We will have the best score to-day. Why, we can kill them with stones."

OSCEOLA.

DUCKS IN SOUTH DAKOTA.

LAKE PRESTON, Dak., Aug. 30.—I am on the banks of Lake Preston, which is seven miles in length by one mile in width. The water is quite low at this season of the year and is filled with rushes, which make good screens for ducks. There seems to be no lack of them now, and prospects for many more in three or four weeks, when they will be coming in from the north.

Aug. 31.—Went out to Lake Ponset, twenty miles northeast of Lake Preston. Drove over with livery. Passed Lake Badger on the way, a small lake of clear water too open for good shooting. Arrived at Lake Ponset 3 P. M. This is a fine lake, seven or eight miles by one to one and a half, full to overflowing with fish and plenty of geese, ducks, pelicans and brant. Had lots of fun to-day.

Sept. 1.—Went to church and listened to the Rev. Mr. Mason. The elder is small of stature, but like the lamented Dick Yates, has a master brain. Put in Sunday evening loading shells.

Sept. 2.—Visited Lake Whitewood, some three miles south and east of Lake Preston. Whitewood is a considerable body of water, no fish in it but ducks, ducks, ducks. Everywhere. Also geese and pelican. Killed fifty ducks to-day, teal and mallard.

Sept. 3.—Went out to Lake Thompson, some two and a half miles south and west from Lake Preston. This is rather a mud lake, but later in the season will be good shooting ground. Struck several coveys of chickens to-day and a few snipe.

Sept. 4.—This is a fine duck and goose roost; has a fine little natural grove of timber around its borders and is quite a picnic resort, with small boats to let at reasonable prices. Am enjoying myself highly. One can get all the ammunition wished for at Lake Preston. Lake Preston has good hotel and livery; the Lake Preston House is the hunter's delight. If any of my Eastern friends should wish to enjoy a vacation they can do no better than to come to Lake Preston and shoot for a few weeks.

J. S.

THE CONNECTICUT ASSOCIATION MEANS BUSINESS.—The Connecticut Association of Farmers and Sportsmen for the Protection of Game and Fish has elected these officers for the ensuing year: President, A. C. Collins; Vice-President and Treasurer, Dr. N. W. Holcombe; Secretary, Hon. George P. McLean. Directors—Hon. Geo. P. McLean, Hartford; Hon. J. C. Chamberlain, Bridgeport; Dr. J. W. Alsop, Middletown; A. L. Kurau, Tolland; F. W. Whitlock, Waterbury; Samuel A. Eddy, Canaan; Geo. A. Reed, Chaplin; Z. R. Robbins, Norwich. Executive Committee—A. C. Collins, Dr. N. W. Holcombe, C. H. Smith, Jr., A. E. Hart and Geo. P. McLean. A circular issued by President Collins says: "The crying need of the hour is money to carry on our good work. Gentlemen, we want your sympathy—but sympathy will not pay the printers, postage and detectives. We have shown the past year that the game and fish laws can be enforced. We have successfully prosecuted over twenty violators of these laws, we could have captured as many more if the sportsmen and anglers had furnished more money—and less sympathy." Sept. 4 Mr. Collins arrested Frederick Brooks and Elmer Talmadge, both of Southington, for shooting woodcock. The men were taken before Justice Ephraim H. Andrews, of Southington, who found them guilty of killing one woodcock each and promptly imposed a fine and costs, amounting to $26.78 for each.

GAME IN THE HUDSON RIVER GLADES.—On Thursday last my son, John W. Evers, returned from his vacation at West Point to the city. In the early morning he took a two-hours' run in the dell, and brought home as the result of his work with the dog and gun seven woodcock and one wild pigeon. He reports game abundant in the river hills of Orange and Putnam counties.—CANONICUS (North New York City, Sept. 7).

QUAIL IN GEORGIA.—The quail in Georgia have bred well this season, and with the exception of too much rain in several localities drowning the young, the crop promises to be good. The young are now two-thirds grown, and fully able to take care of themselves.—X.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Sept. 7.—An effort is being made in this city to put a stop to the illegal selling of prairie chickens. Capt. H. C. West, a member of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association, is at the head of the movement, and he hopes to bring all the violators to justice. Warrants have been taken out against several hotel and restaurant keepers, and also one commission firm. There are others here who are handling prairie chickens, and the Captain says he will not rest until he has brought every last one of them to justice. The cases against those already arrested were to have been tried the past week, but were upon motion of the defendants' attorney continued till next Thursday.

A BIG BEAR.—Blair, Neb., Aug. 24.—The *Advertiser*, of this town, reports that "one of the largest bears ever killed on earth was shot a few weeks ago by a Wyoming Indian. It weighed 2,280lbs. and measured 12ft. in length and 10ft. wide. The hide was purchased by E. Meshey, the Cheyenne furrier and taxidermist, who is now engaged in stuffing it. Representative Dorsey, of Nebraska, during his recent visit to Cheynne, saw the hide, and offered Mr. Meshey $300 for it when stuffed. The offer was accepted, and the biggest stuffed bear on earth will be shipped to Mr. Dorsey's home at Fremont, Nebraska. Mr. Dorsey is a banker, and will probably use the animal to adorn one of his large plate glass windows." I am going over there to see it.—DR. E. A. PALMER.

THE Epop Gun Cleaner, advertised in another column, is a handy and effective tool which all those who use a gun should possess. It does its work quickly and effectually, removing both lead and powder without scratching the barrels. Its price is moderate and the satisfaction it gives is complete. That it is thoroughly appreciated by shooters is proven by the large number seen at every trap tournament.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

A WEEK IN THE LAURENTIANS.—II.

[*Concluded from Page 109.*]

THE worthy *habitan* who had charge of Scott's camp was very much exercised over the news that I had been privileged to fish in Griffith's waters at the foot of the rapids. He said that the reputation of Scott's section of the river was at stake and liable to be prejudiced if I should make a bigger creel than I had hitherto made, so taking my Kentucky friend and his boatmen into consultation he arranged that they should fish the rapids to an island some five miles down the following day, and taking a lunch with them spend the whole day fishing there, and my friend was enjoined to do his best to eclipse me.

They started betimes, and after lingering awhile in the hope that my man would turn up, I got into the canoe with the boy and trolled about in the neighborhood of the camp for an hour or more without getting a rise. At length we returned to camp to inquire, and finding that he had not arrived I asked the boy whether he knew Griffith's waters, and whether he thought he could manage the canoe alone. He replied confidently, and no other man being available I started with him.

The big pool was at no great distance and reached without difficulty. The water was at first smooth, but as we neared the side of the current it was in a state of ever increasing commotion. I had two rods with me, one of them a big trolling rod, which has landed a great many hundred pounds of good fish during the seventeen years it has been in my possession. I bent a cast of flies on each, and holding one in each hand was prepared for whatever might turn up.

My first strike was with the big rod, a 3lb. fish, which felt like a lively minnow on a rod which I had rarely handled with fish less than 7 or 8lbs. He was safely landed and soon followed by another of twice his weight, when my guide conducted me to some rocks, which he pronounced a famous place for big ouinanish.

There I landed and whipped the water patiently for half an hour, getting only one half-pounder, which I returned; then taking to the canoe afresh, we made several rounds of the pool, taking one or two fish every round, the biggest being a two-pounder. By and by I got on one that felt somewhat more ponderous and played with him for about a quarter of an hour. Finally getting into still water, I wound in and led him alongside the canoe from stem to stern; the excited boy made a fierce lunge at him with his net, and the fish, running out some twenty feet, made a good leap of some six feet in the air. I kept a tight strain on him, but, alas! my rod was stiff, and I failed to preserve the happy medium between a loose line and a too heavy strain. Just before the fish touched the water again the hook broke loose. There was no mistaking the sensation, he was but lightly hooked, and I lost him by want of delicacy in handling. He was a fish between four and five pounds weight.

We continued our course, hooking a fish at almost every visit to the edge of the rapids, and towing him to somewhat smoother water to lift him. This took time. As soon as the fish was in the canoe he and the boy appeared to be all over it at once. In the end the boy always triumphed and sat down to disentangle the casting line, which he invariably got into a snarl, but I took care not only not to aggravate matters by a passing comment or word of advice, but to put on a sweet smile intended to imply that these little contretemps were a source of pleasurable amusement to me. Occasionally he succeeded in knocking one clear of the fly with the frame of his landing net, and on these occasions I encouraged him by remarking that it was only a little one.

It was about noon and we had gone a little further into the turbulent waters than on any other trip, and were turning back again without a fish when an electric shock ran down my big trolling rod into my arm, and I realized that there are great fish in the waters now as there were in the old days when with the self same rod I landed the lordly mahseer in the rivers of Upper India. "Seven pounds if he is an ounce," I muttered inwardly, "and I will act on the defensive and let him do all the fighting. He shall repay me for past mishaps."

With my stout rod well arched, and the butt toward him, he carried out about 20ft. of line, but I believe he simply held his ground or water while the boat advanced that distance. The ouinanish does not turn and flee, his tactics are to hold his own, put on a steady strain, leaping occasionally into the air in the effort to shake himself free.

There was nearly a hundred feet of line out, and leaving it to my guide to cross into still water as usual, I took my fish in tow, keeping a light finger pressure on the line and letting him have a yard or so occasionally. The fish was behind me, and I gave my whole attention to regulating the tension, and manipulating the line with delicacy, for stout as was my rod, I had a new twisted linen trout line on, which had already betrayed poor quality, and I knew that I must give my fish all the time he wanted.

Suddenly, to my utter astonishment, the canoe grounded, the guide jumped out, and turning my head to one side, I found that we were grounded on the point of an island, after crossing just above the head of some shallow rapids, and that my fish with a hundred feet of line out had gone down them.

I sprang up and limped ashore as well as I could, when I saw—oh, horror of horrors!—that about midway between me and the fish the line passed under a boulder and was jammed. I gave out slack and called to the boy to clear it. There was no great depth of water in the torrent, and but for my game leg I would have been in promptly; but it would have availed nothing, the fish gave a dead pull and snapped the line under the stone. The next instant he sprang into the air, lifting clear out of the water a fish apparently 2lbs. weight, which probably took hold in the rapids; and as I surveyed his fair proportions, I exclaimed inwardly, "Oh, that Morell *père* had been with me in place of Morell *fils!*"

"Did you see him?" exclaimed the boy, turning toward me open-mouthed and with extended eyes. "He was so big," extending his hands a full yard apart.

I was too full for utterance, and returning to the canoe I bent on another cast of flies, made one more round of the pool and then stopped for dinner.

My morning's catch embraced ten fish, aggregating 14lbs. Enough to satisfy any reasonable man's needs, but I would have liked to carry home the giant of the pool.

In conversation with Mr. Griffith later, he told me that he had never taken a ouinanish over 5lbs., and John Morell gave 7¼lbs. as the biggest fish he had seen taken.

I went again to the pool after dinner, but the fish were not biting freely, the boy showed an indisposition to go outside of still water, and the clouds portended a storm, so I took my rod apart and started for the house with only two fish. Scott's waters triumphed that day at the hands of the worthy Kentuckian, who brought back a creel of forty fish ranging from 1lb. to 3lbs.

The following morning I packed my traps all ready for departure. I might have done half a day's fishing, for the steamer was not due until afternoon, but the fever had abated. I could have lingered on there for weeks in the calm enjoyment of the scene and of the balmy atmosphere, and from time to time it would have been a pleasure to do an hour or two's fishing sufficient for the table, but a whole day's fishing has never been with me more than an occasional indulgence.

And so I went out and stretched myself on a grassy slope, and basked in the joyous sunshine, and let my eye wander over lake and river, and rest upon the numerous islands that studded the inlet, and was content. No certain prospect of a 7lbs. ouinanish could have lured me away from my indulgence in the *dolce far niente* that bright morning; no thought that the present moment was a fleeting one disturbed me, no pensive reflection suggested that the scene spread before me was one I never might see again. I looked neither forward nor backward. It was one of those rare delicious moments of gentle languor in which the mere sense of existence is all sufficing. If I had reflected I might have said to myself, "This is what I came for, this is rest;" but it was no time for reflection, I lived and enjoyed living, perhaps, just as the satisfied beasts do. Well, no matter. Then came the whistle of the steamboat and the bustle of departure. I was sent ahead to make sure of my passage, and Mr. and Mrs. Griffiths followed in another boat. There was little delay after arrival at the steamer, our adieus were spoken, the steamer got under way, and casting my eyes forward they alighted on the falls of Ouiatchewan, clearly visible as a white streak on the dark hillside at this distance of twenty miles.

Three hours later I took mine ease in mine inn, in the roomy quarters of the Robervale, a handsome and well kept hotel, such as few would expect to find so far from the familiar beaten tracks of travel, but the fact is the Lake St. John is an old and important, although hitherto isolated settlement, and now that the Quebec & St. John Railway has opened communication between it and the outside world and brought them within twelve hours' journey of each other, Lake St. John in the wilderness promises to become a popular summer resort, not only for the good citizens of Quebec, but for all the world and his wife, for the fame of its ouinanish waters has gone out into all lands; the lake scenery is beautiful, the forest shows only as a feature of the background, and with the climate of the Adirondacks, there are all the appliances of a vigorous settlement at hand.

It will be remembered that I wrote of the smallest ouinanish in the Grand Discharge as somewhat less than half a pound, and of fish of this size as comparatively rare. From this it would be pretty safe to infer that the Grand Discharge is not its spawning grounds.

As far as I could ascertain, the ouinanish, in company with the pickerel, and possibly other fish, pass down the rapids in their spring floods, remain in the Discharge all summer, returning in the fall to the depths of the lake, and passing into the spawning rivers in spring. These spawning rivers are the larger feeders of the lake. The principal spawning bed is said to be the river Au Salmon, although there is not much doubt that large numbers of the fish go up the Peribonca, the Mistassini, the Metabetchuan, and other of the main feeders to spawn.

In the three rivers named, trout and ouinanish are found in company, and that the lake is the proper home and point of departure of the ouinanish appears to be evidenced by the fact that the Ouiatchewan, which falls 280ft. into the lake, and is a considerable stream, has no ouinanish, although it is reported a first-class but little-frequented trout stream.

The trout, on the other hand, although they come down the rivers into the lake, do not go down the Discharge. Some very few exceptions only prove the rule.

The ouinanish is no more so plentiful as it once was. The Indians say they were formerly so abundant in the

river Au Salmon that they could be scooped up in a landing net, and very much of this decadence is attributed to the fact that a dam, which shuts out the fish from their principal spawning bed, was thrown across the river some years ago. It is quite probable that this view is a sound one: this fish is exposed to numerous enemies in the lake and Discharge, and perhaps more fatal than pike or doré is the sucker when it gets access to the spawning beds, and the barrier in the Au Salmon has possibly excluded a great body of the fish from what, for good reasons, was their favorite spawning bed, and led to their gradual decrease. Only the most prolific reproduction could compensate for the ravages of the deadly pike, to which may be safely attributed the fact that so few ouinanish reach an advanced age.

The land on both banks of the river Au Salmon has now been purchased by Mr. Nazarre Turcotte, and as this gentleman is reputed to be a sportsman, let us hope that he will at once put in a fishway or raze the dam. If he show no disposition to move in this direction, it may be hoped that the Quebec Government, realizing the amount of money which the opening of the Lake St. John region is bringing into the Province, and that the continuance of this influx of visitors with well-lined purses is dependent on the maintenance by the region of its reputation as a fishing resort, will follow the lead of the New York Legislature in this matter.

I am by no means sure that the Quebec Government is fairly awake to the importance of this problem. It has given a lease of some islands at the mouth of the Discharge, and the lessee, a Canadian named Trombly, for and in consideration of the sum of thirty-six dollars annually, coin of the Dominion, has license to stretch his nets from island to island and intercept the ouinanish on their passage to and from the Discharge. It seems incredible that this rare and highly-prized game fish that has carried the fame of the St. John waters into all English-speaking lands, should be exposed to extinction for such a paltry sum; but Mr. Trombly has his license to show, and although he is under the patronage of John C. Eno, of the "American Colony" in Canada, there is no question as to the genuineness of the license. Nets must be tolerated in the lake for the taking of pike, dore, whitefish, suckers, etc., and if a proportion of ouinanish get taken along with them it is fisherman's luck; but no net should be tolerated within half a mile of the cluster of islands at the entrance of the Grand Discharge.

I endeavored to impress on Messrs. Griffiths and Scott and on Mr. Baker of the Robervale Hotel, who is no less interested in the perpetuation of the fishing, that a well managed hatchery is the price of succes in this direction, but there is little probability of their taking the matter in hand, and it is sincerely to be hoped that the Quebec Government, realizing the interests at stake, will take the necessary steps to perpetuate the well deserved popularity of the fishing waters of the region.

I am told that there is very good ouinanish fishing in the Mistassini below the first falls, within three miles of the lake, and they are sometimes taken readily with fly among the islands opposite Chamford, where they appear to congregate at certain or uncertain seasons, while in the Peribonca they show little appetite for fly, and are trolled for with spoon or minnow, but as a matter of fact I dare say our knowledge of their habits is only very superficial.

The lake will not be leased to clubs, and will continue open to all having a fishing permit from the Commissioner of Fisheries, but if any of the rivers which contain ouinanish are still unleased in whole or part, we may be sure they will soon be taken up.

Fishing clubs, of course, will be very conservative in the treatment of their waters, but there must be some holders of fishing rights under riparian law, who, like Mr. Griffiths, will be willing to give fishing privileges for a consideration. The ouinanish may be described as the most elegant and graceful of the Salmonoides; the back is of a deep steely blue, which breaks up first into bars on the sides, and lower down into spots of the same color; the belly is silvery white, the caudal fin unusually large, and the whole figure indicating a fish of exceptional activity. It is a fish especially adapted to seething torrents, swift currents and foaming eddies, and although it may do well transplanted into other waters, there can be little doubt that lakes with access to rapid rivers are essential to its highest development.

But although the Commissioners of Fisheries of Quebec might easily provide for the spread of this excellent game fish over the whole waters of the region, the fact remains that he has at present only a very limited habitat, but mauger his absence, the lakes and rivers of the region are among the finest fishing waters of the Province. The trout is everywhere, and I believe no larger trout are to be found anywhere than in this region. I left Quebec on Tuesday, the 23d July, and although an excursion train went out before us, the regular cars were crowded. The good people of Quebec, both sexes and all ages, were going fishing. They got off at St. Gabriel and St. Raymond to fish the neighboring lakes and rivers, and while I suppose that rivers so near such an enthusiastic angling population must be in course of depletion, it seems certain that there must be some fair catches to maintain the enthusiasm. Some of the party I believe were bound for Lake St. Joseph, which is said to contain some large fish.

The principal clubs which have already secured leases of the fishing waters are: The Little Saguenay Fish and Game Club, the Talbot, the Laurentides, the Tardivel, the Stadacona, the Paradise Fin and Feather, the Metabetchuan, the Ecarté, the A. L. Light, the Quaquakamaksis, the Springfield and the Winniniche Fishing Club (Scott's), and these occupy but a small portion of the available waters.

I got out at Lake Edward, allured by the published stories of the size of its trout, but a little inquiry made it clear that it was useless to fish with the fly or to troll. The fish were at the bottom, and bait and sinker were the recognized methods of capture. Moreover, as is the case with many places of repute, the other end of the lake was the best. A little steam tug was available, and my fellow travelers, three Minneapolitans and a Bostonian, with whom I was loth to part, determined to take the steam tug and their canoes and go into camp for a few days at the mouth of the escape. For myself I determined to stay a day and try the river with fly.

I found the trout all under eight inches, generally from five to eight; they took the fly readily enough in suitable holes, but they were not very numerous. There were but few places in which one could get access to the river, and the black flies attacked in legions.

I returned to dinner, took a boat and tried trolling on the lake without success; and as I did not care to go on to St. John until my fellow travelers returned, I spent the next day on the river.

They had also whipped the main escape and one of the feeders, getting nothing better than I; but two of the party devoted themselves to deep bait-fishing, and got fair creels of fish ranging up to 3½lbs. I reported my catch of the previous day as "seventeen fish, *all* under 4lbs."

There are unquestionably some large trout in Lake Edward, and with not a pike or dore in the lake there should be. The scenery of the lake, too, has a certain wild charm about it; being 1,200ft. above sea level and in the heart of the woods, it affords a refuge from the heat of the cities, and the hotel being commodious and well managed, it makes a pleasant place for a few days' rest; but as a fishing resort it has not justified the flourish of trumpets with which it was heralded. Still, the whole region is one of great interest to the angler and tourist, and even if the Quebec Government fails to take timely measures to keep its lakes and streams perennially stocked, its big trout and its ouinanish will doubtless survive in song and story, and their legends be told and sung by the quarrymen ages hence as they hew their blocks of gneiss for the monuments and sculpture of a coming age.

C. F. Amery.

[We understand that Capt. R. L. Ogden is about establishing a fishing club at Lake Edward, having leased of the Canadian Government valuable concessions. The club is to be limited in number of members and not to be expensive. We presume a few gentlemen desiring membership could "come in," although we do not know, as the list may be already filled.]

CAMPS OF THE KINGFISHERS.—IX.

ECHO LAKE, ONTARIO, CANADA.

AFTER the capture of the lean maskinonje we got in the boat and went back to look for the mate of the one just taken, but after fishing carefully over an acre or two of water in the vicinity where he was first struck, without success, we gave up the search and went on around the head of the lake in just the right humor to jerk the jaw off the first Canada pike that tampered with our bait.

We fished on down to the rocky point near the island, crossed the lake and got back to camp in the afternoon with some pickerel, nothing else, and we began to think the bass had all run out into the St. Mary's River, or we had forgotten how to fish for them.

Some of the boys were still out down the lake, but they came in toward sundown with a jug of water from the spring, a big loaf of bread, a bucket of milk and some more pickerel, which old Sam said "was a mighty good day's sport if they'd jest leave the picker'l out o' the count."

We began to wish the wheels of time would jump a cog or two and land us somehow into the middle of September, the time when every one in the region had told us both bass and maskys were in their best biting humor, but the cogs kept right on working the same old way, and the pickerel fishing went on as usual, with no signs of the supply giving out.

The Jedge and I had not been satisfied with our day out together, and the next morning we went down to the farm for milk and some more pickerel. At the outlet near the spring we caught a bucket of minnows with hook and line, among them a few fine chubs with which we hoped to inveigle a bass or two on the way back, but we fished all along the rocky shore across from the island with our minnows towing idly astern, without attracting the notice of bass or longsnout, and at the point where we turned into the deep bay, where Sam had taken the first maskinonje, we stopped and still-fished for nearly an hour, casting up and down shore occasionally to vary the pastime and keep our arms in practice.

But we got nothing here to reward our patience, save a solitary goggle-eye that mustered up energy enough as we were about to lift the anchor to fan lazily out from behind a rock and swallow the Jedge's minnow as it settled slowly to the bottom after a short cast in shore.

"That settles it," said the Jedge, when he had extracted the hook and tossed the red eye back in the water, "I'd rather catch snakes than rockies, any time; let's move."

Around in the bay we took five pickerel, which were duly and artistically knocked on the head with the club, and then we moved on again toward camp at a good pace, paying little heed to our minnows, which, owing to the speed of the boat, and having no sinkers on to keep them down, were twisting and skipping along at the top of the water 60 or 80ft. astern in a manner that would have set an old Tippecanoe River bass wild.

As we passed a point of bulrushes near the high cliff we saw the water fly just where the Jedge's chub was dodging from side to side in the wake of the boat, and a tug at his line that nearly jerked the rod from his hands roused him out of a drowsy daydream and brought him to his feet wide awake, while the boat was stopped suddenly and the skipper's line reeled in to be out of the way. As pickerel frequently break water when they make a dash at a bait or troller that is barely under water we felt little interest in the impending controversy, the Jedge merely remarking as the line ran off the reel, "Another Canada snake." When a short time had been given to swallow* the small chub, the Jedge gave him a "feeler" in the shape of a smart twitch with the rod, and then began a circus the like of which we had not enjoyed since we were boys, and for the next half hour we hadn't time to show any lack of interest in the final result of the struggle.

After three or four seconds of sharp, fierce play a finely marked maskinonje went in the air as high as an ordinary man's head, which brought a "hooray" from the Jedge that might have been heard at camp; and with eyes snapping with excitement he cautioned the skipper, "Handle the boat carefully, old Hickory. I wouldn't lose that fish for twenty dollars." (Mem.—Anent the leaping proclivities of the maskinonje, my individual experience with them has been, they have all left the water after being struck. I have taken several, big and little, in the past ten years, and others of the party have taken perhaps twelve or fifteen in fishing the waters of Upper Michigan, and all, save one, have left the water high out, from one to four times. The solitary exception was a 23-pounder taken in Central Lake (one of the Intermediate Chain) that never made a ripple in the water till towed by the line out on a shallow, sandy beach and struck with the gaff.)

He was using for the first time a little 7oz. all lancewood rod of his own make (the Jedge was quite an accomplished amateur rod maker), and a half dozen times during the dispute for the mastery it looked as if it would certainly go to pieces; but it was a wonderful stick, and stood a strain that would have smashed nineteen rods out of twenty, as rods are made.

Three different times the fish dashed under the boat so suddenly and without warning that the skipper hadn't time to swing it around and give him a free line; and each time, laboring under the excitement and nervousness of his first battle with a maskinonje, the Jedge held on to the reel handle with grim determination, preventing the running of the line, till the almost overtasked little rod was actually, not figuratively, doubled, with the tip under water, and nearly in sight on the further side of the boat, a catastrophe being only averted by a violent stroke of the oars in opposite directions, and some mighty warm-tinted language addressed to him on the impulse by the skipper that would hardly bear a reproduction in these chronicles.

Once, as the fish rushed past the bow of the boat, the line caught on the bow-stem as it went by, and for a moment we thought the sport would end right there; but the Jedge was induced by a few well-selected and very brief remarks to take his thumb from the spool for an instant and give the rod an upward flirt, which cleared the line without cutting; and the game fellow kept on out in the lake under a pull that called on every fiber of line and rod to do its share of the work, so determined was the Jedge to give the new rod, as he said, "a fair test."

Again the fish went in the air with wide open jaws, to rid himself of the hook as it seemed, only to fall back still full of fight and swing away around astern shoreward in dangerous proximity to the rushes; but by the combined stubbornness of the rod and the Jedge, he was held away and headed back for the boat.

He was swimming slower now than at the start, but he went by us close to the stern in plain sight, with his "propeller" working four or five strokes to the second; and as the line pulled taut and the little rod got down to its work, we followed him under an easy strain 50 or 60yds. out in the lake into deep, open water, where he was at last worn out with the ceaseless pull and brought alongside, when the skipper jerked the gaff in his lower jaw and lifted him in the boat, the bravest and gamest and best fighter for his size that ever lost his life at the hands of any of the Kingfishers.

He flopped and "thrashed" around in the boat till exhausted for lack of water, when he lay gasping quietly, while the Jedge secured him with a stringer, cut the line above the gimp, leaving the hook in his throat, and hung him on the pocket scale where he registered just 10lbs., not an ounce more, for the Jedge was too honest to take advantage of the fish-market method of "slanting the scale," and then we wondered where all the strength and dash and fight were concealed in so small a fish. The difference in the hustling qualities of this one and the one taken the day before was so marked that we could hardly believe they belonged to the same tribe, but the Jedge settled it to our satisfaction by laying it, in the case of the other and larger one, to "a dyspeptic and empty stomach, while this healthy, well-fed fellow, if you'll notice, has a belly on him like a beer brewer." He swung him over the side and tied the cord to the seat rail; and then we hooked on a couple of fresh chubs and pulled back near the rushes to see if we could get another one, with the Jedge in such great good humor with himself and so elated over the performance of his rod that the little boat seemed almost too small to hold him.

We ran over the water half a dozen times without feeling a symptom, and then pursued our way upshore with a twinge of disappointment racking us, for it always seems that where one good fish is taken there ought to be another.

A quarter of a mile further along I struck and wore out a 3½lb. small-mouthed bass, and although the battle was much shorter than that with the maskinonje, it were hard to tell which was the most inflated with "tickle," the Jedge or "James Mackerel," for it was the first bass I had taken in the lake (it was the last one as well), and it was an event to feel good over; besides, it was proof that there were good bass in the lake. But another half hour of patient fishing failing to raise another, we reeled up and started to camp, more than ever convinced that the black bass of Echo Lake were fuller of whims and crotchets and perversity than our grizzled comrade of many years, old Knots, and after all, this was making out rather a mild case against the bass.

When we got back to camp we found Knots sitting out on the end of the dock in his camp chair, so lost in the tangles of some new figures he was abstractedly weaving in his landscape across the lake that he barely noticed us as the keel of our boat grated on the beach back of him; but when the Jedge held up the maskinonje and called to him, he left his chair and came out, and surprised us by really admiring the fish without harrowing our souls with the expected, time-frosted query, "Where did you buy him?" whereat the Jedge was moved to say in an "underground" tone, as he furtively watched Knots to be sure he was not overheard, "The 'old lady' must have confined himself to a water diet to-day," but happily the pleasantry failed to reach Knots's ears, and the Jedge saved his scalp.

The others were still out, Sam and Charley back somewhere in the hills with their guns, and Dan and the "kids" up near the head of the lake fishing; but they were all in at supper time, the hunters with a bluejay and a chipmunk and the anglers with a few more pickerel, but they had seen a big maskinonje in the shallow water across the lake, and old Dan was almost as happy as though he had brought him to gaff.

But we were getting tired of pickerel, and began to yearn for some old-time sport with the bass and the tangles of the trout streams of northern Michigan.

Kingfisher.

* The ninnies that go to the woods in knee breeches might possibly feel easier in their minds were the word gorge used.

The revised and abridged edition of the A. O. U. Check List of North American Birds, including the additions and changes made in the supplement, will be sent post free on receipt of 50cts.—*Adv.*

TAKING IN A BIG ONE.

AWAY back in 1863, then a sixteen-year-old boy, I first visited the Androscoggin Lake system, so generally miscalled the Rangeleys. While the visitors were by no means as numerous as to-day, they made up in lawless wastefulness of the trout for the less number as compared with to-day. The bulk of the fishing was done on the spawn beds in autumn, and tons upon tons of those huge trout, for which the region is noted, were snatched off the beds by all sorts of barbarous means, and in many cases left to rot in piles upon the banks of the streams. The party, of which I was one, found their way to the "big" lake, as the Mooselucmaguntic is locally known, by way of the town of Byron, going with teams to the borders of civilization to the Romantic House, then owned and kept by old Mr. Houghton, father of the present proprietor. This Mr. Houghton, the elder, was a large owner of timber lands in the region east of the big lake and south of Rangeley Lake. He early saw the sporting advantages of the region, and was among the first to endeavor to attract travel. At large expense he cut a path through the primeval woods twelve miles to the mouth of the Bemis stream, where the New York camps and Capt. Barker's establishment are now located. Some carrying of supplies over the rough path had been done with ox teams, using sleds, as it was impossible for a wheeled vehicle to get over the road. Our party, however, hired several of the backwoodsmen to carry huge loads of provisions and camp supplies, while each of the party made up a load for himself of blankets and camp impedimenta of such weight as he thought himself able to carry. And how those packs did grow in weight and unwieldiness before that twelve miles was tramped over! Arrived at the mouth of the Bemis, camp was quickly arranged, and a couple of boats belonging to Houghton hunted up, and the campaign against the trout commenced. It was early September and but few trout were in the stream, hence most of the fishing was done in the lake off the mouth of the stream. Sufficient trout of good size were caught to supply the party, but none of the big ones we had heard so much of.

Up the lake shore, a short distance above the mouth of the stream, a tree had either fallen into the lake or had lodged there at some time of high water, and the roots lay on the shore, the top extending out into the lake. I had noticed large fish rising just beyond the outer branches a number of times, and had fished from the tree once or twice each day, but with little success, as the big fellow which I had seen rise there would not take the lure. One day had been so windy as to preclude any fishing in the lake, until about sundown, when the wind went down. Taking my rough outfit I proceeded to the tree and worked my way out to a fairly secure footing among the outer limbs of the tree. The action of the water had broken off most of the limbs at or near the body of the tree, leaving only one or two of the biggest limbs of any length. The trunk of the tree being slightly crooked, there were several feet of the trunk under water, and these were very slippery. Beyond, the trunk again reached the top of the water, and the springing out of limbs near the end made a fairly secure standing place. I saw my big fish roll up near the top of the water, and his huge dimensions revealed in the glimpse made me determined to catch him if I stayed on that old tree during the rest of my time at the lake. I fished with good courage until nearly dark, and had turned to pick my way over the submerged portion of the log, still leaving my baited hook in the water, when just as I had placed both feet on the slippery under-water section of the tree I got a tremendous strike at the hook behind me. I struck as well as I was able, and tried to turn and face the music, when my feet slid off the greasy log and I gently proceeded to compare my height with the depth of the very cool water. I went in up to my breast, but had instinctively kept my rod upright, and my fish was still hooked. I bawled for help at my loudest, but do my utmost, I could make no one hear. Then I tried to get back upon the log, but it was impossible to do that and at the same time keep my rod sufficiently upright to control the fish.

Between where I stood and the shore there was but one limb projecting out from the tree far enough to interfere with wading ashore. That limb, however, was 8 or 10ft. long, and projecting from the tree at an obtuse angle of course led out into somewhat deeper water, and I was fearful that it might be over my head. Deciding to try it I worked my way to the limb, and putting my left arm around it began working my way along toward the end, hoping to be able to get around the end of the branch, when it would be easy to get ashore. But this was not easy by any means, with a big trout pulling like a mule at the end of the line, and, mind you, no reel. The rod was a four-joint bamboo, sixteen or more feet long, and its spring made it possible to control the fish, with the stout line and large hook, which completed the rig. I worked my way slowly along the limb, the water deepening with every step and my heart sinking much more rapidly. I had caught sight of a broad tail, which astonished and delighted me at the same time, also increasing my misery to the point of despair. But perseverance had its reward, and I finally succeeded in rounding the end of that branch, though I could barely keep my mouth out of the water. Once around the limb, a few steps gave me good foothold, and I quickly pulled in my big beauty, who was pretty well exhausted, and I was not much better. Halting thigh-deep in the water I drew the fish to me, secured a solid grip in his gills and waded ashore triumphant. Laying my prize down on the beach I viewed him over, and every angler will understand my exhilaration. I felt fully rewarded for my tremendous ducking and was not at all affected by the cold.

Taking up my fish I made my way to the camp. On arrival there, and holding up my prize in the light of the camp-fire, for it was then nearly dark, such a shout as went up was a further lift to my feelings, and I felt like a hero of old. A gun known to weigh 9lbs. was hung by the guard on a stick, my fish on the other end, and balancing the stick in its center, the fish was decided by all to weigh nearly as much as the gun. The next morning we were visited by a New York man and his guide, who had been windbound on the way from Trout Cove, at the outlet, to the Bemis, and had camped on the beach over night. In his kit (which, by the way, was the first fly-fishing outfit I had ever seen) was a pair of spring balances. My fish weighed 8½lbs. I have since caught another which weighed the same, though weighed within thirty minutes after being taken from the water, instead of fifteen hours after, as in the case of the first; but I shall never accomplish anything in the sporting line which can so completely satisfy my ambition as did this first big trout. All the circumstances attending that capture are perfect in my memory, and the picture of that tree lying out in the lake, with its surroundings, and the picture of the group of astonished faces at the camp, lit up by the glow of the camp-fire, will never fade.

NOR'EAST.

ABOUT LAND SHARKS.

NEW YORK, Aug. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Does salt-water fishing "pay?" is a quettion I have been revolving in my mind; and the conclusion I have come to is, that it don't if one is dependent on hiring boats at the various points along the coast where there is supposed to be any possibility of successful fishing.

I have just returned from a coastwise cruise (on shore), during which I visited Nantucket, Martha's Vineyard, New Bedford, New London, Newport, Block Island and Fire Island; but I found that unless one was prepared to enjoy the sport at a cost to render it a question of how much money one could afford to squander in the uncertain pursuit, and unless he was prepared to be victimized to the tune of $10 or $12 a day, he had better not undertake to gratify his fishing proclivity. At all the places named, I found plenty of boats on hire, but the owners or sailing masters demanded universally $10 a day for the use of the boat, with perquisites in the shape of "treats," lunch, and the fish caught. Add to the hire of the boat the cost of bait, lunch, sundry bottles of beer, ice, etc., and what it leaves of $12 is represented by 0.

The time was when $5 a day was considered quite enough to pay for a boat, but this summer the price has been advanced to $10 universally, and it seems as if every man having one to hire tried to see just how much of a swindle the public would stand. Of course where there is a party of 8 or 10 the tax is lightened, but it does not mitigate the swindle, and moreover who wants to go out with a party of that size? Some get sick and want to go home early in the action, some get tired or discouraged, and it is anything but pleasant.

In the height of the season, for a month, perhaps, there are parties enough to give business to boats even at such a price, but I saw boats lying at the landing at Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard the entire day without a job, because sensible people would not pay the price, while at moderate rates they would have been constantly employed, netting much more money in the end. But it has got so that every man having a boat or a horse to rent considers it his special privilege to gouge and rob to the fullest extent, until it has become a question whether it is not better to abandon the attempt altogether to indulge in salt-water fishing, as uncertain as it is at best; for it is a remarkable fact that one finds that he is always a day too late, or the wind or tide or something is wrong. It is either too late or too early. You are told that you should have been here last week, and then follow the usual yarns of the number of fish old John Brown caught, or the hundreds of pounds a gentleman from New York (name given being a mythical one) raked in. You are encouraged to try it again to-morrow, and expend another $12 for the benefit of the boat owner.

I met a gentleman at Nantucket who assured me he had expended three days' time and a matter of $36 in pursuit of bluefish and other kinds, and the result was one fish each day, one bluefish, one flounder and one 'cunner," costing $12 each day, and he gained a nose so red as to jeopardize his character as a prohibitionist. Newport is as bad or worse. A boatman charged me a dollar to take me over to Fort Adams (he at first wanted $2), the usual price in past times has been 25 cents. It don't seem to make much difference where you go. It is swindle and gouge—robbery is a more appropriate word for it, and, unless a man is a millionaire, it is sheer folly to undertake to go to the sea coast to fish. If one contemplates remaining in one place any length of time it is cheaper to purchase a small boat and be his own boatman, and at the end of the season sell at the best price he can, or store it away for another year.

I for one am disgusted, and henceforth shall give all these places a wide berth and turn my face inland or to the western rivers and lakes, where summer seaside fashions have not yet penetrated. No more Martha's Vineyard or Nantucket for me.

PODGERS.

ST. LAWRENCE FISH PROTECTION.

IN taking the presidency of the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River, Mr. H. H. Warner, of Rochester, announced his determination to head off illegal netting. He said:

"Sixteen years ago I built my cottage on what is now known as Warner's Island. During the first year or two of my sojourn I became wonderfully attached to the spot and spent several seasons there, enjoying the magnificent fishing which was then without equal in America. The quantity and quality of the fish were superior to any other locality. I continued my visits annually for several years, but I could gradually see that the fishing was becoming less and less. About ten years ago I came to the conclusion that unless the people became aroused—the sporting men of the country—fishing at the Thousand Islands would soon be among the things that were. During that time I protested against the wanton slaughter of game and fish, in and out of season, but was looked upon as an interloper and intruder, from the fact that I was continually agitating the question of protecting the fishing grounds. In my journeying among the islands I could see dotted here and there, nets of all kinds, set for the purpose of securing what it was claimed was a livelihood for a few. Perhaps half a dozen may have earned a pittance, to the injury of the many. This practice has been more or less continued up to the present time, although since the organization of the Angler's Association much has been done for the purpose of protecting the fish for the benefit of masses. In the immediate locality of Alexandria Bay the laws are now ample, but it is very important that the distance for protecting these fish be extended, and I give you my positive assurance that I, as president of the association and as a private citizen, will use my best endeavors to see that a proper law is drafted and presented to our next Legislature, and I have every reason to believe that the entire Thousand Islands will be properly protected in the near future. I am very glad to know that the Anglers' Association has the hearty co-operation of the largest and best part in and about the Thousand Islands, and of the State and entire country. This famous fishing resort can no longer be claimed as belonging to Jefferson county of New York State, but it is one of the favorite resorts of the people of the whole country. I believe it is now generally conceded that the Thousand Islands and the river St. Lawrence form the most beautiful and attractive summer resort in the world, and with reasonably good fishing, such as we had in former days and before the conveniences of railroads and distribution of fish by the netters, which has in a measure almost reached a point of what you might term extermination, it will long continue so to be. As to the remark that I have often heard made, that it would be impossible to exterminate the black bass of the St. Lawrence, I desire to say that from the best information possible this wonderful game fish would undoubtedly have been exterminated by this time if it had not been for the zealous efforts of the Anglers' Association to protect them as far as possible. In conclusion, allow me to say that during the term of my office there will be very little netting and violation of the law by people along the river, be they Americans or Canadians, and I will give the Association my positive assurance that during the coming winter they will find it very unprofitable to attempt to fish through the ice. Neither will they be allowed to make any pretense of notifying the game officials to witness the raising of nets for the purpose of assorting and pretending to return to the waters what are considered game fish. I will say emphatically that all such courtesies as allowing nets to be set for any sort of fish will not be permitted."

HENDERSON BAY FISHING.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While casting about for a short vacation it was my good luck to decide upon Henderson Bay, Jefferson county, N. Y., and my further good luck to secure quarters with Mr. E. Tyler, probably well-known to many readers of the FOREST AND STREAM as having taken an active part in securing good protective laws for the fish which abound at the bay. During my stay of two weeks, I did not come in contact with a single "fish hog" nor a single gentleman who was not perfectly willing to put back—after having landed—all black bass of less than 1¼lbs. and all pickerel of less than 2½lbs., according to the request of Mr. Tyler and his guides. There is a fully equipped work shop provided here where broken gear, or unsuited tackle can be made good on the grounds. Many thanks are due Mr. Tyler for his carful watch over the interest of sportsmen. It is my earnest desire to see this moral law more generally enforced with respect to fish and game, as I earnestly believe that from it come all good statute laws, and in it lies the greatest protection to the game and fish of the future.—SID BROMLEY.

LOCKPORT, N. Y.—The Lockport *Express* has this on three local anglers: "Lockport has many of the best anglers in western New York, and among the most successful of the number are District Attorney D. E. Brong, ex-County Clerk John A. Merrit, ex-Supervisor C. W. Hatch and Master Mechanic Frank N. Trevor. As piscatorial artists they have often surprised the most successful disciples of Izaak Walton and created envy among the professional anglers of the town. They studied the almanac carefully, watched the weather reports, gauged the thermometer and barometer and most everything else, including the phonograph, and came to the conclusion that Tuesday, Aug. 27, was the identical day for unprecedented success, and Oak Orchard Harbor the place of destination. The story of yesterday is soon told. They left town on the early train for the east some time before daylight, and returned on the 12 o'clock train last night. They fished all day vigorously and vivaciously and did not get a bite. To-day they are posting up their expense accounts, but no estimate can be made of their wounded feelings."

SUSQUEHANNA BASS.—Athens, Pa., Sept. 5.—Mr. Tom Stonier and F. M. Frost returned last night from a day's fishing on the Susquehanna at Mehoopany, Pa., and brought back as trophies of their skill nearly 75lbs. of fine bass. The largest black bass weighed 6½lbs., while several Susquehanna salmon, "yellow bass," were taken which were nearly as heavy, small bullheads being the principal bait.—P.

THE NIAGARA RIVER BASS FISHING IS CAPITAL.—On Aug. 28, off Fort Niagara, these scores were made by trolling: P. H. Buckley of Niagara Falls, Ont., took 25; H. R. Buckley of Philadelphia, 30; H. L. Coryell, Philadelphia, 27; Joe Gresy, Forest Avenue, Black Rock, 55; Fred Smeading, Buffalo, 30; George Keller, Buffalo, 32; J. L. Alberger, Buffalo, 35; Calvin Phelps, Buffalo, 50.

Fishculture.

FISH BREEDING IN CANADA.*

WE gather the following interesting facts concerning fish breeding in Canada during 1888 from Mr. S. Wilmot's report, as Superintendent of Fishculture. Mr. Wilmot finds that owing to the increase of population and improvements going on it is found that the food-fishes of Canada are decreasing, and that it has become necessary to protect them by proper legislation and the introduction of improved methods for the restoration of this important food. He states that "This desideratum has in a large degree been reached by the greater portion of the civilized governments of the world, by adopting the science of artificial fishculture, an industry which thus far, wherever introduced and extensively carried on, has produced most satisfactory results by restoring many waters to their original standard of fish wealth; and replenishing others with the higher orders of fishes by the acclimatiaztion of young fish reared in public fish-breeding institutions." There are twelve fish hatcheries in Canada. The output of fish fry during 1888 exceeded that of any previous year. The kinds and numbers of fish planted were as follows:

Atlantic salmon (*Salmo salar*)	8,156,000
Pacific salmon (*Quinnat* and *saw-quai*)	5,807,000
Salmon trout (*Salvelinus namaycush*)	7,320,000
Brook trout (*S. fontinalis*)	176,000
Pickerel (doré, *Stizostedium*)	25,000,000
Black bass (*M. dolomieï*)	1,000,000
Whitefish (*Coregonus albus*)	40,650,000
Grand total	88,109,000

* Report on Fish Breeding in the Dominion of Canada, 1888.

The whole number of fry planted since the commencement is 636,844,900. Of these 463,709,000 were Salmonoids, and the others of Percoids and Centrarchoids (pike, perch and black bass).

Mr. Wilmot pays a grand compliment to the fishculturists of the United States. He says: "While nearly all the countries of the Old World are actively engaged in the art of artificial fishculture, it is found that in America also the industry has been entered into with more vigor than elsewhere, and nowhere has the same amount of effort been put forth to utilize the science of fishculture for resuscitating declining fisheries in the general interests of the inhabitants, than is shown to be the case in the United States of America, where, by the almost unbounded liberality of the Federal Government, and by the larger proportion of individual States of the Union, this work is generously supported and extensively carried on; and large sums of money are annually granted from the public treasury for the erection and maintenance of Federal and State fish hatcheries, and for employing professional experts, who are well versed in ichthyology, and also appointing persons having a practical knowledge of the wants in each State as Fishery Commissioners, whose duty it is to look after the fisheries and fishoulture, and husband the work to its fullest extent. Over and above this Government patronage and support, fishculture is now being extensively carried on by private enterprise in many parts of the Union. This is shown by the fact of the numerous advertisements of proprietors of fish farms, so to speak, offering for sale fish eggs and young fish of various kinds, bred in their private nurseries."

In conclusion Mr. Wilmot states that the Canadian fish hatcheries, their apparatus and appliances are in good working order, and that the large output of young fish during the past season has been safely and satisfactorily accomplished, also that the eggs now in the hatcheries present a healthy and vigorous appearance; that the reports from the different hatching stations indicate that fishculture as pursued in Canada is active, progressive and successful up to the limit which it has reached, but he is fully convinced that the enterprise has not yet become sufficiently expanded nor is it placed upon such a broad and satisfactory basis as its importance demands, and closes with the following words: "I therefore fully indorse the sentiments of the leading fishculturists of the United States, and the policy of that country when it is said that 'Public fishculture is most useful when conducted upon a gigantic scale—its statistical tables must be footed up by tens of millions. To count young fish by the thousand is the task of the private propagator: and that the prosperity and wealth of the fisheries of the present day are entirely under the control of the fishculturist to sustain or to destroy, and capable of immense extension.'"

FISHCULTURE IN ILLINOIS.—The work of restocking the streams of Illinois, which was commenced in 1887 on a large scale, has been carried forward during the past year and the present summer. This year much has been accomplished, thousands of fish have been seined out of sloughs and holes and transplanted in suitable waters. The species handled are principally black bass, large and small-mouth; crappie, two species; sunfishes, white bass, perch, pike-perch, pike, pickerel, buffalo fish, and catfish, several species. These are taken from the seines and placed in live boxes, to be kept until the arrival of a transportation car, in which they are carried to their final destination. The cars are loaded by the U. S. Fish Commission, and are especially fitted for such work with large boxes holding from 80 to 100 gallons of water. The cost of transporting these fish is comparatively small, as the railroads throughout the State haul the cars free of charge. This method of stocking streams will undoubtedly result very successfully. These fish, varying in length from 3 to 14in., planted in suitable waters, will soon mature and breed, and should multiply in numbers very rapidly. The Commissioners of Illinois deserve the support of their Legislature and of all others interested in the subject of fishculture.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 9 to 12.—First Annual Dog Show of the Brooklyn Kennel Club, at Brooklyn, N. Y. Charles Dickleman, Secretary. Entries close Aug. 28.

Sept. 9 to 13.—Dog Show of the Farmers' Lancaster County Fair Association, at Lancaster, Pa. A. A. Herr, Secretary. Entries close 11 A. M., Sept. 9.

Sept. 10 to 13.—Sixth Annual Dog Show of the London Kennel Club, at London, Ont. C. A. Stone, Manager. Entries close Sept. 5

Sept. 10 to 13.—Dog Show of the Central Canada Exhibition Association, at Ottawa, Can. Capt. R. C. W. MacCuaig, Secretary. Entries close Aug. 31.

Sept. 11 to 13.—First Annual Dog Show of the Toledo Kennel Company, Toledo, O. Chas. E. Rowland, Secretary, Box 423. Entries close Aug. 26.

Sept. 16 to 19.—Dog Show of the Dominion of Canada Kennel Club, in connection with the Industrial Exposition at Toronto, Canada. Capt. C. Greville Harston, Sect'y. Entries close Sept. 4.

Sept. 17 to 20.—Dog Show of the Pet Stock Association at Elmira, N. Y. J. Otis Fellows, Superintendent, Hornellsville, N.Y. Entries close Sept. 7.

Oct. 1 to 3.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Bristol Park Agricultural Society, Bristol, Conn. F. C. Barnes, Secretary.

Oct. 8 to 12.—Eighth Annual Dog Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society, at Danbury, Conn. B. C. Lynes, Secretary. Entries close Sept. 28.

Nov. 14 to 16.—First Dog Show of the Continental Kennel Club, at Denver, Col. Claude King, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 4.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club. P. T. Madison, Secretary, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 11.—Inaugural Field Trials of the Canadian Kennel Club, at Chatham, Ont. C. A. Stone, Secretary, London, Ont.

Nov. 18.—Eleventh Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Dec. 2.—Inaugural Field Trials of the Central Field Trial Club, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Secretary, Mill's Building, New York, N. Y.

Dec. 16.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trial Club, at Amory, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Secretary, Marietta, Ga.

REGISTRATION IN THE GAZETTE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In answer to the communication which has appeared in the several sporting papers signed by the Stud Book Committee of the A. K. C., upon their action in increasing the fee for registration in the Stud Book from fifty cents to one dollar, and in answer to a letter from Mr. Anthony (who is one of the advisory committee of the A. K. C.), permit me to say that from the commencement of the publication of the Stud Book by the A. K. C., and which was published every three months until Jan. 1 last, the income derived therefrom, which was fixed at fifty cents for each registration, was found sufficient to defray all of the expenses for the publication of the same, notwithstanding the fact that at and during said time a rival register was being published by the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, and notwithstanding the fact that during a portion of said time a rival club was in existence, composed of about two hundred breeders, and during that time less than half the number of clubs than we now have were members of the A. K. C.

On Jan. 1 last the A. K. C. commenced the publication of the *Kennel Gazette*. The rules were so changed that only dogs whose pedigree could be traced unto the fourth generation could be registered in the Stud Book, while any mongrel could be registered in the *Kennel Gazette*. An upper and under secretary were employed by the Kennel Club, the former receiving a salary of $1,500 a year, while the second agreed to be satisfied with $1,000. The duty of the first was to edit the *Kennel Gazette*, while the second became editor of the Stud Book. The registration in the *Kennel Gazette* was fixed by the rules at twenty-five cents per dog, while the registration in the Stud Book had previously been fixed at fifty cents. The first number of the *Kennel Gazette*, after many barks and a few howls, dawned upon the doggy world in January last. From an examination of that issue I find that there were 45 dogs registered whose sire and dam were known, 3 that were half orphans, and 4 mongrels without any pedigree whatever, making in all, during the month of January, 52 dogs.

The income to the *Kennel Gazette* from the registration of these 52 dogs was $13; the income for advertising I will estimate at $100, which, with the $13 for registration, make a total of $113 income. The expenses are: Salary of secretary, $125; rent, $15; cost of the *Gazette* as per treasurer's report, $365.64; postage and stationery, say, $20; making a total of $525.64 expenses, from which take income, leaving a net loss to the club of $412.64 for the first month.

Now we will take the eight months, and we find that 1,904 dogs have been registered from Jan. 1 to and including the August issue of the *Gazette* as follows:

January	52
February	510
March	534
April	464
May	299
June	33
July	6
August	6
Total	1,904

Now, the income derived from the above amounts to $476. Let us now submit the following statement of income and expenditures, which, I believe, will be found to be very nearly correct for the eight months now past:

Expenses.

Salary of secretary	$1,000
Office rent	125
Due associate members for two registrations in Stud Book	327
Due associate members 327 Stud Books at $3	981
Due associate members 327 *Kennel Gazettes* at $2	654
Publishing the *Kennel Gazette* at, say, $200 per month	1,600
Incidentals, including stationery and postage, say	300
Total	$4,987

Receipts.

1,904 dogs at 25 cents	476
Advertising, estimated	800
Received from associate members (if all have paid)	1,635
Total	$2,911

Showing a net loss to the club of over $2,000 for the eight months.

Mr. Anthony says that the *Kennel Gazette* is the money making end of the A.K.C. I have great respect for Mr. Anthony's opinion, but will he kindly give us the figures? I will venture this: If Mr. Vredenburgh will make a report of the financial status of the A.K.C. at their next meeting a deficit will appear, showing substantially that I am correct.

Now we will take a look at the Stud Book, and we will find that since January last there have been registered 1,875 dogs, for which the A.K.C. has received $937.50.

The expense to the club is the salary to the under secretary for the eight months, which is $666.67; rent, say, $125; stationery and incidental expenses, say, $200, making a total of $991.67; so we find that the office expenses have so far more than absorbed the revenue received for this account, and evidently there is no money now in the treasury to publish the book on Jan. 1 next. The big drain on the Stud Book has been the *Kennel Gazette*. Taking out about 20 per cent. of the dogs registered in the *Kennel Gazette*, which are classed with pedigree unknown, and then, say, 30 per cent. more whose pedigrees would not go to the fourth generation, this would leave about one-half the dogs registered in the *Kennel Gazette* to be registered in the Stud Book, and the Stud Book account would be increased by doing away with the *Gazette*.

I am of the opinion that breeders will not pay the one dollar to register their dogs, and when I see that the Westminster Kennel Club, which is annually able to come out thousands of dollars ahead, the richest club in the country, having millionaires among its members, to save the paltry sum of twenty-five cents on the registration, will register the get of that grand little dog, Naso of Kippen, out of their well-bred Kate VIII., and attach the name of Westminster Ben to one and Westminster Cato to the other and have them published as registered pointers by the A. K. C. in the *Kennel Gazette* with Belle II., whose sire was unknown; with Columbus Nig, whose sire and dam were unknown, and with Dan, whose pedigree is unknown, and with Fan, whose pedigree and date of birth is unknown, and with Fanny and Fanny II., both without a pedigree, and Frank and Guy, whose pedigrees are unknown; while Spot II. and Spy came into the world and into the *Kennel Gazette*, with the same uncertainty, their pedigrees being unknown, I also find in the same *Kennel Gazette* of March, registered with this collection of mongrels, published to the world as registered under the head of pointers, not only the two above named, the get of Naso of Kippen, but the get of Bang Bang, Donald, Tammany, Mainspring, Sensation, Nick of Naso, Robert the Devil, Lad of Bow, and other well-bred pointers.

Now, if the Westminster Kennel Club, to save 25 cents, are willing to class their well-bred dogs, with their kennel name affixed, with the above designated collection of mongrels, what are we to expect from the struggling breeder who lives upon the mountainside when the A. K. C. increases the registration fee to $1? When rich breeders like the Rutherfurd Bros. will register their well-bred fox-terriers in the *Kennel Gazette* among a lot of mongrels to save the 25 cents, what shall we expect from the poor breeder when the A. K. C. increases the registration fee to $1?

The object of a registration is to preserve the pedigree and thereby improve the breeding, and by stages increase the certainty of pure blood. The Stud Book should be published quarterly, and no dog should now appear therein unless the descendant of previously registered dogs, or with a pedigree going back to the fourth generation; and the registration fee should be made so cheap that every one who owns a well-bred dog would avail himself of the opportunity to register it. At the next meeting of the Executive Committee I hope the secretary will make a detailed statement of the financial condition of the A. K. C., and that the delegates will see the wisdom of doing away at the earliest moment with this costly and useless publication, the *Kennel Gazette*, and the necessity of cutting down the expenditures and publish the Stud Book every three months. Also the necessity for doing away with the associate membership, which is undermining the local clubs throughout the country that give the shows.

If a member of the New Jersey Club who pays $10 a year dues as well as his proportion of losses in giving a show, as well as his time, which is necessary to the club, wants to register two dogs, he pays the fee to the Kennel Club, which is now $1. If he wants a *Kennel Gazette* for the year he pays $2; if he wants a Stud Book, when it comes out, he pays $3.

The associate member, who pays nothing for dues to the local club, takes no liability for show losses, gives none of his time, gets now back what the A. K. C. charges the member of the local club $6 for, and when the raised registration fee goes into effect $7, for $5. My estimate of the deficit now in the *Gazette* and Stud Book accounts is about as follows: $2,076 in *Kennel Gazette*, $54.17 in Stud Book. This deficit will be considerably increased during the balance of the year, and if it were not for the associate members the Stud Book would be more than self-sustaining. I am glad to see that breeders are realizing the worthlessness of this *Kennel Gazette*, for I find that during the month of June there were only 33 dogs registered in the *Kennel Gazette*, 10 of which were mongrels. In the month of July there were only six dogs registered in the *Kennel Gazette*, two of which were mongrels. In August only six dogs were registered in the *Kennel Gazette*, three of which were mongrels. Is it worth while for the dog breeders of this country to contribute about five hundred dollars a month for three months to the *Kennel Gazette* to register these forty-five dogs registered in June, July and August, and do not the figures convince every thinking dog breeder that the time has arrived when I should have the opportunity, which I have long desired, to write the obituary of the *Kennel Gazette*? The pen will not be steeped in gall.

The venture was made upon the deliberate judgment of almost every delegate of the A. K. C. They believed that it was not only practical, but for the best interests of the club. I have no fault to find with any delegate for the course he has pursued. I am as strongly and firmly convinced as ever that the A. K. C. and the Stud Book are necessities; that they should not be torn down, but built up. And upon reflection, the experiment having been tried, is it not a palpable fact that we should now make this change?

PESHALL.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Sept. 7.

GERMAN MASTIFF OR GREAT DANE STANDARD

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* All breeds of dogs have their distinctive features and characteristics, by which the particular family to which they belong may be recognized and judged. Of the various breeds, none are more imposing nor distinguished in appearance than the German mastiff, or great Dane, or the Deutche dogge, which in early times was commonly called the boarhound. Later, the heavier-bodied specimens were known as the Ulmer dogge, and the lighter-bodied as the Daniske dogge, or great Dane, now known in Germany, the home of the breed, as the German mastiff, but better known in England and America as the great Dane.

The enormous size, splendid proportions, great strength, fine action, dignified and elegant carriage, superior intelligence, courage and fidelity of the German mastiff or great Dane, mark the breed as approaching the perfection of the canine race.

This dog, as the name boarhound (originally applied to the breed) indicates, is particularly adapted to animal hunting, and in early days was used to hunt wild boars and other large game. But, while splendid on the hunt, as a companion or guard, he has no superior. There is no large dog better fitted for a house watch dog, for his coat is short and fine, and is easily kept clean, while his habits and temperament are unexceptional. His growing popularity amply attests his valuable qualities, and he only needs to be known to be appreciated.

The following are the points and their value of the German mastiff or great Dane, adopted Sept. 4 by the German Mastiff or Great Dane Club of America.

General Appearance.—The German mastiff or great Dane is remarkable in size, of powerful and elegant build, strong and muscular, of high courage, supple in action, graceful and dignified in carriage and in movement. The coat is short and fine, the head and neck are carried high with a distinguished air, the ears are rather small, and when uncropped somewhat resemble those of the greyhound, but when cropped are carried upright, something like those of the bull-terrier. The neck is strong and well arched, and should be without dewlap. The tail is fine and tapering, and is carried on a line with the back, with a slight tendency to curve at the extremity. A too highly curved tail, or carried too high, gives the animal a very common appearance, and is a serious fault. In general appearance the German mastiff or great Dane is not so massive or clumsy as the English mastiff, nor so light and leggy as the greyhound, but somewhat resembling both, or what might be considered a satisfactory medium between the two; and in formation indicates great strength and activity. In disposition he is gentle and affectionate, yet courageous, and bears the stamp of nobility of character. He is devoted to his master and friendly with those he knows, but is not inclined to be free or familiar with strangers. When aroused he displays his strength and courage, but because of his intelligence and temperament he is easily governed even when under excitement.

Height.—In height dogs should not be less than 30in. straight measurement at the shoulder, and bitches should not be less than 28in.

Weight.—Dogs of the above height should weigh not less than 120lbs., and bitches not less than 100lbs.

Body.—The body should be long, somewhat inclined to roundness and compact. Belly well drawn up, yet well proportioned—not gaunt nor tucked up like the greyhound, but showing muscle and strength.

Head.—The head, or skull, should neither be domed nor flat; rather lengthy and not too broad; the frontal bones slightly raised; little indentation between the eyes, with very little or no stop; cheek muscles well developed; face not too broad. The whole formation and expression of the head and face should rather more resemble the hound than the bulldog or mastiff, except the muzzle, which is not like that of any other breed, as the German mastiff or great Dane has a muzzle peculiarly his own, the entire head and face, but much heavier, more nearly resembling those of the approved bull-terrier than of any other breed. Too much resemblance to the hound is a fault.

Ears.—The ears should be small and carried high, something like those of the greyhound. The ears may or may not be cropped. When cropped they resemble those of the bull-terrier.

Eyes.—The eyes should be small, round and deeply set, with a sharp expression, and may be light, or the various shades of brown and hazel, or in harmony with the general color of the dog.

Nose.—The nose should be large with bridge well arched.

Muzzle.—The muzzle should be broad and strong, and rather square, or blunt, at the point.

Lips.—The lips in front should be blunt, not hanging too much over the sides, but with well defined folds at the angle of the mouth.

Jaw.—The lower jaw should neither be short nor long, but should bring the teeth to meet evenly.

Neck.—The neck should be rather long, very strong and muscular, well arched, without dewlap or loose skin about the throat. The junction of the neck and head should be strongly pronounced.

Forequarters.—The shoulders should be sloping and muscular, the elbows well under, and neither turned inward nor outward.

Legs.—The forearms should be very muscular, with large bone, knees strong, not bent; ankles or pasterns muscular, and the whole legs straight, strong and well proportioned.

Chest.—The chest should be of good width, but not too broad, deep in the brisket.

Back.—The back should be muscular, and not too long, nor hollow, nor quite straight, but showing a very slight tendency to arch.

Loin.—The loin should be broad, strong and well arched, and muscular above and below.

Tail.—The tail should reach to the hock, strong at the root, fine and tapering to the end, and be carried horizontally with the back, or very slightly upward, with a slight tendency to curve at the extremity; but must not curl, or be carried high, or over the back.

Hindquarters.—The buttocks or hips should be well developed and strong, rounding gradually to root of tail; thighs muscular, with good bone, and second thighs long and strong—hocks well let down, or low, and straight, turning neither in nor out—ankles strong in bone and muscle.

Feet.—The feet should be large and round, and well set on ankles, turning neither inward nor outward. Toes well arched and closed, nails strong and curved.

Hair or Coat.—The hair or coat should be short, hard and dense, with no fringe or long hair on legs or tail.

Color and Markings.—The recognized colors are the various shades of gray or blue, mouse color, black, white, red or fawn; also brindle, or tiger-striped on white ground, with patches of dark colors. The single colors are sometimes accompanied with markings of a darker tint about the eyes and muzzle, and with a line of the same tint, called a trace, along the course of the spine. The above ground colors appear in the brindles, and in the striped and mottled specimens. In the one-colored specimens the china or wall eye rarely appears, and the nose more or less approaches black, according to the prevailing tint of the dog, and the eyes vary in color also. The mottled specimens have irregular patches or clouds upon the above-named ground colors, in some instances the clouds or markings being of two or more tints. With the mottled specimens the wall or china eye is not uncommon, and the nose is often parti colored or wholly flesh colored.

Symmetry.—The symmetry of the whole body should be of a high order, with well defined and gracefully curved lines, and the whole appearance should indicate power, activity, courage and nobility of character.

Faults.—The faults most common are too heavy or too houndy a head; too highly arched frontal bone, and deep stop or indentation between the eyes; too broad a face; too short or too light a muzzle; too long ears and hanging flat to the face; too short a neck; full dewlap or loose skin on neck; too narrow or too broad a chest; sunken or quite straight back; bent forelegs; over-bent fetlocks; cow-hocked hindlegs; dew claws if loose—better none. *Not permissible.*—Twisted feet; spreading toes; too coarse or long coat; too heavy or too highly carried or curved tail, or with a brush underneath; weak or narrow loin or hindquarters; a general lack of muscle; want of symmetry, and a general absence of character in appearance.

MINIMUM SIZE AND WEIGHT.

Dogs	Height, 30in.	Weight, 120lbs.
Bitches	Height, 28in.	Weight, 100lbs.

APPROXIMATE MEASUREMENTS.

	Dogs.	Bitches.
Height	32in.	30in.
Weight	140lbs.	120lbs.
Length from tip of nose to occiput	12in.	11in.
Occiput to middle of shoulders	14in.	12in.
Middle of shoulders to set on of tail	34in.	32in.
Length of tail	22in.	20in.
Girth of skull	24in.	22in.
Girth of neck	26in.	24in.
Muzzle between eyes and nose	12in.	11in.
Girth of chest	38in.	34in.
Girth of loin	32in.	30in.
Girth of thigh	17in.	15in.
Girth of second thigh	13in.	11in.
Girth of forearm	10in.	8½in.

VALUE OF POINTS.

Height		10
General appearance and symmetry		10
Action		7
Temperament and character		4
Head	Skull	5
	Ears	5
	Eyes	3
	Nose, muzzle and lips	2—15
Neck		5
Forequarters	Shoulders	5
	Legs	5—10
Body	Chest	5
	Back	4
	Belly	2
	Loin	4—15
Tail		5
Hindquarters	Buttocks, or hips	5
	Thighs and legs	5—10
Feet, toes and nails		5
Coat		4
Total		100

W. F. FOX, President.

HELENA DOG SHOW.

[*Special Report.*]

HELENA, Mont., Aug. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The first annual bench show of the Montana Kennel Club was held in this city Aug. 28, 29 and 30. This being the first dog show held in this Territory, is to us an event of no little interest. The exhibition is given under the rules of the American Kennel Club, the Montana Kennel Club having made application for membership in that association. The Montana Agricultural, Manufacturing and Mineral Association kindly donated $500 to be used as premiums, also the use of a suitable building located on the fair grounds near this city.

The writer being a lover of dogs and having been an exhibitor at some of the best shows held in the East, as well as having been associated as one of the managers of an Eastern show (Rensselaer Kennel Club show), and being an old subscriber for your valuable paper, hereby takes the liberty of giving a crude report of the show.

The entries are not large, but when we take into consideration the population of our city (less than 25,000) and its remote location, it is gratifying to the managers to have met with the success attained. Ninety entries were made, with but two absentees. The quality of the dogs, as a whole, was good. There were, as is always the case at the first show held in any community, a lot of poor ones. There are many genuine sportsmen in this Territory, it being a game country, who have spared no expense in securing well-bred sporting dogs; others have brought their dogs with them. Attention to proper registration and preserving pedigrees has been neglected. It is evident, however, that many of the dogs seen at this show are from the best strains in this country, and we predict that one of the sequels of this exhibition will be the stimulation of the owners of good animals to look after these essential points in the future. The attendance was remarkably good, and invariably all express themselves as well pleased. Following is a list of the judges: Jack Wilson, mastiffs, St. Bernards, Newfoundlands, Great Danes and collies; Dr. C. E. Nichols, setters, pointers, spaniels, dachshunde and beagles; B. B. Kelly, deerhounds, greyhounds and foxhounds; R. T. Bayliss, bulldogs, bull-terriers and fox-terriers; Dr. H. Holloway the remaining classes.

In mastiffs there were five entries, and as a class they were good. Ilford Coroner has good legs, head and body; is, however, undersize, but was decided to be the best of the lot, taking first and special for the best dog in the show. Second and third would pass in fair company. In bitches, Fannie, the only entry, was worthy of first. She is well bred, sire champion Minting, dam Beulah. Good in body and legs; head not as good as first in dog class.

The only entry in St. Bernards was absent.

In Newfoundlands Vick was given second, which was more than he deserved.

Great Danes were well represented, there being five entries, more than have been present at many large shows in the East. Nero Hansa III., bred by S. Cohen, Hamburg, sire Mentor, dam Minerva, is a good one and in my judgment is better than many winners in this country. Carmen, bred by the same gentleman, sire Nero, dam Alma, prize winner at Stuttgart, Germany, 1887, is not as good as Nero Hansa III., and yet she is a nice bitch, and with her litter of puppies made a desirable addition. The other three were the get of the two above-named dogs and were all good.

We have good deerhounds in this Territory, and Dan, first in dog class, and Mada, first in bitch class, are as good as we often see. There were three entries in the greyhound dog class, all have good business or working qualities and large, muscular development. Dogs of this class in this country are highly prized, as we have plenty of jack rabbits and great amusement is afforded in the pursuit of them, using these dogs, it is simply a question of speed.

The pointers had five entries, with two very good dogs. Bounce won over Frank, the latter being better in head but not so good in body, the competition between the two being close. Lady Jess, in the bitch class, was given second, not being worthy of a first.

Twelve English setters were shown, five in each dog and bitch class, and two in the puppy class. The competition for first place was very close between Patch and Outlaw Dick; both are well bred. There being little choice first and second was divided between them, and third was given to Dick, a large dog, bad in head. In the bitch class Gypsy won easily; she is a very good bitch, a recent importation, good in feet, coat, color and symmetry, nose a little short, and lips not as full as we like. Second was given to Flossie, a lemon and white, with a fine head, but she is leggy. Queenie, suffering from chorea, otherwise a good animal, was vhc. In the puppy class Rock, an eleven months' dog, is decidedly the best of the breed shown.

There was not even a good Irish setter in a lot of five. Pifco, first; Snap, second; Max, third. Chip, in bitch class, was given second.

Black and tan setters had six entries. Rex, first, is good in coat, color, legs and feet, head a little large, but taking him all round he would do in very good company. Bob, second, is bad in coat, otherwise a good dog. Grouse, third, is bad in coat and color, but looks a good worker. Puppies very ordinary.

The class for field spaniels had no entries.

In cocker spaniels, dogs and bitches, there were eight entries. Topsy Obo, first, black head and ears fair, legs good, coat too wavy. Livingston Sport, second, coat curly, tail carried badly, legs good, short in body. Bozrah, third, is good in coat, short in body and legs a little too long; her muzzle is much shorter than I like. Ponteno, in the puppy class, is good in head, muzzle and legs, his coat is not quite straight, but is the best in the lot.

Collies had but one entry, Sabe. He was considered worthy of first place, but is decidedly defective.

The class for poodles brought out only one entry, a poor specimen.

Dachshunde also had only one entry, very poorly bred and hardly worthy of a place; he was, however, given first.

Beagles and bulldogs were not represented.

Bull-terriers had three entries. Stuff, first, is a fair specimen, but shows approximation to the round or bullet-headed terrier. Fan, the only bitch shown, has the same defect as first in dog class.

In fox-terrier dogs there were two entries, and both are very good dogs. First went to Ben, bred by Associated Fanciers, of Philadelphia. He is good in head, legs, feet and color; wide in shoulders and is lacking in symmetry and quality. Rip, second, is better in body and shoulders, but not as good in head. In bitches there were three entries. Nell, winner of first, is good throughout. Three puppies were shown; all are fair, but rather young to predict their future.

Black and tan terriers had one entry—Spider, a fair specimen.

Five pugs were shown. The judge consumed some time in making his awards. All were fair and they seemed to be properly placed. Baldy, first, is an extra good one.

There were five entries in the miscellaneous class; all were poor. Grover C., placed first, is a cross between a St. Bernard and Newfoundland. Following is a list of the

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—*Dogs:* 1st and special, Master Don Larabie's Ilfred Caroner; 2d, H. Gans' Jack; 3d, F. S. Witherbee's Tom. *Bitches:* 1st, Master Don Larabie's Fannie.

ST. BERNARDS.—Absent.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, withheld; 2d, W. B. Webb's Vick.

GREAT DANES.—1st, 2d, 3d and very high com., F. Pope's Nero Hansa III., Carmen, Sultan and Bella II. High com., Dr. J. J. Leisser's Nez Perce.

DEERHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, C. Gamer's Dan. *Bitches:* 1st, W. M. Murphy's Maida.

GREYHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, E. C. Babcock's Marco and Dandy. *Bitches:* 1st, L. Higgs's Lady H.

POINTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. Davis's Bounce; 2d and very high com., C. A. Stewart's Frank and Ned. Com., A. B. Kleinschmidt's Dan. *Bitches:* 1st, withheld; 2d, J. P. McCabe's Lady Jess. *Puppies:* 1st, V. E. Goldsmith's Chequeta II.; 2d and very high com., J. P. McCabe's Frank P. and General Terry; 3d, T. Carter's Nell.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d (divided), T. J. Cronin's Patch and W. S. Davidson's Outlaw Dick; 3d, H. P. Kennett's Dick. *Bitches:* 1st, W. B. Raleigh's Gypsy; 2d, S. A. Balliet's Flossie; 3d, C. S. Wardman's Nellie W. Very high com., W. S. Davidson's Queenie. *Puppies:* 1st, C. F. Woodman's Rock; 2d, T. Hill's Nick.

IRISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, W. S. Davidson's Pifco; 2d, J. Worth's Snap; 3d, H. Barbour's Max. Very high com., A. K. Barbour's Wig. *Bitches:* 1st, withheld; 2d, A. B. Cook's Chip. *Puppies:* 1st, withheld; 2d, unknown. High com., W. S. Davidson's Bob.

BLACK AND TAN SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, H. M. Parchen's Rex; 2d, H. P. Kennett's Bob; 3d, W. F. Franklin's Grouse. *Bitches:* 1st, D. Dick's Rose. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, W. S. Davidson's Bob Lee.

COCKER SPANIELS.—1st, J. E. Davis's Topsy Obo; 2d, C. Garnier's Livingston Sport; 3d, J. D. Ripley's Bozrah. Very high com., J. E. Davis's Ponteno.

COLLIES.—*Dogs:* 1st, W. S. Davidson's Sabe.

POODLES.—1st, Levy & Elias's Juno.

DACHSHUNDE.—1st, Mrs. F. L. Sizer's Snooks.

BULL-TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, O. P. Weisgerber's Stubb. *Bitches:* 1st, W. S. Davidson's Fan.

FOX-TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. B. Reed's Ben; 2d, J. Hancock's Rip. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, J. P. Reed's Nell and Chippy. *Puppies:* 1st, 2d and 3d, J. P. Reed's Monkey, M. K. C. and Jack.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—1st, Ada A. Conyngham's Spider.

SKYE TERRIERS.—Withheld.

TOY TERRIERS.—1st, withheld; 2d, Miss J. T. Smith's Little Jim.

PUGS.—1st, J. D. Wilson's Baldy; 2d, Gussie Hartman's Frank; 2d, F. L. Allen's Girlie.

MISCELLANEOUS.—1st, H. O. Collins's Grover C.; 2d, Mrs. W. J. Bickett's Bruno.

MONT.

WILMINGTON DOG SHOW.

[*Special Report.*]

WILMINGTON, Del., Sept. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The dog show held this week in connection with the second annual fair of the Wilmington Agricultural and Industrial Association in this city, was one of the features of the fair and large crowds were constantly around the stalls. Nearly 150 dogs were shown, and many of them are well-known prize winners. Mr. James Watson, of Philadelphia, judged them, and, so far as I could learn, gave general satisfaction. Only one prize was given in each class, except in cases of exceptional merit. Following is a list of the

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—1st, C. Porter; Jr.'s, Boss Lady Clare; 2d, O. Vernon's Jack. *Puppies:* 1st, E. Bayne's Czar.

ST. BERNARDS.—1st, Associated Fanciers' Celtic Rector.

FOXHOUNDS.—1st, Associated Fanciers' Trailer.

BEAGLES.—1st, Associated Fanciers' Prince; 2d, J. H. Manlove's Nancy.

DACHSHUNDE.—1st, Associated Fanciers' Hilda.

BASSET HOUNDS.—1st, C. Porter, Jr.'s Babette.

GREYHOUNDS.—1st, J. C. Kriner's Swift.

POINTERS.—1st, Associated Fanciers' Village Jim; 2d, F. B. Colton's Prince. *Puppies:* 1st, C. Kemble's Don Cameron.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—1st, Associated Fanciers' Magnolia; 2d, E. C. Simpson's Pansy Blossom.

GORDON SETTERS.—1st, Associated Fanciers' Frizzle; 2d, E. C. Simpson's St. Joe.

IRISH SETTERS.—1st, C. T. Thompson's Nellie.

FIELD SPANIELS.—1st, T. Wallace's Pasha.

COCKER SPANIELS.—1st, W. West's Doc. *Puppies:* 1st, T. Wallace's Pasha, Jr.

COLLIES.—*Dogs:* 1st, W. Lindsay's Robin Gray; 2d, F. R. Carswell's Major. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, F. R. Carswell's Lady and Rutland Miss. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, F. R. Carswell's Queen and Boskie.

PUGS.—1st, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Othello; 2d, J. D. Brown's ——. *Puppies:* 1st, W. Bromley's Doc; 2d, F. Giles's Ferris.

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st, Associated Fanciers' Donald.

IRISH TERRIERS.—1st, Associated Fanciers' Judy.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—1st, C. Porter, Jr's Punch.

TOY TERRIERS.—1st, T. D. Brown's Dot.

DALMATIANS.—1st, V. Laubacher's Dick.

SCHIPPERKES.—1st, J. C. Kriner's Dandy.

WILMINGTON.

BROOKLYN DOG SHOW.

THE first annual dog show of the Brooklyn Kennel Club was held at Ridgewood Park, Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 8 to 11. The show was held in connection with the Schwaben Volksfest, a harvest festival of the Germans, and the large crowd that thronged the park each day liberally patronized the building set apart for the dogs. The club were unfortunate in not properly making known to the public the fact that a show was to be held, and consequently there were only about 100 dogs entered. Quite a number of them, however, were dogs of high degree, and so far as quality goes the show was above the average for first shows of its size. The benching and feeding was done by Spratts Patent, and the dogs were comfortably housed in a small building that was just about large enough for the number shown. No catalogues were published so far as we could ascertain, and it was only by dint of hard work and an endless amount of cross-questioning that we were able to complete the following list of

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* F. C. Phœbus's Homer.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. Burkhart's Duc of York.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—*Dogs:* 1st, F. Emken's Roland; 2d, Mrs. J. Nicholson's Mount Sion III.; 3d, Welz & Zerwick's Solo. Very high com., F. Schultz's Ryhn. *Bitches:* 1st, Mrs. J. Nicholson's Lady Gay; equal 2d, Germania Kennels' Greta and P. Smith's Lucy. *Puppies:* Withheld.—SMOOTH-COATED—*Dogs:* 1st, F. Schultz's Rasco. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, C. Wagner's Linda and Thisbe Wagner. *Puppies:* 1st, Avon Kennels' Duchess; 2d, C. Wagner's Alpine Guide.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, C. Eimer's Caro. *Bitches:* 1st, Prof. L. P. Braive's Brunette; 2d, C. Eimer's Nora.

GREAT DANES.—1st, J. Welz's Bella; 2d, 3d and very high com., N. Martin's Nero, Laura and Sultan.

GREYHOUNDS.—1st, J. B. Heffler's Blue Belle. *Puppies:* 1st, withheld; 2d and 3d, J. B. Heffler's Queen of Harlem and Spry.

POINTERS.—LARGE—*Dogs:* 1st, S. W. Pentz's Brake; 2d and 3d, S. S. Banks' Underwriter and Duke of Tammany. *Bitches:* No entries. SMALL—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. H. E. Mann's Ned B. *Bitches:* 1st, H. J. Bennett's Kate Claxton; 2d, F. Russel's Rose; 3d, J. P. Swain, Jr's Bess. *Puppies:* 1st, withheld; 2d, J. P. Swain, Jr's Bob.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. P. Hughes's Dash. *Bitches:* No entries. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d withheld; 3d, B. Turner's Nigger.

IRISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, R. J. Kelley's Royal Ruby; 2d, D. Fynn, Jr.'s O'Donovan Rossa. *Bitches:* 1st, S. S. Bank's Gip of Killarney; 2d, D. Fynn, Jr.'s Sedan II. *Puppies:* 1st, H. Culberson's unnamed; 2d, D. Fynn, Jr.'s Kitty Glendyne.

GORDON SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, E. H. Morris's New York Ronald. *Bitches:* No entries.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, 2d and 3d, L. Parsette, Jr.'s Duke, Jr., Dash and Roger. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d and 3d, L. Parsette, Jr.'s Clara, Daisy and Minnie.

FIELD SPANIELS.—1st, E. H. Morris' Beau.

COCKER SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. P. Hughes's Black Jet; 2d, withheld; 3d, E. Cunningham's Carlo. *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. P. Hughes's Nellie; 2d, withheld; 3d, T. Markham's Shephard.

FOXHOUNDS.—1st, F. Munch's Major; 2d, T. H. Wakum's Snip.

BULLDOGS.—1st, F. H. Groufel's Patrick; 2d, withheld.

POODLES.—1st, J. Behling's Pepper.

BULL-TERRIERS.—1st, F. C. Phœbus's The Earl; 2d, F. R. Kniffen's Trip.

FOX-TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, L. & W. Rutherfurd's Warren Bluffer and Warren Dingle. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, L. & W. Rutherfurd's Warren Daisy and Warren Harrison; 3d, W. T. Levering's June.

IRISH TERRIERS.—1st, 2d and 3d, T. Pluerbaft's Little Vixen, Little Maid and Adventurer.

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st, W. L. Morgan's Lochiel; 2d, F. McCue's Lulu.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—1st, J. Bell's Brooklyn Ben; 2d, F. Gritlinger's Nelly.

TOY TERRIERS.—1st, Miss Daisy Woods's Mousey; 2d, N. Lowrie's Little Boy Blue; 3d, Mrs. R. Brave's Marquis.

PUGS.—1st, Miss Marion Bannister's Saxon. *Bitches:* 1st, G. Fisher's Tra-la-la; 2d, M. Rathbun's Cricket; 3d, Mrs. S. Schumacher's Daisy. *Puppies:* 1st, Mrs. Schumacher's unnamed; 2d, Mr. Rathbun's Bonnie Boy.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—1st, J. Weber's Tip.

MISCELLANEOUS.—LARGE—Absent. SMALL—1st, R. A. Homeyer's Carl; 2d and 3d, H. J. Bennett's Fanny and Lady Morton.

DOG TALK.

WE have received a copy of the constitution and by-laws of the American Pet Dog Club. The pamphlet also contains a list of the officers and members. Following is a list of the dogs that the club recognizes as pets: Pugs up to 17lbs., pugs 17 to 25lbs., (bitches not to exceed 17lbs.), King Charles, Prince Charles, Blenheim, ruby, Japanese and cocker spaniels; Yorkshire (blue and tan and other than blue and tan), Skye, Maltese, fox (not over 15lbs.), bull (not over 15lbs.), white English, Irish, Scotch, Welsh, black and tan (up to and over 7lbs.), Dandie Dinmont and Bedlington terriers; Italian greyhounds (up to 15lbs.), basset hounds, poodles (black and other than black), Mexican hairless

beagles and dachshunde. The president informs us that the club fears that the annual show this fall will not be held owing to inability to procure a suitable hall for the purpose.

Lord Jim is just now the observed of all observers. His offer to bet fabulous sums in support of his theory that he was the breeder of the best strain of pointers for the field, etc., finally brought a response from Mr. Duryea, who, it appears, had become weary of the subject, but the "only" breeder "crawled" and flatly refused to put up a cent, but by talking he induced a friend to back one of his strain to the extent of $250, and if nothing happens to prevent the match will come off the coming season.

There was no quorum at the meeting of the Eastern Field Trials Club on Tuesday. A few members were present, and matters concerning the coming field trials were informally discussed. Col. Arthur Merriman, of Memphis, Tenn., was appointed as one of the judges for the Pointer Stake. The "all day heat" field trial was discussed, and it seems likely that such a trial will be held next February.

The announcement of the All-Aged stakes of the Indiana, Eastern and Central Field Trial Clubs appear in our advertising columns this week. We have no doubt that all of them will be well supported and we shall expect to see the coming field trial season eclipse in brilliancy all of its predecessors.

The Georgia Pet Stock Association will hold a six days' show at Augusta, Ga., beginning Jan. 13.

Mr. E. K. Sperry, of Hartford, Conn., will judge all classes at the dog show to be held at Bristol, Conn., Oct. 1 to 3.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 or any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Count Noble's Boy. By E. A. Hight, Lynn, Mass., for white, black and tan English setter bitch, whelped Aug. 31, 1889, by Count Noble (Count Wind'em—Nora) out of Katie Berwyn (Dashing Berwyn—Whirlwind).

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Lucky—Jubilee. W. F. Hayes's (Utica, N. Y.) bull-terrier bitch Lucky to H. A. Harris's champion Jubilee (Bendigo—Queen), Aug. 22.

Marguerite—Jubilee. H. A. Harris's (North Wilmington, Mass.) bull-terrier bitch Marguerite (champion Count—Young Venom) to his champion Jubilee (Bendigo—Queen), Aug. 23.

My Queen—Jubilee. H. A. Harris's (North Wilmington, Mass.) bull-terrier bitch My Queen (champion Grand Duke—champion Maggie May) to his champion Jubilee (Bendigo—Queen), June 28.

Stanley Cauliflower—Blemton Match. H. A. Harris's (North Wilmington, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Stanley Cauliflower (Blemton Volunteer—Stanley Nell) to his Blemton Match (champion Lucifer—Marguerite), June 15.

Brunette—Bradford Harry. Chas. York's (Bangor, Me.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Brunette (Bob—Judy B.) to P. H. Coombs's Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beal's Lady), Aug. 24.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Nellie McGregor. E. C. Powell's (Ghent, N. Y.) collie bitch Nellie McGregor (champion Rex—Juno), Sept. 5, nine (five dogs), by Jas. Watson's Prince Charlie (Sefton—Mavis).

Cassandra. H. W. Huntington's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) greyhound bitch champion Cassandra (Debret—Dead Secret), Aug. 28, six (five dogs), by his champion Balkis (Clyto—Primrose).

Winnie Rake. Dr. L. M. Thompson's (Mahanoy City, Pa.) English setter bitch Winnie Rake (Count Rake—Winnie Davis), July 22, eight (three dogs), by W. D. Reynolds's Warwick Belton (Belton High—Magnolia); all since dead.

Katie Berwyn. E. A. Hight's (Lynn, Mass.) English setter bitch Katie Berwyn (Dashing Berwyn—Katydid), Aug. 31, eleven (three dogs), by B. F. Wilson's Count Noble (Count Wind'em—Nora).

Nell. H. A. Harris's (North Wilmington, Mass.) bull-terrier bitch Nell (champion Count—Bertha), Aug. 3, seven (two dogs), by his champion Jubilee (Bendigo—Queen).

My Queen. H. A. Harris's (North Wilmington, Mass.) bull-terrier bitch My Queen (Grand Duke—Maggie May), Aug. 28, nine (six dogs), by his champion Jubilee (Bendigo—Queen).

Stanley Cauliflower. H. A. Harris's (North Wilmington, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Stanley Cauliflower (Blemton Volunteer—Stanley Nell), Aug. 14, two bitches, by his Blemton Match (champion Lucifer—Marguerite).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Prince Bang—Queen Miranda whelps. St. Bernards, whelped May 5, 1889, by H. S. Pitkin, Hartford, Conn., a dog each to James Phillips, Jr., Fitchburg, Mass.; W. H. Lockwood, Hartford, Conn.; Mrs. H. Adams, New York; Fred Markham, Wallingford, Conn.; Mrs. J. S. Camp, Hartford, Conn.; and a bitch each to E. J. Blake, Hartford, Conn.; Geo. T. Lord, Turnerville, Conn., and M. F. Gilsey, Wheeling, W. Va.

Rifle and Trap Shooting

RANGE AND GALLERY.

INTER-STATE MATCH IN NEW JERSEY.

SEA GIRT, N. J., Sept. 4.—The ping of the rifle bullet has been heard here all day long. The occasion was the inter-State rifle match which riflemen everywhere have been looking forward to with interest. The contesting teams were from New Jersey, New York and Delaware.

Prominent people from all parts of New Jersey and from other States witnessed the match. Besides Gov. Green and his military staff there were present Gov. Benjamin T. Briggs, of Delaware; ex-Governor Leon Abbett, Mayor Hayes, of Newark; Col. Mulligan, of Elizabeth; Robert S. Green, Jr. and party from Elizabeth; Adjt.-Gen. Wm. S. Stryker, of Trenton; ex-Senator Frederick S. Fish, of Newark; ex-Assemblyman Fred Walter, lawyer John Rellstab, Editor Briest, Councilman Conrad, Commissioner Joseph Rice, Edwin Fitz George, of Trenton, and many others.

The following officers had charge of the range: Executive Officer, Brig.-Gen. Bird W. Spencer; Range Officers, Col. G. De Lancey Walker, Col. Thos. S. Chambers, Major Edward Hoyt, Capt. Chas. Y. Bamford, Capt. Henry Johnson, Capt. Henry Lohman, Capt. J. P. Wickershaw, First Lieut. Geo. P. Olcott, First Lieut. Andrew Derrom, Jr.; Statistical Officers, Col. E. A. Campbell, Lieut.-Col. H. E. Hamilton, Major P. B. Holmes, Capt. E. G. Edwards, Capt. James W. Moore, Lieut. Joseph F. Cline.

A strong wind blew across the range from the south, and this had a marked effect on the scores, both of the individual marksmen and of the teams. The Massachusetts team, the Connecticut and Maryland sharpshooters and the regular army marksmen did not put in an appearance.

The match opened sharply at 10 o'clock on the 200yds. range. In the afternoon the shooting was at the 500yds. range and excitement ran high. The score between New Jersey and New York was very close all along, and at the finish it was "neck and neck." The last man to shoot for New Jersey was Private Gladden, and as he raised his rifle to aim all eyes were centered on him, as a bullseye would tie the score. He had made two bullseyes in his two previous shots. The hopes of the spectators, however, were not to be realized, for instead of a bullseye only two were made. This gave the match to New York by three points. The cheering and applause was deafening. Although the sympathies of the spectators were with New Jersey, they were generous enough to give the winning team a hearty send-off. The full score follows:

New York Team.

	200yds.	500yds.	T'l
L J Elliott, 23d Regt.	4454554454—44	4555444555—46	90
F A Wells, 23d Regt.	3455444351—41	5555533455—45	86
W G Owen, 12th Regt.	3445444444—40	5455454544—45	85
G S Scott, Jr. 23d Regt.	4344443455—40	5554435544—44	84
H D Hamilton, 23d Regt.	4434553514—39	4545535544—44	83
J S Shepherd, 23d Regt.	4544344444—40	4445433355—40	80
W J Underwood, 7th Regt.	4444345445—41	4342444554—39	80
G Bail, 23d Regt.	4445434544—41	3334455545—39	80
W A Stokes, 23d Regt.	4555244044—37	3344355553—40	77
C H Gaus, 3d Brig Staff.	4354443344—39	2245552545—37	76
G F Hamlin, 23 Regt.	3434044433—32	3552553354—40	72
J F Klein, 17th Sep Co.	4444454443—40	5052040405—25	65
	474	484	358

New Jersey Team.

G E P Howard, Div Insp.	4554544444—43	2454555545—44	87
W F Decker, 1st Battalion.	4545455545—46	4445535424—40	86
J Ranson, 1st Battalion.	4543454444—41	3345554555—44	85
A C Neuman, Div Std Br.	4444445545—41	3535545525—43	84
A E Conway, 3d Regt.	4345454444—41	3455543545—43	84
C Chinn, 1st Battallian.	5544434455—43	5430543445—37	80
W Hartman, 7th Regt.	3444444444—38	3554444543—41	79
T H Lalor, 7th Regt.	3454254444—39	5354424445—39	78
H R Goesser, 2d Battallion.	3443454555—42	3243545225—35	77
J M Van Valen, A I G R P.	4434444453—39	0533554445—36	75
R H Brientnall, 1st Regt.	3543443541—37	2334252554—35	72
J R Gladden, 3d Regt.	4044334454—34	3434422552—34	68
	484	471	955

Delaware Team.

G H Harbert, 1st Regt.	4443444544—40	4454353443—39	79
A J Leitch, Troop B.	4344444444—39	0535534454—38	77
H Simpson, Genl Staff.	4444444545—42	3534404244—33	75
C M Carey, 1st Regt.	2222234534—30	2255555551—43	73
C G Otwell, 1st Regt.	2444444433—36	2244525535—37	73
I J Wootton, 1st Regt.	4434344354—37	0354343345—34	71
E G Boyd, 1st Regt.	5444544434—41	2340225344—29	70
W Floyd, 1st Regt.	4434435233—34	3424345333—35	69
C C Lunt, 1st Regt.	4444434354—38	0022244553—27	65
F C Wiswell, 1st Regt.	3342344243—32	2223352534—29	61
W Werner, 1st Regt.	4325523434—35	2234222223—24	59
S S Willis, Chaplain, 1st Regt.	3333044245—31	0023532535—26	57
	435	394	829

The fluctuations of the contest are shown in the record by rounds here given:

	200yds. Highest Possible.	N. Y. Total.	N. J. Total.	Del. Total.	N. Y. Lead.	N. J. Lead.
1	60	45	45	43	..	..
2	120	93	93	87	..	..
3	180	143	142	128	1	..
4	240	196	190	169	6	..
5	300	237	234	210	3	..
6	360	285	284	254	1	..
7	420	331	331	300	..	..
8	480	376	382	343	..	6
9	540	426	433	388	..	7
10	600	474	484	435	..	10
		500yds.				
11	660	521	520	455	1	..
12	720	564	566	488	..	2
13	780	616	613	530	3	..
14	840	664	659	570	5	..
15	900	711	710	612	1	..
16	960	760	757	651	3	..
17	1020	801	804	695	..	3
18	1080	855	856	739	..	1
19	1140	905	902	784	3	..
20	1200	958	955	829	3	..

The trophy which the New York team have won is a magnificent silver piece hammered by hand. It is in the form of a large punch bowl, and is handsomely engraved and finished. The lining of the bowl and ladle is of gold. It cost $500, and is the gift of the State to the winning team. On one side of the piece is the coat of arms of the State of New Jersey, and on the other side the following inscription:

"Interstate and United States Army Military Team Match. Presented by the State of New Jersey to the State of New York. Robert S. Green, Governor, September, 1889."

Over each handle is the figure of a rifleman in the attitute that is assumed when firing on the 500yd. range. The whole is incased in a large oaken, satin-lined box with an inscription plate on the top.

Besides the trophy a handsome gold medal, inscribed "Interstate Match Winner," goes to the individual members of the winning team.

In the evening the trophy and badges were presented to the New York team by Gov. Green. Neat and appropriate speeches were made on both sides, and then social pleasures occupied the rest of the evening.

THE CANADIAN WIMBLEDON.

OTTAWA, Sept. 2.—The city is a perfect medley of uniformed men. All colors and styles are to be seen, and there is even greater diversity in the headgear. Promptly at 8:30 this morning the boom of cannon proclaimed that the twentieth meeting of the Dominion Rifle Association had been inaugurated on the Rideau Ranges. There was no formal ceremony unless the discharge of this fieldpiece be called such. The echoes of its roar had scarcely died away when the popping of the smaller arms were heard, showing that the marksmen in the Bankers Nursery competition had begun their struggle for the prizes.

The extra series matches, which, like the brook, go on for ever, were also started, and had not been long in progress before it was announced that T. Mitchell, of the 10th Royal Grenadiers, had made a possible. The wind and light for the greater part of the day were puzzling, and the result in some cases was unsatisfactory scoring. The most interesting feature of the day's work to the spectators, although very hot work to the participators in them, was the military matches. The skirmishing and volley firing was eagerly watched by an unusually large crowd. The weather was hot in the morning, but as the afternoon wore on a cooling breeze sprang up which was grateful to all alike.

The formal matches opened with the Nursery, open to members of the association who have not at any previous prize meeting of the D. R. A. won a prize of $10 or upward, exclusive of team or extra prizes, 77 prizes, value $880, entrance fee 60 cents, including ammunition; range 500yds., rounds 5, Snider rifles, position any, with head to target.

Pvt Windatt, 45th.	25	Pvt Cuckow, 77th.	23
Corp Lordley, 62d.	24	Pvt Robertson, 77th.	22
Mr J T Thomas, Melbourne.	24	Capt Silver, 63d.	22
Sergt Horsey, 45th.	23	Staff-Sergt Ronan, 12th.	22
Sergt Gray, 66th.	23	Corp Brown, G G F G.	22
Bandsman McJanet, 43d.	23	Staff-Sergt Wilson, 3d Vics.	22
W H Middleton, O R C.	23	Pvt Kamberry, 5th R S.	22
Pvt Simpson, 10th R G.	23	Capt Garland, 96th.	22
Asst-Surg Gillis, P E I G A.	23	Pvt McCowan, 5th R S.	22

Thirteen 17s were counted out of the prize list.

The next match was for the Macdougall challenge cup, with 409 entries. It is open to all Canadian or imperial military men; the cup to be the property of the member winning it twice consecutively. Cup and 65 prizes, value $552; entrance fee, 70 cents, including ammunition; ranges, 400 and 500yds.; rounds, five at each range; Snider rifles; position, any with head to target:

Q M S C Armstrong, 1st BFA.	45	Sergt C W Henderson, 62d.	41
Capt H St C Silver, 63d.	44	Maj Perley, H'dq'rt'rs Staff.	41
Trooper W E Cook, PLDG.	43	Sergt T C Boville, 43d.	41
Lieut J H Bedford, 56th.	43	Sergt J Fairbairn, 43d.	41
Gunner T Pugh, B Battery.	43	Capt Milligan, Dur F B.	40
Maj J Wright, 43d.	43	Sergt A Douglas, 8th.	40
Capt Roberts, 33d.	43	Pvt Ellis, 43d.	40
Capt F B Ross, 13th.	42	Sergt C H Clark, 53d.	40
Lieut A Wilson, 33d.	42	Capt H Marris, 13th.	40
Lieut D L Hooper, 82d.	42	Pvt Geo Thompson, 12th.	40
Pvt J Curtis, 45th.	42	Pvt D Currie, Royal Scots.	40
Capt Corbin, 63d.	42	Lieut Davidson, 8th.	40
Lieut G Margetts, 13th.	42	Pvt Nutting, GGFG.	40
Capt Bishop, 63d.	42		

Twenty-one 37s were counted out from the prize list.

The Gzowski challenge cup, open to one section of five men, non-commissioned officers, and rank and file, either or both, from any one regiment or troop of cavalry, battery or brigade of artillery, battalion or independent company of the active militia of Canada, schools of cavalry, gunnery and infantry and cadets of the Royal Military College, Kingston. Six team prizes, $200, to the sections making the highest aggregate scores in the following stages: Skirmishing, 20 rounds, from about 450 to 100yds. (advancing and returning), any military position; volley firing, 5 rounds, at 300yds. (kneeling); independent firing, 5 rounds, at 150yds. (standing); at targets exposed to view, for 10 seconds in each position. Entrance fee, $7 per section, including ammunition; rifles, long or short Snider, of Government issue, or bearing Government viewer's mark:

	Skirmishing. Hits.	Score.	Volley. Hits.	Score.	Independent. Hits.	Score.	Tl.
Cup and $50, G G F G.	64	257	20	87	18	78	422
$40, Q O R.	59	233	19	69	17	74	376
$35, 43d Ott Rifles.	46	202	15	70	21	87	359
$30, 8th Royal Rifles.	51	204	17	72	17	73	349
$25, 5th Royal Scots.	51	214	14	64	16	66	344
$10, 12th York Rangers.	54	219	9	36	17	79	334
Next in order.							
13th Batt, Hamilton.	55	206	13	55	19	72	333
3d Vics.	46	191	18	67	18	72	330
63d Halifax.	41	185	12	49	18	82	316
10th Royal Grenadiers.	47	182	12	52	24	81	315
Halifax Gar Artillery.	40	166	16	73	19	68	307
Charlottetown Eng'rs.	42	187	6	18	14	62	267
6th Fusiliers.	44	171	12	54	10	34	259

The British Challenge Shield Match.—The shield presented by the auxiliary forces of Great Britain to the active militia of Canada with $100 added by the D. R. A. Entrance fee $4 per team, including ammunition; open to teams of four men as in the Gzowski military match; any corps may enter two teams. Dress, drill order; rifles, ammunition, parade and inspections same as Gzowski match; skirmishing distance varying from about 100yds. to 450yds.; position standing, kneeling or prone at the discretion of the firer; number of rounds 20 per man, fired advancing and retiring, under the order of the officer appointed to the command of all the sections; size of target, 6ft.×2ft. 6in., to be exposed 15s.:

	Hits.	Score.
Shield and $40—10th Royal Grenadiers (first team).	65	280
$30—Governor-General's F. G. (first team).	64	272
$20—12th Batt. York Rangers.	61	245
$10—3d Vics.	55	243
Next in order:		
13th Batt., Hamilton.	57	240
Q. O. R. (first team).	56	229
G. G. F. G. (second team).	54	221
Halifax Garrison Artillery.	51	219
8th Royal Rifles (first team).	51	213
Charlottetown Engineers.	53	211
43d Rifles (second team).	49	211
6th Fusiliers, Montreal.	45	200
63d Rifles, Halifax (first team).	46	197
43d Rifles (first team).	46	194
5th Royal Scots (first team).	40	181
8th Royal Rifles (second team).	37	166
Q. O. R. (second team).	41	156
63d Rifles (second team).	38	154
10th Royal Grenadiers (second team).	34	154
5th Royal Scots (second team).	36	145
"A" Battery.	32	127

Sept. 3.—The second day's meet at the Canadian Wimbledon has been as successful as that of yesterday. The day was very hot, the wind unsteady, and the light not very good, with the result that scoring generally was not very high, although the scores which took prizes were quite up to last year's record. The first prize in the Manufacturers' goes to one of the ambitious city's cracks, Sergt. Goodwin; while the first individual prize in the Minister of Militia's match went to Pvt Simpson, the new man of "A" company, Royal Grenadiers, who is doing some good shooting. Sir A. P. Caron was present the greater part of the afternoon while his cup was being competed for.

Marksmen complained somewhat of a hazy light, which prevented the scores being as high as they otherwise would be, but for all this the shooting was good. The attendance of visitors on the grounds was larger than has been customary in the past, and everybody is of the opinion that the meeting is not only the largest, but the best ever held by the society.

There is a good deal of talk about the 10th Royal Grenadiers and the 43d Battalion. It will be remembered that when it was hinted that the team of the 10th could give the Massachusetts sharp-shooters a brush for victory, the 43d men asked who are the 10th Grenadiers that they should pose as the crack shots of the Dominion. Now, as the 10th in two team competitions have beaten the 43d, there was considerable joking to-day.

The shooting to-day commenced at 8:30 o'clock this morning with the Extra Series, and at 9:30 firing was proceeded with in the Manufacturers' match. There were 412 entries, as against 344 last year. This match is open to all members of the Association, 7 rounds at 500yds., Snider rifle, 82 prizes, with a total value of $585. The following is the result:

Sgt Goodwin, 13th Batt.	34	Stf-Sgt Mitchell, 90th.	31
Pvt Burns, 3d Vics.	34	Lt Sutherland, 43d.	31
Capt Rogers, 53d	33	Pvt McCowan, 5th R S	30
Staff-Sgt Mitchell, 13th.	33	Pvt Brown, 59th.	30
Major Baylie, 47th.	33	Sgt Davidson, Charlottetown.	30
Lt Spearing, 53d	33	Lt Dover, 78th.	30
Pvt Gillies, 90th.	32	Stf-Sgt Thompson, 46th	30
Lt Stevens, 66th.	32	Sgt Johnson, 85th.	30
Pvt Moodie, 43d.	32	Lt O'Grady, 43d.	30
Pvt Vickers, 6th.	32	Pvt McMartin, 5th R S.	30
Lt Knifton, Q O R	32	Lt Stewart, P E I Art.	30
Lt Conboy, 30th.	32	Lt Wilson, 33d.	30
Mr Brown, O R C.	32	Sgt Bell, Montreal G A	30
Pvt Morrison, G G F G.	31	Dr Hutchison, O R C	30
Stf-Sgt King, 48th.	31	Stf-Sgt Harris, Halifax G A.	30
Corp Pratt, 6th.	31	Pvt Scott, 43d	30
Mr Slater, O R C.	31	Lt Cartwright, 47th.	30

The next match was the Minister of Militia's cup, presented by Sir Adolph Caron, with $618 added by the D. R. A., teams to be selected from the competitors entered as individuals and composed of three previously-named representatives of any affiliated association whose names shall have been given in writing to the secretary of the D. R. A. by some duly accredited representative of the affiliated association and vouched for as having been members of such affiliated association on or before July 1, 1889, 6 teams and 62 individual prizes. This year there were 45 teams entered, compared with 39 for 1888. There were also 419 entries for the individual prizes as against 341 for the previous year. The following is the result:

Cup & $45—6th Fusiliers, Mont.		$24—13th Batt., Hamilton.	
Sergt Riddle.	54	Sergt Goodwin.	55
Sergt Lavers.	53	Corp Morris	52
Pvt Waters.	52	Lieut Margetts.	44
	159		151
$36—Sherbrooke Rifle Asso.		$18—43d Batt., Ottawa.	
Lieut Spearing	55	Major Wright	52
Major Thomas.	52	Col.-Sergt Fairbairn	49
Staff Sergt Clarke.	50	Lieut.-Col. Anderson	49
	157		150
$30—10th Royal Grenadiers.		12th Batt., Toronto.	
Pvt Simpson	60	Staff Sergt Bell.	54
Staff Sergt Mitchell.	49	Staff Sergt Ronan	51
Staff Sergt McVittie.	46	Pvt Thompson	44
	155		149

The teams next in order were these: Nova Scotia 145, Hamilton Snider Association 144, 63d Battalion 144, Victoria Rifle Association, Hamilton 143.

There were 45 teams entered: The following is the individual prize list:

Pvt Simpson, Grenadiers, $30.	60	Sergt Hall, 79th.	56
Sergt Clark, Royal Scots, $25.	58	Sergt Macklin, 90th.	56
Pvt Green, 21st, $20.	57	J T Thomas, Melbourne.	56
Lieut Desbarats, Vics, $14.	57	Sergt Goodwin, 13th.	55
Pvt Todd, 6th.	56	Col.-Sergt Mason, 57th.	55
Pvt Nutting, Guards.	56	Sergt.-Maj Gibson, 66th.	55

The annual meeting of the competitors took place in the evening in the drill hall, with a large attendance. Lieut.-Col. White, chairman of the executive committee, occupied the chair. Capt. Hood, of the Royal Scots, and Adjutant of the Wimbledon team, spoke of the team of 1889 as being the best ever sent from Canada. When competing with the Cambridge team prior to the Wimbledon meeting the Canadians made the largest score ever made by any ten men, not excepting the great scoring of the Scotch twenty. He regretted that the result of the shooting of the team at Wimbledon was not duly telegraphed to Canada. In future he trusted that the officer commanding the team should have power to telegraph the result to any paper named. He said that while it was impossible for the Canadians to get a match with the Americans while in England, he would just say that when the Canadian team was shooting with the Cambridge team the Americans were shooting on the same day with the Berkshire team under similar circumstances, and the Canadian team made better shooting than the Americans by 43 points. As to the reason why the Americans succeeded in beating all the English teams, he explains that the home team were compelled to shoot at the 200yds. butts from the shoulder and the Americans used their own improved sights.

Major McSpadden, of the 12th, drew attention to the ammu-

nition supplied, which was not anything like that of 1888. He had several cartridges in his possession which were defective. Several competitors said that they also had received defective cartridges which they could lay before the meeting. One competitor did not see how he was going to bring one cartridge before the meeting which dropped 200 yds. from where he fired it.

After a general expression against the quality of the ammunition, Capt. Hart, of the St. John Rifles, moved, and Major Garrison, of the Halifax Artillery, seconded, a resolution that the competitors could not express confidence in the ammunition supplies now as was the case in 1888, was unanimously carried.

Sept. 4.—Never in the history of the D. R. A. was there finer weather, better shooting or more success generally attending any meeting than has fallen to the lot of this season's gathering of marksmen. Monday was hot, Tuesday was hotter, but to-day was the hottest of all. It registered in the city 90° in the shade at high 12. The camp on the banks of the Rideau River is most enjoyable, and there have been many more under canvas this year than heretofore. The Queen's Own and the 6th Fusiliers have perhaps the best locations on the grounds. Last evening the officers of the Fusiliers entertained the army and navy, when a pleasant time was spent. To-night the Queen's Own paid a similar compliment to the representatives of the Imperial forces. All the sportsmen agreed that to-day the light was excellent for shooting, but the wind was rather tricky. To-day was a lucky one for the Maritime Provinces, two New Brunswick teams leading in the Dominion match, and Staff-Sergt. Corbin, of the 63d, taking the first individual prize. Representatives from these Provinces figure throughout the whole score.

Firing in the Dominion match occupied all the time to-day. It is of value, for teams $200, individuals $715, total $915; open to all efficient members of the active militia, members of the staff and officers of the active force who have retired retaining rank, and to all officers and non-commissioned officers and men of Her Majesty's regular army and navy stationed in Canada who are also members of the association. The team prizes to be awarded to the five hightest aggregate scores made by any five previously-named members from the cadets of the Royal Military College, from the schools of cavalry, artillery and infantry; from any regiment, squadron or troop of cavalry, field battery or brigade of field or garrison artillery; from any corps of engineers, battalion or independent company of the active militia, or of the same denomination of the force of Her Majesty's regular army or navy stationed in Canada, provided that all are members of the Dominion Rifle Association. Following is the result, 200, 500 and 600yds., 7 shots each:

62d Fusiliers, St. John	394	5th Royal Scots	373
71st Batt., N B	393	45th	372
Q O R	391	52d	372
13th Batt	383	82d	370
Royal Grenadiers	379	G G F G	368
43d Batt	378	63d	363
6th Fusiliers	377	47th	362
56th	375	90th	327
Charlottown Engineers	375	59th	307
3d Vics	374		

The leading individual prizes were:

Staff-Sergt Corbin, 63d	89	Capt Macdonald, Q O Q	86
Lieut Courtice, 33d	88	Sapper Hooper, C E	85
Pvt Hutchison, 43d	88	Lieut O'Grady, 43d	85
Pvt Currie, Royal Scots	88	Pvt Robertson, 77th	84
Staff-Sergt Mitchell, 10th R G	87	Sergt Miner, 71st	84
Corp Marris, 13th	87	Pvt Blair, 78th	84
Capt Busteed, 3d Vics	86	Lieut Manning, 62d	84
Sergt Loggie, W F B	86	Sergt Hall, 79th	84
Col-Sergt Henderson, 62d	86		

Sept. 5.—The great prize of the Dominion Rifle Association meeting, namely, a place among the first sixty, which gives the marksmen a chance at the Governor-General's prize and a chance of being on the Wimbledon team is known to the competitors to-night.

To-day was a very busy day in the statistical tent, three matches, the Lansdowne, Aggregate and Grand Aggregate, having to be figured out.

In the evening the prizes were distributed at the Rideau Rink, where a great crowd of people assembled and lustily cheered the marksmen as they marched up to receive their trophies.

The first match to-day was one in which the range was 200yds., Snider rifle, standing position, 7 rounds, 54 prizes:

Col-Sergt Boile, 43d	33	Pvt Nutting, GGFG	30
Sergt Hall, 75th	33	Col-Sergt Graham, 20th	30
Capt Ross, 13th	32	Col-Sergt Robertson, 13th	30
Bandsman Defreyes	31	Sergt Baillie, 47th	30
Lieut Mitchell, 32d	31	Lieut Crean, QOR	30
Staff Sergt Curran, 10th RG	31	Sergt Cribb, 78th	30
Capt Hood, 5th RS	31	Col-Sergt Donnelly, QOR	30
Corp Bennbree, 3d Vics	31	Pvt Runnions, 59th	30
Pvt Corrigan, 59th	31		

Nineteen 28s counted out.

Snider Aggregate—The prizes in this competition are marked to be awarded to competitors who have made the highest aggregate scores in the following matches, viz.: Macdougall, Manufacturers', Minister of Militia's, Dominion and standing matches:

Sergt Hall, 79th	239	Lieut Spearing, 53d	227
Sergt Goodwin, 13th	232	Staff Sergt Mitchell, 10th RG	225
Pvt Hutcheson, 63d	231	Lieut Desbarats, 3d Vics	225
Corp Marris, 13th	230	Lieut Courtice, 33d	223
Sergt Loggie, N F B	229	Pvt Brown, 59th	223
Capt Milligan, D F B	229	Staff Sergt Mitchell, 90th	223
Pvt Davis, 10th RG	228	Lieut Cartwright, 47th	223
Capt Ross, 13th	227	Capt Silver, 63d	223

Rideau match, 600yds., 7 rounds, Martini rifles:

Capt. Bishop, 63d	33	Col-Sergt Dalrymple, 5th R S	31
Lieut Hora, 14th	32	Staff-Sergt Mitchell, 13th	31
Lieut Hoopes, 82d	32	Pvt Curtis, 45th	30
S Anderson, Charlotte Eng	32	Sergt Loggie, N F B	30
Lieut.-Col. Ray, 90th	31	Lieut Cole, 42d	30
Staff-Sergt Harris, H G A	31	Major Hughes, 45th	30
Lieut Col Gibson, 13th	31	Captain Zealand, 13th	30
Staff-Sergt Pink, 43d	31	Pvt Burns, Vics	30
Staff-Sergt Huntingdon, 56th	31		

The Ouimet, 600yds., Martini rifles, 7 rounds:

Sergt Crooks, Q O R	33	Capt Roberts, 33d	31
Hooper, 82d	33	Corp Longuenil, 63d	31
Staff-Sergt Mitchell, 90th	33	Capt Ross, 13th	31
Corp Marris, 13th	32	Pvt Costigan, 90th	31
Pvt Simpson, 10th R G	32	Sergt Riddle, 60th	31
Pvt Colton, N W Rifles	32	B S Major Casey, G A	31
Sergt Mowat, 10th R G	32	Sergt Hall, 79th	31
Lieut Dundas, Royal Navy	31	Lieut Dover, 78th	31

Grand Aggregate.—The Bankers' prize, to be awarded to competitors who have made the highest aggregate scores in the following matches, viz.: "Macdougall," "Manufacturers'" "Minister of Marine," "Dominion," "Rideau" and "Ouimet":

Sergt Hall, 79th	287	Capt Roberts, 33d	269
D R A medal, Capt Ross, 13th	286	Capt Bishop, 63d	269
Sergt D M Loggie, N B F B	285	Corp Andrew, Q O R	269
Sergt Mitchell, 90th	285	Lieut Hora, 14th	269
Pvt Hutcheson, 43d	284	Lieut Stewart, P E I GarArt	269
Sergt Goodwin, 13th	283	Sergt Horsey, 45th	269
Capt Milligan, D F B	282	Capt Macdonald, Q O R	268
Corp Marris, 13th	281	Lieut Conboy, 30th	268
Lieut Hooper, 82d	280	Pvt Currie, 5th R S	268
Pvt Burns, Vics	278	Lieut Manning, 62d	268
Staff-Sergt Mitchell, 13th	278	Lieut Dover, 78th	267
Lieut O'Grady, 43d	277	Pvt Windall, 45th	267
Staff-Sergt Mitchell, 10th RG	276	Staff-Sergt Clark, 53d	267
Lieut Courtice, 33d	275	Pvt Gills, 90th	267
Capt Busteed, Vics	275	Capt Longworth, P E I G Art	267
Pvt Davis, 10th R G	275	Capt Adams, H G A	267
Capt Silver, 63d	274	Color-Sergt Mason, 57th	267
Gunner Pugh, "B" Battery	274	Pvt Brown, 59th	267
Color-Sergt Henderson, 62d	274	Lieut Smith, St Johns Rifles	267
Lieut Desbarats, Vics	274	Lieut Cartwright, 47th	267
Capt Zealand, 13th	272	Staff-Sergt Bell, 12th	266
Pvt Waters, 6th	272	Staff-Sergt Pink, 43d	266
Lieut Spearing, 53d	272	Capt Rogers, 43d	266
Staff-Sergt McVittie, 10th RG	271	Sergt Mowatt, 10th R G	265
Staff-Sergt Ogg, Guelph F B	271	Maj Garrison, H A G	265
Pvt Simpson, 10th R G	270	Pvt Curtis, 45th	265
Sergt Riddle, 6th	270	Capt Robson, 20th	265
Capt Gray, G G F G	270	Sergt Clark, 5th R S	265
Pvt Blair, 78th	270	Lieut Williamson, 45th	265

For third and fourth places Sergt. Loggie and Staff-Sergt. Mitchell, of the 90th, are a tie, and will have to shoot off. For the last two places the following five competitors will have to shoot off, each having made 264: Pvt. Chamberlin, N. W. Rifles; Major Hughes, 45th; Staff-Sergt. Huntington, 56th; Corp. McNaughton, 51st; and Pvt. Robertson, 77th.

The Lansdowne Aggregate.—Challenge cup presented by his Excellency, Lord Lansdowne, late Governor-General, with $150 added by D. R. A., open to teams to be selected from competitors and composed of five previously named members of any affiliated rifle association;

13th Battalion	785	Bowmansville R A	741
Victoria Rifle Club, Hamilton	765	45th Battalion	739
3d Victoria Rifles	764	5th Royal Scots	738
43d Battalion	763	53d Battalion	737
Sherbrooke Rifle Association	757	63d Rifles	726
10th Royal Grenadiers	752	New Brunswick Prov Asso.	722
Halifax Garrison Artillery	752	Metropolitan, Ottawa	720
6th Fusiliers	751	Ottawa Rifle Club	720
No. 1, 43d Battalion	751	P E I Rifle Association	718
Nova Scotia P R A	750	Queen's Own Rifles	714
Queens County, P E I	747		

MINNESOTA STATE SHOOT.

LAKE CITY, Sept. 4.—A strong, irregular wind militated somewhat against the success of those engaged in the rifle matches at Camp Lakeview to-day, and yet some elegant scores were made. The scores below of the matches to-day are given in the order of merit, and it can readily be seen who the prize winners are.

Commissioned officers' match, 10 shots each, at 200 and 500yds., eighteen entries; first prize, gold badge; second prize, silver badge; third, bronze badge:

	200yds.	500yds.	Total.
Maj C M Skinner	44	43	87
Lieut Wm Bird	44	42	86
Lieut J F Cowie	45	40	85
Lieut Davenport	40	36	76

Enlisted men's match, 5 shots each at 100, 200, 300 and 500yds.; three prizes, gold, silver and bronze badges, 48 entries:

	100yds.	200yds.	300yds.	500yds.	Total.
Sergt C Maudlin	24	23	21	20	87
Pvt Moreland	21	20	23	20	84
Pvt Whitcomb	22	21	19	20	82
Corp B Neal	24	20	16	20	80
Pvt F J Britton	24	18	17	20	79
Pvt Bailey	21	21	18	19	79
Sergt Carpenter	24	22	20	12	78
Pvt Trowbridge	23	19	19	18	78
Sergt E G Falk	22	17	17	21	77
Pvt Goddard	21	19	20	17	77
Pvt R W Hubbell	20	20	16	19	77
Pvt Sweeny	21	19	19	18	77
Pvt D S Wade	19	18	11	11	77
Corp W W Crawford	21	16	19	21	77
Pvt Simpson	19	18	17	22	76
Pvt O Olson	22	15	19	20	76
Sergt W J Bain	20	19	17	20	76
Sergt A A Bates	20	18	19	20	75

Company Team Match.—The entries were 7 teams of 7 men each, 7 shots each man at 200 and 500yds., three prizes:

Co. C, 1st Regt.

	200yds.	500yds.	Total.
Capt Chantler	30	30	60
Private Whitcomb	24	34	58
Corporal W E Neal	27	27	54
Sergeant Iverson	28	25	53
Private Morland	31	21	52
Private Bailly	27	25	52
Sergeant Winne	20	26	46
	187	188	375

Co. G, 1st Regt.

Private O Olson	26	29	55
Lieut J Loye	23	28	51
Private E Magnuson	25	26	51
Private R W Hubbell	28	23	51
Private L P Wolf	26	21	47
Capt C A Betcher	22	23	45
Private O Winterwood	27	13	40
	177	163	340

Co. A, 1st Regt.

Private J J Boston	24	30	54
Sergeant E G Falk	27	26	53
Sergeant T P A Howe	22	29	51
Private W C Darrow	30	18	48
Private E Hanascom	25	20	45
Private E W Goddard	25	19	44
Capt J L Amory	26	16	42
	179	158	337
Co E, 1st Regt.	153	162	315
Co G, 2d Regt	162	153	315
Co I, 1st Regt	167	138	305
Co K, 1st Regt	159	134	293

Regimental Team Match—Teams of 10 men from each regiment of the State, 10 shots each at 200, 300 and 500yds. A suitable trophy not yet named to be presented to the winning team. This was a close and highly interesting contest:

First Regimental Team.

	200yds.	300yds.	500yds.	Total.
Lieut J Love	41	44	43	128
Lieut C A Clark	39	46	40	125
Pvt O Olson	42	41	42	125
Lieut C S Williams	42	39	43	124
Capt A E Chantler	42	43	38	123
Lieut J E Cowie	43	41	38	122
Sergt E G Falk	44	38	38	120
Lieut F A Tarr	33	39	43	115
Pvt Agern	34	37	38	109
Capt J H Waters	40	37	30	107
				1,198

Second Regiment Team.

Lieut E W Bird	44	42	42	128
Pvt D S Wade	43	41	42	126
Sergt Carpenter	41	41	43	125
Pvt Trowbridge	38	39	41	118
Capt J A Sands	39	40	39	118
Sergt G Boock	41	42	35	118
Lieut E B Shanks	42	34	41	117
Pvt F M Smith	41	35	37	113
Capt C R Davis	39	43	27	109
				1,185

Third Regiment Team.

Sergt Maudlin	46	41	41	128
Lieut W E Cooke	43	40	44	127
Lieut Davenport	39	40	43	122
Lieut O E Lee	40	40	40	120
Pvt F W Britton	45	36	39	120
Sergt W J Bain	43	35	38	116
Pvt F J Britton	37	40	36	113
Corp Crawford	37	35	39	111
Lieut A B Aplin	36	40	33	109
Lieut Shandrew	40	31	30	101
				1,167

Sept. 5.—The regimental and company team matches being completed most of those engaged in them went home last night, leaving not more than forty to finish the programme of the tournament. The matches to-day, however, were important, and considerable enthusiasm was manifested by the contestants. The first was the Reeve match, open to the commissioned officers of any State or Territory, but no one from outside this State participated. Five shots each at 200, 300 and 500yds., with a possible total of 75. The first prize was an elegant gold badge, besides which there were five other prizes, winner's choice. There were eleven entries:

	200yds.	300yds.	500yds.	Total
Lieut E W Bird	23	21	20	64
Capt A E Chantler	20	20	20	60
Lieut O E Lee	18	21	18	57
Lieut T C Clark	20	20	17	57
Lieut E B Shanks	19	22	16	57
Lieut J C Shandrew	20	18	18	56

The Minneapolis match, 7 shots each, 200, 300 and 500yds.; first prize a military champion gold badge, won by Maj. C. M. Skinner from the Western Rifle Association and the championship of the State. Badge to become the personal property of the one who wins it three times; 20 other prizes, winner's choice. There were 32 entries:

	200yds.	200yds.	500yds.	Total
Sergt Maudlin	33	32	31	96
Lieut T C Clark	29	30	30	89
Lieut E W Bird	31	29	29	89
Lieut J F Cowie	30	31	29	89
Maj C M Skinner	28	29	29	86
Sergt E G Golk	27	28	30	85
Pvt D S Wade	31	25	29	85
Sergt C W Carpenter	28	29	25	83
Capt A E Chantler	30	27	26	83
Pvt F W Britton	27	31	25	83
Lieut E B Shanks	28	27	27	82
Pvt F J Britton	28	26	28	82
Lieut O E Lee	28	29	24	81
Lieut F A Tarr	29	23	28	80

Stillwater match, 10 shots each, at 200, 300 and 500yds. First prize a fine gold badge, presented by Company K, First Regiment, to be won three times by the same person before becoming his property. Fifteen other prizes, donated by Company K and their friends, winner's choice. Thirty one entries:

	200yds.	300yds.	500yds.	Total.
Sergt Maudlin	44	43	46	133
Maj C M Skinner	44	47	39	130
Lieut C A Clark	42	43	43	128
Lieut E W Bird	43	42	42	127
Lieut J F Lowie	41	41	44	126
Pvt F J Britton	43	42	41	126
Sergt C W Carpenter	44	38	41	123
Capt A E Chantler	39	42	41	122
Pvt Burns	41	42	39	122
Pvt F W Britton	47	40	35	122
Pvt D S Wade	35	44	41	120
Lieut Davenport	42	39	39	120

Fergus Falls match, 10 shots, at 200 and 500yds. First prize gold badge; five other prizes, presented by Company F, First Regiment. Twenty-three entries:

	200yds.	500yds.	Total.
Lieut E W Bird	45	46	91
Lieut J F Cowie	45	45	90
Sergt C W Carpenter	45	42	87
Pvt F W Britton	43	43	86
Capt A E Chantler	44	42	86
Lieut Aplin	54	41	86
Sergt E G Falk	41	44	85
Pvt F J Britton	42	43	85
Maj G M Skinner	43	42	85
Pvt O Olson	44	41	85
Lieut W E Cooke	39	44	83
Pvt D S Wade	41	42	83
Lieut Davenport	45	38	83
Pvt Burns	41	39	80

Sept. 6.—The fifth annual tournament of the Minnesota National Guard Rifle Association closed to-day. It has been altogether a successful affair, notable progress being shown in small arms practice. The Washburn match for inter-State teams, which was on the programme for to-day, was necessarily omitted, there being no teams from outside this State to enter. An individual match, named the "Fairmont," was substituted, consisting of 10 shots each at 200, 300 and 500yds, with a possible score of 150. A purse of $50 was raised for this match, and a graded division made among those making the fifteen highest scores, the first prize being $10. Lieut. E. W. Bird, who made the best score, waived his interest in the purse. There were twenty-nine entries:

	200yds.	300yds.	500yds.	Total.
Lieut E W Bird	41	40	44	125
Lieut W J Davenport	45	38	41	124
Lieut W E Cooke	42	42	40	124
Lieut E B Shanks	38	40	44	122
Sergt W J Bain	36	43	43	122
Pvt Agern	43	35	43	121
Sergt E G Falk	42	42	36	120

St. Paul match, 10 shots each at 200, 300 and 500yds. First prize, an elaborate gold medal presented by the *Pioneer Press. Globe* and *Dispatch* of St. Paul, and first choice of other prizes, badge to be won three times before becoming personal property. Other prizes winner's choice. There were twenty-eight entries in this match:

	200yds.	300yds.	500yds.	Total.
Lieut F A Farr	41	41	40	122
Maj C M Skinner	39	37	44	120
Pvt Burns	41	42	37	120
Lieut E W Bird	46	40	31	117
Pvt Agern	40	33	43	116

In a skirmish match between Lieut. E. W Bird and Maj. C. M. Skinner, the first named won by a score of 128 out of a possible 200, making 35 hits out of a possible 40.

Revolver match, 10 shots each at 50yds. standard American target, 3 money prizes. The winning scores were: Pvt. O. Olson 82, Maj. C. Skinner 69, Lieut. J. F. Cowie 56.

Continuous match at 200yds., 5 shots each, best 3 scores to count, 3 prizes. The scores of the winners out of a possible 75 were: Lieut. E. W. Bird 69, Sergt. C. W. Carpenter 66, Pvt. O. Olson 63.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE SHOOT.

THE annual brigade and regimental matches between teams of the National Guard began on Monday, Sept. 2, at the Mt. Gretna rifle range, with Col. Louis A. Watres, of Scranton, general inspector of rifle practice, in command. Maj. John G. Bobb, of Carlisle, ordnance officer of Third Brigade, is in charge of the rifle range. Twenty-one teams reported at the range to Col. Watres. The day was a fair shooting day, and the regimental teams went ahead of the scores of last year.

Tuesday's shooting at Mt. Gretna Park was an improvement on Monday both in general results and individual scores. The regimental Coleman prize rifle matches were finished with the following results:

	200yds.	500yds.	600yds.	Total.
Thirteenth Regiment	184	177	167	528
Sixteenth Regiment	175	182	166	523
First Regiment	182	171	165	518
Sixth Regiment	176	176	182	514
Ninth Regiment	165	175	169	509
Twelfth Regiment	170	154	164	488

The highest individual scores for the Coleman prizes were as follows:

	200yds.	500yds.	600yds.	Total.
T F Connelly, 15th	31	34	31	96
J J Mountjoy, 6th	31	34	28	93
G W Coulstan, 1st	34	31	28	93
G Atkinson, 6th	30	32	30	92
W W Smith, 6th	32	31	29	92
C W Gunster, 13th	33	30	29	92
H C Wagraff, 17th	29	32	30	91
J S McAskie, 13th	30	34	27	91
W Fuller, 6th	30	31	29	90

On Wednesday another regimental match was won by the 13th Regiment, with a score of 360:

	200yds.	500yds.	600yds.
Watkins	37	31	31
McAskie	31	29	25
Gunster	31	29	28
Pratt	32	34	32
	121	123	116

The other regimental scores were as follows:

	200yds.	500yds.	600yds.	Total.
Thirteenth Regiment	121	123	116	360
First Regiment	120	118	115	353
Sixth Regiment	119	119	115	353
Sixteenth Regiment	114	122	113	349
Tenth Regiment	114	118	110	342
City Troop	115	116	110	341
Eighteenth Regiment	105	120	114	339
Second Regiment	107	126	110	337

The individual scores were as follows:

	200yds.	500yds.	600yds.	Total.
C B Pratt, 13th	32	34	32	98
H J Mehard	32	30	30	92
L W Smith	28	29	34	91
G F Root	31	30	30	91

The fourth day's shooting was by the brigade teams in practice. In the morning with 15 men, 7 shots each at the range of 200, 500 and 600yds. the score was as follows: Third Brigade, 1261; First Brigade, 1253; Second Brigade, 1235. In the afternoon practice the leading score was made by the Second Brigade team of 1263.

Friday closed a most successful season upon Coleman Range. Every organization in the Guard was represented, and the scores made testify to the great interest manifested and to the remarkable progress in this important branch of the service. The brigade match was shot Friday, and won by the Third Brigade.

Third Brigade.

	200yds.	500yds.	600yds.	Total.
Atkinson, 13th Regt	30	31	28	89
McAskie, 13th Regt	29	20	30	88
Stillwell, 13th Regt	30	32	26	88
Bergstrasser, 5th Regt	30	33	29	92
Newton, 9th Regt	29	30	27	86
Miner, 9th Regt	27	29	26	82
McClintock, 12th Regt	24	25	30	79
Gehring, 8th Regt	29	32	25	86
Mayer, 12th Regt	29	28	26	83
Fulmer, 12th Regt	29	27	26	82
Gunster, 13th Regt	29	31	27	87
Pratt, 13th Regt	29	28	27	84
	344	355	327	1026

First Brigade.

Mountjoy, 6th Regt	30	31	28	89
Atkinson, 6th Regt	28	33	30	91
Bispham, First Troop	26	25	29	80
Ahrens, 2d Regt	25	29	29	83
Smith, 6th Regt	27	27	21	75
Fulmer, 6th Regt	31	29	26	86
Coulston, 1st Regt	29	31	25	85
Conrad, 1st Regt	28	30	27	85
Ganley, S F	30	23	20	73
Linard, 1st Regt	29	28	29	86
Mehard, 1st Regt	27	31	32	90
Root, 1st Regt	29	29	28	86
	339	346	324	1009

Second Brigade.

Robb, 14th Regt	29	28	28	85
Patterson, 14th Regt	26	33	26	85
McCoy	27	27	26	80
Coon, 18th Regt	27	32	23	87
Wakefield, 10th Regt	28	27	23	78
Dickson	30	27	28	85
Weagraff, 15th Regt	28	32	27	87
Gunning, 16th Regt	32	29	25	86
Elliott	27	26	30	83
Bradley	30	27	29	86
Horton, 16th Regt	29	29	30	88
Connelly, 16th Regt	30	30	28	88
	343	347	328	1018

The prize trophy for the brigade marksmanship teams is in the form of a "loving" cup, of solid silver, fourteen inches high and eight and one-half inches broad at its widest point. The body of the cup has a repousse finish, and the keystone and crossed rifles and target are applica. Upon the reverse side will be inscribed the names of the winners. Two burnished handles of massive silver are placed upon opposite sides of the cup, while upon the keystone in enamel will be the color of the brigade winning the trophy. The trophy is to be competed for for three consecutive years, and upon the reverse side there is left a blank space for the victorious team's name.

BOSTON, Sept. 7.—The Massachusetts Rifle Association held its regular weekly shoot to-day with a good attendance. The shooting conditions were good, and some fine scores were made. The shooting of W. G. Hussey with the Springfield military was very fine, and perhaps a record for 50 shots. Mr. Merville won the gold champion medal, and Mr. Munroe won the gold medal in the 20-shot match. Mr. Keen won the first bronze medal in the military medal match on 10 scores of 36 or better. Following are the scores made to-day:

Champion Medal Match.

S O Merville ..... 7 8 4 10 7 9 9 7 7 9— 77
C C Clarke ..... 8 6 7 8 8 10 9 5 6 9— 76

20-Shot Rest Match, 200yds.

J B Munroe 11 9 10 10 12 9 9 12 12 10
12 7 12 12 11 12 9 11 12 9—211
J N Eames 8 10 12 10 11 11 10 12 9 11
12 9 11 8 12 12 8 10 10 8—204
J Francis 10 10 10 10 9 9 10 11 12 11
9 9 12 9 11 9 10 10 10 9—200
T P Williams 11 10 9 10 8 8 11 8 9 11
9 9 10 12 9 11 12 12 10 9—198
W P Conway 11 8 10 12 9 8 11 9 9 11
11 10 9 9 9 9 9 9 11 9—193

Victory Medal Match, 200yds.

C H Eastman ..... 7 6 9 9 7 7 10 7 7 10— 79
S O Merville ..... 9 9 6 9 9 10 8 7 6 6— 79
H Severance ..... 5 9 8 7 6 10 7 9 10 7— 78
A S Hunt ..... 8 6 8 7 10 6 6 8 6 10— 75
O T Moore ..... 5 7 4 10 9 7 8 7 9 7— 73
H P Martin ..... 10 9 5 7 9 7 6 7 8 5— 73
M T Day ..... 8 10 8 5 7 8 7 7 7 3— 70

Military Medal Match, 200yds.

W G Hussey ..... 5545554455—47 C E Wiggin ..... 5544444444—42
F J Lounsbury ..... 4554544455—45 F J Brennan ..... 4435544343—39
W L Swan ..... 5544544444—43 S Ames ..... 4343345544—37
A S Field ..... 4545544444—43

All-Comers' Rest Match, 200yds.

J B Munroe ..... 12 12 12 12 9 12 12 10 12 12—115
J Francis ..... 12 12 12 9 12 12 10 12 12 9—112
J N Eames ..... 12 10 11 11 9 9 12 12 10 9—105
A Ballard ..... 11 10 11 10 10 9 11 11 9 11—103
W P Conway ..... 13 10 9 10 9 12 12 10 9 9—102
P T Williams ..... 11 9 9 12 10 11 10 11 11 8—102
A Wabash ..... 8 10 10 11 9 9 11 12 11 10—101
A S Hunt ..... 9 10 9 11 8 9 11 12 9 9— 97
F D Homes ..... 10 9 9 9 10 10 9 8 10 11— 95

All-Comers' Off-Hand Match, 200yds.

G L Hosmer ..... 5 7 9 9 8 7 10 7 10 4— 76
S O Merville ..... 8 8 9 9 6 10 5 7 3 10— 73
W Hawley (mil) ..... 6 9 9 8 6 7 8 8 8 6— 72
L Comey ..... 7 4 7 9 10 6 5 7 7 8— 70
A McBean ..... 7 10 7 4 8 7 5 8 7 5— 68
A Elton ..... 10 4 8 5 5 6 6 4 10 10— 68
E Holmes ..... 8 6 5 3 8 8 7 10 6 5— 66

Five scores of 10 shots each, or 50 consecutive shots at 200yds., with Springfield military rifle, Creedmoor target:

W G Hussey ..... 43 47 46 46 47 - 229

Military Match, 200yds.

E A Poyen ..... 5554444455—45 J V Huntley ..... 4424534443—37
C A Wiggin ..... 4444434454—40

500yds.

W G Hussey ..... 4555555555—49 A S Field ..... 4545445455—45
W Charles ..... 5555555445—48 W L Swan ..... 4542345233—34

The bronze military medal was won on the following 10 scores by R H Keen 39 37 37 41 39 42 39 38 38 37

MALDEN, Mass., Sept. 7.—There was a large attendance at the Bear's Den range this afternoon; although the weather was unfavorable for scoring a number of good scores were made as follows:

Capt J H Lathrop, 1st Brig Staff	4	4	4	5	4—21
Sergt E B Webber, 1st Brig Staff	3	0	4	4	4—15
Lieut C M Haley, 2d Brig Sig Corps	3	4	3	4	5—19
A Waitt	4	2	4	3	4—17
B S Bow	3	3	5	4	3—18
J E Worcester	4	3	3	4	4—18
O P Prescott	4	3	5	5	4—21
W P Fuller	0	3	4	3	3—12
A W Garland, Co I, 5th	4	4	3	3	4—18
A B Whittekind, Co L, 5th	4	5	4	4	4—21
W J Dorkins, Co L, 5th	4	4	3	3	3—17
A W Redding, Co L, 5th	4	3	2	2	3—14
John Lewis, Co L, 5th	3	3	0	0	2— 8

THE CREEDMOOR TRANSFER.—The transfer of Creedmoor, the famous shooting grounds of the National Rifle Association, to the State of New York, was formally agreed to at a meeting of the Board of Directors Sept. 3 in the association's quarters in Temple Court. There were present Gen. Geo. W. Wingate, Chairman; Capt. John S. Shepherd, Secretary; Major Edward Duffy, Gen. Charles F. Robbins, Mr. J. H. Robbins and Mr. Jas. Duane. Gen. Wingate presented for the consideration of the board a formal consent to the conveyance of the property, bearing the signatures of more than 32 of the directors of the association, active and *ex officio*. The legal requirements having been complied with, Major Duffy offered the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted: "*Resolved*, That the president and secretary of the association be and are hereby authorized and directed to execute to the State of New York a conveyance of the range and property at Creedmoor, so as to comply with Chapter 540 of the Laws of 1889, and to affix the seal of the association thereto." By this action the State will become possessed of close upon 225 acres of ground, with the building, rifle ranges, and appurtenances at Creedmoor for the nominal sum of $25.000. The National Rifle Association, on its part, is relieved of all responsibility for suits growing out of its occupancy of the ground and maintaining a rifle range, and is assured the use of the range for ten days in each year for the holding of its annual fall prize meeting for a period of ten years, with a presumptive right to the renewal of that privilege. In order that the transfer might be legally executed it became essential that a president of the association should be elected, Gen. John B. Woodward, the vice-president of the association, who has been acting in that capacity, being in Europe, and on the motion of Major Duffy, Gen. Wingate was unanimously chosen. The thanks of the association was returned to Capt. Robert P. Bush, of the Twenty-sixth Separate Company of Elmira, for his exertion in securing the passage of the Creedmoor transfer bill by the Legislature.

IRA PAINE DEAD.—Paris, Sept. 7.—Chevalier Ira Paine expired at the Hotel du Bresi this evening, from strangulation of the bowels, after forty-two hours of intense suffering. He was filling an engagement at the Folies Bergères for the last three weeks, delighting large audiences with his marvellous performances with rifle and pistol. His wife and brother-in-law were with him when he died. By his request his body will be embalmed and brought to Providence, R. I., for burial.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Sept. 2.—The Marion Rifle Club grounds on Jersey City Heights presented an animated scene to-day when the annual fall shoot of the club took place. There were over 200 crack marksmen present, including a large delegation from the Our Own Rifle Club, of Newark, which made the contests very exciting. The scores on an average were very good, but in the long-range events some poor shooting was done on account of the shifting winds and heavy mist which prevailed. Messrs. L. P. Hansen, George C. Varick and Anthony Hauck comprised the shooting committee for '89, and they showed their abilities well in this line of sport by arranging a very interesting programme. The contests were decided as follows: Target of honor, 200yds. off-hand: J. F. Autenreith first with a score of 60 out of a possible 75, L. P. Hansen was second with 58 to his credit, and H. Mahlenbrock won third prize with 51 points. The three leading men on the Creedmoor target, at 500yds., were L. P. Hansen 24, H. Hoersch 23 and Dr. Buyken 23. In the medal target competition Dr. Autenreith won first medal with a score of 66, 67, 70. Dr. Buyken was second. His score was 66, 57, 68, and H. Hoersch secured the third gold medal by making 65, 66, 70. The affair was a grand success financially, and the club contemplates holding another tournament in the near future.

NEWARK, N. J., Sept. 6.—The United Amateur Rifle Association held a well-attended meeting at Lakeside range this evening, and the prospects for the coming tournament are most encouraging. The Association is now composed of twelve clubs: Monroe, Oakland, Excelsior, Howard, Lakeside, Annie Oakley, Columbia, Puritan, Sheppard, North Ward, National and Electric. The constitution was drawn up, and as there are now no restrictions or rules to keep any person from competing, each club in the city will probably become a member at once. The entries will close on Oct. 1, and the tournament will commence on Oct. 14. The Association will now meet weekly in order to complete all arrangements, and any club wishing to enter can do so by coming to the next meeting or communicating with the secretary. The next meeting will take place on Friday evening, Sept. 13, at the Sheppard range, 301 Grant avenue, Kearny.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Sept. 7.—The Pistol Club held a well-attended meeting last Monday night, and perfected arrangements for the holding of another tournament. It will be a fifteen weeks' shoot. A re-entry and a medal will be awarded to the member winding up with the highest straight general average. A handicap goes also in the affair, and the present handicaps are to be given a general overhauling by a committee appointed at the meeting. The initial shoot will take place next Wednesday night.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

Secretaries of clubs and managers of tournaments are requested to keep us advised of the dates of their shoots, so that we may give due notice in our column of fixtures.

FIXTURES.

Sept. 13.—South Manchester, Conn., Tournament. C. R. Hathaway, Secretary.

Sept. 17, 18, 19, 20.—Central Illinois Sportsmen's Association's eleventh annual tournament, Jerseyville, Ill.

Sept. 17, 18, 19.—Tournament in connection with State Fair at Meriden, Conn. C. H. Burbridge, Manager.

Sept. 24, 25, 26 and 27.—Fifth Annual Tournament given by Al. Bandle, at Cincinnati; $1,000 guaranteed.

Sept. 24, 25, 26, 27.—New Jersey State Sportsman's Association for the Protection of Fish and Game Annual Tournament, on grounds of the Jersey City Heights Gun Club, at Marion, N. J. W. F. Quimby, 291 Broadway, N. Y.

Oct. 1, 2, 3.—Linthicum's Keystone Tournament at Baltimore, Md.—Samuel J. Fort, Ellicott City, Md., Assistant Manager.

Oct. 8, 9, 10, 11.—Middlesex Gun Club Tournament, Dunellen, N. J. W. F. Force, Secretary, Plainfield, N. J.

Oct. 8, 9, 10, 11.—Fred A. Fodde's Second Annual Amateur Tournament, at St. Louis, Mo. Inanimate targets.

Oct. 15, 16, 17, 18.—Tournament at live birds and inanimate targets. J. F. Kleinz, Secretary, 600 South Delaware avenue, Philadelphia.

Oct. 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25.—Second Tournament of the Mercer Gun Club, at Trenton, N. J. E. G. Updegrove, President.

SEVILLE TOURNAMENT.

SEVILLE, Ohio, Aug. 21.—The Seville Gun Club held a tournament on the Fair Grounds Aug 27, which was quite well attended and a good time was enjoyed by all. Five traps were used under the Keystone system, which is a success for putting through a long programme in a short time. Standard targets, Association rules, ties divided unless otherwise noted.

No. 1, 10 singles, entrance $1, three moneys:

Paul North	1111111111—10	H Aldrich	1010111011— 7
C V Matteson	1110001111— 7	E E Leland	1110111111— 8
Benscotten	1111111101— 9	A J Rockey	1111010010— 6
S Egbert	1011111010— 7	Smalley	0110100111— 6
Hacox	1100000011— 4	Phillips	0100011010— 4
"No. 4"	1100101011— 6	H Benscotten	0010001101— 4

No. 2, 15 singles, entrance $1, three moneys:

Egbert	101111110111101—12	Leland	111110111011001—11
Matteson	111100110001101— 9	Benscotten	101111111111111—14
Canfield	010101111010110—10	Hacox	011101101111101—11
"No. 4"	110111010110111—11	Rockey	100101101000001— 6
Aldrich	111111100111110—12	North	001011110111111—11

Benscotten first, second divided, North third on shoot-off.

No. 3, 5 singles and 5 pairs, entrance $1, three moneys:

"No. 4"	10111 10 10 10 11 01 11—11	Egbert	01101 10 11 11 00 10— 9
B'scotten	11111 11 11 11 11 11—15	Hacox	11110 11 11 10 01 10—11
Aldrich	11011 01 10 00 11 10— 9	North	11101 11 11 11 11 10—13

No. 4, team shoot, 15 singles, $2:

North	111111101111111—14	Hacox	011110011111111—12—26
Benscotten	111111111111110—14	Egbert	101010111111111—12—26
"No. 4"	111001111111011—12	Aldrich	111101111011011—12—24

No. 3, 20 singles, $20 guaranteed, entrance $1.50, three moneys:

Benscotten	11011111111111111111—18	Matteson	10101011011011010—14
"No. 4"	11101111111101110111—17	H Benscotten	11111111111100101011—16
Hacox	10010001110001011111—11	Beach	11111101000111111111—16
North	11101111101011111111—18	Leland	10100001010111111111—13
Egbert	01111111110111111111—18	Freeman	10011111000000001011— 9
Aldrich	11111111111010110110—17	Steele	10101000010010111011—10

No. 6, 10 singles, entrance $1, three moneys:

"No. 4"	1111111111—10	North	1111111111—10
Aldrich	0100100111— 5	Egbert	1111111011— 9
Hacox	1010110100— 5	Benscotten	1111111110— 9

No. 7, 10 singles, entrance $1, three moneys:

Matteson	1111011110— 8	H Benscotten	1111111111—10
Freeman	1101011000— 5	Smalley	0001111011— 6
Leland	1110111100— 7	Beach	1011101101— 7

No. 8, 5 pairs, entrance $1, three moneys:

"No. 4"	11 01 10 11 11— 8	Egbert	11 11 11 10 10— 8
Benscotten	11 11 11 11 11—10	Hacox	11 10 10 11 10— 7
North	11 11 11 11 10— 9		

No. 9, 15 singles, entrance $1, three moneys:

North	111111110110111—13	Aldrich	101101011110110—10
"No. 4"	110101011111111—12	Beach	000100001000011— 4
Egbert	111111001111111—13	Ireland	111110110001001— 9
Hacox	111111111110111—14	Matteson	011111010111001—10
H Benscotten	111111101101110—12	Benscotten	101111111111110—13

No. 10, 25 singles, $30 guaranteed, entrance $2, three moneys:

"No. 4"	1111111111111111111111111—25		
Hacox	1011011011101101111110—19		
Aldrich	1011111111101111101111—22		
Egbert	0111111111111111111101011—22		
Benscotten	1111111111111111111111110—24		
H Benscotten	1001111111101111100001110—17		
De Witt	1000000111101000110111—13		
Matteson	1101010111101111001110101—17		
Beach	1010001110111100011111—18		
Freeman	1000100011010101011110011—13		
Steele	1110111111111001101001—19		

Some minor matches were shot after this, but none of importance. CHIPPEWA.

OLD TIMERS.—The most interesting contest that will occur at the shooting tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association, to be held at the Marion trap grounds, on Sept. 24, 25, 26 and 27, will be the event open to all residents of New Jersey over 55 years of age. There are many old-timers throughout the State who intend getting out and trying their hand with the gun, and although the scores will not reach very high, still the competition will be pretty evenly matched. Old Long Island rules will govern this shoot, and only one barrel will be allowed, while the gun must be placed below the elbow.

SPRINGFIELD, N. J., Sept. 2.—The Union Gun Club held a tournament here to-day. The attendance was fair and a number of events were shot, which resulted as below, ties divided:

No. 1, at 10 bluerocks, 25 cents entrance, 3 moneys:

Johnson	1111011111—9	Lyons	1101000010—4
Moffatt	1011011100—6	Sopher	1110110011—7
Sigler	0011111110—8	Miller	1111011110—8

No. 2, at 10 Keystones, same conditions:

Johnson	0111010111—7	Moffatt	1010011011—5
Sigler	1110111111—9	Miller	1111111101—9
Sopher	1010111101—7	Lyons	1110000000—3

No. 3, at 15 bluerocks, 50 cents entrance, 3 moneys:

Miller	111111110111111—13	Sopher	101011110011111—11
Sigler	011111111111117—14	Lyons	011110100011110—10
Johnson	111111110111111—14	Sickley	011011111110111—12
Moffatt	111001110010001— 8		

No. 4, at 15 Keystones, same conditions:

Miller	111101111110111—13	Lyons	1100001000 w. 3
Sigler	001101111101111—11	Pudney	101010011001001— 7
Johnson	111111111111011—14	Wade	111010111111010—11
Sopher	101101111101001—10	Ellis	011110111001110—10
Moffatt	101110001101111—10		

No. 5, at 5 pair clays, 25 cents entrance, 3 moneys:

Johnson	11 11 11 10 11— 9	Morrison	11 11 11 10 00— 7
Miller	11 11 11 11 11—10	Sickley	11 10 00 11 11— 7
Williams	10 11 10 11 01— 7	Sopher	11 11 11 11 11—10
Conover	10 11 11 10 10— 7	Moffatt	10 00 00 10 10— 3
Sigler	11 11 11 11 11—10		

No. 6, at 15 bluerocks, 50 cents entrance, 3 moneys:

Miller	111011011111101—12	Sopher	101011111111111—13
Sigler	101111111111101—13	Moffatt	001101111101011—10
Johnson	111111111111111—15	Terry	010101101111001— 8
Sickley	111111111101101—14	Wade	111010110101001—10

No. 7, 15 Keystones, 50 cents entrance, 3 moneys:

Miller	101111111111111—14	Sickley	011111000011111—10
Sigler	111111011111001—12	Sopher	010110000111001— 8
Johnson	010101111111111—12	Roll	101110111101110—11

No. 8, at 5 live birds, 5 ground traps, $2.25 entrance:

Miller	11112—5	Wade	22100—3
Sigler	12211—5	Morrison	11222—5
Johnson	22110—4	Roll	20010—2
Williams	21221—5	Sickley	02212—4
Conover	11111—5	Terry	02010—2
J Briant	11020—3	Sopher	10110—3

No. 9, badge shoot, 30 Keystones, 3 traps, American Association rules:

Miller	111111111101111111111111111111 - 29
Johnson	111111111111111111111111111111—30
Conover	110111111101001111111101100—22
Roll	100111010111100111111101010—19
Sickley	101111101111111101111101111—26
Sopher	101010011000000111111111101—26
Sayre	011110101011100110011111000100—19
Williams	000001010111001111011111111—29
Sigler	101111101111111111111111111—28
Briant	100010001100011111010011100110—15
Terry	100011110111111111111101011—24
Wade	010010010101001011001100111110—15

Johnson won badge with the only straight score of 30. Other prizes won without a tie except the 8th, which was shot off, Sopher winning after breaking 9 out of 10.

Extra No. 1, 10 keystones, entrance 25 cents, 2 moneys: Johnson 6, Miller 7, Perry 5, Lyon 6.

Extra No. 2, 10 bluerocks, same conditions: Johnson 7, Miller 10, Lyon 7, Perry 9, Moffat 5.

Extra No. 3, 10 Keystones, same conditions: Johnson 8, Lyon 7, Moffat 3, Perry 2, Miller 7.

Extra No. 4, 10 bluerocks, same conditions: Johnson 8, Moffat 4, Lyon 7, Perry 8, Miller 7.

Extra No. 5, 10 Keystones, same conditions: Johnson 4, Perry 8, Moffatt 6, Lyon 9, Miller 10.

Extra No. 6, 10 bluerocks, same conditions: Johnson 9, Perry 9, Lyon 8, Moffatt 9, Miller 10.

Extra No. 7, 10 Keystones, same conditions: Johnson 8, Lyon 3, Sopher 6, Miller 7, Perry 6, Sigler 7.

Extra No. 8, 10 Keystones, same conditions: Miller 10, Sigler 8, Johnson 9 Sopher 8, Lyon 6

WALNUT HILL, Sept. 4.—There was a fair attendance of sportsmen at the range to-day. Excepting the extreme heat, the conditions for shooting were good, and many fine scores were made. Mr. Knowles's score of 29 out of a possible 30, in the gold coin match, is worthy of special mention. Following is a summary of the day's events:

Gold coin match, 15 clay-pigeons and 15 Keystone targets, Keystone squad system.

	Clays.	Keystones.
Knowles	111111111111111—15	101111111111111—14—29
Swift	111111111011110—13	111111111110111—14—27
Lee	111110110111111—13	111101111011111—13—26
Stanton	011111111111111—14	111111111011001—12—26
Crown	110101111101111—12	101011111111111—13—25
Perry	111111111111111—15	110111000011111—10—25
Hosmer	111111111011111—14	001101011110111—10—24
Bowker	111111011111110—13	010101001110111—9—22
Nelson	111101110110111—12	010001001001111—9—21
Snow	011000110111110— 9	101111111101001—12—21
Nichols	101101011001111—10	101110011011011—10—20

PATERSON, N. J.—On Monday, the 2d inst., a team race for the Kershaw badge occurred at Echo Lake between teams of 5 men representing the Paterson City Rod and Gun Club, the Gentlemen's Gun Club, the Riverside Gun Club and the Gaster Gun Club. The weather was fine, but the sun was fiercely hot, and somewhat interfered with the contestants. The Paterson City and Riverside clubs tied twice for the badge, the Riversides finally winning. Scores, teams of 5, at 10 glass balls each:

Paterson City Rod & Gun Club.		Gentlemen's Gun Club.	
R Bustard	0010111011— 6	W Smith	1011011111— 8
G Gould	1110111101— 8	J Wilkes	1011111010— 8
G Hill	1111111111—10	J Fairhurst	0001001000— 2
J Eldridge	1011011011— 7	J Myrtle	0011101111— 7
J Welcher	1100111011— 7—38	J Allen	1100100011— 5—28
Riverside Gun Club.		**Gaster Gun Club.**	
C Pyle	1011101110— 7	C Vermorel	1011111000— 6
B Maskel	1011011011— 7	W Thorn	1011111101— 8
C Stalter	1110110010— 6	H Van Kirk	0100100101— 4
W D Braddock	1111111111—10	P Gough	1111111111—10
J Braddock	1111111010— 8—38	H Post	1111111110— 9—37

Tie:

Paterson City Rod & Gun Club.		Riverside Gun Club.	
R Bustard	11111—5	C Pyle	10111—4
G Gould	11101—4	B Maskel	11111—5
G Hill	11101—4	C Stalter	11110—4
J Eldridge	11111—5	W D Braddock	11111—5
J Welcher	10011—3—21	J Braddock	10110—3—21

The second tie was shot by agreement at one ball each, the Riversides winning the badge by a score of 3 to 2.—A. B.

FLORENCE, Mass., Sept. 3.—Norwood Gun Club shoot at 25 Keystones, 3 traps:

T T Cartwright	0110110110111101111011111—19
E E Davis	1101001010100100111110011—15
L Gaylor	1100110101101001011011011—16
C O Harris	1010101010011101001110011—17
L Foster	0111100100111100100111111—16

TORONTO, Sept. 7.—The following scores were made at the Stanley Gun Club shoot to-day for the handsome gun given by McDowall & Co. The weather was fine, and the shooting, considering the handicaps, was good. Mr. N. Dick captured the trophy with a score of 17 out of 25. Gun shoot at 25 birds, 5 traps:

N Dick, 22yds	17	Sawden, Sr., 24yds	15
Charles, 24yds	16	Bayles, 18yds	13
Draisey, 19yds	16		

Harrison and T. Brown, 19yds., retired.

First sweep at 10 birds: Emond 9, McDowall 8, Charles 8. Second sweep: Emond 7, McDowall 7, Charles 7. Third sweep: Charles 10, McDowall 8, Emond 8, Draisey 8, Dick 7. Fourth sweep: McDowall 8, Charles 8, Emond 7, Draisey 6. McDowall won.

MERIDEN, Conn.—A tournament at clay-pigeons is announced to take place here during the State Fair on Sept. 17, 18 and 19. The shooting will be at Keystone targets and traps, under Keystone rules. A complete system of classification will be enforced, so that the weak shots will have a chance as well as the best. The programme proposed is as follows: First day—Two-men team match, 25 birds per man, for medal and the sum of $10 added, to winner. Optional sweepstakes, $2 per man entrance. Class A, open to all, at 12 birds, entrance $2. Class B, open to all, at 10 birds, $1 entrance. Class C, at 8 birds, entrance 50 cents. Second day—Club team race, 6 men from any club in Connecticut, at 20 birds per man, $10 and medals to winners. Optional sweepstake as agreed upon by club. Other events will be arranged to fill the day on the class system. Third day—Grand individual State championship match, at 50 birds, $10 and medal to the winner. Optional sweepstakes, $2 entrance. Shooting will commence each day at 8 A. M. All shooters who compete for these prizes must purchase a season ticket at $1.50, which admits to all parts of the grounds. Programme and other information furnished on application to C. H. Burbridge or H. A. Merriman, at Meriden, Conn.

CLEVELAND, O., Sept. 5.—The Cleveland Target Company's monthly shoot was held to-day in conjunction with the East End Gun Club's regular badge contest. The scores made were not up to the average, owing in a great measure to the weather, which was very windy and rainy. But this did not seem to affect Paul North in the least, as he broke 25 straight, being the second straight score made in the Target Company's series of shoots, and which also entitled him to the club badge. Twenty-five single bluerocks were used at 18yds., and of these but three of the 700 thrown broke in the traps. A number of visitors participated. The scores follow:

Paul North	1111111111111111111111111—25
Pfaire	1110011111011111111111110101—20
W Sweetman	1111000111011111010111011—18
J Held	1010101101100001001100010l—12
L Wherry	1111101110100101110101010—16
G H Kilby	1001100101101010100010110—12
T Maggo	1100011110111111010111111—20
A B Jones	1110101011010111111101010—15
W Harris	0011111111010100100101111—16
W Bell	0101111000010111111101110—15
J Elworthy	1101111000111111000110111—17
A Berger	1011101101010110111110101—17
Shot	1111111011111101111010101—21
Calhoun	0011101001110111110111110—17
W Tamblyn	1011101111111111111111111—22
D Jiz	1101110111111010111110111—20
D A Williams	1011111101111111101101000—18
D Bishop	1100011011111000060110111—14
Arnold	0000101010010100000011001— 9
Edwards	1101101001101010000117101—15
J C Coryell	1100011111010100111111011—17
Holt	0110001011000111111111010—16
Silsby	0011101111111101111001101l—18
D A Upson	1011000101110000100111001—14
J Prechtel	1111011111010110011111111—19
F Wall	0111111001011111111111101—19
T Tamblyn	0111001011010111006911110—14
A Forrestor	0100011111111101111111111—20

CAPE MAY.—In the shooting match at the Athletic Park, to decide the tie for the Cape May A. C. cup, between Messrs. Thurman, Low and Cattell, Thurman of the Wingohocking Gun Club won:

Thurman	1111111011111111	10 10 11 11 00—20
Cattell	1111101111001101	00 10 10 10 10—15
Low	0101111011111100	10 00 10 00 00—11

In the shoot for the Physick cup, last year won by Leonard Finletter, that individual carried it off again with 20 singles out of 25 to his credit:

Finletter	1111111010110111110110111—20
Spicer Leaming	0001010111111111111111010—18
Benezet	1101110101101100111000111—16
Robbins	1101011001100111101111010—16
Wheaton	1011101001110000011011110—15
Taylor	1100010011011011001101011—13
Mecray	0101000001101111011010111—13
Mayhew	1001100111011001000101101—12
J R Evans	1001100110011010010111101—14

The Correspondents' cup, at 9 singles and 3 pairs of bluerocks, was won by Mr. John Armstrong, he scoring 13 out of the 15. The scores were very good, as the strong wind twisted the birds in every direction.

EATON, N. Y., Sept. 7.—The first time we ever used 5 traps unknown angle. Match at kingbirds, 15 singles and 6 pairs, 5 traps, 18yds. rise, Association rules:

Curtis	1010011010101	01 11 10 11 11 11—19
Hall	1111101111101111	11 11 10 10 11 11—23
Peet	1110110010111111	11 10 10 10 11 11—20
Richardson	0111111011110001	01 11 10 10 10 11—19
Briggs	0101110111111111	00 11 10 11 10 10—19
Cole	1111100111110111	11 11 11 11 11 11—24
Bell	0111101111011010	10 00 01 11 11 11—18
Mott	0100110010110110	11 00 01 00 11 01—13
Hamlin	1000111010011111	01 11 01 11 01 01—17
*Cruttenden	1010101111011001	01 11 10 10 11 10—17
*Weber	0001101111001010	11 00 00 10 10 11—13

*Visitors from Cazenovia.

Our boys would call it very tame business shooting Keystone rules. The idea of a man calling himself a wing shot and facing a trap knowing just the direction of his bird. Is that the way grouse get up for you in the brush? They don't for me.—WING.

NEWARK, N. J., Sept. 2.—On Labor Day the East Side and West Side Gun Clubs met in battle in Wiedenmayer's Park. They shot a 15 bird match at American standard targets with the following result:

East Side Gun Club.		West Side Gun Club.	
H Koegel	12	Drastle	13
Richards	11	Jacquin	7
Hilfers	11	Meyer	9
C Von Lengerke	13	J Weber	11
Humphreys	8	Meisel	9
Schraft	11	Buckhard	9
Ostrander	11	Astfalk	8
C Walker	13	Buob	9
Schilling	10	Spann	13
Perment	13	Deisler	5
Laubenstein	11	H Webber	8
E Theurich	7	L Schilling	7
Froelich	12	J Weber	10
Schork	14—157	Reibold	10—128

Then a live bird shoot ensued at 3 birds each and the prizes were divided. The scores were: Spann 1, J. Weber 2, Hilfers 1, Theurich 2, Bar 2, Schraft 3, Schork 1, Ostrander 1, Carl Von Lengerke 2, Perment 2, H. Weber 0, Astfalk 0, Matson 2, Koegel 2. A few birds were left and a second shoot ensued with the following result: Perment 3, Schraft 2, C. Von Lengerke 2, Schork 1, Kramer 0.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., Sept. 5.—Our club had its regular shoot today at standard targets, and as there was a pretty breeze blowing to-day and some new members shooting, the score made is not what it could be. We recently moved to our present grounds and I dare say that there is probably no better ground in the State if in the United States for having a clear view of the targets as they are thrown from the trap; we also changed our targets from clay pigeons to the standard targets, but throw them from bluerock traps:

L W Mazuric	0111011011111010—10	H Benning	0011100610101000— 6
Ed Fink	1011111111011111—13	J F Wolle	1010111100111110—10
B Huffort	0010100011101000— 5	E D Jeanes	1000100110000001— 5
J Benning	0110101010001001— 6	Ed Ulmer	1100001011000010— 7
A B J Frantz	1101011010101111—10	J P Boyer	1001110111101111—11
C George	1010010000101000— 5	J P Creveling	0010001010100001— 5
H T Erdman	0010000101010001— 5	P C Blank	0001001100110000— 5
F B Saeger	0111110110011000— 9	C F Kramlich	0100011001111011— 8

A. B. J. F.

DAYTON, O., Sept. 6.—This being the day for the regular Kennel Club shoot, a number of members and other shots assembled at Shorty's Inn for a series of live bird matches under the American Association rules, Ashton Webb, referee. First match, 10 live pigeons each:

Geo Volker	0002222212—7	Andy Mumme	0001211022—6
Gus Sander	2211102211—9	Geo Makley	0220031001—4
Wm Pratchett	1210002111—7	Ed Rike	0010101212—6
Chas Sander	2000221122—7		

Ties divided.

Second match, 10 live pigeons, 7 entries:

Geo Volker	0121200121—7	Andy Mumma	1210122111—9
Gus Sander	1122010202—7	Geo Makley	1012021211—8
Wm Pratchett	1102212020—7	Ed Rike	1101100021—6
Chas Sander	1020220022—6		

The next shoot will be held two weeks from to-day, with sparrows and bluerocks for targets.

POTSDAM, N. Y., Sept. 6.—Potsdam Gun Club match at 6 kingbirds, 3 traps, 18yds. rise, National rules. First event:

Long	011111—5	F A Weed	110111—5
Watkins	100110—3	W R Weed	111011—5

Ties on 5 shot off and won by W. R. Weed.

Second event:

Hart	111100—4	Watkins	111110—5
W R Weed	101001—3	F A Weed	111111—6

Third event, 3 kingbirds, 3 traps. Heath and F. A. Weed vs. W. R. Weed and Watkins:

Heath	110—2	W R Weed	110—2
F A Weed	101—2—4	Watkins	111—3—5

H. A. WATKINS, Sec'y.

CLEVELAND, O., Sept. 6.—At the regular weekly shoot of the Sherman Gun Club to-day Sprigg won class A badge on score of 21 and Flowers won class B badge by score of 19. Each man shot at 25 birds. Score: Sprigg 21, Flowers 19, Fink 19, Darst 19, Williams 16, Walters 15, Miller 14, Hunt 14, Fern 11. After the badge contest was finished sweepstakes were shot with the following results: First event—Sprigg and Walters divided first, Williams and Fink divided second, Miller won third. Second event—Darst won first on score of 5, Sprigg won second on score of 4.

MIDDLETOWN, Pa., Sept. 7.—A more unfavorable day for trap-shooting never greeted sportsmen than was experienced by the shooters who met at Middletown to-day; but the few who did attend were determined to burn powder, although the rain fell in torrents at times. Sweep No. 1, 70 cents entry, 10 bluerocks, 2 moneys, American Association rules:

Hepler	0111010111— 7	Bollock	1101100100— 5
Sheesley	1001000101— 4	Kouch	1111010010— 6
Motter	1111111111—10	Gingrich	0000011011— 4
Zeigler	1111111111—10	Felsinger	1110011010— 6

Ties div.

No. 2, 70 cents entry, 2 moneys:

Hepler	1011101000— 5	Zeigler	1111100011— 7
Sheesley	0111110010— 7	Bollock	1001000001— 3
Motter	1101011101— 7	Felsinger	1110010110— 6

Ties div.

No. 3, 70 cents entry, 2 moneys:

Kough	1111111100— 8	Motter	0111110011— 7
Sheesley	0100000011— 3	Bollock	0000101000— 2
Hepler	1111010010— 7	Felsinger	1110010110— 6
Zeigler	0011111001— 7		

Ties div.

No. 4, same:

Sheesley	0001100101— 4	Bollock	0011101010— 5
Hepler	1111111111—10	Felsinger	0100011010— 4
Zeigler	1000111001— 6	Kough	1011100110— 6
Motter	1111111110— 9		

No. 5. This match was at 15 live pigeons, old Long Island rules, entrance $5. The birds were mostly all good flyers:

Kough	011010011010110— 8	Sheesley	111111011010101—11
Motter	111101111001111—12	Bardt	111101001111101—11
Zeigler	111101001000000— 7	Witman	101101111110110—10
Hepler	111111101111110—13	Felsinger	110110101111000— 9

G. W. H.

GRAND CROSSING, Ill., Sept. 7.—South Chicago Gun Club medal shoot at 10 live pigeons, 5 ground traps, 30yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, birds killed with 2d count ½:

A W Reeves	1101211111—8½	F. H. Britton	0011101201—5½
E D Reeves	1211222112—7½	Lem Willard	1101112011—7½
Ben Fogli	2201121111—7½	Ed Marsh	2110111011—7½
Doc Larkin	2212122002—5		

Blackbird medal shoot same day, 20 birds:

A Reeves	01101111101111110111—16	F Britton	10011010001101101001—10
E Reeves	11111101111111111111—19	L Willard	11011111101111111011—17
B Fogli	11101111111111101111—18	E Marsh	11111111101001010111—15
D Larkin	00011100010000100010— 6		

RAVELRIGG.

CORRY GUN CLUB.—The following are the scores made at our weekly shoot, Sept. 5. The day was very disagreeable, with alternating wind and rain storms. After the club shoot several very interesting team races were shot. Keystones, 5 Keystone traps:

H Arnold	0011111111001110001—19		
F Ward	1111111101111111111101—22		
Penrose	1111111011011111101111—22		
Lewis	1111111010101101111111—21		
Laurie	1011111111111111101111101—22		
Berliner	1111010001111111110101010—16		
Edwards	1000110010111100010011000—11		
Blair	0100100000111101011001101—12		
Wetmore	1010101101010101010010101—14		
M Arnold	1111011111110000111111111—20		

WELLINGTON, Mass., Sept. 7.—There was a fair attendance at the grounds of the Wellington Club to-day, and several good scores were made. In the silver pitcher match, at 8 clay pigeons and 7 bluerocks, Perry and Porter tied with 14 each, but Porter was barred for shooting at 16yds., and Perry was awarded the pitcher. The other scores made in this match were: Stone, Bond, and Field 13, Lee 12, Chase, Sanborn, Melcher, Edwards, Warren and Bradstreet 11, Dill 8. In the merchandise badge match, at 15 clay pigeons, Stone, Dill and Field tied with 13 each. The other scores were: Lee, Sanborn, Bond and Bradstreet 12, Porter and Warren 11, Melcher 9. Stone, Dill and Field did not shoot off for the pitcher. The usual sweepstakes followed.

THE MIDDLESEX GUN CLUB is out with its programme for the annual tournament at Dunellen, N. J., Oct. 8, 9, 10 and 11. Bluerocks and Keystone targets will be used the first two days and live birds the balance of the shoot. The programme is an excellent one, comprising many events for guaranteed purses, one of which is $400, at 25 birds. This live bird event is a feature of all Middlesex tournaments, and never fails to secure a large entry and to draw a crowd of spectators. Programmes on application to W. Fred Quimby, 291 Broadway, New York, or W. L. Force, Plainfield, N. J.

JERSEYVILLE, Ill.—The programme for the eleventh annual convention of the Central Illinois Sportsmen's Association, to be held at Jerseyville, Sept. 17 to 20, inclusive, is now ready. Champion clay birds and standard targets will be used and many valuable merchandise prizes are offered in addition to the money purses. For programme and other particulars address L. S. Hensell, Jerseyville, Ill.

NEWARK, N. J.—The Woodside Gun Club will hold an open shoot all day on Sept. 18.

Yachting.

"West India Hurricanes and the Great March Blizzard." By Everett Hayden, U. S. Hydrographic Office. Large quarto, with 23 lithographic plates. Price $1. Contains full history of the great storm of March, 1888, with practical information how to handle a vessel in a cyclone; use of oil at sea, etc.

LARCHMONT Y. C. FALL REGATTA, SEPT. 7.

THE familiar sight of Oriva at anchor off Larchmont on Saturday morning, looking clean and bright as when she was last in commission five years ago, recalls forcibly the last races she sailed. In Oct., 1884, she had been stripped and laid up in the Seawanhaka Basin at Staten Island, Mr. Lee being about to go abroad, when the fall regatta of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. was announced. At the last moment, when it was evident that there would be few entries, and that the race was likely to be a failure, Mr. Lee decided to put Oriva in the race; she was fitted out for racing within 24 hours, towed to the Screwdock and cleaned, sailed the race, and by the evening of the day following the second race was stripped again; to remain, as it proved, until sold this summer. Once in all that time it was proposed to put her in commission, in the winter of 1887, just before the last fatal cruise of the Cythera, when Mr. Lee had it in mind to put her in commission in order to be able to vote in the New York Y. C. against the acceptance of the new deed of gift. It is a pity that there are not more yachtsmen like Mr. Lee in the 40ft. and other classes.

What we said last year about the fall regatta at Larchmont might properly be said now; the club did everything to secure good racing, the owners nothing. Besides good money prizes, in all classes, the Connor, Gould and Thayer cups were offered, but without an entry, save Liris in Class 7, none of the 70ft. class were present; only Clara, Anaconda and Eleanor were present in Class 5, and the entries were correspondingly small in the other classes. The schooners Clio, 68ft., and Azalea, 69ft. l.w.l., made a class, the latter assuming a larger measurement.

There were plenty of forty-rooters in harbor, Nymph, Banshee, Lotowana and Vandal, but all claimed to be cruisers. Liris had been prepared specially for this race, much of her gear being heavier, as new topmast, new headsails, and some minor alterations, so that she was in better form than in any previous race. She has one leg for the Thayer cup and was looking for a second, but as no prizes are given for sailovers, she could not start alone. It is a safe principle to give prizes, first, second or third, only when a boat has beaten another; but in cases like this, which are only too frequent, it would only be fair to a man who comes prepared to race, at the expense of time and money, to allow him to sail alone if no ones comes to face him. At least it might be left to the discretion of the regatta committee to offer the prize for a sailover, as in the case of the American Y. C. this year when Nymph declined to start unless allowed to pick the course. The committee promised Liris a prize for a sailover, whereupon Nymph came to the line. In the present case, with a fine day and good breeze, rather than miss a race entirely Liris made a private sweepstakes with Clara, by which the larger boat allowed time on the actual measurements of the two, 55 and 42ft., the stakes being $25 each. A similar offer was made by Liris to Anaconda, but Mr. Prague declined it. The course was around Hempstead and Captain's Island marks, as usual, the wind being E.S.E. and pretty fresh at the start, though a little lighter at the outer mark. All crossed the line together on port tack, Clara first, followed by Liris. Anaconda was just astern of Liris at the line, but bore away to clear her and then tacked, crossing nearly 2m. later. The start was timed:

Clara	11 31 01	Culprit Fay	11 34 08
Liris	11 31 18	Eleanor	11 34 13
Zelda	11 31 21	Giggle	11 34 27
Volusia	11 32 09	Clio	11 35 36
Anaconda	11 32 59	Azalea	11 36 00
Fauna	11 33 00	Amazon	11 36 39
Dorothy	11 33 07	Niamuck	11 38 04
Alene	11 33 35	Edna	11 38 15

Clubtopsails were barred, but the yachts were heeled nearly rail to without them on the reach across to Hempstead. Clara ran away from her rivals and Liris was overtaken by Anaconda just at the turn, Clara stood by the mark, only tacking when well into the Long Island shore. Liris turned inside and ahead of Anaconda, both holding port tack, but the latter soon tacked compelling Liris to do the same. The three were nearly even, Clara ahead and far out to windward, then Anaconda, with Liris under her lee bow. The little cutter had no sooner trimmed sheets than it was apparent that she was leaving the sloop, in spite of 12ft. length, outfooting her and holding a good wind. After ten minutes Anaconda was a safe distance astern of Liris, and the little boat was plainly footing with Clara, though the latter was still well to windward. It was a close jam for the mark, with the chances that none would make it. Liris was holding a good wind, she and Clara coming nearer together, but when within a half mile of mark the wind eased a little, allowing Clara to fetch without much trouble, Liris came out just at the mark, being obliged to make a short leg, which cost her considerable time, the wind then being light. The times were:

Clara	12 51 00	Eleanor	1 03 30
Liris	12 55 48	Clio	1 10 55
Anaconda	12 56 50	Alene	1 12 40
Azalea	1 01 05		

Azalea had beaten Clio handsomely on even time, while Liris was within her time of Clara.

On the reach back with booms to starboard Clara, Anaconda and some of the others set spinakers, but the wind was too far forward. Liris had only her balloonjibtopsail and held very close to Anaconda. The last leg was also a reach, on the other tack. The full times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
CLASS D.			
Clio	11 35 36	3 26 00	2 50 24
Azalea	11 36 00	3 18 22	2 40 22
CLASS 5.			
Clara	11 31 01	2 06 20	2 35 19
Anaconda	11 32 59	2 12 45	2 39 46
Eleanor	11 34 13	2 29 10	2 52 57
Liris	11 31 18	2 16 15	2 44 59
CLASS 8.			
Alene	11 33 35	2 42 24	3 08 49
Volusia	11 32 09	2 42 08	3 09 59
Culprit Fay	11 34 08	3 03 20	3 29 12
CLASS 9.			
Fauna	11 33 00	2 59 22	3 26 32
Amazon	11 36 49	3 15 05	3 38 16
CLASS 11.			
Dorothy	11 33 07	2 21 51	2 48 54
Edna	11 38 15	2 04 07	2 25 52
CLASS 10.			
Zelda	11 31 21	1 31 15	1 59 54
Giggle	11 34 27	1 25 35	1 56 08
Niamuck	11 38 04	1 36 59	1 58 55

The corrected times over the course are: Liris 2.34.57, Clara 2.35.19, Anaconda 2.48.09.

Liris makes the best corrected time over the course, beating Clara and both the schooners. In such a breeze her performance, especially on a part of the windward work, is a remarkable one, though after the undeserved abuse that has been heaped on her owners, and especially on her amateur helsman, by the daily papers it is not surprising that it has hardly been noticed, most of them crediting the win to Clara. A special race for 40-footers is set for Sept. 28, but there is no certainty of it filling. During the race Kathleen came in from Marblehead, having made the run in 59h. sailing time and 73h. actual time, a good record for 30ft. On Sunday Gorilla also arrived from Newport.

EASTERN Y. C. FALL REGATTA, SEPT. 5.

THE fall regatta of the Eastern Y. C. on Sept. 5 was open to 40ft. yachts only, there being no chance of other classes filling. After the hard racing for the Weld Cup, five days in all, there were few forties ready for more racing, and only four started. Minerva is now being used by her owner's family, and will probably race no more this season. Helen, Tomahawk and Maraquita have given up for the season; Gorilla had gone to Newport, and none of the New York yachts cared to go so far for one race. The only starters then were Chiquita, sailed by Capt. Crocker; Verena, sailed by Mr. Burgess, with Helen's crew on board; Xara, sailed by Capt. Sloan; and Alice, sailed by Capt. Smith. Xara was out with a new clubtopsail, jib and balloon foresail. The wind was very light, E.S.E., but at 10 A. M. a tug was sent out to log off 10 knots to windward from Marblehead Rock. The preparatory was given at 11:25, and the start at 11:30, Xara going over first, to windward of Verena, Chiquita following the latter. Alice met with an accident before the start, the turnbuckle on her bobstay giving way. She repaired damage and crossed the line, but was soon compelled to withdraw. The times at the line were:

Xara	11 30 09	Chiquita	11 30 49
Verena	11 30 10	Alice	11 41 00

Starting on port tack all carried clubs and small jibtopsails Verena drawing ahead, but after a few minutes Xara went on starboard tack. Verena gained on Chiquita, and after a time went on starboard tack, after Xara. When Verena and Chiquita met again in tacking the former crossed the other's bow very easily. Xara had been left in her hunt for flukes, and was well astern of the pair, but at noon the wind favored her, and for a time made her the leading boat, with the other two well to leeward. This held for a short time and then the wind shifted once more, favoring Verena and Chiquita and leaving Xara becalmed. About 1:15 a fresh south wind came up, sending Verena and Chiquita out to the mark at a good pace, but leaving Xara to leeward, while she was the last to get the wind. Verena made the mark, but Xara failed to weather it, and had to make an extra hitch. The times were:

Verena	2 01 32	Xara	2 17 06
Chiquita	2 06 14		

Verena turned with her balloon jibtopsail set, carrying the sail all the way home. Both Chiquita and Xara set spinakers, staying them forward, but they did little good. The wind was variable, growing lighter by starts, so that Xara was very badly beaten. The times were:

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Verena	47.00	11 30 10	3 18 30	3 48 30	3 48 30
Chiquita	46.88	11 30 49	3 23 12	3 53 12	3 53 12
Xara	46.40	11 30 09	3 41 12	4 11 12	4 10 32
Alice	47.00	11 41 00	Disabled.		

Verena wins $200. The race cannot be taken as a test, the weather being too fluky. Both Minerva and Baboon were out during the race, but under plain sail and with boats in tow. The judges were Messrs. C. H. Joy and W. S. Eaton.

ROYAL CANADIAN Y. C., SEPT. 7.—The races for the Prince of Wales and Lansdowne cups was sailed on Sept. 7 in a strong S.E. breeze and heavy sea, the course being: From Exhibition Wharf to Bell Buoy, leaving it on starboard, thence to buoy moored 5 miles E. by N. from Bell Buoy, thence to buoy 5 miles S. by W. ½ W., thence N. W. ½ N. to Bell Buoy, yachts to keep outside of all harbor and island shore buoys, except those east of Bell Buoy, all course buoys to be left on starboard, finishing line the same as starting line; twice around for first class and once for second. The time allowances were as follows: Oriole allows Verve No. 2 16m. 58s., Aileen 3m. Aileen allows Verve No. 2 13m. 58s. Verve No. 1 allows Merle 2m. 12s., Cyprus 11m. 58s. Merle allows Cyprus 9m. 46s. Oriole is a schooner of 70ft. l.w.l., and Verve No. 2 a cutter of 42ft. l.w.l.—rather an unequal match. Verve was handicapped 9m. 17s. at the start, or she would have saved her time on the schooner. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
PRINCE OF WALES CUP.				
Oriole	11 05 00	4 35 35	5 30 35	5 30 35
Verve No. 2	11 05 00	4 53 50	5 48 50	5 31 52
Aileen	11 05 00	4 48 50	5 43 30	5 40 30
LANSDOWNE CUP.				
Merle	2 33 58	5 46 55	3 12 57	3 10 45
Verve No. 1	2 32 13	5 49 00	3 16 47	3 16 47

Cyprus was entered, but was disabled before the start. The presentation of the prizes was postponed. The following events will close the season: Sept. 14, 25ft. class; Sept. 21, cruising class, race to Whitby; Sept. 28, Cosgrove cup, 20 to 25ft. yachts; Oct. 6, McGaw cup, yachts 20ft. and under.

THE LOSS OF THE CYTHERA.—The memorial of the Corinthian Yacht Club read at the meeting of Nov. 23, 1888, in memory of Messrs. Stewart and Lee, has been printed, making a beautiful quarto volume. The address is printed on a very heavy linen paper, the opening pages containing the initials of Messrs. Stewart and Lee, with the club crest, printed in silver, and also the private signals of Cythera and Oriva, with the club burgee, also in silver. A very handsome photogravure picture of Cythera is also given. The volume makes a permanent and fitting memorial of the lost ship and her gallant crew. Copies of it have been sent to all members of the Corinthian Y. C. and also to the leading yacht clubs.

HULL Y. C. ANNUAL REGATTA, SEPT. 7.

WITH a dense fog and no wind there was little prospects of a race at Hull on Saturday morning, so that the start was postponed until 2 P. M., by which time there was a light E.N.E. wind and less fog, so the 43 starters were sent away. The courses were: For third class, across line between judges' yacht and flagboat, leaving judges' yacht on port, around Black Brush buoy No. 1 (half a mile south of starting line), leaving it on starboard, Wreck buoy off Peddock's Island on starboard, Jackknife Ledge buoy on starboard, Sheep Island on starboard, Black Brush buoy No. 1 on starboard, Red Brush buoy No 2 off Downer's on starboard, Black Brush buoy No. 1 on starboard, to and across line between judges' boat and flagboat, 10 miles; limit of time, 4 hours. For fourth, fifth and sixth classes: From starting line, leaving judges' boat on port, H. Y. C. barrel off northwest end Bunkin Island on starboard, H. Y. C. barrel off Prince's Head on starboard, red flag at starting line on starboard, H. Y. C. barrel off northwest end Bunkin Island on starboard, H. Y. C. barrel off Prince's Head on starboard, across line between judges' boat and red flag, 6 miles. The times were:

THIRD CLASS CENTERBOARDS, 21FT. AND LESS THAN 25FT.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Black Cloud, Aaron Brown	23.10	2 16 03	1 42 10
Secret, E. F. Linton	22.06	2 18 17	1 43 16
Posy, R. G. Hunt	22.02	2 18 42	1 43 16
Madge, Cummings & Howes	23.08	2 17 48	1 44 13
Seabird, C. L. Joy	22.08	2 22 39	1 47 51
Nellie May, F. J. Young	21.00	2 25 23	1 48 24
Ariel, H. H. Sears	21.06	2 26 47	1 50 28

THIRD CLASS KEELS, 21FT. AND LESS THAN 25FT.

Thelga, H. L. Johnson	22.01	2 26 28	1 50 56
Echo, Burwell & Isham	24 06	2 25 15	1 52 37
Beth, J. W. Dalton	23.08	2 28 14	1 54 39
Judith, W. B. Pigeon	23.04	2 28 38	1 54 39
Bride of the Wind, F. J. Foley	22.04	2 34 14	1 59 01

FOURTH CLASS JIB AND MAINSAILS, LESS THAN 21FT.

Eureka, E. B. Rogers	20.06	1 27 24	1 04 47
Tom Cat, C. H. Lockhart	19.00	1 31 45	1 07 47
Ustane, S. N. Small	20.06	1 30 32	1 07 55
Auk, A. A. Martin	18.06	1 32 58	1 08 31
Diadem, L. A. Hayward	18.02	1 33 18	1 08 31
Nereid, C. F. Colby	20.01	1 34 19	1 11 21
Climax, W. E. Tucker	21.07	1 34 29	1 12 46
Nellie Farley, E. C. Smith	20.11	1 37 12	1 14 56
Jewel, W. E. Sherriffs	19.16	1 44 16	1 20 46

FIFTH CLASS—CATS, 18FT. AND LESS THAN 21FT.

Mabel, Dame & Brown	19.10	1 29 45	1 06 31
Atala, E. F. Linton	19.10	1 33 24	1 10 13
Peri, Frank Driscoll	18.10	1 35 28	1 11 21
Myrtle, R. C. Poor	19.00	1 38 38	1 14 41
Heron, E. Cunningham	19.06	1 39 35	1 15 05
Pet, J. N. McFarland	19.08	1 41 56	1 18 35
Tartar, J. B. Forsythe	19.11	1 41 43	1 18 35
Hester, P. R. Blackmer	19.11	1 42 09	1 19 02

FIFTH CLASS—KEELS LESS THAN 21FT.

Astria, R. M. Benner	20.00	1 35 21	1 12 18
Vaga, H. W. Friend	18.05	1 46 47	1 22 15
Meteor, Bockus & Maso	16.07	1 58 10	1 31 42

SIXTH CLASS—CATS LESS THAN 18FT.

Rocket, H. M. Eaxon	16.02	1 38 41	1 11 44
Flora Lee, Bockus & Lanning	16.10	1 37 56	1 11 45
Wildfire, H. A. Keith	17.02	1 40 09	1 14 20
I. X. L., Skimer & Smith	16.02	1 43 48	1 16 51
Mirage, John Dearborn	17.04	1 42 40	1 17 02
Psyche, Frank Gray	17.04	1 40 32	1 20 14
Mabel D., R. D. Ware	16.02	1 47 44	1 20 47
Mamie, H. N. Bowers	17.06	1 46 55	1 21 27
Guenn, E. M. Horton	17.06	1 47 10	1 21 42

Madge protests Posy and Secret for fouling Jackuife Ledge Buoy, and Meteor protests Vaga for fouling her. Subject to change by these protests, the prizes are won as follows:

Third Class, centerboards—Black Cloud first, $25; Secret and Posy divide second and third prizes of $20 and $10; Madge fourth, $5. Third Class, keels—Thelga first, $25; Echo second, $20; Beth and Judith divide third and fourth prizes of $10 and $5. Fourth Class—Eureka first, $25; Tom Cat second, $20; Ustane third, $10; Auk fourth, $5. Fifth Class, centerboards—Mabel first, $25; Atala second, $ 0; Peri third, $10; Myrtle fourth, $5. Fifth Class, keels—Astrea first, $25; Vaga second, $20. Sixth Class—Rocket first, $25; Flora Lee second, $20; Wildfire third, $10; I. X. L. fourth, $5.

The judges were John A. Stetson, W. A. Cary, J. B. Forsyth and John R. Chadwick.

On Sept. 5 the sail-off in second, fifth and sixth classes was held, and also a special race between Mabel and Atala, the last of a series of three. The latter race was started at 11:50, in a moderate S. E. wind, the course being from off the club house to Prince's Head, thence to northwest end of Bunker Island to judges' boat, and repeat; 6 miles. The wind was variable in strength and direction, finally coming fresh from S. W. The times were:

	Start	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mabel	12 49 08	1 33 58	1 44 50	1 21 49
Atala	12 49 00	1 34 41	1 44 41	1 23 29

The judges were A. B. Forsyth and A. W. Blanchard. Mabel wins the $50 cup for the series.

The sail-off of the other classes resulted as follows:

SECOND CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Malvena (keel) A. J. Lovett	29.02	2 12 09	1 41 24

FIFTH CLASS.

Myrtle (c. b.), R. C. Poor	19.02	1 25 15	1 01 27
Atala (c. b.), E. F. Linton	19.10	1 22 39	0 59 28

SIXTH CLASS.

Rocket (c. b.), H. M. Faxon	16.02	1 31 46	1 04 49
Wildfire (c. b.), H. A. Keith	17.03	1 31 34	1 05 05

Malvena, Atala and Rocket win in their respective classes. The judges were E. L. Burwell, Vice-Commodore J. J. Henry and James B. Forsyth.

BEVERLY Y. C.

THE 154th race, third cup race, was sailed at Marblehead, Sept. 7. There was a dead calm and dense fog all the morning, but about an hour before the start the fog lightened and a trifling breeze struck in varying from N.E. to N. by E. At the starting time it was moderate from N.E.; the sloops started first and hung together over the course, Kathleen steadily gaining all round, Wraith doing well to windward but dropping astern off the wind. Five minutes later third class cat started, Kiowa made the best start of the season, crossing line 1sec. after gun fire, 30sec. ahead of Edith, Pixy being last. Two short tacks were made in the harbor, Kiowa gaining on Edith; but on the next tack at the mouth of the harbor the wind died out almost to a dead calm, Kiowa had it so light that she lost steerage way; Edith got a little air under the fort and crossed Kiowa's bow. The latter, knowing Edith could beat her in such weather, broke tacks and stood in to the northward, hoping to get a little wind under the Beverly shore, the rest of the fleet standing to the eastward. For a little while Kiowa got the best air and gained, but it left her in the doldrums and the rest got it again long before she did, and when they next met Edith led by half a mile. For the rest of the beat and half the reach to Curtis Point, there was a decent breeze and Kiowa gained a little, Edith rounding windward mark 7½m. ahead, the rest of the race being very light and fluky. Dolphin had no chance with Nonpariel in a drift. Courses, leaving Bowditch Ledge and stakeboat off Curtis Point on port, B. Buoy 7, 5 and 3, and Selman's Berth Buoy on starboard and return, 7½ miles. Wind, N.E., variable and very light. Summary is as follows:

THIRD CLASS SLOOPS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Kathleen, R. S. Peabody	25.05	1 56 35	1 48 00
Mosca, C. H. W. Foster	24.06	1 59 52	1 50 31
Wraith, H. P. Benson	22.03	2 03 52	1 52 29

THIRD CLASS CATS.

Edith, F. H. Wood	20.05	1 58 17	1 45 04
Kiowa, W. A. & W. L. Jeffries	22.01	2 03 15	1 51 43
Pixy, F. W. Chandler	21.04	2 10 08	1 57 54

FOURTH CLASS.

Nonpariel, W. O. Taylor	18.09	2 15 51	2 00 43
Dolphin, Royal Robbins	18.00	2 25 51	2 09 47

Kathleen and Nonpariel win and hold cups. Edith wins, tieing Nerina and Kiowa, the tie will be sailed off on Sept. 21. Judge, H. H. Buck.

A NEW FIELD FOR INVENTORS.—A recent decision of the Monatiquot Y. C., in the case of Erin's protest against Moondyne for sculling with the rudder, opens up a new field for inventors if the precedent thus established should be followed by other clubs. Sculling with the rudder has always been considered illegal, and in many clubs is specially prohibited, but in the case in question it is recognized as a legitimate means of propulsion, the protest being dis-allowed although the sculling was admitted by the owners of Moondyne. A yacht of moderate size may be propelled in a calm at a fair speed by the use of a large and slightly flexible rudder, and it now remains for some genius to improve this hitherto unlawful means of propulsion.

AN ACCIDENT TO THE ELECTRA.

ON Sept. 5 as the steam yacht Electra, flagship of the New York Y. C., was at anchor within the limits of the anchorage at the foot of Twenty-sixth street, East River, she was run into by the steamer Providence, of the Old Colony Line, bound in from the Sound. The following report of the collision is given by Capt. John Hammond, of the Providence:

"It wanted a few minutes of 8 o'clock. I was on deck at the time, as there was a dense fog and a strong ebb tide running. After passing Blackwell's Island we slowed down in order to pass between the spindle to the southward of the island and the buoy in midstream. They are about 200ft. apart, and on account of the strong tide we were obliged to head almost directly across stream. The fog was very heavy. The Electra was anchored in midstream, heading the tide, a very dangerous place for her on such a morning. As we turned slowly down stream the tide swept us right on to the Electra's jibboom, which struck the Providence just abaft the starboard wheel, tearing away the rail and ripping open three of the staterooms, Nos. 144, 145 and 146."

Com. Gerry's official report of the collision is as follows:

To the Inspector of Steam Vessels:

SIR—I have the honor to report that at three minutes past 8 o'clock this, Thursday, morning, Sept. 5, the steamboat Providence, belonging to the Old Colony Line, collided with my steam yacht, the Electra, then lying at anchor off Bellevue Hospital, in the East River, within the anchorage limits prescribed by the rules and regulations relating to the anchorage of vessels in the port of New York, issued by the Secretary of the Treasury July 5, 1889. The result of the collision, so far as the Electra is concerned, was to break her bowsprit short off at the foot, tearing up the steel shoe into which it fits, and carrying away her jib and bobstays, besides seriously disfiguring the carved work of her figurehead. The shock of the collision destroyed a quantity of china and glass, etc. Damage is estimated at over $1,000. There was fog at the time of the collision, and for several hours previous the ship's bell was sounded at intervals of not more than two minutes, as required by the rules of the Board of Supervisors of Steam Vessels. ELBRIDGE T. GERRY,

Commodore New York Y. C. and owner of steam yacht Electra.

Some damage was done to the steamer's after works, but the Electra suffered most severely. The steamer was impaled on her bowsprit, finally tearing it out and damaging the stem of the yacht, but not until she had been hove down with her rail nearly under water, breaking most of the crockery on board. Com. Gerry with his family were at breakfast at the time. The Electra will be repaired at once, but will go out of commission. The owners of the Providence have offered to pay for the repairs, as there seems no doubt that the blame rests entirely with the steamer.

A ROMANTIC VOYAGE.—"The Alerte, yawl, started from Southampton on Aug. 28, with Mr. E. F. Knight and his companions, on a romantic expedition in search of treasure supposed to be hidden by pirates seventy years ago on an island somewhere in the South Seas. The yacht has been fitted out by Pickett, of West Quay, the alterations including conversion from a cutter to a yawl, and sundry changes in the cabin accommodation in order to increase the berth room. Seven tons of ballast have also been taken out of her, this being compensated by the weight of a quantity of tools and apparatus for working on the island, and of course the party hope that coming back they will be ballasted with the old pirates' bullion. There are, in addition to Mr. Knight, thirteen others on board, including a doctor. Four are paid hands, and one of these, named Arthur Cotton, was with Mr. Knight in the cruise of the Falcon, about which so entertaining a book was written. The following are the names of Mr. Knight's friends: Messrs. A. Bridgewater and Aylmer, officers; Dr. Lloyde Smith, and Messrs. E. Ellis, A. Pollock, E. Powell, J. Holden and Pursell. It is expected the Alerte will be gone from nine to twelve months. She is a very staunch, stout ship, and once made the voyage to Australia and back, and has also crossed the Atlantic. In return for courtesies received at the West Quay Regatta Club, Mr. Knight, on Monday evening, gave a farewell dinner to the committee at Dartnell's restaurant, when hearty good wishes for the success of his novel expedition were tendered him. The yacht dropped down the river as far as Calshot on Tuesday night, and sailed right away on Wednesday. Her papers are for Sydney, N. S. W.; she will probably touch at one or the Canary Islands. Mr. Knight is his own sailing master."—*Land and Water.* Alerte is a cutter of 56 tons, built by Ratsey in 1884, and is about 85ft. b.w.l. and 18ft. 6in. beam. Mr. Knight has converted her into a yawl. Mr. Knight will carry the good wishes of all readers of the "Cruise of the Falcon," and whether or no he finds the treasure, we hope that he may return safely and give us another book as good as his first one.

DORCHESTER Y. C. 110TH REGATTA, SEPT. 3.—Regular club course, weather clear, wind S.W., light; tide flood:

FOURTH CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Posy, F. S. Hunt	28.5½	1 43 50	1 23 50

FIFTH CLASS.

Peri, Frank Driscoll		1 56 15	Not meas.

SIXTH CLASS.

Psyche, Francis Gray	18.06	1 56 13	1 27 42
Rocket, H. M. Saxon	18.04	1 59 35	1 30 52
Paradox, C. J. Means	19 00	2 05 15	1 37 15

In the evening all the boats dressed ship with lanterns, the occasion being ladies' night at the club house. Dancing from 9 to 11, which was enjoyed by a large number of members and their friends. Regatta committee: L. M. Clark, W. B. McClellan, Francis Gray, A. J. Clark and W. H. Wilkinson. Judges: A. J. Clark, H. B. Callesides, E. R. Tilton and H. Davenport.

ST. LAWRENCE Y. C SKIFF RACE, AUG 31.—Club course. Weather fair, wind east, distance 5 miles:

	Length.	Start.	Finish.
Yukwa, W. J. Wallace	20.05	4 06 00	5 14 00
Tara, C. Scott	20.00	4 06 00	5 19 30

The St. Lawrence Yacht Club first class skiff race at Brockville, Can., postponed from June 22, was sailed on Aug. 31. According to club rules only the two original entries were allowed to start, as above. They both crossed the line together with a good breeze, the Yukwa taking the lead, closely pushed to the north buoy. From that point home being a beat to windward, the Yukwa soon increased her lead, and crossed the line an easy winner. This win gives the Yukwa, the rear-commodore cup, having won 3 out of the series of 5. The Yukwa is one of Sauyé's (Brockville) latest boats, he also building the winner of last year's championship cup. Judge, A. Irving.

FREDONIA AND HESPER.—The pilot boat Hesper is now fitting out for her race with Fredonia on Sept. 26. Mr. Forbes has written the following letter to the yachting editor of the Boston *Globe:* "In the Boston *Herald* of Aug. 30, Capt. Powers, of the Carrie E. Phillips, announces that he will challenge the winner of the Hesper and Fredonia race, the match to come off at Thanksgiving time. If the Fredonia is fortunate enough to win over the Hesper, I shall be glad to race the Phillips or the Dixon two days afterward, but I cannot put her into racing order again this year, and therefore I give the owners of the above schooners fair warning, that if they wish to test their boats against mine they can only do so at the above time. I think there is little doubt Capt. Lawler, of the Hesper, would be willing to meet either or both the above schooners in case he wins over Fredonia, so they may feel quite safe of a race. Very truly yours, J. MALCOLM FORBES (Naushon, Sept. 5).

IREX AND GENESTA.—A few weeks since Sir Richard Sutton's cutter Genesta was sold to Lieut. R. Betton Sayre, R. N., owner of Oak Apple, 40-ton yawl. It is reported this week that Irex has been sold by Mr. John Jameson to a Russian prince. Genesta is the present holder of the Cape May cup, which with the Brenton's Reef cup she won in America in 1885, the latter since having been won by Irex. No American gentleman has cared to cross and put up the $500 necessary to a challenge for either cup, but Mr. T. C. B. West, owner of Wendur, yawl, has just challenged Irex for the latter. Under the conditions, if the holder of the Cape May cup be sold out of the club to which she belongs, or if the holder of the Brenton's Reef cup be sold out of a Royal Y. C., the cup will revert to the New York Y. C. In the case of the Genesta this will probably make no difference, but if Irex is sold abroad while holding the cup it may come back to the New York Y. C. without a contest.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE THAMES.—Mr. A. S. Krausse, editor of the *Lock to Lock Times*, has recently compiled a very interesting handbook of the River Thames from its source to London, under the title of, "Pictorial History of the River Thames." The book contains a great deal of valuable information for boating men, in addition to a large number of sketches, and will be found well worth reading by all who are interested in the famous river. It is in the form of a small octavo volume, bound in paper.

NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.—The year book of the New York Y. C. for 1889 contains a list of 209 yachts in the fleet, including 72 schooners, 69 sloops, cutters and yawls, 62 steam yachts and 6 launches. The total membership of the club is 746, including 661 active members, 50 life and 35 honorary.

NEW YACHTS.—A new Burgess forty, named Choctaw, was launched at Lawley's last week, a centerboard boat. The 53ft. class is promised with a boom next season, and four or five new boats are already talked of "to beat Clara." One, at least, of these will be designed by Mr. Gardner. Mr. Hanley of Monument Beach, the builder of the Cape cat Harbinger, is desirous of trying a 40ft. catboat of similar model, and there is some talk of a syndicate of the Great Head Y. C. to build one.

PAVONIA Y. C.—A second match was sailed on Sept. 8, between the H. H. Holmes and the Three Brothers, of the Pavonia Y. C., the course being from Liberty Island around buoy 15 and Fort Lafayette, 20 miles. The Holmes won in 2h. 48m., with the Brothers 50s. later. As the Holmes won the first race her owners take the stakes, $250. On Aug. 7 a match was sailed over the same course between the Triton and the Sisters, for $50, being won by the Sisters.

THE NEWPORT RACES.—It is likely that Titania and Katrina will meet at Newport on Monday next for the Morgan cup. On Tuesday Liris and Gorilla will be present, but no other forties have yet entered. No 30 footer is likely to meet Tom Boy on Wednesday.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION MEET.

WITH much to contend against in an unusual amount of rainy weather, the meet just closed was nevertheless a very pleasant one, being well attended, while there was no lack of amusement. Among the Canadian contingent, which was very large this year, were a number of ladies well used to camping, and who made their homes at Squaw Point for a couple of weeks, and added much to the social side of camp life. There was little trouble from outsiders, the camp being comparatively distant from hotels and settlements, and the result was visible in the lessened display in the way of costumes of the men. While open to some objections, the camp site was a great improvement on that of last year in every way. The grove in which the tents were pitched was comparatively open, so that a fine view of the main camp could be had as the steamer approached from Clayton or Gananoque. Owing in part to the abominable Customs regulations, the means of reaching camp were not as good as at Grindstone, the passenger from Boston or New York who came by the night express, arriving at Clayton before 7 A. M., was obliged to wander about that rather prosaic town until noon or later before finding a steamer for camp. There were steamers from Clayton that left at an earlier hour, but though they passed the camp they were not permitted to land passengers in Canadian territory under penalty of a heavy fine. In one case a canoeist staying with his family at Round Island chartered a steam launch to visit the camp at night for the camp-fire, but on reaching the island the captain of the launch refused to land the party, as he had lately been fined under similar circumstances. Where the blame for such a state of affairs rests we do not know, but it is a pity that tourists and travelers should be vexed by red tape and absurd restrictions that are entirely unnecessary.

In common with the camps at Bow Arrow and Long Island, '87 and '88, the present camp possessed several serious objections. The store and mess shed were at one extremity of the camp, the landing place was also distant from the center of the main camp, and the race courses were not visible from the latter. We may be over-enthusiastic on the subject of Grindstone Island, but after camping on every site but one that the A. C. A. has visited, we still look upon Eel Bay and the east and north slopes of Grindstone as the nearest to an ideal camp ground. In the first place, the wharf, store, mess shed and officers' quarters were exactly where they should be, in the center of the camp and all together, instead of being at one end or the other and widely separated. At Grindstone the camp was in two parts, the open plateau at the foot of the hill, free from stones and trees and fairly level, where most of the tents were pitched; and the long stretch of grove, dry and well shaded, along the north shore, where the most quiet men of the party pitched their tents. Between the two divisions was a little ridge, well above and overlooking the camp, known for three years as Capitol Hill, on which the officers' tents and the big flagpole were located. Arranged in this way the wharf, store, post-office and headquarters were within easy reach of each other and of any part of the camp. One great advantage at Grindstone was the open field, where, in spite of the heat at midday, the majority of the tents were pitched. This field and the hill behind it were directly opposite the race courses, so that a man could lie in his tent or entertain his friends beneath the awning and watch every movement of the racers. The camps of '87, '88 and '89 have been similar to each other, each being located on a narrow strait with a neighboring island facing the camp, the race course being on the extreme right, out of view of the camp. In order to witness the races it was necessary to go to some distance, and the long waits between each race were very tedious, besides which only one angle of the course was in close view. In order that all may see the races to the best advantage the course should be laid out as close to shore as possible, with the paddling course and the final leg of the sailing courses parallel with the shore rather than at a right angle to it, and the shore itself should be open or lightly wooded, so that the main camp faces the courses. Thus arranged, the spectators are always within view of the courses and the races may be seen without leaving the camp and neglecting all camp duties for the day.

It is an open question as to the merits of a camp in the open or in the shade, and there is a great deal to be said in favor of the former, provided there are trees near at hand where shelter can be found at the hottest part of the day. This year's camp, in a grove with little underbrush, was as good a one of the kind as is likely to be found, but still the ground was very uneven, there were stones enough, though not to compare with last year, and between trees, roots and stumps the navigation was difficult after dark. In wet weather the exposed camp is preferable to a thick grove, as the little sun that there is all goes to dry the tents, a very important matter. The ideal camp would be a stretch of meadow just above the water and 200 to 300yds. long, surrounded by a grove entirely free from underbrush, where those who wished could camp and where hammocks could be slung in the shade. The landing, store and headquarters should be together and very near the main camp, and if possible the ladies' camp should be on the other side, so as to be approached without passing through the main camp. The latter, or both, should face the race courses, the sailing line being of the wharf. The whole camp should cover a length of not over a quarter of a mile, and the center should be within one-eighth mile of the wharf; a straggling camp of over half a mile from the point where the only view of the races can be had, to the store, as has been seen at times, causes too great a loss of time and too much work. One more comparison in favor of old Grindstone, the camp itself was not picturesque, apart from the view of white tents and gay flags against the green hill as the steamer approached it; in beauty it could not compare with the late camp or that at Bow Arrow, but the view from the hill just above the camp at Grindstone, the wide expanse of blue river and green islands is unequalled in any other place that a meet has been held; while the hill itself seems designed by nature for a grand camp-fire. Both this season and last complaint has been made by those who lived in camp entirely of the lack of privacy; it is not entirely pleasant to cook your oatmeal and boil your coffee under the eyes of inquisitive strangers, who evidently consider it a part of the show to see the animals fed. The suggestion was made this year that a part of the camp be set aside for members only, and that no ladies or strangers should be allowed in it. A better plan is that followed in 1886, when no ladies or visitors were allowed in the main camp before 10 A. M. or after 6 P. M., the rule being rigidly enforced save that on race days the closing hour was extended until after the races were over. As the hill top and camp-fire could be reached from Squaw Point without passing through the main camp, there was no trouble at night. This meet naturally attracted a large number of visitors, who are welcome at all proper times, but some of them show a lack of courtesy in intruding into tents and about the cooking departments.

This year there was much more cooking done in camp than last, from the big mess of the Toronto C. C. down to a number of small messes, such as the Brooklyn and Red Dragon clubs. Those who followed our advice of last year in this matter were well repaid for it, as the mess shed was not a great success, though better than the plain and simple fare of the Hotel Horicon. The fact is that it is practically impossible to find caterers in such out of the way places who have the ability to run the mess shed to the joint advantage of themselves and their patrons. To be sure $1 per day for three meals is not a very great sum, but it should be possible to give a variety of plain camping food for that price at a reasonable profit when from 100 to 300 are fed at each meal, at least our experience in catering for small parties would indicate as much. To do it, however, some skill is necessary, lacking which there is neither pleasure for the boarder nor profit for the boardee. Some complaints were made, though we cannot say how well grounded they were, that those who cooked for themselves could not procure bread, milk, etc., at the store, so

that they found it necessary to resort to the mess shed for meals. The safest plan is to take a good supply of stores from the city and to cook for oneself, or with a few friends, as we described in detail last year.

It has been a matter of remark that the attendance at the meets does not vary much, in spite of the growth of the Association in numbers, being not much greater now than in the first years at Grindstone, about 250 to 300. The reason for this is that only a few years ago canoeing was confined mainly to some of the larger cities, and a man at a distance from New York, Cincinnati, Toronto or Philadelphia who wanted to see canoes and meet the leading canoeists was obliged to come to the meet of the A.C.A. in order to do so. The result of this was the formation of a club on his return, until now canoe clubs are found in all localities. Not only may a man obtain reasonable amount of canoeing and meet others with whom to talk canoe without a visit to the meet every year; but the FOREST AND STREAM carries to him the news of the meet and the races, with the lines of new boats and the plans of new sails, so that he can keep fully posted as to the progress of canoeing. Thus it happens that men who for a time were seen every year now turn up only on alternate years, or even less frequently, putting in their vacations partly in cruising, or at local camps and meets. It is curious to notice how, year by year, clubs attain prominence and then disappear for a time. In '84 the New York and Rochester clubs were among the largest present, both nearly uniformed and with a large encampment. In '85 and '86 the Mohican and Kingston College clubs were very prominent, and in '87 and '88 Springfield played a leading part. With the exception of Rochester none of these clubs had a representation worth mentioning this year, only one or two members being present, and yet every one of them is probably much larger in membership and also richer than in the years they visited camp.

One great function of the annual meet seems to be to create and stimulate an interest in canoeing in new localities, or in those where it has declined. This is shown this year in the case of Brockville, Montreal and eastern Massachusetts, all of which localities are promised with a boom in canoeing. The success of Mr. Ford Jones in winning the A. C. A. trophy with a home-built boat and rig, and the excellent work of Messrs. Torrance and Smillie in paddling, is certain to give a great impetus to canoeing about Brockville and the upper St. Lawrence. Montreal, with its scores of canoeists, has never been represented at a meet until last year, but as a result of the visit of Messrs. Poe and White to Long Island a canoe revival was commenced and is now well under way. Both of these gentlemen were present this year, Mr. White being elected vice-com. of the Northern Division and Mr. Whitlaw, of Montreal, purser, while the Northern Division meet will be held near Montreal. The result will be a strengthening of the Association in this quarter and a decided increase in canoeing there as well. In the Eastern Division the work of the A. C. A. has never extended far from the lower Connecticut River, from Springfield to Hartford, Lowell being a sort of frontier post. The sport has been growing, however, about Boston, and the indications are that this coming year the A. C. A. will make great progress there. The good work in the races done by Springfield, Worcester, and especially this year by Lowell, has begun to awaken the pride of New England canoeists, and a large accession of members is promised. The officers this year will come from Lowell, and it is most probable that for the first time the division meet will be held near Boston and on salt water, bringing in members of the established clubs. The A. C. A. meet of '90 being on Long Island Sound will be near at hand for the Eastern men, and they are likely to make a good showing. The holding of the meet in the Northern Division this year has done much to boom canoeing, and the coming meet in the Atlantic Division next year, the first on salt water, promises to do as much for the seaboard between New York and Boston. The dire anticipations of some old A. C. A. men when the division scheme was first broached have in no way been realized; on the contrary, the work of the past three years proves that the divisions and the rotation of the meet are most important factors in nationalizing the Association and in removing all sectionalism.

Last year we discussed critically all the details of the meet, the canoes and their fittings in particular, but this year there was not the material for similar review. In model, in building, in sails and fittings, there is comparatively little that is new to notice, but it does not follow that improvement has stopped. The case is rather that the late meets have brought out some very good boats, and many improvements in rig and fittings, and during the past year the owners of these boats have been content to work them up more fully, rather than to throw them aside for new ones, while the rank and file of canoeists have been busy in bringing their boats and rigs up to the standard set by such men as Gibson and Butler. The result has been that while there are few startling novelties a general improvement is manifest in the fleet, and the lessons of the meet, instead of dealing with details of model, rig and build, may be summed up in three or four brief propositions.

First—The danger that was feared after Pecowsic's success in 1886 that the displacement and power of sailing canoes would be cut down to a dangerous limit, has entirely disappeared; the boats of the year are of very good proportions, practically all 16×36, with a depth of 10 to 11in. amidships, and of fair displacement.

Second—The improvement in the canoes generally is shown by the number of capsizes in which the boats were filled, but continued the race, often coming in winners. With the canoes now in such a capsize, instead of putting a man out of the race, is a matter of comparatively small moment, the canoe is righted and goes on her way, so that less care is taken to avoid one than in the past.

Third—The deck seat and standing rig war, that has amused and vexed canoeists for three winters, has been settled in a most unexpected manner; the deck seat has come to stay, that question was finally settled very early in the meet by the renowned Mac fitting one to his "disgruntled racer" and climbing out on the windward piazza. The standing rig controversy was practically settled by the absence of standing sails at the meet, the sole exception being that of the new Canuck. Where they have gone we do not know, and it matters little, but there seems little likelihood now of their resurrection.

Looking first at the canoes, there were no better boats present than Notus, built in 1887, and Fly, built last year. Both of these are fully up to the limit, 16×30, and of large displacement, that is with nearly flat floor and strong round bilge. The old Notus did good work in the trophy race, but was disabled on the first round, the brass center of the deck tiller jamming so that the tiller was useless. She carried the original sails, as illustrated in the FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 20, 1887.

The finest fleet of canoes ever seen at a meet, and consequently ever brought together anywhere, was that of the Vesper C. C., of Lowell, including Fly, Owl, Wasp, Ellida, Drift and Blanche. All were built of Spanish cedar, the workmanship being exceptionally good. The first three were ribbon carvel build, the Blanche being lapstrake. The work was done by Mr. Stevens, of Portland, Me., but under the supervision of Mr. Paul Butler. While giving Mr. Stevens the credit he deserves for fine and perfect workmanship, the boats are mainly the creation of Mr. Butler, who has devoted much time and study to the perfection of every detail of model, construction, rig and fitting, and who has turned out the most perfect piece of canoe building we have yet seen. It would be a hard matter to decide finally between these canoes and those built by Mr. Ruggles, but for general use the latter are stronger, having more ribs and thicker planking, while the Lowell boats have a higher finish and are more perfect in their appointments. Unfortunately Mr. Brokaw was not present this year with Eclipse, so there was no opportunity to try the two models again. Last year's test, it will be remembered, was far from satisfactory, as Fly was but poorly rigged at the meet. The rig of the Lowell canoes this year was the same as last, but better worked up, all hoisting sails. Among the new details were a sliding thwartship tiller and extension centerboard. The sails for all of these boats were kept on the float in a very convenient sail rack. Two thin boards were placed on edge, side by side and 2in. apart, then blocks of wood 2in. square were placed between the two, each spaced 2in. apart, and the boards were nailed to the blocks. This made a frame containing a number of holes 2in. square in which a mast could be stepped. The masts and some of the smaller spars were hollow, built up of veneer.

Of the new canoes the Canuck was the most important, being the winner of trophy race. She is similar to the old Ramona, Mr. Jones's former canoe, but not so deep. Her dimensions are 16ft.×29½in.×11in., with 6in. sheer at bow and 5in. aft. She has an easy form, considerable deadrise and moderately hard bilge. She was designed and built by Mr. Sauvé, of Brockville, on his smooth-lap method, the hull of $\frac{5}{16}$in. white Canadian cedar, with mahogany deck. The cockpit is 4ft. 6in. long. She has the circular saw centerboard, as in Ramona. The rig is a batswing mainsail of 70ft., mast 15ft., with a similar mizen of 40ft., both standing sails. Mr. MacKendrick's new canoe, the Mac No X, is also 16×30, a handsome canoe of moderate proportions, with a hoisting rig. As she was only delivered a short time before the meet, she was in no shape for racing, but promises to be a fast boat when properly worked up. Mr. Wood, the crack sailor of the W. C. A., brought to the meet a handsome lapstrake boat built by Douglas & Co., of easy form and very fine in the ends. The laps were tapered off, but the surface cannot compare with the smooth-skin canoes. There was nothing new in the way of building, the St. Lawrence Skiff, Canoe and Launch Co. had several handsome canoes, the build evidently being the same as the Ruggles boats. The same firm had at the meet the double centerboard canoe Allô, a handsomely-finished craft, but a cruiser rather than a racer in model. She was tried against the other canoes, but the double board did not come up to expectations by a long way. The Dimple of last year was succeeded by another Dimple of later build and different model, but in no way better; in fact, if these canoes are right, the generally accepted ideas of canoe design must be very far wrong. The new boat is a cross between the 1882 Pearl and a canal boat, the deck being fuller than the former and not quite so full as the latter. The hull is somewhat like the 1882 Pearl also, being very fine in the ends below water, full above and with considerable deadrise; though she is not so deep by 3 or 4in. at midships. The whole appearance of the boat is heavy, and there is nothing light or graceful in the model, nor does it show great speed. Most of the canoes had the board of large size and almost amidships, as last year, the ordinary steel or brass plate board being the most common. As stated above, the sails were all of the hoisting variety and hung abaft the mast, differing in minor details, but rigged much as described in the FOREST AND STREAM of April 19, 1888. Some used a single halliard, some a double and some an upper and a lower halliard (one setting the whole sail, the other the reefed). All of the sails had battens and most of them the rounded leech.

We cannot leave the canoes without mentioning two specially bad specimens, nominally sailing craft, brought out for the paddling race. One, owned by Mr. Johnson, of Toronto, was a shell of the flimsiest sort, built of stuff little thicker than veneering, with decks and side decks so light that they were badly broken in ordinary racing use. The mast holes were too small to admit of anything much larger than a lead pencil, while the centerboard and trunk were of the thinnest possible galvanized iron, no thicker than the side of a tin can. The other canoe, owned by Mr. Putnam, of Worcester, was perhaps a little better specimen than this, but still a useless affair, the bulkheads, of veneer, being cracked, the skin too light for any real use, and the centerboard trunk, of the thinnest possible metal, plugged tight with cotton. These two canoes came in first and second in the paddling race and were very properly ruled out by the regatta committee in favor of an open Canadian canoe of ordinary construction, a plain serviceable craft. This will probably put a stop to any such burlesque on a canoe in the future, even if the conditions of the race are not changed, and they are likely to be. The new paddling trophy, now being arranged for, will probably be given under such restrictions as will confine it to a good class of open paddling canoe, to which end a minimum limit of weight will probably be necessary to prevent any more "match box" constructions. The ordinary open canoes are coming into greater use each year in the States and more are seen at the meets. For pleasure paddling and exercise, and especially for "girling," they are unequaled, and the man who wants a canoe at the meet, but does not care to do much sailing, will find them not only far more convenient to transport, but also to use for knocking about the camp.

A. C. A. PADDLING TROPHY.

THE day before the race for the Paddling championship at the A. C. A. meet at Stave Island, two or three members, thinking that the time and place were favorable, resolved to start a subscription for a challenge cup to go with the flag. It will be remembered that at the time of the institution of the paddling championship race, it was intended to obtain a cup, but the matter did not then come to any conclusion, although several members gave it support.

This time it is intended that the thing shall be done. It was therefore announced that a cup or other suitable trophy would be purchased on the 1st of October next, the value to be whatever the subscriptions then amounted to. It was further announced that the cup would be ready for presentation to the champion of 1889 at the time of the executive committee meeting this year (October or November).

The trophy is to be a perpetual paddling challenge, to be raced for at the annual meet under such conditions as the regatta committees may from time to time impose.

In a very short time the sum of $175 was raised in amounts of $1 to $10. This total can easily be increased to $300 if the A. C. A. thinks it desirable. Subscriptions of $1 are solicited by the treasurers, R. W. Gibson, Potter Building, New York, and William Whitlock, 37 West Twenty-second street, New York. They should be sent immediately. The list will close in a few days now, and the names will then be announced. Subscribers will please forward amount by check or otherwise on or before Sept. 30.

ARLINGTON C. C. FALL REGATTA.

THE annual regatta of Arlington C. C. was held on the Passaic River in the vicinity of their club house on Labor Day, Sept. 2, there being a good attendance of canoeists, members of 10 clubs in the vicinity of New York being present.

Lack of wind made the sailing races tame and uninteresting, but the paddling races were well contested, and were spirited fights from start to finish. The Class 4 paddling was any one's race until about 500 yds. from the finish, when Peckman drew away and won easily, with Edinger and Collins fighting hard for second place. In the tandem race the Collins brothers had a good lead until near the finish, when A. H. Schuyler and Daily drew ahead rapidly and came near capturing the race. The hurry-scurry was as usual very amusing and interesting. In the standing paddling the contestants were compelled to stand on deck with centerboards housed.

The Class 1 paddling was made in very fast time. C. V. Schuyler took the lead shortly after the start and held it to the finish, with Douglass a close second.

Many of the visiting canoeists remained at the club house until well in the evening, which with coffee and sandwiches, song and story, passed only too quickly for those who were present. The races were as follows:

1. Sailing, Unlimited:

Kisco	W. B. Daily	Arlington.
She	George W. Cox	Newark.
Sweetheart	W. H. Hillier	Crescent.
Neenemouska	Geo. P. Douglass	Ianthe.
Mineola	Geo. W. Baxter	Ianthe.
Sybil	Dr. O. F. Coe	Crescent.
Anita	O. T. Connor	Ianthe.
Wind	W. J. Stewart	Ianthe.
Bachelor	H. S. Farmer	Ianthe.
Ada S.	Wm. Scott	Crescent.
Ianthe	L. B. Palmer	Ianthe.
No Name	F. McLees	Rutherford.

Won by Dr. Coe, L. B. Palmer second.

2. Combined Paddling and Sailing:

Bachelor	H. S. Farmer	Ianthe.
Sweetheart	W. H. Hillier	Crescent
Kisco	Wm. B. Daily	Arlington.

Won by Farmer, Hillier second.

3. Upset Sailing:

Neenemouska	Geo. P. Douglass	Ianthe.
Wind	W. J. Stewart	Ianthe.

Won by Douglass.

4. Class 4, Paddling:

Neenemouska	Geo. P. Douglass	Ianthe.
No Name	Frank McLees	Rutherford.
Sybil	Edward Edinger	Crescent.
Spray	F. B. Collins	Bayonne.
She	C. J. Peckman	Hudson.
Anita	O. T. Connor	Ianthe.

Won by Peckman, Edinger second.

5. Tandem Paddling:

Spray	Collins Bros.	Bayonne.
She	Coe and Peckman	Crescent.
Arlington	A. H. Schuyler and Daily	Arlington.
Daisy	C. V. Schuyler and Gibson	Arlington.

Won by Collins Bros., with A. H. Schuyler and Daily second. Coe claimed a foul against Schuyler, and was sustained by the regatta committee, thereby giving Coe and Peckman second place.

6. Hurry-Scurry and Upset:

Sybil	E. Edinger	Crescent.
Arganauta	N. H. Day	N. J. A. C.
Anita	H. S. Farmer	Ianthe.
Kisco	W. B. Daily	Arlington.
Turtle	F. Place, Jr	Arlington.
Redante	A. H. Schuyler	Arlington.
Daisy	C. V. Schuyler	Arlington.

Won by N. H. Day, with Edinger second.

7. Standing Paddling:

Bachelor	H. S. Farmer	Ianthe.
Brunonia	Geo. P. Douglass	Ianthe.
Kisco	W. B. Daily	Arlington.
Daisy	C. V. Schuyler	Arlington.
She	Geo. Cox	Newark.
Arganauta	N. H. Day	Arlington.

Won by Daily, Douglass second.

8. Class 1, Paddling:

Arganauta	N. H. Day	N. J. A. C.
Redante	C. V. Schuyler	Arlington.
Scoot	Geo. P. Douglass	Ianthe.
Clara R	W. J. Stewart	Ianthe.

Won by Schuyler, Douglass second.

BROOKLYN C. C.—The postponed regatta of the Brooklyn C. C. was sailed on Saturday, Sept. 7, off the A. Y. C. basin. In the first race for unclassified small boats three started with a very slight southerly breeze and strong flood tide. Dr. R. N. Denison's Galloux, a 17ft. cruiser, hung above the line for 5m. before she got wind enough to cross. Mr. G. G. Clapham's cat, Rita, and Mr. Thomas Clapham's yawl, Gnat, were unable to get across the line, and did not attempt to go over the course, a six-mile triangle formed by channel buoys 18 and 20 and the home stakeboat. The Galloux finished in 2h. and 4m. In the meantime the breeze had freshened, and the race for canoes was sailed around a mile and a half triangle. The starting signal was given at 3:05:30, and the canoes finished as follows:

Eclipse	R. S. Blake	Brooklyn C. C.	4 05 00
Brooklyn	H. C. Ward	Brooklyn C. C.	4 08 00
Sybil	Dr. O. F. Coe	Crescent C. C.	Not timed.
Vagabond	C. J. Stevens	New York C. C.	Not timed.
Ho	G. P. Douglass	Ianthe C. C.	Not timed.
Plum	W. S. Elliott	Marine and Field C.	Not timed.
Niente	F. L. Dunnell	Brooklyn C. C.	Not timed.
Bunch	W. H. Cammeyer, Jr.	Brooklyn C. C	Not timed.

The starters in the combined race were:

Ho, G. P Douglass, Ianthe C. C.; Eclipse, R. S. Blake; Brooklyn, H. C. Ward; Niente, F. L. Dunnell; Queen Bess, R. J. Wilkin; Bunch, W. H. Cammeyer, Jr., Brooklyn C. C. It was close and exciting, Eclipse finally winning with Brooklyn a good second and Ho third. The final race, a mile and a half to leeward and return for all classes, was won by Eclipse (canoe), R. S. Blake, the others finished in the order named: Brooklyn (canoe), H. C. Ward, Brooklyn C. C.; Ianthe (canoe), L. B. Palmer, Ianthe C. C.; Sea Urchin (canoe), B. S. Nadal, New York C. C.; Vim (cruiser), Jno. Johnson, Brooklyn C. C.; Galloux (cruiser), R. N. Denison, Brooklyn C. C.; Sybil (canoe), O. F. Cox, Crescent C. C. Galloux had fourth place, but Dr. Denison supposing he had finished drifted back with the tide without crossing the line, thus allowing Sea Urchin and Vim to get in ahead.

TORONTO C. C.—The second of three sailing races to be sailed this fall, came off on Sept. 7, over the regular triangular course, 1½ miles, 4 rounds, on Toronto Bay. The entries were in two classes, the rowers and sailers being divided. In the former were Hyla, Mac, Una and Guenn, and in the latter Bervie, Petrel, Levite, Aloha and Sardine. Guenn was first over the line, with Hyla, Mac and Una in order, but Una soon took the lead, holding it for two rounds, Hyla then came to the front, and held to the finish. The end of her mizen sheet parted, leaving very little to work with, so the mizen could not be squared when off the wind, but she managed to keep ahead. Una lost second place to Mac through the loss of the mainsheet, compelling her to luff in order to regain it. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Hyla, D. B. Jacques	4 05	5 20 05	1 15 06
Mac, W G. McKendrick	4 05	5 20 35	1 15 35
Una, Colin Fraser	4 05	5 20 35½	1 15 35½
Guenn, J. W. Morse	4 05	5 23 20	1 18 20

The times in the second class were:

Bervie, A. Shaw	4 00	5 22 37	1 22 37
Petrel, George Sparrow	4 00	5 26 37	1 22 37
Levite, W. C. Lee	4 00	5 27 05	1 27 05
Aloha, H. C. McLean			
Sardine, S. Y. Baldwin			

The record in first class score stands Una 6, Mac 6 and Hyla 4 points. In second class it is Bervie 7, Petrel 7, Levite 4 points. The annual regatta will be held on Sept. 14.

RED DRAGON C. C.—The second race for the R. D. C. C. trophy cup was sailed on Aug. 31. The wind was very light from N.E. and marred what should have been a very interesting race, the boats being in the best possible trim, and particularly as this was the first meeting between the Io and Cigarette, the former a smooth-skin and the latter a lapstrake, both of the Fly model. Io is a new boat just from the shop, and her owner has not had time to get her in trim. She capsized by running out of the wind under the lee of a schooner at anchor on the course. She is undoubtedly very fast and will give someone a hard chase next time. The course around Petty's Island was abandoned as unsatisfactory, and a triangle laid out off the club house, distance 3 miles, twice around; start 3:05 P. M. The times were:

Nacoochee	H. E. McCormick	1 15 00
Cigarette	F. W. Noyes	1 15 01
Lassie	H. E. Fortiner	1 17 30
Mermaid	D. A. McCormick	1 20 00
Valesca	H. M. Kreamer	Not timed.
Io	C. B. Haag	Capsized.
Fern	F. Gergin	Withdrew.

A. C. A. MEET OF 1890.—On Saturday night after the Larchmont Y. C. regatta, the cutters Vandal, Lotowana and Kathleen were at anchor at Larchmont, the latter just in from Marblehead after a very quick passage. On board of Vandal was Commodore Stanton, Ex-Com. Oliver, and Vice-Com. Stephens; on Lotowana was Mr. Foster, and on Kathleen Mr. Whitlock and Ex-Com. Gibson. The fleet sailed over to Oyster Bay and spent the following day in a thorough search for a camp site for the Association meet of 1890, to be held in the Atlantic Division. All parts of Oyster Bay and Cold Spring Harbor were visited in rowboats. While no site was suitable in all respects several were found which might be used. At one spot where a landing was made a relic of departed friends was found in the shape of a Newburgh paper addressed to Mr. Nate Smith, denoting a camp of last summer's cruise of the Newburgh men. No special locality has yet been selected for the meet, and persons who may know of any suitable place convenient to New York are requested to notify Messrs. Stanton or Stephens.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

P., Fredericksburg, Va.—1. In what months do crappies bite best? 2. Do they guard their nests and young like the black bass? 3. At what depth of water and what kind of brush is best to place in the pond for them to deposit their eggs on? During the last five years I have placed over 500 crappies in a two-acre pond and have been able to catch but very few, generally none. 4. Does the red-eye perch guard its nest and young? 5. Will the large-mouth black bass thrive in the still waters of a pond? 6. We have a fish here known as the "white chub," Carolina chub or southern chub. It is sometimes caught weighing 10lbs., and it has every appearance of the black bass except that it is more bulky. Is this not the large-mouth black bass, slightly altered in appearance by pond culture? Ans. 1. June probably best, and throughout the summer. 2. We do not know whether this fish guards its young as vigilantly as the sunfishes and other basses, but it probably does. See FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 8, 1889, p. 43, for an account of the nest-building habits of the sunfish. 3. It is not recorded whether the crappie makes nests in the sand or gravel, like the sunfish, or whether it spawns among brush, etc. Information covering this point is much desired. Logs and tree tops make good hiding places for the crappie. 4. Yes. 5. Yes. 6. It is the large-mouth black bass (*Micropterus salmoides*).

BUDWEISSER, St. Paul, Minn.—The yarn about the little girl, who was carried off into the air by a bunch of toy balloons and saved from drowning in the lake by a rifleman who punctured the balloons one after another, causing her to descend gradually into his boat, was a pure hot weather invention of the silly season.

S. R. F.—You neglected to give your post office. The deer hounding season will close in the North Woods Oct. 20.

INFORMATION WANTED.

J. E. S., Brooklyn, N. Y., wants to find some wild pigeon shooting not far from New York.

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nanit," "Gloan," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybillene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

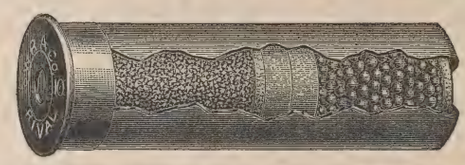
NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 220 pages, price $2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

BEECHAM'S PILLS act like magic on a weak stomach.—*Adv.*

HUMPHREYS'
VETERINARY SPECIFICS
For Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs, AND POULTRY.
500 Page Book on Treatment of Animals and Chart Sent Free.
CURES { A.A.—Fevers, Congestions, Inflammation, Spinal Meningitis, Milk Fever.
B.B.—Strains, Lameness, Rheumatism.
C.C.—Distemper, Nasal Discharges.
D.D.—Bots or Grubs, Worms.
E.E.—Coughs, Heaves, Pneumonia.
F.F.—Colic or Gripes, Bellyache.
G.G.—Miscarriage, Hemorrhages.
H.H.—Urinary and Kidney Diseases.
I.I.—Eruptive Diseases, Mange.
J.K.—Diseases of Digestion.
Stable Case, with Specifics, Manual, Witch Hazel Oil and Medicator, $7.00
Price, Single Bottle (over 50 doses), - .60
Sold by Druggists; or Sent Prepaid anywhere and in any quantity on Receipt of Price.
Humphreys' Med. Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

Forest & Stream File Binders.
PRICE, $1.00.
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

HAVE YOU SEEN OUR NEW
Illustrated Catalogue
OF
FISHING TACKLE?
It is the most elaborate and magnificent book ever published in the Sporting Goods line. Send us 25 cents and we will forward you a copy post paid.
ABBEY & IMBRIE,
No. 18 VESEY STREET, NEW YORK.

WINCHESTER
STAR  **RIVAL**
LOADED PAPER SHOT SHELLS.
Ask your Dealer for them.
Not Sold at Retail by the Manufacturers.
WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.,
312 Broadway, N. Y. NEW HAVEN, CONN.
Send for 82-page Catalogue of Arms and Ammunition.

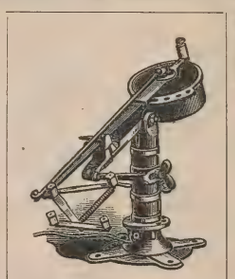
NOTICE TO FISHERMEN. CUT PRICES.
HERE I AM AGAIN AS USUAL, CUTTING THE PRICES OF FISHING TACKLE. IT WILL PAY YOU TO BUY YOUR TACKLE IN BROOKLYN.

PRICE.		PRICE.
$2.75	For Split Bamboo Salt-Water Bass Rod, 6 strip, 2 joints, 8ft., 20oz., Solid Reel Seat, Nickel Trimmings, Double Guides, Silk Wound Black Beaded Handle	$2.75
3.32	For Split Bamboo Black Bass Rod, 8½ft., 3 joints, 10 or 12oz., Solid Reel Seat, Nickel Trimmings, Raised Tie Guides, Extra Tip, Silk Wound, Wood Form	3.32
3.32	For Trout or Black Bass Fly Rod, same finish as above, 10½ft., 7 to 9oz., complete in wood form	3.32
.90	For Ash and Lancewood Weakfish or Striped Bass Rod, Hollow Butt, Extra Tip, Swelled Ferrules	.90
1.50	For Fine No. 00 Brass Multiplying Reel, Balance Handle, Screw Oil Cup, holds 600ft. 18-thread Linen Line, diameter 3½in. Also Nos. 0, 1, 2, 3, same price. See catalogue	1.50
3.75	For Hard Rubber and Nickel Multiplying Reel, with Drag, Raised Pillars, holds 600ft. 15-thread Linen Line	3.75

Hooks. Down go the prices. My best quality all kinds snelled on single gut, 10cts. per doz.; double, 15cts.; treble, 20cts.; in ¼ doz. packages. Leaders: Treble gut Weakfish and Striped Bass Leaders, three length, 5cts.; four length, 7cts.; five length, 9cts.; all best quality. Reel Lines on Blocks of 300ft., 9 thread, 38cts.; 12 thread, 43cts.; 15 thread, 46cts.; 18 thread 53cts. 300ft. Braided Linen Reel Lines on Blocks, 41cts. Broken lots of Hooks from best manufacture, all kinds and sizes, 2cts. per dozen. SEND FOR CATALOGUE.
Open Evenings. J. F. MARSTERS, 51, 53 & 55 Court St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

PAINLESS **BEECHAM'S PILLS** EFFECTUAL
THE GREAT ENGLISH MEDICINE
WORTH A GUINEA A BOX
For Bilious and Nervous Disorders, such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fulness, and Swelling after Meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Scurvy, Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, &c. THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES. This is no fiction. Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills, and *they will be acknowledged to be a Wonderful Medicine.*—"Worth a guinea a box."—BEECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed, will quickly *restore females* to complete health. For a
WEAK STOMACH; IMPAIRED DIGESTION; DISORDERED LIVER;
they ACT LIKE MAGIC:—*a few doses* will work wonders upon the Vital Organs; Strengthening the muscular System; restoring long-lost Complexion; bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the ROSEBUD OF HEALTH the *whole physical energy* of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands, in all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that BEECHAM'S PILLS HAVE THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY PATENT MEDICINE IN THE WORLD. Full directions with each Box.
Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England.
Sold by Druggists generally. B. F. ALLEN & CO., 365 and 367 Canal St., New York, Sole Agents for the United States, *who,* (if *your* druggist does not keep them,)
WILL MAIL BEECHAM'S PILLS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE 25 CENTS A BOX.

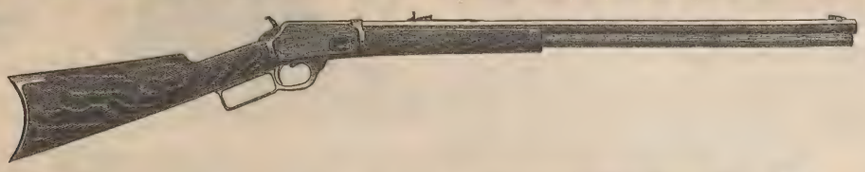
Canoe and Camp Cookery.
By "SENECA."
A practical cook book for canoeists, Corinthian sailors and outers. Practical because the author gives explicit and intelligible directions for preparing such dishes as he has himself actually tested in camp and on a cruise. This is just where the recipes differ from the absurdly impracticable dishes given in some so-called camp cookery books. The cooking outfit is described, and numerous hints on camp economy add to the value of the work. Cloth, 98 pages. Price $1.00.
NEW YORK: FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO., 318 Broadway.
LONDON: DAVIES & CO., 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill.

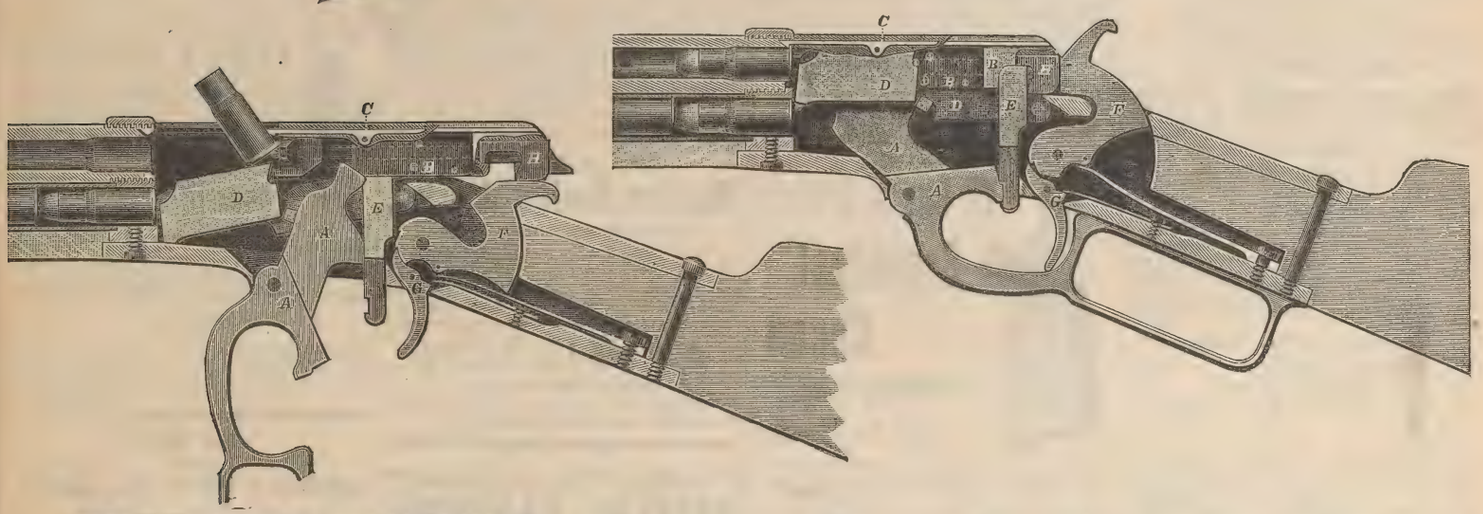

New Model, 1889.
Keystone Traps & Targets
FOR SALE BY
H. C. Squires, - - New York.
J. P. Lovell Arms Co., - Boston, Mass.
E. K. Tryon, Jr. & Co, Philadelphia, Pa.
Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett & Co., Chicago.
E. C. Meacham Arms Co., - St. Louis, Mo.
N. D. Folsom & Co., - New Haven, Conn.
H. Keidel & Co., - Baltimore, Md.
Powell & Clement, - Cincinnati, O.

BIRD PORTRAITS.
Some Native Birds for Little Folks.
BY W. VAN FLEET, M.D.
A handsome imperial octavo volume of untechnical descriptions of the lives and ways of fourteen American birds. The list comprises:
Robin, Chickadee, Kingfisher, Great Horned Owl, Bobolink, Blue-jay, Woodcock, Nuthatches, Meadowlark, Ruffed Grouse, Cedar Bird, Kildeer, Summer Duck and Crossbills.
Each of these birds is beautifully illustrated by the photogravure process from drawings by Howard H. Darnell. The paper is substantial, and the 147 pages of large, clear, handsome type contain just the sort of information necessary to make little folks better acquainted with the birds described, and to awaken a taste for extended study. Everything has been done to make the volume one of the most handsome gift books of the year. Price, postpaid, $3.00. FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO., 318 Broadway, New York.

MARLIN MODEL 1888

PRICES REDUCED.

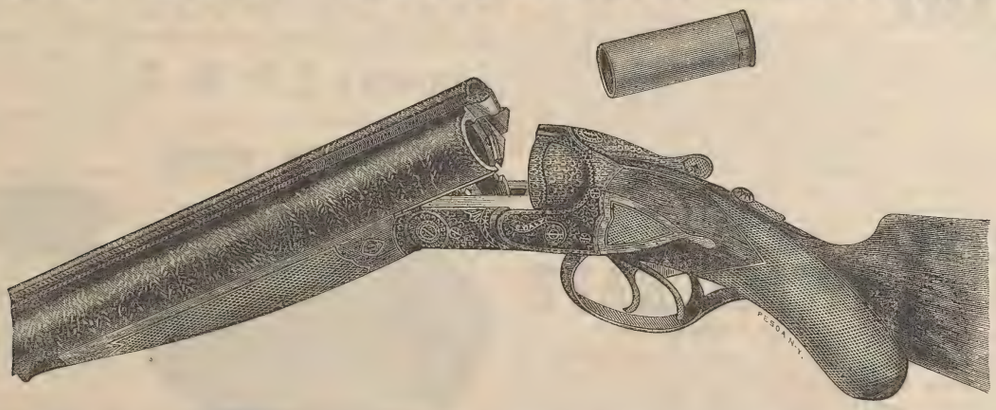




You will notice the breech block is on the old reliable Sharp principle, and has a solid backing against the frame. **You will notice** if you TRY THE ARM that it works WONDERFULLY SMOOTH AND SLICK, that it is finished superior to any other magazine arm, and **you will notice** if you SHOOT IT that the accuracy exceeds all other repeating rifles. Weight 6¾lbs. Same retail list, same dealer's discount as the Winchester. Sizes made: 24, 26, 28in. barrel. Calibers made: .32 .38 and .44, using Winchester cartridges. Ask your dealer to show it.

Send for Catalogue of Marlin and Ballard Rifles.

CHARLES DALY AUTOMATIC HAMMERLESS.



Made under DEELEY'S PATENT, the strongest and simplest, equal in every particular to any other AUTOMATIC HAMMERLESS costing DOUBLE the price. No. 150, price $175. No 250, Diamond Quality, price $275. Charles Daly Hammerless, $100 to $225

CHARLES DALY 3-BARREL GUNS HAVE DRIVEN ALL OTHERS OUT OF THE MARKET.

Wholesale Dealers in Sporting Goods of every description, Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Ammunition, Fishing Tackle, Hunting and Fishing Sundries, Wright & Ditson's Rackets and Lawn Tennis Goods, A. J. Reach & Co.'s Base Ball Goods.

SCHOVERLING, DALY & GALES,

302 BROADWAY and 84 DUANE ST., NEW YORK.

Catalogues on application.

The Epop Gun Cleaner.



Will remove Lead and Burnt Powder immediately without scratching or defacing the barrels. No one owning a gun should be without this cleaner. Expression of all who have used them.

Price 75c. each. Remit Postal Note.

A. P. POPE, Olean, N.Y.

Canned Goods.

SPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR YACHTING AND CAMPING PURPOSES.

Over 40 years' experience. None but the BEST of EVERYTHING used, by the most skillful and experienced hands. No Glucose or Blue Vitriol used. Call and examine for yourself.

WILLIAM COHEN & CO.,
229 and 231 Washington street, New York.

GURDON TRUMBULL'S

Names and Portraits of Birds

Which Interest Gunners; with descriptions in language understanded of the people.

Practically speaking, this is the first popular volume of ornithology ever issued from the press; a work which goes far to demonstrate that scientific accuracy may be as easily maintained in English as in Greek or Latin. Follows the game birds all over the continent and gives a glossary of all the local names in popular use. Illustrated with admirable portraits from the pencil of Mr. Edwin Shepard of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, which, with the clear descriptions in the text, will enable any man who can read to identify the contents of his game bag.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS:

It is the first, so far as we know, [illegible] of books of which the need is felt in every department of natural history.—*Troy Press.*

The book should find its way to a choice place in every sportsman's library.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

I would much rather know what this book tells me, the various names by which the people call a bird, than the Latin, Greek or Hebrew name which science gave him for the sake of cataloguing him. * * * It is more value to me to have a description of a bird in plain English which I understand than in scientific language which I do not understand.—*W., in Journal of Commerce.*

SOLD BY

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

PRICE, $2.50.

AN EXCURSION TO

ALASKA.

The wonderful richness of this Arctic country and the rapid strides in material prosperity which it is making, are attracting the attention of the whole world, and since the completion of the Northern transcontinental railway lines Sitka is as easily reached as Paris. Every one wants to go to Alaska, and for those who can make the journey Mr. Hallock's volume,

OUR NEW ALASKA,

is indespensable. To those who want to go, but cannot, this volume with its graphic pen pictures gives a clear idea of the interesting conditions of life in the far North. Price $1.50. Sent post free by the

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.,
318 Broadway, New York.

LONDON: DAVIES & CO., 1 Finch Lane.

Charley's Wonderful Journeys

By C. F. AMERY.

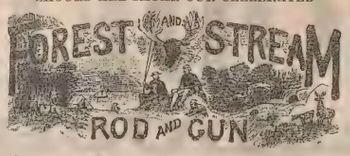
This series of thirteen adventurous journeys into as many regions of Dreamland has been admirably characterized as the most delicious nonsense ever written, and is now being brought out in a handsome quarto volume of 116 pages, profusely illustrated.

PRICE, $1.50.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO
318 Broadway, New York.

SPORTSMEN SMOKERS

SHOULD ALL SMOKE OUR CELEBRATED



Hand-Made Havana Cigars.

MADE IN TWO STYLES AND SIZES.

LONDRES PERFECTO, 5in. long @ $7.00 per 100
CONCHAS ESPECIALS, 4¼in. @ 6.00 "

The favorite cigar of Rod and Gun Clubs generally. These cigars are made of the choicest tobaccos grown, and selected with the greatest care. They cannot fail to suit the taste of all lovers of the fragrant weed. Each cigar has the brand impressed on it, and every box has a label, fac-simile of the title of the popular journal, and our firm's signature, without which none are genuine. We are the only authorized manufacturers of the above brand, and to insure the smoker of the genuine we would ask you to send us your orders direct. We will deliver, free of express charges, either size, on receipt of price.

A. W. FOOTE & CO., Sole Manufacturers,
125 Maiden Lane, New York.

No Chemicals.



W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa

Is Absolutely Pure, and it is Soluble.

To increase the solubility of the powdered cocoa, various expedients are employed, most of them being based upon the action of some alkali, potash, soda or even ammonia. Cocoa which has been prepared by one of these chemical processes, can usually be recognized at once by the distinct alkaline reaction of the infusion in water.

W. Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa

is manufactured from the first stage to the last by perfect mechanical processes, **no chemical being used in its preparation.** By one of the most ingenious of these mechanical processes the greatest degree of fineness is secured without the sacrifice of the attractive and beautiful red color which is characteristic of an absolutely pure and natural cocoa.

W. Baker & Co., Dorchester, Mass.

LOG CABINS

AND

HOW TO BUILD THEM.

By WILLIAM S. WICKS.

This is a complete exposition of the art and method of building log cabins from the simplest dog kennel to highly artistic dwellings. Everyone going into the woods and designing to construct his shelter with the materials at hand, should procure "Log Cabins," for in its pages he will find a variety of designs, simple and ornate, adapted to temporary shelter or to permanent homes, with full and clear instruction and illustration in every matter of detail. Sent, post free, for $1.50.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.,
318 Broadway, New York.
LONDON: DAVIES & CO., 1 Finch Lane.

WOODCRAFT.

By "NESSMUK."

A book for people who love outdoor life: for the hunter, the angler and the canoeist. The work has been of service to thousands of outers, and will help thousands of others. It is full of practical advice and information from one who has spent his life in learning by hard experience what he now tells his readers. No camper can afford to be without it. Cloth, 160 pages, illustrated. Price $1.00.

FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO.,
New York.

DAVIES & Co., 1 Finch Lane, London, Eng

Yachting Goods.

SPORTSMAN'S

Camping or Fishing Tents

OF ALL KINDS, SHAPES AND SIZES.



Yacht and Canoe Sails of most approved styles Also awnings for store fronts, windows, yacht boats etc. New style of Canoe Tents made at low figures Flags, Burgees and covers of all kinds. Camp Stoves, Camp Chairs, Sacking Bottoms, Hammocks all kinds of Fancy Tents, and in fact anything made from canvas when an intelligent description is given of what may be needed. My beautifully illustrated circular now ready. Send stamp for price list. Address S. HEMMENWAY, 60 South st., N. Y. City.

WARD'S Marine Boiler Works,

Charleston, Kanawha, W. Va.

"Best boiler for yachts."—J. A. Bostwick, N.Y. "The only boiler giving satisfaction."—E. S. Stokes, N. Y. "Increased our speed at least two miles."—Painter Bros., Pittsburgh. "Has given the best possible results."—Capt. Tozier, U.S.R.M.

A. WILSON,

Sail Maker,

No. 416 ATLANTIC AVE., BOSTON, MASS.

Yacht Sails and Flags a Specialty.

Increasing Sales Attest the Popularity of THE GENTLEMEN'S CIGARETTE.

SPECIAL FAVOURS.

Manufactured only by

KINNEY BROS.

(KINNEY TOBACCO CO. Successors). Also manufacturers of the Old Reliable

SWEET CAPORAL.

J. N. DODGE,

276 & 278 Division Street,
DETROIT, MICH.

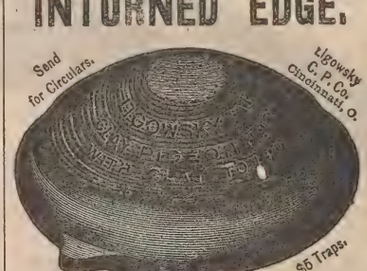


Manufacturer of White Cedar Duck Decoys of all kinds. Also Swan, Geese, Brant, Coot, Shell Drake, Plover, full-shaped and flat folding Snipe Decoys. Duck and Turkey Calls. Decoys made like any pattern furnished without extra charge. Bottom prices to the trade. Illustrated price list.

Ligowsky C. P. No. 3

The only target having the patent

INTURNED EDGE.



2,000 shots out of each 1,000 targets on account of non-breakage in shipping, trapping and falling upon ground. The only target made with the INTURNED EDGE, producing the surest breaker when hit, and surest non-breaker when not hit. Our traps are sold for the sole purpose of shooting our targets.

Small Profits. Quick Sales.



TROUT FLIES.

36 Cts. Per Doz.

H. H. KIFFE,
318 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Send for Catalogue.



ABOUT GLOVES.

When you are buying **gloves,** kid or dogskin, for driving or street wear, remember that there is such a thing as a price that is too **cheap.** It is best to pay a fair price and get good gloves like **Hutchinson's.** They are made from selected stock in the **best** manner and are **warranted** to be the most serviceable made. If you want to know more about gloves in general and Hutchinson's gloves in particular, enclose stamp for the book "**ABOUT GLOVES.**" No matter where you live or what you do it will interest you. It gives a history of gloves and illustrations of their use, prices of the different styles and qualities, directions for measurement and ordering, also testimonials from those who **know the value** of Hutchinson's gloves. **Established 1862.**

JOHN C. HUTCHINSON, Johnstown, N. Y.

Wanted.

WANTED.—AN INGENIOUS AND ENTHUsiastic gun smith and mechanic. Good shop with power and plenty of work; Address K., care Forest and Stream office. 1t

For Sale.

Mountains of Western North Carolina.

Latitude 34½. Elevation 3,000ft.

For Sale Cheap—Eighteen thousand acres of land in a block, miles of streams full of trout (*Salmo fontinalis*); good fly-fishing from March to end of season; open winters; plenty of game, valuable timber and minerals; would suit club of sportsmen. Inquire of POSTMASTER, Whiteside Cove, Jackson Co., North Carolina. ag22,4t

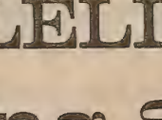
FOR SALE.
A large house, containing thirteen rooms, finished in hard wood, on Greenbrier River, Pocahontas Co., W. V. Fine bass and trout fishing. Woodcock, quail and pheasants, black bear and deer. Will make a good club house. Liberal inducements to responsible party to form club.
Address T. M. S.,
1t Faulkner, Randolph Co., W. V.

FOR SALE.—A DOUBLE BREECH-LOADER, excellent maker and in perfect order, 12-bore, but little used, with complete outfit. Price $30. FRANK GARDINER, 378 Decatur street, Brooklyn, N. Y. 1t

LIVE QUAIL FOR SALE. Orders delivered as booked. LIVE GAME A SPECIALTY.
E. B. WOODWARD, Commission Merchant, 174 Chambers street, New York.

WILD GEESE DECOYS.—PURE WILD geese, domesticated, broken or not; also black duck decoys. Wildfowl shooting on Lake Champlain to let, with services of a professional. Write quick. Address with stamp, E. E. BEAN, Milton, Vt. 1t

FOR SALE.—FRESH RICE SEED. CHAS. GILCHRIST, Port Hope, Ontario, Canada. aug22,tf



Chester White, Berkshire and Poland China Pigs, fine setter dogs, Scotch Collies, Foxhounds and Beagles, Sheep and Poultry, bred and for sale by W. GIBBONS & CO., West Chester, Chester Co., Pa. Send stamp for circular and price list.

LIVE WHITE HARES (*Lepus Americanus*), captured and properly boxed and delivered to express in Bethel, Me., in good condition on receipt of orders and remittances at $3 per pair. Refer to Hon. H. O. Stanley, Dixfield, Me., Fish and Game Commissioner. J. G. RICH, Bethel, Me. dec16,tf

LIVE QUAIL.—SEASON CLOSED. Re-open Sept. 1. Send orders early. Other specialties, live deer and English pheasants. Also English partridge and pheasant eggs.
E. B. WOODWARD, Commission Merchant, 174 Chambers street, New York.

WILD RICE.—THE GREATEST WILDfowl food. Send your orders now for fresh seed. R. VALENTINE, Janesville, Wis. aul,tf



UPTHEGROVE & McLELLAN,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Shooting and Fishing Suits

AND CLOTHING FOR

CIVIL ENGINEERS, RANCHMEN, LUMBERMEN, MINERS, ETC.

Write for our new combined Catalogue with samples of Imported

Corduroys, Moleskin, Mackintosh, Canvas and Flannels.

SEE OUR NEW SHADES OF ENGLISH CORDUROY.

Address UP. & MC., Valparaiso, Indiana.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 19, 1889.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 9. No 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Only advertisements of an approved character inserted. Inside pages, nonpareil type, 30 cents per line. Special rates for three, six, and twelve months. Seven words to the line, twelve lines to one inch. Advertisements should be sent in by Saturday previous to issue in which they are to be inserted. Transient advertisements must invariably be accompanied by the money or they will not be inserted. Reading notices $1.00 per line.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

May begin at any time. Subscription price, $4 per year; $2 for six months; to a club of three annual subscribers, three copies for $10; five copies for $16. Remit by express money-order, registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canadas and Great Britain. For sale by Davies & Co., No. 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London. General subscription agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Davies & Co., Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searles and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London, Eng. Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France, sole Paris agent for sales and subscriptions. Foreign subscription price, $5 per year; $2.50 for six months.

Address all communications

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

No. 318 BROADWAY. NEW YORK CITY.

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL.
Stocking the Yellowstone Park Waters.
The Creedmoor Meeting.
Bits of Talk.—VI.
Snap Shots.

THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST.
The Angler in New Zealand.
The Bull and the Bear.

NATURAL HISTORY.
Nesting of the Black Bass.
Double-Headed Animals.
The Horn-Tail Snake Again.
Birds of Niagara County.

GAME BAG AND GUN
Pattern and Penetration.
Squirrel Shooting.
Boston and Maine.
Chicago and the West.
Notes from the Field.
Pennsylvania Game Galore.

SEA AND RIVER FISHING.
Reform in Pennsylvania.
Camps of the Kingfishers.—X.
Chicago and the West.
New Trout of Twin Lakes.

FISHCULTURE.
Fishes for the Fish Commission Aquaria.

THE KENNEL.
Toledo Dog Show.
London Dog Show.
Ottawa Dog Show.
Coursing at Louisville.
Gordon Setter Club.
A. K. C. Expenses.
Dog Talk.
Kennel Notes.
Kennel Management.

RIFLE AND TRAP SHOOTING.
Range and Gallery.
The Creedmoor Meeting.
Massachusetts vs. New York.
Third Brigade R. A. Meet.
The Trap.
Rocky Mountain Tournament
Al Bandle's Tourney
Reading Gun Club.

YACHTING
The Storm on the Coast.
A Cruise in a Fifteen-Footer.
Is Minerva a Racing Machine?

CANOEING.
Snaps from Snaps at the '89 Meet.
New York Canoeing.
N. Y. Athletic Club's Regatta.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE CREEDMOOR MEETING.

IT is most unfortunate that the only dispute of the recent Creedmoor prize meeting, other than the universal one against the weather, was the sharp ruling on a trivial point, which robbed a State team of the victory that it had actually won. The Massachusetts world-beaters must feel that they were really defeated by the Keystone marksmen, and the Pennsylvania men are entitled to all the glory and honor of having proven a match for a team which could not be downed by the best military shots of England. Still the technically defeated team must temper their indignation with the conviction that it was entirely their own fault that they were caught in such a trap. The time limit rule is a good one. It was needed and badly needed before it was put upon the list of regulations, and it is applicable to all matches at all times. The fact that it had been neglected was no reason for the Pennsylvanians to assume that they were not subject to it, and it is pretty certain that if the executive officer had not applied it in his rough-shod, military manner, the Massachusetts men when defeated would have sprung a protest on the same point. Any one who has witnessed a review of the Pennsylvania National Guard has seen a serviceable looking set of men. That they can shoot as well, the recent Creedmoor meeting shows. The only revenge properly left is not that of sulking in their tents, but the preparation of a good team and the wiping out of the misunderstanding by a good defeat of the Massachusetts men next year. That New York was defeated is universally attributed to the arbitrary fashion in which the team was selected, the team being made up at the will of its captain, instead of by any system of the survival of the fittest.

If the Massachusetts shooters wish to complete the series of victories with which they have marked the season, it will be in order for them to pay some attention to the desire of the Twenty-third Brooklyn Regiment for a match on some neutral range. The Seventh, with all its ability and with all its care devoted to rifle drill, has had to give way again and again to this Brooklyn crack body, and if Massachusetts has a really good regiment capable of putting out a team, now is its chance to down the best shooting regiment in the best State Guard in the Union. A neutral range, even that at Springfield in Massachusetts, would be satisfactory, and there is an abundance of good shooting weather yet before the wind-up of outdoor practice for the year 1889.

STOCKING THE YELLOWSTONE PARK WATERS.

IN our issue of Aug. 29 a special correspondent wrote at length of the condition of the National Park waters and of the project of stocking them with choice food fish by the Government. It is gratifying to learn that Commissioner McDonald is at once putting this work under way. Dr. D. S. Jordan, of the Indiana University, is going to the Park the latter part of this month, in order to ascertain the precise condition of the streams there with reference to the fishes; and he will make collections of them preliminary to the stocking of those waters by the U. S. Fish Commission. The object of the doctor's visit to the Park at this time is to learn something definite concerning the species already there, and the fitness of the various streams for those with which it is proposed to stock these waters. Mr. Geo. H. H. Moore, in charge of distribution, is in Northville, where he is superintending the loading of one of the transportation cars of the Commission, which is to take 5,000 brook trout, 1,000 California trout and 1,000 Loch Leven trout to the Yellowstone. Mr. E. R. Lucas will leave the car at the Park, supplied with seines and other equipments necessary to collect and transfer fishes from point to point in the Park. Trout will be transferred to the Gardiner River, and whitefish to the Twin Lakes.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE Upper Geyser Basin of the National Park has been subjected to a succession of earthquake shocks, which have stirred the Giant and other passive geysers into activity. The volume of travel to the Park has been very great this year, even to the point of evoking a remonstrance from some of the old timers, whose sentiments are probably well expressed by one of our correspondents when he writes: "I have no further use for the National Park. It has become what Congress set it aside for, a pleasuring ground for the People—with a big P. It is full of men, women and children. Last night I counted seven boats on the lake; camping parties of women were singing; I heard a baby cry. The country is fairly populous. Doubtless this is a good thing, but I don't want to travel where people are so thick. The Park is too crowded, and I do not mean to visit it again, unless I come in the capacity of a 'tourist.'"

We trust that the series of papers which the New York *Times* is publishing, descriptive of the forest stripping carried on by timber thieves in the Adirondacks, will have an attentive reading. The *Times* writer avers that the forest protection laws are systematically violated, that the lumbermen are cutting State forest without hindrance, that fires are utterly destroying vast tracts of woodland, that hotel men and sportsmen's preserve projectors are unlawfully taking up other tracts, and that the Forest Commission, charged with the care and protection of the woods, is an incompetent and worthless institution. All this, to be sure, was already known, but its reiteration by a powerful metropolitan journal we may hope will call public attention to the necessity of providing some prompt measures of reform.

Mr. Wakefield's interesting paper on the successful introduction of foreign species of fish into New Zealand will be followed next week by another account from the same author relating how the island was stocked with deer carried from Great Britain. The enterprise of the British colonists at the antipodes furnishes a suggestive and useful object lesson in fish and game conservation; and it is one which is quite the reverse of the common story of thoughtless depletion.

We have received from Mr. W. H. Rogers, late Inspector of Fisheries for Nova Scotia, "The Suppressed Sawdust Report," made to Hon. C. H. Tupper, Minister of Marine and Fisheries. The report has to do with the effect of sawdust on the fish supply, and the evidence presented tends to disprove the generally accepted belief that sawdust in streams is hurtful to fish. We do not know why nor by whom this report was suppressed, but it is very certain that in an inquiry of this importance the only wise course is to hear both sides and to draw conclusions from a consideration of all attainable experience and testimony. Mr. Rogers' report will have further notice in our fishculture columns.

Lake Mistassini, whose size was the subject of discussion by Mr. Murray and others in this journal some months ago, has been explored this summer by Prof. J. W. Loudon, of the University of Toronto, and Mr. George S. Macdonald, of the University of Montreal. They report that it is composed of three narrow lakes, two of which lie close together and are connected by many passes, while the third is a little further removed, but still connected by a navigable channel. All of these lakes are almost parallel to each other, and each of them is about 100 miles long. In the light of this report the lake can be called "the mysterious Mistassini" no longer.

The anti-preserve Sportsmen's Protective Association of California now has a membership of 500. Its purpose is to check the system of leasing tracts of barren land for exclusive shooting privileges, and warning the public off.

BITS OF TALK.

VI.—THE EXPENSES OF GOING SHOOTING.

"JUPITER PLUVIUS!" he apostrophized as he came in out of the wet. "These are the days when one must carry an umbrella at full-cock and finger on the trigger."

"How many partridges did you bring home?"

"Sat five days in that little country hotel, wishing it would clear up, and berating myself for not having brought a life-preserver, or pontoon bridge, or diving-bell, or some other appurtenance for ruffed grouse shooting in a flood. Out $37.50, a week's time, and not a feather to show for it."

"Ready to follow 'Podgers,' and write something for the paper about the expensiveness of a modern outing."

"'Podgers' is sound on that question. He hit the nail square on the head; but he didn't hit it half hard enough. It has come to such a pass that the traveler with the fishing rod or gun-case is looked on as legitimate prey to be bled and squeezed by everybody, from the baggage man to the backwoods guide, and from the time he sets out until he dodges back into his home again. Look at the Adirondacks. I can recall when one of the pleasures of a trip into the North Woods was to listen to the quaint talk of our honest old guide. We used to think that while the modest sum he asked might pay him, and pay him well, for his time, we still owed him something for the pleasure and satisfaction of his companionship, his knowledge of woodcraft, which appeared to us so wonderful, and his backwoods philosophy. How is it now? The guide, philosopher and friend of those earlier years has disappeared, gone with the deer and forests and the charm of the wilderness itself. And in his place to-day you find a lot of lazy louts, loafing about the hotels and waterways, so-called guides, who lie in wait for new victims, and demand three dollars for every honest half-dollar's worth of bestirring their lazy stumps."

"You cannot blame them, they have come in with the shoals of summer boarders and with the big hotels, and grown up as a part of the new order of things. The ordinary Adirondack guide of to-day is merely a boatman, as 'Piseco' once wrote; he rows the ladies and children about the lake for an hour or two, once or twice a day, for which mild labor he receives a full day's pay, and of course when you ask him to put in a full day's work for the same amount, he sneers at you.

"You must not blame him. It is human nature to get as much pay as possible for as little exertion as possible. The 'guides' of the seashore and inland resorts are not to be blamed. If you want to lay the fault where it belongs, put it on the people who have created this condition of things."

"Yes, and give a good share of it to the greenhorn who goes into the woods, who cannot catch fish, nor kill game, but who must pretend to do both, and pays his guide lavishly to do them for him."

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE ANGLER IN NEW ZEALAND.

THE combined arts of pisciculture and acclimatization have completely upset all the old-fashioned ideas as to where to go for sport, and also as to size and habits of even the most familiar kind of fish. If any of the most noted American anglers were asked to say, at a word, where the biggest trout in the world are to be caught, they would probably be puzzled for an answer, and the chances are a hundred to one that they would give a wrong one. Those who have the "inside notion," however, would have not a moment's hesitation in replying, "New Zealand, for a thousand dollars!" And they would win the money, if any one were rash enough to put it up.

Taking all the elements of enjoyment for anglers into consideration, indeed, not only are the biggest trout in the world to be caught in the wonderland of the Pacific, as New Zealand has been justly called; but the pleasantest and by no means the most expensive fishing is to be had there. In a word, it is an angler's paradise; and any one who has spent a season there can honestly lay over the most stupendous "fish stories" that he is likely to hear anywhere else. It is a curious feature of the country that everything is on a gigantic scale. The moa (*Dinornis gigantea*), a wingless bird, with which the island once swarmed, stood 14 or 15ft. high, and had legs as thick as a horse's. Even now eggs of this monster are sometimes found, measuring 12in. from end to end; and though no specimen of the living bird has yet been captured, vast skeletons are constantly being discovered. The acclimatized animals seem to follow the same law, for in every instance where they have been successfully established at all—and there have been some very perplexing failures—they have not only rapidly multiplied in enormous numbers, but also developed a size which would be deemed fabulous in their natural habitat. This is markedly the case with fish.

It is necessary to say here that New Zealand consists of two large islands and one small one, having an area altogether about as large as Great Britain, but longer and narrower, very much of the same shape as Italy, with the climate of the south of France, and a population of 650,000 British and 50,000 Maoris, who are the natives of the country. It lies out in mid-ocean, 1,200 miles from the nearest mainland, and it has higher mountains than any other country of equal breadth. A waterfall 2,000 feet high has recently been discovered among the little-known mountains of the West Coast; and the variety and magnificence of the river and forest scenery are indescribable.

It can be imagined what waters there are in such a country for fish. Yet, strange to say, nature placed no fish in them, or, at all events, none worth calling fish. Eels swarmed, and grew to an awful size; but there were no other native fish except a few little tittlebats and smelts, which are now used for bait. The acclimatization of fish began under the auspices of societies, aided by the Government, about twenty-five years ago; and has been accompanied by astonishing results. The salmon, the true *Salmo salar*, has been a most mortifying failure. The Government and the acclimatization societies have spent many years, and, perhaps, a hundred thousand dollars, in trying to establish this king of fish; but all in vain. The ova arrive in excellent condition, they are triumphantly hatched out, and the fry thrive apace and attain a phenomenal size in the breeding ponds or weirs; but so surely as they go down to the sea, so surely every one of them falls a prey to some unknown enemy, and never a smolt returns to tell the tale.

But now comes the strangest thing. All other fish of the salmon species that have been introduced have done splendidly. The American brook trout (*Salmo fontinalis*) has made itself entirely at home, like a true bred Yankee, and seems likely to crowd others out of the location wherever it is placed. It is a great favorite with the colonists, from its beautiful appearance. The acclimatization societies do not yet consider it sufficiently established to allow it to be caught, and though it has been turned out in some open waters, I have never seen or heard of one being killed with rod and line.

Then the Loch Leven trout (*S. levenensis*) and the salmon trout (*S. trutta*) have been quite successfully established; and what is most remarkable, the salmon trout goes down fearlessly to the sea and holds its own against all foes, while the true salmon, a much stronger fish, invariably succumbs. The commonest fish of all, however, in New Zealand, and the one which has developed most marvellously, is the brown trout (*S. fario*), which you have also introduced into America. Many of the rivers and streams of both the North Island and the Middle Island—which are almost like two separate countries—are now plentifully stocked with these fish, and, notwithstanding the most ruthless poaching, they are finding their way into all sorts of unexpected places, where none have ever been turned out, by means of the deportations and migrations that occur during floods.

I was fishing a beautiful little stream in the North Island the other day—the Horokiwi is its musical Maori name—when a cheery looking, sunburnt settler came and stood by me, grinning, and watching me throwing the fly with great interest. Presently he said: "Ketchin' trouts?"

"Trying to," I replied.

"They's nice, haint they? Leastways my old 'ooman do say so. I prefers heels myself; but I goes down with an 'ay-fork and ketches a couple o' trouts or so for the old 'ooman most hevery evenin'."

"Oh, you 'ketches them with an 'ay-fork,' do you?" I said.

"Yes, you can get 'em any time that way. I haint got no patience to stand a weltin' the water with that there whip of a thing, and then p'raps lose 'em arter all."

And that is what goes on everywhere. The old hands among the bush settlers look on "trouts" simply as food. They prefer "heels," but they are getting to like trout, too, and they "ketch 'em" the quickest and surest way they can. Yet they breed and muster strong, and all the "'ay-forks" in the country don't seem to make any difference.

There is one thing to be said, the acclimatization societies keep up the supply most energetically. They have breeding ponds, and they employ rangers, and all the better class of country settlers help them all they can. Many men of property in the back blocks never think of returning from town without a can or two of healthy fry—many thousands, perhaps—which they quietly turn out in some secluded stream, with a certainty of hearing good accounts of them some day. This is going on steadily from a great number of different points, and the consequence is that the fishing becomes more various and more satisfactory every year. All acclimatized birds, animals and fish are deemed to be the property of the acclimatization society within whose district they are found, and a license for shooting or fishing can only be obtained from them on payment of £1 ($4) for the season. It is strictly against the law to sell trout. The fishing season commences on the 1st of October and lasts six months. Every sort of information and assistance can be obtained by writing to the secretary of the acclimatization society, who will always be found an enthusiastic sportsman and a courteous gentleman, only too delighted to welcome anglers from abroad.

But how about the biggest trout in the world?

Oh, well, I was just coming to them. There are several rivers in New Zealand—mostly in the Middle Island—where for some reason not clearly ascertained the trout grow much more rapidly and to a larger size than elsewhere. One of these is the Opihi, in South Canterbury, on which is situated the picturesque village of Temuka. I have myself seen an honest brown trout caught there, weighing 28lbs., and a firmer or better fish I never saw. I have known 40lbs. of trout killed in the Opihi with one rod in a single evening, and not a long evening either, for darkness falls very suddenly in those latitudes. In the same river fish weighing 30lbs. have been taken and eaten, and found delicious. I happen to know the country about there well, and I attribute the great size and good quality of the trout in the Opihi to the fact that the river, which rises in the snowy mountains, does not flow into the sea at all, but into a large, deep lagoon, many miles long, which only breaks out into the sea at flood times, though the sea water penetrates into it through the shingle bank, or flows over into it during stormy weather. This lagoon is, in fact, like an inclosed arm of the sea, and is alive with little fish, crabs and all sorts of marine and semi marine creatures. Here the trout can get any quantity of food, and from the depth and saltness of the water, they develop some of the characteristics of salmon, the red flesh and the large size, without being exposed to the attacks of the ravenous seafish. The Mataura, in South Otago, another snow river running into a lagoon, has trout as large as those in the Opihi. A friend of mine who is a true angler, Mr. Alexander Ferguson, manager of the National Bank at Christchurch, Canterbury, to whom I applied for some authentic particulars of sport during the season just over, wrote to me, to follow me to America, as follows: "Brown trout weighing 20lbs. and upward have been landed with rod and line from streams both in the north and south of Canterbury during the past season. On the Selwyn, a stream fifteen miles from Christchurch, three rods killed twenty-one fish weighing 144lbs. on the 17th December, with natural bait, bullhead and smelt (small fish indigenous to the river). On the same day two rods killed sixty-one trout weighing 41½lbs. with artificial fly, in a stream flowing into the Selwyn."

The very big fish are generally caught with natural bait, or with an artificial minnow, the Devon being considered specially effective. But I have known several huge fellows landed through the seductions of a cockchafer or a large grasshopper.

In the mountain lakes of the Middle Island, some of which, such as Wakatipu, are 2,000ft. above the sea, and are reputed to be unfathomable, the trout reach a greater size than they do even in rivers like the Opihi or the Mataura. But I believe there has never been an instance of a big trout being caught in a lake with rod and line. Plenty of them are caught and eaten, but they are either netted or else speared, or snared in some way. There seems to be something in the vast depth and extreme coldness of the water which changes their habits and renders them proof against all the temptations that the genuine angler can hold out.

For my own part, I am inclined to think the trout fishing in the North Island is better than that in the Middle Island for casual visitors who wish to see something of the country in addition to getting good sport; and as the stream of Americans to New Zealand is steadily increasing—they are said to have numbered 2,000 last summer—a few hints as to where to go and how to get there may be acceptable.

Wellington, the capital of the colony, is the starting point. It is a humdrum little commercial city of 30,000 inhabitants, superbly situated on the shore of one of the grandest harbors in that land of harbors, framed, as it were, in noble mountains, clothed to the summit with evergreen forests, except where snowy peaks of distant ranges stand out against the sky.

There is the best of hotel accommodation at Wellington, and the people are most civil and hospitable to strangers. Sportsmen will find an unfailing friend and unerring guide in Mr. Charles St. Barbe, on Lambton Quay.

The fishing itself lies at a place called the Wainuiomata Valley—wai-nui-o-mata, water of sharp stones, a lovely mountain stream, flowing from the wooded ranges to the sea—which is about sixteen miles from Wellington.

The best way is to go to the Hutt, a village on a river of the same name full of big trout, by a little jingling train of cars running fourteen miles an hour—there is no rapid transit in New Zealand—and then walk or drive from there to Wainuiomata. There is no hotel there, but there are a number of *wharés*, or huts of one, two or three rooms, which are rented at from 60 cents to $1.50 a week, the tenant taking out everything he wants, bedding, cooking utensils, stores, etc., in an express wagon, or the buggy that he drives out in himself. There is abundance of fuel and water on the spot, and milk, eggs, and butter of the very best can be got for a trifle from any of the neighboring farmhouses, which in themselves are well worth a visit. The folks in the neighborhood are on the best of terms with the angling fraternity, who cordially reciprocate their kindness. I made one of a party last year, who invited every family living in the Wainuiomata and Orougoro valleys to an amateur entertainment at the school-room, to celebrate the opening of the season. They all came, to the number of a hundred or more, including several generations of men, women, children and innumerable babies. Every house for ten miles round was locked up empty that night. We gave them Christy minstrels, and readings from Mark Twain and Bret Harte till we nearly killed them. It was a sight to see whole rows of blooming young mothers suckling their babies and crying and stamping with laughing at the same time. Then we fed them with cakes and pies and filled them up with brown ale till they couldn't hold any more, and then they danced till midnight, when, as it was Sabbath morn, they left off dancing and drank whisky instead for another hour or two, before singing "God Save the Queen," and driving home in the moonlight. That's the way we go on up there. But the fish are not much interfered with after a night like that.

The life in the *wharés* is the perfection of camping, and you cannot imagine anything jollier than to return from the upper waters of the stream with a thumping basket, to find your mate has a rousing fire going—for there is a touch of frost up in those mountains at night, even in summer—two or three pounds of porterhouse sissling on the gridiron over the clear embers, new laid eggs to follow, a jug of beer foaming on the table, everything as snug as possible, and the certainty of a merry company from the neighboring *wharés* afterward, with plenty of good songs, good stories and good fellowship.

There are no big fish in the Wainuiomata, nothing over 6lbs. ever having been caught there, that being my friend St. Barbe's prize fish last season, but there are any number of beauties of from ½lb. to 4lbs. or 5lbs., for those who know how to get them. There is no difficulty at all about the expedition, and the cost is a mere bagatelle, for $1 goes as far in New Zealand as $5 here. Yet, you get first-rate sport, grand air and exercise, lovely scenery, and as fine a peep at the back country, with its virgin forest of cypress and yew and gigantic fern trees and palms, and strange flowers and still stranger birds, as you could get by going ten times the distance and spending ten times as much.

I can safely recommend any angler who wants big fish and all sorts of other good things combined, at a moderate outlay, and who does not mind an ocean trip to try New Zealand. He will never regret it; I have been there and I know.

EDWARD WAKEFIELD.

THE BULL AND THE BEAR.

WHAT Bismarcker, that recalls the good old days of '75 at Fort Abe Lincoln, does not remember Charley Reynolds, Gen. Custer's favorite scout? A grave kindly man, with an unmistakable air of refinement that even the wild, hard life of the frontier had failed to rob him of. Charley's experience of life on the border had been of the rough-and-tumble description, whose alternates were wild excitement and pinching deprivations. He had been by turns cowboy, courier, hunter and scout, and life to him while passing through these varied phases had been replete with stirring incident and thrilling adventure. On the eve of the battle of the Little Big Horn, when Gen. Custer divided his command, Charley was sent with Major Reno. On the following day, when Reno's command struck the upper end of the Sioux camp, Charley was shot in the head at the first fire. In a dazed and dying condition he rode straight into the midst of the hostiles, where he was pulled from his horse and stabbed to death. It was in the company of Charley Reynolds one sunny afternoon, in the autumn of '75, while riding over from Bismarck to Gen. Custer's headquarters at Fort Lincoln, that I heard the story of the bull and the bear:

"It was shortly after the spring round up over in the Wind River country. The outfit had just finished a drive of over one hundred miles from the lower valley, where the drought had sunburned the grass to a crisp. There were twenty-five of us all told, and we camped close together on the south bank of Wind River. We had little to do, and were mighty glad of it, for the long, dusty drive had worn us completely out. The cattle were as yet too weak to range far and grazing was good close to camp. After a week of rest and quiet we made a reconnoissance in force of the adjacent country, with results that were entirely satisfactory. Not a sign of Indians anywhere, while signs of big game were everywhere. The mountain streams were fairly alive with trout, and nothing could well exceed their anxiety to be caught. Hunting parties went out from camp every day and fresh meat was plentiful.

Occasionally the boys ran across the trail of a grizzly, but the big brutes kept well out of sight. One morning, however, about a month after our arrival, a party of us almost rode over a half-grown cub in a blackberry thicket, about six miles from camp. The cub was so busily engaged in stuffing himself with the ripe fruit that he did not see us until we were right up on top of him. The berry patch grew along the base of a bluff, which the bear made a desperate attempt to climb, but finding it too steep he put his back against it, showed his teeth and growled out something that sounded like "Come on." We got a couple of ropes around the youngster's neck, and soon had all the fight dragged out of him. Half stupefied from the choking, and frightened out of his wits, the cub waddled along into camp, his conduct on the way being so exemplary that we had to drag him only about two miles. Upon reaching camp we roped him down good and fast, and at supper time held a council of war, which was to decide the prisoner's fate. We didn't need his meat, so we decided to adopt him.

After a great deal of kicking and squealing on his part, and considerable off-hand profanity on ours, we got a nice rope collar around the cub's neck, and with a long wagon chain made him fast to a cottonwood, that grew near the opening of an old dugout, which some trappers had scraped out years before. Then Steve Leonard, the range foreman, brought a bucketful of water from the river, and we christened the bear Rube, after the cook; after which touching ceremony we shook the ropes off from him, and got out of the way.

Rube got up, shook himself together, and started out for his native hills. When he reached the end of his chain he turned a flip-flop that a circus veteran might envy, and dealt the ground a stunning blow with his broad, fat back. Then he got up, and spent the next two hours in trying to pull the cottonwood up by the roots. Just as he had worn the last vestige of skin from his neck, in his frantic attempts to pull up or break something, he discovered the opening to the dugout. Doubtless thinking it was an underground passage to some other and happier land, he shot into the hole, and brought up against the back wall with a thud like the full-length

delivery of a battering-ram on a brick wall. We heard a squeal of mingled pain and terror, and then the silence of death reigned down in that hole. "Broke his —— neck," said Bob Brown, the horse-wrangler. "Thank God," said the cook, devoutly. But the boys who had jerked Rube around by the neck out in the berry patch knew better.

The next morning everything was quiet in the dugout, so we concluded to let the cub alone for a while, and trust to the refining influences of starvation to bring him out. Two days had passed, and Rube had devoted the whole time to fasting and meditation. We could hear him sniffing and snuffling whenever cooking was going on, and we knew that his appetite was coming back fast. On the third day, at dinner time, a big juicy venison steak was broiling over the coals, and the wind carried the savory odor right into the dugout. This was more than Rube could stand. I had just sat down to dinner, when my partner, Jack Cornwell, dug his elbow into my ribs, and jerked his thumb in the direction of the dugout. Framed in the opening were the head and shoulders of the cub. He was sniffing vigorously, and surveying the feast with an expression that was pathetic in its wistfulness. Snatching a half-broiled steak from the fire, I laid it on a flat stone, about 6ft. from the hole, and retired. Rube vanished upon my approach, but reappeared before I could resume my seat. He took another anxious survey of the camp, and at last caught sight of the steak. Craning his neck out to its full length, he regarded that piece of meat for a few minutes as if all his earthly hopes were centered in it. The saliva streamed from the corners of his mouth, and another violent fit of snuffles overtook him, during which he got his forepaws outside. Then his appetite overcame his fear, and shambling out to the steak he made one bite of it, and got up on his hindlegs, facing us. We were ready for him with the hindquarters of a blacktail, which lasted him about twenty minutes. We had no trouble with Rube after that. He never missed a meal, and soon became as tractable as a house dog.

Hugh Campbell, a rustler from the Bad Lands, taught Rube all sorts of accomplishments, among which was boxing; and many a long, hot afternoon we spent in the shade "putting on the gloves" with the bear. Rube was fast becoming one of the boys, and we began to discuss the advisability of giving him the freedom of the camp. In this we were overruled by the cook, who swore he would let the sun shine through the cub the first time he found him loose.

The summer passed quickly, and almost before we knew it Rube had become a full grown bear. He was a veritable monster in size.

One evening in September, while Campbell was having a bout with Rube, the beast suddenly let go with his left and knocked Campbell completely out, breaking a bunch of ribs for him. All fights were immediately declared off, and Campbell was taken over to South Pass City for surgical treatment. As evening came around Rube would shuffle out to the full length of his chain, and rising on his haunches, "put up" his paws by way of invitation. We decided, however, that Rube should continue to wear the belt. For more than two months before this Rube had not curled up for a night's snooze without first having had his sleek, shining head cuffed and punched by the whole camp, and he was now, no doubt, sorely puzzled at the change that had come over the spirit of things. Tom Briscoe, a bow-legged cow-puncher from Arizona, was willing to swear that Rube never went to sleep without first cuffing himself alongside the jaws until his teeth rattled.

One morning the whole outfit was aroused by loud, angry snarling from the bear, accompanied by the violent rattling of his chain. Rushing out of my tent I noticed the cook working around the fire with a white, scared look on his face, while Rube had disappeared down the hole, from which came a succession of deep-throated growls. Suspecting foul play on the part of the cook, who hated Rube worse than wet wood, we laid hold of the chain and dragged the bear out. His back scraped the top of the opening in coming out, and down half the length of his spine the hair came off, leaving a streak as bald as the summit of Cloud Peak. He had been scalded. We immediately rounded-up the cook and hung him by the heels to a cotton-wood limb. Then we poured pretty warm water down his pants legs and turned him loose. We would have hung him by the neck, but he was the only cook in the outfit and we couldn't spare him. After the scalding affair Rube soured on us completely and sulked in his hole for two weeks, snarling and champing his teeth whenever we threw his food to him. When at last he crawled out one evening, with his back nicely healed over, Tom Briscol approached him with a flag of truce in the shape of a freshly caught trout, and only escaped being killed because Rube's chain wasn't three inches longer. We didn't blame the poor brute at all, but we were not affectionately demonstrative in letting him know this.

When the time drew near for the beef round-up and the breaking up of camp, Rube's future became a subject of daily discussion. No one thought of killing him; that would have seemed downright murder. At last we decided to turn him loose when the day of breaking up camp came around. Then the question arose as to how we were to get the chain off him. Bob Brown suggested that we cut the chain in two, as near the dugout as possible, and make Rube a present of all that remained inside. Then Sam Garbett, the broncho-buster, got up and informed us that he had been working for a week on a little scheme, the object of which was to make Rube furnish a little sport for the camp before turning him loose. Sam went on to state that he had all the raw material staked out for a big circus, and that it would surely come off if we only would say so. He proposed that we should get up a fight between Rube and a big black bull in the herd, that only the day before had horned one of our best horses so badly that we had shot the brute to end its misery. Sam's little speech was greeted with a deafening yell, and within less than fifteen minutes six of our best ropers were mounted and galloping away up the valley in search of the bull, while the rest of us went to work building a ring, to which we put the finishing touches about midnight. It consisted of a circular trench, in which long cottonwood posts were set closely together, and inclosing the dugout. We left an opening wide enough to drive the bull through, and which could be closed by dropping a few posts into place.

That night I had troubled visions of charging hosts of bulls and bears. Jack Cornwell dreamed that Rube had grown horns 5ft. long, and had impaled the cook against a wagon wheel. Some of the boys sat up all night, smoking and spinning yarns. Bob Brown told one about a wonderful hot spring out in Idaho, which the miners called the "Laundry." It flowed from the base of an overhanging cliff into a basin, where it formed a whirlpool. When you wanted any washing done you just threw your soiled clothing into the basin, and the whirlpool swashed it around for a few minutes, sucked it down the vortex, and blew it out of a hole into the limbs of a dead tree near by, thus saving the trouble of hanging it out.

I was aroused from sound sleep by a whoop from the boys outside, a signal that the roping party had been sighted. An answering yell came back on the morning breeze, followed by the bellowing of a bull. The gray of dawn was showing faint along the peaks of the Big Horns as we tumbled out of our blankets and hurried outside. About 50yds. away, and half hidden in a cloud of dust that they were kicking up, were the ropers, and although we couldn't see the bull, we knew that he was there all right, and was making it mighty interesting for all concerned. Suddenly the brute in charging out to the front caught sight of the camp, and came to a dead halt.

It was an involuntary tableau, which cannot be described and never will be reproduced. From the palpitating sides of the bull, a reek of steam rose into the frosty air, while the wide quick play of his nostrils told of the mighty struggle through which he had passed. His eyes were baleful with impatient fury, and his hoarse deep bellowing sent the cold chills chasing each other up our spinal columns. The ropers were covered with dust from head to foot, and with faces streaked by streams of perspiration looked like a Crow war party. The horses were nearly ready to give up the fight and leaned heavily against the ropes that secured the bull. Horses and riders were spattered with foam, that the bull in charging had flung upon them.

But the toughest job was yet to come, that of getting the chain off the bear. Steve Leonard volunteered to cut the collar off Rube, if the rest of us would pull his head out of the doorway. Steve drew his bowie across a sandstone a few times, walked into the pen and climbing up on the dugout knelt down over the doorway. Rube uttered a growl that sounded like distant thunder. Fifteen of the boys, full of Dutch courage, went into the pen, and getting hold of the chain gave it a violent and concerted yank, and out came the—chain, while fifteen "cow-punchers" went to grass. The collar had broken and Rube was loose, and a 4ft. opening wasn't half large enough to let the boys out. It was like a front door scene at a burning theater. Steve Leonard shinned up a post and stayed there.

Rube gave a wicked snarl or two, and tore around inside a while but did not come out.

Jack Cornwell planted a sharp stake just inside the opening, and hung the rear section of a red woolen shirt on it, and the boys brought up the bull. He had been taking life easy while we were engaged with the bear, and seemed now as fresh as ever, for when they tightened the ropes on him he made a break for the river, and came very near getting away from the jaded horses. At last they got him headed for the opening, and when he caught sight of Cornwell's dismembered shirt, he made a charge upon it, that carried him clear through. Dropping the posts in place, we shook the ropes off the bull and climbed up to the top of the pen.

The bull had the circus running wide open before we could take our seats. In chagrin he had run one horn through a corner of the rag, and was now racing around the pen, head and tail erect, with the fragment of Cornwell's shirt streaming out gaily in the breeze.

Suddenly he stopped opposite the doorway of the dugout and leaped wildly toward it. He smelt bear. Then every muscle in his mighty frame grew rigid and motionless, while the white circles widened around his dilated eyes. For one moment he stood thus, and then with an unearthly yell, that the distant hills seemed to take up and re-echo, he charged upon the dugout and sent a snort of defiance down the hole. Then he retreated to the opposite side of the pen, and again every muscle stiffened, and the massive head was lowered, until his heavy breathing blew up the dust in little clouds. The noble brute! I already regretted my part in getting up the fight. Every instinct of the bull was now alive with terror as he nerved himself to meet the unseen foe, from which there was no means of escape. But Rube had not signified any intention of coming out, and had thus far proved a great disappointment to his numerous backers.

"Say, boys," drawled Thad Grover, a granger from the Goose Creek country, "you bet Rube hain't lost no bulls answering to the description of this here one."

Just then somebody shouted: "Here he comes! Whoop!"

Now Rube came out of that dugout as if he had been blown out by a premature explosion of gunpowder, and without paying any more attention to the bull than if there hadn't been a bull in Wyoming, he made a break for the nearest post, and went up it just as if there had been something hot under his tail. Reaching the top, he climbed right over Tom Briscal and Sam Garbett, and tumbled over on the outside, striking the ground like a ton of mud. Then he got up, and after falling over himself a couple of times, he struck out for the foothills, running straight through the horse herd, which stampeded, wrangler and all.

Rube's bad break had completely paralyzed us, and we couldn't seem to do anything but sit and watch him streaking it for dear life, until he passed out of sight in the mouth of a cañon over six miles away. Then some of the boys, who sat next to the entrance of the pen, lifted out the posts and turned the bull loose. He went out as he had come in, at a charge, and soon disappeared up the valley in a whirl of dust. Then we got down and relieved our feelings with an old-fashioned Comanche yell that made the tinware rattle.

Poor old Rube! We heard from him on the following spring. One evening a big, gaunt grizzly walked into a rustler's camp over in the Stinking Water country, and taking a seat by the fire, waited to be asked to supper. They killed the bear, and when they went to take its hide off, Tom Briscal, who was with the party, identified the old cub by the collar marks on his neck and the bald spot on his back. When they shot Rube he never showed any fight, but just lay down and bawled like a baby.

LARRY YATT.

Natural History.

NESTING OF THE BLACK BASS.

THE fact that the two species of black bass (*Micropterus dolomieu* and *M. salmoides*) prepare a nest, and that at least one of the parents guards it, is now well known. But it may interest anglers as well as naturalists to learn how long the fact has been recorded, and this phase of the question is not well known.

The first definite information as to the parental care of the black bass that I know of is to be found in the rare "Ichthyologia Ohiensis" of Rafinesque, written when he was a professor in the old Transylvania University. The complete work was published in 1820. On the last page (88), in a "Supplement" to the work, he has given the following note: "14th sp. *Lepomis flexuolaris*.—Mr. Wilkins has informed me that this fish watches over its spawn, and prevents any small fish from coming near it; while thus employed it will not bite at the hook, but endeavors to drive away the bait. It is common in all the tributary streams of the Ohio, also in the Arkansas, Osage, Missouri, etc." *Lepomis flexuolaris* is one of Rafinesque's names for the small-mouthed black bass (*Micropterus dolomieu*).

The next notice of the nesting of the black bass and the most complete that has appeared for many years was given "by John Eoff, Esq., of Wheeling," Virginia, and was published in the "Ninth Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution," in 1855 (pp. 289, 290). Mr. Eoff's article is entitled "On the Habits of the Black Bass of the Ohio (*Grystes fasciatus*)." *Grystes fasciatus* was another name for the small-mouthed black bass in current use when Mr. Eoff's article was published. Mr. Eoff prefaced his account with the statement that he considered the fish to be "the most valuable on account of their quality as a panfish and their quantity in our Western streams." After a few more remarks, he proceeded to describe its nidification and parental care:

"In the winter season they retire to deep and still water, and apparently hide under rocks, logs, etc., and remain there until the 1st of April, when they come out and begin to ascend the streams, apparently to find a convenient place for spawning, which commences about the 15th of May, varying some little according to the warmth of the season, etc. When that event is about taking place, they appear to separate into pairs, male and female, and hunt out some retired place, or nook, where the water is about eighteen inches deep and still, but adjoining deeper water, to which they can escape if alarmed; they there commence making their nests, that is, washing all the mud, etc., off the bottom, so as to leave it perfectly clean, in a circular form, the diameter of the circle (or nest) being about twice the length of the fish; after which the female begins depositing her eggs, which appear to become glued to the bottom, or small stones, in rows, after the deposit has taken place. She remains night and day, either on the nest or swimming round about it, apparently guarding the eggs, and driving every other smaller fish away. This watching or guarding continues until the eggs are what is called hatched, which occurs in from eight to ten days, according to the temperature of the water. The young fish at first remain near the bottom, and appear like a gauze veil floating. In two or three days they gradually rise and spread, the old one leaves them, they separate, and each one shifts for itself, *i. e.*, hides under leaves, small sticks and stones."

Mr. Eoff then expressed his belief that the black bass attained maturity in three years and gave good reasons for the belief. He closed with some judicious remarks on transplanting the species and stocking foreign waters. When it is recalled that the species was comparatively little known or thought of by anglers generally in those days, Mr. Eoff's remarks are truly sagacious:

"In the spawning season you will find a large number of nests of small bass, the bass being 10 or 11in. long, which I have always concluded were three years old. Hence, from the above fact, you will perceive that the bass of our western country are valuable, and, at the same time, can be easier transferred, and in greater quantities, from one stream to another, than almost any other fish. All that is necessary to supply a pond with any quantity, would be to examine their nests at the time they are spawning, and to pick up the small gravel out of the nests, with the eggs attached thereto, and put them in a bucket of water, and place them in your pond, in such a position that smaller fish could not devour the eggs, and in a short time they would hatch, and the young ones would help themselves. Or, to secure a larger quantitity in a short time, wait until the young are hatched, and are in innumerable quantities, suspended over the nest; then, with a piece of gauze net, dip them up and empty them in a vessel containing as much pure water as will sustain them until you can convey them to your pond; and then, as I before observed, they can support themselves while young, on insects, etc. Or, early in April or May, if you are fond of angling, you can go to a stream in which there are plenty, and in catching fifteen or twenty, will almost always get nearly one-half the number smaller ones. Put these into your pond unhurt; and, as they have not spawned that season, they will soon stock the water. Then all that remains to be done is to supply your pond with other small fish, minnows, etc., for food for the large bass, and they will increase in quantity just in proportion to their supply of food. Hence I am satisfied that if a farmer would convert one acre of his land into a pond, well supplied with fresh water, that acre would raise and support more fish yearly (the value of which would be more) than any other two acres cultivated in any other manner—the expense of cultivating deducted from each."

Much has been written on the black bass since those early days, and every reader of FOREST AND STREAM doubtless knows of the "Book of the Black Bass," by Dr. Henshall. Therein, and in the supplement to it ("More About the Black Bass") are recorded many facts about the nesting of the species and the care of the young. Nevertheless, we have to deplore that as to them, as well as to the common sunfish, we are yet ignorant which parent, male or female, assumes the care as guardian of the eggs and young. It is probable that the male does (and not the female as has been generally assumed), but we do not know. When the nesting season next approaches we may hope that some of our anglers will in-

terest themselves in the question and enlighten us. The desiderata in our information respecting the sunfish (FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 8, p. 43) may be repeated for the black bass:

1. Time of nest building.
2. Exact manner of preparing the nest, especially how far the tail and mouth are used in clearing the chosen site.
3. Exact size and character of the nest.
4. Mode of oviposition.
5. Subsequent care of the eggs, whether by female and male together or alternately, or by female alone or male alone.
6. Size and age of the young, and their movements when abandoned by their guardian.
7. Does the guardian fan or agitate the eggs, and in what manner?
8. Is a vacated nest really taken charge of by another fish, or is the new occupant simply an interloper that avails itself of a suitable resting place?

The small-mouthed black bass is now abundant in the Potomac River, and during the present year has furnished excellent sport to the anglers of Washington. But time was, and not very long ago, when it was unknown in the river. When and how it was introduced will doubtless be of interest to many, and Mr. Eoff's words may be quoted exactly:

"Mr. William Shriver, a gentleman of this place, and son of the late David Shriver, Esq., of Cumberland, Md., thinking the Potomac River admirably suited to the cultivation of bass, has commenced the laudable undertaking of stocking that river with them; he has already taken, this last season, some twenty or more in a live box, in the water tank on the locomotive, and placed them in the canal basin at Cumberland, where we are in hopes they will expand and do well, and be a nucleus from which the stock will soon spread."

THEODORE GILL.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with much interest articles in your paper about nest building by the sunfish. I noticed a note from "R. F. R," King William county, Va., who, lifting gravel from the bottom of their nests, saw no spawn; probably the fish had not spawned. I have had ample opportunity to study the habits of sunfish. Those that I have observed commence to build their nests in June in some sandy spot, whole colonies building in one place. The male commences to clear a place by flirting the sand with his tail, and making the nest nearly round. After the nest is completed the female makes her appearance and takes charge of the newly made nest, watching it with a jealous eye, until the last of July, when the spawn is deposited, the fine pebbles on the bottom acting as a support to keep them firmly together. I have seen small fish try to devour the eggs, but the female would attack and drive them off. GEO. F. CONKLIN.

PEEKSKILL, N. Y.

DOUBLE-HEADED ANIMALS.

THE two-headed snake noticed in FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 12, recalls a young specimen of the North Carolina king snake with two heads seen by the writer in the Smithsonian at Washington a few months ago. Mr. Ed. Rheem, of the Dept. of Reptiles, called my attention to the animal, which was preserved in a bottle of alcohol. It, also, had two developed heads, the union taking place at about the same point as that of the Maryland reptile.

I am led to believe that these monstrosities are of frequent occurrence, especially among fishes. About one year ago Mr. R. D. Kauffmann of Washington had in his possession a double-headed hound or dog shark (*Mustelus sp.*), which was captured near Lima, Peru. Union of the heads in this specimen took place immediately behind the gill openings, which were five in number, the two sets being present. There were two spinal chords, two sets of back or dorsal fins, and two upper lobes to the caudal; there was but one pair of pectorals, one of ventrals, and a single anal fin, one lower caudal lobe, and one navel. The length of this example was exactly 6in. It was presented by Mr. Kauffman to the U. S. National Museum.

Last fall a number of monstrosities were found among the trout hatched out at the Central Station of the U. S. Fish Commission in Washington. Among others there was a lake trout (*S. namaycush*) having two heads and two separate trunks back to the middle of its length, from which point there was but a single trunk. There were in this lot also two brook trout *S. fontinalis*), one of which was similar to the lake trout above mentioned, the food sac connecting the trunks from the pectoral fins to the place of union. The other brook trout example consists of two complete fish held together by a single food sac, which they seemed to share conjointly.

There are quite a number of two-headed mammals on exhibition throughout the country; and quite a collection of monstrosities, of various shapes and forms, is in the Army Medical Museum at Washington.

It is a good thing for observers to have recorded such freaks of nature mentioned by S. L., as well as all other occurrences of an unusual character happening among animals. BAB.

THE HORN-TAIL SNAKE AGAIN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have some more snake evidence which I wish to relate for the consideration of Miss Hopley, as it conflicts with a statement contained in her last communication to FOREST AND STREAM. The following statement was made to me by Doctor B., a prominent citizen of Vicksburg, Mississippi, with whom I am on terms of intimacy. This gentleman is an elderly physician, a man of learning and scientific research, who gives no imaginative coloring to his relation of facts.

Some years ago, as Doctor B. relates it, he was having some new ground cleared on his plantation in Louisiana, and one day being present he saw the negroes roll over a log, under which lay a snake about 6ft. long, jet black on top and almost blood red underneath. Besides the old one there were several young snakes of the same species, about 1ft. long. The old snake was killed at once, and struck with its peculiar appearance the Doctor gave it a close examination. There was a distinct horn-like terminal to the tail, of a dark color and quite hard, but he does not relate that the snake showed a disposition to use this appendage. It was perhaps killed too suddenly to afford an opportunity. But the young snakes which he captured and preserved alive left no doubt as to their intentions. Each one was provided with a horny tail also, of a lighter color but hard.

Whenever a stick was pressed upon the head or neck of one of them he would instantly strike it sharply with the end of his tail, thrown upward over the back. This was repeated quite frequently. A corroborative circumstance was that having the old snake skinned in order to preserve the skin, the operation was found to be difficult from the close adherence of the muscles of the back to the skin all the way down, requiring the use of a knife to separate them, whereas in other snakes it is only necessary to make a circumcision about the neck, when the entire skin can be slipped off by inversion, like a tight glove. The Doctor made a careful examination of the tail for evidences of a sting or venom, but found none. There was no orifice in the horn, no sting, no poison sac, no receptacle.

This testimony conflicts with the position of Miss Hopley, that "such snakes do not inflict an intentional wound with their tails, and if any should be made at all it should be ascribed to accident." But Dr. B. says there was no room to doubt the intention to inflict a wound with the tail, though he thought it must be a comparatively harmless weapon in the absence of poison as an adjunct.

COAHOMA.

BIRDS OF NIAGARA COUNTY, N. Y.

WITH ANNOTATIONS BY J. L DAVISON, ASSOCIATE MEMBER A. O. U., LOCKPORT, N. Y.

NIAGARA COUNTY is located in the extreme northwestern corner of the State, bounded north by Lake Ontario, west by Niagara River, south by Tonawanda Creek. Considering the large area devoted to agriculture there is a liberal share of native forest still remaining (principally of deciduous trees), which with the extensive orchards, for which it is noted, with some remaining swamp land, a number of creeks, numerous small streams (which latter are, however, now fast drying up), a large extent of hillside, some cliffs and small valleys, afford a diversified topography. The geological formation of the county furnishes a varied soil, giving rise to a widely diversified flora. It can easily be seen that the natural conditions would favor an extensive resident bird fauna; and the Niagara River affording a break in the chain of lakes, would probably induce many of the small migratory species to adopt this course in preference to crossing the larger bodies of water on either hand.

In presenting the following list I do so knowing that it is not complete, as the 192 species given are only such as have come under my own observation within the past ten years. I think it is generally claimed that about 250 species occur in this vicinity. There are many sections of the county that I have not visited. In fact most of my collecting has been confined to the central part. Among a collection of between 300 and 400 mounted specimens, 154 species were secured in the county. A few of the many species given as migrants may possibly remain through the summer, but I have found them only during migration.

LIST OF BIRDS OF NIAGARA COUNTY.

1. *Colymbus holbœlli* (Reinh.), Holboell's Grebe (2).—Rare. A live male specimen brought to me on May 4, 1887, captured at Wilson, N. Y., Lake Ontario.
2. *Colymbus auritus* Linn., Horned Grebe (3).—Not uncommon during spring and fall migration.
3. *Podilymbus podiceps* (Linn.), Pied-billed Grebe (6).—Not common, breeds along the shore of Lake Ontario.
4. *Urinator imber* (Gunn.), Loon (7).—A common migrant; a few breed on Lake Ontario.
5. *Urinator lumme* (Gunn.), Red-throated Loon (11).—Rare. I have a young specimen taken in the Erie Canal in December, 1882. An adult male was taken at Olcott, Lake Ontario, in May, 1888.
6. *Larus marinus* Linn., Great Black-backed Gull (47).—Rare; Feb. 1, 1886, one was taken at Lewiston, Niagara River.
7. *Larus argentatus smithsonianus* Coues, American Herring Gull (50).—Common; a winter resident along the Niagara River, and is often seen along the Erie Canal in the city of Lockport during April.
8. *Larus philadelphia* (Ord.), Bonaparte's Gull (60).—A common migrant, arriving in February and remaining until April along the Niagara River.
9. *Sterna hirundo* Linn., Common Tern (70).—Common during spring migration along Niagara River and Lake Ontario.
10. *Sterna dougalli* Montag., Roseate Tern (72).—Rare. On May 31, 1886, one was killed at Youngstown, on Niagara River.
11. *Hydrochelidon nigra surinamensis* (Gmel.), Black Tern (77).—Rare. I have a specimen taken Sept. 5, 1881.
12. *Oceanites oceanicus* (Kuhl), Wilson's Petrel (109).—Rare. I have a specimen taken October 1875, by Mr. J. A. Newton, while shooting plover just outside the city limits.
13. *Merganser americanus* (Cass.), American Merganser (129).—A common migrant, often taken at the mouth of Niagara River.
14. *Merganser serrator* (Linn.), Red-breasted Merganser (130).—A not uncommon migrant.
15. *Lophodytes cucullatus* (Linn.), Hooded Merganser (131).—Rare.
16. *Anas boschas* Linn., Mallard (132).—A common migrant.
17. *Anas obscura* Gmel., Black Duck (133).—A common migrant.
18. *Anas americana* Gmel., Baldpate (137).—Rare. I have a specimen taken at Olcott, on Lake Ontario.
19. *Anas carolinensis* Gmel., Green-winged Teal (139).—A common migrant.
20. *Anas discors* Linn., Blue-winged Teal (140).—A common migrant.
21. *Spatula clypeata* (Linn.), Shoveller (142).—A specimen was brought to me in October, 1885.
22. *Dafila acuta* (Linn.), Pintail (143).—A not uncommon migrant.
23. *Aix sponsa* (Linn.), Woodduck (144).—A common migrant. Breeds occasionally on Lake Ontario.
24. *Aythya americana* (Eyt.), Redhead (146).—A common migrant.
25. *Aythya vallisneria* (Wils.), Canvasback (147).—Rare. Occasionally taken on Niagara River.
26. *Aythya marila nearctica* Stejn., American Scaup Duck (148).—Rare.
27. *Aythya affinis* (Eyt.), Lesser Scaup Duck (149).—Rare. A few taken with the preceding on Niagara River.
28. *Glaucionetta clangula americana* (Bonap.), American Goldeneye (151).—Rare. Occur occasionally on Niagara River.
29. *Charitonetta albeola* (Linn.), Bufflehead (153).—A common migrant.
30. *Clangula hyemalis* (Linn.), Old Squaw (154).—A common migrant. The most common duck taken on Niagara River.
31. *Oidemia americana* Sw. & Rich., American Scoter (163).—A common migrant.
32. *Oidemia deglandi* Bonap., White-winged Scoter (165).—A rare migrant.
33. *Oidemia perspicillata* (Linn.), Surf Scoter (166).—A not uncommon migrant.
34. *Erismatura rubida* (Wils.), Ruddy Duck (167).—A common migrant on Niagara River.
35. *Branta canadensis* (Linn.), Canada Goose (172).—A common migrant. Mr. Norman Pomeroy, living about four miles from Lockport, captured 18 a few years ago, which had alighted among his flock of tame geese during a severe storm, and all taking shelter in the barn, when the door was closed on them. They mated with his tame geese, and he keeps a flock of 40 to 50 of the hybrid geese.
36. *Olor columbianus* (Ord.), Whistling Swan (180).—A not uncommon migrant. Nearly every season a number of this specie are taken in a wounded condition in Niagara River, below the falls. They are probably wounded by flying into the falls during storms while migrating during the night. I have also been told that dead specimens have been found on the shore of Lake Ontario, near the Niagara River, after the ice had broken up in the spring; they undoubtedly had remained in the ice all winter.
37. *Botaurus lentiginosus* (Montag.), American Bittern (190).—Common. Breeds.
38. *Botaurus exilis* (Gmel.), Least Bittern (191).—A not uncommon migrant, and I think a few breed along Lake Ontario.
39. *Ardea herodias* Linn., Great Blue Heron (194).—Common. Breeds in Tonawanda Swamp, in the adjoining county of Orleans.
40. *Ardea egretta* Gmel., American Egret (196).—Rare. Aug. 18, 1886, two specimens were taken at Olcott, Lake Ontario, by different parties, both of which were brought to me for identification. I took the measurement of one of them: Length 36.50 inches, extent 48, wing 15.50, tarsus 6.
41. *Ardea virescens* Linn., Green Heron (201).—A not uncommon summer resident.
42. *Nycticorax nycticorax nævius* (Bodd.), Black-crowned Night Heron (202).—A rare migrant.
43. *Rallus virginianus* Linn., Virginia Rail (212).—A not uncommon migrant.
44. *Porzana carolina* (Linn.), Sora (214).—A rare summer resident. Breeds. On June 2, 1883, I took 4 eggs, nest and 9. See FOREST AND STREAM, June 14, 1883, p. 384, "Do Rail Carry Their Eggs?"
45. *Gallinula galeata* (Licht.), Florida Gallinule (219). A rare summer resident. On July 9, 1888, a young of this species was brought to me for identification. It was taken on the (Tonawanda Creek) Erie Canal west of Lockport. The party kept it in a cage for two weeks. I have an adult specimen taken at Wilson, N. Y., May 10, 1883.
46. *Fulica americana* Gmel., American Coot (221).—A common summer resident.
47. *Philohela minor* (Gmel.), American Woodcock (228).—A common summer resident.
8. *Gallinago delicata* (Ord.), Wilson's Snipe (230).—A common migrant during the spring; none during the fall.
49. *Tringa maculata* Vieill., Pectoral Sandpiper (239).—A rare migrant.
50. *Tringa minutilla* Vieill., Least Sandpiper (242).—A rare migrant.
51. *Totanus melanoleucus* (Gmel.), Greater Yellow-legs (254).—A common migrant.
52. *Totanus flavipes* (Gmel.), Yellow-legs (255).—A common migrant.
53. *Totanus solitarius* (Wils.), Solitary Sandpiper (256).—A rare migrant.
54. *Bartramia longicauda* (Bechst.), Bartramian Sandpiper (261).—A not uncommon summer resident.
55. *Tryngites subruficollis* (Vieill.), Buff-breasted Sandpiper (262).—A rare migrant. Aug. 31, 1889, I saw in the window of a restaurant some golden plover, and among them was a specimen of this species, which I secured and sent to Dr. A. K. Fisher, of Washington, D. C.
56. *Actitis macularia* (Linn.), Spotted Sandpiper (263).—A common summer resident.
57. *Numenius hudsonicus* Lath., Hudsonian Curlew (265).—A rare migrant. I have a specimen, secured while shooting plover.
58 *Numenius borealis* (Forst.), Esquimau Curlew (266).—A rare migrant. Mr. L. H. Hill, of this city, has a specimen of this species, killed while shooting plover.
59. *Charadrius squatarola* (Linn.), Black-bellied Plover (270).—A rare migrant, formerly not uncommon.
60. *Charadrius dominicus* Müll., American Golden Plover (272).—A common migrant during the fall; none in the spring.
61. *Ægialitis vocifera* (Linn.), Killdeer (273).—A common summer resident.
62. *Colinus virginianus* (Linn.). Bob White (289).—A common resident, formerly abundant; protected since May, 1883, for three years.
63. *Bonasa umbellus* (Linn.), Ruffed Grouse (300).—A common resident, protected as the preceding.
64. *Ectopistes migratorius* (Linn.), Passenger Pigeon (311).—A rare migrant, formerly very abundant.
65. *Zenaidura macroura* (Linn.), Mourning Dove (316).—A common summer resident.
66. *Circus hudsonius* (Linn.), Marsh Hawk (331).—A rare summer resident. On April 19, 1888, I secured a specimen of decidedly bluish plumage, and taken from the highest ground in Niagara county. I had never seen one before, except on low, marshy ground.
67. *Accipiter velox* (Wils.), Sharp-shinned Hawk (332)—A common summer resident.
68. *Accipiter cooperi* (Bonap.), Cooper's Hawk (333).—Rare. Do not know that it breeds.
68a. *Accipiter atricapillus* (Wils.), American Goshawk (334).—On Feb. 5, 1889, I secured a fine female specimen of this species, being the first I had ever seen in this vicinity.
69. *Buteo borealis* (Gmel.), Red-tailed Hawk (337).—A common summer resident.
70. *Buteo latissimus* (Wils.), Broad-winged Hawk (343).—Rare. I do not know that it breeds
71. *Haliæetus leucocephalus* (Linn.), Bald Eagle (352).—Rare. Occasionally seen along Niagara River. Do not know of any breeding in the county of late.
72. *Falco columbarius* Linn., Pigeon Hawk (357).—A rare migrant.
73. *Falco sparverius* Linn., American Sparrow Hawk (360).—A common summer resident.
74. *Pandion haliaëtus carolinensis* (Gmel.), American Osprey (334).—A not uncommon migrant, and a few breed along Lake Ontario.
75. *Asio wilsonianus* (Less.), American Long-eared Owl (366).—A rare winter visitant.
76. *Asio accipitrinus* (Pall.), Short-eared Owl (367).—A common winter visitant.
77. *Syrnium nebulosum* (Forst.), Barred Owl (368).—A rare winter visitant.
78. *Nyctala acadica* (Gmel.), Saw-whet Owl (372).—Not common. I have seen only two specimens in ten years collecting. Have one in our museum.
79. *Megascops asio* (Linn.), Screech Owl (373).—A common resident.
80. *Bubo virginianus* (Gmel.), Great Horned Owl (375).—A common resident. Feb. 24, 1884, a live specimen was brought to my son to be mounted. It was killed by chloroform but not skinned for a week afterward. The body was a mass of fat, and my son wondering what it got to live on to keep in such good condition, thought he would make an inspection internally, and on cutting it open the knife passed through an egg just ready to be laid. Had she been kept alive she would have laid the egg during the day.
81. *Nyctea nyctea* (Linn.), Snowy Owl (376).—A not uncommon winter visitant.
82. *Surnia ulula caparoch* (Müll.), American Hawk Owl (377a).—A rare winter visitant.
83. *Coccyzus americanus* (Linn.), Yellow-billed Cuckoo (387).—A common summer resident.
84. *Coccyzus erythrophthalmus* (Wils.), Black-billed Cuckoo (388).—A common summer resident. I have often found the eggs of this species in the nest of *C. americanus*, but only once have I found it in the nest of any other bird. June 17, 1882, I found a black-billed cuckoo and a mourning dove sitting on a robin's nest together. The cuckoo was the first to leave the nest. On securing the nest I found it contained two eggs of the cuckoo, two of the mourning dove and one robin egg. The robin had not quite finished the nest when the cuckoo took possession of it and filled it nearly full of rootlets, but the robin got in and laid one egg. Incubation had commenced in the robin and cuckoo eggs, but not in the mourning dove eggs. I have the nest and eggs in my collection. See FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 24, 1882, page 65, "A Strange Story." I am also quite certain that I have seen the black-billed and yellow-billed cuckoo feeding young in the same nest, an account of which was published in FOREST AND STREAM, since when I have found a number of nests containing the eggs of both species, and have come to the conclusion that I was not mistaken in that observation. On Sept. 10, 1883, I found a nest of the black-billed cuckoo containing two young birds not more than one day out of the shell; the two previous nights we had severe frosts that destroyed vegetables.
85. *Ceryle alcyon* (Linn.), Belted Kingfisher (390).—A common summer resident. Breeds. I have seen it as late as the 16th of December at the foot of the locks of the Erie Canal in this city.
86. *Dryobates villosus* (Linn.), Hairy Woodpecker (393).—A common migrant.
87. *Dryobates pubescens* (Linn.), Downy Woodpecker (394).—A common resident.
88. *Sphyrapicus varius* (Linn.), Yellow-bellied Sapsucker (402).—A common summer resident.
88a. *Melanerpes erythrocephalus* (Linn.), Red-headed Woodpecker (406).—A common summer resident.
89. *Melanerpes carolinus* (Linn.), Red-headed Woodpecker (409).—A rare migrant.
90. *Colaptes auratus* (Linn.), Flicker (412).—A common summer resident.
91. *Antrostomus vociferus* (Wils.), Whippoorwill (417).—Rare. Have been heard, not seen.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Game Bag and Gun.

PATTERN AND PENETRATION TESTS.

GREENER 10-GAUGE.

IN OUR report upon the Greener gun of Mr. Such, given in the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM, mention was made of the trial of the gun with No. 1 shot. The figures on this will be interesting to a large number of gunners who have chance at large game across water ranges. The firing of the cartridge loaded with this shot was done along with the other 7 and 8-shot charges. In fact, the order was at 40yds., first, the No. 8 shot for 10 rounds, 5 from each barrel, then the No. 7 in like fashion, and finally the No. 1 shot. When the 60yds. range was reached the No. 1 shot rounds were fired first, then the No. 8, winding up with the No. 7, with the few shots with the left-over Scott gun cartridges sandwiched in between the two last-mentioned. The remarks of last week upon the weather hold good for the test, only it must be stated, to correct the error of last week, that the gun weight was 9⅝lbs. instead of 10⅝. The shooting, it will be seen, ran very even under the admirable weather conditions prevailing. The gun, too, was holding very



GREENER 10-GAUGE, 40YDS., RIGHT BARREL, 72 PELLETS, NO. 1 SHOT

close on the mark, and it will be noticed from the following tables for the struck and aimed circles of each shot that at 40yds. the average improvement by shifting the



GREENER 10-GAUGE, 40YDS., LEFT BARREL, 82 PELLETS, NO. 1 SHOT.

center was but 10 per cent., and at 60yds. but 14 per cent. The table stands as follows:

No. 1 SHOT—40YDS.

Right Barrel. Aimed Circle, Pellets.	Struck Circle, Pellets.	Dist. bet. center, In.	Left Barrel. Aimed Circle, Pellets.	Struck Circle, Pellets.	Dist. bet. center, In.
72	72	3	73	79	5
52	57	3	64	69	2
56	63	4½	69	82	4½
63	64	3	69	77	4½
71	73	4½	61	71	7
Av. 63	66	3½	67	76	4½

No. 1 SHOT—60YDS.

34	35	3½	24	26	4
26	30	5½	28	33	5½
31	35	4½	23	34	10
32	36	5	29	32	6½
28	32	5½	28	29	6½
Av. 30	33	5	26	31	6½

Looked at in the way of percentage of shot accounted for on the circle, the gun makes a very good average. When fired with this charge at 40yds. the aimed circle gives an average of .60 per ct, while the selected circle for best pattern rises to .71 per ct.; at 60yds. their respective percentages stand at .26 and .30.

In the matter of penetration the great 20grs. pellets were twisted and flattened out of all shape in getting through the closely laid paper pads, but they managed to tear through with great force and rolled up to over 40 sheets average at 40yds., and over 20 at 60yds., and this with patterns so well distributed that it would be a very small duck, indeed, that would get away if once within this charmed circle of shot. The weights of powder and shot respectively stand at 149 and 666, showing a tremendous propelling power with shot heavy enough to carry force when they did hit.

The formal record of the test stands:

CLAREMONT, N. J., Aug. 8, 1889.

TEST MADE AT FOREST AND STREAM GUN-TESTING SCREEN.

Gun—Greener ejector hammerless. Cost, $350. No. of gun, 35,937. Weight, 9⅝lbs. Length of barrels, 32in. Gauge, 10. Right barrel, full choke. Left barrel, full choke.
Weather—Cloudy. Direction of wind, 9 o'clock. Force of wind, 3 miles per hour. Thermometer, dry, 73°. Do., wet, 69°. Humidity, 82°. Barometer, 30.15in.
Charge, as given by holder of gun:

BOTH BARRELS.

Shell—Winchester.
Powder, Brand—Du Pont's Eagle Ducking No. 2.
Powder, Quantity—5 drs.
Shot—*Make*—Tatham's Soft. *Quantity*—1¼ oz. *Size*—No. 1.

CARTRIDGE ANALYSIS.

Three Cartridges Taken at Random.

BOTH BARRELS.

Loading.		Powder.	Shot.
Card over shot; two B. E. wads and card over powder.	1...129 grs.	666 grs.	107 pellets.
	2...125 grs.	664 grs.	107 pellets.
	3...128 grs.	664 grs.	107 pellets.
	Average 127 grs.	664 grs.	107 pellets.

TEST AT 40 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

RIGHT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.	LEFT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.
1. 72 pellets.	36 sheets.	1. 73 pellets.	44 sheets.
2. 52 pellets.	44 sheets.	2. 64 pellets.	44 sheets.
3. 56 pellets.	43 sheets.	3. 69 pellets.	45 sheets.
4. 63 pellets.	46 sheets.	4. 69 pellets.	.. sheets.
5. 71 pellets.	43 sheets.	5. 61 pellets.	41 sheets.
Av. 63 pellets.	42 sheets.	Av. 67 pellets.	43 sheets.

Three shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.	LEFT BARREL.
1..... 72 pellets.	1..... 79 pellets.
2..... 64 pellets.	2..... 82 pellets.
3..... 73 pellets.	3..... 77 pellets.
Average 70 pellets.	Average 79 pellets.

TEST AT 60 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

RIGHT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.	LEFT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.
1. 34 pellets.	26 sheets.	1. 24 pellets.	30 sheets.
2. 26 pellets.	31 sheets.	2. 28 pellets.	39 sheets.
3. 31 pellets.	.. sheets.	3. 23 pellets.	.. sheets.
4. 32 pellets.	8 sheets.	4. 29 pellets.	6 sheets.
5. 28 pellets.	18 sheets.	5. 28 pellets.	.. sheets.
Av. 30 pellets.	21 sheets.	Av. 26 pellets.	25 sheets.

Three shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.	LEFT BARREL.
1..... 35 pellets.	1..... 33 pellets.
2..... 33 pellets.	2..... 34 pellets.
3..... 36 pellets.	3..... 32 pellets.
Average 34 pellets.	Average 33 pellets.

Editor Forest and Stream:

About penetration: It does not profit the shooter much to know that his gun drives three shot through fifteen thicknesses of cardboard, if the rest of the load is weak. We will suppose ten pellets hit the first sheet of cardboard and seven of them travel through only ten sheets. Now, the extra penetration of the strongest three shot does not help the seven weak ones a bit. The shooter does not know which pellets strike the artificial or live target shot at. They may be pellets on the left or the right side of the 5in. square penetration pad. Would not it be better to follow in, say three-quarters of the pellets that hit the first pad. Suppose the gun puts twelve pellets on the first pad. We look through the sheets of cardboard and find that three-quarters of the hit, nine pellets, have gone through but ten cards. That looks to me like the practical penetration of the gun, or more properly, of the shot, for if the shot were all perfect and equally hard they would, probably, all penetrate alike. A chain is worthless if some of its links are weak, so is a gun unreliable if one-half or three-quarters of its messengers are deficient in strength. HEW.

NEWARK, N. J.

SQUIRREL SHOOTING.

THE season for this sport comes in the fall of the year, when the woods are glorious in their autumn tints and the calm of the Indian summer is upon the land.

Squirrel hunting is not a favorite pastime with every sportsman, and I think there are few who thoroughly appreciate it. To become an expert requires as much skill as to be a successful shot with the prairie chicken or quail. I can appreciate a week with the birds, and can follow my dog—staunch and true—from sunrise to sun set, and never grow weary; and with a fair count of success as well if the birds are not too wild. But the pleasures of this sport cannot allure me away altogether from the pursuit of the squirrel.

Perhaps it is the memory of the boyhood days on the old farm, that are so dear to the recollection of us all, that keeps one from getting weary of this sport. The days when we were the proud owner of a gun for the first time. Who can express the joy on this occasion in fitting words? It was not much of a gun; but since then I have owned some that were considered fine, even in this age of improvement, and I think none of them have ever afforded me the the pleasure that this single-barreled smoothbore shotgun did, when I was a boy.

Last fall, in September, I obtained leave of absence for a few weeks to regain a little of the strength expended in ten months' close confinement to business. After supplying myself with ammunition and sundry other things that are agreeable, if not necessary, for the use and convenience of one expecting to remain four or five weeks in the country, I purchased a ticket to a certain town away up among the hills of West Virginia, and after a seventeen hours' ride found myself within fifteen miles of my destination, at the railway station, the remainder of my way to be made by stage. During the drive I received plenty of information from the driver concerning the country, people, etc., and arrived at my destination in time for supper.

The next day was spent in loading shells and getting my gun in order, and that night I retired to bed early, intending to make an early start the following morning. At 4:30 sharp my host, Uncle Isaac, had me up, and after a hearty breakfast and storing a lunch in my game bag, I shouldered my gun and started for the woods. After walking about a mile, I entered my intended hunting ground long before the sun had made his appearance above the adjoining hill. It was too early to begin the hunt, and I contented myself with admiring the scene before me. Below me lay a valley, in the center of which a creek found its way through broad meadows toward the distant river; and the hillsides were covered with dense and heavy timber. Over the lowlands the mists had thrown a dense white pall, lying far below me like a silver cloud, motionless and still The wood, that is usually filled with so many inhabitants full of life, is quiet; and you can scarcely distinguish the sturdy trunks of the trees as you look through the uncertain shadows. There is an occasional note from a bird, as now and then he takes wing from the sheltering tree and flies out through the clear, pure air to seek his morning meal. Across the valley comes the startling cry of the sparrow hawk, as he moves swiftly through the uncertain light in quest of prey.

Suddenly there is a change. In the east, near the brow of the grand old hill, the mist grows lighter, and a faint reddish tinge lights up the timber at its crest. A minute later, and with this slight warning a great ball of fire appears over the hill, throwing graceful rays of sunshine down upon the banks of mist in the valley, and awakening to life the inhabitants of the wood and field. Suddenly I hear a harsh cry from the opposite hillside, and sailing high up in the air, coming straight toward me in all the strength and beauty of his freedom, flies a hawk of the larger species, cleaving the air with his broad, strong wings, and seeming to disdain all that is beneath him. I view him as he nears me more closely, half disposed to allow him to go unmolested. Higher and higher he mounts as he nears the top of the hill, far above the highest tree in the forest, with the bright sunshine falling upon his plumage; and I raise my gun. It is my first shot of the season, and my hand trembles. Suddenly, as the light flashes along the barrels, he sees me, and strives to avoid me; but too late. There is a loud report, and he wavers, falls, slowly at first, but faster and faster till he lies bruised at my feet. It was a grand shot, that thrilled me through and through, but when I beheld him lying there I half regretted that I had robbed him of his life. When I examined him more closely I found the white feathers in the tips of his wings bearing a crimson stain, which I at once surmised came from the fruit of the pokeberry bush, through which I afterward observed more of his smaller brothers pursuing some of the small birds.

I left him where he had fallen and turned to the wood. The sun was just here and there throwing his rays down through the branches of the giant trees. Taking the face of the ridge I walk along silently, skirting a bunch of hickories that stand in the little hollow below me. I hear no sound of the desired game. I sit down on a log and wait. Half an hour passes and all is silent. Suddenly a jay bird hops out on the limb of an oak just in front of me, uttering his loud cry, and regarding me very earnestly, turning his tufted head from side to side. Suddenly off to one side I hear a branch shake, accompanied by a shower of water, the dew that has gathered upon the leaves during the night. I am all attention. I cock my gun and wait. Watching the hickory intently, I hear a nut fall and all is silence. Soon I hear a loud cutting, accompanied by the sound of the fragments of the hulls falling down through the leaves as his squirrelship cuts the nut for his morning breakfast. I approach cautiously and slow, and once or twice, when my foot breaks a small twig, the cutting and pattering suddenly cease, as the squirrel listens, suspiciously, but the sound soon begins again, and I go closer and take up my post. Suddenly, on the ground almost before me I hear a rustling sound, and cautiously peering out from behind my tree I see a gray squirrel on the ground almost in front of me, and only a few paces off. I do not attempt to watch him. In a few moments he has whirled himself up the tree and is busily engaged in cutting down the nuts. The tree is a very high one, and after several very stealthy observations I discover four or five squirrels. Selecting the fairest shot, I stand out in the open and fire, and straight down, a distance of fully a hundred feet, came the squirrel. At the report of the gun there is a general movement in the tree, and slipping in another cartridge, I wait patiently. Soon there is a slight trembling of a little branch high up on the hickory leading out to an oak near by. I can just distinguish the gray brush; and I fire and the squirrel falls. Then there is a general rush to vacate the hickory, and I get in two shots, but both are clean misses. I put my game in my bag and walk on.

To give a full history of the day, of all the pictures of quiet woodland life I saw on that day, would fill a small volume to properly describe. I met with moderate success during the day, and when I returned to my starting place of the morning, seven squirrels and a brace of woodcock graced my bag by their presence.

My noontide meal was taken beneath the shade of the forest trees, and water from a crystal stream at my feet quenched my thirst, and I returned at night just as the sun was sinking to rest in the west, feeling improved in both body and mind; and after a hearty supper sought the solace of a read, and then to bed, to prepare for the morning, in a sweet, unbroken slumber.

Then there were other days, later on in October, when we pursued the birds across the stubble fields with our faithful dog until the sun had set, and we would return in "the gloaming" happy and contented.

I met many brother sportsmen during this fall's hunting, all entire strangers to me previously, and I find them to be what I have always found them to be heretofore—meet them where you will, at home, among their families, in social life, or with gun in hand—brave, true and generous gentlemen, ever ready to right a wrong and lend a kindly ear to a tale of sorrow or distress, and satisfied with themselves, the world, and things in general. Long may they live and prosper. DAN.

CINCINNATI.

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 220 pages, price $2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

BOSTON AND MAINE.

THE open season on partridge began in Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, on Sept 1, but thus far the shooting has been very poor. Monday, Labor Day, was a legal holiday in Massachusetts, and many merchants and gunners took the trains on Saturday evening previous for a day's shooting. Indeed it is seldom that more shooters from Boston go into the country in one day, but the score of birds was as small as the number of gunners was large. E. M. Gillam, of the *Boston Advertiser*, with a friend from the Chamber of Commerce, went to Franklin, New Hampshire for a day's grouse shooting. Mr. Gillam's dogs had been put into excellent trim for this occasion. They had been exercised in the field and in the brush almost daily, as early recommended in the FOREST AND STREAM. The dogs did excellent work, but the birds were very scarce, and the entire score was about one partridge. O. M. Smith, of the firm of Smith & Blanchard, lumber, hired an expert and took his new dog into the brush, with a result of no birds at all. The expert, who guns the most of the time during the open season, says that there are partridges enough, but that they are still in the swamps and the thickets, where it is impossible to find them. In Maine the open season was duly installed by the most of the boys "going a gunning," but with very poor results. Boston shooters, who went to that State for the day, also came back with very few birds—in many cases none at all. In one case in Oxford county, in a section about 14 miles from Lewiston, four boys, experts after partridges, were out all day, without getting a bird and seeing but one or two. One of these boys, who has been on the same farm for several years, and much interested in the subject, says that he has never known the partridges so scarce. Where he has usually had several flocks mapped out, ready for the opening day of the season, he does not know of a flock this year. From Lewiston and Portland the gunners have been out, but the scores are very poor, so far as I have been able to learn. The cause of the scarcity is laid to the heavy rains at the time when the chicks were small, followed by the superabundance of rainy weather, which lasted nearly all summer. It is suggested by those who ought to be well posted on the subject that the scarcity of grouse is probably confined to a district included within a line running with the seacoast and not more than 50 or 75 miles from the ocean; that the great volume of rain was within this area, or next to the seashore, and that beyond this area the weather has been more dry, and that the grouse are more plenty. Perhaps this is true. Thus far I have no direct proofs to the contrary, and perhaps in the deep forests of Maine there are at least the usual number of grouse. Berries of all kinds have been plenty in the woods of Maine, and this is a condition favorable to the growth and condition of the ruffed grouse.

But to turn from the scarcity of ruffed grouse in Maine, we will find a more pleasing theme in the remarkable abundance of deer in that State. I saw a gentleman from Hebron, Me., the other day, and he tells a curious deer story. In the first place, Hebron is an old town, the seat of an institution of learning, thirteen miles from the city of Lewiston, and where the inhabitants know about as much about the hunting of deer and their habits as they do about whales in the Pacific; indeed, a wild deer was never seen there till this summer, or at least since the days of the Red Men. Still, there is a good deal of rock and mountain and woods in the town, and of late years some of the worn out farms have grown up to woods. Well, a couple of deer came into a field of oats on a farm there and were seen several times. The farmers were aware that it was unlawful to shoot them till after Oct. 1, but one of them happened to hit upon the idea of throwing a lasso over the head of one or both of them. In good earnest he stirred about among his neighbors to get them to help drive the deer into a corner somewhere, and he would lasso the creatures. "I can do it," he said. He had had some experience on the plains at ranching and "rounding up" cattle, and though the ground was too rough where the deer were last seen and the thickets too dense to ride a horse, he somehow conceived the notion that he could stalk up to the deer and catch them with the rope. Some of the boys in the neighborhood rather believed in the idea, or at least they were willing to have the fun of seeing him try. So they were willing, at a given signal from the huntsman that the deer were again in the oats, to rush to certain positions and assist in the fun. They were to come together at a certain point in the woods, and the lassoist fully expected that the deer would be surrounded like a flock of frightened sheep. The signal came one morning, and there was a grand rush of the boys and a man with a coil of long rope, with a running noose at the end. Each rushed toward the point where the surrounding was to begin. The woods are very thick, indeed—low spruces and ground hemlocks—so thick that the cattle have paths beneath the limbs where it is almost impossible to find them. The hunters drew together. There was rustling heard by one of the boys, and he gave the signal—three whistles—to his companions and the man with the lariat. The deer were in the thicket for sure. They surrounded the point and gradually drew up to the thicket. The man with the long halter was ready. There was a rustling, then a pretty little red head, with mild, soft eyes, peered through the brush. The rope sung in the air. The aim of the lariat was sure. The noose fell dextrously over the nose of one of Deacon D.'s heifers. Those boys are not hunting for deer now, and that man with the lariat does not want the story to get out. The deer—I see some hunters smile. Ask Dr. Caton where they were.

But to go back to the number of deer in Maine, the increase has been more remarkable than ever this year, and the promises for sport this fall are excellent. In the town of Rumford, on the Androscoggin, where a deer was never seen till this year, one farmer complains that a field of grain has been nearly destroyed by them. He lay in wait one night, and a doe with two pretty fawns came into the oat patch and helped themselves to the fresh heads of grain. From all sections of the State come reports of the abundance of deer. The prevention of hounding and the maintenance of a close season has resulted in a wonderful increase, and yet the cry is a bitter one, from some hunters, that they are not allowed to hunt deer with dogs in Maine.

R. D. Richardson, of Richardson & Co., has returned from his fishing trip to the north shores of Lake Superior. The FOREST AND STREAM recently had an account of his departure, together with his brother and friends, on the steam yacht of the firm. The sail along the north shores of the lake was worth the whole trip, while the lake happened to be calm most of the time. They visited a new spot, instead of going directly to Jackfish Bay, as at first intended. The fact of the matter is, they desire to explore this north region, as much as to fish, and they feel repaid for their trouble. They visited the mouth of another stream or small river, and found the fishing all that could be asked for. The trout were large, running from 2 to 3 and up to 4lbs. They could catch them almost any time and all they wanted. Mr. Richardson is of the opinion that almost any of the streams emptying into the lake on the north shore are well stocked with trout. This is the story of the Indians and half-breeds. There were no mosquitoes and flies this year. The theory of the party is that these pests are done by the first of August, or at least by the middle of the month, the same as in the North Woods of Maine. Mr. Richardson is still very enthusiastic concerning a trip through from the north shore of Lake Superior to Hudson's Bay. He says that the Indians and half-breeds frequently make the trip. His idea is to take tents and guides and be about fifteen days on the way, following up the rivers from the lake to the head of the watershed; then down some stream to Hudson's Bay. He thinks that the trout region of the world is up in that almost unexplored wilderness. The party hope to make the trip next year.

Mr. H. S. Kempton, of the Boston *Herald* editorial staff, has shot his deer this fall. He was at the Adirondacks on the first night of the open season. His guide paddled him up to a deer, no part of which Mr. Kempton could see, except the eyes, at which he aimed, with the result of killing a fine doe, weighing 150lbs. Since this adventure he has been quite a lion with the newspaper men, among whom he was always popular.

Mr. Nat. Manson, of Bellows & Manson, has just returned from his two weeks' vacation at Camp Stewart, Richardson Lake, Me. Mr. Manson was accompanied by his friend Binner, of Cambridge. They had a splendid time, with fishing good, but partridges very scarce indeed. They got only one bird on the whole trip, the only one they saw, in fact. As near as Mr. Manson can learn, it is a poor year for grouse in Maine. They went one day up the Mooselucmaguntic, and up the Cupsuptic, to Soule's camps, and the celebrated Houghton & Dutton camps. He describes the camps as all heart could wish in the way of camps, but the little steam launch that plies up and down the lakes carries a small electric dynamo, and at night she is beached and her power utilized to produce incandescent electric lights in the camps. Alas! The days of true hunting and fishing are done. Electric lights at Cupsuptic! Give us the old lean-to and the fire of pine knots. Mr. Manson reports the deer plenty, but the Commissioners are trying to protect them till the open season, and thus far they have succeeded. Or at least open violations of the law are not as common as last year, for the reason that a warden is thought to have been on the watch. In one case a splendid jack light, made in Boston, was taken up to one of the lakes in August, but the story that a warden was watching every new comer prevented the light from being used.

Late reports say that fly-fishing is still good at Moosehead, and a party from Cambridge left for that region on Monday. G. H. Smith, of Smith & Blanchard, with Mrs. Smith, starts on Wednesday for a three weeks' outing at Camp Stewart, Richardson Lake. He will be followed on the 25th by Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Johnson and Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Moody. Mr. Bayard Thayer, of Boston, with party are already at the Birch Lodge, on the same lake, which property the Thayers have recently purchased.

SPECIAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Sept. 9.—Mr. Alex. T. Loyd and Mr. Reuben Donnelly have their plans all made, and will probably start in a day or so for a few weeks' chicken shooting in Iowa. They go to Hartley, in O'Brien county, where they last year had excellent sport. They know a neighborhood where they "stand solid" with the men. They will get plenty of birds beyond doubt. As I have before remarked, northwestern Iowa is a good place for a fall trip after prairie chickens.

There is a blackbird roost at Washington, Ill., of such gigantic proportions that the mayor of the town has issued orders for the destruction of the birds. Thousands of the birds are killed each evening, it is said, but as yet the numbers are not very perceptibly lessened. It is probably a preliminary banding for the southern migration.

I offer the following from the Milwaukee *Sentinel* as news regarding one of the most important of our Western shooting marshes, known generally as the "Horicon Marsh," of Wisconsin: "In September, 1830, the Hon. Satterlee Clark visited an Indian village on the bank of Rock River, where Horicon is now situated. The Indians obtained a living by hunting and fishing on and near the stream which was then, as it is now, a small river formed by two branches, one rising in the northeast and the other in the northwest of Dodge county, and uniting about four miles above the village, after having broken through the hills which bounded the east and west sides of the marshy lands through which the tributaries of the Rock River flowed, alternately widening into small lakes or ponds, from which there would be several outlets, as there is now, finally joining into one again. Throughout the marsh wild rice abounded, and wildfowl made it a breeding ground.

"Martin Rich, in 1846, built a dam across the river where the short bridge is at present and obtained a splendid water power, which was used to run sawmills, gristmills and other manufacturing industries. It took the water two years to overflow the marsh, as it spread out over an area of sixty-four square miles, being sixteen miles long and four miles wide, making the largest artificial lake in the world, with an average depth of six feet. When the bog or marshy land was overflowed, it raised from off its clay bottom and floated wherever the wind chanced to blow it, ofttimes drifting to the dam and clogging up the flume and water-wheels so as to stop all motion of the machinery until cleared.

"Fish abounded also at this time, and hundreds of wagon-loads of bullheads were drawn by the farmers to their lands to be used as a fertilizer.

"Mr. Hodge continually fought the parties interested in the dam through the courts until they were tired of defending themselves. They then formed a company called the Horicon Mechanics, and by a bill passed in the Legislature purchased this land from the State for about 5 cents per acre. After the dam was removed, thus destroying one of the best water powers in the Northern States, what remained of the bog resumed its former position. The grand old lake was a thing of the past, and in its place was left one of the finest hunting grounds east of the Mississippi River.

"The marsh comprises about 30,000 acres of land, 24,000 of which were entered by the above named company. In March, 1883, the "Mechanics" leased 10,000 acres of the marsh to the Diana and Horicon Shooting clubs for a period of twenty-five years. These clubs are composed of sportsmen anxious for sport, and who shoot for no other purpose.

"The remaining land was rented to Scanlyn, Shepard & Co., who for the last three years have cut hay from it. In 1887 they shipped 300 carloads of hay from Burnett station. This year plans are on foot to drain the marsh by ditching it, and surveyors have been here taking levels. Hustisford dam will have to be removed before it can be successfully accomplished. A scheme is also afloat to induce the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad Company to lay a track for three or four miles on the marsh from Burnett station, so the cars may be loaded on the marsh, thus saving a good deal of expense. Men have been sent to look into the matter by the railroad company, who have no doubt made a report by this time. Every spring the marsh is again overflowed by the freshets, and for a few weeks there is a lake, but it soon subsides, and by fall the hunters drive nearly all over the marsh."

Sept. 13.—There have been several parties from this city who have been out in Iowa after prairie chickens. They report dry weather and poor luck. A Mr. Babcuf and two friends claim to have hunted pretty much all over Iowa, and their best day was forty-two birds to the party. Mr. W. L. Shepard is also back from northwestern Iowa, with a very poor account of the shooting. He says the water was so scarce they could hardly work the dogs. The dry weather doubtless makes it difficult to hunt, but it is probably true that some shooting in Iowa can be found if looked for in the right place. Of one thing a visitor may be sure; he will need get into some settlement at least thirty miles away from the railroad, and if such settlement should be one of foreigners, who do not shoot very much, his chances will be all the better.

Mr. George Marshall, of Grand Calumet Heights Club, tells me he last week killed about one hundred jacksnipe within a mile or so of his home at Englewood, five or six miles out on the Rock Island road. There is a long marsh that begins near State street there and runs around to Auburn Park, forming the park lake in that pretty little suburb. There were large numbers of snipe in here, and Mr. George D. Hunter, of the latter place, tells me the duck shooting was fine there a little while ago. He killed thirteen ducks in an hour or so one morning. This is a rather singular state of affairs, I should say, in view of the fact that all this is within the city limits and only a few miles from the heart of the city. The marsh winds around through a section which is all built up with substantial and tasteful homes. The building of Chicago in the middle of this big duck country spoiled a lot of mighty good duck shooting points.

Mr. Al. Bandle, of Cincinnati—I presume it isn't necessary to explain who he is—has just passed through here on his way home from his fishing trip in Wisconsin and Michigan. His exploit with the deer shall be kept secret, according to his wish, but he should bear in mind that no news of that kind is getting away. Mr. Bandle is looking well, and the boys who go down to his tournament on the 24th will do well to remember Mr. Weller's advice about "vidders," and "bevare."

I presume it may be generally known by this time that the Gogebic stage robber and late murderer has been captured. He came out of the woods to the town of Republic, Mich., and slept over night in a hotel. His boldness cost him his freedom. In the morning he was surprised and captured. Had he stuck to the woods he could never have been caught. The pursuing parties had given up the chase, and the "bloodhounds" were taken home.

Small bags of ducks are being made, in a leisurely way, by numbers of our shooters. They are mostly wood-ducks and teal. The snipe are not now quite so abundant near the city, as the water of the late rains has dried off a little. A few days ago I got about a dozen snipe over on the Sag, but there were very few birds in. There are thousands of snipe on Mak-saw-ba grounds, but the water is rather high there, and it is hard to walk for them.

E. HOUGH.

PENNSYLVANIA GAME GALORE.

CLEARFIELD, Pa., Sept. 15.—The season for black and gray squirrels in Pennsylvania opened Sept. 1. Reports had come in that the squirrels in this county were more numerous than usual, but the half had not been told. For two weeks everybody that pretends to shoot has been killing them by the dozen, both blacks and grays, and still they are here. I have been out three different evenings and scarcely outside of town I have killed 15 of the finest kind. The red squirrel or "piney" is here by the hundreds and is only shot when other squirrels can't be found. Saucy and impudent and destructive, he has almost taken possession of the farmers' cornfields, and is doing his best to drive out his bigger and better cousins the blacks and grays. Some time ago a white squirrel was captured near town and has become quite a pet. Grouse seem to be on hand ready for Oct. 1, and from the numbers seen last week fair bags are promised. Bears and bear signs are reported more numerous than for a number of years, and from the deer and deer signs reported by huckleberriers, the coming fall promises some rare sport out about our old cabin. I have sold both my guns and have ordered a new one and want to break it in in time for the fray. I will keep the two old buck heads that hang in my hall to remind me of the faithfulness of my old Plainsman, and while I part with it with regret I must keep up with the times and get a better one. I still enjoy the FOREST AND STREAM.

FRANK T. HARRIS.

SNIPE SHOOTING on the Long Island meadows has been capital the past week. The tremendous storm which flooded the meadows brought along the biggest flight known in years, and great scores have been made.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am particularly interested in bird shooting, ruffed grouse and woodcock being our game birds. I have a cross-bred setter dog, black and white, English and Irish. He is entirely natural, all that he is is what nature has done for him. There is one redeeming quality in him, he is staunch as a rock, and is a very lucky dog to find game. He has quite a mind of his own. Sometimes he and I have an argument on the proper places to hunt, always ending in his being right. He is a little wild at times, and if I let him get out of sight will have to call myself hoarse to get him back, but a more willing dog I never saw. The days are not long enough.

We never make very big bags of game, two or three partridge or woodcock in a day's hunt is all sufficient. The market-hunter gets the best part of the game. Bird hunting has been a hobby with me for four years, with the following score: First year, 12; second, 36; third, 52; fourth, 47. This year I have been out three times, killing, all told, one partridge and one woodcock. All of hunting is not the killing of the game. A grouse never looks as handsome to me as when it is getting away over the tops of alders, and the picture stays longest in my memory.

Last fall a friend and myself went across the Mohawk River on to the mountains for a few days' hunt. We came to a piece of woods belted with alders. He took the inside or woods belt, and I the outside. We have to have bells on our dogs to keep them located, and when we cease hearing them we know the dog is setting the bird. In this case all at once the bell stopped. All alert, I saw a great grouse break the cover coming directly toward me. I waited until he got by me, when my Parker spoke and I had the satisfaction of seeing and hearing the bird strike the ground. I went to where I had seen the bird strike, and all I could find was a lot of feathers. Looking beyond 10 or 15ft., there he lay dead. He was going with such force that he struck the ground and bounded. The dog commenced roading, soon showing game; again the bell stopped right on the edge of the alders. All at once out goes a woodcock. Crack, bang, a clean miss both barrels. We keep hunting along the alders and reach the opposite side, when my friend and I come together in a lot of poplar. Both dogs were trailing, when whir—bang—bang—bang—whir—bang—whir whir—whir; only one partridge brought to bag. We followed them but failed to get any more. The next day, after considerable shooting, managed to bag three partridges apiece; and the following day we hunted until noon and got a single woodcock, making in all just nine birds for two men in a three days' hunt. We came home perfectly satisfied.

I for one would like to hear more bird news, and I suppose it is the fault of bird hunters of your subscribers that you don't have more. I mean for one in future to contribute occasionally, and if every subscriber would do the same we would have a more interesting paper.

GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y. J. H. D.

MICHIGAN DUCKS.—The East Saginaw (Mich.) *Evening News* of Aug. 31 said: "Duck hunters are putting their guns in good shooting condition, and loading their shells ready for the opening of the season to-morrow, Sept. 1. Parties of two and more members each will be 'pulling' for the big marshes early on that morning, and as usual will make it lively thereabouts for a few hours. 'For eight years Michigan sportsmen were working hard to secure the game warden system to protect fish and game,' remarked a sportsman yesterday. 'The first season it was enforced it worked well, and it would have borne much fruit in a few years, but the whole game system is now looked upon as a farce, so much so that fish and game are now more poorly protected than they ever have been, and nearly everybody knows of a law-breaker or could easily learn of one.' A trip up the river last Sunday showed the marshes to be literally covered with wild rice—an enormous crop, so the fishermen said—and this is the main food for the wild ducks, but nowhere were there any sign of them; no, not even a single one was seen. An inquiry as to whether they were plentiful only brought forth a grin, with a remark, 'Go ask some of the city fellows how they taste.' On further questioning it was learned that for more than six weeks past parties would go up the river and kill everything that looked like a duck, and these unwanton slaughterers have had their forces increased, so that over fifty boats on Sunday could be counted on their trips to the rice ponds around Shiawassee Lake and above to kill the ducks while they were protected by law. Boasts were made by some of how many they had bagged, and one man, whose duty it was to protect game and cause violators to be prosecuted, was found 'looking after a duck for his sick wife.' This is wrong."

MASSACHUSETTS DEER.—The Elizabeth islands, better known by the ancient Indian name Naushon, are separated from Plymouth Woods by a narrow inlet, which at low water is less than a mile in width. Deer are still numerous there, having been preserved for a century or two by its various owners, Lord Temple, Governor Bowdoin, Governor Swain and Governor Forbes. No doubt a good many swim across to the mainland or pass over on the ice every year. It is not uncommon to see a deer in the great forest that extends from Plymouth to Marshpee. I met one there last summer, and it was a very pleasant meeting. Our party had just gathered a quantity of wild grapes for jelly, and I had but just remarked that now all we needed was the venison, when a beautiful doe ran up the road and played about us for half an hour. We shall not soon forget her friendly greeting. I remember very well when a boy starting three fine deer at Billington Sea, and I can see them now, bounding gracefully over the young oaks. Branch Peirce told me that when he first cleared his little farm at Halfway Pond young fawns could be seen in his field almost any summer morning, nibbling the young rye. To show how abundant deer were in these woods fifty years ago, I may add that this mighty hunter shot with his own rifle 269 deer in the course of a not long life. I possess the skin of number 269, which he gave me soon after his last shot. Mr. Webster often came over from Marshfield to hunt with him, the last of our great hunters. But if the day proved stormy the great orator stayed in the house, and pacing the little parlor, read Watts's hymns to Mrs. Peirce.—*Marston Watson, in the New England Magazine.*

PLYMOUTH WOODS.—In the *New England Magazine* Marston Watson writes of Plymouth Woods, on Cape Cod: These woods constantly remind me of the Indians, the ancient inhabitants who once roamed over this pleasant land. I believe the Indians were just as fond of it as we are. The Pilgrims found it a land "very fit for situation." The Indians too must have been well content. With the woods full of game and the water teeming with fish, no end of perch and trout, and mackerel and cod, and bass and clams, and lobsters and oysters, an abundance of ducks and geese and deer, "pigeons fattened on strawberries" (I follow an ancient chronicler), with prairie chickens (they are still found at Martha's Vineyard), and partridges and quail and the wild turkey (not yet quite extinct in Massachusetts), it must have been to them indeed a land of plenty. Josselyn relates that in his time twelve score of peeps were brought down at two shots; a record which beats, to be sure, the ninety-nine peeps of Samuel Burgess, but lacks the exquisite moral that attaches to that immortal shot. Samuel Burgess lived at Saquish, and was a noted gunner. He was a strictly honest man, and would not tell a lie for the whole world. One day he went peep shooting on the beach, and he saw a great flock of these dainty birds; and when they had alighted in a bunch he blazed away. He counted and found he had shot ninety and nine. Then he took them up to market, and on the wharf he met his friend Mr. George Churchill (who told me the story), and he offered to sell him his great bunch of little peeps. "How many are there?" said Mr. C. "Ninety-nine," replied Mr. B. "Why don't you call them a h ndred and be done with it?" said Mr. C. "What! said Mr. Burgess, "do you suppose I would tell a lie for one little darned peep?"

ADIRONDACK DEER.—Syracuse, N. Y., Sept. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Here is a characteristic piece of logic, in an extract from the New York *Times* of recent date, which reads: "Deer have increased rapidly during the past three years, owing to the strict enforcement of the law which prevents killing them for market, and also forbids the killing of more than three deer in a single season by one person. Another feature of the present game laws contributes largely to the preservation of deer, and that is, allowing the use of dogs in hunting from Sept. 1 until the end of the season. All experienced hunters agree that with dogs in the woods the destruction of deer is greatly diminished. The animals are made wild, and are therefore hard to capture by still-hunting, while no more than one out of four run by dogs falls before the hunter's gun. The best place to go for deer shooting at this season is to the small lakes in the Oswegatchie region. Cranberry Lake and several other smaller lakes and ponds in St. Lawrence county are in the midst of the best hunting grounds. On the middle branch of the Oswegatchie, a few miles from this place, deer were never more plenty." Now, remember that St. Lawrence county is the one county where the law forbids hounding. The *Times* writer says that hounding helps protect the deer, and that the deer are most abundant in St. Lawrence county, where the hounds are not allowed. What do you make of it but the same old self-contradictory bluster of the hounders?—OCCASIONAL SHOT.

THE MURDER OF WALN AND STRONG.—Denver, Col., Sept. 13.—The murderer of S. Morris Waln, of Haverford, Pa., and C. H. Strong, of New York, two young hunters, who were killed in Carbon county, Wyoming, on June 25, 1888, has at last been discovered in Thomas O'Brien, now serving a term of fifteen years in Canon City (Iowa) Penitentiary, for stealing horses near Cold Springs. Since then Jacob F. Waln, a brother of one of the murdered men, has made every endeavor to secure the arrest of the guilty party. In their trip through Wyoming the two men, with their guides, stopped at the house of a ranchman not far from Rawlins. They left there early the next morning, and three days afterward the dead bodies of Waln and Strong were found on the prairie, while teams and driver were gone and have not been heard of since. Some months ago the Sheriff of Colorado Springs advertised for the arrest of O'Brien for horse stealing. One of the circulars with O'Brien's photograph fell into the hands of the ranchman, who immediately identified it as the man who stopped at his house with Waln and Strong. O'Brien was finally arrested and sentenced to fifteen years. These facts came to the knowledge of Mr. Waln, who went West, took the ranchman to the prison where he picked out the alleged murderer. He left here last night for Wyoming to try to have O'Brien taken there and tried for murder.

MASSACHUSETTS WILD TURKEYS.—Springfield, Mass., Sept. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I noticed in your paper of Sept. 5 Mr. Hallock's remarks on the limits of the range of the wild turkey. There are men now living in the town of Hatfield, Hampshire county, Mass., who when they were young men (not boys), have seen wild turkeys in the woods of this town. This seems almost incredible, but they are solid, reliable men in every way, and not yet in their dotage, and I can give their address at any time if wanted. Unless it has been destroyed by fire, there is in one of the Amherst College museums a mounted specimen of a wild turkey killed on Mount Tom, said to have been the last one killed in that locality.—A. C. SIKES.

NEW JERSEY.—Perth Amboy, Sept. 16.—On Sept. 9 and 10 there was pretty good rail shooting on the South River, N. J., marshes, from 10 to 50 birds to a boat being killed. On Saturday last not one could be found, but the reed birds were abundant and very fat. A good many yellow legs and robin snipe were shot the same day on the Red Root Creek meadows. The writer observed a duck, a loon, a cormorant, a heron, and an eagle, the latter being in the act of robbing a fish hawk of his intended breakfast, a "moss bunker," which he caught in the air when relinquished by the hawk.—J. L. K.

ENGLISH SPARROW REED BIRDS.—Baltimore, Md., Sept. 12.—Three of us fired into a tree where there was a lot of English sparrows roosting, and picked up eighty-four. Repeated the performance two evenings afterward, bagging forty-three. The guests boarding at the farm where this occurred feasted on reed birds next day.—EDWIN SCHENCK.

SEINES, NETS of every description. American Net & Twine Co., Mfrs., 34 Commercial st., Boston, or 199 Fulton st., N. Y.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

REFORM IN PENNSYLVANIA.

CLEARFIELD, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Taking the west branch of the Susquehanna, and Clearfield Creek where they break through the Alleghanies, within the limits of Clearfield county, we have fifty miles of the very best natural bass streams, and no better natural trout streams lie outdoors than those that find their way through those grand old mountains and empty into our river. While nature and the fish commissioners of Pennsylvania have done everything for us, the sportsmen of our county have sadly neglected their duty. We are sorry to say it, but it is true that true sportsmen in these parts are few and far between. There are but few of them who would not to-day destroy the last deer in the woods or kill the last trout or bass in our streams without a thought for the future. It is not because of the protection afforded our game and fish by our so-called sportsmen that they are not to-day extinct. The pot-hunter and the fish-hog are at work day and night. Deer are slaughtered out of season and sold openly on our streets, while the dynamiter has rendered barren some of our best trout streams and bass territory. Our laws are all right, and the laws of 1889, not yet generally in circulation, are especially severe upon such characters. We have had the finest hunting and fishing territory in the world here in these mountains, and if taken care of it will still be fine, but the game and fish must have a chance.

I propose, for one, that they shall have a square deal, and if I keep my health another year it will get too hot around here for the vandals to ply their trade successfully, at least in Clearfield county. What we want is a class of sportsmen who are big enough to look out for the future—whose hearts are bigger than their stomachs, and who have honor enough to stand up for what is right. I have during the last year arrested several parties and convicted them for selling trout under five inches in length, but the Act of May 23, 1889, gives our wardens a better opportunity to hunt down the miscreants. In a notice published in our county papers, and posted over the county, I have stated that under the act of 1889 the catching of fish in Pennsylvania in any other way than with rod, hook and line is made a misdemeanor, and the penalty is $100 fine or imprisonment. Killing fish with dynamite or any other explosive is also a misdemeanor. I will pay $10 for any information that will lead to a conviction under the Act of 1889, or I will pay $20 for such information as will lead to the arrest and conviction of any person killing fish with dynamite within the limits of Clearfield county.

FRANK G. HARRIS, Fish Warden.

THE NEW TROUT OF TWIN LAKES.

WE are indebted to Dr. D. S. Jordan, President of the Indiana University, Bloomington, Ind., for the following interesting note concerning the finding of a new species of trout in the Twin Lakes: "While we were at work on the exploration of Colorado, Mr. George R. Fisher, of Leadville, an enthusiastic and very well-posted angler, called my attention to the existence of two native species of trout in the Twin Lakes, a body of water tributary to the Arkansas River near Leadville. Through Mr. Fisher's help we were enabled to secure numerous specimens of these species. One of them, the "yellow-fin trout," seems to be a new species, and it is certainly very different from the common mountain trout. The black spots on the body and fins are very small, mere specks. The lower fins are all bright yellow, and there is a distinct yellow lateral band. The fish is abundant on sandy bottoms in the Twin Lakes, and readily takes the fly. Its flesh is paler and more watery than that of the ordinary trout, and on the whole inferior. We have not yet decided upon what its Latin name shall be."

LARGE-MOUTH BLACK BASS IN TEXAS.—Wm. E. Hidden writes from Burnet, Texas, under date of Sept. 3: "The fish I send to-day by express is quite common in the headwaters of the Colorado River in this State (Texas), where it is called trout. Like the *Salmonidæ*, it frequents only the clearer and colder waters. It is a gamy fish, as much so as our northern black bass, and rises to the fly like a trout. In the water it exhibits a peculiar mottled appearance, much like the markings of some snakes; these markings disappear soon after the death of the fish. In weight they vary from ¼ to 1½ pounds, although 6, 8, 9 and 11-pounders have been caught." The fish was received at Washington in fine condition, preserved in alcohol, and proved to be a large-mouth black bass (*Micropterus salmoides*). In the Southern States this fish is generally known as "trout," in Kentucky "jumper," in Indiana "moss bass," and in North Carolina it is known under the name of "chub." The markets of Baltimore, Washington and Norfolk are supplied with black bass from North Carolina during the winter months, and it has often grieved the writer to hear this noble fish referred to as "chub" while passing through the Washington market. It is a case where the dealer makes a mistake, as many people will be attracted by the name "black bass, madam," but hardly ever by the "chub, madam."

DANIEL WEBSTER AS A FISHERMAN.—At home politics was never allowed to be a subject for conversation. If the subject was brought up the brow of the illustrious man darkened. Fishing, hunting, farming, horses, pigs, and hens were his staple subjects for home conversation. He knew his cattle by name as well as he did his brother senators. Of his garden he was very proud, and in the season would spend a portion of each day in it, pulling weeds and hoeing vegetables. A pastime that Webster loved above all others was fishing. As a rule, however, he had true fisherman's luck, and rarely ever caught a fish unless it got entangled in his line and couldn't possibly escape. When a little way ahead or behind his fishing companion he was always muttering to himself, and many of his speeches were composed while Webster was trolling along the streams of Marshfield. On his return from a fishing trip he would throw himself under the old elm tree in the dooryard and enjoy a short nap while resting from his fatigue.—*Correspondence Philadelphia Times.*

CAMPS OF THE KINGFISHERS.—X.

ECHO LAKE, ONTARIO, CANADA.

WE had fished Echo Lake from one end to the other, down and up, in rain and shine, in every bay and nook and corner around its entire shore; we had fished in deep water and shoal; we had fished early and late, and had taken less than a score of bass, four maskinonje, aggregating 45½lbs., and some bar'ls of ill-favored pickerel, and the outlook was still "pickerelish" till late in August or September, and we could look into the days yet left to us and see the end of our vacation long before that time.

We had cleaned out the only trout stream accessible, leaving as we believed only the old fellow under the big boulder, who had foiled the efforts of the entire camp to coax him from his rocky retreat (I have no doubt Louis and the Jedge wasted hours in trying to "scoop" him when the others were out of camp), and we looked only for an excuse to break up, which came one night about midnight, soon after two Indians—one of them a herculean fellow who could look straight over Charley's head, and Charley was "risin' o' six foot"—came up in a boat from Church's Landing after Louis, with the information that one of his children, his favorite little one, was dangerously ill with diphtheria, an epidemic of which was then spreading through the little settlement. Louis was soon ready, and as it was not likely that he would come back he was paid off, and with some words of sympathy for the little one, they pulled away in the darkness, leaving us to run the culinary department as best we could. Before they left we had decided to break camp in a few days and go back into Michigan; and the big Indian was requested to send Tom and his brother with the Mackinaw to camp the following Sunday afternoon, and we would be ready to leave the lake the next morning.

When we got out in the morning everything seemed to be out of joint; and it was soon apparent that a good cook in a camp was a treasure not to be lightly valued. Cooking was not a favorite pastime with any of us, and when Knots had fidgeted around awhile with a glance now and then at the fireless stoves, "cogitatin' in his mindi" as Sam said, he ventured to suggest, "James Mackerel, as you appear to know less about cooking than any of the rest of us, it looks like you'll have to get breakfast;" and it kept on looking that way with variations, for the next four days, but we managed to get enough to eat, and to catch a few more pickerel between times, which was a great comfort.

Sunday afternoon was spent in packing up personal effects, tackle, etc., that we would need for night or morning use, and entertaining our neighbors from the farm who had come up to pay the camp a first and last visit.

With evening came the Mackinaw and the two animated cigar store signs, Tom and his brother, who, after mooring their boat to the dock, came to an anchor on a couple of camp stools near the flagstaff, without a sign of recognition or a word of greeting, where they sat gazing vacantly down the lake, apparently utterly unconscious of our existence.

"Powerful noisy critters, them Injuns," said old Sam with a solemn wink at the Jedge. "Reckon we won't sleep a wink all night 'less we plug up our years; an' jest look at them mugs, will ye? About as much expression to 'em as a couple o' turnips."

As the Indian boys seemed to be waiting for us to notice them, they were called to come out to the camp; but even then, after a kindly word all around and a sort of perfunctory handshake, after the manner of ye candidate before election, we get nothing out of them but a guttural grunt from Tom, and from the younger one not a solitary grunt, as he appeared content to let his elder brother do all the grunting necessary to a clear understanding between us; albeit, when supper was ready there was no need of an interpreter to make them understand the invitation to sit down with us.

By 10 o'clock next morning everything was packed and aboard, and the Mackinaw and two of the small boats half-way down the lake, leaving the skipper lingering behind for a final look around the deserted camp to see if anything had been forgotten in the hurry of packing up; it was like parting with an old friend, and not till the boys were out of sight was the boat headed for the outlet to overhaul the slow-moving Mackinaw before they reached the bay looking out on Lake George.

At the foot of the lake the boat was pulled in under the leaning maple for a parting drink out of the little spring; and then with a last look at the wooded slopes and rocky shores, the towering crags, the little island and the rippling waters shimmering in the sun, I bade good-by to Echo Lake with a resolve to visit it again in the future if the fates so decreed—but later in the season.

As the boat came abreast the farmhouse, there stood my friend Jack at the top of the bank, with pricked up ears and wistful eyes, wagging an invitation to come ashore for a romp; but his mistress appearing at the door he stretched himself in the sand with nose on paws, waiting to see if she was in a humor to countenance a few capers, and the signs not striking him favorably he got up and trotted back to the house for a better understanding; but a "go way, Jack!" knocked the friskiness all out of him, and the expected frolic didn't come off.

Mother Ruttle hailed and asked where the others of the party were, and was surprised to learn that they had gone by without her noticing them; and she was greatly disappointed too, for the good heart had prepared a little surprise for us in the shape of a fried chicken lunch, with "trimmin's;" and now she was to be denied the pleasure of seeing us enjoy it. Verily, the clever people and the good of heart dwell not all in the cities, and I trust this page may sometime fall under the eye of the good woman, that she may know in what high estimation the "Kingfishers" hold her as a kindly, unselfish neighbor and a model housewife.

Declining with thanks the invitation to come out and attack the lunch single-handed, and with regrets that the boys were not all there to do justice to the well-meant compliment, I let the oars fall with vigorous stroke and a good by, and soon a bend in the stream hid from view this abode of content and good will to man, leaving Jack standing with drooping tail and motionless, with his forefeet in the water at the landing, gazing longingly after the boat, "cogitatin' in his mind" it may be—as wiser humans have done before him—whether it were better to follow his new friend out into a strange world or go back to the old and content himself with the lazy, humdrum life he had been used to at the quiet farmhouse since the days of his puppyhood.

When I pulled out of the mouth of the river the Mackinaw was anchored a half mile out in the bay waiting; and when at last the boat was made fast to the other two riding at her stern, we stood away past the larger island with just enough breeze on the beam to belly the sails and move her through the water at a snail's space; but finally we struck the current of the river at the foot of Squirrel Island, and swung over to Church's Landing, where the wind was cut off, and the Indians had to get out the setting poles and work up the bank to the saw-mill dock, where we were to wait for the steamer Messenger on her way up to the Sault in the evening.

We wanted to land our calamities at Church's, but by divers signs and grunts Tom made us understand that the saw-mill dock was the better place, and a few hours later we would have given a dollar apiece for an opportunity to give him a "hellrackin' good lickin'." When the Mackinaw was unloaded, and they had held a brief powwow in their native tongue with Louis, who had come up from the house to tell us the good news that his little one was out of danger, they poled off up the river around the bend and we saw them no more.

Guy and Harry took one of the boats and started up to Garden River to see about their mail, intending to be back by the time the Messenger came along, leaving the rest of us to kill the intervening four or five hours' time as best we could.

The Jedge had become "discouraged" early in the morning and was peacefully snoring in the shade of a neighboring lumber pile, where he had selected a soft bed in the sand and sawdust almost before the Mackinaw was fairly moored to the dock. Charley jointed a rod, and, with a few grasshoppers, he and the skipper amused themselves by turns for a while flipping out young perch and returning them to the water, while the others looked on or strolled uneasily around waiting for the boat. The monotony was further relieved by the graceful Canadian passenger steamer Atlantic, cleaving the blue waters on her way to the Sault, and by tows of loaded schooners booming by at intervals; and at last, when about all our time-killing resources were exhausted, the Messenger hove in sight down Lake George, and we got ready to signal her to take us aboard. When she had passed Church's Landing we swung our hats and made motions to the man in the pilot house to "hold her in;" but she kept the current over against Squirrel Island, and it began to look as if she would go by without seeing us. Then we shouted at the top of our voices and swung our hats frantically in the air again; but to no purpose, although the "miserable cuss" at the wheel could not help seeing and hearing us if he had eyes or ears. Then, as a last resort, Sam hoisted his old linen duster on the end of his "tree box"—a light box, 12ft. long, in which he and Charley always carried a few single-piece cane rods for an "emergency," as they said—and waved it vigorously as a sign of distress; but that cursed boat kept placidly on her course over in the channel against the Canada shore and went out of sight around the bend, leaving us "shipwrecked agin, b'gosh," on the identical spot where drunken Captain Tate had dumped us in "the early stages of our misery," some days before. Just then was when we yearned for a brief interview with Tom.

Old Sam dropped the tree box and wilted down on a camp chest with a feeble, "Another episode, an' the worst of all," and the others of us seated ourselves on the calamities and sat looking at each other for a while, too completely knocked out for utterance.

Then as this particular calamity dawned on us with its full size the vials of our wrath were opened on Capt. Barker and his "old scow," as the Jedge put it; but as they were serenely stemming the current on their way to the Sault, a couple of miles out of our reach, the "vote of thanks" hurled after them doubtless failed to reach the mark, and as it would take too much room to jot down here a detailed statement of the remarks, sulphurous and otherwise, made there on the dilapidated old dock during the next half-hour, they are left to the imagination of the reader. To quote old Captain Truck again, we were in a "h—l of a category."

We could put up a couple of tents and stay there over night; but we had no assurance that the boat would stop for us on her way down in the morning, and we could keep on staying there for the rest of the season "by the same token."

Louis, who had come up again when he saw the steamer go by without stopping, suggested that we go up to Cunningham's and stay all night, and we would be sure to catch the boat in the morning, as she always stopped at that landing on signal; but our two boats—Gray and Harry had not returned—would not carry half our outfit, and the outlook was still discouraging. When on the point of loading the two boats and getting to Cunningham's on the instalment plan—a little at a time—fortune smiled on us at last in the passage of a man coming up the river in a big, high-floating yawl, who when hailed and brought in to the dock proved to be an old Indian, with a diminutive brown youngster at the tiller, on their way to Garden River. A bargain was soon struck, the calamities all hustled into the yawl, and in another half hour we were on Cunningham's dock waiting for another "episode" to hit us.

A couple of us walked back to the general country store and dwelling all in one, a few rods from the dock, to interview Mr. C. about supper and a place to sleep, but he was not at home, and his wife, a sweet-faced, cheery little woman, could give us no definite answer till he came back from Garden River, where he had gone in a skiff for a barrel of flour. Another episode. We went back to the dock and waited nearly an hour before he returned, and then it required another trip to the house to lay our case of shipwreck before the little woman again. They didn't keep a house for public entertainment, but a brief consultation ended in an agreement to take us in and give us the best of their limited accommodations, and in a short time the good wife called us to the cleanest and neatest kind of a supper. More Samaritans.

A full belly lightened the burdens of life, but our trials were not over yet, the boats had to be returned to Everett at the Sault that night, and we were worrying lest some mishap had befallen the two youngsters, Guy and Harry, as they had not yet returned from Garden River.

KINGFISHER.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Sept. 10.—There is material out here enough to keep one busy investigating and writing about four hundred years. The more I knock around in these United States the more I become impressed with the fact that this is a big country. There is a big slice of this big country lying around Chicago, and I fear I shall have to delegate to my heirs and assigns the duty and the pleasure of learning it all thoroughly and well. A word or so might be added here about the fishing facilities hereabouts, however, which give some one a notion which way to head for a trip yet this fall, or in the following season.

I have already spoken of the singular system of lakes lying along the Wisconsin Central road, where our bass fishermen make their big catches. All summer long the bass fishing has been going ahead steadily, and the success of the competent anglers has been uniform. Loon Lake, Camp Lake, Lake Maria, Deep Lake, Channel Lake, Grass Lake, Fox Lake, Silver Lake, Brown's Lake, Powers' Lake, Twin Lakes—these and dozens more which lie on an average of fifty miles from Chicago, have all been yielding regular tribute. The fishing here is for the genuine black bass. Pickerel are sneered at, and the smaller *Percidæ*, like croppies, rock bass, sunfish, etc., are held in such light esteem as not to be desired at all on a fishing trip. It is within limit to say that a few of our better bass anglers have each taken hundreds of bass during the season. The sport is not waning. One regular inmate of the Wisconsin Central Sunday Asylum caught seventeen bass at Loon Lake and Deep Lake on his last trip, one evening and morning's fishing, and he averages about a dozen to the trip. Hates a pot-fisher.

It is needless to speak of such localities as Lake Gogebic, Eagle Waters, Lake Vieux Desert, and all the bass and mascallonge waters up the Milwaukee, Lake Shore and Western, for they are constantly before the public with scores which are hardly to be equalled elsewhere. I shall try to get up to Vieux Desert after a mascallonge this fall myself, but it is very problematical if I get off. It's a wonderful fishing country up there. I don't believe anybody realizes how wonderful. The Tomahawk Lake country lies up in that direction also. Milwaukee and St. Paul road also strikes that region. Trout Lake is up in that system. It contains about seven square miles of water. There are said to be 100 lakes which afford good fishing, all accessible from the above points by means of trails.

After you get up the Ashland way, or anywhere over the north divide, you strike the trout country in all its wildness. There is plenty of fishing for trout left yet in there. Skirt along the south shore of Superior, and you will find big brook trout in every stream of consequence coming down into the lake. You can ascend many of these streams by boat a great distance. I can imagine no grander trip for camping and fishing than a canoe trip up some such stream as that mentioned as one of the Two-heart rivers, or indeed any one of the many good ones that come in on the south shore.

When you get around by the Sault, then you've got fishing any way you look, whether for bass or trout. Vanderbilt, on the southern penninsula, is not far from Pigeon River, once famous as a grayling stream, and still good for trout. I telegraphed the station agent at Vanderbilt in regard to the grayling fishing there, and he replied: "Good trout fishing in Pigeon; never heard of any grayling being there." It is, however, very probable that there are a few grayling left in that stream. I have also heard of grayling fishing in one or two other streams in Michigan, but not having had time to investigate personally, should be reluctant to say much about it, as the reports may be ill-founded.

The south shore of the North Peninsula is also a great fishing country, and very accessible either by boat or rail. For instance, a Goodrich line steamer will take one to Manistique, or one can reach that point by the Milwaukee & Northern and "Soo Line" connections. At Manistique one is within easy driving distance of a number of exceptionally good trout streams, and he may have the assurance that by a drive of twenty to thirty miles he can get big trout, three and four pounders; and that is a comfort. There are any number of streams in this north country whose small trout are to be had in numbers, but I don't call snaking a little trout from under a log anything. That's just fishin'. Near Manistique, or accessible by a handy drive and a pole up a rapid stream, is a vast spring, which is really a lake of itself, and which feeds a river of its own. This singular and beautiful whim of nature is unequalled in its way, and it is worth a long trip to visit it. The water is very clear, and the bottom of the spring, 40 or 50ft., is distinctly visible. For some time it was thought no trout could be in the spring, or they could be easily seen, yet one day a party was dropping bits of bright tin into the spring, when a great trout flashed out from somewhere or other, and caught at the shining metal. Several large trout have since been seen there. The water is strongly sulphurous.

Coming down along the west shore of Lake Michigan one runs into Queen Bay, a much-beloved summer place for Chicago people. There is any quantity of good bass, pike and wall-eye fishing in that neighborhood, and sailing and expeditioning in general is possible in a hundred ways.

A little further down, on the old Père Marquette water trail, is Lake Winnebago, and there is always good fishing there. Neenah is a good point to make for on that lake. The angler for bass, pike and small *Percidæ* will not miss it there.

Elkhart Lake is only 147 miles north of Chicago. It is a bright green-colored water, pebble-walled. Good bass and pike fishing there, and they also claim the cisco. A good summer resort and much frequented by people from the South. I have been surprised in my little northern trips, at the numbers of Southerners who yearly come up to places like Waukesha, or to some of the delightful fishing lakes which decorate lower Wisconsin. Certainly they could not do better. They bring their friends, and this class of travel to the North is annually increasing. The beauties of this northern country of ours are but half known. No paper has ever systematically tried to set them forth, and the blundering methods of advertising pursued by the railroads have chiefly served to obscure them.

Maple Valley, also on the M. & N. R. R., 231 miles north of Chicago, in Oconto county, is a center for a dozen lakes and streams. Kelly Lake, a very beautiful

sheet of water, is much taken up by clubs of Aurora and Galesburg, Ill. Board is very reasonable and the place is pleasant.

When you get as far north as Beaver, on the same line, you approach the Peshtigo, and in fact border on the country which I have tried to describe in a late series of articles on the trout country of that region. There is good bass and pike fishing in adjacent lakes. That whole country is full of lakes, and the lakes are full of fish. I have covered fifty miles or so of the country in there, but I did not get so far north as Floodwood, Mich., 325 miles north of Chicago. The station agent there writes that the trout fishing eight miles from the railway is excellent. At Witbeck, six miles further north, one is near Witch Lake, and that there are 3 and 4lb. trout in that lake I know to be a dead moral certainty. When you are so far up as this, you are in the middle of a boundless trout country, and if you are patient and determined you will find your stream and come away happy.

There is some good fishing on the south side of this city, but I don't know very much about it, except in a general way. Other Indiana rivers have plenty of bass naturally, but are speared out a good deal. Cedar Lake, on the Monon, is a pleasant place for boating and fishing for small *Percidæ*. The Catlin and Cedar Lake boat clubs of Chicago have headquarters on this water, and it is quite a pleasure resort.

There is another Cedar Lake, on the Chicago and Atlantic road, and there is bass fishing there, but I have never been there. The fishing is said to be good.

A pleasant trip often made by Chicagoans is the one by boat across the lake to St. Jo. There is some fishing on the river there for pickerel and bass. I wouldn't recommend it as a sure thing for bass. The whole of the southern peninsula of Michigan, accessible as it is from this city, is full of bass and trout waters. There is good trout fishing in Michigan within 100 miles of Chicago. I don't see how I can ask space to write more than passingly of this and the other angling wealth of this strangely fortunate region, and to leave specific mention to such fortunate trips northward as in the course of human events are bound to become necessary.

Sept. 12.—A singular instance of the fatuity of the average daily newspaper man on field sport matters was lately well exemplified here. A Chicago paper sent a man up into the Gogebic country. In return for the privileges of the paper, the Lake Shore and Western Railway gave this man a pass. He, thinking to earn his way, perhaps, or possibly burning with ambition to tell a bigger fish lie than anybody, wrote a glowing account of a fishing trip on Lake Gogebic, and sent a marked copy of the paper to the railway folks. In his article he gave minute account of the number and weight of the fish taken by himself and party, and had occasion to state and comment upon the large numbers of exceptionally large mascallonge taken; weight, length, etc , of each mascallonge given, also total number of pounds. The youth who wrote this thought it would tickle the Lake Shore folks about to death. He didn't know, poor fellow, that there are no mascallonge in Lake Gogebic!

Mr. Julius DeLong, of Brooklyn, N. Y., a cousin of the noted Arctic explorer, and himself a well-known yachtsman and clubman of the East, is back from a pleasant fishing trip through the Fox Lake system, in which he met abundant success.

Mr. John White, son of Judge White, of Pittsburgh, Pa., in company with seven friends from that city, has just passed north through here on the way to Lake Gogebic.

Mr. L. F. Loeb, of A. G. Spalding & Bros., has just returned from two weeks of good fishing up Lake Maria way. He brought down a box of big bass, total weight over 40lbs., and reports the sport as good, especially for the last few days before he left. An 8½lbs. pickerel had just been caught by a lady. Previous to that, Mrs. Dell Flint, wife of the Chicago base ball player, "Old Silver" Flint, had been high hook in that region, having taken, besides abundance of smaller lake fish, a pickerel of 8lbs. weight.

The bass are biting as well as ever. In the lakes of the further north the vegetation is said to be cut down somewhat in the water, and the mascallonge are reported to have begun their fall biting. Plenty of sport to the north of us now, and no one will miss it by going in on a fall trip.

Mr. C. Christy of Pittsburgh, Pa., has just passed through this city on his return from a trip on the king of all trout rivers, the Nepigon. It goes without saying that the sport was magnificent, as it always is on that magnificent stream.

I note that the types make me say (in the Gaylord Club article, Sept. 5) that I have been catching bass on a "No. 20 hook." I never saw a hook quite that small, and believe it would be a trifle fine for the most delicate bass fishing. What I wanted to say was that I used a 2 O hook, but I am not sure I have said it, even now.

E. HOUGH.

BURNING OUT A FERULE.—Reading Mr. Hough's experience with a broken rod in last week's FOREST AND STREAM, I am moved to give him and others of the brethern a "pointer" on burning out a ferule when the broken stump of a rod is to be removed. It may be assumed that the ferule in question was a brass one, or nickel plated brass, as German silver won't bend to "an angle of 45°" after heating. When brass is heated red hot and plunged in cold water the effect is exactly opposite to that produced on iron or steel. It takes the stiffness out and makes it so soft that it may be readily chipped or whittled with a knife. The next time the worthy brother has occasion to burn out a ferule, let it cool off in the air, and he will find it "jest as stiff or a leetle mite stiffer'n it was before."—KINGFISHER.

THE DOLPHINS.—A review of the species of dolphin, by T. W. True, Curator Department of Mammals, U. S. National Museum, has just been issued from the Government Printing Office, Washington. It forms Bulletin No. 36 of the U. S. National Museum, and is the forty-seventh of a series of papers intended to illustrate the collections belonging to the United States, and constituting the National Museum. The pamphlet contains 191 pages of text, 47 plates, 102 figures. Mr. True had figured all of the material accessible, and the figures are for the most part good. This will be found a valuable work to those specially interested in this family of the cetaceans.

THE CUTLASS FISH.—Washington, Sept. 10.—This species (*Trichiurus lepturus*) made its appearance in the Center Market, Washington, last week. The dealers had never seen the fish before and were at a loss to know what to do with them. I took home a pair and cleaned them, an easy operation, as they have no scales. In the stomach of one I found the vertebral column, with short ribs attached, of some small fish. The flesh, like the skin, is a pretty silvery white in color and is very good. It is sweet, like the eel's, not strong but of a very delicate flavor. The body is of a long band-like form, tapering to the tail, which is thread-like. It grows to a length of 4 or 5ft., and is fished for with hook and line. The fishing is done before day, when it is taken very readily. They are said to be eaten in Florida and in the West Indies, where they are considered a good food fish. It is extremely voracious, and has powerful jaws armed with large strong teeth. An allied species, the frost fish of New Zealand, is, according to Hector, esteemed the most delicious fish of that island, and is sold in Dunedin at 2s. 6d. per pound. The cutlass fish is found in our waters from Florida to Massachusetts. The specimens here referred to were probably from Piney Point, Maryland, at the mouth of the Potomac River. The largest were about 20in. long.—BAB.

FISHING IN ROUND BAY, SEVERN RIVER.—Messrs. Done, Becker, Miller and Floeckher, of Washington, and Holliday of Annapolis, have just closed a successful camp at Round Bay, Severn River, about eight miles from Annapolis, Md. Fishing for yellow perch was very good, the fish being of a large size and plentiful. White perch were scarce, but those taken were of a large size. Two years ago the yellow perch were very scarce and the white perch plentiful, just the reverse of this season. Striped bass, or rock fish, were taken in small numbers. Croakers and spots of a small size were rather plentiful, and the boys thought of an extra fine flavor. Rod and line was used, with soft or shedder crabs for bait. Crab was the only bait used. These gentlemen were much pleased with this locality, and thoroughly enjoyed the two weeks they were there, and speak of their treatment as of the best.—B.

Fisheulture.

FISHES FOR THE FISH COMMISSION AQUARIA.

MR. W. P. SEAL, superintendent of Aquaria, U. S. Fish Commission, accompanied by D. W. Kenly and L. Harron, has gone to St. Jeromes, Md., where he will commence the work of collecting fishes, mollusks, crabs, etc , and all manner of marine life, including plants, for the aquaria at Washington. This party is supplied with live-boxes, tanks and cars, besides large wooden transportation boxes in which to ship the collections. Mr. Seal will have the steam yacht Bluewing to carry his party and collections from point to point. He will start the work at St. Jeromes and go southeast as far as Cherrystone, Va. Large collections will be made if possible as the aquaria is in need of marine animals. We will look forward with interest to Mr. Seal's return, which will be in about two weeks, as the results of this trip will probably add much to the attractiveness of these aquaria, which now form one of the chief points of interest in the Capital City and are well patronized.

LAKE ERIE.—In a conversation with Frank L. Montgomery, of Erie, Pa., your correspondent was told that the fishing for lake herring this season has been a very successful one, and that there occurred such a glut of these fish a few weeks since that the fishing had to be stopped, as the packers were unable to handle such great quantities of fish at one time. Whitefish fishing has been poor, and the season, usually commencing about the middle of July, had not yet been fairly started (Sept. 10). Mr. Montgomery says the storms of the past two months have undoubtedly caused the backwardness of the present season, but that they still hope for a good catch of whitefish. To the question: What is your opinion and the opinion of the Lake Erie people generally concerning the work of propagation being carried on there by the Fish Commission? Mr. Montgomery replied that the results for good fishing were already apparent, and that it is his belief that much can be done to add to and keep up the supply of food fishes in Lake Erie.

FISH EXHIBIT AT DETROIT.—The exposition at Detroit was opened on Tuesday. One of the principal features of this show is the live fish exhibit. Large aquaria and tanks have been erected, and fifty varieties of fish are shown, such as sturgeon, whitefish, lake trout, buffalo fish, etc. The U. S. Fish Commission contributes to this exhibit. During the exposition there will be a grand fish fry.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

H. C. H., Cleveland.—We cannot give you the address.

R. C. B., Jersey City, N. J.—A dog that has had his leg broken would not be penalized on the bench if the leg has been properly treated and no bad effect remains.

L. B. K., Huntingdon, Pa.—For full description and points of Dandie Dinmont terrier see "Standards and Points of Judging for all Breeds of Dogs," published at this office.

CONSTANT READER, Brooklyn, N. Y.—A dog with one white and one brown eye is not consequently a mongrel. 2. It is impossible to state the number of St. Bernards in this country.

C. R.—Of the four concerns you name the Winchesters are the only ones we know to be responsible. A license fee of $10 is exacted from non-residents to hunt in Richmond county.

W. H. P.—Please tell me how to make a cement to hold paper in a brass shell, so that I can crimp them; also where I can get a 20-bore Damascus steel shotgun barrel, one that will weigh three and a half pounds. Ans. 1. Gum tragacanth will stick paper to glass, and ought to act the same on brass. We do not understand what you mean by crimping brass shells. 2. The barrel can be supplied by any of the large manufacturers or dealers.

F. B A., Rochester, N. Y.—I have on my farm a tract of some fifty acres of fine forest near a village, and wish to know what means I should take to preserve the game in these woods, what signs I should put up and if there is any special size that the notice must be made, and if any one is detected trespassing what is the penalty, and if the offense is merely trespassing? Ans. The requirements are contained in the sections of the law which we send you by mail.

X. Y. Z.—A gentleman visited his trout pond several days ago and found floating among some large rocks, a large dead trout, somewhat decomposed. There was a large round hole in his belly just under the stomach, no other sign of a hurt or bruise was to be seen on him. What killed him? He weighed 2oz. less than 6lbs. Ans. Of course it is impossible to tell what caused this fish's death. If there were no signs of disease it most probably died a natural death, and the hole in his abdomen caused by decomposition only, or it could have been made by some other fish. Such cases, when observed, should be examined carefully and reported upon.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 16 to 19.—Dog Show of the Dominion of Canada Kennel Club, in connection with the Industrial Exposition at Toronto, Canada. Capt. C. Greville Harston, Sec'y. Entries close Sept. 4.

Sept. 17 to 20.—Dog Show of the Pet Stock Association at Elmira, N. Y. J. Otis Fellows, Superintendent, Hornellsville, N.Y. Entries close Sept. 7.

Oct. 1 to 3.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Bristol Park Agricultural Society, Bristol, Conn. F. C. Barnes, Secretary.

Oct. 8 to 12.—Eighth Annual Dog Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society, at Danbury, Conn. B. C. Lynes, Secretary. Entries close Sept. 28.

Nov. 14 to 16.—First Dog Show of the Continental Kennel Club, at Denver, Col. Claude King, Secretary.

Jan. 27 to Feb. 1, 1890.—Dog Show of the Colorado Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Denver, Col.

Feb. 18 to 21, 1890.—Fourteenth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

March 11 to 14, 1890.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Rochester Kennel Club, at Rochester, N. Y. Harry Yates, Secretary.

March 25 to 28, 1890.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Mass. Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

April 1 to 4, 1890.—Sixth Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 4.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club. P. T. Madison, Secretary, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 11.—Inaugural Field Trials of the Canadian Kennel Club, at Chatham, Ont. C. A. Stone, Secretary, London, Ont.

Nov. 18.—Eleventh Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Dec. 2.—Inaugural Field Trials of the Central Field Trial Club, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Secretary, Mill's Building, New York, N. Y.

Dec. 16.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trial Club, at Amory, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Secretary, Marietta, Ga.

Jan. 20, 1890.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club at Bakersfield, Cal. H. H. Briggs, Secretary, 313 Bush street, San Francisco, Cal.

Feb. 11, 1890.—Fourth Annual Field Trials of the Texas Field Trial Club, at Marshall, Tex. W. L. Thomas, Secretary.

COURSING.

Oct. 9 to 12.—Fall meet of the National Coursing Club at Hutchinson, Kan. M. E. Allison, Manager.

Oct. 24.—Annual Meet of the American Coursing Club, at Great Bend, Kan. F. K. Doan, Secretary, St. Louis, Mo.

THE GORDON SETTER CLUB.

To the Members of the American Gordon Setter Club:

A meeting of the American Gordon Setter Club has been called to take place Oct. 9, 1889, at Baltimore, Md., the principal business of such meeting being the election of officers. A blank proxy has been sent to the members, requesting them to sign the same, giving Mr. Norris, the secretary of the club, the power to vote for the list of names attached to the proxy as the officers of the club for the ensuing year. This I, as a member of the club, make serious objection to for various reasons, among which are the following:

First—In the opinion of several members of the club a radical change of officers is necesearv, as nothing has been accomplished by them during the past year worth speaking of; on the contrary, considerable injury to the interests of the Gordon setter and his admirers has been done by the president, Mr. Malcolm, in advising every owner of Gordon setters not to run their dogs in the field trials. If our dogs are not to be run in field trials, how are their field qualities to be made known to the public? Certainly not by newspaper writing alone.

Second—The constitution of the club, as I interpret it, is very defective and conflicting, and it should be amended in several respects. Sections 3 and 9 seem to conflict. Sec. 3 provides that two members merely are to be elected, while Sec. 9 provides that five members are to be elected annually. The constitution says nothing whatever about allowing voting by proxy, which it certainly should do if proxy voting is to be the rule or law of the club. Many good objections, however, can be made against proxy voting, and it seems to me the opinion or will of all the members of the club should be consulted first, and if a majority so desire, then it should be engrafted on the constitution.

Third—The constitution provides that the annual meeting shall take place in New York about the time the annual bench show is to be held there. If this was done it would insure a larger personal attendance of the active members. Another phrase, however, in the constitution permits the president to call the meeting elsewhere, which he has done. This looks bad for a young club only a year in existence and struggling for a prominent position. This action of the president in calling the meeting at Baltimore and asking for proxies to re-elect the old officers looks very much as though there was a clique already running the club and desiring to perpetuate themselves in position. No other ticket has been put in nomination, the members in general have not been requested to manifest their desires in the premises, therefore no alternative is left them but either to vote the ticket fixed up for them by the officials at Baltimore or not vote at all.

Having the above objection to this meeting in mind I addressed a letter to Mr. Norris on Sept. 8, requesting him to send to me the names and addresses of the members of the club, but up to the present time I have not received them, and am therefore compelled to reach the members through the press, and ask any and all of them who have similar opinions to those expressed above to send me their written authority to present to the committee requesting them to have this meeting of Oct. 9, 1889, postponed for at least sixty days, so that each and every member of the club can be communicated with, and have his unbiassed choice recorded for whom he wishes to vote, as well as any suggestion he may wish to make as to the policy to be pursued by the committee in forwarding the best interests of the Gordon setter.

Our club should be progressive in its policy, and when any opportunity is given the club to forward the interest of the Gordon setter, advantage should be taken of such opportunity, and not neglected, as it was in the past year in my opinion. I therefore hope that all those interested will communicate with me at their earliest opportunity.

JOHN H. MEYER, 159 West Thirty-fourth street.

NEW YORK CITY, Sept. 17.

"TRAINING BEAGLE PUPPIES"—Wrightsville, Pa. In my article in your issue of Sept. 5 occurs an error in the third line of the third paragraph, where the word "dog" appears, whereas it should be "brace." The sentence should read thus: "After your puppy has an idea of the work before him, and the age and strength to follow a brace or pack, he may then be hunted in such company."—A. C. KRUEGER.

GERMAN MASTIFF OR GREAT DANE STANDARD.—The standard for the German mastiff or great Dane, as published last week, contained an error in the value of points. It should read ears 3 instead of 5, and nose, muzzle and lips should read 4 instead of 2.

LONDON DOG SHOW.

[*Special Report.*]

THE London Kennel Club's second bench show opened on Tuesday morning, the 10th, in the same building that was used last year, on the grounds of the Provincial Fair of Ontario. The directors of the bench show did everything in their power to make it a success, and the untiring energy of Manager Stone, seconded by that of some of the directors, made things run smoothly. In addition to the main building two large tents, 40ft.x80ft. were erected, in which the judging was done in two rings, and where Professor Hopper gave his exhibition of trained dogs at intervals during the day to an admiring crowd. The judging began at 2 P. M. on Tuesday, and was all finished on Wednesday at 2 P. M. Mr. Mortimer began with mastiffs, and Mr. Bell with spaniels. The first day the attendance was very slim, the second day it was a little better, but we fear the London Kennel Club will have to go down in their pockets again before all the expenses are covered. All the arrangements and care of the dogs seemed to be perfect, and the judges' rings were well served, with very little confusion and no delays, which reflects credit on the management. Mr. Mortimer judged mastiffs, St. Bernards, Newfoundlands, great Danes, pointers, setters, foxhounds, collies, fox-terriers, bulldogs, bull-terriers and pugs; Mr. George Bell the remaining classes.

MASTIFFS.

The challenge class had no entries. In the open class for dogs first went to Mode, a very good dog with a typical head, good ears and eyes and a well-shaped body. He is rather straight from the hocks down. He has plenty of size. Cleveland, rather a weak specimen, was second. In the bitch class Bessie B. got the blue ribbon. She is very short in face and wanting in expression, and her color and markings are not good.

ROUGH-COATED ST. BERNARDS.

In these classes there were thirteen entries with one absent. The challenge class did not fill. The open dog class had six entries. Bernal, the winner, was described in the puppy class last year. He has developed into a very good dog, but he was not in condition. He has a good head, rather weak at muzzle, chest well let down, good quarters and hocks, straight tail well carried, plenty of bone, rather weak in loin, coat not in good order, expression might be better. His color is orange and white. Nero, a white dog with tawny markings, was a good second. He has good head, neck, shoulders and quarters, but is not quite right at hocks; ears badly carried and a little hollow in back, condition good, carriage and expression very typical. Colonel, third prize, lacked condition and is weak in head. Brian, vhc., is a very fine dog, but not in show form. In the open bitch class Maida was placed first over Luna, who was in no condition, or this would have been different. Third went to Duchess, a poor specimen, in fact none of the bitches came up to the dogs. In the puppy class nothing extra was shown, and the awards appeared to be right. No smooth-coated dogs were exhibited.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.

Leo, first, is a good-sized dog, but his coat is rather rough. Victoria, second prize, is rather washy in appearance for a Newfoundland.

GREAT DANES.

Two entries. Leo, a very good specimen, was first, with Gretchen, also a good puppy, second. When developed should make a very good one.

GREYHOUNDS.

Milo was alone in the dog class and got first. He is a very taking looking dog, but would not stand pulling to pieces. The other entry was absent. In the bitch class there were three entries. Spider, a nice-headed bitch, won over Josey. If the latter had been in condition this decision might have been reversed.

POINTERS.

How is it that pointers are so little owned or exhibited in Canada? I recollect twenty years ago when the pointer was far more used in Canada than the setter, yet of late years the setter seems to be altogether used by the sportsmen here, consequently the pointer classes were not well filled. The Westminster K. C. being absent, only 5 dogs faced the judges in the three classes. In the open class for dogs the first prize was rightly withheld, and second prize went to Don, a very ordinary dog. Third was given to Hope Paitzel, a snipy-muzzled weedy-looking dog. In the bitch class Devonshire Flint, a nice, well shown bitch, rescued the pointer from low mediocrity, and second prize was withheld, as the only other entry was very poor indeed.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

Twenty-nine entries in English setter classes with one absentee was a good showing, taking everything into consideration, with Toledo and Ottawa both holding shows at the same time, and the quality has never been equalled in Canada. Leddersdale was alone in the challenge class. In the open dog class Sir Tatton at the head of affairs looked well, although all the dogs exhibited by the Item Kennels were shown in off condition, yet their quality pulled them through. It is not necessary to say anything about the winners, as they have all been described before; yet I would suggest that owners of really good dogs do both their dogs and themselves great injury in showing them out of condition. Davey & Richards's exhibit in the setter classes were all in the pink of condition and deserved their places. Locksley, second, has already been described and commented on at other shows. Matana, who took first in the puppy class last year has developed into a good dog rather lacking in size. Dick Bondhu, reserve, showed the effects of his long journey from the northwest, as did his kennel mate Manitoba Gladstone, yet they look like workmen and are built on racing lines. Jester, vhc., if it were not for his rather coarse head and defective stern, would have taken a much higher place, in fact, would have been at the first flight; he looks all over a good level-headed every-day and all-day dog, which we believe he is. Dashing Kent, vhc., was shown in no condition. In the open bitch class Cambriana outclassed all the others; she was described last year, and is fully up to anything that was then said of her. She might be shown in better condition. Canadian Lillie is quite a taking bitch, and was shown well. Forest Fern is a good all-round bitch, and was properly placed. Bonnie Lass, reserve, like all the Item Kennels' dogs, showed much want of condition, which is accounted for to a certain extent by their late long sea voyage. The puppy classes were well filled with good specimens, and for luck Night almost stands unrivalled with first in his class and five or six specials; but it is hard to tell how a dog may turn out judging them at five months old, yet he has no glaring defects. In the bitch class Carlton Fiorie was away ahead of any of the others for shape and style, which is nearly right in every place.

IRISH SETTERS.

Redstone stood at the head of affairs and is really a very fine dog but might be a little darker in color, and his eye is a bad color for an Irish setter. Jack Malone is very little behind him and is a little better in coat and color. In bitches Belle, Ida was to my mind and eyes the best in the Irish classes. In the puppy class Rosemere was alone but deserved his first.

GORDON SETTERS.

Mr. Campbell's exhibit in this class placed it away up, all his dogs were in good condition and the awards were correct. Simcoe, placed first, has a good square head, nice ears, well let down chest, and with a strong back and well carried stern is a wonderfully good Gordon setter. Gordo, third, might have changed places with Pelham, as his head is more typical, but he has not such good well set ears as the second prize one which I dare say detracted from his other good qualities. Becky Sharp has been too often commented on to say more than she got the first place rightly.

ENGLISH FOXHOUNDS.

The London Hunt Club carried off all the honors in this class with their entries which were shown in very fair condition for working hounds. They are rather undersized but have good bone, nice feet and legs. They also got the kennel prize for foxhounds.

AMERICAN FOXHOUNDS.

The class contained a varied lot of types, but Ranger, rightly placed first, is really a fine hound and was in splendid condition. Countess, a rather light built dog, was placed second. Driver, a black and tan with good head, was placed third.

COLLIES.

As the Chestnut Hills Kennels had eight and McEwen and Gibson ten entries, these classes were well filled, and were about the best exhibit in the show. Fall is a poor time to show collies, as they are all shedding their coats, which detracts a good deal from their appearance. Dublin Scot and Scotilla, in the champion class, were placed first and second. No need to say anything about these grand dogs, who have been so often described. Charleroi II. was placed first in the open class. He would be hard to beat in any class but for his ears, which drop like a fox-terrier's. Maxwell, a young sable dog, got second. He is not fully developed. He has good head and ears and a splendid set of feet and legs under him, but is just a little light in the middle yet When he gets age I think he will improve very much there. Red Gauntlet, reserve, has about the best coat we have ever seen, and he is proving himself a good sire. In the bitch class that sweet little bitch Roslyn Clara was far ahead of the rest. Her head might be a little larger, but the beautiful carriage of her ears and her kindly collie expression makes her a remarkable bitch, and we augur for her a brilliant show career. She got first in her class, and was awarded the special for best collie that had never won a prize. This was protested, as it appears that she won the Collie Club's sweepstakes this year. The protest was sustained by the C. K. C., and the prize went to Mr. Edward Gibson's Maxwell. The reserve in this class, Madge, ought to have been higher, but her coat was against her. The puppy classes were good, and the awards appeared to be correct.

SPANIELS.

These classes were not so well filled as last year, nor was the quality so good throughout. There was only one entry in the challenge class, Juno; three in the open field spaniel class for black. The prize was awarded to Faust, a good-bodied dog with horribly malformed front legs and feet. It does not seem necessary to have any legs under spaniels now, so we won't comment on them. When will this be altered? All that is required is length of body, smooth coat, plenty of ear and crooked legs to win. The judge, I suppose, is right, as he follows in the footsteps of all the present spaniel judges. Sweep, second, is a fairly good dog. Glencho, a black and tan, is rather a good dog barring his coat, which is rough, got second in any other color than black, the first prize being withheld. In Irish water spaniels there was only one entry, which was considered good enough for third prize. No Clumbers were entered. The cocker classes were fairly well filled. Black Duke, not looking in very good condition, was first in dog class; he has a fair body and good coat; he also won the special for best cocker of any class. Kespie, second, is a very taking dog, but as he is only 9 months old it is hard to say how he may develop. In bitches Marguerita was the best, but too young to say much about. Perhaps, second, is younger still, with a good head and ears. In the any other class Silver King was the only one noticed. He has good length of body, but is rather light in bone; his feathering is very scanty. In the puppy class Faust won, with Pekoe second. We think this should have been reversed. Marguerita might even have gone ahead of the first

BEAGLES.

The beagle class was very good. Rattler, a very typical dog, was placed first, with Cleopatra a very good second and Fairmaid, a little dog with a good deal of quality, third.

FOX-TERRIERS.

Village Belle, who carries her years and honors well, was alone in the challenge class. Blemton Trump, a nice-bodied dog with good feet and legs, but a little off in head, was first. Oxford Duke, a cobby made dog, with good head and jaws, and ears well carried, with plenty of bone and fair coat, was placed second. Belvoir Bacchanal, placed third, has the best coat of any of the exhibits, but is scarcely up to show form, although he has no glaring defects: he should be a good one to breed from, as he has plenty of bone and looks a workman. Virgil, in the bitches, shows a good deal of character, but her coat is rather soft. The puppies were better than usual, with Oxford Duke placed first in dogs. Oxford Veda first in bitches, Belvoir Risk second. Wire-haired terriers had three entries, all above the average. Billet, first, has been shown before. Patch is only a puppy yet. His head might be a little flatter in scull and he is out of condition, as he is just imported. He took first in Liverpool in the puppy class. Capsicum was alone in the bitch class

BULL-TERRIERS.

Bull-terriers were represented by three white dogs in good condition. The awards were correct.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.

This was the best class ever exhibited in Canada. There was very little difference between the prize winners, and the judge had to go down to very fine points to decide between them, but he did so and the awards were well received.

Dandie Dinmonts were not represented.

In Bedlington terriers Zulu II. is a good all-round bitch and deserved the first place. Gimlet, second, is a bit too light in body and bad in coat, otherwise he is a very good dog with lots of character.

Irish terriers had an entry in dog and bitch class. Peggy is a very good stamp of bitch, but a trifle soft in coat, her head is very good. She might have more bone for her size.

Dachshunde were a nice level lot of good-coated dogs and the awards were well placed.

Yorkshire terriers had four entries with two absent. Dolly is a rare good one with a beautiful coat.

In the pug class there was not a great deal of merit although much better than usual in a Canadian show, which is an indication that more interest is being taken in them. Toy terriers had only one entry. A nice little Scotch terrier shown got second.

Toy spaniels were a poor lot and the prizes were rightly withheld.

In the miscellaneous class a smooth-coated collie was first, a harrier second and the rest were nondescripts. Following is a list of the

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHALLENGE—No entry.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, H. Falconer's Mode; 2d, W. C. White's Cleveland. *Bitches:* 1st, J. V. Battram's Bessie B. *Puppies:* Prizes withheld.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—CHALLENGE—No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and very high com., H. Gorman's Bernae and Brian; 2d and high com., A. F. Jones's Nero and Hector; 3d, Pottersburg Kennels' Colonel. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Pottersburg Kennels' Maiden and Luna; 3d and very high com., A. F. Jones's Duchess and Tip. *Puppies:* 1st and 3d, A. F. Jones's Duchess and Priam II.; 2d, very high com., and high com., Tecumseh Chief and Monieta.—SMOOTH-COATED—No entries.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, W. J. Watson's Leo; 2d, A. Laidlaw's Victoria.

GREAT DANES.—1st, T. Roedler's Lord; Dudley Kennels' Dudley Gretchen.

GREYHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, G. C. Taylor's Milo. *Bitches:* 1st, T. P. Hebblewhite's Spider; 2d, W. J. Watson's Josey.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE—Absent.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, withheld; 2d, C. Stead's Don; 3d, F. W. Shaw's Hope Paitzel. *Bitches:* 1st, F. W. Shaw's Devonshire Flirt; 2d, withheld. *Puppies:* 1st, withheld; 2d, J. E. Robertson's Hector.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dog:* No entry. *Bitch:* Davey & Richards's Leddersdale.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, very high com. and high com., Item Kennels' Sir Tatton, Dashing Kent and Carleton Pero; 2d and very high com., Davey and Richards's Locksley, Jester and Brighton Dick; 3d, W. B. Wells's Matane. Reserve and very high com., T. Johnson's Dick Bondhu and Manitoba Gladstone. High com., S. Turner's Jupiter. *Bitches:* 1st, W. B. Wells's Cambriana; 2d, very high com. (2) and high com., Davey and Richards's Canadian Lillie, Lady Roup, Leddersdale II. and Flash; 3d, Forest Kennels' Forest Fern. Reserve and com., Item Kennels' Bonnie Lass and Item Carleton Florie. High com., T. P. Hebblewhite's Countess Daisy.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, R. Elliott's Night; 2d, Item Kennels' Pero; 3d, F. M. Furness's Robin Adair. *Bitches:* 1st, Item Kennels' Item Carleton Florrie; 2d, Davey and Richards's Lady of Lyons; 3d, C. A. Bowman's Lilley. Very high com., W. A. Dillon's Nora.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—No entry. OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, A. W. Pearsall's Redstone and Jack Malone; 3d, W. C. Hudson's Nemo. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, W. A. Pearsall's Belle Ida and Lady Noreen; 3d and com., W. C. Hudson's Nellie and Fan. Very high com., Item Kennels' Luray III. *Puppies:* 1st W. C. Hudson's Rosmore.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—No entries. OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, 2d and 3d, J. L. Campbell's Simcoe, Pelham and Gordo. *Bitches:* 1st, J. L. Campbell's Becky Sharp; 2d, T. P. Hebblewhite's Queen Anu; 3d, J. W. Winnett's Bessie. *Puppies:* No entry.

FOXHOUNDS.—ENGLISH—1st, 2d, 3d and very high com., London Hunt Club's Lamont, Weasel, Bustle and Statesman. AMERICAN—1st, W. J. Watson's Ranger; 2d, J. S. Swanwick's Countess; 3d, D. McAlpine's Driver.

COLLIES.—CHALLENGE—1st and 2d, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Dublin Scot and Scotilla.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 3d, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Charleroi II. and Colonel Scot; 2d, reserve, very high com. and com., McEwen & Gibson's Maxwell Red Gauntlet, Bonnie Dunkeld and Deacon. High com., G. Kennedy's Yarrow. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Roslyn Clara and Spoiled Miss; 3d, reserve and very high com., McEwen & Gibson's Mermaid, Madge and Jess. High com., F. A. Shaw's Gwyne and Item Kennels' Flirt.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Colonel Scot; 2d, McEwen & Gibson's Gordon. *Bitches:* 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Roslyn Clara; 2d and 3d, McEwen & Gibson's Becky and Myrtle.

SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—1st, C. M. Nelles's Juno.—OPEN—FIELD—BLACK—*Dogs:* 1st, Woodland Kennels' Faust; 2d and 3d, withheld. High com., H. S. Blackburn's Zum. *Bitches:* No entries.—ANY OTHER COLOR—*Dogs:* 1st, withheld; 2d, F. E. Curtis's Glencho. *Bitches:* No entries.—IRISH WATER—1st and 2d, withheld; 3d, J. W. Winnett's Drake.—COCKERS—CHALLENGE—No entries.—OPEN—BLACK—*Dogs:* 1st, Woodland Kennels' Black Duke; 2d and 3d, Canadian Cocker Kennels' Kespie and Pekoe. *Bitches:* 1st and very high com., Woodland Kennels' Marguerita and Lady Stanley; 2d, W. B. Palmer's Perhaps; 3d, T. P. Hebblewhite's Veno.—ANY OTHER COLOR.—*Dogs:* 1st, H. J. Leslie's Silver King; 2d, withheld. *Bitches:* 1st, T. J. Fitzsimmon's Mollie Bow; 2d, withheld; reserve, D. F. Buchanan's Dolly. *Puppies:* 1st and 3d, Woodland Kennels' Faust and Marguerita; 2d and very high com., Canadian Cocker Kennels' Pekoe and Kespie; reserve, W. B. Palmer's Perhaps. High com., J. Parr's Smut.

BEAGLES.—1st and 3d, W. J. Watson's Rattler and Fairmaid; 2d and very high com., Clark & Rutter's Cleopatra and Mollie.

FOX-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Oxford Kennels' Village Belle.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, A. A. McDonald's Blemton Trump; 2d, Oxford Kennels' Oxford Duke; 3d, R. Gibson's Belvoir Bacchanal. Very high com., G. Douglass's Jack Vandal. *Bitches:* 1st, Oxford Kennels' Virgil; 2d, withheld; 3d, R. Gibson's Belvoir Tussle. Com., J. J. Biggs's Lucy.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Oxford Kennels' Oxford Duke; 2d, G. Douglass's Jackson; 3d, R. S. Ryan's Linden Rival. Very high com., R. Gibson's Belvoir Luck. *Bitches:* 1st, Oxford Kennels' Oxford Veda; 2d, R. Gibson's Belvoir Risk.—WIRE-HAIRED—*Dogs:* 1st, Oxford Kennels' Billet; 2d, S. Munro's Patch. *Bitches:* 1st, Oxford Kennels' Capsiann.

BULL-TERRIERS.—1st, W. J. Watson's Royal IV.; 2d, W. P. Burns's Guess; 3d, A. T. Cleghorn's Bull.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—1st, Rochelle Kennels' Rochelle Lass; 2d and very high com., J. F. Campbell's Desdemona and Vortex; 3d, T. Dickson's Jenny.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—Absent

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—1st, W. J. Watson's Zulu II; 2d, H. Bualington's Gimlet; 3d, withheld. High com., T. Bickle's Topsy.

IRISH TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, W. J. Watson's Rock. *Bitches:* 1st, Oxford Kennels' Peggy.

DACHSHUNDE.—1st and 2d, A. Durand's Gypsey and Malt II.; 3d, C. J. Wright's Drum.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—1st, 2d and high com., J. F. Campbell's Dolly, Lady and Sweep.

PUGS.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d withheld; 3d, Mrs. Hannah Lockyer's Pug. *Bitches:* 1st, T. P. Hebblewhite's Midget; 2d, Mrs. V. H. Bell's Rustic Queen. Com., Mrs. G. Stinson's Daisy. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d withheld; 3d, G. Stinson's Tiney.

TOY TERRIERS.—1st, withheld; 2d, W. J. Watson's Nellie.

TOY SPANIELS.—Withheld.

MISCELLANEOUS.—1st, Chestnut Hills Kennels' smooth collie Lady Bird; 2d, E. H. Gustin's harrier Jeff. Very high com., Dr. Campbell's harrier Molly. High com., W. J. Watson's harrier Gypsey II.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Best mastiff, Mode; kennel St. Bernards (2), Pottersburg Kennels; local, the same; bitch, Monieta; puppy, Luna; kennel foxhounds, London Hunt Club; best, Ranger; greyhound, Spider; local, Jury; great Dane, Lord; pointer dog, Don; bitch, Devonshire Flirt; kennel English setters (2), Davey & Richards; dog, Sir Tatton; bitch (2), Leddersdale; pair, Locksley and Leddersdale; puppy (4), Night; bitch, Carleton Florrie; kennel Irish setters, A. W. Pearsall; dog, Redstone; puppy, Rosmore; kennel Gordon setters, J. L. Campbell; dog, Simcoe; bitch, Becky Sharp; kennel spaniels (2), Woodland Kennels; field, Faust; cocker (4), Black Duke; owned in London, Smut; brood bitch, Dolly; puppy, Pekoe; Irish water, Drake; kennel collies, Chestnut Hill Kennels; dog, Dublin Scot; bitch, Roslyn Clara; puppy, the same; that has never won a prize, Maxwell; owned by member of Collie Club, Dublin Scot; kennel fox-terriers, Oxford Kennels; dog (2), Blemton Trump; bitch (2), Village Belle; puppy (3), Oxford Duke; owned in London, Lucy; puppy, Ranter V.; wire-haired, Billet; beagle, Rattler; pair dachshunde, Malt II. and Gypsey; bull-terrier (2), Royal IV.; black and tan terrier, Rochelle Lass; Bedlington, Zulu II.; Irish, Rock; Yorkshire, Dolly; pug dog, Pug; bitch, Midget; pair, Jasper and Tiney; puppy (2), Tiney; any breed exhibited by a lady, Rustic Queen.

M. B.

CANADIAN KENNEL CLUB.—The annual meeting of the Canadian Kennel Club was held at London, Ont., Sept. 12. Following is a list of the officers elected for the ensuing year: President, R. Gibson; Vice-Presidents, J. K. Campbell, J. W. Gregory, Samuel Coulson, Thomas Johnson and Dr. J. Mills; Treasurer, S. F. Glass; Secretary, C. A. Stone. Executive Committee; C. M. Nelles, H. Bedlington, H. Martin, W. B. Wells, F. H. F. Mercer, Dr. J. S. Niven and T. G. Davey.

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nanit," "Gloan," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybillene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

THE revised and abridged edition of the A. O. U. Check List of North American Birds, including the additions and changes made in the supplement, will be sent post free on receipt of 50cts.—*Adv.*

OTTAWA DOG SHOW.

[*Special Report.*]

OTTAWA, Sept. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Ottawa show is a success. There are about 170 dogs in the building, and the management are put to great shifts in providing room. The building and benching are very well arranged, but the structure is not large enough. We understand that upward of fifty entries were refused, and that the committee could have secured over 300. More than 7,000 people have passed the turnstiles in the first two days, and now (the evening of the second day) the expenses are more than covered, and to-morrow will be clear profit.

There are scarcely any attendants, the committee finding it impossible to secure competent men in sufficint numbers, but they are endeavoring themselves to do the necessary work.

Mr. J. Otis Fellows, who judged, gave the best satisfaction, and made friends of every one he came in contact with, save the owners of the unnoticed, and even of some of them. He went entirely wrong in fox-terriers, but otherwise we agree with all of his decisions that we have had time to look into carefully.

MASTIFFS.

Wyoming Count, a very nice young dog, though lacking in size, walked over.

ST. BERNARDS.

The splendid-looking Bernard won over Lord Dalhousie, an English winner, hands down. He is a 32in. dog of good color, but lacking in head markings. He is also cow-hocked. Blake, vhc., is a nice, though small dog, bad in color. In bitches Uncle Dick, in the kindness of his heart, not before carefully inquiring whether they belonged to ladies or not, and being answered in the affirmative, withheld first, and awarded second to Bruna, who is wrong pretty well all over.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.

Four black dogs faced the judge. Jumbo (Ami's) has far the best head, but everywhere else loses to his namesake Gratton's Jumbo.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

These classes were very bad. In puppies Glen, a lovely-headed but decidedly shelly bitch, rightly won over Don, a very pretty three-months-old blue belton, and his litter brother Ben II. Dexter, hc., was protested by Mr. F. H. F. Mercer, in the name of the Canadian Kennel Club, as over age, and the case is still to be decided.

IRISH SETTERS.

Bang beat Zero in head, but would not show himself; they were placed equal first.

GORDONS.

All were off in head and other points, but the best won.

POINTERS.

Roy had a walkover in dogs, as had Ada in bitches.

GREYHOUNDS.

This was a wonderfully hot class, and it took a lot of time to decide which were the best. We think "Uncle Dick" picked the right ones. Galatea, a sapling, is a lovely little creature, and does credit to Balkis and Mother Demdike. She should make a good one.

FOXHOUNDS.

The judge could only judge by working capabilities. They were a motley lot.

BEAGLES.

Fitzhugh Lee beat Tessie, who excels him greatly in ear.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.

Prize should have been withheld.

CLUMBER SPANIELS.

These were the largest classes of Clumbers ever got together in America. Twelve were entered. Champion Johnny has been retired and therefore did not compete, while Drake was so run down after a week's hunting that his owners entered him for exhibition only. Champion Boss III., the celebrated English champion, rightly won over Fop. Boss' head is as wrong as wrong can be, but Fop's is shapeless, though better in parts. Boss also beats him in texture of coat, feather, length and formation of body, while Fop beats him in eye and stern. Shell, a very nice dog, should have been let out earlier, he did not show to advantage by any means. It may be of interest to compare the two champions, Johnny and Boss III. The former beats the latter in muzzle, eye, expression, ear and skull, in short as the judge said to the writer, "Johnny beats Boss fifteen points in head." Boss' color is all wrong, whereas Johnny's is correct, and in length, texture and lay on of coat, also in markings, Boss is not in it with him. In shoulders, neck and muscular development Johnny scores ahead, but in body, feather and lowness on the leg Boss beats him handily. In length Johnny scores, but very little, and his feet are, if anything, the better. In short, Boss is a "crocodile," Johnny a workman. In bitches it was a close, a very close thing between the English crack Bromine and Lucy II. Both were out of condition, but Bromine was in worse shape. We think the best bitch got the award, though there is much room for dispute. Lucy's blind eye handicapped her badly. Madge was outclassed. In puppies Quester and Bustler, two three-months-old toddlers, won without any trouble over their far older opponents. They showed great quality, and the former especially is a pup of great promise. He is full of Clumber character. Meta, vhc., is a very pretty bitch, as is also Mina, hc.

FIELD SPANIELS.

Bruce won rightly over his kennel mate. In bitches Blackie practically walked over, for her only opponent, Moera, is an overweight cocker. The latter has a perfect cocker head with the exception of being rather too much cut away below the eye. In puppies Punch walked over.

COCKERS.

Uncle Dick gave the prizes to the common sense animals whenever he consistently could. If spaniel men would bring out decent "workers" they might not have to complain, but all their trouble and time is wasted on the crocodiles, and wretched workers, so-called, are shown and beaten. In black dogs the beautifully coated Bronte won over the badly covered Obo, Jr., and also rightly won special for best. Jr. beats him in length and lowness on leg, but that was not what the judge was after, and he gave the prize to the best cocker. In black bitches the lovely little cocker Judy won over Woodstock Nellie, also special over Luna for best bitch. She is long, but not too long in body, is cobby and a good medium height on the leg; if anything, too high. Her coat and feather could well be improved upon, also her ear. Tiney Obo won in black puppies, and rightly. Budd, second, is a worker, but is likely to grow out of the class. Oh Dear No is a pretty little thing, but dish-faced, ears badly set on and forelegs very crooked. In other than black, Rufus rightly won over Tory, who is black save about the vent. In bitches the pretty, though badly-coated, Luna rightly won. Rideau Mite won in puppies, but, after only a hasty glance it is true, we preferred Rover for the place.

COLLIES.

All prizes were withheld in dogs, and we would not have thought the judge hard if he had also withheld in bitches and puppies. About all the collie there was about most of them was that they had four legs.

BULLDOGS.

A walkover for a very moderate-headed, bad-bodied bitch.

BULL-TERRIERS

Though six dogs were entered in this class there was only one bull-terrier, Count Dick. He was looking very well and won. He is badly off in stern and has markings.

FOX-TERRIERS.

Zig Zag was the only fox-terrier dog worthy of the name and won. In bitches Clytie won, and this was almost the only bad blunder Mr. Fellows made. She showed herself so well in the ring, jumping up to her master's shoulder, a fox-terrier all over, whereas Elora Tatters would only slouch around. Still, he had to take them as he saw them. We examined them carefully on the bench, and Elora, in our opinion, beats Clytie hands down. Mr. Fellows made a still greater blunder in putting Clytie over Zig Zag for the special. How he could possibly do this we simply cannot understand. Zig Zag beats Clytie at every point in our opinion, and we spent half an hour over the two. In puppies it was a close thing between Brit and Royal Dart, and the best one won.

OTHER TERRIERS.

In Skyes Move walked over. Weaver, a really high class specimen, wos alone in Airedales. In the absence of Vortex, Squaw won in black and tans. In toys Le Moir, a black and tan, won over a Yorkshire that was out of coat and shape generally.

PUGS.

Judy rightly won over Trixie in this class.

TOY SPANIELS.

E. Bradford owned all but one in this class, and made a clean sweep with his pretty quartette.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Snowflake, a white English terrier, was the only dog worthy of notice. Following is a list of the

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—1st and 2 cups, F. W. Connolly's Wyoming Count.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH—*Dogs:* 1st and special, Hon. E. Dewdney's Bernard; 2d, M. Arahill's Lord Dalhousie. Very high com., J. Terrance's Blake. *Bitches:* 1st withheld; 2d, Mrs. H. S. Lauder's Bruna. High com., H. R. Elliott's Topsy.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st and special, G. Gratton's Jumbo; 2d, S. J. Ami's Jumbo.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. A. Lawyer's Zeno; 2d, Mrs. Sydney Smith's Polo. Very high com., E. F. Dey's Boatswain. *Bitches:* No entry. *Puppies:* 1st and special, E. H. Corbett's Glen; 2d, Mrs. B. H. Humphrey's Don. Very high com., Clumber Kennel's Ben II. High com., A. Lacelle's Dexter.

IRISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* Equal 1st and special, J. Manghan's Bang and Hon. E. Dewdney's Zero. *Bitches:* No entry.

GORDON SETTERS.—1st and special, C. Kelly's Domo; 2d, Mount Royal Kennels' Hilda. Very high com., W. H. Pearce's Popsey.

POINTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, G. B. Smart's Roy. *Bitches:* 1st and special, R. H. Mavecty's Ada.

GREYHOUNDS.—1st and special and 2d, H. P. Thompson's Volunteer and Fly. Very high com., T. C. Bates' Edgewood and Mount Royal Kennel's Elcho. High com., H. C. Andrews' Russ and S. S. Davidson's Barney. Com. and puppy special, L. N. Bates' Galatea.

FOXHOUNDS.—1st and special, A. Stewart's Mingo; 2d and very high com., W. Pownell's Mingo and Rose. Very high com., R. Quain's Jack. High com., J. Spence's Moose and S. Robitaille's Lady Middleton.

BEAGLES.—1st and special and 2d, Clark and Rutter's Fitzhugh Lee and Tessie.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—1st and special, J. Torrance's Diver; 2d, withheld. High com., E. F. Burrett's Boatswain.

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st and special, T. C. Bate's Boss III.; 2d, Mrs. F. H. D. Vieth's Top. Very high com. and special, H. B. D. Bruce's Shell. *Bitches:* 1st and special, T. C. Bate's Bromine; 2d, H. B. D. Bruce's Lucy II. Very high com., Mrs. F. H. D. Vieth's Madge. *Puppies:* 1st and 2 specials and 2d, Clumber Kennels' Quester and Bustler. Very high com. and high com., T. C. Bate's Meta and Mina.

FIELD SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st and special and 2d, Woodstock Spaniel Kennels' Bruce and Kaffir. *Bitches:* 1st, Woodstock Spaniel Kennels' Blackie. *Puppies:* 1st and special, E. Flood's Punch.

COCKER SPANIELS.—BLACK—*Dogs:* 1st and special, Wood stock Spaniel Kennels' Bronte; 2d, P. G. Keyes's Obo, Jr. Very high com., J. A. Robertson's Duke. High com., G. Bell's Man in Black. *Bitches:* 1st and special, A. U. Almon's Judy; 2d, Woodstock Spaniel Kennels' Woodstock Nellie. Very high com. and special, C. E. Living's Cleo. High com., W. G. McCullough's Vic. *Puppies:* 1st and special, P. G. Keyes's Tiney Obo; 2d, A. W. Rideau's Budd. Very high com., G. Bell's Oh Dear No. High com., S. S. Davidson's Nerve.—OTHER THAN BLACK—*Dogs:* 1st, F. J. Leigh's Rufus; 2d, Woodstock Spaniel Kennels' Tory. Very high com., T. M. Robertson's Rover. *Bitches:* 1st, G. Bell's Luna; 2d, Woodstock Spaniel Kennels' Senora. *Puppies:* 1st, P. G. Keyes's Rideau Mite, 2d, T. M. Robertson's Rover.

COLLIES.—*Dogs:* Withheld. *Bitches:* 1st and special, J. Duncan's Flora; 2d, H. F. Brading's Kintorina. Very high com. and special, T. Chandler's Lilly. Very high com., E. G. Worley's Tricksie. *Puppies:* 1st, J. Duncan's Floss; 2d, T. Chandler's Garry and E. Richardson's Squire. High com., H. F. Brading's Yum Yum, E. Turton's Badger and A. D. Ramage's Dixie.

BULLDOGS.—1st and special, T. Hartnett's Nettle.

BULL-TERRIERS.—1st and special, A. E. Heming's Count Dick; 2d, withheld.

FOX-TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, H. P. Thompson's Zig Zag; 2d, withheld. *Bitches:* 1st and special, P. G. Keyes's Clytie; 2d and high com., H. P. Thompson's Elora Tatters and Bacchante. Very high com. and special, E. Gleeson's Jess. High com., F. McGuire's Jess, J. Wilkins's Gypsy.—OTHER THAN BLACK—*Dogs:* 1st, F. J. Leigh's Rufus; 2d, Mount Royal Kennels' Chummie. *Puppies:* 1st and special, Mount Royal Kennels' Royal Dart; 2d, B. F. W. Hurdman's Brit. Very high com., G. S. Oldreive's Kitty and B. F. W. Hurdman's Vic, Jr.

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st and special, Mary Little's Mave.

AIREDALE TERRIERS.—1st and special, Clumber Kennels' Weaver.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—1st, special and 2d, J. F. Campbell's Squaw and Desdemona. High com., M. Drolet's Pomper.

TOY TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st and special, M. Drolet's Le Noir; 2d and special, Mount Royal Kennels' Fritz. *Bitches:* 1st, W. H. Reid's Floss.

PUGS.—1st and special, J. F. Campboll's Judy; 2d Miss Maud Hurdman's Trixie. High com., Mrs. C. D. Graham's Victor.

SPITZ.—1st and special, Mrs. W. Rodger's Fred.

TOY SPANIELS.—1st and special, 2d, and very high com., E. Bradford's Fannie's Blen, Prince and Romeo.

MISCELLANEOUS.—1st, J. F. Scholes' white English terrier Snow Flake.

OTTAWA.

A. K. C. EXPENSES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice that on May 22 last Mr. Vredenburgh, the treasurer of the A. K. C., made the following report, as appears in the May number of the *Kennel Gazette:*

Receipts from all sources from Jan. 11 to date.....$4,538.43
Expenses for same period..... 3,578.38

Balance on hand..... $960.05

I am not a mathematician, and, while I shall not dispute the expense account, I am anxious to know where the receipts came from, and I would like to know how much of the sum came from the generosity fund? Up to and including the month of May the receipts from dogs registered in the *Kennel Gazette* amounted to $464.75; for registration in Stud Book $652; 296 associate members (if all have paid), $1,480, making in all $2,596.75, leaving a balance of $1,941.68 to be accounted for as received. Will Mr. Vredenburgh in his coming report explain from what resources this fund was derived, and is it not a fact that the major portion of this sum was not received from actual income earned by the club?

In my letter of last week, in the expense account, having charged the manufacture of the *Kennel Gazette* for eight months $1,600, I should not have charged again the item of $654 for the 327 copies supplied to the associate members.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Sept. 16. PESHALL.

TOLEDO DOG SHOW.

[*Special Report.*]

TOLEDO, Sept. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The first annual dog show of the Toledo Kennel Company is a decided success. The entries number 310, and as the prize list will show many of them were first-class animals. Mr. John Davidson, of Monroe, Michigan, and Mr. H. W. Lacy, of New York, officiated as judges and gave satisfaction. The show was superintended by Mr. George H. Hill, of Madeira, O., and his management was excellent. Judging began rather late on Tuesday, and was not finished until to-day, the specials occupying considerable time. The attendance has been quite good, and the association will come out ahead. Following is a list of the

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHALLENGE—1st, C. E. Cook's Moses.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, E. B. Sears' Sears' Monarch; 2d, J. F. Stone's Philammon. Very high com., J. Grant's Leo III. High com., E. Probert's Jumbo. *Bitches:* 1st, E. B. Sears' Countess of Dunsmore; 2d, C. E. Cook's Menglada. *Puppies:* 1st, W. H. Warner's Duke of Connaught; 2d and high com., C. E. Cook's Guy and Gracie.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—CHALLENGE—1st, Alta Kennels' Noma.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, E. B. Sears' Plinlimmon, Jr.; 2d, Peninsular Kennels' Caspar. Very high com., J. J. Geddes's Argus and Meadowthorpe Kennels' Star. High com., B. R. Geddes' Caleb. Com., W. H. Elston's Lion. *Bitches:* 1st, E. B. Sears' Lady Wellington; 2d, Alta Kennels' Bessie Bayard. High com., J. B. Lewis' Pansy and Keystone Kennels' Warwick Abbess. *Puppies:* 1st, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Star; 2d, Peninsular Kennels' Earl.—SMOOTH-COATED—CHALLENGE—1st, Alta Kennels' Victor Joseph.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, W. F. Harn's Rex Maximus; 2d, J. M. Gallagher's Cato, Jr. Very high com., Keystone Kennels' Sola. *Bitches:* 1st, Alta Kennels' Apajune; 2d, Meadowthorpe Kennels Norah. Very high com., W. F. Harn's Theo. High com. and com., Peninsular Kennels' Appolona and Daphne.

GREAT DANES.—*Dogs:* 1st, withheld; 2d, and com., Wolverine Kennels' Cæsar II. and Hector. *Bitches:* 1st, withheld; 2d, Wolverine Kennels' Auguste.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Meadowthorpe Flora.

DEERHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, S. W. Skinner, Jr.'s Robin Adair and Fergus. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, S. W. Skinner, Jr.'s Phyllis and Lady Dare.

GREYHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Douglas Fleming. *Bitches:* 1st, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Alla-Gratta; 2d, Bulled-Bruette Kennels' Carmine.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE—No entries.—OPEN—LARGE—*Dogs:* 1st, J. R. Daniels's Lord Graphic; 2d, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Meadowthorpe Duke. Very high com., B. F. Lewis's Ike. High com., B. F. Seitner's Luck of Idsfone. Com., A. W. Hitch's Nicadeane. *Bitches:* 1st, Hollywood Kennels' Moll Faust; 2d, J. E. Gill's Don's Dot. Very high com., Dayton Kennels' Van Bang.—SMALL—*Dogs:* 1st, Bulled-Bruette Kennels' Molton Baron; 2d, John Bolus's Trinket's Champion. Very high com. and com., Dayton Kennels' Bodine's Bow and Noble Bang. High com., J. R. Daniels's Graphic's Topic. *Bitches:* 1st, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Primrose; 2d and com., Dayton Kennels' Bodine's Dell and Mealy IV. Very high com., J. Lewis's Siberian Girl. High com. and com., J. R. Daniels's Trinket S., Graphic Clip, and Nellie Croxteth. Com., B. F. Seitner's Phantom. *Puppies:* 1st, E. H. Osthaus's Bijou; 2d, J. R. Daniels' Loraine.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. E. Dager's Cincinnatus; 2d, Mt. Washington Kennels' Lindo. *Bitches:* 1st, Columbus Kennels' Pearl Bondhu; 2d, Mt. Washington Kennels' Zona. Very high com., C. E. Eddy's Kate Mandan. High com., A. W. Hitch's Liberty II. Com., G. G. Kuhm's Jessie D. and R. M. Green's Frolic Bondhu. *Puppies:* 1st, J. R. Daniel's Nellie Dale.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, E. W. Clark, Jr.'s Blarney. *Bitches:* 1st, Kildare Kennels' Laura B.; 2d, C. B. Thompson's Molly Bawn.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, W. N. Kuhn's Mack N.; 2d, W. C. Hudson's Kenmore. Very high com., E. Maher's Larry S. High com., Meadowthorpe Kennels' Rover. Com., F. S. McGraw's Don L. *Bitches:* 1st and high com., Kildare Kennels' Ruby Glenmore and Kildare Ruby; 2d, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Kate II. Very high com., L. M. Hilsendegen's Biddie. Com., H. G. Byrant's Chipeta. *Puppies:* 1st, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Kate II.; 2d, W. C. Hudson's Lady.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, S. W. Dixon's Little Boy. *Bitches:* 1st, Meadowthorpe Kennel's Belmont.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, 2d and very high com., Meadowthorpe Kennels' Heather Harold, Heather Roy and Laddie. High com., E. H. Mason's Dandy. Com., Bulled-Bruette Kennels' Devon Grouse and W. T. Higbie's Monte. *Bitches:* 1st and very high com., Meadowthorpe Kennels' Blossom and Heather Model; 2d, W. A. Mitchell's Vic II.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—1st, J. R. Daniels's Patsy O'Conner.

FIELD SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, P. Demmel's Mick Whiffles. *Bitches:* 1st, Campbell & Blake's Pansy.

COCKER SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, S. R. Hemingway's Rabbi. *Bitches:* 1st, Lake Shore Kennels' Bene Silk.

COLLIES.—CHALLENGE—1st, W. D. Hughes's Bonnie Brae.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Roslyn Sensation; 2d, H. W. Harding's Bonnie Scot. Very high com., W. D. Hughes's Nullamore. *Bitches:* No entry. *Puppies:* Withheld.

BEAGLES.—CHALLENGE—1st, W. D. Hughes's Lou.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Detroit Kennel Club's Bross; 2d, J. Lewis's Ross W. *Bitches:* 1st, J. Lewis's Cricket.

DACHSHUNDE.—1st, J. Reade's Sport; 2d, B. F. Seitner's Prince.

BULLDOGS.—CHALLENGE—1st, G. Raper's Rabagas; 2d, R. B. Sawyer's Portswood Tiger. OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, R. B. Sawyer's Lion; 2d, H. L. Goodman's Joker. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, R. B. Sawyer's Soudan and Thespian. Very high com., Campbell and Blake's Mape.

BULL-TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, 2d and very high com., F. F. Dole's Trentham Baron, Don Pedro and Hinks. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, F. F. Dole's Starlight and White Daisy. *Puppies:* 1st, F. F. Dole's Don Pedro.

FOX-TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, A. E. Pitts's Raby Signal. *Bitches:* 1st, Campbell & Blake's Belle; 2d, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Folly. Com., G. M. Hendrie's Tiny and Salt.—WIRE-HAIRED—1st, G. M. Hendrie's Eskdale Broom; 2d, Mrs. F. F. Dole's Cotswold Jocko. Com., Dartmoor Kennels' Snorter.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—1st, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Donald.

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st, Mrs. A. Bright's Ben More.

IRISH TERRIERS.—1st, Lewis & Jarrett's General Burnside.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—1st, Rochelle Kennels' Rochelle Maiden; 2d, F. F. Dole's Kaiser. High com. and com., Campbell & Blake's Nanon and Prince. Com., G. M. Hendrie's Nip.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—1st, 2d and very high com., Meadowthorpe Kennels' Reiver, Wonder and Baillie.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—1st, Mrs. A. Bright's Fairy.

PUGS.—CHALLENGE—1st, A. E. Pitts's Kash.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Bradford Ruby II. and Douglas II. High com., Acme Kennels' Lord Nelson. *Bitches:* 1st, H. L. Goodman's Bo Peep; 2d, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Una. Very high com., A. E. Pitts's Daisy. High com., Eberhart Pug Kennels' Lady Thora. Com., J. Lewis's Mona and E. Probert's Winnie. *Puppies:* 1st, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Cashier.

TOY SPANIELS.—1st and 2d, E. Probert's Charlie and Little Cricket.

WHIPPETS.—1st, 2d and very high com., Campbell & Blake's Nellie Grey, Maggie and Ben Bow.

MISCELLANEOUS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Black Diamond. *Bitches:* Equal 1st, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Pearl and H. Eichler's Flossy.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Exhibitor scoring the largest number of points, Campbell and Blake. Kennel mastiffs, C. E. Cook; St. Bernards, Alta Kennels; deerhounds, S. W. Skinner, Jr.; pointers, J. R. Daniels; Irish setters, Kildare Kennels; Gordon setters, Meadowthorpe Kennels; fox-terriers, G. M. Hendrie; bull-terriers, F. F. Dole; pugs, Eberhart Kennels. Best mastiff, Scars' Monarch; greyhound bitch, Alla-Gratta; Irish setters in open classes (divided), Mack N. and Ruby Glenmore; beagle, Lou; bull-terrier, Trentham Baron; rough-haired terrier, Donald; collie, Roslyn Sensation; bulldog, Rabagas.

TOLEDO.

COURSING AT LOUISVILLE.

[Special Report.]

THE coursing season of the fall of 1889 was opened at the Jockey Club track, Louisville, Ky., by the National Coursing Association of Hutchinson, Kan. The dates fixed for the meeting, Sept 4 to 7, unfortunately fell in the rainy season, and the first two days' races were necessarily postponed. This made a serious hitch in the programme; many from a distance were sadly disappointed, and several of the entries were not present; but, notwithstanding the unfavorable conditions, the morning of the 6th being bright and clear, the management were at the track early, and before 2 o'clock P. M. everything was in order, and the famous racecourse, where the great Proctor Knott was trained, was to witness the most novel racing event ever seen east of the Missouri River. The postponement from day to day, and the shortness of time for notifying the public, naturally brought but a small attendance; but if small in numbers, there was no lack of enthusiasm, which at times was unbounded, the crowd cheering so lustily that in two instances the greyhounds were so thoroughly frightened as to turn from pursuing the jack rabbit, and flee for safety to their masters.

There is no further question as to the practical success of coursing away from the home of the jack rabbit, the western prairies, as the success of the meeting just closed has demonstrated.

Coursing with jack rabbits after shipping them hundreds of miles, was in a measure experimental, and to see such speed as they showed to their long tailed pursuers was fairly a source of astonishment, even to the managers of the association. The jacks came through safely from Hutchinson, Kas., and after the second day regained their form, and were in good racing condition, as shown by the result of the contests, only five rabbits being caught in the fourteen courses, the winner of the stake, Snow, being carried clear through the course in two instances, with but two turns to her credit. The original programme called for two stakes of twenty dogs each, but one stake was necessarily dropped, as other dates could not be secured in which to complete the full programme.

The Louisville Derby Stake closed with eighteen entries, composed of dogs principally from Louisville and New Albany, the entries being limited to dogs owned in Kentucky, Ohio, and Indiana. In the entries were the names of Prince B., winner of first at the July running meeting in Louisville, and Brandt, the runner-up. The name of Socks, the runner-up in the Great Bend Derby, at the meeting of the American Coursing Club at Great Bend, Kan., October, 1888, was quite prominent, but unfortunately he was attacked by a large bull-mastiff, and so seriously lacerated that he was unable to compete in the stakes, and it remained for his kennel companion Snow to carry off the honors. The local interest was great, and throughout the several races were watched as intently as any racing event ever held on the Jockey Club track. Old running horsemen were in the stands, with stop-watches in hand, and their disappointment was very noticeable when the rabbit and dogs would swerve from their course and break the straight quarter. In only one instance was the time accurately secured, and that was in a course with a brace of slow dogs. The time was caught at 27 seconds. Repeated efforts were made by an enthusiastic owner of a fast greyhound to match a race for a quarter or half with a thoroughbred, but although the greatest confidence was expressed by the owners of the flyers, no definite arrangements could be made; but in the near future the fact will be demonstrated as to which is the fleeter of the two animals.

The course was prepared by fencing the track on both sides down the stretch with a mesh wire, to prevent the rabbit from escaping. About two hundred yards below the judges' stand a permanent corral is made with heavy duck canvas eighty feet square and eight feet high. This is the home of the jack rabbits; just above the quarter-pole a temporary corral is also made of the same material, but much smaller. Shortly before the race begins the jack rabbits are driven up the track to their corral, and are allowed to escape one at a time, two dogs in slips being in waiting for them to appear; and as the hare glides from the chute the eager greyhounds spring to the slips, and at the word the slipper pulls the spring and they are away. Down the course they come, the long ears of the jack rabbit laid close on his back; and only a light gray streak is seen taking a straight line for the escape, with his swift and silent pursuers rapidly closing in on him; but the peculiar formation of his head and eyes enables him to see straight over his back, and as the greyhounds approach he lets out a kink and flashes under the wire and through the brush to the corral, and is safe. The judge closely following in the wake, waving the winning flag, either red or white.

In a few instances the rabbit was caught, but the invisible wire muzzle worn by the dogs prevented serious injury, and the slip steward's assistant was promptly on hand, to assist in protecting the hare. The dogs, although a good looking lot, were inexperienced, and in a few instances refrained from running the rabbit, for which they were promptly disqualified, the rules of the American Coursing Club governing all contests, and being rigidly adhered to. Mr. D. C. Luse, secretary of the National Coursing Association, acted as judge, and Mr. M. E. Allison performed the duties of slip steward.

In the first series W. H. Gray's black dog Prince beat W. W. Daniel's dark dog Swift. Joe. H. Kraft's white bitch Snow beat Mr. S. D. Duff's Beauty. J. Elmer Bush's fawn dog Prince B. beat A. M. Young's white dog Alphonso. J. D. Hill's fawn dog Rocket beat Wm. Nord's blue bitch Queen. Mrs. John R. Botto's fawn dog Brandt beat Gus Kraft's blue and fawn dog Kraft's Beauty. Arnold Held's fawn dog Bob Ingersoll beat W. N. Daniel's fawn bitch Kelpie. Tom J. Sandrum's blue and white dog Count beat W. N. Daniel's black and white bitch Beauty D.

The reports of the races in the daily papers, and the vigorous advertising of the races on the following day, when the winners were run off, brought a very large and enthusiastic gathering, and there was a ripple of excitement when course by course was run off, and only two of the fleetest were led up the stretch for the final contest. The contest was between a New Albany dog and a Louisville dog, the runner up at the July races. They were loosed to a good rabbit, but as the dogs struggled to get free the big fellow, Brandt, broke from the slips while the rabbit was but a scant fifty yards away, and the slipper at once loosened Snow, and in the run-up Snow scored a decided go-by, and was first to the hare, turned it to the big dog, who accepted the opening, and scored a trip, and as they straightened to the course Snow again made a go-by, tripped and caught. The wildest excitement prevailed as the announcement was made that Snow, the New Albany dog, had won.

Snow, the winner, is a pure white bitch, weighing about 58lbs., strongly built, with exceptionally large chest, ribs well sprung, well arched back, close-coupled, strong quarters. Her most noticeable faults are a rather short though fairly well-formed head, and very short tail heavily covered with hair. Her owner, Mr. Joe H. Kraft, of New Albany, has recently purchased Socks of Roger D. Williams, of Lexington, Ky., and will send both of them to Kansas the coming week, to be fitted up for the meetings at Hutchinson and Great Bend. He will also send a youngster to compete in the Derby.

The runner-up Brandt is a very large, finely-formed dog, weighing about 75lbs. He is a rich golden brown, stands well on his legs, close coupled, and with a well arched back. One can truly say that he is a grand, good, well-balanced large dog. He is said to have been imported by Von der Ahe of the St. Louis Browns. The summary of the races is as follows:

First Series.

Prince beat Swift.
Snow beat Duff's Beauty.
Prince B. beat Alphonso.
Rocket beat Queen.
Bob Ingersoll beat Kelpie.
Count beat Beauty D.

Second Series.

Snow beat Prince.
Prince beat Rocket.
Braudt beat Bob Ingersoll.
Count a bye.

Third Series.

Snow beat Prince B.
Brandt beat Count.

Final Heat.

Snow beat Brandt and won.

The prizes awarded were: Snow $50, Brandt $25, Count $15, Prince B. $10.

The next meeting of the series will be held at St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 21 and 23, the Association being unable to secure other satisfactory dates. After the St. Louis meeting, arrangements will be made for the meeting at the Association grounds in Hutchinson, Kan., after which time dates will be made for other points abroad.

DOG TALK.

MR. EDWARD E. INGALLS, of Ithaca, N. Y., owns a St. Bernard bitch named Selma. He writes letters on the letter paper of G. W. Ingalls & Co. On June 24 he tore off the letter head so as to disguise the origin of the letter, and wrote to us as follows: "Will you tell me through the columns of your next issue (1) the registration number, if registered, (2) the pedigree, also (3) name and address of owner of Selma, a rough-coat St. Bernard bitch?—C. W. B., Ithaca, N. Y." The name C. W. Bower was added in parentheses, and there was nothing to show that the letter signed C. W. B. was written by Ingalls, the owner of Selma. In our issue of June 27 we replied that the bitch was not registered. Thereupon Mr. Edward E. Ingalls, *alias* C. W. Bower, wrote us: "A fellow townsman of mine asked of you some information about the rough-coat St. Bernard Selma. He asked these questions: 1. What is her registration number, if registered? 2. What is her pedigree? 3. Who owns her? Now, we sportsmen in Ithaca do not want to think anything but kindly toward FOREST AND STREAM, so out of justice to me and my dog will you kindly answer C. W. B.'s questions in your next issue. You will find her registered in A. K. C. S. B. with full pedigree. Trusting you will correct this I remain a constant reader of FOREST AND STREAM.—EDWARD E. INGALLS." Subsequent to our reply in issue of June 21 we received the June number of the *Gazette*, and in it was contained the registration number, 13,522, and the pedigree, Merchant Prince—Rensel, and the owner's name, Edward E. Ingalls, Ithaca, N. Y. To Mr. Bower *alias* Ingalls we tender a tardy apology for this late reply, and to Mr. Ingalls *alias* Bower an apology for having quite unwittingly deprived him of the free advertisement he was after. And we shall go right on answering questions and giving such aid as we can to inquirers, with perfect confidence that ninety-nine of them are honest and only the hundredth a fraud of the Ingalls-Bower, Bower-Ingalls stripe.

In compiling a list of the awards at the Brooklyn dog show last week, we had no end of trouble, and if the mistake mentioned below is the only one made, we shall be thankful. Mr. John Keevan writes: "The Erminie Kennels of Mt. Vernon, N. Y., referred to in your issue of last week as the "Germania Kennels," was represented at the late bench show held under the auspices of the Brooklyn Kennel Club, by two exhibits. Barry II. in the challenge class for rough-coated St. Bernard dogs, and Greta, in the open class for rough-coated bitches; the former winning first and the latter equal second prize."

Mr. John M. Weigle, of Augusta, Ga., is engaged in writing a book on practical dog training for field work. He has had considerable experience in handling pointers and setters for his own amusement, and he will doubtless give us something well worth reading.

"The Pocket Kennel Record," published by the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, has been issued with new style of blanks, prepared by the editor of these columns; and it will be found even more convenient and complete than the old form.

The dog show held at Toronto this week is reported to be the most successful of the fall shows so far. The entries foot up 329, and among them are a large number of valuable dogs. A full report will appear next week.

In the advertisement of the Central Field Trial Club last week the first prize in the All-Aged Setter Stake was inadvertently printed $200. It should have been $250, the same as in the Pointer Stake.

PENNSYLVANIA'S NEW DOG LAW.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following clipping from one of our papers may prove of interest to some of your readers. The paragraph making dogs personal property and subject to larceny is certainly a step in the right direction. But will you, Mr. Editor, kindly interpret to me this new law at the point where it says: "The law does not repeal or affect the provisions of any existing special law on the same subject in any county or district." We have here a borough ordinance providing for the taxation of dogs in our borough at the rate of $1 for dogs and $2 for bitches. Will we be obliged to pay both taxes—this borough tax and the one provided for in this new law?—A. C. KRUEGER. The law provides that there shall be collected annually from the owners of dogs a tax of 50 cents for every male dog and $1 for every female dog. This money shall constitute a fund, from which persons sustaining a loss or damage to sheep by dogs may be paid for such loss, along with the costs necessarily incurred in establishing their loss. Persons who have sustained loss or damage to sheep may make complaint before any Justice of the Peace, and the latter shall notify the owner of the dog or dogs causing the loss, and if the owner does not appear "as soon as practicable" and pay the loss caused by his dog the Justice shall notify the township auditors to appraise the loss sustained by the claimant; they have the power to summon witnesses and investigate the case thoroughly, and shall determine and report to the Justice the amount of the damage, if any. If it shall be found at the close of the current year that the dog tax is not sufficient to pay for all the losses incurred under the law, then the School board shall pay a pro rata share to the several claimants; if the funds are sufficient, then the claims shall be paid in full. All dogs in the State are made personal property and subject to larceny. Justices shall be allowed a fee of fifty cents in every case that comes before them. Owners of dogs causing loss may voluntarily pay the damage without waiting action. In case there is a surplus in the sheep fund in the hands of the treasurer at the close of the current year amounting to $100, the same shall be transferred to the school fund of the district for school purposes. The law does not repeal or affect the provisions of any existing special law on the same subject in any country or district. [The new tax is evidently in addition to local taxes.]

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 or any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Count Noble's Boy. By E. A. Hight, Lynn, Mass., for white, black and tan English setter dog, whelped Aug. 31, 1889, by Count Noble (Count Wind'em—Nora) out of Katie Berwyn (Dashing Berwyn—Katydid) (wrongly given last week).

Duke's Baby and Victoria. By High Rock Cocker Kennels, Lynn, Mass., for black cocker spaniel bitches, date of birth not given, by Black Duck out of Zo Zo.

Count W. and Countess W. By N. Wallace, Farmington, Conn., for black and white English setter dog and bitch, whelped July 7, 1889, by Count Noble (Count Wind'em—Nora) out of Jennie III. (champion Foreman—Jennie).

Kicker, Othello's Boy, Dr. Cryer, Pug Ugly, Faraway Moses, Othello and Scamp. By Geo. W. Fisher, Catawissa, Pa., for fawn pugs, seven dogs and one bitch, whelped Aug. 31, 1889, by Othello (Othello II.—Scamp II.) out of Jule (Tom Thumb—Byon).

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Dixie—Little Duke, Jr. W. E. Deane's (Somerset, Mass.) beagle bitch Dixie (Flute—Thorne) to W. E. Deane's Little Duke, Jr. (A.K.R. 2389), July 10.

Colina—Scott's Jack. Theo. J. Hook's (Rome, N. Y.) collie bitch Colina (Kilmarnock Bruce—Lady of the Lake) to H. S. Quin's Scott's Jack (champion Dublin Scot—Effie Dean), Sept. 12.

Romp—Rum. Edward Brooks's (Boston, Mass.) Chesapeake Bay bitch Romp (Rake—Rose) to F. B. Greenough's Rum (Rag—Ripple), July 3.

Lulu IV.—O'Donovan Rossa. M. Flynn, Jr.'s (Bristol, R. I.) Irish setter bitch Lulu IV. (Dick—Lulu) to his O'Donovan Rossa (Sarsfield—Nino), Sept. 1.

Lady—Towser. Geo. W. Fisher's (Catawissa, Pa.) fox-terrier bitch Lady (Trap—Nettle) to Mrs. J. R. Bennett's Towser (Trap—Nettle), Aug. 20.

Lassie—Oxford Duke. Geo. Douglas's (Woodstock, Ont.) fox-terrier bitch Lassie (Richmond John—Nellie), to F. Wheeler's Oxford Duke (Dane Baffler—Rosa Canina), Aug. 7.

Beverwyck Flip—Bacchanal. Beverwyck Kennels' (Albany, N. Y.) fox-terrier bitch Beverwyck Flip (Beverwyck Tippler—Beverwyck Nelly) to A. Belmont, Jr.'s Bacchanal (The Belgravian—Bedlamite), Sept. 5.

Beverwyck Booze—Beverwyck Poacher. Beverwyck Kennels' (Albany, N. Y.) fox-terrier bitch Beverwyck Booze (Beverwyck Tippler—Beverwyck Nelly) to their Beverwyck Poacher (Dusky Trap—Blemton Arrow), Aug. 6.

Flossie—Bradford Harry. Thos. McAloon's (Bangor, Me.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Flossie to P. H. Coombs's Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beal's Lady), Sept. 8.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Posy. Pottinger Dorsey's (New Market, Md.) beagle bitch Posy (Fleetwood—Twinkle), Aug. 11, six (three dogs), by his Lee (Warrior—Rosy).

Venus II. Pottinger Dorsey's (New Market, Md.) beagle bitch Venus II. (Lee—Venus), Sept. 3, seven (five dogs), by his Boston (Lee—Twinkle).

Countess. Pottinger Dorsey's (New Market, Md.) beagle bitch Countess (Ringwood—Juliet), Sept. 3, five (two dogs), by his Boston (Lee—Twinkle).

Dixie. W. E. Deane's (Somerset, Mass.) beagle bitch Dixie (Flute—Thorne), Sept. 10, six (four dogs), by his Little Duke, Jr. (A.K.R. 2389).

Romp. Edward Brooks's (Boston, Mass.) Chesapeake Bay bitch Romp (Rake—Rose), Sept. 6, five (four dogs), by F. B. Greenough's Rum (Rags—Ripple).

Patsey Bang. J. Hansen's (Minneapolis, Minn.) pointer bitch Patsey Bang (Bang Bang—Peggy), Aug. 24, nine (four dogs), by his Duke (champion Sensation—Rose).

Jule. Geo. W. Fisher's (Catawissa, Pa.) pug bitch Jule (Tom Thumb—Bijou), Aug. 31, seven (six dogs), by Dr. Cryer's Othello (Othello II.—Scamp II.).

Lady Nell. Woodland Kennels' (Woodstock, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Lady Nell (Burmah—Woodstock Molly), Aug. 7, seven (four dogs), by his Black Duke (champion Obo II.—Woodland Queen).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Rose. Apricot fawn pug bitch, whelped Jan. 27, 1887, by Bradford Ruby out of Gyp, by Geo. W. Fisher, Catawissa, Pa., to Geo. L. Robertson, Mt. Carmel, Pa.

Rustic Prince. Fawn pug dog, whelped July 6, 1889, by Rustic King out of Rose, by Geo. W. Fisher, Catawissa, Pa., to Geo. L. Robertson, Mt. Carmel, Pa.

Rustic Joe. Fawn pug dog, whelped July 6, 1889, by Rustic King out of Rose, by Geo. W. Fisher, Catawissa, Pa., to E. W. Jester, St. Georges, Del.

Minnie. Black and tan Gordon setter bitch, whelped April 25, 1889, by champion Royal Duke out of Jennie II., by Louis Parisette, Jr., Brooklyn, N. Y., to John Steuernagle, New York.

Prince of Elcho. Red Irish setter dog, whelped May 11, 1889, by Elcho, Jr., out of Romaine, by Wm. Jarvis, Claremont, N. H., to J. M. Weigle, Augusta, Ga.

Spot. White bull-terrier bitch, whelped January, 1889, by Wm. J. Henry, Jersey City Heights, to H. L. Langhaar, Nutley, N. J.

Blemton Lilly. White, black and tan fox-terrier bitch, whelped May, 1885, by Twig out of Norah, by Beverwyck Kennels, Albany, N. Y., to W. A. Ellis, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Beverwyck Hecate. White, black and tan fox-terrier bitch, whelped Sept. 3, 1888, by Lucifer out of Daze, by Beverwyck Kennels, Albany, N. Y., to W. S. Applegate, New Albany, Ind.

Beverwyck Dusky—Blemton Lilly whelps. White, black and tan fox-terrier dog and bitch, whelped March 19, 1889, by Beverwyck Kennels, Albany, N. Y., one each to C. W. Carter, Boscawen, N. H., and James E. Unks, Muncie, Ind.

Warren Discord—Daze whelps. White, black and tan fox-terrier bitches, whelped March 15, 1889, by Beverwyck Kennels, Albany, N. Y., one each to J. A. Hoffar, Washington, D. C., and James E. Unks, Muncie, Ind.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

W. T., Ikanwood.—Ans. Dog has worms. Give tablespoonful of castor oil and three hours after 30 grains of powdered areca nut made into a large pill with lard. Give another dose of oil three hours after the pill. Feed milk only during treatment.

A SUBSCRIBER, Harrison, N. J.—I have a young retriever bitch about seven months old that is troubled with large white worms about 1½ or 2in. long. Would you please inform if there is any cure? Ans. Give two teaspoons of castor oil and follow this in three hours with a pill made of 20 grains of powdered areca nut. This, if made with lard, can be forced down the throat. Give another dose of oil in an hour after the pill. Feed milk only while treating.

G. C. B., Buffalo.—When breathing my collie dog gives a very funny twitch sideways from his head to behind his shoulders. When lying down and trying to sleep his breath becomes very irregular, until he suddenly jumps up with a start. He was shot in the foreleg shortly ago, but the wound has healed and it is now entirely well. He is in very good spirit and will romp and play as much as ever. Ans. It may be a central spinal trouble. If so, little good can be done for it. If it is a functional trouble, strychnine, iron, quinine and exercise, with good food, will benefit. Let some physician look at your dog.

H. A. S., Chelsea, Mass.—A collie dog two years old had a touch of mange, and we applied an ointment which soon cured the mange and the hair grew out all right. This was about a year ago, and ever since a humor has been coming out in raised blotches as large as a nickel, which seem to itch terribly. The dog will scratch and rub so as to produce a sore. Have used an ointment which will cure the sore, but next day it will break out again. Ans. Use an ointment made of equal parts of diachylon and zinc oxide ointments. Give 5 drops of Fowler's solution night and morning in the food. Keep the bowels free by use of syrup of buckthorn.

H. B., White House, N. J.—My setter dog, four years old, appears all right, but is sometimes suddenly taken with very severe pains in hind parts, losing the use of them, and struggling violently; appetite fair; tires easily. I think it is worms. What can I do for him? Ans. If you are certain that the dog has worms, give a generous purge of castor oil, one or two tablespoonfuls, and follow this in three hours with a large pill containing 30grs. of powdered areca nut. Feed only milk for two or three days. After this treatment give a 2-grain pill of the citrate of iron and strychnine three times daily hidden in a morsel of meat.

Rifle and Trap Shooting

IRA PAINE.

THE death of Chevalier Ira Paine briefly mentioned in our last issue has called forth many reminiscences of the world famed marksman. He was no doubt at the head of his chosen profession and deserving much praise for his years of effort in setting high records for future expert shots.

The Captain was a native of Providence, R. I., a man of large physique and about 48 years of age. At one period he was a prominent minstrel, and a member of a quartet which gained some reputation. His wife is a native of London, England, and one of the most attractive women on the stage. They were married abroad some 6 years ago, and, although she assisted him on the stage, she never gave any public exhibition of skill. In 1860 Capt. Paine decided to adopt the profession of a marksman, and received his first inspiration, as it were, while on a gunning expediton down the Delaware River with several gentlemen yachtsmen, of Philadelphia, in which city he was then engaged in the minstrel profession.

He and Bogardus shot many matches and Paine was generally defeated. He trained in New York with Harry Felter and Selah Smith. He attributed the superiority of Bogardus to his great steadiness and his regular mode of life.

They first met for the champion badge at pigeon shooting and $1,000. Paine won by 86 to 83. Bogardus then challenged him again and beat him by 87 to 85. Paine then came out with a challenge and was beaten by a score of 89 to 91. Then Paine challenged again, this time putting up $1,000, and beat Bogardus by one bird, the score b ing 80 to 79. Next he shot Bogardus for the Lorillard Badge at Stamford. Bogardus killed 39 birds to Paine's 37. Then they met at Prospect Park and Bogardus won by 84 to 81. On Dec. 21, 1875, Paine met Miles Johnson, and on March 7, 7, 1876 Dr. B Talbot at Deerfoot Park.

Paine made his first trip to Europe on May 2, 1876, with the trotting mares presented to Baron Rothschild by Mr. Belmont. He went to London to test his skill with the Englishmen at the trap. He met Capts. Patton and Shelley at Nottingham Hill. He shot Patton 30 birds each at 27yds. rise for $500 a side on June 3, 1876. They made a tie of it and the match was postponed for a few days. When it came off Paine won by three birds. He found the English birds quicker and more alert than the American.

Then he shot Capt. Shelley for $50 a side, 20 birds each, 27yds. rise, and beat him by one bird.

On Feb. 5, 1882, he beat Henry Cartier at pistol shooting in Paris. In June, 1888, he shot with F. E. Bennett of Boston, the match lasting several days, but the men had a row, and Paine declined to finish, Bennett shooting the match off alone.

Mr. Paine went to Europe in 1880, and spent six years abroad, visiting every part of Europe and taking a run to Australia. One of his most pleasant achievements was when he received the endorsement of the noted military authority, Gen. Von Kameke, German minister of war, on March 12, 1882, in the presence of the royal family and some four thousand troops, who pronounced him the most wonderful shot in the world. On Dec. 8, 1882, he was knighted and decorated by the King of Portugal at Lisbon, in the presence of the American minister, Hon. John M. Francis, and Commander Newell and his officers of the American ship-of-war Nipsic, and on Jan. 25, 1883, he received his papers and insignia. This was the reward for a private exhibition given to his Majesty by special command. After the exhibition he was the guest of the King, who joined Mr. Paine in pistol shooting. At that time what had distinguished Mr. Paine was his astonishing rapidity and accuracy with the different national arms, such as hitting an 8in. target 35 times in one minute, loading a Winchester rifle. This feat was accomplished at the palace in Lisbon. Another similar feature was performed aboard the United States ship-of-war Lancaster, at Cronstadt, in May, 1883, when loading and firing an American Hotchkiss rifle, he hit a target 32 times in one minute. With the Mauser gun, in the presence of Gen. Von Kameke and the German troops, he hit 27 times.

At the great London revolver trial in 1884, in the presence of representatives of the London press, he succeeded in hitting a 6in. target fifty times in succession with a Colt's army weapon. While in Paris, and at the celebrated Galleries Renette, Mr. Paine shot with such success that Gastine Renette, the expert, declared that the gallery had not seen his equal, although it had been in existence for over eighty years. On September 28, 1885, he won a great match with Herr Joseph Schulhoff, of Vienna, the most noted pistol shot in Europe. This match created profound interest in military circles on account of the reputation of the contestants. The distances were 40, 120 and 225yds. Mr. Paine won all three of the matches and nearly doubled the points of his opponent. The last target was 17.66in.—Paine hit it with a pistol 77 times in 100. The five judges in the great pistol match, including Baron Restel, Military Commander, of Vienna, presented him with a magnificent medal, inscribed: "The Master-shot of the World; from Vienna Friends." Upon his return to this country in 1886, he was fairly loaded with souvenirs when he had completed his tour, and all of them are of much value. Another incident kept in mind by Mr. Paine was the occasion of his visit to the late King of Spain, where he gave private entertainments and was received and entertained for several days.

When Carver visited Europe in 1881, Paine was introduced as "Mr. De Jongh, a Transvaal marksman," and the pair shot matches in Glasgow, Edinburgh and other cities, as gate money exhibitions. Mr. Paine possessed a beautiful outfit of arms, and his suggestions to the armory managers on the small but important points of fine marksmanship were always listened to and followed. A report of a shooting exhibition given by Capt. Paine at Detroit in 1880, just before his departure for Europe, will show what a good all-around shot he was. The report says:

"The shooting was done on the river bank back of the Park House, Hamtramck, where the sun's rays were strong and where the wind had its interest in whatever was going on. There was no seeking of shelter, no trick loaded shells or prepared powder, cracked glass balls or other illegitimate methods sometimes adopted by exhibition marksmen.

"Mr. Paine began his work by shooting with an ordinary double barrel shotgun or breechloading fowling piece, at glass balls thrown in any and every direction, and as rapidly and as far as possible. After breaking every ball thus thrown Mr Paine shot at balls thrown high in the air, and broke them first at the point where the upward flight stopped, then after they had fallen half way to the ground, and finally when within 8ft. of the ground.

"With a regulation single-barrel dueling pistol all shots were made at ten paces, the first object being a block of wood 2in. square, which he centered with the bullet and sent spinning through the air. Then he shot at a crab-apple about an inch in diameter, which was suspended on a wire hung in front of the face of the target board. Next his assistant held an ordinary lead pencil before the target board and Mr. Paine sent a bullet which broke the lead pencil in halves. A peanut not more than an inch in length was strapped in an upright position to the top of young Jaques's head, and at the first shot the nut was cut in two. An ordinary grape hanging by a thread and swinging before the target board, was next hit with a pistol ball, after which a dozen balls were put through as many postage stamps on envelopes taken from the spectators and held between the thumb and finger.

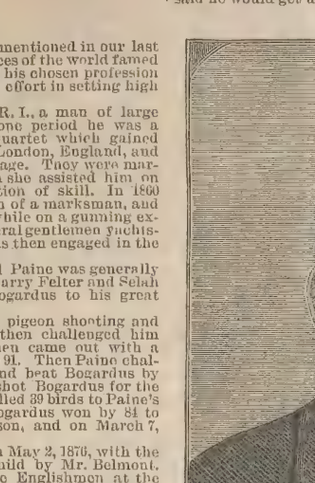
"His assistant placed an ordinary business card against the target board with the edge of the card—not more than one-sixteenth of an inch thick, toward the shooter. Then Mr. Paine, with the duelling pistol, took a long, unerring aim, and, at the first shot, hit the card on the edge, cutting it in exact halves. The feats with the duelling pistol closed with the shooting of a cork from a stone bottle without injuring the bottle or spilling its contents.

"With an army revolver Mr. Paine exhibited several very dexterous shots. His assistant, standing 30ft. away, tossed glass balls in him, and he shot them before they could hit him. Then Mr. Paine threw the balls himself, and broke them with the revolver before they could reach the ground. With a small rifle such as is used in shooting galleries Mr. Paine broke balls thrown at him and away from him.

With a Winchester rifle Mr. Paine shot double balls thrown into the air, breaking both of them, and put twelve shots into a 6in. target in eight seconds. He then performed the ricochet shot. A glass ball is placed upon the ground, and the rifleman, by shooting into the ground, under the ball, throws the globe into the air four or five feet, and before the ball falls to the ground it is broken by a second shot. Mr. Paine successfully made two ricochet shots, ending the fancy shot programme.

"About a third of a mile from the shooting ground was a red spar buoy, looking to the spectators to be about the size of a lead pencil. Wishing to see what Mr. Paine could do at long range, requests were made that he would shoot at the buoy. The marksman unhesitatingly complied, explaining first, however, that he would be obliged to guess at the elevation, as his rifle was not fixed for long range shooting. The first shot went several hundred feet beyond the buoy, the second went about 200ft. beyond the spar, and the third one alighted within 50ft. of the object. All were line shots. The fourth shot dropped alongside of and bespattered the buoy with water raised by the shot.

"Then reloading the rifle with sixteen cartridges Mr. Paine said he would get up a little squall around the buoy, and firing in



IRA PAINE.

rapid succession the sixteen shots were sent around and within from 6in. to 2ft. of the buoy, causing the water to fairly boil. Thus ended a most entertaining and surprising exhibition of what may be accomplished with firearms."

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE CREEDMOOR MEETING.

THE story of the 17th annual prize meeting of the National Rifle Association, held during the past week, should be written in water rather than ink Every score card bears the blur of the rain drops that fell upon it during the record-making, and both officer and marksman swam through five days of very determined work. The story of the week's doings told in daily sections is a notorious one of wading and waiting. Of course the Association is out of pocket on the week, but this is a matter to which it is now pretty well accustomed, and only praise should be said of the officers who have done so much under so long a period of very discouraging surroundings.

Sept. 10.—The meeting had a dismal, damp opening. There was no shooting in the morning, but the regular events were carried out in the afternoon, save the Judd match, which was postponed until the morrow.

There were about fifty riflemen on the ground when the hour sounded at 1:05 P. M., and the shooting started in simultaneously on half a dozen different ranges. The officers of the occasion, which will last five days, are Brig. Gen. Robbins, General Inspector of Rifle Practice of the State of New York, executive officer. Range officers—Capt. G. B. Rhodes, Seventh Regiment; Capt. W. G. Owen, Twelfth Regiment; Lieut. Christoffel, Forty-seventh Regiment; Lieut. C. H. Smith, Seventy-first Regiment. The last-named had something to do before a rifle was fired. Gen. Robbins' horse didn't like his hostler, and he viciously threw the boy in front of the club house, and stepped on his knee while he was down.

Never before in the history of the range has such a storm of wind and rain been experienced during the autumn meeting. The average velocity of the wind during the day was demonstrated to be forty-five, and at times it reached between fifty and fifty-five miles an hour. Tents went down before the onset of the blast as if they were paper houses, and shooting was rendered well nigh an impossibility.

Some really brilliant shooting was accomplished by Major Chas. H. Gaus, Inspector of Rifle Practice, Third Brigade, Albany, at 1,000yds., who won the Wimbledon Cup on a score of 107 points. The remarkable feature of Major Gaus's shooting consisted in the fact that he held "the iron" for the entire thirty shots constituting the match, not a single miss being recorded against him. This was the only finished match of the day, all the other shooting being done in continuous or re-entry matches.

Massachusetts and Pennsylvania sent good delegations, and there were quite a number from New York and New Jersey. The Massachusetts delegation is nearly the same as it has been for five years past, and it contains many of those who went to England in the spring. Col. Rockwell of the Second Brigade will be in charge. Lieut. Connelly of the Sixteenth Regiment was on hand with his men from Pennsylvania.

Sept. 11.—The riflemen seemed to feel perfectly at home in the rain to day. The events started in early in the morning, and they kept it up all day, tramping about in rubber coats with dripping guns. The continuous events went on, and the important matches were the Judd and long range military match. There was a slight influx of militia in addition to Tuesday's attendance, and the competitors in the Judd match numbered nearly fifty.

New York riflemen beat the strong shooting men of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania in this match, which was won by Sergt. Frederick A. Wells, 23d Regiment, Brooklyn, and Pvt. Peter Finnegan, 69th Regiment, won the long range military match.

It was a beastly day for shooting, the wind in its velocity and the accompanying downpour of rain fairly discounting the disagreeable and trying conditions of the day before The fact that, even under these circumstances, it required scores of "centers" or better—that is, an average of 4 points per shot, or 1 point under bullseyes—to secure a place among the twenty-six prize winners in the Judd match affords not alone a fair index of the ability of the contestants, but the advancement which has taken place in military rifle shooting.

Sept. 12.—There were no long-range matches on the programme to-day, and if there had been they wouldn't have come off, for the shower of rain was so thick all day that it was scarcely possible to distinguish a target at 900 or 1,000yds., and the bullseye couldn't have been seen with a glass. The wind wasn't as strong as the day before, but it rained three times as hard, and the range just purchased by the State of New York was half under water. Captains and privates alike were compelled to ring their sleeves. Each man got no less than a pint or water out of each sleeve of his army coat. There wasn't much temptation to shoot in the continuous matches, because if the weather is clear later in the week it will be an easy matter for some one to step in and with a score or two leave far behind the hard-earned shots of stormy weather.

The only event that was completed was the President's match for the military championship of the United States. In this match 37 competitors participated, and victory remained with a New Yorker, Capt. Macaulay, former Inspector of Rifle Practice of the 12th Regiment, winning the match at the second stage.

Sept. 13.—To-day was team day for the local teams and the State with the two division matches were disposed of. The two crack commands, the Seventh and Twenty-third, had things their own way, each winning its division match and then the Seventh taking the State prize with five teams in the field. The range took on nearly its accustomed form. The rain held off, except for intermittent showers, while the wind ceased to blow in great gusts and was only tricky and deceptive.

Sept. 14.—To-day the meeting ended with fair weather and two important matches. It ended, too, in a whirlwind of ill-feeling, and it is more than likely that executive officer Gen. Robbins, by a harsh though technically correct ruling, has driven the Pennsylvanians into a state of mind which will prevent them from coming again to Creedmoor for a long time. New York simply held tail positions in both the Inter-State and the Hilton Trophy matches, yet it was not very far in the rear, and the match was won on rather low scores considering the favorable day on which they were shot. The wrangle was on the rigid application of the time limit rule in the last few shots fired at the 600yds. distance. It has been in years gone by a rule at Creedmoor to limit the time in which matches shall be shot. This rule lately has been more honored in the breach than in the observance, but little attention being paid to it. In the Hilton match the Pennsylvania team got through first, followed closely by Massachusetts, with New York a bad third. In going from the 500 to the 600yds. ranges much time was wasted. Massachusetts was shooting at a target where the marking was particularly slow, and Pennsylvania men were taking all the time they wanted. It was noticed that New York was shooting rapidly, and Col. Rockwell, in charge of the Bay State men, remembering the old rule, inquired how much time he had left. "Just 12 minutes," said Gen. Robbins. But 12 minutes to fire 18 shots over a long distance, requiring the nicest calculation, and a sharp order was issued to the men to hurry. This did not improve the score, and the low record made by the two Bulls at 600yds. must be charged to this account. As it was, the horn blew to cease firing before F. R. Bull could finish his score, and left the Pennsylvanians short on two men. There was tremendous kicking by Pennsylvania, but as it was the Massachusetts team succeeded in winning the trophy by just two points.

Gen. Robbins explained that the limitations of the matches had been posted in the morning, allowing 1¾ hours for the 200yds. shoot in both the Inter-State and Hilton matches, the latter immediately following the former; then three hours for the 500 and 600yds. portions of the matches. The three hours would bring the match up to 5 P. M., but as eight minutes was lost in shifting targets between the 200 and 500yds. events, this much extra time was allowed after 5 o'clock. The Pennsylvania men said they knew nothing about such an arrangement, and when they got done with the 200yds. events in the morning, long before the other teams and wanted to know if there wasn't some limitation, Gen. Robbins told them there was none. They say they wanted to keep right on with the 500yds. shoot, but they were not allowed to. As a result, when the final horn was blown, at 5:11, Massachusetts had one shot and Pennsylvania two which were ruled out.

At this juncture Pennsylvania was but two points behind the "world beaters," with an almost assured certainty of winning the match. F. R. Bull, the last man of the Massachusetts team to shoot, had made 21 points in his possible 35, while Gunther and Pratt, the ruled out men of the Pennsylvania twelve, had scored 22 and 24 points respectively.

Assuming this average to be maintained, of which there was every reasonable assurance, there could be no doubt that the match would go to the Keystone marksmen. But the executive officer stood upon the strict letter of the law and the regulations, and the match terminated with a hollow victory to the credit of Massachusetts and unrepressed dissatisfaction and rebellious feeling on the part of the Pennsylvania and New York contestants.

At the close of the shooting and upon the announcement of the result the Massachusetts shooters freely expressed themselves as preferring defeat to being compelled to accept a quasi victory by virtue of a technical decision, while the Pennsylvanians were outspoken in their indignation at being ruled out of a fairly-earned winning score.

Hereafter, they declared, Pennsylvania would conduct its own rifle matches, putting up prizes to be competed for at Mount Gretna far exceeding in value those offered by the National Rifle Association, and it would be a long day before a team from the Keystone State would again be seen at Creedmoor.

The formal record of the prize winners and leading scores in the various matches stand as follows:

No. 1. Directors' Match.—200yds., open only to directors of the N. R. A., rounds 5, any military rifle, including specials:

B Walker	45554—23	Geo Shurtleff	45544—22
James Duane	55345—22		

No. 2. Judd Match.—Open to all comers, the Remington .50cal., State model, or the United States Springfield, 200yds., standing, rounds 7, entries and re-entrance $1 each, the aggregate of two scores to count for the first five prizes. 26 prizes:

F A Wells	5545544—32	Frank Connelly	5544444—30
J J Mountjoy	5455444—31	E J Cram	4553544—30
John F Klein	4444455—30	W A Stokes	4145553—30
W G Hussey	5445445—31	S S Bumstead	4444544—29
W J Johnson	5545444—31	W S Horton	4145444—29
O J Gunway	4455445—31	W Hoffman	4544444—29
J M Carrere	4454554—31	Thos Connelly	5454444—29
Geo R Russell	4445445—30	Geo Doyle	5434445—29
T J Dolan	4453245—30	A S Weston	4454448—29
O T Farnsworth	4454445—30	F E Bradley	3453455—29
C W Simmons	4454454—30	E W Newton	4444345—28
J M Johnson	5444454—30	Geo W Coulston	4444435—28
G S Scott	4455444—30	C B Pratt	5454444—28

No. 3. Wimbledon Cup Match.—Open to all citizens and residents of the United States, 1,000yds., 30 shots, any rifle, cleaning allowed. Won in 1875 by Maj. Fulton, in 1876 by I. L. Allen, in 1877 by Dudley Selph, in 1878 by Frank Hyde, in 1879 by C. H. Laird, in 1880 by W. M. Farrow, in 1881 by F. J. Rabbeth, in 1882 by W. Budworth, in 1883 by H. T. Rockwell, in 1884, 1885 and 1886 by J. W. Todd, in 1887 by T. J. Dolan, in 1888 by W. M. Merrill.

C H Gaus	345254234454434544344324332333—107
W M Merrill	03402303423353203480 retired.
Alex Stein	59503000000325382.00 retired.

No. 4. President's Match.—First stage: 200 and 500yds., 7 shots at each distance, open to all members of the army, navy and marine corps, or the national guard, 17 prizes. Second stage: Open to all prize winners in the first stage, 600yds., 10 shots:

	200yds.	500yds.	
W M Merrill	3424454—26	5455555	34—60
W G Hussey	4544554—31	4455434	27—58
J J Mountjoy	4445344—27	4455543	30—57
C H Gaus	4444443—27	5435353	29—56
R B Edes	4434454—28	3544354	28—56
J Macaulay	3243424—23	5445445	32—55
C C Foster	3443443—27	3445555	31—55
J D Wilcox	4443445—27	3435455	30—55
T J Dolan	3444448—26	2445555	29—55
W C Johnston, Jr	4535434—28	4444533	27—55
J M Johnson	4544443—28	4533254	26—54
H J Mehard	3433453—25	4544254	28—53
Geo Doyle	4434445—28	4450345	25—53
Geo R Russell	4524444—28	4555424	25—53
W J Underwood	3333333—22	3545534	30—52
S S Bumstead	4443443—26	4553853	26—52
Frank Stuart	3444434—26	3254344	26—52

Second Stage.

	1st Stage.	600yds.	Total.
J Macaulay, Supernumerary, N Y	55	41	96
Geo R Russell, 5th Mass	53	42	95
W G Hussey, 5 b Mass	58	35	93
C H Gaus, 3d Brigade, N Y	56	36	92
George Doyle, 5th Mass	53	38	91
S S Bumstead, 2d Mass	52	39	91
R B Edes, 2d Mass	56	32	88
W M Merrill, 5th Mass	60	27	87
C C Foster, 5th Mass	55	29	84
W C Johnston, 2d Brigade, Mass	55	28	83
T J Dolan, 12th Regt, N Y	55	27	82
J M Johnson, 2d Mass	54	22	76

No. 5. The Long-Range Military Match.—Any rifle, including specials, 800 and 900yds., any position, open to all comers, 15 shots at each distance, 6 prizes:

	800yds.	900yds.	
Pvt Peter Finnegan	3544423045545	54—56	45553553254500	56—112
Pvt Alex Stein	5940545255545	55—61	2440455430305	55—47—108
Sergt T J Dolan	4544430442543	55—55	53:2050543044	43—47—102
Major C H Gaus	4233034023	34 35—43	5545522534	5053—53— 96
Sergt W M Merrill	0245444452334	23—45	0-3243144345	50—46— 91
Capt J S Shepherd	5454050330005	0—37	2344354045	4554—53— 90
Sergt H C Weagraff	2334534245	4543—56	0233040030	3007—27— 83
Sergt Frank Stewart	3035446354	2030—36	4000230350	0000—18— 54

No. 6. The Tiffany Match.—All-comers, continuous match, 200 yds, standing, 7 shots on the American standard target, any weight rifle with 3lbs trigger pull, but no palm or other rest allowed. The allowance for special military rifles will be 3 points, for other military rifles 4 points, and for the Remington State model .50cal. 5 points on each string, cleaning allowed between shots for rifles other than military or special military, the first prize will be a silver vase presented by Messrs. Tiffany & Co.; 31 cash prizes aggregating $264. The aggregate of 3 scores to count for all prizes. Extra prizes of $5, $3 and $2 will be awarded each day to the 3 competitors making the greatest number of bullseyes.

G Zimmerman (Winchester)..... 9 6 8 10 9 7 10—59
8 9 7 9 10 10 9—62
8 10 9 7 9 9 10—62—183
W H Beardsley..... 9 8 7 9 9 7 9—58
8 10 9 10 7 9 6—59
9 7 10 10 10 9 7—62—179
T J Dolan.....58 58 61—177 J A Boyker.....56 58 56—170
B Walther.....57 58 61—176 M Dorrler.....58 58 56—170
W M Farrow.....50 56 57—163

No. 7. Governor's Match.—10 shots at 500yds., position any, any military including specials, open to all comers, $175 divided in 24 prizes:

S S Bumstead (Springfield).....5455555555—49
W H Hussey (Springfield).....5455555455—48
W C Johnston, Jr (Springfield).....5555454555—48
C W Hinman (Springfield).....5535555555—48
Alex Stein (Military).....5555555455—49
Alex Stein (Hepburn).....5555544552—48
R B Eder (Springfield).....5555555545—48
L B Farnsworth (Springfield.).....4555555554—48
G R Russell (Military).....5553555554—47
W M Farrow (Springfield).....3445555555—44
Geo Doyle (Springfield).....5454355555—46
W D Huddleson (Springfield).....4454555245—45
F R Bull (Springfield).....5455455554—47

No. 8. All-Comers' and Marksman's Badge Match.—Open to everybody, 200 and 500yds., 5 shots at each distance, Remington .50cal. State model or such other rifles as may be issued or authorized by the State of New York, 30 prizes, total $215.

	200yds.	500yds.	
C J Jones	45544—22	55555—25	47
L T Elliott	55445—23	45455—25	46
Geo Shorkley	55544—23	54455—23	46
J D Foot	54444—21	55455—24	45
J F Klein	45445—22	55555—23	45
G L Hoffman	55543—22	55555—25	45
F Stuart	54545—23	44554—22	45
G F Hamlin	34444—19	55555—25	44
C E De la Vergne	44444—20	55455—24	44
F L Holmes	44554—20	54555—24	44
W A Stokes	44445—21	54554—23	44
E De Forest	45545—23	34554—21	44
N B Thurston	45544—22	45545—21	43
Geo S Scott, Jr	44454—21	44445—21	42
John Kerr	44445—21	55355—21	42
J W Hale.....18 23—41	F S Kennedy.....21	17—39	
D C Saunders.....19 22—41	G E Constable.....18	20—38	
S W Merritt.....20 21—41	T W Tunpon.....20	18—38	
Geo Ball.....21 20—41	Geo Musson.....18	19—37	
R H Harding.....18 22—40	E Lockley.....19	18—37	
R C Gibson.....20 20—40	Ed Duffy.....20	17—37	
Wm Donaghin.....20 20—40	H C Taylor.....21	16—37	
C H Smith.....20 19—39			

No. 9. Hilton Trophy Match.—Open to teams of 12 from the army, navy or militia, 200, 500 and 600yds. Rounds, 7 at each distance, any military rifle which has been adopted, authorized or issued as an official arm by any State or government. Won in 1878 and 1879 by New York, 1880 by Division of Missouri, U. S. A.; 1881 by New York, 1882 by Pennsylvania, 1883 by Michigan, 1884 and 1885 by Division of Atlantic, U. S. A.; 1886, 1887 and 1888 by Massachusetts:

	200yds.	500yds.	600yds.	Total.
Pvt Farrow	4545544—30	4454555—32	4255435—28	90
Pvt Farnsworth	4454554—31	5455555—34	4555445—32	97
Sergt Johnson	4544445—30	5555355—33	4532244—26	89
Lieut Hussey	5544454—31	5534445—30	4445455—31	92
M W Bull	4445454—30	5343344—26	3434434—25	81
F R Bull	4544444—29	4545342—27	0505544—21	77
Major Hinman	4544574—31	5545554—33	4345553—31	95
Sergt Doyle	4445545—31	4545444—30	2034543—27	88
Corp Huddleson	4344554—29	4555455—29	3355555—31	89
Sergt Merrill	5544444—30	5543354—29	4453445—29	88
Lieut Edes	5445554—32	5333555—29	5452354—28	89
Lieut Bumstead	4545453—30	5243555—29	5452354—28	87
	364	361	332	1,057

	200yds.	500yds.	600yds.	Total.
Pennsylvania team	356	363	336	1,055
New York team	354	374	324	1,052

No. 10. Inter-State Military Match.—Open to one team of 12 militiamen from each State or Territory in the United States, distances 200 and 500yds., any military rifle which has been adopted, authorized or issued as an official arm by any State or government. Prize: To the team making the highest aggregate score, a large bronze "Soldier of Marathon." Won in 1875 by New York, 1876 by Connecticut, 1877 by California, 1878 and 1879 by New York, 1880 by New Jersey, 1881 by New York, 1882 by Pennsylvania, 1883 by Michigan, 1884 and 1885 by Pennsylvania, 1886, 1887 and 1888 by Massachusetts:

	200yds.	500yds.	Total.
Pvt Farnsworth	3454443444—40	4354545534—43	83
Pvt Farrow	5444455544—43	4443445545—42	85
Maj Hinman	4554444444—42	4555554555—48	90
Sergt Merrill	4444445354—41	4353545455—43	84
Sergt Johnston	3435544444—42	4545454544—44	86
Lieut Edes	4443344544—39	5555435455—46	85
Lieut Bumstead	4455454445—44	5555545433—44	88
Sergt Doyle	5444454444—43	4554555545—47	90
Corp Huddleson	4454455445—44	4553555534—44	88
Lieut Hussey	4454455454—44	5554555545—47	91
M W Bull	3445454454—42	5554555544—45	87
F R Bull	4544443445—41	5555535545—47	88
	505	540	1,045

	200	500		200	500	
Penn'a team	511	524	1,035	N Y team.	503	522	1,025

No. 11. Inter-State Long Range Match.—Open to teams of 4 from all rifle associations or clubs in any State or Territory in the United States, 800, 900 and 1,000yds., 15 shots at each distance, any rifle within the rules. Won in 1877 by Amateur Rifle Club, N. Y., in 1878 by Massachusetts Rifle Association, in 1879 by New Jersey State Rifle Association, in 1880 by Empire Rifle Club, N. Y., in 1881 by Ilion Rifle Club, in 1882 by Ilion Rifle Club, in 1883 by Ilion Rifle Club, in 1884 by Amateur Rifle Club, N. Y. No entries in 1885, 1886, 1887, 1888, 1889.

No. 12. New York State National Guard Match.—Open to teams of 12 men from each regiment, battalion or separate company of infantry of the national guard of the State of New York, 200 and 500yds., the Remington Rifle, State model .50cal., 5 shots at each distance:

Seventh Regiment Team.

	200yds.	500yds.	Total.
Lockwood	44444—20	55355—21	41
Jones	34435—19	34544—20	39
Foot	44542—19	45454—22	41
McLean	44454—22	44455—22	44
Stein	45144—21	35555—23	44
Halstead	54544—22	55543—22	44
Hoffman	44444—20	44553—21	41
Dudley	44444—20	54354—21	41
Dunn	54435—21	54454—22	43
Musson	44345—20	55554—24	44
Kalloch	44444—20	54352—19	39
Underwood	44444—20	45233—20	40
	244	257	501

Twenty-third Regiment Team.

Shepherd	45455—21	55544—24	45
Stokes	43445—21	55455—24	45
Ball	44433—18	34444—19	37
Carriere	44044—16	55425—22	38
Simmons	34434—18	33435—18	36
Field	54545—23	32545—19	42
Elliott	44435—20	54454—22	42
Wells	44423—17	55555—25	42
Hull	34454—20	54344—21	41
Hamilton	54534—21	55454—23	42
Pickett	33554—20	55555—25	45
Scott	44545—22	54534—21	43
	236	258	494

Twelfth Regiment Team.

Henry	54344—20	44443—19	39
Kingsland	32544—18	54543—21	39
Jackson	35454—21	34544—20	41
Frost	44443—19	55443—21	40
Content	43445—20	44344—19	39
Van Heusen	44443—19	45455—23	42
Cockburn	34344—18	22444—16	34
Stein	23545—17	53554—22	39
L ckley	44444—20	55553—23	43
Stewart	52044—15	23000— 5	20
Dolan	44544 21	55554 24	45
Owne	44434—19	44432—19	38
	227	232	459

Thirteenth Regiment Team.

McNevin	43543—19	35555—23	42
Lotz	42545—20	04434—15	35
Constable	33444—18	44255—20	38
Morris	44042—14	55544—23	37
Lane	50445—18	35334—18	36
Teevan	44330—14	53353—19	33
Werner	44544—21	43424—17	38
Kraft	44234—17	35233—16	33
Harvey	45244—20	00025— 7	27
Robinson	24054—13	33000— 6	19
Fahnstock	34444—19	35444—20	39
Luscomb	54344—20	55003—13	33
	213	197	410

Twenty-second Regiment Team.

Thurston	24545—20	44243—17	37
Weston	43434—18	52444—19	37
Kenworthy	43302—12	20024— 8	20
Bavier	34324—16	54445—22	38
Treadwell	43032—12	23552 17	29
Burton	44454—21	42545—20	41
Murphy	24334—16	42335—17	33
Reynolds	54344—20	22025—11	31
Kane	43355—20	40243—13	33
Byars	24344—17	34244—17	34
Turney	55444—22	08225— 9	31
Mahoney	33534—15	52453—19	34
	209	189	398

No. 13. First Brigade National Guard Match.—Open to teams of 12 from each regiment, battalion, or separate company of infantry in the first brigade of the State of New York, the Remington rifle, State model, .50cal., 200 and 500yds., 5 shots at each distance.

Seventh Regiment Team.

	200yds.	500yds.	Total.
Lockwood	44434—18	33450—15	33
Jones	44343—18	34544—20	38
Foot	55444—20	54445—22	42
McLean	34444—19	24455—20	39
Stein	44444—20	42333—15	35
Halstead	24343—16	43432—16	32
Hoffman	44434—19	34554—21	40
Dudley	34434—18	44544—21	39
Dunn	44335—17	54455—23	40
Munson	54434—19	44434—19	38
Kalloch	43455—21	45554—23	44
Underwood	44445—21	54554—23	44
	226	238	464

	200	500		200	500	
12th Regt Team.	205	225	430	22d Regt Team.	182	184	366

No. 14. Second Brigade National Guard Match.—Open to teams of 12 from each regiment, battalion or separate company of infantry in the second brigade of the State of New York, the Remington rifle, State model, .50cal., 200 and 500yds., 5 shots at each.

Twenty-third Regiment.

	200yds.	500yds.	Total.
Shepherd	32334—15	33544—21	36
Saunders	43534—19	34455—21	40
Bayer	43321—16	43533—18	34
Musson	40444—16	55544—23	39
Elliott	44333—17	45444—21	38
Wells	44343—18	45555—24	42
Hamilton	34343—17	55354—22	39
Hull	54343—19	44555—23	42
Field	33343—16	34554—21	37
Simmons	53545—22	52455—21	43
Pickett	34444—19	42335—18	37
Scott	53444—20	55554—24	44
	214	257	471

Thirteenth Regiment.

McNevin	03354—15	03435—15	30
Lotz	44454—21	23455—19	40
Constable	03444—15	32454—18	33
Morris	24451—19	53254—19	38
Lane	45433—19	22432—13	32
Teevan	45343—19	54544—22	41
Werner	44444—20	43344—18	38
Kraft	23353—16	50544—18	34
Harvey	22444—16	25345—19	35
Robinson	32330—11	35544—21	32
Fahnstock	44344—19	55333—19	38
Luscomb	05454—16	23554—19	35
	206	220	426

No. 15. Revolver Match.—Distance 30yds., 5 shots on the American standard target, reduced for 100yds. Position standing, off-hand, use of one arm only allowed, revolver not to exceed 2¾lbs. in weight, maximum length of barrel (exclusive of chamber) 7½in., minimum trigger pull 3lbs., plain open sights sufficiently strong for service purposes, ammunition any, cleaning allowed between scores only, army revolvers, with 3lbs. trigger pull and using service ammunition, will be allowed 10 points on 3 scores, aggregate of 3 scores to count for all prizes, $60 div. into 10 prizes:

A Brenon, S & W 38..... 8 9 7 8 10—42
W E Petty, S & W 44..... 8 9 10 9—45
G T Newbury, 44 S & W..... 6 10 10 9 7—43
G W Coulston, S & W 44..... 4 8 9 9 9—37
G W Wingate, S & W 44..... 10 10 8 7 3—38
H T Mehard, S & W..... 4 10 10 6 4—34
J J Mountjoy, S & W..... 9 9 8 6 3—35
G F Root, S & W..... 9 9 7 8 4—37
C J Gunning, S & W..... 10 8 6 7 7—38
N F Fulmer, S & W..... 8 6 7 9 7—34

No. 16. Steward Match.—Open to all comers, 200yds., Creedmoor count, 5 shots, the Remington .50cal., State model, or the United States Springfield rifle, match open every day:

W D Huddleson.....55555—25 J F Klein.....55455—24
W M Farrow.....55555—25 C H Gans.....45555—24
Geo Doyle.....45555—24 F Stuart.....55554—24
M Doolan.....55554—24

MASSACHUSETTS VS. NEW YORK.

AS the outcome of the matches shot at Creedmoor during the annual fall prize meeting of the National Rifle Association, a novel competition has been proposed by the Twenty-third Regiment of Brooklyn. In the inter-State match at 200 and 500yds. the Massachusetts twelve, firing ten shots at each distance, beat the Pennsylvanians and the New Yorkers by 10 and 20 points respectively. In the Hilton trophy match, seven shots each at 200, 500 and 600yds., the "world beaters" won by the narrow majority of 2 points over Pennsylvania's and 5 points over New York's team.

The two teams first named shot with the Springfield rifle, .45cal., equipped with the celebrated Buffington sights, which gave their members the advantage of employing the most improved arm known to the military service. The New York team, on the other hand, made its score with the Remington rifle, a .50cal. weapon, having only "open" sights, and derisively termed the "gas-pipes." The closeness of the competition was a decided disappointment to the Massachusetts marksmen, inasmuch as it opened up the crucial question of men or rifles. Under the circumstances the "world beaters" should have won by a decisive majority, and left their less-fortunately-equipped competitors far in the rear. Having failed in the accomplishment of this result, the Massachusetts men began to cast about for the reason of the narrowness of their victory. They were satisfied that they had shot the best "military gun" in the world, since the experiments of the experts of the United States Army, foremost among whom stands Capt. Greer, the ordnance officer under whose supervision Fort Hill, at the State Camp of Instruction at Peekskill-on-Hudson, was constructed, had demonstrated such to be the fact, and there could be no doubt that the ammunition employed by them, and which was specially loaded by Government employes at the Springfield Armory, could not be surpassed.

The "world beaters" were accordingly anxious to ascertain the reason for the close call to which they had been subjected, and this expressed anxiety led to the following proposition from the 23d Regiment of Brooklyn. Through Major Heyward C. Broun, captain of the rifle team of "Ours," it was proposed that an exchange of rifles should be made, and a match shot between the experts of New York and Massachusetts, either at Walnut Hill, Boston, at Creedmoor, or on some neutral range, such as Mount Gretna Park, Pennsylvania, or Sea Girt, N. J., as might be determined. the teams to consist of six, eight, ten or twelve men, as warranted by circumstances.

On behalf of the 23d Regiment Major Broun stipulated to furnish the Massachusetts men with a sufficient number of Remington rifles for team practice. Major Hinman to supply the 23d Regiment team with a corresponding number of Springfields. Equal opportunities for practice should be afforded the contestants preliminary to the deciding shoot, the only condition insisted upon by the Brooklyn men being that the Massachusetts team should be selected wholly from some one regiment of the Volunteer Militia of that State, it being held that it would be unfair to compel a New York regimental team to shoot against the pick of the shooting men of the Commonwealth, as represented by the "world beaters."

The match is likely to be made, since both sides are eager for the contest, and it is quite possible that it may be arranged to be brought about before the close of the current shooting season.

THIRD BRIGADE R. A. MEET.

ALBANY, N. Y.—The Third Brigade Rifle Association will have its 12th annual fall meeting at Rensselaerwyck Range, between Albany and Troy, on Oct. 10 and 11. The prospects are for a very nice meet, with plenty of matches open to all comers. The programme reads:

Thursday, Oct. 10, Match No. 1—Short Range Continuous Military Match, open to all comers, 200yds., 5 shots; the aggregate of the best two scores to count; off-hand, Remington rifle, State model, .50cal.

Match No. 2. Standard American Target Re-entry Match, open to all comers, 200yds., 5 shots, off-hand, any rifle.

Match No. 3. Champion Marksman's Badge Match, open to all members of the National Guard of the State of New York who have qualified at 100 and 200yds. in the Marksman's Qualification Match, or with the organization to which they belong and to members of the Third Brigade Rifle Association; 200yds. at 3d class target, 500yds. at 2d class target; 5 shots at each distance; standing and off-hand at 200yds., prone at 500yds.; Remington rifle, New York model.

Rest Match, open to all comers on standard American targets, 200yds., 5 shots; aggregate of the best three scores to count for first two prizes; best two scores to count for all below; shoulder and muzzle rest, any rifle.

Match No. 5—J. Stevens's Target Pistol Match—Open to all-comers and to pistols only; 30yds. on the standard American target reduced. Five shots, unlimited re-entries allowed. Aggregate of the best three scores to count for first place. Best two scores to count for all below. Standing and off-hand, use of one arm only allowed. Pistol not to exceed 3lbs. in weight; length of barrel not to exceed 12in., open sights; ammunition, any. Cleaning allowed between scores only.

Match No. 6.—Colt's Target Revolver Match—Open to all comers, and to revolvers only, 30yds. on the American standard target reduced. Five shots, unlimited re-entries allowed. Aggregate of the best three scores to count for first place, best two scores to count for all below, each score to be completed before counted. Standing, off-hand use of one arm only allowed. Revolver not to exceed 3lbs in weight; maximum length of barrel (exclusive of chamber) 8in., open sights; ammunition, any. Cleaning allowed between scores only.

Friday, Oct. 11.—Match No. 7.—Third Brigade, N. G. S. N. Y., open to teams of six commissioned officers or regularly enlisted soldiers from any battalion or separate company of infantry in the Third Brigade, N. G. S. N. Y., 200 and 500yds., 5 shots at each distance, standing at 200yds; any, with head to the target at 500yds., Remington rifle, New York State model.

All communications may be addressed to Buel C. Andrews, Secretary, Third Brigade Rifle Association, 14 North Pearl street, Albany, N. Y.

CHICAGO, Sept. 7.—The annual team shoot of representatives from four regiments, comprising the First Brigade of the Illinois National Guard, for the handsome medal given by the brigade staff, came off at the village of Turner to-day. Sergeant Zobel's count of 129 out of a possible 155, with a skirmish score of 10 straight bullseyes, is one that has seldom been equalled. Three teams of 10 men each, representing the First, Second and Fourth Regiments, qualified for the match and competed. The Third Regiment failed to present a full team and were not allowed to compete. The conditions of the match were: Distance 200yds., 500yds. and 600yds.; 7 shots at each distance and 10 shots at skirmishing; no sighting shots allowed. The positions used by all the contestants was what is known as the Texas grip—the men lying at full length on their backs, supporting their heads on the left arm, and resting the gun across the left knee and then firing. Below are given the names of the teams and individual scores:

First Regiment.

	200.	500.	600.	Skirmish.	Total.
Pvt J W Sutton	25	29	24	35	113
Pvt E J Dresher	21	19	31	43	114
Sergt J L Sharkey	28	31	25	45	129
Corp W W Ash	24	26	25	47	122
Capt T E Brown	27	29	23	49	128
Corp A E Green	23	26	19	41	110
Sergt C L Taylor	27	30	21	39	117
Pvt C L Brown	23	28	27	42	120
Capt J B Sanborn	27	29	23	43	122
Capt J L Price	28	32	26	45	131
	255	279	244	429	1,206

Second Regiment.

Capt W D Hotchkiss	25	32	27	45	129
Lieut W Alexander	26	33	21	31	111
Corp J G Perry	25	27	20	38	110
Adj C M Gordon	24	28	16	42	110
Adj G Zobel	20	23	22	50	129
Adj F L Leslie	27	28	28	31	114
Adj T J Mair	21	27	21	41	110
Corp O Pedersen	19	25	28	47	119
Corp C Zeigfeld	27	30	35	43	125
Lieut P H S Reed	26	32	18	42	118
	249	290	226	410	1,175

Fourth Regiment.

Col C H Ingalls	25	26	27	47	125
Corp E T Tollman	25	27	20	32	104
Corp A T Tourillett	22	26	23	36	107
Sergt Frank Dayton	27	27	21	42	117
Sergt D R Angier	27	18	24	39	108
Lieut L J Newell	22	28	26	42	118
Lieut M B Mullock	17	24	16	39	90
Lieut F W Pearson	25	25	15	42	110
Adj A W Cates	17	22	15	34	88
Capt H B Humphrey	28	28	22	40	118
	235	251	206	393	1,085

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Sept. 14.—The Rod and Gun Club shot a match at Broad Brook to-day, and were defeated by the riflemen of that place. They were royally entertained by the local riflemen. McCann, Kimball and McDonald shot with military rifles and were each given 5 points:

Rod and Gun Club.

McCann	8	9	5	4	10	4	6	8	5	7	—71
Kimball	7	5	9	6	3	5	6	9	0	5	—69
Talbot	7	6	5	4	7	4	9	7	4	10	—63
McDonald	7	5	4	6	2	6	10	6	7	4	—62
Gassner	7	5	7	8	5	6	7	7	4	5	—61
Mavott	6	6	6	3	7	9	5	7	5	5	—59
Cooley	4	5	4	6	9	4	6	4	6	7	—55
Stibbs	5	3	3	1	7	4	2	3	4	3	—35—475

Broad Brook Club.

Derby	7	7	10	8	7	5	8	8	6	7	—73
Allen	6	6	8	7	9	10	6	5	7	8	—72
Sherman	4	6	6	5	8	8	6	7	4	10	—64
Hall	4	7	6	10	4	4	5	10	7	5	—62
Byers	6	4	8	3	3	5	7	9	6	5	—57
Krantz	5	4	8	3	6	4	6	7	7	6	—56
Parsons	6	3	6	5	3	6	6	5	6	8	—54
O'Brien	4	4	6	2	7	5	7	4	7	5	—51—489

Record Match.

Allen	7	5	8	7	8	8	6	6	8	10	—74
Derby	8	7	8	9	5	5	9	8	4	9	—68
Gassner	7	8	7	8	5	5	6	6	6	10	—65
Parsons	5	5	9	6	6	6	5	10	6	6	—65
Hess	8	7	5	4	6	7	5	7	7	9	—64
Talbot	9	5	7	8	4	8	3	5	5	9	63
Byers	7	5	4	5	8	7	6	8	5	7	—62
Hall	8	6	9	8	4	9	6	7	4	10	—61
Cooley	5	7	6	7	6	10	5	3	7	4	—60
Sherman	9	5	6	6	8	4	8	4	4	4	—58
O'Brien	10	4	3	7	3	7	7	6	4	6	—57
North	6	7	7	7	5	4	4	4	4	6	—54
Strenze	2	6	4	4	8	9	4	3	5	6	—50
Stibbs	3	1	4	2	3	5	2	3	1	2	—26

Re-Entry Match.

Gassner	9	8	9	10	10	5	8	6	6	8	—79
Gassner	8	9	8	9	9	6	6	7	6	9	—78
Stibbs	7	8	7	10	10	10	1	10	6	9	—78
Sherman	8	7	6	10	7	9	10	6	6	6	—75
Allen	7	8	6	9	5	10	7	7	6	6	—69
North	8	4	7	9	8	4	6	6	7	4	—63

BOSTON, Sept. 14.—The Massachusetts Rifle Association held its regular weekly shoot to-day at Wallnut Hill range with a large number of riflemen present. All the matches were well filled, and some good scores were made. The shooting conditions were good, with a light wind from 4 o'clock. Mr. Francis (Rabbeth) won the gold medal in the 20-shot rest match, and Mr. Clarke won the gold champion medal. Mr. Merville takes two medals in the victory medal match. Next Wednesday the trap-shooters hold their regular prize and sharpshoot. Following are the scores:

20-Shot Rest Match

J Francis	12	10	10	11	10	12	9	12	11	10	
	11	10	11	9	11	11	9	9	10	12	—210
J N Eames	10	9	12	10	12	9	11	8	12	12	
	10	9	12	9	10	9	12	9	12	12	—209
W P Thompson	12	10	8	9	12	9	10	10	12	12	
	11	8	9	9	10	12	9	8	12	11	—203
J R Munroe	12	8	12	9	12	9	11	10	11	12	
	11	9	9	9	9	9	10	10	10	9	—201

Champion Medal Match.

C C Clarke	6	7	3	6	8	8	19	7	6	8—69
S O Merville	9	4	7	4	5	7	5	5	10	4—60

Victory Medal Match.

H Severance	9	8	9	6	5	10	19	9	8	7—81
C H Eastman	6	8	8	6	9	9	8	5	8	10—77
S O Merville	7	6	8	7	10	7	6	8	9	6—74
B James	7	7	10	6	4	6	5	7	9	8—69
A S Hunt	9	6	4	8	7	10	5	5	7	7—68
M T Day	7	9	9	7	5	5	9	5	5	7—68

Military Medal Match.

J B Fellows	5	5	4	4	5	5	5	4	5	5—47
A McCarthy	4	4	4	5	5	4	4	4	5	4—43
O E Pettman	4	4	5	4	5	4	5	2	5	4—42
W L Swan	5	4	4	4	5	4	4	4	4	3—41
F Taylor	3	4	3	3	5	3	4	4	3	4—36
A S Field	4	5	4	4	4	4	0	5	4	3—37
T Fuller	4	4	3	2	4	3	3	4	3	4—35

All-Comers' Rest Match.

J R Munroe	11	10	12	12	9	12	12	10	11	12—111
S Wilder	9	11	12	12	11	9	12	11	12	10—109
J N Eames	12	9	10	12	9	12	12	10	11	9—106
J Francis	11	12	8	9	12	12	10	11	9	12—106
A Ballard	10	12	12	10	12	11	12	9	8	8—105
W P Williams	12	10	10	9	10	9	11	9	9	12—101
M J Stone	12	12	8	11	9	8	8	10	9	11—98
A Warren	9	9	10	12	11	8	9	9	11	9—97
E Alton	8	7	8	8	8	9	7	6	8	9—78

All-Comers' Off Hand Match.

J E Kelley	9	9	7	6	7	7	9	6	9	10—79
F Daniels	7	8	7	10	7	8	7	9	6	8—77
G L Hosmer	4	7	4	9	6	10	9	9	6	7—71
A S Hunt	8	7	4	6	6	6	7	10	7	8—69
A McBean	10	6	6	6	5	8	7	6	6	8—68
E Alton	8	6	9	2	8	8	5	6	5	8—68
S E Howard	10	10	7	6	6	6	8	7	5	3—68
O T Moore	7	7	4	8	4	4	7	6	10	6—63
C A Dean	9	4	5	8	7	6	5	4	6	7—61
E Ames	9	8	10	3	6	3	5	5	7	4—60
A King	7	4	4	10	6	3	5	8	4	5—57
B J James	4	9	7	7	7	6	5	6	4	6—51

Military Match, 200yds.

F W Kettelle	4444444543—40	F B Daggett	2242334232—27
J V Huntley	2443333423—34		

500yds.

M J Witham	2455454443—40	W L Swan	4533544352—38
W Alexander	3543545124—39	A Spring	0334045245—30

600yds.

J L Orr	5445454445—44		

500 ds. with Target Rifles.

S E Howard	5555554355—47	A S Hunt	2454454545—42
C A Dean	5552455555—45		

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Sept. 14.—There was a very light attendance at the Pistol Club's first shoot of its new tournament. Mohrstadt won the medal with a score of 92 which proved high for the night. A 20yds. standard American target is used by the club. The score:

E Mohrstadt	10	9	9	9	10	8	8	8	10	10—92
L G Dorman	8	10	9	10	7	10	9	9	9	7—88
G Alexander	8	6	9	7	7	9	10	10	10	6—82
M Summerfield	8	8	7	5	8	10	9	6	9	10—80
J A Lee	10	8	6	8	8	6	10	6	6	9—77
W Bauer	8	9	9	6	7	10	8	6	7	5—76
W Hettel	9	6	10	7	5	8	6	10	7	7—75
A E Bengel	9	5	6	5	7	6	6	8	10	6—68

SYRACUSE, Sept. 17.—The second annual tournament of the Onondaga Rifle Club, Sept. 25 and 26, promises to be a very interesting event in the history of the club and profitable to the participants. A good start has been made in the donation of prizes by merchants and manufacturers, and when the list is completed it is expected to tempt not only the city shots and the sharpshooters in neighboring villages, but also some noted marksmen from further off. The matches to be shot are as follows: No. 1, Honor Target (strictly off-hand); tickets for 5 shots $1; re-entries 50 cents, unlimited; best single ticket to have first choice, second best single ticket to have second choice, and so on till the prizes have all been drawn. The 25-ring target will be used in this match which has a 12in. black. No. 2, Point Target (strictly off-hand), same terms as No. 1. A total of $50 guaranteed in ten prizes. This match will be shot on the three-point target with 12in. black, shots outside the black not counting. A special prize of $1 will be given for the first and last 3in. center in the morning and afternoon of each day; also a special prize of $2 for the most points during the tournament on this target. No. 3, Rest Match, with peep and globe sights; tickets for 7 shots $1; re-entries $1, unlimited; standard weight of guns 12lbs.; all guns over 12lbs. shall give one-half point per pound, and all guns under 12lbs. shall receive one-half point per pound. First prize, an elegant rifle telescope, value $45, given by Mogg of Marcellus, and mounting and machine work by Reynolds, of Camillus, N. Y. Sixteen prizes. No telescopes allowed in this match. Any kind of muzzle rest allowed in this match that does not confine gun or add weight to it, and all guns must be held to the shoulder. This match will be shot on the standard American rest target. Match No. 4, King's Medal Match, open only to members of the club in good standing. Tickets for 3 shots no charge, and no re-entries. This match will be shot at the 25-ring target, strictly off-hand. Contestants may select any time during the tournament to shoot for this medal. The prize will be an elegant gold medal (value $10), partly donated to the club by Mr. Brilbock. Match No. 5, rest match, with telescopes. Tickets for 7 shots $1; re-entries $1, unlimited; standard weight of guns 15lbs.; all guns over 15lbs. shall give one-half point for each pound, and all guns under 15lbs. shall receive one-half point to the pound. Five prizes, 25 per cent., 20 per cent., 15 per cent., 10 per cent., 5 per cent. Any kind of rest allowed that does not confine the rifle or add weight to it. All guns must be held to the shoulder. A special prize of $2 will be given for the most points on this target during the tournament. This match will be shot on the standard American rest target.

NEWARK, N. J.—The following officers were elected at the last meeting of the Our Own Rifle Club: President, Gus Goerk; Vice-President, Fred C. Taute; Recording Secretary, Fred C. Knothe; Financial Secretary, John Coppersmith; Treasurer, William Dreuler; Sergeant-at-Arms, William Weider; Captain, L. A. Freiensehner; Assistant Captain, John Bander; Rifle Inspector, Marcus Furth; Official Scorer, C. Miller; Executive Committee, William Dreuler, F. A. Freiensehner, Fred Taute, Fred Fetting and J. Inkeifer.

REVOLVER CARTRIDGES.—Wrightsville, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will some experienced revolver shot kindly give me the result of his experiments as to the best cartridge for fine target work with the revolver. I use a .38cal. Smith & Wesson and find that all standard cartridges, even the short, give too much recoil for fine shooting. I hope to get through your columns the experience and advice of others.—A. C. KRUEGER.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

Secretaries of clubs and managers of tournaments are requested to keep us advised of the dates of their shoots, so that we may give due notice in our column of fixtures.

FIXTURES.

Sept. 17, 18, 19, 20.—Central Illinois Sportsmen's Association's eleventh annual tournament, Jerseyville, Ill.

Sept. 17, 18, 19.—Tournament in connection with State Fair at Meriden, Conn. C. H. Burbridge, Manager.

Sept. 24, 25, 26 and 27.—Fifth Annual Tournament given by Al. Bandle, at Cincinnati $1,000 guaranteed.

Sept. 24, 25, 26, 27.—New Jersey State Sportsman's Association for the Protection of Fish and Game Annual Tournament, on grounds of the Jersey City Heights Gun Club, at Marion, N. J. W. F. Quimby, 291 Broadway, N. Y.

Oct. 1, 2, 3.—Linthicum's Keystone Tournament at Baltimore, Md.—Samuel J. Fort, Ellicott City, Md., Assistant Manager.

Oct. 8, 9, 10, 11.—Middlesex Gun Club Tournament, Dunellen, N. J. W. F. Force, Secretary, Plainfield, N. J.

Oct. 8, 9, 10, 11.—Fred A. Fodde's Second Annual Amateur Tournament, at St. Louis, Mo. Inanimate targets.

Oct. 15, 16, 17, 18.—Tournament at live birds and inanimate targets, Philadelphia. J. F. Kleinz, Secretary, 600 South Delaware avenue, Philadelphia.

Oct. 17, 18, 19.—West End Social Gun Club Tournament, Harrisburg, Pa.

Oct. 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25.—Second Tournament of the Mercer Gun Club, at Trenton, N. J. E. G. Updegrove, President.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN TOURNAMENT.

DENVER, Colorado.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The first annual tournament of the Rocky Mountain Sportsmen's Association has come and gone, and has proven a great success than the most sanguine of its promoters had anticipated.

Owing to the limited extent of ground at our disposal, but one set of five traps could be used, which were set in a straight line, six men shooting in a squad, which we found much faster than was thought, and taken all around was fairly satisfactorily, especially to the poorer shots.

Although the event was advertised as for members of the association only, quite a number of celebrated shots were present, and a number of extra sweepstakes were shot for their benefit. The genial Best, of Chicago tin pigeon fame, was present, but owing to lack of time for changing traps, the events arranged for him were shot at Peoria blackbirds, which of all the clay targets was pronounced the most satisfactory. To close this report without mention of the efforts of our manager, Mr. C. B. Lane, would be an omission noticeable to all contestants, as his untiring efforts to make all things run smoothly had to be seen to be appreciated.

In the diamond badge shoot considerable interest was manifested in the scores of Mr. Westfield and "Tuff," the latter gentleman coming to the score at the last moment, and shooting alone broke 50 singles straight, tying Westfield, and from that out the result was watched with great interest, but was finally decided by "Tuff" getting only 13 of his doubles, while Westfield broke 17, winning the badge on a score of 47 out of 50.

First Day.—First event, preparatory sweep, open to all, 10 single Peorias, 4 moneys, ties div.:

R M Bostwick	1111111100—	8	A A Holcombe	1111111111—10
W Y Sedam	1111111111—10		J M VonKenell	1111100000— 5
Jno McLachlan	1111111101— 9		C Shumerman	1101101010— 6
S B Fox	1111111111—10		Ed Lane	1111111111—10
C B Langley	1110111111— 9		J W Kasbee	1111011111— 9
A W Patterson	0111111110— 8		C E Aiken	1001101010— 5
E A Heald	1110111101— 8		W M Holand	0011001100— 4
R E Thompson	1101111101— 8		Geo Hotchkiss	1110111011— 8
H Lexis	1000111111— 7		W Westfield	1111111111—10
J K Guinotte	1101110111— 8		E Stevens	0011101111— 7
J A Elliott	1111111111—10		W Young	1100100101— 5
J A Meade	1101111110— 8		P Bergersen	0111111011— 8
C E Simmons	0111111111— 9		J F Stewart	1001111010— 6
F Crysler	0110000101— 4		Jno Barter	0011111110— 7
Jno Shumerman	1111111111—10		H T Russell	0100011010— 4
C C Compton	1110101111— 8		V H Kennicott	1010101100— 5
J P Lower	1010111001— 5			

Second event, Class A contest, 25 single Peorias, 6 prizes: W. Y. Sedam 21, C. C. Compton 18, V. H. Kennicott 22, R. M. Bostwick 19, H. Lewis 18, Jno. McLachlan 20, E. F. Warren 19, W. Pitchner 12, Geo. Hotchkiss 24, A. W. Peterson 22, W. Westfield 23, P. Bergersen 22, C. B. Lane 15, J. Shumerman 22, J. F. Wellington 17, B. Haywood 23, J. N. Lower 22, Geo. Lower 13, LeClair 19, C. B. Langley 20, J. K. Guinotte 20, O. Gove 14, E. A. Heald 17, W. M. Holand 14. Geo. Hotchkiss first, a Parker hammerless gun, donated by H. M. Bostwick; B. Haywood and W. Westfield second, Kennicott, Peterson, Bergerson, J. Shumerman and J. W. Lower third, W. Y. Sedam fourth, Jno. McLachlan, Langley and Guinotte fifth, Warren sixth.

Third event, Class B contest, same conditions: E. A. Heald 17, W. H. Holand 14, O. J. Hawkins 15, J. T. Wooton 18, A. H. Isbell 16, E. Stevens 15, A. A. Holcombe 22, Ed Lane 23, Von Kennell 23, E. J. Shumerman 17, J. W. Kasbee 23, J. F. Stewart 17, F. O. Welker 20, R. Thompson 22, D. Ramsay 17, McDill 11, W. E. Young 19, Crysler 12, Sampson 17, John Rice 17, John Banter 18, J. F. Wellington 20, C. E. Simmons 15, W. F. Pitchner 19, H. Cooper 16, C. E. Aiken 13, Geo. East 18, H. T. Russell 12, LeClair 12. Ed Lane, John Von Kennel and J. W. Kasbee first, a Colt hammerless gun, donated by J. P. Lower's Sons; A. A. Holcombe and R. Thompson second, F. O. Walker and T. F. Wellington third, Young and Pitchner fourth, Wooton, Barter and East fifth, sixth won by E. J. Shumerman in shoot-off.

Fourth event, sweepstake, 10 single Peorias, 4 moneys: G. W. Lower 9, J. N. Lower 9, Peterson 8, Heald 5, Kennicott 10, W. Y. Sedam 5, O. Gove 4, Welker 9, Lewis 8, Fox 6, Guinotte 5, Meade 6, W. T. Best 8, Hotchkiss 10, Langley 7, Swem 4, Wooton 6, Compton 7, Courtney 7, McLachlan 10, Dixon 3, Elliott 7, Hawkins 4, Haywood 7, Westfield 9, Isbell 9, Rice 3, Stewart 6, Young 9, Ramsay 9, Crysler 6, Holland 7, Aiken 6, McDill 7, Holcombe 8, Ed Lane 7, Stevens 5, East 6, Bergerson 9, S. Shumerman 8, E. Shumerman 5, C. E. Simmons 9, Pitchner 5. Ties on 7, 8, 9 and 10 divided.

Fifth event, Class A contest, 6 single and 3 pair bluerocks, 5 prizes: Guinotte 8, Isbell 8, Wootton 10, Haywood 7, Peterson 7, Swem 3, Compton 10, Pitchner 9, Bergerson 8, Westfield 10, Lane 5, Dougan 4, J. Shumerman 10, Von Kennel 9, Wellington 9, Sedam 9, Kasbee 8, Holcombe 7, Young 5, McLachlan 12, Kuntzmuller 6, Welker 6, Kennicott 9, Fox 8, Hewitt 8. McLachlan first, a dogskin coat; Wootton second, half keg powder; Pitchner and Wellington third, Isbell fourth, Holcombe fifth.

Sixth event, class B, same conditions: Swem 4, Pitchner 7, Hewitt 5, Wellington 8, Smith 7, Bostwick 8, East 8, C. E. Simmons 6, Scott 4, Guinotte 9, Isbell 7, J. P. Lower 7, Wooton 8, Milner 5, E. Shumerman 8, Dougan 9, Lewis 10, LeClair 8, Ramsey 8, Cooper 6, Aiken 9, C. B. Lane 8, Barter 9. Lewis first, Guinotte second, Bostwick third, all 7s div. fourth, box cigars.

Second Day.—Seventh event, at 10 Peorias, 4 moneys: Guinotte 6, Meade 10, Hawkins 8, Haywood 8, Isbell 9, Thompson 8, Lane 8, Heald 4, Kasbee 8, J. Shumerman 10, VonKennel 8, East 7, Hewitt 9, Young 10, Ramsay 6, Elliott 6, Westfield 9, Compton 8, Bostwick 4, Dougan 8, Jennings 7, McClain 10, Pitchner 5, Wootton 9, Peterson 8, Holland 6, Bergerson 9, E. Shumerman 4, Holcombe 7, Sedam 9, Milner 5, Stevens 3, Hotchkiss 8, Welker 6, Barter 5. Meade, J. Shumerman and McLachlan first, Isbell, Hewitt, Westfield, Wootton, Bergerson and Sedam second, Haywood third, East and Holcombe fourth.

Eighth event, diamond badge contest, 30 singles and 10 pairs Peorias, 8 prizes: Peterson 36, Compton 40, Sedam 39, Dougan 35, Bostwick 32, Hotchkiss 43, VonKennel 37, Westfield 47, Bergerson 41, Kasbee 37, Holcombe 34, J. Shumerman 40, Pitchner 27, McLachlan 42, Lewis 38, Wellington 35, Gray 37, Ed. Lane 35, Wootton 38, Kennicott 35, Hawkins 29, Welker 24, Dow 32, Haywood 33, East 22, Langley 36, Lamplough 33, LeClair 25, E. Shumerman 34, Tuff 43. Westfield first, Hotchkiss and Tuff second, McLachlan third, Bergerson fourth, Compton and J. Shumerman fifth, Sedam sixth, Wootton seventh.

Ninth event, 7 single Peorias: Dougan 7, Guinotte 7, Westfield 7, Hampson 5, Stevens 5, Meade 6, Swem 4, McDill 6, Compton 6, Haywood 4. Dougan, Guinotte, Westfield and Haywood first, Compton second, Hampson and Stevens third, Swem fourth.

Third Day.—Private match between J. A. R. Elliott of Kansas City and J. Shumerman of Cheyenne at 25 single Peorias, 5 traps, unknown angles:

Elliott	0111101011111111111111110—21
Shumerman	0011010111111101011111—19

Tenth event, miss and out: Wellington 9, Isbell 0, Peterson 0, Pitcher 0, J. Shumerman 9, Ed. Lane 0, Kasbee 0, Still 10, Guinotte 9, Lower 0, Wootton 0, Courtney 1, Gray 3, Smith 0, McLachlan 2, Compton 2, Kennicott 9, Sedem 9, Elliott 5, Meade 7, Haywood 1, Bergerson 7, Aiken 0.

Twelfth event, five pair doubles: Haywood 7, Dougan 7, Guinotte 7, Westfield 9, Elliott 7, Stevens 7, Swem 6, McDill 6, Courtenay 6, Aikin 7, Meade 7, Hampson 7, Stewart 7, Young 6, Scott 6, Welker 10. Welker first, Westfield and Stevens second, Meade third, Courtenay fourth.

Thirteenth event, team shoot for three members of any club of the Association at Denver, 9 singles and 3 pairs Peorias each:

Queen City Gun Club, Denver.

Hotchkiss	1100111111—7	11 10 10—4—11
Westfield	1111101111—8	11 11 10—5—13
Compton	1111011111—8	11 10 11—5—13—37

Overland Gun Club, Denver.

McLachlin	1111111111—9	10 11 10—4—13
Kennicott	1101100100—5	10 11 10—4— 9
Sedam	0111111110—8	11 10 11—5—11—33

Leadville Gun Club.

Dougan	1101100001—5	11 10 00—3— 8
Milner	1101011110—6	00 10 00—2— 8
Stevens	0111111110—7	01 10 01—3—10—26

Burnham Gun Club, Denver.

Lamplough	1001111111—7	10 10 11—4—11
Langley	1111001111—7	11 11 11—6—13
Peterson	1011101111—7	10 11 11—5—12—36

Magic City Gun Club, Cheyenne.

Wellington	1010101111—5	11 10 10—14— 9
Von Kennel	1110101010—4	11 10 11— 5— 9
J Shumerman	1011111111—8	11 11 10— 5—13—31

Cheyenne Gun Club.

Holcomb	1101101111—7	11 10 00—3—10
Lane	1100101010—5	00 11 10—3— 8
East	1111101101—7	10 10 11—4—11—29

Fourteenth event, for shooters who have shot in three or more contests and who have not been awarded a prize, 6 single and 2 pairs Peorias:

Hampson 7, Dougan 8, Aiken 7, Barter 6, Hawkins 7, Stewart 8, Hewitt 7, Swen 7, Young 6, Scott 6, Levis 4, McDill 7, Stevens 9. Stevens first, Stewart second.

AL. BANDLE'S TOURNEY.

THERE ought to be a general rush Cincinnatiward next week on the part of trap shooters, and no doubt there will be. Al. Bandle and W. E. Limberg have joined forces, each being the assistant boss to the other in putting through Al. Bandle's fifth annual tournament. It opens on the 24th and closes on the 27th. There will be all sorts of targets, including live birds, and the programme reads:

Tuesday, Sept. 24.—Match 1, 9 single blue rocks, entrance $2. Match 2, 9 single Peoria blackbirds, $2. Match 3, Ed. Taylor's favorite, 10 single champion clay birds, $5. First $40, second $20, third $20, fourth $10. Match 4, Blue Island's favorite, no medals, 7 single live birds, $5. Match 5, Lieut. Geo. Alber's favorite, 10 single Ligowsky clay birds, $5. First $40, second $30, third $20, fourth $10. Match 6, 9 single standard targets, $2. Match 7, 9 single Keystone targets.

Wednesday, Sept. 25.—Match 8, 10 single champion clay birds, entrance $2. Match 9, 9 single standard targets, $2. Match 10, Jim Stice's favorite, 12 single Peoria blackbirds, $5. First $40, second $30, third $20, fourth $10. Match 11, C. W. Budd's favorite, 7 live birds, $6. First $40, second $30, third $20, fourth $10. Match 12, C. E. Verges' favorite, 12 single blue rocks, $5. First $40, second $30, third $20, fourth $10. Match 13, 10 single Keystone targets, $2. Match 14, 10 single Ligowsky clay birds, $2.

Thursday, Sept. 26.—Match 15, 10 single champion clay birds, entrance $2. Match 16, 9 single standard targets, $2. Match 17, Penrose's favorite, 12 Keystone targets, $5; first $40, second $30, third $20, fourth $10. Match 18, Frank P-P-Parmelee's favorite, 7 single live birds, $6.50; first $40, second $30, third $20, fourth $10. Match 19, Tee Kay's Joner, 10 single champion clay birds, $5; first $40, second $30, third $20, fourth $10. Match 20, 12 Peoria blackbirds, $2. Match 21, 12 single bluerock, $2s.

Friday, Sept. 27.—Match 22, 12 single targets, entrance $2. Match 23, Rolla Heikes's favorite, 12 single standard targets, $5; first $40, second $30, third $20, fourth $10. Match 24, H. McMurchy's favorite, 7 single live birds, $6.50; first $40, second $30, third $20, fourth $10. Match 25, 10 single Keystone targets, $2. Match 26, Wick, the double-bird champion's favorite, 25 pair double clay birds, 6 moneys. All purses divided into 50, 30 and 20 per cent., unless otherwise stated. For best averages in all guaranteed matches the following prizes will be awarded: First 25 per cent., second 20 per cent., third 18 per cent., fourth 15 per cent., fifth 12 per cent., sixth 10 per cent., of surplus money in guaranteed matches, donated by the management. Shooters must compete in all guaranteed matches to establish an average.

READING GUN CLUB.

THE Reading, Pa., Gun Club will hold a tournament on their grounds Oct. 15, 16, 17, 18 and 19. Both live birds and inanimate targets will be used, the former under the supervision of Miles Johnson, and the Keystones under the care of H. A. Penrose. The grounds are inclosed, located on the city line within five minutes walk of Philadelphia and Reading R.R., or terminus of street car line. A handicapping committee, consisting of W. Fred. Quimby, C. W. Budd and R. E. Irwin will classify all shooters, and see that the amateurs have a fair chance. The tournament committee is large and every arrangement will be made for the comfort and pleasure of visitors. The programme is as follows and may be obtained on application to Benj. Fleishman, Sec'y Reading Gun Club, Reading, Pa.:

First Day, Tuesday, Oct. 15.—Opening shoot, 9 A. M. First shoot, 10 single, Keystone targets; second shoot, 7 single rises, live birds, handicap; third shoot, 15 single, Keystone targets; fourth shoot, 9 single and 3 pair, Keystone targets; fifth shoot, 5 single, live birds.

Second Day, Oct. 16.—Sixth shoot, 8 single, live birds; seventh shoot 10 single, Keystone targets; eighth shoot, 5 single, Keystone targets; ninth shoot, 6 single, 2 pair double, live birds; tenth shoot, 5 pair, Keystone targets.

Third Day, Oct. 17.—Eleventh shoot, 25 Keystone targets; twelfth shoot, 7 live birds; thirteenth shoot, 5 Keystone targets; fourteenth shoot, 15 live birds; fifteenth shoot, 7 Keystone targets.

Fourth Day, Oct. 18.—Sixteenth shoot, 10 single, live birds; seventeenth shoot, 10 Keystone targets; eighteenth shoot, 5 pair, Keystone targets; nineteenth shoot, 10 single, Keystone targets; twentieth event, East against West, John L. Bruer, R. E. Irwin, J. Frank Kleinz, vs. C. W. Budd, J. R. Stice, R. B. Organ, 50 single, live birds, per man, for a purse of $300.

Fifth Day, Oct. 19.—Last and greatest event of the tournament. Twenty-first shoot, open to the world, $50 entrance, 50 birds each, Hurlingham rules, divided into 50, 30 and 20 per cent., over 12 entrances 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Upon this occasion the management have arranged with the full Germania Band to give one of their most excellent musical concerts during progress of shoot. In the evening banquet and hop in honor of visiting shooters.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Sept. 14.—The Empire Gun Club held its wind-up shoot last Wednesday afternoon. There was a good crowd present, and the shooting may be said to have been of a high grade. A very appetizing lunch was set by the club, and all present spent a most delightful time. A very good lot of birds were furnished for the affair. The only event which was brought off was a sweepstakes, each man shooting at 15 birds, and darkness preventing, all ties were divided. The score is as follows:

J E Hagerty	121211121212—13	B Evarts	120100110020— 7
A Stoll	121011201220—10	P Burg	212111112111—13
J Stussell	020100021001— 6	J Steffen	110012110002— 8
J Lenhardt	212201011122—11	W White	120212002212—10
C Jamison	120021210221—10	H Nagle	101110111011—10
F Yunge	100100211012— 8	E Meyer	211011021110—10
J Stoetzle	101000100101— 6	L George	111020112111—11
F Frescher	121112110112—12	Butch	120110010111— 9
J Loeffel	011210000001— 6	H Stein	012011222121—11
J Rozier	120120102101— 9	C Kuntz	012012202101— 9
J Schnell	121210111010—11	Dr Baron	220201122212—11
L Schnell	100211012010— 8	W Tingley	202201101011— 8
F Fink	001112220120— 9	C Kacer	011110100100— 7
B Westhus	020022120011— 8		

Below will be found the score of a friendly live bird match between W. E. Field and J. E. Hagerty. It took place yesterday afternoon at Compton Avenue Park. The birds were a poor lot. The conditions of the match were: 100 live birds, Hurlingham rules, modified to use 10-gauge guns. The score:

W E Field	1111112211—10	J E Hagerty	0212111111— 9
	1111211111—10		1111021012— 8
	1111211111—10		1110211120— 8
	1111112111—10		1021111011— 8
	1110211212— 9		1211111011— 9
	1111121111—10		1111212212—10
	2101120111— 8		1111111110— 9
	1111111111—10		1111121021— 9
	2111112111—10		1111121011— 9
	22?2212111—10—97		1211120112— 9—88

THE SOUTH SIDE GUN CLUB of Newark, N. J., have mapped out quite a programme for the fall club shoots. On their grounds at Newark regular shoots will be held during October, November and December. On the first and second Saturday of each month a sweepstakes of 25 bluerocks, 50c. entry, will be shot, each contestant being obliged to shoot in at least four contests to qualify, and his average in the four highest scores to determine the class in which he shall in future be placed. The third Saturday of each month will include a match at 10 single bats for merchandise prizes. The fourth Saturdays will be devoted to open sweepstake shooting, and on the fifth Saturday in November the Essex County Gun Association cup will be contested for.

FLORENCE, Mass., Sept. 10.—Norwood Gun Club. Match at 25 kingbirds:

T T Cartwright	1001110111110111111111111—21
F W Twiss	1000111101110110011111111—18
L F Gaylor	0101110001011010011111111—15
Bay State	0110110100001110000111100—12
S Foster	0100011010101010100000101—10
E Feiker	0110001111100101010010010—13

Five pair doubles:

Gaylor	10 10 11 10 01—6

LAKEWOOD, Ohio, Sept. 7.—The members of the Locksley Gun Club held a special shoot to-day on their range at Lakewood, in honor of Mr. Henry Tegardine, a sportsman from Chicago, who is here on a short visit to his brother, Jacob Tegardine. the latter a prominent member of the Locksley Club. Several ladies, being interested in the sport, were present, one of whom acted as scorer and did her part exceedingly well. The day was cool and pleasant, and all who were present had a grand time. Match at 25 single standard targets, 3 traps, at 18 and 18yds., for 12 and 10-gauge guns:

J Tegardine.....0111111111101101111101001—19
Jay Andrews.....1101110111111111101111111 22
J H Byer.....1111110111111111111110—23
Dr Kinsey.....1111111101111111111111011—23
E G Pease.....1110011010110110101011011—16
A Hall.....1111011001001011111111111—19
A Jenks.....1001101111111110100101011—18
H Tegardine (visitor).....0111101101111111101111—21

WATSON'S PARK.—Grand Crossing, Ill., Sept. 13.—Tie shoot for lot, second prize in class A, 25 live pigeons each, 30yds. rise, 80yds. boundary:

William Mussey.....1210112211222201012012010—19
Dr Hutchinson.....0112111112111622111111112—23
W W Foss.....0212122222111122111122221—24
G L Deiter.....1011122111202112012211—22
J R Price.....2201110111111012211001121—20

Ten-bird sweep, same day, $5:

Ashley	1211111123—10	Mussey	1210111121— 9
Lowe	2221101101— 8	Foss	0121111111— 9
Wadsworth	0112221211— 9	Deiter	0211112212— 9
Price	1112212121—10	Hamline	0112121201— 8
Hutch	1101211211— 9	Watson	1211112102— 9

Price and Ashley divided first, Lowe and Hamline divided third, second money was settled in the next shoot, Watson and Foss divide, see score below. Five-bird sweep, $2:

Wadsworth	12121—5	Watson	11111—5
Hutch	11111—5	Ashley	21111—5
Mussey	12102—4	Hamline	10111—4
Foss	11111—5	Price	12211—5
Deiter	12211—5	Stevens	20100—2

Mussey and Hamline divide second money, Foss, Watson, Ashley and Price divide first money.—RAVELRIGG.

MIDDLETOWN, Pa., Sept. 14.—There was a sweepstakes pigeon-shooting match held in Frey's Park to-day, but owing to the threatening weather it was not attended as well as it might have been under other circumstances. The rain fell moderately, with a strong, steady wind blowing directly away from the traps, which resulted in a good many lost birds. The entrance fee was $5, divided into three prizes, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Old Long Island rules:

H Baugh	1001010010—4	T Dalson	0111100110—6
A Molter	1111001111—8	A Wolf	0000011011—3
M Sheesley	0101100111—6	Corcoran	0001100111—5
C Keogh	0111111100—7	R Shearer	0101111111—7
G Witman	0101000111—5	Brelsford	1101101000—5
W Helper	1111111010—9	Cassel	1111011111—9
M Sullivan	1001111110—7		

EATON, N. Y., Sept. 14.—Kingbirds, 15 singles and 6 pairs, 5 traps, a-sociation rules. First team:

Richardson	1001110011110111	10 10 11 11 11 11—20
Put	1110101.0111110	10 10 11 10 11 11—20
Short	1111111101111111	11 00 10 10 11 11 10—20
Curtis	1101111101111111	10 11 11 10 01 11—22—82

Second team:

Cole	1110111011100011	10 10 01 11 10 01—18
Bell	1101110010010	00 01 00 10 00 00—11
Palmer	0111101010.00101	10 01 01 11 10 01—16
Stone	0110010000111101	10 10 10 10 10 10 10—13—58

Extra:

Hamlin	1110000000010000—4	Briggs	0110111011110010—10
Mott	0000.0001101C100—5		

LENOX, N. Y., Sept. 11.—Oneida Gun Club practice shoot at 15 single kingbirds and 6 pairs doubles, 5 traps, unknown angles, 18yds. rise, American Association rules:

J Markham	1010111111111111	11 01 10 11 01 11—22
Devereux	0111111111110111	11 00 11 00 11 10—20
Maxwell	111110.1.111 11	11 10 1 11 10 11—24
Marble	0.1110111111110101	01 01 01 11 10 10—18
Clark	0011100.0110001	11 11 10 10 10 10—16
McGregor	0010010100100100	10 10 10 11 10 11—15
M Markham	1111110111111101	10 00 01 11 11 11 10—20
Cuney	0111111000111011	11 11 10 10 10 10—18
Dr Carter	0101111.01111011	11 11 01 11 00 01—19

HARRISBURG, Pa., Sept. 14.—The regular monthly shoot of the West End Social Gun Club came off on Thursday at the stock yard grounds, and owing to the very inclement weather the boys did not turn out very strong. Some of the enthusiasts, however, went out and certainly made the feathers fly, as the scores will show. The club is in a very prosperous condition, and will hold a three days' tournament at live birds and inanimate targets, Oct. 17, 18 and 19. There will be a full programme and guaranteed prizes Match at live pigeons, King's ground trap, 21yds. rise, 80yds. bounds, old Long Island rules, gold medal:

W F Wade	1101111111— 9	J H erner	1111101101— 8
Breisford	1110101110— 7	J Whiteman	1111111110— 9
H A Bach	10.1111111— 9	Phil Hummel	1111011111— 9
A L Dunn	1110110101— 7	H B Shoop	1111111111—10

M. N. B.

NEW JERSEY TOURNAMENT.—Programme of the fourth tournament, New Jersey Shooting Association, to be held at Marion, Jersey City Heights, on the Jersey City Heights Gun Club grounds, Sept. 24, 25, 26 and 27; shooting to commence at 9 A. M. Committee: W. F. Quimby, M. F. Lindsley, A. Heritage. *First Day*—First event, 10 bluerocks; 2d, 15 bluerocks; 3d, 20 bluerocks, $25 guaranteed; 4th, 5 pair bluerocks; 5th, 15 single bluerocks, 30 ds. rise, both barrels; 6th, 15 bluerocks; 7th, 5 pair bluerocks, two men team; 8.h, 10 single. *Second Day*—First event, 10 bluerocks; 2d, 15 bluerocks; 3d, 10 bluerocks, teams of two men from N. J.; 4th, 20 single bluerocks, $25 guaranteed; 5th, 10 single, four men team; 6th, 15 single, 30yds. rise, both barrels; 7th, 5 pair, all ties divided on bluerocks. *Third Day*—First event, 10 live birds; 2d, 10 live birds; 3d, trophy shoot for cup, teams of three men of the Association, 10 birds per man; 4th, State badge, open to members of the Association; 10 birds. *Fourth Day*—First event, 10 live birds; 2d, 10 live birds; 3d, the Al Heritage shoot, open only to the members of the Association, aged 55 years and over, 25yds. rise, gun below elbow until bird is on the wing, both barrels, 10 live birds; 4th, 25 birds, open to all. Ten entries or over, four moneys. All extras inclue bluerocks and pigeons. Other sweeps will follow. New Jersey State rules to govern the live birds; gun below armpit until the pigeon is on the wing; four moneys in all events, when 12 entries or over, unless specified on programme. Targets 2½ cents each. A full line of loaded shells on the grounds. Stage from Marion station, Pennsylvania Railroad, to the grounds. Trains from New York, 8:30, 9:20, 10:40 A. M., 12:10, 12:30, 1:40, 2:30, 3:20 P. M. If the weather proves stormy the shoot will take place the next fair day.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Sept. 14.—There was a good attendance at the grounds of the Wellington Club to-day, and several good scores were made. In the silver pitcher match, at 8 clay-pigeons and 7 bluerocks Field won with a clean score of 15. The other scores in the match were: Bond 14, Warren 13. Chase 12, Bradstreet and Perry 11, Cowee, Sanborn, Dill and Lee 10, Webster 8. In the merchandise badge match, at 15 clay-pigeons, Warren was the winner with a clean score. The other scores were: Sanborn 14, Lee 13, Cowee, Chase and Perry 12, Snow and Field 11, Bond and Porter 10, Stone 9. The winners in the sweepstakes follow: First event at 5 pairs bluerocks: Chase 7, Melcher 6. Second event at 6 bluerocks: Lee 5, Perry 4, Cowee 3. Third event at 5 clay-pigeons: Cowee, Warren, Field, Sanborn and Perry 5, Smith, Lee and Stone 4, Bond and Bradstreet 3, Dill and Melcher 2. Fourth event at 5 bluerocks: Bond, Sanborn and Chase 4, Stone, Field, Lee and Melcher 3, Bradstreet and Warren 2. Fifth event at 6 bluerocks: Bond and Lee 6, Smith and Field 5, Stone, Warren and Sanborn 4, Perry and Chase 3. Sixth event at 5 bluerocks, Cowee and Perry 5, Choate and Warren 4, Field and Sanborn 3, Bradstreet 2. Seventh event at 8 clay-pigeons: Field and Dill 8, Stone and Perry 7, Chase and Bond 6, Bradstreet, Sanborn, Melcher and Smith 5. Eighth event at 7 bluerocks: Field and Sanborn 7, Bond and Bradstreet 8, Warren, Chase, Dill and Smith 5, Perry and Melcher 4. Ninth event at 10 bluerocks: Stone, Bond, Perry and Lee 9, Sanborn and Chase 8, Porter, Field and Webster 7, Nichols 6.

BOSTON, Sept. 12.—The weekly shoot of the Jamaica Plain Gun Club was held at Clarendon Hills, Jamaica Plain, this afternoon. Following are the winners of the different events: 6 clays, Herbert and Ensign, Woodruff and Cowing, Woodruff; 6 bluerocks, Herbert; 6 blackbirds, Herbert and Woodruff, Woodruff; 10 clays, for the Rounds cup, Woodruff first, breaking nine out ten, Ensign second; 10 bluerocks, for the Rounds cup, Woodruff first, getting nine out of ten, Herbert second, Woodruff wins the cup; 6 clays, Woodruff and Barrett; 6 blackbirds, Barrett; 6 clays, Woodruff; 10 clays, for badge match, Shaw; 3 pair clays, Shaw.

BUDD VS. KLEINZ.—J. F. Kleinz is out with a card telling his neighbors in Philadelphia that they have a chance to see a good match. He says: "The people in this vicinity will be able to witness a contest, no doubt worth looking at, at the Gloucester base ball grounds, on Saturday, Oct. 5, between the holder of the American field championship, Capt. C. W. Budd, of Des Moines, Ia., and myself, at 100 live pigeons, 5 traps, Hurlingham rules, for a purse of $500. Budd defeated me at Chicago, Ill., 98 to 94, and I expect either to give him a good snaking up or a defeat. He is considered the champion of the Western people, and contemplates leaving for England with R. Borgan, his backer, of Chicago, Ill., to give the people on the other side a chance to meet him at the score this fall."

BUFFALO, Sept. 12.—Dr. Bartlett concluded successfully his attempt to beat Dr. Carver's record of breaking 60,000 glass balls in six days. Dr. Bartlett began on Saturday, at 6:30 A. M., and continued 22 hours a day. On the first day he broke 12,020, Sunday 10,017, Monday 10,105, Tuesday 10,591, Wednesday 9,605, Thursday 11,675. He finished at 5:30 P. M., to-day, with a total of 64,017. On the third day he was timed, and he broke 500 balls in 17 minutes, and a consecutive 500 in 28 minutes. Then he made a spurt to break the record, and he broke 500 in 14 minutes, breaking Oakley's record of 100 in 3 minutes 30 seconds. Dr. Bartlett also achieved the phenomenal record of breaking 20 balls in 8 seconds.

TORONTO, Sept. 14.—The Stanley Gun Club members shot for the thirteenth time to-day for the handsome gold watch presented to the club by its president. Quite a handful assembled, and the shooting all through was fair. Mr. Emond topped the list with 22 out of 25. This is his second win. Already twelve other members have their monogram engraved on its case. The shoot was on McDowall & Co.'s grounds at 5 traps. Several sweeps at singles and doubles followed.

BALTIMORE.—The shooters in and around Baltimore, Md., are preparing for a grand three days' tournament, to take place on Oct. 1, 2 and 3. Keystone traps and targets will be used, and events of all kinds are arranged. Address Samuel J. Frost, Assistant Manager, Ellicott City, Md.

Yachting.

"West India Hurricanes and the Great March Blizzard." By Everett Hayden, U. S. Hydrographic Office. Large quarto, with 23 lithographic plates. Price $1. Contains full history of the great storm of March, 1888, with practical information how to handle a vessel in a cyclone; use of oil at sea, etc.

THE STORM ON THE COAST.

THE yacht clubs and owners here suffered severely from the storm of the past week, the greatest sufferers being the owners of small yachts. The larger craft have ridden out the storm in the principal harbors between Cape Ann and Cape May, but the small craft have been badly damaged. The tides on Staten Island have been higher by a foot than at any time in a dozen years or more. At Harlem, Port Morris, Cow Bay, Communipaw, and many other places yachts have been carried away and wrecked. At Whitestone the sloop Saracen, Mr. G. R. Burrows, Atlantic Y. C., went ashore, but was hauled off with some damage. On Thursday the sloop Defiance, N. J. Y. C., owned by Mr. Letts and Richard Bartley, went ashore at the Atlantic Highlands, being a total loss. Two sloops were thrown ashore in Lloyd's Harbor. On Monday as the cutter Kathleen was coming from Larchmont to Bay Ridge with Mr. Whitlock and a man and boy on board, she picked up a young man from a capsized catboat, where he had clung for three hours. The catboat, Gussie, was 25ft. l.w.l., with a 35ft. mast, and in sailing her alone in the storm she capsized off Execution. The heavy sea made it a difficult matter to rescue the man, Mr Whitlock finally rowing off in his yawl for him. At Atlantic Basin the schooners Marguerite and Montauk were in collision, also the sloops Ariadne and Annie. The regatta of the Columbia Y. C. set for Sept. 14, was indefinitely postponed.

A CRUISE IN A 15FT. BOAT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Anderson is a cat-rigged open boat, 7ft. beam, 3iin draft, ballasted with 600lbs. of iron low down amidships under the floor. W. J. Harland and W. W. Ashcourst wrote me from Cape May, and on their return left me the inclosed outline of their trip. The average age of these gentlemen scarcely reaches 21 years. They had never cruised in Delaware Bay before, but are fond of sailing and handle the stick admirably, with no lack of grit and pluck, as their log attests. You will probably surmise by their notes that they read the FOREST AND STREAM as to small cruisers, which, no doubt, suggested this trip. Taking into consideration the unsettled state of the weather, etc., the cruise was a remarkable one, inasmuch as not even a rope yarn was broken.

R. G. WILKINS

We started from Cooper's Point Wednesday, Aug. 7, at 12 M., and nothing of importance having occurred all day anchored off Deep Water Point at 7 P. M., where some people from Wilmington were camping on shore; weighed anchor at 10 P. M. and continued our course until we reached Bay Side at 11 A. M. Thursday, where we mailed letters. Leaving Bay Side immediately, we continued our voyage without accident or event of any kind until 11 P. M., when we struck a shoal near shore off Davis Creek; the tide was nearly out, so soon after the turn we were again afloat, but the wind, which had hitherto been always light and fair, was now becoming so high that we decided it was best to anchor a little further off shore and wait for daylight to continue our trip.

Early the next morning we started, and in a short time made Fishing Creek, where we ran in to wait for the tide; the crew of the sloop yacht Restless, formerly Sunbeam, first class sloop, Quaker City Y. C., three Philadelphians, very kindly offered to tow us down to the Cape in the morning from their anchorage off Fishing Creek, as they expected to rejoin the well-known steam yacht Restless, owned by Mr. Singerly, proprietor of the Philadelphia *Record*, awaiting their return off Pond Creek at the steamboat landing on Cape May Point. We left our anchorage at the time agreed upon, but for some reason or other the Restless could not get off, and we were obliged to sail down alone, making Pond Creek just in time to get in with the falling tide, where we were given a warm welcome and partook of the hospitality of Capt. James Murray of the keel sloop Razzle-Dazzle and Capt. Charles Sims of the sloop Dolphin. Saturday we spent most of the time in Cape May City, returning to the Anderson by the last train. Sunday was passed very pleasantly aboard of the two sloops in Pond Creek, and with the evening half flood tide we left our anchorage, and having rounded the Cape, turned and started up the bay, hoping to make Egg Island Light, for which we made directly, steering by compass. The weather had promised to be fine, but before we had gone half the distance, about twenty miles, the wind began to rise; the tides carried us further and further out into the bay, in what direction we had no means of ascertaining. The lights in sight were those of Cape May, Cross Ledge, Brandywine Shoal and Egg Island Point; these did not help us, as we could not determine which was which; we did not know whether one of the lights toward the north was at East Point (Maurice River) or at Egg Island Point; whether another toward the northwest was Cross Ledge or Egg Island Light; whether another toward the south was Henlopen or Brandywine Shoal. The wind was rising from N. N. W., making it impossible to reach land nearer than about twenty miles; the Anderson carried a double reef quite well and did not ship any water; we kept the lead going and when on the extreme edge of the oyster region found about 3½ fathoms and dropped anchor; to steady the boat we were compelled to keep the centerboard down and sit on the bottom. The wind was now blowing a stiff breeze and the waves were about 5ft. high. We expected every moment to be swamped, but the Anderson during the whole night never shipped over half a bucketful of water; we had the rudder unshipped and everything on board made fast and taut; we thus passed the night. A drag was improvised in case the boat did not hold on.

Next day the wind veered to S. and S. W. and we made for Egg Island Point. We sailed on until we reached Pennsgrove at 6 P. M. and made fast to the Arcadne of Portland; in half an hour the tide was in our favor and we made up the river to Cherry Island flats where we anchored at 2 A.M. Tuesday. At 6 A.M. against tide, we started up the river and continued until we reached Philadelphia at 3 P.M.

On the way up the wind, sometimes strong, sometimes light, was in our favor; we encountered a squall off Red Bank but continued our course, merely dropping our peak. There was very little rain during the whole trip and the weather on the whole was very good; we took on water at Deep Water Point and Cape May Point, in both going and coming, easily making the distance, 103 miles, in a day and a half. Every one assured us that ours was the smallest craft that had ever ventured so far down the bay; in every way the Anderson was worthy of praise, sailing well in all kinds of winds, riding beautifully over the waves in storms and behaving in every way as well as could be desired.

IS MINERVA A RACING MACHINE?

"'THE Minerva is simply a racing machine,' said Mr. Burgess to the writer a few days ago. There was no mistaking his language, and he evidently meant what he said. Such a criticism, coming from the source it did, must necessarily have great weight with yachtsmen, and the statement should be carefully and impartially weighed. In making such a criticism the well-known designer puts his own boats to the test, and they are to be judged alongside the Minerva. A racing machine,' as commonly understood among yachtsmen, is simply a shell with no inside fittings, no living accommodations—in fact, a boat in which every comfort is given up for racing. In the Minerva one finds every comfort for cruising. She has proved her seaworthiness in making a trip across the ocean in fast time, encountering several gales on the way. She has a good after stateroom and cabin, wash-basin, water tanks under the cabin floor, and one of the best forecastles in any of the forties. Her deck plan is all that could be desired. She is easier handled, has lighter rig, and would outlive the Verena, Chiquita or Nymph in a hard time. Take the Tomahawk, one of the costliest of Mr. Burgess's boats, and compare her with the Minerva. She has practically no inside fittings, no wash-basin or water closet, no ice chest and no inside ceiling; in other words, she is simply a shell with big spars and sails. Her spar and sail plan are too large for cruising purposes, and under reefed sails she would not be as handy as the Minerva. Under her working sails, and in a passage across the water, the Minerva would make the best weather.

"The Scotch cutter has taught us a valuable lesson, and one which comes at the right time. American designers have gone to boats of great power, hard forms to drive, with great sail plans. The races of the Minerva have shown that the brute boat does not move the fastest. Where flukes did not control, but where the races were sailed under even conditions of wind and handling, the Liris and Kathleen did not suffer when compared with the Tomahawk, Marquita, or Saracen. One thing must be admitted, and that is, the handling of our forties, with the exception of the Pappoose, has not been first-class. The regular skippers were not up, consequently all the speed was not gotten out of our boats. Mr. William Gardiner, in a recent conversation, said: 'If I were to design another forty, I would not design her with so much beam as the Liris. I could make a faster boat with less beam and sail.' This clearly indicates that Mr. Gardiner believes that the Minerva type of boat is the faster. Already there is talk of another forty coming over, built from the lines of William Fife, Jr. It is known that an American yachtsman, who has been visiting abroad, has called on Mr. Fife, and had quite a talk with him, and the designer of the Minerva gave assurances that he could design and build a boat to outsail the Minerva."—*Boston Herald.*

GREAT SOUTH BAY Y. C.—On Sept. 14 a race for baymen and oystermen was held off Islip under the auspices of the Great South Bay Y. C. The wind was fresh from the east, with fog. The times were:

CLASS 1—SLOOPS 25FT. AND OVER.

	Start.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
R. Esterbrook	12 08 01½	2 59 32	2 52 08
Pathfinder	12 07 47	3 07 35½	2 59 37½
Jesse Johnson	12 07 57¾	3 05 57½	3 05 57½
Two Sisters	12 06 00	3 19 21	3 15 45
Ahda Wood	12 06 29	3 29 56	3 23 52
Marion	12 09 51½	Did not finish.	

CLASS 2—CATBOATS 25FT. AND OVER.

Chas. F. Dayton	12 06 10¼	2 37 34½	2 37 34½
Samuel C. Wicks	12 06 28¾	2 41 43½	2 37 57½
John H. Vail	12 06 45	2 43 45½	2 38 17
Mystery	12 07 59	2 44 55½	2 39 48½
Gussie K	12 08 47	3 54 50	2 45 49
Maggie	12 06 40½	2 48 45¾	2 45 31¾
Bernicea O. Dell	12 06 23¾	2 53 45½	2 45 59¾
Halcyon	12 06 10½	2 58 49½	2 53 29½
Marion Herbert	12 08 35½	Did not finish.	
Carrie Potter	12 07 19	Did not finish.	

The judges were Arthur Deming, superintendent of the life-saving stations on Long Island; Chauncey F. Low, John H. Vail, Bradish Johnson, Jr., and H. I. Nichols.

PROVIDENCE CORINTHIAN Y. C.—The first regatta of the Providence Corinthian Y. C. was sailed on Sept. 9 in a strong breeze, the courses being: For classes 2 and 3—Start between judges' boat and signal, to and around striped spar buoy north of Providence Point, leaving same on port, and to and around stake-boat off Rumstick, leaving same on port, and return to starting point, two rounds, 12 miles. Class 4—Around Gaspee buoy, 10 miles. The times were:

SECOND CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Kelpie	30.10	2 55 35	2 55 35
Arthur Franklin	27.11	3 09 25	3 04 17
Xenia	23.11	3 22 14	3 08 33
Rhodia	29.03	2 51 49	2 49 07
Frolic		Disabled.	

THIRD CLASS.

Afghan	20.00	2 53 49	2 52 35
Maud	22.06	2 57 18	2 55 26
Victor	22.03	3 00 11	2 58 19
Ripple	20.00	3 29 16	3 18 50
White Wings		Disabled.	

FOURTH CLASS.

Nettie		2 08 25	2 07 22
Zara		2 10 46	2 08 36
Arrow		2 08 59	2 08 59
Nemo		2 12 35	2 12 35
Mabel		Did not finish.	

Rhodia was disqualified for not turning buoys properly.

CLEVELAND Y. C. fall regatta, Sept. 10:

FIRST CLASS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Alert, C. G. White	3 10 28	3 06 57
Sylvia, Edwin H. Clark	3 16 03	3 16 03
Restless, Frank Overbeke	3 16 40	3 16 33
Ida, C. W. Kelly	3 27 13	3 19 13
Rover, H. Richter	3 43 54	3 34 52

SECOND CLASS.

Unique, Ernest Radder	3 46 41	3 31 05
Arab, Benj. Lyman	3 52 41	3 37 08
Perrel, James Martin	4 03 38	3 51 05
Bessie, W. C. Sly	Not timed.	
Lady Ida, F. Smead	Not timed.	
Eole, Al. McEachrew	Disabled.	

Wind, northeast, fresh and steady. Judges, Geo. W. Gardner and H. D. Coffinberry.

CORINTHIAN Y. C., MARBLEHEAD, SEPT. 14.—The final race of the season, the third championship, was sailed on Sept. 14 in a strong breeze and rough sea, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Saracen, W. P. Fowle	38.03	2 21 15	2 20 01
Migaon, H. Babson		Withdrew.	

FOURTH CLASS.

Edith, Fred Wood	20.05	1 40 00	1 28 32
Wanda, Royal Robbins	21.07	1 46 40	1 36 15

FIFTH CLASS.

Lassie, W. S. Eaton, Jr.	25.02	1 40 45	1 33 18
Kathleen, R. S. Peabody	25.07	1 41 15	1 33 56
Mosca, C. H. W. Foster	25.03	1 42 40	1 35 06
Wraith, A. P. Benson	23.03	1 46 00	1 36 57

SIXTH CLASS.

Josephine, D. H. Follett	21.05	1 47 24	1 36 50
Nonpareil, W. O. Taylor	18.08	1 51 30	1 38 18
Dolphin, R. C. Robbins	18.00	1 00 10	1 46 15

Mignon was badly beaten, and did not finish. The championship in fourth class was won by Myrtle, and in the fifth by Mosca, in former races. In these classes Lassie and Edith each received cash prizes. In sixth class this race gives championship to Josephine, and Nonpareil takes second prize. The judges were Vice-Com. I. S. Palmer and W. I. Palmer.

MINERVA AT MARBLEHEAD.—The circumstances attending the first day's racing for the Weld cup were as follows: the cup was sailed for under the E. Y. C. rules, which require a finish before sunset in order to make a race. The finish was made very close to sunset, and before deciding whether a race had been made the judges wrote to Harvard Observatory to learn the exact time. The reply was that sunset at Marblehead occurred at 6:28:-56. As Minerva had finished at 6:30:37, or 1m. 41s. later, the committee could do nothing but declare the race a failure. The rule in itself is bad and illogical, and cannot be changed too soon. If a time limit is necessary it should be made in some other way than by sunset, as there is often safe sailing for hours after, and no account is taken of the time of start.

"WHO WON."—Since it was first issued in 1887, this useful book has grown from a compact record of races sailed into the most complete list and reference book that has yet been prepared for yachtsmen. The care and labor expended in order to secure accuracy in the first volume have been heartily appreciated by yacht-men, and a demand was made for a more extended work. This has been very successfully met in the edition of 1889, as the book contains all that could be asked for within the compass of one convenient volume. The book is now in three parts—the first historical, a record of yachting history at home and abroad; the second includes the racing record of 1888; while the third includes the most complete list of American owners, yachts and flags yet published. The list of owners and yachts include 3,400 names, while there are 200 private flags, in addition to club and national colors. The flags are arranged according to the latest method, the grouping being by colors, while a reference number tells where to find the yacht in the register. The latter is very compact, but gives the leading points, such as dimensions, designer, etc. A great deal of information on such subjects as pilotage, navigation, measurement rules and allowance tables, tides, etc., is scattered through the book. This year the Larchmont Y. C. received special attention, there being a concise history of the club races, with a fine portrait of Com. Lowrey. Two special features, devised by the author, Mr. James C. Summers, are a compact tide table for the Atlantic coast, and a silicate slate record for timing any race. Though containing over 400 pages, the book is small enough to be carried in the pocket. It is very well printed and handsomely bound in celluloid covers.

SCULLING WITH THE RUDDER.—The Monatiquot Y. C., at meeting lately held, passed the following resolutions, repudiating the recent decision of the regatta committee: "*Resolved*, That we, the members of the Monatiquot Y. C., declare that we do not countenance so-called 'sculling' with the rudder in any race under the auspices of this club. *Resolved*, That the decision in the Erin protest against sculling on Moondyne in a recent race is against our rules as printed in our club book and contrary to sportsmanlike racing, and is not approved by the club." By this action the club effectually clears itself in the matter, and leaves the blame where it belongs, on the committee.

ATLANTIC Y. C.—At the meeting on Sept. 9 the winners of the average record for runs on the annual cruise were announced as follows: Fearless, Fanny, Athlon, Anaconda, Concord, Chispa and Arab. The winner in Class 7 is not yet decided. Azalea has challenged for the pennant in her class, and Arab in hers.

WEST INDIA HURRICANE.—The great storm which has raged for over a week along the Atlantic coast calls attention to Mr. Hayden's interesting work on "West India Hurricanes and the March Blizzard," lately published by the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The present storm is very similar to the famous blizzard in its origin and progress, and the laws which govern its movements are clearly laid down in Mr. Hayden's valuable book.

NEW YORK Y. C. NEWPORT RACES.—In consequence of the severe storm none of the yachts are ready for the races at Newport, and the first race was postponed from Tuesday until to-day.

NAHLI AND TATTLER.—A race was sailed on Sept. 7 off Sand's Point, Nahli winning by 1m. 24s., the elapsed time being 3h. 31m.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1887-88.

Commodore: H. C. ROGERS.....} Peterborough, Can.
Secretary-Treasurer: GEO. W. HATTON }
Vice-Com. *Rear-Com.* *Purser.*
Central Div.,W. K. Huntington.E. W. Masten.....T. H. Strykor, Rome, N. Y.
Atlantic Div,W. P. Stephens.....L. B. Palmer.....F. L. Dunnell, 156 Jerolemon st., Brooklyn.
N'thern Div..Robert Tyson.....S.S. Robinson.....Colin Fraser, Toronto.
Eastern Div..H. E. Rice, M. D....Maxton Holmes.....H. D Marsh, Springfield, Mass.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of $2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year. Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay $1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Secy-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division.

Persons residing in any Division and wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore—C. J. Stedman, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Vice-Commodore—T. J. Kirkpatrick, Springfield, O.
Rear-Commodore—Thos. S. Gates, Columbus, O.
Secretary-Treasurer—J. B. Keogh, Chicago, Ill

SNIPS FROM SNAPS AT THE '89 MEET.

"Stave Island is a splendid spot
To fry the ham or boil the pot,
To break your bones or bark your shins
A tumbling about it outs and ins."

SO went the Ubiques' chorus, and excepting in one particular they fall far short of the truth. I never, since I first began to boil a billy, had so much trouble in getting water into the proper state to make tea with as I had at Stave Island, and of all camps I ever camped at, the Stave Island camp was provided with the smallest supply of natural firewood. With all due deference to Grindstone, which I know nothing of, I think that the head of Stave Island was a most charming camp ground. It was so broken and diversified with rocky ridges, hollow knolls and thickets, the shores fell away into so many charming bays, and the Norway pines, oaks and maples gave such relief to the white tents and bright flags that the little canvas city was beautiful beyond compare. The little islands in front of the camp gave a well-sheltered canoe harbor. The courses were all that could be desired, both from the racers' and spectators' point of view, and headquarters was both the natural, social and official headquarters of the camp. The dock was certainly much too far away from the main camp, and the arrival of the boat was not half the event it should have been, but this seems to be a chronic complaint at an A. C. A. camp, and must be borne with. The mess was a fairly good one, it was far better than that at Lake George, and not quite what it should have been. The truth is that for the past two years the A. C. A. camp fires have usurped their functions. What we want when we go to camp is not an imitation of a third-rate railway hotel bill of fare, we want good wholesome camp food, plenty of it, and good attendance. So much for the camp site and the camp arrangements, with one exception, and that exception deserves more attention than all the others.

A two weeks' camp is somewhat of a permanent affair, and tent floors are in the cases of seventy-five per cent. of the campers and fifty per cent. of the camp sites, a necessity. Floats or docks, or skids, to beach the canoes upon, are also a prime necessity, and the trouble about both floors and docks is that they are all wanted at once. At Long Island last year the chairman of the camp site committee nearly killed himself trying to be at two places at once, and although the docks were all that could be desired, it was at the expense of an A. C. A. man's holiday. This year an experienced carpenter with a good staff of assistants had charge of the whole affair, lumber was plentiful and very cheap, and the result was that never before was the A. C. A. as well provided with floors and docks, and never before did these conveniences cost so little. Jackman was not only the carpenter, he was the flagpole raiser, fire builder and general utility man of the camp. He was an institution, and if he could be made an annual institution it would be a good thing.

I spent the first night after I left the meet in a lonely camp on the banks of the St. Lawrence, and as I lay at full length in the cockpit of the Inez—proving myself a crank of the worst order by preferring to make my bed in my boat, in fifteen minutes, rather than to spend hours in trying to find a level spot of soft ground on which to pitch a tent—with the roar of a great rapid in my ears and my favorite constellation, the Great Bear, glittering in a clear sky above me, I tried to generalize and analyze both an A. C. A. meet and the pleasure that it gave me. It was then, and only then, that I realized to the fullest extent, that behind the mere material things that make up an A. C. A. camp, the free life in the open air, the deep sleep, the camp-fires and their jolliness, the racing and its excitement, the never ending interest in the talk about rigs, kits and canoes—there lay a subtler, deeper, more potent influence, something almost intangible in its essence, and yet all-powerful, which for want of a better name may be called the A. C. A. spirit; and that it is this spirit that gives life and being to the dry bones, and very old jokes of the camp. It is this spirit, which is more than the mere spirit of comradeship, that makes every man in camp your friend, it is more than the spirit of fair play, more even than that divine essence that descends from nature upon those that love her, that lifts us up out of ourselves in camp, that hangs between us and the worry, the striving, the self-consciousness of our every day life, a great veil, and makes us all desire to give and to get pleasure, that gives individuality to the camp, and makes it unique. As long as this spirit exists and makes itself felt in the A. C. A., so long will it go on and prosper, in spite of the racing mania, the cup hunter, the hippodromist and the squaw man, for it is the spirit of canoeing, made manifest not in the lonely cruise, but in the crowded meet. It is because of this intangible influence that certain features of this year's meet, which under any other conditions but those which prevail at an A. C. A. camp would be entirely pleasant, have not added, but have rather detracted from its success as a reminiscence. What an A. C. A. meet would be without a Squaw Point—away with your Paradise Places, I'll have none of them—I do not know, nor do I care to think of such a contingency; but I am sure that there were far too many squaws over the ridge at Stave Island. With the exception of the regatta programme, nothing could be done in camp without more attention being paid to the necessities of the squaws than the wishes of the canoeists. The cruises had to be converted into picnics for their benefit, and although they were very pleasant affairs, I am afraid the meet lost by the change. Then, too, the attractions of Squaw Point broke up the homogeneousness of the camp. If a man was wanted for anything or everything, from the description of a canoe fitting to the singing of a song, he was, unless the ladies were all in the main camp, moderately certain to be "over at Squaw Point," that is, unless he was a "canoe's husband." The squaws did not, however, spoil the racing. Although if one or two eager racing men had sailed more and spent less time in squiring fair dames it would have been better for them, from a racing point of view. The Jabber says that the Western men have sworn an oath together "to keep it with an equal mind" to leave their squaws at home next year, and have a canoe meet. The A. C. A. does not need to proceed to this ungallant extreme; but there is a danger in the increased popularity of the camp's annex, and it is all the greater because there are not many who are as boorish as I am, and, therefore, the number who make bold to speak out is but small.

One of the most interesting and most important features of the meet was the strength of the cruising contingent, and the flavor which it gave to the camp, its doings and sayings. There were at least four big club messes, the Toronto, Unique, Brockville and Lindsay messes, and a number of men either wholly or partially grubbed themselves. Besides the Brooklyn cruising six, and the Toronto cruising four, half a dozen parties cruised to the camp, at least as many cruised from it, and there was plenty of cruising talk, and a good deal of interest manifested in the cruising events. The official cruises were picnics rather than cruises, and the unsettled weather interfered sadly with the efforts and intentions of the cruising committee, but the first week would have been a somewhat monotonous one had it not been for these picnics, and I think that the value of a cruising committee as a permanent part of the machinery of the association has been proved. The cruising race brought out quite a number of entries, and but four starters, but it was a good race, from start to finish, and it was won by a fine specimen of a cruising boat. Of the three canoes which finished in the cruising race, one was the winner of the record, another the winner of the combined, the third was second in the Orillia cup race, not a bad showing for the "disgruntled cruisers."

The kit competition, which, although advertised as such, was not down on the official programme, and was put through because of the demand for it on the part of the cruising contingent, brought out ten or a dozen entries, and if it was not a success, it was because the regatta committee muffed the whole affair, not because of a scarcity of material for a contest, or of a lack of interest therein. I do not wish to say anything that will in any way hurt the feelings of the individual members of a regatta committee which carried through the regatta programme in a manner which, taking account the rather difficult conditions under which they had to work, was admirable, but that I must say, if the kit competition is to be as successful a feature of the A. C. A. meet as it should be, and as it has been of the Northern Division meets, it must be conducted in a very different manner from that in which it was in '89. In the first place, the two members of the regatta committee who acted as judges did not examine the kits until the last moment, after some of the competitors had left camp, and their decision was not officially given until they were on their way to the boat that was to carry them away from the camp. There was, therefore, no opportunity given to the camp to examine the successful kit, and disgruntled competitors had no opportunity to protest against their judges' decision. As a natural consequence not a few competitors left the camp, feeling that they had been treated, and the camp itself received no benefit whatever from the event. Of course the committee can hardly be blamed for not doing four things at one time, but if they had not time, either as individuals or as a committee, to examine the kits, at least a day before the annual meeting, they certainly had the power to appoint a jury to do the work for them.

In itself the dilatory action of the committee was enough to ruin the competition, but in my opinion the grounds upon which they elected to try kit against kit, were of such a nature as to make the whole affair a farce. They decided to give the prize to the man having the most compact nest of cooking tools, and it cannot be denied that they gave the prize to the man with the most complete box of tricks, but in what measure does a "box of tricks" constitute kit? What they practically did was to give the prize to the tinsmith, not the canoeist, and I have yet to learn that it is possible for a man to cruise successfully with the assistance of never so clever a tinsmith. As far as my limited experience goes, a man has to do several other things, such as sleep and rest, as well as cook, on a cruise, and in particular he has to carry a sufficient quantity of suitable food to cook, and of clothing to sleep and work in. Some men—I know several of them—can do all their cooking with a tin plate and a granite ware cup, and others—I myself am one of this class—can, with the kind assistance of a trying-pan and a couple of tin pails, satisfy the hunger of from one to a dozen, but the man who can cook without carrying food, and sleep without tent and blankets, I have no knowledge of. The great difficulty of the cruising canoeist is not in carrying cooking utensils but of clothing and food, and the problem he has to work out is how to do this in such a way as to preserve his outfit from damage in case of an upset, and to combine handiness with due efficiency. As a matter of fact the prize winner of the kit competition of '89 had no facilities for storing food at all, and to give him the prize the committee passed over such complete and practical cruising outfits as those of ex-Commodore Wilkin, Scott, of Ottawa, and the Toronto cruisers' kits, which included every thing, cooking utensils, tent, bedding and its storage, food and its storage.

This is not the way to encourage cruisers to give the meet the benefit of their experience or to induce them to bring their kits to camp for the enlightenment thereof. I was myself a competitor in this event, and I have been sufficiently disgruntled to speak with feeling on this subject, not because I was not given the flag, of course not, but in the interest of the right. I did not want the prize—who ever heard of a disgruntled competitor that did?—but I did and do want to see the prize given to the man who has worked on his kit, not to the man who has the best tinsmith.

If the kit competition is to become an annual feature of the meet, and the number of entries this year proves that it could be made as interesting as it is desirable, it should, I think, be conducted not by the overworked regatta committe, but by the cruising committee, who at present have nothing to do during the second week of a meet; and it should be carried on under fixed rules as carefully framed and as rigidly adhered to as those which govern sailing races. The examination of the kits should take place at such a time as will permit of the exhibition of the winning kit at headquarters for at least a couple of days, and the prize should be a suitable one. It might not be a bad idea to put the cruising race into the hands of the cruising committee also, and to make it a part of one of the meet cruises. The experience of this year goes far toward proving that a steam launch is almost a necessity to a large A. C. A. cruise, and with the aid of such an auxiliary there would be no difficulty in making the race a success.

The Toronto cruising four, who put in ten days on the Trent Chain, the Bay of Quinte, and the river, winding up a good piece of work by running from Kingston to Stave Island in one day, had a very complete and interesting outfit. Their canoes were big double-decking open hulls, with large bow and stern compartments, brass drop rudders, brass leeboards, and a good spread of canvas. The power of their boats was fully tested by more than one gale in open water, and by some difficult pieces of rapid work, and by lashing them together, making a catamaran, they rode out seas that would have drowned a naphtha launch. They used the Toronto pyramid tent, a simple square affair, with one pole and eight iron pins, and the Toronto pail kit, a combination grub box and box of tricks, with utensils enough in it for a party of six and room for a week's groceries. The only fault to be found with this kit is that it is bulky, the tent being quite large and the pail fully twelve inches high, and it is doubtful whether the grub storage is water tight. Taken as a whole, however, the Toronto cruising four have the best open canoe cruising outfit that was ever seen at a meet, and the interesting thing about it is that they are following closely in the footsteps of the first Canadian canoe users. The Toronto cruising four are simply adapting the canoe of the fisherman and gunner to the necessities of the modern canoeist, and their success may encourage other Northern Division men to take the same course, instead of following foreign lights. There seems, however, to be something approaching a general awakening among canoeists, to the advantages of the open Canadian canoe, and proof is not wanting that the development of this interesting type of canoe has not ceased. There was an English of Peterboro open 16 30 on the Ubique dock with beautiful lines, a long bow, clean run and an easy bilge, built with a smooth lap between the ribs, a straight stern to take a rudder, and with a decided improvement on the old Indian sheer. She was quite the prettiest specimen of an open canoe I have ever seen, and was very fast either under sail or paddle.

The two most interesting features of this year's racing—apart from the "who won" element—were undoubtably the almost universal use of the hoisting rig and of the Lowell deck seat. While last year there were only two canoes in the trophy race with hoisting rigs, this year there were only two with standing, the Canuck and the Cyrus, and it is very doubtful whether the winner of the trophy had a second's advantage because her rig was a standing one. The standing-rig evil has apparently cured itself—perhaps the threat of legislation has had something to do with it—and canoeing has weathered out on that nasty shoal in magnificent form. Whether the sudden awakening of the racing men to the advantanges of the sliding hiker is going to prove a worse evil than standing rigs, the future will make clear. If I remember rightly, in a screed on racing abominations, which I sent to the FOREST AND STREAM last winter, I said that the standing rig was a present evil, the hiking seat an evil tendency, and the midship centerboard an unmitigated abomination, and I see no reason for altering this series of definitions. A hiking seat can be carried during a race on such canoes as the Fly, Owl, Mac, Evangeline and Ellida, without in any way injuring them as canoes, and there can be no question that a canoe can be kept up with a hiker with great ease, that is if the user thereof is a fit and proper person to secure an engagement with Mr. Seavey. If, however, the result of the use of the sliding seat is to be the use of a plank athwart a knife blade, canoeing is doomed to yet another rough traverse. Judging by the talk about deadrise that went on "under the flies" after the trophy race, there is some prospect that the hiking seat and not the canoe's bottom will furnish the stability of next year's fleet. The Lowell men know more about the hiker than all the rest of the Association, however, and their argument, that it gives no stability on the run, and that it is the run, not the reach, that determines a canoe's sail-carrying power, and also that speed cannot be attained without stability, is a strong one.

Leaving aside the hiker and its evil tendencies, and taking the racing fleet as it is, I think that there can be no question that there has been substantial progress made during the past year. Unless a cruiser is, as the ultra racing men say, a craft that cannot sail, there was no hard and fast line drawn between the racer and the cruiser at this meet, and the canoe, not the racing machine, is again in the ascendant. The 'midship centerboard, and all too light construction, were the only grave faults of the trophy fleet of '89, the latter evil cures itself, for there are not many men who can afford a boat too light to beach, and the former must some day be cured by legislation, but when? By the way, there is one feature of the "piazza" which the Vesper men discovered some time ago, that the racing gang now know something about, and that is the tendency of the blessed double back action, narrow gauge railway, to up and bust, just at the most opportune moment for making things interesting. The velocity with which a racing canoeist makes a hole in the water when his railway shunts him, is something that even an electric shock cannot rival. There will be a good deal of valuable hard wood wasted by energetic hikers this winter, and if some strange and wonderful contrivances of the nature of the before-mentioned railway do not decorate the field of '90, I am greatly mistaken.

It is very interesting as a proof of the A. C. A.'s strength to know that in a day or two several hundred dollars can be raised for a paddling trophy, and that without anything approaching a fuss being made about it, but is not this trophy business becoming too pronounced a feature of the regatta? The A. C. A. trophy is a fine prize, it makes a fine race, and it creates plenty of interest, but has it helped canoeing? One thing I am sure it has done that is not beneficial; it has hurt the Record, and that seriously. By the A. C. A.'s own laws, and by the natural laws, that canoeing creates for itself, the Record is the event of the Association's meet, and the man who wins it is supposed to be the honor man of the year. The old guard of A. C. A. men may still put the Record first, but the outside world hardly knows what it means, and the Association members pay no attention to it whatever. How this is to be cured and the Record made again the big scalp of the meet, is a matter which I think canoeists should consider. I suppose if a big silver pot could be got and data-hed to the regulation scalp, the pot-hunters would alter their opinion as to the relative importance of the Record and the sailing trophy, but that would be extending a present evil. The "scalp" idea has, I think, done something toward rehabilitating the Record, and if the Record flag instead of being of the same style as the two trophy flags had been a somewhat more elaborate and costly affair than they, it would have done more.

I was not at the general meeting at Long Island last year, and do not know how the "scalp" system was worked for the first time, but I am satisfied that the way it was managed at Stave Island has year discriminated against and was unjust to the Record winners of these days. In the days of old the Record winner used to get the best flag at the meet, and when the "scalp" system was introduced he got a scalp as usual. Each Record winner, up to '88 or '89, got a meet flag, as useless as pretty, and a scalp, as useful as plain. In '89, the Record winner got his scalp, simply that and nothing more, and however well the scalp may satisfy his sense of honor, I submit that the æsthetic side of his nature is as much entitled to satisfaction as was that of his predecessor's. It is a small matter this, I know, but the Record is such an important feature of the A. C. A. and exercises so powerful a controlling influence over the development of the canoe, that when it relates to it, nothing, I think, is too small to deserve attention. Dr. Gage's proposition, that in future men should be required to enter for the Record, and to start in all the races to enable them to get a place in it, is, I think, a wise and advisable reform. I should like to go much further and see the trophy contestants picked only from those who have taken a place in the Record. This would prevent a non-paddling sailing canoe from winning the sailing trophy, a non-sailable paddling canoe from winning the sailing trophy, and a specialist from winning either.

RETAW.

N. Y. ATHLETIC CLUB'S CANOE REGATTA.

WHAT promises to be the most noteworthy canoeing contest after the great international races which have occurred in these waters, will take place at the New York Athletic Club's summer quarters at Travers Island on the Sound near New Rochelle, on Sept. 28, at 2 P. M. This season the club in the endeavor to widen the interest in aquatic sports has endeavored to collect a fleet of small yachts, and now it has attempted to encourage the canoeing interest.

Prizes were offered and invitations sent to the leading canoe clubs in hopes that the best canoeists would enter and show the athletes what canoe sailing really is.

The invitation was cordially received by the canoeists and entries have been already received from Messrs. Butler, Goddard and Gage of the Vesper Canoe Club, of Lowell; Knappe, of Springfield; Forrest, of Hartford; Blake, Whitlock and Ward, of Brooklyn; Vaux and Stevens, of New York; Palmer, of the lanthes, of Newark, and several other prominent canoeists of the A. C. A. The interest to the canoeists will be centered mainly in the fact that Blake, who won most of the races on New York Bay last summer, and whose boat, the Eclipse, ably handled by Mr. Brokaw, won the A. C. A. trophy cup last year, will for the first time meet Butler, who was a close second to Brokaw.

Interest will be added by the fact that Dr. Gage, who won the unlimited sailing race at this year's meet, and who there defeated Butler, will also be in the contest. Old hands like Whitlock and Vaux, who were generally the winners a few years ago, will also join issue again with the later victors. It is pleasant to record that Mr. Whitlock's splendid success with his new yacht Kathleen this summer has not dampened his ardor for the graceful sport of the smaller craft.

It is unfortunate that ex-Com. Gibson's name does not appear among this list of canoe notables, but there is still a week's time and plenty of good boats at his disposal. Mr. Brokaw, too, would lend interest to so notable a contest.

It is hoped that Mr. Bailey will bring the Notus up from Pittsburgh, but no word has yet been received from him.

Members of canoe clubs recognized in the A. C. A. will be admitted to the club grounds upon presentation of proper credentials.

Travers Island is situated on the Sound a few miles below New Rochelle, and but a few hundred yards from Glen Island. It is best reached by New York and New Haven Railroad to Pelham Manor, where trains are met by the club's stages.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Atlantic Division: Chas. P. Tuttle, Camden, N. J.

NEW YORK CANOEING.

THE present month is an active one in canoeing about New York, a number of important regattas being arranged, but the severe and continuous storm of last week has caused a general postponement. A great deal of damage has been done to floating property of all kinds, and in common with the yacht and rowing clubs, the canoe clubs have suffered by loss of floats, flooding of houses, etc. The Marine and Field Club, at Bath, whose first canoe regatta was to have taken place on Sept. 14, has suffered the worst, losing floats and bulkheads, so the regatta was postponed until Sept. 21, at 2:30 P. M. The New York C. C. house was exposed to the storm for several days, the old bulkhead which should have protected it being deep under water with a heavy sea running over it. Fourteen hawsers were needed to hold the house, several of them parting at times, but it rode the gale out in safety. Dr. Grant, of the club, and Janitor Staples were on the watch throughout the worst of the storm, and the safety of the house is largely due to their exertions. The fall regatta of the club, open to all members of canoe clubs, will be held on Oct. 5, at Stapleton, Staten Island. The regatta of the Ianthe C. C., at Newark, set for last Saturday, was postponed to Sept. 28, on account of the lack of wind and the high water in the Passaic.

As there was quite a good sized and expectant audience at the club house last Saturday, it was decided to have some paddling record races and scrub races, that the spectators might not go away altogether disappointed.

Class 1. paddling, was won by G. P. Douglass in the Scoot, W. J. Stewart second.

The senior record paddling was won also by Douglass in the Neenemooska, B. Fredricks second.

The junior paddling was won by E. Edinger, Crescent C. C., in Sybil, W. B. Daly, Arlington C. C., in Kisco, second. There were three crews in the tandem paddling, but one upset at the turn and the other two went to the rescue, so the race did not finish. The hurry-scurry race was well contested, being won by E. Edinger, with R. Hobart second. The canoe regatta of the New York Athletic Club will be sailed at Travers Island on Sept. 28.

CANOEING ON THE POTOMAC.—A correspondent who proposes to cruise up to the headwaters of the Monongahela River, and then to strike the North Branch of the Potomac, desires to know how far up the latter is canoeable, and at what point it will be best to strike it.

IANTHE C. C.—Of the active membership of this growing club, 25, all but 6 are A. C. A. members.

OTTAWA C. C.—On Sept. 7 the second sailing race for the Ottawa C. C. cup, from Nepean Point to Gatineau Point, was sailed, the following canoes starting: Mirabel, A. Maingy; Ira, T. H. Gisborne; Iolanthe, W. Maingy; White Wings, E. King; Musette, H. Roy; Natchez, C. De Lanaudiere; Nixie, P. B. Symes. The wind was very light, and it took two hours to reach Gatineau Point, but it freshened later, and Mirabel won. Musette and Mirabel each have one leg.

The Lansdowne cup was sailed for in the afternoon, the entries being Musette, Eira, Nixie, White Wings, Natchez, Unknown and Irene. The light breeze that came from the east kept steady till the finish. After a fair start the Nixie took the lead and passed the first buoy first, and was followed by Musette and Irene. The former and latter beating windward, passed the Nixie at the second buoy. Then the Irene overtook the Musette, went ahead, and kept her lead till the finish. At the second round the Unknown took the second place, and kept it till the stopping place. In turning the second buoy at the second round Musette was stuck in the sawdust, and lost five minutes in struggling with the sawdust refuse. The Ira soon gained a considerable speed, and passed the Nixie and Mirabel on the homeward tack, and was soon found close upon the Unknown's heels. The Irene, sailed by R. H. Baldwin, reached the winning post first in thirty-seven minutes. Unknown came in second, Ira third, Nixie fourth, Mirabel fifth, Musette sixth, White Wings seventh and Natchez last. Mr. Baldwin also won the cup last year.

VESPER B. C.—The Vesper Boat Club, of Lowell, Mass., has lately issued a very attractive year book, giving a history of the club since its formation in 1875. Though organized as a boat club, the Vespers owe most of their fame to their strong canoeing contingent, including Messrs. Paul Butler, Brazer, Gage, Goddard and Walsh. The club owns a very handsome and convenient house on the Merrimac, at Lowell, with an active membership of 150 and a club fleet of 19 shells and canoes, in addition to a private fleet of 20 rowing boats and 48 canoes. The book, compiled by Secretary Hemmenway, a canoeist, contains a good picture and plans of the house, and a history of the club and its races. We are glad to see that a page is given to a very good notice of the A. C. A.

New Publications.

THE GARDEN'S STORY; OR, PLEASURES AND TRIALS OF AN AMATEUR GARDENER. By George Ellwanger, New York. D. Appleton and Company. The writer tells us in his preface that there are not half enough contemporary works on the subject, that in fact there cannot be too many; and if all works on the garden were as pleasant and instructive reading as that under review, we should be disposed to second the author's verdict. The well ordered garden is almost always evidence of a genial home, the love of flowers is evidence of a refined and sensuous nature and incompatible with a sensual one, and he who describes flowers as our author does, in language which renders us familiar with, and compels to recognize their excellencies, and to love them for them, deserves well of his kind. And Ellwanger does all this and more, for while he tells of the flowers, he tells of the birds and insects that are suggested by talking of the flowers, and then of what the poets say, and of ancient fable, until the reader feels that he has got into the company of one who is not only enthusiastic about flowers, but a cultivated, enlightened and genial conversationalist. The chapter entitled "Warm Weather Wisdom" is decidedly cool and refreshing.

THE STORY THAT THE KEY TOLD ME; AND THE STORY OF THE MAN WHO DIDN'T KNOW MUCH. By W. H. H. Murray. Boston. Cupples & Hurd. Price $1.50. This is the first volume of the Adirondack Series, a series of tales of the wilderness, in all of which John Norton the trapper, a brave, simple, honest son of the forest, plays a leading part. That John Norton was modeled on, or at least suggested by Fennimore Cooper's "Leatherstocking," is beyond question, but it is not too much to say that in his delineation of the character, and in the interest of his situations Murray has shown himself in every respect up to the level of his great original. The other leading characters of the book are no less sharply and boldly delineated, and the man that didn't know much, the long, lank, ungainly, humble, pious lad, who could shoot with the best, cut down professionals with the oar, and play the violin like Ole Bull, is as original a creation and genuine a hero of romance as was ever conceived by the great father of romance, Sir Walter Scott. It is a story of inimitable heroes who win the reader's sympathy, rouse his enthusiasm, and provoke him alternately to innocent mirth and manly tears, such as the manliest may shed without blushing. Murray has gone back to nature for his characters. The lessons of his stories are the worship of the grand and beautiful in nature, of simplicity, earnestness and heroism of character, and above all of the matchless capacity of performance consistent only with a sound mind in a sound body, which he attributes to his heroes. Such a genuine romance is far more wholesome reading than the great body of psychological novels which issue from the press in such numbers, and we bespeak for the Adirondack Series an ever growing appreciation.

FOR A DISORDERED LIVER try BEECHAM'S PILLS.—*Adv.*

HUMPHREYS'
VETERINARY SPECIFICS
For Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs, AND POULTRY.
500 Page Book on Treatment of Animals and Chart Sent Free.
CURES { A.A.—Fevers, Congestions, Inflammation, Spinal Meningitis, Milk Fever.
B.B.—Strains, Lameness, Rheumatism.
C.C.—Distemper, Nasal Discharges.
D.D.—Bots or Grubs, Worms.
E.E.—Coughs, Heaves, Pneumonia.
F.F.—Colic or Gripes, Bellyache.
G.G.—Miscarriage, Hemorrhages.
H.H.—Urinary and Kidney Diseases.
I.I.—Eruptive Diseases, Mange.
J.K.—Diseases of Digestion.
Stable Case, with Specifics, Manual, Witch Hazel Oil and Medicator, Price, Single Bottle (over 50 doses), $7.00 .60
Sold by Druggists; or Sent Prepaid anywhere and in any quantity on Receipt of Price.
Humphreys' Med. Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

Forest & Stream File Binders.
PRICE, $1.00.
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

HAVE YOU SEEN OUR NEW
Illustrated Catalogue
OF
FISHING TACKLE?
It is the most elaborate and magnificent book ever published in the Sporting Goods line. Send us 25 cents and we will forward you a copy post paid.
ABBEY & IMBRIE,
No. 18 VESEY STREET, NEW YORK.

WINCHESTER
STAR  **RIVAL**
LOADED PAPER SHOT SHELLS.
Ask your Dealer for them.
Not Sold at Retail by the Manufacturers.
WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.,
312 Broadway, N. Y. NEW HAVEN, CONN.
Send for 82-page Catalogue of Arms and Ammunition.

NOTICE TO FISHERMEN. CUT PRICES.
HERE I AM AGAIN AS USUAL, CUTTING THE PRICES OF FISHING TACKLE. IT WILL PAY YOU TO BUY YOUR TACKLE IN BROOKLYN.

PRICE.		PRICE.
$2.75	For Split Bamboo Salt-Water Bass Rod, 6 strip, 2 joints, 8ft., 20oz., Solid Reel Seat, Nickel Trimmings, Double Guides, Silk Wound Black Beaded Handle	$2.75
3.32	For Split Bamboo Black Bass Rod, 8½ft., 3 joints, 10 or 12oz., Solid Reel Seat, Nickel Trimmings, Raised Tie Guides, Extra Tip, Silk Wound, Wood Form	3.32
3.32	For Trout or Black Bass Fly Rod, same finish as above, 10½ft., 7 to 9oz., complete in wood form	3.32
.90	For Ash and Lancewood Weakfish or Striped Bass Rod, Hollow Butt, Extra Tip, Swelled Ferrules	.90
1.50	For Fine No. 0 Brass Multiplying Reel, Balance Handle, Screw Oil Cup, holds 600ft. 18-thread Linen Line, diameter 3½in. Also Nos. 0, 1, 2, 3, same price. See catalogue	1.50
3.75	For Hard Rubber and Nickel Multiplying Reel, with Drag, Raised Pillars, holds 600ft. 15-thread Linen Line	3.75

Hooks. Down go the prices. My best quality all kinds snelled on single gut, 10cts. per doz.; double, 15cts.; treble, 20cts.; in ½ doz. packages. Leaders: Treble gut Weakfish and Striped Bass Leaders, three length, 5cts.; four length, 7cts., five length, 9cts.; all best quality. Reel Lines on Blocks of 300ft., 9 thread, 38cts.; 12 thread, 43cts.; 15 thread, 46cts.; 18 thread 53cts. 300ft. Braided Linen Reel Lines on Blocks, 41cts. Broken lots of Hooks from best manufacture, all kinds and sizes, 2cts. per dozen. SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

Open Evenings. **J. F. MARSTERS, 51, 53 & 55 Court St., Brooklyn, N. Y.**

SPORTSMEN SMOKERS

SHOULD ALL SMOKE OUR CELEBRATED



Hand-Made Havana Cigars.

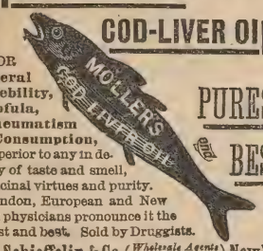
MADE IN TWO STYLES AND SIZES.

LONDRES PERFECTO, 5in. long @ $7.00 per 100
CONCHAS ESPECIALS, 4¼in. @ 6.00 "

The favorite cigar of Rod and Gun Clubs generally. These cigars are made of the choicest tobaccos grown, and selected with the greatest care. They cannot fail to suit the taste of all lovers of the fragrant weed. Each cigar has the brand impressed on it, and every box has a label, fac-simile of the title of the popular journal, and our firm's signature, without which none are genuine. We are the only authorized manufacturers of the above brand, and to insure the smoker of the genuine we would ask you to send us your orders direct. We will deliver, free of express charges, either size, on receipt of price.

A. W. FOOTE & CO., Sole Manufacturers,
125 Maiden Lane, New York.

MOLLER'S NORWEGIAN COD-LIVER OIL



FOR General Debility, Scrofula, Rheumatism or Consumption, is superior to any in delicacy of taste and smell, medicinal virtues and purity.

PUREST & BEST.

London, European and New York physicians pronounce it the purest and best. Sold by Druggists.

W. H. Schieffelin & Co. (*Wholesale Agents U.S. and Canada*) New York.

WOODCRAFT.

By "NESSMUK."

A book for people who love outdoor life; for the hunter, the angler and the canoeist. The work has been of service to thousands of outers, and will help thousands of others. It is full of practical advice and information from one who has spent his life in learning by hard experience what he now tells his readers. No camper can afford to be without it. Cloth, 160 pages, illustrated. Price $1.00.

FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO.,
New York.

DAVIES & Co., 1 Finch Lane, London, Eng

Increasing Sales Attest the Popularity of THE GENTLEMEN'S CIGARETTE.

SPECIAL FAVOURS.

Manufactured only by

KINNEY BROS.

(KINNEY TOBACCO CO. Successors). Also manufacturers of the Old Reliable

SWEET CAPORAL.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

ACT LIKE MAGIC
ON A WEAK STOMACH.
25cts. a Box
OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

Ligowsky C. P. No. 3

The only target having the patent

INTURNED EDGE.



2,000 shots out of each 1,000 targets on account of non-breakage in shipping, trapping and falling upon ground. The only target made with the INTURNED EDGE, producing the surest breaker when hit, and surest non-breaker when not hit. Our traps are sold for the sole purpose of shooting our targets.

The Epop Gun Cleaner.



Will remove Lead and Burnt Powder immediately without scratching or defacing the barrels. No one owning a gun should be without this cleaner. Expression of all who have used them.

Price 75c. each. Remit Postal Note.

A. P. POPE, Olean, N. Y.

No Chemicals.



W. BAKER & Co.'S Breakfast Cocoa

Is Absolutely Pure, and it is Soluble.

To increase the solubility of the powdered cocoa, various expedients are employed, most of them being based upon the action of some alkali, potash, soda or even ammonia. Cocoa which has been prepared by one of these chemical processes, can usually be recognized at once by the distinct alkaline reaction of the infusion in water.

W. Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa

is manufactured from the first stage to the last by perfect mechanical processes, **no chemical being used in its preparation.** By one of the most ingenious of these mechanical processes the greatest degree of fineness is secured without the sacrifice of the attractive and beautiful red color which is characteristic of an absolutely pure and natural cocoa.

W. Baker & Co., Dorchester, Mass.

Charley's Wonderful Journeys

By C. F. AMERY.

This series of thirteen adventurous journeys into as many regions of Dreamland has been admirably characterized as the most delicious nonsense ever written, and is now being brought out in a handsome quarto volume of 116 pages, profusely illustrated.

PRICE, $1.50.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO
318 Broadway, New York.



IMPORTANT TO EVERY SPORTSMAN.

RIDGWAY'S MANUAL OF

NORTH AMERICAN BIRDS.

Profusely Illustrated with 464 Outline Cuts. By ROBERT RIDGWAY. Library Edition. Royal 8vo. Extra cloth, gilt. $7.50. Sportsman's Edition. Bound in leather, flexible. $7.50.

"No one is better fitted to speak with authority on our birds than Mr. Ridgway."—*Forest and Stream.*

"It is indispensable to sportsmen."—*Boston Globe.*

LEWIS'S

AMERICAN SPORTSMAN.

A New, Revised and Enlarged Edition.

Containing Hints to Sportsmen. By ELISHA J. LEWIS, M.D. With New Chapters on the Origin, Breeding and Science of Breaking Dogs. By ARNOLD BURGES. With over 300 illustrations. Extra cloth. $2.50.

"It is superior to any work on sporting that has yet been published." *The Dispatch.*

If not obtainable at your Booksellers', send direct to the Publishers, who will forward the books free of postage promptly on receipt of the price.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, Publishers,
715 and 717 Market st., Philadelphia.

LOG CABINS

AND

HOW TO BUILD THEM.

By WILLIAM S. WICKS.

This is a complete exposition of the art and method of building log cabins from the simplest dog kennel to highly artistic dwellings. Everyone going into the woods and designing to construct his shelter with the materials at hand, should procure "Log Cabins," for in its pages he will find a variety of designs, simple and ornate, adapted to temporary shelter or to permanent homes, with full and clear instruction and illustration in every matter of detail. Sent, post free, for $1.50.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.,
318 Broadway, New York.

LONDON: DAVIES & CO., 1 Finch Lane.

Best in the World.



One-third size.

For Guns, Bicycles, etc. Throws only small quantity of oil at a stroke. Handsomely nickel plated. For sale everywhere, or sent by mail on receipt of price 50c. each. CUSHMAN & DENISON, 172 9th ave., N. Y.

The Celebrated Smith & Wesson Revolvers

HAVE BROKEN ALL RECORDS FOR REVOLVER SHOOTING.



The Most Perfect Small Arms

EVER MANUFACTURED.

Unrivalled in Beauty of Finish, Durability and Accuracy.

Manufactured in calibers .32, .38 and .44-100. Single and Double Action Hammerless Safety and Target Models, with all latest improvements——Automatic Shell Extractor, Rebounding Lock and Patented Safety Device.

The Smith & Wesson Revolvers are constructed entirely of **best wrought steel,** carefully inspected for workmanship and stock, and GUARANTEED. Do not be deceived by IMITATIONS largely manufactured of **malleable cast iron,** and often sold for the genuine Smith & Wesson. All of the Revolvers of this firm are stamped upon the barrels with their name, address and dates of patents.

If dealer cannot supply you, orders sent to address below will receive prompt and careful attention. Catalogues and prices furnished upon application.

SMITH & WESSON,

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

DO NOT DISPOSE OF YOUR

American Clay Bird Traps,

As we are now prepared to furnish the

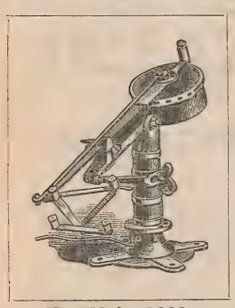
CHAMPION CLAY BIRD,

Which is far superior to the old American bird, and can be thrown from the same trap.

$9 PER THOUSAND. FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

BANDLE ARMS CO.,

CINCINNATI, O.



New Model, 1889.

Keystone Traps & Targets

FOR SALE BY

H. C. Squires,	New York.
J. P. Lovell Arms Co.,	Boston, Mass.
E. K. Tryon, Jr. & Co,	Philadelphia, Pa.
Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett & Co.,	Chicago.
E. C. Meacham Arms Co,	St. Louis, Mo.
N. D. Folsom & Co.,	New Haven, Conn.
H. Keidel & Co.,	Baltimore, Md.
Powell & Clement,	Cincinnati, O.

BIRD PORTRAITS.

Some Native Birds for Little Folks.

BY W. VAN FLEET, M.D.

A handsome imperial octavo volume of untechnical descriptions of the lives and ways of fourteen American birds. The list comprises:

Robin, Chickadee, Kingfisher, Great Horned Owl, Bobolink, Blue-jay, Woodcock, Nuthatches, Meadowlark, Ruffed Grouse, Cedar Bird, Kildeer, Summer Duck and Crossbills.

Each of these birds is beautifully illustrated by the photogravure process from drawings by Howard H Darnell. The paper is substantial, and the 147 pages of large, clear, handsome type contain just the sort of information necessary to make little folks better acquainted with the birds described, and to awaken a taste for extended study. Everything has been done to make the volume one of the most handsome gift books of the year. Price, postpaid, $3.00. FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO, 318 Broadway, New York.



PREMIÈRE QUALITÉ,

Our New Cigarette.

As the result of long labor and careful study we have this superb Cigarette to offer. It cannot be surpassed in purity or excellence; and is a novelty, unique, chaste and dainty. It is from the highest cost Virginia and North Carolina leaf.

The finest Smoking Mixtures are of our Manufacture.

WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.,

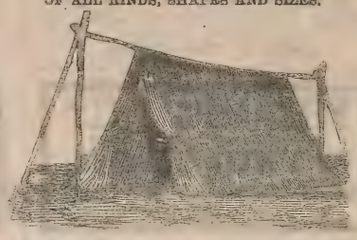
Fifteen First Prize Medals ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Yachting Goods.

SPORTSMAN'S

Camping or Fishing Tents

OF ALL KINDS, SHAPES AND SIZES.



Yacht and Canoe Sails of most approved style; also awnings for store fronts, windows, yacht boats, etc. New style of Canoe Tents made at low figures. Tarps, Burgees and covers of all kinds. Camp Stoves, Camp Chairs, Sacking Bottoms, Hammocks, all kinds of Fancy Tents, and in fact anything made from canvas when an intelligent description is given of what may be needed. My beautifully illustrated circular now ready. Send stamp for price list. Address S. HEMMINGWAY, 60 South st., N. Y City

A. WILSON,

Sail Maker,

No. 416 ATLANTIC AVE. BOSTON, MASS.

Yacht Sails and Flags a Specialty.

Yachts and Canoes For Sale.

CANOE FOR SALE.—A SAILING CANOE for sale cheap, made of cedar and mahogany. Sails and fittings all complete. For further information address F. E. PASSMORE, Lynn, Mass.



J. N. DODGE,

276 & 278 Division Street,

DETROIT, MICH.



Manufacturer of White Cedar Duck Decoys of all kinds. Also Swan, Geese, Brant, Coot, Shell Drake, Plover, full-shaped and flat folding Snipe Decoys. Duck and Turkey Calls. Decoys made like any pattern furnished without extra charge. Bottom prices to the trade. Illustrated price list.

Small Profits. Quick Sales.



TROUT FLIES.

36 Cts. Per Doz.

H. H. KIFFE,

318 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Send for Catalogue.

American Sporting Scenes

From the celebrated paintings by

JAS. B. SWORDS.

SUBJECTS:

Quail Shooting.
Prairie Chicken Shooting.
Florida Snipe Shooting.
Rail Shooting.
Woodcock Shooting.
Duck Shooting.
Ruffed Grouse Shooting.
Beach Bird Shooting.
Retrieve.
Dead Game (Quail, Grouse, Mallard)

The ten photogravure plates, with text, $25. Plates, each $2.50. Size 22x30in.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.,

318 Broadway, New York.

Wanted.

A GUN CLUB OWNING THE SHOOTING over about five thousand acres, well stocked with quail, partridges and some woodcock, and having a trout stream running through the grounds, has an opening for a few more members. Grounds within a hundred miles of New York City and easy of access. Please address GUN CLUB,

sep19,2t Box 2,229, New York City.

For Sale.

Stuffing Birds Without Skinning.

Any one can stuff birds by our new process. Complete outfit, consisting of full directions, instruments, material, eyes, etc., $1. NATURALIST SUPPLY CO, 126 Chambers st., N. Y.

FOR SALE.—PARKER $100 GRADE, 10-gauge, Damascus, 32in., 10-lb. gun, full choke, with extra set of fine twist barrels, 30-in., left full choke, right modified. Cost complete $135. In splendid condition, superb shooter. Price with case, $75 net. O. M. PADDOCK,

sep19,2t Watertown, N. Y.

FOR SALE.—FIFTEEN WILD GEESE, trained for decoys, including two pairs breeding geese with four goslins. For further particulars address J. H. CURTISS, West Scituate, Mass. 1t

FOR SALE.—GREENER HAMMERLESS 12-bore gun (his finest quality), 8¼lbs, 30in. barrels. Has been used only a dozen times and is just as good as new. Fine leather case and implements complete. Will sell at half its cost. ALFRED STOTHARD, 124 State st., Brooklyn, N. Y. 1t

LIVE QUAIL FOR SALE. Orders delivered as booked. LIVE GAME A SPECIALTY. E. B. WOODWARD, Commission Merchant, 174 Chambers street, New York.

FOR SALE.—FRESH RICE SEED. CHAS. GILCHRIST, Port Hope, Ontario, Canada. aug22,tf

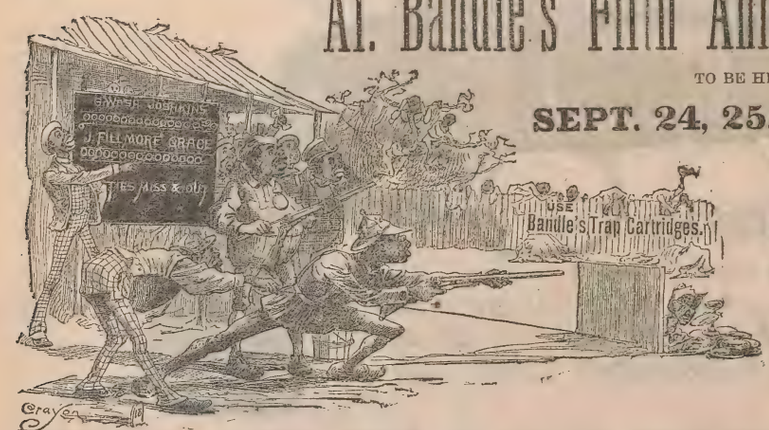


Chester White, Berkshire and Poland China Pigs, fine setter dogs, Scotch Collies, Foxhounds and Beagles, Sheep and Poultry, bred and for sale by W. GIBBONS & CO., West Chester, Chester Co., Pa. Send stamp for circular and price list.

LIVE WHITE HARES (*Lepus Americanus*), captured and properly boxed and delivered to express in Bethel, Me., in good condition on receipt of orders and remittances at $3 per pair. Refer to Hon. H. O. Stanley, Dixfield, Me., Fish and Game Commissioner. J. G. RICH, Bethel, Me. dec16,tf

WILD RICE.—THE GREATEST WILD-fowl food. Send your orders now for fresh seed. R. VALENTINE, Janesville, Wis. aul,tf

Al. Bandle's Fifth Annual Tournament.



TO BE HELD IN CINCINNATI,

SEPT. 24, 25, 26 and 27, 1889.

No Pro Rata. No Handicap. No Favorites.

Nobody Barred.

$1,000 GUARANTEED.

Surplus Money Divided Among Shooters.

TARGETS USED:

Champion Clay Birds, Live Birds,
Likowsky Clay Birds, Blue Rocks.
Peoria Black Birds Standard Targets,
Keystone Targets.

Programmes with all the latest rules furnished upon application.



UPTHEGROVE & McLELLAN,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Shooting and Fishing Suits

AND CLOTHING FOR

CIVIL ENGINEERS, RANCHMEN, LUMBERMEN, MINERS, ETC.

Write for our new combined Catalogue with samples of Imported

Corduroys, Moleskin, Mackintosh, Canvas and Flannels.

SEE OUR NEW SHADES OF ENGLISH CORDUROY.

Address **UP. & MC.,** Valparaiso, Indiana.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 26, 1889.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 10. No 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Only advertisements of an approved character inserted. Inside pages, nonpareil type, 30 cents per line. Special rates for three, six, and twelve months. Seven words to the line, twelve lines to one inch. Advertisements should be sent in by Saturday previous to issue in which they are to be inserted. Transient advertisements must invariably be accompanied by the money or they will not be inserted. Reading notices $1.00 per line.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

May begin at any time. Subscription price, $4 per year; $2 for six months; to a club of three annual subscribers, three copies for $10; five copies for $16. Remit by express money-order, registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canadas and Great Britain. For sale by Davies & Co., No. 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London. General subscription agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Davies & Co., Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searles and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London, Eng. Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France, sole Paris agent for sales and subscriptions. Foreign subscription price, $5 per year; $2.50 for six months.

Address all communications

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

No. 318 BROADWAY. NEW YORK CITY.

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL.
The Author of the "Leather Stocking" Tales.
Study of Fresh Water Food Fishes.
Snap Shots.
THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST.
A Cattle Drive (poetry).
Antlers, Fur and Feathers at the Antipodes.
NATURAL HISTORY.
A Rattlesnake Killer.
Birds of Niagara County.
GAME BAG AND GUN.
Open Seasons.
Quail in the Red River Bottom
Kansas Misadventures.
More Rifle Talk.
Pattern and Penetration.
Game Notes.
SEA AND RIVER FISHING.
About Guides.
Susquehanna Bass and Perch.
Cheap Fishing for "Podgers."
The Bay of Quinte.
FISHCULTURE.
Sawdust in Streams.
THE KENNEL.
Toronto Dog Show.
Elmira Dog Show.
THE KENNEL.
American Kennel Club Meeting.
Field Trials.
Central Club's Free-for-All.
German Dogdom.
Dog Talk.
Kennel Notes.
RIFLE AND TRAP SHOOTING.
Range and Gallery.
National Rifle Club.
Inter-State Match Wrangle.
The Trap.
Central Illinois Shoot.
Connecticut Tournament.
St. Paul Tournament.
The New Jersey Association.
YACHTING.
The Newport Races.
Hesper and Fredonia.
A Futurity Yacht Race.
Bay of Quinte Y. C.
Miramichi Y. C.
Beverly Y. C.
The Thornycroft Water-Tube Boiler.
CANOEING.
Amateur vs. Professional.
N. Y. Athletic Club's Regatta.
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE "SAGINAW CROWD," whose doings in the Indian Territory were set forth in these columns a year ago, will go west next month in their hunting car, equipped with guns and cameras, and it is hinted, a diary. Mr. W. H. Mershon, former secretary of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association, and one of the "Crowd," had a successful grayling fishing trip this year on the Little Manistee, taking 146 in two days.

Mr. C. H. Ames, of Boston, who is a frequent and valued contributor to our columns, is planning for a run down into Maine with rod and gun. Mr. Ames has just withdrawn from the Prang Educational Company to become a member of the publishing house of D. C. Heath & Co. Mr. Heath, by the way, shoots a rifle and casts a fly, as in fact do a surprising number of Boston's successful business men.

Mr. Charles Hallock, who resides in Washington, has been summering in his native town in Massachusetts, where he reports grouse are plenty and double-barreled guns and bird dogs almost unknown. We have a paper from Mr. Hallock in type for next week.

Capt. L. A. Beardslee, "Piseco," was not long ago discussing ways and means of an expedition against the winniish of Lake St. John; and the next thing we heard he was studying the FOREST AND STREAM series of papers on "Fishing Around New York." This change of programme was caused by his appointment to the command of the United States Receiving Ship Vermont, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. It gives us decided pleasure to count "Piseco" among our near neighbors.

Mr. E. A. Samuels, President of the Massachusetts Association, is now at the Upper Dam, Maine, and reports rainy weather and fishing slow. Mr. Samuels, it is an open secret, has completed the preparation of his magnificently illustrated book on salmon and trout fishing, on which he has been engaged several seasons in taking photographic views.

STUDY OF FRESH-WATER FOOD FISHES.

ONE of the most pressing needs of the day for the advancement of fishcultural work in this country is an establishment in which our important fresh-water fishes can be kept for the purpose of observing their habits, learning the best conditions under which they prosper, and the effect of climatic and other changes upon their growth and nature.

Our ignorance upon these subjects is inexcusable, and as Dr. Gill has said, in speaking of the doubt as to whether it is the male or female black bass that guards the nest, "Certainly, with all the piscicultural establishments in the country, and the large appropriations they enjoy, it is strange that the facts are still unknown, especially as the black basses have been the subjects of long attention and extensive cultivation." This applies equally well to the other important members of this family, the red-eye (*Ambloplites*), crappie (*Pomoxys*), as well as to the perches. We believe that these excellent species can be successfully transplanted to and made to thrive in waters in which they do not at present exist. We also believe that the U. S. Fish Commission, at Washington, should establish, in connection with its extensive aquaria, a series of small ponds in which such fishes as are desirable can be kept for this purpose, not only for a study of their life history, but also for experimentation as to the adaptability of species to new waters. These ponds could be established and provided with fishes at a nominal cost, and being easy of access would afford students and investigators an excellent opportunity to study and observe the fishes under the most favorable conditions, making such work invaluable. The ponds could be constructed and so sheltered that conditions suitable for species from North and South would be found in Washington, and it seems to us eminently proper that the U. S. Fish Commission should carry on this work.

Col. McDonald, the Commissioner of Fisheries, expressed to us years ago the necessity and pressing need of such work, and it is to be hoped now that he may find time to seriously think of, plan and establish the necessary plant looking to a more thorough understanding of the habits and needs of fishes. One of the principal experiments should be made with the sunfish. A ledge placed in the corner of a large aquarium, and arranged so as to repeat the conditions they would have in a state of nature, would enable observers to study and note more accurately the exact habits of this interesting fish while breeding.

THE "LEATHERSTOCKING" TALES.

NOTE of the centenary of the birth of James Fenimore Cooper, Sept. 15, has recalled, we dare say, to many a man now on the shady side of fifty, the rare delight with which many years ago—so many that one hardly dares reckon them—he first made the acquaintance of Natty Bumpo; and perhaps the dusty volumes of the "Leatherstocking Tales" have been taken down from their shelf to test if their pages have the charm of those younger days. In a home where there are healthy boys, to be sure, there is small danger that the "Tales" will have accumulated dust; more is the pity if they have; or if their place has been filled by the pestiferous and pernicious blood-and-thunder trash now in vogue. Certain it is that many a youngster has imbibed from Cooper's chapters his early taste for roughing it and for woodcraft; but no boy ever found in any of the "Tales" the spirit of insubordination to authority and the wild defiance of law and order which pervade so much of the literature for the young in these days. That is the distinguishing merit of Cooper over one modern school of writers of adventure.

Cooper is the American novelist *par excellence;* his field is the realm of pure romance, and although America has given birth to many and great writers, Cooper is still without a rival in his chosen field. He knew whereof he wrote, he invested the prairie and the ocean, and the life of adventure amid those scenes, where man has to grapple single-handed with the hostile forces of man and nature, with a charm which all men felt, because by elevating heroism he appealed to the sentiment of hero worship latent in every breast. His heroes, too, were heroes cast in a new mould. The points of resemblance between his "Leatherstocking" and the mailed heroes of Walter Scott are less noticeable than the points of distinction, and yet in "Leatherstocking" we miss none of the attributes of the true hero. And herein lies the secret of Cooper's success and the moral of his writings. He endowed his simple backwoodsman with the sterling qualities of truth, courage, self-reliance, and all the attributes of the true hero, stamped him with the impress of nobility, and taught the young nation that nobility is inborn, and not the creation of king or kaiser, who can at most show their recognition of it.

Apart from the charm of Cooper's works, they are essentially wholesome reading, and by their treatment of the free life of adventure in the forest and on the prairie, tend to waken the love of the chase and the craving for free communion with wild nature; and who shall say how much we are indebted to the healthy inspiration of Cooper's writings for rendering field sports popular, and inspiring the fast growing custom of withdrawing from the all-absorbing business of life for a few weeks in the year to recuperate on mountain and prairie, by forest and stream?

SNAP SHOTS.

THE State of Massachusetts has a law forbidding the drag, set or gill nets, purse or sweep-seines, in waters of Buzzard's Bay. This law has been rigorously enforced in its application to the home fishermen, and it is said that they approve of the law and hold an opinion that it is beneficial to their interests. The menhaden fishermen from Rhode Island have invaded the bay, and Massachusetts officials have been active in thwarting them. The fishing steamer Joseph Church was recently seized by the police while fishing in the bay, and in connection with this case has come up a consideration of the constitutionality of the Massachusetts law. Mr. F. J. Barbour, president of the National Fishery Association in a letter to the owners of the seized vessel, writes: "The real issue is that of jurisdiction, and it seems to me proper to waive all preliminaries possible and obtain the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, as this case involves not only your vessels, but the entire menhaden business, and the seining operations of the whole American fishing fleet. The fisheries must stand together for equal rights and opportunities to take fish wherever they may find them. Massachusetts may legislate for her inland waters, but the fish of the ocean, outside of three miles from the shore, are the property of whoever may take them, and inside of the three-mile limit the waters, where navigable, are under the sole jurisdiction of the United States, and the fisheries in them can be regulated only by national legislation." If there is any doubt of the perfect right of a State to control the fishing privileges in its own bays and local waters like those of Buzzard's Bay, the sooner the doubt is set at rest the better.

The Kansas correspondent, who writes of an expedition to kill prairie chickens in the close season, asks that comments on the conduct of his party be withheld; but it would be interesting if not instructive to learn just how this "Dennis" incident is regarded by the average sportsman of Kansas. According to the author, his party set out to kill birds in the close season, knowing that if they waited for the opening day there would be no birds left; and the people who punished them for their violation of the statute were not actuated by any laudable motives, but by a base desire to gratify personal grudges. If this is a true presentation of the state of affairs in Kansas, nothing but a speedy interposition of providence can save the pinnated grouse.

The concluding instalment of the chronicles of the "Kingfishers" came to hand too late for publication in this issue; it will be given next week. "Kingfisher" does not claim to be a second Izaak Walton, but if the "Compleat Angler" were blotted out of existence, a very satisfactory substitute for it could be culled from the philosophy of "Old Knots" and the rest of the famous band as set forth in the several "Camps" series.

The coming of October is looked forward to with rare expectation this week by scores and hundreds and thousands of gunners who have been more or less patiently waiting for the law to be off. The unusually heavy foliage this season will be an element in favor of the game.

Mr. A. C. Collins, the energetic and efficient president of the long named Connecticut fish and game protective society, is winning many words of praise and encouragement from the press of the State.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A CATTLE DRIVE.

UP when the shadowed peaks stand clear,
As silhouettes against the dawn,
Woke by the bellow of a steer,
To still another crystal morn.

A meal for hungry man and steed,
A moment at the sinch strap strain,
Then mount and start the herd that feed
In clusters on the river plain.

The dust so thick, scarce else but gleams
From glist'ning horns anon appear;
Like some long line of battle seems
The grimy cloud their bay'nets spear.

Down the long valley's slender throat
Flows on the mellow hoof-beat rhyme,
To cowboys' shouts, or whistled note,
While clinking spurs and chains keep time.

Then soon come tests for rider's nerves
And sturdy broncho's wind and strength,
As cross a spur of foot-hills curves
The steep trail's sharply swerving length;

And truants from the brown ranks break
To scatter o'er the slipp'ry shale,
Climbing the knolls for mischief's sake,
Or scamp'ring down some tempting vale.

But these are men to saddle bred,
Who ride like Centaurs ev'rywhere,
And many a bull has cause to dread
Their lariats' sure and fateful snare.

Once felt drawn taut 'round horns or shank,
As long-trained horse braced for the shock,
With straining limbs and quiv'ring flank
Stood rigid as though carved in rock,

Until the line had run its length,
And pulsing from the steer's last bound,
All his wild, maddened, brutish strength
Lay panting, useless, on the ground.

But milder measures serve to-day
Than in the branding time, long past,
Ere long the herd resumes its way
As all are gathered in at last,

And onward push, till sunset flows
In streams of molten lava through
The mountain rifts, as day doth close
With golden clasps her page of blue.

K. H.

ANTLERS AT THE ANTIPODES.

ONE of the greatest triumphs of acclimatization ever achieved, perhaps, is the establishment of the red deer in the British colonies of the South Pacific. It is no slight achievement to carry fallow deer, or even the little roe deer, over 13,000 miles of stormy ocean, including a broad tract where the torrid calms of the equator alternate with raging tempests, and ending with a fortnight of cold squalls. But fallow deer and roe deer are almost tame creatures, and are easily domesticated. Their small size, too, makes it a simple matter to provide them with snug quarters on board ship, where they can be kept cool in the tropics and warm as they approach the Antartic, and clean all the time. The magnificent red deer (*Cervus elephas*), the monarch of the glen, and the wildest denizen of the highland forest, is a very different animal. Yet the red deer has been quite successfully transported to the antipodes and established there among the *ferœ naturæ* with astonishing results. The first attempts, which began about the year 1854, were a failure, owing mainly to want of experience as to how to feed the deer on the long voyage, which seldom took less than one hundred days. At length, however, a shipment of red deer was successfully carried to Nelson, a seaport at the head of Blind Bay, in the northern part of the Middle Island of New Zealand, and as the results of that operation, in which I had the privilege to be personally concerned, left absolutely nothing to be desired, I will do my best to describe it for the information or entertainment of readers of FOREST AND STREAM.

Our deer did not come directly from Scotland, for the simple reason that we found it easier to obtain them elsewhere. The late Earl Russell, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, was residing at the White Lodge in Richmond Park, and my father, who was a devoted naturalist and indomitable acclimatizer, having interested him in the enterprise, the earl kindly obtained permission for us to take a stag and two hinds from the royal herd which adorns the fair chases of Henry the Eighth's favorite domain. Instructions having been given to the foresters, therefore, we had a novel deer hunt in Richmond Park. The object being to secure the animals with as little injury or alarm as possible, the foresters contrived to separate a few deer, including a noble stag, from their companions, and to trot them gently through the fern brake toward a hollow where there is a shallow pond. Here the whole party assisted them to surround the deer, and to drive them toward the water. The beautiful creatures several times turned and tried to break through the circle of foresters and amateur huntsmen who were slowly but steadily closing in upon them; but at every point they were met by waving arms and hats, or, most alarming of all, suddenly opened umbrellas, and cries of "shoo-oo, shoo-oo." At last they found themselves hemmed in on the shore of the lakelet, and the water seeming to offer the only chance of escape, the big stag threw up his antlers, gave a snort of defiance or disgust, and waded in breast high, followed by a younger stag and three or four hinds. The foresters immediately went in after them, some on horseback and some in a high-wheeled van drawn by a stout horse. The deer finding themselves surrounded in water almost out of their depth, surrendered at discretion, and the foresters having seized the big stag and sawn off his antlers, skilfully roped him and two fine hinds, and dragged them out of the water nto the van, where they lay as docile as possible. The others were allowed to find their own way ashore, and in a couple of seconds were out of sight in the nearest oak coppice. The captives were taken to the stables at the lodge, where they were placed in separate loose boxes and kept until their ship sailed, so as to accustom them to confinement and artificial diet, before setting out on their long sea voyage. This afforded an excellent opportunity to experiment with different kinds of food; and the result showed that red deer are almost omnivorous. Hay, oats, bran, carrots, turnips, apples, potatoes, beans, acorns, bread, biscuit, sugar, salt, and even small pieces of meat mixed with their other food were all thankfully received and speedily disposed of; while it was shown that their liquid requirements were very small indeed—an important matter on a voyage of a hundred days, before condensers for ship's use were invented. The fare that suited them best, however, was an alternation of hay and acorns, one full meal morning and evening, with a lump of rock salt to lick at between whiles. As soon as they were tame enough to be handled, they were habituated to a daily rub down with a wisp of straw, and subsequently with a stiff brush. In the meantime, stalls almost exactly like ordinary horse boxes had been fitted up for them on the main deck of the ship, and to these they were transferred, having been taken down to the dock in a van and slung on board, the day before their departure.

Sea sickness is proverbially capricious. Some people are terribly sick when first they go on the rolling deep, while others get their sea legs at once and suffer little or no inconvenience. This is even more markedly the case with animals. I have seen horses champ their chaff uninterruptedly from leaving the wharf, through all sorts of weather, while others beside them were prostrated with agony and terror. So it was with our deer. The big stag, sultan of the herd, was a wretchedly bad sailor. For the first few days, when we were tacking about the chops of the channel, or driving through a heavy sea in the Bay of Biscay, he used to stand shivering with his forefeet wide apart, his head hanging down helplessly, and a mass of spume drivelling from his mouth and nostrils. Once or twice he tried to collapse on the floor of his box, but we stopped that by means of a broad belly-band of canvas with a woolly sheepskin lining. It was not until we were off the Western Islands that he fairly recovered and took his tucker regularly without any unpleasant consequences. His lady loves, on the contrary, were quite hearty from the start. When the ship began to roll in the heavy swell off Deal, they opened their great pathetic eyes very wide and sniffed inquiringly, as if in feminine curiosity to know what in thunder was the matter with the ground. They also had a peculiar habit of bristling up their hair and wrinkling their skin over the neck and shoulders as a silent protest against such goings on; but they very soon settled down to their new life, and never missed a meal from the outset. We had taken an ample allowance of the best mixed hay, oats and clover, in neat little trusses, and enough acorns in barrels to give them each about half a peck a day for a hundred days. For variety, we gave them ship's biscuit every other day, and on Sunday they used to be allowed a few American dried apples or a little sugar for a treat.

The ship carried a large number of emigrants, including swarms of children, and our greatest difficulty was to prevent the youngsters from killing the poor deer with kindness by giving them all sorts of unwholesome things to eat, such as sour pastry, mouldy raisins, chalky sugar plums and other filth. More than once we feared we should lose one of the hinds from this cause, and the stag very nearly died off the Cape of Good Hope of a mysterious illness, which proved to have been caused by a facetious sailor giving him a piece of tobacco, which the unsophisticated creature masticated and swallowed with gusto, little suspecting what dire effects would follow. While in the tropics all three deer showed signs of suffering from cutaneous irritation, probably caused by some parasite; but we kept them in health by brushing them all over as often as the weather permitted. We easily got some of the most trustworthy among the young men on board to assist us in this; and there came to be quite a rivalry as to who could turn out the best groomed deer. We proved, in fact, that all that is necessary to secure the well being on board ship is to feed them strictly according to rule—rather underfeeding than overfeeding them—and to keep them scrupulously clean. They often got very wet, either with rain or with salt water coming over the side in bad weather, which was unavoidable; but it did not appear to hurt them at all.

As soon as we arrived in port we had the deer removed in their boxes, on a drag, to the residence of a gentleman who had large racing stables, and who took a warm interest in acclimatization, and they were at once placed in loose boxes and supplied with a moderate allowance of green food. This was on the outskirts of the lovely little city of Nelson, where the lower spurs of a range of lofty hills, rising in the background to snow-capped mountains, come down to the back gardens of the houses. A few weeks after our arrival, when the deer seemed to have become accustomed to their change of food and their new surroundings, we chose a nice warm evening—it was in the early summer—and turned them out of the stables into the scrub and grass on the hillside, where there was nothing to prevent them from wandering away at their pleasure. It was curious and touching, however, to see how unwilling they were to go. Like the prisoner of Chillon, they did not know what to do with their liberty when they recovered it. The stag especially was loth to leave us, and we had actually to drive him into the low scrubs where he began browsing, and so, straying on unconsciously, was lost to sight in the growing dusk.

The next evening, and for many evenings afterward, the affectionate creatures came back, and looked wistfully at us over the fence, as if begging us to take them back; and they did not finally leave the place and make for the mountains until a fierce kangaroo dog—a cross between a mastiff and a Scottish deerhound—set upon them and drove them for miles.

Years passed away without anything being heard of the deer, except that from time to time some settler in the back country reported that his cattle had been led away into wild recesses by some animal with big horns standing up from his head, and we greatly feared that a revengeful rifle ball had frustrated all our pains. In course of time, however, a fawn was found dead on a river shallow after a flood, and then reports came from various quarters of deer having been seen. Careful search was eventually made, with the gratifying result that the deer were found to be well established in the mountain fastnesses; and for several years past it has been permitted to stalk the stags for a two months' season. Like all acclimatized animals in New Zealand, they attain an extraordinary size, 400lbs. being a common weight and 450lbs. by no means uncommon. This is fully 100lbs. heavier than any stag I have heard of being shot in the Highlands, at all events for many years, and it is not easily accounted for.

The acclimatization of red deer has added a new attraction to a country which is in many respects one of the most attractive in the world, and is surely destined one day to be an important source of wealth.

Hares have also been most successfully established in New Zealand, another of my father's exploits, in which I had the pleasure of assisting him. Our pioneer hares were netted by country louts among the beanstacks or in "runs" through thorn hedges down in Suffolk, and were kept for a fortnight in the zoölogical gardens under the charge of a Suffolk boy who took care of them on the voyage out. They were fed on oats, bran and ship's biscuit moistened with water, and we only lost ten per cent. The survivors, numbering twenty-seven, we divided into two lots, one of which we turned out at Nelson, at the same spot where we drove the deer away, while the others saved us the trouble by leaping out of an open port hole at Lyttleton, 400 miles to the south, and swimming ashore on Bank's Peninsula. In both places they multiplied amazingly, and spread in course of time all over the country, either of their own accord or by being netted and turned out at fresh spots.

It is a singular thing that wherever hares are turned out they are for many years most numerous at the very spot where the original ones were liberated. I know gullies which are a mere speck, as it were, in a wilderness of hill and dale, but where, nevertheless, hares are thicker than anywhere else in the neighborhood, simply because the first that were turned out made their form there years ago. Shooting does not spread hares much; but hunting with harriers or beagles—now a thoroughly established institution both in New Zealand and in Australia—soon disperses them far afield.

The hares, like the deer, commonly attain a size which would be considered abnormal in Europe. I have often been at shooting parties where over 200 hares were bagged in the day, and the majority of them were over 11lbs., and a very respectable minority weighed 13lbs. The hare has the same affinity for red-currant jelly in New Zealand as it has elsewhere, and is equally in favor roasted, jugged or in soup. It has been a most welcome addition to the somewhat narrow *ménu* of a new country.

We took out a great variety of game and song birds, including pheasants, partridges, starlings, blackbirds, thrushes, skylarks, bullfinches, chaffinches, goldfinches, linnets, robin redbreasts, and in most cases with complete success. The various acclimatization societies have continued to import all kinds of birds, so that the colony is now well stocked, except in certain instances where the failure has been equally complete and unaccountable. Pheasants have taken very kindly to the country, especially the Chinese variety; but partridges have been a miserable disappointment. Both the brown English and the red-legged Frenchman have been tried and tried and tried; but every attempt ended sooner or later in the same failure. The birds increased for a year or two, and then diminished and nearly or wholly died out. This is so well ascertained that the societies have given up partridges in despair, and are now trying their luck with grouse.

The bird which has taken possession of the country most effectually is an American, the California quail, a beautiful little crested bird like a diminutive guinea fowl.

I cannot better conclude my article than by saying that American sportsmen will find themselves quite as much at home in New Zealand as is the American quail.

EDWARD WAKEFIELD.

Natural History.

A RATTLESNAKE KILLER.

THERE is a man in Hague, New York, who follows a queer business part of the year. The Albany *Journal's* Lake George correspondent wrote last fall: "Isaac Davis of Hague, who in 4 years has killed upward of 1,400 rattlesnakes, and who last fall at the county fairs of this vicinity was the first to handle rattlesnakes in public exhibitions, recently killed 4 monster rattlesnakes near Sabbath Day Point. This year he has killed upward of 400, for which he has been paid a bounty of 25 cents per snake. He makes rattlesnake hunting, catching and exhibiting his whole business, and is paid $50 a month during the season by property owners about Hague for killing snakes in aid of their extermination. He is believed to be the only man in the world following this occupation. He is an intelligent man, fond of reading, of quiet demeanor and gentle disposition. His friends apprehend that he will meet his death some day in handling these reptiles, but the business seems to have a fascination outside of the remuneration it affords him. He always carries with him a remedy in case he should be bitten, but does not feel any special confidence in its efficacy. He is a man of 45, and killed his first snake before he was 6 years old, but never went into regular snake hunting until 4 years ago. His father before him was the famous snake hunter, 'Mint' Davis, who used to kill them for the oil to sell to druggists. The old man is said to have been bitten several times by snakes and to have cured himself by use of 'rattlesnake weed.' It used to be a standing joke about the lake that when a rattlesnake bit old 'Mint' Davis it was the snake that was poisoned to death. The old man certainly seemed to have no more fear of a rattlesnake than a child had of a kitten."

We wrote to Mr. Davis about this and he replied as follows:

Editor Forest and Stream: The item in the Albany *Journal* was an error. During the past two years I have killed 1,400 rattlesnakes and destroyed eggs to more than three times that number. I devote my time through the month of May and from the 15th of September to the 15th of October to killing the rattlers.

They almost invariably rattle before striking, except during dog days, when they are blind; then they strike at every noise they hear. The blindness is caused by the shedding of their coat or skin, a covering is shed from the

eye at the same time. During this process of change they are totally blind.

The weed grows mostly in wild places or on new-cleared land, varying in height from 3ft. to 6ft., according to soil. Color of stalk is red, with leaves growing exactly opposite and varying in length from 6 to 10in., three-pointed, the center point being much the longer. The top is bushy, flowers yellow.

I once saw a dog bitten on which it was used. About an half hour after bite he was unable to walk. Free use of tea made from the plant and a poultice of the same applied to the wound brought speedy recovery.

My father was twice bitten. He used the tea with liquor, also a poultice of the weed on the wound, and he fully recovered from the wound in a short time.

The oil is a valuable article for many purposes, such as deafness, removing scars, limbering stiffened joints, relaxing contracted cords; and is one of the greatest rheumatic cures of the age. The oil is valued at $1.25 to $1.50 per ounce. ISAAC DAVIS.

North Bolton, N. Y.

BIRDS OF NIAGARA COUNTY, N. Y.

WITH ANNOTATIONS BY J. L. DAVISON, ASSOCIATE MEMBER A. O. U., LOCKPORT, N. Y.

(*Concluded from Page 164.*)

92. *Chordeiles virginianus* (Gmel.), Nighthawk (420).—A common summer resident.

93. *Chaetura pelagica* (Linn.), Chimney Swift (423).—A common summer resident; breeds.

94. *Trochilus colubris* Linn., Ruby-throated Hummingbird (428).—A common summer resident.

95. *Tyrannus tyrannus* (Linn.), Kingbird (444).—A common summer resident.

96. *Myiarchus crinitus* (Linn.), Crested Flycatcher (452).—A common summer resident.

97. *Sayornis phœbe* (Lath.), Phœbe (453).—A common summer resident.

98. *Contopus borealis* (Swains.), Olive-sided Flycatcher (459).—A rare migrant.

99. *Contopus virens* (Linn.), Wood Pewee (461).—A common summer resident.

100. *Empidonax flaviventris* Baird, Yellow-bellied Flycatcher (463).—A rare migrant.

101. *Empidonax acadicus* (Gmel.), Acadian Flycatcher (465).—A rare summer resident. June 14, 1887, I secured nest, eggs and female of this species. The nest is pensile, and composed of the fiber of thistle and dried grasses; a number of the latter hang from the nest, some as long as 18in. The nest is more shallow than that of the red-eyed vireo; outside measurement being 2.50 wide by 1.50 deep, inside 1.75 by 1.00. Eggs cream white with a few dark brown spots at large end. When I first saw the nest I took it for a wisp of grass caught on the limb, and should have passed it had I not seen the bird on the same limb.

102. *Empidonax pusillus traillii* (Aud.), Traill's Flycatcher (466*a*).—A not uncommon migrant.

103. *Empidonax minimus* Baird, Least Flycatcher (467).—A common summer resident.

104. *Otocoris alpestris praticola* (Hensh.), Prairie Horned Lark (474*b*).—A common summer resident. I have seen it every month in the year except January, and I think a few remain through the year.

105. *Cyanocitta cristata* (Linn.), Blue Jay (477).—A common summer resident along the shore of Lake Ontario. I have taken one nest and eggs within the city limits of Lockport.

106. *Corvus americanus* Aud., American Crow (488).—A common resident.

107. *Dolichonyx oryzivorus* (Linn.), Bobolink (494).—A common summer resident, but I have found but one nest in ten years' collecting.

108. *Molothrus ater* (Bodd.), Cowbird (495).—A common summer resident.

109. *Agelaius phœniceus* (Linn.), Red-winged Blackbird (498).—A common summer resident.

110. *Sturnella magna* Linn., Meadowlark (501).—A common summer resident.

111. *Icterus galbula* (Linn.), Baltimore Oriole (507).—A common summer resident.

112. *Scotecophagus carolinus* (Müll.), Rusty Blackbird (509).—A rare migrant.

113. *Quiscalus quiscula æneus* (Ridgw.), Bronzed Grackle (511*b*).—A common summer resident.

114. *Pinicola enucleator* (Linn.). Pine Grosbeak (515).—An occasional winter visitant. Feb. 29, 1883, I secured six specimens, and have not seen any since.

115. *Carpodacus purpureus* (Gmel.), Purple Finch (517).—A common summer resident.

116. *Loxia curvirostra minor* (Brehm), American Crossbill (521).—An occasional spring visitor. On June 8, 1888, I secured a male specimen in a piece of heavy timbered wood. I concluded it was a "straggler," and did not look for its nest. On July 28 I saw another in the same place, but did not succeed in securing it, and I came to the conclusion that the male taken in June was of a pair breeding there.

117. *Acanthis linaria* (Linn.), Redpoll (528).—An occasional winter visitant.

118. *Spinus tristis* (Linn.), American Goldfinch (529).—A common summer resident.

119. *Spinus pinus* (Wils.), Pine Siskin (533).—An occasional winter visitant.

120. *Plectrophenax nivalis* (Linn.), Snowflake (534).—A common winter visitant.

121. *Pooœcetes gramineus* (Gmel.), Vesper Sparrow (540).—A common summer resident.

122. *Ammodramus sandwichensis savanna* (Wils.), Savanna Sparrow (542*a*).—A rare summer resident. Breeds. I have found but one nest of this species in ten years' collecting.

123. *Zonotrichia leucophrys* (Forst.), White-crowned Sparrow (554).—A common migrant.

124. *Zonotrichia albicollis* (Gmel.), White-throated Sparrow (555).—A common migrant.

125. *Spizella monticola* (Gmel.), Tree Sparrow (559).—An abundant migrant.

126. *Spizella socialis* (Wils.), Chipping Sparrow (560).—A common summer resident.

127. *Spizella pusilla* (Wils.), Field Sparrow (563).—A common summer resident.

128. *Junco hyemalis* (Linn.), Slate-colored Junco (567).—A very common migrant; a few remain through the winter; have never seen them during the summer.

129. *Melospiza fasciata* (Gmel.), Song Sparrow (581).—A common summer resident.

130. *Melospiza georgiana* (Lath.), Swamp Sparrow (584).—A rare migrant.

130*a*. *Passerella iliaca* (Merr.), Fox Sparrow (585).—A common migrant in the spring, but rather rare during the fall. On April 19, 1888, I saw a dozen at one time; could have secured half of them. I secured one, which I sent to Mr. Dorr of Buffalo, N. Y. The late Prof. Charles Linden always claimed that they were a very rare migrant in that vicinity during the spring, but not uncommon in the fall, while it is right the reverse in this vicinity.

131. *Pipilo erythrophthalmus* (Linn.), Towhee (587).—A rare summer resident. On May 1 and 10, 1886, I saw and secured the first I had seen of this species, both females. On June 14, 1887, saw a male and female; did not succeed in finding a nest, but concluded that they breed here.

132. *Cardinalis cardinalis* (Linn.), Cardinal (593).—A rare straggler. On May 10, 1883, I secured a female of this species, which was among a flock of warblers, and on two occasions I have seen specimens here in January.

133. *Habia ludoviciana* (Linn.), Rose-breasted Grosbeak (595).—A common migrant; but the past season I found three nests and eggs in a locality where I had never found the bird before. In two instances the male was on the nest during incubation. The third nest contained two young birds three days old and one egg nearly fresh.

134. *Passerina cyanea* (Linn.), Indigo Bunting (598).—A common summer resident.

135. *Piranga erythromelas* Vieill., Scarlet Tanager (608).—A not uncommon summer resident.

136. *Progne subis* (Linn.), Purple Martin (611).—A common summer resident.

137. *Petrochelidon lunifrons* (Say), Cliff Swallow (612).—A common summer resident.

138. *Chelidon erythrogaster* (Bodd.), Barn Swallow (613).—A common summer resident.

139. *Tachycineta bicolor* (Vieill.), Tree Swallow (614).—A common summer resident.

140. *Cliviecla riparia* (Linn.), Bank Swallow (616).—A common summer resident.

141. *Ampelis garrulus* Linn., Bohemian Waxwing (618).—An erratic summer visitant.

142. *Ampelis cedrorum* (Vieill.), Cedar Waxwing (619).—A common summer resident.

143. *Lanius borealis* Vieill., Northern Shrike (621).—A not uncommon winter resident.

144 *Lanius ludovicianus excubitorides* (Swains.), White-rumped Shrike (622*a*).—A not uncommon summer resident.

145. *Vireo olivaceus* (Linn.), Red-eyed Vireo (624).—A common summer resident.

146. *Vireo philadelphicus* (Cass.), Philadelphia Vireo (626.—A rather rare migrant.

147. *Vireo gilvus* (Vieill.), Warbling Vireo (627).—A not uncommon summer resident.

148. *Vireo flavifrons* (Vieill.), Yellow-throated Vireo (628).—A rather rare summer resident. On June 8, 1888, I found a nest of this species, but was unable to get it.

149. *Vireo solitarius* (Wils.), Blue-headed Vireo (629).—A common migrant.

150. *Mniotilta varia* (Linn.), Black and White Warbler (636).—A common migrant. June 14, 1888, I saw a ♂ of this species and a ♂ ruby-throated humming bird disputing as to the possession of a certain locality, and the humming bird "held the fort." As I had never before seen *M. varia* here later than the middle of May I concluded there must be a pair breeding, but I did not succeed in finding the nest.

151. *Helminthophila ruficapilla* (Wils.), Nashville Warbler (645).—A rather rare migrant.

152. *Helminthophila peregrina* (Wils.), Tennessee Warbler (647).—A rare migrant. I have a specimen of this species that flew into an open window of a photograph room, on Maine street, this city, Oct. 31, 1885.

153 *Compsothlypis americana* (Linn.), Parula Warbler (648).—A common migrant.

154. *Dendroica æstiva* (Gmel.), Yellow Warbler (652).—An abundant summer resident.

155. *Dendroica cærulescens* (Gmel.), Black-throated Blue Warbler (654).—A very common migrant. I think a few remain to breed as I have observed them in two instances as late as July 14 and 15.

156. *Dendroica coronata* (Linn.), Myrtle Warbler (655).—A common migrant.

157. *Dendroica maculosa* (Gmel.), Magnolia Warbler (657).—A not uncommon migrant.

158. *Dendroica cærulea* (Wils.), Cerulean Warbler (658).—Until the past season (1888) I have considered this a very rare migrant, having seen but two specimens, both males, in ten years collecting; but during the past season I found three nests, two of which I secured with three eggs each, and the two females taken as they left the nests. On Nov. 3 I sent to Capt. Chas. E. Bendire a nest and three eggs for the Smithsonian Institution collection, having learned that there was but one egg of this species in the collection, and without data or locality. See *Auk* for October, 1888, p. 430, "Breeding of *D. cærulea* in Niagara county, N. Y."

159. *Dendroica pennsylvanica* (Linn.), Chestnut-sided Warbler (659).—A common migrant.

160. *Dendroica castanea* (Wils.), Bay-breasted Warbler (660).—A not common migrant. I have never seen this species during spring migration except in one particular piece of woods, about five acres of second-growth oak, on the late ex-Gov. Washington Hunt's place, "Wyndham Lawn" lately offered to the Masonic fraternity for an asylum, by the present owner, Mr. John Hodge. For the first five years I have found a few of this species there between May 15 and 18, never earlier nor later, none during fall migration.

161. *Dendroica striata* (Forst.), Black-poll Warbler (661).—An abundant migrant.

162. *Dendroica blackburniæ* (Gmel.), Blackburnian Warbler (662).—A common migrant.

163. *Dendroica virens* (Gmel.), Black-throated Green Warbler (667).—A common migrant, and a few stop to breed. I have never yet found the nest and eggs but have seen the bird late in June, and on June 24, 1883, I found a young of this species unable to fly, the male parent being with it.

164. *Dendroica vigorsii* (Aud.), Pine Warbler (671).—A very rare migrant.

165. *Dendroica palmarum* (Gmel.), Palm Warbler (672).—A rather rare migrant.

166. *Sciurus aurocapillus* (Linn.), Oven-bird (674).—A not uncommon summer resident.

167. *Geothlypis philadelphia* (Wils.), Mourning Warbler (679).—A rare migrant. On June 8, 1888, I saw a male of this species and could have secured it, but thinking it had a nest near by I preferred watching it and to find its nest, but did not succeed. June 11 I again visited the same place and saw a female of this species, but after a search of three hours I failed to find the nest.

168. *Geothlypis trichas* (Linn.), Maryland Yellow-throat (681).—A not uncommon migrant.

169. *Sylvania pusilla* (Wils.), Wilson's Warbler (685).—A rare migrant.

170. *Sylvania canadensis* (Linn.), Canadian Warbler (686).—A not uncommon migrant.

171. *Setophaga ruticilla* (Linn.), American Redstart (687).—A common summer resident. June 14, 1888, I found a pair of this species occupying an old nest of the red-eyed vireo. They had relined it, and laid two eggs; and a cowbird had added another. I put the female off the nest three times before I could believe it to be a redstart, as this species is generally so particular about its nest. I have never known a nest to be occupied after I had put my hand into it while it was being built.

172. *Galeoscoptes carolinensis* (Linn.), Catbird (704).—A common summer resident.

173. *Harporhynchus rufus* (Linn.), Brown Thrasher (705).—A common summer resident.

174. *Troglodytes ædon* Vieill., House Wren (721).—A summer resident. Since the advent of the English sparrow this species has become quite rare in the city. A few years ago we had two or three pairs breeding in our yard in boxes put up on the side of the barn and on apple trees, but they were driven off by the sparrows. Afterward I put up boxes with holes only large enough to admit the wrens, and for three years a pair have occupied one of them. After the young had left the nest the past season, I saw the male removing the nest from the box piece by piece; he would bring them out and drop them to the ground. After watching him a long time I thought I would assist him in his labor, and putting a ladder up into the tree, I opened the box and threw out the rest of the nest, and had barely reached the ground when the bird again entered the box, and a moment after it came out, and mounting a limb within 2ft. of the box, and stretching up his neck, poured forth his song of gratitude. Wondering what the effect would be, I picked up the nest, and mounting the ladder placed it on top of the box. Hardly had I reached the ground before he again attacked the nest, and it was not a minute before he had thrown it to the ground, and again mounting the limb finished his song, and departed, and we saw nothing more of our little friends. But we expect them to return next season, or why were they so particular to remove their old nest from the box?

175. *Troglodytes hiemalis* Vieill., Winter Wren (722).—A rather rare migrant.

176. *Cistothorus palustris* (Wils.), Long-billed Marsh Wren (725).—A summer resident along the marshy shore of Lake Ontario.

177. *Certhia familiaris americana* (Bonap.), Brown Creeper (726).—A very common migrant.

178. *Sitta carolinensis* Lath., White-breasted Nuthatch (727).—A common summer resident. May 15, 1883, a nest of this species was found near Sanborn, N. Y., containing nine eggs with incubation well advanced. June 6 three more eggs were taken from the same nest.

179. *Sitta canadensis* Linn., Red-breasted Nuthatch (728).—A not uncommon migrant.

180. *Parus atricapillus* Linn., Chickadee (735).—A common winter resident.

181. *Regulus satrapa* Licht., Golden-crowned Kinglet (748).—A common migrant.

182. *Regulus calendula* (Linn.), Ruby-crowned Kinglet (749).—A common migrant.

183. *Turdus mustelinus* Gmel., Wood Thrush (755).—A common summer resident.

184. *Turdus fuscescens* Steph., Wilson's Thrush (756).—A very common summer resident. In some pieces of woods this bird is more common than any other species, and they do not allow the robin to feed or breed near their nest.

185. *Turdus aliciæ* Baird, Gray-cheeked Thrush (757).—A not common migrant.

186. *Turdus ustulatus swainsonii* (Cab.), Olive-backed Thrush (758*a*).—A common migrant. A few stop to breed along Lake Ontario.

187. *Turdus aonalaschkæ pallasii* (Cab.), Hermit Thrush (759*b*).—A common migrant.

188. *Merula migratoria* (Linn.), American Robin (761).—An abundant summer resident.

189. *Sialia sialis* (Linn.), Bluebird (766).—A common summer resident; but not as common in the city as formerly.

190. *Passer domesticus*, English Sparrow (10,000,000).—A very common resident, altogether too common. They have driven away the bluebirds, wrens and swallows. We formerly had all these breeding in our yard, from two to four pairs of each, and for the past three years have had only one pair of wrens. The first to go were the bluebirds in 1883, and the next year but one pair of (white-bellied) tree swallows, and a pair of house wrens remained. The swallows were our pets. After they had laid their eggs and commenced incubation, we could go to the chimney on which the boxes containing their nests were fastened, open the box and take the bird from the nest and put it back, seemingly without disturbing it; we did this year after year. One day in the spring of 1885 we noticed the sparrows about one of the boxes, and on going up to it found the swallows gone and all the eggs broken. Since then the boxes have not been occupied.

THE FROG'S DIET.—Boston, Sept. 18.—The frog question in your columns has amused me immensely, as various of your correspondents, including J. G. R., would have predicted. One of my earliest recollections dates twenty years ago to the banks of the Cambridge River at Upton, Me. An angler was casting across its muddy waters for practice, before my awe-stricken eyes, now and then landing a 2lbs. chub. As these flopped upon the grass a big bullfrog made desperate attempts to swallow them whole. Yes, boys, a healthy frog will eat, or try to, any living thing that kicks which he is able to master. His whole restriction is that it must be alive or seem to be. I have fished for minnows with bob and sinker, and have seen a dozen frogs start at once from all around the pool straight at the bobbing cork, and have seen them wind up by taking in each other when the cork disappeared. My own pet 2oz. bull will take fly after fly from my fingers quick as a wink, but he won't touch a dead one unless I make it move. He will pick one off a sagittaria leaf six good inches above the surface, without a rest to start from. Can any one tell me where I can get a couple of live crayfish for my small aquarium? I have never seen one, they not being found in eastern Maine to my knowledge, and all my boyhood was confined to that section. Any information in regard to their habits and habitat will be gratefully appreciated and reciprocated, if possible.—JOHN PRESTON TRUE.

BIRDS KILLED BY THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.—A great many small birds in their migration southward, through Washington city, are meeting death by flying against the Washington Monument. This plain shaft, rising 555ft. into the air, with a width of 50ft., has killed hundreds of birds during the last few years. Sixty-seven dead birds were collected by a gentleman the other morning. These consisted of sparrows, wrens, warblers, etc. The most remarkable thing about it is the fact that there is no light upon the monument to attract the birds, they seem to strike against it entirely by chance.

Game Bag and Gun.

OPEN SEASONS.

Oregon.

Male deer, July 1 to Nov. 1; female deer, Aug. 1 to Jan. 1. Elk, moose, mountain sheep, Aug. 1 to Jan. 1. Wildfowl, Sept. 1 to May 1. Prairie chicken, sage hen, June 15 to April 1. Grouse, pheasant, quail, partridge, July 15 to Jan. 1.

Pennsylvania.

Deer, Oct. 1 to Dec. 15. Black, gray, fox squirrel, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. Hare, rabbit, Nov. 1 to Jan. 1. Wild turkey, Oct. 15 to Jan. 1. Wildfowl, Sept. 1 to May 1. Upland or grass plover, July 15 to Jan. 1. Woodcock, July 4 to Jan. 1. Quail, Nov. 1 to Dec. 15. Ruffed grouse, pheasant, Oct. 1 to Jan. 1. Rail and reed birds, Sept. 1 to Dec. 1. *Pike County.*—Squirrel closes Dec. 1. Rabbit, Oct. 15 to Dec. 15. Wood or summer duck, Oct. 1 to Jan 1. Woodcock, July 4 to Dec. 15. Quail, Oct. 15 to Dec. 1. Ruffed grouse, Sept. 15 to Dec. 15.

NEW YORK PROTECTORS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following is a list of the protectors and the counties comprising their districts as at present assigned to them:

FIRST DISTRICT.—Robert Brown, Jr., Port Richmond—Richmond, Kings, Queens and Suffolk counties.

SECOND DISTRICT.—Willett Kidd, Newburgh—Orange, Rockland, Ulster, Westchester, New York and Putnam counties.

THIRD DISTRICT.—Matthew Keunedy, Hudson—Columbia, Rensselaer, Albany, Green and Dutchess counties.

FOURTH DISTRICT.—S. C. Armstrong, Riparius—Warren, Washington and Saratoga counties.

FIFTH DISTRICT.—J. W. Pond, Malone—Franklin, Clinton and Essex counties.

SIXTH DISTRICT.—Peter R. Leonard, Ogdensburg—St. Lawrence county.

SEVENTH DISTRICT.—George Moyer, Lowville—Lewis, Herkimer and all of Hamilton lying north of a continuation of the south line of Essex county.

EIGHTH DISTRICT.—Thomas Bradly, Rockwood—Fulton, Montgomery, and all of Hamilton south of a continuation of the south line of Essex county.

NINTH DISTRICT.—Francisco Wood, Schoharie—Schoharie, Schenectady, Delaware, Sullivan, Chenango and Broome counties.

TENTH DISTRICT.—Fred P. Drew, chief, headquarters at Albany, home address Washington Mills—Oneida, Madison and Otsego counties.

ELEVENTH DISTRICT.—Daniel Staring, Alexandria Bay—Jefferson, Oswego, Onondaga and Cortland counties.

TWELFTH DISTRICT.—Henry C. Carr, Union Springs—Cayuga, Tioga, Tompkins, Wayne and Seneca counties.

THIRTEENTH DISTRICT.—John Sheridan, Penn Yan—Yates, Schuyler, Chemung, Cattaraugus, Allegany and Steuben counties.

FOURTEENTH DISTRICT.—George M. Schwartz, Rochester—Monroe, Orleans, Genesee, Wyoming, Ontario and Livingston counties.

FIFTEENTH DISTRICT.—Chas. Ripson, Youngstown—Niagara, Erie and Chautauqua counties.

FRED P. DREW,
Chief Game and Fish Protector.

CHIEF GAME AND FISH PROTECTOR'S OFFICE, Albany, Sept. 17.

LOADING REVOLVERS.—Stapleton, S. I.—In your issue of the 19th A. C. Krueger asks how to load .38cal. revolver cartridges. Here is my experience. I had ¼in. cut off the base of the regular .38cal. bullet mold, and then reamed the remainder ¼in. deep to the exact size of inside diameter of shell. The bullet is composed of 1 part tin and 20 of lead, and in charging I use a 10grs. black powder charge cup of wood powder, and seat the ball quite solid. I also recommend A. C. K. to procure some hard rubber plate ¼in. thick (or hard wood will do) and build on both sides of the handle of his revolver, as the makers do not turn out revolvers thick enough in the handle for good holding. I inclose target made with a Merwin & Hulbert .38cal. revolver, 5½in. barrel, 5 shots at 15yds. Please let me know how it compares with the shooting of professional shooters.—C. W. G. [Four of the shots are within a silver quarter, and the fifth is ¼in. away; the target compares well with those made in the galleries.]

QUAIL IN THE RED RIVER BOTTOM.—I.

THE month of January last beheld the raging waters of Father Red bursting through the levees on both sides, some eight miles below Shreveport, La. The entire country from Bayou Pierre to the levee that confined the back water, was a sea of red waters. Those planters, who wisely had made high levees on the rear of the plantations, to keep the water back from their cultivated lands, were comparatively safe; but the water from the river was nearly at the top of the front levees, while sipe water was running through the cultivated lands, nay under the very houses; and grave fears prevailed that the front levees could not be kept from breaking.

The morning was as balmy as one in spring, though it was only the second week in January. The rays of the sun appeared to fall with unusual warmth, and as it were, motherly compassion on the drooping drowned plants, animating them into a renewed lease of life. I was sitting on the veranda steps watching the scene with great interest, when suddenly some pigeons darted across the garden, and on looking up I saw a large hawk in pursuit. In a moment I brought out the Greener from my room: the pigeons had escaped to the rear yard, but the hawk was circling around, each circuit taking it higher into the blue vault of heaven, when I raised the gun and fired. Its wings closed to its breast, and down it fell at the feet of my daughter, who barely had time to avoid its falling on her head. She had noticed it trying to catch the pigeons, and was unaware of my getting the gun to kill it, until she heard the shot, and my exclamation, "Look out for your head, Anne." "You robber," she cried, "never more will you catch my pretty pigeons and Plymouth Rocks; your wings and tail shall serve as fans to keep off mosquitoes this summer, and remind me of this occasion." I went up to where the grand bird lay on its back gasping; its eyes were as piercing and fierce as when in pursuit of its prey; not for one instant did it lose the dauntless, fierce aspect with which it looked straight into the eyes of me, its murderer.

The whole affair roused in me a desire to go shooting. I had not been hunting but a few times for birds the entire season. I now wished to exercise my pointers and to have a day's sport. "Vantura, if you can lay aside your painter's brush to-morrow, I will go with you to the Clyde Pickett plantation, where, I am told, are several bevies of partridges. The negroes will kill them all, as the waters drive them to the high fronts of the levees, and we may as well shoot them as leave them for the negroes. Death anyhow is the result to the birds. I will load shells and we will start after an early breakfast. It is only five miles distant, but the mud and waters will require a three hours' ride to get there."

By 10 o'clock we were on the grounds. A small space of twenty or thirty acres of coco land had been inclosed, a part of which had grown up with red corn-peas, which formed a dense mass of vines, under which a great many peas were lying, as this species of pea does not rot for years, though covered in the earth. Another part was covered with the dew-berry vines, dense and some two feet high. Here and there hogs had rooted deep holes for the coco tubers, which were now filled with sipe water, yet there was dry ground where no holes had been rooted. Here, no less than eight large bevies of partridges were feeding. In the rear of this inclosure was the raging Red River, and on the opposite bank stood the store and many tenant houses of Capt. Billy Robson, the oldest living pioneer in Shreveport. It was death to the poor birds to fly across, death where they were, and almost death to fly to the high grass nearly covered with sipe water.

This was the place to which Vantura and I had come for a morning's sport. I had brought with me my two pointers, black Maud and Dan's Trump. Vantura did not take his setter bitch Cora, because her puppies were only two weeks old. "Look at Dan's," he exclaimed, as the grand young dog was ranging over the grass and sipe water so splendidly. It was a beautiful picture. I gazed with admiration as I saw the puppy strike the scent of the birds several hundred yards off, inside the inclosure. Maud was held back by us, and had not been permitted to range as yet. He did not halt, but threw up his head higher, slightly slackening his speed, and gently moved forward to the wire fence, where he grew rigid as a statue. Maud saw him and backed at once. We got off our horses, put sufficient cartridges into our shooting coats and got over the fence. The birds were feeding in fancied security. By the time we could lower the wire for the dogs to get through they had fed a hundred yards from the fence, when we flushed. Vantura bagged two and I missed with both barrels. The birds were very gentle; did not know their danger; flew a short distance and lighted. Both Maud and Dan's retrieved the birds. As Maud is quite deaf, I waved to her to range ahead. Before getting to the birds, at which he had just shot, each pointer, at the same instant, came to a beautiful point. Dan's had his left hind foot raised to spring, as the warm scent struck his delicate nose, and he grew instantaneously rigid in that position. He looked the exact image of his grandsire, Dilley's Ranger. "You take Dan's birds," I said to Vantura, "I will take Maud's." He flushed a new bevy and missed with both barrels. Old Maud stood as firm as the pillars of Hercules; I advanced before her. Another fresh bevy flew up, and I got two to my two barrels, while Vantura gathered in one and missed one.

The birds were retrieved that I killed, but Dan's made a point as he dashed to recover the bird shot down by Vantura. It was only winged. We reloaded and went to Dan's, Maud followed and backed, turning her head in an opposite position. "There is another bevy here," I said to Vantura, "because the birds we shot at flew to another part of the inclosure. Let Dan's hold your wounded bird while I flush those Maud has pointed. I want to see whether he will keep his point after hearing us shoot."

The birds were flushed, a fresh bevy; I bagged two, Vantura missing; and to my great delight Dan's heeded our shots no more than if he were deaf. Going up we ordered him to "hie on," and he made a spring, seized the wounded bird and brought it to me, as proud as if he had gained a victory. Though such a fine retriever, never hurting the bird, yet he will not give up the bird, but turns his head to one side to prevent its being taken from him, and I cannot get the bird from his mouth until I can hold him and take it away. He never runs off but keeps moving around my feet. Vantura says it is because he is so proud, and that he will get over this habit as he gets older; but I am afraid he never will. I would like to know if any of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM has had any experience on this point. I am afraid if I punish him and force him to put down the bird he will not retrieve at all. He has always retrieved naturally without any instruction.

We had only taken some thirty cartridges each with us, and these were soon shot away, bagging some thirty partridges in all. I killed a bird or two more than Vantura. We returned home with the determination to go back the next day with more cartridges, and as this was to be my last hunt for partridges, to shoot as long as I could see to shoot and had a bird for my target.

I was very much pleased with the day's sport, with our shooting, and more with the good qualities exhibited by Dan's Trump. If Maud could hear as well as Dan's, I would not exchange her for any dog in the sporting world. As it is, no man can get her. UARDA.

GOLD DUST LANDING, La.

KANSAS MISADVENTURES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following outline of a recent hunting episode is not given in a spirit of bravado, but merely as an honest attempt at exemplifying the manner in which the Kansas game laws are enforced by the local powers that be. Please reserve comments, for we appreciate all that might be said to our discredit.

A party of seven started from the Missouri State line for a point 150 miles in the interior of Kansas, which point we will call Dennis, after prairie chickens, five days before the close season was up. Our breaking of the law was on account of authentic information that the farmers had been shooting chickens for a month before our advent, and that if we desired to secure even a sample we must anticipate the open season.

In our party was the private clerk of a railroad dignitary, through whose courtesy we enjoyed the comforts of the latter's private car. Unfortunately a certain physician in the village of Dennis had shortly before our trip been deposed from the position of local surgeon to this railroad, which was combination No. 1. Our pilot to the hunting grounds was a Democratic ex-postmaster of Dennis, and was most thoroughly disliked because a Democratic administration had forced him upon the honest farmers of that burgh. This was combine No. 2. Each member of our party was notorious for paying his debts, and this fact, in connection with the other that the local finances of Dennis were below zero, rendered us fair game from which to replenish a depleted county treasury. This was combination No. 3, all against us.

In our 150 miles of travel to Dennis we passed through some of the best farming country and most extensive areas of corn that it was ever our fortune to see. Mile after mile there was nothing but waving fields of corn, averaging 10ft. high, and every stalk supporting two and three ears. A subsequent trip in a more southerly direction shows the same; the corn crop in this State cannot begin to be moved by the railroads this fall, and the writer is an old railroad man and knows whereof, etc.

Well, we arrived at Dennis at 1 A. M.; commenced to hustle at 3, and had our teams, ice, and all etceteras on the move by 4:30. We had five dogs, and coursed due south, and by daybreak were far enough from town to expect some hunting. Out here, when on a chicken shoot, there being no fences, a party simply sits in a wagon and drives over the prairies, sending out the dogs at will, and only getting out of the wagon when a dog comes to a point. We had one setter who was brought up to chicken ranging, and who would cover twenty rods while you were cocking your gun; one pointer who was a first-class retriever, but who persisted in rushing in after the first chicken was down and bringing in his bird, and three other dogs who were enjoying—to our discomfiture—their first experience, and about which the least said the better.

Our destination was about twenty miles south of Dennis, where we arrived about noon with fourteen chickens. We had understood that Mrs. Dodge, on whose farm we proposed to camp, would feed the outfit; but imagine our disappointment upon arrival to find that, being ten miles from a post office, she had received no word of our coming, and was totally unprepared to take care of us. Everything in the house was at our disposal, but you know what it takes to care for seven men, two drivers and two teams. Mrs. Dodge was not in very good health either, having been blown 100yds. by a cyclone and bitten by a rattlesnake within the past year or so; but in spite of infirmities she acted the mother to us all. By good luck we carried along a little coffee and sugar, and this, with what game we shot, together with some milk and eggs, constituted our commissary until the constables—but we anticipate.

We cast anchor about noon. Our tent poles were lost in the shuffle and were carried back by mistake; there is absolutely no timber in that section of the country, and we stripped the farm before we could secure enough timber to pitch our wall tent; but we finally succeeded, and after dividing up into two parties and getting a couple of dozen more chickens before dark, we dug a trench around our tent by the light of a lantern, for which foresight we were profoundly thankful the next morning, as it rained at daybreak and nearly carried away our whole outfit. Boxes, guns, dogs, drivers and party were piled in one promiscuous mass on top of a little pile of hay as nearly under the peak of the tent as possible, while we expected every moment to see the entire affair collapse with the wind.

The rain spoiled that morning's work, but we turned to in the afternoon and by hard work captured a couple of dozen more, making sixty-two chickens in all. These were drawn as soon as brought to camp, stuffed with grass and packed on ice in a box at the bottom of Mrs. Dodge's cyclone cellar.

At 6 o'clock next morning, just as we were getting ready to start out again, three horsemen rode up to our tent, read a warrant for our arrest, and toted us seventeen miles across the country to the residence of the justice who had issued the warrant. It seems the good people of Dennis had deputized the doctor mentioned heretofore in this article, to swear out a warrant for our arrest, but not to do so until we returned to Dennis and were all ready to leave, but the disciple of Esculapius got drunk—in spite of living in Kansas—hitched up his team and drove over to a justice residing in the town in which we were shooting, swore out the warrant at midnight and insisted upon its being served at once. The result was that his own town derived no benefit from the penalty imposed upon us, while if he had waited until the fruit was ripe the farmers could have squeezed $45 out of our party.

We arrived at the justice's house about 11 o'clock, made friends all around, demanded an immediate trial, which was had as soon as they could send for the complaining witness and States Prosecutor, six miles away, and as the easiest way out of the matter—they had no evidence excepting our intent—we let one of our party plead guilty for all, and the Justice imposed the lowest fine allowed by law and cut his own fees one-half, making a total fine of $20.15. He furthermore said that all the farmers' boys around there were shooting chickens daily and no complaints were made, and if we chose to stay at his house we could unhitch our teams and put up and go right out into the fields and shoot and he would guarantee no molestation on the part of any one.

A great ado was made by the Dennisvillians because the constable failed to secure our chickens. They were so eager to tap our pocketbooks that they overlooked all details, but when the chief constable told them that a search warrant was necessary if they expected him to bring in property they saw the point at once. Our chickens were taken fourteen miles across the country at midnight, shipped by first express and reached home before we did, still on ice and in excellent shape. We were offered $4 per dozen for them, but as we are not pot-hunters money could not purchase a single chicken. While as law-abiding a party as the average we believe the sixty-two chickens we secured are just that number less for the sharks who prosecuted us and for the honest farmers who have been shooting them since before they were able to fly.

No exaggeration to say that in a number of instances on this trip members of the party could have repeatedly killed little toddling quail with a whip. They are very numerous, but still more so in the vicinity of Baileyville, which has been visited by the writer and others during the past week. Col. D. R. Anthony's farm, near Baileyville, is a paradise for quail, and he has five hounds there which he keeps for no other purpose than to course jack rabbits; they will sight and run one down within a mile, and no questions asked.

There were numerous ludicrous incidents interspersed with the hard matters of fact of a genuine hunt, such as our host commanding his dog to "seek the dead" every time a chicken dropped; our drivers helping themselves before all others, and to more; the remark that our railroad man made to the farmer when he saw a toothed hay-knife, that he didn't see how he could have nicked it so badly in cutting hay; but the most laughable thing of all—from our side of the fence—was how we escaped alive from those hungry cormorants. H. A. P.

MORE RIFLE TALK.

BOSTON, Sept. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the communication by Mr. Leopold I find this remark, "The sharp twist kept the bullets point on." Question, is it the sharp twist which keeps the bullets point on? I have an old muzzleloading target rifle with gain twist which certainly cannot be (and as nearly as I am able to judge is not nearly so sharp a twist as modern breechloaders, yet it does not make keyholes even at 500yds. My experience is limited in the matter of windage at long ranges, but so far as I am able to judge my muzzleloader with 162-grain bullet, shooting over the same ground at same time, will require less allowance for wind than the .45cal. target gun. The muzzleloader uses a large charge of powder in proportion to the bullet, much larger proportion than the breechloader; it sends its bullet to the mark same as the breechloader. Would not the breechloader do better with less lead and larger proportion of powder to its bullet?

The U. S. Government is now experimenting with a view of using smaller caliber guns (.30 they are trying now) and a larger proportion of powder to its bullets. A writer claims .45-60-300 to be the best charge he knows of. The tendency is to more powder in proportion to the bullet and it seems to be a step in the right direction.

SENEX.

MICHIGAN FEATHERED GAME.—Alma, Mich., Sept. 17.—The weather has been so dry that the woodcock have had to seek more congenial quarters, their usual feeding grounds being dry and hard. Have seen but two in the course of a month. Ruffed grouse fairly numerous, and quail, although not numerous, have increased under protection by law. Last Friday, Sept. 13, while our men were cutting and burning a patch of weeds and bushes they flushed some quail, and after the fire had subsided found a quail's nest with thirteen eggs in it, all pipped and about to hatch, but the heat had been too intense, and hence there will be one less bevy to keep for seed this year. I mention this, as it seems an unusually late incubation.—L. A. S.

NEW JERSEY.—Perth Amboy, Sept. 23.—Shot an English snipe, in excellent condition, on the Raritan marshes last Monday, and four yelpers Thursday. Also saw several spritgail ducks. There was a great flight of bitterns and reed birds over this locality on Wednesday night, and on Friday morning thousands of flickers and red-headed woodpeckers passed to the southwest, flying against a brisk westerly wind. Many were killed hereabouts. Qesterday was moving day for several species of hawks, of which there was a steady migration from sunrise until late in the afternoon; wind northwest, brisk. —J. L. K.

MARYLAND.—Cecil County, Sept. 19.—The reed and rail bird season epened Sept. 5 in Cecil county. Rail birds are very scarce, 25 birds being high boat on the best tide. Reed birds are more plentiful than for some years. The rabbit hunters report cottontails enough to go round and some over. Quail are on the increase in this county, six and eight coveys being reported from one section where there was not more than one covey three years ago. Squirrels are numerous enough to give good sport.—ED. S. G.

BEAVER, Pa., Sept. 21.—Wednesday morning I took my Bullard .22, and after a little over two hours in the woods brought home a nice mess of gray squirrels. On my trip I saw evidences of a good crop of pheasants (ruffed grouse) and quail, and as for rabbits, "the country is full of them."—G. A. SCROGGS.

PATTERN AND PENETRATION.

FOLSOM BROS.' CHEAP GUNS, 10 AND 12-GAUGE.

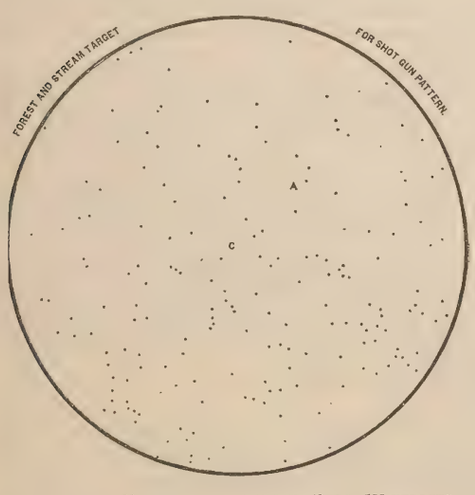
THIS time in the narrative of our series of shotgun tests, we sing the song of the under dog in the fight. It is not the high grade, thoroughly satisfactory, eminently respectable Greener or Parker or Scott costing up in the hundreds of dollars, but the mean grade gun of no name. "W. Richards," that nonentity in the gun trade, was stamped on the plate, but they were really only those cheap bits of ordnance which come through our custom houses, pay a duty of 40 per cent., and yet may be placed on the counters of the gun shop at $5 a piece. The FOREST AND STREAM has already in past times expressed its opinion about these pestiferous products of the penurious population clustered on Belgian soil. Liege has much to answer for in that the products of her shops have done to sweep game and every feathered thing, game or not, from off our meadows, shores and woods. Well, it was a pair of these weapons, taken at random from the immense stock in the warehouse of H. & D. Folsom, of this city, which were put to test on Sept.



FOLSOM GUN, 10-GAUGE, RIGHT BARREL, 40YDS., 176 PELLETS.

19. They were double barrel, to be sure, and had the old under snap for locking the breech. The finish was something to make a lover of fine guns weep, yet they were just a pair out of hundreds going out weekly into every nook and corner of the land, and particularly into the southern part of the Union. The arms under examination are sold as cylinder bore and are labeled as retailing at $8 each. The charges were prepared by careful loaders, and every opportunity was given the arms to do their very best.

How well they did a glance at the percentages of shot accounted for will show. The 12-bore was the better arm of the two. It got 40 per cent. of its charge on the target at 40yds., taking the mean of a pair of very uneven barrels. The patterns were fairly well distributed at



FOLSON GUN, 10-GAUGE. LEFT BARREL, 40YDS., 195 PELLETS.

60yds. with the 12-bore, the right barrel was still far ahead, and the average performance of the weapon dropped to 15 per cent. With the 10-bore the barrels ran very evenly, and at 40yds. located 35 per cent. of the charge, and at 60yds. but 11 per cent. The guns kicked in a fashion to shame an army mule, yet they were strong enough to take the charges of black and white powder used in a former test of the Scott gun, while the 12-gauge was tried a couple of shots at each range with the cartridges used with the specially imported test gun Greener.

The day was a good one. The degree of humidity was high, the wind was strong and gusty, but it came from the 12 o'clock quarter, and its only effect was to retard the flying charge a trifle and so lead to a falling from the point aimed at. It would seem from the record that the 12-bore was the better gun of the two, since with a smaller charge it got a larger number of pellets, both actually and by percentage, into the circle. No. 10 showed the usual "unaccountable" in the third shot with the right barrel; so it would appear that these sudden lapses from the average are not confined entirely to full-choke, and more particularly, as some claim, to extra choked arms. Taking each charge as fired, the record of its pellets upon the fixed and selected circles, with the distance between their center, stands as follows:

10-BORE—40YDS.

Right Barrel. Aimed Circle, Pellets.	Selected Circle, Pellets.	Dist. bet. center, In.	Left Barrel. Aimed Circle, Pellets.	Selected Circle, Pellets.	Dist. bet. center, In.
159	176	6½	185	195	6
162	163	9	138	163	7
33	44	5	151	156	5
159	159	4	148	167	6
154	172	5	150	173	4
Av...133	143	6	154	170	5½

10-BORE—60YDS.

46	42	5½	42	46	4
64	69	5	60	62	3½
34	40	4½	29	35	3½
23	29	5½	27	25	3
46	49	7	38	56	6
Av... 43	46	5½	39	45	4

12-BORE—40YDS.

150	169	8	139	139	6
183	180	5½	144	161	7
184	190	8½	175	164	7
166	184	6	137	163	8
165	165	7	145	155	5½
Av...169	178	7	144	156	6½

12-BORE—60YDS.

65	83	7½	83	97	4
71	76	5½	47	54	4
74	89	4½	41	52	3½
67	74	6	64	66	3
15	23	6	59	59	6
Av... 58	69	6	59	66	4

The formal record of the test stands:

CLAREMONT, N. J., Sept. 19, 1889.

TEST MADE AT FOREST AND STREAM GUN-TESTING SCREEN.

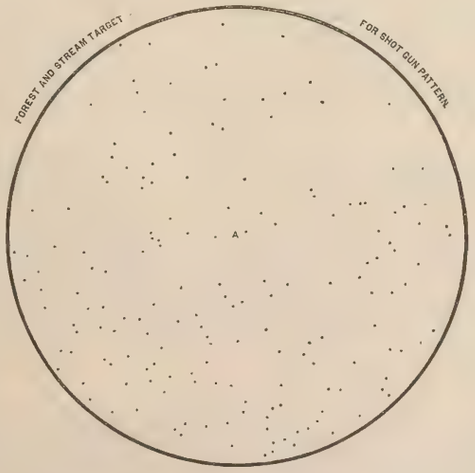
Gun—Folsom Bros. (Liege) Breechloader. Cost, $8. No. of gun, —. Weight, 10lbs. Length of barrels, 32in. Gauge, 10. Right barrel, cylinder. Left barrel, cylinder.
Weather—Clear. Direction of wind, 12 o'clock. Force of wind, 17 miles per hour. Thermometer, dry, 61°. Do., wet, 54°. Humidity, 63°. Barometer, 29.7in.
Charge, as given by holder of gun:



FOLSOM GUN, 12-GAUGE, RIGHT BARREL, 40YDS., 190 PELLETS.

BOTH BARRELS.

Shell—Club.
Powder, Brand—FG Dead Shot.
Powder, Quantity—3½drs.
Shot—*Make*—LeRoy's. *Quantity*—1⅛oz. *Size*—No. 8 Chilled.



FOLSOM GUN, 12-GAUGE, LEFT BARREL, 40YDS., 175 PELLETS.

CARTRIDGE ANALYSIS.

Three Cartridges Taken at Random.

BOTH BARRELS.

Loading.			Powder.		Shot.
Card over shot; and four B. E. wads over powder.	card	1...	101 grs.	547 grs.	484 pellets.
		2...	100 grs.	548 grs.	485 pellets.
		3...	102 grs.	564 grs.	501 pellets.
		Average	101 grs.	553 grs.	490 pellets.

TEST AT 40 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

RIGHT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.	LEFT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.
1. 159 pellets.	12 sheets.	1. 185 pellets.	12 sheets.
2. 102 pellets.	7 sheets.	2. 138 pellets.	12 sheets.
*3. 33 pellets.	.. sheets.	3. 151 pellets.	10 sheets.
4. 159 pellets.	11 sheets.	4. 148 pellets.	12 sheets.
5. 154 pellets.	11 sheets.	5. 150 pellets.	.. sheets.
Av. 143 pellets.	10 sheets.	Av. 154 pellets.	11 sheets.

*Not included in average.

Three shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.	LEFT BARREL.
1..... 176 pellets.	1..... 195 pellets.
2..... 163 pellets.	2..... 167 pellets.
3..... 172 pellets.	3..... 173 pellets.
Average 170 pellets.	Average 178 pellets.

TEST AT 60 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

RIGHT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.	LEFT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.
1. 46 pellets.	.. sheets.	1. 42 pellets.	.. sheets.
2. 64 pellets.	12 sheets.	2. 60 pellets.	10 sheets,
3. 34 pellets.	.. sheets.	3. 29 pellets.	4 sheets.
4. 23 pellets.	.. sheets.	4. 27 pellets.	.. sheets.
5. 46 pellets.	6 sheets.	5. 38 pellets.	7 sheets.
Av. 43 pellets.	9 sheets.	Av. 39 pellets.	7 sheets.

Three shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.	LEFT BARREL.
1..... 42 pellets.	1..... 46 pellets.
2..... 69 pellets.	2..... 62 pellets.
3..... 49 pellets.	3..... 56 pellets.
Average 53 pellets.	Average 55 pellets.

CLAREMONT, N. J., Sept. 19, 1889.

TEST MADE AT FOREST AND STREAM GUN-TESTING SCREEN.

Gun—Folsom Bros. (Liege) Gun. Cost, $8. No. of gun, 661. Weight 8lbs. Length of barrels, 30in. Gauge, 12. Right barrel, cylinder. Left barrel, cylinder.
Weather—Clear. Direction of wind, 12 o'clock. Force of wind, 17 miles per hour. Thermometer, dry, 61°. Do., wet, 54°. Humidity, 63°. Barometer, 29.7in.
Charge, as given by holder of gun:

BOTH BARRELS.

Shell—Club.
Powder, Brand—FG Dead Shot.
Powder, Quantity—3drs.
Shot—*Make*—LeRoy's. *Quantity*—1⅛oz. *Size*—No. 8 Chilled.

CARTRIDGE ANALYSIS.

Three Cartridges Taken at Random.

BOTH BARRELS.

Loading.			Powder.		Shot.
Card over shot; and two P. E. wads over powder.	card	1...	91 grs.	473 grs.	418 pellets.
		2...	90 grs.	495 grs.	440 pellets.
		3...	92 grs.	492 grs.	437 pellets.
		Average	91 grs.	487 grs.	432 pellets.

TEST AT 40 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

RIGHT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.	LEFT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.
1. 150 pellets.	15 sheets.	1. 139 pellets.	12 sheets.
2. 183 pellets.	16 sheets.	2. 144 pellets.	9 sheets.
3. 184 pellets.	8 sheets.	3. 175 pellets.	12 sheets.
4. 166 pellets.	12 sheets.	4. 137 pellets.	12 sheets.
5. 165 pellets.	13 sheets.	5. 145 pellets.	13 sheets.
Av. 167 pellets.	13 sheets.	Av. 148 pellets.	12 sheets.

Three shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.	LEFT BARREL.
1..... 186 pellets.	1..... 161 pellets.
2..... 190 pellets.	2..... 164 pellets.
3..... 184 pellets.	3..... 163 pellets.
Average 187 pellets.	Average 162 pellets.

TEST AT 60 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

RIGHT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.	LEFT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.
1. 65 pellets.	4 sheets.	1. 83 pellets.	6 sheets.
2. 71 pellets.	6 sheets.	2. 47 pellets.	9 sheets.
3. 74 pellets.	5 sheets.	3. 41 pellets.	.. sheets.
4. 67 pellets.	7 sheets.	4. 64 pellets.	7 sheels.
5. 15 pellets.	.. sheets.	5. 59 pellets.	6 sheets.
Av. 58 pellets.	5 sheets.	Av. 59 pellets.	7 sheets.

Three shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.	LEFT BARREL.
1..... 83 pellets.	1..... 97 pellets.
2..... 76 pellets.	2..... 66 pellets.
3..... 89 pellets.	3..... 59 pellets.
Average 82 pellets.	Average 74 pellets.

LEWIS COUNTY, N. Y., Sept. 20.—Extended trips and faithful hunting on the part of the sportsmen in this vicinity confirms the reports of the woodcock shooters in regard to the scarcity of ruffed grouse, at least on their usual haunts. One fair bag in years past for one man was made by two men last week. The score was six grouse and three woodcock. Several bags of two or three are reported. The general verdict, however, seems to be that they are few and far between, or else we do not look for them in the proper places. Next month we expect to find woodcock on the high grounds and we are hoping for a good flight, although no large bags are anticipated. A good-sized buck was seen a short time since on the Utica & Black River R. R. track near the village of Castorland by the section hands. This is some distance from the Adirondacks proper. A few duck are reported on the Black River. The weather is cold and raw; if it continues so migrating birds will soon be going.—OSCEOLA.

THE LOST FLIGHT.—The Cedars, Oakdale, L. I., Sept. 17.—During the heavy northeast storm on Thursday and Friday, Sept. 12 and 13, there was a big flight of large snipe on the Long Island coast. Marlin, willets, curlews and yelpers in great numbers winged their happy way over the numberless empty blinds. As the rain fell in torrents, and the tide was so high, gunning was out of the question.—ALFRED A. FRASER.

UPLAND PLOVER GUNNING.—Mr. W. Howard Pack, of Philadelphia, is stopping at the residence of Joshua Bennett, at Court House. Mr. Pack is one of the finest shots in the State, and spends much of his time in gunning field plovers on horseback, being an accurate shot when his horse is going at the highest speed.—*Atlantic Coast Pilot, Sept 21.*

Sea and River Fishing.

ABOUT GUIDES.

[This paper was among manuscripts left by George Dawson, and was only recently discovered and sent to us. It was intended for one of the "Winter Talks on Summer Pastimes," written for the FOREST AND STREAM just before Mr. Dawson's death.]

HANDY and obliging guides are as necessary to one's comfort in the woods as skilled and good-natured servants are to the peace and harmony of the domestic circle at home. Many a summer's outing has been marred for the want of them. But my experience has taught me that the quality of a guide, like the quality of a domestic, depends very much upon the quality of those who employ them. Oftener than we are willing to admit it is "like master like man," and like mistress like maiden. Neither care to be "nagged," and both are apt to reciprocate in kind.

There is, perhaps, a larger percentage of mild-mannered men in our fraternity than in any other; but all are not as good-natured and considerate as they should be, and for this reason are not always as well served as they might be and as they would be were they less exacting and better tempered. It is the habit of some men always to bully their subordinates. This sometimes pays, no doubt, but it oftener fails to secure cheerful service, especially in the woods, where we haven't even "Hobson's Choice" to fall back upon.

There are few things more helpless than the average angler on unknown waters. He is as dependent upon his guide as the "occasional foreign correspondent" is upon his guide book. Unless he has learned from long experience just where to look for what he seeks, he will not even know were to cast without his guide's suggestion; and if, unhappily, his guide is "tiffed" by his manner, or rendered mulish by his undeserved rebuffs, he will be very likely to be kept ignorant of the best preserves and most prolific waters. Few things bring a better return anywhere than good nature, but nowhere is the habit more remunerative than in the woods, where your pleasure can be very easily made or marred by your pleased or displeased servitor. There is just as much human nature to the square inch in a woods-guide as in any other son of Adam or daughter of Eve, and that angler will make the most of his outing who, in all proper ways, makes the most of his guide.

I once spent a week in May on the Raquette, near where were camped two gentlemen who had never before been on the river at that season. My tent was pitched at Setting Pole Rapids and theirs on the high ground near Lothrop's Chopping. The fishing was superb on the rapids, and I enjoyed it to my heart's content from the fact that all I could kill were gratefully received as a supplement to the scantily provided larder of a logging camp in my immediate vicinity. Notwithstanding the proverbial voracity of a "bushwhacker's" appetite, the fish were so abundant that the supply was never short of the demand and never in excess; for I soon discovered that however many fish I might kill none would be wasted. The result was the busiest and most enjoyable week I ever had had, up to that time, on angling waters. But while I was thus having an absolute surfeit of sport, my neighbors were doing little else than cursing the stupidity of their guides and anathematizing the barrenness of the waters. When I heard of their ill luck, I sent them an invitation to come and try the rapids. But they declined with thanks, as "they preferred to fish in still water." Now every old angler knows that those who fish for trout in still water in May are likely to angle in vain, angle they ever so deftly. Still-water fishing will do in July and August, but it is dull work in May or early June.

I subsequently met one of the guides who accompanied these gentlemen, and his story was something like this: "The difficulty, sir, was just here. They knew nothing about their business, and they were not willing to learn. As soon as they struck the river, instead of halting and casting where the fish were, they halted and cast where the fish weren't; and when I ventured a suggestion they just told me to mind my business and they would mind theirs. As I was agreeable, I concluded to let the darned fools enjoy themselves in their own way. The result was that after fishing every bit of still water between Cold Brook and Lathrop's Chopping they didn't catch fish enough to make one square meal for a hungry man; whereas, by fishing the riffs and swift water, the donkeys might have half filled the canoe. I never went out with a brace of more disagreeable buffers. I could and would have put them where they could have had all the sport they could have desired, but as they 'knew their business,' and were as abusive as they were stupid, I could only get my revenge by permitting them to skin their own skunks after their own fashion. They left Martin's with as poor an opinion of the Raquette as I had of them."

The mistake of these gentlemen was that because on some former occasion they had fair sport in still water and nowhere else in August, they expected equal sport in the same kind of water in May. But that is not according to the order of trout nature. They have their different haunts in different seasons, and those who know their habits will be always sure to have the best sport.

As a rule I have been fortunate with my guides—less, perhaps, because they possesssed any inherent superiority than because I early learned how to get out of them the best that was in them. I always treated them kindly, and uniformly went where they wished to take me—provided they wished to take me where I wished to go. By this seeming acquiescence I always had my own way, and at the same time rendered them as anxious that I should have a "good time" as I was to have it.

But there is, nevertheless, a great difference in guides. Some are stupid, some are lazy, some are willful, and some are so full of conceit as to render them quite unbearable. Others are obliging, industrious and thoroughly posted in every department of their craft. They are expert anglers, good cooks, perfect masters of paddle or oar, and thoroughly acquainted with every rod of forest and every foot of water within the territory where they undertake to pilot their patrons. When one is fortunate enough to secure such guides he is sure to have the best sport and the highest pleasure attainable. A carry of a mile or two doesn't deter them from revealing what may be hoped for by making it. Because the current is stiff or the rapids formidable they don't try to evade their ascent by lying about them. Nor do they wait to be forced to gather fresh boughs and plenty of them to make your couch soft and fragrant. When the evenings are chilly and a roaring fire is necessary for warmth and comfort, they don't wait to be reminded of the fact. With such guides your tent is always tidy, your larder is always protected, and your cooking utensils and tin plates are always clean. They can fry a trout or broil a salmon to perfection; their baked pork and beans would satisfy the most exacting denizen of the Hub; their pancakes are always light and artistically browned; their coffee is never spoiled by over-boiling, and they are never so happy as when assured that they are rendering satisfactory and acceptable service.

While good guides are to be coveted on all waters, they are indispensable on salmon rivers where the canoes are light, the currents heavy, and the rapids formidable. As a rule, Indians are the most expert and safest canoemen, whether handling a paddle or a pole. I have frequently had one Indian and one white man in my canoe, but the Indian was always given precedence, not by my wish alone, but with the assent and concurrence of his white co-laborer as well. They are not only more expert but more cautious than white men, and, on the roughest waters, I soon learned that it was always safe to go wherever my Indian pilot was willing to take me. I only once deemed him too timid, and ordered him to push straight through a rapid around which he wished to carry. He obeyed, with no other protest than a guttural "Ugh! Get wet!" And so we did; for it was "nip and tuck" whether we went over the rapids or went under them. I never afterward asked him to take me where he was not willing to go.

But handling a canoe is not the most difficult office of a guide on salmon waters. There are ten good canoe men where there is one good gaffer. To a looker on it seems easy enough to gaff a 20 or 30lb. fish, but to do so from a canoe, in swift water and while the fish is in full life and in constant motion, or even when drawn near the shore, is about as difficult a piece of work as is connected with the art. A miss is as mortifying to the gaffer as it is provoking to the angler. But misses are common and often fatal. In such cases, if the angler has any "swear words" in his vocabulary, they are pretty sure to be ventilated.

I had killed a great many salmon before I ventured to gaff one; and while I was about it I wished I hadn't undertaken the job. Such scooting and dodging, such dashing and flopping, such striking and missing was never before seen in salmon waters. But I succeeded, thanks, not to my own skill, but to the saintly patience and marvellous manipulations of the Judge who had hooked the fish.

While few guides are perfect in every phase of service, one is seldom met with who cannot be made useful. If he is only willing the rest will follow. With a willing guide all things are possible, if his employer is endowed with the essential gifts of patience and good temper.

G. D.

CHEAP FISHING FOR "PODGERS."

Editor Forest and Stream:

I want to say a word to "Podgers," and not only "Podgers" but all who like him have known the troubles and trials that beset a sportsman around the old time resorts. Did it never occur to "Podgers" that there were places where he could fish, aye, and catch fish, without being bled financially. There are such places; the west coast of Florida is one. If "Podgers" will write to me I will put him in the way of such sport with rod and reel as he never dreamt of, and I'll warrant he will be satisfied with the fish he catches, and the price he pays. I have fished some myself, and I know of no place where a man is so sure of a catch as he is in this vicinity. Boats can be had for from $3 to $5 per day.

I have in mind now a little cabin yawl with accommodations for four, fast, tight and able, that can be had with a man to her, for $5 per day, and the skipper will take his party where they can catch fish, too. What's the matter with that? There is a plenty of groupers and channel bass or redfish, sea trout, Spanish mackerel, lady fish, pompano, jack fish, and in the season tarpum; while there are fresh-water lakes close by, where bigmouth bass are plenty, 5lbs. to 15lbs. in weight.

Just leave Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard severely alone, and give these waters a try. Within a few miles of where I write there are some 12 to 15 varieties of fish who take the fly readily. If one wishes to add the gun to his outfit there is an abundance of beach birds along the shore with quail inland. Bears, deer and turkeys are fairly plenty, but it requires some experience in the country and considerable tramping to get them. They are here though, and there are very few days in the year when we don't have venison or turkey in the market.

Now, "Podgers," don't break your heart, "there are as good fish in the sea as were ever caught," and we have some of them here.

TARPON.

TARPON SPRINGS, Florida.

A LAND FISH.—Surgeon Charles H. White of the U. S. Navy in a recent letter to Dr. Gill, writing from Samoa, gives the following interesting account of the goby (*Periophthalmus*): "I have several specimens of a fish that lives on land and breathes the air. Of course, this thing is not new to you, but it quite surprised me by its antics. It never goes under water as far as my observation goes, but skips along the surface of the pool in a straight line and very rapidly, landing on the mud and hiding at once under a leaf or any other convenient shelter; or, perhaps, jumping up on an overhanging twig and balancing itself there by means of its pectoral fins, which are developed into organs of land locomotion. The only thing that does not look fishy about it is the exophthalmic eye, and these forward flippers. I only saw this fish in one place—on a muddy creek. They seemed to be always sunning themselves when left alone, but fled for shelter at the coming of any one." This fish has been known to naturalists for many years, nevertheless the description by Dr. White of its habits is very interesting and well worth recording. It feeds upon insects and crustaceans largely, which are found upon the beaches. In the Standard Natural History, Vol. III., p. 256, there is a picture showing the very curious habits of this fish upon the land.

NEW JERSEY STRIPED BASS FISHING is reported good at Belmar.

SUSQUEHANNA BASS AND PERCH.

ONE of the beautiful portions of the Susquehanna River, and one that contains some of the best spots known for successful angling, is that portion lying between the Falls (Collins's station, P. R. R.) and the Riffles, one mile south of Bainbridge, Pa. This body of water forms an ideal home for the black bass and pike-perch, being composed of clear running water, forming eddies, pools and rapids, affording excellent spawning grounds for bass and perch.

As is well known the bass were first introduced in this river in 1869 by several citizens of Harrisburg, and in 1873 the State Fish Commissioners commenced the work of stocking the Susquehanna with this fish. Their increase in size and numbers has been rapid, and, if we can believe reports, this applies to the whole river from its headwaters to its mouth, for up stream and down anglers are claiming the largest numbers and the biggest fish.

My first catch of bass from the Susquehanna was made out of season. It was one of the 1873 plant, and its capture came about thus: We (boys) were sitting upon a raft of logs which was moored to the stone wall of the towpath in front of town, and some of the party were fishing. I had no line, but for pastime started to rig one, and this I did out of a piece of cotton cord to which I attached a bent pin to serve as a hook, a small nail did as a sinker, then I let the "hook" down along the edge of the raft, and it had hardly reached "near-the-bottom" when I had a very unusual bite. The fish was soon landed and proved to be a black bass, a small one. We fishermen were filled with wonder, it was a new fish to us and a little larger than our ordinary "sunny," consequently we all considered it a prize. Ex-Sheriff Smith was on the wall and told us what the fish was, and that it would have to go back into the water. Back it went and seemed none the worse for the handling it had received.

The pike-perch is much liked as a game fish in this portion of the river. The first one of this species seen by the writer was about the year 1869. It was captured in the river at Bainbridge, by Mr. Henry Nagle, and weighed something like 8 or 10lbs. For this beautiful fish my father paid $2. We had a royal feast, for we were eating "salmon." As I remember the company at table was very enthusiastic in praising the fish, and it surely was food to be esteemed. By some anglers in Bainbridge the pike-perch is considered the best fish in the river, principally on account of the large size it attains.

Another percoid fish which has been taken in the Susquehanna quite frequently of late years is the red-eye perch or rock bass (*Ambloplites rupestris*). Several years ago I was shown one by Mr. George Depue, who, upon my asking him the name of the fish, said he did not know a name for it, but that it was a cross between the black bass and the common sunfish. I think I learned afterward that Mr. Bernard Doyle was the father of that idea. What else could they think, it surely looks as though it was a hybrid made by the crossing of these two species, and having as many anal spines as both its parents combined. Mr. Frank G. Galbraith obtained one at Wrightsville several years ago, which excited considerable curiosity at the time, and I think Frank showed a shade of disappointment when I told him the fish was probably the "rock bass" after he had given me a verbal description of it. This species has been planted in the Susquehanna, and I hope it will thrive there. It is one of the best pan fishes of this country, and the Pennsylvania State Fish Commission, and other citizens of the State, deserve unlimited praise for their efforts to introduce such valuable fishes into the waters of the State.

As will be seen by the following notes, furnished me by my friend, Stehman Herr, of Bainbridge, the fishing this season has been good, fish plentiful and biting readily. The excessive rainfall has affected the fishing to some extent. Mr. Herr writes under date of Sept. 14: "The fishing was very good until the present wet spell of weather began, yet there have been some good catches this week. Yesterday Mr. Ell. Haldeman caught eleven 'Susquehanna salmon.' On Sept. 1 he landed three that averaged 3lbs. apiece. Messrs. Doyle and Haldeman were up at the Falls to-day fishing for 'salmon,' but met with poor success, catching only three, the largest of which weighed 9lbs. I also drove up to the Falls to-day and interviewed Mr. G. W. Walton. He told me that fishing there is at its best, never better, and will continue good until cold weather interferes. 'Salmon' are numerous and bass are very plentiful. German carp are sometimes caught at the Falls, and eels are in abundance. The water at the present time is in very good condition. Anglers come here from Philadelphia, Lancaster, Harrisburg and from many other sections of eastern Pennsylvania, and those having suitable tackle and knowing how to use it, usually take home good strings of fish. The 'salmon' and bass increase each succeeding season in spite of the large numbers taken out of the river every year. The former species average about 4lbs. in weight, and the bass average from 1 to 1½lbs. The largest bass Mr. Walton has seen caught at the Falls weighed 4lbs. The largest catch of 'salmon' made at the Falls this season was that of Mr. Harry Bricker, of Harrisburg, who succeeded in landing fifteen fine 'salmon' one day last week, among them there being one of 9lbs. weight. This beautiful example was about 3ft. long, and is considered the finest fish caught here up to date.

"Lamprey eels are the best bait; bright-sided minnows or shiners, small catfish and helgramites are also very good. Rod and reel are used, with spoon. The fishing is all done by trolling."

I have spent the greater portion of my life right on this spot, and, therefore, I know that I speak the truth in saying that some of the best angling for the pike-perch (Susquehanna "salmon") and the small-mouthed black bass is to be had on that portion of the river mentioned in the beginning of this article. I have seen strings of from twenty to thirty bass (an unusual number) captured in one day by one rod between Bainbridge and the Riffles. Messrs. Doyle, E. and J. Haldeman, Hipple, McNeil, "Squire" Bear, Smith and others are the local anglers. Hotel expenses there are nominal, while the table is always well supplied. The Pennsylvania Railroad runs through the place, affording ample and easy facilities for getting in or out of town. Good boats and guides are to be had at moderate prices. It is a place where the stranger will not be fleeced.

BARTON A. BEAN.

THE BAY OF QUINTE.

BELLEVILLE, Ont., Sept. 16.—The fishing season in these waters has not been an universal success this season.

Maskinonge have been scarce, as compared with last year, when the number and size of the fish caught in this district were unprecedented. Then 40-pounders were quite common, and a monster of 51lbs. headed the list. Now the big ones are few, the largest recorded being a 36-pounder, which was taken on Saturday afternoon at Mosquito Bay, by Mr. H. K. Smith, one of the vice-presidents of the Forest and Stream Club. The fish, which was beautifully proportioned, was measured in my presence, and its dimensions were found to be as follows: Length, 4ft. 2¼in.; girth, 23¼in. The number of fish caught is not, probably, more than one-sixth of the catch of last year, but they were found to be widely diffused. The same remarks apply to the Bay of Quinte as a whole and to Hay Bay.

Since the departure of the shark or gaspereaux, early in August, bass have been taken in greater numbers than for many years past, and they are still biting freely when the weather is favorable. A party from your side of the line had upward of 100lbs. one day, and an old angler who camped and fished for a week a few miles west of the city told me that he and two companions averaged at least 70lbs. per day. The same angler caught on Thursday last twelve bass which weighed a little more than 40lbs. Four of the string were 15lbs. good weight, and the largest of the lot weighed 4½lbs. Grasshopper and fly were the lures used. At the famous "middle ground," opposite Northport, some enormous catches have been reported. Most of these reports I believe, but cannot personally verify.

Pike and pickerel (doré) have been taken hereabouts in large numbers, and many of them of large size.

The Bay of Quinte is a splendid fishing ground. If properly protected it would be a veritable paradise for anglers. R. S. BELL.

THE WRONG PLACE FOR PLAICE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A contributor alluding to the fact that English sparrows are sometimes palmed off for reed birds in the restaurants reminds me that not long since I had occasion to go to the restaurant of the Pennsylvania Railroad depot in Jersey City, and looking over the bill of fare I saw on the fish list "Halibut steak, 40 cents." As this seemed a tempting dish I ordered it, and in a few minutes the waiter brought in a couple of transverse sections from a plaice, which might easily be mistaken for halibut by a man with a very bad cold. I asked the waiter if he couldn't serve a different sort of halibut if I waited a few minutes, and he said, "No sah! that's the only sort of halibut we have, sah." As I am not a kicker I said nothing and paid my bill, but decided to go elsewhere for dinner next time. As stewards can buy the cheap and coarse plaice for a mere trifle, and as the delicious halibut is expensive, I presume that a great many travelers find that they do not care much for halibut.—ROBT. T. MORRIS.

HAVRE DE GRACE, MARYLAND.—We are indebted to Mr. D. W. Kenly for the following notes upon the occurrence of certain fishes at the mouth of the Susquehanna River: Mr. Kenly says the striped bass (*Roccus lineatus*) has been and is very abundant, the river at times being literally alive with these fish. They will not take the hook, much to the angler's disgust, as they find plenty of food in the herring and shad which are swarming in the river. There are millions of young shad at this point, which they do not leave; owing, it is said, to the salinity of the water. These young shad occurring in immense numbers are supposed to be the result of last spring's shad hatching and planting by the U. S. Fish Commission. The report that Mr. Thomas Reynolds of this place caught 2,400lbs. of striped bass in his trammel net is true. The fish varied in size from ½ to 30 and 40lbs. The water at last accounts was clear, favorable to angling for striped bass, and would undoubtedly be very fine but for the presence of the small fish.

BROWN TROUT IN VIRGINIA.—The U. S. Fish Commission, at Washington, has received a beautiful specimen of the brown trout of Europe, which was reared at the U. S. hatchery at Wytheville, Virginia. It is one of nine, which were taken in a seine in Tates Run, Va. This stream flows by the hatchery, from which the trout had escaped. The one here noticed is about 12in. long and of a beautiful coloration. This is very gratifying to the Commission, as the eggs from which these fish were hatched were imported from Germany. It seems settled beyond a doubt that this fine species is to be added to the list of trout to be found in American waters, as several have been captured in different parts of the country this season.

BLACK BASS IN ILLINOIS.—One of the most remarkable features of fishculture work in Illinois is the fact that 80 per cent. of the fish handled there this season are black bass. Carloads of bass are being planted in streams suitable for their reception. Here will be an angler's paradise for bass fishing.

Fishculture.

SAWDUST IN STREAMS.

MR. W. H. ROGERS, late Inspector of Fisheries for Nova Scotia, made a report to the Hon. C. H. Tupper, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, upon the question of sawdust in streams and its effect upon fish. This report was dated at Ottawa, Jan. 1, 1889, and for some reason was suppressed at the time. It has just been published in Halifax by William Macnab, under the title of "The Suppressed Sawdust Report," 12mo., covering 15 pages, with an addendum of 5 pages made up of the following articles, all of which have appeared in FOREST AND STREAM during the present year: "A Century of Sawdust," Hallock; "The Sawdust Question," Peirce;" "Effect of Sawdust on Fish," Piscator.

The report of Mr. Rogers is a strong argument against the belief that sawdust is injurious to fish life in streams, and it wholly disproves the supposition that fish are driven from waters in which much sawdust is thrown. Mr. Rogers states that he usually found the most fish at the run of water from the mill wheels, and that is where the sawdust is thickest, and he further says that "so well is this known by men employed in saw mills that during the salmon season, so soon as the mill is stopped for any purpose, a man or two will be seen under it with dip-net or spear, endeavoring to capture the fish which have gathered there while the mill was in operation." Mr. Rogers's connection with the Department of Fisheries, and the fact that the Province in which he has lived and worked has numerous small streams flowing to the sea which are well stocked with anadromous fishes, and which have many saw mills upon their banks, has afforded him excellent opportunity for a study of this question, and after making extensive investigation of the subject he states that he has been unable to obtain evidence to sustain the belief that sawdust is injurious to fish. Mr. Rogers quotes at length from letters received by him from Overseers of Fisheries in the different counties of Nova Scotia. These overseers are for the most part of the belief that the sawdust is not injurious except where it covers the spawning beds, which it seldom does, owing to the fact that the swift running waters of the beds do not allow the dust to settle there. They obtain no evidence going to prove that the fish are poisoned by sawdust, but say that the dams are the principal cause of failure in the fishery for anadromous fishes.

Mr. Rogers quotes from a letter received by him from Commissioner Stilwell, of Bangor, Me., viz.: "In answer to your esteemed favor of the 28th ult. (November, 1880), we have no reports or papers upon the subject of sawdust. We have not succeeded in keeping it out of our rivers. It does not seem to seriously affect the anadromous fishes where thrown out below their spawning grounds; if thrown in above I think it would. Our anadromous fish seem to make their way through it readily enough." In referring to correspondence had with Mr. Henry O. Stanley, Fish Commissioner, Maine, Mr. Rogers says: "He (Stanley) has had no experience as to the effect of it if lodged on the upper portions of rivers or on spawning beds, and thinks that in such cases it would injure the salmon fishery, and I am inclined to think so too, but I have never been able to find any lodged where salmon would spawn, as there is too much force of water in such places to allow it to remain, salmon always spawning in shallow rapid running water. Some of our rivers have been receiving sawdust at their very headwaters for many years, and one looks in vain for sawdust where there is any likelihood of salmon spawning. Maine has much more sawdust in her streams than we have and her officers are close and keen observers of long experience."

One very remarkable case recited is that of the St. John River, of which Mr. Rogers speaks as follows: "It will not be denied that there is and has been for very many years past more sawdust thrown into the St. John River than into any other in the Lower Provinces. Gilson's large mills and others on the Nashwaak with numerous others all along the smaller streams which flow into the St. John on both sides, from the Grand Falls down the river almost to its mouth, allow their dust to pass into the water. All the other large fish-producing rivers, however, are clean as to sawdust, and yet the shad and other fish on the St. John are increasing, and decreasing on other rivers where there is little or no sawdust." A table is given showing a gradual increase in the number of shad taken from the St. John River from 1878, when the catch was reported as but 428 barrels, to 1887, in which year the reported catch amounted to 2,793 barrels. From 1876 to 1881, six years, the annual catch of salmon on this river was 172,492lbs., and from 1882 to 1887 210,066lbs., an average annual increase of 37,424lbs. for the latter period. During the same season a large increase in the catch of alewives is noted. This is more remarkable, as in the whole province there was a decrease in the catch of salmon amounting to an average of 596,950lbs. annually.

Mr. Rogers presents a table showing the catches of salmon in the rivers of Nova Scotia proper, where sawdust abounds, and also the catches made in the rivers of Cape Breton, which are comparatively clean. During the years 1880 to 1887 there was an increase of nearly three hundred per cent. in Nova Scotia, while in the rivers of Cape Breton there was no increase whatever.

"The Clyde River was for many years almost entirely barren of fish. We never received an account of a pound of fish of any kind from it until after the dam was opened by a patent fishway in 1879. Sawdust has continued to run into it for many years, and it is still running." The catch of salmon in this river in 1885 is given as 350lbs., and a gradual increase is noted up to 1888, when the catch was 3,975lbs.

Mr. Rogers cites numerous cases similar to the ones given above, and says: "The natural and only rational deduction from this state of facts is, that the best way to stop complaints as to sawdust is to open the dams and make natural falls passable for all kinds of anadromous fishes;" and he concludes as follows: "In conclusion I may say that those who affirm that sawdust injures the fisheries to the extent claimed by them should be in a position to show facts and produce instances clearly proving their assertions. This should, of course, have been done before their, in my opinion, untenable views were placed in the form of law; but even now that the law has to a large extent been allowed to fall into desuetude, and when the important milling interests of the country are likely to be so seriously affected, there should, I think, be a careful examination or inquiries into the whole subject."

A NOVEL WAY TO CAPTURE FISH.—Mr. E. M. Robinson, of the U. S. Fish Commission, who has been stationed at the Wytheville, Va., hatchery, used a McDonald fishway in capturing escaped trout a few days ago. He placed the fishway in position in Tates Run, which flows by the hatchery, having a pool at the head of the way into which the fish fell as they crossed the structure. In this way he captured 108 trout, most of which were the speckled or common brook trout, and a few brown trout. Mr. Robinson has gone to Leadville, Col., where he is to superintend the work of fish hatching. It is his intention to try the fishway as a means for capturing the native trout of that region for breeding purposes. As the fish receive no injury whatever from this method, it may prove of great use in this work.

FISH HATCHERY AT LEADVILLE, COLORADO.—It is expected to have the Leadville station ready for trout hatching on or before the first of November. The work at first will have to be done in a temporary building; this building to be a part of the permanent establishment. Mr. E. M. Robinson, superintendent of the station at Leadville, has been ordered to Washington, where he will receive necessary instructions and then proceed to his new station. The work at this station during the coming season will be carried on to as great an extent as possible under the circumstances, and, although it may be somewhat limited, good results can be looked for.

WHITEFISH WORK ON LAKE ERIE.—Col. John Gay, Inspector of Stations of the U. S. Fish Commission, who has had charge of the establishment of a station at Leadville, Colorado, will go from that place to Put in-Bay, Lake Erie, to take charge of the collection and distribution of the whitefish. The work will be carried on under the same arrangement as last season, the eggs being collected on the lake and taken to the State Fish Commission hatchery at Sandusky to be hatched out. If the season is favorable for the obtainment of eggs, the work done will be upon a large scale, as under the existing arrangement large quantities of eggs can be handled.

FISHES FROM THE YELLOWSTONE.—It is expected that car No. 1, of the U. S. Fish Commission, will carry to Washington, on its return from the Yellowstone Park, a good series of the food fishes of that region. This series will include the black-spotted trout of that country, the whitefish and the grayling. These will be exhibited in the Fish Commission aquaria in Washington, and will no doubt prove a great attraction.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Oct. 1 to 3.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Bristol Park Agricultural Society, Bristol, Conn. F. C. Barnes, Secretary.

Oct. 8 to 12.—Eighth Annual Dog Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society, at Danbury, Conn. B. C. Lynes, Secretary. Entries close Sept. 28.

Nov. 14 to 16.—First Dog Show of the Continental Kennel Club, at Denver, Col. Claude King, Secretary.

Jan. 13 to 18, 1890.—First Annual Dog Show of the Georgia Pet Stock and Bench Show Association, at Augusta, Ga. A. H. Vonderleith, Secretary.

Jan. 27 to Feb. 1, 1890.—Dog Show of the Colorado Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Denver, Col.

Feb. 18 to 21, 1890.—Fourteenth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

March 11 to 14, 1890.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Rochester Kennel Club, at Rochester, N. Y. Harry Yates, Secretary.

March 25 to 28, 1890.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Mass. Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

April 1 to 4, 1890.—Sixth Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Secretary.

April 15 to 18, 1890.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 4.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club. P. T. Madison, Secretary, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 11.—Inaugural Field Trials of the Canadian Kennel Club, at Chatham, Ont. C. A. Stone, Secretary, London, Ont.

Nov. 18.—Eleventh Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Dec. 2.—Inaugural Field Trials of the Central Field Trial Club, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Secretary, Mill's Building, New York, N. Y.

Dec. 16.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trial Club, at Amory, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Secretary, Marietta, Ga.

Jan. 20, 1890.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club at Bakersfield, Cal. H. H. Briggs, Secretary, 313 Bush street, San Francisco, Cal.

Feb. 11, 1890.—Fourth Annual Field Trials of the Texas Field Trial Club, at Marshall, Tex. W. L. Thomas, Secretary.

COURSING.

Oct. 9 to 12.—Fall meet of the National Coursing Club at Hutchinson, Kan. M. E. Allison, Manager.

Oct. 24.—Annual Meet of the American Coursing Club, at Great Bend, Kan. F. K. Doan, Secretary, St. Louis, Mo.

TORONTO DOG SHOW.

[*Special Report.*]

THE Dominion of Canada Kennel Clubs' Exhibition, held in connection with the Industrial Fair and Exposition, Sept. 16–20, is considered the most successful dog show that has ever been held in Canada. Notwithstanding that a dog show was being held in Elmira the entries footed up about 335 all told, and the quality was decidedly better than average. These figures are far in excess of any benched by the other fall shows; and a well-known judge who was present at London declared that Toronto was so vastly superior, both in number and quality, that the smaller exhibition was "out-classed." In regard to the attendance all we need say is that on Tuesday nearly 5,000 persons paid for admission, and that when the president of the Industrial Fair called to have a look at the dogs he was unable to get into the building. The fair people are so much pleased with the outcome of affairs that next year they will erect a larger and more suitable building especially for the dogs. Better prizes will be given, and the Toronto dog show of 1890 will probably have 500 entries.

Captain C. Grevile Harston, who had most to do with the management, is not a new hand at the business. He is a downright hard worker, and it will not be owing to a lack of appreciation on the part of exhibitors if he is not again seen in the same capacity. Before the closing of the show he was presented with a suitable testimonial which contained the signatures of all the prominent exhibitors present. This compliment to his devotion was well merited. He was ably assisted by Mr. W. S. Jackson and Mr. J. Massey, both good dog men, and by Mr. Dean and other friends and members of the club. The judging was done in a large tent off the main building, and the management is to be commended for the quick manner in which the rings were served, considering the tremendous crowd that was gathered about the benches. Mr. McEwen of London was ring steward for Mr. Davidson, and Mr. Jackson officiated in the same capacity for Mr. Mason. Mr. Davidson, who had to leave for Elmira on Tuesday afternoon, commenced his duties on Monday at noon, but Mr. Mason did not get to work until nearly 4 o'clock. The awards were all made before noon on Tuesday, and on Wednesday a catalogue with printed list of awards was on sale.

It is scarcely necessary to add that our visit was a most pleasant one, and that we were received with generous Canada hospitality; but we cannot commence on the dogs without first thanking the club members for the many courtesies and kindnesses received at their hands.

MASTIFFS—(MR. MASON).

In point of quality this was probably the best class that has been seen in Canada. Beaufort, the English champion, was entered, but not sent, and the competition lay between Sears' Monarch, a well known winner, and Mode, a promising young dog, owned by Mr. Hugh Falconer, of Shelburn, Ont. Monarch has an advantage in length of body, strength of loin, spring of ribs, muscular development, bend in hocks and straightness in forelegs, and these are the points that pulled him through. Mode is a trifle better in head and vastly superior in bone, but his rather short body, not very well sprung ribs, straight hocks and out-turning feet put him back. The Melrose dog, too, had a decided advantage in condition. Mode was catalogued at $200, and if any one wants a cheap dog here is a chance. Rosedale Bruce, owned by Mr. J. Massey, who is one of Toronto's most popular fanciers, was a good third. He lacks in width of muzzle, depth of stop, strength of quarters, massiveness of body, and would be improved with more bone, better bent hocks and by less length in legs. King, hc., lacks in head, ears, strength of limbs, muscular development and general massiveness. Hector, hc., is not typical in head, and the forehead especially is of wrong formation; it should be flat. He also lacks in size, bone, and formation of hindquarters. Major II., unnoticed, lacks in muzzle, hang of lips, color of eyes, massiveness of body, strength of limbs, formation of feet and in one or two other minor points. He is a useful-looking dog, but not a show mastiff. In bitches Countess of Dunsmore, an old face that is well known to mastiff men, scored a very easy first. Bess, second prize, was beaten in all head properties, and owing to suckling a litter was not in bench show condition. Fawn, unnoticed, is very shallow in head, wrong in muzzle and lips, light in bone and lacking in massiveness of body. Flora, unnoticed, was entered as a yellow dog. Fawn, yellow or brindle, she is not a show dog, being altogether wrong in head, bad in ears, slab-sided, leggy and weak in bone. Lady, another of the unnoticed division, lacks in head, ears, bone and condition, and in none of the other points is she first-class. Minting Minor, one of the best of the get of the deceased champion that we have seen, made mincemeat of the rest of the puppy class. If his ears and eyes were of better color he would look much better. If given proper attention dur-

ing the next six months he should certainly be heard from again. Crown Prince (this is much too good a name for so bad a dog) was clearly outclassed in head, ears, body and limbs. The special for best mastiff bred in Canada or the United States was won by Sears' Monarch, and the brace prize went to the same dog and his kennel companion, Countess of Dunsmore.

ST. BERNARDS—(MR. MASON).

In the class for dogs, rough or smooth, Plinlimmon, Jr., although shown light in flesh, was clearly the best of the class. Bruce, second prize, also was not in good condition. In body and limbs he is decidedly above average, and his head, although not good, is not actually bad. Monk III. and Don Pedro were each given a third prize. The former is too full in cheeks, defective in stop, plain in hindquarters and lacking in size. The latter is a smooth-coated specimen that lacks massiveness in head and body and runs too much to the hound type. Duke, hc., is plain in head and defective in markings. Leo, hc., lacks in head, eyes, expression and in face-markings. Bernie, unnoticed, is plain and out of condition. In the bitch class the beautiful Lady Wellington smothered her competitors, being away ahead of the class in almost every St. Bernard attribute. The Meadowthorpe Kennels' Nora, that took second, like Lady Wellington, has already been fully described in these columns. Nellie, vhc., is too houndy. She is also small and not in condition. Beulah, third prize, lacks character and is wrong in color and markings. Duchess, hc., is an eleven-month-old puppy that will never make a mark in good company. Vola, unnoticed, is a Berghund, and a poor one at that. Garibaldi, first in puppies, has neat ears, but his light eyes and full cheeks, besides several defects behind the occiput, will handicap him heavily when he meets good company. Hector, vhc., lacks volume in head. Duchess, hc., although undersize and defective in head, shows some character, and may some day turn the tables on Hector. Priam II., unnoticed, is washy in color and bad in head. The brace prize was won by Plinlimmon and Lady Wellington, and her ladyship outclassed everything in competition for the special for best bitch.

GREAT DANES—(MR. MASON).

Although there were thirteen entries in these classes only one need be mentioned. This is Lord, a useful-looking second-rater, that was placed at the head of the dog class. He should do some winning if shown in better company than he met on this occasion, but a Cedric the Saxon would leave very little of him but his color. The most that can be said of the great Danes in this country is that they are a very seedy lot.

NEWFOUNDLANDS—(MR. MASON).

Lead, first in this class, bears a very strong resemblance to Leo, that was once shown by Dan O'Shea. He has a very bad temper, a most serious failing in a dog of this breed, but this is not all. Duke, second prize, is undersize, sour in expression, better than average in body, legs and feet, and just fair in coat. Victoria, unnoticed, was first at London. This is not a Newfoundland at all, and it seems strange that so good a fancier as Mr. Lædlaw should have so little confidence in a judge's ability as was demonstrated when he entered a mongrel, over-grown setter in the Newfoundland class. Bruce, another mongrel with wretched head, gooseberry eyes and infernal coat, was also dismissed without notice.

SETTERS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

The class for English dogs contained several very useful-looking specimens. Locksley, catalogued at $200, but not sold, was placed at the head of affairs; we would have placed him second to Gladstone, that, although not his equal in head, is decidedly his superior in ribs, back, loin, hindquarters, stern, carriage of stern, and in legs and feet. Brighton Dick, vhc., was too thick in head as a puppy, and it has since grown coarser, still there is much in the dog that we admire. Rock, vhc., is a bit coarse in skull and muzzle and long in tail. He has good bone. Grouse, vhc., we liked better than Rock although he is rather wide in skull and not perfectly straight in front. Dick Bondhu, vhc., while defective in head and undersized, is of a useful sort. Rockingham, hc., has plenty of ear, is somewhat coarse in head and not perfectly straight on his pins. Of the unnoticed ones Rupert is open in coat, stumpy and sour in head and wrong from the shoulders down. Shot (Perryman's) is leggy and wrong in front. His feet are his best points. Rex shows Irish character. Don is all out of condition, added to which he has many defects. Jake lacks in head, feet, position of ears and in neck. Rock is defective in head, eyes, coat and hocks. Shot (Toronto Setter Kennel Club's) is strong in head, hardly straight in front and too straight behind; good back and chest. Duke is leggy and rather light behind. Shot, third prize, was not on the bench when we called. In bitches old Genevieve, in creditable condition, was well placed first. Canadian Lillie, second prize, is a racy-looking one that is hardly right in head or neck and too light behind the short ribs. Countess Daisy, third prize, has too much ear. She lacks also in expression and in spring of ribs; she has some quality. Liddesdale II., vhc., lacks in skull, bone and stern, but notwithstanding these defects she has some quality. Scottish Belle, hc., lacks in stop and is not clean below the eyes; good back and loin. Belle, hc., is fairly good in head, but very throaty; she was not in show trim. Jep, c., is wide in front, rather weak in head and not just the thing in set of ears. Lady Romp, c., is much too small, and in addition is coarse in head, wrong in ears and shoulders, light in bone and out of condition. Pearl, unnoticed, is coarse in head and eyes, wrong in set of legs, not strong in knees and straight behind. She was shown fat and out of coat. Sir Tatton, that is not in condition for the show bench, did not compete. His owner showed good judgment in not putting him before Mr. Davidson in his present condition. Of the puppies shown probably not one will be heard from in the future.

The Irish setter dogs, Jack Malone, first prize, Redstone, third prize, and Rover, vhc., are well-known winners that have been fully described time and again in these columns. We like Redstone for first place. Paddy Sarsfield, second prize, is rather on the undersize, too flat in head, ribs and loin, a trifle short in body and not all that could be desired in knees. He stands on good feet. Shaun Rhue, hc., is a bit coarse in head and flat in ribs. His coat was in bad condition, and taken all in all he is not quite a show dog. Drake, vhc., is coarse in skull, light in eyes and straight behind. Bang, c., is rather coarse and sour in head, too light in quarters and not quite right in forelegs. In bitches Irene, with a fairly good head, but too weedy for our fancy, was first, and Pearsall's well-known Belle Ida was second, with Juno, too flat in head, not quite right in set of ears and on the weedy side, third. Lady Noreen, vhc., while not very neat in stop, nor clean below the eyes, and showing slight coarseness, would probably have been our choice for first. Mr. Davidson stuck to the little ones, and his awards were perfectly consistent. Bob, first in puppies, is decidedly better than average in head and is fairly good in body and limbs. His long stern does not add to the appearance of his hindquarters. Jennie and Biddie, unnoticed, are very nearly as good as Bob, and we would have given both vhc. cards.

Belmont represented champion Gordons, and also secured the special for best Gordon of all classes. Heather Harold, Roy and Simcoe, winners in the open dog class and the only ones shown, are a trio of well-known faces and were properly placd. The same may be said of Becky Sharp and Blossom, that were first and second in the bitch class. Queen Anu, third prize, has a sweet head, but it is of English type; color, hocks and loin not first-class. Hilda, vhc., is not good in ears; they are too wide. Strong, useful-looking limbs and correct feet are her best points.

POINTERS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

This class is nearly always a weak one at Dominion shows, and here it was no exception. The winner in the dog class is not of correct type, being light behind, not well sprung in ribs, light and flat in loin, not just right in set of forelegs, a trifle leggy, only moderate in head and having a dark nose, which, as we have repeatedly pointed out, is a defect in a lemon and white dog. He would be outclassed in good company, although clearly the best in the class on this occasion. Shot, second prize, lacks in stop, cheeks, neck, ears, second thighs, hocks, shoulders and set of forelegs. The middle part of him is the best. The other Shot, that took third, is light in quarters, straight in hocks, not well turned in loin, rather stilty behind and not right in front. He is a lemon and white, by Old Shot out of Belle. We cannot say that any of these Shots bear a very striking resemblance to Shorthose's Shot, that was a winner in England fifteen years ago; in fact, the Shots do not appear to be improving. Hector, vhc., is coarse in head, wrong in set of ears, not correct in color of eyes, heavy in shoulders, and in knees and hocks there is much room for improvement. Nellie, first in bitches, is strong in head, light in eyes, straight in hocks, weak in knees, not well let down in chest, short between the couplings and not quite the thing in position of forelegs.

FOXHOUNDS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

First prize in this class was rightly awarded to Dan O'Shea's Ranger, shown by W. J. Watson. His defects, and there are plenty of them, need not be enumerated. Rip Van Winkle, second prize, is a Rip that we would not care to follow in the hunting field. Shoulders, knees and feet all defective, and these are most serious defects in a dog of this breed. He is better than average in head, but is decidedly wrong in brush. Ringwood, third prize, is coarse in head, not well sprung in ribs, poor in coat and brush, heavy in shoulders, flat in loin, in fact, not quite a show dog. Anthony, vhc., is of Yankee type, which takes in everything objectionable in coat, brush, legs, feet and bone. Ned, hc., is a half-bred pointer, so is Driver, who was commended. "Honest John" must have been in a generous frame of mind to recognize these animals.

BEAGLES—(MR. DAVIDSON).

This was a splendid class of six, and the competition for the blue ribbon was soon narrowed down to Jessie and Rattler. Jessie, a bitch we do not remember having seen before, was given the prize, and undoubtedly she is a good one. In legs and feet she had no equal in the class; her shoulders are well placed and she has a good head which is marred by slight coarseness in skull. In hindquarters, coat, brush and true beagle character she is decidedly above average. Unfortunately she was shown out of condition and very light of loin, and on this account we would have pegged her back to third place, leaving Rattler and Fitzhugh Lee to fight out the battle. Rattler, that has been on the shelf for some time, came out in great form and we should have placed him first. He is decidedly inferior to Fitzhugh Lee in legs and feet, but beats that dog many points in head, eyes, expression and ears. The third prize winner is a bit monkey-faced and we cannot recognize it as a better specimen than Fitzhugh Lee. We would have placed the class in this order, viz., Rattler first, Fitzhugh Lee second, Jessie third, Fardinade III. vhc., Cleopatra hc. and Gypsey c.

SPANIELS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

Two Irishmen faced the judge, with Handy Andy properly placed first. While not a badly formed dog he is too light all over for our fancy and is spoiled by gooseberry eyes; head better than average. Shake, second prize, is light in color and neither good in body nor leg-coat. In bitches there was little to choose between Ochtwan Biddy and Biddy Shaugraun. The winner is fairly good in head, but lacks in ears and is wrong in body and leg-coat. The second prize winner is altogether wrong in formation of head.

Boss III. was the only entry in the class for Clumber dogs. He is undoubtedly a Clumber, but he is not the dog he has more than once been represented. In forehead, stop, expression, formation of foreface near the eyes, and also in ears there is plenty of room for improvement, and in addition to these defects he is not flat in coat about the neck, and his forelegs are not straight. In formation and massiveness of body, length and strength of limbs, bone and feather he outclasses the so-called Clumbers that have hitherto been shown in this country. But we cannot leave him without assuring his owners that if Boss III. had been shown against a typical dog like old Nabob he would not now be a champion. He has a clear field in the dog class for Clumbers in this country, as there is nothing to show against him. Bromine, first in bitches, is probably a better specimen than Boss III., but of this we cannot be certain until we see her in decent condition. She stands as far ahead of the bitches as Boss III. does of the dogs. Lucy II., second prize, is wrong in formation of head and in set and formation of ears. She is also light in eyes, throaty and shows lots of room for improvement in shoulders, knees and hocks. We have been condemned for having repeatedly stated that the Clumber spaniels in this country were little better than a lot of mongrels, just as we were condemned for our denunciation of a lot of spiked-nosed mastiffs and snipy-faced pointers. The proof is now on hand that we wrote not one word too many against this class of dogs.

In the open class for field spaniel dogs, Kaffir, that is only fair in head, too long in legs, and not heavy enough in bone, was given first, although closely pressed by Sweep, that is also defective in head and too far from the ground. His straight legs are to be commended. Friday, third prize, is of cocker type. Bluff, vhc., is an over-sized cocker and was shown out of coat. He looks like a workman. Blackie was the only field bitch shown. She, too, runs too much to the cocker type. Mike was the only entry in the challenge class for cockers. A queer dog this for champion honors. The competition in the open class for dogs was very keen, and we did not envy the judge. Obo, Jr., first prize, is a dog of far more than average merit, although not one that will win in the best of company. He has a fairly good head that would be improved by cleanness below the eyes and a lower carriage of lips near the nose. He is also slightly underhung, not quite first-class in coat, not perfect in hindquarters and not merry enough in his movements for our liking. He begins to show age. Black Graf, second prize, came out in great form, and we would not have known this old face without the assistance of the catalogue. Black Duke, third prize, was about the equal of anything in the class, although not perfect in head and shown too light in body. Pedro, vhc., is a puppy that may be heard from again, although he may go coarse in head. His thin tail and scanty coat told against him on this occasion, and we thought we noticed something wrong in his back action. Smutt, vhc., is not right in muzzle, stands rather too high, and is slightly underhung. Rabbi, vhc., is getting worse in head. Bronte, vhc., might be improved in lips. His coat is too short and he is light in bone. Rabbi can beat him. Troy, hc., gets his flag too high, and in addition is full in cheeks, wide in muzzle and not first-class in ears. Billy, unnoticed, is coarse before the eyes, but he moves well, and what a back! Pekoe runs to the field type and is crooked in front. He is too long and too low for a cocker, but has good bone. Kespie is very defective in limb and is decidedly too long-cast. Silver King should have had a card, and Bob Obo, fair in head, not just right in lips or perfect in stop, too curly in coat, and with stern carried high, was also deserving of notice. Dandy is bad in head and muzzle, short in feather, and light in bone. First in bitches went to Vic, that shows field character, especially in head. She shows some quality and would be improved by darker eyes and more bone. Madgy, second prize, is deficient in muzzle, expression and eyes. Her eyes are not bad in color, but they are much too small. She is also too large, and will probably some day find herself in the field class. Yarrow, third prize, lacks in eyes and coat, and her nostrils are not well displayed. Mollie, vhc., stands rather high, is too light in bone, and not just right in muzzle. Miss Nance, vhc., is well known. She begins to show age. Veno, hc., is faulty in muzzle, light in bone and a bit sour in expression. Shela, hc., turns out her feet and is short in coat. In other points she is decidedly ahead of nearly everything in the class, and should, we think, have been higher. Fitte, c., is rather light in eyes and not quite right in front of them. She has straight legs and good body. In the novice class, Bronte, already referred to, took the only prize offered, and in the puppy class Pedro, that was vhc. in the open dog class, won.

COLLIES—(MR. DAVIDSON).

The challenge class contained two good ones in Dublin Scot and Scotilla, the latter winning with many points to spare. The old dog grows coarser in head and worse in shoulders, whereas Scotilla, that was once a bit too fine in head, has improved, and as the dogs appeared in the ring on this occasion, Dublin Scot seemed to us to be almost outclassed. First in the open class for dogs was won by Colonel Scot, a youngster by Dublin Scot out of Flurry III. He is rather heavy in skull for a puppy, and is at present all out of coat. He carries his ears well, has good bone and stands on fairly good legs and feet. Charleroi II., second prize, while not so good in carriage of ears, shoulders or carriage of stern, was shown in far better condition, and we would have placed him first, although it must be a close thing between them when both are equal in condition. Maxwell, third prize, is many points behind the first and second prize winners. He is coarse in skull, wrong in carriage of ears, not good in undercoat and only moderate in back and loin. Glenroy, vhc., is light in eyes, wrong in expression, and soft, open and short in coat. Melton Wonder is plain in head and entirely wrong in ears. His coat is of good quality, although hardly close enough, and he has plenty of bone. Bendigo, hc., is a useful-looking dog, with moderate head and defective ears. Jordan, c., was not on the bench when we called. In bitches, Roslyn Clara, a rare bred one by Caractacus out of Pitch Dark, was placed first. She has a well-formed head, which is sadly marred by a stupid expression, and her eyes are too light in color. She stands rather low at the shoulders, is an inch too short in loin, carries her brush too high and is badly formed from the hips to set-on of tail. She has an excellent puppy coat and the very best of ears. When matured she will be beaten out of sight by a bitch like Flurry III. Spoiled Miss, not in full coat, but shown with more flesh than we have ever seen her, is so vastly better in expression, formation of body and other collie attributes, that we would have placed her first. Mermaid, third prize, is too round in skull, her ears are inclined to prick and she is short in brush, rather light in bone and not very strong in pasterns. When matured she will probably have a good coat; but no matter how good it may be, she will not be a winner over good ones. Roslyn Clara was clearly ahead of the novice class, and Colonel Scot had an equally easy victory in puppies. Glen Locksie, a clean-headed youngster, was Colonel Scot's most dangerous competitor. Driver, vhc., is wrong in ears, brow and coat. Turk III., c., is bad in head and ears, and will never be a show dog. Scotilla was a very easy winner of the special for best collie of all classes.

GREYHOUNDS—(MR. MASON).

Balkis, the sturdy hero of many a well-earned victory a-field and on the bench, was alone in the champion class. In the open class for dogs, Douglas Fleming, that has gone all to pieces in loin and hindquarters, was easily defeated by the plain-fronted Fleetwood. Scavenger, third prize, is a dog of good hard color, and there was little to choose between him and Douglas Fleming, notwithstanding that he lacks liberty and is decidedly heavy in shoulders. Milo, hc., lacks size and has not improved on his puppy form. Blucher, vhc., is a useful-looking dog, although lacking in quality and character. Fly, hc., has rather a nice outline, but he lacks power behind, shows age and is not well sprung in ribs. Barnaby, c., lacks in eyes and is weak in front of them. He is also wanting in muscular development in back, loin and thighs. Spider, first in bitches, was clearly the best, but her plain head and heavy shoulders would put her back in good company. Second prize was withheld for want of merit. Second Light, third prize, shows far more strength than quality. Alla-Greta, vhc., was first at Toledo. This is a fifth-rater. She is weak in jaw, flat and light in loin, very deficient in hindparts, light in bone, weak in pasterns and very bad in feet. Fly, hc., is a better greyhound, but she shows age and was not in good condition.

BULLDOGS—(MR. MASON).

Lion and Portswood Tiger were the entries in the dog classes. Lion, superior in head and true bulldog character, notwithstanding his poor condition, was given first. Met, first in bitches, is wrong before the eyes and not well let down.

TERRIERS—(MR. MASON).

Mr. Dole, as usual, took most of the prizes for bull-terriers and we are pleased to see that his dogs are at last in good condition. The class was divided for dogs and bitches. Don Pedro, first in dogs, is a fairly good puppy, with too much jowl and cheek for a youngster. In body and limbs he will do. Spotless Duke, second prize, is too round in skull, and we fear it will never tone down. In bitches the beautiful Starlight was many points ahead of her kennel companion, White Daisy. The latter, although by no means a bad one, is too cheeky and defective before the eyes to win in good company. Daisy II., third prize, is short in foreface and light in eyes.

There was nothing very good in the fox-terrier classes. Village Belle, an old-timer, represented the champions. Her condition was first class. Blemton Trump, first in the open class for dogs, was fully criticised in these columns when owned by the Blemton Kennels. Zigzag, second prize, is a gay little fellow, but too light at all points. Viper III., third prize, is as much too coarse as Zigzag is light. His front would not do at all in good company. Ebor Speedy, first in bitches, is not one of our sort, being poor in expression, big in ears and too soft in coat. Bacchante, second prize, is better in expression, but her coarse skull, wide front and heavy shoulders put her in the second place. Puppies were a bad lot. Oxford Duke, the winner, is entirely wrong in head, and it is a head that cannot possibly improve. The winners in the wire-haired classes are well known and need not be described. Blemton Trump had an easy task in winning the special for best of all classes.

Mr. W. S. Jackson's well known Bedlingtons being out of condition, this class was poorly represented. Sentinel and Zulu II., the prize winners, are not of correct type, being too long in body and too near the ground.

In Yorkshires, Dolly, that has grown into a most lovely silver, fairly smothered Fanny and Minnie, that were both out of coat. Sweep, vhc., is a puppy of more than average merit, and one that may be heard from again. No fault could have been found if the judge had withheld second money in this class.

Scotch terriers contained only one of correct type, but a second prize was given to Dundee, that is of a useful-looking old sort.

Chummey, second prize in Irish terriers, was the only one

with any character. Peggy, shown in this class, is not bad in head, but she is decidedly coarse and her coat is all wrong.

The Meadowthorpe Kennels' good Dandie Dinmont Riever had the class to himself.

Black and tans brought out a new one in Kaiser, shown by Mr. F. F. Dole, of bull-terrier celebrity. He scored a very easy win, being better in color than his competitors, and decidedly superior in head. Rochelle Lass, second prize, is going wrong in head and color, and Desdemona, third prize, continues to get wider in front and thicker in skull. Kaiser should breed well with this bitch as he has a clean, narrow front, and excels in other points where she is deficient.

Toys as usual were a weak class and first prize was withheld. Weak faces and apple-heads were very conspicuous.

TOY SPANIELS—(MR. MASON).

The unnamed winner in this class is too long in forefnce, but in other points will do to show again. Topsy, second prize, was beaten many points in head and color. Fannie, unnoticed, is closely related to some cocker.

PUGS—(MR. MASON).

Midget, first prize, was a very easy winner, and if her head were as good as her body it would take a red-hot one to beat her. All the other noticed ones are defective in head.

MISCELLANEOUS—(MR. MASON).

The Chestnut Hill Kennels' smooth-coated collie, Ladybird, was decidedly the best exhibit in these classes. The retriever that won second, is bad in stern and moderate in head. Snowflake, a white English retriever, is marred by a marked ear.

Following is a list of the

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHALLENGE—No entry.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, E. B. Sears's Sears' Monarch; 2d, H. Falconer's Mode; 3d, J. Massey's Rosedale Bruce. High com., A. J. Calhoun's King and W. Barclay's Hector. *Bitches:* 1st, E. B. Sears's Countess of Dunsmore; 2d, J. M. Willis's Fawn. *Puppies:* 1st, C. H. Nelson's Minting Minor. Best bred in Canada or United States, Sears' Monarch; best pair, the same with Countess of Dunsmore.

ST. BERNARDS.—CHALLENGE—No entry.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, E. B. Sears's Plinlimmon Jr.; 2d, W. Miller's Bruce; equal 3d, C. B. Glass's Don Pedro and A. St. L. Mackintosh's Monk III. High com., T. Crooks's Duke and H. F. Baker's Leo. *Bitches:* 1st, E. B. Sears's Lady Wellington; 2d, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Nora; 3d, J. S. Williams's Beulah. Very high com., F. W. Wilson's Nellie. High com., A. F. Jones's Duchess. *Puppies:* 1st, H. G. Charlesworth's Garibaldi. Very high com., J. A. Glass's Hector. High com., A. F. Jones's Duchess. Best dog and bitch, Plinlimmon, Jr. and Lady Wellington; bitch, Lady Wellington.

BLOODHOUNDS.—Absent.

GREAT DANES.—*Dogs:* 1st, T. Roldier's Lord; 2d and 3d, F. W. Wilson's Dudley Snow and Pollux. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d and high com., F. W. Wilson's Feida, Flora and May; 3d, M. Herzog's Juno. Best pair, Dudley Snow and Feida.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, W. J. Watson's Lead; 2d, W. Saulter's Duke.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—No entry.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and very high com., T. G. Davey's Locksley and Brighton Dick; 2d and very high com., Thos. Johnson's Manitoba Gladstone and Dick Bondhu; 3d, J. James's Shot. Very high com., Toronto Setter Kennel Club's Rock and Grouse. High com., G. A. Thomas's Rockingham. *Bitches:* 1st, A. G. Habbick's Genevieve; 2d, very high com. and com., T. G. Davey's Canadian Lillie, Liddesdale II. and Lady Romp; 3d, T. P. Hebblewhite's Countess Daisy. High com., E. J. Walsh's Scottish Belle and J. Kennedy's Belle. Com., P. E. Perryman's Jep. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, C. H. Corbett's Glen and Flo II. Kennel, T. G. Davey; owned in Toronto, Toronto Setter Kennel Club; brace, Locksley and Canadian Lillie; dog, Locksley; in Toronto, Shot; in Canada (previous named barred), Genevieve; brood bitch, Lady Romp; in Toronto, Pearl; litter puppies, C. H. Corbett.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—No entry.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 3d, A. W. Pearsall's Jack Malone and Redstone; 2d, D. Ward's Paddy Sarsfield. Very high com., C. W. Temple's Drake and Meadowthorpe Kennel Club's Rover. High com., J. F. Quill's Shawn Rhu. Com., J. Maughan's Bang. *Bitches:* 1st, J. Douglass's Irene; 2d and very high com., A. W. Pearsall's Belle Ida and Lady Noreen; 3d, C. A. Temple's Juno. Very high com., Dr. Temple's Belle. *Puppies:* 1st, D. Ward's Bob, Brace, Jack Malone and Belle Ida. Best owned in Canada, Irene; in Toronto (2), Paddy Sarsfield. Brood bitch (2), Irene.

GORDON SETTERS—CHALLENGE—1st, Meadowthorpe Kennel Club's Belmont.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Meadowthorpe Kennel Club's Heather Harold and Roy; 3d, J. L. Campbell's Simcoe. *Bitches:* 1st, J. L. Campbell's Becky Sharp; 2d, Meadowthorpe Kennel Club's Blossom; 3d, T. P. Hebblewhite's Queen Ann. Very high com., Mount Royal Kennels' Hilda. Best, Belmont. Brace, the same and Heather Harold.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE—No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Meadowthorpe Kennel Club's Duke; 2d, W. J. Dandy's Shot L.; 3d, J. D. T. Mackie's Shot. Very high com., J. E. Robertson's Hector. *Bitches:* 1st, H. M. Kipp's Nellie. Best puppy (2) Hector.

FOXHOUNDS.—1st, W. J. Watson's Ranger; 2d, 3d and very high com., W. S. Gold's Rip Van Winkle, Ringwood and Anthony. High com. and com., T. C. Stegmann's Ned and Driver. Kennel, W. S. Gold. Puppy, J. Leslie's Nip.

BEAGLES.—1st and very high com. (3), Clark & Rutter's Jessie, Fitzhugh Lee, Cleopatra and Gypsy; 2d and 3d, W. J. Watson's Rattler and Fairmaid. Kennel, Clark & Rutter.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. J. Ross, Jr.'s Handy Andy; 2d, H. Habart's Snako. *Bitches:* 1st, A. E. Gooderham's Ochtwan Biddy; 2d, Dr. J. Ross. Jr.'s Biddy Shaughraun. Best pair (2), Handy Andy and Biddy Shaughran.

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Bate & Geddes's Boss III. *Bitches:* 1st, Bate & Geddes's Eromine; 2d, H. B. D. Bruce's Lucy II. Best, Boss III.; brace, Boss III. and Bromine.

FIELD SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Woodstock Spaniel Kennels' Kaffir; 2d, J. Scully's Sweep; 3d, P. J. Keating's Friday. Very high com., G. Evan's Bluff. *Bitches:* 1st, Woodstock Spaniel Kennels' Blackie. Best, Blackie; pair, Blackie and Kaffir.

COCKER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—1st, C. H. Nelles's Mike.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, P. G. Keyes's Obo, Jr.; 2d, H. G. Charlesworth's Black Graf; 3d, Woodland Kennels' Black Duke. Very high com., A. K. Ross's Smutt, S. R. Hemingway's Rabbi, S. W. Bunting's Pedro, and Woodstock Spaniel Kennels' Bronte. High com., Woodstock Spaniel Kennels' Troy. *Bitches:* 1st, W. G. McCullagh's Vic; 2d, A. G. Charlesworth's Madgy; 3d, Woodstock Spaniel Kennels' Yarrow. Very high com., T. J. F. Fitzsimmons's Mollie and S. R. Heminway's Miss Nance. High com., S. W. Bunting's Sheila and T. P. Hebblewhite's Veno. Com., R. E. Cooper's Fitte.—NOVICE—1st, Woodstock Spaniel Kennels' Bronte. *Puppies:* 1st, S. W. Bunting's Pedro. Kennel, H. G. Charlesworth; stud dog, Black Graf; best in open classes, Obo, Jr.

COLLIES.—CHALLENGE.—1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Scotilla.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Colonel Sept and Charleroi II.; 3d and com., McEwen & Gibson's Maxwell and Jordan. Very high com., Mrs. G. Pellet's Glenroy. High com., R. Davis's Melton Wonder and A. Burland's Bendigo. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Roslyn Clara and Spoiled Miss; 3d, McEwen & Gibson's Mermaid.—NOVICE—1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Roslyn Clara. *Puppies:* 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Colonel Scot; 2d, R. Cureston's Glen Locksie; 3d, McEwen & Gibson's Jordan. Very high com. and com., A. Burland's Driver and Turk III. Kennel, Chestnut Hill Kennels. Stud dog, Dublin Scot. Owned by member of Collie Club, Maxwell. Best, Scotilla; dog in Canada, Maxwell; bitch, Mermaid. Second best puppy, Glen Locksie.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, H. W. Huntington's Balkis.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, G. Stanton's Fleetwood; 2d, Meadowthorpe Kennel Club's Douglass Fleming; 3d and high com., G. C. Taylor's Scavenger and Milo. Very high com. and com., F. Habert's Blucher and Barnaby. High com., H. J. Thompson's Fly. *Bitches:* 1st, T. P. Hebblewhite's Spider; 2d, withheld; 3d, G. C. Taylor's Second Light. Very high com., Meadowthorpe Kennel Club's Alla-Greta. High com., F. Habert's Fly. Com., H. H. Davidson's Fly. Best, Balkis; brace, Douglass Fleming and Alla-Greta.

BULLDOGS.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, R. B. Sawyer's Lion and Portswood Tiger. *Bitches:* 1st, H. J. Leslie's Met.

BULL-TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, F. F. Dole's Don Pedro and Spotless Duke. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, F. F Dole's Starlight and White Daisy; 3d, R. Cureston's Daisy II. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, F. F. Dole's Don Pedro and Spotless Duke. Kennel, F. F. Dole; best owned in Canada, Daisy II.

FOX-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Oxford Kennels' Village Belle.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, A. Macdonald's Blemton Trump; 2d, H. P. Thompson's Zig-Zag; 3d, Mrs. J. Smith's Viper III. High com., W. Barber & Co.'s Jack and J. W. Wilson's Dudley Rant. *Bitches:* 1st, M. McPherson's Ebor Speedy; 2d and high com., H. P. Thompson's Bacchante and Elora Tatters. Very high com., F. Randall's Vic. High com., J. G. Mitchener's Carleton Vic.—NOVICE—Withheld. Very high com., Dr. W. Mills's Royal Dart. High com., W. Barber & Co.'s Jack and J. G. Mitchiner's Carleton Vic. *Puppies:* 1st, Oxford Kennels' Oxford Duke. Very high com., Mount Royal Kennels' Royal Dart.—WIRE-HAIRED—*Dogs:* 1st, Oxford Kennels' Billet; 2d, G. M. Hendrie's Eskdale Broom; 3d, F. F. Dole's Cotswold Jocko. High com., M. MacPherson's Adswood Jim II. *Bitches:* 1st, Oxford Kennels' Capsicum. Kennel, Oxford Kennel. Puppy, Oxford Duke. Pair owned in Canada, Billet and Capsicum. Bitch in novice class, Royal Dart. Best owned in Toronto, Blemton Trump.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, withheld; 2d, A. F. Jones's Sentinel II. *Bitches:* 1st, W. J. Watson's Zulu II. Best, Zulu II.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—1st, J. Hackett's Dolly; equal 2d, Meadowthorpe Kennel Club's Fairy and J. F. Campbell's Minnie. Very high com., J. F. Campbell's Sweep. Best owned in Canada, Dolly.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—1st, Meadowthorpe Kennel Club's Donald; 2d, J. C. Morgan's Dundee. Best owned in Canada, Dundee.

IRISH TERRIERS.—1st, withheld, 2d and special, J. B. Boomer's Chummey.

DANDIE DINMONTS.—1st and special, Meadowthorpe's Kennel Club's Reiver.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—1st and special, F. F. Dole's Kaiser; 2d, Rochelle Kennels' Rochelle Lass; 3d, J. F. Campbell's Desdemona.

TOY TERRIERS—SMOOTH—1st, withheld; 2d and special, J. Mills's Daisy Beali. High com., Miss Carrie Habart's Charie and J. Kennedy's Tim.—ROUGH—1st, withheld; 2d and special and high com., W. R. Bingham's Boozer and Fairy.

TOY SPANIELS.—1st and special, A. Triblecock's unnamed; 2d, J. Yorke's Topsey.

PUGS.—1st, T. P. Hebblewhite's Midget; 2d, Miss K. H. Bell's Stingo; 3d, C. P. Reid's Judy. High com., Kitty V. Fustbrook's Okeechobee and C. H. A. Lee's Patsy. Brood bitch, Midget. Puppy, Stingo.

FOREIGN BREEDS.—1st, withheld; equal 2d, Mr. Irwin's Patrick, H. Piper's Met-La-Katla and C. Cluthie's Bismark.

MISCELLANEOUS.—1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' smooth collie Lady Bird; 2d and special, Meadowthorpe Kennel Club's retriever Black Diamond; 3d, J. F. Scholes's white English terrier Snow Flake.

M.

ELMIRA DOG SHOW.

[*Special Report.*]

ELMIRA, Sept. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The dog show held here the past week has been quite an attractive feature of the fair. This is the first show of the Pet Stock Association and the managers have labored under many disadvantages as none of them were posted as to what it was necessary to do to insure success. As a natural consequence things were somewhat mixed. Uncle Dick worked like a beaver to straighten matters and did so to a certain extent, but one man cannot do all the work even for a small show. The experience gained this year will undoubtedly be utilized in giving us a much better show next year. Mr. John Davidson judged pointers and setters and Mr. H. W. Lacy the remaining classes. The judging was not finished until late on Wednesday as Mr. Davidson did not arrive until the afternoon of that day. I was unable to procure a catalogue until yesterday. There were 138 entries with 11 absentees. Many of the breeds had but one or two representatives, but although the classes were small the quality was very good in most of them. Following is a list of the

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—*Dogs:* 1st, F. P. Kirby's Dan; 2d, G. M. Diven's Derbyshire Lad; 3d, C. A. White's Turk. *Bitches:* Absent.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—*Dogs:* 1st, J. Marshall's Tantalon. *Bitches:* No entry.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, J. Marshall's Prince George; 2d, H. Hartman's Rover.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Memnon. *Bitches:* 1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Harmony.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Hazelhurst; 2d, M. G. Casey's Hindoo *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Lady Olivia and Fannie M.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, 2d and very high com., Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Spy, Leon and Yoland. Very high com., E. S. Vanderburgh's Tourist. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Queen Vic and Kaoka.

FOXHOUNDS.—1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Pride of Hornell; 2d, 3d, high com. and com., T. McCann's Jack, Driver, Sing and Duke. Very high com., A. J. Mathews's Gabe.

POINTERS.—LARGE—*Dogs:* 1st, J. M. Barney's Tom Pinch; 2d, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Sam; 3d, Dr. Dixon's Ike. Very high com., G. F. Gray's Prince Bang. High com., W. J. Spafford's Lad. *Bitches:* 1st, J. M. Barney's Lady Pinch; 2d, W. Barnes' Devonshire Countess; 3d, J. E. Gill's Don's Doi. SMALL—*Dogs:* 1st, A. Marshall's Forest King; 2d, E. C. Mann's Neb B. *Bitches:* 1st, B. F. Lewis's Venice; 2d, T. M. Barney's Galatea; 3d G. C. McNett's Nadja. *Puppies:* 1st and 3d, E. L. Risley's unnamed, 2d and high com., F. Smith's Don and Rock.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. J. Snellenburg's Count Henricks. *Bitches:* Absent.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, E. W. Clark, Jr.'s Blarney. *Bitches:* 1st, C. T. Thompson's Mollie Bawn.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, W. C. Hudson's Kenmore; 2d, E. Maher's Larry S.; 3d, M. Flynn, Jr.'s O'Donovan Rossa. *Bitches:* 1st, J. F. Wolf, Jr.'s Aileen Aroon; 2d, W. C. Hudson's Cora B.; 3d, H. G. Bryan's Chipeta. Very high com., J. Gallagher's Peggy. High com., F. P. Kirby's Nell Gwynne. Com., M. Flynn, Jr.'s Sedan.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, W. C. Hudson's Rossmore. *Bitches:* 1st, W. C. Hudson's Lady; 2d, M. Flynn, Jr.'s Kitty Glendyne; 3d, Bowman & Thornton's Quail.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, S. G. Dixon's Little Boy. *Bitches:* 1st, Tioga Kennels' Vic.—OPEN—*Dogs:* No entry. *Bitches:* 1st, W. A. Mitchell's Vic II.; 2d, F. P. Kirby's Daisy.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Capt. Muldoon.

COCKER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Hornell Silk.—BLACK—*Dogs:* 1st, G. Bell's Second Obo. *Bitches:* 1st, Lake Shore Kennels' Bone Silk; 2d, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Hornell Martha; 3d, G. Bell's Lady of Lyons. *Puppies:* 1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Hornell Lady.—ANY OTHER COLOR—1st and 3d, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Hornell Dick and Hornell Fancy; 2d, W. Barnes' Red Doc. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Bend Or and Little Tycoon.

BEAGLES.—CHALLENGE—1st, W. D. Hughes's Lou; Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Myrtle.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Royal Krueger and Uncle Dick II. *Bitches:* 1st, 3d and com., Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Una, Yonnie W. and Frissa W.; 2d, Clark & Rutter's Molly.

COLLIES.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Jas. Watson's Clipper. *Bitches:* 1st, W. D. Hughes' Bonnie Brae.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Roslyn Sensation; 2d, H. W. Harding's Bonnie Scott; 3d, W. D. Hughes' Nullamore. High com., L. Bacorne's Tom. Com., H. H. York's Laddie.

BULLDOGS.—Withheld.

BULL-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, F. F. Dole's Trentham Baron.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, W. F. Hobbie's Spotless Prince; 2d and 3d, F. F. Dole's Hinks and Rockey. *Bitches:* 1st, W. F. Hobbie's Enterprise; 2d, F. F. Dole's Lady Melville; 3d, F. P. Kirby's Nell

FOX-TERRIERS.—*Dogs and bitches:* No entries.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, E. L. Vanderburgh's Bob White and Ketch. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, E. L. Vanderburgh's Romp and Fanchon.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—1st, Rochelle Kennels' Meersbrook Maiden.

SKYE TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, W. H. York's Prince Victor. *Bitches:* 1st, F. Kirby's Lady Maud.

IRISH TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Winslow & Lewis's Burnside. *Bitches:* Absent.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—1st, J. Cumming's Dandy; 2d, J Marshall's Marquis.

TOY TERRIERS.—1st, M. D. Reid's Flossie.

PUGS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Bessie.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Bob Ivy and Othello; 3d, F. P. Kirby's Frankie. *Bitches:* 1st, G. W. Fisher's Tra-la-la; 2d, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Ino.

BLENHEIM SPANIELS.—1st, M. Dallett's Little Banjo.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—1st, F. P. Kirby's Daisy.

MISCELLANEOUS.—LARGE—Equal 1st, F. P. Kirby's Nero and Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Hornell Rover.—SMALL—1st, J. E. Reade's Sport; 2d, Miss Lucas's Dash.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Largest entry, 1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels; 2d, F. P. Kirby; handler of largest number, 1st, J. Stout 2d, B. F. Lewis; four working spaniels, Hornell-Harmony Kennels; pair greyhounds, the same; beagles, the same; beagle stud dog, Royal Krueger.

S.

AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB MEETING.

THE regular quarterly meeting of the American Kennel Club was held at 44 Broadway, New York, Sept. 19. Following is a list of the members present: Associate members: Dr. J. F. Perry and Mr. H. W. Huntington. Cincinnati Sportsman's Club, Mr. J. T. Richards; Collie Club, Mr. T. H. Terry; Long Island Live Stock Fair Association, Mr. T. Prime; Michigan Kennel Club, Major J. M. Taylor; New England Kennel Club, Mr. F. B. Fay; American English Beagle Club, Mr. H. F. Schellhass; New Jersey Kennel Club, Mr. A. C. Wilmerding; Westminster Kennel Club, Mr. F. R. Hitchcock; American Spaniel Club, Mr. James Watson; St. Bernard Club, Mr. S. B. Macfarlane; Virginia Field Sports Association, Hon. John S. Wise; Mascoutah Kennel Club, Mr. James Mortimer; St. Paul and Minnesota Kennel Club, Mr. A. D. Lewis; Southern Field Trial Club, Mr. J. L. Anthony.

The meeting was called to order at 1:30, Mr. Thomas H. Terry, the vice-president, in the chair. Minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved. Applications for membership were read from the American Spaniel Club and the American Pet Dog Club. The report of the secretary was accepted and ordered laid on the table. The president, Mr. Belmont, now took the chair. The treasurer's report was read and adopted. The report showed a cash balance on hand of $829 07, and a further balance due on the books of $534. The receipts from all sources for the year are $6,002.81; expenditures $5,173.74. The report of the Advisory Committee was adopted and approved, as was the report of the Stud Book Committee.

Members were elected as follows: American Spaniel Club, Elmira Poultry and Pet Stock Association, Southern California Kennel Club, and Montana Kennel Club. It was voted not to recognize the wins at the recent show of the Southern California Club held at Los Angeles, Cal., owing to non-compliance with the rules. The application of the Brooklyn Kennel Club was refused. The application of the American Pet Dog Club was referred to the Advisory Committee. It appeared to be the sense of the meeting that the Pet Dog Club should not include in its list breeds that are already taken care of by specialist clubs. The application of the California Kennel Club was laid over until the advisability of admitting two members from the same city could be determined.

The secretary read complaint that some of the prizes at the Albany show had not been paid. The matter was referred to the Advisory Committee. Messrs. Poyneer and Smith, of Malvern, Ia., requested the club to adopt the standard reported by the committee for the Chesapeake Bay dog. A long discussion followed as to the propriety of the club taking such action, and it appeared to be the sense of the meeting that this was a matter that should be attended to by the breeders and owners of the different breeds through the specialty clubs, and it was voted that the club recommend that the standard in question be used by bench shows until such time as a special club for that breed be formed.

Mr. R. Leslie gave notice of a proposed amendment to Rule IX., making it necessary that a veterinary should be approved by a committee of three before he can serve at a show. Dr. Perry gave notice of a proposed amendment to Rule XXVIII., making it the duty of dog show secretaries to forward to the secretary of the A. K. C. a report by the judges at each show. Both of the above were laid over under the rules. The Richmond County Poultry and Pet Stock Association gave notice that the name had been changed to the Georgia Pet Stock and Bench Show Association, and requested that the A. K. C. recognize the change, and it was so voted.

A letter was received from Mr. Amory B. Starr, president of the Texas Field Trial Club, requesting that wins at field trials be allowed to count as well as bench show wins as a qualification for registry in the Stud Book. Referred to the Stud Book Committee. Mr. A. Laidlaw preferred charges against Mr. H. P. Rennie, of Oakland, Cal., stating that he had not paid for the spaniels Giffee and Woodstock Belle, and requesting that he and the dogs be disqualified. Referred to the Advisory Committee. Dr. H. T. Foote requested that the wins of his black and tan terriers Meersbrook Maiden and Meersbrook Girl be recognized. After some discussion it was voted that the Stud Book Committee be instructed to place the record in the next volume of the Stud Book.

A letter from Mr. Elliot Smith was read, in which he suggested that as the rules of the different bench shows were not uniform, they should be changed. Upon motion Messrs. Hitchcock, Terry and Lewis were appointed a committee to codify the rules as suggested. A letter was read from Mr. C. J. Peshall, stating that the minutes of the July meeting were incorrect in saying that he moved a vote of thanks to the president for his offer to guarantee the *Gazette* against loss, and that the motion was made by Mr. Terry. Letter placed on file and claim disallowed. Mr. Huntington suggested that the delegates of the Associate Members be allowed their expenses in attending meetings of the club. Referred to the Advisory Committee. The protest against the Rochester Kennel Club was referred to the Advisory Committee. Adjourned.

FIELD TRIALS.

DO not forget that entries close next Monday, Oct. 1, for the Indiana and the Eastern field trials.

BULL-TERRIER IMPORTATION.—New Haven, Conn., Sept. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just received from England, per State of Nebraska, the celebrated bull-terrier dogs Bendigo and the undefeated Queen Bendigo. Bendigo is the sire of more prize winners than any dog living. The following are a few: Visnomy, Jubilee, Principo, Queen Bendigo, Vesper Bell, Lady Beatrice, King Patrick Cleves, Billy Fair Play, Crow Berry, Bendigo II., Excelsior, etc. Queen Bendigo has met all the best dogs and bitches in England, and has never been defeated. I have sold the well-known bull-terrier dog Trentham Baron and the bull-terrier bitch Dauntless. These dogs go to Vera Cruz, Mexico, and are for Senor Francisco Hernandez.—FRANK F. DOLE.

ST. BERNARD IMPORTATION.—Pittsburgh, Sept. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Keystone and Mascot Kennels have just received by steamer England the rough-coated St. Bernard dog Liverpool Duke. He stands full 32in. at shoulder, has a rich orange color, perfect white markings, and dark face shadings, and combines the blood of champions Beauchief and Nero III. He will stay at Keystone Kennels, Pittsburgh.—A. STUCKY.

GERMAN DOGDOM.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was once rash enough to venture within the precincts of a German dog show held by the Gifno Munnybrize Glub at Veel-under-Dün. The show was inaugurated under the special patronage of H. S. H. the Emperor of all the Germans, and was supported by 200 real live princes, 400 ditto dukes, and a list of counts that filled twenty pages of the catalogue. Resolved to luxuriate in the realms of royalty for once in my life, and to allow my dogs the privilege of receiving a princely pat, I entered them at the show, and my experiences I detail for the benefit of your readers.

My reason for recounting the thrilling incidents which happened to me is, that several people on this side are advocating at the present moment the imperative necessity of tempting one of the Kaiser's "faithful children" from his fatherland, in order to enlighten the children of liberty and freedom, with respect to the graceful proportions of the breed of dogs known as the "Deutsche Doggen," or in vulgar parlance, the great Dane. It is not my intention to inflict on my readers the pros and cons of that vital question, "Whether the English for the breed should be great Dane, boarhound, sooner, or any other title," but it will be my best endeavor to prove, by stating facts, the thorough competency of any one of the "Kaiser's children," to undertake the duties of enlightening a nation with respect to this grand and noble breed.

In May last year a friend and myself conceived the idea of taking a string of dogs to a show held in Germany, at Veel-under-Dün. On the list of judges were Princes, Counts, Dukes, a scattering of Herr Von's, and a meagre display of plain Herrs. To have our dogs handled by such distinguished officials made our plebian veins swell again and again in anticipation of future honors.

Our entries came to twenty-seven all told. They included a champion deerhound, a champion otterhound, a ditto mastiff, two bloodhounds, a champion great Dane, ditto smooth and wire fox-terrier, etc., etc., some of which we borrowed of friends, but of course we entered them in the proper owners' names.

Our route was from London, via Harwich and Antwerp, a Monday morning smiling on the commencement of our undertaking. Everything went well until half way across the German ocean, when a dense fog persistently enveloped us for several hours; this made our arrival at Antwerp late, and consequently the fat-headed driver of the van that was to convey our dogs across the city to the station, which is naturally a long way from the quay, had, with that perspicuity which so distinguishes many of his class, driven away just before our arrival, therefore we had to wait two hours at the sweet will of this sublimely uncultured and unwashed child of the soil. After nearly breaking a blood vessel in his heart-rending endeavor to prove how prostrated he was with grief at his negligence, and after giving apoplexy a chance of utterly extinguishing what was undoubtedly a noble nature, and having proved beyond a doubt that we were the two greatest men on the face of the earth, this intelligent creature rallied sufficiently to undertake the task of serving us, the delights of which had enthralled him all his life; so eventually we had the satisfaction of seeing our dogs duly ensconsed, in a special wagon, at a special charge, to be delivered at Veel-under-Dün at a special rate of speed. The hour of departure from this interesting seaport was 5 P. M. Tuesday. The understanding between Smith and myself was, as long as we were in a French-speaking country I was to enlighten its subjects as to the proper pronunciation of their language, but when we arrived on German territory he would distinguish himself by his fluency in that tongue, and as I could not speak a word of the latter this arrangement seemed feasible.

We had not got far out of Brussels before I began to have misgivings as to the genuineness of the solemn assurances given us at Antwerp that the dogs would travel by the same train we were in, and at every stop with great volubility I demonstrated my knowledge of French and the purity of my pronunciation. However, all things come to an end; at 10 that night my career as a linguist had terminated, and it was Smith's turn to pour forth his rich mine of knowledge, for at Aix la Chapelle we had arrived on German territory, and here it was where he could utterly eclipse all my previous efforts.

Out he jumped, his breast swelling with self-conscious superiority, raised his hat to the station master, and addressed him in these words, the meaning of which I have never yet been able to have interpreted, "Das Hunden-Wagon; das Hunden." The station master smiled pleasantly and in a confident tone replied, "Yah, yah; yah, yah." "All right, old man," says Smith, "the dogs are on the same train." But as "yah" repeated four times didn't seem to me to have sufficient variety to mean that the dogs were all right, etc., I went to look for myself; but there they were. So I came to the conclusion that I at least knew one sentence in German, and that was that "yah" repeated four times had reference to dogs in a train, etc. When at Cologne, and subsequently Mayence, Smith repeated the same mystic words and "yah" multiplied four times was always the response. I was then confident I could add German to my many other accomplishments; but at 6 Wednesday morning my power as a German linguist and Smith's evident control of the language received a body blow, for at this hour we arrived at Veel-under-Dün, and evidently minus our dogs. Then it was I discovered the extent of Smith's fluency by the rapid and unvaried way in which he thrust "Das Hunden-Wagon" upon the unhappy head of the station master, who could only repeat "yah, yah," which revealed to me the fact that Smith, as a linguist, was a most untarnished fraud, and that anything a German did not understand was answered by "yah, yah" out of politeness.

Well, here was a pretty kettle of fish; the dogs had had nothing to eat since Tuesday midday, and this was Wednesday dawning upon us, and all we could gather about them, was "Yah, yah;" so, much to Smith's disgust and annoyance, I engaged an interpreter to get at the bottom of things as soon as possible. He gathered the interesting fact that the station master knew nothing about the dogs, what route they would come, where they were likely to be, or anything else; the only thing he was confident about was, that no dogs would come to that station, but would be sure to arrive at another, about two miles off. Here we comforted ourselves by learning that they certainly would not come there, but to another station only two miles further away. Thither we went, only to receive the respectful assurance of its station master, that no dogs could possibly arrive there, but would without doubt arrive at the one we had come from. Well, to cut a long story short, all Wednesday was spent in telegraphing to every important station in Germany, Belgium and Holland, but not a trace could we get of the dogs, and as judging commenced at 7 Thursday morning, and the poor beggars were still at the mercy of some frivolous son of the Fatherland or other, Smith and myself began to have a gulpy feeling in the throat, as we thought of a favorite locked in his box, perhaps dying from suffocation or thirst. Never again do I want to go through what I did that Wednesday, and especially during the night; but what joy it was, when at 6, Thursday morning we were unfastening the boxes, and fondling each dog as he came jumping out. At last our continual traverse of the equilateral triangle formed by the three stations was at an end, and our long anticipated enjoyment of princely association was to be realized, so with glad hearts and happy thoughts we attended to our dogs' wants, and spruced them up for their coming contests.

The ordinary details of the show were excellent, Spratts doing the benching and feeding, and everything else being carried out on an elaborate scale. There were spaciously fenced in judging rings, which, by the by, had a notice posted up that owners wishing to use them for their dogs could do so on payment of a certain sum, which imposition was judiciously not enforced, and everything conducive to the comfort of the dogs had evidently been made a study. The number of entries were, I believe, in excess of any previous show in Germany, and "specialist" judges had been engaged; real live, full-blown soldiers were for the nonce engaged in looking after the dogs' instead of their country, an occupation they apparently relished after the monotony of garrison life. Away at some distance from the spacious building was a large artistically arranged stand, in which one of the military bands performed that music for which the country is so noted; in fact, everything was on a gorgeous scale, even to the ponderous badges which each official conspicuously exposed to the admiring gaze of the crowd.

But, although everything connected with this great exhibition was on so lavish a scale, all paled at the imposing demeanor of the judges, as they walked with dignified and self-conscious air into the different rings. Never shall I forget the reverence and awe with which they inspired me; had I been in the presence of some great tribunal, its effect could not have been more complete. These men were judges, judges which until then had been but an indistinct flicker of my imagination; judges whose glance should have rendered immortal every dog on whom it fell; judges whose slightest commendation should perpetuate forever and ever the image of that dog who was the lucky recipient. Such were the impressions that passed through my mind as I felt the influence of these grandiose airs.

An otter hound, considered in England the best of its variety, was the first to share with me this trying ordeal, and may such an experience, as was this my novitiate, never fall to the lot of any reader of these lines; for having accustomed myself to the great atmospheric oppressiveness, over which three of these inspiring individuals reigned supreme; cold-blooded reality revealed to me the fact they, one and all, were intently studying the records of each dog as laid down in the catalogue. Yes, these unapproachable arbiters of dogs' destinies were determining their fate by a previous list of wins. Talk about the thunderbolt on Brooklyn's balmy heights, not even that could produce such a shock as did this exposure of utter incompetency on the part of these sumptuously decorated officials. Defeat seemed certain from a long-bodied, hollow-backed thing, that I discovered had never been beaten in this land of a paternal king, and all its population, "his children." A bold stroke was necessary, and having fortunately discovered the only committeeman who appeared to me to understand the language of this country, I divulged to him, as a deep secret, the fact that my dog was considered in England the best ever seen. Such a secret was a great deal too burdensome to confide to a not over-strong but highly over-strung nature, and consequently he gave it away to one of the impostors, who in turn transferred it to his fellow participators in the attitudinizing line. Therefore, Q. E. D., as Euclid would say, these benefactors to the canine concluded, after inflicting my hound and his hollow-backed opponent with an hour of ostentatious officiousness, garnished with an active display of incessant jabbering, much sapient shaking of heads, and other details so esssential a part of the duties of an official judge, that my dog, after a contest which for closeness was unparalleled, was the hundredth part of an inch longer in ear than his opponent, and on this superiority they awarded him the prize. So ended my first experience of a German as a judge of dogs.

As the day progressed many and varied were the antics which the other exhibitors and myself were called upon to witness. Smith, whose first exhibit was a Newfoundland, had not fared so well as I; although Lion was a real good typical dog, with a proper flat coat, he had only succeeded in getting vhc. to a pack of curly-coated brutes, whose sole claim to the breed was their color. He, unfortunately, had discovered the *modus operandi* too late, and had to defer proclaiming the many prizes his dogs had won until another opportunity occurred; but poor Smith had not long to wait, for he was showing one of the national dogs, the "Deutsche Doggen," or great Danes. This breed being judged by three professed specialists this time, there was no timid hesitancy in telling *the* professed specialist of the three p. s.; how she had always been considered *the* speciman of all others in England. Result, ecstatic rhapsodies on the professed specialists' part in behalf "de most beautifullest Deutsche Doggen as had ever was;" but when the crucial point arrived, "de most beautifullest," etc., was only awarded second to "de most miserablest, light-boned, skimped-up blue devil as ever was." The explanation was that the disgrace would be too much for a great Dane to come from England and beat all the specimens on their own soil. This may seem the wild, acrid statement of a prejudiced mind, but I respectfully beg to correct any such erroneous idea, for it is nothing but the plain unadorned truth. Had another, that was led by a private soldier in the guise of a keeper, been placed first, then one could have excused any previous discrepancies, as she was really better than the one Smith was showing, but as she had never been exhibited before, there was unfortunately no string of wins attached to her name, and as an ordinary attendant led her in the ring, the three pretenders had no line whatever, except their own fathomless discernment, to go on with, which f. d. determined that she was worthy of a commendation; but I noticed that after a good offer for this commended specimen of "Deutsche Doggen" had come from England, she carried all before her, and beat those, that until this English offer came, had beaten her.

Another little incident, and I am through. Smith was awarded second in another breed, with a bitch who was a champion and at the top of the tree; on remonstrating about the decision, the judge informed him that on no consideration would he put a bitch over a dog; consequently he awarded the best dog first. This was the culminating blow to an already long list of misadventures, and as Smith falls lifeless in my arms, let a thin gauze of hazy indistinctness fall o'er the scenes of my first, and if the Lord be merciful, my last, experience of the German as a judge of dogs.

BRITTLE.

CENTRAL CLUB'S FREE-FOR-ALL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Our club has decided to give an additional stake, which will be known as the "Free-for-All Stake," open to all pointers and setters without regard to previous winnings. There will be but one money ($1,000) to winner, no second or third place, $50 forfeit, $50 additional to fill. Entries for this stake will close Nov. 1. Pointers and setters will be drawn together, not separately, as in the All-Aged Stake. The Free-for-All State will be run at Lexington, N. C., and will be started within three days after the running of the All-Aged Stake is completed. We will issue separate entry blanks for the Free-for-All Stake, and trust that none of our patrons will confound this stake with our All-Aged Stake, which closes Oct. 12, in which setters will be run by themselves and the pointers by themselves. Forfeit money must accompany the entry and the additional money to fill must be paid when the drawing takes place the night before the race is started. The published rules of the Central Field Trial Club will govern this race, except that each heat will be exactly four hours, neither more nor less. There will be no preliminary series, but the winner and loser of each heat will be declared in the first series. For entry blank and other information our patrons will kindly apply to

CENTRAL FIELD TRIAL CLUB,
C. H. ODELL, Sec'y and Treas., Mills Building, N. Y.

DOG TALK.

DR. WILLIAM A. HAMMOND asserts that there is on record no authenticated case of a cure of hydrophobia; but probably Dr. Hammond never heard of Mr. G. L. Brown, of 285 Devonshire street, Boston, and his pills. The pills are warranted to cure, nay, have cured, the most aggravated cases of sure-enough hydrophobia. They are compounded by a secret formula, bought of a Maryland man who said his grandfather gave $1,000 for it. Mr. Brown, having secured the recipe, now turns out the pills himself and recommends every dog owner to have them in the house. He charges $1 a piece for them, but they are "large pills," so the price is not out of proportion. Mr. Brown sets forth that his main purpose is to benefit his fellow men by selling them hydrophobia pills; if he is really hungering after fame as a philanthropist we advise him to send his pill secret to us for publication. If hydrophobia pills are to be consumed in large quantities by an appreciative and grateful public the $1 tax must be taken off, for most people are stupid enough to fool with biting dogs, and never a pill in their pockets.

Mr. J. C. Anderson, of Chattanooga, Tenn., has received from the kennel of Mr. S. W. Smith, Leeds, Eng., two St. Bernards that will undoubtedly prove a great acquisition not only to their owner, but to the breeders in his vicinity. Prince Regent (formerly Don of Leeds) is a large dog of good color and markings. He stands nearly 35in. at the shoulder and weighs in poor condition about 180lbs. He was whelped in February, 1887, and is by Plinlimmon and out of Smith's Miss Meg. Commodore Valentine, the other one, is not yet mature; he is very promising. He was whelped May 28, 1888, and is by Plinlimmon and out of Lady Adelaide.

Mr. Hough sends us this from Chicago: "The intelligent telegraph editor of the daily press has been once more getting in his work in the matter of field sports. I note that the dispatches in one of our big dailies here show the results of the recent 'rabbit-chasing contests' of the N. C. A. at Louisville, and mention among other things the fact that 'Landrun's blue and white dog Count ran with Abye.' I think this is the same old Abye that I have met while trying to send a telegraphic report of a coursing meet to the Associated Press. The intelligent telegraph editor knows more about a left-hand biff than he does about a bye-dog."

Two correspondents sign their names to a note sent to *Land and Water*, recording that a sportsman, who was out shooting with a favorite black retriever, in the act of firing at a rabbit, accidentally shot the dog. Seeing that the dog was wounded, he was too overcome for a moment to go and see what damage he had done. Before he had recovered himself the dog came to him retrieving his own tail, which had been shot clean off, and laid it at his master's feet.

Entries for the Danbury dog show close on Saturday. Although the fair is held during the whole of the week, the dog department will be run only from Wednesday morning until Saturday at 10 o'clock A. M. The judges are Mr. E. S. Porter, New Haven, Conn., and Mr. James Watson, Philadelphia. The address of the secretary is B. C. Lyons, Danbury, Conn.

The first annual dog show of the Georgia Pet Stock and Bench Show Association will be held at Augusta, Ga., Jan. 13 to 18. The management announce that a liberal premium list will be issued. Mr. John Davidson will judge all classes. Mr. A. H. Vonderleith, Augusta, Ga., is the secretary.

The report of the annual meeting of the Canadian Kennel Club is unavoidably crowded out this week.

DEATH OF OTHO.—Arlington, N. J., Sept. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Champion Otho died on the 19th from disease of the kidneys. He was born in August, 1882, was bred by Mr. F. W. Rothera, Simcoe, Ont., and was by Rollo out of champion Lady Abbess. He was well known all over the country for his magnificent head and front. We miss him as much as if he had been a member of our family. Will there ever be another St. Bernard raised in this country with a model head like Otho's?—K. E. HOPF.

KENNEL NOTES.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Yellow River Joe. By L. K. Avery, Bremen, Ind., for black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped June 6, 1884, by Mark Anthony (imported Major—Diana) out of Flora (imported Ringwood—Juliet).

Yellow River Music. By L. K. Avery, Bremen, Ind., for black and white beagle bitch, whelped July 17, 1886, by Goodwood Rattler (A.K.R. 8812) out of Goodwood Music (A.K.R. 9311).

Lord Chandler, Lord Elesmere, Parone, Virgie E. and Lulu Lee. By Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., for silver fawn pugs, three dogs and two bitches, whelped Sept. 1, 1889, by Joe II. (champion Joe—Maudie) out of East Lake Virgie (champion Bradford Ruby—Puss B.).

Dido II. By Joseph Hayes, Manchester, N. H., for red Irish setter bitch, whelped July 1, 1887, by Suil-a-Mor (Claremont—Dido) out of Nora (Cigar—Belle).

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Hilda—Gruss Bajard. T. N. Vail's (Roxbury, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Hilda to American Kennels' Grus Bayard, Aug. 24.

Knight's Belle—Monk of Furness. Elms Kennels' (Forest Lake, Minn.) English setter bitch Knight's Belle to P. H. Gotzian's Monk of Furness, Sept. 8.

Spunkey—Little Red Rover. Theo. J. Hook's (Rome, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Spunkey (A.K.R. 6572) to his champion Little Red Rover (champion Obo II.—Woodstock Dinah), July 8.

Walkill Bess—Little Red Rover. F. P. Servey's (Rome, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Walkill Bess (Walkill Silk—Walkill Blanche) to Theo. J. Hook's champion Little Red Rover (champion Obo II.—Woodstock Dinah), Sept. 6.

New Forest Russet—Tenbroeck. T. J. Tyrell's (Philadelphia, Pa.) fox-terrier bitch New Forest Russet (New Forest Rustic—Gay) to W. T. McAlees's Tenbroeck (Ruby Mixer—Temptation), Sept. 15.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Fly. E. F. Vacheron's (Woodhaven, L. I.) greyhound bitch Fly (George Washington—Louisette). Aug. 14, eight (three dogs), by H. W. Huntington's champion Balkis (Clyto—Primrose).

Miss Pug. Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Miss Pug, Aug. 3, five (three dogs), by their Bradford Ruby II. (champion Bradford Ruby—Puss B.).

Miss Topsy. Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Miss Topsy, Aug. 23, four (two dogs), by their Douglass II. (Douglass I.—Juue).

Pandora. John Rogge's (New York) English setter bitch Pandora (A.K.R. 2425), May 21, four (three dogs), by Rock Belton (Yale Belton—Princess Lilly).

Spunkey. Theo. J. Hook's (Rome, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Spunkey (A.K.R. 6572), Sept. 12, seven dogs, by his champion Little Red Rover (champion Obo II.—Woodstock Dinah); one red.

Goldsmith Venus. A. M. Goldsmith's (Chicago, Ill.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Goldsmith Venus (Bradford Harry—Biddy), Aug. 21, two bitches, by P. H. Coombs's Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beal's Lady); both since dead.

PRESENTATIONS.

Pandora. Blue belton English setter bitch, whelped July 25, 1884, by Don Juan out of Petrel III., by C. H. McIlwain, Trenton, N. J., to John Rogge, New York.

Rock Belton—Pandora whelps. Black, white and tan English setters, whelped May 21, 1889, by John Rogge, New York, a dog to Dr. C. H. McIlwaine, Trenton, N. J., and a bitch to Dr. Bathgate, Morrisania, N. Y.

Rifle and Trap Shooting

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE INTER-STATE MATCH WRANGLE.

SOME very reckless statements have been put in print by members of the Pennsylvania team since they went away from Creedmoor without the possession of the Hilton trophy which they had virtually won but from which they were technically though justly shut out.

Gen. Robbins, though brusque and inclined to be a martinet in matters military, is a capital shot and has the interests of rifle shooting and Creedmoor thoroughly at heart. For those who know him best many of the assertions set afloat appear supersensitive. The history of the match is a very simple one. There was a great desire on all sides to win the trophy. The "world beaters" were there from Massachusetts with their record of the season to round out in another victory. The New York team were at home and were specially anxious in view of criticisms to the manner of selections of the team to score a win, and finally the Pennsylvanians had come over from their Gretna range ready and confident to beat the crack team from down East. There was much challenging all day and the visitors cannot say that they were not given all their rights in the way of having their challenges considered and in the majority of cases sustained. Had they been denied their rights as competitors, they had and have the privilege for appeal to the directors of the N. R. A., and this appeal will hold just as good at the point of time as any other. If the visitors had not the time properly theirs to finish the match under the conditions, they have the right of appeal. That no such appeal has been made is the very best proof to any outside unbiassed observer that they have no proper ground for one.

Gen. Robbins, when talked to on the matter, reviewed the history of the day very fully and said:

"It was agreed that a minute a shot should be allowed the competing teams. At 200yds. we shot the Inter-State and Hilton trophy matches in conjunction. Two targets were assigned to each team, which gave us 17 shots to be fired by 6 men, or 102 in the aggregate. The 2 hours from 10 to 12 really allowed 1 minute and 42 seconds per shot. The match was begun at 10:15. New York had two protested shots, for which 2 minutes and the other 3 minutes were allowed. Massachusetts and Pennsylvania each protested one shot, thereby gaining an allowance of 3 minutes. In addition to this it was found necessary to provide a further allowance of 15 minutes for retouching the targets in consequence of the rain. This would have required that New York should have finished at 12:35 and Massachusetts at 12:33, respectively. As a matter of fact, New York completed its off-shoulder score at 12:18 and Massachusetts and Pennsylvania at 12:10. In the afternoon pool targets were opened at 1 o'clock on the understanding that they were to be closed at 1:45. It was proposed to begin shooting the second stage of the matches at 2 o'clock. Col. Rockwell came to me and wanted to know if the time of opening could not be advanced. I was willing to accommodate him, and as a result shooting at 500yds. began at 1:38 instead of 2 o'clock. We thus gained 2 minutes. I had informed the captains of the contesting teams that 3 hours would be allowed for the firing of the 144 shots on each target. This arrangement would have necessitated the closing of the matches at 4:58. Ten minutes were, however allowed for changing distances between 500 and 600yds. New York finished its team score at 5:05. Massachusetts at the expiration of the time limit had one and Pennsylvania two shots to fire. Promptly at 5:08 I directed the horn to be sounded. At that time I had no knowledge whatever as to how the scores stood, as has been my invariable custom."

Secretary Shepherd of the Association, who was a member of the defeated New York team, spoke both as a competitor and an officer of the Association and said: "General Robbins is as fair and honorable a man as ever lived. He was the executive officer in charge of the match, and as Inspector-General of this State he was the captain of the New York team, but he would not give a wrong decision even if the fate of the trophy depended upon it. As for shutting out the Pennsylvania team before they had finished, the captain of that team told his men that it served them right. In 1885 General Robbins, at the demand of the Pennsylvania men, gave the order to cease firing when the New Yorks had still nine shots, giving the Pennsylvania team the place that the New Yorks would probably have otherwise had. The markers could not possibly have known which target the New York team was firing at. General Robbins has been at Creedmoor a number of years, and has always given perfect satisfaction.

"There is no foundation for the charges of unfairness, however. We generally get our markers from Willet's Point. They are men who are in the employ of the United States, and are thoroughly competent. They were in the pits some time before we tossed up for targets. Of course they might have found out during the match what targets our team was on, but that would have made no difference to them. One of the Pennsylvania team watched with a glass the result of the firing of our men. He challenged the mark for one of the shots on the 200yds. range, and General Robbins sent a Massachusetts man, together with a representative of the Philadelphia team and the superintendent of the rifle range, down to the target, and they sustained the challenge. A second was given perfect satisfaction, but a third challenge resulted in favor of our team. There was much challenging all day, and the decisions as a whole were rather in favor of the Pennsylvanians."

George S. Scott, of the New York team, said; "There is no doubt the Pennsylvanians would have won the match if they had finished their firing, but they can only blame themselves. They should have finished as soon as the other teams did. When the Massachusetts men went down to Creedmoor they were glad that General Robbins was in charge, as they had every confidence in him, knowing that he was fair and competent. General Robbins hurried us up toward the last. I was one of the last two men to shoot. One of us was loading while the other was firing, and the consequence was we made the poorest record made by any of our team on that target. We did not have time to blow out our guns to keep them in condition. If the other teams had done the same thing they would have finished as soon as we did. The order to cease firing was not given, however, as soon as we were done, but several minutes after we had stopped. General Robbins was undoubtedly fair and honest in all his decisions, and there are no grounds at all for complaint."

The following pair of letters from Pennsylvanians who were present, connected with the fight, tell their side of the unfortunate wrangle:

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your editorial in regard to the Creedmoor meeting as to time limit I partly agree, but no match is finished until the last shot is fired. If Gen. Robbins had stopped all shooting at 5 P. M. then there would be no cause for complaint, and on behalf of all the captains of the teams to had continued to a finish (as has been the practice heretofore) everything would have been satisfactory; but no, he allowed the New York team to finish, and it took until after 5 o'clock to do so, showing very clearly that knowing the New York team to be in the lead from 500yds., by shutting out the Massachusetts and Pennsylvania teams they would win, but he overstepped the mark and was left. I inclose you an open letter to Col. L. A. Watres, from our supervisor of the New York team.—
JOHN J. MOUNTJOY.

NEW YORK, Sept. 15.

Col. L. A. Watres, Inspector General of Rifle Practice, N. G. P.:

COLONEL—I desire to make you a personal report of the manner in which the Pennsylvania State rifle team has been treated at Creedmoor, as well as to show you (conclusively, if I can) that General Robbins was extremely partial to the New York State team, and by his sharp practice expected to win the Hilton trophy match for that State.

It will take considerable space to give you the matter in detail, but I very much desire that you should understand it in every detail, and therefore I take the time to give it to you, as follows: On the morning of the match I was detailed with glass and score card to keep the records and watch the shots as they were fired upon the two targets by the New York State team.

From the manner of marking the shots that were close to the line, I am convinced that the markers in the pits knew they were marking for the New York team, and from the manner of decisions of General Robbins on contested shots, I am almost sure that he knew it. I instance the following: At 200yds. in the Hilton trophy match, Underwood, in his sixth shot, made a close four at 1 o'clock, and it was so spotted by myself and the captain of the New York team, and so marked by the marker in the pit. After marking the shot, and before another shot had been fired, he (the marker) again raised the trap and marked a bullseye over at 10 o'clock, and the man Underwood then claimed the last mark on a bullseye, which I challenged. Gen. Robbins was appealed to, and he decided without investigation that it was a bullseye, although the captain of the team, who saw the shot made, refused to say it was other than a four at 1 o'clock.

The next challenge I made was on the fourth shot at 200yds., Hilton-Brohm match, made by Major Gaus, which was marked an eye. My challenge was sustained after a visit to the target, and he was given a four (4). The next challenge was on the fourth shot, by Elliott, same match and same distance, for which was marked an eye, and my challenge reduced it to a (4). The next challenge was on the sixth shot, by Stein, for which he was marked an eye, and my challenge reduced it to a (4), thus securing a reduction of three points at this distance in this match. Just the number we are credited with beating them.

In the Inter-State match at 500yds. the same thing was attempted, and at the third shot for Hamilton a 4 was marked which was at least 3in. outside of the 3-line at 10 o'clock. My challenger made it a 3 without investigation, Gen. Robbins being at the time lying down beside Hamilton coaching him. At my challenging the shot he simply turned to the captain of the team, who also had a glass, and asked, "How about that, captain?" The captain answered, "Call it a three." Gen. Robbins then said, without further investigation, to mark it so, which we did. An exactly similar occurrence happened when Major Gaus fired his eighth shot in this same match and was allowed as before, with this additional remark by Gen. Robbins, "Captain, I would sustain that challenge and investigate it, but it would take up more time than the point is worth, and it is time we are watching."

All this to show you that the markers were giving the New York team every point they could and trusting that they would not be challenged. No such marking was done on any other targets, and I do not believe any one made a single challenge during the entire matches but myself. Gen. Robbins personally coached Hamilton and Stokes, of the New York team, at both 500 and 600 yards. At 17 minutes before the matches were stopped Gen. Robbins called to him the two officers who were coaching at the two firing points of the New York team, and in a low voice said: "Now! you must hurry your firing. You have only 17 minutes to get through, and I am going to call the matches off when the time is up." The officers immediately returned to their firing points and the firing was so rapid after that so that I could not get the shots on the targets as they were fired.

I called Lieut. Newton, of our team, and gave him the information I had overheard, and he immediately went back to the Pennsylvania team's firing point and gave the information.

At 12 minutes before, and also at 5 minutes before the closing of the match Gen. Robbins again cautioned the New York team to hurry, that the time was up. They continued firing, however, rapidly until they had finished, which was 4 minutes after the time allotted, and then Gen. Robbins gave the order to cease firing—thinking, of course, that New York had won, because they came up from the 500 yards firing point to the 600 in the lead of both Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, and now that they had finished and the time limit expired, it was their great chance to win. But they did not. The Massachusetts team, with one shot to fire, stood 1,057; Pennsylvania, with two shots to fire, 1,055, and New York finished with 1,052.

There is no doubt but had the match been finished on its merits we would have won. I have no suggestions to make that might alter the result. But I do believe that it was a clear case of robbery on the part of Gen. Robbins, who fully expected that his team had won. Very respectfully submitted,

ROBERT C. PATTERSON,
First Lieut. and Q. M. 14th Reg't, N. G. P., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in the last issue of your valuable paper that at the meeting of the National Rifle Association just closed at Creedmoor, the Massachusetts team again won the Hilton Trophy, beating the Pennsylvania team on a technicality caused by the strict observance of the time limit. Of course the Massachusetts boys cannot feel very highly elated over such a victory, but the team from Pennsylvania should be the last on earth to make a fuss, as they virtually stole the Hilton Trophy match from the Michigan team in 1882, by scoring a ricochet shot as an inner instead of a miss, as it should have been. There are several members of other teams who were eye witnesses of this bare-faced robbery; and now Pennsylvania knows how it is herself, although it has taken seven years for her chickens to come home to roost.

KALAMAZOO, Mich. BEN. O. BUSH.

NATIONAL RIFLE CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The annual meeting of the National Rifle Club was held at Vernon, Vt., Sept. 3 and 4. Early Monday morning the shooters began to assemble, and during the day all but one or two had arrived. The greatest feature was the presence of the president, John Williamson, who has for years suffered intensely from rheumatism and been unable to walk except with great difficulty, and it was only by making extraordinary efforts that he was able to be present after an absence of many years. Though his bodily health is impaired, his mental powers are as active as ever, and he kept all in good humor by his lively conversation. One pleasing feature of these shoots is their social character and freedom from all discord. All seem anxious to assist one another in putting up rests, bags and all the little devices incident to a shoot of this character.

After the rests were put in place came a little practice to get everything in readiness for the next day's shoot. Then came supper, mingled with such conversation as only riflemen indulge in. After supper the pent-up volcanoes found relief, and theories were propounded and discussed, the latest news in the rifle world was given, letters from absent friends were read and commented upon, each one contributing his mite to the general conversation; and at an early hour the party retired to be in readiness for the morrow. Tuesday opened very foggy and damp, with very little air stirring. As the morning advanced the fog melted away, but the wind remined very light, promising to be a fine day for short shooting. The morning was given to practice shooting, and at 2 o'clock the match was called. The promise of the morning was partly fulfilled, and some excellent shooting was done. In the evening the strings were measured and Low and Brockway were found to be ahead, and much conjecture was raised as to how the result would stand on the following day.

The fine conditions of Tuesday prevailed part of the forenoon of Wednesday. About 10 A. M. the air began to grow very dry and a light wind sprang up, upsetting many fine calculations. The result of the shooting gave Brockway the medal for the shortest aggregate of the 50 shots with a string of 55⅝in. The detailed result of the shooting is given below, in string measurement, 10 shots each string; double rest:

First String.

W V Lowe	$10^2{}_{16}$	N S Brockway	$11^6{}_{16}$
H W Smith	$11^{11}{}_{16}$		

Second String.

W V Lowe	$7^4{}_{16}$	R C Cressy	$8^{12}{}_{16}$
N S Brockway	$9^6{}_{16}$		

Third String.

N S Brockway	$9^{13}{}_{16}$	W V Low	$10^{15}{}_{16}$
D A Brown	$11^6{}_{16}$		

Fourth String.

N S Brockway	$12^5{}_{16}$	R C Cressy	$12^{11}{}_{16}$
W V Lowe	$12^{13}{}_{16}$		

Fifth String.

L Park	$12^7{}_{16}$	N S Brockway	$13^{14}{}_{16}$
D A Brown	$15^2{}_{16}$		

The above was done under the rules of the club, which allows ⅛in. per pound on each string of 10 shots for every pound the gun weighs less than 20lbs., which is the standard weight of guns as fired. Brockway was allowed ⅛, H. W. Smith ⅜, Cressy ⅛, Brown ⅜. Besides those before mentioned there were present the veteran N. Washburn, Frank J. Fenn, David Cox, Martin Wilbur, of Omaha, Neb., J. R. Moore, E. B. Stephenson, and a number who simply "looked on." The meeting was one of the most enjoyable ever held, and many promises were made for the spring shoot next May. William Hayes, C. H. Remer and Col. H. F. Hart had made arrangement to attend, but were obliged to give up their intentions at the last moment.

At every meeting we hear of some new person who has become interested in this style of shooting. Long-range shooting, which is next to it in science and skill involved, has died out, principally because men object to being pounded to death by a kicking rifle. In this style of shooting one may use a rifle of light or heavy weight as desired; should there be a heavy recoil it is not noticed. The outfit for this style of shooting is very simple and inexpensive. The results obtained are very satisfactory. As a means of testing the accuracy of a rifle, one can more thoroughly test a rifle in half a day than by several days' firing from the shoulder. To test a rifle one must first be sure it is held exactly alike every time, and in no other manner known to the writer is this uniformity secured.

The chief requisite to a proper enjoyment of the sport is a fine shooting rifle. Fine shooting rifles can be bought, but my experience is that fully three-quarters of the regular breechloading rifles on the market will not show steady shooting when tested from a double rest. All rifles can be made to shoot well and in adjusting ammunition to guns it is well to adopt those methods which experience shows give the most satisfactory results, which method, above all others I believe, to be testing from double rest.

Ambitious riflemen, who desire to keep posted, should make efforts to attend the shoots of the National Rifle Club, at Vernon, VT., where they will be given every opportunity to add to their store of knowledge. WILLIAM V. LOWE.

BOSTON, Sept. 21.—The Massachusetts Rifle Association held its weekly shoot to-day, with a large attendance of riflemen. All matches were well filled and some good scores made. Mr. Eames won the gold medal in the 20-shot rest match, and Mr. Clarke the champion gold medal. Mr. Eastman won the silver membership badge, and Messrs. Lounsbury and Pettman each won the bronze military medal. Next Wednesday at 12:30 P. M. the range will be open for rifle and pistol shooting. Following are the best scores made to-day:

20-Shot Rest Match.

J N Eames	12 11 9 10 10 11 11 10 12 11	
	12 12 12 11 12 10 10 9 12 12	—219
J R Munroe	10 12 10 12 12 9 10 9 11 9	
	9 9 9 12 10 12 12 12 11 10	—210
J Francis	12 10 12 9 11 11 11 11 11 8	
	10 10 10 9 11 8 9 10 10 12	—205
T P Williams	9 12 11 9 10 11 10 10 9 9	
	10 11 5 10 11 9 10 12 12 9	—199
J N Frye	10 9 8 9 10 10 10 9 9 11	
	8 9 9 9 11 9 9 9 9 5	—186

Champion Medal Match.

C C Clarke	9 7 8 6 2 5 6 10 8 6	—67
E Alson	9 5 7 7 7 7 3 5 5 10	—65

Silver membership badge, won on 10 scores of 70 or better by

C H Eastman	76 70 70 79 72 73 77 75 72 74	

Military bronze medal, 200yds., won on 10 scores of 36 or better by

F J Lounsbury	37 38 43 45 40 38 43 39 41 41	
O E Pettman	39 38 38 36 37 42 40 42 42 39	

Victory Medal Match.

C H Eastman	7 9 6 7 6 8 8 7 8 9	—75
A S Hunt	7 6 7 10 8 9 7 3 7 5	—72

Military Medal Match—200yds.

W G Hussey	5454455445	—45	J B Fellows 4445443544 —41
S F Cooley	4444454535	—44	W L Swan 5444451354 —41
A McCarthy	4544514455	—44	A S Field 3444344544 —39
F J Lounsbury	4454454445	—43	B L Knapp 4444424443 —37
T D Carroll	4454445135	—42	W B Day 4444434434 —37
O E Pettman	5544315444	—42	F D Hart 3443445345 —37

500yds.

O D Greene	4 5 5 5 5 3 4 5 5 5	—46

Rest Match—200yds.

J J Munroe	11 11 12 11 11 12 12 12 12 10	—114
J N Eames	12 12 9 11 11 17 11 11 12 11	—112
S Wilder	12 12 11 11 12 12 10 10 9 9	—107
A Warbash	10 11 12 7 9 8 12 12 11 12	—104
A S Hunt	5 11 9 9 10 10 12 11 12 8	—97
M T Day	9 9 12 8 12 11 8 11 9 9	—97
A Ballard	10 7 11 9 8 12 10 8 8 9	—92
M R James	10 10 9 10 2 7 10 9 11 10	—88

Off-Hand Match.

F Daniels	7 10 8 5 9 7 9 6 6 6	—76
E Alson	4 5 4 4 10 8 9 7 8 6	—64
A McBean	6 5 8 4 3 4 7 5 8 9	—59
G L Homer	6 5 3 5 5 5 7 5 9 7	—59
A E Brown	4 3 3 5 5 6 5 5 9 8	—53
V Weeks	4 4 6 5 4 5 4 7 10 3	—52

WAKEFIELD, Mass., Sept. 21.—The rifle team of the Richardson Light Guards, Company A, Sixth Regiment, shot two friendly matches this afternoon with Company C, Sixth Regiment, of Lowell, and the Fifth Regiment staff team, and succeeded in winning both matches. After the shoot the visitors were invited to Company A's armory, where a collation was spread. Following are the scores, 7 shots at 200yds., Creedmoor count:

Company A, Sixth Regiment.		Company C, Sixth Regiment.	
Lieut Gihon	4545445—31	Lieut Worthen	4545444—30
Capt Taylor	4554445—31	Capt Pratt	4354455—30
Pvt Babbett	5444445—30	Sergt Foster	4554444—28
Pvt Horton	4444454—29	Pvt Kincade	4445455—31
Pvt Keough	4445444—29	Pvt Farnsworth	3444434—26
Pvt Killam	5454344—29	Pvt Petters	3444334—25
Pvt Howard	3445441—28—207	Pvt Tarrell	3443243—23—193
Company A, Sixth Regiment.		Fifth Regiment Staff Team.	
Lieut Gihon	5544445—31	Lieut Eades	4444455—30
Pvt Babbett	4555444—31	Maj Foster	4344444—27
Capt Taylor	4543344—30	Major Benyon	3534435—25
Pvt Horton	4344444—27	Sergt Hill	3534543—25
Pvt Keough	3443434—24—143	Average	—27—134

This team shot with four men, and was allowed an average score.

TORONTO, Sept. 17.—The eighth match of the Off-Hand Rifle Association was shot over the different ranges to-day. There are two more matches to be shot, the last being at Orillia on Oct. 8, when all clubs in the association will meet face to face and shoot for the final championship in a series of 10 matches. At the same time there will be a three-day tournament, when upward of $200 in prizes will be competed for. Below is the result of the last shoot

	Points.	Matches Won.	Matches Lost.
Orillia	758	62	6
Scarboro	803	58	10
Newton Brook	734	55	13
King City	788	42	26
Tottenham	632	29	39
Point Edward	646	26	42
Alliston	484	15	53

VILLISCA, Iowa, Sept. 17.—Company B, 5th Regiment Rifle Team, I. N. G., strong northwest wind, fish-tail, 5 shots at each range, Creedmoor target, 200, 300 and 500yds.

	200yds.	300yds.	500yds.
Capt West	24344	34353	43554—56
Lieut Harris	24443	45333	30432—47
Sergt Overman	44443	34444	34455—57
Sergt Ashmore	23444	33003	33323—40
Pvt Bevans	54332	24504	32443—48

MASSACHUSETTS MARKSMEN.—Under the direction of Col. Horace T. Rockwell, inspector-general of rifle practice, M. V. M., the State rifle matches will take place at the range of the State camp ground, South Framingham, to-day. There will be a staff team match, a company team match, an officers' match and an enlisted men's match. Officers and men will appear in fatigue uniform. Each company team will consist of seven members and one substitute, and will be under the command of a commissioned officer. The staff teams will consist of five members and one substitute. Shooting will begin at 8:30 A. M. The trophies to be competed for will be as follows: For staff teams, one trophy; for company teams, four trophies; also for the team (excluding the first four) making the best gain in points compared with 1888, one trophy; also for teams using carbines, one trophy; for staff officers, two trophies, and for line officers, three trophies. For enlisted men, three trophies, and one additional for the best score in each regiment of infantry; also one for the best score in each cadet corps, in the signal and ambulance (combined), and in the cavalry using carbines—if neither of the first four trophies are won by the members of the corps named. All competitors in the team matches making centers or better on their team score, will continue shooting for seven additional shots. Other competitors for individual prizes will follow the same rule, and the aggregate of fourteen shots will determine the winners of individual prizes.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Sept. 17.—Nearly 1,000 persons were present at Woodlawn Park, Gravesend, Long Island, to-day, the occasion being the first annual festival and prize shooting of the Farmers' Hook and Ladder Company, No. 2, of Parkville, L. I., the officers of which are: G. W. Joppert, Acting Foreman; H. Blackley, Treasurer, and D. Justus, Secretary. In the prize shooting contests there were about 80 entries. At the regulation bullseye targets, with 8 shots per man, Acting Foreman G. W. Joppert won first prize, scoring two bullseyes and one center. William Staite second, A. Erzinger third, Harry Blackley fourth, Edward Levine fifth, and D. Justus sixth. The Judges' prize was won by Charles Cooke, of Bay View, with the score of 32 out of a possible 39, J. Scharff second with 31. For the Woodlawn Park Grand Badge, presented by B. Koenig, Harry Blackley made 32 out of a possible 39, William Staite was second with 29, and G. W. Joppert third with 28. This competition was at the ring target, range 50yds., and 25 competed.

MONTREAL.—The Montreal Rifle Association, as a *finale* for the most successful season in the history of military rifle shooting in Canada, are endeavoring to arrange a gigantic telegraphic rifle match between the clubs of the leading cities of the Dominion, the match to be fired on each club's own ranges on Saturday, Oct. 5, with Martini-Henry rifles, at 200, 500 and 600yds., 7 shots at each range, 20 men on a team. The "range totals" and weather details are to be exchanged by telegraph. The following associations have been asked to take part: Toronto, Ottawa, Hamilton, Bowmanville, St. Catherines, Guelph, Winnipeg, Vancouver, B. C., Victoria, B. C., Montreal, Quebec, St. John, N. B., Halifax, N. S., and Prince Edward Island.—W. R. PRINGLE, Acting Secretary M. R. A., P. O. Box 234, Montreal.

HAMILTON, Ont., Sept. 20.—At the annual meeting of the Hamilton Association these officers were elected: Captain Zealand, President; D. Mitchell, Vice-President; J. R. Adam, Secretary-Treasurer; Committee, W. M. Goodwin, Peter Robertson, H. Marris and Captain Adam. Captain Adam and W. H. Clark, the retiring president and secretary, retire after holding office for six years, during which they have done much to encourage rifle shooting in this city. It was decided to hold the annual matches on Saturday, September 28.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

Secretaries of clubs and managers of tournaments are requested to keep us advised of the dates of their shoots, so that we may give due notice in our column of fixtures.

CENTRAL ILLINOIS SHOOT.

JERSEYVILLE, Ill., Sept. 17.—The eleventh annual tournament of the Central Illinois Sportsman's Association began at this place to-day, with an attendance of something like forty shooters. The cold weather which has for the last few days been prevalent throughout this region made itself disagreeably manifest, and the shooters at the grounds had anything but a pleasant time in the cold and raw wind that blew during the greater part of the day. After supper fourteen shooters took trains for their home, somewhat cutting down the prospects for the following day. The unkindly weather doubtless had much to do with this.

Jerseyville is a pretty and well shaded little town in the southern end of the State of Illinois, about forty miles from St. Louis. It claims a population of 2,500, and by vote of the Association is entitled to this shoot for three years, next year concluding its term. It has made a better success of the shoots than any other town, and the Central Illinois shoot has in the past been one of the top events of the shooting year in this State. It is largely attended by the individual shooters scattered through the central and lower parts of the State, and this holds up the numbers, although the bond which holds the club organizations together seems unfortunately to be becoming weaker and weaker. There were only four different foreign clubs represented at this meet to-day, the Hankerville, Edwardsville, Carlinville and Audubon clubs, the latter coming from Jacksonville.

The Association makes little claims in the matter of game protection or allied topics, and frankly devotes itself to a rousing trap shoot every year. There is on record only one case in which it has prosecuted for a violation of the game laws. As the country covered by this association embraces some of the best upland shooting in this State, and as violations have been so open that to-day one shooter boasted he had killed illegally two hundred and fifty chickens last year, and numbers this year, it would be a consummation devoutly to be wished should the question of game protection be taken up and pushed by this body.

The shoot is given under the auspices of the Jerseyville Fishing and Gun Club, whose grounds, nicely located at a distance of perhaps half a mile from the center of the town, are admirably adapted to the purposes involved, being spacious, clean and of good background for shooting. A number of tents are on the grounds, and the management, active among whom are Mr. Cam. R. Hutchinson, president, Mr. John Fox, treasurer, and Mr. L. S. Hansell, secretary, have provided amply and intelligently for all the needs of the boys. Intoxicating liquors are not allowed upon the grounds. The ladies of the Episcopal Church are out in force, and at noon provided a lunch for the shivering shooters, which sent them away warmer and happier.

It was announced on the programmes that professionals would be barred. The class of shooters is purely amateur, but a look at the scores will show that a mighty good shooting and staying are necessary to win. The most interesting feature of the day has been the shooting of the two boys, Walter and Charles Spencer, who with their father, Dr. E. L. Spencer, are here from Bunker Hill. Neither of the boys is large for his age. Charles is only sixteen and Walter, but fourteen years of age, is a mite of a fellow, about as big as a chew of tobacco; but they shoot all day long in rattling good shape, and did work that any man might hold a credit. They both break their birds dead center, and smash them into powder. Dr. Spencer says the boys have only been shooting about a year. They form a unique feature and excite much comment, and with FOREST AND STREAM'S blessing they ought to make dandies when they have their growth.

Mr. Paul North, of the Bilrock Company, is here from Cleveland. Mr. Fred A. Fodde is here from St. Louis, and is handing around programmes of his second annual tournament at St. Louis, Oct. 8 to 11, which also will be a good shoot. Mr. Fodde is rod and gun man on the St. Louis *Republican*, and a gatherer of sporting news for other papers also, sending in occasional items to FOREST AND STREAM over the name of "Unser Fritz." Mr. J. F. Schick is here from Mt. Pulaski in company with a 12-pound gun which makes some of the boys look sad. Mr. Schick weighs 285lbs., and has a hand as large as the hand of Providence. He was cut off early in his growth, or he might have grown up into a good deal of a boy. Mr. C. W. Parent, of Marshall, Mo., is also here, and asks after old friends in Chicago.

At the business meeting, held at the court house at 8:30 P. M., little business was found necessary to be transacted beyond the election of officers. Mr. L. S. Hansell, this year's secretary, was elected president; Mr. Cam. R. Hutchison, this year's president, was elected secretary; Mr. John Fox was reelected treasurer. All these gentlemen are of Jerseyville. Dr. E. L. Spencer, of Bunker Hill, was reelected vice-president. Directors for the following year are: Dr. Chas. Henry, of Jacksonville; Mr. Weeden C. Smith, of Mt. Zion; Mr. Chas. McAninch, of Carrollton; Mr. C. W. Parent, of Marshall, Mo.; Mr. H. W. Metcalf, of Chicago, and Mr. A. M. Tack, of Jerseyville. The executive committee of the local club has usually had charge of details in these association shoots. It consists of Messrs. G. N. Burleigh, W. B. Skelly, Jas. D. Perrings, L. S. Hansell and Mark A. Warren. Mr. Fodde acted as referee in all association events, while Mr. Skelly took care of the specials. Score:

Shoot No. 1, sweepstakes, 9 single champion clay birds, entrance $1, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.:

Bauer	111111111—9	A C Aden	101111111—8
Edwards	011111101—7	Taylor	111111101—8
Ed Spencer	111111111—9	Tack	011111111—8
Robley	111111111—9	Warren	111111111—9
Ranson	011000001—3	Rexroat	100010101—4
E Bess	111110111—8	Harris	111111111—9
Parent	111111110—8	Nash	110100111—6
W S Duer	111110110—7	Lee	111111101—8
Perrings	110111011—7	Stonckel	101111111—8
McAninch	101010111—7	Chappell	111111011—8
Pugh	111011011—7	O'Neill	111011111—8
Waller	111111011—8	Dr Spencer	111011111—8

Bauer, Ed. Spencer, Warren and Harris div. first; O'Neill shot out and won second, needing 18 straight to shoot out Aden, 17 straight; Perrings and Pugh shot out and div. third.

Shoot No. 2, Association. 10 single standards, entrance $1.25, prizes valued $7, $5, $4.50, $3:

Dr Spencer	0011111110— 7	J T Ranson	0010111001— 5
Al Tack	1111111011— 9	W S Duer	0001111110— 6
Perrings	1111111111—10	Hutchison	1111111101— 9
McAninch	0111111011— 8	Parent	1111111101— 9
Taylor	0010010010— 4	Herman	0111101111— 8
Warren	1011111111— 9	Speer	1111010111— 8
Hansell	1111100111— 8	Long	1010010101— 5
Lee	1111110010— 7	Geo Beatty	0011010001— 4
Rexroat	1110110111— 8	Geo Henry	1110710111— 8
Bauer	0111111111— 9	Robley	1111111011— 9
E Bess	1101010010— 5	Nash	1110111000— 6
C Spencer	0101111111— 8	Ed Spencer	1111111101— 9
Fred Chappell	1111101111— 9	W Spencer	1110010111— 7
A C Aden	1101111110— 8	A Harris	1110011111— 8
E B Range	1101111011— 8		

Ed Spencer won first on shoot off, breaking 18 in ties to beat Bauer's 17. Harris won second in shoot off, breaking 20 straight in the ties. Walter Spencer (the fourteen-year-old boy) won third in the shoot off, shooting out his father and making 20 straight in the tie. Duer won fourth alone.

Shoot No. 3, sweepstakes, 3 moneys, 9 single champion clay birds, entrance $2, prize value $4 added to first:

Chappell	100110111—6	Westfield	110111110—7
Range	011110111—7	Bauer	111111110—8
Robley	011111011—7	Parent	111111011—8
Duer	110110111—7	Taylor	000011111—5
Spear	101110011—6	Herman	111001111—7
Dr Spencer	111111111—9	Beatty	101010110—5
Pugh	111111110—8	Lee	111111001—7
Edwards	111111111—9	Warren	110111111—8
Walter	111110110—7	Harris	110111111- 8
A C Aden	111010019—5	Bess	000101111—5
Perrings	111011111—8	O'Neil	011111111—8
Ed Spencer	111111111—9		

Edwards and Spencer divided first, Warren and Perrings shot out and divided second, ties on 7 divided.

Shoot No. 4, Association, 15 single standards, entrance $1.50, prizes valued $8, $6, $5, $4:

Bauer	111111111011111—14	McAninch	111111111111100—13
G Henry	101111111001001—11	Westfield	111111111111111—15
Duer	100001011010011— 7	O'Neil	111111111111011—14
C Spencer	111111111011001—12	Bess	001110010001100— 6
Chappell	011111111111100—12	Perrings	111111111111111—15
Ranson	101111001011110—10	Rexroat	111011111011111—13
Long	101101111111111—13	W Spencer	111111111111111—15
Range	111110111111011—13	Horman	111101011111111—13
Spear	111111111101110—13	Stoeckel	111011111111111—15
Warren	111111010110110—10	Hutchison	110111111111111—14
E Spencer	111110111111111—14	Harris	111111011111101—13
Parent	111110101111111—13	Dr Spencer	101111111111111—14
Beatty	101001100110010— 8	Robley	110111101111111—13
Taylor	111110101011111—12	Lee	101011110111101—11

Westfield, Perrings, Walter Spencer (the fourteen-year-old boy) and Stoeckel divided first. Ed Spencer and O'Neil shot out to 19 and divided second. Harris shot out and won third with 16 straight in the tie. Chas. Spencer shot out and won fourth.

Shoot No. 5, sweepstakes, $25 guaranteed, 4 moneys, 9 single champion clay birds, entrance $2; fifth prize value $2.50:

Duer	110110001—5	Bauer	111111111—9
Parent	110111101—7	Rexroat	011011010—5
Warren	010101111—6	A Harris	011111011—7
Edwards	110011010—5	Range	111111111—9
North	111111111—9	Westfield	101111111—8
Bess	111101011—7	Ed Spencer	111101111—8
Pugh	011111111—8	Waller	111111010—7
F Chappell	110110110—6	Spear	111111111—9
D Spencer	111111111—9	O'Neil	111111111—9
Perrings	111111111—9	Jennings	011101100—5
Taylor	111110011—7	Robley	111101011—7
Lee	111111111—9	Wildman	011001110—5
Schick	111111111—9		

All ties div. except 7s, Harris, Robley and Parent shot out and div. third.

Shoot No. 6, individual championship medal, 20 single standards, entrance $1.50; prizes $50 medal, others valued at $15, $10, $7, $5:

O'Neil	10101111111111111110—17	Parent	11110101111111111111—18
Still	11111111111111111101—19	Rexroat	00101111111101011111—15
Bauer	11111111111111111111—20	G Beatty	10100101110101110110—12
E Spencer	11111111111111111111—20	Taylor	11111120110111101101—16
Schick	11111111101111111111—19	Warren	11101111110001111111—16
Tack	11111110011111111111—18	W Green	11111111110111011111—18
D Spencer	10111111000111010001—12	A Harris	11111111111101101111—18
McAninch	10111010111111111111—17	O Spencer	11111111111101111111—18
Chappell	10101001110111111110—14	Perrings	11111111111010111111—18
Herman	10111111111111111111—19	Stoeckel	10111111111110111011—17
Long	11011101110111110010—15	Lee	11111111111101111011—18
Hutchison	11111111111111111111—20	E Bess	01101001111011110111—14
Range	11111111101111110111—18	Speer	11011111111011011111—17
Robley	11101111111101101111—17	Hansell	01101111111101011110—15
W Spencer	11111111110111011110—17	A C Aden	11111111101111011101—17
Burleigh	00101011011111110101—13		

Ed. Spencer won first in shoot-off. Charles Spencer won second in shoot-off. Lee won third in shoot-off with 15 straight. O'Neil won fourth in shoot off with 15 straight. Taylor and Warren div. fifth.

Shoot No. 7, sweepstakes, 3 moneys, 6 single champion clay-birds entrance $1.25; 4th prize, value $3:

Bauer	111101—5	Speer	001101—3
Schick	111111—5	Parent	011111—5
Westfield	111111—6	Lee	101111—5
Range	010011- 3	Rexroat	100111—4
Waller	101001—3	Herman	001101—3
Duer	000111—3	Beatty	011100—3
Hansell	101001—3	Harris	010111—4
Wildman, Jr	111011—5	Taylor	100010—2
Jennings	010111—4	North	100111—4
Pugh	110110—4	Ranson	011100—3
Aden	111101—5	E Spencer	011111—5
Hutchinson	011111—5	Robley	110001—3
Dr Spencer	111111—6	Perrings	010110—3
O'Neil	111111—6		

All ties divided. A few sweeps were shot during the day besides the programme events.

Second Day, Wednesday, Sept. 18.—The weather was milder today, and the day a pleasant one for shooting. A moderate wind blew from the traps. The ladies of the church had a good dinner again. The number of shooters was somewhat less than yesterday, but nearly all present took a hand, and the interest was well maintained throughout the day. Score:

Shoot No. 8, Association, 15 single standard targets, 4 moneys, entrance $1.50, prizes, value $6, $4.50, $3, $2:

Duer	111010111101111—12	Perrings	111111111111111—15
Bauer	111111101110110—12	Whitehead	111111111111101—14
C Spencer	101111111111111—14	Range	001011111110111—12
Schick	111111011111111—14	Long	010111011111111—12
Taylor	111010110001111—10	Speer	111111110011111—13
Spencer	111111111111111—15	Aden	111111111101101—13
Harris	111111111101011—13	Burleigh	011010011111101—10
Parent	101110101110110—10	O'Neil	111111111101111—14
McAninch	110110110111111—12	Rexroat	110111111101111—13
Ed Spencer	111111111111111—15	Lee	111000101011111—12
M Watts	111111111111011—14	Warren	010110101111111—11
Hutchison	111111101111110—14	Herman	111110101011111—12
W Spencer	111111111111111—15	Beatty	000011111101101—11

Ed. Spencer shot and won first, Whitehead shot and won second. Ties for third divided. Bauer shot out and won fourth.

Shoot No. 9, sweepstakes, 4 moneys, 9 single champion clay birds, entrance $2, fifth prize, value $2.50:

Herman	011011100—5	Bauer	101110001—5
Harris	111111111—9	Lee	101111101—7
Shick	111101011—7	Rexroat	110110011—6
Ed Spencer	111111011—8	Dr Spencer	101111111—8
Alden	111110101—7	Perrings	110111111—8
Range	000011001—4	Warren	001111110—6
Whitehead	111011101—7	Hough	110011100—5
Parent	111111111—9	O'Neil	111110111—8
North	011111101—7	Speer	101111111—8

Bauer won in shoot-off for fifth; other ties div.

Shoot No. 10, Association, 4 moneys, 10 single standard targets, entrance $1.50, value of prizes $10, $7, $5.75, and $4.50:

Bauer	1111111111—10	M Aden	1111011111— 9
Duer	0001010001— 3	Speer	1111110001— 7
Warren	1111111111—10	G Spencer	1111010111— 8
Burleigh	0001111110— 6	Schick	1111111111—10
Perrings	1111111111—10	Taylor	1110011111— 8
Dr Spencer	1001011111— 6	O'Neil	1111111101— 9
Whitehead	0111110010— 6	Long	1011110110— 7
Harris	1111111101— 9	Range	1111011111— 9
Ed Spencer	1111111111—10	McAninch	1100110101— 6
M Watts	0111101111— 8	Culp	0001011010— 4
"Westfield"	1111111111—10	Hutchinson	1101111000— 5
Rexroat	1100101101— 6	Parent	1111111111—10
M Green	1111111001— 8	W Spencer	1101111101— 8

Ed. Spencer shot out and won first, O'Neil shot out and won second. Charles Spencer shot out and won third, Hutchinson, Long and Spear div. fourth.

Shoot No. 11, sweepstakes, $25 guaranteed; 12 single champion clay birds, four moneys, entrance $2.50, fifth prize value $4:

Schaick	111111011111—11	Laug	110010001010— 5
Ed Spencer	111111010111—10	Watts	111100111111—10
Westfield	111111111111—12	Dr Spencer	011111011111—10
Harris	111101000100— 5	Walt Spencer	111111110010— 9
Parent	111111111101—11	O'Neil	111010111111—10
North	110010001101— 6	Lee	100111100111— 8
Bauer	110111111111—11		

Ed Spencer and Watts shot out and divided first. Other ties divided.

Shoot No. 12, Association, four money; 15 single standard targets, entrance $1.50; prizes value, $7, $5, $4 and $3.75:

Perrings	111111111101111—14	Bauer	111111111111111—15
Aden	000011101101111— 9	Range	111111111111111—15
Whitehead	111001111111111—13	Taylor	111110011110011—11
McAninch	111101010101101—11	Hansell	111011100111110—11
Warren	111111111111011—14	Dr Spencer	011011111111011—12
O'Neil	111111111011111—14	C W Parent	111110011111111—13
Harris	111111111111011—14	Culp	110000101111110— 9
C Spencer	111111011110111—13	Duer	110011111111111—13
Long	010011111101011—10	Westfield	111111111111111—15
Green	011101110110111— 11	Schick	111101111111111—14
Spear	111111111111111—15	Hutchison	111111111111011—14
Rexroat	110101011010101—10	Ed Spencer	111111111111111—15
Tack	111111110111111—14	M Watts	110111011111111—13

Ed Spencer and Bauer shot and divided first, Bower buying out Spencer. Perrings shot out, and by a hard fight of 14 straight second and the subscription to FOREST AND STREAM, greatest sporting paper published. Aden shot out and won third. Dr. Spencer won fourth alone, and proudly carried off his shells and ham.

Shoot No. 13, sweepstakes, 3 moneys, 9 single champion clay birds, entrance $1.50, fourth prize value $2.50:

Bauer	011110100—5	W Spencer	111101111—8
Parent	101111111—8	Lange	101101111—7
Tack	100111111—7	Perrings	011111111—8
Felden	000011110—4	Schick	100111110—6
Hodge	101111111—8	Warren	011110111—7
Ed Spencer	111101111—8	Watts	111101111—8
Westfield	111111100—7	Rexroat	111111111—9
North	101010000—3	Lee	010111111—7
Harris	101101101—6	Taylor	011011001—5
Hutchison	111100101—6		

Rexoat won first, Ed. Spencer won second in shoot-off, W. Spencer drawing out his entrance fee; Tack, Lange, Lee and Warren div. third.

Shoot No. 14, sweepstakes, 3 moneys, 10 single standard targets, entrance $1.25, fourth prize value $2.50:

Whitehead	1110111111— 9	Range	1111111111—10
Warren	0101100111— 6	Tack	1111111111—10
Ed Spencer	1111111111—10	Westfield	1111111111—10
Bauer	0111111101— 9	Dr Spencer	1111111111—10
Schick	1111111111—10	Hutchison	0111101111— 8
O'Neil	1010111101— 7	Harris	1111101111— 9
Perrings	1111011111— 9	Watts	1111111111—10
C Spencer	1101111101— 8	Cadwallader	0110101160— 5
Felter	0010111110— 6	Parent	0011111111— 8
Long	1111011111— 9	North	1011111101— 8
Speer	0111111111— 9		

Ties on 10 div., Bauer shot out and won second, Spencer, Hutchinson, Parent and North div. third, O'Neil won fourth alone.

A few minor sweeps were shot during the day. There were two sets of traps, one of five Keystones and one of three bluerocks, alternated with the American clay bird traps. Keystone system, traps at known angles, was followed. There were no delays of consequence in the trapping, and the shoot moved on with fair promptness and regularity. The system of scoring employed is very loose and it should be improved. No book record of the scores is kept at all, and the loose score cards were often lost when the time came for them to be needed. This is a method hardly worthy of so large an event as this is. The utmost of cheerfulness and good feeling has prevailed throughout the day. There is hardly a kicker here, and the air is consequently quieter than is ordinarily the case at a big shoot.

Third Day, Thursday, Sept. 19.—The weather was delightful throughout the day, with little or no wind. The attendance was not heavy, and it was thought that the races at Alton had something to do with this. The last day of this shoot is usually the best. Considerable interest is anticipated for the club team shoot of to-morrow, which will probably call out a larger crowd than was present to-day. The brass band of a barn-storming theatrical troupe came out to the grounds this afternoon, and made a good deal of noise for a while, but barring that, everything was pleasant. Score:

Shoot No. 15, sweepstakes, three moneys, 3 singles and 3 pairs champion clay birds, entrance $1.50; fourth prize, value $2.50:

Ed Spencer	111 10 10—6	Parent	101 10 10 10—5
Bauer	111 11 11 10—8	Chappell	110 10 00 11—5
Dr Spencer	111 11 11 11—9	Watts	100 11 11 10—8
Tremblett	100 11 00 10—4	Warren	101 11 11 01—7
Perrings	111 11 11 10—8	Westfield	111 11 11 11—9
Harris	110 11 01 11—7	Hutchison	101 10 01 10—5

Dr. Spencer and Westfield div. first, $5.85; Perrings and Bauer div. second, $3.50; Warren and Harris div. third, $2.25; Ed. Spencer and Watts div. fourth.

Shoot No. 16, Association, 15 single targets, entrance $1.50, four moneys; prizes' value $5, $4, $3.75, $2.50:

Jack	010011101101111—10	Watts	111111111111011—14
Cadwallader	110110101101001— 9	Ed Spencer	111111111111111—15
Chappell	111111011111110—14	Perrings	111111111111110—14
Bauer	110111111111111—14	Westfield	111111111111110—14
Duer	101011111111110—12	Beatty	111111111111100—13
C Spencer	111101001011011—11	Range	110111010111111—12
Dr Spencer	111111111111111—15	Tremblett	001010010100101— 6
Burleigh	111011010111111—12	Long	111111111111111—15
Hutchison	111011101101111—12	Spear	111111111111111—15
Parent	111011101011111—13	Harris	111111111111111—15
W Spencer	111101110111111—13	Warren	110111101101011—11

Harris, Long, Dr. Spencer and Ed. Spencer div. first, $9.55 (Dr. Spencer won the flour); Bauer, Watts, Perrings and Crosby div. second, $6.95 (Crosby won the boots); W. Spencer, Spear, Parent and Beatty div. third, $4.60 (Beatty won the lamp and shot); Chappell, Duer, Range, Burleigh and Westfield div. fourth, $2.30, and also div. shells.

Shoot No. 17, sweepstakes, $25 guaranteed, four moneys, 12 single champion clay birds, entrance $2.50; fifth prize, value $2.50:

Westfield	111111111111—12	Tack	111011011000— 5
Ed Spencer	110101101110— 8	Tremblett	111010101011— 9
Harris	111111111110—11	Perrings	011110001011— 7
Chappell	010101000101— 6	Range	111111111112
Parent	110110011111— 9	Hutchison	111011111111—11
Bauer	111110111111—11	Watts	111010101011— 9

Westfield and Range div. first, $11.10; Hutchison and Harris div. second, $8.35; Parent shot out and won third, $5.55; Tack and Ed. Spencer div. fourth, $2.80, the latter winning the 100 shells.

Shoot No. 18, 4 moneys, 10 single standards, entrance $1.25, prizes value $5, $4, $3, $2.50:

Parent	1111111111—10	Bauer	1111011011— 8
Harris	1111111111—10	Long	0010110101— 5
Ed Spencer	1101111111— 9	Chappell	1101101111— 8
Warren	1011010111— 7	C Spencer	1111111111—10
Westfield	1111111111—10	Watts	1110101111— 8
Beatty	1101101111— 8	Hansell	1110011111— 8
Spear	0111111111— 9	E Chappell	1010010101— 5
Dr Spencer	1111111110— 9	W Spencer	1110111011— 8
Duer	0111010111— 7	Hutchison	1111111111—10
Tremblett	0010001101— 4	Burleigh	1011101111— 8
Range	1111011111— 9	Tack	1110111111— 9
Perrings	1111111111—10		

C. Spencer, Hutchison, Parent, Harris, Westfield and Perrings div. first, $10.90; Ed. Spencer, Spear, Dr. Spencer, Range and Tack div. second, $6.55; Spear won the watch; Ed. Spencer won whip; W. Spencer, Beatty, Burleigh, Bauer, F. Chappell, Watts and Hansell div. third, $4.40; Bauer and Spencer shooting out the others in the race for the two quarter sections of pork; Warren and Duer div. the 100 shells.

Shoot No. 19, sweepstakes, 3 moneys, entrance $1.50, fourth prize value $2.50:

Warren	11 10 11 01 10 10— 8	Ed Spencer	11 11 11 11 11 11—12
Bauer	11 11 01 11 10 11—10	Harris	01 11 01 11 11 11—10
Ed Chappell	00 11 10 11 00 00— 5	Tremblett	00 01 10 10 00 00— 3
Parent	11 11 01 11 11 11—11	Perrings	01 10 01 11 10 00— 6
F Chappell	11 10 11 01 10 01— 8	Dr Spencer	11 10 01 11 11 11—10
Westfield	11 10 01 11 11 11—10	Duer	10 01 11 11 11 11—10

Ed Spencer shot out and won first, $6.85; Parent shot out and won second, $4.10; Westfield and Harris shot out and div. third, $2.75; Warren won the 100 cigars.

Shoot No. 20, Association, 15 single standard targets; entrance $1.50; three moneys; prizes value $5, $4, $3, $2.50.

C Spencer	111111011111111—13	Spear	110101001011111—11
Perrings	011111111111111—14	Range	011111111011111—13
Hutchison	111011111111111—14	Westfield	111111111111111—15
Tack	110101010111101—11	Tremblett	011110101111111—12
Long	111101011111111—13	Fred Chappell	011111040111111—12
Ed Spencer	111111111111111—15	Watts	111001100111111—11
Bauer	111110110111111—13	Warren	101110101011111—11
Burleigh	111001111101111—13	Dr Spencer	111111111101111—14
Parent	111111111111111—15	Cadwallader	110100100111110—10
Harris	111111111111111—15	Duer	111011010111111—13
Ed Chappell	101111010101011—11		

Ed. Spencer, Parent, Harris and Westfield div. first, $11, and also div. the cigars; Perrings, Hutchison and Dr. Spencer div. second, $6.60; Hutchison won the reading tools and slippers; Bauer, Long, Range, Burleigh and C. Spencer div. third, $4.40. Burleigh won the flour in shoot off; Tremblett and Chappell div. fourth, the 100 shells.

Shoot No. 21, sweepstakes, three moneys, 9 single clay birds, entrance $1.25; fourth prize, value $2.50:

Ed Spencer	103110101—5	Spear	110111111—8
Westfield	111111111—9	Dr Spencer	101111111—8
Bauer	111111111—9	Perrings	111100111—7
Harris	011101111—7	F Chappell	111001111—7
Parent	111111101—8	Warren	001111111—7
Range	111111001—7	Tremblett	111001010—5

Westfield and Bauer div. first, $5.88; Parent, Spear and Dr. Spencer div. second, $3.50; Harris and Perrings shot out and div. third, $2.35; Ed. Spencer won the 50 cigars on shoot-off.

Scores were handed in of a side match, 50 inanimates, shot late last evening between Perrings and Watts. Perrings 46, Watts 45. The usual number of sweeps were shot to-day. Entrances ran small and the winners won little.

Friday, Fourth Day, Sept. 20.—The weather was pleasant as could be asked to-day. In the afternoon a strong wind blew from the score. The attendance in the morning barely held its own, but in the afternoon the grand stand showed a number of spectators, mostly church ladies connected with the restaurant, who gathered about their rector upon the top seats. The shooting dragged badly, and there were long interims of silence at the traps, which suggested that the tournament was in an acephalous condition. A better and more snappy executive would have been a good improvement. Considerable interest was manifested in the club team shoot. It required a good deal of talk, argument and demur before the teams were finally organized. During the day Mr. Ed.

Spencer gave brief exhibitions of wing-shooting with the rifle, hitting glass balls, coins, etc., with tolerable regularity at short range. Shortly after dinner the barn-storming brass band approached within a block or two of the grounds and threatened to come in. This danger, however, was happily averted by the presence of mind of the management. Toward the close of the day, as the awards of the last special prizes fell due, the interest became intense, and the applause which grected the announcement that Dr. Spencer had won the special prize of one bottle of Pitts's Wonderful Black Liniment was only equalled by that which followed the news of the division among several fortunate shooters of the $1 worth of bread tickets which constituted another prize. It may thus be seen how useful to a man of family may be his skill with the gun, and all decryers of shooting at the trap should take a lesson hereby. Score:

Shoot No. 22. Association, 10 single standards, usual rise, use of both barrels; entrance $1.50, three moneys; prizes value $6, $5, $4.50, $1:

Parent	0011111101—7	Tack	1211111121—10
Ed Spencer	1111111111—10	Burleigh	1211112112—10
Bauer	1112111111—10	Perrings	1101111111—9
Westfield	1112011111—9	Spear	2111111021—9
W Spencer	1111111111—10	Warren	0111012111—8
Hutchison	1112020111—8	Long	0100101012—5
Scott	1111112111—10	Beatty	1111121211—10
Range	0122111102—8	Baker	1011010010—5
Harris	1121011113—9	Chappell	1111112102—9
Govro	1111111101—9	McAninch	2211110211—9

Ed. Spencer, Bauer, W. Spencer, Scott, Burleigh and Beatty div. first, $12; Bauer and W. Spencer shot out and div. the powder; Chappell, Westfield, Govro, Perrings, Harris, Spear and McAninch div. second, $7.50; Spear won subscription; Warren, Range and Hutchison div. third, $4.80; the two former div. the keg powder; Parent won fourth and the subscription.

Shoot No. 23, sweepstakes, "walking match," three moneys; 6 champion clay birds, entrance $1; fourth prize value $2.50. (The match shot by shooter calling "ready" and walking toward trap; the trapper to pull any time thereafter he liked.):

Bauer	100111—4	Scott	101011—4
Tack	111101—5	Ed Spencer	111111—6
Burleigh	111110—5	Govro	110011—4
Harris	101101—4	Baker	111111—6
Perrings	001111—4	Westfield	111111—6
Parent	101010—3	Dr Spencer	101011—4

Ties on 6 div. $6.25; ties on 5 div. $3.75; ties on 4 div. $2.50; Parent won cigars.

Shoot No. 24, Association team shoot, 15 standards to each man, 4 men to team, entrance $4 per team, four prizes—$40, $18, $12 and $9:

Bunker Hill Team.		Second Jerseyville Team.	
W Spencer	111111111011011—13	Tack	101111111111111—14
Dr Spencer	111111010110111—12	Perrings	111111010101111—13
C Spencer	001011111111101—11	Parent	111010111111111—13
Bauer	111111111111111—15—51	Ed Spencer	101111111111111—14—54
Taylorville Team.		Woodburn Team.	
Range	111111111111111—15	Govro	001111011111111—12
Long	101111000010111—10	Harris	111111111111111—15
Spear	110111010111111—13	Scott	111100111111111—13
Westfield	111101111111010—12—50	Baker	111110100111011—11—51
Jerseyville Team.		Carrolton Team.	
Warren	110101111011111—12	Beatty	111111101011111—13
Hutchins'n	111111011111011—13	Hansell	101110100000000— 6
Chappell	111111011101111—13	Stoeckel	110101111111111—13
Burleigh	101101011111110—11—49	McAninch	111111111111111—15—47

Second Jerseyville won first. The tie between Bunker Hill and Woodburn was shot off as below, in ties of 5:

Bunker Hill Ties.		Woodburn Ties.	
W Spencer	11111—5	Govro	11100—3
Dr Spencer	11011—4	Harris	11111—5
C Spencer	10101—3	Scott	11101—4
Bauer	10111—4	Baker	11011—4
	16		16
	15—31		17—33

Woodburn won second. Taylorville third. Jerseyville fourth.

Shoot No. 25, sweepstakes, 4 moneys, $25 guaranteed, 12 single standard targets, entrance $2.50, fifth place $2.50.

Westfield	111011111111—11	Harris	111111111111—12
Bauer	11111 01111111—11	Scott	111111111110—11
Spear	111111111111—12	Perrings	111111111111—12
Parent	111110110101— 9	Govro	111011110111—10
Baker	111101101111—10	Ed Spencer	101111101111—10
Hutchison	111111111110—11	Dr Spencer	111111111111—12
Hodge	011101110110— 8	Warren	111110001111— 9
Range	111111111111—12		

Dr. Spencer, Spear and Harris div. first, $12.85. Westfield, Bauer, Hutchison, Range and Scott div. second, $9.65. Baker, Govro and Ed. Spencer div. fourth, $6.40, Warren and Parent div. fourth, $3.20, and Hodges won the cigars.

Shoot No. 26, Association, 3 moneys, 5 single standards and 5 pairs, entrance $1.50, prizes $5, $3, $2:

Harris	11111	10 11 10 11 10—12	
Scott	11101	11 00 10 10 11—10	
Parent	11101	01 00 11 11 10—11	
Ed Spencer	11101	10 11 11 11 01—12	
Perrings	11100	10 11 10 11 00— 9	
Chappell	11101	10 11 00 11 01—10	
Bauer	11011	00 00 01 11 11—10	
Spear	01111	10 11 00 10 10— 9	
Range	11111	10 10 10 10 10—10	
Baker	10111	10 11 10 11 10—11	
Westfield	11111	10 11 11 11 11—14	
Govro	00111	11 11 10 11 10—11	

Westfield first, $6.40, and the beer; Harris and Ed Spencer divided second, $3.85; Harris won the coat in shoot off; Parent, Baker and Govro divided third, $2.55, and also divided equitably the bread tickets.

Shoot No. 27, sweepstakes, 3 moneys, at 9 single champion clay birds, entrance $1.50:

Harris	111111111—9	Range	111011111—8
Westfield	111111001—7	Ed Spencer	111111101—8
Dr Spencer	110111110—7	Perrings	111111110—8
Parent	101001111—6	Govro	111111111—9
Scott	101111101—8	Tack	010110101—5
Baker	101011111—7	Spear	101011111—7
Bauer	111111111—9		

Ties on 9 had $8.57, Govro drew out entrance, and Harris shot Bauer out, ties on 8 div. $5.15, ties on 7 div. $3.40.

Shoot No. 28, Association, three moneys, 10 single standard targets, entrance $1.25; prizes value $3 and $2:

Harris	1101101111— 8	Parent	1101111111—9
Ed Spencer	1111111111—10	Burleigh	0111111111—9
Perrings	1111111110— 9	McAninch	1010110111—7
Scott	1110101011— 7	Warren	1111111110—9

Ed. Spencer won first, $3.50, and the silver cup. Parent, Burleigh, Warren, Perrings, div. second, $2.30, and Parent and Burleigh won prize in shoot-off. Harris won third, $1.50.

This closed the day's hostilities and ended the shoot. It remained only to distribute the prizes for averages. Mr. Cam. R. Hutchison, best average in shoot No. 6 by Jersey county boy, received one year's subscription to Jersey county *Democrat*; Mr. Al Tack, second average, one year's subscription to *Weekly Call*. In figuring other averages the management reaped the fruit of its loose system of scoring. The reporters had carried off the loose score cards, some of which were in New York, and some under the bed in Room 3, Commercial Hotel, Jerseyville. It was certain, however, that Mr. Ed. Spencer won the handsome silver goblet for the best average in shoots 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 16, 18, 20, 26 and 28, and that "Westfield" won the cash prize, 60 per cent. of $12.50, for best average in four days throughout. Westfield's real name is Crosby, and he is a farmer boy from O'Fallon Station. He is a steady shot, and at one stage of the game he had broken 173 out of 175 birds shot at. Spencer is a very quick shot, but more subject to "unaccountables." His home is at Carrolton, and he also is a farmer boy. Both are professional shots in a way.

It may be noticed from the scores that the light entry and low entrance made it impossible for any one to win much. Nearly everything was divided. Trap shooting seems to be no longer a test of skill, but a struggle to make something, and as such to be surrounded with due caution. The races were too short, and the resulting ties too numerous. Longer races and larger entrances would be better in a shoot of this presumed magnitude.

The shoot was hurt by divers outside causes, such as the Alton races, and the management say it is not up to those of previous years. It has been, however, a very pleasant and sociable little affair, and one in which no one can regret his participation. The citizens of the town have been exceptionally liberal and attentive, and if they gave freely not only of their silver and gold, but also of their liniment and bread tickets, it shows that their hearts were in the right place for the boys, and next year the boys will all be back again.

E. HOUGH.

THE RUTHERFORD PLEASURE CLUB was organized Thursday, Sept. 19, with Richard Curran, Pres.; Chas. Kirsch, Vice-Pres. Walton L. Lockwood Sec.-Treas. It has temporary rooms at 9 St. Marks Place, New York.

ST. PAUL TOURNAMENT.

ST. PAUL, Minn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The fourth annual tournament of the St. Paul Gun Club was a success in every particular. Perfect weather prevailed, and good shooting was done, as the scores will show. There were sixty-four entries the first day, but that dwindled to fifty the second, and from forty to twenty-five the last event. Everything moved like clockwork under President Blakely's excellent management, and the popping of guns was continuous and so fast that it was somewhat difficult to score correctly, still there was no trouble from that source, in fact, no cause for complaint about anything, and there was none, every one appearing satisfied.

The tournament was held on the fair grounds, midway between Minneapolis and St. Paul, during the great State fair, and the crowd of on-lookers was large. They were separated from the shooters by a substantial wire fence, and everything was arranged admirably. Five Peoria traps were used under the Keystone system, otherwise American rules. Among the shots present were Paul North of Cleveland, O.; H. Durant and J. G. Smith, Algona, Ia., the latter the president of Iowa State Sportmen's Association; H. S. Grimm, Clear Lake, Ia., who captured seventh average; several members of the LeMars, Ia., Gun Club, H. S. Tyler, Bismark, Dak.; S. A. Cundy and son, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.; H. A. Stone, Larmore, Dak.; J. H. Block, sheriff of Nicollett county, St. Peter, Minn., who always captures first average; J. W. Balsam, Hudson, Wis., who captured second average; C. J. Gress, Sleepy Eye, Minn.; J. H. Kayser, Marshall, Minn.; President Harrison of the Minneapolis Gun Club, and Nicholson, Ensign, Dunn, Lawrence, Cutter, members of the same; A. C. Cowing and J. Morrissey, Crookston; Hon. R. M. Anderson, Stillwater, Minn.; P. E. Hanson, Litchfield, Minn; H. A. Jones, Atwater, Minn.; C. B. Howard, Davenport, Ia.; L. Thieleman, St. Cloud, Minn.; S. P. Greaner and H. A. Westeson, Hastings, Minn.; C. H. Grant, Owatonna, Minn., and many others.

The traps face north, and the first two days the wind was from the southeast, the last day from the northwest, but not very strong at any time. The following are the scores:

First Day, Sept. 10.—First event, 10 single Peorias, $1.50 entrance, four moneys:

Max	0111010111— 7	Ruble	1111111001— 8
Hauson	1011101010— 6	Tyler	0101111111— 8
Catamaran	0011111101— 7	Turnbull	0100101000— 3
Peck	1111111110— 9	Grant	1001010111— 6
George	0101100101— 5	Litchfield	1001001011— 5
Cutter	1111111101— 9	J C	1101110111— 8
Hastings	1111101111— 9	North	1101111110— 8
Cundy, Jr	1111111011— 8	Balsam	1111111110—10
Pfister	1101111111— 9	Cundy, Sr	0101111101— 7
Newton	1111111011— 9	Baldwin 2	1111111113—10
Forbes	1111111111—10	Thompson	1110010111— 7
Kennedy	0111110111— 8	Gress	1111111111—10
Ensign	1111111111—10	Murphy	1101111000— 4
Wilson	0110110101— 6	Stevens	0001010110— 4
Block	1111111111—10	Watson	1111011111— 9
Jones	1101111110— 8	Holt	1110010011— 6
Kayser	0010111111— 7	Yates	1010101111— 7
Cummings	0011010101— 5	Cowing	0111101011— 7
Baldwin	0110111111— 8	Grimm	0111101101— 7
Burke	1111111110—10	Skinner	0111111111— 9
Smith	1001010101— 5	Lawrence	0111001111— 7
Stone	1101111000— 7	Blakely	1110110101— 7
Nicholson	0011111111— 8	Paulson	1110101010— 6
Peet	0001110000— 3	Barnes	0100011011— 5
Bennett	1111111110—10	Durant	1001110000— 4
Leonard	1100101110— 7	Xavier	1111011111— 9
Hamline	1111111111—10	Howard	1010010110— 5

Forbes, Block, Burke, Bennett, Hamline and Balsam divided first, Peck, Cutter, Hastings, Pfister, Newton, Gress, Wilson and Skinner divided second, Kennedy, J. C. and North third, Grimm fourth.

Second event, 15 singles, entrance $3 50, $100 guaranteed, 4 moneys:

Pfister	111111111110111—14	Watson	111100101010111—10
Stevens	000010111011110— 8	Gress	101101011111011—11
Leonard	111001011111011—11	Ensign	101111111111111—14
Grimm	111111111110101—13	Wilson	010111111111111—13
Newton	101111111110101—12	Smith	110110000100111—10
Block	011011111101011—11	Barnes	011011011111111—12
Skinner	111111011111101—13	Kilby	101010000011101— 7
Parkes	111111011111111—14	Cutter	100111010101111—11
Bennett	111111011101110—12	Cowing	001100110111111—10
Jones	100101011111011—11	Hamline	111110111111111—14
Hastings	011111010110111—11	Baldwin	111101100111011—11
Grant	111111011010111—11	Thompson	100111101101011—10
Revier	011110101110111—11	Kennedy	111111111111111—15
Murphy	111111111110111—14	Forbes	111101101111111—13
Baldwin	010111101111101—11	North	111111101110111—13
Catamaran	111011111111110—14	Nicholson	111101101111111—13
Cummings	000111111111110—11	Peck	111111111110111—14
Stone	011101110011111—11	Blakely	111001010101111—11
Hanson	111101010101111—11	J C	100111011111101—11
Morrissey	101001100110111—10	Cundy	110101001011110— 8
Howard	111111111110111—14	Ruble	101101110101001— 9
Kayser	011110000101011— 9	Tyler	111111011101011—12
Max	111111111111111—15	Holt	111000101111011—11
Litchfield	101101010110011— 8	Burke	111011100111011—11
Yates	011001110001011— 8	Durant	111011100111011—11

All ties divided.

Third event, 5 singles and 2 pairs:

Yates	01101 10 10—4	Nicholson	01111 10 11—7
Murphy	11010 10 11—6	Stevens	01110 01 10—5
Tyler	11111 10 11—8	Getty	01000 10 10—3
Peck	11111 11 10—8	Barnes	11111 10 00—6
Morrissey	01111 01 10—6	Stone	10111 10 11—7
Block	11111 10 11—8	George	00010 10 11—4
Hastings	11111 01 11—8	Hall	10111 10 11—7
Leonard	11110 10 10—6	Jacobs	01111 11 10—7
Catamaran	01001 10 11—5	Revier	01111 00 10—5
Parker	11111 11 10—8	Bennett	11111 11 11—9
Blakely	11111 11 01—8	Durant	01111 11 01—7
Newell	01110 11 10—6	Cowing	01101 10 11—6
Smith	10101 11 11—7	Fletcher	00110 11 10—5
Cundy	10110 11 10—6	Grant	11110 11 11—8
Claggett	11011 11 10—7	Ruble	11101 11 10—7
Howard	00110 10 10—5	McAnish	11011 10 10—6
Grimm	11011 00 10—5	Baldwin No 2	01110 10 10—5
Turnbull	01100 00 01—4	Wilson	01101 11 00—5
J C	11011 11 10—7	Jones	11111 10 11—8
Baldwin No 2	11101 11 11—8	Hanson	11010 10 10—5
Hamlin	11111 11 01—8	Skinner	10111 11 11—8
Paulson	01001 10 00—2	North	11111 10 11—8
Brown	01111 10 11—7	Guion	10001 01 10—4
Cummings	11011 11 10—7	Max	11111 01 11—8
Pfister	11111 10 11—8	Kennedy	11111 00 10—6
Newton	11111 11 01—8	Cutter	11100 10 10—5
Forbes	11111 10 11—8	Burke	11100 11 10—6
Ensign	11110 11 11—8		

Bennett first, Baldwin No. 2, Parker, Blakely and Skinner div. second, Claggett, Nicholson, Durant third, Kennedy fourth, Catamaran fifth, 250 cigars, George sixth, lap robe.

Fourth event, 10 single and 3 pair, entrance $3.50, $100 guaranteed, 4 moneys:

Harris	1100000110	10 11 00— 7	Baldwin,
Murphy	1101001101	10 10 10— 9	No. 1	1110001111	00 11 10—10
Hanson	1110111011	11 10 00—11	Cutter	1011111110	10 00 11—11
Bennett	1011111111	10 11 11—14	Stone	0111011111	11 01 11—13
Jacobs	0000111111	10 10 11—10	J C	0100101110	11 11 10—10
Skinner	1111111111	10 11 11—15	Leonard	0100011001	10 11 10— 7
Burke	1101011100	10 10 11—10	Peck	1111110010	11 10 00—10
Claggett	1000101101	11 11 11—11	Grimm	1101111111	11 11 11—15
Wilson	0111101111	11 10 11—13	Turnbull	0110101001	10 10 00— 6
Tyler	1111101100	10 00 10— 9	Block	1111100101	11 11 10—12
Cundy	0111111110	10 10 00—10	Forbes	1111101101	10 11 11—13
Sampson	1111101111	10 10 11—13	Smith	1110111011	11 10 10—11
Stevens	0101011000	11 00 00— 6	Pfister	1111101011	10 11 11—13
Barnes	0110111111	11 10 10—12	Baldwin,		
Grant	0111100111	00 10 00— 9	No. 2	1101111111	10 11 11—14
Grimm	1001101010	10 10 10— 8	Hastings	1111110111	10 10 11—13
Cat'mar'n	1010111111	01 10 10—11	Ruble	1011100111	10 11 10 11
Kennedy	0111010111	10 11 11—12	Morrissey	1010110111	11 10 10—11
Howard	1011101010	10 00 00— 7	Cowing	1011001011	11 10 11—11
Yates	0111111100	11 01 10—11	Parker	1111111011	10 10 10—12
Holt	0111111111	11 11 11—15	Newton	1111110111	11 10 10—13
Max	1101110110	10 10 11—11	Hamline	1111111111	11 11 10—15
George	0111110100	11 11 10—11	Cum'ings	0110011101	01 10 00— 8
Jones	1111111111	10 11 11—15	Blakely	1111100111	10 11 11—13
Ensign	1101111111	10 11 11—14			

All ties divided.

Fifth event, 10 singles, entrance $2, 4 moneys:

Max	1010111111— 8	Forbes	1111111110— 9
Morrissey	1110110101— 7	Skinner	1110111111— 9
Harrison	1110010111— 7	Jones	1111011110— 8
Kennedy	1111101111— 9	Cundy, Sr	1010011111— 8
Bennet	1101110111— 8	Cowing	1101110011— 7
Baldwin	1111011111— 9	North	1011101111— 8
Grimm	1111101010—7	Barnes	1011100110—6
Block	1111111111—10	Blakely	0110101111—7
Catamaran	1010101111—7	Murphy	1011111101—8
J C	1101111101—8	Getty	0100111010—5
Wilson	1110011110—7	Hamline	1111111101—9
White	0111111111—10	Grant	0011100011—7
Ensign	1111011111—8	Stone	1011011101—7
Claggett	1101111001—6	Brown	1001010000—3
Cundy, Jr	0000111011—5	Hastings	1010111101—7
Baldwin No. 2	1111110111—9	Holt	1111111011—8
Pfister	0111111011—8	Howard	1011111111—9
Newton	1110101111—8	Nicholson	1010011001—5
Parker	0111110111—8	Revier	0101101010—5
Tyler	0011111101—7	Kayser	1110101110—7

Ties on 10 div. first, Kennedy, Burke, Skinner and Hamlin second, Pfister and Parker third, ties on 7 fourth.

Second Day.—First event, at 10 single Peorias, $1.50 entrance, four moneys.

Howard	0111011111— 8	Burke	0101110011— 6
Hanson	1011101110— 7	Getty	0010111001— 4
Remer	0011101110— 6	Tyler	0110010011— 5
Hamline	1011011111— 8	Hastings	1011111011— 8
Parks	1011111111— 9	North	1011111111— 9
Wilson	1011111101— 8	Baldwin No. 2	0011111110— 7
White	1111011111— 9	Grant	0111000111— 6
J C	1111101111— 9	Pfister	1111101111— 9
Morrissey	1001110111— 7	Bennett	1111111111—10
Grimm	1111111111—10	Baldwin No 1	1111111111—10
Claggett	0111111111— 9	Harrison	1111111110— 9
Kennedy	0111111111— 9	Max	1111110010— 7
Stone	1100101101— 6	Parker	1111111111—10
Cundy, Jr	0010010010— 3	Cowing	1111111111—10
Nicholson	0001010101— 4	Holt	1011011111— 8
Jones	0101111111— 8	Skinner	1111111111—10
Peck	1111111101— 9	Kayser	0000110001— 4
Newton	1111101101— 8	Turnbull	0001010001— 3
Barnes	1001010111— 6	Ensign	1111110111— 9
Cundy, Sr	1110101111— 8	Catamaran	0111111111— 9
Forbes	1011101111— 8	McAnish	1100000111— 5
Block	1111111111—10	Terry	0001000001— 2
Blakely	1111110111— 9		

Grimm, Baldwin, Parker, Cowing and Skinner divided first; Peck, Block, North and Hamline second, Howard, Forbes and Hastings third; ties on 7 divided fourth.

Second event, 5 singles and 3 pairs, entrance $3.50, four moneys:

Parks	11111 11 11 10—10	Tyler	10101 11 01 11— 7
Pfister	10111 10 11 11— 9	Wilson	11111 11 11 10—10
Newton	10111 10 10 00— 6	North	00111 10 11 10— 7
Block	11111 11 10 11—10	Forbes	11101 11 10 10— 8
Grimm	00111 11 10 11— 8	Hastings	00101 01 10 10— 5
White	01111 10 10 10— 7	Blakely	11110 10 00 11— 7
Morrissey	11101 10 10 11— 8	Holt	11111 10 11 10— 9
Jones	11101 11 11 10—10	Hanson	01011 10 11 11— 8
Baldwin No 2	11111 11 11 11—11	Bennett	11111 11 11 11—11
Baldwin No 1	11111 11 11 11—11	Skinner	11111 11 10 11—10
Hamline	10111 10 10 11— 8	George	00100 10 10 10— 4
Kennedy	11011 10 01 10— 7	Howard	11111 01 11 00— 8
Parker	11111 11 11 10—11	Stone	10100 00 10 10— 4
Max	11111 10 00 10— 4	Cundy	00010 10 10 10— 4
Nicholson	11011 10 11 10— 8	Cowing	11111 00 10 11— 8
Burke	01111 11 10 10— 8	Ensign	11111 11 11 10—10
Hanson	11011 10 10 11— 8	Barnes	11001 11 10 10— 7
J C	11110 10 10 10— 7	Grant	11110 10 00 00— 5
Peck	11010 11 10 10— 7	Catamaran	11111 01 11 00— 8

Baldwin 1 and 2, Parker and Bennett first, Parks, Block, Jones, Wilson and Skinner second, ties on 9 third, ties on 8 fourth.

Third event, 10 singles and 3 pair, entrance $3 50:

Hanson	1111110100	11 11 11—13	Grimm	1111111110	11 11 11—15
Stone	1110101111	11 11 10—13	Baldwin 2	1101101100	11 10 11—11
Barnes	1101111001	00 10 11—10	Baldwin 1	1111110111	00 11 10—12
Holt	1101101111	10 01 11—12	Howard	1111111110	10 10 10—12
Peck	1110101110	10 11 10—11	Catam'r'n	1111111011	10 11 11—14
Kennedy	1111011110	11 10 10—12	Bird	0100001101	00 00 10— 5
Claggett	1111101010	11 10 10—11	Morrissey	1100101100	10 10 10— 8
J C	1111000111	11 11 11—13	Skinner	1110111111	11 10 10—13
Harrison	1101111111	10 10 00—11	North	1111110111	10 10 00—11
Newton	1101110111	11 01 10—12	Hastings	0111101101	00 11 10—10
Blakely	1011111111	01 10 10—12	Parker	1111111111	10 10 10—15
White	1110101110	11 11 11—13	Turnbull	0111000001	11 11 00— 8
Pfister	1111010100	10 10 10— 9	Hamline	1111111111	11 11 11—16
Will	0000100111	10 10 10— 7	Forbes	1111111011	11 10 10—13
Tyler	1111011101	10 01 11—12	Leonard	0000101001	10 10 10— 6
Parks	0111001011	10 10 00— 8	Getty	1010001001	11 00 01— 8
Wilson	1011111111	11 11 00—14	Max	1111011001	11 01 10—11
Bennet	0111111111	11 11 10—13	Ensign	1111011111	11 10 10—13
Jones	0011110111	11 11 11—13	Block	1111111111	11 11 11—15
Parker	1110111111	10 11 11—14			

Hamline first, ties on 15 second, ties on 14 third, Skinner and Hanson fourth.

Diamond badge contest, 26 single Macombers and 12 pairs Peorias, winner to have all the entries next year at $5 each, second prize valuable setter puppy:

	S. M.	D. P.	Total.		S. M.	D. P.	Total.
Baldwin No 1	17	17	34	Burkhard	24	20	44
Thompson	24	17	41	Paul	20	22	42
Schuenler	20	16	36	Morrissey	16	15	31
Hanson	21	20	41	Anderson	18	17	35
Baldwin No 2	23	17	40	Ruble	19	17	36
Blakely	21	20	41	Block	12		Withdrew.
Highous	20	13	33	Lyon	20	22	42
Pfister	22	16	38	Ponsonby	16		Withdrew.
Kennedy	21	16	37	Lawrence	18		Withdrew.

Burkhard wins badge, Paul and Lyon win puppy and "divide" it

Ninth event, 15 singles, $3.50 entrance:

Stone	101101100111011—10	Cundy	100111010101111—10
Hastings	111011106111111—12	Max	111001170110111—11
Hanson	100111101111111—12	White	111111001111111—12
Bennett	111111010101111—12	Ensign	101111111111101—13
Jones	010111011111101—11	Burk	101111010111011—12
Blakely	101101011111111—12	Baldwin No 1	111011001110110—10
Nicholson	001001101111101— 9	Forbes	010111101111101—11
Tyler	101011111101111—12	Skinner	111011111111111—14
J C	111101110111111—13	Barnes	111111111111111—15
Parker	111111111111111—15	Grant	100101000111010— 7
Catamaran	111011101111111—13	Murphy	111101111011110—12
Morrissey	111101010110011—10	Baldwin No. 2	011111011111101—12
Kennedy	100111111111111—13	Newton	100011001110101— 8
Block	111111111111111—15	Holt	111101111111111—14
Hamlin	111011011111110—12		

Parker, Grimm, Block and Wilson first, Skiuner, Pfister and Holt second, ties on 13 third, Hamlin fourth.

Tenth event, 10 singles: Stone 6, Hastings 6, Hanson 6, Bennett 10, Jones 9, Blakely 8, Nicholson 9, Tyler 9, J. C. 6, North 8, Parker 10, Grant 10, Grimm 9, Morrissey 6, Kennedy 7, Block 9, Hamlin 9, Cundy 6, Max 9, White 9, Ensign 8, Burke 8, Baldwin No. 1 8, Forbes 8, Parks 7, Skinner 9, Barnes 8, Wilson 7, Pfister 7, Catamaran 7, Murphy 9, Baldwin No. 2 8, Newlin 7, Holt 10, Rogers 5. Ties on 10 div. first, White second, Baldwin and Forbes third, Pfister fourth.

The scores of three other events are "lost in the shuffle," but I send you a list of the average winners. The number of birds shot at was 162: Block, first, $60, 147; Balsam, second, $50, 145; Hamline third, $49, 144; Sinner, fourth, $30, 143; Ensign, fifth, $25, 142; Bennett, sixth, $20, 140; Grimm, seventh, $15, 139; Pfister, eighth, $10, 137.

WILLIAMS.

CORRY, PA., GUN CLUB, Sept. 19.—The following are the scores made at the weekly club shoot of the Corry Gun Club, also score of a very interesting team race after club shoot, for birds and ammunition. The day was cold and rainy, and the weather seemed to affect some of the good shots. Penrose won gold medal, and Starbird silver medal. Keystone rules, trap and targets were used:

Penrose	1011111011111111111111111—23
Edwards	1001000110010110011111011—14
Starbird	1011111011111111110111111—22
Ward	0111111010101111111110110—19
Wetmore	1001000111101100101000001—11
Swan	1111101101001000000100110—12
M Arnold	1010111011111101011111111—21
Ellis	1000000010100011000010101— 8
Batton	0000000000000000000000000— 0
Laurie	1011111111000101001100111—17
Austin	0101111111111011011101111—20

Team shoot:

Penrose	1011110111001111101111111—21
Edwards	1110101010110011111110—18
Wetmore	1111101110110111111110011—20
Starbird	1011111011111010110111101—19—78
Laurie	1011111101010111111011111—20
Ward	1100011111C0111101111111—17
Swan	1100100101111101111111111—19
M Arnold	1101111110111111111111010—21—77

CONNECTICUT TOURNAMENT.

MERIDEN, Conn.—A three days' shoot at Keystone targets was held here on the 17th, 18th and 19th, in connection with the State fair. Several medals and purses had been offered by the Fair Association, and in addition to these events a large number of open sweepstakes were shot. The first two days were rainy and very disagreeable, so a much smaller number of contestants were in attendance than was hoped for. On the last day the conditions changed, and with the exception of one hard shower in the afternoon, during which all were forced to seek shelter, the weather was very pleasant. The scores are here given in full.

First Day.—Event No. 1, 10 singles, 75 cents entrance, 3 moneys, ties div.:

E Ames	1111111110—9	Sherman	1111111111—10
Johnson	1001111011—7	Gould	1111111111—10
Savage	1110010111—7	Bristol	1101111111—9
Folsom	1111611010—7		

No. 2, same conditions, ties div.:

Folsom	1111110110—8	Gould	1111111011—9
Johnson	1111111111—10	Avery	1111111111—10
Sherman	1111111010—8	Bristol	1101111111—9
Savage	1110101101—8		

No. 3, same conditions. Ties div.:

Johnson	1100111111—8	Savage	1010100101—5
Avery	1111101111—9	Sterry	1111111001—8
Folsom	1111001001—6	Bristol	1011111111—9
Gould	1111111111—10	Sherman	1111111101—9

No. 4, at 15 singles, $2 entrance, 4 moneys:

Gould	011111111111111—14	Woodford	111101011001111—11
Avery	110110111111111—13	Bristol	111111111111111—15
Johnson	111011111111101—13	Alcott	111111111111110—14
Savage	111111110111101 -13	Langdon	111110011111111—13
Folsom	011110101101110—10	Widman	001110111101111—11
Sterry	111111111111001—13	Hill	011010101110111—11
Sherman	111111111101110—13		

Ties all div. except on 13, which was shot off and div. by Avery and Johnson.

No. 5, at 10 singles, entrance $1.25, 3 moneys. Ties div.:

Johnson	1010111111—8	Sterry	1010011111—8
Gould	1111011111—9	Sherman	1101111101—8
Avery	1111111111—10	Bristol	1111110010—8
Folsom	1111011111—9		

No. 6, at 5 pairs, entrance $1.25, 3 moneys, ties div.:

Gould	01 10 01 11 11—7	Avery	11 11 11 11 10—9
Johnson	11 11 11 11 10—9	Folsom	10 10 11 11 11—8
Sterry	11 10 11 11 10—8	Bristol	11 00 11 00 11—6
Sherman	11 11 11 11 11—10	Savage	11 11 11 10 10—8

No 7, at 5 pairs, same conditions, ties div.:

Gould	10 11 11 00 11—7	Avery	11 11 11 11 11—10
Johnson	10 11 11 11 11—9	Folsom	11 11 11 10 10—8
Sterry	10 10 11 10 11—7	Savage	11 11 11 00 11—8
Sherman	11 11 11 10 11—9		

No. 8, at 10 singles, same conditions, ties div.:

Gould	1110111111—9	Avery	1011111111—9
Johnson	1111111101—9	Folsom	1111010111—8
Sterry	1110101111—8	Savage	0110101100—5
Sherman	1111111111—10	Bristol	1111111111—10

No. 9, same conditions:

Gould	1111111010—8	Folsom	1111011001—7
Johnson	1111111011—9	Savage	0111111111—9
Sterry	1111111111—10	Bristol	1111011111—9
Sherman	1111111111—10	Brown	1111101110—8
Avery	1001111111—8		

Ties div. except on 8 which was shot off and won by Gould.

No. 10, at 6 singles, 25 cents entrance:

Gould	111110—5	Savage	010101—3
Sterry	111101—5	Bristol	111111—6
Woodford	100111—4	Sherman	111111—6
Higby	010011—3	Avery	111111—6
Goodwin	110111—5	Folsom	011111—5
Johnson	111111—6		

Ties div. except on 5, shot off and won by Folsom.

No. 11, at 10 singles, $1.25 entrance, four moneys:

Hill	1110111111—9	Burbridge	1110100111—7
Bristol	1111011111—9	Avery	1110111101—8
Gould	1010111111—8	Strong	1111111101—9
Willey	1111111111—10	Savage	1110111111—9
Johnson	1111010111—7	Sherman	1111111110—9
Ames	1111010111—8	Sterry	1010111010—6
Langdon	1111011111—9	Folsom	1110111011—8
Widman	0011111111—8	Woodford	0101010111—6
Cady	1111111101—9		

Second div. by those breaking 5 in shoot-off, and third won by Avery, shooting off.

No. 12, at 10 single straightaways, entrance 75 cts., four moneys, ties div.:

Langdon	00111010w.	Willey	1111111111—10
Widman	1111111011—9	Goodwin	1101111111—9
Ames	1001110w.	Folsom	1111001101—7
Cady	1101111120—8	Gould	1011111011—8
Johnson	1011010011—6	Strong	0111110111—8
Woodford	1111101001—7	Hill	1111111111—10
Burbridge	1110111111—9	Brown	1011110111—8
Sterry	1011111111—9	Sherman	1111111010—8

No. 13, two-men team match at 25 birds per man, medal and $10 to winners:

Sterry	1110101111011111111111111—22
Savage	1111111111111111111111110—24—46
Gould	1111111011111111109110111—21
Sherman	1111111111111111111111101—24—45
Johnson	1011111011011011111111011—20
Bristol	1111111111111111111111111—24—44
Woodford	1111111010111111111010110—20
Alcott	1111111110111111111111111—24—44
Hill	1110101011111111111110111111—21
Avery	0111111111111111111111101—22—43
Langdon	1111000111111111111111000110—18
Burbridge	0110010101111110101111011—17—35
Ames	1111111001000101111011110—17
Cady	0111111111011100100101010—16—33

No. 14, at 10 singles, entrance $1.25, 4 moneys:

Avery	1111110011—8	Savage	1100111111—8
Hill	1001010111—6	Willey	1111111111—10
Johnson	1100110110—6	Burbridge	1110111111—9
Ames	1001000110—5	Cady	1111110011—8
Sterry	0110111000—5	Strong	1110100100—5
Langdon	1111011111—9	Gordon	1100111110—7

Ties div., except for third, shot off and won by Savage.

No. 15, at 6 singles and 3 pairs, entrance $1.25, 4 moneys:

Johnson	11111 10 11 11—11	Avery	11101 11 11 11—11
Gould	11011 10 11 11—10	Cady	11101 10 10 11—9
Hill	11001 10 00 10—7	Savage	11011 10 11 11—10
Widman	11111 11 11 11—12	Sherman	11111 11 11 11—12
Langdon	01110 11 11 11—10	Sterry	11011 11 11 11—11
Burbridge	11111 10 11 10—10	Goodwin	11111 11 11 10—11
Willey	11001 10 11 11—9	Folsom	11001 10 10 11—8
Bristol	11111 10 11 11—11		

Second shot off and div. by Bristol and Goodwin, third shot off and won by Langdon, fourth shot off and won by Cady.

No. 16, at 10 singles, same conditions:

Johnson	1111101101—8	Ames	1111011111—9
Langdon	1011111101—8	Hill	0010110101—5
Avery	1111111011—9	Cady	0111111001—7
Savage	1011111111—9	Sterry	1111111110—9

First shot off and div. by Avery and Sterry, other ties div.

Second Day.—Event No. 1, at 10 singles, 75 cents entrance, 4 moneys, ties div.:

Merriman	1111111111—10	Strong	1101111100—7
Gould	1111010011—8	Bates	1111111111—10
Sherman	1111110111—9	Soper	0011111110—7
Goodwin	1111111101—9	Folsom	1111001110—7
Yerrington	1001101111—7	A Strong	1000000111—4
Bristol	1111111111—10	Sterry	1101111101—8
Hill	1111011110—7		

No. 2, at 5 singles, entrance $1.25, 4 moneys:

Gould	1111111111—10	Bates	1111111111—10
Sherman	1111111110—9	Yerrington	1111111100—8
Goodwin	1110111011—8	A Strong	0001010011—4
Folsom	0111111111—9	Sterry	1111111101—9
Bristol	1110111011—8	Avery	1110110111—8
Hill	1111111001—8	Merriman	1111111110—9
Strong	1111111111—10	Soper	1011110001—6

First and second divided. Third shot off and divided by the 8 men except Avery. Fourth won by Soper.

No. 3, at 10 singles, entrance $1.25, 4 moneys:

Gould	1111111111—10	Strong	1011101111—8
Bates	1111111111—10	Ames	1001111011—8
Sherman	1111111110—9	Folsom	0111001011—6
Sterry	0010111111—7	Merriman	1111110110—8
Cady	1111110011—8	Soper	1011111011—8
Hill	1001110111—7	Conner	1110111111—9
Avery	1110101111—8	Bristol	1111011111—9
Goodwin	1111101010—7	Yerrington	1111011111—9

Ties all divided except for third, which was shot off and won by Merriman.

No. 4, at 10 singles, same conditions:

Folsom	1101001111—7	Cady	1111111111—10
Sherman	1111111111—10	Ames	1111001111—8
Sterry	1111111110—9	Strong	0111111110—8
Gould	1111111111—10	Hill	1111011111—9
Conner	1111111111—10	Goodwin	1111111110—9
Avery	1111111111—10	Bates	1111111111—10
Yerrington	1111101111—9	Bristol	1111111010—8

First shot off and div. by all but Sherman and Cady; other ties divided.

No. 5, at 15 singles, $2 entrance, 4 moneys; ties div.:

Gould	110110111111111—13	Sterry	101111111111111—14
Sherman	111111111110111—14	Frances	111010111010010—9
Hill	111011110101111—12	Bates	110111111111111—14
Yerrington	111110111111111—14	Bristol	111011001110111—11
Strong	111111111111110—14	Avery	111111111111111—15
Conner	111111111111111—15	Langdon	111111111111111 - 15
Folsom	111 111111111111—14	Widman	111011101111111—13
Cady	011111101110111—12		

No. 6, at 10 singles, $1.25 entrance, 4 moneys; ties div.:

Burbridge	1111111110—9	Bates	1100110101—6
Willey	0011111101—7	Yerrington	1110111010—7
Sherman	1111111111—10	Whittlesy	1001010101—5
Bristol	1111111111—10	Cady	1110011100—6
Gould	1111111110—9	Strong	1110111111—9
Folsom	1011111111—9	Sterry	1111111010—8
Langdon	1111111111—10	Beers	0110011111—7
Avery	0111111011—8	Goodwin	0111110111—7
Vibarts	1011011110—7	E D Folsom	1110111110—8
Hill	1101101101—7	Coma	1111111111—10
Widman	1111101111—9		

No. 7, at 5 pairs, $1.25 entrance, four moneys:

Gould	11 10 10 11 11—8	Avery	11 11 11 11 11—10
Sherman	10 10 10 10 11—6	Bristol	11 11 10 11 11—9
Hill	11 11 10 11 11—9	Sterry	10 00 10 10 10—4
Widman	11 10 11 10 11—7	Goodwin	01 11 11 10 11—8
Cady	10 11 11 10 11—8	Bates	11 11 11 10 11—9
Langdon	10 10 11 11 11—8	E Folsom	11 11 10 11 01—8
Folsom	10 11 10 10 11—7	Vibert	10 11 11 00 00—5

Ties div., except on 8, which was shot off and won by Goodwin.

No. 8, at 6 singles and 3 pairs, entrance $1.30, four moneys, ties div.:

Hill	101011 00 01 01—6	Strong	011110 10 11 00—7
Willey	111101 11 11 11—11	Cady	011000 01 00 11—5
Avery	111111 11 11 11—12	Whittlesy	100100 11 11 11—8
Burbridge	111111 01 10 11—10	Sterry	111101 11 10 10—9
Goodwin	110111 10 11 10—9	Vibert	110111 10 10 10—8
Connor	101111 01 10 11—9	Folsom	111111 11 11 11—12

No. 9, at 10 singles, 75 cents entrance, four moneys, ties div.:

Burbridge	1111111110—9	Merriam	1111111111—10
Whittlesy	0010000010—2	Hill	1100111111—8
Sterry	1110111111—9	Avery	1111011111—9
Yerrington	1111011101—8	Folsom	1111111111—10
Willey	1111111111—10	Soper	1011010111—7
Strong	1111111110—9		

No. 10, club team race, six men from any club in Connecticut, at 20 birds per man, $10 and medal to winners, optional sweepstake of $2, in which all but six contestants entered, 4 moneys:

Hartford Gun Club.

Willey	01111101111110011101—14
Burbridge	11111111111111111110—19
E Folsom	11111111111011111001—17
Vibert	11011101111010110103—13
Sterry	11111111110111101101—18
N D Folsom	11001111111111111111—18—99

New London Gun Club.

N A Ames	01111111111111110111—18
Yerrington	11111111111111111110—19
Strong	11111111111111111111—20
J H Ames	11111011111111101111—18
Conner	11111101101111111111—18
Cady	11111111011110101111—17—110

New Haven Gun Club.

Langdon	00111111111101111111—17
Gould	11110111111111111111—18
Bates	11111111111111111160—18
Sherman	11111111111111111111—20
Widman	11111111111111111111—20
Bristol	11111111111111110111—19—112

Meriden Gun Club.

Merriman	00011111101111111110—15
Hill	11111010111100011111—16
Avery	11111111111111111111—20
Strong	11010010111010000112
A Ives	11111111101011111101—17
Birdsy	11100110010010101010—10—90

The $10 and medal went to New Haven Gun Club; sweepstake money went, first to Sherman, Widman and Avery; second to Burbridge, Yerrington and Bristol; third to Sterry, Gould and Conner; fourth to London and Folsom.

No. 11, at 6 birds, 25 cents entrance, three moneys; ties div.:

Goodwin	101111—5	Sterry	111011—5
Whitlesy	001110—3	Langdon	111111—6
Willey	111000—3	Ames	011111—5
Foley	001110—3	Beers	110110—4
Vibert	010111—4	Col Ames	111111—6
Strong	111110—5	Cady	111111—6

No. 12, at 10 singles, 75 cents entrance, four moneys; ties div.:

Sterry	0001111111—8	Sherman	1111111111—10
Strong	1110111111—9	Cady	0111011111—8
Yerrington	1111111111—10	E Folsom	0101111110—7
Hill	1011011010—6	A Strong	1101111001—7
Goodwin	1111110111—9	Bristol	1111111110—8
Bates	1111111111—10	Folsom	1000111101—6
Langdon	1111111111—10	Vibert	0111001111—7
Widman	1101111111—9	Foley	1101111011—8
Gould	1111111111—10	N Ames	1111111100—8

No. 13, at 10 singles, 75 cents entrance, four moneys, ties div.:

Yerrington	1110011111—8	Hill	1011000 w.—3
Cady	1011011000—5	Avery	0111111101—8
J H Ames	1011110111—8	Strong	1101101101—7
N H Ames	1111101101—8	Sterry	1111111101—9
Burbridge	1111111111—10	Whitlesy	0011100100—4
Willey	1011101101—8	Folsom	1111111110—9

Third Day.—Event No. 1, at 10 singles, 75 cents entrance, four moneys:

Soper	1000110111—6	Sherman	1101111111—9
Bristol	0111110111—8	Merriman	0011111110—7
Bates	1110111100—7	Conner	1111111101—9
Higby	0000111110—5	Bill	0110110111—7
Whitney	1101111111—9	Jewett	1111111111—10
Putney	1111111110—9	Avery	1111110111—9

Ties div. except on 9 which was shot off and div. by Sherman and Avery.

Event No. 2, at 10 birds, $1.25 entrance, three moneys; ties div.:

Avery	1101111111—9	Bates	1111111110—9
Bill	1111101111—9	Collins	0010100111—5
Putney	1001110011—6	Sherman	1111111111—10
Whitney	1111111110—9	Jewett	1011101111—8
Bristol	1111110110—8		

Event No. 3, at 6 singles and 3 pairs, $1.30 entrance, three moneys; ties div.:

Sherman	11110 10 10 10—8	Bill	11100 11 11 11—10
Whitney	11111 11 11 11—12	Conner	00111 00 10 10—6
Bates	11101 10 10 10—8	Sterry	11111 10 10 10—9
Bristol	11111 01 11 11—11	Avery	11101 10 01 11—7
Putney	11011 11 11 11—11		

Event No. 4, at 10 singles, $1.25 entrance, four moneys; ties div.:

Bristol	1111111111—10	Bill	1111110111—9
Putney	0111111111—9	Avery	1111011111—9
Whitney	1101111101—8	Conner	1110011101—7
Bates	1110111111—9	Webb	1001011001—5
Sherman	1111111111—10	Jewett	1101110111—8
Sterry	1111111111—10		

Event No. 5, at 5 pairs, entrance $1.25, 3 moneys, ties div.:

Avery	10 11 10 01 10—6	Bristol	11 11 11 11 11—10
Sherman	10 11 11 10 10—7	Whitney	11 10 11 11 10—8
Sterry	10 10 10 11 00—5	Bates	11 10 11 10 11—8
Putney	10 11 11 10 11—8	Conner	11 00 11 11 11—8

Event No. 6, at 10 birds, entrance $1, 4 moneys, ties div.:

Bates	1001111111—8	Webb	0011001101—4
Sterry	1110011011—7	Whitney	1111111110—9
Putney	1111111111—10	Bristol	1011111010—7
Bill	1010111111—8	Jewett	1111111111—10
Avery	1111111111—10	Conner	1101110101—7
Sherman	1111111110—9		

Event No. 7, at 10 singles, entrance $1, four moneys:

Sidney	0111101111—8	Goodwin	1110111111—9
Gould	1111111111—10	Johnson	0101101111—7
Connor	1110111011—8	Bailey	0111111111—9
Sterry	1111111111—10	Putney	1111111111—10
Whitlesy	1111010110—8	Avery	1111111111—10
Henry	0011100110—6	Whitney	0101111111—8
Higby	0011101101—6	Bristol	1111011110—8
Langdon	0111011111—8	Sherman	1110111111—9
Ives	0000001110—3	Bates	1110110011—7
Hill	0111101010—6	Bill	1110111111—9

First, second and fourth div., third shot off and div. by Whitlesy, Langdon and Whitney.

No. 8, grand individual State championship match, at 30 singles and 10 pairs, $10 and medal to winner, optional sweepstake, $3.25 entrance, four moneys:

Merriman	101101101101111111101111111101 11 10 11 11 10 10 11 10 10 11 10 10-39
Bristol	111111101011011101111111111111 11 10 10 10 10 11 10 11 11 11 11-41
Putney	111111111111101111011111111010 11 11 11 11 01 11 11 11 01 11 11-44
Gould	111111111101101111111101111111 11 11 10 10 10 11 11 11 11 11 11-44
Sterry	101011110011111111100101011110 11 10 10 00 10 10 10 00 11 10-31
Bates	111111111011111010111111111111 11 11 10 11 11 11 11 00 11 11-44
Sherman	111110111111111111111111111111 11 11 10 11 11 11 10 11 11 10-46
Henry	111111100110101011111111111001 11 11 10 10 01 10 01 10 11 10-37
Johnson	111111111110011111111111111111 01 10 11 11 10 10 11 00 11-41
Conner	010000110101011111011101111001 11 10 10 10 11 11 11 10 01 10-34
Bill	111111111111111111111111101110 10 11 11 11 01 11 11 11 01 11-44
Longden	111111111111111111111111111111 10 11 11 11 10 00 11 11 11 10-44
Hill	011011111011111111111111111011 01 01 00 10 00 10 10 11 10 11-34
Whitney	111011111111111111111111111011 11 00 10 11 10 11 10 10 11-41
Avery	111111111111111111111111001111 11 11 11 10 11 11 11 11 11-45
Whittlesy	111110011111111011001110000110 11 11 11 11 11 10 11 11 11 11 00-38
Goodwin	111111001011111111111101001111 10 11 11 01 10 11 11 10 11 11-40
Higby	111011011000001001110101111111 00 10 10 10 10 w
Ensign	111011111110111011111111101001 11 10 10 01 10 10 10 11 11 11-38
Bailey	101101101100111111111111001011 10 11 11 10 11 11 11 11 11 00-36
Peckham	001111110011101101111011111111 00 01 00 10 11 01 11 10 01 11-34
Savage	111111111111111111111111111011 11 11 10 11 11 11 11 10 11 10-46
Sydney	111011101111111111111111111111 11 01 10 10 10 11 10 11 10 10 10-40
Burbridge	111011111101011111111111111001 10 01 11 11 11 11 10 00 11 11-41
Ives	111101111010101010001101000000 10 11 00 01 11 1 w
E Folsom	111111111111011011111111111011 11 11 10 11 11 11 11 11 11 11-46
Willey	111111111111111011111111111101 10 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11-45
Widman	111111111111111111111011111011 11 10 00 11 11 11 11 11 10 11-44

Sherman and Savage tied for first, Folsom not being entitled to shoot in this State event, the first two divided the money and Savage took medal. Other ties divided.

No. 10, at 20 pairs, for $10 and medal:

Avery	11 10 11 11 11 11 01 10 10 01 11 11 11 10 10 11 11 01 11 11—32
Langdon	11 10 10 10 10 10 11 10 10 10 w.
Whitney	00 11 11 01 11 11 11 10 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11—36
Hill	00 01 01 01 11 11 11 11 11 01 10 00 11 01 10 11 10 11 11—27
Burbridge	10 11 10 11 10 00 10 11 11 00 10 10 11 11 10 10 01 11 10 00—24
Whittlesey	10 11 10 10 10 11 10 00 10 10 11 11 11 10 11 01 01 10 11 11—27
Willey	11 10 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 01 10 11 11 11 11 00 11 11—35
Sidney	11 11 01 00 10 11 11 11 11 01 00 11 01 10 11 11 00 11 10 00—27
Johnson	10 10 11 01 10 10 11 00 00 10 11 10 11 10 10 00 10 00 00 10—19
Folsom	11 10 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11—28
Thompson	11 10 11 10 10 00 11 11 10 01 11 11 11 11 11 01 11 10 00—28
Henry	10 11 11 01 01 01 11 11 11 01 01 11 10 11 01 11 01 01—21
Gould	11 11 10 11 11 11 11 10 11 10 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 10—35
Bristol	11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 10 11 10 11 10 10 10 11 11 11 00—32
Merriman	10 11 11 00 11 10 11 10 10 00 11 00 10 01 10 10 11 11—28
Soper	01 11 11 10 11 10 10 11 10 11 11 11 10 10 00 11 11 11 10—29
Goodwin	10 11 00 10 11 10 11 10 00 11 10 11 11 11 11 11 11 11—32
Ensign	11 11 10 11 10 11 01 01 10 11 10 11 11 10 00 01 11 11 10—28

Folsom won medal and purse.

NEW JERSEY ASSOCIATION.

THE annual meeting of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association was held on Monday evening, Sept. 23, at 842 Broad street, Newark, N. J. The President, Dr. W. N. Pindell brought the meeting to order at 8:45 and Secretary Wm. Hayes called the roll to which the following delegates responded: Jersey City Heights Gun Club, Al. Heritage; Middlesex Gun Club, Seymour G. Smith and W. L. Force; South Side Gun Club, J. A. Bennett and W. R. Hobart; Forester Gun Club, Jacob Pentz; Newark Gun Club, C. M. Hedden and Jacob Pentz; Essex Gun Club, W. Hayes, R. H. Brientnall and Dr. W. N. Pindell. The minutes of the last regular meeting, also of a special meeting were read and approved. Two new clubs were unanimously elected to membership. The Bergen Gun Club, Mr. Orth, Secretary, of Hackensack, and the Riverside Gun Club, B. S. Paine President, of Red Banks. Under the head of reports of committees, Mr. Hayes said there were none to receive except that of a committee appointed to embody the new shooting rules in constitution and by-laws and they were not ready to report. Mr. W. Fred Quimby then moved a reconsideration of the recent change in rules which compels the gun to be held below the armpit until the bird is on the wing. At the last special meeting the American Shooting Association rules were adopted with certain changes, one of which was as above; motion seconded by Mr. Hobart. The chair questioned whether a reconsideration was proper at this meeting when the representatives were not the same as present at former meeting; he said no notice had been given that this question would be brought up and that some who voted for the change were not present to uphold that action. Mr. Quimby replied that when the change was made, no previous notice had been given, so the situations were identical, and claimed that a motion to reconsider was always in order. The chair then put the motion and it was carried with a few dissenting votes.

Mr. Pentz questioned whether, after having advertised to hold the present tournament under certain rules, it was advisable to change them now; and in looking over the by-laws the secretary discovered a section reading "that any changes of shooting rules that may be made shall not apply to the present tournament." This made the action in adopting rules at last meeting, which were intended to govern this year's shoot, out of order, and Mr. Pentz moved that as the alteration of Rule 16 and others having been a violation of the by-laws of the Association, the action be rescinded and expunged from the minutes. Seconded and carried. It was then said that the tournament would have to be shot under the old rules of the Association, but upon inquiry as to what the rules were, no record of them could be found. A lengthy discussion on rules ensued, and a motion to suspend Section 8 of the Constitution so as to allow a change or adoption of new rules was declared illegal by the chair. Mr. Quimby then appealed to the Association, reminded them of a conversation which took place when the Jersey City Heights Club was requested to give the tournament—that they then claimed it would be impossible to give a sucessful shoot under the old rules, which call for 21yds. rise, plunge traps, use of one barrel only—that on the understanding that new rules would be adopted suitable to the present style of shooting, they had gone ahead and incurred expenses in preparing for the tournament, and would up by saying that the Association had no right to compel the use of the old rules. He made a motion that the American Shooting Association rules be adopted by the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association to govern all their contests. Motion seconded, but declared illegal by the chair. An appeal was taken from this decision, and the chair not sustained. Motion then put and carried.

Under the head of new business Mr. Hobart desired some information about the expenses attendant on the recent movement among certain clubs, which resulted in the legislation, legalizing pigeon shooting, said he thought the Association should indorse this action, see that all claims for services were settled, and moved that Mr. Quimby be allowed to draw on the Association for a sum not to exceed $100 to help defray any expenses which might accrue from the efforts to pass said bill. Motion seconded and carried. After some talk, as it seemed to be the sense of the meeting that the Association should uphold this action which resulted in the passage of the law, and should be at the head of all movements to sustain the law, prosecute offenders, etc. Mr. Quimby moved that the Association accept all the books, papers, etc., connected with the meeting held at the Astor House in March, also the contributions then pledged by various clubs, and use the same to pay any outstanding bills and the balance as a fund to carry on future work. Seconded and carried. The following officers were then elected for the coming year: President, Al. Heritage, Jersey City Heights Gun Club; First Vice-President, Seymour G. Smith, Middlesex Gun Club; Second Vice-President, Frank E. Hyer, Midway Gun Club; Recording Secretary, Jacob Pentz, Newark Gun Club; Corresponding Secretary, W. R. Hobart, South Side Gun Club; Treasurer, W. Fred Quimby.

A vote of thanks was tendered to the retiring officers and the meeting adjourned.

FIXTURES.

Sept. 24, 25, 26 and 27.—Fifth Annual Tournament given by Al. Bandle, at Cincinnati $1,000 guaranteed.

Sept. 24, 25, 26, 27.—New Jersey State Sportsman's Association for the Protection of Fish and Game Annual Tournament, on grounds of the Jersey City Heights Gun Club, at Marion, N. J. W. F. Quimby, 291 Broadway, N. Y.

Oct. 1, 2, 3.—Linthicum's Keystone Tournament at Baltimore, Md.—Samuel J. Fort, Ellicott City, Md., Assistant Manager.

Oct. 8, 9, 10, 11.—Middlesex Gun Club Tournament, Dunellen, N. J. W. F. Force, Secretary, Plainfield, N. J.

Oct. 8, 9, 10, 11.—Fred A. Fodde's Second Annual Amateur Tournament, at St. Louis, Mo. Inanimate targets.

Oct. 15, 16, 17, 18.—Tournament at live birds and inanimate targets, Philadelphia. J. F. Kleinz, Secretary, 600 South Delaware avenue, Philadelphia.

Oct. 17, 18, 19.—West End Social Gun Club Tournament, Harrisburg, Pa.

Oct. 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25.—Second Tournament of the Mercer Gun Club, at Trenton, N. J. E. G. Updegrove, President.

CATSKILL, N. Y., Sept. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Although a number of shooters who were expected to take part were deterred by the rain, Fred. Tolley's trap-shooting contest to-day was a success, Mr. Tolley having temporary shelter for shooters at the firing point. It became quite muddy after traveling over the firing point, but the shooters accepted the situation of things, considering it was the first attempt at anything in the way of a shooting tournament in Catskill. Clubs from the Hudson River Valley were represented as the scores will show. Kingbirds were used from 5 traps, ties div. First event, 10 kingbirds, 75 cents entrance:

Mattice	1111111110—9	Benter	1110110011—7
Tolley	1111110111—9	Beach	1101011010—6
Short	1111101101—8	Russ	0000101001—3

Second event, 15 kingbirds, $1 entrance:

Mattice	111101111111111—14	H Schutt	111111110101101—13
Livingston	111111111110111—14	Tolley	110110110011111—11
Pierce	110111111111111—14	J N Ramsdill	111111011110100—11
Ramsdill	101111111101111—13	Beach	101110111110011—11
Short	111111010111111—13	McVicker	001110011110111—10
Wygant	011111111110111—13	Halstead	100011111006111— 9
L Schutt	111010111110111—12	Russ	010101100001000— 5

Third event, 20 kingbirds, $1.25 entrance:

Gardner	111111111111111101—19	Halstead	001101011011111101—14
Mattice	011111101111101111111—17	Beach	101011110111110101—14
Short	111111011010111111—17	J NR'sdell	000110111111011111110—14
J HR'sdell	111011111111110101111—17	H Schutt	111111100001111111100—14
Wygant	111110101101111111101—16	L Schutt	011110010101011101111—13
Pierce	101111111101011111110—16	Livingst'n	111010100110110110010—12
Hitchcock	111111010111101111011—16	Russ	001010101000000100101— 8
McVicker	111011100111111010110 –15	Tolley	10000110000

Fourth event, 25 kingbirds, $1.50 entrance:

Gardner	1111111111111111111111111—25
Wygant	1111111111011111111111111—24
Livingston	1111111111111101111111111—24
J N Ramsdell	1111111111111111111101111—24
Beach	1111110101111111111111111—23
McVicker	1111011111111111111111111—23
L Schutt	1011011111111011111111111—22
Pierce	1111100011111111101111111—21
Hitchcock	1011111111111100111101111—21
Short	0101111111101011111111101—20
Mattice	1111010111111111111101101—20
J H Ramsdell	1110001101111111010111111— 19
Halstead	0110101010111101110111101—17
Spencer	1011111101101110011 w.

Fifth event, 20 kingbirds, $1.50 entrance:

Mattice	11111101011111111111—19	L Short	00011101111111111111—16
Gardner	10111111111111111111—19	Beach	11011111011011111001—16
Collins	01111111111111111111—19	Spencer	11111011101011011011—16
Livingst'n	11111101101111111110—18	McVicker	11111111111111011100—15
Wygant	11110111111111101101—17	Lindley	10111111111011111011—17
JNR'sdell	11110111101111011011—17	Hitchcock	10110111100111101011—13
Pierce	01111011111111111101—17	J HR'sdell	11101111010101011110—13
L Schutt	01110111101111111111—17	Halstead	11101110110011101100—13

Sixth event, 30 kingbirds, $2 entrance:

Gardner	011111111111111111111111111—29
L Short	111111111111111010111111111—27
Wygant	111101111011101111111111111—27
Pierce	101111111111111111111101101—26
Lindsley	110101111001111111111111—26
Collins	011110111111011111111111110—26
Halstead	000101111010111011101101101—22
McVicker	011011111111011010001111—22
Beach	111101111111010100111111001—22
L Schuti	1110101101111111010101011101—20
J N Ramsdell	010010010111011110110101110111—19
Halpin	111010101010011101100010010—16

Seventh event, 15 kingbirds, $1 entrance:

Beach	110111111011111—13	L Schutt	101011111110111—12
Ramsdell	010111111111111—13	L Short	011110101011111—11
Lindsley	111101011111111—13	Mattice	010101011111110—11
Gardner	111101111111110—13	Spencer	101011110100001— 9
Collins	111010111111111—13	Wygant	001101110011011— 9
McVicker	111111110101101—12	Hitchcock	011101101001001— 8
Pierce	111101111011110—12	Halstead	101101101010001— 8

Eighth event, 10 kingbirds, $1 entrance:

Mattice	1111111101—9	Pierce	1111111010—8
Gardner	1111111111—10	Lindsley	0011110111— 7
Wygant	1111111110—9	L Schutt	1110111010— 7
Halstead	1011111111— 9	McVicker	0111011110— 7
Collins	0110111101— 8	Spencer	0001011110— 5
Beach	1111011101— 8		

Ninth event, 15 kingbirds, $1 entrance:

Halstead	111111111111111—15	Pierce	111111111101101—13
Collins	111111111111111—15	Lindsley	111111111010111—13
Mattice	111111111101111—14	Beach	111111110011010—11
Wygant	111011111111111—14		

Extra event, 10 kingbirds, 50 cents entrance:

Mattice	1111111111—10	Tolley	1110101001— 6
Short	1111111111—10	Shufelt	0111001010— 6
Benter	1011100101— 6	Beach	0101010010— 5

DR TOLL.

THE ESSEX GUN CLUB, of Newark, N. J., held their regular monthly shoot on Wednesday, Oct. 18, at Jersey City Heights Gun Club grounds at Marion, N. J. The attendance was small as compared with usual Essex shoots, but this was due entirely to the weather, which, for the past ten days, had effectually put a stop to sport at the trap. The shooting was all at live birds, furnished by Al. Heritage, and they were in the main good flyers. A club event at handicap rises was first put through, and then two open sweeps. The latter was a close and exciting race, in which all the contestants made an equal score. In shooting off the tie 17 birds were necessary to decide it, and it was finally divided by Class and C. M. Hedden. All the contestants were shooting well. Dr. Pindell made some remarkable long kills. Hayes was in great form, also Class and Hedden. Trophy shoot, Essex rules, handicap rises at 10 live birds:

C M Hedden (30)	0221111222—9	E D Terril (26)	0222010000— 4
Al Hedden (28)	1221112011—9	Hugh Leddy (28)	1022201111— 8
Frank Class (30)	1121121011—9	W Hayes (30)	2111221111—10
E Morris (26)	1212022001—7	Dr Pindell (28)	2111011211— 9

Open sweep at 4 live birds, Hurlingham rules, $3 entrance, three moneys:

Class	1211—4	W Hayes	1111—4
Al Hedden	1211—4	Leddy	0200—1
C M Hedden	2110—3	Tee Kay	2210—3
Dr Pindell	2111—4		

Ties divided.

Open sweep at 4 live birds, same conditions:

Class	1221—4	Pindell	1111—4
Al Hedden	1212—4	W Hayes	1111—4
C M Hedden	2121—4	Leddy	2221—4

Tie:

Class	2121211122221111—17	Pindell	2112110 — 7
Al Hedden	20 — 1	Hayes	1112221211110—12
C M Hedden	1111221111212221—17	Leddy	222110 — 5

Class and Hedden divided the money.

POTSDAM, N. Y., Sept. 20.—Regular semi-monthly shoot of the Potsdam Gun Club. The attendance was light owing to inclement weather; a high wind accounts for poor scores. Match at 6 kingbirds, 3 traps, 18yds, rise, National rules, badge prize:

Heath	010010—2	Watkins	100100—2
Leete	010001—2	F A Weed	011110—4
Lewis	001011—3	W A Weed	011010—3

Team match at 9 kingbirds, 3 traps:

W R Weed	011100001—4	Lewis	010001111—5
Heath	011000110—4	F A Weed	100101110—5
Watkins	110010110—5—13	Leete	101100110 —5—15

THE AMERICAN SHOOTING ASSOCIATION are anxious to give a shoot at some western point before the season closes—and have been corresponding with parties at a number of points. It is rumored they will give a tournament about the middle of October at Kansas City.

PENNSYLVANIA SHOOTERS.—Score of a friendly shoot between the Lansdale and Forest gun clubs on the grounds of the latter, Sept. 14:

Lansdale Gun Club.		Forest Gun Club.	
L Schantz	12	Mills	7
I Henry	12	Ramsly	7
J Yearfuss	6	Hallowell	1
S Mitchell	7	Robinson	10
H Yearfuss	8	Ely	5
J Armstrong	2	Reed	6
J W White	3	Redmond	4
C D Locke	7	Morrison	9
J Genthner	2	Brolsford	7
F Henry	3	Ezrah	5
R S Yearfuss	8	Knipeton	5
D Smith	8	Sayres	5
H H Locke	3	Smith	3
W B Moyer	6	Jones	10
G Young	5—98	Meld	7—89

The return match between the Penn Gun Club, of Norristown, Pa., and the Matsunk Gun Club, of Matsunk, Pa., was shot on the grounds of the latter at Matsunk, on Sept. 14. The match was the second one between the two clubs, the Matsunk having defeated the Penn Club at Norristown by 26 breaks. Score, 25 targets per man:

Penn Gun Club.		Matsunk Gun Club.	
Kerper	11	Cressman	18
Gross	15	Nettles	19
Cassel	17	Carter, J C	13
Yost, P	15	Carter, S	14
Fry	15	Noblitt	17
Yost, J	13	Ritter	17
Aschenfelter	7	Miller	11
Hass	12	O'Brien	14
Gehringer	19	Heffelfinger	12
Sheetz	16	Smith	14
Stanger	20	Bell	16
Mack	19	Dewees	13
Taney	10—189	Swartley	18—196

The following is the score made at a shooting match on Thursday, 19th inst., at Bryn Mawr, between the Bryn Mawr and Keystone Gun Clubs:

Bryn Mawr.		Keystone Club.	
J Kerrigan	9	H Hathaway	13
Geo Soley	13	F Troupe	6
C Moore	8	McKinley	3
W Soley	14	J Baird	7
H McClellan	18	Lafferty	6
F H Shank	14	Pettit	2
D Harner	18	Gray	9
J Oberholtzer	15	R Johnson	3
Wm Batty	13—121	H Baird	9 — 58

JEANNETTE CLUB, Sept. 20.—The Jeannette Gun Club held a tournament at Greenwald's Shooting Park, at New Dorp, Staten Island, to-day, and the shoot proved to be one of the best of the present active year. The officers of the club are: President, Capt. H. H. Cordts; Treasurer, Charles N. Brune; Secretary, Aug. J. Christian; Financial Secretary, Charles Meyer. Mr. C. Offermann, of the Falcon and Fountain Gun Clubs, was elected a member. A stiff wind blew across the traps and hurt the scores. The live birds did not arrive on the grounds until nearly 11 o'clock, and those present indulged in a sweepstakes at clay birds. The classified shoots at live birds resulted as follows:

Class A, 28yds.

C Meyer	1011111111—9	C Steffens	1111111100—8
C Fricke	1111011111—9	C N Brune	0011111111—8
J Vadtz	0111111011—8	H Otten	1111100001—6

Class B, 25yds.

C Offermann	1111111110—9	H H Cordts	1111111100—8
A T Christian	1110111111—9	H Erbstein	1111110000—7
C Dish	0101111111—8		

Class C, 21yds.

L Erbstein	1111111111—10	L Ahders	1101010111—7
H Winters	1111111101— 9	C Ahders	1010110110—6
G Meyer	0011111111— 8	H B Duke	0101011110—6
R Monthey	1010111110— 7	C Morrison	0101010111—6
J Burger	0011111101— 7	J Rodegest	0101101010— 5

Live bird sweepstake at 5 birds each, entrance $2.50: Cordts first, Meyer and Brune div. second and third. In each of the three classified shoots, A, B and C, a medal is awarded, which must be won three times, not necessarily consecutive, before becoming the personal property of any one shooting for it. Winters held the medal for Class C, but lost it to Erbstein, who won it for the second time. Winters's ninth bird falling dead out of bounds. Christian won the Class B medal for the third time and thus retains the handsome trophy. Class A medal was a tie between Meyer and Fricke. The final shoot of the season will be held at Greenwald's Shooting Park on Friday Oct. 18. Sweepstakes at live birds and clay-pigeons will be contested, and so will the final competitions for the gold medals in the classified shoots. The members of the Jeannette Gun Club will go to Sullivan county on Oct. 5, on their annual partridge shoot.

WALNUT HILL, Sept. 18.—A foggy, dark day, with drizzling rain, greeted the baker's dozen of shotgun men who met at the range to compete in the gold coin match and other events. The scores of Messrs. Black and Perry—29 each out of a possible 30—in the gold coin match, are fine, and other good scores were frequent. Gold coin match, 15 clay-pigeons and 15 Keystone targets, Keystone squad system:

	Clays.	Keystones.
Black	110111111111111—14	111111111111111—15—29
Perry	011111111111111—14	111111111111111—15—29
Stanton	111111111111011—14	111111011110111—13—27
Lee	111101111111110—13	111111111011111—14—27
Hosmer	111110111111110—13	111110111110111—13—26
Bowker	111101010101111—12	111011111111011—13—25
Knowles	111111111111111—15	110111000011101— 9—24
Swift	110111111011111—13	101101110100111—10—23
Dodge	110111111111110—13	100101010110111— 9—22
Crown	011110111011101—11	101010111010111—11—22
Nichols	110001100100111— 8	111110100100111—10—18
Nelson	011111110111000—10	010011101000100— 7—17

Sweepstakes Events.—Ten standard targets, Dodge 9, Bowker and Crown 7, Knowles 6; 6 Chicago tin pigeons, Nichols and Crown 6, Bowker and Knowles 5, Dodge 4; 10 clay-pigeons, Knowles and Dodge 9, Crown and Bowker 7, Nichols 6; 6 standard targets, Knowles 6, Dodge and Nichols 4, Crown 3; 6 Chicago tin pigeons, Dodge, Stanton and Knowles 5, Bowker and Crown 4, Swift and Nichols 3; 5 clay-pigeons, Knowles 5, Dodge and Stanton 4, Nichols and Swift 3; 3 pair standard targets, Nichols 6, Knowles 4, Crown 3; 10 Keystone targets, Keystone system, Stanton and Swift 9, Crown 8, Nichols and Knowles 7; 7 standard targets, Bowker 7, Stanton 6, Dodge 4; 10 clay-pigeons, Keystone system, Swift and Knowles 10, Stanton, Neal and Black 9, Dodge 8; 7 standard targets, Perry 7, Black 6, Nichols and Swift 5; 15 clay-pigeons, Keystone system, Knowles 15, Stanton, Black and Perry 14, Swift, Hosmer and Dodge 13; 6 Chicago tin pigeons, Hosmer and Perry 6, Stanton 5, Swift 4, Nichols 3; 15 clay-pigeons, Keystone system, Stanton and Black 10, Hosmer 9, Knowles 8; 5 pairs standard targets, Stanton 9, Nichols 6; 10 clay-pigeons, Stanton and Knowles 9, Black 8, Nichols 6; 15 clay-pigeons, Black and Stanton 14, Knowles 11; miss and out, Stanton. The next shotgun shoot at Walnut Hill will be held Oct. 2

JERSEY CITY, Sept. 14.—The annual prize pigeon match between the Brooklyn and Jersey City Rod and Gun clubs was held at the latter's grounds this afternoon. There was a large number of ladies and gentlemen present, and the sweepstakes were of $100. The conditions required teams of 6 members, at 20 birds. The birds were furnished by S. A. Gardner and were a very fine strong and swift flying lot. P. H. Michell was the trapper and J. R. Moore referee for the clubs. The following was the score:

Jersey City Gun Club.	
J J Clark	01101110111111010111—16
C W Bunce	10111101010011101110—13
T Smith	11001110101011011011—14
P R Moeram	10111000101011111101—13
J L Drill	01111101110011111011—17
G H Wade	11001111010111101011—14— 86
Brooklyn Gun Club.	
W H Weaver	11111111111111110111—18
Geo Harkness	10111111011111111111—19
W A Reed	10111111111111011011—17
J W Parker	01010111010111010111—14
C H Johnson	11110111111111111011—18
J J Buckley	01001111111111111011—16—102

WELLINGTON, Mass., Sept. 21.—At the regular weekly shoot of the Wellington Club to-day Bond and Bowker tied with 14 each for the silver pitcher, but as Bowker is not a member of the club Bond was declared the winner. The other scores in this match were: Cowee 13, Melcher, Sanborn and Warren 12, Roxton, Field and Ward 11, Chase 11, Stone 9, Gill 8. In the merchandise match at 15 clay pigeons, Warren and Lang tied with 15 each. The other scores were: Bowker 14, Chase and Chaplin 13, Sanborn, Field and Perry 12, Ward, Bond, Melcher and Dill 11, Cowee 10, Porter 9. Seventeen sweepstakes at Keystones and bluerocks followed.

NEWARK, N. J., Sept. 18.—The local rain of to-day did not prevent a number of intrepid marksmen belonging to the Essex Gun Club of Newark from holding their regular monthly live-bird shoot on the Jersey City Heights Gun Club's grounds at Marion. The sport began at 2 o'clock and continued until dark. The conditions of the club shoot were 10 birds per man, handicap rises, ranging from 26 to 30yds., and the score resulted as follows: W. Hays 10, N. Nicholas 9, C. M. Hedden 9, A. E. Hedden 9, L. Class 9, H. Leddy 8, M. Morris 8, and D. D. Terhune 4. The object of holding the above shoot was to decide the championship of the club for each individual year, and the member having the highest aggregate at the end of the competition is awarded a valuable gold medal, which becomes his personal property. Sweepstake shooting followed the prize contest. In the first event there were seven entries at $3 per man, and each contestant had four birds to shoot. This was the result: L. Class 4, A. Hedden 4, W. N. Pindell 4, W. Hayes 4, C. M. Hedden 3, Tee Kay 3, and H. Leddy 1. Ties div. The second and last sweepstake was a repetition of the first, with the exception of one individual. The event, however, proved to be very interesting throughout, and on the first score all of the marksmen tied for the first place, and it was decided to shoot off. After making the feathers fly for nearly an hour, the event narrowed to Frank Class, the champion live-bird shot of New Jersey, and C. M. Hedden, an old veteran sportsman, who has just passed his 63d year. The men kept on shooting, but neither missed a bird, and the judge decided that they should divide the purse between them, as it was getting dark and the shooters could hardly see the birds. The majority of the pigeons proved to be good flyers.

LEBANON, O., Sept. 14.—The hammerless gun put up for competition by Mr. Al Bandle, of Cincinnati, for the shooter of this (Warren) and Clermont county who would equal his (Bandle's) score of 91 out of 100 clay birds, sprung from 5 traps, American Association rules. After many futile attempts it was finally won by Andrew Flickinger, a country boy, 19 years of age, hailing from King's Mills, Ohio, a cross-road burg on the C. W. & B. Railroad. He is a protegé of the State's double-bird champion shot Wick, and was for several years acknowledged the most rapid live and clay bird trapper Cincinnati ever knew, the Cincinnati expert, Bandle, taking him to various cities as his mascot. In the present series the boy made an excellent showing each time, but to look upon him as a winner was thought foolhardy, owing to the race being a long one, necessitating much endurance. However, he was equal to the task and emergency, and landed winner over such old-time experts as Girton, Jackson, Glassford and Shorty, all 90 men, with the handsome score of 93 out of 100 to his credit (missing his 6th, 12th, 19th, 31st, 34th, 71st and 83d), the other high entries being Girton 91, Jackson 90. There were in all 19 entries.

DEXTER PARK, L. I.—The postponed shoot of the Unknown Gun Club was held at Dexter Park, Jamaica Plank Road, L. I., Sept. 17. All the birds furnished by Miller were first class flyers, and several of the best wing shots made poor scores, as with this club only one barrel is allowed to score in killing the bird. It proved that the old wing shots completely outshot the younger ones, they taking all the prizes in the several classes:

A Rankin (23)	0011100—3	H Van Staden (24)	1100101—4
O White (23)	0011101—4	A Haas (25)	0101000—2
C Balzer (24)	1011100—4	Dr Schwartz (25)	1101110—5
H Knebel, Jr (20)	0110110—4	J Rathjen (24)	1111111—7
W Skidmore (25)	1101110—5	H Knebel, Sr (25)	1111111—7
I Brown (25)	1011001—4	D Monsees (26)	1000111—4

On shoot off, Knebel, Sr., won first and medal, Dr. Schwartz second and Capt. Balzer and H. Van Staden divided third.

WORCESTER, Mass., Sept. 19.—At the meet this week of members of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club at Coal Mine Brook Range the contest for the Norcross Trophy was continued. It was the ninth of the series. In this contest each man has a possible 30 clay pigeons thrown from open traps and in case of a tie a possibie ten. The series began in May last and has resulted as follows: First, M. D. Gilman, 28; second, E. T. Smith, 27; third, C. H. Howe, 26; fourth, E. T. Smith, 26; fifth, C. B. Holden, 26; sixth, G. A. Sampson, 27; seventh, A. L. Gilman, 27; eighth, G. J. Rugg, 29; ninth, W. L. Davis, 26. On tie of 26, Smith 10, Davis 9. The work of each man in the ninth contest more in detail follows: E. T. Smith 26, W. L. Davis 26, C. Crompton 26, A. L. Gilman 25, E. F. Swan 25, E. Walsh 24, G. J. Rugg 23, H. D. Jourdan 22, C. B. Holden 22, M. D. Gilman 21, F. M. Harris 21, Geo. A. Sampson 21, E. S. Knowles 20, V. F. Prentice 20, E. Jewett 20, J. H. Dougherty 19, F. Forehand 18, A. B. Franklin 17. Tie score: W. L. Davis 10111, 11111—9; E. T. Smith 11110, 11110—8; C. Crompton 11010w.

OMAHA, Sept. 12.—John Leonatus Winston, of Cincinnati, known as a shooter under the name of "Mudd," "Drake," "Jack," etc., to-day broke the world's record at inanimate targets in a match at 100 composition birds, shooting against Frank Parmalee of this city. The match, as stated, was at 100 single bluerock pigeons, thrown from 5 traps, unknown angles, according to American Shooting Association rules, for $100 a side. Winston scored his 100 birds straight, landing winner by 10 birds. Winston is the same gentleman who was defeated by Al Bandle, of Cincinnati, in St. Louis several months ago. Parmalee will be remembered as the running mate of Chas. W. Budd, who, as a team, defeated Messrs. Al Bandle and H. McMurchy at 50 birds the last day of the American Shooting Association tournament held in Cincinnati some three months ago. Winston's record is the best ever made at inanimate targets in a match for stake money.

RED BANK, N. J., Sept. 20.—The first shoot of the season of the Riverside Gun and Rifle Club took place this afternoon on the club grounds in Middletown township. The wind was fresh from the southwest and nearly all the birds were strong and swift. The event of the day was the club shoot at 7 live birds, modified Hurlingham rules, 30yds. boundary and 28yds. rise: Ed. M. Cooper 7, Bergen 6, J. Cooper, Bussell, John Cooper and Knapp 5, Cornwell and Hendrickson 4, Conover 3. A shoot at 5 birds between Dr. Edwin Field and Chas. Robbins was won by Field, who killed 4; Robbins killed 1. After the live bird shooting there were two sweepstakes matches at clay pigeons. The first at 9 singles was won by Ed. M. Cooper, who broke 8; Jas. Cooper, Jr., second with 7, and Bussell and Knapp tied for third with 5. The last event was a sweepstakes at 5 doubles. Jas. Cooper and Edmund Throckmorton tied for first, each breaking 8; Conover and Asa Whymer tied for second with 7 and Chas. Robbins was third with 6.

BREWER VS. CLASS.—Capt. John L. Brewer, of Trenton, N. J., and Frank Class, of Pine Brook, N. J., are to try conclusions in two matches, each for $250 a side, at 100 live birds each, under strict Hurlingham rules, except that Class is allowed four yards handicap. The exact dates are not yet settled upon, but the first match will be shot at Erb's Park, Newark, N. J., the last week in September and the second one in October, at Trenton, N. J., on the grounds of the Mercer Gun Club.

BALTIMORE TOURNAMENT.—On Oct. 1, 2 and 3, W. H. Linthicum's shoot will be held at Acton's Park, Baltimore. Keystone targets will be used under supervision of H. A. Penrose. Shooters will be classed A, B, C, and money handicapping system followed. Events at from 10 to 25 targets are scheduled for first two days, including two team races, in which the Baltimore Gun Club is pitted against the North End Gun Club, of Philadelphia, and the Wawasett Club, of Wilmington, Del. The third day is to be devoted to live birds. Shooting to commence at 10 A.M. sharp.

BREWER VS. CLASS.—Two matches have been arranged between Capt. J. L. Brewer, of Trenton, and Frank Class, of Pine Brook, N. J. Each match will be for $250 a side at 100 live birds, governed by the Hurlingham rules, with the exception that Class shall receive 4yds. handicap. The first match will be shot at Erb's Park, Newark, the latter part of this month, and the second on the grounds of the Mercer Gun Club at Trenton.

HEDDEN-REINHARDT.—C. M. Hedden and Chris. Reinhardt, of Newark, will shoot for a purse of $50 on Saturday, Sept. 25, at Erb's Park, Newark, at 1 P.M. The match is at 25 live birds each, under modified Hurlingham rules, loser to pay all expenses.

THE revised and abridged edition of the A. O. U. Check List of North American Birds, including the additions and changes made in the supplement, will be sent post free on receipt of 50cts.—*Adv*

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 220 pages, price $2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nanit," "Gloan," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybillene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

Yachting.

"West India Hurricanes and the Great March Blizzard." By Everett Hayden, U. S. Hydrographic Office. Large quarto, with 25 lithographic plates. Price $1. Contains full history of the great storm of March, 1888, with practical information how to handle a vessel in a cyclone; use of oil at sea, etc.

THE NEWPORT RACES.

Morgan Cups, Sept. 19.

THE attendance, both of racing yachtsmen and spectators, at Newport last week was in no way proportionate to the importance of the events or the quality of the racing, but those who braved the bad weather of the early part of the week were well repaid in the end. The season of 1889 will long be remembered for its exceptional weather and strong winds, giving many fine races; but of all the stirring sea fights of the year the best were those of Thursday and Friday last. The sea and wind were no worse than in the first Titania-Katrina match in June, but on the present occasion there were forties and thirties racing, as well as seventies, and the work of the little fellows and their hardy crews was something to see and remember. On the second day in particular the windward work of the thirties was equal to anything that has been seen since the October races of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. in '84, when Daisy and Yolande sailed on New York Bay. The prizes on the present occasion were given by Messrs. Morgan and Rogers, who between them bore all the expenses of the races; the cups being one of $350, offered by Mr. Morgan for 90ft. schooners and 70ft. single-stickers sailing together, with the N. Y. Y. C. allowance for rig, and a cup of $150 for the forties, a second cup of $100 being offered in each class for more than three starters. The Rogers cup, $100, with a second of $50 for more than three starters, was for the 30ft. class only. The courses announced were from off Brenton's Reef Lightship, 15, 10 and 8 miles respectively to windward or leeward, the time limits being six hours for the large class and five for each of the others. The original dates were Sept. 17 and 18, but the continued heavy weather along the coast made a postponement necessary, and a change was made to the 19th and 20th.

On Wednesday night the tail end of the late cyclone was still whisking ominously about Newport and Point Judith, with a N.E. wind, rain, and threatening telegrams from the signal service stations along the southern coast. The rain was still falling at daybreak on Thursday, but by breakfast time the wind had shifted to the west, and a big patch of blue sky was visible. A little later the chilly wind came fresher and the sky clouded again, making rather a dreary outlook, and hinting strongly that the end of the racing season was near at hand, but still offering a race to all who were hardy enough to accept the challenge. Unfortunately these were but few, most of the cracks had evidently had all the sport and glory they cared for, and only half a dozen out of the thirty or forty yachts in harbor made ready for the start. The schooners were absent entirely, though they might have had the finest race of the year; the singlestickers were represented only by Titania and Bedouin, Puritan not being on hand, although it had been reported that Mr. Forbes was anxious to try her with her younger and smaller sister. Such a trial would have been most interesting, but Mr. Forbes was busy with Fredonia, preparing for her match with Hesper. The 40ft. fleet that started out in June a whole regiment, had come down to a mere corporal's guard, owing to the number that have discovered that their vocation is cruising rather than racing. Little Pappoose had come round the Cape for a race, Gorilla was ready and so was Liris, while the new centerboard Awa was looking for a chance to make a record before the season closed. Maraquita had just been fitted out at Wintringham's with a new mast, the old Oregon pine boom of the Atlantic, her old mast, a 9in. yellow pine stick, being worthless; while she shipped a light spruce bowsprit in place of a heavy one of yellow pine. Some additions were made in her ballast, more lead being added outside, and she reached Newport on the night before the race, but did not start owing to Mr. Belmont's non-arrival in time.

The big Lucken tug Idlewild was ready, with the regatta committee of the New York Y. C., Messrs. S. Nicholson Kane, W. E. Iselin and Chester Griswold on board, but the wind, now W. by N., was blowing so heavily that there was some doubt as to the propriety of a start. Capt. Haff was by no means inclined to take Titania out, and turned in two reefs when the time came to go. The forties were willing to try, so at about 11 A. M. the fleet worked out, Gorilla carrying whole mainsail and headsails, while Liris, Pappoose and Awa turned in one reef and housed topmasts. Off Brenton's Reef the wind was W. by S., while there was a short, heavy sea. Everything in the way of trade, coasters and catboats, if they showed at all outside the harbor, were close reefed, and it was clear that there wet jackets and plenty of hard work ahead for the racing men. The nearest to a leeward course that was possible was E. by S., making the turn for the forties a couple of miles beyond West Island. The seventies sailed the same course but went on two knots further, their course being shortened from 15 to 12 knots. The steam yacht Vedette ran ahead with a float and flag for them to turn, while the committee boat set one for the forties. The wind was thus a couple of points off from dead astern, working still further to the south later on.

The preparatory signal was given at 12:15, with the start for the seventies at 12:25 and the forties at 12:30. In such a breeze there was absolutely no excuse for a handicap, but only two yachts, Gorilla and Pappoose, went over in time. Titania declined to show the way to Bedouin, but finally went over with 16s. handicap, a matter of no importance, as she made her arrival take 47s., or a clear gain for Titania of half a minute on the start. She had shaken out the second reef, but held the first, setting a jibheader aloft, Bedouin carrying whole mainsail and jibheader. Gorilla, with whole mainsail and jibheader, led Pappoose over, the little one having one reef and housed topmast. Liris sent up her topmast and set her jibheader over a reefed mainsail, while Awa had no topsail but topmast set. Both were handicapped, the starting times being:

Titania	12 30 16	Pappose	12 34 07
Bedouin	12 30 47	Liris	12 36 06
Gorilla	12 34 04	Awa	12 37 00

Titania set her spinaker at the line and Bedouin followed a few minutes later. There was too much wind and sea for the big kites of the forties, but Liris set her full spinaker at the line and began to walk up on Gorilla. The latter waited for some time, and finally set hers also, but with the upper part stopped up. Pappoose had her staysail boomed out, but no proper spinaker. After a long time Awa was evidently impressed with the necessity of doing something to keep her going, and set a reefed spinaker at the masthead. As soon as it was broken out Liris's spinaker ballooned over the stay, and from that time until it was taken in it went through a number of curious gyrations, but still she passed Pappoose and gained on Gorilla. A little after 1 P. M. the big fellows took in spinakers and housed topmasts, Titania having split one spinaker and finished the leg under a jury one. She had gained on the run, the times at the turn being:

Titania	1 39 00
Bedouin	1 41 30

The elapsed times for 12 knots were 1.08.44 and 1.10.43, or 10½ knots per hour. The forties were timed:

Gorilla 1:46:14, Liris 1:47:43, Pappoose 1:50:53, Awa 1:51:39. The elapsed times were: Liris 1:11:37, Gorilla 1:12:10, Awa 1:14:39, Pappoose 1:16:26.

All turned on the starboard tack, Titania standing on for a few minutes, and then going on port tack in shore, and Bedouin following when to windward of Titania's wake. The latter had a good lead and increased it at once, gaining steadily all the way home. The pair were nearing the 10-knot mark when the last of the forties were clear around it, and they were soon ahead of the small fellows. Gorilla had much more sail than she wanted for the long thrash home, especially as a bad squall had been making in the west for nearly an hour, and was now about to break on the fleet. She luffed and got down sheets and soon tried to tack, but missed stays, being finally put on port tack. Liris, with one reef in and No. 1 jib and staysail, did better than Gorilla as soon as she was trimmed on the wind, running rapidly through the latter's lee and ahead, until after 10 minutes she was in a position to tack and weather Gorilla.

"De wind she blow a hurricane,
Bime-by she blow some more,"

and as the squall came hurrying down the wind headed the boats on the starboard tack, while the sea ran very roughly. Liris determined to tack before the squall struck, but she hung in the wind, only paying off with the staysail across her. This cost her some time, and before she gathered way the squall was on her, striking her almost broadside on. The immense stability of the boat was shown in the way she stood up to the full force of the gale, never going further than to wash her rail. She hung for a few moments and then a crack aloft told that something had parted, and both the port shrouds fell on deck. Though left without support the mast, a noble stick of Oregon pine, made a brave struggle before it gave way, swaying back and forth for an appreciable time, though too brief to permit of any efforts to save it, and then falling with a crash. The sea was now higher than ever under the lashing of the squall, the little boat rolling in the trough until it was difficult to keep a footing on the deck, while the spray flew from end to end. The spar had parted about 8ft. above the deck, leaving nearly 40ft. in the broken piece, besides the housed topmast. The wreck lay across the boat, almost at right angles to her side, the inboard end just lapping the stump of the mast. At each roll the broken spar threatened to shoot away from the boat, going overboard and coming in through her side with the next sea. No one of her crew of 11 was hurt, though the boom in falling struck the man who was to leeward tending staysail sheets, while a second man got out to walk when the mast fell, but came on board after it was down. There was no confusion or panic, but all hands turned to at once, the wreck was firmly lashed across the deck, the topmast was drawn in as far as possible, the gaff, which was floating alongside with most of the mainsail in the sea, was cut loose and taken on board, and in a comparatively short time all immediate danger from the wreckage was averted.

The yacht was about 3 miles from West Island when the accident happened, and 10 miles from Brenton's Reef, but her mishap was seen from the tug, and all haste was made to reach her. When the Idlewild came up, about twenty minutes after the mast fell, a very amusing incident occurred. To quote from that stirring sea poem, the "Wreck of the Guyascutas":

"Oh, then 'twas the noble second mate,
That filled them all with awe;
The second mate, whom sailors hate,
And cruel skippers jaw."

One of the petty officers of the tug, the cook's mate, or second assistant deck hand, leaped boldly on to the tug's weather rail, struck an attitude like Farragut in the futtock shrouds, and bawled out the order, "Cut away everything and let it go." His promptitude and presence of mind met with poor appreciation, and was rewarded by a galling fire in the rear from the regatta committee, until the amateur lifesaver was effectually routed from his perch.

A hawser was finally passed aboard the yacht and made fast to the stump of the mast, the bowsprit shrouds being slacked off out of the way of the line. The long bowsprit, entirely unsupported, was thrashing about in the sea and threatened to go at every plunge, but it was necessary to send a man out to clear the topmast stay, in order to allow the wreck to be hauled aft. This difficult and dangerous piece of work was successfully accomplished by one of the seamen of the Liris, who held on, though entirely out of sight at times. With the wreck as far inboard as possible, and securely lashed, the tug started for the long trip home, heading into the sea, and then the fun really began for the crew of the Liris. The spray flew until she was almost invisible from the tug, while her antics were beyond description, something to be felt deeply but not spoken of lightly. As she plunged into each successive sea the mast across the deck seemed to press her down as though it would smash the decks in, while it was impossible to keep a footing, even below. The dismasting was timed at a few minutes past 2 by those on the tug, and it was nearly 6 o'clock before she was at her moorings in Newport Harbor, but in all the buffeting no signs of leakage or straining were apparent to the anxious watchers on board. The shrouds, 1¾in, steel wire, parted aloft, one in the splice and one just below it. Beyond the loss of the mast, and a break in the rail where it fell, no damage was done, and every piece of wreckage was saved and brought in.

The rest of the fleet went through the squall unharmed, though Titania was forced to start sheets and Gorilla had a hard time to lug her full mainsail. She did grand work all the way home, as the wind held its strength until near the finish. Titania had stood it under the land near Sachuset Point, getting smoother water when well in, and the three forties followed her, making a long tack just after Liris came to grief. Pappoose did well for a time, but the sea was too heavy for her and she dropped astern of Gorilla. Awa made but a poor showing on the way home, and did not cross the finish line, taking a short cut for Newport. The full times were:

THIRD CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Titania	12 30 00	3 58 39	3 28 39	3 28 39
Bedouin	12 30 00	4 09 50	3 39 50	3 37 42
40FT. CLASS—SLOOPS.				
Gorilla	12 34 07	4 38 53	4 04 52	4 04 52
Pappoose	12 34 01	4 53 33	4 19 26	4 14 37
Awa	12 35 00	Not timed.		
Liris	12 35 00	Disabled.		

Titania wins the prize in her class, beating Bedouin by 9m. 3s. Gorilla wins first and Pappoose second prize in the 40ft. class.

The times afford an interesting basis of comparison between the 70 and 40ft. classes, as the conditions were the same for all the boats, the larger merely sailing a little longer course.

The true elapsed times of Titania for 12 knots and Liris for 10 knots down wind give the average speeds of 10.5 and 8.4 knots respectively; the best observed speeds under favorable conditions, as given by Kemp, being 10.4 knots for Titania and 8 knots for 41ft. According to this estimate Liris did the better work down wind. The elapsed time of Liris over the 10 knots was 1.10.39, and Titania's time for the same distance would be very nearly 57.15. The difference between them is 13.24, while by the New York Y. C. rule Titania would allow Liris but 8.29 for this distance. On the way home Titania was timed by chance as she passed close to the 10-knot mark, her elapsed time from there in being 2.04.09, while Gorilla's time was 2.52.39. The difference is 39.40, while by New York rule Titania would allow Gorilla but 8.50. The above times were made under more even conditions than usually prevail, and afford about as fair a basis as is often met with for a test of the rules. From them it would appear that the allowances from the large to the small boats are entirely too small for heavy weather at least. Of course, it is unnecessary and undesirable that seventies and forties should race together; but such a comparison is important as showing a fault in the rule which has existed long without an attempt to remedy it. The performance of the forties, as far as it can be compared with Titania's, was fully as good, but under existing rules the small boats could have no possible chance of winning.

In this race Liris was steered by her professional skipper and manned by professionals, only two Corinthians being on board out of a crew of 11. Under such circumstances there was no excuse for abusing her Corinthian skipper, but some of the daily papers, notably the Boston *Herald*, lay the blame for the wreck on the owners. These gentlemen have spent nearly all the season in replacing the spars and rig, originally too light, an operation that has lost them much racing and cruising. After the breakdown at Vineyard Haven the boat was very thoroughly overhauled at Fall River, in readiness for the Corinthian sweepstakes; and again, on her return to New York, a great deal of work was done to make her ready for the Larchmont regatta and the present race. Neither of the owners were present at Newport, but on receiving news of the wreck by wire at night the order came to tow to City Island immediately and refit for the special race at Larchmont on Saturday next. The spirit and pluck they have shown in the face of the long series of disasters and disappointments should at least secure them freedom from the unfounded and malicious criticisms that have been made for some time by certain papers.

Rogers Cup, Sept. 20.

The wind blew heavily from S.W. all night, and next morning the sea was too bad for 30ft. racing off Brenton's Reef. After consultation the committee decided on an inside course, 8 knots to leeward and return, starting off Rose Island Light, just out of Newport Harbor, and running up the bay to a mark anchored one mile N.E. of Sands's Point Light, on Prudence Island, passing east of Gould Island and west of Dyer's Island each time. The starters were the thirties Tom Boy, Mr. Archibald Rogers, and Kathleen, Mr. Wm. Whitlock, Bantam, Mr. Woodbury Kane, 27ft., and Mopsa, Mr. Lyman, 27ft. The two cat yawls, Clara and Consuelo, sailed over the course and were timed by courtesy, though not in the race. Clara started with a boat in tow, which she afterward anchored, but she did not turn the outer mark, and neither she nor Consuelo kept to the west of Gould Island, as ordered. Capt. Tom Sloan, who was on from Boston to sail Kathleen, was content to house his topmast in harbor, while Capt. Pittuck, in command of Tom Boy, sent his topmast ashore. Undeterred by such examples, the impetuous young skipper of the Mopsa started out early for the original start off Brenton's Reef with topmast on end, grumbling roundly when the committee ran after him and announced that the course would be inside. Tom Boy, Kathleen and Bantam had each a reefed mainsail and second jib, but the latter came to grief very early, a catboat running into her and carrying out the bowsprit. The two Herreshoff yawls had reefed their mainsail, Consuelo having one reef and no mizen, while Clara had a double reefed mainsail and reefed mizen.

The starting whistle was given at 11:35, Kathleen being first across with Tom Boy close astern. The latter was to windward and Capt. Sloan luffed out to protect his weather, Tom Boy luffing too. After a little of this work Tom Boy set her No. 1 jib to port as a spinaker, the weight of the large spinaker boom serving to steady it. As soon as the sail was drawing Kathleen luffed again, so that Tom Boy had to go under her stern, running through her lee. Kathleen now set her large jib as a spinaker and covered Tom Boy. For the next 5 miles the pair ran together, Kathleen breaking Tom Boy's wind and keeping her spinaker aback nearly all the time. Meanwhile the bold skipper of Mopsa had started in to teach such novices as Pittuck and Sloan how to carry kites in a blow, and when over the line his spinaker was mast-headed in stops. When it was broken out there was a lively mutiny on board, as the big sail insisted in taking entire charge of the boat. The tack whipped loose and away went the sail, held only at head and clew, streaming out, wrong side first beyond the topmast stay, the tack flying out straight ahead of all. After a lot of hard work the mutiny was quelled and the sail was taken in, but only to be at once re-set, to go through worse antics than before. During this time the leaders were leaving Mopsa very badly, but she was having more fun and excitement. Consuelo did very well on the run considering her small sail and her length, 28ft., but Clara stopped to anchor her boat, and did not turn the mark. The times were:

Tom Boy	12 33 05	Consuelo	12 35 45
Kathleen	12 33 15	Mopsa	12 38 45

Maraquita was out for a trial under storm canvas, three reefs and a third jib, and had been in company with the racers for some time, turning the mark a couple of minutes ahead of Tom Boy. She stood along on the wind for two or three hundred yards and then lay to, evidently watching the race. Tom Boy luffed to trim sheets when by the mark, but Kathleen reached through her lee and was soon so far ahead that she could have tacked and made the other's weather, where Sloan was trying to put her. As the two raced along they came up to Maraquita, lying in the course without way on. Tom Boy was just far enough to windward to go by without losing time, but Kathleen found Maraquita square in her course, and had to luff or run her down. By the time she had got by Maraquita Kathleen was astern and to leeward of Tom Boy, and her chance for the day was gone. The result proved that she was no match for Tom Boy to windward in such weather, but had she made the place she worked for on Tom Boy's weather at the start of the windward work there would have been sport worth seeing in the battle between two such cracks as Sloan and Pittuck. That she did not is entirely the fault of Maraquita, a piece of carelessness utterly without excuse.

Once in the lead, Tom Boy went away fast enough from Kathleen, standing well in shore under Prudence Island before tacking. The sight from the tug was a stirring one, as the little fellows plunged through the seas that washed from stem to stern, but there was little fun on board the racers themselves. Kathleen was carrying a reefed foresail, and the sail sat so badly that it was finally taken in. Clara came up alongside of Tom Boy for a trial to windward, but the little cutter shook her off, while Consuelo, after turning the mark, had no show with the cutters to windward. Both of the yawls went inside of Gould Island, gaining considerably, but were badly beaten at the end. Tom Boy increased her lead with every foot sailed, and finished 10m. ahead of Kathleen. Mopsa sailed a poor course, keeping out in the open while the others worked close in shore, and she was so far astern that she finally withdrew, going in behind Rose Island. The full times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Tom Boy	11 36 05	2 42 07	3 06 02	3 04 04
Kathleen	11 35 52	2 52 03	3 16 10	3 16 10
Consuelo	11 37 19	3 08 10	3 30 51	
Mopsa	11 37 00	Withdrew.		

Tom Boy beats Kathleen 12m. 6s.

The beating was a perfectly fair one and is ascribed by Kathleen's crew to the bad balance of sail. As such weather is found only once in a score of races it is always a matter of chance with a new boat how she will balance under the canvas, and only a trial like this will decide the question. Kathleen had too large a mainsail with the double reefs and yet her crew were afraid to risk the third reef, as it would probably have been too small, besides the loss of time in reefing. The reefed foresail was a failure, as the sail never sat all day and was finally taken in. The mainsail has a small first reef and a large second reef, making something between one and two reefs, and in the strong breeze it was necessary to keep the helm across the boat all day. Tom Boy has lately had a new suit of sails, and under Capt. Pittuck's skilful hand she has been worked into far better form than when in the Seawanhaka races this spring. She carried her two reefs well and seemed to steer easily, while she went to windward beautifully. Her extreme beam is 6in. less than Kathleen's, and the beam at waterline is still smaller in comparison, with far less displacement and an easier form. To this a part of her victory is due in all probability, as the great displacement of Kathleen does not seem to help her in heavy weather as it does in light, while her full form makes her heavy to drive. It is not the old question of light displacement vs. heavy displacement in a heavy sea, regardless of length, but of heavy displacement and beam vs. more moderate displacement and easier form, and as in Minerva's case, the latter came out ahead.

HESPER AND FREDONIA.

UP to the time of going to press nothing was known of the result between the pilot boat Hesper and the fisherman Fredonia, which were to race yesterday off Boston. The race has excited a great deal of interest in yachting circles, the two boats being of the same length and known for their speed. Hesper No. 3 is a pilot boat, designed and built by Mr. D. J. Lawlor, at Chelsea, Mass., in 1884, since which time she has been in service, making a good record for speed. Fredonia was built this spring by Mr. Adams, at Essex, Mass., from a design by Mr. Burgess, and has been used during the summer by Mr. J. M. Forbes as a yacht, making a trip to the Azores and back, and then joining the New York Y. C. cruise. Both vessels have been specially fitted for the race, Hesper having a longer boom, gaff and bowsprit and some new sails, while Fredonia will swing Puritan's mainsail. The conditions of the race are as follows:

Stakes $3,000 a side, payable to the winner on the written decision and instructions of the Eastern Y. C. regatta committee rules, sailing regulations of the Eastern Y. C. to govern, except as hereby modified; date race to take place Sept. 25, subject to postponement from day to day as below, but if not completed on or before Sept. 27 it shall be declared off and stakes withdrawn. If in the opinion of the committee the wind will propel the vessels at the rate of 7 knots an hour the boats will be started. The start may be postponed for not exceeding one hour. The signal for such postponement shall be a square red flag hoisted on the committee tug, to cancel all previous engagements. The starting line will be between Boston Ledge and the committee tug, lying one-quarter of a mile southeast of same. At 9:30 A. M. a flag will be hoisted on the committee tug, which shall indicate the course to be sailed as follows: Course T—Red, white and blue flag, vertically in thirds—from starting line to Davis's Ledge Buoy, leaving it to port, thence to and around a mark-boat being Eastern Y. C. flag anchored off Eastern Point (about one-quarter mile south-southeast of light), leaving on port, thence to starting line; 41½ miles. Course V—White flag with red diagonals—the reverse of course T, leaving both marks on starboard. Neither vessel shall on any course pass to the westward of Harding's bellboat, Martin's Ledge Buoy, Graves Whistling Buoy, Can Buoy off Pig Rocks, outer Breakers or Half-Way Rock. At 9:55 the course flag shall be lowered and a blue flag hoisted as a preparatory signal. At 10 the blue flag shall be lowered and a whistle shall be blown, which shall be signal to start. The exact time that each vessel crosses the line shall be taken if before 10:05, when a short whistle will note the expiration of the time for starting. Either vessel starting later shall be timed from this line. Unless one vessel shall complete the course within eight hours it shall be no race. Each vessel shall place a representative aboard the other, who shall see that all rules and agreements are complied with. No clubtopsails shall be used. Spinakers shall be allowed, but no other balloon sails. Jibtopsails and maintopmaststaysails shall be similar to those carried to windward by fishermen, and shall be inspected and approved by the representatives of the two vessels before the day of the races. The vessels shall be measured by the measurer of the Dorchester Y. C., and the measurements shall be given in writing to the committee before the day of the race. Allowance shall be calculated by Eastern Y. C. tables. The Fredonia may carry the iron ballast which she had at 1 P. M. of Sept. 11, and also any part of 12 tons of lead. If more than 12 tons extra ballast is required it shall be of iron. The Hesper may carry the ballast which she had at above hour, about 4 tons of lead on keel and 5 tons of lead inside, the remainder being iron, and shall be allowed any part of 12 tons of lead in addition. If more than 12 tons of extra ballast is needed it shall be of iron. Neither vessel shall take out any iron to replace it with lead after the hour above named.

SMALL RACING BOATS.—The Southport Corinthian Y. C. (England) has decided to adopt a class of centerboard dinghies for racing, all boats to be built from the same lines, 12ft. over all and 4ft. 6in. beam, with 100sq. ft. of sail and no ballast. Seven members at once agreed to build for next season, and there are chances of a dozen boats before the spring. A great deal of good racing can be had in places where yachting is impossible, out of such small craft, provided that outbuilding is presented by suitable restrictions.

THE THORNYCROFT WATER-TUBE BOILER.

ATTENTION has lately been drawn to this boiler by the request of the Herreshoffs that they be allowed to use it in the new torpedo boat for the U. S. Government now under construction, in place of their own boilers. The following paper, for which we are indebted to *Engineering*, was read by Mr. J. D. Thornycroft at the last meeting of the Institute of Naval Architects:

In modern warships the weight to be carried is an ever increasing source of difficulty. The essence of a skillful design is the combination of great powers of offense and of defense, of speed and coal endurance, in a limited displacement. In the ironclad of to-day, evidence may be seen in every part of the struggle of the designer to reduce the weight of his elements without impairing the efficiency of the structure. Forced to increase the thickness of his armor, he covers with it only a small portion of the hull, and he hardens the face of his plates to increase the resisting power of a given weight of material. The structure of the hull has been elaborated until the amount of material has been reduced to a minimum consistent with safety. The weight of the guns has been reduced, I am inclined to think, quite as much as is desirable when the amount of the charge is considered; and the engines, like the guns, have had their pressures and velocities increased until progress in these directions appears to have reached a limit. In the boilers, however, there is still much room for reduction of weight, not only by economizing material but also by economizing fuel. Mr. Sennett's paper, last year, shows how strong is the pressure brought to bear upon the engineering department with a view of saving weight in the boilers. His answer has been, reduced test pressures and reduced thickness of material. Economy of fuel in steam boilers depends greatly on the amount of heating surface that can be allowed for a given evaporation. If we can estimate the weight of a unit of heating surface in different classes of boilers, it becomes a very simple matter to calculate the comparative weight of boilers for a given economy of fuel. On the other hand, for a given weight of boiler we can estimate the saving in fuel, or the increase of power, due to a change from one class to the other.

Some experiments were made at Portsmouth two years ago having a direct bearing on this subject. By an evaporative trial, at natural draught, of two boilers, the one locomotive and the other water-tube, the heating surfaces of which were in the ratio of 1 to 2.3, it was found that in the case of the latter boiler the rate of evaporation could be increased in the ratio of 1 to 2.36 with the same economy. It follows that a water-tube boiler will evaporate a little more water per foot of surface than a locomotive when working equally economically, and, therefore, under these conditions, the weights of the two types will be proportioned to one another as the weights of a unit of heating surface. The weights of boiler and water and fittings per foot of heating surface of the locomotive and water-tube boilers tried at Portsmouth were 25.6lbs. and 9.6lbs. respectively. The weight, therefore, of a water-tube boiler and water, working at the same economical rate as a locomotive boiler and water, will be less than half. In practice we prefer to make a smaller reduction in weight, and to work the boilers less hard by giving a larger allowance of heating surface for a given quantity of water to be evaporated. By this means better economy is obtained, and much less stress is put upon the boilers.

Whereas the common wind pressure for locomotive boilers in torpedo boats is from 4in. to 5in. of water, we do not usually exceed 1½in. to 2in. with the water-tube, and a corresponding reduction could doubtless be made in war-ship practice. The following figures wil show the amount of the saving in weight:

	Indicated horse power.
Indicated horse power per ton weight of water-tube boiler, including all fittings, mountings, water pipes, donkey, spare gear and funnel	68
Locomotive boiler of same power in a torpedo boat	48
Locomotive boiler in the latest English torpedo catcher	43
Boilers of H.M.S. Anson	21.3
Boilers P. and O. steamers	16.6

The boiler has other qualities which render it particularly suitable for warships. In addition to the saving of fuel due to the greater economy, the power of getting up steam in a short interval of time must tend to further saving, for when it takes a long time to raise steam it must be kept up continuously, if there is a probability that it may be wanted with only a notice of an hour or two. With the power to get up steam quickly, it would be sufficient to keep steam in one boiler, for the purpose of starting auxiliary engines and warming the main engines. It has been found that steam can be raised in from 15 to 20 minutes without risk of injury, and forced firing has never caused leakage of the tubes.

The water-tube boiler consists simply of three cylinders lying parallel to each other, the smaller being at the base of the structure, and the larger one at the top. (See Fig. 1.) These cylinders are connected by means of two large tubes at the firedoor end, and are stayed at the opposite end by a triangular frame. A further connection exists between the top and bottom cylinders in a great multitude of small tubes. These are the steam-generating tubes. On looking carefully, it will be noticed that the inner row of tubes, forming what would be the crown of the firebox, and the outer row, forming what would be the shell in an ordinary boiler, are, by means of a very simple alteration at their ends, made to lie quite close together, so that none of the products of combustion can pass between them (Fig. 3). The lower part of the upper cylinder is thus protected from the direct action of the heat. The tubes are fixed in the cylinders by expanding in the ordinary way, and an outer casing of thin steel covers the whole. In the upper half of the upper cylinder a curved baffle-plate with serrated edges is fixed to protect the steam pipe, and effect the separation of the water and steam. The firebars are disposed at the base of the boiler, and between the two lower cylinders. They are surrounded by firebrick slabs, which act as protectors to the lower cylinders, and as bridges over which the flame must pass on its way to the chimney.

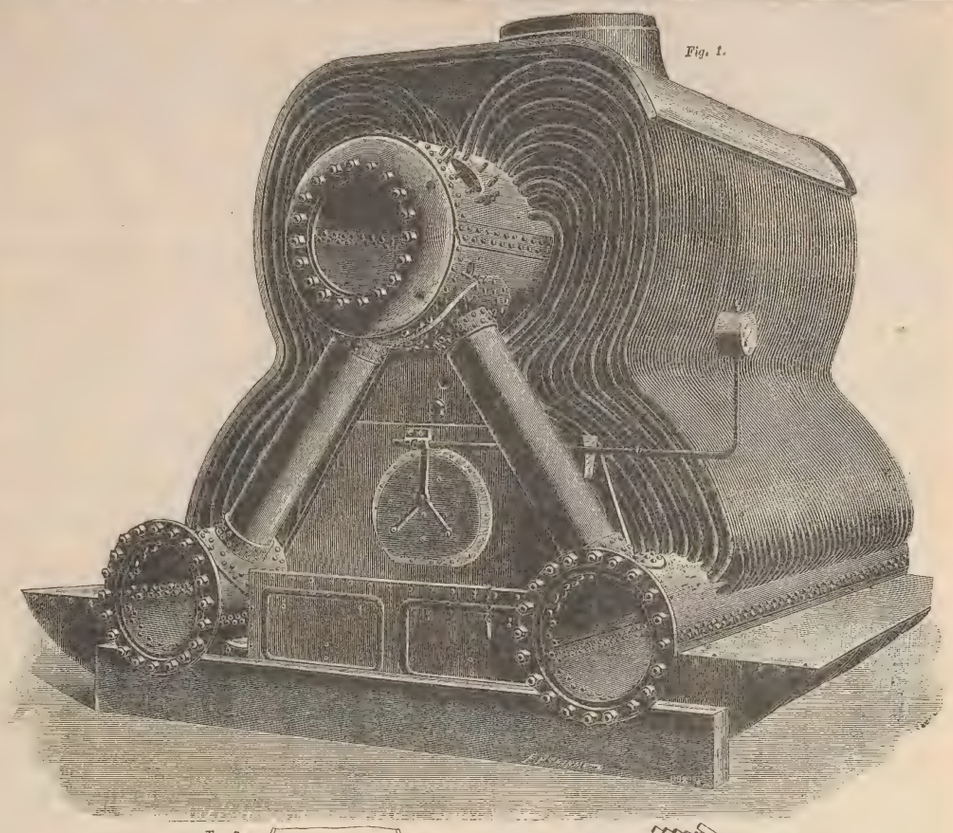
When steam is required, the boiler is filled with water up to nearly the middle of the upper cylinder, and the fire is lighted. The products of combustion pass over the side bridges and through the spaces between the lower ends of the generating tubes, into the spaces between the tubes, and along them to the upper half of the upper cylinder, whence they pass to the funnel. In addition to the heat absorbed by the gases a great amount of radiated heat is received by the tubes forming the crown of the furnace. The heat absorbed by the tubes is at first only communicated to the small volume of water within them, so that the density of the water is rapidly reduced. At the same time the two large tubes which connect the upper and lower cylinders are filled with water of the original density, thus more than balancing the weight of the contents of the generating tubes, and causing rapid circulation. The discharge from the tubes into the upper cylinder is a mixture of steam and water, and these elements are separated as they flow over a curved baffle-plate, which is placed immediately under the openings of the tubes, and incloses a considerable space above the water surface protected from spray, and from which the steam is taken.

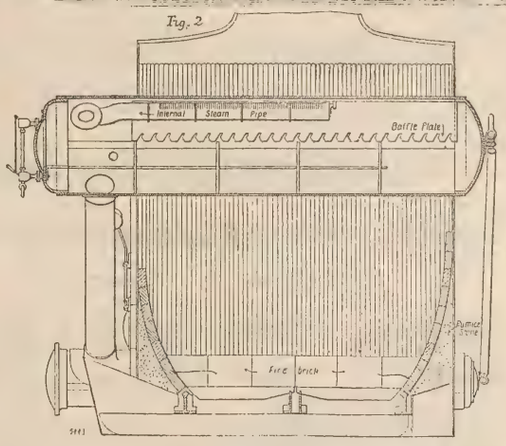
The absence of leakage may be briefly explained as being due to the facts that the tubes can expand freely, and that their connection with the upper and lower cylinders are not exposed to the heat of the fire, while in fire-tube boilers the part of the tube exposed to the most severe heat is its junction with the tube plate, around which there is no water to cool it.

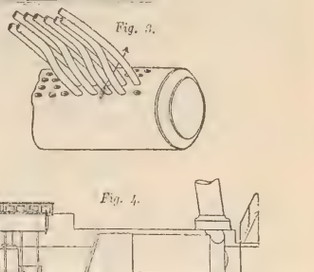
Opinions have been expressed that this boiler will have but a short life. Opinions on such a matter are not of much value, and the author thinks it will be of interest to the institution to learn how the boilers of this type, which are already at work, have stood the test of time. The first one was made for the Congo Mission steamer Peace. The vessel was tried on the Thames in 1882, then taken to pieces, the boiler included, and re-erected in Africa by the Rev. Geo. Grenfell, with black assistants only. She commenced work on the Congo in the spring of 1884, and has performed continual service since. The last news we had of her was contained in a letter from Mr. Grenfell dated the 18th of September last. He says: "The boiler itself is doing splendidly, and we have no difficulty in keeping up steam sufficient for 400 revolutions; in fact, quite steam enough for any purpose, and when head to wind often too much."

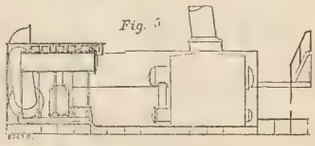
The next boiler was fitted in a second-class torpedo boat for the British Navy, and tried early in 1886. It has therefore been at work for about three years. I obtained permission from the Admiralty to remove some of the small tubes for ascertaining their condition. These specimens were cut out last week, and are exactly in the condition in which they were taken from the boiler. In examining them I was exceedingly pleased to find that the deposit it them was so very small in amount. It appeared possible that this boiler might fail, from the tubes becoming obstructed by deposit, and as it is impossible to gain access to much of their interior, this would have been a very serious drawback. I am not aware that the boiler from which these tubes are taken has been treated with any special care; the surface condenser is of the ordinary kind, and is not specially made to prevent leakage.

A few of these tubes, however, are not in such good condition as I had hoped; oxidation seems to have taken place to a slight extent within them, and the external surface of those taken from the outer rows has been very much rusted, and seems to indicate that these tubes have been wet for a considerable period. This is corroborated by the fact that the plates forming the external casting are also decayed in places. It is most satisfactory, however, to find that the tubes in the flue, and also those forming the firebox, are in most excellent condition. The blue scale is still visible on the outside, and the parts of the tubes exposed to the most intense heat do not show the least trace of injury from the fire.









THE THORNYCROFT WATER-TUBE BOILER.

The next examples are the boilers of the Ariete and Rayo. It will be remembered that an exceedingly high speed was attained by these vessels, due largely to the lightness and steaming power of the boilers, of which each boat had two. They were delivered to the Spanish Government in August, 1887. Very soon afterwards newspaper reports appeared as to defects having manifested themselves, and it was stated that the boilers were condemned, and were to be replaced by others of locomotive type. We had no communication made to us officially concerning these alleged defects.

Seeing in the newspapers an account of certain maneuvers in which these and other torpedo boats were engaged, where it was stated that one of the boilers of the Ariete was disabled, we applied to the Minister of Marine for permission to send an engineer over to examine the boilers, and to put right any defect which had arisen. After much delay this was granted, and our engineer reported as follows:

"The work of removing pipes, casing, etc., was commenced March 15. On removing the front and back plates of boiler casing, all the small tubes were found covered with a coating of soot from ⅛in. to $^{3}/_{16}$in. thick. I then caused the side casing to be removed; when this was done the lower parts of the casing (adjoining the coal bunkers) were found wasted away, caused by small coal, ashes and soot being allowed to accumulate to a depth of about 5in., the steam-heating gear pipes being imbedded and partially destroyed.

"The front frame plate carrying the ashpan doors was then removed, and I found the ashpans firmly fixed in a bedding of small coal and soot which had been allowed to accumulate; this had to be dug away before the ashpans could be removed, and through this accumulation it has to some extent corroded the sides of ashpans. On going inside the firebox I found the firebricks much damaged, and they have been in this condition for some time; those on the port side will have to be removed. The center firebrick on the inside of end casing, nearest the safety valve end of boiler, is missing, and from the crumpled appearance of the plate has been in this state for some time. The inside of separator tube and collector tubes are very fair, no appearance of pitting being discernible, although the collector tubes have a deposit on the bottom of ⅜in. of lime, etc. The separator dashplates (zinc) have wasted in their thickness from ⅛in. to $^{3}/_{16}$in. on the part that has been in the water, while the upper parts have a great deal of sediment fixed on them. The zinc bars in the collector tubes are but slightly worn.

"I have examined the safety valves and stop valves, and these are in a very fair condition. This day I have tried the small tubes with water, and have discovered one tube in the row marked 1, or the second row counting from the top center of separator, and it is the eleventh from the safety valve end of boiler; this is the only one I have discovered, and it is caused through a small hole in tube of about ¼in. in diameter. I propose to draw this tube and refit a new one, to remove all sediment from the collector tubes, clean zinc dash plates and bars, refit new firebricks, well cleanse the outside of small tubes from the soot, and remove the damaged parts of side casings and fit strips of plate 8in. deep to take the place of damaged parts.

"I would add that there is nothing in these repairs, excepting the damaged tube, but what could have, and should have, been done by the stokers belonging to the ship, but which, from the total neglect the boiler has received, has very seriously impaired the efficiency of the boiler, until the neglect is rectified. In reference to the damaged tube, there are a number of special plugs supplied with the boat for the purpose of puting out of use any defective tube or tubes. Had this been applied—and the application of it is very simple—no annoyance would have been experienced, except instead of 918 tubes there would have been 917. From the general appearance of the boiler and fittings, it shows it has been greatly neglected, for in addition to the steam cleaning gear, there are brushes supplied to assist; these have not been used, nor have the end plates been removed for this purpose nor for inspection, since the boat left England."

The next vessels in order were the Danish torpedo boats Stören and Sölöven, delivered in 1887. Since then we have supplied water-tube boilers in all the new torpedo boats built for that Government, and are now replacing the locomotive boiler in a boat 5½ years old, with two water-tube boilers.

Careful experiments have recently been made by Prof. Kennedy on one of these boilers, in order to ascertain the evaporative efficiency at different rates of working. The best result was with natural draught, when the evaporative duty reached 13.4lbs. of water per pound of coal, from and at 212°. The calorific value of the coal, as determined by analysis, was 15.41lbs. per pound of coal. The efficiency of the boiler with natural draught was, therefore, 87 per cent. of the theoretical evaporation, which we have reason to believe is the highest on record.

MIRAMICHI Y. C.

THE last race for the Miller and Call-Noonan cups was sailed on Sept. 12, the course being from Newcastle to Chatham and return, 10 miles. Wind, dead ahead on the first leg. Kilbride lead from the start, with Kittock second, Blondy third, and Fedora (schr.) last. When off Chatham Fedora was knocked over by an unexpected puff of great force, the first of the day, and retusing to luff, filled and sank in 20ft. of water. "Let go sheets," ordered the skipper, Vice-Com. Stewart, as he jammed the helm hard down, but the crew of 4 leaped upon the windward rail and seized fore and main rigging. Mr. Stewart went down with the ship, helm down and sheet in hand, and had to disentangle some ropes that floated up around his legs before he could get up. He reached the surface 12ft. from the masthead, to which the crew were clinging, and, though he had never swam a stroke before, swam on the water and under the water, against the tide to the top mast stay. Clear grit andcoolness won against the heavy odds. The judges' steamer, Derby, took the shipwrecked yachtsmen off, none the worse for the bath. Kilbride won, and Blondy took second place on time allowance. Mr. Secretary Watts's boat captured the Call-Noonan cup. The following is the record:

FIRST CLASS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Kilbride, J. C. Miller	1 59 33	1 59 33
Kittock, Jas. Miller	2 04 42	2 03 50
Blondy, W. K. Gould	2 08 22	2 03 33
Fedora, J. L. Stewart	Capsized and sank.	

SECOND CLASS.

Mackerel, Geo. Watts	2 55 45	. . . .
Squirrel, Thos. Crimmen	2 59 01	. . . .

Commodore Miller has won his own cup twice, and Secretary Watt has won the Call-Noonan cup. The next and last race of the season will be for the Vice-Commodore's pennant.

LAWLEY'S YARD.—Messrs. Lawley & Son will put in new tools this fall, including a plant for composite construction,

BAY OF QUINTE Y. C.

BELLEVILLE, Ont., Sept. 16.—After having acquired the most successful record ever gained by any yachting organization in a racing sense, the Bay of Quinte Y. C. quietly dropped out of the L. Y. R. A. this season. This occurrence was greatly to the regret of many good sportsmen here and elsewhere, who hope that this lapse will not be permanent, and that the glories of the club, which but a few years ago possessed a fleet that swept the board on Lake Ontario, and still number among its craft the holder of the Fisher cup, for the championship of sloops on fresh water, and the fastest 35-footer in the world, will next year be revived.

The causes of the decadence in our club are simply these: 1. Sale of a number of yachts out of the fleet and removal of working members to other places. 2. Refusal of members to race their yachts. 3. Small attendance of foreign yachts at our regattas. 4. Dry rot in the club.

For cause 1 there is no remedy. No. 2 could be overcome, and, as the same time, public interest aroused by a race for the Fisher cup, a challenge for which would be readily accepted by the holder, with the race fixed for the day before the regatta next year, if there be one. In this connection, let me suggest to the L. Y. R. A. the desirability of challenge prizes for the championship in second and third classes. The Fisher cup provides for the first class. As to No. 3, the opening of the Murray Canal by shortening the passage for the Toronto fleet by a hundred miles and giving them a much easier and safer route, assures their attendance. No. 4 must be cured from within the club if at all. It can readily be done if all who are able to take part in the work will do their share. The same men cannot be expected to perform onerous duties as a labor of love for an indefinite period. An effort ought to be made, and I trust will be made, to this end.

With this, I repeat my advice to the L. Y. R. A. to return to their former system of classification by corrected length. If, also, they in their wisdom increase the number of classes by sub-dividing the present second class at 45ft., the interests of the sport would be advanced materially. PORT TACK.

A FUTURITY YACHT RACE.

THE following challenge, which appears in the last number of *Land and Water*, suggests something new in the way of yacht racing that is worth the attention of American amateurs. There are plenty of amateurs about New York and Boston alone who are competent to design, superintend and race a small yacht, and such a novel competition could not fail to be exciting. An agreement might be made this fall, deciding on the length of boat and the rules under which she would race, the contests to take place during the season of 1890. A good size for the purpose would be 25ft. l.w.l., under Seawanhaka and Eastern rules, as this would limit the cost for those who already have a yacht of some sort and do not care for a second boat as costly as the modern 30 or 40-footer. The challenge reads:

SIR—Inasmuch as the pleasure of winning races is greatly enhanced when the owner is also the designer of his yacht, I now challenge any English yachtsman who will design a 5-rater and have her built during the coming winter, to race for a cup next season, each competitor depositing 25 guineas at Messrs. Cox & Co., bankers, for this purpose.

Details can be arranged later, but I would suggest: (1) That each competitor should deposit with the stakeholder a declaration that the design is *bona fide* amateur—*i. e.*, has been drawn up without any professional assistance. (2) That the races be held inside the Isle of Wight; the first in June on the course of the Royal Southampton Y. C., the second in July on the course of the Royal London Y. C., and the third, if necessary, in August, on the course of the Castle Y. C. (Calshot). (4) The yacht is to be fully decked, with a watertight steering well. (4) No time allowance for any difference of rating or of rig. (5) Referees to be agreed upon, one of whom shall accompany each race and decide on any dispute or protest.

J. T. BUCKNILL, Lieut-Colonel (late Major R. E.).

THORNFIELD, Bitterne, Hants, Sept. 9.

MONTGOMERY SAILING CLUB—Semi-monthly regatta, Sept. 15. Course, Norristown to Indian Creek and return, 5 miles. Wind, southeasterly. Summary:

	Corrected.		Corrected.
F and W Playford	1 44 30	Vesuvius	1 56 50
Volunteer	1 54 20	Gracie	1 57 00
Igidious	1 55 00	Starlight	1 58 45
Nellie	1 55 30	Iola	2 02 40

It was a run to the buoy and a close reach home. The canoe Starlight should have started six minutes ahead of the tuckups, but was late getting to the line, and started four minutes behind them, otherwise she should have finished second to the Playford. Judge, William Alcorn.

BEVERLY Y. C.—The 155th race and 3d Buzzard's Bay championship was sailed at Monument Beach on Sept. 14, in smooth water and a strong and puffy E.S.E. wind, rather higher off shore. Mattie and Sirius started in first class under one and two reefs, respectively, both being short handed. Course was round No. 3, Wings Cove Bay, Scraggy Neck, and return, 11¼ miles. On the run home reefs were shaken out. Mattie finding it just her day, beat the fleet handily. In second class Gymnote was short handed and did not shake out her reefs on the way home, losing ground by it. Mist, Lestris and Gymnote started with two reefs, Widgeon with three. Mist and Lestris shook out all reefs coming home, but Widgeon kept one in. Lestris split tacks, beating to windward, and gained by it. In third class Daisy appeared with her small rig single reefed, Elna with two reefs in her big new sail, Dolly single reefed, Elna won easily. The other two shook out reefs at windward mark and sailed an exceedingly close race, Daisy beating by a quarter of a second. In fourth class Kitten, single reefed, and Edith, double reefed, sailed a close race over the five-mile course, Kitten being the best to windward.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Mattie, Howard Stockton	26.07	1 57 07	1 45 20
Sirius, M. N. Bray	26.07	2 07 59	1 55 52
SECOND CLASS.			
Mist, G. H. Lyman, Jr.	25.06	2 00 40	1 47 36
Lestris, Joshua Crane	23.06	2 04 10	1 48 30
Widgeon, Moses Williams, Jr.	25.08	2 04 15	1 51 23
Gymnote, W. E. C. Eustis	25.11	2 06 39	1 54 06
THIRD CLASS.			
Elna, John Parkinson	22.07	1 20 49	1 18 47
Daisy, Howard Stockton	19.03	1 36 29	1 21 57
Dolly, Alt Hardy	21.05	1 36 29¼	1 24 18¼
FOURTH CLASS.			
Kitten, G. H. Richards et als	17.11	1 02 15	0 51 28
Edith, Irvin Chapin	18.10	1 02 50	0 52 49

Winners: Class one, Mattie; class two, Mist and Lestris; class three, Elna; class four, Kitten. Judge, W. Lloyd Jeffries. Pennants won and held by Elna in class three, and Kitten in class four. Buzzards Bay champions for 1889 are Mattie, Mist, Elna and Kitten.

The 156th race, cup sail off for third class cats, took place at Marblehead Sept. 21. It was a mere gamble on the weather, and the light weather boat won. Edith is without doubt the fastest boat in very light airs, Kiowa being far the best in a breeze. The weather was poor for racing, being about the only poor afternoon in the last ten days. Kiowa's old mast being very bad, she went up for a new one to South Boston, leaving Swampscott on the 12th in the middle of the severe N.E. gale of last week. It was blowing very hard with a very heavy sea; she worked perfectly under four reefs, and covered the 12½ knots in between 1¾ and 2h., the exact time not being taken.

A match race had been arranged for the 20th at Marblehead between Wanda and Nerina, and Kiowa was asked to enter. When she left South Boston the bay was feather white, there being such a strong southwester that pilot boats and coasters were carrying only jibs and double-reefed mainsails. Kiowa ran the 14¼ knots under three reefs in exactly 2h. 22m. from wharf to wharf. As she entered Marblehead Harbor she met Alga, a very weatherly 40-footer, under storm jib and trysail, just in from Provincetown. Nerina did not put in an appearance, but Wanda was on hand, and other boats were on the point of crossing the line, when one of the jaws of Kiowa's gaff (a brand new one) broke short off. This unfortunate accident stopped what would have been a lively race.

That night the wind blew itself out, and there was practically none next morning. It was Edith's race to a certainty, unless a breeze should come up later. About 1 P.M. a nice little breeze sprung up, but at 1:30 a thunder squall came up and killed the wind.

Nerina had not arrived at 2:30, the starting time, but the others waited 15 minutes for her, though the air was dying out.

The boats got off together in a light air; Edith and Kiowa had it nip and tuck half way to Bowditch, Nerina falling astern badly. Here the wind went down almost completely, and Edith spun out a good lead, Nerina steadily dropping back.

On the windward work Edith gained steadily in the light air, but it seemed doubtful if she could make the race on time. Nerina broke tacks to the southward, hunting for flukes and getting them, as a nice breeze came out from Marblehead, reaching her long before the others got any. After a while Edith, under the Beverly shore, got the breeze, while Kiowa, between the two, lay becalmed for many minutes. When she did get it she was a very bad last. She picked up a good deal, but not enough to affect the result. Kiowa broke the other jaw of her gaff just before the start, but patched up a temporary rig with a mast hoop. Summary as follows:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Edith, F. H. Wood	20 05	1 50 19	1 37 11
Nerina, Robt. Saltonstall	21.09	1 55 19	1 43 27
Kiowa, W. A. & W. L. Jeffries	22.01	1 55 29	1 43 57

Judge, R. C. Robbins.

This closes the club racing for the season, although Elna and Daisy are to sail five matches. BLUE WITH A GOLD CASTLE.

DORCHESTER Y. C. SPECIAL REGATTA, SEPT. 17.—Course —No. 3, club course; distance 7 miles. Weather, cloudy. Wind, S. W., strong and puffy. Tide, flood:

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Cor.
Psyche, Francis Gray	18.06	3 05 00	4 27 28	1 22 28	53 57
Rocket, H. W. Fekon	18.04	3 05 00	4 31 24	1 26 24	57 41
Paradox, C. J. Means	19.00	3 05 00	Withdrew.		

Psyche won. This race was for the Soley challenge cup, which was held by Rocket. As Rocket and Psyche had each won it once this was the deciding race between these two boats as to the ownership of the cup. Paradox was light in ballast, and after rounding the second mark of the triangle, withdrew from the race. Rocket and Psyche had a very close race running off the wind, but when they hauled around the second buoy for the beat to windward Psyche outpointed and outsailed her rival and turned the mark on the first round at 3:48:05, followed by Rocket at 3:50:15. In the second round Psyche, having the race well in hand, took things easily and finished winner by about 4m. All the boats carried double-reefed mainsails, and at times had all they could stagger to. Judges, E. R. Tilton, Hartford Davenport.

THE RECORD OF LIRIS.—The Boston *Herald* rolls up an astounding total for Liris as follows: Three masts, 2 booms, 3 spinakers, 4 topmasts, 2 gaffs, 2 bowsprits, total 16, beside channels and shrouds. The statement is in such a form as to infer that she has carried away this number of spars. Her actual record is bad enough without making it worse by any exaggeration. In the New York race she lost her mast, topmast, a spreader and sprung her topsail yard, all hollow sticks. At Larchmont, on July 4, she sprung her bowsprit so badly that a new one was necessary. On the run from Newport to Vineyard Haven, on the New York cruise, she parted a masthead runner and sprung her hollow spinaker boom, and in the race two days later the spreader went again, the topmast also going and breaking the gaff in the fall. In the last wreck the shrouds parted and the mast snapped off, no other damage being done. In addition to this her original hollow boom was replaced by a solid one, as the sail would not sit, though the spar did not break. The prime cause of all the trouble was the small size of spars and gear compared with the enormous power of the boat. In spite of the many extravagant stories afloat, the hull has stood the strain thus far with no signs of weakness, there is no leaking, even in the races, and after the terrible pounding and tugging of last Thursday it looks as though the construction was equal to any legitimate strain of racing or cruising.

CAPE ANN Y. C. SWEEPSTAKES.—The last race of the season, a club sweepstakes, was sailed on Sept. 21 off Gloucester, over a 10-mile triangular course. The wind was variable from about S.W. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Black Cloud, A. Brown	23.10	2 58 00	2 24 03
Evelyn and Silver Cloud did not finish.			
SECOND CLASS.			
Lark, A. P. Parkhurst	10.02	3 38 00	2 56 42
Inez did not finish.			

Judges, Henry A. Norwood, Franklin Davis. Mr. Brown, the owner of Black Cloud, proposes to raise her topside and add lead to her keel next season.

A STEAM YACHT LOST.—The steam yacht Leo, from Detroit for Cleveland, left her home port, Lorain, 28 miles west of Cleveland, on Sept. 15, and has not been heard from since, though the bodies of three of her crew have been found on the beach. The yacht, which is not enrolled in the yacht list, is described in our exchanges as of 17 tons, and lately purchased in Detroit for $550, which would indicate that she was an old boat. It is also reported that she had naphtha on board, though the style of engine is not given, and it is supposed that an explosion of some sort took place during the heavy storm of Sept. 16, one of the bodies being badly burned. The party included Fred Pelow, T. D. Ritter, Capt. S. Root, J. B. Tuttle, L. D. Lawler, D. A. Lawler. Benj. Kline, S. D. Knight and an engineer.

ROYAL CANADIAN Y. C.—A race was started on Sept. 21 over a 10 mile course between the 20-footers Woos, Ellida and Caprice, in a strong N.W. wind. Off the Queen's wharf the spinaker boom of Ellida broke, throwing Mr. Wm. Postlewaite, who was holding the boom down, into the water, where he was covered by the sail. At the same time the boat capsized, so the others were unable to assist Mr. Postlewaite. The Woos came to their aid, Mr. Alex. Marshall leaping overboard and supporting Mr. Postlewaite, who was nearly exhausted. The skiff was towed in by the steam yacht Abeona and her wet crew properly cared for.

COMING RACES.—In the Larchmont special race on Saturday the entries are Gorilla, Liris and Maraquita. Alice, Helen and Chiquita were to sail a private match yesterday over the course of the Hesper-Fredonia match. Kathleen will try a match with Liris under Seawanhaka C. Y. C. rules before the season closes, and will also sail against Arab for the pennant of the 30ft. class in the Atlantic Y. C. She will also meet Delvyn and Shona in the special race of the Corinthian Y. C. next month. The Dorchester Y. C. has in hand a schooner race for yachts of 90ft. and over, including the fast fishermen, for a $250 cup, presented by a member of the club, but nothing is definitely settled yet.

AN ACCIDENT TO SAPPHIRE.—The steam yacht Sapphire, Mr. John Stetson, was in collision on Sept. 17 with a coal barge in tow of a tug in Boston Harbor. The yacht was stove in above the waterline on the port side amidships, making water rapidly, but she was quickly beached on the flats at Jefferson Point.

A NEW STEAM YACHT.—Dr. C. D. Miller is now busy at his yard in Poughkeepsie with a new steam yacht, the dimensions being 81ft. 4in. over all, 72ft. l.w.l., 9ft. 7in. beam, 4ft. draft. The engine will be 7, 11 and 18×9in., with a Roberts coil boiler. A high speed is looked for.

NAHLI AND TATTLER.—The last of a series of four matches between the open jib and mainsail boats Nahli, Mr. W. E. Connor and Tattler and Expert, Mr. J. H. Cornwall, was sailed on Sept. 18 over a 19-knot course off Sand's Point, in a fresh S.W. breeze. Nahli beat Tattler so badly that she did not finish. Nahli sailed against Expert, rigged as a cat, on Sept. 2, beating her; again on Sept. 7 against Tattler under cat rig, and on Sept. 17 against Tattler with jib and mainsail, winning each race. She has won four firsts to five starts this year.

THE CAPE MAY CHALLENGE CUP.—This cup, won by Genesta from Dauntless in 1885 and then by Irex from Genesta, has gone to the yawl Wendur by default. Wendur challenged Irex for it, but the latter did not come to time for the start, and on Sept. 12 Wendur started alone to sail over the course from Ryde to Cherbourg and back for the cup.

QUEEN CITY RACES.—The open races of the Queen City Y. C. of Toronto were sailed on Sept. 21 in a squally N.W. wind. In the 20-25ft. class one yacht capsized and the others went to her assistance, so the committee decided that the race should be resailed on Oct. 5. Fifteen yachts started in the class under 30ft., the winners being Elsie, Ana and Egeria. On Sept. 28 a challenge cup race for second class will be sailed.

CLUB BOOKS.—The Quaker City Y. C. has issued a very neat and complete club book this year. The club has a membership of 91, with a fleet of 38 yachts. We have to acknowledge the receipt of books from the Great South Bay and the Mahopac clubs.

COLUMBIA Y. C.—The postponed regatta of the Columbia Y. C. will be sailed to-day, starting off the club house, foot of Eighty-sixth street, North River.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1887-88.

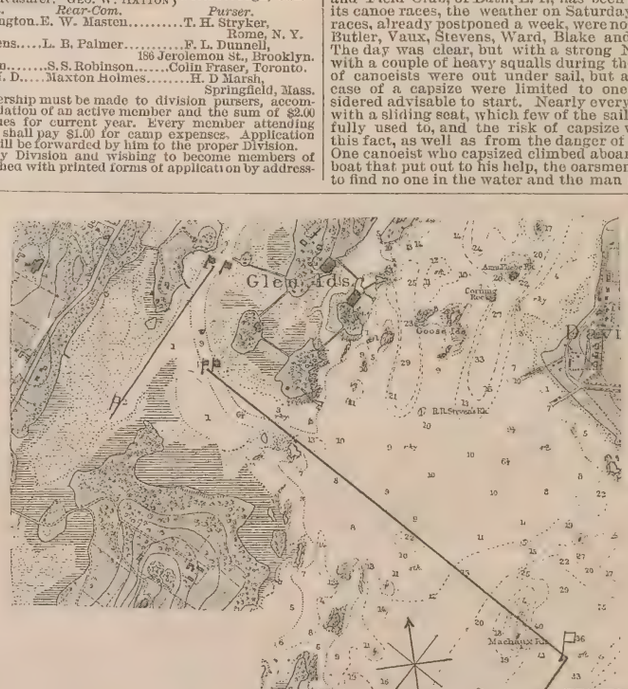
Commodore: H. C. ROGERS			Peterborough, Can.
Secretary-Treasurer: GEO. W. HATTON			
Vice-Com.	*Rear-Com.*	*Purser.*	
Central Div.	W. R. Huntington.	E. W. Masten	T. H. Stryker, Rome, N. Y.
Atlantic Div.	W. P. Stephens	L. B. Palmer	F. L. Dunnell, 199 Jerolemon St., Brooklyn.
N'thern Div.	Robert Tyson	S. S. Robinson	Colin Fraser, Toronto.
Eastern Div.	H. E. Rice, M. D.	Maxton Holmes	H. D Marsh, Springfield, Mass.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of $2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year. Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay $1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division. Persons residing in any Division and wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore—C. J. Stedman, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Vice-Commodore—T. J. Kirkpatrick, Springfield, O.
Rear-Commodore—Thos. S. Gates, Columbus, O.
Secretary-Treasurer—J. B. Keogh, Chicago, Ill

MARINE AND FIELD CLUB CANOE RACES.—The Marine and Field Club, of Bath, L. I., has been specially unfortunate in its canoe races, the weather on Saturday being so bad that the races, already postponed a week, were not started, though Messrs. Butler, Vaux, Stevens, Ward, Blake and others were on hand. The day was clear, but with a strong N.W. wind and some sea, with a couple of heavy squalls during the afternoon. A number of canoeists were out under sail, but as the means of rescue in case of a capsize were limited to one rowboat it was not considered advisable to start. Nearly every canoe was newly fitted with a sliding seat, which few of the sailors had as yet become fully used to, and the risk of capsize was greatly increased by this fact, as well as from the danger of the new seats breaking. One canoeist who capsized climbed aboard and sailed in past the boat that put out to his help, the oarsmen being greatly surprised to find no one in the water and the man safely on the float.



SAILING COURSE NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB.
Canoe Regatta, Sept. 28, Travers Island.

NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB CANOE REGATTA.

THE New York Athletic Club will hold a sailing regatta under A. C. A. rules off the club house at Travers Island, Sept. 28, starting at 2 P. M., the programme being as follows: Unlimited sailing, upset sailing, man-overboard race. Among the canoeists who have promised to attend are Messrs. Butler, Gage and Goddard, of Lowell; Kuappe, of Springfield; Forrest, of Hartford; Quick and Masten, of Yonkers; Whitlock, Ward and Blake, of Brooklyn; Vaux, Stevens, Bailey and Nadal, of New York, and Elliott of the Field and Marine Club. With suitable weather some very fine racing may be expected, as the entries include some of the best sailors in the Association. Travers Island may be reached by the main line of the New York, New Haven & Hartford R. R. to Pelham Manor or by the Harlem branch from Third avenue and 133d street.

AMATEUR VS. PROFESSIONAL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The A. C. A. is a strictly amateur organization, and should be governed by its rules, the same as any other body of the same standing.

Several years ago Frank Holmes, the then champion sculler of the N. A. A. A., rowed for a purse of $150, and won; the money was not paid to him, but was used to buy a watch, which was given to him. Yet the fact still remained, that primarily he had raced for money, and he was expelled from the N. A. A. A. and never reinstated.

In your account of the skiff races of the R. C. Y. C., in the FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 5, W. G. MacKendrick wins the first prize, which is stated to be $12 in money. Article XVI. of the By-Laws and Rule V. of the Sailing Regulations of the A. C. A. unqualifiedly forbid all racing for money, and the application for membership also bears on this very point.

Mr. MacKendrick raced and won. If he had come in last the case would not have been altered.

The letters from this gentleman are always interesting, and the answer to this will probably prove equally so with the rest.

A. C. A. No. 1,213.

THE POINTE CLAIRE CANOE CREW.—At a meeting of the Pointe Claire District of the Montreal C. C., held at the Pointe Claire boat house on Sept. 12, it was decided to resolve the district into an organization, for the promotion of canoeing, to be called the Pointe Claire Canoe Crew. A constitution was adopted, and it was decided that the burgee of the club should be a pointed burgee composed of a white cross on a light blue ground. The totem selected was the constellation of the Plow, to be displayed on a bear of light blue. The election of officers resulted as follows: Captain, Daniel A. Poe; Mate, D. C. S Miller; Purser, W. Kennedy. The crew has a membership of twenty-nine, and its fleet includes one sloop yacht, five decked sailing, as many undecked sailing, and a score or so of open paddling canoes. Six or eight of the members are A.C.A. men, and it is hoped that the coming meet of the Northern Division in Montreal waters, will bring every active member of the crew into the Association. A great deal of interest is being manifested in sailing, and between eight and ten of the crew's sailors are talking of getting racers for next year's meets. A subscription list for a sailing trophy has been opened and a goodly sum of money has already been subscribed.

GALT C. C.—The first club regatta of the Galt C. C. was held on Sept. 18, the entries being limited to men who had never paddled previous to '89. The results were doubtful till the last stroke had been taken. Single blade, ½ mile, 4 starters: Irex, C. Turnbull, first; Cygnet, G. I. Riddle, B.A., second. Hurry scurry, run, swim and paddle, G. A. Ball. Tandem, 4 starters: G. I. Riddle and J. H. Buchanan, first; C. Turnbull and J. H. McGregor second. Lady and gentleman tandem, 4 crews: Miss M. Blake and C. Turnbull, first; James and Alice McKendrick, second. Fours: J. H. McGregor, C. Turnbull, Jas. McKendrick and H. Reynard in the Carryalovus finished first.—MAMAC.

IANTHE C. C. REGATTA, SEPT. 28.—The following programme of races for the Ianthe C. C. regatta on Saturday will attract many canoeists to the Passaic River: 1. Class I. paddling. 2. Sailing and paddling combined. 3. Sailing, record. 4. Sailing, junior record. 5. Sailing upset. 6. Paddling, Classes III. and IV., record. 7. Paddling, Classes III. and IV., junior record. 8. Paddling tandem, decked sailing canoes. Classes III. and IV. 9. Hurry scurry, Classes III. and IV. 10. Tournament.

A. C. A. PHOTOS.—Mr. S. R. Stoddard, of Glens Falls, N. Y., has ready his new list of photos of the last meet, 46 in all, with miniature card for ordering. Mr. Stoddard is at work on a handsome book entitled "Glimpses of the A. C. A., 1889," containing 20 photogravures of the meet, 7×10in. in size. It will be published by subscription, the price being $2.50.

RARITANIA.—A correspondent writes as follows about the canoe Raritania, whose design is given in "Canoe and Boat Building": "My opinion of the model for inland use, with paddle, no sails, can be summed up in one word—perfect. The canoe is light, roomy, handles remarkably easy under paddle, is a dry boat in rough water, draws but little water, has plenty of storage room; in fact, I do not see where any improvement can be made, and the model deserves to be very widely used by all who cruise, as I do, in narrow, rapid streams, broken by rapids, falls and dams."

CANOE BRASSWORK.—The establishment of the W. B. Baker Mfg. Co., at Watertown, N. Y., was lately partly destroyed by fire of supposed incendiary origin.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

DAN, Cincinnati.—Please send us your address.

L. O.—Ruffed grouse season will open in Pennsylvania Oct. 1.

J. B. H., Oswego.—The lug sail will be suitable for your purpose.

W. B. McC., Brooklyn.—Sailing craft have the right of way over vessels propelled by oars or steam.

J. T., Washington, N. J.—See Pennsylvania seasons in our shot column.

F. D. F., Cambridgeport, Mass.—You will do well to go to Maine for the small game; write to Mr. Kennedy Smith, whose post office address is Eustis, Me.

W. A.—Rail shooting is reported to be good at Pine Brook and on the Hackensack Meadows, New Jersey.

L. C. W., Oswego Center.—The squirrel shooting in Chautauqua county is reported as excellent this fall. Go to Fredonia or vicinity.

F. B. S., Allentown, Pa.—The law of Pennsylvania forbids the killing of the "yellow-hammer" or "flicker." There is no law on turtle doves.

M. A. T., Plymouth, O.—For Michigan seasons, see our game columns. For full text of law address State Game and Fish Warden Wm. Alden Smith, Grand Rapids, Mich.

F. H. S., Washington, D. C.—The firm is of Birmingham, Eng. and makes a gun of medium grade and price, with a good reputation. Neither in cost nor grade do their arms compare with those of the best London makers.

J. A. H.—There are rattlesnakes in Pike county, Pa., but not so many that you need hesitate to take your dog out there. There are quail, ruffed grouse, woodcock and deer there. For open seasons see our shot department.

B. A. J., Syracuse.—Please inform me if ducks can be shipped out of the States of Minnesota and Wisconsin. I am going about Oct. 1 after ducks, though not for market, but I would like to send my friends a few. Ans. Forbidden to export from Minnesota, but not from Wisconsin.

H. E. W., Newark, N. J.—Is chilled shot made so by a mixture, or is merely chilled on the surface? Ans. Chilled by a hardening "temper," which is an alloy mainly of antimony and is put into the melted bar lead. The manufacturers have their own secret "temper" mixture.

ORNITHOLOGIST.—It would be interesting to me and I think to a majority of your readers, if you would give a short account of how birds are procured for lad'es' hats. Ans. This subject was fully treated two years ago in connection with the decrease of song birds and the organization of the Audubon Society.

A. McG., New York.—Can you inform me whether smelt will take a fly, and if so what are the best flies to use? Also if there have been any smelt caught in the Hackensack River? Ans. Smelt sometimes take the fly (a scarlet one), but are usually caught with bait, shrimp, minnow, pieces of fish or of frog, etc. They are not due before the last of October or the first of November.

F. W. S.—The powder is generally apt to give poorer penetration. The Hazard will give good results if carefully loaded. The charge you name should give a low trajectory, as the powder is a heavy charge for the lead. You will gain much instruction by a study of the tables in our little pamphlet "Trajectories of American Hunting Rifles," giving the results of our extensive and careful tests at Creedmoor in 1885.

W. H. K., Newark, N. J.—Will you kindly tell me where I can get .32cal. round bullets for reloading the Winchester S. & W. shell for short range target practice? I have tried to get buckshot the proper size, but cannot; they are either a little too big or too small. Ans. You will probably find it necessary to mould them yourself. Mr. Jas. Conlin, of Conlin's gallery, this city, makes his own .32s round and will perhaps supply you with some.

F. C., Toms River, N. J.—Will you please name the following bird for me? Body about the size of a duck egg, spotted black and white, head black, breast white, webbed feet, and a bill like a duck. It was shot while swimming in a pond on the salt meadows, by a friend. I have heard of only two having been killed here for a long time. Ans. The description is too vague to permit of accurate identification. It is probable that the bird is a phalarope. Either the northern phalarope (*Phalaropus labatus*), or Wilson's phalarope (*Phalaropus tricolor*), more likely the first.

ALWAYS SMALL-BORE.—Mount Vernon, N. Y.—I have often wondered that you never publish the pattern and penetration of some of the large bores, say 4 and 8 at 100yds. In these modern times, when ducks and geese are so hard to get at, I think a few such trials would interest your readers. At the same time I am a "small-bore man" and believe in proportion they beat the large bores hollow. I have a record of three sparrows to a shot with a .22 shot cartridge. Ans. We will, perhaps, give these large bores a test at our range.

A. H. M., Meriden, Conn.—I have a case which I wish you to decide for us, as we are not quite posted. On the card inclosed you will notice the offer which our State secretary made to the State shooters through us. In the State championship match Mr. A., a resident of Springfield, Mass., wished to enter, but I refused to allow him because of his non-residence. Now, when we came to the double-bird match he entered and shot before I was aware of it, making the highest score, and claims the cash and medal. I refused it until we can get a decision from you. I understand he belongs to the Colt Gun Club, of Hartford, in this State; but does this make any difference, as he is a non-resident? Suppose a resident of Ohio should belong to one of our clubs, would he be entitled to shoot for these medals and cash? We think not. Ans. According to the wording of the programme furnished us, which is all we have on which to base our decision, Mr. A. was not entitled to shoot in the first event, as that is scheduled as an "individual State Championship Match," but in the second event no such limitation appears. The programme simply says, "Second event, double-bird match, 20 pairs, medal and $10 to winner, optional sweep, $2 entrance." This would allow entries from Ohio or California for that matter. On a strict reading of the programme, Mr. A. is entitled to medal and money.

BEECHAM'S PILLS cure bilious and nervous ills.—*Adv.*

HUMPHREYS'
VETERINARY SPECIFICS
For Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs, AND POULTRY.
500 Page Book on Treatment of Animals and Chart Sent Free.
CURES { Fevers, Congestions, Inflammation, A.A. { Spinal Meningitis, Milk Fever.
B.B.—Strains, Lameness, Rheumatism.
C.C.—Distemper, Nasal Discharges.
D.D.—Bots or Grubs, Worms.
E.E.—Coughs, Heaves, Pneumonia.
F.F.—Colic or Gripes, Bellyache.
G.G.—Miscarriage, Hemorrhages.
H.H.—Urinary and Kidney Diseases.
I.I.—Eruptive Diseases, Mange.
J.K.—Diseases of Digestion.
Stable Case, with Specifics, Manual, Witch Hazel Oil and Medicator, $7.00
Price, Single Bottle (over 50 doses), - .60
Sold by Druggists; or Sent Prepaid anywhere and in any quantity on Receipt of Price.
Humphreys' Med. Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

Forest & Stream File Binders.
PRICE, $1.00.
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

HAVE YOU SEEN OUR NEW
Illustrated Catalogue
OF
FISHING TACKLE?
It is the most elaborate and magnificent book ever published in the Sporting Goods line. Send us 25 cents and we will forward you a copy post paid.
ABBEY & IMBRIE,
No. 18 VESEY STREET, NEW YORK.

WINCHESTER
STAR  **RIVAL**
LOADED PAPER SHOT SHELLS.
Ask your Dealer for them.
Not Sold at Retail by the Manufacturers.
WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.,
312 Broadway, N. Y. NEW HAVEN, CONN.
Send for 82-page Catalogue of Arms and Ammunition.

PAINLESS EFFECTUAL
BEECHAM'S PILLS
THE GREAT ENGLISH MEDICINE — WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

For Weak Stomach—Impaired Digestion—Disordered Liver.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOX.

Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England.

B. F. ALLEN & CO., Sole Agents

FOR UNITED STATES, 365 & 367 CANAL ST., NEW YORK,

Who (if your druggist does not keep them) will mail Beecham's Pills on receipt of price—*but inquire first.* (Please mention this paper.)

SPORTSMEN SMOKERS

SHOULD ALL SMOKE OUR CELEBRATED



Hand-Made Havana Cigars.

MADE IN TWO STYLES AND SIZES.

LONDRES PERFECTO, 5in. long @ $7.00 per 100
CONCHAS ESPECIALS, 4¼in. @ 6.00 "

The favorite cigar of Rod and Gun Clubs generally. These cigars are made of the choicest tobaccos grown, and selected with the greatest care. They cannot fail to suit the taste of all lovers of the fragrant weed. Each cigar has the brand impressed on it, and every box has a label, fac-simile of the title of the popular journal, and our firm's signature, without which none are genuine. We are the only authorized manufacturers of the above brand, and to insure the smoker of the genuine we would ask you to send us your orders direct. We will deliver, free of express charges, either size, on receipt of price.

A. W. FOOTE & CO., Sole Manufacturers,
125 Maiden Lane, New York.

AN EXCURSION TO

ALASKA.

The wonderful richness of this Arctic country and the rapid strides in material prosperity which it is making, are attracting the attention of the whole world, and since the completion of the Northern transcontinental railway lines Sitka is as easily reached as Paris. Every one wants to go to Alaska, and for those who can make the journey Mr. Hallock's volume,

OUR NEW ALASKA,

is indespensable. To those who want to go, but cannot, this volume with its graphic pen pictures gives a clear idea of the interesting conditions of life in the far North. Price $1.50. Sent post free by the

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.,
318 Broadway, New York.

LONDON: DAVIES & CO., 1 Finch Lane.



No Chemicals.



W. BAKER & CO.'S

Breakfast Cocoa

Is Absolutely Pure, and it is Soluble.

To increase the solubility of the powdered cocoa, various expedients are employed, most of them being based upon the action of some alkali, potash, soda or even ammonia. Cocoa which has been prepared by one of these chemical processes, can usually be recognized at once by the distinct alkaline reaction of the infusion in water.

W. Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa

is manufactured from the first stage to the last by perfect mechanical processes, **no chemical being used in its preparation.** By one of the most ingenious of these mechanical processes the greatest degree of fineness is secured without the sacrifice of the attractive and beautiful red color which is characteristic of an absolutely pure and natural cocoa.

W. Baker & Co., Dorchester, Mass.

THE WILLOUGHBY PATENT

TARPON SNELL.

Proved last Winter to be the Only Snell Absolutely Reliable.

RETAIL AGENTS:
JOHN KRIDER, Cor. Second & Walnut sts., Phila.
THOS. J. CONROY, 65 Fulton street, New York.
WHOLESALE AGENT:
J. C. HARRISON, 253 Market street, Philadelphia.

Field Trial Winners.

We now have ready for delivery pictures of the following celebrated dogs, winners of prizes at Field Trials, on toned paper, size 10×12.

DASH and BESS, SEFTON, CROXTETH.

Price for the full set of three pictures, 40 cts., or 25cts. each, sent post paid. Address

Forest and Stream Pub. Co.,
P. O. Box 2832. New York City.

Increasing Sales Attest the Popularity of THE GENTLEMEN'S CIGARETTE.

SPECIAL FAVOURS,

Manufactured only by
KINNEY BROS.
(KINNEY TOBACCO CO. Successors). Also manufacturers of the Old Reliable
SWEET CAPORAL.

Ligowsky C. P. No. 3

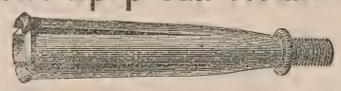
The only target having the patent

INTURNED EDGE.



2,000 shots out of each 1,000 targets on account of non-breakage in shipping, trapping and falling upon ground. The only target made with the INTURNED EDGE, producing the surest breaker when hit, and surest non-breaker when not hit. Our traps are sold for the sole purpose of shooting our targets.

The Epop Gun Cleaner.



Will remove Lead and Burnt Powder immediately without scratching or defacing the barrels. No one owning a gun should be without this cleaner. Expression of all who have used them.

Price 75c. each. Remit Postal Note.

A. P. POPE, Olean, N. Y.

Best in the World.



One-third size.

For Guns, Bicycles, etc. Throws only small quantity of oil at a stroke. Handsomely nickel plated. For sale everywhere, or sent by mail on receipt of price 50c. each. CUSHMAN & DENISON, 172 9th ave., N. Y.

LOG CABINS

AND

HOW TO BUILD THEM.

By WILLIAM S. WICKS.

This is a complete exposition of the art and method of building log cabins from the simplest dog kennel to highly artistic dwellings. Everyone going into the woods and designing to construct his shelter with the materials at hand, should procure "Log Cabins," for in its pages he will find a variety of designs, simple and ornate, adapted to temporary shelter or to permanent homes, with full and clear instruction and illustration in every matter of detail. Sent, post free, for $1.50.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.
318 Broadway, New York.

LONDON: DAVIES & CO., 1 Finch Lane.

Wanted.

A GUN CLUB OWNING THE SHOOTING over about five thousand acres, well stocked with quail, partridges and some woodcock, and having a trout stream running through the grounds, has an opening for a few more members. Grounds within a hundred miles of New York City and easy of access. Please address
GUN CLUB,
sep19,2t Box 2,229, New York City.

For Sale.

FOR SALE.—PATENT OF THE ECLIPSE loader, equal to any loader in the market, and by far the cheapest. Address
EDWIN SCHENCK,
1t 1007 St. Paul street, Baltimore, Md.

FOR SALE.

A fine telescopic 14lbs. rifle, adapted with swedge to use the same ball as the long-range free moor rifles. Also an 8-gauge double muzzle-loading 16lbs. duck gun, newly choked. Also several breech-loading shotguns. Prices low.
1t N. C. LOCKE, Salem, Mass.

FOR SALE.—PARKER $100 GRADE, 10-gauge, Damascus, 32in., 10-lb. gun, full choke, with extra set of fine twist barrels, 30-in., left full choke, right modified. Cost complete $135. In splendid condition, superb shooter. Price with case, $75 net. O. M. PADDOCK,
sep19,2t Watertown, N. Y.

LIVE QUAIL FOR SALE. Orders delivered as booked. LIVE GAME A SPECIALTY.
E. B. WOODWARD, Commission Merchant, 174 Chambers street, New York.

FOR SALE.—FRESH RICE SEED. CHAS. GILCHRIST, Port Hope, Ontario, Canada.
aug22,tf



Chester White, Berkshire and Poland China Pigs, fine setter dogs, Scotch Collies, Foxhounds and Beagles, Sheep and Poultry, bred and for sale by W. GIBBONS & CO., West Chester, Chester Co., Pa. Send stamp for circular and price list.

LIVE WHITE HARES (*Lepus Americanus*), captured and properly boxed and delivered to express in Bethel, Me., in good condition on receipt of orders and remittances at $3 per pair. Refer to Hon. H. O. Stanley, Dixfield, Me., Fish and Game Commissioner. J. G. RICH, Bethel, Me. dec16,tf

WILD RICE.—THE GREATEST WILD-fowl food. Send your orders now for fresh seed. R. VALENTINE, Janesville, Wis. aul,tf

In the Stud.

Plinlimmon's Sons

SIR HERBERT, imported May, '89; dam, ch. Queen Jura.

Duke of Lancaster,

dam Lady Burghley. Both these grand dogs at stud. For particulars address
CHEQUASSET KENNELS, Lancaster, Mass.

Yorkshire Terriers at Stud.

ROY, strong blue and tan, 7lbs. Fee $5.
TOONS ROYAL, immense coat, fine color, 7lbs. Fee $10. NORTH FIELD YORKSHIRE KENNELS, 4 Dearborn st., Salem, Mass.
sep5,3mo

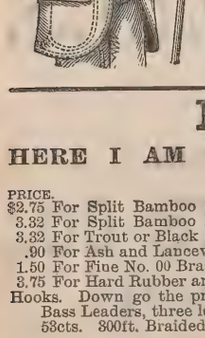
YORKSHIRE TOY TERRIER. English and American prize winner Bradford Harry, described in show reports as "best Yorkshire in America." Choice young stock for sale by this celebrated dog out of good matrons. P. H. COOMBS, 1 Exchange Block, Bangor, Me.

Medford Fancy Goods Co., New York City.

I. BREMER, Pres. & Treas.



Dog Collars and Furnishing, made of Brass, Copper, Silver, Gold, Harness Leather, Seal Skin, Alligator Skin, Morocco, Calf Skin, Patent Leather, and fifty other varieties of leathers and metals; any special material, sent to us or through your dealer in these goods, to have us make up. Send for catalogue 0.



UPTHEGROVE & McLELLAN,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Shooting and Fishing Suits

AND CLOTHING FOR

CIVIL ENGINEERS, RANCHMEN, LUMBERMEN, MINERS, ETC.

Write for our new combined Catalogue with samples of Imported

Corduroys, Moleskin, Mackintosh, Canvas and Flannels.

SEE OUR NEW SHADES OF ENGLISH CORDUROY.

Address UP. & MC., Valparaiso, Indiana.

NOTICE TO FISHERMEN. CUT PRICES.

HERE I AM AGAIN AS USUAL, CUTTING THE PRICES OF FISHING TACKLE. IT WILL PAY YOU TO BUY YOUR TACKLE IN BROOKLYN.

PRICE.		PRICE.
$2.75	For Split Bamboo Salt-Water Bass Rod, 6 strip, 2 joints, 8ft., 20oz., Solid Reel Seat, Nickel Trimmings, Double Guides, Silk Wound Black Beaded Handle	$2.75
3.32	For Split Bamboo Black Bass Rod, 8½ft., 3 joints, 10 or 12oz., Solid Reel Seat, Nickel Trimmings, Raised Tie Guides, Extra Tip, Silk Wound, Wood Form	3.32
3.32	For Trout or Black Bass Fly Rod, same finish as above, 10½ft., 7 to 9oz., complete in wood form	3.32
.90	For Ash and Lancewood Weakfish or Striped Bass Rod, Hollow Butt, Extra Tip, Swelled Ferrules	.90
1.50	For Fine No. 00 Brass Multiplying Reel, Balance Handle, Screw Oil Cup, holds 600ft. 18-thread Linen Line, diameter 3½in. Also Nos. 0, 1, 2, 3, same price. See catalogue	1.50
3.75	For Hard Rubber and Nickel Multiplying Reel, with Drag, Raised Pillars, holds 600ft. 15-thread Linen Line	3.75

Hooks. Down go the prices. My best quality all kinds snelled on single gut, 10cts. per doz.; double, 15cts.; treble, 20cts.; in ½ doz. packages. Leaders: Treble gut Weakfish and Striped Bass Leaders, three length, 5cts.; four length, 7cts., five length, 9cts.; all best quality. Reel Lines on Blocks of 300ft., 9 thread, 38cts.; 12 thread, 43cts.; 15 thread, 46cts.; 18 thread 53cts. 300ft. Braided Linen Reel Lines on Blocks, 41cts. Broken lots of Hooks from best manufacture, all kinds and sizes, 2cts. per dozen. SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

Open Evenings. J. F. MARSTERS, 51, 53 & 55 Court St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 8, 1889.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 11. No 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Only advertisements of an approved character inserted. Inside pages, nonpareil type, 30 cents per line. Special rates for three, six, and twelve months. Seven words to the line, twelve lines to one inch. Advertisements should be sent in by Saturday previous to issue in which they are to be inserted. Transient advertisements must invariably be accompanied by the money or they will not be inserted. Reading notices $1.00 per line.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

May begin at any time. Subscription price, $4 per year; $2 for six months; to a club of three annual subscribers, three copies for $10; five copies for $16. Remit by express money-order, registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canadas and Great Britain. For sale by Davies & Co., No. 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London. General subscription agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Davies & Co., Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searles and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London, Eng. Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France, sole Paris agent for sales and subscriptions. Foreign subscription price, $5 per year; $2.50 for six months.

Address all communications

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

No. 318 BROADWAY. NEW YORK CITY.

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL.
Fourth Chapter of Accidents.
Trophies of Skill.
Snap Shots.
THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST.
The Modern Knight.
In Pawn in a Frontier Town.
NATURAL HISTORY.
Albinos and Hybrids Among Birds.
Notes on Back Numbers.
Mockingbirds in Massachusetts.
GAME BAG AND GUN.
Michigan Wild Turkeys.
The Game Season.
Quail in Red River Bottom.—II
The Squirrel Exodus.
All-Round Rifles.
A Vain Quest.
Pattern and Penetration.
Shooting the Four-Eyed Fish.
Michigan Wild Turkeys.
SEA AND RIVER FISHING.
Club Preserves.
Camps of the Kingfishers.—XI
A Piece of Luck.
Late Spawning Trout.
Cheap Fishing for "Podgers."
FISHCULTURE.
Aquaria Notes.
For the Fish Commission Aquaria.
THE KENNEL.
St. Louis National Meet.
The Gordon Setter Club.
Mastiff Toe Nails.
Eastern Coursing Club.
An All-Round Dog.
The True Uses of a Stud Book.
"Podgers" Talks Dog.
The Stock-Keeper and its Assailants.
Jack.
The All-Day Field Trials.
Dog Talk.
Kennel Notes.
Kennel Management.
RIFLE AND TRAP SHOOTING.
Range and Gallery.
Regiment vs. State.
The Trap.
New Jersey State Shoot.
Al. Bandle's Tournament.
Trap-Shooting Notes.
YACHTING.
Fredonia and Hesper.
Larchmont Special 40ft. Race.
Kathleen and Shona.
McIntyre's Composite Construction.
CANOEING.
Ianthe C. C. Fall Regatta.
N. Y. Athletic Club's Regatta.
Books Received.
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A FOURTH CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

ON Sept. 20 a Middletown, New York, farmer, while carrying his gun through a hallway, muzzle pointed toward his stomach, accidentally struck the hammer against a chair, the gun exploded, and the man died almost instantly. On the following day, as two Pennsylvania sportsmen were returning from a rabbit shooting expedition, one of them carrying his gun aimed square at the neck of his comrade in front, the arm was accidentally discharged and the victim instantly killed. Last week a young man of Yonkers was shooting in the suburbs. Walking up to retrieve a bird, he found it not quite dead, and hit it with the butt of his gun; the second barrel exploded, filling him full of shot; he died a few days after.

These are specimens of frequent firearm casualties They are all the result of foolish carelessness, they are the stern penalties paid for violation of the rule never to point a gun at one's own person nor at the person of another—a rule so imperative, so simple and so easily remembered and observed, that there is no room for excusing its neglect.

That the rule is violated one has only to read the newspapers to learn; for the name is legion of those who poke their guns at others, pull them toward themselves, and point them around promiscuously, as if they were some harmless variety of the big-headed canes carried by small-headed dudes. The hopelessness of it all is that these people are, in most instances, grown up men, but individuals who for all their years have not arrived at the age of discretion in handling deadly weapons, and never will; they are past reproof and instruction, and as fast as they accidentally kill themselves and their fellows their ranks and the supply of their victims will be filled by others like them.

It is, if not profitable, at least interesting, to classify the firearm pokers and pointers and clubbers, as alienists segregate the various classes of the feeble-minded and insane, or as an ornithologist might catalogue according to the A. O. U. Check List the birds that destroy themselves by flying against the Washington Monument. First, then, for one reason because they are often very old men and should have precedence because of their gray hairs, come those who pull their guns after them, muzzle foremost. Thus a Newark gunner, aged seventy-four, having climbed over a fence, reached back after his gun, which, catching under the edge of the top board, was discharged, and the load passing through the board entered his left wrist. It was found necessary to amputate the arm. For the fence accident there is a stereotyped formula: "While getting over a fence he shot himself in the neck and died instantly;" "in climbing over a fence his gun was accidentally discharged, the shot entering his left hand and blowing off the two last fingers and breaking the middle one;" "at 4 P. M., as he was climbing a fence, his gun was accidentally discharged killing him instantly."

In many instances the mischief is done before the fence has its opportunity; there is a distinct class of wagon casualties. A Maine hunter, when getting out of the wagon, lifted his gun; it was accidentally discharged, the shot passed through his coat sleeve and then instantly killed his little eleven-year-old son. In the Adirondacks one combination was a buckboard, on a rough road, in it a young man with a loaded gun, with the muzzle pointed toward his body and the butt between his feet, a cigarette and a match; to scratch the match on the leg of his pantaloons he lifted his foot, twitched the trigger, and blew an arm off. A Nebraska farmer, whose gun had slipped from the wagon seat, grasped it by the muzzle and attempted to pull it toward him; both barrels were discharged into his heart. A Long Island sportsman, standing on a hub of a front wheel, drew his gun toward him on the bottom of the wagon; the hammer caught on a cleat, and the load of bird shot proved fatal.

In a similar category belong the boat fatalities. A gunner on Sinnepuxent Bay, Md., caught his gun by the muzzle and pulled it toward him; it was discharged by contact with a seat, and his injuries were fatal. The same thing happened to a Sandusky, Ohio farmer, and a San Francisco man brought a like fate on himself, in a precisely similar way, on the rail marsh at Belmont; while a New Orleans physician, who was collecting bird specimens, and an Auburn, N. Y., duck gunner met their deaths by pulling guns out of boats.

Clubbed muskets are legitimate arms in time of war; but fate is against the gunner who uses his rifle or shotgun as a club. An East Poughkeepsie, N. Y., party were coon hunting at night, when the dogs got into a fight. One of the hunters attempted to allay the scrimmage by clubbing the dogs with the butt end of his gun. The stock hit a tree, the weapon exploded and the man died. A sailor rode out into the country after game; and when his horse balked, he poked up the animal with his gun so effectively that the refractory creature kicked up its heels, struck the gun, and shot off the man's arm and killed him.

Allied to this class, as a passive manifestation of it perhaps, is the employment of the loaded gun as a staff or a crutch. A North Carolina sportsman, who had been hunting and had returned safely home again, was relating to his family the story of his luck; and as he talked he leaned on his gun, butt on the floor, muzzle at chin, while his little boy played with the hammer. When the gun went off it tore away the entire top of his head. A Pennsylvanian lost his head in a like manner; having primed his muzzleloader with a lucifer match, he leaned on it, muzzle to face, when the stock slipped and the hammer fell. In a Connecticut barn a young man stood leaning on his gun, and talking with a friend; during the conversation he crossed one leg over the other, thus discharged the gun and killed himself. At a Chicago turkey shooting match one of the contestants, who was waiting for his turn to shoot, placed the muzzle of his gun, with both barrels full cock, under his right arm-pit and leaned on it; then swinging one foot from side to side, he accidentally struck the trigger and fell down dead.

An army officer rested his rifle with the muzzle on his foot, and it cost him a big toe. A Wisconsin gunner, caught in a shower, put his hand over his gun muzzle to keep the powder dry; a clap of thunder made him jump, his knee struck the gun hammer, and he lost the hand that was keeping the powder dry. A Brookfield, Conn., gunner, handling his cocked gun by the muzzle, caught the trigger in one of his boot straps; a Staatsburg, N. Y., man caught the trigger of his gun in his clothes; a Hagerstown, Md., boy got his trigger tangled in his shirt collar; all these with fatal effects to the gunner or a companion. That there are still many muzzleloaders in use is demonstrated by the frequent reports of the unfortunates who peep into the muzzle to see why "the old thing did not go off," or who, having loaded one barrel, kill themselves by discharging it while attempting to load the other.

TROPHIES OF SKILL.

THERE is a class of sanguine and enthusiastic people, whom no anticipation of danger or difficulty can daunt, and who are ready enough to go to the world's end in pursuit of hazardous undertakings, but succumb readily enough when brought face to face with them. Several Englishmen of this class went out to Cashmere during the past summer, allured by the spirited accounts of hunters, of the glorious sport in pursuit of bears and chamois, and the spreading-antlered deer of that favored region. They were men of means, who took with them express rifles and all the appliances for camp life and a summer's sport, and after a very pleasant trip they reached Srinuggur, to find that man and nature and especially women had conspired to make it the veritable paradise it had been represented; but three days' clambering among the rugged mountains in pursuit of ibex was quite sufficient to take all the Excelsior out of them, and glad enough they were to reach Srinuggur again in safety.

But they were a practical set of men; who, when they found they could take no comfort out of mountain climbing, applied themselves to achieving one, at least, of the objects of their journey by other means. They sat at home in the bungalow in the Vale of Cashmere, and employed native hunters to bring them the trophies of the chase.

Whether these men have done wisely or not is yet to be proven; they will take their trophies to England, some they will probably present to friends, and some they will probably display in their dens, never pointing to them, but when questioned about them, simply saying that they are some of the things that they brought from Cashmere when they went there for a shooting trip. We have heard of one man who thus took home a lot of purchased trophies from India and left it to be inferred that they were the spoils of his own weapon, until at last he had to invent a history of his acquisition of each trophy in turn, and repeat it, until he was driven to give the whole lot away for his conscience sake. But all men are not constituted alike; for we know of another, who, having had a lot of skins given him by a friend, invented a story of his acquisition of each, and told them so often and circumstantially, that he was at length able to tell them unblushingly and in full detail to the man who had presented him with them, pointing at the same time to the holes in the skins to embellish his narratives.

"A SUMMER HUNT WITH THE PAWNEES" is the title of a sketch by "Yo," which will be published in our next issue. Readers of the FOREST AND STREAM, who are familiar with "Yo's" descriptions of rough life in the West, will be pleased to learn that he has prepared a book of "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-Tales"—and a capital book it is—which will be published at an early date from this office. A fuller notice of it will be given next week.

CLUB PRESERVES are attracting more and more attention among thoughtful sportsmen. Decided differences of opinion prevail respecting the merits and demerits of the system. There are those who profess to "view with alarm" the growing dominion of the preserves; while others claim to see in the extension of club holdings only beneficial results. The subject is one that deserves careful consideration and full discussion.

OUR TRAP REPORTS have of necessity taken up much room of late, for having set out to give the best trap department published in America, the FOREST AND STREAM has accomplished that purpose only by a generous allotment of space. Now that the tournaments are nearly finished and gunners are giving more attention to field work, our Game Bag and Gun columns will expand.

COL. ROBERT PATTON CROCKETT died at his residence on Rucker's Creek, Texas, last Thursday, in the seventy-third year of his age. His death removes the only remaining son of Davy Crockett.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE MODERN KNIGHT.

THE lance and shield in days of old
Were emblems of the warrior bold,
Who for his love grim death would feel;
But now we have an era new
When landing net and split-bamboo,
With fly-book, line and reel,
Will better please a maiden coy,
And fill her gentle soul with joy,
And often bring her heart to creel.

J. CHARLES DAVIS.

IN PAWN IN A FRONTIER TOWN.

IN the summer of 1885 I spent several weeks on a hunting trip in the White River country of northwestern Colorado. Colorow and his band of Utes were on their annual hunt at that time in the neighborhood, and, as there is always a prodigious destruction of game by the Indians on these occasions, I had met with only moderate success in my quest for deer, and had failed utterly in a wish to add an elk's head to my trophies.

Somewhat chagrined at the result of the trip I had turned my steps homeward; but was spending a few days on a ranch near the new settlement of Meeker, beguiled by the unsurpassed trout fishing of the place, when I met with an odd adventure which gave an unexpected turn to the latter part of my summer's sojourn in Colorado. While fishing one morning I incautiously, and with some difficulty, forded the river in order to reach a coveted spot. I was not so fortunate when I attempted to stem the swollen stream further down on my way back. Where the river broadened out somewhat, forming a series of rapids, I ventured in. The current swept over the slippery, moss-grown rocks with bewildering rapidity, and I kept on my pins with difficulty. When mid-stream was reached an unlucky stumble caused me to lose my balance. In an instant I was caught up by the flood and borne down toward the deeper waters. The thought of being tossed into the vortex below was not reassuring, and I clutched a big rock as I was being carried along. Clinging to this I was able to get my breath and steady myself. An overhanging bough assisted me to shore, and I was congratulating myself that aside from the wreck of the trout rod, I was none the worse for my involuntary bath, when it suddenly occurred to me to look for my pocketbook, which I had placed the night before in the outside pocket of my shirt. Of course it was gone, gone with all my money and beyond the hope of recovery. Returning to the cabin, I put on dry clothes and began to cogitate on my position. The situation was awkward to say the least. Two hundred miles from a railway, among comparative strangers, and with no means of communicating with friends except by the slow overland mail. There was apparently no prospect of money reaching me at that distant point inside of three or four weeks. I determined therefore to make for Glenwood Springs—the nearest town of any size—and there await the arrival of assistance in the shape of a money order or registered letter.

Cowboys have a reputation for kind-heartedness and generosity, and, as I needed provisions to carry me over the journey to Glenwood, I resolved to put this to the test. So next morning I asked one of my cowboy acquaintances to accommodate me with a small loan. Without a moment's hesitation he produced his wallet and handed me the needful wherewithal to begin my journey homeward. Next morning I said good-bye to my new friends, and started over the divide to the Grand River, where I arrived three days later without further adventure. With well assumed assurance I rode up to the best hotel in the town, called for the hostler to look after my horse, and walking into the office, signed my name and asked for a front room. The clerk in charge, after a discriminating look at my now ragged and travel-stained garments, had a brief consultation with the proprietor. The two then entered into conversation with me. My easy air and Eastern accent were not without effect, and the order to "show the gentleman up to 22" was given, and I soon found myself in a cosy room overlooking the main street. On the door was tacked a printed notice, which, among other items, contained the following:

The Price of this Room is $3 per Day.

REDUCED RATES FOR THOSE REMAINING A WEEK OR LONGER.

ALL BILLS PAYABLE WEEKLY.

A stage coach started next morning for Aspen, where there was a telgraph station, and that night before going to bed I sat down and wrote out the following somewhat pathetic message, addressed to one of my friends: "I am at Glenwood, busted and without credit. Send $100 immediately." Next morning I intrusted this to a passenger on the stage, with a request that he forward it directly on his arrival. To cover the expense I gave him a dollar bill—a portion of the cowboy loan I had reserved for that purpose. I counted on getting an answer to this urgent communication at the end of a week. In the meantime I set out to amuse myself in such quiet and harmless recreations as the bankrupt state of my finances permitted.

Unlike so many other towns in Colorado, Glenwood did not owe its birth to the discovery of mineral deposits in the neighborhood, but rather to the presence of numerous mineral springs, said to be of great medicinal value. One of these is especially interesting. From the floor of a cave in the wall of the cañon a boiling spring gushes forth, emitting a sulphurous vapor which is efficacious in removing rheumatism and other ills.

Notwithstanding the fact that Glenwood owed its inception to the faith of its projectors in hot baths rather than in rich "finds" in the mountains, there was no absence among its citizens of that abiding confidence in the future greatness of the place which animates the breast of every Western pioneer. A court house nearly completed and two rows of one-story shops on the main street were the only features which suggested the future metropolis; while scattered over the plain and perched on the rocks overlooking the river was a curious collection of cabins, tents and "dugouts," the homes of the small army of health-seekers who had flocked here from all parts of the State. A noisy activity characterized everything—houses were going up everywhere, contractors were busy. Every stage brought additions to the ranks of the invalids, merchants, speculators, saloon-keepers and gamblers. Every other house was a saloon and every saloon had a "lay out" for the devotees of fortune. At night interesting groups gathered about the tables. There you would see the well-dressed, dainty-fingered professional presiding at the faro bank with inimitable *sang froid*, while bronzed cow-punchers, brawny laborers, convalescing patients and alert capitalists risked their earnings on the turn of the cards.

By some tacit arrangement the guests at our hotel were seated at the tables according to their supposed social importance. To my disgust the autocratic head waiter assigned me a place at the fourth or lowest table. Perhaps my ragged habiliments justified him in doing this; but I resented it all the same and laid my plans for promotion. Next day I brushed up my clothes, polished my boots, and resolved that nothing in my demeanor would betray me as the conscious owner of but fifty cents. As a result the stable boy had some one else for a neighbor at table that day, and I found myself with men who wore coats at table and who abstained from the use of expletives with every remark.

My *vis-a-vis* at this table was the proprietor of the largest faro bank in town; he was always accompanied by his "lady"—a delicate-featured girl, who seemed strangely out of harmony with the surroundings. I made the acquaintance of a leading real estate man, and through his good offices, and by significant references to my cattle interests (in a very distant part of the State), I had the satisfaction of sitting at the first table and counting the magnates and cattle kings of the country among my acquaintances. In spite of this little social triumph, time hung heavy on my hands, and I longed to get away from the place. With all drinks and cigars costing twenty-five cents each such luxuries were out of the question, even had I been disposed to seek distraction in that quarter. Trout fishing was a great solace at this time, and every day found me trying my luck in some stream in the neighborhood. Whether successful or not, the few hours' walk among the trees or along the river bank was always a welcome change from the noisy town.

One morning I was reading a newspaper in the saloon of our hotel. Two games of poker were in progress at the time. Suddenly the stillness was broken by the reports of two pistol shots, and a few moments afterward the barkeeper rushed in and said a man had just been killed outside. Anxious to see the row, I started to go out, but before doing so paused to note the effect of the announcement on the gamesters; not a muscle changed as they quietly continued the game, each man guarding his pile of chips and the deal going round as usual. Outside a group stood bending over the burly figure of a well-known gambler who had just paid the last great forfeit in the game of life. He lay where he had fallen in the street, with a bullet through his heart. They said the tragedy was the outcome of a dispute over a game of poker. The slayer of this poor fellow "sent to his account with all his imperfections on his head" was arrested, but I never learned whether or not his case ever came up for trial.

By the middle of the second week I had grown more impatient at the non-arrival of the letter. I could not sell my horse, for he was a borrowed animal and I was responsible for his safe return. Already the first of September had come and gone, and I still had a ride of 185 miles ahead of me. It would have been foolhardy to have undertaken this journey over the mountains alone and without money or provisions; yet I am sure I would have attempted it but for the load of debts which encumbered me and kept me perforce a prisoner in the hateful town. Finally, on the evening of Sept. 4, the important epistle was forthcoming at the post office, and next morning, after paying my bills, I rode down the Grand River valley *en route* for headquarters. The confinement in the livery stable on a hay diet, had broken the spirit of my once proud-stepping Dan, and it was only by the occasional reminder of the spurs that he could be persuaded to resume his usual gait.

The rough Indian trails which I followed during these last days stretched over a most diversified country. For hours my horse would pick his way among the rocks of dry creek bottoms, then low mesas would have to be crossed, dreary stretches of desert solitude, where the cactus and sage bush only partly concealed the white patches of alkaline soil. But the scenery was not all of such a depressing character, and I found myself betimes on a high tableland, where the hot breath of the valley gave place to the stimulating air of the upland. Here the trail wound its way through dim shadowy groves of quaking aspen, across sparkling rivulets and over the soft green turf of the little parks. Again leaving all this behind, I descended into the valley of the Gunnison River, where the screech of a locomotive soon apprised me I was nearing my journey's end. At length a well-traveled wagon road led me into the town, from which ten weeks before I had departed, gay and eager to taste the bitter and sweet of wild Western life.

The tendency of nature to leave something of her own rude, savage impress on one who has lived with her for a period, was illustrated in my own case, for I found it necessary to disclose my identity to a number of friends, who failed to recognize a visitor from the East in the bronzed, bearded and generally uncouth looking individual who now saluted them. H. G. B.

A GROUSE IN TOWN.—Huntington, Mass., Sept. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Yesterday (Sunday) morning at 9 A. M. I was sitting by the window in my dining room reading the morning paper; and I heard *quit-quit-quit*, and I looked out of the window, and upon the broad stair beside my house within 8ft. of me stood a partridge. She did not leave for three minutes, probably she had learned of my selling my gun and that the Selectmen of our town had recently offered ten dollars reward for information that would convict any one hunting upon Lord's day in Huntington. My house is in a village of about 800 inhabitants, not more than ten rods from the railroad, the church and my store.—H. W. M.

Natural History.

ALBINOS AND HYBRIDS AMONG BIRDS.

IN the bird collection of the U. S. National Museum, at Washington, there are numerous examples of albinism, including white blackbirds, white bluebirds, white robins, and white crows. Albinos among birds are found in all parts of the world, and are much more common than is generally supposed. Black and dark colors, in general, are the most susceptible to albinism. The white robin is apparently the most common albino in this country. Specimens are found entirely white, while others are normally colored except that they have a slight mixture of light-colored feathers, others again being variously intermediate.

Some albinos are yellow instead of white on account of the presence of a yellow pigment in the plumage, which the disease does not affect, though all the darker colors and markings of the normal plumage may be obliterated. An example of this style of partial albinism is the ordinary cage canary bird in yellow plumage, the normal color of the species being olive green, streaked with dusky. There are, also, a great many specimens of albino crows in various stages of albinism: some are entirely white and others are mixed, having more or less of the black remaining. In the common Bob White there are cases where the brown color has faded out entirely and the black markings remain, while in other specimens of the same species the reverse has taken place, the brown remains and the black is absent. There are many other examples of albinism in the National Museum. We noticed an albino redbird, a white sora, albino ducks, owls, hawks, meadow larks, and in fact one will find specimens in almost every group of birds.

Then, too, there are examples of partial albinism affecting only a portion of the bird. This is well shown in the case of a Mexican house finch, with partial albinism affecting only one side of the bird, the markings upon the one side of the head being crimson, while those on the other side are pale yellow.

"The prettiest albino I have ever seen," says Mr. Ridgway, "was a common flicker. It was entirely pure white with the exception of the scarlet crescent on the back of the head and the golden yellow coloration of the under surface of the wings and tail."

Hybrids among birds are quite common. Among geese we have a cross between the ordinary Canada goose and the blue-winged goose, and another between Hutchins's goose and the white-fronted goose. Among ducks we have three beautiful males representing a cross between the mallard and pintail; the three specimens are exactly alike, each combining perfectly the peculiarities of form and plumage of the two parent species. There are also several hybrids between the dusky duck and the mallard, and several between the mallard and the muscovy duck.

MOCKINGBIRDS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Connecticut Valley in this region is remarkable for the variety of its birds. For fifty miles each way we have the overlapping of the Northern and Southern migrants. The great Arctic owl and the pine grosbeak, with the beautiful Northern snow bunting, are here in the winter, and if the season be a severe one they come in large numbers.

One of the latest and most interesting instances of this extension of migration is the fact that now for two successive years a pair or two of the real Southern mockingbirds have bred across the river in West Springfield.

There is no doubt about the identity of the birds, and a few of us who were in the secret have driven across the river many times during the season to see and hear these beautiful and musical visitors. Of course we are not treated to the full volume and richness of the Southern song, for parental anxieties and duties dull the music for a while, but the graceful motions and the domestic musical interludes at dawn and twilight have illustrated their presence. They nested near a public, much traveled highway, and could be often seen about and across it, but few people suspected the identity of the visitors.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass. E. H. LATHROP.

NOTES ON BACK NUMBERS.

IN reply to Joseph Ide, I would say that it is pretty conclusive that the loon cannot rise from a small body of water. If it is found in such a place, its instinct will cause it to resort to diving as a means of safety. Here along the ponds of the Mississippi River lowlands there are plenty of loons during the spring and autumn seasons. Great numbers of them may be seen sitting on trees near the banks of rivers and ponds. One time I found two crested fish-ducks in the open center of a large pond which was nearly frozen over. Not having much space of water to start upon, they refused to leave it, and resorted for safety to their well-known proficiency in diving.

Have you ever seriously and scientifically considered the great moral of the Bible command to "Be as wise as serpents and as harmless as doves?" Very few persons are familiar with the nature and traits of either one. The dove and the snake are well chosen types of the good and the bad spirits. The serpent is low and deceitful in all its habits, while the pure and innocent dove is the very perfection of harmlessness.

One of your correspondents tells of a woodcock being crippled by flying against telegraph wires. Here in Missouri, where wild chickens are plentiful, numbers of them are killed by striking telegraph wires. Quail suffer much in the same way. All swiftly-flying fowl are subject to such accidents.

The middle of September appears to be rather late for the hatching of quail, yet that is the date when a flock of ten came forth from a nest I had been watching. These were hatched mainly by the sitting of the male bird, and of the dozen eggs two failed to develop birds. I believe I never noticed so many quail as there are here this year. No doubt the mild and favorable winter was the principal reason for the splendid flocks which now are so common in our fields and forests.

On Sept. 4 a white-headed eagle passed here on his journey south. It is a rare occurrence to see the emblem of freedom earlier than November in this latitude. Per-

haps the one I saw was a knight of labor out on a strike.

FOREST AND STREAM recently inquired as to the correct spelling of the name of the fish known in differt parts of our country as croppie, crappie and croppy. Along the Mississippi and its tributaries the usual name applied to the fish is croppie.

One of the sights to amuse the naturalist is to see the fierce little kingbird routing a hungry hawk and getting in its savage thrusts on the bird of prey. I had often heard it said that the pugnacious nature of the kingbird is such that it will even venture to take a ride on the back of a hen harrier, yet I somewhat doubted the story. Recently, however, I had all my suspicion clearly dispelled by seeing this warlike propen ity of the kingbird exhibited in it charging upon a large hawk and taking a position on its back, all the time vigorously pecking the greatly alarmed flesh-eating bird. Surely the kingbird's title is well bestowed. JASPER BLINES.

ALEXANDRIA, Mo.

SMALL BOYS AND THE SONG BIRDS.—Yonkers, N. Y., Sept. 29.—Something needs to be done to save the birds from extermination at the hands of the small boy. This morning I found several boys in a clump of briers and saplings on Ludlow street shooting at the feeding birds with rubber slingshots. One of them had killed a yellow-bird, and was searching for another which a lame but none the less rascally "Murphy" declared he had knocked off a limb "wid a stone." A volley of foul language was my reward for interfering in behalf of the birds. This afternoon I took a walk to the beautiful plateau just adjoining Mt. St. Vincent, where the Leake & Watts new orphan asylum is being built. The day was beautiful. But the small boy again spoiled my enjoyment of it. My wife espied a shaver of some 10 years with a small breech-loader, and on nearing him I found he held a half-grown catbird with a broken wing in his left, while trying to load with the right hand. "I shot him *easy*, so that I could put him in a cage," was all the excuse he made for his cruelty, but he speedily decamped on being threatened with arrest. I ended the little creature's sufferings, and only wished the scamp of a boy could experience the feeling of being shot "easy."—C. L. S.

TWO-HEADED SNAKES.—The recent note of a two-headed snake has brought out this memorandum from a Denver, S. C. correspondent: A double-headed snake was found near here a few years ago by Mr. W. T. Lander and placed on exhibition at the drug store of Orr & Sloan, Anderson, S. C., where it was seen by a great many people. It was about a foot long and had two perfectly developed heads, which seemed to act independently of each other. About an inch from the heads they joined in one snake without any other peculiarities. It was what is known as a "king snake," black, with white rings around it. For aught I know it can be seen yet at the drug store preserved in alcohol.—BLUE RIDGE. The editor of the Sunbury (Pa.) *News*, commenting on our note, reports that a two-headed snake was found in Sunbury this year.

BLACKSNAKES.—Springfield, Mass.—I noticed some time since in the FOREST AND STREAM a contention as to whether there was a ring-necked blacksnake. I can say there is, for I have killed two, one in the summer of '86 and one in '87, both in the same locality; and I think if one cared to do so they might capture one or more in the same place. They are quicker in their movements than the common black variety, and I think a large one would be an ugly customer. When I was a boy two of my brothers and myself killed a blacksnake with a white spot on its throat; when it saw us it turned and came directly for us, and I shall always think that but for a lucky blow with a stone it would have been a serious matter for one of us, as we were all small lads at the time.—A. C. SIKES.

NATURAL HISTORY COLLECTIONS FROM AFRICA.—Mr. W. H. Brown, of the U. S. National Museum, is to accompany the party going to St. Paul de Loando this month to view the eclipse of the sun, for the purpose of making collections for the National Museum. Mr. Brown will be provided with an outfit for securing large collections of birds, fishes, reptiles and insects; and it is hoped that he will be favored with weather and other conditions suitable for collecting objects of natural history, especially as this is a large field, containing many animals desired by the Museum.

Game Bag and Gun.

PENNSYLVANIA GAME LAW.

WILKES-BARRE, Pa., Sept. 30, 1889.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Permit me to call your attention to an error in the game law of Pennsylvania, as published in the last issue of the FOREST AND STREAM. At the last session of the Legislature the game law was amended, as follows: "No person shall kill or expose for sale, or have in his or her possession after the same has been killed, any quail or Virginia partridge, between the fifteenth day of December in any year and the first day of November next following, under a penalty of $10 for each one so killed, exposed for sale or had in possession. Approved the 25th day of April, A. D., 1889." Previous to this amendment the open season for quail was from Oct. 15 to Dec. 15, as published by you. IRVING A. STEARNS.

THE GAME SEASON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Chautauqua game notes are rather uninteresting this fall excepting in the squirrel line. This has been one of the great squirrel years, and they have been slaughtered accordingly. They are here, there and everywhere, evidently migrating, for places that have not harbored a squirrel for years and have no food for them have been alive with them. They have come into the village limits and played around in the shade trees. They are frequently seen on the highway fences, away from any woods. Farmers kill them in their apple orchards and chase them across lots. They are now and then so numerous in the public roads as to block the wheels of wagons. (This, I'll acknowledge, makes me tired, like the wagon wheels; but give me credit for not making it more flagrant.) Some of the rodents are very fat and some quite poor, which makes a fair average. Strings of a dozen and upward are common, black and gray alike. Red squirrels too plenty to mention—oodles of 'em. I slew a black squirrel, as black as the conventional hat or cellar, excepting that the tip of his tail was snow white. He was an odd fellow.

Wild geese are not plentiful yet. Plenty of the tame kind, both feathered and human. They have been usually plucked, but are not fat enough to kill. The wild turkey flight did not stop this year. They must have passed during the night. We expected that grouse would show up in great shape this fall, but so far, in a number of trips in good cover, I have not started a feather. Why so, I am at a loss to understand, for they were numerous last fall, and the winter was mild. Maybe it's microbes or bacteria or something that has carried them off. It is an off year for bear and deer. There was much rain in the spring about the time of their usual nesting, and they were probably drowned out. There were several woodcock shot during the summer, but the hunters who poked around through the bushes, slopped through the mud, fought and cursed the mosquitoes, tore their clothes and sweated themselves to death, earned every cock they missed. It's the kind of stopcock I don't affect.

O. O. S.

CHAUTAUQUA COUNTY, N. Y., Sept. 25.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Up here in old Connecticut where, though the birds are scarce, we have more than our share of glorious crisp days during the fall, we always look forward with pleasure and longing for October first. Cooped up as I have been in New York city almost continually this past summer, I am counting the very moments till next Tue day, when, D.V., I expect to introduce Spike, a young four-legged Englishman, to a covey of partridges that have been fattening these past few weeks under the shade of a scrawny old grape vine not many miles from Exouizee. The past winter was an open one, and Letl says the birds wintered well, and then, too, the spring was favorable for young birds, there being none of those deadly wet cold storms, so that taking into consideration the number of birds that I have seen on the one or two Sunday walks I have had this summer, I confidently expect enough birds to satisfy me and, withal, a glorious time. In my short experience I have shot bear in New Brunswick, deer in Maine, elk, antelope, etc., in Wyoming (Casper Mountain and Bate's Hole), and yet, despite those heart-warming memories, I would not change for all, the days I have stumped up through the scrubs on a sunny sidehill, chasing a wily old partridge, or, sinking knee deep into the black soil, have startled a woodcock from his shady table, spread by nature near a tiny stream. What though I missed this one, or my dog flushed that one? We both had our sport, the days were only too short, and satisfied, Bang and I rustled home through the scarlet leaves. To the ever-repeated question, "Well, what luck to-day?" a short "three" or "five and a rabbit," sufficed, but of those we missed the details of "how" and "why" always lasted through dinner and far into the evening. It is this kind of a day, and a week or two full of them, that I am looking forward to, and I know that some of your readers, FOREST AND STREAM, who, looking back over the summer, with a week here and "over Sunday" there, wish they were in my boots and could say with me, "I begin my vacation on the first of October." F'LIN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The open season does not begin till Nov. 1 for partridges, but doves may be killed in August. The outlook for wing-shooting was never better. Bob White has done exceedingly well, and young birds are better grown than usual. It is a common remark among all classes that the supply of birds is unusually large, notwithstanding a great deal of wet weather during summer. This is probably accounted for by the early nesting, which enabled the young birds to get large enough to stand the wet before it began. However, Mr. M. D. Mays reports finding two nests while pulling fodder the last of August. These birds, if alive, will be too small to kill Nov. 1; and this fact of some birds being so small caused our Legislature to defer the time of opening the season so late. The season continues till April 1, giving hunters five months to hunt in.

Some idea of the shooting done in Anderson county can be derived from the amount of shot used each year. One firm in city of Anderson sells six tons of shot each season, and a number of other houses sell quantities of them, besides those sold at Pendleton, Pelzer, Piedmont, Belton, Honea Path and Autun, which swells the amount up to snug proportions. Nearly all of this shot is expended on game, as the trap is very little used here. BLUE RIDGE.

DENVER, South Carolina.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Everything is very wet. The swamps are full and the fields nearly so. Consequently the birds are in unusual places. I went out with a friend on Monday and we had a good time, but found few birds, although we knew there were plenty of them on the same grounds a week or two ago. We put up two partridges (both old birds) and got one, and five or six woodcock, and brought to bag four of them. We found all of them on new grounds. Please send us some dry weather. COHANNET.

TAUNTON, Mass.

Editor Forest and Stream:

To all appearances is very little game in the markets here. I have seen two brace of partridges but no woodcock. In the early part of the month there was very little gunning, but later I have seen and heard of a few good bags. I saw to-day in the show window of Green's pharmacy a bag of twenty-five of the handsomest gray squirrels that I have seen in five years. They were the result of a two-days' gunning trip, made by H. C. Farnham, a well-known sportsman here. No shore shooting heard of as yet. COHANNET.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Sept. 25.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The shooting is not very good just now, nothing but summer ducks, wood and black ducks, but they have been shot at so much they do not come into the rice beds until after dark, and leave at daylight in the morning for some of our small lakes in the woods, sit there all day and flock to the rice beds at dark. In about three weeks the fall ducks will come in thousands and stop until the lake freezes up. The shooting will be good then. There are plenty of partridges in all the woods around the lake; it requires a good dog to tree them. CHAS. GILCHRIST.

HARWOOD, Rice Lake, Ont., Sept. 25.

QUAIL IN RED RIVER BOTTOM—II.

THE next morning found us on our horses in rapid movement to reach the Pickett plantation, but I was stopped by a messenger with a note from Mr. Tom Pickett to bring up my compass and establish the line between him and Dr. Robert Moss. Bidding the messenger go on to Gold Dust and get my surveying instruments, I rode with Mr. Pickett to the lane between him and Dr. Moss, who fortunately was riding by at that moment, and very quickly I found that the lane was due north and south. We then requested Mr. Pickett and Dr. Moss to accompany us. The Doctor said he had no shells loaded. I offered to supply him with all he should need, if he would get his gun and join us. To this he consented. Mr. Pickett said he was going to his nephew's plantation, and would accompany us to witness the sport.

We did not arrive on the grounds where the birds feed until 11 o'clock. Dr. Moss had never seen the fielding of pointers or setters. This morning Ventura permitted Cora to go with us. As soon as the dogs got to the grounds Cora set, with Maud and Dan's Trump backing. Dr. Moss was perfectly delighted. The birds were flushed, he bagged one, Ventura one, but I missed. The birds were retrieved, and the dogs did not go but a few steps beyond the point where the birds fell before each dog pointed to a separate bevy. I went to Dan's and bagged two birds as they rose, Moss went to Cora and bagged a bird, while Ventura went to Maud's birds and bagged a bird. I never saw dogs do prettier work. Not a flush was made by them, the presence of Cora seemed to animate Dan's and Maud, and made them hunt both with more activity and good caution. In retrieving, it was only the question which got to the point the bird fell, in advance of the others, for it to be retrieved.

We found a large bevy in high grass. I did not go to the point, but remained on the inside of the wire fence. when the birds were flushed, Dr. Moss bagged two birds, one with each barrel not twenty yards from him. Considering this was the first time he had ever shot over a pointer, it was remarkable good shooting. The bevy flew back into the inclosure, and as they came by me, I made a double shot, and a remarkably good one for me, as the birds were at long range and a broadside shot. Mr. Pickett shot a few shots with Ventura's gun, but only bagged one bird. He and the Doctor left us to go back to dinner. The Doctor had bagged eight birds in all. Ventura and myself continued the hunt until late, with varied success. Sometimes he would miss and I would kill, and then I would miss and he would kill. We had reduced the number of birds down to a very small figure, not a dozen birds had escaped, and those I proposed to Ventura to leave for breeding this summer. We returned home with forty-one birds, each bagged the same number, and one was a joint shot.

This will close my hunt for the season; I am too good a sportsman to desire the entire destruction of the game, and would do more to protect it than any one in this whole section of country. But what avails my single efforts, when the law is openly violated over the entire State, and no punishment ever ensues for its violation.

GOLD DUST LANDING, La. UARDA.

THE SQUIRREL EXODUS.

RENOVO, Pa., Oct. 1—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The unprecedented hegira of black, gray and the red or pine squirrel, through the West Branch region of the Susquehanna has certainly been wonderful, and the oldest inhabitant fails to recall to his mind anything like it.

The black and red squirrels predominate, the gray not being so numerous, although there are a goodly number in the crowded woods. The red or pine squirrels are as thick as Pharaoh's locusts. They are saucy and so impudent that they almost invade the muzzle of the hunter's gun. Strange, too, they seem to be on good terms with the blacks and grays, this being so different from what naturalists tell us about them. My own observation, too, about these red denizens of the forests is that they become belligerent whenever a gray or black squirrel shows itself. Not so with this crowd; they seem to be on good terms with each other and all seem bound for the same place. They are apparently going south. That they have come from the north somewhere is evident from the fact that there are none on the south side of the river, or at least very few, and they are "natives and to the manor born."

Thousands of these squirrels have been shot by our native hunters and converted into food. While we have old fogies who intimate that they would just as soon make a feast off a kitten, the majority, however, are of the opinion that there is no better dish than squirrels and potpie. The potpie itself is a favorite dish among Pennsylvania people; but when the squirrel is added to it and they are cooked in one pot, then they are food fit for the gods. These squirrels are as fat as butter, from the plenitude of nuts in our woods, and the chestnuts, acorns and hickory nuts were never known to be more plentiful.

The trouble is in this section of Pennsylvania we have so many pot-hunters—destroyers of game out of season.

There are a number of these fellows around here who kill deer every month in the year, and when the genuine sportsmen goes to look for game in season it is not there. The same way with our pheasants. The broods were numerous in our surrounding woods last spring, but these destroyers of game have been killing them right along out of season.

The Susquehanna is full of game fish, but the Fishery Commissioners do not seem to pay any attention to this part of the State, and allow numerous fish baskets to be put in the river and remain there all fall. Both above and below us here the river is lined with fish baskets and wing walls for nets. We have strict laws, but no one in authority seems to care about enforcing them. The Fish Commissioners have unlimited power and plenty of money to enforce these laws, but they seem to be neglectful of what is certainly their plain duty in the premises.

The result of all this wanton destruction of our game has become too apparent to the true sportsman. It will have to be brought up with a round turn or our game, notably the deer tribe, will become as scarce in Pennsylvania as the buffalo is in its native land.

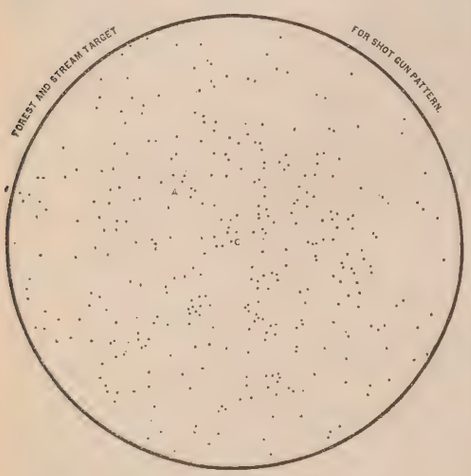
JAMES H. FERGUSON.

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 220 pages, price $2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

PATTERN AND PENETRATION.

WINCHESTER REPEATER, 10 AND 12-GAUGE.

THE gun on the stocks this week for examination marks the first appearance of the repeater in the tests. It came from one of the largest arm factories in the world and has been pushed in a successful recognition of its merits by the energetic New Haven firm. This Winchester came to test under exceptionally favorable conditions. It was a selected arm, brought down by the shooting expert of the company, Geo. W. Albee, who, it will be remembered, holds the record for rapid and accurate rifle firing, made years ago with the Hotchkiss rifle and not as yet surpassed in any record test. Mr. Albee brought down a pair of the Winchester repeating shotguns, and struck pretty fair weather at the Jersey shooting ground. There was a stiff wind on and it came up the line of fire in a way to drop the shot a bit and perhaps affect the penetration. But the air was humid, and no bird hunter ought to expect a much better showing.



WINCHESTER 10-GAUGE, 40YDS., 357 PELLETS.

Mr. Albee treated the gun in the usual trap-shooter's fashion, dipping the barrels for a foot or 10 inches into cold water after each discharge. In this respect he was the only shooter in the whole series of tests thus far to follow the fashion of the Parker expert, Mr. Gaines, who kept his barrels carefully wet through his shooting last spring. Curiously enough it was in the second test of the Parker arm when the most attention was paid to this wetting of the interiors of the barrels, and it was at the second test that the best shooting was not done.

The Winchester with its single barrel was a simple gun to test. There is no comparison between the barrels, and five shots at each range with each gun enabled the whole



WINCHESTER 12-GAUGE, 40YDS., 340 PELLETS.

shooting to come well within an hour. It was not fired as a repeater, each cartridge being inserted after the previous one had been fired. How smoothly it worked is shown in the following table, showing the count of pellet marks in the 30in. aimed circle and again at the circle selected from the same sheet for best pattern with the distance in inches between the two centers:

10-GAUGE GUN.

Aimed Circle. Pellets.	40YDS. Selected Circle. Pellets.	Between Centers. Inches.	Aimed Circle. Pellets.	60YDS. Selected Circle. Pellets.	Between Centers. Inches.
284	324	6	150	173	6
326	327	7	146	160	3½
258	304	7½	145	153	5½
208	324	6	172	194	5
348	351	5	174	203	7½
Av...303	326	6½	157	177	5½

12-GAUGE GUN.

307	337	5½	111	140	9
313	328	4	167	175	4½
307	338	6	200	211	8
326	340	5½	187	201	6½
295	324	3½	157	159	5
Av...309	333	5	164	177	6½

The arm worked in good shape, and the throwing down of the breech mechanism sent the shell flipping out over the shooter's shoulder. The rolled steel barrels used were of the ordinary output of the Winchester Works, being uncut in fitting and without any of the binding which comes with the braizing together of a pair of barrels; it is urged that under action the Winchester is scientifically uniform. It is certainly a quickly manipulated arm in experienced hands, and the ready fashion in which Mr. Albee got in breaking shots at three targets sprung simultaneously showed what a killing arm the Winchester would be when ducks were plenty and time for reloading very limited.

The best pattern for each of these two guns is given for the 40yds. distance, *A* showing the point aimed at and *C* the center of the target for best patterns. The formal and complete record of each gun is shown in the regular way as follows:

CLAREMONT, N. J., Sept. 20, 1889.

TEST MADE AT FOREST AND STREAM GUN-TESTING SCREEN.

Winchester Repeaters, Steel Barrels.

Gun—10-Gauge. Cost, $25. No. of gun, 22,345. Weight, 8¾lbs. Length of barrel, 30in. Full choke.
Gun—12-Gauge. Cost, $25. No. of gun, 4,036. Weight, 7⅞lbs. Length of barrel, 30in. Full choke.
Weather—Clear. Direction of wind, 12 o'clock. Force of wind, 16 miles per hour. Thermometer, dry, 63°. Do., wet, 56°. Humidity, 64°. Barometer, 29.6in.
Charge, as given by holder of gun:
Shell—Winchester.
Powder, Brand—American Rifle No. 4.
Powder, Quantity—10-Gauge, 3½ drs.; 12-Gauge, 3¼ drs.
Shot—*Make*—Tatham's. *Quantity*—10-Gauge, 1¼ oz.; 12-Gauge, 1¼ oz. *Size*—No. 8 Chilled.

CARTRIDGE ANALYSIS.

Three Cartridges Taken at Random.

10-GAUGE.

Loading.		*Powder.*	*Shot.*	
Card over shot; three pink-edge wads over powder.	1...	98 grs.	555 grs.	514 pellets.
	2...	97 grs.	554 grs.	511 pellets.
	3...	98 grs.	554 grs.	512 pellets.
	Average	98 grs.	554 grs.	512 pellets.

12-GAUGE.

Loading.		*Powder.*	*Shot.*	
Card over shot; two pink-edge wads and card over powder.	1...	91 grs.	545 grs.	516 pellets.
	2...	90 grs.	548 grs.	513 pellets.
	3...	91 grs.	541 grs.	512 pellets.
	Average	91 grs.	545 grs.	514 pellets.

TEST AT 40 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

10-GAUGE. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*	12-GAUGE. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*
1. 284 pellets.	14 sheets.	1. 307 pellets.	15 sheets.
2. 326 pellets.	13 sheets.	2. 313 pellets.	15 sheets.
3. 258 pellets.	14 sheets.	3. 307 pellets.	16 sheets.
4. 298 pellets.	16 sheets.	4. 326 pellets.	12 sheets.
5. 348 pellets.	15 sheets.	5. 295 pellets.	15 sheets.
Av. 305 pellets.	14 sheets.	Av. 309 pellets.	15 sheets.

Three Shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

10-GAUGE.	12-GAUGE.
1..... 324 pellets.	1..... 337 pellets.
2..... 327 pellets.	2..... 338 pellets.
3..... 351 pellets.	3..... 340 pellets.
Average 334 pellets.	Average 338 pellets.

TEST AT 60 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

10-GAUGE. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*	12-GAUGE. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*
1. 150 pellets.	9 sheets.	1. 111 pellets.	6 sheets.
2. 146 pellets.	8 sheets.	2. 167 pellets.	7 sheets.
3. 145 pellets.	10 sheets.	3. 200 pellets.	9 sheets.
4. 172 pellets.	7 sheets.	4. 187 pellets.	9 sheets.
5. 174 pellets.	9 sheets.	5. 157 pellets.	6 sheets.
Av. 157 pellets.	9 sheets.	Av. 164 pellets.	7 sheets.

Three Shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

10-GAUGE.	12-GAUGE.
1..... 173 pellets.	1..... 175 pellets.
2..... 194 pellets.	2..... 211 pellets.
3..... 203 pellets.	3..... 201 pellets.
Average 190 pellets.	Average 196 pellets.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In common with many of your readers I have been greatly interested in your shotgun trials, and believe that these reports will be of great value in showing us what may reasonably be expected from our shotguns. While it is a trial of guns and not ammunition, still your careful and accurate analysis of the cartridges is worthy of study; for instance, your reports have demonstrated that our American manufacturers of shot have succeeded in making their produuct of remarkable uniformity of size.

Your plan of giving us the weight of each load in Troy grains, and in an opposite column, the number of pellets by count, enable one to detect at a glance even slight variations in the average size of the pellets, by comparing the count with the weight of the several cartridges analyzed.

In several other particulars, to which I may refer at another time, your reports will furnish data which will enable us to come to very definite conclusions.

NEW BRITAIN, Conn. WOODEN NUTMEG.

ALL-ROUND RIFLES.

SOMERVILLE, Mass., Sept. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As is well known to many readers of FOREST AND STREAM, the writer has given a great deal of attention to the small-bore rifle, to adapt the same to hunting small game, and if possible to secure, by trying and experimenting with different rifles and cartridges, different methods of loading, lubricating, alloying and making bullets, etc., etc., the best results. For a long time I have been trying to find the rifle which has been longed for by so many, and for which thousands and thousands of dollars and a great deal of time has been wasted, viz., the all-around rifle; the arm that can be used for anything and everything successfully, from a chipmunk or English sparrow to a deer. I will omit other large game, as the deer is the largest that we have in this State, and will try to cover the field of small game and include deer. As is the case with many others, I thought that a large caliber, say .40, could be so loaded with light charges of powder and a round or light conical bullet that it would do nicely for gray squirrels, grouse, rabbits, etc., but soon found that the meat was badly torn and the game spoiled for the table. Then I dropped to a .32, which, by the way, comes the nearest to it of anything, as the .32-40 is a powerful cartridge, and if the .32 Smith & Wesson revolving rifle bullet, 98grs., is used with a light charge of powder, good results can be obtained. But then there comes light gallery or practice shooting around home, and this rifle is too large, so, as is the case with some other "rifle cranks," I buy my experience, pay dearly for the whistle, and then give it away to the younger ones that are coming on the field, that they may benefit themselves without paying a fortune for their knowledge, as some of us older ones have to do.

I do not desire to give a free ad. to any gun or ammunition maker, and will speak of those that I have proved to be good, while those that have proved not to be so I will give the benefit of the doubt and say nothing of them. As regards sizes or calibers, it is more a matter of cartridges than rifles, so I have found it necessary to select three cartridges to cover the ground that I have tried to cover. The cartridges represent also three different calibers, viz., .22, .25 and .38. These three calibers can be used in three different barrels and belong to the same gun by using the Maynard rifle, which has interchangeable barrels to use on the same stock, and for which the new .25cal. .25-20-85 cartridge is made. These rifles also handle the .22 long rifle cartridge well. My favorite arm for this cartridge is the Stevens rifle, and it is (in my opinion) as near perfection, using the .22 long rifle cartridge, as will ever be found, and is just the thing for target practice at short range, sparrows, squirrels, etc., etc. The cartridge has some faults which may be remedied in the future, of which I have written before in FOREST AND STREAM, and of which no more need be said, only that the extreme accuracy of the cartridge in several different Stevens rifles, as well as Maynards, leads me to call it perfection itself. Then the new .25-20 cartridge is just the thing for ordinary hunting purposes as well as target shooting up to 200yds. It is good for geese, turkeys, ducks, black and gray squirrel shooting, and all of the medium sizes of game. In the East our game is rather wild and has to be shot at longer range than in some other places.

Now the third and last, but by no means least of the cartridges the writer has selected is the .38-50-255 Remington. The rifle being a No. 3 Remington-Hepburn model, 28in. octagon barrel, and mounted with a nice telescopic sight. This rifle is the one for long range, game and venison shooting, and woodchucks, crows, hawks, owls, wild geese, etc. etc., at distances from 100 to 500yds. are liable to get into serious trouble, unless they leave before the combination can be brought to bear on them. The latter cartridge and rifle is the maximum size that I care to use, and is good for anything that wears hairs or feathers that is found east of the Rocky Mountains. A few words regarding the telescopic sight and I will close this. Telescopes on rifles have given me no end of annoyance at various times, and a sight of this kind meant a good round sum of money and then, perhaps, an inferior glass. Here is a pointer from experience. I ordered not long ago a telescope and mountings from Mr. L. N. Mogg, of Marcellus, N. Y., told him the faults I had to find with some of the glasses I had used and the high prices I had been charged for them. Well, to make a long story short, the glass and fittings came in a few days with instructions to send it right back if not satisfactory. The price was very moderate, and for the benefit of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM that are interested I would say that it is the equal of any one I ever used. I can easily see a .38cal. bullet hole in white paper at 200yds. This, of course, I mean in good light. The freedom from distortion is remarkable, and for one having as much power as this the absence of vibration is noticeable at once. On my small-bore hunting rifles to use in the woods for off-hand shooting I find nothing so good as the Lyman rear and ivory front sight. I think that with these three cartridges I am satisfied. "But," some one asks, "supposing you can have but one rifle, which cartridge will you choose?" My answer is choose according to the work you wish to do. They are all three good. IRON RAMROD.

A VAIN QUEST.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Where can I get an "old-fashioned" flintlock shotgun, such as I was lucky enough to own twenty-nine years ago? As early as that I found that there were imitations, and that there was a wide and far shooting difference between the two kinds. In those old days I had a Hudson's Bay gun, a singlebarreled flintlock, that, could I find it, I would give the best breechloader that ever I owned for it. It would shoot anything from buckshot to cut up nails, and I brought home more game with it than ever I have with my Parker or Greener. In those days we lived on the frontier, and when I didn't kill something the family had no meat. It took three fingers to pull it off, but the mallards had to be a long way out in the lake, if some of them didn't turn up when that long barrel blazed out her charge. In those days there was a kid that, with powder horn and shot bag, and that homely old thing of a gun, knew where the partridges hid, where the patches of wild buckwheat that fed dozens of coveys of prairie chickens, the lakes that bore the wild rice which the big mallards knew too, and the oak ridges where a deer might be found. And that old gun had a partner, a mongrel cur, that went by the name of Bounce, and he was a hunter too. It is of no use to ask you where I could get another such a dog, for money wouldn't buy him; he was a boy's dog. Ah! if I could only have, now, that old gun, and that dog, and the fun that boy had, and his appetite. E. S.

PHILIPSBURG, Montana.

[E. S. will find the old flintlock, not a bit rusted, leaning against the Norse tree on which grow the apples that make one young again; the old dog is lying there in the shade, too, and the appetite will be restored by quaffing the Fountain of Youth bubbling up near by.]

PETALUMA, Cal., Sept. 21.—The whole country north of here up the coast is a paradise for the sportsman, no healthier spot in the world, with game enough for any reasonable person; but it cannot last. The trout hog and deer hog are everywhere. Near the city the game laws are pretty well respected and enforced, but the mountaineer does as he pleases.—BYRNE.

FASTENING WADS IN BRASS SHELLS.—"W. P. H." in issue of Sept. 19 asks how to fasten paper to brass shells. I use shellac to fasten wads in brass shells and find it satisfactory.—J. R. T.

MICHIGAN WILD TURKEYS.

HARTFORD, Mich.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There are still some wild turkeys left in Michigan. A few miles west of Bay City they are found along the line of the Pere Marquette Railroad; again on the line of the Michigan Central Railroad, where one may get off at Fairland or Decatur; or take the narrow gauge at Lawton as far as Paw Paw, and then go north and west four or five miles. There are some fine broods of turkeys in this neighborhood, and lots of grouse. Nor are they confined to these especial localities, for every few days one hears of a flock of turkeys having been put up somewhere.

I don't go much afield nowadays, but eight years ago last fall I took my trusty 12-gauge Parker with a supply of ammunition and started off, telling my wife that we would have wild turkey for Christmas. I drove five miles southwest from Hartford into Berrien county, put the horse in a barn, and learning from my host that turkeys were in the habit of coming into his back field, I started in that direction, taking cartridges loaded with 3½drs. powder and 1⅛oz. No. 3 shot. I soon found tracks in a cornfield that had been harvested, and my dog, which was part pointer and the rest, as my boy says, "just dog," only waited my command to track them to cover. In a few minutes he raised his voice to let me know he had found, and guided by the sound I soon reached a tamarac marsh, and open swamp with high grass, and scarcely had I got fifty yards into this latter before up went an old bronze gobbler scarce fifty yards in front of me. I dropped him, and before the smoke had cleared away up went a hen, which the next minute lay kicking in the grass.

I tied their heads together and started for my horse, and by the time I reached the barn I estimated the weight of that pair of turkeys at 100lbs., or thereabouts; the steelyard made them only 31lbs., but there was ample for Christmas. S. C.

THE SHIP HARBOR TRAGEDY.—A correspondent sends us the testimony of the moose hunter who recently shot a man by mistake for a moose near Ship Harbor, N. S. He said: "Wm. Taylor and myself stayed at a camp at Gold Lake diggings on Thursday night. In the morning we came to Grassy Lake Ridge, a distance of one mile. Wm. Taylor called for moose by a tree about two rods off the road, and I sat down at a tree about three rods from him at the same side of the road. I heard a cow moose answer Taylor to the northwest, in a swamp. Taylor called again and I heard her answer to the west of us, coming down toward the road. In about fifteen minutes I heard the same call, I supposed, on the road. When I heard her on the road I rose to my feet, and could see the opening of the road through the small bushes. On account of these bushes I could not see the bed of the road. I was confident it was a small cow moose, and on that account was watching the opening on the road, expecting to see the cow moose come up. I had taken my eyes off the opening for a few seconds, and when I looked back I saw what I took to be a moose coming toward me, but could not see it distinctly on account of the small trees standing close by me. I raised my gun to my shoulder. I had taken sight and then taking my eye off it for a second or two, and moved my head to the left a few inches and saw what I felt certain at the time was a moose's head and ears, and I could see what I felt certain was the top of the shoulder. She appeared then to be turned with her shoulder toward me. I put my eye back to the gun and fired instantly, and could see that something fell. The first sound I heard I thought was the groaning of a moose that had fallen, when I heard a man exclaim, 'You have shot a man.' I exclaimed, 'My God, I have shot a man,' and fell to the ground. I rose as soon as I could and proceeded toward them, when I saw the men lying on the ground and I fell again, and was not able to go up to them for some time."

THE LAW OF FIELD SPORTS: A Summary of Law Affecting American Sportsmen. By George Putnam Smith, of the New York Bar. Contents: Equipment, Dogs, Trespass, Property in Game, Game Laws, Fish and Game Clubs. Appendix: Abstracts of the Game and Fish Laws of all the States and Territories. A most useful book for every one who uses rod or gun. Price $1. Forest and Stream Publishing Co.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

CLUB PRESERVES.

TWENTY odd years ago the Rev. Adirondack Murray marshaled his admiring hosts and led them through swamps and midgets into the finest umbrays of the North Woods. Justly may he claim precedence as the apostle who first imbued the intelligent masses with a love for angling and its associate charms. The passing generation are not likely to forget the furore then created. The movement developed new industries, opened new lines of traffic, stimulated inventions, and compelled an abandoned region to pan out gold where it refused to yield due tribute in iron. It introduced the parasol and sardine box into sequestered precincts sacred to the presence of Audubon and John Lodd, and it festooned the limbs which overarched their sinuous streams with glistening lines of silkworm gut, which vied with the filmy handiwork of spiders spun in the mid-summer noontide, indicative like brokers' wires of the amount of business transacted and of close connection with distant tackle shops and tourists' outfitters. But, like John the Baptist, who came crying in the wilderness, Murray was but the forerunner or harbinger of the great impulse which was to come later. In those flush days, which now seem ancient, the speckled trout was the superlative quest of the most ambitious neophyte who went afishing. All were content with this *ne plus ultra*; with its grateful environment, the freedom of the waters, the homeliness of the log walled inns, and the immunity from the straight-jacket of the autocrats of fashion. Until about five years ago the Adirondack region remained a happy Arcadia, where all its population were wood nymphs together, untrammeled by forms and unrestricted by lineal metes and bounds. Here was the kindergarten of our rudimental beginning, where the alphabet of angling was diffidently spelled beside the lakes and streams. Stilted science had not invaded its penetralea to give old things new names, nor had the familiar brook trout entered its protest against the nomenclature of the gods.

And the trout is doomed! Its cultivated, pampered and over-fed substitute may live, but the wild trout has had its day in all accessible regions. With the increase of intellectual light and scientific development his name has not only been changed, but his very entity has been transmogrified into a pale and sickly semblance of his former self. Protection, like a high tariff, is working out his ruin. Fenced in and corraled, coddled and appropriated by the rich, with the vulgar multitude persistently kept aloof, only the barons of a *soi-disant* nobility will be privileged to enjoy him while a lingering remnant remains, and then he will pass forever into the realms of apotheosis, where it is to be hoped he will abide as a pleasant memory, and become a conspicuous shiner among the constellations of angel fish which bespangle the piscatorial heavens.

During the last ten years or so the bass, the salmon, and latterly the winninish have superseded his excellency, and now the bolder and hardier classes of anglers habitually seek Canadian waters for superlative sport. There, in that wild elysium, whose impetuous and restive streams outvie the favorite rivers of Scotland, which a few American enthusiasts were wont to frequent as long as fifty years ago, they indulge their favorite propensity with an ardor as fervent as the dash of the fish they tempt and contend with, for no fish that swims is the peer of the salmon, and no angling experience or pastime carries with it the exciting episodes, aspects and vicissitudes of salmon fishing. But even now, these privileges can be enjoyed only under tense restrictions. All fishing privileges are subject to an official fee, and all good rivers are leased by the Government, and those who would fish must pay dearly for the sport. Well may our miscellaneous populace who love an outing in the woods, view with alarm the encroachments of wealthy individuals and clubs of gilded sportsmen who are so rapidly acquiring exclusive possession of all the choice fishing waters of this country, and not of ours only, but those of Canada, shutting out the public as trespassers, and gaining no personal compensation to justify the hardship imposed upon their fellows save the comforting vain glory which attends the consciousness of unlimited possession and the power which money brings.

Memory recalls in vain that halcyon period when the world's width was a public domain; when all of our interior streams were virgin; when our forests were uncored by the swampers' axe, and no logging roads threaded the sequestered penetralia; when to the birch canoe alone there was an open sesame. Many are the mid-summer weeks which I have passed alone on these changeful rivers. But when my old stamping grounds became occupied in course of time, I hied me to new fields without more regret than the camper usually casts at the smouldering embers of last night's fire when he breaks up to go. But now, whither shall I flee? Last July I went into the wilds of Canada, two hundred miles back of the river St. Lawrence, and but a little distant from the western confines of Labrador, and there I found the river lessee and the clubs before me! A railroad led up to the casting grounds, and steamboats plowed their way to the camps. This was the luxury of ease, but for the ordinary vacation rambler it involved only a privilege to see, and not to participate in the sport. Five dollars per day was the least exorbitant of the charges for fishing, and reasonable enough, too, for the moss-backs or backwoodsmen of the old days could not have furnished shelter, canoes, grub, guides and transportation at anything like such minimum cost, for what he saved in cash he would have to furnish in hardship and expense of time. Only a bold and hardy explorer of the old school, like Lanman or Ruxton, would now voluntarily exchange the convenience and comfort of the new for the crucial regime of the old days. We who protest against the occupation of the fishing grounds will not inveigh against the lessee who sub-lets rod privileges. Indeed, he is the only foil which stands between us and absolute prohibition of our pastime. Likewise those who travel over the stock ranges of Texas do not object to the small rancher who occupies the land and charges us on passing what he supplies us with. It is the wire fences we object to, which compel us to drive twenty miles around in order to accomplish less than one. So when we go to the Adirondacks or to the Laurentian water-shed and find vast tracts utterly without a human tenant, but legally closed to all but their owners, who have absolute title by purchase and whose right is unquestioned, we are apt to vehemently protest and to ask *Cui bono?* Who profits by the protection? Does it profit the owner, or the fish, or the country? The latter gains, to be sure, in proportion as the proprietors spend money and introduce improvements and invite settlers—settlers to settle anywhere except on their territory. But as it happens the lessee soon tires of his prerogatives; the game proves not worth the candle, and he moodily vacates the premises after two or three seasons. But the title stands and the notice to trespassers continues to stare each would-be angler in the face. If the angler enters he does so under danger of any penalty, however heavy, which the decree of a prejudiced court may impose on him. The chances, however, are in favor of the trespasser not being discovered or informed upon, if he is prudent, but there is a risk, and inasmuch as there is no pecuniary incentive for professional poachers to ply their calling in these out of the way places, the domain is generally left unmolested; for such gentlemen as visit the wilds for pleasure usually seek out those limits which are not tabooed. And thus vast areas of the best selected territory are kept under the ban of entry and occupation by the fiat of selfish monopolists who differ from viceroys only in name. This is a few removes from the position of Henry George. Between the two extremes we might hope to discover the happy medium, but in a republic the only intervention possible seems to be by Government's reserving and appropriating for public use, subject to regulations, all such wilderness tracts as are useless for other purposes, the chance discovery of minerals and ores being the only condition of exception.

I have read with much interest the multiplying complaints of a disbarred and distressed public, and they come not too soon. If your readers believe the statements to be exaggerated, let me enumerate here. The evil is not confined to the Adirondacks; it is all over. Besides several tracts of thirty to fifty thousand acres in the North Woods, not to mention lots of minor tracts, we have the 72,000 acres of the Megantic Club in the Dead River region of Maine and the eastern townships of Canada; 50,000 acres in the Cheat Mountain country, West Virginia; 18,000 acres of the Blooming Grove Park Association in Pike county, Pa.; the ten-mile tract of the Rising Sun Park in Illinois; the Arden Park in Westchester, N. Y.; the great game preserve in the pine lands of New Jersey; the big preserve in the Cheyenne Valley, Kansas, and others which I have no memoranda of at present. In Canada it is even worse. There are no less than fifteen fishing clubs, composed of residents of Canada and the United States, with an aggregate membership of perhaps 200 souls, besides individual owners, which have leased or purchased large areas of forest inclosing scores of lakes. The Stadacona Club, of Quebec, covers an area of forty or fifty miles. The Laurentides, of Quebec, covers a group of large lakes on the Myguick and Batiscan. The Metabetchouan Club, of which U. S. Senator O. H. Platt is president, is located twenty-two miles north of Lake Edward (which is seventy-seven miles from Quebec) and fifty-five south of Roberval, the interval covering fifty-five miles. The Springfield (Mass.) Club, E. S. Brewer president, occupies the lower Metabetchouan River, and a Philadelphia club twenty-eight miles of the upper stream. The Paradise Club of New Yorkers, of which Judge Henry A. Gildersleeve is president, is located at the lower end of Lake Edward. The fishing privileges of Lake Edward *en haut* and Lake Kiskisink are owned by the Lake St. John Railway Company. Messrs. A. B. Scott, W. H. Griffith, Harry Poole and Messrs. Twombly and J. C. Eno are lessees of all the winninish pools at the Grand Discharge, or outlet of Lake St. John. Nazarre Tuscotte controls both banks of the river Au Sable. Mr. R. L. Ogden, of New York, controls large fishing privileges. The Jeanotte and Batiscan rivers have both been in large part appropriated. Indeed the choice waters of the accessible parts of this far off land have all been thus early pre-empted by the pioneers of sport. This statement would seem incredible, but it can be verified officially. One thing in advantage of Canada: Its government usually retains its fee to the land. It leases, but does not sell, and the leases are not for long periods. The United States might do well to follow the example, though, with a plethoric treasury, it might despise the small revenues which the Dominion is glad to receive. In the case of clubs, where the privileges of domain are shared by many individuals, or by families, as in the case of Blooming Grove Park, whose membership is 200, the objections raised are not serious, but where great territories, equal to European duchies in extent, are held by individuals, unoccupied and totally unused except for a single fortnight each year, it is a case of selfish appropriation such as the author of the "Dog in the Manger" never dreamed of. I am glad to see these abuses agitated by the press, though I do not perceive, as yet, what great good will come of it. CHARLES HALLOCK.

SHOOTING THE FOUR-EYED FISH.

MANY years ago, while tramping along the Trinidad side of the Gulf of Paria, in company with a friend, we came to a long, sandy beach some miles north of the celebrated Pitch Lake, and there for the first time I saw schools of fishes, apparently about ten inches long, coming up with the advancing waves upon the beach, remaining there for a second or two after the tide had retreated and then suddenly turning around and scuttling back. These strange movements excited my curiosity, and being unable to capture them in any other way, I took my gun, which I fortunately had with me, and fired at an incoming school, killing three of them. Upon taking these up I immediately recognized in them a species of the remarkable four-eyed fish (*Anableps tetrophthalmus*), previously only known as an inhabitant of the coast of Guiana.

Evidently, then, this development of the so-called four-eyes has relation to this peculiarity of habits, but as my stay was necessarily limited, I could not enter upon an extensive investigation at the time as to what was the exact reason of the habit, whether in search of the minute crustaceans that are to be found upon the beach, or for some other reason. The species of *Anableps* is peculiar to tropical America. There are three well-defined species, two occurring along the northern coast of South America and extending to Trinidad, and one living along the western coast of Central America. They are members of the family of *Cyprinodonts*, of which the common killifishes of the United States are well known representatives, and are the largest of the family, attaining a length of 10 to 12in. The eyes are unique in that each one is divided into two parts by a horizontal, dark-colored band of the conjunctiva, while the pupil is completely divided by a pair of lobes projecting from each side of the iris. The orbits are extended upward above the level of the head, so as to at once attract attention on account of their prominence.

The four-eyed fish of the Pacific was one of the earliest species described by me, and was named *Anableps dowi* in honor of Capt. Dow, a famous collector. Immediately after the description some of its peculiarities were noted and published in the "Proceedings of the Academy of Natural Sciences" for Feb. 12, 1861, page 21. "Dr. Le Conte stated in regard to the species of *Anableps* described in the Proceedings of last month, by Mr. Gill, as *A. dowi*, that he had seen it in great abundance, not only in the Bay of La Union, San Salvador, but in all the streams emptying into the Gulf of Fonseca, and also in the small tributaries of the Rio Lempa, as far as the town of Vertud, a great distance from the ocean. The method of swimming is very peculiar; the fishes are seen in groups on the surface of the water, with their eyes projecting. They are easily alarmed and very active. They are known to the natives under the name of *cuatro-ojos*, in allusion to the transverse black band which divides the iris."

THEO. GILL.

VERMONT BASS.—The famous Back Bay region at the head of Lake Champlain has not been able to retain its great piscatorial reputation this year, owing to the exceedingly wet season. The waters were too high to enable anglers to pick out their accustomed fishing beds, and more than all else, the many rains filled the lakes and streams so full with fresh and tasty tidbits that the sensible fish disdained the substitutes offered, no matter how temptingly, by the zealous Ikes. The writer visited a small lake famous for its big bass, about six miles from St. Albans, and secured one fish of 4¼lbs., which was the only bass of over a pound weight caught there by any one during the three days of his sojourn. That is a fair example of the season.—W. H. R.

CAMPS OF THE KINGFISHERS.—XI.

ECHO LAKE, ONTARIO, CANADA.

IT was a long, hard pull to the Sault, and one not acquainted with the river would be tolerably certain to miss the channel frequently, and more than likely get lost in the dark among the many islands dotting the river up toward the rapids.

Cunningham was asked if he could find us a man who knew the river to pull one of the boats, Charley and I agreeing to follow in his wake in the other one, near enough to keep from getting lost. He knew an Indian, "Big Joe," who was just the man if we could get him, "strong as an ox, and the best man with a boat in the whole region." Joe was sent for, and brought another much smaller Indian with him, and we recognized them as the same two that had come to the camp after Louis, "big Joe and little Joe" as they were called, and cousins to Louis, as we afterward learned.

Big Joe was a picture, over six feet in height, deep-chested, broad-shouldered, with the prominent cheek bones of his race, built from the ground up in perfect proportion, with not an ounce of flesh on his big bones that didn't belong there; his shirt sleeves rolled back, exposing a pair of long, powerful arms, on which the cords stood out like brown ropes, and straight as old Sam's "tree box;" he was about as perfect a physical specimen of a man as I had ever seen; and doubtless Cunningham did not greatly exaggerate when he said he was "strong as an ox."

Asked what they would charge to pull the two boats to the Sault, Joe said "a dollar and a half apiece and their boat fare back in the morning," which was fifty cents each. If he had doubled it we would have paid it just as willingly, for the boats had to go back that night, or we would be detained there another day and night.

When the Indians got their suppers and reported back ready for the start, it was 9 o'clock, and dark, except for the faint light afforded by the stars. Charley volunteered to go along for company, but as he would only be an additional weight to pull, it was decided that only the "skipper" should make the trip, and at the same time learn, if possible, what had become of the other boat and our two young comrades, for Uncle Dan was getting uneasy about them.

The larger boat had two sets of rowlocks and two pairs of stout, tough, ash oars, and with little Joe at the bow, big Joe at the after pair, and the skipper at the tiller, with the smaller boat towing astern, we were off in the darkness for a ride of twelve good miles, that will be remembered by the skipper as one of the "episodes" of his life.

Big Joe set a lively stroke from the start, and it was kept up without the slightest noticeable variation, the powerful sweep of the oars being as regular, and apparently as tireless as the even throb of a smoothly running engine. Once in a while he would lose the stroke for half a minute, to dip up a drink of water from the river with an old basin lying at his feet, and then the boats would almost lose steerage way, but when he caught the stroke again, a string of bubbles would go dancing by on either side in the faint starlight, showing the increase in the pace. The lesser Joe was made of good tough stuff too, but he lacked big Joe's great strength and quickness.

Big Joe was a wonder. Totally unlike Tom, he was a good talker and spoke English very well. In fact he talked all the way up in a natural tone of voice without seeming to get out of breath on account of the violent exercise; at least it looked to me like the hardest kind of work, but he seemed to do it without the least effort. He kept up his piston-like stroke, and at the same time entertained me with hunting and fishing stories galore; told me of his adventures by flood and field, of his experience with hunting and fishing parties as guide and cook, how he once packed 150lbs. of provisions on his back from the Sault, thirty miles back in the woods to a lake for a party that had run out of grub; again how he was caught in a storm in a small boat near Drummond Island, while looking after some fish nets and tossed about the upper end of Lake Huron for sixty hours, without anything to eat before he was picked up. He told me of his life, and family, and relatives, that there were forty-seven of them of the same name—Lesarge—and how his grandfather had died a short time before at the great age of 102 years, instructed me how to build a raft with no tool but an axe, how to construct a bark camp, how to smoke and cure a fish on green twigs over a fire so it would keep fresh and sweet for days, and a hundred other scraps of information that kept me interested from the time we left Cunningham's till we crossed the river under the roar of the rapids. Big Joe was full of the lore of the woods and the waters and good nature; the lesser Joe seemed to be full of nothing but silence and river water, and said not a word during the whole trip.

As we rounded a point a couple of miles up, the lights at Garden River twinkled in the darkness a short distance ahead, and we pulled in to see if we could learn anything of our stray boys. Entering the post-office and store—a country post-office won't thrive without the inseparable "store"—we stated our errand to the proprietor, who said the boys had been there, but finding no mail for them they had got aboard the steamer Atlantic with their boat and gone up to the Sault.

Back in the boat and out in the stream again, Joe looked over his shoulder—he seemed to have a joint in his neck like an owl—and to hold the boat for a certain star hanging low down near the top of the hills, as he intended to edge over to the American side to avoid the current as much as possible, and then he launched into some more yarns of the woods. An interruption broke the thread of his discourse a mile or more above Garden River, when we had gone fifty yards or so past a house near the edge of the water, but only for a minute or two. A light flashed out over the water at the corner of the house, and a shrill, piping feminine voice hailed, "Oh, Mister Harrison, is that you?" "No, ma'm," answered big Joe, as he dropped his oars and dipped up a drink from the stream. "Oh, I thought it was Mister Harrison," and in the same breath, "did ye come up from about the landin'?" "Yes, ma'm," Joe answered; and the lesser Joe rested and scooped up a drink with the basin. Again the piping voice pierced the darkness in search of some more information, "How is the diptheery down at the landin'—is it gittin' any better?" "No, ma'm, but some of the children are," Joe replied; and the light went out behind the corner of the house as suddenly as it had appeared, and the female went in, doubtless as full of information—and wrath—as I was of laugh. Another "episode," as old Sam would have happily figured it out.

The four oars fell as one, Joe picked out another star to steer by, and the boat was quartered across to the Canada side to get into easier water. It was so dark that the shore line could with difficulty be made out unless within a few yards of it, and as we neared a point reaching out in the stream the shadows were so delusive and mystifying that I held the tiller a trifle too much "port," and the boat crashed into the rocks with a shock that sent the lesser Joe sprawling on his back over in the bow, and big Joe nearly on top of him, while I was only saved from a headlong dive under the thwart Joe had just vacated by the firm grip I had on the tiller ropes.

Reaching out quickly, the bow of the little boat towing astern was shoved to one side barely in time to miss crashing in the stern of the other one, and then when the two Joes had got back on their thwarts, after a look to see if any serious damage had been done, we backed out and gave the point a wider birth for a new start. Another "episode," which old Samwell would have greatly enjoyed had he "bin thar," for Sam heartily relishes a good episode.

Again we crossed over to the American side, and followed the dim outline of the shore for half a mile or more, in the deep shadows of the hills frowning darkly above us, and then back to the Canada side, which we held till ready to cross the river below the rapids. After following this shore a while, Joe said we were nearing a widening in the river infested with numerous small islands, and I would have to keep my eye peeled, and be on the alert to obey his order to "starboard" or "port" without fooling away any time, and then his entertaining talk resumed its flow where he left off.

When we entered the widening, we ran into a fog so white and thick that we could scarcely see the boat's length into it, and I intimated to Joe that we were possibly in a category, but he said it looked more like a fog to him, and as he didn't seem to be very well acquainted with categories, the stroke and speed were kept up, as though it were broad daylight and the sun shining.

He seemed to know every current and eddy and channel in the broad river by intuition, but it was impossible for me to steer with perfect certainty in the thick pall that had settled on the water, even in accordance with "his orders to the wheel," and two different times in less than a quarter of a mile we tried to run over two different rocky islands under "full steam," but fortunately no damage of consequence resulted, only a good shaking up all around. Had only Charley and I been together we would have camped on the first island struck, and staid there till the morning sun dispelled the fog.

After the last "island episode" I had a notion that Joe's faith in my ability to steer through the fog without running aground on every island in turn was a trifle shaken, as he ordered the helm aport, and said we would work over against the shore into a channel free of islands, but the route would take us a little out of a direct line, and make our time a few minutes longer at the Sault.

Occasionally the lesser Joe would get tired, and let his oars trail in the water while he rested a few rods—the stroke was too quick for him—but big Joe appeared to be absolutely tireless, and the boats were kept booming through the water with a barely perceptible falling off in the pace.

Big Joe was indeed a marvel of strength and endurance, and I caught myself wondering if the man was made of iron, and his muscles fashioned out of steel, with a boiler hid somewhere inside, carrying 100lbs. of steam to the square inch to furnish the power. He started out from Cunningham's with a quick, powerful stroke, and I don't believe the strokes varied two in the minute on the whole trip, except when he dipped up a drink of water, when we stopped at Garden River, and during the "episodes" that occurred on the way, and the distance was made in a little less than four hours, towing a jerking boat at the stern against a strong current a good part of the time, and the last five miles in a dense fog. Had we tied the little boat jam up against the stern she would have towed much easier, but it would have interfered with the working of the rudder.

We were now in hearing of the rapids, and all we had to do was to keep the boats in the water, and not try to climb the bank. Sometimes we would get so close in, the trees would be hanging over us through the fog, and once we had to go around a long point reaching out in the river, but Joe seemed to feel when he was within a few yards of it, and with a "Hold her out a little more," we passed around, with the starboard oars striking the rocky bottom as we went by.

The fog was a regular old-fashioned "Scotch mist," and my coat—not a heavy one—was wet through on the shoulders, as well as my arms and legs where exposed, and the air had turned quite cold, and I was chilled to the bone, and cramped and doubled into the semblance of a figure 5 from long sitting in one position, and I heartily wished the voyage at an end.

Joe said from the sound of the falls we must be very near the town, and just then a light shone dimly through the fog almost over us, and in a moment we were right under the stern of the Atlantic lying at her dock, which was barely missed by jamming the tiller hard-a-starboard, so closely had he calculated the distance from the shore, for we could see it no more than if we had been in the middle of Lake Superior. With the roar of the rapids on the starboard beam to steer by, we soon slowed up on the other side of the river, to feel our way through the fog to a landing place. For the last mile or two we had been looking for the powerful electric light at the lock, which could be seen for five miles, Joe said, on a clear night, but not until right at the dock could we see it, struggling faint and dim through the drifting mist with a brighter gleam at intervals, like the fitful flashes of a feeble firefly. Pulling slowly along down the dock, feeling our way the while till we found the slip where the boats belonged, they were made fast, and I got out, stiff, sore, wet and chilled, but glad to be once more on solid ground where I could cut a few capers and work the kinks and cramps out of my benumbed legs. The two Joes were in better trim, as pulling the boats had kept their blood in circulation, and they were little the worse for the trip; big Joe was not even tired. Big Joe Lesarge is still a wonder to me.

We found our way into a street, dim, dark and deserted at this hour of the morning, and following it through the gloom a short distance, fortunately ran across, and nearly over, a friendly policeman, who put us on the trail to Everett's house, where, after some vigorous knocking, he was roused out, the boats paid for, and our mission was accomplished.

Everett said the boys had returned the other boat the previous evening, and as every thing was now squared to his pleasement, we searched our way back through the fog, till we found the "Messenger" lying in her slip below, got the clerk out under a protest of growls about "waking people up at 1 o'clock in the night," went to bed to have a sure thing on not getting left in the morning, and slept solidly, till awakened by the working of the engine, as the boat backed out of the slip to go up to her dock in front of the town.

I looked for the stray boys to come aboard and go down with us, but saw nothing of them, and no time being left to hunt them up, they were left to follow when the spirit moved them, or stay there the rest of the season, as they chose; their erratic "gaddin' 'round" having about exhausted the small stock of patience I had left on hand for the next "shipwreck."

A friendly morning breeze had blown the fog from the river, leaving only a few straggling wisps of mist clinging along the shore, and around under the lee of the islands here and there, as reminders to the two Indians and the "skipper," of the episodes of the night before.

At Cunningham's we took the boys and the calamities aboard, shook our Samaritan friend and the Indians a kindly good-bye, waved our hats courteously at Mrs. Cunningham standing in the store door—may her days be full of happiness for her kindness to the "Kingfishers!"—and were off again in search of a new camp, and glad to get out of a region that had bowed us down under a burden of big trout—(stories) echoes, "shipracks" and "episodes," albeit the kind treatment received at the hands of the Ruttles and Cunninghams more than made amends for the disappointments and back-sets that had betaken us since Captain Tate stranded us at the sawmill dock, through too much "tamperin' with the critter."

Happily we saw nothing more of Captain Dave after he disappeared in the woods back of the mill, carrying his skin full of "snake breeder" and the marks of the "wollopin'" administered by the big engineer as reminders to him that "the ways of the bibulous bring them at last to grief."

Nor did we see anything of our friend from Detroit; but this was a disappointment, for Brother Fritz was one of our kind, and a sportsman "of many parts." He got as far as the Sault, he afterward informed us by letter, but having promised his wife not to go beyond reach of telegraph communication, on account of sickness in the family, he had taken the back track next day for Mackinaw City, where a dispatch awaited him to come home at once; and we thus missed a chance of judging his attainments as a beguiling "fish liar" in the flicker of a camp-fire, for which Knots said he had a high and untarnished reputation.

As we passed by the sawmill, Captain Barker was reminded of the unpleasant predicament he had left us in the previous evening, but he "crawfished" out of the responsibility by saying he was at supper at the time and didn't see us, else he would have landed and taken us aboard; and the unctuous mate, who was at the wheel, said there was a bad bar running out in the stream above the mill that would have delayed them some time in getting around had he made the landing at the dock, and he didn't know it was our party, and he couldn't stop the boat without orders, etc., etc., all of which was highly satisfactory to them, but mighty "onsatisfyin'" to us, who had been put to a deal of inconvenience and trouble because they chose to be pigheaded and disobliging to their fellows when in a "category."

But we were in a better humor than we were the night before, and as we had in reality lost no time, the hatchet was buried and we turned to the enjoyment of the scenery along the course of the grand old stream, of which a lover of nature can never grow tired.

About 6 o'clock in the evening we were once more in Mackinaw City, bothering our friend Carpenter, of the G. R. & I. R. R., about another camping place, but having "a leanin' that way himself," he is always ready and willing to help a brother angler with his advice and services without leaving the impression that he owns the road, a disease that frequently crops out on the average station agent with alarming and sometimes fatal symptoms.

We had thought of making a camp in Carp Lake, seven or eight miles down the road, but he thought Douglass Lake, about half way between Mackinaw City and Petoskey and six miles off the road, would suit us better if we could get boats, and after dictating a few inquiries that covered the case, a brief talk by wire with the agent at Pellston and a wait of half an hour or more brought back the information that he had hired a team to be on hand when we arrived in the morning, and had also secured two boats, and there were a couple more that we could hire when we got to the lake.

This was better luck than we had been used to, and old Sam at once pronounced it "a heap the best episode that had hit us."

In the morning Dan decided to wait for the two Decatur boys, and give them his "blessing" when they did come for the worry and anxiety they had caused him, and the Jedge's business calling him home, there were but four of us left to go on and make the camp. However, the truants came down on the Jay Gould that evening, and were at camp next morning, ready for another lesson in pitching a tent under the watchful eye of Uncle Dan, this time without the annoyance of the blackfly.

Just as we got the last of the calamities out on the platform at Pellston, and the train was starting, old Knotts startled us with, "Where's my trunk?" and without waiting for an answer, swung on to the step and disappeared in the baggage car as the train moved off. The engine was, in railroad parlance, one that "picked up quick," and before 200ft. from the platform was going at a lively speed.

As the train was just then passing over a short "fill" of loose sand 10 or 12ft. high, Knots appeared on the lower step of the baggage car, and without hesitation sailed out in the air, with arms and legs extended like the sails of an ancient windmill, or, as old Sam made it out, "Like a great fat water spider doin' a flyin' trapeze act without the trapeze." He struck the loose sand on his feet without the usual dull thud, pitched heels over head, and rolled over four or five times to the bottom of the em-

bankment, while we held our breaths, and then, without losing any valuable time, picked himself up, scrambled up on the track, and came walking leisurely back to the station, brushing sand from his clothes the while, when on learning he was entirely unhurt the smothered snickers burst forth, for we were afraid to laugh before knowing the result of his flying leap.

"What the devil are you laughing at?"—his mouth twitching with the suspicion of a smile—"can't I take a little exercise and practice a few gymnastics without you fellows splitting your sides with unseemly hilarity? Where *is* that cussed pie box, anyhow? It ain't on the train, and it's got all my fishing tackle in it." It was pointed out to him at the bottom of the pile of baggage, and he yanked it out to make sure it was his, with a few remarks that "he didn't see why some of us couldn't tell him it was there before he nearly broke his neck getting on and off the train." However, the hilarity subsided, and we turned our attention to loading the wagon which was waiting on the other side of the track. He said the conductor told him he could jump off easy enough, but it was a dangerous experiment at the speed the train was going, and had the ground been hard or rocky the result might have been a broken limb or two, if no worse; but to even things up, had the pie box been in sight before the train started, he would have missed the opportunity to exhibit himself as a new-fangled flying machine, and old Sam would have been cheated out of "another episode, the beatin'est one o' the trip."

We hired a young fellow, recommended by the station agent, to go along and cook, whose incessant talking and fresh ways proved more annoying than his poor cookery, but "the Joneses never was used to the best o' everything nohow," and by mixing in a little more meekness and humility in our deportment than was our habit in camp, we managed to pull through, without having to answer for the crime of drowning him in the lake, but it was a close shave. Deliver us from a camp cook with a tireless jaw, who knows it all.

The wagon was loaded and we trudged after it the six miles to the lake for lack of room to ride, and because another wagon was not to be had.

We found Douglass Lake to be a beautiful sheet of water, about six miles long by nearly two miles wide at the widest part, and well-wooded around its entire shore. The outlet is Maple River, a rapid, shallow stream, ten to twenty yards wide, and famous for its grayling below the mouth of the West Branch, a stream of ice-cold water that joins it a couple of miles below Pellston. The Maple flows into Burt Lake, one of the chain forming the "inland route" from near Petoskey to Cheboygan on Lake Huron.

We had heard much of Douglass Lake as a great lake for bass, and were anxious to wet a line in its clear waters. A camping place was selected about a mile above the outlet, on a smooth, level beach, well shaded in the afternoon, and before sundown the camp was made, the two boats dragged from their hiding in the adjacent "bresh," and with a few lank-bellied Michigan frogs, the emaciated remnants of the "menagerie" that had survived the bumps and jolts of the trip to Echo Lake, enough bass and pickerel (will we ever find a gallon of water in Michigan without a pickerel in it?) were taken in the bay in front of the camp for supper and breakfast, and we went to bed that night tired and happy, each one with a "curve of expectancy" in his spine for the days of sport to come.

In the morning when Dan's tent was up, and his cot stretched to the exact tension and "flatness" required, and the old flag run up on a tall sapling planted firmly in the sand, the "camp of the Kingfishers" was once more in running order, and we settled down to the enjoyment of a couple of weeks of solid comfort, marred only by the hum of the ever present skeeter, and the tireless efforts of our fresh cook to wear out the running gears of his jaw, and our forbearance.

While in this camp Charley and I walked seven miles one morning to the sawmill near the mouth of the West Branch, waded and fished the stream a matter of five miles down to the old Brutus House—famous as a hostelry in the day of stage coaches, but now deserted—and tramped back in the evening by sundown, seven more miles, with an even 50 grayling, weighing just 18lbs. And the following day old Sam and I fished over the same water, striking the stream at 10 o'clock in the morning and leaving it at 4 in the afternoon, with 35 fine fish, 85 in all for about twelve hours fishing during the poorest part of the two days.

But the time draws nigh for these chronicles of the camp, the "episodes" and happenings by the way to end. They are already much longer than at first intended, but it seems there is always something more to write about the woods and the waters; another cast to make which is to be the "very last" before reeling up for the campward tramp, and the pen will linger over the paper as does the rod over the pool, loth to be laid aside.

I might go on and tell of the bass we took in Douglass Lake, and of some cunning, powerful fellows that we didn't take; of "more pickerel," big and little, gaffed and knocked on the head; of the "beatin'est place in all Michigan fur bluegills," near the upper end of the lake; where old Dan and Sam and Knots reveled in "pure delight," taking one, two and three at a cast on trout flies, some of them a pound in weight, till darkness drove them to camp; of the days of sun, and rain and storm, and how the running gears of the cook's jaw held out to the very last; but all this may peradventure be better told in another series of letters.

Suffice it that each day brought its pleasures and its minor disappointments, with an occasional "episode" for old Sam, till the end came at last, and we took our way homeward with a new lease on life, and planning in advance a fresh campaign for next year.

And now, if the foregoing pages have served to while away a lonesome hour, and "lighten the burden" of some disappointed brother whose vacation didn't "hit" this season, the time will have been well spent, and I lay the pen aside with a kindly greeting to the gentle craft, to all the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, and the "rest o' mankind in gineral," trusting that we may meet again in the wilds of well-beloved old northern Michigan to "swap reminders" in the flicker of the camp-fire in some future "Camp of the Kingfishers." KINGFISHER.

CINCINNATI, O., Sept. 20.

SEINES, NETS of every description. American Net & Twine Co., Mfrs., 34 Commercial st., Boston, or 199 Fulton st., N. Y.—*Adv.*

A PIECE OF LUCK.

ONE sometimes hears surprising stories of anglers recovering lost leaders and other tackle by hooking the same fish a second time and landing him with the lost tackle still fast in his mouth.

It was my good fortune to recover my lost tackle one day this summer by a still greater piece of luck. I was "paternostering" for perch in the little pond near the hotel at Manomet, Mass., using two hooks on a light gut "trace" (I believe that is the proper phrase when you are using a "paternoster," with the sinker below the hooks), and was having very fair luck. Presently I had a bite, and on striking found that my fish had "hung me" on one of the troublesome snags, which are abundant in this pond, so securely that I was unable to clear it with my rod, and when I tried to haul in the line by hand the trace parted about a foot from the end of my reel line. I had no whole spare trace with me, but found a piece of an old leader in my pocket, which I tied on to the remains of the trace, and putting on a new sinker and a single hook, baited up and tossed over in the same place. No sooner had the hook reached the bottom than it appeared to catch on again, and fearing that I was once more snagged, I raised the tip of my rod, and to my surprise found that, instead of snag, I had a fish, and apparently a good one. After a little run, for I was using light tackle, I brought the fish alongside the boat, and was astonished to find that I had two fish! How could I have caught two fish when I had only one hook! I could hardly believe my eyes till I lifted my fish into the boat, and found that I had caught not only a half-pound perch and a hornpout somewhat larger, but my lost trace complete, sinker, hooks and all! The hornpout was securely hooked on one hook and the perch on the other, while my last hook had caught the trace somewhere between the two, and the whole was well tangled up.

I suppose when the trace parted it gave way just where it was caught round the snag, so the pair of fish were set free, but tied together like dogs in a leash. Apparently they couldn't agree to go off together, but one pulled one way and one the other, thus stretching out the trace for my hook to catch on.

I basketed the perch, restored the pout to the water, and mended up my paternoster again. I caught a good many more perch with it afterward.

The yellow perch bit very nicely in the South Plymouth ponds round Manomet during August, though bass fishing was not up to the mark. We took three good baskets of perch from Beaver Dam Pond—the first day, two rods, 124 perch; the next day, two rods, 94 perch, and the last day, three rods, 226 perch, all fair perch, with a "pounder" or two in each lot. These fish were not wasted, but were all consumed at the hotel.

JOHN MURDOCH.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, Washington, D. C.

LATE SPAWNING TROUT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I had made ready to start for the Manistee waters after grayling, but the rain of this morning upset my plans, and remembering that I promised you a brief of my notes and observations on late spawning trout, I have prepared and herewith inclose the same. It would be more complete and valuable had my attention been sooner called to the subject, and I now offer it for whatever it may be worth.

I think that many, perhaps one-half, of our trout contain spawn in May; that it is probable that some deposit their spawn during each month of the summer, and there is no doubt that they do so in August. Brook trout caught in May, 35, containing spawn 6 (or more); June, 85, containing spawn 15; July, 50, containing spawn 21; August, 43, containing spawn 13. It will be seen that in May about $\frac{1}{6}$, and probably more, contained spawn; in June about $\frac{1}{4}$, in July nearly $\frac{1}{2}$, in August nearly $\frac{1}{3}$, and that of the 213 trout recorded, 55, or more than $\frac{1}{4}$, were in an interesting condition.

If these facts have any value you may publish them, and I hope will add your opinion as to their significance.

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich. KELPIE.

[Thorough investigation of this matter needs to be made. The size of the fish, old or young, containing spawn and their location, whether on spawning beds or not, are questions to be answered. A trout when taken from the water, if found to be full of spawn, should be returned immediately back to the water, if this is possible, without injury to the fish. It is to be hoped that "Kelpie" and others will continue their observations leading to a better understanding of what is required to secure the proper protection of trout.]

CHEAP FISHING FOR "PODGERS."

Editor Forest and Stream:

I see by your last number that a generous-minded fisherman down at Tarpon Springs, Florida, takes compassion on my discouraging experience in Eastern salt-water fishing and invites me to "come down" to a country where things are cheap and fishing is good. I am greatly obliged to "Tarpon," and can indorse his views, being familiar with the west coast of Florida, having fished from Cedar Keys to Charlotte Harbor, but one don't care to go down to so low a latitude in the summer months.

"Tarpon" is all right on the general facts, and I have had it in my mind to run down that way this coming season. I know that the fishing is good—too good if anything—that is, too easy in general, but the tarpon fishing is more a question of chance and skill, and hence more desirable. Meantime I must ask him not to let the skipper of that little cabin yawl get the swell head and raise his prices, for I am no longer a partner of Mr. Vanderbilt and shall not take down over a matter of twenty thousand dollars for the winter's expenses. See you later, "Tarpon." PODGERS.

LAKE ST. JOHN.—The Quebec *Chronicle* of Sept. 23 says: "The fishing for the celebrated game fish of Lake St. John, the ouananiche, is now very fine. The fish have left the Grand Discharge and are now going up the rivers flowing into the lake. Some splendid sport is being had on the Metabetchouan River. Last week Mr. J. E. Livernois, of Quebec, caught a large number of heavy fish, and a New York gentleman who has just returned from Metabetchouan, made the following splendid score with one rod, using the fly: Sept. 1, 8 fish, 27lbs.; Sept. 3, 11 fish, 45lbs.; Sept. 5, 19 fish, 75lbs.; Sept. 8, 9 fish, 31lbs.; Sept. 10, 11 fish, 41lbs.; Sept. 12, 4 fish, 13lbs.; Sept. 14, 13 fish, 55lbs.; Sept. 17, 9 fish, 32lbs.; total, 84 fish, 319lbs. A writer in FOREST AND STREAM, speaking of the netting which is being done in Lake St. John, says: 'It seems incredible that this rare and highly prized game fish, that has carried the fame of the Lake St. John waters into all English-speaking lands, should be exposed to extinction for such a paltry sum as the Government obtains for a netting license.' The writer goes on to suggest that the Government should endeavor to protect and propagate this fish by means of a hatchery, such as they have at Tadousac, and elsewhere, for the salmon, and that the adjacent lakes and rivers should be stocked from it. The suggestion is well worthy of consideration, for this species of fish can be had nowhere else on the continent, and if properly protected will attract to our Province an influx of visitors from all over the world. This year sportsmen have come all the way from Texas and California, on purpose to catch the ouananiche."

ASTROLOGY AND THE FISHING.—Chatauqua County, N. Y., Sept. 25.—Bass fishing has not been good in Lake Erie this summer. Last year tugs with nets ruined our sport. This year a few fish have been taken, but not enough to grow jubilant over. There has been much wind, which with the undertow has probably changed the season, or floated the reef into deep waters or otherwise interfered with our accustomed catch of blistered hands and tanned noses. This has been an off year all around, any way. I suspect the conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn, which brought the frost in May which knocked out the apple crop, almost ruined the grapes and gave chickens the murrain, had as much to do with poor fishing as anything, both for trout and bass. There are a few half-starved and wholly scared trout left in the county that would migrate with the squirrels if they could. Some of the streams were stocked several years since, but small boys and worms, both on the hook and in the fish (I refer to the worms) in and out of season have got away with all the fingerlings. Knowing that there were trout in Canada, I went up to the Nipissing region last spring, but I haven't time to talk about it now.—O. O. S.

RICE LAKE.—Harwood, Ont., Sept. 25.—The fishing has been good this season, is good now, and will be for six weeks yet for maskinonje; not so good for bass. Our lake is full of small-mouth and big-mouth bass. Quantities have been taken this summer. I saw two Indians a few days since who had been trawling; one had 22 maskinonje, the other had 13. There are about 70 Indians who fish pretty much all time, trawling. I estimate their catch through the season at 30,000 maskinonje. Last winter they caught about 100,000lbs. of big-mouthed bass through the ice. There are millions of them in the lake. —CHAS. GILCHRIST.

A HINT.—See next issue for adv't. of *Hints and Helps for Sportsmen*—611 of them.

Fishculture.

AQUARIA NOTES.

[Occasional Observations on the Fishes of the Aquaria of the U. S. Fish Commission at Washington.]

THE EFFECT OF CHANGE FROM FRESH TO SALT WATER.

SOME white perch (*Roccus americanus*), caught in the fresh water of the Potomac River, on being placed in an aquarium, were so severely attacked by fungus (*Saprolignia*) that most of them died in spite of repeated salt-water baths. As a last resort a number of them were placed in a salt-water aquarium, with a density of 1.020, on the "kill or cure" principle. In this they were unable to submerge more than two-thirds of their bodies, and were apparently otherwise affected, so that the density of the water was reduced to 1.015. In this density they appeared more at ease, but the dorsal fin and a small portion of their backs remained above the surface. They were able only by a great effort to swim a few inches below the surface, and on relaxing their efforts they immediately rose again. The fungus disappeared at once. It was a week before they were able to move about freely, having by osmosis acquired the density of the water.

In a similar experiment made on some eels, it was found that they were able to keep near the bottom, but had a tendency to stand on their heads. They had fully recovered in two days.

This would indicate that the necessity for a gradual change from one density to another exists in the necessity for a corresponding change of density in the fish, and opens up an interesting field for experiment. It is a question as to whether these changes, if quite gradual, are not possible with other than anadromous fishes.

A CURIOUS PARASITE AND ITS RELATION TO TEMPERATURES.

A curious infusorian parasite, which appears to be identical with one fully described by Dr. C. Kerbert under the name of *Chromatophagus parasiticus* in the Report of the U. S. Fish Commissioner for 1884, last winter infested the percoid and salmonoid fishes in the aquaria. The same parasite infests similar kinds of fish, also cyprinoids in European aquaria. Very strangely the cyprinoids in the Fish Commission aquaria were wholly exempt from their ravages.

It is a terrible pest, resisting any treatment which is not sufficiently severe to destroy the fish also. A fish will be completely covered with them, encysted in the skin, so close together that they have the appearances of fungus.

In the spring, however, when the water had risen to 60 degrees, they had wholly disappeared. The Commissoner of Fisheries, to whose attention the matter was called, suggested that the proper remedy is in keeping the fish in a temperature never below 60 degrees or in subjecting them to water of that temperature for a period sufficient to rid them of their tormentors.

NUPTUAL COLORATION.

During the period of sexual excitement, preliminary to and while spawning, the male of the killifish (*Fundulus majalis*) becomes intensely black, while that of *Fundulus heteroclitus* becomes a very dark blue flecked with pale yellow and with margins of the same color on the fins. These changes of color are assumed in the course of an hour or two. Sometimes, as in the case of *F. majalis*, the coloration will be confined to a part of the fish in irregular blotches, making a vivid contrast to the lighter color. The black horizontal and vertical bars and bands characterizing the male and female of this species, are entirely obliterated by this coloration. WM. P. SEAL.

FOR THE FISH COMMISSON AQUARIA.

THE Bluewing has returned to Washington with a good supply of live fishes for the fish aquaria in Central Station. The weather was very unfavorable most of the time, so that she could not get further than St. Jeromes, Md. Thirty odd species of fish were collected, and the young of the food fishes of that region were found to be plentiful. Mr. Seal says the striped bass (*Roccus*) is the favorite fish in that locality. The fishermen say the demand for this fish is steady, and that it always brings a good price; also, that they deplore the fact that this species with them is growing scarcer each year. Kingfish from an inch up to about four inches long were found in considerable numbers at St. Jeromes. Plenty of young trout (*Cynoscion*) were also found at this place, and in fact at every point visited. Young bluefish, called salt-water tailor in the Chesapeake, from five to ten inches long were found. No large ones were seen. One specimen of the common square-tailed catfish (*Aniurus nebulosus*) was taken; also one sunfish (*Lepomis*) in brackish water. Several mud-shad (*Dorosoma*) were obtained in Breton's Bay, near Leonardtown, Md.; these were about ten inches long. Menhaden were also taken, but these, like the mud-shad, died in transit. The weakfish or trout were also hard, if not quite impossible to keep alive. Quite a number of toadfish (*Batrachus*) were collected, and are now doing well in the aquaria. Mr. Seal was much surprised to find that the toadfish is eaten by people of this locality. Those elegant little fishes, the harvest and butterfishes, were found. A large eel sports in one of the tanks. Mr. Seal informs us that eels are much thought of by the fishermen, as they find a ready market for them.

Other species taken were: Yellowtail (*Bairdiella*), croakers, spots, flounders and hog-chokers (*Achirus*), mummichogs, killifish, top minnows, lizard fish (*Synodus*), a good-sized sheepshead, and two fine tautog or blackfish.

But one species of crab was observed, the common blue crab. Shells and plants of various kinds were obtained. Mr. Seal says the recent storms have washed out the pound nets, causing much loss to the fishermen of the Chesapeake.

SHRIMPING IN FRANCE.—The French Fisheries Committee, after investigating the fishing for shrimp with trawl nets, have concluded that the nets injure the fry of various food fishes, and advocate that shrimping with trawls be abolished. Two other methods are recommended for the capture of shrimp. One of these is a trap on the principle of the lobster pot, and consists of a wooden frame in the shape of a barrel, about 2½ft. long, having two funnels made of small-meshed net, through which the shrimp are attracted by bait. The second method is a conical pocket made of fine meshed net, 18in. deep, fastened to an iron ring with a diameter of from 30 to 36in. Four lines are attached to the ring, and are made fast to a rope extending from a buoy. Pieces of fish are used for bait; these are placed on the bottom of the pocket, and some bait is hung in the ring to attract the shrimp. It is necessary to raise this trap about every half-hour, and it is said to work well when fished early in the day, or morning, during low water.

ARIZONA FISH COMMISSION.—The Governor of Arizona has recently appointed T. W. Otis and John Howard, both of Prescott, and C. W. Stearns, of Phœnix, Fish and Game Commissioners of Arizona Territory. These Commissioners have commenced work with a view to the introduction of food fishes into their ponds and public streams, and have made application to the U. S. Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, Col. M. McDonald, for such fishes as are distributed by the Commission. Carp, trout, etc., will be introduced if possible.

TROUT IN THE YELLOWSTONE.—The shipment of 7,000 trout from Northville, Mich., and their introduction into the waters of the Yellowstone Park, has been successfully accomplished. Out of the whole 7,000 but 30 trout died during transit. These fish have been distributed throughout the Park as follows: The brook trout (5,000) were planted in the middle and west fork of the Gardiner above the falls. The California trout were planted in the Gibbon River, and the Loch Leven trout in the Fire-Hole or Madison River above the Geyser Basin.

THE ALBATROSS is now at Portland, Oregon. She will proceed to San Francisco in the course of a week, where she will be fitted out for her work upon the California coast during the coming fall and winter. The weather has been too stormy upon the Oregon coast for her to continue work there any longer during this season. This summer, and up to the present time, she has carried her work southward from Columbia River to near the southern border of the State.

THE ALASKA INVESTIGATION.—Livingston Stone, one of the party sent out to investigate the salmon rivers of Alaska, has arrived in San Francisco, and the remainder of the party are now due at the same place.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Oct. 1 to 3.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Bristol Park Agricultural Society, Bristol, Conn. F. C. Barnes, Secretary.

Oct. 8 to 12.—Eighth Annual Dog Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society, at Danbury, Conn. B. C. Lynes, Secretary. Entries close Sept. 28.

Nov. 14 to 16.—First Dog Show of the Continental Kennel Club, at Denver, Col. Claude King, Secretary.

Jan. 13 to 18, 1890.—First Annual Dog Show of the Georgia Pet Stock and Bench Show Association, at Augusta, Ga. A. H. Vonderleith, Secretary.

Jan. 27 to Feb. 1, 1890.—Dog Show of the Colorado Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Denver, Col.

Feb. 18 to 21, 1890.—Fourteenth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

March 11 to 14, 1890.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Rochester Kennel Club, at Rochester, N. Y. Harry Yates, Secretary.

March 25 to 28, 1890.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Mass. Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

April 1 to 4, 1890.—Sixth Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Secretary.

April 15 to 18, 1890.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 4.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club. P. T. Madison, Secretary, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 11.—Inaugural Field Trials of the Canadian Kennel Club, at Chatham, Ont. C. A. Stone, Secretary, London, Ont.

Nov. 18.—Eleventh Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Dec. 2.—Inaugural Field Trials of the Central Field Trial Club, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Secretary, Mill's Building, New York, N. Y.

Dec. 16.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trial Club, at Amory, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Secretary, Marietta, Ga.

Jan. 20, 1890.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club at Bakersfield, Cal. H. H. Briggs, Secretary, 318 Bush street, San Francisco, Cal.

Feb. 11, 1890.—Fourth Anaual Field Trials of the Texas Field Trial Club, at Marshall, Tex. W. L. Thomas, Secretary.

COURSING.

Oct. 9 to 12.—Fall meet of the National Coursing Club at Hutchinson, Kan. M. E. Allison, Manager.

Oct. 24.—Aanual Meet of the American Coursing Club, at Great Bend, Kan. F. K. Doan, Secretary, St. Louis, Mo.

ST. LOUIS NATIONAL MEET.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Sept. 23.—A fair attendance met the first day's races of the National Coursing Association of Hutchinson, Kan., at the Fair Grounds here last Saturday, and the beautiful and spacious grand stand presented what the daily reporters would call an animated appearance. It was not claimed by the management that all advertising and other preliminary work had been more than hurriedly done, as the advance time was limited to three or four days. All details at the grounds, however, were perfect, and the association may congratulate itself that it has secured a smooth-working plan. A large tent at the upper end of the course served as a corral for the hares, and they were sent out of this through a chute into the course. The latter, a quarter of a mile in length, lay directly in front of the grand stand, the sides of the race-track fence being provided with wire netting and canvas. The escape was a fence, arranged hurdle-fashion with brush, and the opening of the escape-tent was so arranged that the hare was safe after passing through the hurdle. It was perhaps a neglect of the management that the hares had not been chased over the course frequently with slow dogs, but although the hares often turned back and ran to the upper end of the course again, this gave really a longer and finer exhibition of coursing to the people. The hounds were run muzzled, and out of the total of hares run into, there was only one which appeared injured, and that was due to the slipping of the muzzle. For the most part the hares seemed very confident, and it is probable that if well trained on the course, so that they would go straight through, they would rather enjoy a turn with a pair of greyhounds of the class, for the most part, entered here.

The stake run for Saturday had an entry of 16 dogs. First prize, a young greyhound, Dick Kline, by champion Sandy Jim, a very fairish young brindle; second prize, a fine dog collar. The running was open only to local dogs and the contest chiefly for glory.

In the first series Mr. John Egans white bitch Ponta and Mr. C. McCarthy's red dog Tom McCarthy ran a very sensational race for the benefit of the grand stand. Ponta was unsighted at the start, the dust raised by a solitary horseman employed by the management obscuring almost everything. The horseman is supposed to "extend the hare," but he mostly extended an annoying dust cloud and won the derision of the Roman populace by always getting in the way. They very justly invited him to go bury himself. Once sighted Ponta drew in and made all the work. Just at the escape, Ponta wrenched repeatedly and the hare turned back. Ponta could not close. The hare turned to the red fellow, who lost at once, and Ponta "killed" with muzzle on, beating Tom pointless. Ponta is a thin and weedy bitch, but had more back than Tom McCarthy.

Dr. L. G. Tandy's white and blue bitch Beatrice and Mr. P. Rohn's white bitch Fola ran neck and neck down to the stand. Fola drew in and scored seven wrenches at once, beating Beatrice pointless, the latter, a green young one, running with ears up much of the time. Fola is a stocky-coupled bitch with poor head and neck. Miss Beatrice is not fine, being too lathy and light.

Mr. Frank K. Doane had out a good one in his blue bitch Bell Smart, and a feel of her loin showed she had been fitted. Not so much could be said for Col. R. S. McDonald's big fawn dog Ranger, whose, too, too solid flesh proved too much load for him to carry. Ranger had a notion that this coursing business had been gotten up for his personal amusement, and pranced gayly up and down a limited portion of the course, watching Bell run circles around him in a pumping hard course, which showed her a close stayer.

Dr. Tandy's black dog Sir Charles and Mr. S. Plant's fawn dog Punch had a good gallop to the hare, which favored Punch in the turn, the latter failing to hold possession. Sir Charles, scoring repeatedly, was at the hare as the latter stumbled and rolled over, and beat Punch any way he liked, the latter earning perhaps a point.

Mr. Ben O'Keefe's blue dog Jim K. showed good hind-quarters but bad chest. His mate, Mr. Chris. Von der Abe's light fawn dog Fly, is a litter brother to Braudt, runner-up at Louisville. He is a well made big dog, large but not coarse, a very well proportioned fellow. He placed Jim K. on the gallop up, and scored three points. Jim, however, held possession long enough to win, the big dog not being able to get about fast enough.

Mr. L. Bambrick's red and white dog Jake Kilrain is a sea serpent of a brute, too long and straight in the back to get under himself on the turn. He proved good in a straight away, however, and took a grand go-by in the round-up, scoring then a turn and two wrenches, placing Speed. Speed then proved so much better at close work as to cut down the lead and win by a bare point. The long dog is very speedy and game.

Mr. Frank K. Doan's fawn dog Paddie, and Mr. Dan O'Keefe's red dog Prince Albert next went into the slips. Paddie is the dog that tried to carry off Mr. Carney's barbed wire sheep fence at Great Bend last year. He is a trifle long-coupled, but a useful one, and was in good condition. Prince Albert wants more lung room. These dogs ran an undecided course. Paddie scored plenty to win on a quarter course, but Mr. Luse, who acted as judge, thought it better to put them in again for a longer course, to be held over until the following day.

Mr. John Madden's blue dog Don is a fairly working-like dog and was in fair condition. He is long in the loin and of bad muzzle. He went in with Mr. E. Burgess's fawn dog Spring, a game-looking and clear-built large dog, which was pronounced a good one by the old coursers present. When slipped these two fell to fighting, and the hare trotted up the course and was cornered and captured by Dr. Royce, official field steward, assisted by one of Capt. Bellair's men employed about the park. They were then slipped single to a good hare. Spring led up and made all the work, scoring eleven points and beating Don pointless. He works wonderfully well for so large a dog.

This closed the racing for the day. The comment was general that the sport had been good and interesting to the point of excitement. There were present some of the regular attendants at the American Coursing Club's open meet at Great Bend, including Col. R. S. McDonald and Miss McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. Frank K. Doan. They were all pleased, Mr. Allison, Mr. Luse and Dr. Royce were all present in official capacities. It looked quite like old times, and the greatest of eagerness was expressed for the October meet in Kansas.

SECOND DAY.

It was estimated that between 2,500 and 3,000 people were on the grounds to witness the deciding courses, and the gate receipts show this estimate to be not far wrong. The racing was good and the enthusiasm marked, and it was evident that the people were beginning to understand the sport.

The first course was the undecided one brought forward from the day before, between Mr. Doan's Paddie and Mr. O'Keefe's Prince Albert. Paddie led up, turned, won a go by, worked the closer on the turns, took three go-bys and rolled up twenty-two points in a grand course, winning every way. The hare escaped from the tent and ran out on the course. Prince Albert followed idly and quit.

Running was now begun in the second series, Mr. Rohn's Fola and Mr. Eagan's Ponta being drawn together. Ponta had the advantage in the run-up, turned and wrenched better and held possession most of the time. Long-tailed Fola could not keep the pace. Ponta tripped twice and turned to Fola who killed.

Mr. Doan's blue bitch Bell Smart had already grown a great favorite with the crowd, and applause met her as she went out with Dr. Landy's Sir Charles. Bell was better up, and had her six points scored before Sir Charles got in. She then doubled them up out of sight. Bell worked the hare admirably and much in the style of an old courser.

Running was begun in the third series, Jim K. and Paddie going in. Paddie could not stay in this course, and Jim K. had the better in the exchange, enough to win.

Running was continued in the second series, Mr. O'Keefe's Speed and Mr. Burgess's Spring going in. Spring went out of slips like a rocket, and rolled up enough to win over Speed's turn and kill.

In the third series Ponta and Bell Smart fell together. Bell was better in a cracking run-up, scored four points and placed Ponta. Ponta scored, but lost a go-by to Bell, who scored nine points additional. Ponta killed. Bell Smart won, and was a high favorite for final winner. To old coursers she showed a decidedly experienced look.

In the third series Spring and Jim K. went out well on a short hare. Not much was done, and if Spring really won he did it by a small majority. That, however, was technically sufficient.

There remained now for the fourth series and the decisive course only Bell Smart and Spring, and they showed a good pair as they went down to the slips. Spring got away in great shape, his muscles fairly cracking under the strain. Bell held her own well for a moment, then rapid exchanging followed, in which the fawn dog had the better of it. He went about wonderfully close. Bell stuck to it and got in some points, but it appeared as if she was not running altogether square, being a little tired from her earlier courses. She had up her ears once, and while she certainly could not be disqualified for running sly, she probably was waiting just a bit, and had no serious objection to Spring's doing a trifle more than his share. This Spring did and won. Mrs. Doan, who had wagered two pounds of candy with a press representative on this result, was much grieved over her blue racer's defeat. Such, however, is frequently the fate of favorites and of good dogs. It was certainly a good dog that beat Bell, and old coursers connected with the association think much of him. The two dogs may meet again in the Kansas events.

A disgusting and well-nigh disastrous affair occurred after the close of the running, and while the assistants were driving the hares from the escape-tent to the upper corral. There were four or five hares trotting along just in front of the grand stand gate, when all at once three greyhounds, loose and unmuzzled, were seen to spring away after them, coursing them up and down amid the shouts of a few brutal hoodlums who called out to the attendants to "get out of the way of the dogs." The mob wished to see the distracted hares killed, and would have had it not been for the crowd which swiftly broke into the track. It was said that four greyhounds were loose. FOREST AND STREAM's representative saw three. One of these was the prize dog, Dick Klines; one was Tandy's Sir Charles, and the other was a white bitch, said to be be Mr. Egan's Ponta. It is probable that some or all of these dogs were loosed purposely by those who were holding them, although it is very difficult to get at the facts, as the confusion was very great. Tandy's explanation is that he heard some one call out, "There's a rabbit!" and thinking it was loose in the grounds across the track, he loosed Sir Charles to catch it, becoming afterward, in the confusion which followed, so excited as to call out to the dog and urge him on. Nothing could be learned as to the other dogs. Any of them might or might not have broken away, might or might not have been loosed intentionally. The man who would do an act of the kind could not be called a sportsman by any straining of the term. These hares are difficult to obtain and difficult to handle. The association values each of them at $25. More than that it is barbarous and inhuman to chase and kill them in this way. One hare was killed and another will die. It should be borne in mind that the association had no fault in this matter, but did all in their power to get the dogs away from the course. It would have been perfectly justifiable under the rules of the park to shoot any or all of the loose dogs, and this would have taught their owners a good lesson. Capt. Bellairs, the park superintendent, says that a valuable zebra was killed in the park last year by a loose dog, which chased it into a fence where it broke its neck.

The National Coursing Association has made a success of its two-days' meet here, and its success has been both financial and popular. There is much talk about the sport here to-day, and if there could be another day or so of the running the attendance would be better and better. The Association gave St. Louis a good exhibition, and St. Louis has appreciated it. Struggling under all the trials and discouragements incident to any enterprise of the size, it is a matter of congratulation that these plucky Western men—as good a lot of men as ever got together—have made so fair a success and have so good an outlook for the future.

SUMMARY.

First Series.

Ponta beat Tom McCarthy.
Fola beat Miss Beatrice.
Bell Smart beat Ranger.
Sir Charles beat Punch.
Jim K. beat Fly.
Speed beat Jake Kilrain.
Paddie beat Prince Albert.
Spring beat Don.

Second Series.

Ponta beat Fola.
Bell Smart beat Sir Charles.
Jim K. beat Paddie.
Spring beat Speed.

Third Series.

Bell Smart beat Ponta.
Spring beat Jim K.

Final Heat.

Spring beat Bell Smart, and won. E. HOUGH.

CLUMBER SPANIEL LOST.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On Sept. 19, the Clumber spaniel bitch Lass disappeared from the stables, where I kept her, and thinking that some of your readers may come across her, I write to you, hoping that in that event they will do as they would be done by, and put me in the way of recovering her. She is a small bitch, about 40lbs. in weight, head very heavy, one eye marked with lemon, the other white, ears partly white and white body. When going up to any one she crouches close to the ground. She is very low on the leg, body of good length. She was clipped recently from head to foot, but hair was beginning to grow again. Lass is one of the last of the Piers' strain, consequently valuable for breeding, and I should be loth to lose her.—F. H. F. MERCER, Ottawa, Canada, Sept. 20.

BEAGLE LOST.—Lawrence, Mass., Sept. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have just got word that our beagle bitch Molly, exhibited at the Elmira bench show this month, was lost. She had on a collar marked E. A. Peabody, Salem Depot, N. H. Any brother sportsman that can give us any information regarding her will confer a great favor.—CLARK & RUTTER, Lawrence, Mass.

THE GORDON SETTER CLUB.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Sept. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Sept. 19 appeared an article by Dr. J. H. Meyer on the mode and manner of the election of officers for the American Gordon Setter Club, in which he says that several members object to the election. If he had said simply that he personally disapproved of it, the remark would have been less open to criticism.

In looking over the constitution of the A. G. S. C. I fail to find any basis for the angry carpings in Dr. Meyer's letter. What his object is I am at a loss to know. If Dr. Meyer is, as he says, working for the interest of the club, and if everything is not just the way he would like it to be, I think his proper course would be to endeavor to win a majority to his views, and endeavor to secure the needed reforms by harmonious action. Dr. Meyer says the laws and constitution are deficient. What nonsense. It would be one of the wonders of this world if all should be right at the beginning. If Dr. Meyer had written on this question months ago, and showed the members where the laws needed mending, every member would have been willing to make any change or correction for the benefit of our club and dogs.

With regard to Dr. Malcolm's letter advising our Gordon men not to run their dogs, I heartily agree with him; so do the balance of the Gordon men of St. Louis. And if Dr. Meyer is so anxious to run his Gordons, why not enter them and run against other breeds? The Gordon Club and its members do not wish to clash against each other, but will continue to work together and keep their dogs at home until the field trials of this country are no longer controlled by Llewellyn men.

When all dogs shall run as they are drawn, and all classes be done away with, and a judge be appointed for each breed (as Mr. Eustace says) then, and not until then, will the Gordons become field trial runners. Try your Gordons with other setters and never mind any one else in the club; it is no one's business but your own. A word about proxy. I have in my mind an institution that represents hundreds and thousands of dollars, and all the officers are elected by proxies sent to the secretary. If all the members of our G. S. C. lived in New York city, I would say do away with proxy voting. I will say I have requested our secretary, Mr. Norris, to save all the votes by proxy and have them put in a package and sealed up, so that any member can examine them and see if the members' proper signatures are signed. I love free elections, and that is the only way to protect the ballot-box with us. I think Dr. Meyer will agree with me on this point.

Dr. Meyer says that sections three and nine conflict. They can easily be righted without destroying the whole fabric, and yet he wanted to postpone the meeting for sixty days, after he had had twelve months to look this matter up. If he remembers right our last election was in the beginning of July, 1888.

It reminds me of the party out of office; they always cry for a radical change in the office-holders, as the old officers have done nothing. Only Dr. Meyer credits the office holders of the club with having retarded the growth of our organization.

Now, Mr. Editor, let us see what has been done by Mr. Malcolm and the members of our Gordon Club. In the first place there was no G. S. C. Mr. Malcolm wrote to all our sporting papers, who very kindly published all he wrote to the several owners of Gordons recommending that a Gordon club should be formed, mentioning the names of Queen Bess and Royal Duke as a stopping point. Then came the tug-of-war. Mr. Meyer at that time was not with us, as Mr. Morris had not sold him his Beaumont.

Now, I do not intend to be personal, as that shows bad breeding. A great many of our sportsmen rushed into print with grape and cannister at what Malcolm had written, and some that had nothing to do with the formation of the Gordon club at all, as they did neither own one, nor would own one at any figure. Now, mark what follows: a club is formed and admitted in the A. K. C., a Gordon class is obtained, and a standard for Gordons adopted, and in spite of the opposition we encountered, we gave a $25 silver cup at the Richmond show, open to all, members or not. Mr. Baillie, a non-member, got the award for the best Gordon; Malcolm was the judge. We also gave $30 to the Syracuse show. What more could a young club do? I do not know of any other club doing as much in the first year of its existence. I would say let the club go on smoothly, it is now plain sailing, the hard work is done, all difficulties have been overcome, and nothing left now for us to do but pay our dues, and donate some, if needed, for the coming shows. St. Louis members indorse the action of Mr. Bennitt, Mr. Norris and Mr. Malcolm by voting the ticket got up by them.

It may appear to Dr. Meyer that I am writing this because my name is on the ticket, but no, I am writing for the benefit of our club. I do not see the expediency of any member making his troubles known to the public. If a wrong exists, the club and not the press should be called on to remedy it.

I fail to see any possible good results from Dr. Meyer's letter in all our sporting journals. I know that either Mr. Norris or Mr. Malcolm will give Dr. Meyer all the information at his command. They may have been a little slow to inform Dr. Meyer and this may seem to be a good excuse for his rushing into print. In looking over his letter I find it just eight days between dates (I only take figures). That is between his asking Mr. Norris and his publication of the action of our president. I cannot see where the clique and the desire to perpetuate their term of office comes in. Is there any emolument, or what benefits do the president or any of the officers get for work? Of course hard work is done, those in office, I mean the president, secretary and treasurer, did it. If any member will write to me saying he would like to be on the ticket in my place. I will gladly give him my place by resigning in his favor with the best of feeling toward him. Now, do not be backward, brothers, you know a faint heart never won a fair lady. And another thing, it shall not be made public, for the public have nothing to do with our affairs, except when we donate something open to all, as we did at Richmond and Syracuse shows.

Look at the condition of affairs impartially and I think you will find every officer has been true to his trust. The man that must be at the head of our club for one more year is what other writers call the champion of the Gordons. The time is not far distant when any man can be our president, that is, if he is a member and owns a Gordon.

The sporting journals of this country know that in our fight to form a club and secure recognition of the American Kennel Club, I never ran down any man's dogs, or any strain of the Gordon type. I refer you to my letter published in our journals in the first week of December, 1888.

I think the proper way to settle such points as those raised by Dr. Meyer is for each member to give his ideas about the necessary changes in proper form to the committee, for them to act on. And when a majority of the committee agrees, let them send a copy of their proposals to each member for approval, yes or no. I do not mean as my friend Meyer has done, send them to the press, but send them by mail, with instructions to return them at once to secretary. They should then be kept on file until a regular meeting of the club can be had at some point away from New York, as some members live in California.

I am at a loss to know where the club has not been progressive both in character and firm to its principles. I am surprised to see a letter from Dr. Meyer condemning the club and its president. When Dr. Meyer has done as much for the Gordon as the president has done, then and not till then can such a letter be justified. A word about our standard: It is adopted, and those that own Gordons had better breed up to it, for the nearer they come to it, the better will be their stock, in the estimation of our judges who have the prizes to award.

I hope that after this, all members will transact their affairs with the secretary, and not rush into print and get up controversies that no good comes from. Any one wishing to write me will have courteous attention.

ST. LOUIS, Mo. J. WHITAKER, M. D.

MASTIFF TOE NAILS.

Editor Forest and Stream

A year or so since I was visiting Mr. R. A. Craig and we were immensely amused at some mastiff correspondence, wherein the writer was deploring that "this" dog of his had so many white toe nails on this foot and so many on another, saying that "that" dog had all black toe nails, and giving a decided preference to "that" on account of this point of perfection. If I remember aright, Mr. Craig or I knew both dogs and knew that the solid black nailed one was a rank duffer and the white blemished one a tolerably fair specimen. Anyhow we were vastly amused at it and wondered what in thunder the loony was driving at. And when we compared notes neither could say whether any dog owned by either had white toe nails or all black, nor did either remember anything on the subject concerning any dog we ever saw or heard of, and it got to be a sort of a joke between us, "all white nails," or "no white toe nails."

But recently I received a letter from a gentleman who was evidently no "loony," but a man of sense and judgment, deploring that his dog, very well bred on both sides, had so many white toe nails on one foot, and asking if it was evidence of any impurity of blood, and whether I knew of any champion that had white toe nails. The tone of this letter, so far above being laughed at, set me to thinking where such an idea could come from, and I finally investigated the standard of the old English Mastiff Club, and to my surprise found it there set down "Toe nails black." Of course I replied to the writer that the color of the nails was of absolutely no significance as to the animal's blood, that I didn't believe that one mastiff breeder out of ten ever noticed the toe nails, and that a judge who would set a good specimen back on account of this point would be howled out of the ring. Whether I told him that a majority of the brindle dogs of Lukey's had even white blazed faces, and that Wolsey, the great crack of his day, had white toes and as a consequence would have white toe nails, I do not now remember, but such was certainly the fact. Certainly I never knew a dark brindle or dark fawn that did not have some white on his toes, and generally a white spot on the breast; and in a litter where there are some pups much darker in mask and ears than the others, white markings are very common. From memory only, I would say that this is the case in a vast majority of instances. Photographs are rather unreliable in such a matter as this, but from a careful examination I would say that the English mastiffs Orlando, Duchess (2,366), Hanbury's Queen (dam of Nichol's Prince and Wolsey), Beau, Ilford Baroness, The Lady Rowena, Jack Thyr and Ilford Cromwell all have (or had) white toe nails, and several of the most distinguished of them had white toes and white breasts as well. Reine, that fine bitch that Dr. Perry imported, had a white blaze running nearly the whole length of the leg; Wynn's champion Peeress, the best mastiff he ever bred, had a white blaze down her face, or if not a distinct white, it was of so much lighter shade of fawn as to amount to white. Mr. Kingdon and Mr. Wynn had a grand encounter in Webb, but agreed on one point, that color was the very last point to be considered in a mastiff; and this is set forth in every standard that was ever drawn up.

Now, I am a great stickler for conforming to the requirements of established standards, and if I were judging mastiffs in England, or if judging here, I attached sufficient importance to "The Clique Club No. 1 of America" to heed any of its sayings or doings, I would put every white-toed dog back, were it Lady Coleus herself. Of course it would raise a howl and would be bad judging in itself, but when a specialist club enacts specific requirements it should not complain if taken at its word and its ideal realized by the judge. I have no doubt that the point of "toe nails black" was put in the English standard without intending it to carry any weight, just as a suggestion or preference, but as stated it is as obligatory as the broad short head or any other desideratum. Now, as elucidating this point I would like such judges as Messrs. Mason, Naylor, Watson, Mayhew, Marshall and Mortimer to say whether they ever took this into consideration. I can imagine how several of these gentlemen will laugh at the question being put to them, but would ask them to remember that many new adventurers at mastiffs have been worried at finding their dog thus "disfigured," and the expressed opinion of known judges will (or should) settle their worries and extinguish their doubts.

This curious outcome of "standard" requirements illustrates the value of a scale of points, not to guide the judge in "point judging," but to attach definite and comparative values to the various points of the standard. Had the O. E. M. Club standard been accompanied by a scale of points rating black toe nails at 1 and head properties at about 40, any body could have extracted a clear idea of the sigificance of the two, and questions of "purity of blood" would never suggest themselves in consequence of the white toes or toe nails. W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa.

EASTERN COURSING CLUB.

AT a meeting held Sept. 16, 1889, Mr. W. J. Blackham, president, in the chair, on request of the president, Mr. Huntington, chairman of the committee on grounds, hares, etc. (appointed with power to act), reported as follows: "After examining several large plots of ground on Long Island to be used by the club as a preserve for the hares, one was selected and secured as being eminently suitable for the purpose. Privilege was obtained from lessor to course over his entire property and that of his neighbors. The committee has further to report that the club has now 20 hares on hand, and 20 more are to be delivered Oct. 1, making 40 in all. They are all strong and healthy. The wire netting used for the inclosure is of the very best quality, and galvanized. The number of hares can be increased if the club desires it." The committee was then discharged with thanks.

It was moved and seconded that by this provision of committee on grounds, etc., the club should hold its meeting beginning either on the 6th or 13th of November, 1889, at which time prizes of money and plate will be offered. There will be two stakes, one a 16-dog (puppy) stake and the other a 16 or 32 dog (all-aged) stake, trials to be run under rules of American Coursing Club. The Executive Committee expressed the hope that each member of the club would enter at least one dog in the stakes.

H. W. HUNTINGTON, Secretary.

THE TRACY ARTOTYPES.—San Francisco, Sept. 21.—*Forest and Stream Pub. Co.:* Please accept my thanks for the prompt delivery of the four Tracy artotypes. I am much pleased with them and can fully indorse all you have claimed for them and consider them a most welcome addition to my list of sporting pictures. Very truly yours, S. L. ABBOT, JR.

AN ALL-ROUND DOG.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In one of the late issues of this journal "Novice" asked for information in regard to training a beagle puppy and as to an "all-round bird dog." The Kennel editor supplemented his question with a request for contributions on these subjects.

Since then Mr. A. C. Krueger has responded as regards training the beagle puppy, but I have failed to see any answer to the remainder of the question, at which I am not surprised, as it is a vexed question. However, I should like to relate the story of a dog which came as near to the above requirements as we usually find them. His owner was what is popularly known in the country where he resides as a swamp angel. How he came into possession of the dog may be thought but not mentioned.

My idea on first seeing the dog was that he was of the Chesapeake Bay breed, but I wondered how his owner had got possession of such an apparently well-bred dog of that breed. A later inquiry, however, as to manner of possession and breeding confirmed my first conclusion.

He had two of the qualities which always go with that breed—intelligence and affection—especially well marked, and as to his sporting qualities, I fear my pen will fail to give him his deserts. He would retrieve any bird or animal you might kill, that he could lift, from anywhere. This, of course, was a necessary quality as a duck dog, and he had all the others.

Used as a flusher he was a first-class woodcock dog, and for partridge (ruffed grouse) he was excellent, as he would work in a half circle in front of the shooter, sending nearly all birds in when flushed and promptly treeing those which were missed, a very necessary requisite in that country. I may be permitted to say that my experience with partridges in trees has led me to the conclusion that if a partridge "trees," shoot him there before he gets a chance to put not only that tree, but several others between you and him, for if he flushes from a tree the odds are one hundred to one in his favor, and that is several more than I can afford to give. To return to the dog, he would run rabbits and give tongue freely, while he was as good a still runner on coons as one could wish for. Also, when he was after coons he never would run a rabbit track, as many dogs are wont to do. Numerous minks and very many muskrats owe their sudden demise to his unerring scent and cruel teeth. I owned this dog once for about two hours, having traded a breechloading rifle, a very fair pointer dog, and a few shekels to boot for him, but in the short space of time above mentioned his former owner appeared and wished to "trade back," as he said. I objected at first, but on second thought, and knowing the party's reputation, I thought that I would rather have my dog, rifle and money than to have the "angels" come by night and take the other dog, forgetting the while to return my chattels which were given in exchange for him. So after the "angel," very generously for him, granted me the privilege of using said dog at any time. I gave him up and received my property in return. It is needless to relate that I borrowed him many times, and I would that I owned one exactly similar to him to-day. OSCEOLA.

THE TRUE USES OF A STUD BOOK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There is a controversy going on between Messrs. Peshall, Hopf and Shotwell on one side, and so far Mr. Anthony on the other, the subject being the Stud Book of the American Kennel Club. In this I do not propose to engage just now, I bide my time. But there is a side issue raised between Mr. Peshall and Mr. Anthony as to the propriety of admitting "mongrels" to a pedigree register, on which I entirely agree with what I understand Mr. Anthony's position to be—that it is not only no objection, but an advantage to have all animals registered, pedigree or no pedigree. It is most pernicious mischief to attach any definite value to a registration in any dog pedigree register, and no greater piece of humbug was preached during the war over Rule 2 than that registrations in an official register would have a higher value than in a volunteer one; not in difference in character of the two, but in the idea that registration in any register could add one jot or tittle to any dog's value. Doubtless this may be true of stud registers of horses, cattle, etc., for there the produce of one female is generally restricted to one per year, while a bitch may have twenty, and the greater number cannot be handled on the lines of the lesser one. Everybody knows that there are dozens of mastiffs entered in the Stud Book that either as breeding or exhibition animals are not really worth the entry fee, and also that many animals of very great value cannot be entered in the Stud Book. There are the mastiff bitches Wunna and Gytha II., dams of Holda, Gerda, Wodan, etc., etc., Holda and Wodan being among the very cream of late mastiffs, yet neither of these bitches could be entered, as their dam had no pedigree and neither of them ever won a prize. When Debonair, Ilford Coroner, Ilford Chancellor, etc., appeared, their dams, Idalia and Brenda Secunda, could not have been registered in our Stud Book, their granddam having no pedigree, and at that time their great grandsire was wrongly given in the English Stud Book, and there was a stupendous error in giving their dam the number of Mr. Nichols's Brenda, a bitch that was whelped in 1866.

As to the particular stud book that Mr. Peshall takes such care of, as excluding "mongrels," the gross blunders in mastiff pedigrees registered in it, blunders that for gross stupidity surpass anything extant, minimizes the value to be attached to the magic letters "A. K. C. S. B, number 000000."

The idea that so many have, and that was so developed during the war over Rule 2, that a thoroughly pedigreed animal is humiliated by appearing in a register in company with animals destitute of pedigree, is the veriest nonsense, and the calling unpedigreed animals "mongrels" is a co-relation of rot. Mona had absolutely no pedigree whatever, yet her daughters, Wunna and Gytha II., are fountains of winning blood. Mr. Morris's Flora had no pedigree, and she was the dam of that "wonderful bitch" Mrs. Rawlinson's Countess, who in turn was the dam of The Emperor, probable sire of Crown Prince. So here the choicest animals of the day run straight into "mongrels!" The pedigreed animal doesn't need any painting of the lily, nor is the unpedigreed one a "a sow in silk" by its registration.

But apart from this, entries in stud books often inflate the owner of the registered animal with a false idea of the value of it, and he will triumphantly quote "A. K. C. S. B. No. 000!" as though that settled it. There would not be the slightest difficulty in entering an animal with a bogus pedigree in the Stud Book, nor do I believe that it would be detected, and from the enormous blunders appearing in the English Stud Book and passing without correction, it does not seem more reliable than ours, so where is the good of them? To the breeder, who wishes to keep track of the blood he is using, be it known or unknown, and for the enlightenment of him, a stud book is of very great value, but for any other purpose it is not worth the paper it is printed on.

No stronger presentation of this matter was ever made than that by "Hibernia" in a late number of the *Fanciers' Journal*, and his idea of a novice buying a pedigree as the first consideration and the dog as a secondary one, completely fills the bill. The perfect ideal of a stud book was realized in the *A.K.R.*, which made no pretense to absolute accuracy, but relied on its own vigilant watchfulness and that of outsiders to correct any errors. W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., Sept. 26.

"PODGERS" TALKS DOG.

THE other day when I happened in at the FOREST AND STREAM office and saw the care-worn expression of the editor-in-chief and the piles of manuscript lying around, I thought I would not disturb him, and shortening my visit turned to go out. As I did so my eye caught the sign over another door, "Dogs." "Oh," said I to myself, "dogs, that is my strong suit. I will go in and see the dog editor and his dogs." I found him whittling off the corner of a plug of Virginia Cavendish wherewith to fill his pipe. He was cool and salubrious in his shirt sleeves, while the literary editor was warm and uncomfortable and saying some bad things against Sergt. Dunn for giving us such a spell of muggy irritating weather. The contrast was noticeable, and I mentally reflected on the different effect of the two callings on two men, and said to myself, "Just see the influence of association with dogs. Literary work versus dogs." The surroundings of the dog editor's den were soothing and conducive to a calm state of mind, and even the work was made pleasant, for the editor had only to raise his eyes to the walls and let them rest on numerous plates and pictures of all the famous dogs of the country, a noble array of portraits, displaying in their countenances intelligence vastly superior to what one would observe in the same number of human beings. My selection was made at once. I should take the dog end of FOREST AND STREAM if the choice were ever offered to me.

That brought to my mind the mournful and miserable condition of a man that is doomed to live in a city where he cannot keep a dog. My mind wandered back to the bright days when my household consisted principally of dogs: thirteen, if I remember correctly, and if my best friend had come to me and said, "I want a dog, you have a world of dogs," I could not on the life of me have selected one out of the lot that I could have parted with. Occasionally when one of them misbehaved, and for the moment was in disgrace, and I said, "Look here young man, you and I will have to part company," he would sit down in front of me (for dogs always know what you are saying), look so penitent and beseeching and when he saw that I was relenting, would wag his tail faintly and hesitatingly, until he was sure the storm had passed, and then how he would show his delight by nearly jumping out of his skin to lick my face. Give that dog away? Not much. Not for a hundred.

I tried keeping a dog once in New York, a small specimen, whom during the day I relegated to the back yard of my boarding house, after entering into a treaty offensive and defensive with the cook, involving pecuniary considerations; but it was attended with great embarrassments and troubles, and continually led to differences with the landlady. I think I moved seven or eight times that winter on account of such differences, besides frequently losing the small dog and expending many dollars for advertisements and rewards, until the frequency of mysterious disappearances became chronic, and led to a suspicion that a certain dog merchant was making his season's expenses out of me.

It was in vain I moved, he followed my wanderings until on the last occasion a long interval ensued without his producing the dog, and when he finally appeared, I had struck a landlady of strong views and prejudices on the dog question, a woman of decided opinions. It was a good place, the surroundings were pleasant, the table excellent, added to which was a heavy charge by the dog man for capture and maintenance. I hesitated, and working myself up to a pitch of indignation with the small specimen, for his vagabond propensities, I declined further investments, and gave the man the animal for his bill, much to his dissatisfaction, I believe, but he walked off with Peter under his arm. It was many a day before I could rid my mind of the reproachful, beseeching last look that little dog gave me, as he stretched his neck over the man's arm as he walked down the street. I felt mean, for the little thing looked heartbroken. I often wondered what that dog thought of me. What a mean opinion he must have had of human nature.

I have not tried it again, but I mourn for the society of some respectable, right-minded dog. I know a good many men, friends who honor me with their company at times, but they don't fill the bill. They think I have a bank account. (What a delusion.) Don't believe they would come if they thought otherwise, but a dog never asks the question. He is too much of a gentleman to do that. The man would wag his head if I said, when I came home from down town, that I had dropped a lot of money that day down in Wall street; the dog would simply wag his tail in welcome, and be just as glad to see me as if I had made a thousand or two. There's the difference, and the difference is in favor of the dog every time. The longer I live, I say as the chap did, "The more I see of men the better I think of dogs."

I am looking for a place to board this winter, where I can keep a dog. Know of any such? If you do wire me.

PODGERS.

THE "STOCK-KEEPER" AND ITS ASSAILANTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I propose in the following lines to defend an English journal, the *Stock-Keeper*, from the currish thrusts that have been made at it by such Englishmen as Mr. Mayhew ("Bl'rst'd Britisher") in *Turf, Field and Farm*. Mr. Hussroft in another journal, and their unclean allies in this country. I claim to do so as one of the editors and proprietors of the *Stock-Keeper*, and I reply over my own signature for two reasons; first because my name is not mentioned in the kennel world with averted eye and hand-screened utterance, secondly because I am no swash-buckler; shield or protection of any kind is unrequired for such opponents.

With your permission, sir, I will introduce, feeling it is necessary, a word or two about the *Stock-Keeper*. Four years ago this journal passed into the hands of its present proprietors, who are all men of good repute and some standing in the realms of fancy. None of them was dependent upon the paper for his living, they all had other occupations; but they were prepared to devote their leisure hours to an earnest purpose, which was to create a journal that should raise the tone of the kennel press and with it that of the kennel world. They have tried to give their readers an interesting paper, void of scurrility and personalities, and superior to all other considerations than those of duty. Success has rewarded their efforts, and envy, like an ill-bred cur, snaps at their heels. Beyond material benefit, however, are prized the thanks of the most eminent and representative members of the kennel world, which the *Stock-Keeper* has received for its share in elevating the standard of kennel ethics.

Mr. Mayhew has tried to weaken the position of the *Stock-Keeper* by an attack on me. As to the burden of his charge against me, I believe my character as a gentleman, even in a strange land (which America is to me), is sufficiently known to render it superfluous for me to say that I have never made use of my hobby as a means toward business; in fact, my friends and acquaintances know the contrary to be the case. I will proceed to furnish the clew to Mr. Mayhew's bitterness. When the respectable portion of the terrier world started their crusade against trimming, they met an active opposition from a body of men who made a considerable share of their living by exhibiting and dealing in a breed of dogs that are by some exhibitors trimmed. Against trimming and plucking and such devices to deceive were arrayed gentlemen of the highest standing in the kennel world; in favor of the practice and continuance of these arts were "the clever division" and Mr. Mayhew, who under the old order, which suited him so well, had snatched a few successes on the bench in wire-haired fox-terriers. Mr. Mayhew opened up for his party with a violent and outrageous attack upon the honorary secretary of the Fox-Terrier Club, Mr. Tinne, one of the most esteemed members of the Kennel Club. The letter was such a bare-faced backing up of trimming that the *Stock-Keeper* in commenting upon it stated that Mr. Mayhew might think himself lucky if he escaped an interview with the Kennel Club committee. Mayhew heard the crack of the whip, but he just escaped the thong. It came to the *Stock-Keeper's* knowledge that Mr. Mayhew was, after this, going about telling people he intended to prosecute the paper for libel. To stop his trading on such cheap notoriety, an editorial was inserted, offering Mr. Mayhew every facility for bringing an action. He did not do so, and the kennel community missed the revelation of hearing him under cross-examination. He waited for his revenge till he had the Atlantic between him, and till he found an American paper that would print his attacks. This is not English, not the English character of those who stop at home, and I venture to hope that publishing the cowardly attack was not American, but an accident. However, the respectable party here won, and trimming was condemned. Mr. Tinne and his friends would have deserted the fancy had they lost the day, but the climax came when the Kennel Club issued its ukase against the operation, classing it as tampering, and instructing the judges to report cases.

He never had an appointment here in connection with the press. He was simply employed on odd jobs, though never, I believe, by the *Stock-Keeper;* if so it would have been without my knowledge. This may even have served to embitter him against myself, added to which I studiously avoided any contact with him. In showing dogs one is compelled to mix with many people whom one is not obliged to know. Outside his own set Mr. Mayhew was only known in the catalogues as a wire-hair fox-terrier exhibitor. He was not known in any other breed, and so little was he thought of in this country that the Kennel Club never asked him to judge. This distinction, which many regard as a hall-mark of the kennel world, was never offered to Mr. Mayhew; but still he is considered good enough for America, where, being unknown, he can pose as an authority upon all breeds of dogs.

A word is necessary to explain why this reply does not appear in the paper that published the attack on me. When Mr. Mayhew's attacks were read here they excited universal contempt, and no secret was made of the fact that an English exhibitor had written to the paper to give expression to that feeling. His letter was not published, nor has a word of apology appeared in that journal for inserting such abuse of an editor of a friendly contemporary. Such a course is so opposed to English canons of fair play, that I still suspend my judgment, thinking a retraction or explanation may yet be forthcoming. It was noticed over here that Mr. Mayhew's contributions over the *nom de plume* of "Bl'rst'd Britisher" had ceased to appear, but I observe that he has broken out with a new *alias*, of which he gives a maudlin account. With his shifting signatures I have no concern, but I do indignantly draw the attention of the American public to Mr. Mayhew's last offense in calling his compositions "Canine *Whispers*." The name "Whispers," never before used in any newspaper to describe paragraphs, was adopted by myself for the *Stock-Keeper* paragraphs, consequently the word has become inseparably connected with the *Stock-Keeper*. It is monstrous that Mr Mayhew should adopt from the paper he has already done his best to decry. I trust the editor of my American contemporary will arrest this move, and tell his pilfering contributor, who has no originality of his own, that this robbing men of their ideas is exceeding the limits of decency and toleration.

GEORGE R. KREHL.

LONDON, England.

JACK.

I AM sorry to be obliged to confess that Jack was not, strictly speaking, a blue blood dog. On the maternal side his lineage was pure, but his father was only just dog. Poor Jack! Pride of blood or something, would not permit him to associate with his paternal ancestor, whom he would regard with a look of disdain from the corner of his eye, as he sat on his haunches with nose well in the air, sleepily and innocently studying the horizon till his obnoxious parent withdrew from his presence. Then, with a shake of his glossy brown coat and silky ears, he would go to his bed, doubtless overcome by the cruel necessity of cutting his father's acquaintance.

Generally speaking, Jack was strictly honest. Bread, meat, milk, anything in fact was safe for any length of time when Jack was left alone, because he knew they belonged to his human superiors.

But to the cat he owed no debt of gratitude for scoldings and switchings; consequently he and pussy would often differ as to the proprietorship of certain saucers of milk. Often have I watched him when he little thought human eye could see his evil doings. Giving the cat her milk I say, "Jack, don't you touch that, now!" Understanding perfectly what I say, Jack walks sadly away, while I go into the kitchen and very nearly close the door. Jack pricks up his ears as he sees me go in, and assumes a more cheerful expression; he studies each window closely; if any one is there pussy's milk is safe, but now there is no one in sight; he sniffs; no one watching evidently, so very cheerfully, now, he walks over to pussy's dish and assists in cleaning it out. Just here I open the door suddenly. Like a flash he drops on his haunches, half closes his eyes, raises his nose, and sniffs the air, as though looking for signs of rain or ducks. Slowly and indifferently he turns his head to give me a glance from his sleepy blinking eyes, and while giving his tail a recognizing wag he slyly hitches a half inch or so further away from the saucer.

"Jack!" I say, "did you touch that milk?"

Blink, blink go Jack's eyes, and he hitches away another half inch, never once relaxing his expression of innocence and sleepiness, yet so very plainly showing that he is consciously oblivious to cat, saucer or milk. But to save him he cannot help a quick, anxious glance at the rapidly diminishing quantity of milk, though he does not turn his head, even a hair's breadth, as he flashes his eye in kitty's direction.

Finally I go and close the door, but hastily peep out from behind the curtain. Jack, still sleepily blinking, is taking a sly sniff toward the closed door; once more he views the windows, and sees nothing. Suddenly resuming his natural expression, he briskly turns to the now empty dish, and seeing its condition, he makes a sudden spring at his playmate, which causes her to fly in terror, while he looks, and I truly believe he thinks, too, "I'm well out of that scrape; but didn't I fool him, though!"

Jack knew as well as any one when I was preparing to go shooting. He made no demonstrations of delight when I would don business coat and hat, but let me draw on gum boots and canvas coat, and his delight knew no bounds. He would spring and leap as he whined, "sung," and fairly howled in his delight. Sometimes I would say: "Can't go to-day, Jackie; stay home now." With a heart-broken expression he would sit down, while howl after howl made the neighborhood ring as he watched me go through the gate. Turning back after a short distance I would call: "Would you like to go, Jackie?" Oh, how expectant and hopeful he would look, but not a step would he take yet. "All right, old boy, come on!" and with a bound Jack would clear the gate, joyful once more.

When quite a young pup I left him home one day in earnest. He howled pitifully for a while, but near the house I shot a grouse. At the sound of the gun his misery was intense; he sprang at the door, scratching and pawing the panels frantically; from that he leaped out to the kitchen table, jumping at the window in a wild endeavor to get out. Fearful lest he should break the window my wife held him; but caresses were powerless to quiet his howls for some time. All through the day he would start from his naps and utter fresh howls as the memory of his sorrow seemed to return to him.

I taught him, when a very small pup, to retrieve. To carry a ball of yarn he was obliged to hold his head very high, and to this I attribute his habit of carrying his head well up when he retrieved a bird. His legs were very short, his chest broad and powerful; and with head held high as he brought in a duck, and his extremely long silky ears reaching over his shoulders, he made a beautiful picture.

Jack proved to me that a spaniel will learn by observation as well as by training. Often when I was out for a day my game bag would become heavy, and to relieve myself of the weight I would hide a few birds in tufts of meadow grass, to be taken up on my way back to camp, but at no time did I tell Jack to hide game.

One night as I was returning to camp I shot a duck. Giving it to Jack I told him to take it "home," and he ran on ahead. Suddenly I remembered that I had left my coat in some brush on a tiny hill, and turned back to get it. Hidden by the brush, and from the elevation I watched Jack. After trotting proudly along for a while, he looked back to see if I was coming. Not seeing me, he dropped the duck, sniffed and watched the deserted trail. No signs of me. Picking up the duck he trotted off quite a distance from the path, bid the duck in a tuft of grass, and came back in search of me. Soon he found me and we started on together, I taking no notice of the fact that he was without the game. We walked on rapidly till suddenly, when opposite his game, he rushed off, pawed away the grass, and secured the duck, trotting on as before, till he took it into camp. I was proud of Jack then. But the poor fellow was the victim of a joke one day. I shot a duck on a tiny pond close to the house. It floated apparently dead and Jack retrieved it, while I started back to the house. As he neared the gate he laid the duck down a moment to get a better hold of it, when, like a flash it was off. Astonished at his lively game, Jack stood for one brief moment and watched its flight; then, like a streak, he tore round the fence, and off through the bushes, determined on heading off and capturing that duck. In vain I whistled and called, Jack was deaf. Looking up I saw my wife on the veranda with tears of laughter rolling down her face, "over the expression on Jack's countenance," she said.

Two or three hours later Jack returned, panting, tired and disgusted. I suspect he blamed me, he looked reproachful, I fancied.

A more ambitious dog never hunted. One day in winter he retrieved ducks from the water to the side of the boat, where two of us were shooting, till he had brought in thirteen without leaving the water. Then I pulled him into the boat, and wrapped him in a great coat, for he was chilled and stiff. As another duck fell he struggled to get into the water, but I held him back.

Never shall I forget my last day's sport with my favorite. He had retrieved a number of pigeons and a grouse or two. Finally I shot a grouse, which fell and fluttered away. Jack followed, and feeling sure that he would soon catch it, I sat on a log to rest; for I was tired after a long tramp through the bush. Suddenly I heard a close shot and soon a young half-breed boy appeared on the trail.

"What did you shoot?" I asked.

"Dunno; seen a animal runnin', an' fired; guess I didn't hit 'im." And he passed on.

A few minutes later Jack emerged from the bush, weak and tottering from pain and loss of blood. Springing forward I bent over him as he laid the captured grouse at my feet. "Jack, old boy, did the brute shoot *you*?" I exclaimed, and for answer Jack looked up into my face, whined, licked my hand, and turned over, dead.

KENMARE.

THE ALL-DAY FIELD TRIALS.

A MEETING of the committee who have in charge the inauguration of the All-Day field trials was held on Tuesday afternoon at the office of Mr. F. R. Hitchcock, in this city. An informal discussion of the details was had, and it was decided to hold the trials at some convenient point in the South, beginning Monday, Jan. 27. The event will be a sweepstake, open to all pointers and setters, with $50 forfeit and $100 additional to start; 70 per cent. of the stake to the winner, 20 per cent to second and 10 per cent. to third. Entries will close Dec. 10, additional money to be paid the night before the race. The committee guarantee the expenses, and the entire stake will go to the winners. The rules of the Eastern Field Trials Club will govern, except if there is a bye dog in the first series he must run a heat with the best dog that has been beaten, and in case of defeat he will be retired, and his competitor will run in the second series. Each heat in the first series will be an all-day one, from 8 A. M. until 5 P. M., with an hour's intermission at noon. In the remaining series the heats will be of four hours duration each, except the final, which will be similar to those of the first series. The following named gentlemen comprise the committee: Col. C. H. Odell, New York; Mr E R Coleman, Lebanon, Pa.; Messrs. J. O. Donner, H. B Duryea and F. R. Hitchcock, New York; Mr. Heath, Newark, N. J.; Mr. Robert McCook, Steubenville, O., and Mr. Bayard Thayer, Boston, Mass.

DOG TALK.

THE *Stock-Keeper* says of the increase of the registration fee: "The mind of the American kennel world is much exercised with the decision of their Kennel Club to raise the registration fee from fifty cents to a dollar. What sort of reception would the plan receive in this country were Cleveland-row to propose to charge 4s. 2d. for registration! We should all go out on strike. Even the shilling has been loaded with epithets, and grizzling arithmeticians have made laborious calculations to show that the cost of labor, stationary, etc., etc., to the Kennel Club would be well covered by a 6d. charge; and then they ask what does the club do with the balance? No doubt the club do have a surplus when all expenses have been allowed for, and that surplus is fairly distributed in special prizes to provincial shows. We consider a charge of 4s. 2d. altogether beyond consideration. That any less sum would entail a loss on the American Kennel Club we must believe, because we have for the genuineness of that statement the word of three respected members of the American kennel world, but even so, such a fee is too high, and the A. K. C. should submit to a loss on their stud book rather than put such a prohibitive price on the entries."

The same journal also expresses its opinion about compulsory reports from judges: "For an institution in a republican country we must say that the American Kennel Club is an extraordinarily autocratic body. Its last imperial decree insists that judges shall furnish reports for publication in their official organ, and, considering that the judges are gentlemen who discharge the judicial duties with no other return than that very empty one—"the honor of the thing"—an observer cannot help being struck with the curious idea of blending an onerous obligation with an honorary office. The committee of the American Kennel Club probably smooth out any objections to this proposal with the excuse that appears to satisfy all doubts on sporting subjects in the United States: "It's English, you know." But is this English? We think we can show our transatlantic cousins that they have misunderstood the practice in

this country, and have gone far beyond what is done by our club. The English Kennel Club would never have ventured upon such an arrogant step as insisting that all judges at shows held under Kennel Club rules should write the reports for their paper. The utmost that they do is to forward a polite appeal to the judges at their own shows for their notes on the classes they judged. This courteous request is often acceded to and sometimes not. To many men such a task is not easy—nay, it is even disagreeable, and we are pleased to say that in this monarchical country we are too independent to be bullied into doing other people's work. If our committees with their invitations to judge were to couple the request for a gratuitous report, they would have to create a new breed of judges, for the body of men who at present give their services gratis would draw the line at being compelled to act as reporters at the same time." For the information of the *Stock Keeper* we will say that "the honor of the thing" is not, as a rule, the only compensation our judges receive, as very few of them do not pocket a round fee for their services.

The amendment to the rules of the A. K. C. proposed by Dr. Perry at the last meeting of the club, which will compel all judges at dog shows to write a report of their classes, is rather too arbitrary, and we fear that the result aimed at will not be accomplished nearly so satisfactorily as it would be were the matter differently arranged. Official reports of the judges are desirable, and their publication in the *Kennel Gazette* would be useful to the exhibitor as well as gratifying to the public. We believe that this could be accomplished, in most cases at least, by a courteous request for such report instead of an imperative demand. Man the world over is notoriously a very contrary animal to drive, but a little coaxing will nearly always succeed in accomplishing its purpose.

We published in this column in our issue of Aug. 15 an article from the *Stock-Keeper* relating to Mr. Huscroft, who, it will be remembered promulgated the Salisbury pedigree scandal. The article, among other things, stated that it was the belief of the *Stock-Keeper* that Mr. Huscroft had furnished other journals with advance news of the doings of the Kennel Club. *Fanciers' Gazette* having published Mr. Huscroft's denial of this charge, regards us as "guilty of gross unfairness" in not apologizing for having published the charge. This strikes us as being very, very funny, as this charge was a trivial one compared to the other charges which neither the *Gazette* nor Mr. Huscroft disprove or even apologize for.

The Eastern Field Trials Club has secured the services of Mr. D. C. Bergundthal, of Indianapolis, Ind., and Mr. J. R. Henricks, of Pittsburgh, Pa., to judge at their coming field trials. Mr. F. I. Stone, of Chattanooga, Tenn., was also invited, but owing to business engagements he was obliged to decline. As already announced, Col. Arthur Merriman, of Memphis, Tenn., will be one of the judges in the Pointer Stakes, and we hope to be able to announce the third judge for the Setter Stakes next week.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

BRED.

☞ Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Spinaway III.—Bang Bang. Westminster Kennel Club's (Babylon, L. I.) pointer bitch Spinaway III. to their Bang Bang, Aug. 10.

Pocahontas—Lad of Bow. F. R. Hitchcock's (New York) pointer bitch Pocahontas to Westminster Kennel Club's Lad of Bow, July 31.

Madstone—Lad of Bow. Westminster Kennel Club's (Babylon, L. I.) pointer bitch Madstone to their Lad of Bow, July 29.

Luckystone—Naso of Kippen. Westminster Kennel Club's (Babylon, L. I.) pointer bitch Luckystone to their Naso of Kippen, July 28.

Glauca—Lad of Bow. Westminster Kennel Club's (Babylon, L. I.) pointer bitch Glauca to their Lad of Bow, July 22.

Pattie of Naso—Naso of Kippen. J. R. Daniels's pointer bitch Pattie of Naso to Westminster Kennel Club's Naso of Kippen, July 20.

Bessie Bravo—Bang Bang. E. C. Freeman's pointer bitch Bessie Bravo to Westminster Kennel Club's Bang Bang, July 20.

Queen—Naso of Kippen. J. H. Winslow's (Philadelphia, Pa.) pointer bitch Queen to Westminster Kennel Club's Naso of Kippen, June 24.

May M.—Bang Bang. H. E. Thomas's pointer bitch May M. to Westminster Kennel Club's Bang Bang, June 11.

Modesty—Naso of Kippen. T. H. Terry's (New York) pointer bitch Modesty to Westminster Kennel Club's Naso of Kippen, May 8.

Kate VIII.—Lad of Bow. Westminster Kennel Club's (Babylon, L. I.) pointer bitch Kate VIII. to their Lad of Bow, May 19.

WHELPS.

☞ Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Wanda. Stratford Kennels' (Newark, N. J.) pointer bitch Wanda, Sept. 17, six (two dogs), by E. Dexter's Pontiac

Lass of Bow. Westminster Kennel Club's (Babylon, L. I.) pointer bitch Lass of Bow, June 19, ten (six dogs), by their Naso of Kippen.

Kate VIII. Westminster Kennel Club's (Babylon, L. I.) pointer bitch Kate VIII., July 16, eleven (nine dogs), by their Lad of Bow.

Nancy. Westminster Kennel Club's (Babylon, L. I.) pointer bitch Nancy, Sept. 19, eight (five dogs), by their Westminster Cato (Naso of Kippen—Kate VIII.).

Patsey Bang. The Elms Kennels' (Forest Lake, Minn.) pointer Patsey Bang (Bang Bang—Peggie), Sept. 24, nine (four dogs), by Dr. J. Hausen's Duke (Sensation—Rose).

SALES.

☞ Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Yellow River Joe—Yellow River Music whelps. Black, white, tan and ticked beagles, dog and bitch, whelped Aug. 16, 1889, by L. K. Avery, Bremen, Ind., to Wm. L. Ewing, Vincennes, Ind.

Romp and Rowett. White, black and tan, and black, white and tan beagle dogs, whelped Oct. 17, 1888, by Dan out of Weasel, by Blue Ridge Beagle Kennels, Denver, S. C., to Fred C. Cook, Chicago, Ill.

Harry Bird—Lady Vixen whelps. Pointers, whelped March 8, 1889, by F. R. Page, Orland, Me., a lemon and white dog to J. B. Baker, Manchester, Vt., and a liver, white and ticked bitch to Dr. L. M. Thompson, Mahanoy City, Pa.

Lord Chandler. Silver fawn pug dog, whelped Sept. 1, 1889, by Joe II. out of East Lake Virgie, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Mrs. David Hope, West Bay City, Mich.

Parone. Silver fawn pug dog, whelped Sept. 1, 1889, by Joe II. out of East Lake Virgie, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to W. H. Blymyer, same place.

Ben Hill—Nora whelps. Black, white and tan English setter bitches, whelped March 13, 1889, by T. Norris Cochran, Philadelphia, Pa., one each to D. C. Jones, Memphis, Tenn., and W. A. Hinesley, Indianapolis, Ind.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

L. J., Brooklyn.—I have a small King Charles spaniel, 5 years old, and I feed on bread and crackers soaked in tea, with sugar sprinkled over it, and very little meat. She is continually scratching herself and back seems to itch most, and her breath is very foul. Teeth are in fair condition, but front upper set is gone. Kindly advise me in one of your issues what can be done for her, and oblige subscriber. Ans. Give 5 drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic in the food daily. Give a 3-grain pill of quinine hidden in a morsel of meat each day.

J. E. V., New City, N. Y.—I have a pointer dog, 6 years old, weight 45lbs., that has been troubled for the last two years with sore feet. Sometimes they seem to be nearly well and then they break out again, and look as if they had been scalded between the toes and on the bottoms around the ball of the foot. I have used remedies recommended for mange. I think it must be his blood that is impure. Ans. Wash between toes and after drying dust on dry calomel powder. Do this night and morning. Fowler's solution, 5 drops daily in the food, is an excellent general tonic.

M. W., East Hampton.—My pointer dog has had sore eyes since last June; they run matter all the time. We have done all we can for him. He is 15mos. old; is dull and stupid; when I speak to him he hangs his head and seems frightened. When I got him he was all covered with small lumps, but I kept washing him with carbolic soap and they are all gone. There seems to be a skin growing over his eyes. Ans. Looks like distemper. Give 5 grains quinine night and morning in a pill concealed in a bit of meat. Also give 5 drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic in the food once daily. Feed very little or no meat. Keep the bowels open by giving one or two blue pills as seems necessary.

Rifle and Trap Shooting

RANGE AND GALLERY.

REGIMENT VS. STATE.

THE intimation that the 23d Regiment of this State would like to pit a team against a team from a Massachusetts regiment was not responded to, and now the following correspondence has passed in the endeavor of the Brooklyn boys to get on a match:

BROOKLYN, Sept. 25.

Col. H. T. Rockwell, Inspector-General of Rifle Practice, State of Massachusetts:

SIR—I have the honor to submit to you the following proposition: In order to test the relative merits of the Springfield 45cal. rifles and the Remington .50cal. rifles, the 23d Regiment, N. G., S. N. Y., would like to arrange two matches with the Massachusetts Rifle team under the following conditions: First match, the 23d Regiment to use the Remington .50cal. rifles and the Massachusetts team the Springfield rifles. Second match, to exchange rifles actually used in former competition, each team to furnish to the other the elevations used in former match. Considerations as to distance, number of shots, etc., to be mutually agreed upon hereafter. The 23d Regiment will furnish you 15 or 20 Remington .50cal. rifles to use in practice, you to provide the 23d Regiment team a like number of Springfield rifles. We desire a friendly contest to try and solve the vexed problem of the relative merits of guns and men.

The 23d Regiment will accept any Massachusetts man as referee and agree to terms that would be fair to all parties. We hope you will give this proposition favorable consideration, and advise us of your decision at an early date. Very respectfully, your obedient servant, HEYWOOD C. BROUN,

Capt. and Insp. Rifle Practice, 23d Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y.

To this challenge Col. Rockwell replied as follows:

BOSTON, Mass., Sept. 28, 1889.

Capt. H. C. Broun, I. R. P., 23d Regiment N. Y. S. N. G.:

SIR—The matches you propose would be interesting, whether successful in settling mooted points or not, I doubt, however, whether it would be practicable this season to get a team together. Our fall drills are yet to occur, and these, added to other State duties performed and rifle matches engaged in, will take all the time that some of the men can possibly spare. There might be a possibilty, however, of your getting on a competition through the inspector of the 2d Regiment. I would suggest that you address Lieut. S. S. Bumstead, I. R. P., 2d Regiment M. V. M., Springfield, Mass. He may be able to make up a team from the immediate neighborhood, with one or two additions from this part of the State, so as to meet you with 8 or 10 men. Permit me to add that whatever has appeared in the public press in the way of undue boastfulness about our Massachusetts team is not attributable to me or to any other representative of the State. We have for years recognized your New York troops as affording an example for emulation in rifle shooting, and it has been our ambition to put ourselves on your level. If we have the privilege and pleasure to meet your State team in future years we hope to come off with credit, whether winning or losing, but those who speak of any of the team habitually measuring strength at Creedmoor as "invincible" are badly advised. I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant. H. C. ROCKWELL,

Col. and Insp.-Gen. Rifle Practice, M. V. M.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Sept. 21.—The second shoot of the St. Louis Pistol Club on its new tourney took place last Wednesday night at the Laclede Gallery. Although the attendance was rather light several good scores were made by those who participated in the shoot. At 20yds. Standard American target the following scores were made:

S G Dorman	10	7	10	10	10	8	9	10	5	9—87
M Summerfield	10	6	7	9	10	8	9	9	8	8—84
G W Alexander	9	8	9	7	8	8	9	9	10	6—83
W Bauer	5	5	8	7	10	8	9	8	10	10—80
W C Mackwitz	10	6	5	10	5	7	7	8	7	6—71
A E Bengel	8	7	9	6	8	6	5	5	5	6—68

Sept. 23.—Only six members of the St. Louis Pistol Club were present at the last medal shoot held on Wednesday night at the Laclede Gallery. An 86 by Mohrstadt proved high, and the medal will remain in his possession until next Wednesday. Following are the scores:

E Mohrstadt	10	10	6	9	10	7	9	8	10	7—86
W Bauer	8	10	8	10	10	8	5	10	4	10—83
M Summerfield	7	8	9	9	7	9	8	9	9	6—81
G W Alexander	8	8	6	8	6	9	7	8	9	9—79
W C Mackwitz	9	7	9	10	9	6	6	10	8	8—79
A E Bengel	8	7	7	8	9	0	10	8	7	6—70

The fourth friendly match with pistols between Summerfield and Mohrstadt took place the past week, and was won by the former with six points to spare. The latter is not satisfied with his score, and another match between the above gentlemen will be shot next week. Conditions were: 50 shots per man at a 12½yds. standard American target, with .22cal. Stevens pistols:

M Summerfield	8	10	7	9	8	6	9	10	8	8—83
	10	9	9	10	7	9	9	8	9	10—90
	6	8	7	10	8	9	10	5	10	7—80
	10	9	8	9	8	9	8	7	9	9—86
	7	9	9	8	9	8	8	8	10	7—81—420
E Mohrstadt	7	10	6	10	7	7	10	7	10	7—87
	10	8	8	8	9	8	7	7	8	9—83
	9	10	7	9	9	7	7	8	6	6—78
	7	10	7	9	9	10	10	7	6	9—84
	6	8	7	10	9	10	8	10	10	10—88—414

UTICA, N. Y., Sept. 23.—The contest between the Frankfort Rifle Club and the Fort Schuyler Rifle Association was held this afternoon at the range in Deerfield. The contest was spirited, and over 200 spectators enjoyed the sport. Although the visiting team made some good shots, the home club won by 39 points. The feature of the contest was the excellent record which F. Ferris made with his muzzleloading rifle, the only muzzleloading gun used. He easily won first place, while Mr. Stoddard of the Frankfort Club secured the second. Below is the official score, each marksman being allowed 10 shots at 200yds.:

Utica.

E Devine	4	8	3	8	4	7	6	4	4	10—58
A Ferris	0	2	2	2	1	5	8	6	4	3—33
F Ferris	10	7	7	8	4	5	7	10	6	6—70
Sieboth	3	5	7	9	6	6	5	5	6	8—60
Utter	4	4	6	4	6	5	5	6	8	7—55
Woodward	3	4	8	9	5	6	5	3	2	3—48
Kent	4	6	7	4	7	5	10	8	4	10—65
Symonds	2	9	4	9	4	6	5	4	5	7—55
Hendricks	2	4	9	8	3	4	4	4	4	5—47
Hoges	1	3	2	3	3	3	5	8	3	9—40—531

Frankfort.

Gray	6	3	2	4	6	6	8	7	9	7—58
Perkins	4	6	5	5	5	6	0	5	3	4—44
Rich	4	4	4	2	4	3	3	4	4	7—39
Dobson	3	4	3	2	5	10	5	3	6	8—49
Whitney	3	3	1	5	4	5	4	3	3	6—37
Tubbs	8	4	4	5	6	6	4	4	4	4—49
Stoddard	6	5	8	5	6	8	9	9	6	6—68
McMillan	1	4	6	4	7	4	5	3	8	2—44
Staring	3	3	2	8	7	7	4	7	5	10—56
Valentine	9	2	0	3	3	10	5	5	6	4—47—492

The visiting team was handsomely entertained by the Fort Schuyler Association.

MARION, N. J., Sept. 25.—At the weekly shoot of the Marion Rifle Club, which was held to-day, Mr. L. Varick, the youngest member of the club, and who may be termed an amateur alongside of the other crack marksmen comprising this organization, made the highest score that was ever shot on the club's range. He scored 210 points out of a possible 250,

FRAMINGHAM, Mass., Sept. 28.—The annual State shoot of the Massachusetts militia was held here to-day under rather unpleasant auspices. The rain which descended at intervals, and the cloudiness of the atmosphere, did not help the shooting, but some remarkable scores were made nevertheless. The general run of the shooting was considerably above that of last year, and without doubt the brilliant trip of the Massachusetts rifle team to England has inspired the younger members of the militia to take up rifle shooting. Each company in the State was represented by a team of seven men, who shot for the company prize. Company A, Sixth Regiment, was victorious, winning the first prize by a score of 201 out of a possible 245. The remainder of the matches were not finished, owing to the rain and darkness, and may possibly be shot at some later day. The scores in detail are as follows:

Company Match.

Co A, 6th Inf	201	Co G, 9th Inf	162
Co G, 2d Inf	199	Co M, 5th Inf	161
Co F, 5th Inf	197	Co A, 1st Cavalry	160
Co B, 2d Inf	197	Co B, 6th Inf	159
Co H, 2d Inf	192	Co M, 1st Inf	159
Co M, 2d Inf	191	Co D, 1st Cavalry	159
Co G, 5th Inf	187	Co E, 2d Inf	158
Co I, 2d Inf	187	Co A, 1st Cavalry	157
Co M, 8th Inf	186	Co B, 1st Cadets	155
Co C, 6th Inf	183	Co C, 1st Cadets	154
Co A, 1st Inf	183	Co F, 1st Cavalry	154
Co L, 2d Inf	183	Co A, 5th Inf	153
Co H, 5th Inf	181	Co K, 9th Inf	152
Co D, 5th Inf	179	Co F, 9th Inf	152
Co F, 2d Inf	178	Co C, 5th Inf	151
Co C, 1st Inf	177	Co F, 8th Inf	150
Co B, 5th Inf	177	Co A, 2d Cadets	147
Co B, 1st Inf	176	Co H, 6th Inf	146
Co K, 6th Inf	170	Batt A, 1st Artillery	146
Co F, 6th Inf	170	Co D, 1st Inf	141
Co B, 8th Inf	169	Co G, 6th Inf	138
Co G, 8th Inf	166	Co G, 1st Inf	135
Co H, 1st Inf	166	Co D, 1st Cadets	133
Co F, 1st Inf	166	Co H, 8th Inf	125
Co I, 5th Inf	165	Co D, 6th Inf	119
Co M, 5th Inf	165	Co M, 9th Inf	113
Signal Corps, 1st Brig	163	Co H, 9th Inf	113
Co E, 6th Inf	163	Co B, 9th Inf	109
Co L, 9th Inf	162	Co D, 9th Inf	106
Co B, 2d Cadets	162	Co E, 8th Inf	104

Staff Teams.

Staff, 2d Brig	138	Staff, 9th Inf	117
Staff, 5th Inf	134	Staff, 6th Inf	110
Staff, 1st Brig	133	Staff, 1st Inf	100

Officers' Match.

Capt F H Briggs, A, 1st Inf	29 28—57	Lieut J G Harris, G, 2d Inf	21
		Brig-Gen Bridges, Jr, 1st Brig	20
Col E P Clark, 2d Inf	27	Lieut J C Morgan, B, 2d Inf	19
Corp F W Dallinger, B, 1st Inf	27	Lieut J W Pierce, Staff, 1st Cav	19
Maj P D Bridges, 2d Inf	26	Capt H Moussey, D, 5th Inf	19
Sergt C A Blair, B, 5th Inf	25	Lieut A D Nichols, A, 1st Cav	18
Capt Henderson, D, 1st Cav	24	Lieut W J Howard, I, 1st Inf	17
Col W A Bancroft, 5th Inf	23	Lieut C H Stearns, A, 6th Inf	16
Lieut Lombard, B, 1st Inf	23	Capt C E Shaw, K, 9th Inf	16
Lieut J Kenny, A 1st Inf	22	Lieut G S Pope, H, 8th Inf	14
Capt T Cordis, 1st Brig Staff	21	Lieut Spear, G, 5th Inf	12
Lieut D Emerson, A, 1st Cav	21	Capt W H Dunney, K, 8th	11
Lieut L H Perry, E, 8th Inf	21	Capt W C Parker, G, 5th	10
Lieut A D Nichols, A, 1st Cav	21		

Enlisted Men's Match.

E J La Ferre, M, 24 Inf	29	27—56	
Sergt G W Olmstead, F, 6th Inf	29	24—53	

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 30.—The annual shooting fest or prize shooting of the Philadelphia Schuetzen Verein was held on Thursday, Sept. 26, at their park on Queen Lane. Prizes for the ladies were also contested for in the ten pin alley, and were the cause of a great deal of enjoyment in this contest. Prizes on the honor target comprised a large amount of cash subscriptions and various articles of merchandise. Honor target, 25 center bull, 1in., ring 4½in., 200yds., off-hand, entry $1 for 3 shots:

Dr L Thomas	19	17	24	—60	W Wurfflein	4	12	14	—30	
E F Kolb	14	18	23	—55	S Watson	7	8	15	—30	
Dr M M Prince	17	18	19	—54	F Holzman	14	0	15	—29	
A Booz	20	24	4	—48	G F Kolb	6	14	9	—29	
F Seeber	16	16	25	—47	M Brierly	16	1	11	—28	
E Travis	15	18	14	—47	E Aushutz	0	17	8	—25	
J Reist	10	19	17	—46	X Zaeger	0	17	8	—25	
W Stein, Jr	17	12	17	—46	E Stees, Jr	9	4	11	—24	
J H Beuhler	17	15	13	—45	C Wolters, Jr	13	2	9	—24	
J J Mountjoy	15	16	14	—45	C Betz	13	9	0	—22	
O Molter	17	7	19	—43	F Brehm	3	0	19	—22	
H Balbain	20	22	00	—42	G Zimmerman	6	14	0	—20	
J M Green	11	15	12	—38	P Bernhardt	4	8	4	—16	
W Geizer	14	17	6	—37	H Frederick	0	0	15	—15	
J L Wetherly	14	15	8	—37	J Koonz	15	0	0	—15	
E Steiber	0	20	16	—36	C H Wolf	0	5	9	—14	
G Soeding	14	13	9	—36	F Balben	0	0	8	—8	
A Scheufflen	20	14	0	—34	G Weisbrod	4	0	0	—4	
C H Beeler	10	14	10	—34						

First and last bullseye morning and afternoon, premium of $1 each: First bullseye morning, C. Molter; last, W. Stein, Jr. Afternoon, first, W. Wurfflein; last, W. Stein, Jr.

Point or bullseye target, 12in. bull, 4in. center only to count; 3,490 tickets sold; 287 bullseye; 24 cash premiums on best bullseye, won by the members: 1 W. Wurfflein. 2. C. Moulter. 3. G. Soeding. 4. J. M. Green. 5. W. Gelzer. 6. J. L. Wetherby. 7. E. F. Kolb. 8. E. Travis. 9. S. Watson. 10. J. J. Mountjoy. 11. F. Bernhardt. 12. A. Schauffen. 13. L. Thomas. 14. Dr. M. M. Pierce. 15. W. Stein, Jr. 16. E. Stecher. 17. J. Reist. 18. C. H. Wolf. 19. W. Stees, Jr. 20. F. Brehm. 21. T. Mayer. 22. G. F. Kolb. 23. C. H. Becler. 24. F. Balbram.

Premium on bullseyes of 55 cents each after all expenses of markers and warners were deducted.

Messrs. B. Voight and C. Notnagel of the Newark Shooting Society were the guests of the club, their visit was to complete arrangements for the proposed visit of that society to Philadelphia in October—they expected to bring about 250 members.

BOSTON, Sept. 28.—The weekly shoot of the Massachusetts Rifle Association was held at its range to-day. The conditions were good with a one point wind from 8 to 9 A. M. Mr. Lee won the champion gold medal and Mr. Francis won the gold medal in the 20 shot match. Following are the best scores made to-day:

20-Shot Rest.

J Francis	102	107	209	J N Eames	102	34—196
W P Thompson	99	100—199		J K Munroe	86	89—175

Champion Medal Match.

H L Lee	75	C C Clarke	73

Military Medal Match, 200yds.

J B Fellows	45	42	41	A S Field	39	56
E A Poyen	44	30				

All-Comers' Rest, 200yds.

S Wilder	110	108	A Ballard	102	101
J N Eames	105	101	T Oliver	98	94
A Wabash	104		E James	97	94
J Francis	104		A S Hunt	73	73
W P Thompson	103	102			

All-Comers' Off-Hand, 200yds.

H L Lee	82		E W Frentz	67	64
J E Kelley	80		E D Roe, Jr	66	65
A McBean	74	67	F O Martin	62	60
A Sharp (mil)	69	69	A H Brown		59

500yds.

W E Halladay	45	36	H W Downs	31	24
C A Dean	41	40	H E Williams	34	32
O T Moore	35	32	F D Hart		28

Military Match, 200yds.

A Sharp	44	44	B Farmer	51	31
C Greene	43	43	A S Field	26	24
Fennessey	36	35	33	J Jameson	25	21
Lieut J J Sullivan	36	30	30	C Doyle	18	16
E Fredericks	32	30	W H Hastings	18	15

WIMBLEDON'S SECRETARY.—It is with very deep regret that we announce that Captain Mildmay has resigned the secretaryship of the National Rifle Association. It is now very nearly thirty years since he was appointed to that important office, the very onerous duties of which he has for that long period performed with the greatest conscientiousness and the highest ability. Of Captain Mildmay's unfailing kindness and courtesy we need not speak—they are well known to all who have had anything to do with "Wimbledon." He is, indeed, well entitled to his retirement after his long and arduous service, but we fear that the Council of the National Rifle Association will not have a very easy task to find a new secretary who will be as well qualified for the post as Captain Mildmay.—*Volunteer Service Gazette.* [We would heartily second the kind words of our English contemporary with remembrance of the most kindly attention shown us by the retiring secretary upon Wimbledon range.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 22.—Thirty-five members of the San Francisco Schuetzen Verein competed to-day at Shell Mound in the monthly medal shoot of the society. Ring-targets at 200yds. were used and the possible score for 20 shots was 500. F. Boeckman made 402, the highest in the first class. George A. Schultz scored 393, the top score in the second class. A. Morker scored 326, being the best of the third class, and Emil Ipsen made 345, the highest in the fourth class. In a special shoot between Philo Jacoby and A. Thierbach of the champion class, the former won with a score of 416 to 403 for his opponent.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

Secretaries of clubs and managers of tournaments are requested to keep us advised of the dates of their shoots, so that we may give due notice in our column of fixtures.

FIXTURES.

Oct. 1, 2, 3.—Linthicum's Keystone Tournament at Baltimore, Md.—Samuel J. Fort, Ellicott City, Md., Assistant Manager.

Oct. 8, 9, 10, 11.—Middlesex Gun Club Tournament, Dunellen, N. J. W. F. Force, Secretary, Plainfield, N. J.

Oct. 8, 9, 10, 11.—Fred A. Fodde's Second Annual Amateur Tournament, at St. Louis, Mo. Inanimate targets.

Oct. 15, 16, 17, 18.—Tournament at live birds and inanimate targets, Philadelphia. J. F. Kleinz, Secretary, 600 South Delaware avenue, Philadelphia.

Oct. 17, 18, 19.—West End Social Gun Club Tournament, Harrisburg, Pa.

Oct. 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25.—Second Tournament of the Mercer Gun Club, at Trenton, N. J. E. G. Updegrove, President.

AL. BANDLE'S SHOOT.

CINCINNATI, O., Sept. 24.—Al. Bandle's fifth annual shooting tournament opened here this morning to good business, and has every promise of being what its predecessors have been, in the front rank of the shooting events of the year. Mr. Bandle is unique in his ideas and his methods of running a trap tournament, but he never fails to interest sportsmen, always gets a crowd together, and always keeps the crowd busy and contented. He does not believe in any theory of classification or of handicapping, but insists that every tub must stand on its own bottom. He hangs out as his flag the announcement that there will be $1,000 cash guaranteed, which will be shot for with "no pro rata, no favorites, nobody barred, no handicap." This may not be quite up to the modern theory of trap shooting, but one must confess that viewed in the light of recent trap-shooting history this tournament is a success, no matter what its theory. It is a better shoot to-day than the American Association shoot was on its first day here last June, and is as fairly entitled to its claim as being a "world's tournament." The numbers of shooters, however, is not up to what it has formerly been, or to what it was hoped it would be, although there are about as many here as at any of the shoots. The manager who can show an entry of 30 as an average has no right to complain nowadays, for the trap-shooting interest is breaking up into such numbers of small local shoots that only a few shooters will travel any great distance to an event. Many of the old-timers of the West are here, and the shooting company is very strong. Budd, Heikes, Tucker and Ruble are here. W. Crosby, alias "Westfield," alias "Denver Pete," is here with his old hammer Parker, and looks as innocent as he did at the Denver shoot, where he came pretty near stealing the town site by virtue of guileless airs and old clothes. A. H. Elliott, a noted Kansas City shot, is on hand, and so is his running mate "D. A. Meade," of St. Louis, which the same name hides a professional with cotton in his ears. "Dayton," another prince traveling *incog.*, is looking as fat and happy as when he sat up all night and studied history at the Corry shoot. C. C. Hebbard is looking after the standard targets from Cleveland. "J. K. Keene" is one of the best live-bird shots in Kansas City. "Keene," Elliott and "Meade" will all doubtless be in the Missouri team if the Missouri-Illinois shoot at 1,000 live birds ever comes off. Wm. Horn is here from Zanesville, O.; S. P. Anthony comes from Muncie, Ind.; Dr. Vincent is from Guildford, Ind.; Drs. Richardson and Hibbard are from Athens, O., and J. E. Pumphrey comes from Columbus, O., and so does L. Fink; R. W. Bennett is from Jackson, O.; C. W. McPhee is from Bulletsville, Ky.; Martin O'Neil and a lot of others are expected from Lexington, Ky.; Dr. S. H. Moore and Geo. Beck are from Indianapolis, Ind.; and there are a lot from all over, with some "deestricks" yet to hear from. In a morning paper it is announced that McMurchy, Stice, Meaders and several other well-known shooters are here, as well as a number of others, imaginary or unknown. These are not here, nor are they likely to be. It is difficult to tell by what right any journal publishes or cares to publish such reckless and silly "news" as this. Among the absent ones are some who are missed. Frank Parmalee has not yet shown up, though he has telegraphed from Omaha, "I w-w-will b-b-b-be there."

The weather is exceptionally pleasant to-day. The grounds are in good order. The traps are arranged in three sets of five, squad shooting not being used. Everything has worked very smoothly, and it is a jolly, joking crowd, every man of which is able to hold his own anywhere you come at him. The live birds are about a Cincinnati lot, and therefore not extra. They are a trifle better than those used at the Association shoot here last summer. The same old cockroach is on the table that there was here then, and the same old cook is on hand who came so near killing the crowd then. He can make the coldest and poorest coffee on earth, bar nobody. Al. Bandle ought to kill him and hire somebody with a stove. But then Al. don't drink any coffee himself. A new and valuable discovery was made by some of the pilgrims to-night, which saved them an hour or two of riding on the one-armed grapevine street railway which runs past the tunnel mouth. By going up the hill one block the electric cars are reached, and these run down into the city much more rapidly.

The management hung up the following page in the regular programme pamphlet:

"Owing to the number of questions usually asked the management we have appointed Mr. Ed Taylor to answer the following. No other questions allowed: What's the next race? How many entries? What's the entrance? What kind of birds? How many birds? Where's the lunch counter? Where's the bar? Where's the ——? Do you think Budd or Stice, etc. will shoot me out if I get in a tie? How many will I break if I enter? What's first money? How many tie for second? What rules are you shooting under? Why don't you run a 'tourney' like we do? Why don't you hold it next month? If I get broke will you send me home? If I shoot in all the matches do you think I will get some surplus? Which is McMurchy? Is Carver here? Who is that at the score? Introduce me to Budd, Stice, Ruble, Penrose, etc. Where is Bandle? How many sets of traps have you? Say, mister, how do you load? Do you hold behind those quartering birds? Why did I not break that bird—I shot right at it? Do you shoot wood or Schultze? What's the round trip to Cincinnati? Where is the double bird champion? Is dis de place? Dis must pe de place, dere's no oder place around."

Following are the scores:

Match 1, 9 single bluerocks, entrance $2:

Budd	011111111—8	McPhee	111111011—8
Heikes	111111111—9	J E Miller	010011111—6
Pumphrey	011011110—5	Moore	010111111—7
Bandle	011111111—8	Anthony	101111001—6
"Dayton"	111011010—6	Richardson	101111101—7
"Westfield"	111111111—9	C A Smith	10000w.
"Keene"	111001111—7	Hibbard	111110110—7
"Cole"	101111111—8	Waddell	111011011—6
Elliot	111111101—8	Scrof	111101111—8
Roberts	100111001—5	O Hayes	111111101—8
Vincent	0010w.	Tittle	111101011—7
Haine	110111111—8	Tucker	111111101—8
"Meade"	111101111—8	Bob White	111111111—9
McVey	111111001—7	Girton	1101010w.
Taylor	010111111—7	See	011111111—8

First money div. by Heikes, White and Westfield; second div. by Budd, Bandle, Elliot, Haine, Scrof, Tucker, See with 6 each, others 0; McVey won tie of 7 with 3, Taylor and Tittle 1, others 0.

Match 2, 9 single Peoria blackbirds, entrance $2:

Budd	111111111—9	Keene	111111111—9
Heikes	111111011—8	Elliott	111110011—7
Dayton	101001111—6	Westfield	011111111—8
Horn	111110110—7	White	001011111—6
Cole	111111111—9	Girton	111111111—9
Mead	111111111—9	See	101111111—8
McVey	111111101—8	Bandle	110111111—8
Vincent	011111101—7	Taylor	011111111—8
Moore	110101111—7	O Hayes	011111111—8
Miller	101101101—6	Tittle	011011111—7

Richardson	101111010—6	Waddell	111111111—9
Anthony	111011101—7	McPhee	101101111—7
Smith	011110110—6	Stephenson	011111111—8
Hibbard	111111111—9	Roberts	000000010—1
Cargill	111010010—6	Pumphrey	111111111—9
Scrof	111110110—7		

Ties on 9 div. first. On 8, Heikes 4, McVey 0, See 5, Westfield, Bandle, Taylor, Hayes and Stephenson 6 and div. second. On 7, Horn and Anthony 4, Scrof 1, Elliott 0, Vincent, Moore, McPhee and Tittle 6 and div. third.

Match 3, Ed. Taylor's Favorite, 10 single champion clay birds, entrance $5, first, $40; second, $30; third, $20; fourth, $10:

Vincent	1111111101— 9	Taylor	1111101111— 9
Cole	1111010111— 8	Waddell	1111011011— 8
Moore	1000011111— 6	Bob White	1111011101— 8
Elliot	0111111111— 9	Dayton	1110103100— 5
Budd	1110111111— 9	Stevenson	1110111110— 8
Bandle	0011100111— 6	"N G"	0111111111— 9
Mead	1110111111— 9	O Hays	1111010011— 7
Haine	0101111110— 7	Pumphrey	1001111010— 6
Keene	1100010000— 3	Girton	1001011000— 4
Westfield	1111111111—10	Srof	0100110100— 4
McVey	1111101110— 8	Miller	1111011110— 8
Anthony	1001011111— 7	See	1110011101— 7
McPhee	1011110011— 6	Tittle	1101110110— 7
Hibbard	1100011011— 6	Richardson	1001100000— 3
Heikes	1111110101— 8	Fink	1111010110— 8

Westfield first; ties on 9 div. second, on 8, McVey 0, McPhee 1, Heikes 3, Waddell 3, Bob White 2, Stevenson 4, Fink 0; Miller and Cole 5 each and div. third; on 7, See 3, Tittle 2, Hayes 8, McVey 8, Haine 9.

Match 4, Blue Island's favorite, no medals, 7 single live birds, entrance $5.

Bandle	1112212—7	Elliot	0101111—5
Dayton	1211101—6	Bohemian	2010100—3
Vincent	1121212—7	Reif	1120111—6
Cole	1121212—7	Roberts	1122101—6
Horn	1222212—7	Hibbard	0122112—6
Tucker	0111101—5	Mead	1211112—7
Budd	1111111—7	Smith	1111100—5
McVey	2110121—5	Richardson	2101122—6
McPhee	1121122—7	Keene	1211111—7
Anthony	1001001—3	Westfield	2011112—6
Moose	0112100—4	Pumphrey	1112211—7
White	1112112—7	Fink	0202111—5
Heikes	1211112—7		

Bandle, Vincent, Cole, Horn, Budd, Heikes, White, Mead, Keene, and Pumphrey div. first; Dayton, Richardson, Westfield and Hibbard div. second; Tucker, Elliot and Fink div. fourth.

TABLE OF ARMS AND LOADING EMPLOYED BY SHOOTERS IN LIVE BIRD EVENTS IN THE BANDLE TOURNAMENT.

Name.	Gun.	GA.	Powder, Right Barrel.	Shot, Right Barrel.	Powder, Left Barrel.	Shot, Left Barrel.
*C. W. Budd	L. C. Smith	12	34grs. "Trap" Wood	1¼oz. No. 7 Struck	34grs. "Trap" Wood	1¼oz. No. 7 Struck
+Al. Bandle	L. C. Smith	12	34grs. Laflin & Rand	1¼oz. No. 7 Soft	34grs. Laflin & Rand	1¼oz. No. 7 Soft
Rolla O. Heikes	L. C. Smith	12	34grs. Laflin & Rand	1¼oz. No. 7 Soft	34grs. Laflin & Rand	1¼oz. No. 7 Soft
"Westfield" (W. Crosby)	Parker	10	44grs. Dead Shot, FFG	1¼oz. No. 8 Chilled	45grs. Dead Shot, FFG	1¼ oz. No. 8 Chilled
Ed. Taylor	L. C. Smith	12	34grs. Laflin & Rand	1¼oz. No. 7 Soft	34grs. Laflin & Rand	1¼oz. No. 7 Soft
A. Thacker	L. C. Smith	10	44grs. Dupont, FFG	1¼oz. No. 8 Chilled	45grs. Dupont, FFG	1¼oz. No. 8 Chilled
J. E. Miller	Ithaca	10	44grs. "Trap" Wood	1¼oz. No. 7 Soft	44grs. "Trap" Wood	1¼oz. No. 7 Soft
"Bob White" (J. A. Ruble)	L. C. Smith	12	34grs. Schultze	1¼oz. No. 8 Chilled	34grs. Schultze	1¼oz. No. 8 Chilled
"D. A. Meade" (J. K. Guinotte)	Lefever	12	44grs. Schultze	1¼oz. Tatham No. 8 Chilled	44grs. Schultze	1¼oz. Tatham No. 8 Chilled
"J. K. Keene" (J. K. Guinotte)	Lefever	12	44grs. Schultze	1¼oz. Tatham No. 8 Chilled	44grs. Schultze	1¼oz. Tatham No. 8 Chilled
Dr. A. B. Richardson (left barrel first)	W. & C. Scott & Son	10	34grs. Wood	1¼oz. No. 8 Chilled	34grs. Wood	1¼oz. No. 8 Chilled
C. W. Williams	Ithaca	10	40grs. Schultze	1¼oz. No. 8 Chilled	40grs. Schultze	1¼oz. No. 8 Chilled
C. W. Leedom	L. C. Smith	12	34grs. Schultze	1¼oz. No. 8 Chilled	34grs. Schultze	1¼oz. No. 8 Chilled
Dr. F. Hibbard	Parker	12	40grs. Wood	1¼oz. No. 8 Chilled	40grs. Wood	1¼oz. No. 8 Chilled
F. M. Bampton	Parker	12	34grs. Schultze	1¼oz. No. 8 Soft	34grs. Schultze	1¼oz. No. 8 Soft
J. E. Pumphrey	Parker	12	40grs. Am. Wood	"Westminster Cl'd"	40grs. Am. Wood	"Westminster Cl'd"
Wm. Horn	Lefever	10	34grs. Schultze	1¼oz. No. 8 Chilled	34grs. Schultze	1¼oz. No. 8 Chilled
Chas. C. Hibbard	Parker	12	34grs. Laflin & Rand	1¼oz. No. 8 Chilled	34grs. Laflin & Rand	1¼oz. No. 8 Chilled
M. J. Sviha	Parker	12	40grs. Laflin & Rand	1¼oz. No. 8 Chilled	40grs. Laflin & Rand	1¼oz. No. 8 Chilled
"Cole" (left barrel first)	Lefever	10	40grs. Dupont, FFG	1¼oz. No. 8 Chilled	45grs. Dupont, FFG	1¼ oz. No. 8 Chilled
E. W. Dayton	Lefever	10	40grs. Schultze	1¼oz. No. 8 Chilled	40grs. "Trap" Wood	1¼oz. No. 7 Soft
Dr. S. F. Vincent	W. & C. Scott & Son	10	40grs. Laflin & Rand	1¼oz. No. 8 Chilled	40grs. Oriental "Wing Shot"	1¼oz. No. 8 Chilled
Geo. Wiley	Parker	12	34grs. Schultze	1¼oz. No. 8 Chilled	34grs. Schultze	1¼oz. No. 8 Chilled
C. W. McPhee	Parker	12	34grs. Schultze	1¼oz. No. 8 Chilled	34grs. Schultze	1¼oz. No. 8 Chilled
B. H. Holdhouse	Parker	12	34grs. Schultze	1¼oz. No. 8 Chilled	34grs. Schultze	1¼oz. No. 8 Chilled
Dr. S. H. Moore	Parker	12	34grs. Schultze	1¼oz. No. 8 Chilled	34grs. Schultze	1¼oz. No. 8 Chilled
S. P. Anthony	Lefever	10	44grs. Schultze	1¼oz. No. 8 Chilled	44grs. Schultze	1¼oz. No. 8 Chilled

Name.	Gun.	GA.	Powder, Right Barrel.	Shot, Right Barrel.	Powder, Left Barrel.	Shot, Left Barrel.
*C. W. Budd	L. C. Smith	12	34grs. "Trap" Wood	1¼oz. No. 7 Struck	34grs. "Trap" Wood	1¼oz. No. 7 Struck
+Al. Bandle	L. C. Smith	12	34grs. Laflin & Rand	1¼oz. No. 7 Soft	34grs. Laflin & Rand	1¼oz. No. 7 Soft
Rolla O. Heikes	L. C. Smith	12	34grs. Laflin & Rand	1¼oz. No. 7 Soft	34grs. Laflin & Rand	1¼oz. No. 7 Soft
"Westfield" (W. Crosby)	Parker	10	44grs. Dead Shot, FFG	1¼oz. No. 8 Chilled	45grs. Dead Shot, FFG	1¼ oz. No. 8 Chilled
Ed. Taylor	L. C. Smith	12	34grs. Laflin & Rand	1¼oz. No. 7 Soft	34grs. Laflin & Rand	1¼oz. No. 7 Soft
A. Thacker	L. C. Smith	10	44grs. Dupont, FFG	1¼oz. No. 8 Chilled	45grs. Dupont, FFG	1¼

Ties on 7: Keen 2, Smith 0, Budd 5, Hampden 3, McPhee 3; Elliott, Westfield, Bandle and White 6 each and div. first. On 6: Cole 7, S. Vincent 1, Horn 10, Richardson 7, Anthony 2, G. O. P. 2, Bondurant 1, William 0, McVey 1, Willie 3; Meade and Heikes 11 and div. second. On 5: Bohemian 0, Bing 6; Dayton, Pumphrey, Miller, Early, Leedam 2 and div. third. Ties on 4 div. fourth.

Tie shooting again went on until night time. It may be seen that the entry on the second day ran above 30 in some shoots. More men are expected for to-morrow. The class of men who come to the Bandle shoots are those who shoot right on through the whole tournament, and that is what makes any tournament a success.

During the afternoon, after the close of the Bandle-"Meade" match, the latter, who is a mighty hard single-hand talker besides being a pretty hard shooter, was challenging the universe and the star-filled circumambient aether to shoot him a match at anything. He said something about 25 live birds, use of one barrel, at $25 a side, and Rolla Heikes called him down. Reluctantly he put up $10 forfeit to cover Rolla's $10, and the boys are looking for some more fun to-morrow. Two or three additional sweeps with good entries were shot to-day.

Third Day, Thursday, Sept. 26.—Good weather marked the day, and it will be seen that the crowd came to stay. The live birds in the afternoon shoot were more properly to be classed under the head of inanimate targets. They couldn't fly by themselves. Only once in a while did one go out of the trap at the pull. The live-bird shoots had taken so much time that the programme was running a little behind, four shoots remaining over from yesterday. Much interest was manifested in the single-barrel match between "Meade" and Heikes. Heikes had "Meade" beaten in his first four birds, three dead out of bounds. Score:

"Meade"—Heikes, 25 live birds, $25 a side, use of one barrel, 30yds. rise:	
"Meade"	0101111111101111111101111011—20
Heikes	1111111111101111111101111011—22

Match 13, C. E. Verges's favorite, 12 single bluerocks, $100 guaranteed, entrance $5; first $40, second $30, third $20, fourth $10:

Bandle	111111111111—12	White	111111111101—11
Budd	001111111111—10	Miller	111101111111—11
Horn	111010111101—9	Pumphrey	010101111101—8
Anthony	011010010101—7	Leedom	000110001111—6
Heikes	110111111111—11	Early	111111111112—12
Westfield	101111110111—10	Topf	111010111110—10
Keene	101011111110—9	Dayton	111111011110—10
Meade	111110111111—11	Vincent	111111111112—12
Taylor	111101110110—10	Bondurant	110111110111—10
Elliot	111111111112—12	Randall	111011101111—10
Cole	101010111111—10	McPhee	111111111101—11

Ties of 12 div. first; ties of 11 div. second; ties of 10 shot off, Taylor 3, Cole 0, Topf 4, Dayton 3, Bondurant 5, Randall 3, Budd and Westfield 6 and div. third; ties of 9 div. fourth.

Match 15, 10 single champion clay birds, entrance $2:

Bandle	1111111111—10	Cole	1103001110— 5
Elliott	1001111110— 7	Harris	1110111101— 8
Bondurant	1101111111— 9	Early	1110111111— 9
Horn	1110100111— 7	White	1011011111— 8
Heikes	1001111110— 7	Pumphrey	1110001011— 6
Merrick	0011111011— 7	Budd	1101111111— 9
Sec	1111011011— 8	McPhee	1111111111—10
Keene	1010010000— 3	Taylor	1110.11110— 8
Meade	1111011011— 8	Vincent	1111000111— 7
Westfield	0111101111— 8	Kelly	0011011101— 6
Dayton	0110101111— 7	Tucker	1110010111— 7

Ties of 10 div. first; ties of 9 div. second; ties of 8 shot off, See 8, Westfield 12, Harris 14, White 3, Taylor 0, Meade scored 15 straight and took third.

Match 16, 9 single standard targets, entrance $2:

Bandle	111111111—9	Vincent	011111111—8
Budd	111111111—9	Keen	111011111—8
Dayton	111101110—7	Westfield	111111111—9
Anthony	111111001—7	Cole	110111110—7
Early	111111011—8	Taylor	111111111—9
Horn	101111011—7	See	111111111—9
Pumphrey	101011111—7	Meade	111111111—9
McPhee	111101111—8	White	111111111—9
Heikes	111111111—9	Randall	111111111—9
Girton	110111111—8	Elliott	111111111—9

Ties on 9 shot off, and after scoring 9 straight all, div.; ties on 8 shot off, Vincent 2, Keen 3; Early, McPhee and Girton scored 6 and div. second; ties on 7 shot off, Dayton 2, Anthony 3, Horn 1; Pumphrey and Cole scored 6 and div. third.

Match 19, Tee Kay's Jonah, 10 single champion clay birds, $100 guaranteed, entrance $5, first $40, second $30, third $20, fourth $10:

Bandle	1111011101— 8	Meade	0111111101— 8
Heikes	0111111111— 9	Elliot	1111011101— 8
Cole	1010101101— 6	Keen	1011101011— 7
Budd	1111111111—10	Miller	1110009111— 6
G O P	1111101001— 7	Westfield	1111111110— 9
Horn	1110011110— 7	McPhee	0111101110— 7
White	1111111110—10	Topf	1011010010— 5
Taylor	1101100011— 6	Early	1001110111— 7
Anthony	1010000100— 4	Vincent	0111110011— 7

Ties on 10 div. first. Ties on 8 div. third. Ties on 7 shot off: Keen 1, Early 2, Vincent 0. C. O. P. and McPhee scored 6 and div. fourth.

Match 20, 12 Peoria blackbirds, entrance $2:

Heikes	0111110001—8	Girton	0111111011—10
Anthony	1111111111—12	See	1111111111—12
Dayton	1101101111—10	Randall	1111111111—12
Cole	1011011111001—8	Meade	1111111111—12
Tucker	0111011111—10	Elliot	1111111111—12
Taylor	0110111111101—9	Condell	1110111101—10
Bondurant	0011111111—10	Pumphrey	1111111111—12
Keene	1111101111—11	Horn	1110111011—10
Vincent	1110111111—11	White	1111111101—11
Westfield	1111111111—12	Miller	1110010111—9
Bandle	1110111111—11	Leedom	0111111000—8
Early	1111010111—11	Frank	0011111111—10
Budd	0111111111—11	Murphy	1111011111—11
Hibbard	1011110111—9	Kelly	1110110111—10
Topf	1001010110—7	Kramer	0110010111— 7

Ties on 12 div. first, ties on 11 shot off: Keene 1, Vincent 0, Bandle 1, Randall 1, Murphy 1; Budd, Early and White score 3 and div. second. Ties on 10 shot off: Tucker 0, Bondurant 1, Condell 1, Horn 0, Frank 0, Kelly 0; Girton and Dayton scored 3 and div. third.

Match 18, Frank P-P-Parmalee's favorite, 7 single live birds, $100 guaranteed, entrance $6.50. First, $40; second, $30; third, $20; fourth $10:

Dayton	1122222—7	Keene	1121022—6
Cole	1111111—7	Horn	1211102—6
Bandle	2122211—7	Sullivan	0011010—3
Budd	1111111—7	Westfield	1111211—7
Anthony	1200001—3	Bondurant	0222112—6
White	1211111—7	McPhee	1111111—7
Heikes	1112210—6	Elliot	1120102—5
Mead	1122111—7	Bohemian	0022021—4
Miller	2112211—7	Kelly	1112100—5
Vincent	1201012—5	Early	2212111—7
Tucker	2110111—6		

Ties on 7 shot off: Dayton 0, Bandle 7, Miller 1, McPhee 7, Early 7, Cole, Budd, White and Mead scored 9 and div. first; ties on 6 div. second; ties on 5 div. third; Bohemian took fourth.

This live bird shoot was the last of the day, and the ties might not have been divided had it not grown so dark. The programme is now five shoots behind, but everybody has been busy and happy.

In the live bird match of yesterday "Westfield" and "Keene" fell foul of each other, and "Westfield" wagered a pie that he would kill his next bird. The stake was doubled on the same basis until "Westfield" had won twenty-five fair round pies. These Mr. "Keene" produced upon the grounds this morning. Wick seized and ate twenty-four of them before he could be stopped. Therefore "Keene" offered to back Wick as champion double pie-eater. Charlie Budd took him up, and produced Al. Bandle as his man. A difficulty, however, arose, as Mr. Budd insisted that his man's hold was Bologna sausage, and not pie. In the argument about how to arrange for equal quantities of Bologna and pie the match fell through. Then the boys fell to pitching dollars at a stick, and "Keene" beat the "Chippie." The latter gentleman declares that he will not have the title, which Mr. Frank Kleinz has just conferred on him in the East, of "Captain" Budd, and says no title except "Chippie" goes.

After the dollar-pitching race there was some jumping, running, etc., and at any sport that came up "Meade" freely offered to back himself against the world and the general atmosphere. The crowd collected in the tent, and for half an hour there was the hardest line of bluff put up that probably ever was known at a tournament. Elliott bluffed Bob White, and Bob White bluffed Elliott, and "Meade" bluffed them both and ran off. "Westfield" refused to give up the stake money, and everybody was challenging the world. When the smoke cleared away it was discovered that Heikes and "Meade" had on a 100 birds single barrel race, $100 a side, to be shot Saturday; and that Elliott and Bandle had a 100 birds race for the same day. To-morrow, therefore, will not be last day of the shoot, and most of the crowd is likely to stay over to see what will really be the best part of the tournament.

Fourth Day, Friday, Sept. 27.—Weather clear and cool to-day. A good many of the boys have gone home, but the crowd remaining is a gritty one. Heikes and "Meade" have agreed to shoot their 100 live birds single-barrel race at Dayton tournament next month instead of here. The Bandle-Elliott 100 bird race has forfeit posted for to-morrow, and talk is made of a sweep at 25 live birds, $25 a corner. At the close of the shooting this evening Heikes and "Meade" fell to shooting one-hand races at targets, 15 birds, for amounts running up to $4 or $5, the crowd also betting freely. Heikes won two such races, "Meade" one. The programme is no longer followed. Score:

Match 21, 12 Peorias, entrance $2:			
Dayton	111111011011—10	See	111101111111—11
Bandle	111111111112—12	Randall	111111011011—10
Horn	111101110110— 9	McPhee	111110111110—10
D R	111111011111—11	Vincent	111111111112—12
Budd	111111111112—12	Keene	001111101111— 9
Heikes	101111111111—11	Westfield	111111111011—11
Early	111111110111—11	Taylor	011111111111—11
Bondurant	111111010111—10	White	111111111112—12
Girton	111111111112—12		

Ties on 12 div. first. Ties on 11 shot off: D. R. 1, Westfield 3, Taylor 5. Heikes and See scored 6 and div. second. Ties on 10 shot off: Dayton 3, Bondurant 5, McPhee 2. Randall scored 6 straight and took third.

Match 23, Rolla Heikes' favorite, 12 single standard targets, $100 guaranteed, entrance $5. First $40, second $30, third $20 and fourth $10:

Heikes	111111111112—12	Frank	011110011101— 8
Bandle	111111111011—11	Elliot	111111111110—11
Budd	111111110111—11	Westfield	011112111111—11
Keene	110111111101—10	McPhee	111111110011—10
Mead	111111111011—11	White	111111111112—12
D R	111111111011—11	Toms	111011111111—11
Taylor	011011011111— 8	Miller	111011111110—10
Cole	111101111111—11	Early	011111111010— 9

Ties on 12 div. first. Ties on 11 shot off: Bandle 1, Jones 2. Budd, Horn, Cole, Elliott, Westfield and Vincent scored 6 straight and div. second; ties on 10 div. third: Early fourth.

Match 24, H. McMurchy's favorite, 7 single live birds, $100 guaranteed, entrance $6.50, first $40, second $30, third $20, fourth $10.

Bandle	0002111—4	"D R"	2210101—5
Budd	1112111—7	"C E"	1110201—5
White	1230122—6	Shoonmaker	0111110—5
Meade	1011111—6	Anthony	2010022—4
Cole	2122112—7	Toms	0211121—6
Westfield	2111212—7	McPhee	1111011—6
Heikes	0111211—6	Bohemian	1112021—6
Keene	2121112—7	Horn	2121222—7
Elliot	1111111—7	Miller	1111111101—9
Murphy	1112001—5	Dayton	2112121—7
Frank	2111000—4	Vincent	2110122—6

Ties on 7 shot off, Cole 1, Horn 1, Budd, Westfield, Keene, Elliot and Dayton scored 3 and div. first; ties on 6 shot off, White 3, Heikes 10, Toms 0, McPhee 2, Bohemian 0, Vincent 13, Meade scored 15 straight and took second; ties on 5 div. third; ties on 4 shot off, Frank 2, Bandle and Anthony scored 3 and div. fourth.

Match 25, 12 single Keystone targets, entrance $1:

Budd	111111111101—11	See	111101011011— 9
Heikes	111111111111—12	Vincent	111111111110—11
Horn	111101111111—11	Girton	001111111011— 9
Miller	011110101111— 9	White	111111111111—12
Bondurant	111111110111—10	Elliot	111111101110—10
Westfield	111111111112—12	Cole	101001110111— 9
D R	111001111111— 9	Taylor	111101111111—11
Bandle	111111111112—12	Frank	101011011111— 9
Keene	101011010111— 8	Murphy	011010111111— 9
Meade	111111011111—11	Early	111111011111—11
McPhee	111111111112—12	Adams	100110101111— 9

Ties on 12 div. first; ties on 11 shot off, Heikes 4, Horn 6, Vincent 17, Taylor 11, Early 10, Meade scored 18 straight and took second; ties on 10 div. third.

Extra Match, 5 pairs bluerocks, entrance $2: Dayton 4, Heikes 8, Murphy 9, Bandle 8, E. B. Vincent 7, Budd 8, D. R. 9, Bohemian 8, Anthony 7, "Meade" 6, Westfield 9, McPhee 9, Early 6, Keen 4. Ties on 9 div. first; ties on 8 div. second; ties on 7 div. third.

Extra Match, 12 standards, entrance $2: Bandle 9, Murphy 9, Heikes 11, "Meade" 10, Vincent 8, Tucker 12, Bohemian 10, D. R. 10, S. Vincent 9, Anthony 9, Adams 10, Keen 10, Dayton 11, Early 11, Frank 11, C. E. 9, Budd 11, Westfield 11, White 12. Ties on 12 div. first; ties on 11 shot off: Heikes 5, Early 2, Frank 2, Budd, Dayton and Westfield 6 each and div. second; ties on 10 shot off: Bohemian 1, D. R. 2, Adams 1, Keen 5, "Meade" scored 6 and took third.

Extra match, 10 single clay-birds, entrance $2: Heikes 7, Keen 8, Westfield 9, D. R. 8, Bandle 7, Girton 7, Randal 6, Budd 7, McPhee 10, Meade 8, Early 6, Elliot 9, Cole 8, Adams 7, Vincent 8, Taylor 5, Bob White 10, See 9, Murphy 8, Dayton 6, Frank 4, Horn and Bondurant withdrew. Ties on 10 div. first, ties on 9 div. second, ties on 8 shot off: Keen 3, D. R. 6, Cole 4, Murphy 3, Mead scored 10 and took third.

Extra match, 10 Ligowsky clay-birds: Cole 9, Mead 7, Budd 7, Horn 5, Bandle 10, Keen 7, Elliot 9, Heikes 7, Westfield 8, Frank 6, Bondurant 6, See 6, Adams 7, Bob White 7, McPhee 9, Girton 7, D. R. 9, Taylor 9, Vincent 5, Miller 5. Bandle scored 10 and took first; ties on 9 shot off: Bole 0, Elliot 0, McPhee 1, D. R. and Taylor scored 5 and div. second; Westfield scored 8 and took third.

Fifth Day, Saturday, Sept. 28.—The tournament proper closed yesterday, but most of the old crowd were on hand to-day to see the live-bird matches, and the largest number of spectators out on any day were present in the afternoon. The talk of the $25 sweep resulted in a $10 sweep, the shooting of which occupied most of the morning after a few small side matches had been shot. Extra sweep, 10 live birds, entrance $10. Score:

Elliot	1112011111— 9	Keene	2022101202— 7
Bandle	1111112201— 9	Westfield	1212221120— 9
Budd	1111111111—10	Heikes	1221121112—10

Ties on 10 div. first; ties on 9 shot off, Elliot 14, Westfield 3; Bandle scored 15 straight and took third.

The chief event of the whole shoot now transpired, the match between J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, and Al Bandle, at 100 live birds, the former posting $100 to the latter's $125, on the ground that his gun was a new one to him. This match was one of the closest ever shot, and was singularly exciting from start to finish. Bandle shot an uphill race from his second 20 on, but in his last 20 Elliott dropped 3, and the men were tied on 94 at the end of the hundred. The men went in for the tie at 25 birds, and each dropped a bird. In the second tie at 25, however, Bandle's luck foresook him, and he lost three all in a bunch, missing one incomer that he could have killed with a rock. Al vows this bird winked at him as it came in, and broke him up. Elliott got 24 in good style, and won. He shot a great race. The birds outclassed those used earlier in the tournament, and were an exceptionally good lot for any town. Both men had to make kills that brought out applause. Elliott shot a 12-gauge Lefever and Bandle shot a 12-gauge L. C. Smith, and each gun made a record for the twelves against any heavier guns. This match was a sensational one, and a fitting close to the shoot. It will be repeated at Kansas City at Mr. Elliott's tournament this winter, when the latter gentleman will post $125 to his competitor's $100. Score:

Elliott-Bandle, 100 live birds, 28yds., 5 ground traps:

Elliott ($100)	2121110111212121111111211111o1121111111112101o1 1112111111122111211111112112101112101121o111—94
Bandle ($125)	1221211212121112110o121111211101111112021112 1111212111111112122121110212111111011112111110112—94

First tie of 25 birds:

Elliott	1112111121121111222112—222—24
Bandle	2111212101122121212101221—24

Second tie of 25:

Elliott	1211121122211211111010111—24
Bandle	1112112o1o01221112o12111—21

o Dead out of bounds.

Elliott won with a total of 142 birds out of 150 to Bandle's 139 out of 150. C. W. Budd acted as referee, acceptably as usual.

The boys now separated for their homes or different journey-points. Budd goes to New York and Philadelphia, for his match with Frank Kleinz next Saturday. "Meade" and Heikes go to Dayton. Elliott, "Keene" and "Westfield" started for Kansas City and St. Louis. There is talk of a sweep, $100 a corner, to be shot at the latter city on Thanksgiving day between Elliott, Bandle, Budd, "Westfield," "Meade," and Heikes, and some such match will probably come off. The result will not be a sinch for anybody to name. At this tournament "Westfield" won first average in the competent shoots, $15 25 of the surplus money; Budd and Bob White div. second average, $12.20; "Meade" won third average, $10.98; Heikes won fourth average, $9.15; Vincent and Cole div. fifth average, $7.32; Bandle, McPhee and Miller div. sixth average honors, $6.10.

From the amounts of the surplus, it may be seen that the events did not fill strongly enough to make big Al. Bandle any big money, but such seems to be the history of trap shoots for this year. There has not been during the entire year, however, so thorough a shooters' tournament as this, nor one where the shooters have had a pleasanter time. Al. Bandle knows how to give a tournament and to make a success of it; and this thought, with many others of compliment and gratitude, was in the minds of all the boys as they bade their big and good-natured host good-bye.

E. HOUGH.

NEW JERSEY STATE SHOOT.

ON Tuesday of last week the fourth annual tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association opened at Marion, N. J., under the auspices of the Jersey City Heights Gun Club.

For a number of years the Association has held no tournament, owing to the law which, until lately, existed in New Jersey making the shooting of live birds at the trap illegal. This law has been changed within a few months by the efforts of a number of the State gun clubs to allow live-bird shooting by regularly organized clubs. One effect of this legislation has been to revive an interest in the New Jersey Sportsmen's Association; hence the present shoot. A four-days' programme was arranged, allowing for two days at inanimate targets and two at live birds. The attendance was not very large on the opening days. In view of the execrable weather that prevailed this is not to be wondered at. Bluerock targets were used, from three sets of traps, under American Shooting Association rules. The management of the shoot was invested in the hands of the old reliable Al Heritage ("Old South Paw"), Milt. P. Lindsley and W. Fred Quimby, and under their active efforts everything passed off smoothly and rapidly. A novelty in the shape of a score book was shown by Mr. H. A. Penrose, of Corry, Pa. It is called the Keystone Score Book, and by the use of carbon paper it makes five separate scores. It will be an invaluable aid to clubs and tournament managers in preparing reports for the press. Eight regular events were shot the first day and a number of extra sweeps. Some remarkably good scores were made, and Justus von Lengerke opened the eyes of onlookers by his skill with a 5½-pound Francotti, proving that a light gun is capable of good, effective work.

Event No. 1, 10 bluerocks, entrance $1, 3 moneys:

Lindsley	1011111111— 9	Heritage	1110111110— 8
Miller	0011111111— 8	Van Riper	1111111111—10
Jay Bee	1111101011— 8	Post	1111010111— 8
Sigler	1111111111—10	Reading	1010111010— 6
M J Smith	1101010111— 7	Wolstencroft	1111111111—10
Quimby	0010110001— 4	Albee	0110110101— 6
L Ayres	1011111111— 9		

No. 2, 15 single bluerocks, entrance $2, 4 moneys:

Lindsley	111111111111111—15	Post	111011111111111—14
Miller	011101111001111— 11	Wolstencroft	111111111101111—14
Jay Bee	111111111101111—14	Albee	101111111101111—13
Sigler	111111111110111—14	Collins	111111010.0011—10
J Smith	010011110111111—11	Seely	111101111016010—11
Quimby	011101100000010— 6	Tee Kay	000011101011011— 8
L Ayres	101101111011111—12	Yerrington	110111011111111—13
Van Riper	111001111011001—10		

No. 3, 20 birds, $25 guaranteed, entrance $3, 3 moneys:

Sigler	11000011101110111111—15	Daly	01111111011111111011—16
Miller	11111111111101111110—19	Collins	11101110111111111011—17
Wolstencroft	11111111111111111111—20	Van Riper	10011111100111101111—15
Albee	00100011101110010111—12	Post	01111111101111111111—18
Lindsley	11111111111111111110—19	Tee Kay	10101111011111011010—14
Jay Bee	11111100111101110110—15	M Fox	01111001110100011011—13

No. 4, 5 pairs bluerocks, $1 entrance, three moneys:

Miller	10 10 11 00 11— 6	E Post	10 10 10 10 w
Wolstencroft	11 11 11 10 11— 9	Albee	10 00 10 10 00 3
Jay Bee	00 10 11 01 11— 6	Sigler	11 11 10 11 11—9
Van Riper	11 11 11 11 10—10	J Smith	01 11 11 11 10—8
Daly	10 01 00 11 11— 6	Lindsley	10 10 11 11 11—8
Quimby	10 10 11 00 11— 6	Tee Kay	11 00 10 11 00—5

No. 5, 15 single bluerocks, $2 entrance, four moneys:

Miller	111111111111115—15	Albee	110111111101111—13
Sigler	111111111111115—15	Jay Bee	111111101111101—13
Wolstencroft	111111111111115—15	Collins	011111101111111—13
Lindsley	111111111111115—15	Yerrington	101111101101111 -12
Post	101101111111111—12	Quimby	011011000010110— 7
Daly	101101111011101—11	Tee Kay	010111010111111—11
M Fox	111111101111001—12	J VonLengerke	111111101111111—14

No. 6, 15 singles, entrance $1.50, four moneys:

Sigler	111111111111115—15	J VonLengerke	111110111111011—13
Miller	111101101111111—13	S Smith	110011111111110—12
Jay Bee	101111111111114—14	Daly	100111001010.0— 7
Van Riper	111101010111100—10	Tee Kay	010110010101101— 8
J Smith	101111011111110—12	Lindsley	111111111010112—12
Wolstencroft	111111111111110—14	Collins	011111111111111—14
Ayres	101001111111111—12	Post	111111101111111—14
Fox	111101010111113—12		

No. 7, two-man team, 15 singles, entrance $2, 4 moneys:

Post	111110111110010—11	Sigler	111011111101111—13
Van Riper	001000011011110— 7—18	Jay Bee	111111010110110—11—24
Miller	010111111101111—12	Tee Kay	101110111110011—11
Wolstencroft	111111111111111—15—27	P Daly	111111010100110—10—21
Seymour	010100110011010— 7	M Fox	011110111101111—11
Alberts	101001010011111— 9—16	J Smith	111001110110101—11—22
Collins	111111001111101—12		
Lindsley	111011111111111—14—26		

No. 8, 10 singles, $1 entrance, 4 moneys:

Wolstencroft	1111111111—10	Reading	1101111011— 8
Sigler	1111111111—10	Lyon	1 1101101— 8
Miller	1111111110—10	Lindsley	0100111111— 7
S G Smith	1111111111—10	A Soper	0111101110— 7
Jay Bee	1111111101— 9	Wright	0110101111— 7
J Von Lengerke	1111011111— 9	Hughes	1110101110— 7
Yerrington	1111111011— 9	Daly	1010111001— 6
Collins	1111111011— 9	Fox	0110110011— 6
Tee Kay	1101111011— 8	Van Riper	0100110000— 3
J Smith	1011111110— 8	Quimby	0010000100— 3
Post	0111011111— 8		

Extra No. 1, 10 singles, $1 entrance, three moneys:

Sigler	1111101111—9	Miller	1111101111— 9
Lindsley	1111011111—9	Wolstencroft	1111111111—10
Heritage	1110111110—8	Keaching	1100011011— 6
Smith	0111110011—7	Jay Bee	1111110011— 8
Ayres	0111111100—7		

Extra No. 2, 10 singles, $1 entrance, four moneys:

Sigler	1111111111—10	Daly	0101106111— 6
Wolstencroft	1111111111—10	Quimby	1001110010—6
J Von Lengerke	1111111110—10	S G Smith	0111110010—6
A Heritage	1111111011— 9	Van Riper	1111001010— 5
Miller	1111111110— 9	Collins	1011100010—5
J Smith	1111111110— 9	Fox	1110001010—5
Lindsley	1011110011— 7		

Extra No. 3, 10 single bluerocks, handicap rises, 30 cents entrance, three moneys, both barrels:

Miller (28)	1121201112— 9	F Post (28)	2120101100—6
Sigler (30)	2011111012— 8	Quinlan (30)	0002001000—2
Jay Bee (28)	0110210001— 5	Albee (28)	0001211111—7
J Smith (30)	2101120102— 7	Lindsley (30)	2101021010—6
Wolstencroft (28)	1211111111—10	Ayres (30)	1120021110—7
Van Riper (28)	0100111011— 6	Tee Kay (30)	1011100010—5

Extra No. 4, 10 singles, $1 entrance, four moneys:

W Wolstencroft	1111111111—10	Post	1111110110—8
Sigler	1111111111—10	Soper	1111010001—7
Miller	1111111101— 9	Lyon	0111101011— 7
Van Riper	1111111101— 9	Jay Bee	0110111110—8
J Smith	1111111110— 9	Heritage	1001111100—6
J von Lengerke	1111111101— 9	T G Smith	0011011010—5
Lindsley	1101110111— 8	Ayers	1011001100—5
Reading	1111011110— 8	Fox	0101001110—5
Daly	1111110110— 8	White	1110001000—4
Collins	1101011111— 8		

Extra No. 5, same conditions:

Sigler	1111111111—10	S G Smith	1111011101—8
Wolstencroft	1111111111—10	Sigler	1111101110—8
Lindsley	1111110101— 8	J von Lengerke	1100111011—7
Miller	1111011101— 8	Fox	1010010111—6
Van Riper	1101011111— 8	Daly	1110010010—5
Heritage	1101111101— 8		

Extra No. 6, 15 singles, $2 entrance, four moneys:

Miller	111111111011111—14	J v Lengerke	111011111111111—14
Fox	011010100101111— 9	Yerrington	100101111111000— 9
Wolstencroft	001111111111113—13	Hughes	011111111110110—12
Lindsley	111110111111110—13	Thomas	011101010111110—10
Heritage	011101111011101—11	Van Riper	101101111111110—12
Daly	001111011011010—10	Sigler	111111011111011—12
Jay Bee	011011100000010— 7	Collins	111111101011111—13
Lyon	011100101111100— 9		

ARMS AND LOADING USED BY VETERAN SHOOTERS AT NEW JERSEY STATE SHOOT.

Name.	Gun.	Bore.	First Barrel.	Second Barrel.	Cartridge.
Geo. Eaton, Jersey City, N. J.	Tolley	10, choke	4drs. Schultze; 1¼oz. No. 7	4drs. Schultze; 1¼oz. No. 7	U. M. C.
Al. Heritage, Jersey City, N. J.	Tolley	10, choke	4drs, Schultze; 1¼oz. No. 7	4drs. Schultze; 1¼oz. No. 7	U. M. C.
J. B. Burdette, Jersey City, N. J.	Tolley	10, choke	4drs, Schultze; 1¼oz. No. 7	4drs. Schultze; 1¼oz. No. 7	U. M. C.
Jacob Pentz, Fanwood, N. J.	Lefever	12, choke	3½drs. American Wood; 1¼oz. No. 8	3½drs. C. & H.; 1¼oz. No. 7	Climax.
Wm. Taylor, Saffern, N. Y.	Webley	Cylinder	4drs. C. & H.; 1¼oz. No. 7½	4drs. C. & H.; 1¼oz. No. 7	Climax and Club.
J. D. Vorhees, Bound Brook, N. J.	Moore	10, choke	3½drs. Dupont Ducking; 1¼oz. No. 8	4drs. Dupont Ducking; 1¼oz. No. 8	U. M. C.
Dr. E. F. Taylor, Middletown, N. J.	Lefever	12, choke	3½drs. American Wood; 1¼oz. No. 8	3½drs. Laflin & Rand; 1¼oz. No. 8	U. M. C.
Dr. Nicholas, Newark, N. J.	Greener	10, mod. choke	3½drs. Orange Lightning; 1¼oz. No. 8 soft	3½drs. Orange Lightning; 1¼oz. No. 8 soft	U. M. C. & Climax.
Geo. L. Everett, South Amboy, N. J.	Greener	10, choke	4drs. Dupont's; 1¼oz. No. 8	4drs. Dupont's; 1¼oz. No. 8	Climax.
Sam Castle, Newark, N. J.	Lefever	12, choke	3¼drs. Schultze; 1⅛oz. No. 8	3¼drs. Schultze; 1⅛oz. No. 7	Eley.
J. Lamberson, Matawan, N. J.	Thompson	10, cylinder	4½drs. American Wood; 1¼oz. No. 8 soft	4½drs. American Wood; 1¼oz. No. 8 soft	Club.
C. M. Hedden, Newark, N. J.	Parker	10, choke	2¾drs. Schultze; 1¼oz. No. 8	3¼drs. Schultze; 1¼oz. No. 7	Climax.
Hugh Leddy, Montclair, N. J.	Smith	12, choke	3¼drs. Schultze; 1¼oz. No. 8 trap	3½drs. C. & H.; 1¼oz. No. 7	U. S.
Wm. Hughes, Jersey City, N. J.	Webley	10, cylinder	4drs. C. & H.; 1¼oz. No. 7½	4drs. C. & H.; 1¼oz. No. 7	Climax and Club.
Wm. Sigler, Montclair, N. J.	Parker	10, choke	4drs. Laflin & Rand; 1¼oz. No. 9	4drs. Laflin & Rand; 1¼oz. No. 7	Club.

Extra No. 7, 15 singles, entrance $1.50, three moneys:

Von Lengerke	111111111111111—15	J Smith	011101100110110— 9
Daly	111110110111111—13	Van Riper	111000111001100— 9
Miller	110111111111111—14	Fox	101110011111111—12
Wolstencroft	011111111111111—14	Webley	011001010111601— 8
Post	111111110010111—12	Lindsley	111111110101101—12

On Wednesday the rain poured down in torrents and the attendance was slim. The management had advertised to postpone the shoot in event of rainy weather, and this notice no doubt kept many away, but a postponement was not deemed advisable, as it was necessary to get rid of the inanimate events before commencing on live birds. Seven events were programmed, but only four of them were shot, including one guaranteed purse of $25, and the remainder of the time was filled in with extra sweeps.

Second Day.—Event No. 1, 10 singles, $1 entry, three moneys, A. S. A. rules:

Sigler	1011111111—9	C Smith	0111010111—7
Hunt	0000010110—3	A Heritage	1011011111—8
Quimby	1010101111—7	Tee Kay	1100100110—5

No. 2, 15 singles, $1 entry, three moneys:

Sigler	111111101111010—12	Post	111011111111110—13
Jay Bee	111110101101111—12	Van Riper	101111101010110—12
C Smith	110111101110110—11	Quimby	101101010101100— 8
Heritage	010111011111111—12	Tee Kay	101101000100001— 6

No. 4, guarantee $25, at 20 singles, entrance $3, three moneys:

Miller	011111001111111101—16	Jones	111111101111011110—17
Zigler	001111010110111110111—15	Lindsley	011100111010001010110—12
Wolste'ft	111111111111111111111—20	Jay Bee	111110110101111111111—17
Penrose	011011111011011110001—13	Post	111011111111101001101—15
Van Riper	111011100011010101111—13	C Smith	100111111111101111111—17

No. 7, 5 pairs, $1.50 entry, three moneys:

Sigler	10 10 11 10 10—6	C Smith	01 00 00 10 11—4
Post	11 10 11 10 10—7	F Class	00 00 11 10 11—5
Van Riper	11 10 10 11 00—6	Quimby	10 01 10 10 10—5
Jay Bee	11 11 10 11 00—4		

Extra No. 1, 10 singles, $1, three moneys:

Sigler	1111101111—9	Tee Kay	1111001100—6
Quimby	1000110001—4	Hunt	0111110010—6
C Smith	1110111110—8	Heritage	1110111000—6

Extra No. 2, same conditions:

Jay Bee	1010111111— 8	C Smith	1001101111— 7
Class	1110111000— 6	Van Riper	1111000111— 7
Sigler	1111111101— 9	Quimby	0011000111— 5
Post	1111111110—10	Leddy	0101000001— 3
Heritage	0011011111— 7	Tee Kay	1100111001— 6

Extra No. 3, same conditions:

Jay Bee	1101101001— 6	Penrose	1010111011— 7
Sigler	1111111111—10	Jones	1111110101— 8
Smith	1101011111— 8	Quimby	0111101000— 6
Post	1111000111— 8	Lindsley	1001011110— 6
Van Riper	1101110101— 7		

Extra No. 4, same conditions:

Jay Bee	1111011110— 8	C Smith	1101111100— 7
Lyons	1110110001— 7	Van Riper	0100011011— 5
Jones	1111111111—10	Post	1111011100— 7
Penrose	1111000110— 6	Lindsley	0110010101— 5
Sigler	1111110110— 8		

Extra No. 5, 4 singles and 3 pairs, $1 entrance, 3 moneys, A. S. A. rules:

Lindsley	1101 11 10 01—7	Jones	0010 10 01 11—5
Van Riper	1111 10 10 00—6	Jay Beebe	1111 01 00 10—6
Post	0010 11 01 11—6	Sigler	1001 11 00 11—6
Penrose	1111 11 10 11—9	C Smith	1000 11 01 11—6

Extra No. 6, at 10 singles, $1 entrauce, 3 moneys:

Van Riper	0011011000— 4	Jay Bee	1101110010—6
Post	1110010011—6	C Smith	1101110101—7
Penrose	0000011111—5	Lyons	1111011100—7
Sigler	1111111101—9	Jones	0101110111—7
Lindsley	1110111101—8		

Extra No. 7, same conditions:

Lindsley	0001010100— 3	Van Riper	1111111100— 8
C Smith	1111011110— 8	Post	1100111011— 7
Jones	1101111010— 7	Sigler	1111111011— 9
Lyon	1111001001— 6	Tee Kay	0101110100— 5
Penrose	1000110111— 6	Miller	1011111111— 9
Jay Bee	0001111011— 6	F Wolstencroft	1111111111—10

Extra No. 8, same conditions:

Miller	1011110111—8	Wolsey	1011111111—9
Jay Bee	1110111101—8	Post	1101011101—7
Penrose	0111111111—9	Lindsley	1111011111—9
Lyon	1011111011—8	C Smith	1110111111—9

Extra No. 10, same conditions:

Miller	1111011110— 8	Lindsley	1100101111— 7
Penrose	0101111111— 8	Post	0111111111— 9
Woolsey	1111111111—10	Jones	1011100001— 5
Jay Bee	1111101101— 8	Sigler	1111111111—10
Lyons	1111110011— 8		

Third was shot off and div. by Miller and Penrose.

Extra No. 10, same conditions:

Penrose	1111111111—10	Lindsley	0001011111— 6
Miller	1111111011— 9	Jones	1110101111— 8
Wolst	1111111011— 9	Lyon	1110000111— 6
Jay Bee	1111111111—10	Post	1001101100— 5
Sigler	1111111111—10		

Thursday's work was devoted entirely to live birds, of which a large number had been procured. The weather still continued unfavorable, but the number of contestants and spectators was largely increased. Among those present were Tony Kuser, A. Turford, Chas. Van Camp, Mahlon Fox and Ed Updegrove, of Mercer Gun Club at Trenton; Dr. Pendell, R. H. Brientnall, A. Hedden, Wm. Hayes, Asa Whitehead, Ed Carrington, J. R. Burnett and A. E. Hedden, of Essex Gun Club at Newark; F. Post, Wm. Ely, Ress Van Riper, J. A. Blauvelt and Wm. H. Jersey, of Bergen Gun Club at Cherry Hill; T. Compton, J. Van Brackle, Jas. Beddell, J. Lamberson, Dr. Taylor and J. L. Terhune, of Midway Gun Club at Matawan; C. M. Hedden, Sam Castle, John Erb, Frank Class, Chas. Heath, Wm. S. Green, Hugh Leddy and Jacob Pentz, of Newark Gun Club; E. D. Miller, E. Collins and W. H. Wolstencrost, of Union Gun Club at Springfield; S. G. Smith, W. L. Force, Chas. Smith, John Riggott, Emory Robinson and W. S. Cannon, of Middlesex Gun Club at Dunellen; Al Heritage, Fred Quimby, Milt. Lindsley, Wm. Hughes, Capt. Jones, Dr. Burdette, R. S. Payne, Geo. Eaton, Wm. Sigler and F. Payne, of Jersey City Heights Gun Club; Jas L. Smith, of Hackettstown Gun Club; Phil Daly, Jr., of North End Gun Club at Long Branch, and others. This large gathering of club members was due to the fact that the State Trophy, a cup, was to be contested for by teams of three men from any club belonging to the Association. This race was a very close and interesting one, and resulted in a tie between the Jersey City Heights Gun Club and the Newark Gun Club. The tie was postponed until Friday on account of darkness. The birds were a fair lot, but would have had more vim and go to them had the weather been clear.

Third Day.—Event No. 1, 10 live birds, entrance $5, 4 moneys:

W Sigler (30)	1111012111— 9	Miller (28)	1111112111—10
Lindsley (28)	2222012222— 9	Wolstencroft (28)	1121112121—10
P S Payne (30)	1011100112— 6	A Hedden (28)	1111101111— 9
F Payne (30)	1012211102— 8	J Riggot (28)	1121221111—10
R H Brientnall (30)	1111111121—10	Beddell (30)	1111111101— 9
C M Hedden (30)	2211220111— 9	Compton (30)	1010111112— 8
Lamberson (30)	0011122221— 8	Jones (30)	1111110102— 9
Van Brackle (30)	2110111112— 9	Van Riper (28)	1111211111—10
W Henry (28)	0011001101— 5	Post (28)	2101121211— 9
S Castle (28)	1211211111—10	Class (28)	1211122011— 9
Quimby (30)	1110121221— 9	Leddy (28)	1112011200— 7

No. 2, 10 live birds, entrance $7.50, four moneys:

R A Brientnall	1021121111— 9	S G Smith	1121221121—10
C M Hedden	1121100012— 7	W Mills	1122120101— 8
S Castle	1122211111— 8	W Hayes	1112212011— 8
W Sigler	1211121121—10	A R Kuser	1121200200— 6
E Miller	1111112111—10	C Van Kamp	1121122122—10
Wolstencroft	1111111111—10	M Fox	2212121221—10
A Hedden	1211111111—10	H Babbige	1110011212— 8
J Riggott	1112121121—10	S S Hedden	1022006110— 5
W Jones	1111112120— 9	L Hedden	2121011111— 9
Van Riper	1100212211— 8	E Collins	2111122111—10
F Class	1211112111—10	J L Terhune	1100202101— 7
H Leddy	0111111211— 9	W Henry	0110212120— 6
F Payne	1021100110— 6	J Lamberson	1121112222—10
B S Payne	1111210010— 7	J Collins	1112010222— 8
C Smith	2011220210— 7	P Daley	1112110020—57
F Erb	0111101111— 8	W F Quimby	1011112001— 7
J H Green	1112012202— 8	M F Lindsley	0222022220— 7

No. 3, State cup shoot, for teams of three from any club belonging to the Association, at 10 live birds per man, entrance $22.50 a team, all money to go to present holder of cup.

Newark Gun Club.		Middlesex G. C. of Dunellen.	
Sam Castle	2111222111—10	S G Smith	0202020111— 6
C M Hedden	2222212121—10	Chas Smith	2112111110— 9
Frank Class	1021112110— 8—28	John Riggot	1111112110— 9—24
Jersey City Heights Gun Club.		Mercer G. C. of Trenton.	
Wm Sigler	1112202121— 9	A R Kuser	1002222211— 8
Capt Jones	1122111112—10	C Van Camp	0120102001— 5
W F Quimby	1112122210— 9—28	M Fox	2122112111—10—23
Essex Gun Club of Newark.		Midway G. C. of Matawan.	
A E Hedden	1110111210— 8	T Compton	0110120211— 6
R H Brientnall	1002110111— 7	J Van Brackle	1111012120— 8
Wm Hayes	1122221112—10—25	J Beddell	1112210111— 9—23
Bergen Gun Club of Cherry Hill.			
F P Post	2020112220—6	W Ely	2100202002—5—18
J B Van Riper	0112101211—7		

Friday was the first bright day of the week. The sun made an early appearance and a moderate wind served to quicken the flight of the birds. They were much more speedy than on Thursday, and in consequence some apparently poor scores were made by really good shots. All the live bird shooting was done under American Shooting Association rules, except the veterans' match. These rules make the boundary line 80yds. from shooter's score instead of from the trap, and this shortening of 30yds. allowed more chance for birds to drop out of bounds. In the veterans' match the conditions were that all contestants must be 55 years of age or over, that the gun must be held below the elbow until bird was on the wing, use of both barrels allowed, 25yds. rise and the fence inclosing the grounds as a boundary. This contest brought out 15 men, with ages ranging from 55 to 72, and the scores made will safely bear comparison with those made by much younger men. It was an interesting sight to watch some of the old veterans, whose years had made them gray of hair, but not dim of sight. They faced the score with looks of grim determination and grassed their birds in fine style. Uncle Billy Hughes, whose years number 67, did his work in a masterly way, making a clean score without once using his second barrel. J. D. Voorhees, "Uncle John" as he is affectionately called, was the oldest shooter on hand; 72 hard winters have passed over his head, but he succeeded in killing nine out of ten, while the other bird fell dead just out of the bounds. We have prepared a table of the guns used and methods of loading followed by these old-timers which will interest our readers. The first event of the day was an open sweep at five birds. Then followed the shoot off of the tie for the State cup. It was decided to shoot at three birds per man and the honors went to the Jersey City Heights Gun Club, their team making 9 straight, while Hedden of the Newark Club missed one bird. In the State badge shoot for individuals, the Jersey City Heights Club again were in luck, as one of their prominent members, W. Fred. Quimby, won it with the only clean score of 15. After the veterans' shoot, a sweep at 5 birds was run and then darkness ended the tournament. All ties were divided except when otherwise stated.

Ten live birds, $10 entry:

Penrose	0111122212— 9	Treblecock	2110102221— 8
C M Hedden	0112112110— 7	Lindsley	2122011111— 9
Williams	1222111102— 9	Class	1222122222—10
J Erb	2111221121—10	Cannon	1121112212—10
Heflin	2112001112— 8	Riggott	1120121221— 9
Jones	2111111110— 9	Quimby	1e12121100— 7
Miller	2121111011— 9	Green	12e0100120— 5
McPherson	0120012000— 4	Malone	0222212211— 9
Castle	2110101000— 5	W Taylor	1110022001— 6
Fox	0011112212— 8	Morris	e00112020!— 6
Sigler	0111211211— 9	L Hedden	2111002211— 8
Leddy	0011111201— 6	Burdette	1111120001— 7
Griffiths	1101021210		

Ties on team trophy shot off at 3 live birds each:

Jersey City Heights G. C.		Newark G. C.	
W Sigler	221—5	S Castle	211—3
Capt Jones	111—3	C M Hedden	202—2
W F Quimby	121—3—9	F Class	222—3—8

State badge match, 15 live birds, entrance $7.50:

W F Quimby, J C H G C	111211121111112—15
S Castle, Newark G C	1e1111e1121121112—13
F Class, Newark G C	121111100120210—11
J Collins, J C H G C	20e2202110000000— 6
E F Taylor, Midway G C	0201221112021101—11
Capt Jones, J C H G C	1112212001212121—13
M Fox, Mercer G C	2112221220121—14

Veterans' match, 10 live birds, $5 entrance, 25yds. rise, gun below elbow, both barrels allowed:

Age.		Age.	
63. S Castle	12o1101100— 6	56. Dr Burdette	1e11o12110— 7
65. J Lamberson	0111211121— 9	57. J Pentz	1202220011— 6
60. C M Hedden	1222212222—10	61. Wm Taylor	2212122122—10
50. H Leddy	2011000212— 6	72. J D Voorhees	221e1121211— 9
67. Wm Hughes	1111111111—10	59. Dr Taylor	1012002100— 5
59. Wm Sigler	1112111o11— 9	61. Dr Nicholas	1211101220— 8
57. Geo Eaton	2012222200— 7	64. Geo Everett	1000100001— 3
55. Al Heritage	0111000220— 5		

Sweep at 5 live birds, $5 entrance:

Jones	11121—5	C Hedden	02211—4
Lindsley	20220—3	Cannon	10220—3
Penrose	11112—5	Malone	11202—4
Erb	12112—5	Heflin	11121—5
Williams	1121o—4	Sigler	21121—5
Treblecock	11211—5	Miller	01100—2
Nelson	11011—4	Hollis	01020—2
Class	202.0-3	Taylor	10111—3
Riggott	21111—5	Parliment	11011—4
Fox	10122—4	Mills	10201—3

First and third money div., second div. by Williams, Hedden, Fox, on shoot-off.

Extra event at 5 live birds, $5 entrance:

W F Quimby	11122—5	Bedell	21111—5
F Class	22122—5	C M Hedden	11111—5
Heflin	00212—3	W H Green	01111—4
Malone	22210—4	S Castle	12111—5
W Sigler	21101—4	Wolstencroft	10121—4
Jones	11121—5	E D Miller	11112—5
Lamberson	11121—5	J Riggott	12011—4
Leddy	1020—2	M F Lindsley	12220—4

First money was div. on shoot-off by Quimby, Jones, Lamberson, Bedell, C. W. Hedden, S. Castle, second, third and fourth div.

FRANK MASON.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The regular monthly shoot of the Hillside Gun Club was held on Friday, Sept. 27, at Chas. Wessel's Cypress Hill Park, 25 bluerocks each: H. Knebel, Jr., 22, T. Short 20, C. Carolan 16, J. Link 11, O. Welhardt 11, A. Weisser 9, J. Rauch 8, C. Dettloff 4, J. Reiss 3.—J. R.

CROWN POINT, Ind., Sept. 10.—Following are the scores shot at the third special tournament of the Crown Point Gun Club, Sept. 20. First event, 10 birds, entrance $1:

Hayward	0111101011— 7	Graver	1101111111— 9
Place	1010111111— 8	Trumbull	1000110010— 4
Rosenbower	0111111110— 8	Dodd	1111111110— 9
H Kleinman	1111111101— 9	Reeves	0101111100— 5
Marble	1111111111—10	Coneway	1111111101— 9
Elliott	1111110111— 9	Smith	1100111111— 8
Coffin	1010110111— 7	R B Short	1000011011— 5
Reder	1110111111— 9	T E Short	0111111101— 8
Logan	1110000111— 6	Mills	1011001000— 4
Sherman	1111111110— 9	Hammond	0011011101— 6
Koutts	1001101101— 6		

Second event, 10 Keystones, entrance $1.50:

Coffin	1111110011— 8	Smith	1101111011— 8
Elliott	0011101011— 6	Sherman	0111100111— 7
Marble	1111011111— 9	Reeves	0111110111— 8
Hayward	1111111111—10	Hammond	0101000000— 2
Dodd	1111111011— 9	Koutts	0010100111— 5
Rosenbower	0110101111— 7	Reder	1111111111—10
H Kleinman	1110110111— 8	Trumbull	0010011000— 3
Wheeler	1011111111— 9	Logan	1001101111— 7
Place	1011111101— 8		

Third event, 10 Keystones, entrance $1:

Coffin	1101110111— 8	Hammond	1100110101— 6
Hayward	1111011111— 9	R B Short	1110001011— 6
Place	1111111111—10	T E Short	0011011111— 6
Elliott	1111111111—10	Reder	1011000101— 5
Marble	1111011010— 7	Smith	0111011101— 7
Rosenbower	1110111101— 8	Coneway	1111110111— 9
Dodd	1101101011— 7	Longue	1100111111— 8
Sherman	1101101111— 8	Trumbull	0001011111— 6
H Kleinman	1011111111— 9	Wheeler	1111111111—10
Reeves	1111011110— 8	Gadsby	0111101010— 6

Fourth event, 15 Keystones, entrance $2.50, $40 guaranteed:

Place	011100111111111—12	H Kleinman	101111111111111—14
Coffin	111111111111000—12	Rosenbower	111111111111110—14
Sherman	011101010000010— 8	Reder	111110011111011—12
Elliott	101011100011100— 9	Wheeler	111110111111111—14
Hayward	101011111101111—12	Trumbull	111001100011111—10
Marble	111111101011001—12	Reeves	111111111010110—13
Hammond	011010011101011— 9	Smith	110011011111110—11
Koutts	001010011111111— 9		

Fifth event, 10 Keystones, entrance $1:

Hammond	0101110111— 7	Reeves	1001111111— 8
Coffin	1110110111— 8	Logan	0010101111— 6
Place	1110111101— 8	Kleinman	1111111110— 9
Rosenbower	1111111110—10	Graver	1001010010— 4
R B Short	1111011111— 9	Wheeler	1011110111— 8
T E Short	1010011111— 8	Longue	1001010111— 6
Elliott	0010110010— 4	Coneway	1111101100— 7
Reder	1101011111— 8	Koutts	1110101111— 8
Smith	1111001110— 7	Marble	1011111001— 7
Sherman	1111111111—10	Ames	1101011101— 7
Hammond	1010016011— 5	Mailliet	1100101011— 6
Trumbull	1100101111— 7	Atkins	1111111111—10

Sixth event, 15 Keystones, entrance $2.50, $40 guaranteed:

Marble	101111111111011—13	Hayward	001011111111110—11
Coffin	011111111111111—14	Smith	110001011111111—11
M R Hart	001111010101100— 9	Kleinman	110110111111111—13
Place	111101111111011—13	Reeves	111101101111011—12
Elliott	011111111111110—13	Atkins	110111111111110—13
Mailliet	111000111001011— 9	Wheeler	111011111111111—14
Reder	111111101111011—13	M T Hart	111101010110110—10
Rosenbower	100111111100101—10	Dodd	111101011111111—13

Seventh event, 4 pairs Keystones, entrance $1.50:

Hayward	10 11 10 11 6	Dodd	10 10 10 10—4
Coffin	10 10 11 10—5	R B Short	00 01 00 10—2
M T Hart	11 11 11 11—8	Smith	01 11 10 00—4
M R Hart	11 10 01 11—8	Place	10 10 10 10—4
Elliott	10 10 01 11—6	Reeves	00 11 00 00—2
Mailliet	00 00 01 00—1	Wheeler	10 10 11 00—4

Eighth event, 15 Keystones, entrance $2.50; $40 guaranteed:

Marble	110101111111111—13	Place	110101110111111—12
M T Hart	110011011111110—11	Elliott	111111010011111—12
Rosenbower	010011100100110— 7	Reeves	011011101101111—11
Reder	110111001111111—12	Sherman	111101111001100—10
Smith	111111101101011—12	Dodd	001110101111111—11
Hammond	111001111000100— 9	Kleinman	111111111110111—14
Coffin	111100111100000— 9	Wheeler	101111111001111—12
Hayward	011101111111111—13		

ONEIDA, N. Y., Sept. 24.—Match between Canastota and Oneida Gun clubs at 15 singie kingbirds and 5 pairs doubles, 3 traps, shot under American Association rules:

	Canastota.	
Suits	0010101001001010	10 00 10 00 11—10
Graham	0111000001001	00 00 01 10 11—10
Dow	1101101101011	00 00 00 11 00—12
Salisbury	0110000111110	10 11 01 00 11—15
Roberts	1111111101101	10 10 10 11 11—20
Barrett	1111000111110	11 10 00 00 10—14
Dr Van	0000000100000001	Withdrew. — 2
Lansing	1110111001111	00 01 10 10 10—16— 99
	Oneida.	
Markham	1111100111111	11 11 11 10 11—22
Marble	0111000101000010	01 00 01 00 10— 9
Tuttle	1011111111111	11 11 11 00 10—21
Clark	0111110011101	10 10 11 10 10—16
Dr Carter	1010000101001	Withdrew. 7
Chase	0010100011111	10 10 10 01 10—14
Devereax	1111011111111	11 11 11 10 11—23
Maxwell	0111111001101	11 11 11 10 11—20—132

EMERALD GUN CLUB.—Regular shoot, held at Sea View Park, New Dorp, Staten Island, N. Y., Sept. 25, at 10 live birds, 5 ground traps, handicap rise, three prizes, use of both barrel, 80yds. boundary:

John Bade (25)	0010101101—5	Charles Harth (25)	1010111020—6
N Measel (30)	0122110102—7	John Howard (21)	0211012000—5
August Nowark (25)	0110221002—6	H Rubino (25)	1000010200—3
L C Gehring (32)	1122200001—6	B S Morrill (25)	1021110010—6
R Regan (25)	0010102112—6	T P MacKenna (25)	1102200200—5
P J Brennan (21)	0200100110—4	George Remsen (30)	1012212022—8
Dr Hudson (30)	0221011011—7	John Klein (30)	0011202112—7
Col J H Voss (32)	2101100012—6	T J Crystal (25)	2221001020—6
John Measel, Jr (30)	0210101021—6	Dr Liveredge (25)	1122012220—8
Philip Butz (30)	1202111012—8	T F Russell (21)	0011211101—7
M W Murphy (25)	2211000121—7	John McConnell (21)	0100000000—1

Tie on first prize, 30yds.: P. Butz 1, G. Remsen 0. Butz wins first prize, a gold medal, for first time; Dr. Liveredge wins second prize for second time; T. F. Russell wins third prize for first time. The weather was anything but pleasant, as it rained almost contually while the shooting was going on, and at times heavy rain drifted by a strong easterly wind, almost hid the birds from the shooters, making high scores almost impossible. The birds were a good strong lot of flyers, and were mostly left-quarterers and drivers; needless to say the drivers mostly got out of bounds safely, and some of the top-notch shooters got left.—T. P. M.

THE NEWARK GUN CLUB, of Newark, N. J., which has been organized less than a year, has a large number of crack live-bird shots in its membership, and wishes to cross swords, or rather guns, with some other club. They now issue two challenges, and will put up a team of three men, or one of ten men, against any three or ten men from any club in New Jersey, to shoot for any amount from $100 to $500. It is hoped that one or more clubs in the State will accept these challenges, or one of them, and there is certainly enough talent outside the Newark Club to make a close race.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Sept. 23.—Since the appearance of ducks in this vicinity the gun clubs here are winding up the trap season, and the "mud saucers" are being shelved till next season. On last Monday the Empire Gun Club held its last shoot for this year, which had a large attendance. Live birds were used exclusively, and they were a remarkably lively lot. Several good scores were made, and all present expressed themselves thoroughly satisfied with the sport furnished. The birds were paid for out of the club treasury. The score is as follows. No. 1, 13 birds each, 5 ground traps, 30yds. rise, 12-gauges allowed 2yds. handicap, use of both barrels:

J E Hagerty	1212111212112—13	C Evarts	1201001100210— 7
F Stoll	1210111201220—10	P Burg	2121111112111—13
J Stussell	1221000211001— 8	J Steffen	1100121110002— 8
J Lenhardt	2122010111122—11	T White	1202212002212—10
C Jamison	1200212102211—10	H Nagel	1011101111011—10
A Yunge	1001002111012— 8	E Meyer	2101101121110—10
J Stoetzle	1010011001030— 6	C George	1110201121111—11
F Frescher	1211112110112—12	J Wieber	1201100110111— 9
C Loeffell	0112100010001— 5	H Stein	0120111222121—11
J Rozier	1201120102101— 9	Kuntze	0120121202101— 9
J Schnell	1212101111110—11	Dr Born	2202011222121—11
S Schnell	1002110112010— 8	Tinglin	2020210101011— 8
F Fink	0011122201120— 9	Kacer	0111101010100— 7
B Westhus	0200221210011— 8		

Five moneys; all ties div.

The Diana Gun Club was fortunate enough to have a pleasant day for its wind-up shoot last Wednesday afternoon. There was a large crowd present, and the shooting was of a high grade. The score is as follows: Shoot No. 1, sweepstakes, 20 single Peoria blackbirds; B. Westhus 19, A. Junge 15, D. Weinheimer 15, H. Wilhelm 16, G. Walich 16, C. Kurtz 5, Quelinaltz 13, Schweigler 9, Metzger 14, M. Weinheimer 14, L. Weinheimer 5, C. Fricke 15, M. Reeg 11, P. Best 12, A. Elliot 9, J. Minck 8, C. Strich 6, Pole 18, A. Lefka 15, C. Billon 15, R. Dasch 12, O. Baer 13, L. Kaltwasser 11, H. Bachmann 8, T. Herold 15, H. Hasemann 13, J. Sauer 8, G. Bruggemann 7, J. Vogel 9, W. Heineman 16, C. Eilert 12, C. Eckert 9, C. Rambacher 5, F. Tremmel 2, Bosh 16, F. Herman 9, C. George 11, L. Sattel 10, Schewitz 12. B. Westhus first, Roy second, ties on 16 and 15 divided third and fourth respectively.

Yesterday afternoon at Compton avenvue Park Dr. M. C. Starkloff and Fred. Frescher shot a match at 50 live birds for $50 a side. A fine lot of birds were secured for the event, and they proved entirely too "frisky" for the contestants. Almost half of the number shot at went scot free. The weather was pleasant, a fair-sized crowd of enthusiasts were present to witness the affair. Frescher made a splendid stop on a right-quartering bird, and with his second barrel, for which the crowd applauded him lively. The score is as follows: The conditions of the match were 50 live pigeons per man, Hurlingham rules modified to use 10-gauge guns, for $50 a side:

Dr Starkloff	0122111211—9	Frescher	0101111011—7
	1111101202—8		1210010023—6
	0202120111—7		2100010222—5
	1000021021—5		0001100320—4
	0221012100—5—34		1001102201—6—27

DAYTON, Ohio, Sept. 21.—The Kennel Gun Club was out in force to-day at the Mile House for the September cup shoot.

First match, at 10 single inanimate targets:

Chas Whealen	8	Gus Sander	8
Ed Cooper	7	Chas Sander	5
Rolla Heikes	11	J C Porterfield	7
T B Hanna	6	Adolph Sander	12
C G Stoddard	19		

Club cup shoot, at 30 singles:

T B Hanna	22	Charles Wheeler	19
Gus Sander	23	Ed Cooper	22
R O Heikes	27	George Makley	24
Charles Sander	27	J C Porterfield	19
A Sander	24	C G Stoddard	20

Next was a sparrow match, 18 birds each, 3 ground traps, association rules:

Ed Pike	12	Gus Sander	13
Geo Makely	7	Ed Cooper	5
J C Porterfield	13	Chas Wheeler	12
Chas Sander	14	J B Hanna	10
Adolph Sander	11	Rolla O Heikes	13

WELLINGTON, Mass., Sept. 28.—At the regular Saturday shoot of the Wellington Club to-day, Perry won in the silver pitcher match with a clean score of 15. The other scores were: Lee 14, Chase, Melcher and Stone 12, Cowee and Bond 11, Field 10, Chapin and Webster 7. The merchandise match closed to-day with the following winners making the best 10 scores at 15 clay-pigeons: Sanborn 137, Warren 133, Schaefer 132, Snow, Field and Chapin each 131, Bond 130, Dill 128, Bradstreet and Chase each 127, Melcher 119, Stone 115, Cowee 107, Baxter 104. The first prize was an elegant gold badge, while the others were money prizes. The winners in the sweepstakes follow: 7 bluerocks, Perry; 8 clay-pigeons, Lee, Perry and Melcher; 6 bluerocks, Smith and Chapin; 5 bluerocks, Chase; 5 clay-pigeons, Chase, Cowee, Franklin and Webster; 5 bluerocks, Chase; 6 bluerocks, Field; 6 bluerocks, Dick; 10 bluerocks, Keystone match, Chapin and Dill; 5 bluerocks, Chapin; 5 clay-pigeons, Melcher; Lee 5 bluerocks, Stone, Field and Bradstreet; 5 clay-pigeons, Dill and Field; 5 clay-pigeons, Chapin, Bond and Bradstreet; 5 pairs bluerocks, Warren, Dick, Perry and Porter. A novel and somewhat absurd match will be shot next Saturday, at 20 birds, Keystone system, for an elegant medal. The conditions of the match are known only to the reporters, and the shooters will not know whether the best or poorest score wins. The match will begin at 3 o'clock.

NORTH BRANCH, N. J., Sept. 28.—The first of a series of matches between the North Branch Gun Club and the White House Gun Club, at 15 Lockport bats, one clay-pigeon trap, three angles, 18yds. rise, Keystone rules:

North Branch Gun Club.		White House Gun Club.	
F Kramer	1110111111111100—12	Sw'khamer	0001001011001100— 5
G Kramer	1110110101001101— 9	J H Davis	1011111111011110—12
T C Welsh	1010101011111101—11	B Pickel	0111110111111110—12
Duickinck	1011111111111010—12	Anderson	1110111111111101—13
Col Kline	1110111110000001— 9	H Bishop	0111010111100011— 9
Ed Lever	0111011110110111—11	C Abbott	0011011011100111— 9
Hoagland	0111000010010010— 6—70	L Woodin	0000011110111101— 8—68

Return shoot at White House station, Oct. 5.

TORONTO, Sept. 21.—The following are the scores to-day of the Stanley Gun Club for the McDowell & Co. gun. The weather was desperately cold, and considering the very stiff wind which blew across the traps, the scores are good. Mr. C. Charles took the gun for the second time with 22 out of 25 at 24yds. rise. The handicap in yards and scores are as follows: From 5 traps: C. Charles (24), 22; F. Emond (25), 21; N. Dick (25), 18; Geyser (19), 14; T. S. Bayles (18), 11; Sawden, Sr. (24), retired. First sweep, at 25 birds, 25yds. rise, from 5 traps: Charles 21, Sawden 20, McDowall 17, Power 14. Second sweep, 10 birds, 18yds. rise, from 5 traps: Charles 9, McDowall 7, Power 5, Dick 2.

ELIZABETHTOWN, Pa., Sept. 28.—The East End Gun Club had a shoot to-day for the gold medal; the wind was blowing a regular gale; and this accounts for some of the boys making poor scores. 25 bluerocks each man:

Lindemuth	1110100111000001111111010—15
Hergleroth	0000111111000000011001000— 9
Keller	0110001011000001011111111—14
Coble	0100100011110101110101101—13
Kersey	1111111111111101111111111—24
Westhafer	0100310111101110101110011—15

EMERALD GUN CLUB, Sept. 25.—The Emerald Gun Club held its regular club shoot at Sea View Park, New Dorp, to-day. The following are the prize winners: P. Butz won first prize for the first time, having killed 8 birds at 30yds. rise; Dr. Lineredge won second prize for the second time, having killed 8 birds at 25yds rise; T. F. Russell won third prize for the first time, having killed 7 birds at 21yds. rise. On Oct. 18, at Greenwald's Park, New Dorp, S. I., the last regular shoot for this season of the Jeannette Gun Club will be held.

CLASS VS. BREWER.—Frank Class, of Pine Brook, and Capt. John L. Brewer, of Philadelphia, have come to an agreement about their 100-bird matches for $250 a side, and the first will be shot at Erb's on Friday next, Oct. 4, under Hurlingham rules, at the best birds procurable. The second match will be shot at the Morristown Driving Park on the last week in October.

NEWARK, N. J., Sept. 28.—A 25-bird contest between Chris Reinhardt and C. M. Hedden took place at John Erb's this afternoon, Hedden winning by killing 23 to Reinhardt's 21. The match was for $25 a side, the loser to pay for the birds.

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nanit," "Gloan," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybilleus" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

Yachting.

"West India Hurricanes and the Great March Blizzard." By Everett Hayden, U. S. Hydrographic Office. Large quarto, with 23 lithographic plates. Price $1. Contains full history of the great storm of March, 1888, with practical information how to handle a vessel in a cyclone; use of oil at sea, etc.

LARCHMONT SPECIAL 40FT. RACE, SEPT. 28.

THE Larchmont Y. C., which opened the season of 1889 on May 30, also had the honor of seeing it out in a fitting manner on Sept. 28, with a very spirited race of the forties, the last regular event of the year. The entries were few in number, but such as to make a very important race, as the conditions were favorable for a fair test—a good sailing breeze, variable and puffy, but giving no chance for flukes. Up to the time of the New York Y. C. cruise there was not a new forty in the fleet that was in fair racing form, and the older boats had things to a great extent as they wished; but as the new boats have improved the old ones have dropped out, leaving the racing to the former. Gorilla has been doing better work ever since her July trip to Marblehead, and has done a good deal to reverse the unfavorable impression made by her spring races when just from the stocks; Liris has been greatly improved in rig, every part being strengthened, and has shown better in the past two races, in spite of a very bad mainsail; Maraquita has had a new mast and new sails, and as a result has come nearer to the top in the present race than ever before; and she has been persistently and pluckily raced all the year, with a record of sixteen starts, and deserves better luck than has befallen her. Tomahawk, though sailing but few races, has done better in the later ones, and has given evidence of speed, though her record, taken all through, is anything but brilliant and by no means shows what the boat is capable of if fully worked up. It has been evident to all who have watched the races of the last six weeks that the fleet is for the first time in fit condition for racing, and that the results of the last half dozen races sailed are of far more value as a basis of comparison than those of June and July.

The total number of races in the 40ft. class, including the runs of the New York and Eastern cruises, four each, and also the double race at Vineyard Haven, in which two separate prizes were sailed for, is 34; a total never before reached by any class of decked yachts in one season in America. A detailed table of the entries and places in each race affords a very interesting study in view of the present situation of the measurement question, but in order to form any accurate conclusions it is necessary to calculate the position of each boat under the different rules, a task of no small magnitude. The official record of each race gives the position of every boat according to the rule under which that race was sailed, New York, Seawanhaka, Larchmont, etc., and consequently is of little value as a test of the rules. To make the test complete it will be necessary to calculate the position of each yacht in every race she started in under the Larchmont, New York and Seawanhaka rules separately, comparing the winners under one rule with those under the others.

The four yachts which claim the first notice in the class are Minerva, Liris, Gorilla and Pappoose; the first on account of her uniform success, the second on account of her unquestioned speed when she has not broken down, the third by reason of the many races she has sailed during the season between Bar Harbor and New York, 22 starts in all, in which she has met every one of her classmates, and the fourth by reason of her small size and successful racing together. Though Gorilla has been unsuccessful in many races she is the best trial horse of the lot, and it must be said in her favor that in common with the other boats of heavy rig and power she has suffered from too light an outfit, losing four or five topmasts and being obliged to replace her mast; while, unlike some of her nearest sisters, she has not picked her races, going in for a record where there were few entries, but has started in every race open to her through the season. She also hurt her record by entering the first races when just off the stocks, being beaten every time she started up to the New York cruise.

In looking for the most desirable type of yacht it is necessary to take the record as it stands, including breakdowns, but an interesting question just now is that of the relative speed of the heavily rigged boats, regardless of all economic considerations, and to get at this it is necessary to confine the record of each yacht to those races that were sailed to a finish, omitting for the time the races in which yachts did not finish owing to some accident. According to this count Gorilla and Tomahawk have met twice, each winning one race; Gorilla and Liris have met eight times, each winning four; Gorilla and Chiquita have met four times, Chiquita winning three; Gorilla and Verena stand one and one; Gorilla and Nymph have met five times, Nymph winning three; Gorilla and Pappoose have met nine times, Pappoose winning six; while Minerva has beaten Gorilla seven times straight. From this it would appear that the boats which have beaten Gorilla worst are Minerva and Pappoose of the keels and Chiquita of the centerboards, and it is fair to assume that Gorilla and Chiquita are the best representatives of the centerboard type in the class; Verena never having beaten anything better than Helen and Alice in her five starts. In view of the record of Chiquita and the claims of Verena and Nymph, their presence in such a race of Saturday would have been most interesting, but the two former would not come around the Cape so late in the year for one race, while since her hollow victory in the American Y. C. race, and her defeat on one run of the cruise when both were in cruising trim, Nymph has refused to come to the line with Liris, either in the club races or a private match, consequently Gorilla was left almost alone to represent the centerboard division; her only ally being the new Broncho, built by Capt. Louis Tonns, of Staten Island, a dark horse of the forties, a shoal centerboard boat of moderate beam and small sail area.

Liris was ready at Piepgrass's yard on Friday, with a new mast of black spruce and new outfit of wire rigging from Low's loft. Her mainsail was as bad as usual and handicapped her on the windward work, never having recovered from the partial soaking that it received in the first race she started in. Maraquita was also ready to try her new spars. Nymph was under way, but did not start in the race. The race was for a special prize offered by the Larchmont Club, and also for the Thayer cup, one leg of which was held by Liris. Banshee was expected to start, an exception being made by the others in her favor, allowing her to carry her professional sailing master, but she did not show at the line. A match was also arranged between the thirties, Kathleen and Tom Boy, but the latter was not present, having gone on to New York. Capt. Sloan, who was to sail Kathleen, went on Gorilla to look after the head sheets, Mr. Carroll steering. Liris was steered on the first and fourth legs by Mr. Wetmore and on the windward work by Mr. Belmont. As the wind was about N.W., giving nothing but reaching over the regular courses, a new course was arranged on Friday night, starting from the regular line, off the harbor, and running W.¾N., 9 knots, to the black buoy off Centre Island; thence N.W.½W., 5¼ knots, to the markboat off Captain's Island, in its usual position, and thence over the regular course home, S.W.¾S., 6¾ knots to Hempstead markboat, and N.N.W. 3 knots, to the finish, 24 knots in all. Clubtopsails were not allowed, nor were they really wanted, as the wind was squally at times, being about N.W. at the start and backing to the westward during the latter half of the race.

The start was given at 11:36, Gorilla going over at once. Liris followed her, while Maraquita and Broncho hung back a little, the times being:

Gorilla	11 33 49	Maraquita	11 35 35
Liris	11 34 29	Broncho	11 35 37

Balloon jibtopsails were set, spinaker booms were dropped to port and the sails set in stops, but they were not broken out for a mile or so, the wind being puffy and well forward. Finally Maraquita and Liris broke out and Gorilla soon followed. The breeze was very uneven, first one and then another catching a streak of wind, but no one gained any material advantage in the end. Liris ranged up abeam of Gorilla to leeward, but failed in two or three attempts to get through her lee. She took in spinaker before Gorilla and dropped astern a little, making a couple of trials for a weather berth, but missing it until just at the buoy, when she cut in ahead of Gorilla and turned the mark 15s. ahead. Maraquita was some distance astern all the way across, picking up what the other two lost in their lulling matches. Broncho was practically out of it from the start. The times at the Center Island buoy were:

Liris	12 57 30	Maraquita	12 59 34
Gorilla	12 57 45	Broncho	1 15 15

Liris made the run in 1:23:01, Gorilla in 1:23:56, Maraquita 1:23:59 and Broncho 1:39:38. Liris came on the wind on port tack, but by the time that she was trimmed down a tug with a canal-boat in tow with a long hawser was directly in front of her. Instead of tacking she bore away to leeward to clear the tow, while Gorilla came up just in time to pass clear without any delay. This set Liris a hundred yards or so dead to leeward, and worse still, when on her course again she had all of the sulks and refused to go to windward. Gorilla was already ahead and to windward, while Liris seemed to slide off in a way that was new to her. As no change of trim or sheets seemed to help she tacked, Gorilla just crossing her bow, but when once down to work on the new tack everything was changed, the boat moved off to windward and very soon had Gorilla in her wake, the latter having tacked also. The leg was dead to windward, the breeze being very puffy and the boats sailing about rail to. Liris parted her topsail tack but soon repaired damages and continued to gain on both of the others, Broncho being so far astern as to be out of the race. Maraquita held further in shore off Greenwich than Liris with her draft considered prudent, but the three were badly broken off by the wind when near the mark, making several short tacks to round it. The times were:

Liris	2 07 15	Maraquita	2 15 27
Gorilla	2 12 04		

Liris had made the leg, 5¼ knots to windward, in 1:09:45, Gorilla in 1:14:19 and Maraquita in 1:15:53. The next leg was a close reach for the Hempstead mark, the wind constantly hauling ahead, so all held as far to windward as possible to be sure of fetching. Maraquita set a small jib topsail, which seemed to drive her to leeward, the others holding on better under plain sail. Liris gained over 2m. on each, the times being:

Liris	2 59 32	Maraquita	3 09 58
Gorilla	3 07 01		

On the next leg, close on the wind, Liris still gained a few seconds on Maraquita and a minute on Gorilla, the latter taking third place as in the following official summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Liris	11 34 29	3 26 57	3 52 29	3 52 21
Maraquita	11 35 35	3 37 29	4 01 54	4 01 29
Gorilla	11 33 49	3 35 21	4 01 32	4 01 32
Broncho	11 35 37	Not timed.		

Liris beats Maraquita 9m. 8s., and Gorilla 9m. 1ls., winning the Thayer cup as well as the class prize. Her gain on every leg was a fair one, the only fluke of the day being against her, the loss through the tow at the first mark. Maraquita sailed the best race that she has yet made, beating Gorilla, but she was aided a little by the luffing matches of the latter with Liris on the first leg. Liris' best work was to windward, where she beat Gorilla almost a minute to the mile, also beating her on the long reach across the Sound on third leg. Taken in connection with their previous meeting the race show that Liris is a great deal better to windward than Gorilla, in spite of the latter's bound. Gorilla would undoubtedly have travelled faster with more wind, but Liris also did best with her when it was blowing hardest. Maraquita, though much improved since the Corinthian sweepstakes, is evidently nowhere near good enough for Liris, and the question of the fastest forty may be considered as narrowed down to three boats, Minerva, Liris and Pappoose, the extremes of the class.

The meetings between Liris and Pappoose have been few and indecisive, but they indicate strongly that the small boat has no business with the large one. A very fair trial was had in their first meeting, when in new hands and with wretched spars and sails Liris made her first race, beating Pappoose with ease. When they next met, in the Vineyard Haven sweepstakes, Pappoose gained a long lead at the start, partly by a fluke of the wind and partly by some very good pilotage and her light draft of water, nearly 3ft. less than Liris. On this occasion, however, she did some wonderful work to windward in a breeze, carrying sail and traveling very fast, a little too fast for Liris to catch her. In the Corinthian sweepstakes Liris sailed so badly that no fair comparison is possible, but in the final race for the Morgan cup at Newport she had saved all her time off Pappoose before she was disabled, and would have beaten the little boat easily in a heavy sea. Pappoose is certainly one of the best of the Burgess boats, but a part of her success must be looked for in the fact that she has been for two seasons in the same skillful hands, going into the races this spring in perfect form and being well handled and piloted all the year.

The real point of the forty foot racing, without which much of the work of this season must pass for nothing, is whether Minerva can beat Liris under either or both rules, New York and Seawanhaka. The two meetings that have taken place between them, each winning one, have proved little or nothing, but now a series of match races, determining the exact place of each, would be of the greatest value as a guide to legislation. Minerva's victories are by no means an unmixed good just now, as they are used as a basis for hasty and false conclusions. Most yachtsmen are willing to concede her superiority in speed to the rest of the class, and on the strength of this are inclined to drop the question of a revision of the rules, arguing that if Minerva can win with small sails from the monsters there is no necessity for a change. Such an argument does not recognize the fact that all of Minerva's races have been sailed under the Seawanhaka rule, and some under the very liberal allowances of the Eastern Y.C. in addition. Even if her work proves that the Seawanhaka rule is sufficiently heavy on sail, it does not follow that the same is true of the New York rule, or that such a rule as that of the Larchmont Y. C. is at all desirable.

We believe that, apart from Minerva, a correct record will show that even the boats of last year, with large rigs, have no further business with Liris, Gorilla or Tomahawk, with still larger rigs, now that the three are in some sort of form, and that if the sticks can be of the ratio arguing that if Minerva does pay under the present conditions, save in an exceptional case, such as Minerva. Further than this, the 40ft. class is not the only one to be considered, and Minerva's supremacy there, though fully proved, cannot offset the strong tendency to outrageous rigs in the 70ft. and the schooner classes. Minerva's work will have one good result in that it will lead to a more moderate type of boat next year; but if the matter is overdone, or managed by unskillful hands, we shall see the monsters ahead at the end of the season.

There is every prospect of a number of new yachts this winter, the 53ft. class in particular being promised an active revival, and the present is the most favorable opportunity for a thorough readjustment of the whole measurement question that has occurred or is likely to occur in a long time. There is certainly a great misunderstanding of the question than has before existed, while at the same time such moderate, but important reforms as were suggested last spring in the way of a classification on the basis of corrected instead of waterline length can be inaugurated with little friction and with no interference with vested interests or the rights of existing boats. Such being the case, it will be very unfortunate if the work is left undone through any false conclusions based on a hasty and incomplete survey of the season's racing record.

NEWARK BAY Y. C.—The annual fall regatta of the Newark Bay Y. C. was sailed over a 5 mile triangular course, 15 miles in all, on Newark Bay on Sept. 27, the wind being fresh at first but falling later on. Just Woke Up led for a time but finally capsized. The times were:

CLASS 2, JIB AND MAINSAIL BOATS, BETWEEN 20 AND 26FT.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Leader, Pavonia	22.04	1 33 49	1 30 44
Our Own, Newark Bay	23.10	1 46 09	1 44 31
Viola D, Newark	26.05	1 48 01	1 48 01
Just Woke Up, Newark Bay	21.11	Capsized.	

CLASS 3, OPEN CATBOATS, BETWEEN 20 AND 26FT.

Alida, Newark Bay	22.09	1 37 20	1 37 05
Vision, Essex	23.00	1 47 52	1 47 52
Terror, Newark	20.00	2 12 41	2 09 41
Smuggler, Newark Bay	24.06	Did not finish.	

CLASS 4, OPEN CATBOATS UNDER 20FT.

Mist, Essex	17.10	1 55 21	1 55 21
A. Forsythe, Jersey City	17.08	1 57 09	1 56 59
Addie, Newark Bay	15.00	2 06 51	2 04 01
Gallawater, Newark Bay	16.03	2 12 59	2 11 24
Petrel, Essex	15.08	2 13 52	2 11 42

ROYAL CANADIAN Y. C.—The last race of the season, a cruising race to Whitby, was sailed on Sept. 21 in a strong W.N.W. wind, the times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed	Corrected.
Verve No 2	5 54 40	2 54 40	3 54 40
Verve No 1	6 01 28	3 01 28	2 56 18
Condor	5 59 05	2 59 05	2 57 21
Rivet	6 01 45	3 01 45	2 58 53
Escape	6 30 45	3 30 45	2 58 57

Alexander Marshall, who rescued Mr. Postlethwaite in the late skiff race, was presented with a very handsome testimonial in the shape of a Maltese cross of solid gold in recognition of his bravery.

HAMILTON Y. C. SWEEPSTAKES RACE, SEPT. 21.—Course, triangular in Hamilton Bay. Distance, 14.8 nautical miles. Wind, strong northwest:

	Start.	1st Round.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Cyprus, Monck	2 00 00	3 57 55	4 43 11	2 43 11	2 38 34
Psyche, Kilvert	2 00 00	3 54 13	4 40 37	2 40 37	2 40 87
Alert, Milne	2 00 00	4 04 47	4 50 08	2 56 08	2 51 37
Deerhound, Lee	2 00 00	Withdrew.			
Echo, Smith	2 00 00	Withdrew.			
Coquette, Dunbar	2 00 00	Withdrew.			

Winner first prize, Cyprus; second, Psyche; third, Alert.

FREDONIA AND HESPER, SEPT. 26.

AFTER one postponement the match between the yacht-fisherman Fredonia and the pilot boat Hesper was successfully sailed on Sept. 26, resulting in a very easy victory for the fisherman. For some time opinion has been divided as to the probable winner, and a very close race was looked for, but on the contrary the pilot boat was beaten from the start, being badly outsailed to windward in a sea. The latter part of the race was marred by fog and a shift of wind, the rear boat being very badly left, but long before this happened she had been beaten on her merits. The boats were ready on Wednesday at an early hour, but after waiting until 11:30, with a foggy day and little wind, the postponement flag was hoisted. Next day the tug N. P. Doane, with Mr. W. S. Eaton, of the Eastern Y. C. regatta committee, on board, was off the starting line abreast of Boston Ledge by 9:30 with the signals flying for a course from the Ledge around the buoy on Davis Ledge, then around a mark boat off Eastern Point, near Gloucester, and home, 41½ knots. The wind was strong from S.E., making a dead beat to the first mark, 6⅛ knots, with a heavy sea, there being some fog before the start. Fredonia, with Capt. Harty in command, assisted by Capt. Terry, of the Grayling, in charge of the sheets, and with Messrs. Forbes and Burgess on board as well, was carrying lower sails, both working topsails and jibtopsail. Hesper, sailed by Capt. George Lawlor, was carrying the same canvas with the addition of a maintopmaststaysail.

After a false start by Fredonia, owing to the signals being obscured by fog, a second start was given at 10:30, Hesper being then hove-to on starboard tack near the line. Fredonia, better timed, came for the line just before gun-fire, with good way on and ran through Hesper's lee, crossing the weather end of the line at 10:31:13 on starboard tack. Hesper crossed a little later, 10:32:08, and stood in Fredonia's wake, pointing higher but not going so fast. Both were heading into the sea on this tack off shore, but Fredonia was sailed freer and traveled proportionately faster. After a little time, as Hesper was dropping steadily astern, her maintopmaststaysail was taken in, but still she could not hold the fisherman. The schooner Alert had crossed the line a couple of minutes after the racers, and was now doing very well with Fredonia, having left Hesper. The off shore tack was held until 10:56, when the leader tacked in for Nantasket Beach, getting the seas on her beam. She was steadily leaving Hesper, the latter being sailed very close, but failing to foot. The next off shore tack was made at 11:22, near Black Rock, and at 11:43 Fredonia made her final tack for the first mark, the times of the two being:

Fredonia.....11 50 32 Hesper 12 04 25

Alert did not turn the mark, but was still keeping close to the leader. Thus far, in a beat of 6⅛ knots, Fredonia had beaten Hesper 12m. 53s. With a strong breeze on the starboard quarter and her maintopmaststaysail now set, Fredonia started over the second leg to the markboat off Eastern Point, 17½ knots. Alert ran with her very evenly, while Hesper, though now far astern, ran as fast as the others, losing but 27s. to Fredonia on the leg. The times at the second mark were:

Fredonia.....1 35 50 Hesper.....1 49 10

The last leg, of 15½ knots, was a reach, with the wind just forward of the beam, Fredonia carrying small jibtopsail but no maintopmaststaysail. After the turn the racers ran into a dense fog and were lost to sight until well across the Graves. When near the buoy the wind headed Fredonia, coming out nearly S.W., making a beat home, at the same time falling much lighter. Fredonia was so near home that a couple of tacks took her over the line, but at the time the wind shifted Hesper was some three miles astern of Fredonia, giving her a beat of some six miles to the finish in a falling wind, so that her beating was much more than it should have been. The full times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Fredonia	10 31 13	3 41 50	5 10 37	5 10 37
Hesper	10 32 08	4 24 46	5 52 38	5 49 16

The race was sailed under the conditions given last week, the stakes being $3,000 per side. Fredonia was the better handled and had better sails, using Puritan's mainsail. Each boat carried a spinaker and boom, but did not set them.

We quote from the Boston *Globe* the following careful analysis of the race, written by Mr. Geo. A. Stewart:

"The race between the Hesper and Fredonia has been one of the most significant features of the present season for the men of all classes who pass any portion of their time upon the sea. The difference in the type of the two vessels is nearly as great as that between the combatants in the recent international contests. Narrow beam and depth are the features of the Hesper's model, with easy bilge and a steep angle of dead rise, or, as it is otherwise termed, a 'sharp floor.' Her section is much like that of a cutter. In fact, she was likened to the Minerva in the dock, and her sharp entrance and clean run caused many enthusiasts to back her, to their sorrow.

"The Fredonia is built for the fishing trade, in which carrying power and the ability to stand up straight in order to facilitate the work of the men on deck are the chief factors to be considered. Consequently she is a 'full' vessel, with full bow, comparatively heavy quarters and a powerful, hard bilge. She is more of an American type of recent years in which power has been sought, rather at the expense of fine lines. A year ago it would have been thought that the Fredonia's model tended more in the direction whence speed should be sought, but the Minerva has proved that great power is not necessary to produce high speed.

"On the merits of the models, therefore, it was hard to found an opinion as to which would be the winner. It was suggested that the Hesper was too much cut away, and that power had been sacrificed which was not made up for by the easiness of lines obtained. Still, the merits of the models will not explain such a defeat as this, and the explanation must include the other things which help to bring the winner first home to the finish.

"Among yachtsmen is a well-recognized fact that the model of the vessel does not count for more than one-half the total which makes speed. A good model is a necessity, but beyond this there are an infinite number of things to be looked after in order to bring out the best speed of a vessel. Ballasting, rig, the sit of sails, handling, all bear an important part in the success or failure of a racing yacht, and of course the same features make or mar the fortunes of any vessel entered for a trial of speed.

"It was in these last-named elements that the pilot boat chiefly fell short. Of course, after the race is over it is easy enough to point out the defects. If the Hesper had won it would have been due to some cause, and the make-up of the Fredonia would have come in for its share of criticism. But the fact stands that the Fredonia won, and some of the causes for her success were plainly evident on the day of the race.

"To begin with, the handling of the Fredonia was of the very highest order, judged by the yachtsman's standard. Rarely is a schooner yacht handled as well as the Fredonia was in Thursday's race. The Grayling, the best handled schooner in America, is not usually handled so well, for in his own yacht Capt. Terry has to stand by the wheel, and he cannot give as close attention to the sails as he was able to in the Fredonia. Capt. Harty is naturally a fine helmsman, and his drill this year under such an experienced yachtsman as ex-Com. Forbes, combined with a racing experience in the New York Y. C. cruise, has been of great use to him. Forward everything was excellently managed. The right sails were set and the canvas was handled to the best advantage. All the little schemes for making leaches stand right, and such things drawn from yachting experience, were tried. These things count for minutes in the windward work.

"The Hesper was at a disadvantage in all these things. To begin with, her crew decided before the race that they had no chance against the Fredonia in a light breeze, so they put in additional ballast, hoping for a heavy wind. On the day of the race the wind, though strong, was not enough to warrant putting additional weight into a sea-going craft like Hesper. Then the pilot boat's sails were not up to the mark. She had a new suit of sails made expressly for this race, and had not time enough to get them into shape.

"Added to this, mistakes were made in the sails set. Yachting experience, the constant rubbing up against an opponent as fast as your own craft, has convinced yachtsmen that a maintopmast staysail and a jibtopsail as big as the Hesper's are a detriment in windward work, if there is at all a decent breeze. The boat will carry them all right, but they drag her to leeward and astern.

"Pilots are at the same disadvantage in racing that yachtsmen would be if you should put the latter out on the station in the depths of winter looking for steamers. Racing yachtsmen are continually studying out little contrivances by which a few seconds can be added to their vessel's speed. Pilots have no incentive to look after these minor points. It takes constant racing and constant defeat to spur an owner up to discover all the weak points of his yacht and rectify them.

"A good illustration of the importance of the little things was shown by the experience of the Sachem last year. She had a new suit of sails in the spring, and to the careless observer seemed to be fit to win all the mugs that could be offered. She went on to New York, and was beaten by the Grayling 25m. in a true breeze over the New York Yacht Club course. It seemed a hopeless task, but her owners, with rare pluck, went to work to do what could be done to rub out this tremendous lead. A month and a half of hard work, and the Sachem was ready for the New York Yacht Club cruise. On this cruise she met the Grayling repeatedly, divided the honors with her, and in the same breeze in which the Grayling beat her so badly in the spring she was now more than a match for her dangerous opponent.

"As far as Capt. Lawler's steering is concerned no amount of fine steering could have made up the difference between the two vessels. The Hesper being the narrower boat, with fine entrance, ought to point higher into a head sea than the Fredonia. Capt. Lawler at first tried her high, but later he let her off, but neither way could she hold the Fredonia. It turned out that she had not enough after sail for the best windward work.

"Some people have been misled by the time. The Fredonia beat the Hesper 42m. on the record, but half of this was due to the wind falling light, and heading the Hesper off at the finish. On the merits of the sailing the Fredonia beat the pilot boat about 20m. on the course.

"Some one said after the race. "Every old hooker will now think that she can beat the Hesper." Let no one be deceived. The Hesper is a very fast vessel as many a presumptuous craft will find out this winter. Pilot boat No. 5 goes on the station at Boston light, Monday noon, and in a week she will go on the station at Cape Cod."

The following rather cool proposal has been made to Mr. Forbes, but he has not accepted it:

To the Yachting Editor of the Boston Globe:

As we understand Com. Forbes has said he did not wish to make money by sailing, and as he has won $3,000 in the match race between the Fredonia and Hesper, and as he seems to be a great lover of testing the sailing qualities of the different types of boats, we think the public and all seafaring men would like to see Com. Forbes come out and offer the money in as many prizes as he saw fit, to be competed for by any fishing or pilot boat 80 to 100ft. l.w.l., under working sails, such as they use in their business, and to sail on time allowance, and not to sail under an 8-knot breeze, and Com. Forbes to make arrangements as he may see fit.

This, we think, will bring all such fast vessels as the Fredonia, Hesper, Carrie E. Phillips, Nellie Dixon, Susan R. Stone, Roulette, Lizzie Maud, Lillie Fernald, Elsie M. Smith, Julia Costa, I. J. Merritt, Jr., George F. Edmunds, Isaac Collins, Sylvester Whalen in competition. (Signed) Capt. N. F. Blake.
Capt. Alfred Sorensen,
Capt. John Cannon.

Boston, Sept. 28.

KATHLEEN AND SHONA.

TUESDAY last, the wind up of the racing for 1889, was utilized by the clerk of the weather as a sort of closing out sale of samples and remnants, to make room, let us hope, for an entirely new stock next season. Among the bargains that fell to the lot of Kathleen and Shona, the only contestants, were a nice whole-sail breeze with sheets well in, a pretty bit of light wind for a beat to the outer mark, a moderate breeze astern to test spinakers, and such a rattling squall as only the Staten Island bluffs can furnish. The race was in its way of the allegorical order, like the dear dull goody-goody stories of our childhood, a sort of "youth at the oar and pleasure at the helm" business at the start, with fair tide and topsails, a lazy run under spinaker in smooth water later on, and a wind up in the dark with a hard beat against tide, with two reefs down, to a lively accompaniment of thunder and lightning. The small band of pilgrims who finally reached shore in a damp and disgusted condition after a very hard day's work were bound on the path of progress toward higher and better things in the yacht racing line, the immediate object of the race being the collection of data that would throw a needed light on the much-disputed measurement question. There was no lack of data, it was lying all over the lower bay in chunks, but unfortunately it was all of a meteorological nature, such as might interest Sergt. Dunn or Ensign Hayden, but of which yachtsmen have had a great deal too much this season.

The match was arranged by the Corinthian Y. C., of New York, the owners of Kathleen and Shona kindly offering their boats for the purpose of a test race, the object being to learn how much the fat and overgrown American cutter could beat the lean and hungry offspring of the old tonnage rule. The former type was represented by Kathleen, designed by Mr. Gardner and owned by Mr. Whitlock, and the latter by Shona, designed by Mr. Watson and owned by Admiral Tweed, Corinthian Y. C. The two compare as follows:

	L.W.L.	Beam.	Draft.	Sail area.	Cor. length.
Kathleen	30	10.6	7	2,036	37.56
Shona	32.5	5.9	6	1,500	34.25

Kathleen allows Shona about 3m.

The course was from Buoy 15, below the Narrows, past Buoy 9, then to Buoy 1 off Point Comfort, in Raritan Bay, thence past Buoy 10 on the South West Spit, and home to the start, 18½ knots. The morning was wet and cloudy, with stray bits of sunshine, the wind being S.W., but by 11 o'clock all was bright and clear. With one delay or another it was noon before the yachts left the Corinthian Basin at Tompkinsville in company with the naphtha launch Bertha, on which were Messrs. Schuyler, Clark and Porter, of the club, as well as Mr. Gardner and the representatives of the press. Kathleen left her topsail yards at her mooring, understanding that topsails were not to be carried, but as events proved Shona had hers in her main saloon in case of emergencies. On board of Kathleen was her owner, with Capt. Tom Sloan at the stick, while Shona was sailed by Capt. Little, with Capt. Charles Barr, her old skipper, as mate. Before leaving the moorings topmasts were housed on both, the wind being pretty heavy, having held so all night. Kathleen had come over from Bay Ridge under two reefs and kept them in, Shona carrying whole mainsail. On the way down, in spite of some heavy squalls off the hills, the wind dropped considerably, and topmasts were sent up, reefs shaken out and jib headers set.

The start was given at 1:33:10, Kathleen going over to windward of Shona at 1:33:55, the latter being timed at 1:34:27. The wind was well ahead and puffy, while the tide was on the early ebb. Kathleen, with balloon foresail set, reached off for Buoy 9, gradually dropping her rival. At Buoy 11 the course hauled a little, and at Buoy 9 it became a dead beat of five miles to the outer mark. Kathleen had gained on the reaching, and went away still faster when on the wind, though Shona pointed very high. Kathleen was first to tack, standing in on port tack toward Staten Island when near the Quarantine ship, Shona holding her starboard tack until well down toward the Hook. As it proved, the latter was the better course, in spite of a stronger tide to leeward, as when the two finally neared, Shona had made up a great deal of her loss from the start to the time when they parted company.

The wind was now very light and to Kathleen's disgust Shona shifted to clubtopsail. Kathleen came about on the other's weather bow and soon began to walk away from her. When up Raritan Bay the wind strengthened a good deal, Shona finally dousing her clubtopsail. Kathleen gained until at the turn she was timed 4:00:35, with Shona 4:13:10, a lead of 12m., or over 9m. more than the allowance for the full course. Kathleen made a clean turn and set her spinaker smartly, running off very fast with boom to port. Shona made a wider sweep and had trouble with her spinaker, setting it for the third time before the stops finally broke. The turn at Buoy 10 was timed Kathleen 4:30:00, Shona 4:43:45, Kathleen had run the distance, a quarter under 4 knots, in less than 30m., gaining a little over a minute on Shona.

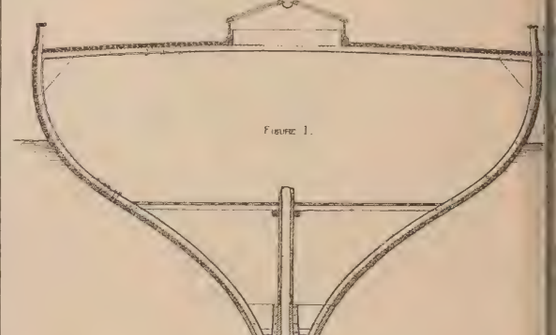
Thus far the day had been warm and bright enough for June, and with a good breeze on the port quarter, with jibtopsail set, the 6½ miles home promised to be as pleasant as the first part of the sail. The weather, however seemed anxious to keep up the reputation it made in the June regattas, every one of which was sailed partly in a squall, and when Kathleen was off Buoy 11, only a couple of miles from home, the wind chopped round into the northwest, with thunder in the distance, and by the time that jibheader, jibtopsail and foresail were off her she was in the midst of one of the wildest squalls of this squally season. When it struck she was under whole mainsail and No. 1 jib, close-hauled along the line of the West Bank. The squall laid her flat on the water for a time, and she refused to do her work until two reefs were tied in, when she looked up to windward and sailed off in fine shape through the gusts which struck her heavily at frequent intervals. Shona was far enough astern to profit a little by Kathleen's experience, and was snugged down in better shape before the squall reached her. It was now very dark, the sky a mass of inky clouds in all quarters, while the lightning had a peculiar rose tint. The tide was setting out very swiftly but the little ships had wind enough to breast it. Under two reefs in her mainsail and No. 1 jib Kathleen handled beautifully, and the beat up in the teeth of the squalls was the most exciting part of the day's work.

When near the finish the wind dropped and she was hardly able to make way against the tide, but with some light drafts of air from astern and with topsail and jibtopsail set and the reefs out of her mainsail she finally crossed the line at 6:26:18. Shona, after gaining a little before the squall struck, was now about as far astern as before, and with the light wind she worked up near to the finish, when she was becalmed, drifting down the bay. The launch took her in tow near the line, no time being taken. Kathleen managed to keep way on until under the fort, when the squalls struck in as heavily and suddenly as before. She was soon under snug canvas and worked through them all right, though on her beam ends at times. It was 8 P. M. before she reached her moorings off Tompkinsville.

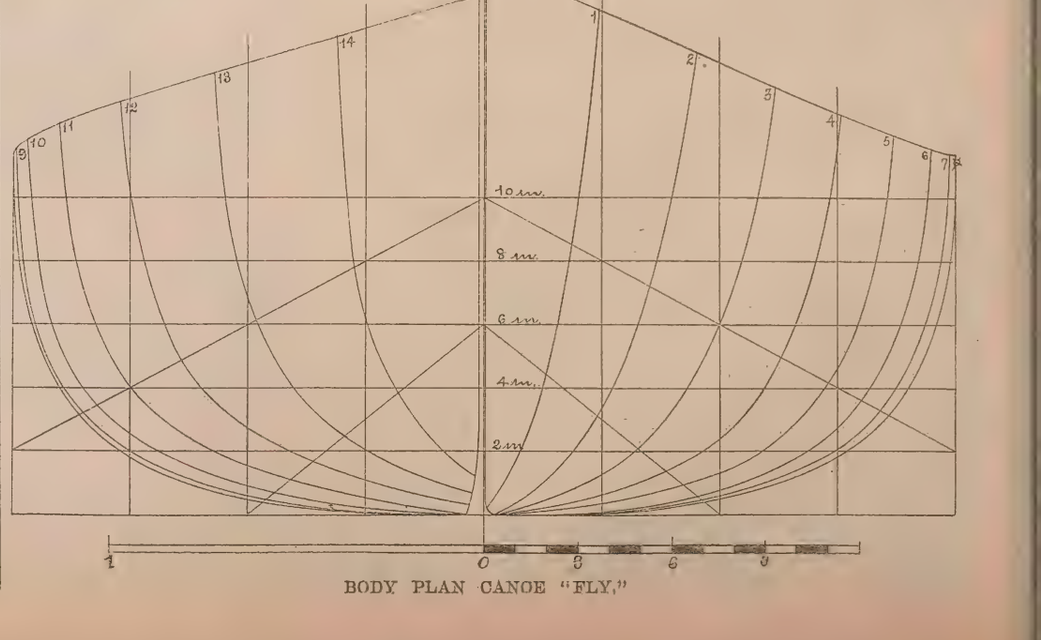
Had the race finished without the squall she would have beaten Shona by about the lead she had at Buoy 10—12m. 15s. In connection with this, it is interesting to note that Liris and Kathleen sailed a scrub match of about twenty knots this week, Liris allowing 12m. under Seawanhaka rules, and beating Kathleen by 30m. Liris has shipped a cruising boom, bowsprit and topmast and winter sails, preparatory to cruise in the Chesapeake. Kathleen went out of commission on Wednesday, hauling out on Wintringham's ways for the winter. Captain Sloan sailed on the City of Paris for Queenstown, promising to try America again next season.

M'INTYRE'S COMPOSITE CONSTRUCTION.

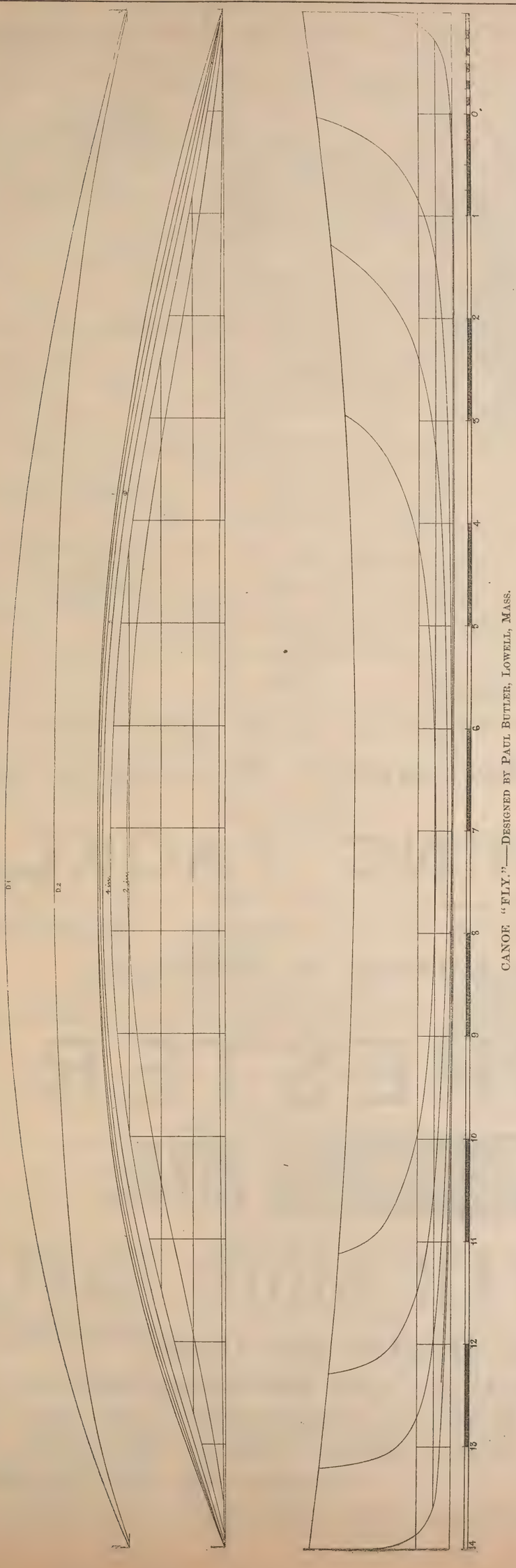
MR. JAMES McINTYRE, a foreman in the City Point Iron Works of South Boston, and the inventor of the skylight and companion slide bearing his name, has lately patented a new method of constructing composite vessels, by which the wood keel is entirely dispensed with. The keel is a casting in the form of a trough, of any desirable thickness of iron, the sides and bottom being strengthened by cross bulkheads. The wooden stem and sternpost are bolted to the keel, fitting into suitable mortices cast to receive them, and the steel frames are riveted through


FIGURE 1.

the keel. A small yacht is now being built after this method from a design by Mr. J. Borden, of the Boston Yacht Agency. She is intended for the 16ft. class of the Pleon Y. C., and is 22ft. over all, 16ft. l.w.l., 1ft. 6in. fore overhang, 6ft. 5in. extreme beam, 6ft. 3in. l.w.l. beam, 11in. freeboard, 5ft. 3in. draft. Her mast will be 26ft., bowsprit 8ft. outboard, boom 22ft., gaff 14ft., hoist of mainsail 16ft. All the spars will be hollow, made by Mansfield. She will carry three sizes of jib, to set flying with clubs on the foot. Her sails of 8oz. duck, with silk spinaker, will be made by A. Wilson. The mainsail will have a reefing batten, as in a canoe



BODY PLAN CANOE "FLY,"



CANOE "FLY."—DESIGNED BY PAUL BUTLER, LOWELL, MASS.

sail. The iron casting for the keel is 11ft. 6in. long and 1ft. 6in. deep, the sides being about 7/8in., and the total weight 700lbs. The steel angle frames, nine on each side, are 3/4×3/4×1/8in., and are all reverse frames, or with the rib inside. Each is backed on the outside by light ribs of hackmatack, 7/8×1in., riveted to the angle bar. By this means all beveling of the steel in addition to the bending is avoided, the wooden frames faying against the plank and taking the bevel. Between the composite frames are steamed oak ribs, 3/4×3/4in. The steel angles are riveted at the heels and steel floor plates, and these in turn are riveted to the sides of the keel, extending 4in. above it to the cabin floor. After the frames and floors are fitted and drilled they are galvanized. The planking of 5/8in. Spanish cedar in full lengths is riveted with copper nails to the frames. The deck beams are sided 3/4in., moulded 2in., with 5in. crown, and the plank sheer is of mahogany. The deck is of white pine, 3/4×3/4, blind-fastened. The lead ballast, 1,200lbs. in all, will be run into the trough keel. The frames and floors weigh but 57lbs. after galvanizing. The yacht will be fitted below with two sofa lockers, two hammock beds, and pantries, etc. The skylight and companion will be designed by Mr. McIntyre, a combination hatch that can be removed in racing. The Composite, as she is called, will make her trial trip next month. Mr. McIntyre is now busy with skylights for several Government vessels. The cut shows the framing of a centerboard boat on this system.

YACHTSMEN OF NEW ENGLAND.—Under this title Mr. W. H. Couillard has published in a very handsome volume a complete list of all the New England yacht clubs, with names and signals of the yachts and addresses of members, besides the tide tables of the year and other useful information. The book is very well illustrated with photogravure reproductions of photographs of the leading yachts, and is a very ornamental as well as useful addition to the yachtsman's library.

ALBANY Y. C.—The fall regatta of the Albany Y. C. will be sailed on Oct. 12, being open to both sailing and steam yachts of all organized yacht clubs between Poughkeepsie and Troy inclusive. The steam yachts will be divided into first class, 30ft. and under 56ft., and second class, under 30ft. There will be two prizes in each class, presented by Capt. Sanders. Entries close on Oct. 5.

THE LOSS OF THE LEO.—From all that we can learn of the steam yacht Leo, lately lost on Lake Erie, she was an old and poorly equipped boat, with a steam boiler, using kerosene for fuel, purchased at a very low price and run by incompetent help. She was not a naphtha launch. No further particulars of her loss are known, but it is supposed that her boiler exploded.

COLUMBIA Y. C.—The postponed regatta of Sept. 26 was a failure through a fog and calm, none of the 16 starters completing the course. The race will not be re-sailed.

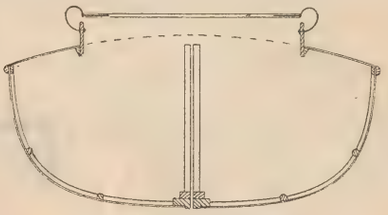
GRAYLING.—The report that Grayling has been sold to go to Lake Erie is contradicted, but it is said now that Vice-Com. Fish will not race her next season.

ORIENTA, steam yacht, has been sold by J. A. Bostwick to E. R. & J. H. Ladew, of New York.

Canoeing.

FLY.

THE canoe Fly, whose lines are here given, is the best known of the famous Vesper canoes, the handsomest fleet of canoes that has ever been brought together. The boats are all of the same dimensions, 16×30, and of nearly the same model, all being built in the same way, ribband carvel, of Spanish cedar. Fly was designed by Mr. Paul Butler, of Lowell, Mass., in 1888, and was built under his direction by Mr. W. F. Stevens, of Portland, Me., the work being done in Lowell. She raced at the meet the same year with rather poor success, having a rather incomplete rig, but later in the season she defeated Eclipse at Springfield in the final race for the Springfield cup, and in the special races at New York at the time of the international races she won the two races of the morning and afternoon, beating the time of the Eclipse over the same course in each race, though of course not racing for the same prizes. As the latter canoe was not at the meet this year the two have never met since. Fly is built to the



MIDSHIP SECTION CANOE "FLY."

full limit of 16ft.×30in., but as we explained in connection with the limits of Charm, Oct. 11, 1888, the lines are reduced in length to 15ft. for the sake of uniformity with other designs. In building from the lines and the table of offsets it will be necessary, in order to build to 16ft., to space each station $12^{13}/_{16}$in. apart, in place of 12in. In any case, though the table of offsets is taken as carefully as possible from a drawing 1/2 full size, it will be necessary to lay off the design full size, as described in "Canoe and Boat-building for Amateurs," in order to make the moulds, and in doing this the lengthening is an easy matter by spacing each station as above. Wasp, one of the latest of Mr. Butler's canoes, is very similar to Fly, but her floor has a trifle less round in it. The deck, too, is different, there being hardly any coaming, but the deck itself is arched into a sort of turtle-back form about the well, in order to throw off the water, an object which it does not quite accomplish. an apron or higher coaming being needed. The dimensions of Fly are as follows, the fractions being eighths of an inch:

Length	16ft.	
Beam, extreme		30in.
l.w.l. 4in		27in.
Draft		4in.
Freeboard		7^3in.
Sheer, bow	1ft.	1^4in.
stern	1ft.	0^4in.

Stations.	Heights.		Half Breadths.							
	Deck.	Keel.	Deck	10in.	8in.	6in.	4in.	2in.	Rabbet.	Dia. 1	Dia. 2
0	1 5^4	.....	0^1	0^1	0^1	0^1	.....	.....	.....	0^1	0^1
1	1 4	0^2	3^6	3	2^6	2^3	1^7	1^1	0^1	3^1	2^4
2	1 2^6	.....	6^6	5^7	5^4	4^7	4	2^7	0^2	6	4^6
3	1 1^6	.....	9^2	8^6	8^2	7^4	6^3	4^6	0^3	8^4	6^2
4	1 0^6	.....	11^2	11	10^4	9^7	8^7	6^7	0^4	10^5	7^3
5	1	.....	1 1	1 0^6	1 0^3	11^7	10^6	8^7	0^6	1 0^3	8^1
6	11^5	.....	1 2^2	1 2^1	1 1^6	1 1^2	1 0^2	10^2	0^5	1 1^4	8^5
7	11^4	.....	1 2^3	1 2^6	1 2^4	1 2	1 1^1	11^1	0^5	1 2^2	8^6
⊠	11^4	.....	1 3	1 3	1 2^6	1 2^3	1 1^4	11^4	0^5	1 2^5	8^7
9	11^5	.....	1 2^7	1 2^6	1 2^3	1 2^2	1 1^2	11^2	0^5	1 2^3	8^7
10	11^7	.....	1 2^4	1 2^3	1 2^1	1 1^6	1 0^5	10^3	0^5	1 1^7	8^4
11	1 0^3	.....	1 1^4	1 1^2	1 0^7	1 0^3	11^2	8^4	0^4	1 0^6	7^7
12	1 1^1	0^2	11^4	11^1	10^6	10^1	8^7	6^1	0^3	10^7	6^7
13	1 2	0^5	8^4	8^2	7^7	7^1	6	3^5	0^3	8^1	5^5
14	1 3^1	0^6	4^5	4^3	4^1	3^6	2^5	1^2	0^2	4^5	3^4
15	1 4^4	.....	0^1	0^1	0^1	0^1	.....	.....	.....	0^1	0^1

The fittings and interior will appear next week.

NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB CANOE REGATTA.

THE canoe regatta of the New York Athletic Club was held on Saturday at Travers Island, the races being sailed in a very light breeze. The maneuvering race was first called, the starters being Wasp, Paul Butler; Eclipse, H. C. Ward; Alpha, Everett Masten; Vagabond, C. J. Stevens; Sea Urchin, B. H. Nadal; Cyrus, H. L. Quick. Cyrus was third to recover the paddle after it was thrown over, but came in ahead with Alpha second. The same canoes started in the unlimited sailing race over the course shown last week in the FOREST AND STREAM, one round only being sailed. Vagabond led on the first leg, but was passed by Wasp and Eclipse near the turn. On the next leg, to windward, she repassed Eclipse and Wasp, being first at the second mark, but the wind was very light and the tide running swiftly, so that in endeavoring to avoid a foul with Wasp, Vagabond fouled the buoy, immediately withdrawing from the race. Eclipse passed Wasp on the way in, and led at the end of the first round when the race was called, there being little wind, while the hour was quite late. The official times were as follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Eclipse	4 17 18	5 25 53	1 08 35
Wasp	4 17 12	5 28 31	1 11 19
Tramp	Disqualified.		
Alpha	4 17 20	5 31 42	1 14 22
Cyrus	4 17 13	5 32 35	1 15 22
Sea Urchin	4 17 17	5 36 20	1 19 03

Robert W. Gibson acted as referee, and the judges were Henry Stanton, of the American Canoe Association, and A. H. Wheeler, of the New York Athletic Club. Messrs. W. G. Schuyler, R. B. Burchard, Dr. Ramon Guiteras and R. W. Rathbone composed the committee.

IANTHE C. C. FALL REGATTA.

THE fifth annual regatta of the Ianthe C. C. was held on the Passaic River on Saturday, and was a success in every way, the weather being all that could be desired.

The club house and the banks of the river surrounding it were crowded with friends of the club, while many were out in the boats and canoes on the water. There was a very large attendance of canoeists from other clubs, the Brooklyn, Bayonne, N. J. Athletic, Crescent, Arlington, Orange, Rutherford and Paterson all sending their share.

The races were all spirited and well contested, and the prizes, consisting chiefly of flags and banners, were of a very superior order. The paddling course was about half a mile and the sailing course about a mile, twice around the triangle.

The first event, Class I., paddling, for the Commodore's cup, went to the Arlington C. C., through C. V. Schuyler in the Redante; G. P. Douglass, Ianthe, in the Scoot, second; J. Duguid in the Clara R., third. Schuyler led from the start and won by a length.

Sailing and paddling combined was the second event, and again Mr. Schuyler in the Nipsie held the lead for the first round, but the pace was too fast on the last round, and he finally dropped back to last place and then gave up the race. G. P. Douglass finished first in the Nenemooska; R. Hobart second, in the Cyniska, and Geo. Baxter third, in the Mineola. All were Ianthe men.

The sailing seniors and juniors were started together, and was a close fight throughout, L. B. Palmer winning in the Ianthe, G. P. Douglass, Nenemooska, second; then came the first junior, W. J. Steward, in Wind; O. F. Coe, Cresent C. C., in Sybil, fourth; G. W. Baxter fifth, R. Hobart sixth, C. V. Schuyler seventh, H. S. Farmer eighth, G. Manley, Orange C. C., ninth.

The sailing upset was won by Nenemooska, G. P. Douglass; Wind, W. J. Stewart, second; Cyniska, R. Hobart, withdrew.

Paddling classes III. and IV. Seniors was won by G. P. Douglass, canoe Nenemooska; B. Frederick second, in Bachelor; W. M. Myers, Bayonne C. C., in Nahma, third; O. F. Coe, Crescent C. C., in Cybil, fourth.

The junior paddling brought out a large fleet, and was a good race. W. J. Stewart, in Wind, won after a hard fight, with J. Duguid, in Nilo, second; E. W. Edinger, of the Crescents, third; G. L. Metze, of the Hoboken C. C., fourth; Geo. Manley, of the Orange C. C., fifth; H. Morgan, of the Arlington C. C., sixth.

The hurry-scurry had but four entries on account of the cold water. E. W. Edinger finished first, with J. Stewart second. J. Duguid and G. R. Metze did not finish.

The tandem paddling was the most exciting event of the day. The Collins Bros., of Bayonne, have long been the champion tandem canoeists of the Passaic and had never been beaten on that stream. When the race was called they were the only crew entered, one of the Ianthe crew not having shown up, so Douglass and Stewart at the last minute, as well as Manly and Daly, of the Orange C. C., started. Though Douglass and Stewart were members of the same club they had never been in a canoe together before, but they fairly wrested the championship of the Passaic from the Collins Bros., leading at the finish by a length and a half. The Orange crew were at least twenty lengths behind and out of the race.

During the afternoon there was music in the club house, and between the events many availed themselves of the opportunity to dance. Mr. Irving V. Dorland, rear-commodore elect A. C. A., acted as referee, and Mr. Jas. Close as clerk of the course. After the races the prizes were distributed by Mr. F. L. Dunnell, secretary elect A. C. A. In the evening a collation was served, and more than fifty canoeists made merry until a late hour.

BRANTFORD C. C.—The fall regatta of the Brantford C. C. was held on Sept. 21, on Lovejoy's Pond, the races being as follows: One mile tandem (club)—Bloomfield and Boswell first, Fred. Frank and Chas. Frank second; time, 11.58. Ladies' half mile tandem (club)—Miss Helen Goold and Miss May Bennett first; Miss Katie Wilkes and Miss Ross second; time, 6.25. Half mile, single (open)—1, Harry MacKendrick, Galt; 2, Alex. McKenzie; 3, Harry Frank; time, 5.04¼. Hurry-scurry—1, John McWillie; 2, Charles Frank; 3, S. R. Potter. Half mile, passenger (club)—1, Harry Frank; 2, Bloomfield; time, 5.47. Lady and gentleman tandem (club)—1, Alex. McKenzie and Miss Frances McKenzie; 2, Bloomfield and Miss Helen Goold; time, 5.18. Tug of war, dead heat. The sides were: W. A. Wilkes, S. R. Potter, Salter and Spence, and Fred Frank, Chas. Frank, J. McWillie and P. B. Wallace. Two trials were made, but the ropes slipped from the canoes, and it was decided to contest it some other time. One mile tandem (open)—1, Alex. McKenzie and Harry Frank; 2, MacKendrick Bros.; time, 10.01.

NEWBURGH CANOE AND BOATING ASSOCIATION.—On Sept. 21 Newburgh Bay was the scene of one of the most enjoyable events of the season. The wind fresh from the northwest; one could not wish for a better day. The entries for the ten-mile race, mainsail yachts, were as follows: Flight, Dolphin, Annie, Nabob, Jennie, Jessie. Flight, owned and sailed by Wm. T. Hilton, won first prize, Dolphin second. The race for cruisers was won by Mabel, sailed by N. S. Smith, and the canoe race by Rat, Grant E. Edgar. Fred B. Smith won the half-mile paddling race, and the half-mile double scull race was won by Harry Shaw and Chas. Low. After the races a reception was held at the club house, and a very successful season was closed.

NEW YORK C. C.—The fall regatta of the New York C. C. will be held on Oct. 5, at the club house, off Stapleton, commencing at 2 P. M. The programme is as follows: 1. Unlimited sailing. 2. Sailing keel canoes. 3. Unclassified sailing. 4. Man overboard race. 5. Paddling race. 6. Tandem paddling race. 7. Live duck race. 8. Upset race (weather permitting). The races are open to all members of canoe clubs, and will be sailed under A.C.A. rules.

PHOTOS OF THE MEET.—Mr. R. W. Anderson of Anne street, Toronto, has now ready a good series of photos of the meet at Stave Island, including the A. C. A. group, the circus, the tents and the racing canoes. A list will be forwarded on request.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Atlantic Division: F. D. Laughlin, New York.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

E. B. M., Newark, N. J.—The English gunmaker is unknown to us.

W. J. S.—1. Are meadow-larks and reedbirds protected in New York State? 2. What size Tatham's shot compares with No 8 standard size, used in testing foreign guns? Ans. 1. Yes. 2. There is a difference of nearly one size in the numbering, our No. 6 corresponding very closely with the English No. 7 and so on.

BLUE RIDGE. Denver, S. C.—What is the correct name of our Southern "Bob White?" We call them partridges here, but I am not sure which they are, partridges, quail or grouse. Ans. "Bob White" is the bird usually spoken of in our columns as the quail. It is known to science as the *Colinus virginianus*; and is, strictly speaking, neither a quail nor partridge, which names are commonly applied to it, however.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

EVERY DAY BUSINESS. Arranged for young people. By M. S. Emery. A book of useful information on business matters. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

WITIN THE LINES. A story of the Blue and Gray Series. By Oliver Optic. Boston: Lee & Shepard; $1.50.

TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES OF LITTLE BARON TRUMP AND HIS WONDERFUL DOG BULGER. By Ingersoll Lockwood. Illustrated by George Wharton Edward. A gorgeous story book. Boston: Lee & Shepard; $2.

NEW YACHTS.—There are already indications of plenty of work for the builders during the winter, and the classes below 60ft. are apt to be largely increased. Several new boats are promised in the 53ft. class to beat Clara, Mr. Gardner having an order for one now. The latest report is that Mr. Fife has an order for a new 40 for a Philadelphia owner. Mr. Burgess is working on a design 60ft. l.w.l., 15ft. beam and 11ft. draft, besides a cruising schooner. Mr. Gardner has an order for a 30 to beat Kathleen, for a Boston owner, and a 23ft. catboat. Mr. D. J. Lawlor, of Chelsea, Mass., has an order for a 30 footer and a steam yacht 100ft. long. The composite build is likely to be tried this year, after Mr. Gardner's success with the hull of Liris.

Now the small boy goes a gunning
In the woodland turning dun,
And he whistles loud and merry,
For his soul is full of fun;
But his whistle ends abruptly,
And he looks demure and glum
When he gazes on the mosses
At his sanguinary thumb.—*Puck.*

THE R. J. DOUGLAS CO., of Waukegan, Ill., whose name is so familiar to our readers from the fact that they are constant advertisers in our columns, are branching out and reaching for a larger portion of the Eastern trade. They have just completed arrangements with Merwin, Hulbert & Co., 26 West Twenty-third street, New York, to take the Eastern agency of their boats. The Douglas Co. build everything in the boat line, from a canoe to a steam launch. Merwin, Hulbert & Co. will carry a full line of the goods and invite general inspection.—*Adv.*

BEECHAM'S PILLS cure sick headache.—*Adv.*

HUMPHREYS'
VETERINARY SPECIFICS
For Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs, AND POULTRY.
500 Page Book on Treatment of Animals and Chart Sent Free.
CURES { A.A.—Fevers, Congestions, Inflammation, Spinal Meningitis, Milk Fever.
B.B.—Strains, Lameness, Rheumatism.
C.C.—Distemper, Nasal Discharges.
D.D.—Bots or Grubs, Worms.
E.E.—Coughs, Heaves, Pneumonia.
F.F.—Colic or Gripes, Bellyache.
G.G.—Miscarriage, Hemorrhages.
H.H.—Urinary and Kidney Diseases.
I.I.—Eruptive Diseases, Mange.
J.K.—Diseases of Digestion.
Stable Case, with Specifics, Manual, Witch Hazel Oil and Medicator, $7.00
Price, Single Bottle (over 50 doses), .60
Sold by Druggists; or Sent Prepaid anywhere and in any quantity on Receipt of Price.
Humphreys' Med. Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

Forest & Stream File Binders.
PRICE, $1.00.
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

HAVE YOU SEEN OUR NEW
Illustrated Catalogue
OF
FISHING TACKLE?
It is the most elaborate and magnificent book ever published in the Sporting Goods line. Send us 25 cents and we will forward you a copy post paid.
ABBEY & IMBRIE,
No. 18 VESEY STREET, NEW YORK.

WINCHESTER
STAR  **RIVAL**
LOADED PAPER SHOT SHELLS.
Ask your Dealer for them.
Not Sold at Retail by the Manufacturers.
WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.,
312 Broadway, N. Y. NEW HAVEN, CONN.
Send for 82-page Catalogue of Arms and Ammunition.

For a DISORDERED LIVER
Try BEECHAM'S PILLS.
25cts. a Box.
OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

IMPORTANT TO EVERY SPORTSMAN.

RIDGWAY'S MANUAL OF
NORTH AMERICAN BIRDS.

Profusely Illustrated with 464 Outline Cuts. By ROBERT RIDGWAY. Library Edition, Royal 8vo. Extra cloth, gilt. $7.50. Sportsman's Edition. Bound in leather, flexible. $7.50.

"No one is better fitted to speak with authority on our birds than Mr. Ridgway."—*Forest and Stream.*

"It is indispensable to sportsmen."—*Boston Globe.*

LEWIS'S
AMERICAN SPORTSMAN.

A New, Revised and Enlarged Edition.

Containing Hints to Sportsmen. By ELISHA J. LEWIS, M.D. With New Chapters on the Origin, Breeding and Science of Breaking Dogs. By ARNOLD BURGES. With over 300 illustrations. Extra cloth. $2.50.

"It is superior to any work on sporting that has yet been published."—*The Dispatch.*

If not obtainable at your Booksellers', send direct to the Publishers, who will forward the books free of postage promptly on receipt of the price.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, Publishers,
715 and 717 Market st., Philadelphia.

SPORTSMEN SMOKERS
SHOULD ALL SMOKE OUR CELEBRATED



Hand-Made Havana Cigars.
MADE IN TWO STYLES AND SIZES.
LONDRES PERFECTO, 5in. long @ $7.00 per 100
CONCHAS ESPECIALS, 4¼in. @ 6.00 "

The favorite cigar of Rod and Gun Clubs generally. These cigars are made of the choicest tobaccos grown, and selected with the greatest care. They cannot fail to suit the taste of all lovers of the fragrant weed. Each cigar has the brand impressed on it, and every box has a label, fac-simile of the title of the popular journal, and our firm's signature, without which none are genuine. We are the only authorized manufacturers of the above brand, and to insure the smoker of the genuine we would ask you to send us your orders direct. We will deliver, free of express charges, either size, on receipt of price.

A. W. FOOTE & CO., Sole Manufacturers,
125 Maiden Lane, New York.

No Chemicals.



W. BAKER & CO.'S
Breakfast
Cocoa
Is Absolutely Pure,
and it is Soluble.

To increase the solubility of the powdered cocoa, various expedients are employed, most of them being based upon the action of some alkali, potash, soda or even ammonia. Cocoa which has been prepared by one of these chemical processes, can usually be recognized at once by the distinct alkaline reaction of the infusion in water.

W. Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa

is manufactured from the first stage to the last by perfect mechanical processes, **no chemical being used in its preparation.** By one of the most ingenious of these mechanical processes the greatest degree of fineness is secured without the sacrifice of the attractive and beautiful red color which is characteristic of an absolutely pure and natural cocoa.

W. Baker & Co., Dorchester, Mass.

The Epop Gun Cleaner.



Will remove Lead and Burnt Powder immediately without scratching or defacing the barrels. No one owning a gun should be without this cleaner. Expression of all who have used them.

Price 75c. each. Remit Postal Note.

A. P. POPE, Olean, N. Y.

Best in the World.

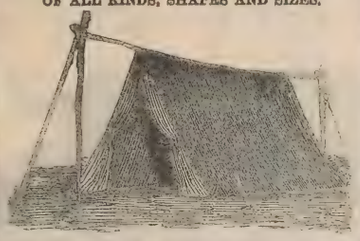


One-third size.

For Guns, Bicycles, etc. Throws only small quantity of oil at a stroke. Handsomely nickel plated. For sale everywhere, or sent by mail on receipt of price 50c. each. CUSHMAN & DENISON, 172 9th ave., N. Y.

Yachting Goods.

SPORTSMAN'S
Camping or Fishing Tents
OF ALL KINDS, SHAPES AND SIZES.



Yacht and Canoe Sails of most approved styles Also awnings for store fronts, windows, yacht boats etc. New style of Canoe Tents made at low figures Flags, Burgees and covers of all kinds. Camp Stoves, Camp Chairs, Sacking Bottoms, Hammocks all kinds of Fancy Tents, and in fact anything made from canvas when an intelligent description is given of what may be needed. My beautifully illustrated circular now ready. Send stamp for price list. Address S. HEMMENWAY, 60 South st., N. Y. City.

A. WILSON,
Sail Maker,
No. 416 ATLANTIC AVE., BOSTON, MASS.
Yacht Sails and Flags a Specialty.

Yachts and Canoes For Sale.

DUCKING YACHT TO LET BY DAY, WEEK or month. Complete and comfortable. Terms moderate, including board, services of two men, 300 decoys, battery, etc. Yacht now located on good Chesapeake Bay ducking grounds. Address "LORANIA," care of Forest and Stream.

Wanted.

WANTED.—HEAVY B. L. DOUBLE GUN, 12-gauge; must be in good order and cheap; describe fully. WM. H. GORDON,
1t. Ellenburg Centre, N. Y.

For Sale.

Stuffing Birds Without Skinning.

Any one can stuff birds by our new process. Complete outfit, consisting of full directions, instruments, material, eyes, etc., $1. NATURALIST SUPPLY CO., 126 Chambers st., N. Y.

LIVE QUAIL FOR SALE. Orders delivered as booked. LIVE GAME A SPECIALTY.
E. B. WOODWARD, Commission Merchant, 174 Chambers street, New York.

FOR SALE.
A tract of 1,000 acres of marsh land in the State of Virginia. Considered the finest duck shooting ground on the coast. Suitable for a club. Easily accessible. Title guaranteed.
Inquire at 52 Broadway, Room 92, New York.

FOR SALE.—FRESH RICE SEED. CHAS. GILCHRIST, Port Hope, Ontario, Canada. aug22,tf



Chester White, Berkshire and Poland China Pigs, fine setter dogs, Scotch Collies, Foxhounds and Beagles, Sheep and Poultry, bred and for sale by W. GIBBONS & CO., West Chester, Chester Co., Pa. Send stamp for circular and price list.

LIVE WHITE HARES (*Lepus Americanus*), captured and properly boxed and delivered to express in Bethel, Me., in good condition on receipt of orders and remittances at $3 per pair. Refer to Hon. H. O. Stanley, Dixfield, Me., Fish and Game Commissioner. J. G. RICH, Bethel, Me. dec16,tf

WILD RICE.—THE GREATEST WILD-fowl food. Send your orders now for fresh seed. R. VALENTINE, Janesville, Wis. aul,tf

Increasing Sales Attest the Popularity of THE GENTLEMEN'S CIGARETTE.
SPECIAL FAVOURS.
Manufactured only by
KINNEY BROS.
(KINNEY TOBACCO CO. Successors). Also manufacturers of the Old Reliable
SWEET CAPORAL.

SPORTSMEN WILL consult their own interests if when buying Fish Hooks they insist upon having those only made by THE AMERICAN NEEDLE AND FISH HOOK CO., New Haven, Conn., who have the largest facilities, and make Best goods in the world. FOR SALE BY THE TRADE EVERYWHERE. ASK FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.
THE ALFORD & BERKELE CO.,
P. O. Box 2002. SPECIAL AGENTS,
No. 77 Chambers St., N. Y.

THE WILLOUGHBY PATENT
TARPON SNELL.
Proved last Winter to be the Only Snell Absolutely Reliable.
RETAIL AGENTS:
JOHN KRIDER, Cor. Second & Walnut sts., Phila.
THOS. J. CONROY, 65 Fulton street, New York.
WHOLESALE AGENT:
J. C. HARRISON, 253 Market street, Philadelphia.



"WELL LATHERED IS HALF SHAVED."
Spanish Proverb.

That which distinguishes "SHAVING SOAP" from Toilet or Washing Soap is the LATHER.
What is lather *for?* What does it *do?* What *should* it do?
The use of Soap in Shaving is to penetrate, moisten and soften the beard that it may present the least possible resistance to the keen edge of the razor. Failing in this—it fails utterly!
But it has other uses!!
Shaving is naturally an irritating process to the skin. The soap applied should contain properties to soothe and allay irritation.
Many "*so-called*" Shaving Soaps have a very opposite effect. They *draw* and parch the skin, and after shaving impart to the face a feeling similar to that caused by the cutting of a sharp wind.
A TRUE Shaving Soap should contain *germicide* properties.
Gentlemen who are shaved by barbers are unconsciously exposed to the most distressing cutaneous diseases. For HALF A HUNDRED YEARS WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS have ranked as the PUREST, RICHEST and BEST. Compare the lather with that of *any* other.
Mild and Delicate, it penetrates and softens the beard, and renders shaving a positive luxury. Unlike other Shaving Soaps, *the lather will not dry on the face while sharing.*
WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS have a *Soothing effect* upon the Skin. Like rich cream, the lather cools, softens and heals.
GENTLEMEN WHO ARE SHAVED BY BARBERS should *insist upon it* that WILLIAMS' BARBERS' BAR SOAP is used. Rich and refreshing, it contains properties destructive to disease germs, and renders SAFE the luxury of *being* shaved.

"Genuine Yankee" Soap, UNSURPASSED for Use of Gentlemen who shave THEMSELVES. STANDARD for QUALITY in U. S. Navy. 15c.
Williams' Shaving Stick, EXCELLING all other Shaving Sticks in Richness of LATHER, Delicacy of Perfume, superior strength and Style of Package. 25c.
Williams' Barbers' Bar Soap, USED in THOUSANDS of FAMILIES AS A TOILET SOAP. ABSOLUTELY PURE! SURE Preventive of "Chapped Hands." A Perfect NURSERY SOAP. 6 cakes for 40c. 40c.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS are SOLD by all DRUGGISTS.
For 75 cents we will mail, postpaid, a package of each of the three kinds.
Sample of any one kind mailed on receipt of price. Stamps or Currency.
Address communications to
THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.
(Originally WILLIAMS & BROS., Manchester, 1840.)

Ligowsky C. P. No. 3
The only target having the patent
INTURNED EDGE.



2,000 shots out of each 1,000 targets on account of non-breakage in shipping, trapping and falling upon ground. The only target made with the INTURNED EDGE, producing the surest breaker when hit, and surest non-breaker when not hit. Our traps are sold for the sole purpose of shooting our targets.

AN EXCURSION TO
ALASKA.

The wonderful richness of this Arctic country and the rapid strides in material prosperity which it is making, are attracting the attention of the whole world, and since the completion of the Northern transcontinental railway lines Sitka is as easily reached as Paris. Every one wants to go to Alaska, and for those who can make the journey Mr. Hallock's volume,

OUR NEW ALASKA,

is indespensable. To those who want to go, but cannot, this volume with its graphic pen pictures gives a clear idea of the interesting conditions of life in the far North. Price $1.50. Sent post free by the

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.,
318 Broadway, New York.
LONDON: DAVIES & CO., 1 Finch Lane.

QUITE WELCOME
to a copy of our little book
"HOW TO MAKE PHOTOGRAPHS."

Your name and address is all sufficient to receive a copy of this book containing an illustrated catalogue of our photographic goods. Our stock is complete, varied and from $2.50 Outfits cost upward.



The Scovill & Adams Co.,
423 Broome St., New York.

GURDON TRUMBULL'S
Names and Portraits of Birds

Which Interest Gunners; with descriptions in language understanded of the people.

Practically speaking, this is the first popular volume of ornithology ever issued from the press; a work which goes far to demonstrate that scientific accuracy may be as easily maintained in English as in Greek or Latin. Follows the game birds all over the continent and gives a glossary of all the local names in popular use. Illustrated with admirable portraits from the pencil of Mr. Edwin Shepard of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, which, with the clear descriptions in the text, will enable any man who can read to identify the contents of his game bag.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS:

It is the first, so far as we know, of books of which the need is felt in every department of natural history.—*Troy Press.*

The book should find its way to a choice place in every sportsman's library.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

I would much rather know what this book tells me, the various names by which the people call a bird, than the Latin, Greek or Hebrew name which science gave him for the sake of cataloguing him. * * * It is more value to me to have a description of a bird in plain English which I understand than in scientific language which I do not understand.—*W., in Journal of Commerce.*

SOLD BY
Forest and Stream Publishing Co.
PRICE, $3.50.

The Celebrated Smith & Wesson Revolvers

HAVE BROKEN ALL RECORDS FOR REVOLVER SHOOTING.



The Most Perfect Small Arms

EVER MANUFACTURED.

Unrivalled in Beauty of Finish, Durability and Accuracy.

Manufactured in calibers .32, .38 and .44-100. Single and Double Action Hammerless Safety and Target Models, with all latest mprovements——Automatic Shell Extractor, Rebounding Lock and Patented Safety Device.

The Smith & Wesson Revolvers are constructed entirely of **best wrought steel** carefully inspected for workmanship and stock, and GUARANTEED. Do not be deceived by IMITATIONS largely manufactured of **malleable cast iron,** and often sold for the genuine Smith & Wesson. All of the Revolvers of this firm are stamped upon the barrels with their name, address and dates of patents.

If dealer cannot supply you, orders sent to address below will receive prompt and careful attention. Catalogues and prices furnished upon application.

SMITH & WESSON,

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.



UPTHEGROVE & McLELLAN,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Shooting and Fishing Suits

AND CLOTHING FOR

CIVIL ENGINEERS, RANCHMEN, LUMBERMEN, MINERS, ETC.

Write for our new combined Catalogue with samples of Imported

Corduroys, Moleskin, Mackintosh, Canvas and Flannels.

SEE OUR NEW SHADES OF ENGLISH CORDUROY.

Address **UP. & MC.**, Valparaiso, Indiana.

NOTICE TO FISHERMEN. CUT PRICES.

HERE I AM AGAIN AS USUAL, CUTTING THE PRICES OF FISHING TACKLE. IT WILL PAY YOU TO BUY YOUR TACKLE IN BROOKLYN.

PRICE.		PRICE.
$2.75	For Split Bamboo Salt-Water Bass Rod, 6 strip, 2 joints, 8ft., 20oz., Solid Reel Seat, Nickel Trimmings, Double Guides, Silk Wound Black Beaded Handle	$2.75
3.32	For Split Bamboo Black Bass Rod, 8½ft., 3 joints, 10 or 12oz., Solid Reel Seat, Nickel Trimmings, Raised Tie Guides, Extra Tip, Silk Wound, Wood Form	3.32
3.32	For Trout or Black Bass Fly Rod, same finish as above, 10½ft., 7 to 9oz., complete in wood form	3.32
.90	For Ash and Lancewood Weakfish or Striped Bass Rod, Hollow Butt, Extra Tip, Swelled Ferrules	.90
1.50	For Fine No. 00 Brass Multiplying Reel, Balance Handle, Screw Oil Cup, holds 600ft. 18-thread Linen Line, diameter 3½in. Also Nos. 0, 1, 2, 3, same price. See catalogue	1.50
3.75	For Hard Rubber and Nickel Multiplying Reel, with Drag, Raised Pillars, holds 600ft. 15-thread Linen Line	3.75

Hooks. Down go the prices. My best quality all kinds snelled on single gut, 10cts. per doz.; double, 15cts.; treble, 20cts.; in ½ doz. packages. Leaders: Treble gut Weakfish and Striped Bass Leaders, three length, 5cts.; four length, 7cts., five length, 9cts.; all best quality. Reel Lines on Blocks of 300ft., 9 thread, 38cts.; 12 thread, 43cts.; 15 thread, 46cts.; 18 thread 53cts. 300ft. Braided Linen Reel Lines on Blocks, 41cts. Broken lots of Hooks from best manufacture, all kinds and sizes, 2cts. per dozen. SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

Open Evenings. J. F. MARSTERS, 51, 53 & 55 Court St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sam Lovel's Camps;

Uncle Lisha's Friends Under Bark and Canvas.

A SEQUEL TO "UNCLE LISHA'S SHOP."

By ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

The two series of papers published in FOREST AND STREAM, with added chapters. An nimitable portraying of the woods and village life of Danvis folks. Cloth, 253 pp. Price $1.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY,
318 Broadway, New York.



PREMIERE QUALITÉ,

Our New Cigarette.

As the result of long labor and careful study we have this superb Cigarette to offer. It cannot be surpassed in purity or excellence; and is a novelty, unique, chaste and dainty. It is from the highest cost Virginia and North Carolina leaf.

The finest Smoking Mixtures are of our Manufacture.

Fifteen First Prize Medals.

WM. S. KIMBALL & CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

LOG CABINS

AND

HOW TO BUILD THEM.

By WILLIAM S. WICKS.

This is a complete exposition of the art and method of building log cabins from the simplest dog kennel to highly artistic dwellings. Everyone going into the woods and designing to construct his shelter with the materials at hand, should procure "Log Cabins," for in its pages he will find a variety of designs, simple and ornate, adapted to temporary shelter or to permanent homes, with full and clear instruction and illustration in every matter of detail. Sent, post free, for $1.50.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.
318 Broadway, New York.

LONDON: DAVIES & CO., 1 Finch Lane.

MOLLER'S NORWEGIAN COD-LIVER OIL



FOR General Debility, Scrofula, Rheumatism or Consumption, is superior to any in delicacy of taste and smell, medicinal virtues and purity. London, European and New York physicians pronounce it the purest and best. Sold by Druggists.

PUREST and BEST.

W. H. Schieffelin & Co. (Wholesale Agents U.S. and Canada) New York

SEND FOR IT AT ONCE

WHITE & WILLS 224 STATE ST. CHICAGO, ILL.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 10, 1889.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 12 No 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Only advertisements of an approved character inserted. Inside pages, nonpareil type, 30 cents per line. Special rates for three, six, and twelve months. Seven words to the line, twelve lines to one inch. Advertisements should be sent in by Saturday previous to issue in which they are to be inserted. Transient advertisements must invariably be accompanied by the money or they will not be inserted. Reading notices $1.00 per line.

Address all communications

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

No. 318 BROADWAY. NEW YORK CITY.

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL.
The Human Eye.
To Restrict the Number.
"Yo's" Pawnee Book.
Snap Shots.
THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST.
A Summer Hunt with the Pawnees.
NATURAL HISTORY.
Out-of-Door Papers
The Hawk and the Squirrel.
Rhinoceros Hornbill.
GAME BAG AND GUN.
A Week in Nebraska.
Light-Weight or Small-Bore Guns.
The Hunting Rifle.
Wild Rice.
The Game Season.
On Gallatin River, Montana.
On a Stand.
The Pend D'Oreille Country.
Chicago and the West.
Pattern and Penetration.
CAMP-FIRE FLICKERINGS.
SEA AND RIVER FISHING.
On the Bay.
Streams of Alaska.
Black Bass in Maine.
A Montana Big One.
Chitte Fishing in Mauritius.
FISHCULTURE.
Missouri Fish Commission.
THE KENNEL.
The Canadian Field Trials.
American Gordon Setter Club
The A. K. C. Finances.
That Lad of Bow Prize.
The Fox-Terrier.
Irish Red Setter Club Trials.
The Sooner Dog.
"Podgers" Talks Dog Again.
Kennel Notes.
Kennel Management.
RIFLE AND TRAP SHOOTING.
Range and Gallery.
Smokeless Powder.
Critics and Croakers.
Barrel Reflectors.
The Trap.
Elm City Gun Club Shoot.
The Baltimore Tournament.
Budd vs. Kleintz.
Norwood Club Tournament.
YACHTING.
A Length Class Racer.
Yachting Notes.
CANOEING.
Status of the Clerk of the Course.
Amateur versus Professional Canoeists.
Fly.
Paddling Canoes in A. C. A.
New York C. C. Regatta.
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"YO'S" PAWNEE BOOK.

IT is often interesting to know the motives which have prompted the writing of a book. The circumstances which led to the preparation of "Yo's" volume of Pawnee stories were such as, we are confident, should add to an appreciation of what he has done.

Years ago, when the Pawnees lived in Nebraska, "Yo" camped and hunted with the tribe, and joined in their skirmishes with the Sioux. The evenings were given up to story telling; the Pawnees, like most Indian tribes, had a vast fund of stories; and some of these tales were written down by the fire light in "Yo's" note book, for he recognized in them many things that were worthy of preservation.

Last winter, when the story of the "Dun Horse" was written out for FOREST AND STREAM'S readers, conversation turned one day to the Pawnees and their native literature, the stories which had been transmitted from generation to generation, handed down from father to son, but which now, with the diminishing numbers of the tribe and its changed conditions of life, were destined to be forgotten. "Those stories should not be permitted to perish," said "Yo," "they form the distinct, unique, characteristic literature of the Pawnee people, and they should be rescued from oblivion."

The suggestion led to a plan, which has since then been executed. Last March "Yo" made a literary pilgrimage to the Pawnee reservation in the Indian Territory, renewed his acquaintance with Eagle Chief and other ancient men of the tribe, and spent a month in patiently recording the tales and traditions of the tribe. He brought back a rich store of veritable treasure—tales of daring and adventure, weird accounts of magic and mystery and the supernatural, relations of the ways of life in the old, wild days, stories of war and the craft of war parties, the history of the tribe as treasured by the very old men and in short a fund of good things, so fresh and ingenuous—for that is the only word that will express it—that the book into which he has put them will be a genuine surprise.

Better than all else, the book is a faithful delineation of the Pawnee as he is; it presents a picture of Indian human nature, which is recognized as after all very much like human nature all the world over. It would be a mistake to regard this collection of "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-Tales" purely as a book for entertainment, however charming may be its pages; the higher value of Mr. Grinnell's work lies in its true portraiture of the Indian as a human being, moved by the same impulses, swayed by the same passions, as other men.

The chapter recounting a buffalo hunt with the Pawnees, printed in our columns to-day, will be recognized by some of our readers as based on an account published in this journal some years ago. In our issue of Oct. 23 we shall give one of the hero stories, "Comanche Chief."

TO RESTRICT THE NUMBER.

VARIOUS are the schemes to restrict the killing of game. Ten years ago in these columns we discussed the proposition some one made to impose a tax on shotguns. That was a newly discovered panacea. Tax a man so much for every gun he owned; that would be to discourage the possession and use of firearms. Just a grain of sense in that project theoretically, but it is not a plan that commends itself, nor would it accomplish the desired end. It is safe to say that the question of taxing firearms may safely be put to sleep, to slumber until all the guns of the present day have been handed down to succeeding generations.

There is, however, a scheme of restricting the destruction of game which has worked well in several places where fairly tested. That is the limiting of the amount of game that an individual may kill in a season. Several of the States have placed such limitations on big game and feathered game destruction, and it has accomplished good results. To aver that these laws are not violated would be saying too much; they are no doubt set at naught in scores of cases, but in general they are observed, and their effect is good. Public sentiment approves of them. Take it in the Adirondacks, where the number of deer one person may kill is limited to three. This number is undoubtedly exceeded in many instances, but the law has struck at the very root of one abuse which had grown up, the senseless killing merely for count. Men no longer brag of the number they have killed; and deer slaughterers like Mr. Polhemus, of Brooklyn, who used to hire retinues of guides and dogs and strive to score the highest number of deer killed in a season, have perforce given over their campaigns. When mere magnitude of success is no longer recognized as the test of a sportsman's achievements, the incentive to reckless, wasteful and senseless butchery has been removed.

That a better sentiment prevails is demonstrated among club members, on the large preserves where game is abundant, but where only that is killed which can be utilized. Sport like all other interests is so much governed by the dictates of fashion, that to make anything unfashionable is to discountenance it with a large class. To frown down as unfashionable the wasteful slaying of big game is, in the Adirondacks at least, equivalent to putting an end to such killing, except of course among market hunters and others who have a purely mercenary interest in venison and antlers.

It would be wise to extend this principle of restriction to the killing of small game. In scores and scores of villages it is known that one or two gunners, who shoot for market, kill most of the game. They are at it from morning to night, week in and week out, shooting and shipping the game, while other gunners must need stick to business, blessing their stars for an occasional day in the field, and with equal warmth cursing the pot-hunters who have been ahead of them. It is manifestly unfair that the few should have all the benefits of the game supply, while the many are thus deprived of everything except liberty to tramp through depleted covers.

Now, if in the localities thus afflicted with market hunters laws were enacted restricting the number of quail and grouse any one person might lawfully kill in a season, it would put an end to one agency of game depletion. There is little fear that such a law would not be enforced. Among sportsmen who have been thus deprived of their legitimate sport year after year there would be no hesitation about bringing to book the market hunters; and we might look for something approaching enthusiasm in the congenial task of saving the game to be shared by all.

We commend this method of game preservation to the careful consideration of those who dwell in pot-hunter infested regions. It is, as we see it, a just, practicable and efficacious system of enforcing equal rights and privileges for all. The man who hunts for market is all right in his place. His place is in a country where he can hunt without robbing others of what belongs to them. In all other districts, where his persistent warfare deprives others of their reasonable and fair share in the bounties of nature, he should be suppressed. The game is for the public, and the public ought not to be deprived of it. Restrict the number of birds to be killed by any one shooter and the supply will go around. If this is not a common-sense method of game protection, where are its weak points?

THE HUMAN EYE.

IT is a popular belief, more or less loosely formulated, that there is something so terrible and majestic in the human eye that man has only to fix his gaze on the most terrific denizens of the forest to inspire them with awe. Numerous and some well authenticated instances are on record of unarmed men, who have met the lion or the tiger in his native jungles, fixed their eyes on his and compelled him to turn tail. There is then some foundation for the popular belief, but if a man having unquestioned faith in the awe-inspiring power of the human eye proposes to put it to the test in his own person, considerable discretion is to be recommended, not only in the selection of his beast, but also in the selection of his locality. For example, he should not make his first experiment with a rampagious bull in a ten-acre inclosure, at any considerable distance from the fence, nor would we strongly recommend a trip to the Rocky Mountains, with the object of experimenting with a full-grown grizzly, for both bulls and bears are fighting animals, have the habit of meeting their foes face to face.

The measure is successful only with the cat family—lions, tigers, etc., and by no means to be relied upon with them. Hope of success depends upon the fact that the members of the cat family are not to any extent fighting animals; they do not hunt in packs and quarrel over their prey; they very rarely quarrel with each other over the females at mating season, and in striking their prey they never attack in front. It is a beautiful provision of nature that the lion, the tiger, the panther, the leopards, and the whole family of *Felidæ*, are prompted by irresistible instinct to seize their prey from behind, springing on it with their whole weight, closing their powerful jaws on the neck of their victim, and dislocating it with one wrench, while their fierce claws penetrate the flesh and paralyze the muscular powers. The tiger pursues the same method whether his prey is a full grown buffalo or a timid fawn. The slender doe, with her fawn at her heels, goes into cover for her mid-day siesta, and confronts the lurking tiger; she barks, stamps her foot, and endeavors to bounce him; the tiger fixing his eyes on hers, crawls a little nearer; paralyzed with terror the poor beast is incapable of flight, but unable to sustain the basilisk glance any longer; she turns, as if to essay retreat. At that instant the tiger springs, grasps her neck in his vise-like jaws, and the victim dies without a pang.

If the tiger comes unexpectedly on a powerful animal like a wild buffalo and it offers battle, the tiger declines it, but if hungry he will take advantage of what cover there is and maneuver to get at the tail end of the buffalo and make his fatal spring.

With civilized men the tiger is more wary, for he stands in more awe of their appliances than of the brute strength of the buffalo. Many a hunter going through the jungles has passed within an easy spring of the tiger lying in wait for him, and before he has gone another two hundred yards the same tiger has again been in position, and yet has wanted the courage to spring; even a man-eatiug tiger, if familiar with firearms, might hesitate to spring on a man that had the courage to confront him. In the jungle he would not attempt it; if brought face to face with a man he would crouch, and if the man did not turn to flee the tiger would disappear as suddenly as if the earth had swallowed him, but in a very few minutes he would have secured the desired vantage ground and made his fatal spring.

This is not because the tiger is a coward, nor because the human eye is capable of dominating him. When it becomes a question of fighting there is no sign of quailing in lion or tiger, but when it is a mere question of taking their prey, the destructive instinct is a purely pleasurable one, the enjoyment of which would be marred if they attacked in front, and provoked their prey to battle; and it is a merciful provision of nature that they show no such tendency.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A SUMMER HUNT WITH THE PAWNEES.

From a forthcoming volume of "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-Tales."

BY GEO. BIRD GRINNELL ("YO").

I.

IT was in the month of July, 1872. The Pawnees were preparing to start on their semi-annual buffalo hunt, and only the last religious rites remained to be performed before the nation should leave the village for the buffalo range.

"*Eh, idadi, whoop,*" came from without the lodge; and as I replied, "*Ehya, whoop,*" the sturdy figure of *Le-ta-kats-ta'-ka* appeared in the doorway,

"*Lau, idad, tût-tu-ta-rik ti-rah-rēk*—Come, brother, they are going to dance." he said, and then he turned and went out.

I rose from the pile of robes on which I had been dozing, and, after rolling them up, strolled out after him. The village seemed deserted, but off toward the medicine lodge, which stood upon its outskirts, I could see a throng of Indians; and a low murmur of voices and of footsteps, the hum which always accompanies any large assemblage, was borne to my ears on the evening breeze. The ceremonies, which comprised the consecration of the buffalo staves and the buffalo dance, were about to begin. The great dirt lodge was crowded. I pushed my way through the throng of women and boys, who made up the outer circle of spectators, and soon found myself among the men, who made way for me, until I reached a position from which I could see all that was going on within the circle about which they stood.

For several days the priests and the doctors had been preparing for this solemn religious ceremonial. They had fasted long; earnest prayers had been made to *Ti-ra'-wa*, and sacrifices had been offered. Now the twelve buffalo skulls had been arranged on the ground in a half-circle, and near them stood the chiefs and doctors, reverently holding in their hands the buffalo staves and sacred bows and arrows, and other implements of the chase. For a little while they stood silent, with bowed heads, but presently one and then another began to murmur their petitions to *A-ti-us Ti-ra'-wa*, the Spirit Father. At first their voices were low and mumbling, but gradually they became more earnest and lifted their eyes toward heaven. It was impossible to distinguish what each one said, but now and then disjointed sentences reached me. "Father, you are the Ruler—We are poor—Take pity on us—Send us plenty of buffalo, plenty of fat cows—Father, we are your children—help the people—send us plenty of meat, so that we may be strong, and our bodies may increase and our flesh grow hard—Father, you see us, listen." As they prayed they moved their hands backward and forward over the implements which they held, and at length reverently deposited them on the ground within the line of buffalo skulls, and then stepped back, still continuing their prayers.

It was a touching sight to witness these men calling upon their God for help. All of them had passed middle life, and some were gray-haired, blind and tottering; but they prayed with a fervor and earnestness that compelled respect. They threw their souls into their prayers, and as a son might entreat his earthly father for some great gift, so they pleaded with *Ti-ra'-wa*. Their bodies quivered with emotion, and great drops of perspiration stood upon their brows. They were thoroughly sincere.

After the last of the articles had been placed upon the ground, their voices grew lower and at length died away. A moment later a drum sounded, and a dozen or twenty young warriors sprang into the circle and began the buffalo dance. This was kept up without intermission for three days, and as soon as it was over, the tribe moved out of the village on the hunt.

From the village on the Loup, we traveled southward; for in those days the region between the Platte and the Smoky rivers swarmed with buffalo. With the Pawnees were a few Poncas, Omahas and Otoes, so that there were about four thousand Indians in the camp. It was the summer hunt of the tribe. Twice each year the agent permitted them to visit the buffalo range. The meat which they killed and dried on these hunts, the corn and squashes which they grew on their farms, and the small annuities received from the Government, were all they had to subsist on from season to season. Thus the occasion was one of importance to the Indians. Perhaps only the older heads among them fully appreciated its economic interest; but for all it was a holiday time; a temporary escape from confinement. Life on the reservation was monotonous. There was nothing to do except to sit in the sun and smoke, and tell stories of the former glories of the nation; of successful fights with the Sioux and Cheyennes, and of horse stealing expeditions, from which the heroes had returned with great herds of ponies and much glory. Now, for a little while, they returned to the old free life of earlier years, when the land had been all their own, and they had wandered at will over the broad expanse of the rolling prairie. Now, for a time, it was as it had been before the cornfields of the white man had begun to dot the river bottoms, before the sound of his rifle had made wild their game, before the locomotive's whistle had shrieked through the still, hot summer air. Half a year's provision was now to be secured. The comfort—almost the existence—of the tribe for the next six months depended on the accumulation of an abundant supply of dried buffalo meat, and no precaution was omitted to make the hunt successful. It would not do to permit each individual to hunt independently. Indiscriminate buffalo running by six or eight hundred men scattered over the prairie, each one working for himself alone, would result in the killing of some few buffalo, but would terrify and drive away all the others in the neighborhood. This matter was too important to be trusted to chance. The hunting was systematized.

The government of the hunt was intrusted to the Pawnee soldiers. These were twenty-four warriors of mature age, not so old as to be unfitted for active work, yet with the fires of early youth somewhat tempered by years of experience; men whose judgment and discretion could at all times be relied on. These soldiers acted under the chiefs, but the practical guidance of the hunt was wholly in their hands. They determined the direction and length of each day's march, and the spot for camping. They selected the young men who should act as scouts, and arranged all the details of approach and the charge when a herd of buffalo was discovered large enough to call for a general surround. All the men were under their control, and amenable to their discipline. They did not hesitate to exercise their authority, nor to severely punish any one who committed an act by which the success of the hunt might be imperilled.

The scouts sent out by the soldiers were chosen from among the younger men. They acted merely as spies, their office was to find the buffalo. They moved rapidly along, far in advance of the marching column, and from the tops of the highest hills carefully scanned the country before them in search of buffalo. If a herd was discerned they were not to show themselves, nor in any way to alarm it. Having found the game, their duty was to observe its movement, learn where it was likely to be for the next few hours, and then to report as quickly as possible to the camp. The soldiers then determined what action should be taken. If the news was received late in the day, and the buffalo were at some distance, the camp would probably be moved as near as practicable to where the herd was feeding, and the chase would take place in the early morning. If, on the other hand, the scouts found the herd in the morning, the men would start off at once for the surround, leaving the women to follow and make camp as near as possible to where the dead buffalo lay.

Day after day we traveled southward, crossing the Platte River, and then the Republican about due south of the present flourishing town of Kearney. South of the Platte a few scattering buffalo were found, but no large herds had been met with—nothing that called for a surround. At length we camped one night on the Beaver, a small affluent of the Republican, emptying into it from the south.

II.

With the gray dawn of morning, the camp, as usual, is astir. By the time our little party have turned out of our blankets some of the Indians have already finished eating, and are catching up their horses and preparing to ride off over the bluffs, leaving the squaws to take down the lodges, pack the ponies, and pursue the designated line of march. Before we are ready to "pull out," most of the ponies have been packed, and a long, irregular line of Indians is creeping across the level valley, and beginning to wind up the face of the bluffs. The procession moves slowly, proceeding at a walk. Most of those who remain with the column are on foot, the squaws leading the ponies, and many of the men, wrapped in their blankets, and with only their bows and arrows on their backs, walking briskly over the prairie, a little to one side. These last are the poorer Indians—those who have but few horses. They travel on foot, letting their horses run without burdens, so that they may be fresh and strong, whenever they shall be needed for running the buffalo.

Side by side, at the head of the column, walk eight men who carry the buffalo staves. These are slender spruce poles, like a short lodge-pole, wrapped with blue and red cloth, and elaborately ornamented with bead work, and with the feathers of hawks and of the war eagle. These sticks are carried by men selected by the chiefs and doctors in private council, and are religiously guarded. Upon the care of these emblems, and the respect paid to them, depends, in a great measure, the success of the hunt. While borne before the moving column, no one is permitted to cross the line of march in front of them.

Close behind the staff bearers follow a number of the principal men of the tribe; the head chief, old *Pi'ta Le-shar*, and a dozen or fifteen sub-chiefs or head men, all mounted on superb horses. Behind them comes the camp at large, a fantastically mingled multitude, marching without any appearance of order. Here most of the individuals are women, young girls and children, for the men who accompany the camp usually march singly, or by twos and threes, a little apart from the mob. Most of those rich enough in horses to be able to ride at all times, are scattered over the prairie for miles in every direction, picking up the small bands of buffalo, which have been passed by the scouts as not large enough to call for a general surround. The hunters are careful, however, not to follow too close upon the advance line, whose movements they can readily observe upon the bare bluffs far ahead of them.

At the time of which I am writing the Pawnees had no wagons, all their possessions being transported on pack horses. The Indian pack pony is apt to be old and sedate, requiring no special guidance nor control. A strip of rawhide, knotted about the lower jaw, serves as a bridle, and is either tied up to the saddle or held in the rider's hand. In packing the animals a bundle of lodge-poles is tied on either side of the saddle, one end projecting forward toward the horse's head, the other dragging on the ground behind. This is the *travois*. Cross poles are often tied between these two dragging bundles, and on these are carried packages of meat and robes. Often, too, on a robe stretched between them, a sick or wounded Indian, unable to ride, is transported. The lodge-poles having been fastened to the saddle, the lodge is folded up and placed on it between them, and blankets, robes, and other articles are piled on top of this until the old horse has on its back what appears to be about as much as it can carry. The pack is then lashed firmly in position, and pots, buckets and other utensils are tied about wherever there is room.

On top of the load so arranged one or two women, or three or four children, clamber and settle themselves comfortably there, and the old horse is turned loose. Each rider carries in her hand a whip, with which she strikes the horse at every step, not cruelly at all, but just from force of habit. If the pack is low, so that her feet reach down to the animal's sides, she keeps up also a constant drumming on his ribs with her heels. The old horse pays not the slightest attention to any of these demonstrations of impatience, but plods steadily along at a quiet walk, his eyes half closed and his ears nodding at each step. If the riders are women, each one holds a child or two in her arms, or on her back, or perhaps the baby board is hung over the end of a lodge-pole, and swings free. If the living load consists of children, they have in their arms a lot of puppies; for puppies occupy with relation to the small Indian girls the place which dolls hold among the white children. Many of the pack animals are mares with young colts, and these last, instead of following quietly at their mothers' heels, range here and there, sometimes before and sometimes behind their dams. They are thus constantly getting lost in the crowd, and then they charge backward and forward in wild affright, neighing shrilly, until they have again found their place in the line of march. Many of the yearling colts have very small and light packs tied on their backs, while the two-year-olds are often ridden by the tiniest of the Indian boys, who are now giving them their first lesson in weight-carrying. Loose horses of all ages roam about at will, and their continual cries mingle with the barking of dogs, the calling of women and the yells of boys, and make an unceasing noise.

The boys are boiling over with animal spirits, and like their civilized brothers of the same age, are continually running about, chasing each other, wrestling, shooting arrows and playing games, of which the familiar stick game seems the favorite.

Whenever the column draws near any cover, which may shelter game, such as a few bushes in a ravine, or the fringe of low willows along some little watercourse, the younger men and boys scatter out and surround it. They beat it in the most thorough manner, and any game which it contains is driven out on the prairie, surrounded and killed. The appearance even of a jackass rabbit throws the boys into a fever of excitement, and causes them to shriek and yell as if in a frenzy.

All the morning I rode with the Indians, either at the head of the column, chatting as best I could with *Pi'ta Le-shar* and other chiefs, or falling back and riding among the women and children, whom I never tired of watching. Frequently during the day I saw at a distance, on the prairie, small bunches of buffalo in full flight, hotly pursued by dark-skinned riders, and occasionally two or three men would ride up to the marching columns with heavy loads of freshly-killed meat. The quick-heaving, wet flanks of the ponies told a story of sharp, rapid chases, and their tossing heads and eager, excited looks showed how much interest they took in the hunt.

The report of firearms was seldom heard. Most of the Indians hunted with the primitive weapon of their forefathers—the bow and arrow. For buffalo running an arrow is nearly as effective as lead. The power of the bow in expert hands is tremendous. Riding within half a dozen yards of the victim's side, the practiced bowman will drive the dart so far through the body of the buffalo that its shaft may project a foot or more from the opposite side—sometimes, indeed, may pass quite through. Besides, the bow can be used very rapidly and accurately. I have seen an Indian take a sheaf of six arrows in his hand, and discharge them at a mark more rapidly and with more certainty of hitting his target than I could fire the six barrels of a revolver.

III.

It was nearly noon, and I was riding along at the head of the column. I had but one horse, and did not care to wear him out by chasing around over the prairie, preferring to save him for some great effort. We were traveling along a smooth divide between two sets of ravines, which ran off, one to the east and the other to the west. *Pi'ta Le-shar* had just informed me by signs that we should make camp about two miles further on, by a stream whose course we could trace from where we then were. Suddenly, without the slightest warning, the huge dark bodies of half a dozen buffalo sprang into view, rising out of a ravine on our left not a hundred yards distant. When they saw the multitude before them, they stopped and stared at us.

They were too close for me to resist the temptation to pursue. As I lifted the reins from my pony's neck and bent forward, the little animal sprang into a sharp gallop toward the game, and as he did so I saw half a dozen Indians shoot out from the column and follow me. The buffalo wheeled, and in an instant were out of sight, but when I reached the edge of the bank down which they had plunged, I could see through the cloud of dust, which they left behind them, their uncouth forms dashing down the ravine. My nimble pony, as eager for the race as his rider, hurled himself down the deep pitch, and sped along the narrow broken bed of the gully. I could feel that sometimes he would lengthen his stride to leap wide ditches, where the water from some side ravine had cut away the ground, but I never knew of these until they were passed. My eyes were fixed on the fleeing herd; my ears were intent on the pursuing horsemen. Close behind me I could hear the quick pounding of many hoofs, and could feel that one of the horses, nearer than the rest, was steadily drawing up to me—but I was gaining on the buffalo. Already the confused rumble of their hoof-beats almost drowned those of the horses behind me, and the air was full of the dust and small pebbles thrown up by their hurrying feet. But they were still ahead of me, and the gulch was so narrow that I could not shoot. The leading horseman drew nearer and nearer, and was now almost at my side. I could see the lean head and long, slim neck of his pony under my right arm, and could hear the rider speak to his horse and urge him forward in the race. My horse did his best, but the other had the most speed. He shot by me, and a moment later was alongside the last buffalo.

As he passed me the young Indian made a laughing gesture of triumph, slipped an arrow on his bowstring, and drew it to its head; but just as he was about to let it fly, his horse, which was but a colt, took fright at the huge animal which it had overtaken, and shied violently to the right, almost unseating its rider. At the same moment the buffalo swerved a little to the left, and thus lost a few feet. Truly, the race is not always to the swift. As I passed the Indian, I could not restrain a little whoop of satisfaction, and then swinging my rifle around, I fired. The buffalo fell in its stride, tossing up a mighty cloud of the soft yellow earth, and my pony ran by him fifty yards before he could be checked. Then I turned and rode back to look at the game. The other Indians had passed me like a whirlwind, and, close at the heels of the herd, had swept around a point of bluff and out of sight. Only my rival remained, and he was excitedly arguing with his horse. The logic of a whip-handle, applied with vigor about the creature's ears, convinced it that it must approach the dead buffalo; and then the rider dismounting, and passing his lariat about the animal's horns, drew the pony's head to within a few feet of the terrifying mass, and fastened the rope. When he had accomplished this, he grinned pleasantly at me, and I responded in kind, and in dumb show transferred to him all my right and title in the dead buffalo. At this he

smiled still more cheerfully, and set to work "butchering."

The animal was a superb specimen, just entering his prime, and was fat, round and sleek. His horns were symmetrically curved and beautifully polished. Not a scratch marred their shining surfaces, nor a splinter was frayed from their sharp points. The sweeping black beard was long and full, and the thick curls upon his hump and massive shoulders were soft and deep, while the short hair of his sides and hips was smooth as the coat of a horse. His size was enormous. It seemed that he would have turned the scale at quite two thousand pounds. Certainly his weight exceeded that of both the fifteen-hand ponies that stood beside him.

A few moments later, I was again in the saddle, and riding on along the course taken by the remaining buffalo, for I was anxious to see what had become of them. On rounding the point of the bluff, where I had last seen them, my curiosity was satisfied. The valley here widened out until it was perhaps sixty yards across, and on either side rose vertical bluffs of yellow chalk to a height of forty feet. Scattered about over the little plain, lay half a dozen buffalo, over each of which bent one or two Indians busily plying the knife. At the foot of the bluff at one side of the valley stood four or five others, looking at a cow, perched on a narrow shelf ten feet below the top. I shall never understand how that animal reached the position it occupied. There was evidently no way of getting to it except by jumping up from below, which was obviously impossible—or down from above, which seemed out of the question. The shelf was so short that the animal could move neither backward nor forward, and was just wide enough for it to stand on. As I rode up and joined the little group above it, the head and shoulders of a middle-aged Indian appeared over the top of the bluff, above the cow. He lay down flat on his breast, and holding in both hands an old-fashioned muzzle-loading pistol, attempted to shoot the cow from above, but his old arm would not go off. He snapped it half a dozen times, and then, discouraged, called out something to us below. One of the boys turned to me, and said very slowly and distinctly, "He say, you shoot." I therefore dismounted, and fired at the cow, which responded by shaking her head angrily, and whisking her short tail. Another call came from the old fellow on top of the bluff, and the young man said to me, "He say, you hit her; right spot." A moment later, the cow bent forward and fell on her knees, and the Indian above dropped down on her back.

Turning my horse's head in the direction from which I had come, I rode up through a side ravine on to the high prairie. A mile away I could see the column of marching Indians, plodding along at their old slow pace. Here and there, over the rolling hills, dark forms were visible, some of them in rapid motion, others apparently stationary. Often it was impossible to determine whether these figures were horsemen or buffalo, but sometimes, far away, I could see a mimic chase in which pursuer and pursued appeared no larger than ants.

As I came up with the Indians, they were just descending into the stream bottom, where camp was to be made. The small boys had, as usual, dispersed themselves over the valley and among the underbrush. Many of the squaws, leaving the ponies and packs to their sister-wives or children, were hurrying up or down the stream to gather wood. Already the leading ponies were being relieved of their loads. Suddenly, from the mouth of a little ravine coming down into the stream bottom, rose a chorus of shrill yelps and shrieks from childish throats, and a gang of wild turkeys were seen, running rapidly through the high grass toward the hills. A moment later, with a loud *quit-quit* of alarm, they took wing, but not before several of their number had fallen before the missiles of the boys. Most of them went up or down the creek, but one inexperienced bird took its course directly over our heads.

Those who have seen the Indian only on dress parade, talk of his stolidity, impassiveness, and his marvelous control over his countenance and his emotions. This demeanor he can and does assume, and when he is with white men, or among strangers, he is usually all that he has been pictured; but take him by himself, and he expresses his feelings with as little restraint as a child. So it was now. No grave chief, no battle-scarred warrior, nor mighty worker of *ti-war'-uks-ti* (magic) was too dignified to express his interest at the appearance of this great bird sailing laboriously along, thirty or forty feet above him. It was as if the turkey had flown over a great company of schoolboys, and the utter abandonment of the excited multitude, the entire absence of restraint, the perfect naturalness of the expression of feeling, had in them something very delightful and infectious. Every Indian, who held in his hand anything that was light enough to throw, hurled it at the bird, and a crowd of whips, sticks, hatchets, fleshers, and arrows, rose to meet it as it passed along. One missile knocked from its tail a few long feathers, which drifted slowly down on the heads of the people. It kept on, but before it had passed beyond the long line of Indians extending back over the plain, its strength became exhausted, it came to the ground, and was at once dispatched by those nearest to it.

Almost before the turkey's fate had been decided, many of the lodges had been pitched, and now the slender gray columns from a hundred camp-fires began to climb up through the still air toward the blue above. The women were hard at work cooking, or spreading out freshly killed robes, or putting up drying scaffolds, while the men lounged in the shade and smoked or chatted. Our wagon was halted at one side of the camp, and the tired horses and mules were stripped of saddles and harness, and picketed near at hand. The Indian pack ponies were collected and driven off on the upland in charge of several boys.

IV.

We had invitations to eat meat at several lodges that day. Usually we did not accept these freely proffered hospitalities, because we had no means of returning them, but one of these invitations came from a particular friend, and to-day we broke through our rule. We feasted on roast ribs, *ka'wis*, and dried meat, and really had a delightful time. It was about three o'clock when we finished the meal, and we were lounging about the lodge, smoking and chatting, in lazy after-dinner fashion, when we were startled by a series of yells and shouts, among which I distinguished the words "*Cha'-ra-rat wata'*—The Sioux are coming." Our Indian companions snatched up their arms, and rushed out of the lodge, and we were not slow in following. "*Sāks-e-kitta-wit wiskūts*—Get on your horses quick," shouted our host. The camp was in a state of wild excitement. Naked men were running to their horses, and jerking their lariats from the picket pins, sprang on their backs and rode hard for the hills; while women and boys rushed about, catching horses, and bringing them in among the lodges, where they were securely fastened. Less than a mile away, we saw the horse herd dashing along at top speed, and a little to one side of it a horseman riding in circles, and waving his blanket before him. It was evident that the Sioux were trying to run off the herd. We ran as hard as we could to the wagon, caught up rifles and cartridge belts, and buckling on the latter as we ran, kept on to the horses. There was no time to saddle up. We looped the ropes around their jaws, sprang on their naked backs, and were off. As we rode up on the prairie, the herd of ponies thundered by, and swept down the bluffs to the camp. The rolling expanse before us was dotted with Indians, each one urging forward his horse to its speed. Many of them were already a long way in advance, and were passing over the furthest high bluff, which seemed to rise up and meet the sky. Hard as we might push our ponies, there was little hope that we would be in time to have any hand in the encounter—if one took place—between the Pawnees and their hereditary foes.

We kept on until we reached the crest of the high bluff. From here we could see far off over the plain, dozens of black dots strung out after one another. Nearer at hand, other Indians, whose steeds, like ours, had proved too slow for the swift pursuit, were riding back toward us, showing in their faces the disappointment which they felt at being left behind. With these we turned about, and rode toward the camp. Among them was one of the herd boys, for the moment a hero, who had to repeat his story again and again. He had been sitting on top of a hill, not far from the horses, when he discovered several Sioux stealing toward them through a ravine. Signaling his comrades, they succeeded in getting the herd in motion before the robbers had approached very close to them. Eight of the slowest horses had dropped behind during the flight, and had no doubt fallen into the hands of the enemy.

One by one, the Indians came straggling back to camp during the afternoon and evening, but it was not until late that night that the main body of the pursuers came in. They had ten extra horses, two of which they had taken in turn from the Sioux. They had no scalps, however, for they had been unable to overtake the enemy.

Long we sat that night by the fire in *Pi'ta Le-shar's* lodge, talking over the exciting events of the afternoon; and as we rose to go to our wagons, and said good-night, the old man, who had been silently gazing into the coals for some time, looked up at me and smiled, saying, "*Wa-ti-hes ti-kŏt-it ti-ra-hah*—To-morrow we will kill buffalo."

V.

When we turned out of our blankets the next morning, a heavy mist hung over the prairie. This was unfortunate, for so long as the fog lasted it would be impossible for the scouts to see far enough to discover the buffalo. The first few hours of the march were uneventful. Once or twice the huge bodies of a small band of buffalo loomed up through the white mist about us, their size and shape greatly exaggerated and distorted by its deceptive effect. As the sun climbed toward the zenith, the air grew brighter, and by mid-day the fog had risen from the ground, and though still clinging in white cottony wreaths about the tops of the higher bluffs near us, we now could see for quite a long distance over the prairie. A little latter the sun burst forth, and the sky became clear. Soon after noon we went into camp.

We had just begun our dinner, when a runner was seen coming at full gallop down the bluff. It was one of the scouts. He dashed through the village, and did not check his pony's speed until he had reached old *Pi'ta Le-shar's* lodge. Here he stopped, and bending from his horse spoke a few words very earnestly, gesticulating and pointing back over the prairie in the direction whence he had come. As he rode on and past us, he called out, "*Te co' di tŭt-tu-ta-rik ti-ra-hah*—I saw many buffalo," and we shouted back to him, "*Tū-ra-heh*—It is good."

At once the women began to take down the lodges and pack the ponies. Buffalo had been discovered about fifteen miles to the southwest, and orders had been issued to remove the village to the creek on which they were feeding, while the men should go on at once and make the surround. Our teamster, to whom the Indians had already, from his occupation, given the name "Jackass Chief," was directed to move with the camp; and leaving everything save guns and ammunition belts in the wagons, we joined the crowd of men who were riding out of the village.

The scene that we now beheld was such as might have been witnessed here a hundred years ago. It is one that can never be seen again. Here were eight hundred warriors, stark naked, and mounted on naked animals. A strip of rawhide, or a lariat, knotted about the lower jaw, was all their horses' furniture. Among all these men there was not a gun nor pistol, nor any indication that they had ever met with the white men. For the moment they had put aside whatever they had learned of civilization. Their bows and arrows they held in their hands. Armed with these ancestral weapons, they had become once more the simple children of the plains, about to slay the wild cattle that *Ti-ra'-wa* had given them for food. Here was barbarism pure and simple. Here was nature.

A brief halt was made on the upper prairie, until all the riders had come up, and then, at a moderate gallop, we set off. A few yards in advance rode the twenty-four soldiers, at first curbing in their spirited little steeds, till the horses' chins almost touched their chests, and occasionally, by a simple motion of the hand, waving back some impetuous boy, who pressed too close upon them. Many of the Indians led a spare horse, still riding the one that had carried them through the day. Often two men would be seen mounted on the same animal, the one behind having the lariats of two led horses wound about his arm. Here and there a man, with his arm over the horse's neck, would run along on foot by the side of the animal which was to serve him in the charge.

As we proceeded, the pace became gradually a little more rapid. The horses went along easily and without effort. Each naked Indian seemed a part of his steed, and rose and fell with it in the rhythmic swing of its stride. The plain was peopled with Centaurs. Out over each horse's croup floated the long black hair of his rider, spread out on the wings of the breeze. Gradually the slow gallop became a fast one. The flanks of the horses showed here and there patches of wet, which glistened in the slanting rays of the westering sun. Eight, ten, a dozen miles had been left behind us, and we were approaching the top of a high bluff, when the signal was given to halt. In a moment every man was off his horse, but not a pony of them all showed any sign of distress, nor gave any evidence of the work he had done, except by his wet flanks and his highly accelerated breathing. Two or three of the soldiers rode up nearly to the top of the hill, dismounted and then peered over, and a moment later, at another signal, all mounted and the swift gallop began again. Over the ridge we passed, down the smooth slope, and across a wide level plain, where the prairie dogs and the owls and the rattlesnakes had their home. Through the dog town we hurried on thundering hoofs, no doubt amazing the dogs, and perhaps even arousing some slight interest in the sluggish, stupid snakes. Bad places these to ride through at such a pace, for a little carelessness on your horse's part might cost him a broken leg and you an ugly tumble. But no one took much thought of dog town or horse or possible accident, for the minds of all were upon the next high ridge, behind which we felt sure that the buffalo would be found.

And so it proved. Just before reaching it we were again halted. Two of the soldiers reconnoitered, and then signaled that the buffalo were in sight. The tired horses were now turned loose and the extra ones mounted. As we rode slowly up over the ridge, we saw spread out before us a wide valley black with buffalo. Two miles away, on the other side, rose steep ragged bluffs, up which the clumsy buffalo would make but slow progress, while the ponies could run there nearly as fast as on level ground. It was the very place that would have been chosen for a surround.

At least a thousand buffalo were lying down in the midst of this amphitheater. Here and there, away from the main herd on the lower hills, were old bulls, singly and in twos and threes, some of them quietly chewing the cud, others sullenly pawing up the dust, or grinding their battered horns into the yellow dirt of the hillsides. Not the slightest notice was taken of us as we rode down the slope at a pace that was almost a run, but still held in check by the soldiers. The orders for the charge had not yet been given. Our line was now much more extended than it had been; each man pressing as far forward as he dared, and those on either flank being so far ahead of the center that they were almost on a line with the soldiers. We had covered perhaps half the distance between the hilltop and the buffalo, when some of the outlying bulls seemed to observe us, and after looking for a moment or two, these started in rapid flight. This attracted the attention of the herd, and when we were yet half a mile from them, they took the alarm. At once all were on their feet. For a moment they gazed bewildered at the dark line that was sweeping toward them, and then down went every huge head and up flew every little tail, and the herd was off in a headlong stampede for the opposite hills. As they sprang to their feet, the oldest man of the soldiers, who was riding in the center of the line, turned back toward us and uttered a shrill *Loo'-ah!* It was the word we had waited for.

Like an arrow from a bow each horse darted forward. Now all restraint was removed, and each man might do his best. What had been only a wild gallop became a mad race. Each rider hoped to be the first to reach the top of the opposite ridge, and to turn the buffalo back into the valley, so that the surround might be completely successful. How swift those little ponies were, and how admirably the Indians managed to get out of them all their speed! I had not gone much more than half way across the valley when I saw the leading Indians pass the head of the herd, and begin to turn the buffalo. This was the first object of the chase, for in a stampede the cows and young are always in the lead, the bulls bringing up the rear. This position is not taken from chivalric motives on the part of the males, but simply because they cannot run so fast as their wives and children. Bulls are never killed when cows and heifers can be had.

Back came the herd, and I soon found myself in the midst of a throng of buffalo, horses and Indians. There was no yelling nor shouting on the part of the men, but their stern set faces, and the fierce gleam of their eyes, told of the fires of excitement that were burning within them. Three or four times my rifle spoke out, and to some purpose; and one shot, placed too far back, drew on me a quick, savage charge from a vicious young cow. My pony, while a good cattle horse, was new at buffalo running, and his deliberation in the matter of dodging caused me an anxious second or two, as I saw the cow's head sweep close to his flank. It was far more interesting to watch the scene than to take part in it, and I soon rode to a little knoll from which I could overlook the whole plain. Many brown bodies lay stretched upon the ground, and many more were dashing here and there, closely attended by reluctant pursuers. It was sad to see so much death, but the people must have food, and none of this meat would be wasted.

Before I turned my horse's head toward the camp, the broad disc of the setting sun had rested on the tops of the western bluffs, and tipped their crests with fire. His horizontal beams lit up with a picturesque redness the dusky forms which moved about over the valley. Up the ravines and over the hills were stringing long lines of squaws, leading patient ponies, whose backs were piled high with dark, dripping meat, and with soft, shaggy skins. Late into the night the work continued and the loads kept coming into the camp. About the flickering fires in and before the lodges there was feasting an merriment. Marrow bones were tossed among the red embers, calf's head was baked in the hot earth, fat *ka'-wis* boiled, and *boudins* eaten raw. With laughter and singing and story telling and dance the night wore away.

Over the plain where the buffalo had fallen, the gray wolf was prowling, and, with the coyote, the fox and the badger, tore at the bones of the slain. When day came, the golden eagle and the buzzard perched upon the naked red skeletons, and took their toll. And far away to the southward, a few frightened buffalo, some of which had arrows sticking in their sore sides, were cropping the short grass of the prairie.

Natural History.

OUT-OF-DOOR PAPERS.

I.—IN A GARDEN.

LIFE first began, the record tells us, in a garden, and ever since, gardens have had a charm for humans. A town garden is an especial delight, affording rest in the midst of restlessness, and being the fairest resort in all the world for birds. My Lord St. Albans setteth out the requirements of a garden in what shape it seemeth to him most pleasurable, and he fails not to instruct us that it should be some green, some heath, and some devoted to both flowers and fruits. Such an one is surely most pleasing to the birds, which being small themselves, usually enjoy the world *in parvo*, and like not to seek far for their variety. If now there be provided for them in the space of a quarter acre, both trees and shrubs, in due proportion with flowers and waste ground, the owner may become a White of Selborne, if he only will, and write an edifying book on what he sees from his window.

First, if it is an ideal garden—and all my ideal gardens are modeled after one which existed so long since Queen Anne's day, that I can remember it distinctly—there must be berry-yielding shrubbery and small fruits, apple and plum trees, not too trim to afford a supply of worms and insects, strawberries for the robins, flowers for the humming birds, shade trees for nesting, viburnum bushes and mountain ashes to furnish food for the winter comers, and in one corner a sheaf of weeds for the finches to revel in.

If such a garden lacks regularity and spruceness, are these matters of importance, when every year the robin turns mason there, and plasters an adobe hut in the crotch of the maple tree; when later on the pewee saddles her shallow nest on some convenient limb in the leafy hermitage of the upper branches, and the yellow warbler, in building her domicile, samples all the cottony materials within reach—fern silk, milkweed down, thistle down, cotton grass threads, the wool of willow catkins, even to robbing the cotton clothesline of all the lint she can pull off; while, best of all, the dear old "chippy" comes back year after year to build in the bush honeysuckle a nest woven of roots and horsehair, as neat and clean as herself; the bright-eyed, contented little housekeeper that she is. No comer is as welcome as the "chippy," who knows us all, and trusts us wholly.

Of course, every spring there is the usual battle concerning the ownership of the martin house over the way, in which the purple martins send the English sparrows packing with little ceremony, and verify the maxim that possession is nine points in the law. Then follows much twittering and talking over of plans on the part of the victorious pair, who never fall out with each other, although either would defy the world in arms—

> "The bravest are the tenderest,
> The loving are the daring."

And now the female flies back and forth, gathering straws for her nest. The strawberry bed, from which the covering has now been removed, presents excellent "terminal facilities," which she is not slow in perceiving. Whether it is an individual peculiarity or a feature in the domestic economy of the species is not for us to determine, but here at least the lady chooses her own straws, and flies with them—two or three in a fagot held firmly in her tiny bill—to her house, her spouse accompanying her, himself unladen, but gallantly offering praise, encouragement and protection. Considering the excellent name which this couple bears, it is at least charitable to suppose that the arrangement is mutually agreeable, and that the lady prefers to see to the management of her own affairs.

On their first arrival the cherry or cedar birds are welcome, their trim figures and tailor-made clothes attracting attention. Their voices, which are politely soft and monotonous, and their limp way of sitting around doing nothing, would seem to indicate that they had been "fitted" to shine in bird society. Perhaps they do; but, like many other brainless society lights, they soon wear out their welcome, develop gourmandizing tendencies and shameless impudence in helping themselves to what they want. In cherry time they are insufferable, not only stealing from you, but adding insult to injury by raising their voices to inform you that you can't help yourself. Earlier in the season they do eat canker worms, and in the spring they have a pretty way of feeding each other to any particular choice morsel. Even the bitter mountain-ash becomes a pledge of affection; nor is this pretty custom confined to mates alone, for Nuttall tells us that an eye-witness assured him that "he has seen one, among a row of these birds seated upon a branch, dart after an insect, and offer it when caught to his associate, who very disinterestedly passed it to the next; and each declining the offer the morsel has proceeded backward and forward before it was appropriated."

In the spring the juncos, or blue-backed snowbirds, come in flocks, and are abundant for many days, flitting about in the shrubbery, conspicuous by their parti-colored tails, and their grasshopper-like way of rising only when forced to do so, and after a demi-flight dropping to the ground near at hand. At this time of the year they are unusually busy, examining the frost-bleached patches of chickweed, rustling through the dead pea vines and shaking the dry stalks of the annuals in the flower garden as they search for seeds. It is their Lenten season; but although the fare must be scanty, they accept it with pleasant chirrups and an attempt at song. No bird seems to enjoy a bath more, and even in chilly March mornings they will dip and splash in any open pool, apparently quite careless of taking cold or getting the rheumatism.

The robins are there at all times. How they degenerate as the year rolls on, at least in our estimation. From the glorious scarlet-breasted creature who sits high up among the bare limbs in March and April, and pours out rich full-throated music, to the midsummer poacher of our choicest berries, with a faded cinnamon waistcoat and an unmelodious voice, not inaptly called a "yaup," what a decline! Then, when the nests blossom with golden mouths, what a quadrupling and quintupling of this inharmonious *aubade*, which, whether you rise with the lark or not, makes you, perforce, wake with the robin. And later the trials you have to undergo with these same spotted-breasted changelings that make haste to tumble out of the nest before they can fly, get horsehairs down their throats and strings around their legs, or sit yellow-mouthed and sleepy-eyed, happy in their ignorance, in the most dangerous places, to whom you have to be a beneficent Providence, rescuing them against their wills from dangers they are unaware of—the cat, the dog, the small boy, the "adversary" in all the various forms under which he preys upon birds.

It would take too long to mention all the pleasant acquaintances one makes in a garden. They are so numerous and so diversified—some, like the people you pass in the street, whom you know only to nod to; others a little better, yet not intimately known; some with whom you may claim a calling acquaintance; others dear and familiar friends, whose failure to return would be lamented and whose presence never becomes wearisome.

Life in a garden is, I suspect, for birds as well as men, a sort of revival of the Eden experiment—delightful to the imagination, but with serious drawbacks of a practical nature. The cares of housekeeping are no less there, and as the year rolls on, the birds may be seen changed from enraptured lovers into hard worked providers, and scheming parents. Parental affection seems sometimes to supplant all the other virtues; care induces nervousness, and nervousness exhibits itself in a bad temper, from which not even birds are exempt. Nor are the birds without temptations. My currant bushes become a tree of knowledge to them, where they learn good and evil, and become initiated into the arts of dissimulation, stoutly averring before the tell-tale juice is dried on their beaks, that they never touched my currants. Ought I to put such temptations in their way? Or ought I to drive the birds out? The latter, fortunately, cannot be done. They will still rob me, and defy me, and demand the whole for an imaginary tithe of worms, and I shall allow it this year as heretofore.

FANNIE PEARSON HARDY.

THE HAWK AND THE SQUIRREL.

DRIVING down the gentle slopes of Sonoma Mountain yesterday—the mountain is 2,340ft. high—we observed a very large hawk—the largest of the hawks, a large brown-spotted fellow, perhaps rightly an eagle—perched on the fence by the roadside. As we approached, he flew quartering toward us, dove down at the foot of a rocky hill and arose in the air carrying a full-grown gray ground squirrel in his talons. This squirrel is nearly the size of the timber gray squirrel of the East, and looks very much like it, except that it usually has several light-colored bars on its sides, and old specimens are of a lighter earthy gray. It lives in holes in the ground, usually in dry, rocky places.

The hawk flew about 50yds., when the squirrel reached up and bit him on the leg. This squirrel has a very tough hide, sharp, strong teeth, and is a fighter from away back. The hawk at once released his talons, but the squirrel hung on with his teeth quite a little time, and then dropped to the ground and started for his rocky home. The hawk flew down 100yds. further and alighted on the fence. The squirrel was injured somewhat, but made very good time back. The hawk waited until he was within a few yards of home, when he darted for him again and arose with him. This last flight of the hawk showed with what wonderful velocity the great bird could pass through the air. The hawk had flown only two or three rods when the squirrel bit him again, and he dropped it. The poor squirrel was now badly used up, but he did his best to get under cover. The hawk again perched on the fence. The squirrel had reached within a few feet of its burrow when the hawk started for him again. This time he seized the now well nigh helpless squirrel securely with both feet and sat down on his tail—the hawk's tail—stretched out his legs to their fullest extent and stretched his head and neck away back out of danger, and so held his victim until his struggles were over, and then he flew up on an old tree to enjoy his dinner; and the show was over.

This gray ground squirrel is one of the very worst nuisances of the foothills and dry plains, because of his injury to the farmer's crops. They have become so destructive in places that farmers have had to organize and pass stringent regulations for their destruction. I have been in places in Alameda county where it was not uncommon to see a hundred of them in sight at once. They are very swift of foot and usually run with their great bushy tail erect. They look very pretty scudding across the smooth sward. The California pocket gopher, a rat-like rodent with a large pocket in each cheek, which lives entirely under ground, on the roots of trees and plants, is often fearfully destructive on trees and bulbs, and is a great nuisance. It is ubiquitous everywhere, in hill, mountain and valley, even in towns and cities. It is a very hard critter to dispose of. They often destroy fruit trees several inches in diameter, and eat up crops of potatoes and other tubers and bulbs.

We have in these two rodents a good lesson in the action of species upon other species. They were held in check, before the State was settled, by the larger hawks, eagles, coyotes and snakes; the gopher especially by the gopher snake, a large, active, harmless constrictor snake, like the bull snake and black snake of the Eastern States. All of these creatures it was the first hard work of the early settlers and all the settlers since to kill at every opportunity, with the result that the rodents have scarcely a natural enemy left, and have nothing to do in life but to grow fat and breed like rats and mice, and they attend faithfully to business. Coyote and man, it is true, could not get along very pleasantly together, but the other enemies of these squirrels should have been protected.

A long, long time ago, in some unknown region, the larger hawks, after destroying all their natural food—the rodents—rather than starve caught and ate a measly spring chicken; and at once the edict went forth to kill every large hawk or eagle on sight. I wish that every one would read the reports of the Ornithologist and Mammologist of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, and they would not be so fond of destroying hawks and owls. Of 983 stomachs examined only 57 had fed on poultry, and this mostly in old settled regions where poultry was of all things the most plentiful and easiest food obtainable. The average man, woman and child will kill snakes on sight, and I suppose there is little use in any one trying to combat such a silly habit. There seems to be an uncontrollable antipathy and enmity in mankind to all snakes, be the majority of them ever so harmless and useful. Because one small family of snakes, now very scarce in all the northern part of this continent, have a dangerous bite, all the snakes must go. Nevertheless, two or three large healthy gopher snakes to the acre in this State left undisturbed would prove a grand blessing.

Again the jack rabbit; the self same enemies held him very carefully in check. Now, his enemies being gone, he is having things very much his own way in the great interior valleys. For a time he was "the boss." But by making great "drives" of a township at a time, the jacks can be driven into a pen like a flock of sheep, and thousands of them killed at one fell swoop. I think this same jack rabbit the most ridiculous looking an-i-mule on earth, as he goes scudding over the plain with his small head, immense ears, both erect, pressed close together and pointed forward, and what little tail he has tucked carefully between his hindlegs. He goes like the wind. He can outrun the coyote in a fair race, but the little wolf circumnavigates him and eventually brings him to grief. But he cannot outrun the eagles and great hawks.

Several letters have come here lately addressed to the postmaster, with the request to hand them to "Byrne." This is unnecessary, for if they are simply addressed "Byrne" I will get them. The sportsmen here are now having lovely sport after deer and quail. A friend has just come in from the Red Woods in the north part of this county, where he and his chum bagged eight fine deer in three days. He brought me a "hunk" of jerked venison, which is tender and delicious. The coast or red wood region of this county and to the north is certainly as fine a place for the sportsman's autumn outing with gun, rifle or line, as can be found on this earth. Deer, bear, grouse, quail, squirrels and rabbits are more than plenty; gamy mountain trout are in all the mountain streams, and the climate is so perfect that one is at home wherever his blankets are, with no storms or rain to seek shelter from. I will be pleased to give sportsmen any desired information about this or any other part of the State.

BYRNE.

PETALUMA, California.

RHINOCEROS HORNBILL.

A HIGHLY interesting and remarkable case of birds has recently been put on exhibition in the National Museum at Washington. The group represents a breeding pair of Bornean rhinoceros hornbills (*Buceros rhinoceroides*), and shows in addition to the birds themselves a section of a large tree, in a cavity of which the female has her nest. The female is on her nest, with only the tips of her bill exposed to view, having been plastered in by the male, according to the universal and altogether peculiar habit of members of this family of birds. The male is perched upon a branch slightly above the level of the entrance to the nest and is in the attitude of reaching down to the female with a fruit in his beak with which to feed her. The accessories to the birds are made in papier maché in very exact imitation of a forest tree trunk with vines and foliage; and the group is upon the whole a very striking and interesting one. The species represented is with one exception perhaps the largest and most conspicuous of the family. The specimens were collected by the taxidermist, Mr. Chas. F. Adams, of Champaign, Illinois, who designed and prepared the group, and who on account of his familiarity with their native haunts is especially well qualified to transfer from the wilderness to the museum one of the most remarkable scenes in the domestic affairs of wild nature known upon the earth. As stated above this remarkable habit is entirely peculiar to the hornbills. The reason for it is not certainly known; some observers state that the plastering is done by the male, others maintain that the female incarcerates herself. If the male does it, his object is doubtless to prevent the female from leaving her nest before the eggs are hatched. If the female does it, it is probable that protection from enemies is her object. The female is fed by her mate during her incarceration, and should anything happen to him during her imprisonment her life would necessarily be sacrificed.

A SKUNK IN THE TRAIL.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Hough's recent account of a family of "Skunks on Dress Parade" reminds me of a meeting with one of these loud-breathed varmints I met in the Big Hole Basin, Montana, last fall. I was riding a sleepy little cayuse through a creek bottom in the foothills, when I saw a skunk in the trail about 20yds. ahead. I supposed the cayuse saw him too and paid no attention to him. It seems, however, that he had not, for when we came within about 4ft. of the skunk, he suddenly realized that we were there, got his back up like an indignant Maria cat, whisked his big bushy tail up over spine and the cayuse made one of the allfiredest jumps that ever a scared horse made, I reckon. He went about 20ft. square sideways, and when he did strike the earth he drove my spine clear up into my hat. Fortunately I was prepared for some little disturbance and had a good seat, so he didn't get out from under me, but after that when I saw a skunk ahead of me I always rode round through the next school district that the cayuse might not see him.—G. O. SHIELDS.

BIRDS OF PLUME.—According to the Mobile *Register*, Emile Scheuermann of that city has since June 1 shipped 10,000 terns and other birds of plume to the New York markets. They were killed on Sand and Pettibois islands. Commenting on the bird plume industry the *Southern Lumberman* of Oct. 1 says: "There is one flourishing Southern industry that is not at all pleasant to contemplate. We allude to the indiscriminate slaughter of birds for their plumage. But it is the decree of fashion—the cruelest and most senseless of tyrants, a tyrant that drives its votaries to some curiously inconsistent acts. They kneel with devout fervor at the throne of divine mercy, solicit with charming eloquence funds to educate, civilize and Christianize the benighted heathen of foreign lands, carry flowers and gushing sympathy to the cells of the most infamous and atrocious criminal in the jails, and offer money inducements for the cold-blooded slaughter of the few plumage birds that remain on this continent."

HOMING SWALLOWS.—Considerable success has attended experiments at the Paris Exposition with swallows as substitutes for homing pigeons. The originator of the idea, one M. Desbouverie, of Roubaix, sent up two young swallows about two months old from a pavilion on the Esplanade, which arrived at their distant aviary in an hour and a quarter.

HAWK MIGRATION.—London, Ont., Oct. 2.—On Friday, Sept. 30, an immense flight of hawks passed south over Port Stanley, Elgin county, Ont. The flight continued all day. Numbers flew quite low while the others circled round as high as the eye could discern them.—R. G. M. [Hawks have recently appeared in unusual numbers in Connecticut; one town has paid out $49.25 bounty on them at 25 cents per head.]

RECENT ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—Purchased—Nine hedgehogs (*Erinaceus europeus*), three Richardson's spermophiles (*Spermophilus richardsoni*), one collared peccary (*Dicotyles torquatus*), two cuckoos (*Cuculus canorum*), one hoopoe (*Upupa epops*), two Swainson's lorikeets (*Tricoglossus novæhollandiæ*), three great eagle owls (*Bubo ignavus*), one wood owl (*Syrnium aluco*), two green lizards (*Lacerta viridis*), four basilisk chamæleons (*Chamæleon basiliscus*), one European glass snake (*Pseudopus pallasii*), two common European snakes (*Tropidonotus natrix*), one Æsculapian snake (*Coluber æsculapii*), one four-rayed snake (*Elaphis quaterradiatus*), six ring-necked snakes (*Diadophis punctatus*), three hog-nosed snakes (*Heterodon platyrhinus*), two water snakes (*Tropidonotus sipedon*), one Cyclop's water snake (*Tropidonotus cyclopeum*), one green snake (*Cyclophis æstivus*), one Osceola's snake (*Osceola elapsoidea*), one water moccasin (*Ancistrodon piscivorus*), one coach-whip snake (*Bascanium flagelliforme*), eight common iguanas (*Iguana tuberculata*), one royal python (*Python regius*), three banded rattlesnakes (*Crotalus horridus*), twenty-seven spotted salamanders (*Salamander maculosa*), eleven spotted salamanders (*Diemyctylus miniatus*) and six black salamanders (*Desmognathus niger*). Presented—One gray fox (*Canis virginianus*), two raccoons (*Procyon lotor*), two great blue herons (*Ardea herodias*), one night heron (*Nycticorax grisens navius*), one common bittern (*Botaurus minor*), one turtle dove (*Turtur risorius*), four alligators (*Alligator mississippiensis*), five musk terrapin (*Aromochelys odoratus*), one banded rattlesnake (*Crotalus horridus*), two pine snakes (*Pitophis melanoleucus*), one hog-nosed snake (*Heterodon platyrhinus*), fifteen wave-lined lizards (*Sceloporus undulatus*), two chameleons (*Anolis principalis*), three Arizona diamond rattlesnakes (*Crotalus adamanteus atrox*), one water snake (*Tropidonotus sipedon*) and three Gila monsters (*Heloderma suspectum*).

Game Bag and Gun.

OPEN SEASONS.

West Virginia.

Deer, Sept. 15 to Dec. 15; no hounding season. Quail, Virginia partridge, Oct. 10 to Dec. 1. Wild turkey, Sept. 15 to Jan. 1. Ruffed grouse, pheasant, Oct. 1 to Jan. 1. Wildfowl, Oct. 1 to April 1.

Texas.

BELTON, Tex., Sept. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Referring to "Guadalupe's" letter in issue of 12th, let me say that our open seasons are: Deer, Aug. 1 to Jan. 20 (Act of April 11, 1883, which was amended April 4, 1883, to exempt 116 counties). Pinnated grouse, prairie chicken, Aug. 1 to March 1 (Act March 15, 1881, with the 116 counties exempt). Quail, partridge, Oct. 1 to April 1 (Act March 25, 1887, amended April 4, 1889, to exempt 126 counties). Wild turkey, Sept. 1 to May 15 (Act amended April 4, 1889, to exempt 133 counties).

A WEEK IN NEBRASKA.

THE russet year brings back the whir of the partridge, the piping of the quail and the chatter of the great gray squirrel. In this region it would be more in accordance with fact to speak of the flight of the ducks and of the flushing of chickens. September has come with a rare combination for the sportsman—ducks, chickens and snipe. Those who have not the fear of the law before their eyes add quail to this list. Hot days and cold nights has been the rule, and this is as the hunter would have it.

The open season commences Sept. 1, but ever since the first of August chickens have been shot without attempt at concealment of the fact. As a result shooting was reported very poor when fall opened. Hunters would take long trips to the northwest or go among the sandhills south of the Platte and return with empty bags. The knowing ones shook their heads, laughed in their sleeves and declared that they would have better luck within five miles of town.

So it proved. On the afternoon of Sept. 2 a party of five of us started to investigate on our own account—three men, two ladies, who enjoyed the sport as well as we did, and two dogs, one a young Llewellin which was broken last season on quail, the other a six months old pup that owned old Count Rapier as his grand sire. Scarcely had we got outside the city limits, when a young bird flew across the road. This was taken as an indication that we were near a covey, and at the first stubble field we alighted. The older dog knew instinctively what was wanted of her, and the yard-broken pup was not slow in showing the result of his breeding. We had not gone 50yds. from the wagon, when Sid came to a stand, and we flushed three young birds that dropped before they were fairly under way. Three coveys were flushed in that stubble and then we drove on to the next, keeping up the work until the last ray of daylight was gone and raising chickens in every field where we alighted. When we arrived home and the birds were dressed the veteran of the party proposed that the next day he and I should make a thirty-mile trip up Wood River and try the wheat stubble near the Loup. I did not need a second invitation.

Early Tuesday morning we set out, the faithful Sid resting in the bottom of the buggy. The day was extremely hot and not a feather did we see except in the copses near Wood River, where young quail were abundant. About 5 o'clock we reached our destination, McDonald's ranch. It was still too hot to look for chickens but the prospect was inviting. Far away as eye could see were quarter-sections and half-sections of wheat and oat stubble, checkered with fields of ripening corn. An hour passed and then we donned hunting coats and boots; McDonald brought out his muzzleloader and his red Irish setter and off we went. Why it is I do not know but the old sportsmen would not touch a field of oat stubble. They said that chickens would not go into it when they could get wheat. At first we had no luck, but as twilight fell, the birds came from the shelter of the corn to their feeding grounds. Webster and I took one stubble field with Sid, McDonald took another with Frank, whom I despised as a very lazy "purp." But first appearances were deceitful. We wandered about for fifteen minutes not getting a shot nor did we hear a sound from our partner. At length a break in the intervening cornfield disclosed him, gun poised and that dog Frank standing as prettily as ever a dog could, and he held his birds there for full ten minutes until we came up. Then the guns cracked and kept cracking, for chickens rose in front, to right and to left, until our ambition was fully satisfied, and in the cool of the evening we went back to a splendid supper.

The next morning was cold and cloudy. We were up at gray dawn and out in the stubble, but the chickens were very wild and but one fell before Webster's gun. After breakfast we started homeward, intending to hunt most of the way. The day was so cold that the birds would not seek the corn. Every field yielded its quota of game, though the birds were found only in twos and threes. At high noon we were at an oat stubble, and I proposed that Webster get out and go across it. He did not believe in oat stubble, nevertheless he went. I held the horse and watched the fun. Sid ranged freely for a few minutes and then—bang! and a single young bird went into the bag. He was going over the hill and Sid was sneaking along as though on a fresh scent. I lit my pipe and stood on the seat in time to see two more birds fall. I longed for a fence-post, a tree, or anything to which I could tie the fractious steed, but fate was against me, and there I had to stay while five coveys rose right in front of my friend's gun.

However, I had my revenge. We were far away from any road, and decided to push eastward until we struck one. In going over a hill we saw just ahead an immense cornfield, and in the middle of it a lagoon. Above a pair of mallards were circling, and then the appearance of a hawk caused a large flock of small waterfowl to rise and fly impatiently from one pond to another. At the distance we took them for teal, and we cautiously approached until within a quarter of a mile, then the Colonel drew on his wading boots and disappeared down the corn rows. In about ten minutes firing began, and kept up with such rapidity that I thought a heavy wagon would be needed for the game. By and by Webster appeared plowing slowly through the mud, and in his hand were a couple of little yellowlegs. That was all. The next lagoon gave us a young widgeon, and then we drove home perfectly satisfied with the day's work.

I was taking a week's vacation, and so could not afford to lay aside my gun for a single day. After breakfast the next morning Ben Marston, a most genial sportsman, and I, with the afore-mentioned pup, Dude by name, took a buggy for the county poor farm, nine miles northeast of town. The country in the immediate vicinity of the farm promised good shooting for ducks and chickens. About it are corn and stubble fields, and within a half mile on either side are "draws," or canyons, and old buffalo wallows that, at this season, are full of water. We put out the horse at the nearest ranch, and after Ben had finished his business we rambled out on the hills without a sight of fur or feather. At length a flight of ducks appeared, and though we could not mark them down we decided to try the lagoons. Before we reached the water two other sportsmen appeared over the hill, and as they drew nearer we recognized the colonel, my old companion, and his chum Johnson. Well we amused ourselves shooting at kildeers until dinner time, and then Ben and Webster returned to the ranch through the draw, while Johnson and I took an upland trail. The other pair brought in a teal and a mallard.

After dinner Johnson and I determined to distinguish ourselves, so we stole away and went to another draw. No matter how cautiously we stole along the bank, the ducks would rise ahead of us, just out of range. At length we got upon a pair of teal, winged them both and they dropped into the water. What a time we had to get them. They dove and hid and it took four shots to kill them. Then we pursued a big mallard that seemed bound to elude us. Finally as we were about to give up the sport, Johnson fell flat and pulled me with him. A tremendous flock of teal were coming toward us. Overhead and around us they circled and finally dropped in a buffalo wallow 300yds. away. The grass was light and short and the ground was damp, but we managed to flatten ourselves sufficiently to get within 82 steps of them. (We paced the distance afterward). Then we arose and they arose; four shots and eight teal. We went back to the house and found that Ben and the Colonel had left, but a shot let us know that they were not far away. When we reached them Dude was getting his first lesson in standing quail.

The homeward ride was broken every few minutes by the sight of ducks, that one by one found a resting place beneath the buggy seat. At length in a pasture near the woodside we saw a small lagoon that was perfectly black with ducks. The buggies were driven by and the horses tied. Three of us lay in the grass waiting for the ducks to fly over, while Johnson repeated the crawl act. He bagged seven ducks as they rose, but the rest of us were doomed to disappointment, for the Colonel's hunting coat was in the buggy and his white shirt sleeves were a warning to the flock.

One day more brought the sport of the week to a close, and it came about in this way: During the duck flight last spring a couple of boys left town every afternoon about 6 o'clock. They would return about 10 o'clock just loaded down with ducks. They went invariably in one direction, but told very contradictory stories as to the location of their ground. This fall the old sportsmen were on the lookout, and finally their resort was discovered. It was a marsh four miles west of Kearney. There were several small ponds on the forty-acre tract, the rest of the piece was deep bog covered with tall rushes and cat-tails that afforded the best of cover. It was just the spot that the ducks chose for passing the night when they came in from the lakes and rivers.

I went out early on Saturday morning, but the ducks had about all left. I saw one flock of mallards and secured a fine young bird. But here were what I had not seen before in Nebraska, jack snipe in abundance. And rare sport I had with them, though among the reeds scarcely half the birds that fell could be recovered. With them were kildeer, yellowlegs, avocets and soras. In the afternoon I returned to the same spot and was surprised to find five buggies fastened about the field and eight sportsmen in the marsh. I thought it would be useless to stay, but still would not go off defeated. I would wait as long as any one. About six o'clock the first ducks put in an appearance, but they were frightened away long before they were within range. It was very cold and very wet. Just as darkness fell there was a whir of wings close by and the guns flashed into the dark mass. Before we could hunt the slain another flock came down, and so it went on for an hour, firing almost as fast as we could load. In the darkness it was impossible to take aim, and yet we were very successful. Probably a number of ducks were killed that were never secured, but we had load enough of mallards, teal, widgeon and a shoveler.

While at McDonald's ranch on Tuesday night I learned that five years ago the prairie sharp-tailed grouse was very abundant. The cold weather made the birds very tame and they refused to be flushed. Since that time few have been seen.

Quail are abundant. Every park in Kearney, even the grounds around the school buildings, boasts its covey, and as firearms cannot be discharged within city limits, the birds are safe.

There was a time when Nebraska did not seem to me much of a State for game, but I am more than satisfied to carry a gun through a thickly settled farming country and close to a city of 12,000 inhabitants. And from every sportsman's door the latch string hangs out to our Eastern confreres. SHOSHONE.

KEARNEY, Neb., September.

LIGHT-WEIGHT OR SMALL-BORE GUNS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I want to say a few words in favor of the small-bore gun. There is an old maxim, "where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise," which some people stick to as long as they live. It seems to me that gunners are particularly prone to follow it. I know it is good in its place, but if we wish to advance we must drop it; also the old flint lock and Queen's arm. Why not as well the heavy 10 and 12-gauge guns? They are (for the field) entirely out of place, and in a few more years will be considered as relics of the past. Can a man convince himself, or any one else, that he goes out for sport and enjoyment when he tramps ten or more miles carrying a small cannon, which uses up 4 or 5drs. of powder and 1¼ to 2oz. of shot? What must a bird think that gets through such a charge, and is not scared to death by the noise? For the benefit of any brother sportsman who is about to buy a gun, and does not already "know it all," I will advise him, by all means (if you are going for sport, and not the market), to get a 16 or 20-gauge gun. This may be too light for a heavy man, who could handle a light 12-gauge better.

I thought ten years ago that it was fun to lug a 9½lbs. gun through the brush all day, and have a lame shoulder for a week after into the bargain; but now I am perfectly satisfied that a 6lbs. gun weighs more at night than it did when I started in the morning. Ten years ago I lived in the city of Taunton, Mass. At that time there was not a gun smaller than 12-bore in the city, as far as I was able to find out. Now the gun dealer keeps a good assortment of 16-bores, and the number used in proportion to the larger bores is increasing every day.

A sportsman goes into the woods for pleasure, and if he shoots, to use his nerve and show his skill. He wants to act as little fatigued as possible, consequently he dresses light, reckons close on shells and lunch, and carries the lightest gun that he believes will be effectual. It is difficult to make a man believe that a small-bore gun will kill as well and sure as a large one, although he knows that rifles are small bore, and that a small-bore rifle is preferable to a large. For proof we have but to look abroad. Foreign nations are adopting the small-bore rifle for their armies, while we are content to use a rubber pad to keep our shoulder blade in place and use the old "back number." If the 16 and 20-gauge are not powerful enough, how is it that such scores are made with them? For instance: Miss Oakley, at Gloucester, N. J., used a 20-gauge with a charge of ⅞oz. of shot, weight of gun 5½lbs., and killed 49 out of 50 live birds. Was it accident? No. They get there every time. I have owned a good many guns and of all weights and gauges, and the most satisfactory gun I ever owned was a 16-bore 6lb. W. & C. Scott gun. Do not think from this statement that I favor the English guns, for I do not. I believe that the American-made gun is a better gun today, and base my opinion on a considerable experience. I have to-day a 16-gauge gun with 24in. barrels, and only 5lbs. in weight, that will make as nice a pattern at 35yds. as any large bore used for the same purpose, and it kills every time it is held right. Two of my friends (both collectors) have Parker guns. One, a light 12-gauge, has been used from Florida to Maine, and has been shot until its barrels are as thin as paper at the muzzles. The locks and breech mechanism are just as good as new. This gun has been under salt water nearly a week while lost on a gunning bar. The other, a 16-bore, was made to order and has been from Newfoundland to Mexico, and has been shot many thousand times. It is in use to-day, apparently as good as ever. I do not wish to discriminate in favor of the Parker, as I believe that any of the regular $80 grade guns of Parker, Colt, Smith or Lefever will last any ordinary man a life time. And also that a Davis gun will give any of them a good battle. Almost any of these dealers will supply you with a fine, light-weight gun to suit.

Here in southern New England the small-bore has come to stay and is gaining rapidly in favor. Every known advantage but one (heavy charge) is in its favor. Quick aim, short barrels, light weight, little smoke and not much recoil, economy, etc. All favor the little gun. It will fill the bill on every thing but wildfowl. To my certain knowledge nothing will stop a deer so quick as a charge of buckshot from a small-bore shotgun. If a man goes after wildfowl, or guns for the market, he takes every chance and wants a big gun with all the load that he can stand behind. To such I have nothing to say, but as I remain devoutly thankful to the man who first influenced me in favor of a light gun, I take it upon myself as a sort of missionary work, to try to convince others that their pleasure afield depends largely on the weight and size of their gun. No doubt some who read this will call me a crank, but if they will go out with me here for a day, they can have one of my heavy guns to use, and if they can honestly say (toward night) that they would as soon carry it home, as to exchange for a while and carry mine, then they can have it and welcome.

COHANNET.

QUAIL IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—A correspondent highly recommends Rocky Hill, South Carolina, as a stamping ground for quail shooters. One person who spent sixty days there bagged in that time 495 quail, with a good score of woodcock, snipe and rabbits in addition. Howell Cobb, of the Carolina Hotel, controls 12,000 acres of shooting ground for his guests. Snipe and duck shooting may be found in the vicinity.

611 HINTS AND HELPS FOR SPORTSMEN. A book of 240 pages. Send for table of contents. Price $1.50, postpaid, from this office.

THE HUNTING RIFLE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

To one who has kept track to some extent of the progress that has been made in the construction of military rifles it seems strange that the ideas most approved in military circles regarding what constitutes an efficient weapon have not yet been adopted in the construction of sporting rifles. For example, several of the leading European powers have adopted rifles with calibers ranging from .30 to .32, and having a strong twist, instead of those of larger caliber and less twist; and for ammunition they have adopted long shells loaded with plenty of powder, and very long conical-pointed, steel or copper-jacketed bullets. The advantages claimed for the new guns over those of the older models are: (1) The recoil is less with small than with large calibers even when the same amount of powder is used in both instances. (2) By jacketing the bullet with steel or copper the barrel can have the twist considerably increased without stripping the bullet, and the increased twist will give a very long bullet steadiness in the air. (3) A long bullet will have greater penetration than a shorter one, and by using heavy charges of powder it may be given a high rate of speed, higher than would be possible with a larger caliber owing to the severity of the recoil. (4) Such a ball moving at a high speed will have not only a longer range but a flatter trajectory than those of the ordinary rifle, and (5) the gun itself and ammunition are not so heavy to carry.

Another thing that military authorities have almost unanimously condemned is the under-barrel magazine of the repeating rifle, which is the most commonly used of all by sportsmen, and they have almost as unanimously pronounced in favor of the sub-breech box, such as that of the Lee.

Now, it has not been without a great deal of careful experimentation by men scientifically trained in the science and art of gunnery that the governments of England, Germany, France, Switzerland, Austria and Italy have been led to adopt the small-bore, strong twist guns, and it would seem that they have been proved beyond a peradventure to be better guns for military use than such guns as the Winchester, Marlin, Ballard and others which are the favorites with sportsmen. The advantages claimed for the new guns should, it would seem, commend them to sportsmen as well as to soldiers. Can the editor of FOREST AND STREAM or any of his correspondents give a good reason why the American manufacturers of sporting rifles should fail to keep abreast of the times? Or is game so rapidly disappearing by aid of the relatively inefficient weapons still in use that it is inexpedient to hasten its departure by introducing any new improvements?

The writer has tried in vain to find out from leading gun dealers where, if anywhere in this country, guns of the Lee, Mannlicher or Vetterli types could be procured, or whether any sporting rifles embodying the principles of their construction could be had, but their ignorance of the whole matter has been of the densest kind. He has also searched the price lists of numerous tradesmen to find whether these guns were on the market, but in vain. Could you, Mr. Editor, inform one through your journal whether these arms are to be had in this country, and if so, where?

E. S.

CHICAGO, Ill.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reference to the articles by "Senex" in your issue of Sept. 12 and 26, the new .25cal. is about midway between the .22 and .32cal., and will undoubtedly become a popular weapon in the near future. As a hunting arm its killing power is far greater than the .22, and as a target weapon its accuracy is superior to the deservedly popular .32-20-115 Winchester.

The sharp twist used in the majority of modern rifles is not intended to give greater killing power, but greater accuracy.

The trajectory of a rifle may be lowered by decreasing the weight of the bullet and increasing the powder charge, but after you pass certain limits in this reduction of the trajectory curve, accuracy is sacrificed, and other bad results follow, such as the excessive fouling of the bore, requiring frequent wiping out if anything like steady shooting is to be maintained.

In regard to the old-style .22cal. long cartridge, I stated that the 16-inch twist of the Maynard rifle kept them point on, and I am still of that opinion. I am not a gunsmith, and cannot explain why the bullets from these cartridges will wabble and keyhole when fired from a rifle or pistol rifled with a long twist. In regard to the Lebel rifle, I am quite willing to admit that it has a comparatively low trajectory at 1,000yds., but I have failed to discover one iota of evidence of its accuracy at any distance. When the proof of its accuracy shall appear, I shall be anxious to know what kind of powder and bullet is used. The chemists must give us a better powder before we shall have approached the millennium of rifle shooting, and the bullet makers must give us something better than a leaden pellet encased in a flimsy paper patch.

In regard to the allowance to be made for side winds, "Senex" probably makes too large a claim for his muzzle-loader shooting a bullet weighing 162grs. He has omitted a very important factor in this connection, viz., the caliber of the rifle. If the rifle is .32cal. or over, then he would be badly beaten by the .45cal. using a 550-grain bullet; but if his rifle is smaller than .32cal., he may have some grounds for his claim. The allowance for side winds depends mainly upon the comparative length and width of the bullet, and very little upon the amount of powder used. The short bullet will float off to leeward in spite of any amount of powder that may be put behind it; while the long, narrow bullet cleaves the air like an arrow, and often reaches the bullseye when the other goes wide of it, in spite of the best human skill that can be placed behind the gun. From the standpoint of the target-shooter, as a general rule, the accuracy of any rifle of first-class manufacture may be very nearly determined by comparing the caliber with the length of the bullet. A bullet two calibers in length would be beaten by one three calibers in length, and this latter would be beaten by one four calibers in length. If you wished to go beyond four calibers, your gunsmith would probably refuse to build the gun for reasons best known to himself.

For hunting purposes a short bullet is often preferable, on account of its flatter trajectory at short range and lighter recoil, and for thickly wooded districts, where nearly all of the shots are made within 75yds. range, a light powder charge is generally the best, as the trajectory is of small consequence; and you have the great advantage of being able to use a repeating rifle, and may fire rapidly without regard to the dryness of the atmosphere, and after a day's shooting the rifle will be found in good condition. For these reasons and others, the Winchester cartridges, .32-20-115, .38-40-180 and .44-40 200, are still the most popular cartridges used in repeating rifles, although others have been put on the market giving a flatter trajectory, greater killing power and kicking much harder. The express rifles require nursing, as do the fine shooting target rifles.

E. A. LEOPOLD.

NORRISTOWN, Pa.

WILD RICE.

WE received from Mr. Frank Pidgeon some specimens of the grass growing in the Hudson River, near Saugerties. Mr. Pidgeon wrote:

"I beg to say that I am perfectly familiar with every foot of each Hudson River locality which your correspondent "S." names, having shot ducks and rail upon them for twenty years and more. The "Vly" was owned by my father for many years; I am therefore well acquainted with that section. The grass, the seeds of which furnish food to the aquatic birds in the places named, we have known as wild oats or teal grass; if it is "wild rice" I wish you would kindly say so through your columns, for if it is we do not want to buy any wild rice to sow; if it is not, we want to buy a quantity. I send you a few seeds of the grass in question, which certainly resemble oats more than they do rice."

The specimens sent were insufficient to base an opinion on, but they appeared to us to be wild rice. We sent them on to Mr. Charles Gilchrist, of Rice Lake, Ont., who replied that the specimen was not wild rice, but a wild grass which was familiar to him.

From Mr. Charles L. Flint's work, "Grasses and Forage Plants," published by Messrs. Lee & Shepard, Boston, 1888, we take by permission of the publishers, the following description, with illustration, of wild rice:



WILD RICE.

Indian rice, wild rice, or water oats (*Zizania aquatica*), Fig. 12, is found in swampy borders of streams, in shallow water, and is common. It grows from 3 to 9ft. in height, with flat, long, lanceolate leaves. Panicle large, pyramidal; lower branches sterile, spreading; upper, pistillate or fertile, erect. Flowers in July and August, and drops its seed, when ripe, at the slightest touch, and this furnishes food for water fowls. It is also used for food by the aborigines. North America.

This plant is the *folle avoine* of the early settlers of Louisiana. It is exceedingly prolific, growing wild in all the Southern States, where it is said to produce two crops in a year of good hay, of which stock of every kind are very fond. It is greedily eaten when green.

In the Western States, where it is also common in the shallow water on the swampy margins of streams, it forms an important food for the Indians, who paddle a canoe among the rice, bend it over the sides, and beat out the grains with a stick.

In Fig. 13, the staminate flowers are seen as they appear at the end of a branch of the natural size. Fig. 14 represents a staminate flower, magnified; Fig. 15, the germ and stigmas; Fig. 16, a fertile or pistillate flower; Fig. 17, the same, ripe; Fig. 18 the seed. Contrary to the usual arrangement, the fertile or pistillate flowers are above the sterile or staminate ones, while the minute grains of pollen, being lighter than the atmosphere, rise when they leave the anther, and thus come in contact with the stigmas. In Indian corn, on the other hand, the grains of pollen are heavier than the surrounding air, and so fall from the sterile flowers of the "tassel" upon the styles or "silks," and thus fertilize them.

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 220 pages, price $2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

THE GAME SEASON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is surprising, wonderful, that so great a number of deer are killed in the St. Regis district south of here this season. Hardly a train comes down on the Northern Adirondack Railroad that does not bring from one to half a dozen. I was at the station yesterday when the 3 o'clock train came in; two parties of Boston sportsmen came down on it, bringing with them three very large bucks entire, and the saddles of three other deer; and this has been common ever since the hounding season opened. Last Tuesday a party of four went up to Deer River, intending to have a week's hunting. Wednesday morning they put out their dogs, and during that day one of the party shot and killed five deer on one runway; the other three members of the party did not happen to get a shot, and having all the venison they wanted, they came out Thursday morning, bringing four of the deer with them. The engineer of the passenger train on the Adirondack Railroad has killed three deer since Sept. 1, and an old bear and cub half grown. He killed all in the vicinity of Brandon (or Paul Smith's station, as it is called) while waiting there with his engine, between train times.

Bears have been plenty this season, more so than common, all through that region, and quite a number have been killed; but what is strange to me is, that with all the deer hunting that has been done in that region for the past twenty years, especially for the last six, and the great numbers that have been killed every season, the deer should still continue to be as plentiful there as ever.

When the lumber companies first began operations there and the railroad was building, I with others here predicted that, while the trout fishing would probably remain good for some years to come, the deer hunting would soon be a thing of the past. But it has turned out to be exactly the reverse: the deer are as plentiful here as ever, while the trout fishing has been nearly ruined in those waters that are in the vicinity of the railroad and the lumbering camps. But if nothing is done to stop the great slaughter of the deer that has been going on for the past five years, the end must soon come. Even if all the deer there are in the whole Adirondack region congregate here, it will be impossible for them to hold out much longer if the slaughter is allowed to continue at this rate.

The Santa Clara Lumber Co. is a stockholder to the amount of $100,000 in the syndicate that has lately purchased the great tract of land in the Adirondacks of W. W. Durant. The president of the Santa Clara Lumber Co. is also president of the Northern Adirondacks Railroad; and this means that this great tract of the wilderness will too soon be despoiled by the lumbermen, the more especially that charcoal burning has now become an established business in the region about Spring Cove Station, on the Northern Adirondack Railroad. A. C.

MOIRA, Franklin County, N. Y., Sept. 30.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The inclosed "clip" sizes up the situation very nicely. It is from the Hartford *Courant* of Oct. 2, and reads:

Yesterday furnished a gratifying sight, not only to Hartford but to Connecticut. For the last ten years the Hartford markets have been, the first day the law was off, stuffed with birds. Two years ago 1,500 birds were on sale in Hartford the morning the law was off. Of necessity they must have been shot during the closed season. Yesterday not a bird was on sale in the whole city in any market up to 12 o'clock noon, and only seven birds were offered for sale up to dark. Mr. A. C. Collins, the efficient game warden of Hartford county, was seen by a *Courant* reporter during the afternoon. He said that, to the best of his knowledge, the game laws this year had been observed. The efforts which had been made all over the State to bring about a rigid enforcement of the laws had proved effective. The pot-hunters were frightened all over Connecticut. The principal reason for this undoubtedly was that a law was passed during the last session of the Legislature which enabled game wardens to search the refrigerators and ice boxes of dealers in game. The result was that dealers were afraid to sell and so the demand was lessened.

The opinion of the various dealers in game in the city makes interesting reading. A *Courant* reporter visited a number of the most prominent yesterday and asked their opinion of the working of the game law. One man was found who said that he thought it a failure. He thought that it did not diminish the shooting of game at all, but resulted merely in sending the birds that were shot out of Connecticut for sale.

The opinion of all the rest was, however, that the game laws had been well enforced. They expressed themselves as being thoroughly in sympathy with Mr. Collins and the work he is doing. One man said: "I have only had two birds offered to me this season. The birds haven't been shot. Hunters are frightened all over the State. I am informed that the shipping of birds to New York, which used to go on heavily in the eastern part of the State, has almost entirely ceased. I am glad this condition of things exists. As far as Hartford is concerned there have been no birds sold to speak of this season. The restaurants have, I suspect, served a few, but the number has been very small."

From inquiries made in various directions in the city yesterday, from conversation with dealers in game, and from the actual conduction of the markets, it seems to be established beyond a doubt that the statement made by Mr. Collins is true that "the game laws have been observed this year better than at any time during the last ten years." Credit to whom credit is due is always a good motto, and this excellent state of things is due largely to the efforts of the Connecticut Association of Farmers and Sportsmen for the Protection of Game and Fish, and especially to the work of the faithful president of the society, Mr. A. C. Collins.

The Connecticut Association of Farmers and Sportsmen for the Protection of Game and Fish does not have any clam chowder nor shooting tournament attachments.

A. C. COLLINS.

HARTFORD, Conn., Oct. 3.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was out in the country with Mr. James Dupuy last week looking over his old camp ground; found game plenty, quail, squirrels and quite a number of young wild turkeys. The indications are that fall shooting will be good. Mr. R. S. Dupuy is going South to hunt in November. Jim intended going along, but the cards are out for his wedding with Miss Sallie, a daughter of Mr. George Howland, who has figured as George in some of the contributions James has sent you. W.

IRONTON, Ohio, Oct. 1.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Our grouse season opened Sept. 1, but owing to the almost continual rain little shooting has been done, and that has been confined to places near by. The foliage is unusually dense, and but little shooting can be done until the leaves fall. We have already had one or two light frosts, and the hills are dressed in their autumn colors, presenting a beautiful sight. Squirrel and rabbit prospects are good in Rutland county. This locality is very favorable for grouse, and they were formerly very plenty, but though constantly hunted and sadly thinned out

now, they cannot be exterminated owing to the nature of the country and the fact that they seek almost inaccessible places. However, we sometimes find them in fair numbers, and from outside reports as well as those from our local sportsmen, I think the birds are more numerous this fall than for many seasons, and we may expect fair shooting later, when the cover is not so thick.

The duck shooting on Lake Champlain is reported very good, and Burlington sportsmen, as well as others along the shore, are making great bags. A Burlington paper reports that three Burlington shooters while at the sandbar grounds near that city, killed in the morning shooting of two days eighty-four ducks—mostly black ducks—and fifty-seven plover. Ducks, plover and other birds are reported there in great abundance, heavy flights now coming from the north.

Our fishermen were forced to lay aside their rods some time ago, as the heavy rains have put an end to the bass fishing. F. E. A.

WATERBURY, Vermont, Oct. 3.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The delta extending back 50 miles or more from the Gulf, north and west of here, abounds in sloughs and lagoons, and about these white egrets are plentiful at this season of the year. A great many of them are being killed simply for the plumes. One soulless wretch who lives about 14 miles from the city has a cow skin that he throws over himself, and then by crawling on his hands and knees is enabled to approach within easy shooting distance of the unsuspecting birds. He is slaughtering hundreds of them and shipping the plumes to France where, it is said, he gets much higher prices for them than can be had here.

Sickle bill curlews are also abundant on these marshes and afford fine sport to lovers of wing shooting. I have lately traversed the State twice, from north to south on different lines of road, and have found quail in great numbers everywhere. Coveys of 15 to 25 birds are found in almost every bunch of cover or on nearly every feeding ground, and grand sport may be enjoyed by any one who will come here for it. G. O. SHIELDS.

GALVESTON, Texas, Sept. 24.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Ducks are now coming in to our lake. Teal have been here for some time. The prospect for fall shooting is very good. I expect to go on my regular fall hunt about Oct. 15 or 20, and will try and send you a few camp notes. Our game law, as amended by the last Legislature, Sec. 3 of Chap. XLV. provides: That no person shall kill, wound, ensnare or trap any bison or buffalo for ten years, mountain sheep for eight years, any ibex or mountain goat for ten years, any deer, elk, fawn or antelope within this State for any purpose whatever at any time; except that those which have horns may be killed between July 1 and Dec. 1 for food purposes, as provided in Sec. 4, Chap. XLV. (*i. e.* immediate use). No protection to ducks and geese, except as to nets, which are prohibited. They might as well make open season all summer. This horn business won't work, for every deer killed is sure to have horns, but they will, of course, be small, broken or not good in some way and left in the hills too rough to pack out, etc. A. A. K.

BERTHOUD, Colorado, Oct. 1.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The hunting season in the Adirondacks is now at its height. Many sportsmen from the city still linger among the grand old hills, and the resident or native hunters are fully awake to the opportunities which are presented each day. Many guides and hunters say that there are not as many partridges and squirrels in the woods as there were at this time last year. However, those who go out for partridges have fair success. But the deer hunters are having the most fun, and have thus far been quite successful. At least twenty deer have been killed in Elizabethtown thus far, and the hunters are confident that many more will fall before the season closes. The greatest enthusiasm prevails, and the hills and valleys are lined with hunters almost every day. OBSERVER.

ELIZABETHTOWN, N. Y., Oct. 5.

Editor Forest and Stream:

This is the time when the hunters of the peninsula begin to stop the war on the shore birds, and to look for likely coveys of partridges on which to make a descent on opening day. Partridges are more plentiful than usual this year and good bags are expected. All of the shore birds have left except the willets, which are beginning to flock, and by the time this reaches you will be on their way south. Willets are becoming scarce of late, being shot all through the breeding season when they are tame and decoy well. Squirrels are not very plentiful this year. I saw to-day two flocks of ducks, vanguards of the multitudes soon to follow. B. W. L.

EASTVILLE, Virginia, Sept. 28.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was out Sept. 28 to try a new canvas boat in a pond near here, and found, to my surprise, that the ducks had begun to arrive. I would not venture to say where they came from, but I got a widgeon, three shovelers and a blue-winged teal in the course of a few hours. I found a number of snipe, and had a happy time till I exhausted my shells. Not expecting such game I had taken only a few. I was decidedly pleased with my Acme folding boat. It is a real piece of mechanism, and promises to be handy and serviceable. But where did those ducks come from? AZTEC.

SAN LUIS POTOSI, Mexico, Oct. 2.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The gunners have been out the last week and the game has come in. There are plenty of fine partridges in the market windows, with a few woodcock. The partridges seem to be mostly old birds and are in fine condition, while the woodcock all seem to be rather poor. It is reported that quail are being shot already, but if so the shooters keep out of sight. COHANNET.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Oct. 3.

Mr. E. B. Nicewaner, of Baltimore, sends us these extracts from a letter received from his son, E. G. Nicewaner, C. E., who is with a Pennsylvania Railroad Co. survey party in the Alleghany Mountains, near Johnstown, Pa. The letter was written Sept. 27: "There has not been a day that I have not wished to have you along since we have been in camp. Yesterday we ran across fresh signs of bear droppings and footprints; to-day we not only saw bear tracks, but deer and otters. I inclose quill from a little porcupine we ran across. Every day I see trout. There is a pool in the creek alongside of camp that has some 12 and 14-inch ones in it. The water is so clear that they can be seen darting from rock to rock. We have for an axman a young fellow who hunts most of his time, and he told me to-day that one day last spring he caught 360 trout from 8 to 16in. long. How would you like to get a whack at them? Pheasants are as thick as sparrows. Every half hour we flush from one to six. I know where a dozen are feeding already, and if I only had the proper sort of gun I would have good sport. It is a common occurrence to see one running along the road. Another of our axmen, who lives about 300yds. from camp, told me where a flock of turkeys use every day. I am going up there to-morrow evening: his little boy saw them to-day. If you could only slip up here and be with us for a week, what a time you would have."

Deer hunting on Long Island has been great this year. The season down there is for the first ten days of October, Sundays excepted. The game has an area of 300 square miles to roam over. Points of attack are from Ronkonkomo, Sayville and Smithtown. The deer are dogged. The law has been generally well observed. The only instance of its infraction coming to our notice was in the case of a man who appeared before a Sayville justice and informed on himself. He had killed a deer before the time was up, said he had to in self-defense, the varmint raided his cabbages and ate up his vegetables.

From many localities in New England ruffed grouse are reported plenty, the broods large and the birds well grown. Woodcock are also fairly plenty, but not up to last year's shooting. A good flight, which should have already begun at this writing, has been predicted by all the knowing ones.

The rail have "struck on" in the marshes of Long Island and Connecticut, and some big bags of plump birds have been scored. On the Hackensack, N. J., marshes, by the way, the credit of being high boat has been won by a Hackensack lady.

ON GALLATIN RIVER, MONTANA.

ON the 4th of September my brother and I started out from Bozeman, Mont., for a hunt in the Rockies. We left after dinner, with seven pack and five saddle horses and team and wagon. Our guides were Ira Dodge and John Kirby, the cook, Blackstone. Our course was almost south. The wagon left us at Squaw Creek, about thirty miles from Bozeman. Here we packed the horses preparatory for starting over the mountain trail. This Gallatin trail is one of the roughest in the Rockies, and we found it a "holy terror." I had seen rough roads, but never thought a horse could go over such a trail as this proved to be. The first eight miles is fearfully rough, but after that it is a fair mountain path.

We got to the hunting grounds in two days after leaving Squaw Creek, having caught fish and shot grouse en route. With a .22cal. rifle one can get all the camp meat they need, and with a rod and line and grasshopper, or most any kind of fly, all the mountain trout, whitefish and grayling. We saw lots of elk and mule deer, and two grizzlies and a lynx. We succeeded in getting some venison, and it proved an agreeable change to fish and grouse. I was fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of two grizzlies; broke a front leg of the first one, but he got into the timber before I could get in a second shot. The second bear I succeeded in killing. My guide and I were riding along on top of a high mountain about sunset, looking for game, when we saw the bear crossing an open park about two hundred yards off. We rolled off our horses, leaving them to take care of themselves (which they did by galloping off in the opposite direction) and stalked to about 75yds. of him. He was moving slowly and swaying his body from side to side. The first shot struck him in back of shoulder and went through him. He uttered a fearful growl and reared on his hindlegs for an instant, then coming down on all fours he struck the ground a fearful blow with his paw, making the dust fly in fine style. Then wheeling he came for me at a gallop, growling all the while. Shot No. 2 struck him in the shoulder and went half his length in a longitudinal direction, coming out near his spine. This brought him on his knees; but recovering himself he came for me again; but No. 3 fixed him and he fell dead about 20yds. off. He proved to be a 700lbs. bear, fat and fur in fine condition. The hide measured 6ft. 8in. It is now being mounted as a rug. I have also the head of a mule deer, which I hope soon to add to my other trophies of the chase.

I met my wife at Cinnabar and went on to the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel. The next day my brother and guides with extra man and teamster (Charlie Tommond) and outfit met us there and we started out for a seven-days' trip through the National Park, making the trip on horseback and camping at nights. The Park well deserves the interest the FOREST AND STREAM has taken in it, for it embraces both grand scenery and the most wonderful natural curiosities in the world.

This trip, combining as it did the hunting on Gallatin and the sight-seeing in the Park, is one of the most enjoyable of the many similar ones I have taken. The Gallatin is a rough country to hunt over, but to sportsmen who are willing to climb and rustle a little, it is worth a visit. The scenery is grand, water fine, grass good, and fish, fowl and mammal fairly plentiful. In conclusion I would like to say that sportsmen desiring good reliable guides and hunters will find them in Ira Dodge and John Kirby, of Bozeman, Montana. They combine both the hunter and the genial camp companion. H. W. H.

HOHOKUS, N. J.

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nanit," "Gloan," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybillene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There seems to be a great abundance of small game this fall in this State, and others to the south of it. At Jerseyville the quail are more abundant than they have been for years. The town was full of them when I was there, and two were caught in a drug store, into which they had wandered. They could be heard whistling all about. They had begun the movement which in that country is regular with them every fall, a sort of migration from the fields to a warmer and better cover. Mr. Guinnotte, of Kansas City, says the northern Missouri quail nearly all migrate to the South and West in cold weather. Mr. C. W. Parent, whose name will be familiar to many Chicago shooters, now lives at Marshall, Mo., and he tells me there are more quail about that place than he ever saw. He says if any of the Chicago boys will come down he can assure them of all the shooting they can ask. The vegetation is too high for quail shooting until after heavy frosts have cut it down. The best season, therefore, is late November or December. From what I learned in Jerseyville, I should think one need ask no better shooting at quail than can be had right near there. The whole country is full of quail there. That bird is reported unusually plentiful in the Indian Territory and in Kansas this fall.

Mr. Al. Bandle, of Cincinnati, called my attention to an error in the open season dates published in another sporting paper. The open date there is given, "Quail and ruffed grouse, Oct. 1 to March 1." It should be Oct. 20 to March 1. We telephoned across the river and confirmed this.

I learn from the West that Messrs. J. A. Ricker and a friend from Evanston, Wyoming Territory, in company with others from Laramie City, Denver and Kansas, have left for a big-game hunt in Idaho. I do not know any of the party except Mr. Ricker, my old friend and business partner. He is about the most consistently enthusiastic sportsman I ever knew, and about the best and biggest-hearted fellow on earth, I expect. I hope he will find that bear he lost long years ago.

Nothing much is doing right now in shooting circles in Chicago. We must have rain or our duck shooting will suffer. Mr. E. C. Cook and Mr. Montgomery Ward were lately down on their marsh at the De Golyer Club, and got a nice lot of snipe. They report their local mallard supply as very satisfactory.

I have not heard of any more prosecutions under the game laws as yet in this State. Over in Wisconsin, N. O. Hanson, a pound-net fisherman of Oshkosh, who was netting in Lake Winnebago, got caught for $97 and lost his nets, worth $1,000. That's the way to snake 'em. Now let the Wisconsin wardens watch Lake Koshkenong and see that the canvasback shooters this fall keep their sneakboxes "inside the natural cover of the rushes." That part of the law has been violated on that lake openly enough already. E. HOUGH.

ON A STAND.

I HAD been on several deer hunts and had always been very unsuccessful, not even catching sight of a deer on any occasion, but decided to try my luck once more. On a very cold and wet morning at 5 o'clock I was aroused from my peaceful slumbers by a very unpeaceful noise at my door, and with the greatest trouble having gotten a piece of stale bread about the size of my hand and a microscopic piece of half-cooked ham I started out into the cold, wet morning feeling rather the reverse of an enthusiastic deer hunter. After a walk (or rather a swim) of two miles through the drizzling rain and through mud up to my knees we came to the river, where I was placed on a stand by the driver and told to wait there till he returned. I tried first to sit down, but stuck in the mud, and so had to get up again. I next tried leaning against a tree, but the mosquitoes which are in millions by the river, having in the meantime collected their forces, attacked me. At first I stood on the defensive, pulled my coat over my head and smoked for all I was worth, but it was of no avail, the smoke instead of driving them away seemed rather to attract them, and at last my patience being exhausted I attacked them and slew about five hundred in five minutes, at the cost, however of making my hands so sore I could hardly hold my gun. At last I gave it up and let them do their worst; and they did it, too, for in about three or four minutes I was bitten completely beyond recognition. About this time, the rain, which had been drizzling till then, came down in earnest, and in spite of all my exertions to keep a little dry I was soaked to the skin and remained in that state for the rest of the time. After I had stood there about six hours, the driver arrived and said he had started two deer, but they had gone in the wrong direction (as they always do). I had not heard nor seen a sight of dogs or deer the whole time, nor had most of the others. When the driver arrived I started for home, and in about an hour and a half arrived dreadfully hungry, wet and tired, and registering oaths that I would go on no more deer hunts in Bath county, which oaths I certainly for the future intend to keep. C. H. R.

THE PEND D'OREILLE COUNTRY.

COLVILLE, Wyoming, Sept. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I left here on the first of August, 1888, and went about twenty miles up the Pend d'Oreille River from the mouth. There we made a log house and stayed for the winter, and did not get back till last April. The country is full of black-tail deer, white-tail deer, caribou, black and silver gray wolves, beaver, otter, mink, fisher, black, brown, and silver-tip bears, besides any amount of salmon and mountain trout. When we first got there we put in all of our time catching fish and salting them; we caught 1,200lbs. and put in brine for market, and as soon as the fur got good we commenced hunting. I killed three silver-tips, nine black, thirteen brown, and one bear about the color of slate, that weighed 208lbs. dressed. I showed the skin to the Indians and old hunters, but they had never seen one like it. Besides I killed and trapped seventeen caribou, twenty-one wolves, fifty-two beaver, nineteen otter, twenty-seven fishers. I never kill deer except when I need meat, so that we did not bother them. My partner got seven silver-tips, fourteen black and five brown bears, eight caribou, nineteen wolves, thirty-six beaver, twenty otter, twenty-three fishers and three mountain sheep. There

are a good many sheep here, but they are in such a rough country they are not worth trying to get. I shot a deer which I think is a curiosity. It was pure white, 7ft. long from tip to tip, and 3ft. high; its hoofs were like a white-tail's, and its tail was small like a black-tail. I shot it through the butt of the ear, so that the skin is not hurt. I fleshed the skin and and set the hair with alum. I would like to have you tell me if you ever heard of any such deer before, and where I can send it to be stuffed; then it will be for sale. Any one wanting to know anything about this country can do so by writing to me.

N. C. LINSLEY.

PATTERN AND PENETRATION TESTS.

L. C. SMITH 12-GAUGE GUN.

WHILE the trial of the Folsom cheap gun was in progress at the range on Sept. 19, and the shooting was about to wind up at 40yds., two gentlemen bearing each a gun came upon the scene. One was a well-known New York lawyer, who was about to purchase several arms. He had gone into the New York agency of the L. C. Smith shotgun, and had picked out a beauty from the stock on hand. "How does she shoot?" was his query. "Take a run down to Claremont and have Supt. Moss fire a few shots with it at the FOREST AND STREAM screen," was the very natural response. Hence the visit of lawyer Mead to the range, and while down he brought along also a Greener which he thought of buying. It so happened that he caught the testing ma-



L. C. SMITH GUN, 12-GAUGE, LEFT BARREL, 40YDS., 312 PELLETS.

chinery in full run, and the proffer was at once made and accepted that the L. C. Smith arm should be put through the regulation test for pattern and penetration. Along with the gun the New York agent had sent down a box of loaded shells. The weather was good enough to give the arm a fair showing, and so the fine product of the Syracuse shop took its place beside the cheap output of the Belgian factories, and the day's trial, instead of being at two cheap guns, became a trial as well of a crack American and a first-class English shotgun. Intending as he did to use the Greener only at long distances against duck, etc., the trial was made only at 60yds. with this weapon and with a box of cartridges taken from the



L. C. SMITH GUN, 12-GAUGE, RIGHT BARREL, 40YDS., 305 PELLETS.

stock in the Claremont cartridge closets. They were the largest sized shot in stock, and proved to be No. 7.

How well this L. C. Smith arm acquitted itself may be seen by a study of the annexed tabular record of its doings. It would seem that the wood powder with which the cartridges were loaded was not calculated to bring out the best effort of the gun. Certainly it is fair to assume that such a fine-appearing arm as this hammerless weapon was ought to have made a better percentage of results, while in penetration the falling off, especially at the long distance, was something out of the common. It was a good holding gun, as a glance at the following showing of each shot fired both for the aimed circle and the selected circle will show. In some instances any change of center intended to improve the pattern only served to reduce the count of pellets:

L. C. SMITH GUN—40YDS.

Right Barrel.			Left Barrel.		
Aimed Circle. Pellets.	Selected Circle. Pellets.	Between Centers. Inches.	Aimed Circle. Pellets.	Selected Circle. Pellets.	Between Centers. Inches.
305	257	6½	256	272	6½
196	211	5½	122	133	5
254	250	7½	311	312	4½
300	293	4	158	168	8½
174	173	7½	139	152	4½
Av...247	237	6	197	207	6

L. C. SMITH GUN—60YDS.

36	62	12	80	95	6
44	59	5½	46	85	9½
77	94	8½	86	93	7
52	61	5	42	68	7
107	125	9	57	62	6
Av... 65	80	8	62	80	7

Subsequent trials are promised for Smith guns under conditions better calculated to bring out their merits. The defection in this case may perhaps best be explained by the fact that the cartridges were not adapted to the gun. They seemed to be in good order when analyzed, and how they weighed up the record will show. During the day a few shots were fired from the Smith gun with the cartridges remaining over from the test of the Greener 12-gauge sent over from England. Their showing in the American gun will be given in a later issue along with other comparative data.

The record of the Smith gun shows:

CLAREMONT, N. J., Sept. 19, 1889.

TEST MADE AT FOREST AND STREAM GUN-TESTING SCREEN.

Gun—L. C. Smith hammerless. Cost, $—. No. of gun, 22,251. Weight, 7⅞lbs. Length of barrels, 30in. Gauge, 12. Right barrel, full choke. Left barrel, full choke.
Weather—Clear. Direction of wind, 12 o'clock. Force of wind, 15 miles per hour. Thermometer, dry, 61°. Do., wet, 54°. Humidity, 63°. Barometer, 29.7in.
Charge, as given by holder of gun:

BOTH BARRELS.

Shell—Climax.
Powder, Brand—Wood.
Powder, Quantity—3 drs.
Shot—*Make*—Tatham's.
Quantity—1⅛ oz.
Size—No. 8 Cbilled.

CARTRIDGE ANALYSIS.

Three Cartridges Taken at Random.

BOTH BARRELS.

Loading.		*Powder.*	*Shot.*
Card over shot; B. E., P. E. and card over powder.	1...	40 grs.	500 pellets.
	2...	39 grs.	548 grs. 501 pellets.
	3...	40 grs.	550 grs. 503 pellets.
	Average	40 grs.	548 grs. 501 pellets.

TEST AT 40 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

RIGHT BARREL. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*	LEFT BARREL. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*
1. 305 pellets.	.. sheets.	1. 254 pellets.	13 sheets.
2. 196 pellets.	8 sheets.	2. 122 pellets.	10 sheets.
3. 254 pellets.	11 sheets.	3. 311 pellets.	12 sheets.
4. 300 pellets.	8 sheets.	4. 158 pellets.	7 sheets.
5. 174 pellets.	9 sheets.	5. 139 pellets.	8 sheets.
Av. 247 pellets.	9 sheets.	Av. 197 pellets.	10 sheets.

Three shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.	LEFT BARREL.
1..... 257 pellets.	1..... 272 pellets.
2..... 250 pellets.	2..... 312 pellets.
3..... 293 pellets.	3..... 168 pellets.
Average 266 pellets.	Average 251 pellets.

TEST AT 60 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

RIGHT BARREL. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*	LEFT BARREL. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*
1. 36 pellets.	2 sheets.	1. 80 pellets.	4 sheets.
2. 44 pellets.	3 sheets.	2. 46 pellets.	.. sheets.
3. 77 pellets.	3 sheets.	3. 86 pellets.	7 sheets.
4. 52 pellets.	3 sheets.	4. 42 pellets.	2 sheets.
5. 107 pellets.	.. sheets.	5. 57 pellets.	.. sheets.
Av. 65 pellets.	3 sheets.	Av. 62 pellets.	4 sheets.

Three shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.	LEFT BARREL.
1..... 62 pellets.	1..... 95 pellets.
2..... 94 pellets.	2..... 85 pellets.
3..... 125 pellets.	3..... 90 pellets.
Average 70 pellets.	Average 90 pellets.

The Greener gun which was brought down for trial came on for trial when the 60yds. firing point was reached. It was a fine hammer, 10-gauge weapon, weighing 8 5/16lbs., with both of its 30in. barrels full choke. Its shop number was 24,494. The charges used in it were as stated of Chamberlin make, marked with 4drs. of Hazard and 1¼oz. Tatham's No. 7 Trap shot, in Club shells. They were quality C, and the catalogue load No. 354. When opened they were found to have a thin B. E. card wad over the shot, and a felt with a thin P. E. wad and a card over the powder. The analysis of three showed:

	1	2	3	Average.
Powder, weight	122grs.	122grs.	121grs.	122grs.
Shot "	595grs.	596grs.	597grs.	596grs.
" count	458 pel.	460 pel.	463 pel.	460 pel.

The record of the gun at the distance tested is shown in brief as follows:

GREENER 10-GAUGE GUN, 60YDS.

Right Barrel.				Left Barrel.			
Aimed Circle. Pellets.	Selected Circle. Pellets.	Between Center. Inches.	Penetration. Sheets.	Aimed Circle. Pellets.	Selected Circle. Pellets.	Between Center. Inches.	Penetration. Sheets.
64	75	4½	14	21	24	5	..
54	66	4	10	81	89	6½	5
95	112	5	..	87	89	7	11
54	55	6	9	83	79	10	8
44	42	7	6	88	92	5	13
62	70	5½	10	72	76	6½	10

WISCONSIN EXPORT LAW.—Albion, Wis., Sept. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In issue of Sept. 26, in Answers to Correspondents, you inform "B. A. J., Syracuse," that the shipping of ducks out of Wisconsin is not forbidden. Section 87, Chapter 374, Laws of 1887, is as follows: "It shall be unlawful to kill, take, wound or pursue, purchase or have in possession when so killed or taken, any of the birds or animals mentioned in the first six sections of this act [these sections include all our game birds and animals] with intent to export, carry or convey the same, or any part or portion of such bird or animal, beyond the boundaries of this State." Violation of above section is a misdemeanor punished by fine of not less than $5 and not exceeding $25, or by imprisonment in the county jail for not more than sixty days, or by both such fine and imprisonment.—A. A. BINGHAM, Deputy Game Warden.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

281.

FOUR or five of us were in the pool at the Warm Springs, Virginia, bathing, several weeks ago, when the following was told by a gentleman of electric light fame from Ohio: "We were driving along the road this afternoon to Jackson's River, when my attention was attracted to a pheasant on the roadside, just ahead of us, which seemed perfectly oblivious to our approach. On nearing him I determined he should be my meat if possible. I stopped the horse a few paces from him, and with whip in hand, jumped from the buggy, went toward him and struck at him with my whip. The lash caught him by the neck, and I managed to draw him to me, and in a short time he was lying lifeless in the bottom of the buggy." An old Southern from the same State, who was standing on the platform, and had been listening attentively leaned forward and said, "I know the reason he did not fly, it was because he had been used to the *Brush* all his life." NORFOLK.

282.

No doubt many others besides the writer have taken much pleasure in reading the chronicles of the exploits of the Kingfishers at Echo Lake, but there is one thing I think old Kingfisher owes the fraternity an apology for, and that is the frequent mention of Knots's catfish story without once giving the story. Mayhap he takes it for granted that every one has heard the tale. Now he is wrong, for the writer had not, and he has had especial advantages that many of the other readers of the FOREST AND STREAM have not enjoyed, having been afishing with old Knots several times, and also enjoyed many quiet chats with the charter members of the Kingfishers at various other times. Can it be that Jeems Mackerel imbibed so greatly of that pure, cold, crystal spring water, taken from that only spring, that the number of times that fish story was told were multiplied in his fertile brain? Can it be that after all old Knots did not relate the tale at all? However, for the benefit of the man that did not get there, through no fault of his, and the many who did not expect to get there, it may not be amiss to tell the catfish story, and as Jeems Mackerel does not seem to be inclined that way, the writer will give the tale as written him by particular request, by old Knots himself:

An old darky fishing on a warm day had caught quite a large catfish, which he laid aside on the bank; rebaiting his hook for another bite. Not meeting with immediate success he presently fell asleep. Another darky came along with a much smaller catfish, and observing that his brother of the rod was sound asleep, he quietly exchanged fish and wended his way stealthily from the scene. When darky No. 1 awakened, and looked about him for his catfish, he espied the little one where he had deposited the big fellow, and with horror depicted on his sable countenance exclaimed, "Gor a mity! how dat fish am shrunk!" P. D.

DETROIT, Mich.

Sea and River Fishing.

ON THE BAY.

ALONG the prow the tender wavelets lapping,
Sang of content through all the dreamy day;
And softly hung the autumn hazes, wrapping
The low blue hills that bounded Sodus Bay.

My silver hook in gleaming spirals whirling,
Like a lost sunbeam chased me on my way,
While from my pipe the pale clouds softly curling,
Join the faint mist enfolding bluff and bay.

My shining oar blades in the sunlight dripping,
Shed opal dews like drops of bright Tokay;
And now and then a darting swallow dipping,
Grazed his swift shadow in the dimpled bay.

A thrill, a shock, a rush at sudden angles;
A gleam of broken circles far away;
Alas! a fractured pipe, a line in tangles,
But one less spotted beauty in the bay.

"Content, content," the lapping wavelets whisper;
"What more hath life?" their rhythmic murmurs say.
Aye me, what more? Yet in reproachful answer
Come gleams of towered cities far away—

Come sweet blue eyes, a sudden longing bringing.
Content? Ah yes, were she but here to-day
To hold the line and join me softly singing,
While twilight faded down our sky and bay.

M. M. CASS, JR.

MINNOW BAIT.—Some weeks ago you printed some of my notes on the care of live bait. Perhaps I should have said that when the temperature of the atmosphere is higher than that of the water from which the live bait is taken, the more air forced into the minnow pail, the more ice must be put into the pail. For the atmosphere of 80° is a heater of the water which is about 66°, and must be kept with the ice at a uniform temperature of 66° or the minnows will die. I find it better when in a boat angling on a hot day to change the water rather than force in too much hot air.—J. W. T.

THE STREAMS OF ALASKA.

SITKA, Alaska, Sept. 12.—I have spent a year now in southeastern Alaska, which in that designation embraces the narrow belt and the adjacent archipelago, extending from the Portland Canal, which separates Alaska from British Columbia on the south, to Mt. St. Elias. In that period I have made considerable study of the fish of these waters, both salt and fresh; and as I receive many letters from my sporting friends in the States regarding the opportunities for such amusement here, some of my observations and experiences may interest others.

It is becoming quite generally known that few of the fresh-water streams of southeastern Alaska extend far into the interior. All of them, both on the mainland and in the numerous islands off the coast, originate only a few miles from the shores of the bays and inlets in the melting glaciers and snows which fill the cañons and clothe the high mountains in winter and throughout a great part of the summer. These streams, which seldom contain a greater volume of water than an ordinary mill stream, reach the sea in a succession of cascades, some of them with a fall of 100ft., but the most of them not more than 30ft., the last of the series generally not more than a few rods from the beach. The streams are so walled in with rock that it is impossible, in most instances, to go above these falls, though in the case of half a dozen of them, which our party explored, we succeeded in getting two miles from the point where they entered the sea. Where there is any margin to the stream the ground is covered with an almost impenetrable jungle composed of thickets of alder, salmonberry bushes, and a sort of a stinging cactus called the devil's club. Here and there in this jungle stand giant spruce, fir and yellow cedar trees, and occasionally a slender silver birch.

In the upper pools, at the foot of the cascades, are thousands of small mountain trout. Few of them are more than six inches long. They are almost black in color and have a few brownish spots on their sides. They never take the fly, and utterly refuse to pay any attention to it, but readily take the hook when baited with salmon roe, or small pieces of fresh venison, or halibut. They are not gamy in the slightest degree, and when once hooked lie still until dragged out of the water and are disengaged. The average length is about four inches, and I have known local fishermen to take two hundred in a single pool of an area of an eighth of an acre in three hours' fishing. When cooked as a pan fish, to a crisp, they have quite a good flavor, but are somewhat disappointing in that respect.

The only zest there is in this kind of fishing here is in overcoming the difficulties of getting up to the pools where the trout congregate. The extreme danger in climbing along the faces of rocks almost perpendicular, in the attempt to get above the falls, with the constant peril of missing one's foot-hold and being hurled against the dashing and roaring water, and being thrown fifty feet into an icy cold pool of unknown depth, are some of the sources of excitement in making the attempt to capture mountain trout in Alaska. It requires abundance of nerve to attempt it, and no "tenderfoot," whose experience in trout fishing has been confined to whipping meadow streams and brooks in the States, should try it, unless, at considerable hazard, he is resolved to acquire a new and an exciting experience.

The salmon trout, another sportsman's fresh-water fish, are beginning to ascend these streams from the bays and inlets in great numbers. They find their first resting places in the pools at the foot of the falls nearest the sea. As they are now taken from the streams they resemble the common brook trout of the States in shape, their sides are of a silver color, while the back and part way down the side is of a very light green. When first taken from the water faint green and brown spots ⅛in. in diameter are observable on the sides, but these almost totally disappear in a few hours. The latter part of May the salmon trout appeared in the deeper places in the sea, near the beach, and within a mile of the mouths of the fresh-water streams. For several weeks while they were in this position the natives, the Russians, and others either went out in canoes or walked into the water to the depth almost of the highest rubber boot tops and fished for salmon trout with hook and line. At first the bait used was a small slender fish called the "needle" or "sandfish," which is caught in great numbers in the sands on the beach when the tide goes out. After a few days this bait ceased to be tempting to the salmon trout. About the middle of June salmon begin to make their appearance in small schools among the inlets and are captured with seines, the fresh roe being used for bait for salmon trout fishing. At the same time the latter fish begin to ascend the streams to the first pools. The first run of salmon trout is of very small fish, the longest of them not being more than a foot long. Neither have they any gamy qualities, and they utterly refuse to take the most skillfully thrown fly, but jump voraciously at a hook baited with either salmon roe, pieces of halibut or bait prepared by cutting salmon trout themselves.

In July three of us visited one of these large streams southeast of Sitka about six miles, going in a boat. The first falls, about forty feet in height, had once been utilized by the Russian-American Company to drive a saw mill, which has now nearly all disappeared. The pool below the old dam and waterfall has an area of about the sixteenth of an acre. It is very deep, and simply a boiling, foaming caldron. The roar of the water can be heard for more than a mile. The foot of the fall is less than forty rods from where the tide enters the mouth of the stream. On the north side of the pool a perpendicular rock a thousand feet high rises out of the water. On the south side the remains of an old flume, over the few planks of which a torrent of water rushes at a fearful rate, is the only place where there is access to the pool to fish. Perched on one of the high logs thirty feet above the surface of the pool, with this torrent over the flume at our backs, we sat for five hours, afraid to move, lest by losing our balance one of us would be carried off by the rush of water immediately behind us, or dashed into the pool beneath. It was an intensely exciting position to be in; but the fishing was of vastly more interest. In five hours' fishing we took from that pool 283 salmon trout, averaging 8in. in length. The day before our visit to that stream a naval officer and his companion took 205 salmon trout from the same pool.

Later in July, when the larger of the salmon trout were beginning to ascend the streams, I went with a party of Indians to Katalanskie Bay, fourteen miles around the northeastern side of this island, Basanoff, to quite a large river which enters the head of the bay. Fifteen days of clear, warm weather had melted the snows, and began to make some impression upon the glaciers among the mountains which constitute the interior of the island, and the snow and icewater were flowing in great torrents, so wildly and swiftly that it was impossible to ford the stream at any point for two miles from its mouth. The water which at ordinary stages is as clear as crystal, was almost the color of milk. The Indians caught a dozen of salmon trout, each weighing about a pound, in a small pool half a mile from the mouth of the river, but the water was too turbulent and murky to induce many of the fish to ascend in great numbers. In coming out of the bay, in a canoe, we found them congregated in large schools about the mouth of the stream, in sea water, awaiting the subsidence of the stream to go to their old haunts miles above. August is the favorite month for the taking of these large salmon trout in this and other similar streams along this coast.

As we were coming out of the bay we encountered a school of more than one hundred porpoises chasing and feeding on the salmon and salmon trout, off the mouths of the fresh-water streams, where they lie in deep water waiting the proper moment to ascend and spawn. Hundreds of thousands of salmon and salmon trout are destroyed every year by the three or four large schools of porpoises which have their haunts at the upper and lower ends of Sitka Bay. The same is true of points all along this coast. When the porpoises start out to feed they move in quite a straight line stretching across the bay, with the salmon, the salmon trout or the great herring school before them. Their appearance as they leap out of the water and then sink again out of sight, to reappear a few rods further on, is that of being at play, but in fact is the most serious business of their lives—getting food. In their dash under water they never miss their prey, and thus devour several tons of their victims in an evening meal, and traversing several miles of water before their appetites are satisfied.

I had intended speaking of some of the sea fishing in these waters with hook and line, but I find that I have taken up so much space already that I must desist. There is no fresh-water fishing in southeastern Alaska with hook and line, except for mountain trout and salmon trout. It is impossible to capture salmon by that means. The streams are too wild, short and rapid to become the habitat of any other fish which resort to fresh water, or which live in it, than the mountain trout and the salmon trout, which I have named. J. H. K.

BLACK BASS IN MAINE.

I HAVE just returned from my vacation in Mount Vernon, Maine. This beautifully situated village is upon the shores of two ponds. One of these is among the finest ponds of the State famous for lakes and streams. It has rocky shores, deep, clear water, shoals, and a great amount of food for the larger fish. Not many years since it was as well stocked with speckled trout as now are the lakes on the northern border of the Pine Tree State. Even now in the springtime it supplies yearly some of the "speckled beauties," as do all of the many clear water ponds in this vicinity. This pond we began to stock with black bass about seven or eight years ago. Now it is fairly well stocked, much to the satisfaction of the people in the vicinity.

The other pond of the village I think is not of a character to be the home of black bass, though it has many pickerel. Just above this Mill Pond is Flying Pond, a large sheet of water dotted with many islands. It was once the favorite home of large trout, only a few now remain to tell the tale. But black bass are fast repopulating their haunts.

Two or three miles from here is the well known Parker's Pond. For more than half a century I have admired it as a resort of legions of pickerel and white perch. Hundreds of barrels of pickerel from this pond have been sent to the Boston market in years past. The ever active Fish and Game Commissioners last spring caused thousands of landlocked salmon fry to be put into these waters. In good time they will be heard from.

If we go down stream from the village two miles we come to Crotched Pond, and a little below the series of Wayne Ponds. This line of ponds, I am told, have large numbers of pickerel and white perch. Indeed when a boy I took fish from nearly all these ponds, and then they were homes of very large trout.

Maranacook Lake is at the head of another line of lakes, all now well filled with black bass, pickerel and I think all have the favorite white perch. Certainly some of the Winthrop and Monmouth ponds have. Maranacook has become a great resort for taking the black bass, and with its elegant accommodations, row, sail and steamboats, I fear is giving the fish the worst of it. Not far east of Maranacook is deservedly, perhaps, the favorite lake for black bass in my native State. I refer to Cobbosseconttee. It is large, has many islands, points, rocky shores and bottoms, and clear water, with plenty of food for black bass. It was stocked about twenty years ago, and has some "old settlers" to delight the enthusiastic angler for this prince of gamy fish. I have never fished here, but in August I visited its shores and saw a fine village of cottages on its banks built by devotees of the dusky finny tribe, and these devotees are from the large cities of New England.

Another cluster of lakelets has in its number "The Great Pond" of Belgrade and is also in Kennebec. Nature stocked it with pickerel, trout and white perch, and many years since man stocked it with black bass and landlocked salmon. Thousands angle there every season with great success.

Not far from this, with its east shore in Belgrade and its west in Mt. Vernon, is Long Pond. Nature was as generous to this as to its larger neighbor, while man added only the black bass. The conditions of this almost spring-like cool, clear water are most propitious for the Trojan fish, and here he has flourished for about fifteen years. His reputation for fighting and for flavor have drawn large numbers of sportsmen from different sections of the State and many large cities elsewhere. This now is my favorite angling place. Here I met from day to day in August and early in September representatives from some of the largest mercantile houses in Boston and other cities. Are the fish gamy? Just like a black bass, full of intelligent fight. Are they good for the table? When from these sparkling waters they have no superior among fresh-water fish, unless salmon or trout. Are they popular as a game fish? Five or eight years ago they were not; those having caught trout and pickerel for years got their tackle smashed and could not catch them, and with an emphasis said "sour grapes!" To-day the young men of the present generation think it the supreme point of angling. Are they liked upon the table? Five or eight years ago they did not know how to cook them and the natives sighed for the white perch, their sweetest morsel. To-day they know how to cook them, and the multitude cannot tell which is black bass and which perch when placed upon the same plate and taken from the same pool. But as I have indicated scores of fishermen are on these waters each suitable day, and as on the northern lakes of Maine rowboats, canoes and sailboats are on every shoal and reef and by every island seeking this fish. For next year a steamboat is threatened. And unless the Commissioners call a halt it is likely these grand resorts of the black bass will become abattoirs as have been the trout lakes. I have not forgotten what I have said in the past in praise of trout when enjoying him on the artificial fly or on the table. I deplore the destruction of the trout, yet since his glory has departed I join with two men I met on Long Pond (one from Connecticut and one from Boston) in saying it is a world better for me to take a 3-pound black bass with a minnow (and we take many larger ones) than a dozen 6in. trout on a fly. These two men have recently come from the trout regions of northern Maine.

My wish is that the good days of trout fishing may be restored, and that bass may still be increased, and that both these fish may in the future be sources of joy to sportsmen and of revenue to the good old Pine Tree State.

J. W. T.

BOSTON, Sept. 28.

A MONTANA BIG ONE.

I HAD been told that there were trout in Big Spring Creek "that long" (indicating something less than a yard), and so, having no fish line, I twisted a formidable cable of black linen thread, and for some hours I patiently waded the icy stream, and tried to convince the fish that my ponderous tackle was not so bad as it looked; still, they wouldn't even consider the matter. I had my doubts as to there being any fish there after all, but I threw a grasshopper on the surface of the current, and as I watched it drift down over a deep green pool under a ledge of rock, an enormous trout rose majestically, much as I have seen porpoises roll, and gathered in the grasshopper, thereby putting an end to my doubts at once.

Well, thinks I to myself, that's a little the biggest trout I ever saw or heard of, and I must certainly make another effort. So with many misgivings I set about twisting another line of white thread, when suddenly it occurred to me that if I could make him jump like that again, so coolly and easily, I would have time enough to put a rifle bullet mighty close to him before he could settle back to the safety of deep waters. Shooting trout on the rise, too, would certainly be original if not exactly lawful.

So I threw away the thread and hooks, and taking my rifle along, caught another grasshopper. This I threw just as I had thrown the other, and the moment it struck the water I sighted it and followed it along as it drifted over the same pool. As before, there was a gleam of scarlet and olive-green, the hopper was gone, and before I knew it I had discharged the rifle into the mighty swirl. No results at first, and I thought what a fool I was to suppose I could shoot a jumping fish with a rifle; but presently a huge pink belly made its appearance, coming to the surface, and there floated my fish, larger even than he had appeared before. I rushed in on a shallow riffle and seized him as he came floating down. Oh! such a beauty, and not a bruise on him; he must have been entirely under water before the bullet got there, but he had received such a shock that he hardly moved after it. I had no means of weighing him, but his length was 20½in.

DEERFIELD, Montana. IPSARRAKA.

GENTLE ANGLERS.—Some young ladies, friends of mine, went camping this summer, that is, they stopped for a couple of weeks in a cottage five miles from civilization. One day when they were out fishing they were in luck to the extent of a gigantic bullpout. They started for the cottage with their hearts set on fried bull pout for breakfast next morning. Then the question of dressing his bullpoutship arose. Of course, dressing him before he was dead was out of the question, so after pounding him on the head some little time with a stick with no other effect than causing him to flop most viciously, they held a council of war. They decided to stab him. The most hard-hearted girl in the crowd now stepped to the front provided with the sharpest knife in camp. She put the point to the victim's throat—the bullpout flopped. Her maidenly heart failed her, the murderous weapon dropped from her nerveless grasp, and the bullpout was saved. After the scheme of putting him on ice and freezing him to death had been suggested, and brought to a termination by the discovery that there was no ice in the chest, it was resolved that the bullpout should be put in a bucket of water, and in the morning turned loose in the lake.—DARBY (Brockton, Mass.).

HICKORY SHAD FISHING AT PROVIDENCE.—Providence, R. I., Oct. 1.—We have had sport for two weeks with the "skipjacks" and hickory shad. There were about thirty fishermen on Red Bridge last Sunday, and they caught over 120 shad. It is great sport. The shad weigh from 1 to 3lbs. and are caught in the swift current under the drawbridge. Probably three fish are lost to every one caught, as their mouths are so tender that a hook will often tear out from the weight of the fish alone. They are being caught nearly every tide now. The menhaden are schooling here in the river almost in the center of the city. Fly rods and live bait are mostly used for shad. —H. B. SOULE.

OSAKIS, Minn., Oct. 4.—Messrs. J. D. Knight, John McManigal and D. R. Sizer of Lincoln, Neb., have been fishing in the lakes near here for the last four days, during which time they have taken 156 black bass, ranging in weight from 2 to 4½lbs. They shipped home 300lbs. yesterday, besides having supplied their table ever since they came. Other parties who are fishing here are equally successful.—G. O. SHIELDS.

CHITTE* FISHING IN MAURITIUS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Doubtless both you and your readers are well up in the art of catching the finny tribes from a shark to a trout, yet I think I have had experience with one species of game fish which perhaps no other one of your readers has ever brought to grass. During my long residence in Mauritius, that little island in the Indian Ocean, so famed from early times for its icthyological treasures, I had opportunities of being in at the death of most of the game fish of both the salt and fresh waters of the region.

Mauritius has many small rivers emptying into the sea, and some of these contain fine fish, among them are two species of *Agonostoma* (Nestis) the *A. telfairi*, and the *A. dobuloides* of Gunther. The former is native in Mauritius and the Comoro Islands, but the latter is indigenous to the one island only. The two fish look somewhat alike, but the *dobuloides* has thick lips, and a spine more in the anal fin. Its habits are similar to those of our trout, and it is one of the quickest fish known in its movements, requiring great skill to hook and land it safely. Some of these rivers run through the large sugar plantations, and the Black River is especially noted for its chitte. These fish are preserved by the proprietors of the estates, and no one is allowed to take them except at certain seasons of the year, prescribed by law, and then only by permission of the owner.

Once a year parties of ten or twelve gentlemen are invited for a week's fishing, and these piscatorial receptions are always looked forward to with pleasure by the disciples of Izaak Walton. A day is fixed for the gathering and the rendezvous announced. Few but expert fishermen are invited, for if a man cannot handle his rod and reel adroitly and cast his fly in the exact spot every time, he had better stay at home, as he will not capture a fish. In many places the banks of the river are shaded by overhanging branches, under which the fish are fond of lying in wait for any unwary fly that touches the water. Now an old hand with the rod will bring out a chitte every time from just such a place where a novice would only entangle his line and scare the fish.

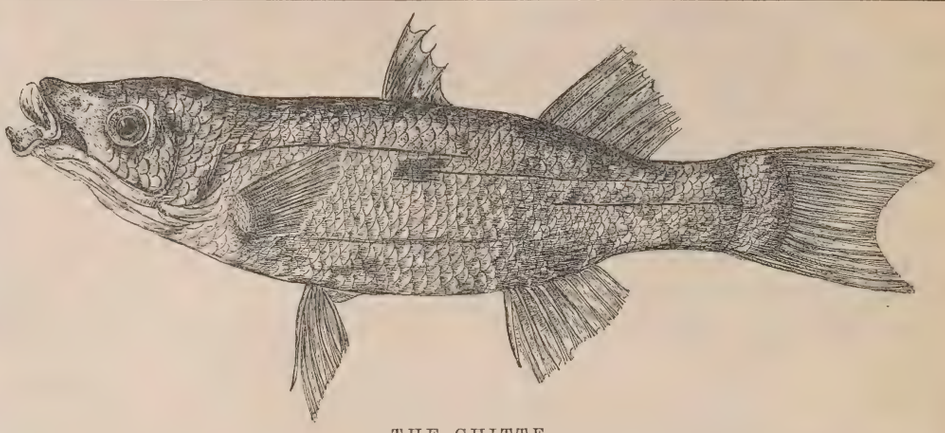
I was many times invited to these parties, and always accepted, and I can truly say that the times I have passed with the sportsmen I met at these gatherings were among the pleasantest of my life. We had English officers and French gentlemen of leisure, all men of cultivated tastes and delightful companions, and bent on having a good time. The meeting generally takes place soon after daylight, as the early morning is considered the best time to fish. We assembled usually down stream, it being regarded as more sportsmanlike, and requiring more skill to fish up stream, especially where the current is rapid, with numerous cascades. Our *haugar*, or permanent rendezvous for the week, was some miles from our starting point, and there we were to eat, relate the incidents of the day and sleep as best we might, and thither our traps were forwarded on the heads of coolie servants.

When our work fairly began, some of us took to the shallow stream and others to the banks of the tributaries, where deep holes and cascades were numerous. My companion was a jolly Scotchman and expert with rod and reel, and he and I took to the water together, cautiously casting our lines into every cascade and over the deep holes. The second cast my friend made he captured a fish weighing 1½lbs. It requires great skill to hold your fish after he has taken the fly, for his jaws are very tender, and he is much more active than a trout. He darts about with great force and energy to free himself, and to reel quickly would be disastrous. You must give line and play with him sometimes for minutes till he is exhausted, when he is easily taken from the hook. I very soon found I was not casting my line properly; I did not cast far enough; but when I reached 50ft., if the cast was a good and clean one, without splashing when touching the water, I always captured my fish.

The chitte, like trout and other fish, is easily frightened, and great care must be observed in this respect. for if scared, he is off under the nearest boulder or hiding place under the bank, and you see him no more. We fished up stream for six or eight miles, and every careful cast of the line was successful.

At one spot we halted to light our pipes, and it was proposed that we should see who could cast the furthest when we resumed work. To my surprise the distance was nearly equal, our lines were cast side by side fully 55ft., striking the water together, and, still more singular, each hook soon had a fish attached, and a beauty, too. We went on up stream, fishing as we felt inclined, till we had nearly reached the *haugar*, and the sun was high in the heavens. By this time the fish were shy and scarce, but as we had nearly 30lbs. between us, we felt satisfied with our morning's work. When the sun grows hot the chitte hides away and refuses the most tempting bait. He dives into deep, shady holes, and under the banks of the stream. Near the *haugar* was a very deep hole by the side of an immense boulder, and it was full of fish that had left the sunny stream for their noontide rest. We tried for an hour, but could not induce one to rise; but the experience and practice I gained in casting repaid me for the trouble, and we reeled up, and proceeded to our home for the ensuing week.

Some of our party had preceded us, and their catch was already in the hands of a French cook when we arrived at the *haugar*, and better still, we found a huge bowl of champagne punch resting in a block of ice. Strange as it may seem, ice is now extensively made in Mauritius by a French process, and our good host had sent some over in a mule cart, for which we were duly thankful. While waiting for our breakfast and resting after our labors, a Creole asked permission to show us how his people caught chitte when they would not take the fly. Our curiosity was aroused, for we did not think it possible for such an active fish to be captured without hook, line or net. One of the most expert men was chosen, and he soon stripped, and having procured a large pole was fully equipped for work. Placing one end of the pole on the bottom of a pool, while two men held the other end from the top of a boulder, under which the hole was nearly ten feet deep, he then placed a split bamboo over his nose and down he went hand over hand on the pole. When well down he drove the fish under the boulder, and actually caught them with his hands in the crevices where they had sought shelter. As he caught one he killed it by a nip with his teeth, and it was certainly a most successful but very unsportsmanlike way of fishing. We forebade any further work of the kind, and our host gave them warning of dire consequences should they be found poaching.



THE CHITTE.

Our appetites were well sharpened by the time our *chef* announced breakfast, and we were greatly surprised to find that a sumptuous repast of native and imported delicacies awaited us, with the choicest wines of France and Germany at command. Most noticeable were the dishes of chitte cooked in various ways. My beau-ideal of a pan fish had always been a fresh, well-cooked English sole, but when I tasted the chitte I awarded it the palm before any fish I am acquainted with. As the sole is a salt-water fish, perhaps the comparison is not fair, but I do not hesitate to aver that the chitte is superior to our trout. Both alike must be cooked as soon as caught to be perfection, as they soon soften, but when taken from a cold mountain stream both are delicious eating. I say the chitte is superior from its peculiar flavor, and I have heard the question discussed by Scotch and English sportsmen, and they usually gave the chitte the preference.

After our sumptuous repast was over I was curious to know how the fish I had eaten were cooked. M. Jean Louis, our *chef*, informed me of several ways of serving them, but the one I liked best was as follows: After the fish was cleaned it was carefully wrapped in white paper with a strip of bacon, and broiled to a turn, over a quick fire. I heard many encomiums on the fish, but certainly did not expect my Scotch friend to pronounce so emphatically that "it beat Sprey trout."

Our *haugar* was a building about 20ft. square, one story, open at the sides, with two long tables in the middle which were used as dining tables by day and served for the "downy" couch of the poor tired fishermen at night. The situation was most romantic, as it was in a grand gorge of the Black River Mountains. The valley we were in was once a living, very active crater, but the revolutions of ages have partially filled it up with detached rocks and debris. When not inclined for fishing, we were tempted to ramble through the lovely scenery. We were not far from some giant cascades, and nature had covered every rocky ridge with a vesture of luxuriant vegetation. Ferns, orchids and other varieties dear to the botanist, were to be had for the hunting, so little of our time was unoccupied. Near by was a coffee plantation, in full bloom, filling the air with fragrance, and as the proprietor had planted rows of lime trees to screen the delicate plants from the prevailing winds, we had abundance of this most refreshing fruit. There were tall trees in our neighborhood, inhabited by a small species of monkey, so disgusted that their haunts should be invaded by the footsteps of man, that we were often startled by what we took to be shrieks of defiance. At night our slumbers were at times disturbed by the peculiar cries of the flying foxes (*Pteropus edulis*), which resemble the yelp of a lap dog. We killed one that measured 3ft. 4in. from tip to tip of his wings. He was soon converted into curry by our Creole servants, who preferred it to fish. After a week of unalloyed pleasure in this invigorating mountain air, with companions all we could wish, we returned, far better able to bear the discomforts of the heated city of Port Louis than when we left it.

NICHOLAS PIKE.

* Pronounced *sheat*.

THE WATERPROOF MYTH.—Most men believe that there exists a kind of leather which either is or may be made to be impermeable to water. Clad in these waterproof boots the sanguine man dreams that he would be able to stand for hours in a trout stream, or to walk miles over a road ankle-deep with mud, or even to get on or off a street railway car in winter and still keep his feet dry. From time to time he buys a pair of boots which he thinks are waterproof, and when he finds that they admit water almost as freely as if they were made of paper he always imputes the fact to some alleged oversight of the bootmaker in leaving a small hole through which the water enters, and his faith in the existence of waterproof boots remains unshaken. There are very many men, especially among those whose regard for veracity has been weakened by habitual fishing, who will claim to have owned at some remote period a pair of waterproof boots. A man of this kind is not infrequently heard to say, "I had a pair of boots about ten years ago that you couldn't wet through. Why! I've stood for six or eight hours up to the tops of these boots in water and never had a drop come through them." It is a curious fact that assertions of this kind, if examined, are uniformly found to be wholly false. The tendency to make them, while almost invariably found among fishermen, is not confined exclusively to that class, and it is not easily explicable by experts in ethics. It is, perhaps, worth noticing that the story is always the same. The teller never claims to have owned more than one pair of waterproof boots, and he never takes the trouble to explain why he has not always bought boots of the same quality and from the same maker. He must know that scarcely any one believes his marvelous tale, and yet some strange impulse urges him on to repeat it, and so blacken his soul with useless and aimless perjury.—*Funny Man of the New York Times.*

GALVESTON, Tex., Sept. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Fishing in the Gulf waters here is excellent at this season of the year. Large catches of sheepshead, Spanish mackerel, channel bass and sea trout especially, are being made, and red snapper and grouper can be had on the banks, a few miles out, by any who see fit to go after them. The great silver king, the tarpon, is also plentiful in Galveston Bay, though, so far as I can learn, no one has ever taken one here on a rod and reel or even attempted to do so. Lines are often lost to them, however, by persons angling for the smaller species, and the market fishermen occasionally get them in their nets. The uninitiated have a good deal of fun with the tarpon in these waters by baiting shark tackle with live mullet, attaching it to a cask and setting it afloat. Sometimes a number of these floats are put out at once and it is said to be no uncommon thing to see three or four of them sailing round the bay at once. A boat follows them up and when the tarpon or shark, as the case may be, tires himself out he is hauled up to the boat by main force and slaughtered. The tarpon will, no doubt, soon be proceeded against by some of our Western and Southwestern sportsmen, for this point is nearer to many of them than the Florida ports which have heretofore been the field for this class of sport. I sorely regret that I did not bring my tackle with me and devote a day or two to the tarpon while here, but shall see them later.—G. O. SHIELDS.

PUMPKIN SEEDS.—The Washington *Post* pokes a bit of fun in this wise: "A private letter from Peoria, Ill., informs us that Mr. Eugene Baldwin, the gifted editor of the *Journal*, while fishing in Spoon River recently, caught forty eight pumpkin seeds in less than thirty minutes. We deem it to be our patriotic duty to inform the esteemed Secretary of Agriculture of this wonderful catch. We know very little about pumpkins, but we should think that a river which yields this remarkable number of seeds might be cultivated with profit. We leave the matter in Secretary Rusk's hands, quite assured that he will know what action is wisest to take in the matter." "Pumpkin seeds" are to be found in large numbers in most of our eastern rivers and ponds. They are the small boy's delight, and have proved a source of enjoyment for years to the older boys as well as the younger. Drs. Gill, Jordan and Gilbert and other writers tell us that the pumpkin seeds found in the waters build nests which they defend with great courage, and that they are carnivorous, voracious, gamy, and are valued as food.

A CHANNEL BASS AT FIRE ISLAND.—New York, Oct. 7.—One of our customers, and in fact a personal friend of mine, Mr. H. C. Wilson, of 28 Beekman street, and an enthusiastic angler, was fishing Saturday for bluefish outside of Fire Island with a light bait-rod and about 150yds. of our No. 9 Cuttyhunk line, when he struck a very heavy fish. The catboat was pitching heavily and it was quite a task to play the fish; in fact part of the time he had to be held from falling overboard. After a stubborn fight of three-quarters of an hour he managed to get him near enough to the boat to see that it was a large channel bass, or spot, a stray wanderer from the south. Not having a landing net or gaff, it was a difficult matter to land him, but Capt. Phelps, by lying at full length on the deck, managed to get his hands in the gills, and with the assistance of all hands lifted him into the boat. It was in fine condition and weighed 35¼lbs. Mr. Wilson says the fish attracted a great crowd when he got back to the hotel, and he felt that he had a very exciting time.—W. HOLBERTON.

THE FISHERMAN'S JUG.—"G. A. L." sends us a copy of the child's paper *Little Helpers*, which is published by the Women's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society at Boston. It has a very pretty little story of a New Jersey Sunday school's "missionary jug," which was decoratad with a speckled trout rising to a fly; and was left for the season at Edington Park, in the Adirondacks, where visiting anglers were invited to drop into it their contributions. The jug took in $58 the first season, and was bid off by one of the fishermen for $10.25; the second year it took in $100 and was again sold, this time for $100 the total earned being $268.25. It is needless to add that the New Jersey Sunday school scholars have an exalted opinion of Adirondack fishermen.

A LARGE LAFAYETTE FISH.—New York, Oct. 1.—I found a few days ago at my fishmonger's a Lafayette fish of such extraordinary size that I think it worthy of record. I neglected to have it weighed before it was cleaned, but the next morning the weight, dressed, was 13oz., so that the fish when whole and fresh from the water must have weighed very nearly, if not quite, a pound. Prof. Baird, as quoted in Goode's "American Fishes," says "the usual size in New Jersey is about 6in., although occasionally measuring 10in." I have never caught any larger than 7in., nor do I remember seeing any in the markets longer than that. These nice little fish have been very scarce this season in New York.—E. TITUS, JR.

ATHENS, Pa., Oct. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Yesterday Chief of Police Bennet of this place arrested John L. Russell, C. F. Hiney and Wayne Towner, of Athens, and brought them before Justice Lamberson, charged with taking fish with fyke-net attached to wings or walls. The net was set in "Hotaling riffs," about two miles above here on the Susquehanna River. They were released on bail to appear the 12th inst.—W. K. P.

Fisheulture.

MISSOURI FISH COMMISSION.

WE have before us the fifth biennial report of the Fish Commission of the State of Missouri for the year 1887-88. The present members of this Commission are: H. M. Garlichs, St. Joseph, Mo., chairman; Gen. J. L. Smith, Jefferson City, Mo.; Capt. H. C. West, St. Louis, Mo., and A. P. Campbell, St. Joseph, Mo., secretary.

The Commissioners report that they are gratified with the results obtained, and say, "We think we have not only made a good showing, but elegant results for the future supply in Missouri." The annual appropriation for the maintenance of this Commission is but $3,000, and the Commissioners complain that the uncertainty and backward appropriations work serious injury to future operations. They say it is their desire to expand the work, and to do so their ponds must be increased for breeding purposes. "We have now on hand in ponds spawning fish of the following variety: Bass, crappie, California trout and German carp enough to produce four times the number of fish we turned out last year, but the appropriation is wholly inadequate to make the fish industry a perfect success. To operate on a broader scale it requires more money than the appropriation for the past two years." The railroad companies, with one exception, have given free transportation for messengers and their tubs and cans, as well as for the State aquarium car. This car was built in 1885 at a cost of $2,000, and has been of great service in transporting fish to all parts of the State. It has a carrying capacity of from 10,000 to 25,000 young fish. The Commissioners ask for a larger appropriation. They say: "As we have an aquarium car, and had we ample means, we could supply all demands for native fish by seining the bayous and shoal ponds along our border rivers. These shoal places are formed by the filling up of the old river beds and small depressions during the spring freshets, and on the receding of the waters leave many spawners of different varieties imprisoned. These ponds are good breeding grounds, and the fall finds them alive with small fry that must surely perish before spring. Our sister State, Illinois, does a large amount of such work, and finds excellent results."

The State has a hatchery at St. Joseph. There is ten acres of ground here owned by the State. The ponds are fed by two springs and a large windmill. This establishment is superintended by Capt. Jas. W. Day. It is located within one-half mile of five lines of railroads, affording good facilities for shipping fish.

Forest Park Ponds, under the personal supervision of Capt. H. C. West, with Philip Kopplin, Jr., in charge of the ponds, has proven a success for the culture of crappie and carp.

With reference to carp and carp culture the Commissioners say: "There seems to be quite a difference of opinion as to the value of the carp as a food fish, even among those who have spent much time and money in their culture. We are of the opinion that we have fish of a better quality among our native fish in Missouri, but the rapid growth and apparent hardiness under conditions fatal to many of our natives, commend the carp to all people embarking in fishculture. With but few exceptions under our observations in our State they are raised in ponds of sluggish, impure water, and any person expecting to get fine-flavored, firm-fleshed fish from such waters will continue to be disappointed as to their edible qualities. Simply because they are of a hardy nature, and will thrive and multiply in such waters, it does not follow that such ponds are necessary for successful carp culture. The idea so prevalent throughout the country that carp can be raised in any sort of a pond is a mistaken one, and many people have been deluded by this notion, and have made application for and received the necessary supply of carp for a fair start in the business, deposited them in their supposed model ponds, never to gaze upon them again."

The crappie is mentioned as an elegant pan fish, and one that affords fine sport for the angler; 1,200 spawners were obtained from Lake Contrary and placed in the Forest Park Ponds, and from this stock young fish have been distributed to all parts of the State and there still remain thousands to distribute. It is the purpose of the Commission to propagate the crappie to as large an extent as possible.

The black bass is also receiving much attention. These, like the crappie, are obtained from Lake Contrary.

The California rainbow trout (*Salmo irideus*) has been planted in the Ozark Mountain region, where it is expected to thrive.

In reference to the use of dynamite in killing fishes the report states that the killing of fish by the use of dynamite is perhaps the most wanton destruction ever known. In the dry season, when the streams are but a succession of pools, malicious persons follow up and down the streams exploding dynamite cartridgss in the deep pools, killing everything. The fish of a marketable size are used, while the myriads of young fish are left to decay upon the banks. Illegal seining also causes much destruction among the fishes of the State. More stringent laws are asked for, calling for heavier punishment, especially in the case of the dynamiters.

An annual appropriation of $5,000 is asked for, besides an appropriation of $1,000 to repair the aquarium car and erect a building to protect it from the weather. A table is given showing the number of ponds and streams stocked in the State to date. Number of ponds stocked with carp previous to 1887, 4,117, and during 1887-8, 701 additional ponds were stocked with this species. The total number of carp distributed to public and private waters is 595,785. Number of black bass and crappie planted in public and private waters to date, 273,957; of this number 133,836 were distributed to public waters during 1887-8, and 14,005 to private ponds during the same year. The number of California trout planted previous to 1887 was 51,400, and during 1887-8 there were 10,000 distributed. These were planted in public waters.

The Commissioners having received numerous letters asking for information concerning methods of fishculture, how to construct ponds, etc., have appended as a part of their report a revised edition of "Carp and Carp Culture in Missouri," with appendix on native fish. This treatise upon the carp was prepared by Dr. I. G. W. Steedman, of St. Louis. It covers 57 pages, and is of much value to those about to undertake the raising of carp.

TROUT IN NEBRASKA.—Considerable numbers of brook and California trout have been taken in Long Pine Creek, Shadron Creek, and various other streams of Nebraska during the season of 1889. Trout seem to find suitable conditions in this State as, from reports, they are increasing in numbers very fast, and brook trout (*S. fontinalis*) are found weighing over 2lbs. each. We saw a specimen last winter, which measured 17in., and weighed a trifle over 2lbs. This fish was sent on by Mr. W. L. May, fish commissioner, and was a genuine brook trout. The trout, both species, were introduced into Nebraska several years ago, and were raised from the eggs in the State hatcheries, the eggs being obtained from the U. S. Fish Commission. At present the State has a large number of stock fish, or breeders, and thousands of trout fry are distributed each year. At the time of the commencement of this work Mr. M. E. O'Brien, superintendent of fish hatcheries, Nebraska, said, "If the trout streams of Nebraska are stocked as they should be it would not be long until there would be as good trout fishing in Nebraska waters as there is now in many of the older States." It would now seem that this has been accomplished, and that the brook trout is finding suitable conditions for thriving in Nebraska cannot be disputed.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Oct. 8 to 12.—Eighth Annual Dog Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society, at Danbury, Conn. B. C. Lynes, Secretary. Entries close Sept. 28.

Nov. 14 to 16.—First Dog Show of the Continental Kennel Club, at Denver, Col. Claude King, Secretary.

Jan. 13 to 18, 1890.—First Annual Dog Show of the Georgia Pet Stock and Bench Show Association, at Augusta, Ga. A. H. Vonderleith, Secretary.

Jan. 27 to Feb. 1, 1890.—Dog Show of the Colorado Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Denver, Col.

Feb. 18 to 21, 1890.—Fourteenth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

March 11 to 14, 1890.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Rochester Kennel Club, at Rochester, N. Y. Harry Yates, Secretary.

March 25 to 28, 1890.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Mass. Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

April 1 to 4, 1890.—Sixth Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Secretary.

April 15 to 18, 1890.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 4.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club. P. T. Madison, Secretary, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 11.—Inaugural Field Trials of the Canadian Kennel Club, at Chatham, Ont. C. A. Stone, Secretary, London, Ont.

Nov. 18.—Eleventh Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Dec. 2.—Inaugural Field Trials of the Central Field Trial Club, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Secretary, Mill's Building, New York, N. Y.

Dec. 16.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trial Club, at Amory, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Secretary, Marietta, Ga.

Jan. 20, 1890.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club at Bakersfield, Cal. H. H. Briggs, Secretary, 313 Bush street, San Francisco, Cal.

Feb. 11, 1890.—Fourth Annual Field Trials of the Texas Field Trial Club, at Marshall, Tex. W. L. Thomas, Secretary.

COURSING.

Oct. 9 to 12.—Fall meet of the National Coursing Club at Hutchinson, Kan. M. E. Allison, Manager.

Oct. 24.—Annual Meet of the American Coursing Club, at Great Bend, Kan. F. K. Doan, Secretary, St. Louis, Mo.

AMERICAN GORDON SETTER CLUB.

EditorForest and Stream:

In your issue of Oct. 3 appears a communication signed by J. Whitaker, M.D., in which he pretends to criticise my open letter, dated two weeks previously. It seems to me that his criticisms are simply a wholesale apology for the shortcomings of the committee or clique who are now running the American Gordon Setter Club.

The first section of the Constitution of the club states its object to be to promote the breeding of Gordon setters, to develop and bring to perfection the natural high qualities of the same for field use. Now, this being the object, one would naturally think that the officers of the club should endeavor by all possible and proper means to impress the public generally, and the buyers of sporting dogs in particular, that the Gordon setter is the equal, if not the superior, of any other field dog. To do this it becomes necessary that the Gordon setter should enter into such competitions with dogs of other breeds as will fully demonstrate this; yet the president of our club has advised all owners of Gordon setters not to run their dogs in field trials as at present managed. This would impute to the field trials clubs either inability or dishonesty. Certainly this is a most inconsistent reason. The judges selected are men of ability, and the large number of entries is in itself an indorsement of the judges by owners generally. It is simply nonsense that Gordon setters will not receive justice at the hands of these gentlemen. I have made an entry and wish I had more dogs fit to run.

The fact that Mr. Malcolm has done all he could to discourage entries at field trials, I consider a sufficient reason, if none other existed, that a change of officers in the club would be beneficial. I am not alone in this opinion, a number of members fully agreeing with me, and as evidence that even St. Louis contributes her quota to the dissatisfied, the following extract from a letter received by me will show: "St. Louis, Sept. 29.—Your article of Sept. 21 meets my views; and I hereby authorize you to use my name in order to have the election of officers postponed for sixty days, so that all members may be consulted and have a chance to select officers who will do more for the Gordon setter than the present ones have done. I am not at all satisfied with the present management, etc." Thus you perceive that Dr. Whitaker, when he speaks for all the Gordon men of St. Louis as indorsing the faked ticket, evidently labors under a delusion. The doctor's communication throughout is one of apology as well as an indorsement of the president's action. If he is satisfied with the course pursued by the club, it is no reason why I should'nt take exception to it, especially as I am deeply interested in the future of the Gordon setters, and am willing to do my utmost to have them attain that degree of popularity to which their good field qualities entitle them.

Too much of your valuable space would be occupied were I to dissect the constitution and expose its irregularities. The probabilities are that it was gotten up hurriedly, and no attention has been paid to it since. A committee should be appointed to amend and revise it, then the officers and governing committee should be elected annually at a regular date. The last election took place in July, 1888. The meeting now called for an election of officers is fixed for Oct. 9, after a lapse of about fifteen months. This cannot be an annual election, and should it take place on the date mentioned would certainly be invalid, as the constitution makes no provision for it. Section 9 says that a general meeting of members shall take place at least once a year for the election of five members of the committee, yet in face of this provision we are sent a blank proxy with a list of nine names for the committee attached and asked to sign it for an election that should have taken place last July. Perhaps if this matter were carefully considered by the members of the club they might see that such a meeting as proposed by the star-chamber committee would be in violation of our constitution or fundamental law. It would be the best for all concerned to move in accordance with the constitution as it now exists. This would be best done by calling a meeting for the reconstruction of the constitution, that would correct the errors the club has fallen into, and we could then proceed in a legitimate way to the election of officers and other business.

In regard to secrecy, referred to in Dr. Whitaker's letter, there is a wide difference of opinion. Many will assert that the more publicity given the proceedings the better it will be for all concerned. The leading organization, the American Kennel Club, publishes everything that occurs monthly, and it seems proper to me that this should be done in our case also. Should all concerned in this matter get an opportunity to consult with each other and offer their suggestions, the probability is great that the conclusions arrived at would be for the best interests of all and it might succeed in uniting all the Gordon men to work as a unit to popularize their favorite breed. JOHN H. MEYER.

169 WEST THIRTY-FOURTH STREET, New York City.

COURSING NOTES.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 1.—In a late visit to St. Louis, I found Mr. Frank K. Doan, secretary of the American Coursing Club, very busy in getting out illustrated matter for the October meet at Great Bend, Kas., and vowing he never, never would be secretary again. On this latter point I trust Mr. Doan to be misinformed, for he has been so efficient that the club can do no better than elect him again. Already there is proof of the good year's work in the show of hands of those who have said they will be present at the meet. Beyond doubt this will be the greatest affair of the kind ever seen in this country, and it will be well worth anybody's time to come out and see it. It is thought that nearly a car load of visitors will go on from St. Louis, and other points have promised a good attendance, including this city, although I can not get folks here to half understand me when I tell of the sport to be witnessed at these occasions. Now is the time for New York men and men all over the East to head West, and those who do will not be disappointed in what Great Bend has in store for them The meet is set to begin Oct. 24. That is rather too late, for the weather will be coolish, but not too much for a big crowd and a big time. There will probably be 4,000 people in line.

The dogs at this fall's meet will be the best ever seen there. Mr. Luse's Dick's Darling should run, and so should one of the Waterloo Kennels, Glendyne, and Dr. Royce's Handmaiden, a very good-looking little bitch. The Snow bitch from Louisville is to be on hand, and is thought exceptionally dangerous company. Mr. Burgess has promised to bring on his St. Louis winner, Spring, and Mr. Doan, allied with old Uncle Bobby Smart, of Ellinwood, is sure to have a blue honey or so which will make grief for somebody. Denver should send down Young Gold Dust and others, and Kansas and Nebraska will be on hand with a lot of sturdy and tough ones. Mr. H. C. Lowe is reported to have spent much care in fitting White Lips, last year's runner-up, and Mr. Allison can always go out into his kennel of a dark night and find a puppy that hasn't so much style about him, but someway will run disgustingly far down in the stakes. And lastly, when I was in Cincinnati I found the following in the *Commercial-Gazette*, of that city, in regard to another lot of dogs whose owners, Mr. Roger D. Williams, of Lexington, Ky., and Dr. Van Hummel, are well known to all who follow coursing, although not all may know them as joint owners of the Rookwood-Landseer Kennels.

"The Rookwood-Landseer Kennels of Lexington, Ky., last week purchased of Mr. M. Phister, of this city, one of his recently-imported English greyhounds, Peveril. This dog, a great prize winner in England and a courser of note, is built upon excellent speed lines, and great thing are expected of him by the Rookwood people. He will be sent to Colorado immediately to be trained by Dr. G. Van Hummel for the October annual meet of the American Coursing Club, at Great Bend, Kas. The price paid for Peveril was what is termed "fancy," and as the dog cost Mr. Phister a good round sum in England, it is safe to presume that he received dollars instead of cents in return. The Rookwood-Landseer Kennels have sent six coursers, four imported, to Colorado, to be trained for the event mentioned, Peveril now making the seventh dog and fifth imported flyer of the little band. As he has had great experience against the English hares, he will give the Western jack rabbits some work, with all their show of heels, if they elude him."

Five imported dogs in one lot isn't bad. There will be nearly a dozen imported ones in all. I hope Mr. Phister (who is dramatic editor on the *Commercial-Gazette*) will be able to come out and see his former property do up the field, or get done up, as the case may be. He can be assured a rousing time, and so can everybody.

Mr. Wm. Green, of Colorado, will judge at this meet. Then later follows at a distance of a little over a week the meet of the National Association at Hutchinson, Kan. This also will be a big affair, the best of the kind at inclosed coursing in this country, and it is to be hoped it will have a rattling good attendance. Mr. Allison's patient pluck and the hard work of his assistants deserve it. The National will give a good exhibition, and those that can visit Hutchinson and Great Bend both for this fall's meetings are among the truly fortunate of earth. E. HOUGH.

THE CANADIAN FIELD TRIALS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The inaugural field trials of the Canadian Kennel Club will be held at Chatham, Ont., on Nov. 11 and succeeding days. Mr. John Davidson, of Monroe, Mich., has kindly consented to act as judge.

There will be an all-aged stake for setters and pointers for a purse of $135; $75 to first, $35 to second, $15 to third, and $10 for the best pointer.

The club has decided in addition to the above to allow all entries over 20 to be made into a sweepstakes and divide 50, 30, 20 per cent. The Dominion Cartridge Co. and the Hamilton Powder Co. have donated specials in the above stakes. The entrance is $5 to enter, $5 to fill. Besides the all-aged stakes there will be a derby for all setters and pointers whelped on and after Jan. 1, 1888, for a purse of $50; $25 to first, $15 to second, $10 to third. All entries over 10 to be divided in 50, 30, 20 per cent., $2.50 to enter, $2.50 to fill. These trials should draw largely both from Canada and the United States, as all the other field trials are held so far south tha it debars the majority from seeing as the distance is so great while Chatham is so centrally located, being only some 4 miles from Detroit, Mich., and 160 from Buffalo, N. Y. The best of accommodation can be had, and special arrangements have been made with the hotels and liveries.

Entries close Nov. 1. Rules and entry blanks can be had by applying to me. C. A. STONE, Secretary.

LONDON, Ont.

"THE 'STOCK-KEEPER' AND ITS ASSAILANTS."—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Permit me to correct one slight error in Mr. Krehl's article on the above subject, which I am sure was an oversight of his. Mr. Krehl says it was the design of him and his coadjutors in the *Stock-Keeper* to "create" a journal of higher tone in kennel journalism. Unquestionably the *Stock-Keeper*, since Mr. Krehl and his associates undertook the management of it, has vastly increased in power, enterprise and value, but I do not think that Mr. Krehl meant that there was opening for a higher tone in any paper than Mr. Broomhead gave the *Stock-Keeper* while he was the editor. As Mr. Wynn headed his mastiff article in Webb, this is "*defensio, non offensio.*"—W. WADE (Hulton, Pa., Oct. 4).

THE A. K. C. FINANCES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the January, 1889, issue and first number of the *American Kennel Gazette*, as part of an editorial, is the following: "The unflinching purpose of your officers is to administer the affairs of the American Kennel Club with the strictest impartiality, and for the benefit of one and all of its members, both active and associate, whether far or near. It is the active support and unbiased criticism of the breeders, owners, exhibitors and lovers of the dog in the United States, which alone can make the good influence and usefulness of the American Kennel Club possible. Both are earnestly invited, and in return the management of the American Kennel Club offer their very best efforts in serving them."

After what has been published lately in the several papers devoted to kennel and other interests anent the Stud Book and *Gazette*, I fully expected that the officers of the American Kennel Club would submit a complete statement of the financial affairs to its members at the meeting held Sept. 19 last. In the report of that meeting appearing in the several papers, I see that a complete statement of the club's financial affairs was not submitted, but simply a report, which, while much longer than the preceding one, amounts to practically the same thing, the receipts from all sources between two given dates and the expenses for the same period, as follows:

TREASURER'S REPORT.

New York, Sept. 18, 1889.

The Treasurer begs to report as follows: Receipts from all sources:

From Jan. 11 to date	$6,002.81
Expenses for same period	5,173.11
Balance on hand	$829.70
BILLS RECEIVABLE.	
Due for advertisements *Gazette*	$637.37
Due for advertisements Stud Book	32.00
Due for petty accounts	92.25
	$761.62
Accounts not good	71.00
	$690.62
BILLS PAYABLE.	
Rogers & Sherwood, printing account	$135.75
Balance due club	$554.87
STOCK ON HAND.	
Books bound in cloth:	
Vol. I. 141 copies at $2.00	$288.00
Vol. II. 15 copies at $3.00	45.00
Vol. III. 10 copies at $3.00	30.00
Vol. IV. 13 copies at $3.00	39.00
Books bound in paper:	
Vol. II. 100 copies at $2.00	200.00
Vol. III. 78 copies at $2.00	156.00
Quarterly parts bound in paper:	
Vol. IV. Part I. 326 copies	
Part II. 134 copies	
Part III. 153 copies	
Part IV. 90 copies	
703 copies at 50cts.	351.50
Vol. V. Part I. 36 copies	
Part II. 165 copies	
Part III. 163 copies	
Part IV. 134 copies	
498 copies at 50cts.	249.00
	$1,558.50
American Kennel Gazettes on hand:	
2,410 copies of the full issue at 20cts.	482.00
	$1,840.50

A. P. VREDENBURGH, Treasurer.

That the officers of such an important body as the A. K.C. should furnish such a meagre and unsatisfactory financial report to its members, is to me a matter of surprise. If the last item under the heading "Stock on Hand," part of the last report, is as it should be, I would say, increase the price of the *Gazette*; and if it is not as it should be, yet put forward in good faith, I would suggest to the bench show committees of local clubs, when ordering their printing, to provide for an extra supply of catalogues, and not to dispose of the unsold ones as has been the practice heretofore, but to hold them as assets. Further, if all the items in "Stock on Hand" are as they should be, it appears to me that each associate member entails a loss on the A. K. C. of $1 annually, and more if they each register two dogs free.

The American Kennel Club is composed of four component parts: (1) the local clubs, (2) the Stud Book, (3) the associate membership scheme and (4) the *Kennel Gazette*.

The Stud Book Committee of the A. K. C., in their recently published card say, "When the present volume is published and paid for, the result will be that it has been published at a loss of over thirty-one cents on each and every entry that the book contains;" which statement, I think, is contradicted by the officials of the A. K. C. in a recent issue of the *American Kennel Gazette*. And in the same card they say that "the income and expense of the Stud Book are kept entirely separate and distinct from the other departments of the American Kennel Club." If the Stud Book account is kept separately, why is it that it, together with the accounts of the other departments of the A. K. C., are, before they are submitted to the members of the A. K. C., put into a something resembling a milk shake machine, from which they are taken in such a thoroughly mixed condition that it is impossible to separate the one from the other?

At the beginning of this year the Stud Book was in a pretty healthy condition, and had entered in it about 6,660 dogs. How many were transfers from the *A.K.R.* does not appear. From Jan. 1 to Oct. 1 of this year the Stud Book has, as per Stud Book Committee, entailed a loss of about $660. Now I fail to see wherein and how the expenses of the Stud Book have become so different since Jan. 1, 1889, from what they were before that date, as to entail any such loss. During the meeting of the A. K. C., on Sept. 19 last, a matter came up before the delegates present which I think was worth more attention than it received, namely, Mr. Peshall's communication. During two or three minutes discussion of the matter the secretary of the A. K. C. remarked that "we had to destroy some eight pages of the manuscript," referring to the stenographer's transcript. Now I say that the A. K. C. had not, nor has now, the official minutes of that meeting, of the reports of which eight pages were destroyed by "we," and I think that Mr. Peshall's communication was very summarily disposed of. Come, Messrs. "We," let the breeders, owners, exhibitors and lovers of the dog in the United States know exactly where the A. K. C. stands, and whether it is up in the clouds or on *terra firma*.

In the September, 1889, issue, and last number of the *American Kennel Gazette*, as part of an editorial, is the following: "Some critics, both press and personal, have croaked about the rocks the American Kennel Club was nearing in the shape of decreased receipts for the Stud Book, the overwhelming burden of conducting the *Kennel Gazette*, failure of the associate membership to properly fill its rôle, damage to the specialty clubs from it, etc., etc., all of which the last meeting of the delegates of the American Kennel Club, and the treasurer's report, showed did not exist at all in some cases, and in others the rocks were small and quite deep enough to permit our ship to pass over them in absolute safety. These critics, if with this name we really should dignify them, one and all, assumed the garb of anxious friends of the American Kennel Club devoted to its brilliant future. Since the meeting they have shown the cloven foot by the bitter, and in some cases unconcealed, disappointment at the really prosperous and satisfactory state of affairs in all the departments of the club. To such we can only say that the American Kennel Club can but benefit by such badly concealed hypocrisy and selfishly founded enmity."

Whither are we drifting?

I write the above as a criticism of the A.K.C., in compliance with the invitation held out by the officials of the American Kennel Club, as appeared in their "Greeting" of January, 1889. Had I seen the last number of their *American Kennel Gazette* before I began to write this, it would never have been undertaken.

L. LIVESEY.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Oct. 5.

CRITICS AND CROAKERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I supposed that I would not be surprised at anything the present rulers of the A. K. C. might do. I thought that *nil admirari* would be my chronic condition after that intolerably insolent editorial in the *Kennel Gazette* for June, wherein *Turf, Field and Farm* was so scored for daring to have an opinion of its own as to the wisdom of the proposal to require reports from judges to "pad" the *Gazette*, which proposal had not even been considered by the A. K. C., but was merely the proposal of one of its officers. But the presumptous, brazen folly and assurance of the editorial in the September number passes all comprehension. Has it come to such a pass that when any one differs from action of the A. K. C., either proposed or executed, he is to be blackguarded by the official organ of the club? Are we to understand that all the press and public have to do is to sit still, nay, vociferously applaud anything the A. K. C. enacts? and that any comments, suggestions or censures are treason foul? Is there no possibility of honest criticism of the A. K. C., or is all criticism hypocrisy?

As to whether I am overstating the case I ask any fair-minded man to study this astonishing editorial; it looks as though it were intended for a defense from unjust criticism and malignant attack from some parties, and the honesty of these is directly impugned by such choice gutterisms as, "These critics, if with this name we really should dignify them, one and all assumed the garb of anxious friends of the A. K. C. * * * Since the meeting they have shown the cloven foot * * * to all such we can only say that the American Kennel Club can but benefit by such badly concealed hypocrisy and selfishly founded enmity * * * vaporing of our friends (?)" etc., etc.

Now, in considering the above delicacies, so strongly savoring of the *Eatansville Gazette*, remember that the only criticism of the A.K.C. to which this stuff could possibly apply have been those of FOREST AND STREAM, *Turf, Field and Farm, Fanciers' Journal*, and Messrs. Peshall, Hopf and Shotwell, and I defy the production of a single sentence in either of the named journals or written by one of the above named gentlemen that warrants the disgraceful charge of hypocrisy that the editorial makes. *Turf, Field and Farm* remained quiet under a supercilious attack on its right of criticism, which I suppose proceeded from an unwillingness to damage the club for the presumption of the attack, and everything that it published as editorial was strictly within the bounds of fair, honest, open criticism; FOREST AND STREAM and the *Fanciers' Journal* have been studiously careful to avoid anything like attacking the A.K.C., and the gentlemen I have named stated their objections to the action of the A.K.C. and gave their reasons in a perfectly honest manner, and the only lesson to be learned from this most astonishing editorial is that no differing from the ruling powers of the A.K.C. is to be tolerated. Mind you, it is not offensive criticism, malignant strictures or virulent animosity that is objected to, it is simply disputing what the A.K.C. (or its officers) do, and this disputing is to be "hypocrisy" *per se*, without any qualification.

Now I would earnestly ask the attention of the many honorable gentlemen I know to be delegates to the A. K. C. to ponder over what this last performance is and say whether they will allow their official organ to abuse its position to so insult such journals and gentlemen as I have named? Was it ever heard of before that the official journal of a ruling body was used for purposes of personal attack on those differing from it? Of all journals the official one should be particularly dignified and only resort to personalities under the pressure of overwhelming necessity. I would particularly commend to Messrs. Perry, Moore, Huntington, Wise, Kelly, Collins, Leslie, Fay, Wilmerding, Winslow, Seabury, etc., the consideration of whether they propose to allow this abuse of official position to pass without censure? Remember that the greatest stumbling block of the A.K.C. has been senseless fulsome flattery and flunky-like suppression of honest criticism. Whether it is worth while to discuss the composition of this remarkable editorial and its vacuous conclusions and unfounded assumptions, I really do not know, I would like editorial opinion thereon, but I think I may point out that it cannot be said that I write this from feeling hurt myself, for my hostility to the A. K. C. as at present managed has been too open and well known for a charge of hypocrisy to lie against me, and I cannot remember of ever writing as a "friend (?)."

W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., Oct. 5.

"PODGERS" TALKS DOG AGAIN.

WHEN one starts in on dog talk it is a good deal like talking horse—no end to it. As I heard a lady say after listening to her husband and myself all one evening, "Don't let me ever hear you say women talk about dress until men go wild. I never heard in half a lifetime as much about dress as I have heard about dogs this evening." And I suspect she was right, for we did get deep into dog lore.

You see there are a good many kinds of dogs to talk about, and the subject is a wide one, a deep one and a broad one. Every man has his particular and peculiar views about them and his favorite breed, which he advocates on all occasions. With one it is the Llewellin (we are talking of sportsmen now), another the blue belton, the red Irish or the Gordon, and there is where your humble servant comes in and raises his voice in pæans of praise, for he has eaten and drank, slept and lived with the Gordon for more years than it ought to take to build several expositions; and he has ever found the Gordon a gentleman. At the risk of having a sharp rejoinder from some other kind of a thinker I will say, and do say, that the Gordon setter is of the nobility, the true aristocratic. These are my sentiments after associations with dogs of every degree for years. There are noble and high-toned characteristics in the breed. He looks the gentleman and his looks do not deceive. I have seen more gentlemanly acts on the part of the Gordon setters that I have owned and been acquainted with than one is liable to see among the same number of presumed gentlemen on two legs.

The stories I could tell of dogs, things coming under my own observation, would swamp the dog department of the FOREST AND STREAM every week for twelve months. The last one I must relate. I owned a fine large specimen of the Gordon that went about with me a good deal. One day we stumbled over a litter of puppies astray from their kennel. They had crawled under the fence and the mother was bewailing on the other side. Rex stopped and took in the situation at once. I never said a word nor did Rex, but he picked up a pup in his mouth, jumped the fence with it, laid it down in front of the mother, returned and did the same thing for the four others; and I have no doubt declined all thanks. Doubtless he suggested that she had better close that hole under the fence if she wished to raise her family. I said, "Rex, that was very gallant of you, considering that you had not the least idea whether the mother was good looking or otherwise. If you were a man now you would have contrived to ascertain that important fact beforehand." Rex answered with a faint wag of his tail and a look which plainly said, "I hope you don't think a dog would be so mean as that." Now, here was an instance, not of instinct, except a gentlemanly instinct, perhaps. It was simply intelligence. I am weary of those people who are ever quoting instinct when an example is given of the knowingness of an animal.

Dogs must do a good deal of thinking about us and be greatly puzzled over some of our ways; and no doubt discuss us at times in an uncomplimentary way.

While I boast of the intelligence and gentlemanly qualities of the Gordon setter, I do not wish it understood that I would detract from the qualities and qualifications of other breeds. There are a good many other dogs that are very high-toned and belong to the 400. Especially the beltons, Llewellins, Laveracks—all nice dogs, all dogs I am proud to know and rank among my friends. There are but two or three kinds of dogs that I do not like. Firstly, I am not favorable to bulldogs. They rank low in the scale, and what their associations are we all know. They run to low pursuits, prize fighting, pig retrieving and equally ungenteel game: and yet I have seen men, gentlemen, very much infatuated with them.

We see gentlemen infatuated with a good many other things that we don't all want, fortunately. If we all had the same tastes and preferences it would lead to trouble. If all men pinned their faith on Gordon setters there would be a corner in the market at the expense of every other breed. So it is all right as it is. "Many men of many minds."

There is one breed of small white bulls that are a degree more respectable. I am acquainted with one, one up in the country, and in spite of my prejudice Bob rather won me over to liking him very much, as he was playful, bright and as full of fun and humor as any dog could well be. I make an exception in favor of Bob.

The next most undesirable dog to own is a black and tan terrier, for he is an ungrateful little scamp, has no loyalty nor love of home, and will run away from the best one every time he can get a chance. He is a vexation and a worry, to say nothing of expense.

As a house dog of the most intense respectability the pug is preëminently the dog. He has a proper respect for himself and the family, and no matter how often he may have the opportunity he will seldom leave the front steps to go down into the street to make the acquaintance of any cur of low degree. He knows his position in society, and never lowers himself nor loses his dignity of character. Then Puggy is an amiable fellow, good tempered, and never resents teasing, therefore safe for children. He is not so very playful, is too dignified for that; but will occasionally, surreptitiously as it were, slyly indulge in a little private frolic with an old slipper, but at once recovers his dignity if observed. There is a degree, a point where ugliness becomes beauty, and the pug has got there. His gravity is comical and his proverbial good nature makes him many friends.

The Yorkshire is a nice dog, too, but he is a spunky little chap and plucky, not afraid of anybody's dog, imagines himself a Sullivan, and when a big dog with the magnanimity of such quietly ignores the fierce growls and threats of this twelve inches of small dog and trots off, the little chap firmly believes the hundred-pounder was afraid and ran away to avoid a good licking. Then to see him scratch grass, growl fiercely and wonder at his own forbearance in not following up that big fellow and giving him a lesson. A great dog is little Yorkshire.

But the dog for all wear and weathers is the fox-terrier. There is a dog now nobody can find fault with, gamy, plucky, bright, smart, sharp, wiry, hung on steel springs; and lowers his tail to no man's dog. Then he is so clean and neat, so full of life and energy. He is a condensation of all the cardinal virtues in small space; a jolly, companionable little chap outdoors, a terror to rats and itinerant cats indoors, the children's pet and man's delight—but I am taking too much space in the dog columns for this week. See you later.

PODGERS.

THAT LAD OF BOW PRIZE.

CINCINNATI, O., Oct. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At a meeting of the Board of Control of the American Field Trial Club, held July 3, 1889, the committee appointed for that purpose made the following report, which was unanimously adopted by the Board:

"Your committee to whom was referred communication from J. L. Anthony, relative to prize awarded to Lad of Bow, find that the treasurer of this club made a legal tender to the said Anthony of the amount claimed at the time said prize was won, and the said Anthony refused to accept it, averring that he made no claim against the club and would never accept its money and directed the treasurer to return such money to the treasury for the benefit of the club. We further find that the American Field Trial Club is not legally indebted to the said Anthony for any account whatsoever. The committee further finds that the said Anthony now desires to claim said money and to revoke his refusal thereof; the committee therefore unanimously recommends that the treasurer be instructed to forward to the said Anthony without delay the Lad of Bow prize, as in their opinion the club should promptly avail itself of such a desirable opportunity to surrender the said money to the repentant contributor. We further recommend that a committee of three be appointed to review all the correspondence in relation to this matter, as well as correspondence between the said Anthony and the judges who made the award to Lad of Bow, as well as correspondence in regard to the appeals referred to and present their findings to the club at its next meeting, with such recommendations as they may think proper to make."

The Advisory Committee of the American Kennel Club, had no right to consider the appeal at all as it had no jurisdiction, and in so doing they exceeded their authority. The meeting of the board held July 3 was the first one held after the "contributor" named indicated that he had changed his mind, and it promptly gave the money back to him. The Advisory Committee of the American Kennel Club rendered its decision before the American Field Trial Club had considered the case at all, a very arbitrary and uncalled for proceeding. Had the club declined to pay the prize, which they might properly have done, action (then) by the Advisory Committee might have been in order, though if the ruling was contrary to the findings of the Board of Control they would have made a mistake. One understanding the situation, does not wonder at the *Stock-Keeper*, when it said in a recent issue that "For an institution in a republican country we must say the American Kennel Club is an extraordinary autocratic body." The *Stock-Keeper* evidently did not know that we had a "King Jim" in this "republican country." A "king" usually has his way or there is a disturbance. The history of our "king" as a kicker is well understood.

I. SMILE.

GORDON SETTER STOLEN.—Baltimore, Oct. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My Gordon setter bitch Mistletoe, about 22½in. high, racy built, weight about 37lbs., was stolen from my yard with chain and collar on. She has been taken out of this city. I will thank any brother sportsman who may find her if they will address me.—W. P. ZOLLINGER (P. O. Box 326).

THE IRISH RED SETTER CLUB FIELD TRIALS.

THE field trials of the Irish Red Setter Club were run near Omagh, Ireland, terminating Sept. 19. The London *Field* states that the trials were very successful, and that some excellent work was done, although birds were scarce and wild. Seven stakes were run, for which there were fifty-two nominations. Following is a list of the winners in each stake:

IRISH SETTER PUPPY STAKES—For Irish setter puppies whelped in 1888.—First, W. H. Cooper's bitch Henmore Sure Death, 18mos. (Muskerry—Avoca). Second, W. H. Cooper's bitch Henmore Shotover, 14mos. (Hector—Henmore Refind). Third, G. H. Loftus's dog Sam II., 20mos. Sam—Psyche).

IRISH SETTER ALL-AGED STAKES.—First, C. C. Ellis's bitch Mac's Little Nell, 5yrs. 8mos. (Cocksure—Graunuaile). Second, W. H. Cooper's bitch Henmore Shotover, winner of second in the Puppy Stakes. Third, W. H. Cooper's bitch Henmore Snow, 3yrs. 2mos. (Count—Loo VII.).

IRISH SETTER BRACE STAKES.—First, C. C. Ellis's bitches Mac's Little Nell, winner of the All-Aged Stake, and Little Pixie, 2yrs. 4mos. (Moonlighter—Lalla Rookh). Second, W. H. Cooper's bitches Henmore Snow and Henmore Shotover, winners of second and third in the All-Aged Stakes. Third, G. H. Loftus's dog Sam II., winner of third in the Puppy Stakes, and bitch Wirreen, 2yrs. 8mos. (Sam—Norah).

DERBY STAKES—For pointers and setters whelped in 1888.—Pointers: First, J. L. Bulled and W. A. Bruette's liver and white ticked bitch Devonshire Sall, 20mos. (Molton Baron—The Village Star). Second, same owner's liver and white dog Devonshire Nero, litter brother to winner of first. Third, G. Pilkington's liver and white bitch Woolton Gem, 15mos. (Gough—Larkspar). Setters: First, A. P. H. Lonsdale's liver and white English setter bitch Ightfield Rosa, 18mos. (Ross—Pitti Sing). Second, W. H. Cooper's Irish setter bitch Henmore Sure Death, winner of the Puppy Stake. Absolute winner. Devonshire Sall.

GRAND ALL-AGED STAKES—For all setters and pointers.—First and second, W. H. Cooper's Irish setter bitches Henmore Sure Death, winner of first in the puppy stakes, and Woodbine, 2yrs. 5mos. (Muskerry—Floss). Third, Bulled & Bruettes's liver and white pointer dog Devonshire Jack, 20mos. (Molton Baron—The Village Star).

GRAND BRACE STAKES—For all setters and pointers.—First, A. P. H. Lonsdale's liver and white pointer bitches Perdita and Mopsa, 2yrs. 2mos. (Dancer—Peach). Second, Bulled & Bruette's liver and white pointer bitches Devonshire Sal, winner of the Derby, and her litter sister Devonshire Lady. Third, W. H. Cooper's Irish setter bitches Henmore Sure Death and Woodbine, winners of first and second in the Grand All-Aged Stakes.

SPECIAL PRIZE—The Irish Red Setter Club's Field Trial Championship Cup for best pointer or setter in all the stakes.—Won by A. P. H. Lonsdale's pointer bitch Mopsa, winner with Perdita of the Grand Brace Stakes.

THE FOX-TERRIER.

MR. RAWDON B. LEE, kennel editor of the London *Field*, has published a monograph of the fox-terrier. The book is very pleasantly written and contains a vast amount of useful information regarding the history and characteristics of the breed, useful not only to the new beginner but to the most experienced fancier as well. Mr. Lee has collected from the writings of both ancient and modern authorities upon the subject, all of the most important matter, and it is presented to the reader in a form commendably terse while at the same time it is sufficiently comprehensive.

The experience of the author in forming his kennel is most instructive for the new beginner, while his pleasant gossip about celebrated dogs of the past and present cannot fail to deeply interest every fancier of the breed. Mr. Lee ably advocates the maintenance of the form of the gamy little dog that is best adapted for the work that legitimately belongs to him, and he has little sympathy with those who would prostitute his favorite to base uses by sacrificing working points for so-called beauty for the purpose of winning prizes on the bench. He is especially severe on the practice of rabbit-baiting, and the following which we quote is most conclusive evidence that aside from the principle of humanity involved the practice is most reprehensible. The author says:

"Not content with him as a companion, either in town or country, some of his ill-advised admirers have endangered his good name by endeavoring to place him on a par with the 'whippet' and utilizing him for the chasing of rabbits in an inclosure. Nature never intended the fox-terrier for a rabbit courser. Had she done so his form would have been much more slim than it actually is, and his lines built upon those of a greyhound in miniature rather than upon those of a sturdy terrier. Still this somewhat plebian diversion appears to have taken a great hold of a certain section of the community, the members of which on Saturday afternoons especially, and upon other holidays, too, hie to some field or other, and enjoy themselves by letting a rabbit out of a hamper, and after allowing bunny a certain start, unslip a couple of terriers, who run after and in ninety-nine times out of a hundred kill it. Had the rabbits a fair chance in regaining their liberty, as is the case with the pigeon when liberated from a trap, or with the hare when coursed at the new-fangled inclosed meetings, this fox-terrier coursing would be legitimate sport. As the rabbits have not an ordinary chance of escape, and preparatory to their being set down in front of the terrier, have been confined, since their capture, in a hamper or some similar receptacle, I must look upon the thing with disfavor, and altogether fail to acknowledge it as in any way likely to improve the fox-terrier as he is, and as all his admirers would wish him to remain.

"Although under these circumstances the rabbits have little opportunity to regain their liberty, their chances of so doing are greater than that which was afforded by the individual who possessed a terrier and a wild rabbit, which he coursed in his cellar. The rabbit was given a start of once across the floor, and Jack, failing to recognize that spirit of fair play his owner possessed, seized poor bunny at the first rush. He got a good kick in the ribs for his pains, instead of the praise he might fairly, conscientiously think was his due, while the proprietor of the terrier heaved a deep sigh, and meditated upon the unfairness of the world generally, and of dogs in particular.

"This modern mode of coursing does give the rabits a better chance of his life than 'Jack' did. Still, for many reasons it is not recommended; and it is gratifying to note that it is not recognized by the Fox-Terrier Club or any of the leading clubs either. In America, a few weeks ago, a prosecution was instituted against a number of gentlemen who had been engaged in the sport; but after a lengthened hearing, which caused no inconsiderable interest throughout that country, no conviction was obtained, and similar prosecutions in this country have, so far, had a like result.

"In sundry instances I have already noticed an inclination to produce fox-terriers with larger legs, less compact bodies, and with an appearance of an ability to gallop more defined than should be the case. This is, of course, done to enable them to prove more successful at coursing meetings, and a continuance thereof would, in a few years, entirely change the character of the modern fox-terrier. * * * An ordinary fox-terrier has not pace to compete successfully with a rabbit on its own ground, nor until the present time has any attempt been made to breed him for speed alone."

The comments of the author upon judges and judging are well worth perusal by fanciers in this country, as are his remarks upon trimming and faking. Not the least valuable portion of the work is the criticism and correction of some of the pedigrees of noted dogs, together with points and information that have not previously been published. The chapter upon breeding and rearing puppies while not so complete in detail, perhaps, as the new begginer would like, is still of great value and may be studied to advantage by fanciers of other breeds. The work is invaluable to lovers of the handsome gamy little dog whose cause it champions, and we predict for it a wide circulation.

THE SOONER DOG.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have always regarded the word "sooner" in the light of a slur when applied to dogs, and have often wondered where it originated and whether it had any local meaning at all. Possibly professional dog fanciers have been better informed than myself, but I have not yet heard one of them attempt to explain. However, I think I have now ascertained its true significance and traced it to its derivation, and I discover that in its primitive application it was indicative of merit rather than demerit, and that it referred especially to pace in field work, which we all know counts high in the scale of points in judging. "Soon," as a qualifying adverb, is used in a peculiar way all through the South as the equivalent of the New England words quick, prompt, early, etc., so that we almost universally hear that a person "came soon" or "got up soon" or was "overtaken soon." It is easy to conceive that if one person got somewhere sooner than another, he must be a "sooner" person; and consequently that any quick-gaited animal, horse or dog, must become a "sooner" horse or dog. So here we have it! but my impression is that, used in this sense, it is strictly local to the mountainous region which comprises the contiguous counties of western Virginia, North Carolina and West Tennessee. Out there a clever, active person is always "sooner," just as in the West he is a "hustler," and I readily remember that while I was serving in a semi-official capacity in the district with Major Wagner of the U. S. Mounted Revenue Police, in 1867, I frequently heard my horse mentioned as a "soon-footed" horse and a "sooner" horse. I do not recollect that I heard the term applied to a dog, for there are few hunting dogs in those ridges, and the native hunters are especially averse to hounds and hounding. But used in this sense the word is just as appropriate to the dog as to the horse, and I reckon is more familiar to most of us.

Hereafter I shall have more consideration for that popular combination of "sooner" and "courtyard" dog, as representative strictly of speed and endurance, of activity and timber; and I trust that such of your readers as may regard my conclusions as logical will withdraw their disparagement and contempt of the Sooner Dog.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

PLAINFIELD, Mass., Sept. 30.

[With all due respect to Mr. Hallock's erudition we venture to question the correctness of his theory. As everybody knows the sooner dog is an animal which it takes a lot of rest to tire out; he would sooner sleep than run, and sooner eat than hunt; and from these sooner proclivities his name was derived. There is an old story to this effect, published years ago in the old *Spirit*.]

DOG TALK.

THE seventh annual meeting of the American Coursing Club at Great Bend, Kan., Oct. 24 to 28, is attracting considerable attention, and it promises to be the best meeting yet held. $1,200 is offered in prizes for the two events. All intending to enter should at once address for particulars Mr. Frank K. Doan, Secretary, St. Louis, Mo.

Entries for the All-Aged Stakes of the Southern Field Trial Club close Nov. 1. This is the last public meeting of the year, and we shall expect to see it well supported. The grounds are all that could be wished for, birds are reported plentiful, and we have no doubt that the meeting will be a most interesting one. The address of the secretary is Mr. T. M. Brumby, Marietta, Ga.

The Pacific Kennel Club has issued a circular to its members which states that an assessment of $20 on each member has been levied by the executive committee, to place the club upon a sound financial basis. The club is a live one and is doing good work, and we have no doubt that the appeal will meet with prompt response.

At the dog show recently held at Edinburgh, Scotland, some miscreant threw vitriol over two collies, probably permanently disfiguring them. The club offer a reward of £25 for information that will lead to conviction of the guilty parties, and it is to be hoped that they will be found and severely punished.

Mr. Charles N. Symonds, of Salem, Mass., a well-known exhibitor of Yorkshires, has recently purchased in England several of the breed that are noted winners, and he expects to sweep the deck with his kennel at the spring shows.

The cropping question in England has been taken in hand by the authorities and two men were recently fined in the Thames police court, under the cruelty to animals act, for cropping the ears of some great Dane puppies.

The list of winners at the field trials of the Irish Red Setter Club of Ireland will be found in another column. Next week we shall publish the comments of the London *Field* upon the trials and the work of the dogs.

The Skye terrier fanciers of Scotland have formed a special club for the improvement of the breed with the Right Honorable Viscount Melville President, and the Rev. David Dobbie Secretary.

The tenth annual dog show at Edinburgh, Scotland, held Sept. 18 to 20, was the largest ever held there. Over 1,300 entries were made and the show was a very successful one.

We have received from Mr. R. F. Mayhew a communication in reply to the article of Mr. Geo. R. Krehl, published in our last issue, which will appear next week.

There are 58 entries in the All-Aged Stakes of the Eastern Field Trial Club, 35 setters and 23 pointers. The list will be published next week.

Mr. C. J. Peshall has sold the pointer dog Nick of Naso, A.K.C.S.B. 5,553, to Mr. John N. Lewis, of Mahwah, N. J., for $1,000.

We understand that the proposed field trials in Ohio have been abandoned.

Dogs: Their Management and Treatment in Disease. By Ashmont. Price $2. Kennel Record and Account Book. Price $3. Training vs. Breaking. By S. T. Hammond. Price $1. First Lessons in Dog Training, with Points of all Breeds, Price 50 cents.

THE ALL-ROUND DOG.—Mount Vernon, N.Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reply to "Osceola" and "Novice" on the question of an all-round dog, I think it should be a cross-bred. The finest all-round bird dog I ever knew was a cross between a spaniel and a retriever, and he was backed to find fur or feather under adverse circumstances. He was a thick-set, dark liver, and a good one. His best point was steadiness. I have had the luck to come across such a dog as "Osceola" mentioned. If ever I came across one of those dogs so much talked about as worth their weight in gold he was one. If I were to tell of some of the wonders this dog was capable of (according to his master, a regular old hunter, up to all the tricks of the trade and of course a good shot), my readers would think me romancing. He was, nevertheless, a paragon, and I think the best all-round dog I have seen as yet. I have shot over him and can vouch for him. As to pedigree, he was between a fox-terrier and a spaniel. But my beau ideal of a dog is between a beagle and a spaniel. They will, as a friend remarked, "rip through anything" and never tire.—CROSS-BRED.

DEATH OF A PROMISING PUPPY.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It grieves me to announce the death of the most promising St. Bernard puppy I ever bred, Prince Ormonde, by my Marquis of Stafford and out of my Lady Rosalind. He died Sept. 27, at the age of three months and one week, from worms. His measurement at three months old were as follows: Height at shoulders, 21in.; skull, 17½in.; muzzle, 11½in.; chest, 29in.; loin, 24½in.; nose to stop, 3½in.; stop to occiput, 4½in.; length of tail, 20in.; from nose to set on of tail, 38in.; weight (thin), 64lbs. He had a perfectly marked head of rich orange tawny, with several large patches of same color on body.—JAMES F. HALL (Philadelphia, Pa.).

ST. BERNARD IMPORTATION.—Melrose, Mass., Oct. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have imported the rough St. Bernard bitch Lady Miles, by champion Plinlimmon out of Leonora (champion Leonard—Pastime). She is heavy in whelp to Keeper. I imported her from J. F. Smith, Sheffield.—E. H. MOORE.

DESDEMONA II.—Montreal, Oct. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you kindly make the following correction in your next issue. The black and tan terrier bitch that won second prize at the Ottawa bench show was Desdemona II., and not Desdemona, as previously published.—J. F. CAMPBELL.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Fleet View Judge, Fleet View Doctor, Fleet View Graphic, Fleet View Mars, Fleet View Lord, Fleet View Nell and Fleet View Beezy. By Fleet View & Reading Pointer Kennels, Lynn and Reading, Mass., for white and liver pointers, five dogs and two bitches, whelped May 30, 1889, by champion Graphic out of Say (imported Bang—Belle Reta).

Rach. By T. B. Beach, Catskill, N. Y., for red Irish setter dog, whelped July 5, 1889, by Sarsfield (Garryowen—Currer Belle II.) out of Coe F. (champion Chief—Gypsey Maid).

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Say—Spot Dash. Fleet View & Reading Pointer Kennels' (Lynn and Reading, Mass.) pointer bitch Say (imported Bang—Belle Reta) to their Spot Dash (Sir Philip Sydney—Topsy), Sept. 30.

Bertha—Marquis of Stafford. Weisbrod & Hess's (Philadelphia, Pa.) St. Bernard bitch Bertha to Jas. F. Hall's Marquis of Stafford (Save—Miss Plinlimmon), July 29.

Bell—Beaumont. A. W. Harrington, Jr.'s (Troy, N. Y.) Gordon setter bitch Bell (Chut—Bell) to John H. Meyer's champion Beaumont (Ronald II.—champion Floss), Sept. 30.

Whisper—Bradford Harry. M. H. Daly's (Bangor, Me.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Whisper (Bradford Harry—Belva) to P. H. Coombs's Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beal's Lady), Sept. 28.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Belle Randolph. Fleet View & Reading Pointer Kennels' (Lynn and Reading, Mass.) pointer bitch Belle Randolph (Sam—Juno), Sept. 24, eight (three dogs), by Naso Kennels' champion Nick of Naso (Naso II.—Pettigo).

Hecla. Mrs. F. Smyth's (Germantown, Pa.) St. Bernard bitch Hecla, Aug. 17, ten (three dogs), by Jas. F. Hall's Marquis of Stafford (Save—Miss Plinlimmon).

High Rock Jet. High Rock Cocker Kennels' (Lynn, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch High Rock Jet (Pearl Lake Obo—Black Flash), Oct. 1, seven (four dogs), by Black Duck (Obo II.—Althea); four dogs and two bitches since dead.

Lillie Belmont. Jas. E. Unks's (Muncie, Ind.) fox-terrier bitch Lillie Belmont (Earl Leycester—Coquette), Aug. 18, four bitches, by his Beverwyck Trap (Dusky Trape—Daze).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Spark. White and liver pointer dog, whelped July 24, 1889, by Spot Dash out of Beauty, by Fleet View & Reading Pointer Kennels, Lynn and Reading, Mass., to Wm. E. Evans, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Max. White and liver pointer dog, whelped July 24, 1889, by Spot Dash out of Beauty, by Fleet View & Reading Pointer Kennels, Lynn and Reading, Mass., to B. F. Thompson, Winchester, Mass.

Dime. White and liver pointer dog, age not given, by Count out of Say, by Fleet View & Reading Pointer Kennels, Lynn and Reading, Mass., to H. G. Plummer, Boston, Mass.

Sancho. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped July 24, 1889, by Spot Dash out of Beauty, by Fleet View & Reading Pointer Kennels, Lynn and Reading, Mass., to Mr. Willis, Reading, Mass.

Prima. White and orange St. Bernard bitch, whelped June 30, 1889, by Marquis of Stafford out of Lady Rosalind, by Jas. F. Hall, Philadelphia, Pa., to Dr. Kern, Hustisford, Wis.

Rosa Costello. White and orange St. Bernard bitch, whelped June 20, 1889, by Marquis of Stafford out of Lady Rosalind, by Jas. F. Hall, Philadelphia, Pa., to Jas. Costello, same place.

Bob Ingersoll. White, with ticked ears, St. Bernard dog, whelped June 20, 1889, by Marquis of Stafford out of Lady Rosalind, by Jas. F. Hall, Philadelphia, Pa., to Dr. J. A. Schimneller, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Don Leo. Orange and white St. Bernard dog, whelped June 20, 1889, by Marquis of Stafford out of Lady Rosalind, by Jas. F. Hall, Philadelphia, Pa., to Richard B. Hewitt, same place.

Ardmore Chief. Orange and white St. Bernard dog, whelped June 20, 1889, by Marquis of Stafford out of Lady Rosalind, by Jas. F. Hall, Philadelphia, Pa., to Allen B. Rorke, Ardmore, Pa.

Prince Louis. Orange and white St. Bernard dog, whelped June 20, 1889, by Marquis of Stafford out of Lady Rosalind, by Jas. F. Hall, Philadelphia, Pa., to Louis Janda, Mankato, Minn.

Lynn. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped July 28, 1889, by Black Duck out of Sis F., by High Rock Cocker Kennels, Lynn, Mass., to Geo. H Page, same place.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

J. R. T.—I have a Gordon setter dog, two years old; his eyes are filled with thick white matter nearly every morning; I always wipe it out when I find it; has been so for some months; had the distemper last spring. Ans. Wash eyes once or twice daily with borax and warm water, teaspoonful to the tea cup. Give 5 grains of quinine night and morning for three days. Give 5 drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic in the food once daily for three weeks.

Rifle and Trap Shooting

RANGE AND GALLERY.

BARREL REFLECTORS.

THE two figures, A and B, illustrate various forms of reflectors or inspection glasses intended to enable the rifleman to take a quick and ready view of the interior of his rifle barrel. Fig. A is the invention of Capt. Russell, U.S.A., and is intended for use with the U. S. Army Springfield arm. The brass frame, *L*, outlined, shaped to fit the receiver, holds an inclined mirror, *M*. The bar, *B*, across the front of the frame, holds the breech block open. The mirror is backed by a wooden plug, *D*, set inside the brass shell. The projections, *t*, hold the mirror in place. For muzzle inspection the glass may be used to throw light into the barrel.

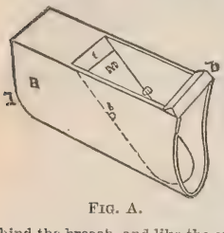


FIG. A.

Fig. B is a device placed on the English market for use by holders of Martini-Henry rifles. It slips diagonally into the open recess behind the breech, and like the other is very handy for use by inspecting officers. Baxendale & Co., of Manchester, the patentees, claim for it "extreme simplicity and durability, combined with moderate price. Can be instantly attached and as speedily detached without the least injury to the rifle. It shows at a glance and throughout the entire length the exact state of the interior of the barrel and chamber, and affords one of the best safeguards to assist officers in command in their inspection of rifles."



FIG. B.

SMOKELESS POWDER.

THE wrangle over the question who invented smokeless powder promises to take its place with the query about the authorship of "Beautiful Snow" or that other unsettled matter of the assault on Billy Patterson. Anyhow, the Berlin *Post* has published an explanation, as it is termed, with the object of putting an end to the controversy. The journal is "authorized to state" that the compound was invented by Major General Kuester, director of the powder mills at Spandau. It is further announced that the officer received from the Emperor in person, upon the ground where his Majesty had just witnessed the tests of the powder, an order for 50,000 marks as a recognition of the value of his invention. The *Deutsche Heeres-Zeitung* says that the Nobel Dynamite Company has signed an agreement with the German Government for the supply of a large quantity of smokeless powder. At a meeting held recently at Hamburg the directors of the companies forming part of the association discussed the questions of contracts and choice of firms for manufacturing the said powder. Those of Hamburg, Opladen and Dresden have been selected.

The London *Globe* finds in the *Militärische Zeitung* a high flown article pointing out many disadvantages which will attend the use of the new smokeless powder, which was tried at the recent review at Spandau. The duties of the guard and the patrol will be made immeasurably more difficult by the absence of the smoke and noise, which, in the case of the employment of ordinary powder, attracted their attention to, and pointed out the position of the enemy. On the other hand, it will render capital service to the Franc-tireurs, whose object it is to escape from and confuse the guard. Sudden attacks and surprises will become matters of such daily occurrence that outposts and patrols will have to be immensely strengthened and kept at the utmost tension of watchfulness. Firing drill and discipline must necessarily be made much stricter than at present. The most important fault of the smokeless powder is, however, the terrible clearness, the overwhelming distinctness with which, when it is used in battle, every man will be able to see the carnage and slaughter around him. Hitherto, the heavy roll of the firing has mercifully smothered the cries and shrieks of the wounded; the cloud of powder smoke has veiled the horrible sight of men piled in heaps, dying and dead, their dreadful sufferings, their agonized end. Each man, fighting behind a thick fog of smoke, which was only wafted aside now and then by a gust of wind, or lightened by a pause in the firing, felt a certain sense of screened security, mistaken, indeed, but none the less reassuring, until he himself was struck by the fatal bullet. How will it be in the future? The fall of each man who is shot down will be clearly seen by his comrades; every cry of anguish will be heard by half the company; the least hesitation, the least vacillation which, through the rapid change of commander that a death or a severe wound often renders necessary, will be immediately observed by the men and rob them of that feeling of perfect confidence they ought to have in their officers.

All this building casties upon a smokeless foundation is very pretty, but there comes a report that the new powder does not wear well in loaded cartridges. That it deteriorates when kept, and if this be so its use must be very slight in real warfare. After all it may turn out that the new chemical explosive is a pretty toy for the government, profitable only to the officers who manipulated its sale to the German authorities.

PHOTOGRAPHING A FLYING RIFLE BULLET BY ELECTRICITY.—Photographs of the interior of the gun are taken by means of the electric light, and the information obtained by these means is most valuable, and is manifestly more satisfactory than that given by the method of taking impressions of the bore in soft rubber. Photography has also been made use of in studying the motion of the projectile. In the case of large guns instantaneous views of the shot during its flight have been successfully taken by means of the camera provided with a quick-acting shutter. This method is not applicable, however, to small arms. A rifle bullet is a very small object, and the camera must be set very near its path in order to obtain a picture of sufficient size to be of use; but the nearer the instrument is placed to the moving object to be photographed the more rapid is the motion of the image over the plate, and no "instantaneous" or quick-acting shutter could possibly be made to operate with sufficient rapidity, or at the proper instant, to give a sharply defined picture. The desired end is accomplished, however, by the aid of electricity. The camera is provided with an extremely sensitive plate and placed in a dark room, through which the bullet is made to pass. The instant the bullet is in front of the camera it breaks an electric circuit, producing a spark which illuminates the bullet for an instant, and its image is impressed upon the sensitive plate. The duration of the electric spark is almost infinitesimal, and since the plate is affected only during the continuance of the spark, a well-defined photograph of an object moving at a greater velocity than that of sound is obtained. Such pictures show the condensation of the air in front of the bullet, the vacuum behind it, and the eddies and currents produced in the surrounding atmosphere by its motion; and they afford information which is of value in determining the best shape to be given to the projectile in order to reduce to a minimum the resistance which the air opposes to its flight, and so increase its range and effect.—*Lieut. John Millis, in Scribner.*

VILLISCA, Iowa, Oct. 1.—A match was shot here to-day by the Villisca Special Rifle Team. Being a nice day, there was a good crowd of spectators who watched very closely the indicator as it would show the result of each man's shot; .32cal. Winchester, Ballard and Marlin rifles were used. There were three matches, $1 to enter, divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. One gun with peep sight was handicapped at the rate of 3 points for every 10 shots. Creedmoor targets, 50, 100 and 200yds., 5 shots at each match, 11 o'clock wind, 5 miles per hour. First match, 50yds.:

W B Arbuckle	43534—19	T Bradfield	44243—17
A P West	42223—13	Lee Harris, handicap'd	45445—22

Second match, 100yds.:

Arbuckle	42453—18	Bevans	33540—15
Dunn	44455—17	Harris, handicapped	35144—20

Third match, 200yds.:

Arbuckle	34434—18	Bevans	44544—21
Dunn	44455—22	Harris, handicapped	54454—22

L. M. H.

BOSTON, Oct. 5.—The regular shoot of the Massachusetts Rifle Association was held at its range to-day, with a good number in attendance. The weather conditions were very fine, with a light wind from 2 to 4 o'clock. Mr. Clarke won the champion gold medal. Mr. Eames won the gold medal in the 20-shot rest match, and Mr. Bond won the bronze military medal. Mr. Frye made a fine record of 50 shots off-hand. Following are the best scores finished to-day:

20-Shot Rest Match.

J N Eames	104 102—206	W Thomas	96 98—194
J R Munroe	97 106—203	G Warren	92 63—155

Champion Medal—200yds.

C C Clarke	74 L Langley 56

Bronze Military Medal.
Won on 10 scores of 36 or better.

T Bond	40 41 37 41 39 42 41 40 41 44

50-Shot Off-Hand—200yds.

J A Frye	5 10 9 8 9 9 9 8 7 6—80 9 9 9 7 6 10 9 10 9 10—88 4 10 10 8 10 10 10 7 8 7—84 9 8 5 9 9 9 9 10 10 6—84 8 9 8 8 7 7 10 10 5 10—82—418

Victory Medal—200yds.

J A Frye	88	A F Brown	84
D P Holder	84		

Military Medal—200yds.

J E Kelley	45 43	A B Frye	40 58
T Bond	44 42	M T Day	37
A S Field	41 36		

Rest Match—200yds.

J Francis	112 106	F S Ham	103 103
J R Munroe	108 107	A J Horne	101 95
W P Thompson	106	N James	99 94
J N Eames	105 105	F Warner	93 84
A Ballard	104 103	A L Stone	86 75

500yd. Military Match—10 shots.

J W Hodgkins	43	A S Hunt	38

Off-Hand Match—200yds.

J A Frye	82 80	A S Hunt	68 67
F Daniels	81 79	L Damon	65 60
D P Holder	80 79	D E Roth	57 52
W L Skinner	76 72	E W Frentz	55 53
L Ames	72 67		

REVOLVER MATCH, Cincinnati, Oct. 1.—The revolver match between Messrs. J. B. Copeland, of Dayton, Ky., and B. J. Robertson, of Covington, Ky., for the championship of Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky, which was to have taken place on the range of the Kentucky Rifle Association, Sept. 15, and which was postponed successively from the 15th to the 22d, and from the 22d to the 29th, because of the failure of Mr. Robertson to put in an appearance, much to the disappointment of many who were present to witness the contest, was shot by Mr. Copeland on the 29th at the time and place appointed, being witnessed by several disinterested parties. If Mr. Robertson fails to participate in his part of the match inside of two weeks from the 29th of September, at the place and under the conditions specified in the terms of the match, Mr. Copeland will rightfully lay claim to the championship title above referred to. Appended are Copeland's scores, which were shot in a drizzling rain from start to finish, and which had the effect of making the shooting somewhat unpleasant. Conditions, 100 shots at 50yds., with Smith & Wesson .44cal. Russian model revolver, factory ammunition, standard target, under the rules of the Massachusetts Rifle Association governing revolver shooting; possible 1,000. Time of score:

6 minutes	7	6	7	7	10	8	6	7	6	8—72
7 minutes	9	8	9	8	7	8	7	10	6	5—77
6 minutes	9	10	8	7	10	7	10	9	8	6—84
6 minutes	8	6	6	9	5	8	9	9	10	9—79
6½ minutes	8	10	8	10	8	6	7	9	8	6—80
5 minutes	7	6	7	6	5	6	9	8	8	9—71
6½ minutes	9	9	6	9	9	10	8	10	6	8—84
5 minutes	7	8	10	9	8	10	10	9	10	7—88
6 minutes	5	7	9	10	8	8	8	9	6	6—76
5 minutes	9	8	10	8	7	8	7	7	7	5—76—787

WORCESTER, Oct. 4.—At the annual target shoot this week of the Worcester City Guards, Co. A, 2d Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, the shoot was off-hand and governed by Wingate's Manual. The work in detail follows:

Honorables.

Maj E R Shumway	54444—23	A E Brown	33333—15
Capt J P Willard	24333—15	Capt W D Preston	42460—13
Lieut J Early	44043—15	J F Quinn	00043—7
Lieut F B Fay	54024—15		

Active Members.

Sergt A D Jefferson	44454—21	Pvt F End	33343—17
Pvt J D Macintosh	55434—21	Pvt F H Willard	43344—17
Lieut M H Tisdale	54344—20	Capt W E Wilkins	33433—16
Lieut E G Barret	44434—19	Pvt F E Choate	34044—15
Pvt W H Farnsworth	33535—19	Pvt E A Stone	41433—14
Sergt J D Grace	53433—18	Pvt A J Underwood	30424—13
Pvt F E Fisher	44334—18	Capt F H Lucke	43023—12
Pvt C J Boyden	44433—18	Pvt J F Cruickshank	32240—12
Corp W Leonard	53433—17	Pvt T J Marmberg	35040—12
Pvt F Howland	34334—17	Pvt F Taft	44004—12

Unqualified Marksmen.

Pvt E A Price	44542—19	Capt W A Condy	20335—13

NEW YORK, Oct. 7.—The marksman's badge and sharpshooter's matches were shot at Creedmoor, on Saturday, Oct. 5. The attendance was very large and the scores made were very good. The day was fine, and conditions for shooting were good. Following were the winners of cash prizes and medals:

	200yds.	500yds.	Total.
J C Abrams, Co G, 7th Regt	23	24	47
R Oliver, Staff, 23d Regt	23	23	46
Jas Duane, N G A	22	23	45
H C Brown, Staff, 23d Regt	22	23	45
Edw Duffy, Field, 69th Regt	20	24	44
S C Pirie, Co I, 23d Regt	22	22	44
R Darling, Co A, 7th Regt	19	24	43

Medal Winners.

F A Wells, Co B, 23d Regt	23	24	47
T J Dolan, N C S, 12th Regt	23	23	46
Geo Shorkley, N R A	21	24	45
G F Hamlin, Co I, 23d Regt	20	24	44
A G Scranton, Co F, 7th Regt	22	21	43

Last matches this season: Saturdays, Oct. 12 and 26, and election day, Tuesday, Nov. 5.—J. MANZ, Jr., Asst. Sec'y N. R. A.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Oct. 5.—Alexander won the St. Louis Pistol Club's medal at the last shoot. The attendance was light. Standard American 20yds. target:

G Alexander	6 10 10 10 9 8 10 8 9 10—90
E Mohrstadt	10 9 6 6 9 7 9 9 9 9—83
M Summerfield	8 7 8 7 10 10 10 8 8 5—81
W Bauer	6 7 10 10 9 7 8 7 9 8 81
W Hettel	8 10 6 10 7 5 10 6 9 9—80
W C Mackwitz	8 4 6 7 9 9 9 10 7 5—74
W J Lard	7 4 4 7 4 7 8 7 8 8—64
A E Bengel	5 5 7 5 4 10 8 9 6 5—64

NEWARK, N. J., Oct. 3.—To-day the members of the Newark Shooting Society met at the Schuetzen Society's grounds in South Orange. Among the rifle shots present were delegations from all the neighboring cities. New York sent among others Barney Walthers. Barney's coadjutors were C. G. Zettler, H. Holzer, Geo. Joiner and G. W. Downs, all of the Zettler Rifle Club. The Philadelphia Rifle Club was represented by Messrs. Wm. Wurfflein, E. T. Travis and J. M. Green; the New York Rifle Club by Wm. P. Uhler. The home club—Newark Shooting Society—was represented by the great champion of 200yds. shots, Wm. Hayes, and Messrs. Freche, Bergerow, Seitz, Felzberg, Cleveland, Egger, and a dozen others. The light was anything but favorable, with dense clouds flying across the face of a bright sun. Mrs. G. W. Downs accompanied her husband to the grounds and took much interest in the shooting. The little lady is about 5ft. 3in. tall, stoutly built, has blue eyes of most pleasing expression, and handles a 10lbs. Ballard rifle as if its weight was but that of a feather. The shooting began promptly at 2 P. M., and continued without intermission until it was too dark to sight the bullseyes. The scores: Honor target—F. A. Trenzenhauer 46, G. D. Bergerow 51, G. L. Freche 43, T. Felzberg 24, W. Cleveland 54, C. R. Townsend 58, S. Seitz 58, P. Bell 56, L. Sante 33, J. T. B. Collins 60, I. Coppersmith 64, J. Bandie 55, W. Hayes 56, G. Georke 56, F. C. Watts 57, A. Bergerow 60, F. W. Egner 19, I. Baylen 67, I. P. Watts 59, C. E. Overbaugh 38. American champion target—H. Hodges 69, J. Coppersmith 68, C. Zettler 66, B. Walthers 65, Dr. Boyken 63, Geo. Joiner 63, J. T. B. Collins 60, A. Bergerow 58, C. B. Townsend 52, F. W. Campbell 47. These numbers out of a possible 75. The prizes were rich and numerous, the handsomest being a two-karat diamond pin for the club president, Egner.

LORD.—Frank Lord, the well-known pistol shot of this city, is in Paris viewing the Exposition, and treating the appreciative Frenchmen to some fine shooting.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—General Snowden, of the First Brigade, has issued orders announcing that the annual rifle contest for the Potter trophy, presented by Colonel Thomas Potter, Jr., and badges presented by Mr. William M. Singerly, will take place at the Hartranft range, Bridesburg, on Saturdays, Oct. 19 and 26, commencing at 9:30 A. M., as follows: Oct. 19—For company teams of four, for marksmen who have qualified this year. Members of previous winning teams (in brigade or State contests) barred. To shoot five shots each at 200 and 500yds. First prize, four gold collar badges; second prize, four silver collar badges; third prize, four bronze collar badges. Oct. 26, A. M.—Second-class regimental contests; for teams of four, from regiments, battalions or independent companies. To shoot seven shots each at 200 and 500yds. Those who have been members of previous winning regimental or brigade teams, in brigade or State contests, barred. First prize, four gold collar badges, with diamond bullseye. First-class regimental contests, Oct. 26, P. M.—For teams of four, for regiments, battalions or independent companies, to shoot seven shots each at 200, 500 and 600yds. Prize, the Potter trophy, a bronze group, "The Last Cartridge," to become the property of the organization winning it three times, and four gold collar badges, with ruby bullseye, the property of the team.

HARTFORD, Conn., Sept. 28.—The annual prize shoot of the Franklin Rifle Club was held at their range this afternoon. The scores made out of a possible 75 at 200yds., Standard American target, off-hand, were: C. E. Watkins 65, S. J. Lyon 60, E. C. Hewit 37, H. Andrews 55, E. H. Williams 54, H. Williams 53, D. J. Jordan 49, C. A. Terry 49, F. B. Colville 47, H. O. Whitney 47, F. K. Rand 47, L. A. Robertson 46, H. M. Jacobs 46, H. M. Pope 46, E. J. Hale 46, D. S. Seymour 45, H. Hurlbut 44, W. W. Tucker 42, Otto Klett 41, W. S. Loveland 40, George Bliss 40, J. C. Kinney 38, J. C. Wiseman 37, Gen. J. R. Hawley 37, J. W. Fay 36, J. C. Naedle 34, G. H. Britain 32, Allen Willey 31, F. Tucker 31, John S. Russell 30, H. B. Wood 30, W. R. Hopkins 29, E. P. Whitney 29, G. A. Faxon 29, W. H. McLean 28, Cuno Helfricht 26, C. H. Burbridge 24, W. B. Davison 23, H. Lloyd 19, R. P. Kenyon 16, E. E. Beach 14, E. R. Faxon 13, Asa Cook 13, C. H. Case 6, J. Stadley 6.

NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION.—At the regular monthly meeting of the National Rifle Association on the 1st, Gen. Wingate reported that as president of the Association he had submitted the deed and abstract of title of Creedmoor to the Attorney General, and it was probable that the transfer of the range to the ownership of the State would be effected within a few weeks at the latest. Resolutions commemorative of the late Gen. Rodney C. Ward, Treasurer of the Association, offered by Secretary John S. Shepherd were adopted. The financial statement of the recent prize meeting held at Creedmoor has not yet been made up, but sufficient data were reported to be on hand to show that the Association, as the result of the storm, would be called upon to meet a deficit of close upon $1 000.

MARION, N. J., Oct. 1.—Cool and shifting winds were of no advantage to the members of the Marion Rifle Club this afternoon, when they held their weekly competition on the club grounds at Marion, and consequently the scores were very poor, as can be seen by the record of the leading marksmen: William Weber 193, John Rebhan 188, L. P. Hansen 169, H. Hoersch 169, G. C. Varick 160, C. Bauchle 152 and Thomas Stiff 150. These weekly competitions were begun the first week in April, and will terminate on Thanksgiving day. The main object of holding the weekly shoots is to decide the championship of the club for each year, the winner receiving a gold badge valued at $50. Up to date Messrs. John Rebhan and L. P. Hansen are in the lead, with the others closely upon them.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—The funeral of Chevalier Ira Paine, the world's crack rifle shot, took place from his late home, on Delane street, at 2 o'clock to-day, his body having arrived here Thursday from Paris. Rev. Thomas H. Cocroft, of the Church of the Messiah, performed the Episcopal service. The body was buried at Swan Point. The floral tributes included a cross from Buffalo Bill, a broken lyre from Nate Saulsbury and other pieces from members of Buffalo Bill's company, all of which accompanied the remains from Paris. There was also a reproduction in flowers of the emblems worn by the Chevalier, from Miss Jennie M. Paine, and other pieces from prominent theatrical people.

HOBOKEN RIFLEMEN.—The annual fall shoot of the Hoboken Independent Schuetzen Corps was held at Kroeble's Park, Jersey City Heights, on Oct. 2. The shooting was mostly of pool events, and Messrs. Baeman, Meyers and Behn had their pockets well filled with shekels when darkness set in. The officers for the year were as follows: Capt., August Bewig; Lieut., John Lehmer; First Shooting Master, H. Leith; Second Shooting Master, John Meyer; Sec'y, N. Stonden.

AT CONLIN'S.—Proprietor Conlin has a curiosity that excites the interest of Gotham marksmen. It is a genuine old-fashioned Kentucky squirrel rifle. It is nearly 6ft. long and very heavy. Five shots were fired recently from a self-cocking revolver in three-quarters of a second at 20yds. distance by A. A. Cohen and William Kent, each of which would have been fatal if fired at a living man instead of the target figure.

MERIDEN, Conn.—The first annual rifle match of the Citizens Rifle Club, of Meriden, Conn., will be held at their new rifle range, Oct. 15 and 16.

NEW MILFORD, Conn.—The third annual fall prize shoot of the New Milford Rifle Club will be held on Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 16 and 17.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

Secretaries of clubs and managers of tournaments are requested to keep us advised of the dates of their shoots, so that we may give due notice in our column of fixtures.

FIXTURES.

Oct. 8, 9, 10, 11.—Middlesex Gun Club Tournament, Dunellen, N. J. W. F. Force, Secretary, Plainfield, N. J.

Oct. 8, 9, 10, 11.—Fred A. Fodde's Second Annual Amateur Tournament, at St. Louis, Mo. Inanimate targets.

Oct. 15, 16, 17, 18.—Tournament at live birds and inanimate targets, Philadelphia. J. F. Kleinz, Secretary, 600 South Delaware avenue, Philadelphia.

Oct. 17, 18, 19.—West End Social Gun Club Tournament, Harrisburg, Pa.

Oct. 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25.—Second Tournament of the Mercer Gun Club, at Trenton, N. J. E. G. Updegrove, President.

ELM CITY GUN CLUB SHOOT.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Sept. 27.—The Elm City Gun Club of this place held an all day shoot on their grounds to-day, and had a fair attendance. Although the shooters did not turn out quite as well as we expected we had a general good time. No one got very rich out of it as you will see by the scores. Ties were div. unless otherwise stated. Match at 6 Keystones:

Gould	111111—6	Tyler	111101—5
Bristol	111111—6	Beers	111011—5
Ortseifer	011010—3	Ferris	111111—6

Same:

Gould	111111—6	Beers	011111—5
Bristol	111101—5	Ferris	110110—4
Ortseifer	111011—5	Tyler	110001—3

Same:

Gould	111111—6	Ortseifer	111110 5
Bristol	111111—6	Ferris	011011—4
Tyler	111111—6	Beers	101010—3

6 singles and 2 pairs:

Bristo	111101 11 11—9	Beers	111101 10 11—8
Tyler	111111 11 10—9	Goodwin	111110 10 01—7
Pomeroy	111101 11 11—9	Ortseifer	111010 01 01—6
E A Folsom	111111 11 10—9	N D Folsom	010110 10 11—6
Gould	101110 11 11—8		

Nine singles:

Gould	111111111—9	Goodwin	110111111—8
Bristol	111111111—9	Collett	011111011—7
Ortseifer	101111111—8	Beers	011011101—6
Tyler	111111011—8	Ferris	110101101—6

Nine singles:

Bristol	111111111—9	N D Folsom	111111101—8
Goodwin	111111111—9	Gould	111111010—8
Beers	111110111—8	Tyler	001111111—8
Ortseifer	111111011—8	Collett	001111101—7
E A Folsom	111111011—8	Ferris	110110101—6

Eight straightaways, 21yds.:

Bristol	11111111—8	Tyler	11101111—7
E A Folsom	11111111—8	Ortseifer	10111110—6
Goodwin	11111111—8	Pomeroy	10110111—6
Gould	11111111—8	Ferris	11001110—5
Collett	01111111—7	N D Folsom	11601000—3
Beers	10111110—7		

Two men team match, 12 birds:

Bates	101111111011—10	Gould	111111111111—12—22
E A Folsom	111110111111—11	Longden	011111111111—11—22
Bristol	111111111111—12	Beers	011011011111— 9—21
Albee	101111111101—10	Ferris	011111111111—11—21
Savage	110111111011—10	Tyler	110001111111— 9—19
Collett	110011111111—10	Pomeroy	0011101011111— 8—18
N D Folsom	101011010111— 8	Merriman	011111101111—10—18

Six singles and 3 pairs:

Albee	111111 11 11 11—12	Tyler	110111 11 10 11—10
Widman	111111 11 11 10—11	Longden	111111 11 10 10—10
Goodwin	111111 11 10 11—11	Pomeroy	010111 11 11 11—10
Bristol	111111 10 11 10—10	Bates	111011 11 01 11—10
Gould	111110 11 10 11—10	Savage	111011 11 11 10— 7
Beers	111110 01 11 11—10	Merriman	011011 10 11 10— 7
Albee	111011 10 11 11—10		

Ties on 10: Bristol and Longden div. second with 7 each.

Nine singles:

E A Folsom	111111011—8	Collett	110111011—7
Bristol	111011111—8	Beers	110111011—7
Pomeroy	111101111—8	Goodwin	111110010—6
Tyler	101111011—7	Ferris	011101011—6
Ortseifer	001111111—7	N D Folsom	110011000—4
Gould	010111111—7		

Five pairs:

Gould	11 10 11 11 11—9	Tyler	10 10 11 11 11—8
Goodwin	11 11 11 11 10—9	Savage	10 11 11 10 10—7
Albee	11 10 11 01 11—8	Merriman	10 00 11 11 11—7
N D Folsom	10 11 11 10 11—8	E A Folsom	10 11 00 11 11—7
Longden	01 11 11 11 10—8	Allen	10 10 11 10 10—6
Bristol	11 11 10 11 10—8		

Nine singles:

E A Folsom	111111111—9	Pomeroy	101111111—8
Gould	111111111—9	Bates	011110111—7
Longden	111111111—9	Albee	011111101—7
Tyler	111111111—9	Goodwin	001111111—7
Beers	111111111—9	Allen	111110100—6
Widman	111111111—9	Ferris	111011011—6
Savage	111111110—8	N D Folsom	011110010—5
Bristol	011111111—8	Merriman	101100110—5

Ties on 9: Beers 0, Gould 3; others 6 and div.

Six singles and 3 pair:

Beers	111111 10 11 11—11	Collett	111110 11 11 10—10
Gould	110111 11 10 11—10	Pomeroy	111010 11 11 10— 9
Tyler	111111 10 11 01—10	Bristol	100111 10 10 11— 8
Ferris	011111 11 10 11—10	Goodwin	110011 10 01 11— 8

Ties on 10 won by Gould.

Seven straightaways, 21yds.:

N D Folsom	1111111—7	Tyler	1101111—6
Gould	1111111—7	Bristol	1110111—6
Goodwin	1111111—7	Ferris	1011111—6
Ortseifer	1111111—7	Beers	1111010—5
Collett	1111111—7	Pomeroy	1110101—5
E A Folsom	1111110—6		

Nine singles:

Beers	111111111—9	Bristol	011011111—7
Tyler	111111111—9	Pomeroy	111101110—7
E A Folsom	111111011—8	Goodwin	111010111—7
N D Folsom	111111110—8	Savage	011110110—6
Longden	011111111—8	Ortseifer	010110111—6
Collett	111011111—8	Bates	101110011—6
Gould	111111110—8	Ferris	110000100—3

Ties on 8 div. by Longden and Gould with 3.

Miss and out: Widman 12, Gould 11, Merriman 11, Albee 6, Longden 6, Bates 3, Bristol 1, Allen 1, Savage 0, Pomeroy 1.

ELM CITY.

THE BALTIMORE TOURNAMENT.

W. H. LINTHICUM'S shoot at Baltimore on the 1st, 2d and 3d insts. was not a pronounced success in point of numbers, as not more than twelve men entered in any event. This was due partly to the fact that the law on partridges in the State was off Oct. 1, and most of the Baltimore shooters preferred to spend what spare time they could in the field rather than at the traps. Only a few visitors were on hand, among them Lieut. George E. Albee, of the Winchester Arms Co., W. Fred Quimby and W. E. Cannon, of New Jersey; E. L. Mills, of Washington, and H. A. Penrose, of Keystone Manufacturing Co. Two days were devoted to Keystone targets under Keystone rules, and on Thursday, the last day, wild birds were flown. These were supplied by W. Fields & Brother, of Christiana, Pa., and they were good strong flyers. The tournament was held at Acton's Park, just across the Charles River, in Brooklyn, Md. This park is a popular summer resort, and is well patronized by Baltimorians during the warm weather. Its proprietor, Sam Acton, knows how to serve a Maryland shore dinner in first-class style, and the first day those present at the shoot reveled in fish, crabs and chicken cooked to suit the most fastidious taste. One of Baltimore's best shots, Fred Hefline, has a boy thirteen year old whom he is training in the way he should go. The youngster entered in several events, and on one occasion shot his paternal ancestor clean out, making the only straight score of 15 in the event and won first money alone. If the boy keeps on in this way he will make some one hustle before many years pass.

The tournament was given by W. H. Linthicum, aided by Dr. Sam'l J. Fort, "Picus," and H. A. Penrose, of Keystone Co., added his efficient service in properly running the events. Two team races were down to be shot by ten men from the Baltimore Gun Club against similar teams from the North End Gun Club, of Philadelphia, and the Wawasett Club of Wilmington, Del., but as the Philadelphians and Wilmingtons did not appear, they had to be postponed. The scores as shot follow, all ties were divided unless otherwise stated:

First Day.—First event, 10 single Keystones, $1 entrance, classes A, B, C:

Franklin	1111111111—10	Brown	1010111111— 8
Albee	0101100110— 5	Cantlin	1010011111— 7
Grove	1110011000— 5	Krueger	1011111110— 8
Williar	1101011101— 7	Penrose	1111110111— 9

Second event, Classes B and C, 10 singles, entrance $1:

Krueger	0111101010— 7	Albee	0111111111— 9
Grover	0111111111— 9	Brown	1111100111— 8
Williar	1111111111—10	Jury	0101101111— 7

Event No. 4, Class C, 15 singles, entrance $1.50:

Grover	000101111011111—10	Brown	111110111111111—14
Williar	011111110010111—11	Jury	010011010111111—10
Beagle	110111110111111—13	Cantlin	111000111101110—10
Albee	110110111111111—13		

Contest No. 4, at 10 singles, entrance $1:

Albee	1110111001— 7	Brown	1001001111— 6
Courtney	1111111101—10	Jury	0001111000— 5
Krueger	1111111111—10	Heflin	1101111111— 9
Williar	1111111010— 8	Evens	1011010101— 6

Fifth event, at 20 singles, classes A, B and C, entrance $2:

Heflin	01111111101111111111—18	Williar	11111101011101111101—16
Albee	11111010101010111111—15	Brown	11110111110111111111—18
Courtney	10010110011100111101—12	Bond	01110011111011111101—15
Krueger	11111111111111111101—19	Cantlin	11111111001100011111—15

Sixth event, at 10 singles, entrance $1:

Heflin	1111110011— 8	Albee	1111111111—10
Courtney	1101011010— 6	Williar	0111111111— 9
Krueger	1111110110— 8	Malone	0110100110— 5
Bailey	1011101011— 7	Evens	1111110111— 9

Event No. 8, at 10 singles, entrance $1:

Heflin	1111111111—10	Bailey	1100100011— 5
Evens	1011110010— 6	Courtney	0110011111— 7
Albee	1110111111— 9	Penrose	1111110101— 8
Krueger	1110111111— 9	Cantlin	1011100110— 6
Williar	1011110011— 7	Bond	1110111111— 9

Ninth event at 10 singles, entrance $1.50:

Penrose	1111111111—10	Evens	1101011111— 8
Courtney	0110111110— 7	Jury	0111000111—6
Albee	1011111111— 9	Heflin	1111111101—9
Krueger	1110111011— 8	Parsons	0100199111—5
Cantlin	1010011101— 6	Williar	0101101101—6
Bond	1001111110— 7	Colson	1100000111—5

Tenth event at 5 singles and 3 pairs, entrance $1.50:

Albee	11111 01 10 10—8	Courtney	11111 00 11 11—9
Penrose	11111 10 11 11—9	Krueger	11111 10 11 11—10
Hefline	11101 11 11 11—10	Evens	11111 11 11 10—10
Hall	11111 11 11 01—10	Williar	11109 11 11 11— 9

First shot off and won by Kruger. Other ties div.

Eleventh event at 10 singles, use of both barrels, entrance $1.50:

Penrose	1122010111—8	Hall	2111111101—9
Albee	1101111111—9	Hefline	1121110111—9
Courtney	1100010010—4	Krueger	1111110101—8

First shot off and won by Hall. Other ties div.

Twelfth event at 10 singles, entrance $1:

Penrose	1111110111—9	Courtney	0001010110— 4
Evens	1111101011—8	Hall	1111111111—10
Krueger	1101011101— 7	Jones	1011111110— 8
Albee	1011111111—9	Williar	1111111111—10
Hefline	1011101111—8		

Thirteenth event at 15 singles, entrance $2:

Albee	110111111110010—11	Courtney	111111001111100—11
Hefline	111111111111101—14	Brown	110101101111101—11
Krueger	111111111111011—14	Hall	100001100101100— 6
Evens	111011111101111—13		

Second Day.—First event, 10 singles, $1 entrance:

Pink Edge	1111101101—8	Courtney	0011101110— 6
Albee	0111111110—8	Krueger	1011111111— 9
Franklin	1111111110—9	Penn	1111111111—10

Second event, same as No. 1:

Pink Edge	1110111110— 8	Penn	0111110111—8
Albee	1111111110— 9	Krueger	1111111110—9
Franklin	1111111111—10	Courtney	0111011111—8

Event No. 3, same:

Pink Edge	0011011110— 6	Franklin	0111101111—8
Albee	1111111111—10	Courtney	0111111111—9
Penn	1111101111— 9	Krueger	1011111100—7

Event No. 4, at 15 singles, entrance $2:

Pink Edge	111111010111011—12	Krueger	111111111111011—14
Penn	111111111111111—15	Franklin	111111011111111—14
Williar	111111111111110—14	Albee	111111011111111—14
Courtney	001111010111100— 9	Hefline	011011111011001—10

Fifth event, at 10 singles, entrance $1:

Pink Edge	1111111111— 9	Krueger	1011010111— 7
Franklin	1111111110— 9	Hefline	1111111111—10
Ducker	1110011000— 5	F Hefline	0011111101— 7
Smith	1100101111— 7	Williar	1111011101— 8
Courtney	0110100111— 6	Albee	1110111111— 9
Corker	0100101000—3		

Sixth event, same:

Pink Edge	1111111011— 9	Courtney	0011101111— 7
Albee	1111111111—10	Krueger	1101111111— 9
Franklin	1101111111— 9	Hefline	0101111101— 7
Ducker	0101010111— 6	F Hefline	1110111001— 6
Penn	1111111111—10	Williar	0110101011— 6

Ties divided, except on 9, which when shot off went to Pink Edge and Krueger.

Seventh event, same:

Penn	1011111111— 9	Franklin	1111111111—10
Albee	1110011111— 8	Felis	0010111101— 6
Krueger	1101011010— 6	Pink Edge	1111110111— 9
Jury	0101101001— 5	Williar	1111111111—10
Evans	1101101111— 8		

Eighth event, same:

Pink Edge	1011011111— 8	Krueger	1111111111—10
Franklin	1001111111— 8	Hefline	1111111110—9
Penn	1111110111— 9	F Hefline	1110101111— 8
Albee	0111001110— 6	Evans	1110111111— 9
Linthicum	1111011100— 7	Williar	1101101111— 8
Files	0111100111— 7		

Ninth event, same:

Pink Edge	1100001110—5	Files	1111101111—9
Penn	0111111110—8	Hefline	1111101111—9
Franklin	1111110111—9	F Hefline	1111011011—8
Albee	0111011011—7	Krueger	1111111011—9
Hall	0110011111—7	Jury	1110010100—5
Evans	0110110111—7		

Tenth event at 5 pairs, $1 entrance:

Albee	11 10 10 11 10—7	Files	01 10 11 10 00—5
Evans	11 10 01 11 10—7	Hefline	11 10 11 10 11—8
Franklin	01 11 11 11 10—8	Williar	01 10 10 11 01—6
Krueger	11 10 10 00 10—5		

Event No. 11, for a gold watch, entrance $2.

Denny	1101111111111111110—18	Pink Edge	0111111011010001111—14
Files	1111010w — 9	Williar	1111101111w — 9
Kruger	1111111111111111111—20	Albee	1100111111101111101—16
Hefline	1111011111010111111—17	Linth'um	1010111111101111111101—16
Clark	1100011010110000011100—10	Hefline Jr	1111100111100111100—14

Krueger won the watch.

Event No. 12, at 5 singles and 3 pairs, entrance $1.50:

Hall	01010 00 10 00— 3	Evans	11110 00 10 01—6
Files	01101 01 00 11— 5	Franklin	11111 10 00 00—5
Krueger	01111 09 11 11— 8	Hefline, Jr	11101 00 00 10—5
Hefline	11111 11 11 11—11	Williar	11111 10 11 10—9

Event No. 13, at 15 singles, entrance $1.50:

Keller	100111110111110—11	Joey	101010101110110— 9
Hefline	011111011101111—12	Krueger	011110111111111—13
Hefline, Jr	111111111111111—15	Hall	101111101010101—11
Dr Brown	111111111111110—14	Evans	101111001110111—11
Pink Edge	101111111101101—12	Williar	011101111101110—11
Aull	101000111000110— 8		

Third Day.—First event, at 5 live birds, $4.25 entrance, 3 moneys:

Penrose	11111—5	Burch	01111—4
Quimby	11122—5	Williar	21101—4
Cannon	11120—4	Fieles	11020—3
Krueger	21210—4	Albee	∞011—2

Second event, at 10 live birds, entrance $7.50, 3 moneys:

Penrose	1111221112—10	Gulick	1220110111— 8
Mills	1111121121—10	Bocker	0110121111— 8
Cannon	2122101112— 9	Quimby	2111201100— 7
Krueger	0112111121— 9	Albee	0010111111— 7
Fieles	2101111112— 9	Williar	2012020w.

Ties div.

Third event, at 10 live birds, $7.50 entrance, 3 moneys:

Quimby	1112112112—10	Fieles	2011102111— 8
Burch	2212111121—10	Bocker	2221121010— 8
Hefline	2111111121—10	Williar	1222o122022— 8
Penrose	1212111011— 9	Albee	0101121021— 7
Mills	1201111111— 9	Krueger	1200212101— 7
Cannon	1100111122— 8	Gulick	0111202100— 6

First and second div., third shot off miss and out:

Cannon	1111212112l1—13	Bocker	10
Fieles	1112121111o—12	Williar	0

Cannon won after killing 13 good strong birds.

Fourth event, at 7 live birds, entrance $6.25, 3 moneys:

Penrose	1111213— 7	Cannon	1101201—5
Quimby	1211111— 7	Krueger	2010111—5
Hefline	1112121— 7	Malone	1101110—5
E L Mills	1111111— 7	Franklin	1020101—4
Bocker	0112111— 6	Gulick	0000112—3
Williar	0121121— 6	Burch	2021000—3

Ties div. FRANK MASON.

CORRY, Pa., Oct. 3.—Corry Gun Club match at Keystones, 5 Keystone traps; rain and windy weather:

Mead	1111101111011011111—22
Edwards	1111110111101111011111—22
H. Arnold	1111110111110111011111—21
Austin	1110101111111010011111—20
M Arnold	1111111110101111111011—20
Ward	1111110001111110011111—20
Ellis	1100111000111010000110—14
Newman	0011010001000100110000— 9

Mead gold medal, H. Arnold silver medal.

EATON, New York, Oct. 5.—Eaton Gun Club. Dark and rainy, making some of the birds almost invisible. Match at 15 singles and 6 pairs kingbirds, 5 traps, 18yds. rise, association rules, badge:

Peet	111111111101110	10 10 10 11 10 11—21
Hall	101111100001111	11 10 10 11 10 10—18
Curtis	101011111111011	11 10 11 11 10 11—22
Briggs	101110110110111	10 11 01 11 10 11—20
Cole	101111111111011	11 00 00 11 10 00—18
Fryer	111001010101011	00 10 10 10 10 10—15
Short	101010100101110	10 10 11 00 10 10—16
Stone	101010100101010	10 10 10 11 10 10—15
Hamlin	101001001010100	10 00 10 00 00 10— 9

CLAREMONT, N. J., Oct. 5.—Shoot for Lefever trophy:

Sigler	111111011111111111101111—23
Hathaway	110011010111111100111011—18
Johnson	111111110111111111111111—24

NORWOOD GUN CLUB TOURNAMENT.

FLORENCE, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The annual fall tournament of the Norwood Gun Club was held Thursday, Oct 3. The day was all that could be desired for shooting. Some of the best trap shots in New England were present, and some good shooting was done. The club having met with such success will in the spring hold a two-day tournament and put up some good prizes. Five Keystone traps were used and Keystone targets, American Shooting Association rules. The following are the scores:

First event, 10 birds:

H Leroy	1111111111—10	Nuttleman	1111101100—7
"Joe"	1111111110— 9	Gaylor	1011000110—5
Yerrington	0111111110— 8	Russell	1000010100—3
Harris	1111011110— 8		

Ties div.

Second event, 5 pairs:

E A Folsom	11 11 11 11 11—10	Whittlesey	10 11 10 10 11—7
Quinton	10 11 11 11 11— 9	Besserer	10 11 00 11 10—6
Yerrington	11 10 11 10 11— 8	"Joe"	11 01 10 01 10—6
H Lorey	11 01 11 01 10—7	Harris	11 11 10 10 00—6
Russell	10 11 00 11 11— 7	Dr Herrick	10 10 00 11 10—5
Burbridge	10 10 11 10 11— 7	Gaylor	10 11 00 00 10—4
Willey	11 10 10 11 10— 7		

Ties on 7 for fourth money: Leroy 10 11, Russell 10, Burbridge 00, Whittlesoy 10 11, Willey 10 10; Leroy, Whittlesey and Willey div.

Third event, 15 straightaway:

Quinton	111111111111111—15	Cowee	100111111111100—11
Leroy	111111110111111—14	Cobb	111110101010101—10
Burbridge	110111111111111—14	C N Gabb	110111001010111—10
Harris	111111110111101—13	Besserer	111111010011100—10
Whittlesey	111101111101101—12	Herrick	001110001011111— 9
Willey	011011111111012—12	Denman	101010011010101— 8
Yerrington	110111011111101—12	Twiss	100110101101100— 8
"Joe"	111111111101100—12	Russell	011010101100001— 8
Folsom	111111111110100—12	Davis	000001010111110— 7

Ties on 12 for fourth money: Whittlesey 1110, Willey 111111111, Yerrington 111111110, "Joe" 10111, Folsom 11110, Willey fourth.

Fourth event, 20 birds, merchandise match:

Leroy	11101111011011111011—17	Herrick	11101100110110110100—12
Twiss	10111101111011011110—16	Davis	01100101110100001100— 9
Cobb	11100101111110010110—13	Cartwrig't	01000010010110011001— 8

Fifth event at 7 birds:

Folsom	1111111—7	Demau	1101011—5
Quinton	1111110—6	Russell	1001111—5
Cobb	1110111—6	"Joe"	0101011—4
Besserer	1111110—6	Cowee	0111001—4
Whittlesey	1111110—6	Nuttleman	1110010—4
Willey	1111011—6	Yerrington	0001111—4
Burbridge	1011101—5	Gaylor	0000110—2
Parker	1101011—5		

Ties on 6: Quinton 0, Cobb 0, Besserer, 110, Whittlesey 111. Ties on 5: Willey 10, Burbridge 10, Parker 111, Demau 10, Russell 6. Ties on 4: Cowee 111, Nuttleman 000, Yerrington 10, "Joe" 110.

Sixth event at 15 birds:

Leroy	111111111111111—15	Cowee	111011010111101—11
Yerrington	111111111110111—14	Burbridge	011011101011111—11
Folsom	111111011111111—14	Whittlesey	101111001111111—11
"Joe"	110111111111101— 13	Herrick	010011010111101— 8
Willey	111011111101101—12	Cobb	101001110011110— 7
Quinton	101110101111111—12	Ties div.	

Seventh event, $20 guaranteed, 25 birds:

Quinton	1111111101111111101111111—23
Yerrington	1111111101111101111111111—23
Folsom	1111111111101011111111111—23
Willey	1111101111011111111111111—22
Harris	1111111101111111100111101—21
Besserer	0101111111111111111111111—21
Cowee	1111111101111011111111001—21
Burbridge	0110111110111111111111111—20
Leroy	1011111111111101011110011—20
Lathrop	1111101011111111111111111—20
Whittlesey	1110101111101011011111111—19
"Joe"	1011111111110111010100001—18
Davis	1110010101000001001111011—13

Ties div.

Eighth event, 10 singles and 5 pairs:

Willey	1111111111	11 11 11 11 11—20	
Whittlesey	1110111111	11 11 10 11 11—18	
Besserer	1111111101	01 11 10 10 11—16	
Cowee	0101111111	01 01 11 11 10—15	
Yerrington	1011111111	10 10 10 10 11—15	
Herrick	1111000011	10 11 10 11 11—14	
Folsom	1110110011	11 01 10 10 10—14	
Burbridge	1111111110	00 01 01 10 10—13	
"Joe"	0110101111	01 00 00 11 00—10	

Ties div.

Ninth event, 5 pairs:

Besserer	11 11 11 10 11—9	Harris	10 00 10 01 01—5
Gaylor	10 11 11 00 01—6	W Gabb	01 00 01 10 10—4
Herrick	10 00 10 11 10—5		

Tenth event, merchandise match, 10 birds:

"Joe"	1111111111—10	Herrick	0111001111—7
Folsom	1111111111—10	Gaylor	1110011101—7
Burbridge	1111111110— 9	Besserer	1110011011—7
Willey	1011111111— 9	Russell	1110011011—6
Leroy	1111111110— 0	Davis	0100101011—5
Whittlesey	1111111100— 8	W Gabb	1001011100—5
Lathrop	1111011011— 8	P. Demau	0010100011—4
Cowee	1001110111— 7		

Ties for choice of prizes: "Joe," 11111; Folsom, 1101. Ties on 9 for second: Burbridge, 00111; Willey, 01111111111; Leroy, 11101111111. Ties on 7 for fourth: Cowee, 11110; Gaylor, 11111.

Eleventh event, 15 birds:

Folsom	111111111010—13	"Joe"	011010011111111—11
Besserer	111111111101110—13	Twiss	111011111101100—10
Harris	111111111101011—13	Willey	110110101011001— 9
Herrick	111101111011111—13	Parker	011101000011011— 9
Yerrington	111101110111011—12	Demau	110000010110111— 8
Whittsey	111010117111110—12	Davis	110101000000011— 7
Mayott	111110110111011—12	Cobb	010011011000001— 6
Burbridge	101101111111010—11		

Ties div.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., Oct. 3.—To-day was an off day for all the shooters, due partially to the very unfavorable wind prevailing, but notwithstanding that, our club came out victorious by a small margin. The occasion was a return shoot with Mahanoy City Gun Club, first match won by us, 76 to 65. After the match several minor sweepstakes were shot off. The visitors expressed themselves highly pleased with our grounds and were loud in praise of it. Lehigh Gun Club vs. Mahanoy City, return shoot to one at Mahanoy City, Aug. 15, 10 Standard bluerocks, 16 and 18yds. rise, Chamberlin Cartridge Company's rules, friendly shoot.

Lehigh Gun Club.		Mahanoy City Gun Club.	
J Nettles	1111111111—10	F Cooper	1111111111—10
F B Saeger	0100111000— 4	M Cooper	0011011111— 7
L W Mazurie	0101101010— 5	G R Goodman	0100110111— 6
P G Blank	0100110110— 5	M Clauser	1110010111— 7
E T Fink	0100111011— 6	J Barr	0001100111— 5
Milton Ochs	1110101001— 6	H L Miller	1000100011— 5
U H Wieand	1111010111— 8	W Baker	0001101001— 4
D Brown	1111000001— 5	S Wildes	0001001110— 4
J W Bell	1110010100— 5 –54	C Burke	1000011001— 4 –51

Sweepstake, money divided owing to approaching darkness; 9 standards, three prizes:

F Cooper	110111111—8	J Barr	000110111—5
C Burke	011111111—8	G R Goodman	000110111—5
M Clauser	111101111— 8	J W Bell	101001110—5
S Wildes	101101111—7	J Nettles	101001100—4
M Cooper	011111111—7	H L Miller	110011000—4
J Benning	111001101—6	L W Mazurie	000111000—3
U A Wieand	011110101—6	W Baker	010010000—2
E T Fink	101111100—6		

On Nov. 12, the Fourth Ward Guards of Newark, N. J., will have target practice on our grounds, and will come 150 strong. The Jawalchen Club, also of Newark, will be here for targ-t practice on Nov. 21, with 200 or more men.—A. B. J. FRANTZ, Sec'y.

TRENTON TOURNAMENT.—The programme for the tournament at Trenton, Oct. 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25 presents an attractive array of events. On the first three days targets and live birds both will be used, and on Thursday and Friday nothing but live birds; $565 in guaranteed purses is distributed through the four days, the largest purse being a $300 one at 20 live birds. The management announces a championship match at 100 live birds for $250 aside between C. W. Budd and J. Frank Kleintz to come off on the first day. Just how accurate this is, in view of the fact that the match was shot by these men at Gloucester on Saturday last and another proposed for Reading in two weeks, we cannot say, but in any event enough of interest appears in the programme to draw shooters even without that.

BUDD VS. KLEINTZ.

ON Saturday, Oct. 5, Charles W. Budd, of Des Moines, Ia., and Capt. J. Frank Kleintz, of Philadelphia, met in a match at live birds. It will be remembered by our readers that in June last these two men shot a match at Chicago for the championship cup, which Budd holds and which Kleintz had challenged for. On that occasion Budd won with a score of 98 to 94. Kleintz still thought he had a chance to beat the champion, and arrangements were made for another race when Budd should come East for the Eastern tournaments. The champion arrived in Philadelphia on Friday night, and on learning that Kleintz had been sick for several days, immediately offered to let him down on the amount of the stake. A forfeit of $50 each had been posted toward the $250, which was the original sum agreed upon, but in view of Kleintz's condition he availed himself of Budd's kindness, and another $50 was added to the forfeit, making the stake $100 a side. The race was shot at the baseball park in Gloucester, N. J., just across the river from Philadelphia. About 300 spectators were present and witnessed a very close contest. The birds were supplied and trapped by Miles Johnson, and were way above the average. Very few of them refused to fly when liberated, and the great majority started off at lightning speed. Many of them were so strong that unless a wing was broken they were able to carry both charges outside the bounds, there to fall victims to the scouters, those ever present attendants of a live-bird shoot. The boundary was supposed to be 80yds., but in some places it fell as far short as 65yds. Few birds were lost on this account, however, as their flight was mostly in the other direction. A recapitulation is given below, showing the direction of flight, but fully two-thirds of the birds might be called towerers, as they rose straight from the trap before starting off. This seemed to be due to the high fence around the grounds, close to the boundary lines—it served to make the birds rise to clear it. Both contestants used 12-gauge guns, standing at 30yds. rise. Budd started in with a new gun which he had never shot before, and this he used up to the 23d round. He was apparently getting under his birds, and had lost 5 out of 22; so changed to his old gun, an L. C. Smith, weighing 7lbs. 7oz., full choke. His cartridges were loaded with 3¼drs. American wood powder and 1¼oz. trap sevens shot. Kleintz used a Greener, full choke, weighing 7lbs. 13oz., and shot 3¼drs. Schultze powder and 1¼oz. trap sevens shot in both barrels.

Notwithstanding Kleintz's condition, and he really looked out of trim, he shot a game race, and finished only one bird behind. Both men have made better scores, but it is doubtful if birds of the same quality were used. Before the race Miles Johnson offered to bet any amount that 90 would not be killed, and the sequel proved his faith to be well founded. Each man had 5 birds fall dead just beyond the boundary. Kleintz seemed to have the luck of the birds early in the match, but Budd's luck commenced toward the latter part. Kleintz's 49th bird was a clipping blue-rock, that dodged both barrels and got away clean; his 50th was another hummer, and only succumbed to a rattling good shot with the second barrel; his 62d was a strong incomer that was dropped two feet from the score. Budd's 23d bird was a right-quartering, incoming bluerock that vanished in the distance; his 54 h was also a bluerock to which he had to say "good by;" his 54th was hit in the leg and circled three times around inside the bounds, every one expecting him to drop, but he at last slowly sailed over the fence. Below is the score in full, the figure 2 denoting second barrel kills and o dead out of bounds:

Chas W Budd	o2o2121153o2212101211012
	21222211111020211111321111
	21202011210221102121011
	22112122211222o2012202112—85
Capt J Frank Kleintz	12212112121101212122121
	212212o1022101o202210101220
	21221222012212161222202
	0o2212111222022221212112—84

Recapitulation—Budd had 14 right-quarterers, 27 left-quarterers, 24 drivers, 10 towerers, 7 right-quartering incomers, 5 left-quartering incomers and 3 twisters. He used his second barrel 41 times and his longest run was 17. Kleintz had 18 right-quarterers, 36 left-quarterers, 23 drivers, 10 towerers, 4 right-quartering incomers, 7 left-quartering incomers and 2 twisters. He used the second barrel 48 times and his longest run was 15. Kleintz is not yet satisfied, and in all probability another match will be shot at Reading, Pa., during the tournament which commences there Oct. 15, though nothing definite is now known. FRANK MASON.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Oct. 5.—Monday morning at 8 o'clock twenty-one trap-shooting enthusiasts assembled at the grounds of the Compton Hill Gun Club, to contest for the Rawlings Bros. medal. The day was a miserable one and the greater part of the shooting had to be done in the rain. It was a close contest between the winner, Sieminski, Field and Prendergast, and not till the last round of 5 had been shot was there any certainty which of the three would capture the trophy. It is a very handsome medal, and is representative of the individual inanimate target championship of this city and county. The score, 50 singles and 25 pairs of doubles:

Jule Sieminskie.

Singles	11111111111111011111011111011111111111111—44
	10 10 11 11 01 11 11 11 00 11 01 11 10 10 11 01 11 11 11 10 11 11 11 10 11-40—84
	C. Armfield.
Singles	11110100010001111000110001000101000001000000111100—23
	10 00 00 10 11 10 00 11 10 00 11 10 11 11 01 00 11 01 11 11 00 11 11 11 10 11-30—53
	J. Godfrey.
Singles	00101100100011101111110011000111111030010000010000—23
	11 10 01 10 10 00 11 11 10 10 10 00 00 10 10 10 01 11 10 11 11 11 11 11 11 10-31—54
	E. Prendergast.
Singles	11010111111111101111110110011101100101011101101—37
	00 11 11 11 01 01 11 01 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 01 11 11 11 11 11 01 11 11-43—80
	J. S. Schaaf.
Singles	10011101010001010011011011011011111110101111111—34
	10 11 11 00 01 00 11 00 11 00 10 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 01 11-35—69
	J. E. Hagerty.
Singles	00011100111011111101101100111111001111111111010—35
	11 00 10 11 01 11 10 11 11 11 11 11 01 10 01 11 10 11 10 11 10 11 11-40—75
	G. Le Faivre.
Singles	10111111100111111011010101111111111111111011—42
	11 10 10 10 11 11 10 11 11 10 11 00 11 10 10 10 11 11 10 11 11 11 11-36—78
	L. Cabanne.
Singles	10110001111010101010000010111001101101101001001—26
	10 10 11 10 00 10 10 10 10 00 10 00 00 11 00 10 11 11 11 11 00 00 00-27—53
	E. Mohrstadt.
Singles	11010010101001101010000101111011111100110101011—29
	11 00 11 01 10 00 01 11 01 10 11 10 01 11 00 10 11 10 00 11 10 01 10 10-28—57
	W. Flynn.
Singles	00100000011010100010000000101011001000101110001—18
	00 11 11 10 00 01 01 01 00 00 01 11 10 01 00 11 11 10 10 01 11 10 10 00 00-23—41
	Ed. Weber.
Singles	01111000000010110100100100010000010010111010000—24
	10 10 00 11 10 10 10 11 10 00 10 00 00 10 10 10 10 10 11 10 11 00 10-24—48
	W. H. Horner.
Singles	11001111011001111010110101010100001111011111101—34
	11 11 11 11 10 11 11 10 10 10 10 11 11 01 11 11 11 10 11 11 11 11 10-42—76
	W. H. Hettel.
Singles	01111000110110011000001110031100110010101110011010—26
	11 11 11 10 10 11 10 11 10 10 10 01 00 10 01 11 01 00 11 00 11 10 11-31—57
	Jule Seltzer.
Singles	00000011010100101111111111111110111010110111000—31
	10 01 11 11 11 00 11 11 10 11 11 11 10 11 00 11 00 10 10 11 10 01 01 11-01—65
	A. McGivney.
Singles	00101110001100011111100011101111000101110101101—30
	11 01 10 10 11 01 10 11 11 11 11 10 10 10 10 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 10 11-37—67
	B. Weaver.
Singles	11101110111001111011011111111111101111101111001—40
	01 01 01 00 01 11 10 01 11 01 10 11 00 10 10 00 01 10 11 10 01 10 11 11-29—69
	J. Lenhardt.
Singles	10111011111101111101101101011011111011101111011—38
	00 11 01 11 00 11 10 10 11 10 10 01 10 11 11 10 11 11 10 11 11 11 11 01-35—73
	W. E. Field.
Singles	11111111111011101101011101101110101111111111011—41
	11 01 11 11 11 10 10 10 01 11 11 10 11 11 10 11 11 11 11 11 11 10 10-41—82
	Louis Dening.
Singles	00111001010111111111011110111010111111111101—36
	11 01 11 10 11 11 11 11 01 11 11 10 11 11 10 10 10 11 10 11 11 11-42—78
	B. Westhus.
Singles	11101111101111011001101111111011101001101111010—37
	10 11 11 11 11 01 11 11 11 11 10 01 11 11 10 11 10 10 01 10 01 10 11-39—76
	F. Kling.
Singles	01111110010111111111011101010011111101001101010—34
	10 01 11 10 11 10 11 01 00 11 11 11 10 11 01 11 11 11 11 11 11 00 11-01—28—72

Sieminskie medal and first money, Field second, Prendergast third.

The Carondelet Gun Club closed its trap season with a grand prize shoot last Wednesday. There was a large crowd of the members present and several good scores were made. Every body who took part received a prize of some kind. The score is as follows. Shoot No. 1, sweepstakes for prizes, 25 Star targets: J. Brown 11, B. O'Reilly 16, F. Ahrens 15, G. Lay 21, A. Paule 21, F. Ulrich 16, C. Groffman 12, W. Krueger 16, H. Harris 22, V. Shremp 13, J. Yockey 14, G. Stueckel 11, G. Hill 24, J. Greene 16, A. Ulrich 10, A. Messer 19, Dr. M. Rice 8, A. C. Gould 15, R. Schlegel 15, D. Ray 14, Dr. Wills 14, E. Meyer 23, J. Meyer 19, F. Coney 13, F. Mohrslin 4, L. Schremp 11, L. Lap 20, S. Simon 3, F. Vallet 14, F. Jackson 16, J. Smith 12, G. Heinrich 15, H. Khnorr 11, F. Bowman 12.

DAYTON, O., Oct. 2.—Those who attended the Gem City Club tournament met as fine sport as the shooters ever struck, cracks being present from all the leading clubs of southwestern Ohio. The traps were set on the club range at Shorty's Inn. All matches were under American Association rules. To-day's scores ran:

First match, 12 single targets:

Ruble	111111111111—12	Taylor	111101111101—10
Heikes	111111111111—12	Bruce	111101101111—10
Bacon	111111110111—11	Mumms	100101001011— 6
Tippy	111111111001—10	Angel	111111110011—10

Ruble and Heikes div. first, Bacon second, Tippy third.

Second match, 15 single targets:

Taylor	111101111101111—13	Ruble	111111111111110—14
Mumms	000110111111111—11	Heikes	101111111111111—14
Bruce	101101111111111—13	Tippy	111011111111111—14
Dayton	111111111111111—15	Bacon	110111111111111—14

Dayton first, Ruble and Heikes div. second, Taylor and Tippy div. third.

Third match, 7 live pigeons:

Dayton	1111111—7	Ruble	1111101—6
Mumms	1101110—5	Angel	1110110—5
Taylor	1011011—5	Bacon	1111111—7
Heikes	1111111—7		

Dayton, Heikes and Bacon div. first, Ruble second, Mumms third.

Fourth match, 12 single targets:

Taylor	111111111111—12	Bruce	111111111010—10
Mumms	111010111111— 9	Ruble	111111111111—12
Heikes	111111111111—12	Tippy	111011111111—11
Dayton	111111111090— 9	Bacon	001111111111—10

Taylor and Heikes div. first, Ruble second, Bacon third in the shoot off.

Fifth match, 10 live pigeons, entrance $10:

Dayton	1111111119—9	Mumms	1111111116—9
Heikes	1011111111—9	Angel	1011101110—7
Ruble	1110111110—8	Bacon	1011111101—8

Dayton, Heikes and Mumms div. first, Ruble and Bacon second, Angel third.

Sixth match, 9 single targets:

Taylor	111111101—8	Dayton	101111111—8
Heikes	111110011—7	Breene	111111010—7
Bruce	111101111—8	Ruble	011110111—7
Mumms	101100111—6	C Sander	001111110—6
Rudolph	101111101—7	G Sander	011010110—5
Makley	111000111—7	Turner	000101011—4
Cain	111111101—8	Bacon	111111111—9
Tippy	100111111—7		

Bacon took first money, Taylor, Bruce, Cain and Dayton div. second; Heikes and Ruble third, C. Sander and Mumms fourth.

Seventh match, 10 sparrows, 5 traps, 30yds., entrance $4:

Dayton	1111101101— 8	Taylor	1110111111— 9
Cain	1111111110	Bacon	1111111110
Ruble	1111110111— 9	G Sander	0001010101— 4
Heikes	0111111111— 9	Mumms	0111100011— 7

Cain and Bacon div. first, Heikes and Taylor div. second, Dayton took third.

TORONTO, Oct. 2.—The annual tournament of the Toronto Gun Club commenced to-day at Woodbine Park. There was a very large turnout, and the shooting, which was at live birds, was exceptionally good, considering that while the light was fair the wind was strong. It was noticeable that whereas the majority of the competitors shot with 10-bore guns, J. Townson used a 12-bore, according to English rules, and killed his whole 15 straight with one barrel. Following is the score so as the competition has gone. 15 birds:

First Class—First Squad.

J Townson	111111111111111—15	C Wilmott	111101101101101—10
J Blong	111011111111111—14	P Pearsall	111110000101001— 8
C Small	010111111111011—12	J Chambers	110011000100100— 7
E Perryman	111101101110110—11	J James	000110100101000— 5
H C Dennis	111011100111110—11		

Second Squad.

C H Riggs	111111111111111—15	D L Van Vlack	100111111111111—13
J Barrett	111111111111110—14	W McDowall	111111011011010—11
C Ayre	111101101111111—13		

Third Squad.

B Pearsall	111111111111111—15	W Felstead	011111111111110—13
G H Briggs	011111111111111—14	P Wakefield	111101111110111—13
J Bell	111111111011111—14	D Beldam	011111111101111—13
D Blea	111111101111111—14	R Dickson	101111111101001—11
W A Clarke	111111111111111—14	R Hunter	011101111001100—10

Artificial bird shoot; 9 birds at 18yds.: C. H. Riggs 9, W. McDowall 9, T. Sawdon, Sr. 8, Dr. Pearson 8, P. Wakefield 8, H. Kipp 8, W. Felstead 8, J. R. Wells 8, W. H. Pearson 8, A. Elliott 7, C. Wilmott 7, C. Sinclair 7, J. W. Sinclair 7.

Oct. 3.—The Toronto Gun Club's tournament, for a big list of valuable prizes, was continued at Woodbine to-day. The weather was thick and "muggy," and the rain prevented a start until nearly noon, the result being that the third and fourth classes and the ties at 12 and 11 in the first class have yet to be disposed of. Shooting will be resumed next week. To-day's results were:

At 15 birds each, 20yds., H and T traps:

Fourth Squad.

S Staneland	13	E Martin, Sr	12
J Foreman	13	E T Jackson	10
C Redder	11	A Elliott	13
W H Pearson	10	J James	11
G T Smith	12	J B Armstrong	12
G Taylor	6		

Fifth Squad.

F E LeRoy	13	C Sinclair	11
G R Wells	15	W G Sinclair, Jr	12
H M Kipp	6	T Sawden, Sr	13
F Quarrie	11	Dr Pears	13

Sixth Squad.

T Loudon	15	J Worden	12
W Bugg	14	W Villiers	12

Shooting off the ties in the first class, J. Townson, C. H. Riggs and B. Pearsall, 15 each, shot 5 birds from the 29yds. mark. Townson and Riggs killed all their birds, but Pearsall missed one. Going back 3yds. further, Townson again had a clean score of 5, while Biggs missed his fifth. Prizes in the first class went as follows: First, John Townson; second, C. H. Riggs; third, B. Pearsall; fourth, D. Blea; fifth, W. A. Clarke; sixth, G. H. Briggs; seventh, John Bell; eighth, W. Bugg; ninth, J. Blong; tenth, A. Elliott; eleventh, D. L. Van Vlack; twelfth, D. Beldam; thirteenth, S. Staneland. In shooting off the ties in the second class the results were: First, J. R. Wells; second, T. Loudan; third, J. Barrett; fourth, J. C. Foreman; fifth, C. Ayre; sixth, P. Wakefield; seventh, Dr. Pears; eighth, C. Sinclair; ninth, W. Felstead; tenth, T. Sawden, Sr.; eleventh, J. B. Armstrong; twelfth, F. E. LeRoy.

WHITE HOUSE, N. J., Oct. 5.—Return shoot between the North Branch Gun Club and the White House Gun Club. The day was perfect, and a large number of spectators witnessed the match, which proved to be a very close and interesting shoot. The White House club took the lead, but finally got rattled and lost the match by 1 bird. The scorers, too, lost their heads in the excitement, and announced that the White House club had beaten by 3 birds, but when their brains cleared the corrected score stood 43 to 44 in favor of North Branch. 15 Keystons, 1 Keystone trap, 3 angles, 18yds. rise, Keystone rules:

White House Gun Club.		North Branch Gun Club.	
H Bishop	101111111111101—13	Ed Lever	010111101001011— 9
Anderson	011111110000111—10	G Kramer	101011111101110—11
J H Davis	001001101101100 — 7	Col Kline	101100010100010— 6
B Piehle	110111110000000— 7	T Welsh	101010101011101—10
C Abbott	010000001011011— 6—43	Duickinck	000100101111110— 8—44

At the close of the shoot an amusing incident occurred. When some members went to retrieve the unbroken birds in the field a rabbit sprang from a bunch of grass and bounded across the smooth pasture right before the shooters. Instantly a dozen guns were leveled at him, but no one pulled a trigger, and he bounded away unharmed. It was evident that if the quickness and precision had been shown at the trap which were manifest when the rabbit showed itself, much better scores would have been made. Two gray snipe were also flushed from the same bog, and were killed with one shot by Mr. J. V. Voorhees, an old-time sportsman and an excellent shot. The third shoot between these clubs will take place Oct. 19 at North Branch.

SING SING, N. Y., Oct. 2.—A lively series of sweepstakes at Keystone targets and live-pigeons was held on the grounds of the Sing Sing Gun Club to-day. There was a good attendance of well-known shooters who kept the traps throwing quoits almost continuously during the day, besides the events at live birds. The shooting averaged 80 and 90 per cent. The money in the principal events was div. by Gettle, Raymond, Lindsley, Collins, Rohr, Cave, Edsall, Pierce, Paul Aker, Hitchcock and Pringle. Fred Mead was referee in the Keystone shoots, and Oscar Haines in the live bird contests.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 3.—The fine weather of to-day swelled the entrance for the Independent Gun Club's Muldoon medal to 11. The shooting, with the exception of that of the winner, was poor, and that, too, with the weather and the flight of the birds being perfect. Twenty single champion clay birds from 5 traps, American Association rules:

Sport	01100011011101001101—11	Schaffer	10001110100001000010— 7
Gibson	10001010000001100001— 6	Dewald	10101110010011011112—12
Metcalf	10011010010001000000— 7	Wenning	11010000110001111110—11
Frank	11001101101111011111—15	Bauer	10111000110001111010—11
Wick	11110111111111111101—18	Becker	00011001101110001110—10
Snider	10011011101111010010—12		

Match No. 2 at 10 singles: Wells 4, Schaffer scored none in 5 and withdrew. Dewald 6, Wenning 6, Becker 5, Bauer 5, Gibson 2, Metcalf 3, Frank 6, Wick 7. Match No. 2 same: Wells 6, Frank 7, Wick 6, Metcalf 3, Gibson 4, Sport 4, Bauer 5, Becker 5, Wenning 6, Dewald 8, Schaffer scored none in 5 and withdrew.

BROOKLYN VS. NEWARK.—At the grounds of the Newark Gun Club, in Newark, N. J., on the 2d, one of the most interesting shooting matches of the season was decided when the Brooklyn Rod and Gun Club contested a match with the Newark Rod and Gun Club. The conditions of the contest were: Five traps to be used, 1¼oz. shot, the boundary flags to be placed at 80yds. on the front and on the right and left sides of the field, and 32yds. on the back:

Brooklyn Gun Club.		Newark Gun Club.	
C W Thornton (28)	1121211211—10	C W Shepard (30)	1121221002—8
R T Barker (29)	1121021211— 9	E A Freeman (29)	1121202111—8
C S Brown (30)	1202101211— 8	E Newman (27)	2120110102—7
C N Crossin (26)	1212011010 — 7	A L Davenport (28)	1020102100—5
C Scott (28)	1210102102— 6	C S Howard (29)	0021102200—4
S Lawrence (27)	1210021010— 5	W W Hill (30)	1122000000—4
W Cahill (30)	2102103000 — 5	H W King (27)	1000000000—1
G W Reed (29)	1120100000— 4	G W Cramer (26)	1122110012—8
N M White (26)	0010200000— 2	H C Foster (26)	0110220000—4
	56		49

NEWARK, N. J., Oct. 4.—The much-talked-of match between Class and Brewer failed to materialize this afternoon. 200 persons put in an appearance at Erb's Park only to be disappointed. Class was on hand, but Capt. John Brewer failed to come to the mark. Not a line came from him regarding the cause of his absence, and he lost his $50 forfeit. Frank Class shot in a series of sweepstakes, as he said he wished to make a record for himself, and his magnificent form in this shooting did somewhat to make amends for the lack of a contest between him and Brewer. His score was one or 50 straight kills. The birds were a grand lot, and, helped by the northwest wind, which blew strongly across the traps, were off like a rocket, and puzzled the very best shots present to make scores. Frank Class is a finely formed man of about 30 and of sturdy physique. He stands about 5ft. 10in., and is broad of shoulder and muscular of arm and leg. He is dark-eyed and dark-haired, and possesses withal a most pleasing expression. He handles his gun with wonderful celerity, and no shooter of the country can equal him in the quickness with which the second barrel follows the first if the latter fails to grass the bird. The feature of the day was the retrieving of the black setter dog Lem. He was quick as a flash, and cunning as a fox. If the bird was likely to fly, he sneaked up to it with the stillness of a weasel. Did it require dash, he was equal to the occasion and bounded in with the jump of a panther. The only time Lem ever forgot his duties was a short time ago, when, sent to gather a far-away killed bird, he put up a full-grown rabbit on his way. The temptation was great. He forgot his training in nature's law and dashed madly after bunny, leaving the bird to the care of itself. After a mad chase, he came back looking as shamefaced as a corrected schoolboy. First sweep, 9 entries at $5: Class, Riggott, Erb and Leddy tied for first, and divided with 5 straight kills; Geoffrey and Cavanagh divided second; Heath and Parment third. Second sweep: Class, Riggott and Erb again divided first with a clean score; Parment, Leddy, Freche and Geoffrey captured second, while third money went to Heath and Cavanagh. Third sweep: Riggott, Class, Leddy, Heath and Freche divided first, Erb taking second, third being added to first. The fourth and fifth sweep were exactly similar. Sixth sweep: Class, Heath, Green, Cockefair and Siglow divided first with straight kills; second money went to Riggott and Leddy, third to Erb, Freche and Reinhardt. Seventh and last sweep: Chris. Reinhardt captured first money all by himself; second event to Erb and Cockefair, third to Francis, Hollis and Siglow, all the rest out in the cold. Had Capt. Brewer come to time the day would have been one to be long remembered.

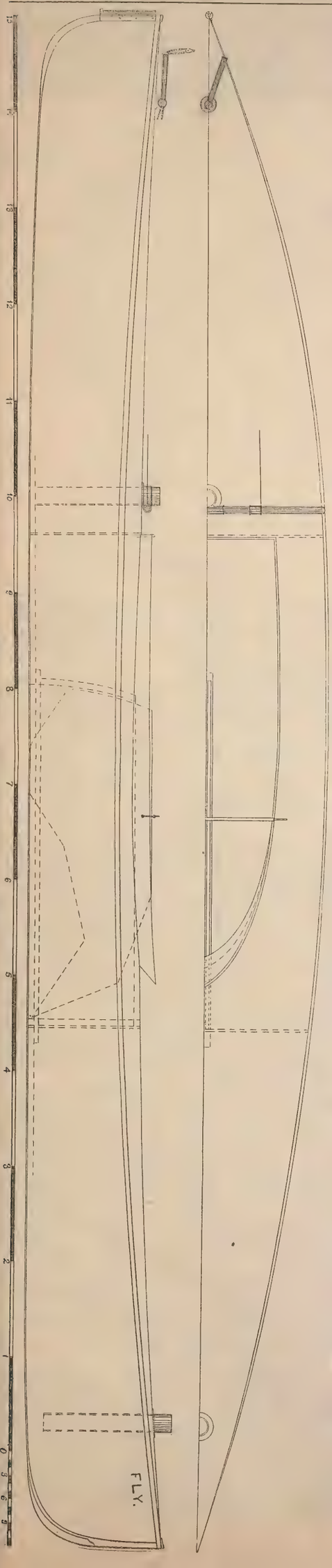
WELLINGTON, Mass., Oct. 4.—There was a fair attendance at the grounds of the Wellington Club to-day, and the weather conditions were favorable. In the silver pitcher match, at 8 clay-pigeons and 7 bluerocks, Chase and Melcher tied with 13 each, and in the shoot-off Melcher won with 3 straight. The other scores in this match were: Perry, Bond and White, 12; Cowee and Bradstreet, 10; Baxter 8, Moore 7, Bradbury 6, Needham 5. In the booby medal match the following scores were made at 20 bluerocks: Chase, 17; Bond, Perry and Stone, 15; Warren, White and Bradstreet, 14; Baxter, Cowee and Moore, 13. In the above match the medal was to be awarded to the man making the most consecutive misses. Bradstreet and Moore tied with 3 each, and in the shoot-off Moore was awarded the prize for breaking 5 straight, the conditions having been reversed without the shooters knowing it. The winners in the sweepstake follow: Six bluerocks, White, Cowee, Chase, White; 7 bluerocks, Melcher and Bradstreet; 8 pigeons, Melcher, Chase and White; 5 bluerocks, Moore and Cowee; 6 bluerocks, Moore; 5 pigeons, Perry, Moore, White and Melcher; 10 bluerocks, Chase, Moore, Warren; 5 pigeons, Stone and Bond; 6 bluerocks, Moore and Bond; 5 pigeons, Warren, Needham, Stone and Cowee; 6 bluerocks, Bradstreet; 5 pairs pigeons, White; 5 bluerocks, 24yds., both barrels, Warren; 20 bluerocks, Keystone target, Chase 17, Bond, Perry and Stone 15, Warren, Bradstreet and White 14, Baxter, Cowee and Moore 13; 30 bluerocks, Keystone target, Warren 24, Bond, White and Stone 23 each, Perry 22, Moore and Bradstreet 21 each, Cowee 19, Baxter 18.

MIDDLESEX SHOOT.—The fifth annual tournament of the Middlesex Gun Club commenced on Tuesday of this week at Dunellen, N. J. The attendance the first day was much smaller than on previous occasions when this popular club has given tournaments. In one event 33 men came to the score; but taking all events together, an average of about 20 was all that could be mustered. This, too, on one of the most beautiful days that a shoot could be favored with. Just what the reason is for this light attendance it is impossible to say. Perhaps it may improve before the week ends, as many who have promised to be here have not yet made their appearance. Among those now here are C. W. Budd, of Des Moines, Ia.; Rolla O. Heikes, of Dayton, O.; H. A. Penrose, of Corry, Pa.; A. G. Courtney, of Syracuse, N. Y.; A. R. Bowdish, of Oxford, Mass.; W. Wolstencroft, of Philadelphia, Pa.; John A. Ruble, Beloit, Wis., and such local talent as Milt. Lindsley, W. Fred Quimby, Wm. Sigler, Ed. Collins, Charles Smith and S. G. Smith. Bright sunshine accompanied the early morning events, and though later clouds appeared and the air grew cooler, it was still possible to keep comfortable while in motion. Nine regular events were shot and thirteen extra sweeps. Wednesday's programme calls for eight regular events, all at inanimate targets, and on Thursday and Friday live-bird contests will surely draw good entry lists. Full scores will be given in our next issue —FRANK MASON.

CRESCENT GUN CLUB, Oct. 2.—The members of the Crescent Gun Club of Brooklyn enjoyed a bird dinner to-night. About forty covers were laid, and President Walter H. Fitz Gerald presided. Representatives from the Unknown, Brooklyn, Coney Island, Glenmore, Duana, Falcon, and many other of the prominent gun clubs were present, and enjoyed an excellent repast and listened to speeches until a late hour. The Crescent Gun Club medal, designed by Mr. Burkee, of the Crescent Watch Case Company, and presented to the Crescent Gun Club by the donor, was on view during the evening. The trophy was won by Dr. H. L. O'Brien at the last shoot of the club. The next shoot of this organization will be held at Miller's Dexter Park, on the Jamaica Plank road, on Saturday, Oct. 26, when the classified shoots for the club medal will be decided, in addition to which several sweepstakes at clay-birds will be shot.

RED BANK, N. J., Oct. 4.—The Riverside Gun Club held its weekly shoot this afternoon on the grounds on the Middletown shore. The weather was perfect. Clay-birds were the targets. The first event was a match at 10 singles: E. M. Cooper, A. Whaymer and John Cooper 8, and W. G. Conover, the only other contestant 6. The first three div. the prize. The second event was at 5 pairs: W. S. Conover won by a score of 8, and John Cooper 7, A. Whaymer and Edwin Cooper 6. Third event at 10 singles: Jas. and Edward Cooper 10, A. Whaymer 7, W. G. Conover 5. A few small matches by outsiders followed. The live bird shoot of the club will take place on Oct. 18.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 1.—Mr. Ed. Holske was a passenger on the Chicago limited which passed through Philadelphia this morning. He is now on his way to Australia with Capt. Brewer, the celebrated pigeon shot. Holske intends backing Brewer against any one in the Antipodes.



CANOE "FLY."—DESIGNED BY MR. PAUL BUTLER.

SUFFERNS, N. Y., Oct. 1.—Close to the foot of the Ramapo Mountains, in a little level spot of half a dozen acres belted in with shrub and timber, are the shooting grounds of this part of Rockland county. To-day a shoot was held. The day opened with a heavy shower. It cleared off by noon, and those few who reached the shooting grounds represented the Harverstraw, Bergen County and Newark Gun clubs. The master of ceremonies was that genial crack shot Bill Taylor, brother of Jack. The winners of first sweep were Van Riper and T. G. Peck, with straight scores of kills; Post and Blauvelt tied for second. Second sweep, Van Riper and T. G. Peck divided first; Post and Blauvelt second. Third sweep, T. G. Peck captured first, and second was divided between Post, Van Riper and Eley. Fourth sweep, T. G. Peck and Van Riper divided first, others divided. The sixth and last sweep was a hotly contested one, at 7 birds each man. Four tied for first, with six kills each to their credit—T. G. Peck, R. Van Riper, E. I. Peck and W. Eley. The tie was shot, miss and out, Van Riper winning. Second money was divided between W. Taylor and R. Blauvelt; third went to G. H. Peck. Old veteran Jacob Pentz was referee.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., Oct. 3.—The Mahanoy City Gun Club arrived at Allentown to-day and engaged in a return shooting match with the Lehigh Gun Club. Each contestant was allowed 10 shots. The local team won by the following score: Lehigh—J. Nettles 10, J. B. Saeger 4, L. W. Masuric 5, P. C. Blank 5, E. Fink 6, M. Ochs 6, U. H. Wieand 8, D. Brown 5, J. Bell 5; total 54. Mahanoy City—F. Cooper 10, M. Cooper 7, G. R. Goodman 6, M. Clauser 7, J. Barr 5, H. S. Miller 4, W. Baker 4, S. Wildes 4, C. Burke 4; total 51.

HELLERSTOWN, Pa., Oct. 3.—The Valley Gun Club held its fall meeting here to-day, shooting three 5-bird pots and one at live birds. In the clay bird shooting the score was: O. Marsteller 11, J. Woodring 10, W. H. Gosner 8, J. Kane 8 and G. Quier 7. At live birds: Woodring, J. S. Hagey and J. Kane tied with 4 each, and in the shoot off Woodring won by 5 out of 6. The shooting was good and attracted a big crowd.

CARLISLE, Pa., Oct. 1.—Several hundred persons assembled on the county grounds yesterday to witness the all-day tournament given by the Cumberland County Fish and Game Association. Over 500 live birds were used, and shooters from all parts of the State were present. The big purses were won by Dingert and Bresinger, of Harrisburg; Cassell, of Hummelstown; Corcoran of York, and Lefevor, of Carlisle.

PEEKSKILL NEXT MONDAY.—A grand all day shoot at kingbirds and bluerocks will be held by the Ravine Gun Club, at the Peekskill Baseball Park, Peekskill, N. Y., Oct. 14, beginning at 10 A.M. sharp. Two sets of 6 traps each with the rapid system will be used and the several events on the programme will be shot off as fast as possible. Shooters from New York and vicinity can leave the Grand Central depot at 8 A.M. arriving at Peekskill at 9:20 A.M.—W. H. PIERCE, Secretary and Manager.

HARRISBURG, Pa.—The first annual fall tournament of the West End Social Gun Club will be held at the baseball grounds, Oct. 17, 18 and 19.

HAVANA, Ill.—A Peoria blackbird and live pigeon tournament will be held here Oct. 16 and 17.

Canoeing.

FLY.

THE accompanying plans of the canoe Fly, whose lines appeared last week, show the interior arrangement and the leading fittings. The canoe is used for match sailing almost entirely, and consequently the requirements of cruising have been little considered in the planning. The well is square at the after end and pointed forward, being 17¼in. wide inside. It is but little over 4ft. long, while the greater part is taken up by the centerboard trunk, leaving little room to sit below, but as the sailing is done entirely from the deck, this is a small matter. There are two bulkheads, one forward of the trunk and one immediately abaft the well, each having two circular openings or hand holes about 4in. diameter, closed with a flanged cover held in place by a screw, the flange being lined with rubber; the whole arrangement being modeled on the ordinary hand hole plate of a steam boiler. The compartments are quite large, but are not used for stowage. The well contains only a plain flooring, there being no foot steering gear or fittings of any kind below deck. The deck furniture is also very simple; at the stem is a small socket plate let into the deck, into which a ring about 1in. diam. drops, being used for the painter, and in sailing for the snatch block that takes the halliard. The mast tubes project about 2in. above the deck, each being carried up through a deck plate. Two travelers are provided, for main and mizen sheets, the former made of two pieces of rod, about ¼in. diam., as shown in the section, united by a length of tubing just large enough to slip over the wire. The ends are passed through the coaming and secured by wing nuts. The mizen traveler is one of Mr. Butler's most ingenious inventions, a metal tube 6in. long pivoted so as to swing in any direction in a horizontal plane. The two parts of the mizen sheet are led through this tube, as shown, the result being that the mizen boom can be trimmed down flat without at the same time being hauled in to the exact center line of the canoe, thus giving a very much more effective angle to the sail. The details of the traveler, with those of rudder, tiller, etc., will appear next week.

The canoe is constructed on the ribband-carvel method, and resembles very much that shown in Mr. Stewart's two Pearls. The keel is of oak, 1¼in. wide at rabbet amidships, with a keelson of white pine 3in. wide and ¾in. deep. The stem and stern are of steamed oak. The planking is of Spanish cedar $^3/_{16}$in. thick, with but three strakes to the side, as shown in the section. The ribbands are each ½in. wide and ⅝in. deep, slightly rounded on the back. The timbers are ½in. wide and ¼in. deep, spaced 6in. In building the ribbands are first run along the moulds, then the ribs are bent to shape and jogged into the ribbands, the reverse of the method described in "Canoe and Boat Building," after which the frame is planked up. This makes a very strong and light canoe, with perfectly flush seams. The deadwood of stem and stern, as well as the keel, is very carefully rounded away, while every care is taken to preserve a fair sweep of the lines from the stemband to the after side of the sternpost. The stem is protected by a carefully-shaped casting of brass, making almost a knife edge to the stem. The metal fittings are of aluminum, specially made for the boat. The centerboards, of which several kinds are used, are of steel or brass, the latest one being made of two thicknesses of sheet brass, about $^1/_{16}$in., riveted together along the edges. In the upper and after angle a small auxiliary board is fitted, filling the space between the keel and board when the latter is down. By this means the width of the main board is considerably reduced. The deck is of Spanish cedar, some of the Vesper canoes being decked with butternut. It is laid on beams spaced 9in., with 2½in. crown. The coaming is ¾in. high amidships.

PADDLING CANOES IN THE A. C. A.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It seems now about the time in the course of human events and canoeing for the Association to do something in regard to paddling canoes. After such an unsatisfactory race as the championship this year, not only to the participants but as to its conditions, and as we are in the future to have a valuable trophy for that race, now is the time for the Association to make as strict and permanent rules for paddling canoes as we have for our sailing canoes.

Last year and the year before the "disgruntled kickers" had the standing rig and the sliding seat to worry their wits and brains about, calling all sorts of names. This year they have before them a startling vision of a shell planked, veneered deck, cotton-stuffed centerboard—does any one know what it is?—with its mast tubes too small for a match and its ridiculous substitutes for centerboard and rudder, etc., upon which to vent their wrath and fling their scathing criticisms. Last year I sailed a boat with standing sails and sliding seat, and this year I am the possessor of one of the above described crafts. Surely I must be running in hard luck. These criticisms that have appeared at such length in the FOREST AND STREAM do not do the boat justice, so, lest the veracity of the critics be questioned, I am thinking seriously of having the necessary alterations made; to make the crime fit the punishment, as it were.

Let us look at the conditions of the championship race.

"Canoes noted as decked must be properly equipped sailing canoes."

"Open canoes must use the single blade paddle."

In the opinion of the committee, as was given after the race, decked canoes must be such as are used ordinarily in sailing and which weigh anywhere from 70lbs. to 125lbs., and these were to be matched against racing open canoes weighing anywhere from 30lbs. to 40lbs. Could you expect a race with any such conditions or were we expected to bring forth a race of giants to paddle with the double blade?

Can any one be blamed for entering the race in as light a boat as he thinks will come within the requirements, with such conditions as these?

I race for the excitement and fun I derive from it and there is as much excitement in paddling races as there is in sailing or rowing or any other kind of racing, except when you are away off in the back ground trying to get a move on a sailing canoe in a paddling race.

It seems to me that this race was all wrong from the start, the matching of sailing canoes versus open paddling canoes, the double blade versus the single, and the committee's allowing the decked boats to start in the race when they did not consider them properly equipped sailing canoes.

Let us encourage paddling, not discourage and handicap it in this way.

How easily this can and should be done.

Let us introduce a new class of canoes, the decked paddling canoe with the double blade.

Is there any reason why we should not have it?

It is the fastest boat and fastest blade.

I am sure there are many who would enter the races if they were allowed to paddle in a boat built for paddling and a boat that bore a relative proportion in its weight to their weight and strength.

Let a man race in the fastest boat he can build, only limiting the boat, of course, as to dimensions and its weight to 35lbs.

Is there any reason why we should not have racing paddling canoes as well as racing sailing canoes?

Nearly all the canoes in the championship races in the last two years have been canoes built to win that race or were racing canoes.

Let the men with the sailing canoes stick to sailing and the Record.

The men with the paddling canoes could not go into the Record paddling classes, but they could go in for the championship in singles and tandem and we would have good races, plenty of excitement, and what we want most, more entries.

Is this not reasonable?

Perhaps after all my boat may not be so much of a scapegoat as it is a martyr to a good cause. ALEX. E. PUTNAM.

WORCESTER, Mass.

[Our criticism of the two canoes that were disqualified dealt principally with Mr. Johnson's craft, certainly a poor specimen of a canoe, and built with the evident intention of evading the rule. Mr. Putnam's canoe was not as bad, but taking the two together we still think that the protest against them was made on good grounds. The splintered deck of Mr. Johnson's canoe, torn off after the race, was lying about the float for several days, a pretty good evidence of the build of the canoe. We have always opposed the absurd division which matches decked and open canoes together in paddling races, and the still more absurd attempt to even the matter by allowing only the single blade in an open canoe. There is no shadow of reason for such distinctions, and no good can result now from classing decked sailing and open Canadian canoes in a paddling race, or for compelling the use of the single blade in the principal paddling races. There seems to be a need at present for a paddling class of canoes, unhampered by any sailing gear, and to meet this the regulations of the new paddling trophy should be framed. While encouraging speed, the requirements of a good serviceable canoe should not be lost sight of, and in addition to a maximum limit of length and a minimum limit of beam as at present, it will probably be necessary to impose a minimum limit of weight. The best service paddling canoes now used are the open Peterboro, 15 to 16ft. and 28 to 30in., that have lately become so popular in the States, as well as in Canada, and by weighing several of these of average light build, such as are sold and used for general purposes, it will be easy to determine a reasonable limit of weight. The best limit will probably be not over 16ft. length, not under 28in beam, nor under 40lbs. weight. The limit mentioned by our correspondent, 35lbs., is very good for a racing craft, but would not be fair to men who wish to enter in ordinary light service canoes not built and used specially for racing. Narka, a strong canoe fitted for sailing, weighed 55lbs. without her movable board and trunk. With no limit on weight, we should soon see a Spanish cedar "shell" canoe, decked with silk and fit for nothing but racing. On a weight of 40lbs. there is ample chance to build a fast racing canoe 16x28, with a light deck if desired, that, through superior model, could outrun any of the regular Canadian open canoes, as was proved by Narka. The latter canoe, deep and V-shaped in her bottom, rather than flat and U-shaped like the Canadian canoes, cut the water like a knife, not leaving a ripple, and was capable of far greater speed than the flat Canadian canoe, built to skim over the water. The regular decked sailing canoe is out of the paddling championship for ever; no honest sailing canoe can be built to race against the racing machines which a continuance of the present conditions will bring forward every year. A very good proposal was made at the meet to make no canoe elegible for a place on the Record unless she has entered in one sailing, one combined, and one paddling race. This would offer some needed inducement to the sailing men to paddle, and insure that with some of them at least the use of the double blade would not become entirely a lost art. The single blade, though not the equal of the double in point of speed, has so many advantages in its way that its use should not be discouraged entirely by the Association, but a special race for single-blades only might be a permanent and interesting feature of the programme.]

NEW YORK C. C. FALL REGATTA.

THE fall regatta of the New York C. C. was held on Oct. 5 at the club house, Stapleton, Staten Island, a number of ladies being present among the spectators. The wind was very strong from S. E., while the flood tide was running swiftly. The race for keel canoes was quite a novelty, as these craft have long been out of fashion, but the club possesses three old keel boats, the Fence Cat and Kittiwake, each 16ft., and Mime, 14ft., which have raced together through the summer, so a special race was made for them. Fence Cat was sailed by her owner W. W. Howard, Kittiwake by C. L. Norton, and Mime by R. C. Delavan. The course was triangular, to a buoy off Clifton, then to a buoy in mid-channel, and home. Fence Cat was very well sailed by Mr. Howard, and won easily, beating Kittiwake by 8m. Mime did not finish. Neither Vagabond nor Eclipse had reached the club house from Travers Island on Saturday, so the only starters in the unlimited race were: Atom, C. B. Vaux; Nenemooska, G. P. Douglas; Ellida, Schuyler Schieffelin; Random, H. O. Bailey; Sylph, D. D. Gessler; Sea Urchin, B. H. Nadal.

The start was near the dock in a very strong tide, and while Atom and Nenemooska got away promptly, both Ellida and Random were caught by the tide and carried away from the line before they had gathered way, not crossing the line for several minutes after the others. Atom won in 28m. 5s., beating Nenemooska by 1m. 39s. Ellida sailed fast and made a good showing in third place, in spite of her bad start. In the maneuvering race Nenemooska beat Sea Urchin. The tandem paddling brought out the Collins Bros., of Bayonne, in the She, a borrowed canoe, as their own had not arrived, Stewart and Douglas in the Nenemooska, and Gessler Bros. in Sylph. She was first and Nenemooska second. The paddling race was won by Mr. Douglas in the Nenemooska, with H. S. Farmer in the Wind second. Mr. E. W. Dinger paddled the She, coming in first, but not going over the designated course. The upset race and duck chase did not take place.

YAWL RACE AT TRAVERS ISLAND.—Roslyn, L. I., Oct. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice that in your report of the canoe regatta given last Saturday by the New York Athletic Club at Travers Island, no mention was made of the yawl race over the same course and at about the same time. Such being the case, will you kindly publish the following facts? Through the commodore of the Corinthian Mosquito Fleet, who is also a member of the N. Y. A. C., I was invited to enter my sharpie yawl Gnat to sail for a prize kindly offered to the yawls of the Mosquito Fleet by the N. Y. A. C. The Gnat was duly entered, appeared at the starting line, having for her sole antagonist the yawl Cossack, a boat some 3 or 4ft. longer than herself. Yawls Hyacinth and Lestris, of the Mosquito Fleet, were also on hand but did not enter, because one of them had "carried away two halliards, and had no spinaker boom," while the other was "not in trim," and her owner stated he "wanted to start for the Norwalk Islands." So rather than spoil a race or appear discourteous to another club that had extended its invitation to the Mosquitoes, I concluded to sail against the much larger boat. We were duly started and timed by the committee five minutes after the canoes. Cossack led over the line, was passed by Gnat just after turning the flag off Glen Island. At the outer flag Gnat was four minutes ahead, and held her lead until the finish, which was made by Gnat about 9 o'clock. The captain of Cossack when within about 100yds. of the finish line lowered sail and was towed up to the landing stage, at the same time remarking to me. "They won't give it to you," which, taking the facts just as they are, appears to me a singular thing to say. I will add that shortly after the canoe race was completed everybody and everything except the two yawls vanished, probably to catch a train, or a crab, or something.—THOMAS CLAPHAM.

THE STATUS OF THE CLERK OF THE COURSE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the admirable report which Mr. C. Bowyer Vaux, as chairman of the regatta committee of '88, submitted to the executive committee, he made the following suggestions relating to the status of the clerk of the course:

"The clerk of the course is the most important officer, next to the chairman of the executive committee, and therefore he should be a member of such committee, appointed at the suggestion of the chairman from the same town or club as the chairman, or living near him. The timekeeper and buoymen can be got at the meet, and by appointing a number, need serve only one day each. The clerk should serve all the time, to make sure of accurate records."

These suggestions were not acted upon at the last meet, and it is because, as a result of my experience as clerk of the course at the last two A. C. A. meets, I am thoroughly convinced that they are advisable, that I wish again to call the attention of the canoeing public to them. The principal advantages which would be secured by the adoption of these suggestions are, first, that a thorough understanding would exist between the chairman and the clerk of the course; second, that the clerk would come to the meet prepared for his work, and with a supply of the necessary material; third, that the clerk would be thoroughly acquainted with the nature and conditions of the regatta programme; fourth, that the clerk would be in a position to give an authoritative answer to the greater number of the countless questions with which anxious contestants ply him; and fifth, that the decision of disputes would be materially assisted by the constant presence of a member of the committee, the clerk, in the stakeboat.

The successful use of sailing numbers instead of the A. C. A. numbers or totems, as distinguishing badges in all sailing races, at the last A. C. A. meet, will, I trust, never be departed from, and the executive committee at its next meeting should amend the sailing rules in that particular, in the manner and form recommended by Mr. Vaux. It is not necessary, however, that the numbers should be placed upon both sides of the sail, if the stakeboat is placed as it should be, inside, not outside of the course. The rules as to the carrying of colored flags in paddling races should also be amended. The flags now used as distinguishing signals in paddling races, are, if not altogether useless, nearly so. All paddling races are now straightaway, and it is impossible for the clerk of the course to be in the stakeboat at the finish and at the start to distribute these flags to the contestants. They are even when distributed, indistinct, hard to pick up, and harder still to take a record of. The better plan would be to give the paddling as well as the sailing men their consecutive number and let them carry it upon their canoe or person, in any way they please, so that it be sufficiently conspicuous.

It is, I think, of some importance to the Association, that as far as possible, not only the racing records of the Association, but of each division should be taken in as uniform method as possible. To facilitate this I wish to suggest that a form of record book should be adopted by the Association, and that all clerks of the course be requested to make use of these books and of uniform blanks and methods.

As I trust that I have earned the right to serve the Association in the capacity of an ordinary member in future, I wish for the benefit of all future clerks of the course to mention a matter that pertains exclusively to the clerk's work. Acting upon a suggestion of Mr. W. P. Stephens I this year took all sailing races upon boards which I got the camp carpenter to plane up for the purpose. A board was ruled off for each race, with a space for the sailing number and the time for each round, and as each canoe went round the flag I took its number and time. All the record books were left in the regatta committee's tent, where they were safe from all accidents of weather. Unless paddling races take place on a rainy day it is not necessary to prepare boards for them, they can be best taken in a common-place book, which can be used as an entry book, a regatta committee minute book, etc.

DAVID A. POE.

AMATEUR VS. PROFESSIONAL CANOEISTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The downward course of many men can be traced to very small beginnings. Take, for instance, the present "horrible example," who from the high position of a "pot-bellied cruiser" has gradually descended to that of a common professional canoeist, and all through the introduction of an innocent-looking spirit level into his canoe. This, however, was only a beginning, and in a short time was followed by the hiker seat and such like contrivances as one is apt to adopt when trying to shake speed out of his craft, with the result that we now see his name being coupled in the FOREST AND STREAM by "No. 1213" with the word "professional."

As "No. 1213" remarks, the A. C. A. is a strictly amateur organization, and should be governed by its rules, but still that does not necessarily mean that we are to be governed by the N. A. A. O. or any other athletic rules, as in canoe, skiff or yacht sailing races one does not require to be an athlete to take part in them, and they are of a totally different character from those in which personal strength plays such an important factor, and therefore properly come under a different rule. It is and has been customary for a couple of centuries to offer money prizes for all classes of yachts both here and abroad, and yet no one would call the gentleman yachtsman who sails his own craft in a race for a money prize a professional yachtsman; and yet according to the N. A. A. O. he and all those who took part with him in the race for a money prize would be professionals. Where would Commodore Stanton, Wm. Whitlock, W. P. Stephens and many of the best of our Association be if such a rule as that were allowed.

But Rule V. says no prizes of money shall be raced for. This spring several canoeists to who also belonged to the Royal Canadian Y. C. were at a loss to know what to do about this rule; they wished to enter their canoes against the skiffs, and see how they would make out, but the prizes were $12, $8 and $4. Now, while they did not want any money prize, they did want to race and see how a 16ft. canoe would make out against the larger class of skiffs, but wishing to be sure of their ground before they went into a race, they wrote to the FOREST AND STREAM on the subject, asking if they went into the race and won, but purchased a trophy instead of accepting the cash, whether they would be considered as professionals. The reply was to the effect that they would not be professionals as long as a trophy was purchased. This was considered just and satisfactory, and two of us went into the races, and took prizes to the value of $12 each, the cheque for which was handed to the secretary of the Toronto C. C., where it now lies waiting till a suitable trophy can be selected.

If judgment were given otherwise on this question whole clubs would be disqualified. The Royal C. C. of London, I believe, offers prizes to the value of so much, with which the winner purchases a prize to his liking. The same course has been pursued this year in the Toronto C. C., where instead of saying the prize will be a medal, they state that the prize will be so much value, and the fortunate winner can purchase a trophy to his liking; if he likes flags he can buy a flag, or if a medal he can get one made to his liking, or if he has a hankering after mugs he can have his mug.

Trusting that the foregoing will provide friend "1213" with the information which he desires, I will belay!

W. G. MACKENDRICK.

[The question was submitted to us last spring, and we gave a decision in accordance with previous usage in similar cases about New York, in which canoes had entered special races for small craft held by yacht clubs, the prizes being small sums of money. In all cases the entries were made with the understanding that if a prize was won the money should be paid to the secretary of the canoe club to purchase a suitable trophy for the winner, and this was deemed to be in compliance with the spirit of the rules. According to the reasoning of "1213," the A. C. A. rules are to be interpreted strictly in accordance with the usage and precedent of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen, and a man who starts in any race for which a money prize is offered, even though he does not complete the course or take the prize, is at once constituted a professional, as are all who may in future race against him. Under such a literal interpretation of the N. A. A. O. rule applied to canoeing some sweeping results would be reached; several New York canoeists who have in the past entered races under the conditions described above would be rated as professionals for the past six years, as would every canoeist who has raced against them in that time, to say nothing of those canoeists who are also yachtsmen and race for the prizes regularly given by the various yacht clubs. Rather than to reach any such dire result as this, involving the entire reorganization of the A. C. A., it might be better to interpret the rules in the light of a little common sense and the usage of other bodies besides oarsmen, as between match rowing and canoe sailing there is little in common. The conditions and surroundings of rowing, running and athletic sports in general, in all of which personal strength is the chief factor, have long been such as to encourage very active competition, with its attendant evils of gambling and professionalism. In sailing, on the contrary, in all classes of craft, betting and gambling are comparatively unknown; though yacht races are sometimes sailed for large sums of money, and heavy betting is found on the great international races, more is staked by the outside sporting fraternity than by yachtsmen themselves. As a rule, the evils which have attended rowing for money have troubled yachtsmen but little, and consequently while the rules have necessarily been drawn very tightly in one case, they are comparatively lax in another. The accepted definition of an amateur in yachting, one who does not earn his living by manual labor about the water, or does not sail a vessel for wages, is far less stringent than the definitions in rowing or athletic sports generally, and there is nothing said about racing for cash prizes. A yachtsman may with perfect propriety race for money, and in no way impairs his standing as an amateur, and if he chances to be a canoeist too, it would be straining a point to force him, and all who race against him, into the ranks of the professionals. As to the case in point, it would seem that every precaution has been taken to comply with the spirit of the A.C.A. rule by making the prize which the winner receives a trophy such as he might win with propriety in an A. C. A. race. Though the rules of the Amateur Rowing Association of Great Britain are far more strict than those of the N. A. A. O., proscribing any man "who is or has been by trade or employment, for wages, a mechanic, artisan or laborer, or engaged in any menial duty" in addition to the usual restrictions as to racing for money or against professionals; and though in addition they expressly prohibit any "value prize (*i. e.*, a cheque on a tradesman);" they have not been accepted as a binding precedent by the Royal Canoe Club; the winner of prizes in the club being allowed to select the value in silverware or other articles. The value of such prizes is usually from £3 to £5. One great source of strength in the A.C.A has been the purity of the amateur standard which it has set and maintained, and the corresponding freedom from any of the doubtful practices which have brought discredit on both amateur and professional rowing. We should regret any action which might be used as a precedent to lower this high standard, but under such circumstances as those in question, where a prize of a few dollars only is involved, which prize, though nominally in money, is actually in the form of a cup, a flag or some similar trophy, the whole transaction being open and above board, there seems little danger to be apprehended. The spirit of the rule is complied with, and it is hardly likely that the case would be used as a precedent for racing for a large stake. If the other extreme view be accepted then a change of the rules is necessary, and some line must be drawn between the Corinthian yachtsman and the amateur canoeist as recognized by the A. C. A. Since the above was written we have received from a British canoeist a sum of prize money won in sailing races, with a request that we should purchase for him an assortment of American canoe fittings.]

RED DRAGON C. C. REGATTA.—The annual regatta of the Red Dragon C. C. was held on Sept. 28, on the Delaware River. Three events were contested with the following results. Unlimited Sailing and Trophy Cup:

Ramona, B. E. Fortiner	3 50	4 17	27
Cigarette, F. N. Noyes	3 50	4 18	28
Nacoochee, H. E. McCormick	3 50	4 20	30

Course triangular 1½ miles, wind strong from S.W. Class 4, paddling:

Valesca, H. M. Kreamer	1
Alice, C. B. Haag	2
Mermaid, D. A. McCormick	3

Tandem paddling:

Valesca, Kreamer and Bond	1
Mermaid, Haag and D. McCormick	2
Nacoochee, Fortiner and H. McCormick	3

This ends the racing for this season. There will be quite a number of new boats this winter and doubtless some hot contests next year. All of the old boats can be greatly improved, both in rig and finish.

TORONTO C. C.—The final sailing race of the season was sailed on Sept. 27 over a 5-mile course, the wind being strong and puffy from N.W. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
CLASS I.			
Hyla, D. B. Jacques	4 00 00	4 00 00	1 00 00
Una, Colin Fraser	4 00 00	5 02 00	1 02 00
CLASS II.			
Petrel, Geo. Sparrow	3 55 00	5 13 00	1 18 00
Isabel, Robt. Tyson	3 55 00	5 23 00	1 28 01
Bervie, A. Shaw	3 55 00	.. ..	.. ..
Levite, W. C. Lee	3 55 00	.. ..	.. ..

The record in Class I. now stands: Una 9, Hyla 8 and Mac 6. In Class II. it is Petrel 11, Bervie 7, Isabel 4, Levite 5.

CORINTHIAN MOSQUITO FLEET.—The fall regatta of the Corinthian Mosquito Fleet will be held at Roslyn, L. I., on Oct. 12, race to start at 12 o'clock. Cups will be awarded by the Association in all classes where two or more boats start. Com. Smith offers a cup; class and conditions to be named on day of race. Vice-Com. Clapham offers a pennant to yawls of 15ft. l.wl, or under. Mr. F. B. Jones offers a cup "for the best time over the course, corrected, by a double-rig boat; canoe, sharpie, yawl, etc., irrespective of class." Boats from other clubs having a water line of 20ft, or under are cordially invited to enter for the Association prizes. A regular meeting of the club will be held on Oct. 21, at the Sturtevant House, New York, at 8 P. M. Eleven members have been proposed.

BRANTFORD C. C.—The postponed events of the Brantford C. C. regatta came off on Oct. 2, a half-mile paddling race finishing as follows: Fred Frank first, Fred Blomfield second, A. McQuillie, J. McQuillie and S. R. Potter; time 4.59. The tug-of-war was won by Fred Frank, Fred Blomfield and J. McQuillie against S. R. Potter, E. R. Salter and Alex McQuillie.

WHO WAS AT THE MEET.—The *Sail and Paddle* for October publishes a complete register of the A. C. A. members present at the last meet, 246 in all. The total number of members of the A. C. A. since its formation is now above 1,600.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Eastern Division: John J. Martin, Boston; F. C. Waterman-Stanstead, Jr., Quebec.

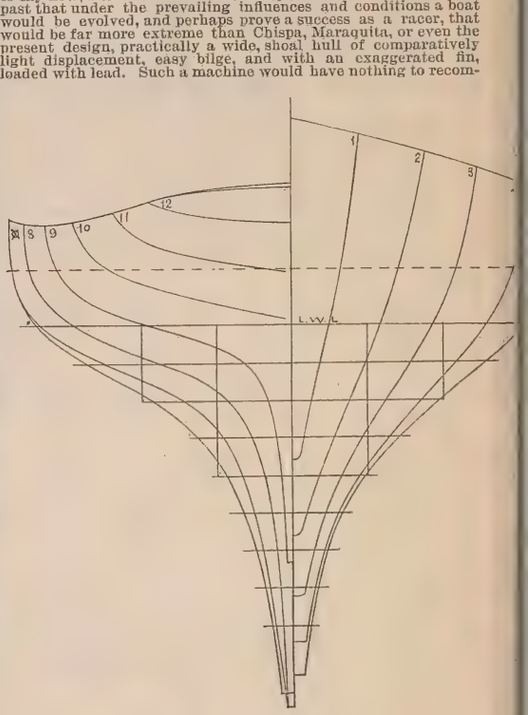
Yachting.

"West India Hurricanes and the Great March Blizzard." By Everett Hayden, U. S. Hydrographic Office. Large quarto, with 23 lithographic plates. Price $1. Contains full history of the great storm of March, 1888, with practical information how to handle a vessel in a cyclone; use of oil at sea, etc.

A LENGTH CLASS RACER.

THE accompanying design is the work of Mr. Chas. Livingston, of Liverpool, an amateur boat sailor and designer, and also a canoeist. She was designed for racing on Lake Windermere, being built this spring by John Shaw, of Bowness. The yachts of Lake Windermere are built under peculiar rules, that for the 20ft. class being as follows: Beam, not less than 6ft. 6in.; draft, limited to 5ft. 6in.; the after end of counter, not less than 1ft. 4in. out of water, and the counter 5ft. 6in. long; no part of the stem to project either above or below the water beyond the 20ft. gauge, nor the sternpost under the water; that the mast from deck to extreme top be 26ft. 8in.; that the bowsprit from fore side of mast to extreme end be 19ft.; that the boom from aft side of mast to end be 18ft. 6in.; gaff be 16ft. 8in.; topsail yard be 18ft. 9in.; hoist of mainsail from thimble to thimble be 16ft.; from deck to pin of jib halliard sheave be 23ft. 9in; that mast from deck to pin of topsail sheave be 25ft. 9in.; that there be no alteration in the new class for five years, dating from July, 1884; that the boats be constructed of wood, with steamed and natural frames, and single planking, pine, deal or larch; iron knees to be used to secure the lead keel only; to carry not less than 1 ton 2cwt. of lead. The practical result of all these numerous and arbitrary dimensions is a length rule, the yachts not to exceed 20ft. l.w.l., as though the sail is limited also, the limit is so great as to permit a very large sail plan for the length, and to offer no inducements to the designer to use a small sail plan. The actual dimensions of the Windermere boat are given below and also the dimensions on a scale that would give a length of 40ft. instead of 20, as the design is just as well adapted for the 40ft. class in American waters.

What the speed of this specific design would be if properly built to for the 40ft. class, is a matter of opinion, but the tendency of the past three years has been almost entirely in this direction, of great beam and draft, light bilge, high center of buoyancy and low center of gravity, with a very large sail plan. Since the advent of Pappoose the drift of designing in the class has been away from the moderate section of the former wide cutters with plenty of displacement and a fullness about the garboards, and toward the type represented by the present design, with moderate displacement and a thin, deep keel. However fast such boats may prove under a big rig, they are objectionable as seaboats, and have the additional disadvantage of very little room in proportion to the great draft, being so thin in the keel that the floor must be raised very high in order to secure a reasonable breadth, often necessitating a cabin house. What the effect of Minerva's success will be, she being of the exact opposite type, it is not easy to say now, but there has been every indication for some time past that under the prevailing influences and conditions a boat would be evolved, and perhaps prove a success as a racer, that would be far more extreme than Chispa, Maraquita, or even the present design, practically a wide, shoal hull of comparatively light displacement, easy bilge, and with an exaggerated fin, loaded with lead. Such a machine would have nothing to recommend her save her speed, she would be a worse racing machine than any yet seen, but there is good reason to believe that she would win races under the New York, Larchmont or Atlantic rules. It may be that Minerva's success will lead designers in the contrary direction, a consummation devoutly to be desired, but if the present rules remain, and Minerva is disposed of by the ostrich-like policy of calling her a racing machine and the American forties cruisers, there will be some queer productions afloat next season to beat Liris.



BODY PLAN OF WINDERMERE YACHT.

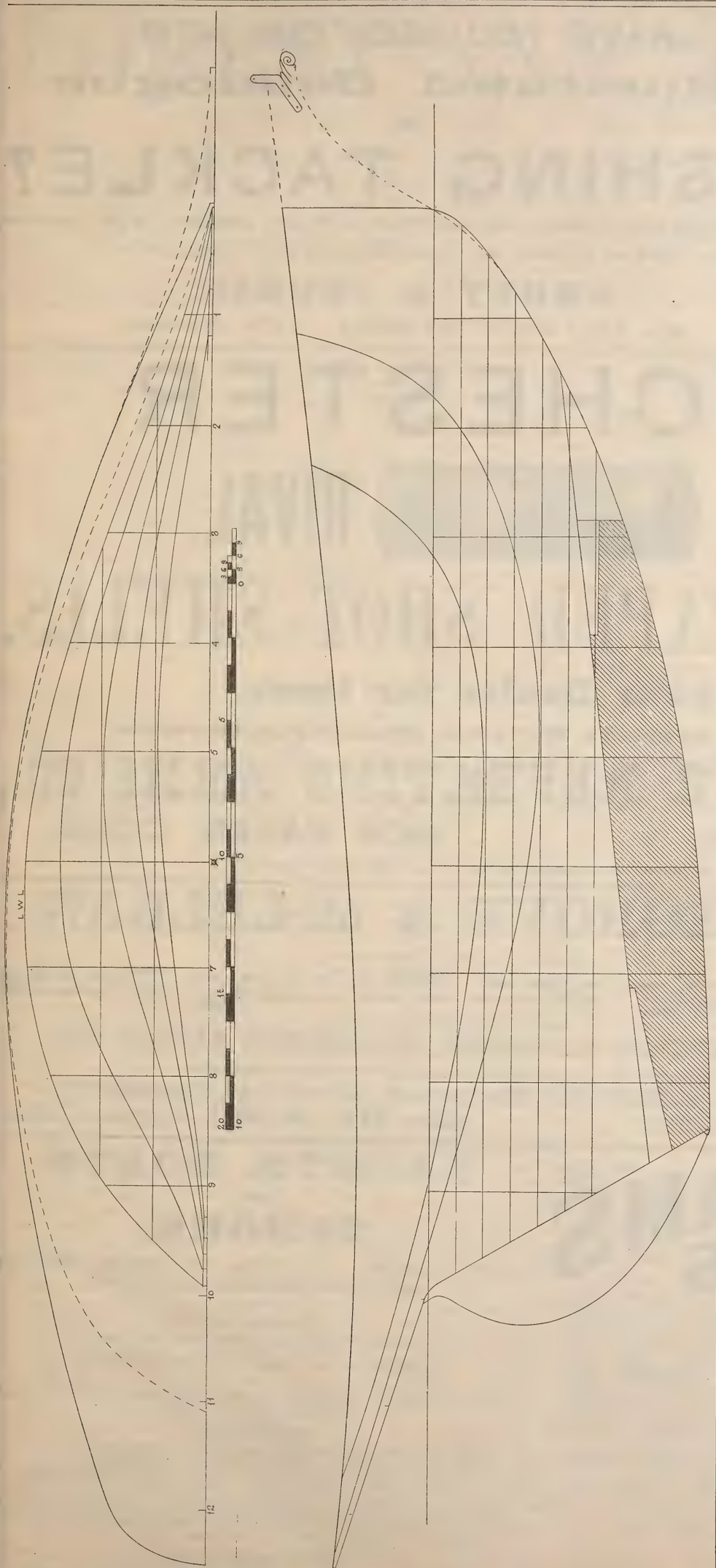
For racing only in the 20ft. class where one exists, the design would make a very good boat and probably be speedy, but those intending to build from it will find it best to replace the peculiar sail plan, the outgrowth of local conditions on Lake Windermere, by the ordinary proportions of the sloop or cutter rig, preserving about the same area. The details of the design are as follows:

	20ft. Design.	40ft. Design.
Length over all	25ft.	55ft.
L.W.L.	19ft. 9½in.	39ft. 6in.
Beam extreme	7ft. 6in.	15ft.
L.W.L.	6ft. 10in.	13ft. 8in.
Draft extreme	5ft. 1½in.	10ft. 3in.
Freeboard	1ft. 4in.	2ft. 8in.
Displacement, long tons	3.15	26.00
Ballast keel, long tons	2.05	14.00
Sail area, including topsail		

RACING IN TWO CLASSES.—Owen Sound, Ont., Oct. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At a regatta held here in August last, prizes were offered to the yachts winning in the following classes: First class, 30ft. or over; second class, under 30ft. and over 20ft.; third class, 20ft. and under. The yacht Lucille (belonging properly to the third class) entered for the second and third class races. These races were sailed over the same course at the same time. The Lucille came in first in the third class and second in the second class, and claims the prizes for each race or class. Our rules do not cover the point, and before deciding the question whether she is entitled to both or one only of the prizes, we would like your opinion, and what, if any, precedent you have in the point. I might add that under our rules any yacht is entitled to sail in any race higher than its own class.—H. B. S. [According to common usage of yacht clubs a yacht must enter in one class, and one only, before starting in a race; and it is not customary for a yacht to enter a higher class except when she has no competitors in her own. Under ordinary conditions we should decide that in the case given the yacht had sailed only in her regular class, and was entitled to that prize alone. If, however, as our correspondent intimates, she had made a formal entry in both classes, which entry was accepted by the regatta committee, and was known to all competitors, she could claim both prizes. It would obviously be very unfair to the contestants in the larger class to give a prize to a yacht belonging to a smaller, unless they were properly notified that she was admitted to their class and was sailing against them.]

CAPE MAY CHALLENGE CUP.—The race for this cup having been fixed to take place on Sept. 12, the Wendur started at 11 A. M. to sail over the course in the absence of the Irex. The wind was light from the westward, so there was a dead beat from Ryde to Cowes, with a fair-going tide. Off Cowes the wind still headed the vessel, but the strength of the tide asserted itself, so that the Needles was passed at 2:50. The breeze was now from W.S.W., so the yawl could just lay her course for Cherbourg, and with balloon foresail, jackyard and jibtopsails, she logged about seven knots without any perceptible motion, so lakelike was the Channel sea. The breeze going down and backing with the sun, at 9:30 a jibe had to be made, and another later on, and but little progress was recorded. The next day, at 8 o'clock in the morning, the kedge was let go two miles off the Cherbourg breakwater; got under way at 9 o'clock, and the west end of the breakwater was reached at 12:15. There was a dead run through the French roadstead, the air being so light that the east end was not left till 1:30, when a nice northwesterly sprang up, which afterward freed so much that sheets were checked, and the Wendur for a time reeled off eleven knots; the clinometer only registering 21° of heel, and the sea being smooth good progress was made. The Needles Light was passed at 10:30, and with a strong, fair tide Cowes appeared in the bright moonlight about midnight, and the winning line of the Royal Victoria club house at Ryde was crossed on Saturday morning, the markboat being hailed at 1:25. The Wendur now holds the Cape May cup, a handsome trophy of the value of 500 guineas, and it is to be hoped that in the interest of sport the Americans will try and regain their trophy next summer. The race was sailed under the flag of the R. V. Y. C., who, we are glad to see, are again occupying their former proud position.—*Field, Sept. 21.*

NEW YORK YACHT RACING ASSOCIATION.—At a meeting of the New York Y. R. A., on Oct. 4, it was decided to hold an annual cruise on Long Island Sound in August, beginning in 1890. President Prime reported that the association had been regularly incorporated. The regatta committee presented its report of the first regatta, the prizes being awarded as follows: Class D, Gertrude, Com. H. B. Pierson, Jersey City Y. C. Class E, Mergus, Vice-Com., Rowe, Columbia Y. C. Class F, Forsythe, A. F. Rowe, Jersey City Y. C. Class G, Lurline, H. C. Rosemond, Columbia Y. C. Class 1, Amateur, Com. Francis Burritt, Cedar Point Y. C. Class 2, James F. Corlett, C. Roth, Hudson River Y. C. Class 3, Rival, Com. Burritt, Cedar Point Y. C. Class 4, Lone Star, A. Bauer, Hudson River Y. C. Class 5, Bessie, G. Van Horne, Jersey City Y. C. Class 6, Nora L., Levings and Keegan, Williamsburg Y. C. Class 7, Alida, C. P. Vreeland, Newark Bay Y. C. Class 8, Pauline B., James Smith, Sing Sing Y. C. Class 9, Bon Ton, E. M. Post, Staten Island A. C.



20-FT. RACING YACHT FOR LAKE WINDERMERE.
Designed by Chas. Livingston, Esq., Liverpool, 1889.

QUEEN CITY Y. C.—A race for the Commodore's cup was sailed on Sept. 28 in a strong N.W. wind over two rounds of the club course. The cup was presented by the commodore to be competed for by second class club boats, the winning boat to hold it for one year. If won by same boat three times in succession to become the property of the owner. The starters were Elsie, Alliance, Tramp, Come-Again and A. A. Elsie won easily in spite of a bad start. The postponed race for 20 to 25ft. boats was sailed on Oct. 5 in a strong wind, the starters being Brenda, Mischief, Madeline and Swan. Brenda, when in the lead, broke her tiller, but an oar was passed aboard from the judges' boat and she continued the race, being steered by the oar, holding her place for a time. The times were: Mischief 5:12:05, Swan 5:16:43.

A RATHER FISHY STORY.—The following dispatch to the New York *World* marks the opening of the winter season of paper yacht racing. The report is in every way improbable: "Glasgow, Oct. 5.—James Bell, one of the members of the syndicate who owned the Thistle, has bought out his associates, and, it is reported, intends to fit her with a centerboard. He will then issue a challenge on the old terms for the America Cup, which, under the circumstances, the New York Club will not be able to refuse."

A CURIOUS BLUNDER.—The last issue of the *Field* contains a table of the 40ft. racing copied from an American paper, in which the number of starts and the positions in each race are given for each of the leading forties. The *Field* has interpreted the list of positions to mean that seventh and even eighth prizes are given in America, and laments over the long string of flags which Gorilla must fly, running all the way from firsts to eighths. It is hardly necessary to say that prizes are seldom given for anything worse than third place, and more commonly for first and second only.

ROYAL CANADIAN Y. C.—On Sept. 28 a race was sailed for the Cosgrove cup, the times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Brenda	4 41 50	1 41 50	1 38 47
Kelpie	4 39 48	1 39 48	1 39 48
Alert	4 42 28	1 41 28	1 40 37
Finette	4 42 30	1 42 30	1 41 51

Finette protests Alert for forcing her on a buoy. On Oct. 5 the race for the McGaw cup was sailed in a fresh S.E. wind. The times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Viper	4 49 00	1 49 00	1 49 50
Ellida	4 51 45	1 51 45	1 50 25
Woos	Withdrew.		
Freda	Withdrew.		

SING SING Y. C.—A race for 22ft. catboats was sailed on Oct. 4 in a strong northwest wind, the course being two rounds of a 5 mile triangle. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Pauline B., James Smith	22.06¾	1 38 50	1 38 50
Orient, Aug. Osborne	22.06¾	1 40 21	1 40 21
Irex, Roger Haydock	22.00	1 41 14	. . . .
Columbia, —— ——	22.00	Disabled.	

The judges were Messrs Gibson and Sherwood.

CATBOATS AT NEWPORT.—On Oct. 5 a race was sailed at Newport for prizes of $35 and $25 in each of three classes, given by Mr. E. D. Morgan. The course was 16 miles, wind light. The winners were:

FIRST CLASS.

Dove....4 12 18 Jennie....4 14 20

SECOND CLASS.

Pawpaw....4 20 32 Lizzie....4 24 16

THIRD CLASS.

Shamrock....4 42 04 Rebecca....4 44 18

VALKYRIE.—On a late voyage from Cherbourg to Southampton Capt. Diaper was thrown from the forecastle ladder as the yacht plunged into a sea, breaking both the small bones of one leg.

CORINTHIAN Y. C.—The Corinthian Y. C. of Marblehead has issued a very complete and interesting summary of its midsummer races for 40, 30 and 27ft. yachts.

A GOOD RECORD.—The jib-mainsail boat Eureka, designed by Mr. J. Borden, Jr., has won 10 firsts and 4 seconds for 14 starts. She is 25ft. over all, 19ft. 6in. l.w.l.

A NEW CENTERBOARD PILOT BOAT.—A new Burgess pilot boat is talked of for Capt. J. N. Reid and other owners, to be a centerboard craft.

RIVAL, sloop, has been sold by Messrs. Hope and Capman to her former owner, Mr. P. G. Sanford, of the Cedar Point Y. C.

TIDAL WAVE, schr., has been sold to Dr. A. L. Ranney.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

C. S. W., Zanesville, O.—See our game columns.

Setter, Asheville, N. C.—The American Kennel Club, 44 Broadway, publishes the Stud Book.

Kenmore, Albany, N. Y.—The Irish setter Kenmore is owned by Mr. W. C. Hudson, Albany, N. Y. He is not a champion and was not shown at Toronto.

F. N. M., Lebanon, O.—The Park bill did not become a law. On application Mr. Chas. S. Fee, general passenger agent Northern Pacific Railway, St. Paul, Minn., will send you pamphlet describing the National Park.

W. H. B., Spring Lake, Mich.—1. We do not know of any firm which will sell the castings you wish. You might apply to the Bowdish Mfg. Co., Skaneateles, N. Y., for castings or drawings. 2. Read "Training vs. Breaking." For sale at this office. Price $1.

J. M., Raleigh, N. C.—Please give me the name of some reliable firm who can furnish me with genuine waterproof silk English corduroy. I have written to every prominent firm in New York and have so far failed, and to a great many other places with a like failure. Ans. We cannot find a waterproof silk corduroy. Dealers say that they do not know that such an article was ever made. If you wish silk waterproof cloth the rubber dealers, whose addresses are given in our advertising columns, can supply them.

J. R. T., Norwich, Conn.—How can I tell the small-mouth black bass from the large-mouth? I sometimes see a fish in the market that the dealers call a chiquit; is that the right name for the fish? Which is the best line for trolling, Cuttyhunk bass or braided linen? Which is the best material to make a dip net with fine mesh to catch small fish for bait, cotton or linen, and what size twine? Ans. 1. By its smaller mouth, the upper jaw ending at a vertical through the middle of the eye, and by the larger number of rows of scales between the head and tail (lateral line), and by its different coloration. The small-mouth has 74 scales in the lateral line, and the large-mouth but 68 scales. 2. We are unable to find out to what fish this name is given. 3. Braided linen. 4. Ordinary net twine, fine. Mesh small according to size of fish desired.

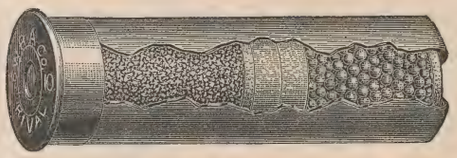
New Jersey.—Please identify this bird observed in New Jersey: Length about 7½in. Head and bill shaped like that of white-throated sparrow. Head black with whitish yellow line over the eye. Broad yellow stripe on crown streaked with brown. Bill yellow. Feet and tibia black. Feet small, seemed feeble. Back variegated. Wings and tail black or dark slate color. Two white bars on wings. When flying showed bars and white spot, either on each wing or on outside edges of tail. Wings when closed extended nearly half way down the tail. Tail rather long. Under parts white. Throat and chest tinged with reddish yellow streaked with light brown. Sides under wings when flying showed bright rose colored patch. Flight was jerky like a chewink. Seemed to walk slowly and with difficulty. Very tame. When first seen, flew from ground to roof of shed. Then to ground. From there it continually flew a few feet upward and caught small moths that lit on side of house. Ans. The bird described is a young male rose-breasted grosbeak (*Habia ludoviciana*).

Beecham's Pills act like magic on a weak stomach.—*Adv.*

HUMPHREYS'
VETERINARY SPECIFICS
For Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs, AND POULTRY.
500 Page Book on Treatment of Animals and Chart Sent Free.
CURES { A.A. Fevers, Congestions, Inflammation, Spinal Meningitis, Milk Fever.
B.B.—Strains, Lameness, Rheumatism.
C.C.—Distemper, Nasal Discharges.
D.D.—Bots or Grubs, Worms.
E.E.—Coughs, Heaves, Pneumonia.
F.F.—Colic or Gripes, Bellyache.
G.G.—Miscarriage, Hemorrhages.
H.H.—Urinary and Kidney Diseases.
I.I.—Eruptive Diseases, Mange.
J.K.—Diseases of Digestion.
Stable Case, with Specifics, Manual, Witch Hazel Oil and Medicator, $7.00
Price, Single Bottle (over 50 doses), - .60
Sold by Druggists; or Sent Prepaid anywhere and in any quantity on Receipt of Price.
Humphreys' Med. Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

Forest & Stream File Binders.
PRICE, $1.00.
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

HAVE YOU SEEN OUR NEW
Illustrated Catalogue
OF
FISHING TACKLE?
It is the most elaborate and magnificent book ever published in the Sporting Goods line. Send us 25 cents and we will forward you a copy post paid.
ABBEY & IMBRIE,
No. 18 VESEY STREET, NEW YORK.

WINCHESTER
STAR  RIVAL
LOADED PAPER SHOT SHELLS.
Ask your Dealer for them.
Not Sold at Retail by the Manufacturers.
WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.,
312 Broadway, N. Y. NEW HAVEN, CONN.
Send for 82-page Catalogue of Arms and Ammunition.


UPTHEGROVE & McLELLAN,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Shooting and Fishing Suits
AND CLOTHING FOR
CIVIL ENGINEERS, RANCHMEN, LUMBERMEN, MINERS, ETC.
Write for our new combined Catalogue with samples of Imported
Corduroys, Moleskin, Mackintosh, Canvas and Flannels.
SEE OUR NEW SHADES OF ENGLISH CORDUROY.
Address UP. & MC., Valparaiso, Indiana.

PAINLESS EFFECTUAL
BEECHAM'S PILLS
THE GREAT ENGLISH MEDICINE
WORTH A GUINEA A BOX
For Bilious and Nervous Disorders, such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fulness, and Swelling after Meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Scurvy, Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, &c. THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES. This is no fiction. Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills, and *they will be acknowledged to be a Wonderful Medicine.*—"Worth a guinea a box."—BEECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed, will quickly *restore females* to complete health. For a
WEAK STOMACH; IMPAIRED DIGESTION; DISORDERED LIVER;
they ACT LIKE MAGIC:—*a few doses* will work wonders upon the Vital Organs; Strengthening the muscular System; restoring long-lost Complexion; bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the ROSEBUD OF HEALTH the *whole physical energy* of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands, in all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that BEECHAM'S PILLS HAVE THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY PATENT MEDICINE IN THE WORLD. Full directions with each Box.
Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England.
Sold by Druggists generally. B. F. ALLEN & CO., 365 and 367 Canal St., New York, Sole Agents for the United States, *who,* (if *your* druggist does not keep them,)
WILL MAIL BEECHAM'S PILLS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE 25 CENTS A BOX.

DOG TRAINING:
BY
S. T. HAMMOND, KENNEL EDITOR OF FOREST AND STREAM.
For sale at this office. Price $1.00.

YACHTS, BOATS
AND
CANOES,
WITH SPECIAL CHAPTERS ON MODEL YACHTS AND SINGLEHANDED SAILING.
BY
C. STANSFELD-HICKS.
AUTHOR OF "OUR BOYS, AND WHAT TO DO WITH THEM.
NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS AND DIAGRAMS
AND
WORKING DRAWINGS OF MODEL YACHTS AND VARIOUS SMALL CRAFT SUITABLE FOR AMATEURS.
DESIGNS:
Model Yachts.—Defiance, Isolde, Bonny Jean, and 10-tonner with sail plan.
Canoes.—Birch, Mersey Paddling Canoe, L'Hirondelle, Sailing Canoe.
Sailing Boats and Yachts.—Dabchick, Wideawake, Myosotis, Una, Singlehander by C. P Isayton. Puffin, 3-ton Racer, 3-ton Cruiser, 24ft. Auxilliary (steam and sail) fishing boat.
This volume contains much that is valuable and interesting to American yachtsmen and canoeists. The design, construction and use of small craft of all kinds is treated of in a simple and entertaining style, and the instructions are clear and easily understood.
Large crown 8vo., 380 pages and 16 large folding plates.
Price, Postpaid, $3.50.
FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., 318 Broadway, N. Y.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 17, 1889.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 13 No 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Only advertisements of an approved character inserted. Inside pages, nonpareil type, 30 cents per line. Special rates for three, six, and twelve months. Seven words to the line, twelve lines to one inch. Advertisements should be sent in by Saturday previous to issue in which they are to be inserted. Transient advertisements must invariably be accompanied by the money or they will not be inserted. Reading notices $1.00 per line.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

May begin at any time. Subscription price, $4 per year; $2 for six months; to a club of three annual subscribers, three copies for $10; five copies for $16. Remit by express money-order, registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canadas and Great Britain. For sale by Davies & Co., No. 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London. General subscription agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Davies & Co., Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searles and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London, Eng. Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France, sole Paris agent for sales and subscriptions. Foreign subscription price, $5 per year; $2.50 for six months.

Address all communications

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

No. 318 BROADWAY. NEW YORK CITY.

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL.
Shooting from Steamers.
"Mad Bull—Pistols All!"
Snap Shots.
THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST.
Autumn Thoughts (poem).
How We Slew the Great Wild Boar.
NATURAL HISTORY.
The Hibernation of Reptiles.
The Woodcock's Whistle.
GAME BAG AND GUN.
Odd Incidents.
Safety of Gun Locks.
Ducks and Duck Shooting.
The Hunting Rifle.
The Game Season.
Pattern and Penetration.
Adirondack Deer.
The Bear as a Boxer.
Notes from Worcester.
Chicago and the West.
Game Notes.
SEA AND RIVER FISHING.
Club Leases.
Nipigon, the Paradise of Anglers.
Salmon Fishing in Scotland.
Aquaria Notes.
A Silver-Side.
Angling Notes.
FISHCULTURE.
U. S. Fish Commission Work.
Salmon Work in Maine.
THE KENNEL.
The A. K. C. Finances.
The "Stock-Keeper" and its Assailants
Danbury Dog Show.
Port Huron Dog Show.
Eastern Field Trials Entries.
Indiana Trials Entries.
The All-Day Field Trials.
Dog Talk.
Kennel Notes.
Kennel Management.
RIFLE AND TRAP SHOOTING.
Range and Gallery.
The Rensselaerwyck Meeting.
The Trap.
The Middlesex Tournament.
The Fodde Shoot.
YACHTING.
A 28ft. Steam Launch.
Lead Keels with Iron Bolts.
CANOEING.
Sails and Fittings of Fly.
Starting Signals for Races.
Canoes vs. Sailing Boats.
Corinthian Mosquito Fleet Regatta.
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SHOOTING FROM STEAMERS.

IT was once the common practice of tourists to shoot birds and alligators from the decks of steamers on Florida rivers and lakes. This abominable, because cruel and useless, warfare was waged until the supply of victims for the brutality was nearly exhausted. The development of the Florida railway systems, by which the tide of travel has been diverted from the water courses, has had a direct and marked effect on the wild life of the country. Instead of the leisurely progress by water craft tourists are now whirled through the country by rail, and the blood-thirsty contingent has no opportunity to deal out death at every turn. The waters and the shores are once again becoming populated with birds of plume, even the alligator is coming again into peaceful possession of his mudbank, and the moss-draped stretches of shore line are enlivened by the welcome charms of living creatures.

Some of the peculiarly constituted individuals, who find satisfaction in maiming birds by shooting from the decks of moving steamers, have found a new if more restricted field for their pernicious activity; and the scandalous practices that once disgraced Florida are now repeated by them in Maine. The shooting by tourists from the little excursion steamers, on many of the lakes, is rendering the birds that have usually bred on these lakes, scarce and extremely shy. Everybody shoots at them. Even the firemen on the little steamers shoot at every bird they see, and the poor loons—the great northern diver whose night cry renders such a weird charm to the woods and the lakes—are being exterminated. It is a shame. These steamer people are hurting their own trade in that they are destroying one of the principal charms of the lakes.

The birds are entitled to fair treatment, especially in the breeding season. Shooting from these steamers on Moosehead and the Rangeleys should be prohibited. Many of the ducks and loons shot at are only wounded, and the steamer people have no time to finish their cruel work. In one case, reported to us by our correspondent "Special" as having come under his own observation, a loon was shot at several times with a rifle and left minus his under mandible. The shooter thought he had accomplished a good deal, but alas for the poor loon that must die of starvation.

This shooting at everything alive on the water is wrong, and real sportsmen will not do it. There is no defense for this depriving wild creatures of life in pure wantonness nor for the cruelty of maiming them. No thoughtful, high-minded man will wound a bird which he knows he cannot put out of its misery, nor will he kill birds when no advantage can be derived from their death. Shooting birds from steamers, like the old-time game shooting from railroad trains, is very mean and contemptible business.

"MAD BULL"—PISTOLS ALL!

NEW YORK had a quiet autumn day last Sabbath, but the quietness was sharply interrupted by a street bull fight. That is, one four-footed beast tried conclusions with a thousand two-legged idiots and came out dead. He only made one victim, and this only indirectly since the shot which lodged in a spectator's groin was intended as a tickler in the hide of the bullock.

It was the old story. One which has been told over and over again and will probably be told as long as bullocks come afoot to this town to be eaten. The animal came with others over an uptown ferry. He did not go to the abattoir near by, but wandered away. He may have wandered along ever so quietly, but he at once became a "mad bull" in the opinions of the lads and men about him. Small fools "pegged" him with stones or belabored him with cudgels, bigger simpletons took him for a target, drew all manner of petty firearms, and made all the variety of misses possible in trying to hit him. This programme was carried out over several miles of city street, and naturally there were several retaliatory rushes by the bull; but he was finally downed, killed and carted away to the butcher's. Then a score tally was taken and thirty punctures of the skin were reported. Just about one hit in ten shots, a wretched showing of marksmanship, but nothing better than might be expected from such a parcel of shooters. One shot of the several hundred misses is accounted for. It is in the flank of an onlooker. Another, too, is accounted for; it was stopped by the hand of one of the assistant shouters. Police and populace stood side by side in popping away. The crowd on one side of the street fired at the bull in the middle, and the crowd on the other side responded in a vigorous skirmish fire, and neither company of fools seemed to think for an instant of the danger run.

There is a city ordinance which prohibits the firing of firearms within the city limits. There is another which requires the taking out of a license to carry a pistol, yet the moment a stray bovine is noticed in the street, these two ordinances are flung to the winds, and every Tom, Dick and Harry either rushes into the house for his family arsenal or yanks from his hip pocket his personal armory and shows how clever he can be at missing. The police are little, if any, better than the people as shots, but they keep at it to the end. A mad dog, or more often one which somebody has imagined might be mad, is in large measure a target for the mob; but he does not compare with a bullock astray in drawing out the reckless bullets of the citizens.

What is needed is a few arrests followed up by fines the very next time a bull takes a stroll. Let the ordinances about pistol firing hold good when the bull is abroad as at any other time. Let those familiar with the management of animals at large attend to the wanderer, under police supervision, but let not each and every man and boy appoint himself slaughterer by the pistol process.

IN next week's issue will be given the story of "Comanche Chief," being one of Mr. George Bird Grinnell's "Pawnee Hero Stories," soon to be published in book form. The same number will contain a lively account of the adventures and misadventures of a Washington party of duck shooters on the North Carolina coast, written by Alexander Hunter. Mr. Edward Wakefield, whose story of wild boar hunting in New Zealand is printed to-day, has promised us a number of other sketches of wild life at the antipodes.

SNAP SHOTS.

IT is much to be desired that the treasurer of the American Kennel Club should give to the public a plain, comprehensive and detailed statement of the income and expenditures of the club. Such an exhibit, demonstrating financial prosperity, would put an end to theories and speculations about the condition and prospects of the club, and would at once and most effectually silence adverse criticism, questionings and "croakings." As the club is a public institution we can see not the slightest objection to making public these details; in fact, the more the publicity given to them, the more surely will the club be accorded such measure of support as the figures shall show it to deserve. The club is a voluntary association; and no good purpose can be served by withholding from the kennel world the fullest information as to the finances. It strikes us as altogether unreasonable to construe this demand for the figures into an attack on the integrity of the treasurer, or to question the motives of those club members who are calling for facts and figures. Certainly nothing that Mr. Peshall has published can be construed as casting imputations on Treasurer Vredenburgh's honesty; it has rather been a reasonable and quite justifiable demand for enlightenment on the business standing of the concern. The controlling spirits of the club should have discernment enough to distinguish between the chagrined snarls of those newspaper managers whose penny-catching schemes have gone awry, and the well-meant comments of club members who have at heart the well-being of the A. K. C., and deserve at least the credit of meaning well, whether right or wrong in their contention.

Last Saturday Kaiser William, having the Russian Czar to entertain, and too considerate to treat him with any more Bismarck, did the most sensible thing he could do under the circumstances, and took his imperial brother hunting. Of course Diana is always favorable to royalties, and never permits them to draw a blank cover. Red and fallow deer were driven within shot of their imperial majesties, and Czar and Kaiser laid each his victims low; then came a rest for lunch and a renewal of the royal sport. Doubtless the Czar bethought him of the ponderous wisent, or bison, in his forest at Bialowitz, and of the Russian bears and wolves, and craved for the triumph of demonstrating to his imperial brother the superiority of Russia in this respect. Pending war may even be averted to afford the opportunity. Be this as it may, nothing could have been better designed for the promotion of peace as far as it depends on the will of the two autocrats, than a day spent together in a congenial pursuit in the forest. There throwing aside all cares of state, stripping themselves of the trappings of royalty, and exhibiting themselves as comrades in a pursuit of which both are said to be passionately fond, each revealed himself in his true light. In the forest Czar and Kaiser met each other as man to man, and whatever is noble and manly in the character of each would be sure to have commended itself to the other. All the talent of a Bismarck could not do as much to cement a good understanding between the two potentates, as a day spent together in the hunting field. If Kaiser William designed that hunt, he is perhaps a keener politician than he himself wots of.

The yachting season which opened in American waters with a strong breeze in the match between Titania and Shamrock on May 30, and closed very appropriately with the very squally finish between Kathleen and Shona on Oct. 1, has been a remarkable one in several ways. The weather conditions have been more severe than in many years, the usual drifting matches being few compared with the races sailed in moderate to very strong winds; this year for the first time has been seen a regular racing class, well built up to and keeping up the racing persistently about the coast, as both forties and thirties have done, while there has been an unprecedented number of races. Each class, 40 and 30ft., has sailed some thirty matches, and while there are many knotty questions still unsettled, and many apparent contradictions to be reconciled, the season must be set down as a most successful one, for the racing men in all classes, for the non-racers who look on, and as an aid to those enthusiasts who are constantly at work for the advancement and perfection of the sport.

The Sportsman Tourist.

AUTUMN THOUGHTS.

THE summer has fled with its garments of green,
And the pencil of autumn is painting the scene
Upon hillside and forest with colors that glow,
Ere old winter sends down his drop-curtain of snow.

How brilliant the picture our eyes may behold,
With the maples all flaming with scarlet and gold;
'Tis as if in regret for once breaking the chain,
Our New England had donned royal colors again!

Now the oaks are all gorgeous in purple and brown,
The bright gold of the beech to the hills lends a crown,
While the backgrouud of hemlocks, that once looked so green,
Seems black from the contrast to all this gay sheen.

Still a few faded asters are left by the brook,
While the harebell yet lingers in some sheltered nook;
But the brightness and beauty of flowers are gone,
And the berries are red on the alder and thorn.

I have likened my picture to some mimic scene
Which is set on the stage, the great actions between,
For it makes a bright moment of happy repose,
Ere the drama of life draws at last to a close.

Would that such brilliant hours may come in one day,
When bright morn and hot noontide have faded away,
And our autumn of life be as sunny and clear
As the picture which nature is painting us here. VON W.

HOW WE SLEW THE GREAT BOAR.

THERE has long been a controversy among naturalists as to whether the wild boar and the domestic pig are two different species, or merely one and the same species under different developments. So far, the former theory has been universally adopted in books on natural history, and the zoölogists invariably class the wild boar as a separate species and under a separate name, *Sus scrofa*. They assume it to be a distinct kind of pig, like the peccary of South America or the indigenous pigs of the tropical islands of the Indian Ocean, which are totally dissimilar, both in habits and appearance, from the domestic porker. Yet there is absolute proof, in one very conspicuous instance, at all events, that they are all mistaken.

When Captain James Cook, the celebrated English navigator, rediscovered New Zealand in 1774—it having been discovered by Tasman more than a century before, but never visited in the interval by any European—he found no animals of any kind in the islands, nor could he gather from the natives any idea of quadrupeds. They were cannibals living on one another, and on fish, birds and vegetables when the supply of human flesh ran short. They had certainly never seen a quadruped of any sort. Captain Cook put ashore a number of pigs and goats, which he had brought with him for the purpose, and on revisiting the country two years later was pleased to learn that they had increased considerably, the natives apparently being too much afraid of them to molest them.

Seventy years passed away after that before New Zealand was occupied as a British colony, and when the first settlers arrived in 1839, they found wild pigs, having all the characteristics of the wild boar of Westphalia, in possession of the mountain fastnesses and the forest depths; while pork was a favorite food of the natives, though they still had a hankering for "long pig," as they called a missionary or a sailor, when properly cooked in one of their nice, clean stone ovens.

It is now 115 years since Captain Cook landed his pigs; and the wild boar of New Zealand, the direct descendant of these miserable animals which had been cooped up on board ship for many months, is now a ferocious monster, a terror to men, horses and dogs, and monarch of the impenetrable gullies which he loves to haunt. The increase of the European population, who now number nearly 700,000, and the occupation of all the lower or more open lands, has only had the effect of making the wild boar wilder than ever, by driving him into the mountains or bush, and compelling him to lead a purely savage life, rooting his subsistence out of the sterile soil or devouring everything eatable that he can get hold of. Yet, notwithstanding the incessant war that is waged against him, he holds his own very well and is in no more danger of being exterminated than the tigers of India are. The sheep farmers, in fact, only hold their own against him by organizing raids upon him in his own territory and offering rewards for all the tails that are brought in by shepherds and hunters. The mountainous interior of New Zealand is mostly covered with tussock grass, an excellent summer pasture for sheep, intermingled with "Spaniards," a terribly sharp-leaved plant, somewhat akin to the yuccas of the Rocky Mountains, which has a huge succulent root like a parsnip, a foot or two long, and as thick as a man's leg. This root is the favorite food of the wild boars, and to find it they will often root over miles and miles of grass country, leaving it very much like a plowed field, with nothing for the sheep to eat. They never attack full-grown, active sheep, which can easily get away from them, but they make havoc among the lambs, while if they come across a cast sheep or a "crawler," unable to keep up with the others, they trample it down and soon leave nothing but some bones and shreds of wool.

New Zealand is a grand country for sport of various kinds, if you only know how to go to work, and it has this great charm, that there are no drawbacks in the way of climate, insects, venomous creatures of any sort, or heavy expenses. It is a temperate, healthy, exquisitely beautiful and very cheap country; and the sportsman can enjoy himself to the utmost without taking too much out of himself and without exhausting a moderate purse. There is no better sport, perhaps, in its way than boar hunting. Of course it cannot be got near the cities, and to have anything like a good time at it you should either go and stay with some friend at a sheep station in the hills or else organize an expedition and make a week of it under canvas.

There are several ways of hunting the wild boar, the most approved being to find him in his lair with dogs, and then, having got him into the open, to spear him or knife him on foot while the dogs hold him by the ears or by any other part of him that they can get hold of. It is very dangerous work both for men and dogs, for the boar is a huge brute, four or five feet long and three feet high, with vast strength in his forepart, the muscles being developed to an exaggerated extent by rooting and tearing in the woods—and his jaws are furnished with long, curved tusks that would go through a half inch plank easily. The dogs are often ripped from end to end and disemboweled on the spot, while sometimes the boar will get a clean snap at one and bite a great piece out of its side or its leg, leaving a wound that nothing will heal. It treats a man the same way when it gets the chance.

It is difficult to give an idea of the invulnerability of a real old boar which has survived a hundred fights. Its ears are all gone, so that the dogs have nothing to lay hold of, it has a "crest" on its shoulders and back, consisting of half an inch of solid gristle, which neither steel nor lead can penetrate, and on the top of that a hard coating of stiff, shining bristles, from which, when it lays them back, a spear, or knife or bullet glances off as from a polished marble surface. The only way the dogs can tackle such a brute is to seize it by the legs, at the risk of being ripped every moment, or by its terrific jaws themselves, with the certainty of being horribly chawed; and the only thing the hunter can do is to come close up to the boar, watch for a moment when its attention is taken up with the dogs, and then drive his spear with all his force into the comparatively soft part just behind the shoulder. Even then the boar often rises in his wrath, rips or tramples the dogs, sends the hunter flying to a tree or to his horse, breaks the spear off short and trots off sullenly to his lair, leaving a trail of blood, but not more than enough to make him more savage than ever. I have seen a boar when it broke loose like that, chase a hunter to his horse, rip his leg before he could mount, and then rear up on his hind legs and rip the horse so badly that it died a few days after. Another way to hunt wild boars is to drive them out of their fastnesses and shoot them, in places where it would be almost impossible to go in at them with dog and spear, owing to the nature of the country; and this also is a form of sport requiring some nerve and skill. It is an adventure of this kind that I set out to describe for your readers' entertainment.

I was staying the other day with a friend of mine who owns a large sheep station in the interior of Otago, the southernmost and most mountainous province of New Zealand, and I had for my fellow guest a young clergyman from England, brother of a very famous sporting man there, and himself keen after any sort of game. At my friend's table, and round the log fire in the evening, sport was all the talk, and "his reverence" and I were much interested in the stories we constantly heard about a tremendous boar which was said to have held despotic sway in a deep glen away in the mountains for many years. He was commonly supposed to be quite invulnerable, and the shepherds and station hands, who are all boon hunters, declared that he must have fifteen or twenty bullets imbedded in his hide. They scouted the idea of our being able to make anything of him, and my friend the sheep-farmer looked grave and said nothing when I proposed that we should try. A few days later, however, "his reverence" and I were to go for a ride to another part of the run, where there was good paradise duck shooting, and it was agreed that we should take our guns. We were accompanied by a young lady, a beautiful, ingenuous, high-spirited girl of sixteen, sister of our hostess. Our friends also sent with us a young shepherd on horseback to show us the way. The parson and I held a secret council of war before starting, and resolved that we would not trouble the paradise ducks that day, but find that big boar and slay him or die. Instead of a shotgun, therefore, the parson took a French carbine, in which he had great confidence, with copper-cased cartridges three inches long, a terrible weapon for big game at short range, but certainly not my idea of a gun for wild boar. I took a double center-fire 12-bore Greener chokebore, a shooting iron which I have found of great service under all sorts of conditions, the choked charge serving as ball at short range, and the scattered shot making sure of bird or hare at 70 or even 80yds.

When we had got a few miles from the house, we drew the shepherd into conversation about the big boar, a topic on which he soon grew very excited; and on our asking him whether he thought he could show us where to find him, he swore he could, but he declared nothing would induce him to go into the gully himself. As for Rosie, she nearly jumped off her horse with joy at the thought of a big pig hunt, and faithfully promised to do exactly as she was told, if we let her come with us. Accordingly, we turned our horses from the direction of the plains and the river and followed our guide in single file, rode along the narrow, winding ridge of a saddle till we were quite in the wilds and could see nothing all around us but hills on hills and alps on alps. It was quite afternoon before we rested for lunch in a shaggy glen, under a precipice of black basalt, where a stream of glittering water gushed out of a crevice into a natural basin full of watercress and sweetly perfumed water-orchids.

The shepherd told us we would find the boar in the scrub at the bottom of this glen, that being his regular retiring place during the heat of the day. As soon as we had finished our cold swan and scones, and taken a grown person's dose of cherry brandy to steady our nerves, we set off and rode slowly along the steep hillside, above the gully, the bottom of which was entirely hidden in tangled fernbrake with thorny shrubs growing through it here and there, matted together with brambles. The shepherd got off his horse and led it cautiously along the opposite side of the gully which was just within "coo-ee" of us—"coo ee!" the watch cry or view hullo in all the Australasian colonies. The only dogs we had were the two collies which had followed the shepherd.

After working our way noiselessly like this for a mile or so, we saw the gu'ly open into a larger valley ahead of us, and we were beginning to fear we had missed our quarry when we heard a long "coo-ee!" from across the gully and saw the shepherd waving his arms over his head and then pointing below him. At the same moment the dogs began barking furiously from some place in the thicket where we could not see them. Looking down, we could see that some big animal was crushing its way through the brake toward the opening of the gully, followed by the dogs. We held a hurried conference and agreed that the parson should remain on the hillside and shoot as soon as he got a shot, and that I should go on ahead and wait for the boar in the open in case he broke away. I told Rosie, who was now pale with excitement, to come on quickly with me, and to remain perfectly still with her horse and mine, at a safe spot which I showed her on the other side of the gully. She promised she would, and having posted her with the two horses, I took my own stand about 50yds. clear of the scrub in the flat of the gully. The barking and yowling and crushing went on hotter and hotter. Suddenly there was a rush and a yell. "Crack" went the parson's carbine. "R-r-r-r-r-r-r," went the long, rattling echo in the crags above us. I felt my triggers and hardened my heart.

"I've missed him," shouted the parson, "look out for yourself!" At the same moment an immense beast broke from the thicket with the two dogs close to him, and came straight toward me at a heavy gallop. As soon as they got into the open one of the dogs turned tail and skulked yelping away. The other made for the boar pluckily, but was rolled over and left behind. I saw that it all depended on my Greener, so, running a few paces to the left, to get as near a side shot as I could—"bang, bang!"—I fired both barrels as quickly after one another as I could draw finger from trigger to trigger. The boar let out a deafening sound, a grunt, a roar, and a shriek in one, and tumbled head over heels into a tangle of fern and rushes and brambles. I reloaded, and then went up to him, but what was my astonishment when I felt a light hand on my arm and heard a trembling voice say: "Is he dead? Oh, you will be killed if you go up to him!" It was Rosie, who had forgotten all my injunctions, left the two horses to take care of themselves, and rushed into the very thick of the danger—if there had been any danger—out of sheer excitement and fear for my safety. I soon reassured her, and the parson having descended from his hill, we examined our boar. He was as dead as herrings, herrings that are red. My chokebore had made a hole in him half as big as my fist, just behind the shoulder. The parson, however, had by no means missed him; but the wonderful copper-cased French bullet had simply gone in at one side of his flanks and gone out at the other without stopping him for a moment. He might have died of the wound some other day, or he might not; but such a wound was neither here nor there in the heat of the fray.

The boar was of a kind of leaden blue color, very smooth all except the forepart, which was bristled like a mat, and though he was scarred and ribbed with old wounds, we could not find any sign of bullets in his skin. He measured just 5ft. from snout to tail, and his tusks were 5½in. long from root to point, though, being curved more than half a circle, they looked much shorter. They were as sharp as a razor and beautifully white.

Fastening the boar's tail in Rosie's hat for a trophy, we cut off the head and hung it to the parson's saddle bees, and in this triumphant style we returned to the station and received a cordial ovation from all hands. The boar's head was duly cured, and I doubt not that when it is fit for the table, the tale will be retold to many a guest in that hospitable home, which I have told to you to-day.

My friend the parson died of consumption at Salt Lake City on his way home to England; but in a letter I received from him in New Zealand, written a few weeks before he died, he called to mind the good time we had together "the day we slew the great wild boar."

EDWARD WAKEFIELD.

Natural History.

THE HIBERNATION OF REPTILES.

THE more we study and observe reptiles (and the term may here include both the *Reptilia* proper and the *Batrachia*) the more do we realize how little we know of their habits, and how much there is still to learn concerning them. As regards, for instance, their natural term of life, we can only affirm of those in captivity that a certain snake was so many years in the menagerie, that a particular toad was an inhabitant of our garden, or a lizard of its cage for such or such a time; but who shall say how much longer they might have lived under their natural conditions, supposing they had escaped their natural enemies? Long-lived all reptiles are reputed to be; and considering that they are active at most only half the year, and sleep away the other half, expending but little energy, even when they display their maximum of vitality, there is no reason why they should not be long-lived. We have no clue to any definite period beyond what can be observed of them in captivity. Evidences of their marvelous powers of endurance are obtained in the phenomenon of hibernation alone, when they retain, or recover vitality under peculiarly trying conditions. Some cases under my own notice have been so amazing as to render one almost a convert to the belief that toads have been encased in rocks for countless ages, as has been often affirmed. Some of my pet batrachians have been encased in solid ice and survived. And hibernation during captivity is, and must be, far more trying to them than when, obeying a natural instinct, and under certain physiological conditions which dictate that instinct, they retire to their own selected spot at their own time.

In a reptilium it is seen that on the approach of winter they become disinclined for food, are less active and, as visitors vote them during the colder months, are extremely "stupid and disappointing." They are indeed so readily affected by temperature that even during summer a chilly day produces inactivity. It was, I think, the distinguished writer, P. M. Boget, in his "Animal Physiology" (1834) who first used the oft quoted words "reptiles are obedient to the external atmosphere." Observing them in captivity one is more and more impressed with this truth. "Obedient" in its widest sense they are; submitting, as it were, without resistance, without a struggle even to *quasi* death, and renewing life with as little effort. More sensitive than the most delicate invalid, your pet batrachians will inform you of a change of weather almost before you perceive it yourself, by their becoming suddenly dull and inactive. Some newts that on warm summer mornings have been swimming about actively, every few minutes popping their noses out of the water to take a fresh breath, suddenly remain below and almost motionless, and you open a door or a window to discover a fall in temperature. Other reptiles are similarly affected, and should you see them by and by resume their activity, you may, without consulting the thermometer, decide that the temperature has risen. Even their intelligence is affected. During the height of summer my captive newts readily recognized me,

looking up expectantly for food supplies, and rising to the surface when a worm was held there, and sometimes so quickly as actually to take it from the hand, whereas in cooler weather they took no notice whatever of either person or food. This was the case with some frogs also.

The hibernation of reptiles in captivity is not attended with invariable success, nor must it be forced. In zoological gardens, where the reptilium must be kept at a given temperature, all take their chances alike. Those from tropical countries may retire beneath a covering and cease to feed, while others from temperate zones may continue active and hungry throughout the winter. On the whole, the conditions of the spacious reptilium are more favorable than the narrower limits and fussy attentions frequently bestowed on private pets. As regards my own, the hibernation has been a perplexing business, aggravated not a little by the great and sudden changes of weather, early frosts producing early torpor, and midwinter mildness causing them all to be astir again. So early as September, and even sooner, a few sunless days, so common in England, render them disinclined to feed, and instead, therefore, of being in a thriving, well-nourished condition to enable them the better to sustain the approaching winter fast, they are poor and with low vitality at the outset. Yet in this latter case, one has been amazed at their powers of prolonged endurance. One very tiny frog (*Rana temporaria*) and an undersized English newt (*Molge vulgaris*) were remarkable instances of this. Both, at the beginning of summer, were in a globe with others, and both soon became melancholy examples of "the weakest going to the wall," while their companions proved themselves "survivals of the fittest," at any rate the strongest. There were eight or nine frogs of the same brood, and during the first few weeks of their captivity all of the same size, but soon showing conspicuous gradations, some rapidly outgrowing the rest; and then, by reason of their being the most active and quickest to seize the food given them, leaving the others, and one especially, far behind, till this tiny creature was almost starved. A similar state of things existed in the newt bowl, one feeble little hungry newt looking up almost pathetically when the cover was removed; yet only occasionally would it take such small creatures as were presented to entice it. Both it and the wee frog seemed easily baffled and discouraged, as if they had discovered that resistance was useless; and though extra care and vigilance were bestowed on them, their lives were almost one prolonged fast. If placed in a bowl by itself the little newt fared not much better, seeming to have no energy to pursue its prey, and only if conveniently close making any attempt to seize it. Nor did this small *Molge* show any disposition to hibernate. In September it ceased entirely to feed, and so late as December the tiny creature persistently kept above, generally clinging to the side of the glass globe, a mere skeleton, pitiful to behold. An occasional rise of temperature caused it to move ahead a little, but otherwise thus it remained during the whole of the winter, not once closing its eyes or showing signs of torpidity. Its head looked preposterously large, its vertebræ were painfully distinct, and its legs were mere threads. During some sunny days in March it moved about somewhat more vigorously, looked at such small creatures as could be found for it, and even made an attempt to seize one now and then; but its efforts were, so far as I could see, ineffectual, except on one occasion, when a very small worm was swallowed. This single meal, together with a show of spring weather, revived it slightly, and toward the end of April it took to the water; but its crest not having developed, and its tail being almost cylindrical, its swimming capacities were evidently feeble, so that it had much difficulty in rising to the surface. Strange to tell, this little amphibian, fitted so admirably for an aquatic life, was drowned at last. On the morning of April 29 I saw it lying on its back at the bottom of the bowl, motionless. Probably it had been there for some hours, unable to rise, perhaps all night, as during the previous days I had several times lifted it out of the water, but, obedient to its natural instincts, it soon took another dive. When, now, once more taken out and brought into a warm room, a slight movement of the tail showed that life was not quite extinct, but it did not revive. Only after some hours its eyes became duller and the tail quite still. Its tiny form, with every bone distinct, was a perfect skeleton, held together by the cuticle only. A study of anatomy the delicate structure distinctly is, and at the same time a marvel of the vital power having been so long sustained in a mere skeleton. Its vertebræ are easily counted; fourteen I think there are to the tail, and above thirty in this latter, but so minute toward the tip as not to be accurately reckoned. All the other articulations are equally recognizable. The entire length of the skeleton is exactly 2¾in., of which the tail is nearly two-thirds. It was—as all newts are—entirely gentle and inoffensive, yet it displayed a good deal of spirit and activity to the very last when taken out of the water, in its determination to get back again, fatal as I foresaw in its feeble condition and inability to rise to the surface. Just one year it had been in my possession, and eight months of the time had literally lived on air.

Of the rest of the batrachian family only the one tiny frog had succumbed to the first hard frost, the others, frogs, newts and toads were none the worse for having been buried in icy graves, literally frozen hard during a part of the winter; and when on one occasion I broke the surface ice under which some frogs were immersed, they had their eyes wide open, and they dashed about as actively as in summer. Some of the family had got away during the previous autumn and managed their own hibernation out of doors, no doubt more healthfully and satisfactorily than those on whom much anxious care was lavished, for they reappeared in April and even found their way back to their old haunts, a small conservatory where, during the previous summer, they had hopped about at will, and now re-established themselves.

CATHERINE C. HOPLEY.

WILD PIGEON IN MASSACHUSETTS.—East Templeton, Mass., Oct. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It gives me pleasure to be able to report the return of the wild pigeon to Massachusetts. I saw three Sept. 23, genuine *Ectopistes migratoria*, the first seen since 1879 or 1880. They were feeding on blueberries and huckleberries that, although badly dried, were persistently hanging to the bushes. May this beautiful and purely American bird soon cease to be a *rara avis* in Massachusetts.—C. E. I.

THE WOODCOCK'S WHISTLE.

STOCKHOLM, Oct. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The other day, when shooting partridges in the Province of Delacarlia, Sweden, my good dog Nero came to a dead halt in a clump of bushes by the reedy lake shore. Nero was facing me, and as I walked toward him a large bird flew up between us and went tumbling along through the air in its drunken flight. It was an easy shot in the open, and at the report the bird fell dead, riddled through and through. A woodcock it was, to be sure, but not the merry brown beauty of America. Its wings were longer and more pointed, its color less brown and more gray, and its flight as silent as that of a hawk. It was a great, big fellow, however, to American eyes, and tipped the scales at 12oz.

The FOREST AND STREAM reaches me regularly in my northern home, and as I picked up this bird and looked him over, as the sportsman is wont to do, I thought of the controversy now going on in your columns upon the whistle of the woodcock.

I have said the flight of the European cock is silent. It is not always so. An American sportsmen visiting Sweden in May will surely be invited out woodcock shooting. This is a very leisurely sort of sport. You leave the city at six in the evening, after the day's work is done, sail out a dozen miles among the islands, and landing, take your stations in favorable openings in the woods. Some time after nine the laggard sun goes down and the woodlands ring with the sweet carols of the birds of spring.

But what is that? *Gnarr! Gnarr!* like the grunting of a hog. It comes again and again, always twice repeated. Now it is nearer and followed by a hissing whistle thus: *Gnarr! Gnarr! Hvist! Gnarr! Gnarr! Hvist!* Yes, it is over head. You look up, a dark bird sails across the opening in the treetops. There is just time for a snap shot and your first European woodcock drops dead at your feet. This is shooting "*på streck*" on the flight. It is the male bird alone that flies thus, and the shooting is only permitted after the female has laid her eggs, is sitting on her nest, and *pater familias* has become rather a nuisance about the house than otherwise.

But what has all this to do with the whistle of the American bird? Not much, perhaps, and yet it may throw a side light upon the question.

The European woodcock makes this grunting, and also this hissing, whistling sound with its bill. This is an undisputed fact. It makes these sounds only in the breeding season, to be sure, and the hissing whistle is not the merry jingle of our October bird as it springs from the alder swamp. Yet these two facts remain. The European cock does make a hissing whistle with his bill, and second, no bird in the world is so like our own woodcock as its European cousin.

Now this does not prove but that our own "timber doodle" whistles with its wings. In fact, that has always been my belief. But the question is still an open one, and the vocal notes of the woodcock in Swedish woods show that the thrilling whistle of our own bird may be, after all, not a matter of a pinion. MARSTRAND.

QUAIL'S NESTING HABITS.—A writer in a recent issue tells of a male quail that devoted its time to developing the brood without aid from the female. The habits of the quail in this respect are somewhat changeable, being due to certain laws of nature which are quite beyond our knowledge to explain. Bee keepers are aware that bees swarm more in some seasons, and this year was one for the sending forth of more than the average number of swarms. The same principle is true of quail, and the flocks number probably a hundred per cent. above the average. Sometimes a female quail will lay a nest nearly full of eggs, and then begin a second nest within a hundred feet of the first one. In this case the cock bird will take possession of the first nest and diligently and patiently sit upon the eggs during the long period of incubation, thus allowing the female quail the privilege of laying and bringing forth the second brood. This is usually smaller than the first one, and is about one month later.—JASPER BLINES (Alexandria, Mo.)

Game Bag and Gun.

ODD INCIDENTS.

ONE of the druggists had been out shooting and several of us dropped into the store in the evening to ask the usual question of, What luck? After the narative of the day's sport had been related, by-gone days were talked of as is usual at such gatherings, and among other incidents the following was related by the elder druggist.

"Late last fall four of us were out looking for the last woodcock; we had two dogs and hunted in twos, agreeing to meet at a certain point in the afternoon. Each party had fair luck, and when we met we had five birds and the others six. There was a slight rivalry between the parties and we wanted to show as good a score as they, so I proposed that we hunt a cover about a quarter of a mile distant. To this the clothier and his friend objected and remarked that they were ready to go home, as they wished the score to stand as it was and feared that we would tie their score, or beat it, as we were always considered a lucky pair. However, after some talk we started and they went along, thinking, I suppose, that possibly they might get another bird or so and beat us still more. When we arrived at the cover we spread out and entered it; my dog made game and soon came to a point in a position where I was the only one who could see him; I said nothing to the others, but went up to him and walked up the bird, which came almost straight towards me. I waited until he passed, then turned and fired first one barrel, then the other, but he kept right on, and leaving the cover, crossed a small opening, going down among a few scattering trees. I thought I must at least have wounded him; so, calling the dog, I started after him. When I got there I sent the dog in and he worked over every foot of the ground, but failed to find him. I called to the others to come and help me find him, as they had not found any more birds. They came, but we could not find him, dead or alive. Then they began to laugh, and tell me that I had shot at a robin, but I was positive, and went over the ground again with the dog but without success. I had about concluded that the bird must have flushed again before the dog got there, when, as we were coming out of the timber, I noticed the dog making game near an old rotten log just at the edge. I called the others' attention to it, and we went over there all ready to shoot at the first sound of the whistle. But no whistle was heard, although we looked carefully and walked all around the log. I suggested that possibly the bird had been wounded and crawled under the log. As it did not appear to be hollow, the other fellows laughed, but finally one of them helped me roll the log half over, which proceeding failed to reveal the bird. We both let go of it at the same instant; and it rolled back with a crash, splitting in two from the jar; and there, to our astonishment, on one half of the split log, lay my woodcock, still alive, but badly wounded. On studying the problem of how the bird got there we found that at that portion of the log a knot had been pulled out, leaving a hole just large enough to admit Mr. Woodcock, but how he came to go into the hole is still a mystery."

A few evenings later I happened into the hardware dealer's place of business, when he told me the following: "One Sunday several years ago I was out for a walk with a young dog I had just purchased; and, naturally enough, my steps led to a small cover near town, where an occasional woodcock was found. I thought possibly there might be one there, and wished to try the dog on a point. I did not have a gun with me, but carried a light walking-stick. The dog worked carefully through the cover without even making game, but just as he came out on the further side he froze stiff about ten feet from a cedar bush. I came out about ten feet on the opposite side of the bush, and could plainly see a woodcock sitting under it. The thought came to me to make a rush and hit him with my walking-stick as he went up; but after less than a second's deliberation, I raised the cane and threw it at him, striking him fair in the head, and stunning him so that I ran and picked him up before he could recover."

The above is vouched for by several reputable men; and by its oddity it reminds me of one of the strangest occurrences which has happened in my hunting life. The snow was about a foot and a half deep and light. We were hunting rabbits. The bag was rather light, so when I spied a partridge in a hemlock tree, I promptly fired at him; but the effect of my shot seemed only to hasten his speed more than usual if possible. We followed, and had gone some distance without seeing him again, when I stepped on to an old log to get a better view. As I stepped off on the other side I felt something moving under one of my feet, and could hear the confused fluttering of wings. Quickly looking down I saw that I had stepped on a partridge, which had, probably, striven to hide under the snow. On capturing and examining the bird a shot mark was found on one of his legs, which was the only wound seen; and a post-mortem confirmed the diagnosis. So he was, probably, the bird shot at, which had flown some distance, and, striking the snow at an angle, had gone under for safety, as they sometimes do during severe storms.

In this narrative of novel happenings the following seems worthy of a place: A young gentleman of the name of Northup, who was staying at Dunbar's, at Stillwater, a short time ago, went to Mud Pond, about three miles above Stillwater, to watch for a daylight shot. He waited until daylight waned without seeing any game; and as he was some distance from camp and one of the plucky kind, he concluded after eating his lunch to make a night of it and try his luck the next morning. So finding as comfortable a spot as possible to lie on, he prepared to sleep. Night had let her blanket of darkness fall upon the land, and Morpheus was lulling him to a quiet slumber, when suddenly he was startled from a dream of a monster deer by the sharp cracking of dry sticks, as if some animal were walking. He raised himself to a sitting posture, and as he did so the thought occurred to him that it was a deer coming down to drink.

The night was dark as Erebus; he could not see his hand before his face. How he was to see the deer, to say nothing about shooting her, was a question. After a few seconds' thought, he decided to get his rifle ready anyhow; it was close beside him; and as he reached for it his hand brushed against the paper bag he had carried his lunch in. At this moment a scheme flashed across his mind and he proceeded to execute it and the deer at the same time. Silently cocking his rifle he laid it across his knees, with the muzzle pointing toward the sounds he had heard, then he took off his hat, carefully picked up the paper bag and placed it, or as much of it as he could without making any noise, in the hat. When this was done he took out one of those old-fashioned, blue-headed, Gates's eighteen-day matches (it takes something like that amount of time for the brimstone to burn before there is a flame that can be used), and holding the hat with the paper toward him, he lit the match in his coat, and as soon as possible lit the paper bag, which instantly blazed up, when he could see a fine doe standing a few yards from him. As the bag lighted he had turned it toward the deer, which immediately turned her eyes full upon the light. In an instant Mr. Northup had raised the rifle to his shoulder with one hand, holding the hat with the blazing bag in it with the other, and shot her in the head, dropping her in her tracks.

He then built a fire, by the light of which he dressed his deer and hung her up, after which he awaited daylight by enjoying that sleep which a contented mind always brings in the woods. The next morning he returned to camp for help to bring in his deer and told his story, which was generally voted to be the "biggest lie of the season," but to the guide who went with him after the meat he showed such conclusive evidence of the truth of his story that its veracity is not questioned; and I believe it, or I should not have ventured to send this narrative to the FOREST AND STREAM with these other odds and ends of sport. OSCEOLA.

NORTHERN NEW YORK.

SEEING A BULLET.—At the inquest in the case of the Ship Harbor, N. S., men killed by mistake for a moose, one of the party with them swore: "The sun was about half an hour high, and it was a beautiful clear, still morning, I was looking intently ahead, and saw a black speck or streak distinctly and the bullet whistled past my ear within a few inches." "Did you see the bullet coming?" "The morning was clear and I was looking very intently and the bullet came so directly toward me that I am firmly convinced I saw the bullet as a black streak coming."

DUCKS AND DUCK SHOOTING.

NATURE has divided ducks into two broad classes, the divers, and the non-divers. Ducks of the first class, having their feet or paddles well behind, can, by diving, obtain their food from the bottom of even quite deep water. The non-diver, on the contrary, feeds on the flats or in water so shallow, that the bottom can be reached by the head and neck only being put under water.

The object of these different organizations is evidently to increase the range of their food. The divers readily reach the marine plants, which grow on the bottom, and the smaller crustacea and insects, also found there; whereas the non-divers consume the food found at or near the surface, or on the flats or mud-banks temporarily left bare.

The divers needing light for their search for food in deep water, feed almost wholly in the daytime. The non-divers on the contrary, feed principally at night, and are guided probably to their food by their sense of smell, which in most of the class is quite acute.

Ducks are large feeders. To propel a body of several pounds weight through the air, at a speed of 50 or 60 miles an hour, requires great expenditure of muscular energy, which can only be supplied by much nourishment. Besides, ducks are cold weather birds, and their animal heat must be kept up by much fuel in the form of food. It is apparent therefore, how ingeniously Nature has provided for the multiplication and liberal support of waterfowl, by doubling as it were their feeding grounds, and making the bottom as well as the surface and shores of the water, tributary to their support.

The different habits of these two classes of ducks perhaps explain the extraordinary difference in their mental endowment. The non-divers are very intelligent birds and in their keenness of observation and power of drawing inferences as to danger from very slight circumstances, they are equal to, if they do not surpass man.

The divers, on the contrary, like the sea coot, the canvasback, the redhead, the bluebill or bay widgeon, etc., are dull birds, with apparently limited observation, and are slow to avoid danger. But this class of ducks live and feed on broad waters, and can only be approached by boats which are easily noticeable, so that the approach of danger is sufficiently obvious, even to their sluggish observation.

The non-divers feed near the shore, often quite close to high reeds or bushes, which allows a stealthy approach of their enemies; a constant hazard, to be avoided only by their higher organization and the development of their powers of observation.

The diving fowl come more readily to decoys. They fly but a few feet above the level of the water, and so have a limited range of observation. They will light among decoys, set near an open boat, or a boat slightly concealed by bushes. If shot from the shore with decoys, a very slight screen is sufficient for the shooter.

They have apparently little or no sense of smell. They rise slowly and heavily from the water, and at an acute angle with the surface, and although among this class are some ducks, like the canvasback, which afford the most delicious food, they are far less interesting to the sportsman, and require much less of his care, patience and skill for their capture.

They are largely shot in the Chesapeake and Currituck waters from batteries, which are boxes sunk to the water's edge, in which the shooter lies down for concealment; and in this way the autumn and winter markets are kept supplied by the market gunners with this table luxury.

The non-divers, like the mallards, the black and gray duck, the bald pate or American widgeon, fly high in the air, approach their feeding grounds or the decoys 30yds. or more up in the air, and then only after a close scrutiny and observation of all surrounding objects. They differ from the divers by not usually alighting among the decoys and by sailing a few yards above them; they come up from the leeward and fly either into or across the wind, and in so doing, if they detect any motion or recognize the artificial character of the decoys, they spring into the air, with the wind under their wings, and are beyond shot often in less than a second's time.

They also have the power, if alarmed when sitting on the water, of springing six or eight feet up into the air, like a quail or partridge when flushed, and making off with great rapidity.

Apparently they have keen power of scent; for frequently when the wind drifts them into the line of the scent of the sportsman in his stand, they will instantly, even at a distance of 50 or 60yds., recognize the danger, and escape it by rapid flight across the wind.

Currituck Sound, in North Carolina, is the resort in autumn and winter of great numbers of ducks of all kinds. The canvasback and the redhead frequent the open waters, and are shot in great numbers for the market from batteries and blinds by the native gunners. The non-diving ducks frequent the shallow waters and marshes which form the eastern side of the sound, and which lie adjacent to the wide sand beach which is the barrier to the ocean.

On the eastern side large tracts of marshes have been purchased by various shooting clubs. Among them is the Swan Island Club. This club owns about six thousand acres of marsh land and shallow waters, held under an original grant from the State of North Carolina, which gave exclusive titles, to the waters, as well as the land, thus affording ample legal protection against trespassers. As, however, the canvasback and redhead bring a much higher price in the market than the non-diving ducks, there is little temptation to the natives to shoot the latter; and as the members of the Swan Island Club do not shoot from batteries or blinds, there is no interference between them and the natives; and the relations of the parties are harmonious and satisfactory, the club giving a good deal of employment to the natives as boatmen, etc.

This club is exceptional in having no by-laws nor rules, but it is tacitly understood that no member is to go out to shoot before breakfast, and that each member has his choice of position for the day by rotation.

The member who has this first choice of position naturally takes an early survey of the club grounds before announcing his choice. His object is to find a large body of ducks which appear to be wonted to the place they are resting in, and to want to remain there for the day; or, failing this, to find a place in the probable line of flights of ducks for the day.

With a glass he can command a stretch of about five miles, and in this extent he sees thousands and thousands of ducks. It would seem a very easy matter to go almost anywhere, and secure three or four dozen as his day's bag; but experience soon teaches him that nature has made much too good provision for the safety of her feathered children to allow of any such certainty. He therefore studies the weather, the wind, the flight of such birds as are moving, and especially the possible changes in the day, so as to secure a position well to windward, as the ducks moving during the day usually make their flight to windward.

Having announced his choice, he starts for his destination with his flat-bottomed boat well loaded with decoys, and is rapidly driven over the shallow water by his boatman with a long shoving pole. Having arrived at the bay or cove which he has selected, he puts out the decoys in such a position that the ducks coming to them may have a long sweep over the water from the leeward, so that the wind blowing across their flight gradually draws them toward the stand or screen in the reeds or bushes, in which he is concealed as carefully as possible.

The great object is to secure the ducks passing within shot of the sportsman and then leaving him, flying straight into the wind. The more perfectly this position is obtained the better will be the shooting. The ducks when flying away offer a better mark. He does not flare or jump when the gun is raised, and if there are two or more ducks the second barrel can be used more effectually.

It is very difficult to place the decoys perfectly until several birds have drawn in and passed over them. The first few birds often come wild and full of suspicion, probably owing to the decoys having an artificial appearance, or their being too near the stand, or too far to the right or the left.

Various changes will have to be made, and some good shots apparently lost before the decoys are all right; then the satisfactory shooting begins and continues until a shift of the wind of two or three points may compel the sportsman to move his entire rig to some other point where the wind favors, and begin his shooting over again. And so the day goes on, his success being dependent on the vigilance of his observation, and on his activity and energy in arranging for the changes of the day and the caprices of the ducks. Then the element of luck comes largely in. A day may have been a very dull one until the middle of the afternoon, when a sudden and unforeseen change of wind and weather may bring a great flight of ducks and give a couple of hours most active shooting.

The shooting is wholly at single birds, that is, when a flock of ducks come to the decoys they spread, so that two can be rarely caught in a line so as to be covered by one barrel. A right and left shot at single birds is usually all that can be accomplished.

The gun in use at the club is a light No. 10 breech-loader, loaded with 4¼drs. powder and 1⅛oz. or 1¼oz. shot. This, with a good shot, insures the death in the air of any single bird within fifty yards. With No. 5 shot a bird may be killed at even seventy yards, but not with certainty, and such long shot are avoided.

Geese are shot with No. 1 shot of the same load as to powder and weight of shot as for the ducks, and can be effectually shot at seventy-five or eighty yards, and occasionally at a hundred.

The shooting ceases at sunset, and varies of course as to its success with the weather, the height of the water, and the habits of the ducks for the day. On a still, bright day ducks come very little to the decoys. A windy day with clouds increases their readiness to decoy, and on a stormy day with violent rain or snow they decoy very boldly.

At Swan Island, on a bright, pleasant day, twenty or twenty-five birds make a good average bag. On a more favorable windy or cloudy day, forty or fifty are a good bag. On a first rate shooting day the bag may come up to seventy or even to ninety or a hundred.

These bags are made between ten in the morning, about which time the decoys are set, the stands made up and the shooting begins, and half past four or a quarter to five, when the sun sets. In fact, a member of the club is generally sure of six hours of active, interesting and successful shooting for three days out of four.

All the ducks killed on the Swan Island preserve are excellent eating, though perhaps not quite equal in flavor to the canvasbacks of the Chesapeake, after they have fed for two or three weeks on the wild celery. The wild celery grows sparsely in Currituck Sound, where the widgeon grass furnishes abundant pasture for the immense flocks of swan, ducks and geese.

All the ducks not eaten by the club are sent to the market in Norfolk, so that nothing is wasted, and every bird killed furnishes a good, nutritious dinner for somebody.

The duck shooting at Currituck begins, by the law of North Carolina, on the 10th of November, and is restricted to the hours between sunrise and sunset. The climate of the sea coast of North Carolina is a very healthful and delicious one during the late autumn and winter. Occasionally a severe frost freezes over the shallow waters, but the ice generally continues but for a day or two, and as it melts and leaves spaces of open water, good shooting can be had. The ordinary temperature is very like that of the New England September or October, but with a very much softer character.

As a sanitarium, the place is of great excellence. The open-air life and the exercise, of which the snipe shooting affords abundance, and the good food, for the ducks are by choice the principal article of diet, and the sound sleep, make a marvelous change in the mental and physical condition of the man who exchanges his office and indoor life in New York or Boston for his vacation at the club.

It is probable that the club grounds will continue for many years to be a good preserve for ducks. They are disturbed as little as possible on their feeding grounds. They find abundant food and entire quiet, and it is not uncommon to see from the lookout on the club house from fifteen to twenty thousand ducks and geese within the limits of the club's grounds.

The number killed is but a very small fraction of the immense numbers that pass the winter there; and until their breeding grounds in the extreme north and northwest are broken up, the annual increase will far exceed the loss from shooting, or even from that unseen and somewhat mysterious destruction carried on by Nature through the agency of birds or animals of prey, or by unusual severity of storms and other similar causes, which regulate and balance the different orders of living creatures, whether inhabiting the land or the water. M.

THE SAFETY OF GUN LOCKS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Of the casualties mentioned by you in "A Fourth Chapter of Accidents" something more than fifty per cent. were occasioned by the hammer falling without the trigger being pulled; and as it is improbable that all the unfortunates were guilty of using the rubbish sold as a cheap gun, the inference is that the rebounding lock does not always furnish adequate protection, even in well made guns. At least one firm of London makers think so for in some of their hammer guns Holland & Holland use the additional security of an intercepting safety.

And apropos of this safety I wonder why it is that no tumbler bolt is used in the hammerless gun built in this country. The gun critics are quite agreed that there is need for it, and abroad the makers of best reputation use it. Mr. J. H. Walsh ("Stonehenge") in "The Modern Sportsman's Gun and Rifle" takes very strong ground in favor of an intercepting safety, a judgment concurred in by "Gloan" and by the authors of "Shooting" in the Badminton Library. The latter insist on it, almost as a *sine qua non*. They say: "We strongly recommend a sportsman invariably to insist when choosing a hammerless gun that it shall possess besides a so-called safety bolt an intercepting block that is only moved from its protective position when the triggers are purposely pulled." (Badminton Library; "Shooting," pp. 92.)

Mr. Purdey employs intercepting safeties. Mr. Lancaster has invented and uses a device for blocking the mainspring. The Messrs. Holland use the block safety so popular in the Scott gun. Mr. Grant relies on a secondary scear, as does also Mr. Greener in some guns. And, without further enumeration, it may be said that the best British makers use a tumbler bolt of some description, either of their own motion or to appease the demands of their customers.

Then why, I ask, is it not as generally used in this country? Certainly not because of the trifling additional cost of manfacture, for we have makers who seem to be more anxious to make fine guns than large profits. Neither can it be that the best gun made by any of them is without it secure beyond the possibility of such accidents as the tumbler bolt is designed to prevent; for to claim it would be to assert that the authorities are all wrong, or that the American gun possesses some superlative excellence in design, material and finish which they have failed to discover in the weapons of the crack London makers, quite universally regarded as the highest achievements in sporting arms. I think that the answer lies in the fact that our shooting men know little and care less about the construction of their guns, if only they shoot well and function easily. I doubt that many of them have ever examined the lock with the purpose of ascertaining just what is meant by the word "safe" underneath the trigger slide. Could they be induced to do so there would soon be a demand for something to prevent the firing of the piece by a hammer falling because of a sudden jar or the breaking or fouling of the scear nose or tumbler bent. When such a demand shall be heard the makers will respond quickly enough, with the result of enabling one, for a fair price, to buy an American-built gun that shall be quite as safe as its British competitors. CAUTION.

THE HUNTING RIFLE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your paper of Sept. 12 a correspondent, "Senex," says he would like the .32-20-115 rifle better if it carried 35grs. of powder, but he seems to fear that so large a charge might cause the bullet to strip or lead the barrel if the twist of the grooves is very quick. The following account of an experiment made by me lately shows that with proper loading there is no risk of stripping:

Having a Maynard .32 barrel, rifled with a turn in 16in. and chambered for the .32-160grs. cartridge, I loaded with the Winchester factory-made 115gr. bullets and 30grs. of Curtis & Harvey's No. 6 powder. (Judging from powder trials I believe this charge to be quite as strong as 35grs. of Hazard rifle powder). A lubricated cloth wad was next the powder in the shell, and then a card wad to prevent the powder adhering to the bullet in its flight.

I first tried three shots at 36yds. range in my garden, using a chair for a rest. They hit the central line of the bullseye and were all in a space ¼in. wide and ⅜in. deep (measuring through the center of the bullet holes). The bullets struck with great force, considerably indenting a ⅝in. iron plate behind the target.

I then loaded sixteen cartridges and took the rifle to a proper range some miles distant. The light was good, but the wind blew in strong gusts from 4 o'clock. I fired from the prone position without a rest, using an aperture hind sight and the bead of the Lyman and Beach foresight. After one cartridge for a sighting shot the remaining fifteen gave the following results:

Three at 50yds. struck in a space 2in. square.
Four at 75yds. in 2in. deep by 3in. wide.
Four at 100yds. in 2in. deep by 6in. wide.
Four at 150yds. in 4in. deep by 2¾in. wide.

The wind was extra strong at the 100yds. target, which accounts for the shots being in a greater width than at the other ranges. The 115-grain bullets were scarcely tight enough for the shells, and were pushed in with the fingers. If some shells were made slightly smaller in the mouth, and a proper bullet-seater used, similar to that supplied by the Maynard people for their own bullets, there is no doubt that cartridges loaded as above described would shoot with the most delicate accuracy up to 200yds. I should have mentioned that the rifle was not wiped out at all while firing the 16 shots. I never clean the barrel now during a whole afternoon's shoot at the weekly meetings of the club to which I belong, having found that with proper wadding there is no perceptible difference between the last and the first shot.

I lately made another trial of the muzzleloader described in FOREST AND STREAM of July 18. Fired from right and left barrels alternately, with hollow bullets and 90 grains of powder, it will put a succession of shots into a 4in. ring at 100yds. The recoil is so moderate that it would not be noticed at game shooting. J. J. MEYRICK.

DUBLIN, Ireland.

FLORIDA CRUISING.—Mr. F. D. Hughes's advertisement in this issue offers an exceptional opportunity for a small party to join the advertiser for cruising, hunting and tarpon fishing in Florida this season.

THE GAME SEASON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

One of our sportsmen a few day since shot an albino pine or red squirrel, which is certainly rare in this section, and if its like was ever caught I have never seen any record of it. Mr. A. K. Pierce is the lucky possessor of this rare specimen, and has it on exhibition nicely stuffed and mounted.

The rapidity with which the pheasant can fly is certainly something marvelous. One of these birds in taking a "flyer" on the north side of the mountain opposite the railroad shops here got his bearings a little too low, and in his flight struck the window of a baggage car that was standing on the siding, going between the iron bars that are about 4in. apart—and are placed on the windows of all baggage cars—broke the double thick French plate-glass and was picked up by one of the workmen inside the car comparatively unhurt.

The exodus of the squirrels is now being followed by the black bears, who have within the last week become numerous in our surrounding mountains. Quite a number have been seen by our hunters and four have been killed within a radius of six miles from here within the past week.

The squirrels are still on the march southward, and fabulous stories come to us from Clearfield county to the south of us of hundreds of little fellows being killed by the boys with clubs and stones. JAS. H. FERGUSON.

RENOVO, Pa., Oct. 14.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Our deer season opened on the first inst., but so far but little attention has been given to deer hunting. Our sportsmen have had smaller game enough to satisfy them, and then the heavy growth of leaves has made it impossible to see a deer in the red brush on the mountains, where they are generally found here at this season. The squirrels are still here, but not nearly so numerous as in September. Yesterday a party some twenty miles down the river killed a black bear that weighed 470lbs., certainly the largest killed in the county for years. They sent his head to Harder's gun works to be mounted. Other bears have been seen quite near here. One party of five, consisting of Moore, Punpacker, Fornman, Reams and the writer have arranged to spend next week in the "green woods" of the Alleganies, and Mouday morning at daybreak will see us off. I want to write you sometime again of "Bill Reams," a hunter from childhood, a royal good fellow, and who has been in at the death of carloads of big game. FRANK G. HARRIS.

CLEARFIELD, Pa., Oct. 12.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The dry season has been favorable for most kinds of feathered game. Woodcock are unusually plentiful. I know of one bag of sixty-one being made by two guns in one day; while bags of thirty to forty are quite common for two or three guns during an afternoon's shooting.

Ruffed grouse and quail are very abundant, and as soon as a law is made to prevent these game birds being shot for the market, they will steadily increase in numbers. The Dominion Gun Alliance has taken hold of this matter, and we may expect such a law passed at the next sitting of the Ontario Parliament.

Duck and snipe shooting has so far been poor, as many of the marshes are destitute of water; and unless heavy rains come soon the shooting will not improve when the flight birds arrive. STANSTEAD.

WESTERN ONTARIO, Oct. 5.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Here is our bag for Friday last: Four partridges (ruffed grouse), one rabbit, seventeen woodcock. Guns—Fred S. Godfrey, W. H. Bradford, John Davis, H. C. Shields and yours truly, SEYMOUR VAN SANTVOORD.

BENNINGTON, Vt., Oct. 8.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Partridges very plentiful in New Brunswick this year, and some good bags of woodcock have been made around St. John. No gun accidents recorded here as yet.

R. D. W.

ST. JOHN, N. B., Oct. 9.

PATTERN AND PENETRATION.

SOME COMPARATIVE FIGURES.

OF course the whole tendency of our tests of shotguns is in the direction of comparative results. As soon as gun No. 2 is shot the first question is "How does it compare with No. 1," and so it is that some of our watchful correspondents have sought to reduce the results into tables of percentages, etc. Had an exact basis for uniformity of comparison been sought it would have been the easiest thing in the world to have a standard 10-gauge cartridge prepared and a similar 12-gauge and loaded each gun as it came along from the proper heap of cartridges. This would have made our work very simple and at the same time have made the outcome as unsatisfactory as previous gun tests conducted on the leveling rule have been. Instead we preferred to allow each gun handler to put into his weapon just the charge with which he thought he could secure the best results. This cut off a vast deal of growling at the very start and has we think made the data as collected of far more general interest.

But while this was the rule it did not prevent a great deal of direct comparisons making from time to time. On Sept. 19, when four guns met on the range, there was such a comparison so far as weather conditions went, but that was a great deal more, for the loading in some of the trial shots fired enabled the most direct averages to be struck between the several guns. It will be remembered that on the date mentioned we took down for trial a 10-gauge Liege gun costing $8 at retail and a 12-gauge of similar make and price.

The story of the trial of these guns has already been told. There came to the range two other guns for trial, one was a 10-gauge Greener of the $150 grade, and the other a $125 L. C. Smith gun. How these guns acted under the charges prescribed for them by the agents was given at length in our issue of last week.

It will be remembered, too, that some weeks before we had a Scott ducking gun on trial. It was a heavy 10-gauge weapon, and the showing made by it was not very high, taken by percentage. This Scott gun was tried with two sets of charges. One was a black powder load with 4½ drams of Dead Shot powder. There were a number of the charges remaining in our magazine and these were put in the 10-gauge Liege gun, and at 60yds. in the Greener arm. To make our table complete we reproduce the figures of the Scott gun and give the data for each shot fired. It will be seen that at 40yds. the cheap gun surpassed the imported arm. At 60yds., where the Greener came in, it seemed best suited to this charge, being almost equal to the total of the other two arms.

THE CHARGE.

Shell—U. S. C. Co.'s Climax.
Powder—Dead Shot, 4½drs.
Shot—Tatham 1¼oz., No. 6 Chilled.

CARTRIDGE ANALYSIS—THREE CARTRIDGES.

Loading.		*Powder.*	*Shot.*	
Card over shot; two B. wads and card over powder.	1	135 grs.	588 grs.	275 pellets.
	2	130 grs.	567 grs.	271 pellets.
	3	132 grs.	589 grs.	274 pellets.
	Average	132 grs.	581 grs.	273 pellets.

SCOTT GUN, 10-GAUGE, 40YDS.

Right Barrel. Aimed Circle. Pellets.	Selected Circle. Pellets.	Between Center. Inches.	Penetration. Sheets.	Left Barrel. Aimed Circle. Pellets.	Selected Circle. Pellets.	Between Center. Inches.	Penetration. Sheets.
123	126	3½	27	111	115	5	19
107	112	6	31	89	104	3½	26
93	100	6	23	95	96	4	27
92	92	5½	..	101	104	3½	31
91	101	2½	33	103	100	4	28
101	106	5	28	99	104	4	26

FOLSOM (LIEGE) GUN, 10-GAUGE, 40YDS.

105	125	7½	21	111	135	5½	22
85	92	4½	24	75	82	5½	..
95	108	6	22	93	108	5½	22

SCOTT GUN, 10-GAUGE, 60YDS.

32	40	4	22	51	59	6	19
32	39	3	..	66	86	3	18
62	66	2	9	23	35	5	17
42	50	2½	22	58	57	2	..
47	51	5	15	52	61	3	15
43	49	3½	16	50	59	4	17

FOLSOM (LIEGE) GUN, 10-GAUGE, 60YDS.

30	41	6½	17	29	36	6	12
37	39	9½	13	31	35	7	..
33	40	8	15	30	35	6½	12

GREENER GUN, 10-GAUGE, 60YDS.

78	94	5	16	72	71	5½	12
74	82	5½	17	..	..	..	..
76	88	5	16	72	71	5½	12

There was also tried in the Scott gun a cartridge loaded with Schultze powder. It was intended to have the two charges, black and white, of about equal effect as to powder, as they were evenly charged with shot. This charge was not put in the Greener gun, as its owner shared the very prevalent objection to having the strong explosive tried in his barrels. There was no hesitation on our part, however, in putting it to test in the Liege gun barrels. It will be noticed that both arms show a falling off in pattern when charged with the white powder. In this, as in each of the other cases, the charge as given and the analysis for immediate comparison is printed in juxtaposition with the record of results.

THE CHARGE.

Shell—Greener Sporting Life.
Powder—Pigou, Wilks & Laurence Alliance No. 5, 3¼drs.
Shot—Newcastle, 1¼oz. No. 6 English.

CARTRIDGE ANALYSIS—THREE CARTRIDGES.

Loading.		*Powder.*	*Shot.*	
Card over shot; card felt and card over powder.	1	91 grs.	600 grs.	372 pellets.
	2	92 grs.	608 grs.	380 pellets.
	3	90 grs.	605 grs.	377 pellets.
	Average	91 grs.	604 grs.	376 pellets.

GREENER GUN, 12-GAUGE, 40YDS.

Right Barrel. Aimed Circle. Pellets.	Selected Circle. Pellets.	Between Center. Inches.	Penetration. Sheets.	Left Barrel. Aimed Circle. Pellets.	Selected Circle. Pellets.	Between Center. Inches.	Penetration. Sheets.
236	249	5	20	146	206	9	16
188	185	3½	17	123	211	9½	..
86	115	7	15	192	209	4½	14
226	231	4	16	199	242	7	17
183	208	7½	15	173	205	9	17
183	198	5	17	167	215	8	16

FOLSOM (LIEGE) GUN, 12-GAUGE, 40YDS.

115	121	6	19	94	113	5	10
96	113	6	14	76	73	5	16
106	117	6	16	85	93	5	13

SMITH GUN, 12-GAUGE, 40YDS.

107	112	5½	18	235	253	4	27
140	210	9½	18	92	121	8	15
123	161	7½	18	164	187	6	21

GREENER GUN, 12-GAUGE, 60YDS.

52	54	6	5	70	102	9	12
67	73	5	11	24	31	6	..
83	81	6	11	100	108	5½	4
77	70	7	10	104	114	7	3
105	99	6	15	42	59	7	12
77	75	6	10	68	83	7	8

FOLSOM (LIEGE) GUN, 12-GAUGE, 60YDS.

30	42	6½	..	35	45	5	5
39	52	6½	10	32	52	10½	5
35	47	6½	10	33	48	7½	5

SMITH GUN, 12-GAUGE, 60YDS.

43	88	6	..	39	46	5½	..
46	62	7	11	22	28	4½	..
44	75	6½	11	30	37	5	..

We now come to the 12-gauge guns. When we tried the Greener 12-gauge sent over from the Birmingham works of W. W. Greener, it was charged with two differing cartridges, each of black powder. They were both of them loaded by the American agent of the gun, Henry C. Squires, of this city. In one he used the shells sent over by Mr. Greener with English powder and shot. The other set was a finely loaded and strong cartridge, American make throughout. The trial was a sort of international match on a modest scale. Readers of FOREST AND STREAM will remember our report on the Greener gun. Well, there were some of both sets of cartridges left over, and they were brought out on Sept. 19 for trial in the Liege gun from Folsom Bros. importing house and in the L. C. Smith weapon. First is given the result with the English charge. Here the superiority of the better grade of gun is seen in a very marked way, though in the matter of penetration the charge seems to do its own work independent of the barrel from which it is fired. The comparison between the three arms was carried through both ranges. The five shots from each barrel in the original Greener are given, while the others have but two shots at each range fired from each barrel. The figures throughout the test will repay careful study and let the reader into some of the vagaries of which guns, no matter of what make, are liable. Let him who can, fix the rule which governs these variations.

THE CHARGE.

Shell—U. M. C. Co.
Powder—Dupont Ducking, 3¼drs.
Shot—LeRoy Chilled, 1¼oz. No. 8.

CARTRIDGE ANALYSIS—THREE CARTRIDGES.

Loading.		*Powder.*	*Shot.*	
Card over shot; heavy felt and card over powder.	1	91 grs.	611 grs.	623 pellets.
	2	89 grs.	606 grs.	519 pellets.
	3	89 grs.	613 grs.	539 pellets.
	Average	89 grs.	610 grs.	560 pellets.

GREENER GUN, 12-GAUGE, 40YDS.

Right Barrel. Aimed Circle. Pellets.	Selected Circle. Pellets.	Between Center. Inches.	Penetration. Sheets.	Left Barrel. Aimed Circle. Pellets.	Selected Circle. Pellets.	Between Center. Inches.	Penetration. Sheets.
323	356	6	14	241	314	5½	15
323	362	5½	18	288	355	8	16
253	282	7	13	233	329	9	13
286	327	7	15	317	353	4	12
303	327	6	14	184	207	7½	12
298	331	6	15	253	312	6	13

FOLSOM (LIEGE) GUN, 12-GAUGE, 40YDS.

167	168	6½	7	140	176	5	9
167	168	4	11	149	156	4½	11
167	168	5	9	145	166	5	10

SMITH GUN, 12-GAUGE, 40YDS.

128	147	5	10	188	250	6	14
282	295	8	12	272	282	7	..
205	221	7	11	230	266	6½	14

GREENER GUN, 10-GAUGE, 60YDS.

113	124	4½	10	69	78	5½	6
131	123	7	4	77	115	11	6
122	147	8	4	70	81	8	..
95	125	7	6	52	91	9½	6
98	126	6½	7	108	141	7	4
112	129	6½	6	75	101	8	5

FOLSOM (LIEGE) GUN, 12 GAUGE, 60YDS.

59	56	8	7	48	61	5½	9
24	38	6½	..	33	51	6½	..
41	47	7	7	40	56	6	9

SMITH GUN, 12-GUAGE, 60YDS.

65	85	8	4	77	95	7	..
100	110	6½	8	99	115	8	6
82	97	7½	6	88	105	7½	6

Finally, we come to the last set of comparisons made on Sept. 19, bringing the cheap Liege and the standard L. C. Smith into trial with the Greener, with American cartridges, just such charges as are used by thousands of our field shots. Again the higher grade guns leave the cheap weapon far behind, and the English arm seemed to accommodate itself very easily to the American charge and put in a far greater average of the charge than did the home gun.

THE CHARGE.

Shell—U. S. C. Co.'s Climax.
Powder—Schultze, 4drs.
Shot—Tatham, 1¼oz. No. 6 Chilled.

CARTRIDGE ANALYSIS—THREE CARTRIDGES.

Loading.		*Powder.*	*Shot.*	
Card over shot; one B. E., two P. E. wads and card over powder	1	61 grs.	596 grs.	280 pellets.
	2	60 grs.	592 grs.	273 pellets.
	3	59 grs.	578 grs.	270 pellets.
	Average	60 grs.	588 grs.	274 pellets.

SCOTT GUN, 10-GAUGE, 40YDS.

Right Barrel. Aimed Circle. Pellets.	Selected Circle. Pellets.	Between Center. Inches.	Penetration. Sheets.	Left Barrel. Aimed Circle. Pellets.	Selected Circle. Pellets.	Between Center. Inches.	Penetration. Sheets.
69	90	7	27	97	102	4	25
98	110	5	25	45	54	4	..
24	29	4	25	83	84	5	..
124	106	5½	36	20	29	4	..
91	82	4	26	100	103	3½	30
81	83	5	28	69	74	4	27

FOLSOM (LIEGE) GUN, 10-GAUGE, 40YDS.

51	54	7½	..	113	117	8½	27
27	32	5	..	50	97	8½	30
39	43	6	..	81	107	8½	28

SCOTT GUN, 10-GAUGE, 60YDS.

18	18	3	..	56	60	2	16
50	50	4½	17	50	52	3	18
41	50	4	..	50	50	3	17
8	9	2	..	36	36	3	17
43	55	4½	21	27	31	4	20
32	36	3½	19	44	46	3	18

FOLSOM (LIEGE) GUN, 10-GAUGE, 60YDS.

23	29	6	..	52	57	5	..
10	19	3½	..	41	52	4½	..
16	24	5	..	46	54	5	..

ADIRONDACK DEER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The game law has been very generally observed in this section during the past summer. Up to the first of September very few deer were killed, for jacking is not very successful after the middle of August. But I cannot say as much since the open season for hounding deer, for by this method of hunting killing deer becomes an easy thing to do. This brings in a horde of hunters, who could not kill a deer in a lifetime by any fair method of hunting. Almost every lake and pond has its watchers, consequently the slaughter must necessarily be great.

A party consisting of twelve men and thirteen dogs passed this place a few days ago en route for the hunting grounds. I heard from them after they had hunted three days, and they had then killed twenty deer. They have yet two weeks to hunt, and seventy-five or one hundred deer are not too high an estimate of the number that will be killed by that party alone. The one-deer transportation law and the three-deer clause do not apply to such a party. They can jerk the venison and thus lay in their winter supply of meat, and they are of that make-up. The law allows them to bring out as much venison as they please in that form, while such a party could legally bring out the legs and heads of thirty-six deer. Numerous parties are doing the same thing. It is sanctioned by law and there is no help for it. More deer will be killed during the hounding season than by every other method, including the cruster and the June jacker.

What a shame that the great State of New York by its legislative enactment should open the way for this unmitigated slaughter of its noble game, which, if properly protected, would remain sufficiently plenty to supply all reasonable demands of the sportsmen and the tourist so long as the Adirondack woods remain. But with the present fifty days of open season for hounding, the deer of the Adirondack will soon be a thing of the past.

NUMBER 4, New York, Oct. 7. MUSSET.

THE BEAR AS A BOXER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In one of the most graphic and best told stories I ever saw in print (your issue of Sept. 19) your Dakota correspondent "Larry Yatt" ingenuously states that "Hugh Campbell taught Rube boxing." Rube, I must mention, was a camp bear raised from a cub, and Campbell was a "rustler from the Bad Lands." You will mark the difference? But I object to the statement. I am willing to believe that what Larry slings off-hand so gracefully was said inadvertently, for I am convinced that he knows better. Rube never had a lesson from Campbell, or any other man. They may have had intimate business relations, but there is no room for them both in the same prize ring. John L. Sullivan himself couldn't give a bear points. Bears are self-taught. The sparring instinct is in 'em, and there never was a professional so handy at Græco-Roman, or catch-as-catch-can. I say this boldly, I know bears—as well as beans. I have raised bears from young cubs up to four years, and I have had them in the kitchen and in the camp, several of them.

When I was corresponding secretary of the Blooming Grove Park Association in 1871, we were building the club house and staking out the one-mile deer paddock in Pike county, Pa. Ira Tripp, of Scranton, gave us a cub, which became a great pet as he grew in years, and the ladies fed him ice cream and watermelon. He was very gentle, and would let us comb his hair. We called him "Joe" for short; but this didn't shorten him any, for he grew in stature until he measured eight feet standing erect by his climbing post, with his great black paws clasping it above his head to steady himself. Capt. Lafayette Westbrook was then a war veteran of seven years standing, and he stood six feet four inches in his socks. He had been a member of the Legislature for Pike, Green and Monroe counties, and had plenty of practice in legislative sparring, as well as previously in the school of the drill-shed. Indeed, we all regarded him as an expert, though he made no great account of himself, being of a rather retiring disposition and by no means aggressive. Lafe was as good-natured as the bear. But one day when a party of us were amusing ourselves with Joe, he took it into his head to aggravate the animal. Bruin was upended, smiling, and Lafe waltzed into the ring with a flourish, and made a few scientific passes at his chest and mug. He tweaked his nose, smacked his chops, rubbed his head, pulled his ears, thumped his ribs, and made himself generally familiar. Joe stood it for a while without showing heat, merely dropping his jaws, lolling his bright red tongue and leering foolishly at the crowd. Occasionally he would clutch somewhat briskly at the captain's feints, but the play went on monotonously, until quite of a sudden the bear hit the captain a left-handed swipe which tossed him outside of the ring and curled him up promiscuously. This ended the play. The captain allowed he was hurt badly, and we didn't see him any more for several days. It was whispered that he had gone down to Milford.

There were a couple of rather amiable full grown bears up at my place in Hallock, Minnesota, a brown one and a black one, who used to try their science on each other for the amusement of spectators, but they never injured any one until one day the black one laid out a spiflicated Swede in pretty much the same way. Although repeatedly warned, he persisted in monkeying with the bear, and hence those tears and tears, the court plaster and the tailor's bill.

I tell you, Mr. Editor, that it never came in Hugh Campbell's way to teach Rube boxing. I don't know either of them, but I declare it on general principles. If any of your readers whose name begins with Aleck wish to be convinced, let them step into the zoölogical house at the Smithsonian grounds in Washington, where the bears have an hourly set-to in the pit every day in the week, including Sunday. Why, sir, they are the very masters of science. Go and see them, Mr. "Larry Yatt," and then pit Rube against the field; but leave Mr. Campbell out of the play. CHARLES HALLOCK.

NOTES FROM WORCESTER.

WORCESTER, Mass., Oct. 11.—The good bags of birds brought in on opening day led every one to believe that we were to have an excellent season's shooting, but nearly every one has experienced some strange freaks of fortune since then.

One day you find a good number of birds and find them right where you want them. They lie well for the dogs, and when they get up you "get in a right and left with the little hammerless." The next time you are out the moment you get over the wall into a cover, purr-r-r-r-t goes its sole occupant in the shape of "biddies" out the other side. When you do get a woodcock pinned, he gets up and whips around a birch before you can cover him, and you are forced, at dark, to quit without a feather. When it comes to putting in two such days in succession, especially by one of the "Old Guard" and on his favorite ground, it seems a trifle like rubbing it in, doesn't it?

Possibly the next report you hear from one of the "beginners" who declares that he never killed bird yet that he saw when he shot at it. He has been out and downed five partridges in a day. That evening you drop into "Lisha's" and hear the boys making it interesting for two of the best bird shots in the country who were out all day and both got shut out.

Well, so it goes, but the general belief is that there are a fair number of birds, and if they ever do get out into the edges and runs, some of them will have to pay dearly for the trickery and even abusive treatment we have received from their relations.

That the birds are more wary than usual this fall there is no doubt. Even the woodcock are getting educated, and you find them with their dress suits all on, ready for a party at a moment's notice, and the way they do scoot across an old pasture about the second time you get them up makes you think of the flight of an old cock partridge when he dives out of an apple tree and sails away over a mowing with his coat buttoned up so tight that he is out of reach before you can make up your mind whether it's a robin or not.

The woodcock flight has not arrived yet, but there is a large self-appointed reception committee waiting impatiently to make their short stay with us as interesting as possible.

The opening day of the fox season, Oct. 1, as regulated by the "Fur Company," was anything but an ideal one. Very few of the fox hunters braved the disagreeable cold drizzle, and of these but one secured a brush. E. F. Whittaker, with his hound Tilden, went out to Oakdale the night before, and between showers the dog started a fox which Ed. shot after a half hour's run. Not much fox hunting has been done as yet, but about every one who has gone out started a fox. The Fur Company are already talking up the big annual hunt, and intend to make it a greater success than any of its predecessors. This year they think they must be about due for a good day. We trust the clerk of the weather may deign to smile on them this year.

A pretty good thing, and one that is just "peaches" for some of the fox hunters, has just come to light. The president of the Worcester Fur Company (I think he still holds that honorable office), early in the season, made it known to the fox hunters that they were expected to keep away from a certain territory, known as "Bonds" and "Sewall Hills," until the time of the annual hunt, and there was an understanding that these grounds were to be reserved, as it were, for that occasion. The gentleman who was particularly instrumental in circulating this request has been out several times since Oct. 1, and yesterday one of his party killed a fox.

For some reason the man who engineered the hunt did not show up at "Lisha's" last night with his report, but a delegate from the hunt was there "instructed." He gave a very minute and interesting account of the day's sport, describing the spot where the fox was shot, "just back of the old barn between Rattlesnake and Bailey Hill." Well, the boys listened with due respect for some time, but finally they could stand it no longer, and when Charlie Knight asked him if "the old oak tree had moved from Bond Hill up on to Rattlesnake," every one gave way, and the way they lit on that "instructed" delegate was a caution to sub-liars. Si. Lovell had been into "Lisha's" that afternoon and told the whole story of their killing the fox right in front of his house. He lives just at the foot of Bond Hill.

The delegate weakened, but protested that he told the story as he had been instructed to. "However," he said, "it's no earthly use trying to lie to a party of old liars, and I might have known better." The chances are that the "combine" won't be able to reserve any more fox ground, to enable them to have a snap on it themselves, under pretense of keeping it fresh for the annual hunt.

An invitation to a coon supper took Uncle Nathan out before he had time to express his opinion of this sort of sportmanship, but remarks were pretty freely circulated which tended to show that the boys had arrived at some very definite conclusions in regard to "fox hunting as she is foxed." HAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 2.—Writing under date of Sept. 12, from Plainfield, Mass., Mr. Charles Hallock inclosed to me some tickets, which invited the bearer "to be present at the first annual chicken hunt of the Rising Sun Game Park Association, beginning Sept. 15." The tickets were signed by Valentine Hicks, director, Ashton, Ill. As I could not go down to the hunt, and as I knew very little about this association, I wrote to Mr. Hicks, and duly received the following reply:

"I have handed your letter to our president, Mr. Samuel Dysart, of Franklyn Grove, who will call on you next week and have a talk with you about our object in this hunting and game park. It is run for pleasure and for profit, and the two can go together as well as not, for though we graze cattle and sheep, and sow timothy and clover, the land raises all the more game for that, on account of the increase in insects, etc., and even when pastured down to a solid blue grass sod, all the game needs is a strip or so of timothy grass left for them to rustle and nest in, and some wet oats, sorghum, Egyptian or Kaffir maize, sunflowers and buckwheat. We use these and a short, sweet corn or early ninety-day dent corn, which will grow about four feet high. All these seeds fall down, and all winter long can be found by grouse, quail, turkeys or wildfowl. We also have lime shells, snails, etc., and gravel (thrown up by a steam ditching machine) on a few localities. You should come down and see the place. It is most perfect for all kinds of land and water game birds and animals. It can be made a great place for bass and pickerel, and I think by damming up some of the streams from the cold springs which bubble up, all pure soft water, we could make some special trout ponds much better and cheaper than is done on Long Island, my native home.

"I send you a pamphlet showing our first move of organization into a stock company. Come down and a team will meet you at Ashton and take you to the club house and back again when you like. You can shoot on the club grounds within two miles of the house.

"As you know, our law was up on last Sunday (Sept. 15), and town and club hunters were out in full force. Mr. S. Dysart informs me they shipped at the express station 113 prairie chickens. If it had been a warm, still day instead of a cold and windy one the market-hunters would have killed nearer 200 apiece, for they are good shots. The birds are full grown, and fly a long distance, hiding in the cornfields, where they protect themselves much better than any land owner can protect them.

"I sued one market-hunter Monday. He paid the costs, $11.50, without standing trial, and promised to stop hunting. I sued a club hunter yesterday, putting the damage at $200, the highest sum allowed by the law. We want this Nathan Roe to stand trial and test our power as land owners to prosecute for trespass. We will now sue any man who trespasses on any part of over 20,000 acres of land, which extent we mean to increase for the next three years. Our friends, the adjoining farmers, have caught our idea, and have posted their lands, warning off trespassers, and thus beat off the market and town hunters. I stopped the whole shooting business to-day over nearly ten miles square of country. I have one more extra good shot, a renter, to sue. He is a great liar, and he has often told my neighbors to go to a warmer climate when they ordered him off, saying he meant to hunt anyhow. He has begged me not to sue him, but I must. He was on my farm. I am very busy and will write more later, but you must come down and bring a friend or two. The chicken shooting lasts all October. V. HICKS."

I turned with considerable interest to the pamphlets Mr. Hicks mailed here, and found that the Rising Sun Game Park Association was incorporated Dec. 24, 1887. It is the theory of its originator that our game laws are a farce, and that in ten years our game will be gone. He reflects with bitterness on the failure of a proposed national convention at Chicago a year or so ago, to secure uniform game laws, and says, "There were four of us attended, and four Chicago sportsmen came, by our coaxing them to be there at 8 P. M., after business hours." He hits a good idea squarely when he says, "The selling of game should not be allowed any more than killing it, no difference whether it is a plover or a rabbit, or a deer, or even a woodcock. Let October and November be the only two months to shoot. The law should be made strong enough so all would obey it to a certainty by the complainer having all the fine. This law would save the game nearly twenty years longer, but it must go; the hunters increase faster than the game." He does not believe, however, in the efficacy of any law, and thinks the only remedy lies in the park system of increasing game. He thinks northern Illinois a good country for such a park, on which head he says:

It is very evident now, that the only hunters who will enjoy any shooting worth mentioning, will be the sportsmen who are smart and sensible enough to build up a park to hunt in. Ten years of this decrease will settle the hunting in America, sure; no law can stop it, because the hunters are bound not to agree on any uniform system of belief and action, any more than the church, religion, or the political parties. This evidence has shown that we can't have any uniform protective game laws. The land-owner sees that he is forbidden to trap game in his own way, and any loafer that can shoot, has the right to kill it and bear no expense of tax or of feeding or protecting the game. It is no strange thing that the farmer is down on the hunter shooting on his land, and takes no pains to save the birds' eggs or young, and does not complain of any violation of shooting, which he sees more than any one else; he says it is no use for him to get into trouble and make enemies, with no pay or equal rights. We have in this country the naturally greatest variety of game of any part of the earth, and we have about destroyed it. The people are the law and they interpret their different ideas of game laws to suit their tastes according to location and convenience to a special few. The minority make the laws against the majority's wishes, and cannot get them respected because there is fun and money in breaking them. These, and many other causes, have shown that there is no way left in America for us to have game left for shooting, without we adopt the park system in every good place, that will increase game and pay its own expenses, so the poor can enjoy shooting as well on a limited number of ten or one hundred dollar shares in a stock company. The hunter must now look out and provide his own hunting grounds.

Nature has given in many places the water for fish with the natural place for land game. Lakes, bays, rivers, etc., will always be public property, for fishing for any citizen, which law can protect, but the migratory game it cannot. Now I, with seven other good men, who saw the need of the enterprise, have started in to form a large, grand park, in a natural, good place, which can yield a revenue much more than will be needed to bear the necessary expense of the park and game increasing. I am the only one of the organizers that has been a practical game raiser and hunter. There are two that never hunt or fish and only two that are young enough to ever shoot much, if they get time from their large farming and stock business. There is no speculation in stock shares by this company, or land to sell at a high price or any salary expected for services rendered. I never expect to get any pay for managing the hunting and increasing of game; only pleasure and a plenty of good things to eat, and to have the satisfaction of knowing that I have made some return for my long great pleasure in hunting without doing anything toward increasing. As soon as I can find any young hunters capable of attending to the management of the game and fish raising, I want the company to only let me look on and rest happy. I am sixty two years old and naturally cannot have power to attend to a great park like this will grow to be in a few years.

When I had read so far as this I began to get a good deal interested, and finally I just got down and read all of the delightful, naïve, rambling and absorbing little book which constituted the first prospectus of this association. It seems that Mr. Hicks is an old market-shooter, and was "commodore" of the old Currituck Club in Carolina before the war. He went West in search of new pastures, settled in northern Illinois, bought land, slew ducks as thoughtlessly as ever for a time, and then reformed and fell to thinking how he could bring back to life again some of the thousands he had slain. This park, embracing large amounts of land under close wire fence, and amply stocked with game of all sorts, was his solution and his dream. The project is stocked for the modest sum of $6,000,000, and books for subscription thereto are placed in this and other cities. I do not know what has been accomplished by way of actual success in this project, but hope to find time to go over to Ashton and investigate. It is very probable that something very interesting is to be learned there. There is some quaint and delicious reading matter in this same little prospectus, in which Mr. Hicks, now sixty-two years of age, sometimes makes reference to his past life as a coast shooter. He is a Quaker, and says of himself: "I grew up in the Hicksite Quaker church, where the women make the best preachers. Elias Hicks, the founder of the Hicksite religion, was said to be the best shot that ever hunted on Long Island. He would always shoot at the hind bird in the flock so as to keep from crippling the rest. This is more than I have ever done to save game. I killed all the ducks and geese I could, and never knew a man kill as many wild Canada geese. Now I am appointed as a director and as an executive officer to increase the fish and game, and I have a lively business to attend to the balance of my active life." May the balance of his life be happy, and may we hear more of his park and his prospectus. From the latter I promise myself the pleasure of offering, at some future day, a description of a day on Currituck in the old times, all written just as its author gave it, and therefore simple and delightful.

Oct. 3.—I got a notion the other day that I could write newspaper paragraphs, so I sent some to the *Daily News*, of this city. The editor, Mr. John F. Ballantyne, very promptly and wisely sent them back; but in the course of his letter had occasion to say:

"By the way, I saw something in FOREST AND STREAM the other day about albinos, and it reminded me that Arm. Waugh (I spell his name phonetically), of Hennepin, told me last spring that he had shot two white mudhens, and that he or somebody else there had shot a white teal."

Mr. Ballantyne is a member of the Hennepin Duck Club, and the inventor of a new style of duck boat which George Cunningham, the club keeper, is going to construct as soon as the plans and specifications are completed.

Speaking of albinos, I am reminded that I saw in the Zoölogical Gardens at Cincinnati, the other day, two white squirrels, labeled "From S. Carolina." They were in the gray squirrels' cage, and were of about the size of the gray squirrel. In coat they were quite white. Were not these albinos? Is there such a thing as a species of white squirrels in this country?

Very delightful is a visit to these animal gardens, either at Cincinnati or St. Louis, and one never tires of seeing so close at hand the big creatures he has pursued in a state of nature. In each of the above parks there

are a few buffalo. Capt. Bellairs, superintendent of the St. Louis fair grounds park, wished to say to FOREST AND STREAM that their buffalo cow dropped a healthy calf this year, but the bull killed it the next night after its birth. There were three good elk in the Cincinnati gardens, and a number of fine bears. One of these, a grizzly, weighs 1,200lbs. I remember a series of articles written by an expert grizzly bear hunter, in which he said he had never seen a grizzly that weighed over 600lbs. I wouldn't want this Cincinnati bear to sit on me at any 600lbs. estimate. Yet he is not nearly so large as was the Chicago grizzly, old Bob, who was killed in a battle-royal of bears at Lincoln Park here not long ago. The grounds of the Cincinnati gardens are diversified and beautiful. There is a good dining hall near the big music stand where the band plays. In this room I sat and ordered a very good supper. It was growing cool with the breath of fall, and the windows were closed. A fire in the grate cast a pleasant glow through the dusky room, and lit up the face of a comely matron at an adjacent table. The band blared out some cheap and vulgar air, but once in a while in some intermission of the music there pealed out the more stirring trumpeting of the big elk's October challenge, hoarse and wide-borne on the wind. It was enough to set one thinking. This summer I fished to the music of a brass band. Here was a brass band vying with a live elk at the music of the reddening leaf. The brass band is getting the better of it all over the country. They have them in the Rockies, now. Perhaps Mr. Hicks is right, and perhaps we must park our game if we expect to save it.

Oct. 12.—Mr. C. E. Willard, superintendent of the Standard Cartridge Co., Mr. E. S. Rice, general agent of the DuPont powder, and Mr. Heizer, the patentee of the Standard people's loading machine, went on a family picnic to Fox Lake last Friday. Mr. Willard killed 102 jacksnipe on his first day's shoot, and 50 on the morning of the following day, using No. 6 shot most of the time, as he didn't go loaded for snipe. Mr. Heizer killed 42 snipe in a half day, and Mr. Rice got a dozen ducks up the river. It seems that the snipe are coming in with the moon. Mr. Willard adds that he killed 41 chickens on Sept. 15, near Woodstock, in this State. The fishing was good at Fox Lake during the days he was there last week. This is a sporting country out here, and there don't anyone want to forget it. "Podgers" would better move out here. He can have a lot of fun for mighty little money around here. Railroad fares, 50 miles and return, $3, with big discount on 25-ride tickets. Board, $1 per day up to $10 per week. Pusher and boat (including decoys, etc.), $2 and $3 per day. E. HOUGH.

LOADING CHOKEBORES.—Upton, Maine.—I have found strong choked guns (full choke) to shoot a little thicker (in 10-gauge) by loading without that card wad under the powder wad, and with two card wads on top of shot. I can always make the strong choke barrel of my Parker spread the shot wide and even, like a woodcock gun, just by loading with one wad on shot.—C. B. S.

Sea and River Fishing.

CLUB LEASES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The system of the Quebec Government in dealing with its inland fisheries has a great deal to commend it; it recognizes the common right of the people at large, to all the rivers and lakes of the Province, and provides for leasing exclusive rights in any of them, to individuals or associations.

Non-residents are not permitted to fish in any of the waters of the Province without a license, and although it would be more logical and consistent with protective measures, to extend the same prohibition to residents, the unpopularity of the measure would render it highly inexpedient. Moreover the present system is an excellent training school for the people, in the doctrine of exclusive rights for those who are willing to pay the market value of them. They learn to respect exclusive rights legitimately secured, and as the area of free waters is contracted from year to year, they recognize that they must either secure exclusive rights for themselves, or give up fishing, and are prepared to accept the situation without murmur.

At this present time the best and most accessible salmon rivers are leased by wealthy individuals, clubs or associations of anglers, and the same is mainly true of the best trout and winanish waters. The annual rental is very low, and the lessees secure the privilege entirely for their own enjoyment: but if prudent provision be only made for keeping the waters well stocked, it will not be many years before the demand for fishing privileges on the part of non-clubmen will result in a very considerable modification of existing conditions. There are thousands of residents, and a growing number of non-residents, who do not feel that they fish enough, or have their pockets sufficiently well lined, to justify their belonging to a club, but who nevertheless are eager to secure fishing privileges during their limited summer outing to pay a fair price for them. Such a widespread demand will create the means for its own gratification. Club members may hold it *infra dig* to accord fishing privileges for a consideration, but speculators will not be slow in realizing that it will be good business to lease fishing waters and throw them open to the public at a moderate fee per month, or week or day. Hotel keepers notably will find it to their interest to secure all the fishing privileges in their neighborhood, and railway companies will find it essential to their prosperity to provide fishing privileges for as many of the traveling public as wish to avail themselves of them. The suggested measures have already been inaurated in Quebec; the Q. and St. John Ry. Co. have secured fishing privileges along their line of route and thrown them open to the public; and fishing privileges can be secured for payment in the famous winanish waters of the "escape" of Lake St. John.

Fishing is a popuiar and healthy recreation; its votaries belong to the best classes in the community, their number is continually increasing, and there need be no fear that in Quebec at least, where fishing privileges are granted on short leases only, the wealthier clubs will be enabled to monopolize all the best waters, to the exclusion of the less wealthy non-clubmen. What these latter cannot do for themselves will be done by the organized efforts of railway companies, hotel keepers, and others. The one important point, about which there is any room for doubt, is whether the waters will be kept sufficiently well stocked to maintain their present high reputation. The Quebec Government appears to be alive to the importance of the fisheries as an element of wealth, directly and indirectly, but as far as I can learn, no adequate measures for the maintenance of the supply are in contemplation. VOYAGEUR.

NIPIGON, THE PARADISE OF ANGLERS.

HAVING obtained the required permit from the Minister of Marine and Fisheries to angle in the Nipigon River from July 28 to September 1, I took passage for Red Rock, the most southerly trading post of the Old Hudson's Bay Company, and came to an anchorage at the head of Nipigon Bay. Having purchased my commissary supplies at the Sault, I found no difficulty in supplying myself with necessary camp equipage at Red Rock, situated at the mouth of the river; and here I employed three Ojibwa Indians with their birch bark canoe to convey me up the river. This river is but a chain of small lakes connected by a succession of rapids, pouring down a great volume of water from 500 to 800yds. wide, leaping and seething through granite boulders, and over cliffs ten, twenty and fifty feet high. The portages around the rapids were along rough trailways, the Indians carrying the canoe and baggage from point to point. At 5 P. M. I had reached a point twenty-five miles up the Nipigon, and here, at the foot of one of the rapids, I determined to try my luck as an angler. My tent was soon pitched and my house put in order.

After an early breakfast next morning, I started equipped for a day's sport, accompanied by Indian Henry to manage the canoe and handle the landing net. My first throw was a success, as a speckled beauty caught the fly on a leap of several feet about the surface of the water. After a desperate fight for several minutes he was safely landed, and weighed 3½lbs. The ball was now fairly opened, and by noon I had killed twenty-two trout, several of them weighing 4lbs., and not one under 2lbs. I now pulled ashore, and my little party fared sumptuously at dinner. Again in the afternoon I amused myself in loitering along the bank near my camp, and watching the trout rise to the deceptive fly, only to find a resting place in Henry's net. Although I had not been over half a mile from camp during the day, I was completely overcome by fatigue and excitement, and was soon sound asleep in my tent, before which a large fire was kept burning during the night, as the temperature was down to 45° Fah.

Early next morning I resumed offensive operations. The whole river seemed alive with trout, the genuine *Salmo salvelinus.* Near the camp I secured my trophy after a hard and prolonged struggle, a 5½lbs. trout, which I preserved, and have sent to the artist of the officers of the Smithsonian, who returned me an admirable painting of it, which now adorns my office walls. Having killed more fish than I wanted, I packed 115 in our frail canoe, broke camp and returned, reaching Red Rock at 6 P. M. Next morning we bid farewell to the Nipigon, having had a few days of the finest sport that was ever enjoyed by AN ANGLER.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

SALMON FISHING IN SCOTLAND.*

THE salmon fishing for 1888 has shown a falling off from 1887, and though not successful as a whole there have been at certain times during the season, and at certain parts, excellent angling and good netting. The shipments to Billingsgate market during the year amounted to 23,859 boxes of Scotch salmon, the smallest quantity sent there since 1880. The average annual shipment for the seven years, 1881 to 1887 inclusive, was 28,610 boxes. The value of a box of salmon is placed at £5 5s., making the value of the shipments to Billingsgate during 1888 £120,009. The estimated value of the salmon fishery for the whole year is £240,018. The income derived from the rental of the salmon fishings of the Tay, the chief salmon river in Scotland, amounted to £19,655 during 1888. The rental for 1887 amounted to £22,142.

An alteration of close time on the Tay has been made. The fishing season on that river will be from Feb. 10 to Aug. 27, with extension of time for rod-fishing until Oct. 31. In 1888 the season commenced on Feb. 5 and closed Aug. 27.

There is much illegal fishing for and illicit traffic in Scotch salmon. It is estimated that more than 100 tons annually are sent to English and French markets through this illicit traffic.

Mr. Archibald Young, Inspector of Salmon Fisheries, reports:

"The salmon angling in Loch Tay was fairly good in 1888. The total number of salmon killed was 378, and the total weight was 7,006lbs., giving an average weight of 18lbs. 8oz. per fish. The heaviest fish caught weighed 37lbs., the lightest 12lbs.

"Both on the Tay and the Earn the rod-fishing season of 1888 was a bad one. After the nets were off the rivers were too low, until a freshet in the end of September brought up a good many fish, when some fair angling was had on the Stobhall water at Isla Mouth and elsewhere; 45lbs. was the weight of the heaviest fish caught by the rod during the season." The Aberdeenshire Dee, usually productive, was disappointing. In the autumn there was some fair fishing on it. One 36lb. salmon was taken. "On the Forth the angling was likewise poor, the rain coming too late. The largest salmon (37lbs.) was captured by Sergeant Tait.

"On the Spey the angling season was fairly good. The largest fish (40lbs.) was caught by Lord Leconfield on the Gordon Castle water.

"The fishing on the Nith was very poor, but some fine salmon were landed from the Annan late in the season. A fish of 44½lbs. was taken in the nets in August, and in November one of 46lbs., and another of 41lbs. were captured by the rod." Mr. Young also mentions the singular capture of a 43lb. male salmon in the little River Urr:

"The keeper of Mr. Thomas Gladstone was dragging a pool with an artificial minnow, with the view of recovering a lost cast of flies, when the bait was seized, and after a fight of three hours a male salmon weighing 43lbs. and measuring 4ft. 2in. in length was landed. But, unquestionably, the greatest angling performance in 1888 was at the wonderfully productive fishing at the Grimersta, in the Island of Lewis. Last year Mr. A. M. Naylor, in nineteen days' fishing in the month of August, killed, to his own rod, with fly, 214 salmon, weighing 1,307lbs., besides 304 sea trout, weighing 161lbs. His best days were as follows: Aug. 23, 31 salmon, weighing 183lbs.; Aug. 28, 54, weighing 314lbs.; Aug. 31, 45, weighing 269lbs. The best two days made by Mr. Naylor's two companions were 36 and 46 salmon.

"Mr. Naylor states that he has not a record of the total kill of the three rods during the month of August; but he gives the following summary of the take during the last six consecutive days of August: No. 1 rod, 143 salmon, 856lbs.; 31 sea trout, 23lbs. No. 2 rod, 106 salmon, 680lbs.; 26 sea trout, 19lbs. No. 3 rod, 84 salmon, 490lbs.; 14 sea trout, 10lbs.

"Mr. Naylor states that the time he took to kill the 54 salmon on the 28th August was nine hours, or an average of ten minutes per fish. The average weight (a little under 6lbs.) was small, but notwithstanding he was quite tired at the end of the time; although, as there were two hours more of daylight, he could certainly have killed at least ten more fish if he had gone on."

*Seventh Annual Report of the Fishery Board for Scotland, 1888, Part II., Salmon Fisheries, Edinburgh, 1889.

AQUARIA NOTES.

Occasional observations on the fishes in the Aquaria of the U. S. Fish Commission.

FROM SALT WATER TO FRESH.

ONE aquarium is stocked with gar-pike (*Lepidosteus platystomus*) and mud fish (*Amia calva*). Very strangely the gars are infested with that very common fish parasite *Argulus* sp. (*entomostracan*), usually referred to as "fish louse," while the mud fish are absolutely free from it. So rapidly do they propagate that it is necessary to take the fish out of the water and free them of the pests very frequently, but all attempts to exterminate the lice by killing all that are found and through cleaning out the aquarium, have failed. During the past summer thousands of them have infested the gars, but not one has been seen on the mud fish. The smaller gars are also freer from them than the larger ones. Although they may at times be seen swimming about the aquarium or attached to the glass, they are undoubtedly true parasites and cause great irritation and suffering to the fish. They soon die when kept in a vessel without fish.

The power of endurance and tenacity of life of a fish is well illustrated by the rather sad story of a captive sheepshead which has just died in one of the aquaria. It was caught off Point Lookout in Chesapeake Bay, on Sept. 19. Several thicknesses of seine twine were passed into its mouth and out through the gill opening and tied tightly. In company with two large tautog or blackfish it was towed after a sailing canoe, probably ten miles, including tacks, to where they entered the live-box of the Blue Wing. This is the method of handling these fish in that locality; they are tied to stakes until ready for shipment to market. The shore water at that point is not very salt, being only 1.009. This sheepshead was just eight days on its journey to the aquaria in Washington, during which time and for four days additional it ate nothing, and was kept a portion of the time in water almost fresh, being 1.003 to 1.005. The transfer to water at 1.024 was made as gradually as possible under the circumstances and evidently had no injurious effect whatever, as the tautog are thriving and feeding in the same tank. After death it was found that the cords used in towing the fish had lacerated the gills and the inner surface of the opercle, the surrounding tissues also being highly inflamed.

I have found that when fresh water is introduced into a salt-water aquarium it will remain on the surface unless the whole is thoroughly stirred or mingled. It is probable that the fresh water of rivers is not thoroughly mingled with the water of bays, but flows off on the surface, and that at considerable depths it may be very nearly as salt as that near shore outside, say 1.024, or at least 1.020.

The sheepshead and tautog are bottom fishes, and extremely local, requiring hard or rocky bottom (ledges). It occurs to me, in view of the extreme changes of salinity encountered by these fishes in this transition without apparent effect, that it opens an interesting field for experiment. It is probable that the conditions of environment of most animals, and of fishes especially, are accidents rather than necessities of existence. I feel confident that it would be possible to transfer successfully many salt-water fishes to water wholly fresh, by slow degrees, if conditions were found otherwise similar to their native ones. What a noble fish the sheepshead would be for the Great Lakes.

Some experiments of this nature will be made during the coming winter and the results noted in FOREST AND STREAM. It is well known that the brook trout goes to the sea from streams contiguous to the coast, where it undergoes considerable change of appearance and is known as the silver trout.

WHO HAS EATEN TOAD FISH?

The toad fish (*Batrachus tau*) is to most persons a slimy, repulsive object. To the naturalist it is beautiful rather than ugly. It is perfectly harmless to man, and when caught on a hook may be taken freely in the hands to disengage it, although fishermen and others will inform one that it will sting. At St. Jeromes, Md., where they are very abundant (and where there is also an abundance and variety of fine food fishes), they are eaten and pronounced excellent, although in other localities they are generally despised as utterly worthless. I intended trying them, but circumstances prevented. I will embrace the first opportunity to test their merits and report to the epicurian readers of FOREST AND STREAM.

WM. P. SEAL.

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nanit," "Gloan," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybillene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 220 pages, price $2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

SEINES, NETS of every description. American Net & Twine Co., Mfrs., 34 Commercial st. Boston, or 199 Fulton st., N. Y.—*Adv.*

A SILVER-SIDE.

SEATTLE, Washington, Oct. 4.—In my last letter to you I spoke of the destruction of fish in Lake Union near this city. Seattle, by the way, is building up since the fire of June 6 so rapidly as to astonish even Western people.

Four and a half miles by cable (fare 5 cents) from this city lies Lake Washington, and around its shores are sawmills dumping sawdust into this magnificent body of water, poisoning its waters, teeeming as it is with fine trout.

I thought I would like to land one of the large salmon our bay is now crowded with. Taking my wife with me and a friend of ours we pulled out into the bay with my light trout rods and tackle, Mrs. C. handling the rod and I the oars. It was a lovely evening (Sept. 29) and the bay was fairly dotted with the boats of anxious fishermen. We met with no success and the motive power of our craft grew tired of changing the spoon baits for Mrs. C., and in despair put on an old worn silver spinning bait that had seen service in many States and Territories and declared himself tired of the whole business and headed for the boat house. We had gone on our homeward way but a very short distance when Mrs. C. shouted, "He has struck," and instantly a beauty sprang from the water, showing his silver sides; and with a dash for liberty made the rod bend and the reel sing. I laid down the oars and reached for the rod (which the lady was slow to give up) and then began as beautiful a play as I ever had, with many mad rushes under and around the boat, but finally he was coaxed alongside and the net neatly slipped under him and landed. He was a beauty silver-side, weight 4½lbs. As it was now rapidly growing dark we pulled for home. W. P. C.

P. S.—Mrs. C. says she caught the salmon.

TROUT IN VIRGINIA.—Col. Marshal McDonald, U. S. Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, has received an interesting communication from Dr. Thos. R. Perry, of Tazewell C. H., Va., who writes under date of Sept. 27: "Last summer I sent in two applications for California and brook trout for stocking headwaters of Clinch River, and received 560 of each kind. A short time since I took my rod and caught nine in an hour, five California and four brook trout, from 5 to 9in. in length; the trout being the larger. The brook trout were heavier and in better condition than specimens caught in Wolf Creek, and were the prettiest and fattest specimens I have ever seen. The Clinch is a small stream from this point to its head, some four or five miles above where I live, and has two branches which come together on our farm admirably adapted to trout, and I am anxious to have it stocked with California and brook trout. I have seventy-five brook trout large enough to spawn this season. Have hatched mountain trout as well as common fishes artificially. I have a cold spring (52¾°) on hillside well suited for hatching, and have constructed three ponds for the purpose of raising two varieties of trout, and hatching a sufficient number of each to stock streams."

THE "CHIQUIT" IS A SQUETEAGUE.—New York, Oct. 10. —*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in your correspondents' column "J. R. T." asks what kind of a fish the "chiquit" is. In Niantic Bay, Fisher's Island Sound, and New London, the fishermen call our common weakfish by that name. They are very scarce there; in many years that I have sailed over that ground I have caught but few, although I fish a good deal.—F. D. [The Indian name of the weakfish (*Cynoscion regale*) is squeteague; of this the local names, squit, succoteague, squitee, chickwit or chiquit are probably corruptions. Two other correspondents have written us, C. J. K. J. of Louisville, Ky., and A. D. D. of New York, who says: "The name is locally applied to weakfish from Stony Creek to Madison. I have frequently seen weakfish taken from menhaden pounds and so called by the fishermen."]

Fishculture.

U. S. FISH COMMISSION WORK.

WE print below a table showing the distribution of fry and one-year-old fish from the central station of the U. S. Fish Commission at Washington, during the year ending June 30, 1889. The salmon, trout, whitefish, and the shad were hatched in this station. The carp and tench were reared at the carp pond, and the red-eye perch were reared at Wytheville, Va.

The McDonald hatching jars are used for hatching the eggs of the *Salmonoids*, as well as for eggs of the other species here mentioned. The water is obtained through the pipes of the city, this hydrant water being found suitable for the purpose of hatching fish eggs, and without filtration.

The uses of this station are threefold. 1. As will be seen by reference to the table of distribution, many fry and young fish are hatched in and distributed from it. 2. The station being situated right in or near the center of the city, is daily visited by hundreds, and is, therefore, especially useful as an instructor in the art of practical fishculture. 3. An extensive aquaria has been established, in connection with the fishcultural work, and both fresh and salt-water species are here shown; also numerous other animals, such as crabs, lobsters, crayfish and various shells inhabited by small crabs, etc., are to be seen. Fresh and salt-water plants are also exhibited. The animals and plants are collected at Woods Holl, Mass., in Chesapeake Bay, Potomac River, Western rivers and lakes, and brought to Washington in live boxes of the Fish Commission. There is now on the way from Woods Holl a shipment of a fine lot of live fishes and many beautiful plants. The sea anemones are said to be especially fine and doing well.

The aquaria are vastly interesting and instructive; observations on how certain species of fish are affected by handling and by change of water, surroundings, etc., are of much value. The Bluewing, on her recent cruise to the Chesapeake, brought up a lot of spots (*Liostomus xanthurus*). These are doing well, much to the surprise of everyone immediately concerned, and are interesting from the fact that the members of this family (*Sciænidæ*) are not especially hardy. Thus it is readily seen that the work done at Central Station is of great importance, and on account of the lesson to be obtained through the aquaria it is likely to prove invaluable.

Following is a statement of the distribution of fry and one-year-old fish from Central Station, U. S. Fish Commission, for the year ending June 30, 1889:

Species.	Fry.	One year old.	Total.
German carp	....	190,928	190,928
Goldfish	....	6,509	6,509
Landlocked salmon	27,000	....	27,000
Rainbow trout	....	10,280	10,280
Brook trout	21,000	125	21,125
Lake trout	36,000	....	36,000
Whitefish	4,595,000	....	4,595,000
Red-eye perch	....	1,218	1,218
Tench	....	1,530	1,530
Shad	34,501,000	....	34,501,000
Totals	39,180,000	210,590	39,390,590

SALMON WORK IN MAINE.

THE U. S. Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, Col. Marshall McDonald, has returned to Washington after an absence of more than a month. During this time he has visited Woods Holl, the zoological station of the Commission, and inspected the salmon hatcheries in Maine. Commissioner McDonald is well pleased with the prospects for good work on the Penobscot River, and says that the work has been developed with the idea of turning out yearling salmon instead of fry. The Commission have now over 100,000 Penobscot salmon for distribution; many landlocked salmon will also be handled; there are now 15,000 of these for distribution. The Commissioner says the salmon have been reared on natural food. The actual food given the fry are maggots; these are bred at the hatchery at the rate of eight quarts per day. These salmon will be turned into the Penobscot and its tributaries. The landlocked salmon will all be placed in Green Lake, which has been selected because this species is already indigenous to the lake, though the numbers have been greatly depleted by trapping and spearing. The real object in stocking it, however, the Commissioner says, is that it may be made a base for operations with the landlocked salmon hereafter. It is expected that the fish will thrive here and that fish for spawning purposes can be procured in this way quite readily and at a small expense. Under authority of Congress, which has made appropriation for the purpose, the Commissioner has recently purchased a tract of land of 130 acres, and the property now under control of the Commission includes the entire brook which furnishes the water supply for the station. Plans for the erection of the new hatchery buildings, quarters and ponds have been perfected. The erection of these building and the developement of the salmon work in Maine are in charge of Mr. C. G. Atkins, who, on account of his long experience and work upon salmon, is especially fitted for this duty.

TROUT WORK IN COLORADO.—Mr. E. M. Robinson, Superintendent of the Government Hatchery at Leadville, Colorado, in a private letter expresses himself as highly pleased with the outlook for good work at that station. Mr. Robinson writes under date of Oct. 3, 1889: "I have 6,000 beautiful trout in a pond where they can be spawned without any trouble, and I am daily collecting from two or three hundred fish for this purpose. I cannot now see why we should not collect 1,000,000 brook trout eggs; this looks like a large estimate, but the brood stock here is unlimited. I have never before seen trout do so well and to all appearances without any care. The climate is beautiful, cold, dry and clear. This is a lovely country and things now look as if we would make this a station that the Commissioner and all concerned may feel proud of." The trout mentioned by Mr. Robinson are black spotted trout, native to that region. It is the intention of the Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries to introduce the brown trout into that country at an early date.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Nov. 14 to 16.—First Dog Show of the Continental Kennel Club, at Denver, Col. Claude King, Secretary.

Jan. 13 to 18, 1890.—First Annual Dog Show of the Georgia Pet Stock and Bench Show Association, at Augusta, Ga. A. H. Vonderleith, Secretary.

Jan. 27 to Feb. 1, 1890.—Dog Show of the Colorado Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Denver, Col.

Feb. 18 to 21, 1890.—Fourteenth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

March 11 to 14, 1890.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Rochester Kennel Club, at Rochester, N. Y. Harry Yates, Secretary.

March 25 to 28, 1890.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Mass. Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

April 1 to 4, 1890.—Sixth Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Secretary.

April 15 to 18, 1890.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 4.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club. P. T. Madison, Secretary, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 11.—Inaugural Field Trials of the Canadian Kennel Club, at Chatham, Ont. C. A. Stone, Secretary, London, Ont.

Nov. 18.—Eleventh Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Dec. 2.—Inaugural Field Trials of the Central Field Trial Club, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Secretary, Mill's Building, New York, N. Y.

Dec. 16.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trial Club, at Amory, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Secretary, Marietta, Ga.

Jan. 20, 1890.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club at Bakersfield, Cal. H. H. Briggs, Secretary, 313 Bush street, San Francisco, Cal.

Jan. 27, 1890.—All-Day Field Trials, at West Point, Miss. F. R. Hitchcock, 44 Broadway, New York, Secretary.

Feb. 11, 1890.—Fourth Annual Field Trials of the Texas Field Trial Club, at Marshall, Tex. W. L. Thomas, Secretary.

COURSING.

Oct. 9 to 12.—Fall meet of the National Coursing Club at Hutchinson, Kan. M. E. Allison, Manager.

Oct. 24.—Annual Meet of the American Coursing Club, at Great Bend, Kan. F. K. Doan, Secretary, St. Louis, Mo.

THE A. K. C. FINANCES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The secretary and treasurer of the A. K. C. made a partial report of the financial condition of the club, and I will say that, if there is any error as to the deficit or loss between the actual earning of the club since Jan. 11 last, I am now fully convinced that my former estimate was substantially correct, while the deficit is more than I claimed. The club is losing not less than $300 per month, and as the treasurer did not make a detailed report showing income and source thereof, I will now give to your readers a detailed statement, which, upon examination of the book when examined or detailed report when made by the treasurer, will, I believe, be found to be substantially correct.

I will first call attention to the following report made by the treasurer to the club Feb. 21, 1889:

TREASURER'S REPORT, 1889.

A. K. C. ACCOUNT.

Balance on hand Dec. 5, 1888	$5.39
Received from clubs for annual dues	370.00
Received for registration of prefixes	15.00
	$390.39

EXPENSES.

Returned dues to Tenn., P. & P. Sk. Association, said club withdrawing its application	$10.00	
Stenographer, meeting Dec. 6, 1888	25.00	
Office furniture	15.00	
Petty expenses	6.94	$56.94
Balance		$333.45

CLUBS IN ARREARS FOR DUES.

American Field Trial Club	$10.00
National Poultry Association, Atlanta, Ga.	10.00
Stafford Kennel Club	10.00
Winsted Kennel Club	10.00

A. P. VREDENBURGH, Treasurer.

Treasurer's Report, 1889.—Of moneys received by the A. K. C. from all sources, and of expenses of every description to Feb. 16, 1889:

Receipts to January 11, 1889, as per balance carried forward to new cash book	$1,228.28
Receipts from January 11, 1889:	
From registrations Stud Book	$182.00
Sales of Stud Book	145.50
Advertisements Stud Book	50.00
From registrations *Gazette*	141.75
Sales *Gazette*	50
Advertisements *Gazette*	9.00
Subscriptions *Gazette*	6.00
Annual dues active members	90.00
Annual dues associates	507.50
Claims for prefixes	15.00
	$2,375.53

Expenses from January 11, 1889:		
For Stud Book, including editor's salary on account last year	$191.29	
For *Gazette*	365.64	
For Club	194.51	$751.44
Balance on hand		$1,624.09

A. P. VREDENBURGH Treasurer.

According to this report the treasurer has failed to in any way explain to us where and from what source the item $1,228.28 comes, except as to the item $333.45, having a balance recorded of $895.83 to be accounted for as received.

From Jan. 11 in this report every source of income, even to 50 cents for sale of *Gazette*, is stated. Will the treasurer kindly in his report say what for and from whence this sum was received?

On May 23 last the treasurer made another report to the club:

Receipts from all sources from Jan. 11 to date	$4,538.43
Expense for same period	3,578.38
Balance on hand	$960.05

Now will he kindly tell us what became of the moneys received by the A. K. C. from all sources before Jan. 11 as shown by item in report of Feb. 21 amounting to $1,228.28? Surely this amount should have been added to the balance in the May account, as this was received before Jan. 11, and the May account gives receipts from all sources from Jan. 11, and the same indefinite manner is employed to account for the expense. I now give the advertising rates as published in *Gazette*:

Outside covers—One inch.—One to three insertions, $2 each; six insertions, $1.50 each; twelve insertions, $1.25 each.

Inside covers—One inch.—One to three insertions, $1 50 each; six insertions, $1.25 each; twelve insertions, $1 each.

Other than covers—Half inch.—One to three insertions, 75 cents each; six insertions, 60 cents each; twelve insertions, 50 cents each. One inch.—One to three insertions, $1 each; six insertions 85 cents each; twelve insertions, 75 cents each.

And I will give the advertising for each month:

	Inside Cover. Inches.	Other than Cover Inches.
January	27	54
February	27	54
March	27	54
April	27	40
May	27	45
June	27	46
July	24	47
August	24	55
Total	210	395

Now, taking the six months' rate, if all pay, this would amount (210in. at $1.25 per inch) to $262.50, and 395in. at 85 cents per inch to the sum of $335.75. The two outside covers, I am informed, have been taken at $250 each for the year, so for the 8 months they will net, say $333; prefixes, say $50. So our income from the *Gazette* will be found, "not from all sources," but by adding together the amounts received from the different sources of income, to wit:

Registered dogs in *Kennel Gazette*, 1,904	$476 00
Advertising, outside covers	333 00
Inside covers	262 50
Other than cover	335 75
Prefixes, say	50 00
Total	$1,457 25

EXPENSES FOR EIGHT MONTHS.

Editor's salary	$1,000 00
Cost publishing *Gazette*, say $200 per month	1,000 00
Office rent	125 00
Clerk and stenographer, say	100 00
Incidentals, including postage, etc	200 00
Total expenses	$3,125 00

RECAPITULATION.

Expenses from all sources for 8 months	$3,125 00
Income from actual earning	1,457 25
Net loss on *Kennel Gazette*	1,667 75

I now estimate the loss from the increased expense account as shown by the treasurer's report, as follows; Expense account as shown by last partial report, $5,173.11; and to this I will supply what I believe to be a full estimate of the club's income:

Stud Book Register, 1,875 dogs	$237.50
327 associated members (if all have paid)	1,635.00
Total earning of *Gazette*	1,457.25
Total income	$4,029.75
Expense account as shown by treasurer	5,173.11
	$1,143.36

Now as I have credited the club with the item paid by associated members, the club should be charged with the stock which the club owes them:

Kennel Gazette to 327 members for 4 months	$215.82
327 Stud Books at $3 each	981.00
Total	$1,196.82
	1,143.36
Total loss for the 8 months	$2,340.18

The Stud Book Committee say in their card in the August number of the *Gazette*, that each entry in the Stud Book will be published at a loss of over 31 cents. So if these gentlemen are correct we may add another thousand dollars to the loss.

Mr. Anthony, of the Advisory Committee, in a published letter referring to the *Kennel Gazette*, says: "The fee, 25 cents, barely covers the cost of printing and the time of the editor devoted to compiling such pedigrees for publication."

The Stud Book Committee say they are working at a loss. Mr. Anthony claims no profit from registration in *Kennel Gazette*.

As an advertising medium the *Kennel Gazette* is worthless, for I do not believe they have 100 subscribers outside the associate members.

As a book of reference, as Mr. Shotwell has well said, "It

is simply a nuisance." As a newspaper it is devoid of news. While as a roster of mongrels it is a success, forty-eight appearing in the last issue.

Will Mr. Vredenburgh kindly give us the official figures by making a detailed statement? PESHALL.

JERSEY CITY, Oct. 4.

NEW YORK, Oct. 12, 1889.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I beg to inclose copy of correspondence passed between Mr. Vredenburgh and myself, which will serve to explain and answer certain criticisms which have appeared recently in a portion of the sporting press respecting the American Kennel Club. AUGUST BELMONT, JR., Pres. A. K. C.

NEW YORK, Oct. 11, 1889.—*August Belmont, Jr., Esq., President A. K. C.*—My Dear Sir: I had the honor of being elected secretary of the American Kennel Club May 6, 1886, and since that time, as each annual meeting occurred, I have been highly complimented by being re-elected, without opposition. By this action of the club, my course as its secretary has been approved and indorsed. One month after my first election as secretary, the office of treasurer was combined with the position I already held, and my predecessor turned over to me the balance on hand, amounting to $49.15. With that capital, the club opened its office and commenced the publication of its Stud Book. During the time that I have held my present position, over $11,000 have passed through my hands, and I am prepared to demonstrate to any committee, properly appointed, a full account, for every penny that has been received by me. In my treasurer's report at each quarterly meeting I have duly reported the receipts, disbursements and balances on hand, which without exception, has been satisfactory to the delegates, accepted, and ordered on file. The action of the delegates, from the time our list of members numbered thirteen, until now, embracing forty three members, has been one of confidence in my honesty, integrity and ability to care for the best interests of the club, and I assure you I highly appreciate their kindness and courtesy. Within the last few months certain gentlemen have seen fit to challenge the accuracy of my financial statements, and by inference question my truthfulness. They have published figures entirely different from the correct ones in all of the sporting press, claiming that they were right and that mine were wrong. One of the public papers has taken up the cry and called upon me to substantiate my statements. I have had a personal demand made upon me to exhibit my books, which I as their custodian promptly refused to do. I have been advised that the machinery of the law was to be put in motion to compel me to show my books, and to-day was asked on the street if there was anything wrong in our finances. All of this is not only very annoying, but is misleading, and is calculated to excite suspicion in the minds of a certain few who are new in the kennel world. In order to correct these erroneous statements, to remove any suspicions that may have been formed, and in justice to myself, I demand a thorough investigation of my accounts, and would respectfully request you to appoint a committee from the delegates (barring those comprising the advisory committee, with whom I am most intimately connected in the management of the office), with instructions to examine into and report on the following points:

First—Whether my accounts are correct or not.

Second—Whether we have ever received any moneys, by way of loans, donations, or from the guarantee fund.

Third—Whether the income has been derived from only legitimate sources or not, and

Fourth—To state from what sources our income does come.

In conclusion, I beg to thank you for your uniform courtesy to me in all of our business relations since you assumed the presidency of this club, and to assure you of my thorough appreciation of your valuable assistance in the transaction of many of the affairs of the club.

I will hold myself in readiness to meet your committee at any time that may be convenient and agreeable to its members.

I have the honor to be yours very truly,

(Signed) A. P. VREDENBURGH, Sec'y-Treas. A.K.C.

NEW YORK, Oct. 12, 1889.—*A. P. Vredenburgh, Esq, Sec'y and Treas. A. K. C.*—Dear Sir: I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 11th inst., in which you request me to appoint a committee of three to investigate and report upon the correctness of your accounts kept as treasurer of the American Kennel Club.

Under ordinary circumstances I would immediately comply and name the committee without delay.

For reasons, however, which I will proceed to explain to you, I beg that you will permit me to hold the appointment of the committee in abeyance until a desire is manifested for investigation of your books by those more properly entitled to know their contents and entertaining a sincerer interest for the welfare of our association.

It is with regret that I feel compelled to speak as duty obliges me in this letter respecting parties with whom my personal relations are so friendly, but forced to it by the interests of the A. K. C. I shall not mince matters.

You will remember that early last spring I prepared you for the disguised, and later for the open, hostility of the *Turf, Field and Farm*. You must recall how at the outset of the *Gazette*'s existence Mr. Bruce, of the *Turf, Field and Farm*, gave evidence in his conversation with me of a misgiving as to whether after all the *Gazette* would not trench upon the domain of the sporting press, both respecting news and advertisements, and preferred to have the A. K. C. hire and pay for a certain number of columns in some sporting paper (suggesting his columns as at our disposal) to be used by the A. K. C. exclusively as its official mouthpiece and for publishing its official records; but this we did not think practicable. It is still fresh in my mind that I went to see Mr. Busby and informed him, when we started publishing the *Gazette*, that we tendered his paper complimentary space for its advertisement, both as a courtesy and on the principle that everything that tended to widen the circulation of kennel news was of mutual benefit to all kennel periodicals. It was accepted without condition on either side.

You will also recall the fact that later on Mr. Mayhew was negotiating to regularly enter the staff of the *Turf, Field and Farm*, and came to both you and myself with the proposition from Mr. Bruce to have the *Kennel Gazette* divide with him the cost of having dog show reports made by Mr. Mayhew. I talked with Mr. Bruce about it when visiting his office one day in the early part of the year, and we declined the proposition. Simultaneously with this, and afterward, came the attacks upon the policy of securing gratuitous judges' reports for the *Kennel Gazette*, and the remarks found a sympathetic echo in the *Stock-Keeper*, which, for reasons better known to itself, has always had some unpleasant criticisms or remarks to make about the A. K. C.

You will remember no action has been taken by the A. K. C.'s delegates, officers or committees on the subject of compelling judges to write their reports; it was merely a suggestion of yours, and yet, to prejudice interested parties against the practice, the matter was dexterously treated as though practically disposed of, and quotations from the *Stock-Keeper*, condemning our arbitrary course in this matter, were conspicuously printed in the *Turf, Field and Farm*.

A fair discussion of a subject with the pros and cons is one thing and the privilege of every one, and is and always will be recognized by the A. K. C. in the proper spirit, but to build attacks upon incorrect premises or for pecuniary consideration is quite another matter, and I feel it my duty to fight and expose them. It was with this feeling that I wrote for you the editorial of the *Gazette* for June and approved afterward with my colleagues in the A. K. C. of your omitting the *Turf, Field and Farm's* gratuitous advertisement.

Also when it became apparent that Mr. Peshall was receiving encouragement and indorsement from the *Turf, Field and Farm* in his malicious and hypocritical letters upon the subject of the A. K. C.'s financial condition, and on top of this it withdrew its exchange from us for the perfectly groundless reason that it was part of the consideration for the *Turf, Field and Farm's* free advertisement in the *Gazette*, I wrote the editorial of September, with the avowed object of letting our kennel world see those with consciences jump for the cap and put it on, and to dispel the fears their unanswered attacks might create among our mutual readers.

If the A. K. C. members individually or collectively believe with Messrs. Bruce, Wade, Peshall and his dependent Livesey, that the editorials referred to are not decorous, justified and legitimately within the province of our official organ, I take the entire responsibility of them and will answer for them to the A. K. C. at the next quarterly meeting.

The criticisms in all our other sporting papers have been criticisms on the merits of the question, some merely passing remarks, others complete arguments, and for those the June and September editorials were not meant, and they proved that they knew it by not crying out that they were stung.

Why should you ask to have your accounts investigated to confute a false interpretation put upon them by parties who merely desire material for further misrepresentation? You have made the same sort of general reports as the last one at all the previous quarterly meetings, reserving your detailed report for the annual meeting.

If the delegates of the A. K. C. or some one of recognized authority desires to change our custom and to have a detailed report now, it can be called for in the proper way and will be complied with in the proper manner. The A. K. C. is not a rabble; it is an organized body, and you and its officers, I am sure, will be sustained by its members in keeping its ranks closed up, discipline good, organization effective, and finances and treasury in order and above suspicion. We were not put in our positions to scare and run at every popgun which Mr. Peshall chooses to fire off, or at the stage thunder of some part of the press, intended to intimidate and drive us from pursuing a policy for the benefit of the A. K. C., which, however, may not redound to the pecuniary profit of that dissatisfied portion of the press. The cries of arrogance, dictatorial methods, cliques, society, are heaped upon us the while forgetting that we are nothing but the elected representatives of a big body of breeders and exhibitors in the United States, who can and do control us through their duly elected delegates, and can and will drive us out at the next election if we fail in our duty.

The *Stock-Keeper* is running a very clumsy second in this attack, making a mess of its criticism by treating the mooted question of compulsory reports by judges as an arrogant edict, while it had only been broached at that time in your secretary's report at the spring quarterly meeting, and the *Gazette*'s June editorial expressly indicated that it had not been acted upon, but intimated that when it was, it would be by the delegates, and if approved, would be the edict of the A. K. C. through its representatives and not its officers, and under those conditions would have to be obeyed. It is even now only proposed by Dr. Perry and is to be acted upon at the December meeting.

The A. K. C. is not likely to ill-treat itself. When its officers undertake to ill-treat it in an unauthorized manner, they will hear from the A. K. C. promptly. We court review of our actions in this connection.

The *Turf, Field and Farm* conspicuously quoted an article from the *Stock-Keeper*, and I could not insult Mr. Bruce's intelligence as a kennel authority by accusing him of ignorance of its absurd inaccuracy. Yet it was given currency to help in the unfriendly work. This article was on the Stud Book Committee's advance of the price of registration in the American Stud Book from 50 cents to $1, and our action was in it termed arbitrary and stigmatized as a miscarried attempt to be "English, you know." The American Kennel Club is anything but English in its composition or construction. Every man of reputable character is eligible to associate membership, and any one can have indirect right of membership through a club a member of the American Kennel Club. Every one is represented through annually elected delegates, and all officers serve but for one year. It is perfectly republican and very "American;" while the English Kennel Club is an exclusive club with a limited membership, and many, many dog men in England do not and cannot belong to it. The English associate member has no voice in the English Kennel Club; he simply has certain privileges for his annual subscription of a guinea, but he is not received at the club house, nor has he any voice in the conduct of affairs whatsoever.

As to the registration in the English Stud Book, it is much dearer than that in the A. K. C. S. B. to-day, even with the new charge of $1, which includes the 25 cents for compulsory registration in the *Gazette*. In England the compulsory registration in the *Gazette* is 1 shilling (25 cents), and registration in the Stud Book 5 shillings ($1.25), so that both cost in England 6 shillings ($1.50), as against $1. True, about one-fifth of the dogs are registered free by the English Stud Book's secretary and without the owners' intervention, as winners are put in without charge. In America we have not this practice, so that all our stud book registrations are voluntary and cost $1.

If you still insist upon the appointment of a committee of investigation I will appoint one.

After receiving my reply to your letter I trust you will come to the conclusion that the necessity for the appointment of an examination committee does not exist. Yours respectfully, AUGUST BELMONT, JR., President A. K. C.

"THE 'STOCK-KEEPER' AND ITS ASSAILANTS."

Editor Forest and Stream:

The statements of Mr. Geo. R. Krehl in your issue of Oct. 3 I will analyze accurately and briefly as possible. He says I attacked the *Stock-Keeper*, etc. Now, if he, or any one else, cares to take the trouble to re-read my notes, it will be found that I aver the *Stock-Keeper* would be a good paper if Mr. Krehl didn't do this, that and the other, or in other words, what a grand paper it would be were not he its editor. It was not my intention to attack the paper *per se*, but simply to assert that Mr. Krehl was not the proper man to have the handling of it, and this I still maintain.

Now, with regard to his biography of myself, he says: "I will proceed to furnish the clew to Mr. Mayhew's bitterness. When the respectable portion of the terrier world started their crusade against trimming, they met an active opposition from a body of men who made a considerable share of their living by exhibiting and dealing in a breed of dogs that are by some exhibitors trimmed," etc.

In the assertion about the men who made a considerable share, etc., with one exception must be included the whole of the wire-haired exhibitors. These include such men as Wm. Carrick (an exhibitor for at least 30 years), Harding Cox, Arthur Maxwell, H. Haywood Field, J. G. Pim, A. E. Clear, C. W. Wharton, W. Easton, Geo. Raper, and a host of others; in fact, Mr. Krehl's statement includes, as I have said before, every man—except one (P. C. Reid)—who had an interest in wire-hairs, so that I am not in such bad company as Mr. Krehl would wish to infer. With regard to my attack on Mr. Tinne, I was perfectly justified, for, for two years had this gentleman been attacking at every opportunity this breed, and as he had never owned such a thing, and openly stated he knew nothing about them, nor did he care to, his evident fanaticism was treated as it should be; but at last he overstepped the bounds, and it was necessary for some one to uphold the breed. This I did in a letter I shall always be proud of; not, as Mr. Krehl states, countenancing trimming and faking, but, to the best of my ability, defining what was trimming and faking and what was not, and contending that Mr. Tinne and his supporters (none of whom were real wire-men) had no right to dictate about that which they were ignorant of to those who were not, and to those who were also the most interested parties.

In order to show how unwarranted are Mr. Krehl's remarks concerning my upholding trimming and faking, and also my "outrageous" attacks against Mr. Tinne, in justice to myself I must further ask you to publish the letter to which he alludes, at the same time explaining that a meeting was to be held at the time, to decide as to whether "wire-hairs" were worthy of a place in the "Fox-Terrier Club." I may add, I am or was on the committee of the Fox-Terrier Club, and also on the list of judges.

To the Editor of the Fox-Terrier Chronicle:

SIR: So long back as last January, the question of trimming wire-haired fox-Terriers was publicly discussed, for the first time, by the Fox-terrier Club; the decision arrived at by that body, or I should say by a section of that body, was, that unless this practice ceased the wire division would be asked to retire at the meeting to be held in the following January, 1889.

Such was the resolution blazoned forth by two prominent members of the club, and though it elicited much correspondence at the time, not one regular wire-haired exhibitor thought fit to enter into the discussion, presumably with the hope that the advocates of such a scheme would, as time rolled on, perceive how unjust, and I may say tyrannical, was their proposition. Nor would I now have broached such a subject had it not been for the open manner in which Mr. Tinne, the smooth judge at the late York show, made manifest his extreme prejudice where the interests of the rougher variety were at stake. And as his eccentricity in this respect seems unbounded and never ceasing, it is surely time his monopoly of this subject was contested by those who do not appreciate this peculiar trait in his character.

I do not intend entering into the *pros* and *cons* of the trimming question, firstly, because denials are of no avail, even in the many cases where dogs are untrimmed; secondly, that, with one exception, no regular wire-haired exhibitor has yet complained, or considered it dishonest, to show his dog to the best advantage, provided he kept within the bounds of producing that effect, which would be the same as though the dog had been combed or groomed. Here it is where the imaginative mind of the immaculate (?) smooth exhibitor runs rife—mingling the fantasies of rumor with the solidities of truth—for all sorts of atrocities are laid at the door of the wire exhibitor. Ah! he is a base, black monster who owns a wire! Once let him own such an article, all Nebuchadnezzar's fiery furnaces, and all the possible and impossible tortures in this or any other world will not be sufficient to expiate that most terrible of crimes—contamination with a wire-haired fox-terrier. What that most debased of animals will have to answer for in the hereafter is known but to the gods! His connections are everything that is dishonest! discreditable!! and disreputable!!! What a contrast to his smooth cousin. He is everything that is honorable? creditable?? and respectable??? How utterly hopeless must be the case of the intended outcast, to whom even the expanded minds of 'Varsity men refuse a helping hand. Why all this thusness? Because a few men object to some old loose coat, which has a ragged and tattered appearance, having rather been extracted by a quicker process of plucking with the fingers than by the slower and more tedious operation of the comb and brush. Yet the most persistent of these objectors does not consider putting weights on his terrier's ears—even to just before the time of judging—tampering with nature in any way. Now, I dare say this man, who can for himself so satisfactorily determine two such crucial points, should have all credit due to him; but I, myself, utterly fail to appreciate the logic emanating from a man in such a condition of mental exaltation. If Mr. Tinne has really that innate dislike for wire-hairs which he professes to have, then he is the wrong man in the wrong place; and how much more dignified would it be on his part to retire from his post on the score of conscientous scruples than to forever have the stigma of being the cause of disruption of a club, which under ordinary circumstances should be happy and thriving; revered by those minor bodies, whose pleasure it should be to look up to this, their parent club. It seems such a shame to think that men who have been laboring together for so many years for one and the same object, viz., the improvement of the fox-terrier, wire and smooth, should be suddenly severed and rent asunder for the sake of a whim of a few men, which is a great deal more imaginary than real. Surely those men who, though in a minority, stand in the kennel world higher than the majority can be magnanimous and, for the sake of the majority, pocket all likes and dislikes, and so save two bodies, which cannot possibly exist singly, from drifting asunder. Is there only one opinion among smooth men? Do they all so utterly detest wire terriers, or is it only that the voices of two or three are stronger than the voices of those who still feel a regard and respect for their rough cousins? If there be any men who would protect the two varieties, now is their time to proclaim their intention, now is the time to show these high officials that they are not the Alpha and Omega of the fox-terrier world. But if there be no smooth men who consider the two breeds closely allied, then is the Fox-Terrier Club—as it should be—a thing of the past. It was openly avowed at the last York show that there was nothing in common between the two varieties, and therefore the two bodies should separate. For this reason, and this only, have I written, hoping that I may arouse some feeling of indignation and anger among those who thoroughly appreciate, without distinction of coat, that individuality that characterizes the fox-terrier. R. F. MAYHEW.

The end of the whole thing was that, in fact, my definition of trimming was accepted, through the proposition of my friend Arthur Maxwell (a member of the Kennel Club) by the Fox-Terrier Club.

Now for my dealing transactions: Until I came here and split up my kennel I had sold two dogs and bought probably a hundred, so my dealing was all on the side of purchases, and twice did I refuse $750 for my favorite.

Concerning his statement about the libel, Mr. Krehl, through probably placing too much credence in a deaf friend of his, who got into a four-wheeler with Maxwell, Geo. Raper, and myself at Birmingham, is all wrong, as it was their opinion it was libelous, not mine; for myself I never troubled whether it was or not, as I had been previously initiated into the ways of their money transactions, when not in their favor.

About my connection with the press, I had the pleasure of writing reports for the *Field* (London), as well as contributing angling articles; but if having at that time independent means, and not being in any way dependent on my own exertions, and doing such things for the pleasure of having some little employment, comes in the category of being "employed on odd jobs," then was I an "odd jobber" on the *Field*. With respect to this and my doggy position I inclose a letter which will speak for itself:

THE PRESS CLUB, 107 FLEET STREET (Ludgate Circus), E. C., London, March 3, 1889.—*Dear Mayhew*: I have pleasure in testifying to the excellence and reliability of the reports of dog shows you have at times contributed (through me as the kennel editor) to the *Field*, London, and believe that your practical knowledge of dogs and sport generally, angling in particular, would be of great service to any paper requiring such service. I hope that you may be able to secure such employment as I have found you fitted for here and regret that we are likely to lose your services, at any rate for a time. As a judge of terriers of all varieties, pugs and toy dogs, I believe you to have no superior in England, and your knowledge of other varieties will no doubt prove of use to you in the future. I wish you every success in your new home, and believe me faithfully, etc., RAWDON B. LEE.

Mr. Krehl goes on to say I never, to his knowledge, did work on the *Stock-Keeper*. Now, in this he is mistaken. At a show held by the Pug Club, at the Aquarium, he himself, in the presence of Mr. Berrie, "asked me to do a report of the show," adding he would pay the usual rate, and so lucrative did this turn out that I have never yet received the "usual rate," though the paper did not forget to badger me

for a dollar I afterward owed them. So much for his assertion as to my bitterness against him.

"Outside my own set" I am not known, nor is my name, except as a "wire-hair exhibitor." Considering I had been to probably more shows before he was ever heard of, than he has in his whole career, this is a decidedly cool misstatement, for in 1868 I made my first appearance at Birmingham, and only three times have I missed it since; and, young as I was, was well known and "intimate" with Sam Handley, T. Pickett, Mrs. Bligh Monck, and was known to the Rev. Hodson, Rev. Meller, Mr. Kingdon, and even corresponded with Miss Aglionby, the well-known breeder of the mastiff Turk. I was associated also with Octavius Green (owner of Monarch), Curtis (owner of Duchess, sister to Mrs. Roblinson's Countess), Herbert Bright and many other well-know faces, that are either of the past or hardly ever seen. George Hallewell can remember me then, also dear old dad Nichols and Mrs. Foster, so that I am not making a statement of the "has beens," without mentioning the names of these who were of that time and are still of the present. Few of the prominent exhibitors have there been with whom I have not been on speaking terms, especially in the non-sporting variety; and because I did not take up the breeds of which my father and mother were so fond, it does not follow that I am so incompetent as he would wish to be inferred. With pugs, toys of all kinds, mastiffs, Newfoundlands, and nearly all non-sporting breeds have I been associated all my life, and this he well knows.

That I am not stamped with the "hall mark" of the E. K. C., *i. e.*, have not judged there, puts me in the same company with such well-known men as Geo. Raper, Geo. Hellewell, L. P. C. Astley and others; but I do remember Mr. Krehl officiating at the last Alexandra Palace show, when the judge of "Foreign Dogs" could not attend, and no one else cared about the empty honor of becoming a "stop gap." I have never yet posed as an authority on any breeds, but have given my opinion, as I did in England, to be taken for what it was worth, that is, nothing or something. If it was worth nothing, I could not help it, but it would be given to the best of my knowledge. I was never desirous of thrusting myself forward, nor do I think I have done so here.

In his last paragraph, Mr. Krehl alludes to a friend, writing *Turf, Field and Farm*, and his letter not being accepted. He omits to mention the answer he received, in which it was intimated that Mr. Krehl could repudiate the charges himself, without the necessity of calling on a friend. With regard to my "cribbing" "Canine Whispers," I had not the faintest idea it was Mr. Krehl's heading. On the verge of going to press "Whispers" were put for the want of something better, never dreaming that such was Mr. Krehl's own special captions and original title.

R. F. Mayhew.

DANBURY DOG SHOW.

[*Special Report.*]

Danbury, Conn., Oct. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The eighth annual dog show of the Danbury Agricultural Society held here the past three days was the best one yet held both in point of number and in the quality of the animals shown. There were 197 entries with about 50 absentees. The visitors to the fair crowded the building set apart for the dogs most of the time, and it was apparent that this portion of the exhibit was second to none of the others. The Society, I understand, will charge an entrance fee next year and add to the number of classes and give larger prizes. Mr. James Watson, of Philadelphia, and Mr. E. S. Porter, of New Haven, judged, and so far as I am able to learn gave general satisfaction. Below is a list of the

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—*Dogs:* 1st, G. E. Sears' Kaiser William. *Bitches:* 1st and special and 2d, Herbert Mead's Aydah and Leonice.

ST. BERNARDS.—Rough-Coated—*Dogs:* 1st and special, H. Embens' Roland. *Bitches:* 1st, C. Wagner's New York Luce. Smooth—*Dogs:* 1st, T. Burke's Duke of Sparta. *Bitches:* 1st, C. Wagner's Thisbe Wagner; 2d, L. Albert's Duchess. *Puppies:* L. Albert's Duchess.

DEERHOUNDS.—Absent.

GREYHOUNDS.—Challenge—1st and special, H. W. Huntington's Balkis. Open—*Dogs:* 1st, Warwick Kennel's Ten Broeck; equal 2d, C. L. Griffith's Tramp and F. Comstock's Dick. *Bitches:* 1st, A. R. Kyle's Flora; 2d, Woodhaven Kennels' Fleet; 3d, G. R. Hair's Flash.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, W. F. Ageltinger's Nero. *Bitches:* 1st, withheld; 2d, Prof. L. P. Braive's Brunette. *Puppies:* 1st and special, E. H. Morris's Admiral.

POINTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, E. H. Morris's Sancho; 2d, Dr. S. S. Banks's Underwriter; 3d and very high com., Fleetview and Reading Pointer Kennels' Spot Dash and Reading's Bang. *Bitches:* 1st, J. E. Gill's Don's Dot; 2d, V. L. Rockwell's Lafford Pearl; 3d, withheld. Very high com., Fleetview and Reading Pointer Kennels' Say. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, Miss H. Wooster's Duchess of Naso and Duke Naso. Kennel, Fleetview and Reading Pointer Kennel.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. J. E. Hair's Hair's Belton; 2d, J. J. Snellenburg's Count Henricks. *Bitches:* 1st and special, J. W. Wood's Donna Juanita; 2d, Dr. J. E. Hair's Topsy Laverack.

IRISH SETTERS.—Challenge—*Dogs:* 1st, E. W. Clark, Jr.'s Blarney. *Bitches:* 1st and special, C. T. Thompson's Mollie Bawn. Open—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, St. Cloud Kennels' Glenmore and St. Cloud. *Bitches:* 1st, St. Cloud Kennels' Lida; 2d, G. E. Dawson's Flora D. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, St. Cloud Kennels' Bendimore and Flora.

GORDON SETTERS.—Challenge—1st and special, S. G. Dixon's Little Boy. Open—*Dogs:* 1st, E. H. Morris's New York Ronald; 2d, Miss A. Hall's Nip. *Bitches:* 1st, W. A. Mitchell's Vic; 2d, Smith Bros.' Dandelion. *Bitches:* 1st, Smith Bros.' Laddie.

FIELD SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, E. H. Morris's Beau. *Bitches:* Absent. *Puppies:* A. C. Wilmerding's Princess Newton.

COCKER SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. N. Bliss's Don.

FOXHOUNDS.—Absent. *Puppies:* Withheld.

BEAGLES.—Challenge—1st and special, W. D. Hughes's Lou.—Open—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, S. M. Cate, Jr.'s Ben and Don.

FOX-TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, A. K. Austin's Bute; 2d, M. Reynolds's Dandy. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Jean Grosvenor's Fina and Hillside Jaunty; 3d, J. M. Garvin's Chippie. *Puppies:* 1st, 3d and com., (2) E. L. Vanderburgh's Romp, Fanchon, Dick and Bob White; 2d, withheld. Wire-Haired.—1st and special, F. F. Dole's Cotswold Jocko.

COLLIES.—Challenge—1st and special, W. D. Hughes's Bonnie Brae.—Open—*Dogs:* 1st, A. R. Kyle's Robin Hood; 2d, Lothian Kennels' Glenboig; 3d, W. D. Hughes's Nullamore. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, A. R. Kyle's Adela Doon of Nessel Down and Hebe of Nessel Down; 3d, Lothian Kennels' Lothian Maid III. *Puppies:* 1st, 2d and very high com., Lothian Kennels' Lothian Guard, Glenboig and Lothiana.

BULLDOGS.—Challenge—*Dogs:* 1st, Riverview Kennels' Portswood Tiger. *Bitches:* 1st, Riverview Kennels' Soudan.—Open—1st and special, Riverview Kennels' Lion.

BULL-TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, F. F. Dole's Hinks; 2d, J. H. Preston's Czar. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, F. F. Dole's Starlight and White Daisy; 3d, J. E. Maddern's Blanche. *Puppies:* 1st, C. B. Andrews's Nailor.

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st, W. W. Stafford.

IRISH TERRIERS.—1st, Lewis Jarrett's Burnside.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Rochelle Kennels' Dick; 2d, F. F. Dole's Kaiser. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Rochelle Kennels' Rochelle Lass and Meersbrook Girl.

TOY TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Prof. L. P. Braive's Marquis; 2d, Mrs. L. P. Braive's Jack. *Bitches:* 1st, A. Wipper's May; 2d, Mrs. B. C. Lynes's Cosette.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—Absent.

PUGS.—Challenge—1st, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Bessie.—Open—*Dogs:* 1st and special, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Bob Ivy; 2d, J. Ellis's Punch. *Bitches:* 1st, Lothian Kennels' Lothia; 2d, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Uno.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Large—1st, F. H. Down's wolfhound Ours.—Small—1st and 2d, C. A. Shinn's Clydesdale terriers Clydesdale Loris and Clydesdale Lady.

Dan.

PORT HURON DOG SHOW.

[*Special Report.*]

Bay City, Mich., Oct. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There was a dog show at Port Huron, this State, last week, held by the Agricultural Fair Association in connection with their annual fair. Some 50 dogs were present and the show was pronounced by all to be a grand success for the first attempt. Mr. C. A. Stone, secretary of the Canadian Kennel Club, judged all classes. Following is a list of the

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Eureka Kennels' Bismark; 2d, J. J. Lynn's Dave. *Bitches:* 1st, Eureka Kennels' Mig; 2d, C. Grief's Nettie. *Puppies:* 1st, Eureka Kennels' Wonder; 2d and very high com., W. Cole's Dan and Jennie.

ST. BERNARDS.—1st and 2d, H. Gorman's Bernal and Brian.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—*Bitches:* 1st, J. Ellison's Lu Moll; 2d, G. Jackson's London's Pride.

IRISH SETTERS.—1st, J. Thompson's Jack.

DEERHOUNDS.—1st, J. Gamack's Captain.

GREYHOUNDS.—1st, W. J. Watson's Josey.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—1st, withheld; 2d, G. Jackson's Dolly.

COCKER SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, W. J. Watson's Grouse. *Bitches:* 1st, W. J. Watson's Jet.

FOXHOUNDS.—1st, W. J. Watson's Ranger.

BEAGLES.—*Dogs:* 1st, W. J. Watson's Tom Boy. *Bitches:* 1st, W. J. Watson's Fairmaid.

BULL-TERRIERS.—1st, W. J. Watson's Royal II.; 2d, G. Draper's Sue.

FOX-TERRIERS.—1st, withheld; 2d, J. D. Brientnall's Grover.

IRISH TERRIERS.—1st and 2d, W. J. Watson's Garry and Rock.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* W. J. Watson's Sting II. *Bitches:* 1st, W. J. Watson's Zulu.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—1st, J. Cailey's Tiney.

TOY TERRIERS.—1st, W. J. Watson's Nellie W.; 2d, J. Carley's Dandy. Very high com., Mrs. Jane Gamack's Nellie.

PUGS.—1st, Mrs. D. Lynn's Ban; 2d, Miss C. Goldie's Teddy. *Puppies:* 1st, L. Hanley's Tiney.

MISSCELLANEOUS.—1st, withheld; 2d, A. Roberts's Gipsy Queen.

Ned.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS ENTRIES.

ALL-AGED SETTER STAKE.

Duke (J. T. Richards, New York city), black and tan dog, June, 1886 (Norton's Dan—Richard's Nellie).

Dame Coster (S. C. Bradley, Greenfield Hill, Conn.), black and white bitch (Dorman's Racket—Dolly S.).

Miss Monarch (Chas. C. Gray, Providence, R. I.), black and white bitch, 3yrs. (Roy Monarch—Flossie).

Nora (I. Norris Cochrane, Philadelphia, Pa.), black, white and tan bitch, 4½yrs. (Count Noble—Lit).

Nat Goodwin (I. Norris Cochrane, Philadelphia, Pa.), black, white and tan dog, 4yrs. (Roderigo—Bo-Peep).

Roi d'Or (O. W. Donner, Boston, Mass.), black, white and tan dog, June, 1887 (Roderigo—Bo-Peep).

Desmond II. (Chas. F. Thompson, Philadelphia, Pa.), red Irish setter dog, 3yrs. (Frisco—Grouse II.).

Countess Rush (R. V. Fox, Harrisburg, Pa.), black, white and tan bitch, April, 1888 (Count Noble—Belle of Piedmont).

Whitie (Herbert Merriam, Weston, Mass.), lemon and white dog, March, 1887 (Gus Bondhu—Royal Myrtle).

Dick Tate (A. M. Tucker, Charlestown, Mass.), black, white and ticked dog, 2yrs. (Gus Bondhu—Lady Dixie).

Antoinette (E. O. Damon, Northampton, Mass.), lemon and white bitch, 2yrs. (Doncaster—Princess Pearl).

Rebel, Jr. (Adolph Dill, Richmond, Va.), black, white and tan dog, December, 1886 (Roderigo—Bo-Peep).

Prince Imperial (Ramapo Kennels, Ramsey, N. J.), orange and white dog, 5½yrs. (Emperor Fred—Bessie).

King Leo (Ernest F. Thomas, Arapahoe, Col.), black, white and tan dog, 4yrs. (Count Noble—Hamilton's Ruby).

Maude Foreman (Ernest F. Thompson, Arapahoe, Col.), black, white and tan bitch, 3yrs. (Foreman—Miss Elsie).

Maude (Bert Crane, Chicago, Ill.), black, white and tan bitch, 7yrs. (Dog Whip—Juno II.).

Little Gift (Bert Crane, Chicago, Ill.), black, white and tan bitch, 4yrs. (Roderigo—Queen Bess).

King's Mark (J. I. Case, Jr., Racine, Wis.), blue belton dog, April, 1886 (King Noble—Belle Belton).

Sam (J. I. Case, Jr., Racine, Wis.), black, white and tan dog, May 8, 1886 (King Noble—Crickett).

Nannie B. (J. I. Case, Jr., Racine, Wis.), lemon and black bitch, May 15, 1888 (King Noble—Queen Vashti).

King Noble (J. I. Case, Jr., Racine, Wis.), blue belton dog, Aug. 28, 1883 (Count Noble—Rosalind).

Rapid Ann (W. F. Townes, Danville, Va.), blue belton bitch, July, 1887).

Toledo Blade (J. E. Dager, Toledo, Ohio), black, white and tan dog, May, 1886 (Roderigo—Lillian).

Cincinnatus (J. E. Dager, Toledo, Ohio), black, white and tan dog, May, 1886 (Count Noble—Dido II.).

Guy (Geo. T. Leach, High Point, N. C.), black, white and tan dog, 2½yrs. (Gladstone Boy—Lady).

Orlando (John Simpkins, New York city), black, white and tan dog, June, 1887 (Roderigo—Bo-Peep).

Polly (John Simpkins, New York city), black, white and tan bitch, (————).

Cassio (Memphis & Avent Kennels, Memphis, Tenn.), black, white and tan dog, 4yrs. (Count Noble—Lizzie Hopkins).

Laertes (Memphis & Avent Kennels), black, white and tan dog, 3yrs. (Count Noble—Lizzie Hopkins).

Antonio (Memphis & Avent Kennels, Memphis, Tenn.), black, white and tan dog, 3yrs. (Roderigo—Bo-Peep).

Chance (Memphis & Avent Kennels, Memphis, Tenn.), black, white and tan dog, 4½yrs. (Roderigo—Bo-Peep).

Bettie S. (Memphis & Avent Kennels, Memphis, Tenn.), black, white and tan bitch, 3yrs. (Roderigo—Bo-Peep).

Rowdy Rod (Memphis & Avent Kennels, Memphis, Tenn.), black, white and tan dog, January, 1888 (Roderigo—Juno A.).

Flounce Gladstone (Whyte Belford, Memphis, Tenn.), white and tan bitch, 2½yrs. (Gladstone—Flounce).

Nanna (Percy C. Ohl, Plainfield, N. J.), lemon belton bitch, May, 1887 (Buckellew—Minnetonka).

Dash (H. R. Baldwin, New York city), orange and white dog, 4yrs. (———Dot).

POINTERS.

Count Fauster (Dr. J. G. F. Holston, Zanesville, O.), lemon, white and tan dog, March, 1887 (Mainspring—Dolly Fauster).

Bounce (George W. Amory), Boston, Mass.), lemon and white dog, February, 1887 (Bob—Sal).

Miranda (J. T. Richards, New York city, N. Y.), lemon and white bitch, January, 1887 (Mainspring—Beauty).

Random Clover (Augustus B. Field, New York city, N. Y.), lemon and white bitch, July, 1887 (Graphic—Clover).

Duke of Hessen (F. R. Hitchcock, New York city), liver and white dog, May, 1885 (Luck of Hessen—Blarney).

Woolton Game (F. R. Hitchcock, New York city), lemon and white bitch, February, 1887 (Gough—Larkspur).

Joyce (F. R. Hitchcock, New York city), lemon and white bitch, March, 1887 (Lad of Bow—Bloomo).

Stella (F. R. Hitchcock, New York city), lemon and white bitch, January, 1887 (Naso of Kippen—Boski).

Tory White (F. R. Hitchcock, New York city), lemon and white dog, October, 1887 (Tammany—Juno II.).

Lad of Bow (Westminster Kennel Club, Babylon, L. I.), lemon and white dog, March, 1884 (Graphic—Climax).

Pontiac (Ed. Dexter, Charlottesville, Va.), lemon and white dog, 3yrs. (Milton's Bang II.—Climax).

Rip Rap (Ed. Dexter, Charlottesville, Va.), black, white and ticked dog, May, 1888 (King of Kent—Hops).

Consolation (C. H. Odell, Yonkers, N. Y.), orange and white dog, June, 1885 (Bang Bang—Grace III.).

Roger Williams (C. H. Odell, Yonkers, N. Y.), orange and white dog, May, 1886 (Bang Bang—Lalla Rookh).

Dolgorouki (C. H. Odell, Yonkers, N. Y.), orange and white bitch, August, 1886 (Bang Bang—Lalla Rookh).

Flirt (O. W. Donner, Boston, Mass.), liver and white bitch, May, 1888 (Mainspring—Merry Legs).

Fred (Bayard Thayer, Boston, Mass.), liver and white dog, 2yrs. (Robert le Diable—Tuck).

Labanon (E. R. Coleman, Labanon, Pa.), lemon and white dog, November, 1885 (Tim—Peg).

Satenella (Rutherford Stuyvesant, Hackettstown, N. J.), liver and white ticked bitch, 2yrs. (Robert le Diable—Tuck).

Tammany's Boy (Miss H. Wooster, Ansonia, Conn.). liver and white dog, November, 1887 (Tammany—Juno).

Rock II. (J. B. Wallace, Ansonia, Conn.), liver and white dog, July, 1887 (Graphic—Lady Belle).

Fan Fan (J. B. Wallace, Ansonia, Conn.), liver and white bitch (Graphic—Lady Belle).

Seldom (Nat Simpkins, New York city), liver and white bitch, 4½yrs. (Booth—Tuck).

CHAMPION STAKES.

Roderigo (Memphis & Avent Kennels), black, white and tan dog, 6½yrs. (Count Noble—Twin Maude).

Gath's Mark (Dr. Jas. N. Maclin, Mason, Tenn.), black, white and tan dog, 5yrs. (Gath—Gem).

INDIANA TRIALS ENTRIES.

Indianapolis, Oct. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The entries to the Indiana Kennel Club's All-Aged Stakes closed Oct. 1 with 43 nominations—28 English setters, 1 Gordon setter and 14 pointers. The Irish setter entries promised us failed to materialize.

I desire to call the attention of all who anticipate visiting our trials to the special arrangements made for transportation. The Central Traffic Association has granted special rates to Vincennes from all points in Indiana—full fare going and one aent per mile returning. The O. & M. R. R. will sell tickets to Vicennes from all of their terminal points and junctions at full fare going and one cent per mile returning, and will carry two dogs free if crated. The L. & M. R. R. will sell tickets to Vincennes from all points on their line at full fare one way and one cent per mile returning, and will carry all dogs free if crated.

Parties desiring to avail themselves of these concessions must secure from the agent of whom they purchase their tickets a certificate showing that they have paid full fare to Vincennes. This certificate when signed by the club's secretary at Bicknell, will enable the holder thereof to purchase from the railroad ticket agent at Vincennes a return ticket at the reduced rate. We are now trying to arrange for special round-trip tickets from Vincennes to Bicknell.

P. T. Madison, Sec'y.

ALL-AGED SETTER STAKE.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

Lufra's Mark (W. W. Titus, West Point, Miss.), black, white and tan dog (Gath's Mark—Lufra).

Hope (A. M. Young, Nashville, Tenn.), lemon and white bitch (Gath's Hope—Daisy F.).

Floe Windem (A. Thoman, St. Louis, Mo.), lemon and white bitch (Rebel Windem—Carrie H.).

Lady F. (A. Thoman, St. Louis, Mo.), black and white bitch (Rebel Windem—Carrie H.).

Blue Mark (Frank Richards, Stewart, Minn.), blue belton dog (Gath's Mark—Lufra).

Monarch E. (H. Hulman, Jr., Terre Haute, Ind.), liver and white dog (Grouse Dale—Stockton's Floe).

Billy B. (Gen. W. B. Shattuc, Cincinnati, O.), orange and white dog (Count Noble—Dido II.).

Noble Dido (Gen. W. B. Shattuc, Cincinnati, O.), black, white and tan dog (Count Noble—Dido II.).

Daisy H. (J. H. and J. A. Hunter, Sandborn, Ind.), orange and white bitch (Gath's Hope—Daisy F.).

Dot Belton (Clarence Swannan, Minneapolis, Minn.), blue belton bitch (King Noble—Elsie Belton).

Daisy F. (Fisher & Dudley, Nashville, Tenn.), lemon and white bitch (Gleam—Dean).

Prince Royal H. (Fred H. Kennedy, Pittsburgh, Pa.), black and white ticked dog (Royal Ranger—Daisy Queen).

Dad Wilson's Boy (J. Shelly Hudson, Covington, Ky.), black, white and tan dog (Dad Wilson—Dolly S.).

Quail (H. S. New, Indianapolis, Ind.), black, white and tan bitch (Nick—Beauty).

Beaumont (W. R. Huntington, Cleveland, O.), black, white and tan dog (Prince Royal—Nettie).

King's Dan (Geo. W. Ewing, Fort Wayne, Ind.), black, white and tan dog (King Noble—Elsie Belton).

King's Mark (J. I. Case, Jr., Racine, Wis.), blue belton dog (King Noble—Belle Belton).

Sam C. (J. I. Case, Jr., Racine, Wis.), black, white and tan dog (King Noble—Cricket).

Nannie B. (J. I. Case, Jr., Racine, Wis.), blue belton bitch (King Noble—Queen Vashti).

King Noble (J. I. Case, Jr., Racine, Wis.), blue belton dog (Count Noble—Rosalind).

Little Gift (Bert Crane, Chicago, Ill.), black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Queen Bess).

Maud (Bert Crane, Chicago, Ill.), black, white and tan bitch (Dog Whip—Harrison's Juno II.).

Dan Gladstone (Maj. J.W. Renfroe, Atlanta, Ga.), black white and tan dog (Gladstone—Sue).

Count Erie (W. H. Daly, Pittsburgh, Pa.), black, white and tan dog (Count Noble—Fannie W.).

Balee Gladstone (N. B. Nesbet, agt., Chesterville, Miss.), lemon and white bitch (Paul Gladstone—Bessie A.).

Rosebud (W. W. Titus, Robertson, Miss.), black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Flora M.).

Count S. (W. B. Stafford, Trenton, Tenn.), black and white dog (Brown—May).

Dashing Dixie (A. J. Gleason, Alma, Kansas), blue belton bitch (Dashing Dale—Dashing Model).

GORDON SETTERS.

Stubble (J. B. Sperry, Iowa City, Iowa), black and tan dog (Malcolm—Dream IV.).

ALL-AGED POINTER STAKE.

Electric (Frank Carlisle, Newton Falls, Ohio), orange and white dog (Croxteth—Young Beulah).

Topsy W. (Dr. John E. Link, Terre Haute, Ind.), black bitch (Sweep—Lady Pape).

Joe Pape (Dr. John E. Link, Terre Haute, Ind.), black dog (Sambo the Devil—Spot).

Rod's Gal (Dr. John E. Link, Terre Haute, Ind.), liver and white bitch (Rod—Juno).

Rodman (W. B. Allen, Indianapolis, Ind.), liver and white dog (Rod—Belle).

Tamarack (Frank Billings, Cleveland, O.), liver and white dog (Tam—Croxteth's Rival Queen).

Ossian (P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind.), liver and white dog (Croxteth—Amine).

Ben La Nier (Harry S. New, Indianapolis, Ind.), lemon and white dog (Joe Bowers, Jr.— ——).

TRINKETT'S CASH (C. G. Stoddard, Dayton, O.), liver and white dog (Croxteth—Trinket).

LORD GRAPHIC (Dr. John R. Daniels, Cleveland, O.), liver and white dog (Graphic—Daphne).

BANNERMAN (Chas. E. Michel, St. Louis, Mo.), black and white dog (Osborne Ale—Kiswick).

RANK (W. B. Stafford, Trenton, Tenn.), black dog (Manimus—Lady Pape).

REXIMUS (W. B. Stafford, Trenton, Tenn.), liver and white dog (Mainspring—Dell).

COUNT M. (W. B. Stafford. Trenton, Tenn.), liver and white dog (Croxteth—Trinket).

THE ALL-DAY FIELD TRIALS.

THE committee who have in charge the All-Day field trials are meeting with a hearty response from breeders, and quite a number of entries are already assured. Through the courtesy of Gen. W. B. Shattuc the grounds of the American Field Trial Club at West Point, Miss., have been secured, and the trials will begin Monday, Jan. 27, 1890. Birds are reported to be plentiful on the grounds selected, and there is no better place for holding such trials, as the fields are very large and open and the accommodations for visitors are ample. The event will be a sweepstake, open to all setters and pointers, with $50 forfeit and $100 additional to start. The winner will receive 70 per cent. of the stakes, the second 20 per cent. and the third 10 per cent. The rules of the Eastern Field Trials Club, modified to suit the conditions of the stakes, will be used. The heats in the first series will be "All-Day" heats of eight hours each, with an intermission of one hour at noon. In the remaining series the heats will be of four hours duration each, except the final heat, which will be of eight hours, as in the first series. The judges may run the best of the remaining dogs for second and third place or select the winners if they see fit. The object of these trials is to demonstrate the ability or inability of our field dogs to stay.

Since the inception of field trials in this country there has been, every season, considerable talk about the ability of the winners to stay out a long race, and at the same time it has often been claimed that many of the defeated dogs, as well as scores of others that did not compete, would, if given time enough, totally eclipse the brilliant but short-lived performers who carried off the honors. Several owners of dogs that have distinguished themselves at field trials have already signified their intention to enter them for this stake, and we presume that those who own the dogs that can down the champions in an all-day race, will not neglect so good an opportunity to demonstrate the truth of the claims made for their favorites. We have no doubt that the number of entries will be more than enough to make the experiment a success, and it will undoubtedly prove to be the most interesting and important field trial meeting that has ever been held.

The committee who have charge of the matter have the confidence of the public, and that they will receive a hearty support is beyond doubt. The entire amount of the stakes will go to the winners, the expenses being guaranteed by the committee. We hope to be able to announce the judges next week, they are sure to be capable, and we have no doubt that all will be satisfied with the selection. The address of the secretary is Mr. F. R. Hitchcock, 44 Broadway, New York.

DOG TALK.

THE list of entries for the All-Aged Stakes of the Eastern Field Trials Club are published this week. There are 59 in all, 34 English, 1 Irish and 1 Gordon setter and 23 pointers. The Champion Stake has but two entries, but there may be more, as the winners in the All-Aged Stakes this year will be eligible. At all events the stake will be well worth going a long distance to see, as the old competitors, Roderigo and Gath's Mark, will be sure to be at their best, and some grand work will be done without doubt.

S. E. Fisher, a well known deer hunter of California, lost his valuable dog Don, while hunting in the vicinity of Novato recently. The dog was attacked by a wounded buck and sustained injuries from which he died. Don was a prize winner in the recent bench shows.

The Eastern Coursing Association is having a hard time procuring jack rabbits for their proposed meet this fall, but nevertheless they hope to succeed in doing so, in which case the meeting will be held on Long Island some time next month.

Mr. H. W. Huntington, 148 South Eighth street, Brooklyn, N. Y., would like to learn the address of the gentleman who purchased a black greyhound puppy (Balkis—Cassandra) at the New York dog show of 1888.

Entries for the All-Aged Stakes of the Southern Field Trial Club close Nov. 1. The address of the secretary is Mr. T. M. Brumby, Marietta, Ga.

The London *Field's* comments on the Irish setter field trials, in type for this week, have been crowded out, and will be given next week.

The Denver dog show has been postponed to Dec. 5 to 7, as it was found to be impossible to secure a suitable building.

The winter show of the English Kennel Club will probably be held at Agricultural Hall.

A WORD FOR THE BLACK AND TAN.—Buffalo, Oct. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I would like to ask "Podgers" if he ever "owned and became acquainted" with a well-bred black and tan terrier. He says they are ungrateful, have no loyalty nor love of home. My experience with them has been very different. They are the best of friends and companions, and as for their loyalty, I have a bitch three years old that I have owned since puppyhood. When I am away from home for more than a day she is restless and uneasy. Last July I was absent from home for about two weeks. Poor Queen went about the place with a dejected air, refusing to be comforted. She would come up on the veranda and go to each of the family and whine, as if asking where I was. They could not coax her to lie down by them, but off she would go, around the garden, out to the stable, and back to the house, where she would repeat the same performance. When she first saw me after my return, she set up a shout of welcome that might have been heard a block a way. As to running away from home, no dogs appreciate home more than the black and tan terrier, as they know where home is as well as I do. For a loyal, faithful friend, give me the—BLACK AND TAN.

THE CROSS-BRED DOG.—Mechanicville, N. Y., Oct. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will "Cross-Bred" please continue his remarks on "The All-Round Dog," and tell me what kind of spaniel to cross with the beagle? If any one ever has had such a dog, will he please give me his opinion of it. I am not an experienced breeder, and ask these questions through your paper because no one here can answer them. If a dog can be bred that will put up and retrieve a partridge, tree a squirrel, run a rabbit and bring in a duck, I want him.—NOVICE.

AMERICAN GORDON SETTER CLUB.—Baltimore, Md., Oct. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The annual meeting of the American Gordon Setter Club was held Oct. 9, at Baltimore, pursuant to call, and a total of twenty-six votes (representing over three-fourths of the membership) were cast for the following officers, who were declared elected for the ensuing year: President, H. Malcolm, Baltimore, Md.; Vice-President, Dr. Jos. Whitaker, St. Louis, Mo.; Treasurer, F. T. Washington, St. Louis, Mo.; Secretary, Isaac T. Norris, Baltimore, Md. Committee—J. W. E. Clarke, Oakdale, N. Y.; J. D. Sperry, Iowa City, Ia.; E. G. Asmus, Milwaukee, Wis.; Noys Billings, Dodgeville, Mass.; Isaac T. Norris, Baltimore, Md.; Harry Malcolm, Baltimore, Md.; Frederick M. Bennett, New York, N. Y.; Dr. John H. Meyer, New York, N. Y.; Dr. Joseph Whitaker, St. Louis, Mo. Delegate to A. K. C.—Fred M. Bennett, New York, N.Y. The treasurer's report was read and examined by the committee, and found correct. The American Field Cup, and any future specials to be donated by this club, were referred to the executive committee. The secretary was authorized to call the attention of delinquent members to the provisions of Sec. 6, Par. 2, of the constitution. On motion adjourned.—ISAAC T. NORRIS, Secretary.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Highland Stuart, Highland Warrior and Higland Bruce. By H. W. Huntington, Brooklyn, N. Y., for white and brindle greyhound dogs, whelped Aug. 28, 1889, by champion Balkis (Clyto—Primrose) out of champion Cassandra (Debret—Dead Secret).

Highland Prince and Highland Gladys. By H. W. Huntington, Brooklyn, N. Y., for fawn and white greyhound dog and bitch, whelped Aug. 28, 1889, by champion Balkis (Clyto—Primrose) out of champion Cassandra (Debret—Dead Secret).

Highland Foe. By H. W. Huntington, Brooklyn, N. Y., for black with white greyhound dog, whelped Aug. 28, 1889, by champion Balkis (Clyto—Primrose) out of champion Cassandra (Debret—Dead Secret).

Nick of Naso, Jr., Sir Peshall, Lady Peshall, Ramapo Girl and Queen of Lynn. By Fleet View & Reading Pointer Kennels, Lynn and Reading, Mass., for white and liver pointers, two dogs and three bitches, whelped Sept. 24, 1889, by champion Nick of Naso out of Belle Randolph.

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Phœdre—Alonzo. Chas. E. Bunn's (Peoria, Ill.) mastiff bitch Phœdre (Debonair—Danadies) to J. F. Stone's Alonzo (Orlando—Lady Canute), Sept. 23.

Mollie—Don Croxteth. McBeth Kennels' (North Lawrence, O.) pointer bitch Mollie (Rod—Nan) to Geo. Wilson's Don Croxteth (Count Croxteth—Lo Faust), Sept. 18.

Rie—Jack. McBeth Kennels' (North Lawrence, O.) pointer bitch Rie (Joe Pape—Nellie Pape) to Chas. Lane's Jack (Satan—Niggress), Aug 15.

Marie—Bradford Harry. F. O. McGuire's (Bangor, Me.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Marie to P. H. Coombs's Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beale's Lady), Sept. 28.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Gip. F. H. Hayes's (Dexter, Me.) foxhound bitch Gip (imported Jim—imported Gip), July 26, nine (five dogs), by his Bang (Jack—Bess).

Juno. M. C. Thomas, Jr.'s (Jersey Shore, Pa.) mastiff bitch Juno whelped recently fourteen fine puppies.

Naso's Belle. Harry L. Rice's (Boston, Mass.) pointer bitch Naso's Belle (champion Naso of Kippen—Belle Randolph), Oct. 4, eleven (seven dogs), by Fleet View & Reading Pointer Kennels' Spot Dash (Sir Philip Sydney—Topsy).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Carlo. Black, white and tan foxhound dog, whelped May 23, 1885, by Jack out of Bess, by F. H. Hayes, Dexter, Me., to H. J. Fuller, Taunton, Mass.

Joe Pape, Jr. Black pointer dog, whelped March, 1889, by Bronco, Jr., out of Rie, by McBeth Kennels, North Lawrence, O., to Harry M. Delapole, Boston, Mass.

Duke. Lemon and white English setter dog, whelped July, 1886, by Frank Royal out of Belle, by McBeth Kennels, North Lawrence, O., to Theodore Kuntz, Malvern, O.

Jubilee—Nell whelp. White bull-terrier dog, whelped Aug. 3, 1889, by H. A. Harris, North Wilmington, Mass., to Fred M. Wood, Boston, Mass.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

L. S. P., Fredrickshall, Va.—Please tell me what to do for a young setter dog with canker of the ear. Ans.

℞ Tr. opii ..... ʒ ii
Bromo-chloral ..... ʒ i
Aq ..... ʒ ii
Mix. Sig. Let a few drops fall in the ears night and morning.

Rifle and Trap Shooting

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE RENSSELAERWYCK MEETING.

ALBANY, Oct. 10.—The twelfth annual fall meeting of the third Brigade Rifle Association began at Rensselaerwyck this morning. The weather conditions were good until along in the afternoon, when a pretty strong northwest breeze exerted a little effect on the shooting. The attendance of marksmen was good; in fact it was one of the best first days in the history of the organization, and some good work was accomplished. The matches which were begun continue through to-morrow.

Oct. 11.—The rifle shooting at Rensselaerwyck under the auspices of the Third Brigade Rifle Association was concluded this afternoon at 5 o'clock. The weather conditions were very fair, except for the pistol shooting and the fact that it grew dark rather early. The meeting has been successful in every respect, bringing out a good attendance and some excellent scores. Out of the seven matches all were continued both days, save the brigade team match, which was shot to-day.

The first match was the short-range continuous military match, open to all comers, at 200yds., standing and off-hand with the .50-caliber State model of the Remington rifle; the aggregate of the best two scores out of five to count. The first prize is a handsome bronze military figure, the second $8, the third $6, and so down to the eighth of $2. Col. Fitch won the first prize, with the others named in order:

Col W E Fitch	45555—24	45455—23—47
S Schrieber	5 455—24	54545—23—47
W C Gomph	44555—23	54455—23—46
Sergt J I Miles	54554—23	45554—23—46
Maj C H Gaus	44554—22	55534—22—44
Corp E S Hoag	54454—22	45444—21—43
Lieut C H Hitchcock	44545—22	44444—20—42
Corp A H Rennie	54554—21	44445—21—42

The standard American target re-entry match was the second event. This was also open to all comers, at 200yds., standing and off-hand, with any rifle, number of shots five, with the aggregate of the best three scores to count for the first three places, and the best two scores counting for all places below. A bronze shield, with military emblems, is the first prize. The other two prizes consist of cartridges and rifle powder. First prize taken by W. C. Gomph.

W C Gomph.	9	9	10	9	10—47	Col W Fitch.	8	7	10	6	10—42
	10	7	10	10	6—43		10	7	8	7	7—39
	6	9	7	10	10	8—41—131		10	9	7	7	5—38—119
J Newberry.	8	10	8	9	8—43	Maj C Gaus.	10	7	7	8	10—42
	9	6	10	8	8—41		6	10	5	9	10—40— 82
	8	9	7	8	9—41—125	J G Brown.	10	6	9	9	6—40
							5	8	7	10	9—39— 79

Event No. 3 was the champion marksman's badge match, open to all members of the National Guard of the State who have qualified at 100 and 200yds., and to members of the local rifle association. The distances were 200yds., at a third class target, standing and off-hand, and 500yds., at a second class target, prone. Five rounds were fired at each distance with the State model of the Remington. The prizes are from $8 down to $2 in this match, and scores made also count for the marksman's badge of 1889. Col. Fitch again was in the lead, and the other prizes won in the following order:

Col W E Fitch	55555—24	55555—25—49
D H Ogden	45545—23	54555—24—47
Major O H Gaus	54454—22	55455—24—46
Corp A H Rennie	54555—22	55554—24—46
W C Gomph	55454—23	44555—23—46
S Schreiber	45544—22	35555—23—45

No. 4 was the shoulder and muzzle rest match, open to all, at 200yds., on a standard American target, with any weapon and unlimited reëntries. Out of five shots the best three scores counted for the first two prizes, and the best two scores for third prize. James Mix offered a gold medal for first prize, 30 per cent. of the match receipts went for second, and 12½lbs. of rifle powder constituted the third prize. In this event Mr. Gomph also scored a second victory. The scores are as follows:

W C Gomph.	11 12 12 11 12—58	S Schreiber.	12 11 10 12 10—55
	12 9 11 12 12—55		11 11 12 12 9—55
	11 10 10 12 10—53—166		12 12 10 8 12—54—164
H C Milliman	10 11 12 10 8—51	9 9 10 9 9—46— 97	

Next in regular order was the Stevens target pistol match for all comers, on a reduced standard American target at 30yds., standing and off-hand, with unlimited re-entries. The best three scores out of five shots counting for first, and the best two scores for the balance. Open sights; standing position; one arm used; 10in. barrel used; ammunition, any. Day alternately cloudy and bright. Wind quartering and fitful. Three best scores given:

Maj Wm R Pryor, 22d Regt	45	44	43—132
M F Roberts	44	43	—— 87
Sergt J I Miles	38	37	—— 75

Revolver match, for revolvers only; conditions same as in pistol match. Any revolver allowed of 3lbs. weight and 8in. barrel:

Maj Wm R Pryor, 22d Regt	49	47	46—142
J C Newberry	43	42	—— 85
M F Roberts	41	41	—— 82

Major Pryor makes the best single target on record, and the aggregate of his three best targets constitutes also the best on record at the distances, beating Ira Paine's record of 139 made at Creedmoor.

The third brigade team match was the concluding event on the card, and it was begun and finished to-day. This was open to all teams of 6 officers and men of the brigade. The distance was 200yds. standing and 500yds. in any position with the head to the target; 5 shots at each distance with the State model of the Remington rifle. The first prize for the highest aggregate score is the $100 trophy from the State; the second, $30 in cash, and the third, 25lbs. of rifle powder presented by J. D. Van Buren. The team from the Twentieth separate company, of Binghamton, was the winner by 14 points from the Tenth battalion team, second. The scores in detail are as follows:

Twentieth Separate Company.		
Corp E S Hough	54544—22	44455—22—44
Lieut C H Hitchcock	44444—20	55555—25—45
Pvt A Bevier	43433—17	45045—18—35
Pvt T M Congdon	44454—21	55554—24—45
Pvt John Murphy	44444—20	35453—20—40
Pvt D H Ogden	44554—22	05554—19—41—250
Tenth Battalion.		
Pvt C M Underwood	34504—14	44445—21—35
Pvt Geo P Hilton	34534—19	54444—21—40
Corp A H Rennie	43545—21	43433—18—39
S Schreiber	54454—22	45454—22—44
Sergt J E Roach	35443—20	45443—20—40
Col W E Fitch	34544—20	33554—18—38—236
Twenty-Second Separate Company.		
Sergt A D Jones	05334—14	02500— 7—21
Corp Steinmacher	35004—11	04044—12—23
Pvt Hammond	34333—16	24555—21—37
Lieut McNeill	24243—15	32354—17—32
Sergt W H Henry	40434—15	00035— 8—23
Sergt G B Griffin	34433—17	25053—15—32—168

PENNSYLVANIA MILITARY MARKSMEN.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 12.—The rifle contest between 10 men from each of the 10 companies of the First Regiment, N. G. of Pa., took place at the Hartranft rifle range to-day. Eight companies reported with full teams, B and I not being fully represented. The day was very fine with a gentle breeze from the south, light in the morning was somewhat hazy, but brightened up about noon. Company D claimed to have a walkover but F loomed up and won first prize, having 37 points to spare, D coming second and E third:

Company F.	200yds.	500yds.	Tot'l
Sergt G F Root	43453—21	55555—25—	46
Sergt L Bryan	32345—20	25033—13—	33
Sergt L H Maltack	44344—19	32422—13—	32
Sergt W McCombe	32435—17	55553—23—	40
Corp M F Neffendorf	34432—16	25534—20—	36
Pvt G A Burgee	55443—21	44435—18—	39
Pvt F B Fay	33343—16	54420—15—	31
Pvt F C Jessen	54444—19	24426—17—	36
Pvt G T Martin	33344 17	43332—15—	32
Pvt B H Markly	34340—14	53554—22—	36
	182	181	363
Company D.			
Sergt C E Slough	33434—17	33333—15—	32
Corp G W Carr	33233—14	42403—13—	27
Pvt E T Linward	44444—20	43453—19—	39
Pvt T D McGlathery	44354—20	45345—21—	41
Pvt W W Abbott	44444—20	35434—19—	39
Pvt H L Bates	35433—18	22444—16—	34
Pvt F B Bowers	50344—16	43344—16—	32
Pvt T R Laumont	23020— 7	20332—10—	17
Pvt A P McDowell	33344—17	01334—14—	31
Sergt J O Bowman	33254—18	32353—16—	34
	167	159	326
Company E.			
Sergt C P Hunt	43434—18	03222— 9—	27
Sergt H B McKnight	03353—14	40425—15—	29
Corp S B Maul	24033—12	00022— 4—	16
Corp H S Lewars	41444—20	25453—19—	39
Pvt R Baile	23352—15	00032— 5—	20
Pvt E Whitaker	54444—21	40330—10—	31
Pvt J C Harbour	00003— 3	00000— 0—	3
Pvt M H Lawrence	13425—15	03254—14—	29
Pvt O S White	44443—19	44032—13—	32
Pvt J H Willey	35444—21	32342—14—	35
	158	103	261

	200.	500.	Total.		200.	500.	Total.
Co G	140	111	251	Co A	135	105	240
Co C	133	103	236	Co K	104	127	231
Co H	142	92	234				

On Friday, Oct. 18, the line officers will compete for the diamond medal, value $500, as a team, three officers to shoot 7 shots each at 200, 500 and 600yds. As only six officers of the regiment have ever shot at 600yds., it will no doubt make it very interesting to the surrounding country and the cattle in the immediate vicinity of the range. SPRINGFIELD.

NEWARK, N. J., Oct. 11.—Almost every member of the Howard Rifle Club, Newark, was in attendance at the regular monthly meeting this evening. The following were elected for the year: President, Adam Burger; Vice-President, J. Meyer; Corresponding Secretary, Fred Dilly; Financial Secretary, A. Herman; Treasurer, F. X. Derivaux; Sergant-at-Arms, J. Amberg; Official Scorer, M. Amberg; Rifle Inspector, Frank Swing; Captain, Fred Laute; Assistant Captain, Tony Lutz; Executive Committee, H. Schroeder, R. Neundorf, and J. Burger; Tournament Delegates, W. Hollenbeck, M. Amberg and F. C. Dietz; Substitutes, R. Neundorf, Eli Slate and Adam Graef. After the meeting adjourned the members proceeded to the shooting range in the lower part of the club house, where the championship contest between teams A and B was decided, and resulted in the following scores being made by the marksmen: Team A—C. Derivaux 109, J. Burger 107, A. Graef 107, E. Theurrich 105, H. Schroeder 105, J. Herter 101, A. Berger 102, Fred Laute 100, Tony Lutz 98, F. X. Derivaux 83, C. Miller 75, and J. Schroeder 67; total 1,162. Team B—F. Dietz 110, J. Meyer 109, R. Neundorf 107, A. Herman 106, M. Amberg 106, E. Slate 103, H Wolfarth 101, A. Fish 100, F. Swing 100, J. Holle 85, Fred Dilly 83, and W. Hollenbeck 82; total 1,192. As can be seen by the totals, team B defeated team A by 30 points. After the shooting was concluded the members and their friends sat down to a bountiful supper.

BOSTON, Oct. 11.—Fine weather and a bracing October breeze rendered the 10th annual field day of the Boston Press Rifle Association, a successful and enjoyable occasion for the three-score or so members at Walnut Hill to-day. Aside from the keen interest taken in the team match, which annually decides the supremacy of some one newspaper office, there was much friendly rivalry over the handsome trophies provided by the Association and the valuable gifts offered for competition in the individual classification, military and rest matches, so that from early morn until the shadows of evening began to obscure the bullseye there was an almost continuous fusillade by the small army of amateur marksmen. What is technically known as an 8 o'clock, fairly steady wind blew during the day and the light was not the best. The team match was called at 1 o'clock P. M., and the result was exceedingly close as regards the three leading teams, the *Globe* finishing first with a score of 204, the *Advertiser* second with 200 points to their credit, and the *Herald* third, only four points behind. The *Transcript* men closed their shooting with a total of 180. The Boston Theater cup goes to Mr. Samuel Merrill. Mr. Rollins, of the *Herald*, makes the highest individual score ever made at any shoot of the Association, thus placing him first in the individual competition. His trophy will be announced at the annual dinner, to occur in about 10 days. The following tables will show the relative rank of the riflemen in the several competitions, the score published being subject to verification by the statistical officer.

Team Match.

Association prizes—To the newspaper team making the highest score, first prize trophies; to the second best team, second prize trophies; trophy to man making highest score on each of the other teams; distance 200yds.; position, off-hand; rounds, 10; highest possible score, 50; Creedmoor count:

Globe Team.		Herald Team.	
S Merrill	5444545445—44	F E Rollins	5444444445—42
J P Frost (mil.)	4444545444—42	C B Danforth	4354444444—40
J Taylor (mil.)	5444545434—42	G H Morgan	4345454444—39
C S Howard	4444544454—41	E Stearns	2444444454—39
F Davis (mil.)	4454434043—35—204	H K Bushnell	3533425245—36—196
Advertiser Team.		Transcript Team.	
A Keach	2444545554—42	J Whitcomb	4445444444—41
D B Farwell	4443544445—41	H S Fisher	4554334442—38
J G Smith	4344454444—40	W Alexander	3353440344—33
G H Mellish	4443543354—39	F W Ford	2344444043—32
E W Frentz	4442444444—38—200	One average score	36—180

Individual Competitions.

Association and gift prizes, as per list posted at range, and to be published in detail after the prize award at the annual dinner; winners to select prizes at their option, in their respective classes, in the order of shooting rank; distance 200yds.; position, off-hand; rounds, 7; best possible score, 70 (decimal) and 35 (Creedmoor); classes A and B, decimal; class C, Creedmoor; three scores to win; members divided in classes, according to association rules.

Class A.

T E Rollins, Herald	160	J G Smith, Advertiser	133
W Johnson	155	W H Hathaway, Herald	126
A Keach, Advertiser	154	F W Scott, Post	121
D B. Farwell, Advertiser	152	E Sterns, Herald	119
S Merrill, Globe	150	C B Danforth, Herald	112
C S Howard	142	H T Fisher, Transcript	112
J D Whitcomb, Transcript	139	F C Brownell, Herald	106
G H Morgan, Herald	138	H P McNally, Herald	82

Class B.

J N Taylor, Globe	132	E F Draper, Herald	83
E W Frentz, Advertiser	129	J H Parker	80
W V Alexander, Transcript	121	H A Waterman, Transcript	79
H K Bushnell, Herald	115	W R Templeman, Post	74
J W Scott, Post	112	R Luce	67
F McDonald	90	S J Byrne, Herald	67

Class C.

F A Davis, Globe	86	E F Hogan, Transcript	69
W E Robinson, Journal	84	J C Kerrison, Herald	52
F W Ford, Transcript	76	L C McKinnon, Advertiser	38
J H Grout, Jr, Herald	75	C S Drew, Record	33
G H Mellish, Advertiser	74	F W Stimson, Transcript	27

Rest match, 200yds., standard American (decimal count), rounds seven, best possible score 70, four prizes:

C S Howard, Globe	174	F A Davis, Globe	152
D B Farwell, Advertiser	169	G H Mellish, Advertiser	127
E F Draper, Herald	163	H K Bushnell, Herald	114
H S Fisher, Transcript	154		

Military match, 200yds., off-hand, rounds seven, standard American target (decimal count), best possible score 50, three prizes:

J F Frost, Globe	100	F A Davis, Globe	82
F W Scott, Post	94	J W Scott, Post	63

Oct. 12.—The regular shoot of the Massachusetts Rifle Association was held at its range to-day. The weather conditions were very fine, with a light wind from 2 to 4 o'clock. A good number of riflemen were in attendance, among them Mr. P. B. Cuptill, of Cherryfield, Me., Rifle Club, and G. F. Ellsworth, from Gardiner. Mr. Frye won the gold champion medal, and Mr. Francis won the gold medal in the 20-shot rest match. Mr. Severance won the silver membership badge, and A. B. Frye and A. McCarthy each won the bronze military medal. Wednesday the trap shooters hold their regular prize and sweep shoot. Following are the best scores made to-day:

20-Shot Rest.

J Francis	113 110—223	J R Munroe	100 103—203
W P Thompson	95 110—205	J N Eames	100 98—198

Champion Medal Match.

J A Frye	84	A Newman	67

Silver membership badge, won on 10 scores of 70 or better by

H Severance	73 79 78 81 71 73 80 77 76 74		

Bronze military medal, won on 10 scores of 36 or better by

A McCarthy	38 38 41 37 38 42 42 43 44 41		
A B Frye	38 37 36 37 36 40 36 41 41 41		

Victory Medal Match.

G F Ellsworth	89 87	A Newman	74 67
S O Gardner	84 81	A S Hunt	65

Military Medal Match.

J E Kelley	42	42	42	D Wigglesworth	37	36	
T Bond	45	42	42	A S Hunt	37	35	
J B Fellows	43	42		T Moore	36	34	
A S Field	42	41		B A Farmer	36	30	
A B Frye	41	41	41				

500Yds. Military Match.

E F Bergholtz	42	40		A S Field	36	28	
J H Jaubert	41	39					

800Yds.

R B Edes					46	44	

Rest Match.

J R Munroe	113	112		A Ballard	103	102	
J Francis	108	103		E James	101	99	
F S Ham	108	108		W Pomeroy		97	
J N Eames	103	103					

Off-Hand Match.

P B Guptill	84	82	82	79	A Stevens	69	68
J A Frye	84	80	78	78	C D Carney	68	95
A McBean			75	75	S E Howard	67	63
F W Chester			75	72	M B Ames	62	59
C B Gill			75	69	E F Binney	60	56

WILMINGTON, Oct. 7.—The first breath of winter struck Healdmoor Rifle Range, Wilmington, Del., this afternoon and threatened to make target shooting uncomfortable, but after the "office stove" was lighted up the shooting house became more homelike, and shooting was as pleasant as playing a game of billiards. With the exception of a gusty wind, which at times was rather troublesome, the day was very favorable for target shooting and resulted in a run of fine even scores. A few days ago a 50-shot pistol match was shot between E. J. Darlington and H. Simpson, which proved a very close contest. Following are the scores in detail, standard American target, off-hand:

50-Shot Pistol Match, Stevens's .22cal. Gould Model, 50yds.

E J Darlington																				87	87—426
H Simpson																				87	87—425

Pistol Match, 50yds.

E J Darlington																				8	9—89
H Simpson																				9	10—87
H Phillips																				8	8—83
E Jackson																				9	8—82
Dr R Knight																				7	10—79

Diamond State Match, 70 Class.

H Simpson (mil)																				6	70
Dr R Knight																				5	64
H Phillips (mil)																				6	64
A Carlisle																				7	63
W Elliott (mil)																				5	54

Military Match, 200yds., Creedmoor Target.

Sergt H Simpson	4544544554—44	Pvt H Phillips	4445445442—42
Corp W Elliott	5445545434—43	Corp H Doan	4345444444—41

The following scores were made by the club at their gallery at 12½yds., standard American target, reduced from 50yds.: E. J. Darlington, 91, 88; H. Simpson, 87, 80; E. Jackson, 85, 79, 79; W. H. Johnson, 76, 76; H. Phillips, 71.

CREEDMOOR.—New York, Oct. 14.—The 12th Marksman's Badge and Sharpshooter's matches of the N. R. A. were shot at Creedmoor on Saturday, Oct. 12, under very favorable conditions, the weather being perfect and the wind from 3 o'clock. The following made scores of 42 and upward. Stuart won the gold badge for the second time:

	200yd.	500yds.	Total.
T J Dolan, N C S, 12th Regt	25	24	49
*F Stuart, N C S, 69th Regt	22	25	47
*H M Field, Co F, 23d Regt	23	24	47
†D J Murphy, Co B, 22d Regt	21	24	45
*N B Thurston, Co E, 22d Regt	21	24	45
*R Byars, Co G, 22d Regt	21	24	45
†John Kerr, Co K, 69th Regt	22	23	45
G S Scott, Jr., Co A, 23d Regt	22	23	45
*J S Shepherd, Co D, 23d Regt	22	23	45
W A Stokes, Co I, 23d Regt	22	23	45
†W N Bavier, Co B, 22d Regt	22	23	45
*O E Dudley, Co F, 7th Regt	20	24	44
†C H Smith, Co B, 71st Regt	21	23	44
†H Tredwell, Co B, 22d Regt	21	23	44
†Jas McNevin, N C S, 13th Regt	21	23	44
*J M McConnell, Co E, 9th Regt	21	23	44
Alex Stein, Co C, 7th Regt	22	22	44
S C Pirie, Co I, 23d Regt	22	22	44
†C E De La Vergne, Super'y Officer	22	22	44
L J Elliott, Co C, 23d Regt	22	22	44
*F L Holmes, Co I, 23d Regt	23	21	44
G S Towle, Co D, 7th Regt	23	21	44
E L Chase, Co K, 9th Regt	21	23	43
F S Reynolds, Co F, 22d Regt	23	20	43
F W Perkins, Co F, 7th Regt	23	20	43
H G Morris, Co G, 13th Regt	19	23	42
A W Trotter, Co E, 7th Regt	20	22	42
H W Warner, Co K, 7th Regt	20	22	42
F P Knowles, Co C, 23d Regt	21	21	42
Edw Duffy, Field, 69th Regt	22	20	42
J H McGinn, Co K, 9th Regt	22	20	42

†—7 Winners of cash prizes.
* Medal winners.

J. Manz, Jr., Ass't Sec'y N. R. A.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 10.—The regular weekly practice of the Philadelphia Rifle Club was held at the club's park on Queen's Lane to-day, when the following scores were made at 200yds. on bullseye and honor targets:

	Bullseye.	Honor.		Bullseye.	Honor.
C Molter	19	35	E Stees	4	41
E Travis	13	55	M Briely	2	22
J M Green	13	55	E F Kohl	1	48
M Price	12	37	S Watson	1	9
W Gelzer	0	17	M Brehm	3	22
C Beeler	6	32	P Frederick	1	11
W Wurfflein	4	31	J Reist	1	53
C Bernhardt	4	34	P Sherman	1	10
L Thomas	4	21	Anschutz	0	10

NEWARK, N. J., Oct. 11.—This year the tournament of the United Rifle Clubs of New Jersey will surpass all preceding events, and it is the main thing that now interests the many marksmen. At the meeting of the United Rifle Clubs, held tonight, nine clubs were represented. The new constitution and by-laws were brought up for a second reading, adopted as a whole and ordered printed. The making up of a schedule having been delayed by clubs failing to enter promptly, the opening of the tournament was postponed from the 14th to 21st inst. A resolution was adopted providing that no man who is in arrears for any moneys whatsoever, to any club, shall be allowed to shoot on a club team until such arrearage be paid in full. The tournament shoots will be on Monday and Friday of each week, three matches to be shot on each night. The association decided on a set of valuable prizes. It was also decided to award a gold medal, valued at $10, to the member making the highest average, contestants for said medal to shoot in all matches during the tournament. The following officers were elected: D. J. Mahony, Lakeside, President; J. Hollenberg, North Wards, Vice-President; Gus. Widman, Monroe, Recording Secretary; M. Freidag, Essex Amateurs, Financial Secretary; F. C. Dietz, Howard, Treasurer; F. Weiler, Puritan, Sergeant-at-Arms; C. Kopf, Puritan; F. H. Roberts, Newark; F. Klinger, Lakeside, trustees. The clubs included in the proposed schedule are: Monroe, Annie Oakley, Excelsior, Oakland, Puritan, Newark, North Ward, Electric, Essex, Howard, Lakeside, Columbia and Sheppard. There are twenty gallery clubs in this city, with an aggregate membership of at least 750. Allowing each man 25 shots a week for the season (seven months) it will require about 665,000 rounds of .22cal. cartridges.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 8.—The Queen City Pistol and Revolver Club open its annual series of winter club shoots to-night at its club range. The club has now some 50 odd members, and out of that number can select a team of 5 or 10 men who will compare as off-hand revolver and pistol shots favorably with any like number of men in the States, with the exception, perhaps, of the St. Louis Club, which ranks as the leading one in America. The local club was organized about a year ago merely for winter nights' sport, no initiation fee being charged or dues of any kind demanded from the members. It suffered defeat as a team of 10 against a St. Louis representative 10 last winter, the first year of its existence, but produced two individual shots in Messrs. B. J. Robertson and Ben Copeland that virtually shot that same club's two representatives to a standstill in a series of three matches. The club will, in a few weeks, endeavor to arrange a series of team telegraphic matches with both the Conlin Club, of New York, and the St. Louis. The club shooting here is all done at a ¾in. bullseye, 12yds. range, off-hand, with center counting 10.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—At the annual meeting of the Gaiety Rifle and Pistol Club for election of officers for the ensuing year resulted in Mr. G. H. Perkins as President, Jos. M. Green, Vice-President; John J. Mountjoy, Secretary; Wm. Wurfflein, Treasurer; E. Travis, Captain. Three new members were elected: G. Atkinson, J. Hunsinger and W. Price.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

Secretaries of clubs and managers of tournaments are requested to keep us advised of the dates of their shoots, so that we may give due notice in our column of fixtures.

FIXTURES.

Oct. 15, 16, 17, 18.—Tournament at live birds and inanimate targets, Philadelphia. J. F. Kleinz, Secretary, 600 South Delaware avenue, Philadelphia.

Oct. 17, 18, 19.—West End Social Gun Club Tournament, Harrisburg, Pa.

Oct. 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25.—Second Tournament of the Mercer Gun Club, at Trenton, N. J. E. G. Updegrove, President.

THE MIDDLESEX TOURNAMENT.

ON Tuesday, the 8th inst., the fifth annual tournament of this popular club was opened on their grounds at Dunellen, N. J. The Middlesex Club is noted for its liberality and nerve in annually offering a large amount of guaranteed money, and their tournaments never fail to have as good an attendance as any event of the year. This may be said of the present one, for it compares well with all other tournaments this year, but in comparison with its tournaments of former years the attendance was light. Many familiar faces were missed from the ranks of the tournament rounders—men who never before failed to connect on a Middlesex tournament. The reason for this may be that there are too many tournaments—that they get too much of it; certain it is that there is no big money to be made nowadays, as a glance at the scores will show. When thirty-three men out of thirty-four in one event divide money, few, if any, of them get back their entrance fee, to say nothing of the cost of ammunition, etc. It is all very well to say that "trap-shooting is a sport, and that those who indulge in it expect to pay a certain amount for their fun;" so they do, but unless a little winning can be made once in a while it becomes altogether too expensive. When a man shoots through a tournament at an 85 or 90 gait and then quits a loser, he begins to think it time to stop. The fact of the matter is, there are so many good shots now—the growth in trap-shooting has resulted in increased skill for so large a number—that under the present style of shooting no one can win anything. It seems time now to inaugurate a change in the method of shooting; in some way, either by an increase of rise, throwing the birds harder or otherwise, to make breaking of them more difficult. Leaving the question of money entirely aside, it would be advisable to do this, and thereby make our trap experts still more skillful. Well—to the shoot.

Force's Hotel, at Plainfield, housed most of the visitors, among whom were Rolla O. Heikes, of Dayton, O.; John A. Ruble, "Bob White," of Beloit, Wis.; H. A. Penrose, of Corry, Pa.; Charles W. Budd, of Des Moines, Iowa.; A. G. Courtney and Harvey McMurchy, of Syracuse, N. Y.; A. R. Bowdish, of Oxford; Mass., E. W. Yerrington, of Norwich, Conn.; C. B. Manley, of Danbury, Conn.; Wm. and Jas. Wolstencroft, of Philadelphia, Pa.; Milt. Lindsley, of New York, and others. The shooting grounds are about twenty minutes drive from Plainfield, and every morning and evening a string of hacks were pressed into service to transport the shooters with their heavy load of ammunition, for during the week many thousands of shells were fired. The ride is a beautiful one on fine macadamized roads, with the undulating, autumnal-colored slopes of the Orange Mountain range in view to please the eye. The Middlesex grounds are admirably adapted for holding a large tournament. They are beautifully located on the crest of a hill and surrounded by a high, solid fence. Within the inclosure is a commodious club house, with racks and lockers for guns and shells. At its left is a well-built grand stand capable of seating many spectators. Adjoining the club house is a small building reserved for the use of the press and the cashier, who on this occasion was Sam Wilber. He did his work promptly and to the satisfaction of all. The Middlesex boys are all workers, and a commendable feature of their shoots is the system with which everything is run. Fred Quimby and "Tee Kay" hustled around lively for entries in the events, and as soon as each was finished it was handed to the cashier, who figured the divisions of the money, put each man's share in an envelope ready at his request, and then handed the score card to the press representatives, who were thus able to do their work properly, and to have it all done by the time the last event of each day was shot.

We want here to thank Mr. H. A. Penrose for the use of his Keystone score book, which greatly facilitated our work. It was gotten up for the special use of tournaments and clubs. By using carbon paper, it manifolds four copies, thus at the same time making a permanent record on the original sheet, which is retained in the book for reference, while the four tissue copies are detached, and may be sent out for publication.

The shoot occupied four days' time, of which two were devoted to inanimate targets and two to live birds. Bluerocks and Keystone targets were used under the Keystone system. Two sets of five traps were in constant operation and the events were rattled off in a lively manner. The tournament committee was W. Fred Quimby, T. H. Keller, M. W. Mulford, Wm. Sigler and Nev. Apgar, and it is due to their untiring efforts that all the guaranteed events but one filled, and most of them overfilled, all surplus money being divided with the purse. Tuesday, the first day, dawned bright and clear, and promptly at 9 o'clock the shooting commenced.

No. 1, open to classes A B and C, at 10 singles, $1 entrance:

W Wolstencroft	1111111111—10	C W Yerrington	1101111010—7
Penn	1111111111—10	R O Heikes	1110101111—7
Bowdish	1111111101—9	C Smith	0110101111—7
C W Budd	1011101111—8	Tee Kay	1111011001—7
Penrose	0101111111—8	Courtney	1100111110—7
Apgar	1111011110—8		

First $4.06, second $2.47, third $1.65.

No. 2, open to B and C, at 10 singles, entrance $1:

Apgar	1111111111—10	S G Smith	1110101101—7
Courtney	1111111111—10	E M Cooper	1011011100—7
Penn	1111111101—9	Tee Kay	1110110001—6
Ruble	1111111110—9	W J Conover	0101111010—6
Bowdish	1111011101—8	W Terry	0111001110—6
C Smith	1110011111—8		

First $4.12, second $2.46, third $1.65.

No. 3, class C, at 10 singles, $1 entrance:

Penn	1111101111—9	E M Cooper	1000011111—6
Wood	0111111111—9	Apgar	1101100011—6
French	1111101111—9	Lawrence	1011011001—6
Hall	1011111111—9	Chetwood	0100111110—6
J Cooper	1111000111—7	Forrest	1111000110—6
Ziglow	0110111101—7	Houghton	0100110011—5
Conover	1010111101—7	W Terry	1101000100—4
Clark	0111011110—7	Hathaway	1100000010—3

First $4.80, second $3.60, third $2.40, fourth $1.20.

No. 4, open to A, B and C, at 15 singles, $75 guaranteed, entrance $3:

Ruble	111111111111111—15	Penrose	111110011111111—13
Wolstencroft	111111111111111—15	Courtney	101111010111111—12
Sigler	111111111111111—15	Apgar	111110101101111—12
Yerrington	111111111111011—14	Manitz	111010011111111—12
Penn	011111111111111—14	C Smith	111111111010011—11
Heikes	111101111111110—13	Quad	110111011111001—11
Bowdish	111011110111111—13	Quimby	001101110010111—10
Budd	111111101111101—13	Houghton	010011110111000— 8
S G Smith	101111101111111—13		

First $30, second $22.50, third $15, fourth $7.50, ties div.

No. 5, at 15 singles, open to B and C, $75 guaranteed, entrance $3:

Houghton	111111111111110—14	C Smith	111011100111110—11
McQuade	111111111111011—14	M Cooper	100011101101111—10
Penn	111111111111011—14	Quimby	101010110101111—10
Collins	011111111111111—14	Conover	011101011011110—10
Bowdish	011111111111011—13	Manning	011101100101111—10
J Cooper	001111111111111—13	Brightman	011011101110110—10
Thurman	111010111111111—13	S G Smith	110101110110010— 9
Apgar	010111111111111—13	Sanford	011100101001111— 9
Ruble	101111111111110—13	Ziglio	101111011100001— 9
Teeple	111111011110110—12	Post	010101011010011— 8
Courtney	111010111110111—12	Lindsley	010001000110101— 7
Taylor	111010111111011—12	Chetwood	001110000110001— 7
Wood	100111111110101—11	Hathaway	010001011100100— 7
Manitz	100011011111111—11		

First $30, second $22.50, third $15, fourth $7.50.

No. 6, at 6 singles and 3 pairs, A, B and C, $50 guaranteed, $2.50: entrance:

Sigler	111111 11 01 11—11	Lindsley	111111 00 10 10— 8
S G Smith	111111 11 10 11—11	Houghton	110011 10 11 10— 8
Heikes	111111 11 10 10—10	C Smith	101111 10 10 10— 8
Ruble	111111 11 00 11—10	Manning	111011 10 10 10— 8
Penrose	101101 11 11 11—10	Brighton	111101 00 11 10— 8
McQuade	111010 11 11 11—10	Manitz	111011 10 00 10— 7
Wolstencroft	110111 11 10 11—10	Apgar	100101 10 10 11— 7
Maj Taylor	111111 10 11 10—10	Howell	111010 00 10 10— 6
E Collins	101111 11 10 10— 9	Forrest	101010 10 10 00— 5
Budd	011111 10 10 10— 8	Courtney	001101 00 00 10— 4
Bowdish	111011 11 10 00— 8		

First $21, second $15.75, third $10.50, fourth $5.25.

No. 7, 6 singles, 3 pairs, $2.50 entry, $50 guaranteed, open to classes B and C:

Ruble	111111 11 10 11—11	Post	101111 11 10 10— 9
Manitz	111111 11 11 10—11	C Smith	101111 10 11 01— 9
Quad	111111 11 01 01—10	Force	111101 11 10 00— 9
Collins	111111 01 11 10—10	Bowdish	011111 11 00 10— 8
Lindsley	110111 01 11 11—10	M Cooper	111010 11 10 11— 8
Quimby	111111 00 11 10—10	Apgar	111011 10 10 10— 8
Wood	101111 10 10 11— 9	S G Smith	111011 10 00 11— 8
Houghton	111110 11 11 00— 9	Teepel	011110 11 10 00— 7
Manning	111111 01 11 00— 9	J Cooper	111100 00 00 11— 5
Brantingham	111101 10 10 11— 9	Conover	111000 00 10 11— 5

First money $20, second $15, third $9.94, fourth $5.

No. 8, 12 singles, A, B and C, $50 guaranteed, $2.50 entrance:

Ruble	111111111111—12	Penrose	111111101011—10
Wolstencroft	111111111111—12	Courtney	111101111011—10
Bowdish	111111111111—12	C Smith	111111111100—10
Budd	111101011111—11	J Cooper	111011011011— 9
Heikes	111111101111—11	F Post	111101011011— 9
Penn	110111111111—11	Wood	011111010111— 9
Quad	111101111111—11	Houghton	101110011101— 8
French	011111111111—11	S G Smith	001111110101— 8
Sigler	111111101111—11	Manitz	011010000111— 7
Collins	110111111111—11	Hathaway	101010001110— 6
Yerrington	111111010111—10	Lindsley	100010011010— 5

First $20, second $15, third $10, fourth $5.

No. 9, 12 singles, open to B and C, $50 guaranteed, entrance $2.5:

Manitz	111111111111—12	C Smith	111111010011—9
Quad	111111111101—11	Thurman	110111110101—9
Ruble	111111011111—11	Hall	111111011001—9
Courtney	110111111111—11	H Meeker	110011111001—9
French	111111011111—11	Penn	011101010111—8
Houghton	011110111111—10	Post	011111101000—8
Taylor	001111111111—10	Collins	111010101010—7
J Cooper	111110111011—10	R Manning	101111010001—7
Bowdish	111011011111—10	E M Cooper	011110000110—6
Wood	111101111101—10	Teeple	101011000010—5
S G Smith	011111011111—10	Forrest	010001000000—
Lindsley	111101111001— 9		

First $20, second $15, third $10, fourth $5.

Extra No. 1, at 10 singles, $1 entrance: Budd 9, Yerrington 9, Heikes 9, Penn 9, S. G. Smith 9, Ruble 8, Bowdish 8, Penrose 8, Lindsley 8, Tee Kay 8, Wolstencroft 7, C. Smith 7, Courtney 6, Howell 6, French 6. First $4.50, second $3.37, third $2.25, fourth $1.12. Second shot off and div. by Ruble, Bowdish and Penrose.

Extra No. 2, same conditions: S. G. Smith 10, Budd 10, Heikes 10, Penn 10, French 10, Wolstencroft 10, Apgar 10, Ruble 9, Yerrington 9, Lindsley 9, Penrose 9, Tee Kay 9, Bowdish 8, Hall 8, E. M. Cooper 8, Sigler 8, J. Cooper 7, Houghton 7, C. Smith 7, Courtney

GUNS AND LOADS USED BY SHOOTERS IN THE RACE AT 25 LIVE BIRDS.

Name.	Gun.	Bore.	First Barrel.	Second Barrel.	Cartridge.
W. Wolstencroft, Philadelphia, Pa.	Greener	12, choke	3drs. Schultze; 1¼oz. No. 8	3drs. Schultze; 1¼oz. No. 7	Winchester.
Rolla Heikes, Dayton, O.	Lefever	12, choke	3drs. American Wood; 1¼oz. No. 7	3½drs. FFF Laflin & Rand; 1¼oz. No. 7	Climax.
Wm. Sigler, Montclair, N. J.	Parker	10, choke	4drs. American Wood; 1¼oz. No. 7½ Tatham's	4drs. Laflin & Rand Special; 1¼oz. No. 7 Tatham's	Climax.
Mose Williams, Elizabeth, N. J.	Smith	10, choke	4drs. Schultze; 1¼oz. No. 8 Chilled	4½drs. Schultze; 1¼oz. No. 7 chilled	Eu. Prim. & Kynoch
C. Van Camp, Trenton	Smith	12, choke	3½drs. American Wood; 1¼oz. No. 8	3½drs. American Wood; 1¼oz. No. 7	Climax.
F. A. Beal, Oceanport, N. J.	Ithaca	10, choke	4½drs. Schultze; 1¼oz. No. 9	4½drs. Schultze; 1¼oz. No. 7½	Climax.
C. W. Budd, Des Moines, Ia.	Smith	12, choke	3½drs. American Wood; 1¼oz. No. 7	3½drs. American Wood; 1¼oz. No. 7	U. S.
Bob White, Beloit, Wis.	Ithaca	10, choke	4drs. 12-bore Trap; 1¼oz. No. 7	4drs. 12-bore Trap; 1¼oz. No. 7	U. S.
Chas. Smith, Plainfield, N. J.	Smith	10, choke	4½drs. American Wood; 1¼oz. No. 7½ Leroy	4½drs. American Wood; 1¼oz. No. 7	Climax.
Phil Daly, Jr., Long Branch, N. J.	Smith	10, choke	4drs. American Wood; 1¼oz. No. 8 Chilled	4drs. Schultze; 1¼oz. No. 7 chilled	Climax.
C. B. Manley, Danbury, Conn.	Colt	12, choke	3½drs. American Trap; 1¼oz. No. 7	4drs. Dead Shot; 1¼oz. No. 6	U. S.
J. Lamberson, Mattawan, N. J.	Thompson	10, cylinder	4½drs. American Wood; 1¼oz. No. 8 soft	4½drs. American Wood; 1¼oz. No. 7 soft	Climax.
H. A. Penrose, Corry, Pa.	Smith	12, choke	3½drs. American Wood; 1¼oz. No. 7	3½drs. American Wood; 1¼oz. No. 7	Climax.
Mahlon Fox, Trenton, N. J.	Smith	10, choke	3½drs. American Wood; 1¼oz. No. 7½	3½drs. American Wood; 1¼oz. No. 7½	U. M. C.
M. W. Lindsley, New York	Smith	10, choke	3½drs. American Wood; 1¼oz. No. 8 Trap	4½drs. American Wood; 1¼oz. No. 7	U. S.
H. McMurchy, Syracuse	Smith	12, choke	3½drs. American Wood; 1¼oz. No. 8	3½drs. Laflin & Rand; 1¼oz. No. 7	U. S.
C. M. Hedden, Newark, N. J.	Parker	10, choke	3½drs. Schultze; 1¼oz. No. 8	3½drs. Schultze; 1¼oz. No. 7	Climax.
John Erb, Newark, N. J.	Colt	12, choke	3½drs. Schultze; 1¼oz. No. 8	3½drs. Curtis & Harvey; 1⅛oz. No. 7	Climax.
W. S. Cannon, Newark, N. J.	Smith	10, choke	4½drs. American Wood; 1¼oz. No. 7 Trap, chilled.	4½drs. American Wood; 1¼oz. No. 7 Trap, chilled.	U. S.

ney 5, Forrest 4, Lawrence 2. First $6.58, second $4.95, third $3.28, fourth $1.65.

Extra No. 3, same conditions: Dudley 10, French 10, Wolstencroft 10, Apgar 10, Bowdish 10, S. G. Smith 10, Yerrington 9, Sigler 9, Budd 8, Heikes 8, Courtney 8, Penn 8, H. Wood 8, C. Smith 8, Penrose 7, Houghton 6, Howell 5, Conover 5, Salmon 4, Sigler 3. First $6, second $4.40, third $3, fourth $1.50. Ties div.

Extra No. 4, same conditions: Budd 10, French 10, Heikes 9, Penn 9, Ruble 9, Bowdish 9, Penrose 9, Thurman 9, Wolstencroft 8, Wood 8, Courtney 8, Yerrington 7, Sigler 7, C. Smith 7 Howell 6. Quimby 6, Lindsley 5, S. G. Smith 5, Reading 5, Haighton withdrew. First, $6; second, $4.50; third, $3; fourth, $1.50.

Extra No. 5, same conditions: Bowdish 10, Penn 9, Conover 9, Ruble 9, Quimby 9, Hall 9, Lindsley 8, French 8, Thurman 8, Manitz 8, Quad 8, Courtney 8, Apgar 7, Chetwood 7, C. Smith 7, E. W. Cooper 6, Houghton 6, Ziglio 6, Forrest 6, Lawrence 6, Tee Kay 5, Hathaway 4. First, $6.60; second, $4.95; third, $3.30; fourth, $1.65.

Extra No. 6, same conditions: Penrose 10, Taylor 10, Sigler 10, Houghton 10, Collins 9, Heikes 9, Yerrington 9, Wolstencroft 9, Budd 8, Apgar 8, Quad 8, Soper 8, Sandford 8, May 8, Lindsley 7, Manitz 7, Bowdish 7, Conover 7, Meeker 7, Reading 6, French 6, Penn 5, Courtney 4, Hall 4, Clark 4. First, $7.50; second, $5.60; third, $3.72; fourth, $1.85.

Extra No. 7, same conditions: Sigler 10, Wolstencroft 9, Yerrington 9, Brantingham 9, Courtney 9, H. Meeker 9, Budd 9, Hall 9, Quad 9, Manitz 9, Manning 9, Penrose 8, Collins 8, Heikes 8, Taylor 8, Penn 8, H. Smith 8, Lindsley 8, Meeker 7, Cooper 7, Bowdish 7, Clark 7, Van Ness 7, Houghton 6, Soper 6, French 6, Way 6, S. G. Smith 6, F. Post 5, Conover 5, Lawrence 4, Apgar 9. First $9.90, second $7.37, third $4.90, fourth $2.45.

Extra No. 8, same conditions: Heikes 10, Yerrington 10, Budd 10, Manitz 10, M. Meeker 9, Sigler 9, Wolstencroft 9, Houghton 9, Lindsley 8, Penn 8, Penrose 7, Hathaway 7, Quad 7, Bowdish 7, Tee Kay 7, Collins 7, Lawrence 6, Courtney 3. First $5.40, second $4.04, third $2.70, fourth $1.32.

Extra No. 9, same conditions: Manitz 10, W. J. 9, H. Meeker 9, Penn 9, Apgar 9, Courtney 9, S. G. Smith 9, Ruble 8, Bowdish 8, Houghton 8, Clark 8, Lindsley 8, French 8, Quimby 8, J. H. Force 8, Hall 7, Van Ness 7, Collins 7, Soper 7, Way 6, Manning 6, Moulton 6, Quad 6, Tee Kay 6, Wood 1. First $7.50, second $5.68, third $3.48, fourth $1.85.

Extra No. 10, at 5 pairs, entrance $1.50: Budd 10, Heikes 10, C. Smith 9, Quimby 9, Penrose 8, Houghton 8, Sigler 8, Quad 7, Post 7, Collins 7, Bowdish 7, Wolstencroft 6, Lindsley 6, E. M. Cooper 5. First $6.80, second $5.10, third $3.40, fourth $1.70.

Extra No. 11, 10 singles, $1 entrance: Manitz 10, S. G. Smith 10, Penn 9, Thurman 9, Bowdish 9, French 9, Hall 9, Ruble 9, Houghton 8, Quad 8, Courtney 8, Apgar 8, W. J. 8, Clark 7, H. Meeker 7, Manning 7, Van Ness 7, Tee Kay 7, Quimby 6, Wood 6, C. Smith 6, Dan Terry 5, Way 4. First, $6.90, second $5.25, third $3.05, fourth $1.70. Ties div. except for second which was shot off and div. by Penn, French and Hall.

Extra No. 12, same conditions: Penrose 10, Yerrington 10, Sigler 10, Wolstencroft 10, Courtney 9, Heikes 9, Apgar 9, Houghton 8, Quimby 8, Quad 7, Budd 7, Way 6, Lindsley 5, Manitz 5. First $4.20, second $3.15, third $2.10, fourth $1.05.

Extra No. 13, 15 singles, $2 entrance: Manitz 15, Heikes 14, Yerrington 14, Sigler 14, Collins 14, Bowdish 14, Budd 13, Wolstencroft 13, Penrose 13, Quad 13, C. Smith 13, Houghton 13, Lindsley 11, Quimby 10. First $9,10, second $6.80, third $4.55, fourth $2.27.

Extra No. 14, 10 singles, $1 entrance: Collins 10, Post 10, Ruble 10, Apgar 10, Brantingham 10, Bowdish 9, Courtney 9, C. Smith 9, W. Terry 9, Houghton 8, H. Meeker 8, Teeple 8, Hathaway 7, Quimby 6, Lindsley 6, Manitz 5, Moulton 3. First $4.75, second $3.55, third $2.40, fourth $1.15.

Extra No. 15, same conditions: Apgar 10, Houghton 9, Bowdish 9, Meeker 9, Post 9, W. Terry 8, C. Smith 8, T. Terry 7, Collins 7. First $3.27, second $2, third $1.35.

Oct. 9.—No. 1, at 12 single, entrance $1.50, open to all:

Yerrington	1111111111—12	W Wolstencroft	1111011111111—11
Heikes	1111111111—12	Collins	1111111111—11
Sigler	1111111111—12	J Smith	0111111111—10
J Wolstencroft	1111111111—12	Courtney	1111001111—9
Penrose	1111011111—10	Bowdish	1101111010—9
Budd	1111101111—10	C Smith	1001110101—8
Houghton	1111111011—10		

First $6.25, second $4.65, third $3.12, fourth $1.56.

No. 2, 12 singles, open to B and C, entrance $1.50:

Ruble	1111101111—11	Post	1111110011—9
C Smith	1110111111—11	Ford	1100111011—9
Houghton	1111110111—11	Manning	1101101111—9
J Wolstencroft	1101111111—11	Apgar	1111010110—9
Courtney	1111101101—10	Collins	0111110111—8
Bowdish	0111111011—10	Chetwood	1110110100—7
J Smith	1111010011—9	Quimby	0011110001—7

First $7.04, second $5.28, third $3.50, fourth $1.77.

No. 3, at 20 singles, 30yds. rise, use of both barrels, $40 guaranteed, entrance $2:

Collins	11021111111222121002—17	Yerr'gt'n	11120111012010012001—13
Heikes	22201112212001101111—16	Houghton	10212120110101001201—13
Ruble	01110222021212102112—13	J Smith	22012220212101220022—13
C W Budd	11101110111011111100—15	Preston	01102101000200200100—8
Sigler	02101112102111001112—15	Bowdish	00001210110102002000—8
W Wolstencroft	11010011110011012012—14	Taylor	10011101010111001011—12
S G Smith	21201122201020001101—14	J W Budd	01101001101101100—14
J Wolstencroft	02001111101111101110—14	Quimby	01101000200 w.
C Smith	10201021212102002111—14	Rupell	00100000010020012002—7
		Richards	00100020 w.
		Heritage	100000 w.

No. 4, 20 singles, $40 guaranteed, $2 entrance:

Ruble	11111111111111111111—20	Siggins	11111101011111111101—17
Brantingham	11111111111111111111—20	Bowdish	11101101111011111110—16
Dickerman	11111111111111101111—19	D Terry	10011111101011011111—16
Courtney	11001111111111111111—18	Collins	11011101111011111101—16
J Wolstencroft	11011111101111111111—18	J Smith	11111110011110101101—16
Post	11111111111001111111—18	Tee Kay	01011110101111011111—15
Apgar	01111101111111111111—18	Walton	10111101001010111111—15
Taylor	11111111111111111111—18	Meeker	01101111101111001111—14
S G Smith	11111101011111111111—18	Elliott	01010110011011111101—13
Russell	11111111001111111111—18	Hathaway	11011001011011011111—12
J W Budd	11100111111111111101—17	Ruppel	01011001111010101010—11
		Houghton	00101011110001000101—9

First $16, second $12, third $8, fourth $4.

No. 5 at 15 singles, open to all, $40 guaranteed, $2 entrance:

Yerrington	111111111111111—15	Colins	101111101111101—12
Houghton	111111111111111—15	J Wolstencr't	111111011011101—12
Sigler	111111111111111—15	J W Budd	100111110111011—11
Ruble	111111111111111—15	S G Smith	111011111010111—11
Heikes	111111101111111—14	Evens	011110011011110—10
W Wolstencr't	111101111111111—14	Richards	001111101111100—10
C Smith	111111101111111—14	Courtney	111101100111001—10
Taylor	111011111111111—14	Bowdish	101101100110101—9
Chas Budd	111011111101111—13	Heritage	001010110111101—9
J Smith	111111101111101—13	Barnes	100110001110101—8
Dykeman	111011111101111—13	Rupell	101001001010110—7

First $16, second $12, third $8, fourth $4.

No. 6, at 15 singles, open to B and C, $40 guaranteed, entrance $2:

J Wolstencroft	111111111111111—15	Post	011111111111101—12
Taylor	111101110111111—13	Barnes	011111110111001—11
J W Budd	111111111001111—13	J Smith	111111111011100—11
Ford	111101111111110—13	Richards	011011011111101—11
Quimby	111111110111011—13	Bowdish	001111010011111—10
Courtney	101111011111111—13	Heritage	011100010101111—9
Russell	011111111110111—13	Rupell	111011110100000—9
Siggins	101111111011110—13	Waller	011000100101110—7
Houghton	011111111101111—12	Chetwood	100011000101001—5
C Smith	111100111101111—12	Riggott	001000101100010—5
Dykeman	111101110011111—12		

First, $16; second, $12; third, $8; fourth, $4.

No. 7, at 10 singles and 5 pairs, open to all, entrance $2:

Sigler	1111111111	10 11 11 11 11—19
W Wolstencroft	1111111111	11 10 11 11 11—19
C W Budd	1111111010	11 11 11 11 10—18
Heikes	1111111111	11 11 11 00 11—18
Penrose	1111111111	10 11 10 10 11—17
Taylor	1111111110	11 10 11 11 01—17
Dykeman	1111011011	11 11 10 11 11—17
C Smith	1111001111	11 11 11 11 10—17
J Wolstencroft	0111011111	11 10 11 11 11—11
Houghton	0111001111	11 10 01 11 11—15
Quimby	1111001111	10 10 10 11 10—15
Collins	1111111110	00 10 11 10 10—14
J W Budd	1010111001	11 10 11 11 10—14
Walton	0011110110	01 10 11 11 10—13

First, $9; second, $7; third, $5; fourth, $2.25.

No. 8, 10 singles and 5 pairs, open to B and C, $2 entrance:

Russell	1101111111	10 11 01 11 11—17
Ruble	0011110111	11 11 11 11 11—17
Taylor	1111111111	10 10 10 10 11—16
Houghton	1111110111	10 11 11 10 10—16
J W Budd	1111110101	11 11 11 01 01—16
J Wolstencroft	1111111101	11 10 10 10 10—15
Post	1111101111	00 10 10 11 11—15
C Smith	0111111110	10 10 00 11 11—14
Bowdish	1101011111	10 11 10 10 10—14
Courtney	1111111101	00 10 10 10 11—14
Collins	1111100101	10 01 10 10 11—13
Siggius	1001111101	11 00 01 10 11—13
Ford	1101000010	11 11 01 10 11—13
Quimby	1011110011	10 10 11 10 10—13
Richards	1110111000	10 10 00 10 11— 9
Chetwood	0010000101	10 11 00 10 00— 7
Heritage	0011110000	10 w.

First $10 20, second $7.65, third $5.40, fourth $2.55.

Extra No. 1, 10 singles, $1, open to all:

Yerrington	1111111111—10	Houghton	1101011111—8
Collins	1111111111—10	C Smith	1110101111—8
Courtney	1111111111—10	Heikes	0111101111—8
Quimby	0111111111— 9	Penrose	1101111110—8
Bowdish	1111111011— 9	Apgar	1111010101—7
Wolstencroft	1110111111— 9	S G Smith	0010111111—7
Budd	1111111011— 9	Post	1001011010—5

First $4.20, second $3.05, third $2.10, fourth $1.05.

Extra No. 2, same conditions, open to all:

Yerrington	1111111111—10	Bowdish	0111111101—8
W Wolstencroft	1111111111—10	Penn	1011101111—8
Houghton	1111111111—10	Collins	1111101101—8
Ruble	1111111111—10	Courtney	1011111011—8
Heikes	1101111111— 9	J Wolstencroft	1111010011—7
Budd	1111111110— 9	J Smith	0010101111—6
Post	1111101111— 9	C Smith	1100001111—6
Apgar	1111111110— 9	Manning	0001100100—3
Quimby	1111111110— 9		

First $4.30, second $3.80, third $2.55, fourth $1.25.

Extra No. 3, same conditions, open to all:

Penrose	1111111111—10	Yerrington	1110110111—8
Heikes	1111111111—10	Houghton	1111101101—8
C Smith	1111111111—10	Bowdish	1110111110—8
J Smith	1111111111—10	Courtney	1111011011—8
W Wolstencroft	1011111111— 9	Apgar	1100111111—8
Ruble	1111111111— 9	Quimby	1111111000—7
J Wolstencroft	1111111001— 8	S G Smith	0110110111—7
Budd	0111111101— 8	Collins	0111111111—8

First $4.80, second $3.60, third $2.40, fourth $1.20.

Extra No. 4, same conditions, open to B and C:

J Smith	1111111111—10	J Wolstencroft	0111111110—8
Ruble	1111111111—10	Quimby	1100111111—8
Houghton	0111111111— 9	Tee Kay	0011111111—8
Bowdish	1111101111— 9	S G Smith	1111011100—7
Brantingham	1011111111— 9	Courtney	0111001101—6
C Smith	1111101111— 9	Post	1011000110—6
Apgar	1111101110— 9	Ford	1011011000—6
Chetwood	1011111101— 8	Manning	1001010011—5

First $4.80, second $3.60, third $2.40, fourth $1.20.

Extra No. 5, at 5 pairs, $1, open to all:

Budd	11 11 11 11—10	G Smith	11 11 10 01 11—8
Heikes	11 11 11 11—10	Houghton	11 11 01 10 10—7
Penrose	11 11 10 11 11—9	S G Smith	11 10 10 11 10—7
W Wolst'ncroft	11 11 11 11 10—9	Collins	10 11 10 10 01—6
Sigler	11 10 11 11 11—9	J Wolstencroft	01 10 11 00 10—5
Quimby	10 11 11 11 11—9	Bowdish	01 10 10 10 00—4
J Smith	11 11 10 11 11—9		

First $3.90, second $2.90, third $1.95, fourth $1.

Extra No. 6, 10 singles, $1 entrance, open to B and C:

C Smith	1111111111—10	Brantingham	1111010111—8
F Post	1111111111—10	S G Smith	1110111101—8
J Smith	1111111110— 9	Collins	0111110110—7
Apgar	0111111110— 9	D Terry	0110101111—7
W Terry	1101111111— 9	Chetwood	1011110110—7
Ruble	1111011111— 9	Houghton	1111001100—6
Bowdish	1111101101— 8	Courtney	0110100111—6
Ford	1010111111— 8	S Wolstencroft	1011100001—5
Manning	1101111011— 8		

First $5.10 second $3.80, third $2.55, fourth $1.26.

Extra No. 7, at 15 singles, $2 entrance, open to all:

Penrose	111101111111111—14	Collins	011111111111011—13
Budd	111111111011111—14	Houghton	011111110111111—13
Yerrington	111111111011111—14	J Smith	101111101111111—13
Heikes	111101111111111—14	Bowdish	111011111101110—12
Sigler	111111111101111—14	Courtney	111111011010111—12
J Wolstencr't	111111011111001—14	Quimby	011110111111110—12
S G Smith	111111111111011—14	Riggott	111100011000111— 9
W Wolstencroft	111111011111001—13		

First $9.75, second $7.32, third $4.90, fourth $2.43.

Extra No. 8, 12 singles, $1.50 entrance:

Heikes	111111111112—12	Bowdish	011111110111—10
Sigler	111111111112—12	Walton	101101111111—10
W Wolstencroft	111111111112—12	Dykeman	111101111110—10
C W Budd	111111111101—11	Houghton	101101111111—10
Yerrington	101111111111—11	Courtney	111101111011—10
S Wolstencroft	101111111111—11	Hathaway	111110011111—10
Russell	101111111111—11	Heritage	100110111111— 9
C Smith	111111101111—11	Russell	011000100101— 5
Penrose	101111111101—10		

First $8.16, second $6.10, third $4.06, fourth $2.04.

Extra No. 9, at 15 singles, $2 entrance:

Yerrington	111111111111111—15	C Smith	111111111011111—14
Heikes	111111111111111—15	Houghton	101111111111110—13
W Wolstenc't	111111111111111—15	Bowdish	111101011011111—13
Courtney	111111111111111—15	Walton	111111011111101—13
Penrose	111011111111111—14	J Wolstencr't	111110111111001—13
Sigler	111011111111111—14	J W Budd	101111111101111—13
Budd	111111111101111—14	Apgar	111111110101110—12

First $9.08, second $6.80, third $4.56, fourth $2.28.

Extra No. 10, at 12 singles, $1.50:

Russell	111111111111—12	Bowdish	111111011111—11
Courtney	111111111111—12	Heikes	110101111111—10
Penrose	111110111111—11	Budd	111111011011—10
Sigler	111111111110—11	Houghton	111011011111—10
Yerrington	111111011111—11	W Wolstencroft	111010111101— 9
Collins	111101111111—11	Hathaway	101101110100— 7

First $5.76, second $4.30, third $2.88, fourth $1.44.

Extra No. 11, at 15 singles, $2:

Heikes	111111111111111—15	S G Smith	010111111111111—13
Budd	111111111111111—15	C Smith	011111101111111—13
Collins	111111111111111—15	Walton	110011111111111—13

Penrose	011111111111111—14	J Wolstencroft	010111111111011—12
Sigler	111111111111011—14	Yerrington	100111101111001—11
J Wolstencroft	111111111111101—14	Courtney	111111101001110—11
J Smith	111111111101111—14		

First $8.43, second $6.32, third $4.23, fourth $2.12.

Extra No. 12, at 10 singles, $1:

Apgar	1111111111—10	Post	0110101111— 7
Bowdish	1111110111— 9	J Wolstencroft	1001110111— 7
Walton	1111111011— 9	Tee Kay	1101010111— 7
Brantingham	1111111011— 9	Siggins	0011110110— 6
Way	0101111111— 7	Manning	1111010010— 6
Russell	1111111010— 8	Dykeman	1010000111— 5
J Smith	1011011111— 8	Terry	0100011100— 4
Courtney	1111010111— 8	Houghton	1000010110— 4

First $4.80, second $3.60, third $1.80, fourth $1.20.

Extra No. 13, at 12 singles, $1.50:

Heikes	111111111112—12	Penrose	010111111111—10
C Smith	111111111112—12	Bowdish	110011111111—10
W Wolstencroft	111111111112—12	Collins	111110101111—10
Sigler	111111111112—12	Hathaway	100111101110— 9
Ruble	111111111112—12	G Smith	111111011101— 9
Budd	111111111111—12	Houghton	101011101101— 8
J Wolstencroft	111111111111—12	Forest	100101101101— 7
Yerrington	111011111101—10	Quimby	100001001111— 6

First $8.15, second $6 12, third $4.08, fourth $2.04.

Extra No. 14, at 10 singles, $1, open to B and C:

Walton	1111111111—10	Way	1011111101— 8
C Smith	1111111111—10	Tee Kay	1110111110— 8
Russell	1111111110— 9	Quimby	1011011110— 7
J Smith	1101111111— 9	Bowdish	1111010110— 7
Ruble	0111111111— 9	J Wolstencroft	1100111011— 7
Brantingham	1111111001— 8	Courtney	0000111011— 5

First $3.60, second $2.70, third $1.50, fourth 90cts.

Extra No. 15, at 15 singles, $2:

Budd	111111111111111—15	Forrest	111111111111011—14
Yerrington	111111111111111—15	Russell	101111111111101—13
C Smith	111111111111111—15	Sigler	111111111101011—13
Heikes	011111111111111—14	E B Miller	111111111101011—13
Penrose	101111111111111—14	Walton	111101110100111—11
W Wolstenc't	110111111111111—14	Courtney	110101011101111—11

First $7.80, second $5.86, third $3.90, fourth $1.96.

Thursday, Oct. 10.—This was the first day at live birds, and from far and near the men who "wouldn't look at a clay saucer," flocked in to try their skill. There was Bob Welsh and Dick Irwin, of Philadelphia; Johnny Riggott, of Rockaway, N. J.; Geo. Cubberly, of Red Bank; Mahlon Fox and Chas. Van Camp, of Trenton; Capt. Jones, Al. Heritage and Wm. Hughes, of Jersey City; E. M. Cooper, of Red Bank; Fred Beal, of Long Branch; Frank Class, of Pine Brook; Ike Dukes, of Burlington, N. J.; L. J. Houghton, of Chepachet, R. I., and Jack Walton, of Mount Hope, Pa. It rained hard just before breakfast, but Middlesex luck carried the day, and ere the trip to the grounds was started, the sun was shining brightly. The birds were an average lot, some good, some poor, with a few corkers. The usual gang of scouters were on hand and bagged all but a few of the birds that escaped over the fence. In event No. 3 twenty men tied for first money, and eleven for second. It was too late when the event finished to shoot off the ties, and as some were not able to remain over, they were allowed to draw their share, and the others who wished to shoot off had to wait till Friday. All live bird events were shot under American Association rules, except a few extra sweeps from plunge traps.

No. 1, at 8 live birds, $100 guaranteed, entrance $6:

Budd	11111111—8	Penrose	12111220—7
Bob White	22221121—8	Manly	21111011—7
W Wolstencroft	11112221—8	C Smith	10211211—7
Heikes	11111122—8	Voorhees	21212202—7
Welch	22122112—8	J Smith	21102122—7
Irwin	12122221—8	Capt Jones	11021111—7
Riggott	11211112—8	Walton	10221012—6
McMurchy	21111111—8	Yerrington	21012210—6
Cubberly	11222111—8	S G Smith	11212010—6
S W Dukes	21121112—8	M Fox	12111010—6
Sigler	11111111—8	C M Cooper	12020121—6
Quimby	12101111—7	Houghton	11101210—6
Lindsley	20222222—7	Beal	00101121—5
J Wolstencroft	12110111—7		

All ties div. except for first money, which went to Budd, Bob White, W. Wolstencroft, Heikes, Welch, Irwin, Riggott and McMurchy, who killed 4 on the shoot-off. First $64.80, second $48.60, third $32.40, fourth $16.20.

No. 2, at 10 live birds, $200 guaranteed, $10 entrance:

Budd	1111221112—10	J Smith	0122121212— 9
Class	2122212112—10	Cubberly	0111121211— 9
Heikes	1111121221—10	S G Smith	1111111101— 9
W Wolstencroft	2221111112—10	Bob White	2212120222— 9
Beal	1111212111—10	Capt Jones	1101121011— 8
Fox	1111111121—10	Manly	1110211101— 8
Riggott	1111111112—10	Quimby	2022222101— 8
Welch	1212212211—10	Lindsley	0222202222— 8
Van Camp	1222111121—10	Forest	1121211001— 8
Williams	1111112221—10	Houghton	2112021220— 8
Hughes	1212112111—10	Dukes	1221021220— 8
C Smith	1211212121—10	Cannon	1000112121— 7
McMurchy	1212222011— 9	Irwin	2102020111— 7
Sigler	1111110211— 9	Cooper	2012212200— 7
Penrose	1111121101— 9	Voorhees	0110112210— 7
Walton	1212211011— 9	Yerrington	1222021011— 7
J Wolstencroft	1110112112— 9	Collins	1020101002— 5

First $132, second $99, third $66, fourth $33.

No. 3, at 7 live birds, $1 entrance:

Penrose	1111111—7	Bowdish	2221111—7
Cannon	1121221—7	Van Camp	1121111—7
Sigler	1211221—7	Budd	1110—6
Lindsley	2222222—7	Walton	1210211—6
Jones	1111121—7	Beal	1110112—6
Irwin	1112221—7	Yerrington	2012122—6
McMurchy	1111121—7	Daly	1101211—6
Heikes	1111112—7	Quimby	1110111—6
Wolstencroft	1111112—7	Hughes	1111012—6
Welch	1211121—7	J Smith	1201121—6
Williams	1221122—7	Houghton	1211201—6
S G Smith	1212212—7	T Terry	2222101—6
Fox	1122121—7	Bob White	1212210—6
Manley	1111111—7	Collins	1221200—5
Cubberly	1121111—7	Forest	2012110—5
Class	1112212—7	C Smith	1111100—5
H Force	2121121—7	Suedeker	0010222—4
Riggott	1111111—7	Tee Kay	1122000—4

Penrose	0111111111111111—14	J Wolstencroft	0101111111111011—12
Sigler	1111111111111011—14	Yerrington	1001110111111001—11
J Wolstencroft	1111111111111101—14	Courtney	1111111010011110—11
J Smith	1111111111110111—14		

First $8.43, second $6.32, third $4.23, fourth $2.12.

Extra No. 12, at 10 singles, $1:

Apgar	1111111111—10	Post	0110101111— 7
Bowdish	1111110111— 9	J Wolstencroft	1001110111— 7
Walton	1111111011— 9	Tee Kay	1101010111— 7
Brantingham	1111111011— 9	Siggins	0011110110— 6
Way	0101111111— 7	Manning	1111010010— 6
Russell	1111111010— 8	Dykeman	1010000111— 5
J Smith	1011011111— 8	Terry	0100011100— 4
Courtney	1111010111— 8	Houghton	1000010110— 4

First $4.80, second $3.60, third $1.80, fourth $1.20.

Extra No. 13, at 12 singles, $1.50:

Heikes	111111111112—12	Penrose	010111111111—10
C Smith	111111111112—12	Bowdish	110011111111—10
W Wolstencroft	111111111112—12	Collins	111110101111—10
Sigler	111111111112—12	Hathaway	100111101110— 9
Ruble	111111111112—12	G Smith	111111011101— 9
Budd	111111111111—12	Houghton	101011101101— 8
J Wolstencroft	111111111111—12	Forest	100101101101— 7
Yerrington	111011111101—10	Quimby	100001001111— 6

First $8.15, second $6 12, third $4.08, fourth $2.04.

Extra No. 14, at 10 singles, $1, open to B and C:

Walton	1111111111—10	Way	1011111101— 8
C Smith	1111111111—10	Tee Kay	1110111110— 8
Russell	1111111110— 9	Quimby	1011011110— 7
J Smith	1101111111— 9	Bowdish	1111010110— 7
Ruble	0111111111— 9	J Wolstencroft	1100111011— 7
Brantingham	1111111001— 8	Courtney	0000111011— 5

First $3.60, second $2.70, third $1.50, fourth 90cts.

Extra No. 15, at 15 singles, $2:

Budd	111111111111111—15	Forrest	111111111111011—14
Yerrington	111111111111111—15	Russell	101111111111101—13
C Smith	111111111111111—15	Sigler	111111111101011—13
Heikes	011111111111111—14	E B Miller	111111111101011—13
Penrose	101111111111111—14	Walton	111101110100111—11
W Wolstenc't	110111111111111—14	Courtney	110101011101111—11

First $7.80, second $5.86, third $3.90, fourth $1.96.

Thursday, Oct. 10.—This was the first day at live birds, and from far and near the men who "wouldn't look at a clay saucer," flocked in to try their skill. There was Bob Welsh and Dick Irwin, of Philadelphia; Johnny Riggott, of Rockaway, N. J.; Geo. Cubberly, of Red Bank; Mahlon Fox and Chas. Van Camp, of Trenton; Capt. Jones, Al. Heritage and Wm. Hughes, of Jersey City; E. M. Cooper, of Red Bank; Fred Beal, of Long Branch; Frank Class, of Pine Brook; Ike Dukes, of Burlington, N. J.; L. J. Houghton, of Chepachet, R. I., and Jack Walton, of Mount Hope, Pa. It rained hard just before breakfast, but Middlesex luck carried the day, and ere the trip to the grounds was started, the sun

at. The time occupied was five hours, commencing at 11:15'A. M.

No1, at 25 live birds, $25 entrance, 4 moneys, $400 guaranteed:

W Wolstencroft..... 2111111121221212111111221—25
R O Heikes..... 1212101111212122121111121—24
Wm Sigler..... 1121111212111110211121111—24
M Williams..... 2112211122122221122121102—24
C Van Camp..... 2211221111211201122211111—24
F Beal..... 2011111121111111201111222—23
C W Budd..... 1111122101111012121112211—23
Bob White..... 1222111111110101121212122—23
C Smith..... 0121111112221210111222112—23
Phil Daly, Jr..... 1212121220011222212211221—23
C B Manly..... 0111111222212110111111111—23
J Lamberson..... 1110111111212110221112112—23
W A Penrose..... 0110212222110211222211111—22
M Fox..... 2102112212012222211111120—22
M Lindsley..... 2222222242222222220022—22
H McMurchy..... 1211101112111112011121—22
C M Hedden..... 1122011021161021111222122—21
J Erb..... 0121110021110111111111111—20
W S Cannon..... 0012221211212200w. —11

First money $180, second $142.50, third $95, fourth $47.50.

W. Wolstencroft, who won first money with the only straight score, is a young man of perhaps twenty-seven, who has made a reputation for himself as a steady, reliable shooter. His victory was greeted with applause, which was received with becoming modesty. Charlie Budd had the misfortune to have his old gun injured by being run over on Thursday night while going in from the grounds, and was somewhat handicapped with a new gun to which he is unaccustomed. He only dropped two birds, but was shot out in the tie for third money. The second and fourth moneys were divided and the third shot off as below. Tie for third money:

Bob White..... 12221 Budd..... 22220
C Smith..... 11112 Beal..... 10
Manly..... 11221 Daly..... 0
Lamberson..... 12112

Those who killed 5 straight took the pot.

We append a record of the guns and loads used in this race, also of the flight of all birds killed.

	R.Q.	L.Q.	R.Q.I.	L.Q.I.	I.	D.	R.Q.D.	L.Q.D.	Tw.	Tow.
Wolstencroft	3	2	3	.	1	2	2	2	.	.
Heikes	5	4	4	1	3	5	5	2	.	.
Sigler	10	1	2	.	3	1	3	3	1	.
Williams	6	2	3	2	5	1	1	2	2	.
Van Camp	10	1	4	4	1	1	2	1	.	.
Beal	7	.	.	2	2	.	1	2	.	.
Budd	4	4	.	3	3	1	4	.	.	.
Bob White	5	1	7	2	3	.	4	.	.	1
C Smith	12	1	2	2	1	1	2	2	.	.
Daly	8	3	2	1	2	4	2	1	.	.
Manly	4	3	4	3	6	2	1	.	.	.
Lamberson	9	2	3	2	5	.	.	2	.	.
Penrose	13	.	2	4	3	.	.	.	.	.
Fox	7	1	5	1	3	1	1	3	.	.
Lindsley	10	2	2	.	4	1	1	2	.	.
McMurchy	9	.	5	2	.	1	1	2	.	.
Hedden	7	4	.	3	1	2	2	3	.	.
Erb	12	.	2	.	2	1	1	1	.	1
Cannon	3	1	2	.	4	.	1	.	.	.

Note.—R.Q.—Right-quarterer. L.Q.—Left-quarterer. R.Q.I.—Right-quartering incomer. L.Q.I.—Left-quartering incomer. I.—Incomer. D.—Driver. R.Q.D.—Right-quartering driver. L.Q.D.—Left-quartering driver. Tw.—Twister. Tow.—Towerer.

No. 2, at 5 live birds, $3.50 entrance:

Beal..... 11212—5 Lamberson..... 11112—5
Penrose..... 12112—5 S G Smith..... 12011—4
Cubberly..... 11111—5 Vorhees..... 22110—4
Mahlon..... 22111—5 Tee Kay..... 11012—4
Walton..... 1112—5 Van Brackle..... 11110—4
C Smith..... 12111—5 Hughes..... 02122—4
Budd..... 11211—5 Linaslee..... 22001—3
McMurchy..... 21111—5 Cannon..... 21200—3
Sigler..... 11212—5

First $25.50, second $18, third $10.20.

Extra No. 1, 4 live birds, entrance $2, plunge traps:

S G Smith..... 1111—4 G Besser..... 0111—3
Walton..... 2111—4 Albee..... 0121—3
D Terry..... 1211—4 Voorhees..... 1110—3
Collins..... 1112—4 Tee Kay..... 0201—2
Van Brackle..... 2102—3

Ties for first money, shot out on extra sweep No. 2, won by Collins and Walton; second div., Tee Kay third.

Extra No. 2, same conditions:

Collins..... 1121—4 Voorhees..... 1211—4
Albee..... 1122—4 S G Smith..... 1012—3
Walton..... 1111—4 Terry..... 0111—3
Besser..... 1211—4

Walton and Besser first, S. G. Smith and Terry second.

Extra No. 3, 3 pairs live birds, plunge traps, $3 entrance:

S G Smith..... 11 11 11—6 G Albee..... 01 01 11—4
P Daly..... 01 11 11—5 Collius..... 11 00 11—4
A Meeker..... 11 11 10—5 Busser..... 11 10 10—4
Ford..... 10 11 11—5 Voorhees..... 00 11 10—3

S. G. Smith first, second div., ties on 4 div. third.

Extra No. 4, 10 live birds, plunge traps, $7.50 entrance:

Capt Jones..... 1231111111—10 Ford..... 1121110111— 9
S G Smith..... 2111111111—10 Quimby..... 2111112201— 9
Albee..... 1121120211— 9 Meeker..... 0121212111— 9
Forest..... 1110212121— 9

Ties on 10 div. first, ties on 9 div. second

Extra No. 5, 5 live birds, $5:

Penrose..... 21111—5 S G Smith..... 11122—5
Budd..... 11111—5 Ven Camp..... 12012—4
McMurchy..... 12212—5 Daly..... 12022—4
Fox..... 11221—5 Erb..... 10120—3
Jones..... 22222—5 Cannon..... 11100—3
C Smith..... 11112—5 T K..... 02100—2

First div. by Penrose, Budd and McMurchy after a shoot off; second and third div.

At the conclusion of the big race, just enough time was left for a five-bird sweep, which was shot, and the Middlesex Tournament of 1889 was a thing of the past. FRANK MASON.

THE FODDE SHOOT.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Oct. 11.—The second annual Fred A. Fodde amateur tournament took place at Compton Avenue Park, this city, on Oct. 8, 9, 10 and 11. Beautiful weather favored the shoot, but the attendance was rather light, except on Thursday, which was a partial holiday, owing to Fair week. Keystone targets were used for all events, 5 traps, walk-around system. Many strangers from a distance were present and expressed themselves thoroughly satisfied with the sport furnished them.

Mr. Fred. A. Fodde, assisted by Mr. W. A. Sherman, of Keokuk, Iowa, attended to the duties of referee. All ties div. unless otherwise noted.

First Day.—No. 1, 10 singles, entrance $1.50:

J Sieminskie..... 1111111011— 9 E B Range..... 0101101010— 5
S B Reynard..... 0101110111— 7 W A Sherman..... 1101111111— 9
Dr E L Spencer..... 1001011111— 8 W T Wetmore..... 0110100001— 4
E Spencer..... 1111111110—10 A Paule..... 0111101110— 7
W Field..... 0101101010— 5 G Hill..... 1011111100— 7
T Bauer..... 1111111110—10 H Nagel..... 1111111111—10
W Swayne..... 0111111111— 9 W Dallmeyer..... 1001110110— 6
F Sigler..... 0111110010— 6 H Wagner..... 0001030010— 3
F Govro..... 0101111111— 8 G Crosby..... 0011110111— 7
Ed Baker..... 1101111011— 8 G Lay..... 1001110110— 6

Hill and Crosby fourth.

No. 2, 15 singles, entrance $2:

Sigler..... 110001111111100—10 Lay..... 111111011111111—14
Bauer..... 111111100111111—13 Govro..... 111101101110111—12
E Spencer..... 111111101111111—14 Baker..... 011011110100101—11
Reynard..... 101101011010110—10 Range..... 101001011100010— 8
Dallmeyer..... 111111100111000—10 J Roeser..... 100100111000 01— 6
Dr Spencer..... 110111101100111—11 Sherman..... 111111110111011—13
Sieminski..... 111100110111101—11 Crosby..... 011011110101111—11
Hill..... 110110111110111—12 Nagel..... 011101010110000— 7
Paule..... 101100001010110— 7 Swayne..... 111111011111011—13
Wetmore..... 001030100001101— 5 Waller..... 001111010000100— 7

No. 3, 20 singles, entrance $3:

Sliminskie 11111011111111111111—19 Roeser....010011101101111101111—14
E Spencer 11110111111111111111—19 D Spencer 001011111111111001011—14
Wetmore, 00101010311000110001— 8 Hill..... 100111011011010000111—11
Lay..... 11101111111111100111—17 Govro..... 101011111111011101—16
Nagel..... 10110101011010100001—11 Baker..... 11111111110101011011—17
Paule..... 01110010110001101111—12 Reynard..... 11100111100111111011—15
Sigler..... 11001111010101000110—14 Swayne..... 01011111100111011110—14
Bauer..... 10111111111110011111—17 W Golm..... 01101010011101111111—14
Dallmey'r 11100110110010101111—13 Sherman..... 01111011111011111110—16

No. 4, 20 singles, entrance $3:

Nagel..... 00011111111111010110—14 Bauer..... 11111111111111111001—18
Golm..... 11000111111101111111—16 E Spencer 11111111111111111111—20
Sherman..... 10111010111101010111—14 Hill..... 11111111100111010111—16
D Spencer 10111111111111000111—16 Paule..... 10110011110101010110—12
E Meyer..... 11111111011111010111—18 H Wagner 00000100000010101100— 5
Siminskie 11111101010110101111—15 Govro..... 11111111111111111110—19

Dallmey'r 11111110000110011110—13 Lay..... 10011110011011110110—13
Sigler..... 10031100011010111100—10 Reynard.. 11111100111111111017—17
Baker..... 11000101110101101013—13

No. 5, 20 singles, entrance $2 50:

Siminskie. 11111111101011111111—18 E Spencer 11111011111011111111—18
Hill..... 11111111111111111111—20 Sherman... 10010110101010—7
Golm..... 11111111010111011116—16 DrSpencer 10011111111111011110—16
Bauer..... 11111110111710110111—17 Wetmore. 00010100100101101101— 9
Sigler..... 11011011111111111011—18 Baker..... 11001111011011011—16
Nagel ..... 11010111111111011011—16 Govro .... 01101110110111100111—14

No. 6, 15 singles, entrance $1.50:

Sieminskie ... 111110120111111—13 Meyer..... 111111111111101—14
F Kling..... 011110111011110—11 Golm..... 110101101101111—11
Bauer ..... 111111011111111—14 G Rawlings... 001100010001000— 5
W G..... 011110101010000— 8 Crosby..... 110001110110110— 9
Sigler..... 111111111001111—13 Dr Spencer.... 101011111111101—12
Wetmore... 011001010100100— 7 Baker..... 111110101001101—10
Govro..... 111101111111111—14 Nagel..... 111011011111101—12
E Spencer.. 111111111111111—15 Leonhardt.... 110111001111111—12
Hill..... 111111111111111—15 Sherman.... 111111111101011—13
Lay..... 110011101100111—10 W Stancer..... 111111110111110—13
Reynard ..... 111011111111110—13

Sieminskie, Sherman and Stancer third; Nagel and Lenhardt fourth.

No. 7, 10 singles, entrance $1:

Sieminskie..... 1110111111— 9 Ed Spencer..... 1111111111—10
Bauer..... 1110111101— 8 Lenhardt..... 1111111111—10
Crosby..... 1111110111— 9 Golm ..... 1011011000— 6
Kling ..... 1111011111— 9 Govro. ..... 1111110111— 9
Legler ..... 1111000111— 7 A Sawyer..... 1110011101— 7
Stancer..... 0011011111— 7 McGee ..... 0111101111— 8
Baker..... 1111011111— 9 Dr Spencer..... 1111111111—10
Scott..... 1100101011— 7 Swayne..... 1110010110— 6
Meyer..... 1110111111— 9 Nagel..... 1111011101— 8
Hill..... 1111111111—10 Waller ..... 1110111110— 8
Lay..... 0111101101— 7

Sieminskie second, McGee and Waller third, Stancer fourth.

No. 8, 15 singles, entrance $3:

Kling..... 101011111111100 —11 Nagel..... 111111110011101—12
Meyer ..... 111011101101111—12 Legler..... 001101111001001— 8
E Spencer..... 011111111101101—12 Bauer ..... 111111110111111—14
W G ..... 111101101111111—13 Swayne..... 110111100011111—11
P Smith..... 111111111000110—11 Rawlings ..... 001101101111001— 9
Stancer..... 111111111111111—15 Lenhardt..... 111010001111001— 9

Spencer fourth.

No. 9, 5 pairs, entrance, $2:

Sieminskie ..... 10 10 11 00 11—6 Govro..... 10 10 00 10 00—3
Legler ..... 11 10 11 10 11—8 Crosby ..... 11 10 11 00 11—7
Reynard..... 10 11 10 11 10—7 Rawlings..... 10 11 10 10 11—7
Ed Spencer..... 11 01 11 10 10—7 Baker ... . 10 11 00 10 00—5
Bauer..... 10 11 11 10 10—8 Waller ..... 11 01 10 11 10—7
Kling..... 10 10 10 10 11—6 Nagel. ..... 10 10 00 10 10—3
Swayne..... 10 11 00 10 10—5 W G..... 11 10 10 11 11—8
Stancer ..... 00 11 11 00 11—6 Lay..... 11 11 11 00 00—6

Reynard second, Kling third, Swayne fourth.

Second Day.—No. 10, 10 singles, entrance $1.50:

Sieminskie..... 1011011111— 8 Reynard ..... 0001011110— 5
B Pike..... 0110111100— 6 J Victor..... 0001110111— 6
Baker ..... 1111111110— 9 Wetmore..... 0000100000— 1
Govro..... 1001110111— 7 Waller..... 1111111101— 9
J E Longsworth... 1101111010— 7 Govro..... 1111101111— 9
Bauer..... 1111011001— 7 Hill ..... 1111111111—10
Sherman ..... 1101101111— 8 W G..... 1111101101— 8
Ed Spencer..... 1111111111—10 Meyer ..... 0011110011— 6
C E Latshaw..... 1101111100— 7 W T Irwin..... 1011011111— 8

Longsworth fourth.

No. 11, 20 singles, entrance $2.50.

Bauer..... 11011111111111111111—19 W G ..... 11111101111111110111—18
Wetmore. 10101111111111111111—18 Irwin..... 11100111001111010101—14
Sliminskie 11110111111101011011—16 Swayne... 11111101111110011111—17
Reynard.. 11100101010011111111—14 Waller... 11011001010001011111—13
E Spencer 11111110111111111111—19 Latshaw.. 10111000100000011100— 8
Longsw'h. 11111101011111111110—15 Sherman.. 00111011110100w.
Baker..... 11100101111111110110—14 Golm ..... 11110011001111111100—14
Hill..... 00111011100011110111—14 Smith..... 10011001111010111110—13
Meyer ..... 11111111111111110111—19 Stancer... 11111110011111111106—16
WB'ldw'n 01010101000011011010—10 Pike..... 11011111001010011111—13
Govro..... 01101111111111111111—18

No. 12, 20 singles, entrance $3.50:

Bauer..... 11111011111111111111—19 Meyer .... 11111011111111111111—19
Govro..... 11101111111111000110—15 FA Drayer 11000101111111111100—14
Reynard.. 01111101101101101111—15 Smith..... 11101011101110001110—13
Spencer .. 11110001111010101111—16 W G..... 11100011101110101010—12
Sliminskie 11111010110111011111—16 Scribe .... 00111010000001100000— 6
EdSpenc'r 01111101111111111111—18 J E Hag'ty 11101111111111110110—17
Longsw'h. 11111101011111111111—18
No. 13, 20 singles, entrance $3:
E Spencer 11111111111010101111—18 Govro..... 11111001111000011101—13
Sliminskie 11111111111111111111—20 Wetmore. 11000001101111010111—13
Meyer..... 11111111111111011111—19 W G ..... 11101011011010101101—13
Bauer..... 11011101011111111111—17 Golm ..... 01100110100111011111—13
L'ngsw'th 10111110101111101111—16 Fodde..... 10111110111101011010—15
Reynard.. 11111101011111011111—17 Irwin..... 11101101101111111001—15
Hill ..... 11011111111111111111—18 Mensing.. 11001010101111011111—14
Stancer .. 11111110011111111111—18 Stoll.. .... 00000011101010110110— 9
Smith..... 10100001100000101001 — 7

No. 14, 10 singles, entrance $2: Ed. Spencer 9, Wetmore 3, Swayne 9, Sieminskie 9, Peck 5, Longsworth 7, Sherman 9, Victor 8, Baldwin 6, Waller 8, Bauer 9, Reynard 8, Baker 7, Irwin 7, Govro 8.

No. 15, 10 singles, entrance $1.50: Swayne 8, Waller 6, Govro 7. Sherman 7, Sieminskie 10, Baker 9, Ed. Spencer 7, Irwin 7, Reynard 4, Peck 4, Bauer 9, Victor 7, Pike 7.

No. 16, 10 singles, entrance $1.50: Bauer 9, Sieminskie 7, Baker 8, Mensing 6, Smith 3, Longsworth 9, Meyer 10, Reynard 8, Hill 3, Stancer 5, Golm 7, Wetmore 7, Govro 7, Swayne 9, Latshaw 5, Waller 8, Ed. Spencer 8, W. G. 8, Irwin 7, Denny 7.

No. 17, 5 pairs, entrance $1.50: W. G. 8, Reynard 6, Golm 7, Stancer 6, J. Colt 3, Hagerty 6, Ed. Spencer 10, Longsworth 8, Smith 3, Meyer 5, Wetmore 4, Bauer 8, Govro 4, Drayer 6, Irwin 8.

No. 18, 10 singles, entrance $2: Hagerty 9, Stancer 8, Ed. Spencer 10, Smith 6, Bauer 10, Hill 6, Reynard 10, Golm 9, Longsworth 7, Meyer 8, Westervelt 7, W. G. 6.

No. 19, at 10 singles, entrance $1.50: Sieminskie 9, J. E. Hagerty 4, H. C. Griesiedeck 4, E. C. Mohrstadt 6, W. Stancer 5, E. Weaver 5, P. Charles 3, B. Westhus 8, Bauer 5, Kling 5, Ed. Prendergast 7, Sherman 9.

No. 20, at 10 singles, entrance $2: Nagel 7, A. Yunge 4, O. Kinner 8, J. W. Jones 4, T. H. Stewart 2, A. Clas 8, B. Weaver 3, A. M. Colgrove 6, F. A. Drayer 6, M. L. Lee 5, Ed. Prendergast 10, Bauer 6, Stancer 9, Sieminskie 9, Meyer 9.

No. 21, 10 singles, entrance $1.50: Sieminskie 8, Harris 9, Prendergast 9, Jones 4, Colgrove 4, Stewart 2, Weaver 3, Kinner 7, Bauer 9, Class 8, Yunge 3, Stancer 6, Drayer 2, Barnum 7, Longsworth 10, Meyer 9.

No. 22, 10 singles, entrance $1.50:

Meyer ..... 1111101111— 9 Bauer..... 0101110011— 6
Prendergast..... 0110111100— 6 Longsworth..... 1101110010— 7
Clas..... 1111111111— 9 Charles..... 0011010000— 3
G Crosby..... 0111111111— 9 Sherman..... 1011101101— 7
E Mohrstadt..... 0111110111— 8 Dr Spencer..... 1011110011— 7
Sieminskie..... 0110111011— 7 W T Irwin..... 1111111111—10
Nagel..... 1010100111— 6 Barnum ..... 0111011111— 8
Hagerty..... 0011111011— 7 O Kinner..... 0110111101— 7
W Clarke..... 0110101111— 7 Lenhardt..... 1110001110— 6
Weaver..... 1111001110— 7

No. 23, 10 singles, entrance $1.50:

Hagerty..... 1111111101— 9 G Crosby..... 1111111111—10
Hettel..... 0100011110— 5 Lee..... 0100100011— 4
Westhus ..... 1111011111— 9 Brown. ..... 0001100010— 3
Sieminskie ..... 1111101111— 9 Steffen..... 0011011001— 5
Prendergast..... 0001011111— 6 Charles..... 1111101111— 9
W H Horner.. 1011110100— 5 Barnum ..... 1111110011— 8
Kling ..... 1001110100— 5 Mohrstadt..... 1001101010— 5
Weaver ..... 1001110100— 5 Longsworth.... 1101001110— 6
Kinner..... 1111010110— 7 Dr Spencer..... 1111011111— 9
Meyer ..... 1011000110— 5 Ed Spencer..... 1111111111—10
Bauer..... 1111111011— 9 Irwin..... 1111110011— 7
Nagel..... 0110101110— 6 Charles..... 0101101111— 7
Stancer..... 0111110111— 8

No. 24, 10 singles, entrance $1.50:

Clas..... 0111111101— 8 Sieminskie..... 0100101111— 6
Longsworth..... 1000111111— 7 Yunge..... 0001010011— 3
Meyer ..... 1111111111—10 Kinner..... 1111100101— 7
Sherman ..... 1011111101— 8 Stancer..... 1111111111—10
Drayer ..... 0101110110— 6 Jones..... 1001101110— 6
E Spencer..... 1111011111— 9 Stewart..... 0110101000— 4
Irwin..... 1001111111— 8 Barnum ..... 1000110110— 5
P Hat ..... 1111101110— 8 Harris ..... 1011010000— 4
G Crosby ..... 1110111111— 9 Colgrove..... 1010003001— 3
Weaver..... 1010011110— 6 Prendergast..... 1111110111— 9
No. 25, 20 singles, entrance $2.50: Bauer..... 0111000111— 6

Weaver...01011101000011000010— 9 Stancer...11111111101100111011—15
Sliminskie 11011111111111111111—19 E Spencer 11111011001w.
Bauer... 11111111110111101111—18 Jones.... 00111110101010000110—12
P Hat ... 11111111101101101101—15 Colgrove. 11010101111010001103—12
Kinner... 01101101111011001000—11 L'ngsw'th 01011111111111101101—16

Clas..... 11111111010010111101—15 Crosby.... 01111111011101101101—15
Barnum.. 10111011001010111110—16 Hagerty.. 10111100100101011010—11
Prend'rg' 11111000101010110103—13 Drayer .... 11101110000101111111—15
Nagel..... 10111111111110001010—12 Stewart... 10111101010110000110—12
Meyer .... 10111111111110010101—15

No. 26, 20 singles, entrance $3:

Weaver... 10100101001011110001—10 Longsw'th 11010011111000010110—11
Siminskie 11110111011111110011—16 Dr Spenc'r 11011111111111111111—16
P'dergast. 00111111000001101011—12 G Crosby.. 01111111011110011111—16
Kinner.... 11100001111101101111—14 E Spencer. 11011111111111111111—19
Bauer..... 11101111111101111101—17 Irwin..... 01011011011111011110—14
Stancer... 00011111111111111101—16 Charles... 01010000001000001101— 5
Barnum... 11111111111011011001—15 Kling..... 11111111111111100111—17
Class..... 11011111010001111101—15 Lenhardt. 01001111011110101111—14
Nagel..... 11101100101111110111—15 Williams. 10100011100111111011—13
Meyer .... 11011000111111011111—16 J Steffen. 11011000110110111111—12
Hagerty... 11111110101010011101—14 Westhus.. 10101001110100111101—12
Mohrst'dt 11111111110011110—16

No. 27, 10 singles, entrance $2.50:

Prendergast..... 0011001100— 4 Hettel..... 1111111100— 8
Hagerty..... 1101010011— 6 Kling ..... 0110111111— 8
Bauer..... 1011111111— 9 Longsworth.... 1111011111— 9
Meyer ..... 0111110011— 7 L Denning..... 0101110110— 6
Weaver..... 1011110001— 6 Barnum ..... 1011011001— 7
Nagel ..... 1011110101— 7 Mohrstadt..... 1111001101— 7
Kajanka..... 1011001111— 7 Dr Spencer..... 1111111111—10
Brown ..... 1101011010— 6 Stancer..... 1111111111—10
Kinner ..... 1010001101— 5 Irwin..... 1111110011— 8
G Crosby..... 0111100110— 6 Sherman ..... 1101110101— 7
Clas..... 1101111111— 9 Griesedick..... 0010011101— 5
Williams..... 1100011111— 7 Steffen..... 0000011110— 4
Lee..... 0010010000— 3 Edwards..... 0011010100— 4
Sieminskie ..... 1111111111—10

Sherman took fourth after shoot off.

No. 28, 6 pairs, $2 entrance:

Bauer,..... 10 11 00 01 10 11— 8 Kling..... 11 11 10 11 10 00—8
Horner ..... 11 10 11 10 11 11—10 Clas..... 10 01 11 01 11 11—9
Kajanka..... 11 11 10 10 11 11—10 Prendergast.. 11 11 01 11 10 11—9
Stancer..... 11 01 10 10 11 10— 8 Longsworth.. 11 11 00 00 00 00—4
Hagerty..... 11 11 10 10 00 10— 8 Charles..... 11 10 10 10 10 00—6
Sieminskie.. 11 00 11 00 01 11— 7 Dr Spencer... 11 11 10 11 10 10—9
Dick..... 11 11 01 10 10 11— 9 Irwin..... 00 10 10 10 10 10—5
Weaver. .... 00 11 00 10 00 01— 4 G Crosby..... 11 01 01 11 11 10—9
Barnum..... 10 10 10 00 10 10— 5

Dr. Spencer second, Bauer and Stancer third. Sieminskie fourth.

Fourth Day.—No. 29, 10 singles, entrance $2: Lenhardt 10, Dr. Spencer 9, Clas 9, Bauer 7, Stancer 9, Paule 5, Hill 9, Meyer 10, Lay 8.

No. 30, 10 singles, entrance $2: Bauer 9, Meyer 10, Hill 8, Lay 6, Stancer 8, Paule 5, Lenhardt 7, Clas 7.

No. 31, 10 singles, entrance $2: Leuhardt 6, Bauer 9, Dr. Spencer 8, Meyer 9, Lay 9, Class 7, Stancer 9, Paule 6. Stancer first, Dr. Spencer second.

No. 32., 15 singles, entrance $3:

Bauer..... 111111111111111—15 Class..... 111111111111110—14
Stancer..... 101111101111101—12 Barnum ..... 101111110111111—13
Meyer..... 111111111111000—13 Longsworth... 110101111101101—11
Hill..... 101011111101111—12 Lenhardt..... 101011111101111—12
Paule..... 101111010110110—11 Lay..... 010010111000010— 8
Dr Spencer.. 111101101101111—12 Irwin..... 111111011111111—14

No. 33, 10 singles, entrance $2:

Bauer..... 1111111111—10 Barnum..... 0101001100— 4
Stancer..... 1111111100— 8 Longsworth ..... 0101111001— 6
Meyer..... 1011111111— 9 Hill..... 1011111111— 9
Lenhardt..... 1101111101— 8 Class..... 1101111111— 9
Irwin..... 1111011011— 8 Lay..... 1111011111— 8
Dr Spencer..... 1011111101— 7 J G Schaaf ..... 1111100111— 8
Paule..... 1101111111— 9

No. 34, 10 singles, entrance $2:

Bauer..... 1111111110—10 Lenhardt..... 1011110111— 8
Meyer..... 1101111010— 7 Lay..... 1101011111— 7
Class..... 0101111111— 8 Longsworth.... 0111001010— 6
Barnum ..... 1100011001— 6 Irwin..... 1110111011— 8
Schaaf..... 1011110001— 6 Stancer..... 1111111110— 9
Dr Spencer..... 1111101111— 9

No. 35, 10 singles, entrance $2: Bauer 10, Irwin 8, Stancer 7, Dr. Spencer 9, Lenhardt 8, Schaaf 8, Barnum 9, Longsworth 6, Class 8, Lay 9.

The above events were finished about 4 o'clock, and the remainder of the day was filled in with miss-and-out shoots, all of which had a fair entry. UNSER FRITZ.

VIRGINIA FIELD SPORTS ASSOCIATION.

WHEN it was announced that the Virginia Field Sports Association, which has its largest membership at Richmond and in the country below the mountains, would have their fourth annual meeting and shooting practice upon the grounds of the Baldwin District Fair Association, there was universal gratification expressed, says the *Staunton Spectator*. This was brought about through the activity and application principally of Messrs. C. Bargamin and W. F. Summerson, the first one of the vice-presidents of the V. F. S. A., and the latter a member of that organization, who was appointed Executive Committee, local secretary and manager of the tournament. The Staunton and other gun clubs were invited to participate.

The great interest was imparted to the V. F. S. A. by its late president, the Hon. John S. Wise, and how efficiently he promoted its objects will not be forgotten. The attractions it made for the amusement, and public benefit as well, at the great Virginia Exposition last year, drew to it a support which has accomplished a good work and for public benefit, too, as all will testify who will examine into some of its prime objects, among which are—to increase the game that contributes so much to the good living and comforts of the people; to observe the laws enacted, to aid the public authorities in their enforcement, and to prevent the slaughter and destruction of birds—in a word, as expressed by an eminent minister of the Gospel who is a member of the organization, it is a "humane institution," and deserves the generous support of the enlightened public.

The presence of Mr. Wise was expected, and it was his purpose to be here, but professional engagements prevented. He made this known as early as he could, and all deeply regretted that he could not fill the appointment.

The four days in which this tournament existed imparted the highest interest at the Fair Grounds, and the elegant medals and prizes offered by the Fair Association and our citizens were highly appreciated as the registration and exhibit in large numbers were afforded the public.

The fine attendance of members from Richmond and other sections of the State, as well as on the part of local gun clubs in this vicinity, was somewhat of a surprise, but it settled one important fact—that thoughtful and prudent men all over Virginia are now adding to their numbers in a good strong organization of 500 or more members, to advance the good objects already adverted to.

The shooting tourney was arranged for the four days of the fair. During the first two there were four events, and in the last two, three.

The splendid gold medal of the Baldwin District Fair, offered for the best average shooting, was awarded to C. Bargamin.

Participating in the tourney during the four days were many gentlemen from different organizations in the State, as well as other skilled marksmen and hunters, a few of whom are named. From Richmond, Polk Miller, the new president of the V. F. S. A.; H. B. Grundy, late secretary; Dr Lewis Wheat, —Stump, etc. The members of the Waynesboro Club were out in force. Among them were Patrick, Coyner, Stokes, Fishburne, Lambert and others. Of the Staunton Gun Club, and other gentlemen skilful in the field as crack shots, were Bargamin, Cooke, Sr., Summerson, the two Waymans, Ayres, West, Argenbright, Dr. Hawes, Bowling, Harman, etc.

The annual business meeting of the Association was held in the Council Chamber Thursday night.

Mr. Polk Miller, of Richmond explained the absence of Mr. Wise, the president, and moved that Mr. C. Bargamin, of Staunton, one of the vice-presidents, take the chair, which was agreed to. Mr. B. H. Grundy, the secretary, of Richmond, was present with his portfolio, and the Association proceeded to business. Among the papers read were the proceedings of the last annual meeting and the annual report of the president, with an exhibit of the financial affairs of the Association. In concluding his report Mr. Wise earnestly commended the Association, and encouraged its members to perseverance, and pronounced it the finest organization of its kind in the United States. He expressed his regret that he could not serve longer as president, and declined re-election.

Mr. C. L. Cooke, of Staunton, nominated Mr. [illegible] of Richmond, for president, and he was elected [illegible] taking the chair Mr. Miller delivered a [illegible] and pointed out the methods to pursue [illegible] and growth of the Association.

The following named gentlemen [illegible] Budd 9, Yerrington 9, [illegible] 8, Bowdish 8, Penrose 8, [illegible] 7, C. Smith 7, Courtney 6, [illegible]ond $3.37, third $2.25, fourth [illegible], Bowdish and Penrose.

[illegible] G. Smith 10, Budd 10, Heikes [illegible]croft 10, Apgar 10, Ruble 9, Yerton county. Tee Kay 9, Bowdish 8, Hall 8, E. [illegible] Houghton 7, C. Smith 7, Courtney 6,

The Executive Committee co[illegible]

kiss and W. S. Archer, Richmond, and R. G. Southall, of Amelia, and Hon. John S. Wise, of New York.

W. L. Boyd, of Richmond, was elected secretary, Mr. Grundy having declined in consequence of business engagements which required his whole time. He highly commended, as did other members, Mr. Boyd for the office of secretary, and also Mr. John W. Pierce, of Richmond, who was elected treasurer.

It was agreed to cancel all outstanding fees, and date the financial year for its close 30th of September. The entrance fee was fixed at $2, and the annual contribution $1.

The Association decided to have an annual trophy—a $25 gold medal—which would become the property of the winner at the annual practices.

A large number of members were added to the Association, among them, by complimentary resolution, the Reverends H. H. Hawes, D.D., and W. Q. Hullihen.

Mr. Grundy, speaking for the members from Richmond of their desire at the most convenient time to manifest specially their appreciation of the entertainment arranged by Mr. W. F. Summerson, manager of the tournament, on this occasion, proposed the thanks of the Association to him, which were most heartily voted.

On motion of Mr. Bargamin the executive committee was requested to appoint the time of holding the Lynchburg fair in 1890, when and at that place the annual meeting of the Association will take place.

After the adjournment of the Association the invitation of Messrs. Burke & Croghan to the gentlemen making the 10 best shots, with their guests, to partake of an oyster supper was accepted. A pleasant hour was spent in doing justice to the feast, and in a conversational way recalling the experiences and observations in bird hunting, and in suggestions promotive of the objects of the Association.

The scores were as follows:

Oct. 1.—Moore match, 9 bluerocks, gold medal first prize, three other prizes, entrance $1:

Ayres	010111100—5	West	111110001—6
Bargamin	111111101—8	Summerson	111011111—8
Cooke	111111001—7	Argenbright	011111111—8
Wegner	111011000—5	Hawpe	011110010—5
E F Wayman	110111111—8	Jones	000111111—6
J F Wayman	011111111—8		

Summerson took the medal, Cooke second, Jones third, Wegner fourth.

Second event, at 9 bats, entrance $1:

Ayres	110010110—5	West	011111011—8
Bargamin	011111111—8	Argenbright	111111111—9
Cooke	111111111—9	Jordon	100101001—4
Wegner	010000011—3	Hawpe	111101011—7
E F Wayman	111010110—6	Jones	001110111—6
Summerson	111111110—8		

Argenbright first, Summerson second, Hawpe third, Wayman fourth.

Third event, at 9 bats, entrance $1:

Ayres	111111111—9	West	110000101—4
Bargamin	100111111—7	Argenbright	111110111—8
Cooke	010000110—3	Jordon	000000101—2
Wegner	110011000—4	Jones	001010110—5
E F Wayman	111111111—9	J F Wayman	111111111—9
Summerson	111111110—8	Lambert	111101001—7

Wayman first, Summerson second, Bargamin third.

Fourth event at 9 clay birds, entrance $2:

Summerson	111110011—7	West	011111111—8
Ayers	111111111—9	E F Wayman	110101111—7
Bargamin	111111111—9	I T Wayman	111111100—7
Jones	011111011—7	Wegner	011001110—5
Cooke	111010111—7	Lambert	111111000—6

Ayers first, West second, Wayman third, Lambert fourth.

Oct. 3.—Equity Life Association match, at 16 bluerocks; gold medal for first, three other prizes; $1 entrance:

Ayers	111111110—9	West	011111111—9
Bargamin	111111011—9	E F Wayman	111101111—9
Cooke	101001110—5	Jones	111101110—8
Summerson	011111111—9	Argenbright	111111010—8

West took the medal, Summerson second, Cooke third.

Second event at 9 bats, entrance $1:

Ayers	011001101—5	Patrick	011111110—7
Bargamin	110101110—6	Summerson	111111111—8
Jones	111010111—7	Coiner	100111001—5
Fishburn	110010001—4	E F Wayman	101111111—8
West	101101101—6	J T Wayman	101110110—6
Cooke	111101111—8	Lambert	111110000—6

Summerson first, Patrick second, West third, Ayers fourth.

Third event at 9 bats, entrance $1:

Ayers	110111011—7	Fishburn	101110000—5
Bargamin	111111111—9	Coiner	111111111—9
Argenbright	111111110—8	Stokes	011001011—6
Cooke	111111100—7	Patrick	111110110—7
Jones	010110101—5	Wayman	111110111—8
Meriken	010001010—3	Summerson	111111100—7
Harris	101001110—5	Lambert	000010101—3
West	110101010—5	Cooke, Jr	101001101—5

Bargamin first, Argenbright second, Summerson third, Stokes fourth.

Fourth event at 9 bluerocks, $2 entrance:

Bargamin	111111111—9	J T Wayman	100011110—5
Meriken	001011101—5	E F Wayman	011110111—7
Stokes	111011111—8	Cooke, Jr	110011001—5
Cooke	111111111—9	Palmer	111111011—8
Summerson	111111111—9	Harman	111111100—7
Coiuen	010101011—5	Hawpe	011001100—4
Fishbera	111011111—8	Hansberger	110011101—6
Jones	001011111—6	Christain	000100010—2
Harris	000000111—3	Patrick	000111111—6

Summerson first, Stokes second, E. F. Wayman third, Jones fourth.

Sweep at 9 bluerocks, entrance $1, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.:

Fishburn	100010011—4	E F Wayman	111110111—8
Coiner	101111011—7	Summerson	111111011—8
Stokes	111101110—7	Lambert	100001000—2
Bargamin	111110011—7	Harris	001000111—4
Argenbright	111101111—8	Patrick	001011111—6
Cooke	011001011—5	Palmer	100101011—5
Jones	110101011—6		

Summerson first, Bargamin second, Jones third.

Sweep at 10 bluerocks, entrance $1, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.:

Summerson	1111111111 10	Jordon, Jr	0100110011— 5
Jones	0011101101— 6	Jordon, Sr	1000010001— 3
Hawpe	1100100003— 3	Cooke	0111000101— 5
Clunmer	1000000101— 3	Coiner	1001111111— 8
E F Wayman	1101011111— 8		

Summerson first, E. F. Wayman second, Jones third.

Oct. 3.—Match for Virginia Field Sports Association gold medal, 15 bluerocks, entrance $2:

Jones	001111101101111—11	Grundy	011111011101011— 11
Harris	011111011101011—11	Miller	101110110111111—12
Bargamin	101011010111111—11	Wayman	110111100111001—10
Summerson	111111111011110—13	West	011011010111111—11
E F Wayman	111101111111010—12	Argenbright	111011101111100—12
Cooke	011001010110101— 8	Coiner	110011000111111—10

Summerson won medal, Argenbright second, Bargamin third, Conner fourth, Cooke fifth.

Match at 9 bluerocks for Dinkel & Lang gold medal, entrance $1:

Ayres	011101010—5	West	111001110—6
Argenbright	111111100—7	E T Wayman	111111101—8
Jones	101001101—5	Grundy	110010010—4
Cooke	111111101—8	Coiner	111011111—8
Bargamin	001110011—6	Summerson	101100110—5
Bumgardner	111100101—6		

Cooke won medal, Argenbright second, West third, Summerson fourth.

Third event, 9 clay birds, 50 cents entrance:

Jones	001111111—7	Jordan, Jr	111001111—7
Ayres	111111111—9	Harris	101110100—5
Bargamin	111111111—9	Summerson	101111110—7
Argenbright	111110110—7	Harman	111101111—8
Cooke	110111011—7	Stokes	011010111—6
West	110101110—6	Patrick	100101111—6
E F Wayman	111011110—7	Coiner	001000001—2
Hawpe	111111011—8	Lambert	001011111—6
Hand	000011001—3	J M Coiner	111001111—7
Dyk[illegible] Jr	101001011—5		

Fi[illegible] first, Harman second, Summerson and Stokes third, Ar[illegible]th.

No. 6, [illegible]th.

JWolst[illegible] bluerocks, for J. F. Kingan gold medal, $2 entrance:

Taylor	1011011111—8	Harris	1011010000—4
J W Budd	1111111101—8	Jordan, Jr	1100010001—4
Ford	1111111101—8	E F Wayman	0000111101—5
Quimby	1111111111—10	Cooke, Jr	0011001100—4
Courtney	1011110[illegible]—7	Wheat	0000100101—3
Russell	0111111[illegible]—7	Slump	1000010001—3
Siggins	1011111[illegible]—8	Hansberger	1101010101—6
Houghton	0111111[illegible]—7	J T Wayman	1101000011—5
C Smith	1111001[illegible]—8	Coiner	1010101011—6
Dykeman	1111101100111—8		

Cooke gold medal, Summerson second, Harman third, McDaniel fourth.

Match at 10 bluerocks, entrance 50 cents:

Ayres	1110110111— 8	E F Wayman	0011111011— 7
Bargamin	1011011110— 7	West	0111110111— 8
McDaniels	1111111111—10	Summerson	1111110010— 7
Harman	1101101001— 6	Cooke	1100101100— 5
Stokes	0011111111— 8	Coiner	1100001110— 5

McDaniel first, Wayman third, Harman fourth.

Boys' Match, Oct. 4, shot at bats by boys under 16 years old:

Kootes	0000110000—2	Jordan	0000110000—2
Hullihen	1000111001—4	Cooke	0110000000—2

Hullihen first, Kootes second, Jordan third.

UNKNOWN GUN CLUB.—The members of the Unknown Gun Club were very fortunate in respect to the fine weather of Oct. 10 for their regular monthly shoot for the club badge and extra prizes at Dexter Park, L. I. Fifteen went to the traps to shoot for the emblem at 7 birds each, club handicap, gun below the elbow. H. Knebel, Jr., 29yds., and J. Rankin 23yds., killed 7 birds each, and on shooting off the former won the medal. This makes the third time he has won the emblem during the season, and he will no doubt be the possessor of it at the close. A sweepstake followed, and three tied for the prize, which they divided between them. The score, sweepstakes, 25yds.:

G Ellerhorst	00	G Rankin	111—3
G Pfohlman	011—2	G Bohling	011—2
H Knebel, Sr	111—3	O Hill	111—3
M Brown	110—2		

CUMBERLAND CLUB OF CHICAGO.—At Cumberland Lodge, Sept. 21, for Herrick medal:

McFarlane (32)	2221112221210—14	Loveday (30)	2012121002121101—12
Eich (32)	1211101111102222—13	Hoffman (30)	0220020020102020— 7
Ashley (32)	2212110231220111—13	Gardner (30)	1111211010210112—13
Farmer (32)	2001111112201—12	Stephens (28)	2100201220020211—10
Shepard (30)	1112112311201—14	Blake (28)	1102002002001O1— 7
Low (30)	1011111222202—12		

Sweepstakes, 30yds., 10 birds:

Farmer	1111231102— 9	Stephens	0021210012— 6
Farland	1122112221—10	Hoffman	0012200102— 6
Ashley	1111101121— 9	Low	0100011012— 5
Eich	2111110111— 9		

Ties on 9, miss and out: Ashley 2, Eich 1.

TRENTON, N. J.—The second annual tournament of the Mercer Gun Club will be held at Trenton, N. J., on Oct. 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25. This tournament will be conducted in a first class manner, and nothing will be left undone to make it a great success in all respects. American Shooting Association rules and classification will govern inanimate target shooting. The same rules will govern live birds, with the exception of the boundary, which will be 80yds. from the traps or field inclosure. The Tournament Committee reserve the right to make any change in the programme that will better suit shooters present, with their consent. Birds are included in all sweepstakes. Tie birds are extra. Officers of the Mercer Gun Club: E. G. Updegrove, President; I. A. Shreve, Vice-President; A. S. Leigh, Secretary; C. W. Van Camp, Corresponding Secretary; A. R. Kuser, Treasurer. Tournament Committee: Charles Zwirlein, Charles O. Lutes, Michael Gaiser, H. Maddock, George D. Voorhees. Classification: W. Fred Quimby, J. Frank Kleinz, E. D. Miller, Wm. Sigler.

NEWARK, N. J., Oct. 12.—The old shooting ground of John Erb was the scene of a number of lively contests at live pigeon shooting this afternoon on the occasion of the semi-monthly shoot of the Newark Gun Club. To-day's shoot was not as well attended as former ones, the majority of the members having had a surfeit of shooting at the four-days' tournament at Dunellen. The main event of the day was the club shoot bt 10 live birds, Hurlingham rules. The score:

J Erb (23)	1111202111—9	Dr Hawk (28)	1112021002—7
Chas Heath (28)	1121111101—9	W Hollis (23)	0111012001—7
Sam Castle (30)	1111211012—9	G Freche (28)	1211001202—7
C M Hedden (30)	0022221111—8	A Wheaton (30)	2100101021—6
C Reinhardt (28)	1011101111—8		

Erb, Heath, Castle, Hedden, Hollis and Freche put $5 apiece in a pot on the result of their scores in the above shoot. Erb, Heath and Castle divided first, Hedden second, Hollis and Freche dividing third.

The Woodside and Maplewood gun clubs will cantest in teams of 10 men on Oct. 23 at the grounds of the Woodside Club.

MILLER—JOHNSON.—Springfield, N. J., Oct. 12.—The long talked of match between C. H. Johnson, of Union, and E. D. Miller, of Springfield, took place at the Union Club grounds this afternoon. Conditions, 100 bluerocks each, 3 screened traps, N. G. A. rules. Johnson came to the grounds loaded for bear and shot in his best form, and proved himself a hard one to down by finishing up with 95 out of his 100. But Miller proved to be the better shot by scoring 99, which was wonderful considering the fact that a greater part of the match was shot during a severe thunder storm. Both men shot Lefever 12-bore and stood at 18yds. Score:

Miller	1111111111111111111—20
	1111111111111111111—20
	1111111111111011111—19
	1111111111111111111—20
	1111111111111111111—20—99
Johnson	1111111111111111111—20
	1111010111011111111—17
	1111111111111111111—20
	1101111111111111111—19
	1111111110111111111—19—95

If Johnson continues to improve in the future as he has for the past year, he will soon be one of the best target shots in this country. A team shoot of three men on a side is arranged to take place at the Union Club on next Saturday at 2 P. M. Johnson is captain of one team and Miller of the other; each man to shoot at 15 pairs doubles and 70 singles, losing team to pay for turkey supper.—SPRINGFIELD.

EATON, N. Y., Oct. 12.—Eaton Gun Club. Match at 15 singles and 6 pairs, 5 kingbird traps, 18yds. rise, Association rules, badge prize:

Curtis	101011111101101	10 11 00 10 11 10—18
Cole	110011110110001	10 01 10 10 10 10—15
Fryer	101000100010000	10 10 10 10 10 10—10
Briggs	101110111101111	11 10 00 10 10 10—18
Stone	100110010101000	10 10 10 10 10 10—12
Richardson	111011111101111	10 00 10 10 00 11—18

The club will give a tournament to-day.

NEW YORK SUBURBAN GROUNDS.—New York, Oct. 12.—The grounds of the New York Suburban Shooting Grounds Association at Claremont, Jersey City, N. J., are open every day to the shooting public. A competent superintendent is employed, who keeps the grounds in constant readiness for individuals or parties who desire practice or sweepstake shooting with the shotgun. A targeting and testing score is one of the features of these grounds. On Saturday afternoon, Oct. 19, there will be a grand rally of the old friends of these grounds. Uncle Billy Sigler, E. D. Miller, Johnson, Collins, Quimby, Lindsley, Tatham, Hathaway and others have signified their intention of being present, and a fair-sized one-day tournament will be the result. Trains from foot of Liberty street at 2 and 3 o'clock P. M. Shooting commences about 2 o'clock.—C. M. HATHAWAY, 291 Broadway.

TACOMA "GLOBE" CHAMPION.—A large crowd of gentlemen and ladies yesterday attended the live bird match for the *Globe* diamond trophy and championship of the Northwest, between E. S. Barlow and J. M. Bell, both of Tacoma. The birds were the hardest flyers that have yet been on the grounds; this is the unanimous opinion of the many sportsmen in attendance yesterday. Mr. Bell won the toss and sent Mr. Barlow to the score. He killed his bird, followed by a kill by Mr. Bell. Both men did splendid shooting. The excellent shooting of Mr. Barlow in this his first individual match for this coveted trophy, was loudly applauded by the spectators. He shot coolly and killed his birds in an excellent manner. Unfortunately he lost two dead ones out of bounds. Bell was the first to lose a bird, dropping his sixth bird, thus putting Barlow one in the lead, but he caught Barlow in the eighth round and from that to the end he forged ahead, killing 22 out of the 25, Barlow killing 19. Both are excellent scores for such hard birds. The trophy is again open for challenge. Although the sportsmen in the Northwest are all friends of Mr. Bell they are anxious to see the trophy change hands, for should Mr. Bell, by chance, hold it until the next tournament in Portland and win it there, it becomes his personal property. This Mr. Bell says is an impossibility for any man, hence no fears may be entertained.—*Morning Globe, Tacoma, W., Sept. 16.*

GRAND CROSSING, Oct. 5.—The South Chicago Gun Club shoot for medal at 20 Peoria blackbirds, 18yds. rise, two traps: E. Reeves 16 and wins medal, Geo. Kleinman 10, Lem. Willard 12, C. Templeton 12, F. Willard withdrew. Live bird medal shoot same day, 10 birds each, 30yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, Illinois State rules: E. Reeves 9, Geo. Kleinman 9, Lem. Willard 10, C. Templeton 10, F. Willard 7. Ties on 10 at 5 each, Willard 4, Templeton 5 and wins.—RAVELRIGG.

BEAVERTOWN, Oct 7.—The postponed contest of this association for the handsome silver challenge cup came off to-day, but on account of the unsatisfactory weather only thirteen members put in an appearance. The conditions of the match were: 200 and 400yds., standing or kneeling at 200, any position at 400; five shots at each range, Snider rifle. The highest possible was 50. Mr. J. A. Williamson, of Lindsay, was the successful competitor, making a score of 36. This, considering a bad wind which blew across the range, must be considered very satisfactory. The cup has to be won three times by the same member before it becomes his own property. This is Mr. Williamson's second win. The other competitions, extra series, etc., was postponed until Thanksgiving Day.

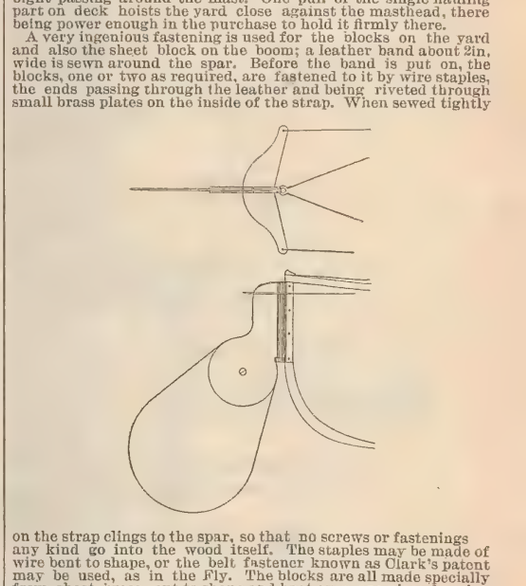
WELLINGTON, Mass., Oct. 12.—In the silver pitcher match at the grounds of the Wellington Gun Club to-day, Shumway won with a score of 14, the match being at 7 bluerocks and 8 clay-pigeons. The other score in this match were: Warren and White 13, Bond, Chapin and Edwards 12, Cowee 11, Melcher 9, and Stone 9. A number of sweeps followed.

Canoeing.

SAILS AND FITTINGS OF FLY.

THERE is probably no canoe in the entire American fleet which so thoroughly reflects the ingenuity and skill of her owner as does the Fly, whose lines have lately appeared in our columns. Not only does she possess a number of original and distinctive features, such as the rig, the sliding deck seat, the thwartship tiller and the mizen traveler, but every detail, however trivial, is carefully worked out under Mr. Butler's supervision. In spite of the furore that followed the introduction of the Pecowsic sails, and the general adoption of the standing rig, Mr. Butler has adhered persistently to the reefing rig, believing it to be the best, and trying in every way to prove it so. The accompanying sail plan shows the standard rig of the Vesper canoes, the shape, area and number of battens varying, but the general features of the rig being common to all the boats. The area of the mainsail is 68ft. and the mizen 44ft., or 112ft. in all, no spinaker being carried. The sails are of the old "batswing gunter" type, but most of the details are original with Mr. Butler. The boom and yard are each held to the mast by a jaw, that on the yard being faced with leather so as to allow it to slide easily, while a small strap, buttoning on to studs on the end of the yard, also passes around the batten and holds it and the yard together. The principal difficulty in a rig of this kind is the hoisting gear, as it is necessary to set the yard up very taut to hold it so. This is accomplished by means of a halliard doubled on the end, there being but one hauling part, running through the snatch-block on the stem, but a double standing part (a second short line spliced into the halliard) running over sheaves on each side of the masthead. On each side of the masthead is a single sheave, while on each side of the yard at the height of the masthead when the yard is in position, is a single block. Each part of the halliard is led through its corresponding sheave on the masthead and block on the yard, the bight passing around the mast. One pull of the single hauling part on deck hoists the yard close against the masthead, there being power enough in the purchase to hold it firmly there.

A very ingenious fastening is used for the blocks on the yard and also the sheet block on the boom; a leather band about 2in. wide is sewn around the spar. Before the band is put on, the blocks, one or two as required, are fastened to it by wire staples, the ends passing through the leather and being riveted through small brass plates on the inside of the strap. When sewed tightly

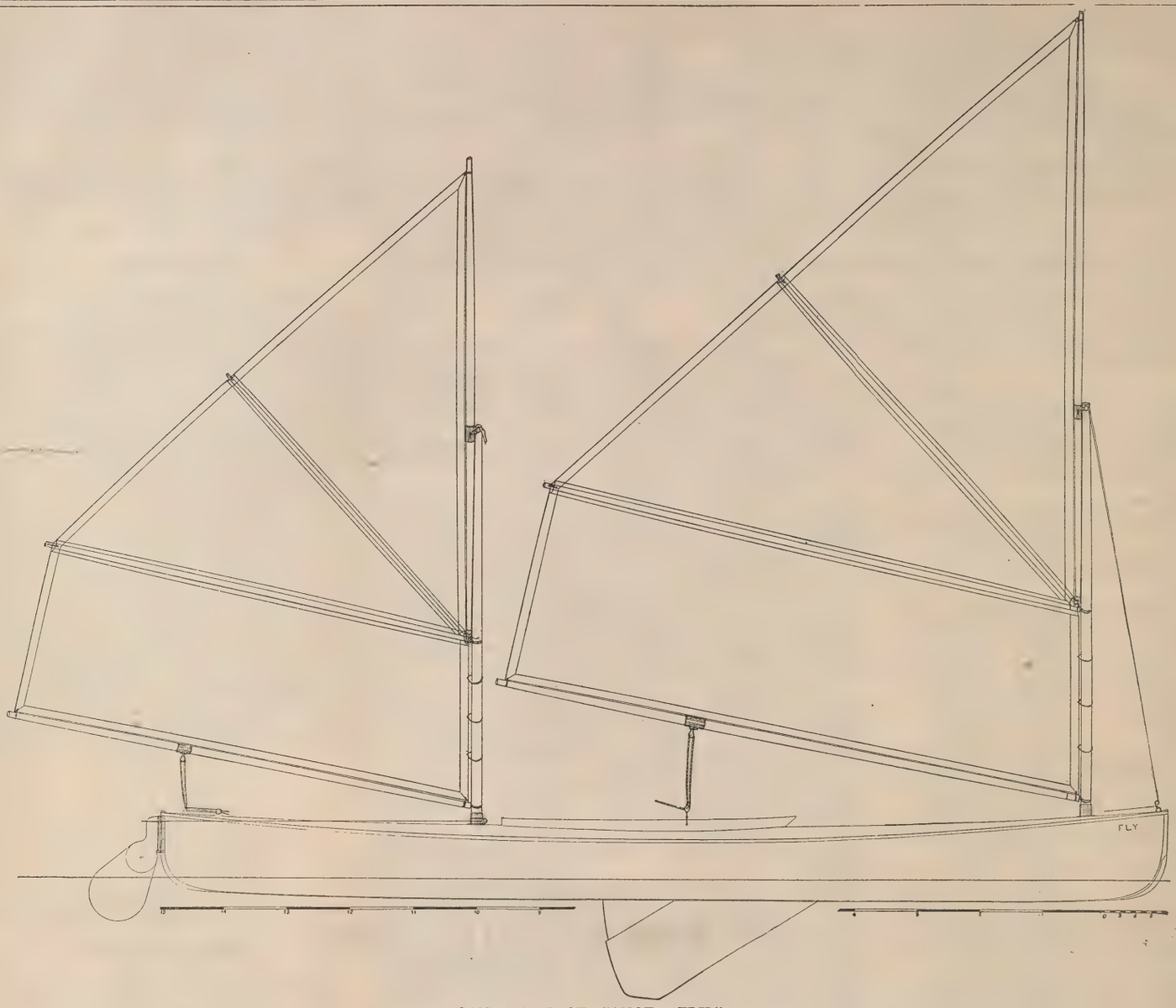


on the strap clings to the spar, so that no screws or fastenings any kind go into the wood itself. The staples may be made of wire bent to shape, or the belt fastener known as Clark's patent may be used, as in the Fly. The blocks are all made specially from sheet brass, cut to shape and bent over, one piece forming the two sides of the shell. They are a great improvement on the clumsy cast brass blocks commonly sold for canoes and boats. In place of a solid pin for the sheave to run on two pieces of brass tube are used, one inside of the other, the larger piece being a little longer than the thickness of the sheave, thus holding the sides of the shell from jamming, while the smaller piece, about ½in. diameter, runs through the sides, forming a pin, and is rivetted like the ordinary solid pin. The batten is fitted with the usual hand reefing gear, the hauling part leading to the well. The main sheet leads from the traveler, through a block on the boom, and then through a block on the traveler. Three rings are used to hold the luff in to the mast. The sail may be quickly set, lowered or reefed. The diagonal battens are not always used, being put in when the cut of the sail requires it. The largest sails used on the Vesper canoes are about 75ft. in mainsail and 50ft. in mizen, 125ft. in all, the mizen being about 65 per cent of the main

The spars of the Fly and Wasp are hollow, made after a method probably suggested by the manufacture of paper cartridge shells in the factory with which Mr. Butler is connected. In making these shells the paper is pasted and rolled on a solid mandrel, being allowed to dry before removal. The spars are similarly made, of three layers of veneer, each about $\frac{1}{16}$in. thick. The mandrel, of wood and tapering, is first covered with paper, then a layer of veneer is wound around it spirally, being glued fast. A second layer, laid in the opposite way, is then glued over the first and finally a third layer, laid in the same direction as the first, completes the spar. When dry the mandrel is removed and the masthead is plugged solid, while a second plug is glued in the lower end, reaching just above the deck. This plug, it has been found, must be rounded off at its upper end, as if cut squarely off the mast is apt to break where the end of the plug comes. Both boom and yard are constructed in a similar manner. These spars are very light, and when carefully made are strong also.

The mizen sheet traveler, shown in Figs. 1 and 2, is one of the most ingenious of Mr. Butler's inventions. The ordinary lead, through a block in the center of the deck, brings the mizen boom almost into a fore and aft line when the sail is sheeted down, making a very ineffective angle. To avoid this the traveler is used, swinging to one side when the sheet is trimmed flat, and holding the boom at some distance from the center-line. The traveler consists of a brass upright, turning in the socket plate *l*, which is set in the deck. Through the upright a brass tube about 6in. long and ½in. internal diameter is run, being brazed in place. The edges of the tube at each end are rounded with a bead so as to prevent any chafe of the sheet. The upright is held in place in the socket by a split washer, *m*, held down by screws. The upright is thus free to swing in any direction, the tube moving in a horizontal plane. A stop, not shown in the drawing, prevents the tube and upright from swinging through more than 120 degrees. The mizen sheet is double, with a brass block in the bight, which block is fastened to the boom. The sheet may be taken in or slacked off from either windward or leeward side, and when trimmed flat the boom is several inches away from the center-line. As already stated, in the Fly aluminum is used in place of brass for all fittings.

The sliding deck seat which now seems to be the proper thing in a canoe, is an invention of Mr. Butler's, he being the first to use it. In place of the ordinary fixed deck seat, in this one the seat is in two pieces, one fixed and one sliding, forming a seat well out to windward. A section of the Butler seat is shown in Figs. 11 and 12, in which *n* is the fixed part of the seat, a piece of hard wood about 5½in. wide and ½in. thick, running across the



SAIL PLAN OF CANOE "FLY."

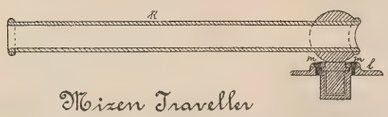


Fig 1

Mizen Traveller

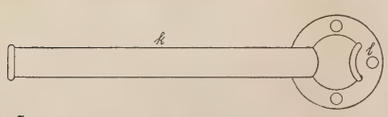
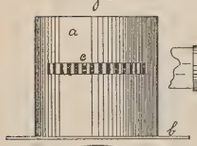


Fig 2

Fig 3



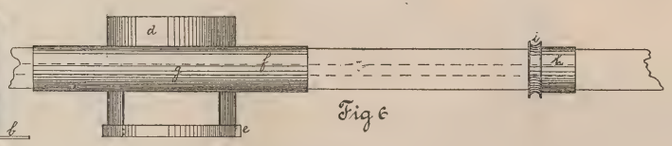


Fig 6

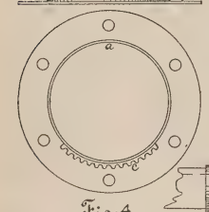


Fig 4

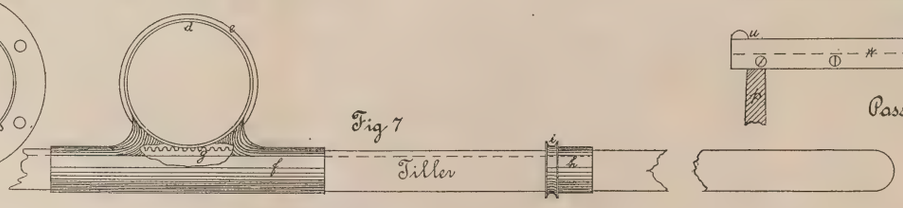


Fig 7

Tiller

Thwartship Tiller with Locking Gear

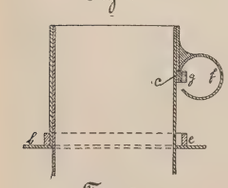


Fig 5

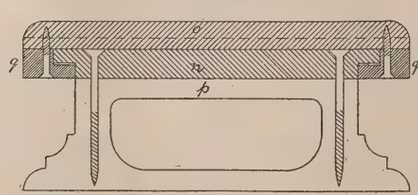


Fig 11

Sliding Deck Seat

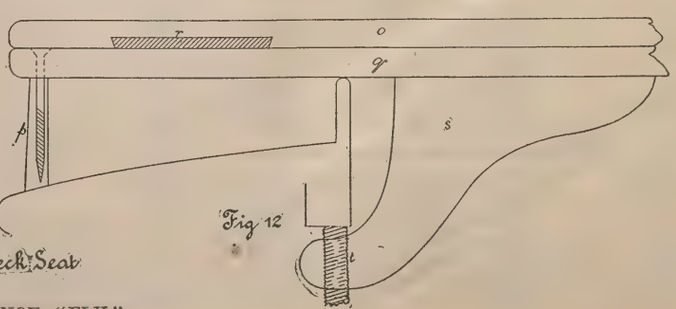


Fig 12



Fig 8

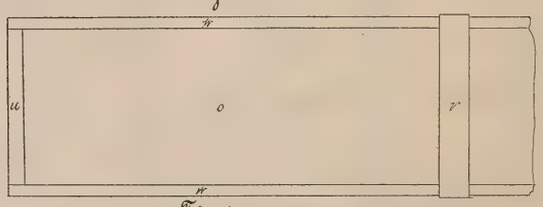


Fig 9

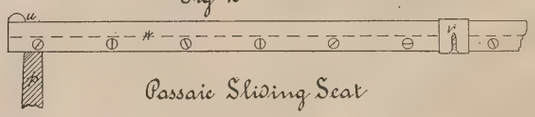
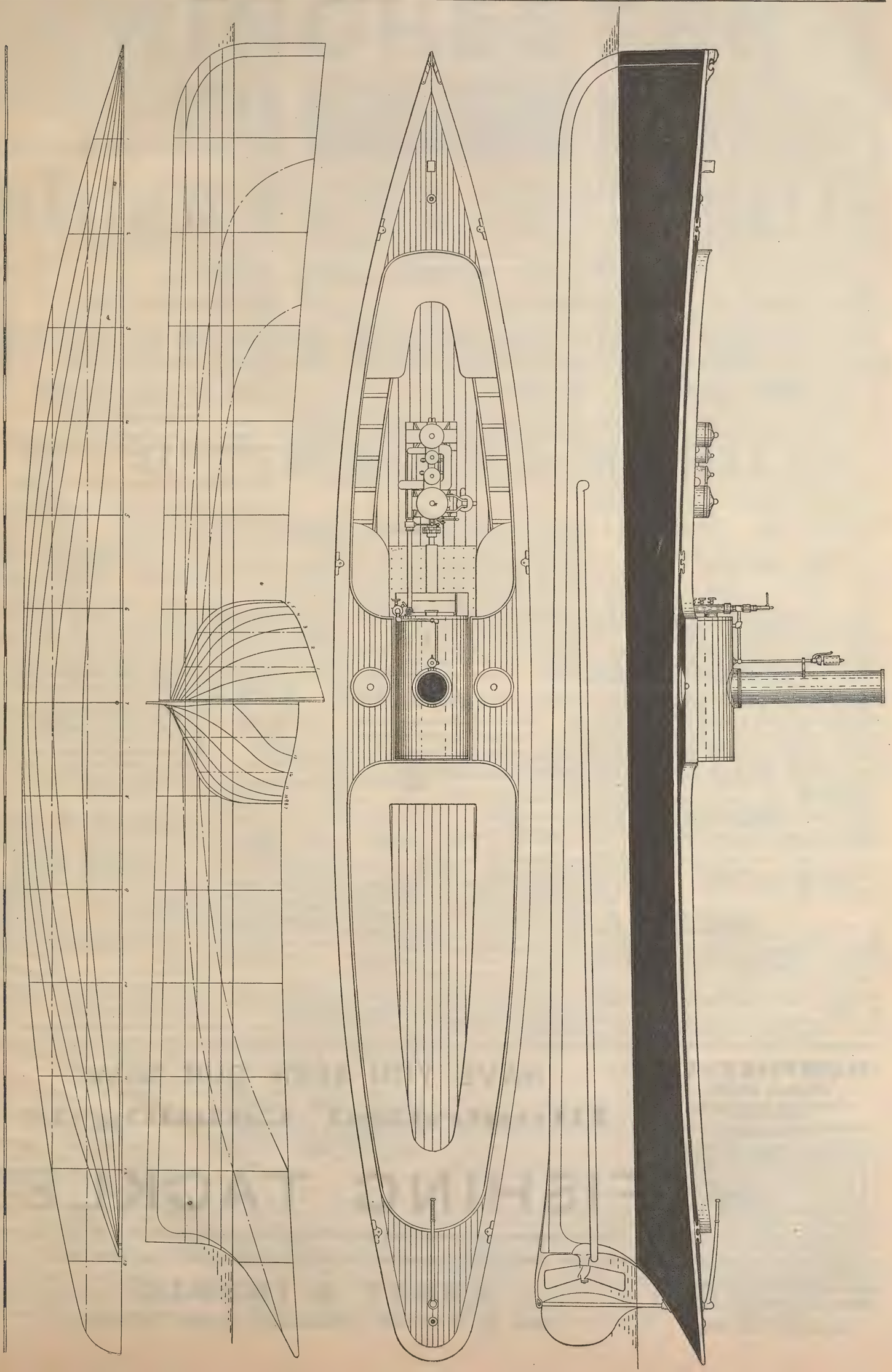


Fig 10

Passaic Sliding Seat

FITTINGS OF CANOE "FLY."



28FT. STEAM LAUNCH.—DESIGNED BY MR. E. R. BOWDISH.

canoe and resting on the coaming. It is held fast by hooks and screw eyes, or by a knee, *s*, on each side with a thumb screw, *t*, which sets up under the coaming. An end bracket, *p*, is sometimes used, and makes the seat stronger, placing the strain on the canoe proper instead of the coaming, but it offers a drag when the boat is heeled. The sliding part of the seat, *o*, lies on top of the fixed part, being held in place by the slides, *qq*, screwed beneath it. The two parts are of the same length, from 30 to 34in. A small piece of rubber set in the fixed part serves to hold the sliding part in position, while a cord, with one end attached to each part, prevents the sliding part from running off the other entirely. In use the seat is shoved to leeward as the canoe goes about, thus projecting to windward and forming a support for the body when on the new tack. It is necessary that the slides, *qq*, and knees, *ss*, should be specially strong, as the leverage is very great and a broken seat means a bath, as many have lately learned.

Another good method of construction is shown in the Passaic deck seat, Figs. 8, 9 and 10, made by the Passaic River canoeist, Mr. J. T. Holden, Rutherford C. C. In this the fixed seat, *n*, is stiffened by the guides, *ww*, of hard wood, about 1×¾in. The sliding seat, *o*, slides on top of the other, being held down by a strap, *v*, of sheet brass, in the center. At each end of *o* is a bead, *u*, which serves as a stop to prevent the seat sliding entirely off. The construction is strong and simple. In each seat the sliding part *o* is stiffened by three pieces of hard wood about 3×¾in. set into the lower side and running across the grain, as at *rr*.

We do not know who first invented the thwartship tiller which is such a necessary accompaniment of the sliding seat, but if not the inventor, Mr. Butler was the first to perfect the device and make it a success. The tiller and the latest form of locking gear are shown in Figs. 3 to 7. The mast tube *a* projects 2in. above the deck, being fitted with the usual deck plate *b*. On the forward side of the tube is brazed a section of a rack, *c*. The sleeve *d* is fitted to turn freely on the mast tube, a part of the fore side being cut away, as shown, to permit it to pass over the rack *c*. The bottom of *d* is stiffened by a band *e*, which must be also cut away enough to pass over *c*. To the sleeve *d* a second tube *f* is brazed at right angles, forming a socket for the tiller, a round stick of ash or hickory, to which the rudder lines are attached. This represents the tiller in its simplest form, but it has been further improved by a locking attachment, holding the rudder in any position, and also by fitting the tiller so that like the seat it may be slid out to windward, within easy reach of the hand when lying out on the seat. The locking gear includes, in addition to the rack *c* already mentioned, a second rack, cut in a bar *g*, about ¼ ×3-16in. This bar is about 12in. long and at each end is fastened to a ferrule *h*, on which is a groove *i* for the rudder line. The bar *g* fits in a groove cut in the wooden tiller. When in place the rack bar *g* is run through the socket *f* and the ferrules *h* are rivetted or brazed fast, one on each end of *g*. The tiller is then slid through *f*, holding the rack bar firmly in place. The sleeve *d* and socket *f* are cut away where they cross, leaving an opening wide enough to admit the rack on *g*. The rack bar *g* is fitted with a stop at each end of the socket *f* which prevents any end motion in it. The tiller, sliding freely through the ferrules *hh* and the socket *f*, may be run out to windward on each tack, and at the same time a turn of the wrist brings the teeth of the rack bar *g* in gear with *c*, effectually locking the whole gear. A slight turn downward of the tiller throws the teeth out of gear and allows the sleeve to revolve and the rudder to swing freely. The lines are spliced rather loosely around the grooves *i*, allowing the ferrules to turn without tightening them. An extension tiller is absolutely necessary with the sliding seat, and this form is more convenient than the regular fore and aft tiller with a jointed piece on the handle.

CORINTHIAN MOSQUITO FLEET REGATTA.

THE Corinthian Mosquito Fleet sailed its fall regatta on Hempstead Harbor on Oct. 12, the starters being:

Unique	Open schooner	18ft. 9in.	F. B. Jones.
Vagabond	Canoe	16ft.	C. J. Stevens.
Gnat	Yawl	14ft. 7in.	Thomas Clapham.
Lestris	Yawl	13ft. 8in.	Dr. T. Ledyard.
Surf	Cat	14ft.	William Hicks.
Rita	Cat	11ft. 2in.	G. G. Clapham.

A triangular course was laid from the head of the harbor down to Mott's Point (two miles), over to the opposite shore (one mile), and back to start (two miles). Time reckoned on five miles. Order of sailing, to leave stakeboats on starboard hand.

The wind from start to finish was from the southeast, steady, and strong enough for small craft to keep lee decks awash.

The start was made at 1:20, the last of the flood, from a one-minute signal, the six boats going over the line in as many seconds, making a very pretty start. Down the wind they flew, each boat describing a curve of its own to the first mark, at which point the entire six endeavored to round at once, and so close were they that a general mix up seemed unavoidable, but only for a second, and away they went for the second mark with sheets trimmed half down, and each making its individual curve again. At this mark Vagabond was first, with Unique a close second, Gnat third, Surf fourth. From here it was almost a dead beat, with enough wind to give good sailing and a show for pointing and footing. On this leg Vagabond and Unique both held to the port hand going up, Gnat keeping in midstream, with Lestris working the starboard hand, in which work she soon crossed Gnat's bow, the former being on starboard tack. The Vagabond was declared to be handled beautifully; Gnat seemed to make a few too many tacks.

On the first leg Lestris had a mishap and lowered mainsail, and on the second leg parted windward stay; but after that good work was done, beating her rival over eight minutes.

Mr. Stevens gets the cup offered by Mr. Jones for fastest corrected time. Surf wins from Rita. Lestris wins Commodore Smith's cup to yawls and a pennant presented by Mrs. Thomas Clapham. Following is a summary:

	Start.	Finish.
Unique	1 20 00	3 13 50
Vagabond	1 20 00	3 14 00
Surf	1 20 00	3 17 10
Lestris	1 20 00	3 18 40
Gnat	1 20 00	3 36 14
Rita	1 20 00	3 27 45

CORINTHIAN MOSQUITO FLEET.—Proposals for membership: C. J. Stevens, 7 Bowling Green, N. Y.; C. M. Bird and G. G. Murray, Larchmont, N. Y.; F. B. Lewis, 218 Main street, Hartford, Conn.; J. A. Stow and G. G. Stow, 218 East Tenth street, New York. The last regular meeting for the season will be held at the Sturtevant House, New York, Oct. 21, at 8 o'clock.

BROOKLYN C. C.—Nov. 5, Election Day.—Paddling race for decked sailing canoes; paddling race for open canoes, single-blades; tandem paddling race, decked canoes double blades, and open canoes single blades; sailing race for canoes, cruisers, duckers, skiffs, etc.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Northern Division: M. K. Dunlevie, Ottawa. Atlantic Division: Daniel B. Goodsell, New York.

STARTING SIGNALS FOR RACES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I desire to raise the question whether it would not be a good idea to incorporate in the sailing rules of canoe clubs and the A. C. A. a general method of signalling a start in sailing or other races, so that every one interested may readily distinguish it.

The ordinary sailing rules are very generally understood by those participating in races, but in my experience it has frequently happened that the starters have had to depend on one another for information as to the signal; of course this is sometimes through carelessness and neglect, but not always. In the sailing race of the N. Y. C. C. on Oct. 5 the instrument used to sound the signals was so preposterously unfit for the purpose that the writer failed to hear a single signal of the three supposed to be given, and the winner of the race had to sail his boat up to the starters and hail them to know if the signal had been given; on receiving an affirmative answer he at once started off and left two of the boats waiting for what never came.

Our sailing rules are, I believe, derived from those of the N. Y. Y. C. Imagine, if you can, a yacht race, where, at the start, a yacht hails the regatta committee to know if the signal has been given. Aside from the question of unfairness to those entered, such a start is also unfair to the guests invited to view the sport, as of course the fairer the start, and the greater the number engaged, the more interesting must it be to the spectators.

Now, I propose as a remedy, a starting signal to be generally adopted, so that it may be recognized on any occasion just as easily as any other technical point in canoe racing, and I would suggest for the instrument a horn which can be readily heard at any distance likely to be covered in maneuvering for position, the first signal, five minutes before the start, to consist of three blasts; second, one minute before the start, two blasts; third, one blast, go!

If any one can suggest something better I should be glad to have it adopted, but I am satisfied that some general signal would save much trouble to the regatta committees and facilitate the starting of our canoe races. RANDOM.

NEW YORK, Oct. 9.

[We have learned since our report of the New York C. C. regatta was written that the reason why Random and Ellida did not start promptly was not on account of the tide, but because no signals were heard. Unfortunately, it requires no great effort of the imagination to picture a similar state of confusion at a yacht race, though in the leading clubs the starting arrangements have improved greatly in the past few years, and are now tolerably satisfactory, save in the fact that there is no uniformity, and the start of one club on Tuesday may be totally different from that of another on Monday. The signals should be given by means of flags, whatever other means, such as a horn or pistol, may be used. A certain flag signifies that the preparatory interval has begun, while a second flag shows that the start has been given. As flags are sometimes invisible, blowing directly toward the starters, they can be replaced to advantage by colored balls, two or three barrel hoops lashed together, with a cloth bag drawn over them. In addition to the flags or ball, a horn should be used; but the latter alone will not suffice, as there is nothing to tell a man whether the signal has been given without being heard, or whether the time has not yet expired. An addition to No. XIII. of the A. C. A. Sailing Rules, defining the signals to be used, flags or balls and a horn, would lead to one common system by all clubs.]

CANOES VS. SAILING BOATS.

TO those of our readers who have followed the many and lengthy discussions of the relative merits of canoes and small sailing boats that appear at intervals in the FOREST AND STREAM the race of Saturday last will be very interesting. But one canoe started against five boats of all lengths from 11 to 19ft. and of various models, including two of Mr. Clapham's wide and shoal craft. The course was on the home waters of the latter boats, which were sailed by Mr. Clapham and his son, while the canoe was in strange waters, and consequently handicapped by her crew's lack of local knowledge. In spite of this the canoe beat four out of the five boats on even time, while the fifth, a large sailboat with schooner rig, led her by only 10s. elapsed time, the canoe receiving an allowance of over 1m. The canoe, of course, was sailed by one man only, while the boats were allowed two men. The Clapham boats, we believe, were also sailed singlehanded. Their decisive defeat of nearly a quarter of an hour ought to settle the merits of the canoe, as Vagabond thus far has not shown herself equal to several other well known canoes.

Yachting.

A 28FT. STEAM LAUNCH.

THE handsome little steam launch shown in the accompanying drawings was designed by Mr. E. R. Bowdish, secretary of the Bowdish Mfg. Co., of Skaneateles, N. Y., builders of small steam and sailing craft of all kinds. Her dimensions are as follows:

	Ft.	In.
Length over all	28	0
L.W.L	25	9
Beam, extreme	4	8
L.W.L	4	3
Least freeboard	1	1
Sheer at bow	—	10½
stern	—	4
Draft, extreme	2	2

The motive power, also designed by Mr. Bowdish, includes a two-cylinder compound engine 3 & 5×4in., with a water tube boiler, the latter being arranged for either coal or oil as fuel. The propeller is two-bladed, of 21in. diameter and 34in. pitch. The yacht is of a very convenient size, seating 14, the machinery being well amidships and the seating space aft. The space beside the boiler is used for bunkers when coal is burned. The rudderhead is fitted with an iron tiller beneath the after deck, to which the lines are run in addition to the tiller shown above deck. As the drawings show the yacht is very graceful in sheer and outline, far more so than most boats of her class.

LEAD KEELS WITH IRON BOLTS.

THE little keel sloop Corinne, once well known as the Gael, of Boston, has lately lost her lead keel while lying in the basin of the Corinthian Y. C. at Tompkinsville. The lead keel of 2,000lbs., replacing an iron one of about 1,200, was put on about twelve years since, the bolts, twelve in number, being of ⅝in. galvanized iron. When the boat was sold to New York, in 1880, the bolts were backed out, being found sound and good; but since then they have not been examined. When the boat was hauled out a few weeks since it was discovered that the keel was missing, and a search showed it snugly tucked away in the mud in which the yacht had rested at low water. The bolts were eaten away about the joint of the wood and lead keel, the ends being tapered off like the point of a conical bullet or a cigar. The bodies of the bolts were badly rusted, all traces of the galvanizing being gone; but the heads and nuts were comparatively perfect, the galvanic action apparently having been confined mainly to the immediate vicinity of the joint between the wood and lead. The boat had been floating as usual to all appearances for some weeks after the keel had gone, simply rising a little out of water. She was uninjured, needing only new bolts, which will probably be of composition this time. The occurrence may serve as a warning to yachtsmen having iron bolts through lead keels.

MONTGOMERY SAILING CLUB.—Semi-monthly regatta, Sept. 29. Norristown to Indian Creek and return, 5 miles, wind light westerly:

	Length.	Corrected.
Nellie, tuckup	15.00	1 52 50
Volunteer, tuckup	15.00	1 53 20
Igidious, tuckup	15.00	2 02 00
Gracie, skiff	12.00	2 26 00
Iola, ducker	15.00	2 32 30
Pennsylvania, hiker	16.00	1 45 30

The tuckups Stranger, Playford, Priscilla, Vesuvius and Emma L. withdrew. Pennsylvania was ruled out for touching the mark at Indian Creek. Judge, William Alcorn.

The above race was the last of the series for the season of 1889. The standing of the boats for the season is as follows:

	Races.	Points.
Volunteer, tuckup	10	89.09
F. & W. Playford, tuckup	10	77.28
Nellie, tuckup	9	73.48
Igidious, tuckup	10	63.37
J. S. Frith, tuckup	7	50.64
J. S. Lever, tuckup	7	36.31
Gracie, skiff	9	32.53
Iola, ducker	9	31.60
Starlight, canoe	6	26.27
Pennsylvania, hiker	7	25.75
Priscilla, tuckup	8	24.85
Stranger, sharpie	7	20.01
Vesuvius, tuckup	5	16.17
Emma L., tuckup	5	8.10
Flying Eagle, tuckup	1	4.00
Josephine, tuckup	1	1.00
Cocktail, tuckup	1	1.00

Volunteer wins championship trophy.—E. A. LEOPOLD, Sec'y.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

J. S., Boston, Mass.—We have no record of Red Lassie.

KEONK, Harrisburg, Pa.—We know nothing of the dog mentioned.

A. W. S., Cortland, N. Y.—Dash Ranger was second at St. Paul, 1888. He is owned by Mr. L. C. Gould, St. Paul, Minn.

B. L., Santa Barbara, Cal.—Wet the canoe and paint while wet with boiled linseed oil and Japan dryer, using any desired color.

WM. H. FENDRICH, Columbia, Pa.—The catamarans are practically out of use in New York and Boston, and no one manufactures them for sale.

ROBIN, Staten Island, N. Y.—The law of 1880 permitting robin shooting was at one time repealed, but in 1887 (Chap. 641) it was declared lawful to shoot robins and blackbirds on Long Island and Staten Island from Nov. 1 to Jan. 1.

V. B. M., Raleigh, N. C.—I have a canvas gun case that I desire to render waterproof. Can you give me information? If I use paint will it not so stiffen canvas that when case is folded it will break or crack? Ans. See directions given "Camper."

KILLDEE, Richmond, Va.—A deep centerboard boat will be the most serviceable for your purpose. Though a small keel boat would have some advantages, you would probably have to build in order to get just what what you want.

W. H. M., Wilkesbarre, Pa.—Canvas canoes, if built for sailing, are much heavier than the cedar canoes. But few canvas canoes are used in the A. C. A., but they make a very good boat for paddling and river cruising, being strong and durable as well as cheap. A new cedar canoe, fitted complete, will cost from $150 to $200.

E. P., Philadelphia.—I am one of those unfortunate individuals who love to shoot quail, but whose business will not admit of absence during the shooting season in the North. Can you direct me to a place in the South, say within 24 hours ride of Philadelphia, where first class shooting can be had during January. Ans. The locality named in our game columns last week, Rocky Hill, S. C. will meet your desires.

CAMPER.—Can you tell me how to make my canvas tent water and mildew proof? Ans. The recipe given in "Hints and Points" reads: "Dissolve ½ pound each of sugar of lead and powdered alum in a bucket of rain water, and pour the solution into a tub. Soak your tent for twenty-four hours, and then hang it up to dry instead of wringing it dry. Rain will hang to it in globules, but won't go through the cloth. It will also prevent mildew."

A. N. C., Philadelphia.—I would be greatly obliged if you can give me any idea as to the quantity of nuts that should be provided for a squirrel for one year's consumption. I have a number to provide for, and, inasmuch as they are at large in a public square, I have no means of knowing whether they are always sufficiently supplied. I do not wish to provide an extravagant quantity, because the number of defective trees is limited, and to have them all filled with nuts in excess of the requisite quantity would result in having the depositories filled with rotted nuts. Ans. An allowance of six hickory nuts each per day will be sufficient. They will eat more than this and grow fat, but will thrive on the rations named.

INFORMATION WANTED.

M. R.—Information wanted by two gentlemen as to where they can procure one or two weeks good duck shooting after Nov. 5, Chesapeake or Virginia preferred. Full particulars asked for.

FOR A DISORDERED LIVER try BEECHAM'S PILLS.—*Adv.*

HUMPHREYS'
VETERINARY SPECIFICS
For Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs, AND POULTRY.
500 Page Book on Treatment of Animals and Chart Sent Free.

CURES { Fevers, Congestions, Inflammation,
A.A.: { Spinal Meningitis, Milk Fever.
B.B.—Strains, Lameness, Rheumatism.
C.C.—Distemper, Nasal Discharges.
D.D.—Bots or Grubs, Worms.
E.E.—Coughs, Heaves, Pneumonia.
F.F.—Colic or Gripes, Bellyache.
G.G.—Miscarriage, Hemorrhages.
H.H.—Urinary and Kidney Diseases.
I.I.—Eruptive Diseases, Mange.
J.K.—Diseases of Digestion.

Stable Case, with Specifics, Manual, Witch Hazel Oil and Medicator, Price, Single Bottle (over 50 doses), $7.00 .60

Sold by Druggists; or Sent Prepaid anywhere and in any quantity on Receipt of Price.
Humphreys' Med. Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

Forest & Stream File Binders.
PRICE, $1.00.
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

HAVE YOU SEEN OUR NEW
Illustrated Catalogue
OF
FISHING TACKLE?
It is the most elaborate and magnificent book ever published in the Sporting Goods line. Send us 25 cents and we will forward you a copy post paid.
ABBEY & IMBRIE,
No. 18 VESEY STREET, NEW YORK.

WINCHESTER

STAR  RIVAL

LOADED PAPER SHOT SHELLS.

Ask your Dealer for them.

Not Sold at Retail by the Manufacturers.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.,

312 Broadway, N. Y. NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Send for 82-page Catalogue of Arms and Ammunition.



UPTHEGROVE & McLELLAN,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Shooting and Fishing Suits

AND CLOTHING FOR

CIVIL ENGINEERS, RANCHMEN, LUMBERMEN, MINERS, ETC.

Write for our new combined Catalogue with samples of Imported

Corduroys, Moleskin, Mackintosh, Canvas and Flannels.

SEE OUR NEW SHADES OF ENGLISH CORDUROY. Address **UP. & MC.**, Valparaiso, Indiana.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.

Beecham's Pills

For Bilious and Nervous Disorders.

"Worth a Guinea a Box"—but sold

for 25 cents,

BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

No Chemicals.



W. BAKER & CO.'S

Breakfast Cocoa

Is Absolutely Pure, and it is Soluble.

To increase the solubility of the powdered cocoa, various expedients are employed, most of them being based upon the action of some alkali, potash, soda or even ammonia. Cocoa which has been prepared by one of these chemical processes, can usually be recognized at once by the distinct alkaline reaction of the infusion in water.

W. Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa

is manufactured from the first stage to the last by perfect mechanical processes, **no chemical being used in its preparation.** By one of the most ingenious of these mechanical processes the greatest degree of fineness is secured without the sacrifice of the attractive and beautiful red color which is characteristic of an absolutely pure and natural cocoa.

W. Baker & Co., Dorchester, Mass.

REPELLENE.

An Infallible Preventive of the Attacks of Mosquitoes, Black Flies, Gnats and all other Insects.

Neat, clean and easily applied. No unpleasant odor, will not *stain* or *injure* the skin, easily washed off. May be carried without danger of *leaking* or *spilling*. In neat, oblong round-cornered box.

Price, 30 Cents, Postpaid.

Sold by Dealers in Sportsmen's Goods.

If your dealer does not keep it, I will send it on receipt of price.

A. FERGUSON, Proprietor and Manufact'er, Office, 65 Fulton street, N. Y.

Increasing Sales Attest the Popularity of THE GENTLEMEN'S CIGARETTE.

SPECIAL FAVOURS.

Manufactured only by

KINNEY BROS.

(KINNEY TOBACCO CO. Successors). Also manufacturers of the Old Reliable

SWEET CAPORAL.

SPORTSMEN WILL consult their own interests if when buying Fish Hooks they insist upon having those only made by THE AMERICAN NEEDLE AND FISH HOOK CO., New Haven, Conn., who have the largest facilities, and make Best goods in the world. FOR SALE BY THE TRADE EVERYWHERE. ASK FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

THE ALFORD & BERKELE CO.,

P. O. Box 2002. SPECIAL AGENTS, No. 77 Chambers St., N. Y.

THE WILLOUGHBY PATENT

TARPON SNELL.

Proved last Winter to be the Only Snell Absolutely Reliable.

RETAIL AGENTS:

JOHN KRIDER, Cor. Second & Walnut sts., Phila.

THOS. J. CONROY, 65 Fulton street, New York.

WHOLESALE AGENT:

J. C. HARRISON, 253 Market street, Philadelphia.

SPORTSMEN SMOKERS

SHOULD ALL SMOKE OUR CELEBRATED



Hand-Made Havana Cigars.

MADE IN TWO STYLES AND SIZES.

LONDRES PERFECTO, 5in. long @ $7.00 per 100

CONCHAS ESPECIALS, 4¼in. @ 6.00 "

The favorite cigar of Rod and Gun Clubs generally. These cigars are made of the choicest tobaccos grown, and selected with the greatest care. They cannot fail to suit the taste of all lovers of the fragrant weed. Each cigar has the brand impressed on it, and every box has a label, fac-simile of the title of the popular journal, and our firm's signature, without which none are genuine. We are the only authorized manufacturers of the above brand, and to insure the smoker of the genuine we would ask you to send us your orders direct. We will deliver, free of express charges, either size, on receipt of price.

A. W. FOOTE & CO., Sole Manufacturers, 125 Maiden Lane, New York.

CHUBB.

Every dealer in Fishing Tackle has heard of Chubb and the high reputation which his goods have obtained, but they do not yet know his prices on **Fishing Rods** for the coming season. **Now** is the time to send for Wholesale Catalogue and discounts to the **Trade.**

Address **THOS. H. CHUBB,**

The Fishing Rod Manufacturer,

POST MILLS, VT.

YACHTS, BOATS AND CANOES,

WITH SPECIAL CHAPTERS ON MODEL YACHTS AND SINGLEHANDED SAILING.

BY

C. STANSFELD-HICKS.

AUTHOR OF "OUR BOYS, AND WHAT TO DO WITH THEM.

NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS AND DIAGRAMS

AND

WORKING DRAWINGS OF MODEL YACHTS AND VARIOUS SMALL CRAFT SUITABLE FOR AMATEURS.

DESIGNS:

Model Yachts.—Defiance, Isolde, Bonny Jean, and 10-tonner with sail plan.
Canoes.—Birch, Mersey Paddling Canoe, L'Hirondelle, Sailing Canoe.
Sailing Boats and Yachts.—Dabchick, Wideawake, Myosotis, Una, Singlehander by C. P Clayton, Puffin, 3-ton Racer, 3-ton Cruiser, 24ft. Auxilliary (steam and sail) fishing boat.

This volume contains much that is valuable and interesting to American yachtsmen and canoeists. The design, construction and use of small craft of all kinds is treated of in a simple and entertaining style, and the instructions are clear and easily understood.

Large crown 8vo., 380 pages and 16 large folding plates.

Price, Postpaid, $3.50.

FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., 318 Broadway, N. Y.



PREMIÈRE QUALITÉ CIGARETTE.

A SUPERB ARTICLE. The standard of purity and excellence. The faultless union of two matchless tobaccos prevents that dryness of the throat usually produced by smoking other brands. Do not allow prejudice to prevent you from giving this incomparable Cigarette a trial. It is simply perfection, a luxury and not a low-priced article.

Our Vanity Fair and various Smoking Mixtures are the finest for the pipe.

16 First Prize Medals. WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.

The Celebrated Smith & Wesson Revolvers

HAVE BROKEN ALL RECORDS FOR REVOLVER SHOOTING.



The Most Perfect Small Arms

EVER MANUFACTURED.

Unrivalled in Beauty of Finish, Durability and Accuracy.

Manufactured in calibers .32, .38 and .44-100. Single and Double Action Hammerless Safety and Target Models, with all latest mprovements——Automatic Shell Extractor, Rebounding Lock and Patented Safety Device.

The Smith & Wesson Revolvers are constructed entirely of **best wrought steel** carefully inspected for workmanship and stock, and GUARANTEED. Do not be deceived by IMITATIONS largely manufactured of **malleable cast iron,** and often sold for the genuine Smith & Wesson. All of the Revolvers of this firm are stamped upon the barrels with their name, address and dates of patents.

If dealer cannot supply you, orders sent to address below will receive prompt and careful attention. Catalogues and prices furnished upon application.

SMITH & WESSON,

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Wanted.

WANTED.

To meet three or four gentlemen to go fishing for "TARPON" and hunting on the east and west coasts of Florida; trip to last from four weeks to two months. The cost for each person per day would be $4.50 to $5, including first-class board, bait, small boats, and attendance by experienced men. The yacht Tarpon, 52ft. in length, is now fitting out at Rock Ledge, Fla., especially for this cruise. Has power and sail, draws 2½ft., 6ft. headroom, cabin 14ft. long. Has one large double and three single spring beds. Toilet room with running water. Large deck room, with awning covering the entire boat, and an arrangement for keeping bait alive. Party to leave New York about Oct. 21 by steamer, to join the yacht at Rock Ledge, Fla., Nov. 1, as tarpon bite better in November than they do in the winter months. Having cruised in Florida for the last seven years, I am quite familiar with some of the best fishing and hunting grounds in South Florida, from Rock Ledge on east coast to Pine Island on the west. For further particulars address

F. D. HUGHES,
Care Messrs. Henry Clews & Co., Bankers,
1t No. 15 Broad st., New York City.

A LOVER OF ROD AND GUN WISHES TO buy out entire or buy an interest in an established gun and sporting goods business. Address SPORTSMAN, care Forest and Stream. 1t

WANTED.
Live Deer, Prairie Chickens, Partridge, Quail and Turkeys. Address full particulars, Box 3 350, P. O. New York City. oct17,2t

For Sale.

Ferrets vs. Rats.

The best breeds of both young and old Ferrets for sale at ADOLPH ISAACSEN'S "Sure Pop," 92 Fulton Street, New York City. A complete book on Ferrets and Rat Exterminating sent by mail for 15 cents.

Anyone Can Stuff Birds

By our new process. Full directions with complete outfit of instruments, eyes, etc., $1.00. NATURALISTS' SUPPLY CO., 126 Chambers st., N.Y.

FIRST-CLASS HAMMERLESS GREENER gun, 28in. barrels, 12-gauge, suitable for gentleman's field gun. Cost 35 guineas; for sale at $75, lowest price, no exchange. Apply to ED. MADISON, 564 Fulton st., Brooklyn, N.Y. 1t

LIVE QUAIL FOR SALE. Orders delivered as booked. LIVE GAME A SPECIALTY.
E. B. WOODWARD, Commission Merchant,
174 Chambers street, New York.

WILD RICE.—THE GREATEST WILD-fowl food. Send your orders now for fresh seed. R. VALENTINE, Janesville, Wis. aul,tf

For Sale.

FOR SALE.

A tract of 1,000 acres of marsh land in the State of Virginia. Considered the finest duck shooting ground on the coast. Suitable for a club. Easily accessible. Title guaranteed.
Inquire at 52 Broadway, Room 92, New York.



Chester White, Berkshire and Poland China Pigs, fine setter dogs, Scotch Collies, Foxhounds and Beagles, Sheep and Poultry, bred and for sale by W. GIBBONS & CO., West Chester, Chester Co., Pa. Send stamp for circular and price list.

LIVE WHITE HARES (*Lepus Americanus*), captured and properly boxed and delivered to express in Bethel, Me., in good condition on receipt of orders and remittances at $3 per pair. Refer to Hon. H. O. Stanley, Dixfield, Me., Fish and Game Commissioner. J. G. RICH, Bethel, Me. dec16,tf

Ligowsky C. P. No. 3

The only target having the patent

INTURNED EDGE.



2,000 shots out of each 1,000 targets on account of non-breakage in shipping, trapping and falling upon ground. The only target made with the INTURNED EDGE, producing the surest breaker when hit, and surest non-breaker when not hit. Our traps are sold for the sole purpose of shooting our targets.

SMALL YACHTS

Their Design and Construction, Exemplified by the Ruling Types of Modern Practice. With Numerous Plates and Illustrations.

—BY—

C. P. KUNHARDT.

Cloth, 370 pages of type and illustrations, and 7 plates. Size of page, 14½×12½. Price $7.00.

FOR SALE BY THE
FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

ASK YOUR DEALER



H. NELSON & CO., Manf'rs, Kirkwood, Mo.

For **NELSON'S** Cartridge Belt. The only **PRACTICAL** contrivance for carrying ammunition in the field. For Shot Guns, Rifles and Pistols. Nothing like it in the market. Patent lateral action.

J. N. DODGE,

276 & 278 Division Street,
DETROIT, MICH.



Manufacturer of White Cedar Duck Decoys of all kinds. Also Swan, Geese, Brant, Coot, Shell Drake, Plover, full-shaped and flat folding Snipe Decoys. Duck and Turkey Calls. Decoys made like any pattern furnished without extra charge. Bottom prices to the trade. Illustrated price list.

GURDON TRUMBULL'S

Names and Portraits of Birds

Which Interest Gunners; with descriptions in language understanded of the people.

Practically speaking, this is the first popular volume of ornithology ever issued from the press; a work which goes far to demonstrate that scientific accuracy may be as easily maintained in English as in Greek or Latin. Follows the game birds all over the continent and gives a glossary of all the local names in popular use. Illustrated with admirable portraits from the pencil of Mr. Edwin Shepard of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, which, with the clear descriptions in the text, will enable any man who can read to identify the contents of his game bag.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS:

It is the first, so far as we know, of books of which the need is felt in every department of natural history.—*Troy Press.*

The book should find its way to a choice place in every sportsman's library.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

I would much rather know what this book tells me, the various names by which the people call a bird, than the Latin, Greek or Hebrew name which science gave him for the sake of cataloguing him. * * * It is more value to me to have a description of a bird in plain English which I understand than in scientific language which I do not understand.—*W., in Journal of Commerce.*

SOLD BY
Forest and Stream Publishing Co.
PRICE, $2.50.

CANOE AND BOAT BUILDING FOR AMATEURS.

Fourth edition, 264 pages 52 plates. Price $2.

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

NEW YORK N. Y.

LONDON: DAVIES & CO., 1 Finch Lane.

MOLLER'S NORWEGIAN COD-LIVER OIL



FOR General Debility, Scrofula, Rheumatism or Consumption, is superior to any in delicacy of taste and smell, medicinal virtues and purity. London, European and New York physicians pronounce it the purest and best. Sold by Druggists.

PUREST and BEST.

W. H. Schieffelin & Co. (*Wholesale Agents U.S. and Canada*) New York

GUNS SPORTING GOODS FINE CATALOGUE FREE

SEND FOR IT AT ONCE

WHITE & WILLS 224 STATE ST. CHICAGO, ILL.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 24, 1889.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 14. No 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Only advertisements of an approved character inserted. Inside pages, nonpareil type, 30 cents per line. Special rates for three, six, and twelve months. Seven words to the line, twelve lines to one inch. Advertisements should be sent in by Saturday previous to issue in which they are to be inserted. Transient advertisements must invariably be accompanied by the money or they will not be inserted. Reading notices $1.00 per line.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

May begin at any time. Subscription price, $4 per year; $2 for six months; to a club of three annual subscribers, three copies for $10; five copies for $16. Remit by express money-order, registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canadas and Great Britain. For sale by Davies & Co., No. 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London. General subscription agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Davies & Co., Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searles and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London, Eng. Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France, sole Paris agent for sales and subscriptions. Foreign subscription price, $5 per year; $2.50 for six months.

Address all communications

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

No. 318 BROADWAY. NEW YORK CITY.

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL.
The Wild Pigeon.
Here is a Mystery.
Snap Shots.
THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST.
Comanche Chief.
En Acadie.
On the North Carolina Coast.
NATURAL HISTORY.
"In a Garden."
The Hibernation of Reptiles.
GAME BAG AND GUN.
The Game Season.
Pattern and Penetration.
New England Grouse.
Chicago and the West.
Taxing the Gun.
Hudson River Wild Rice.
Game Notes.
CAMP FIRE FLICKERINGS.
SEA AND RIVER FISHING.
The Pleasures of Fly-Fishing.
Rev. Abner P. Brush.
FISHCULTURE.
The Fishing Industries of Oregon.
New York Fish Commission.
THE KENNEL.
National Coursing Association
The A. K. C. Finances.
THE KENNEL.
The Irish Setter Field Trials.
Central Field Trial Entries.
The All-Round Dog.
The Gordon Setter Club.
The Sooner Dog.
A Trotting Irish Setter.
The Canadian Trials.
Dog Talk.
Kennel Notes.
Kennel Management.
RIFLE AND TRAP SHOOTING.
Range and Gallery.
The New Wimbledon.
The Trap.
Nickel Plate Gun Club Tournament.
The Reading Tournament.
YACHTING.
Classification by Corrected Length.
CANOEING.
Executive Committee Meeting
Some More Snips from and Another Snap at the '89 Meet
The Paddling Trophy.
Site for the A. C. A. Meet.
Canoes vs. Sailing Boats.
The "Mini" Tent.
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE WILD PIGEON.

A VERY interesting paper by Mr. William Brewster, on the present status of the wild pigeon, in the current number of the *Auk*, points to the conclusion that this interesting bird is by no means extinct, but that driven and harassed by the assiduity with which it was pursued in the States it has betaken itself to uninhabited woods somewhere to the north of the Great Lakes, in British North America.

This argument is mainly supported by the fact that in the spring of 1888 almost every county in the southern peninsula of Michigan was visited by large flocks of this bird passing northward. A few isolated pairs stopped to roost in the wooded districts, but the main army disappeared across the Straits of Mackinac about the close of April, much to the disappointment of the oldtime netters, who, concluding that the birds had returned to their old haunts for the season, got out their nets and made preparation for the familiar slaughter.

Mr. Brewster having been informed that the birds had arrived in large numbers and were preparing to roost, set off at once to learn as much as possible about the breeding birds, reaching Cadillac on the 8th of May, and linggering there waiting for information as to the nesting site selected, until it was evident that the birds had gone North. Here he collected evidence of the flight, principally from Mr. S. S. Stevens, a resident of the place, a veteran pigeon netter, and one who has a high reputation for veracity and carefulness of statement. Mr. Stevens's testimony was to the effect that pigeons appeared that year in numbers near Cadillac about the 20th April. He saw fully sixty in one day scattered about in beech woods near the head of Clam Lake, and on another occasion about one hundred drinking at the mouth of a brook, while a flock that covered at least eight acres was observed by a friend, a perfectly reliable man, flying in a northeasterly direction. Many other smaller flocks were reported.

But how do these figures compare with the flights of fifteen or twenty years ago? Mr. Stevens, speaking of the great nesting of 1876 or 1877, says: "It began near Petosky and extended northeast past Crooked Lake for twenty-eight miles, averaging three or four miles wide. The birds arrived in two separate bodies, one directly from the south by land, the other following the east coast of Wisconsin and crossing at Manitou Island. We saw the latter body come in from the lake at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. It was a compact mass of pigeons, at least five miles long by one mile wide." Again referring to the nesting season of 1881, Mr. Stevens estimates that five hundred men were engaged in netting pigeons, and that they secured on an average 20,000 birds apiece during the season. That is to say, ten million birds, equal in food food substance to a herd of thousands of oxen.

Mr. Brewster concludes: "It is probable that enough pigeons are left to re-stock the West, provided that laws, sufficiently stringent to give them fair protection, be at once enacted. The present laws of Michigan and Wisconsin are simply worse than useless, for, while they prohibit disturbing the birds within the nesting, they allow unlimited netting only a few miles beyond its outskirts during the entire breeding season. The theory is that the birds are so infinitely numerous that their ranks are not seriously thinned by catching a few million of breeding birds in a summer, and that the only danger to be guarded against is that of frightening them away by the use of guns or nets in the woods where their nests are placed. The absurdity of such reasoning is self-evident but, singularly enough, the netters, many of whom struck me as intelligent and honest men, seem really to believe in it. As they have more or less local influence, and, in addition, the powerful backing of the large game dealers in the cities, it is not likely that any really effectual laws can be passed until the last of our passenger pigeons are preparing to follow the great auk and the American bison."

In our issue of Sept. 5, Mr. Geo. Boardman reported that after an absence of some years the wild pigeons had returned in small flocks to the neighborhood of Calais, Maine. Last week a Massachusetts correspondent reported having observed scattering birds in that State. Now a report comes to us that many wild pigeons have been seen this year in Prince George's county, Md. On Oct. 11 Mr. Geo. Marshall, of Laurel, saw three and shot two of them, a third was picked up by Mr. Robert Ridgway. Mr. Marshall has noticed only five of these birds this season. He was told that a boy living near the Pecosin Swamp had killed three, and it is currently reported that there is a flock of twenty-five in the neighborhood.

HERE IS A MYSTERY.

ON a certain farm in New Jersey, not far from New York city, there was once excellent quail shooting. No special attention was paid to protecting the birds, they had to run all the risks and brave all the perils that beset the average game bird in its hard struggle for existence in New Jersey. Despite their natural enemies and the assiduous pursuit by enthusiastic and persevering gunners, the birds held their own, and year after year the farm covers yielded a reasonable quota of game.

It would appear to be a reasonable assumption that if such a natural quail ground were carefully preserved, the parent stock replenished, and the public kept off from it, there would be some return to furnish a commensurate reward for the pains of the proprietor. So at least reasoned one of the gentlemen who had shot on the territory. He converted the farm into a game preserve. It was surrounded on all sides by a fence of netted wire, five feet high, above which was a smooth sheathing of tin, and above the tin another wire netting; boards were sunk into the ground below the fence, and the entire inclosure was thus made proof against the inroads of vermin from without.

It is believed that nothing but snakes can get through the fence; and it is the testimony of the game keepers, who are constantly employed on the place, that the preserve is free from vermin. The land is posted, and trespassers are rigidly excluded. The shooting privileges of several adjoining farms are leased, and outsiders are also prevented from shooting on these tracts. For several years supplies of quail have been brought from Georgia and other Southern States and put out on the farm. They have evidently prospered and multiplied; at least there has been every evidence to that effect in the breeding season.

Now the puzzling fact remains, that with all the intelligent effort expended to better the quail shooting on this New Jersey farm, the exact reverse of what was to be anticipated has been the result. The shooting is not so good as it used to be in the old days when the birds were left to take care of themselves, and when the fun was shared with other gunners of the neighborhood. Why this should be so the proprietor is at a loss to explain. The grounds are restocked with new birds; they appear to breed well, but when the shooting season comes around they are not to be found; and to Bob White may not inappropriately be applied the boisterous refrain of De Quincey's Society of Connoisseurs of Murder, after they had kicked out Toad-in-the-hole:

> Et interrogatum est ab omnibus—Ubi est ille Toad-in-the-hole?
> Et responsum est ab omnibus—Non est inventus.

What adds to the mystery is this, that after the shooting season is over and it has come time to put away the guns, these elusive birds are said to reappear and once more to people the covers of the old farm. It may be that the birds actually do not come back, and that this alleged reappearance is only the apparition of unreal spook birds, presenting themselves as an uncanny hallucination of the mystified game preserver and his friends whose brains have been too severely taxed in grappling with the mystery; but all are stout in their assertion that the birds are to be found both before and after the shooting season, but never while their feathers might be lawful game.

The preserve proprietor is at his wits' ends to account for this mysterious disappearance or to circumvent the cunning birds. One theory is that the birds migrate to the South; that having come from Georgia they do not take kindly to New Jersey autumn weather, but follow other migrants to sunnier climes. This is a tenable hypothesis, but it leaves out of account the alleged materialization of the quail still later in the season and in harsher weather.

The most reasonable conclusion is that the quail are of an educated stock, "up to snuff" and altogether too cunning for New Jersey craft, even though it be backed up by wire netting, paid keepers and all the paraphernalia of modern game preserving; and if the proprietor of the farm wants quail shooting he must stock his preserves with unsophisticated birds. But in these days of shotguns universal, where shall one go for an uneducated strain of quail?

SNAP SHOTS.

"SPORTSMAN" is a better term than "nimrod" to designate the field shooter of feathered game or the hunter who pursues larger game. It is simpler, more natural, less affected, and in every way an appropriate designation. "Nimrod" is much more affected by the "lay press" than by a paper devoted to sportsmen's interests; and it usually appears in some such connection as this, "John Doe and Richard Roe, the well-known nimrods of our village, were out shooting this week and returned with a brace of bunnies each, one of which found its way to the editor's table. Thanks, Richard."

Mr. Wm. P. Seal's suggestion that it may be proved practicable to transfer some of the valuable salt-water species of food and game fish to inland waters, points to a new field of fishcultural enterprise as novel as if successful its results will be vast and important. The experiments in this direction will be watched with eager interest, for the possibilities are tremendous.

American types of small pleasure craft are making their way around the world. The publishers report repeated sales of Stephens's "Canoe and Boat Building" in Australia and Japan. In that particular line of boat building America leads to-day, and it is not to be wondered at that foreign nations should come to us for instructions.

We have known many a man to be so lavish of righteous indignation against game law breakers that he had none left for himself when he went into the woods and ran deer out of season.

We give to-day the story of "Comanche Chief," from "Yo's" "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-Tales," and we hope soon to announce that the book is ready for delivery.

The Sportsman Tourist.

COMANCHE CHIEF.

The Peace-Maker.

From advance sheets of a forthcoming volume of "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-Tales."

BY GEO. BIRD GRINNELL ("YO").

I.

MANY years ago there lived in the Ski'-di village a young man, about sixteen years old. His name was *Kut-a'wi-kutz* (the hawk). At this time the Pawnees wore their hair in the ancient fashion, cut as the Osages wear theirs; the whole head was shaved except a roach running back from the forehead beyond the scalp lock.

A war party went off to the south and he joined them as a servant. They went a long way and a long way, traveling far, but they got no horses and came back. Afterward another party started off on the warpath, and he went with it. They traveled many days, going to the southwest, and at length they came to a camp, and hid themselves to wait until it was dark. It was a camp of the Comanches.

When night had come they all went into the camp to steal horses. The young man went to a lodge near which stood three horses, two spotted horses and one gray. They were tied near the door of the lodge, and from this he thought they must be fast, for the Indians usually tie up their best horses close to the lodge door, where they will be under their eyes as much as possible. He went to the lodge to cut the ropes, and just as he was about to do so he thought he heard some one inside. He stepped up close to the lodge, and looked in through a little opening between the door and the lodge, and saw a small fire burning, and on the other side of the fire was sitting a young girl, combing her long hair. The young man looked around the lodge to see who else was there, and saw only an old man and an old woman, and the fire-maker. He cut the ropes of the two spotted horses standing outside, led the horses out of the camp, and met his companion. To him he said, "Now, brother, you take these horses and go to the hill where we were hiding to-day, and wait for me there. I have seen another fine spotted horse that I want to get; I will go back for it and will meet you before morning at that place."

He went back, as if to get the spotted horse, but returned to the lodge where the girl was. He went all around it, and looked at it carefully. He saw that there were feathers on the lodge, and rows of animals' hoofs hanging down the sides, which rattled in the wind, and to one of the lodge-poles was tied a buffalo tail, which hung down. Then he went back to the door and looked in at the girl again. She had braided her hair and was sitting there by the fire. He stayed there a long time that night looking at her. Toward morning he went to look for his companion. When he met him he told him that some one had taken the spotted horse before he got to it; he could not find it. When the party all met next morning, they found that they had taken a lot of horses, and they started north to go home. They reached the Pawnee village, and every one was glad of their success.

After this, whenever this young man saw anything that was nice or pretty, such as medals, ear-rings, finger rings for women, beadwork leggings, bracelets, necklaces, wampum beads—things that the Comanches did not have—he would give a pony for it. For one year he went on like this, gathering together these pretty things. When the year had gone by he had no horses left; he had given them all away to get these presents. He packed all these things up in a bundle, and then spoke one night to his friend saying, "I intend to go off on the warpath again, and I would like to have you go with me; we two will go alone." His friend agreed to go.

II.

Before the time came to start, other young men heard of it, and several joined them. There were eight of them in all. *Kut-a'wi-kutz* was the leader. He told his young men that they were going to a certain place where he knew there were lots of spotted horses to steal. They started out on foot. After traveling many days, they came to the place where the camp had been at the time he saw the girl. There was no camp there.

They went on further, and at length came to a camp and hid themselves. When night came the leader told his men to remain where they were hiding, and he would go into the camp and see if there were any horses to take. He went through all the camp looking for the lodge in which he had seen the girl, but he did not find it. Then he went back to where the young men were hiding, and told them that this was not the camp they were looking for; that they did not have here the spotted horses that they wanted. In the camp of the year before there had been many spotted horses.

The young men did not understand this, and some of them did not like to leave this camp without taking any horses, but he was the leader and they did as he said. They left that camp and went on further.

After traveling some days they came to another camp, and hid themselves near it. When night came on *Kut-a'wi-kutz* said to his young men, "You stay here where you are hiding, and I will go into this camp and see if it is the one we are looking for." He went through the camp, but did not find the lodge he sought. He returned to the hiding place, and told the party there that this was not the camp they were looking for, that the spotted horses were not there. They left the camp and went on.

When they had come close to the mountains they saw another camp. *Kut-a'wi-kutz* went into this camp alone, and when he had been through it, he went back to his party and told them that this was the camp they had been looking for. Then he sent the young men into the camp to steal horses, and he put on his fine leggings and moccasins that he had in his bundle, and painted himself and went with them. He took a horse and his friend took one. They met outside the village. He told his friend to get on his own horse and lead the other, and with the rest of the party to go off east from the camp to a certain place, and there to wait for him. "I have seen," he said, "another fine horse that I like, and I wish to go back and get it."

His friend looked sorrowfully at him and said, "Why are you all dressed up like this, and why is your face painted? What are you doing or what is in your mind? Perhaps you intend to do some great thing to-night that you do not want me, your friend, to know about. I have seen for a long time that you are hiding something from me."

Kut-a'wi-kutz caught his friend in his arms and hugged him and kissed him and said, "You are my friend; who is so near to me as you are? Go on as I have said, and if it turns out well I will tell you all, I will catch up with you before very long."

His friend said, "No, I will stay with you. I will not go on. I love you as a brother, and I will stay with you, and if you are going to do some great thing I will die with you."

When *Kut-a'wi-kutz* found that his friend was resolved to remain with him, he yielded and told him his secret. He said to him, "My brother, when we were on the warpath a year ago, and I took those two spotted horses, I heard a little noise in the lodge by which they were tied. I looked in and I saw there a little girl sitting by the fire combing her hair. She was very pretty. When I took the spotted horses away, I could not put that girl out of my mind. I remembered her. Brother, when we went back home, that girl was constantly in my mind. I could not forget her. I came this time on purpose to get her, even if it shall cost me my life. She is in this camp, and I have found the lodge where she lives."

His friend said, "My brother, whatever you say shall be done. I stay with you. You go into the camp. I will take the horses and go to that high rocky hill east of the camp, and will hide the horses there. When you are in the village I will be up in one of the trees on the top of the hill, looking down on the camp. If I hear shooting and see lots of people running to the lodge I will know that you are killed, and I will kill myself. I will not go home alone. If I do not see you by noon I will kill myself."

Kut-a'wi-kutz said, "It is good. If I am successful I will go up there after you, and take you down into the camp."

They parted. The friend hid the horses and went up on the hill. *Kut-a'wi-kutz* went into the camp.

III.

It was now the middle of the night. When he came to the lodge he saw there was a fire in it. He did not go in at once; he wanted the fire to go out. He stayed around the lodge, and gradually the fire died down. It was dark. He went into the lodge. He was painted and finely dressed, and had his bundle with him. He took his moccasins off and his leggings, and hung them up over the girl's bed; then strings of beads, then five or six medals, bracelets, ear-bobs, beaded leggings, everything he had—his shirt. He took his blanket and spread it over the bed where the girl was lying, stepped over the bed and crept under his own blanket, and lay down by her side.

When he lay down she woke up, and found that there was some one lying by her, and she spoke to him, but he did not answer. He could not understand her, for he did not know Comanche. She talked for a long time, but he did not speak. Then she began to feel of him, and when she put her hands on his head—*Pi-ta'-da*—Pawnee—an enemy! Then she raised herself up, took a handful of grass from under the bed, spread the fire and put the grass on it. The fire blazed up and she saw him. Then she sprang up and took the top blanket, which was his, off the bed, and put it about her and sat by the fire. She called her father and said, "Father, get up; there is a man here."

The old man got up, and got his pipe and began smoking. This old man was the Head Chief of the Comanches. He called the servant, and told him to make a fire. The girl got up and went over to where her mother was lying and called her. The mother got up; and they all sat by the fire.

The old man smoked for a long time. Every now and then he would look at the bed to see who it could be that was lying there, and then he would look at all the things hanging up over the bed—at the medals and other things. He did not know what they were for, and he wondered. At length the old man told the servant to go and call the chiefs of the tribe, and tell them to come to his lodge.

Presently the chiefs came in one by one and sat down. When they had come there was still one brave who ought to have come that was not there. His name was Skin Shirt, the father wanted him. He sent for him three times. He sent word back to the chief to go on with the council, and that he would agree to whatever they decided. The fourth time he was sent for he came, and took a seat by the chief, the girl's father. This brave spoke to *Kut-a'wi-kutz*, and told him to get up, and take a seat among them. He did so. The girl was sitting on the other side of the fire. When he got up, he had to take the blanket that was left, which was the girl's. He put it around him, and sat down among them.

When the chiefs came in, there was among them a Pawnee who had been captured long ago and adopted by the Comanches, and was now himself a chief; he talked with *Kut-a'wi-kutz* and interpreted for him, telling him everything that was said as each one spoke.

After the young man had seated himself, the chief filled his pipe, and gave the pipe to his brave to decide what should be done with this enemy. The brave took the pipe, but he did not wish to decide, so he did not light it, but passed it on to another chief to decide. He passed it on to another, and he to another, and so it went until the pipe came back to the Head Chief. When he got it again, he asked *Kut-a'wi-kutz*: "Why have you come here this night and lain down in my lodge, you who are an enemy to my people? And why have you hung up in the lodge all these strange things which we see here? I do not understand it, and I wish to know your reasons."

The boy said to him: "A long time ago I came south on the warpath to steal horses. I traveled until I came to your camp. I saw three horses tied outside a lodge, two spotted horses and a gray. While I was cutting one of the ropes I heard a little noise inside the lodge, and pushing aside the door, I looked in, and saw that girl combing her hair. I stole the two spotted horses, and took them out of the camp, and gave them to a friend of mine, and came back to your lodge, and kept looking at the girl. I stayed there until she went to bed. For a long year I have been buying presents; beads and many other things, for I had made up my mind that I would go after this girl. I came down here to find her. I have been to where you were camped last year, and to two other camps that I discovered. She was not in these and I left them, and came on until I found the right camp. This is the fourth place. Now I am here. I made up my mind to do this thing, and if her relations do not like it they can do as they please. I would be happy to die on her account."

When he had spoken the old chief laughed. He said: "Those two spotted horses that you stole I did not care much about. The gray horse was the best one of the three, and you left him. I was glad that you did not take him. He was the best of all." Then for a little while there was silence in the lodge.

Then the chief, the girl's father, began to talk again; he said: "If I wanted to decide what should be done with this man, I would decide right now, but here is my brave, Skin Shirt, I want him to decide. If I were to decide, it would be against this man, but he has my daughter's blanket on, and she has his, and I do not want to decide. I pass the pipe to my brave, and want him to light it."

The brave said, "I want this chief next to me to decide," and he passed the pipe, and so it went on around the circle until it came to the Head Chief again. He was just about to take it and decide the question, when they heard outside the lodge the noise made by some one coming, shouting and laughing; then the door was pushed aside and an old man came in, and as he passed the door he stumbled and fell on his knees. It was the girl's grandfather. He had been outside the lodge, listening.

The pipe was passed to the chief, and he gave it again to his brave to decide. While the brave was sitting there, holding the pipe, the old grandfather said, "Give me the pipe, if you men cannot decide, let me do it. In my time we did not do things this way. I never passed the pipe; I could always decide for myself."

Then Skin Shirt passed him the pipe, and he lit it and smoked. Then he said, "I do not wish to condemn to death a man who is wearing my granddaughter's blanket." The interpreter began to tell *Kut-a'wi-kutz* that the old man was going to decide in his favor, and that when he got through speaking he must get up and pass his hands over him, and thank him for taking pity on him, and so to all the others. The old man continued, "Now, chiefs, do not think hardly of what I am going to say, nor be dissatisfied with my decision. I am old. I have heard in my time that there is a tribe up north that is raising from the ground something that is long and white, and something that is round; and that these things are good to eat. Now, chiefs, before I die, I want to eat of these things, and I want my granddaughter to go and take her seat by this man, and for them to be man and wife. Since I was young we have been enemies, but now I want the two tribes to come together, join hands and be friends." And so it was decided.

The young man got up and passed his hands over the old man, and over the brave, and passed around the circle and blessed them all. The Pawnee, who was interpreter, now told him to get up, and get a medal and put it on the brave, and then another and put it on the chief, and so on until all the presents were gone. And he did so, and put on them the medals, and ear-rings, and strings of beads, and breast-plates of wampum, until each had something. And these things were new to them, and they felt proud to be wearing them, and thought how nice they looked.

IV.

By this time it was daylight, and it had got noised abroad through the camp that there was a Pawnee at the Head Chief's lodge, and all the people gathered there. They called out, "Bring him out; we want him out here." They crowded about the lodge, all the people, the old men and the women and the young men, so many that at last they pushed the lodge down. They shouted: "Let us have the Pawnee. Last night they stole many horses from us." The chiefs and braves got around the Pawnee and kept the Comanches off from him, and protected him from the people. The Cheyennes were camped close by, near the hill southeast of the Comanches, and they, too, had heard that the Comanches had a Pawnee in camp. They came over, and rode about in the crowd to try and get the Pawnee, and they rode over a Comanche or two and knocked them down. So Skin Shirt got his bow and arrows, and jumped on his horse, and rode out and drove the Cheyennes away back to their camp again.

The Cheyennes saw that the Comanches did not want the Pawnee killed, so they sent a message inviting him over to a feast with them, intending to kill him, but Skin Shirt told them that he was married into the tribe. While the Cheyennes were parading round the Comanche camp, they were shooting off their guns in the air, just to make a noise. Now, the young Pawnee on the hill, who was watching the camp to see what would happen to his friend, saw the crowd and heard the shooting, and made up his mind that *Kut-a'wi-kutz* had been killed. So he took his knife, and put the handle against a tree and the point against his breast, and put his arms around the tree and hugged it, and the knife blade passed through his heart and he fell down and died.

In the afternoon when all the excitement had quieted down, the Cheyennes came over again to the Comanche camp, and invited the Pawnee and his wife to go to their village, and visit with them. Then Skin Shirt said, "All right, we will go." Three chiefs of the Comanches went ahead, the Pawnee followed with his wife, and Skin Shirt went behind. They went to the Cheyenne camp. The Cheyennes received them and made a great feast for them, and gave the Pawnee many horses. Then they went back to the Comanche camp. *Kut-a'wi-kutz* never went up to the hill until the next morning. Then he went, singing the song he had told his friend he would sing. He called to him, but there was no reply. He called again. It was all silent. He looked for his friend, and at last he found him there dead at the foot of the tree.

V.

Kut-a'wi-kutz then stayed with the Comanches. The Cheyennes came north and east, and the Comanches went on west, nearer to the mountains. While the Pawnee was with the Comanches, they had several wars with the Utes, Lipans and Tonkaways. *Kut-a'wi-kutz* proved himself a brave man, and as the son-in-law of the chief he soon gained great influence, and was himself made a chief.

After some years the old man, his wife's grandfather, told the Pawnee that he thought it was time that he should eat some of those things that he had long wanted to eat that grew up north; that he was getting pretty old now. *Kut-a'wi-kutz* said: "It is time. We will go." So he had his horses packed, and with his immediate family and the old man, started north toward the Pawnee country. At this time he was called *Kut-a'wi-kutz-u*

si-ti'-da-rit, which means "See! The Hawk." When going into battle he would ride straight out to strike his enemy, and the Comanches who were looking at him would say, "See! The Hawk." So that became his name.

They traveled a long time until they came to the Pawnee ground. As they were traveling along, they came to a field where were growing corn, beans and squashes. The Pawnee said to the old man: "Grandfather, look at that field. There are the things that you have desired to eat." He got off his horse and went into the field, and pulled some corn, some beans and some squashes, and took them to the old man, and gave them to him. The old man supposed they were to be eaten just as they were, and he tried to bite the squashes. This made the Pawnee laugh. When they came to the village, the Pawnees were very glad to see him who had been lost so long. He told the people that he had brought these Indians to eat of the corn and other things; that they were his kinsfolk. He told them, too, about the young man who had killed himself. His relations went out into the fields, and gathered corn and beans and squashes, and cooked them for the Comanches.

They stayed there a long time at the Pawnee village. When they were getting ready to return, the Pawnees dried their corn, and gave a great deal of it to the Comanches, packing many horses with it for the Indians at home. Then the Comanches started south again, and some of the Pawnee young men, relations of *Kut-a'wi-kutz*, joined him, and went back with them After they had returned to the Comanche camp, the old grandfather died, happy because he had eaten the things he wanted to eat.

Soon after this, *Kut-a'wi-kutz* started back to the Pawnee village, and some young men of the Comanches joined him. Some time after reaching the village he went south again, accompanied by some young Pawnees, but leaving most of the Comanches behind. He had arranged with the chiefs of the Pawnees that they should journey south, meet the Comanches on the plains and make peace. When he reached the Comanches, the whole village started north to visit the Pawnees, and met them on their way south. When they met, the two tribes made friends, smoked together, ate together, became friends.

After they had camped together for some time, some Comanches stayed in the Pawnee camp, and some Pawnees in the Comanche camp. *Kut a'wi-kutz* was called by the Pawnees Comanche Chief. He would have remained with the Comanches, but when he went back with them his wife fell sick. The Comanche doctors could not help her, and he wanted to take her north to see the Pawnee doctors, but the Comanches would not let him. They kept him there, and his wife died. Then he was angry, for he thought if he had taken her north her life might have been saved.

So he left the Comanches, and went and lived with the Pawnees, and was known among them always as Comanche Chief, the Peace-Maker, because he made peace between the Pawnees and Comanches. He was chief of the Ski'-di band, and a progressive man of modern times. He sent his children East to school at Carlisle, Pa.

Comanche Chief died Sept. 9, 1888.

EN ACADIÉ.

1.

HOT shines the sun o'er the quivering land,
No wind comes up from the sea,
Silent and stark the pine woods stand,
And the mock-bird sleeps in the mayhaw tree,
Where, overhung with brier and vine
Thy placid waters slip and shine
And dimple to thy lover's view—
La belle rivière de Calcasieu.

Under the bending cypress trees,
Bedecked with pendulous cool gray moss
That woos in vain the recreant breeze
And silently mourns its loss,
With drowsy eye, in my little boat
I dreamily lie, and lazily float
Lulled by the thrush's soft *Te-ruc*—
On "*La belle rivière de Calcasieu.*"

A heron stands, like a ghost in gray,
Knee-deep 'mongst the bending water lilies,
And yellow butterflies lightly play
'Midst the blooms of fragrant amaryllis;
The swift kingfisher winds his reel,
Saying his grace for his noonday meal,
And a hawk soars up to the welkin blue
O'er "*La belle rivière de Calcasieu.*"

Across the point, where the ferry plies,
I hear the click of the boatsman's oar,
And his creole song, with its quavering rise
Re-echoes soft from shore to shore;
And this is the rhyme that he idly sings
As his boat at anchor lazily swings,
For the day is hot, and passers few
On *La belle rivière de Calcasieu.*

"I ain't got time for make merry, me
I ain't got time for make merry;
My lill' gall waitin' at de River of Death
To meet her ole dad at de ferry.
She gwine be dere wid de smile on her face,
Like the night she died, when all de place
Was lit by the moonbeams shiverin' troo
La belle rivière de Calcasieu.

"O sing dat song! O sing dat song!
I ain't got time for make merry!
De angel come 'fore berry long,
And carr' me o'er de ferry!
He come wid de whirlwind in de night—
He come wid the streak of de morning light—
He find me ready—yass, dass true—
By *La belle rivé de Calcasieu.*

"Den who got time for make merry, eh?
Den who got time for make merry?
De fire burn up de light'ood tree,
De bird eat up de berry.
Long time ago I make Voudoo,
An' I dance Calinda strong and true,
But de Lord he pierce me troo and troo
On *La belle rivé de Calcasieu.*"

LOUISIANA. H. P. UFFORD.

ON THE NORTH CAROLINA COAST.

NOT over a day and a half's journey from Old Point Comfort and Norfolk, Va., there is found not only the finest wildfowl shooting in America, but also a primitive people, isolated from the world on an out-of-the-way island, who have as distinct a personality as the soft-voiced Acadians of Louisiana or the uncouth mountaineers of East Tennessee.

Every Northern sportsman who ever took a shy at the waterfowl at Currituck or shot over the blinds at Albemarle and Croatan sounds, or sailed his yacht in the stormy waters of old Pamlico, has met the Goose Creek Islanders of eastern North Carolina, and found them as different from the average American as a Corsican from a Frenchman. Their idiom, their idiosyncracies, their carriage, their peculiar color, their expression, or rather lack of expression, all combine to make these islanders a race apart. They live and marry among themselves, and thus keep their individuality separate and distinct.

The Goose Creekers are all sportsmen of the Rip Van Winkle type, for they hate honest labor as does a Zingari gypsy, and the advent of the rich Northern sportsmen means to them food, drink and raiment, and they look upon these amateur sportsmen as the Niagara hackmen upon the verdant tourists and bridal couples—beings that are like an eel, to be skinned alive. Not that these islanders are dishonest. Far from it. They make admirable guides, and would scorn to steal; nor yet are they like Autolycus in the "Winter's Tale"—"a snapper up of unconsidered trifles." No; honesty is their best trait, and yet in their own manner they generally contrive to make away with all they want. They spend the summer in fishing, catching terrapin, collecting bird eggs; anything, in fact, that they can sell or trade off at a country store, and they can turn their hands to any craft except steady work. Fall and winter are their harvest months, and how they subsist will be told in this article.

There were four of us, a sight-seeing, duck-hunting quartette, comprising Messrs. Charles Hallock, William Wagner, one of the finest wing shots of America, George Ransdell, an old Black Horse cavalryman in the war days, who had spent the last quarter of a century roaming over the frontiers of the Far West and Mexico, and myself. A goodly company of Bohemians and sportsmen, who confidently went forth in the North Carolina sounds to slay vast quantities of waterfowl and to enjoy the pleasure that only a coterie of choice spirits can find in out of the way places far from the swirl of the "madding crowd." Most men have a touch of the savage in their composition or a tinge of the old Norse blood in their veins, and take keen delight in severing themselves from all the luxuries and charms of civilized life and roughing it in a way that a tramp would despise.

It takes some thirty hours to reach Pamlico Sound from Norfolk by way of a steamer. Half of the time the route is through narrow canals that connect the Currituck, Chowan, Albemarle and Pamlico sounds. The scenery is flat and unpicturesque, and consists entirely of swamps and pine barrens. Reaching Pamlico Island in due time, the steamer's whistle blew the warning signal and a boat put out from the place to meet us; its owner was the ex-lighthouse keeper, who, when the light was abandoned by the Government, found, like Othello, that his occupation was gone, and he still remained at his old quarters, simply because he was too lazy to move away. It was a small boat that came dancing over the waves, sufficient, perhaps, to have carried "Cæsar and his fortune," but certainly not capable of holding four men, one dog, a small arsenal of guns, boxes of provisions, several hundred pounds of ammunition, eight bags of decoy ducks with their weights attached, a half-dozen trunks, besides any number of traps, not counting a huge demijohn—a cure for snake bites, and the only cure for any accident, sickness or mishap that might befall us.

The wind was blowing great guns, and the whole sound as far as the eye could reach was full of white caps, and it was with great difficulty that the little craft could be made fast to the leeward side of the steamer, as we looked down from the gangway and watched the lantern rise and fall in the swell of the billows, some 8ft. from the crest to the trough, then arose a protest from us all.

"I am not prepared to leave the world yet," remarked the Professor, as we nicknamed Mr. Hallock. "Davy Jones won't get me in his locker to-night if I can help it."

"I'm rather timid of water anyway," said Wagner, whom we dubbed Major Clam because being a silent man he rarely opened his mouth except to take a drink, "I was on a yacht once in Lake Erie, and it was overturned and all hands lost on board, I'd just as leave commit suicide at once as to get in that cockle shell."

"Are you uns a coming?" cried the voice of the boatman, commencing in a high tenor, and then sinking in a low stomach note as the boat dropped from the crest deep in the hollow of a rolling wave.

"As for me," remarked Old Boreas, so called because Ransdell was always blowing his money about, "as for me, if you catch me inside of that coffin, then I'm a bigger fool than all the three wise men of Gotham who went to sea in a bowl."

The result was that the captain of the steamer launched the life boat and six stalwart rowers soon landed us on the island.

It was a barren sand bank in a wide waste of waters, and as we scrambled ashore we were prepared to see the ex-keeper's wife, and even a whole tribe of children, but the crowd of Goose Creek Islanders who stood crouched, leaned, reclined and slouched around the tower and house rather astonished us. They did not show any extravagant delight in the meeting; they welcomed us with a nod and a grunt, that was all. Their appreciation of rest was most patent, every man of them leaned or reclined against something, half a dozen or so were propping up the tower, apparently to keep it from falling, another squad braced up the house, while others ballasted their boats made fast to the shore, by lying at full length on the seats.

The typical Goose Creek Islanders are tall, most of them are fully six feet when they stand erect, a thing they rarely do except when yawning. Their hair is generally of that color known as carrotty, and combed every Sunday morning in honor of the day, their foreheads are receding, their organs of vision are protruding, and of that kind called out West the jackass rabbit eye; in color it is a dull blue; a sparkling black or clear hazel is rarely seen. The said eyes are generally as destitute of expression as Banquo's ghost, except, indeed, when their glance rests upon a roll of money or handful of coin, and then it is curious to watch them light up, and really scintillate for the nonce. The nose is nondescript, and the mouth is a real catfish one, like little Jack Gibbs' in the nursery ballads, who had

"A rainy new moon for a mouth."

The cheeks are lank and covered with a sparse beard, that grows in detached spots like clumps of wire grass in a run down field. The jaws are the best feature and are strong and firm, denoting tenacity, and if not courage, at least the absence of fear. The visage is always of a lead or saffron color. No one yet ever saw a rosy-cheeked, fair-faced islander. Their sickly hue is caused by generations of chills and blood tainted with malaria. Ague fever is the cross all have to bear, from the toddling child to the tottering grandsire. "Chills is bad," is the common and pathetic expression, as the unfortunate stricken one retires to some dark corner and alternately shivers and roasts. Their throats are long, and the Adam's apple especially predominant. They always stoop, simply for the reason that it is too great an effort to hold the backbone erect. That part of the body known as the abdomen is very long, a wise provision of nature, intended to allow a large storage of food within. The limbs are lengthy and the hand enormous, with knuckles as big as door-knobs. Clothe these figures in a mixed costume of sportsman's cast off garments of the finest material and the native's coarse butternut fashioned by the housewife at home, and the man will stand before you.

Take Tim Cignal, for instance. Tim was one of the crowd that awaited us, and the only one that abideth with us, to our sorrow. Tim wore a fashionable billycock hat, dogskin jacket, over which his homespun coat hung, fine corduroy breeches, with two gigantic brogans at their feet. Tim would have had his feet encased in India rubber boots, only no sportsman had ever yet appeared on the North Carolina coast whose pedal extremities took up as much real estate as Tim's.

They all have a lazy, drawling pronunciation that never includes what they consider a superfluous letter, thus for example, outing is outin', coming, meeting, going, is comin', meetin', goin', and so on.

While we busied ourselves in housing our stores and traps, not an islander moved; they kept their gaze fixed on vacancy, inert and motionless, except that their jaws moved regularly, and they spit ever and anon a long stream of tobacco juice from between their closed teeth. This was an art to be accomplished only by long practice; an amateur may discharge his nicotine saliva any way, but only the expert can expel it with his jaws clenched tight.

At last the ex-keeper, who had self-elected himself as host and custodian of our stores, stepped out on the porch and gave the invitation, "Boys, walk up and reef yer sails." The motionless figures were touched into life and motion, as were the denizens of Tennyson's sleeping palace, when the kiss of the Prince dissolved the charm. They all arose as one man and actually hurried in, and imbib d in a way to make the famous Major and Judge blush with envy.

To make a long story short, the islanders remained with us for three days, eating, drinking and lounging, and cleaned out our whole large stock of wet and dry groceries, and then all with the exception of Tim launched their boats, spread their sails and departed for their island home.

The morning after we arrived all our party started off on a reconnoissance, visiting many points in the vicinity; the result of our observations was that the black brant were fairly plentiful, and the ducks, such as the baldpates, mallard, shufflers, widgeons, sheldrakes, black ducks, silver backs and redheads were scarce.

We decided upon three points to place our decoys, and returning home spent several hours in loading shells and in getting our hunting paraphernalia in order.

The next day was more like a summer than a winter one, and we only killed enough ducks to fill up the yawning chasms in the stomachs of the perpetually hungry crowd at the lighthouse.

The morning after the weather changed, and as a stiff breeze was blowing we had very good luck, but we shot no brant. Our party spent several hours in constructing a cedar blind about a mile from shore, and hoped to have fine sport after the brant should have gotten used to the green-looking stockade on their feeding grounds.

"It 'pears like it' gwine to storm," said Tim, who had constituted himself our body guard, though he never did anything but lounge around, and Tim could hold his own against any man on this plane for lounging. "Ef the win' do blows then the ducks will come to sho' right smart, and you uns kin have all the shootin' you wants."

A happy inspiration struck Major Clam. "I'm going to build a Potomac River sinkbox," he said. "and if the ducks come this way I'll be ready for them."

The boat house on the island had been blown down by a high wind, and the materials were all there. First the Major made a coffin-like trough, or rather a burial-case some 7ft. long, by 2ft. deep and some 30in. wide. This box was corked and pitched until it was perfectly watertight. Then the wings or flooring made of pine planking some 12ft. wide were attached to the trough by hinges, and the affair was complete. Of course this device could only be used in calm water.

Several days passed before it could be utilized, for as Tim had prophesied, a severe storm had raged, and in consequence the ducks had been driven from the deep waters of the sound into the shallows around the island. We started off before day towing the blind behind us, and a hard enough pull we had to reach our destination, Porpoise Island, about three miles distant. We anchored the blind about 100yds. from shore, and Major Clam being the finest shot as well as an expert in that particular kind of shooting, scrambled in and stretched himself at full length in the case with his No. 10 lying across his body. The trough sank with his weight to the level of the water, but the platform floated buoyantly and well sustained the box an inch or so above the surface, sufficiently high indeed for keeping the water from trickling in. Then we arranged the decoys around him and paddled back to shore.

Of course the Major's sole business was to lie motionless and shoot the waterfowl as they circled around the decoys, our part in the programme was to remain on the beach and collect the dead ducks, and follow up and kill the crippled ones.

It was a very trying position that the Major had assumed, one that very few sportsmen had the patience, the nerve or the ability to fill. To make the sinkbox water-blind a success, one must remain absolutely motionless, lying flat on his back, and only moving when the ducks crossed the decoys, frequently so close as to brush him with their wings, and then to rise to a sitting position by a muscular motion of his body alone. He must pick out his particular bird coolly and fire as quick as a flash. Frequently he has to slue himself around and shoot in a most inconvenient position. Added to this every movement must be guarded, for a nervous or violent change of position causes the wings of the sinkbox to dip, thereby allowing the water to roll in; and once in, there is no possible way to bale it out. It often happens that sufficient water is shipped to sink the trough, and then the shooter has to hang on to the platform and shout for help.

It was cold, bitter cold, waiting for the sun to rise, but at last the monarch of the day raised his ruddy face above the rim of the waters of old Pamlico, and its beams made every detail of our work visible, and showed how comprehensive and cunning was the work of man, opposed to the wariness and instinct of the waterfowl. There in the midst of a placid calm was the flock, with not a sign of anything else, the decoys hid the edge of the platform entirely, and the sinkbox, weighted by the shooter, had sunk to the level of the water. The illusion was simply perfect, and had a hunter rounded the point suddenly he would undoubtedly have seized his gun and blazed away on what he would have thought was a rick of unsuspecting ducks.

See! across the silvered and golden waters there comes a stream of baldpates, heading directly for the decoys, around which they circle fearlessly; some even seemed to light on the platform. We held our breath; where was the Major? was he asleep, or what? Suddenly he rises up, two puffs of white smoke are followed by the report of the gun, and the astounded, frightened fowls scatter in every direction, giving us a chance to bring down a couple as they headed across the point. The waterfowl now came in quick succession, singly, in pairs, and in scores, and we sat there and beheld some of the prettiest fancy shooting we ever witnessed in our lives. The Washingtonian took all sorts of shots, in all sorts of distorted positions, but his unerring aim rarely failed to bring down his bird. We on shore, Boreas and myself, for the Professor would not rise before light to kill every duck on the sound, were kept busy in collecting the dead, and dispatching the wounded.

Just here I want to add a word to sportsmen going to Currituck and the vicinity, and that is, by all means, if you belong to a club, add the Potomac skiff to your collection, and the great labor of poling a keeled boat along shallows and over flats will be dispensed with. There is no craft ever built that can get along in low water as well as the skiff, and as a double paddle is employed, it can be handled with perfect ease. This little boat, which is used entirely by the duckers of the Potomac and its tributaries, is 12ft. long by 2½ft. wide, both bow and stern coming to a sharp point, and it is flat-bottomed. It easily carries two men, and with their double paddles they can make it fairly fly through the water. It is safer than a canoe, and can be used in deep water, provided a high wind is not blowing. Care must be taken not to let the waves strike broadside, for it is easily overturned in that way. For noiseless traveling and still-hunting ducks along shore, or drifting up to flocks with the creeping paddles or following crippled ducks, the Potomac skiff is incomparable, and yet I never saw one south of Point Lookout.

About noon the ducks ceased to fly, and the Major signaled us to take him to land. He said he felt as if every member of his body was asleep, but a run along the strand soon made "Richard himself again." Upon counting the spoils we found he had killed fifty-seven, counting, of course, the crippled ones, and had only fired about seventy shells. Both Boreas and myself were fair shots, but this performance was so far ahead of anything that we could do, that we simply acknowledged that this sporting Crichton was way ahead of us. Among the spoils was a magnificent sea fishhawk, whose keen eye had not detected the cheat, and skimming along the water had dropped among the decoys intent on securing his breakfast, but received a reception he little bargained for. He fell near shore with a broken wing, and fought his captors with beak and claw, defiant to the last.

As there was no way of shipping our game to our friends at home, we lived on ducks cooked in every imaginable manner, roasted, stewed, fried, broiled and hashed, until they became as unpalatable as the traditional partridge eating every day for a wager.

Several days of rainy, cold, foggy weather now ensued, which kept all hands closely confined to the house; our provisions were exhausted, and we started one evening to Goose Creek Island, some five miles distant, to replenish our store. There was a heavy head wind blowing, and soon the rain came down in torrents; the sails had to be lowered and we went to work with the oars; it was hard pulling and we made slow progress against both blast and tide, and not until night came did we make the landing. Then there was a tramp of two miles in our heavy rubber boots, along the causeways of the swamp and ox road through the pines. In single file our party stumped, slided and waded along the miry route, at one time almost stalled in the quagmires, another time up to our hips in some deep hog wallow. It was tough work, and when we finally reached the store wet and miserable, we were panting from our intense exertion like the winner of a four-mile steeple chase.

We found the store closed, so we hunted around for some place to get lodging. Tim led us to a house not far off, and in response to our knock we were civilly invited in. The picture in that room was full of interest to us, one of strong lights and shadows, such as painters of the Rembrandt school would have loved to have protrayed on canvas.

The apartment occupied the whole length of the cabin, the floor was of dirt packed hard, a large fireplace occupied one side, and the smouldering pine knots would occasionally flare up into a bright blaze, alternately glooming and lighting up the interior. A high four-post bed fronted the fireplace, which was half concealed from the rear portion of the room by a bed quilt suspended from a rafter. The walls within had been adorned with illustrated papers tacked to the logs, not only to keep out the wind, but also as art decorations.

On the bed sat one of the most aged beings that ever mortal eyes rested upon. Her stockinged feet rested upon a chair, her long disheveled white hair being in tangles down her back, but her face was one not soon forgotten; it was like "She" when her charm had failed, and looking every day her age. The visage was plaited with wrinkles, covered and entwined with lines, furrowed with creases and corrugated with crows' feet. Her age was subject for wild conjecture; she looked like the actual Cumæan Sibyl, to whom Apollo granted her prayer that she might live as many years as she had grains of sand in her hand, but as she neglected to ask for health and youthful bloom, she shows her antiquity very plainly.

Her wasted figure was clad in homespun, and she rocked her body to and fro like Sycorax uttering a curse, or Meg Merrilies invoking a tempest. Her eyes were still sharp and bright, and her glances elfin-like and uncanny. Suddenly she stopped rocking, felt around the bed with her skeleton fingers for her tin tobacco box, opened the lid, and then took out from the bosom of her dress a stick about the size of a lead pencil with one end chewed fine, this she rolled around in the snuff, next she lifted her lips with the fingers of her left hand, while with her right she rubbed the stick all along her blackened toothless gums, wiping the grains of tobacco from the outside of the orifice with her long, fexible, discolored tongue, then she wiped the saliva from her mouth with the back of her hand, which in turn was cleaned by rubbing it on the bed clothes. She then gave a sniff of content, and sat, sat, her senses steeped in a dreamy repose. This was the first time I ever saw the practice known as "snuff dipping," and the performance was simply sickening.

At the foot of the bed a little boy sat rocking a cradle, in which was an infant not over a week old. Thus the cradle and the grave were cheek by jowl.

The owner of the house of course placed his house at our service, but finding that we would have to sleep in the same room we were sitting in, the Professor demurred at remaining over night, saying that it was against his principles to sleep in the same room with a lady, even if she was a little elderly. Boreas demurred, too, because the infant would certainly cry, and its mother (who remained during our visit in a dark corner) would not be able to keep it quiet, besides a crying baby always made him lose his night's rest.

We all decided to try further, the real reason being that the atmosphere in that apartment was appalling and nauseating.

We met with success at the next house, and though they are mostly all alike, this one was clean. A huge fire was made, and our host sold us a gallon of Catawba wine. We decided to stay, though behind a hanging blanket was a trundle bed, wherein four daughters of the host, aged from about sixteen to twenty-five, lay snugly tucked in. Even the Professor, who was broken down and tired out, was fain to yield to the urgency of the case and crawl beneath the blanket of his shake down.

In the morning, before we awoke, the girls got up, dressed, and cooked the breakfast, and after we had made our ablutions at the branch just below the house, we found on our return the beds made, the floor swept and a hot meal of Johnny cakes, bacon and coffee awaiting us.

Goose Creek Island is one of the most inaccessible, uncome-at-able places to be found in the South. Its area comprises several thousand acres, and its soil is unusually fertile and admirably adapted for the raising of cattle. The island is surrounded for many miles inland by almost impassable swamps; access by water is had through a narrow, tortuous channel only navigable by the smallest of craft. For miles around the water outside of the passage way is only a few inches in depth, and a man in rubber boots could wade dry shod all day long this worthless stretch of water, which is too shallow for fish and too deep for agriculture. Hence the islanders lead a very retired and isolated life, practically as much shut off from the world as if they were in the midst of the Atlantic. There are about 250 houses on the place, mostly cabins, though there are several well to do planters who, educated and refined, keep aloof socially from the poor and illiterate inhabitants. The women of the latter class are buxom, but with no form to speak of. None of them wear corsets, their complexion is of the same muddy, unhealthy color as the men's. The girls are shy and retiring, but still they are daughters of Mother Eve, and in their way strive to keep up with the latest fashions. Their principal dress is of calico cut strait, and many of them use bustles, and as newspapers are scarce they employ dried sea grass bunched in a knot, and as their dress is not fashioned long behind, it tilts up in a most comical manner, and displays to a looker on an expansive view of their homemade yarn stockings.

The women are immeasurably superior to the men in everything, they are good, modest and hard working, and labor from morning to night; all of them have peculiar pathetic mournful-looking eyes, and all of them use snuff. These are the same people that Col. Byrd, of Westover, Virginia, wrote about, who first discovered them when he surveyed the Great Dismal Swamp over a hundred and fifty years ago. Col. Byrd, after exploring that veritable *terra incognita*, published an account of his adventures in what is known as the "Westover Manuscript," one copy of which is still preserved in the State library in Richmond, which was written in 1725. Col. Byrd says:

"The men for the most part are just like the Indians, and impose all the work on the women, they make their wives rise out of bed early in the morning, at the same time they lie and snore until the sun has risen one-third of its course and dispersed all the unwholesome damps. Then after rising, and stretching and yawning for half an hour, they light their pipes, and under protection of a cloud of smoke venture in the open air, tho' be it never so little cold they quickly return shivering to the kitchen corner. When the weather is mild they stand leaning with both arms upon a corn fence, and gravely consider whether they had better go and take a small heat at a hoe, but quickly find reason to put it off for another time. Thus they loiter away their lives like Solomon's sluggard."

The author of the novel called "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood," should come here for inspiration. An occasional bark of a dog, or the cawing of a crow high in the air, is the only thing that breaks the stillness, even echo is silent. Around the village store the male denizens sit in the sunshine and solemnly puff at their pipes, as imperturbable as ever were the old Dutch burgers with Governor Wouter Van Twiller in their midst in the tavern porch at Nieuf Amsterdam, smoking their long calumets, and discussing the probable appearance of the English fleet off Spuyten Duyvil Creek.

One is apt to conclude that after all these listless people are the happiest of their kind, and barring chills their existence is one of passive content.

Nearly all the able-bodied Goose Creek Islanders own a boat, and nearly all of them have hidden away under the bow a box of some two feet square, one side of which is closed with a sliding lid; an inspection of its contents will reveal a kerosene lamp and a tin reflector.

A dark, calm night is chosen, and the boat is noiselessly propelled by a pole along the estuaries and creeks where the ducks congregate to sleep; the gunner sits in the bow, with his ears open, and so keen is a trained pot-hunter's hearing that he can detect the swimming of the ducks as they move away. The pusher sends his craft along with hardly a ripple, the gunner now opens the slide and a dazzling glare flashes over the water; the ducks, bewildered by the light, mass together and swim slowly in a circle, blinking at the blinding gleam. The gunner fires at point blank range, and dozens are killed at one discharge and as many more crippled, that flutter away and die on the marshes. The balance fly aimlessly away and the next morning migrate to distant parts.

Hunting waterfowl by firelight is a grave offense against the State laws, and heavy penalties are exacted if the offender is caught. But, ah! there's the rub. It is almost impossible to capture these pirates, for as soon as the shot is fired and the dead ducks gathered, the lid of the fire-box is closed, the craft glides away in the darkness, and the reflector is not used again until some remote point is reached. It is needless to add, this kind of shooting drives all the ducks from the neighborhood.

The creed of the Goose Creek Islander is that the wood, the water and the wilderness is free to all. In the late fall nearly every able-bodied man among them starts off to Currituck and other shooting grounds where the Northern sportsmen most abound, to serve as guides and hangers on. Most of the Northern club men are very wealthy and they scatter their money lavishly, and the Goose Creek Islanders receive so much for so little service, that they become spoiled, and charge enormously for everything they are called upon to do. They never hesitate to ask for what they want, and have about as much idea of delicacy as a Piute Indian.

Of course I am only speaking of that class known as "low downers," as for the planters and farmers of eastern North Carolina, a truer-hearted, higher-toned and more generous people never lived. They are famed all through the South for their State pride, their kindness and their unstinted hospitality. I think every sportsman who ever shot over the blinds at Currituck or vicinity will indorse every word I write about the grasping rapacity of these islanders, and I know that those who are yet to go there will be glad they have read these lines, that show them what to expect. To those contemplating a trip to these famous ducking grounds, one word of advice. Estimate the expense of your jaunt, then multiply the total by three, and you will then have enough left, if you are economical, to get back home.

Two of our party, the Professor and Major Clam, had had enough of sporting, so they, in company with the ex-keeper, took a boat bound for Newberne, N. C., and bade Boreas and myself a sad farewell. As the Professor is writing a novel, and went on this expedition to collect materials, we may in the course of time see the character of the Goose Creek Islander drawn to the life.

Having purchased our provisions our trio now put back to the light house. The wintry weather, interspersed with storms, kept us on the Point, and we found that our anticipated sport of brant shooting was illusive as a dream, for every one of them had suddenly disappeared. The solution was an easy task, some of the islanders had been shooting them in the night, and scared them off for good and all.

In a few days our situation grew desperate, our stock of food, thanks to Tim, was well nigh exhausted, bacon, hard-tack, flour, sugar, coffee, were all gone, and we were living on cornbread, rain-water and ducks. Oh, those ducks; we were sick of such diet. We felt like the Welsh vicar, when he said grace:

> "For ducks hot, and ducks cold,
> For ducks young, and ducks old,
> For ducks tender, and ducks tough,
> We thank the Lord, we've had enough."

The shipwrecked mariner, or lonesome mariner, was never more anxious to leave his abode than my comrade and myself to get off this desolate sandbank, but the winds still held high carnival, and a sail some twenty miles out in the sound to catch the Newberne boat was more than Tim was willing to undertake.

One morning we saw the U. S. tender Violet beating to windward, so we hastened to the top of the tower, and made frantic signals by waving a blue mantle to send a boat ashore. We could see by the spyglass the officers consulting on the quarter deck, but evidently the waves were too high for them to think of launching their pinnace.

At last, when our cupboard was almost as bare as Mother Hubbard's, and we were living on fat meat, meal and rain-water, the welcome sound of the steamer's whistle was heard, and we joyfully collected our traps and made ready to go. What was our astonishment, when Tim absolutely refused to sail about a half a mile out to meet the Manteo, unless we paid him fifteen dollars.

"Well," said Boreas indignantly, "if this don't take the rag off the bush, these people don't know what gratitude is. Just to think what I have given that man, all my spare underclothing, boots, hat, handkerchiefs, ammunition to last him half of his life, tobacco that will keep his jaws moving, and his pipe full the balance of the year, fed him like an alderman, wined him like a lobbyist, and now to be blackmailed in this manner, I won't pay, that's flat." So we sat there looking at each other too mad to speak. How I wished for the sandals of Vidar which sustained equally on the earth, air and water.

But it was no use to kick, Tim held the trump cards, and he knew it, for he reclined on the sent of the boat with an air of supreme indifference. We could not afford to remain, it would be days before another steamer would pass the place, and we were threatened with an absolute famine. All this time the boat was approaching

rapidly, and what must be done, must be done at once. So we were perforce compelled to submit to the extortion, and we paid the money, very much in the same spirit as the traveler in Spain, who, when wending his way along a mountain defile, heard a soft voice crying, "Charity, gentle stranger, for the love of God, charity!" and gazing around beheld a half a dozen long barrels of the musketoons leveled at his heart.

So we cashed up, Tim hoisted sail and in a few minutes we were safe on the steamer's deck. Tim shouted goodby most cordially, and said we must certainly let him know when we came to these parts again. CHASSEUR.

Natural History.

"IN A GARDEN."

Editor Forest and Stream:

If Miss Fannie Pearson Hardy will permit me to borrow the above caption from the first charming number of her "Out of Doors Papers," I will relate a little "episode" (as "Kingfisher's" friend "Old Sam" would call it) which I witnessed "in a garden" to-day, albeit I cannot approach Miss Hardy's felicitous style of treating such a subject. The "episode," though only a trifle, is perhaps worth relating.

I was walking along one of the streets of this village, and passed by a flower garden where a large bed or bush of salvia grew against the front palings. The plant or plants was filled with a great profusion of bright red flowers, some of which reached above the fence. Hovering over these were two hummiug birds, whose coats of metallic sheen glistened in the sun like burnished gold and silver. The little creatures darted hither and thither, inserting their long bills into the tube-like flowers with absolute precision and lightning-like rapidity, but all the while engaged in a fierce combat with each other. They constantly maintained a position facing one another, and only six or eight inches apart, suddenly rising a dozen feet into the air, where they would have a little battle, and as suddenly dropping like two bullets on one string back to the flowers, over and among which they would flit about like animated sunbeams.

Occasionally they would "hitch" and flutter all the way to the ground through the leaves and branches, where they would lie and pummel each other like two school boys, one on top and the other beneath, the top fellow pausing to take breath and then pummeling some more.

The under bird would appear to give up and look very dilapidated, with outstretched wings and disordered feathers; but the moment the top fellow let go and rose up to the top of the bush the bottom one would be there facing him again.

The most interesting feature of the performance was their utter obliviousness to my presence. As I stood near the palings watching them, which I did for a quarter of an hour, they would flutter around my head and about my face, occasionally striking me with their fluttering wings on face and hands, and one of them lighted for a moment on my thumb.

One now and again lighted on a picket within a foot of me and gave a quick side glance toward me, which was the only notice I appeared to excite from them. At last one of them retired, vanquished, and the other exultantly took possession of the flowers.

These birds had a greenish color on the back with dusky white underneath, and their bills were scarcely an inch long. COAHOMA.

CLARKSDALE, Miss.

THE HIBERNATION OF REPTILES.

(Concluded from Page 243.)

ONE particular toad (*Bufo vulgaris*) during a partial hibernation afforded me opportunities of making some observations, the recording of which may be of interest to batrachiologists. Not to weary my readers I will briefly state that this *Bufo* was an especial pet, and I had reason to believe that a good understanding existed between us. For example, when I saw it was restless and not able to find some snug corner in which to hide itself, I covered it over with moss or mould or some sheltering refuge where it remained content. Or, during very hot weather, when *Bufo* looked somewhat dry and dusty, I put him into a pan of water, out of which he would at first scramble once or twice just to show that he had a will of his own, but on being put back settled himself in real enjoyment, particularly if a tuft of grass or such like shelter screened him, where he would remain the entire day, and subsequently go into the water-pan of his own accord, which he had never done before, though it was always there. Consequently when on the approach of winter, this *Bufo* began to be sluggish, showing a disposition to retreat in corners which afforded no efficient shelter as hibernating retreats, I scooped out a place in some earth in one corner of the conservatory, and here, having discovered that his needs were understood, he readily established himself, working his way down with his hind legs as frogs and toads do, and burying himself entirely, excepting his snout and the upper part of his head. Frosty weather setting in, I covered him with a flower pot, thinking he was settled for the winter, but though he remained thus for five weeks his eyes were never closed when I cautiously raised it. Then came some very mild days, and one morning, on lifting the flower pot, the toad had disappeared. He had tunneled a passage out. He was in a drowsy, uncomfortable position, behind some plants. Next he was placed within a very large, deep flower pot, with a supply of earth and moss at the buttom, and here he again comfortably entrenched himself, making a cavity as before till half buried, but with his eyes still open. Not till the middle of December, during a hard frost, were his eyes quite closed as in true hibernation. At this period one was able to observe that the eyes, so prominent when open, now recede so as to be almost on a level with the surrounding parts, and that if the little animal were aroused, the eyes only by very slow degrees opened and resumed their prominence. This recession of the eyeballs—owing to a retractor muscle possessed alike by toads and frogs—is distictly protective. If disturbed when the torpor is not thorough, the creature extends its limbs in a helpless manner, and simultaneously you perceive the throbbing at the throat, showing that respiration, a moment ago suspended, begins at once and that air is being rapiply swallowed. The action of the nostrils at the tip of the snout is also seen, the valve which closes the small orifices working quickly, like a blinking eyelid. Should there be no other movement whatever, the toad remaining apparently insensible, the rapid breathing immediately betrays alarm. There is also a pulsation at the side of the head, where the gills formerly were. By degrees the eyes are then opened and the breathing becomes regular. After such interruption to its midwinter slumbers the toad does not readily compose itself again; and even when replaced in its bed the limbs remain uncomfortably extended.

The temperature where it was at first being seldom down to freezing point, and the toad never perfectly torpid, it seemed kinder to place it out of doors altogether, and also the frogs and newts in a similar receptacle. That toad having displayed remarkable climbing powers —though it seemed scarcely possible for it to reach the edge of that deep prison, where it now was—a heavy board was placed over it, and at the same time covering the others, and the entire family were then left "out in the cold," undisturbed for weeks. During a very hard frost by and by, curiosity prompted me to peep once more at my hibernating batrachians. The frogs and newts, as already stated, were—with the exception of the poor little *Molge vulgaris* that defied seasons—encased in solid ice, but *Bufo* was *non est*! When he had got out it is impossible to say. There had again been an interval of thaw; but that this persisting and persevering toad should have had strength to reach up and raise that heavy board sufficiently for his escape seemed absolutely incredible, but I am entirely convinced that he did this, and by his own exertions only, having witnessed his persevering struggles and achievements on several previous occasions, and that no other agent than himself accomplished that feat.

With the return of spring the little garden was again and again searched, and I had relinquished all hope of ever seeing my highly endowed *Bufo* again, when lo! one morning, April 10, 1888, there he was, sitting quietly meditating on the floor of the conservatory. Last summer he had discovered a little corner chink in the wall, and had used this as a private exit and entrance on various occasions, going and coming at his own pleasure. This gap he had evidently remembered, and had now made use of it to return to his old haunts.

CATHERINE C. HOPLEY.

THE WILES OF A MOTHER TEAL.—Lake Koshkonong, Wis., Oct. 14.—While we were going up to the slough after pike, late one afternoon in the early part of July, we saw a striking illustration of parental protection among our feathered friends. We were rowing leisurely along, when all of a sudden out of the weeds on the river bank fluttered a female bluewing teal. We stopped, supposing that the bird was hurt, for she acted as though her left wing was broken. She continued to flutter in this way until she reached the middle of the river, when she stopped, righted herself, and gave a peculiar call, which, to our surprise, was answered in a few seconds by eight young teal, who, while the mother had been manœuvering, had gained a distance of six or eight rods up the river. As soon as the call was answered, the old bird flew to them and hastened them along, talking to them as they swam, until they had gained a considerable distance further up. Then she swam across the stream with them, the young ones following in her wake. All this happened in a very short time and we were astonished at the skill and seeming reason which she displayed.—REX.

WADERS IN SANDUSKY BAY.—Cleveland, O., Oct. 13.—I had the opportunity yesterday of examining a number of wading birds shot by Mr. E. A. Brown, of Ashtabula, at Upper Sandusky Bay, Ohio. Among the lot I found a few so rarely met with in this locality that I thought the matter worth recording. Of the number most conspicuous was a pair, male and female, of the great marbled godwit (*Limosa fedoa*), eight red-breasted snipe (*Macrorhamphus griseus*) and four long-legged or stilt sandpipers (*Micropalama himantopus*). All of these birds were in perfect fall plumage. But few of this godwit have been met with on the south shore of Lake Erie. The first pair ever noted were shot here by the late Mr. A. Hayden, in 1837, and are now in the cabinet of the Kirtland Society of Natural Sciences. Of the red-breasted snipe, several have been noted in this locality within the last thirty years. Previous to this collection but one specimen of the sandpiper had been seen here. This was shot by Mr. R. K. Winslow, of this city, and is now in the above-mentioned rooms. —DR. E. STERLING.

"THE AUK" for October contains the following papers: "The Present Status of the Wild Pigeon (*Ectopistes migratorius*) as a Bird of the United States, with some Notes on its Habits," by William Brewster. "Some Account of the Birds of Southern Greenland, from the MSS. of A. Hagerup," edited by Montague Chamberlain. "Description of the Nest and Eggs of *Megascops asio maxwelliæ*, the Rocky Mountain Screech Owl," by Capt. Charles E. Bendire. "Notes on Birds Observed in the Vicinity of Englewood, N. J.," by Frank M. Chapman. "Notes on the Blue-Winged Warbler and its Allies (*Helminthophila pinus, H. leucobronchialis, H. lawrencei* and *H. chrysoptera*) in Connecticut," by Edwin H. Eames. "List of the Birds of Fulton County, Kentucky," by L. Otley Pindar. "A Second Specimen of Cory's Bittern (*Botaurus neoxenus*)," by W. E. D. Scott. "A Summary of Observations on the Birds of the Gulf Coast of Florida," by W. E. D. Scott.

ANOTHER BLACK FOX.—Winnipeg, Man., Oct. 12.—Feathered game, chickens and ducks, are reported plentiful in this Province, but extremely shy and hard to get at. Wm. Hine, Jr., one of Winnipeg's crack shots, was out yesterday after chickens. He saw plenty of birds, but they would not lie to the dog. Though he got no birds he bagged a fine black fox. "Blacky" was watching some pinnated grouse that were perched on a hay stack, and as he saw the team approaching he dropped into the grass and allowed Hine to come within close range. It is needless to say that the said fox was a male.—STANSTEAD.

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 220 pages, price $2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE GAME SEASON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

To-day opens the shooting season with us, and the prospects bid fair for fine sport. There is a greater supply of quail than ever before; one day last week there were twenty quail on Main street; they walked around as unconcerned as if they were in a stubble field; and a day later I saw one sitting on top of a dwelling house. The report comes from the Territory of an abundance of quail and chickens, which speaks well for our shooting, as we can take the train and run down to the prairie country in the morning and have four hours of shooting and be back at six in the evening. The report comes of several good bags to-day. John Tobien with his red Irish setter Lara brought in 24, John Fetherstun killed 18, Murdock 10 and Jones 15. Ye writer was compelled to stay at home, and could only wish for time to go out among the birds for half a day. But my time will come in the future.

To-day four of our market-hunters leave for Oklahoma, to spend the winter shooting and shipping game. Their absence will save more than two thousand quail to be shot at by the sportsmen of our town. You will hear from me later when I can take time to write. F.

SENECA, Mo., Oct. 15.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have found another skin hunter. A. G. Requa, of this place, has a steer skin mounted on a light wooden frame, which he and another man use for shooting geese. They get into it, button the leg-skins around their legs, and the imitation is so perfect that they are able to walk right into flocks of the poor unsuspecting birds. They are shooting for the market and have killed over 400 geese so far this season.

The birds are abundant here. I was out to Fresh-Water Lake, twelve miles north, one afternoon last week and the lake and surrounding wheatfields were literally white with Arctic geese. I presume we saw 10,000 of them during the afternoon. There were also a great many Hutchinson and Canada geese. I killed thirteen with a .32cal. rifle and could have been killing yet if I had been disposed to be piggish.

Prairie chickens were plentiful at the opening of the season, but most of them have been killed off. One local shooter killed forty-two in a day. Ducks are usually abundant in this region, but owing to the dry season, are scarce this fall. G. O. SHIELDS.

DEVIL'S LAKE, North Dakota, Oct. 13.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have recently made several trips along the south and west coasts of this island, and have made it a point to find out as much as possible about the game prospects. From what I saw and learned, there is an abundance of fine game in many portions of the island, and if properly protected will afford sportsmen good shooting.

The new deer law, if strictly enforced, will prevent many persons coming into the country from abroad and slaughtering large numbers. At present quite a number are shot in season and out by the natives, who think they have a right to shoot as many as they like—to eat. At a small hotel on the west coast last July and August venison was put on the table quite frequently, shot within a few miles of the town. Bay of St. George and Bay of Islands on the west coast are the best localities for caribou shooting; and the steamer Harlaw makes fortnightly trips from Halifax to points where the game abounds. A number of English gentlemen come each season via St. John's in the steamer Volunteer.

Black bears are quite numerous at St. George Bay and other points on the west coast. CHESTER.

PLACENTIA, Newfoundland, August, 1889.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I laid down FOREST AND STREAM last night with real regret at the close of the "Kingfishers," and only hope we may have Douglass Lake in due season. What is "Ahwahsoose" up to? I enjoyed his "Hunting Without a Gun" much, for it is about the only kind I can indulge in now. Nature has issued her "statute of limitations" for me, but I think if your Pennsylvania correspondent would send some of those squirrels here, I might get the old gun out yet. The gray squirrel seems to have ceased to be an important element in our fauna. My friend Paris's factotum, "Jem," shot a ruffed grouse on his lawn a week ago, and I have heard of two more in the village. Are they yielding to civilization? VON W.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Oct. 7.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Now that the trap season has closed the sportsmen are turning their attention to field shooting. The open season for quail in this State went into effect last Tuesday, and the future promises grand sport. Ducks, teal principally, are in good numbers, and several fair bags have been made. Mallards also have made their appearance, but very few have been bagged. Snipe are here and some excellent sport has been had on them the past week. The marshes are dry, and they are found about the edges of the lake, which makes the pursuit of them very laborious. UNSER FRITZ.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Oct. 15.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Wild goose shooting is at its best here now, and good bags of both Canada geese and wavies are in order for those who are experienced in this kind of shooting.

Canada geese, canvasback, redhead and bluebill ducks bred this season in Lake Manitoba, while the wavies raised their broods along the western shores of Hudson's Bay. The weather has come off warm and pleasant, which will keep the birds here, but make them wary and hard to approach. STANSTEAD.

STILLWATER, Manitoba, Oct. 14.

TO HUNT LIONS.—Messrs. R. P. Carroll and H. A. Carey, of this city, left on the City of Rome last week, bound for Zanzibar, where they will hunt lions and other large African game.

PATTERN AND PENETRATION TESTS.

THE COLT GUN.

WHEN the Colt guns of Messrs. Merrill and Moss were tried in our series of tests the report brought a prompt protest from the Colt armory in Hartford. "They have been out of the armory for several years. Have been manipulated in various ways, perhaps rebored, and may not now fairly represent our output. We would like to try a gun or two of our own directly from the factory." "All right," said FOREST AND STREAM, "send along man, gun and charges, under the invitation which is open to every gun maker the world over." A test was made of a pair of Colt guns on Oct. 2. They were beautiful to look at, and expert Alex. McMullen, who brought down and shot the arms, had a right to the pride he felt

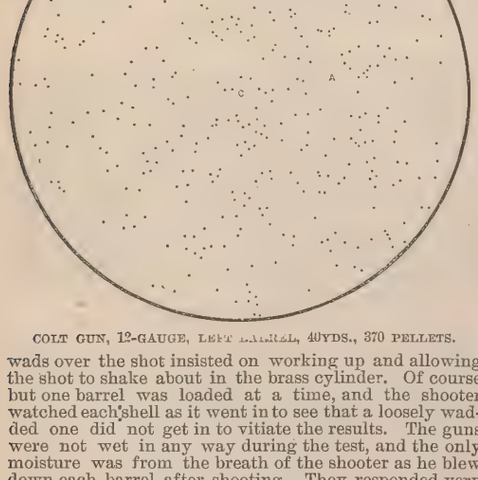


COLT GUN, 12-GAUGE, RIGHT BARREL, 40YDS., 405 PELLETS.

in handling them. The transparent finishing fluid used on the barrels brings out the steel and iron grain in the clearest possible fashion, and there is none of the dull browning generally found on barrels. This finish demands the nicest work from start to finish in making the barrels, as every blemish is brought out in a startling fashion. The smooth-working breech machinery was a pleasure to handle, while the bits of walnut used in the stock had the richest grain known to this fine finishing wood.

The day was fortunate for a test. There was a 2 o'clock wind, blowing a bit gustily at times, and freshening up as the 60yds. range was reached. Still, it was a good enough day to test any gun, and the two Colts, one a 12 and the other a 10-gauge, ran smoothly from start to finish.

The paper screens from the liberal way in which they were spattered with shot gave promise of a high percentage of pattern, but it remained to be seen what sort of charges were in the big brass shells which had come down with the guns. It was the first time that a brass shell had appeared on the range in connection with a test. They were not particularly handy or satisfactory. The



COLT GUN, 12-GAUGE, LEFT BARREL, 40YDS., 370 PELLETS.

wads over the shot insisted on working up and allowing the shot to shake about in the brass cylinder. Of course but one barrel was loaded at a time, and the shooter watched each shell as it went in to see that a loosely wadded one did not get in to vitiate the results. The guns were not wet in any way during the test, and the only moisture was from the breath of the shooter as he blew down each barrel after shooting. They responded very well and remained quite clean during the entire test.

When the three test charges were opened, the powder was found to be fairly even as to weight, though the greasy wads had formed a marked deposit of verdigris in the cartridge shell interiors. The shot charges, however, were very irregular, and the shot used was very far from being even or true. There were dumb-bell and pear-shaped shot by the dozen, and how the count and weight came out a glance at the record will show. In order to give the reader an idea of the entire performance of the guns we give the figures for each shot fired as follows:

COLT GUN, 12-GAUGE, 40YDS.

Right Barrel.				Left Barrel.			
Aimed Circle. Pellets.	Selected Circle. Pellets.	Between Center. Inches.	Penetration. Sheets.	Aimed Circle. Pellets.	Selected Circle. Pellets.	Between Center. Inches.	Penetration. Sheets.
401	405	4	14	231	339	7	11
314	316	6	14	281	295	6½	13
293	302	5½	13	338	370	6	13
334	336	8	16	221	266	5½	12
392	400	4	11	230	357	7	15
347	352	5½	14	260	325	6	13

COLT GUN, 10-GAUGE, 40YDS.

Right Barrel.				Left Barrel.			
Aimed Circle. Pellets.	Selected Circle. Pellets.	Between Center. Inches.	Penetration. Sheets.	Aimed Circle. Pellets.	Selected Circle. Pellets.	Between Center. Inches.	Penetration. Sheets.
218	232	5½	16	295	290	4	16
213	240	4½	13	364	370	2½	15
326	382	5½	15	273	317	5½	13
332	355	6½	14	360	342	5	17
323	372	7	16	326	325	4½	16
282	316	6	15	323	329	4	15

COLT GUN, 12-GAUGE, 60YDS.

50	66	5½	5	90	127	7	7
168	204	8	7	99	153	7	4
146	160	6½	6	130	159	7	8
64	93	8	..	83	121	6½	..
167	180	7½	8	134	178	7	..
119	141	7	6½	107	147	7	6

COLT GUN, 10-GAUGE, 60YDS.

124	126	4½	9	81	75	6½	8
50	49	4	7	140	149	8½	8
192	184	7	11	131	145	5½	6
158	177	4	7	190	190	6	5
75	95	8	7	122	155	6	6
120	126	5½	8	133	143	6½	7

In addition to the cartridges brought with the gun another set was tried. The latter were purchased from the stock in the store of Von Lengerke & Detmold, and



COLT GUN, 10-GAUGE, RIGHT BARREL, 40YDS., 382 PELLETS.

were made up by them. Taking first the 12-gauge charge they showed up as follows:

THE CHARGE.

Shell—U. M. C. Club.
Powder—Dead Shot, 3¼drs.
Shot—LeRoy, 1¼oz. No. 8 Chilled.

CARTRIDGE ANALYSIS—THREE CARTRIDGES.

Loading.		*Powder.*	*Shot.*	
Card over shot; black edge, pink edge and card over powder.	1....	97 grs.	482 grs.	428 pellets.
	2.....	96 grs.	478 grs.	409 pellets.
	3.....	97 grs.	486 grs.	417 pellets.
	Average	97 grs.	482 grs.	418 pellets.

COLT GUN, 10-GAUGE, 40YDS.

Right Barrel.				Left Barrel.			
Aimed Circle. Pellets.	Selected Circle. Pellets.	Between Center. Inches.	Penetration. Sheets.	Aimed Circle. Pellets.	Selected Circle. Pellets.	Between Center. Inches.	Penetration. Sheets.
306	310	3	20	252	268	4½	15
292	283	4½	15	289	279	7½	18
328	328	3½	15	254	254	4½	18
308	307	3½	16	265	267	5½	17

COLT GUN, 12-GAUGE, 60YDS.

95	140	7	8	155	160	3½	11
122	133	6	8	132	140	6	9
86	103	6	6	126	119	5½	6
101	125	6	7	137	139	5	8



COLT GUN, 10-GAUGE, LEFT BARREL, 40YDS., 370 PELLETS.

The record of the 10-gauge gun with the paper shells was another good test of the gun, and stood as follows:

THE CHARGE.

Shell—U. M. C. Club.
Powder—Dead Shot, 4½drs.
Shot—Tatham 1¼oz., No. 6 Chilled.

CARTRIDGE ANALYSIS—THREE CARTRIDGES.

Loading.		*Powder.*	*Shot.*	
Card over shot; two B. E.; one P. E. and card over powder.	1.....	122 grs.	598 grs.	541 pellets.
	2.....	119 grs.	600 grs.	541 pellets.
	3.....	120 grs.	605 grs.	546 pellets.
	Average	119 grs.	601 grs.	542 pellets.

COLT GUN, 10-GAUGE, 40YDS.

Right Barrel.				Left Barrel.			
Aimed Circle. Pellets.	Selected Circle. Pellets.	Between Center. Inches.	Penetration. Sheets.	Aimed Circle. Pellets.	Selected Circle. Pellets.	Between Center. Inches.	Penetration. Sheets.
344	349	4	19	348	348	4½	16
346	358	7	13	343	343	6	..
293	396	7	17	342	326	8	16
327	367	6	16	344	339	6	16

COLT GUN, 10-GAUGE, 60YDS.

176	175	7	7	167	198	5½	6
158	176	8	8	158	200	8½	9
108	165	8½	6	117	175	8	7
147	172	7½	7	147	191	7	7

It will be noted as a peculiarity of the gun, at least in comparison with many others tested, that in many cases the aimed circle is the best for that shot; often a shifting of the striking center to secure a better pattern only led to a falling off in the record. This makes our column of inches between center rather misleading, unless this fact is kept in mind. With this brief story of the day we learn the formal record of the two guns:

CLAREMONT, N. J., Oct. 2, 1889.

TEST MADE AT FOREST AND STREAM GUN-TESTING SCREEN.

Gun—Colt Hammerless. Cost, $—. No. of gun, 4,... Weight, 9lbs. Length of barrels, 30in. Gauge, 10. Ri... barrel, full choke. Left barrel, full choke.
Weather—Clear. Direction of wind, 2 o'clock. Force of wind, 8 miles per hour. Thermometer, dry, 59°. Do., wet, 53°. Humidity, 67°. Barometer, 30.1in.
Charge, as given by holder of gun:

BOTH BARRELS.

Shell—U. M. C. Brass.
Powder, Brand—No. 4 Ducking.
Powder, Quantity—3¼drs.
Shot—*Make*—Tatham's. *Quantity*—1¼oz. *Size*—No. 8 Chilled.

CARTRIDGE ANALYSIS.

Three Cartridges Taken at Random.

BOTH BARRELS.

Loading.		*Powder.*	*Shot.*	
P. E. wad over shot; two P. E. wads and card over powder.	1...	101 grs.	603 grs.	561 pellets.
	2...	97 grs.	597 grs.	560 pellets.
	3...	98 grs.	575 grs.	542 pellets.
	Average	99 grs.	591 grs.	554 pellets.

TEST AT 40 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

RIGHT BARREL. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*	LEFT BARREL. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets*
1. 218 pellets.	16 sheets.	1. 295 pellets.	16 sheets.
2. 213 pellets.	13 sheets.	2. 364 pellets.	15 sheets.
3. 326 pellets.	15 sheets.	3. 273 pellets.	13 sheets.
4. 332 pellets.	14 sheets.	4. 360 pellets.	17 sheets.
5. 323 pellets.	16 sheets.	5. 326 pellets.	16 sheets.
Av. 282 pellets.	15 sheets.	Av. 323 pellets.	15 sheets.

Three shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.	LEFT BARREL.
1..... 382 pellets.	1..... 370 pellets.
2..... 355 pellets.	2..... 342 pellets.
3..... 372 pellets.	3..... 325 pellets.
Average 368 pellets.	Average 345 pellets.

TEST AT 60 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30 inch Circle.

RIGHT BARREL. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*	LEFT BARREL. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*
1. 124 pellets.	9 sheets.	1. 81 pellets.	8 sheets.
2. 50 pellets.	7 sheets.	2. 140 pellets.	8 sheets,
3. 192 pellets.	11 sheets.	3. 131 pellets.	6 sheets.
4. 158 pellets.	7 sheets.	4. 190 pellets.	5 sheets.
5. 75 pellets.	7 sheets.	5. 122 pellets.	6 sheets.
Av. 120 pellets.	8 sheets.	Av. 133 pellets.	7 sheets.

Three shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.	LEFT BARREL.
1..... 126 pellets.	1..... 149 pellets.
2..... 184 pellets.	2..... 190 pellets.
3..... 177 pellets.	3..... 155 pellets.
Average 159 pellets.	Average 165 pellets.

CLAREMONT, N. J., Oct. 2, 1889.

TEST MADE AT FOREST AND STREAM GUN-TESTING SCREEN.

Gun—Colt Hammerless. Cost, $—. No. of gun, 4,283. Weight, 8 7-16lbs. Length of barrels, 30in. Gauge, 12. Right barrel, full choke. Left barrel, full choke.
Weather—Clear. Direction of wind, 2 o'clock. Force of wind, 8 miles per hour. Thermometer, dry, 59°. Do., wet, 53°. Humidity, 67°. Barometer, 30.1in.
Charge, as given by holder of gun:

BOTH BARRELS.

Shell—U. M. C. Brass.
Powder, Brand—Ducking No. 4.
Powder, Quantity—3¼drs.
Shot—*Make*—Tatham's. *Quantity*—1¼oz. *Size*—No. 8 Chilled.

CARTRIDGE ANALYSIS.

Three Cartridges Taken at Random.

BOTH BARRELS.

Loading.		*Powder.*	*Shot.*	
P. E. wad over shot; two P. E. wads and card over powder.	1...	80 grs.	621 grs.	581 pellets.
	2...	82 grs.	612 grs.	573 pellets.
	3...	81 grs.	585 grs.	554 pellets.
	Average	81 grs.	606 grs.	569 pellets.

TEST AT 40 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

RIGHT BARREL. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*	LEFT BARREL. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*
1. 401 pellets.	14 sheets.	1. 231 pellets.	11 sheets.
2. 314 pellets.	14 sheets.	2. 281 pellets.	13 sheets.
3. 293 pellets.	13 sheets.	3. 338 pellets.	13 sheets.
4. 334 pellets.	16 sheets.	4. 221 pellets.	12 sheets.
5. 392 pellets.	11 sheets.	5. 230 pellets.	15 sheets.
Av. 347 pellets.	14 sheets.	Av. 260 pellets.	13 sheets.

Three shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.	LEFT BARREL.
1..... 405 pellets.	1..... 339 pellets.
2..... 336 pellets.	2..... 370 pellets.
3..... 400 pellets.	3..... 357 pellets.
Average 380 pellets.	Average 355 pellets.

TEST AT 60 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

	RIGHT BARREL.		LEFT BARREL.	
	Pattern.	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*	*Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*
1.	50 pellets.	5 sheets.	1. 90 pellets.	7 sheets.
2.	168 pellets.	7 sheets.	2. 99 pellets.	4 sheets.
3.	146 pellets.	6 sheets.	3. 130 pellets.	8 sheets.
4.	64 pellets.	.. sheets.	4. 83 pellets.	.. sheets.
5.	107 pellets.	8 sheets.	5. 134 pellets.	.. sheets.
Av.	119 pellets.	6½ sheets.	Av. 107 pellets.	6 sheets.

Three shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.	LEFT BARREL.
1..... 204 pellets.	1..... 153 pellets.
2..... 160 pellets.	2..... 159 pellets.
3..... 180 pellets.	3..... 178 pellets.
Average 181 pellets.	Average 163 pellets.

NEW ENGLAND GROUSE.

THE October shooting is upon us, and best of all, the chances are good. Ruffed grouse are fairly plenty in Massachusetts, and some good bags have already been made, since the leaves began to fall, so as to make the brush shooting more practicable, especially as the birds are wilder than usual and take to wing at the first alarm. Every gunner has a dog; in fact, such an animal is indispensable to success in grouse shooting in this State. The gunners say that the birds lie fairly well to the dog, but they are remarkably shy when the gunner enters the woods alone. Boston sportsmen have been up into New Hampshire and they have brought back some fairly good bags. Partridges are scarce near the settlements in some sections, but in the old woods—the dense forests—they are unusually plenty. Bags are made of twenty a day by some of the market-gunners. I am sorry to say that there are still market-gunners, in spite of the game laws of any State, and that the birds are coming into the Boston market in greater abundance than last year. They are sent in to the commission dealers by the grocerymen of the towns. They come in all sorts of ways. If the game laws of the State prohibit their shipment, they are smuggled over the line in some way, and once they get into Massachusetts they are forwarded without restraint. The number of birds killed in Massachusetts, near the line, is a wonder. There are ten partridges killed on the Massachusetts side of the line where there is one killed in either Maine or New Hampshire.

In Maine grouse are plenty, as a whole, though nearer the settlements in some parts of the State they are very scarce, as early stated in the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM. But even in these sections the birds are more plenty than at first supposed, for the extreme density of the foliage up to very late in summer and the early autumn afforded such a shelter for them that they were not seen in such numbers as has been the case since. But it is in the far distant woods that the partridges are unusually plenty. Their tameness is also almost painful, and something to make the heart of anything but the pot-hunter relent—no, the market-hunter must not be forgotten. But this tameness of the ruffed grouse in the old woods of Maine is something unusual this fall. The birds do not seem to fear man. To shoot them on the ground is as easy as it would be to make game of the farmer's poultry, and equally as sportsmanlike. Some of the shooters are using rifles of small caliber and aiming at their heads. One Boston gunner claims to have taken five in one morning in this way as he followed up the old lumber road in Kingfield, in Franklin county. A party of gunners report that they shot twenty birds from a wagon as they drove through a wooded section only a few miles from Calais. In that section the shooting is reported to be especially fine. On the Penobscot, in the back towns and beyond the settlements, the partridge shooting is especially good. The birds killed by the gunners are coming into Bangor and the towns above in unusual numbers. The favorite method is for the gunner to follow up some old lumber or tote road as far as he can and get back the same day, and if the weather is suitable he is sure of some shooting. Shooting from wagons and teams is also a favorite method of gunning—more popular than ever this fall. A horse is selected that is not "gun shy," and he is driven up the mountain roads and roads through the woods that are little traveled, with results often very satisfactory to the gunner; for he is able to do a good deal of his shooting from the wagon, and without the trouble of alighting. Even the teamsters and the farmers have "caught on" to this sport, and they all carry their guns. The afternoon of a still, bright day is the best. Then the grouse come out of the thick woods into the roads to feed and to burrow in the sand. They are not very coy of a team till they have been a good many times shot at from a wagon; then they begin to fear what ordinarily they would allow to come very near them, and it is an easy matter for them to skulk away so quietly that the gunner is none the wiser for their presence.

It is a curious fact that these dense woods birds will not lie to the dog well at all, and it is explainable only on the theory that wild animals are the birds' most dreaded enemy. They quickly take to the trees at the first approach of a dog. A fact came under my own observation the other day that has since given me food for thought. We were partridge hunting some six or seven miles in the wood under the side of old Aziscohos, which towers above Richardson Lake on one side and the Magaallway Upper Settlement on the other side. We had followed up an old lumber trail a long distance, with fair success in shooting, when all at once we noted that every partridge quickly took wing and into the dense woods so suddenly that even a wing shot was almost impossible. Suddenly I had a glimpse of a dark animal some twenty rods ahead. It skulked around a stump and up the fallen trunk of the tree which had grown on the stump. None of us had more than a glimpse of the creature, but almost instantly several partridges took wing from the brush directly before where the creature was creeping. These we followed up and shot. They had each taken to high trees, where they did not seem to have any fear of us. The guide saw the animal plainer than any one of us, and he unhesitatingly pronounced it a fisher, or as the hunters of their region term it, "a fisher cat," the real name of which is the pekan, or the *Mustela canadensis*. In hunting for the partridges which had been put to flight by the fisher we noted several bunches of feathers, evidences of previous feasts of the animal. It was plain that the fisher was creeping upon the birds, with his body as far concealed by the brush and treetops, fallen by the lumbermen, as possible. The guide told us that formerly these animals were very plenty, and that it was useless to look for partridges in the old woods at that time. The birds come to be very shy of any animal on the ground, and hence they will not lie to the dog, as will the birds near the settlements where the fisher is unknown.

Oct. 21.—The recent beautiful October days have been welcomed by the sportsman with dog and gun, and the results are very satisfactory in many instances. Partridge shooting continues good, especially so in the remote districts of the New England States. But in Maine the trees begin to be nearly stripped of their unusually heavy burden of leaves, and the birds are more wary and difficult of approach. Perhaps this is well, for if the terrible slaughter of the earlier fall had continued, the results must have been disastrous to the stocks of birds that should be left to breed. Deer shooting is good in Maine, but it promises to be better as soon as the falling of the leaves is entirely over. SPECIAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 10.—Last week I said something about the Rising Sun Game Park Association, giving what I could learn from the literature submitted and from the correspondence with the projector, Mr. Hicks. It seemed probable, however, that there was something in the matter worth investigating, and accordingly on last Thursday went out to Ashton, which is only eighty miles from this city, to make such personal inquiry as would compass all the facts. The result of this inquiry I think worthy of notice.

I found Mr. Hicks a very pleasant and affable man, hardly showing the full tale of his more than sixty years. It required but a little additional time to learn that he was a man with a hobby, and a hobby that permitted him no rest. He poured forth copious information about the advantages of his country, and showed abundant reasons why his proposed game park should be a money-making project as well as a boon to sportsmen. It seemed to him easy to stock a portion of said park with buffalo, and he dazzled me with figures showing the immense profit in buffalo-raising, treating very lightly my modest reminder of the difficulty of first obtaining his buffalo, and assuming—what I don't personally for a minute believe—that he knew more about where to find buffalo and how to catch them than I did. He thought also that deer and antelope could be raised in great numbers in the park. Undoubtedly they could be if plenty of money were expended upon the attempt, but it would be a double-decade before land enough and deer enough could be obtained to make hunting such game in the inclosure a possibility for any right-minded sportsmen. He thought wild turkeys could be bred in numbers. This is probably true, but unless the adjoining four or five miles of groves and timberland could be secured the turkeys would be apt to wander off and be killed elsewhere. He thought that the draining ditches of the former great adjacent marsh could be dammed and the old marsh restored, with its former wealth of wildfowl. This is probably true, for this was once a wonderful marsh for ducks, geese, snipe, and even last spring, when the drained marsh was wet with heavy rains, there were thousands of wildfowl, and the snipe shooting was fine, 100 and 200 a day being made by market-shooters. Before the drains could be dammed, however, it would be necessary to buy or lease on long term a large acreage in the marsh, and this is not yet done. Mr. Hicks thought also that trout could be raised in the streams or ponds made by the cold springs of the bottom lands. I do not believe this practicable, for if the marsh were dammed the chief springs would be either overflowed or left with a very short stream of water between them and the shallow marsh. If a large pond was formed, doubtless the large-mouthed bass, native to all this country, would do well in it. Large pickerel were formerly taken on the marsh before the ditches were cut through. Mr. Hicks thought that quail could be again made plentiful in all this region, and beyond doubt this could be done with careful winter care. The quail is native to the region, and was once extremely abundant there. It has been mainly hard winter weather that killed off the quail. They can't stand the deep snows. There are only a few left in the locality, but no bird thrives better when "planted" in large numbers. It was Mr. Hicks's opinion further that prairie chickens could be made as abundant as would be liked. This is also doubtless true, for no country in all this State is naturally so good a chicken ground. The great marsh and its adjacent grain fields have always drawn the birds together here in large numbers, and even to-day, under the close law of three years, they have increased and show an abundance which is a positive delight to any lover of this grand bird, whose swift destruction in this State has been a disgrace to civilization.

In America all things are possible, and I certainly should not wish to be asked to set a limit for an enterprise of this kind if properly backed by money and energy. Certainly, too, FOREST AND STREAM would wish the boundaries of any such project placed as wide as possible, for it is all in the way of praiseworthy purpose in game protection. Suppose, however, we leave at one side the possibilities of this project and consider only the easy probabilities. It is beyond question true that the tract of land in view could be made a grand preserve for upland shooting. I do not know of any body of land so desirably located of which this is in any measure so true. Here the food is naturally abundant, and the past has shown that the upland birds naturally breed there in great numbers. The chickens come in on this ground in the late fall from all the country about, to a distance of probably fifty miles, and in the spring they have every requisite for a safe and roomy breeding ground. Ducks also once bred there in the marsh and snipe could be made to swarm there if the marsh were restored. I asked Mr. Hicks how much land he had secured by way of leased shooting privileges, and he said the amount was now about 20,000 acres, and that other land owners were willing to lease shooting privileges for little or nothing. The farmers are anxious to stop the depredations of the town market-hunters, which they realize to peril the existence of the last of the native game birds. Doubtless a very large body of land could thus be easily secured in the heart of what is now the best of the Illinois chicken country, and about as good as any chicken country further west, so far as reports for this year seem to go. Should a stock company be formed, as Mr. Hicks wishes, there are about 700 acres of farming land and a very good commodious stone farmhouse ready to be turned in as joint property, and as the capital grew it might be applied to the purchase and lease of other land. The question confronting the company would then be one of raising a revenue from the land sufficient to justify the purchase of expensive farming land for a game park. Mr. Hicks thinks that the revenue of the land devoted to farming and grazing would pay a premium on the investment. I can not see how it would pay a company any more than it does the present individual farmers, but it is very certain that the farming of the preserved lands would not in the least interfere with the raising of the game. Of course, any such scheme as stocking the company for $6,000,000, or even $1,000,000, makes the matter indubitably and purely visionary so far as sporting purposes are concerned. There must be a limited membership, or no one would care to go into an association of the sort. For instance, chicken shooting lasts but about 60 days of the year. Suppose there were even 200 members, and suppose one half of them were on hand. What ground could stand for any time the ravages of so many guns, even at a limit of say 10 birds to the bag? Upon the other hand, the holder of 100 shares ought not to have a single shooting privilege not accorded to the holder of a single share. No man would care to belong to a handicap hunting society, and that feature certainly must be cut off. It seems to me that the questions resolve themselves into the query whether a limited number of wealthy men can be found whose resources permit them to use farming land for shooting purposes, and who can afford to risk the mischance of the farming revenue paying them out on their investment. If such a body of men can be found, there never was so good a chance to found a grand American preserve for upland shooting; and if this hope is not outside the interest and the accomplishment of our wealthy sportsmen, how grand it would be to see this enterprise go on, and to see these noble native birds preserved that other generations may see them, here on what is so preëminently their native home!

Doubtless many would prefer to know exactly what amount of game there is now on this tract in question. To learn of this accurately I started out on the morning after my arrival in company with Mr. Hicks's son Wisner, not in the least sad to think that I was to have a day of October chicken shooting, which always seemed to me to be as elegant and gentlemanly a sport as any within the possibility of the shooter. This transpired after a night of bliss in a big feather bed, with what my old cowboy friends would call "goose-h'ar pillers," and after a breakfast which good Mrs. Hicks may be sure would touch a tender chord in the most callous newspaper bosom. We had along old Mack, a liver-colored pointer who would have scored minus nothing in a bench show, but whom I loved at first sight as one of the old-time race of what we used to call just plain "chicken dogs." Mack's legs had both been broken by a wagon, and they were crooked and lumpy and a little wabbly. His head was gray, his muzzle white and scarred, and his teeth worn down with age and many hunts for mice among the board piles. It seemed a question whether the old fellow could stand a long tramp, but he showed he loved a gun and was bound to go; so off he wabbled, in stiff-jointed trot or solemn, slow and wheezy gallop. Poor old Mack! He is a type of chicken dogs and chicken days gone by.

"I usually find a bunch of birds on the stubble just below the barn," said Wisner Hicks; and thither we turned. We did not find the covey, but not a quarter of a mile from the house flushed a big old cock that went rocking and cackling off in spite of Wisner's long shot at him. Then we turned west, crossed into some clover stubble and then entered a timothy stubble. Here the old dog made game, and won my heart entirely by the way he handled the trail. He was eager but careful, and in a moment he came down on a point which many of our high flyers might well copy. It had been years since I had shot a chicken, and my heart came into my mouth as we stepped quickly up, knowing the birds would jump wild. Then there came the same old bouncing whirr, and the same old flash of gray and brown, and mechanically I pulled down on what seemed to be the same old chicken I missed when I was a boy. The 12-gauge was too good this time, however. The little puff of feathers flew out, forty yards away, and down crashed Br'er Chicken. Up, too, went another bird right in front of me, and fell in a heap before it had started.

"Two down!" I sang out. "Three down!" cried Wisner.

"What? Did you shoot?" said I. And so he had, killing a bird to the right as I shot my first on the left, and firing also into the straightaway just killed.

We picked up two of our birds, and then hurried on to the old dog, who had again pointed. A corking old bird got up wild and teetering off, first one wing up and then the other, as a strong chicken often will in October. I held on this bird carefully, and was again surprised to hear Wisner say he had also fired at it. We got it, just the same, and in the same way got another that jumped close in. We had now started five birds, doubled on three of them, and bagged them all—for old Mack found my first bird when we turned back. We felt pretty good, and I began to think this wasn't such a bad world to live in, after all.

We passed over corn and stubble until nearly noon—we did not start out till 10 o'clock—but saw no more chickens. Wisner killed a snipe out of five that we started in the bottom lands, on a wet spot near a spring. After dinner we went east, and within a mile from the house Wisner jumped two or three chickens and got one. A half hour later I jumped two and missed the same bird with both barrels most ludicrously at ten or fifteen yards. Then I jumped another at long range and knocked it down all right, as I also did a third bird which I was nearly upon before it sprang. There was another went up with it, but this flew toward Wisner and I dared not shoot. He missed this at a long shot, and also another

in the corn. We both missed a big cock on stubble, and I missed a second which rose wild on another stubble field. At the report of this shot a great covey rose and went off wild. Wisner scratched down one with No. 4 shot. We now began to see a great many birds flying down from the hills into the bottoms to roost. We got two more, the last falling to my gun just at dusk. Our bag for the day was eleven chickens, all well earned, and a magnificent lot of game birds, plump, strong and well matured. We had had genuine sport in getting there, and sport very different from August shooting at squabs. During the day we covered five or six miles of territory, and saw probably 150 chickens, mostly in large bands near evening. The birds seemed scattered pretty much all over the country.

HUDSON RIVER WILD RICE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I send you herewith samples of wild rice such as is quite common in the Hudson River in this vicinity, and it certainly is the same plant as that known as wild rice in Canada and the West. If not wild rice, it is so good a substitute for it that I would advise our Saugerties friend not to expend much money or trouble to get the real article. It is next to impossible so late in the season to get specimens showing the staminate flowers, although you will find some in this lot. If you will take the trouble to hull a few of the matured seeds you will find them to be wild rice without a question. This plant appears to have been first noticed here about fifteen years ago, and has been known as rice weed, wild oats, duck grass, etc. Hoping the specimens sent will help to solve the rice question, I am, M. SCHENCK.

ALBANY, N. Y.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I really think that it is largely a question of locality which makes an apparent difference in the seeds. Our plant has seeds which are many times smaller than those which you sent me as coming from Rice Lake, Ontario. I have seen larger seeds on the Delaware and Schuylkill, and at Elkton and North East at the head of Chesapeake Bay, than we have, but I do not remember to have seen anywhere such large seeds as those you sent me. I am convinced that our wild oats are the same as the wild rice of Ontario, or very closely resembling it, but think it would be of enough interest to gunners to forward to you specimens from widely separated localities of what they they take to be wild oats, wild rice or teal grass, in different stages of their growth. If they are practically the same, it might be of interest to note the slight difference of size of seed, stalk, leaves, etc., due to climate, soil and water. The authority you cite speaks of it as Indian rice, wild rice or water oats. As a matter of curiosity I would like to know which it most closely resembles, oats or rice. FRANK PIDGEON.

SAUGERTIES, N. Y.

The specimens sent by our Albany correspondent leave no room for doubt that the plant in question is the wild rice. Mr. Pidgeon's suggestion that a comparison of the rice seeds grown in different localities would no doubt lead to an interesting comparison. Much activity is manifested in the line of renewing the wild rice supply in various quarters and in introducing the seductive wild-fowl bait where it has not been planted by nature. Under date of Oct. 7 Mr. Charles Gilchrist, of Port Hope, Ont., wrote us, "I have sold all my rice, so you will please stop my advertisement. I have had a good many letters from Canada and from twenty-two States, saying, 'I saw your advt. in FOREST AND STREAM of wild rice.'" We would be glad to have reports from those who have planted the rice with or without success in past years.

TAXING THE GUN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have carefully read your editorial in the last issue of your paper, Oct. 10, on taxing the gun, and would like to express my views on the subject. There is much interest here on this subject. Your plan to restrict the number of birds killed by each individual will no doubt work to advantage in any locality where game is abundant enough to tempt the market-hunter. But here in southern New England, where the game has been depleted to such an extent that it does not pay to buy powder to kill them with, such a plan is useless. I do not agree with you that this question "can safely be put to sleep, etc." The birds are not all gone here yet, and we want to keep them, not for ourselves alone, but for our children after us. Here with us the birds are mostly in the thick covers, and are beyond the market or pot-shot.

It is the snare that we want protection from. In every market in the city can be found the evidence of its use on the birds exposed for sale. The authorities in power take up very slowly the protection of game. The first reason given for this hesitancy is, there is no money revenue from this quarter that can be expended in its protection. I believe the game to be the property of the people as a whole. As we stand to-day a few men get all the benefit. Why not take out a license on the gun? Say $2. Put a part of this money toward the payment of salaries for smart, active game wardens, part to pay the farmer for damage done him, and part to help restock our nearly depleted covers. The revenue from dog licenses is used after this plan. In nearly every other country a man must have a license to carry a gun, why not here? The principle is right. "In payment for value received." A few well paid men as game wardens would do wonders here, and every sportsman would do all in his power to aid them. Then the license would do away with the two worst of nuisances that we have to contend with, first, the foreign element nuisance. These loafers and trespassers who make their gun an excuse for all manner of deviltry, who plague the unprotected countryman nearly out of his senses, shooting around his house Sundays, killing pet squirrels and pigeons, robbing his orchards and making a man jeopardzie his life if he desires a day in the fields or woods. If you remonstrate with him he smiles and pretends that the use of the English language is beyond him. I think he would go less if he paid for it, and it would be much easier to catch him when he made trouble.

Then there is the "small boy and his rifle" nuisance. Would it not do away with him? I think it would. How many fathers (to-day) would be willing to pay a tax, and be responsible for the damage done? Very few. The small boy can be seen every day out in the fields and on the edge of the woods, shooting at every robin or bluebird that he can find, regardless of the fact that a barn or henhouse, perhaps a human being, may be on the other side of the bush he is shooting into. I have barely escaped the small boy myself several times. How many of the startling headings in the newspapers (like "Mysterious Disappearance," "A Skeleton Found," "Shot Dead," etc.) can be laid at his door? Why should a minor be allowed to use or buy a rifle, any sooner than rum or tobacco? Is it less dangerous? No! It is much more so. If the gun is taxed, then this nuisance will be stopped. With rum and tobacco a boy has examples of their careless use, held up before him, and if he disregards the same he hurts only himself. With the rifle it is different. He does damage he knows not of. A rifle carries too far to be handled by a careless boy. And who ever saw a careful one? Life is too precious to be risked through the carelessness of others. My own father never allowed me to have a rifle. He often said, "It may kill a man 200yds. off although you are shooting at a bird not fifteen." There is no game large enough to use a rifle on in this section of the country to-day, and no excuse for carrying the same into the woods.

I am in favor of taxing the gun. It will rob no one, but will equalize the sport more. I do not forget that I was a boy once myself, or that if I have a boy he will have a gun. But it won't be a rifle, nor will he be allowed out in the woods before he is ten years old, with the handling of a death-dealing weapon which full-grown men handle none too carefully. I may stand on untenable ground, but I give my convictions for what they are worth, and stand ready and open to conviction to contrary if wrong. I fail to see any reason why Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut should not levy a tax of $2 on every gun, forbid the use of the same by boys under fifteen years of age, demand the carrying of a license into the field, have a warden (with full power to search, arrest, etc.) in each county at least, and put out a small sum each year to restock, after the same plan that they are using with the fish. Our laws here (although not by any means beyond improvement) would answer well enough, only as they now stand with no one to enforce them they are useless. What good does the law on trespass do a man in the country? He is perhaps five miles from a sheriff, and when a half dozen young rowdies with dogs and guns come out and tramp through his garden, shoot his pigeons, and insult his wife and daughters, is it any wonder that he hates the sportsman? The only real sportsman he sees he does not recognize as such. To him the sportsman and rowdy are one. I do not believe we will ever see game protection until we have a revenue from taxation of guns to protect them with. However, as I said once before, I am open to reason, and if such can be said to the contrary, let us have it by all means. COHANNET.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your position on the game preservation question is weak, as no provision is made for enforcing the laws.

A hunting license of $5 or $10 is best, as it will furnish the means to pay game wardens. A limit might also be placed on the amount to be bagged in one day, in addition to this, but it is doubtful whether it could be enforced.

I advocated the license system years ago, and such a system would not injure the gunmaker's business or burden the trap-shooter.

I have often been amazed that your great influence was not used to stop the spring slaughter of migratory birds; a question that is vitally important to nearly all of your readers, and yet be so interested in game preservation in the National Park, considering that not one in a thousand of your subscribers can ever visit it in quest of game. Impress on the minds of the sportsmen that "the end of the ducks means the end of all free shooting." REMO.

CHICAGO.

ILLINOIS QUAIL AND PRAIRIE CHICKENS.—On the Ohio and Mississippi Railway I noticed several coveys of quail in cornfields in southern Illinois as we flew along; but conductor Charles Bishop assured me that he counted 37 coveys from the baggage car, during the run between Vincennes, Ind., and Milan. This was after a rain and the birds were near the track. He says the flocks were large and that quail are more plentiful than he has ever seen them before; they are located in the corn and stubble and, indeed, in almost any kind of cover. The mild weather of last winter, Mr. Bishop thinks, will account for their abundance. It is a very common occurrence to find quail on the track after heavy rains. Many of the St. Louis sportsmen go to Carlisle, Ill. for prairie chickens and quail; this point and the country east for a distance of 10 miles furnish ample returns. Prairie chickens are greatly diminished in numbers at the present time, but quail are sufficiently numerous to satisfy the most exacting.—T. H. B.

AGGRAVATING.—A North Woods correspondent, commenting on a big deer slaughter by a hounding party in his district, feelingly remarks: "You can readily imagine that it must be at least aggravating to me to do without venison all summer and try to protect the deer, only to see those deer massacred in the fall. There are doubtless some sportsmen that like to hunt in this way; and if there were only such it might do. But most that hunt here with hounds are a low set who have no idea of game protection and who will kill all the deer they can and in any way they can."

CALIFORNIA QUAIL.—In San Francisco the gunners were preparing for mountain quail shooting. During the dry season it is difficult to find this bird because it ceases to be gregarious; but now that the first rain has fallen excursions out the narrow gauge road to San Rafael for a distance of 40 or 50 miles will begin at once. The birds are to be seen in coveys anywhere after that distance from the city.—T. H. B.

TIONESTA, Pa., Oct. 5.—Since the season opened it has been discovered that pheasants are unusually scarce. The continuous wet weather of May and June last is supposed to have been too much for the young broods just hatched; at least this seems to be the only cause assignable for the scarcity.

"SILENTLY COCKING THE GUN."—How many scores of times you read this in these pages. How silently cocking the gun he did so and so. Now it struck me that a word to the uninitiated might be appropriate, knowing how many shots have been lost through the click, click, or cling of a good pair of locks. It can be done and many a head of game bagged by knowing how. It is in this way: Simply hold back the trigger with the forefinger while you raise the hammer with your thumb. Now a word of caution is necessary. First, let go the trigger and then the hammer, and be sure and practice well with an unloaded gun, and be very careful with an old one with worn locks, or a premature discharge will be the result.—COLLECTOR.

THE ACCIDENT RECORD.—Sedalia, Mo., Oct. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A grand idea you have in publishing cases of accident caused by carelessness in handling of firearms; your readers should be benefited by it. An editor in Fayette, Mo., was out gunning for quail about three weeks ago with a friend. The birds were found by the friend and flushed. Instead of bagging his unlawful game the editor stopped the charges from both barrels with his face, neck and breast. He is not expected to live. This was two weeks before the open season begins.—L. S. E.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

283.

ONE morning in the month of March I arose about 4 o'clock and started for the lake, distant about four miles as the crow flies. I had been suffering with the buck fever for several days, and I was bound to get relief. When I arrived at the lower end of the lake, it was just light enough to see pretty distinctly two or three hundred yards up the shore. Looking over the tops of the flags which border the lake at the south end I discovered some black objects moving up and down along the east shore about 150yds. away. My first thought was that they were mudhens, but just then I saw a flash or two of white, and I made up my mind that they must be bluebills. I did not stop to look long, but began to devise plans for their immediate destruction. The only feasible plan seemed to be to get down and crawl on hands and knees, keeping low behind the rushes which fringed the east shore. I had done some crawling for ducks in my time; but I observed that I had seen a great deal better ground to crawl over than this was, as every few rods I would strike a small patch of half-frozen overflow about an inch or two deep. But this was nothing, considering the fun I would have when I showed the boys my bag of ducks at night. So I smiled app ovingly to myself and mentally calculated how I would get such a thundering string of ducks home. After a tedious meandering and groveling over wet sand and other equally agreeable substances, I brought up behind a large clump of rushes just opposite the place where I had located my bluebills. I could catch occasional glimpses of them through the weeds, as they bobbed serenely over the light waves; and knew they had not taken any notice of my presence. Drawing in a full breath I slowly poked the muzzle of the gun around the clump of rushes, and following with my eye, drew bead on the thickest of a bunch of about 25—wooden decoys, painted black and white, which some lazy vagabond had left out over night to fool the guileless and unsuspecting "town feller." My sportsman friend, were you ever there? If not, my word for it, you have missed something. My first thought was to look around to see if any one had observed the occurrence, inwardly resolved to give the fellow a dollar to keep his mouth shut until I got away, but finding I was alone in my glory I sadly dropped down on a wet log, to meditate upon the extreme probability of an early visit of the fool killer to our neighborhood. C.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE PLEASURES OF FLY-FISHING.

OFTEN the mind turns longingly to the wooded streams, creeks and runs of dear old Michigan, the lower peninsula leaves an impress on the angler's mind that age does not dim nor time efface.

A few miles back from Traverse City, beside a rapid winding stream, stood one log cabin and a frame shanty bearing this inscription, "Hotel." The stream at this time was famous for its trout, and the trout for their gaminess and coloration. These two shanties composed a city of the future, its streets as yet the woody labyrinths of grand old forest trees, as yet unshorn by the pioneer of civilization. We pulled a rowboat twelve miles to get to this stream. Once in the mouth the oars were dropped and the pushing pole taken up. The stream is narrow, swift and tortuous, along its bottom could be seen stumps, old trees and roots, and at intervals could be seen fishlike forms. The surroundings were trouty, the only question came up, are they big ones?

Let us push on up stream as far as the rapids, we can try for these fellows as we drift down. A sharp push and tug for an hour and we cover the mile, then rest at the foot of the rapids with the boat tied to the arm of a fallen tree, but we are warm and feel the mosquito buzzing at us. The sharp poling up stream has started the perspiration from every pore, and as we rest, trout can be seen rising to any object coming from the rapids. Quietly putting together a handsome Orvis split-bamboo rod that had to be baptized and dedicated to the elegant art of fly-fishing, opening a book filled with Orvis gems, we turn the overflowing pages. What shall I use? Grays, whites, red browns, yellows, black and gold, silver and tinsel in almost every shade and hue, and names known in fish-lore. Hackles! these trout are barbarians anyhow, they know nothing of flies, a brown maple leaf brings them to the surface by the half dozen; vicious little fingerlings; but the big fellows! Ah! there's one of them rising to a big brown chafer or buzz-bug that frequents oaks and maples.

My nine feet looped leader has been soaking in a tin can for an hour. I bend it on my line, put on a big brown-hackle for a tail-fly and a gray-professor for a

dropper; take seat in the stern of the boat and cast out in the whirling waters at the foot of the rapids. Something rose! the flies drifted on; we saw a trout rise again, but somehow we hadn't caught on. While retrieving the line a good-sized trout jumped clear from the water, missed the flies, but we missed the trout.

Never mind, it was fun; no need to get nervous; plenty more in that hole; they don't know what flies are; keep cool, we'll get them yet. Thus we soliloquized.

How pleasant to sit here alone and listen to the droning hum of nature's bass, to watch the coming waters. Here's a big green caterpillar coming down stream; will the dainty trout rise for it?

Ugh, the beast; a big trout rose almost under the tip of my rod and quietly sucked the fat monster in. My very skin creeps along my back as I think of it.

Laying out thirty feet of line as gently as we knew how, and watching how the tail-fly fell as it came down. Ah, that's perfection; "No snowflake ever kissed the water prettier." Wh-i-r-r, b-u-z-z, a miniature leviathan must have taken my tail-fly and is bound for Lake Michigan, twenty miles distant. "Never be in a hurry except when going for a doctor," so my reel still whistled and screamed; let her scream; if the fish is so big that I am likely to be pulled into the rapids, why I can swim. The thumb gets some pressure on the revolving plates, and we get hold of the handle and begin to fight him. Inch by inch he contests our claim and won't yield; the little rod bends and springs until we imagine the creek must have a pike in it, and we have got the pike, and it's a big one; but as the fish comes to the surface there is no question about *fontinalis*. Quickly slipping the landing net under him we land him in the boat, as handsome a fish as ever came to a fly, and a pound and a half in weight.

It made no difference what fly—yellow mays, Portlands, grasshopper, hooker, coachman, Seth-Green, oriole, hackles, anything else—the little fellows jumped for all of them. I used big lake flies, even some salmon flies, and caught a creel of trout weighing from three-quarters of a pound up. I had small midgets in my book and could have caught and counted my trout by the hundred, but I did not kill a single small trout. Drifting down stream I cast ahead of my boat and had just the same grand sport—no need to use worms; trout came to every cast if I wanted them.

Two days after this I was in another stream where I used every kind of fly in my book, and could not raise a single trout. I could see one lying on a sandwash. I fished for him two hours. During that time I lay hidden behind the maple brush and watched him rise at every leaf that came down stream. It was a handsome trout of 10in. length, and I was going to have it if I stayed there all day. I sat and watched until I saw it rise to every green leaf and float down underneath it as if in search for something.

I have it, my beauty! You're mine, unless you get sight of me.

Taking out my penknife I cut a small maple leaf across to the center vein, bent on a small black fly, and switched out into the stream, my snell run through the leaf, leaving the tiny hook underneath. I cast about a yard above him. He rose instantly and went for that leaf; but no examining this time. He struck; I was head of him, and though the gut was as fine as the finest hair, I landed him at my feet a victim of his own inquisitiveness.

Coming down stream I dropped my flies about twenty feet ahead and took in once in a while a nice trout. My creel held a dozen weighing about 7lbs. My friend with whom I was staying fished up stream. We met; he had twenty trout, all killed with worms, none of them averaging mine in size or weight.

Said F.: "There's a big fellow in a hole down here I've been fishing for—spent a full hour at him. He skinned my hooks of about half a dozen worms. I broke two hooks in the hole; wish you would try him."

I tried him; he tried me, and beat me. The hole was waist deep, the waters ran swiftly through it, and curved around the roots of an old cedar tree.

Taking the tip of a worm, so that it would squirm, I fastened it to a big fiery brown-hackle and let it drift under the root of a tree. A gleam of white shot up through the darkening waters. I felt a sharp tug and struck. Away the fish bolted like a racer down stream. With lightning rapidity the thought flashed through my brain. How deep is that hole? Can I keep my feet in those sharp waters? My friend was jumping. "You've got him! Take to the creek! You'll lose him if you don't!"

My line was running out at a rate that indicated the approaching end, when I plunged in to wade—wade did I say? The second step I could find no bottom. Throwing myself forward the stream carried me across the hole, about 15ft. wide. I kept my rod out of the water, and the moment I struck bottom I began reeling in; but the line came in slack for some feet. My friend on the bank consoled me, "You will lose him! He has your leader around that bush." Too true, I found to my sorrow, he had made straight for this piece of brush, and with a sharp jerk turned up stream again. I saw him as he darted past me, a big fresh-run trout, just come in from the lake. Wading down I unloosed my leader, found the gut snell broken at the hook. 'Twas no use storming or saying cuss words. Poor Anglo-Saxon never improves an angler's temper. I registered a vow that *S. fontinalis* was not going to beat me again. I proposed to have him if it took me all the next day. My dozen trout furnished supper for the family. I spent the evening boating in the bay with my wife and retired to rest none the worse for my wetting.

The first rays of light streaming in our room woke me. Hastily jumping into my fishing suit, and without putting on wading boots, I took my rod and started on a run down the trail leading to the creek. I stood above the hole, the scene of last evening's ducking, bending on a big white-miller that had just come from the maker's hand, and putting my landing-net together I drew about 30ft. of line from the reel and dropped the fly into the broken waters. It floated grandly; foot by foot I watched it, giving line as freely as the stream carried it along. My eye was peeled; every nerve ready to respond to sight or feeling. Amid the music such a stream will always make when compressed into such a small area, I heard a distant "chug" and saw a flash of white. I struck sharp and drove the hook home. The trout turned to the snarled roots. "Softly, my beauty; you beat me yesterday, my turn to-day." I played him carefully against the rush of waters and in two minutes he lay under my rod, drowned by the very elements he had so long sported in, mouth wide open and gasping, the white-miller fast at the corner of his mouth in the upper jaw. Slipping the net under him I scooped him without even wetting my feet. I killed him with my knife and at once started for the house.

"Well, Grandpa Norton, what do you thing of this?"

"Well, well, well, is that the fish that gave you a ducking yesterday? He's a handsome fellow; weighs over 2lbs.; the biggest trout I ever saw come from that creek. Caught with the fly, too. You may well feel proud of him." I was proud of him.

In one of the feeders of the Manistee River I was dropping flies for grayling. Once in a while I would find enough standing room to use a short Bethabara-wood rod, and by skillful manipulations spring my fly under the bushes overhanging the stream where the current ran, using some small Foster flies sent me by the editor of an English sportsman's paper, all of them black or dark brown, so minute that when they touched the water I could not see them; but the grayling did. If I could find a place where the sun's rays came through the foliage and sent an orange ray athwart the stream, there I could find grayling. By getting up stream above this spot I could drop a fly across the light ray, instantly a grayling arose. I could see them rise, and waiting to strike them, by a sharp spring of my rod I drew them to me without alarming the balance of the fish in the pool.

I had a red-tag, a strange-looking fly with a fuzzy red tail. In one spot I think I caught all the fish there were in that one pool—six of them. In a large open pool where I could see grayling I did not raise a single fin; they would not even deign to come up and look at it, but did take a bumble-bee.

In August of late years, when business does not press, we sometimes spend a day on a Lake Superior stream within a few miles of Duluth. Here the conditions are different; water is wine-colored, free from clay or mud; the trout are wild and vicious, snap at any and everything—salt pork, grubs, larvæ, worms—even a big bass spoon skittered across a pool will raise them by the dozen. Climbing the hills and striking the stream miles away from the mouth, we have found pools that seemed alive with trout; but the big boulders made such splendid hiding places you had to find the trout. I have stood in the water thigh deep and cast all around me, when my friends declared no trout were in the pool, until a yellow-may or a grasshopper would bring up a trout from under their rods when they were fishing with worms. After finding the trout they could catch them with worms. They would outnumber me every time, but the pound-weight trout came to my fly. After heavy rains I have stood at the mouth of a stream and cast into a rush of waters. I could see no trout, but thought some ought to be there. Casting out, I found my line and flies going lakeward. The Seth-Green and deadwing-coachman are taking flies with fresh-run trout. Try them miles up stream and trout scarcely look at them. Put on big fuzzy hackles and you will get trout in any water and in any kind of weather. W. D. TOMLIN.

DULUTH, Minn.

CANANDAIGUA ANGLERS' ASSOCIATION.—Canandaigua, N. Y., Oct. 19.—The annual meeting of the association was held last Wednesday evening, with the following election of officers for the year: President, Dr. C. T. Mitchell; Vice-President, J. S. Crawford; Secretary, Mark T. Powell; Treasurer, Frank M. Durand; Executive Committee—Marvin Sutherland, James Menteth, W. H. Fox, Dr. C. T. Mitchell and H. Seymour Cooley. The banquet was held in the Webster House. Exquisite *menu* cards were photographed by Crandall Bros. from a crayon drawing by Fred D. Crandall. At the conclusion of the feast Dr. C. T. Mitchell, president of the association, delivered as his annual address a beautiful poem entitled "The Unlocking of the Streams." The delivery was listened to with interest and close attention throughout, and the author was applauded vigorously at the close. Monroe A. Green, of Caledonia, superintendent of the State fish hatchery and brother of the late Seth Green, was then introduced, and in response to queries by different members, expressed an affirmative opinion upon the advisability of stocking Canandaigua Lake with alewives for food and bait. The discussion of this question was participated in by many different members, and the preponderance of opinion was in favor of the experiment. It was noted by well-posted anglers that in waters stocked with alewives trout fishing has been excellent. There were a couple of skeptics, however, who informed the members that their experience with alewives for bait was far from successful. An expression of the meeting was largely in favor of the experiment, and the executive committee was empowered to investigate the subject and act in their discretion. Mr. Green also advised putting German trout into the lake. He described them as one of the most handsome of the finny tribe as well as the most palatable. He mentioned the fact that he recently caught a German trout weighing 6½lbs. He said they grew rapidly and were very gamy. He informed the association that an application for 50,000 of these fish for Canandaigua Lake would be honored.

ABUNDANCE OF HUMPBACK SALMON.—The smallest salmon of the Pacific is the humpback or garbusche (*Oncorhynchus gorbuscha*) of authors. In numbers, however, this species surpasses all the others, and statements of facts concerning its advent into streams read, to the uninitiated, like wild romances. Photography has been employed, with partial success, to give an idea of the struggling masses of fish as they are about to enter certain rivers; but only those near the surface of the water can be shown. Mr. Charles Hirsch, of the Karluk Packing Company, San Francisco, has recently described to us an unusual run of this salmon in Karluk River. About the 6th of July, 1880, a glut of humpbacks came into the Karluk and continued five weeks, during which time no other salmon could enter the river. It was impossible to pull a boat across the stream. A seine 90ft. in length, hauled at 6 A. M., took an enormous draught of fish. About 140 barrel, or 7,000 salmon, were dressed out of it from that hour to 6 P. M., and afterward the men were occupied three hours in clearing the seine. The remainder of the fish were in a mass about 4ft. deep. At the end of the run the humpbacks begun dying, and those that did not get up to Karluk Lake were floating down dead or dying for one month. The banks of the stream were strewn with dead fish, and the stench was more easily imagined than endured.

LARGE BROWN TROUT.—Mumford, Oct. 15.—Monroe A. Green, superintendent of the State hatchery, was busy around the hatchery on Friday, and hearing some disturbance in the wild pond just north of the hatchery, he went there and found a very large German or brown trout trying to get up the raceway to spawn. Mr. Green and his men caught the fish. It weighed 6½lbs., measured 25in. in length, and contained 6,000 eggs, which can be seen in the trough at the hatchery now. This fish is 6oz. larger than the one caught by Messrs. Hart and Babcock last spring. One caught one year ago by F. J. Amsden weighed 5lbs. 6oz., but the one caught by Mr. Green is the largest on record in this country. It can not be over five years and eight months old, for the only German spawn that has been imported reached the hatchery Feb. 18, 1884.

SUPPOSED FOSSIL TROUT.—The *Portland Oregonian* recently published a note on the discovery, by William G. Dillingham, of a fossil trout in Gordon Creek. The fossil is 15in. long and in a state of perfect preservation, "every scale of the fish as plainly marked in the rock as if cut by a skilled artist." We hope that Mr. Dillingham will at once take steps to secure this valuable specimen, for, as already stated in FOREST AND STREAM, the salmon family is not represented in America by fossil remains except by the genus *Rhabdofario* of Cope, and the exact relations of this form are doubtful. Will some of our friends in Portland keep us advised of the steps taken with regard to this interesting subject?

APPEARANCE OF KING SALMON.—In the Nushagak River, Alaska, in 1888, Capt. H. E. Nichols, of the U. S. Coast Survey, found king salmon running June 17, and they had been observed a few days earlier. He saw two of these salmon at St. Michaels June 28; they were said to be the first of the season. The species is perhaps best known as quinnat, Sacramento or Columbia River salmon. The Sacramento is the southern and the Yukon the northern limit of this well-known fish. A few king salmon enter Karluk River, Kodiak, late in May, and spawning fish can be found in that stream until the end of August.

HONEOYE LAKE.—Bristol Center, N. Y.—Heneoye Lake is four miles long and one wide, very shallow with mud bottom; there are some very large bass of the large-mouth variety. I have taken one of 7½lbs.—L. J. R.

VINCENNES, Ind.—Crappies are found in abundance in the spring in ponds about one and one-half miles from here.—B.

REV. ABNER P. BRUSH.

PERHAPS, in the judgment of a majority of people, the fitting place to record the good qualities of a clergyman who has passed away from this life would be the religious press. But I can conceive of no better medium than FOREST AND STREAM through which to say a few words regarding my dear friend, Rev. Abner P. Brush, rector of St. Thomas's Parish, Bath, N. Y., who died at the rectory, Oct. 8, 1889, in the fifty-ninth year of his age.

I had known him for eleven years, and although many years my senior, his heart was as young as mine. I am free to confess that the affinity born so long ago, and fostered and strengthened through all these years, was brought about by mutual tastes along the line of the gun and rod. With but two exceptions, for nine consecutive Junes we have taken a fortnight's outing along the Loyal Sock and tributaries in Sullivan county, Pa., after trout. Very bright spots in the calender have these trips been, and now that they have gone forever the sweetness of their memories will largely recompense for their non-recurrence. Our farewell "meet" was in June last, when, although prevented from angling very much by the floods, we still had a pleasant time at the cottage of a mutual friend who had come up the mountain to visit us. A brief account of this trip was published in FOREST AND STREAM.

Thrown from his carriage in April, 1888, Mr. Brush sustained a fracture of the hip, that kept him in ordinary for months, and did away with Sullivan county for that June, to his great regret. Last June, although walking with a cane, he was bound to visit the old fishing grounds again, and it was a surprise to me how well he stood the trip. His bad hip did not affect his rod arm, and our scores stood about as of old, two to one in favor of the rector. Possessed of great nervous energy, with a conscientious view of his duties toward his large and busy parish, he plunged into work again, only to find his vitality failing, and a complete cessation of labor imperative. But it was too late; he gradually became weaker, and in spite of everything being done that kind hearts could suggest, he died.

What more need be chronicled than the universed remark of every one, young and old, rich and poor, church people and others, in the large circle of his acquaintance, when they heard the sad news, "He was a good man." He was a friend to every one. A most genial and whole-souled companion. Unselfish, generous, the crucible of camp life never discovered any dross in his composition. He would divide his last biscuit on the weary home stretch, and go halves on some prolific trout pool he had discovered, with a generosity that fishermen in general are not endowed with.

There is a beautiful cold spring, clear as crystal, welling up near the mouth of a little tributary of the Loyal Sock. Many's the time we have quaffed at its head while eating our lunch after a hard day's fish. Six good miles it was to the cottage, and here we would put up our rods, light our pipes and take a long cool draught before starting. We were just ready to climb the mountain on our homeward way, when Mr. Brush said, "Come, pard, let's go back and take one more drink at the old spring, we may never have another chance together."

I wonder if there are springs somewhere where they who drink may drink and drink again through endless years?

DANSVILLE, N. Y., Oct. 15. H. W. DELONG.

Fishculture.

DIMINISHED MACKEREL CATCH.—A falling off is reported in the catch of mackerel in the vicinity of the Magdalen Islands, and it is said that the New England fleet, using hook and line, has returned to Prince Edward Island, to continue fishing while the weather permits. The decrease in the yield is ascribed to the use of purse seines "and other devices for the wholesale slaughter of fish," referring, perhaps, to the utilization of steam to replace sail power and hand work. There is no doubt that the take of mackerel this season will figure as the smallest known for many years, and that the fishery will bring disaster to most of the fleet. The purse seine is justly styled a destructive appliance in the present depleted condition of our mackerel schools, for it ensnares and destroys myriads of fish too small to be saleable. Chapters might be written, however, on wasteful and injurious methods in the fisheries against which there is no adequate protection. What shall we do when mackerel become too scarce to make the fishery profitable? Some of our adventurous merchants will send vessels to the Irish and Norwegian coasts; others will, perhaps, chase the frigate mackerel in southern waters, while it is possible that the "tbimble-eye" of the coast of California will have its followers. In the meantime we trust that the efforts of the Government to multiply this useful food fish through the medium of its Fish Commission will be rewarded with abundant success.

NEW YORK FISH COMMISSION.

THE seventeenth report of the Commissioners of Fisheries of the State of New York has just reached us. With the principal statements contained in this document the readers of FOREST AND STREAM have already become acquainted through its columns and the daily press. The period covered is from November, 1887, to November, 1888, and the amount of the appropriation for the general purposes of the Commission was $30,000, most of which was applied to the construction and maintenance of the hatching stations. From the hatcheries were distributed about 14,000,000 of young fish, nearly one-third of which were shad and most of the remainder smelt, trout, salmon and whitefish. The "frostfish," a small species of *Coregonus*, was represented by two and one-half millions of fry.

"It will be the policy of the Commission, while not abandoning the propagation of trout, to concentrate its efforts upon the production of food fishes, the stocking of the great lakes with whitefish, the hatching of shad in the Hudson and the planting of salmon trout and muskallonge throughout the interior of the State. In this way the work of the Commission can be made of the utmost practical benefit to the public generally, and repay a thousandfold the appropriations made for its support."

The Commissioners express their sense of obligation to the United States Fish Commission for the free gift of millions of eggs and fry, and for hatching and distributing eggs without expense to New York. Attention is drawn to the increasing number of shad caught yearly in the Hudson, and to the growth of public interest and confidence in the work of the Commission as expressed by letters from prominent sportsmen and fishermen.

The report of the engineer of the shellfish department, Mr. Ford, is a lasting tribute to his ability and efficiency. The reports of the oyster protector and the chief game and fish protector show the gratifying results following a vigorous prosecution of offenders against the laws.

Mr. Mather's account of the salmon in the Hudson River, which was referred to at some length in our minutes of the meeting of the American Fisheries Society in May, is here reproduced in full.

Mr. Green's description on page 45 of the young muskallonge is full of interest; we are at a loss, however, to understand the process of taking eggs from male fish as stated on page 44.

From Mr. Mather's report on Cold Spring Harbor hatchery we learn that eels, kingfishers, minks and turtles have been destructive in the rearing ponds, and especially the first. The brown trout began spawning Nov. 11 and ended Nov. 27, with the exception of one ripe female found Dec. 9, another Dec. 11 and three Jan. 14. Golden ide spawned for the first time and the young reached a length of 4in. in seven months. Smelts were obtained in a gravid condition from March 5 to March 23.

The Commissioners recommend new legislation for the better protection of lobsters, shad and salmon, and the interests of the oyster growers. For the work in 1889 an appropriation of $44,500 is estimated to be necessary.

THE FISHING INDUSTRIES OF OREGON.

WE have before us the report of special committee to the legislative committee investigating the fishing industries of Oregon. It was prepared by Senator L. T. Barin and Representatives J. W. Maxwell and M. Pomeroy. The other members of the committee were Senator J. C. Allen and Representative Bilyeu.

The committee left Portland July 8, making a thorough examination of the Cascades, thence to the Dalles and to other points up the river as far as Celilo. Astoria and vicinity, including Baker's Bay, was next visited. Sept. 28, 1887, the Yaquina Bay and vicinity was investigated. The committee reports that "the great difficulty that we met with, and perhaps the greatest obstacle that the Legislature will have to surmount, is the feeling that exists more or less among the fishermen that the particular mode of fishing in which they are engaged is the only proper one and the one least injurious to the fish industry of the State, and that all other modes of fishing are, therefore, far more detrimental. In fact, many of the fishermen of each locality judge of the question solely with the view to what is most advantageous to them, and argue as to the mode of fishing employed by them wholly from the standpoint of self-interest."

In their investigations they have endeavored to reach conclusions such as would, if embodied in legislative enactments, stimulate the fish industry and keep up and increase the supply of fish food in the State.

This report goes on to say that the first salmon to ascend the Columbia River and its tributaries are the largest and best quality of the chinnook (*Oncorhynchus chouicha*). The run commences in March and lasts until July or later. The July run continues through August, and some even run up during September. The July run of Chinnook salmon are of a small size, but of very good flavor.

The blueback (*Oncorhynchus nerka*) begin to run in June, but do not enter tributaries of the Columbia until they have passed the Cascades. The next species that ascends the river is the silver salmon (*Oncorhynchus kisutch*). The first run of this fish takes place about the first of September. The steelheads (*Salmo gairdneri*) enter the river in July, but do not run into the tributaries until the middle of October. This species is usually called salmon. Many of these are taken during the close season for salmon by fishermen, who claim that they are not salmon, but trout, and, therefore, are not entitled to protection under the law for salmon. The Commission suggests that a specific clause be inserted, in any new fish law enacted, for the purpose of protecting this species during the close days and seasons. The Columbia River chinnook range in weight from 3 or 4lbs. up to 70lbs. The spring and July runs are the best for canning purposes, finding the best market abroad. The silver salmon are found from 2lbs. weight up to 18 or more. It is a fair table fish and is canned, but it is inferior to the chinnook. The steelhead varies in weight from 8 to 20lbs. It is used for table and canning purposes, and is considered an excellent fish both for shipping and smoking. The blueback salmon weighs from 3 to 6lbs., and is, consequently, the smallest salmon of the Columbia. It is an excellent fish for canning and for table use.

The spawning season of the different species is given as follows: Chinnook salmon commence to spawn toward the last of August and continue up to the first of November, silver salmon spawn from Dec. 1 to Feb. 1, the steelheads from about April 1 to the middle of May.

The committee states that every species of salmon ascending the Columbia and its tributaries has a distinct time for spawning, and that the assertion so often made that the inferior kinds of salmon might be bred or mixed with the chinnook salmon or one species with another at the established hatcheries or breeding stations, is absolutely without foundation. Gill-nets, pound-nets, seines, traps, fish-wheels and dip-nets are generally used for the capture of salmon. A great deal of complaint has been made against fishing with traps, wheels, seines and similar appliances, as they are said to destroy many small fish, causing a gradual falling off in the supply of salmon. After a thorough investigation of the subject the committee found that the small fish or salmon caught by these appliances consist principally of small chinnook salmon weighing from 3 or 4 to 7 or 8lbs.; these run at the same time and with the best chinnook, here called royal chinnook. The other small fish are bluebacks and a very few small steelheads. The smallest female salmon found by the committee was caught near Astoria. This fish weighed 9½lbs. Of the hundreds of small salmon (chinnook) examined by this committee all were males. These ranged in weight from 3 to 7 or 8lbs. The committee goes on to state that "The question that now arises is whether or not the taking of them is injurious to our fish industry. If those small salmon referred to ascend the river and return to the ocean, and again ascend the river a larger salmon, then of course it is injurious to our fish industry to take them while they are small, but if on the contrary they ascend the river, perform their functions the same as the large salmon and then die, in that case the taking of them while small is not hurtful to the fish industry of the State, but to the contrary, beneficial."

The committee investigated the subject of the spawning of salmon with a view to determine whether all of the fish die after the act of spawning or if some of them return to the sea. They state that after making a thorough investigation, they had to conclude that the chinnook salmon after spawning dies. They state that: "The most conclusive evidence by far was brought to light by the building of the fish rack across the Clackamas River to keep those salmon from ascending that were to be used for propagatory purposes at the State hatchery there during the year 1887. That year the rack was not put into the river until after middle of June, consequently all the run of chinnook salmon from February until the rack was put in had passed up above the rack. After the spawning season was over we caused the rack to be watched to see whether the salmon that had passed up the river for spawning would return. The president of the State Fish Commission and parties employed at the State hatchery watched that rack continually for the purpose stated, and here be it understood that no salmon from above could pass through that rack, and every salmon, whether dead or alive, that came down to the rack could be seen. The chairman of this committee also went there several times to investigate that question, and the result of all these investigations was that all the salmon that came back to the rack—salmon which in their prime would have weighed from 4 to 70lbs.—were found to have come back dead, in fact were washed down by the current. While the rack has proven without a doubt that the chinnook salmon die after spawning, it has also proven without a question or doubt that the steelhead does return to the ocean after spawning." The committee think it possible that a few of the late runs of chinnook, which are compelled by force of nature to spawn within a few miles of the ocean, may return again to the sea.

Again referring to the small salmon, taken in the nets, traps and wheels, they say that these males are prematurely developed, that in impregnating eggs upon the spawning grounds they deteriorate the species: that they are not needed for propagating purposes, as there is an excess of large males over the female salmon. They, therefore, conclude that the taking of small salmon (chinnook) is not injurious to the fish industry, and that every small salmon that escapes is so much loss to the commercial interests of the State, as they sell well, and are preferable for family use on account of their size and delicious flavor.

The trap and wheel fishermen are generally riparian owners, resident citizens and taxpayers, while many of the gill-net fishermen are not residents of either Oregon or Washington, but come from abroad to stay merely through the fishing season.

The committee recommend a close season during which all fishing should be prohibited. They state that the close season, which now extends until April 1, should be extended to April 15, and the open season should extend from April 15 to Aug. 15, ard that from Aug. 15 to Sept. 15, or Oct. 1, all fishing should be stopped; also, that the close days, Saturday evenings to Sunday evenings, should be retained. This, the committee thinks, would give ample opportunity for a sufficient number of chinnook salmon of the spring run to ascend the river to their spawning grounds, and to breeding stations. They also say that one hatchery should be established by the State of Oregon, and another by the State of Washington on the tributaries of the Columbia, and that the State should extend aid to the hatchery on Rogue River. They further state that a hatchery can be established and put into good running order for a sum not exceeding $10,000, and that the cost of maintaining and operating it would not exceed $5,000 per annum. To the objections urged by some persons against the hatcheries, and the belief of these persons that if the salmon were permitted to ascend the river in sufficient numbers to their spawning beds, and there allowed to spawn in a natural way, better results would follow, and the expense of the hatcheries be avoided, the committee say, "But we cannot agree with that view of the matter, for while that might be the case if salmon were not taken in such large numbers as must necessarily be taken to make our salmon industry of any great importance, it is easy to be seen that while fishing is carried on to the extent that it is now, in order to keep up even the present supply, nature must be aided."

The spawning beds of the salmon are infested by hordes of fishes which devour the eggs almost as fast as they are spawned. This report states that of these spawn-destroying fishes the trout are by far the most ravenous. This committee strongly favors artificial propagation and say that, "We deem it doubtful whether an average of more than a half dozen young salmon are propagated in the natural way from one female salmon, while a sufficient number of experimental tests has been made to prove that by the artificial method of propagation at least 90 per cent. of the eggs of a female salmon—or an average of 4,500 young salmon—can be hatched out and kept until they are large enough to take care of themselves and then turned into the river. Three hatcheries on the tributaries of the Columbia River would, with proper management, turn into the river at least 15,000,000 young salmon annually, and that number turned into the river each year, in addition to those that spawn naturally, would more than keep up the supply, and the number could be gradually increased as the salmon increased at the propagating stations, until at least 40,000,000 or 50,000,000 could be supplied annually, which would be greatly in excess of the requirements of the fishing industry on the Columbia River, and many young salmon could therefore be turned into our coast rivers and thus keep up the supply in those streams. Besides, in addition to chinook salmon, silver salmon and steelheads could be propagated at the hatcheries and thus keep up the supply of those fish in the bays and the rivers of the State, and especially in the coast rivers."

Neither Oregon nor Washington, say the committee, should hesitate to expend a mere trifle on an industry so beneficial to both. They also say that a rigid observance of the close seasons is absolutely necessary for the successful operation of the hatcheries, but that the fine now imposed for the violation of the close season law is excessive, making it almost impossible to secure the conviction of parties violating that law; that a fine of one hundred or two hundred dollars, part to go to the informer, would work to greater advantage. The State Commission should have the power and means to place watchers along the river during the close season, and the committee fully believe that a good law could be enforced. They would also deem it well to offer a small bounty for the destruction of seals and sea lions. They further state that there should be a law prohibiting the throwing or discharging of sawdust into the Columbia or any of its tributaries, as well as into any of the other streams of the State. The levying of a small tax is recommended upon all salmon caught, and upon cases of salmon put up at the canneries, the income from this tax to be used toward defraying the expenses of protecting the salmon and for a hatchery. They also state that all fishing for salmon within one mile of any salmon hatchery should be prohibited, and racks necessary for the successful operation of the hatcheries should be protected by law. They would further deem it advisable to prohibit by law the carrying of salmon in or out of the State during the close season from March 1 to April 15, or any of the close days during the year; also, prohibiting all persons from selling, or having in their possession, salmon during the close days and seasons just mentioned. In this connection they further say, "It would not, however, be so easy to enforce a law to prevent public or private carriers from carrying salmon during the close season from Aug. 15 to Oct. 1, for at that season the fishing commences and is carried on to its prime in our coast rivers, and it would not be just to bar the fishermen from those rivers from sending their fish to market in or out of the State, or selling them in Portland or other cities."

The principal fish found in the coast rivers of Oregon, according to this report, are fall chinnook and silver salmon, and steelheads. These begin to run from the 1st to the 15th of August, being about the commencement of the fall close season on the Columbia.

The fish and time of fishing on the Rogue River, especially in the spring, is said to be similar to that on the Columbia; and the seasons of the Rogue River could be made to correspond with those of the Columbia.

The report concludes, viz.: "To avoid all question or debate as to the law regulating salmon fishing on the Columbia being a local law, and therefore unconstitutional, there should be passed by the Legislative Assembly of Oregon one general law to regulate the fishing and the time thereof in the different rivers and bays of the State. * * * Should a law be enacted for the protection and preservation of salmon, each species of commercial salmon should be specified as follows: 'Chinook salmon,' 'silver salmon,' 'bluebacks' and 'steelheads'; and for the purpose of properly enforcing the law, all those species named shall be deemed salmon within the meaning of this act."

The fishing season for salmon on the coast rivers and bays should be from the 15th of August to the 15th of November of each year. The close days, Saturday to Sunday evenings, should be observed on all waters throughout the State.

SCARCITY OF OYSTERS.—The receipts of oysters from Chesapeake Bay for the last fortnight have been very small. Prices in Washington and Baltimore are higher than they were in September. The processes of canning and refrigeration have greatly reduced the supply for shipment in the shell. Eastern oysters are sent in great quantities across the continent and sell readily, notwithstanding the loss of flavor occasioned by transplanting. The fishery will be diligently operated, for the Maryland Controller has already issued more than six hundred licenses for dredging.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Dec. 5 to 7.—First Dog Show of the Continental Kennel Club, at Denver, Col. Claude King, Secretary.

Jan. 13 to 18, 1890.—First Annual Dog Show of the Georgia Pet Stock and Bench Show Association, at Augusta, Ga. A. H. Vonderleith, Secretary.

Jan. 27 to Feb. 1, 1890.—Dog Show of the Colorado Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Denver, Col.

Feb. 11 to 14, 1890.—Fourteenth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, American Institute Building, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

March 11 to 14, 1890.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Rochester Kennel Club, at Rochester, N. Y. Harry Yates, Secretary.

March 25 to 28, 1890.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Mass. Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

April 1 to 4, 1890.—Sixth Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Secretary.

April 15 to 18, 1890.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 4.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club. P. T. Madison, Secretary, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 11.—Inaugural Field Trials of the Canadian Kennel Club, at Chatham, Ont. C. A. Stone, Secretary, London, Ont.

Nov. 18.—Eleventh Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Dec. 2.—Inangural Field Trials of the Central Field Trial Club, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Secretary, Mill's Building, New York, N. Y.

Dec. 15.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trial Club, at Amory, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Secretary, Marietta, Ga.

Jan. 20, 1890.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club at Bakersfield, Cal. H. H. Briggs, Secretary, 313 Bush street, San Francisco, Cal.

Jan. 27, 1890.—All-Day Field Trials, at West Point, Miss. F. R. Hitchcock, 44 Broadway, New York, Secretary.

Feb. 11, 1890.—Fourth Annual Field Trials of the Texas Field Trial Club, at Marshall, Tex. W. L. Thomas, Secretary.

NATIONAL COURSING ASSOCIATION.

[*Special Report.*]

HUTCHINSON, Kansas, Oct. 15.—The meeting on the home grounds of the association, the third in the series, began Tuesday, Oct. 8. The weather was favorable, and the preparations being complete, nothing was wanting to make this, the most important meeting of the season, a grand success, and so it proved until it was interrupted by the rain that commenced on Saturday after the first series of the second stake had been run off.

The programme as published left the entries for the National Derby open to the world, the American Sweepstakes excluding imported dogs.

Several days previous to that named for the entries to close, the nominations came in so rapidly that the management was obliged to limit the stake to thirty-two dogs in the National Derby, and was further obliged to decline a large number of entries, among which were several imported dogs whose owners intended to enter them, but were debarred by their own tardiness and neglect. The entries were free, but one-third of the winnings were reserved by the association for a general entrance fee, and for this reason no excuse could be offered for the delay in making entry.

There is a tendency among coursing men to improve the quality of their dogs, for as proven at the meeting the smaller and speedier type will carry off the honors every time. A 40lbs. greyhound is preferable to a 70lbs. dog for coursing purposes, but the happy medium will come nearer meeting the demand than either extreme. A dog from 55 to 60lbs. in weight and a female from 50 to 55lbs., other conditions being equal, will win more stakes than their much heavier competitors. The feet of the heavy dogs are liable to suffer, and when it comes to "getting about" at the turns the big ones are wanting.

The morning of the 8th all of the greyhounds to compete at the meeting were brought out on the main street for a grand parade, and the display was certainly the finest ever seen at a coursing meeting in this State, and as they marched up the street with their proud owners at their side "one was reminded of the old days in England," as a big-hearted old Yorkshireman expressed it.

Prominent among the lot were Trales, the imported son

of Wandering Tom and Little Emily III., a grand fellow imported in 1888 by Dr. G. Irwin Royce, of Topeka, Kansas, with three Glendyne bitches, in company with D. N. Heizer and G. N. Moses, of Great Bend, Kansas. He is just coming to himself after getting acclimated. He is a white and brindle in color, weighs about sixty pounds and is very symmetrical throughout; especially strong in loin and quarters, good bone, and has most excellent legs and feet. His main faults being a little too much fullness in the head above the eyes, and a neck too short. This latter is a more common defect in greyhounds than any other one fault. He went down before the grand old imported bitch Dick's Darling, but a couple of days previous to the meeting was not himself from some disturbance of the bowels. He is undoubtedly the best all-round coursing dog in the West at the present time.

Dick's Darling, a rather blocky black bitch, imported in 1888 by Mr. D. C. Luce, of Great Bend, Kansas, is worthy of more than a passing notice. She is by Coleraine Diamond, out of Daylight, and her pedigree carries back to a large number of the Waterloo winners. She won some minor stakes before coming to this country, and in one event she stood to win a big stake, but was snagged on a picket in the fourth round. She is rather low on her legs, very muscular, strong in loin and quarters, well sprung in ribs, and weighs about 58lbs. Although beyond the age for coursing, she still goes honestly about her work, with all the fire and vim of an untired youngster. She divided the stake after being seriously injured by jumping the fence into the corral in the course with Hand Maid.

Her daughter, Lady Barton, a thirteen-months-old puppy, went to third place worthily. She is a little red brindle weighing about 40lbs., but goes away like a fiery flame, works her hare as fast as a terrier a rat, and apparently has great staying qualities. She is a very pretty little thing, symmetrical throughout, but with the fault of both parents, too much fullness over the eyes. Were she three months older and 10lbs. heavier, she would certainly be a dangerous competitor in the Great Bend Derby, the 24th of this month.

Among the little American-bred greyhounds may be mentioned Bar Maid, who divided the first with Dick's Darling. She is from what would be called unknown stock, but in makeup shows good breeding. She is coal-black, weighing 47lbs., and is of a rather delicate type, a little rangy, well up on legs, and a little light in bone. She has a long stride, but gathers quickly, and when slipped goes away at a grand pace. In working the hare she rather lacks fire, but with a little more experience will stand well in any company.

Another little bitch very noticeable was Hand Maid, a pretty little white bitch with blue markings. She is nineteen months old, will weigh about forty-eight pounds, is symmetrical throughout, is fit for a place at any bench show, is built on running lines, and has that determined fire in her eye that brooks no obstacles. She only went down before the old courser Dick's Darling in the third round, in what should have been an undecided course. Spring, the winner at St. Louis, Sept. 22, was in place, but in the first round on a long hare, was carried through the half mile course without a turn, breaking a nail, and being down in the second series with Bar Maid was thrown out in a close course. Holly, a brother of Hand Maid, a compact and nicely made fellow, solid blue in color, weighing about 52lbs., was working to the front, and only met defeat by Bar Maid.

Miss Rare, Minnehaha and Melodrama, of the Lexington Kennels, were entered in the second stake and were all in good form, but Miss Rare went down in the first round with Hand Maid, and Melodrama with Ariel, a half sister of Hand Maid.

There were others worthy of notice, but space will not allow of a detailed description. Mr. D. M. Sidle and Wm. Dunn came from southern Kansas with a string of seven, confidently expecting to win, but after the first fast brace went from the slips they were a little shaky. They are both pleasant gentlemen, and went home filled with knowledge and enthusiasm.

Mr. Alfred Haigh, of Cable, Ill., nominator of Bar Maid, is a gentleman of very large proportions, weighing over 320lbs. He is from Yorkshire, England, and is jolly and kind in his make-up and enters into the sport with enthusiasm. It was a sight to see him with his face all streaming with perspiration and flushed with excitement as Bar Maid went to the slips for the last round, and after the second course was called "undecided" he collapsed, and was only too willing to divide the first and second money.

Mr. E. T. Vernon, a prominent attorney of Larned, Kan., was seen for the first time on a public coursing ground. He is a gentleman of Southern birth, 6ft. 4in. tall, big-hearted and genial, a valuable addition to the coursing interests.

Every year brings a new lot and a better class of coursers, and let me say that the interest demands that clubs be formed in different localities throughout the country, and a class of men called to the ranks with a practical love for the sport; men of independence in finance, but not extremely wealthy, as men of this class are apt to encourage exclusiveness.

Clubs can be formed with little expense, and the practical furnishing of rabbits and material for coursing can be done by parties who are adepts at the business, and a round of meetings in the spring and fall can be successfully arranged for. This is in perfect harmony with the original ideas of the inaugurators of coursing in this country.

Make a large stake, open it to the world, and especially invite foreign competition. It will yet come to this, and we hope to soon see a movement put on foot looking to organization in various localities of coursing clubs. The sport is attractive in itself, and is enduring; the personal interest increases with each experience, and it is thoroughly before the public, will rapidly gain in public favor, and in time is destined to divide the interest with horse racing if it does not become the national sport.

There are greyhounds through the country which, if well trained, by which we mean exercised and hardened for coursing, and if only trained on cottontails, will stand a good show at any open meeting, as instanced by the work of Bar Maid at the meeting here in Hutchinson, Kansas. She had never seen a jack-rabbit, but was fit and went to her work like an old courser.

At Louisville and St. Louis there was a good lot, and most of them worked gamly.

The running ground in the Association Park is the longest in the world, and in fact it is too long. It is 900yds. long, by 75yds. in width; at the end of the course there is an escape for the rabbit into a forty acre field, being a part of the half section of ground devoted to the rabbits; the escape fence is composed of a board fence 4ft. high, with 4ft. of strong wire netting above it, and was supposed to be all sufficient to check the dogs, but proved insufficient for two of them, Dick's Darling and Hand Maid, both of which cleared it at a bound.

The rabbits mostly ran well, but true to their obstinate disposition, a few of them would wait till pressed by the dogs, and then with a fast pair after them, would wait too long. In the open they will often do the same, and it is no uncommon thing to pick up four or five in succession, in runs not averaging 300yds. Had the distance been only a quarter of a mile, three out of five would have escaped. On Friday when the first series of the second stake was run, seven out of twelve escaped.

As the new entries for the second stake were made, the subject of muzzling the dogs was taken up, and by unanimous consent of the dog owners the dogs were all to be muzzled, and by action of the association it was decided to muzzle the dogs on all occasions whenever and wherever meetings were held in an inclosed park. The racing is just as satisfactory, and instead of killing the rabbit, they are only mussed over by the dog, and an attendant being ready at hand secures the game, which runs away with little apparent injury as soon as released.

The field officers of the meeting were as follows: Dr. Chas. Halloway, judge; Arthur Massey, slipper; G. Irwin Royce, field steward; D. C. Luse, slip steward.

It was fully 3 o'clock when the first brace was brought to the slips, but with little further delay the races were run through in rapid succession. D. M. Sidle's Little Katie was drawn with D. N. Heizer's imported Trales. The English fellow left the slips in his masterly way, led to the hare by four open lengths, turned to Katie, but she failed to hold possession, Trales leading again for a turn and a kill. Trales won.

M. E. Allison's Reno Rex and M. Walsh's Maggie went to the slips. Rex cut out the work, turned, made a go-by, and killed, beating Maggie pointless.

D. M. Sidle's Pearl Sidle was next slipped with Mrs. C. K. Phillips's Bender. Pearl led from the slips, wrenched several times but failed to turn, the hare escaping. Pearl won.

John R. Price's Reno Pilot a bye.

M. Mullen's Sport was next down with Mrs. D. C. Luse's Little Thought Of. Little Thought Of raced away from the slips like a flash, lost sight by the rabbit starter's horse, letting Sport in without merit, and the remainder of the course was but a follow my leader to the escape; undecided.

M. E. Allison's Reno Redwood drawn with G. Irwin Royce's Haud Maid. Maid led up with a rush, turned the hare, fell, rolling over twice, but regaining her feet made a grand go bye and killed, again falling, but held the hare as she came to her feet. Maid won.

Wm. Dunn's Don Pedro a bye.

J. R. Cochran's Bridget and D. C. Luse's Dick's Darling were slipped to a good hare. Dick's Darling went away with her usual meteoric style, wrenched several times, turned again coming in, held possession for several wrenches, and killed, beating Bridget pointless.

D. N. Heizer's Lady Graham Glendyne slipped with W. W. Carney's Jessamine. Lady Graham went away in a style worthy of her noted sister, Miss Glendyne, the Waterloo winner, made a beautiful run up, turned, placed Jessamine for several wrenches and a turn; gave Lady G. an opening for a go bye, which she was not slow in accepting. Again turned to Jessamine, and the white and red took the work for a moment for four wrenches, and in the rapid exchanges following Lady G. won with credit, but being out of condition showed the effects of a hard course. She has never been herself since having pups, and will require another year to get on her feet again.

D. C. Luse's Lady Barton with A. A. Tanner's Rena. Lady Barton raced away to the hare with speed worthy of her old mother, Dick's Darling, turned in a quarter, placed Rena, who failed to hold possession for a point, letting Lady Barton in for a go bye and turn, and then some pretty work followed, in which Lady Barton had decidedly the best of it, beating Rena with much to spare.

T. Coke Eberly's Cousin Frank being delayed the course with Lady in White was postponed by consent till the morrow.

Mr. Phelps's Ace of Spades and Mr. Alfred Haigh's Nip next in order were placed to complete the running for the day. Nip ran away from Ace of Spades, only allowing him to kill without merit. Nip beat pointless.

The next was the undecided heat between Sport and Little Thought Of. L. T. O. raced away to the hare in her usual style, turned, placed Sport, took the work away from him again, made repeated wrenches and tripped, but the hare escaped.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 9.

Cousin Frank and G. A. Walkup's Chicago, Bell being absent, Arthur Massey's Lady in White, Arthur Haigh's Bar Maid, two bye dogs, were by consent placed together: Bar Maid led from the slips, turned to Lady in White for the kill; Bar Maid won. A. F. Walsh's Kate M. with Mrs. E. A. Rowell's Holly: Kate M. was favored in the slip, but Holly drew up for a go by, turned to Kate, but she falling, gave away her opening to Holly, allowing him to score a turn and a kill; Holly won.

Wm. Dunn's Clothes Horse came down in the drawing with the St. Louis winner Spring; Spring led to the hare in a masterly way, wrenched repeatedly, but failed to turn, the hare being a strong one carried the eager fellow to the escape, Spring winning pointless.

J. R. Cochran's Ariel was next slipped with Arthur Massey's Savina. Ariel led from the slips with Savina close up, turned to Savina, who wrenched twice and turned to Ariel for the kill. This closed the series in the sixteen-dog stake.

Second Series.

Trales placed with Pearl Sidle to open the second series: Trales showed more of his old form than yesterday; leading up with a rush he turned his hare, and having considerable the advantage in the run up, again turned, placing Pearl for a turn. Trales killed, winning with much to spare.

The best course of the day was the one next drawn. Little Thought Of and Hand Maid, two quick, active workers and very speedy, and the crowd was on tiptoe as they were called to the slips. They went away to a good hare, Maid having the stride, but being unsighted for a moment let L. T. O. up, but recovering, Maid raced away, turned the hare, placed L. T. O., and then was seen some of the quickest and prettiest work of the season, Maid having the best of it, raced around L. T. O., wrenched twice and killed. Hand Maid won.

Don Pedro, Dick's Darling in the slips, the old lady went to her hare like a rocket, turned, went back to her work, turned, let Don Pedro in for two wrenches and a turn, again taking possession rolled up several points, turned to Don Pedro for a kill without merit. Dick's Darling won.

Lady Barton beat Lady Graham Glendyne in a short course.

Nip and Holly were in for the next course, Nip leading to the hare, turned to Holly, and the blue brother of Hand Maid, getting to his work in great style, rolled up points rapidly, winning easily.

Again the St. Louis crack, Spring, was in, but with a bustler, the Illinois black Bar Maid, with his broken toe nail scored against him. They went away at a rattling, rushing pace, keeping the spectators in a dizzy whirl, Bar Maid slightly in the lead. Racing to the quarter Bar Maid wrenched several times, turned to Spring, he again placing the black. Bar Maid tripped, Spring killed. It was a close course and a pretty one. This course showed Bar Maid a good one, and went a long ways toward placing her as favorite.

Ariel a bye.

Third Series.

Again the imported white and brindle, Trales, was let in to down Pearl Sidle, which he did in a short course, winning easily.

A tremor of excitement went through the large crowd, and dog men were anxious, as Hand Maid and Dick's Darling were called out. The old lady had won all her courses handily, and the little white had plenty of points to her credit; they were slipped to a demon hare, Dick's Darling getting away in the lead in the first two hundred yards, but only held her advantage to the quarter, when Maid drew up, lessening half the distance in the last quarter to the escape. It was simply a straightaway run with not enough points to make a course, and certainly should have been declared undecided, but Dick's Darling was awarded the course.

Over the first or temporary escape they went, falling as they struck the mesh wire, but away they raced to the permanent escape, the two owners of the dogs groaning as they saw them going to the escape, knowing the persistency of both. Coming to the escape, Dick's Darling, after the second effort, cleared the fence and was racing away down the corral after the fleeing hare. She carried him to the end of the field and back, killing as her owner secured her. Hand Maid, in her effort to scale the fence caught in the wire and was secured. This heat was the sensation of the day.

Lady Barton won over Holly in a short course. Ariel went down before Bar Maid in a short but close contest.

Fourth Series.

Trales and Dick's Darling, the two imported dogs came down for a rattling course, and even though the old lady had injured her legs and feet in jumping the fence, she was game and eager, and to a good hare she spun away, leading Trales, but becoming unsighted, let Trales up, but as Dick's Darling became sighted again she raced up, turned to Trales, and rapid exchanges took place, the hare turning toward the judge, separated the dogs for a moment, unsighting Trales. Dick's Darling killed and won, but in the judgment of your reporter Trales should have had the course.

Lady Barton, the little red 13mos. old daughter of Trales and Dick's Darling, had worked gamely to third place, but went down before the "dark horse" Bar Maid from Illinois. This brought the running to the final course. The two blacks were still left in, Dick's Darling, the imported, and Bar Maid, the unknown, and they were placed in the slips amid great excitement, Dick's Darling the favorite, but as they were loosed to a good hare Bar Maid shoved to the front; the injury to Dick's Darling's leg had made her sore in spite of her great gameness. Bar Maid turned in 200yds. and Dick's Darling killed; undecided. Again they were placed in the slips, only to repeat the performance. Again to a short hare, and again undecided. As they were taken back for a third trial the two owners, Mr. D. C. Luse and Mr. Alfred Haigh, after a hasty consultation, agreed upon a division of first and second money, Lady Barton third, Trales fourth.

FRIDAY, OCT. 11.

The second stake, the American Sweepstakes for American-bred dogs only, brought twenty-four entries, most of the dogs in the first stake being re-entered, but there were several well-known good ones present, including Miss Rare, Minnehaha and a young one, Melodrama, belonging to the Lexington, Ky., Kennel, and Duke of Dodge, a son of Needle, the runner up in the young dog stake at the first American Coursing Club meeting in 1886.

The dogs were muzzled, and rabbits seemingly ran better, and the first day of the new stake was rather the best of the meeting. The weather had been everything desired up to the present, Saturday being a trifle cooler than the days previous, and twelve courses were rattled off in quick succession.

Ariel and Lexington Kennel's Melodrama raced to the escape, Ariel leading by four open lengths, reaching the escape. Ariel being but a bit of a body, went through the small space for the rabbit to pass through and ran herself to a standstill, but won the course over Melodrama pointless.

Kate M. had a walk away over Little Katie in a long strung course to the escape; Lexington Kennel's Minnehaha beat Holly in a closely contested course, Holly apparently having the best of it, but falling, lost ground for a moment, but was soon at his work and should have been named winner.

Mr. E. T. Vernon's Beauty ran a bye.

The Lexington crack, Miss Rare, went down before the little white Hand Maid in a pretty course. In the run up Hand Maid showed four open lengths, worked closer, and won handily. As they reached the escape Hand Maid jumped the temporary escape, went to the permanent escape like a ray of light, the attendants trying to check her, but evading them she cleared the eight-foot fence without touching, turned the hare, brought it to the escape and killed.

Miss Rare's owner, Dr. Van Hummell, attributed the defeat to the muzzle, and in his usual confident way offered to wager a hundred against Hand Maid in a trial on the open within the week following.

In the heat between Rena and Lavina, Rena had the best of it from the slips, but Lavina made a go bye in the two hundred yards, forcing the hare to the escape in a culvert.

Duke of Dodge beat Bender without an effort. Nip beat E. T. Vernon's Jack pointless on a good hare which escaped. Pearl Sidle beat Duke B. in a short course. Bridget made merry with her hare before her kennel mate Stonewall Jackson. Don Pedro, in a close course, beat Bar Maid, winner in the first stake; but she was apparently sore and worked sluggishly. Jessamine beat John Walton's Newton Bell.

The following day the rain interfered with the conclusion of the stake and running was postponed until Monday, but the rain continued without interruption, and with no prospect of ceasing, and after mature deliberation and consultation by the officers of the association and nominators in the stake, it was decided to divide the money equally between the winners, and call the stake closed. This, as it has proved, was a wise move, for up to Wednesday night it was still raining, and this in droughthy Kansas.

Thus closed the largest and most successful inclosed park meeting ever held in this country.

NATIONAL DERBY.

Open to the world, $200 to first, $100 to second, $50 to third, $25 to fourth.

First Series.

D. N. Heizer's (Great Bend, Kan.) brindle and white dog Trales beat D. M. Sidle's (Winfield, Kan.) brindle bitch Little Katie. M. E. Allison's (Hutchinson, Kan.) red dog Reno Rex beat A. F. Walsh's (Nickerson, Kan.) red and white bitch Maggie. D. M. Sidle's red and white bitch Pearl Sidle beat Mrs. C. K. Phillip's (Greensburg, Kan.) red dog Bender. J. R. Price's (Topeka, Kan.) fawn dog Reno Pilot a bye. G. Irwin Royce's (Topeka, Kan.) white and blue bitch Hand Maid beat M. E. Allison's Reno Redwood. Don Pedro a bye. D. C. Luse's (Great Bend, Kan.), black bitch Dick's Darling beat J. R. Cochran's (Winfield, Kan.) fawn bitch Bridget. D. N. Heizer's white and black bitch Lady Graham Glendyne beat W. W. Carney's (Great Bend, Kan.) white and red bitch Jessamine. D. C. Luse's red bitch Lady Barton beat A. A. Tanner's (Jamestown, N. Y.) white bitch Rena. Alfred Haigh's (Cable, Ill.) black bitch Bar Maid beat Arthur Massey's (Great Bend, Kan.) white and black bitch Lady-in-White. Alfred Haigh's blue dog Nip beat Mr. Phelps's Ace of Spades. Mrs. D. C. Luse's (Great Bend, Kan.) brindle bitch Little-Thought-Of beat M. Mullen's (Nickerson, Kan.) brindle dog Sport. Mrs. E. A. Rowell's (Great Bend, Kan.) blue dog Holly beat A. F. Walsh's Kate M. E. Burger's (St. Louis, Mo.) fawn dog Spring beat Wm. Dunn's Clothes Horse. J. R. Cochran's white and blue bitch Ariel beat Arthur Massey's fawn bitch Lavina.

Second Series.

Trales beat Reno Rex, Pearl Sidle beat Reno Pilot, Hand Maid beat Little-Thought-Of, Dick's Darling beat Don Pedro, Lady Barton beat Lady Graham, Glendyne Holly beat Nip, Bar Maid beat Spring, Ariel a bye.

Third Series.

Trales beat Pearl Sidle, Dick's Darling beat Haud Maid, Lady Barton beat Holly, Bar Maid beat Ariel.

Fourth Series.

Dick's Darling beat Trales, Bar Maid beat Lady Barton.

Fifth Series.

Bar Maid and Dick's Darling divided first and second; Lady Barton third; Trales fourth.

AMERICAN SWEEPSTAKES.

Open to American-bred dogs only, $100 to first, $50 to second, $25 to third, $15 to fourth, entries free, but one-third of winnings retained by the Association for general entrance fee.

Ariel beat Williams and Van Hummell's (Lexington, Ky.) black and white bitch Melodrama. Kate M. beat Little Katie. Williams and Van Hummell's (Lexington, Ky.) white and fawn bitch Minnehaha beat Holly. Beauty a bye. Hand Maid beat Williams and Van Hummell's (Lexington, Ky.) white and brindle bitch Miss Rare. Dr. O. H. Simpson's (Dodge City, Kan.) white and black dog Duke of Dodge beat Bender. Nip beat E. T. Vernon's (Larned, Kan.) black dog Jack. Pearl Sidle beat Duke B. Bridget beat Stonewall Jackson. Don Pedro beat Bar Maid. Jessamine beat John Walton's (Newton, Kan.) fawn bitch Newton Belle. Stake $190, divided.

THE A. K. C. FINANCES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Replies to the open letters of Messrs. Vredenburgh and Belmont seem hardly necessary, but the attention of the dog public may properly be called to the drift of affairs that will be inevitable if these letters are not promptly censured in the only practical way. The letter of Mr. Vredenburgh completely begs the question; he asks for a committee to investigate whether his books are correct, and any practical business man knows how *books* may be correct, and a statement made from them that contains no falsehood, and yet is utterly delusive. The point is that Mr. Peshall and Mr. Shotwell both say that appearances indicate that the A. K. C. will not have funds at the end of the year with which to publish the Stud Book. As treasurer, Mr. Vredenburgh has received moneys in payment of entries in the Stud Book not yet published; if he cannot show an unquestionable reserve fund, out of which the expense of publishing the next volume of the Stud Book will be borne, then all money thus received should be classed as accounts payable. If Messrs. Peshall and Shotwell are correct, the A. K. C. is unquestionably insolvent. Any business man will admit this on sight. Whether these gentlemen are correct, I am not fully prepared to say, but that they have abundant ground for their opinion is shown by the reports made by the Stud Book Committee. Now, I do not see wherein the use of a committee to explain (or state) what nobody has denied comes in. A detailed report from Mr. Vredenburgh is asked for by the circumstances themselves, and nobody has said that Mr. Vredenburgh's report will not be accepted as truthful.

Now as to the desirability of such a detailed statement being made at this time. Mr. Belmont has a lot to say about the "regular time," "usual custom," and that such a detailed report will be furnished when called for by proper authority, etc., etc. Who can there be that has a better right to ask for this information than the creditors of the A. K. C., those who have advanced money on the pledge of receiving the entries and stud books in return? I take it that Mr. Shotwell is in this category, as is Mr. Hopf. Rightly or wrongly the solvency of the A. K. C. has been questioned, and the doubts expressed are supported by figures that on their face conclusively support the charge of insolvency. Does not any business man, in such circumstances, want something more than a mere generalization from his debtor? And when he gets a statement, what does he think of the debtor when the inventory of stock contains unsaleable goods, valued at full prices? Mr. Vredenburgh's report shows stock on hand to something like $1,840. Does any man believe that the whole lot would be sold for $140? There are plenty of mercantile men among the delegates of the A. K. C. I just ask them to apply the state of this case to one of their debtors and what their impression would be as to the chance of their getting their money? So far, the lesson of the reports and letters thereon is that the A. K. C. is hopelessly insolvent.

Now as to the spirit of the letters, the prospect they hold out for future dignified and harmonious courses in canine affairs. Honestly, I am grieved at Mr. Belmont's letter. I know nothing whatever of the gentleman but what I gather from his public expressions; I never had a particle of private expression of opinion as to him from anybody, and I am sincerely sorry that any man can be at the head of American canine affairs and fail to realize the shocking impropriety of his indulging in what appear to be vindictive personalities, over his official signature and in the official organ of the body he represents. This may be consistent with perfect uprightness, but it certainly shows complete unfitness for the position. There is no use in mincing words; the frank truth is the only thing to save us, and I ask all American dogdom how they relish the prospect of their officers using their official signatures and the A.KC. official organ to promulgate charges of "hypocrisy" against gentlemen who differ from them? Just stop and think what this will inevitably lead to? Mr. Belmont would have a perfect right to publish anything and everything he has written, if he did it in the public press and over his private signature; but to throw the weight of his reprsentative character into the scale against some one with whom he differs, or to use the official organ of his club for this purpose, is simply destructive of every good purpose for which the club was instituted. Remember that not a single particle of evidence was produced to support the wild charge of hypocrisy against Mr. Peshall, it being entirely an assumption of Mr. Belmont's.

It would probably be impertinence in me to say to Mr. Belmont that I have no personal feeling against him in this matter, but to the public at large such a disclaimer may be necessary as a preliminary to my saying that, under its present management, nothing but wreck and ruin is in store for the American Kennel Club. W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., Oct. 19.

Editor Forest and Stream:

After reading the published correspondence between the secretary and president of the A. K. C., which appeared in your last issue, it is very evident that the management will not permit a detailed statement to be made showing the exact financial condition of the club, and the members must be satisfied with the statement made by the secretary during the last meeting, which showed for the first eight months of the year that over $6,000 had been collected from the breeders and dog men of this country, and about the same amount had during the same time been expended by the officials of the club; and that if the members are not satisfied with this statement they must estimate for themselves and therefrom arrive at their own conclusions. No one for one moment has ever questioned the integrity, honesty or ability of either the secretary or his assistant, that the amount has been received and the amount disbursed, no one has ever doubted, or in any way questioned, and all the members of the club who have written on the subject ever asked for is a detailed statement by the secretary showing from what sources the income was derived and the items of expense, or "from whence it cometh and whither it goeth." The secretary has been asked in the most kindly, and I might say almost in an affectionate manner for this information. This is a voluntary association, and every member of a local club is a member of this association, and is entitled to this information when reasonably requested.

What I claim is this, that under a reckless and extravagant management thousands of dollars have been taken from the dog men and expended under this management without a resulting benefit to the breeders and members of the club, and that this costly and extravagant management is the result of an idiotic hobby, adopted by a majority of the delegates, for the issue of the monthly publication, the *Kennel Gazette*, and the fastening on to the local clubs that fungus, the associate membership. The *Kennel Gazette*, with its expensive attendants, its costly attachments and magnificent surroundings, worthless in itself, useless to the breeder and a standing menace to the sporting press, is useful only to hold within its forms the outpourings of venom, and the aroma which arises from the literary product of an illiterate, ignorant writer, directed against members of the club, as will more fully appear from a personal perusal of the September issue. The associate membership comes upon us from the same source in its wake, sapping the very foundations and vitals of the local clubs. Under the old constitution about forty clubs were built up and an interest awakened in dog matters extending from the near East to the far West; and during the year 1888 and the early part of 1889 most of these clubs gave bench shows, the Stud Book was regularly issued every three months, and the breeders saw the registration of their dogs published in the Stud Book, which gained their confidence and obtained their respect.

Now let us take a look at 1889 and the prospects for 1890. If a party desires kennel recognition now he must become an associate member, he must join the club through the office door of 23 Broadway, and while there is no compulsion for him to either open or read the organ of the club, the *Kennel Gazette*, he must receive it, not only with its unsavory odor, but with its unpedigreed long list of mongrel curs therein contained as registered by the A. K. C. The local clubs have poured into the coffers of the club, through their members, thousands of dollars, which together with their show losses has so impoverished them that we are now informed that most of these local clubs will not be able to open their shows next year, and it is not only the small clubs, but the Philadelphia Club and the club in the great city of Boston have about concluded to succumb, while the New York show will perhaps be the only successful one of the season. The Stud Book for 1889 lies folded within its primitive leaves in the kennel office, the fifty cents which has come down from the hills and up from the vales to pay for the registration in the club's official book has long since been absorbed by the munificent surroundings from without, and according to the Stud Book Committee, there is no money to that account to now get these within. However, we are informed by the official organ that notwithstanding all these gloomy outlooks, health, wealth and wisdom reign supreme within the charmed No. 44 Broadway, and that there are members of the A. K. C. who have been termed hypocritical because they have the courage to express not only their views, but who refuse to truckle and bend the knee to the many wiles growing out of this idiotic hobby, even if bolstered up by the health of a Hercules, the wisdom of a Solomon, or the golden wealth of an ass.

So the management of the A. K. C. is not a rabble, nor is it controlled by a rabble. It is not so elevated, for the facts will convince any one that it has descended to the control of a clique. History teaches us that good government has at times grown out of the actions of the rabble, but never an instance can we remember where good government has ever resulted from the intriguing of a clique. The rabble can exist without the assistance of the clique, and the clique does not desire the advice, aid or assistance of the rabble, excepting in this, that the clique will accept from the rabble or any member thereof any contributions of money that may be sent them, and which will be used by the clique in furtherance of their adopted motto, "Health, Wealth and Wisdom." PESHALL.

JERSEY CITY, Oct. 19.

THE IRISH SETTER FIELD TRIALS.

WE publish below the comments of the *London Field* upon the recent field trials of the Irish Red Setter Club:

"When we say that every one was heartily glad as the last course was being run on the evening of Thursday, Sept. 19, no disparagement of the gathering is intended; simply the meeting was a day too long, when the severe nature of the ground over which the various trials were run is taken into consideration. There were too many stakes, too many entries, and greater interest would have been shown in all, had fewer of the dogs been entered in more than one of the competitions. Two or three good stakes, with the number of entries in each limited, would be quite as many as could be satisfactorily concluded in a couple of days on any grouse mountain in Ireland in the middle of September. Birds then are wild and considerably scattered, and though they lie much better to dogs there than they do in England and the south of Scotland, still many of them are away from the hill points and hillocks long before the dogs come within scenting range. Grouse generally were found to be fairly numerous after the first day; but on the terribly rough and dangerous moor of Sir W. McMahon's, gone over on Tuesday, they were by no means so plentiful as could have been wished. Still they lay well under the tussocks of old heather, and it was rather peculiar that on that day every bird we saw was utilized in some way or other, either a good or bad point being had from it. This was by no means the case later on in the meeting, when far more birds were found, but they were wilder. Mr. W. F. Black's mountain is an exceedingly pretty one from every point of view; heather in profusion, in all stages of growth, is to be found, and with an abundance of grouse there is a fair sprinkling of blue hares, with a snipe or two now and then. There are a few sheep on the shootings, but not nearly so many as would be found on the same extent in Scotland.

"Taking all things into consideration, this last field trial meeting of the Irish Setter Club must be set down as a great success, inasmuch as, in addition to several well-known celebrities, there also competed two or three brace of Irish setters almost, if not quite, equal to anything of the kind previously seen. Indeed, the work of the native red setter throughout was of such a character as cannot fail to enhance the value of the variety in the opinion of sportsmen, especially those whose shootings lie in wild and exposed situations. Although the chief honor of the meeting did not actually fall to an Irish setter, this may be said to have arisen more through inadvertence than otherwise. To Mr. Heywood Lonsdale's liver and white pointer bitch Mopsa went the cup for the best pointer or setter in the competition, a bad or mistaken rule, we think, allowing her, although only one of an entry in the brace stakes, to compete against the dogs entered in the ordinary single competitions. Thus Mopsa, when she met Devonshire Sall in the finals, had previously run only a single short trial of about twenty minutes, and so was comparatively fresh. She was well handled by Brailsford, who, if not able to go quite so fast over his ground as some of the more juvenile breakers, still was always about the place when he was wanted, and he never allows any of his animals to lose a point through want of attention on his part. Devonshire Sall, the Derby winner, run by Messrs. Bulled and Bruette (the latter we believe an American partner of the Devonshire man), and handled admirably by Turner, who proved so successful with Mr. Ellis's Irish red setters last year and the year before, is a good-looking bitch, a prize winner on the bench. She goes a rare pace, carries her head well, and seemed to be an untiring worker; still, on the trials she can scarcely be brought into comparison with some of the red setters that had run so many more times than she; but of them more anon. Devonshire Jack, her brother (they are by Molton Baron—Village Star, and 20mos. old), is equally good, perhaps better, and a thorough show dog in appearance; he has likewise won prizes, and is a good one to go. We were particularly pleased with the style in which he carried his head, and the showy manner in which he galloped and stood his game. The best English setter at the meeting was undoubtedly that smart liver and white bitch Ightfield Rosa (winner of the puppy stakes at Shrewsbury in the spring), who ran second for the Derby. She is a little one, but a rare one to gallop, and, so far as one could tell, went quite as fast over the rough heather as the red dogs. She was smarter than anything at the meeting in her pointing, turning and dropping, as she struck the wind of birds—as quick as a flash of lightning. The good-looking brace, Master Sam and Merry Dick, did not work so well as we have seen them, the first named especially—perhaps attributable to the fact that neither has been on the moors this season; so they went somewhat tamely on grouse over the mountains in comparison with what they might have done after partridges in the low country. Still, Dick went excessively fast at times—a right merry goer, that on a future occasion may be seen to better advantage. This was Nicholson's first appearance at an Emerald Isle meeting, and regrets were expressed that he was not more successful. Thomas Armstrong, too, was there for the first time, and he pleased all by the quiet way in which he worked his dogs, and their non-success cannot be laid to his door.

"No doubt the honors of the meeting went to R. K. Armstrong, a son of Edward Armstrong, of Danby Lodge, and now engaged as trainer to Mr. W. H. Cooper, of Ashbourne, who has got a kennel of Irish setters together which, with a little further improvement, will be almost unbeatable. Young Armstrong had his dogs nicely broken, but he worked them too quickly, himself running over the ground at a pace with which the judges failed to keep up. Merritt, who is now with Mr. C. C. Ellis, did likewise, and on this account, when competing together, the two trainers had to be spoken to by the judges, and cautioned as to their rate of procedure. No doubt both will in future bear this in mind, for they are excellent, steady fellows, painstaking and hard travelers, and their good sense will lead them to benefit by their experiences at this meeting in county Tyrone. Of the new red setters, precedence must be given to Henmore Sure Death, a bitch that was unfortunately entered in all the stakes. We should like to have seen her and her half-sister Woodbine run by an Irish sportsman; but there was the next best thing to this—they were bred by one, viz., Mr. J. G. Hawks, of Kenmare, County Kerry. They are fair-looking bitches, both of them are directly descended from the blood of Captain Hutchinson's old celebrity Bob, and have not a drop of anything but pure Milesian blood in their veins. To Sure Death would undoubtedly have gone the champion cup had she not been so hard run; how she went over the ground, even in the earlier part of her last course, after running during the last three days no fewer than ten trials, some of which were prolonged ones, must have been seen to be believed. Armstrong had taken great pains with her, and she was a vast improvement on the form she had shown in the spring at the Kennel Club's trial, no doubt owing to the fact of her having had a fortnight immediately preceding this meeting over some of the roughest mountains in Tyrone. We fancy she is faster than Mac's Little Nell if both were down on similar ground; her style is smart and clean; she knows where to look for game, possesses a fine nose, and, if kept well under command and made to back properly, will prove a hard nut for the celebrities to crack in the spring of 1890. We do not expect to find such a prodigy as a dog that can gallop around her or take the outside beat. Next to her of the young unknown ones must come Woodbine, already mentioned; she is extremely smart, and may even possess a more delicate nose than her half sister, and there was little to choose between her and Mac's Little Nell when the latter was given the trial in the puppy stakes. We believe at home Woodbine's reputation is as high as Sure Death's, and here she appeared to back better than any Irish setter we have yet seen—a duty in which most of the cracks of this variety seem to fail. They, however, worked the ground scent less than is usual, and in most cases these red dogs had an ugly, houndlike habit of putting their noses to the ground and making out the line in that manner, rather than by holding high their heads and catching the tainted air. When Irish setters will altogether cease this low style of hunting and condescend to acknowledge a point of an opponent, they will have lost the two defects which have alone prevented the taking that high rank they deserve at field trial meetings. Another good young dog is Henmore Shotover, a son of the bench winner, Mr. Perrin's Hector. Not a bad-looking dog, he too has pace on his side, and stamina in abundance; indeed, one-half of the work he and Sure Death went through would, we fancy, have quite tired out a moiety of the ordinary dogs we see running at the spring trials, and after what we saw at Omagh last week, we are sure that the Irish setter for rough land such as the trials were run over cannot be excelled. One drawback he, however, possesses. This is his color, so difficult to see against the dark background of the faded heather as it is in the autumn. This was especially to be noticed when one of the variety ran against a pointer or English setter, nor did we find that birds lay better to the one than to the other. The pointer certainly looks to best advantage on these high ranges of mountains; but when the sharp rain storms came on, they scraped a bed, crouched and shivered in the cold, at the same time that the native dogs appeared warm and contented.

"We have said the trials throughout were a great success, so was the judging; and to Mr. J. H. Salter, Capt. Milner, and Mr. T. H. Richardson, of Crumlin, the club is greatly indebted for the excellent manner in which they performed their duties. They walked well and worked hard—the latter as a steward, and also when he took Mr. Salter's place as judge. The arrangement of the beats the first day was not good; but when they came under the superintendence of Capt. Hugh Stewart there was no going over the same ground backward and forward to get the wind, and so a fair amount of work was done for no more than a maximum amount of walking.

"On the conclusion of the meeting, some surprise was expressed that the winners of the various stakes had not been given separate and distinct trials for the champion cup, in accordance with the rules. As a fact, the judges were not aware of any such rule, and they would have been quite within their rights, in the absence of such knowledge, in awarding the cup to any dog at the meeting without giving any extra trial at all. However, they decided to run Henmore Sure Death, Mopsa, and Devonshire Sall, with the result published last week. Mac's Little Nell had won the All-Aged Stake, and beaten Sure Death in the second round of it; so her worker was clearly justified in his complaint that Mr. Ellis's favorite and excellent bitch had not been given another run for the trophy. We hear that Mr. Ellis has formally protested against the award, and a letter from him appears in another column. Under the circumstances no blame can attach to the judge in the matter; and Mr. Giltrap's absence from the ground was owing to an accident on the first day. This was the grumble at the meeting, and the secretary (Mr. Giltrap) may well feel delighted at the result of his labors, and every one was full of praise to him for his kindness and the welcome he gave to all.

"Some of the members of the Irish Setter Club intend, if possible, to secure a mountain of their own, over which the field trial meetings may be held. If they succeed in doing

this, the trials can come off in August, before birds have been either driven or shot over dogs, when they will be less wild than in September, more numerous, and so afford better and more satisfactory trials, with not so much of the first-point wins as had to be followed on the occasion of which we write."

CENTRAL FIELD TRIALS ENTRIES.

ALL-AGED POINTER STAKE.

BOUNCE (Bob—Sal), G. W. Amory.
REMUS (Mainspring—Dell), Castleman Kennels.
ROD'S GAL (Rod—Juno), Castleman Kennels.
COUNT M. (Croxteth—Trinket) Castleman Kennels.
FLIRT (Mainspring—Merry Legs), O. W. Donner.
PONTIAC (Milton Bang II.—Climax), Edward Dexter.
RIP RAP (King of Kent—Hops), Edward Dexter.
LORD GRAPHIC (champion Graphic—champion Daphne), John R. Daniels.
DUKE OF VERNON (Glendale—Spotless), L. Gardner.
COUNT FAUSTER (Mainspring—Dolly Fauster), Dr. J. G. F. Holston.
DUKE OF HESSEN (Luck of Hessen—Blarney), F. R. Hitchcock.
WOOLTON GAME (Gough—Larkspur), F. R. Hitchcock.
REVEL III. (Graphic—Beryl), Chas. Heath.
MEALLY (Pax—Climax), Chas. Heath.
SALLY BRASS II. (Graphic—Meally), Chas. Heath.
LANCELOT (Graphic—Meally), Chas. Heath.
ARTHUR (Graphic—Meally), Chas. Heath.
LEBANON (Tim—Peg), Lebanon Kennels.
NICK OF NASO (Naso II.—Pettigo), John N. Lewis.
BANNERMAN (Osborn's Ale—Keswick II.), Dr. C. E. Michel.
STONEWALL (Beb—Kirkland's Gip), W. B. Meares, Jr.
CONSOLATION (Bang Bang—Grace III.), C. H. Odell.
ROGER WILLIAMS (Bang Bang—Lalla Rookh), C. H. Odell.
DOLGOROUKI (Bang Bang—Lalla Rookh), C. H. Odell.
LALLA ROOKH (Sensation's Son—champion Grace), C. H. Odell.
AJAX (pedigree not given), Walter R. Stiness.
SELDOM (Booth—Tuck), Nat Simpkins.
FRED (pedigree not given), Bayard Thayer.
TAMMANY'S BOY (Tammany—Juno), Miss H. Wooster.
LAD OF BOW (Graphic—Climax), Westminster Kennel Club.
ROCK II. (Graphic—Lady Belle), J. B. Wallace.
FAN FAN (Graphic—Lady Belle), J. B. Wallace.

ALL-AGED SETTER STAKE.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

LARK (Dash— ———), Cashman & Meeker.
LITTLE GIFT (Roderigo—Queen Bess), Bert Crane.
MAUD (Dog Whip—Harrison's Juno), Bert Crane.
KING'S MARK (King Noble—Belle Belton), J. I. Case, Jr.
SAM C. (King Noble—Cricket), J. I. Case, Jr.
NANNIE B. (King Noble—Queen Vashti), J. I. Case, Jr.
ROI D'OR (Roderigo—Bo-Peep), O. W. Donner.
TOLEDO BLADE (Roderigo—Lillian), J. E. Dager.
CINCINNATUS (Count Noble—Dido II.), J. E. Dager.
REBEL, JR. (Roderigo—Bo-Peep), Adolph Dill.
KING'S DAN (King Noble—Elsie Belton), Elmwood Kennels.
COUNTESS RUSH (Count Noble—Belle of Piedmont), R. V. Fox.
ROGER (Count Noble—Queen of Meg), L. Gardner.
MISS MONARCH (Roy Monarch—Flossie), C. C. Gray.
JIM BLACKBURN (Roderigo—Po-Beep), T. W. House.
TEMPEST (Count Noble—Lit), H. Hutman, Jr.
NATALIE II. (King Noble—Natalie), J. Heyward, Jr.
SILK (champion Foreman—Harris's Isabella II.), C. F. Harris.
DASH (Blue Drake—Diana II.), Chas. Heath.
JORDAN'S DASH (Rake—Myra), J. F. Jordan.
GUY (Gladstone's Boy—Lady), Geo. T. Leach.
FOREMAN'S NELL (Foreman—Nellie II.), L. A. Lockwood.
WHITIE (Gus Bondhu—Royal Myrtle), Herbert Merriam.
ROWDY ROD (Roderigo—Juno A.), Memphis & Avent Kennels.
BETTYE S. (Roderigo—Bo-Pep), Memphis & Avent Kennels.
LAERTES (Count Noble—Lizzie Hopkins), Memphis & Avent Kennels.
CASSIO (Count Noble—Lizzie Hopkins), Memphis & Avent Kennels.
ANTONIO (Roderigo—Bo-Peep), Memphis & Avent Kennels.
CHANCE (Roderigo—Bo-Peep), Memphis & Avent Kennels.
BLUE MARK (Gath's Mark—Lufra), N. B. Nesbit, agent.
KATE (pedigree not given), J. T. Richards.
SUNSHINE (Count Noble—Lit), J. T. Richards.
PRINCE IMPERIAL (Emperor Fred—Bessie), Ramapo Kennels.
ORLANDO (Roderigo—Bo-Peep), John Simpkins.
POLLY (pedigree not given), John Simpkins.
DICK TATE (Gus Bondhu—Lady Dixie), A. M. Tucker.
KING LEO (Count Noble—Ruby), Ernest F. Thomas.
MAUD FOREMAN (Bridgeport—Miss Elsie), E. F. Thomas.
RAPID ANN (Jeff Davis—Gypsey Blue), W. T. Townes.
LUFRA'S MARK (Gath's Mark—Cross's Lufra), W. W. Titus, agent.
COUNT HOWARD (Sir Alister—Mena), Frank Windholz.
CORA OF WETHERAL (Sir Alister—Mena), F. Windholz.
PRINCESS BEATRICE II. (Royalty—Kate Westmoreland), F. Windholz.

GORDON SETTERS.

COUNTESS FLO (Heather Roy—Molly), Dr. John H. Meyer

IRISH SETTERS.

DESMOND II. (Frisco—Grouse II.), Chas. T. Thompson.

THE ALL-ROUND DOG.

MT. VERNON, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reply to "Novice," I intended to write more at the time, but was afraid of taking too much space. The spaniel should, as a rule, be the dog, and the beagle the bitch, and she should whelp in the spring. Fall puppies don't, as a rule, do well, being weakly and stunted. It should be a medium-sized cocker spaniel and as small a beagle as can be got.

As to what this dog will do. There is a saying about "wanting the earth." For instance, some sportsmen would want their dog to carry their gun and overcoat too; then they might expect them to load it. What I mean to say is, you must not expect too much from your best friend. But I think the spaniel-beagle will do everything "Novice" enumerates. For all ground work he is simply *par excellence*. His nose is all that could be wished, but for retrieving partridges and ducks over water he must be more carefully trained. If the shooting is more over water I would advise the retriever-spaniel cross, putting a spaniel to a retriever (curly-coated for preference).

Then there is the terrier-beagle cross, largely used for rabbits and squirrels, a very handy little dog. Of course every one knows the dropper, about which there is some discussion, some (principally judges) voting him a nuisance, while others (Captain Bogardus, for instance) swear by them, and I think that for rough work and only one dog they are better, on account of their not tiring so easily.

CROSS-BRED.

THE NEW YORK SHOW.—Westminster Kennel Club, Babylon, L. I., Oct. 19.—The next show of the Westminster Kennel Club will be held at the American Institute Building, Third avenue, New York, on the 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th of February, 1890.—JAS. MORTIMER, Supt.

THE GORDON SETTER CLUB.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Oct. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am pleased to learn that we have members in our Gordon Club that will look after the interest of the same. Shall I say for all or only a few of its members? or perhaps it is neither; only just to be writing, to let the country know that we own Gordon setters. For several months our sporting journals have had the very best of letters printed on almost every breed of hunting dogs except the Gordon setter. But he has come to the front again. On Sept. 20 we find a long letter from Dr. J. H. Meyer on the Gordon Club, its officers and for field trials. Again on Oct. 11 the same writer appears in print with a rehearsal of his first letter of Sept. 20 (except a little more personal).

On Oct. 3 I replied to same, defending the club and its officers. I have no apology to offer in behalf of Mr. Malcolm; he is able to defend himself. There is not a club in existence to-day in this country or any other country, that a member cannot get followers. Let him write a long letter to the different papers telling the members that a radical change is wanted, by saying they have star chamber meetings, and it is ruled by a clique and all is secrecy with them. How many members belonging to such a club would kick? Why, most of them. Have not nations been divided, father against son and the whole civilized world shocked from one end to the other. Why? Because some man or men have led the people to believe that they were unjustly treated.

With regard to not dissecting the constitution, let the members see when the club was formed and when admitted into the A. K. C. in form. Now would it be wise for any one member so interested in the club to make it weaker in place of stronger? I leave that to the public.

As there are only a few that are breeding the pure Gordon setter of to-day as classed in the A. K. C., my object would be, make more breeders; and nothing can stop the Gordon from coming to the front, both on the bench and in the field. It always appears to me when a person opens up a public correspondence, that his second letter always construes his opponent's letter, that is if he wants to keep before the people. For instance (quoting), Dr. J. H. Meyer, he says in regard to secrecy referred to in Dr. Whitaker's letter. Now let us quote Dr. Whitaker as he wrote it; the words are: "I do not see the consistency of any member making his troubles known to the public; as in all matters where a wrong exists the club should have the first right to act (and not the press)."

How laughable it is for Dr. Meyer to tell me and the press that all is published what the A. K. C. does monthly. Why it answers for itself, for I never see what the A. K. C. has done until after they have had a meeting and not before. I say again the club must have the first right to act and not the press. (Club first, and press second.)

I shall not go into details about officers of any organization, as some are only figureheads and can only act when so ordered. A president of a club has no power to do anything only what the club orders he shall do. Can an officer of a club have an opinion of his own? or shall one member tell the officer how he must think and act individually? If a member belonging to a club should have such ideas of a president that he must not write or think on what the member thinks for him, then I say do away with the president.

Now one word on field trials. If Dr. Meyer was so anxious to run his dog, why did he not run his dog against Mr. Sperry's Stubble, when this dog was open to run any Gordon setter in America, or does he want to force Little Boy to run, a dog that is gun-shy by being shot at. I am not saying this to injure Little Boy, far from it, I am only showing the position of our friend Meyer. The voting of the so-called fake ticket by the St. Louis members will explain for itself without my reply on that point.

One word to friend Meyer and then I have finished. I thought when our club was formed that all those old feelings would be done away with that existed in forming it and so fought against it. I would say to the members not to listen to men that are outside of the club, as this is no one man's country, and we all know that one man cannot nor shall not rule our Gordon Club. J. WHITAKER, M.D.

THE SOONER DOG.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Charles Hallock's investigation of the question as to the significance and origin of the term "sooner dog," the result of which is contained in your number of Oct. 10, deserves credit for the ingenuity displayed, although the subject hardly merits the attention which he bestows upon it, when the true explanation of the expression is known.

I could not repress a smile while reading his dignified disquisition on the subject, and being forcibly reminded of Mr. Pickwick's antiquarian find in the shape of a paving stone on one of the London streets, which bore what he determined was a very ancient Roman inscription. He had the stone dug up and carefully preserved and afterward presented it to the antiquarian society, of which he was president, as a great treasure. The inscription was as follows:

BILLJ
ONE
SHISM
ARK

But the beautiful theory which Mr. Pickwick had constructed as to its age and significance was effectually exploded by the interpretation given by an irreverent and matter of fact member, who declared that it should be read "Bill Jones—His Mark."

As to Mr. Hallock's "sooner dog" theory, I am afraid it is fated to a similar explosion. There is a current ribald and silly catch which is worked in this way: A "knowing" member of a party will "give the wink" to some of the others and then remark, "Why that's a sooner dog, the first one I've seen in some time." Then the "sucker" of the party inquires, "What do you mean by a sooner dog?" The reply is, "He'd sooner stay in the house than go out doors."

COAHOMA.

CLARKSDALE, Miss.

A TROTTING IRISH SETTER.

KANSAS CITY, Mo.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Early last week a gentleman with his son and dog arrived in this city, stopping at the Hotel Woodland to visit friends. It soon transpired that the dog, a fair specimen of the Irish setter, was used very differently from what such dogs are supposed to be kept for, viz., that of pulling his young master hitched the same as a horse to a sulky. Getting on some of the smooth streets of the city he was noticed distancing all horses that came his way, and at the same time trotting horse-fashion. The president of the driving park learning of the wonderful feats performed by the dog, invited the owner to show him at the track, where he made the half mile in such good time that an engagement was made for a public exhibition, which was given on Saturday afternoon.

The novelty of the race brought out a good crowd, especially quite a number of the youths of the land, who took advantage of the matinee to gaze for the first and possibly the last time upon a genuine trotting dog which can lay claim to speed.

Everybody was on tip toe to see how the dog was to be hitched and how big he was, and all felt relieved when he was harnessed and the driver was seated and he had the word go! at which he gave a jump and then settled into a good trot, which he maintained all the way to the finish, increasing his speed at the wire. The tickers recorded the good time of 1.52.

When unhitched the dog did not appear worried, but jumped and frisked about his master as though delighted with his own accomplishment.

After a short rest he was again started, this time making a better record, reaching home long before supper time in the excellent time of 1.50½, thus beating all previous dog records.

The Exposition Driving Park is something new, only completed about two months ago, but it is already, like the ball park and the exposition building, a very popular resort, and it should be, as there are three cable-line roads running direct to the park, making it easy of access to all parts of the city. RUSTLER.

THE CANADIAN TRIALS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Have just returned from Chatham, near which place the first annual field trials of the Canadian Kennel Club will be held. The club has secured and posted a tract of land some two miles square and have also secured two other grounds so that should anything happen to the one of the grounds they have another to fall back on. The grounds are first class in every respect, being free from dense covers and heavy woods. Birds are plentiful and everything looks promising. Entries are coming in, but we would like to see some entries from your side as we are anxious to test the quality of our dogs against some of your cracks. This being our first trials we can't afford to make our purses as large as we would like, but with good support this year we hope to make them larger next year. Entries close Nov. 1, and should be sent to the secretary, C. A. Stone, London, Ont.

C. A. STONE.

DOG TALK.

MR. COSTER informs us that arrangements have been made with Southern railroads whereby all who attend the Eastern or Central field trials from points south can, by applying to ticket agents and paying full fare to Greensboro or Salisbury, obtain a certificate entitling them to return at one-third the regular fare. The railroad company will also transport three dogs free when accompanied by handler, upon presentation of card from the secretary of either club. Negotiations are now in progress with Northern roads, and it is probable that the same arrangements will be made with them. The address of the secretary of the Eastern Field Trials Club is W. K. Coster, Saratoga Springs, N. Y. Of the Central Field Trial Club, Col. C. H. Odell, 19 Broad street, New York.

In his letter to Secretary Vredenburgh, A. K. C., published in our last issue, President August Belmont, Jr., asserted that Mr. L. C. Bruce had sought to have his paper appointed to the paid and exclusive organship of the A. K. C. We have received a letter from Mr. Bruce in which he denies this. The unimportant subject then resolves itself into a simple question of veracity between Mr. Bruce and Mr. Belmont.

The Norfolk & Western Railroad Co. announce that during the hunting season, i. e., from Oct. 15, 1889, to Jan. 15, 1890, the company will take free in baggage cars, when accompanied by owners, and at their risk, the dogs of sportsmen or hunting parties, not exceeding one dog to each man. After Jan. 15, 1890, the regular dog tariff to apply in all cases.

The annual dog show of the Westminster Kennel Club will be held Feb. 11 to 14 instead of a week later as previously announced. Arrangements have been made with the American Institute for the use of their building on Third avenue, between Sixty-third and Sixty-fourth streets.

Mr. H. P. McKean, Jr., of Philadelphia, has recently purchased from Mr. Chas. Kemp, London, England, the brindle and white bulldog Hodge. He was whelped July 2, 1886, and is by the well-known British Monarch and out of Roselle (Surplice—Nell Gwynne).

At Newcastle, England, a man was recently fined under the Cruelty to Animals act for docking the tails of fox-terrier puppies.

The All-Aged Stakes of the Central Field Trial Club have 77 entries, 32 pointers, 43 English, 1 Irish and 1 Gordon setters.

We have it straight that a Tammany puppy will win both the Eastern and Central Derbies.

GREAT DANE IMPORTATION.—Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Laibacher arrived last week with eight more specimens of great Danes from the kennels of Messrs. Burger, Essig, Ulrich and Watzger, including champion Harres, one of the noblest of his breed, and other prize winners. We have now one of the largest and best kennels of this breed in America, including harlequins, blue, golden and tiger brindles.—WELZ & ZERWECK, Proprietors High Ground Kennels.

INDIANA TRIALS.—Ohio & Mississippi Railway Co., Cincinnati, O., Oct. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Dogs entered in the Indiana field trials (in crates) will be transported free over this road, at owners' risk, on presentation by owner or keeper of a ticket reading to or from Vincennes or to or from Bicknell. There was a misunderstanding on the part of one of our subordinates in limiting the number of dogs to be transported free to two.—W. B. SHATTUC, Gen. Pass. Agent.

CENTRAL TRIALS.—New York, Oct. 16.—Will you kindly call attention in your issue of next week to the fact that the Free for All Stake, four-hour heats, of the Central Club, closes Nov. 1; also that the forfeit is $50, and $50 additional to fill, and that the first money is $1,000.—C. H. ODELL, Sec'y and Treas. Central Field Trial Club.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Forest Rock, Forest Thunder, Forest Monk, Forest Tatton, Forest Heather and Forest Vine. By C. A. Stone, London, Ont., for blue belton English setters, four dogs and two bitches, whelped Oct. 7, 1889, by Sir Tatton (Sir Alister—Belle of Furness) out of Forest Fern (Prince Royal—Forest Ruby).

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Lady Bess—Thyrass. Mohican Great Dane Kennels' (Albany, N. Y.) great Dane bitch Lady Bess to E. Johnston's Thyrass, Oct. 17.

Nydia—Edwy. Shugart & Hamilton's (Council Bluffs, Ia.) mastiff bitch Nydia (Clement—Queen of Ashmont) to Dr. George B. Ayres's Edwy (champion Orlando—Countess of Woodlands), Aug. 13.

Wacouta Donna—Edwy. C. N. Powell's (Omaha, Neb.) mastiff bitch Wacouta Donna (Ilford Chancellor—Ilford Comedy) to Dr. Geo. B. Ayres's Edwy (champion Orlando—Countess of Woodlands), Sept. 13.

Wacouta Rose—Edwy. Dr. Geo. B. Ayres's (Omaha, Neb.) mastiff bitch champion Wacouta Rose (champion Montgomery—The Princess) to his Edwy (champion Orlando—Countess of Woodlands), Sept. 1.

Ilford Comedy—Edwy. Dr. Geo. B. Ayres's (Omaha, Neb.) mastiff bitch Ilford Comedy (champion Orlando—Idalia) to his Edwy (champion Orlando—Countess of Woodlands), July 25.

Dolly Varden II.—Lord Raglan. Dr. Geo. B. Ayres's (Omaha, Neb.) mastiff bitch Dolly Varden II. (champion Hero II.—champion Dolly Varden) to his Lord Raglan (champion Crown Prince—The Lady Rowena), Sept. 2.

Lady Price—Duke. Elms Kennels' (Forest Lake, Minn.) pointer bitch Lady Price (Graphic—Mealy) to Dr. J. Hanson's Duke (Sensation—Rose), Oct. 4.

Flora—Boycott. John Moran's (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Flora (Douglass I.—June) to Eberhart Pug Kennels' Boycott (Duke—Bonnie), Oct. 17.

Mamie—Douglass II. Mrs. N. Sykes's (Norfolk, Va.) pug bitch Mamie to Eberhart Pug Kennels' Douglass II. (Douglass I.—June), Sept. 22.

Judy—Bradford Ruby II. F. Homan's (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Judy (Douglass II.—Beauty) to Eberhart Pug Kennels' Bradford Ruby II. (champion Bradford Ruby—Puss B.), Oct. 11.

Muzz—Bradford Ruby II. A. B. Porter's (Chicago, Ill.) pug bitch Muzz to Eberhart Pug Kennels' Bradford Ruby II. (champion Bradford Ruby—Puss B.), Oct. 11.

Pearl Laverack—Monk of Furness. H. E. Thompson's English setter bitch Pearl Laverack to Elms Kennels' Monk of Furness, Oct. 8.

Gyp Dot—Monk of Furness. M. A. Callahan's (Williston, M. T.) English setter bitch Gyp Dot to Elms Kennels' Monk of Furness, Oct. 13.

Knight's Belle—Monk of Furness. Elms Kennels' (Forest Lake, Minn.) English setter bitch Knight's Belle to their Monk of Furness, Sept. 8.

Zylla—Glenmar. St. Cloud Kennels' (Mott Haven, N. Y.) Irish setter bitch Zylla (St. Cloud—Princess Ida) to their Glenmar (champion Glencho—Mavourneen), Sept. 27.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Ilford Comedy. Dr. Geo. B. Ayres's (Omaha, Neb.) mastiff bitch Ilford Comedy (Orlando—Idalia), Sept. 20, eight (three dogs), by his Edwy (champion Olando—Countess of Woodlands).

Vesta. C. A. Altmansperger's (Minden, Ia.) mastiff bitch Vesta (Diavalo—Madge), Aug. 18, seven (three dogs), by Dr. Geo. B. Ayres's Edwy (champion Orlando—Countess of Woodlands).

Nydia. Shugart & Hamilton's (Council Bluffs, Ia.) mastiff bitch Nydia (Clement—Queen of Ashmont), Oct. 11, ten (seven dogs), by Dr. Geo. B. Ayres's Edwy (champion Orlando—Countess of Woodlands).

Juno. M. C. Thomas's (Jersey Shore, Pa.) mastiff bitch Juno, Sept. 14, fourteen (eight dogs), by W. H. Gray's Prince (Zulu—Dolly).

Forest Fern. C. A. Stone's (London, Ont.) English setter bitch Forest Fern (Prince Royal—Forest Ruby), Oct. 7, seven (five dogs), by Item Kennels' Sir Tatton (Sir Alister—Belle of Furness).

Countess Flo. Beaumont Keunels' (New York) Gordon setter bitch Countess Flo (Heather Boy—Molly), Oct. 9, seven (one dog), by their champion Floss (champion Ronald III.—champion Floss).

Julia. St. Cloud Kennels' (Mott Haven, N. Y.) Irish setter bitch Julia (Duke II.—Peg II.), Sept. 23, three (two dogs), by their St. Cloud (champion Elcho—champion Noreen).

Fan. L. Wister's (Philadelphia, Pa.) black and tan terrier bitch Fan, Oct. 3, eight (four dogs), by A. W. Smith's Buffalo General (Halifax General—Lady Lottie).

Flo. Chas. N. Symonds's (Salem, Mass.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Flo (Bright—Fan), Oct. 5, three (two dogs), by P. H. Coombs's Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beal's Lady).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Bonnie Comedy. Fawn, black marks, mastiff bitch, whelped March 24, 1889, by Edwy out of Ilford Comedy, by Dr. G. B. Ayres, Omaha, Neb., to E. L. Marston, same place.

Doctor. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped Aug. 1, 1887, by Don Juan out of Alameda, by W. S. Bidwell, Monterey, Mass., to Wm. Hawkins, same place.

Dan. Fawn pug dog, age and pedigree not given, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to R. D. Gray, Richmond, Va.

Count Howard—Princess Phœbus whelps. Blue belton English setters, whelped May 12, 1889, by F. Windholz, New York, a dog to John Yewdell; Philadelphia, Pa., and a bitch to Joe Lewis, Canonsburgh, Pa.

Count Howard—Princess Beatrice II. whelp. Blue belton English setter dog, whelped May 29, 1889, by F. Windholz, New York, to John Yewdell, Philadelphia, Pa.

Crickett. White and tan fox-tertier bitch, whelped Aug. 18, 1889, by Beverwyck Trap out of Lilly Belmont, by Jas. E. Unks, Muncie, Ind., to Geo. Will, Pittsburg, Pa.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

E. B., Boston.—My setter is afflicted with chronic eczema. I use nearly all the remedies prescribed in "Ashmont," both external and internal. Can you help me? This time it is very stubborn. Is there any cure or remedy that will be permanent? Ans. Keep bowels open with compound cathartic pills, two at a dose. Conceal the pills in a bit of meat. Give Fowler's solution, beginning with four drops night and morning and running up one drop daily to ten. Then down again to four drops in the same way. After this omit ten days and begin again. Use zinc oxide ointment for external application. It may take two or three months to cure.

A. H. C., Albany, N. Y.—As you have kindly answered me several times when I have written to you for information, I again wish for help, which you will probably be able to give me. My brown water spaniel (3yrs.) is afflicted with what I have lately thought to be mange, but the symptoms do not tally with any I have read. His health is generally good, as is his appetite. I have washed him frequently through the summer with Buchan's carbolic soap, let it dry on, per directions, and let him bathe usually once a week, which he enjoys very much. He seemed to scratch and bite himself a good deal and I treated him for ticas, which I know he had. These I think I've gotten rid of, but he still continues scratching. He has two bare spots on his rump bones, but I accounted for these by his biting and drawing himself along on the ground when he happened to be costive. One of these spots is entirely healed and the other nearly so. His skin is free from eruption and dry. Some dandruff or dust. Hair in tail somewhat turned whitish. Sleeps well. Ans. Give your dog two compound cathartic pills each morning for three days. You can conceal the pills in a morsel of meat. Put five drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic in the food night and morning. Keep this up for three weeks, then omit ten days and begin again.

See advertisement of Messrs. Harvey's rough-coated St. Bernard stock.—*Adv.*

Rifle and Trap Shooting

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE NEW WIMBLEDON.

AN English letter, dated early in September, says: "For several days past the large number of 1,700 men have been hard at work upon the butts at Bisley in preparation for the next prize meeting of the National Rifle Association to be held in July of 1890, and already some idea of the ultimate appearance of the New Wimbledon can be formed from the position of the two principal butts, which are fast approaching completion. The larger of these, to be used for the firing between 200 and 600yds., is intended to provide so many as 90 targets, and the whole of the earth for this long embankment is being dug out and filled up by military labor. The latter comes entirely from Aldershot, the plan adopted being to march out a brigade of three half battalions of 500 men each, these remaining at work for ten days at a time, and camping on the spot. As yet but two brigades of half battalions have been so engaged, and the third has still to take its turn, and after this the other half battalion will be called in, until all the Aldershot infantry have had 10 days on the work, the men being allowed extra working pay of 6d. per day. The remaining 200 men to complete the 1,700 at work at one time are supplied by the Royal Engineers, who, however, are occupied with the more important duty of surveying the land and marking out the ground upon which the unskilled military laborers are to be employed. The great butt for the short ranges, already referred to, back toward Brockhill, which affords an excellent stop for any long traveling bullets which may pass over the butt, the firing here, as in other ranges to be constructed for the great annual contest, being in a northwesterly direction. The only other butt as yet in course of construction is that for the 1,000yds. range, to provide about 30 targets. The firing point is almost in a line with the 600yds. targets, but all danger to the men firing from the 1,000yds. point is avoided by the ridge called Hog Lees, which runs between the two. The 1,000yds. range will also be used for firing at 800 and 900yds., so that all the ranges ordinarily used at the old Wimbledon will be fully provided. During the last few days the engineers have been marking the site for the Running Deer range, which is to be in a sheltered nook of Hog Lees between the two ranges already mentioned, and close to the spot on which the offices and other principal structures of the camp are to be pitched. To the right of the long 600yds. butt the land has been marked for the construction of a 1,500yds. range, a distance not hitherto used at the National Rifle Association prize meeting, it being proposed to provide six targets. The firing will again be toward Brock-hill, but in this case the ground will require more preparation than elsewhere, there being many bushes and trees to be cleared away. As yet no commencement has been made in the case of the 36 targets which it is in contemplation to provide for the ordinary musketry purposes of the Metropolitan volunteers, but the intention is to place these still further to the right and beyond the 1,500yds. range, the firing here being almost directly to the westward and therefore under conditions entirely different to those attending the firing of the July fortnight. Toward the left of the general site pool targets for 200, 500 and 600yds. ranges are to be placed alongside the 1,000yds. range, but here again the work of making the butts has not yet made much progress. A great effort is now being made to get the earth for all the butts heaped up before the fine weather ends, when it will no longer be possible for the soldiers to remain out under canvas. None of the offices or other permanent buildings have been started, but the ground has been planned for them, and it is expected that considerable progress will be made during the winter by the Royal Engineers, who, in order to be close to their work, are to occupy the huts in Pirbright Camp so soon as the Foot Guards complete their annual summer training. The 1,500 infantry now at work are to return to Aldershot on Thursday, and their places will then be taken by three half battalions of the Third Aldershot Brigade."

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 15.—The Gaiety Rifle and Pistol Club met for usual weekly practice and contests for gold and silver medals at their headquarters, 818 South street, this evening. Mr. A. McManus winning the gold medal, and Mr. Geo. Atkinson winning the silver medal for this meeting. Standard American targets (reduced), 30 ds., Wurfflein rifles, plain open sights, off-hand, 10 shots per man, official score as follows:

E Travis	10	9	6	9	10	10	9	10	8	6—87
A McManus	10	8	9	9	7	10	9	8	6	8—84
J M Green	7	10	8	8	8	9	10	7	8	6—81
J J Mountjoy	10	9	8	9	7	10	6	5	9	7—79
G Atkinson	5	8	6	9	7	7	10	7	10	10—77
A F Simpson	9	6	5	6	9	9	6	7	8	7—72
A F Wiggins	7	7	8	10	4	7	7	7	10	7—71
W Wurfflein	10	6	5	6	8	6	5	9	4	8—67
F Paul	0	9	7	5	7	9	5	7	8	9—66
W Price	10	4	6	5	7	7	7	6	4	9—65
R Hunsinger	5	5	7	7	8	4	8	7	10	4—65
R Roletta	8	5	7	7	6	4	7	6	5	8—63
J Hunsinger	5	5	8	5	8	5	8	5	4	8—61
W Meagher	9	6	5	3	6	9	5	5	8	3—59
F Maher	6	3	8	4	4	7	5	7	7	3—54
A Simon	4	4	3	7	8	6	3	5	5	6—51

Oct. 18.—The officers' match of the 1st Regt., N. G. P., took place at the Hartranft rifle range to-day. This match was originally for 200, 500 and 600yds., 7 shots each distance, but owing to the inability of a number of the officers to shoot at 600yds. (as some of the scores at 500yds. will show) it was decided to shoot 10 shots each at 200 and 500yds., the first prize for three officers of each company, the Baily medal, valued $500; special prize of handsome sword belt, best individual score. Officers from Co. D were the winners of the medal and Lieut. Crump won the special prize:

Co. D Team.	200yds.	500yds.	
Capt Hastings	4512445344—39	4443444445—49—79	
Lieut Crump	4338444344—36	4544555445—45—81	
Lieut Deane	4444553343—39	3543355543—40—79—239	
Co. F Team.			
Capt G Eiler	4204534334—32	2354335432—34—66	
Lieut W Brod	0320444353—29	3224005445—27—56	
Lieut T E Heath	2223344410—34	4444555555—46—80—202	
Co. B Team.			
Capt W E ving	2403404440—25	0444244444—32—58	
Lieut Cairns	0024222320—17	0033054035—25—42	
Lieut Allen	0403233015—24	5240334334—29—53—153	
Co. G Team.			
Capt Williams	3343334444—35	2224254244—31—66	
Lieut Morehead	0232303354—23	4200038023—18—41	
Lieut von Moschisker	0432330300—18	0000000000— 0—18—125	

Oct. 19.—The rifle match for Company teams of four for Wm. M. Singerly badges, was postponed until Oct. 25, 1889, on account of death of Major-General John F. Hartranft.

The best individual scores made at the Hartranft rifle range for this week were as follows, 7 shots, at 200, 500 and 600yds. each:

Tue day, Oct. 14.	200yds.	500yds.	600yds.	T.
J J Mountjoy	5554554—33	5454554—32	5445545—32—97	
Thursday, Oct. 16.				
J J Mountjoy	5554554—33	4455554—32	4454555—32—97	
Saturday, Oct. 19.				
B W Coulston	5454444—30	5554555—34	5545545—32—96	
J J Mountjoy	4445444—29	5554455—33	4555553—31—93	

BOSTON, Oct. 19.—A pleasant fall day greeted the members of the Massachusetts Rifle Association as they gathered in the prize and practice matches to-day. A light breeze was blowing from 6 to 9 o'clock, making the shooting conditions good. Some fine scores were made. Mr. Eames won the gold medal in the 20-shot match, and Mr. Frye won the champion gold medal. Mr. Kelley won the silver, and Mr. Foster won a bronze military medal, and Mr. Frye won the gold membership badge. Following are the scores in detail:

Twenty-Shot Rest Match.

J N Eames	111 109—220	W Pomeroy	83 95—178
F J Rabbeth	100 103—203		

Champion Medal Match.

J A Frye	78	A Newman	68

Silver military medal—Won on 10 scores of 42 or better by

J E Kelly	45	42	46	43	44	43	42	42	44	46

Bronze military medal—Won on 10 scores of 42 or better by

W M Foster	40	40	42	39	39	41	37	38	38	39

Gold membership badge—Won on 10 scores of 81 or better by

J A Frye	82	85	81	88	84	83	81	82	83	84

Military Medal Match.

W O Burnite	46	44	S Washington	42 41
J E Kelly	46	44	F Lovell	40 39
C E Wiggin	43	42	A S Field	37 35
W M Foster	42	41		

All-Comers Off-Hand Match.

H Severance	87	83	F Newton	63 62
J A Frye	82	76	B C Ames	67 59
S E Howard	71	68	H L Green	66 65
A McBean	70	67		

Rest Match.

S Wilder	105	103	J H Farmer	97 95
J N Eames	102	100	P W Summer	97 90
A Ballard	102	100	N James	96 95
A G Horne	99	94	J Hardwick	88

Military Match—200Yds.

W O Burnite	44	43	C L Holmes	40 32
J E Kelley	44	43	C E Wyman	38 37
W M Foster	40	39	A Spring	38 36

800Yds.

F Caster	5	5	4	5	5	5	5	4	5	5—48

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Oct. 18.—Nine members of the St. Louis Pistol Club were present at the Laclede Gallery to do battle for the medal last Wednesday night. Dorman made the top score, a good 91, and walked off the honors for the week. Standard American 20yds. target is used by the club.

S G Dorman	10	10	9	10	9	7	8	8	10	10—91
O Neuhaus	9	9	10	8	9	8	8	9	10	8—88
W Bauer	9	10	6	9	10	8	7	10	8	9—86
M Summerfield	8	8	10	6	9	6	9	10	9	7—83
E Mohrstadt	8	10	10	6	8	8	8	6	9	10—83
G Alexander	6	8	10	8	8	7	8	10	10	7—82
W Mackwitz	6	7	10	10	7	6	5	8	7	8—74
W J Lord	9	10	7	8	7	6	8	4	5	8—72
A E Bengel	7	8	10	9	9	8	9	6	6	5—66

WILMINGTON, Del., Oct. 14.—The weather to-day at the Healdmoor rifle range was about as unfavorable for target shooting as could be furnished. The wind was very gusty, blowing at times like a gale, at others settling down into a calm, and, to the unpleasant features a cold, raw, drizzling rain set in, lasted nearly all afternoon. The marksmen felt blue and growled with disappointment, but took the matter philosophically, a "went in" to have a good time. The discomforts of the weather were somewhat lessened after the parlor stove was lighted and the windows of the shooting house tightly closed. The competition brought out some fine shooting and the detailed scores are as follows, Standard American target, off-hand:

Pistol Match, 50yds.

E J Darlington	9	10	10	9	9	8	9	9	10	10—93
E Jackson	10	9	9	10	10	6	7	9	7	8—87
H Simpson	8	10	8	8	9	8	8	8	9	9—82
W H Johnson	9	9	8	7	10	7	7	8	8	9—82
J Evans	9	9	8	7	7	5	9	7	6	8—75

Diamond State Match, 200yds.

H Simpson	8	5	10	5	6	9	9	9	7	7—75
W H Johnson	5	8	5	5	8	6	6	8	8	9—67
H Philips	5	5	7	8	4	7	5	6	8	7—62
H Doan	6	7	8	7	6	6	6	4	5	7—61
W Floyd (mil.)	4	8	6	4	4	7	5	5	5	7—55
U Fuller (mil.)	4	5	2	4	5	5	7	5	4	5—43

Military Match, 200yds., Creedmoor Target.

Lieut W Floyd	4	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4—41
Corp U Fuller	5	4	5	3	3	3	4	4	4	3—38
Pvt F Williams	2	2	4	4	5	4	2	2	2	4—33
Sergt H Doan	3	3	4	0	3	3	3	3	4	3—29

The following scores were made by the Wilmington Pistol Club at their gallery, at 12½yds., Standard American target, reduced from 50yds:

H Simpson	10	7	10	10	10	10	9	10	8	9—93
E J Darlington	10	10	9	10	7	9	10	8	9	7—89
E Jackson	10	9	9	6	8	9	10	8	10	7—86
W H Johnson	8	10	10	9	6	6	7	10	10	7—83
J Evans	9	9	7	8	10	7	8	9	8	7—82
J W Geyer	8	7	7	8	9	8	7	8	9	10—81
H Philips	7	8	7	6	10	6	9	7	9	6—75
W Floyd	4	7	10	6	3	5	7	8	5	5—60

WORCESTER, Mass., Oct. 19.—The Central Church (Congregational) of this city, Rev. Daniel H. Merriman, D.D., pastor, about 18 months ago organized what is known as the Central Church Cadets, an independent military company, made up of members of the Sunday school. To-day they went out to the militia range, at Peat Meadow, for their second shoot and field day. One year ago there was offered a gold medal as a prize to be contested for annually. Last year the medal was won by E. A. Richardson; score 19. To-day he surrenders it to W. Burshaw, who makes a total of 17. The medal will not become the property of a member until he has won it three consecutive times. The shooting was off-hand, 200yds., with a possible 25:

The Cadets' Score.			
W Burshaw	24344—17	S Tilden	43222—11
C S Knight	24543—16	W Rice	03223—10
H A Whitmore	33335—15	E A Richardson	04042—10
E A Richardson	40334—14	F W Smith	00032— 8
F M Ramsdell	34322—14	J Clarkson	00304— 7
A P Brom	40342—13	J Munroe	03232— 7
C Baker, Jr	40044—12	H F Bonfield	00033— 6
W H Fuller	33320—11	N Berginger	00330— 6
Visitors' Score.			
J Logan (Vet 2d M V M)	44434—19	A Van Dusen	40403—11
C Jillson (ex-mayor)	23435—17	C Sanford	03034—10
Capt D Earle (Vet 15 M)	43442—17	E L Orth	23400— 9
E A Holmes	04444—16	Rev D Merriman, DD	40202— 8
Dr Southe (Surg. Bat B)	35323—16	C D Austin	20230— 7
M Woodbury	43423—16	F Brown (reporter)	03022— 7
J W McClure	24333—15	J C Noyes	03030— 6
W R Sergeant	42233—15	R S Potter	20022— 6
J H Wall	43122—15	M Brigham	02300— 6
J D Noyes	24440—14	W H Sanford	02300— 6
E L Smith	23123—14	H A Bower	03200— 5
C Newcomb (reporter)	32422—13	W Whitman	20003— 5
W Berry	23322—12	W Baker	20003— 5
G L Brownell	02234—11	J Reid	00300— 3

VILLISCA, Iowa, Oct. 15.—To-day being the day for the second series of matches of the Villisca special rifle team, a large crowd was at the range long before the shooters arrived. The dollar to enter was divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. The appointed rifle inspector failed to appear, and another was appointed in his place. At 50yds. Harris and Dunn tied for first money; in shoot-off Harris won. At 100yds. Harris and Ferris tied for second; in shoot-off Ferris won. At 200yds. Dunn and Moore tied for first and div. Next match Oct. 29. Five shots at each match, 6 o'clock, wind 10 miles per hour, Creedmoor targets. Score:

First Match, 50yds.			
Arbuckle	34444—19	Poston	43223—14
Luce	33542—17	Harris	54544—22
Ferris	45444—21	Bradfield	34343—17
Dunn	44455—22	Patton	03334—13
Second Match, 100yds.			
Harris	43443—18	Dunn	43453—19
Arbuckle	23443—17	Luce	23034—12
Ferris	34443—18	Poston	34233—15
Gourley	03324—12	Moore	43334—17
Mitchell	00330— 6	Bradfield	30230— 8
Third Match, 200yds.			
Luce	33243—15	Arbuckle	42443—17
Moore	54414—20	Harris	44441—20
Dunn	33544—21		

REDDY.

NEW MILFORD, Conn., Oct. 17.—The third annual prize shoot of the New Milford Rifle Club held yesterday and to-day was very successful, owing to the fair weather and large number of riflemen present. Some of the best shots in the State were present, and the different prizes offered were closely contested for. Although some good prizes were taken by the visiting riflemen, yet the members of the club were generally successful and are well pleased with the result of the shoot:

Match No. 1, Off-Hand, 200yds.

W H Beardsley	45 46 43—134	E P Hill	35 36 36—108
W B. Wheeler	43 43 43—129	Geo B Calhoun	33 35 34—107
A H McMahon	41 41 40—122	M W Hill	36 34 32—102
G C Canfield	38 38 37—113	Wm Schoverling	34 32 32— 98

Match No. 2, Rest, 200yds.

Wm Schoverling	53 50 49 49—201	C E Brinton	49 49 47 44—189
W H Beardsley	51 49 48 48—196	A H McMahon	48 45 41 38—172
Frank Evitts	50 49 48 47—194	H L Randle	41 40 43 43—167
B E George	51 48 47 46—192	J P Forbes	47 40 41 36—164

Match No. 3, Pistol.

W H Beardsley	44 39—83	A H McMahon	33 31—64
M W Hill	39 39—78		

MERIDEN, Conn., Oct. 51.—Inclosed are the scores of those taking part in the first open rifle match for cash prizes amounting to over $200, given by the newly organized Citizens Rifle Club of this city. The management and range were very satisfactory to all, and had the shoot been properly advertised the club would have had a large attendance and made some money. The tournament was wound up by the string of three fired by B. Jahn, of New Britain, 62 points, for which he took a $5 prize. Nobody was able to catch S. J. Lyon and his score of 71, and he carried off the big prize of $40, besides $17.96 on the point target, $5 for the most bullseyes and $2.50 in extra prizes, his total winnings being $65.46. Meriden men showed up decently, S. W. Foster, with his score of 65, standing highest among the local shooters. Scores on the prize target are as follows: S. J. Lyons, Collinsville, 71; W. H. Beardsley, Bridgeport, 70; W. B. Wheeler, Bridgeport, 69; E. T. Stephens, Springfield, 67; W. M. Farrow, Holyoke, 65; S. W. Foster, Meriden, 65; H. M. Pope, Hartford, 64; T. F. Bailey, Meriden, 64; C. I. Foster, Meriden, 64; W. E. Watkins, South Manchester, 63; J. N. Lane, Meriden, 63; A. A. Merriman, Meriden, 62; B. Jahn, New Britain, 62; G. E Betts, Hartford, 62; H. B. Wood, Hartford, 59; A. Danakin, Meriden, 58; Wm. Allemier, Meriden, 58; J. B. Covell, Hartford, 55; W. A. Webber, Meriden, 55; J. S. Russell, Hartford, 48; P. Maurer, Meriden, 48.

The points made on the other set of targets are given: A. H. Merriam 114, W. B. Wheeler 213, S. W. Foster 28, W. H Beardsley 135, T. F. Bailey 49, A. Danakin 13, H. B. Wood 27, G. E. Betts 6, J. N. Lane 30, B. Jahn 20, S. J. Lyon 449, F. E. Watkins 50, W. A. Webber 22, H. M. Hall 16, C. I. Jones 22, W. Allmeir 14, P. Maurer 4, J. Thomas 25, G. A. Foster 8, W. Halm 6, J. S. Russell 17, F. E. Sands 11, C. I. Foster 33, F. B. Corell 60, H. M. Pope 102, E. T. Stevens 82, W. M. Farrow 63, B. W. Norton 20, J. F. Ives 3, W. J. Muller 4, J. Theison 1. Ten dollars was divided for those making most bullseyes on point target. S. J. Lyon, with 16 to his credit, took $5; Wheeler with 6, took $3, and Bailey and Farrow, with 5 each, took $1. Ten dollars was offered for the best string of three shots on the point target. Beardsley, of Bridgeport, took $5 of this, and Lyons and Wheeler divided the other $5.

CINCINNATI, O.—In the revolver match for the championship of Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky between Messrs. L. B. Copeland, of Dayton, Ky., and B. J. Robertson, of Covington, Ky., Mr. Copeland scored a victory, defeating his opponent by 29 points. The conditions of this match were 100 shots per man with a Smith & Wesson .44cal. Russian model revolver, distance 50yds., standard target, under the rules of the Massachusetts Rifle Association offering revolver shooting:

	Copeland.									
minutes	7	6	7	7	10	8	6	7	6	8—72
7 minutes	9	8	9	8	7	8	7	10	6	5—77
8 minutes	9	10	8	7	10	7	10	9	8	6—84
minutes	8	6	6	9	5	8	9	9	10	9—79
4½ minutes	8	10	8	10	8	6	7	9	8	6—80
5 minutes	7	6	7	6	5	6	9	8	8	9—71
6¼ minutes	9	9	6	9	9	10	8	10	6	4—84
5 minutes	7	8	10	9	8	10	10	9	10	7—88
6 minutes	5	7	9	10	8	8	8	9	6	6—76
5 minutes	9	8	10	8	7	8	7	7	7	5—76—787

	Robertson.									
6 minutes	5	10	7	9	7	5	7	7	8	7—72
5½ minutes	8	8	10	9	9	6	8	10	6	7—81
6 minutes	8	6	9	9	8	7	9	6	8	9—79
7½ minutes	10	9	10	8	5	7	9	10	8	5—81
7 minutes	9	9	6	10	10	8	6	7	8	8—81
7 minutes	7	7	10	7	8	9	7	7	7	8—77
7½ minutes	7	7	5	7	6	9	7	10	6	8—74
7 minutes	7	7	6	8	5	9	8	7	7	6—70
7 minutes	7	7	10	6	5	6	4	6	10	4—65
6 minutes	7	10	6	9	7	10	9	8	5	8—78—758

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 13,—Notwithstanding the furious wind which blew across the bay to-day made shooting difficult a large number of marksmen assembled at Shell Mound Park to try their skill. Companies C and G of the 1st Infantry held their regular shoot, the best scores being as follows, 10 shots at 200yds. Creedmoor count: Meyer 44, Ruddock 38, Johnson 43, Klein 42, Young 45, Waltham 44, Fennel 43, Slitor 39, Stewart 45, Peterson 43, Snook 41, Nolte 45, Hult 41, Klein 41, Alexander 41, Taylor 42, Eyre 41, Harper 40, Parmalee 39, Kelly 38, Dumbrell 37. Two teams of 6 men each of the Nationals, led by J. E. Klein and A. Johnson, then held a very interesting contest. Though each man fired 10 shots the shooting was so close that the winning team only won by one point. Following was the score:

Johnson's Team.		Klein's Team.	
Johnson	5444454545—44	J E Klein	5545544444—44
Young	5445445145—44	Meyer	4444555344—44
Nolte	4555444444—42	Stewart	4444445555—44
Hult	4554445444—43	Waltham	4545443455—43
C Klein	4444454545—43	Fennell	5444454544—43
Robertson	4454554444—41—257	Taylor	5444434444—40—258

The San Francisco Fusileers, Co. C, of the Second Artillery held its nineteenth annual prize shoot at the park. The scores at the shooting range were as follows: Capt. Huber 18, Lieut. Boxton 18, Lieut. Wessling 18, Sergt. Huber 19, Sergt. Woodall 20, Sergt. Siebe 19, Sergt. Tobin 21, Corp. Ruthger 15, Corp. Ringan 18, Corp. Sheupback 19, Corp. Borton 13, Corp. Vietrock 23, Corp. Menke 21, Drummer Meyer 15, Drummer Likins 16, Pvt. Albrecht 13, Brooks 20, Deutchman 19, Drieschman 17, Gios 14, Hastedt 16, Koch 22, Kallman 13, Lemke 16, Lemeyer 16, Monroe 11, Osborn 15, Petrie 19, Paul 12, Richter 21, Schulken 17, Schwaner 13, Wiegemann 17, Woodall 16, Wellert 15, Ringen 12.

At the honorary target the following scores were made: Chas. Tierbock 22, J. H. Mangels 19, O. Lemke 19, C. Young 16, H. Goetjen 13, J. H. Winter 11, J. Hensing 8, D. Dunker 7.

The Independent Rifles were out in force and made the following scores at 200yds., off-hand, 10 shots. Creedmoor target: Fred Staude 41, H. L. Edson 39, H. Staude 38, Geo. Miller 37, E. Peters 35, J. Hensing 35, C. Fiescher 32, C. L. Weost 30, J. Wurthman 30.

The well-known shots, A. Johnson and P. Robertson, shot a match with military rifles, resulting in a victory for Johnson by a score of 239 to 220.

Oct. 15.—Many of the marksmen of the National Guard in this city believe that if a portion of the Presidio would be set aside by the Government for the use of riflemen the percentage of the different companies would be materially increased. By having a range at the Presidio they would be enabled to have targets at 200, 500, 800 and 1,000yds. As there is no other place in the vicinity of the city they believe an effort should be made by the commanders to see what the representatives in Congress can and will do about the matter.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

Secretaries of clubs and managers of tournaments are requested to keep us advised of the dates of their shoots, so that we may give due notice in our column of fixtures.

READING TOURNAMENT.

THE first annual tournament of the Reading Gun Club was held last week at Fleishman's Agricultural Fair Grounds, about two miles from the center of the city. The regular programme commenced on Tuesday the 15th inst. On Monday a team match was shot at 25 live birds each, between H. A. Penrose and Miles Johnston against Bob Welch and Dick Irwin, the latter team winning as shown in score below. Ben. Fleishman's hotel, located right at the entrance to the grounds, was the headquarters of most all visitors, and very handy it was, too. Mine host Fleishman and his good wife exercised all their ingenuity and skill for the comfort and pleasure of their guests, and succeeded in making their stay very enjoyable. There was no hustling for a pick up lunch, but every day a good substantial dinner was served, every one taking time to eat it comfortable. A few of the events called for could not be shot on account of the absence of some who were confidently expected to be here, notably the race between Budd and Kleintz. As Kleintz is still confined to his bed with pneumonia, Budd started westward after the Dunellen tournament. A few of the visitors during the week were W. Fred Quimby, M. F. Lindsley and Chas. Richards, of New York; H. McMurchy and H. A. Courtney, of Syracuse; H. A. Penrose, of Corry, Pa.; Phil Daly, Jr., of Long Branch; Richard Irwin and Bob Welsh, of Philadelphia. Not many local shooters put in an appearance, and in truth the attendance throughout the week was rather light. Those who came, however, had a good sociable time and no doubt will be on hand at the next tournament here.

With the exception of Tuesday morning, when the sky was overcast and the wind very raw and piercing, the weather was simply delightful. None better could be wished for on such an occasion, and in view of that fact it is somewhat strange that so few shooters appeared. Both live birds and inanimate targets were used each day, the latter being all Keystones from 5 Keystone traps under Keystone rules. The live birds were, taken all in all, a good average lot, some poor ones, but more that were good, and on Wednesday, as a strong wind across the traps was in their favor, they were exceptionally hard, especially the right quartering birds, which had to be hit very hard to stop them from getting beyond the boundary. Miles Johnston supplied and trapped the birds, and Hurlingham rules governed all contests. On Thursday the wives of a number of the shooters visited the grounds, and at the close of the day were persuaded to shoot a sweepstake race, in which Mrs. Irwin, Mrs. Welch, Mrs. Fleishman, Mrs. Lindsley and Miss Bechtel were opposed against each other. A press representative volunteered to keep the score, which is given below, and as an excuse for possible mistakes pleaded his inability to resist the bright eyes and pleading tones of the fair ones, who after each shot approached him with, "Oh, I hit it!" "Didn't you see that piece?" etc. At any rate, according to his score, Mrs. Welch was the winner, though we have an idea that the purse was liquidated rather than paid by the stakeholder. Another impression we have is that arnica, Pond's extract, etc., were in great demand that night for bruised shoulders and arms. Of the positions taken at the trap Mrs. Lindsley's was the most businesslike, showing that she has profited by her husband's tuition, and had the referee's eyesight been sharper she might have won the race. The scores of all the events are given in full. Ties div. unless otherwise noted.

Monday.—Team race at 25 live birds per man:

R Irwin	2112210111112121212121122—24
R Welch	1211111111211111110111011—23—47
H A Penrose	2121121112021212022222210—23
Johnson	1110210201211111111111102—21—44

Tuesday, Oct. 15.—First event, at 10 Keystones, $2 entrance, 3 moneys:

Roberts	1111111111—10	Grover	0010101111— 7
Goodman	1011111111— 9	Hepler	0110111010— 6
Fleishman	1111110111— 9	Daly	1000110100— 4
Morter	1011101111— 8	Matz	0001011010— 4
Coldren	0101111111— 8	Miller	0100010110— 4
Leonard	1110011101— 7		

No. 2, at 7 live birds, entrance $7:

Irwin	1111221—7	Motler	2202221—6
Roberts	2111222—7	Matz	1111220—6
White	1122211—7	Leonard	0116112—5
Shively	1112212—7	Daly	0220212—5
Welch	1111111—7	Goodman	0120021—4
Hepler	2121122—7	Miller	0102020—3
Fleishman	2112110—6	Couldron	2000110—3

Ties for first money shot off and div. by Roberts, White and Welch; second and third div.; Goodman won fourth alone.

No. 3, at 15 Keystones, entrance $3:

Ruble	111111111101111—14	Miller	001010110111101— 9
Daly	011110111101101—11	Leonard	010001010111111— 9
Fleishman	111011100101111—11	Motter	001000010101110— 6
Goodman	010111010111111—11	Matz	011000000001001— 4
Coldren	101100101011111—10		

No. 4, at 10 Keystones, $2 entrance:

Ruble	1111111111—10	Irwin	1011011110— 7
Daly	1111001111— 8	Goodman	1011010111— 7
Fleishman	1111101101— 8	Leonard	0000101011— 4

No. 5, at 5 live birds, $5 entrance:

Daly	12111—5	Hepler	02121—4
Miller	11211—5	Kimmel	01011—3
Shively	21110—4	Roberts	22020—3
Eley	10111—4	Williams	02012—3
White	11011—4	Motter	20110—3
Matz	22101—4	Irwin	01200—2
Leonard	12210—4	Brobst	20002—2
Fleishman	10111—4	Welch	00210—2
Goodman	22101—4		

First and fourth divided. Tie on 4: White 2, Fleishman 2, Goodman 2, Matz 0, Shively 0, Eley 0, Hepler 0. White, Fleishman and Goodman div. second. Ties on 3: Kimmel 6, Roberts 6, Williams 4, Motter 3. Kimmel and Roberts div. third.

Extra No. 1, at 10 Keystones, $1 entrance: Fleishman 9, Leonard 9, Grover 6, Martz 6, Miller 1, Goodman 5, Molter 8, Ruble 8, Coldren 5, Hepler 3.

Wednesday, Oct. 16.—Regular event No. 1, at 8 live birds, $8 entrance:

Quimby	11111111—8	Ruble	10121210—6
Smith	11112121—8	Welch	12022012—6
McMurchy	11112117—7	Irwin	12101012—6
Ely	11111210—7	Lindsley	10012102—5
Mack	12110221—7	White	01122020—5
Tredway	11200111—6	Clinton	11212000—5
Daly	10222101—6	Matz	01112000—4
Coldren	11012110—6	Leonard	11000200—3
Goodman	11022021—6		

Third shot off and div. by Tredway, Daly, Coldren, Goodman and Ruble; fourth shot off and won by Lindsley.

Regular No. 2, at 10 Keystones, entrance $2:

McMurchy	1111111111—10	Leonard	0111011111— 8
Miller	1111111111—10	Coldren	1101111101— 8
Ely	1111111011— 9	Courtney	1001110111— 7
Ruble	1111101111— 9	Treadway	1110101011— 7
Lindsley	1110101111— 8	Matz	1011001111— 7
Quimby	1111100111— 8	Irwin	1111111000— 7
Daly	1010111111— 8	Smeck	0101101100— 5
Mack	1111101101— 8	Goodman	1001100101— 5
Smith	1101101111— 8	Clinton	0011101010— 5

Third shot off and div. by Lindsley and Coldren; fourth shot off and div. by Treadway and Irwin.

No. 3, at 5 Keystones, $1:

Ruble	11111—5	Miller	11100—3
Treadway	11111—5	Lindsley	01010—2
McMurchy	11111—5	Smeck	11000—2
Ely	11111—5	Mack	00101—2
Daly	00111—3	Coldren	10100—2
Smith	11001—3	Clinton	10000—1

No. 4, at 7 live birds, entrance $6.75:

Quimby	2211122—7	Daly	0201211—5
Ely	2112111—7	Miller	2223001—5
McMurchy	1121112—7	Lindsley	2100102—4
Ruble	1222111—7	White	0202201—4
Smith	1111110—6	Clinton	2101010—4
Treadway	0222111—6	Ford	2010021—4
Welch	1012111—6	Brobst	2001001—3
Irwin	1120121—6	Matz	0000111—3
Mack	1210112—6	Goodman	2000202—3

Second shot off and div. by Smith, Treadway and Welch, fourth shot off and won by Clinton.

No. 5, at 10 Keystones, entrance $1.50:

Miller	1111111110—10	Matz	1111100111—8
Lindsley	1110111111— 9	Coldren	1111110011—8
Ely	1111101111— 9	Grover	0110101101—6
Quimby	1111111011— 9	Goodman	0111001110—6
Smith	1011111111— 9	Irwin	0100101011—5
McMurchy	1111011111— 9	Daly	1101000110—5
Richards	1111111111— 9	Smeck	0110010010—4
Treadway	1111111001— 8		

Second shot off and div. by Smith, McMurchy and Roberts.

Extra event, at 10 Keystones, $1 entrance: Miller 9, McMurchy 9, Ruble 9, Smith 9, Grover 5, Irwin 8, Treadway 7, Lindsley 7, Couldron 6, Hanck 6, Matz 6, Ford 5, Smeck 3.

Extra event, at 5 live birds, entrance $5: Quimby 5, McMurchy 5, Lindsley 5, Ely 5, White 5, Miller 5, Mack 4, Smith 4, Ford 4, Probst 4, Clinton 4, Irwin 4, Daly 4, Welch 3, Treadway 3, Fleishman 3, Hanck w. Second shot off and div. by Mack, Smith and Ford; third shot off and won by Welch.

Thursday, Oct. 17.—No. 1, 7 live birds, entrance $5:

Quimby	1112122—7	Mack	1110112—6
Daly	1122211—7	Lindsley	0220211—5
Miller	2121221—7	Clinton	2021011—5
Ely	1121111—7	Irwin	0210122—5
McMurchy	1121111—7	Welch	1102011—5
White	0111111—6		

Ties on 7: Quimby 9, Miller 9, Ely 9, McMurchy 9, Daly 7. Ties on 5: Lindsley 3, Irwin 3, Welch 3, Clinton 2. First shot off and div. by Quimby, Miller, Ely and McMurchy, after killing 9 more straight; second div.; third shot off and div. by Lindsley, Irwin and Welch.

No. 2, at 10 Keystones, $1.50 entrance:

Ruble	1111111111—10	Irwin	0110010111—6
Lindsley	1111011111— 9	Fleishman	0000000001—1
McMurchy	1111101111— 9	Daly	0000110w.
Richards	1100011111— 8	Grover	0100101010—4
Miller	1101111101— 8		

No. 3, at 15 Keystones, $3 entrance:

McMurchy	111111111111111—15	Grover	001001111101111—10
Ruble	111111111111110—14	Richards	010101110101010— 9
Miller	111111111111110—14	Lindsley	111001010101001— 8
Ely	101100011111111 —11		

No. 4, at 5 live birds, entrance $5:

Irwin	12222—5	White	21101—4
Ely	11211—5	Clinton	20221—4
Mack	22111—5	Lindsley	13220—3
Daly	21211—5	Welch	03110—3
Miller	21212—5	McMurchy	00110—2
Ruble	21121—5	Fleishman	01000—1
Quimby	10121—4		

First shot off and div. by Ely, Mack, Daly and Ruble, second shot off and won by Quimby, third div., fourth won by McMurchy.

No. 5, at 7 Keystones, entrance $1:

McMurchy	1111111—7	Daly	1011110—5
Miller	1011111—6	Irwin	1101001—4
Ruble	1111110—6	Welch	0011000—2
Lindsley	1001111—5	Fleishman	0000000—0

No. 6, at 7 live birds, entrance $7:

Ely	1211111—7	Mack	0111211—6
McMurchy	1111211—7	Daly	2012220—5
Miller	1111112—7	Clinton	0021222—5
Fleishman	2111112—7	Lindsley	2210102—5
Quimby	1022212—6	Welch	0211022—5
Irwin	0112112—6		

First div., second shot off and div. by Quimby and Mack, third shot off and won by Daly.

No. 7, at 5 live birds, entrance $5, two moneys:

Ely	11111—5	McMurchy	01211—4
Ruble	12111—5	Irwin	01121—4
Miller	21222—5	Welch	20211—4
Daly	22112—5	Lindsley	21021—4
Quimby	12101—4		

Tie on 4: McMurchy 13, Quimby 12, Irwin 2, Lindsley 2, Welch 1. Second money won by McMurchy after a long and interesting shoot off.

No. 8, 10 Keystones, entrance $1.50:

McMurchy	1111111111—10	Lindsley	1111010111—8
Ruble	1111011111— 9	Irwin	1111011011—8
Miller	1111101111— 9	Stout	1011111011—8
Daly	1101111011— 8	Matz	0110011011— 6

First won by McMurchy, second shot off and won by Ruble third shot off and won by Stout.

Ladies' race, at 5 Keystone targets, sweepstake, 25 cents entrance:

Mrs Irwin	11011—4	Mrs Welch	11111—5
Mrs Fleishman	11110—4	Miss Bechtel	10111—4
Mrs Lindsley	01111—4		

Friday, Oct. 18.—No. 1, at 5 live birds, $5 entrance, 2 moneys:

Penrose	11112—5	Roberts	12022—4
Quimby	11111—5	Goff	12012—4
McMurchy	11112—5	Irwin	22020—3
Welch	11111—5	Fleishman	03001—1
Daly	12110—4		

No. 2, at 5 live birds, $5 entrance, 2 moneys:

Penrose	11211—5	Goff	12012—4
McMurchy	12121—5	Daly	11210—4
Welch	11121—5	Quimby	00w.—0

No. 3, at 6 live birds, miss and out, $5 entrance: Penrose 6, Welch 6, Goff 6, Daly 5, Quimby 3, McMurchy 1. Ties on 6 div.

No. 4, at 10 live birds, $10 entrance, two moneys:

McMurchy	1111112111—10	Van Camp	1101111011—8
Daly	0112211112— 9	Brobst	1110202122—8
Welch	1021112121— 9	Goff	1012000012—5
Irwin	1110112212— 9		

No. 5, at 5 live birds, $5 entrance, two moneys:

McMurchy	11111—5	Daly	20022—3
Van Camp	21101—4	Goff	02002—2
Ruble	11220—4	Welch	12100—3

No. 6, at 10 Keystones, $2 entrance, two moneys:

Ruble	1111111111—10	Van Camp	1010011110—6
McMurchy	1111111111—10	Gehringer	0110101000—4
Daly	1011111101— 8	Irwin	1000100100—3
Penrose	1111001111— 8	Goff	0100000110—3
Jamison	0111011110— 7		

Even at live birds, miss and out, $5 entrance: McMurchy 17, Ruble 17, Penrose 16, Van Camp 9, Welch 8, Daly 2, Irwin 2, Goff 3. McMurchy and Ruble div.

FRANK MASON.

THE NICKEL PLATE GUN CLUB TOURNAMENT.

LINCOLN, Ill.—The Keystone tournament of the Nickel Plate Gun Club of this city, held on Thursday, Oct. 10, proved a financial success, although the number of shooters was not as great as could have been wished. The traps worked excellently, and the Keystones were thrown out as lively as possible. All matches were shot under the Keystone system. The presence of C. M. Powers, of Decatur, made many hold back, and it was difficult to get entries in matches at times. Unpleasant as it was, it finally became necessary to bar Powers out of some matches and to handicap him three yards when he did get in. Powers is a very fine gentleman, and the only mean thing about him is that he is an unerring shot. Once in a while he will accidentally (?) drop a bird so as not to get it all, but nevertheless he shoots too well for the ordinary amateur, and consequently he is a scare-crow in a tournament. Just why this should be carried to the extent it is I cannot see, as he can take no more than his share of first money, and usually the fellow that kicks the hardest cannot get more than second, though he shoot his best. It has been determined, however, hereafter to bar all class "A" men whether they have been classed by the American Shooting Association or not. I append the scores:

Shoot No. 1, 6 single Keystones:

Powers	111111—6	C E Schroeder	111100—4
Schwerdtfeger	111110—5	Gayle	011110—4
L Hahn	011111—5	Stansell	001011—3
T Ryan	110111—5	Wildman	100101—3
Ed Gibson	110111—5	W W Stinnett	001001—2

Shoot No. 2, 9 single Keystones:

Powers	111111111—9	Wildman	110010111—6
Hahn	111111111—9	Stansell	111100010—5
C E Knorr	111111011—8	Stinnett	100100011—4
Schwerdtfeger	110111101—7	J T Gelsthorp	000001000—1
Gibson	011111011—7		

Shoot No. 3, 9 single Keystones:

Powers	111111111—9	Hahn	110110101—6
Schwerdtfeger	111110110—7	Wildman	011011110—6
Jerry Parker	011101111—7	Smith	001040111—4
Thos Ryan	110101111—7	Schroeder	000100111—4
W D Gayle	011011111—7	W Stinnett	000001001—2

Shoot No. 4, 9 single Keystones:

Davidson	111111111—9	Lineberger	111101100—6
L Hahn	111111111—9	Pharis	110101101—6
Wolcott	111111101—8	Thos Ryan	101111001—6
McCurdy	100111111—7	Jamison	111011001—6
Jerry Parker	110101111—7	Isabell	101101110—6
Will Davis	111001111—7	Schroeder	001011111—6
Gibson	101111110—7	Stansell	001101011—5
W D Gayle	101011111—7	Geo Cayle	011000111—4
Powers	101111110—7	E Jennings	110010100—4
Wildman	101110111—7	Charles Dady	000010010—2
Pharis	110101101—6	Gelsthorp	100001010—3

First money Davidson and Hahn; ties on second shot down and divided by Powers and Wildman; ties on third shot out and taken by Lineberger. In this match Powers stood at 21yds.

Shoot No. 5, 15 single Keystones:

Schwerdtfeger	111111111111111—15	Schroeder	101111011101101—11
Hahn	111111111111111—15	Wolcott	111110110000111—10
Thos Ryan	111111111011111—14	R Schuster	000010110111010— 7
W D Gayle	111111011111101—13	Wildman	000001101010010— 6
Ed Gibson	011111111110110—12	Smith	010011111000000— 6
Stansell	111111101111010—12	Gelsthorp	010001011010010— 6
McCurdy	111010101011111—11	Stinnett	110100101000000— 5

Shoot No. 5, at 9 single Keystones:

Powers	111111111—9	McCurdy	100111010—5
Hahn	101111110—7	Isabell	011101100—5
Lineberger	110111101—7	Thos Ryan	101011100—5
H S Stansell	100111101—6	Pharis	000011000—2
Davidson	011011110—6	J J Armstrong	000001100—2
C E Knorr	011011011—5	Wolcott	000000100—1
R Jennings	011110010—5		

Shoot No. 7, at 12 single Keystones:

Powers	111111111110—11	Lineberger	100110111110—8
Schroeder	111101111111—11	Jamison	001100111101—7
Davidson	011111111111—11	W D Gayle	100101110101—7
Schwerdtfeger	011111101111—10	McCurdy	011011011000—6
Thos Ryan	111011110111—10	Jerry Parker	001111001001—6
Isabell	111101011011— 9	Lechleiter	011110011101—7
Gibson	111001111101— 8		

Shoot No. 8, at 9 single Keylones:

Powers	011111111—8	McCurdy	001101111—6
Hahn	111101111—8	Gayle	111010011—6
Stansell	111111110—8	Ryan	111001101—5
Jerry Parker	111011111—8	Gelsthorp	111010000—4
Schroeder	111011101—7	Stinnett	101000000—2
Schwerdtfeger	101011011—6		

Shoot No. 9, 15 single Keystones:

T Ryan	111111111111111—15	W D Gayle	111000111111101—11
Schwerdtfeger	111111111111101—14	Pharis	011110111010111—11
Gibson	111101111111111—14	McCurdy	101000101111111—10
Lineberger	111111111111101—14	Isabell	110011100011110— 9
J Parker	111101111011111—13	J J Armstrong	000010111001110— 7
Davidson	100000111111111—12	Schroeder	111111001011ow.

Shoot No. 10, 7 single Keystones:

Wildman	1111111—7	R Schuster	1011100—4
Schwerdtfeger	1101111—6	Wm Davis	1100011—4
G Atwell	1111011—6	T Moran	0100011—3

Wildman first, Schwerdtfeger second, Davis third.

Shoot No. 11, 9 single Keystones:

Wildman	111110101—7	Stansell	001100110—4
Davis	101111110—7	T Moran	101100110—5
Atwell	111100101—6	C Dady	000011000—2
Schuster	001111110—6		

A special match of 3 pairs was shot between Powers, at 21yds., and Schwerdtfeger, at 18yds., as follows:

Powers	10 10 10—3	Schwerdtfeger	11 11 11—6

It is but fair to say that on the second pair Mr. Powers, who shoots a Lefever, found that his right hammer was not cocked, and instead of letting the birds go he broke his gun, closed it again and broke the first bird, the second was a few inches from the ground, and it was a question whether he had hit it or not, but the referee called it a lost bird. For quick work this little act of Powers's can not easily be equalled. SACHEM.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Oct. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Major J. M. Taylor, manager of the American Shooting Association, spent last Friday in this city. His visit was to ascertain the prospects for holding a tournament next spring. Quite a number of prominent trap shots used very strong arguments to have the Association give a shoot under its popular classification rules. There are a large number of trap-shooters in this city and vicinity who, it is believed, will turn out and attend such a shoot. Before departing for Kansas City the Major apparently was favorably impressed with the outlook, for as promised to use his influence upon the Board of Directors, which meets shortly, to have them put St. Louis on the list.—UNSER FRITZ.

SPRINGFIELD, N. J., Oct. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On the ground of the Union Gun Club situated here, one of the nicest team races took place this afternoon that it has ever been my good fortune to see. For over six months a great deal of rivalry has existed between several of the members as to who had the best team, Capt. Miller with Sickley and Sopher as partners or Capt. Johnson upheld by Conover and Roll. Many an evening has been spent discussing their respective merits and finally about ten days ago an agreement was drawn up and signed that the match should be shot to-day rain or shine. Everything seemed to smile on us this afternoon, as the day was delightful with just enough air stirring to blow the smoke away, in fact it was an ideal day for trap-shooting. The match was to commence at 3 o'clock sharp but owing to the non-appearance of the Miller team it was nearly half past three before it was in full blast, the delinquent having shown up in the meantime. Capt. Johnson pulled out a quarter from his pocket, tossed it in the air, Miller called out "heads" and tails it proved to be, so Johnson decided to go to the score first followed by Miller and so on down, a man from each team shooting alternately. I is a wonder that either team could do any shooting as every man at the score was most unmercifully guyed with such remarks as this: "Ding-a-ling-ling, I knew he would miss it." "Next time pull a little further ahead." "You shot behind that, Roll." "You shot over that, Sopher." "Now see Sickley miss three straight." "Don't you do that again Doc." "About time Johnson would slip up." "Stick to them Judge." "That's the stuff," and so on. When all the singles had been shot it was found that Johnson's team led by 15 birds, but this was none too much as Sickley and Sopher are noted for their double shooting, while the rest of us are only passable. Everything went well until the last five pair all around when it was so dark that it was almost impossible to see the first bird, let alone the second, but the scores were shot out. Johnson's team winning by a score of 238 to Miller's 235. This from all accounts is far from satisfactory to the losing team, and I hear that there is a challenge being written to have it all over again at no very remote date. There is also some talk of a series of matches between Sickley and Roll, and if all the sand does not run out of one or the other before next Saturday great sport is expected, as both say they will come loaded for bear, née bluerocks. Following are the conditions and score of to-day's shoot. Teams composed of three men each, each man to shoot at 100 bluerocks (70 single and 15 pairs) thrown from 3 screened traps, American Association rules. Benj. Pudney, referee; Al Snow, scorer:

Johnson's Team.

Johnson.....1011111111111111111111111111111111
1111111101110111111111111101111110—65
10 10 10 11 11 10 10 10 10 11 10 10 10 11 00—18—83
Roll.....1110111101101111111111011001011111
1111111011111101111101110011011—57
11 10 10 10 11 11 11 11 10 11 01 10 00 10 00—19—76
Conover.....1011111010111111111101011
1111111101111111101111111111111111—62
11 10 10 11 10 10 10 11 10 10 11 10 00 00 10—17—79—23

Miller's Team.

Miller.....1111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111100111—68
10 11 11 11 11 11 10 10 11 10 10 10 11 00 10 11—22—90
Sopher.....0110111010111111011111001111011010
1110101111101111010010011011111—50
11 11 01 11 11 11 00 11 11 11 10 10 11 01 11 11—24—74
Sickley 1110011101101111101101111111111001
1100110011110001110111101111101110—51
11 11 10 11 10 10 11 11 10 10 11 10 10 11 00 00—20—71—235
12-BORE.

WALNUT HILL, Oct. 16.—High scores were the rule in all the matches to-day. In the thirteenth competition for the gold coin match the shooting was exceedingly close, and Perry's score of 29, which stood at the head, was only one point higher than the figures reached by three other competitors. In the shooting for the Standard Target Company's gold medal, some very fine scores were shown, and no less than four of those who shot in this match succeeded in gaining full scores and winning each a point in the race for the trophy. Below are the scores made in the two main events of the meeting, as well as a summary of the work done in the minor sweepstakes.

Gold coin match, 15 clay birds and 15 standard targets, Keystone system of squad firing:

	Clays.	Standards.
Perry	111111111111111—15	111011111111111—14—29
Gale	111101111111111—14	101111111111111—14—28
Wheeler	111011111111111—14	101111111111111—14—28
Curtis	111111111111111—15	101101111111111—13—28
Black	111011101111111—13	111011111111011—13—26
Nichols	111111111010011—12	111100111110111—12—24
Snow	100111111111111—13	111101111011001—11—24
Hosmer	111101101101011—11	010011111111111—12—23
Holder	000030011110101— 6	111111001011111—12—18
Nelson	110100010011111— 9	101001101111010— 9—18

Standard Target Co.'s medal, 20 standard targets, handicap by classes: Black, A, 20; Wheeler, A, 20; Hosmer, B, 20; Gale, C, 20; Nichols, C, 19; Wheeler, A, 18; Nelson, C, 18; Snow, C, 16; Holder, C, 13. Six Chicago tin birds: Wheeler 4, Perry 3. Six Chicago tin birds: Nichols 4, Perry 3. Six standard targets: Wheeler 6, Nichols 5. Six standard targets: Black and Perry 6, Wheeler 5, Gale 4. Fifteen clay birds: Gale, Perry and Wheeler 14, Black 13, Nichols 12. Fifteen standard targets: Perry 15, Gale and Wheeler 14, Black 13. Twenty standard targets, handicap rules: Black and Hosmer 20, Nichols 19, Nelson and Wheeler 18. Six Chicago tin birds: Hosmer and Wheeler 5, Black 4, Snow 3. Three pairs clay birds: Nichols 6, Black, Curtis and Wheeler 5, Gale and Perry 4. Ten standard targets: Black and Hosmer 10, Gale and Nichols 9. Six standard targets: Nichols 4, Gale 3. Six standard targets: Black 6, Nichols 4. The next shotgun meeting at Walnut Hill is scheduled for Wednesday, Oct. 30, when the gold coin match and the competition for the Standard Target Company's medal will be open, in addition to the usual sweepstake shooting.

MADISON COUNTY TOURNAMENT.—Thursday morning, Oct. 17, opened bright and the members of Eaton Gun Club were astir, especially President Richardson, who was over anxious to have meeting a success. The 10 A. M. train brought the boys from Oneida and Canastota, but the club from Cazenovia failed to appear. After a business meeting of the Association the shooters faced the five traps each with a determination to do his best. Soon it became dark and smoky, with a 4 o'clock wind, which made the birds fly low and irregular. The trophy had been won by Eaton at the previous shoot on 80, and now it was captured by Eaton's first and second teams on a tie of only 70. The most interest centered on contest No. 3, the first prize of which was a superb Parker hammerless. There were 20 contestants, but it soon became evident that the fight lay between Markham, of Oneida, and Cole of the Eaton Club. But Markham won with 18 to Cole's 17 out of a possible 20. The members of the Association seemed pleased with the management of the tournament and also for the partial donation of the fine gun by Parker Bros., and donation of FOREST AND STREAM. The entire programme of six events was successful carried out. The following scores were made in the two leading events: First, $140 trophy, 4 men per team, at 15 singles and 6 pair doubles, each club allowed as many teams as desired:

Oneida, 1st Team.	S	D	Eaton, 2d Team.	S	D
J F Tuttle	7	3—10	Geo Cole	14	11—25
T A Deverux	8	8—16	G B Palmer	6	10—16
J M Maxwell	11	7—18	Geo Fryer	9	7—16
J M Markham	12	10—22—66	F L Briggs	7	6—13—70
Eaton, 3d Team.			Canastota, 1st Team.		
C A Stone	9	8—17	E B Roberts	10	8—18
D F Parsons	10	3—13	H H Lansing	9	8—17
F E Short	8	7—15	W Salisbury	9	7—16
F Sacket	7	6—13—58	W Suits	4	4— 8—59
Eaton, 1st Team.			Oneida, 2d Team.		
R J Peet	9	9—18	M S Markham	5	9—14
A E Richardson	8	7—15	H T Carter	7	4—11
Wm Hall	13	7—20	F B Cheeny	3	2— 5
S A Curtis	10	7—17—70	R Clark	10	10—20—50

Gun contest with numerous specials, 20 single kingbirds, 5 traps, Association rules: J. Markham 18, won $85 Parker gun and individual championship of the county; Geo. Cole 17, watch; R. J. Peet 15, FOREST AND STREAM; H. Lansing 14, E. Roberts 14, 100 loaded shells; E. A. Richardson 13, F. L. Briggs 13, J Maxwell 13, flannel shirt; S. A. Curtis 12, F. A. Deverux 12, oil stove; W. Salisbury 10, Geo. Fulmer 10, whip; Dr. Bailey 8, Geo. Fryer 8, R. Clark 8, W. Hall 8, F. B. Cheeny 8; H. T. Carter 7, C. A. Stone 7, tie for ham, flipped cent and Carter won.

Every week we are obliged to defer to the next week trap scores which come in too late for publication in the current issue. It is particularly requested that scores be sent us as early as possible.

HOOSICK FALLS, N. Y., Oct. 19.—The grand kingbird tournament so long talked of took place yesterday at Webster's Glen, under the auspices of the Independent Gun Club, of Hoosick Falls. The day was very fine, with no wind. There were 10 events at kingbirds, thrown from 5 traps, Keystone system. The shooters came from Troy, Albany, Cohoes, Saratoga Springs, Lansingburg, Cambridge, N. Y. The new trap pulling machine, invented and managed by "P. K.," worked to perfection.

First event, 10 kingbirds, entrance $1:

Woodstock	0111001100—5	Goggin	0011111111—7
Beck	0100111111—7	Thoene	1111111010—8
McGinniss	0111101101—7	McVicker	1111101100—7
Shepherd	1111010110—7	Patten	1110001111—7
White	0110101010—6	Levengston	1101111111—9
Ramsdill	1010010111—6	Johnston	1110111101—8
Harkness	0100000000—1	"P K"	1100011111—7

Second event, 10 kingbirds, entrance $1:

Beck	1110111110— 8	McVicker	0101011101— 6
White	1001110111— 8	Woodstock	1001111001— 7
Ramsdill	1111111111—10	Johnston	1011101111— 8
Shepherd	1011110000— 5	Patten	1111010111— 8
McGinniss	1101111111— 9	Thorne	1111011011— 8
Levengston	1111111111—10	Mills	1111111101— 9
Harkness	1111001100— 6	Williams	0001011110— 5
Goggin	1110101101— 8		

Third event, 15 kingbirds, entrance $1.50:

Woodstock	110101011111111—12	Mills	111011111111111—14
White	110011010100000— 6	Williams	111110011001111—11
Ramsdill	011111101011111—12	Patten	111111111010110—13
Goggin	011100111111100—10	Beck	110111111001100—10
McGinniss	111111101011000—12	Thorne	111111101111111—14
Shepherd	111101110010011—11	Johnston	111111111111101—14
Harkness	000000010001009— 2	Levengston	111111111111100—13

Fourth event, 15 kingbirds, entrance $1.50: Woodstock 13, McGinniss 12, Ramsdill 14, Beck 12, McVicker 7, Goggin 12, Patten 8, Mills 12, Williams 12, Levengston 14, Thorne 12.

Fifth event, entrance $2, 20 kingbirds: McGinniss 17, Beck 15, Ramsdill 18, Goggin 16, Woodstock 15, Levengston 19, Mills 16, Williams 17, Johnston 17, Thorne 14, "P. K." 14.

Sixth event, 10 kingbirds, entrance $1: McGinniss 10, Woodstock 5, Ramsdill 9, Beck 8, Shepherd 6, White 4, McVicker 10, Goggin 9, Mills 6, Williams 7, Patten 10, Groesbeck 7, Johnston 8, Levengston 9, Thorne 9.

Seventh event, 15 kingbirds, entrance $1.50: McGinniss 13, Stockwell 9, Ramsdill 14, Beck 15, McVicker 14, Levengston 12, Goggin 11, Patten 9, Mills 14, Williams 12, Johnston 14, Thorne 11.

Eighth event, 15 kingbirds, entrance $1.50: McGinniss 14, Woodstock 10, Ramsdill 14, Shepherd 9, Beck 13, Goggin 13, Mills 14, Williams 12, Levengston 15, Johnston 12, Thorne 11, McVicker 13.

Ninth event, 20 kingbirds, entrance $2: Woodstock 15, Beckford 18, Ramsdill 20, McGinniss 17, Mills 18, Williams w., Johnston 19, Thorne 16.

Tenth event, 10 kingbirds, entrance $1.50: Woodstock 9, McGinniss 9, Ramsdill 10, Goggin 8, Patten 8, Beck 9, Mills 7, Williams 7, Johnston 10, Thorne 7.

The following is a list of averages of shooting out of a possible 140: Ramsdill 127, Johnston 124, McGinniss 120, Beckford 115, Goggin 113, Thorne 110, Woodstock 100.

SUBURBAN SHOOTING GROUNDS.—New York, Oct. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The crowd at Claremont to-day was not as large as expected owing to several causes. E. D. Miller and C. H. Johnson were engaged in a team shoot at Springfield, N. J., Fred Quimby and Milt Lindsay were not yet in sight from Reading, and others were detained by business. The dozen who were there had what all called a good shoot, and are to be on hand next Saturday afternoon. With the closing of many clubs for the season, and the winding up of the tournaments, will come the harvest time for these grounds. Last winter as many as forty shooters were engaged in the Saturday afternoon shoots, and some days the traps were kept busy all the afternoon. The base ball and rowing clubs must soon cease operations, and their sport-loving members will, many of them, be found here. The public are welcome. Below will be found some of the scores. Ties div. unless noted:

Sweep No. 1, 10 bluerocks, 50 cents entrance:

Tatham	1111011111—9	Nixon	1101001111—7
Simpson	0111111111—9	Howard	0001010110—4
Lyons	1100110111—7	Borland	0010010100—3
Sigler	1011110111—8		

Lyons third on shoot off.

Sweep No. 2, same:

Tatham	1111111011—9	Sigler	0111111110—8
Simpson	0110110010—5	Nixon	0101111100—6
Lyons	1111011010—7	Howard	0111101010—6

Sweep No. 3, same:

Tatham	1011010110—6	Sigler	0101111111—8
Simpson	1101110010—6	Nixon	0101110101— 6
Lyons	1100110011—6	Howard	0100010001—3

Sweep No. 4, same:

Tatham	0111101111— 8	Nixon	1111101100— 7
Simpson	1010111111— 8	Howard	1110000001— 4
Lyons	1111110010— 7	Hathaway	0010111101— 6
Sigler	1111111111—10		

Sweep No. 5, same:

Tatham	1111111111—10	Nixon	0001010111— 4
Simpson	1011111111— 9	Howard	1100110011— 5
Lyons	1111110010— 7	Hathaway	1101101101— 7
Sigler	1111111111—10		

Sweep No. 6, same: Tatham 9, Simpson 10, Lyons 7, Sigler 8, Nixon 5, Howard 9, Hathaway 7.

Sweep No. 7: Tatham 9, Simpson 9, Lyons 5, Sigler 10, Nixon 8, Howard 5, Hathaway 9.

Sweep No. 8: Tatham 10, Simpson 8, Lyons 8, Sigler 9, Nixon 7, Howard 6, Hathaway 8.

Sweep No. 9: Tatham 8, Simpson 8, Lyons 5, Sigler 10, Nixon 7, Howard 7, Hathaway 7.

NORTH BRANCH VS. WHITE HOUSE.—North Branch, N. J., Oct. 19.—To-day witnessed the third shoot between the White House and North Branch gun clubs. The weather was warm and delightful, with a hazy atmosphere, none the best for trap-shooting. As the White House boys started in with a grim determination to do or die, and the result shows what such a determination can accomplish. The North Branch men bewailed the absence of their champion, Mr. Frank Cramer, but even Frank with his 15 straight could not have saved them from defeat, as the scores will show. This victory gives the White House boys a chance, as the series was to be the best of five, but they will have to look well to their laurels, for the North Branch men say they are coming to White House next time "loaded for bear." Next shoot Nov. 2. Match at 15 Lockport bats, 18yds. rise, 3 traps, Keystone rules:

North Branch Gun Club.		White House Gun Club.	
E Lever	111000011110111—10	H Bishop	100111101111111—12
Simpson	011100011111001— 9	J H Davis	101101111110111—12
Col Kline	100011100001C00— 5	Anderson	111001110111101—11
T Welsh	101010111110111—11	B Pickle	110011101111010—10
Duyckinck	101001001101010— 7	L Woodin	001110011001111— 9
Hamman	100000100100000— 3—45	C Abbott	011011111111010—11—65

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 12.—The Wayne and Frankford gun clubs shot a friendly challenge match at Keystone targets, 25 per man, at Frankford, and the home club won by a score of 221 to 207. Officer Wm. Johnson, of the Frankford police force, a member of the Frankford Club, broke 24 straight and missed his 25th target when it was quite dark. John Blair, of the Frankfords, broke 20 straight, all that he shot at. Frank Hessler, of the Wayne Club, broke 24 out of 25. Darkness came on before all could shoot their full score, three men on each side getting but 20 targets each.

Wayne.		Frankford.	
H King	21	J Crowther	15
S Merchant	18	K Langhead	17
J Seidel	17	J Danser	17
T Jack	14	E Betson	20
J Sparks	14	E Dawson	15
A Clifford	14	T Allen	13
W Milary	18	W Bourne	15
F Hessler	24	J Schwartze	20
A Sill	14	W Johnson	24
C Briney	18	D Mercer	18
S Davis	12	J Blair	20
G Hessler	10	E Delaney	15
T Scargel	13—207	J Entwistle	12—221

RED BANK, N. J., Oct. 18.—The Riverside Gun and Rifle Club held their regular monthly live pigeon shoot to-day. Two hundred pigeons were on the grounds and most of them were shot in the two events. American Association rules govern the matches, the boundary being 50yds. The first event was the club shoot at seven birds, in which there were 12 entries. A. Ivins and John Cooper won first money, each killing 7. The second money was divided between Edmund Throckmorton, Jas. Cooper, Mel Cornwell, Edward Cooper, Wm. Conover and Asa Whymer, each killing 6. John Bergen and Charles Noble won third money, killing 5 each. Dr. Edwin Field won fourth money with 4. The last shoot was a sweepstakes at 8 birds. Ivans won first with 6, John Cooper second with 5, Edward Cooper third with fourth.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Oct. 14.—The regular monthly shoot at live birds came off Oct. 10, and 12 shooters faced the score for the first time under American Association rules. The birds were a lively lot and gave the boys the slip very unexpectedly, as the score will show. The gold medal was won by Mr. H. B. Shoop for the second time with a clean score; he will have to win it only once more to own it and wear it for good. If the weather be favorable the club expect a very large attendance at our tournament on the 17, 18 and 19th inst., of which I will send you scores. Match at 10 live birds, 5 ground traps, 30yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, American Association rules, gold medal:

W Dunn	0000111111— 6	W F Wade	1101111001—7
H B Shoop	1111111111—10	Geo Foerster	1101001101—6
J Whiteman	0100011000— 3	J D Kinzer	0111100110—6
M H Brensinger	1111110011— 8	F Warden	0111111100—7
H A Bach	1100001111— 6	A Miller	1111011110—8
J Nutt	1011000011— 5	P Hummel	1100101111—7

M. H. B.

SAN JOSE, Cal., Oct 9.—The opening day of the eighth annual meeting of the California State Sportsman's Association was well attended. The Selby trophy, including the division of the entrance fee and seven additional prizes was the first match. H. H. Briggs, of the *Breeder and Sportsman*, was the referee, Keat Bascom scorer and Louis Denaldo trapper. The entries were: California Wing Club of San Francisco, Bluerock of Oakland, Pacific of Sacramento, Colton Club and Garden City of San Jose. The trophy was won by the Pacific Gun Club of Sacramento by a score of 89 out of a possible 100. Colton took the second prize with a score of 84. The California Wing Club and Bluerock Club made 81 each and divided their money. The Garden City Club took the fifth prize with 78 individual. The scores were: Pacific Club—J. W. Morrison 20, C. E. Mack 19, William King 19, Louis J. Nicholas 17, Adam Damm 14. Colton Club—Dr. O. P. Britton 19, M. Chick 19, E. Unger 16, Gus Knight 16, B. Willey 14. California Club—C. J. Haas 18, C. Robertson 18, Dr. Slade 16, E. Fay 15, C. W. Osborne 14. Bluerock Club—F. B. Norton 18, S. I. Kellogg 18, H. C. Golcher 19, A. F. Adams 14, C. F. Boardman 13. Garden City Club—Joseph Delmas 20, F. E. Coykendall 15, Geo. C. Anderson 5, S. A. Childs 14, James Tams 14. A sweep was made up after the trophy match and 10 birds shot at. Sixteen were entered at $2.15 each, and divided the money into five prizes. W. Chick took first money with a score of 9.

TRENTON TOURNAMENT.—In our announcement of the Trenton tournament in last week's issue we questioned the accuracy of the statement made in their programme that Chas. W. Budd and J. Frank Kleintz would shoot a match there on Monday, the opening day. In doing this we simply questioned the fact, not the honesty of purpose of the management in making the announcement, and we are now glad to be able to say that it was made on the strength of a positive statement to them by Mr. Kleintz, who firmly believed that he would be well enough to shoot the match and that Budd would remain East to meet him. On the strength of this assurance from one of the contestants the programme and bill were printed announcing the match. Now that it has fallen through, the management express their regret for thus unintentionally making an incorrect statement, but hope to present enough other attractions during the five days of their tournament to offset this disappointment.

TORONTO, Oct. 16.—The West Toronto Gun Club's annual tournament concluded to-day. The weather was all that could be desired, and there was a good attendance. The following are the results: First Class, ties of 14 birds—S. Staneland 7, D. Beldon 6, D. Blea 3. Ties of 13 birds—E. Brown 1, G. H. Briggs 2, W. A. Clarke 3, W. Bugg 4, G. Carruthers 5. Second Class—G. Davies 13, D. C. Walton 12, W. McDowell 12. C. Kemp, E. Dye, P. Wakefield, C. Hinton and W. Smith took the next five prizes in the order named without shooting off. Third Class—W. Skey 12, G. Oakley 7, A. Royce 5. Fourth Class—W. Blea 8, E. Gabel 6, A. Lascelles 3, T. Griffith 2. W McDowall won the first money in the sweepstakes at 5 birds, with D. Blea second, C. Emond and D. Beldon divided third and fourth. C. Kemp won the merchandise match at 9 artificial birds with a score of 8, E. Brown took second, E. Emond third, and W. McDowall and W. A. Clark divided fourth and fifth.

Yachting.

CLASSIFICATION BY CORRECTED LENGTH.

DURING the unusually active season that has just closed, a season remarkable both for the number of races and the strong winds in which many of them were sailed, there has been little time for any discussion or study of the measurement question; the great points have been "Who won," and how the winner might be beaten in the next race. Now, however, with the racing over and the fleet laid up, it becomes necessary to take up again the subject so generally discussed in the early spring and postponed by common consent until the close of the racing season. The fact long recognized by the more thoughtful yachtsmen, that spars and sails were rapidly developing to a most undesirable extent, was brought home to the majority last winter by the construction of several yachts in which draft and sail area were carried to an extent never before reached on either side of the Atlantic; the result being very much like a panic. The stories that were told, and with good foundation, of a draft of nearly 11ft. in the forties Helen, Tomahawk and Liris, and of sail spreads such as had previously been seen on nothing less than two classes higher, gave a strong impulse to the movement for further restrictions on some of the elements of design which has been quietly but persistently pushed for a long time. Among the proposals which were made was one to place an arbitrary limit on draft, another to tax sail more heavily than at present, retaining the same basis of classification, waterline length; and a third, to change to a system of classification, as well as measurement, on a basis of corrected length.

As has always been the case, this agitation for a more or less radical change of the rules was not made at a time when it could be discussed with the care and deliberation which its importance demands, but it came so near the beginning of the racing season that any action would necessarily have been hasty and incomplete, while much injustice might have been done to the large fleet of new yachts whose sails were just being bent. It would probably have been an easy matter so to have excited and directed the popular clamor last spring as to have hurried through a radical change in the rules at the spring meeting of some of the clubs, but fortunately wiser counsels prevailed and the whole question left in the hands of committees, with the distinct understanding that some definite action, one way or another, be taken as soon as possible after the season closed. It was confidently expected that the many promised races and the very large fleet, especially in one class, would afford a basis for some positive conclusion; and although this expectation has not been fully realized, though there are many loose ends to the record, and much that is unsatisfactory and incomplete, there is at least more to work on than has ever been offered to yachtsmen in the past. The present time is of all the year the most favorable for the consideration and execution of a task of this kind, as, though active work on the water has stopped, the interest in yachting has not yet been temporarily deadened by the demands of business and society, as will be the case by December, and the subject still has a firm hold on the attention of yachtsmen. Though as yet nothing definite, the indications are very good for a fleet of new yachts next season, the forties are by no means done with yet, and both the 53 and 70ft. classes are likely to experience a revival. In order to encourage building and to induce men to begin in season, it is most essential that the measurement question shall be settled within the next few weeks, at least by the end of November, either by the adoption of the such changes as may seem desirable, or by a determination to do nothing at all for the coming season. If the matter is left until after New Year, it must go by default until the following autumn.

At the present time three important committees are at work on the subject, in the New York and Seawanhaka clubs, and the Lake X. R. A., all of them to report within a couple of weeks. There seems little prospect of any direct increase of the one on sail, and if any change be made it will be in the adoption of a classification by corrected length, such as was favored by many leading yachtsmen last spring. Without attempting to analyze the rather complicated records of the races, or to draw any conclusions from them as to the advisability of a change, we propose at present to consider the subject of classification by corrected length in its application to the American fleet, in order that the attention of yachtsmen may be called to the many points involved.

As every yachtsman knows, by the system in use now by the principal American clubs the yachts are grouped in classes by their waterline length, time being allowed between those in a class according to the "corrected length" while by the proposed method, instead of classing by a fixed quantity, as the waterline, the basis of classification as well as measurement will be the "corrected length."

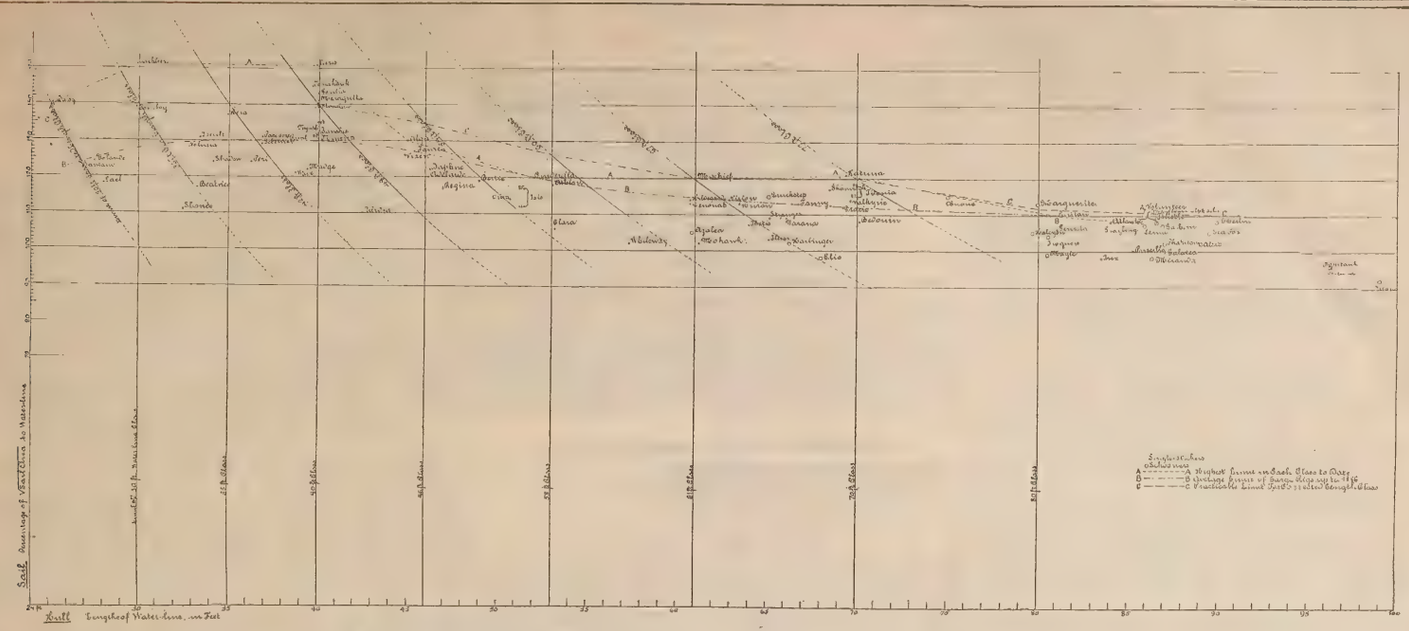


DIAGRAM SHOWING RATIO OF SAIL TO LENGTH IN THE RACING FLEET.

The vertical lines indicate the present limits of classes by waterline length; the inclined lines indicate the limits of classes by corrected length. The relative position of each yacht in its class, near the upper or lower limit, is shown by its proximity to lines indicating the class limits.

The operation of the former system is familiar to all, yachts are built to the utmost limit of waterline allowed for their class, the leading feature of the design being the power which is obtained from beam, draft and ballast; and then sail is piled on according to the judgment, or often the lack of judgment, of the designer. Under this system both waterline and sail may be considered as constant for each class, in spite of the fact that the latter has steadily and rapidly increased of late with the improvement in mechanical features, such as build and ballast; but under the other system both are variable, increasing and decreasing in inverse ratio according to the particular formula in use. Thus, as length is increased the sail is decreased, leaving the designer at liberty to select his dimensions freely for any given class. Under such a rule the present forties would come, for instance, in a class whose maximum limit would be 48ft. corrected length by Seawanhaka rule, or $\frac{L+S}{2}=48$.

If we substitute 40 for the length (L) in this formula the corresponding sail area (S) will be 3,156sq. ft.; and if a length of 45ft. be taken the corresponding sail area will be but 2,601. In the 40ft. boat a beam of 13ft. 6in. and a draft of 9ft. 6in. would probably be taken; in the 41ft. both would be reduced a little, while in the 45ft. craft, if such a length should be desired, the beam would be about 10ft., with 9ft. draft. In theory the three yachts would be of the same size, and would race on even terms with no time allowance from one to another, and whether or no such a result is reached in practice depends on the proportions of length and sail in the rule. It is easily seen that the designer or owner cannot eat his cake and have it too; if he prefers the comparatively wide model with large sails, such as the forty, he is at liberty to build it; if he wishes less extreme dimensions, more fore and aft accommodation and a small rig, he can just as well have that; but what he cannot do is to take the length, 45ft., and with it the proportionate beam and sail of the 40ft. boat in order to beat the latter through mere size.

Such is briefly the theory of that "classification by corrected length" that has been so much talked of for a couple of years or more. In order to consider its practical application to the American fleet it is necessary to know something of the elements of the yachts, to which end we have prepared table A. As the most convenient and accurate basis for the comparison of the sail areas we have taken the ratio of the square root of the sail area to the waterline, as given in the fifth column.

The rather nebulous and indefinite unit, "corrected length" is in the various forms of what is called the "length and sail area" rule, made up of the waterline and some function of the sail area, in varying proportions; by adding twice the waterline to the square root of the sail area and dividing the sum by three; by adding the waterline and square root of the sail area together and dividing by two; or else the measurements of the principal spars are combined in such a way as to avoid that terrible bugbear, the square root, the sum being used in connection with the waterline to make up the "corrected length."

In the actual measurement of the sails by New York and S. C. Y. C. rules the sail plan is considered as a triangle whose base is the distance from the intersection of the luff of the jib with the bowsprit to the end of the main boom, with ¼ of the gaff added; and whose perpendicular is the distance from the upper side of main boom to the topsail block or sheave in topmast. The merits and demerits of this method of measuring sail offer in themselves a wide field for discussion, but without going into it now we shall assume that the measurement is as fair to one yacht as another, and shall use it in all our investigations, as it is the only one obtainable. The figures which we give are compiled from the racing measurements in the various club books. By the English method of measuring the actual area of mainsail and topsail is taken, the latter being sometimes a club and sometimes a sprit topsail, consequently the measurement is a little larger than by the American rules, and in cases where the measurements of British yachts are given in the following tables a correction has been made in the official Y. R. A. measurement to bring the figures down to an American basis in connection with table A.

The accompanying diagram shows very plainly the decrease of sail with the increase of length, and at the same time the great extreme to which some of the latest yachts have gone in the matter of sail and power. The horizontal scale represents the lengths of waterline in feet from 25 to 100, while the vertical scale shows the ratio of the square root of the sail area to the corresponding waterline; thus in the case of Pappoose, the waterline is 36.90ft., the sail area is 2,334sq. ft., the square root being 48.31ft., consequently $\frac{48.31}{36.90}=1.31$, or 131 as plotted on the vertical scale at the point equal to 36.90 on the horizontal.

Besides much that pertains to the immediate subject in hand there is a text for a very interesting discourse in the diagram and figures, showing as they do the great increase of sail in the new yachts, Liris and Kathleen, for instance, overtopping everything with a ratio of 151 per cent., while in the schooners the new Quickstep shows a proportion of 115 per cent. compared with 98 per cent. of the old racer Clio, of nearly the same length. The main purpose of the diagram at present is to illustrate the law by which the proportion of sail to length decreases as the yachts increase in size; for instance, in Pappoose of 36.90ft. waterline, the ratio is 1.31, while in Volunteer, of 85.88 waterline, the ratio is but 1.12. The line BB shows very nearly the average of the existing fleet up to the last two seasons, the ratio being nearly as in Table B for each of the established classes. A point well worthy of notice is the varying degree of development of the different classes, in the past as well as at present; for instance, the highest point to-day is reached in the 30 and 40ft. classes, the 45 and 53ft. classes as yet having comparatively small rigs. Further on the old Mischief, 61ft., shows up with a very large rig, far above the average of her day in either of the adjoining classes, but she is now overtopped by Titania in the 70ft. class, to say nothing of the still bigger rig of Katrina. In the schooner division the new boats Quickstep, Œnone, Marguerite and Merlin stand far above the older, or even the comparatively modern boats of their classes. In making a comparison it is necessary to bear in mind that theoretically the greatest ratio would be found on the smallest yachts (about 130 per cent. for 25ft.), decreasing from this down to nearly 110 in the largest, or 86ft.; and similarly in the schooners. Instead of this gradual incline the line jumps up at 30 and 40ft., falls at 46 and 53ft., and rises at 70ft., showing that the development is by no means even, depending largely on the fashion for certain classes. It is worthy of note that the Daisy, with the very high percentage of 140, is an imported Itchen boat, the prototype of the modern thirties and forties with their enormous rigs.

In order to change from a classification by waterline to one by corrected length it is necessary to determine first a starting point, common to the two systems; second, the desirable class limits under the new system, and third, the proper formula on which the corrected length is to be based. If, as some believe, it is desirable to tax sail more heavily than is now done, it would be an easy matter to lay down arbitrary limits for each class and work out a rule to correspond, having no regard to existing boats, but such a sweeping measure is unnecessary and undesirable; instead of taxing sail a similar end may be reached in a much more satisfactory manner by taking a part of the tax off of length; and it is in every way desirable that if a change be made it should be accompanied with the least possible friction and disturbance to existing interests. The following table, B, giving the average ratio of sail area to length in each of the existing classes, has been compiled from the diagram, the average being a high one and including all but half a dozen of the singlestick fleet.

TABLE A.

ELEMENTS OF MEASUREMENT AND CLASSIFICATION OF RACING YACHTS.

	S.	$\sqrt{S}$.	L.	$\frac{\sqrt{S}}{L}$.	Corrected Length. New York.	Corrected Length. Seawanh.
	Sq. feet.	Feet.	Feet.	Feet.	Feet.	Feet.
Schooners.						
Dauntless	11,046	105.10	116.70	.90	112.83	110.90
Ramona	10 653	103.21	111.05	.93	108.44	107.13
Palmer	10,798	103.91	104.30	1.00	104.17	104.01
Gitana	8,546	92.44	99.00	.92	96.81	95.72
Fortuna	8,494	92.15	96.30	.96	95.35	94.22
Montauk	8,552	92.48	95.26	.96	95.33	94.87
Merlin	9,410	97.00	89.90	1.08	92.27	93.45
Sea Fox	8,715	93.36	89.50	1.05	90.78	91.43
Alert	8,302	91.10	89.00	1.02	89.70	90.05
Phantom	7,879	88.59	87.00	1.02	87.53	87.79
Sachem	8,773	93.66	86.88	1.07	86.14	90.27
Mayflower	8,849	94.06	86.58	1.08	89.08	90.32
Miranda	7,186	84.77	86.80	.98	85.79	85.54
Elma	8,466	92.01	85.90	1.07	87.94	88.95
Grayling	7,355	88.63	83.50	1.06	85.21	86.06
Iroquois	7,081	84.14	80.55	1.04	81.74	82.34
Magic	6,350	79.68	80.50	.99	80.23	80.09
Marguerite	8,139	90.21	79.95	1.13	83.37	85.08
Halcyon	7,042	83.92	79.65	1.05	81.08	81.79
Œnone	7,440	86.25	75.00	1.15	78.75	80.62
Clio	4,469	66.85	68.00	.98	67.62	67.42
Harbinger	4,538	67.36	66.24	1.02	66.61	66.80
Quickstep	5,011	74.91	65.10	1.15	68.37	70.00
Azalea	4,180	64.65	60.85	1.05	62.11	62.75
Singlesticks.						
Galatea	7,505	86.63	87.00	.995	86.87	86.82
Thistle	8,967	94.69	86.46	1.09	89.20	90.07
Volunteer	9,271	96.30	85.88	1.12	89.35	91.09
Mayflower	8,634	92.92	85.54	1.08	88 00	89 23
Priscilla	7,353	85.50	85 30	1.00	85.37	85.40
Atlantic	9,270	90.83	84.05	1.08	86.15	87.88
Irex	8,800	82.46	83.54	.98	83.18	83.00
Genesta	7,387	85.94	81.06	1.06	82.68	83.50
Puritan	7,982	89.34	81.01	1.10	83.85	85 17
Bedouin	5,796	76.13	70.17	1.08	72.16	73.15
Titania	6,844	82.73	70.08	1.18	74.30	76.40
Valkyrie	6,400	80.00	69.64	1.14	73.09	74.82
Katrina	7,082	84.15	69.38	1.21	73.85	76.76
Gracie	6,007	77.50	69.28	1.12	71.94	73.39
Shamrock	6,238	79.36	68.10	1.17	71.85	73.73
Fanny	5,715	75.60	66.75	1.13	69.70	71.17
Yarana	5,200	72.10	66.08	1.09	68.08	69.09
Stranger	5,100	71.42	65.15	1.09	67.57	68.28
Ileen	4,503	67.10	65.12	1.03	65.78	66.12
Thetis	4,692	68.50	64.00	1.07	65.50	66.25
Huron	5,190	71.93	63.50	1.13	66.31	67.71
Vision	5,202	72.12	62.95	1.14	66.00	67.54
Mohawk	3,890	62.38	61.21	1.02	61.60	61.80
Mischief	5,402	73 50	61.00	1.20	65.17	67.25
Hildegarde	4,837	69.55	60.85	1.14	63.75	65.41
Wenonah	4,720	68.70	60.75	1.13	63.40	64.22
Whileaway	3.380	58.16	57.17	1.02	57.50	57.66
Athlon	3,900	63.02	53.10	1.18	56.40	58.06
Clara	3,220	56.75	53.05	1.07	54.28	54.90
Cinderella	3,900	62,44	52.00	1.20	55.58	57.22
Isis	3,302	57.96	51.56	1.12	53.69	54.74
Lenore	3,400	58.24	50.81	1 14	53.28	54.52
Oriva	3,364	58.00	50.75	1.14	53.17	54.37
Bertie	3,400	58.24	49.00	1.19	52.08	53.62
Regina	3,188	56.46	46.96	1.17	50.15	51.91
Daphne	3,218	56.73	46.25	1.22	49.74	51.49
Adelaide	3,042	55.17	46.17	1.20	49.17	50.67
Vreda	2,550	50.50	45.74	1.10	47.33	48.12
Fanita	3,324	57.65	45.40	1.27	49.48	51.52
Bayadere	2,601	51.00	45.00	1.13	47.00	48.00
Vixen	3,180	56.14	44.83	1.26	48.60	50.48
Maggie	2,620	51.18	44.42	1.15	46.67	47.80
Ulidia	2,190	46.79	42.50	1.10	43.93	44.64
Minerva	2.724	52.19	39.96	1.306	44.04	46.07
Banshee	2,800	52.91	39.95	1.32	44.27	46.43
Gorilla	3,257	57.07	39 92	1.43	45.64	48.50
Maraquita	3,173	56.33	39.92	1.41	45.39	48.12
Nymph	3,100	55.85	39.50	1.35	44.55	46.87
Lotowana	2,986	54.64	39.75	1.39	44.71	47.19
Liris	3,603	60.03	39.70	1.51	46.47	49.86
Chiquita	2,922	54.06	39.70	1.36	44.49	46.88
Tomahawk	3,332	57.72	39.65	1.45	45.67	48.68
Verena	2,930	.....	.....	....	.....	47.00
Helen	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	46.50
Alice	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	47.00
Baboon	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	46.80
Xara	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	46.40
Madge	2,315	48.12	39.40	1.22	42.31	43.76
Wave	2,187	46.76	38.66	1.21	41.36	42.71
Rival	2,520	50.20	38.25	1.31	42.57	44.22
Pappoose	2,334	48.31	36.90	1.31	40.70	42.60
Schemer	2,280	47.71	36.83	1.29	40.46	42.27
Peri	2,024	44.98	36.28	1.24	39.18	40.63
Hera	2,400	48.96	34.92	1.37	39.60	41.94
Shadow	1,800	42.40	34.17	1.24	36.91	38.28
Iseult	1,922	43.84	33.42	1.31	36.78	38.63
Beatrice	3,020	38.86	33.25	1.17	35 12	36.05
Elephant	.....	.....	.....	....	.....	35.75
Volusia	1,753	41.87	32.80	1.28	35.82	37.33
Shona	1,300	36.05	32.45	1.11	33.65	34.25
Saracen	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	36.40
Kathleen	2,045	45.22	29.90	1.51	35.00	37.56
Tomboy	1,721	41.48	29.82	1.39	33.70	34.90
Gael	1,102	33.19	28.06	1.18	29.77	30.63
Yolande	1,161	34.06	27.50	1.24	29.68	30.78
Bantam	1,091	33.03	26.80	1.23	28.88	29.91
Daisy	1,249	35.33	25.33	1.40	28.66	30.33

TABLE B.

ELEMENTS OF MEASUREMENT AND CLASSIFICATION IN EXISTING CLASSES.

L.	$\frac{\sqrt{S}}{L}$.	$\sqrt{S}$.	S.	Corrected Length. $\frac{2L+\sqrt{S}}{3}$.	Corrected Length. $\frac{L+\sqrt{S}}{2}$.
25ft.	1.37	35ft.	1225sq. ft.	28ft.	30ft.
30ft.	1.40	42ft.	1765sq. ft.	34ft.	36ft.
35ft.	1.40	49ft.	2401sq. ft.	40ft.	42ft.
40ft.	1.40	56ft.	3136sq. ft.	45ft.	48ft.
46ft.	1.30	60ft.	3600sq. ft.	51ft.	53ft.
53ft.	1.22	65ft.	4225sq. ft.	57ft.	59ft.
61ft.	1.20	73ft.	5329sq. ft.	65ft.	67ft.
70ft.	1.186	83ft.	6889sq. ft.	74.3ft.	76.5ft.
80ft.	1.12	90ft.	8100sq. ft.	83ft.	85ft.
90ft.	1.10	100ft.	10000sq. ft.	93ft.	95ft.

The first column, L, contains the waterline length, the second the ratio of square root of sail area to this length, the third contains the square root of the sail, the fourth the actual allowance of sail, and the last two columns the corresponding corrected length by the formulas now in general use. Fractions have been omitted as far as possible in order to give an even number for the class limit, the only exception being in the 70ft. class. With one point in each class fixed upon, it is a simple matter to work out the allowances for the whole class on the basis of corrected length. For instance, in the 40ft. class, by the New York rule, the calculation would be $\frac{2L+\sqrt{S}}{3}=45$, and by substituting different figures in turn for the length we get the corresponding allowance of sail. With the starting point for each class fixed, as in the above table, the present fleet with their large rigs would be left practically undisturbed, the allowances between them under any given rule would be the same as now exist, while each boat would be as firmly fixed in its new class as it now is in the old one. The important question would be to determine the allowance of sail to the new boats to be built under the rule, in which the length, instead of being fixed, as now, would vary at the will of the designer. Under a system of classification by corrected length almost any tax may be placed on sail with the same rule, as shown in Table C, which gives the various classes possible under either formula that should include the present forties.

TABLE C.

COMPARISON OF POSSIBLE CLASSES BY CORRECTED LENGTH APPLIED TO PRESENT 40FT. CLASS.

Waterline length.	$\frac{2L+\sqrt{S}}{3}$. 44ft. Class.	45ft. Class.	46ft. Class.	48ft. Class.	$\frac{L+\sqrt{S}}{2}$. 46ft. Class.	48ft. Class.	50ft. Class.
	Sail allowed for each length.						
38ft.	3136	3481	3844	4624	2916	3364	3844
39ft.	2916	3249	3600	4356	2809	3249	3721
40ft.	2704	3025	3364	4096	2704	3136	3600
41ft.	2500	2809	3136	3844	2601	3025	3481
42ft.	2304	2601	2916	3600	2500	2916	3364
43ft.	2116	2401	2704	3364	2401	2809	3249
44ft.	1936	2209	2500	3136	2304	2704	3136
45ft.	1764	2025	2304	2916	2209	2601	3025
46ft.	1600	1849	2116	2704	2116	2500	2916
47ft.	1444	1681	1936	2500	2025	2401	2809
48ft.	1296	1521	1764	2304	1936	2304	2704

From this table, if we take a class limit of 44ft. corrected length by the first rule the allowance of sail for a forty would be but 2,704ft., or less than Minerva, while any longer boat would be still more restricted. If, on the other hand, a limit of 48ft. be taken for the class, the normal boat, the present forty, would be allowed the ridiculous amount of 4,096ft. Similarly under the second rule for a class of 46ft. corrected length, only 2,704ft. would be allowed, while for a 50ft. class a forty might have 3,600ft., the sail plan of Liris. An inspection of the table will quickly show that the practicable classes would be 45 or 46ft. if the first formula is followed, and 48ft. under the second.

Assuming that the starting point in each class would be about the amount of sail now carried by the existing boats that would go in the new class, of from 3,000 to 3,200 for a forty, the next thing is to determine the form of rule and the particular class under it which is likely to produce the most wholesome type of boat in the future. The 40ft. class will serve very well as a basis for calculation, as it would occupy too much space to carry out the comparison for all the different classes. Referring to table C

and to the first formula, the two practicable classes would be 45 and 40ft. corrected length. In the former the allowance of sail for 40ft., 3,025sq.ft., is less than is carried by several of the new yachts, but still in excess of anything seen before this season, being more than is now carried by Nymph, Verena, Baboon, Xara and Chiquita.

Going to 41ft. length the allowance of sail would be but 2,809ft., the present rig of Banshee on a hull 1ft. longer, which would not be bad, but for a length of 42ft. the sail would be cut down to a figure that would only permit a very narrow hull, such as the old 10-ton cutters. Going up now from 40ft., a length of 38ft. would be allowed 3,481ft. of sail, or more in proportion than Liris. The effect of this class then would be to confine all experiment practically to lengths of 39 to 41ft., changing the existing order of things but little; unless a man wishes to try his luck with a narrow cutter of about 43×8½ft. with 2,401ft. of sail. Similarly the 46ft. class under the same rule, though starting with a very large rig on a forty, 3,364ft., would at 43ft. allow less sail than Minerva has. The action of the first formula applied in this way, with the corrected length fixed and the length and sail variable, is to cut down sail very rapidly as length increases, taking off over 200ft. of sail for an increase of 1ft. of length, and adding sail as rapidly as length is decreased. The second formula, on the contrary, though taxing sail more heavily when used as at present, is much more liberal than the first when applied to a classification by corrected length, the difference of sail for each foot of length, as shown in the seventh column of table C, being about 100ft.

With a class of 48ft. corrected length by the second rule, as in the column referred to, the starting point for a forty would be 3,136ft. of sail, about that of Maraquita. There would be a place at the upper part of the class for a boat of the extreme proportions of Liris, 38ft. length and 3,364ft. of sail, but further than this a wide field of experiment in more moderate craft would be opened in the lengths from 41 to 45ft., the allowance of sail even for the latter length being such as to permit of 10ft. or more beam. The average beam of the present keel forty with 3,100ft. of sail is 13ft. 6in., and roughly speaking it would decrease about 6in. for each foot of extra length, giving 12ft. 6in. beam for a 42ft. yacht and 10ft. 6in. to 11ft. for a 45ft. In comparing the action of the two rules it would seem that the second, with its more gradual changes and the greater allowance of sail for the larger boats, would be much superior to the first, the latter offering still a strong premium to the very wide boat with the big rig, and practically confining all experiment to a few lengths of nearly the same type.

One leading feature of the system is that there is theoretically no limit to any class, a man may build a yacht 60ft. long for the 48ft. class corrected length, but he can take only 1,300ft. of sail; and on the other hand he can build a 30 footer for the same class, taking 4,300ft. Both of these boats would be absurdities, and practically the class would be confined to the limits of 39ft. length with 3,249ft. of sail and 44ft. length with 2,704ft. It would be possible to build a reduced Clara of 46ft. length for the class, but such a boat would hardly frighten the present fleet in racing on even terms.

One objection that has been urged to the system is that it would never be known in what class a yacht belonged, that she would race in the 42ft. class one day, the 46ft. class on the next, and again in the 53ft. class; but such a misapprehension is founded only on an ignorance of the subject. A yacht would be as firmly anchored in the class she was built for as under the present system. For instance, the present 46ft. class, such as Daphne, Fanita and Alga, carry about 3,300ft. of sail, giving a corrected length of 51 to 52ft., while the limit of the class which included the present forties would be 48ft., consequently the larger boats could not go down into the smaller class. This is shown in the diagram, in which the inclined lines show the proportionate sail allowed for each length in any class. The limits of each class are, as before explained, infinite; but the practical working limits are indicated by the heavier line; thus in the 48ft. class the lengths would run from 39 to 45ft., and the sail from 3,249 down to 2,601ft.

While the classes overlap they do not intersect or conflict, and a yacht must be designed for a particular class, remaining always in it. It would be possible for a 40ft. yacht to go in the 42ft. corrected length class, but to do so she could have but 1,936ft. of sail, about the rig of the modern 30-footer, consequently she would be of an extreme type that would have little show of success against the more moderate boats of her class. Similarly, a 53ft. boat for the 48ft. class could have but 1,849ft. of sail, in other words such a boat would be impossible.

Our object thus far has been merely to make clear the leading features of a system that our readers are likely to hear a good deal of in the future, even though nothing should be done at present toward its adoption. The first thing to be settled is the merit of the principles embodied in the new system compared with those of the present one; when this is settled it will be time enough to discuss the many points of detail, such as the best formula, the proper classes, and the boats likely to be produced under them.

VIPER AND AIDEEN.—A match was sailed at Hamilton, Ont., on Oct. 12, between the two 20ft. yachts Viper and Aideen, one round of the regular triangular course, 10½ miles, for $50 per side. Both are new yachts, built last spring, Viper being designed by Mr. Æmilius Jarvis, who sailed her in the race, while Aideen was built by Mr. Luke Thompson. The start was made at 2:30 in a heavy wind and sea, Viper carrying one reef and Aideen two. Aideen gained on the run to first mark, but after that Viper headed her and finally won by a large margin. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Viper	2 30 39	5 10 38	2 44 08	2 44 08
Aideen	2 33 18	5 26 41	2 53 23	2 53 10

F. E. Kilvert, judge; R. A. Mathesius, timekeeper. The wind was blowing 30 miles per hour during a part of the race. The following challenge has resulted: "Having been defeated on Saturday by the Viper, and being anxious to have another race, I hereby challenge Mr. Jarvis to sail the Aideen against the Viper a series of three races for $50 a side. The first race to take place next Saturday, when the Aideen sails the Stella, and I am satisfied to sail the race on the old conditions, with the exception of the wind, which will have to be taken as it comes.—Wm. Burnside, Captain Aideen."

GALATEA.—This cutter yacht, with her owner (Lieut. Henn) and Mrs. Henn, arrived in the Shannon on Oct. 3 from Plymouth, after a wild passage. She got the first of Sunday's hurricane-like wind, and was fortunate enough to be able to fetch an indifferent harbor on the Kerry coast—Smerwick by name. The holding ground was none of the best, and there was a heavy swell setting into the harbor. In the height of the terrific squalls which swept down from the high mountains, grave doubts were felt as to whether she could hold on; however, with two anchors ahead, 75 fathoms on one and 60 fathoms on the other, she rode it out all right. But it was an anxious time for those on board, for if the ground tackle failed us, it was all up with them, and no chance of saving life. Outside the harbor is a small island 90ft. high; the sea was making a clean breach over it, and the rebound from cliffs 600ft. high was something to see.—*Field, Oct. 12.*

THE INTERNATIONAL MARITIME EXHIBITION.—On Nov. 9 there will be opened in Mechanics' Hall, Boston, an exhibition of everything pertaining to shipping and yachting. Among other interesting features will be a large canal, in which Lawley & Son have built a reproduction of the topsides of the Burgess schooner Quickstep. The canal will also contain lifeboats, launches and small craft of all kinds. The exhibition will be open for two months.

THE INTERNATIONAL MARINE CONFERENCE.—The International Marine Conference, including delegates from twenty different governments, met at Washington on Oct. 16, and will continue in session until Jan. 1. The programme of subjects which will be discussed was published in the Forest and Stream of May 23.

WONA.—This fast little cutter, whose lines were published in the Forest and Stream of Nov. 22, is offered for sale in another column, her owner having purchased the 28ft. cutter Marguerite, designed by Mr. J. Borden, of Boston.

GORILLA.—Mr. R. P. Carroll, owner of Gorilla, sailed last week for Europe en route to Zanzibar, whence he will start with two friends on a hunting expedition in the interior of Africa, returning next season.

SCHOONER WANTED.—Attention is called to the advertisement for a schooner yacht in another column.

NEW YORK Y. C.—The regular October meeting will be held to night at the club house.

Forest and Stream, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nanit," "Gloan," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybillene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to Forest and Stream their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to Forest and Stream their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1887-88.

Commodore: H. C. Rogers, Secretary-Treasurer; Geo. W. Hatton } Peterborough, Can.
Vice-Com. *Rear-Com.* *Purser.*
Central Div..W. R. Huntington. E. W. Masten.....T. H. Stryker, Rome, N. Y.
Atlantic Div. W. P. Stephens.....L. B. Palmer.....F. L. Dunnell, 186 Jerolemon St., Brooklyn.
N'thern Div..Robert Tyson.....S. S. Robinson.....Colin Fraser, Toronto.
Eastern Div..H. E. Rice, M. D.....Maxton Holmes.....H. D Marsh, Springfield, Mass.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of $2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year. Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay $1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Secy-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division.

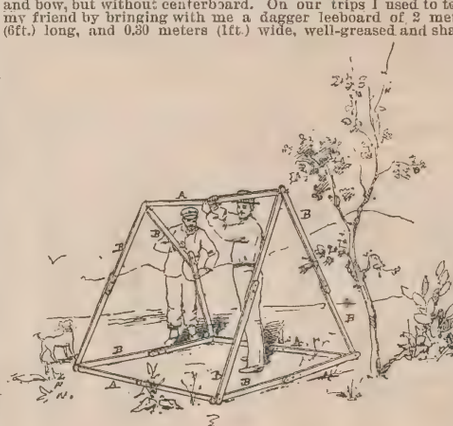
Persons residing in any Division and wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore—C. J. Stedman, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Vice-Commodore—T. J. Kirkpatrick, Springfield, O.
Rear-Commodore—Thos. S. Gates, Columbus, O.
Secretary-Treasurer—J. B. Keogh, Chicago, Ill

THE "MINI" TENT.

Up to the day when my dear friend and partner bought a beastly, worn out steamer, which he (an old bachelor) named Freya (goddess of love), our trips to our plantations of poplars and willows in the Paraná Mini* were made in his flat-bottomed boat named No hagas daño (*i. e.* don't commit nuisance). These boats of the Paraná Delta are a kind of sharpie with sharp stern and bow, but without centerboard. On our trips I used to tease my friend by bringing with me a dagger leeboard of 2 meters (6ft.) long, and 0.30 meters (1ft.) wide, well-greased and sharp-



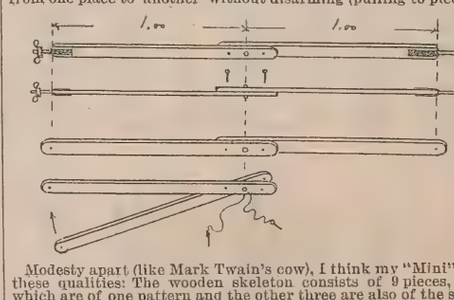
edged. This boat did not sail any worse for it nor did we sleep worse, for the reason of my tent, than we used to do before my having it made.

I'll never forget one night we slept, or rather did not sleep, at the mouth of Paraná de las Palmes, moored to a willow, with water in the boat and on shore, and any amount of mosquitoes in the air. We alternately covered our dear good selves with rugs and ponchos against the mosquitoes and uncovered ourselves on account of heat and perspiration. It was that very night my plan for the "Mini" tent ripened to about 75 per cent. of what it



is. Once ashore I began to think, and draw, and think, (I am an architect, mind) until I hit upon the thing of which I send the accompanying designs. I have tried it and think it is a success. (Mark Twain says, "Every cow thinks the same of her own calf.")

The requirements to satisfy were: (1), room for two men to sleep; (2), easy setting up and stowing by one man; (3), woodwork not over 1.20 meters (3ft. 8in.) long; (4), no pegs or poles to be set into the ground; (5), absolute security against mosquitoes; (6), ventilation or absolute watertightness, according to weather; (7), entrance to close automatically against mosquitoes; (8), easy shifting from one place to another without disarming (pulling to pieces).



Modesty apart (like Mark Twain's cow), I think my "Mini" has these qualities: The wooden skeleton consists of 9 pieces, 6 of which are of one pattern and the other three are also of the same pattern. Put together they form a prism whose basis is an equilateral triangle of 2 meters (6ft.) side and whose length is also 2 meters. All wood parts are jointed together like scissors and are made rigid in the expanded position by means of two pins.

The frame is put together in one minute, the thumb-screws setting everything rigid. The cloth is then thrown over the frame and the two lower edges tied to the foot beam from the inside of tent. The gable sides of tent have their halves overlapping and tied crossways so that a person wanting to enter or exit pulls cloth apart in the inside line and shoves himself through; the sides close immediately on account of elasticity. The oiled floor-cloth is tied at the four corners, or if preferred, all along the four edges. I think the drawings explain the whole better than words, especially when written by people who, like myself, are not masters in the language they make use of. Carlos Altgelt.

Buenos Ayres.

*"Mini" means "small" in Guarani language.

SOME MORE SNIPS FROM AND ANOTHER SNAP AT THE '89 MEET.

PART I.

The tents at an A. C. A. meet, like the men who inhabit them, are of all sorts and conditions, but that is where the resemblance, coverings and covered, ends, for the men all have an affinity for the canoe, and that is exactly what the great majority of the tents have not. The tents at the '89 meet were no exception to the general rule; there were A tents, wall tents, round tents, round-ended tents, pavilion tents, pyramid tents, tents as big as a house and as small as a dog kennel, and there was little that was new and less that was admirable about the whole lot. The heavy rains of the first week searched out the weak places in the tents very effectively, however, and it is not improbable that a good many men who have been aroused to the necessity of paying some attention to their tents by a wet bed, will during this winter waste a certain degree of the gray matter of their brain in devising new camp shelters.

Scott, of Ottawa, brought the fine big round-ended wall tent which he had at Lake George last year, down the Rideau with him, and it was perhaps the best tent of its kind in camp. This tent has buttons pole, and yet it is big enough for half a dozen. It has a high wall, a steeply pitched roof, and Scott manages to carry it all over the country in a sixteen-foot open canoe.

The Torontos' pyramid tent is simple enough in all conscience; it has but one pole, a bamboo, light iron or steel pins, and it furnishes room for two. As matters now are it is probably the most serviceable shore canoe tent in use. It is certainly a better tent than the square-headed oiled affairs the Ubiques use, and it is simpler, lighter and better adapted to turn a heavy rain than the Brooklyn square, header, even if this last is provided with Mr. Carter's extending joint expansion gear. One thing ex-Commodore Wilkin has about his tent gear that is quite admirable, and that is a steel tent peg that will drive anywhere and hold in anything. It is made from a piece of three-quarters by three-sixteenths flat steel, and has a looped head and a cannulated shank. Like all good pegs it is not easy to draw, but it drives easily and it will hold in sand.

The Jabber had a very pretty little wall tent in camp that he says he made himself, and if the fittings were fined down I believe such a tent as this could be made that would be, as an all-around tent, superior to the Toronto pyramid. The way the Jabber had that tent set up was as ingenious as simple. He had a floor—everybody had floors this year—and on top of this floor a wall one board high the size of the tent was erected. The upright poles were nailed to this wall, and the edge of the sod cloth was attached to it all round, so that the Jabber slept in a box with a cotton roof. This was a very comfortable arrangement the Jabber found, but there were certain jealous ones in the camp who envied him his serenity, and they did plot and conspire to destroy it. These evil ones waited until the famous night came when "the Commodore was in New York," and then they gathered to themselves many kindred spirits, picked up the tent, floor, walls, trunk and all, and carried it bodily up Yonge street to the headquarters pavilion. After much trouble it was placed within that structure, and with many a chuckle at their ingenuity and many an admiring glance at their handiwork the conspirators were gathering about the camp-fire, when the Jabber, who of course had been over at Squaw Point all the evening, appeared, and took in the whole situation at a glance.

When the Jabber began, "Well, now, if moving me up to headquarters is not showering honors upon my unworthy shoulders to an extent that," etc., the plot dissolved into thin air, and it was the conspirators, not the new vice-commodore of the Central Division that were sold.

There were quite a number of one-pole pavilion tents, with striped sides, gaily painted poles and very flat roofs, in camp, and I think I am safe in saying that not one of these tents proved watertight during the heavy rains of the first week. The pitch of their roofs was not sufficient to permit the water to run off from the upper side of the canvas, and in consequence it dripped down into the tent from the line of juncture between roofs and walls. This was particularly the case with those tents, the roof of which were extended by a square frame, and I do not believe that this description of tent can do other than leak in wet weather. In my opinion, a canoeist's shore tent should have plenty of room for two, not more, and be high enough in the walls to permit of the use of low cots. It should be small in bulk, with the shortest and lightest poles possible, have plenty of ventilators, a steeply-pitched roof, so as to be dry under all conditions without being waterproofed or of too heavy material. If it is of such a form as will permit of its walls being raised to allow of the interior being thoroughly dried by wind and sun, and of an awning being set up in front of it, so much the better. An awning or fly may be a luxury, but it is one that adds much to the comfort and completeness of a meet camp. How to get all these good qualities into one rather small tent without making it a hard camp to set up, is the problem for the inventive geniuses to solve. So far as I know there is not a tent extant that combines all of these good qualities, and there are but few who have more than two or three of them.

This year, several events that formed an important part of the old-time meets were omitted from both the general and the regatta programme, not as far as I can see with a good effect upon either. The illuminated parade, one of the most enjoyable features of a meet, had this year to be abandoned, because of bad weather, and the review of the fleet, which was dropped in '88 because the regatta spread over its allotted time, was not even spoken of this year. It would I think be a decided loss if these two events, perhaps the most picturesque portions of a meet, should be definitly abandoned. The fleet review is in particular an event that works only for good, it is the only possible recognition by the fleet as such, of the authority of its commodore, and it brings the canoes of the A.C.A. together for once on a friendly footing. The two principal omissions from the regatta programme were the club and the maneuvering races, and I do not think that the programme was the better because of this. The maneuvering race is a particularly good race, quite as good if not a better race than the sailing upset, and it always brings out a full list of entries. The club race is also a good race in every way, and has a tendency for good, in that it encourages clubs to come to the A. C. A. meet as clubs, and is an incentive to club *esprit de corps*. Although it would be perhaps better for the club race that it should be in the future what it was in the past, a special race, there is nothing to prevent the prize for it being given upon the result in the unlimited. The maneuvering race should, however, be a special race, that is unless it is considered advisable to sacrifice a good race in the hope of making a better one by combining the maneuvering and upset sailing, and so making a species of general expert race of it. The tournament had also to be abandoned owing to the absence of lances, and although the tug-of-war and the gymnastics of this year were decidedly good, they do not replace the great game of splash.

Wednesday of the racing week is by time-honored precedent the day when the A. C. A. abandons its comforts in order to give amusement and perhaps some useful lessons to all and sundry who care so visit it, and it is in consequence a day that is spoiled for anything like hard work. If this visitors' day was deliberately set apart for the annual review and the expert events, such as the upset paddling, upset sculling and maneuvering races, the tournament, gymnastics, the tug of war and perhaps the hurry scurry also, the visitors would be given something to look at besides the tent interiors, the A. C. A. men would get something to do, close to camp, and in such a way that they could still show every attention to their visitors, and what is now, to put it mildly, a very wearisome day, might be converted into a very enjoyable one.

Canoeing is in all its phases one of the most picturesque of sports, and it is therefore natural that the canoe and the camera should become close allies. This year every second man in camp had a camera of some kind or other, and the snap of the shutter was heard in the camp from morning till night. There is every reason why this alliance should be preserved, the canoe gives the camera plenty of good subjects, the camera furnishes the canoe with enthusiasm-producing pictures, and therefore one assists the other mightily. I know from personal experience that all the canoe talk which a possible novice can be induced to give ear to, will have less effect in bringing him to the canoe-buying point, than one photograph such as Stoddard's plate of the Dimple, of last year, and a set of A. C. A. views has an effect upon the uninitiated that in some cases is a little short of magical. The alliance has now become so close that I think the camera should be recognized by the A. C. A. at least to this effect, that a simple but effective dark room be built by it for the benefit of the camera man. Such a room would cost little; it would be a great convenience to all photophiends, and through them to the camp.

The picturesque appearance of the camp owes a good deal to the strings of flags that decorate every available vantage ground

id now that the scalp system has been adopted as a method of
e Association, the display of flags is beginning to mean some-
ning as well as to look well. Now, although there must have
een two dozen commodores and ex-commodores of all kinds and
egrees in camp, there was hardly an officer's flag other than the
ommodore's to be seen. As the commodores of the past have, I
uppose, no right to fly the flag of office and the officer's flags are
I hard to make, neither effective nor pretty when made, and
he differences between the flags of the different ranks are of such
nature that not one out of ten A. C. A. men knows what it is.
he absence of the officers' flags from the scalp line is no great
ss to any person. If it is worth while having officers' colors at
l, however, they should be of such a character as to be worth
ying in camp, and if their design was such as to make them
mple and effective, not merely as a flag, but as a means of
wing both the rank and the year of office of their owners, this is
xactly what they should be.
By an adaptation of the method of the Royal C. C., which the
oronto C. C. has adopted with great success, this could be done
asily and simply. The commodore's flag under this system would
e a swallow-tailed A. C. A. pennant, with the year of his office
pon the red field in blue; the vice-commodore's would be pre-
isely the same, with the addition of a blue ball, and the addition
f another ball would designate a rear-commodore. The ex-
fficers would then all have a scalp to fly, as the numbers on their
ags would show them to be past, not present, rulers of the desti-
ies of the canoeing republic, and the reproach of ingratitude
hich can now be brought against the Association would be re-
oved. The addition to the flags of the vice and rear-commo-
ores of the initial letters of the name of their division would
..ke the system more complete. RETAW.

THE SITE FOR THE A. C. A. MEET.

Editor Forest and Stream:
The following was passed after the adjournment of the B. C. C. meeting on Oct. 8: "Mr. Ward moves that in the opinion of the A. C. A. members of the B. C. C., here assembled, that it is perfectly feasible to hold a meet on Huntington Bay or vicinity, and that they strongly recommend the committee to confine themselves to these waters (preferably the west shore of Eaton's Neck account of the prevailing wind). In our opinion these waters are the only accessible ones to visitors from the north and west. The fresh-water difficulty can be overcome and the ground can be obtained. Bases of supplies are within reach, Northport and Huntington. Communication is sufficiently close with New York. Quad is abundant. The beach is as good as elsewhere, and the ite remarkable for natural scenery; and further, we consider he Association is expected and almost pledged to be near New ork, if not indeed to this locality. The prevailing winds being outherly and westerly insure comparative freedom from mosqui-oes."

ROBT. J. WILKIN, Chairman.
M. V. BROKAW, Secretary.

I. V. Brokaw, Esq., Secretary Brooklyn Canoe Club:
Your favor of the 11th inst., inclosing a copy of a resolution dopted at the meeting of your club on the 8th inst., concerning untington Bay as a site for the next A. C. A. meet, is received. The resolution will be referred to the Camp Site Committee as oon as that committee shall be appointed.
In regard to the recommendation contained in the resolution hat the committee confine their selection to Huntington Bay and icinity, if the recommendation is intended for the Camp Site Committee I do not see how they can comply with it. It appears o me to be the plain duty of the Camp Site Committee to examine he several places that have been suggested in order that they may lay before the Executive Committee the facts concerning ach, so that that committee may intelligently pass upon the uestion as to which place is most suitable for the meet.
As to the suggestion contained in the resolution that something in the nature of a pledge has been given that the meet should be at Huntington Bay, I think there must be some mistake about this, as no one has the right to give such a pledge nor anything like it. The whole matter is to be determined by the executive committee upon the report of the camp site committee and upon such other facts as may be furnished to them from other sources.
I have examined Huntington Bay and the bays in its vicinity, namely, Oyster Bay and Hempstead Harbor, with a view to finding a camp site for the meet, but without seeing any place which seemed to me fit for the purpose, yet the very positive statement contained in this resolution, namely, "It is perfectly feasible to hold a meet on Huntington Bay or vicinity," leads me to believe that, notwithstanding my inability to find it, a suitable place for the meet exists on or in the vicinity of that bay and is known to the gentlemen who voted for this resolution. I quite agree with them that Huntington Bay should be selected, if a suitable camp site can be found there, and I feel sure that gentlemen who take so lively an interest in this question, and who, judging by this resolution, possess a knowledge of the subject, will be willing to assist in the real work of finding a site, and, acting on this belief and in pursuance of the power vested in me by Article 7 of the Constitution of the A. C. A., I hereby appoint the mover of the resolution, Mr. Henry C. Ward, a special committee, with power to add other members from among gentlemen who voted for this resolution, charged with the duty of making an actual and careful examination of Huntington Bay and its vicinity, with the view of ascertaining if there is on that bay or in its vicinity a suitable place at which to hold the next meet of the A. C. A., and to report the result of such examination in detail and in writing to the Camp Site Committee ten days before the meeting of the Executive Committee, which will be held in New York on the 23d of November next.
I inclose by way of suggestion to this special committee an excerpt from an article published in the FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 12, 1889, containing some valuable suggestions as to what is required for an A. C. A. camp, and I beg leave to express the hope that their report will be based on actual knowledge gained from a personal examination of the ground, and that their labors may be crowned with success.
May I ask that you will be kind enough to notify Mr. Ward of his appointment and furnish him with a copy of this letter.

HENRY STANTON, Commodore-Elect A. C. A.
NEW YORK, Oct. 14.

BROOKLLN C. C.—A series of winter camp-fires has been arranged by the Brooklyn C. C., the programme being: Oct. 24, 199 Montague street (basement), "Knots and Splices," I., by Mr. H. C. Ward; Nov. 21, 648 Prospect Place, "Our Cruise on the Delaware," by Dr. G. R. Butler, on invitation of Mr. W. H. Cameyer; Jan. 11, annual club dinner; Jan. 30 170 Sixth avenue, Lantern Exhibition, by Dr. R. N. Denison; Feb. 27, 199 Montague street, "Knots and Splices," II., by Mr. H. C. Ward; March 21. 186 Joralemon street, Lantern Exhibition, by Mr. F. L. Dunnell; April 24. Public Lantern Exhibition, Canoe Life, in Camp and Racing, by Dr. Denison and Mr. Dunnell. The club invites its membes to the above camp fires, and each member may invite one friend to accompany him.

CANOES VERSUS SAILING BOATS.

Editor Forest and Stream:
While thanking you for your most excellent account of the Mosquito Fleet regatta at Roslyn last Saturday, let me correct some errors you make in your comments concerning my boats. In the first place there were not "two Clapham boats" in the race, as the Rita was built by a house carpenter. I have had nothing to do with either designing or rigging her, nor do I approve of her model. In the second place, my own boat, the Gnat, was not "one of Mr. Clapham's wide and shoal boats," but on the contrary she is a narrow keel boat, drawing 2½ft. of water, carrying several hundred pounds of lead in her keel and having no centerboard. She was soundly and most deservedly beaten by everything in the fleet, because I chose to experiment on her with a view to seeing how a narrow sharpie would act with a lead-loaded keel. So the poor little craft is a victim to the teachings of our good friend, the FOREST AND STREAM. Only two days before the race Gnat had 5in. in depth and 500lbs. of lead added to her keel, then went into the race, untried, with the result as reported.
As to the comparative merits of sharpies and canoes it is pertinent to inquire if such a matter was ever settled by one race in a very moderate breeze?
The same sharpie with less keel and less lead easily outsailed a far larger and more powerful canoe than Vagabond in the N. Y. Athletic Club regatta two or three weeks ago, the canoe in that instance being sailed by one of the most skilful canoeists in America. Did the FOREST AND STREAM think that settled the relative merits of canoe and sharpie? THOMAS CLAPHAM.
ROSLYN, L. I., Oct. 19.

Editor Forest and Stream:
I wish to say a few words bearing on the short article in last week's issue on "Canoes vs. Sailing Boats."
To begin with, Unique, the boat that beat the canoe over the course at the Corinthian Mosquito Fleet regatta, is not "a large open sailboat with schooner rig." The dimensions of Unique are 18ft. 2in. over all, 18ft. 10in. l.w.l., 52in. beam and 12in. draft. The rig is more like a sharpie than a schooner, there being two hoisting gaff sails, 120 sq. ft. in foresail and 100 sq. ft. in aftersail. This is not a very large boat, you will admit. As for the race itself, I desire to present the following facts which do not appear in the published account of the event:
First—The canoe Vagabond had about ¾ of a minute the best of all the boats on the start, and was not overhauled by Unique running until about a quarter of a mile from the lower mark.
Second—Mr. Stevens used the sliding seat on Vagabond, which gave him a greater advantage than the other boats had in carrying two men.
Third—The race was sailed in comparatively smooth water throughout, what sea there was running behind the boats from outside was affecting them in the windward work.
Fourth—It is only fair to call attention to the fact that Vagabond is 2ft. longer than Mr. Clapham's and Dr. Ledyard's yawls, both of which are keels. The advantage gained by this extra length is considerable in such small craft.
Though I do not wish to take from Mr. Stevens and Vagabond any credit which is due (for the canoe sailed fast), I wish to have the conditions which I have called attention to considered in forming an opinion of the merits of the different types of boats represented in the race.
Finally, it is my firm conviction and I judge from considerable experience in sailing Unique in competition, that had a fast catboat within the class limits and sailed under the disadvantageous rules, been entered in this race, that she would have beaten the entire fleet easily. While canoes are very fast sailers in smooth water, I have yet to see the canoe that can hold her own with a good catboat in a beat to windward in a breeze, the conditions that bring out the real sailing qualities of a boat.
FRANK BOWNE JONES.

THE PADDLING TROPHY.

Editor Forest and Stream:
After reading Mr. Putman's letter about paddling canoes in the A.C.A. and the championship race, I agree with him when he says: "Let a man race in the fastest canoe he can build;" but within certain limits, say Class III., 16ft.×28in.×9in., with a minimum weight of 40lbs., so as to prevent matchwood construction. This would give the open Canadian canoe, which is the paddling canoe *par excellence*, a chance in the race; for it is the canoe which nine out of ten paddlers use. If it is to be a paddling event let it be for paddling canoes, and not for the mongrel paddling-sailing canoes they have been trying to bring to life during the last two years, with what success any one who was at the last A.C.A. meet might see. With a minimum weight of 40lbs. the open canoe would have no advantage over her decked sister.
There is another very important point which should be considered, viz., the "one man, one canoe" rule, as regards this race. There are many canoeists who, like myself, go in for paddling to some extent for the fun, exercise and excitement there is in it, and who also do some sailing, but who would not like to forego the pleasures of the sailing and the other general events for the sake of getting into the championship paddling race, and on the other hand would not think of going into it in a heavy sailing canoe. I would therefore suggest that this race be exempt from the "one man, one canoe" rule, as by so doing we would have a larger number of entries and would encourage canoeing in its broadest sense; not sailing alone, but as it is enjoyed by all around canoeists, as fond of swinging the blade as of sitting out on the piazza and hanging on to the main sheet. HARRY F. MACKENDRICK.
TORONTO.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE MEETING.

NEW YORK, Oct. 21.—*To the Members of the A. C. A.:* Please take notice. First—A meeting of the executive committee of the A. C. A. is hereby called to be held on Saturday, Nov. 23, 1889, at 10 o'clock A. M., in the city of New York, in such place in that city as shall be selected by the committee of arrangements. The following named gentlemen are hereby appointed such committee, the first named being the chairman, viz.: Edward W. Brown of the Knickerbocker C. C., William Whitlock of the Brooklyn C. C., and Henry C. Bailey of the New York C. C. Second—The following named gentlemen are hereby appointed the committee on camp site and arrangements, the first named being chairman, viz.: R. B. Burchard, of the New York C. C., and Paul Butler, of the Vesper C. C. Under the constitution of the A. C. A. this committee has power to add to its number. Very respectfully yours, HENRY STANTON, Commodore-Elect.
By the Commodore-Elect, F. L. DUNNELL, Secretary-Elect.

CORINTHIAN MOSQUITO FLEET.—The fall meeting of the Corinthian Mosquito Fleet was held on Oct. 21, Com. Smith presiding. Sixteen new members were elected, making a total of 60 and a fleet of 44, a very good showing for the first season.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Atlantic Division: Edmond Chable, Jersey City, N. J.

UBIQUE C. C.—The annual meeting of the Ubique C. C. was held at Stave Island. Two new members were elected. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year. Com., R. W. Waters, Norwood; Vice-Com., Colin Fraser, B. A., Toronto; Purser, John. N. McKendrick, B. A., Galt; Steward, Richard Lees, Brampton; Boatswain, Will A. Fraser, St. Thomas. A resolution was passed that the next annual meeting of the club should be held on salt water during the time of the annual meet of the A. C. A.

IANTHE C. C.—The Ianthe C. C. will hold record races next Saturday, at 4 P. M. These races will probably be the last of the season.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

E. P., Philadelphia.—Send us your address.

CORNER, Albany, N. Y.—There is no Irish setter that is "champion of the world."

C. H. S.—We can send you a copy of FOREST AND STREAM containing the Illinois game law.

H. C., Lynn, Mass.—Mollie (Prim—Nell) was the only bitch of the name bred to Elcho. She was owned by Mr. John Develin, New York, and was bred in 1879.

W. H. P., Memphis, Mich.—1. The shellac recommended by a correspondent will no doubt accomplish the purpose you desire. 2. Your subscription will expire March 6, 1890.

R. L. M., Minneapolis.—Beaufort, South Carolina, is a highly recommended point to make one's headquarters for winter quail shooting. The birds are abundant, and other game with good fishing may be added to the attractions. See "Piseco's" papers, "The Charms of Beaufort," in our issues of Dec. 6 and 20, 1888.

E. S., Chicago, Ill.—Messrs. Hartley & Graham, of Maiden Lane, this city, can supply you with the Lee .43 or .45 caliber. We do not know where you will find the Vetterli or Mannicher rifles in this country, but they might be imported for you by any of the principal importing houses.

R. D. W., St. John, N. B.—Kindly inform me through your columns the best way to clean brass shells. I notice "J. R. T." in your last advices the use of shellac to fasten wads in brass shells. Would not shellac injure the barrels? Is there any better method? Ans. 1. Clean the outside with vinegar. The inside needs no cleaning. 2. The shellac will not injure the barrels.

J. W. P., Stoughton, Mass.—I desire to know through the columns of your paper, if you can give me the information, as to where I can obtain wild rice packed in mud as it grows for replanting. Ans. There would be no advantage in having the rice packed in mud; it is sent dry like other grain, and should be soaked in water over night so that it will sink when scattered on the water.

H. L. N., Guanajuato, Mexico.—I should be greatly obliged to your fish editor for any information he may be able to give as to the nearest point to Laredo, El Paso, or Eagle Pass, that it is possible to buy carp or carp spawn. Also for any information he can give as to what fish can be cultivated in a small deep pond of still water in a climate that rarely or never gets to freezing point and never gets higher than 80° Fahrenheit in the shade. Ans. The persons named below have obtained carp, mainly from the U. S. Fish Commission, and it is likely that one or more of them can supply young fish. Mr. Radam expressed his intention in 1883 to make carp raising and selling a business. E. S. Stover, Albuquerque, New Mexico; John Menaul, Laguna, New Mexico; I. N. Lerich, San Antonio, Texas; Wm. Radam, Austin, Texas; Wm. Elliott, Taylor, Texas. The report of the U. S. Fish Commission for 1884 contains much information about carp in Texas and elsewhere, including useful hints as to their care. We believe that large-mouthed black bass and crappies would thrive in the pond described. The former can be obtained in streams of Texas and northern Mexico, the latter from the Mississippi Valley.

J. W. G. D., Philadelphia.—1. While up in Maine I shot a few ducks which I could not find the name of. They were quite plenty and rather wild, feeding on the same ground with the black duck. Their flesh was very tender and juicy and very nice tasting. When on the wing the white spot on the wing was very noticable. The description of one noted in my note book is this: White breast, large white spot on each wing, about 2 or 1½in. in diameter; neck, head, top of body, tail and wings of a dull slate color, tail short, extent of wings 23in., length from tip of bill to tip of tail 16in., weight 1¼lbs. The guides called them wood ducks. What were they? 2. Are there such a thing as black foxes? Where are they found? Ans. 1. The description as far as it goes applies best to a duck which is generally supposed to be extinct, the famous Labrador duck. There is a possibility that it may have been the young of Barrow's golden-eye, but this always has a brown head, which would have been observed by our correspondent. Would it be possible to send us a specimen of this bird? If it should prove to be the rare species first mentioned, ornithologists would be highly delighted. 2. Black foxes are occasionally found in New England and Canada; see our natural history columns to-day, also issues of April 7, Sept. 1 and Sept. 29, 1887, and July 12, 1888. For answer to other queries see next number.

INFORMATION WANTED.

E. H. F. wishes information of a good locality in middle Florida or anywhere South, for months of January, February, March and possibly part of April. Must be in a good game country; desires board for himself and wife in a private family where price will be reasonable.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

PADDLING IN FLORIDA; or, the Canoe Cruisers of the Gulf, by St. George Rathboue, is another of G. W. Dillingham's young cruiser series, a book of stirring and fascinating adventure by flood and field. G. W. Dillingham, New York.

BEECHAM'S PILLS cure bilious and nervous ills.—*Adv.*

HUMPHREYS'
VETERINARY SPECIFICS
For Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs, AND POULTRY.
500 Page Book on Treatment of Animals and Chart Sent Free.
CURES { Fevers, Congestions, Inflammation, A. A. { Spinal Meningitis, Milk Fever.
B. B.—Strains, Lameness, Rheumatism.
C. C.—Distemper, Nasal Discharges.
D. D.—Bots or Grubs, Worms.
E. E.—Coughs, Heaves, Pneumonia.
F. F.—Colic or Gripes, Bellyache.
G. G.—Miscarriage, Hemorrhages.
H. H.—Urinary and Kidney Diseases.
I. I.—Eruptive Diseases, Mange.
J. K.—Diseases of Digestion.
Stable Case, with Specifics, Manual, Witch Hazel Oil and Medicator, $7.00
Price, Single Bottle (over 50 doses), .60
Sold by Druggists; or Sent Prepaid anywhere and in any quantity on Receipt of Price.
Humphreys' Med. Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

Forest & Stream File Binders.
PRICE, $1.00.
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

HAVE YOU SEEN OUR NEW
Illustrated Catalogue
OF
FISHING TACKLE?
It is the most elaborate and magnificent book ever published in the Sporting Goods line. Send us 25 cents and we will forward you a copy post paid.
ABBEY & IMBRIE,
No. 18 VESEY STREET, NEW YORK.

WINCHESTER

STAR  RIVAL

LOADED PAPER SHOT SHELLS

Ask your Dealer for them.

Not Sold at Retail by the Manufacturers.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.

312 Broadway, N. Y. NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Send for 82-page Catalogue of Arms and Ammunition.

DO YOU WANT A GUN,

Rifle, Revolver, or anything in Sporting Goods, such as Loaded Shells, Sportsmen's Clothing, Loading and Cleaning Implements, Ammunition for Rifles, Shotguns or Revolvers, Fishing Tackle, etc., etc., etc.? If so send at once to CHAS. E. FELTON, Assignee of **Western Arms & Cartridge Co.**, 47 & 49 State St., Chicago, Ill., and get Catalogue and Special List giving Full Descriptions and Prices of many of the Guns he is offering Below Cost.

THESE GOODS MUST BE SOLD AT ONCE FOR CASH. Largest assortment of Fine Guns, both Hammer and Hammerless. Improve this opportunity of getting a FINE GUN at the Cost of the Cheap Article. Address at once

CHAS. E. FELTON, Assignee,

Western Arms & Cartridge Company,

47 & 49 STATE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

PAINLESS **BEECHAM'S** EFFECTUAL

THE GREAT ENGLISH MEDICINE **PILLS** WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

For Weak Stomach—Impaired Digestion—Disordered Liver.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOX.

Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England.

B. F. ALLEN & CO., Sole Agents

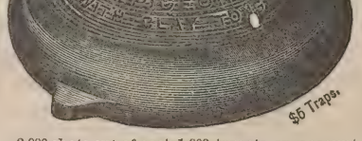
FOR UNITED STATES, 365 & 367 CANAL ST., NEW YORK,

Who (if your druggist does not keep them) will mail Beecham's Pills on receipt of price—*but inquire first.* (Please mention this paper.)

Ligowsky C. P. No. 3

The only target having the patent

INTURNED EDGE.



2,000 shots out of each 1,000 targets on account of non-breakage in shipping, trapping and falling upon ground. The only target made with the INTURNED EDGE, producing the surest breaker when hit, and surest non-breaker when not hit. Our traps are sold for the sole purpose of shooting our targets.

Sam Lovel's Camps;

Uncle Lisha's Friends Under Bark and Canvas.

A SEQUEL TO "UNCLE LISHA'S SHOP."

By ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

The two series of papers published in FOREST AND STREAM, with added chapters. An inimitable portraying of the woods and village life of Danvis folks. Cloth, 253 pp. Price $1.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY,
318 Broadway, New York.



PREMIÈRE QUALITÉ CIGARETTE.

A SUPERB ARTICLE. The standard of purity and excellence. The faultless union of two matchless tobaccos prevents that dryness of the throat usually produced by smoking other brands. Do not allow prejudice to prevent you from giving this incomparable Cigarette a trial. It is simply perfection, a luxury and not a low-priced article.

Our Vanity Fair and various Smoking Mixtures are the finest for the pipe.

16 First Prize Medals. WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.

WILD RICE

AS AN ATTRACTION FOR WILD FOWL CANNOT BE EQUALLED; FOR PLANTING IN FISH PONDS IT IS ESPECIALLY DESIRABLE. New Crop now ready, price 40 cts. per lb. postpaid, by express 50 cts. per lb.

NORTHRUP, BRASLAN & GOODWIN CO.,
Seed Growers, Minneapolis, Minn.

SPORTSMEN SMOKERS

SHOULD ALL SMOKE OUR CELEBRATED

FOREST AND STREAM ROD AND GUN

Hand-Made Havana Cigars.

MADE IN TWO STYLES AND SIZES.

LONDRES PERFECTO, 5in. long @ $7.00 per 100
CONCHAS ESPECIALS, 4¼in. @ 6.00 "

The favorite cigar of Rod and Gun Clubs generally. These cigars are made of the choicest tobaccos grown, and selected with the greatest care. They cannot fail to suit the taste of all lovers of the fragrant weed. Each cigar has the brand impressed on it, and every box has a label, fac-simile of the title of the popular journal, and our firm's signature, without which none are genuine. We are the only authorized manufacturers of the above brand, and to insure the smoker of the genuine we would ask you to send us your orders direct. We will deliver, free of express charges, either size, on receipt of price.

A. W. FOOTE & CO., Sole Manufacturers,
125 Maiden Lane, New York.

No Chemicals.



W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa

Is Absolutely Pure, and it is Soluble

To increase the solubility of the powdered cocoa, various expedients are employed, most of them being based upon the action of some alkali, potash, soda or even ammonia. Cocoa which has been prepared by one of these chemical processes, can usually be recognized at once by the distinct alkaline reaction of the infusion in water.

W. Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa

is manufactured from the first stage to the last by perfect mechanical processes, **no chemical being used in its preparation.** By one of the most ingenious of these mechanical processes the greatest degree of fineness is secured without the sacrifice of the attractive and beautiful red color which is characteristic of an absolutely pure and natural cocoa.

W. Baker & Co., Dorchester, Mass.

Increasing Sales Attest the Popularity of
THE GENTLEMEN'S CIGARETTE.

SPECIAL FAVOURS

Manufactured only by

KINNEY BROS.

(KINNEY TOBACCO CO. Successors). Also manufacturers of the Old Reliable

SWEET CAPORAL.

REPELLENE.

An Infallible Preventive of the Attacks of Mosquitoes, Black Flies, Gnats and all other Insects.

Neat, clean and easily applied. No unpleasant odor, will not *stain* or *injure* the skin, easily washed off. May be carried without danger of *leaking* or *spilling.* In neat, oblong round-cornered box.

Price, 30 Cents, Postpaid.

Sold by Dealers in Sportsmen's Goods.
If your dealer does not keep it, I will send it on receipt of price.

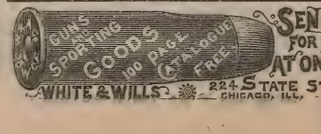
A. FERGUSON, Proprietor and Manufact'r,
Office, 65 Fulton street, N. Y.

ASK YOUR DEALER



H. NELSON & CO., Manf'rs, Kirkwood, Mo.

For **NELSON'S** Cartridge Belt. The only **PRACTICAL** contrivance for carrying ammunition in the field. For Shot Guns, Rifles and Pistols. Nothing like it in the market. Patent lateral action.



WHITE & WILLS

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 31, 1889.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 15. No 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Only advertisements of an approved character inserted. Inside pages, nonpareil type, 30 cents per line. Special rates for three, six, and twelve months. Seven words to the line, twelve lines to one inch. Advertisements should be sent in by Saturday previous to issue in which they are to be inserted. Transient advertisements must invariably be accompanied by the money or they will not be inserted. Reading notices $1.00 per line.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

May begin at any time. Subscription price, $4 per year; $2 for six months; to a club of three annual subscribers, three copies for $10; five copies for $16. Remit by express money-order, registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canadas and Great Britain. For sale by Davies & Co., No. 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London. General subscription agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Davies & Co., Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searles and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London, Eng. Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France, sole Paris agent for sales and subscriptions. Foreign subscription price, $5 per year; $2.50 for six months.

Address all communications

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

No. 318 BROADWAY. NEW YORK CITY.

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL.
The Adirondack Forests.
Field Trials and Field Work.
Snap Shots.
THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST.
En Acadié.
Old Times in California.
NATURAL HISTORY.
Out-of-Door Papers.
GAME BAG AND GUN.
My First Bear.
Rifle Calibers.
Pattern and Penetration.
Chicago and the West.
A Maine Deer Story.
Grouse on the Pocono.
On a Wyoming Ranch.
Central Illinois.
Three Deer in Three Shots.
Our Turkey Hunt.
The Adirondack Deer Law.
Game in North Carolina.
A Delaware State of Affairs.
A Michigan Deer Country.
Idaho Wildfowl.
Boyhood's Stamping Grounds.
CAMP FIRE FLICKERINGS.
SEA AND RIVER FISHING.
Barracuda Fishing at San Diego.
Lake Tahoe Trout.
FISHCULTURE.
Late Appearance of Shad.
THE KENNEL.
Past and Present Condition of the A. K. C.
THE KENNEL.
"Poh Prinneh."
American Coursing Club.
Brunswick Fur Club Trials.
Infection and Disinfection.
Coursing Rules.
The Worcester Fur Company.
The Muzzle in England.
The American Kennel Club.
Transportation to the Field Trials.
The Gordon Setter Club.
Dog Talk.
Kennel Notes.
Kennel Management.
RIFLE AND TRAP SHOOTING.
Range and Gallery.
Capt. Matt Gindele.
Pennsylvania Shooting.
The Newark Tournament.
The Trap.
Trenton Shoot.
YACHTING.
"Down the Beach" in a Northeaster.
Narrow Beam Under the New Rules.
New York Y. C.
CANOEING.
Some More Snips from Snaps at the A. C. A. Meet.
Along Long Island Sound.
Compound Centerboards.
A Dismal Story.
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FIELD TRIALS AND FIELD WORK.

IT is a common saying of many who are ignorant upon the subject that field trial winners are only good for field trial show, and that they are unfit for the ordinary work such as is expected from every-day dogs. In rare instances this may be the case, but there is no doubt whatever that a very large majority of our field trial cracks are as good dogs for the sportsman to use in the field as can be found. They have demonstrated their ability to do good work quickly, in a stylish manner; and in most cases they are very intelligent and obedient. But, the doubter will say, they cannot keep up their speed for any length of time, and consequently are worthless for ordinary shooting. Of course it is impossible for them to maintain the phenomenal speed which they exhibit at the trials for even half a day; but no one wishes them to do this, since for ordinary field work, except on the prairies, a much more moderate rate will be far more satisfactory. Speed, as is well known, is largely a matter of training, and the course that makes perfect the quarter-horse would break down the four-miler. So it is with dogs in training. As a rule the heats at field trials are comparatively short and the dog is worked accordingly and taught to put forth his best efforts in short spurts, and consequently he is unable to stay the pace for all-day work; but when the same animal is properly trained for continuous work he is as able both to go and to stay as any of his race, and in most cases both his speed and work are superior to those of the much vaunted all-day dogs that we hear so much about. This opinion is not guess-work nor hearsay. We have often had the pleasure of a day's shooting over field trial winners, and without exception we have found them to be intelligent, pleasant companions, as well as killing dogs, and able to do as much and as good work as any animals we have ever seen.

THE ADIRONDACK FORESTS.

THE Fish Commission of the State of New York is preparing to make a strong stand against the tremendous devastation which is being perpetrated in the Adirondack forests.

Of the three million acres of land and water embraced in the Adirondack forest, the State owns about seven hundred and fifty thousand acres, or about twenty-five per cent. of the whole. A great deal of this land has been in private hands, has been denuded of its most valuable timber, and has again lapsed to the State for arrears of taxes. It is not by any means a compact block, but is distributed irregularly through the whole area, small areas being sometimes surrounded by private holdings, while in other cases the continuity of considerable State tracts is broken by the intervention of small private holdings.

The Commissioners aim at the gradual resumption of the whole area of the region to be set aside as a great public park for the people of the State, whose right to it should be kept inviolate, and this matter is to be urged upon the Legislature in the annual report of the Commission, with special recommendation for legislation for the establishment of a great public park, rendering the present scattered area compact and continuous by the purchase of the connecting tracts.

The recommendation of the Commission is not for any considerable outlay at the outset; it proposes to make experimental purchase of small tracts, "and if the experiment proved a success other tracts could easily be added from year to year."

There is nothing experimental about the measure. The whole region as a pleasure resort, as a hunting resort and as a timber-producing reserve is capable of being made the source of a considerable permanent public revenue, and if the State can add to its present holding by purchase of adjoining tracts on favorable terms, we have no hesitation in indorsing the language of the Commissioners when they say: "We believe no investment made by the State could produce greater or better results."

This is not that we see any reasonable hope of the State reserves being prudently and economically administered for the next decade or two. There is nothing in forest conservancy for the politicians; but because the character of the Adirondack region is such that if it be once denuded of its forests and the soil burnt off it would cost as much to restore an acre as to acquire a hundred acres by purchase to-day, and because looking forward to the future when the price of timber in this country, as in Europe, will have to carry cost of production including interest, and recognizing from the experience of European countries that State control of the forests of a country is an essential feature of their satisfactory administration, we should be glad to see the State secure control of a tract so considerable in area, so desirable as a pleasure and sanitary resort, and capable of being rendered of such vast economic importance, as is the Adirondack region.

But, alas! this recommendation of the Fish Commission is no new project, and we fear that this eminently respectable body wields no such influence as will result in giving practical effect to its recommendation, in so far as that involves the appropriation of funds for the purchase of the two and a quarter millions of acres now in private hands. Our legislators will never do it of their own motion; they must be first urged to it by popular clamor, and for that we must wait until we begin to import pine from the Baltic.

Moreover, it is a mistake to suppose that all the jobbery and corruption of the country must be sought inside of legislative halls. There are some people outside quite capable of putting up a job even on the Legislature itself, and it is not safe to open the public purse and invite these outsiders to come and dip in it. It is only necessary to make it known that the State has decided to secure possession of any given tract of land to increase its value many fold.

Most of the timber dealers in the Adirondacks, after cutting off the spruce and pine from their holdings, are willing to let the land lapse for taxes. It would be many years before they would find pine or spruce on it fit for the axe again, and five years ago the most prudent policy for the State appeared to be one of masterly inactivity, that is to sit still and wait for the lands to become forfeit. But of late years conditions are being modified, game clubs are securing large tracts and inclosing them for game preserves, and this system now in its infancy is growing with such vigor that forest land promises to increase rapidly in value to meet the growing demand. Under these new conditions the best practical direction which could be given to the proposed recommendation of the Commission would be to bring in a bill empowering the Forest Commission or other properly constituted authority to purchase any tract of forest land adjoining lands held by the State at a maximum price to be fixed by the Legislature. The State can certainly afford to pay as high a price as a club of sportsmen, and could do so if the possession of the forest involved no higher consideration than utilizing it as a game preserve, and raising a revenue by lease or license.

We do not build any exalted hopes upon the proposed recommendations of the Fish Commission, but we hail its pronounced interest in the matter as evidence of a growing public sentiment that it is, in the language of their report, "A shame and a disgrace" that this beautiful and economically important region "should be devastated and destroyed like the section along the Chateaugay Railroad or the Sacondaga country."

SNAP SHOTS.

THE Long Island deer hunting season, which extended from Oct. 1 to Oct. 10, offered an instructive and encouraging instance of the tenacity of our game and the readiness with which the supply may be fostered if only intelligently cared for. The deer range embraces a district of only ten by twenty-five miles, and it is within an hour and a half of New York city. This range has been well protected; hounds discovered running deer out of season have been killed; the local sentiment has been such that no one would dare to show venison illegally killed; and taking it all in all the deer have been practically unmolested. During the nine hunting days of the season seventy-five deer were killed. Sayville hunters scored thirteen, one of them said to have been a ten-year-old buck, which weighed 225lbs. No one knows how many hunters these seventy-five deer gratified and disappointed, but one estimate puts the number at between 400 and 500 each day, posted along the line of the railroad, across which the deer passed, when driven by the hounds. One driver averred that he saw twelve deer at one time ahead of his dogs. In the deer range are the preserve of the South Side Sportsmen's Club and that of Mr. Cutting. These properties were harbors of refuge for the pursued game, which seemed instinctively to flee to them; and once on these grounds the ægis of protection was over them. We have already pointed out that such preserved tracts of territory benefit the general public by thus protecting game which does not remain at all times on the territory, but gives sport to the public as well.

The contents of the FOREST AND STREAM this week afford an index of the wide range and interesting diversity of this journal's correspondence, and are not less noteworthy as an indication of the wealth and variety of the game and fish resources at the command of the American sportsman. There are accounts of wildfowl shooting in California and bear hunting in the new State of Washington and salt-water fishing at San Diego. Then leaving the sports of the Pacific coast, one may read of big game hunting amid the Rockies in Wyoming, wildfowl in Idaho, and deer in Montana. Stories are told of rabbit, duck, quail and prairie chicken shooting in Illinois, and deer in Michigan. The East is well represented by chronicles of adventures with the deer in Maine, the elusive grouse among the wilds of Pennsylvania, and deer in the Adirondacks of New York. The South is represented by correspondents who report favorably on North Carolina quail grounds, and by a story of wild turkey hunting down in the palmetto swamps of Florida. Taking it all in all, with its records of shooting and fishing activities, its hints and suggestions, its friendly discussions, and the happy spirit which pervades all departments, the FOREST AND STREAM furnishes not only an animated picture of American field sports, but also a reflection of the character and qualities of the men young and old who constitute the great army of outers.

The Sportsman Tourist.

EN ACADIÉ.

II.

FROM out of that group of magnolia trees,
Whose waxy blossoms scent the breeze,
Shaking their perfumes far and wide
All up and down the country side,
Whose is that call, with its rhythmic beat
Of "Sweetheart, sweetheart, sweetheart, sweet?"

Ah! that is Gabriel, in search of his mate—
Lonely and loving and desolate—
Seeking his lost Evangeline
From Calcasieu to Lacassine,
Calling, to tempt her flying feet,
"Come, Sweetheart, sweetheart, sweetheart, sweet."

Because he heard she had proved untrue,
And believed the lie, without more ado,
For this lack of faith in the maiden's truth
For a thousand years he must suffer ruth,
Must wander and search, until he can meet
His "Sweetheart, sweetheart, sweetheart, sweet."

So he's taken the form of this little brown bird,
With the saddest note that ever was heard,
And he follows still in a bootless quest,
Calling in vain, in wild unrest,
Through winter's cold, and summer's heat,
"Oh, Sweetheart, sweetheart, sweetheart, sweet!"

Such is the tale the Acadian maid
Repeats to her love, 'neath the cypress shade,
And she crosses herself in loving fear
As she hears the flute-like notes so clear,
The same sad burden still repeat—
"Oh, Sweetheart, sweetheart, sweetheart, sweet."

III.

Puck and Ariel and sprite,
Symphony in black and white—
Saucy varlet, jocund wag,
Tramp, Bohemian and vag—
Most incorrigible joker,
Of thy fellow-birds a mocker,
Scoffer at humanity,
Jeerer at man's vanity;
Bubbling o'er with riotous mirth,
At all things in Heaven or earth,
Bandit of the southern pines,
Despoiler of my choicest vines;
Happy when you slyly prig
Choicest pomegranate or fig—
Or devour with mocking japes
All my ripening Tokay grapes;
Gorging on my finest berries,
Drunken with the wine of cherries,
Laughing at my futile wrath
As I glean thy aftermath.
Still, bold sinner, all's forgiven,
And thy direst sin is shriven,
When, from out the orange grove
Ring thy vibrant notes of love,
While the very heavens rejoice
In the music of thy voice,
And the palpitating air
Seems thy ecstacy to share!

IV.

Oh! the dew lies fresh on the clover,
And sweet is the morning air,
The sky hangs lovingly over
And smiles at a world so fair.
The birds and the crickets are singing
To welcome the morning light,
And up from the meadow comes ringing
The musical call of "Bob White!"

"Bob White! That's my name!
I'm not ashamed to own it!
I'm plucky and I'm game.
Fear? I've never known it!
Bob White! That's my wife there
In the mayhaw thickets;
We have spent our life there
Happy as the crickets.
Bob White! enjoy to-day,
Care not for the morrow,
Be jolly while you may,
And laugh at care and sorrow—
Bob White!"

Oh! bonny brown bird of the meadow,
Ring out, unmolested, thy call;
Thou 'rt safe, for the pot-hunter's fell shadow
On "The Pomegranates" dares not to fall.
In orchard, or meadow, or vinery,
Still welcome to me is the sight
Of thy simple, yet dainty brown finery,
My brave little neighbor, Bob White!

V.

Come out upon the gallery
When the sun has gone down,
And hark to the voices
As the night comes on.
Hear that bull 'gator
With his hoarse, sullen bellow!
'Tis his call to his mate, or
A challenge to 'tother fellow.
Ha! there is the answer!
Now there'll be trouble!
Hark! how they roar,
Now single, now double!
"Fight?" of course they will.
They just love to fight;
Keep it up sometimes
All day and all night.
"*Te-rue, te-rue, te-rue!*"
How shrill and sweet and clear!
That's the swamp thrush, calling
To his love and dear.
"That must be a young 'gator?"
Sounds like one, I know,
But it really is a bull-frog—
Weight, ten pounds or so.
"*Ba-a-a!*" That's another frog;
Used to think 'twas sheep;
Many a time I've wakened
From a midnight sleep
Heard those beggars bleating—
Rushed frantically out—
Had my trouble for my pains—
Nary sheep about.
"Where's that church bell ringing?"
That's no bell you've heard,
Only the lonely voice
Of the shy cathedral bird.
Some say it's the ghost of the bell
That hung in the chapel de l'Eau,
That was wrecked in seventeen-ninety,
The year of the terrible blow.
Blown clear out of existence—
Bell weighed a thousand pound—
Went like the walls of Jericho—
Never a trace of it found.
Some say the angels received it
As it crashed down from out the steeple;
Some, that *le Diable* carried it off,
For the sins of priest and people.
But all make the sign of the cross
As they hear it solemnly toll,
For they know that Purgatory
Is glad o'er another soul.
And—"*B-z-z-z!*" Ah, here he comes!
'Tis the Louisiana 'skeeter!
The congregation is dismissed!
Scatter! in short metre.

LOUISIANA. H. P. UFFORD.

OLD TIMES IN CALIFORNIA.

THE early hunting experiences of California pass from man to man, but seldom reach the dignity of print. It is only forty years since the whole State was a wilderness and overflowing with game. Almost every county has its old veteran grizzly hunter; every valley is full of pioneer farmers who shot elk, deer and antelope in the wild oatfields, and wild geese from the doors of their squatter shanties. Some of these stories seem worth gathering up to illustrate the changes which a few years witness.

In 1849 the finest winter shooting then known in California was "along the Contra Costa shore," on the east side of the Bay of San Francisco, a region now the most thickly settled rural portion of the State. The "bay shore," a strip of country thirty-five miles long, consists of sloughs, low islands, willow swamps, tulé and cat-tail fastnesses, an occasional fresh-water "creek," and a few rocky hills set in the midst of the wide marshes. West was the open bay; east was the broad valley, over which Spanish cattle roved, and still further east were the mountains of the Coast Range.

There were eight or nine professional hunters in the region, sending wildfowl to the San Francisco markets, where mallards sold for $5 a pair. In February, 1852, four of these hunters shipped from San Lorenzo Creek, and sold as the result of four old-fashioned muzzleloader shotguns, in twenty-five days actual shooting, the following amount of game, 125 pairs of wild geese, 53 pairs of canvasback ducks, 60 pairs of small ducks, 13 pairs of widgeons, 41 pairs of spoonbills, 27 pairs of teals, 63 pairs of broadbill ducks, 192 curlew, 207 plover, 48 dowicthers, 156 "peeps," 48 snipe and 1 rabbit. This makes a total of 1,428 head, which sold for over $800. These men made so much money that they bought farms and retired from the business of pot-hunting. In 1853 an old sea captain, Jonathan Mayhew, went out one November morning to a field near his house and fired two shots into a flock of wild geese which had settled there. He picked up 59 geese as the result of the operation.

In the early sixties, the whole region of which I write was still full of game, but the pot-hunters had nearly deserted it, and had gone to the Solano, San Joaquin and Sacramento regions, where the wildfowl were so abundant that the farmers poisoned hundreds of thousands of them. Although so near to San Francisco, there were as yet no clubs of wealthy sportsmen. The "Alameda shore," as it was now called, became the favorite resort of dozens of noted hunters of the time. For ten years there was always good shooting to be had; then the ground was overworked, and being rented in very extensive tracts to clubs, is now slowly recovering some of its reputation.

All through the sixties, every man who went to the schooner landings, or *embarcaderos*, on the salt-water creeks, took his gun with him. The climate is most exquisite here after the first showers. Then comes a warm and perfect Indian summer, dry, clear and beautiful often till Christmas. With the first rains, which seldom last more than a day or two, the wildfowl crowd the waterways and nightly descend on the farmers' stubble fields. In those halcyon days of the early sixties, which every sport-loving son of Alameda county remembers with a regretful sigh, the veriest farmer lad could often shoot wild geese from his wagon box as he drove over the winding, unfenced road across the wide cattle pastures that extended from the wheat fields to the Bay. And, after he had unloaded his wheat or potatoes, he could walk along the bank of the slough and start up flocks of widgeons, spoonbills, teal and mallards within easy shot. In the course of a few years, the young men of the rapidly growing community developed a great deal of the true sportsman spirit. They bought good guns, they discountenanced pot-hunting and waste, they had an informal but effective association. Some of the bags they made are still talked of in the valley.

One favorite plan the boys had was to choose a "half light moon," and go to the seaward end of the willow marshes, on a row of old Indian burial mounds. We generally built a roaring fire, well hidden in the trees, and sat around it telling stories until nine or ten o'clock. Then we took our stands on the mounds, near to the ends of the willow clumps, and shot the ducks as they flew overhead from their feeding grounds in the stubble fields back of the sloughs. I have often known four good shots to gather in eight or nine dozen in two hours' shooting, and sometimes a good sportsman well situated to be in the line of wildfowl flight would shoot three or four dozen by midnight. The ducks always "flew in streaks." Between ten and eleven say, those which had been feeding in the lowland fields returned and ran the gauntlet of fire. Then there was a long break, with hardly the flutter of a wing or whistle of a single bird; then suddenly without warning, the flocks that had flown further to the upper valley borders came whizzing overhead. Sometimes, just before daybreak, the last of the wanderers would sweep in on hasty and frightened wings. Night-shooting always has its fascinations for the hunter, but it has especial charms in the warm, frostless California nights where a man can literally shoot in his shirt sleeves, and seldom has his overcoat with him or needs it. The fires we built were for the beauty and mystery of the swift lights and shadows under the willows and along the water channels bordered with tulé and wild cane.

Blinds or shelters were things utterly unknown in those days, and the chief use of a boat was to set the hunter across a slough or creek to some of the islands. You took your gun when the tide was about half full in the channels, and walked over the marsh grass in almost any direction until you came to a "wash" or blind side-channel, of which there were thousands. As you approached it, ducks usually flew up, and gave you a fair shot, at from 25 to 40yds. In half an hour or less you would have chance at another flock. This, in the phrase of the day, was "marshing for mallards," for mallards were considered the most desirable results of such an expedition, and there was not a day, from October to March, when this plan could not be followed with pleasure.

Another favorite method of taking a "day with the ducks" was to start so as to get to the shooting grounds about daybreak. The farms in the valley, along the foothills, were none of them more than four miles from good shooting, and many were of course much nearer. Hunters from San Francisco came up by stage and stopped over night at some farm house or village hotel; by 1865 there was a railroad skirting the foothills, and giving access to the whole region. The sloughs, which ran inland past the points of the Coyote Hills—low rocks, then partly wooded, and like islands rising from the marshes—were filled with wildfowl at all hours of day or night, but the hours between daylight and 9 o'clock offered the best shooting "from the rocks." The hunter, there, was safely hidden at some tide-washed point, looking over wide salt sloughs. He usually sat between black rocks and shot at everything that came within reach overhead. The variety of wildfowl was bewildering. Gray geese, white geese, teal, widgeon, spoonbills, canvasbacks, redheads, mallards, curlew, all came swinging past, cutting off the curve of the slough, and so flying above the smooth hill slope, where, silhouetted against the rose-purple of dawn, they offered most entrancing opportunities for swift shooting. Looking back upon my own boyish experience, I am surprised that so few birds were lost, for it must be remembered that there were not three retrievers in the county at that time. This was owing to the character of the marsh growth. Aside from the willow islands and the tulé bunches, which could usually be avoided, there was little cover for the wounded birds. The whole country really invited good honest shooting on land at birds passing from one feeding ground to another. Hardly any one cared to row a boat down the sloughs to get into the large flocks three or four miles distant. And so through the early sixties, as I have said, there was no diminution in the numbers of wildfowl.

Suddenly the pot-hunters came back, for wildfowl were temporarily driven out from the Sacramento sloughs, and in three or four seasons they broke up and destroyed the large bodies of wildfowl that the sportsmen had left undisturbed along the outer islands and sloughs of the bay. This cut off the supplies; the Alameda shore by 1875 was one of the poorest of shooting grounds, and it is only of late years that it is recovering its reputation, as it passed out of public into private ownership.

The abundance of wildfowl all over the valley, so near to San Francisco, for fully twenty years after the discovery of gold, and the growth of a large city on its borders, has been a surprise to all sportsmen. The wild geese settled down on the fields in flocks, covering several acres. They were often shot by men on horseback, who rode up within distance before the birds could rise. After the winter rains, ducks often settled down into farmers' door yards, or where there were goose ponds, wild geese were found there mingling with the tame ones. For years, therefore, the wildfowl constituted a great source of food supply as well as sport. Every bit of marsh or swamp or wet willow land, every spring or stream or rod-square pond over the entire upland for ten miles east of the bay shore, was teeming with game all winter. And, indeed, all over California, twenty years ago, the abundance of wildfowl was beyond the conception of modern hunters. It recalled the stories that come down five or six generations ago about the New England coast or about the Chesapeake shores. But here, with the clear, warm, open winters, and the green grass and blooming flowers in December, a sportsman felt in those pioneer days as if it were the earthly paradise. "You never had to go anywhere for game; it always came to you," as the old hunters say to each other when they recall the past.

CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.

THE GOOSE CREEK ISLANDERS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read and re-read with great relish the notes on the North Carolina coast, and the Goose Creek reminiscences in your last issue by "Chasseur." It is vivid and racy enough and is rigidly true. The writer must have been there on the very ground to give such a graphic description not only of the surroundings, but of the physique and character of those beachcombers. I recognize the various attitudes of repose and reclination of the male member on whatever might be handy, the expectoration through the closed teeth, the interior of the cabins and the snuff-dipping old hag. And the gratitude of these miserable specimens—gratitude of the serpent the husbandman found nearly frozen and took home to his hearthstone. I spent nearly a month with them on the Chicimocomico banks, a narrow stretch of sand beach between Pamlico Sound and the ocean north of Cape Hatteras. These brethren are *sui generis*, a mean type, but identical in every respect with the Goose Creek Islanders. After having eaten you bare and drank you dry, after you have loaded them down with gifts of ammunition and clothing, extras that a long life of their intensest energy could never earn for them, and for which they have absolutely done nothing for you, but to lie around and bless you with their ravenous appetite and hideous presence—then when they can render you a slight service will they jump to do it? Not if they know you have a bare copper left.—JACOBSTAFF.

Natural History.

OUT-OF-DOOR PAPERS.

II.—FROM MY WINDOWS.

FOR three years my front windows overlooked the main street of a small Massachusetts city and the side window faced toward the Catholic church which stood near by. The prospect was not an extensive one, although from certain angles there was a glimpse of mountains, and the street widened just below into what used to be called a "heater piece," where beautiful elms overarched the greenest grass. Had it not been for the vacant lot between me and the church, with its old apple and pear trees, its grape vines and quince bushes, and the tall Norway spruce which grew just beside the corner of the piazza, my windows would have afforded few opportunities for seeing the birds, except now and then the meteor streak of an oriole flashing through the elms below or the gold of a thistle bird in the shrubbery across the street. But they came to the apple trees, sang there, nested there and were social. From behind my closed blinds I could spy on all their movements, and by the aid of my strong field glass bring even the most distant under strict surveillance.

During the summer there was rarely a time when some bird was not to be seen in the apple trees; either the sparrows and robins which nested there, or some visitor from a home more or less remote. The oriole, whose hammock was slung in the neighboring elms, used to flaunt his colors amid the apple blossoms, and the sober-habited catbird, stealing from his home among the alders and hiding himself unseen, would establish a Dodonan oracle in the quince bushes. From the bare twigs dissenting flycatchers proclaimed each his peculiar doctrine, eking out a living by catching flies between whiles. In their season warblers of all kinds haunted the branches, singing all the variations of *tweedledum* and *tweedledee* that are put down by the ornithologists. With a few exceptions, such as my cheery friend the summer yellow warbler, whose strong, clear voice was as unmistakable as his habit of singing his best when he was about his work, I seldom undertook to identify them by their voices alone. My note book never made their songs read twice alike; and a description of the music too often resolved itself into mere words.

By putting different materials on the piazza roof, I was able at once to help the birds in their nest building and to see what they preferred when they had a choice offered them. The kingbird wanted cotton. As soon as he saw a bit of it on the roof he would cease his chattering and fly boldly up to the window, yet with such a wild look and such a belligerent attitude as indicated either apprehension on his own part or a desire to frighten others. He invariably elevated his crest when he put on this ferocious appearance, but never in such a way as to show the beautiful crown-patch in the center of it. Hair combings were in great demand. The cherry birds especially sought for these, and, with their usual greed, got the lion's share. The cherry birds also carried off large quantities of string, showing a decided preference for white, although I furnished them with several colors in order to see whether, like the oriole, they had a taste for gay colors. As far as I could tell they did not take a single piece of the pink string, and little or none of other colors. These cherry birds always showed a plentiful lack of wit in getting their string, and seemed not to understand the difference between a firm knot and a slight catch; but would tug at a piece of twine tied to the blind, until they appeared to be out of breath and out of temper.

The purple finches came frequently for hair, once under such suspicious circumstances that I give the note as I wrote it down: "May 16, 1887.—This morning I saw three beautiful male purple finches courting one female. They were making a harsh throat noise, not loud enough to be called either a squeak or a squeal, but a disagreeable hissing which seemed to be made by sucking in the breath, and somewhat resembled the sound of compressed air escaping through a small hole. One uttered a note or two, none sang. The males raised their crests, stretched their necks, dropped their wings and paraded about, showing all their best points. Strange to say, the female at this time was collecting materials for a nest, and the males looked on to see her tug and pull at stray hairs without offering to help. They did not appear to be at all unfriendly to each other. Later.—I have seen these finches again. The gentlemen are evidently a-wooing, but it is hard to make out the object of their attentions, for the lady appears to be mated already. They are gay gallants, but their morality does not appear to be of the strictest, as sometimes there are two males and one female, and sometimes one male and two females together. Are they polygamists or polyandrists?" It may be well to add that as the blinds were closed, all the birds were within 3ft. of me, so that I was able to hear the noise they made. At 10ft. I think it would have been almost inaudible, as it seemed hardly louder than the noise made by pressing the air out of a rubber ball, though higher in pitch.

Only two days before these finches exhibited themselves the Norway spruce furnished me the finest sight of the season. It was very early in the morning, and I had risen with the intention of "going birding" before breakfast, when a noise in the tree told me that the birds were there *de bonne heure*. Looking through the blinds, I saw a flock of ten or twelve small dull-colored birds, streaked with white and dusky, with light bands on the wings, and a short, forked tail. I knew them, but I could not believe my eyes until I had written out a description from life and carefully compared it with a printed description. Then there could be no doubt that they were pine finders. In all my winter drives in Maine I had never seen one fairly enough to be sure it was not a redpoll; yet here in the warm Massachusetts springtime this northern bird, not abundant even in Maine, was giving an exhibition before my window. I watched them for a long time as they pecked at the spruce buds, hanging head downward on the pendant sprays, or flitting from one bough to another with a flip of gauzy wings. "They made no song, but a little rasping throat noise, and an occasional utterance like *k-k-k-kzee*, rather shrill and harsh, but in quality not unlike a canary's voice." I saw no more of them that year, but the next (1888) they came again as early as April 22 and stayed some time. May 9 I saw them singing "a cheerful, sweet little song, very contented," my notes say. And again I find mention of them as making "a sharp, shrill *cheep!* very much like the ear-splitting notes of a canary." None of these birds showed any trace of yellow on the wings, nor, as far as I could see at the distance of 20ft. and with a six and a half power field glass, the slightest olive tinge on the back. Yet I have seen mounted specimens taken in Maine in the winter with a wide band of yellow across the inner webs of each wing. On April 23 I saw a flock of the pine linnets feeding in a little green runlet where the skunk cabbage was growing. They were eating something, what, I could not discover, now and then uttering a low note. A brown creeper, which was mounting an apple tree near by, seemed curious to know what they were getting, and flew down to them, where he began to eat also. I was much puzzled to think what there could have been in that place, which seed-eating and worm-eating birds would both agree to call good. Perhaps, however, the creeper only wanted company.

It is customary to think that the deep woods are the places to find birds and that a city observer has no opportunities. For my own part, I seldom find many birds far away from men, and some of the best notes I ever took have been inside of city limits. Here, if you wish an example, were birds which were unknown to me in their northern home, almost inviting me to observe them from my chamber window.

FANNIE PEARSON HARDY.

FOOD OF CALIFORNIA BIRDS.—The California Ornithological Club was founded in San Francisco, February 9, 1889, for the study and advancement of the ornithology of the Pacific coast. The investigation of the food habits of Californian birds has been undertaken by the club, and in order to make this work successful, the co-operation of all members, both active and corresponding, and the assistance of others interested in this undertaking, is earnestly desired. Assistance may be rendered in two ways: first, by saving material for examination; second, by making careful observations and notes. The contents of birds' gizzards and crops may be preserved in two ways, viz.; in a dry condition or in alcohol. The contents of the gizzards of all graminivorous birds and most of the insectivorous species may be dried and placed in an envelope provided for this purpose by the club. In the case of rapacious birds (hawks and owls), all the water birds, and such land birds as feed on worms or soft, perishable insects, the gizzard must be preserved entire in alcohol. A tag bearing a number written with pencil should be attached before putting gizzard in alcohol, and a few slits cut in it to allow the alcohol to enter but not large enough to permit the escape of contents. Further information and a supply of envelopes may be obtained from the chairman of the committee, Walter E. Bryant, Box 2247, San Francisco, to whom the envelopes should be returned when filled. Full credit will be given in all cases for material and notes supplied. The committee desires to state that the aims of the club are in nowise antagonistic to those of the Division of Economic Ornithology and Mammalogy of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. They are simply trying to do in detail for California ornithology what the Division is doing in a more general way for the whole United States. It is well known that there are many collectors making skins of California birds, who never examine the contents of the gizzards and crops, or give attention to the food habits of birds. With but little additional care they, as well as sportsmen, might greatly increase their usefulness and the debt which is already due them for their interest in advancing the study of ornithology.—WALTER E. BRYANT, CHARLES A. KEELER, HARRY R. TAYLOR, Committee on Food Habits.

Game Bag and Gun.

MY FIRST BEAR.

WE were camped on the mountain crest, a party of nearly a dozen members, including several ladies, for nearly a week during the month of August last past, busily engaged in picking huckleberries.

Soon after getting the camp in order several members of the party became clamorous for fresh venison. The true still-hunter needs but little urging; and the next evening found me watching a pass across the mountain, half a mile distant from camp; and about sunset as a large mule deer buck attempted to cross he caught scent of me and bounded off down the mountain, untouched by the bullet I sent in chase of him. The rifle shot was heard back in camp, for sound travels far through the ghostly silence of these hills; and no explanations of mine met their approval when I returned to camp without meat. They seemed to feel justified in hoping for better things from the old uncle.

It was partly in the hope of redeeming a somewhat tarnished reputation for marksmanship, that the following evening found me watching the same pass, and in consequence brought me into contact with bruin. I was early on the ground, and as the light breeze swayed back and forth across the mountain it became a very difficult matter to decide upon a proper hiding place to the leeward of the small open space through which the game trail ran. A cliff of rock was at length selected, the top of which, rising 20ft. above that pass, was curtained by the drooping limbs of a fir tree, affording excellent cover and a fine view of the trail 30yds. beyond. Climbing to the top of the rock, I seated myself in a comfortable position, and when a careful survey of all the open ground far down the mountain side to the westward had failed to indicate the whereabouts of a single deer, I leaned back against a projecting ledge and resigned myself to that silent communion with nature known only to those deeply in love with the wilderness.

Who shall decribe the charm of these day dreams, so fascinating to the watchful and silently waiting still-hunter? Noting without effort every manifestation of life around him, detecting instantly, with the searching glance grown habitual and easy with him, every indication of the presence of game, the chatter of the inquisitive squirrel, the noisy protest of the scolding jay, and the tattoo of the pileated woodpecker, whose flaming crest flashed a moment since across the green curtain of the drooping fir above him—all blend easily and naturally with the reverie that takes possession of him; while the vigilance, grown sleepless and undemonstrative with the experience of years, would indicate to a chance observer a subdued alertness on the part of the motionless figure, ready to take instant advantage of the unexpected, which is said always to happen.

Far below me and miles to the westward the mighty Columbia crept, a thread of silver, in and out among the distant hills. Away beyond, tier above tier, rose the spurs of the distant Cascade range, hazy and dim with distance; while far to the northwest, misty and ethereal in the far off blue of heaven, climbed Mount Chopaca, the reputed home of the bighorn and of the mysterious goat, he of the ebon hoof and horn and with the fleece of snow.

The hunter sighed as he thought of the adverse circumstances that conspired to delay his long-promised pilgrimage to those haunts of the strange animals he had never seen, and both deer and bear were for the moment forgotten. The sun had sunk low in the west. The shadows far down the mountain side crept slowly and steadily up toward me. Night was approaching, and my time for successfully guarding the lonely trail was growing brief.

Scanning intently all the open ground below me in search of the wary deer, which as yet wisely remained hidden in the cover of the thickets, and with my face for an instant turned away from the trail that I was guarding, suddenly the bump! bump! bump! of a jumping animal behind caused me to turn instantly and there right across the trail sprang a bear of medium size and as black as jet. The eddying breeze had given him just a sniff of his hidden enemy, but had not enabled him to locate the danger.

Jumping into the edge of the first thicket, he stopped and stood, listening intently. His head was hidden from view, but his body showed plainly enough to offer a fair shot.

The .45cal. Sharps was loaded with 120 grains of Hazard's electric powder of fine grain, and with an express bullet of 270 grains weight (experience having led me to adopt the bullet of the weight and shape recommended by the veteran "P."); and as the intervening distance was but 40yds. it was really getting the drop on him.

As the rifle cracked he vanished, but the sound of his running followed for an instant and then all was still. Hurrying hopefully downward I took his trail, and before I had gone 20ft. blood appeared, sprinkled upon everything he had passed. Twenty-five yards from where he had stood in life, an ebon statue, I found him stretched dead at the foot of a young fir tree, with his heart unfolded like a mushroom.

Some idea of the destructive effect of the express bullet (when driven by a sufficient powder charge) may be obtained when I state that the ball struck him back of the shoulder, leaving all of his limbs untouched, and although driven by so large a charge of the quickest powder obtainable, not an atom of lead had gone through him, but, flying into fragments, had expended all its force upon his vitals, and although he ran down hill over ground the last part of which was very steep, he was able to run only 25yds. Imagine the effect when an animal at that distance is obliged to stop such a projectile with its body.

The deed was done. The unexpected had indeed happened. As I stood over the sleek black body of my first bear it was difficult to realize that the haunting desire of years was at last gratified. He had appeared so suddenly and it had all happened so quickly. For years I had sighed to meet a long lost bear, and he had on several occasions almost literally slipped through my fingers.

I had one time gone on a wild goose chase after him only to shoot a climbing fisher in the top of a tall pine; and once I had galloped furiously along a mountain trail in chase of him, impelled by a tale of wild-eyed wonder, but this had resulted in the slaughter of a timid porcupine in hiding among the rocks; and now, when no one was expecting his appearance, and when his very existwas for the time forgotten, he had nearly run into my arms. Hurrying back to camp, I told my tale, and the ladies instantly decided that they must see the dead bear. As the twilight lingers long in this high latitude we had abundant time to view him before darkness came on, and one of the party, a Texan of experience in California where he had assisted in the killing of several grizzlies, pronounced him a probable three-year-old, and a really fine specimen. He was very thin in flesh, although in good coat for this time of the year.

As past experience had demonstrated that my ponies would not submit to the smell of bear's blood nor of his hide without growing frantic with terror, we quickly planned to engage an Indian camped near by to skin the bear and to carry the hide down the mountain to a trading post in the valley. The Indian understood half a dozen words of English, and my Texan neighbor and I as many of the Siwash dialect. A lively pantomime ensued, resulting in my writing on a bit of wrapping paper found in camp, an order on the trader for $2 worth of merchandise to be delivered upon presentation of the bear's skin, and pocketing the important document, and with his face wreathed in smiles born of his faith in the methods of civilization, our Indian acquaintance departed silently and swiftly upon his errand. He did his work with consummate skill and delivered the skin at the store in good faith.

As I pen these lines the chubby face of FOREST AND STREAM'S grizzly looks placidly from the wall down upon me, and the difference between his shape and that of my first ursine trophy is plainly apparent. Judging by the appearance of the formidable looking claws which ornament his fore paws, were I to meet a three-year-old brother of his alone in the forest I might not attack him quite so confidently.

By the way, my little white-headed five-year-old begins to wonder if the artist of FOREST AND STREAM is not after all something of a wizard, or if there is not at the very least something uncanny about the picture of this strange acting grizzly; for, go where he may, in any part of the room, still this mildly inquisitive bear will persist in looking straight at him. Although our dear old FOREST AND STREAM is abundantly able to charm every adult lover of nature in all our broad land, is it not after all just a trifle unfair for it to bewitch the unsuspecting children also? Is the editor or the artist most to blame?

ORIN BELKNAP.

THETIS, Washington.

PATTERN AND PENETRATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have taken much pleasure in watching the gradual piling up of facts in your shotgun tests, and have been busy reducing your crude figures of results to the only true basis of comparison, that of percentage of shot accounted for out of shot fired, and I have come to several conclusions: First, it seems to pay to put plenty of charge in a gun. Second, that black powder is, after all, the most reliable explosive, and that wood and Schultze powder are not what glowing advertisements would make them out to be. Third, that it does not pay to buy a cheap gun, nor, on the other hand, does it seem necessary to run to the other extreme and get the most expensive weapon offered. Fourth, that there seems to be a good deal of ignorance on the part of gunmakers when they play the rôle of gun loaders.

I have made tables of the results, and have separated for ready comparison the gauges one from another. The Remington 16-gauge is still solitary in its class, with the white powder a poor second to the black powder at both of your test ranges. I had hoped to see some response or explanation from the white powder makers on this exhibit, but have watched in vain. Perhaps expert Griffith, of the English Schultze range, can draw from the funds of his vast experience as a gun tester and enlighten us on this point.

TABLE OF PATTERNS.

40YDS. RANGE.

	Right Barrel.		Left Barrel.		Whole Gun.	
	Charge.	Pellets.	Pr ct.	Pellets.	Pr ct.	Pellets.	Pr ct.
Rem. 16 (Sch. Pdr.).....	489	219	44.7	239	48.8	229	46.8
Rem. 16 (Bl. Pdr.).....	367	240	65.3	205	55.8	222	60.5
Parker 12 (1st test).....	546	371	67.9	254	64.8	362	66.3
Parker 12 (2d test).....	536	364	67.9	395	68 0	364	67 9
Colt 12 (Merrill).....	570	237	41.5	278	48.7	257	45.0
Colt 12 (Moss).....	570	274	48.0	292	51.2	283	49.6
Greener 12 (Eng. Cart.)	376	229	60.1	220	58.5	225	59.9
Folsom 12 (Eng. Cart.)	376	117	31.1	93	24.7	105	27.9
L. C. Smith 12 (Eng.cri)	376	161	42.8	187	49.7	174	46.3
Greener12 (Am. Cart.)	560	348	62 1	345	61.6	346	61.9
Folsom 12 (Am. Cart.)	560	168	28.9	166	28.5	167	28.7
L. C. Smith 12 (Am.crt.)	560	221	39.7	266	47.5	243	43.6
Folsom 12.....		187	43.2	162	37.5	174	40.3
L.C. Smith 12 (W'd Pdr.)	501	266	53.0	251	50.1	258	51.5
Winchester 12.....	514	...	....	....	....	338	65.7
Colt 12 (Brass shell).....	569	380	66.7	356	62.3	368	64.5
Colt 12 (Paper shell).....	418	307	73.6	267	63.8	287	68.7
Parker 10 (1st test).....	595	432	72.6	436	71.5	429	72.0
Parker 10 (2d test).....	535	326	60.9	388	72.5	357	66.7
Greener 10 (Such) 8 shot.	517	358	69.2	359	69.2	358	69.2
Folsom 10.....		490	170	34.8	178	36.3	174	35.5
Winchester 10.....	512	...	....	...	....	334	65.2
Colt 10 (Brass shell).....	554	368	66.4	345	62.2	357	64.3
Colt 10 (Paper shell).....	542	367	67.7	339	62.5	353	65.6
Greener 10 (Such), 7 shot	377	258	68.4	257	48.4	257	68.4
Scott 10 (Sch.), 6 shot...	274	81	29.5	69	25 1	75	26.7
Folsom 10 (Sch.), 6 shot.	274	43	15.6	107	39.0	75	27.3
Scott 10 (Black), 6 shot.	273	113	41.3	108	39.5	110	40.4
Folsom 10 (Black), 6 shot	273	108	39.5	108	39.5	100	39.5
Greener 10 (Such), 1 shot	107	70	65.4	79	73.8	75	69.6

60YDS. RANGE.

Rem. 16 (Sch. Pdr.).....	489	102	20.8	100	20.4	101	20.6
Rem. 16 (Blk. Pdr.).....	367	105	28.6	94	25.6	100	27.1
Parker 12 (1st test).....	546	160	29.3	189	34.6	175	31.9
Parker 12 (2d test).....	536	151	28.1	176	32.8	163	30.4
Colt 12 (Merrill).....	570	103	18.0	90	15.7	96	16.6
Colt 12 (Moss).....	570	81	15.9	114	20.0	97	17.9
Greener 12 (Eng. Cart.)	376	80	21.2	108	28.7	94	24.9
Folsom 12 (Eng. Cart.)	376	47	12.5	48	12.6	48	12.6
L C Smith 12 (Eng. Cart)	376	75	19.9	37	09.8	56	14.8
Greener 12 (Am. Cart.)	560	133	23.3	115	20.5	124	21.9
Folsom 12 (Am Cart.)	560	47	08.3	56	10.0	52	09.0
L. C. Smith (Am. Cart.)	560	97	17.3	105	18.7	101	18.0
Folsom 12	452	82	18.9	74	17.1	78	18.0
L. C. Smith (Wood Pdr.)	501	70	13.9	90	17.9	80	15.9
Winchester 12.....	514	...	....	...	....	196	38 1
Colt 12 (Brass shell).....	569	181	31.8	183	31.9	182	31.8
Colt 12 (Paper shell).....	418	125	29.9	139	33.2	132	31.5
Parker 10 (1st test).....	595	214	35.8	224	37.6	219	36.7
Parker 10 (2d test).....	535	181	33.8	178	33.2	179	33.5
Greener 10 (Such), 8 shot	517	166	32.1	162	32.0	164	32.0
Folsom 10.....	490	53	10.8	55	11.2	54	11.0
Winchester 10.....	512	...	....	...	....	190	37.1
Colt 10 (Brass shell).....	554	159	28.7	165	29.7	162	29.2
Colt 10 (Paper shell).....	542	172	31.7	191	35.2	181	33.4
Greener 10 (Mead) 7 shot.	460	70	15.2	76	16.5	73	15.8
Greener 10 (Such), 7 shot	377	120	31.8	126	33.4	123	32.6
Scott 10 (Sch.), 6 shot...	274	52	18.9	54	19.7	53	19.3
Folsom 10 (Sch.), 6 shot.	274	24	08.9	54	19.7	39	14.3
Scott 10 (Blk.), 6 shot...	273	55	20.1	63	23.0	59	21.6
Folsom 10 (Blk.), 6 shot.	273	40	14.9	35	12.8	37	13.8
Greener 10 (Mead), 6 shot	274	88	32.2	71	26.0	79	29.1
Greener 10 (Such), 1 shot	107	34	31.7	33	30.8	34	31.2

Now, of the 12-gauges with No. 8 shot, there is quite a line of them, and with the Colt showing the best percentage, and this curiously enough not with the cartridge selected by the Colt Company, but with the cartridge from a gun shop stock and taken to the range by your gun man. I doubt, however, from your figures, whether you are right in saying that No. 8 shot were in those paper shell loads; 601grs. of weight with a count of 418 pellets is hardly a correct tally for No. 8 shot.

Among the 10-gauge guns at 40yds. which were, I think, misloaded with No. 8 shot, the Parker gun still has the advantage, but taking the average of the two tests of that Parker gun it falls below the average made in the one test of the Greener gun submitted by Mr. Such. Again there comes a black eye to the Schultze powder when the No. 6 shot list is struck, and both the Scott and Folsom guns refuse to show good results with the white, smokeless powder.

That Greener gun of Mr. Such was a fine weapon, with an average of over 69 per cent. out of three varying shot sizes at 40yds. That is what one might call a capital all-round gun.

Coming to the 60yds. distance, the Winchester heavies seemed to jump to the front of their respective classes, and particularly was this seen with the 12-gauge arm. This may explain why it is that this heavy, hard-hitting piece is such a favorite in the West, where long shots are more the fashion than with our Eastern men in the field. It may be the effect of careful loading, as it will be noted that in each case where the armory experts came down to work the weapons capital results were reached, as for instance the Parker, Colt and Winchester arms. What there is in a proper load is well shown in the case of the Greener of Mr. Mead, which with a load of No. 7 shot taken from an old Chamberlin stock got 15 per cent. at 60yds., while with your black powder charges remaining over from the Scott trial 29 per cent. is reached.

So much for the pattern test, which to so many is all that is thought necessary in trying a gun; but looking at the penetration figures the importance of proper charges is brought out strongly. Look at your L. C. Smith gun, showing, for instance, how it jumps as soon as a black powder cartridge is put in compared with a wood powder popgun charge, especially at 60yds. distance. The heavy shot shows up finely at this part of your elaborate tests, while so far as hitting hard is concerned it is hard to see what advantage there is in a heavy 10-gauge gun over a lighter 12-gauge, or even a 16-gauge for that matter. If I may be allowed the expression, it is all nonsense to shoot No. 8 shot out of a 10-gauge barrel, and the only reason so many of these charges are seen, I suppose, is because of the trap-shooters' influence and the desire of the gun concerns to catch their trade. It ought to be strongly borne in mind by those who read your reports and take them as a guide in gun buying, that if they are of the trap-circuit-purse-grabbing class, trained to hold close and fire quick after they have got the gun to the shoulder and shouted pull! then they want a closely choked gun, capable of blowing to smithereens anything within that terrible volley of hard shot; but if game is the object of the shooter, then a weapon and charge which will put 180 pellets into the circle at 40yds. will kill quite often enough and not give game mincemeat to carry home either.

THE PENETRATION RECORD.

Gun.	Charge. Pdr.	Shot.	Proportion.	40yds. Right bar.	40yds. Left bar.	60yds. Right bar.	60yds. Left bar.
				Sheets.		Sheets.	
Remington 16 (Sch. Pdr.).	37	492	1 to 13½	10	11	4	4
Remington 16 (Black Pdr)	71	423	1 to 6	22	17	8	7
Parker 12 (1st test).....	90	529	1 to 5⅞	20	19	10	9
Parker 12 (2d test).....	107	554	1 to 5⅛	14	16	9	8
Colt 12 (Merrill).....	98	545	1 to 5½	14	13	5	5
Colt 12 (Moss).....	98	545	1 to 5½	12	13	6	7
Greener 12 (Eng. Cart.)...	91	604	1 to 6⅔	17	16	10	8
Folsom 12 (Eng. Cart.)...	91	604	1 to 6⅔	16	13	10	5
L. C. Smith 12 (Eng. Cart)	91	604	1 to 6⅔	18	21	11	..
Greener 12 (Am. Cart.)...	89	610	1 to 6⅞	15	13	6	5
Folsom 12 (Am. Cart.)...	89	610	1 to 6⅞	9	10	7	9
L. C. Smith 12 (Am. Cart).	89	610	1 to 6⅞	11	14	6	6
Folsom 12.....	91	487	1 to 5⅜	13	12	5	7
L. C. Smith (Wood Pdr.)..	40	548	1 to 13⅝	9	10	3	4
Winchester 12 (single bar.)	91	545	1 to 6	15		7	
Colt 12 (Brass shell).....	81	606	1 to 7½	14	13	6½	6
Colt 12 (Paper shell).....	97	482	1 to 5	16	17	7	8
Parker 10 (1st test).....	132	576	1 to 4⅜	18	16	9	10
Parker 10 (2d test).....	125	559	1 to 4½	17	14	9	8
Greener 10 (Such) No 8 sht.	109	547	1 to 5	17	15	8	9
Folsom 10.....	101	553	1 to 5½	10	11	9	7
Winchester 10 (single bar.)	98	554	1 to 5⅝	14		9	
Colt 10 (Brass shell).....	99	591	1 to 6	15	15	8	7
Colt 10 (Paper shell).....	119	601	1 to 5	16	16	7	7
Greener 10 (Mead) No 7 sht.	122	596	1 to 4⅞	..	..	10	10
Greener 10 (Such) No 7 sht.	109	548	1 to 5	20	21	12	13
Scott 10 (Sch Pdr) No 6 sht	60	588	1 to 9¾	23	27	19	18
Folsom 10 (Sch Pdr) 6 shot	60	588	1 to 9¾	..	28	..	..
Scott 10 (Blk Pdr) No 6 sht.	132	581	1 to 4⅜	28	26	16	17
Folsom 10 (Blk Pdr) 6 shot.	132	581	1 to 4⅜	22	22	15	12
Greener 10 (Mead) 1 shot..	132	581	1 to 4⅜	..	..	16	12
Greener (10 Such) No 1 sht.	127	664	1 to 5¼	42	43	21	25

There is one thing that has surprised me in the order of the tests. Why is it that we have not had such guns as the Daly, Lefever, Ithaca, Pieper, Davis, Spencer, Remington and Whitney out for trial. Is it that their makers lack the public spirit to put their guns before the shooting world on their merits or do they prefer to claim everything in nicely worded announcements and catalogues and not risk such a leveling democratic gauging table as your test rest seems to be. The L. C. Smith gun, for one which has such an enviable record at the several trap shoots, makes a very bad showing. When the percentage touch stone is applied I should think that the Syracuse shop could turn out an arm which could if need be put 90 per cent. of the charge in a 10in. circle. I have heard of such arms but I never wish to shoot one.

NICK.

[Our correspondent's careful study of the results reached in the several tests already made present the figures in a new phrase, and the deadly parallel is nowhere, compared with his columns of percentages. We fully agree that readers should discriminate in looking over the results and in studying the loads whether they wish to get the best results in the brush or whether trap scores are to be striven for. A word to our correspondent anent the purpose and scope of our tests, and not to him alone, but to others who have written. The screen is a fixture, and we shall go on shooting and reaching results as opportunity may offer. When we were ready to open operations in March last we sent the following circular to all the gunmaking firms in this country, and it was in response to it that some have come and that all the remainder are expected:

Dear Sir—FOREST AND STREAM proposes to open its new gun-testing screen on the grounds of the Suburban Shooting Association at Claremont, N. J., by a general trial of shotguns for pattern and penetration. It is intended to include in this comparative test all the reliable double and repeating shotguns now upon the American market. The shooting will be at 40 and 60yds., 5 shots, as usual, from each barrel for each range, and each shot will be at once a test for pattern in a fixed 30in. circle, and for penetration in a Dennison pad placed behind the center of the pattern sheet. In addition three shots per barrel at each range will be fired at a sheet 4ft. square, and a circle of 30in. diameter will be struck from any desired center to include the greatest number of pellet marks. This latter test will be an exhibit of maximum pattern, independent of an irregularity of aim on the part of the shooter.

You are invited to submit a gun of either 10 or 12-gauge, which you would consider a model gun of your make. Such a gun, for instance, as you would send to a customer asking for the all-round gun you would most recommend. You will send also cartridges not to exceed three sets, loaded in such charges and manner as you would recommend for such weapon. It will require at least 25 cartridges of each sort per barrel for the complete test, as in all cases five loaded cartridges will be taken by FOREST AND STREAM for analysis by weight, count and measure of shot and powder in our office laboratory. The weather conditions during each test will be carefully noted and all the details and averages published at length in our columns.

It is desired that each gun company shall submit a gun direct from its works, and if possible have the actual work of shooting performed by some expert employé; or, if desired, the gun and cartridges may be sent to this office, and the shooting will be done by a skillful and experienced marksman. By sending, as suggested, a selected gun direct from the works, all trouble on our part in getting a gun of that make from the stock now upon the market will be avoided.

It is desirable that all the tests of the score or more makes to be included in the preliminary trial shall be completed within the next few weeks. If you will, therefore, write as early as possible, we can agree upon a date when we can meet on the range and carry through the open air part of the test with accuracy and expedition. Yours respectfully,

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

[Of course, all expenses connected with the tests have been met by FOREST AND STREAM, and no charge has been made upon the companies. It is not intended to close the tests when each company has been heard from with its make of gun; but the large field of comparative charges, of various styles of loading, of various calibers, weight and styles of weapons, of powders and shot—all these open up a large and inviting field for our gun man to lead the way and for our readers to follow.]

The following guns have been tested and reported upon in the issues of dates given:

REMINGTON 16 hammer, May 30.
PARKER 10 hammer and 12 hammerless, June 6.
COLT 12, July 25.
GREENER 12, Aug. 1.
SCOTT 10, Sept. 5.
GREENER 10, Sept. 12, Sept 19.
FOLSOM 10 and 12, Sept. 26.
WINCHESTER repeater 10 and 12, Oct. 3.
L. C. SMITH 12, Oct. 10.
COLT 10 and 12, Oct. 24.

RIFLE CALIBERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been much interested in the correspondence there has been going on for some months in FOREST AND STREAM respecting rifles for small game and all-around rifles. A few years ago when I was in Canada, and used to go shooting along the shores of a lake, I got very much disgusted with my .22 rifle, for the ducks and other waterfowl seemed to mind a bullet very little; I have even shot snipe so that their entrails hung out as they flew away; but I lost them for all that. Then when I took my .38 rifle I found it too noisy and dangerous for that district, and after thinking the matter over I came to the conclusion that a double rifle using the .22 and .32 cartridges was the thing.

However, leaving Canada and coming to a country where shooting can only be indulged in by people with very long purses, it has not been my fortune to get any shooting, so that the rifle question did not interest me so much.

But a few weeks ago, when at the Paris exhibition, I saw a very near approach to my ideal rifle, and it proved that my idea was practical; so for the benefit of any one who may choose to have one made I will describe you my ideal rifle: I would have a steel octagon barrel made, with two holes through it, bored and rifled, one for the .22cal. and the other for the .32cal. rim-fire cartridges. For a breech-action I would have the No. 1 Remington, with the firing pin made so that it would act on the rims of both cartridges. I would have the rifle put together so that the .22cal. chamber was over the .32. As it would be almost impossible to bore out both holes perfectly parallel I would have two sets of folding back sights, one set for each barrel, or the one could have the plain open sight, and the other a Lyman back sight. A rifle of this description need not cost above twenty per cent. more than a single one.

For small calibers I prefer rim-fire cartridges; they are cheap and can be found almost anywhere. Small reloadable cartridges are a nuisance. I can put in hours at a time casting bullets and filling shells for my military rifle, but when it comes to loading my .32 S. & W. shells I get disgusted very soon. As to power, I should think the .32 extra long rifle cartridge powerful enough for deer, even while the short would be just the thing for ducks, etc., although a rifle could be made to take the Winchester .32 center-fire cartridges for any one requiring a heavy bullet. I would like to know what "Iron Ramrod" thinks of my ideal rifle. If he is not too crushing in his remarks upon it, I may give you my ideas about a combination rifle and shotgun.

FRANC-TIREUR.

MELLE, France.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Perhaps no subject has been so fully discussed of late as that of the "all-around rifle," and I doubt if any one will ever arrive at a satisfactory conclusion regarding it. The writer has given it up long ago. The rifle that was good for such game as bear and deer I could never convert into a good arm for small game and short-range practice. Of all the calibers tried, the best, I found, all things considered, was the .38-55 255 cartridge. It has very fair killing power for large game, using fifty-five grains of powder (which has to be poured through a long tube in order to get it into the cartridge case) and an express bullet of 235 grains. For small game and gallery practice fair results may be obtained by using from eight to ten grains of powder and a round bullet, but even then it will tear small game pretty badly. For short-range practice there is a cartridge made which uses a short conical bullet, and gives excellent results, while for off-hand practice at 300yds. the regular charge is too well known to need any comments made upon it. But after much trouble and experimenting I find the most satisfactory way is to have a stock with detachable barrels. For short-range practice and gallery work the .22cal. long rifle cartridge is the thing. I have fired some 4,000 of these cartridges from a Stevens and Maynard rifle and have never had an unaccountable and only about twenty-five missfires, and have obtained first-class results even up to 200yds. and fair results at much longer distances. For small game, such as squirrels, grouse, ducks, geese, etc., all things considered, I believe the new .25-20 center-fire cartridge fills the bill; it has a low curve, does not tear the game much, is remarkably accurate and has splendid killing power; in fact I don't know of any other cartridge embodying so many good points.

For large game use a good charge of powder and a pretty large bullet. I have seen deer killed with charges varying from five grains of powder and a round bullet of fifty grains, shot from a S. & W. revolver to the old Sharp .45-120-550, and have used the .32-40, .38-55, .40-60, .40-65, .40-82, .40-70, .44-40-20, .45-70, etc. The .32-40 I liked very much for a short-range deer gun, having a light recoil and being an excellent cartridge so far as trajectory and accuracy are concerned; but it is too small and light for bear shooting. The .38 55 was better for killing power, but I came to the conclusion that for larger game a larger bore would give better results. The .40-65 loaded with an expansion bullet of 260 grains was one of the best little guns I ever shot. While using this gun I killed eight deer and two bears. None of the deer ran over 20yds. after being hit. One of the bears ran about 10yds. down hill, but when I got there she was dead. If you wish a little more killing power and a lower flight of

bullet use the .40-82-260. The last named cartridges (.40-65 and .40-82) have given me the best satisfaction so far. The .45-70-500 Government cartridge is, to my thinking, utterly unfit for deer hunting. It is used a great deal here and I have had a good chance to note its effects for the past three years, and have seen wounded deer get away double the number shot with all the other cartridges combined. It appears to have no effect upon the soft parts of the animal, leaving a small hole and no stunning effect. It has also its high trajectory and heavy recoil. I am now using the following gun and do not see how I can better it, viz., a Maynard stock with the following barrels: .22-5 40 (long rifle). .25 20, for short-range practice and small game, and a .40-70 270 for large game. Do not try to make one gun do the work intended for two or three; it does not pay. If you use a small bore you are sure to lose a good deal of large game; and if you use a large bore for all-around work, you are bound to tear up your small game, and short-range target practice loses half its enjoyment. CHELAN.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[Continued from Page 268.]

THAT evening, in response to a telegram sent in the morning, Mr. Wm. Mussey arrived at Rising Sun farm. I presume many readers of FOREST AND STREAM will remember Mr. Mussey as one of the best-known shooters of Chicago and a prominent figure at the trap. He arrived on our scene of action at about 9 P. M., and ate a supper whose dimensions I should be ashamed to mention. We showed him the string of chickens we had, and he could hardly wait till morning.

It was just a decent hour when Mr. Mussey and I and old Mack started out to see what we could do. On a meadow near the house I expended one wood powder shell and bowled over a fat cottontail which Billy scared in shooting at a lark. A few moments later we routed out a great band of chickens from the open meadow. They flew very wild, and old Mack's face bore a look of unmistakable disgust. We watched the birds down, nearly a mile out on the dry marsh, took their line and were lucky enough to strike them exactly. Again they rose wild, and before the dog ever winded them. Billy and I each missed a bird at 60yds., and then I got down one that jumped a little closer in. The covey flew out of sight. Mack pointed the dead bird nicely, and we went on through the grass. The day was cold and windy, and we did not hope to do much on the stubbles; nevertheless, Mack struck a faint trail on a high wheat stubble, and while he was puzzling at it Billy jumped a lusty young bird close in and stopped him with a brilliant second. We then worked out to the bottoms again, and killed a jacksnipe each at a bog on a spring branch. Mr. Hicks met us here with a buggy, just as we were putting some court plaster on the abraded heel Billy's new boots had given him. As we all sat on the grass we heard firing to the north of us, and saw numbers of birds scattering out. We marked down three in the east on the pasture, and a big covey to the west on corn. Then we crouched low, for we saw a bunch coming right over us. I shot one bird directly overhead at 20yds., and I don't think I ever saw a bird strike the ground with so few feathers left on it. Mr. Hicks and Billy missed elegantly with both barrels, and I was so surprised at killing my bird that I forgot to use my second barrel. We had hardly loaded before another covey came sailing over us, and the style in which we missed with six barrels was truly elegant. Eleven shots and one bird was our record at this stand, and we didn't think very much of ourselves.

We went east on the meadow after the birds we had marked down. Two jumped directly in front of me. I staggered the first and missed the second, which dropped to Billy's right barrel. Mr. Hicks marked down the crippled bird, and after Billy had killed an owl that flopped in front of him, we went after the cripple, and the old veteran Mack found and pointed him. He was a big cock, stone dead, and had been much worse hit than we had thought. We had yet one bird marked down, and presently Mack located him. Mr. Hicks and Billy both missed this bird at 30yds. and afforded me a whole lot of fun for about half a day.

In passing along a piece of breaking near the buggy, old Mack began to yelp at a hole he found under a sod. "He's got a mink!" said Mr. Hicks. "He'd rather hunt minks than chickens any day."

We tore up the sod and drove the mink to the end of the burrow, where he showed his nose several times. Fearing he would escape the dogs—for we had now been joined by the staghound Archer—we shot the mink, and the dogs had a great tussle over the body. Mr. Hicks has kept most of the minks killed off and loses no chance to get one. The prairie chickens have no worse enemy than the mink.

In the corn Billy and I cross-fired on the same bird, killing it, and he then cut down a second bird stone dead, and lost a third badly crippled, while I was trying to get some shells into my gun. We had had very fair success, and took in seven splendid birds with us, feeling we had earned even the bountiful dinner spread for us.

After dinner old Mack was feeling pretty tired, but he hobbled out with us again. We put up birds all over the country, but they were so wild we could not get a shot. We crouched in the grass and killed a regular grandfather of a crow that came flying over, and which was so large we thought it was a raven. Worst fooled crow ever was. You ought to have heard him squawk when we rose up out of the grass. This finished a very good record on game enemies for the day—an owl, a mink and a crow. We got no more possible chances at chickens till evening, when we both snapped into a bird that sprang out of the grass. I do not think I ever saw any bird, ruffed grouse, wild pigeon or anything else, take wing with such tremendous power. He seemed to go 40ft. before he spread a wing. These grand grouse are so different in October from what they are in August. Make the open season Oct. 1, and enforce the law, and these birds will protect themselves.

We saw plenty of birds that afternoon. One covey flew west of a bare meadow; another went out on the dry marsh, where we followed and jumped them wild. Another very large band flew out from the edge of the tall grass just at dusk. During this day we must have seen between 250 and 300 birds, and they were good ones.

I trust I will be forgiven for so much detail, but this whole hunt was so interesting to me I cannot help telling of it. The most interesting feature of it came as climax right at the very last, and formed one of the most striking sporting incidents I ever saw. We were crossing the meadow where we saw our first big bunch of birds in the morning, and it was so dark that we lost one bird that I knocked down over the fence. The sun had set, but in the east the moon was risen a little height. The light was dim and gray, and only a few objects could be discerned upon the horizon. "We might as well take out our shells," said Billy as we crawled through the last wire fence. But a few yards further there rose a whirr of wings, and a gray shadow shot off to the right of us. Billy cut away right and left, and remembering a trick learned in boyhood, I dropped to my knees and got a fair sight of the bird against the horizon. There was no seeing of the gun barrel so I did as Billy did, swung away ahead and cut away. Which of us struck the bird we could not tell, but we thought we saw it sag after it had flown a hundred yards.

"Look! Look!" cried my companion. And lo! there against the faint eastern sky was the bird, towering straight up in what we knew was the last tremendous exercise of energy. Up and up it soared, and then, directly in front of the full orb of the rising moon, and as distinct as if it had been pasted there, it stopped, long enough to photograph a strange and weird picture on our two minds perhaps forever. Then like a stone, the bird fell straight down, and we knew its soul had gone up to the skies.

"We'll never find him," said Billy, as we looked at each other and started back.

"Billy, we must find that bird, if it takes all night," said I. So we called old hobbling Mack, and sought along the black and shadowy ground. We overshot our mark, it seems, by about a hundred yards, but we had the line all right. Coming back on our tracks the old dog—bless his heart—drew down to a point, and we knew he had the scent. It was fully ten minutes after the bird had been killed, and we knew the bird had never stirred after it fell, but Mack scented it fully 30yds. and went up to it over such a crooked, uncertain route that we wondered if the bird could be running. At last we found the bird, lying dead on its back, and then we just hurried home and hugged the old dog, and told him all he needed was a frame to be a mediæval saint. Poor old Mack! may his tired legs hobble him into a comfortable corner of the heaven where all good dogs go.

So, in a really sensational manner, ended our pleasant hunt, the net bag of which was 20 splendid chickens, 3 snipe, 1 cottontail; 1 mink, 1 crow and 1 owl. And since as much or more may happen for those who may as members of the association enjoy the privileges that were with such kindly courtesy extended to us, let us hope that our host may meet every success he wishes in the project wherein he is so heartily enlisted. Neither to hurt or help him would I give anything but the facts as they appeared to me, but to me it does seem plain that a grand upland park could indeed be started here if the matter were properly handled, and for any that may be interested therein I would like to say that the pinnated grouse are there, and there in large numbers. They are right there to-day, in October of 1889, within 80 miles of the city which will presently hold a World's Fair to show the progress of American civilization. That civilization could show no greater wisdom than in the establishment of a preserve which would keep alive the noble birds whose rapid disappearance has been a blot upon our time.

Oct. 11.—Last Saturday mallards were reported in great numbers on Mak-saw-ba marsh. Mr. J. Wiggins got nineteen, and other good bags were made. Last week mallards swarmed on the Illinois marshes. One shooter at Henry bagged over one hundred in one day. Mr. W. W. McFarland has sent up two barrels of ducks from that country, presumably from Hennepin Club.

A party of gentlemen start for Neep-e-nank Club, up in Wisconsin, next Saturday. I am asked to accompany them, and expect to find something of interest up there. Ducks are the object of the trip. The fishing is thought to be about over.

Mr. Geo. T. Farmer is just back from a business trip to St. Francis, Arkansas. He reports that a grand game and fish country. Ducks are there in quantities. Quail are very abundant and wild turkeys are numerous, while squirrels throng the woods. Mr. Farmer bought four live wild turkeys, and has sent them down to add to his collection of wild birds, geese, etc., at Cumberland Lodge.

Deer shooting has begun in Wisconsin and Michigan. It began last summer. The open date on deer in Michigan is Oct. 1. Three days ago Messrs. G. W. Skinner, Harry Eaton and an employe of the John Wilkinson Co., of this city, got back from a two weeks' trip in the North Peninsula. They are boasting around that they killed five deer. "Don't say anything about it," said the last gentlemen; "you know they all do it."

To-day John Gillespie showed me a sort of decoy that will revolutionize duck shooting. It is a mallard decoy, made of canvas on a very lifelike model, and well painted. When inflated it looks just like a duck. When not in use it can be rolled up and put in a pocket along with a dozen others. The shooter who with infinite toil wades out to a distant pond in the big marsh need not weight himself down with a dozen wooden decoys. The wooden birds will hold their own for certain sorts of work, but for certain other sorts it is likely the new canvas bird, which will cost no more per dozen, will take the lead among duck shooters. This, I hear, is a Tennessee patented invention, and will soon be put on the market.

Messrs. Alex. T. Loyd and R. Donnelly had only fair luck on their Iowa chicken trip. They report the birds scarce. They bagged about 150 birds in two weeks, shooting in early September. Upon the other hand, one shooter this fall bagged 42 chickens in one day near Aurora, in this State. So much for the three years' close season. Give us long close seasons. Give us parks. Give us intelligence and common sense.

A good many ducks have been killed on Tolleston marsh. Mr. F. A. Howe has been down three times, and I hear his lowest bag was 43. One or two bags of a dozen have been made at Cumberland marsh. Ducks appeared in good numbers at Fox Lake Sept. 28, and at English Lake, Ind., Oct 2. No recent word from those points.

Mr. Loyd told me that he and Mr. Donnelly used a preservative called "Preservaline" on their chickens out in Iowa, and got their birds home all right without ice. He gave me some boxes of it, and I used it on the birds in the Ashton hunt. They were in perfect order when we got back, though the weather was so cool we probably did not really need anything to preserve them.

It was at Mr. Hicks's Rising Sun Farm that Mr. Mussey and I found a pigeon-game that would just about down the best of our trap shots, and it is one that Mr. Hicks delights in springing on visiting shooters. He has a tall shed, in which the pigeons, to the number of 400 or 500, live. This shed stands on the edge of a hill. Thirty feet below and to the right of this stands a barn. The birds fly out of the upper window of the shed, duck down and sweep around the corner of the barn. They go like a shot, and the man who can stop three out of five before they get around the barn, Rising Sun rules, can kill 150 out of 100 from ground traps. Billy Mussey and I stood on the hill and went against this game till we sowed the country with empty shells, and we only cleaned up twenty birds, taking only the hard shots as the birds darted down. There are three curves in the pigeon's flight of say 40ft. down, up and to the right, and they go like a streak of lightning when scared out of the shed. It was kill or miss clean at such short range. We both agreed it was the hardest practice we ever saw of any kind whatever, and we have got money to put up on the birds under Rising Sun rules. E. HOUGH.

THREE DEER IN THREE SHOTS.

LATE one afternoon in the early winter of 1880, as I was leisurely riding along returning to our Montana ranch near the Highwood Mountains, three deer, a buck and two does, jumped out of a small clump of trees in front of me, ran out a short distance on the prairie, deliberately stopped short and turned to gaze upon me. The distance was well within 150yds., and immediately dismounting I threw up my rifle, drew sights on the buck, and at the sharp crack he fell. With the remark, "Well, old fellow, you are my meat," pumped in another cartridge from the magazine and fired at the largest doe. With one jump, down she went sprawling. By this time the third deer was running and had reached the edge of the woods, and while she was in the air bounding over a log I fired. She also fell, but was up and off again in a moment. Feeling sure of the first two deer and leaving them to take care of themselves, I ran to the woods for the victim of my third shot. As I expected, I found the snow plentifully spattered with blood. After following the trail for a short distance I found where the deer had lain down, leaving a pool of blood, and not much further along I found the doe again lying down and gasping out her last breath. On examination I could not find where my rifle ball had entered, but beneath the right foreleg I discovered a splinter of wood protruding from a jagged wound. The following day I returned to the spot where the doe had jumped the log when I shot at it, and discovered the bullet hole in the log. I had missed the deer, but as she jumped she had been impaled upon a sharp branch, and in this extraordinary manner had received her death wound.

As for the second deer at which I had shot, and which I supposed I should find dead at the spot where it had fallen, or not far away, on returning to the place I was forced to the conclusion that I had missed it. There was no sign of blood on the snow, and nothing to make me believe the deer had been wounded. The cause of its fall was apparent; at its first jump and at the moment I shot it had struck a piece of ice covered lightly by the snow, slipped on it and went down in a heap. I never saw the deer again. I then looked for the buck at which I had first fired. He was nowhere to be found. I saw where he had fallen and floundered in the snow, and then where he had made off. Two days later I saw a party of a dozen Blackfeet or Piegan Indians circling a deer on the prairie about a mile distant. After an exciting chase, in which they turned the deer from point to point by their shots and shouting, they rode the bewildered animal down and shot him. I rode to the spot, and there lay the buck at which I had fired. I was confident it was the same from a malformation of the antlers, which I had noticed when I had shot at him two days before. And there was the mark of my bullet through the top of the neck. The ball had creased the deer; that is, it had gone through the gristle on the top of the neck, and had dropped him as effectually as if shot through the heart, but the wound had only stunned him, and had done him no further injury. This is the true history of how I knocked down three deer in three shots. NAWDAY.

A MICHIGAN DEER COUNTRY.

METROPOLITAN, Mich., Oct. 21.—There are quite a good many deer, wolves, bears, lynxes and wildcats in this locality. One man in our camp has killed thirteen deer this season right around camp. I do the scaling for two camps three miles apart; I carry my gun back and forth, a Pieper rifle, and shot; and my record since the season opened is two deer, twenty-three partridges, one rabbit. I have picked those up right along the road. I am too busy to spend any time hunting, but would enjoy a month with nothing else to do. The country here is rough, full of cedar swamps, and a thick undergrowth of birch, maple, popple and hemlock. Deer find plenty of cover. I have a set of horns taken off a doe killed Oct. 14. One prong measures 11in., the other 8in. They are covered with coarse velvet, and are quite a curiosity here, coming from a doe, but I saw the deer and helped eat her. She weighed 215lbs. dressed.

B. B.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.—I recently made a short trip into the country, and took with me the beautiful little "Lilliput" camera made by Anthony & Co., which is so portable that it can be carried in a good-sized coat pocket. It contains six double plate holders, so that twelve views can be taken, and the plate holders are so small that a dozen more plates can be carried in the pocket. No focusing is necessary, for this wonderful lens appears to accommodate itself to all distances like the human eye. You have merely to point the camera at the object or scene intended to be photographed, touch a little spring and the deed is done. On returning home you have to place the plates in a developing solution and then in a fixing bath, and you have the perfect negative from which any number of pictures can be taken. Those not desiring to complete the process themselves can send the exposed plates to a photographer, who will hand you ready mounted copies for a nominal price. I think the completion of the process the most interesting part, and it is so simple and easy that all (lazy people excepted) should do it themselves.—JOHN MICHELS, late editor of *Science*.

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 220 pages, price $2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

GROUSE ON THE POCONO.

"See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings."

THAT is pretty much as we found it in Monroe and Pike counties, Pa. They may (the grouse) have silently exulted, the triumphant wings were apparent often enough.

Oct. 17, 1 P.M. found Dr. P. W. Levering and your correspondent on the D. L. & W. train at Hoboken *en route* for Canadensis and the Pocono Mountains.

We were much pleased to find that genial, old, reliable Silas W. Harding conductor of the train. Sile is the man who posted us years ago on "where the trout hide" and the grouse drive in Monroe county; and it was a glorious truth he told us too. Sile is an old and valued officer on this well-conducted road. Has been conductor long enough to know everybody, and everybody knows Sile, his smile and hearty words and the replies thereto as he passes along the aisle speak well for his deserved popularity. He informed us that for years even during his experience on the road (some sixteen years) never had there been such a season for grouse. Over two thousand he said he knew of having been shipped on that line since Oct. 1, besides the many that the sportsmen had taken that he had no cognizance of. The grouse this year have certainly been very abundant, of large size and excellent flavor. We thus rolled along to our destination with high hopes for sport and a big bag, for we knew that he was a gentleman, for he reads the FOREST AND STREAM.

We were met at the Cresco depot by Mr. D. M. Crane, the proprietor of the Brookside Cottage, Canadensis, where we intended stopping. A drive of three miles through a rough and not rich country brought us to the little village of Canadensis and to the cottage, a large fourteen-room house, admirably situated on the main road, with ample yard and surrounding of shade and fruit trees. Just opposite is the stream celebrated for its big trout, also the sawmill that used to be a tannery in Jay Gould's boyhood days. His old home is but a few steps above, though I understand he laid the foundation for his early fortune in the tannery business at a small village called Mountain Home, some two miles away.

We were welcomed by Mrs. Crane, a fine specimen of the superior class of farmers' wives, a good house wife, ample of form, with a clear honest eye and a nature fairly bubbling over with hearty welcome. Mr. Crane is a man of more than ordinary intelligence, and one of the most prominent citizens of the place. His family consists of bright-eyed Jennie, the oldest daughter; George, the cowboy, just returned from a two-years' sojourn on a Colorado ranch, a sturdy, open-hearted lad of some twenty years, a good shot, better with the rifle, perhaps, at big game in the West, but he will get his hand in with the scatter gun at the grouse, and lastly, but by no manner of means least, Miss Fannie, the Bella Vokes of the family, the tease, the romp, the effervescent, and the terror of her brother and sister, but a warm, honest heart withal.

We have sojourned and camped down in our thirty years of a hunter's life from Shinnecock Bay to Pamlico Sound, and as far west as the Mississippi, but never have we found a place with which we so fell in love as with Brookside Cottage and its big-hearted inhabitants. There are large rooms, good beds and a table with its fresh, rich cream, butter, eggs, etc., etc., all in great abundance and placed before you with so little fuss or ceremony. You are made at home and feel so at once.

It is a good place to be in when well; it is a rare one when ill, as I found out when laid up for three days with my old enemy, rheumatic gout. No mother could have been kinder than Mrs. Crane and her two daughters, and all was done so unostentatiously and as a mother of course. The only fault we found in their way of running things was that they wanted us to eat all the time, four or five times a day and pie between meals. How they can afford to set such a table as they do at one dollar a day is more than we can see. Others have tried to prevail on Mrs. C. to combine and raise the price of summer boarders to $1.50 a day, telling her they can all get it just as well as not out of these rich city folks; but she says no, one dollar is enough; it pays her; and that ample satisfaction is given is proved by the fact that some of her boarders come in June and remain until October, and only go because they have not their winter clothing with them. They were full to overflowing all last season, some thirty-four or thirty-five sitting down regularly to table; but they always find room for more, for there are beds, and good ones, too, to be had at neighboring houses. I have written thus fully because I think they richly deserve the success they are reaping, and long may it last.

But to our hunt. After an excellent breakfast, in which cakes and light brown biscuit and the pure coffee and cream that was cream were not an insignificant part (and perhaps some may intimate that this was where the gout came in), we started up the mountain just back of the house, Doctor, George and your humble servant. No dog; oh, if we only had a dog.

The climb was tough, and the subscriber thought to himself more than once, "There is no fool like an old fool; and Jacob, your grouse shooting days were over long ago; What in thunder did you undertake this job for?" But it wouldnt do to give away before the Doctor and young George. The summit or plateau was reached at last, and we plodded along through the thinner bushes, when whirr, whirr, and almost from under our very noses started two grouse. Two shots were sent in vain. "What did you shoot into that tree for, Doctor?" and "Jacob, why didn't you kill that big fellow?" Whirr, whirr, whirr, whirr, and four more were off in the same direction up the further hillside. The first barrel made a miss, but the next a good kill and a gather by Jacobstaff. "You got yours down, Doctor, but I rather suspect only wing-tipped," and hunt as we may we could not find him. Oh for Dickey Dine and his staunch Dash. What a paradise for him. Would he have let five big birds out of six get off that way? Perhaps so, and then again perhaps not.

"Well, we'll follow them up; they can't have gone far up that mountain side." Not much for Jacobstaff. "Goodness, boys, I wouldn't climb that rocky precipice for all the grouse in Monroe county. You young legs, go up there and root them out. I will go along this road and take them as they fly back to the bottom."

Very soon I heard the rattling of wings, and the Doctor's gun boomed out, and I saw two brown streaks flashing through the air toward me. Gerwhilleker! how they came, with heads stretched out and feathers lying as close as if greased. A big cock with the speed of the wind bore down a good quartering shot. The first barrel scored a clean miss—too far behind, I mentally observed; and throwing my gun full four feet ahead of the next bird I had the exhilarating satisfaction of seeing him turn in the air and come down with a crash but a short distance away, stone dead. Upon coming together we found the Doctor had killed, making three nice birds out of the six. "Not so bad, boys, without a dog; if we can keep this up all day we'll do." But we didn't.

We then started down the hill toward the swale, where it looked grousy. Of course, when we least expected it, whirr, whirr, up got a couple and were off "for pastures new." The Doctor let drive. "Did I kill?" "Don't know." But the beating of wings on the ground, the thud, thud, so pleasant to sportsmen's ears, told the story, and another was added to the bag. We reached the swale or alder swamp. George had a single barrel, or rather a single shot barrel (this gun was double, an old muzzleloader, with the other barrel rifle, good for deer but a poor thing for grouse on the wing). He proposed that he go in, and that Doctor and Jacob skirt along the edge and take what might come out. With finger on trigger, and eye and ear alert, we silently threaded our way. Whirr; there's one. A big cock sprung out and essayed to sail over the bushy tops. A quick snapshot from Jacob and he was down. Much good it did us. Though we saw just where he fell, when we got there he was not there. "Mark cock!" from George, and two more came sailing out; one to be missed by Jacob, for he was mad at not gathering the other one, and one neatly stopped by the Doctor. We found no more in that, and George proposed that we start for Goose Pond run, a good place

"I say, Doctor, the next time you buy a hunting coat, whether of Fred Quimby, Hodgkins or anybody else, please buy a shooting coat, not a fishing jacket with no game pockets in. This is too thin, or rather too thick; these birds, from a couple of pounds or less, are getting to weigh 10lbs. apiece." George only having his ranch buckskin roundabout, had of course no receptacle for game, and poor Jacobstaff was made the packhorse for the expedition because, forsooth, he had pockets. Moral—Don't have too many pockets when the others don't have any.

"Hold, Doctor; see that hen grouse strutting through the bushes there? Shoot her head off." "No sir," replied the good-natured Esculapius, "I am not that kind of a sport, to huff a bird on the ground that way. Put her up and see how neatly I'll cut her down." "I tell you, Doctor, it is allowable to kill these wary birds any way you can, on a tree or on the ground; that bird will get away." And sure enough, it would not fly until it reached a large tree, around which it flipped and was up and off, and none of us got a shot. "What did I tell you? They are smart, and don't you fail to note the same."

We journey on; and now through the most abominable country the Lord ever allowed to live—rocks, burnt stumps, catbriers, laurels, grapevines and tangle-roots. Would we ever get through? Why is it that these delicious birds are always found in the most inaccessible places?

Well, here we are, out at last. Several birds we heard get up and had a fleeting glimpse of one or two; but it was too thick to even raise a gun. One had to watch out for his eyes all the time. We had killed nothing for more than an hour, when George said, "Now, down in the edge of this swamp we ought to find at least a dozen and we must kill at least six." We had hardly skirted the edge a dozen yards when whirr, whirr; two guns to the shoulder; two quick discharges; whirr, whirr; two more ditto; four barrels; and for ought we know those birds are going yet. Not a word was said. A few steps further and whirr, whirr; two more barrels belched forth and the birds had business elsewhere. Whirr went the third bird from near the same spot; a splendid shot across the opening; two barrels more, the Doctor and Jacobstaff both taking deliberate aim, Jacobstaff confidently meaning to wipe the Doctor's eye as the saying is. Did the bird stop? "Not as we knew of."

"I say, Doctor, what is the matter with you?" "Well, Jacobstaff, I thought you could shoot; you are getting old." "Six barrels and not a feather to show. Let's go home." Oh, for Dickey Dine or John Hen Outwater.*

"I marked that last down, I think, just to the right of that spruce over there, and we may get him up again. These birds don't seem to be so very wild."

We proceeded cautiously, finger on trigger. "There he is, up and straight away. See how he towers over those thorn bushes." The Doctor's gun cracks, and here comes in the balance of that quotation at the commencement of this sketch. Is it Pope or Thompson's "Seasons?" I think the first—

"Shoot is his joy, he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood and panting beats the ground."

But why continue the story? It is about the same. George, with his single barrel, did his part and got another, I rather guess out of a tree, perfectly justifiable. We found the birds in plenty, made some fair shots and (Jacobstaff at least) some atrocious misses. Had we had a good grouse dog that would warn us where the birds were in time, and could shoot even a little, I believe it safe to say a bag of from twenty to thirty or more birds could be made in a day. The birds seemed to be everywhere, in threes and twos or fours, the singles the exception, unless having been put up. Later on in the season it may be different.

Well, we got all I wanted to carry home that day any way. The next I was laid up with my old complaint, the gout; and the Doctor and George, with Grandon Turner, deer and bear hunter of the settlement, started out. Gran Turner is a character, full of quaint humor and a language peculiarly his own. He will keep your risibles up to the top notch all the day long. A good shot, a tremendous walker, and with a knowledge of the surrounding country possessed by few. He is a necessary acquisition with his heavy rifle and stanch hound when the deer season opens, and withal an honest, genial companion to travel with. We hope for a day or two with him and the deer on Pocono Mountains later on.

Upon the whole we were fairly satisfied with our trip; we saw the country, made some pleasant acquaintances, and got a fair share of birds. It was our own fault that we didn't get more, and but for the confounded Gout (spell it with a big G) would have had a splendid time.

But it is as the home of the speckled trout that this region is famous. There are some score of streams close by, which in the spring are fairly alive with the fish, and though large ones—two or three-pounders—are rare, yet a creel filled to the brim with ¼-pound and ½-pound fish is not a rare thing to do in a day's walk on the Bushkill or or Bright's Creek. Even some of the lady boarders at Mrs. Crane's, the brooks being of easy access, have proved themselves no novices in the Walton art, and have brought in respectable creels; among them Emma Juch, the prima donna. We calculate on a week up there in May, when we may be able to give a big but veritable (we did not say reliable) fish story. JACOBSTAFF.

*Dine and Outwater are probably as good brush shots as New Jersey produces.

ON A WYOMING RANCH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I quote from a letter recently received from friends in the Rocky Mountains. The letter is written from their home, Sage Creek Ranch, Corbett, Wyoming Territory, some fifty miles east of the National Park, and possibly the best place known in the Far West for large game, as the letter will testify. The ranch is something like 150 miles south of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and is reached by stage or appointment by Mr. Frost. The letter was written by Mrs. Frost, as the sturdy hunter was too busy at the time with his ranch affairs; and I think your readers will enjoy a part of it, as I did.

"The weather is perfect, no climate is more health-giving. If Eastern people who enjoy nothing but poor health could see the people—few in number, it is true, but the picture of health and strength—they would envy our lot. We are cut off from the outside world and see but little of it. The mail brings us tidings once a week. But the truth is, we are so busy with our stock (for you must remember we are starting a stock and hunters' ranch) that we have little time to note the doings of the world outside. We have seen it all in other days, and are not sorry for the change. Yes, we have game here and fish, all the trout fishing any sportsman could wish. We have often seen bands of elk numbering from 10 to 100. Mahlon [Mr. Frost] shot at one recently from our door. My son Jesse and an Eastern gentleman went out five miles and camped to fish and hunt. They remained three days, and killed three elk, four deer, two antelope, one bear and all the sage hens and other birds they wanted. They did not hunt hard, and it was not the time of year for game, as it had not come out of the high ranges yet, this being in early October.

"Last week a man walked to the mountain, saw three mountain sheep, shot at a mountain lion, saw a number of foxes, and got back the same evening. But Mahlon went one better than all this near the house recently. He went out to look after the stock, and as is his custom took his gun. He had gone but a short distance when he shot a wolf. He went round a hill and saw standing up in front of him a large silver-tip bear, and shot it. Just then three yearlings came in view, and he killed all three. Then he came home. I went out and helped him dress the four bears. I got eighteen gallons of fat, and it is better by far than the lard we get here for cooking purposes.

"The next day we had a dance which lasted all night; and as our neighbors live from ten to forty miles away, and as we had forty for our guests, you may know they appreciate fun to come so far."

I have known Mr. Frost and his family for some years. They are good people. He is a sportsman in reality and not in talk alone. I met him in Bismarck, where he killed many deer. W. H. W.

CENTRAL ILLINOIS.

JERSEYVILLE, Ill., Oct. 21.—The FOREST AND STREAM has not generally been taken here from the simple fact that it has always been regarded as an "Eastern paper," and to the Suckers of little interest; but I find that this, the only objection, is now removed, and to-day it contains about as much matter of interest to the Western as it does to the Eastern sportsman. Success to its efforts to become so; may it continue until it is classed by the East and the West as *our* paper.

I read with pleasure in the last number, the article on duck shooting; it is instructive as well as interesting. I do not agree with the writer in all things as to the habits of the several species, yet perhaps they may act differently around the Chesapeake from what they do in the waters of Illinois. Perhaps he has never shot ducks on our waters; and I know I never did around the Chesapeake. I would be pleased to read more of his letters on the same subject, as duck shooting is about the only kind of shooting I have really enjoyed for the last twenty-five years of my life, which is not half of it, and to-day I can enjoy some of the good days that I have had by calling them to mind as clearly as though they were but yesterday. Time, although it is beginning to have its effects on me, does not mar the beauty of some of the days that are past.

Speaking of ducks reminds me of the fact that there are none, or but few, in this part of the State. Our lakes are all dry, or about dry; yet they are full of feed, wild rice, etc. Unless we have plenty of rain, or a rise in the river to fill our lakes in the low bottoms, we seldom have fall duck shooting; neither in the spring, but give us water in fall or spring and we will guarantee the ducks. The same thing has occurred for years, and I have been here since 1840. Quail are plenty everywhere, especially in the bottoms along the Illinois River; a man can shoot until he is tired.

Nineteen years ago this fall Miles L. Johnson of New Jersey, E. W. Tinker of Rhode Island, Mr. Fisher of Philadelphia, and a Mr. Brown of Rhode Island, spent several months here shooting quail; and when I say to these gentlemen through the FOREST AND STREAM that quail are as plenty now as they were then, they will know that there are a few. Many is the day we've tramped together, and many the yarn we've told. Miles and Ed I hear of occasionally through the papers, but the others I have lost entirely; yet I hope they are alive and able to pull a trigger and have their share of sport. If we can't kill fresh game we can at least kill again, or rather pick up some of that we killed years ago.

I will try in the future to keep you posted on matters pertaining to shooting, and if agreeable may write of my camp life, or at least a portion of it. KIZZER.

GAME IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My official duties taking me over considerable territory in this section, I am very much pleased to find that although the past summer has been an extremely wet one, Bob White has held his own and gained several points. The coveys are more than usually large and the young birds in fine condition, and there is every prospect for excellent shooting for those of us who have good dogs, of whom your humble servant is one. I have not shot much yet, merely tried my young pointer pup Milo twice, and though only nine months old he is a "wonderful pup." I have not been able to trace his pedigree yet, but it is plain to be seen that he is no scrub. The gentleman who placed him in my hands not being "doggy," made no inquiry of the party from whom he obtained him, simply receiving the information that he was of imported stock, and that his mates sold at $100 each at six months of age, as sufficient evidence of good blood. I shall endeavor to find the breeder and learn more of the dog's blood, as he is an unusually fine dog. My old setter Ponto has taken all the degrees, and is now all that is needed for good sport. He has developed one trait not possessed by any dog ever owned by me before, *i. e.*, if lost in a dense growth on a point, he will invariably round up the birds, back off and bark to let you know of his location. Sounds "fishy," I know, but I can substantiate the statement by numerous eye-witnesses; and one remarkable fact is that the birds do not take flight from the barking. He will also tree squirrels when passing through woods. He is only six years old and is in full vigor.

Speaking of albino or white squirrels, a few days since, to an intelligent farmer of Harvey's Neck (a locality noted for the abundance of game), I was told that it was no unusual thing there to kill fox squirrels perfectly white, and occasionally one perfectly black; in fact, one was shot while I was shooting in that neighborhood almost as white as ermine. The ordinary gray squirrel has been extremely abundant this season, but the incessant shooting has thinned them out. One man killed forty-eight in one day's shooting, and remarked that it was "no unusual day for squirrels either." Turkeys and deer are also fairly abundant, while bruin is lording it over the farmers on the swamps up the river. Too much water to hunt him successfully, though several large ones have been shot recently. A. F. R.

Belvidere, N. C., Oct. 19.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The prospect for Bob White in this State is excellent; at least such is the information I get from all quarters. In the bottom lands on the larger streams there was much destruction, because of high water, but on the hills and narrow valleys the young birds escaped. I hope to have the physical strength and the time to make many a jaunt during the approaching season, to see if my vision and arms are still equal to a sportsman's demands. My old dog Argo has about "served his day and generation," but I have a young setter named Rip, who will be able to supply his place, and a still younger one whom I have called Ned, in honor of Capt. Edwin Sully, who presented him to me. His brother is of royal stock, but he is a *nullius filius*. Still, he is a fine-looking fellow—much fairer looking for a dog than his former or present owner is for a man. Wells.

Rockingham, N. C., Oct. 20.

THE ADIRONDACK DEER LAW.

NEW YORK, Oct. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I think the New York law limiting the number of deer to be killed by each person to three a most excellent one. Of course it is rarely enforced and often ignored, but it does good for all that. In the first place, it prevents men from bragging of their slaughter; and puts them in the position of feeling that they are law-breakers; and where there are a number of sportsmen gathered there is a certain feeling of pride that prevents most men from violating that law.

At the clubs in the Adirondacks all game laws are thoroughly respected by both members and guests; and at the Adirondack Club no does are ever shot, nor are shotguns used to kill deer. I know personally of one member who had six does come within easy shooting distance on one morning, and he did not fire a shot, although he had not had a chance to kill a buck the whole season.

But the best law of all is the one that prevents the sending of deer out of the woods, for the reason that it is easily enforced. Many a time we have refrained from hunting because we had venison enough in camp; but if we could have sent a deer or two home we would have been glad of the excuse to kill more.

The hotel keepers are the ones most to blame for what poaching is done in the Adirondacks. I have heard this season of one who bought venison in May, June and July, and I dare say there are many others. They serve it as "mountain lamb," or put it away in their cold storage rooms. They do the same with ruffed grouse. By the way, I wonder if the Connecticut sportsmen know that hundreds of ruffed grouse are being shipped to the New York markets. They sell (?) them to the stewards of the steamboats, and they turn them over to the New York agents. W. Holberton.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As a constant reader of your interesting paper, I have noticed that others are bewailing the great slaughter of deer which has been going on since the law allowed all the dogs in Christendom to chase them. Ever since Sunday, Sept. 1, till the sun set Sunday, Oct. 20, there has not been a lake or pond to which deer could be driven but has been watched by from three to a half dozen men or boys, Sundays the most of all. Now that the hounding season is over reports are plenty of parties who went hunting. From 500 to 1,000 deer have been killed since Aug. 15 in the Adirondack region. This is an estimate made by carefully looking over the map and comparing the result of the lake and mountain resorts by reports in the local newspapers and by actual observation in my own locality. Will those who have written for your columns assist me or give me same points on which to work? for I, as a native of those grand old woods, love those timid creatures too well to sit still without a protest against such slaughter. Maine has had to prohibit hounding and Wisconsin will not allow it. Will the Empire State, with those beautiful mountains, allow this deadly work to continue?

Our game protector Major Pond is an energetic officer who never sleeps (in the eye of the law), but I would strengthen his hands by a system of rewards for informers. It may be this is out of place, but I know not where else to turn. I therefore ask all who will to give me their name and address and suggestions as to mode of procedure in the line of concerted action, so that when the next Legislature meets, a vigorous effort can be made toward attaining the desired end, for I am willing to devote time and what little money I can spare. My views as to the proper legislative enactments are for an open season from Aug. 20 to Nov. 10, hounding season from Oct. 5 to Oct. 20. A reward of $25 made payable by the State Game Commissioner to the informer, upon affidavit of the officer before whom trial and conviction of the guilty party is obtained. In order to fully enforce a law that if broken harms no individual or his interest, complaint to the proper officer is seldom made; but if you appeal to the mercenary men—and they are as plenty as the lazy wretches who will put on snowshoes and tramp to the deer yard to slaughter at pleasure—then you will get a watch put on the law-breaker and the State will not have to expend very much in the way of rewards before the cruster and June jacker will cease his work, because for $25 his nearest neighbor perhaps will land him in jail. "Musset," let me help you or you help me.

Ellenburgh Center, Clinton County, N. Y. Law.

OUR TURKEY HUNT.

LAST winter, while collecting specimens of natural history down on the gulf coast of Florida, my boatman informed me that there were plenty of turkeys back in the swamp; and he thought we would have no trouble to shoot a gobbler if I cared to try it, and would get out to their roosting place by daylight. I readily accepted the invitation. A change of diet was not to be ignored after a week's trial of fish and pork; and moreover I had for years been coveting a chance to shoot a wild turkey. Twice in my life had I gone to the mountain region of my home State of Pennsylvania, for the purpose of trying for a shot at a turkey. The first time we saw none; on the second occasion my companion ran on to three turkeys as they were feeding in the woods; he was quite as much surprised as were the birds, and they were out of shot before he recollected that he carried a gun. I had only the satisfaction of seeing them fly over the hilltops to a distant mountain range. Several years had elapsed without presenting an opportunity to fulfil my ambition, and I was determined that no lack of effort of mine should lead to another failure.

We were camped on a creek two miles back from the gulf, and our tent, formerly used by fishermen, was under a clump of cabbage palmettos, just where open marsh or salt meadows met the timbered swamp or low hamak, as it is called in that country. Traveling through the timber was extremely tiresome, there being but a single path leading but a short distance back from our camp—the remains of an old road used for hauling out cedar logs. After leaving this path we had no trails, and for the most part the ground was wet, muddy; or if dry frequently thickly covered with the cabbage palmetto, with naked leaf stalks projecting in every direction, and so close together as to make it a matter of time and exertion to travel any distance.

An afternoon was spent in locating the turkeys, and fortunately they were found to be not far distant from the old road. The next morning we were stirring early. We had planned to have breakfast over an hour before sunrise, but as we were minus a timepiece our guesswork proved in error. After a hasty repast of coffee, crackers and onion omelette, we sat around the campfire for an hour wondering what time it could be. Excepting an occasional rustle of a "cabbage" leaf, all was still. An old bull alligator, who had the night before kept up a continual bellow back of the hut, was silent. We were too far from the gulf to hear the noise of water; and apparently we were alone. Our hunting party numbered three, and it was planned that I should go with S., my boatman and guide, and we to take the dog, while J., who was not a new hand at the work, should cross over the creek a half mile above camp and try his luck alone. He had heard an old gobbler over there a day or two before and was quite confident of success.

After exhausting our patience around the camp-fire, we started through the woods and swamp, trying to keep in the old road; but time and again getting off into the wet ground, stumbling over logs or running up against the outstretched stalks of palmetto. A half mile or more of this brought us to where J. was to branch off; and as there was still no signs of daybreak, we built a fire to temper the chilly night air, and sat around it for nearly an hour; and finally decided (and after events proved) that we had begun our hunt about 2 A. M.

After leaving J. with instructions to yell for us if he should wound a bird and need the dog to trail it up, we followed the old road. Now that we were among the older cabbage my guide showed me a novel substitute for a lantern. Picking up a fallen and dry palmetto leaf with stem five or six feet long, and palm spreading four feet or more, he lighted it, and marched ahead with torch on shoulder, lighting our way most brilliantly. When one was burnt out it was dropped and another lighted from the embers with scarcely a halt. They seemed to ignite easily, but burned steadily and not rapidly. For a mile or more we traveled in this way, with cabbage and pine arching over us, our light glistening through the overhanging branches, until we approached the supposed vicinity of the turkey roost. Then we put down our torches, rested our guns against a tree, and dried our feet for a few minutes by the flames of a few palmetto leaves hastily drawn together. We stood thus probably ten minutes, when S. moved a few steps from the path, put up both hands to his mouth and gave an excellent imitation of the hoot of the barred or swamp owl. "*Hoo, hoo, hoo-hoo oo-oo.*" This, he had informed me, usually provoked a gobble from any turkeys if near at hand. The echo had scarcely died away, when to our astonishment a turkey flew off, with no warning, from the lower branches of a pine not twenty feet from where we were standing. Daylight was far enough advanced for each of us to note a very blank look on the face of the other fellow, as we saw a dark form disappear in the treetops before either could lay hands on a gun. A minute or two later a second bird was heard to fly from a short distance behind us, and apparently close by the path we had followed. We had gone too far and were right in the midst of them. We kept perfectly quiet in hopes others would betray themselves or that we could call them up after a little; but within ten minutes we heard a shot over across the creek and then J.'s call; so, on the uncertainty of our getting another shot, S. took the dog and hurried off. I lay quiet for an hour or more, heard several distant gobbles, which I followed, but saw no birds. I started over to join the others and found they had followed the wounded bird more than a mile, and J. had finally shot it as it flew from a low tree. It was a large gobbler, which we judged would weigh over 20lbs. The meat was excellent as prepared by camp cooks and flavored with a "cracker's" appetite. Thus ended my third turkey hunt, a good deal more interesting than the others, but so far as I am concerned, no more successful. If any of the readers of Forest and Stream know of a few real tame wild turkeys, information is solicited. Meleagris.

A MAINE DEER STORY.

ALREADY several deer have reached the Boston markets, doubtless from Maine, in spite of the law against transportation. The underground railway is open for both illegal partridges and deer. The other morning a friend of the game laws, who hunts in Maine as often as a busy life will permit, observed the carcass of a deer being drawn from a barrel just in front of a commission house. The joints of the legs had been cut in order to get the body into the barrel—the old trick—and marked cranberries. The doe was quickly hustled out of sight, and not a man in the store knew where it came from. But, on the whole, this underground system of getting game into the market is becoming unpopular, even with those who do the work in the States where transportation is forbidden. In the first place, there is the risk of detection and punishment, and besides, the receivers of such goods are likely to "skin" the shipper down to the last cent. The venison is usually shipped here to be sold on commission, and together with the higher cost of freight and teaming attendant upon such shipment, and the extra trouble of managing such a trade, the receivers manage to get about all there is in the shipment. In the case of a fine buck shipped by steamer last winter from Calais, Me., in a barrel, the shipper had left for him the sum of 50 cents—and all this for breaking the law and the risk of detection and fines. Each season the sentiment in favor of game protection improves, and such lessons as the above are weighty instruction for such as can be touched by no other means.

Harry Moore, of the Boston grain trade, has just been down to Maine, though he did not go deer hunting, as he will do later; for the forests were too full of falling leaves. But he did get hold of a good deer story, and all the better from having happened this season. Harry vouches for the truth of this deer story, and brings the names of reputable hunters in Maine to prove it. He also did the same in regard to his celebrated moose story, published in Forest and Stream last year. Mr. Harding, a very respectable business man of Bangor, told the story the other evening, as they sat by the fireside. The evening was chilly and the birch backlogs lent a cheerful blaze. Harding had been hunting only the day before. With a friend, he had tried the deer grounds of Goulds-boro. They had hunted nearly all day without a sign of a deer, other than the tracks, and were about discouraged. At last they came to a brook, and beyond the brook a hill. Here Harding's friend and guide was sure that they ought to sight a deer, and very cautiously they passed the brook. There were fresh tracks that led up the hill. Harding took one set of very large tracks and his friend another. Cautiously he followed up the hill till he got were he dared to peep over. He lay flat on his stomach and took a look. The first sight was disappointing. There were cattle browsing—the land was partially cleared. But about one hundred yards beyond the cattle, though some of the cows had bells on, there was a beautiful buck! He stood head on; his quick ear or scent had detected the presence of a more dangerous enemy than the cows with bells on. Harding had nothing but a muzzleloading rifle, but one with which he had done some fine work. He was a man of quick thought and of quick action. He glanced along the barrel. In his crawling over the hill he had broken off the forward sight of his rifle, but the magnificent deer stood there, head erect, and just ready to jump. Harding was bound to shoot, and he pointed the rifle as best he could. The report startled the cows into a run, but the buck fell as stiff as a log. Harding shouted to his friend and ran to cut the deer's throat with his hunting knife. He came up to where the animal had fallen, but he was gathering up and was nearly erect, though rather dizzily, and was beginning to get away. This would never do. Harding was as quick of action as of thought, and he made a grab for the buck and just succeeded in getting a good hold of the short tail of the beast. Here he hung on for dear life—deer death it proved—and the buck began to bound away. The ground was covered with hummocks and logs, but Harding hung on. Here he paused in his story.

"Harry, did you ever, when you was a boy, try to hang on to the tailboard of a wagon, with the driver whipping up his horse in order to shake you off?"

"Yes, I have."

"Well, you know just how that deer was making my legs hum, only I could not let go as easily as you could let go of the wagon on the smooth road, and it would not do to let go, for I wanted that buck. All at once he stumbled over one of those hummocks and fell to his knees. His prongs plowed the next hummock and stuck fast. He was my buck and he was down, and I jumped for his throat, calling to my friend. The buck kicked as only a deer can kick with those mighty long legs of his. I tried to approach his head, but with a well directed stroke of his hind leg he ripped my vest, shirt, pants and drawers from my throat down almost to my feet and came near cutting my head off with his sharp hoofs. Then my friend came up and helped me dispatch the deer. Afterward he dryly remarked that his first thought was that I was about to retire—from the conflict—I was so well unbuttoned."

"Now, Harry, where do you suppose that buck was hit? The bullet had just grazed his backbone lengthwise and for the moment paralyzed him." Special.

611 Hints and Helps for Sportsmen. A book of 240 pages. Send for table of contents. Price $1.50, postpaid, from this office.

IDAHO WILDFOWL.

It was my good fortune to have spent nearly all the month of August in Idaho and the Yellowstone National Park. The longest stay at any one place was at Soda Springs, and I visited that mainly to drink as freely as possible of the delightful waters for which the locality is noted. Out of an extensive bed of lava there comes gushing and sparkling from the earth a number of springs, mostly cool, and highly charged with the salts of lime, iron, soda and magnesia.

I took my 14 bore Tolley along with me, and quite a number of shells loaded with 2¾drs. of gunpowder and 1oz. of No. 5 and 6 shot, with the view, if the temptation was offered, of trying my skill on sage hens and other small game. While at Soda Springs, and on my way from Beaver Cañon to Snake River, I killed probably fifty of these birds, and found them very agreeable food when well prepared. Ah Sin, Tin Pan, the Chinese cook at the hotel where I stopped, knew how to prepare them, as he did most other articles which were put in his charge. I went to a lake about eight miles northeast of the town, which has no visible outlet. It covers hundreds of acres of land, and one of the streams—the main one—which supply the water for it, is so heavily covered with the salts of lime that the waters have deposited an enormous quantity of gypsum, mixed with silica. The area was no less than fifty acres. In this lake there is a breeding place for ducks and other waterfowl. I saw thousands of them, fully grown, and but for the mosquitoes, which disputed my right of entry, I could have killed a large number of them, even though it was said to be the close season. Among the ducks were quantities of mallards. I did not see a single greenhead. In the hundreds which I saw on Shotgun Creek not one had a green head. They were all grown, and many of them must have been males. Is it a fact that the beautiful vivid color of the heads of the males is not developed until just about the time the migration commences? It must be so.

On my route from Beaver Cañon, while passing through the plains from Antelope Valley to Kooch's Hotel, my companions and myself killed 37 sage hens and a few other birds. If we had not tired of the sport, we could have filled our wagon. So soon as we reached a creek called Sheridan we found them in great abundance. They had just gone to the water for drinking purposes. The following day we killed about 20 ducks, to help out the menu of our host, the most of which were green-winged teals. There were among them five mallards and one spoonbill. The mallards had the green spot on the wings, but the head looked like that of the female. I would like to spend a part of August and September in that section, under a tent, with three companions, each supplied with a breechloading shotgun and a rifle. What a pleasant time we could have! WELLS.

ROCKINGHAM, North Carolina.

ON BOYHOOD'S STAMPING GROUNDS.

Dear Forest and Stream:

Those of us, who when boys lived in the country—God's country—know how to pity the other fellows who, unfortunately in their early days, were forced to inhabit man's portion of creation—the towns; and I do pity such unfortunates from the depths of my heart, for they missed pleasures that brick walls and paved streets know not, that wealth cannot buy, and yet that linger with us through all vicissitudes of fortune, and help us to feel young again even though we may have passed the three score notch in life's calendar. I feel this to be true, for I am spending a few days among the rocks and hills where I received my first lessons of life, and their memory ever has been, and is to-day, bright, pleasant and beautiful.

I did not intend to be sentimental when I began this note, but I know you will excuse me if you "have been there yourself." I simply intended to say that I had come up here to spend a few days in shooting among the birches and alders, the hills and the valleys, where as a boy I had done the same nearly half a century ago. (There I go again, right off my feet.)

Well, quail, woodcock and partridge are fairly plenty here; they are somewhat scattered of course over a broad scope of country, and one has to know in what direction to look for their favorite haunts and feeding grounds, and then has to put in a good day's tramping in order to get even a fair bag; but notwithstanding these difficulties, I find a pleasure I never found elsewhere. I killed my first quail and woodcock in true sport-man's style, but made a dismal failure on my first partridge, and it happened in this way: We had just eaten lunch and got into the wagon to drive to another point, when looking up the road I saw a partridge standing under some overhanging bushes. Before I got within shooting distance he whizzed across the road into a swamp to the left, and at the same instant I saw another run into the brush where I had seen the first one. Moving rapidly, expecting this one to attempt to follow his mate in a flight across the road into the swamp, I was going to give him a snap shot, but to my surprise, the first glimpse I got of him he was sailing straight away 10yds. further up the road and going like a scared partridge (you know how fast that is). I let go at him, and while the boys (probably to console me) said I hit him, he did not stop to show me how badly. When the wagon came up, and one of the boys said he thought I would surely have got him, I told him I had thought so too, but I had come to the conclusion that I had conscientious scruples against shooting a partridge in the road.

Good night. W.

HADDAM, Conn., Oct. 28.

A DELAWARE STATE OF AFFAIRS.

MILFORD, Delaware, Oct. 26.—I have been expecting to see appear in your journal a communication from "Del. A. Wave," of Dover, in which he will claim that the Game Protective Association is seeing that the laws are not violated. Your Dover correspondent made this assertion last year about this time, when it was a well known fact that the law was a dead letter three weeks before the opening of the shooting season.

The woods and fields are now full of men and boys with guns and dogs. This afternoon I stood on my front porch and saw two packs of beagles running rabbits, and a party of three shooting quail. A local paper has it: "Detective Hutchins says that when properly informed he will proceed against those who violate the law." He draws the salary and expects others to do his work. A few arrests in this neighborhood would put a stop to this business at once, but as those in authority are totally indifferent, of course the extermination of game goes bravely on.

Non-residents will be pleased to learn that the cost of license is now but $5. VICTOR M. HALDEMAN.

HABITS OF QUAIL.—Garysburg, N. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been a huntsman for thirty-five or forty years and have been studying the habits of deer, wild turkeys and quail for twenty-five years. I have 100 or 150 coveys of quail in a radius of four or five miles of my house. For the past six months I have been experimenting. I bought three dozen hawk traps, which I set in and around my hunting grounds to see if catching the hawks would increase the quantity of birds. I find it a perfect success. The number of hawks caught in the six months was about fifty; and there is a great increase of birds. After the hunting season opened, which was Oct. 15, I took my dog without my gun to examine the coveys, which I find very full. Owing to the wet spring the first brood was drowned, consequently the birds are too small to shoot at this time. In the spring at mating time I leave in the coveys of quail from six to two old birds. In the fall, at hatching time, I take my dog to examine the birds and find on the same grounds a covey of young birds with two old birds. There are no other o'd birds with the covey nor any new coveys in the immediate neighborhood. Can you tell me where the old birds go?—W. T. K. [When quail pair and select their nesting grounds, each cock drives other birds from his own bailiwick, and defends it pugnaciously throughout the breeding season. The rest of the birds seek other nesting grounds.]

THE BELLINGHAM BAY AND COUNTRY.—The editor of the Bellingham Bay *Rereille*, published at Whatcom, Washington, thinks no small potatoes of his corner of the world as a sporting ground. "No other country in the world," he says, "offers better inducements to the genuine sportsman than is afforded here in Whatcom county. Game of all kinds is aburdant. On the mainland deer of the largest size are numerous, but owing to the heavy growth of timber, still-hunting is attended with difficulties. On the islands, from 5 to 10 miles west of Whatcom, across the bay, deer are more numerous and easier of access, and hundreds are killed annually by pot-hunters. Elk abound in the eastern and unsettled portions of the county near the foothills of the mountains. Mountain goats of gigantic size frequent the mountain crags near Mt. Baker and the Cascade range. Throughout the entire county pheasants and blue grouse are plentiful. Water fowl of every description swarm in myriads in the bays, rivers and inlets of Whatcom county. Canvasbacks, spritgails, mallards, teal, wild geese, swan and brant are here taken by the thousand during the months from October to April. Our rivers and lakes are teeming with the speckled and gamy trout, while cod, salmon and halibut may be obtained at nearly all seasons of the year in Bellingham Bay."

WAR ON THE GROUSE SHIPPERS.—Hartford, Monday, Oct. 21, 1889.—Mr. A. C. Collins, the Hartford county game warden, was instrumental in intercepting a consignment of game for New York in this city Saturday, and proceedings against the offenders will be instituted without delay. The game was seized in the office of the Adams Express Company, the lot consisting of twenty partridges and eleven quail. It was consigned to Knapp & Van Nostrand, Nos. 208 and 216 Washington Market, New York city. The game was sent by Orrin J. Whiting of East Thompson, his name appearing on a card in the box. There are sixty-four counts in the offense, there being two for each bird. One count is for killing for transportation out of the State, and the other is for shipping. The fine on each count is not less than $7 and not more than $50. Cunningham & Ladd, of Somers, have also been detected in shipping twenty-seven partridges to Springfield, Mass., the game being secured while in transitu. It is expected that they will be brought before a justice of the peace on Tuesday. The disposition is to enforce the law rigidly in all cases where men are found sending game out of the State.—*Hartford Post.*

OHIO RABBITS AND QUAIL.—Mr. John H. Law, the Ohio State Fish and Game Commissioner, has sent out the following order to all the county game wardens: "Cincinnati, Oct. 11, 1889.—Dear Sir: Between now and the 10th of November many hunters, under the pretense of hunting rabbits, will violate the game law by shooting quail. I wish you to do your utmost to bring all such violators of the law to speedy punishment. It would be well to send to all your assistant wardens a similar notice that they may be on the lookout. I am satisfied that a large number of quail were shot last year before the 10th of November; also, after the 15th of December. You will please look out for such violations. The present law we think lame in not protecting rabbits and making it lawful for them to be shot only during the same time when it is lawful to kill quail, thereby removing the temptation to the rabbit hunters. Yours very truly, JOHN H. LAW, Commissioner."

GROUSE SNARERS.—Providence, R. I., Oct. 26.—There are great quantities of game in the markets this week, and it is mostly snared. I have been this week to Taunton, Mass.; Chepachot, R. I.; Pascoag, R. I., and several other places, and the gunners all complain of the birds being thinned out. Three men with two dogs went up on the train with me as far as Smithfield, R. I. This is a good partridge country, but to-night when they came home they failed to show any game, and seemed disgusted. I know one man who kicked up over twenty snares on these same grounds in a day's hunt.—COHANNET.

A MOOSE INVADES A BARNYARD.—Calais, Maine, Oct. 25.—As Mr. Seth Gerry, of Robinstown (about twelve mile below Calais), was milking his cows in the yard on Wednesday, evening a large bull moose made its appearance among the cows. They did not appear the least alarmed. Mr. Gerry shot the creature from his house window. Not often does such large game come to a man's yard to be shot in such an old-settled neighborhood as Robinstown. The head will be sent to your neighbor, John Wallace, to be mounted.—GEO. A. BOARDMAN.

OHIO NOTES.—Cincinnati, O., Oct. 26.—The guns and general hunting paraphernalia of the late H. F. Robinson, for three terms president of the Independent Gun Club, were all sold by his family last week, realizing a fine sum. Mr. R. T. Belt, the State Game and Fish Warden of Hamilton county, and his assistants, arrested eleven violators of the game laws and had them appear before Squire Hornberger, of this city. Two were arrested for shooting on Sunday at Bridgetown and fined, with costs, $70.10; two for the same offense at North Cheviot, $25 and costs each, and nine for shooting on Sunday and killing two quail, $25 and costs each man. Total fine with cost, $490.10. The open season for quail opens Nov. 10. They are reported plenty everywhere throughout the State. Six quail were seen on the Cincinnati court house Tuesday last, and while at Dayton a few days ago I saw eight birds flushed in the heart of the city.—C. G. NEWSBOY.

THE SCHULTZE GUN POWDER CO. have enlisted the aid of the camera to demonstrate the difference in smoke-producing qualities between their product and ordinary black powder. Messrs. Von Lengerke & Detmold, their American agents, send us a series of instantaneous photographs of a comparative trial. Two gunners shooting at the same instant, facing the camera, are photographed at the moment of discharging their guns, or rather the Schultze man is pictured with tolerable distinctness through the little smoke of his gun, while the black powder man is left to the imagination, his person being entirely shut off by a cloud of smoke.

ALBINO SQUIRRELS.—In your issue of Oct. 17, your very interesting correspondent, E. Hough, mentions seeing two albino or white squirrels in the zoological gardens at Cincinnati, labeled "From S. Carolina." Mr. Hough asks, "Is there such a thing as a species of white squirrel in this country?" In my younger days squirrel hunting was about all the sport I indulged in, and many a squirrel has been killed by me and Mack Quales in our boyhood hunts, and I have never seen but one white one, which leads me to conclude they are of rare occurrence. —BLUE RIDGE. [There is no species of white squirrel].

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Oct. 15.—The hunting season for quail and chickens opened to-day. Mallards, teal and butter ducks are on the market. The migration of geese and ducks has not yet commenced, although a few are shot occasionally. Rabbits and quail are abundant in Wyandotte county, and several good bags have been taken. Nearman Lake, seven miles from Kansas City, will soon be the finest duck grounds near here, although along the Missouri River an occasional flock can be seen. Out fifteen miles on the Northwestern R. R., prairie chickens are found.—W. H. P.

WILD ANIMALS IN SAN DIEGO PARK.—San Diego, Cal., has a park of 1,400 acres, composed chiefly of cañons. Here may be found coyotes, badgers, and a few wildcats. Jack rabbits and cottontails are abundant. Valley quail are present, but not very plentiful, because there is too much shooting. Wild bees are very abundant in the cañons, making honey and storing it up in winter for use during the dry summer when flowers are wanting. The boney is found in large masses in crevices under rock ledges, and in the spring great quantities of it are stolen from the hives.

A PARIS AWARD TO AMERICAN ARMS.—The friends of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. will note with satisfaction and indorsement the fact that those manufacturers have carried off the highest honors at the Paris Exposition. For their exhibit of arms and ammunition they were given a First or Grand Prize, the only first prize of that class that came to this country. The Winchesters have fairly won this award on their merits and we take much pleasure in recording the Exposition judges' appreciation of the claims of the Winchester rifle.

WORCESTER, Mass., Oct. 26.—The season has been excellent for partridges and woodcock. This evening Austin Warren came in with the best bag of the season, 9 partridges and 3 woodcock. Yesterday E. S. Knowles, of this city, with Capt. B. P. Williamson, of Newburyport, and George R Newton, of Grafton, reported with a bag of 10 woodcock and 9 partridges; while L. E. Divoll, of this city, and George Sampson, of Clinton, to-day secured a bag of 17 birds, and A. R. Dean reported with a fox.—X.

LIVE PRAIRIE CHICKENS AND DEER.—A gentleman who is desirous of stocking a preserved farm in the East with prairie chickens, is anxious to secure a number of live birds for this purpose; and we would be much pleased if any of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM can assist him. He also wishes to secure a pair of deer; this it appears should not be a difficult thing to do, but his efforts have thus far been unavailing. Any letters sent us will be forwarded to him.

BARRELS OF BIRDS.—Capt. John W. Stiles, of Exmoor, Va., runs a yacht and takes parties duck and snipe shooting. He went once with Messrs. Ben. West, of Fulton Market, this city; S. L. Stone, A. Eddy, and a Mr. Robinson, in ten days bagging 800 ducks. On a snipe shooting expedition with Hamilton Disston, of Philadelphia —the great saw man and Florida everglades reclaimer— and the booty was over a barrel of snipe a day.

WILD PIGEON IN MASSACHUSETTS.—Apropos of editorial in Oct. 24 number regarding wild pigeon; a pair nested this summer in the town of Plymouth, Mass., being seen by myself. I do not mean the Carolina dove, or Cape pigeon as it is known here, but the real passenger pigeon. These were the first seen by me in this State in six or seven years.—H. J. THAYER (Boston).

ALEXANDRIA, Mo.—The first flock of wild chickens to appear here came forth in regular style on Oct. 10. There were fourteen of them, and their presence in dress parade order was rather a pleasing sight upon a beautiful field of growing wheat. Quail and grouse appear to maintain their average numbers, regardless of the dense settlement of the country.—J. B.

ROCK HILL is the correct name of the South Carolina quail shooting resort to which reference has been made in these columns as Rocky Hill. Landlord Howell Cobb, of the Carolina Hotel, at Rock Hill, has published a pamphlet containing letters written by Northern sportsmen who have found the quail shooting at Rock Hill a grand success.

QUAIL IN VIRGINIA.—Mr. R. E. Lewis, of the U. S. Fish Commission, has just returned from Clarke county, Virginia, and informed us that quail are unusually abundant. Fine shooting is to be expected when the open season begins, Nov. 1. Rabbits are excessively common.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

284.

IN my native town in Illinois some years ago lived Charlie B., a bright, active boy 16 years old. He knew little of country life and sports. His uncle, Capt. F., was a thorough-going sportsman and a fine shot. The Captain usually put in about two months each autumn and spring shooting ducks along the Illinois River. One fall he was going up to Senachwine Lake for a month or two shooting, and he had Charlie come out to his farm to do chores and look after the stock while he was away. When he returned he found that Charlie had fallen in love with country life. So Cap arranged with him to stay there through the winter. Cap was keen after game of all kinds, and was well prepared for it. He dearly loved to shoot cottontail rabbit in winter in the open fields. For this purpose he had a little dog named Scip, half shepherd, the other half thoroughbred cur. Scip understood his business thoroughly. He would generally run the rabbits across in front of Cap, when Cap would knock them over "every time sometimes." The first morning that there was snow on the ground the trio started out for rabbits, Charlie going along to carry the game and see the sport. Scip worked beautifully and in a short time Cap had knocked over six. He then had to go to town, telling Charlie that any time he wished he could take out the gun and learn to shoot.

Charlie had enjoyed the sport greatly. Cap had knocked over the rabbits so cleverly and seemingly so easily that he thought he could do it himself, and the more he thought of it the more he wished to try. So after noon came he took the gun, called Scip and started out in the field. Soon Scip was greatly elated to have another run, and did his part of the work beautifully. He quartered off to the right and soon jumped a fine large cottontail, which came crossing right in front of Charlie on the full run. Charlie drew up the old gun, took deadly sure aim on the running hare, shut both eyes and pulled trigger, and killed poor Scip, who was about thirty feet behind the hare. It was a fine shot, but hard on the dog. Cap was notorious for loading his old muzzleloader fearfully heavy; when it went off this time it jumped up and hit Charlie a fearful pelt on the nose, and sent him backward into the snow. But Charlie had grit, he soon gathered himself up; and with the blood streaming from both nostrils went staggering forward to bag his first head of game. He loved Scip dearly, and knew that Cap did and prized him highly, so did the whole family. Then we may judge what was the poor boy's agony when, instead of finding a fine fat dead rabbit, poor Scip lay stretched lifeless on the snow. The boy sank right down on the snow and cried like a baby.

Now, it so happened that Cap was coming up the road intent on an afternoon's hunt, and was in good seeing distance of the whole hunt. Cap loved Scip, but he loves a rich joke, or we may say the funniest fun, better than anything else; and he said the expressions and changes of poor Charlie's countenance, his blank amazement when he found himself sitting down in the snow after the old gun went off, and still blanker when he came to the dead dog, and then the excruciating misery and fear when he took in the whole situation and collapsed all in a heap—this was, of all his experiences, the most ridiculously funny funny scene he ever witnessed, and he sank down and rolled in the snow with laughter. When he recovered so as to straighten himself out, he looked over in the field and saw Charlie still crying as if his heart was broken. Cap went over and tried to comfort him, but it was a long time before he could make any headway; and even to this day Charlie will never touch a gun again. And though he is now the sedate head of a large business and of a family, if any one hints in his presence of shooting rabbits on the wing, Charlie at once has urgent business elsewhere. BYRNE.

PETALUMA, Cal.

THE MAN OR THE PANTHER?

AN agent of the Smithsonian Institution has been digging into the Indian mounds of southern Ohio. In the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette* he reports the result of his labors. One of the mounds is thus described:

The first mound opened was on the farm of Mr. James, three miles east of Chillicothe, O., and overlooked the Scioto River. It was on rather high ground, the third river terrace. This mound was 13ft. high, 90ft. wide and 110ft. long. It took six men eight days to dig through. We began at the east side with a trench 25ft. wide, and carried this excavation right through the mound. When about 20ft. from the eastern edge we came upon a thick layer of burned bones. This layer was 6in. thick and the width of the trench. The ashes of which it was composed were either resultant from animal or human bones, we could not tell which, but at any rate, whether animal or human, it must have taken thirty or forty skeletons (if cremated) to have made that many ashes.

About 5ft. above this layer, or 9ft. from the summit of the mound, was a skeleton of a very large individual, which had burned by the side of it the bones of a panther. Whether the person had killed the panther and it was buried with him as an honor, or whether the panther had killed the individual, I cannot say. This much, however, can be said, that in forty-three mounds opened no find of this nature has been made. It is therefore quite interesting and important. The skull of this panther was very large, the teeth very long and sharp. It would take a mound-builder of a great deal of nerve to attack a beast of this size if he had nothing but a stone hatchet and a bow and arrows to defend himself with. So, if he did kill the panther, he is certainly entitled to a great deal of credit. Just below this skeleton and lying on the layer of buried bones, was a medium-sized personage who had buried around his neck between the upper and lower jaw, 147 bone and shell beads. The shell beads were made from the thick part of conch and Pyrula shells. These shells must have been carried from the Atlantic Ocean, as they are ocean shells, and not found inland, or the tribe to which this man belonged may have traded with tribes near the ocean, and thereby got the beads.

Did the Indian kill the panther, or did the panther kill the Indian, and how did it happen?

Sea and River Fishing.

BARRACUDA FISHING AT SAN DIEGO.

AFTER making several ineffectual attempts to induce some congenial friends to join me and break the monotony of office life by a day's sport with the famous barracuda, I finally decided to go down to "Shanty Town" and seek a companion among the professional fishermen. Inquiries as to the biting brought most encouraging replies. A party of fishermen invited me to go out with them as soon as their boat was repaired, and they expected to have it ready by Saturday night; but when I came to fill my appointment the boat was not done. Fortunately a friend of the boat menders volunteered to borrow a sloop from Portuguese Bill if he did not intend to use it, and to try the fishing with me. Bill agreed to lend us his sloop, "Baby Mine," on condition that we give him our catch of fish. "Good enough," said I. "It suits me," said he, and so the bargain was concluded. I was to go down to the bay about 10 o'clock at night and sleep aboard the sloop. My preparations were soon made. I donned some old clothes, took a good supply of lunch, and carried along my rifle to pay my respects to a certain bull seal, which had a well-known propensity for following the boat, sometimes coming within 20ft., to rob the lines of as many fish as possible. My companion was a sailor and sealer by occupation, and known to me under the name of Bob.

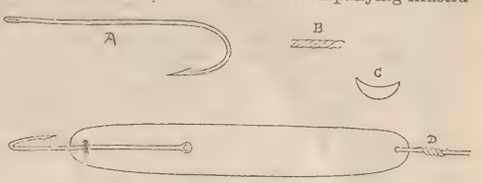
At the appointed time we rowed out to the sloop and found everything in perfect order. There were two bunks and the sides of the cabin were lined with fishing tackle. We retired very soon to await the outgoing tide, which turned at 2:19 o'clock in the morning. About 2 o'clock some friends rowed past in their skiff and awakened us. In a few minutes we hoisted the sail and cast adrift. There was no wind at the time, and we took to the oars, to cross the bay into the channel and use the outgoing tide. Presently a light breeze sprung up and sent us skimming over the bay; and how beautiful was the night. The stars were shining brightly and it was so warm that we had our coats off. Fish were darting here and there, leaving wakes of phosphorescent light resembling streaks of lightning at a distance. Once in a while a large fish, disturbed by our presence, would start off, leaving a glow of light 6 to 8ft. in diameter.

Once in the channel the tide swept us along at the rate of three miles an hour. At daybreak we were drifting past Ballast Point, the entrance to the bay. After floating a mile out into the ocean, assisted occasionally by a cat's paw, we concluded to tie up to the kelp and wait for the wind. Here we enjoyed for an hour the continuous up and down motion of the heavy ground swells, sometimes throwing out a line as far as possible and pulling it in rapidly to entice the barracuda which were playing around us, but without success. So we dropped back into our seats, filled our pipes, and waited patiently for the breeze, which is indispensable for barracuda fishing as it is in the Atlantic for that wily corsair, the bluefish. As I was puffing away at my pipe, and speculating as to our prospects, I heard something like the surf breaking on the shore. After calling Bob's attention to it, and remarking that we were too far out to hear the surf, he laughed, and told me to look over the stern. Here something met my gaze that I had never seen before. About 1,500 porpoises were coming toward us in a line, jumping out of the water and looking like big black wheels rolling along. They raised a wave about two feet high in front of them, that was lashed into foam, and the sound like surf breaking on shore was continuous. When within 200 or 300yds. of us they changed their course, and passed at a right angle for over an hour, until we lost sight of them in the distance.

About nine o'clock a light breeze sprung up, and, cutting loose from the kelp, we began to move slowly over the water, but not fast enough, as Bob said, to put out our lines. In my anxiety to begin the sport I cast out two lines, and very soon we hooked two so-called Spanish mackerel of 10 and 12lbs. apiece. These fish remind me of our Eastern bonito, and I am inclined to believe they are not Spanish mackerel. Presently the breeze freshened and within a half hour we were sailing at a lively rate; so we adjusted outriggers, one on either side, about in the waist of the boat, with two lines on each. We also trolled one from the stern, making five in all. Just then we met our friends coming home loaded with 65 barracuda, which they had caught by towing and trolling while we were tied to the kelp. Being thus encouraged we put everything in readiness and placed in front of the cabin door a fish-box 3×3×3ft. Bob had the first strike and pulled in his fish, then he hooked and landed another, and a third. As I was beginning to wonder what was the matter with my lines, one of them straightened out, and I began to haul in hand over hand. When I was about to lift him out of the water he doubled himself up, and I brought out the bare hook. I repeated this three times, and then caught on to Bob's method of landing fish. Upon hooking another I took Bob's advice, pulled in slowly, and when the fish was within three feet from the boat I threw him up into the air, bringing him over my head, and landed him in the box. Then, by catching hold of the drail and jerking it, the fish came off easily. As I found out, all the drails for barracuda fishing have the barb of the hook filed very blunt, and an inexperienced person might easily lose his fish, while, at the same time, the hook is readily jerked out of the mouth free from the lance-like teeth.

Now the fun has commenced in earnest; first one, then two, four, five, are hooked at a time, and rare sport it was to haul them in. For about five minutes we had all we could handle, and then for ten or fifteen minutes we would not see a sign of one. Now we are into them again, hauling away for dear life! Sometimes when hauling in one or two they would become entangled with the other lines, and before we could get them in we would have one, two or three on the remaining lines, and then there was a sad jumble of lines and struggling fish. Occasionally, in attempting to land fish in the box we missed it, and they fell down into the bottom of the boat; or our uncertain footing would be lost and we were bunched in a slippery mass, fish and all. The sloop was pitching heavily, as half a gale of wind was blowing; wet from the waist down, we had what you might call a huge time. The drails towed at the surface of the water and we could see nearly every fish that took hold. We caught sixty-eight barracuda and two Spanish mackerel —about 425lbs. of fish—filling our box, and with the loss of only one hook. Having all the fish we wanted by 2 P. M., although the biting was as furious as ever, we got under way to save the wind home. Portuguese Bill was well satisfied with his share of the cruise. The fish were selling at the time for ten cents each.

Sixty feet of soft laid cotton line is used for trolling, and the bone drail, shown in the accompanying illustration, is preferred for barracuda fishing. When drails cannot be obtained, common hooks with a piece of rag attached are substituted. The hook is fastened to the bone by means of a rivet and a wire loop. Eight inches of twisted copper wire is made fast to the drail for the protection of the line.



SAN DIEGO BARRACUDA DRAIL.

A. Hook; barb filed blunt. B. Soft laid cotton line. C. Cross section of bone drail. D. Should represent twisted wire, length 8in.

The favorite haunts of the barracuda are in and along the edge of the kelp. Sometimes they can be seen in a mass, making the water boil with their frantic leaping; there may be fifty out of water at a time and as many more just disappearing under its surface. The fishing lasts from about the middle of June to the middle of September, and while it continues there is no lack of exciting sport. J. C. VAN HOOK.

SAN DIEGO, Cal.

AQUARIA NOTES.

Occasional Observations of the Fishes in the Aquaria of the U. S. Fish Commission.

THE RELATIONS BETWEEN SHARKS AND REMORAS.

THE amicable relations existing between sharks and those strange fishes, the remoras, usually attached to them, appear to indicate a considerable degree of reciprocity of some nature. What it is can only be conjectured; but I have often thought that the remora keeps the shark free from parasites, and is thus tolerated. I have seen clusters of goose barnacles growing from the skin of the great sea sunfish, but the skins of the shark, swordfish and rays, which are each attended (or tenanted, as the case may be) by a different species of remora, are, as far as I have seen, free from them. The remora is not a parasite, but is commensal in nature. The laminated disk on top of the head, by which they attach themselves to the skin of the shark—as the small boy fastens his leather sucker to the brick—although giving so tenacious a hold that it is difficult to detach it, slides about on the skin of the shark from belly to back (in which position the remora is upside down), and from head to tail, like a piece of well greased machinery. The common position of the remora, however, is on the belly of the shark.

During one summer at the Wood's Holl station there was a shark about three feet long in one of the aquaria, with three remoras, each about one foot long, attached to it. When the remoras became hungry they would work up under the shark's throat and move about restlessly, and the shark would appear to be looking around anxiously for its accustomed allowance of food. The shark's meal would be two or three pieces of fish about the size of a man's fist, or several fish five or six inches long. No sooner did the shark's teeth close on the fish than the remoras were all activity, seizing the fragments or tearing mouthfuls from its very jaws with the greatest voracity. Sometimes one would detach itself, dart off and catch a small fish, returning at once to its place on the shark to eat it.

Whatever the relations existing between them, they are perfectly harmonious. To the teleologist there can be no fitter illustration of adaptation. The mouth of the shark is underneath. On the other hand the under jaw of the remora is protruding, and its mouth opening upward is perfectly adapted for feeding from the mouth of the shark.

SPOT OR LAFAYETTE FISH.

Reference has been made to the addition of a lot of spot to the collection at Central Station. They prove to be exceedingly hardy, being very easy to transport and live well in the aquaria. They will eat raw beef chopped fine (also oysters, clams, etc.), but seem to enjoy soda cracker equally well. One of them, about 5 or 6in. long, had a great gash on one side and a less severe one on the other, evidently inflicted by the teeth of a bluefish or squeteague. The gash was fully three-quarters of an inch long and gaped open at least half an inch, and was at least a quarter of an inch deep. I would have considered it a mortal wound, but it has wholly healed up, leaving a disfiguring scar. Another one has suffered a severe injury when quite young and is a hunchback.

GIZZARD SHAD.

Three specimens of gizzard shad have adorned an aquarium since Oct. 3. They were somewhat bruised and the fins were considerably abraded when they arrived. Although there was no expectation of keeping them, as it has been generally considered impossible to keep them, or any of the family, in aquaria, they have steadily improved in appearance and are now in fine condition, all traces of bruises and congested blood having disappeared, and the fins having healed up. They eat raw beef scraped fine and soda cracker. They will eat very little while under observation, but a considerable amount of food disappears during the night. In a fresh-water aquarium they would have been attacked by fungus and have speedily died. WM. P. SEAL.

FIRE WEED FOR TROUT LINES.—Judge James G. Swan, of Port Townsend, Washington, informs us that the Indians at Vancouver use the fiber of the common fire weed (*Epilobium angustifolium*) for making an excellent quality of trout lines. The fiber is very tough and lines made from it are strong and durable.

SEINES, NETS of every description. American Net & Twine Co., Mfrs., 34 Commercial st. Boston, or 199 Fulton st., N. Y.—*Adv.*

LAKE TAHOE TROUT.

FROM Mr. Max Heilbronner, the genial secretary of the Alaska Commercial Company, we have late reports about the trout fishing in Tahoe Lake and other lakes in the vicinity. Mr. H. went over from San Francisco with some friends early in July, and the party had great success with the trolling spoon, using minnows for bait. Artificial flies were seldom used. In the latter part of June and early in July the fishing is good. During August, owing to the abundance of minnows, the trout will not take the fly. In September the sport is fairly satisfying, but nothing extra. Indians have made a great deal of trouble by using traps in Tahoe Lake; this drain on the supply, however, has been checked. The fishing varies from year to year. Mr. Martin and Mr. Lydell, of Yanks, Cal., are fishermen who furnish the hotels with trout and take parties out. Boats holding four persons are furnished at from $2 to $5 per day, this including lines and bait. The Tallac House charges $3 per day. McKinney's rates are $12 per week. Fallen Leaf Lake, Floating Island Lake and Cascade Lake contain the Tahoe species, but fishing is best in Lake Tahoe. Emerald Bay and Carnelian Bay are lovely sheets of water near by. The route from San Francisco is by the Central Pacific to Truckee, stage to Tahoe City, and boat to hotel. The beautiful trout above referred to is figured in FOREST AND STREAM of April 4, 1889. In June and September all the individuals found in the San Francisco markets were moderately small; perhaps at some other season large examples may still be observed.

THE METABETCHOUAN. — Westerly, R. I., Oct. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In a recently published communication concerning the winnanish fishing in the Metabetchouan River, I noticed a rather startling series of catches, claimed to be that of a single rod. The score given was composed of a series of catches by four rods, one of which was mine, with twenty-four fish to its credit, in three outings, which weighed at the house several hours after being caught, 89½lbs., viz., three of 11¼, seven of 28, fourteen of 49½. Now, I am only too pleased to hear of a brother's good luck in your eagerly read columns, but when such a glaring misstatement is given, one who knows the truth is apt to think it an advertising scheme. To be sure the fishing in the river is good, but in obtaining it one must take some very hard tramps and put up with miserable food on his return home at night. Give good trails to the pools and good food and one could ask for nothing better. A word to the wise, etc.—EDWIN R. LEWIS, M.D.

WHERE THE KINGFISHERS WOULD HAVE FARED BETTER. —Alpena, Mich., Oct. 19.—One can never tire of reading such papers as those contributed by "Kingfisher." I think his description of that tussel with the muscalonge the most perfect pen-picture I ever read, as one almost imagines that he is doing it himself. But he seemed to have poor luck with black bass on Echo Lake. If he had been on some of our lakes back here, he would have found plenty. Another gentleman and myself with two youngsters caught in five days 659 black bass and 37 pike and muscalonge, all of which we turned loose in the lake as soon as landed except what we wanted for eating of course. It is a day's journey by buckboard to reach those lakes, but the roads are not bad in summer. —H. B.

TROUT FISHING FROM SAN DIEGO, CAL.—The nearest trout fishing is sixty miles northeast of San Diego, at Polar or Smith Mountain. A gentleman went there in the latter part of June and caught 23, averaging about 10in. in length. There are no trout south of this locality in San Diego county. All the streams except those in the mountains dry up in summer; even San Diego River does so and water is collected in wells sunk in the river and pumped by engines into reservoirs, from which it is piped to the city.—J. C. VAN HOOK.

THE OPAH IN CALIFORNIA.—We have received from a correspondent in San Francisco a photograph of a fish previously unknown to the California coast and entirely strange to all who saw it. Upon examining the print we recognized the species as the opah (*Lampris guttatus*), which is occasionally found about the British Isles, rarely in the western Atlantic, and more frequently in Japanese seas. The California example weighed 70lbs., and was caught about October, 1888, in Balenas Bay.

LARGE THIMBLE-EYE MACKEREL.—A fine looking thimble-eye mackerel (*Scomber pneumatophorus*) seen in San Francisco recently weighed 3lbs., which is far above the weight of the largest individuals of the same species in the Atlantic, as far as our observation goes.

POTOMAC BASS.—Bass fishing in the Potomac is affording good returns and the proportion of large fish is much greater than usual. Hancock and Sir John's Run are favorite localities, but there is fine fishing all the way up to Woodmont.

HOLBRICOT OR AMBER FISH.—In San Francisco the amber fish or amber jack (*Seriola lalandi*) is styled holbricot by dealers in Clay street market.

Fisheulture.

LATE APPEARANCE OF SHAD.—On Oct. 5, Mr. Thomas Reynolds caught a female shad weighing 3lbs. in the Susquehanna River, near Havre de Grace, Md. The eggs were so ripe that they ran out of the fish. This is said to be a very unusual occurrence and may have been due to the extraordinary season of cold and wet weather. Shad are caught at the mouth of the Potomac late in the summer and may be taken fresh at Leonardtown and other places all summer in certain years. We believe that this and other anadromous fishes will be discovered in Chesapeake Bay when diligent investigation of the winter habitat of our economic species has been completed. On the California coast shad are to be found in the brackish water of the bays during the winter months. From December to February some very large ones are captured in gill nets of 8¼in. mesh, set for salmon.

EFFECTS OF SEWAGE IN RIVERS.—At the recent Sanitary Conference in Worcester, Mr. Willis Bund, chairman of the Severn Fishery Board, read an important paper on the standards of purity for effluents from sewage works. He charged that experiments, with the exception of the York, were limited to streams containing only members of the carp family (*Cyprinidæ*), and related chiefly to the introduced goldfish, which is one of the hardiest members of this family. Tests which are satisfactory when applied to this fish do not prove anything with regard to the salmon family, whose genera are lovers of purity, and avoid filth even at the expense of forsaking their birthplace. Mr. Bund reasons that the presence of goldfish, roach and other coarse minnows at the mouths of sewage effluents is no guarantee that salmon and trout will continue to inhabit the contaminated waters, and he urges the necessity of establishing the proper standard of purity with reference to the actual denizens of each stream.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Dec. 5 to 7.—First Dog Show of the Continental Kennel Club at Denver, Col. L. A. Weston, Secretary.

Jan. 6 to 11, 1890.—Annual Dog Show of the Michigan State Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Bay City, Mich. W. F. Brace, Secretary.

Jan. 13 to 18, 1890.—First Annual Dog Show of the Georgia Pet Stock and Bench Show Association, at Augusta, Ga. A. H. Vonderleith, Secretary.

Jan. 27 to Feb. 1, 1890.—Dog Show of the Colorado Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Denver, Col.

Feb. 11 to 14, 1890.—Fourteenth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, American Institute Building, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

March 11 to 14, 1890.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Rochester Kennel Club, at Rochester, N. Y. Harry Yates, Secretary.

March 25 to 28, 1890.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Mass. Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

April 1 to 4, 1890.—Sixth Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 4.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club. P. T. Madison, Secretary, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 11.—Inaugural Field Trials of the Canadian Kennel Club, at Chatham, Ont. C. A. Stone, Secretary, London, Ont.

Nov. 11.—First Annual Field Trials (foxhounds) of the Brunswick Fur Club, on the Albany Hills, South Paris, Me. Mr. J. H. Baird, Secretary, Auburndale, Mass.

Nov. 18.—Eleventh Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Nov. 22.—Eighth Annual Field Trials of the Robins Island Club, for members only. Walter L. Wellington, Secretary, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dec. 2.—Inaugural Field Trials of the Central Field Trial Club, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Secretary, Mill's Building, New York, N. Y.

Dec. 16.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trial Club, at Amory, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Secretary, Marietta, Ga.

Jan. 20, 1890.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club at Bakersfield, Cal. H. H. Briggs, Secretary, 313 Bush street, San Francisco, Cal.

Jan. 27, 1890.—All-Day Field Trials, at West Point, Miss. F. R. Hitchcock, 44 Broadway, New York, Secretary.

Feb. 11, 1890.—Fourth Annual Field Trials of the Texas Field Trial Club, at Marshall, Tex. W. L. Thomas, Secretary.

"POH PRINNEH."

DODGER has become an old dog. The salubrious climate of Pine Hill fails to restore his youth. He goes around with a stiff, martial bearing. He refrains from altercations and avoids those rude, boisterous curs that sidle and jostle and infringe on his dignity. He never evinces surprise nor betrays himself into a hasty movement. He loves repose. He refuses now to accompany Kellup in his rambles further than the brow of the hill, where he can look back at the house. When requested to come further, he wags his tail in a decrepit way and barks. Then Kellup concludes not to climb the bars, but settles on a flat stone instead, and plucks a spray of spearmint to crush out its odor, while the dog stretches on the grass with his head averted from the expected lecture. He is not disappointed. The old gentleman touches severely on the facts that he never would "travel to heel" nor under a wagon, and never retrieved a bird nor even pointed one in his life; nor ever did a thing a man might be proud of, but often brought derision on his master.

When Dodger barked expostulatingly at this, Kellup could not fail to notice how mournfully hollow it sounded, and how gray the muzzle had grown, and how well it matched the eyebrows, and how bad the coat was getting—rusty and unkempt. He tried to joke it off, and declared he would shave the dog in artistic style, with a lion's mane and a beautiful tuft on the tail, but concluded Susan wouldn't allow it. Then he indulged in comparisons, and recalled how the dog used to come panting, with tortuous wrigglings and convolutions, after describing great circumferences at full speed. He wound up with some reflections on the character of Maria Muzzey for ever bestowing such a nickname on the dog.

"A great name," said he, "for a sporting dog. Might do very well for a poodle." Then, with intense disgust, "Prinney!" said he, "Pore Prinney!" But he couldn't say it just like Maria, for his teeth were not gone in the same place. The truth was, she had bestowed this name on Dodger in memory of a pet long deceased, and claimed it was quite as appropriate, for she never knew him dodge anything, not even the broom sweeping the fireplace, and she said he would lie in the sand and make wagons turn out. So she persisted.

One morning Dodger refused his breakfast, and Maria made him a bed of nice sweet hay in the stall. Toward noon Susan tried him in vain with a tidbit, so Maria trudged off to the village without a word. On her return, an hour later, she unwrapped a brown paper, and proceeded to broil a piece of sirloin over the kitchen fire. She dressed it with butter, and was greatly pleased when Dodger mouthed it a little. When Kellup came home, toward evening, he found her where she had been all afternoon, beside the dog, with her rocking-chair and knitting, "to keep him company."

That night she made an excuse to stay up late, and after the old folks had retired she quietly hung a lantern on the side of the house where the rays would shine through the barn door. In the morning when Kellup came down to breakfast she responded to his salutation, "Oh, poh Prinneh! poh Prinneh! he's dade." JEFFERSON SCRIBB.

WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS FOX CLUB.—The Western Massachusetts Fox Club will hold their annual hunt at Chester, Mass., Nov. 13 and 14. On the evening of the first day a dinner will be given by the club to the guests. Following is a list of the officers of the club: Pres., Geo. W. Romback; Vice-Pres., F. S. Gross; Sec., Dr. O. J. Shepardson; Treas., C. D. Smith; Ex. Com., Gurdon Bill, E. A. Perkins, F. M. Pease, R. B. Crane, R. M. Fairfield, Wm. M. Williams, J. H. Casey, F. S. Hagar, E. T. Slocum and Dr. S. C. Burton.

PAST AND PRESENT CONDITION OF THE A. K. C.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In December, 1887, the FOREST AND STREAM published an editorial in which was questioned the financial condition of the A. K. C. At that time I was chairman of the Stud Book Committee, and I sent a letter to the FOREST AND STREAM on Jan. 7, 1887, which was published in their issue of Jan. 19, as follows:

I am very much surprised that you would permit the statement to be made in your paper that the American Kennel Club was indebted on account of the Stud Book, when the fact is that the club has paid all bills and now has $800 and over to its credit in bank. Again, it is not true that any money has ever been contributed by individuals. The Stud Book has more than paid its way, and the only money received has been for registration fees, advertisements and for the book. I believe that next year we can pay all expenses at 25 cents per dog.

Please also permit me to say that all this howl about "bulldozing" is mere bosh. You might as well say that it is "bulldozing" to have a bench show committee require an exhibitor to pay an entry fee of $3 for each dog. The registration of dogs is to preserve the pedigree. The giving of bench shows is not for the purpose of making money; the object is to encourage and improve the breeding of dogs. Just look at the contest now going on in your own paper over the breeding of the beagle Kino. If this Rule 2 had been in force when this dog was first exhibited the breeding would have then been settled.

I hope in the next issue of your paper that you will correct the statement you have made in regard to the financial condition of the club; and I will say that if you doubt my statement of the same, if you will send Mr. Hammond or an accredited reporter for your paper to the office of the A. K. C., No. 44 Broadway, I will take pleasure in showing him expense account, bank account and all of the accounts of every name and nature, vouchers, etc., of the Stud Book Committee.

I do not charge that you have knowingly made this misstatement, but believe that you have been imposed upon.

C. J. PESHALL, Chairman Stud Book Committee.

NEW YORK, Jan. 7.

I was then of opinion that the fee for registration in the Stud Book could be reduced to twenty-five cents, and that the Stud Book could be made self-sustaining. The FOREST AND STREAM accepted my invitation and the books and the accounts of every name and nature were opened for their inspection. The inspection was made by Mr. Reynolds, one of the editors of the FOREST AND STREAM, and a bookkeeper whom he brought with him. A few days after this inspection was made, Mr. Vredenburgh, who was the then secretary, sent the following statement to the FOREST AND STREAM, which was published in due course Jan. 26, 1888.

STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND EXPENSES OF THE A. K. C. S. B. FOR THE YEAR ENDING DEC. 31, 1887.

Receipts.

Received dues from A. K. C. members (not used for Stud Book purposes)		$236.25
" Entries for Vol. IV		1,089.50
" Advertisements, Vol. IV., Parts I., II., III. (Part IV. not yet due)		469.25
" Subscribers, Vol. IV.		221.00
" Cash sales, Vol. IV., Parts I., II., and III., (Part IV. not yet published)		213.50
" Cash sales, Vol. I., II., and III.		76.60
" Tabulated pedigrees		110.00
" Donation for a bookcase		10.00
" Fees, charged for collections		.65
		$2,453.15
Balance on hand Jan. 1, 1888		$650.04

Expenses.

Paid for Club expenses from A. K. C. dues	$58.27
Librarian of Congress, Copyright	4.00
Fees charged by bank for collections	6.50
Petty expenses (telegrams, express, etc.)	8.03
Gas bills	11.19
Postage stamps	67.75
Office furniture	67.95
Paid for Vols. I., II. and III	59.50
Office rent	161.58
Printing Stud Book, Part I., II. and III. (including a new issue of Vol. II. and 5,000 copies of the bench shows edition, distributed at the spring shows for the benefit of advertisers)	954.74
Salary of Secretary	400.00
Balance on hand	650.04
	$2,453.15

Now, it appears from this statement that during the year 1887 the Stud Book was issued quarterly, and that the entire cost of the issue and publication and the costs of the A. K. C., including expenses of every name and nature, as well as 5,000 copies of the Stud Book, as appears by the report, which was published and given away as stated in the report, amounted, all told, to the sum of $1,803.11; so that the dog men and breeders of this country during that year received the benefits derived from the A. K. C. for that sum. During that year we had to contend against the rival register, the *A. K. R.*, which was being published and backed with all of the influence of the FOREST AND STREAM. In addition to that we had to pay very much more for the work of registration, for the reason that very few dogs had sire and dam previously registered, and consequently the pedigrees were extended as far as possible, also all winnings were given as well, and the cost then of registration was very much more than the present cost, for the reason that most of the dogs now offered for registration have their sires and dams registered and all that is necessary in such cases is to give the name of sire and dam, and Stud Book number, breeder, owner and date of birth.

During this year Rule 2, requiring compulsory registration, had not been passed, and dogs could be shown without being registered. Also we must take into consideration that the A. K. C. commenced the year with only thirteen clubs, local members, and ended with nineteen, and notwithstanding all these facts we find that the A. K. C. only collected for the entire year the sum of $2,453.15, as appears from the treasurer's report above submitted. And in addition thereto, from an examination of the treasurer's report made at the last meeting held Sept. 18, 1889, that the secretary now has of the quarterly parts of the volume for the year 1887, 703 copies, which he enters as assets valued at $351.50, and I have no doubt but what $200 worth have been sold since the publication of the secretary's report for 1887; consequently we find that the club for that year, while it perhaps was not governed or had in its possession "health, wealth and wisdom," was yet willing to not only make a detailed report but to invite and stand the critical examination of its books and accounts by those engaged in a rival publication. 1888 was the trying year, for we not only had to contend against the *A. K. R.*, and the influence of the FOREST AND STREAM, with a vigorous opposition made by that paper against Rule 2, but an opposition club sprang into existence, numbering nearly 200 members, which included among their number many of the most prominent breeders in the country, and two of our most prominent club members resigned, namely, the New Haven and Boston clubs; yet with all this opposition we find that the Stud Book prospered and flourished, and when the year closed all bills of every name and nature were paid out of the actual income earned by the club, and a balance was left in the treasury. The Stud Book had appeared regularly each quarter, and the following stock accumulated during the year: Volume V., 498 copies, valued at $249, as will appear by the secretary's report made at the last meeting, was on hand and paid for, besides many numbers of this volume which had been sold by the club since publication. We also find that the club membership had increased during this year from nineteen to thirty-five, and that the opposition club was practically dead, and that through my many interviews and efforts made with Mr. Grinnell, of the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., Mr. Grinnell, through Dr. Perry, offered the

A. K. R. to the A. K. C. for the sum of $500, which offer was shortly after accepted by the A. K. C., and the rival register ceased to exist. The above is a short history of the workings and actions of the A. K. C. under the old constitution, and which gave to the breeders quarterly their Stud Book and a substantial and equivalent return for the moneys which they paid into the A. K. C., and this brings us down to the year 1889.

Shortly before the beginning of 1889 the delegates and the A. K. C. abandoned the practical and substantial registration which had been inaugurated and by putting into force a new constitution and set of rules providing for an annual publication of the Stud Book, and the publication of a monthly *Kennel Gazette*, as well as the admission of what are now known as associate members. Under this constitution a reckless and extravagant management has been inaugurated, an advisory committee has been created, two editor secretaries have been employed, one secretary editor for the Stud Book at a salary of $1,000 per annum, the other secretary of the A. K. C. and editor of the *Kennel Gazette* at a salary of $1,500 per annum, typewriters, stenographers, expensive offices, and with a costly and expensive publication to bring out monthly, which, with the exception of the two advertisements which appear upon the front and back cover, is of no earning capacity whatever except what it received from the dog men and breeders, and to whom it is of no utility whatever, while to some it is a detriment, for many of the breeders have placed advertisements in this *Kennel Gazette* without the expectation of receiving any return whatever therefrom, excepting the object to assist and sustain the club. We now find that since this new constitution went into force and the inauguration of the reckless and costly management, which must necessarily follow under the present constitution and rules, that for the first eight months of this year the dog men and breeders have already paid in about $6,000, and the officers have expended about the same amount, yet we have no Stud Book or even the sign of one, and notwithstanding this great expenditure and cost to the breeder, the Stud Book Committee have increased their demands 100 per cent. upon the breeders, and after Jan. 1 next the breeder must pay to register his dog in the Stud Book for the sum of one dollar.

I earnestly hope that the local clubs will at once take this matter in hand and that at the next annual meeting we proceed to adopt a new constitution for the A. K. C. and rules which will provide and give to the dog breeders in this country a Stud Book published every three months, and a uniform system of bench show rules for the government of clubs.

This can now be done by a concerted action of the local clubs, and the breeders will be enabled under a conservative and economical management to have their dogs registered at a cost not exceeding 25 cents and a stud book which at the end of the year should not exceed $1.50. The associate membership should be done away with, and if these gentlemen are interested in dog matters they should be required to obtain that interest through the local clubs where they reside, for it is this local interest which builds up, improves and encourages the breeding of good dogs. If the breeders have any money to spare, let it be used within their own clubs in promoting bench shows, and thereby they can enjoy themselves much of the "health, wealth and wisdom" which is now experienced only at 44 Broadway. PESHALL.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Oct. 21.

BRUNSWICK FUR CLUB FIELD TRIALS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The first annual field trials for foxhounds of the Brunswick Fur Club will be held at the Albany Hills, Me., commencing Nov. 11, and continuing every fair day thereafter till the various classes have been run off. This is the first instance in New England, that I am aware of, where *bona fide* field trials for foxhounds have been inaugurated, and the Brunswick Fur Club claims the honor of instituting them. During the early part of October several members of the club went to the Albany Hills with a few choice hounds to test them, and after five days' running were satisfied that foxes were plentiful and ran nicely, and that good accommodations for the members of the club could be had at reasonable rates. The object of these field trials is the improvement of the stock of hounds; and careful observations will be taken during the races for future benefit. It is expected that about thirty members of the club will be present, and sixty or seventy hounds.

The club, in its desire to ascertain the best type of foxhound, will probably put up a purse of $100 this winter on a pack of six dogs selected from the club's kennels, and challenge any other pack of six dogs in the United States, they to be backed by the same amount, for the best three in five races, the winning pack to take all the stakes. These races will probably take place in February at the New Meadows, Me., where dogs can run all day, and pluck and endurance gain the victory.

Our Southern fox-hunters are especially requested to attend our meets and bring some of their best dogs. The officers of the club are as follows: President, H. C. Newell, Ashburnham, Mass.; Vice-President, R. D. Perry, Braintree, Mass.; L. O. Dennison, Waltham, Mass.; A. McDonald, Rockland, Me.; Secretary, J. H. Baird, Auburndale, Mass.; Treasurer, Henry Stetsoe, Brunswick, Me.; Directors of Hunts, Ed Thomas, New Meadows, Me.; Dr. A. C. Heffenger, Portsmouth, N. H.; C. H. Greenleaf, Bath, Me.; A. M. Gerry, South Paris, Me.; Geo. Russell, Fall River, Mass.; W. S. Perry, Worcester, Mass.

Further information regarding the field trials, rules governing trials or anything pertaining to the meet can be had of the secretary. PISCATAQUA.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., Oct. 26.

THE GORDON SETTER CLUB.

NEW YORK, Oct. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Referring to the communication in your issue of Oct. 24, dated St. Louis, Oct. 15, and signed J. Whitaker, M. D., I will merely state that what was originally stated is still adhered to. Several members of this club, among the number the undersigned, did not think the club had been properly managed and that a change in the executive body would prove beneficial. The attempt was made to induce the committee to postpone action for sixty days in the matter of the election. This was not done, but the election was held and the old officers were re-elected. How this election can be valid under the constitution remains for the future to decide. The need of a revision of the constitution was urged which the present executive committee of three may determine to do in the ensuing year. Thus it is easy to perceive that my mission in this regard has ended and the efforts made have proved fruitless. For me to attempt to answer the many personal insinuations or innuendoes that might emanate from the possibly fertile brain of Dr. Whitaker would be useless, or for me to enter into a discussion on many other matters referred to by him which are not at all pertinent to the original subject is not my business, as the subject which originated my first open letter has been disposed of. All further communications from Dr. Whitaker will be treated with silence. In conclusion I will say that it is my earnest hope that the Gordon Setter Club may prosper and that the management for the ensuing year will be less open to criticism than for the past.

JOHN H. MEYER.

INFECTION AND DISINFECTION.

THE disinfection of kennels is a matter of such importance that it is remarkable that the subject should be so little understood; or rather that so many of those intrusted with the care of kennels should have so little idea as to what is really required in a disinfectant. Absence of smell, or possibly the substitution of one odor for another, is considered by many to be the one thing needed to secure freedom from disease.

"Clean sawdust and fresh air is all I use," said the owner of a noted kennel recently, "and I want nothing more. I have been here four years, and have never had a case of distemper, so I am perfectly satisfied." Happy, thrice happy owner. But he never shows puppies, and he does not advertise his stud dogs, the use of which is permited only in the case of personal friends. And then the bitches are isolated long enough to allow of sufficient observation to insure the detection of any signs of infectious disease. It is entirely due to the wisdom of these arrangements that clean sawdust and fresh air alone are needed in these kennels. All that has been necessary was to deodorize the kennels, and cleanliness and fresh air will do that most thoroughly.

Some of our most popular disinfectants rest their reputation simply and solely on the makers' claim to produce something similar to fresh air, or, better still, to sea breezes. The chemical combinations are really deodorizers, substituting a pleasant odor for an offensive one. A disinfectant to be reliable must be a germicide, that is, it must be capable of destroying germ life in every stage and in every form. These "sea breeze" producers will doubtless destroy some forms of germ life, but not when diluted as in common use. In other words they will not destroy germs unless they are used in such strength that they will also destroy or at least injure the coat, or the skin, or the clothing in which the germs are lodged.

To understand what is needed in a disinfectant we must know something of the life history of the germs that cause the diseases which we desire to banish from our homes, our stables and our kennels. To show this briefly and plainly is the object of this article, and we propose to deal fully, later, with the question of disinfection, and to examine briefly the claims of some of the preparations in common use as disinfectants.

In the early days of surgical practice there was a large percentage of deaths from the mortification of wounds. But our surgeons soon discovered that this was largely due to dirt, and they at once set about minimizing the risk of mortification by protecting all wounds from contact with dirt. This was no easy matter, for the air, as we know, is laden with dust, and we are constantly and inevitably in contact with minute particles of dirt, although we can only see them in bright sunshine. But it is important to note that long before the germ theory of putrefaction and disease was mooted English surgeons had adopted such precautions against dirt that serious cases of mortification were reduced to a minimum.

They had discovered that dirt was fatal, and they guarded against it accordingly, but why it was fatal few of them suspected. The first step toward a knowledge of the germ theory was the discovery of the yeast plant, in 1836, by Cagniard de la Tour. Prior to that the belief was current that all epidemic diseases were caused by what is called malaria, and this was supposed to be organic matter in a state of decay. It was supposed that this matter was capable of absorption into the body through the lungs, or skin, or stomach, and that it had the power of spreading in the body thus invaded the destructive process by which it was itself assailed.

Yeast was commonly mentioned as an illustration of this, as it was supposed to be a visible exhibition of matter in a state of decomposition, capable of propagating indefinitely its own decay. Why should not a particle of rotten malaria in the human body set up a similar action?

Cagniard de la Tour gave an unexpected answer to this query by proving the existence of the yeast plant, a living organism, which, when placed in proper position, feeds and grows and propagates itself, and in this way carries on the process which we now know as fermentation—what had hitherto been considered a process of decay was in reality a form of active life.

Schwann, of Berlin, discovered the yeast plant about the same time, and early in 1837 he made the announcement of another and equally important discovery. This was the fact that decoctions of meat, etc., when protected from the action of ordinary air, could be kept for any length of time without putrefaction. Calcined air could be admitted freely to the decoctions without any bad result. Putrefaction, then, said Schwann, is caused not by the air, but by something in the air, something which could be destroyed by heat.

Helmholtz, Ure and Pasteur had already arrived at similar conclusions from different experiments, and further researches by Schultze, by Schroeder, by Dusch, and by others led to similar results. It was therefore established beyond doubt that the decay of dead matter, animal and vegetable, was due not to the action of dirt, nor of the air, nor of gases, as had sometimes been maintained, but to living organisms resting in the dirt or floating in the air. These organisms settling on dead matter and reproducing themselves with marvelous rapidity, speedily consumed the tissues thus invaded, and produced the result which we call decay.

Side by side with these experiments, and supported and confirmed by their results, came the theory that many of the most deadly diseases that inflict men and animals were also due to germs floating in the air and capable of reproducing within the body after absorption a form of parasitic life which would in its turn reproduce the original disease. The strength of the theory consisted mainly for many years in the well-known fact that each disease would reproduce itself infallibly time after time. Just as wheat reproduces wheat so small-pox would cause small-pox, cholera would cause cholera, and scarlet fever would cause scarlet fever. Each disease would in fact reproduce itself with as much certainty as if it were a dog or a cat.

Sir Joseph Lister was the first to apply the knowledge gained by Schwann and others as to dead matter to the living tissues of those suffering from surgical or other wounds, and thus revolutionized the art of surgery. By surrounding the wounds with a spray of carbolic acid he destroyed the germs which would otherwise cause mortification and death. This was the first application of the principle of disinfection, and its efficiency is entirely due to the fact that the carbolic acid destroys the germs that would cause the form of disease known as mortification.

While Lister and his followers were perfecting their antiseptic treatment of wounds, others were working steadily at the germ theory of the causation of disease, the artificial cultivation of the *Bacillis anthracis* under microscopic observation being, we believe, the first great achievement in this field. To Professor Koch belongs the honor of having defined this most formidable microbe, although he did not actually discover it. As early as 1850 Davaine and Rayer had observed microscopic rods in the blood of animals that had died from splenic fever, but they made no use of their observation, and took no further steps in the matter until thirteen years later. Then Davaine's attention was again drawn to the matter by Pasteur's researches, and after some further investigations he stated that these rods were the cause of the fever. But nothing came of this, for these rods lost their potency in a few months, and it was a well-known fact that the contagium of anthrax would hang round sheds and layers for years.

In 1875 Dr. Koch, while holding a small appointment near Breslau, took up the study of anthrax, and cultivated these rods under microscopic observation. During a period of thirty hours the rods developed into a totally different form which had not previously been noticed by any microscopist, and this form was found to retain its virulence for any length of time. In 1876 Professor Koch published a paper giving the results of his experience, and this paper at once gave an impulse to other workers. Pasteur, who had previously investigated the matter without definite result, now resumed his experiments, and by attenuating the virus obtained his vaccine for splenic fever.

The virulence of this disease may be estimated from some statistics. In Russia, where the disease is known as the Siberian plague, it formerly wrought fearful havoc. In one province in one year the disease carried off 100,000 cattle and sheep, while more than 300 persons died from malignant pustule, the name by which the disease is known in human beings. Anthrax was also terribly destructive in Egypt Spain, Italy and France. In the latter country the loss in some years amounted to from fifteen to twenty millions of francs.

The contagium of this disease, as already noted, would lurk in sheds and in pastures for years, and then break out afresh when cattle came upon the scene. Professor Koch kept some of his virus, dried and pulverized, for four years, and then found it as absolutely fatal as when fresh from the fever-stricken animal. But M. Pasteur rendered this murderous virus not only harmless to life, but a sure protection against the disease, which has now lost its chief terrors.

The virus of distemper is now being cultivated by Mr. Everett Millais and other gentlemen with a view to its attenuation for protective purposes. It will, therefore, be well to refer briefly to the theory underlying vaccination.

When a log of wood or a bundle of wheat or barley straw is burned, a certain amount of mineral matter is found in the ash. This amount is very small in comparison with the bulk of the block or the straw, but it is absolutely essential to the growth. When a soil is exhausted of its mineral constituents it is well known that no crop will grow. The germs that cause specific diseases require certain constituents to support their life, just as surely as wheat or barley, or any other plant. It is, therefore, easy to understand how one crop of germs may so exhaust the blood and tissues as to make it impossible for a second crop to exist. The soil is exhausted, and until the lost constituent is restored the body is effectually protected against any further attack of the same disorder.

It is important to remember that a mild or attenuated form of the virus may suffice to exhaust the "soil," and that the more highly destructive virus may afterward be introduced without any bad result. Briefly, this is the whole secret of vaccination.

We have now followed step by step some of the researches of science into the means of infection. Our case would be immeasurably strengthened were it possible for us to deal properly with M. Pasteur's work, which far exceeds that of all other microscopists put together in extent and in its marvellous achievements. But we have said enough to give a fair idea of what science has actually done in this field in the last thirty years or so. And what has been achieved already, affords the strongest possible hope for the future.

We believe the day is not far distant when science will do for puppies what nature does for older dogs by protecting them from distemper. Meantime, for that and for mange, thorough disinfection must be our sheet anchor.

Among the diseases of dogs few are more common than that which is termed mange, and certainly there is none which is less understood generally. Almost every skin disease passes under its head, although there are two, and only two, kinds of mange. Neither is very common, and one is rarely met with. The most common is the "sarcoptic mange," the actual existing cause of which is a very minute and almost microscopic insect. This parasite draws nourishment from the skin and causes intense itching, which, in turn, incites scratching and develops the disease known as eczema. The male insect remains on or near the surface of the skin, while the female digs into the deeper and softer layers, and burrows until she dies, which is generally in three or four months. Along the tunnel which she makes she deposits one egg after another, blocking up the passage with them. The number of eggs which one female lays is near fifty. The young are hatched in about two weeks. As soon as they are sufficiently developed and are released from the furrows, they run over the surface, and the females among them, after union with the males, begin to tunnel like their mothers before them. The itching occasioned by these parasites is intolerable. Around the furrows made by them there forms, first, small pimples, which soon change to vesicles and pustules; they discharge a purulent matter, which dries into thick crusts. These practically close up the furrows, but the itching causes the sufferer to scratch, and by the nails the coverings are torn off and the young insects set free. Unless effectual remedies are applied this form of mange, as might be expected, grows rapidly worse, and large surfaces of skin are soon torn and raw.

The other and more troublesome form, follicular mange, is usually attributed to an animal parasite, the *Acarus folliculorum*. But science has lately cast some doubt on this matter, and it now seems probable that this form of the disease is really due to a vegetable mould. But in either case, as the disease attacks the skin only, instead of invading the tissues, as in distemper, the proper remedy is disinfection, a matter which we hope to deal with thoroughly in our next.—*Mertin, in English Kennel Gazette.*

AMERICAN COURSING CLUB.

[*Special to Forest and Stream.*]

GREAT BEND, Kan., Oct. 29.—The meeting of the American Coursing Club closed to-day. The weather has been good and the attendance large. The class of competing dogs was exceptionally high. Mr. D. N. Heizer's imported dog Trales won first in the All-Aged Stake; H. C. Lowe's imported bitch White Lips second. In Derby Stake, D. C. Luse's Lady Barton and Lady in Black took first and second undivided. These puppies, both imported, are by Trales out of Dick's Darling, and both are owned in Great Bend. There is general satisfaction with the results of the running. The judge was badly hurt by a fall from his horse to-day, and Mr. B. Waters was also hurt by a fall.

E. H.

TRANSPORTATION TO THE FIELD TRIALS.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, Oct. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Arrangements have been made with all northern railroads for reduced rate of fare to all who attend the field trials of the Eastern and Central clubs. By procuring a certificate from the ticket agent at place of starting, return ticket can be had upon presentation of the certificate at High Point or Lexington, N. C., at one-third the regular fare. Each person can also procure transportation for three dogs, if entered for the field trials, by procuring a card from Col. C. H. Odell, secretary of the Central Field Trial Club, or from me. W. A. COSTER, Secretary.

CANADIAN TRIALS.—London, Ont., Oct. 26.—All the arrangements are about completed for the Canadian Kennel Club's field trials to be held at Chatham, Ont., on Nov. 11 and succeeding days. It has been decided to keep open the entries until Thursday, Nov. 8, as the time has been so short for parties to work their dogs on quail before deciding about entering. Entries should be made as soon as possible with the secretary, C. A. Stone, London, Ont.—C. A. STONE.

COURSING RULES.

ADOPTED BY THE EASTERN COURSING CLUB FOR THE GUIDANCE OF COURSING MEETINGS.

1. The Judge shall be appointed the night the drawing takes place. The Slipper and other field officers shall also be appointed on the night of the draw.

2. Two weeks' notice shall be given of the day of the drawing through the public press.

3. The drawing shall take place at least three days previous to the running, when the time and place of putting the first brace of dogs into the slips shall be declared. A card or counter bearing a corresponding number shall be assigned to each entry. These numbered cards or counters shall then be placed together and drawn indiscriminately. This classification once made shall not be disturbed throughout the meeting, except for the purpose of guarding, or on account of byes. Dogs whose positions on the card have been altered in consequence of guarding or of byes, must return to their original position in the next round, if guarding does not prevent it.

4. GUARDING.—When more than one nomination in a stake is taken in one name, the greyhounds, if *bona fide* the property of the same owner, shall be guarded throughout. This is always to be arranged, as far as possible, by bringing up the dogs from below to meet those which are to be guarded. This guarding is not, however, to deprive any dog of a natural bye to which he may be entitled, either in the draw or in running through the stake.

5. BYES.—A natural bye shall be given to the lowest available dog in each round. No dog shall run a second such bye in any stake, unless it is unavoidable. When a dog is entitled to a bye, either natural or accidental, his owner or nominator may run any greyhound he pleases to assist in the course; *provided*, always, that in Sapling Stakes only a sapling may be used, and in Puppy Stakes none older than a puppy. But if it is proved to the satisfaction of the Stewards that no puppy can be found to run an accidental bye, the owner shall have the power of substituting an old dog. No dog shall run any bye earlier than his position on the card entitles him to do so. The Judge shall decide whether enough has been done to constitute a course, or whether it must be run again. If at the commencement of any round in a stake, one dog in each course has a bye, those byes shall not be run, but the dogs shall take their places for the next round as if the byes had been run

6. POSTPONEMENT OF A MEETING.—A meeting appointed to take place on a certain day may, if a majority of the committee (and the Stewards, if appointed) consider the weather unfavorable for coursing, be postponed from day to day; but if the running does not commence within the current week, all nominations shall be void, and the expenses shall be paid by the subscribers, in proportion to the number of nominations taken by each. In the case of Produce Stakes, however, the original entries shall continue binding, if the meeting is held at a later period of the season.

7. TAKING DOGS TO THE SLIPS.—Every dog must be brought to the slips in proper turn without delay, under a penalty of five dollars ($5). If absent for more than ten minutes (according to the report of any one of the Stewards), its opponent shall be entitled to claim the course, and shall in that case run a bye. If both dogs be absent at the expiration of ten minutes, the Steward shall have power to disqualify both dogs, or to fine their owners any sum not exceeding twenty-five dollars ($25) each. No dogs shall be put into the slips for a deciding course until thirty minutes after the decision of the course in the previous round, without the consent of its owners.

8. CONTROL OF DOGS IN SLIPS.—The control of all matters connected with slipping the greyhounds shall rest with the Stewards of a meeting. Owners or servants after delivering their dogs into the hands of the Slipper, may follow close after them, but not so as to inconvenience the Slipper or in any way interfere with the dogs, nor must they halloo them on while running, under a penalty of five dollars ($5). Any greyhound found to be beyond control, may be loosed out of the slips, and the course decided by the Rules of the Club.

9. GREYHOUNDS OF SAME COLOR TO WEAR COLLARS.—When two greyhounds, drawn together, are of the same color, they shall each wear a collar, and the owners shall be subject to a penalty of one dollar ($1) for non-observance of this rule, the collar to be red for the left-hand side, and white for the right-hand side of the slips. After the first round, the upper dog on the card for the day will be placed on the left hand and the lower dog on the right of the slips.

10. The order to slip may be given by the Judge, or by a Slip-Steward, or the Stewards of a meeting may leave the slip to the sole discretion of the Slipper. The length of slip must necessarily vary with the nature of the ground, but should never be less than eighty yards, and must be maintained of one uniform length, as far as possible, through each stake.

11. THE SLIPPER.—If one greyhound gets out of the slips, the Slipper shall not let the other go. In the case of slips breaking, and either or both dogs getting away in consequence, the Slipper may call both dogs back and put them again in the slips at the discretion of the Stewards.

12. The Judge shall be subject to the general rules which may be established by the Eastern Coursing Club for his guidance. He shall, on the termination of each course, immediately deliver his decision aloud, and shall not recall or reverse his decision, on any pretext whatever, after it has been declared; but no decision shall be delivered until the Judge is perfectly satisfied that the course is absolutely terminated.

13. The Judge shall decide all courses upon the one uniform principle that the greyhound which does the most toward killing the hare, during the continuance of the course, is to be declared the winner. The principle is to be carried out by estimating the value of the work done by each greyhound, as seen by him, upon a balance of points, according to the scale hereafter laid down, from which also are to be deducted certain specified allowances and penalties —all races to be run by courses.

14. The points of the courses are:

a. Speed.—Which shall be estimated as one, two or three points, according to the degree of superiority shown. (See definition *a* below.)

b. The Go-By.—Two points, or if gained on the outer circle, three points.

c. The Turn.—One point.

d. The Wrench.—Half a point.

e. The Kill.—Two points, or in a descending scale in proportion to the degree of merit displayed in that kill, which may be of no value.

f. The Trip.—One point.

DEFINITION OF POINTS.

a. In estimating the value of speed to the hare, the judge must take into account the several forms in which it may be displayed, viz.:

I. Where in the run up a clear lead is gained by one of the dogs, in which case one, two or three points may be given, according to the length of the lead apart from the score for a turn or wrench. In awarding these points, the Judge shall take into consideration the merit or a lead obtained by a dog which has lost ground at the start, either from being unsighted or from a bad slip, or which has had to run the outer circle.

II. When one greyhound leads the other so long as the hare runs straight, but loses the lead from her bending round decidedly in favor of the slower dog of her own accord, in which case the one greyhound shall score one point for speed shown, and the other dog shall score one for first turn.

III. Under no circumstances is speed without subsequent work to be allowed to decide a course, except where great superiority is shown by one greyhound over another in a long lead to covert.

If a dog, after gaining the first six points, still keeps possession of the hare by superior speed, he shall have double the prescribed allowance for the subsequent points made before his opponent begins to score.

b. The Go-By is where one greyhound starts a clear length behind his opponent, and yet passes him in a straight run, and gets a clear length before him.

c The Turn is where the hare is brought round at not less than a right angle from her previous line.

d. The Wrench is where the hare is bent from her line at less than a right angle; but where she only leaves her line to suit herself, and not from the greyhound pressing her, nothing is to be allowed.

e. The Merit of a Kill must be estimated according to whether a greyhound, by his own superior dash and skill, bears the hare; whether he picks her up through any little accidental circumstances favoring him; or whether she is turned into his mouth, as it were, by the other greyhound.

f. The Trip, or an unsuccessful effort to kill, is where the hare is thrown off her legs, or where a greyhound catches her but cannot hold her.

15. The following allowances shall be made for accidents to a greyhound during a course; but in every case they shall only be deducted from the other dog's score:

a. For Losing Ground, at the start, either from being unsighted or from a bad slip, the Judge is to decide what amount of allowance is to be made, on the principle that the score of the foremost dog is not to begin until the second has had an opportunity of joining in the course.

b. Where a Hare bears very decidedly in disfavor of one of the dogs after the first or subsequent turns, the next point shall not be scored by the dog which may be unduly favored, or only half his point allowed, according to circumstances. No greyhound shall receive any allowance for a fall, or any accident of any description whatever, with the exception of being ridden over by the owner of the competing greyhound or his servant (provided for by rule 25), or when pressing the hare, in which case his opponent shall not count the next point made.

16. Penalties are as follows:

a. Where a greyhound from his own defect refuses to follow the hare at which he is slipped, he shall lose the course.

b. Where a Greyhound Wilfully stands Still in a course, or departs from directly pursuing the hare, no points subsequently made by him shall be scored; and if the points made by him up to that time be just equal to those made by his antagonist in the whole course, he shall thereby lose the course; but where one or both dogs stop with the hare in view, through inability to continue the course, it shall be decided according to the number of points gained by each dog during the whole course.

c. If a dog refuses to Fence where the other fences, any points subsequently made by him are not scored, but if he does his best to fence, and is foiled by sticking in a hedge, the course shall end there. When the points are equal the superior fencer shall win the course.

17. *If a Second Hare* be started during course, and one of the dogs follow her, the course shall end there.

18. *A "No Course"* is when, by accident or by the shortness of the course, the dogs are not tried together, and if one be then drawn the other must run a bye, unless the Judge, on being appealed to, shall decide that he has done work enough to be exempted from it. An undecided course is where the Judge considers the merits of the dogs equal, and if either is then drawn, the other cannot be required to run a bye, but the owners must at the time declare which dog remains in. (See rule 21.) The Judge shall signify the distinction between a "no course" and an "undecided" by taking off his hat in the latter case only. After an "undecided" or "no course," if the dogs, before being taken up, get on another or the same hare, the Judge must follow, and shall decide in favor of one, if he considers that there has been a sufficient trial to justify his doing so. A "no course" or "undecided" may be run again immediately, or, if claimed on behalf of both dogs, before the next brace are put into the slips, or, in case of "no course," if so ordered by the Judge, otherwise it shall be run again after the two next courses, unless it stand over to the next morning, when it shall be the first course run; if it is the last course of the day, fifteen minutes shall be allowed after both dogs are taken up.

19. IMPUGNING JUDGE.—If any person openly impugns the decision of the Judge on the ground, he shall forfeit not more than $25 nor less than $10.

20. OBJECTIONS.—An objection to a greyhound may be made to any one of the Stewards of a meeting at any time before the stakes are paid over, upon the objector placing in the hands of such Steward, or the Secretary, the sum of $25, which shall be forfeited if the objection proves frivolous, or if he shall not bring the case before the next meeting of the Eastern Coursing Club, or give notice to the Stewards previous thereto of his intention to withdraw his objection. The owner of the greyhound objected to must also deposit $25, and prove the correctness of his entry. All expenses in consequence of the objection shall be borne by the party against whom the decision may be given. Should an objection be made which cannot at the time be substantiated or disproved, the greyhound may be allowed to run under protest, the Stewards retaining his winnings until the objection has been withdrawn, or heard and decided. If the greyhound objected to be disqualified, the amount to which he would otherwise have been entitled shall be divided equally among the dogs beaten by him; and if a piece of plate or prize has been added and won by him, only the dogs which he beat in the several rounds shall have a right to contend for it.

21. WITHDRAWAL OF A DOG.—If a dog be withdrawn from any stake on the field, its owner, or some one having his authority, must at once give notice to the secretary or Flag Steward. If the dog belongs to either of these officials, the notice must be given to the other.

22. STAKES NOT RUN OUT.—When two greyhounds remain in for the deciding course, the stakes shall be considered divided if they belong to the same owner or to confederates, and also if the owner of one of the two dogs induces the owner of the other to draw him for any payment or consideration; but if one of the two be drawn without payment or consideration from lameness, or from any cause clearly affecting his chance of winning, the other may be declared the winner, the facts of the case being clearly proved to the satisfaction of the Stewards. The same rule shall apply when more than two dogs remain in at the end of a stake which is not run out; and, in case of a division between three or more dogs, of which two or more belong to the same owner, these shall be held to take equal shares of the total amount received by their owners in the division. The terms of any arrangements to divide the winnings, and the amount of any money given to induce the owner of a dog to draw him, must be declared by the Secretary.

23. WINNERS OF STAKES RUNNING TOGETHER.—If two greyhounds shall each win in a stake, and have to run together for a final prize or challenge cup, should they not have run an equal number of ties in their respective stakes, the greyhound which has run the smaller number of courses must run a bye, or byes, to put itself upon an equality in this respect with its opponent.

24. GREYHOUND GETTING LOOSE.—Any person allowing a greyhound to get loose, and to join in a course which is being run, shall be fined $5. If the loose greyhound belong to either of the owners of the dogs engaged in the particular course, such owner shall forfeit his chance of the stake with the dog then running, unless he can prove to the satisfaction of the Stewards that he had not been able to get the loose greyhound taken up after running its own course. The course is not to be considered as necessarily ended when a third dog joins in.

25. RIDING OVER A GREYHOUND.—If any subscriber, or his servant, shall ride over his opponent's greyhound while running in a course, the owners of the dog so ridden over shall (although the course be given against him) be deemed the winner of it, or shall have the option of allowing the other dog to remain and to run out the stake, and in such case shall be entitled to half the winnings if any.

26. DESCRIPTION OF ENTRY.—Every subscriber to a stake must name his dog at or before the entry, giving the name (the running names if they had any) of the sire and dam of the dog entered. For Puppy Stakes the names, pedigrees, ages and colors, shall be detailed in writing to the secretary of a meeting at the time of the entry. No greyhound is to be considered a puppy which was whelped before the first of January of the same year preceding the commencement of the season of running. A sapling is a greyhound whelped on or after the first of January of the same year in which the season of running commenced; and any greyhound whose marks and pedigree shall be proved not to correspond with the entry given, shall be disqualified, and the whole of its stakes or winnings forfeited.

27. BREEDING PUPS.—Every member of the club breeding pups shall notify the Secretary in writing, within ten days after the birth of any pups, of the number of dogs and bitches, colors, and other distinguishing marks, date of birth, and the name of sire and dam. Any member violating this rule will not be allowed to enter or run any of such pups in a Puppy or Sapling Stake.

28. ALTERATION OF NAME.—If any subscriber should enter a greyhound by a different name from that in which it shall have last run in public, he shall give notice of the alteration to the Secretary at the time of entry, and the Secretary shall place on the card both the late and present name of the dog. If notice of the alteration be not given, the dog shall be disqualified.

29. PREFIX OF "NS."—Any subscriber taking an entry in a stake, and not prefixing the word "names" (Ns) to a greyhound which is not his own property, shall forfeit that greyhound's chance of the stake. He shall, likewise, if requested, deliver in writing to the Secretary of the meeting the name of the *bona fide* owner of the greyhound named by him; and this communication is to be produced should any dispute arise in the matter.

30. PAYMENT OF STAKES.—All moneys due for nominations taken must be paid at or before the entry, whether the stakes fill or not, and although from insufficient description or any other cause, the dogs named may be disqualified. No entry shall be valid, unless the amount due for it has been paid in full. For all produce and other stakes where a forfeit is payable, no declaration is necessary; the non-payment of the remainder of the entry money at the time fixed for that purpose is to be considered a declaration of forfeit. The Secretary is to be responsible for the entry money of all dogs whose names appear upon the card.

31. DEFAULTERS.—No one shall be allowed to enter or run a greyhound in his own or any other person's name, who is a defaulter for either stakes, bets, dues or fines.

32. JUDGE OR SLIPPER INTERESTED.—If a Judge or Slipper be in any way interested in a greyhound running, the Stewards shall appoint others to judge or slip any course which that greyhound may run.

33. Any person who is proved to the satisfaction of the Eastern Coursing Club, to have been guilty of any fraudulent or discreditable conduct in connection with coursing, may, in addition to any pecuniary penalty to which he may be liable, be declared incapable to run or enter a greyhound in his own or any other person's name during any subsequent period that the club may decide upon.

THE MUZZLE IN ENGLAND.

THE muzzling order in England is commented upon as follows by 'Ouida" in the *Times* of Oct. 9: "If one desire to measure the change which has taken place in English manhood, and its decay from courage to cowardice, old volumes of Parliamentary history offer indisputable evidence of the melancholy fact. In regard merely to the view which Englishmen take of vexatious bye-laws and of petty legal interference, it is worth while to study 'Hansard' of the present and the past. In one matter alone, turn to the Parliamentary record of the first attempt made under Mr. Pitt's administration to put a half-crown tax upon dogs, in Vol. XXXII. of 'Parliamentary History.' Such a suggestion, emanating from a Mr. Dent, and feebly supported by the Ministry, was received with Homeric laughter by the House. 'One might imagine,' cried Mr. Windham, 'that Actæon had revived' What would the gallant soul of Windham feel now at seeing a Privy Council treat these animals as if they were some noxious vermin, and ignore all rights of property in them possessed by their owners? You have no more right to compel a man to muzzle his dog than you have to compel him to ride or drive his horse with a curb, which he considers vexatious or injurious. You have no right to make a man pay a tax for a property, and then force him to employ methods which ruin the object taxed. The muzzle ruins dogs. It renders them timid and apprehensive, joyless and fierce; they hate it and the sensation of it on their faces is most injurious to their nerves and tempers. It is difficult to believe that the Lords of the Privy Council can have considered what they did; it looks as if they had carelessly put their signatures to an order which they did not trouble themselves to read. Many among them must know, as every owner of dogs knows, that there are many dogs whom it is impossible to muzzle, and none whose temper and courage are not ruined by it. To small dogs it is a barbarous cruelty, as their tiny noses offer no resting place for the noxious appendage; while to large and small the infliction of the muzzle is, I repeat, most injurious to beauty, to character, and to sight; whoever has worn, voluntarily, a *loup* at a masked ball knows its distressing effect on the vision, and can imagine what torture it would be to wear one in metal or leather every day. The obligation to lead your dogs is nuisance enough, but it does not injure the dogs as muzzling injures them, and to small dogs it is scarcely a hardship. But the muzzle is more than a hardship; it is a grave injury, and when the State puts its hand in the pocket of the dog owner for a tax the State is bound to allow the person taxed the exercise of his own judgment in the proper keeping of his dogs. I have repeatedly said in your columns that while those accursed institutions, dog shows, and those haunts of filth and misery, dog fanciers' cellars and yards, are left untouched by the law, it is ridiculous and odious to see ladies fined because their Maltese or Yorkshire terrier runs loose in the square, and gentlemen menaced with prison because they resist the brutalities of the police to their collie or their deerhound. I have considerable knowledge and experience of dogs, and I declare again that many dogs it is altogether impossible to muzzle, and that to all it is most injurious, alike physically and morally. The dog is a merry-spirited, animated creature, made by Nature for play, sport, fun and movement; the more he is throttled, menaced, worried and tormented, the more his health and his disposition must suffer. I hope, for the credit of the English nation in general and the Privy Council in particular, that this tyranny will soon be ended, and the legislation upon dogs be turned in the right direction—*i. e.*,

against those who breed and exhibit the dog as a means of livelihood. To allow constables to annoy a lady because her silky-haired pet is running by her side, while you leave unmolested the fancier, who crowds together his poor, chained, living chattels in the filth of the New Cut or Seven Dials, and that other fancier of higher rank who, to win bank notes and silver cups for himself, rackets his prize dogs about all over the kingdom, put up in railway vans and in exhibition kennels, sacrificed to his cupidity and greed, is a part of that topsided and most injurious by-law making which is doing so much to destroy the naturally sturdy, independent and generous temper of the country.

"Owners of dogs are for the most part attached to them and keep them in health; venders of dogs have no feeling for them whatever, and torture them recklessly to get a £5 note. Yet the one class is badgered, fined and imprisoned, while the other class is left at leisure and untouched."

THE AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB.

NOT by any means for the first time in its history our *confrères* across the Atlantic have excited the wrath of the "kickers" by proposals which appear to be arbitrary and vexatious. We do not for a moment suggest that they are so, but at first blush they certainly have that appearance. The American Kennel Club has, however, given so many proofs of its power to manage its own affairs that criticism or advice from us would be altogether out of place. We simply desire in these few notes to put the issues involved fully and fairly before our readers, and that chiefly because in some of the criticisms recently published on this side some of the points have obviously been lost sight of.

To begin with, the constitution of the club has no parallel here, for its membership consists, not of individuals, but of clubs. Some fifty or more clubs spread throughout the length and breadth of the States subscribe to certain laws by which they agree to be bound, and send duly elected delegates to New York to represent them and to vote on all questions submitted for consideration at general meetings. Each club is bound as absolutely by the vote of its delegate as though the particular question had been fully discussed and voted on at one of its own meetings.

At the annual meetings in New York the delegates elect various committees to carry on the work of the year, thus delegating their own powers to the committees, which meet practically as often as may be necessary to carry on the duties of their respective offices. These committees, consisting of about a dozen members all told, actually legislate in the name of fifty or sixty clubs for all the members of those clubs, and the rules and regulations thus made are binding on all such members.

The various sub-committees practically form the executive committee, a body which really serves, not its own purposes, but the interests of all the clubs that are members of the American Kennel Club.

The American *Kennel Gazette* is thus the organ, not of one club, but of fifty clubs, and every member of each of those clubs has a special interest in making the *Gazette* as perfect a record as is possible of all matters connected with his club. And it will probably be admitted on all hands that no matter deserves more special attention than the official report of the shows organized by those clubs.

The American Kennel Club holds no shows on its own account, and simply recognizes and legislates for those held by associated clubs. One of its acts last December was to authorize the publication of the *Kennel Gazette* and to require from secretaries of associated clubs holding shows a certified list of awards at their shows for publication in the *Gazette*. This was a new thing, as no official award list had ever been issued by the clubs holding shows, but we dot not remember to have heard of any objections being raised by the secretaries upon whom this work was thrown.

It is now proposed that the clubs should go further, and should not only furnish an official list of awards but an official report of the reasons on which those awards are based. The value of such reports would undoubtedly be great, and if the recent proposal is carried after fair discussion there will probably be no difficulty in giving it effect. So far as we can judge from our exchanges the opposition to the proposals does not come from the clubs, and outsiders have nothing to do with the matter, so far as we can see. Practically it is proposed that every associated club when arranging for a show shall also arrange for a report from its judges, most of whom are paid for their services.

The proposal, as it now stands, is in the name of Dr. J. F. Perry, a gentleman who has many friends in England, and who enjoys to the fullest possible extent the esteem and confidence of all sections of the American kennel world. His resolution takes the form of an amendment to Bench Show Rule XXVIII., and is worded as follows: "The secretary of every show must also forward to the secretary of the American Kennel Club a duly certified report of the judges' awards, together with their reasons for making such awards, within five days of the closing of each show."

Dr. Perry supported his resolution by a long and exhaustive argument, in which he dealt fully with the objections that have been advanced. * * * The other matter which has raised the ire of a section of the American kennel world is a proposal to double the fee for registration in the Stud Book, which is at present half a dollar, practically two shillings. The Stud Book was commenced in January, 1887, and this low fee was fixed as an experiment.

Experience has shown that the cost of production of the Stud Book is at the rate of more than three shillings and sixpence per entry, and that there is consequently a considerable loss on the Stud Book. It is therefore proposed to make the charge for registration in the Stud Book one dollar. As this registration is voluntary, and as the fee for registration in our own Stud Book is five shillings, we naturally consider the charge of one dollar reasonable, and a sum that any one desiring a Stud Book number will be ready to pay.

The registration that is compulsory is in the *Kennel Gazette*, and the charge for this is twenty-five cents, practically one shilling—the same as ours. There is no proposal to alter this charge, although one of our contemporaries has written as though it were proposed to charge four shillings for this compulsory (*Kennel Gazette*) registration. The American Kennel Club Stud Book is at present produced at a loss and the Stud Book Committee simply propose to make it self-supporting. Judging from the past we imagine they will do this, for we believe that American breeders desirous of having an authentic pedigree will not consider four shillings an exorbitant sum to pay.

It is worthy of note that no pedigrees are registered in the Stud Book without verification, and as the committee insist on having three generations, the verification involves a considerable amount of work in each case. Dogs of unknown or doubtful parentage or with short pedigrees can only be registered in the *Gazette*, and can never get into the Stud Book at all.—*English Kennel Gazette.*

MASCOUTAH KENNEL CLUB.—Chicago, Oct. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In a recent issue you publish under some misinformation the date of our next bench show. The bench show committee, who have in hand all matters pertaining to the bench show, have not as yet reported the selection of a date. At a meeting of the directory last evening it was decided to suspend in future the collection of annual dues, owing to the very flattering report made by the treasurer. The initiation fee was raised to $100.—JOHN L. LINCOLN, Secretary.

THE WORCESTER FUR COMPANY.

WORCESTER, Mass., Oct. 23.—The annual meeting of the Worcester Fur Company was held at the Bay State House last evening, when Mr. A. B. F Kinney was re-elected president and Mr. E. S. Knowles secretary.

After the regular business had been disposed of, the question of the annual hunt was brought up and discussed at length. The majority favored an earlier date than has been customary, on account of the probability of getting better weather. A bare ground hunt has long been wished for by many of the owners of crack hounds, who claim that a run on bare ground will test the capabilities of the dogs much more severely than a snow hunt. Where there are as many hounds brought together as at the Worcester hunt, there is necessarily considerable rivalry between their owners, and this year an opportunity is presented for the good dogs to make a showing. The traveling will also be much more comfortable for the participants, and this will doubtless attract many who lack the enthusiasm to turn out at daylight on a zero morning when the snow is knee deep, though, of course, the old veterans would scorn to take any notice of such an advantage. November 20 was finally decided on as the day, and the president and secretary were appointed a committee to make all arrangements for the hunt. It was also decided to have a fox hunters' supper in the evening, which feature proved a great success last year.

Now all that remains is for all fox hunters, near and far, to paste Nov. 20 in their hats and decide to come. An invitation is extended to every lover of the chase, and a welcome is assured you. Come, and bring your dog if you have one, if you have not, there will be dozens here. Come the night before, as we start at daylight. All you need to do is to notify Secretary E. S. Knowles, 416 Main street, how many there are in your party and arrangements for getting you to the meet will be looked after.

Those who drive in from surrounding towns know where to report, as the meet is to be at the Heywood farm, as formerly.

If you have been here before you know what to expect from us, if you haven't, just risk it and see if the Worcester Grand Hunt isn't one of the institutions of the country.

HAL.

DOG TALK.

A CORRESPONDENT wishes to know how to break a dog from killing chickens. "Training vs. Breaking" suggests that young puppies be brought up in the society of chickens; if with an old hen that will give them a drubbing, so much the better. If an old dog, take the chicken that has been killed by him and put its legs around the neck of the dog, and tie them securely, with the body of the fowl under his neck, so that he cannot reach it with his teeth. A day or two of this will in most cases effect a radical cure. Before tying on the chicken beat the dog lightly with it about the head, and at the same time scold him and repeat the scolding occasionally during his punishment.

The *Stock-Keeper* has this to say of the all-day field trials: "Listen to this, ye field trialers. The advice of good King Alfred has been taken by transatlantic lovers of field trials—'eight hours work, eight hours rest, and eight hours play,' seems to have been on the minds of the gentlemen who have just decided to hold field trials in which each heat is to last eight hours. * * * Seemingly a trial of this sort for pointers and setters is a very great undertaking. Say there are 60 entries, it will take a month to run once through the card. Poor field trial correspondents, 'a month hard!'"

The sport of fox hunting appears to be gaining ground. The Brunswick Fur Club give notice in another column of a field trial for foxhounds that will undoubtedly prove to be a very interesting event. The Worcester Fur Company also give notice of their annual meet, which is sure to be a most enjoyable affair. We have also received the programme of the Western Massachusetts Fox Club, which will hold its annual meet at Chester, Mass., Nov. 13 and 14, at which most royal sport will without a doubt be enjoyed by members of the club and their many friends.

Arrangements have been made with all railroads, both North and South, for reduced fare and free transportation for dogs for all who attend the field trials at High Point or Lexington, N. C. In order to secure reduced rate of fare it is necessary to procure from the ticket agent with your ticket to High Point or Lexington a certificate that will entitle the holder to a return ticket for one-third the regular price. Mr. Coster or Col. Odell will furnish cards entitling owners or handlers to free transportation for their dogs.

The Eastern Coursing Club are in hard luck over their supply of jack rabbits, but the officers are energetic and determined, and aver that they will "get there all the same." If any one can help them out by supplying the jacks, Secretary H. W. Huntington would be delighted to hear from him. Unless the jacks are forthcoming, the meeting will have to be postponed to Nov. 22 or to Thanksgiving Day, when northern wild hares will be substituted for jacks.

College item: The Senate has decided to accept the apology of the two Seniors who tied a handkerchief to a dog's tail in Chapel recently, thereby creating much commotion and disturbance during prayer time on account of the dog's antics on the platform. The Senate has, nevertheless, passed resolution censuring the two men.

The dog show to be held at Denver, Col., next month, promises to be one of the best ever held in the West. The management are sparing no pains to make it a success, and a large number of prominent dogs are already promised. A cash special of $350, we understand, will be offered for the best kennel of dogs from outside Colorado.

A correspondent writes that on Oct. 23 a match was run near Bulletsville, Ky., between the English setters Wick's Killbuck, by Blue Dick out of Daisy Cambridge II., and Nellie Hope, by Gath's Hope out of Campbell's Lit. The dogs were down 5 hours, Wick's Killbuck winning with a score of 36 points and 2 flushes to Nellie Hope's 27 points and 6 flushes. Both dogs were very speedy.

Entries for the Free-for-All Stake of the Central Field Trial Club close to-morrow, Nov. 1. As the heats in this stake will be of four hours duration each, it is expected that those who have all-day dogs will give the event a liberal support. The address of the secretary is Col. C. H. Odell, 19 Broad street, New York.

There will be a dog show at Bay City, Mich., Jan 6 to 11, 1890, in connection with the eleventh annual exhibition of the Michigan State Poultry and Pet Stock Association at the Washington Avenue Rink.

At a recent meeting of the English Kennel Club it was decided that any Irish setter whelped after Dec. 31, 1889, if cropped, will not be eligible to compete at any Kennel Club show.

Here is a story of a dog's devotion, sent by telegraph to the press, from Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 29: "Mr. Robert Denham left his house yesterday morning with his dog and gun to engage in a squirrel hunt. He had not proceeded a quarter of a mile in the woods when he was stricken with paralysis and fell to the ground, speechless and helpless. His dog found him in that condition, and unable to move his master to his home, he could only stay by his side, which he did for long weary hours. The dog watched and waited by his stricken friend, but no human aid came, and the day was near its close. Going to his master's house, he went in, and whining piteously, tried to attract the attention of the family. They thought nothing of his conduct at first, but as it continued they noticed his acts more closely. He would start away from the house whining and barking, and going a short distance, would return when he found they did not follow him. This he did eight or ten times. Finally they decided to follow, and when he saw this he was frantic with delight and set off in a straight line through the woods. The dog led them to the old man, whom they picked up and carried to the house. He lay in the same condition till early this morning, when he died."

Mr. George Laick, of Tarrytown, N. Y., the well-known beagle exhibitor, on account of an accident, will be unable to hunt this season and will dispose of some of his dogs.

Mr. A. S. Weston is the secretary of the Continental Kennel Club's show, which will be held in Denver, Colo., Dec. 5, 6 and 7.

OWNER WANTED FOR POINTER BITCH.—New York, Oct. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On Friday evening last I noticed a fine-looking lemon and white pointer bitch in charge of a boy on the street, who said he had found her and wanted to sell. His price was $2. I purchased the bitch in hopes of being able to find the owner. The bitch acts as though thoroughly broken.—PERCY C. OHL (50 Broadway).

ROBINS ISLAND FIELD TRAILS.—Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The eighth annual field trials of the Robins Island Club will be run on Friday, Nov. 22. Two stakes will be run, the All Aged Stakes and the Derby, open to setters and pointers belonging to members.—WALTER L. WELLINGTON, Sec'y.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks**

Margery Daw and Rhoda C. By C. H. Crocker, New York, for black, white and tan and blue belton English setter bitches, whelped July 22, 1889, by Rock Belton out of Trusty Gladstone.

Mullcohey. By Michael Flynn, Jr., Bristol, R. I., for red Irish setter bitch, age not given, by Blaze (Chief—Bizreena) out of Gladys (Tim—Lady Edith).

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Nellie—Rattler III. R. Jennings's (Tarrytown, N. Y.) beagle bitch Nellie (Mayo—Trixey), to Geo. Laick's champion Rattler III. (Rattler—Music), Aug. 16.

Sis—Rattler III. Geo. Laick's (Tarrytown, N. Y.) beagle bitch Sis (Trifle—Old Silk) to his champion Rattler III. (Rattler—Music), Sept. 28.

Dora—Rattler III. Geo. Laick's (Tarrytown, N. Y.) beagle bitch Dora (Ringwood—Birdie) to his champion Rattler III. (Rattler—Music), Oct. 23.

Little Dot—Laick's Rattler. P. Whallen's (Tarrytown, N. Y.) beagle bitch Little Dot (Mayo—Dot) to Geo. Laick's imported Laick's Rattler (Chancellor—Careless), Sept. 5.

Psyche—Beaumont. C. L. Griffith's (New York) Gordon setter bitch Psyche (Roy—Dot) to Beaumont Kennels' champion Beaumont (Ronald III.—Floss) Oct. 24.

Gipsey Queen—Buffalo General. A. W. Smith's (Buffalo, N. Y.) black and tan terrier bitch Gipsey Queen (champion Vortigern—Fortune) to his Buffalo General (Halifax General—Lady Lottie), Oct. 27.

Meersbrook Girl—Dick. Rochelle Kennels' (New Rochelle, N. Y.) black and tan terrier bitch Meersbrook Girl (Punch—Meersbrook Jessy) to their Dick (Prince— ——), Sept. 22.

Hecate—Veronese. W. S. Applegate's (New Albany, Ind.) fox-terrier bitch Hecate (Lucifer—Daze) to Fred Hoey's Veronese (Velasquez—Valetta), Sept. 13.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Music. S. C. Graff's (Cadiz, O.) beagle bitch Music (King William—Goodwood Music), Sept. 17, seven (four dogs), by his Driver (Domino—Flirt).

Singer. S. C. Graff's (Cadiz, O.) beagle bitch Singer (King William—Goodwood Music), Aug. 9, five (three dogs), by his Driver (Domino—Flirt).

Bizreena. F. L. Cheney's (Pittsfield, Mass.) Irish setter bitch Bizreena (Nimrod—Bizorah), Oct. 29, seven (five dogs), by Max Wenzel's champion Chief (Berkley—Duck).

Tiny. G. W. Richards's (Bangor, Me.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Tiny (Tug—Mistress Mary), Oct. 6, three (one dog), by P. H. Coombs's Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beal's Lady).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Nettieyoke. Black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped March, 1888, by Ruler out of Finette, by Geo. Laick, Tarrytown, N. Y., to Noah Dibble, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Hunter. Black and tan foxhound dog, whelped March 11, 1886, by Jock out of Fanny, by F. H. Hayes, Dexter, Me., to Jas. Hart, Washington, Pa.

Virgie E. Silver fawn pug bitch, whelped Sept. 1, 1889, by Joe II. out of East Lake Virgie, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Mrs. Herbert Hammond, Chicago, Ill.

General Burnaby. Red Irish setter dog, whelped Jan. 10, 1888, by champion Tim out of Sally, by Geo. Langran, Yonkers, N. Y., to L. A. Bevin, New York.

Don. Black and tan terrier dog, whelped May 24, 1889, by Buffalo General out of Meersbrook Girl, by Rochelle Kennels, New Rochelle, N. Y., to Henry Lewis, Fairhaven, Vt.

Squaw. Black and tan terrier bitch, age not given, by Salford out of Nettle, by John F. Campbell, Montreal, Can., to Alfred Geddes, Ottawa, Can.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

C. P., Seattle, Washington.—I have a bull-terrier bitch troubled with tenderness and some weakness in hindlegs. She is 14 weeks old and in good health and spirits, also eats well. I feed her on oatmeal. She runs about fairly, but seems to be in pain after any jar, as jumping, etc. She has no other symptoms which would indicate worms, that is, none that I know of. Ans. Give a two-grain pill of citrate of iron and strychnine morning and evening concealed in a morsel of meat.

Dogs: Their Management and Treatment in Disease. By Ashmont. Price $2. Kennel Record and Account Book. Price $3. Training vs. Breaking. By S. T. Hammond. Price $1. First Lessons in Dog Training, with Points of all Breeds. Price 50 cents.

Some years ago there lived at an old mill near Salem, in this county, an old man named Bruen. Besides attending the mill he undertook to run a farm. One day he said to his hired man: "John, we must brush up a little about the place; the barn wants a new door, that fence wants propping up, the well needs a new bucket, the harness ought to be cleaned, and the wagons greased. In fact, there is so much that ought to be done I hardly know where to begin at it. But get some bait and we'll go fishing."—*Elizabeth (N. J.) Leader.*

Rifle and Trap Shooting

RANGE AND GALLERY.

CONNECTICUT STATE SHOOT.

NEW HAVEN, Oct. 23.—The State rifle match was shot at Quinnipiac range to-day, by teams representing the First, Second, Third and Fourth regiments and the Fifth Battalion. Those tied by the First Regiment in the grand total, the Second Regiment was awarded the first prize, as the total on the 500yds. range was greater than that of the First Regiment. The First Regiment team scored 6 more points on the 200yds. range than the Second, but the latter were pulled out of the hole by Pvt. Cummings, Sergt Beach and Capt. LaBarnes, the last three men who shot on the 500yds. range. Not until the last Second Regiment man had completed his score was it decided who was the winner:

First Regiment.	200.	500.	T'l
Lieut Norton	29	27	56
Sergt Ripley	29	30	59
Capt Preston	22	32	54
Sergt Colling	20	15	35
Capt Houston	24	28	52
Corp Smith	26	27	53
Sergt Kimberly	26	20	46
Capt McLean	24	30	54
Sergt Thompson	27	22	49
Lieut Green	25	25	50
Capt Thompson	26	20	46
Lieut Penrose	26	21	47
	304	307	611

Second Regiment.			
Capt Creed	26	24	50
Pvt O'Connor	23	27	50
Corp Laudensack	22	28	50
Corp Kappler	26	29	55
Lieut Walker	27	23	50
Pvt Landon	26	22	48
Pvt Goldsmith	24	29	53
Lieut Norton	27	22	49
Pvt Bolger	25	25	50
Pvt Cummings	23	29	52
Sergt Beach	24	26	50
Capt LaBarnes	25	29	54
	298	313	611

Third Regiment.	200.	500.	T'l
Pvt White	26	25	51
Sergt Connor	19	20	39
Lieut Bransfield	26	24	50
Sergt Hatton	25	30	55
Sergt Miner	23	25	48
Corp Crowell	28	24	52
Corp Malone	30	28	58
Sergt Tourtellotte	28	27	53
Pvt Darling	25	23	48
Pvt McIntyre	25	31	56
Pvt Withey	23	18	41
Lieut Holt	24	20	44
	300	265	595

Fourth Regiment.			
Sergt Derrick	23	17	40
Corp Glenn	21	..	21
Pvt McFadden	28	27	55
Pvt Baker	21	18	39
Corp Waldron	15	23	38
Sergt Pratt	25	21	46
Pvt Wardell	18	16	34
Lieut Crammond	18	29	47
Pvt Gillespie	29	20	49
Pvt Johnson	29	31	60
Sergt Nothnagle	28	28	56
Sergt Kerr	27	28	55
	282	258	540

Fifth Battalion.			
Capt Lathrop	18	21	39
Capt Seymour	20	19	39
Pvt Banta	11	2	13
Corp Thomas	18	4	22
Sergt Donaldson	12	..	12
Lieut Freeman	..	22	22
Capt Totten	17	11	28
	191	177	368

Major T. Attwater Barnes was referee of the match in place of General S. R. Smith, who was too ill to attend. The 2d Regiment takes the first prize, which was won by the First last year. This is a silver cup, which will be held for a year, and when won three times for any regiment will become the property of that regiment. Each member of the winning team each year receives a medal.

The 1st Regiment takes the bronze medallion of General Grant, which the Second won last year. The third prize, which is a statue of a Roman soldier on an oak pedestal, goes to the 3d Regiment.

The 1st Regiment made a grand total of 645 last year, while the Second made 626. The falling off this year can be attributed only to the cold and windy weather, and this fact may cause a good number of marksmen to work to have the time for the brigade shoot changed to another date.

A more unpleasant and disagreeable day for the match could not possibly have been selected. It was not only cold, but the wind greatly interfered with the shooting. It blew down from the northeast with terrific force from the butts into the faces of the marksmen. All the shooters wore heavy overcoats and gloves. When they were not shooting the men were gathered around a bonfire in the rear of the shed and suggesting that the next State match should be held in August.

THE NEWARK TOURNAMENT.

THE United Rifle Clubs of New Jersey have opened their 1889-'90 tournament in good shape, and it promises, before its conclusion, to see some very fine targeting. The schedule for the series has been carefully laid out as follows, the first column giving the date on which matches will be shot on the ranges of the clubs first named, and the last column the dates for matches on ranges of the clubs last named:

1889. Home Range.		Home Range.	1890.
Oct. 21—Electric	vs.	Monroe	Jan. 10
Oct. 21—Excelsior	vs.	North Ward	Jan. 10
Oct. 21—Annie Oakley	vs.	Lakeside	Jan. 10
Oct. 25—Essex	vs.	Howard	Jan. 13
Oct. 25—Puritan	vs.	Oakland	Jan. 13
Oct. 25—Newark	vs.	Sheppard	Jan. 13
Oct. 28—North Ward	vs.	Electric	Jan. 17
Oct. 28—Lakeside	vs.	Excelsior	Jan. 17
Oct. 28—Howard	vs.	Annie Oakley	Jan. 17
Nov. 1—Oakland	vs.	Essex	Jan. 20
Nov. 1—Sheppard	vs.	Puritan	Jan. 20
Nov. 1—Monroe	vs.	Newark	Jan. 20
Nov. 4—Essex	vs.	Lakeside	Jan. 24
Nov. 4—Annie Oakley	vs.	North Ward	Jan. 24
Nov. 4—Excelsior	vs.	Monroe	Jan. 27
Nov. 8—Puritan	vs.	Howard	Jan. 27
Nov. 8—Newark	vs.	Oakland	Jan. 27
Nov. 8—Electric	vs.	Sheppard	Jan. 27
Nov. 11—Howard	vs.	Excelsior	Jan. 31
Nov. 11—Oakland	vs.	Annie Oakley	Jan. 31
Nov. 11—Sheppard	vs.	Essex	Jan. 31
Nov. 15—Monroe	vs.	Puritan	Feb. 3
Nov. 15—North Ward	vs.	Newark	Feb. 3
Nov. 15—Electric	vs.	Lakeside	Feb. 7
Nov. 18—Annie Oakley	vs.	Monroe	Feb. 7
Nov. 18—Essex	vs.	North Ward	Feb. 7
Nov. 18—Puritan	vs.	Lakeside	Feb. 7
Nov. 22—Newark	vs.	Howard	Feb. 10
Nov. 22—Electric	vs.	Oakland	Feb. 10
Nov. 22—Excelsior	vs.	Sheppard	Feb. 10
Nov. 25—Oakland	vs.	Excelsior	Feb. 14
Nov. 25—Sheppard	vs.	Annie Oakley	Feb. 14
Nov. 25—Monroe	vs.	Essex	Feb. 14
Dec. 2—North Ward	vs.	Puritan	Feb. 17
Dec. 2—Lakeside	vs.	Newark	Feb. 17
Dec. 2—Howard	vs.	Electric	Feb. 17
Dec. 6—North Ward	vs.	Monroe	Feb. 21
Dec. 6—Howard	vs.	Lakeside	Feb. 21
Dec. 6—Sheppard	vs.	Oakland	Feb. 21
Dec. 9—Excelsior	vs.	Electric	Feb. 24
Dec. 9—Essex	vs.	Annie Oakley	Feb. 24
Dec. 9—Newark	vs.	Puritan	Feb. 24
Dec. 13—Lakeside	vs.	North Ward	Feb. 28
Dec. 13—Oakland	vs.	Howard	Feb. 28
Dec. 13—Monroe	vs.	Sheppard	Feb. 28
Dec. 16—Annie Oakley	vs.	Electric	Mar. 3
Dec. 16—Puritan	vs.	Essex	Mar. 3
Dec. 16—Excelsior	vs.	Newark	Mar. 3
Dec. 20—Lakeside	vs.	Monroe	Mar. 7
Dec. 20—North Ward	vs.	Sheppard	Mar. 7
Dec. 20—Essex	vs.	Electric	Mar. 7
Dec. 23—Puritan	vs.	Excelsior	Mar. 10
Dec. 23—Newark	vs.	Annie Oakley	Mar. 10
Dec. 23—Sheppard	vs.	Howard	Mar. 10
Dec. 27—Oakland	vs.	North Ward	Mar. 14
Dec. 27—Monroe	vs.	Howard	Mar. 14
Dec. 27—Newark	vs.	Essex	Mar. 14
Dec. 30—Annie Oakley	vs.	Excelsior	Mar. 17
Dec. 30—Puritan	vs.	Electric	Mar. 17
Dec. 30—Sheppard	vs.	Lakeside	Mar. 17
1889.			
Jan. 3—Howard	vs.	North Ward	Mar. 21
Jan. 3—Oakland	vs.	Lakeside	Mar. 21
Jan. 3—Newark	vs.	Electric	Mar. 21
Jan. 6—Essex	vs.	Excelsior	Mar. 24
Jan. 6—Monroe	vs.	Oakland	Mar. 24
Jan. 6—Annie Oakley	vs.	Puritan	Mar. 24

The first week's shooting resulted as follows. Monday, Oct. 21:

Excelsior.		North Wards.	
C Mayer	99	E Lewis	105
Gotthard	104	English	102
C Mink, Jr	94	Hortsman	102
C Berger	98	Voget	101
O Krauss	111	Vreeland	107
H Buob	107	Phillips	108
Bauer	110	Shirk	109
F Schmitt	109	Stiles	101
Wurtzbach	106	Leonard	103
J Burger	101—1,039	Willet	96—1,025
Lakesides.		Annie Oakleys.	
B Limpert	101	E Marfins	104
J Farley	107	G Oberst	103
G Snellen	109	F Rothaker	89
P McKeon	99	F Heyl	106
J Hearn	100	G Krauss	103
H Snyder	103	J Thomson	95
W Mander	97	A Hunkle	95
T McGovern	106	A Brohm	93
J Limpert	102	F Brohm	96
D Mahoney	107—1,031	J A McCallum	109 — 978
Monroe.		Electric.	
Coleman	84	B Hearn	88
Reich	86	Klinger	98
Minion	103	Steinmetz	66
Targett, Sr	91	Lunn	70
Coons	102	Day	74
Roker	108	Kalmbach	65
Risk	100	W Lewis	77
Gilliland	92	Markey	66
Erskine	105	Hagel	95
Widman	108— 989	Flanery	83— 782

Friday, Oct. 25.

Oakland.		Puritan.	
Smith	103	Bauder	104
Bayer	93	Geork	100
Minier	98	Kopf	109
Bishop	98	Albrecht	102
Grundler	100	Phillips	101
Bleier	94	P Schiebe	91
Reiss	93	Mehling	84
G Schmidt	104	H Schiebe	96
A Schmidt	108	Miller	100
Chapman	100— 991	Weiler	104— 991

This tie will be shot off on a date to be set by the Association.

Howard.		Essex.	
Dietz	107	Shackleford	96
Laute	108	Weigman	104
A Burger	102	Neuman	110
Herter	110	Walsh	95
Neundorf	97	Weeks	100
Meyer	106	Jerkins	99
Herman	98	McCraith	98
Theurich	111	Cooper	99
J Burger	104	Welters	100
Swing	110—1056	Coppersmith	113—1014
Newark.		Sheppard.	
La Rue	70	Stewart	97
James	97	McQuoid	91
Wolff	79	Ferguson	95
N Garrigan	92	Partridge	104
Hogle	97	Purce	89
Hedden	93	Boyd	99
Bucher	91	Spratt	93
Roberts	98	Christie	71
Wentz	97	McLaren	86
Kaufman	160— 914	Sheppard	79 —907

There is likelihood of trouble over the time limit of shots, each man now being allowed 15 minutes wherein to fire his ten shots. On single ranges this would give 20 men 5 hours, and would, if the full time were taken, carry a match up to 1 o'clock in the morning. The team instead of each individual should be limited, each team having 100 minutes to fire its string of 100 shots. When a match opens at 8 o'clock this limit would allow until 11:20 to finish the scores for two teams. While a very few of the gallery shooters require from 10 to 12 minutes to fire 10 shots, the majority fire their strings in less than 6 minutes, so that 100 minutes would be ample time for any team. The advantage of shooting on double ranges has been so plainly shown in the work done on the Monroe, Newark and Our Own ranges that all clubs should insist upon double ranges.

PENNSYLVANIA SHOOTING.

THE annual fall competition for the Wm. M. Singerly gold, silver and bronze collar badges, open to teams of four form any regiment, battalion or company was contested for on Friday, Oct. 25, at Hartranft Rifle Range; 5 shots per man, at 200 and 500yds. The weather was very raw and chilly and a stiff breeze from the northeast; light was somewhat dull. Major R. S. Huidekoper was the officer in charge and everything was run as smoothly as a toboggan slide:

Co I, 6th Regt, Westchester.	200	500	
Sergt Ogler	19	21	—40
Pvt Bennett	16	22	—38
Corp Jones	19	17	—26
Corp Leaf	22	17	—39—153
Co D, 1st Regt, Philadelphia.			
Lieut Deane	17	17	—34
Pvt Bates	16	16	—32
Pvt Abbott	21	22	—43
Pvt Bower	21	18	—39—148
Co A, 6th Regt, Pottstown.			
Pvt Atkinson	20	18	—38
Sergt Klink	18	20	—38
Pvt Somisky	19	17	—36
Lieut Tonnelier	19	17	—36—148
Co F, 1st Regt.			
Sergt McComb	18	20	—38
Capt Eiler	17	22	—39
Pvt Burger	15	16	—31
Corp Jesser	19	19	—38—146
Co A, 3d Regt.			
Lieut Mitchell	20	14	—34
Lieut Kemp	20	22	—42
Pvt McConnell	11	15	—26
Capt Hall, Jr	17	18	—35—137
Co E, 1st Regt, Three Men.			
Corp J B Maull	20	19	—39
Pvt Willsey	18	13	—31

Co K, 1st Regt.	200	500	
B McCoort	13	14	—27
R Clymer	19	15	—34
R Atwater	20	21	—41
W S Water	14	17	—31—133
City Troop's Team.			
Pvt S Bispham	15	17	—32
Pvt Norris, 3d	14	17	—31
Pvt Henry	13	18	—31
Pvt Martin	18	20	—38—132
Co G, 1st Regt.			
Sgt von der Lint	14	17	—31
Pvt Pen	15	17	—32
Pvt Von d Lint	18	19	—37
Pvt Rose	16	12	—28—128
Co H, 2d Regt.			
Sergt Connolly	16	10	—26
Pvt Frazier	20	20	—40
Pvt Guele	17	4	—21
Capt Ahrens	20	20	—40—127
Co B, 1st Regt.			
Capt Ewing	16	10	—26
Sergt J F Carlin	21	19	—40
Corp A Kerns	19	6	—25
Pvt Lander	21	2	—23—114
Sergt McKnight	18	11	—29— 93

The First Class Regimental match for teams of four from any regiment, battalion or company, from the First Brigade, N. G. P. Seven shots each at 200, 500 and 600yds., was shot Oct. 26. The contest was for the Potter trophy, "The Last Cartridge," and gold collar badges, with ruby bullseyes, which were won by the team from the First Regiment, as follows:

First Regiment.	200	500	600	
Lieut G Coultson	29	31	30	—90
Lieut P S Conrad	28	33	28	—89
Sergt G R Root	31	30	27	—88
Sergt H J Mehard	28	30	27	—85
				352
City Troop Team.				
Pvt E K Bispham	27	25	26	—78
Pvt Glendenning	29	31	28	—88
Corp L Barry	29	33	21	—83
Sergt F Patterson	29	31	33	—93
				342

Sixth Regiment Team.	200	500	600	
Pvt G Atkinson	26	31	23	—80
Pvt J J Mountjoy	32	31	31	—94
Lieut N W Smith	31	31	28	—90
Corp W Fulmer	26	26	23	—75
				339
Second Regiment Team.				
Capt G Ahrens	26	30	27	—83
Pvt A Freund	30	30	25	—85
Sergt N Wilson	26	50	20	—76
Pvt A Francks	29	22	23	—74
				318

The Second Class Regimental match for teams of four from any regiment, battalion or company of shots at 200 and 500yds, Prizes, gold collar badge with diamond bullseye, to each of the team, was shot in the morning, team from First Regiment winning as follows:

First Regiment.	200	500	
Lieut P S Conrad	28	29	—57
Capt G Eiler	26	30	—56
Sergt L E Tobold	29	32	—61
Sergt H Menhard	28	28	—56—230
Sixth Regiment Team.			
Pvt G Atkinson	30	34	—64
Corp W Fulmer	28	25	—53
Lieut J Tonnelier	26	15	—41
Pvt R Somiesky	25	31	—56—214

City Troop Team.	200	500	
Pvt S Bispham	23	21	—49
Corp J Norris, 3d	24	30	—54
Pvt C T Henry	25	22	—47
Pvt J N Martin	24	19	—43—193
Third Regiment Team.			
Sergt H Geforera	22	6	—28
Pvt J Honey	19	29	—48
Capt L C Hall, Jr	28	20	—48
Lieut F Redfern	28	31	—59—183

Second Regiment Team.			
Capt G Ahrens	28	29	—57
Pvt A Franks	29	30	—59
Pvt W C Frazier	24	28	—52—168

CAPTAIN MATT GINDELE.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 27.—The champion 200-yard shot of the United States and Canada is, Cincinnati lovers of rifle shooting are proud to state, a resident of this city. Letter to Captain Matt Gindele, of the Cincinnati Rifle Association. In 1887 the Bullard Repeating Arms Co. offered to all the marksmen of the United States and Canada a handsome and valuable trophy to be won three times to become personal property. The conditions were: 200yds., American standard (or Hinman) target, standing position, with 3-pound trigger pull, 50 shots each match, in other respects National Rifle Association rules to govern. The first match was shot in May, 1887, and was won by Mr. Gindele with a score to his credit of 419. The second match was shot during the month of October, 1887, resulting in a tie between Mr. Gindele and Mr. A. E. Chandler, of St. Paul, Minn., the match being decided in a shoot-off in February, 1888, resulting in another win for Mr. Gindele. In May, 1888, Mr. G. G. Wentworth, of Dover, N. H., won the trophy with 435 points. In October, 1888, Mr. L. A. Huggins, of Pittsburgh, Pa., won it with 440 points, certainly a wonderful improvement over Mr. Gindele's first winning score—419 points. The last and final shoot for the trophy was in May, 1889, Cincinnati's favorite marksman winning it for the third time with a score to his credit of 447 points out of a possible 500. In the last match he scored 44 bullseyes out of 50. Seventy-six competitors fought for the trophy the last time, 16 of which made scores of 400 or more points. Of the five full scores made, two were made by the winner, Captain Matt Gindele, and one each by Dr. A. J. Marling, of Greenville, O.; J. B. Stevens, Jr., of Dover, N. H., and A. E. Knight, of Brattleboro, Vt. Following were the full scores made in detail:

Marling	10	9	10	9	10	8	10	9	10	10—95
Gindele	10	8	10	9	9	10	10	8	10	9—93
Gindele	8	9	10	8	10	9	9	10	10	9—92
Knight	10	8	8	10	9	10	8	8	10	8—89
Stevens	9	8	8	9	9	8	9	8	10	—87

The winning score made by Capt. M. Gindele, and which gives him the title of the champion 200yds. off-hand marksman of the States and Canada, was shot as follows:

Capt M Gindele	8	9	10	8	10	9	9	10	10	9—92
	9	9	7	10	10	8	7	8	9	10—87
	10	10	8	10	9	8	8	7	10	6—86
	10	8	10	9	9	10	10	8	10	9—93
	8	10	10	7	7	10	10	10	8	9—89—447

Mr. Gindele was awarded the medal several days ago, and values it above all the trophies he has won during his career as a marksman. The members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association are more than jubilant over their captain's grand victory, with whom he stands as a pet and the high cockolorum. Personally Mr. Gindele is a modest unassuming gentleman, of few words, possessed of wonderful rifle knowledge and considered *ne plus ultra* as a captain and handler of rifle teams. His profession is that of a lithographer, and his wonderful scores one reads of are due to his temperate habits and regular mode of living. The trophy, of which I inclose a photo, is an exquisitely and artistically gotten up affair of gold and laid in enamel, which by special request has been by him on exhibition at the Bandle Fire Arms Co., this city.

C. G. NEWSBOY.

WILMINGTON, Del., Oct. 22.—The weather combined every element favorable for target-shooting to-day, and the regular weekly practice at Healdmoor Rifle Range resulted in some fine and well-contested work. A clean score of bullseyes each by E. J. Darlington and Simpson in the pistol match and the former's fine run of 94 gave the principal features of the day. Darlington's score at 100yds. with the pistol was also a good piece of work, considering it was his first attempt with that weapon at such a distance. Following are the scores in detail, Standard American target, off-hand:

Pistol Match. 50yds.											
E J Darlington	10	9	9	10	10	9	9	10	9	10—94	
H Simpson	8	8	8	8	9	9	10	9	8	10—87	
E Jackson	9	8	9	9	6	8	9	10	10	8—86	
W H Johnson	7	7	6	7	8	10	8	10	8	8—81	
E Darlington	9	8	10	7	8	9	9	8	6	6—79	
W Floyd	7	6	10	5	5	10	9	6	8	7—73	
D Evans	6	5	8	6	9	4	8	10	7	4—67	
T W Geyer	4	6	6	6	5	8	8	5	5	6—59	
E Melchoir, Jr	6	0	8	4	4	5	3	4	5	0—40	
D Evans	6	5	8	6	9	4	8	10	7	4—51	
Pistol Match, 100yds.											
E J Darlington	8	7	7	9	6	7	5	8	5	8—70	
Special Pistol Match, 50yds., "for Blood."											
W Floyd	6	9	5	10	7	5	6	8	6	9—71	
J W Geyer	6	4	3	5	8	6	6	5	8	4—55	
Diamond State Match, 200yds.											
E J Darlington	5	5	8	10	8	6	9	8	7	6—72	
E Darlington	6	6	8	6	8	6	9	6	9	7—71	
H Simpson (mil.)	8	10	5	3	5	9	6	7	10	5—68	
W Darlington	9	7	10	5	4	5	6	6	8	5—65	
W Elliott (mil.)	4	7	10	4	7	9	5	5	9	5—61	
G Darlington	3	4	7	5	5	7	8	7	8	6—59	
D Evans	10	8	6	4	3	5	2	3	5	7—56	
E Jackson	0	3	9	9	7	5	4	10	9	5—61	
H Doan (mil.)	8	5	4	5	3	4	3	4	7	3—46	
D George	4	6	4	5	3	4	4	7	3	3—43	
Special Record Match, 100yds.											
E J Darlington	10	8	10	8	8	10	9	5	7	8—86	
W Darlington	9	9	10	8	8	10	7	5	7	8—81	
E Darlington	8	7	8	10	8	6	5	10	5	10—77	
G Darlington	6	8	7	8	8	4	6	5	8	8—67	
Military Match, 200yds., Creedmoor Target.											
Sergt H Simpson	4	5	5	4	5	5	4	4	4	4—44	
Pvt H Phillips	4	4	5	4	4	5	4	4	5	4—43	
Corp W Elliot	4	5	4	4	4	5	4	4	4	5—43	
Corp H Doan	4	4	4	4	4	4	5	3	4	4—40	

Oct. 25.—The following scores were made by the Wilmington Pistol Club at their gallery this evening at 12½yds., standard American target, reduced from 50yds., Gould model pistols:

E J Darlington	7	9	10	9	9	10	8	10	9	9—90
E Jackson	8	3	9	8	10	9	9	8	10	7—86
H Simpson	10	10	9	9	6	8	7	9	9	10—85
W H Johnson	8	8	8	8	6	10	9	7	9	5—78
H Foster	6	8	9	6	4	9	2	4	8	4—10—68

BOSTON, Oct. 26.—The regular shoot of the Massachusetts Rifle Association was held to-day. Mr. Francis (Rabbeth) won the gold medal in the 20-shot rest match, and Mr. Frye won the championship medal. Following are to-day's scores:

Rest Match. 200yds., 20 shots.						
J Francis	114	108—222	J N Eames	101	107—208	
J B Munroe	109	103—212	W Pomeroy	94	87—181	
Champion Medal Match, 200yds.						
J A Frye	79	A Newman	67			
Victory Medal Match, 200yds.						
G F Ellsworth	83	83	J E Kelley	75		
F S Gardner	83	A McBean	67			
Military Medal Match.						
W O Burnite	42	F Tays	36			
G H Benyon	41	L E Barter	35			
D T Wigglesworth	41	38	A S Porter	35		
O E Pettman	38	A F Jennings	34			
500yds., 10 shots.						
F Carter	50	J Y Cressey	40			
600yds.						
F Carter	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	5	5—48
Military Match, 800yds.						
W O Burnite	45	A S Field	40			
G H Benyon	44	B L Blake	38			
F B Sumner	40					
All-Comers Off-Hand Match, 200yds.						
J E Kelley	85	R E Farmer	75			
E F Richardson	82	F W Chester	73			
J A Frye	80	K E Jameson	72			
C C Clark	79	C Damon	70			
A McBean	75	F A Martin	70			
S H Homer	75					
Rest Match, 200yds.						
S Wilder	111	107	F S Ham	102	100	
J R Munroe	109	108	C Towne	102	99	
W P Thompson	105	W Adams	100	94		
J Francis	104	T Oliver	97	91		
A Ballard	104	103	C T Wyman	94	91	
A Wabash	102	100				

VILLISCA, Ia., Oct. 22.—Company B rifle team shot a very good score to-day, considering the weather was dark, damp and hazy, 9 o'clock wind, 15 miles per hour:

100yds.			
Lieut Harris	55455554—38	Pvt Bevans	5555545—36
Sergt Overman	54445545—36	Pvt Moore	4454454—34
200yds.			
Harris	4545444—34	Bevans	4344344—30
Overman	4443444—30	Moore	4543254—32
200yds.			
Harris	2334444—28	Bevans	4545445—36
Overman	4354343—30	Moore	4434444—31

Totals on three ranges, possible 120: Harris 100, Overman 96, Bevans 102, Moore 97.

GUNS AND LOADS USED BY SHOOTERS AT THE TRENTON TOURNAMENT.

NAME.	GUN.	BORE.	FIRST BARREL.	SECOND BARREL.	CARTRIDGE.
W. Wolstencroft, Philadelphia, Pa.	Greener	12, choke.	3drs. Schultze; 1¼oz. No. 8	3drs. Schultze; 1¼oz. No. 7	Winchester.
Mose Williams, Elizabeth, N. J.	Smith	10, choke	4drs. Schultze; 1¼oz. No. 8 Chilled	4¼drs. Schultze; 1¼oz. No. 7 chilled	En. Prim. & Kynoch
C. Van Camp, Trenton	Smith	12, choke	3¼drs. American Wood; 1¼oz. No. 8	3½drs. American Wood; 1¼oz. No. 7	Climax.
F. A. Beal, Oceanport, N. J.	Ithaca	10, choke	4¼drs. Wood Trap; 1¼oz. No. 9 Tatham	4¼drs. Schultze; 1¼oz. No. 7 Tatham	Climax.
Chas. Smith, Plainfield, N. J.	Smith	10, choke	4¼drs. American Wood; 1¼oz. No. 7½ Leroy	4¼drs. American Wood; 1¼oz. No. 7	Climax.
Phil Daly, Jr., Long Branch, N. J.	Smith	10, choke	4drs. American Wood; 1¼oz. No. 8 Chilled	4drs. Schultze; 1¼oz. No. 7 chilled	Climax.
C. B. Manley, Danbury, Conn.	Colt	12, choke	3½drs. Wood Trap; 1¼oz. No. 7 Tatham	3½drs. Trap Wood; 1¼oz. No. 7 Tatham	Climax.
Mahlon Fox, Trenton, N. J.	Smith	10, choke	3¾drs. American Wood; 1¼oz. No. 7½ Tatham	4drs. American Wood; 1¼oz. No. 7 Tatham	Climax.
M. W. Lindsley, New York	Smith	10, choke	3¾drs. American Wood; 1¼oz. No. 8 Trap	4¼drs. American Wood; 1¼oz. No. 7	U. S.
H. McMurchy, Syracuse	Smith	12, choke	3¼drs. American Wood; 1¼oz. No. 8	3½drs. Laflin & Rand; 1¼oz. No. 7	Climax.
Frank Class, Pine Brook, N. J.	Lefever	12, choke	3½drs. Wood; 1¼oz. No. 8 Leroy	3½drs. Curtis & Harvey; 1¼oz. No. 8 Leroy	Climax.
E. D. Miller, Springfield, N. J.	Lefever	12, choke	3¼drs. American Wood; 1¼oz. No. 7½ Tatham	3¾drs. American Wood; 1¼oz. No. 7½ Tatham	Climax.
Tom Eley, Kingston, Pa.	Smith	10, choke	4¼drs. Laflin & Rand Special; 1¼oz. No. 7 Tatham	4½drs. Laflin & Rand Special; 1¼oz. No. 7 Tatham	Club.
A. R. Kuser, Trenton, N. J.	Har. & Rich	12, choke	3¼drs. Schultze; 1¼oz. No. 7½ Tatham	3½drs. Trap Wood; 1¼oz. No. 7	Climax.
J. Wolstencroft, Frankford, Pa.	Scott	12, choke	3¼drs. Schultze; 1¼oz. No. 7 Tatham	3¼drs. Schultze; 1¼oz. No. 7 Tatham	Winchester.
John Riggott, Rockaway, N. J.	Smith	12, choke	3½drs. Am. Wood Trap; 1¼oz. No. 8 Tatham	3½drs. FFFG Dead Shot; 1¼oz. No. 7 Tatham	Climax.
R. Welsh, Philadelphia	Greener	12, choke	3¼drs. Schultze; 1¼oz. No. 6 Sparks	3¼drs. Schultze; 1¼oz. No. 6 Sparks	Eley.
R. F. Irwin, Philadelphia	Parker	12, choke	3¼drs. Schultze; 1¼oz. No. 7 Tatham	3¼drs. Schultze; 1¼oz. No. 7 Tatham	Eley.
W. Fred Quimby, Newark, N. J.	Smith	10, choke	4¼drs. American Wood; 1¼oz. No. 7 Tatham	4¼drs. American Wood; 1¼oz. No. 7 Tatham	Climax.
J. F. Kleinz, Philadelphia	Greener	12, choke	3¼drs. Schultze; 1¼oz. No. 7 Tatham	3¼drs. Schultze; 1¼oz. No. 7 Tatham	Eley.
John A. Ruble, Beloit, Wis.	Lefever	12, choke	3¼drs. American Wood; 1¼oz. No. 7 Chicago	3¼drs. American Wood; 1¼oz. No. 7 Chicago	Climax.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Oct. 25.—The members of the St. Louis Pistol Club who took part in the last shoot did nothing brilliant. Heitel, by defeating Bauer on the shoot off, carried off the honors; standard American 20yds. target:

W H Hettel	8	9	9	10	6	8	10	10	7	9—86
W Bauer	8	10	9	8	10	10	9	6	8	8—86
O Neuhaus	10	8	9	9	9	8	6	10	8	5—82
W J Lord	6	6	10	9	9	10	4	10	8	8—80
M Summerfield	9	6	10	9	9	8	7	8	7	7—80
G Alexander	10	8	5	6	8	7	8	7	10	10—79
E Mohrstadt	6	7	7	8	9	6	7	9	10	9—77
L G Dorman	9	7	6	9	7	9	8	7	7	7—76
W C Mackwitz	5	8	7	9	8	6	7	7	7	7—71
A E Bengel	7	10	0	6	5	7	6	8	6	9—64

The seventh friendly match with pistols between Mohrstadt and Summerfield was shot the past week at the Laclede Gallery, and was won by the former with 11 points to his credit. Mohrstadt took the lead on the first ten shots and held it to the finish. Conditions: Fifty shots each with .22cal. pistols, at a 12½yds. standard American target. The score:

E Mohrstadt	9	6	8	9	8	10	10	8	8	10—86
	10	9	10	9	10	10	8	4	8	6—84
	10	8	6	9	9	8	8	9	8	9—84
	9	9	10	9	10	9	10	8	7	9—90
	10	7	9	8	10	9	9	9	7	7—85—429
M Summerfield	8	8	6	6	10	8	9	7	7	8—77
	8	9	7	8	9	8	8	10	10	7—84
	6	10	10	7	7	8	9	8	7	8—80
	9	9	8	10	8	10	8	9	10	10—91
	8	10	8	10	8	10	8	8	9	7—86—418

Bullseyes: Mohrstadt 39, Summerfield 43.—UNSER FRITZ.

CREEDMOOR, Oct., 26.—The 13th marksman's badge and sharpshooters' matches of the N. R. A. were shot to-day. The attendance was large and good scores were made, conditions were fair, good wind, but the light was bad on account of the foggy weather. F. Stuart, of the 69th Regt., again won the gold marksman's badge and becomes the final winner thereof for 1889, on scores of 24, 25—49, 22, 25—47, 22, 25—47, out of a possible 50. The following were the winners of this match:

Cash Prizes.

	200yds.	500yds.	Total.
F Stewart, N. C. S., 69th regt.	22	25	47
J H McGinn, Co K, 9th regt.	22	23	45
L J Elliott, Co C, 23d regt.	22	23	45
F S Reynolds, Co F, 22d regt.	21	23	44
H Coburn, Jr., Co C, 7th regt.	19	24	43
H A Bostwick, Jr., Co B, 7th regt.	21	22	43
J J Godfrey, Co K, 47th regt.	19	23	42
W C Goffe, Co F, 7th regt.	19	23	42

Medals.

S C Pirie, Co I, 23d regt.	23	23	46
J McNevin, N. C. S., 13th regt.	21	23	44
C H Smith, Co B, 71st regt.	22	21	43

The match on Nov. 5 (Election Day) will be the last one for the season.—J. MANZ, JR., Ass't Sec'y, N. R. A.

NEW YORK VS. NEW JERSEY.—The details for the 100-shot gallery match for the championship of New York and New Jersey, are as follows: Entry—open to all comers; entry fee $5, no re-entry allowed; weapon—any .22-caliber rifle, with sights to conform to N. R. A. rules; no restriction as to weight or trigger pull; position—off-hand (hip or body rest allowed); target—the "Our Own Standard" 25 ring; ammunition—any .22 short. The match will begin on Monday, Nov. 11, and continue on Monday and Wednesday evenings thereafter until all competitors have shot. Four men will shoot on each evening, two at a time. Shooting will begin at 7:30 and 9:30, and each competitor will be limited to 100 minutes for his 100 shots. All ties will be shot off. All moneys received as entrance fees will be divided among one-half the competitors, the highest aggregate scores for 100 shots to count for all prizes in order. The divisions of money will be on the following plan: Ten entries, $14, $11, $10, $8, $7; sixteen entries, $17, $14, $12, $10, $8, $7, $6; twenty entries, $19, $16, $13, $11, $9, $7, $7, $6, $6, $6. Entries, to be accompanied in all cases by the entry fee, must be sent to Charles Mink, Jr., by Nov. 4. This match should certainly have a large number of entries, as several of the finest shots of the Zettler, Miller, Barry, Our Own and other clubs have promised to enter.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

Secretaries of clubs and managers of tournaments are requested to keep us advised of the dates of their shoots, so that we may give due notice in our column of fixtures.

FIXTURES.

Nov. 13.—Tolley's Trap Shooting Contest, Catskill, N. Y. Geo. F. Tolley, Manager.

TRENTON SHOOT.

THE second annual tournament of the Mercer Gun Club was inaugurated on their grounds at Trenton, N. J., on Monday, the 21st inst. The first day was destined for a race between Chas. W. Budd, of Des Moines, Ia., and Capt. J. Frank Kleintz, of Philadelphia, but owing to an unfortunate contretemps, which has been fully explained in our Trap columns, this match did not take place. It was expected that the major part of the day would be occupied in shooting this race, so not many other events were listed. This probably accounts for the small attendance of the first day, as nearly all who might have come knew that the match would not take place, and so waited till Tuesday to make the start. A few, however, were on hand, and shot a number of sweeps at Keystones and live birds, the totals of which are given. The weather was very cold and raw, and the club house stove was a much more comfortable spot than facing the traps.

On Tuesday many more were present, and the regular programme was shot with a few exceptions of events for amateurs, for which there were no entries. The day was clear and warm until toward night, when the wind began to freshen and the clouded sky gave promise of storm for the morrow. This fear was realized when on Wednesday morning a driving snow storm greeted the eyes of early risers. This continued until noon, and the morning was occupied with shooting talk at the hotel. After dinner, as the skies brightened a little, a feeling of restlessness showed itself among the loungers, and although it had been announced that no shooting would take place that day, a 'bus was called, quickly filled and away they went for the grounds, where a few sweeps were shot before dark. The air was piercing and cold, and fingers were numb and noses blue before a return start was made. The live bird event was the principal race shot, and the shoot-off in the tie which resulted was most interesting.

On Thursday morning blue sky and bright sunlight appeared, but during the ride to the grounds it became apparent that the wind would take a hand in the day's sport. Such proved to be the case, and to the strong northeast wind which prevailed all day, blowing directly across the traps, the escape of many birds must be attributed. The birds were about as good as have been seen at any tournament of the year, and when aided by the wind required hard hitting to be stopped within bounds. Event No. 3 was perhaps the most exciting race of the day, though not the most important in a monetary sense, but the long and hot shoot-off in the live bird money was something out of the common, as it required twelve more birds before a settlement could be reached. The $150 guaranteed purse brought out a good list of entries, and the purse largely over-filled. The display of skill was fine, but as usual there were so many in each tie that a number did not get back their entrance money.

On Friday the weather was anything but propitious—dull, lowering clouds hung aloft all day, promising another storm, which fortunately did not fall. The air was cold and made brisk motion desirable. The $300 guaranteed purse was the event of the day and 21 men responded to the call for entries. The birds were good ones, but though only one straight score was made, more could have been made had it not been for the combination which as usual existed. This race was started after a preliminary event of 5 live birds, and before its conclusion the writer was obliged to leave on account of illness. We have been informed, however, that a most disagraceful squabble ensued as to the division of moneys. There were "combines within combines," and for a time confusion reigned supreme. One tie was settled by the referee, H. A. Penrose, who tossed a cent, declaring that "heads" should divide and "tails" shoot off, and vowed if it came "tails" to make them shoot it down to one man. Heads turned up, however, and the money was split. The jangling was kept up till a late hour in the evening, when a division, if not a satisfactory one, was made. The management of a tournament is powerless to prevent occurrences of this description, but they are a shame and disgace to the sport of pigeon shooting. Unless some action is taken to eliminate this gambling element, trap-shooting will descend to a level with six-day walking matches, dog fights and prize fights, and gentlemen will have no connection with it. It seems to us this is a point on which the American Shooting Association should legislate if they desire to popularize the sport and increase the number of those who engage in it. The members of the Mercer Gun Club with a few exceptions were conspicuous by their absence, and had it not been for these few workers the tournament would have fallen flat. The notable exceptions were E. G. Upthegrove, the president; Chas. W. Van Camp and A. R. Kuser; they with the invaluable aid of W. Fred Quimby, Tee Kay, Jacob Pentz and other outsiders, managed to keep things moving fairly well.

For inanimate shooting, Keystone targets, traps and rules were used. American Association rules governed the live bird contests. The scores follow in full:

Monday, Oct. 21.—Event 1, at 10 Keystones, $1 entrance, two moneys: Miller 10, Ruble 9, Fox 8, Wolstencroft 8, Daly 6, Van Camp 6, Lee 5.

No. 2, same conditions: Miller 10, Ruble 10, Wolstencroft 10, Daly 8, Moore 8, Fox 0, Van Camp 6, Leigh 4.

No. 3, at 5 pairs, $1, two moneys: Miller 10, Wolstencroft 9, Van Camp 9, Ruble 8, Fox 6, Daly 6, J. Wolstencroft 6.

No. 4, 10 singles, $1, two moneys: Ruble 9, Fox 8, Moore 7, Daly 6, Leigh 3.

No. 5, same conditions: Miller 10, Wolstencroft 9, Ruble 9, Fox 8, Daly 6.

No. 6, at 15 Keystones, $2.50 entrance, two moneys: Miller 15, W. Wolstencroft 15, Ruble 14, J. Wolstencroft 13, Daly 12, Zwerlein 12, Van Camp 9.

No. 7, 10 targets, $1 entrance, two moneys: W. Wolstencroft 10, J. Wolstencroft 10, Ruble 9, Miller 9, Daly 8.

No. 8, at 10 live birds, $7.50 entrance, two moneys:

Wolstencroft	1121121121—10	J Wolstencroft	2211011212— 9
Van Camp	1121121111—10	Daly	1210020121— 7
Fox	1122113022— 9	Jewell	0020032111— 6
Miller	0111111111— 9		

No. 9, at live birds, miss and out, $2 entrance: Miller 4, J. Wolstencroft 4, Ruble 4, W. Wolstencroft 4, Fox 3, Van Camp 1, Daly 0. Money div. by those killing 4.

Tuesday, Oct. 22.—Regular event No. 1, at 12 Keystones, entrance $1.50, four moneys:

W Wolstencroft	111111111112—12	Tee Kay	111111111100—10
Ruble	111111111112—12	Williams	1101110111—10
Apgar	111111111112—12	Daly	0101111011—9
E D Miller	111111111011—11	Garwin	1010111011—9
McMurchy	1110111111—11	Van Camp	0110000111— 7
French	1111110001—10	Pierson	0110101011— 7
Treadway	1110111101—10	Irwin	0110010011— 6
C Smith	1110111110—10	Vanderveer	0110001100— 5

No. 2, at 10 Keystones, use of both barrels, 30yds. rise, entrance $2, four moneys:

C Smith	1110111110—8	Daly	0122011010—6
Tee Kay	1101212101—8	Williams	1221001020—6
Garwin	2012211002—7	Miller	1000101102—5
Apgar	1110110110—7	Treadway	2200001101—5
French	1110010121—7	Fox	2200101010—5
W Wolstencroft	1111100100—6	Irwin	1100010001—4
McMurchy	1121020010—6	Vanderveer	1010000100—3
Manley	1001211100—6		

First, second and third div., fourth shot off and won by Fox.

No. 3, at 15 singles, $10 guaranteed, entrance $2.50, four moneys:

Wolstencroft	111111111111111—15	J Wolstencroft	111110111001111—13
McMurchy	111111111111111—15	Pierson	111111101011111—12
Ruble	111111111111111—15	Daly	110110110111101—11
C Smith	111110111111111—14	Treadway	101011111110000— 9
Apgar	101111111111111—14	Van Camp	111101011000110— 9
French	111110111111111—14	Vanderveer	100011011111001— 9
Miller	111111010111111—13	Fox	1000110w.
Tee Kay	100111111111111—13		

No. 4 at 15 Keystones, $2 entrance four moneys:

Wolstencroft	111111111111111—15	C Smith	010011101111111—11
Tee Kay	111111111111101—14	Van Camp	110111010111101—11
Miller	111111110111111—14	Garwin	011011111111010—11
Treadway	111111111011111—14	Williams	011111001111110—11
McMurchy	111111010111111—13	Daly	001101100011111— 9
Ruble	011111011111111—13	Apgar	110101000101111— 9
French	111011011011111—13	Vanderveer	000011100001110— 7

Extra No. 1 at 10 Keystone, $1.50 entrance:

Treadway	1111111111—10	Daly	1101101101—7
Ruble	1111111111—10	Irwin	1101111001—7
Miller	1101111111— 9	Wolstencroft	1111000111—7
French	0111110111— 8	Fox	0110101111—7
Williams	0111111011— 8	Garwin	1000101111—6
McMurchy	1101110111— 8	Vanderveer	1011010011—6

Extra No. 2 at 10 Keystone, $1.50 entrance:

W Wolstencroft	1111111101—9	Ruble	1101111101—8
Apgar	0111111111—9	French	1111101011—8
Tee Kay	1110111111—9	Treadway	1101101111—8
Pierson	1111111101—9	C Smith	0110111110—7
McMurchy	1011111101—8	Williams	0101110111—7
Miller	1110011111—8	Daly	0011101110—6
Irwin	1011111111—8		

First and third div.; second shot off and div. by Miller and Irwin; fourth won by Daly.

Extra No. 3, at 10 Keystones, $1.50 entrance, 4 moneys:

W Wolstencroft	1111111111—10	Ruble	1111111110— 9
Miller	1111111111—10	Vanderveer	1111111101— 9
McMurchy	1111110111— 9	C Smith	0110111111— 8
J Wolstencroft	0111111111— 9	Treadway	0111111101— 8
Tee Kay	1111111011— 9	Irwin	1111100111— 8
French	1101111111— 9	Apgar	0111010111— 7
Daly	1111111110— 9	Williams	1101011110— 7

First, third and fourth div.; second shot off and div. by McMurchy, J. Wolstencroft and Ruble.

Extra No. 4, at 10 Keystones, $1 entrance, 2 moneys:

W Wolstencroft	1111111111—10	Apgar	1111111101— 9
Tee Kay	1111111111—10	Ruble	1101111111— 9
Miller	1111111111—10	McMurchy	1110111011— 8
J Wolstencroft	1101111111— 9	C Smith	1111111101— 9

First div.; second shot off and div. by Wolstencroft and Ruble.

Extra No. 5, at 10 live birds, entrance $5:

W Wolstencroft	1211111111—10	C Smith	2011210211— 8
C B Manley	2222122111—10	Van Camp	1212112111—10
Tee Kay	0210101102— 5	M Fox	11o1111112— 9
E Vanderveer	1010000w.	T Eley	1110121222— 9
J Wolstencroft	1222112121—10	Zwerlein	0101111111— 8
E D Miller	1101101111— 8	A R Kusor	2010012o0— 5
McMurchy	1221211111—10	A Thomas	0111121112— 9
P Daly	1210222o02— 8	Ruble	2111102121— 9
Treadway	2211110111— 9	D Williams	1022102010— 6
Irwin	1221122222—10	Apgar	0o11211120— 7
F Williams	1111211112—10		

Ties div.

Miss and out, at Keystone targets, $1 entrance: Miller 10, W. Wolstencroft 9, C. Smith 8, Ruble 7, Apgar 6, J. Wolstencroft 5, Tee Kay 3, Van Camp 0.

Wednesday, Oct. 23.—No. 1, at 15 Keystones, $1.50 entrance, three moneys:

Miller	111111111111111—15	Lindsley	011111111101111—13
Penrose	111111111111111—15	Van Camp	011111101011112—12
W Wolst'ncr't	101111111111111—14	Tee Kay	100011111110111—11
Ruble	111011111111001—13	P Daly, Jr.	010111110101111—11
McMurchy	110111111110111—13		

No. 2, at 10 Keystones, $1.50 entrance, three moneys:

Miller	1111111111—10	Lindsley	1011110111—8
T Eley	1111111111—10	McMurchy	0111111101—8
W Wolstencroft	1110111111— 9	Tee Kay	1000110110—5
Penrose	1111111110— 9	Van Camp	0110100001—4
Ruble	1110111111— 9		

No. 3, at 10 Keystones, $1.50 entrance, two moneys:

Penrose	1111111111—10	Tee Kay	1011111111—9
McMurchy	1111111111—10	Ruble	0111001110—6
Wolstencroft	1111111111—10	Lindsley	1110010010—5
Miller	1111111111—10		

First shot off and div. by Penrose and Wolstencroft, second won by Tee Kay.

Event No. 4, at 10 live birds, $7.50 entrance, three moneys:

Penrose	1121121111—10	Eley	2121201111— 9
W Wolstencroft	2122112111—10	Van Camp	2102111211— 9
McMurchy	2111221121—10	Walton	2021222212— 9
Ruble	1121121112—10	P Daly, Jr.	2121o22220— 8
Fox	2221111112—10	Manley	2222111o10— 8
Miller	1111222122—10	Joe Camp	1o1121210 2— 8
Lindsley	2212102222— 9		

First shot off, Ruble 9, Fox 9, Miller 3, Penrose, W. Wolstencroft and McMurchy 10 each and div. first. Scores of 9 div. second. Scores of 8 div. third.

Thursday, Oct. 24.—Event No. 1, at 10 Keystones, $1.50 entrance three moneys:

Miller	1111111111—10	McMurchy	1111110110— 8
W Wolstencroft	1111111111—10	Tee Kay	1001111111— 8
Ruble	1111111111—10	Daly	0110110111— 7
J Wolstencroft	1111110111— 9	Lindsley	1111010101— 7
Penrose	0111111111— 9	Manley	0110111010— 6

Ties of 10 div. first, ties of 9 div. second, ties of 8 div. third.

Second event, at 15 Keystones, $2 entrance, four moneys:

Miller	111111111111115—15	Penrose	111101110111110—13
W Wolstenc't	111111111111115—15	Tee Kay	110110111111101—13
J Wolstencroft	111111111011111—14	Moore	111101111001111—13
Ruble	111111011111111—14	B Kuser	111001011101111—11
Eley	110111111111114—14	Daly	1010000w.
McMurchy	011111111111101—13		

Ties of 15 div. first, ties of 14 div. second, McMurchy scored 13 and took third.

Event No. 3, at 5 live birds, $6.25 entrance, 4 moneys:

H McMurchy	11111—5	J Wolstencroft	01111— 4
E J Miller	11111—5	M Lindsley	10122—4
F Quimby	21102—5	C Mack	10111—4
F Class	11111—5	R Irwin	21011—4
F Kleintz	11112—5	Tom Eley	11011—4
Fred Beal	11111—5	J Ruble	02111—4
W Wolstencroft	11112—5	M Fox	11101—4
Bob Welch	11111—5	Phil Daly, Jr.	01210—3
C B Manley	11111—5	Clinton	00011—2
Tee Kay	11111—5	Goff	00101—2

First shot off: McMurchy 11, Miller 5, Quimby 5, Class 11, Kleinz 9, Beal 8, W. Wolstencroft, Welch and Manley 12 each and div. Second shot off: Lindsley 2, Mark 1, Irwin 0, Ruble 3, J. Wolstencroft, Eley and Fox 4 each and div. second. Phil Daly, Jr. scored 3 and took third; Clinton and Goff scored 2 and div. fourth.

Event No. 4, at 10 live birds, $12.50 entrance, $150 guaranteed.

F Beal	1111211121—10	J Piggott	1211011220— 8
F Kleintz	1212121122—10	H Mack	2101210121— 8
F Class	2122222121—10	P Daly, Jr.	1011201211— 8
T Eley	1111122112—10	R Irwin	1021121120— 8
W Wolstencroft	1121112212—10	J Wolstencroft	1011111020— 7
J Ruble	1211111111—10	C Van Camp	0210122120— 7
H McMurchy	1222011121— 9	P Goff	0010212112— 7
W F Quimby	1021221211— 9	M F Lindsley	2200002221— 6
R Welch	2222222120— 9	F Clinton	2000101210— 6
E E Miller	1111011111— 9	M Fox	1111011000— 6
C B Manley	1020211211— 8		

Ties on 10 div. first; ties on 9 div. second; third shot off: Mack 1, P. Daly, Jr., 1, R. Irwin 0, Miller, Manley and Riggot 2 each and div. third.

No. 5, at 25 Keystones, $5 entrance, $75 guaranteed:

W Wolstencroft	1111111111111111111111111—25
J Ruble	1111111111111111111111110—24
McMurchy	1111111111111111101111101—23
Eley	1111011110111111111111111—23
Van Camp	1101111111111111111111110—23
Piggott	1110111101111111111111011—22
Williams	1111011111111111111111010—22
Miller	1110110111101111111111101—21
Tee Kay	1111100011111111101111111—21
Daly	0110110111111111011110111—20
Fox	1101111111111100110111011—20
J Wolstencroft	1101111011111010111100010—17
B Kuser	0011011110101111110100010—16

W. Wolstencroft scored 25 and took first, J. Ruble scored 24 and took second, ties on 23 div. third.

No. 6, at 8 live birds, $8 entrance, four moneys:

Tom Eley	11111221—8	Manley	10111212—7
F Kleintz	11111111—8	J Mack	11222210—7
Miller	11211111—8	M Fox	10111121—7
J Wolstencroft	11112222—8	F Beal	21102110—6
J Riggott	11112122—8	R Irwin	21112012—6
J Ruble	11112122—8	Daly	21102011—6
W Wolstencroft	11111111—8	Welch	11101110—6
Quimby	02211112—7	E Smith	11101110—6
Class	11201112—7	M Johnson	11012220—6
A R Kuser	21110212—7	P Goff	10102011—5
Van Camp	11012111—7	H Clinton	02101012—5
McMurchy	21111011—7	B Walton, Jr.	02000122—

First shot off, Eley 4, J. Wolstencroft 3, Ruble 1, Miller, Riggott and W. Wolstencroft scored 5 each and div. first; second shot off

Class 0, Kuser 2, McMurchy 1, Manley 0, Fox 1, Quimby, Van Camp and Mack scored 3 each and div. second; scores of 6 div. third; scores of 5 div. fourth.

Friday, Oct. 25.—First event at 5 live birds, $4.25 entrance, four moneys:

McMurchy	11111—5	J Wolstencroft	22110—4
Miller	11112—5	Welch	02121—4
W Wolstencroft	12111—5	Thomas	02111—4
Fox	12111—5	Eley	11210—4
Ruble	11111—5	Irwin	20110—3
Kleintz	12112—5	Goff	22100—3
Tee Kay	11122—5	Manley	00111—3
Riggott	11112—5	Walton	20110—3
Class	11112—5	Van Camp	01210—3
Lindsley	11122—5	C Smith	01011—3
Quimby	02121—4	P Daly	00110—2

First shot off, with the exception of Tee Kay, who drew out; Lindsley 2, McMurchy, Miller, W. Wolstencroft, Fox, Ruble, Kleintz, Riggott and Class 8 each and div. first. Second shot off, J. Wolstencroft 1, Thomas 1, Quimby 1, Welch and Eley scored 2 and div. second. Third shot off, with the exception of Walton, who withdrew. Goff 1, C. Smith 2, Irwin, Manley and Van Camp 3 each and div. third. Daly won fourth.

The 20 live bird sweep, the event of the week, $400 guaranteed, entrance $25:

Quimby	1 1 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 0 2 2 2 1—19
Class	0 2 1 1 1 2 0 2 1 2 0 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 0 1—16
Beall	1 2 0 1 0 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 0 1 2 1 1 2—17
Irwin	2 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 o 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 2—19
Daly	2 1 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 1 0 0 2 1 2 2 2—15
Miller	1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 2 1 1 1 1 1—19
McMurchy	1 2 2 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 1—20
W Wolstencroft	2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 2 2 1 1 2 1 0—18
J Wolftencroft	0 o 2 0 0 o 1 2 2 2 2 2 o 2 1 2 1 0 1 2—13
Van Camp	2 2 1 1 2 1 0 1 2 2 1 2 0 1 1 1 1 2 1 2—18
Manley	2 2 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1—19
Lindsley	2 2 0 o 0 2 2 o 0 2 2 2 1 2 o 2 2 2 o 2—13
Kleinz	1 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 0 0 1—18
A Kuser	2 1 0 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 0 0 1 1 0 2 0 15
Williams	0 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 1—19
Eley	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 0—19
Riggott	1 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 0 0—18
Roberts	2 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 2 0 2 0 1 1—19
Smith	0 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 0 2 0 1 1 0—16
Welsh	2 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 0—19
Fox	1 2 1 2 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 0 2 1—16

EMERALD GUN CLUB.—Regular shoot, at Burbank's, New Dorp, Staten Island, Oct. 22, at 9 live birds, handicap rise, 80yds. boundary, use of both barrels, 5 ground traps, E. G. C. rules. The figure 2 denotes the use of second barrel. In shooting off ties, miss and out, second barrel counts a half bird. The weather was all that could be desired, with very little wind. The birds were a very fair lot and took flight without much scaring. L. C. Gehering, referee; P. J. Keenan, scorer. Mr. Gehering is an improvement on the average referee, at least at our shoots, as he was calm and deliberate and made haste slowly, and would not back down from any decision once made. L. C. Gehering and Col. John H. Voss shoot from the 32-yard mark as punishment for having won a first prize to keep. Dr. Hudson and Mr. R. Regan must have had their shooting clothes on, as they came near making a full score. Dr. Liveredge, T. J. Crystal and McKenna, who have each won the second prize for the second time, got badly left, as C. Horth gave them the go-by, killing 8 out of his 9 birds. Dr. Vandegrift and Mr. Howard went home before the termination of the shoot and thereby lost their chance of shooting off for third prize, which went to P. J. Brennan. The Washington Heights Gun Club must have some dandy shots if C. R. Terwilliger is a sample. T. F. Russell is also ambitious to shine as a shooting crack. Score:

Dr Hudson (30)	11 2 2 2 2 2 0—8	L C Gehering (32)	2 2 0 2 0 1 2 0 0—5
R Regan (25)	1 1 0 1 1 2 1 2—8	L Schermerhorn (30)	2 0 2 1 2 0 0 1—6
T J Crystal (25)	2 0 1 1 2 2 1 0—7	T P MacKenna (25)	1 0 2 2 0 1 2 0 1—6
I Howard (21)	2 1 2 0 0 2 0 0—4	J Bade (25)	1 1 0 1 0 0 0 0 1—4
C Horth (25)	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0—8	G Remsen (30)	1 0 1 1 2 0 2 0—6
N Mensel (30)	2 1 0 1 1 0 1 2—7	Dr Vandegrift (21)	1 1 0 0 2 0 1 0—4
M W Murphy (25)	1 1 0 1 0 2 2 0—5	P J Brennan (21)	0 1 0 0 0 0 1 1—3
P Butz (30)	0 0 0 1 2 2 1 0—5	T J Cody (50)	0 0 0 0 0 1 0 1 0—2
J Measel, Jr (30)	1 2 0 1 1 1 0 0—6	T F Russell (25)	1 0 1 2 0 1 0 1 1—6
H Rubino (25)	0 0 0 1 0 0 1 0—2	C R Terwilliger (30)	1 1 1 0 1 0 0—6
Dr Liveredge (25)	1 1 2 0 1 1 1 0—7	J J McConnell (21)	0 1 0 0 1 0 0 0—2
P J Keenan (25)	1 0 2 1 0 0 1 0—5	F Schrader (30)	0 1 0 1 0 3 1 1—5
Gus Nowark (.5)	0 0 0 0 1 1 0 1—4	Col J H Voss (32)	1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 0—6

Dr. Hudson wins first prize first time; ties on second, Regan 1 0, Horth 1 1, Horth wins second prize first time; P. J. Brennan wins third for first time.—T. P. M.

NEW YORK SUBURBAN GROUNDS.—Claremont, Jersey City, Oct. 26.—Matches at 10 bluerocks, 50 cents entrance, 5 traps, all ties div. Sweepstakes No. 1:

Tatham	0 0 0 1 1 1 1 1—6	Nixon	0 1 0 1 1 0 0 1 1—6
Johnson	1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1—9	Howard	0 1 o 0 0 0 0 0 0—1
Simpson	0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—9	Magnus	0 0 1 0 . 0 1 1 0 0—3

Sweep No. 2, same:

Tatham	1 0 0 1 1 0 0 1 0 1—7	Nixon	1 1 1 0 0 0 1 1 0 1—6
Johnson	1 1 0 1 0 1 0 1—7	Howard	1 0 1 0 1 1 0 0 0—5
Simpson	0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—9	H A G	1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1—8

Sweep No. 3, same:

Tatham	1 1 1 0 1 0 0 1 0—6	Nixon	1 1 1 1 1 0 0 0 3 1—6
Johnson	1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1—9	Howard	0 1 0 1 0 1 1 0 1—6
Simpson	0 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1—8	Magnus	0 1 0 0 0 1 1 0 0—3

Sweep No. 4, same, 2 moneys:

Tatham	1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0—8	Nixon	1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0—8
Johnson	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10	Howard	0 1 0 1 0 0 1—5
Simpson	0 1 1 0 . 1 1 1 1—8	H A G	0 1 1 0 0 0 0 1 1—5

Sweep No. 5, same:

Tatham	1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0—8	Nixon	1 1 0 0 1 1 1 0 1—7
Johnson	1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1—8	Howard	0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 0—7
Simpson	1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1—8		

Sweep No. 6, same, three moneys:

Tatham	1 1 1 1 0 0 1 0—6	Tee Kay	0 1 0 0 1 1 1 1—7
Johnson	1 1 0 0 1 1 0 0—6	Lindsley	0 1 1 1 0 0 1 0—5
Simpson	1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1—8	Hathaway	1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1—7
Nixon	0 1 1 0 0 0 0 1—3	Apgar	1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1—7
Howard	0 0 0 0 0 1 1 0 1—3		

Sweep No. 7, same:

Tatham	1 0 1 1 0 0 1 0 0—5	Tee Kay	1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1—7
Johnson	1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1—8	Lindsley	1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1—8
Simpson	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10	Hathaway	1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1—8
Nixon	1 0 1 0 1 1 0 0—6	Apgar	1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1—7
Howard	0 1 1 0 1 1 0 0—6		

Sweep No. 8, same:

Tatham	0 0 1 0 1 1 1 1—6	Howard	0 0 0 0 1 0 0 1—3
Johnson	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10	Tee Kay	1 1 0 1 1 1 0 1—8
Simpson	0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1—8	Lindsley	1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0—8
Nixon	0 0 1 1 1 1 0 0—6	Hathaway	1 0 0 1 1 1 0 1—7
Howard	0 0 1 1 1 1 0 0—6	Apgar	1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1—7

Sweep No. 9, same:

Tatham	1 0 1 0 1 0 1 1 0—6	J Smith	0 1 1 0 0 1 0 1—5
Johnson	1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1—9	Lindsley	1 0 1 0 0 1 1 0—5
Simpson	1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1—8	Hathaway	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10
Nixon	1 0 0 0 0 1 0—4	Moffatt	1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1—9
Howard	1 0 0 1 0 1 1 1—7		

Sweep 10, same:

Tatham	1 0 1 1 0 1 1 1—7	Howard	1 0 0 1 1 1 1 0—7
Johnson	0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1—8	Lindsley	1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1—7
Simpson	0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 9	Hathaway	1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1—9
Nixon	1 0 1 0 0 0 1 0 0—4	Moffatt	1 1 0 1 1 0 0 0—7

First and third div.

The cloudy threatening weather to-day deterred many from enjoying the usual Saturday shoot on the grounds of the Association. Uncle Billy Sigler did not show up although he intended being on hand, Miller and Quimby did not materialize, probably were engaged in figuring the profits of the season's shooting. Milt. Lindsley and Tee Kay nothing could tire (in the shooting line), so although just returned from Trenton, they were in most of the sweeps to day. There will be shooting all day on Election Day, Nov. 5, and quite a crowd is expected; also every Saturday until further notice. Lunch served on the grounds. PIN.

TWO-MAN TEAM RACE.—One result of the Trenton tournament is a team match between Frank Class and Phil. Daly, Jr., against J. Frank Kleinz and R. E. Irwin, the conditions of which are here given: Trenton, N. J., Oct. 25.—We the undersigned agree to shoot a match at 50 live birds per man for $100 a corner, making in all $400. Strictly Hurlingham rules, with the exception that Daly shoots with a 10-gauge gun. John Erb to select the birds and match to be shot at Erb's grounds, Newark, N. J., on Tuesday, Nov. 12, 1:30 P. M. Mr. Ed. Updegrove, stake holder. $100 has been posted as forfeit with the above, the balance to be put up on day of shoot. (Signed) J. Frank Kleinz, R. E. Irwin, Frank Class, Philip Daly, Jr.

MISS ANNIE OAKLEY sends us from Paris a map of that city and a newspaper clipping which says of her: "Les représentations de *Buffalo Bill* sont toujours très suivies. Le Baron de Mohrenheim, Ambassadeur de Russie, s'y trouvait hier avec toute sa famille; il a beaucoup applaudi le tir de Miss Oakley, ainsi que les exercices de dressage des chevaux sauvages."

NEWARK GUN CLUB.—The members of the Newark Gun Club had a most enjoyable time on Thursday, Oct. 24, when a few of them met at South Beach, Staten Island, for a clam bake and live bird shoot. The dinner was exceptionally good. Nine events were shot, all at live birds, which were of the usual quality. The scores follow:

Event No. 1, at 3 live birds, $5 entrance, 3 moneys, birds extra:

C M Hedden	1 1 2 2 1 1 2—8	S Castle	1 2 1 0 1 1 1 0—6
J Erb	1 2 1 1 1 1 0 1—7	Gus Freche	0 1 2 2 0 2 2 1—6

Event No. 2, same conditions:

Hedden	2 1 1 2 2 1 1 1—8	Castle	0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1—6
Erb	1 1 2 2 1 1 1 0—8	Freche	1 0 1 1 0 2 2 2—6

Event No. 3, same conditions:

Hedden	1 2 2 1 2 1 1 1—8	Freche	0 1 1 1 1 1 2—7
Castle	1 1 2 2 1 1 1 0—7	Erb	1 1 1 1 1 1 1—7

Event No. 4, same conditions:

Hedden	2 1 2 1 2 1 1 1—8	Freche	2 2 1 0 1 1 2 0—7
Castle	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—8	C Heath	0 2 1 2 1 2 0 1—6
Erb	1 1 1 2 2 2 1 1—8	Reinhardt	1 1 2 1 2 0 1 0—6

Event No. 5, same:

Hedden	2 1 2 1 0 2 1 2—8	Freche	2 2 1 0 1 1 0 2—7
Erb	1 1 1 1 1 2 2 2—8	C Heath	0 2 1 2 1 2 0 2—6
Castle	1 2 1 1 1 1 1 1—8	Reinhardt	1 1 2 1 0 1 2 0—6

Event No. 6, same:

Hedden	1 2 1 2 1 1 1—8	Castle	0 1 1 0 1 0 1 1—5
Erb	1 1 1 2 2 0 1 0—7	C Heath	0 1 1 o 2 0 2—5
Reinhardt	1 0 1 1 2 1 1 1—7	Freche	0 0 0 1 2 0 0 1—3

Event No. 7, same:

Reinhardt	1 1 2 1 2 1—8	Erb	0 1 2 1 2 0 1 1—5
Castle	1 1 1 0 2 1 1 1—7	Freche	2 2 1 0 0 1 1—5
Leddy	2 1 2 1 0 2 2 1—7	Heath	1 0 2 1 0 0 1 1—5
Hedden	1 1 2 0 2 0 1—6	Wannech	2 0 2 1 0 1 1 0—5

Event No. 8, same:

Hedden	1 2 1 1 1 1 2—8	Castle	0 1 1 1 2 1 0—6
Freche	1 1 1 1 2 1 1—8	Leddy	0 1 0 2 2 1—6
Reinhardt	1 1 1 1 1 1 1—8	Heath	1 0 0 2 1 2 0—5
Erb	1 1 2 1 2 0 1 1—7		

Event No. 9, at 16 live birds, $10 entrance, birds extra; 3 moneys:

Castle	1 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 2—16	Hedden	1 2 0 1 1 2 2 0 1 1 1 2 1 2 0 0—12
Erb	1 2 0 1 0 1 1 2 1 2 2 0 2 1 1—13	Heath	1 1 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 2—12
Reinhardt	1 1 1 2 0 2 1 1 1 1 0 2 0 2—13	Leddy	0 2 1 0 1 o 0 1 1 1 1 2 1 1—11

WOODSIDE VS. MAPLEWOOD.—On Wednesday, the 23d inst. members of the above named gun clubs met at the Woodside Club grounds at Newark, N. J., in a team race. The conditions were for 10 men on each side, but the visitors being short handed the teams were reduced to 7 men each. The weather was cold, with a piercing northeast wind, and not conducive to good scores. The Woodside team was victorious by 29 birds. Conditions of match, 25 Ligowsky pigeons per man:

Woodside Team.

S Geoffrey	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1—24
J Von Lengerke	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 1—23
S Cockefair	1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1—20
J Sickles	1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1—19
M Fuerth	0 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 0—17
Bryan	0 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 5 1—16
D Carter	1 1 1 0 1 0 0 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 0 0—13 - 132

Maplewood Team.

J R Burnett	1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 0 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1—18
S Tillon	1 1 0 0 0 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1—17
A Sickley	0 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 0 1 0 1—17
Laidlaw	1 0 1 0 0 . 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1—16
A G Parry	0 0 1 3 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 0 0 1 0 1 1 1 0 1—15
Eager	0 0 0 0 1 0 0 1 1 6 1 1 1 0 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1—11
D Tillon	0 0 0 0 1 0 1 0 1 1 0 0 0 0 1 1 0 1 1 0 0 0 0 1—9—103

At the conclusion of this event a number of sweepstakes were shot, of which the totals are given:

No. 1, at 5 clay-birds: Heller 5, Tillon 4, Burnett 4, Cockefair 3, Addison 3, Parry 3, Eagle 3, Geoffrey 2, Fuerth 2.

No. 2, same: Fuerth 5, Sickles 5, Byram 5, Cockefair 4, Tillon 4, Lever 3, Walters 3, Geoffrey 2, Heller 2, Addison 2, Eager 2, Carter 2, Parry 1.

No. 3 same: Parry 5, C. Von Lengerke 4, Heller 3, Addison 3, Lever 2, Russel 2, Byram 1.

No. 4, same: Heller 4, Cockefair 4, E. Von Lengerke 4, Byram 3, Addison 3, Sickles 2, Walters 1, Russell 1.

No. 5, at 10 clays: Geoffrey 8, Cockefair 8, Addison 8, C. Von Lengerke 8, O. Von Lengerke 6, Fuerth 6, Parry 6, Heller 6, Sickles 5, Walters 4.

No. 6, same: Geoffrey 10, Byram 10, C. Von Lengerke 9, Cockefair 9, O. Von Lengerke 8, Sickles 8, Heller 7, Carter 7, Walters 6.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 27.—The first of the series of winter one-day live-pigeon shooting tournaments, under the management of Messrs. Al. Bandle and A. C. Dick, was shot on the grounds of the East End Gun Club, Columbia four miles east of this city, Thursday last. It proved a very enjoyable affair, the weather being of the finest possible kind, and the birds used a very choice and select lot, duffers being in the minority, and the shooting of the best. From a strictly financial standpoint to the shooters present in competition, the day's sport was a failure, too many good shots presenting themselves to catch on any heavy paying purses, the tie shooting eating up the profits. Bandle shot in wonderful form, missing but one bird in the entire day's sport, and realizing for his meritable work the magnificent sum of $3.75. The attendance of spectators was large, and the scouts outnumbered the actual competitors five to one; in fact, proved a veritable nuisance. Five ground scoop traps were used in springing the birds, which accounts for the number of birds run off in so short a time. All shooting was from ground traps set equal distance (5yds.) apart, use of both barrels allowed, the rise being 28 for 12 and 30yds. for 10-gauge guns, purses divided into 60 and 40 per cent.:

Match No. 1, 10 live pigeons, entrance $4:

F Ferris	1 0 0 2 0 1 1 1— 6	Apking	1 0 1 1 0 1 2 0—6
Dayton	1 2 1 2 1 1 0 2— 9	Richards	1 0 1 1 1 0 1 1—8
Al Bandle	2 1 1 1 1 1 2 1—10	Whitney	0 0 0 1 1 1 0 2 0—5

Match No. 2, 5 live birds, entrance $2:

Dayton	2 2 2 2—5	Stone	2 0 1 1—4
Bandle	1 1 1 2 1—5	Apking	1 1 2 1 0—4
Richards	1 0 1 1 1—4	N G	1 2 1 0 2—4
Ferris	1 2 1 0 0—3	Shorty	1 1 1 0—4
Girton	2 1 1 1—4		
Bohemian	1 2 0 1—4		

Ties div.

Match No. 3, 5 live birds, entrance $2:

Dayton	1 2 0 2—4	Stone	2 1 1 2 2—5
Bandle	2 2 1 2 0—4	Apking	1 1 2 1 1—5
Richards	2 2 2 2—5	N G	1 1 1 1—5
Murphy	1 1 2 2 1—5	Ferris	2 1 1 1—5
Girton	1 2 1 2—5	Shorty	2 1 0 1 0—3
Bohemian	0 2 2 1—4		

Ties on 4 div. second, ties on 5 each decided the 5 birds in the following race to decide winner of first money.

Match No. 4, 5 live birds, entrance $2:

Dayton	1 1 0 1 2—4	Girton	1 0 2 1 2—4
Bandle	1 1 1 1 1—5	Ferris	2 1 2 2 0—4
Apking	1 2 1 2—5	Shorty	1 2 2 1 0—4
Richards	0 1 2 2—4	Murphy	1 0 2 1 1—4

Apking decided winner of first money in Match No. 3, Match No. 4, Bandle and Apking 1st money, ties on 4 each split.

Match No. 5, 5 live birds, entrance $2:

Dayton	2 0 1 1 0—3	Shorty	0 1 2 1 1—4
Bandle	1 1 2 2 2—5	Murphy	1 2 1 1 1—5
Apking	0 1 1 2—3	N G	0 2 1 0 2—5
Richards	1 1 2 1 2—5	Bohemian	1 1 2 0 1—4
Girton	2 0 2 2—4	Stone	0 1 1 0 2—3
Ferris	2 1 1 0—4		

Ties div.

Match No. 7, 5 live birds, entrance $2:

Dayton	1 1 1 2—5	Ferris	1 2 1 2 2—5
Bandle	1 1 2 1—5	Stone	2 2 1 1 0—4
Richard	0 1 2 1—4	Murphy	2 0 1 1—4
Girton	1 2 1 1—5	N G	1 1 1 2 1—5
Bohemian	1 1 2 1—5	Shorty	1 1 2 2 0—4
Apking	1 1 2 2 1—5		

Ties on 4 div. Ties on 5 for first shot off: Bandle 6, Dayton 6, Girton w., Bohemian 6. Apking 6, Ferris 6, N. G. w. Ties of 6 div.

Individual shooting, live birds. Match 1, $5 per man: Shorty 5, Apking 5.

Match No. 2, conditions same: Richard 5, Apking 3.

Match No. 3, conditions same: Apking 3, Ferris 6.

Match No. 4, conditions same: Apking 4, Ferris 3.

Match No. 5, 5 live birds, 3 men, $5 entrance: Dayton 6, Apking 4, Ferris 5. Dayton and Ferris div.

Summary: Dayton killed 41 out of 46, Al Bandle 40 out of 41, Richard 36 out of 40, Murphy 22 out of 25, Girton 25 out of 33, Bohemian 23 out of 26, Stone 17 out of 20, Apking 61 out of 74, N. G. 21 out of 26, Ferris 45 out of 56, Shorty 25 out of 31, Whitney 6 out of 10.—C. G. NEWSBOY.

TOWANDA, Pa., Oct. 27.—The attendance of club members at our weekly shoot has been gradually growing less until this week but three faced the traps, all using hammerless guns. Turner shoots a Lefever, Snider a new National Gun Co. for first time, and Dittrich an L. C Smith. The following is the score:

Dittrich	0 0 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1—15	Snider	1 0 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1—14
Turner	1 0 0 0 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 1—12		

TRAP.

CHARTER OAK PARK.—Hartford, Conn., Oct. 24.—The second tournament by the Connecticut Shooting Association, at Charter Oak Park, to-day, was a notable success, everything considered. The day was cold and raw, and the trap-shooting season past, so that the number present and the interest taken shows that the tournament was a perfect success. Six thousand pigeons were thrown, and all the events were well filled. So well pleased was the large delegation from New Haven, that President Bristol, of the New Haven Gun Club, arranged with the officers of the Association to give a shoot at New Haven, on Thanksgiving Day. Shooting commenced at 9:30 A. M., and ended at 5 P. M., darkness then preventing further shooting. Notable among the absentees were Yerrington and Manley. Perhaps the "State champion" race frightened them off. New Haven sent thirteen good men, and they all did fine work. The cold, a brisk wind and traps set to throw hard-flying birds, made the scores poorer than usual. In fact no one made a score equal to what could have been made under more favorable circumstances.

Second extra event, 10 birds, 5 angles: Whitney 9, Webb 7, Melrose and Johnson 5, Alger 6, Treat 4.

Third extra event, 10 birds, 5 angles: Bristol 10, Bates and Sherman 9, Lewis, Widman, Wood, Hubbard and Quinton 8. Widman won on 8 straight.

First regular event, 10 birds 5 angles: Whitney 10, Widman and Sherman 9, Lewis and Wood 8, Hubbard, Henry, Treat, Bates, Bristol and Webb 7. Tie won on 5 straight by Bristol; Folsom, Quinton and Johnson 6, Cowee and Alger 5.

Second regular event, same condition: Widman, Lewis and Bristol 10, Whitney and Sherman 9, Bates, Gould, Alger, Hubbard and N. Folsom 8. Bates and Gould divided 3 on 5 straight. Webb, Johnson and Cowee 7; Treat, Woods and Henry 6, Goodwin and Whittlesey 5.

Third regular, 5 pairs: Cowee 3, Whittlesey and Whitney 7, Lewis, Gould, Putney, Bates, Widman and Henry 6. Won by Widman on 4 straight; Bristol, Webb, E. Folsom, Hubbard and Johnson 4, Goodwin 3.

Fourth regular event, State championship and pitcher, etc., 10 straightaways, 20 singles, at 5 angles and 10 pairs:

	Straightaways.	Singles.	Pairs.	Total.
E Folsom	8	18	19	45
Whitney	10	16	17	43
Bristol	10	17	15	42
Gould	10	16	16	42
Putney	8	16	17	41
Widman	7	20	13	40
Lewis	8	20	11	39
Sherman	7	16	16	39
N D Folsom	9	15	14	38
Henry	7	16	15	38
Burbridge	8	15	15	38
Hubbard	7	15	15	37
Bates	10	15	10	35
Johnson	8	13	13	34
Melrose	8	12	14	34
Willey	8	14	10	32
Cowee	6	12	14	32
Whittlesey	8	10	11	29
Webb	6	12	10	28
Treat	5	10	11	26

Fifth event, at 40 singles, 5 angles, for Parker gun: Woods and Widman 37, Bates and Gould 36, E. Folsom and Sherman 35, Lewis and Whitney 34, N. Folsom 31, Melrose 30, Bristol, Putney and Johnson 28, Willey 27, Webb, Henry and Cowle 24, Hubbard 23.

Sixth event: Widman and Sherman 10, Bristol, Gould and Whitney 9, Lewis and Goodwin 8, Cowle, Henry, Bates and E. Folsom 7, Johnson, N. Folsom, Woods and Treat 6, Whittlesey 5, Webb 4.

In the two-man team, 20 entries, Bristol and Whitney took first money on 20, Gould and Sherman second on 19.

In the miss and out Bates and Henry stood up longest, and Bates finally won. This was the last event, although a number of small events were shot on a set of side traps.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 26.—Leaden clouds greeted the men of the Crescent Gun Club when the members of that organization assembled at Louis Miller's Dexter Park to-day for their regular monthly shoot; the conditions of the weather were such that good shooting was almost impossible, and only one of the crack shots who participated in the competition came anywhere near his real form, and that gentleman was Mr. C. B. Hubbell, the winner of the principal competition of the day. The great match at 25 live birds which was announced to be decided between Walter D. Gilman and Mr. Cromellan of Brooklyn proved to be a grand fizzle, as the latter gentleman did not put in an appearance, and the referee, Mr. Hopkins, decided that, under the rules, if Mr. Gilman went to the traps and shot at one bird he would be complying with the conditions of the match, and that he would award the contest to Mr. Gilman if, after waiting a reasonable time for Mr. Cromellan to appear and that gentleman failed to come to time, the former faced the traps and shot at one bird, thus establishing the fact that he was on hand and ready and willing to decide the event. After the regular shoot for the club medal was decided Mr. Gilman walked to the traps and called "Pull!" to Trapper William Mill, and the bird, a large one, which was a quarter to the right, rose in the air and was immediately bowled over, upon which the referee immediately awarded the match to Mr. Gilman by the score of 1 bird killed to 0. Some good shooting was done in the regular club competition for the gold club badge, which was at 10 birds per man at 25 ats. rise, the scores of which were as follows:

D. Gilman 4, W. J. Bolton 2, W. E. Skidmore 7, L. C. Hopkins 8, Orto Hill 7, C. B. Hubbell 8. The latter gentleman thus won the trophy, and will wear it until the next regular shoot of the club. A sweepstakes at 3 live birds per man followed, the score of which was as follows, each contestant shooting at 25yds. rise: Hubbell 3, Hill 2, Gilman 1, Bolton 1, Skidmore 0, Hopkins 0. Hubbell thus won first money, Hill second, and Gilman and Bolton div. third money. The entrance fees in this event were divided in the ratio of 50, 30 and 20 per cent. for first, second and third prizes respectively. A spirited and very close contest resulted in the next event, which was a team match, at 5 live birds per man, at 25yds. rise, Hubbell's team vs. Gilman's team, which was won by the narrow margin of one bird by the former team, as the subjoined score shows: Hubbell's team—Hubbell 4, Hill 4, Hopkins 0; total 8. Gilman's team—Gilman 3, Bolton 1, Skidmore 3; total 7. Several sweeps at bluerocks followed, and at the meeting of the members of the club held later in the evening it was unanimously decided to hold the regular shoots of the club on the last Friday in each month at Dexter Park.

WORCESTER, Mass., Oct. 20.—The contest for the Norcross trophy last Tuesday was the most closely contested shoot yet held for this cup. E. S. Knowles, C. B. Holden and C. R. Crompton tied on 27 out of 30. On the first shoot-off to decide the tie each man broke 9 out of 10, but on the second round Knowles shot the others out and won the cup. "Lisha" kept open house that evening, and the boys all enjoyed a smoke at his expense. "The best the house affords" was none too good.—HAL.

The scores were as follows:

E S Knowles	27	M D Gilman	24
C B Holden	27	E Jewett	23
C Crompton	27	A R Bowdish	22
G J Rugg	26	E F Swan	22
E Welch	26	W H Dean	22
C Forehand	26	C R Holman	21
W L Davis	25	Wm White	17
George Sampson	25	F Forehand	14
A L Gilman	24		

Ties shot off as follows:

Knowles	11111—5	10111—4	11110—4	11111—5
Crompton	10111—4	11111—5	10111—4	10 w.
Holden	01111—4	110 w.		

WELLINGTON, Mass., Oct. 26.—The amateur shooters being in the bush, the professionals and semi-professionals had a gala time at the traps. In the silver pitcher match Bond again scooped the trophy, and unless some of the shooters return from the bush to compete with him next Saturday the doctor will win the same. The scores of 8 and over follow: Bond 13, Cody 12, Warren 11, Porter, Sanborn and Field 11 each, Gale 8. The first in the sweepstakes were won as follows: Five bluerocks, Cody; 5 pigeons, Bond; 6 bluerocks, Bond; 3 pairs pigeons, Melcher; 5 bluerocks, Field and Bond; 6 bluerocks, Bond; 5 bluerocks, Bond; 6 pigeons, White and Bond; 7 bluerocks, Bond and Gale; 8 pigeons, Warren; 7 bluerocks, Bond; 10 bluerocks, Keystone trap, Melcher; 5 bluerocks, Warren; 6 bluerocks, Sanborn; 5 pairs bluerocks, Keystone traps, Porter; 5 bluerocks, Sanborn and White; 5 pigeons, Bond and Gale; 5 pigeons, Sanborn and Bond; 5 bluerocks, Sanborn; 5 bluerocks, Hurlingham rules, Sanborn.

GRAND CROSSING, Ill., Oct. 22.—Match between W. P. Mussey and A. T. Loyd at 50 pigeons each, 5 ground traps, 30yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, Illinois State rules, for a purse of $100. After each had shot 40 birds Loyd threw up the match:

|

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., Oct. 22.—The second shoot of the Madison County Sportsmen's Association came off on Saturday at Eaton. The principal event was the contest for the silver cup, for which Oneida entered two teams, Canastota one team and Eaton three teams, each of four men. Following is the score made at 16 singles and 6 doubles: Eaton—First team: Peet 13, Richardson 15, Hall 23, Curtis 17—70; second team: Cole 25, Palmer 16, Fryer 16, Briggs 13—70; third team: Stone 17, Parsons 13, Short 15, Sacket 13—58. Oneida—First team: Tuttle 10, Devereaux 16, Maxwell 18, J. M. Markham 22—66; second team: M. S. Markham 14, Carter 11, Cheney 5, Clark 20—50. Canastota team: Roberts 18, Lansing 17, Salisbury 15, Suits 8—59. Another interesting event was the contest for a Parker hammerle s shotgun and the championship of Madison county; won by J. M. Markham, of Oneida, by a score of 18 out of a possible 20. George Cole won the second prize on a score of 17 out of 20.

TORONTO, Oct. 21.—Messrs. Beldam, of the Toronto Gun Club, and Emond, of the Stanley Gun Club, shot a match at Chas. Ayre's grounds this afternoon at 50 live birds, H. and T. ground traps, 26yds. rise, with use of both barrels, Toronto Gun rules. This is the way it stood at the finish:

Emond .....1100111111211102001210111110210101101111111001—36
Beldam..... .....1101211121121121211111111211112111112100.02112011—43

The figure 2 shows where the second barrel was used. After the match a sweep was shot at 10 birds under the same rules. Messrs. Briggs and P. Wakefield divided first and second with a clean score. They both shot in good form.

NEW HAVEN, Conn. will have a big shoot on Thanksgiving Day, given by the New Haven Gun Club.

Yachting.

"West India Hurricanes and the Great March Blizzard." By Everett Hayden, U. S. Hydrographic Office. Large quarto, with 25 lithographic plates. Price $1. Contains full history of the great storm of March, 1888, with practical information how to handle a vessel in a cyclone; use of oil at sea, etc.

"DOWN THE BEACH" IN A NORTHEASTER.

NORFOLK, Oct. 26, on board yacht Medusa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see so often in the FOREST AND STREAM accounts of little 40ft. or even 30ft. boats that make ten miles an hour as they float gaily over a summer sea, that I thought you might find it interesting to know what a good staunch 54-footer can do when it really blows, with a fair wind. Every one calls Medusa an old tub, and all the forties think they can beat her; I fancy, however, that my trip down here would have completely used up the best of them. I started on Wednesday, Oct. 23, from Twenty-eighth street, New York, at 11 o'clock, with a northeaster that was too good a chance to miss, being bound for Norfolk. The winter rig is bent and everything is good and strong. Of course yachtsmen would laugh at a mainboom that went to the taffrail only, and every mother's son would probably declare that his vessel would prove staunch enough with more sail. Probably a 32ft. bowsprit on a vessel of 64ft. long on deck would also seem a very stubby looking "horn," but it proved long enough.

The first incident of an exciting run met us before we were clear of New York Bay, a tug running into us when we were square before the wind, while I could not alter my course without a certain chance of exactly what did happen next day, a jibe on top of the runner. My men, who were below at dinner, hearing me hail the tug rushed on deck and at a great risk tried for the runner, I keeping away with mainsail just on the tremble, but we went into the tug; result, bad language galore, bowsprit driven in and bitts bent back, and bowsprit shrouds stretched too long, besides a parted mainsheet and a round hole in the topside where the bill of the anchor stuck on entry as a fender. We hove about on the other tack and lost a lot of time repairing damage, or our time on the run would have been considerably better, the damaged head gear causing some anxiety at times in addition to the direct loss of time.

When under way again we set topsail, in fact the wind was so moderate inside that I even got jib topsail out, but on reaching the Hook we found a sad sea on, and sent topsail down on the cap. We passed Buoy No. 5 about 1:20, at Scotland Lightship we had gotten off the bar, sea running regularly, so we set topsail and away we went. Light ship bore abeam at 1:50 exactly, ½ mile to windward, and we set course to clear Barnegat nicely and ran quite lively all the afternoon with breeze gaining strength and no one going our way, but a few working up to get into the hook. One pilot boat was reefed down and one big schooner had mizzen reef d.

At 6 o'clock we took in the topsail, for the breeze had gotten quite briskly "down to work." Barnegat bore abeam at 6:20; distance 42 miles (nautical, of course). Course was now laid to go between N.E. and Cape May lightships, and every effort was made to steer carefully. The sea was getting up, but nothing to bother us as yet. Absecom bore abeam at 9:15, and all went merry as a marriage bell. For a wonder we had no trouble with our binnacle light. Mr. Bliss has at last really succeeded in making something that will burn when the wind blows. At 11:35 N. E. Lightship was one mile distant and exactly on our starboard beam. We were not making 13 knots like our little friends in the FOREST AND STREAM, but we were foolish enough to think our old hooker was "humping along" at a fine pace, and I think the skipper did not care a penny for the racing fortics. At 12:35 we were alongside Cape May Lightship within a cable's length, in fact as close as it was safe to go. I make the distance on the chart from Scotland Lightship to be 103 nautical miles, and we had done it in 10h. 45m. exactly. There can be no mistake, for I took the times myself and we passed both marks too close aboard to be out of the way on bearings.

The wind by this time was a good honest gale, and the sea was rough. Of course, we had all hatches battened down forward and aft, but main companion and the lee side of main skylight were open to keep the cabin stove under some sort of control. I here, in the name of the yachting community, ask the inventors of the country to get us something that will burn while under way. The miseries we have in late cruising, language fails to convey. If ever anything has been carefully, religiously, thoroughly damned, it is the beautiful porcelain affair that stands in my cabin. It is more contrary and "ordinary" than a jibing horse or a kicking mule!

Having such a splendid departure, we now laid our course for Winter Quarter Lightship, 55 miles away. We flew along with an increasing sea, and everything as yet in good shape. I make it to be a very pretty piece of steering to have thus far hit off the mark so exactly; and Petersen, the skipper, deserves much praise for it. Of course, modesty prevents my expatiating on my own part of the "navigation," as Capt. Reuben Ranzo puts it. At 3 P. M. to the minute we were abeam of the new ship off Fenwick Island Shoal, but too close to it; and I found that the sea, which was now big, had hove us somewhat to the westward. I therefore altered the course to allow for it.

By this time the wind had increased so that it was no longer safe with a whole mainsail, small as it is, and we took in two reefs at once—a hard job, as we were about dead before it at this time. The main hatch cover was screwed down and all openings in deck looked after. At 6:38 we were alongside the Winter Quarter vessel; total distance 159 miles from Scotland Lightship, in 16 hours 48 minutes.

It was a wild and grand sight. The ship lay with her trysail up, and looked very small as the big yellow mountains drove down on her. The sea now had the regular feel of an ocean gale and wanted only the color for one to think of mid-ocean. The bottom was still too near the top, however, and the sand was stirred up through it quite thoroughly. We had for the next objective point the new lightship off Cape Charles, distance 57¾ miles. The sea being so long, we were going quite comfortably, and only when we got on the shoal spots did we fear anything from it.

While below, however, at 10:30, alas! I heard a great crash, and rushing on deck found that the boom had jibed over on the runner and was dragging alongside in three pieces. The wind for some time had showed a tendency to cant northerly, and as we were running nearly a S.W. course (S.W. by S.), it needed careful steering. Petersen says the shift came without warning and that the sail went over without a previous quiver of the after leach. It took some time in that big sea to get the wreck cleared away, with the boom back on deck and the sail furled untorn; but we did it and set trysail. As we got down near Cape Charles and into the shoal water the sea began to grow dangerous, as we had run a long time on the wrong jibe gathering in the wreck. Still we were able to go S.W., so that in the end we fetched about ¼ mile inside the Whistling Buoy off Cape Charles, which we passed at 1:30 (within a minute or so at least), making the sea portion of our trip in 24 hours. I thought that when in Vindex I did the same thing in 23 hours I was going very fast and every one considered her speedy down wind. The distance from Winter Quarter to Whistling Buoy is 64 miles, we therefore had come from Scotland ship 225 miles and from the "Hook" to Scotland is 3 miles, thus making the total sea trip 228 nautical miles in 24 hours, I think without the accident we should have been able to do 230 within the day.

Our course now gradually hauled westerly with the wind nearly north. The sea before reaching the bay was already very alarming in character. We soon took in the foresail, and then we went through the worst experience I ever had in a small vessel; we were practically in breakers, as the depth, 6 to 4 fathoms, was much too small for such a big sea. Everything was closed up tight. Water came aboard everywhere, one sea "pooping" us, going clean up to the waist of man at the wheel. It went up to the gaff of furled mainsail and filled my rubber boots standing on top of main skylight. It was enough to frighten any one but a hardened old salt, but I can speak naught but praise for my men; they showed no timidity, and Charles Johnson, who was at the wheel, steered his course as coolly and collectedly to all appearance as on a summer day. It was now slow work with the wind forward of the beam, an ebb tide running and a cauldron of waters around us. In fact, it was 5 o'clock before we got to the Thimble Light, and 7 to the minute when we let go our anchor in Norfolk, making 32 hours for the trip from dock to dock.

The last few hours had let a little water below, but not a drop got through the skylight in my own stateroom, and not a single thing has come out of it to be dried. The men's berths were not wet, their lockers only suffering. The carpet in main cabin got a very good soaking, as several doses of salt water were given it. The cover of cabin skylight was not well secured, and my chart came in for a little. Still the cushions are not wet enough to keep on deck, as the covers protected them and were themselves so little touched that everything was dry soon after we came to anchor. The upper cabin skylight wept a little, the carpet came up, but the beds got a very insignificant sprinkle. The damage below was practically nil. We went to bed, and of course are all now busy repairing damage, getting ready to ship our new boom.

Now that it is all over I feel proud of the little ship that carried us through so safely. The jibing of the boom of course wrecked things a little, runner gone, and manrope stanchions aft demoralized, but the boat did not leak more than usual, and outside is as smooth as an egg. I forgot to mention that the Cape Charles Lightship, the last mark we ran for, we did not make out, but as we got the Whistler we did not care. She was not easy to pick up, for she was not there at all, but had gone adrift with 150 fathoms out and was in Norfolk when we got in. We passed, however, within two and a half miles of her position, and that this error is partly attributable to the accident, I think I can claim in all modesty. ROBERT CENTER.

[Medusa enjoys the distinction once accorded to the old Vindex, of being the cruiser of the American singlestick fleet, in active service practically all the year around. She is a cutter of 54ft. l.w.l., 12ft. 4in. beam, and 10ft. 3in. draft. At present she is bound for a winter cruise in the Chesapeake. The run recounted above shows something of her qualities as a sea-going cruiser, and she is not a whit less perfect in the cosy and comfortable appointments which add so much to the pleasure of cruising.]

NARROW BEAM UNDER THE NEW RULES.

IN commenting on the Kathleen-Shona match the *Field* speaks as follows:

"The Kathleen is more like one of our old 30-footers than a modern 10-rater, and is, we believe, of about 14 tons displacement, while the displacement of Shona would be about 9 tons. If the point sought to be ascertained is, whether 14 tons can be put into a better proportioned form than that of Kathleen's, we think the question can be answered by referring to our 10-raters, which are of about 14 tons displacement on a length of 36ft. Further, a study of the relative performances of Doris (the best 5-tonner yet built) Yvonne and Decima, would throw more light on the rating and classification question than any number of matches between Shona and Kathleen. That Doris would beat Kathleen as much as she would have a Keepsake or Curtsy we have not the smallest doubt; but when the displacement of the 30-footer is put into a form 33ft. long it is a very different matter. The four crack British 10-raters compare as follows:

	Length.	Breadth.	Sail area.	Y.R.A. rating.
Doris	33.86	5.6	1680	9.5
Yvonne	34.10	8.9	1727	9.8
Dis	35.93	9.1	1666	10.0
Decima	35.67	10.2	1679	10.0"

The dimensions given have a direct bearing on the question now uppermost with American yachtsmen; will the new classification by corrected length lead to narrow boats? It would seem a sufficient proof to the contrary that in England, with the strongest inducements in the way of habit, prejudice, conservatism and vested interests to adhere to the old narrow type, the beam has increased greatly in all classes. Decima, with 10.2ft. beam has beaten Doris, with 5.6ft., while the other two new boats, Yvonne and Dis, with 9ft., have been fully as successful. In the next class the result has been the same, the beam has at once expanded from 7ft. 6in. in the old 10 tonners like Undia and Melissa, to 10ft. 3in. or over in the new 20 raters, the latter winning easily from the narrow boats. If such has been the experience in England there can be little question as to the effect in America, where all the habits and prejudices of yachtsmen demand as much beam as they can obtain; very often to the detriment of the more essential qualities of the yacht. To say nothing of the far lighter winds on this side of the Atlantic, there are other conditions which favor a wide rather than a narrow boat, and a rule which has produced a comparatively wide craft in England is certain to give a still wider one here, if its factors are properly proportioned.

NEW YORK Y. C.

THE fall meeting of the New York Y. C. was held on Oct. 24, with Vice-Com. Fish in the chair, Com Gerry being in Europe. The following gentlemen were appointed on the nominating committee for the annual election: J. D. Smith, Ogden Goelet, Lloyd Phœnix, F. W. Vanderbilt, J. N. Winslow, J. R. Platt, T. B. Asten, H. M. Durand, S. Wordon and Augustin Monroe.

Some further correspondence concerning the Valkyrie challenge was read, but its tenor was not made known outside the club. The committee on measurement, Messrs. John Hyslop, L. A. Fish, E. A. Willard and A. Cary Smith, presented their report. While its substance has not been made public it is understood that the committee recommend a classification by corrected in place of waterline length, with no material increase of the tax on sail. They further recommend that when the spinaker boom exceeds in length the distance from the foreside of mast to the forward point of measurement for sail area, on the bowsprit, that such excess be added to the base line, also that the present forward point of measurement, to outf of jib, be replaced by a point halfway between it and the jibtopsail stay. The effect of these two changes will be very slight on the present fleet, but will modify the present tendency toward longer spinaker booms and extensions of the bowsprit far beyond the present point of measurement. It is also recommended that a change be made in the correction to base line for length of gaff, so as to measure the sail more accurately in all cases. A further recommendation was to increase the percentage of the allowances from 40 to 50 per cent., the present scale being low, and a change being especially necessary to correspond with the proposed classification. The committee's report was adopted, but the amendments require to be voted on at a second meeting before their final enactment, and a special meeting will be called as soon as the committee decides on the class limits by the proposed rule.

A NEW YACHT ON THE PACIFIC.

YACHTING has been at a standstill for several years on the Pacific coast, there being practically no racing, while the fleet has declined in numbers. It is pleasant to note, as the first promise of better things, the construction of a new yacht of modern type, which should do much to revive the interest in yachting that was once so strong about San Francisco. The new craft is a keel schooner of 86ft. over all, 74ft. 6in. l.w.l., 24ft. beam and 9ft. 3in. draft., being modeled by Captain Matthew Turner, builder of Lurline, Csispa and Nellie. She has a clipper stem of handsome proportions, a moderate overhang and a midship section not unlike the Burgess boats, something very different from the older boats on the coast. Her keel is a steel trough of ½in. plates, 23in. deep and 24in. wide, filled with lead, the total weight being 29,340lbs. The frame is of cedar, locust and pine, with Oregon pine planking. Her outfit of canvas, winglass, etc., will be of the best Eastern make.

YONKERS Y. C.—On Oct. 23 the Yonkers Y. C. gave a complimentary dinner to its commodore, Mr. Charles T. Mercer. During the evening Com. Mercer was presented with a handsome clock.

ALARM AND ENCHANTRESS.—The famous old schooner Alarm was lately broken up on the sands at Southampton after a lifetime of nearly 60 years, and now another two-sticker is to share her melancholy fate. Enchantress, Mr. J. F. Loubat's schooner, as she was once known in this country, was recently sold at auction in lots at Cowes, England, and a couple of weeks since she was towed to Southampton to have her spars lifted out by the steam shears, returning to Cowes to be broken up. Enchantress was modeled by Capt. Bob Fish, and built at Greenpoint, N. Y., in 1870 by Mr. Samual Pine, being 144ft. 2in. over all, 120ft. 6in. l.w.l., 24ft. 1in. beam and 13ft. 9in. draft, being, of course, a keel boat. She has been in British waters for the past 15 years, being owned during the latter part of the time by Col. Owen Williams.

EASTERN Y. C.—The Eastern Y. C., at its fall meeting on Oct. 22, went no further in the way of an amendment to its measurement rules than to drop the following clause from Rule 4: "Should any yacht of the fourth or any smaller class sail a race exceeding 5 knots an hour, or should any yacht of the third or any larger class sail a race at a rate exceeding 6½ knots, the allowance in the class in which such case occurs shall be increased by one-fourth the amount given in the table."

NEW YACHTS.—Mr. Burgess is at work on a design for a 60ft. keel cutter for Mr. David Sears, of Boston. She will be of composite build. He also has two forties under way, one for Mr. Adams. Lawley has finished and sold the 45ft. centerboard begun last spring for Mr. Owen, of Providence.

A SUCCESSOR TO IREX.—It is probable that Mr. John Jameson will build a large cutter this winter, but it is not known who will design her, or what her length will be. A rumor has been prevalent on this side that Gen. Paine will build a 70-footer, but it is not correct.

LAKE Y. R. A.—The fall meeting of the Lake Y. R. A. will be held at Hamilton, Ont., on Nov. 9. The principal business to come before the meeting is a change of the measurement rules.

SEAWANHAKA C. Y. C.—The fall meeting of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. will be held at the club house on Nov. 9, when the committee on measurement will make its report.

CTTER.—This handy little cruiser is offered for sale at a bargain. See another column.—*Adv.*

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists are all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their address-es, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1887-88.

Commodore: H. C. ROGERS.....} Peterborough, Can.
Secretary-Treasurer: GEO. W. HATTON }
Vice-Com. Rear-Com. Purser.
Central Div..W. K. Huntington..E. W. Masten.....T. H. Stryker, Rome, N. Y.
Atlantic Div..W. P. Stephens.....L. B. Palmer.....F. L. Dunnell, 186 Jerolemon st., Brooklyn.
N'thern Div..Robert Tyson.....S. S. Robinson .....Colin Fraser, Toronto.
Eastern Div..H. E. Rise, M. D.....Maxton Holmes.....H. D Marsh, Springfield, Mass.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of $2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year. Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay $1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Secty-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division.

Persons residing in any Division and wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application on by addressing the Purser.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore—C. J. Stedman, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Vice-Commodore—T. J. Kirkpatrick, Springfield, O.
Rear-Commodore—Thos. S. Gates, Columbus, O.
Secretary-Treasurer—J. B. Keogh, 34 Montauk Block, Chicago, Ill

Applications for membership should be made to the Sec.-Treas., on blanks which may be obtained from him, and should be accompanied by $2 as initiation fee and dues for the current year.

SNIPS FROM SNAPS AT THE A. C. A. MEET.

PART II.

WHEN the fact that there were only two standing rigs used during the regatta this year, and that last year there were only about two hoisting rigs in the fleet, is taken into the account, it is somewhat remarkable that there was so little talk was new in sails or gear, along shore at Suave Island. The Vesper men, as a matter of course, had not been idle, and their rigs showed it, for the gear and fittings had been simplified and worked up to a very decided degree of efficiency, but the only distinctively new feature was the use of leather instead of metal for batten jaws. The Ubique men had each of them, a Notus sail, rigged on a jack stay, formed by a half inch strip of brass screwed to the mast, and this was perhaps the most novel sail fitting at the meet. That the gear worked well both on Una and Mac cannot be denied, but whether it is a decided improvement on the Notus rigging, and whether the long spar of this rig is not a fatal defect are still unanswered questions. As far as I know the Notus rig pure and simple, has never been used with good results upon any canoe out Notus, and Notus is an exceptional craft in every way. Just think of it, she has only broken down once in three long years of hard racing. The Mac's rig was noticeable for one thing, it was throughout the production of that "professional canoeist" her captain; for not content with designing his canoe and her rig, that disgruntled racer made his sails himself out of English linen, and a good job he made of them.

Another canoe, that was in rig and fittings the result of the intelligent and unsparing efforts of her captain, was the Evangeline. Mr. Quick went to work on his cruiser at the meet with pummice stone and coal oil, and put a polish on her that was not surpassed by the vaseline finish of the Vesper men. His rig, made by himself throughout, was as simple as effective, an all-one-mast sail, with no seams between the batten pocket, and his halliard gear was the nearest approach to an improvement on the Tramp double halliards I have yet seen. An Π-shaped piece of brass went over the masthead, to the starboard end of which a block was made fast. The halliard led from the port side to this Π-shaped strap, to which it was made fast, through a boxwood deadeye lashed to the spar, then around the mast, through the starboard deadeye on the yard, through the block at masthead, and to the deck. The double halliard is so simple in itself and gives so little extra trouble, and it affords such a powerful purchase, that I am inclined to consider it superior to any single rig, but there can be no question that the Evangeline's rig worked, and worked well.

Every meet of the A. C. A. is something approaching a manifestation in concrete form of the development of canoeing during the year that preceded it, and of the effect produced thereon by the Association through its rules and practices; and the meet of '89 was in this respect an unusually important one. Shortly before it took place the great agitation for such a reform of the racing rules and practices of the Association as would bring them into accord with the conditions affecting canoe development that now exist, had been brought to a focus by the submission to the executive Committee of such amendments to the racing rules as would prevent the use of the standing rig, the hiking seat and the projecting centerboard in most racing; and although a majority of the executive officers voted for these amendments at the request of the conservative minority, the enforcement of the new rules was postponed until next year. It was, in fact, left for the development of the meet to decide whether or no the Association should legislate against these appliances or no, and the developments are of such a character as to complicate the question to a decided extent. Last year two of the evil features—the standing rig and the projecting board—were in almost universal use, and the hiking seat, otherwise the piazza, was used only by the Vesper men. This year there were only two canoes with standing rigs in the racing fleet, there was practically no change in the character of the centerboards used, and the hiking seat was as universally used as was the standing rig last year. Theoretically, these developments should not alter the nature of the question of racing reform at all; if a standing rig is had in itself, it is no better or

worse because one or fifty use it. But from a practical standpoint, the question has been much altered. If only one or two men use a standing rig, and the great body of canoeists devote themselves to the development of the hoisting rigs, the "abomination, "while none the less abominable, is no more a lion in the path of progress; it is a danger that canoeing has weathered out on. There is, however, no guarantee that the standing rig is dead. It must not be forgotten that last spring, when the majority of canoeists were devising new rigs, there was every chance that standing rigs would be legislated against; and as the trophy was won this year by a standing rig, there will be next spring a reaction in its favor, if the Executive Committee takes no action against it.

The new rule relating to the centerboard did not deal with the essential evil, the devotion of the entire interior of the canoe to the accommodation of the centerboard, but if it was desirable to legislate against projecting boards in '89; it is as desirable to do so in '90; this year's meet has not changed the position of affairs. The developements of this year, as far as the hiking seat is concerned, have been of a most peculiar nature. Last year the Vesper men, and the Vesper men alone, used the railway and defended it; this year the whole clan of racing men use them and like them so well that I believe every mother's son of them would wax so wrathy if they were legislated against that not even a drop from the ends of their railways into deep blue water with an October chill on it would cool their anger to a sufficient extent to prevent them from rebelling. If the hiking seat is left alone, moreover, it will soon prove whether the effect of the railway upon the development of the canoe will be as injurious as it would naturally appear to be, and both canoeing and the Association are strong enough to permit the hiker to work out its own destinies for some years to come. RETAW.

A DISMAL STORY.

IT is very little time I can devote to vacation, winter or summer; but last June I found myself in a Michigan town visiting relations and three whole weeks on my hands to do as I liked with. After a few days of such quietness and carly hours as one finds in a small town or in the country itself, I made up my mind to spend a week at least in the woods; and no sooner had I conceived the idea than I rushed to my cousin Spencer, and after ten minutes' talking had him as enthusiastic as myself. Our camping ground, we concluded, should be a small lake, sixteen miles by almost straight road from where we were. There is a small river running through that neighborhood; and by consulting a county map we found we could go by boat down this stream for about six miles and then turn into another stream that flowed into the first one direct from the lake we had decided upon, though I now recollect the map did not state that it was a very crooked stream. This was the route we determined to take, notwithstanding that those who knew told us the trip had been attempted several times by others and had been found impossible, even with canoes, to say nothing about a loaded boat. But we always knew better than those who would advise.

We started at 5:30 A. M. on a Saturday, the boat containing tent and poles, blankets, minnow pail, bucket, rods and tackle, gun and cartridges, minnow net, banjo, axe, two valises, and last but by no means least, a large trunk full of provisions. Spence took the oars; and the only seat for me was astride the trunk in the stern. The gunwale of the boat when we shoved off was about an inch out of water. Our first difficulties came in the form of two or three railroad bridges; to get under there without upsetting the boat was painful in the extreme. I had no idea before I was such an accomplished contortionist and equilibrist. Spence was on the seat and hadn't much trouble, but I sat some two feet above the water. However, we anticipated some difficulty, owing to the kind advice of our friends not to undertake the trip at all. Our next obstacle was a tree fallen directly across the stream; the water being only 3½ or 4ft. deep, we managed to get out without tipping, and after several experiments succeeded in getting the boat over, and proceeded on our way. To make my tale of hardship short in this quarter, we had to get out into the stream twice more; we cut our way through two small trees across our path; and three times we had to land, unload and carry our boat around.

When we reached our six-mile terminus it was 3:30 P. M. The other stream wound away to the right, clear and deep, and we both heaved a sigh of thanksgiving that our difficulties were overcome. But I always did count my chickens. An old farmer standing on shore greeted us, and we asked how far we were from the lake. He answered, "Well nigh ten miles as the crow flies." We concluded that would be about twelve by stream; and with light hearts we continued our way, feeling sure we could have our tent up by dark, as the stream was clear of all obstacles. The last time we had unloaded we had thrown our coats in the bottom of the boat, and in reloading had piled everything on top of them; but we did not mind, as we were going across a large marsh and the sun's hot rays did not make us hanker for them. About four miles straight across the marsh we could see woods, and as we would be under the shade of their trees soon, we did not mind the heat. Suddenly the stream turns to the west; we go about two miles due left; then a curve and away across the marsh again to the right, the turns in the stream about a half mile apart and running parallel. As we almost reached the right extremity, another turn took us back to the left; and so on back and forth we went six times before we reached the woods, to find only another stretch of marsh. After making a nearly complete circuit of the woods without coming within an eighth of a mile of shade, we went on again as before, back and forth, really gaining from one-half to three-quarters of a mile each trip. To land was impossible, to return folly: so we proceeded, fairly cooked.

Finally the sun went down, the moon came up, the heavy dew and damp air made us very uncomfortable after our severe roasting; our coats were under the cargo. About 2 A. M. the moon went down and we were still crossing marshes. When the moon was gone it was difficult to distinguish our course, and we kept continually running into the reeds and backing out. So we gave it up, and as we seemed to have reached a pond of some sort, as there was no current, our only alternative was to stay there until daylight or to go ahead and take chances. We decided on the former. Then we had a jolly time to keep each other awake. To nod meant to capsize. There must have been more frogs than reeds about us; we could hear them on all sides, the old proverbial "More rum," and "Pull 'em down," sounded quite distinct; and Spence convinced me one little fellow with a piping voice said, "Can't camp here;" but we were very much alive to the fact without his reminding us of it. Along toward daylight I nearly lost my senses; I assigned it to a too sudden change of climate; however that might be, I could see houses and horses, hear people talking and dogs barking. Spence said afterward that he thought I would attempt to get out and walk ashore. I was never so tired before nor since; and when dawn began to break we hailed it with delight, only to find we had to wait for the sun to drive the mist away. All things come to an end, however, and when the sun did rise we found we had been lying on the lake itself since 3 A. M.

At 7:30 Sunday morning we landed and were so stiff we couldn't stand at first; but we got our tent up and blankets out, and oh, how sweet was that sleep.

We awoke just before dusk; I went trolling and captured two fine pickerel, and we had a heavy supper. Spence lit his pipe and said, "Thought they said it couldn't be done." I could only say, "but it can be." But we don't propose to do it again to convince the sceptical. As we had had such a good sleep we didn't turn in until midnight. I was just getting into a doze when Spence got up and told me to "light out." I wanted to know why. He said, "Do you smell anything?" and then I could detect a sour, sickening odor that pervaded our tent, Spence said it was a massasaugua, a snake very much resembling the rattler, only minus the rattles, deadly poison, and no warning given of its intentions. This was told me on the outside of the tent. We gave Mr. Snake about an hour to rest himself and then he left. We didn't see him at all, and neither cared to hunt him up. After his departure we retired once more, and covered ourselves over with the minnow net to foil the mosquitoes.

I was just getting into another doze when Spence gave a yell that made my hair curl and jumped up, I naturally followed suit. After lighting the lantern we discovered that on his turning over one of the sinkers on the minnow net had dropped into his mouth and frightened him half to death. We got composed once more, but now sleep was out of the question; and I lay on my back flicking the mosquitoes off with my handkerchief. In doing so the handkerchief struck Spence in the chin. He swept his arms over his face, gave another yell and jumped up again, peeling his elbow on the corner of our provision chest, and then told me a tale of horror of how a bat had alighted on his face and he could see his eyes gleaming. He couldn't imagine why I rolled and laughed until I was sick for twenty minutes afterward. I would get quite composed, then start off again into convulsions, so that neither of us could sleep. Spence does not know to this day but what it was a bat. I wonder what he will say when he sees this, for he takes FOREST AND STREAM regularly.

Two more days we spent fishing, sleeping, and fighting snakes. Early Thursday morning I was dreaming I was driving through the clouds in a chariot; the earth underneath was inundated, the thunder rolling and lightning flashing and people crying "help." Then I was rudely awakened by Spence calling, "Will you help here? The wind will land this tent over in the marshes." Such a storm, such thunder, such lightning, and how it did blow and pour. Poor Spence was tugging at the guy ropes to tighten them and absolutely everything was soaked through. We finally concluded it was best to let the tent down, which we did until the wind ceased. Matches and tobacco were fortunately dry; we lit our pipes, left our camp a perfect wreck; walked two miles in the rain to a farm house, and stayed there until about 3 P. M., when the sky cleared. We then had the farmer hitch up his team to his lumber wagon and drive us back to camp. On our arrival we put the boat, tent and everything else into said wagon, climbed in, and by 7:30 P. M. on Thursday we were home again.

We had other mishaps while out; but I have occupied too much space thus far, so will leave it to the imagination. But in spite of it all was there not at least the small, but pleasing consolation that no one had accomplished it before and we had. Next time I shall take the advice of those who know, and permit me to suggest that all who read this shall do likewise. Some other time I shall tell you of a trip fraught with more pleasure. It is great pleasure, even now, though, when I think of Spence and the "bat." OSCEOLIO.

ALONG LONG ISLAND SOUND.

LONG ISLAND SOUND is by far the finest stretch of clear water for a short canoe cruise to be found along the Atlantic coast of our land. The coast of the State of Maine is more diversified and consequently more picturesque, making it better for a long cruise, but it lacks the reliable character of the Sound, which in pleasant weather is steady and not subject to sudden changes. Therefore it is good water for canoe sailing.

After a week of waiting, admirably spent, my canoe arrived at the Yonkers C. C. safe and sound, and on Sept. 4 she was loaded with "all my goods and chattels," including my tinsmith's wonder, the "box of tricks," so feelingly aluded to in a recent number of your valuable paper. At half past 10 o'clock in the morning, we (Ilex and myself) started on a cruise along the Sound.

The morning was pleasant, though a light mist hung over the Hudson like a veil, making the Palisades loom upward until they appeared twice their natural height. The wind was light from the south'rd, so reclining upon the cushions I lighted a cigar and lazily floated down the river, until the square uprights at the drawbridge loading into Spuyten Duyvil Creek came into view. Upon reaching the entrance to the creek I lowered sails and spars, and resorting to my trusty blade started down toward the Harlem River. This creek is very winding, but easily followed as far as the coal wharves, where it branches, the branch turning to the right being the proper one. On the young flood tide the current is favorable as far as the falls, which are only a foot high and easily run.

Down the Harlem we had a strong head wind and head tide, and it was not until half past two that the Third Avenue Bridge was reached. Here the canoe was put into the house on a pay float for the sum of half a dollar, having made ten nautical miles in four hours.

Next day we made a start from Third avenue at 1 o'clock P.M., going through the Kills and over the flats. The wind was W.S.W. and steady, so upon reaching clear water the sheets were eased, and more comfort indulged in. A large fleet of coasters was making its way to the Sound, but with one or two exceptions, they were soon left behind. After passing Throgg's Neck Light the sheets were started broad off, and with wings spread to starboard and port, Ilex made very fair time. How enjoyable it is to sail in a light fair wind, lying down on the cushions, a clear sky overhead and the genial warmth of the sun making everything serene.

Execution Rock and Great Captain's Island were passed at 4 and 5:30 P. M. respectively, and at just 6 P. M. Stamford Harbor was made and the canoe hauled upon the beach in front of a swimming school. Mr. Ennis makes all welcome, and a genial man he is. Five hours' sailing and 25 nautical miles to our credit caused the pangs of hunger to be felt, so out came the "box of tricks." From the center of the kit came its alcohol heart, upon which a cup of water was soon boiling; from the grub box came a couple of eggs, which were soon cooked, and then the tea put into the water to steep by the camp-fire; over the alcohol stove a couple of slices of bacon were cooked, and then supper eaten with that relish which only the Corinthian sailor can know. The dishes being washed then came a wonderful exhibition of legerdemain from the hand of the arch magician who exhibited this kit at the meet. A few magic passes, and by one simple twist of the wrist, the "box" was complete and stowed beneath the deck. By this time the moon had risen and its soft radiance turned the Sound into a sheet of light; by its light a pipe was enjoyed, and then, tired nature asserting itself, bed was made in the canoe, and wrapping myself in my blanket bag I was soon beyond the troubles of the day—asleep.

We cut loose from Stamford Harbor about 7 A. M., in the same breeze as of the day before, and at 8:30 passed Norwalk Island Light. Here we made a slight detour, so as to pass among the Norwalk Islands. It was worth the trouble, as it was very interesting, being so near the shore. Oyster fishers at their business formed a floating feature of the scene. At 11 Penfield Reef Light was picked up, but finding that with it aboard the canoe was over ballasted, I set it down behind me, and if not washed away it is there to the present day. At 11:15 A. M. Bridgeport Harbor was passed, and the smoking chimneys of the city factories reminded me that civilization was not afar off. The wind here freshened, and soon there was quite a bobble on. At 12 M. Stratford Point was made, and at 2 P. M. New Haven bore N.W. The Thimbles were passed in the distance, and at 4:30 Faulkner's Light was passed, so turning in shore we landed at Sachem's Head at 5 P. M., having run 41 nautical miles in 10 hours.

At this juncture that heavy northeaster which cleaned out Coney Island happened along, so I housed Ilex and made a visit to the interior of Connecticut.

On Sept. 17, the next day after the big storm, the wind came back in the old quarter and blew hard. Setting my 36ft. dandy forward I started, and it did not take long to start either. With one bound Ilex began the wildest sail it has ever been her skipper's fate to indulge in. The huge green seas from the storm were sweeping toward the west, while the wind blew hard toward the east. I need say no more, for any one who ever saw open water knows what that means, *i.e.*, a regular "monkey and parrot time."

Having started at 8 o'clock in the morning we reached Saybrook Breakwater at noon, and never was rest more welcome. Sea after sea had pounded, first on the forward and then upon the after deck, and by way of variety one would occasionally look in over the side, until, in spite of the apron, the canoe was half full of water. At the breakwater I set about bailing the water out, and at one o'clock started on. Same kind of a time. I did not enjoy this at all, and solemnly vowed that if we ever reached Stonington I would conclude the trip. And I did, for reaching Stonington at five P. M. I stopped then and there, having made thirty-seven miles in eight hours. My canoe and myself, for those two make the "we" of this log, had thus, in twenty-three hours of actual sailing, covered 103 nautical miles of water. In not one of all those miles had the centerboard been used at all, which is quite exceptional in my experience. All along the Sound are houses where provisions may be obtained, and if so desired hotels are plentiful. At no time was I more than seven miles from land, and as long points are continually to be found jutting out into the sea, it makes navigation very simple. If any one contemplates this trip all the advice I can give is, take it by all means. JAMES WELD CARTWRIGHT, Jr., Sec'y P. C. C.

488 COLUMBUS AVENUE, Boston.

P. S.—If any one wants a camp kit, otherwise known as a "box of tricks," my "prize tinsmith" will make one for $8. I will see to it myself.

PURITAN C. C.—After eight unsuccessful dates we have at last had a fine day, and a race for the cup and also for the club record. The big fellows are allowed to race for the record only, the class A and B canoes for the record and the cup, Oct 21. Wind S.W light. Started and finished in the following order: Tobique, 17×40, T. A. MacDonald, first record. Ilex, 15×30, Cartwright, leg on cup and second record. Old Calamity, 16×42, L. Hedge Alice, 15×30, C. W. Fourdrinier, takes pewter mug. Lasca 14.6×29, T. Cooney, Jr. Annawan, J. E. Hill, did not finish. Ibis H. E. Jepson, disabled. Unk, C. J. Underwood, disabled. Course 33¾ nautical miles.—JAS. W. CARTWRIGHT, Jr., Secretary P. C. C.

The second race for the Puritan C. C. cup was sailed on Oct. 26. The wind was fresh from the eastward and there was considerable sea. The regular club course of 33¾ nautical miles was used. The following boats entered and finished in the order named: Puritan, sailed by T. A. MacDonald; Ilex, J. W. Cartwright, Jr.; Old Calamity, Lothrop Hedge: Alice, C. W. Fourdrinier; Urchin, Geo. R. Underwood; Lasca, T. Cooney, Jr.; Ibis, H. E. Jepson, Puritan not being sailed by her owner, was ineligible, so the race goes to Ilex, giving her the second race and the cup for 1889.

SEVERN.—In the account of the B. C. A. meet in our issue of Sept. 5, the beam of the Severn is incorrectly printed as 27½in.; it should be 29¼in.

COMPOUND CENTERBOARDS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the description and illustration of canoe Fly in your issues of Oct. 10 and 17, you give publicity to the construction of, and use by Mr. Butler, of a centerboard which consists of "two thicknesses of sheet brass, about 1-16in. thick, rivetted together along the edges. In the upper and after angle a small auxiliary board is fitted, filling the space between keel and board when latter is down. By this means the width of the main board is considerably reduced."

I have seen this board myself and consider that it infringes on U. S. patent issued to me on Aug. 2, 1887, in which is allowed—apart from any combination—my claim, "A lower hollow blade adapted to contain the other blades." This feature, as well as others, was mentioned in your notice of my board in the FOREST AND STREAM about that date. Mr. Butler doubtless had this board constructed in ignorance of my rights, and in a solitary instance I should not have deemed the matter of sufficient interest to notice it, but as your description will give it the utmost publicity, and probably result in its imitation by others, I wish now to respectfully notify all canoeists and yachtsmen that the construction and use of any board which embodies this feature, or any other covered by my allowed claims, will not be permitted without the written consent of myself, or of the W. R. Baker Manufacturing Company, of Watertown, N. Y., who alone have the right to manufacture centerboards under my patent.

CHICAGO, Oct. 21. T. R. BROUGH.

CRESCENT C. C.—At a meeting of the Crescent C. C., of Greenville, Newark Bay, held at Newark, Oct. 23, the following officers were elected: Com., Dr. O. F. Coe; Vice-Com., W. Scott; Sec'y-Treas., Wm. H. Hillier. A constitution and by-laws were adopted. The flag of the club will be a burgee, blue and white stripes, with a red crescent, and the club totem a red crescent. The club house is situated at the end of Danforth avenue, Greenville, N. J., and can be reached by Central Railroad of New Jersey or by horse cars from Jersey City.—WM. H. HILLIER, Sec'y-Treas. (665 Broad street, Newark, N. J.).

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Eastern Division: John C. Powers, Rochester, N. Y.

Canvas Canoes and how to Build Them. By Parker B. Field. Price 50 cents. Canoe and Boat Building. By W. P. Stephens. Price $1.50. The Canoe Aurora. By C. A. Neide. Price $1. Canoe Handling. By C. B. Vaux. Price $1. Canoe and Camera. By T. S. Steele. Price 1.50. Four Months in a Sneakbox. By N. H. Bishop. Price $1.50. Canoe and Camp Cookery. By "Seneca." Price $1.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

R. B. P., Cambridge, Mass.—The lines were published on Nov. 17, 1887.

J. S. G., Brooklyn.—Trp the Pocono Mountain region described by "Jacobstaff" in this issue.

C. F. L.—You will do well to try some of the Sullivan county resorts in the vicinity of Ellenburgh.

J. D., Tuscarora, Mo.—The "smallest place in a chokebore gun" is, of course at the point of greatest constriction of the bore, and this is usually one-half or one inch back of the muzzle.

E. H. F. can find good boarding houses at reasonable rates as follows: On the Atlantic coast at Daytona (Halifax River) or Rock Ledge (Indian River); in the interior at Orlando, Winter Park or Ocala; on the Gulf coast at Tarpon Springs.—C. L. N.

H. B. K., Philadelphia.—Will you kindly inform me of the name of the U. S. Commissioner to whom I should apply for any information concerning the oysters and terrapin of Chesapeake Bay and James River? Ans. Address U. S. Fish Commissioner Marshall McDonald, Washington, D. C.

L. J. R., Bristol Center, N. Y.—I send by to-day's mail a box containing part of a weed from Honeoye Lake, in this county. Can you tell us what is on it, and if fish feed upon it, as we think they do? Ans. The plant is one of the mosses, apparently a species of *Hypnum*, and is not eaten by fishes; indeed it is not an aquatic plant, but may be occasionally submerged. The long stem is not a part of the moss, but has merely become surrounded by the debris of its roots.

J. W. G. D., Philadelphia.—The bird you describe is the killdeer (*Ægialitis vocifera*). We should call its notes something worse than "twittering," especially when they interrupt the still-hunter. You will find much aid in identifying birds in Mr. Trumbull's "Names and Portraits of Birds which Interest Gunners." To preserve deers' legs and feet in warm weather for trophies, steep twenty-four hours in a solution of ½lb. alum and ½lb. salt in gallon of water, then dry thoroughly. We have mislaid your address. Please send it; letter for you here.

F. E. W., Newark, N. J.—Will you inform me how I can render a brown canvas fishing suit waterproof and not have it soil the inside suit? Ans. The following is recommended: Take a solution of sulphate alumina in ten times it weight of water, and a soap bath of the following composition: One part of light-colored resin and one part of crystalized soda (sal soda) and boiled in ten parts of water until dissolved. The resin soap is precipitated with half a part of table salt, and is subsequently dissolved along with one part of white curd soap in thirty parts of hot water. It should be put into wooden tubs for use. On made up articles the two solutions can be applied with a brush and then rinsed off.

PTARMIGAN, St. John's, Newfoundland.—1. Is the powder inclosed Schultze powder? It has been sold as Schultze by a firm here. If not, what is it, and is it a good powder? 2. Is the Schultze powder as good for wing-shooting as Curtis & Harvey's? 3. What is the best preparation for removing rust from gun barrel, also for removing lead and powder marks? 4. What is the best thing for putting on gun to prevent rust when putting it away for the winter? Ans. 1. It seems to be, though not as fine-grained nor as light-colored as we have generally seen. 2. It is very popular, especially abroad, for first barrel charges. 3. "Hints and Points" says: "Rust spots in barrels may be smoothed out with emery paste, made from three parts cosmoline, or oil, and one part emery. Use on a soft swab, which fits the barrel closely. Then apply the wire scratch brush, and finally wash out clean. To remove leading warm the barrels and anoint with mercurial ointment, then wipe out clean. Tallow free from salt; or Eaton's rust preventive."

J. L. B. Philgdelphia.—Being quite an enthusiast over the shotgun, having since Sept. 1 killed ruffed grouse in N. H. and N. C., doves in Maryland, using a No. 12 Remington, 28in. barrels, I would like your valuable opinion as to whether the finest powder, say No. 5 Dead Shot, does not give the greatest penetration in barrels say 28in. length? Please state the object of putting one cardboard and two pink-edge wads over powder—does it increase the penetration? Ans. The object of wadding strongly is to hold the gases generated by the burned powder, so that their best work may be done upon the superimposed charge of shot; increased wadding in that way means increased penetration. Quick powder means high initial velocity, gained at the cost of a strain on the barrel. Slow powder burned completely reaches an equally satisfactory result without the strain. Penetration, while largely dependent on velocity, is not wholly so, and increase of velocity generally means an irregular sequence of patterns.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE FAVORITE SPEAKER, comprising fresh selections in poetry and prose, humorous, pathetic, patriotic, for reading clubs, school declamation, home and public entertainments, containing the selections published in the Reading Club Nos. 17, 18, 19, 20, by Geo. M. Baker. Boston, 1890. Lee & Shepard. Price $1.

Christmas is coming round again, and Messrs. Lee & Shepard have sent us some very tastefully gotten up New Years and Christmas cards. The illustrations are colored, and the cards in sets are bound together with chains and rings. Price $1.

BEECHAM'S PILLS cure sick headache.—*Adv.*

HUMPHREYS'
VETERINARY SPECIFICS
For Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs, AND POULTRY.
500 Page Book on Treatment of Animals and Chart Sent Free.

A.A.	Fevers, Congestions, Inflammation, Spinal Meningitis, Milk Fever.
B.B.	Strains, Lameness, Rheumatism.
C.C.	Distemper, Nasal Discharges.
D.D.	Bots or Grubs, Worms.
E.E.	Coughs, Heaves, Pneumonia.
F.F.	Colic or Gripes, Bellyache.
G.G.	Miscarriage, Hemorrhages.
H.H.	Urinary and Kidney Diseases.
I.I.	Eruptive Diseases, Mange.
J.K.	Diseases of Digestion.

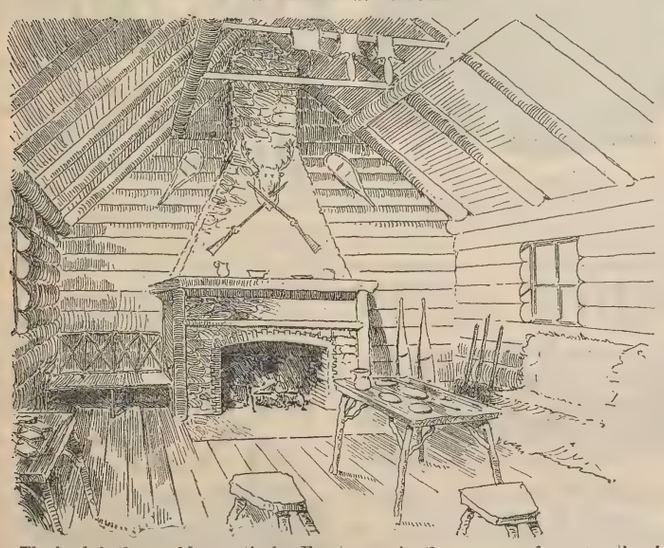
Stable Case, with Specifics, Manual, Witch Hazel Oil and Medicator, $7.00
Price, Single Bottle (over 50 doses), - .60
Sold by Druggists; or Sent Prepaid anywhere and in any quantity on Receipt of Price.
Humphreys' Med. Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

Forest & Stream File Binders.
PRICE, $1.00.
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

HAVE YOU SEEN OUR NEW
Illustrated Catalogue
OF
FISHING TACKLE?
It is the most elaborate and magnificent book ever published in the Sporting Goods line. Send us 25 cents and we will forward you a copy post paid.
ABBEY & IMBRIE,
No. 18 VESEY STREET, NEW YORK.

Winchester Leads Them All.
THE "GRAND PRIZE"
Paris Exposition, 1889.
WAS AWARDED TO THE
WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.,
NEW HAVEN, CONN., U. S. A.,
THE ONLY AMERICAN MANUFACTURERS OF FIRE ARMS AND AMMUNITION WHO RECEIVED THE HIGHEST ATTAINABLE HONORS,
A "GRAND PRIZE."

LOG CABINS;
How to Build and Furnish Them.
By WILLIAM S. WICKS.



The book is thoroughly practical. Every step in the process of construction is explained. The author is an architect who has himself built log cabins, and very handsome ones, too, as shown in the plates. The designs are numerous and varied. Plans are given for cabins, large and small, with details of exterior and interior finish; and there are also some very useful directions for constructing temporary shelters—the Indian camp, brush house and bark camp. The furnishing consists of tables, chairs, bedsteads and other articles, all made of the material at hand, and all in keeping with the style of the house. The illustrations are numerous and helpful. Price $1.50.
FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., 318 Broadway, N. Y.

DOG TRAINING:
BY
S. T. HAMMOND, KENNEL EDITOR OF FOREST AND STREAM.
For sale at this office. Price $1.00.

UNCLE LISHA'S SHOP.
Life in a Corner of Yankeeland.
By ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

A book that appeals to all who know anything of the old-fashioned New England life. These are some of the chapters:

The School Meeting in District 13. Uncle Lisha's Spring Gun. In Uncle Lisha's Shop. Concerning Owls. Uncle Lisha's Courting. How Zene Burnham Come It on His Father. A Rainy Day in the Shop. The Turkey Shoot at Hamner's. Sam Lovel's Thanksgiving. Little Sis. Sam Lovel's Bee-Hunting. In the Shop Again. The Fox Hunt. Noah Chase's Deer-Hunting. The Hard Experience of Mr. Abijah Jarvis. The Coon Hunt. In the Sugar Camp. Indians in Danvis. The Boy Out West. Breaking Up. The Departure. The Wild Bees' Swarm.

They make a handsomely printed volume of 187 pages, bound in cloth. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, $1.00.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO., 318 Broadway New York.
DAVIES & CO., London, England.

YACHTS, BOATS AND CANOES,
WITH SPECIAL CHAPTERS ON MODEL YACHTS AND SINGLEHANDED SAILING.
BY
C. STANSFELD-HICKS.
Author of "Our Boys, and What to Do With Them.
NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS AND DIAGRAMS
AND
WORKING DRAWINGS OF MODEL YACHTS AND VARIOUS SMALL CRAFT SUITABLE FOR AMATEURS.

DESIGNS:

Model Yachts.—Defiance, Isolde, Bonny Jean, and 10-tonner with sail plan.
Canoes.—Birch, Mersey Paddling Canoe, L'Hirondelle, Sailing Canoe.
Sailing Boats and Yachts.—Dabchick, Wideawake, Myosotis, Una, Singlehander by C. P Clayton, Puffin, 3-ton Racer, 3-ton Cruiser, 24ft. Auxilliary (steam and sail) fishing boat.

This volume contains much that is valuable and interesting to American yachtsmen and canoeists. The design, construction and use of small craft of all kinds is treated of in a simple and entertaining style, and the instructions are clear and easily understood.
Large crown 8vo., 380 pages and 16 large folding plates.

Price, Postpaid, $3.50.
FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., 318 Broadway, N. Y.

The Celebrated Smith & Wesson Revolvers

HAVE BROKEN ALL RECORDS FOR REVOLVER SHOOTING.



The Most Perfect Small Arms

EVER MANUFACTURED.

Unrivalled in Beauty of Finish, Durability and Accuracy.

Manufactured in calibers .32, .38 and .44-100. Single and Double Action Hammerless Safety and Target Models, with all latest mprovements——Automatic Shell Extractor, Rebounding Lock and Patented Safety Device.

The Smith & Wesson Revolvers are constructed entirely of **best wrought steel** carefully inspected for workmanship and stock, and GUARANTEED. Do not be deceived by IMITATIONS largely manufactured of **malleable cast iron,** and often sold for the genuine Smith & Wesson. All of the Revolvers of this firm are stamped upon the barrels with their name, address and dates of patents.

If dealer cannot supply you, orders sent to address below will receive prompt and careful attention. Catalogues and prices furnished upon application.

SMITH & WESSON,

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

CHUBB.

Every dealer in Fishing Tackle has heard of Chubb and the high reputation which his goods have obtained, but they do not yet know his prices on **Fishing Rods** for the coming season. **Now** is the time to send for Wholesale Catalogue and discounts to the **Trade.**

Address **THOS. H. CHUBB,**

The Fishing Rod Manufacturer,

POST MILLS, VT.

CANOE HANDLING.

By C. B. VAUX ("DOT.")

A complete manual for the management of a canoe. The author begins at the very beginning, describes and explains the rudiments in the simplest and plainest way possible. Everything is made intelligible for beginners and besides this A B C teaching there are so many hints and wrinkles that the oldest canoeist afloat will find pleasure and profit in the study of these. The book is complete and concise—no useless duffle between its covers. The subjects treated are the choice of a canoe, paddling, sailing, care of the canoe, recipes and rules. The text is further elucidated by numerous practical drawings, and the beauty of the book is enhanced by the many ornamental vignettes. Pages 168; uniform with "Canoe Building." Price, postpaid, $1.00.

NEW YORK: FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO., 318 Broadway.
LONDON: DAVIES & CO., 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill.

Sam Lovel's Camps;

Uncle Lisha's Friends Under Bark and Canvas.

A SEQUEL TO "UNCLE LISHA'S SHOP."

By ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

The two series of papers published in FOREST AND STREAM, with added chapters. An nimitable portraying of the woods and village life of Danvis folks. Cloth, 253 pp. Price $1

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY,
318 Broadway, New York.



PREMIÈRE QUALITÉ CIGARETTE.

A **SUPERB ARTICLE. The standard of purity and excellence. The faultless union of two matchless tobaccos prevents that dryness of the throat usually produced by smoking other brands. Do not allow prejudice to prevent you from giving this incomparable Cigarette a trial. It is simply perfection, a luxury and not a low-priced article.**

Our Vanity Fair and various Smoking Mixtures are the finest for the pipe

16 First Prize Medals. **WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.**

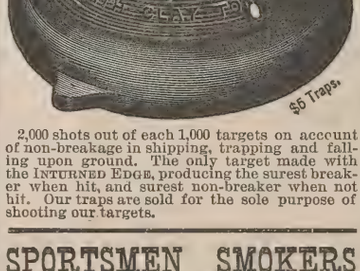
WILD RICE

AS AN ATTRACTION FOR **WILD FOWL** CANNOT BE EQUALLED; FOR PLANTING IN FISH PONDS IT IS ESPECIALLY DESIRABLE. **New Crop** now ready, price 40 cts. per lb. postpaid, by express 30 cts. per lb.
NORTHRUP, BRASLAN & GOODWIN CO.,
Seed Growers, Minneapolis, Minn.

Ligowsky C. P. No. 3

The only target having the patent

INTURNED EDGE.



2,000 shots out of each 1,000 targets on account of non-breakage in shipping, trapping and falling upon ground. The only target made with the INTURNED EDGE, producing the surest breaker when hit, and surest non-breaker when not hit. Our traps are sold for the sole purpose of shooting our targets.

SPORTSMEN SMOKERS

SHOULD ALL SMOKE OUR CELEBRATED



Hand-Made Havana Cigars.

MADE IN TWO STYLES AND SIZES.

LONDRES PERFECTO, 5in. long @ $7.00 per 100
CONCHAS ESPECIALS, 4¼in. @ 6.00 "

The favorite cigar of Rod and Gun Clubs generally. These cigars are made of the choicest tobaccos grown, and selected with the greatest care. They cannot fail to suit the taste of all lovers of the fragrant weed. Each cigar has the brand impressed on it, and every box has a label, fac-simile of the title of the popular journal, and our firm's signature, without which none are genuine. We are the only authorized manufacturers of the above brand, and to insure the smoker of the genuine we would ask you to send us your orders direct. We will deliver, free of express charges, either size, on receipt of price.

A. W. FOOTE & CO., Sole Manufacturers,
125 Maiden Lane, New York.

DECOYS.

Send for price list of the finest decoy ducks in the world. H. A. STEVENS, Manufacturer,
Weedsport, N. Y.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
(THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.)
Cure BILIOUS and Nervous ILLS.
25cts. a Box.
OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

Increasing Sales Attest the Popularity of THE GENTLEMEN'S CIGARETTE.

SPECIAL FAVOURS.

Manufactured only by

KINNEY BROS.

(KINNEY TOBACCO CO. Successors). Also manufacturers of the Old Reliable

SWEET CAPORAL.

REPELLENE.

An Infallible Preventive of the Attacks of Mosquitoes, Black Flies, Gnats and all other Insects.

Neat, clean and easily applied. No unpleasant odor, will not *stain* or *injure* the skin, easily washed off. May be carried without danger of *leaking* or *spilling*. In neat, oblong round-cornered box.

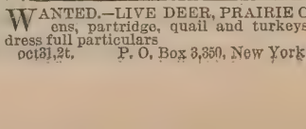
Price, 30 Cents, Postpaid.

Sold by Dealers in Sportsmen's Goods.
If your dealer does not keep it, I will send it on receipt of price.
A. FERGUSON, Proprietor and Manufact'er,
Office, 65 Fulton street, N. Y.

ASK YOUR DEALER



For **NELSON'S** Cartridge Belt. The only **PRACTICAL** contrivance for carrying ammunition in the field. For Shot Guns, Rifles and Pistols. Nothing like it in the market. Patent lateral action.



Wanted.

WANTED.—LIVE DEER, PRAIRIE CHICKens, partridge, quail and turkeys. Address full particulars
oct31,2t. P. O. Box 3,350, New York City.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 7, 1889.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 16. No 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

May begin at any time. Subscription price, $4 per year; $2 for six months; to a club of three annual subscribers, three copies for $10; five copies for $16. Remit by express money-order, registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canadas and Great Britain. For sale by Davies & Co., No. 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London. General subscription agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Davies & Co., Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searles and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London, Eng. Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France, sole Paris agent for sales and subscriptions. Foreign subscription price, $5 per year; $2.50 for six months.

Address all communications

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

No. 318 BROADWAY. NEW YORK CITY.

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL.
The Old Order and the New.
The Volcanoes of Alaska.
St. Lawrence Anglers' Association.
THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST.
Unc' Jim's 'Speyunce.
The Isle of Cormorants.
NATURAL HISTORY.
Out-of-Door Papers.—III.
Woodcock in Town.
Ways of the White-Footed Mouse.
GAME BAG AND GUN.
A Woodcock Hunt.
His First Buffalo.
About Taxing Guns.
A Tenderfoot Duck Hunt.
A Moose.
The Weed Bullet.
The Cruise of the Lallie-Poo.
Chicago and the West.
On the Megantic Club Territory.
Pattern and Penetration.
An Afternoon with the Quail.
The Delaware Situation.
Connecticut Game.
Connecticut Wardens.
CAMP-FIRE FLICKERINGS.
SEA AND RIVER FISHING.
Association of the St. Lawrence.
SEA AND RIVER FISHING.
Cape May Drum Fishing.
A Crank Speaks Up.
American Sea Trout.
That Metabetchouan Score.
Fishing Clubs in Canada.
Newfound Lake.
Angling Notes.
FISHCULTURE.
A Large Carp.
THE KENNEL.
American Coursing Club Meet
A Transaction in Dog Flesh.
Dog Talk.
Kennel Notes.
Kennel Management.
RIFLE AND TRAP SHOOTING.
Range and Gallery.
The Trap.
New York Suburban Tournament.
Trap Shots in a Palace Car.
YACHTING.
Minerva and Corrected Length.
A Race of St. Lawrence River Skiffs.
Classification by Corrected Length.
CANOEING.
On the Shenandoah.
American Canoe Association.
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE VOLCANOES OF ALASKA.

THE Aleutian chain of islands constitutes a very interesting group. There are more than a hundred in all, which crowd so closely upon each other or else are separated by such shallow waters that there are only half a dozen channels through which ships can be safely navigated. No less than twenty-five of them have been active at some time or other since the advent of the Russians in 1743. So also of the sixty or more craters in the mountain ranges of the mainlands. In fact from Mount Wrangell on the east to the Commander Islands in the extreme west there is a continuous chain of volcanoes, which scientists aver are the vents for a subterranean channel of lava, which finds an outlet first through one and then through another. There is no more extensive theater of volcanic activity known.

Here in the Aleutian archipelago men have witnessed the birth and growth of islands. In 1796 a Russian trader named Kruloff, stationed at Urnnak, discovered a column of smoke rising from the sea about twelve miles off. This was on the morning of the 19th day of May. In the evening a black object, projected from the waves, was visible under the smoke, and during the night the sky was brilliant with ascending flames. At the same time convulsions shook the earth, and rocks were thrown across the sea to the land, twelve miles distant. On the third day the tremors ceased, the flames subsided and a newly created cone loomed up from the waves, which grew apace and expanded into the island which was later known as Bogoslov on the charts.

By 1800 it had ceased to smoke, but a party who visited it then found the surrounding water still warm and the rock too hot to permit a landing. A few years later it had cooled off sufficiently to attract a colony of sea lions, with whom it eventually became a favorite resort. By 1823 it had largely increased in circumference and attained a height of 1,000ft. Then it began to diminish, and finally sank back into the depths of the sea gradually, until a few years ago, when it broke out with renewed eruption, a second commotion took place, and in a single night it disappeared altogether, another islet of about the same circumference making its appearance about two miles away. And now the new Bogoslov is gradually rising, though as yet it presents a comparatively flat surface at an elevation of not more than 200ft. above the sea level. From it there is a constant emission of steam and smoke.

This is one of the most suggestive and authentic incidents of the world's ovology. It affords a practical object lesson, from which it would be deduced that most of the Aleutian Islands have been produced by gradual elevation rather than volcanic eruption—that is, the piling up of lava and debris thrown out from craters. The history of Bogoslov is being constantly repeated. Indeed, it is the opinion of some geologists that the entire eastern half of Behring Sea is steadily decreasing in depth by a gradual elevation of its bottom, though the great floods of the Yukon and other rivers which empty into it and deposit vast quantities of alluvial matter, are doubtless mighty contributory agents in increasing its shoalness. There is every prospect that it will become an archipelago or a part of the mainland. The western part of the sea has a uniform depth of a hundred fathoms or more, the bottom gradually shelving upward until in the eastern half there are but a few places where it is safe for a vessel of ordinary draft to approach nearer than fifty miles of the shore. Some say that it will be dry land in the course of a century.

THE OLD ORDER AND THE NEW.

IN the November number of the *Century Magazine*, in the "Topics of the Time" discussions, is a paper on "American Game Laws." Most of what is there said is a familiar story to readers of these columns, where the subject of game protection is constantly a topic of discussion; but it is worthy of remark and emphasis that the importance of the subject is meeting a fuller recognition among journalists and magazine editors. The conservation of our natural resources of game and fish has a distinct place in national economy; the time has already gone by when communities can afford to neglect the question, leaving it to ignorant or indifferent or shiftless and dishonest legislators and executives. An appreciation of this fact is set forth in the *Century's* comments. Its suggestions relative to the growing tendency to preserve the shooting and fishing privileges are so true and timely that they will bear repetition here:

> The American "poacher," however, will always be a very different offender from his English prototype. All that the American law will require will be a due respect for the rights of the people. Game is not to be preserved for particular persons, but for all; and during the proper time limit all men may become "poachers" so far as the American game laws will concern themselves with him. All this may seem to many quite incompatible with the fact that, even within proper time limits, no one may pursue game upon the land of another without express or tacit permission, and they may conclude that there is not to be any essential difference between English and American game preservation after all. Such a belief confuses two different things, land ownership and game protection. If we are to have land ownership, the owner must be owner altogether, and his ownership must cover the live stock on the estate, be it wild or tame. But this is just as it always has been. It is true that there is an increasing unwillingness to grant permission for the intrusion of others in pursuit of game; but the permission has always been legally necessary, as a part of land ownership, and should not be attributed to the new system of game protection. The change is merely a corollary of the country's development; the permission to hunt or fish, which was once valueless and was given with corresponding liberality, is now valuable and must be paid for.
>
> It would not be fair, however, to leave even an implication that the change, legal as it may be, is withal an injury to the people. When one tract of wild land after another is taken out of the market and reserved as a hunting or fishing park, when the people of successive neighborhoods find that the lakes, brooks and forests over which they and their fathers have fished and shot from time immemorial are now closed to them, it is easy to suggest to them that they have been injured in some way. One must take the development as a whole, not in parts. The case is not one in which powerful barons have entered by force and outsted the people from their natural privileges. It is merely that the lake, the trout brook, or the shooting ground has acquired a new value from a general development which, in another part of it, has enriched our tables with fish and game from the most distant parts of our own country, and with food products from all over the world. The parts must go together. He who wishes to turn back the years, and fish and shoot as freely as his grandfather did, cannot surely expect to enjoy the Northwestern salmon, the Southern berries, the Florida oranges, the California figs, the Western beef, the tinned or glass goods from all over the world, for which his grandfather possibly would have been glad to barter all his meager privileges of the chase. Such details of development are enough to show that, while there is always a scale of popular loss, it is altogether outweighed by the scale which represents the popular gain.

In this change from an old order to a new is also to be found the justification and reasonableness of all those restrictive regulations which are so often complained of as tyrannical abridgments of individual rights and privileges. It is because an old order of things has given place to new conditions, that in Maine, for example, where once every hunter was free to kill all the game he wished and at any time he wished, without directly impairing the public interest, he is now restricted as to both the manner and the extent of his hunting.

There is a class of men, who, having enjoyed the license of former years, do not take kindly to the new order They refuse to recognize the justice of the game statutes they break the laws, defy the officials, and stand on their individual "natural rights." The most notorious representative of this tpye in Maine is Jonathan Darling, whose arrest for breaking the game laws is elsewhere reported. Darling is out of his place in history. He refuses to be reconstructed. He has set out to stem an irresistible current, and though he shall be convicted and sent to prison, we question if he will acknowledge even to himself that he is other than a wronged man, the victim of harsh and oppressive laws. Because it was once permitted to him to hunt unmolested, that permission he regards as an inalienable right, and resents being deprived of it.

THE ST. LAWRENCE ANGLERS' ASSOCIATION.

WE invite special and thoughtful attention to the account of the grand work accomplished by the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River, as related by the founder of the society, Mr. W. W. Byington.

The brief but comprehensive history of dozens of fish protectective movements may be summed up in one word—talk. The netting evil or some kindred abuse is recognized; and with all zeal men set about organizing an association for reform; but the campaign begins with talk, progresses with talk, and ends in talk. The review of the work done on the St. Lawrence River would be valuable, if for nothing else, because it shows in the first place that in fish protection, as in every other field of effort, the one way to accomplish anything is to set to work and do something; and it demonstrates as well the encouraging truth that such activity will be crowned with an adequate reward.

Immediately upon recognition of the extent of the destructive netting in the St. Lawrence, and being assured of the illegal nature of the practice, Mr. Byington and his associates, without delay for organization, took off their coats and went to work; or rather they did not wait to take off their coats, but plunged in, as Cassius challenged by Cæsar to swim the Tiber's flood—

> Upon the word,
> Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
> And bade him follow, so indeed he did.

The work so promptly and energetically undertaken has been carried forward with intelligence, determination, courage and success. The St. Lawrence River today is in large measure purged of the illicit and destructive traps for game fish. The Association has stood behind public officials with money and moral support, and it has furnished the funds for fighting doubtful cases in the courts. It has waged the war with enthusiasm, and it has been guided by discretion. It has not only cleared the bays of deadly devices, but it has cleared the moral atmosphere, and wrought a healthful change in public spirit. The Association deserves all support; we heartily second Mr. Byington's appeal for the co-operation of all anglers of the United States who repair to the St. Lawrence waters for their annual outings.

What has been done for the St. Lawrence might be done for all the waters cursed with unlawful engines of destruction, if only there were available a like energetic and determined spirit to control the workings of associated bodies of anglers. The St. Lawrence work is an object lesson, showing what associated effort can do. It demonstrates also what one man can do, for after all the Association of the St. Lawrence River grew out of the personal enterprise of Mr. W. W. Byington; to him is due in large measure the credit for what has been accomplished. He organized the society; drafted its constitution and by-laws; was its secretary until elected president; for five years did a large part of the work connected with the Association, even when it encroached upon his private business; and now that he has insisted upon being reduced to the ranks, is there proving himself to be a host.

The Sportsman Tourist.

UNC' JIM'S 'SPEYUNCE.

[It is a superstition among the older negroes around here, that if one sees a nighthawk (or ha'nt-bird, as they call it) sitting on a fence, and does not make it fly, some misfortune is sure to happen to him.]

SEEN a ha'nt-bird on de fence;
Stidder scarin' um offen hence—
Some fool niggers' got no sense!
Luff um stay.

Gwine home my ole mule slip,
Trowed me ober her head kerflip!
Bus' mer nose, 'n' cut mer lip,
Dat same day.

Nex' day, mer gyarden gate onlatch;
Hawgs git in mer tater patch—
Mek um look ez ef Ole Scratch
Hed bin dar.

Went er huntin' in de bawg—
Saw er rabbit 'hind er lawg—
Done shot at um—killed mer dawg
Stedder ole har'.

Den, m' ole 'oman—bone o' mer bone—
She tuk up wid Passon Jone—
Went libbin' wid him, 'n' luff me alone—
Mean ole rip!

'N' dat young huzzy—'Mazen Grace—
Wat I dun 'suade to took her place—
Stay jest er week—den slap mer face—
'N' *she* done skip.

Den dat triflin' Cunnel Briggs—
Jes' caze I borrid one er his pigs,
Ter holp mer save mer crap er figs,
W'at wuz rottin'—

He swore I stole um—den an' dar—
Hed me up before the Squar—
Sent me ter jail fur mos' a y'ar—
Jes' for nottin.

Dass why I says it—pintedly—
'F you see ha'nt-bird, 'n' don' mek um fly,
Bad luck is er comin' mighty nigh
Somebuddy's doo'.

Er ef he holler in de night—
Holler free times, 'n' den stay quiet—
Somebuddy gwine die 'fore mawnin' light,
Sartin sho'.

LOUISIANA. H. P. U.

THE ISLE OF CORMORANTS.

IF THERE is in this world a realization of the poet's ideal of the Isles of Bliss, it is to be found in those waifs and strays of land which seem to have been flung into the ocean in sheer caprice, when nature, in her grandest mood, upheaved the North Island of New Zealand from the depths of the Pacific. Some of these, such as Rangitoto, "blood red sky," the most perfect extinct volcano known, are mere picturesque masses of lava and scoria, which may not be covered with vegetable soil for ages to come. Others, not less volcanic in their origin, are already among the most fertile spots on earth, clothed to the mountain tops with evergreen forest or turf so vivid it is difficult to believe it is not artificial, and, on the lower levels, reveling in gorgeous flowering shrubs that robe the very rocks of the shore with beauty, shade the white beaches under their spreading arms, or trail their crimson blossoms in the sparkling waves themselves. The Frith of Thames, immediately outside of Auckland Harbor, is dotted with these delicious inlets; and any one who is blessed with a love of nature and a taste for sport can gratify both there in a variety of ways. Many of the islands have been stocked with deer, hares and pheasants, while every secluded inlet is alive with wildfowl, and every reach of open water is frequented by gannets and tern, and sometimes the rare and beautiful boatswain bird, with tail feathers of the brightest scarlet more than a foot in length. The reefs and shoals and sunken ledges among the islands are the favorite feeding places of all kinds of fish, hapuka, or snapper, gurnard, moki, and a host of others, while, wherever the gannets are seen to hover, it is safe to count on a shoal of kawhai, the beautiful sea salmon of those teeming waters. When you leave Auckland in your sailing boat in the early morning to beat down the bay, you never know what you may get before you return by moonlight or starlight, running swiftly before the unfailing southerly breeze that comes up at sundown. Rifle, gun, rod and deep sea line may all have helped to fill your boat, and the four hearty meals you have made in the day, having taken nothing with you but bread, tea and sugar, may have comprised a *ménu* varied and delicate enough to excite the envy of a French cook.

The gem of this lovely archipelago is the famous Kawau, or Isle of Cormorants, so-called from the rocks and cliffs upon its shores having been from time immemorial the chosen haunt and breeding place of innumerable flocks of those voracious birds. Kawau, pronounced so as to rhyme exactly with "bow-wow," with the accent on the "bow," which lies between thirty and forty miles from Auckland, off the coast of Mahurangi, has a historical interest of a most peculiar kind. It was purchased far back in the early days of the colony by Sir George Grey, that "great proconsul," as he was called by one of England's most famous statesmen, whose intrepid explorations opened South Australia to the knowledge of the world; who rescued South Africa from the chaos of Boer revolt and Kaffir war; who was governor of New Zealand during the twelve most eventful years of its history, and whose adventurous and heroic career yet left him time to become the greatest authority on Polynesian mythology, philology and ethnology, and a most distinguished litterateur, bibliopole and patron of art and science. Sir George Grey, who is a passionate lover of nature and the most fearless hunter I ever knew, bought Kawau for the express purpose of making it an acclimatization garden. It seemed indeed to have been created for that purpose. It has an area of about 5,000 acres, and its formation is such that within that limited extent it has a mountain 1,200ft. high and a river navigable by canoes for several miles. A great part of it is covered with primeval forest, but it has plateaux, valleys and glens, which afford an endless variety of climate and surroundings. The flats along the shore are very rich, and the lower parts of the island lie toward the mainland, distant twelve or fifteen miles, they are entirely protected from the ocean storms and enjoy the full warmth of the northerly sun. On a sheltered terrace, overlooking a romantic bay, in this secluded paradise, the soldier, ruler, scholar, poet, sportsman, philosopher, built himself a stately pleasure house of chosen cedar wood, with its library, containing the rarest collection in the Southern Hemisphere, its armory, its museum, unequalled in the world, in some branches, its pictures and sculptures and trophies, making every wall and corner of it luminous and eloquent of the life's work of one of the most distinguished pillars of the Empire. Around the house he planted a garden, which I am safe in saying contained the most complete botanical collection to be found anywhere, in the open air. The rest of the island, with the exception of a few fields for his live stock and the comfortable homesteads of his thirty or forty retainers, he devoted absolutely to the acclimatization of animals. From all the countries which he had governed or where there were learned societies or enthusiasts in correspondence with him, he obtained zoölogical specimens, and from remoter parts of the world, beyond the sphere of his personal influence, he brought them by the all-compelling power of gold. It seemed as if he would never rest until he had emulated the celebrated exploit of the patriarch Noah, and brought under his own charge a pair at least of all the creatures upon earth.

All this time, it should be borne in mind, Sir George Grey was Governor of New Zealand, Commander-in-Chief of the Forces and Vice-Admiral of the Fleet. A war, moreover, was being conducted under his direct authority by land and sea, in which were employed no fewer than 20,000 troops and ten great battle ships. It was this that led him to make an experiment at Kawau, which was his first failure and a momentous one.

General Sir Duncan Cameron having inflicted a defeat on the enemy—a most unusual occurrence—found himself in possession of 300 prisoners, Maori warriors, whom he was at his wits' end to know what to do with. Experience had shown that no fort or jail or hulk would hold them. It took a small army to guard them, even for a few days after their capture, when they were half starved and worn out with fatigue. Even then a good many got away. In this difficulty the Governor came to the General's assistance with an offer to take the whole body of prisoners under his own care at Kawau, where, he pointed out, they might receive that fair treatment which was due them as brave men whom the fortunes of war had placed in our hands, while, at the same time, it was impossible for them to escape. They were, accordingly, conveyed to Kawau and established in a camp of huts built and furnished with every regard for their comfort; a man-of-war being anchored in the channel between the island and the mainland. Sir George Grey visited them and received quite an ovation of gratitude and respect. Three nights later every man jack of them escaped, swimming or wading from rock to rock or islet to islet, and safely breasting the strong current along the Mahurangi shore, under the very guns of the frigate. To add insult to injury, they carried off the camp utensils and fixings, and a number of articles belonging to Sir George Grey. After that, the Governor determined to exclude the human race from his biological studies. A few years later he had a serious difference with the Imperial Government, and retired into private life at Kawau, where he found a solace for all his griefs and disappointments among his books and plants and animals.

Thenceforward he carried on his acclimatizing operations with redoubled vigor; his activity in that respect being almost the only tie that connected him with the outside world for many years. I have known Sir George Grey since my boyhood, and, with my love of natural history, one of the most memorable pleasures of my life was a visit I paid him at Kawau after he had made it his permanent residence. He was a most charming host, and nothing gave him greater satisfaction than to show the wonders of his island to a guest in sympathy with his own tastes. It needed some nerve, however, to keep up to his standard of what a forester should be. One day he proposed that we should go to see his herd of wild cattle, of which he was exceedingly proud; and having taken me for a mountain climb, which alone was a good morning's work, carrying a rifle and cartridge belt, he expressed a hope that we should come across a bull which was known to frequent the locality where we were. Sure enough, we did come across the bull, a truly magnificent animal, which no sooner saw us, as we emerged from the bush into a little flat where it was browsing, than it gave a terrific bellow, pawed the ground for a moment, and came straight at Sir George Grey, who was a little ahead of me. Sir George calmly raised his rifle to his shoulder, waited till the furious beast was so close that I thought he must have been gored to death next moment, and then brought it to earth by a bullet which actually penetrated the curl in the middle of its forehead, the most vulnerable part of a bull, he explained to me, which you should always strike—if you can. The muzzle of the bull, as he fell dead, was not five yards from Sir George Grey's feet.

I took a note of the animals and birds successfully acclimatized at Kawau at that time. They included red, fallow and roe deer, several kinds of antelope, kangaroo, wallabi, hares and rabbits, ostrich, emu, peafowl, pheasants, black swan, quail, numerous waterfowl and all the common English song birds. These were all quite wild, taking care of themselves without any sort of protection or encouragement. One of the finest spectacles was afforded by the peafowl, which had become very numerous, flying about among the highest trees and sometimes passing over our heads in flocks, as we ascended the little river in a canoe. The bush was literally alive with creatures of one sort or another, much like the jungle in India, only without the reptiles or the carnivoræ. Near the house, in small inclosures, was a perfect menagerie of other animals which were evidently thriving, but were not suitable to be turned loose.

Quite recently I had a talk with Sir George Grey about his island, and he spoke very despondingly about it. The kangaroo and wallabi, he told me, had increased in number so enormously that they had fairly starved out the cattle and sheep and seemed likely to take entire possession of the island. Wallabi are marsupials a foot and a half or two feet high, very like kangaroo, but more active and more difficult to get rid of because they live in rocky places and get into holes almost like rabbits. I asked Sir George why he did not thin them out. He replied that he had killed more than 20,000 that year and as many the year before, but that it appeared to make no difference. They were steadily and rapidly gaining on him in spite of all this slaughter, and he was afraid he should have to give up the struggle. Shortly after that, he presented his picture gallery, his magnificent library and unique museum to the city of Auckland—a priceless gift, which forms at this day one of the chief attractions of the place—and having broken up his establishment, he sold Kawau to some Australian speculators for less than half the amount at which it had been assessed eight or ten years earlier. He was literally driven out of the island by the animals which he had brought there at great expense and reared with unwearying pains.

This result is especially interesting as a practical exemplification of the principle of the survival of the fittest. It shows that the marsupial herbivoræ, under favorable circumstances as to climate and food, and exempt from the attacks of natural enemies, will eventually occupy the whole ground and displace all other animals, even in a country that is not their own and is not at all like their own in natural conditions. How things will end at Kawau, I am sure I don't know. When I left New Zealand some months ago, Sir George Grey was living at Auckland, mainly engaged in supervising the catalogue and arrangement of his princely gifts to the city; and the new people had not yet gone into occupation of the island. It will be curious to observe how they will get on with their purchase, which simply consists at this moment of 5,000 acres of kangaroo and wallabi, as thick as they can live within the space.

The island is practically worthless in its present state, yet I know of no way in which the animals can be got rid of or kept down sufficiently to make the pastures available for stock. If it were open country the case might be different; though in many parts of Australia, where the country is quite open, the increase of the marsupials, through the destruction of their natural enemies, the natives and the dingoes, has proved too much for the sheep farmers. At Kawau the introduction of their natural enemies would be of little use, because the land is so broken and the cover so abundant that neither men nor dogs could interfere with them very much. The very circumstances which rendered Kawau exceptionally suitable for purposes of acclimatization make it impossible to restore it to a servicable condition for any other purpose. At all events it would cost twice as much to do so as the island is worth.

I could not help thinking of Kawau the other day, when I saw an immense drayload of kangaroo skins in Broadway, being taken, I suppose, to some tannery or leather factory. If Kawau were situated somewhere in Long Island, say, the commercial demand for the skins would make it a most valuable property, and it would pay handsomely to work it as a kangaroo farm and keep the head of game constantly up to the full carrying capacity of the land. Kangaroo skin makes very soft and pliable, yet very strong, leather, well suited for the uppers of the lighter kinds of boots. It has the advantage, too, of requiring very little tanning. There is a common saying in Australia that you can kill a kangaroo one Sunday and go to church in boots made of its skin the next; and it is truer than most epigrams. But lying away down there in the South Pacific, six weeks' steam from any of the great markets of the world, an island full of kangaroo skins, with the animals jumping about in them, is an uncommonly heavy concern.

A friend of mine in New York, with whom I have discussed this and kindred subjects, assures me that wherever animals of any kind have become a nuisance by their numbers, the American pot-hunters are quite equal to the task of clearing them off in the shortest time on record. Judging from the way in which game has been exterminated in the Catskills, diminished in the Adirondacks, and even seriously reduced in the rivers and groves of Florida, as I am told, I am inclined to think there is something in it. If these gentlemen feel inclined to try their hand in a new field, I am sure they would be heartily welcomed at Kawau, the Isle of Cormorants.

EDWARD WAKEFIELD.

Natural History.

WOODCOCK IN TOWN.

NEW YORK, Oct. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I live just four blocks from the Brooklyn Bridge. On Thursday morning last, at 10 o'clock, my wife, hearing a knock at the door, opened it, and found a woodcock lying on the stone steps. It had apparently flown against the door. The tip of its bill was broken and blood was flowing from its mouth. It was put in a basket in a warm room, but died in the late afternoon. The bird was plump and in fine condition. What induced this bird to come so far within the city limits? S. E.

A CHOCOLATE-COLORED SKUNK.—We learn from Mr. F. W. True, Curator of the Department of Mammals in the U. S. National Museum, that the Government collection has recently secured a unique specimen of the little striped skunk (*Spilogale putorius*) from Morantown, Kansas. Through incipient albinism the color of the pelage is uniform chocolate instead of the usual jet black with areas of white. Mr. True believes this to be the first record of such an example.

ANOTHER ARGENTINE.—One of the statistical agents of the U. S. Fish Commission writes that the crew of the life-saving station at Biddeford Pool, Maine, recently secured a second individual of the rare fish known as the argentine (*Argentina silus*). The first specimen of this deep-water species taken at Biddeford Pool was forwarded to the National Museum in 1886. The fish is allied to the smelts, which it exceeds somewhat in size.

AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGISTS' UNION.—Washington, D. C., Oct. 14, 1889.—The seventh congress of the American Ornithologists' Union will convene in New York city on Tuesday, Nov. 12, 1889, at eleven o'clock A. M. The meetings will be held in the American Museum of Natural History, Eighth avenue and Seventy-seventh street. A large attendance of associate members is hoped for.—C. HART MERRIAM, Secretary.

OUT-OF-DOOR PAPERS.

III.—WINDBOUND ON CHAMBERLAIN.

IT used to be the custom of the old cartographers to leave no blank space on their maps; and when their geographical knowledge gave out they filled the unexplored regions with pictures symbolical of the dangers supposed to be lurking in those wilds—lions and unicorns, dragons, griffins, wyverns, statant, couchant, saltant, rampant, guardant, saliant—neither the animals nor their attitudes being calculated to soothe the apprehensions of the adventurous. In like manner we to-day imagine that the woods are full of wild creatures, yet when I reviewed my woods notes to find some red-letter day full of the birds and their doings, I could not think of one which compared with many spent in field and hedgerow. There are few birds in the woods. The wilderness is a wilderness indeed, barren of life; and you can find more birds, more plants and more game within five miles of settlements, than in an equal space of forest. As Thoreau says: "Generally speaking, a howling wilderness does not howl; it is the imagination of the traveler that does the howling." Since I cannot find a day which is at all noteworthy for the observations it afforded, something prompts me to select one which was wholly ordinary, and yet pleasant to remember; that day when, having crossed Mud Pond Carry, we camped on the side of Chamberlain.

Those who remember the "boundary dispute" of 1842 may locate this lake, on being told that it lies just north of the highland which the English claimed, the Dutch Commissioners debated upon, and Col. Graham surveyed, as the northeastern boundary of the United States, said "highlands" being Mud Pond Carry *et al.* Those who know the country best concede great credit to Col. Graham's ability in his survey, not only for discovering that the land here is high, but that there is any visible above water. Mud Pond Carry is the most famous road in the State. Thoreau says of it, with a pun on one of our lumbermen's terms, "This was the most perfectly swamped of all the roads I ever saw;" but the remark is lacking in originality to those who have seen the place. Mud Pond Carry leads to Mud Pond, and Mud Pond outlets into Chamberlain Lake, the largest lake in Maine tributary to the St. John.

We were belated in crossing the carry, and we delayed a little paddling across Mud Pond, for after a week of rain this morning seemed doubly fine, and the view of Katahdin—grand old Katahdin—lacking nothing of being a perfect mountain, and as savage to-day as when Lief Erickson landed, was so glorious that we could not resist it. Then there was half a mile of quick water at the outlet, where the canoe had to be "waded" down, while the passengers went overland by the carry until they reached the meadows, where they (the passengers aforesaid) stood on stumps in order to keep out of the water, and surveyed the wide, green meadows, fair in color, but desolate to look on, because of the standing dead trees, killed by the flowage, until the canoe came down. Then there was a short voyage through the meadows, past newly-built muskrat houses. At one place the wind brought down the smell of tainted meat—some moose or caribou which had been left to spoil. All these delays consumed valuable time, and meanwhile the wind had risen as we had feared it would, when we were so hindered in crossing the carry. When at last the lake was reached, such a sea was running that it was deemed imprudent to attempt to cross.

Chamberlain Lake is twelve miles long by two to three miles wide and has the name of being a very ugly lake, which in woods parlance is equivalent to dangerous. It lies over 900ft. above the sea, extended from northwest to southeast, without an island in it capable of affording any shelter, and not only exposed to all the winds, but subject to draughts which raise a cross and choppy sea. It is also distinguished by having two inlets and two outlets, one of them artificial. It is not a beautiful lake. There is no high land near it, and the shores, which are straight and forbidding, are even to this day fenced with the trees killed by the flowage when the locks were built nearly fifty years ago. The locks, about which a word should be said, are at the natural outlet—two dams with a space between them, built for the purpose of driving the logs cut on the lower lake, which naturally would go down the St. John, up into Chamberlain, thence through Telosinis and Telos, and down the artificial "cut" into the Penobscot. The locks having nothing to do with navigation, no boat larger that a batteau ever floated on Chamberlain.

We held the canoe in the Mud Brook inlet for a time, and looked at the heavy sea which was running outside; listened to the doleful creaking of the dead wood as the waves sawed one long tree against another, and subsiding showed ugly black snags sticking out, on which a canoe would be wrecked instantly; looked again at the farm opposite, and reluctantly drew back. Experience, in one of her hardest lessons, had taught one of the party not to dare Chamberlain needlessly. As we turned we saw some small duck dipping and feeding among the driftwood, but just as the gun was pointed at him he saved himself by diving. One may be a strict bird defender at home, but in the woods everything goes to fill the kettle.

We were more easily consoled for our failure to cross, because it was dinner time. We managed with some difficulty to get ashore on the right side of the stream, in a growth of sapling birch and poplar; and, fortunately, remembered to build our fire where the smoke would not attract the attention of the men at the farm. For now, as in Thoreau's day, a smoke near the inlet is a signal for the farm to send a canoe across, some two miles and a half. Even in their great sea canoes this would have been no easy task on such a day. Mr. Coe, the owner of the farm, tells me that in winter they always leave a lamp burning all night, to guide any wandering lumberman belated on the lake.

Dinner is not an elaborate meal in the woods. Ours was soon finished, and we had the afternoon before us; for evidently we were windbound. "And yet the wind might go down," we said, watching the treetops bend, and knowing very well that there was no such happiness in store. How beautiful across the angry lake the farm looked, seated on the sloping hillside among fields colored with the soft rich hues of growing grain, of grass land and of cultivated soil. Not one of the other "supply" farms compares with this in picturesqueness, as seen across the lake.

These great farms are a surprise to strangers. Here is Chamberlain, some 80 miles from the nearest railroad, and 60 from the nearest main road, one of the only two houses on a block of twenty-eight townships—a space larger than the State of Rhode Island. What can be done with the produce of these hundreds of acres? It is all for the winter's business. For fifty years this farm has raised hay and grain for the lumbermen's cattle, and potatoes for the men themselves. It is too cold here to ripen maize, although at Trout Brook Farm 30 miles to the east a little is grown. A few staple vegetables are raised, and these, with the large quantities of grain and hay, are the objects of the farm's existence.

While we were thus forced to lie still, there was a good opportunity given to watch the birds; but except for a kingfisher which sat on the other side of the stream, and some impudent Canada jays which came *ca-ca-ca*-ing about, I saw nothing. The jays tiptoed about on the trees, bowing and bending; they fluttered down with spread wings and tails, and made themselves such nuisances, that until one of them came under the scalpel of the taxidermist there was no peace to be had. I should not omit from the list of birds two partridges, which made an excellent stew a little later, and a herring gull which sat on a rock in the lake about 200yds. off, and was saved only by the ball falling a little short of him. These large lakes are close reproductions of the seashore, even to the sea gulls which breed here, although they are never seen between the lower end of Moosehead and salt water. It would be unkind not to mention the beautiful green caterpillar that lived on a poplar near by, so strong, so firm in his muscles, so silken skinned, and so intelligent in his determination to go to the place he had in mind, that I remember him with pleasure. But, except a dish of raspberries, that was all that the woods had for us. What city garden would not have yielded more in half a day?

The wind did not abate as we had hoped; so, at last, the tent was pitched on the same spot where some one else had been windbound before us. But the afternoon had not passed unpleasantly; it was too great a treat to see blue sky above us after our rainy week to demur at having to wait for the wind. And, then, we had resolved to get up before the wind the next morning. That night a woods mouse came into the tent and hopped over me, tapping my face softly. Camping out sometimes gives one strange bedfellows—toads, lizards, bats, flying squirrels, and mice to wit; but it is all part of the fun.

The next morning our first call came at 2 A. M., but this was reconsidered, and for two hours more we were allowed to sleep. Then a hasty toilet in the dark, a cold bite, and the tent was struck, the baggage packed, the canoe loaded, and we were off before daylight. The lake was smooth as glass; yesterday's swell was lost in the calm which on fresh water follows so quickly on the subsidence of the wind. Off in the east a red line pierced the gloom, and spread until it lighted all the heavens on that side with fiery, vermilion-tinted hues, leaving the treetops black and jagged as the walls of a burning building. Overhead flew a young herring gull, and he, too, looked black in this morning conflagration.

And now the water began to curdle like hot milk. Before the sun was fairly up the wind began to ripple over the surface of the water, gathering force as it went, which was in a direction opposite to that from which the curdle came. The wind was up, the waves rolled and broke, but we were across Chamberlain.

FANNIE PEARSON HARDY.

WAYS OF THE WHITE-FOOTED MOUSE.

THE white-footed mouse is the only species of the genus *Hesperomys* found in the District of Columbia, the golden mouse being absent, and from what we know of its geographical distribution, not to be confidently expected north of the Louisianian fauna. A large series of the local form presents some differences from the animal of the more northern States, being shorter-tailed and darker-colored, resembling specimens from North Carolina.

Before the writer learned to trap these mice successfully he found them alive in their daytime retreats more easily than dead in traps, and with the advantage of learning a little of their habits. Several years ago, in the vicinity of Morristown, N. J., I found many of them while searching for the nests of screech owls in neglected apple orchards. Usually they were found in a natural cavity of some small limb, sometimes enlarging a cavity with their teeth, leaving tell-tale marks easily recognized. Old bluebirds' nests were popular with them, and in winter the mice could be tracked over the snow to some downy woodpecker's or chickadee's burrow. On one occasion I frightened a white-footed mouse out of a large flicker's hole, and it struck me that the mouse might have found a smaller place, and one less apt to harbor his enemy, the screech owl.

In the vicinity of Washington there are not many orchards, but the mice are abundant, and quick to find any desirable crack or cranny in a tree. Jan. 7, 1888, teeth marks about a knot hole in a dead apple limb led me to climb the tree and knock on the limb. No sooner done than out came *Hesperomys*, leaping ten feet to the ground and vanishing in a burrow before my companion below could slay him. So far I have never found a nest without a burrow in the ground below where the animal could take refuge in an emergency.

March 16, 1889, about half-past five in the afternoon, while rambling through the woods, I noticed some leaves protruding from a crack in the side of a hollow tree. Peering in my gaze met that of a white-footed mouse sitting on a platform of leaves and regarding me quite as intently as I regarded him. He soon vanished inside the tree, and when the cavity was raked with a switch ran out. He was caught, and soon another brightly-colored adult came out, after his patience and endurance had succumbed to a liberal switching. This fellow escaped in the ground. Affairs had become so interesting now that I expected an exodus of mice from that tree, nevertheless a great deal of switching and prodding brought out one more mouse only, which followed its predeces or into the ground, leaving me of the trio but one, which was taken home for a pet. This has been the only case in my experience where more than a single animal or a female with a litter of young were found in a nest

To the outdoor naturalist there will seem to be considerable analogy between these nervous, active creatures and the fidgety wrens. Like those birds, they will explore any knot hole, crevice or woodpecker's hole, and if the situation is desirable, proceed to lug in a lot of rubbish and fit up a home with all the modern conveniences known to them. The analogy is rendered still more complete by the habit these mice possess of climbing a bush or a smilax vine to a bird's nest, such as a chat's or catbird's, and roofing it over, have a nest not unlike that of the marsh wren, that babbles out his cork-drawing notes in the marshes. The mice are quite variable in the choice of the material used for nest making. Leaves and bark are usually staples; feathers, fur and grass are used, and I have found one nest that was made almost entirely of cat-tail down. This nest was in the hollow limb of a willow tree on the edge of a marsh, from which the material must have been brought. Though the white-footed mouse has achieved some notoriety as a climber and architect in the treetops, probably the majority live in the ground. Numerous burrows are constructed, and they also trespass on the burrows of pine mice. These latter animals are very industrious and steady, and must consider any intrusion by their lively and pleasure-loving neighbors a decided bore.

The food of the white-footed mouse is procured mainly on the surface of the ground, and consists of seeds and nuts rather than roots and grasses. When they can be procured the pits of the wild cherry and the seeds of the basswood seem to be preferred to anything else. At certain times of the year there is no better place to trap these mice than a group of wild cherry and basswood trees in woodland, and the ground beneath is littered with fragments of husks and kernels. Any low bird's nest, a vireo's basket, for instance, in the vicinity is usually full of refuse from the food carried there by the mice. Very often you will find a pile of eaten pits or seeds in a corner made by the junction of the roots of a tree with the trunk. Apparently *Hesperomys*, like certain monkeys seen in zoological gardens, prefers to dine in a corner where comrades cannot break in or steal. Rose hips, beech nuts and seeds of the dogwood (*Cornus florida*) are also eaten. When captured, these mice make interesting pets, being amiable and contented. Placed at liberty in a room, they explore every crevice and endeavor to climb up the walls or the legs of chairs. At times they rise on their haunches like a squirrel, drop their hands on their breast and peer about in an inquisitive way.

In this locality the species is found almost everywhere—in the woods, in grassy meadows, under logs or brush heaps, in stone walls and rocks, and on low land or high. Their favorite locality is a dry wooded hillside with plenty of brush.

MORRIS M. GREEN.

DIVISION OF ORNITHOLOGY, DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

A TAME WILD DUCK.—Ashburnham, Mass., Oct. 28.—There is quite a curiosity here in the shape of a tame black duck. A farmer found a brood of them just hatched, and as he had some domestic ducks he caught one of the wild ones and put it with them. This was in the spring of 1888. It was as tame as any of the ducks, but in the fall it got to flying to a pond about a mile away. It would get its feed of corn in the morning, then leave for the water, coming back just at dark again. The 1st of April it disappeared, and it was supposed that some one had killed it. It came home, however, and is as tame as ever. It arrived on Sept. 1; so it must be well posted on the game laws. Partridges are very plenty this fall in this section, but there are no gray squirrels nor woodcock of any account.—H. C. NEWELL.

RUFFED GROUSE WANTED.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Copious rains the last day or two have broken up a protracted season of drought, and while they have virtually ended the stream fishing, they have put the woods and fields in better condition for the approaching fall shooting. Grouse are quite plentiful a few miles out from Toledo, and the crop of quail in our vicinity is more abundant than for several years. Personally, I am still hoping to secure one or two ruffed grouse hens this fall to mate with my male bird, and bring up that long expected brood of grouse chicks. Doubtless some of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM can aid me in finding any of these birds now in captivity, and I shall certainly be under lasting obligations for any such assistance.—JAY BEEBE (To edo, O., Nov. 2).

A BLUE HERON OVER CENTRAL PARK.—New York, Nov. 1.—While crossing Central Park in this city on Oct. 26, I observed a large blue heron pass over, flying northward and not more than 50yds. high. At first glance I unconsciously threw up my cane in mock aim at him. He saw the movement and wearily rose a few feet, when I noticed a broken leg dangling helplessly. Somebody had "held too low" and lost a fine specimen. The bird had evidently flown far and was much exhausted and I pitied the cripple. However, musing upon the habits of herons and remembering their preference for one leg when resting, I consoled myself with the thought that none of our birds would be less inconvenienced with a single stilt than this same blue heron.—H. R.

BLACK FOXES.—Ashburnham, Mass., Oct. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "Stanstead" concludes a note on a black fox, "It is needless to say the fox was a male." A few years ago there was quite a discussion as to whether any female black foxes were ever killed. At the time I was sure that the only black fox I ever saw that was killed in New England was a female; and last winter one was caught in a trap at Cavendish, Vt., and the skin was bought by Henry F. Bond, of Westminster, Vt., who carried the skin with him to show while buying furs in the country towns in New Hampshire and Massachusetts.—H. C. NEWELL.

MIGRATION OF DUCKS.—On Oct. 12 there were in Buzzard's Bay a consid rable number of scattered flocks of ducks, principally whitewing scoters, and also a few large flocks of the same species. Three or four days later the birds had not entered Vineyard Sound. On the 18th of the month a few flocks appeared in that locality. From this it would seem that the migrating birds arrive in Buzzard's Bay from the north earlier than in Vineyard Sound; but this may vary in different years.—J. W. C.

BIRDS OF NIAGARA COUNTY.—Lockport, Oct. 12.—I find two more errors in "Birds of Niagara County," viz.: No. 48, Wilson's snipe, "none" should read "rare," and in No. 141, Bohemian waxwing, "summer" should read "winter."—J. L. DAVISON.

THE ISLE OF CORMORANTS EXPERIMENT of Sir George Grey, as related by Mr. Wakefield, furnishes an instructive chapter of acclimatization enterprise.

Game Bag and Gun.

A WOODCOCK HUNT.

IN the following lines I shall endeavor to give an account of a woodcock hunt differing from usual accounts by including the shots which were misses as well as those which were kills.

The hunt came about in this wise. Frank, "Ruf" and "Gi" had been out for the day and brought home seventeen woodcock and two partridges. So when during the evening chat Jake suggested that he and I go out the next day I agreed at once. The morning was dark and gloomy and "Old Prob." said we might expect rain during the day, but about ten o'clock it brightened up and we determined to start. We first drove about five miles to a very good looking ground, and hitching our horse to the fence hunted through the alders on each side of the creek without finding a bird. Coming back we hunted along the edge of some woods near the creek and alders where it was swampy, and there was an occasional bunch of alders. As we walked by one of the bunches we heard a woodcock whistle, but did not see him. We called the dog, who was working closer to the woods; he came and promptly nailed the bird in an adjoining clump. We got into position and Jake ordered the dog to flush him. It was Jake's shot and he killed with the first barrel. As this was the end of this ground and it was afternoon, we went to the buggy and ate our lunch, while our horse was eating her grain.

Lunch over with we started for a ground made famous for woodcock by a score made in years past by Frank and "Ruf" of 29 birds one day and 21 the next. The mare knew what we were after and pulled up at the post in the fence where we always hitch. Donning our shooting coats again we were soon ready for the work and our dog started in at a slashing gait.

The grounds were very wet and I was thankful that I had taken the precaution to wear hip boots. The dog splashed around, and soon disappeared in some very thick alders; and as he did not come out when he naturally would in quartering his ground, we knew he had located a bird. Jake was on one side of the alders and I on the other. I called to Sim to order the dog to "put 'em up," which he did and away went the bird. I caught a glimpse of it and fired, but failed to stop it. Jake said he "did not see it, but from the noise it made getting up out of the bushes thought it was a partridge." After correcting his ideas on this point, we moved on as far as a creek, which was too deep to wade even with hip boots, so we decided to hunt up the creek on the side we were on. As we turned to start I asked Jake where the dog was. He did not know and began to call and whistle. After a while he came to us and Jake ordered him on, but he at once turned and started back in the direction he had just come from, looking at us the while as if he wanted us to go with him. I said, "Jake, he has got a bird back there, we had better follow him." Jake assented. Sure enough, after going a few rods, he circled around a bunch of alders and came to a handsome point. I immediately wallowed through the mud and water to an open spot, and as soon as I got in position Jake walked in and put up the bird, which did not fly exactly as I had calculated, but I fired through the alders. A second later Jake fired, and I tried again with my second barrel. I thought I saw the bird fall on the other side of the alders, but a search failed to find him, so we concluded that we had both missed.

We hunted along down the creek for some distance, but the dog did not show game; so I decided to go back to where I thought I saw the bird fall, and take another look. After I had been there some little time without finding him, I heard Jake calling me; and I hurried to him. As soon as I got there he said, "There is a bird in here somewhere; you go out there," pointing to an open spot, "and I will stay here." When we were in position he ordered the dog on, and he flushed a bird, which Jake missed with both barrels. Such a shot, too, a beautiful right-quartering bird. Jake asked me to kick him, but objected when I prepared to comply with his request. The bird went around a corner of the bush and disappeared. We hunted where we thought he was without finding him.

I then started along down the creek, on the bank of which at this place was a thick fringe of cedars. These were between me and the creek. I had proceeded about three rods, when up went a woodcock from among the cedars and crossed the creek without showing himself. Luckily, just above I had noticed a log that I could cross on. I was soon across with the dog, while Jake kept on the other side. Working into the alders, the dog soon made game, and after a few moments came to a point. I called to Jake to get ready, and went to an open spot from where I tried to make the dog put up the bird; but the dog would not move. Jake said, "You will have to walk him up and take your chances." So I walked up in front of the dog, and all around him outside a radius of eight or ten feet, but no bird went up. I then went nearer, and got so near that I could touch the dog with my foot, which I did standing beside him, and urged him to go on. At this the bird sprang up between us with a whirr and a whistle. I quickly raised my gun to shoot, and at the same instant the dog made a spring at the bird (something he was never known to do before), but missed him. As I saw the dog jump, I threw the muzzle of my gun up just as I pulled the trigger, to avoid shooting him, and of course missed my bird, which was flying very low and sailed over the creek toward Jake, who promptly fired and dropped him into the creek. Our dog does not retrieve, so we feared we would lose the bird; but Jake got a pole, and after some maneuvering fished him out.

As there was no more brush down the creek we decided to return to the place where we were when the dog led us to a bird, and to hunt up the creek, as we had then intended. Jake went back to the side we had hunted down on, and I on the other bank of the river. And such walking as I had—mud, water and brush, the worse than which does not exist.

I was floundering along about half way back to where we started in, when up went a woodcock. I fired, as I always do when I see the bird, hit or miss, and again scored a miss. The dog was on the other side with Jake. I tried to get him to hunt with me, but he would not stay; so I wallowed alone. I had thought the walking was bad before, but soon after flushing the bird I struck some that could give it long odds and beat it hands down. I went to my knees at nearly every step in black mud and water, and finally the climax came; I made a spring to escape a particularly vicious looking hole, and as I landed I could feel my left foot sinking into the mud until it nearly ran over the top of my hip boot. I mechanically dropped on to my right knee and tried to pull the other leg out, but it was no go, or rather, no come. I was stuck. Within reach of me was a rotten stump, against which I leaned my gun, and off of which I broke pieces to place under the knee that was on top. These supported me if I kept quiet, but when I put any pressure on them they broke. I saw a long piece of drift wood that looked as if it would bear my weight; this I reached after an effort, and just as I got a firm hold and began pulling it toward me, up went that woodcock from near the other end of it. I suppose he had been sitting there and chuckling to himself over my dilemma. I thought so anyway, and hastily reaching for my gun, cut loose on him at long range without ruffling a feather. In a moment or so after I fired I heard Jake say, "What did you shoot at?" and there he was on the other side of the creek laughing at me.

I soon got the long stick under my knee and hoisted myself out; then went directly to the bridge, which was near, and crossed over to Jake. We then worked through some cedars up the creek until we struck the alders again. The dog went in with a rush down the wind, and was not fairly in the brush before he flushed a woodcock, which flew low so that we did not see him. If there is one at this place there are always more. The dog soon pointed where we could see him on his point; and as Jake had killed all the birds so far, he said he would go in and flush the birds, while I was to remain on the high ground at the edge and do the shooting. He went to the dog; then commenced some of the finest work by the dog that I have been permitted to see in some time. He would work along very carefully for a short distance; then stop and cautiously turn his head to see if Jake was coming; then move a few steps further; stop again and look. I could only account for his actions by the thought that possibly there had been a large flight of birds there that had gone that morning, leaving a very strong scent. After going through this performance several times, and covering about six rods, he came to a point. Jake thought he was over-cautious and was stopping again, so he told him to go on. This he refused to do, and Jake called out to me to get ready, as he guessed there were two or more birds straight ahead. I secured a good position, and Jake walked a few steps ahead of the dog, when up went a bird. He did not come my way, but gave Jake a good snapshot, and he killed. The dog took a step or so and froze again. Jake walked the bird up; he was a strong flyer and went some distance before he rose above the alders. As soon as he did I fired. It was a long shot and I scored another miss. Reader, are you hoping that I will hit something before long? So did I.

Jake picked up his bird and told me to come where he was. I went, and we took a drink of water; then proceeded to hunt for the one I had just missed. We had only hunted a short distance before up he went in the safest place in the world for him—among thick alders. I tried a snap shot and missed; then remarked with some side talk that "we would leave him for seed." Jake replied: "From the number of misses you have made I should think you intended seeding rather heavy." Jake now had three birds and I none, so I felt that I must retrieve my lost reputation as a fair wing shot.

We took the dog over to another likely looking place on the same ground, and soon heard a bird get up, but did not see him until just as he came to the ground. We marked him and got in position. We had no sooner done so than he flushed wild, and gave me a left-quartering shot. I looked square at the bird and quickly brought my gun to my face so that I saw the top of the barrels on a line with the bird. Then I pulled the trigger, and had the satisfaction of seeing my first woodcock for the day tumble to the ground near a cedar bush. He had looked very large on the wing, but when I picked him up he exceeded my expectations by proving the largest and handsomest woodcock I have ever killed. Jake remarked that if he had not been so large I would have missed him. The only shot mark to be seen was a scratch on his lower mandible. I at once decided to have him mounted and he is now in the taxidermist's hands. Both Jake and the taxidermist thought him a beauty.

After feasting my eyes on the first bird for the day to my credit, we proceeded up the creek, hunting some distance without finding anything until we came to a place where the alders were thickest on the other side of the creek. Here in a little patch we flushed a bird, and I scored another miss, while the bird flew across the creek. After walking some distance to the next patch of brush, the dog went in and flushed a partridge. Jake had a snap shot, but failed to kill. Soon after this we turned back, and crossing the creek on a slippery log—which nearly caused Jake a ducking—went back on the other side. We did not find any game until we arrived at the place where the last woodcock I shot at and missed had alighted. The dog found him, and as I was in the brush while Jake was on the outside, I told him to get "ready." I did not like his position and told him to move up the creek a short distance. This took him above a clump of cedars, and I thought the bird would fly above. After some grunting he followed my advice. I then walked in and flushed the bird, calling "bir-r-rd" as he went up. The erratic bog-sucker did not fly as I had laid out the programme for him, but went straight for the place where Jake had stood when I advised him to "move up a little." So Jake did not see the bird until he was just going by the open place below the clump of cedars. He fired at long range, and was not positive as to whether he killed or not. A search by dog and men, however, failed to find a bird, live or dead, so we concluded that he had escaped unscathed and recrossed the creek. As there was no practicable way of crossing the creek there and as it was getting late Jake decided to leave the bird "for seed." After he had expressed his opinion of me for advising him to move above the clump of cedars the air was so blue that we were both glad to resume our hunt down the creek and leave this unhallowed spot. We soon arrived at the bridge heretofore mentioned without having seen another feather, drank a cup of the crystal water, then took to the road for our horse, which was tethered near by. When we hove in sight of the mare we were greeted by a whinny which plainly said: "I am glad you have come; it is time to start for home."

We were soon aboard and whirling through the mud at a twelve-miles-an-hour gait, stopping only to give the mare a drink at a cross-road hotel, arriving home shortly after dark. After supper we listened to much raillery on the lightness of our bag, but this did not change our decision that we had enjoyed a fine day's sport.

NORTHERN NEW YORK. OSCEOLA.

A MOOSE.

ON a beautiful forenoon in early September we were paddling up against the slow current of the Little Fork of the Rainy, Burt and I.

We had been on our claims two or three weeks trying to convert a couple of acres of Minnesota's grandest timber land into two little insignificant vegetable gardens, and were on our way back to Tower for new supplies of pork, flour, tobacco and everything that goes to make life in the woods comfortable. We had made this same trip several times before and had seen lots of big game; but had always depended on our little .32cal. Smith & Wesson revolvers to supply our camp kettle with grouse. On our previous trip we had seen so many ducks getting up in front of us, that I made up my mind to bring my gun next time. So here we are this beautiful September morning, Burt in the stern and I in the bow, with my trusty 12-gauge Remington between my knees, six large buckshot backed by 5drs. of powder in one barrel, and a charge of No. 6 in the other.

The air is laden with all kinds of sweet smells and the bees are working everywhere as only bees can work. We have just poled up a little rapid, and now our birch shoots along a still reach of water, leaving a long trail of silver behind her. The water is so still that, as we look over the side of our canoe, we see each wee leaf or blade of grass, and I even notice a rabbit scurrying up the sidehill; he gets into the brush, however, before I think of my gun. Everything around us is so quiet and beautiful that involuntarily we drop our paddles into the water without noise and converse in whispers.

Burt says, "Wouldn't it be great, Mac, if we could get a moose to-day? We are going into Tower and could save the skin and part at least of the meat." I nod my assent, and just as the canoe darts around a bend of the river, we hear and see a mighty splash and a moose is swimming the stream just ahead of us. It is but the work of a second to take up my gun and pull on his head, but oh, the agony and the disappointment—the primer is damp and the six buckshot stay right where I put them in the brass shell. All this time the moose is going diagonally across the river, and Bert is paddling for all he is worth. Just as the animal steps out on the oozy bank I try once more at his full broadside. Bang! roar after roar go the echoes from one bluff to another, and oh joy! the huge beast is down! we have killed our first moose.

After we got through our war dance and were calmed down a little, we found that it was a cow moose and probably weighed in the neighborhood of 700lbs. What a feast we had on tender, juicy steaks, and with what pride did we afterward wear out eleven beautiful pair of moccasins made from the hide of our first moose. M.

GRAND HAVEN, Mich.

THE WEED BULLET.

TARRYTOWN, N. Y., Oct. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In spite of wind and weather, after waiting for the equinoxial rains to have their day, we went into camp in Essex county, near Wolf Pond, with one efficient guide and a sham affair that pretended to know more than mortals are permitted to know, who proved a mar-plot from beginning to end. He assumed the role of Buffalo Bill with a broad brim that cast in the shade all the hats on the plains. The airs of this would-be hunter would have been amusing if the situation had admitted of a jester.

I wish to mention for the benefit of your readers a hollow bullet, the invention of Mr. A. Weed, which certainly is the most destructive missile it has ever been my fortune to witness. I had a number of shells of the Marlin .40-60, reloaded by the inventor, and he had prepared cartridges for his Creedmoor rifle and also for his Baker. The penetration of these balls is as great if not greater than of the conical ball; there is less recoil to any gun; it carries as straight; makes a clean cut like a punch; but in passing out makes a ragged wound that you can put your arm through. The inventor, Mr. Weed, shot a doe on the run directly in front, the ball grazing the inside of the hindlegs, entering the body near the udder, literally disemboweling the creature, fracturing two ribs and leaving a wound that made me determine not to use the ball in shooting at deer. In an encounter with a more dangerous animal, a grizzly or a panther, it would be a prize beyond price. I did fire one ball at a buck, which striking the shoulder glanced, doing little damage. In shooting into a plank or beam with this bullet, you see on one side the smooth punch-like entrance, on the other side a splintered hole as if a grape-shot had been at work.

During the ten days in camp we had but two clear autumn days, yet Mr. Weed managed to secure four deer and I one fine buck; but the weather giving no signs of clearing we broke camp in a rain storm, the account of which would cast a wet blanket over you; and as I particularly love sunshine, I will wait for a brighter day, which found us on our way from Long Lake by way of the Adirondack Club to Lake George. If any of your friends wish to learn the art of cooking venison, advise them to visit the lower club house *en route* toward Lake Champlain. Such a rendering of the article cannot be approached by any of the leading hotels in any city.

If you have friends who enjoy a wild side and are blessed with a double backbone, send them from Long Lake by way of Newcomb to Clifton on Lake George. No words of mine can describe this trip. One must witness the gorgeous autumn changes that clothe every mountain top with crimson and gold to appreciate that side taken the first week in this month. H. C.

PERTH AMBOY, N. J., Nov. 4.—Quail and rabbits are fairly plentiful in this section, but have been shot for several weeks without regard to law. There is also a good deal of Sunday shooting. Woodcock are scarce just now, but a flight is due this week. There are a good many ducks in Raritan Bay, and some have been killed from sailboats and sculling-boats.—J. L. K.

A TENDERFOOT DUCK HUNT.

I DON'T know why they call a stranger out this way a "tenderfoot," unless a stranger is supposed to have more sensitive epidermis on his pedal extremities than the average Western man, but that's what they call him. But the term seems to refer not to his "foot" but to his brain, and not to the "tenderness" but to the thickness, and hence toughness of that same. And again, I can't get the Western idea of the connection of "foot" and brain, unless the Western man carries his brains in a different locality from most men.

But my story. We were three of this class designated "tenderfoot" who started early one morning in September with thoughts intent on shooting ducks. If the further east one hails from the more "tenderfooted" he may be supposed to be, certain it is that, although in different degrees, we represented an exceedingly high place in this class. For one was a Yankee and hailed from Boston, another came from the Empire State, and the third began life near the beautiful "City of Brotherly Love."

Wending our way to the boat ferry, we roused the keeper and were soon afloat on the broad Mississippi. After a row of two miles down stream, we turned into a slough, shot through a break in a dam, pulled our boat over a sand bank and were afloat on the muddy waters of Target Lake, our destination and the place where we were "going to shoot ducks." One breechloader and two muzzleloaders composed our armament. "New York" possessed the breechloader and had a limited number of shells, with each of which he intended to kill I don't know how many ducks. "Boston" boasted a gun of ancient make, long, thin barrels, and that could scatter shot over something less than an acre of ground at each discharge; his endeavor was to get the muzzle of that gun as near his companions' ears as possible when he fired it; he generally succeeded, and was quite persevering at it. "Philadelphia" had a gun to boast of. Although a muzzleloader, it could beat any breechloader in existence—kicking. The more he rammed the shot the worse it kicked. If he had not stopped ramming, no doubt he would have been obliged to carry his shoulder home in his hand.

Slowly we pulled up along the shore, eyes and ears both open and occasionally the mouth also, for it was early. After going a little way we ran aground, and then concluded to sit there for a little while and see what transpired. A duck soon transpired and settled in the water a little way off. Philadelphia raised his gun, fired and then rubbed his shoulder. The shot struck the water all around that duck, but it scarcely moved. We concluded the most of the force of that charge went backward. Then Boston tried it. Raising his gun to his eye he fired, and then almost went over the other side of the boat into the water. The duck moved on. How could it help it? The surface of the water for rods around was torn up by the storm of shot. "My! how that did kick," said Boston; and then, "Why, both barrels went off." After that he cocked the barrels one at a time. Nothing like experience, is there?

After a little while Philadelphia, having long gum boots on, deserted the boat, and the others went down the lake. Soon they found several flocks of ducks and then began the bombardment. At the lower end of the lake they got right into a whole mess of them, five or six hundred, and began blazing away. They both fired together the first two shots, and then Boston had to reload. But his hand shook like a leaf, and he could not get the powder and shot into the barrel. The poor ducks lost their heads and did not know which way to go, and New York kept pumping his breechloader into them until his shells were all exhausted and he had to stop. Boston got in a few more, and then the ducks took to their wings and got away. Then the shooters began to take account of the slain, and in spite of having been only 25 or 30ft. away from that thick mass of ducks, they found that all they had killed were just 14 of them. Real good that for a tenderfoot.

Meanwhile Philadelphia had reached the shore and was wading through the rushes along the edge of the lake. But fortune never favored him, for excepting a stray half dozen not one did he see to shoot at. After walking about for some time and finding nothing, he concluded to hide himself and wait developments. He hid, and nothing disturbed him either. After a little several flocks began to come up the lake and settle along the banks on the other side, just out of reach. And more came, and more, until there was a multitude of them. They lined the side of the lake in a thick black mass, occasionally moving out almost into gun shot and then back again. Was ever anything so tantalizing. There he had to sit in the mud among the reeds, afraid of moving for fear of scaring them; and yet never a one came within gun shot. After an hour of patient waiting the boat came back up the lake; he got in and there saw the success of the others. To say he was pleased all around were not altogether true. He felt that those ducks had done him an injury in keeping away and he was for revenge.

Again we gently approached them, and just as they were about to rise Boston and Philadelphia let loose their pieces. Out of that multitude two dropped over and two swam off wounded. Better shooting still. We followed the wounded ducks to try to get them, shot several times at them but failed to strike them, and then found we had come to our last charges. We gathered up what we had shot, managed to get one or two more, and then as the ducks were getting wild, our ammunition was almost gone, and it was well on into the day, we started for home. We were rather pleased, to say the least, at our success, and spent the time counting up how far the ducks would cover the expense of the trip. We all agreed that we had come out ahead.

Almost home we met a friend. He pulled his boat alongside, looked at our ducks, smiled and went on down the river. When we reached the dock we proudly got out of the boat and proceeded to take out our ducks and divide them.

"Mud hens!" said the boat-keeper.

"What?" said we.

"Mud hens," said he.

"Ar'n't they good?"

"If you skin them."

Our countenances fell. Doubt began to fill our hearts. But we laughed it off and went on tying them up. Then a friend of ours came along.

"Mud hens!" said he.

"Ar'n't they good?" said we.

"If you skin them," said he.

"Why! don't people shoot them?"

"No! You can go out any time and shoot a hundred in no time."

We felt as though our mothers wanted us. We had a certain idea that a "man wanted to see us," and that we must get away from there. Boston looked blank but was taking it all in. He evidently intended to know all about "mud hens" in just about ten minutes. New York was struggling to keep his face calm and placid. But through it all the nightmare of those mud hens was revealed. Philadelphia put on a smiling face. He joked with his misery. But it was evident that he wished these ducks at the bottom of the peacefully flowing river. But now came the question, whether to leave the ducks there or take them home. New York already had his tied up and in his hand.

"What are you going to do?" said Philadelphia. "Take them home, of course," replied New York.

Then Boston loaded up too, but Philadelphia lingered. In his heart he wished to leave them, but could not go back on his friends. So the melancholy procession started and left smiles of an audible nature behind them. What were the thoughts that stirred their souls, think you? Nothing more nor less than what was the quickest and most secret way home.

Soon Philadelphia made a discovery which he hailed with a shout, "Look here, New York, that's no fair, putting your overcoat over those mud hens."

New York, caught in the act—for he had let his overcoat slip down from his arm where he carried it, so that it covered the hens—caught, I say, in the act, smiled a most sickly smile, and calmly putting down his gun, deliberately wrapped these mud hens up in his overcoat, put them under his arm and proceeded. Philadelphia immediately divested himself of his overcoat and followed suit, and then Boston was "left," for he had no overcoat.

Soon we passed a crowd of men. A laugh greeted us. "Look at the mud hens." "Been shooting mud hens." And then, horrors of horrors, one called out, "Cover your mud hens up." Philadelphia in his hurry had left the leg of one of the abominable birds sticking out of his overcoat, and then it was swinging backward and forward by the side of his ear. The gauntlet was awful. Men would stop, draw near, look and then laugh. Street urchins would run alongside of us, and bombarded us with questions to even a greater extent than we had the "mud hens" with shot. Mr. Editor, if ever you are tempted to shoot "mud hens" don't you do it; flee the temptation.

We reached at last our offices to hide ourselves and "hens" within their grateful walls. Last night New York committed a nicely wrapped up bundle to the current of the Mississippi. To-night two more will go there. We are tired of "mudhens," we've had a surfeit. Our lives are not happy in the presence of that fowl. We can't even eat chicken for dinner, it's too suggestive. Do you remember your first long-tailed coat? That's we. We have come to a "realizing sense" of "mud hens," and we've one less "tender" spot in our "feet." LAX.

ABOUT TAXING GUNS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

This question has been a mooted one from time to time for several years past, and just now seems to be coming to the surface again. It is one of those questions which have two sides, and that variety where the ultimate conspicuous side is not presented to view until something decisive develops to call it out. But it is of such a despotic, foreign nature, that there is little likelihood of its ever coming to a critical test in this country, certainly in liberty-loving New England. I am a native of New England and a frequent visitor there; indeed, I have from time to time traveled through all the northeast States, and recently, too. And, withal, I have been something of a gunner.

And this reminds me of the special horror of a rifle displayed by "Cohannet" in your last issue. It is not improbable that I have hunted weeks there where "Cohannet" has days, and mostly with a rifle, too, with which I have killed far more game than with a shotgun; indeed, hunting in company with men using shotguns, I have day after day with my rifle killed more game than they, and they were first-class gunners too. There are scores if not hundreds of riflemen in New England to-day who can do the same thing, and their game shall include that which is generally killed with shot by our modern gunners. I nearly always still-hunted quail, ruffed grouse, etc., with a rifle, cutting the head or neck and invariably killing them outright, while the shotgun hunters wound more than they kill, and it requires more skill to kill such game with a rifle; a point generally made by shotgun hunters in their practice. I believe that rifle shooting is keeping full pace with shotgun shooting, even in New England. It will be a cold day when any considerable number of riflemen tamely consent to have a special tax laid on their rifles, particularly as many of them practice only at target shooting.

It was an outrage that "Cohannet's" father did not let him use a rifle, if he had a desire for it, and it would be a continuance of the outrage for "Cohannet" to deprive his own son of rifle practice because he was deprived, and probably knows nothing of this unequaled, highly reputable, especially scientific, and in every way respectable recreation. Give boys an opportunity for rifle practice, and very few of them would care much for a shotgun. They could get about as much enjoyment out of a small shovel and a pile of peas. Nineteen out of every twenty boys will find more fascination in rifle shooting than in any other legitimate recreation. And in most instances the practice will be of real service to them in after years, and in too many ways for enumeration here. No intelligent man will deny this. If I had control of methods of common school education, the curriculum would certainly embrace rifle shooting, and, I believe the time will come when this will become a feature in common schools, if not in higher grades.

Now, a little more about the boys. I have had considerable acquaintance with boys during the past fifty years, and with but very few who did not use a gun, mostly the rifle. Among them all there occurred very few accidents in handling guns, and all which I can recall were with shotguns. The mass of accidents we read about are with shotguns, with the exception of one particular line, in which one particular make of rifle is always named. Shrewd advertisers understand this. I have taught quite a number of boys the use of a rifle, and I don't believe one of them ever injured any one with a rifle unintentionally, or in any way except in the line of military duty. A careless and generally heedless boy is liable to cause injury to persons and property, whether he is allowed a gun or not, and is especially liable to injure himself in a multitude of ways, into which he is not likely to be tempted if allowed a rifle, and particularly if instructed in its proper use, whereby the practice becomes intensely interesting to him, winning him from mischievous practices. He takes pride in his expertness, and quickly learns to avoid all features of danger to others as well as to himself. No, Mr. Editor, not for generations yet unborn, will American boys be deprived of the use of the rifle, either by taxation or any other device of selfish, professional gunners, pot-hunters or dudes.

The way this question is going to be settled has already been started in many parts of the country, and is rapidly spreading. I have access to a great many newspapers, published from Massachusetts to California, both States inclusive; and within two weeks past I notice the proceedings of organizations of farmers and other landholders (and numerous calls for such organizations) for the arrest and punishment of every person found hunting or fishing on said lands. The class of gunners referred to in the foregoing paragraph will be relegated to unsettled regions. And, I repeat, there will be no special taxation of guns in this country. Their use may be restricted and doubtless will be, and that would cause but little opposition. Tax the professional gunner! WACAUTAH.

HIS FIRST BUFFALO.

MR. C. MILLS was a first-class mechanic when it came to making pianos, and the year of 1869 found him in London out of work temporarily, and he was therefore a fit subject for the smooth-tongued agent of a Nebraska railroad, who at that time was flooding England with handbills setting forth the many blessings of a prairie farm in the land of the free, and averring that on his particular line of road you would be blessed the most. It was a case of *veni, vidi, vici*, with the agent, on Mr. C. M., who shortly afterward found himself in Lincoln, Nebraska, with a box of tools and $2.30. Mr. Mills had been born and brought up in London, and had never, to his knowledge, seen wheat nor any other cereal growing until he reached America; consequently, although the blessings that were going to fall upon him were no doubt there, he failed to see where they came in.

Board was $1 per day strictly in advance, and as Charley had a good appetite it behooved him to hustle, which he did. Two days later he was in full command of a pair of mules driving to Fairfield. He was engaged in freighting salt. The weather was cold, it snowed for two days, and things were generally disagreeable. Two trips were enough; so one bright day he turned his back on Fairfield and commenced to hunt among the dugouts for pianos to mend. He soon discovered that the hardy settler cared more for a dinner of cold pork than for all the melodies composed by Chopin. After considerable trouble he secured a job, for his board, helping a man to get out logs from the Little Blue; and it is a fact that he had to ask, "What is that thing for?' when he saw a rifle hanging from a deer's horns in the dugout. The properties of the weapon were explained to him by the owner, who also said that one of these days they would go hunting.

The winter wore away and at last the grass turned green, and everything indicated an early spring. One day at dinner Charley casually remarked that there was a funny "bullock" over in the timber, it had lots of hair on its neck, was black, and when it saw him had run away. The boss didn't wait to finish dinner, but grasped his rifle, told Mills to get a pitchfork and come along, as the day for hunting had arrived. Charley and his employer were soon on the buffalo's trail; and while following it, the boss imparted to Mr. Mills the facts of what he knew about buffaloes in general, and that a hump nicely roasted was a dish fit for Charley's Queen. They first saw the bison about two miles from where he stampeded, and after considerable work succeeded in getting a bullet into him. Away the animal went at full speed and the hunters after him, through brush and slough for hours. Night found them twelve miles from home and with no buffalo. They camped on the prairie by the side of a "chip" fire, and at sunrise followed the trail, which was plainly marked with blood. About 8 o'clock they came to a bunch of brush, the boss slightly in the rear. Charley had hardly got into it, when the "bullock" came at him with a roar. To say that he was frightened hardly does justice to his feelings; but scared as he was, he thought of his faithful pitchfork. He jumped to one side and commenced to stab and yell. The buffalo had fallen down, but was still viciously striking with his hoofs. Every chance he got, Charley would "jab" and yell, and with the noise he made, and that made by the buffalo, it resembled a miniature cyclone. The boss was up by this time, and encouraged Charley in his work, directing him to "put it in behind the shoulder," which Mr. M. did and soon put an end to the kicking and the noise.

They were seventeen miles from home, but after securing the robe and the choice portions of the carcass they considered themselves fully repaid for their hunt.

This was twenty years ago, and things have changed since then, the spot where Mr. Mills killed the buffalo with a pitchfork is now covered by the post-office of Hastings, Neb., and of the millions of buffalo that then roamed the prairie, there is not one solitary animal outside of captivity. TEALY.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Smith's Mills, Oct. 29.—Pheasants and rabbits are remarkably plentiful in this section of the county (Gerrlich township) this season. Deer and bear are reported to abound in the mountains in great numbers. Sportsmen are limbering up their guns in preparation for the first snow. Woodcock are, as usual, very scarce. Squirrels are rather few in numbers and have been all fall. Ducks are winging their way southward in great numbers, and the autumn air booms with the reports of light artillery down on the pond. May I some time write you of some big bags made?—C. D.

FOREST AND STREAM TESTS.—Fort Sherman, Idaho, Oct. 19.—Your tests of shotguns are much appreciated and enjoyed here, as they should be everywhere.—CHELAN.

THE CRUISE OF THE LALLIE-POO.

WE had promised ourselves a cruise to Martha's Vineyard and the adjacent islands, but spring had slipped away and summer was flying. August was half gone before we could think of going. The fifteenth was to be our day of sailing. There were three of us, "Genius," the sailing master; "Mate," the executive officer; and the writer, G., was the owner of a small boat which was to accompany us as tender, the Lallie-poo; while the other small boat was the Addie, and the yacht Gracie. The object of our quest was shore bird shooting.

Arrived at Cotamy Bay, we started for the beach between it and the ocean. Some years ago (1874) the Coast Survey endeavored to dig a trench through the beach, hoping to benefit the harbor thereby. The attempt failed from the effects of a storm, and for some twelve years the beach remained closed, but in 1886 nature took the matter in hand, and in one night opened a breach 300ft. wide, through which the fishing fleet of pink-sterned schooners pass in and out unless the weather is too rough. Cotamy Bay is between the Vineyard and Chappaquiddoc Island. There is a hotel with some cottages and lots of room there. The place is called Katama, and is reached from Oak Bluffs by the Martha's Vineyard railroad. Chappaquiddoc is a hilly island with farms scattered over it. The various flats and bars puzzled us some, but we finally anchored near the beach. No sooner was the sail furled than we broke out our guns, shells and decoys. G.'s gun was of some foreign make, so was Mate's. I was armed with a Davis old style, but the companion of years, kind and faithful. G. tumbled into the Lallie-poo and went off toward the inlet, while Mate and I went to the southward toward the head of the bay, which was a little cove some half mile deep and a few hundred yards wide.

We saw a flock of birds running along shore, and Mate landed, while I kept on up the cove, which, by the way, is called Mattakeset Bay. We soon heard G.'s gun and saw three birds coming down shore in our direction, they gave Mate a wide berth, but I was squat so close in the beach grass that they did not perceive me until too late. As they went right over head I dropped all three, using both barrels. They were calicobacks. Birds of any size were not plenty, and I was fain to shoot at a bunch of ringnecks which flew by on the bayside. The wind blew so nearly parallel with the shore that I had to go a long way up the bay to retrieve five, which I would on no account lose. After some tiresome wading through the beach sand we went on board the Gracie again. I had sixteen birds, ringnecks and calicobacks. G. had some larger birds, but not so many, while Mate, who was a novice at gunning, had nothing. We voted the shooting dull, but concluded to go to the head of Mattakeset Bay for the night. We took a walk across the fields inside the beach, and went to a large pond where we hoped to find birds on the ensuing day. At night we were lulled to sleep by that pleasing but sad and lonely sound, the roar of the surf.

On the morning of the 21st we gathered up our traps for a cruise on shore, with much bread and hard-tack packed in knapsacks and many rounds of ammuntion. We landed at the very head of the bay, and soon crossed the plank walk which the Katama Co. have for tourists who go over to the beach. On a tall stake in the first fence we came to was a sign that said "No shooting here," which we found true enough, for there was nothing in the field to shoot at. We crossed a wide ditch or canal and went down to the shore of Herring Pond. Seeing a small flock of summer yellowlegs flying on the side of the cove opposite where we were standing, all hands set up a vociferous whistling, which attracted their attention. As they slanted over our way we subsided into the grass and eagerly watched their coming. At 30yds. they caught sight of us as we raised, and luffed, but too late; it was over in an instant; five empty shells and four yellowlegs off in the water, which did not seem very deep, as grass was growing out where they fell. Here were the first feathers, but how to get them was the question. G. and the writer took off their shoes and rolled up their trousers and essayed wading to them. The writer reefed his breeches close up to the last cringle, but was too short-legged; when G., being the longest sparred, went after them under bare poles, *sans culotte*. Here was a fair beginning, and we followed the shores of the pond, keeping on the beach side, getting now and then a bird—mostly ringnecks—shooting at single birds and difficult shots, for we had by 9 o'clock picked up as many as our conscience would permit.

Mate scored several birds, one on the wing, which being his first he was bound to have, although it fell in the pond. Taking a snug roll in his pants he went in; when half way to the bird the water reached the dividing line, and as his fingers closed on the prize his waist band disappeared from view. When he reached dry land the peep was admired and put with some half dozen of its kind he had before secured. Our proffered assistance in wringing out his dripping nether integuments was politely declined and the march was resumed.

Sometimes we followed the ocean shore, and once we launched a long piece of joist and watched the breakers as they played with it, now dashing it ashore and then claiming it with each recession. We sat on the sand and looked off on the mighty Atlantic and listened to the hollow booming roar of the surf.

Away off on Mutton's Shoal we could see the fishing boats, their white sails glistening in the sun as they tacked back and forth. Stretched on the warm sand with eyes closed and minds at rest, we dreamed of the dear ones at home, and just as our thoughts were in that confused state when sleep begins, we were startled by an exclamation from G. coupled with a sudden getting up of all hands, and a general rush up the beach; the cause being an immense roller which broke right where we were, and with great ambition rushed some yards higher than any of its predecessors, surrounding us with several inches of water and foam. As luck would have it our guns and other impedimenta were lying on a windrow of seaweed above all danger.

Continuing our way we came to a place where the seas broke clear over into the pond, a trench having been dug through by human hands in the first place. Some little birds ran across when the waves fell back and we followed suit. Near the western end of the pond we found a wide ditch connecting it with a smaller pond beyond. At the mouth of this ditch we saw a big winter yellowleg. He was some 60 or 70yds. from the nearest bunch of grass that he could creep to.

Leaving Mate to guard the end of the ditch by the big pond G. and I tried to creep up to him. He, however was wide awake, and, when we were within what he thought was proper distance he jumped up with a loud whistle of "There-here-here!" We began to fire and kept shooting till he fell in the shallow water 80yds. from where we were. Who killed the bird we never knew, as we both shot 6s at it. The firing disturbed another one who flew up on our invitation, to see what the matter was; at 30yds. he came to a sudden stop and proved to be a much smaller bird than the first.

Here we found a camping place where some parties had enjoyed fishing as well as shooting. In the shade of an oak grove we ate our lunch and then started back. When nearly half way to the east end of the big pond we saw ahead of us a team loading with beach grass which some one had mowed and was about to cart off. On the load were two girls whose lower sails were filled to their utmost extent by the fresh breeze. Here was a chance to get some information in regard to the shooting, and as we rapidly drew near the girls took a prudent reef in their skirts by sitting down on the load. The man, we thought, eyed us furtively, and no wonder, for wet through and barefooted, with our shoes and boots tied together and slung over our guns, with coats on our arms and knapsacks on our backs, we looked anything but encouraging. Being three to one, not counting the girls, who were up aloft and could work us no harm, we hauled alongside and asked how he did, and kept up a running fire of questions and a sharp watch on the parties aloft, who were very interesting and quite interested. The man did not know much about the shooting and could not give us any encouragement. One of the girls asked us if we had killed anything and expressed a wish to see our game. Here was a chance to relieve our overburdened consciences and lighten our game bags. Would they like to have some birds? "Yes, indeed." Out from the depths of our haversacks came the birds, and one by one we passed them up to the fair hands that were reached down to receive them. One or two peeps were overlooked from shame at having taken such small life. Yellowlegs, ringnecks, calicobacks, up they all went, except the big winter yellowleg, which the writer clung to with especial fondness, for was he not fat, and would he not make a good show in the kettle? To his shame be it said, the kettle won, though we are sure one more smile from under that Gainsborough hat would have carried the day, bird and all. By this time the hay was all on, and the load with its fair occupants was started for the mainland. Mate, the unmarried one of our party, was heard to say something about being tired or wanting to ride. We were now free to shoot again, but nothing appeared but a crowd of ladies and children at the plank walk near where our boats were; here we had to run the gauntlet again, and were outnumbered three to one with no birds to offer. To the query of "What luck?" we told truly and said we had given our game to a party on the beach. "Lucky man," drily remarked a gentleman in the crowd. Shoving off the Lallie-poo we soon boarded the Gracie. After dinner was over we made sail and ran back to Edgartown to spend Sunday there.

Sunday, Mate was made ship keeper by his own choice, while G. and the writer took a long walk back into the woods to the opposite side of Herring Pond from which we cruised on Saturday. We saw a few dusky ducks and many night herons, but no plover. On our way back we were overtaken by a young man in a light wagon, who asked us to ride, an invitation that was promptly accepted. Our new acquaintance was quite a follower of the sport and possessed a fund of useful information. He told us that for upland plover we would have to ride out in an open wagon and shoot them from the seat, as by no other means could they be approached.

Monday we unbent the sail and had a sailmaker cut it over to make it set higher on the boom. G. and Mate took the Lallie poo and rowed down into Cape Pogue Bay on a prospecting voyage. They returned with a favorable account and we decided that on the next day we would run over to the Cape. Cape Pogue Pond, as it is called, is a large triangular sheet of water covering several hundred acres and bounded on two sides by a narrow beach and on the third by Chappaquiddoc Island. The juncture of the two beaches at their northern ends forms the Cape, which consists of seventy-five acres or so of rolling fields without fences and used as a common pasture. The only buildings are the lighthouse and keeper's lodge.

Tuesday morning we went over to the Cape and found a little cove into which we ran the Gracie. We could see a small meadow with some pond holes in it, and a lot of birds flying and running around them. As soon as the anchor was down we went on shore with our guns and scared up a lot of small birds and quite a flock of plover. We found some pits dug in the beach grass near the ponds. These pits were surrounded with a low wall of stones, and we dropped into them and made ready. Mate, who as before stated was a novice at shooting, occupied a blind about three gun shots to the writer's left, while G. was posted some 200yds. off and nearly in front, so we lay in a triangle with a pond in the center of it. The birds which flew off on seeing us soon came back in small bunches, and we began whistling and peeping, each trying to produce sounds to entice them within shooting distance. The writer is no whistler, and doubtless the sounds he emitted were taken for cries of distress by the birds, who came near from sympathy perhaps. He had the luck, however, to get the first shot at some small plover, which left four or five of their number scattered among the decoys. Mate did not seem to have much shooting, and after a while he concluded to go on board and start dinner. G. had better luck and we two kept at the birds till the writer had fourteen and he about as many. We got several black-breasts here, and saw a few uplands or Bartramian sandpipers. These last were very shy.

In the afternoon we got under way and ran over to Muskeget, which is a low sandy island, being nothing but a succession of ridges of coarse beach sand covered with grass. There is a life-saving station and several shanties, where gunners or fishermen stop; but no one was on the island when we got there. We passed over many shoals and rips on our way, but did not touch anything. A boatman told us to look out for a lime vessel that was sunk off the east end of the island, but we did not see her. There were two wrecks off toward Tuckernuck hard and fast on the flats. We rounded the east end of the island and ran into a cove and anchored about one hundred yards from the beach. This island is half-moon or sickle shaped, wider on the north and east than on the west. Where we anchored it was very muddy, with long eel grass reaching the surface of the water. G. and I hurried on shore and got a dozen birds in short order; the calicobacks were the most abundant except the terns, of which we saw hundreds. These are protected, and there are signs cautioning people not to break the laws in regard to them. A lot of young ones were running on the sand, and G. found an egg which he brought off for the writer, who has taken an interest in oölogy for many years, but had never seen a tern's egg before. We wisely deferred blowing this egg until after supper; then the attempt was a most dismal failure, though vastly amusing to G. and Mate. The writer, who has had some experience with rotten eggs, distinguished himself by smashing this one between his fingers, thereby creating a vile odor.

Toward evening the sky clouded and it looked like rain, the wind blew from the N. E. quite fresh; but we were in smooth water and were pleased, as the prospect for birds was better with easterly weather.

Aug. 25.—Sometime in the night I was awakened by our centerboard striking bottom, and hard bottom at that. We left the board down as it was in the way when up, reaching nearly to the top of the cabin; and it also kept watch, telling us if we got into less than four feet of water. When we struck I ran out in the cockpit and looked for the beach; much to my surprise a flash of lightning showed it to be fifteen yards off instead of a hundred, as it was when we anchored. We were lying broadside to the shore, with the Addie and the Lallie-poo thumping alongside.

To call all hands was the first thought, and the coming up of the centerboard upset the sweet potato kettle, which unhappily had been left on the box. This dumped over on to Mate, striking on his nose as he lay sleeping, and causing him to think we had been run down. We got out our spare anchor, bent on a warp and ran it out to windward and hauled off. This we had to do several times, as the mud was so soft and eel grass so thick that our anchor came home without holding much. After a while we got things straightened out and turned in. Mate had the bridge of his nose barked, and looked as if he had had emerged from a prize ring. The morning found us riding to two anchors in a lively breeze without much sea. We went for birds and got turnstones in abundance, saw a curlew, killed a snipe and came off at dinner time.

After dinner G. and the writer took the Lallie-poo and went to an island which lay off the extreme southwestern point of Muskeget, with a channel of 200ft. width separating them. Across this channel we went with a fair wind. On landing we saw some small birds, but did not shoot any until we got to the middle of the island. There we found a flock of birds of several kinds in a little piece of low ground. We fired as they rose and got in two more shots as they circled around over the dead ones, and then we began to pick up the killed and catch the winged. We picked up thirty, and after a careful search concluded there were none left to die of wounds. We had no excuse for shooting more, although the flock did not leave the island. We got into the Lallie-poo and started for the Gracie, G. rowing and the writer forward. There was a very nasty chop, as the tide was running out through the channel like a mill race. We were hardly into the current before the waves slapped over the bow, and we made such slow way that she was half full of water and in imminent danger of swamping. We changed places, G. rowing forward and the writer in the stern bailing with his hat. We reached the flat by a squeak, and both jumping out ran the boat ashore and got out the water. Our guns were wet and the game soaked, but nothing dampened our spirit and we dragged the Lallie-poo over the flats until abreast of the Gracie, and then rowed off. Mate received us with a burst of enthusiasm quite out of his usual manner. A general drying out was next in order, guns were taken to pieces and oiled, and Mate's attention was directed to a pile of soggy, greasy and bedraggled birds as they were dumped from our game bags.

The wind continued to blow until late in the evening, and we all voted it a mistake to leave Cape Pogue when we did, as a N.E. wind is sure to bring plover there. Thursday the weather was better and we tried the island again. We shot a few calicos and at noon got under way and worked out the S.W. pass and ran over to the Cape, arriving there at 3 P. M. The first thing we noticed was a flock of very large birds that were on a hill near where we had landed before. As we got nearer these birds began to look suspiciously like some we had seen before, and our suspicions were verified when we saw a man step out from a blind and pick them up. This party viewed our coming with evident disgust, and as we came to anchor he took a boat and departed in the direction of Chappoquid loc without saying a word. We were one day too late, as we afterward learned from the ligh keeper. G. got three black-breasts and the writer one. These, with a few small birds, completed our score for the day. We enjoyed a very pleasant evening and were charmed by the music of the surf and cries of the birds The night was quiet and the Gracie lay as still as if frozen in.

Friday we cruised about the cape, waiting for the wind to blow from some quarter, as it was stock calm when we tu ned out, and continued so until 10 A. M. We started with a very light wind and got out of Cape Pogue Pond and towed across the big flats off Edgartown. It was very hot, and Mate steered while G. and I rowed ahead in the Lallie-poo and towed the larger boat. At last the wished for breeze came from the S.W., and we hugged the Vineyard shore by Oak Bluffs, where we saw many bathers enjoying themselves in the warm water. We could hardly head up for Wood's Holl when we left East Chop, but the tide was in our favor and we went through nicely. Once through we started sheets and ran for Nye's Neck, passed out-side of Minister's and Southwest ledges, by Wing's Neck, and then for Hog Island Narrows and home.

On reaching Onset, G. got his dunnage into the Lallie-poo and cast off. Mate and the writer ran the Gracie up through Tom's Narrows and reached the stake at 6 P. M., ending a very pleasant and successful cruise.

WALTER B. SAVARY.

611 HINTS AND HELPS FOR SPORTSMEN. A book of 240 pages Send for table of contents. Price $1.50, postpaid, from this office.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 17.—On one evening of last week there were assembled at the Grand Calumet Heights Club house Mr. Alex. T. Loyd, Mr. E. C. J. Cleaver, Mr. Sam Booth, Mr. Bird, Mr. Wilde, Mr. Fleming, Mr. Bissell, Drs. Davis and Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Metcalf, Miss Folsom and a number of other members and guests of the club, who had all run down to take a look at things and may be get a bird or so. The ducks were not very abundant and only a few were killed, although the time was passed very pleasantly as usual. Partly owing to the scarcity of game and partly in pursuance of an intention formed long ago, Mr. Loyd and myself determined to put in two or three days exploring the Little Calumet River, one of the longest and least known of the streams of this strange Calumet country, which lies along the coast of Lake Michigan in a thousand ramifications of big lake, pond, marsh and running stream.

There was a tradition that the Little Calumet ran into Lake Michigan away down at the end of the lake, somewhere near Michigan City. Just where this point was nobody seemed to know, but the supposition was that, after passing through a great marsh to the south, this stream either ran into the lake or, like the Grand Calumet, stopped in the sand hills a short distance from the lake, except in times of very high water. The current of the Grand Calumet runs sometimes one way and sometimes the other, it being a very independent sort of stream. A like independence seemed a quality of the Little Calumet, and I, for one, had always thought that this stream actually ran into the big lake, flowing out from, and not into, the larger Calumet waters, which empty into the main drainway of the system at South Chicago. The fact that I was so much mistaken, and that others also have been so, will show that there was serious need for a little exploring, since no one we found could give us any satisfaction.

Mr. Loyd had traversed nearly every foot of the Calumet region except that portion referred to, and was curious about this. Himself a rare enthusiast on outdoor matters, and much given to lonesome trips in the distant woods and along unfrequented streams, he was the best of company and counsel, and his boat, a long, slim, cayak model of his own make, a splendid one for speedy travel, made as suitable a vehicle as any two outdoor cranks could ask for. In three minutes our plans were laid, and on the following morning we bade our friends a tearful adieu and started out, as did Messrs. La Salle, Marquette & Co. before us, to brave the perils of an unknown land. If the above named gentlemen had as good an outfit as we had, they need not have feared very much. But we had this advantage, that in case of failure of the lunch basket we could fall back upon the farm houses and thus subsist upon the country.

The Little Calumet runs distant from Grand Calumet Heights Club house, and it became necessary to make a portage of about eight miles to start with. Not having any Indians to carry our boat and shell boxes, the method adopted by the early French explorers, we just loaded the boat on the club wagon and rode off down the beach and through the sandhills. We saw few wild animals on this part of our journey, except a number of gigantic bullfrogs, which had been washed up by the recent storm upon the lake. Some of these frogs were as long as one's arm, if frogs ever grow that large. What they had been doing out in the cold and clear waters of the lake is a mystery, but there they were, cast up on the sand, and so stiff with cold that they could barely move. The assistant club keeper killed eleven of them. Mr. Loyd and I sat motionless in the boat with the dignity that becomes all great explorers.

It was noon of a cold and windy day when we turned our backs upon the wagon that constituted the last link which bound us to civilization, and with stern faces rowed around the first bend of the river in search of a warm place to eat lunch. This we found among the wild flags, and so seriously did we devote ourselves to this duty that it became apparent at once that we must either find a farmhouse that night or eat the dog cake that Mr. Loyd had brought along for his semi-Gordon dog Grouse. Failing that, there was nothing left but cannibalism; and as I looked upon Mr. Loyd's willowy figure I shivered with apprehension and wished that he were a trifle fatter. I was going to eat him, though, if we didn't strike a farmhouse.

We had not rowed an hour before we discovered that the Littte Calumet was a fantastically crooked stream. It was so crooked that I could reach across the neck of some of the bends and pull Grouse's tail as it hung out at the stern of the boat. Same time he would have to travel half a mile before he got to where I was, on the front seat of the boat. Moreover, the river was hardly wide enough for our two pairs of long outrigger oars, or deep enough to flood us over all the bars. Lastly, and worst of all, it didn't run the right way.

"Look here, Alex," said I, "I didn't agree to come along and discover no blame river that don't know its own mind any better than this one. This here creek is geographically billed to run into Lake Michigan, and yet here we are pulling against the current all the time. I'd like to know if this is going to last all the way, and if not, how soon we're going to get over the divide."

"It ain't no way to discover things to go to work kicking before you've got out of sight of town," said Mr. Loyd. "You want the mouth of the river brought to you on a silver plate, that's what's the matter with you!"

I subsided after this rebuke, and we rowed along steadily for several minutes. Wind and current were both against us, but the two pairs of oars made the long river racer walk along lively. So, quarreling amiably, and lamenting the absence of game in unison, we slid over mile after mile of water, passing through a wide marsh-valley which seemed for the most part entirely dry, now running close into the big sandhills, beyond which we could hear the roaring of Lake Michigan, and now winding out to the distant line of low timber on the other side. We calculated our gait to be about five miles an hour, and therefore when we landed at a little sandhill farm late in the afternoon, we thought we must have traveled between fifteen and twenty miles from the little village of Lake, near which we had launched our boat. We learned that our surmises were nearly correct, but our informants, three flaxen-haired Swedish women, gave us no very flattering or very intelligent account of that portion of the river ahead of us. The youngest and best-looking of the three, upon whom Mr. Loyd tried his most artful blandishments, coolly informed us in very broken English that if we wanted to go very much further up we had better get out and carry the boat. No knowledge could be gotten of the relations of the river and the lake. It was about three miles to the lake, about seven miles to Chesterton, and beyond that all was a blank.

"I dinks dot river he run at Valaparaiso," said the young lady. "Purdy soon you can yoomp ofer him at Valparaiso, I dinks."

Now, Valparaiso is away down in Indiana, and not anywhere near Lake Michigan. Moreover, we knew it must be twenty or thirty miles to Valparaiso in direct line, and on that basis it would take us about a year to discover all the river properly. We were not pleased, as we had only three days to devote to exploring purposes, but it seemed certain that much remained to be done, and we therefore went back to the boat.

Half an hour before dark I broke one of the oars, and our progress after that was slow. The river at times was very narrow and shallow, but again it would expand into wide pools whose bottom we could not find with the longest oar. The stream had lost its marshy look, and was more like an upland river. The total volume of water seemed nearly equal to that noticed twenty miles below.

When night shut down upon our exploring party, we were out in the middle of the marsh with not a friendly light in view in any direction. We hauled up our boat, and taking with us only our arms and astronomical instruments, labored across the rough marsh to a grove where we thought we had seen a house. We found the house, but no one was at home, and we gladly accepted the pilotage of a Swedish boy whom we met and who at last led us to a pretty house lying high on a hill. Here we found an old Swedish farmer and his wife, simple, good hearted and kindly people as ever lived. These took us in, got us a good supper and a good bed. Their quiet life does not bring them much in contact with the outer world, but their quaint ways and simple hospitality made a delicious experience for us, and we have promised ourselves that next summer we will see Mr. and Mrs. Samuelson again, if Providence spares their gray hairs so long and we are still exploring things.

Mr. Samuelson told us that half a mile above where we left our boat the Little Calumet was joined by Salt Creek, which stream ran at the foot of the hill whereon the house stood. It was Salt Creek that ran into Valparaiso. Salt Creek was a good fishing stream, with plenty of bass and pickerel. The Little Calumet was not larger than Salt Creek. It ran through many obstructions of fallen logs and the like to Chesterton. Once it was dammed at Chesterton, and there were wells there. Now the dams are probably destroyed. It was about seven miles direct to Chesterton, and about seven miles above Chesterton there was a sort of marsh in which the Little Calumet took its rise. It did not touch Lake Michigan or go anywhere near it. We could not get up the stream more than a mile or so further with a boat, and above Chesterton we could do nothing at all by way of navigation. We might rest assured that the only way we could get our boat over to Lake Michigan was by way of a wagon portage.

That was the way we explored the Little Calumet, and the way in which we exploded the erroneous ideas about the mouth of that celebrated stream. It is now established that the Little Calumet begins in a marsh, like any ordinary stream, and runs down hill, after the fashion of most rivers. It is impossible to sail down this stream, or up it, into Lake Michigan. In its upper reaches it is like an upland creek, lying well below steep banks. In high water it overflows its banks, but at the time of our visit the "marsh" through which it runs was perfectly dry and there was nothing watever to attract wildfowl to it.

We named the pool on whose bank we had landed Lake Alex. Nyanza; then, not wishing the public to be at the expense of fitting out an expedition to discover us, we set out early on the next morning upon our return journey. The wind was favorable, and we spread our sail, and such were the sailing qualities of Mr. Lyod and his boat, that we actually sailed 12 or 15 miles of that prodigiously crooked stream without putting out an oar. Our long, low, piratical craft, favored now by wind and tide, flew swiftly on, and Grouse, who followed on the bank, was kept on a steady trot. We went so fast, and so engaged did we become in an argument over the FOREST AND STREAM gun tests, that we sailed by the village of Lake in an unguarded moment, and the first thing we knew it was nearly night, and we were in a marshy section of the river which we had never seen before. We now began to see a considerable amount of game. Mud hens were present in thousands, and there were also many ducks and snipe. The marsh was now wide and wet, and as far as we could see seemed fit for game and full of it. We passed the Michigan Central bridge, and came to the Pittsburg and Ft. Wayne bridge.

"We must be near the Tolleston Club grounds," said Mr. Loyd. And sure enough, just below the latter bridge we saw the posted notices of that club, warning us, under penalty of the curse of Rome, to step no foot on that sacred ground. We backed out from under the bridge, hid our boat, and after a devious night-time journey of a mile or so found ourselves at another strange but hospitable home, in the shape of the hunting hostlery kept by Mr. Hoffman. This place, before the organization of the present Tolleston Club and the closing of the marsh, was the rendezvous of such choice spirits as Harry Orvis, "old man" Orvis, Roll Organ, the Phillipses, Fosses and others, some of whom afterward went into the Water Valley Club or others of the Kankakee organizations. We passed a cheerful time talking over these people and things with our new host.

On the next morning Mr. Loyd and I did about the only hunting we indulged in on the trip. Shooting on the ground between the two bridges above named, which is, so far as we could learn, quite open territory, we bagged sixteen snipe and a mallard. Previous to this we had killed only two mallards and a few snipe along the river. The dog Grouse caught one mallard in the grass, and for the life of us we could find no wound of any kind upon it. There was a flock of tame ducks near by, and we thought the mallard had been using along with them and had so grown tame enough not to fly unless they did.

After dinner we pulled our boat around to the ditch which runs down to the river from Mr. Hoffman's land. In order to do this we had to cross a mile or two of Tolleston marsh. We did not shoot any upon this marsh, but we wanted to almighty bad, for we saw numbers of snipe and some ducks in range. We met Mr. Gillespie, one of the club members I met on my Tolleston visit last fall. He was out with Ernest, the pusher who went with me. We three recognized each other presently, though not until Mr. Gillespie had told us we would probably drop into the yawning maw of a policeman if we went much further. We assured him we were not abusing the rights of the club, but only trying to get our boat out of the marsh, and so we parted pleasantly.

Mr. Hoffman now got his wagon down to the end of the ditch, and we loaded our boat upon it. A drive of about three miles brought us to the railway station of Tolleston, and from there we got a guide and made a short cut through the sandhills of a couple of miles, and then, just as dusk was falling on our third day out, we launched our boat on the Grand Calumet River, and started on a three-mile pull to the landing near the club railway station, about half a mile from the club house whence we had started. This we duly reached in good order, and were banqueted as all great explorers should be.

We doubtless traveled in our water journey between 60 and 70 miles. We accomplished the main object of our trip, of course, which was to discover the real antecedents of the Little Calumet. Another discovery we made by accident, and this is of more importance than the other. We discovered that ducks know a good thing when they see it. We saw abundance of game on the Tolleston marsh. The Tolleston Club last year spent $1,100 putting down feed. Grand Calumet Heights Club spent nothing; yet during the three miles pull over the best part of this stream, once preferred by the market hunters to the Little Calumet, and in the night, late enough for the birds to be in on the marsh, we saw just one lonesome, solitary duck, and it was asking the way to Tolleston marsh. The moral of this is plain: Grand Calumet must feed if it would shoot. The boys know this, and will this month put in a lot of feed, mostly mill refuse and buckwheat.

I should say in passing that Grand Calumet Heights Club now numbers ninety-two, mostly live young fellows. Several improvements have been made; an addition has been built to the club house proper, giving much more room, and one also is made to the dining-room and kitchen at the keeper's house. A cosy cottage has been erected by three of the members, and a good boat house is put up on the beach in front of the club house, near the trap-shooting stand, at which Mr. Loyd conducts his private experiments in gunnery. I have been in the main truthful in describing the incidents of our trip, and I would not wish discredence cast thereon through the statement made by Mr. Loyd himself in regard to these same experiments. He says that in the labor of targeting his gun he is much assisted by his faithful dog Grouse, who displays an intelligence almost human. Grouse retrieves each pattern sheet as soon as it is shot, and then carries out another sheet and sticks the tacks in with his teeth. He even counts up the number of shots in the thirty-inch circle, and otherwise makes himself useful. This story of Mr. Loyd's gives me trouble. I suggested to him that he write it up for the column in FOREST AND STREAM known as "That Reminds Me," but he said it didn't remind him of anything in particular. This story shows on its face the elements of improbability, and if he is going to persist in work of that kind, I would like to know how he can expect to maintain an unsullied reputation as an explorer.

E. HOUGH.

ON THE MEGANTIC CLUB TERRITORY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Inclosed find slip from one of our local papers in regard to a trip I made: "J. J. C. Browne and son Louie returned from a two weeks' fishing and hunting trip to Spider Lake, P. Q. Mr. Browne is a member of the Megantic Fish and Game Club, an organization composed of some 200 members, who own a large preserve in that section, which is carefully guarded by competent frontiersmen in the interest of the club. Mr. Browne and son took quite an extensive ramble over the country in that section during his stay there, being accompanied by the famous guide Jack Doyle. Fish and game were plenty, and the excursionists had all the fishing and hunting they desired through the country bounding a chain of beautiful lakes. One of the trophies secured on the march was a 210lb. deer, which Mr. Browne brought home with him, together with the hide. The trip was a most enjoyable one, especially so on the part of Master Louie, who brought home also a box of partridges brought down with his own hand."

I wish to say one word about sportsman's club preserves. Before the Megantic Club was formed, the game was just slaughtered all over the grounds now owned and protected by the club. Deer were killed by the hundreds in the crust in winter, the hindquarters and skins taken out and the rest left to rot. In the spring does heavy with fawn were killed, and in the fall dogs ran them into the lakes and ponds; and this kind of work was kept up until there was hardly a deer to be found; and the lakes and ponds were netted until there was nothing more to net.

Since obtaining control, the club has been to a good deal of expense in fitting up a club house and camps at the best points, restocking with fish and keeping competent men to protect our interests; and the consequence is that the game has increased very rapidly and the fishing is good; and any good sportsman can make a good bag of birds with a chance to add a deer or caribou and perhaps a moose to his list of game, and every year it is growing better.

And now, having made somewhat extensive inquiries in regard to the hue and cry against sportsman clubs, I find it comes almost exclusively from those who would kill game both in and out of season and leave it to rot in the woods. I have seen so much of this in our sporting papers, and some of it shows so little common sense, that I thought I would like to ventilate a little through my old standby, the FOREST AND STREAM. I have been something of a sportsman all my life, not a big one on paper, but one who has had a great deal of pleasure from it and has put considerable money into it; and now I like to go where I can get something to show for the time spent.

J. J. C. B.

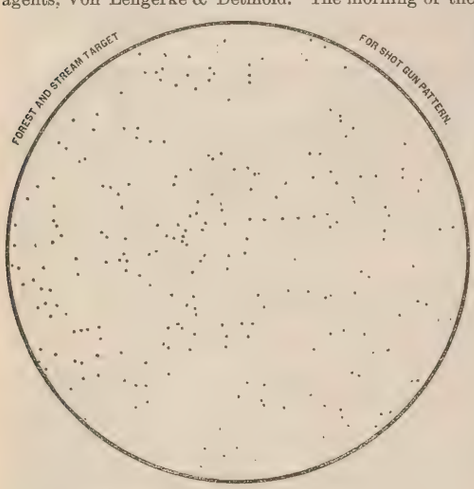
LACONIA, N. H., Nov. 1.

PATTERN AND PENETRATION.

HOLLIS 10-GAUGE GUN.

WITH the test of this week one of the cheaper grades of guns on the English market, and frequently brought to America, comes up for examination. It was marked "I. Hollis & Son, London," and was a heavy 10-gauge weapon, with Damascus barrels. The right barrel on its hidden portion under the forestock had the label 11, while the left barrel was marked "11 B. 12 M., not for ball," showing its choked build. Once on the trial table, it was very evident that the two barrels were various, since one far surpassed the other in grouping the shot within the 30-inch circle.

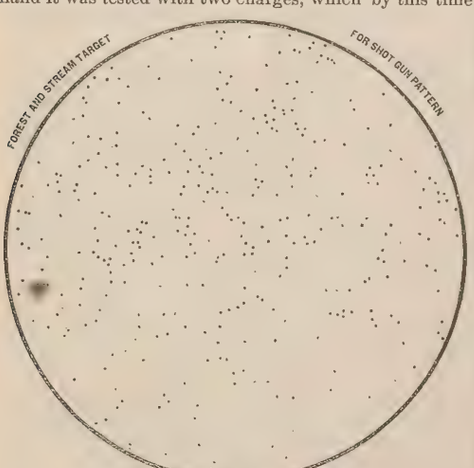
The trial was made, as usual in these tests, as comprehensive as possible, and to that end the customary order for two sets of cartridges was given; one set to be of a good standard black powder, the other of the Schultze make. Dannefelser furnished one lot, while the white powder charges came direct from the Schultze powder agents, Von Lengerke & Detmold. The morning of the



HOLLIS GUN, 10-G., RIGHT BARREL, 40YDS., BLACK PDR., 228 PEL.

test was a capital one, and the gun did its best. Shooter Moss, who held the gun, said it was a rare old kicker, and in manipulation it was not altogether as smooth as might be desired. Still, it seemed to be a hard hitter, and that right barrel was enough of a scatterer to satisfy those who complain, and with some justice, against the tendency to excessive choking on the part of gun makers.

When the targets were marked up for counting it was found that there was no material gain in shifting for a better pattern from the center aimed at. This shows that the gun was well-sighted, well-held and that the day for the test was a fair one. As a matter of form we give the averages for the distances between the centers of the several struck circles. At 40yds. with the black powder the variation was 7 and 6½in. respectively for the right and left barrels, while with the Schultze powder the distances were 6 and 7in. at 60yds., the variations were 5in. for both barrels with black powder and 3½ and 4in. for the two barrels with white powder. While the gun was in hand it was tested with two charges, which by this time



HOLLIS GUN, 10-G., LEFT BARREL, 40YDS., BLACK PDR., 348 PEL.

have become familiar with those who follow our tests. The first was the Schultze powder charge used in the Scott gun and again in the Folsom arm. It will be remembered that this had a charge of No. 6 shot counting 274 pellets and weighing 588grs., with 60grs. of Schultze powder behind the charge. With this the Hollis gun acted as follows:

HOLLIS GUN, 10-GAUGE, 40YDS.

Right Barrel.				Left Barrel.			
Aimed Circle. Pellets.	Selected Circle. Pellets.	Between Center. Inches.	Penetration. Sheets.	Aimed Circle. Pellets.	Selected Circle. Pellets.	Between Center. Inches.	Penetration. Sheets.
55	58	6	22	72	123	8	24
98	66	5	24	116	162	6½	25
34	47	8	..	134	167	10	32
62	67	6	23	107	150	8	27

HOLLIS GUN, 10-GAUGE, 60YDS.

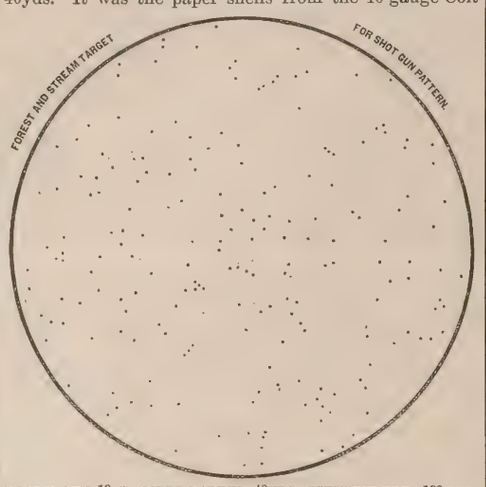
36	41	2½	11	9	12	3½	..
60	23	3½	6	31	34	2½	11
11	11	2½	..	..	..	..	..
35	25	3	8	20	23	3	11

This enables us to make a direct comparison by percentage between the three guns, and borrowing the figures in part from the tables of our correspondent "Nick," in the last issue, we have:

40 YARDS.

Gun.	Charge.	Right Barrel. Pellets.	Pr ct.	Left Barrel. Pellets.	Pr ct.	Whole Gun. Pellets.	Pr ct.
Scott	274	81	29.5	69	25.1	75	27.3
Folsom	274	43	15.6	107	39.0	75	27.3
Hollis	274	67	24.4	150	58.3	108	41.3
60 YARDS.							
Scott	274	52	18.9	54	19.7	53	19.3
Folsom	274	24	08.9	54	19.7	39	14.3
Hollis	274	25	09.0	23	08.3	24	08.6

The other charge put in the Hollis gun was used only at 40yds. It was the paper shells from the 10-gauge Colt

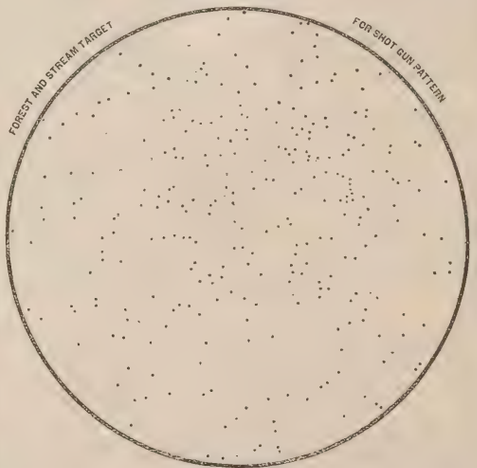


HOLLIS GUN, 10-G., RIGHT BARREL, 40YDS., SCHULTZE PDR., 199 PEL.

arm. They had 542 pellets of No. 8 shot, weighing 601grs., with 119grs. of powder. They showed as follows:

Right Barrel.				Left Barrel.			
Aimed Circle. Pellets.	Selected Circle. Pellets.	Between Center. Inches.	Penetration. Sheets.	Aimed Circle. Pellets.	Selected Circle. Pellets.	Between Center. Inches.	Penetration. Sheets.
103	142	5	15	276	310	6½	16
153	188	7½	19	273	281	6	15
149	189	7½	12	195	240	5	17
135	173	7	15	248	277	5½	16

It will be remembered that the Colt gun in its right barrel at 40yds. put in 367 pellets and with the left 339 pellets. Out of these same cartridges a feature of the test was the uniformity with which the loading of the cartridges was done. There is now little or no trouble on this score and one of the points which makes the re-



HOLLIS GUN, 10-G., LEFT BARREL, 40YDS., SCHULTZE PDR., 298 PEL.

cords of previous gun tests so uncertain and unsatisfactory, that of doubt about the charge used, is now, thanks to cheap and accurate loading devices, entirely done away with. The annexed formal record of the double test tells its own story:

CLAREMONT, N. J., Oct. 30, 1889.

TEST MADE AT FOREST AND STREAM GUN-TESTING SCREEN.

Gun—I. Hollis & Son's (London, Eng.) Hammer Gun. Cost, $50. No. of gun, 23,198. Weight, 9¾lbs. Length of barrels, 32in. Gauge, 10. Right barrel, cylinder. Left barrel, choked.

Weather—Clear. Direction of wind, 4 o'clock. Force of wind, 4 miles per hour. Thermometer, dry, 49°. Do., wet, 45°. Humidity, 73°. Barometer, 30in.

Charge, as given by holder of gun:

BOTH BARRELS.

Shell—U. M. C. "Club."
Powder, Brand—Dead Shot.
Powder, Quantity—4¼ drs.
Shot—*Make*—LeRoy. *Quantity*—1¼ oz. *Size*—No. 8 Chilled.

CARTRIDGE ANALYSIS.

Three Cartridges Taken at Random.

BOTH BARRELS.

Loading.		*Powder.*	*Shot.*
Card over shot; B. E. and card over powder.	1...	133 grs.	607 grs. 617 pellets.
	2...	132 grs.	607 grs. 615 pellets.
	3...	133 grs.	613 grs. 619 pellets.
	Average	132 grs.	609 grs. 617 pellets.

TEST AT 40 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

RIGHT BARREL. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*	LEFT BARREL. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*
1. 194 pellets.	18 sheets.	1. 270 pellets.	17 sheets.
2. 224 pellets.	16 sheets.	2. 315 pellets.	13 sheets.
3. 186 pellets.	12 sheets.	3. 298 pellets.	16 sheets.
4. 203 pellets.	20 sheets.	4. 335 pellets.	15 sheets.
5. 180 pellets.	10 sheets.	5. 76 pellets.	11 sheets.
Av. 197 pellets.	15 sheets.	Av. 259 pellets.	14 sheets.

Three shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.	LEFT BARREL.
1..... 224 pellets.	1..... 284 pellets.
2..... 228 pellets.	2..... 299 pellets.
3..... 216 pellets.	3..... 348 pellets.
Average 222 pellets.	Average 310 pellets.

TEST AT 60 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

RIGHT BARREL. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*	LEFT BARREL. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*
1. 55 pellets.	4 sheets.	1. 101 pellets.	8 sheets.
2. 81 pellets.	.. sheets.	2. 88 pellets.	4 sheets.
3. 78 pellets.	4 sheets.	3. 117 pellets.	3 sheets.
4. 77 pellets.	3 sheets.	4. 119 pellets.	5 sheets.
5. 53 pellets.	5 sheets.	5. 110 pellets.	4 sheets.
Av. 69 pellets.	4 sheets.	Av. 107 pellets.	5 sheets.

Three shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.	LEFT BARREL.
1..... 78 pellets.	1..... 120 pellets.
2..... 88 pellets.	2..... 126 pellets.
3..... 91 pellets.	3..... 129 pellets.
Average 85 pellets.	Average 125 pellets.

CLAREMONT, N. J., Oct. 30, 1889.

TEST MADE AT FOREST AND STREAM GUN-TESTING SCREEN.

Gun—I. Hollis & Son's (London, Eng.) Hammer Gun. Cost, $50. No. of gun, 23,198. Weight, 9¾lbs. Length of barrels, 32in. Gauge, 10. Right barrel, cylinder. Left barrel, choked.

Weather—Clear. Direction of wind, 4 o'clock. Force of wind, 4 miles per hour. Thermometer, dry, 49°. Do., wet, 45°. Humidity, 73°. Barometer, 30in.

Charge, as given by holder of gun:

BOTH BARRELS.

Shell—U. S. Climax.
Powder, Brand—Schultze.
Powder, Quantity—4 drs.
Shot—*Make*—LeRoy. *Quantity*—1¼ oz. *Size*—No. 8 Chilled.

CARTRIDGE ANALYSIS.

Three Cartridges Taken at Random.

BOTH BARRELS.

Loading.		*Powder.*	*Shot.*
Card over shot; B. E. and two P. E. with card over powder.	1...	52 grs.	592 grs. 509 pellets.
	2...	52 grs.	577 grs. 495 pellets.
	3...	53 grs.	590 grs. 506 pellets.
	Average	52 grs.	586 grs. 503 pellets.

TEST AT 40 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

RIGHT BARREL. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*	LEFT BARREL. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*
1. 141 pellets.	16 sheets.	1. 226 pellets.	24 sheets.
2. 166 pellets.	16 sheets.	2. 75 pellets.	15 sheets.
3. 197 pellets.	18 sheets.	3. 244 pellets.	20 sheets.
4. 70 pellets.	17 sheets.	4. 53 pellets.	12 sheets.
5. 81 pellets.	16 sheets.	5. 242 pellets.	14 sheets.
Av. 131 pellets.	17 sheets.	Av. 168 pellets.	17 sheets.

Three Shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.	LEFT BARREL.
1..... 148 pellets.	1..... 211 pellets.
2..... 199 pellets.	2..... 298 pellets.
3..... 197 pellets.	3..... 240 pellets.
Average 181 pellets.	Average 250 pellets.

TEST AT 60 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

RIGHT BARREL. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*	LEFT BARREL. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*
1. 25 pellets.	10 sheets.	1. 79 pellets.	8 sheets.
2. 44 pellets.	.. sheets.	2. 27 pellets.	6 sheets.
3. 22 pellets.	.. sheets.	3. 120 pellets.	9 sheets.
4. 26 pellets.	.. sheets.	4. 103 pellets.	7 sheets.
5. 57 pellets.	.. sheets.	5. 44 pellets.	.. sheets.
Av. 35 pellets.	10 sheets.	Av. 74 pellets.	8 sheets.

Three Shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.	LEFT BARREL.
1..... 37 pellets.	1..... 111 pellets.
2..... 42 pellets.	2..... 136 pellets.
3..... 64 pellets.	3..... 114 pellets.
Average 48 pellets.	Average 120 pellets.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The thanks of the users of shotguns are due to you for your "Pattern and Penetration Tests," not only on account of their intrinsic value in the dissemination of knowledge of gunnery and in stimulating the production of superior guns, but as well also on account of the labor performed by you in obtaining the necessary data for those articles—labor monotonous, uninviting and indescribably wearisome in its infinity of detail.

In connection with these gun tests a query has occurred to me, namely, Why do not your records contain accounts of the shooting qualities of the guns produced by English makers of renown? To be sure, Greener's guns have made their marks on your targets, and very creditable ones too, but why can we not there have exhibitions of the performance of guns by Grant, Dougall, Purdy, Lancaster, etc? Surely such guns are within reach. The impression sought to be conveyed by the owners of these guns concerning them is, that in their shooting qualities they are immeasurably superior to American guns and to guns of lesser known English gunsmiths.

On the other hand, American gun makers state that their guns equal in performance those of the best English makers, and in support thereof, target their guns at your ranges. In the absence of evidence—patterns by English guns—impugning such statements, must we not perforce accept them as true? I hope the question here raised will be determined at the FOREST AND STREAM ranges by the impartial, unanswerable testimony of shot patterns. No such opportunity for a comparison of the guns under consideration will occur again in years perhaps. And yet I fear the comparison will not be made. Possibly the subject is too insignificant or is of too limited an interest to warrant inquiry and experiment, and it may be well perhaps for us to conclude without bothering about it, that guns by celebrated English makers really are, as their

owners in disdainful manner claim, closer, stronger, further-killing shooters than other English guns and guns made here. Were I the possessor of a Purdy or a Dougall I would demonstrate the truth of that conclusion at your ranges. W. H. M.

ARREST OF JONATHAN DARLING.

BANGOR, Me., Nov. 4.—The officers say the arrest of "Jock" Darling, the Lowell outlaw, whose arrest for illegal hunting was reported in the *Herald*, is the most important capture made for years. Well-laid plans were made by Commissioner Stilwell and Detective William McNamara, of Boston. They claim to have secured enough evidence to prosecute to the full extent of the law. The commissioners have been aware for some time past that Darling was chasing and killing deer by the use of dogs, having learned through a number of parties who had been at his camps that such was the fact. Recent complaints about Darling's wholesale slaughter of deer have also reached the commissioners from various parties, so that they thought that the time had come to do something about it.

About three weeks ago Commissioner Stilwell sent for the detective to see what could be done. After consulting with Mr. Stilwell he returned to Millbridge, and in company with Fred Swanton of that place they set out for Darling's camp at Nicatous Lake, which is in township No. 40, Hancock county. Darling's camp is well known to sportsmen. Darling has always been a vigorous opposer of the game laws, and has written articles for publication, and has also appeared at various sessions of the Legislature in opposition to the laws for the preservation of game which he claimed interfered with the just rights of the native hunters, ruining their occupations.

Darling's camp on Nicatous Lake is very difficult to reach, and is a sort of stronghold for poachers. It is 50 miles from any railroad station, and to reach it one must travel over a rough road. It can be approached only from the foot of the lake, and the detective and his companion, pretending to be sportsmen, were compelled to walk seven miles over a road almost impassable. Then they had to take a boat and row four miles. When there is no boat in reach—and Darling always took care that there were none that a warden might use in reaching his camp—one is obliged to make his way for five miles through a perfect jungle, an almost impossible thing to do without a guide. These woods have always been guarded so that the inhabitants of the camp could be warned of the approach of officers. McNamara and Swanton made their way to the camp with much difficulty, and engaged quarters with Darling. They also hired his guides and dogs to hunt deer with, paying well for them. They remained five days, and during that time collected all the evidence they could to be used against Darling and his guides.

They were out each day with the dogs, Jock putting out the dogs twice each day for three days, the guides doing the business the other two days. They killed four deer, one each themselves, Darling one and a guide one. They came upon Darling after the dog had run the deer into the water, just after he had shot him. They heard the report of the rifle, which was still smoking when they came up, and the deer was still warm. McNamara says they were obliged to kill the deer to accomplish the purpose for which they went there. During the stay, Jock, little suspecting their purpose there, unbosomed himself to them, and told them that he had been hunting deer with dogs all the year round for eight years, and sent large numbers of them to the markets. He said he should continue to do so in the future. It is well known that Darling has intimated that it would be very dangerous for any warden to molest him. When McNamara and Swanton had obtained all the evidence they wanted—enough, they thought, to convict Darling on some twenty or thirty cases—they left the camp and came to this city.

As the offense was committed in Hancock county, they were obliged to go into that county to swear out warrants against Darling and his guides. The warrants were sworn out and assistants were obtained. On their way to Darling's camp they met Darling in the town of Lowell and immediately arrested him. "Jock" wanted to go to his house to change his clothes and get his overcoat, which the officer consented to, but said one of them must go with him. But "Jock" insisted on going alone, which the officers would not agree to, and he was accordingly handcuffed, and Officer Davis volunteered to bring the old man to this city, while the others kept on to the camp in quest of the guides. Darling in some manner sent a warning to the guides, so they disappeared before the officers arrived. Darling had $770 with him when arrested. Darling is charged with hunting deer with dogs, keeping dogs for that purpose, and hunting and destroying deer on Sunday. The penalty in each case is not less than $20 or more than $100 fine. Darling has been a hard customer to catch. He is quite well off, and the case will be a hard-fought one.—*Boston Herald, Nov. 6.*

THE DELAWARE SITUATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Since I wrote you last week that the game law was a dead letter in this section of the State, I see in the papers that Detective Hutchens has arrested five prominent citizens of Dover for rabbit hunting. I may have been unjust to Mr. Hutchens, he appears to do what work he can energetically, of course he cannot be all over the State at one time.

Local sentiment here is against the game law, and the prevailing impression is that farmers have a perfect right to snare and kill game upon their own farms at any time. To remove this idea it is only necessary to make a few arrests. No attempt has been made to enforce the law in this vicinity during the three years I have lived here. There would be no trouble to collect evidence, as the violators are bold and defiant. Of three bevies of quail within a rifle shot of my house two have been already utterly exterminated, while the third consists of but three forlorn birds.

The Game Protective Association of Delaware is responsible for this state of affairs in neglecting the duties it has taken upon itself. The apparent indifference of the Association has a degenerating influence upon sportsmen, formerly law-abiding, now apathetic and soon to join the rapidly growing ranks of the law violators.

MILFORD, Del., Nov. 1. VICTOR M. HALDEMAN.

CONNECTICUT GAME.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Game is more plenty in southern Connecticut than it has been for years. Partridges (ruffed grouse) have been on the increase for five years. Quail are quite abundant, and woodcock, which have been very scarce for some years, have appeared in good numbers for that rare bird. One bag of fifteen was secured in one day's hunt by two local gunners. In the last two weeks I have spent part of three days in the field and have started woodcock on every trip. My best bag was four woodcock, two partridges, eight quail.

Shooting does not begin here much until the leaves are off the underbrush, as that is so dense it makes very difficult shooting, but in the month of November I do not think the shooting can be excelled by any place in the State of Connecticut. Pot-hunters are an unknown quantity. Snarers are a thing of the past. Our market for game is poor now, as the two channels that absorbed our game in the past are closed. The New Haven stage line and the New York boats in the past have bought up all the game. The stage line was abandoned five years ago; and our Legislature has stopped the shipment of game to New York. Five years ago every boy and some men had their line of traps and snares spread through the woods in every direction; almost every thicket had its snare-fence or dead-fall; and by the 1st of January game was badly thinned out. Twenty birds were then snared to one being shot, as our marksmen about here are generally deficient in the art of wing shooting.

As the demand for game has fallen off, the birds are on the increase every year. A good marksman with a good dog can secure a decent bag almost any day. Being only three hours' ride from New York it is a surprise to me that this part of southern Connecticut is not more sought by New York sportsmen. I could guarantee them a good time and game enough to satisfy any decent hunter. The country is rough and the cover rather heavy, but under what other conditions can we find plenty of game in so close proximity to civilization?

C. A. L.

WINTHROP, Conn., Nov. 4.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Under the caption of "The Adirondack Deer Law" in your issue of the 31st ult. I find the following from the pen af Mr. W. H. Holberton, which reads: "By the way, I wonder if the Connecticut sportsmen know that hundreds of ruffed grouse are being shipped to the New York markets. They sell (?) them to the stewards of the steamboats and they turn them over to the new York agents." As one of the "Connecticut sportsmen," I most respectfully ask for further information touching the above. More particulars are needed, Mr. Holberton, either publicly or privately. A. C. COLLINS.

HARTFORD, Conn., Nov. 4.

AN AFTERNOON WITH THE QUAIL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On the 25th of October, having an afternoon "on my hands," I loaded twenty shells with No. 8, and taking my pointer pup Milo, reached the fields, about two miles away, about half-past 2 o'clock; walked probably 1,000yds. across wheat stubble and pea patches; and at the end of two hours had one shell left and sixteen as fine, plump, full-grown birds as ever graced a sportsman's bag. I don't think I ever enjoyed an afternoon's outing more than I did this one. My pup more than fulfilled my expectations. He seemed to know by intuition just what to do and when to do it. He found three coveys; and out of the first covey I killed eight straight, two when they first flu-hed, and six singles after marking them down in a beautiful oat stubble. Leaving the remaining scattered birds I then hied him on; and within 200yds. he pinned another covey. The birds rose before I got quite to him, but I gave them both barrels and scored one bird and a miss. I followed them up, and secured two more singles. Then leaving them scattered in thick brush I struck across a piece of stubble, and within less than 300yds. the pup pointed another large covey. Out of this covey I secured five, and left the birds beautifully scattered along a hedge about 15ft. wide—the prettiest place imaginable for shooting them had I been accompanied by some one to take the opposite side while Milo and I worked the windward. But having enough, and being no hog, I called the pup, and was back home by half-past five. The birds were fine large fellows and the coveys very full. Don't think I exaggerate at all when I say there must have been fully twenty-five birds left in the three coveys. I did not hunt one-tenth of the field.

I have broken quite a number of young dogs, but have never had one to equal Milo in point of acute scent, carefulness and steadiness. During the whole afternoon's hunting he flushed only one time, and that was done while retrieving a dead bird. He became a little excited and rushed after it, running over a brace of scattered birds. He is such a romping, rollicking, mischievous "rattle-brain" around the yard, I thought severe treatment would be necessary in the field, but I am agreeably surprised, and think he will develop into something to be proud of. If I had hunted with a companion, and with sufficient shells, I could have doubled my score easily. A. F. R.

BELVIDERE, North Carolina.

RHODE ISLAND MARKET SNARERS.—Chepachet, R. I.—The laws here in this section are a dead letter. This town, or rather village, is located on the Providence & Springfield Railroad and is about twenty miles out of Providence, right in the center of the best partridge ground of this State. The hotel keeper informed me today that 2,000 partridges had been sent into the city by express this season. I doubted it until the stage driver verified his statement, and also volunteered the information that the ratio of birds snared to those shot is nineteen to one. How is that for protection! The only man here who apparently takes any interest is the hotel owner, and he dares not say a word for fear these game thieves will close his bar room. There are only two good wing shots in this village, but when the mill closes (at noon Saturday) the pot-hunters come out by the dozen with dogs and guns of every description, and for the remainder of the day it is as much as your life is worth to venture out, about one-third of them carrying rifles. There is great need of a missionary here.—COHANNET.

GAME IN VIRGINIA.—Washington, D. C., Nov. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just returned from a successful hunt in Virginia and believe you will be glad to know that there is still an abundance of game in the region over which I have traveled. The place of my headquarters was Shankland, on Jackson River. The route from Washington is by Va. Midland and Chesapeake & Ohio to Millboro, thence by stage to Warm Springs, and private conveyance to Shankland. The stage fare from Millboro to Warm Springs is $3. Wild turkeys and ruffed grouse were abundant all the week of my stay. Quail were plentiful; gray squirrels and red squirrels were as thick as hops. As I was about to leave Col. Beall was coming in with a party equipped for deer hunting. They had a lot of hounds and a wagon well stored with provisions. This will be about the first camping party in that section; they invited me to join them, and I was only too sorry to have to decline on account of business. It was snowing on Warm Spring Mountain when I arrived. It is scarcely necessary for me to say that sportsmen will find a pretty near approach to paradise by way of non-euphonious Shankland.—J. S. POLLOCK.

GAME ALONG THE LOWER SUSQUEHANNA.—Port Deposit, Md., Oct. 29.—Quail are more plentiful this fall than they have been for many years along the Columbia & Port Deposit Railroad, and as for rabbits, there is no limit to them. Peach Bottom and York Furnace are very good points for gunning. Back of Fishing Creek, near Liberty Square, there are a good many ruffed grouse or pheasants. Gerritt Smith flushed a number of them in the woods on his place ten days ago. The river hills are pretty well supplied with these birds. I have seen them occasionally frightened up by trains. Ducks are abundant on the flats at Havre de Grace, and the opening of the season (Nov. 1) is awaited with much interest. A gentleman living in Port Deposit told me that a double sinkbox last season sometimes brought the enormous hire of $150 per day, this including the services of an expert gunner, and the whole bag of ducks. It seems incredible that any one should be willing to pay such exorbitant rates, and yet my informant speaks from his personal knowledge.—G. C. C.

TOWANDA, Pa., Nov. 2.—Friday morning, Nov. 1, was the opening day on quail and rabbit in this State, and long before daylight the boys were starting out for the favorite hunting grounds. Some in the past month, looking for grouse, had marked down a few coveys of quail, and made direct for them. Bags as follows: Snyder, Sawtelle and Wilbur brought 4 grouse, 6 quail, 1 rabbit and 1 woodcock. Their bag consisted of the greatest variety. Dimock, Decker, Turner and Dittrich brought in 2 grouse, 13 quail and 4 rabbits, the largest bag. La Plant, hunting alone, brought in 8 quail and 2 woodcock, killing them in fifteen shots, a most excellent bag. Rittenberg and Benjamin, 1 quail and 1 grouse, the smallest bag, but not owing to poor shooting, as they are as good as we have them in this section, but failed to find or locate their birds. During September and first part of October very few woodcock were seen or killed, but lately many covers that then failed to contain birds will very often develop a small bag.—W. F. DITTRICH.

A ROBIN SCORE.—Hornellsville, N. Y., Nov. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There is a chance for some missionary work around New York. Geo. W. LaRue says in a Western sporting paper that he killed forty-three robins, one woodcock, one squirrel and seven clape. I don't know what a clape is, may be a song or insectivorous bird; if so, added to the forty-three robins, the fine would be just an even $500. Have you no game wardens or game constables in New York or Tarrytown? If not you had better get A. C. Collins, of Connecticut, or get some of our club members, as we arrest and fine every violator of the game laws, rich or poor.—J. OTIS FELLOWS. ["Clape" is a name for the yellowhammer, which it is forbidden to kill.]

SCHULTZE POWDER.—Wilmington, N. C., Nov. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Permit me to ask that some of your readers who have used Schultze powder give results through FOREST AND STREAM.—TAR HEEL.

OHIO.—Cadiz, Oct. 28.—Rabbits and quail are very plenty here this season, and there have been more gray squirrels than for years, owing to the big crop of hickory nuts and other mast.—S. C. G.

CONNECTICUT WARDENS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I give a list of the county game and fish wardens appointed this year:

Z. R. Robbins, Norwich, for New London county.
F. W. Whitlock, Waterbury, for New Haven county.
Theron J. Loveland, Bantam, for Litchfield county.
George A. Reed, Chaplin, for Windham county.
A. L. Kurau, Tolland, for Tolland county.
J. W. Trantum, Middletown, for Middlesex county.
J. A. Wilson, Bridgeport, for Fairfield county.
Abbott C. Collins, Hartford, for Hartford county.

The above gentlemen were appointed by the county commissioners under the following law passed at the last General Assembly, 1889: "Chapter CXCI., Section 1. The county commissioners of each county shall appoint one person to act in such county as game warden, who shall hold his office two years from the date of his appointment, and shall have the same powers as other officers to arrest for the violation of any law relating to game. Said game warden may deputize another person to assist in detecting and arresting any person who may be violating any law relating to game. * * * Section 2. The game warden or his deputy shall have free access at reasonable hours to search any refrigerator or other receptacle in any place where gray squirrel, ruffed grouse, commonly called partridge, woodcock, or quail are bought, sold, or transported, for the purpose of examining into any suspected violation of the game law."

The appointment of game wardens prior to this year was by the selectmen of each town, who were supposed to appoint two or more persons to act in their town as game wardens. Many selectmen would not appoint game wardens, and those that did—the appointed game wardens were never heard of in the way of arresting persons violating the game laws. Under the old order of things the game wardens could not search for illegal game, but by referring to Section 2 of the above-quoted law (which, by the way, is the backbone of any game law) you will see that our hands are not tied.

The following gentlemen have been appointed county fish wardens:

J. W. Trantum, Middletown, for Middlesex county.
Dr. Fred'k Farnsworth, New London, for New London county.
Theron J. Loveland, Bantam, for Litchfield county.
J. F. Nettleton, Branford, for New Haven county.
Abbott C. Collins, Hartford, for Hartford county.

To my knowledge no persons have been appointed county fish wardens for Tolland, Windham and Fairfield counties.

The law conferring the appointment of fish wardens to the county commissioners was also enacted at our last (1889) Legislature:

"Chapter CCVII. Section 1. The county commissioners of each county shall appoint one person in such county as fish warden, who shall hold his office two years from the date of his appointment, and shall have the same powers as other officers to arrest for the violation of any law relating to fish. Said fish warden may deputize any other person to assist in detecting and arresting any person who may be violating any law relating to fish. * * * Sec. 2. The fish warden or his deputy shall have free access at all reasonable hours to search any basket, bag, vehicle, or any other place where fish are placed, kept, or carried, for the purpose of examining into any suspected violation of the fish law. Sec. 3. Said fish warden or his deputies shall be paid the same fee allowed to grand jurors in criminal cases, and shall also have half of any penalty recovered and paid into the treasury for any offense detected by them."

Fish wardens were formerly appointed by the Fish Commissioners, two or more for each town, but rarely were they ever heard of in connection with prosecuting fish law violators.

Referring to Section 2 of the last quoted law, you will see that if we find a party fishing on a trout stream in the close season, we can search his basket. Before, Mr. Violator could snap his fingers at an officer. Section 2 in this case is the spinal column of the fish laws. As the game and fish wardens receive no pay (but in some cases part of the fines), it behooves every true sportsman and also true angler to aid them in every possible way.

Let me assure your readers that each and every one of the above named gentlemen are ready and willing to do their duty, and we are ready to help them. A. C. COLLINS, President.

Connecticut Association of Farmers and Sportsmen for the Protection of Game and Fish.

HARTFORD, Conn., Nov. 4.

THE IDEAL MFG. CO., of New Haven, Conn., are out with a tool for reloading shells for the U. M. C. Co.'s new .38 long center-fire cartridges, which have lately been adopted by the Government. These cartridges, being inside lubricated, will undoubtedly take the place of the old .38 long center-fire outside lubricated cartridges. The new shell is about $\frac{5}{32}$in. longer than the old, and the cannelures of the new bullet holding the lubricating material are inserted below the muzzle of the shell, which is crimped upon its leaving the cartridge when loaded the same length over all as the old, making a clean inside lubricated cartridge that can be used in any arm that now uses the old .38 long central-fire. The users of the new .25cal. rifle will be pleased to learn that they can get Ideal tools for the .25-20-87 cartridges, also special molds for same caliber that cast bullets weighing respectively 77 and 67grs.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

285. •

AS FOREST AND STREAM says, "That reminds me" of a little incident that occurred that I think worth repeating. While strolling around Denver one evening, I passed a restaurant, in front of which were standing several people, and among them two "sons of the Emerald Isle," looking at some fine lobsters that lay in the window. One said to the other, "And do they raise them things here?" "Yes," replied the other, "they grow them up here in the mountains." The reply being so forcible, I stopped and found it made in good faith; so I put it down among my collection of "Western Yarns," and tried to imagine what the future of Colorado *might* be. T. A. T.

DUTCHESS COUNTY, N. Y.

Sea and River Fishing.

ASSOCIATION OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

IN JULY, 1883, the writer of this, while *en route* to the St. Lawrence River, took the steamer Island Belle at Cape Vincent, for Clayton. In passing down the river, the steamer put in at Millen's Bay, about six miles below Cape Vincent, where it was not accustomed to stop, but which landed there that afternoon on account of some passengers of unusual importance. In coming out of the bay, passing close to the New York State shore, there were seen along the surface of the water, large numbers of black objects forming lines in various directions. One of the deck hands was asked what they were, and he replied that they were net buoys. It took but a second to see that the water in that immediate vicinity was filled with nets, and that the river, which is not there very wide between the New York State shore and Wolfe Island, was almost entirely blocked with nets. The shore was marked by some large, heavy bushes just opposite the net buoys. On the arrival of the Island Belle at Clayton, a conference of some of the leading Thousand Island tourists was called at the Hubbard House, and the fact of the existence of these nets, which were believed to be illegal, was fully discussed.

The Hon. H. E. Morse, a leading lawyer of northern New York residing at Clayton, and who is the present collector of the port, was sent for, and after careful consideration it was decided that the nets were clearly illegal, and that any one had a right to raise and destroy them. It should be remarked here that no one among the residents and the property owners upon the river, or among the regular visitors at the hotels at that time, seemed to have any idea what the law was in regard to net-fishing. Mr. Morse advised us, however, that no nets of any kind were legal which could by their construction catch or kill game fish.

Acting on this information a steamer was chartered the same evening, and we left Clayton about 12 o'clock with five St. Lawrence anglers and a half dozen oarsmen. Mr. G. M. Skinner, the trolling spoon manufacturer, was one of the party and one of the hardest workers. Proceeding up the river some eleven miles the dark mass of bushes was discovered, and from that time until daylight the people who were on board were occupied in pulling and securing the trap nets, and in throwing back into the river the live fish which were found in them. It was one of the dirtiest pieces of work the members of the expedition had ever been engaged in. The tar of the nets ruined every suit of clothes, and the individual members of the party were a sight to behold when daylight made them visible. Soon after daylight tired nature asserted itself, and the work, although entirely incomplete, was stopped. Proceeding to Clayton the nets were hauled to a vacant lot in the rear of the village. It was estimated that fully a ton of game fish were liberated during the night. The fish consisted largely of black bass, with a good many wall-eyed pike and other fish. During the next evening the nets were publicly burned. It created much excitement on the river at the time, and many threats of retaliation were made, but no one ever received any injury from it. For the remainder of the year 1883 very few nets were placed in the river.

After the tourist season was over a circular was sent out to many of the well known tourists of the river, calling attention to the necessity of organizing an association for the protection of the river, and a meeting was called, to be held at the office of Mr. W. W. Byington, in Albany, for the purpose of effecting such an organization. This meeting was held on the 26th day of October, 1883, and a committee was appointed to draft a constitution and by-laws, and another committee to name permanent officers. A subsequent meeting was held on the 9th day of November and a permannent organization was completed, the late John J. Flanagan being made president, with other officers, all of whom were well known anglers. At this meeting the constitution and by laws were adopted, and a large number of members elected. So earnest was the belief in the importance of the work, and of the necessity for active and organized effort, that a further meeting was called, to be held in Utica on the 11th of March, 1884. At this meeting there were present Thousand Island tourists and anglers from all parts of the State—in fact, from all parts of the country—many of them coming hundreds of miles to attend the meeting. The generel situation in regard to the protection of the river was fully discussed at this meeting, and the working plan of the Association mapped out. Assurances were given the officers from every quarter, that help in the way of money and influence would be given them to any extent which might be asked.

As a result of this meeting the Association secured a redistricting of the State, and shortly afterward, on their recommendation, a State game protector was appointed by Governor Cleveland for the district covering the river. The officers of the Association at once set about work by securing the coöperation of many of the residents along the river, asking them to inform them of the first appearance of nets in the river. In the early spring season, after the breaking up of the ice, a number of the officers visited the river and with a steamer patrolled the whole river, seeking information in every direction about the persons who would be likely to violate the law, and taking steps to prevent them from using their nets. Kingston was visited, and the authorities there conferred with with reference to the use of nets on the Canadian side of the river, and everything was done that could be done to prevent the putting of nets in the river.

In the summer of 1884 the most constant vigilance was used by the anglers, and net-fishers had but little chance. The first regular meeting of the Association was held at Clayton, Aug. 5, 1884. The work of the Association was recounted and further plans made. The officers were generally reëlected, except that a much larger executive committee was made, and it was decided also to secure the passage of bills making more clear the laws in regard to having in possession black bass during the close season, and also in reference to seizing nets upon shore. These bills were passed as recommended the following winter. From that time to this the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River, with its membership averaging about 300, has been one of the most active fish and game protective associations ever known in the world.

Each year the annual meeting has been one of enthusiasm, one of congratulation over the work of the previous year, and of planning as to the best methods for the future. Mr. Flanagan remained president of the Association until his death, which occurred at Utica, N. Y., in February, 1888. A special meeting of the executive committee was held at the Brunswick Hotel, in New York, soon after, and Mr. W. W. Byington was elected president, and was again elected president at the annual meeting of the same year. At the annual meeting of the Association in 1889, Mr. Byington declined re-election, and Mr. H. H. Warner, of Rochester, was made president, which position he afterward accepted with an enthusiastic letter in regard to the protection of the river, and Mr. W. H. Thompson, of Alexandria Bay, was for the third time elected secretary.

During the six years which the Association has been in active existence, there has been intense enthusiasm on the part of its officers and its members. Each one has been willing at all times to do everything that it was possible to do to protect the river from net-fishers. It has not always been easy work, and at many times there has been great doubt as to what course should be pursued.

In 1887 the State game protector destroyed a large number of nets in the upper portion of the river and its adjacent waters, and the net-fishers, through a Watertown lawyer, brought suit for damages, with the plea that the law which prohibited the destruction of nets was unconstitutional, and to the astonishment of the anglers and the friends of the river, Judge Williams of Watertown sustained the plea, and declared the law unconstitutional, and judgemnt was entered against the protector for the value of the nets and damages. The protector, at the time of the destruction of the nets, was acting under a request of the Jefferson County Society for the Protection of Fish and Game, a valuable and plucky organization located at Watertown, with Dr. E. L. Sargeant president. The Anglers' Association promptly assured them that they would stand by them in the question of expense. The case was appealed to the General Term, and there Judge Williams's decision was reversed. It has now been carried to the Court of Appeals by the net fishers themselves, where the legality of the law will be finally decided.

In the fall of 1888, the Association employed Mr. E. W. Rankin, of Albany, N. Y., to draft a bill which should cover all the points in regard to the protection of the game fish in the river, with special reference to its constitutionality as well as to its practical value. The bill was prepared with the greatest care, Mr. Rankin being greatly assisted by Judge George L. Ingraham, of New York, and was submitted to the Legislature of 1888 for passage. It was supposed the bill would pass readily enough, but it was neglected until too late to make a determined effort of value, and it therefore failed of passage. The bill will be again submitted at the coming session of the Legislature, and it is believed it will be passed. If it is passed, it will then be certain that the days of net-fishing are over in the St. Lawrence River. It provides for such punishments for the violation of the law that it is believed net fishers will not even try to use their nets.

The work of the Anglers' Association may be summed up in a few words. A constant and untiring fight has been kept up to prevent nets from being used in the river; the State Game Protector has been advised and aided; an assistant in the pay of the Anglers' Association has constantly been on duty; every officer has taken a personal interest in the work; nets in large numbers and of great value have been destroyed from time to time. The laws have been changed and improved, and every person now knows what the law is, and what their rights are under the law, and nothing has been left undone to protect the river which enthusiasm and wisdom could suggest. The great improvement in the fishing in the river, which each year becomes better, attests the result of the work performed by the Association. It was clearly in proof that many tons of game fish were annually taken from the river by net-fishers, prior to the organization of the Association.

At the time of the organization of the Association in 1883, the property in the vicinity of the river was nearly at a standstill in prices. It is well-known that the hotels were scarcely half filled. Islands unpeopled by their owners were numerous, and the travel by rail was meagre. It was difficult for the angler at times to secure enough fish for his island dinner, and boxes of fish sent home to friends were small and infrequent. As a summering place and a watering place, the river seemed doomed, and this doom was the result of net-fishers; but this has all been changed in the six years which have succeeded. Several new and large hotels have been erected. Nearly every island has a handsome cottage, and the travel by rail has been very greatly increased. Within a year, two residences have been erected by Messrs. George M. Pullman and H. H. Warner, of very great value and beauty.

To show the great change which has been made in the fishing of the river, it is only necessary to state that in the year 1881 there was shipped by the tourists to their friends from the two principal points on the river, Alexandria Bay and Clayton, 344 boxes of fish. In the year 1888, there were shipped from the same two points, 616 boxes. In 1889, the number of boxes shipped from the two points was 553, and covered a total weight of 35,000 lbs. These numbers do not include the fish shipped from Thousand Island Park, Round Island, Point Vivian, Central Park, Cape Vincent and several other small points, from none of which were any fish of consequence shipped in 1881 and 1882. It is believed that over 1,000 boxes of fish were shipped from the river during the present year, and three times as many fish were eaten by tourists as were consumed six years ago. It is perfectly apparent that there were three times as many fish caught by the angler and tourist in 1889 as were caught in any one of the years immediately preceding the organization of the Anglers' Association.

During its existence, the Association has constantly been in consultation with the Canadian authorities in regard to the protection of the two sides of the river, and has secured much active co-operation. One of the most active members of the Anglers' Association, Mr. H. R. Clarke, of Jersey City, has been of very great value in connection with the co-operation of the Canadian authorities, as well as in securing large numbers of new members for the Anglers' Association.

The protection of the river which has been given during the last six years from friends of the Association, has resulted in a very large increase in the number of game fish. The black bass and the muscallonge are much more frequently caught, and are of much better size and quality than at any time before, except in the early history of the river. The number of pickerel (pike) has increased to an extent which makes it easy for any one to catch them in quantities to suit themselves. The value of the protection extends to the yellow perch, which can now be caught in enormous quantities, and of very great sizes. In fact, there is no fish which has ever been found in the river which cannot now be found in large quantities, and which can be caught with great ease by the angler and tourist.

But the river needs even more protection than it has ever had. There is now a State game protector watching the river. The Anglers' Association should have at least two men located at different points during the netting season. The Association needs membership, not only for money which they pay to the Association, and which is necessary for the expenses in connection with the protection of the river, but also for the influence which its membership will bring to bear upon necessary legislation. Very few organizations have ever existed with such enthusiastic members. From the first they have been on the alert for anything which would be of value to the river. It is felt now, more than ever, that greater influence is wanted, and this can be had only by greater membership.

At the recent annual meeting it was decided to reduce the annual dues from $5 to $3, in order that all those who go to the St. Lawrence should become members of the Association and participate in its work. The payment of $3 a year to the Association, to be used in the protection of the river, is a very small sum in comparison with the results obtained.

The Association appeals now to their old members and to all who have enjoyed the beautiful waters and the pleasant fishing of the St. Lawrence to come to their aid. If the Association is allowed to die through the indifference and neglect of those who should be its friends, or if it is able to do its work only partially and incompletely for want of means and influence, the noble river it designs to protect will be covered with nets and the angler be driven from his private fishing grounds. It is no exaggeration to say that nothing stands at present in the way of despoiling the St. Lawrence but this Association. With a large membership to back its efforts, with judicious official watching of all legislation that concerns the St. Lawrence, with skillful, prudent, vigilant protectors in their employ patrolling the river, and with necessary means at their command to add additional force whenever needed and to protect them if molested, the Anglers' Association will pledge itself to a continuance of its good work. Will not all anglers, from sympathy with a good cause or from personal interest, whose numbers every year are growing larger and who include some of our most influential citizens, unite and preserve the finest fishing ground in the United States for the use and pleasure of the thousands who enjoy the gentle art?

W. W. BYINGTON.

ALBANY, N. Y., Oct. 30.

A LARGE HADDOCK.—The *Gloucester Daily Times* has a record of a haddock bought by William H. Grimes, of Gloucester, from Capt. Nelson, which weighed 23lbs. This was caught by one of the shore boats; it is claimed to be the largest on record.

CAPE MAY DRUM FISHING.

THERE is no denying the fact that the drum is in the main an object of heartless piscatorial neglect. In the South—its permanent home—it is pooh-poohed emphatically. As for the North, the prevalent feeling with regard to it here is very lukewarm, favoring the creature's pretensions perhaps a little, but yet holding any direct laudation of it as in poor sporting form. One locality here however, to its credit be it said, sees the matter in its right bearing; estimating the majestic inches, splendid fighting qualities and the gustatory worth of the species at their right value, and classing their possessor, as is its due, among the chief salt water piscatory prizes.

The fish is an annual visitant to the Cape May waters, sojourning therein throughout all the finer months. But the period when it is to be successfully fished for here is a relatively brief interval, including as a rule little more than the last two or three spring, and the like number of the earliest summer weeks. If it takes the bait with any avidity later than this it is something greatly out of the line of its ordinary programme.

Coming fairly under the head of a blue water enterprise as it does in the main, and with blow and squall as a chance contingency to be reckoned with, a boat of the stauncher class is in order for this diversion. The tackle employed is a 30 or 40 fathom handline of a stouter quality, to the end of which, weighted by an appropriately heavy sinker, a large strong halibut hook is attached. The favorite bait is a quahaug, which is used quite *au naturel*, being simply bound in its cracked shell well upon the back part of the shank of the hook, leaving the point bare to get in its work without interference. It should not be forgotten to state that it is on the days justly to be distinguished as halcyon that the fish bites the best, foul meteorological conditions—more particularly easterly spells—taking all the gastronomic snap out of it.

The fishing grounds commonly resorted to comprise the chain of oyster reefs stretching along the Delaware Bay shore of the Cape and rounding its point seaward. These reefs may be said indeed to constitute in our time the staple haunts of the fish hereabouts, and where it seeks the molluscan and crustacean appetizers which form the *menu* demanded by its notably fastidious palate. Occasionally, however, fair fishing is to be had in the ocean inlets opening into the peninsula, and more especially during the hotter spells of the season, in the seaside breakers as well.

As will be surmised, this fishing admits only of bottom fishing pure and simple. Naturally, solicitous care is exercised to select a resting place for the lure where it will be displayed to the best effect and readily attract the eye of the passing fish. Preliminary soundings are resorted to to attain this end, and the bait is further renewed from time to time, the drum having no use for stale diet, turning up its nose at it in fact without the least show of ceremony.

The most interesting form of the sport is unquestionably that to be had in the surf. The use of a boat is dispensed with here, the breakers being too rough for a boat to live among them. The fisherman finds his *point d'appui* in his own stout underpinning as stationed waist deep among the combers. From his post here he casts his line—by a peculiar knack taking a long time to be perfectly acquired—in such places in the watery wetter beyond him as he has reason to believe prove attractive resorts to his game. When a fish is hooked there is indeed fun alive to the fore; the heaving breakers lifting the creature often to the surface and so revealing much of the combat to the naked eye. The onlooker—whose stake in the gentle art is notoriously of a vested character—is, as well he may be, immensely taken by this exhibition, and in reality it is treasured as a big memorial nugget by him; but all the same when the contest is ended he will quite surely see the propriety of belittling the victor's laurels in his own mind, which is the amiable way with all of us mostly when we have been regaled with the spectacle of notable deeds, and whereby we flatter ourselves that in some sense we get even with the doers.

The fishing on the oyster beds and in the ocean inlets is of the usual off-shore marine order, the bait being dropped plumb to the bottom or nearly so. The length of line required to be put out varies as a rule from five to six fathoms, but double this allowance will occasionally be needed. As is plainly obvious, a bite at short range is the bite that most surely facilitates the fastening of the hook. But this favor does not come altogether as one would desire in every instance, and what really gives proof of proficiency on the part of the piscator is his ability to do his work equally well with a long or short stretch of gear.

The drum's mode of taking the bait, if not exactly a rabid demonstration, is nevertheless a procedure with a notable degree of tone in it. But it takes the prick of the hook to rightly call forth the creature's gameness, and when this incident takes place it lets itself loose instantaneously in a way that would do no discredit to a mustang in the first stage of its disciplinary experience with spur and rawhide; rushing and tearing about in every conceivable direction, but mostly keeping well down in the water, as if realizing that at this particular stage of its fortunes daylight and destruction were convertible terms with it. The fisherman's game is of course to play the creature until it is sufficiently exhausted to be taken in out of the wet without threatening the wreckage of his gear. In this undertaking he will be engaged in ordinary instances some five or six minutes: and when he happens to be fast to a veteran fish, for a considerable longer interval. If some would be led to aver that these scrimmages are of a defective style in that they want the due lasting quality, it is to be confidently retorted that as such things go when timed by the watch, and not by one's heated imagination, they are decidedly lengthy. All angling contests, let it be openly declared, would seem ludicrously brief when timed by the cold mechanicism of the chronometer beside the stretch that would be ascribed to them by the upper-air belligerent when taking his cue from the promptings of his high-strung feelings only. Furthermore, we are to bear in mind that in the present case the piscator boasts the rare advantage of waging battle on the merciless basis of a line manipulated directly by the hand and thus readily responding to the applications of ruder muscular force, and at the same time sufficiently coarse and strong in most instances to answer the purpose of the hangman. No fish less than a whale, it is scarcely too much to affirm, could hope to stave off the moment of submission for any considerable period when brought to book in this fashion; and the drum shows what stuff it is made of by holding out as pluckily as it does. If, in the place of this cut-throat equipment, the rod and reel and suitably light running tackle were brought into requisition in trying conclusions with it, our finny hero would of a certainty prove one of the toughest of combatants, perhaps, indeed, turning out a veritable piscine Napoleon; for this, with the backing of the fitting opportunity given the creature, would seem one of the most reasonable surmises.

Of feather weights and juveniles, one never sees a single specimen among the catches, their numbers being made up exclusively of fishes of maturer years, and rating all the way from 30 to 50 and even 60lbs. If the admission must be made that the returns of the sport are apt to be fluctuating, experience demonstrates that this is in the line of fishing in general, and, therefore, we have no right to look for anything different. A good catch for a single hand, as the rating of our time goes, may be put at three or four fish a day. Takes of this scope will sometimes be repeated at brief intervals. Sometimes, again, a series of days will all unaccountably, and in despite of abundant apparent promise of better things, turn out flat blanks. Still, again, the angler must content himself with the putting in of his day with the requital of a single fish. So it goes, after the usual system, or the want of it, attending the dispensation of their awards by the piscatory fates. Of preaching we have had enough; far too much, indeed, for men's appetite for the delectation. Nevertheless, we may be permitted to drop the adjuration here that the way of the little bee, as set forth in a well-known distich, is a very winning one in this sphere of action and has a special application thereto; and for whoso that devotes himself to the work of the field in question in the true spirit of the poetized lesson, the fate of getting badly left is in nowise (as yet) on the cards.

It will surprise no one, however, to learn that the scale of success was much higher years ago, since of yore our fish life universally was in much more plentiful supply than now. Thus in due order stories recounting the big hits made in the fishing in the past are very rife on the Cape. So far as bait-fishing is concerned, it would appear from these narrations that the bagging of from twenty to thirty drums was no infrequent day's work with one handliner even so late as in the forties of the century. But it becomes manifest from these sources of information that the seiners were the true heroes of this pristine fishing, the fact that the drums were more given at that earlier day to foraging for their feed nearer the shore than now, particularly favoring the use of the net in their capture. The reports of the hauls made by this apparatus are in some instances well calculated to excite one's gravest wonder. Below, one of these reports, attested not by hearsay but invested with the authority of contemporary journalistic indorsement, and given to the public in *Nile's Register* of July, 1833, is appended, being copied at second hand from Professor Goode's "American Fishes:" "Some days ago a haul was made in Great Egg Harbor near Beesley's Point, Cape May, at which 318 drumfish was (*sic*) caught, their entire weight being from 8,000 to 9,000lbs."

This catch, of course, calls for no elucidatory comment, the fact being stated with such business-like brevity and directness, that its full significance appears at once on its face. One could wish that it had been the regale of a monster barbecue, with the fitting addenda of fiddle and "straight four," as the ways of the latitude would readily have admitted, but the historic muse being silent regarding this point, we cannot promise ourselves that it was the occasion of any marked expression of rejoicing. For the decline in fishing we cannot in justice so much blame the fisherman as the oysterman. The former has doubtless had a hand in the thinning out of the fish, but the latter, by the unceasing push shown by him in pillaging the oyster reefs of this particular section makes the sustenance of the species here a problem of much less easy solution than it was of yore, and consequently a check has been given to the old-time freedom with which it congregated in the locality. But the total withdrawal of the breed from the district as a contingency of the near future anyway, is not to be feared. Doubtless for a relatively long period one may promise himself a bout with the fish hereabouts if he addresses himself to the business with an adequate understanding of its ins and outs.

In preparing the drum for the board its susceptibilities in this particular should be scrupulously heeded or trouble may be looked for. Thus the attempt to serve it up with entire acceptability in the guise of a boiled dish or a chowder is bound to end in disappointment, the creature's culinary bent being, sooth to say, too rigidly fixed to admit of a clean cut unexceptionable exposition of these methods of kitchen practice. To treat it in the way most fully answering to the demands of its nature in the sense now concerning us, the cook should slice it in delicate steaks, and having coated these well with egg batter, submit them to the action of the frying pan, and with the right art brought to bear in this mode of working, a *plat* is produced sure to evoke the thankful plauddits of all so lucky as to have it set before them.

W. L. TIFFANY.

FISHING IN THE LOWER SUSQUEHANNA.—About the middle of October Mr. W. L. Powell, of Harrisburg, a member of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, caught a good many wall-eyed pike, locally known as "salmon," at Fite's Eddy. On Oct. 25 I saw one of the pike at Columbia weighing 8½lbs. Peach Bottom is growing in favor as a point for black bass fishing. Conowingo is another good place. Robert Stewart, who lives there, takes out a good many visitors. At the present time, on account of the muddy water, few bass are caught. There are numerous places along the Columbia and Port Deposit road which are famous resorts for anglers.—G. C. C. (Port Deposit, Md., Oct. 29).

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Oct. 31.—Soon the "American whiting" will be here, as they are being caught just below at Wickford. These fish are speared by lantern light, as they follow the flood tide up the beach. They had been absent for eight years until last year, when they came in great numbers.—COHANNET.

FISHING AT PATCHOGUE.—Patchogue, Long Island.—Fishing has been very good and fish are plentiful still. Some very nice bass were caught in the surf the other day, one of the striped bass weighing 70lbs.—L. B. T.

NEWFOUND LAKE.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Nov. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Probably Col. Riddle has sent you the inclosed from the Massachusetts *Union*, but I want to be sure you have it. We began to stock Newfound Lake with landlocked salmon in 1878, the year after we began at Sunapee, and it has been followed up nearly every year since. We also put the saibling, of which Prof. Baird sent us the eggs, in Newfound Lake, but I fear they were destroyed by the lake-trout (*namaycush*), of which the extract speaks. I have sometimes thought they got changed, *à la* Pinafore, and got into Sunapee by mistake and started the new trout.—SAM'L WEBBER.

The report, which will be hailed with satisfaction by anglers in New Hampshire and elsewhere, is as follows: Col. George W. Riddle, of the Board of Fish and Game Commissioners, has returned from a trip of three days to Newfound Lake and is in the most jubilant frame of mind over the fishery interests in that locality. It will be remembered that the Legislature at its last session appropriated the sum of $1,000 for the establishment of a hatchery at Newfound Lake, leaving the location of the same in the hands of the Fish Commissioners. The latter visited the lake and after some negotiations with property owners selected a site at Bristol, advertised for proposals, let the contract, and the house was completed on the 10th inst. at an expense of $700. When the Commissioners first visited Bristol they met with every encouragement from the citizens, who pointed to a catch of 100 trout weighing 1,000lbs., as indicative of the fishing facilities of the lake, and guaranteed that there would be no trouble in getting all the trout needed off the spawning beds. Superintendent Hodge, of the Fish Commission, assisted by residents of the town, has just completed five days of work at the lake, in which he was assisted by George H. Fowler, Charles N. Drake, George D. Cross and E. T. Pike. They made the almost unprecedented haul of 500,000 lake trout eggs, which have been placed in the fishing trays at Bristol. Walter Aiken, of Franklin, was present some of the time and was much interested in the operations and delighted with the success achieved. Between 200 and 300 spawning trout were secured weighing from 6 to 12lbs. each. The method employed in catching them was to visit the spawning bed in the night and scoop up the trout with a net, the best time being between the hours of 12 and 4. Dr. Fowler at one scoop secured four trout weighing 40lbs. The trout were placed in a tank and towed a distance of one and one-half miles to the hatchery. The expense of securing this great stock of trout and spawn has been trifling, and it is estimated that the sales of young fry which can be made in the spring will entirely liquidate the expense of the hatchery.

The Commissioners also visited a stream eight miles distant in Hebron, which flows into Newfound Lake, and took a look for salmon, discovering about 50 weighing from 5 to 10lbs. each. They caught 12 by means of a net, but there were but two females among the number. From one of these they secured 5,000 eggs. They also discovered evidence of these magnificent fish being speared, one dead salmon with spear marks upon him and weighing 12lbs. being found which contained 8,000 eggs. The Commissioners have offered a reward of $50 for the conviction of any person who has been spearing these fish, and propose to make the guilty parties suffer for their transgressions of the law.

The establishment of the hatchery at Bristol seems to have been a most successful move.

A CRANK SPEAKS UP.

THERE are cranks and cranks. Whoever reads this is probably a brother angling crank, for the other species of this large family will disdain such "trash" as the FOREST AND STREAM is made up of. Do you own a gun or a "fish pole?" If so, you will at once recall some near friend whose ideas are entirely at variance with your own; and all summed up, he finds no other word to express his supreme contempt for either one of the two blessed articles than, "You are a crank." But we cranks of our family can take from its case a rod, light, symmetrical and loving in all its parts—I say loving, for do we not, as cranks, have to love our rods, guns and tackle? The rod is jointed for perhaps the hundredth time. We feel its weight; and the mind is carried to a fine fat trout caught here or there. Not only is the trout again at the end of the line and the weight felt the same as in actual experience, but the grand scenery, the cool and invigorating air, the freedom from care and business, all combine to even now cause that restful and exhilarating sensation that comes from a trip such as we cranks only know.

Does there live a man who never cared to and never did catch a fish or shoot a quail or to quiver with that excitement only gotten when squinting along the rifle barrel at a buck, and calls us cranks, but who loses every year he lives the most enjoyable of all pleasures given us?

Take away my guns, my rods, my waders, duck coats and general outfit, so that I can not fuss over and look at and fix over and lay plans and review the past; and you take away a part of my mind; for my mind is stored with past pleasures and is continually being stored with those fond anticipations that only hunters and anglers ever realize. How we cranks do anticipate far ahead during the winter months to the time when we stroll along the beautiful streams with rods and flies or a gun on the hills; and how much we enjoy the tired tramps, wet rains, slips into the water and tumbles over snags. But we have the sport and do not tire of it. Why is it that we do not tire of it, and that the older we grow the more we want? Do any of my crank friends know of one who at any time in life says or has said, "Well, I'm wrong; I'm a crank on fishing and hunting in every sense; my imagination has led me to think it was fun to fish and hunt; but I can buy them cheaper; I will sell all my guns and rods and buy what I want," and who sticks to this resolution feeling perfectly satisfied that he has been in the wrong? I do not remember having met one, and all crank friends seem to get worse every year.

It is not crankism but the gift of a desire to see nature, to be free, to have a sort of sentiment akin to poetry and music, that only nature can satisfy; so be proud of the name "crank" when the scoffer stands by, as you fuss over and pack and unpack the tackle and guns. TILE.

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 220 pages, price $2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

FISHING CLUBS IN CANADA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

By a communication from "Podgers" in your paper of Aug 8, he would seem to imply that the leases of lakes by Americans is not distasteful to the inhabitants of this country. We are not speaking of Quebec territory, but of the next province to it and adjoining, and the fact that two years ago the Government having attempted this outrageous proceeding on the people's privileges a club immediately organized and made their complaint against it, securing in a very limited time 3,000 signatures of the inhabitants of St. John city and surroundings to the petition, shows at once the fallacy of "Podgers's" assertion of there being no prejudice against the system. The Government almost immediately stopped the business of leasing on this complaint, which is proof positive.

Now, "Podgers" thinks it is all right to absorb the universal love of sport in man to himself or a few like himself, just because he happens to possess an extra supply of gold dust; but it must be acknowledged by the common lot of mortals as a most unsportsmanlike and selfish feeling. So many rational and fair arguments could be adduced to show the extreme conservativeness of his views that it would be taking up too much space in your valuable journal to refer to them.

We are a sport-loving people here and as desirous as any other people in any country to have correct laws to protect the fish from unlawful slaughter; but if our Government has been remiss in adopting the proper means to that end, it is no sense to say that Americans or Canadians among themselves should appropriate the waters for trout fishing because they, the lessees, offer to protect them and bear the expense thereof. These waters in the wild wastes of the land are the peoples' by all human and common consent, and the people here have never growled against the proper preservation of the fish from the greed of the pot-hunter and unlawful fisherman. A $50 fine, strictly enforced by any Government, would call up the whole country of honest fishermen, and would make this a land where the American tourist would secure more generous fishing than he could ever dream of in the present selfish, one-sided club plan.

What is the result now as compared to the days when Halleck, of former FOREST AND STREAM fame, published his "Gazetteer" for the guidance of fishermen and others? The Americans could fish trout at any place indicated or wherever they visited, and were welcomed by town or country with civility and love wherever they roamed. But the instinct that "Podgers" possesses was, unfortunately for us, stamped on some of their numbers; and like "Podgers," having some dust, they at once formed plans to stop even the guide who showed them the spot where the speckled beauties lay from fishing that spot again, as well as debarring their own countrymen from doing so by offering to lease the lucky fishing pool, and all other like spots to boot, if they could have a chance to gobble them up. Could anything be more grasping or ill-natured? No, such are not of the common mold of men, but of the glutton kind that occasionally crop up from the midst of humanity. Thanks to the people of St. John and vicinity for the stopping by our Government of such gluttons over-riding the people with such selfish actions.

How ridiculous to state that clubs help the country more than the old system of free fishing. When that was in vogue grocers and supply dealers and even fishing tackle makers here say they had a rousing trade, as every American who had moderate means would visit our then free-to-all shores and waters. Now only the few club men come, and they generally bring their own supplies, as a club, with them, so in this sense the great majority of former-time fishermen do not come now, as the clubs have absorbed the greater part of the best waters, and consequently a great falling off is felt by many among us, who once did a flourishing business in the season, and this cannot be refuted. The Dufferin Hotel here, an American house so called, experienced a case of six gentlemen who came here thinking to fish as usual at their old-time haunts, but who discovered their brothers from the States had purchased leases of these very waters, and of course they turned back thoroughly disgusted with the system practiced by their countrymen.

And this is the way "Podgers" would have things—sport for the gold dust man only. I think all true lovers of sport must feel abashed at his article, but I think I have discovered enough to show that he is not writing in the interests of even his own nation. If gold is his god, because it relegates whatever waters he pleases to his own selfish tastes, then let him get a good big pond and fish alone.

R. O. S.

ST. JOHN, New Brunswick.

THAT METABETCHOUAN SCORE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your issue of Oct. 3 contained an article copied from the Quebec *Chronicle* in regard to ouananiche fishing on the Metabetchouan River. It stated that a New York gentleman, who had just returned from the river, made the following splendid score with one rod, using the fly:

Sept.	1, 8	fish,	weight 27lbs.	Sept.	10, 11	fish,	weight 41lbs.
"	3, 11	"	" 45lbs.	"	12, 4	"	" 13lbs.
"	5, 19	"	" 75lbs.	"	14, 13	"	" 55lbs.
"	8, 9	"	" 31lbs.	"	17, 9	"	" 32lbs.

In a note in your issue of Oct. 31 Dr. Edwin R. Lewis, of Westerly, R. I., calls this a startling series of catches, a glaring misstatement, an advertising scheme; and claims that part of the score was made by himself. Now in regard to above score as published by you, I, the party to whom the Quebec *Chronicle* referred (although I did not write the article, nor do I know by whom it was written, having given my score to several gentlemen on my way home), would like to say that the scores as given are true in every particular; that the catch referred to was all my own; and that I used one rod only, a seven-ounce split-bamboo made by Fred D. Devine, of this city.

My largest fish was taken Sept. 3, and weighed nearly 6lbs., and this after being out of water seven hours. On this day I killed eleven fish inside of three hours, fishing at one pool only. My largest catch, Sept. 5, was nineteen fish, weight 75lbs. On this day I was accompanied by Mr. Jesse T. Lazear, of Pittsburgh, Pa., also by my guide. Dr. Lewis left the river Sept. 10 for Chicoutimi; on this and three subsequent days I fished the river with my usual good luck, killing eleven, four, thirteen and nine fish, as per above score. Dr. Lewis is an enthusiastic angler and a thorough gentleman, and while he is a little mixed on this question, I am positive he would not intentionally make any unfair statement nor throw doubt on one which he knew to be correct; had he looked more closely at dates as given by you he would have seen at a glance that four out of the eight scores given were made after his departure from the river; and I feel positive he did not have any information relative to scores made after he left. What makes the score more wonderful is the fact that the catches made by Dr. Lewis were made on days when I was not on the river, and that between us we could give an almost unbroken line of dates from Sept. 1 to 17, on which good scores were made. For the record I made I care very little, but I do not propose to leave the party who furnished the item to the Quebec paper in a false position. Whether it was put in as an advertisement or not I cannot say, and have nothing to do with, but wish to state positively that the scores as published are perfectly correct in every particular.

It is as stated by Dr. Lewis, very hard work fishing this river, and the food was not of the best, but should any fisherman be tempted to try his luck on the river next year from say Aug. 25 to Oct. 1, I think he could stand both the food and hard work for a short time, and if our good luck follows him he will feel amply repaid for any discomforts he may suffer.

A. SHARPE HUNTER.

UTICA, N. Y., Nov. 1.

AMERICAN SEA TROUT.

IT is well known that the American brook trout (*Salvelinus fontinalis*) leaves certain fresh-water streams for a portion of the year and goes to sea. This is true in regions where it is not cut off from access to the ocean by intervening areas of lowland traversed by streams of high temperature. The sea-going habit is more pronounced as we approach the northern limit of trout distribution. We think there is still some doubt as to the proper application of the name sea trout in Canada. The *fontinalis* certainly may be included under this title, but we believe that another and larger species, which is better entitled to the name sea trout, occurs in Canadian waters. We refer to the great sea trout of Labrador, *Salvelinus stagnalis*. This splendid fish grows very large, much larger than *fontinalis*, attaining the proportions and shape of the Atlantic salmon. It is well known to anglers and fishermen, and the fishing for it is prosecuted extensively in the sea. This species, according to Mr. L. M. Turner, spawns only in large streams and does not penetrate far inland.

On the Pacific slope the Dolly Varden becomes a sea trout, especially in Alaska, where it is known commercially under the name of salmon trout. This handsome species is found in the bays during a large portion of the year. Some individuals exceed two feet in length. When taken from the salt water they are brilliant silvery, with scarcely a trace of red spots, but exposure to the sun or immersion in fresh water will soon cause the spots to appear.

We have thus far spoken only of trout belonging to the genus *Salvelinus*, and we have made no mention of some species which occur only in the high northern regions of our country. It may not be amiss to remark, in addition, that several species of *Salmo*, or large river trout, also have the sea-going habit well developed. These include the brown trout, the rainbow, steelhead and redthroat.

T. H. B.

FISH PROTECTION IN PENNSYLVANIA.—The annual supply of eels has been harvested in the Susquehanna, and now the Lancaster county authorities have come out with a proclamation, in huge type, reciting that information and discovery have developed the presence of dams, baskets, kiddles, eel weirs and brush nets in the river. The appliances mentioned are declared a common nuisance to be abated by the owners within ten days under penalty of dismemberment and destruction of the apparatus by the officers of the law. We have said that the winter supply of eels is harvested and the unlawful fishing implements have accomplished their mission. The proclamation, therefore, is a trifle late, but we suppose it comes under the principle of "better late than never." These insinuating devices for the capture of fish have been visible from the river banks for a period of two months and the terms of the proclamation allowed them an extension of their precarious existence for ten days longer, by which time they were safely laid away for future use in anticipation of the time when information and discovery will again reveal their hurtful presence. Verily we are learning lessons in war from the savages who give the enemy notice of an intended attack, in order that he may not be taken by surprise.

A HISTORIC REEL.—Post Mills, Vt.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I had the pleasure of having shown me by Thos. H. Chubb, the fishing rod manufacturer, a fishing reel which was presented to him by Dr. E. Sterling, of Cleveland, O. It was the reel formerly owned and used by Dr. Theodatus Garlick, the author of "Artificial Propagation of Fish." With the assistance of this reel was caught the Naiad Queen, the first trout ever used for artificial propagation of fish. As Dr. Sterling aptly said, "What a story this old reel could tell," of many streams and of many fish; and how much of health and pleasure has been inherited by the anglers of to-day by those experiments of Dr. Garlick's; and the time will come, after we have passed away, that the angler who fishes with rod and reel will say that Dr. Garlick was the "father of all fish." The reel, which was used by him, is a brass two-multiplying click with balance handle, and will hold some 100yds. of line. It is solid and substantial and is good for many years yet.—OMPOMPANOOSUC.

BLACK BASS LURES.—Lancaster, Pa.—In Conestoga Creek brown hackles have proved very killing in black bass fishing. Mr. Al. Rauch has taken a bass weighing 4¼lbs. and several others of about 3½lbs. each with this fly. At Fite's Eddy minnows and stone catfish are favorite bait. On Oct. 10, at Bald Friar, two Baltimore gentlemen caught 110 black bass by skittering with minnows.—H. C. D.

MR. WM. C. HARRIS'S nctice of the New York Fish Commission report, last week, was cribbed from the FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 24. It was stolen bodily except one sentence referring to this paper. "I know a good thing when I see it," said the cock in the fable, as he picked up a diamond and stowed it away with the gravel in his crop.

CERO IN BAYS AND RIVERS.—I note in "The Fishery Industries of the United States," Prof. Goode quotes Mr. Stearns as authority for the observation that the cero or kingfish (*Scomberomorus caballa*) always lives at sea. I have seen numbers of them at Maleo Inlet, three-fourths of a mile from the gulf, and have in my collection a fine one weighing 24½lbs. In jumping after a school of mullet it made a mistake and fell into a sunken skiff lying at the wharf. It certainly visits the bays and rivers in that locality, but it may not further to the north.—J. W. VELIE (Chicago, Ill.).

DYNAMITING FISH.—At the November term of the court of Lancaster, Pa., will be tried several cases of killing fish by dynamite. On Sunday, April 7, some parties used this deadly material in the Conestoga and destroyed a lot of catfish, as well as large numbers of carp. They are likely to repent of their folly.

LARGE WALL-EYED PIKE.—Last week Mr. Wm. Beard, of Washington Borough, Pa., caught a wall-eyed pike weighing 8½lbs. in the Susquehanna, and Mr. Charles Franciscus, of Columbia, captured an individual of 10½lbs. on a trolling spoon, with lamprey eel for bait.

Fishculture.

A LARGE CARP.—The *New Era*, of Lancaster, Pa., Oct. 29, has the following account of a carp taken in Conestoga Creek: "David Hurst, Jr., an employé of the Eden paper mill, caught a German carp in a spring near the mill [Oct. 28] which measured 26in. in length and weighed a trifle over 9lbs The monster had wandered from the Conestoga into shallow water and was caught by hand."

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Dec. 5 to 7.—First Dog Show of the Continental Kennel Club at Denver, Col. A. L. Weston, Secretary.

Jan. 6 to 11, 1890.—Annual Dog Show of the Michigan State Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Bay City, Mich. W. F. Brace, Secretary.

Jan. 13 to 18, 1890.—First Annual Dog Show of the Georgia Pet Stock and Bench Show Association, at Augusta, Ga. A. H. Vonderleith, Secretary.

Jan. 27 to Feb. 1, 1890.—Dog Show of the Colorado Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Denver, Col.

Feb. 11 to 14, 1890.—Fourteenth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club. American Institute Building, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

March 11 to 14, 1890.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Rochester Kennel Club, at Rochester, N. Y. Harry Yates, Secretary.

March 25 to 28, 1890.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Mass. Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

April 1 to 4, 1890.—Sixth Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 11.—Annual Field Trials of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, at Richland, Va. For members only. Francis S. Brown, Sec'y.

Nov. 11.—Inaugural Field Trials of the Canadian Kennel Club, at Chatham, Ont. C. A. Stone, Secretary, London, Ont.

Nov. 11.—First Annual Field Trials (foxhounds) of the Brunswick Fur Club, on the Albany Hills, South Paris, Me. Mr. J. H. Baird, Secretary, Auburndale, Mass.

Nov. 18.—Eleventh Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Nov. 22.—Eighth Annual Field Trials of the Robins Island Club, for members only. Walter L. Wellington, Secretary, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dec. 2.—Inaugural Field Trials of the Central Field Trial Club, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Secretary, Mill's Building, New York, N. Y.

Dec. 15.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trial Club, at Amory, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Secretary, Marietta, Ga.

Jan. 20, 1890.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club at Bakersfield, Cal. H. H. Briggs, Secretary, 313 Bush street, San Francisco, Cal.

Jan. 27, 1890.—All-Day Field Trials, at West Point, Miss. F. R. Hitchcock, 44 Broadway, New York, Secretary.

Feb. 11, 1890.—Fourth Annual Field Trials of the Texas Field Trial Club, at Marshall, Tex. W. L. Thomas, Secretary.

A TRANSACTION IN DOG FLESH.—Suspension Bridge, N. Y., Nov. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Something over two years ago a friend of mine here had in his possession a handsome black corded poodle dog, and being anxious to secure a female of same breed I volunteered to advertise in FOREST AND STREAM for one. In reply to this advertisement there came a letter from a Mr. Graff, of Pittsburgh, Pa., saying that he had one of the very choicest bitches of this breed in America. He named no price, but said he was anxious to secure a fine fox-terrier bitch. My friend knew of a fine bitch that was in season; and at once had her served, and wrote Mr. Graff about her. In reply Mr. G. requested that she be sent to him at once with express charges paid, and he would on her arrival send the poodle by first express. The fox-terrier reached Pittsburgh in good condition and Mr. Graff acknowledged her arrival, and said the poodle would be along in a few days. More than two years has now passed, and not even so much as an apology has reached my friend. I am informed by Pittsburgh friends that Mr. Graff now resides at Cadiz, Ohio. Should these lines meet the eye of this gentleman, I would say that my friend found through his advertisement in FOREST AND STREAM an honest man who sold and delivered to him a genuine poodle.—JEWELER.

INDIAN DOGS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In an article in a back number (Dec., 1888) of the *American Magazine*, written by Wm. Hosea Ballou, descriptive of picturesque west Michigan, I find this statement: "Often I have taken trips over the ice along the shore in this (Grand Traverse Bay) country, behind Indian dogs, on slender sledges. The dog will not carry an Indian, but seems to understand that it is honorable to carry a white man. If an Indian wishes to ride, he rolls himself up in a blanket and feigns death, when the dogs will trot along with him, in hopes, no doubt, that the brave is being borne to his long home." Is there any truth in that? If it is not a yarn Mr. Hallock should surely add it to his notes on the husky.—TEEPEE. [Fol de rol de ri do!]

THE ST. BERNARD CLUB OF AMERICA.—New York, Oct. 31.—The monthly meeting of the Board of Governors will be held Monday evening, Nov. 11, at 8 o'clock, at the Hoffman House, New York city. Many matters of importance will come before this meeting. A full attendance is earnestly requested.—LORENZO DANIELS, Secretary.

AMERICAN COURSING CLUB MEET.

GREAT BEND, Kan., Oct. 24.—Had the fourth annual meet of the American Coursing Club been held at the date of earlier years, it would have fallen upon most unfortunate weather, as heavy rains have prevailed throughout Kansas for the past week or two. The later date of Oct. 24, which it was feared would bring the meet upon inclement fall weather, has proved fortunate, for to-day the skies are clear and the sun warm, although yesterday the prospect looked cheerless enough.

Even so early as yesterday morning the crowds which regularly attend this singularly popular and usually pleasant event had begun to make their appearance. Each Santa Fe train was met by numbers of the club members already on hand, and the new arrivals and their dogs found abundant and hearty welcome. Hotel Morrison is headquarters, and its treatment of the boys is everything that could be asked. Great Bend has surrendered herself to the annual jubilee, and there is little business transacted by her enthusiastic and generous citizens except that connected with the meet. The bright little city shows unusual improvement, and appears to flatter herself upon nothing more than upon the growth of her unique feature, the American Coursing Club meet. There is probably no town upon the face of the earth which can offer what Great Bend presents to a coursing association. In earlier reports of this meet, however, enough has been said regarding the features of this country and especially regarding that home of the American hare, the wide plain known as the Cheyenne Flats.

While some of the old faces are not here, it is the privilege of the club to welcome many new guests and members. Mr. E. T. Vernon, of Larned, is an accession of the right sort, an owner of many greyhounds and a practical plains courser. Mr. A. Haigh, of Cable, Ill., is another able and enthusiastic greyhound man who joins the ranks this year, and enters for the stakes. Mr. Watson, of New York, was elected a member. Mr. Wm. Green, of Colorado, was elected a member. Mr. B. Waters, of Chicago, in return for past able handling of the club reports, was elected an honorary member. It was learned with regret that Mr. Frank K. Doan, secretary of the club, could not be present by reason of press of business. Col. Taylor, of Emporia, the club president, is unfortunately detained away by serious sickness, and Col. R. S. Macdonald, a St. Louis visitor whom all wished to see this year, is also ill and unable to be present, while Mr. Roger D. Williams, of Lexington, is kept away by business. Numbers of new faces are seen among the visitors. Emporia sends down a lot of fine young fellows with Dr. Foncannon. Larned will have yet more people here to-morrow. Mr. T. W. Bartels, judge of 1887 meet, is on hand. Mr. E. L. Branch is here from Pueblo. Mr. E. Burgess is on from St. Louis. There are dozens and perhaps hundreds of visitors now in town for the purpose of seeing the meet or taking a hand in it. Mr. Carney, Mr. Heizer, Mr. Luse and other Great Bend men are courteous and energetic as ever.

The class of dogs entered was never so high as it is this year. As mentioned in a previous number of FOREST AND STREAM, Rookwood-Landseer Kennels have a lot of good ones to run. Their Babazoun looks well and fit, and so does Verdure-Clad. Mr. Luse, of Great Bend, has entered for himself and Mr. Heizer a number of very likely ones, and the Trales puppies show extremely well, while Trales himself will make trouble low down in the stakes unless there is no telling by looks. Mr. Allison has several puppies here, all red ones, as usual, but not so good a lot as usual. Mr. Lowe has entered Lord Neversettle, a stylish large dog, imported, and also his popular favorite, imported White Lips, a beautiful bitch, and Partera, his other imported bitch, who looks dangerous. The great puppy, Spring, who won first at St. Louis's National meet, is fit as can be, and Uncle Bobby Smart, for Doan & Smart, has entered Belle Smart, runner-up at that event, hard as nails and like as not to beat a lot of them. A good many people are going to feel as if they had been to a dog race this week, and sure winners are as thick as leaves in Vallambrosa.

At the business meeting last night little was done besides the drawings. Mr. D. C. Luse was chosen temporary secretary, the chair being filled by Mr. D. N. Heizer, of Great Bend, vice-president. Mr. Wm. Green was chosen judge, and Mr. Chas. Halloway slipper.

THE RUNNINGS.

A late start with but small crowd was made. The first dogs ordered into the slips were Mr. E. L. Branch's red dog Don Fawcett and Messrs. Doan & Smart's blue bitch Belle Smart. Belle was a trifle favored in the start, and Don was momentarily unsighted and thrown out. Belle got in, wrenched, turned and killed in 125yds. This was properly a no-course, but to the astonishment of all old coursers the judge gave it to Belle Smart.

Mr. D. C. Luse's (Dr. Royce's) white and blue bitch Handmaiden and Dr. Van Hummel's brindle and white dog Master Rich had a four mile walk and got up a strong hare. Handmaiden was unsighted at slip, but when placed did beautiful work. Master Rich when placed drew away. The judge, who by courtesy of the best-natured man on earth, Mr. W. W. Carney, was riding the latter gentleman's old cutting-out horse Bob, ran away with his horse and so held the course undecided. Adjourned for dinner.

After dinner the above brace went in again and got a good hare. Handmaiden was favored at the start and did the work after placing Master Rich, scoring eight points. At the road Master Rich drew by and led into the corn. He had much to cut down, but the judge decided that he did it. On the straightaway he was the superior. His work in the corn was not seen by the reporters.

Mr. M. E. Allison's (Mr. Burgess's) light fawn dog Spring and Rookwood-Landseer Kennels' brindle bitch Verdure-Clad were well sighted on a "long" jack. Verdure-Clad was first in, and for over three-fourths of a mile worked the hare beautifully. Near the barn Spring closed and drew ahead up the hill. It was chiefly a following race then. On his return the judge announced that "if the bitch had had any heart she would have won, but she stopped, and he therefore gave the course to Spring." Not being close up with the hounds it was impossible for him to tell whether or not she stopped on the brow of the hill through lack of "heart" or from being unsighted, and her score up to that time would in any case count. She did the work in that course, although Spring showed himself a great stayer and all over a good one, he had no right to the course, which, by some occult system of judging, Mr. Green gave to him.

Mr. Lowe's imported Neversettle went into the slips with Mr. Luse's (Mr. Heizer's) Lady Graham Glendyne. Neversettle got the run-up, but at once placed Lady Graham, who held possession for a half mile, scoring with remarkable beauty and rapidity. Neversettle got a possible go-by in this work, but Lady Graham gave him a racing go-by in return. Lady Graham had 13 points to her credit when Neversettle gave her a racing go-by, which brought his score to 7 points at the most. Neversettle led in the following race across the flat to the hills. At the fence Lady Graham was closing slightly on him, and the hare was gaining on them both, and at least 50yds. ahead. The hare turned square off for cover. Neversettle followed her across the angle, and Lady ran a trifle wider. The hare escaped. The judge said that Neversettle stopped short in his course, and Mr. Lowe, his owner, gave it out that he had re-broken the shoulder that he broke last winter. He certainly never scored a point after the go-by, yet on this showing, which is the actual one, the judge placidly announced that Lord Neversettle had won the course. Such a decision was either rank robbery or rank incompetency. There is no ground to call it the former, and Mr. Green may therefore content himself with the other horn of the dilemma in which he placed himself in rendering this truly remarkable decision. The result was received with just derision and indignation. Mr. Heizer, the vice-president, announced that the running would be closed for the day. Upon advice of his friends, Mr. Heizer re-considered the announcement and at the business meeting in the evening he apologized to the club for his hasty action. Mr. Heizer was indeed mistaken; but the only mistake he made was in offering any such apology. Such work as Mr. Green's has not been seen in the four years of this club's experience.

Mr. Bartels's white and brindle dog St. Patrick and Mr. Luse's white and blue bitch Little Lady Glendyne ran a hot course. The bitch threw St. Patrick full length, and he struggled for a moment flat on his back. He came stronger at the close, and really won the course easily. A third dog, belonging to Mr. Luse, broke away and joined the course, and the hare was run to earth. The judge seemed to think the course necessarily ended when the third dog joined, and held the course undecided. The Executive Committee heard Mr. Bartels's protest, enforced the rule and gave St. Patrick the course. Mr. Bartels had expressed himself as a great admirer of Mr. Green, yet he did not like his decision in this case. It seems to make a difference whose dog is in the soup, so to speak.

Mr. Branch's red dog Arkansas Traveler and Doan & Smart's brindle bitch Bessie Lee, winner of last year's cup, went in together. Bessie had the run-up, a trifle favored by the hare, and for a mile did all the work in good coursing style, beating Traveler on every corner. Bessie won her first six points untouched, and then doubled them rapidly; so that her score, counting three go-bys, must have been 18 or 20. Traveler then drew by, and Bessie being pumped out never closed again. The red dog ran a game race for a mile and a half, and killed. He scored repeatedly, but could never cut down the lead the bitch had given him. The judge gave the course to Arkansas Traveler, and this pleased the crowd, inasmuch as he was the nearer dog to the hare at the finish. Traveler broke loose and coursed and killed another hare alone before he was taken off the grounds. He ran two very punishing courses. This was the last course for the day.

SECOND DAY, FRIDAY, OCT. 25.

The weather was bright and clear, but cool. The attendance was larger, reaching perhaps 1,500. The first event was a bye race; Rip Van Winkle being absent. Mr. Vernon's blue bitch Beauty took a spin with Lady Graham Glendyne. The latter showed phenomenal speed and cleverness, and excited comment.

Rookwood-Landseer's white and red bitch Minnehaha was drawn against Mr. Lowe's black and white bitch White Lips. White Lips won, doing most of what was done after a corking hare that ran to the bluffs.

Rookwood-Landseer's white and blue bitch Miss Rare and Mr. Luse's white and brindle dog Trales, imported, got off well, Miss Rare a trifle better up, and at first leading in the exchanging. The dogs worked the hare handsomely, but Trales did more at the close of the very pretty course and won.

Mr. Vernon's blue bitch Blue Bessie and Mr. Carney's blue dog Holly went in. Holly won in a good strong course, turning to Bessie's kill. Two young men rode this course who had no right there. The horse of one threw him, and the judge in passing called out it was "good enough for him." The other young man took offense at this and at the close of the course insulted the judge shamefully, and even laid his hand on his collar. He was finally persuaded to desist, but no action was taken by the club to prevent a repetition of such a disgraceful scene, and the two youths, exultant at what they doubtless thought a great victory, announced that they would ride when and where they pleased. The club has always been singularly meek in all such cases as this, and now is a fit time to renew the remark of last year's report, that there should be a system of deputy marshalls on the grounds with full power to make arrest. So long as a judge is acting as judge he ought to have full protection against insult. Such affairs as this bring a club into an unnecessarily bad position.

Emporia Kennels' white and brindle bitch Lightning and Mr. Haigh's black and white bitch Bar Maid ran a cracking long course, Bar Maid showing fair quality, killing and winning.

After dinner Emporia Kennels' fawn dog Jack Baird and Mr. Haigh's blue dog Nip ran a long hare to the corn in a following race. Nip did the work for a mile, then Jack drew by, showing great staying qualities and was awarded the course.

It was announced that Mr. Lowe had withdrawn Partera—she having a bad toe. Mr. Luse's white and fawn bitch Jessamine therefore ran a bye, a long course to the hills. Her mate was Lady Graham Glendyne, and this grand bitch showed once more how wrong was the decision that threw her out in her first course. She did great work in the three courses which she showed the public.

Emporia Kennels' blue and white bitch Meta and Mr. Luse's imported black bitch Dick's Darling got a good slip on a strong hare. Meta was favored by the hare, but Darling drew by and held the hare to the hills, wrenching seven times and turning twice. As the procession went into the bluffs Meta closed up, but Dick's Darling had plenty to win.

Emporia Kennels' fawn and white dog Axtell went in with Rookwood-Landseer Kennels' imported red dog Babazoun, a grand looking greyhound. Babazoun took the run-up and half a dozen go-bys, passing every time the dogs extended. He worked the hare in exceptional style through a hard course and won every way. Axtell yelped often in the course. The hare escaped. It had so far been the exception to kill the hare, and the imported dogs have been especially unfortunate.

Mr. Luse's red bitch Lavina and Emporia Kennels' blue dog Bobolink went in together. Bobolink led up and did all the work for three-fourths of a mile. Lavina drew by, tied the points in a half-mile, came strong at the finish, killed and won a very close course.

THE GREAT BEND DERBY.

Running was now taken up in the Puppy Stakes. Mr. Luse's brindle dog Lancaster and Mr. Allison's red dog Reno Redwood went in first. Lancaster was young and green in the slips, and was unsighted, not getting a very good show. Redwood ran up and scored often, coursing the hare well into a road and into high weeds. Here Lancaster was unsighted again and stopped, but began again, following. Lancaster blundered on the hare as she struck the open, and led for a time toward the hills. Reno Redwood won.

Mr. Vernon's black dog Jack and Mr. Branch's black dog War Cloud got a good whitetail jack and a good slip. Jack led up and did the better work for a moment, then rapid exchanging and a long course followed. War Cloud's owner rode between the dogs and the judge; the latter very properly returned from the course and asked action of the executive committee. Mr. Vernon was disposed to draw his dog, but the matter was held over till the following day.

THIRD DAY, SATURDAY, OCT. 26.

The weather was beautiful and the crowd a very large one, though not more difficult to handle than that of the day before. Mr. Luse's white and blue bitch Lady in White went in with Mr. Allison's (Mr. Burgess's) fawn dog Spring, and ran a rattling undecided course, the little bitch showing elegantly.

Mr. Allison's red dog Rexensnoozer and Mr. Luse's red bitch Lady Barton, another of this litter of good ones, went in together. Lady beat the red dog pointless.

Another one of the Dick's Darling puppies came on in Mr. Luse's black and white bitch Lady in Black, who was slipped with Mr. Massey's blue bitch Belle Walton. Lady showed herself too clever for her game mate, and held possession for three-fourths of a mile, crowding the hare into the grass, where it was lost. Lady in Black is a very slight-looking bitch but handy.

Lady in White and Spring went in for their deciding course. Spring ran up. The hare placed Lady and Spring placed himself, showed the speed, turned, wrenched seven times, and led beyond the fence. Lady began to close and then got in and began to cut down the points. The judge stopped at the fence. Spring was seen by the reporters to draw in again, and it is thought he killed. After dinner the judge decided the course for Spring.

Messrs. Doan & Smart's brindle dog Dublin Paddy ran a bye, Mr. Brougher's dog Lord McPherson being absent.

Mr. Allison's red bitch Fanny Oller and Rookwood-Landseer Kennels' blue and white bitch Melodrama found no hare till after dinner. Then they got a good one. Fanny led up and wrenched. Melodrama took a go-by and held possession in a long following race, neither dog scoring much. The hare turned at the road. Melodrama still leading and holding possession. The hare was killed unseen. Melodrama won, Fanny doing very little.

Mr. Luse's brindle bitch Little Thought Of and Mr. Allison's red bitch Queen Downs closed the gap, but could not get in as the hare reached the hills. Little Thought Of won.

ALL-AGED STAKES.

Second Series.

In the second series of the All-Aged Belle Smart and Master Rich ran an undecided course, the judge being on the wrong side of a fence.

Jack and War Cloud were put in again, Mr. Vernon being induced not to draw his dog. War Cloud scored what there was to the flat near the hills. Jack closed and scored pluckily at the end, but not enough to win.

Spring and Lord Neversettle were slipped well on the short buffalo grass. Neversettle led up and showed fine balancing powers on the turns for so large a dog. He did the work for over a mile, the hare drawing off for the hills. Spring drew by at the barn and led over the hill, not scoring. He showed himself a great puppy, but his owner was giving him too much to do, and perhaps spoiled his chance for one stake by entering him in both Puppy and All-Aged Stakes. Neversettle won, and did pretty well for a dog with a broken shoulder.

Belle Smart and Master Rich went in again. Belle led up and handed the hare to Master Rich a half dozen times, but selfishly took it away again. Master Rich slid too wide for the clever blue, who did admirable work, killed elegantly, and won.

St. Patrick and Beauty were in the slips when a hare sprang directly in front of them on good ground. The judge called out, "Let them go!" and the dogs were slipped at 25 or 30yds. Beauty, not at first well sighted, ran wide. Patrick went in, wrenched a time or two, and with a great burst of speed tripped the hare. Beauty came around and picked up the hare. By the rules the other dog could not begin to score till she was placed, yet her first point was a kill. The entire course was not over 125yds. The judge gave the course to St. Patrick, under the occult system known only to himself. It could not have been better than an undecided course, even had both dogs been sighted at the start. For the benefit of the judge, who appears not to have seen them, the rules on these points are quoted below:

"The length of slip must necessarily vary with the nature of the ground, but should never be less than eighty yards, and must be maintained of one uniform length, as far as possible, through each stake."

"The following allowances shall be made for accidents to a greyhound during a course; but in every case they shall only be deducted from the other dog's score: *a. For Losing Ground*, at the start, either from being unsighted or from a bad slip, the Judge is to decide what amount of allowance is to be made, on the principle that the score of the foremost dog is not to begin until the second has had an opportunity of joining in the course."

Arkansas Traveler and White Lips got a good slip. The beautiful little bitch went out like a rocket, clung to the hare in her best style, knocked it about merrily and killed in elegant style. Arkansas Traveler was not in it. Doubtless his unnecessary double work of the day before had left him unfit. White Lips won.

Trales and Holly were put in the slips. Holly looked whimsically full, and there was considerable smiling suggestion that he must have been dallying with the flesh pots, though that may not have been. Trales led up, wrenched twice, turned, wrenched five times and turned, wrenched and turned in sole possession two miles and a half and lost the hare in a field. Holly tried hard to get his commissariat up to the scene of action, but couldn't.

Jack Baird and Dick's Darling were slipped well on a long hare, one of Mr. Carney's best brand. For three-fourths of a mile the grand old bitch did the work and did it well. Then the big fawn dog, a great one on a long race, drew by and crowded the hare across the flat to the hills, a mile and a half, scoring repeatedly and going clear away from Dick's Darling, who at one time stopped in the course, though she resumed quickly and followed. Jack won with a wide margin, although the judge, who, with a presence of mind that amounted almost to genius, had again gotten on the wrong side of a fence, could call it only an undecided course. This was most unfortunate, for Jack had earned his course, and it was a punishing one.

This closed the runnings of the day, and out of this last event grew an unpleasantness much to be deplored. Mr. Loftus, owner of Jack Baird, met the judge at the hotel and, it seems, charged him with injustice, or something of the sort. Mr. Loftus is a gentlemanly young fellow, and would not have done this except in great anger. He afterward sought confirmation of his position from the newspaper reporters. The reporters of these meets are continually appealed to for their opinions of such and such a course, and they usually say, "Oh, it was a good race," or "Wait till the paper comes out," or something like that, trying not to offend the questioner and not to go on record except in their professional capacity. Mr. Loftus was therefore answered in this way and was shown that the judge had not seen the course and so could not decide it. He was also told that "Jack won the course if Dick's Darling had stopped in the course." He unfortunately quoted this statement to Dr. Van Hummel and the judge, Mr. Green. FOREST AND STREAM's representative was a few moments later invested by these gentlemen and Mr. Bartels, all of whom wished to offer him bets that he didn't know the rules, and didn't know anything about coursing anyway. Mr. Green was moderate and delicate and showed his dignity as a judge. He only wanted to bet $5 with the newspaper man. It seeming easier to decide the question by referring to the rules than by a bet, this was done and the mare's nest discovered, the reporter admitting that his statement as made had perhaps misled Mr. Loftus This question was settled, but the animus for this action of Dr. Van Hummel was soon made apparent. He was hunting for the red, flowing gore of the FOREST AND STREAM man, and nothing but blood would do.

"I've got it in for you," said the bald-headed baron from Caldwell, "I know you and your whole outfit. You have always jumped on me every chance you got. Now, I can buy your man Mason and your whole measly outfit for $5. I've been laying for you, and I'm goin' to git you. I've got

Allison, and I'm goin' to git *you*. I'm goin' to settle with you some day."

Under these circumstances there seemed little to do except to suggest that the settlement be made at once, C.O.D. This was accordingly suggested to the gentleman. With a lofty forbearance which was touching in the extreme he replied, "I won't lay hands on you." The gore was therefore not spilled, and the insatiable vengeance of the terror from Denver remains to be appeased at some very remote day in the future.

The whole scene was a disgraceful one, but as FOREST AND STREAM was publicly assailed in this way the matter is matter of news and not of personal interest alone, and may therefore be briefly continued in mention.

"Dr. Van Hummel," said the reporter, "you are quoted as having said that I last year attempted to bribe the judges, Mr. Nash and Mr. Williams, to decide a course in favor of Mr. Allison's dog Rowdy. Now, you lied if you said that."

"The judges told me you did," said Dr. Van Hummel."

"No, they did not," said FOREST AND STREAM'S representative, "and if they had they would have lied." The Doctor declared he would furnish proof of this. Inasmuch as Mr. Roger D. Williams was one of those judges, inasmuch as he has offered the hospitality of his home to this writer, and inasmuch as he is a gentleman of honor, without reproach and incapable of falseness to himself or another, Dr. Van Hummel will never furnish such proof from that source, nor will he from an honest young man like Mr. Nash. This is mentioned simply to show the methods by which this noble gentleman "gets even" with one who has offended him. This writer has offended him in the most serious possible way, for he has told the truth about him. This writer has attended this meet annually from the first, and knows the record of Dr. Van Hummel from the moment he dawned on Great Bend with an officer after him and the seventeen greyhounds, which he hastily conveyed by bill of sale. This writer last winter showed that the credit for the formation of this club belonged to Dr. G. Irwin Royce and not to Dr. Van Hummel. Other writers for FOREST AND STREAM may have failed to see in his dogs at bench shows all that he himself saw. But in every case he has had truth and justice—the most painful treatment he could have—at the hands of this journal. It is no wonder that he hates the journal which can so well afford his hatred.

Dr. Van Hummel said that FOREST AND STREAM hurt the American Coursing Club among his wealthy friends, like August Belmont in the East, because it reported all the disturbances on the grounds, etc. He was informed that FOREST AND STREAM was a newspaper, and would always get and print the news. He was also informed that his mere statement was not enough to prove that Mr. Huntington and August Belmont "wanted to come out here, but were afraid to on account of the hoodlums, as the FOREST AND STREAM reports showed the members and visitors to be." He volunteered to show proof of this also. He was then complimented on being a patient, meek and forbearing old bluffer, and was left to his own devices and his great plans to ruin FOREST AND STREAM and all connected with it.

Let the gentlemen in the East, among whom FOREST AND STREAM has shed its baleful light on the matter of strict facts concerning these meets, understand that the above is a sample of the conduct of a man who has been posing in the East as the parent and protector of the American Coursing Club. There is no member like him in the American Coursing Club. There is no other "hoodlum" so selfish and unprincipled as he. Now let us go on record. This man will kill the American Coursing Club or it will expel him. An element like that cannot exist in an organization of gentlemen. The signs of great dissatisfaction are in the air. Mr. Vernon, of Larned, announces that he runs greyhounds for sport, and so will not come back next year. Dr. Foncannon, Mr. Loftus and all the Emporia boys announce that this is their last year, for they cannot stand the treatment they have had. Mr. Allison, Mr. Burgess and many others have already declared that this year ends it for them, and it has even been thought doubtful whether another meet will be held, although this is written before the final business meeting.

The facts above related are lamentable. So far as this paper is concerned, the position described was not sought but thrust upon it. For the sake of the paper this mention is necessary, not otherwise.

FOURTH DAY, MONDAY, OCT. 28.

The day was cloudy and cool, warming up in the afternoon. The crowd was not so large as on Saturday, but was far more orderly.

Jack Baird and Dick's Darling were the first pair in. They were slipped at 30yds. Jack led up, wrenched five times and scored lightly on the hare after her turn into the road. Dick's Darling seemed dull and unfit. At the corn Jack was unsighted, and Dick's Darling got in a little work. The course was made throughout by Jack, who won it easily. The judge, however, applied his celebrated occult system and called it an undecided course.

Lavina and Barmaid got a rattling long hare. Barmaid took the run-up, a turn and two wrenches. At the half-mile Lavina took a racing go-by and held the hare to the hills, scoring lightly. The dogs crowded the hare from the hills back to the flat. Lavina showed clear in the lead, wrenching all the time, and killed nicely after a three-miles course. Lavina won.

Jessamine and Babazoun went in. In an 80yds. course to a 33 or 40yds. slip Babazoun scored seven or eight points to little or nothing, and was given the course. This course should properly have been run again for more work.

Jack Baird and Dick's Darling tried it again. At the slip Jack was unsighted for an instant and ran wide. The hare struck tall grass and Jack ran by 250yds., while Dick's Darling was working the hare back in the opposite direction. When they struck clear ground Jack sighted them, and made a gallant effort to close. Little by little he drew up, and at last amid cheers went by with a burst and began scoring. After that it was all his, and he made six or seven go-bys and showed better on every turn, handing the hare to the bitch to kill. He having beaten his mate three times, and there being no wire fence to get on the other side of, the judge concluded to let Jack have this course.

GREAT BEND DERBY.

Second Series.

Reno Redwood and War Cloud started a long jack and lost it after two miles of hard buffalo grass. War Cloud did all he knew, but the long plains puppy was too much for him and made a clinking course to win. The hare took to earth or hid in the tall grass.

Spring and Lady Barton got another long hare. Lady ran wide, unsighted. Spring drew across and wrenched twice. Lady extended nobly, took a go-by, wrenched seven times, and led steadily, scoring additional points as the hare drew off for the hills, and winning handsomely. Spring was a grand puppy at this meet, but Mr. Burgess, his owner, gave him too much to do in placing him for both stakes.

Lady in Black and Dublin Paddy ran a hot short course, properly undecided, and went in again, getting a whitetail hare of truly devious ways. Lady ran up, turned and wrenched. Dublin Paddy laid up a bit on the corners. There was much exchanging, the hare being a rare dodger. Paddy killed. Lady did most of the work, took five go-bys at least, and won rightly.

Melodrama and Little Thought Of got a good hare and ran as beautiful a course as any yet seen, the scoring running over twenty points. Melodrama stuck well to the hare, worked it beautifully at the close, and killed three feet ahead of Little Though Of, winning nicely.

ALL-AGED STAKES.

Third Series.

Belle Smart and Lord Neversettle were slipped together. Belle had in the morning broken loose and coursed a hare to a kill with the chain about her neck, running a mile or two. She also broke loose and ran a distance at the close of the last course. She showed little against the big fellow, who went out of the slips elegantly, placed Belle, took the hare again and led to the close, the hare taking to earth. Lord Neversettle won.

St. Patrick and White Lips got a good slip. St. Patrick had slightly the advantage in the run-up, and that was all. White Lips took the hare, and in her unapproachable style clung to it, a merry course of a half mile, killing cleverly. White Lips is the most popular dog on the grounds. She is a wonderfully true and elegant bitch.

Trales and Jack Baird ran a short course, which never served to give Jack a chance at his forte, a long finish. Trales led up elegantly, and placed Jack, who lost at once, and was never in it again. Trales made three turns, wrenched handily, scored ten points, and won.

Lavina and Babazoun had a long time finding a hare, and then lost four hares unsighted. Sighted, finally, Babazoun led up and placed Lavina, who turned. Babazoun took a go-by and a turn. Lavina took four wrenches and Babazoun drew by; Lavina wrenched four times and killed to merit, scoring eight points. Babazoun scored ten points and won. Lavina is always a scorer at the end of a long course, and her kill was a detriment to her chances. There was, however, no doubt that Babazoun won.

FIFTH DAY, TUESDAY, OCT. 29.

The weather was raw and the crowd small.

GREAT BEND DERBY.

Third Series.

Reno Redwood and Lady Barton ran a quarter-mile course, and Lady beat Reno pointless. She showed a very fine little bitch.

Lady in Black and Melodrama got a good hare. In a long run-up Lady was a bit the better, and wrenched eight times. Melodrama drew by and wrenched repeatedly. Lady fell at wire and was unsighted, and Melodrama went on. Before Lady was again placed the hare was lost. Lady in Black won.

ALL-AGED STAKES.

Fourth Series.

Lord Neversettle and Trales went into the slips amid excitement, and betting ran high on both the imported ones. They had a good slip and and a long lead-up, in which Trales showed ahead by two lengths. Trales turned and placed Neversettle, who wrenched four times and turned. The dogs raced away at great pace, and Trales was again placed and scored handsomely. At once Neversettle was placed again, and balancing finely indeed for a dog of his size, wrenched again four times. Trales then took a go-by on the inner circle. At great pace there was more trading, Trales the better in it. Trales then raced ahead in a little draw and killed at the bank, sliding ahead with his forelegs under him as he reached. Trales ended winner of a grand course.

Shortly after this course there was a bad-looking accident. Mr. B. Waters was riding at full speed, when his horse stepped in a grass-covered hole and fell, rolling over him. Mr. Waters was seriously shocked and had a thumb very badly sprained. Directly after lunch, and only about an hour after the above accident, a yet more serious one, apparently, befell the judge, who was riding after White Lips and Babazoun, just slipped in the last course of the fourth series in the All-Aged. In this case also the horse stepped in a grass-covered hole, and gave Mr. Green a terrible fall, rolling over him, as so often happens in these prairie falls. Dr. Royce and the press men riding behind the judge at once went to him, finding him motionless and insensible, with blood flowing freely from a badly cut face. Mr. Lowe, Mr. Allison and a few others who did not see the fall, with Dr. Van Hummel, owner of Babazoun, rode on after the dogs, who ran really the best and longest course of the meet. Babazoun had the better in the run-up, but it was said that White Lips was scoring at the finish. Those remaining with the judge cared for him, and after a time he regained consciousness and was later on taken into town, where he rapidly recovered from what at first had all the look of a very ugly accident. This was the fifth similar accident of the week.

The Executive Committee appointed Mr. C. G. Page judge in place of Mr. Green. Mr. Lowe and Dr. Van Hummel had an earnest private consultation, and when White Lips and Babazoun were ordered in again, it was announced that Babazoun was drawn.

ALL-AGED STAKES.

Final.

White Lips had had her full hour when she went into the slips with Trales to settle the possession of the All-Aged cup and stakes, but those who saw her last course knew she could not win against Trales at the time. Trales led up and scored a turn, the bitch struggling gallantly for a place and finally getting it. Trales, however, raced by her time and again, working handsomely. Near the finish White Lips returned him a go-by, and to the astonishment of all, began to score. The hare ran to earth, Trales won every way, but the work of White Lips after such a course as she had run, made her a most worthy runner-up. The wildest excitement followed the announcement of the decision. Of all present, none were happier than Arthur Massey, the club's old slipper, who trained Trales. He lost his chance as slipper by being trapped into a bet as to the result by a dog owner, who thereupon objected to him. The wager, however, was well-placed, and the above-named party, who had said he would give $50 to see Trales beaten, found that neither his wishes nor his precautions were strong enough. At the last course there was strong talk for a divide, but this Mr. Heizer, owner of Trales, rightly refused to listen to. Trales is a 58lb. imported greyhound, white and brindle, symmetrical and compact, a good one and run in good form. White Lips was runner-up in this stake last year, and is a well-known greyhound. The two are a noble pair.

The vice-president of the club had the last hare dug out from her earth, and she was found unharmed. She was formally presented to the National Coursing Association, of Hutchinson, Kas., and will be marked and kept on the grounds and never run again while she shall live.

THE DERBY WINNERS.

Mr. Luse, owner of Lady Barton and Lady in Black, concluded not to run off for first and second, but divide the money and allowed the little bitches to share the full honors. These puppies are two of the six Trales—Dick's Darling puppies entered by Mr. Luse, and are 13 months old. Lady Barton is a brindle who would do fairly on the bench. Lady in Black is weedy-looking, but was a surprise. It was not thought she could beat Melodrama, who is quite a remarkable performer for a young dog. Melodrama is by Master Rich out of Catchfly. Master Rich is a brindle and Catchfly a black. Melodrama is smaller and shorter than either and is blue and white.

The people were hardly home from the grounds when rain began to fall heavily. The weather selected by the executive committee had been most fortunate.

At the business meeting on Tuesday night a letter from Mr. Doan, secretary, was read, explaining his absence. The books not being brought up to date it was impossible to tell just how the club finances stood, but it was apparent that a considerable amount remained to be made up. The usual vote of thanks to the press was passed. The following officers were elected: President, Hon. D. N. Heizer, of Great Bend; Vice-President, Mr. W. W. Carney, of Great Bend; Secretary, Mr. Ira D. Brougher, of Great Bend; Treasurer, Mr. J. V. Brinkman, of Great Bend; Executive Committee, Mr. C. G. Page, of Aurora, Ill.; Mr. H. C. Lowe, of Hutchinson, Kan., and Mr. D. C. Luse, of Great Bend; Grounds Committee, Mr. W. W. Carney; he to select two associates. It does not appear of record that Mr. Carney received any vote of thanks, yet if ever any man was entitled to this and far more it was certainly Mr. Carney. He has been the strong support of the American Coursing Club and has thrown open his ranch, his barn, his house and his heart unreservedly and without thought of pay. As the club makes history, let it not forget the men who have made it.

Not all the business necessary to be transacted was finished Tuesday night, and a second meeting was called for Wednesday night. By that time, however, the press representatives were all forced to leave, and it is trusted that brief mention of the latter meeting will be sent on by the club secretary.

In summing up the features of this year's meet, little need be added to the details given. It would be wrong to attempt suppression of the fact that schism and dissension have been rife, and the future of the club put in jeopardy. Much depends upon the result of the Wednesday meeting, but it is earnestly and sincerely to be hoped that the purer and more sportsmanlike element of the club will be able to outweigh all selfishness and intrigue, and so keep up for a noble future what is so fine a feature of the American sporting year. The sport of coursing needs no explanation and no pushing now; but a few facts to show the possibilities of next year's meet may be of interest. There are over fifty puppies in the vicinity of Great Bend, all by the imported dog Trales. There are eighteen puppies out of the imported bitches Lady Graham Glendyne, Lady Milly Glendyne and Little Lady Glendyne, these showing the blood of London—Lady Glendyne and Jester—Lady Glendyne. There are six puppies out of imported Dick's Darling, and nine puppies by Lord Neversettle out of Partera, and Rookwood Landseer Kennels will doubtless have many good ones also. All the above-mentioned young dogs can qualify for next year, and out of this rapidly increased number of fine ones there can be selected some astonishing ones. This is the greatest comment on the growth of greyhound interests in this country since the establishment of the American Coursing Club. Such is that growth and such the evident superiority of the imported dogs, that next year it will doubtless be found necessary to establish a separate stakes for American-bred dogs. All the dogs in at the close this year were imported or of imported stock. Next year, under methods rendered better and better each year by gained experience, there should be a meet fit for all America to see and to be proud of.

SUMMARY.

ALL-AGED STAKES.

First Series.

Doan & Smart's blue bitch Bella Smart
beat
Mr. E. L. Branch's red dog Don Fawcett.

Rookwood-Landseer Kennels' brindle and white dog Master Rich
beat
Mr. D. C. Luse's (Dr. Royce's) white and blue bitch Handmaiden.

Mr. M. E. Allison's (Mr. Burgess's) fawn dog Spring
beat
Rookwood-Landseer Kennels' brindle bitch Verdure-Clad.

Mr. H. C. Lowe's white and brindle dog Lord Neversettle
beat
Mr. D. C. Luse's (Mr. Heizer's) white and blue bitch Lady Graham Glendyne.

Mr. T. W. Bartels's white and brindle dog St. Patrick
beat
Mr. D. C. Luse's white and blue bitch Little Lady Glendyne.

Mr. E. L. Branch's red dog Arkansas Traveler
beat
Doan & Smart's brindle bitch Bessie Lee.

Mr. E. T. Vernon's blue bitch Beauty, *a bye.*

Mr. H. C. Lowe's white and black bitch White Lips
beat
Rookwood-Landseer Kennels, white and red bitch Minnehaha.

Mr. D. C. Luse's (Mr. Heizer's) white and brindle dog Trales
beat
Rookwood-Landseer Kennels' white and blue bitch Miss Rare.

Mr. W. W. Carney's blue dog Holly
beat
Mr. E. T. Vernon's blue bitch Beauty.

Mr. A. Haigh's black and white bitch Bar Maid
beat
Emporia Kennels' white and brindle bitch Lightning.

Emporia Kennels' fawn dog Jack Baird
beat
Mr. A. Haigh's blue dog Nip.

Mr. D. C. Luse's white and fawn bitch Jessamine *a bye.*

Dr. D. C. Luse's black bitch Dick's Darling
beat
Emporia Kennels' blue and white bitch Meta.

Rookwood-Landseer Kennels' red dog Babazoun
beat
Emporia Kennels' fawn and white dog Axtell.

Mr. D. C. Luse's red bitch Lavina
beat
Emporia Kennels' blue dog Bobolink.

Second Series.

Belle Smart beat Master Rich.
Lord Neversettle beat Spring.
St. Patrick beat Beauty.
White Lips beat Arkansas Traveler.
Trales beat Holly.
Jack Baird beat Dick's Darling.
Lavina beat Bar Maid.
Babazoun beat Jessamine.

Third Series.

Lord Neversettle beat Belle Smart.
White Lips beat St. Patrick.
Trales beat Jack Baird.
Babazoun beat Lavina.

Fourth Series.

Trales beat Lord Neversettle.
White Lips beat Babazoun (withdrawn).

Final.

Trales beat White Lips and won.

GREAT BEND DERBY.

First Series.

Mr. M. E. Allison's red dog Reno Redmond
beat
Mr. D. C. Luse's brindle dog Lancaster.

Mr. E. L. Branch's black dog War Cloud
beat
Mr. E. T. Vernon's black dog Jack.

Mr. M. E. Allison's (Mr. Burgess's) fawn dog Spring
beat
Mr. D. C. Luse's white and blue bitch Lady in White.

Mr. D. C. Luse's brindle bitch Lady Barton
beat
Mr. M. E. Allison's red dog Rexensnoozer.

Mr. D. C. Luse's black and white bitch Lady in Black
beat
Mr. A. Massey's blue bitch Belle Walton.

Doan and Smart's brindle dog Dublin Paddy *a bye.*

Rookwood-Landseer Kennels' blue and white bitch Melodrama
beat
Mr. M. E. Allison's red bitch Fanny Oller.

Mr. D. C. Luse's (Mrs. Luse's) brindle bitch Little Thought Of
beat
Mr. M. E. Allison's red bitch Queen Downs.

Second Series.

Reno Redwood beat War Cloud.
Lady Barton beat Spring.
Lady in Black beat Dublin Paddy.
Melodrama beat Little Thought Of.

Third Series.

Lady Barton beat Reno Redwood.
Lady in Black beat Melodrama.

Final.

Lady Barton and Lady in Black divided first and second.

WINNINGS.—Derby: First, $200; runner-up, $75; third, $50; fourth, $25; fifth, $20; sixth, $15; seventh and eighth, $10. All-Aged: American Field Cup; first, $500; runner-up, $150; third, $100; fourth, $50. E. HOUGH.

DOG TALK.

HE DREW the line at dogs: Metamora Cole, colored, who said he had been a dog catcher for nine years, was tried in the Criminal Court yesterday on the charge of stealing a dog, valued at $40, the property of W. Stewart Diffenderffer, says the Baltimore *Sun*. The jury were out nearly three hours, and were discharged, as they were unable to agree. Cole testified that he had been honest in his business. "I have caught dogs on the pavement of the City Hall," he said. "I caught Mayor Latrobe's little dog and Police Captain Cadwallader's little dog, and have never been arrested for stealing a dog. I wouldn't steal a dog." "Would you steal anything else?" asked Mr. Michael A. Mullin, who was assisting the State. "Yes, sir," candidly replied Cole, amid general laughter.

About the *American Kennel Register*.—In Mr. Peshall's letter last week was a statement which it was our intention to correct by a note in that issue. Mr. Peshall said, "Through my many interviews and efforts made with Mr. Grinnell, of the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., Mr. Grinnell, through Dr. Perry, offered the *A. K. R.* to the A. K. C. for the sum of $500, which offer was shortly after accepted by the A. K. C., and the rival register ceased to exist." In this Mr. Peshall is mistaken. The sale of the *A. K. R.* was not effected through his influence, nor was it ever offered through Dr. Perry to the A. K. C. It was sold to Dr. Perry, and his subsequent disposal of it to the A.K.C. was entirely his own concern.

In one of the New York courts a case has been decided awarding $500 damages to a bicycler who was injured by a dog. "Judge Barnard finds that the defendant harbored the dog, and although he was owned by his son-in-law, Hoolohan, the defendant is liable for the damage for harboring a vicious dog, knowing him to be vicious. The proof shows that before the plaintiff was hurt the dog had attacked others, who told Kennedy of the viciousness of the dog, and instead of disposing of him he still harbored him."

Chief Detective Wade has been following a hot trail close upon the heels of literary thieves, and he tells us that part of the article by "Merlin," which we copied the other day from the English *Kennel Gazette*, was stolen by "Merlin" from a Boston *Herald* paper by Dr. J. Frank Perry, the authority on canine disease. Dr. Perry will please take it as a compliment to himself that we recognized the merits of his paper, though it came to us tricked out in the disguise of a plagiarist.

Mr. C. Bunn, of Peoria, Ill., has purchased from Mr. Chas. W. Cunningham, Kensington, Eng., the mastiff dog Ormonde, a half brother to champion Minting. He was whelped April 7, 1886, and is by Victor Hugo and out of Cambrian Princess. He won second in the puppy class at Crystal Palace, 1887, and first and cup at the show held at Southampton in September.

The types made us say last week that the English Kennel Club had decided that any Irish setter whelped after Dec. 31, 1889, if cropped will not be eligible to compete at any Kennel Club show. The reader will please substitute terrier for setter and then the item will be correct.

About the Eastern Coursing Meet Mr. Huntington writes: "The hares not yet having arrived as ordered, our meet will be postponed. Will advise you of exact date, which will be as soon as a few days' familiarity with the locality will enable them to run well."

The Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., have recently received from Miss A. H. Whitney, Lancaster, Mass., the pug dog Sir Loris, bred by Mrs. Foster, of Bath, Eng. He is by champion Loris and out of May Queen.

Mr. R. B. Sawyer, Birmingham, Conn., has sold to Mr. John H. Mathews, New York, the well-known bulldogs Portswood Tiger and Lion, and the bitches Soudan and Thespian.

Mr. H. L. Goodman will judge the dogs at the Denver dog show next month.

BULL-TERRIER IMPORTATION.—New Haven, Conn., Nov. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just received from England, per S. S. State of Nebraska, the well-known medium weight bull-terriers Chessuetts Flyer (first and special Birmingham, 1888; first and special Brighton, first South Hampton, 1889, and many other prizes) and Young Bendigo, second Birmingham and second Aquarium. Both dogs are under 30lbs.—FRANK F. DOLE.

WHITE TOE NAILS IN MASTIFFS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some weeks since I wrote you as to the absurd ideas novices often entertain as to the above, and I sent a copy of FOREST AND STREAM to Richard Cook, Esq., the Secretary of the Old English Mastiff Club of England. I append an extract from his reply: "Your remarks on white toe nails are quite to the point. It was in the spring of last year that a gentleman having used Ilford Chancellor and had a fine litter, was actually going to kill them because most of them had some white marks on feet or chest. He, however, sent for me, and I very soon disabused him of that nonsense. I wonder who ever saw a Beau puppy without some white on it." I had no idea that this notion had taken hold in England as it has done here, and after the instance Mr. Cook gives, it seems to me that it is high time for the Old English Mastiff Club to "distinguish and divide" on this.—W. WADE (Hulton, Pa., Oct. 29).

DENVER DOG SHOW.—We have received the premium list of the first annual dog show of the Continental Kennel Club, to be held at Denver, Col., Dec. 5 to 7. Challenge classes, dogs and bitches to compete, with prizes of $10, are provided for mastiffs, St. Bernards, deerhounds, greyhounds, pointers, English setters, Irish setters, Gordon setters, cocker spaniels, collies, bulldogs, bull-terriers and fox-terriers. The prizes in the open classes are $10 and $5, and the same for puppies. Valuable specials are also offered, among them being one of $250 by the citizens of Denver for the best kennel of five dogs of one breed owned outside of Colorado. Entries close Nov. 20. The address of the secretary is A. L. Weston, 910 Seventeenth street, Denver, Col.

WHERE LOST DOGS GO.—Aurora, N. Y., Oct. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I occasionally read laments over the loss of a valuable dog strayed or stolen, which is never found. The dogs may have found their way into some medical college, and there undergone a torture (vivisection) and death as practiced by a lot of inhuman wretches in the guise of gentlemen, who would make an Apache warrior turn green with envy. I was informed by a student in one of the medical colleges of our neighboring city that there were quite a number of English and Irish setters cut up alive there last winter. They seem to prefer a kind and gentle dog, as they are too cowardly to tackle a large, fierce dog.—G. W. H.

INDIANA TRIALS.—Bicknell, Ind., Nov. 4.—The third annual field trials of the Indiana Kennel Club began to-day with the Derby for setters. In the preliminary running against a scale of points for a place in the second series, Zulu, King Leo's Boy, Modesty, Braxton Bragg and Clochette were thrown out. The drawing for the second series resulted: Hope's Ray against Sam C., Nannie B. against Simonides, Tempa Cambridge against Lilly Burgess, Daisy Girl against Frankie Folsom. In the absence of Mr. D. C. Bergundthal and Col. A. G. Sloo, Mr. P. T. Madison and J. B. Stoddard acted as judges with Royal Robinson.

PROLIFIC POINTERS.—Boston, Oct. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This may be of interest to pointer breeders, showing how prolific a strain may be: Rhoda out of Belle Randolph by Naso of Kippen whelped 11 (8 dogs) Jan. 18, 1889, not being a year old at that date. Aug. 14 she whelped 12 (8 dogs) by Duke, owned by W. H. Thorn, Salem, N. H. Naso's Belle, winner of several prizes, litter sister to Rhoda, whelped Sept. 4, 1889, 11 (8 dogs) by Reading Kennels' Spot Dash, all being evenly marked and so alike as to make a choice almost impossible.—C. W. HODGKINS.

PHILADELPHIA K. C. FIELD TRIALS—Philadelphia, Nov. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The field trials of the Philadelphia Kennel Club will be held at Richland, Virginia, commencing Monday, No. 11. The entries are numerous and there is excellent prospect of successful trials.—FRANCIS S. BROWN, Sec'y.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Bonnie Doon—Clipper. McEwen & Gibson's (Byron, Ont.) collie bitch Bonnie Doon (Bonnie Dunkeld—Bonnie Knowe) to Jas. Watson's Clipper (champion Eclipse—Nesta), June 14.

Daylight—Red Gauntlet. McEwen & Gibson's (Byron, Ont.) collie bitch Daylight (Caractacus—Pitch Dark) to their Red Gauntlet (champion Charlemagne—Hasty). June 23.

Ailsa—Red Gauntlet. McEwen & Gibson's (Byron, Ont.) collie bitch Ailsa (champion Scotilla—Bonnie Knowe) to their Red Gauntlet (champion Charlemagne—Hasty) July 3.

Jess—Red Gauntlet. McEwen & Gibson's (Byron, Ont.) collie bitch Jess (Heather—Madge) to their Red Gauntlet (champion Charlemagne—Hasty), Oct. 14.

Madge—Red Gauntlet. McEwen & Gibson's (Byron, Ont.) collie bitch Madge (Highlander—Hasty) to their Red Gauntlet (champion Charlemagne—Hasty), Nov. 2.

Toodles—Myrtle. Geo. W. Dixon's (Worcester, Mass.) pug bitch Toodles (A.K.R. 2147) to Mr. Stack's imported Myrtle, Nov. 2.

Juno—Beaumont. J. B. Blossom's (New York) Gordon setter bitch Juno (Glen I.—Flirt) to Beaumont Kennels' Beaumont (Ronald III.—champion Floss), Oct. 31.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Bonnie Doon. McEwen & Gibson's (Byron, Ont.) collie bitch Bonnie Doon (Bonnie Dunkeld—Bonnie Knowe), June 14, six (four dogs), by Jas. Watson's Clipper (Eclipse—Nesta).

Daylight. McEwen & Gibson's (Byron, Ont.) collie bitch Daylight (Caractacus—Pitch Dark), Aug. 30, five (one dog), by their Red Gauntlet (Charlemagne—Hasty).

Ailsa. McEwen & Gibson's (Byron, Ont.) collie bitch Ailsa (Scotilla—Bonnie Knowe), Sept. 3, six (three dogs), by their Red Gauntlet (Charlemagne—Hasty).

Lulu IV. Michael Flynn, Jr.'s (Bristol, R. I.) Irish setter bitch Lulu IV. (Shay's Dick—Lulu), Nov. 2, eight (seven dogs), by his O'Donovan Rossa (Sarsfield—Nino); two dogs and one bitch since dead.

Brunette. Chas. York's (Bangor, Me.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Brunette (Bob—Judy B.), Oct. 25, five (three dogs), by P. H. Coombs's Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beal's Lady).

SALES.

☞ **Notes mustbe sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Portswood Tiger. Brindle bulldog, whelped Oct. 1, 1885, by Paul Clifford out of Hussey, by R. B. Sawyer, Birmingham, Conn., to John H. Mathews, New York.

Lion. Brindle and white bulldog, whelped June 30, 1882, by Gambler out of Nell, by R. B. Sawyer, Birmingham, Conn., to John H. Mathews, New York.

Thespian. Red bull bitch, whelped 1885, by Monarch out of Betsy, by R. B. Sawyer, Birmingham, Conn., to John H. Mathews, New York.

Soudan. White bull bitch, whelped Oct. 4, 1884, by Billy out of Zoo, by R. B. Sawyer, Birmingham, Conn., to John H. Mathews, New York.

Lord Elsmere. Silver fawn pug dog, whelped Sept. 1, 1889, by Joe II. out of East Lake Virgie, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Frank Searight, Nashville, Tenn.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

M. C., San Francisco.—A setter dog, six years old, eyes brown before affected; six months ago the eyes began to turn blue, and are nearly all blue but a small rim of brown on the outer edge. The dog can see a very little. The blue is transparent and does not look like a skin grown over the eye. Please if possible give the cause and a remedy. Ans. Opacity of the cornea for some reason. It might be of service to use an eye wash of zinc sulphate 2 grains to the ounce. See an eye doctor.

Rifle and Trap Shooting

RANGE AND GALLERY.

NEWARK, N. J.—The tournament scores in the Association matches for the past week stand as follows:

Monday, Oct. 28.

North Ward.		Electric.	
E Lewis	102	B Herron	97
C English	107	F Steinmetz	79
B Stitts	94	C Dey	95
W Sherk	104	A Hagel	103
W Hague	101	F Klinger	105
F Hortsman	108	Marker	76
O Willet	104	J Flannery	83
H Cooper	93	J Kalmbach	77
E Perkins	95	G Englesman	71
H Leonard	94—1,002	Hardenbroch	96— 882
Howard.		**Annie Oakley.**	
J P Laute	107	G Hunkle	82
J Burger	105	J Thomson	73
C Theurich	103	F Scheel	89
A Burger	107	E Marfitz	109
J Herter	113	F Rothaker	102
F C Dietz	111	Gries	99
F Swirg	111	Bolge	83
R Neundorff	105	J McCallum	107
J Meyer	109	L Heyl	100
A Herman	94—1,065	G Oherst	60— 907
Lakeside.		**Excelsior.**	
J Herron	105	J Gotthard	97
W Clark	104	C Berger	99
B Limpert	105	J Bauer	107
H Snyder	104	C Mayer	101
T McGovern	95	E Wurtzbach	112
B Streudle	98	O Krauss	110
J Farley	84	C Mink, Jr	101
B McKeon	107	J Burger	107
C Hoerl	90	H Buob	105
D Mahoney	98— 990	F Schmidt	102—1,041

Friday, Nov. 1.

Sheppard.		Puritan.	
J Ferguson	87	Albrecht	98
Stewart	97	Bauder	109
Partridge	102	Geork	107
McQuoid	101	Walhem	103
Purce	96	C Weller	110
D Ferguson	101	Phillips	111
Boyd	105	P Scheib	88
Sprat	105	H Scheib	87
Christie	100	Miller	107
Sheppard	105— 993	Kopf	113—1043
Monroe.		**Newark.**	
Risk	107	Matts	99
Reich	97	La Rue	98
Minion	96	Hedden	91
Coleman	105	James	101
Koker	103	Wolff	98
Hedin	98	N Garrigan	93
Widman	113	Hogle	92
Gilliland	87	Rogers	101
Dollinger	87	Bucher	97
Erskine	101— 894	Yaufman	109— 979
Oakland.		**Essex.**	
Bayer	102	Cooper	105
Chapman	107	Jerkins	98
Minier	92	Weigman	98
A Schmidt	109	Coppersmith	103
Bischoff	109	Neuman	83
Bleier	98	McCraith	106
G Schmidt	103	Shackleford	86
Reiss	80	Walsh	100
Grundler	91	Welter	103
Schultz	85— 976	Weeks	101— 986

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 26.—The regular weekly contest for gold and silver medals of the Gafety Rifle and Pistol Club took place at the club's headquarters, 818 South street, this evening. Mr. F. P. Maher, with his large allowance, was the winner of the gold medal, while Mr. J. Hunsinger, having no competitor, was entitled to the silver medal. The official scores of the members at 20yds., standard American targets (reduced), Wurfflein rifles (plain), open sights, off-hand, 10 shots per score, possible 100, were as follows:

J J Mountjoy	10	7	8	10	9	9	10	9	9	8—89
E Travis	8	6	9	9	10	9	8	9	9	9—86
J M Green	6	10	10	5	9	9	6	9	9	9—82
T F Shonert	8	4	8	9	10	10	9	6	8	7—79
F Paul	6	9	8	8	7	9	10	5	0	7—78
G Atkinson	7	7	7	4	6	8	10	9	10	10—78
F M Frees	9	6	7	9	8	9	8	8	6	7—77
W Wurfflein	7	7	10	8	7	7	10	5	8	8—77
J A Pollock	7	10	4	8	7	10	6	7	8	9—76
W Price	7	6	10	8	9	8	6	8	6	6—74
A F Simpson	7	9	7	6	7	6	8	6	6	8—73
W Meagher	6	7	6	6	8	7	9	8	8	7—72
J Hunsinger	10	6	5	6	10	10	6	6	5	8—72
R Hunsinger	5	6	5	6	9	8	8	10	5	9—71
J G Rea	10	6	6	4	6	10	7	7	8	7—71
R Roletta	10	7	6	5	6	8	6	5	9	6—67
H Beulin	5	7	6	6	6	8	9	4	5	9—65
C Beutelspacher	5	9	9	5	10	6	4	4	6	6—64
F Maher	3	5	7	5	4	5	5	10	5	6—55
A F Wiggins	4	0	4	5	5	5	4	7	6	10—50

Special cash prize for October to be awarded the best increase of individual shooting was won by Mr. Jos. M. Green.—SPRINGFIELD.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Nov. 2.—As the weather grows colder the attendance at the regular weekly shoots of the St. Louis Pistol Club becomes better. From now out a good and steady attendance can be looked for. At the last shoot of the club Bauer proved to be the best man, he defeating Alexander in shooting off the tie. Although the scores were not very good, some of the members did very good shooting, the shooting being much better than it would appear from a glance at the score. Below will be found the score on the standard 20yds. target for pistol practice:

W Bauer	7	8	9	8	10	9	8	10	8	6—83
G W Alexander	7	10	7	9	10	10	7	10	5	8—83
O Neuhaus	8	9	8	6	6	8	10	10	8	9—82
W H Hettel	8	9	6	7	6	10	8	8	10	10—82
M Summerfield	9	7	10	7	9	8	8	7	6	10—81
E C Mohrstadt	8	8	8	9	8	7	7	9	7	8—80
W J Land	7	10	9	8	8	6	8	9	6	9—80
J A Lee	8	6	8	8	9	8	7	7	9	5—75
A E Bengel	6	7	9	5	9	6	6	7	8	8—71
W C Mackwitz	8	6	6	10	5	6	10	5	6	6—68

UNSER FRITZ.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 28, promises to be unusually interesting for Philadelphia riflemen, owing to the fact that three special events are announced to take place at Hartranft Rifle Range, as follows:

Three Events—Open to all comers, Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 28, 1889, commencing at 10 A. M., close at 4 P. M., at 200yds. only, sporting and military rifles.

Target No. 1—New standard American target, 7 shots per score, three scores to count for prizes of 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. of entrance money, less expenses. Original entry $1, reëntry 50 cents, unlimited; military rifles allowed 4 points on each score.

Target No. 2—Creedmoor target, open for pool shooting only, 12 shots for $1, divided *pro rata* on bullseyes, less expenses; two classes, military and any rifles.

Target No. 3—Elliptical target, open for military rifles only; 7 shots per score, 3 scores to count, for prizes of 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. of entrance money, less expenses; $1 original entrance, reentry 50 cents, unlimited.

Rules governing this event will be for Targets No. 1 and 2 as laid down by the National Rifle Association, and for Target No. 3 as laid down by Blunt.

All original entries must be made on or before Tuesday evening, Nov. 26, 1889, at W. Wurfflein's, 208 North Second street, by 6 P. M.; at E. Travis's shooting gallery, 818 South street, up to 11:30 P. M., or to J. J. Mountjoy, 917 Chestnut street, up to 12 P. M., and must be accompanied by the cash for the original entry.

WORCESTER, Mass., Nov. 2.—This week there was a meet at Broad Meadow range, of members of the Worcester Rifle Association. The conditions were not good, and the light was poor, but there was, notwithstanding, some lively shooting. The distance was 200yds., shooting off-hand. The work in detail follows:

With Sporting Rifle.

J S Thomas	9	7	8	10	10	7	8	10	9	8—86
J Jones	9	8	9	5	8	9	9	7	6	9—79

With Military Rifle.

J Earley	4454454544—43	W Smith	5444444333—38
C L Macomber	4544453454—42	C Stone	3333444443—35

GERMAN GUN CLUB.—This flourishing organization has closed its trap season with many of its members off after game afield. The club is in good financial condition, and the membership has been steadily growing until it has become one of the most important organizations of its kind in the city. The officers of the club are: J. Boessnecker, President; F. Pfaender, Vice-President; H. Greitner, Treasurer; J. Schlicht, Secretary, and F. Sauter, Shooting Master. Although the club held only five shoots during the year, the scores made show a very fair average, and the meetings at the traps are always of the most enjoyable kind. The club badge has to be won three times, not necessarily in the same year, before it can be retained, and the owner is not allowed to to win it twice in succession.

The first shoot of the year took place at Dexter Park on March 12 and the medal was won by J. Schlicht with 11 birds out of a possible 12. At the second shoot on May 13 J. Cawein and J. Boessnecker were tied on 9 birds killed, and Cawein, who won the medal, had to kill 7 more before he could out shoot his opponent, who is not only the President, but also a veteran of the club. F. Pfaender won the medal on July 19 with a clean score of 10, and also on Sept. 18, with a score equally as good. The last victory won him the medal for good, Mr. Pfaender having carried off the honors in one of the shoots of the previous year, and the treasurer had to open the club's strong box for the purchase of a new badge. E. Blank was the winner on Oct. 16. Mr. Blank who is also a member of the Northside Gun Club, is a new member, and has participated in only two of the New York German Gun Club's tournaments. At the dinner which the marksmen enjoyed on that day, Shooting Master Sauter announced to his fellow members that the club would disband for the winter, and expressed the hope that the members would be all at their posts again at the first shoot in the new year. He called special attention to the fact that, although the organization had been crippled by the secession of a number of dissatisfied members two years ago, the true sportsman's spirit of those remaining in the fold had enabled it not only to survive the shock, but had lifted it to the pinnacle of its present prosperity. Songs and recitations took up the rest of the evening, and it was a late hour when the members started on their way homeward. The year's averages:

	Total.	Killed.	Aver.		Total.	Killed.	Aver.
*J Schlicht	53	40	.755	F Pfaender	30	29	.967
*P Hassinger	53	39	.736	J Goeritz	30	21	.700
F Sauter	50	36	.720	*F Hoff	33	22	.667
P Garms, Jr.	50	36	.720	Dr Cantrell	30	20	.667
*Boessnecker	58	40	.690	V Loewers	30	17	.567
M Bonden	50	29	.580	J Fraver	30	14	.467
P Garms, Sr.	50	28	.560	H Greitner	30	13	.433
*J Cawein	51	38	.745	*E Blank	33	14	.700
JDannefelser	43	27	.675	G Schreiner	10	5	.500
A Lucas	40	24	.600	R Spregade	10	4	.400
J Klein	40	19	.475				

*Marksmen who shot off ties for the club badge.

SPRINGFIELD, Nov. 1.—The Smith & Wesson Revolver Club made these scores to-day:

Capt W Goodrich	10	10	10	9	9	8	7	7	6	5	—81
J Smith	6	6	8	9	9	10	10	10	10	10	—88
W Stadden	10	10	10	10	10	9	8	7	5	5	—84
C Clark	7	7	6	6	8	9	10	10	9	7	—79
J Boigs	4	4	0	8	0	9	10	10	9	10	—49
G Hammel	0	5	6	7	6	0	9	8	0	0	—41—421
Capt J Goodrich	10	10	9	7	6	8	6	8	7	6	—77
G C Talbot	10	10	10	10	10	9	9	9	8	7	—92
E Dickinson	10	10	9	7	8	8	6	5	5	5	—73
C C Parkhurst	10	9	9	8	8	7	5	0	0	0	—56
H McDonald	0	4	0	6	7	6	0	9	8	9	—49
A L Smith	10	9	4	4	5	6	5	7	6	4	—60—407

MARION, N. J., Oct. 30.—Good scores were made this afternoon by a majority of the Marion Rifle Club marksmen when they contested in the weekly shooting competition of that organization on the ranges at Marion, N. J. The calm winds aided them materially, and the contest throughout was full of interesting incidents. L. T. Hansen, who is still second man in the event, but will shortly be in the lead if he keeps up his good work, is now only 18 points behind Rebhan, who is at present high man. At the beginning of this month Rebhan had a lead of 172 points over Hansen. Following is the score of the leading marksmen at yesterday's shoot: Henry Hoersch 203, William Weber 198, Christian Bauchle 193, George C. Varick 193, John Speicher 189, L. P. Hansen 184, John Rebhan 173, Thomas Stiff 170, and William Sutton 165. The contest occurred on the 200yds. range.

BICYCLE SHOTS.—There will be a shooting tournament on the grounds of the Queens Bicycle Club, at Queens, Long Island, during the months of November, December, January, February and March. The tournament will be open to all bona fide members of bicycle clubs under the following conditions: Teams of 3 men each, 3 shots per man, off-hand, 115yds. range, at a 100yds. Creedmoor target. A handsome trophy will be awarded the team winning the contest, and each member of the winning team will receive a handsome gold medal of appropriate design. In addition the competitor making the highest score will receive a special gold medal.

PARIS AWARDS.—In class 38 devoted to Arms, the catalogue of awards at the Paris Exposition shows as follows: Grand Prix—Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn. Gold Medals—Colt's Patent Fire Arms Manufacturing Co., Hartford Conn.; Smith & Wesson, Springfield, Mass.; Union Metallic Cartridge Co., Bridgeport, Conn. Bronze Medal—Standard Target Co., Cleveland O. Honorable Mention—Bailey, Farrel & Co., Shot Co., Pittsburgh Pa.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

Secretaries of clubs and managers of tournaments are requested to keep us advised of the dates of their shoots, so that we may give due notice in our column of fixtures.

FIXTURES.

Nov. 13.—Tolley's Trap Shooting Contest, Catskill, N. Y. Geo F. Tolley, Manager.

HARRISBURG TOURNAMENT.

THE first annual tournament of the West End Social Gun Club at Harrisburg, Pa., was a success both socially and financially. A number of visiting shooters were in attendance, and expressed themselves as well pleased with all arrangements. The base ball grounds at the western end of the city, and within easy reach by cable cars, was the scene of action, and there the three days of sport were pleasantly passed. Two sets of five traps were in operation for inanimate targets, one set for Keystones and the other for Standards, and American Shooting Association rules governed. The same rules were strictly adhered to in live bird shooting, the boundary being 80yds. from the score. Five King ground traps were used. The weather was charming throughout the shoot, and as a result of it much interest has been awakened among some who of late have taken no part in trap-shooting matters. The scores follow in full; all ties were divided except where otherwise stated.

First Day.—Event No. 1, 10 single targets, entrance $2.25; three moneys:

Breesford	1101011000—5	Shearer	0110111101—7
Dinger	1111111101—9	Bach	1100101111—7
Krueger	0111111111—9	Dinkle	1011101100—6
Sigler	1111111010—8	Dintaman	0010111111—7
Fieles	0110111111—8	Filsenger	0111101111—8
Hughes	1101111110—8	Kaufman	1110001100—5

Event No. 2, 10 singles and 3 pairs targets, entrance $2, four moneys:

Dintaman	1101000111 01 01 10— 9	Worden	1100111110 10 11 00—10
Krueger	1010010010 11 10 11— 9	Breesford	0011011010 01 11 10— 9
Kenzer	1110101001 00 10 10— 8	Marshall	1010100000 10 00 00— 3
Fieles	1111111011 00 10 11—12	Dinger	0111110101 11 10 00—10
Sigler	0011011011 00 10 10— 8	Kaufman	1001001110 00 11 10— 8
Hughes	0110101111 10 10 11—11	Felsinger	1100001000 10 10 10— 6
Sheaur	1001001110 10 10 11— 9	Calket	0110111111 11 10 10—12

Event No. 3, 20 single targets, entrance $3, four moneys:

Krueger	01110111110101101101—15	Rout	10110101110000100110—10
Kaufman	11001010101111111111—16	Worden	11111101100110101010—13
Sheaur	11100101110000010111—11	Calket	10001110101111111111—15
Fieles	01110011011010111111—15	Ginter	01101101101111111100—14
Back	01111110101101101111—15	Kinzer	11110011101100000001—11
Dinger	01110001111010110110—12	Breesford	00000011100111001111—10
Hughes	11111111111010011111—17	Snyder	01111101101111111111—17
W D	00000101111101010011—10		

Event No. 4, 10 single live pigeons, entrance $6.50, three moneys:

Bach	1110011010—6	Sigler	1111111113—10
Fieles	0111011110—8	Krueger	1111110110—8
Sulwan	1111010111—8	Hughes	1101011010—6
Snyder	1111111110—9	Shearer	1111111103—8
Schwartz	0110111010—6	Breesford	1001101001—5
Dinger	1011111101—8	McKee	0111010110—6

Event No. 5, novelty walking match, 10 single targets, entrance $2.25, four moneys:

Colket	0111101110—7	Krueger	0101110111—7
Kaufman	1011111010—7	Fieles	1101101011—7
Shearer	0111010111—7	Forester	1011011010—6
Root	0011101111—7	Sulwan	1110100111—7
Dintaman	1100101011—6	Felsenger	0110101011—6
Fox	0000000001—1	Hughes	0110001111—6
Snyder	0011000030—2	Breesford	1111010011—7
Fuller	1000001101—4	Dinger	1110110110—7
Kinzer	1111110111—9	Sigler	1001011101—6

First and third div., second shot off and won by Fieles, fourth won by Fuller.

Event No. 6, 15 single targets, entrance $3, four moneys:

Shearer	100111001001101— 8	Snyder	011010111110101—10
Krueger	111011101101—11	Hughes	111001110101111—11
Rout	011011001001100— 7	Bach	101000101010111— 9
Fieles	111111111111011—14	Diller	000001001000110— 4
Sulwan	011010101111011—10	Dintaman	001111110010001— 9
Dinger	111100110101011—10	Felsinger	100001011111110— 9
Kinzer	101111111101101—12	Breesford	011C00100001111— 7
Taylor	001000111000011— 6		

Event No. 7, 10 single targets, entrance $2, three moneys:

Krueger	1111011111—9	Dinger	0111111101—8
Bach	0010012111—6	Sigler	0111011110—7
Sulwan	0011011111—7	Gross	0101031011—5
Fergueson	0000000000—0	Sheafer	0111101111—8
Fieles	1111011111—9	Dintaman	0111100111—7
Kinzer	0111101111—8		

Second Day.—Event No. 1, 7 single live pigeons, entrance $5, three moneys:

Bach	1110010—4	Brewster	1101111—6
Breesford	0101011—4	Fieles	0111111—6
Krueger	0111111—6	Miller	0111110—6
Eley	1111111—7	Hughes	0111100—4
Snyder	1110101—5		

Event No. 2, 10 single targets, entrance $2.25, three moneys:

Krueger	1110010110— 6	Fieles	1011111111—9
Hughes	1111110111— 9	Nutt	1060011110—6
Dintaman	0000100011— 3	Dingyer	1011111101—8
Bach	1111111111—10	Breesford	0001010010—3
Eley	0101111011— 7	Worden	1111100101—7

No. 3, 10 single targets, entrance $2.25, three moneys:

Breesford	1001101001—6	Krueger	0101101010—5
Dintaman	1110011111—8	Eley	1110111111—9
Hughes	1111011001—8	Sulliff	1011101010—6
Bach	1111111011—9	Fieles	1111111010—8

No. 4, 10 single targets, entrance $2.25, three moneys:

Hughes	1111100111— 8	Dintaman	0010110111—6
Snyder	0110100101— 5	Rout	0111011001—6
Krueger	1111111111—10	Worden	1101111111—9
Eley	1111111110—10	Deuyer	1101101101—7
Bach	1111110110— 8	Nutt	0001111001—5
Fieles	1100111000— 5		

No. 5, 10 single targets, entrance $2.75, three moneys:

Dintaman	1111101111—9	Krueger	1111101011—8
Fieles	0111011011—7	Dingyer	0110100111—6
Bach	0111111111—9	Eley	1110111010—7
Genter	1001110000— 5	Worden	1010011101—6
Hughes	1011010100—5		

Event No. 6, 10 single live pigeons, entrauce $5, 4 moneys:

Bach	1101111101— 8	Hummel	1011101010— 6
Brewster	1010011101— 6	Rout	1101111001— 7
Breesford	0111100101— 6	Fieles	1010111111— 8
Owens	1101000101— 5	Snyder	1111010111— 8
Lindsley	1111110011— 8	Cassell	1111100001— 6
Sigler	1111011110— 8	Hughes	1111111111—10
Eley	1111111111—10	Miller	1111101100— 7
Krueger	0011111110— 7	Denyer	1111111001— 8

Event No. 7, 10 single bluerocks, entrance $2.50, 3 moneys:

Dintaman	1110111101—8	Worden	0100111110—6
Eley	1111011011—8	Hughes	1111110010—7
Krueger	1111101011—8	Snyder	1100011111—7
Bach	1001111001—6	Lindsley	1100110101—6
Fieles	1110011111—8		

Event No. 8, 10 single Keystones, entrance $2.25, 3 moneys:

Fieles	1010110101— 6	Snyder	1111100110— 7
Hughes	1001100111— 6	Worden	1010000010— 3
Krueger	1111011110— 8	Rout	1000101010— 4
Eley	1111111111—10	Marshall	1101111110— 8
Dintaman	0000110111— 6		

Third Day.—Event No. 1, 7 single live pigeons, entrance $4, 3 moneys:

Sulwan	1111111—7	Bach	1111111—6
Fuller	0101111—5	Snyder	1100111—5
Fieles	1111110—6	Motter	1100101—4
Eley	1111110—6	Malone	0111111—6
Krueger	1111 1—7	Hefline	1101011—5
Pettibone	1010000—2		

Event No. 2, 10 single live pigeons, entrance $7.50, 4 moneys:

Sulivan	1001111111— 8	Bach	0100111000— 4
Kinzer	1111011111— 9	Hefline	1010111111— 8
Eley	1111111111—10	Fieles	1111111111—10
Robbins	1111110101— 8	Hepler	1101111111— 9
Krueger	0111101101— 7	Corcoran	1101111101— 8
Brewster	1110011111— 9	Fuller	1111100001— 6
Malone	1111111111—10		

Event No. 3, 10 single live pigeons, entrance 6 75, 4 moneys:

Shearer	0111111101— 8	Cassell	0101111110— 7
Lindsey	0011110011— 6	Sulivan	1111110111— 9
Hefline	1111111100— 8	Corcoran	1111011111— 9
Malone	1011111111— 9	Motter	1011011101— 7
Krueger	1111101111— 9	Kinzer	0011091011— 5
Eley	1111111111—10	Roule	1010011001— 4
Fieles	1011100001— 5	Miller	1001101001— 5
Brewster	1101111110— 8	Fox	1111010011— 6

Event No. 4, at 5 single live pigeons, entrance $5:

Bach	11010—3	Corcoran	01111—4
Sulivan	11111—5	Malone	11111—5
Lindsey	11110—4	Brewster	11110—4
Shearer	11111—5	Hefline	01111—4
Snyder	11111—5	Kinzer	10011—3
Hipler	11101—4	Cassell	11110—4
Miller	10011—3	Whiteman	00110—2
Dinger	11000—2		

Event No. 5, at 10 single standards, entrance $2.25, 3 moneys:

Bach	1011011110—7	Snyder	0010011110—5
Sulivan	1011010000—4	Dinger	1000111000—4
Anthony	1010000111—5	Motter	1010110101—6
Hefline	1111111101—9	Kinzer	1110001011—6
Roule	1011111000—7	Corcoran	1100001010—4
Worden	1110001110—6	Hepler	1100101100—5

LINCOLN, Neb.—Arrangements have been made by the Lincoln Gun Club for a grand tournament to be held on the State Fair grounds, beginning on Nov. 28 and continuing through two days. It will be styled the first annual tournament of the Lincoln Gun Club, and the contests will be open to all comers. Assurances of a large attendance of marksmen from abroad have been received, and the club confidently expect the event to prove the most numerously attended meeting of the kind ever held in the State. An entrance fee of $10 will entitle one to shoot in all prize matches, for which he will receive a card not transferable. No combinations will be allowed. Prize and sweepstake matches can be shot at the same time. Private or other matches may be arranged for on the grounds. All matches will be governed by the American Shooting Association rules. The committee in charge of arrangements comprises Messrs. G. A. Bush, who is captain, G. C. St. John and H. Clarke, secretary. They have compiled the following programme. First event, 15 single bluerocks, shot by members of Lincoln Gun Club only, 3 traps, the winner to receive club badge and a year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM. Second event, prize match, 7 single live birds, 18yds. rise, 5 traps, use of one barrel. Third event, prize match, 10 single bluerocks, 18yds. rise, 5 traps. Fourth event, prize match, 3 pairs live birds and 3 singles. Fifth event, prize match, 5 pair bluerocks and 5 singles. Sixth event, prize match, 10 single live birds, 18yds. 5 traps. Sweepstakes: First match, 10 single bluerocks, 5 traps, entrance $1. Second match, 7 live birds, 30yds., 5 traps, entrance $5. Third match, 15 single bluerocks, 5 traps, entrance $2.50. Fourth match, 9 live birds, 30yds., entrance $7. Fifth match, 5 pairs bluerocks and 5 singles, entrance $3. Sixth match, 15 single live birds, 30yds. entrance $12.50. Shooting will begin at 9 A. M. sharp on Nov. 28. All moneys divided 50, 40, 30 and 20 per cent. All birds included in entrance money. Ties on all matches will be left to the contestants to decide. Shooting will be done in squads of 5. After the first shot is fired in any sweepstake match the same is closed to entries.

NEW YORK SUBURBAN GROUNDS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The critical moment in the life of the New York Suburban Shooting Grounds Association came to-day; result—the association is dead, but the grounds still live—too expensive buildings absorbed all the cash put into the concern, leaving some debts unpaid, the creditors became importunate, put a lien on the building, and the sheriff sold the same to the highest bidder this morning.

The purchasers are strong parties who are able to carry out the fundamental ideas advanced when the grounds were opened over one year ago. They are about as follows:

1st. A paid superintendent on the grounds all the time.

2d. Grounds open every day (except Sunday) to the public for practice or sweepstake shooting.

3d. A testing apparatus for ascertaining the pattern and penetration of shotguns.

4th. Facilities for live bird and inanimate target shooting.

5th. The encouragement of such shooting by providing convenient grounds where marksmen from different clubs may gather, and by giving tournaments from time to time on these grounds.

There ought not to be any antagonism between the clubs located in the vicinity of New York and the management of these grounds; they should work in harmony for the development of the noble sport of wing-shooting. Every member of a club knows what it is to carry a gun and a load of cartridges to the club grounds, only to find no one else there; or if one or two shooters turn up, there are no traps set up and no trappers to work them when they are set up. On the Claremont grounds the traps are always in readiness, and an employee on hand whose business it is to take care of them and run them.

Again, suppose a New York man should buy a gun. Where can he go to test its shooting qualities before taking his new and untried weapon into the field? The writer knows of no place outside of Claremont. The owner would most likely be shut up to the plan of a physician of my acquaintance. He gets his gun out of its case once or twice each week and squints along the barrels at objects around the room. Better than no way, but not much practical use.

Now that the future of these grounds is assured, let the trap-shooters of the vicinity rally and make them a success. Shooting next Saturday, commencing at 2 o'clock.

The shooting to-day was fair, considering the rain and darkness. Below are the scores; ties divided unless otherwise reported:

Sweep No. 1, 10 blue rocks:

Miller	0111111011—8	Simpson	0010011011—5
Johnson	1101111111—9	Nixon	0101011011—6
Hathaway	0001111101—6	Tatham	1011011011—7

No. 2, same:

Miller	1011111011—8	Simpson	0011011111—7
Johnson	1111011010—7	Nixon	0101110001—5
Tatham	1101111111—9	Hathaway	1111111101—9

No. 3, same:

Miller	1111011111—9	Simpson	1101111111—9
Johnson	1111001110—7	Nixon	0110001011—5
Hathaway	1100011011—6	Tatham	1010011110—6

Miller first, Hathaway third on shoot-off.

No. 4, same:

Miller	0111101111—8	Simpson	1111010110—7
Johnson	1111011010—7	Nixon	1100100010—4
Hathaway	1111011110—8	Tatham	0000001101—3

No. 5, same: Miller 10, Johnson 7, Hathaway 8, Simpson 6, Nixon 3, Tatham 7.

Sweep 5, same: Miller 9, Johnson 5, Hathaway 7, Simpson 6, Nixon 5, Tatham 3, Lindsley 8.

No. 7, same: Miller 10, Johnson 8, Hathaway 8, Simpson 5, Nixon 6, Tatham 8 Lindsley 7.

No. 8, same: Miller 8, Johnson 7, Hathaway 9, Simpson 6, Nixon 4, Tatham 8, Lindsley 6.

Sweep 9, same: Miller 9, Johnson 9, Hathaway 8, Lindsley 6, Nixon 7, Simpson 4, Tatham 7.

Sweep 10, 25 bluerocks, 50c. entry:

Miller	1111111111111111111111111—25
Johnson	1101111111111011111011—22
Hathaway	0011101010111111011110111—18
Lindsley	1111010010011100111100110—15
Nixon	1001011011000110110101101—14
Simpson	0110111011110000111011110—16
Tatham	0101111101011011100100111—16

In the shoot above Johnson, Hathaway, Lindsley and Tatham scores count for Lefever trophy.

TRAP SHOTS IN A PALACE CAR.

EVER since the inception of the American Shooting Association, its president, Chas. W. Dimick, of Boston, has had in view a grand scheme for furthering the interests of trap-shooting, increasing the number of shooters and thereby swelling the volume of trade in guns, ammunition, targets, etc., etc. This plan was to give exhibitions of shooting by teams of men representing the East and the West, in the principal cities of the South and West. It was his idea to have the Association back this trip and its members derive any benefits accruing therefrom. The Association, however, did not take kindly to the idea, the cost rather deterred them from undertaking it, so Mr. Dimick decided to make the trip himself, or rather the company he represents, the United States Cartridge Co., which will stand all expenses. The plan provides that the shooters shall go as guests of this company. All arrangements have been made with the railroad companies to haul the private car, in which all will travel, sleep and be fed. Every convenience, including a steward, cook, waiter and general utility man, has been provided to attend to the wants of the travelers. The personnel of the teams is as follows: The East will be represented by H. McMurchy, of Syracuse, N. Y.; H. B. Whitney, of Phelps, N. Y.; W. H. Wolstencroft, of Philadelphia, Pa.; O. R. Dickey and Wm. E. Perry, of Boston, Mass. The Western team has for its members C. W. Budd, of Des Moines, Iowa; Rolla Heikes, of Dayton, Ohio; Jas. R. Stice, of Jacksonville, Ill., and either Frank Parmelee, of Omaha, Neb., or R. E. Sheldon, of Cleveland, Ohio. S. A. Tucker, of Davenport, Iowa, will go along as an extra man. The proposed route is as follows: Starting as Cincinnati, Ohio, about Jan. 14, the following cities will be visited in the order named: Louisville, Ky., St. Louis, Mo.; Memphis, Tenn., New Orleans, La.; Houston, Dallas, Austin, San Antonio and El Paso, Texas; Los Angeles, San Francisco, Stockton and Sacramento, Cal.; Portland, Ore.; Tacoma and Seattle, Wash.; Ogden and Salt Lake City, Utah; Leadville and Denver, Col.; Kansas City, Mo.; Omaha, Neb.; Des Moines, Iowa; St. Paul and Minneapolis, Minn.; Milwaukee, Wis.; Chicago, Ill.; Detroit, Mich.; Toledo and Cleveland, Ohio; Pittsburgh, Pa.; Buffalo, Syracuse, Albany and New York city and Boston, Mass. In each city a match will be shot between the teams at 200 targetss a side, 20 singles and 5 pairs per man, thrown from 3 screened traps at unknown angles. In all probability dealers in sportsmen's goods in the various cities will offer handsome prizes for the high scores made in their cities or for the best average on the trip. The scheme is a liberal and enterprising one, and the result will be to make the wheels go round the Hub livelier than ever.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 30.—The Glenmore Rod and Gun Club held a very successful shoot at the Dexter Park grounds this afternoon. The weather was favorable and the scores made were very good. The winner of the Midas badge, T. T. Edgerton, Jr., had to kill 15 birds to defeat his competitors. Mr. Edgerton shot at 29yds. and won in class A with a clean score; J. Oaks, 26yds., won the class B prize, with 6 out of 7, and H. Max, 21yds., carried off the honors of class C. The summary follows: Club shoot—Seven birds each, Long Island rules. Class A, 27 to 30yds. rise; class B, 23 to 26yds.; class C, 19 to 22yds. C. Helgans, 29yds., 7; W. Bennett, 29yds., 7; T. T. Edgerton, Jr., 29yds., 7; W. Selover, 29yds., 6; P. Suter, 29yds., 6; J. Oakes, 26yds., 6; A. Powell, 29yds., 5; C. McGee, 26yds., 3; W. Linnington, 24yds., 5; J. Schlichtner, 25yds., 4; H. Max, 21yds., 2. Ties for medal, three birds each, then miss and out:

Helgans	111 11110—7	Edgerton	111 11111—8
Bennett	111 0 —3	Levens	0

NEWARK, N. J.—A big team match will take place at Erb's on the 12th instant, between Frank Class, of Pine Brook, and Phil. Daly, Jr., of Long Branch, on one side, and J. Frank Kleinz and Richard S. Irwin, of Philadelphia on the other. The match will be for $200 a side, Hurlingham rules, at 50 live birds each man. Shooting will begin at 1 P. M. The stakeholder is Ed. Updegrove, of Trenton, president of the Mercer Gun Club, who holds a $50 forfeit from either team, the balance of the stake to be put up before the shoot begins. The birds are to be the hardest flyers that can be selected.

FALL RIVER, Oct. 31.—An exciting clay-pigeon shoot took place here to-day for $250 a side, between George W. Russell, of Worcester, and John A. Congdon. It resulted in a victory for Russell. Each had 250 birds. Russell killed 173 and Congdon 172.

DEXTER PARK.—There will be trap-shooting at Miller's Dexter Park, Jamaica, Long Island, every Saturday until further notice. Reached by East New York cars.

WALNUT HILL, Oct. 30.—The fortnightly shotgun meeting of the Massachusetts Rifle Association was held to-day under the best possible conditions of wind and weather. In the gold coin match the shooting was very strong, Wheeler leading at the finish by only one bird. The work done in the match for the Standard Target Company's medal was also very creditable. Gold coin match, 15 clay birds and 15 standard targets; Keystone system of squad firing:

	Clays.	Standards.
Wheeler	111111111111011—14	111111111111111—15—29
Stanton	111111111101110—13	111111111111111—15—28
Black	111111011111110—13	111111111111110—14—27
Perry	111101011111111—13	111111111111011—14—27
Gale	111111101111111—14	110101110111011—11—25
Swift	111110110111011—12	111110111111101—13—25
Nichols	011111111111101—13	111111010101010—10—23
Chase	111101111011010—11	110111010111110—11—22
Curtis	110111011011001—10	111101110011111—12—22
Hosmer	011010111101101—10	111111010111011—12—22
Bowker	010101110110111—10	110101111010010—10—20

Nelson, clays 8, standards —12. Watson, clays 8, standards 1—9.

Standard Target Company's medal match, 20 targets, handicap:

Stanton	20	Chase	17
Wheeler	20	Swift	17
Black	19	Gale	16
Nichols	19	Nelson	15

POTSDAM, N. Y., Nov. 1.—Potsdam Gun Club match against 6 kingbirds, 3 traps, 18yds., National rules.

First event:

Holmes	110110—4	Leete	100111—4
Heath	111011—5	Watkins	110116—4
Witters	110111—5	Lewis	011100—3
Weed	101111—5		

Second event: Heath 2, Witters 1, Watkins 2, total 5, against Holmes 3, Leete 3, Lewis 1, total 7.

Third event: Holmes 2, Leete 3, Lewis 3, total 5, against Heath 2, Witters 2, Watkins 1, total 5.

Yachting.

CLASSIFICATION BY CORRECTED LENGTH.

THOUGH the time has finally come when yachtsmen must summon sufficient resolution to form opinions on the measurement question and to stand by them, and when the clubs must face the responsibility of making a decision of some sort, it is evident that the subject has not received that careful study which its importance demands, and that a large number are unwilling or unprepared to force the issue. In fact, there are not a few who are content to let the matter go by default, with the plea that does not even amount to the dignity of an argument, that if Minerva can beat the "brutes," the present rules are good enough and there is no necessity for any change.

The weakest point of this very weak excuse for inaction lies in the looseness of the statement that the present rules are good enough; which is as far as any advocates of such a course have gone. The races of the year have been sailed under many rules; that of the N. Y. Y. C. with its light tax on sail, that of the Seawanhaka and Eastern Y. C. with a heavier tax on sail and with two different tables of allowances, the length rules of the Larchmont Y. C., and others. As these rules are each radically different, it follows that some must be good and others bad, and the mere general statement that all are good enough is too superficial and flippant to be worthy of serious consideration.

The tests of the length and sail area rules, which have been in progress since 1883, have proved by no means satisfactory or complete, chiefly because the principal rule, the one which exerted the greatest influence on building, included sail to so slight a degree as to leave it practically unlimited. At the same time, there is conclusive proof in the progress of yachting during the last half dozen years that the principle of combining length and sail in a rule is more nearly correct than any method based on length alone, on cubic contents, displacement, tonnage or the three dimensions; and that for a long time, in all probability, all advance in measurement will be in the direction of improvements in the methods of combining length and sail area in a rule.

As to the question whether the present rules *are* good enough; even if we take the rule which is heaviest on sail, that in use by the Seawanhaka and Eastern, as well as the Lake Y. R. A., together with a number of smaller clubs, the first striking fact is that the increase in size of sail plans is general throughout the fleet. In all classes, from the little Kathleen up to the great Constellation, the sail spread has increased with each successive season, until no one can say where the final limit will be. The idea that this general movement of American yachting, that has gone on for years undisturbed, is to be stopped by the performance of one little yacht, is simply absurd. Judging from past history, if no change be made, it is very likely that next season will see an assortment of alleged Minervas of all sizes afloat in American waters; that Minerva's proportions and leading features will be copied more or less perfectly by designers, both amateur and professional, with a result easy to predict; that they will fail to equal Minerva; in which case the craze for modern dimensions will die out after one season, to be followed by a further development of the "brutes" a year later. This is but a rough prediction, but its fulfilment is by no means improbable under existing conditions, and should events shape themselves in this way, the great benefit which must accrue from the influence of moderate ideas will be entirely lost, and the result will be the pushing of the present extremes of lead and canvas to still greater limits.

One rather specious plea has been put forward to support this policy of inaction; the fact is cited that in all classes the larger rigged and more heavily powered boats have been beaten by the less extreme craft; Grayling beats Sea Fox, Titania beats Katrina, and Pappoose, of 36.5ft., makes a good showing with the newer and larger forties.

This is all very true, and at first sight would seem to be conclusive, but two very important points are kept carefully in the background. In the first place, every yacht of moderate size and sails which has won has been in the charge of a man confessedly at the head of his class as a racing skipper. Capt. Terry in Grayling, Capt. Haff in Titania, Capt. Barr in Clara, Capt. Watson in Pappoose, and Mr. Fowle in Saracen, rank among the best sailor men in the fleet. No one who has seen Sea Fox and Grayling together from the first race in New York Bay in 1888 to the run from Vineyard Haven to New Bedford this year, can doubt that Sea Fox is the faster boat or that Grayling has held her place so long by sheer handling. The superior generalship of Capt. Haff in the actual work of racing, as well as the condition in which he took his boat and crew into the races, has been one of the chief features of the season in Titania's class, while it is chiefly through the skill and local knowledge of her skipper that Pappoose has been able to carry the handicap of 3ft. 6 in. length so well.

The second point in connection with the success of these boats is that every one, though heavily rigged in the first place, has had her sail and lead increased within the past two years to enable her to keep up with the procession. Grayling was forced to resort to a lead keel in place of inside ballast, with larger sails; Titania is now over the class limit of 70.t. through added ballast, while her original rig has been replaced by a larger one; Pappoose has had lead added to keel and more sail, while Saracen's keel was recast and made deeper and heavier. An equally important point in this connection is that the yachts of only last season, boats with larger rigs than had ever been seen before, are admitted to be out of the racing; neither Baboon, Xara, Chiquita, Nymph nor Banshee have any place with Liris, Tomahawk or Gorilla.

We, in common with many yachtsmen, would be only too glad to have convincing proof that the "brutes" in all classes cannot win from more moderate craft, and that the thought and labor involved in a change of rule, to say nothing of the responsibility, might be avoided for an indefinite time; but we are unable to accept the very slight evidence presented to support this view. True, Minerva has beaten Liris and some think she can always do so and the big ones have on the whole made a poor showing; but it must be remembered that this season was not only an exceptional one in the matter of very strong winds, but also an exceptional one in regard to extreme dimensions and power, at least in the 40ft. class, from which the most thorough lessons must be drawn. Besides the general handicap under which all the new boats suffered, of delay in building and time lost in working into shape compared with the older boats, Liris had her chances ruined by a defective rig, Tomahawk, instead of being constantly raced and worked up during the season, was neglected for another boat, and Gorilla, as an experimental boat, showed faults which could be cured in another of the type.

Even under such disadvantages the three showed themselves more than equal to any of the smaller boats, with the single exception of Minerva; while there is plenty of speed left in each of them for any one who cares to develop it next season. Not one of the three can be set down as a failure, or as showing that the type cannot be made successful in racing, and if properly rigged and sailed next year they have a fair chance of reversing the hasty verdict of this season, and proving that size and sail do pay under the Seawanhaka as well as the New York rules, as past experience in all classes showed up to Minerva's advent. In each of the three big boats of the year the designer has taken a far greater step than he has ever before done; Mr. Burgess from Baboon to Tomahawk, Mr. Smith from Banshee to Gorilla, while Mr. Gardner in Liris has gone to an extreme in light construction, heavy displacement and area of canvas never before attempted. The mere fact that none of the boats are decided failures makes the experiment a success, and promised greater speed in the next attempt in the same direction.

So far then from any conclusive proof that Minerva can always win and that the "brutes" are out of the racing it is much more in accordance with all the facts to assume that the very different types represented by Liris and Tomahawk on the one hand and Minerva on the other, are with the same handling so nearly equal in possibilities for speed that it becomes a question not which of the two is fastest, but what type can be developed that while fast enough for racing, shall give the best results in the way of cost, accommodation, and other desirable qualities.

In all discussions on measurement for the past two seasons the forties have claimed a far greater importance than they deserve, as the welfare of the large yachts, from 60 to 90ft., is really the first consideration. At the same time the size of the 40ft. fleet, the number of its races and the reputations of the many designers directly interested, have not only presented a larger body of facts, but made them of more importance as a basis of comparison than those gathered from the races of Grayling and Sea Fox, or Titania and Katrina. The 40ft. class then must of necessity be taken as the chief basis for a test of the rules, even though it may not follow that all conclusions drawn from it must apply directly to the larger yachts. While spars and canvas have reached their greatest extreme in this class, it is evident that the sizes of sails have not only increased to a most undesirable degree in even the largest yachts, such as Volunteer and the big schooners, but that such increase must go on in spite of the heaviest tax now laid on sail by any of the existing rules.

As it is generally admitted that sail and length are the two factors on which a rule must be based, at least until something very much better is discovered than has ever been tried in the past; and as at the same time there is ample proof that the present combination of these factors is most unsatisfactory, the question arises, how the present condition of affairs can be bettered.

The application of length and sail area to the rating of yachts for racing must be by one of the two following systems:

I. *By grouping the yachts in classes on the basis of their waterline lengths, time being allowed for difference in size between those in the same class according to "corrected length" made up of certain proportions of waterline length and sail area.*

II. *By making "corrected length" the basis of classification as well as allowance, any further difference in size between vessels in a class being allowed for on the same basis of "corrected length."*

Incidentally it may be noted that if desirable, some unit approximating to tonnage instead of linear measurement may be used in place of corrected length, as is done in Great Britain, the final results being the same in either case. As tonnage rules are unknown in America, while "corrected length" of some kind has long been a familiar quantity, only the formulas which give a result in the latter unit need be considered.

The first system has always been used in America, and is now familiar to all yachtsmen, while the results which follow from it in practice are too plain to be mistaken. By it the limits of each class are set at certain lengths of waterline in feet, beyond which no designer is supposed to go. According to the theory on which this system is based, the formula for allowance, as well as the time scale, are proportioned as to compensate for any difference in size within at least the limit of the class, thus allowing the designer the most complete freedom in the choice of length, beam, draft and sail; in other words, any desired length may be taken, with any good type as a model, and the resulting boat will have the same chance of success as any larger or smaller boat in the class of equally good model. If this theory were borne out in practice there could be no objection to the system, but, unfortunately, the very opposite is the case. The whole history of yacht racing for an unlimited time back proves that, under the climatic and other conditions affecting American yachting, and under any rules thus far tested, with a limited length it is size that pays. Instead of being perfectly free in the choice of all elements of speed so long as the total sum does not exceed a certain limit, the designer has but one course before him. He must take the greatest possible length allowed at the risk of being out of the class, and on this length he must hang all the load and spread all the canvas that he dares, the only limits being his skill or recklessness. As Mayflower beat Puritan through length and size, so Volunteer in turn outdid Mayflower, the advance in two years from Puritan to Volunteer being represented by 1,200ft. of sail for an additional 5ft. of length. In the schooners the new boats are chiefly remarkable for their large rigs, while both Titania and Katrina far overtop anything ever seen in the 70ft. class. Going down to the forties the same conditions hold true, Chiquita, Xara and Baboon, of full 40ft., follow Papoose of the preceding year, and the maximum limit of sail and draft in 1888, under 3,000sq. ft. for one and 8ft. 3in. draft on either, have pushed up to 3,600sq. ft. and 11ft. respectively in 1889.

For every inch of advance in the science of designing in the last five years is found a yard of canvas and a hundredweight of lead. While this expansion of size, sails and lead is the rule in every class, there is thus far but one or, possibly, two exceptions to it—Minerva and Pappoose. The latter is easily disposed of. True, with 3ft. 6in. lesss length, she has succeeded in holding a very fair place in the fleet this year, but in addition to being a very good boat, she has had the great advantage of two seasons of careful trial and preparation in skillful hands, besides being well sailed this year; while she has suffered nothing from the early delays, poor sails and disasters which have attended the new boats of the year. Why Minerva wins, unless it be from general harmony of proportion and excellence of model, is a hard question to answer; win she does, and the remarkable point is that she is the first proof of the possibility of winning under existing conditions with a boat not built to the utmost limit of the class.

Now that Mr. Fife has demonstrated the possibility of winning on model and moderate proportions rather than on mere brute force, there will be plenty to follow him, and some perhaps successfully; but it is too much to hope that Minerva alone will cure all the evils that now exist. The truth seems to be that, while it is possible to win through harmony of design and perfection of form, it is very much easier and safer for most designers to trust to beam, lead and sail, as in the past, and that a few unsuccessful attempts on Minerva's proportions will nullify the good influence she is at present exerting, and leave the brutes in possession of the field. No one would seriously think of building a racer of less than the extreme length to-day, and, saving the Minerva, no one would think of taking anything but extreme dimensions in beam and depth, with a proportionate sail plan; as the rules and allowance tables almost invariably favor the longest and largest boat.

Thus, the theory on which the whole system of classification by waterline length is based amounts to nothing, as it does not hold in practice; nor is it possible, as some believe, to correct the trouble by a rearrangement of the allowance tables giving more time to the smaller yachts, as this would imply a degree of perfection in the rule and allowances never approximately reached in practice. The vital fault of the whole system is that it does not allow any liberty to the designer, but compels him to take a maximum length and to follow a certain type, thus shutting the door almost entirely on experiment and advancement.

The actual advance of yacht designing in the past ten years is generally overestimated on account of the great number of improved mechanical features that have been introduced in a comparatively short period. That the yacht of to-day is far ahead of her sister of 1880 is beyond question, but a great part of the improvement is due solely to the lead keel, the cutter rig, improved construction and the better blocks, wire cordage and canvas that have been brought out to meet the demands of yachtsmen. A point has been reached where improvement in this direction will be much slower than in the immediate past, and where progress must be looked for in the direction of model and design rather than in mere mechanical details; and the initial question is whether the present system will give a proper scope for such progress.

This we believe that it will not do, for the reason that a fixed length of class confines the designer practically to one particular type, only varying with the formula used. Thus there are found to-day in each class only boats of comparatively large beam, great depth and very long spars. Some are centerboard and some are keel craft, the beam and draft varying a little in inverse ratio, but the leading characteristics in the class are very plainly marked, as in the forties, where the beam varies from 33 to 40 per cent. of the length and the draft is about 17 per cent. of length in the centerboard and from 25 to 27 per cent. in the keels; the ratio of sail being about 1.45 per cent. Under the influence of competition and aided by the mechanical advance alluded to the type of one year differs from that of the preceding by being larger in all ways, as Liris, Tomahawk and Gorilla of '89 differ from Baboon, Xara and Nymph of '88, but if the present influences continue in power for a couple of years more it is likely that each class will contain a number of boats of nearly the same type, save the difference of keel and board. What this type may be will depend mainly on the proportion of sail to length in the principal rules, it may be a good one or it may be a very bad one, the point is that one type only will prevail, that there will be no standard by which to test its merits and no incentive or even opportunity to break out of the rut.

Even though the resulting type should prove an excellent one at first, there is every chance of its degeneration in a few years, as various changes are made. The old Thames tonnage rule had brought out a very fair type of moderate keel boats some 18 years since when lead keels first came in, and with a continuance of the old methods of ballasting a comparatively wide beam would have been retained. With the advance in the use of outside lead the whole influence of the rule was changed until the modern cutter of 6 or 7 beams to length was reached. How poor a tool such a yacht really was is now admitted by all, but the very influences which led to its development necessarily shut off all opportunities for trial and comparison, and fostered a belief in its merits which experience has shown was based on a very slender foundation.

The same danger exists here to-day as in England a few years ago; as the use of the lead keel stimulated development in a certain direction, and gave full scope to the bad tendencies of the rule, so any improvements in hollow spars of wood or metal, or the discovery of a metal at once stronger and lighter than steel for rigging and metal work, would lead to rigs that would be more unmanageable than any yet seen. The tendency of any rule is to lead to one type and to encourage a false belief in its excellence, which will be shattered some day by yachts built under very different conditions, as was the case with the British challengers in the late Cup races, and the present system seems to be peculiarly liable to this objection.

The proposal that has been made by some to attempt the limitation of the present large rigs by a direct heavier tax on sail might give a temporary relief, but it in no way affects the system itself or its bad tendencies. It is an easy matter to combine length and sail in formulas by the score that will encourage any required proportion of canvas on a given length, but what would be the result? It may be assumed that the products of the New York rule $\frac{2L+\sqrt{S}}{3}$ with its light tax on sail, are Merlin, Quickstep, Katrina, Liris and Tomahawk. If now the Seawanhaka rule $\frac{L+\sqrt{S}}{2}$ be generally adopted the sail will be somewhat reduced, for instance in the 40ft. class to the rigs of Xara, Chiquita and Baboon, 3,000ft. in place of 3,300 to 3,600 in the other two. If the proportions of the New York rule be reversed $\frac{L+2\sqrt{S}}{3}$, a boat of Minerva's type will result, and so on down until the tax on sail is so heavy that only a narrow cutter like Ulidia could compete. In each of these successive stages the length is rigidly fixed by the classification, while the sail area is just as rigidly fixed by the rule; the designer must accept the two as he finds them, and with them certain other elements of beam and draft which he may vary only within very narrow limits. He may break away from them, as Mr. Fife has done in Minerva, and venture in a new direction, but the chances are all strongly against his success; the easiest and safest way to win is to stick to the general type in vogue, and to cheat the rule by light construction, more lead, by pushing to an extreme some element that is the least heavily taxed.

The other system is based on directly opposite principles; instead of length being arbitrarily fixed by the classification and the influence of the allowance tables, and the limit of sail as firmly fixed by the formula, both quantities are variable in an inverse ratio, and the designer is left to himself to choose from each according to his skill. In the 40ft. class, for instance, the elements laid before him would be as follows:

Sail area, sq. ft., 3364 3234 3128 3025 2916 2809 2704 2601 2500 2401 2304

W. L. length, ft. 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48

The believer in Liris could take her proportions of length and sail, 38ft. and 3364sq. ft., and with them a beam of about 12.5ft. and a draft of nearly 10ft.; but if he should chance to be on the other side, a believer in great beam, shoal draft and centerboard, he would be at liberty to take the greater length due to a smaller sail plan, say 40ft. and 3136sq. ft., with a beam of 16ft. and a draft of 4 to 5ft. If, again, he favored the moderate type of keel or centerboard boat, there is room for a very fine craft on the dimensions 42ft. and 2916sq. ft., with probably 12.5ft. beam and 9ft draft, for a keel, or 14ft. beam and 6ft. draft, for a centerboard. Beyond this he may go to any extreme he may deem desirable, building a scow or Popotka on the one hand, or an 8-beam cutter on the other. The prize would go, as it should, to the ablest designer, while the greedy or ignorant would suffer. If, for instance, a man was tempted by the length offered, and after taking 45ft. should attempt to combine with it a beam of 13ft. and a draft of 10ft. in order to overpower his opponents, building a boat so large that the sail allowed for the length would fail to drive it, he would have no one to blame but himself. If, on the other hand, he is an adept, and through perfection of form and detail can drive a little longer boat with the sail allowed him than his fellows, he reaps the reward of his skill in increased accommodation at no greater cost.

The responsibility and the tax on the skill of the designer are certainly greater than under the present system, but the more proficient a man is the less he has to fear, and the greater will be his reward in the event of success. Undoubtedly the boats built under this system will after a few years be mainly confined to perhaps a couple of leading types, but there will always be an incentive to experiment, and in the event of an over-development in any special direction, as in length, depth and lead in England and beam, depth and sail in this country at present, there will always be an opening for improvement in some other direction that will tend to correct the evil. Apart from the principles involved, the success or failure of the system must depend largely on its details, such as the formula and class limits. These we have not space to discuss now, nor the possible objections to the system, most of which are probably due to an imperfect study of the subject and an attempt to judge it by the present standard of fixed length classes. The principal objection urged thus far applies not to the system itself but to the method now proposed for its application, and this we will discuss next week. In the meantime we will gladly give place to any criticism of the system which will tend to throw light on its merits and defects.

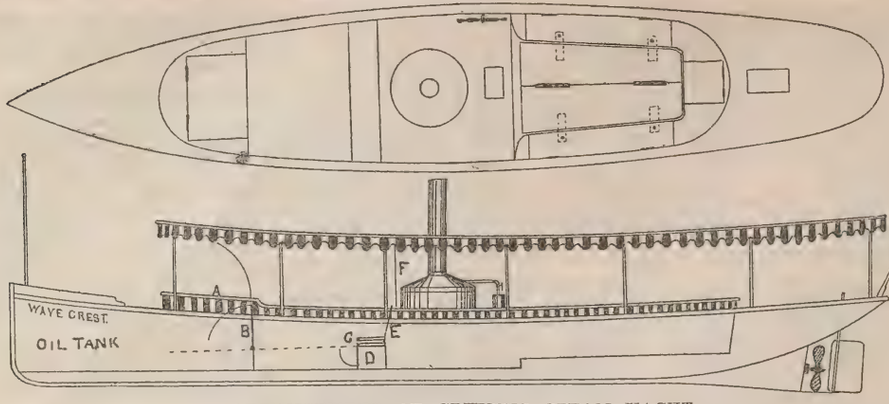
MINERVA AND CORRECTED LENGTH.

IN a recent letter Mr. Geo. A. Stewart, of the Boston *Globe*, argues as follows against the proposed change in the classification:

"Suppose the classification by the corrected length is adopted in connection with this formula, $\frac{L+\sqrt{S}}{2}$. The limit of the present 40ft. class would then be, say, 48ft. of racing length. A 40ft. boat carrying 3,136sq. ft. of sail would just come into this class. The Minerva now carries but 2,700ft. of sail, and rates at about 46. A boat of the Minerva type 42½ft. long, with sail increased proportionately, would just come into the proposed 48ft. class. Similarly, a boat of the Liris type would have to be reduced to a waterline length of less than 38ft. to bring her into the proposed 48ft. racing length class. We should then have a boat of the Minerva type, 42½ft. long on the waterline, racing on even terms, without giving any time allowance, with a 40-footer of the modern American type, and with a boat of the Liris type, 38ft. long on the waterline. As the 40ft. Minerva has demonstrated her ability to beat Liris and moderate American forties, boat for boat and length for length, there would seem to be little doubt of a 42½ft. Minerva beating the others when she has an advantage of from 2 to 4½ft. of length for which she is not taxed at all."

Minerva's length is 39.96, beam 10.5, ratio of length to beam 3.8, and ratio of sail 1.306, her corrected length being 46.07. A little arithmetic will show that if these figures be enlarged in proportion to make 48ft. in place of 46.07, the length will be not 42.5ft. but 41.6; in other words, Minerva, in giving up her allowance of 2 to 3 minutes from the average American 40, would be entitled to but 1.5ft. more length instead of 2.5. That she is also taxed for this extra length is fully proved by the fact that she would be allowed but 2,950ft. of sail, or nearly 200ft. less than the 40ft. boat. Probably the supposed Minerva of 41.6ft. would beat the others of the class as badly as the present 40-footer does, but no one would be any the worse. The new boat would be a very fine sort of craft, her beam being 11ft. compared with the 7ft. of the old cutters of like length, while her draft would still be moderate compared with the American boats. If we are to accept Mr. Stewart's conclusions, that Minerva with 10ft. 6in. beam can beat any American 40 from Liris to Pappoose, then it follows that the Minerva type will survive to the exclusion of the others, at least for all racing. If this is the case, then in the 41.6×11×7.5ft. boat yachtsmen will have a larger and better craft than in the 40×10.5 Minerva, and at most will not be very badly off; while it is by no means certain that the experiments in various lengths which would follow the adoption of the proposed rule would not lead to a type more in accordance with American ideas than Minerva is, and at the same time far removed from the present breed of "brutes" and "monsters."

KATHLEEN.—This fast 30-footer is advertised for sale in another column.



ARRANGEMENT OF CRUISING STEAM YACHT.

A CRUISING STEAM LAUNCH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As considerable has been published in the FOREST AND STREAM during the past year concerning small steam yachts and their convenience as a means of pleasure and locomotion, I venture to add my mite to those already contributed, trusting it may aid some one who is contemplating a similar effort. I inclose a drawing which is more or less self-explanatory as to how my launch is fitted out for cruising. After one summer's use I do not see how it could be much improved at the same expense. I used her for two months, sleeping on her most of the time through rainy and cold nights, without getting at all wet or catching cold. Never slept better or felt better, and used her the same as though she had an enclosed cabin.

The Wave Crest is 26ft. long, 5ft. beam, with permanent watertight deck covered with duck and painted in the usual way. Around the sides are curtains of thick drilling, which keep out the wind and rain. The one immediately in front has a window in it similar to those in carriage curtains. In the front end of the cockpit is a locker 2ft. 6in. long and of the full width of the boat. This has a cover *A*, which opens up and forward as indicated by the arrow, with a mirror 10"×16" on the under side. This serves to dress by and is out of danger when the locker is closed. At *B* is a hinged bulkhead which folds forward and down toward the bow, and forms the bottom for a part of the bed when used for sleeping. It is held in place when upright by a small sliding bolt on each side at the top. The crack through the wainscoting is covered by a half round bead, its curved form giving it the appearance of an ornamentation. The dotted line indicates the cleats along the inside, which support the bed bottom. At *C* are three folding leaves, hinged on alternate sides, the lowest one being hinged to the front of the seat. These leaves fold out forward, completing, with the dropping bulkhead, a space 6ft. 6in. long for sleeping. When folded back on the seat, as shown, there are triangular spaces left at the end of each leaf, owing to the decreasing length of each, which are filled up by blocks made to fit, and each held in place by a peg projecting from the block into a hole in the seat.

At *D* are two drawers which slide out in front after turning up the door, and are large enough to contain the underclothing of two individuals. *E* is a sliding cane-back to the seat, extending across the boat in front of the boiler. By lifting this out of its slots, one can easily pass astern, stepping over the seat. *F* is a roller shade, such as are used in dwellings, extending across the boat. This, with the side curtains, completely incloses the forward sleeping space. This space is nearly as large as a modern bed, quite enough at all events for two persons. The drawers, *D* make a safe place of deposit for valuables during the night. Even the floor—if carpeted, as in this case—can be used for one's clothes on retiring, as there are some 7in. between the bed bottom and floor of the boat.

I had hair matresses made to fit the spaces. These with a thick comforter, two woolen blankets, two sheets, two pillows and a night shirt will go in the locker. An extra comforter can be put in by a little squeezing. You see it is a sort of sleeping car arrangement, the bedding being out of sight during the day. The cushion which belongs on the seat I used under the mattress or pillows as a bolster.

The after-cabin or space is fixed as follows: Two wide boards with iron cleats on one edge, fill up the space between the locker seats. These boards have legs on their inner sides, each let into the board and pivoted to turn down and form supports when in place. The iron cleats hook over pins in the edge of the lockers, under the cover. Thus arranged there is one level smooth surface for the bedding. The regular cushions form the mattress as far as the seats are concerned. Other cushions are made to fit the movable bottoms, these being in the form of cushions (sectional mattresses) can be stowed away together with the comforters, blankets, ect., through the opening (12in.×20in.) in the after deck into the locker below. This is sleeping car arrangement No. 2. By such devices one gets a really comfortable bed. With the exception of the springs it equals a good modern bed. One cannot expect everything on a 26ft. yacht, although I am not sure that I shall not have devised a set of springs to be used and stowed away with the bedding, before I am satisfied. The movable bottoms can be thrown on upper deck during the day.

There are other conveniences, such as an icebox in one locker seat, side-steering wheel (besides the tiller) and short ropes with handles to hook into rings in the steering rope at *C*, so that a pilot can steer from his seat on a camp stool in front during a storm when the curtains must be down.

In conclusion I may mention the device for taking up the slack in the cord which runs around the boat. At a convenient point (right hand locker astern) I introduced a long (10in.) spiral spring, about ¾in. in diameter, slipping the cord (window-sash) through the spring lengthwise, leaving it slack about 8in. between the ends and then fastening the ends firmly to the cord; thus when the cord shrinks from moisture the slack inside the spring is about taken up. When the cord is dry the spring will take up the slack. In steering it is the tension of the spring which turns the rudder until the slack is taken up. This keeps the cord tight at all times and yet avoids all overstrain and breakage due to a wet cord.

So much for the boat and some of its equipments. If acceptable to yourself and readers I may sometime give an account of her cruises. WAVE CREST.

A RACE OF ST. LAWRENCE RIVER SKIFFS.

THE towns of Prescott and Brockville have for a long time cherished a healthy rivalry as to which place could turn out the fastest sailboat; the outcome of which was the race at Prescott on Oct. 28. A gentleman of Brockville made a wager with some Prescott citizens that he could name a Brockville boat that could beat any Prescott boat yet built. His offer was accepted, and Mr. Wallace, of Montreal, was asked to sail his Sauvé (Brockville) built sailing skiff Yukwa against the Evangeline, a new Prescott boat by E. Dubeau. The course was to have been at Maitland, and the time limit for the 10 miles 2h. 15m. Several starts were made, but the wind dropping the race had always to be called off, and it was decided to hold it at Prescott, where as good a course and better accommodations could be obtained. After three postponements the race was finally started in a very stiff northeast blow on Monday at 2 P. M. The course was three times around a triangle, about 11 miles in all. The Yukwa got the best of the start by some 15s., but on the first leg, which was a quartering run, the length of the Evangeline had to tell, and she made up all but 6s. of the lead. From this buoy the Yukwa seemed to make a steady gain, only losing probably a few seconds on the free run. At the windward work she proved herself by far the better boat, clawing to windward in great shape.

The following is the time taken at end of each round:

	Yukwa.	Evangeline.
First round	2 33 11	2 34 19
Second round	3 05 50	3 07 40
Third round	3 36 15	3 39 15

The Yukwa winning the race by 3m., or 2m. 45s. elapsed time. A. R. Porte and C. P. Lyons, of Ogdensburg, were judges, and Edward Jessop, of Prescott, referee. Both of these boats are representatives of a class of sailing craft peculiar to the St. Lawrence River. They are undoubtedly the fastest design of boats for their size that are sailed on any waters. Their dimensions are as follows:

	Length.	Beam.
Yukwa	20ft. 4in.	3ft. 11¾in.
Evangeline	22ft.	4ft. 6 in.

The Yukwa holds the St. Lawrence Y. C. championship cup for skiffs, besides first place at all regattas about Montreal, and it was surprising to many the way she walked to windward of her larger rival, and held her off the wind. She was sailed by her owner, W. J. Wallace, with Ford Jones, of Brockville, winner of A. C. A. trophy, as crew. Mr. H. G. Wiser sailed the Evangeline, with E. Dubeau and A. Tripp, crew. The excitement over the race was intense, and in spite of rain a large crowd was present, who were well repaid by seeing one of the prettiest and most closely contested races yet sailed on these waters.

A SHOAL-DRAFT CRUISER.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I hand you herewith the dimensions, etc., of a light-draft yacht I have just commenced building for a Philadelphia yachtsman. She is to be ready for sea within six weeks, and on completion will go to Florida. Model, Nonpareil sharpie with yawl rig, length over all 41ft., length waterline 31ft., beam 12ft. 3in., depth amidship 4ft., draft of water 20in., height inside cabin 6ft; all timbers 5×3in., of chestnut, spaced 12in., and strengthened at angles of bilge with 80 hackmatack knees. She will be neatly fitted up inside with handsome woods oiled and varnished, and will have two staterooms, galley, toilet room, with w. c.; also stationary washroom with two large water tanks of galvanized boiler iron under the main deck aft. These tanks will be connected by water pipes to all parts of the yacht as far forward as the galley. Her cost, completely furnished and ready for sea, will be $2,000. She is to be fitted out and rigged in the best manner, and will have clubtopsail, balloon jib, a mizen staysail, etc., etc.—THOMAS CLAPHAM.

A NEW ENTERPRISE.—The firm of Charles L. Seabury & Co. have lately started into the yacht building business at Nyack, N. Y., where they have erected work shops and propose to put a class of high speed steam yachts and launches on the market. They have already made a decided success of the few so far built by them; one, a 55ft. yacht, 8ft. 6in. beam, being a model cruiser. She is of light draft, with new style high class engine, triple expansion, with water tube boiler of their own design, and makes 15 miles per hour. A high speed, clean and safe steam launch, inexpensive to run and with light-weight machinery, has long been needed, and should find favor will all yachtsmen, who want a handy boat that can stand a sea, with room enough on board to make a comfortable cruiser, without the danger of blowing up. Mr. Seabury, of this company, was formerly Vice-President of the Naphtha Launch Company, and is an expert on all classes of machinery, having had years of experience with yacht work.

NAVAL RESERVE.—On Oct. 28 the preliminary organization of the New York Naval Reserve Artillery was begun by the enrolment of four companies. The recruits, to the number of 58, met at the Second Battery Armory, Seventh avenue and Fifty-third street, Capt. Henry Erben, U. S. N., being elected chairman, and Mr. F. W. Houghton, secretary. Capt. Erben appointed four senior lieutenants, Geo. E. Kent, F. R. Colvin, Louis M. Mowbray and William King, to enroll their respective companies, J. W. Blair acting for Mr. King, who was absent. Mr. Philip B. Low was chosen temporary captain.

A LONG CRUISE.—On Nov. 3 the 23ft. yacht Fearless started from Chicago on a voyage to Nicaragua, the route being via the Illinois and Michigan Canal, the Illinois and Mississippi Rivers to the Gulf; thence along the northern shore of the Gulf stoping at Pensacola, Cape St. Blas and Tampa. From there the route will be to Key West and Havana, then along the Cuban coast as far as possible before making an open sea run from Cape San Antonia to Cape Catoche in Yucatan. From this latter point they will sail along the coast to Bluefields, Nicaragua, which is within 70 miles of Greytown, perhaps cruising up the San Juan River. The proposed cruise is expected to occupy about 3 months, the distance being some 4,000 miles. The two venturous mariners who form the crew are Messrs. Ball and Brainard, of the Chicago Corinthian Y. C.

NEW YACHTS.—Mr. Burgess is at work on a design for a 45ft. keel yacht similar to Alga for Mr. F. B. McQuesten, of Boston, and also for a 30-footer similar to the Shark for Mr. Wm. Amory, of Quincy; Lawley will build both. Mr. John Jameson, owner of Irex, will build a cutter of about 117 rating from a design by Mr. Richardson, the designer of Silver Star, Samoena and Irex. She will be a composite boat, built by Fay & Co., builders of Irex and Valkyrie. As she is to be a comparatively wide boat her length will probably be that of Genesta or Irex, 81 to 83ft., so she need hardly be looked upon as a possible challenger for the America Cup.

FIXED BALLAST ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.—The St. Lawrence Y. C., of Montreal, has at its last meeting adopted the following resolution by a vote of 23 to 8: "No shifting of ballast or planking out shall be permitted during any race, and all vessels must carry the ballast they start with throughout the race; the crew limit to be one man to every three feet waterline or fraction thereof." This rule was proposed last spring, but was laid over until the fall, and the results of the racing during the season have been such as to insure its adoption. It is a much needed step in advance, and is likely to do much to extend the racing next season.

JEFFRIES MARINE GLUE.—This standard article has been awarded a silver medal and honorable mention at the Paris Exposition. It has gained greatly in favor in this country within the last two years, and is rapidly supplanting all other materials for paying the seams of yachts' decks, as well as for other uses in building. It is used in nearly all the new yachts of the year.

HOUSE BOATS.—Our old friend and contributor "Podgers," once master of the house boat Tulle Belle, commonly known as the "Mud Hen," has a very interesting article on these useful craft in the New York *Herald* of Nov. 3.

LADY EVELYN, schr., Sir Roderick Cameron, sailed from New York on Oct. 30 for Cowes, whence she will go to the Mediterranean for the winter, returning to New York next spring.

MORE FIFE CUTTERS.—Mr. Will Fife has already an order for a 42ft. design for Canadian waters and a 40ft. and 25ft. for the United States.

SEAWANHAKA CORINTHIAN Y. C.—The November meeting will be held on Nov. 9 at the club house.

"West India Hurricanes and the Great March Blizzard." By Everett Hayden, U. S. Hydrographic Office. Large quarto, with 23 lithographic plates. Price $1. Contains full history of the great storm of March, 1888, with practical information how to handle a vessel in a cyclone; use of oil at sea, etc.

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nanit," "Gloan," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybillene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

Canoeing.

ON THE SHENANDOAH.

LEAVES FROM THE LOG OF THE FRANKIE.

THE gray mist was rising from the smooth, still surface of the river, and floating away in fleecy folds above the treetops, and up the wooded slopes of the adjacent mountains, enveloping their lofty summits and shrouding them from view, as I aroused the camp at half past four on Saturday morning, by the tintinnabulations of a gong, extemporized from a tinplate and a stick; and by half past eight breakfast was over, the tents struck, everything was packed, the canoes slid down the bank into the river and we were once more afloat, and the lovely, long, narrow willow-shaped sand bank upon which we had so pleasantly sojourned for the past three days, was left to its original solitude, disturbed only by the birds flitting from bough to bough in the leafy coverts above.

It was a beautiful sunny morning, and as we moved slowly off over the still, deep waters around the bend, past the confluence of the North and South rivers, and into the Shenandoah—the "Beautiful Daughter of the Stars" of the Indians—the rippling waters, kissed by the fresh morning breeze and sparkling in the sunlight, the bright green slopes of the mountains, the blue dome above us flecked with fleecy clouds, the gracefully moving flotilla with the paddles flashing in the sunlight and the water falling in diamond drops from their uplifted blades, all combined to make a charming picture, which filled us with enthusiasm and anticipation of a fine day's sport.

We were aiming to reach Milnes—2¼ miles below Port Republic and our last camp—by evening, and in view of the fact that the river is but little else than a continuous rapid for the first 50 miles of its course, the distance could have been easily accomplished; but the numerous dams caused us so much trouble and delay that we went into camp at 7:30 at Coffman's farm, 5 miles above Milnes, after a hard, fatiguing, but most magnificent day's cruise to the experienced canoeist, but a most disheartening, discouraging series of trials and disasters to the inexperienced ones of the party, the crew of the heavy open skiff Mac in particular, faring so badly that they declared that evening that nothing could induce them to continue in the river another mile.

The rapids are deep, magnificent stretches of swift water, some of them over a mile long, plentifully strewn with rocks, which were not always easy to avoid; and, though a little rough, were hardly lumpy enough to wash our decks, while the scenery was most lovely. All around us lay the superb Valley of Virginia, with its undulating, fertile, highly cultivated fields; dotted with imposing mansions and thrifty farm houses; the scars of the war, which once made it desolate, all happily obliterated by more than twenty years of peace and prosperity. On the right, close at hand, towered the imposing heights of the Blue Ridge; its spurs and foothills washed by the waters of the river, while on the left the lofty peaks of Massanutton reared their summits to the clouds; the long range stretching away down the valley almost as regular and clean-cut as a wall against the western horizon, until lost in the hazy mists of the distance.

We had a tedious portage around the end of the Shavers' mill dam, below which was the finest rapid we had yet encountered. The head of the rapids was cut up by several small islands, narrowing the channel materially, and in shooting one of them the Frankie received a tremendous thump from a sunken rock, doing no apparent damage, however. This rapid was a couple of miles long and afforded us magnificent sport in shooting it; a heavy fish dam about half way down it, which we were obliged to take on the fly, adding to the excitement of the run. I hurriedly selected the only available chute, which was a crooked one, compelling us to turn sharply to the right while on the very brink of the fall, which was fully 3ft. and almost perpendicular, and with a hasty "look out for yourselves!" at the parts behind, I drove the Frankie safely over without touching anywhere.

The heavy Mac was unable to make the turn quickly enough and struck heavily on the rocks on one side of the chute. Mr. Murray was thrown out into the dam, while Dunbar jumped out into the deep water on the down-stream side and was compelled to swim for it. The Mac then drifted over, shipping so much water that she was compelled to lie to and bail out. The other boats and canoes got over without mishap, although all struck more or less heavily.

As we proceeded further down the river the rapids grew stronger and rougher, and the fish dams were very numerous, and soon became objects of terror to the inexperienced in our party. The light, narrow, sharp-ended, round-bottomed canoes generally managed to slip over them without much trouble, but the broad, flat-bottomed Stranahan skiff had to pick her way over more cautiously, while the heavy wooden Mac hung up on most of them, and her crew were frequently in the water to assist in getting her over.

We stopped for lunch at noon at the mouth of a clear, cold stream, marked on my chart by the unpoetic name of Two-Mile Run, which came brawling and sparkling down from the mountain fastnesses, its crystal waters being very strongly suggestive of trout. The spot was an inviting camping place, but it was too early to camp, so after a stop of an hour for lunch, rest and a smoke, during which time I went for a short essay of fly-fishing for bass in the clear waters of the mouth of the creek (but as he affixed a heavy sinker to his line above his flies, his success was not marked), we were off again.

We slid the boats over the end of the river bank mill dam (managing to pour a couple of inches of water into the Frankie during the operation) and also over the end of the next dam a mile or two below; and while stepping into the boat again Lacy was a little too familiar with the Clyde, and capsized her so suddenly and completely that he was unable to realize what had happened until he came sputtering and blowing to the surface and saw the round black bottom of his canoe shining in the sun, like the back of a huge turtle. He quickly righted her again, as the water was only waist deep, and it was found that—owing to having followed my instructions in regard to keeping hatches closed and fastened, and articles lashed fast that were stowed in the open part of the cockpit—he did not lose a single article, nor did he get his canoe more than half full of water.

We had a tedious and difficult portage over the end of the dam at Conrad's store, in accomplishing which we were all compelled to take to the water; followed by a rough passage down a long, rocky rapid, where more or less trouble was experienced by the different boats, according to the skill and address of their respective skippers, and the trials and tribulations of the day finally culminated at a dismal, deserted old dam a few miles below, which we reached about 6 o'clock.

The river was cut up by islands and the dam extended irregularly from one to the other. The dam looked vicious and the water flowed ominously black and swift above it. The mill had been burned, and the gaunt, blackened timbers still standing looked spectral in the dense dark green of the surrounding forest and added to the desolate and forbidding look of the place. The shoot—such as it was—was in the upper end of the dam, obstructed by logs and drift, over and among which the water rushed and surged with great power and violence and then went shooting swiftly down among the islands, under overhanging banks, lined with a vicious tangle of roots, branches and tree trunks. It was a forbidding place altogether, and the shoot was utterly hazardous to negotiate, and the lay of the land rendered a portage impracticable, so Gibbs and Beall got out into the water in the shoot and eased the boats gently over as they were dropped down to them one by one. By hard work and skillful management, I escaped the snares of the roots and branches, and was shot out from among the islands into a furious rapid, thickly strewn with great boulders and vexed with cross currents, where the great waves tossed the Frankie around like a cockle shell, and rolled over her decks in sheets from stem to stern. I dodged the rocks and the waves rolled harmlessly from my decks and tightly closed hatches, and I next found myself shooting along a magnificent, down-hill stretch of rapid, which extended straight away for a mile or more.

After proceeding some distance and finding that none of the party were following me, I hung up in midstream, in the lee of a big rock, the nose of the Frankie resting in a convenient crevice, where I easily held her by an occasional stroke of the paddle, to wait their arrival; the Doctor, who had made his way out ahead of me, being by this time just discernible a mile or more down the river, his paddle blades flashing in the last rays of the sun as he sank to rest behind the neighboring peaks of Massanutton.

I waited so long that I began to grow uneasy, when finally one of the canoes shot out around the bend at the head of the rapid, a quarter of a mile above, and presently I recognized Lacy, and as he approached I observed that he was chasing my coal oil can and George's minnow bucket, part of the cargo of the Mac, which were bobbing along serenely on the troubled waters a little ahead of him.

"Hi, Commodore! pick up the bucket," he shouted, as he swept past.

"What's wrong?" I shouted in reply, as I left my moorings and darted out across the swift flood to meet him.

"The Mac is sunk up in that nasty hole below the dam, and Mr. Murray and the boys had to swim for their lives."

"You don't say! Did they get out safely?"

"Yes."

"Is the boat lost?"

"Completely sunk and everything in her lost. These two articles here are all that could be seen," pointing to the rescued bucket and oil can.

"Where are the rest of the party?"

"Gibbs and Beall were working at the Mac trying to get her out when I put out to pick up what I could."

"Well, we are in a pretty pickle," said I, as we laid up under the bank, holding on by the overhanging branches, to await the arrival of the rest of the party.

"The Mac carried the entire culinary outfit of the expedition, as well as a large part of the provisions, and here we are, five miles from nowhere, and to-morrow is Sunday at that!"

"Gosh! You don't say!" exclaimed Lacey in consternation, "and I'm wet and as hungry as a bear; haven't we anything to eat at all?"

"Well, I've a can of coffee and one of sugar, and some biscuits, and butter and crackers in the Frankie's mess chest, and possibly a bag of eggs and one of bacon stowed somewhere, but the camp stove, and every tin bucket, coffee pot, frying pan and plate in the party were in the Mac, and our outlook for anything hot for supper is exceedingly dubious."

"I certainly feel right sorry for Mr. Murray and the boys," said Lacey, after a short interval of silent reflection on the supper problem, in which he apparently gave it up.

"Yes, so do I, for they have had a hard time of it all day to-day in that unsuitable, heavy, open boat."

"And yet the Mac is a right good boat?"

"That's perfectly true, but a boat like that is not adapted to cruising on such a rough, rapid stream. Every summer, to my positive knowledge, somebody attempts to descend the Shenandoah in an open skiff, and I have never yet heard of such a party that did not come to grief."

In the meantime the Doctor had reappeared in sight at the bend of the river, nearly a mile below, and in the course of half an hour's paddling against the swift current he joined us. I think it was at this time and after this little episode that the Doctor finally and definitely abandoned any lingering notions he yet entertained of turning at Harper's Ferry and paddling back up the river, a project which, in his enthusiasm for the cruise, he warmly advocated at the start.

In half an hour more the rest of the party came drifting down in the gathering twilight, and a forlorn looking set they were in the Mac. As Lacey had said, she had been drawn in irresistibly among the overhanging roots and branches and capsized and swamped; her crew were so thoroughly demoralized by the disaster that it was with great difficulty that they were induced to board her again, after she had been rescued by Gibbs and Beall, and trust themselves in her on the treacherous river. I was glad to learn that with the exception of a few minor articles none of her cargo was lost, as according to my suggestions it was nearly all lashed fast.

It was growing late when they joined us; they were thoroughly cold, wet and disheartened; Gibbs and Beall were also wet, and Lacey was shivering from the effects of his capsize a couple of hours before. Night was rapidly approaching and Milnes was five miles away, so we gave up all idea of reaching it, and turned our attention to finding a place to go into camp at once.

We drifted on down the river, around the bend and into the dam, half a mile of very rough, heavy, rocky rapids, the black rocks gliding swiftly by us like threatening shadows, while the big foam-crested waves gleamed whitely in the gathering shades of night, their deep angry roar chilling the spirits of our jaded party. A big two-story brick farm house loomed up on the right bank at the foot of the rapid, giving promise of needed supplies, and we at once swung into the bank, where we found a very good camping place.

Permission was readily obtained to camp on the land, and we were soon all at work with a will. I at once started a fire in my stove and a huge camp-fire alongside of it, and made it my immediate business to get up a plentiful hot supper for the party. Gibbs and Beall got up the canoes and the big tent with a rush, ably assisted by Merriken and the Doctor. Dry clothing was procured from waterproof bags, or loaned by some fortunate member of the party; a good supper stowed away, and cheered by the warmth and light of our blazing camp-fire, aided by the soothing influences of our pipes, comfort reigned again. F. R. WEBB.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

THE annual meeting of the Executive Committee will be held in New York on Nov. 23. Com.-elect Stanton has issued the following order:

To the Members of the American Canoe Association:

Please take notice that the following named gentlemen are hereby appointed to be the Regatta Committee of the A. C. A., the first-named being chairman. Gen. Robert Shaw Oliver, of Albany, N. Y.; John N. MacKendrick, of Toronto, Canada, and D. S. Goddard, of Lowell, Mass. Very respectfully yours,

HENRY STANTON, Com.-Elect.

By the Commodore-elect, F. L. DUNNELL, Sec'y-Elect.

NEW YORK, Oct. 22.

OAKLAND C. C.—The quarterly race for the Mayrisch badge was sailed on Oct. 13 in a very strong wind, the times being as follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Frolic	2 35	3 12 00	37 00
Dart	2 35	3 13 30	38 30
Whisper	2 35	3 14 45	39 40
Mystic	2 35	3 14 50	39 50
Bonita	2 35	3 20 30	45 20
Surprise	Did not round stake.		
Gypsy	Retired.		
Tuck	Retired.		

The judge was Oscar W. Davis of the Mohawk C. C., of Troy, N. Y. Timekeeper, Harvey Darneal. Frolic thus wins for the third time, Mystic having won once.

PEQUOT CANOE ASSOCIATION.—The P. C. A. held its third annual dinner at Heublein's, in New Haven, on Oct. 31. The business meeting resulted in the election of the following officers: Com., W. A. Braden; Vice-Com., F. P. Lewis; Rear-Com., G. S. Ford; Sec., W. H. Hale; Treas., W. W. Cornwall; Fleet Captain, E. H. Everitt; Meas., J. H. Taylor. The dinner was very pleasantly relieved between the courses by toasts and singing by the quartette. The Pequot Glee and Banjo clubs furnished the music, and the affair altogether was the most thoroughly enjoyable in the club's history. No action was taken regarding the location of the meet for 1890, it being resolved to await the action of the A. C. A., hoping that the committee may decide on salt water for that year. Should this be the case, the P. C. C. would have a goodly delegation to send.

BROOKLYN C. C. CAMP-FIRE.—The first camp-fire of the Brooklyn C. C. was held last week in the Brooklyn Library Building, Mr. H. C. Ward delivering a lecture on "Knots and Splices." The next camp-fire, on Nov. 21, will have for a subject a cruise on the Delaware River.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Atlantic Division: John J. Collins, Fred B. Collins, Bayonne, N. J.

Canvas Canoes and how to Build Them. By Parker B. Field. Price 50 cents. Canoe and Boat Building. By W. P. Stephens. Price $1.50. The Canoe Aurora. By C. A. Neidé. Price $1. Canoe Handling. By C. B. Vaux. Price $1. Canoe and Camera. By T. S. Steele. Price 1.50. Four Months in a Sneakbox. By N. H. Bishop. Price $1.50. Canoe and Camp Cookery. By "Seneca." Price $1.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

F. W. S.—The .32 will answer your purpose well, but you would find a good breechloading shotgun more useful.

N. T. B.—Is the new process of stuffing birds without skinning reliable as advertised by the Naturalist's Supply Company in your paper? Ans. We believe it to be.

E. B., Boston.—Who is the best person to send to to get all kinds of fittings for rods? I have hard work getting what I want from dealers here. Ans. Thos. H. Chubb, Post Mills, Vt.

F. B., DEERFIELD, Mont.—Can you give me the address of a dealer in birds' eggs and nests in answers to correspondents, and greatly oblige? Ans. Goodale & Frazar, No. 93 Sudbury street, Boston, Mass.

10-BORE.—Will you please tell me in your answers to correspondents the best breed of dogs for treeing partridge, also where I could get one at a fair price? Try a cocker spaniel, and see our advertising columns for addresses of breeders.

PISECO, U. S. Receiving Ship Vermont. A pet chicken, highly valued, has some trouble which I fear may prove fatal. He has warty blotches on comb and throat, and gags and drools. What is it? Ans. The trouble is presumably chicken pox, for which the treatment is a dose of 3grs. bromide per day in doses of 1gr. dissolved in a teaspoonful of water. Swab the affected parts with weak glicerite carbolic ½ of 1 per cent.

T. A.—I would like to start in the business in a small way of breeding dogs, as I expect to live out of town next season and to have a little time to spend in that way, if I could make anything out of it. What breed would you suggest for me to start with, and how to commence? Ans. There is demand for good specimens of all breeds; but owing to the large number of those who have taken up the business there is not to be found in it the individual profit there was when breeders were fewer. In selecting a breed you must be governed by your own natural taste; if you lack this you may not expect a very great measure of success. Pointers, setters and cocker and field spaniels are always marketable if of merit.

L. I. F., New Brunswick.—On July 30 I saw two specimens of a bird, the name of which I would like to know. The following is a description, as I saw it at about 40yds. distance: Size about the same as an English sparrow; head black, with a bright yellow sparrowlike bill; neck black; back and wings black, mottled with white, something like those of certain small woodpeckers that are common around here; breast and under parts of an ashy gray, except that just under the throat was a large shield-shaped spot of bright scarlet, the top or broad end of the spot being next its throat, and more than half an inch wide, and the pointed end terminating near the middle of the breast. The two were chasing one another among some alder bushes on the bank of a brook. This summer I saw the first flock of bluebirds ever seen in this vicinity. Ans. The description fits the common redpoll or redpoll linnet (*Acanthis linarius*) reasonably well. The red crown of the male would easily be overlooked at a distance of 40yds. The chin is blackish. This bird is resident in the northern regions, coming south in winter, occasionally as far as the District of Columbia.

BEECHAM'S PILLS act like magic on a weak stomach.—*Adv.*

HUMPHREYS'
VETERINARY SPECIFICS
For Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs, AND POULTRY.
500 Page Book on Treatment of Animals and Chart Sent Free.
CURES { Fevers, Congestions, Inflammation,
A.A.: { Spinal Meningitis, Milk Fever.
B.B.—Strains, Lameness, Rheumatism.
C.C.—Distemper, Nasal Discharges.
D.D.—Bots or Grubs, Worms.
E.E.—Coughs, Heaves, Pneumonia.
F.F.—Colic or Gripes, Bellyache.
G.G.—Miscarriage, Hemorrhages.
H.H.—Urinary and Kidney Diseases.
I.I.—Eruptive Diseases, Mange.
J.K.—Diseases of Digestion.
Stable Case, with Specifics, Manual, Witch Hazel Oil and Medicator, **$7.00**
Price, Single Bottle (over 50 doses), - **.60**
Sold by Druggists; or Sent Prepaid anywhere and in any quantity on Receipt of Price.
Humphreys' Med. Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

Forest & Stream File Binders.
PRICE, $1.00.
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

HAVE YOU SEEN OUR NEW
Illustrated Catalogue
OF
FISHING TACKLE?
It is the most elaborate and magnificent book ever published in the Sporting Goods line. Send us 25 cents and we will forward you a copy post paid.
ABBEY & IMBRIE,
No. 18 VESEY STREET, NEW YORK.

Winchester Leads Them All.
THE "GRAND PRIZE"
Paris Exposition, 1889.
WAS AWARDED TO THE
WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.,
NEW HAVEN, CONN., U. S. A.,
THE ONLY AMERICAN MANUFACTURERS OF FIRE ARMS AND AMMUNITION WHO RECEIVED THE HIGHEST ATTAINABLE HONORS,
A "GRAND PRIZE."

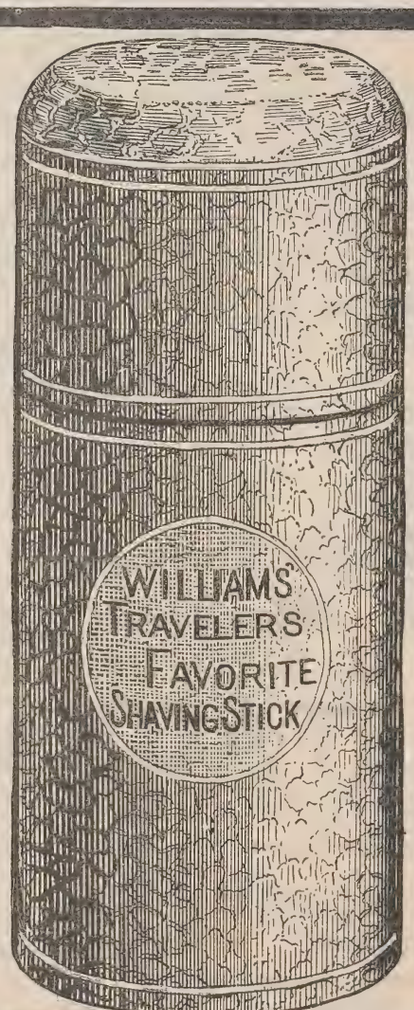
PAINLESS EFFECTUAL
BEECHAM'S PILLS
THE GREAT ENGLISH MEDICINE WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

For Bilious and Nervous Disorders, such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fulness, and Swelling after Meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Scurvy, Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, &c. THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES. This is no fiction. Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills, and *they will be acknowledged to be a Wonderful Medicine.*—"Worth a guinea a box."—BEECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed, will quickly *restore females* to complete health. For a

WEAK STOMACH; IMPAIRED DIGESTION; DISORDERED LIVER;

they ACT LIKE MAGIC:—*a few doses* will work wonders upon the Vital Organs; Strengthening the muscular System; restoring long-lost Complexion; bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the ROSEBUD OF HEALTH the *whole physical energy* of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands, in all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that BEECHAM'S PILLS HAVE THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY PATENT MEDICINE IN THE WORLD. Full directions with each Box.

☞ **Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England.**
Sold by Druggists generally. B. F. ALLEN & CO., 365 and 367 Canal St., New York, Sole Agents for the United States, *who,* (if *your* druggist does not keep them,)
WILL MAIL BEECHAM'S PILLS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE 25 CENTS A BOX.



SUCCESS has crowned our efforts to produce a Shaving Stick superior in *every respect* to any other. **WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK** is the result. Those who have used others pronounce this *far* superior. The lather is richer and creamier, and *will not dry on the face* while shaving. The perfume is that of the finest selected attar of roses. The case is covered with leatherette, and is most attractive and serviceable. Do you not think it would pay you to Try it? It costs no more than others. It is a genuine toilet luxury.

☞ If your Druggist does not have WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK, we will mail you one neatly packed, postage paid, for 25c. in stamps. One WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK is enough for 250 shaves. 10 comfortable, refreshing shaves for ONE CENT. TRY IT.

Address **THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.,**
Established half a hundred years. Makers of the famous GENUINE YANKEE SOAP

CANOE HANDLING.

By C. B. VAUX ("DOT.")

A complete manual for the management of a canoe. The author begins at the very beginning, describes and explains the rudiments in the simplest and plainest way possible. Everything is made intelligible for beginners and besides this A B C teaching there are so many hints and wrinkles that the oldest canoeist afloat will find pleasure and profit in the study of these. The book is complete and concise—no useless duffle between its covers. The subjects treated are the choice of a canoe, paddling, sailing, care of the canoe, recipes and rules. The text is further elucidated by numerous practical drawings, and the beauty of the book is enhanced by the many ornamental vignettes. Pages 168; uniform with "Canoe Building." Price, postpaid, $1.00.

NEW YORK: FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO., 318 Broadway.
LONDON: DAVIES & CO., 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill.

Sam Lovel's Camps;

Uncle Lisha's Friends Under Bark and Canvas.

A SEQUEL TO "UNCLE LISHA'S SHOP."

By ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

The two series of papers published in FOREST AND STREAM, with added chapters. An inimitable portraying of the woods and village life of Danvis folks. Cloth, 253 pp. Price $1.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY,
318 Broadway, New York.

WEST INDIA HURRICANES,

And the Great March Blizzard, 1888.

BY EVERETT HAYDEN, Marine Meteorologist, U. S. Hydrographic Office, Washington.

ILLUSTRATED BY 23 PLATES. PRICE ONE DOLLAR.



Beginning with a description of the great Bay of North America, Mr. Hayden firs describes in detail the formation of the ordinary tropical cyclone, and then proceeds to trace the origin of the great blizzard, following it day by day by means of colored charts, and bringing into relief every interesting feature of this memorable storm. Valuable as this record is to the navigator who may be exposed at any time to similar dangers, it is no less interesting to the casual reader, as the mechanism of these powerful forces of nature is laid before him. Even the landsman, who looks upon the wind as blowing from one direction or the other, according to chance, and independent of any control or direction, cannot fail to be interested in the manner in which the track of a cyclone is marked out and its probable direction foretold, while to the mariner the same problem has a far more vital significance. In addition to much that will interest the non-technical reader or the scientist, the book contains a great deal of clear practical information relating to the handling of a vessel in a cyclone, the use of oil at sea, and similar important matters.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.,
318 Broadway, New York.

WILD RICE

AS AN ATTRACTION FOR WILD FOWL CANNOT BE EQUALLED; FOR PLANTING IN FISH PONDS IT IS ESPECIALLY DESIRABLE. New Crop now ready price 40 cts. per lb. postpaid, by express 30 cts. per lb.
NORTHRUP, BRASLAN & GOODWIN CO.,
Seed Growers, Minneapolis, Minn.

Ligowsky C. P. No. 3

The only target having the patent

INTURNED EDGE.



2,000 shots out of each 1,000 targets on account of non-breakage in shipping, trapping and falling upon ground. The only target made with the INTURNED EDGE, producing the surest breaker when hit, and surest non-breaker when not hit. Our traps are sold for the sole purpose of shooting our targets.

SPORTSMEN SMOKERS

SHOULD ALL SMOKE OUR CELEBRATED



HAVANA CIGARS.

The favorite cigar of Rod and Gun Clubs generally. These cigars are made of the choicest tobaccos, grown and selected with the greatest care. They cannot fail to suit the taste of all lovers of the fragrant weed. Each cigar has the brand impressed on it, and every box has a label, fac-simile of the title of the popular journal, and our firm signature, without which none are genuine. We are the only authorized manufacturers of the above brand.

We will deliver free of express charges

LONDRES PERFECTO.....@ $7.50 per 100
CONCHAS ESPECIALS.....@ 6.50 "
Upon receipt of price.

A. W. FOOTE & CO., Sole Manufacturers,
125 Maiden Lane, New York.

ASK YOUR DEALER



For **NELSON'S** Cartridge Belt. The only **PRACTICAL** contrivance for carrying ammunition in the field. For Shot Guns, Rifles and Pistols. Nothing like it in the market. Patent lateral action.

Increasing Sales Attest the Popularity of THE GENTLEMEN'S CIGARETTE.

SPECIAL FAVOURS.

Manufactured only by
KINNEY BROS.
(KINNEY TOBACCO CO. Successors). Also manufacturers of the Old Reliable
SWEET CAPORAL.

REPELLENE.

An Infallible Preventive of the Attacks of Mosquitoes, Black Flies, Gnats and all other Insects.

Neat, clean and easily applied. No unpleasant odor, will not *stain* or *injure* the skin, easily washed off. May be carried without danger of *leaking* or *spilling.* In neat, oblong round-cornered box.

Price, 30 Cents, Postpaid.

Sold by Dealers in Sportsmen's Goods.
If your dealer does not keep it, I will send it on receipt of price.

A. FERGUSON, Proprietor and Manufact'er,
Office, 65 Fulton street, N. Y.

J. N. DODGE,
276 & 278 Division Street,
DETROIT, MICH.



Manufacturer of White Cedar Duck Decoys of all kinds. Also Swan, Geese, Brant, Coot, Shell Drake, Plover, full-shaped and flat folding Snipe Decoys, Duck and Turkey Calls. Decoys made like any pattern furnished without extra charge. Bottom prices to the trade. Illustrated price list.



ABOUT GLOVES.

When you are buying **gloves,** kid or dogskin, for driving or street wear, remember that there is such a thing as a price that is too **cheap.** It is best to pay a fair price and get good gloves like **Hutchinson's.** They are made from selected stock in the **best** manner and are **warranted** to be the most serviceable made. If you want to know more about gloves in general and Hutchinson's gloves in particular, enclose stamp for the book **"ABOUT GLOVES."** No matter where you live or what you do it will interest you. It gives a history of gloves and illustrations of their use, prices of the different styles and qualities, directions for measurement and ordering, also testimonials from those who **know the value** of Hutchinson's gloves. **Established 1862.**

JOHN C. HUTCHINSON, Johnstown, N. Y.

SMALL YACHTS.

Their Design and Construction, Exemplified by the Ruling Types of Modern Practice. With Numerous Plates and Illustrations.

—BY—

C. P. KUNHARDT.

Cloth, 370 pages of type and illustrations, and 70 plates. Size of page, 14½×12½. Price $7.00.

FOR SALE BY THE
FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.,

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 14, 1889.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 17. No 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

May begin at any time. Subscription price, $4 per year; $2 for six months; to a club of three annual subscribers, three copies for $10; five copies for $16. Remit by express money-order, registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canadas and Great Britain. For sale by Davies & Co., No. 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London. General subscription agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Davies & Co., Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searles and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London, Eng. Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France, sole Paris agent for sales and subscriptions. Foreign subscription price, $5 per year; $2.50 for six months.

Address all communications

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

No. 318 BROADWAY. NEW YORK CITY.

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL.
One-Man Power.
The Darling Case.
Stocking the National Park Waters.
THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST.
A Winter in Florida.—I.
Am. Ornithologists' Union.
NATURAL HISTORY.
Out-of-Door Papers.—IV.
Captive Giraffes.
Woodcock in Town.
GAME BAG AND GUN.
Canvasback Ducks.
My First Canvasback.
The Darling Case.
Chicago and the West.
Wild Turkeys in New England
A Bunch of Bear Stories.
How a "Tarheel" Kills Ducks.
Chickens in Illinois Cornfields
An American Game Utopia.
Aiming Ahead.
Connecticut Game Market.
Ontario Incidents.
Boston Shooters.
Wadding Cartridges.
Moose in Quebec.
Game Notes.
SEA AND RIVER FISHING.
Angling Notes.
Fishing Clubs in Canada.
Her Account of Sea Fishing.
Notes on Massachusetts Fishes
The Silver Eel.
SEA AND RIVER FISHING.
Maine Trout Sharks.
Mooneye or Goldeye.
An Incredulous Rhymster.
FISHCULTURE.
Stocking the Yellowstone Park.
Carp Sent to Texas.
THE KENNEL.
The A. K. R. Transfer.
Central Field Trials.
"Podgers" Talks Dog.—III.
Indiana Trials.
Kennel Notes.
Kennel Management.
RIFLE AND TRAP SHOOTING.
Smokeless Powder.
Range and Gallery.
Capital Revolver Work.
The Trap.
Williamsport Tournament.
Blooming Grove Park.
YACHTING.
Lake Yacht Racing Association.
Another Delusion Dispelled.
Seawanhaka C. Y. C.
A January Cruise on the Pacific Coast.
The Maritime Exhibition.
CANOEING.
Brooklyn C. C.
Compound Centerboards.
His Kindness "Rewarded."
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ONE-MAN POWER.

WE took occasion last week, in commenting on the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence, to note that the inception and performance of that society's work was due in very large measure to the personal activty of one individual, Mr. W. W. Byington, and it was pointed out that what was true of the St. Lawrence Association was likewise true of other associations working in the field of fish and game protection.

A conspicuous illustration of the truth of this is found in a New England society which is just now attracting a large share of attention in its own State and elsewhere. The Connecticut Association of Farmers and Sportsmen for the Protection of Game and Fish is the most active and efficient organization of the kind now in existence. The newspapers are constantly giving among their items of current news reports of the society's detection and punishment of law breakers, usually of men who have for years carried on their netting and trapping and other illegal practices without interruption. Yesterday's papers, for example, reported that the Association's detectives had brought to justice one Charles Blackman, of Woodbury, a market-hunter, who for the past ten years has shipped his hundreds of snared grouse to market with perfect immunity. He was taken before a justice last Tuesday, pleaded guilty and paid a $29.84 fine. One after another of these old offenders are finding their way into court, thanks to the Association detectives; and Connecticut communities are gradually waking up to a realizing sense thaat the game laws mean something. The snaring of ruffed grouse cannot be broken up in one year nor in two years; it is an illicit practice which has many ramifications; the trappers are leagued with railroad and steamboat hands and game dealers in Connecticut cities and in New York. But if the Association goes on as it has begun, the market-hunters will surely find their occupation unprofitable and too hazardous to be engaged in with comfort.

Observers who have followed this work in Connecticut cannot have failed to perceive that the credit for it chiefly belongs to Mr. A. C. Collins, who is the president of the Association and the head and front of its aggressive campaign against the lawless element. Mr. Collins is demonstrating in his own person the value and efficiency of individual activity. The Connecticut society of the long name is in effect Mr. Collins. He does the work. And when he shall have reformed the State of Connecticut, we hope some of its neighbors will invite him to take a contract to render like service for them. If there were a Collins in every State in the Union, the outlook for efficient execution of our game and fish laws would be much brighter than it is at present. One man who will put his hand to the plow is worth a thousand after-dinner orators.

THE DARLING CASE.

SOME further particulars of the Darling case are given in our game columns this week, and it is there suggested by our well-informed correspondent "Special" that, in event of defeat in the lower courts, Darling may carry his case up to the higher courts for a final decision as to the constitutionality of the Maine game law. That is surely a course of proceeeding most desirable. Darling has for years contended, not only in print, but in deed as well, that the State had no constitutional authority to deprive him of the privilege of killing game when and how he chose, nor to forbid him to market his venison in the Boston markets. He has persisted in dogging deer into Nicatous Lake; and if he has not shipped all his venison to Boston his failure has been due to the vigilance of the game wardens and the refusal of transportation companies to receive the goods. Having thus done so much to set at naught the laws, of which he has complained, Darling will now perform a distinct service to the State, if he shall spend his money in testing the constitutional character of those laws.

No apprehension need be entertained of the final outcome of such a test; the statutes which forbid the employment of hounds to drive deer to water butchery, and those which forbid the shipment of game to market, are based on principles of sound public economy; they are quite in keeping with the spirit of the age; and their constitutional integrity will be absolutely demonstrated, if Darling shall furnish the opportunity for such a demonstration. It is to be hoped that his determination will not fail him.

It must not be forgotten that Nicatous Lake has been the resort of numerous visitors from Boston, New York and elsewhere, who have taken part with Darling in his deer dogging. He has not been without the moral support and substantial backing of that class of people which is made up of reputable business and professional men, who, while to all intents and purposes honest and law-abiding members of society at home, when they go into the woods seem to inhale with the odor of balsam a spirit of contempt for law and decency. If Darling has dogged deer into Nicatous Lake, he has done it because such men paid him to do it.

This phase of the subject is more worthy of consideration than Darling's own attitude toward the law. Darling had for years been doing lawfully certain things, which upon the enactment of new statutes became unlawful; this meant for him personal hardship and loss; if he rebelled and sought to evade the law and stoutly held out that he would not submit, this was nothing more than other misguided men have done and will continue to do so long as human nature shall remain unchanged. But the city hunters, who have gone into the Maine woods and tempted Darling and others of his ilk to break the law, have done it in pure wantoness; theirs is not the excuse that to obey the law meant for them any personal hardship. They were bound by all the constraints and obligations of their position to set a good example, to encourage to law-respecting citizenship, and to array themselves, in the woods as when at home, on the side of intelligence, self-respect and good order. If the men who conduct our business enterprises, teach in our schools, contend for the supremacy of legal right in our courts, and preach in our pulpits, aid and abet the unlawful jigging of trout and dogging of deer, what can we expect of the Jock Darlings? Is it not vain to expect from a guide and camp proprietor in the depths of the Maine woods a higher standard of morality than we exact of our merchants and lawyers and doctors and teachers and ministers of the gospel when they visit those woods?

STOCKING NATIONAL PARK WATERS.

IN the early autumn we mentioned the visit to the National Park of Col. M. McDonald, U. S. Fish Commissioner. Our correspondent's letter spoke of the enthusiasm felt by Col. McDonald over the opportunities for experiments in fishculture offered by the then barren waters of the Yellowstone Park, and mentioned that the Commissioner had promised that next year he would send out 5,000 Eastern brook trout for the Gardiner River, and other fish for other waters.

It has proved that these waters did not have to wait even until next year to be stocked. There are now in the middle and west branches of the Gardiner River above the falls 5,000 Eastern brook trout; in the Gibbon River above the Virginia Cascade 1,000 rainbow trout; and in the Firehole River above Keppler's Cascade 1,000 European trout. These were all fingerlings, and under the favorable conditions presented by these waters should nearly all reach maturity and spawn.

Mr. E. R. Lucas of the U. S. Fish Commission has transplanted from the Madison tributaries to the East Fork of the Gardiner River above the falls the native black-spotted trout of the mountains to the number of 1,000. A large number of whitefish, over 2,000, have been introduced in the Twin Lakes, and about 1,000 as an experiment in the Yellowstone River above the falls. During his sojourn in the Park Mr. Lucas worked very hard, scarcely taking time to eat or sleep, and the results of his labors must be very gratifying to himself, as they certainly are to all who take an interest in the work that he has been doing.

During the past autumn Professor Jordan and Dr. Gilbert, of the State University of Indiana, have made an extended examination of the waters of the National Park with a view to determining their adaptability to the propagation of fish. These gentlemen are convinced that there is nothing needed except to stock the waters, and that after that the fish may be left to take care of themselves. Professor Jordan has expressed the opinion that the grayling will do well in nearly all the waters of the Park, and believes that the whole reservation might be turned into a great grayling farm. There is no difficulty about securing an abundant supply of this superb fish, which is found native in large numbers in some streams on the west side of the Park.

In our fishcultural columns this week are announced Col. McDonald's plans for the introduction of fry into Park waters next year. It will certainly be delightful to find in Shoshone and Lewis lakes, grand sheets of water as they are, such splendid fish as the landlocked salmon. The turning of whitefish into the Yellowstone River above the falls is an interesting experiment. It may be remembered that this was recommended by a special correspondent last fall in a letter from the Park, on the ground that the whitefish would supply food for the native trout, which appear now to be underfed. At all events, it is well known that the trout of the Yellowstone River, below the Cañon, sometimes run up to six, seven and eight pounds weight, while those caught above the falls rarely exceed a pound and a half, and are often diseased. If enough of these whitefish escape their enemies to spawn, we are inclined to look for a marked alteration in the character of the trout of the Yellowstone Lake.

The introduction of the brown trout of Europe to these Western waters is another experiment which may be followed by the best results. *Salmo fario* is destined to become a widely distributed and popular game fish. It is highly thought of wherever it has been introduced. At present it is designated by a clumsy circumlocution and needs a distinctive popular name to identify it everywhere. Since we owe its introduction in this country to the courtesy of the Deutsche Fischerei Verein, it might very well be named after the distinguished head of that organization, and be called the Von Behr trout.

All the conditions in the National Park lead to the conclusion that the waters there are especially adapted for the propagation of game fish. The waters are cold, clear, ever flowing, and abound in fish food. It must be a matter of general congratulation that, given such favorable natural conditions, Col. McDonald is so intelligent, so thoroughly informed and so energetic as to push on the work of stocking these waters in such a way as to carry out this work to a successful conclusion. It is evident that in a few years we shall have in the National Park the grandest and most diversified sport for anglers to be found anywhere in the world.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A WINTER IN FLORIDA.

AFTER a week's tour through the interior of the State, and while sojourning for a time in the quaint old city of St. Augustine, my attention was attracted by observing a large number of men, women and children, gathered upon the long bridge that spans the St. Sebastian River, busily engaged in casting with all manner of tackle into the water below. This was just at the beginning of ebb tide, and they were taking out in goodly numbers the beautiful sea trout. It was too much temptation for an old angler to withstand, and the result was that a trip ensued to the hotel, an Acme seven-ounce split-bamboo rod, with accompaniments, was quickly put in readiness, and I made an arrangement with a boatman to furnish a supply of shrimps and pull his boat to the fishing ground. A light float was adjusted just above the six-foot leader, and the bait was allowed to run with the tide until some fifty or sixty feet of line had been payed out, unless in the meantime the shrimp in mid-water had tempted a hungry trout, which in turn was struck by the "man at the wheel," and would then take the "bit in his teeth" and pay out line with more rapidity until brought to check, and eventually to the landing net. The fish were biting with avidity, and in two hours enough had been captured to suffice for supper, for the sea trout is worthless for food unless killed and cooked within a very short time after being taken from its native element, and the guests at the hotel apparently enjoyed the treat. Their capture certainly afforded me considerable sport, and elicited the admiration of the oarsman and a number of spectators, who had never before seen game fish brought to creel with "such light rigging," and could scarcely comprehend it. During the next few days a succession of trips were taken up the Matanzas and also down to the inlet, and a few channel bass of moderate sizes rewarded my piscatorial efforts.

My objective point for a few weeks of salt-water fishing being the Mosquito Inlet, whose ebb and flow gives current to the so-called Halifax and Hillsborough rivers, I went by train via Palatka to the handsome tropical-looking Daytona, situated on the Halifax, seven miles above the inlet. The broad streets, in which are left the native palmetto and live oak trees festooned with moss, the gentle rise from the river front, the neat residences on the ridge land, the enterprising class of citizens, and the comfortable hotels, all combine to make the place very attractive. Oranges of the finest quality are here grown in the greatest profusion, and command good prices. It will repay one to visit, as I did, Mr. White's famous Anita Grove and note the results of systematic cultivation, as also to partake of his hospitality. At Daytona the principal recreation is sailing and rowing upon the river, and numerous are the craft, and many among them have won a record for fleetness. On a bright moonlight night scores of gaily decked boats freighted with youth and beauty—and frequently, too, with those who are older and perchance not given to beauty—may be seen enjoying the outing, and making merry with voices and musical instruments. There are also a few private steam launches owned by residents here. A steamer makes regular trips from Daytona to Titusville on the (so-called) Indian River, making connections with the regular line of boats from there to Rock Ledge and Melbourne, as well as through the Jupiter River.

A peninsula that extends down from the Matanzas Inlet to the Mosquito Inlet, shuts off a view of the ocean, but a ferry—if not indeed at this writing a bridge—affords opportunity for a carriage drive across it to the shores of the Atlantic, one-half mile distant, and at low tide a drive on the hard smooth sand beach may be had extending many miles each way. No finer beach for that purpose can be found anywhere, and it affords a magnificent view of old ocean in all its glory of rolling surf through boundless space. One can spend hours in the enjoyment of the scenes presented on this elegant drive; and the curiosity hunter is well rewarded by the number and beauty of the shells that may be obtained for the trouble of picking up.

The Halifax, at and above Daytona northward, is partially freshened by the streams that flow into it, yet it affords very fair fishing at this point. The principal sport in this line, however, is had in surf fishing across the peninsula, and many a fine catch has been duly recorded in the *Halifax Journal*, whose editor, Mr. Mann, is one of the most enthusiastic anglers, and ever ready to extend a hearty welcome to all true sportsmen. It was my good fortune to form the acquaintance of an attorney, Captain ——, who was a charming entertainer and a devotee of the sailboat, and I was invited to form one of a party of ladies and gentlemen to sail with him to Ponce Park, the name given the post-office at the little hamlet on the peninsula side, a short distance north of the Mosquito Inlet. Here, finding filled to repletion the anglers' hotel, the unpretentious home of the veteran fisherman B. Pacetti (known to all readers of the FOREST AND STREAM through the articles from the pen of your old correspondent, C. C. Clarke), we were kindly taken into the hospitable home of the genial Captain Hasty, and well bestowed.

The next day was set apart for a fishing picnic, in which the ladies were to join; and when the morning came all were found ready for embarkation upon the sailboat, with tender, that soon landed the party on the sandy beach near the inlet. In a short space of time each was engaged in affixing the lively fiddler crab to hooks adapted for catching the sheepshead that were abundant in that locality. It was enjoyable to witness the excitement and efforts of the ladies in landing their first fish ever caught. They soon grew more accustomed to the *modus operandi*, and in many instances handled their rod with considerable skill for novices. When sufficient had been caught for immediate use a halt was called, and all hands turned in to assist in gathering fuel and getting dinner. Mrs. Pacetti, by unanimous consent, superintended the cooking of the fish; and when all was in readiness the avidity with which they were devoured testified to their excellence, as well as to the appetite of the party, sharpened somewhat doubtless by the exercise and invigorating sea breeze. Then an hour or two of lounging, smoking and shell gathering over the dunes and the near sea coast was indulged in, prior to again resuming aggressive operations at the fishing bank. When enough sheepshead, together with a few channel bass, and two remarkably fine sea bass that the veteran Pacetti caught in the surf, had been obtained to furnish another meal for the party and their friends at their hotel, all but the writer returned to Daytona.

Finding a promise of varied sport, and being fortunate in securing excellent accommodations at Captain Hasty's house, which had but a short time previous domiciled our old friend "Nessmuk," whose 16 pound cedar boat, Nessmuk, Jr., had become the property and was reserved for the use of Mrs. Hasty, I determined to spend a couple of weeks here. Pacetti and the few other well-known oarsmen having been previously engaged by some genial sportsmen from Louisville and Nashville, I cast about for some one acquainted with the intricate channels amid the labyrinth of mangrove-covered islands to handle a boat and in some degree act as a guide to the fishing localities. Happily I found Bert Stevens ready and willing to do the best he could; and before we finished our two weeks' cruising he proved, for a novice, quite an expert in properly handling the oars after a large fish had been struck, and I wanted no better man. Bert was used to throwing the Spanish cast net, and was consequently an adept in securing all the mullet desired for bait. The usual method of luring the red channel bass was by the use of split mullet rove on to the hook and the upper part fastened in place by a bit of thread or fine wire. Casts would then be made at the foot of a bar or where a swift current ended in deeper water, or in the vicinity of an oyster reef. My favorite way, however, was by the use of a moderate-sized live mullet, hooked either through the lips or through the body just beneath the dorsal fin, as it required more skill to hook the bass; and although not as many could be caught, it afforded more sport, and enough were obtained to supply two tables, besides an occasional string supplied to the workmen engaged in finishing Uncle Sam's new lighthouse in the vicinity. Occasionally in going to and from the fishing grounds I would put out a Hill's spinner, from which I had filed off the superfluous third hook, and woe to the bass or sea trout that snapped at it.

The only fish that I found in this locality that would take a fly were the ladyfish and sea trout, and occasionally finding a school of these, I had plenty of sport in that way. When using split mullet for bottom fishing, the bait would sometimes be taken by a prowling shark, and if by a large one a section of line would be certain to go with it. I succeeded in reeling in three of moderate size, and when they were near the boat despatched them with my rifle. Their carcasses were utilized for fertilizing the garden of my friend Stevens. A stingaree or sting ray occupied my time and undivided attention for two hours one afternoon, and after having broken a ferrule on the second joint of my rod, was nevertheless finally reeled up to the boat and shot, and then towed upon a sand beach, and his sting of about 6in. length secured as a trophy. The beast was estimated to weigh about 36lbs., and was a dead weight when attached to the bottom.

This reminds me to state that the naturalist who visits Ponce Park can find quite a collection of birds, incident to this portion of Florida, at Capt. Hasty's house, all prepared, and many of them procured by the hands of Mrs. Hasty herself, who as a self-taught taxidermist, is entitled to much credit. In addition thereto, she is well posted as to the name, species and habits of each, and takes pleasure in showing her "curiosity shop" to visitors. One finds in this vicinity some of those remarkable shell mounds that have excited the attention of scientists. Of course a trip up the Spencer Creek to the spot where "Nessmuk" camped during the greater part of his sojourn here, was quite in order, and I felt well repaid for the trip.

During my stay at Ponce Park the greater portion of time in favorable weather was spent with rod and reel. On two occasions only did I go out for a day's sport with rifle. I saw but one deer, and that so small and scrawny, when compared with the deer of the Adirondack region, that although opportunity presented, I would not draw trigger. A few squirrels and ducks made up the extent of my bagging. I saw a number of birds of beautiful plumage, that with a fowling piece could have been secured for specimens, but I did not disturb them. I was informed that but a few years ago there were hundreds of these natural beauties where now they are rarely seen, having been almost exterminated by hired hunters to supply the demands of fashion and her votaries.

While sitting on the wharf at Ponce Park one afternoon, I saw three fine tarpon playing in the water within a hundred feet, and as they leaped from their native element their bright scales shone like silver. They were the first that I had seen alive, and their size and beauty convinced me that the appellation of "Silver King" had been correctly bestowed. Hailing Bert, I told him to run for his cast-net and find some fresh mullet, while I rigged my heavier rod with reel, line and hooks appropriate; and as an incentive for briskness on his part, promised him an extra five-dollar bill in case we got out in time to find their whereabouts and I succeeded in getting a single strike. Bert did his best; but mullet were apparently scarce just then, for it was a full half hour before he got a single cast. In the meantime my tarpon had not been seen for twenty minutes. We pulled out to the vicinity and cast here and there, letting the bait drift in every favorable spot, and until darkness set in did we persevere in our attempts to obtain a strike, but without avail. These were the only tarpon seen by me on the East Coast. I was informed that a few had been taken at Indian River Inlet during the season.

Ponce Park is truly a delightful spot. Situated on the peninsula, with salt water washing each side, and far enough—one-fourth of a mile—from the sea, so that the live oak, palmetto and orange trees protect from the full force of the breeze. The air is balmy and delicious, and what is yet a greater consideration, there is a perfect immunity from those pests of the mainland—mosquitoes, fleas and malaria. Here is a charming location for a good and commodious hotel. It is easily reached by a daily line of steamers from the railroad terminus above and below Daytona and New Smyrna. The sea shore is conveniently near both for rambles, surf bathing and surf fishing, while the view from the lighthouse is one never to be forgotten. Nearly all varieties of East Coast fishes are found here, and afford any amount of sport.

After a pleasant stay of two weeks I started on a tour through the lower country. Leaving Ponce Park in a sailboat with an expert skipper, we soon passed from the Halifax into the Hillsborough, touched at New Smyrna, Oak Hill and Shiloh, noted for their orange groves, all on the broad Mosquito Lagoon; thence through the canal at the head of Merritt's Island, into a wide bay at the north end of the arm of the sea known as the Indian River; and running under fair canvas with wind astern, we soon reached the enterprising town of Titusville. At this point the skipper was dismissed, and an arrangement made with the captain and owner of a natty little steam launch—using kerosene for fuel—whereby the captain and his launch were to be at the disposal of a party of three, who desired to take all the time necessary for an exploration of the Indian River, the Banana River, St. Lucie Sound, St. Lucie River; Halpatiokee River, Jupiter River, North Creek, Logoohoochee River, as well as for fishing and hunting when the spirit so moved.

The first run was to Rock Ledge, where we spent a couple of days very pleasantly in rambling through this long one-street town, or towns, for City Point, Cocoa and Rock Ledge are virtually but one, with an orange grove background and handsome water frontage. We also visited Merritt and Georgiana, pretty hamlets on Merritt's Island, and while cruising about shot a few of the numerous coots that could be seen in every direction. Having a satiety of oranges and groves, as well as of the enterprising real estate dealers, who did their utmost to induce us to invest, we provisioned our craft, and, with colors flying and band playing—the writer with cornet, composed the band—we steamed down to Tropic, and landed to feast our eyes on extensive banana and pine-apple plantations in that vicinity, partaking also of pine-apples freshly plucked, and delicious; and then passed around the needle point at the foot of Merritt's Island, and steamed northward as far as Canaveral, on the Banana River.

Retracing our course through the Banana to the Indian River, we found at Melbourne quite a settlement of principally Ohio people, whose enterprise was apparent in the appearance of the town. Here we were nicely accommodated at the neat and home-like hotel, and were also invited to attend a hop that was to take place in the vicinity that evening. The tourists were too modest to think of appearing at a society ball in sportsman's outfit and with faces so sunburned that rouge gave no contrast, and so excused themselves; but were afforded a look at the merry dancers. The Captain, however, having a spare suit in the locker, arrayed himself in nobby attire, and went in for "all the fun that could be shook out," and being withal good-looking, and an excellent dancer, he did not lack for partners, and cut quite a figure. Parties attended from miles up and down the river, all coming by sail or rowboats, except such as came from longer distances by the regular steamer line.

Leaving Melbourne, our next run was made to Sebastian, consisting of one store and dwelling near the mouth of the Sebastian River (fresh water). Here we indulged in some very palatable peach cider, obtained good meals and had good beds, but the Doctor was astounded at the number and size of the immense spiders that appeared to be holding a conference in his apartment, and he commenced a war of extermination, in which he was soon joined by the Commodore and the Captain. The writer philosophically concluded to live and let live, but before retiring drew the bed into the middle of the room, and raised the bed clothes to cut off communication, unless by a drop from the ceiling. But these herculean spiders were not so well educated as the Irishman's bed bugs—as related in the story—and his slumbers were not disturbed.

A short excursion up the Sebastian River was made, and then a run down through the famous and truly picturesque Narrows of the Indian River, without particular incident other than a stop for fresh water at the Narrows post office, kept by a family from Iowa, living in a neat palmetto thatched cottage that was quaint and picturesque in the extreme. Here we strolled about the island for exercise and sight-seeing, and after an hour thus pleasantly spent pushed on, making a short stop for oil at Fort Capron, and thence to the comfortable hotel at St. Lucie, kept by Mrs. Johnson, of Warren, Ohio, where we secured accommodations to our satisfaction. St. Lucie is an unpretentious hamlet of but few buildings, but being situated directly opposite the Indian River Inlet, a famous fishing ground, is sought out by numerous anglers, who spend more or less of the winter months at this attractive resort. We engaged oarsmen and spent a few days in fishing for cavalli, sea trout, channel bass and the gamy cobia, or sergeant fish, also picking up a few groupers and snappers.

A 22lb. sergeant, caught with light rod and tackle, gave the writer more sport than anything heretofore taken. No more fish would be taken each day than were sufficient to supply the table at the hotel, and the wants of a few of the natives in the vicinity, who were glad to obtain an addition to their larder without money or work. Next to the sergeant fish the cavalli proved an admirable second in fighting qualities. A solitary flounder was taken, and was an exception to the general rule that this species of fish does not take bait. Here also we found extensive reefs of the finest oysters that we had met with on our trip, and our out-of-doors mid-day meals invariably had two courses of the bivalves, raw and roasted. Excursions to the beach, across the narrow intervening Hutchinson's Island, were daily had, that surf bathing and a propensity for collecting the beautiful sea shells here abounding might be indulged.

One day—it being necessary to lay in a supply of oil to run the engine on our more extended trip to the south—the Commodore and Captain having decided to take the launch and run to Port Pierce, while the Doctor and the Scribe were to be landed on the island side and put in the time at the seashore. After a delicious bath, the Doctor decided upon surf fishing, but was at a loss for bait. This the Scribe soon supplied by standing on a coral reef and firing a rifle ball into the midst of a school of mullet, whereby a sufficient number were stunned and secured for the purpose. After the nearly naked Doctor had blistered sufficiently in the heat of the sun, he resumed his apparel and went to the extremity of a coral reef and indulged in casting, while the Scribe, from a headland, took an occasional shot at sharks, porpoises and pelicans. In the enjoyment of the sport, the M. D. was oblivious to the fact that the rising tide was cutting off his return dry shod to the beach; and was only brought to a realizing sense thereof by a shout from the Scribe, who had returned and observed that the Doctor was then on an island instead of a continuity of reef. The M. D. met the emergency by taking off his clothes and wading to *terra firma*.

E. S. W.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

Natural History.

OUT-OF-DOOR PAPERS.

IV.—A QUESTION OF TASTE.

FOR many months in the year the two mountain ash or "roundwood" trees under my windows are a favorite place of resort for birds of all kinds; but of the many interesting observations which these trees have offered me, the most interesting relates to a question of taste, raised by the birds. A fool may ask questions, they say, but it takes a wise man to answer them; and the birds, though no fools, have not usurped the wise man's province, so that at best the question must wait for its answer.

In brief, there is a difference between these trees. They are both large for their kind, of equal age, similarly situated, to all appearances precisely alike, except that the one on the right sheds its leaves before the other, and is an inch or two less in girth. There seems nothing to choose between them, yet the birds know a difference, which I, not having a nice taste in roundwood berries, could never detect. That *connoisseur* of small fruits, the robin, will sit all day on one of them and eat roundwood berries till you wonder how his tonnage is rated, with what

"Particular addition from the bill
Which writes them all alike."

But not a berry of the other tree will he touch. As the robin's taste always agrees exactly with mine in the selection of strawberries, cherries and currants, he invariably securing the ones I intended to have—(It is a mistake to say that the early bird gets the worm; he leaves that for you)—I would unhesitatingly assert that if there is anything good in the line of roundwood berries he knows it and has his share of it. In the winter the pine grosbeaks visit these trees in large flocks, and although they eat the seed only, rejecting the pulp, they confirm the robins' decision that the tree on the left is a superior article. In the spring, if the yield has been abundant and the grosbeaks few, the purple finches finish the work of stripping the trees, and by these also the tree on the left is preferred; while there is a single berry on it the birds flock to it to the neglect of the other, which may be hanging with almost unbroken clusters; yet when there is nothing more left on the favorite tree, they resort to the other and find food, if not epicurean satisfaction, in its full bunches of berries. For twenty years the same preference has been remarked, and the same agreement among all species of birds. *De gustibus non disputandum*, There's no accounting for tastes, says the proverb, with a strong hint as to the reason; but in such a case as this, where the agreement cannot be doubted, while we may throw a sop to the proverb by allowing that a taste for roundwood berries is unaccountable on any grounds known to us, we must admit that this unanimity of opinion among the birds argues the existence of substantial grounds.

Granting this, what is the cause? Whence has the fruit its flavor?

The birds asked the question and they must help answer it. "Let the sapsucker be called as the principal witness."

"May it please the Court, the sapsucker has a doubtful reputation. He is accused of irregular proceedings, and he bears a bad name. It is our point to show that he deserves his name. Until that is done his testimony will be worth little."

At the present day there is so little doubt of the yellow-bellied woodpecker's object in tapping trees, that even the naturalists have agreed, for the time being, to call him "the sapsucker." There are still some of those good people who, out of pure benevolence, would tell white lies to screen the devil, who aver that the yellow-bellied woodpecker eats nothing but worms; but if he should get a little sap now and then we ought not to grudge him that little. This is not the question whether the sapsucker is injurious or not. For my part, if he is content to draw a few ounces of sap from my trees while I drain them of gallons, he is welcome to all he gets, and to more, too. We do not wish to rob him of his good name as an eater of grubs and insects; we forbear to accuse him of any evil intent in tapping our trees; we wish to learn simply this—whether he gets anything besides worms (and bark, perhaps) out of those little holes which he places with such regularity around the branches of our fruit trees. Appearances are against him. For a bird that is ostensibly vermivorous, the sapsucker looks for his worms in such unsuitable places that he lays himself open to the same suspicion which attached to Sam Weller on that occasion in the court room, when the judge bade him report if he saw his father, and he, gazing steadfastly at the skylight, was able to answer in the negative with a good conscience. I myself have watched the sapsucker frequently at his work. He comes with a headlong flight, alights with a sudden flap of his wings, as if he had been brought up unexpectedly by the tree when he thought he was steering past it; looks quickly around, like a person who has fallen on the ice, to see whether any one saw his mishap, and soon addresses himself to his work. First he taps the tree, sinking three or four rows of holes on the same or on different branches, and then he tends out on them, watching as lazily as a Mexican to see the sap flow into the holes, drinking out of each as it overflows, and sits thus half a day at a time, without moving three feet, enjoying the double satisfaction of anticipation and participation. If this is not proof enough, we have Mr. Maurice Thompson's statement that the sapsucker has been seen in the act of drinking sap from the farmers' sugar troughs.

It is not an assumption to claim that he loves sap "for sap's sake." Does he show any decided taste in sap, as the robin does in cherries, as the red-headed woodpecker does in pears?

We know that the sapsucker prefers some species of trees to others, and some individual trees to others of the same species; and from the character of his holes we can judge very nearly whether he was after grubs or sap. If grubs were his principal object, of course he would not care what kind of sap the trees yielded; but if sap was what he wanted, may we not infer that his choice of trees would depend more or less on the taste of the sap?

Just here an obstacle confronts us. Tastes differ. In this region the sapsucker works chiefly on fruit trees, birches, swamp-maple shoots and young softwood trees—hemlock, firs and spruces—these, perhaps, for their soft inner bark. We favor the rock maple, which he seems not to affect. If we are judges of sweet sap only and he of other kinds, how can we reach an agreement? We know that there is a difference in the sap of the maple trees; some is better flavored, some renders a greater proportion of sugar; but where is the judge of apple sap? Then again, our observations are insufficient. While it is well known that in an orchard some trees are much frequented by sapsuckers and others are left almost unscarred by them, I have never seen it anywhere stated that the sapsucker preferred either sour or sweet apple trees, or that they selected those which bear well-flavored fruit and rejected the crabbed; that is, that there is any sensible connection between the taste of the sap and the taste of the fruit.

It is still a question of taste, but how complicated. From the sapsucker's preference we infer a difference in flavor as the cause; but few of us know experimentally whether there is such a difference; most of us would be at a loss to detect it if we made the trial; we are unable to prove that it is the taste and not some other quality of sap which attracts him; lastly, we are met with the general question whether the taste of the sap is any index of the quality of the fruit or not.

Let us interview the mountain ash trees again and learn what they have to say about the sapsucker.

There can be no doubt that he has been here. One tree is tattooed like the wild man from Borneo, from one end to the other, with little round holes set in horizontal lines, extending partly or wholly around the trunk and the branches. This is unmistakably "His Mark." Ten years will not suffice to outgrow this writing; twenty years is scarcely too long to do it in the mountain ash bark. Here stands the punctured record of many individuals and many years. Let us read it. One tree, we said, was covered with marks; the other is but little scarred. Twenty to one, at the lowest estimate, in favor of the tree on the left. You see the sapsuckers agree with the robins and other birds.

Here at last we get a little light on our questions. The sapsucker certainly does have a taste in sap. He has tried both trees; he chooses one. That he did not do it for anything but sap, or a little bark, repeated observations within 20ft. have demonstrated. We accepted without hesitation the robin's verdict on the berries of these trees. We know by experiment that his palate has the same gust as ours in all the articles of diet which we enjoy in common; and here we believed that our judgment would agree with his decision. Shall we refuse to believe what the sapsucker tells us, that there is a difference in sap, and that he prefers one tree to the other solely on that account? Preference is a more limited term than judgment. We prefer maple sap to the neglect of all other kinds; but in giving our deliberate judgment on the respective products of these two roundwood trees, can there be much doubt that we should corroborate the decision of the sapsuckers and the robins?

One more query was raised, which we cannot undertake to answer, whether the taste of the sap sensibly conditions the taste of the fruit. The case of these mountain ash trees is remarkable enough to draw out the question, and their conditions are so exactly alike as far as can be determined, that it seems as if by the method of exclusion the taste of the sap would be the only element left to account for the flavor of the fruit—as if one must be the cause of the other. But we cannot be too careful in determining causes. Extended experiment only can settle such a question, though a bird might raise it.

The roundwood trees have but one thing more to add, and this has been said before often enough, that the prickings of the sapsuckers do not appear to be injurious. You may see for yourself that the trees he works on are apt to be the healthiest. As well say they are so because of as in spite of his interference; the professor would tell you that either way it is a *post hoc ergo propter hoc*, which is only another warning to be careful about assigning causes.

FANNIE PEARSON HARDY.

CAPTIVE GIRAFFES.

EARLY in the present month there was born at the Zoölogical Gardens of Cincinnati, Ohio, a young giraffe, said to have been the first ever bred in this country. At birth it stood about 5ft. high, and did not differ markedly in color from its parents. The mother would not permit it to nurse, and efforts were made to rear it on the bottle. It did not do well, however, and died five days after its birth. The parents of this young giraffe were obtained for the Cincinnati Gardens by Mr. Frank J. Thompson, whose appended notes on captive giraffes will be read with interest.

The recent notice of the birth and death of a young giraffe in the Zoölogical Garden at Cincinnati, serves to recall some of my experiences, not only with the parents of the above-mentioned young one, but with other specimens which have fallen under my notice. I had not yet entered my teens, when, on returning from school one afternoon, I found the agent of a wandering show engaged in tacking up the bills for his exhibition on the front of the tavern situated just opposite my father's house. Among them were two which immediately attracted my attention. On one of them was delineated an enormous wagon, drawn by an indefinite number of horses, from the top of which projected the neck and head of a giraffe, and the other represented a pair of the same animals feeding on the topmost fronds of a mighty palm tree. I am sure that from that memorable afternoon until the day on which I enjoyed the felicity of seeing my first giraffe, my school duties did not receive the attention that my teacher expected. My attention was principally directed to my library, which consisted solely of an illustrated popular 8vo. edition of Buffon, and the chapter devoted to the giraffe was committed to memory.

On the morning of the expected arrival of the show I started for school, but varied my usual route by finding my way out for some miles on the road by which the concern was expected, and when that wonderful wagon arrived I accompanied it into the village, and did not lose sight of it until it was driven into the tents. When the doors were opened I was one of the first to enter, and soon found my way to a fine female giraffe, nibbling hay from a basket which had been suspended some distance up the center pole. When the lecturer came around and talked so glibly about the animal, how I envied him, and wondered if I should ever know one tithe of what he did about natural history. There was another animal haltered to the foot of the pole, about which the lecturer said nothing, but contented himself by giving it a savage cut with a whip when it attempted to prod him with its long, sharp horns. Little did I imagine that the time would come when I would see both animals in their native state, and that the one treated so brutally was the gemsbok (*Oryx capensis*), the first and only living one that has ever been exhibited in the United States, and I don't think that there has ever been a specimen in the Zoölogical Gardens, London.

The above happened in about '36 or '37, and in '51 I became acquainted with Gen. Rufus Welch, who then owned the circus performing at the corner of Chestnut and Ninth streets, Philadelphia, where the Continental Hotel now stands. From him I learned that he was the party who had brought the giraffe to this country from South Africa. He had sailed from Boston, and on his arrival at Cape Town had fitted out an expedition and traveled with it into what is now known as Namaqua Land, where he captured two giraffes, a young hippopotamus, a gemsbok, and several other antelopes. He succeeded in landing both of the giraffes and the gemsbok alive in this country, the young hippo having been killed by the upsetting of the wagon in which it was transported while descending the mountains, a short distance back of Cape Town. Gen. Welch was gifted with wonderful descriptive powers, and in '66, while ascending Mitchell's Pass from the Worcester Valley, on my way to Ceres, on the High Karroo, I easily recognized the place where the accident occurred, and verified my recognition by the recollections of several of the older inhabitants of Ceres. But for this unlucky affair the United States would have had a living hippo long before the famous one which was presented to the Zoölogical Society, London, by the Khedive of Egypt in 1850. At any rate, the first giraffe arrived in this country about the same time that the first four from Kordofan arrived in London, and was the only specimen ever on exhibition which came from south of the equator. The London ones were captured by M. Thibaut in '34 and '35, and brought to Malta in November, '35, where they remained until the following spring, when they were safely reshipped to the Gardens of the Zoölogical Society. From that date until 1867, no females were purchased, and seventeen young ones were bred. From '67 to '79 seven were purchased and none bred. Other gardens in Europe have bred them; for instance, at Antwerp and Hamburg, and if I am not mistaken, one has been reared in Hamburg within a few years.

About '60 a party by the name of Cazanova worked his way in from Suakim, a port on the Red Sea, to Cassala, Nubia, where he made his headquarters, collecting not only numbers of giraffes, but hippos, rhinoceroses, elephants, etc., which he brought to Europe via Alexandria and Trieste, from thence distributing them to the various gardens throughout the continent. Other parties soon followed in his tracks, which not only greatly reduced the prices but over-stocked the market, and the surplusage found its way into this country, where high prices were realized on the first arrivals, particularly to showmen, who were not long in finding out that giraffes were not only costly, but also very risky stock for hauling about the country. Consequently the trade began to languish, and then suddenly experienced a sudden complete stop on account of the Mahdist troubles preventing collectors from going into Nubia. In August, 1878, I was sent by the Zoölogical Society of Cincinnati, to New York, where I found four giraffes in the hands of a dealer, who was very anxious to get rid of a portion or all of them, as he did not fancy the attempt of carrying them through the winter. I immediately telegraphed my Board of Directors that I thought a pair could be bought at a low figure, and received an answer, "Exercise your own discretion." A bargain was soon made by which I purchased a pair for $1,500, and immediate arrangements were made for shipment. As they were too large to box, the forward half of an express car was hired, after finding by measurement that the door was just six inches higher than the male's withers. A large low truck was prepared by building up high temporary sides, the animals led up into it and I took my seat alongside the driver, holding the halter-stems with some misgivings as to the success of my undertaking. The motion of the truck did not seem to frighten them, but I soon found out that the male had a will of his own, and if allowed to have his own way, preferred walking to riding. A store of sliced apples carried in my coat pockets served to keep his attention attracted until the ferry was crossed and the railway station was reached, when the truck was backed up the platform and they were led across into the car and securely fastened. When the switching engine backed down preparatory to hooking on and placing the car in the train on the main track, I felt a twinge and rode out on it for fear of an accident, but was much relieved to find that my charges took everything quietly, although they were forced to stand with their heads projected on a line with their bodies on account of the low roof of the car. Feeling no fear of harm, I bedded them down for the night and adjourned to the smoking car to blow a cloud of peace.

The next morning at Elmira, on going into the car, I found the male showing signs of temper; but on giving him his breakfast he became quiet, and I passed out, fastened the door and was standing on the platform some little distance away, when there was a crash of glass and the male's head was thrust through the end door of the car. Springing on to the front platform of the car, I pressed him back and yelled for help, which soon arrived in the shape of the conductor, who hurried off and brought a carpenter with some boards, which were passed up between my back and the broken sash, firmly nailed in place, and the delayed train started with the accompaniment of sundry growls from the disgruntled passengers. Fortunately the force of the blow had driven all the glass in the sash outward, and I had no further trouble with my passengers on the trip. On arrival in Cincinnati the car was taken back up the track some two miles, where the animals were unloaded at a cattle shute and then led through the leafy avenues of Clifton, that beautiful suburb of Cincinnati, until the Zoölogical Garden was reached. For some time the male behaved decently, but after a while he began swinging his head and battering the female, when a partition was built between them to stop his brutality. Thus they have remained in perfect health and condition for over eleven years before breeding.

FRANK J. THOMPSON.

WOODCOCK IN TOWN.

BROOKLYN, N.Y., Nov. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The note of "S. E." in your issue of this week, relating the capturing of a woodcock on the stoop of his Brooklyn residence, prompts me to send you these notes. One Sunday morning in December, 1885, I was awakened by my twelve-year-old brother, who asked me with considerable excitement for the name of a bird which his older brother (fourteen years old) had caught the day before in the street a short distance from the house. "Kind of a round plump bird, brown, with short tail, awful long bill, and big round eyes." I at once thought it was a woodcock. On going down-stairs, sure enough there they had, in an old squirrel cage, as fine a big woodcock as I ever saw and in splendid feather, the darker blotches of feathers showing clear and distinct from the lighter color. My brother gave an account of the capture as follows: "I was playing in the street yesterday afternoon with some other boys, when I saw a large bird fly across the street and light in the gutter. I thought it was a quail and ran over toward it, when it flew again about half a block, and again lit in the gutter. When it flew the second time I ran after it, for I thought it acted queer, and when it lit I was close to it and caught it just as a lady was also stooping to catch it; and I brought it home and put it in the cage."

This woodcock had one of its legs injured (I think by a shot) at the joint of leg and thigh. It looked as though a cord had been cut and the bone partly splintered, and a warty or semi-bone growth of say ¾in. or 1in. in circumference had formed at the fracture. When picked up in the street the bird had a drop of blood in the end of its bill; but my brother thinks this was caused by hitting its bill against the cobbles in the street, as he says he noticed each time the bird lit it "pitched forward." The injured leg itself was not drawn up much, but the toes of that foot were doubled under, and of course the bird hobbled when it moved about. It was very fearless and did not seem to mind being taken in our hands, and only struggled when we examined its injured leg. As it was late in the season and the swamps and feeding grounds were frozen up, we did not think it possible for the bird to live, and apparently it was not strong enough to fly, so we killed it and sent it to a sick relative.

About seven years ago I was standing on the extreme forward deck of a Fulton ferry boat in Brooklyn at about 7:30 A. M., when I was surprised to see a woodcock come diagonally across the Brooklyn Bridge yard, fly over the end of the boat (which was crowded and just about to start for New York), and about 60 or 75yds. out over the river turn and return over almost exactly the same course, passing not more than 10ft. above my head and disappearing.

A young friend of mine lived five years ago in a small frame house on a corner lot of about 100×100, the house being in the corner of the lot furthest from the streets; and in the front yard there were two cherry trees, some gooseberry bushes, flowers, etc. On one street a line of horse cars runs about once in five minutes. Early one morning my friend and his father were much surprised to see a large woodcock stalking around as if feeling perfectly at home. My friend rushed into the house for his gun, but when he came out the woodcock had flown.

The first and third of these incidents happened in different parts of the most built up and populous part of the Twenty-third Ward in this city.

How shall we account for the presence of so shy a bird as a woodcock in the streets and private yards of the third city of the United States—a city of say 600,000 people? DUPLEX.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On the 6th inst., while several members of the Brooklyn Athletic Association were playing lawn tennis on their grounds, corner of DeKalb and Classon avenues, their attention was attracted by the movements of a cat to (what was to them) a strange bird. It could fly but a short distance, and was secured by Mr. Walter Brown with his tennis racket. It proved to be a fine female specimen of woodcock. This is probably a first on record for the racket as a weapon for killing woodcock. It had doubtless injured itself in its flight against the wire netting that surrounds the grounds. H. J. G.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 9.

AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGISTS' UNION.

THE Union began its annual session in this city at the American Museum of Natural History Tuesday. The active members in attendance were: Prof. J. A. Allen, of the American Museum of Natural History, President, and one of the most distinguished ornithologist in the country; Dr. Elliott Coues and Robert Ridgway, both of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, Vice-Presidents; Dr. C. Hart Merriam, Chief of the Division of Ornithology and Mammalogy in the Department of Agriculture, Secretary; Wm. Dutcher, of this city, Treasurer; Wm. Brewster, of Cambridge, Mass., Charles B. Cory, of Boston, Mass., Daniel G. Elliott, of New York, Members of the Council; Charles F. Batchelder, of Cambridge, Mass., Frank M. Chapman, of New York. Jonathan Dwight, Jr., of New York, Col. N. S. Goss, of Topeka, Kan., State Ornithologists; Dr. Edgar A. Mearns, United States Army, of Fort Snelling, Minnesota; John H. Sage, of Portland, Conn.; Geo. B. Sennett, of the American Museum of Natural History; Dr. Robert Shufeldt, United States Army, of Fort Wingate, New Mexico, and Gurdon Trumbull, of Hartford, Conn. Among the associate members present were Leverett M. Loomis, of Chester, S. C.; S. Lowell Elliott, of Brooklyn, and L. H. West, of Roslyn.

The following officers were elected: Pres., J. A. Allen, of New York; Vice-Pres., Elliott Coues and Robert Ridgway, of Washington; Sec., John H. Sage, of Portland, Conn.; Treas., William Dutcher, of New York; Members of the Council, William Brewster, Charles B. Cory, Daniel G. Elliott, Henry W. Henshaw, George N. Lawrence, C. Hart Merriam and Leonhard Stejneger. A number of interesting papers were read yesterday. A report of the meeting will be given next week.

THE CHOCOLATE-COLORED SKUNK.—We had not fully understood Mr. True's description of the color of the skunk, noticed in our columns Nov. 7. The white ares are present as in the normal state of coloration; it was only the black that was replaced by chocolate in the Morantown specimen; the white tip and lateral stripes remain unchanged.

Game Bag and Gun.

CANVASBACK DUCKS.

MUCH has been written of recent dates to your valuable paper about the canvasback duck of Havre de Grace, and the canvasback of Currituck and other waters. I have just read a long and interesting article in the *New York Herald*, by Mr. John Chamberlain, the great Washington epicure. Mr. Chamberlain knows what to do with a duck, when he gets him by the neck. I have no doubt—in fact I feel confident—that a good fat canvasback, served according to directions, would not be bad to take, if there was not over one at each time, but when Mr. Chamberlain and all the other writers we have read recently on this subject tell us that the canvasback duck from Havre de Grace is superior to the canvasback of Currituck and Back Bay, he and they are mistaken, and very much mistaken too. I give the following facts as a foundation for my assertion:

First—The duck is one and the same in every particular. The best gunner in the United States, with the finest microscope, could not detect any difference in color, shape or size.

Second—The waters at Havre de Grace, Currituck Sound and Back Bay are exactly of the same flavor, a little too brackish to be palatable.

Third—Wild celery is what a canvasback lives on, if it is to be had; but if not he will eat any kind of duck food or even mussels, small oysters or minnows. They do not, as Mr. Chamberlain writes, pine away and die of starvation if they happen by mistake or over-hunger to drop into a stream where there is no celery, which gives them the delicious flavor, of course; when a canvasback is shot in salt water, he is no better than a white-winged coot, except not quite so tough; and as there is just as much or more celery at Currituck and Back Bay, I claim that the ducks are just as good.

Canvasback ducks and redheads are perhaps the greatest birds for migrating in America. One day they are at Havre de Grace, the next at Currituck, and in two days back to Havre de Grace. It is an understood fact that these birds go or come a distance of 200 or 300 miles in a night's time; and often it has been my experience and every other duck hunter's, too, that to-day there will be thousands and thousands of canvasbacks and redheads in the Bay or Sound in which we are shooting, and to-morrow hardly a bird is to be seen; they are all gone. Perhaps they will return the next day, but they generally stay two to four days, when they are as plenty as ever. We often see them just as the sun sets in the fall, when they have been shot at hard all day, arrive in large flocks and start north. They go direct to Havre de Grace; perhaps a few will drop in the James River; and they go back and forth all winter or until it gets too cold at Havre de Grace. Still we are told that they are not the same ducks, and that there is no comparison.

It was my happy fortune, a few days ago, to sail up to Baltimore on the good ship Carolina with two of Havre de Grace's famous shots, who spent several winters at Currituck and in Back Bay some years ago; in fact, Jake Poplar and his brother John are considered at Havre de Grace two of the finest shots in America. Jake has killed in Back Bay 325 canvasbacks in one day's shooting. They say the only difference between Havre de Grace and Back Bay ducks is that at Havre de Grace they don't kill so many birds, and so have more time to sponge them off and keep them looking nice and clean. This, my reader, is the only diffrence between a Havre de Grace, Md , canvasback and a canvasback from Currituck Sound, North Carolina.

But to prove my sincerity in the matter I will wager $100 that I can take twenty canvasbacks from each place, mix them up together, mark them so that a referee may know, to decide the matter, and I will bet there is not a man in the United States who can tell the difference.

To prove what I say about a canvasback preferring mussels, small oysters and minnows to starvation, I will relate some little incidents as they recur to my memory. Two winters ago I bought quite a lot of ducks at Morehead City, N. C., and on one occasion when the weather was very cold and all the waters at Currituck were frozen up solid, I received from my agent a fine lot of canvasbacks. I think they were decidedly the largest and fattest I have ever seen. The next day some of my friends from Long Island, N. Y., sat down to my table to help me destroy these delicious birds. But alas! my carver had hardly broken the skin, when the scent of mussels filled the room. Fortunately my cook had a good roast ready or we should have had no dinner that day, for we could not eat the ducks. There is no celery at Morehead, for the water is very salt.

Capt. Eugene Ballence, who formerly ran the steamers Cygnet and Bonito to Currituck Sound, well known by all sportsmen who ever visited those waters to be a man of sound sense and veracity, had the same experience in the Albemarle Sound, at the south end of Roanoke Island. He awoke one very cold morning and found what he had never seen there before, thousands and thousands of canvasbacks swimming around the shore. They seemed happy, and were feeding from the bottom at a lively rate. He took out his gun, and in a short time there were several in the hands of the cook. Although the Captain says he had eaten nothing but salt fish and griddle cakes for a month, he could not go the canvasbacks. He examined their crops and found them full of mussels and minnows.

While in Baltimore a few days since I was told by Baltimore's greatest epicure, Mr. Robt. Rennert, that one of the finest pairs of canvasbacks he ever saw came from Currituck Sound last winter. Mr. James Jones, of Norfolk, gave them to him; and I sold Mr. Jones the ducks.

I was born on the banks of the river at Currituck about thirty years ago; and I think it was next day—as well as I remember—that they put a gun in my hands; and I have been shooting ever since. I have shot all kinds of ducks in this country, and a great many of them. I am very fond of all kinds of game, and have eaten them in every style—except as the English prefer them, rotten. And I must say with all candor that I can cook a canvasback, redhead, and a widgeon or baldpate, and have them carved and set before the greatest epicure in the world, and I don't believe he can tell one from the other. I have seen Messrs. James Gordon Bennett, George Penneman and several of their friends try it at my table, and they were completely at sea. Wild celery gives them the flavor, and it does not matter whether they come from Havre de Grace, Currituck, Back Bay, Ohio, Texas, or anywhere on the Pacific coast; if only you get them in a stream where there is plenty of wild celery they are all right; otherwise they are no better than other ducks.

Game of all kinds is very plentiful at Currituck. I think there are more ducks than we have had for ten years. I attribute it to the passage of that new act of the Legislature making it a penalty of $50 to shoot a duck over decoys until Nov. 10 and after March 10. The penalty for firing a rifle in Currituck Sound is $50, and $50 fine for shooting ducks for market before Nov. 10.

J. B. WHITE.

MY FIRST CANVASBACK.

A REMINISCENCE OF SHELL POINT.

DURING the winter of 188– Boreas in our Northern clime had lowered the column of mercury in the Fahrenheit tubes to 10, 12 and 16 degrees below zero for days and weeks together, when into our sanctum walked W. R. A. with a challenge to seek a temporary abode in a land of more etherial mildness, where we might snap our fingers at his frigid majesty and warm our guns upon the larger-winged game. Having enjoyed many rare days' sport with him upon the high-flying upland plover, the swift-flying quail, the devious-flying snipe, the erratic-flying woodcock and the lordly ruffed grouse, it had long been my ambition, as it had many times been his privilege, to try conclusions with the seafowl of the coast. The talk resulted in the almost immediate purchase of tickets for the sunny South.

Arriving in Norfolk before noon, we take the Virginia Beach Railroad to the Princess Anne, in time for dinner; thence along the beach toward North Carolina by such a combination of quadrupeds, wheels, boards, chains and ropes for power and vehicle, and with such a Jehu for driver as wildest imagination never pictured.

The dozen or fifteen miles from the hotel to our destination is a barren coast, evincing no sign of civilization or life except about the stations of the U. S. Coast Guard, which are some four or five miles apart. Hulks of old wrecks and drift, an occasional fisherman's hut deserted, now and then a disused windmill in the distance, its idle arms outstretched as if in mute appeal from bygone times to the present; eagles soaring in the air or perched upon the telegraph poles of the life-saving service, are the only companions of the trip, save the ceaseless roar and murmur of ocean's billows as they sing their mournful dirge as a fitting requiem over the graves of the many castaways whose bones lie bleaching beneath the sands of the shore, with only a broken spar to mark their last resting places.

Arrived at Little Island, Capt. Andrew's voice rings out a cheery welcome to my friend, whose advent, though unexpected, was none the less welcome, and whose gun in these parts had many times previously rung out the death knell of many a noble bird. We turn in early and are soon lost in pleasant dreams. We seem hardly to have been asleep at all when aroused from our slumbers by the ringing voice of the Captain, "All hands, ahoy! rousing nor'easter."

"Aye, aye, sir," was the nautical answer of his land lubber guests.

A hasty toilet and breakfast, and soon the gunner, well bundled in the bow and boatman at the oars, were quietly making their way to Shell Point long before the faintest glimmer of daybreak appeared on the eastern horizon. Point reached, decoys put out, boat beached among the cane, gunner and boatman in readiness in an exceedingly comfortable blind, anxiously await in silence the advent of the first callers. The dark rolling clouds had scarcely begun to lift, giving evidence of daybreak, when the keen and practical eye of Eb. discovered in the distance a pair of ducks coming up wind.

"Pair canvas, down, sir—mark south—don't shoot till I tell you." Then began Eb.'s wonderful talk in purest duck language. Down crouching, electric currents making quick circuit of the system, realizing that the long wished for moment of years was at hand, breathlessly awaited their oncoming. Eb.'s whispered, "mark east" indicates their location, and peering between the cane reeds of the blind we see them swiftly flying into the teeth of the wind and well out, as if to pass our decoys in disgust, and my heart sinks as I see them pass us by, but no! Eb.'s trained voice is too seductive for wisest duck to resist.

They wheel, and with a whispered "Mark north, get ready," he continues to call more impassioned and earnest, and in less time than it takes to write it around they sweep in a rectilinear line to our decoys, and with an audible "Mark east, shoot," the gunner is on his feet and the old reliable 10-bore Scott rings out the death-knell of my first canvasback. He was coming with such velocity that he fell stone dead in the water within two feet of our blind, although shot at a distance of forty to fifty yards. Duck number two wheeled about and stood not upon the order of his going in a line directly away from us, and swinging around upon him I failed to stop the gun when it covered him, and so shooting to the right scored a clean miss.

"Well done, sir, well done; no gun could reach the last one," were Eb.'s words of congratulation and flattery.

Ah! clever soul, well knew I that I should have killed the second, but his kindly genial way lessened my chagrin and his words of flattery were as balm in the moment of disappointment. Thus was ushered in our ducking experience, and many were the pleasant and successful days put in with Eb. since—the memories of which in the mellow light of receding months and years form mental pictures surpassing those of the artist's most skillful limning.

Eb. V. Roe is now in the employ of the Currituck Club, and the writer fully believes that every member will testify that taken all in all, few equal if any excel Eb. in all that goes to make up the art of duck shooting, and the writer indulges the hope that it may be the pleasant lot of the reader to fall in with as good a man and have as good a time as he did on Shell Point, where he killed his first canvasback.

The territory referred to joins on the north the territory of the Ragged Island Club and comprises Little Island, Shell Island, Beech Island, Long Island, etc., a territory of several thousand acres, and is owned by the heirs of Capt. Travis, in his lifetime of New York. The property has been held under lease for some years past by John L. Roper, of Norfolk, Va., and is still in charge

of Capt. Travis's man, Capt. Andrews, and it is open to all gunners by paying $3 per day per gun for shooting privilege, board and lodging $2 per day, boatman and decoys $2 per day.

On our last trip, in March, 1880, we learned that some gentlemen of Hartford, Conn., were negotiating for the lease with a view of organizing a club, but it is our impression that for years to come gunners will be received on the conditions named.

It is certainly a great fowl country, and for snipe it is the writer's opinion that a better does not exist in America if in the world.

Even should the Travis estate fall into the hands of a club, who would allow none but members gunning privileges, there is as much fairly good shooting in adjacent waters as would satisfy (or should satisfy) any reasonable gunner who is not a member of the pot-hunting fraternity.

WORCESTER, Mass. GEO. MCALEER.

THE DARLING CASE.

CALAIS, Me., Nov. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The notice in your last issue from the Boston *Herald* is not quite correct. The inclosed slip from the *Times*, of this city, is more nearly correct. To Warden French and Detective McNamara all the credit is due. DIRIGO.

The *Times* report and comments are as follows:

"Darling's camp on Nicatous Lake is very difficult to reach, and is a sort of stronghold for poachers. It is 50 miles from any railroad station, and to reach it one must travel over a rough road. McNamara, accompanied by Swanton, of Milbridge, made their way to the camp with much difficulty and engaged quarters with Darling. They hired his guides and dogs to hunt deer with, paying well for them. They remained five days. When McNamara and Swanton had obtained all the evidence they wanted, enough they thought to convict Darling on some twenty or thirty cases, they left the camp. As the offense was committed in Hancock county they were obliged to go into that county to swear out warrants against Darling and his guides. Accordingly they went to Bucksport, where the warrants were obtained. Constable George Davis and Sheriff James Swanton, with a formidable party, set out for Nicatous Lake. On their way to Darling's camp they met Darling in the town of Lowell and immediately arrested him.

"Darling was arraigned at Bucksport, Monday, before a trial justice. The justice found Mr. Darling guilty and fined him $40 for the deer which it was charged he killed and $40 for each of the deer which the other parties admitted that they killed. He was also fined $50 a day for keeping dogs to hunt deer two days, the whole making $260. On the question of costs there was some argument. Mr. Voss suggested that the case of bringing seven men from Milbridge to Nicatous Lake to arrest Jock Darling be charged to the prisoner, to which Col. Hutchinson objected, and said that any one officer could have arrested Mr. Darling without a bit of difficulty. The cost question finally went over for the counsel to talk over and see if they couldn't decide upon something satisfactory. The case was appealed and will come before the Supreme Court at Ellsworth on the 8th of April next. Other cases stand against Darling. The officers who went to Nicatous to arrest the guides found that they had taken the alarm and fled. They will be captured later."

"Game Warden French, of this city, never lets up when he has once started out to make a case. He has been after the notorious Jock Darling for three years, and two years ago nearly captured him, when he made that famous raid at Nicatous Lake. At that time Jock escaped, but French brought to grief a lot of sportsmen who were found at Darling's camp, and mulcted them heavily in Hancock county. French went to Nicatous after Jock again last year, but the foxy poacher had been warned in advance, and, although the warden lay in the rain three days and nights without shelter, he was unable to secure his man. He could not enter the camp as a detective, because his exploit in 1887 had made him known to Darling and his guides. But French would not be beaten, and schemed to accomplish his determined purpose. W. N. McNamara, a Boston detective, whom the papers of the State have been applauding, was employed in a Milbridge case which came before the October term of the S. J. Court for this county. French met him at Machias on Oct. 6, and, after a cautious interview, revealed his scheme, and obtained McNamara's consent to take a hand. French thoroughly posted the detective, who was ignorant of woodcraft, and marked out in every detail the plan of movement which has so successfully resulted. French then sent McNamara to Bangor to confer with State Game Commissioner Hon. E. M. Stilwell, who had been anxious so long to bring Darling to justice. French also wrote the Commissioner, and received letters in reply that were favorable to the project and highly commendatory of the warden, with instructions to go ahead. Promises of reward were also made if the scheme should prove successful.

"McNamara went to Nicatous. The papers of the State have recorded his signal success. A brief account of his brilliant work, the arrest of Darling and the penalty he received in court is published on the next page. Yet not a word of praise for French has yet been published so far as we have read. At the time arrangements were being made all the letters that Mr. Stilwell wrote to French were read in this city by a party who says that, while the Commissioner merits chief credit for apprehending the notorious poacher, he cannot fail to grant due credit and reward to his efficient subordinate. French has scored great achievements every year, and it would not perhaps be detracting from his record to say that his studied efforts for three seasons to capture Jock Darling should be counted as his best work."

Editor Forest and Stream:

The story of the arrest of Jonathan Darling has created a profound sensation among the dog hunters, even in this State. There are a number of Boston sportsmen who have shot deer that Darling's dogs have driven to water. Or at least they admit as much. But the feeling is one of relief that such hunting is likely to be stopped. Even the very hunters who have done the shooting say that they want no more of it. The dogs, let loose in the vicinity of one of those mountain lakes soon drive the deer to water, and by time a man of any soul in him is paddled up to the frightened creature, struggling for his life, he is thoroughly sick of the business, and would thank the guide if he would make some mistake that might allow the deer to escape. It is a fact that the day of dogging deer is about done, and the Maine commissioners are to be thanked for the reform, though rather slow it has been. Darling's arrest may not prove to be the last chapter in that disagreeable history, for he is determined; he has money, and he will carry his cases to the full decisions of the law. Indeed, if beaten at last, he may try the same business again, for he believes, or appears to believe, that he has an inalienable right to hunt deer, just the same as he had before the framing of the statutes for deer protection. He declares that the game laws are unconstitutional, and that he can convince the courts that such is the case. The results will be watched with a great deal of interest. SPECIAL.

BOSTON, Mass., Nov. 11.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The sage said, "Let me make the songs of a people and I care not who makes their laws." If we are to judge nations and individuals by the songs they sing, the poems they write and the doggerel they perpetrate, why is not this "rhyming jingle" pat just now? It was copied by me last month from the original, which was tacked up in Jock Darling's camp on Nicatous Lake. I am sure I don't know whether Darling evolved it or whether it was the work of some guest; but it is at all events a genuine specimen wild flower of poesy indigenous to Nicatous soil; and it strikes me that it is quite as characteristic in its way as were the rhymes of Robin Hood. It runs thus:

NICATOUS LAKE.

Around this lake the deer abound,
And trout in all the streams are found.
Come on, ye hunters, from afar.
Neal Dow, if here, could find a "bar,"
Though long in Portland he has sought,
And yet he seeks, but finds them not;
While hunters with but little skill
Find many a "bar" in Portland still.
And sailors wild, with faces brown,
Still "rush the growler" through the town.
Here Darling built his cabin stout,
And always leaves the latch string out,
Excepting when the wardens come
To guard the deer by swilling rum.
Whene'er he spies these sons of sin,
Bold Darling draws his latch string in.
Here, where the air is sweet and pure,
All pain and sickness find a cure;
Consumption dread is turned away,
Where grows the fir it cannot stay;
Hay fever here no wind has blown,
Nor was the asthma ever known.
Old Brown-Sequard's elixir queer
Will never find a patient here.
And if at last you wish to die,
The promised joys of heaven to try,
You must employ a knife or rope—
Self-murder is your only hope.
For here no mortal dies, they say;
They just dry up and blow away.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 1.—The season just passing has been unique in this locality, in that there has been more upland shooting done around and about Chicago than has been known for years. The opening of the prairie chicken season has doubtless had most to do with this, for many who went out after that bird found others of our almost forgotten upland birds creeping back to their old haunts. Not many of our shooters here know or care much about plover shooting; yet a good number of golden and upland plover have been bagged during the fall. Of jacksnipe we have not had so many for years, and although these can hardly be called an upland bird, they have been abundant on every damp upland as well as on the marsh. The snipe have gone on south now for the most part. They and the unusually large numbers of woodcock have given the shooters of our city an exceptional fall; for they got in this year about six weeks ahead of time.

There seems to be an unusual abundance of quail all over the country this fall. Central and southern Illinois has been full of them. From Missouri we have had constant reports of plenty, and in Kansas I have had personal proof of large numbers, even so far west as the edge of the high plains, where the crops failed this year. In Indiana quail are fairly swarming in some localities; yet friends who have correct advices say that there are a few select spots in Ohio where the shooting at them is even better still.

Nov. 5.—Mr. Fred Donald has started with Mr. Eustis and Dr. Williams, of the C. B. & Q. road, and Mr. Griffith, of Omaha, on a four weeks trip into the newly-opened and wonderful game country lying near the young town of Alliance, in northwestern Nebraska. These gentlemen go in a private "Q." car, admirably equipped. They will shoot wildfowl, grouse and quail, and perhaps get some antelope. The country they visit is probably the best game district now in the West. The chain of lakes there is the only resting place for the wildfowl flight in a tremendous distance either north or south, and the flight there is said to be enormous. It is to be hoped that the gentlemen will not reach their point too late in the fall for the best sport.

On a hunt lately we fell to talking about the duck supply. It was the opinion of my friends, all of whom had hunted largely in Dakota and the Northwest, that our scarcity of ducks here is mainly due to the fact that the flight has moved further west. Mr. Donald had traveled much in Manitoba, and was acquainted with the great swamp in lower Manitoba, which stretches along the Canadian Pacific for a hundred miles, nearly impenetrable to footman or boatman. He said that no one could form any idea of the countless thousands of ducks' nests that great breeding ground held, and he thought they could never be exterminated. I asked him about the story of the Indians gathering and shipping the wild ducks' eggs to the markets by the boatload.

"That's all nonsense," said he, "I never heard of any such thing till I saw it in the papers, and when I did I laughed at it. You may call it substantially untrue. You want to remember that they have game laws up in Manitoba, and they enforce them, too, far better than we do ours. There is a license on every alien gun, and they watch white man and Indian both much more closely than we dream of doing. The egg gathering you describe would be impossible and it does not exist, at least in any of the territory tributary to Winnipeg."

Mr. W. W. McFarland is just back from a trip to Northern Dakota and the edge of Manitoba, and reports a pleasant time at ducks, quail, grouse, partridge, jackrabbits, foxes and what not. On this trip McFarland found himself on the edge of a vast tamarack swamp into which he could see going countless numbers of ducks. The Indians told him there were "heap ducks" in there, but that no one could get into the swamp. It must have been a pretty tough swamp, or "Mc" would have got a boat in somehow. This doubtless was one of the great northern breeding grounds also, although I did not know the wildfowl chose the tamarack country for such a ground.

Mr. Lee Hamline has gone to Council Grove, Kas., after quail. It is very probable that he will have good success. There in no more deadly way of shooting quail than along the Kansas hedges. Every quail flies straight down the hedge, and can be walked up without even marking it down. It is the easiest quail shooting there is.

Mr. Joseph Card has gone to Toledo, O., for a few days' sport at the ducks on the great marsh near that place. Mr. Card shoots with a club whose privileges are held in such esteem that a membership is valued at $2,000.

Nov. 7.—In a talk with Mr. Bogardus, of Garden City, Kan., the latter informs me that hard times and light crops have made trouble among the new settlers on the high tablelands of southwestern Kansas, and very many of the new homesteads taken in 1886 and after have been abandoned. In consequence, the game has drifted back again over much of that territory. Antelope have again become abundant much further to the north of the Neutral Strip than has been the case for years, and some are seen not far from Garden City, near the Arkansas River.

Mr. C. J. Jones lately received a check for $20,000, one-third of the payment of $60,000 for an undivided one-half interest in his herd of buffalo. The news comes to me that the herd is to be moved to Ogden, Utah, by a boom syndicate, and will be kept there for advertising purposes only. It will not be divided or decreased, and Mr. Jones will supervise it. Buffalo Jones has so far shown that he knows what he is about, and it is hoped that in this case there is to be no exception.

Mr. E. C. Cook is just back from the club house on the De Golyer marsh, with a good string of mallards. Nick Sammons, the club keeper, declares that he has got all the water and all the birds in that whole end of the Kankakee country, which fact he attributes to a judicious system of ditching. There are also a good many quail on the club grounds this fall, and prairie chickens have increased to noticeable numbers. These upland birds are not molested.

I don't know why it is that when one mentions Mr. Cook's name, it seems natural also to mention that of Mr. Ward, who is a member of the same club and a great friend of the former gentleman. Mr. Ward has just gone down to the club house. He was afraid to go when Mr. Cook was there. Mr. Ward has had great trouble in getting a retriever of just the size and shape he wanted, and has made a great many experiments. On this occasion Mr. Ward walked all the way down to the club house, about forty miles, and led a cow, which he desired to add to the family there. The party at the club house discovered the procession winding down the lane, Mr. Ward walking backward in a persuasive attitude most of the time, and some one was heard to exclaim in tones of high disgust, "Well, there comes Ward again, and I'll be blamed if he ain't got another kind of retriever along. Say, he makes me laugh!" It is perhaps best to add, however, that this is Mr. Cook's version of the story.

Mr. Jenney, of the Jenney & Graham Gun Co., is back from his sojourn in Canada, looking much better.

Numbers of the boys are up to Fox Lake this week, and there has been a desultory exodus for the lower marshes, but for some reason the duck hunters are not so eager this fall as usual. It is probably due to the good chance they have had at the snipe and to the better sport of upland shooting which has been mentioned earlier.

E. HOUGH.

WILD TURKEYS IN NEW ENGLAND.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Not a number of your good journal but stirs me with the desire to make comment on some statement or ask questions of some member of the craft; but somehow I cannot get time to act upon my impulse. Let me free my mind now of a number of things which the last few numbers of FOREST AND STREAM have suggested.

The Eastern limit of the wild turkey in former times has been discussed a good deal of late. In my boyhood I used to hear much of their former abundance in Massachusetts, in the Connecticut Valley, about Mt. Holyoke and Mt. Tom and on Mt. Toby; and I dimly remember a story of the killing of the last gobbler that remained in that region. Within a few years I have seen the statement that a small flock of wild turkeys was thought to exist in a wooded and thinly settled part of Connecticut. I have either personally talked with or read the statement of an old man who in his boyhood killed turkeys on Mt. Toby. There cannot be the slightest doubt that this noble game bird was once plentiful in that region, and it would be strange, it seems to me, if it had not ranged far to the east of there. I have read of turkey shooting in Canada, but in just what part I cannot say.

Was it not "Nessmuk" who described in FOREST AND STREAM that wonderful sight of myriads of wild turkeys feeding through the woods in Michigan once upon a time? The fascinating picture has remained in my mind, but I am not sure that it was "Nessmuk" who painted it.

To change the subject, I want to ask if any one knows how far the smoke of forest fires will drift. During the recent great forest fires in the far West, eastern Massachusetts was swathed in a very hazy and smoky atmosphere. I thought, and still think, that this appearance was due to the fires in Washington Territory and Montana. If reports from persons at intermediate stations could be had, and dates could be compared, the results would be of much interest. C. H. AMES.

WORCESTER, Mass., Nov. 9.—The first flock of woodcock is nearly over, but the seekers for this kind of game are still in the field. The reports of captures this week include the following: On Wednesday, H. L. Hall and J. L. Waters came in with a bag of 19 birds, and about half were woodcock, and on Friday Mr. Hall came in with 2 quail, 2 rabbits, 1 partridge and a mink; the latter is the first this season.—E.

A BUNCH OF BEAR STORIES.

I.

AN adventure which my friend, Col. T. B. Hooker, once had with a bear, I think deserves a place in the FOREST AND STREAM. Col. Hooker, who is at once a very hospitable cotton planter, a genial gentleman, and one who has been a keen sportsman in his younger days, relates the following:

In the neighborhood of his plantation in the Mississippi bottoms there was an abundance of game, such as bear, deer, turkeys, etc., but a dense canebrake interposed between his house and the best hunting grounds, which necessitated a long detour to get around it. To obviate this he determined to cut a "hack" (in the vernacular) through the brake, which was about half a mile wide. He sent a man one morning to the opposite side of the brake to cut through the cane toward the house, while he himself, with caneknife in hand, proceeded from his side to meet him. After penetrating the brake quite a distance the Colonel's attention was attracted by the outcry of some of his dogs which had gone out with them. It soon proved that they were in chase of a bear, and were making directly toward the Colonel, who had not encumbered himself with a gun, and therefore stood weaponless, excepting the caneknife, and awaited developments. The bear showed up pretty soon, making excellent time through the cane, but he was quite a small specimen, and was overhauled by the foremost dogs when very near the Colonel's position. That gentleman suddenly conceived the idea of capturing the bear alive, and with that view rushed into the melee, kicked the dogs aside, and laid hold of the bear's neck with both hands. The bear struggled hard to get away and the Colonel strained every nerve to hold him, all the time yelling with all the breath he could spare for his assistant to come to his help. The other man, who was several hundred yards away, made all the haste he could to reach the scene of excitement, his interest greatly heightened by the combined baying of the dogs, yelling of the Colonel, and squalling of the bear. But the cane being very thick his progress was much impeded, and the Colonel, nearly exhausted by the tremendous strain on his muscular and nervous systems, was on the point of giving up the contest and getting clear of the bear's claws and teeth, when his companion came in calling distance and shouted an inquiry as to what the trouble was. The Colonel shouted back: "Come quick! I've got a bear! He's about to get away! Run and help me hold him!" The man came up with all speed to relieve the Colonel from his perilous and awkward position, and at once laid hold of the bear with both hands. Col. Hooker then released his grasp, and discovered that the poor little bear was stone dead—he had choked it to death. COAHOMA.

MISSISSIPPI.

II.

Thanks to "Larry Yatt" for his bull and bear story, over which I laughed heartily. When that bear leaped the fence and struck on the other side "like a ton of mud," I recalled the description which T. W. Billings, of Brownville, Me.—best of guides—once gave me of the antics of a two-year-old bear which he caught in a trap, and which managed to get loose from the clog at the first jump. Dragging the trap, he frantically climbed into a young spruce, and seeming in his crazy flight to think that that tree led up indefinitely to some safe region above, kept on till his paws clutched the smallest twigs at the top, and he fell over and came "slithering" down through the branches, striking on his hams with the traditional "dull thud," making a tremendous dent, visible two years afterward, in the swampy ground and eliciting a grunt, at the recollection of which Billings always had to roar again with laughter.

Of all comical creatures, give me for amusement a tame and frisky bear; but the caution is in order to first "be sure your bear is tame." I once barely missed having my shoulder torn off by the wicked, lightning-like stroke of the paw of a caged cinnamon bear, who stood sleepily swinging himself back and forth from one foot to the other, and looking almost too lazy to wink. I strolled incautiously almost within reach, when between the bars of the cage came that paw, the claws just grazing my shoulder, with a quickness of stroke that then and there taught me something new about bears.

By the way, where is the fine grizzly named Tom, which used to be kept in one of the bear dens at Union Park, on the West Side, in Chicago? Now I think of it, it was fifteen or eighteen years ago, or possibly even more, that I saw him. Can he be the one mentioned by Mr. Hough as having been killed in a "battle royal" with other bears in Chicago some years ago? The bear I refer to was young—two or three years old, perhaps—when I saw him, and was said to have been brought up from a cub by a hunter who had killed its mother. It was said to have followed him like a dog and to have been perfectly tame, and that its owner only parted with him to the park when called to Europe on business. C. H. AMES.

III.

The "Immortal Bard of Avon," in one of his aphorisms tells us that "Fortune brings in boats that are not steered." An illustration of the same may be found in the following:

A friend of mine hailing from the Emerald Isle, a forest trotter of the most approved species, and a devoted disciple of Epicurus, whose palate had for some days been hankering after the flavor of wood grouse, sallied forth in search of that wily biped. The fresh morning air, deliciously tempered by the rays of an October sun, infused the elasticity of youth into his fifty-year-old limbs, as with light and airy steps of a Thisbe out for a morning walk, he "o'er tripped the dew" to the "Fording," a noted deer stand hereabouts on the Cowpasture. Irresolute he stood contemplating the cold flood ablaze with the smiles of Phœbus Apollo. Visions of rheumatism, neuralgia, catarrh flitted through his mind.

"Thrice looked he at the river,
Thrice looked he, so 'tis said,
And then pulled down his beaver,
And then turned back in dread—"

When a pheasant drumming up a hollow on the other side decided him, and he resolutely faced the chilling waters, which eddied around his knees gracefully, but with the effect of having his legs in an ice-cream freezer. Arriving on the opposite side he struck up a deep hollow, through which a little prattling stream, "making music on the enameled stones," leaped and gamboled. Pursuing his way and meeting with no success, footsore and weary, he reclined against a tree absorbed in trying to frame a Johnsonian ode on the vanity of human wishes.

Suddenly a noise proceeded from a small hollow a little to his left. "A deer," thought he, "and dear me! I have only pheasant shot in my shells; however, I will let him have it." But soon emerged from some underbrush a black bear, making a beeline toward him. It, however, turned up a ravine he was ascending; but Bruin changing his mind and wheeling sharply around came down the hollow at right angles to my friend. When within fifteen paces the sportsman blazed away at the "bar's" head and rolled him over. But the shot only obfusticated Bruin's intellect; and with a growl and a mighty shake of his shaggy hide, he rose and was making off. Another shot pounding away at his head made him "heave to," describing a circle as if revolving on a pivot. A third shot laid him out, to the great delectation of his slayer, whose name would henceforth rank high on the roll of Nimrod Hall sportsmen. The shot used was English chilled No. 6. Weight of bear about 200lbs.

Departing from the subject of bears, I might say a few words in the way of bulling the place at which I am staying. It is an excellent locality for sportsmen, especially those who are fond of mountain shooting and fishing. Bass fishing in the Cowpasture is capital, the fish rising well to a fly, as it is very little fished. There are also several mountain trout streams within easy distance. No less than twelve bears have been killed up to the present time this year. Also a large number of deer, of which the mountains have been unusually full. Accommodation excellent, and any one would be well taken care of from a gastronomic point of view.

NIMROD HALL, Bath County, Va. H. E. W. R.

IV.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I send you a letter received last December from my brother in Oxford county, Maine, relating his experience with a bear. The dog Prince mentioned in this letter is a cross-bred bear dog, part hound and part mastiff—the combination recommended to me by one of your California correspondents some time ago. It should be said, too, that the dog had only just that week been sent from Boston to my brother, and this hunt was his first opportunity to show his mettle. BRUIN.

The letter: ROXBURY, Maine, Dec. 20.—*Dear Brother:* We went down to Houghton's Monday morning and started, four of us. Addison thought best to go up the Lake road; and if we found that the bear had crossed it, that would save much travel. You may be sure it was hard up those hills, with from 8 to 12in. of snow. We went to within a half mile of the place where you turned off to go to the ponds, and there came on his track and took it. The bear went to the west and northwest, of course doubling and tacking as they always do. It was a cold day and much wind; the meat froze in my knapsack. We were glad of the wind, for it kept up a noise. We took dinner at noon, and went on and on.

Finally we saw proof of his wanting to den up. We saw several of such places, and were soon completely thrown off, for there were tracks all about. As we were cautiously walking about, Addison's hound gave tongue. I turned and he was looking under a rock, but turned about with the hair up on his back. There was a low bluff close by: Add made for that so as to be able to see the bear if he started. His dog was there as soon as he was, and rushed in front to the mouth of the den and gave tongue. The bear's head came out and Add gave him a big bullet from his breechloader. I sent one of the terrible bullets from the little rifle into the fire and smoke. Then Add sent in his other bullet. The other men were over the other side. I set away the rifle and went down into the den. Add's hound had his teeth already in the bear. Prince was looking in; I set him on as well as I could, and he soon took hold, and I took a leg, and we all began to pull and pulled him out. Prince did not let go but held like at trap. We let him work for a good while, and finally had to cuff him off; but he would set to barking and clinch hold, and for a long time after we began to drag the bear he would grab and hold back and jump right on to the bear, and wanted to be right up with his nose at the bear all the way.

You may be sure we had a hard job to get the bear out. After a long pull we reached the Bradeen branch of our river; then went down on the ice, which was covered with some 6in. of snow. The ice was very poor and kept breaking. It took two of us to drag the bear and one as beater ahead to see if the ice was safe, and the other as rear guard loaded down with guns, etc., and to keep Prince off. It seemed that we never should get out. We started with the bear at 3 P. M., and at half-past nine that night four Arctic travelers, covered with snow and ice, could have been seen wending their way in the darkness up to Houghton's door—four tired, but happy hunters.

Prince's feet were badly used up; but he was ready to pitch into Houghton's dog and defend the bear, Houghton's dog (part bull) was very much afraid of the bear. When the bear was getting out, Add's dog had faced him like a rock; you see a hound can be a bear dog, but not such hounds as you have. All were pleased with Prince. Add said before we started that he was worth more than all the dogs you had sent. At any rate, he is not afraid of a dead bear, as Mage No. 2 was. The bear is a nice one, some five years old and very fat.

From some indications we thought this bear was not the one that we saw the tracks of Saturday, so we started yesterday morning and went far to the northeast and took that track and followed around to the lake road, but it was the same bear.

The only drawback to our grand hunt was that you were not in it. Your tired brother, S.

V.

A year ago last November the writer and a schoolboy, Grant, went out on the mountains west of Ralston to hunt deer, enjoy the scenery and breathe the pure air of a higher altitude. Years ago this region was chopped over for burning charcoal, and it has grown up with second growth, which makes a good cover for deer and other game. There was here also a small mining town, which has long since fallen into decay; here and there a foundation is all that remains. There are three old clearings, all connected by a road which runs nearly east and west. I watched on a runway between two of these clearings, while Grant made a drive south of me, but he failed to scare anything out.

After he came back, I told him to wait where he was twenty minutes till I went out this old road to the third clearing, and thence to what is known as the South Fork of Red Run. Then he should beat the bush again. This far we had seen nothing but a black squirrel, which I shot through the head with my repeater.

In going to my new stand, I had to pass through the middle clearing, which contains about two acres and where there were some wild apple trees besides some underbrush. As I walked rapidly into the clearing, something black shot out from under an apple tree, and loped toward the woods. Bear, thought I, as up went my .38-56 again; a sharp report rang out, and bruin turned a complete somersault in the dead grass. In a moment he struggled and rose upon his forefeet; the deadly rifle spoke again, and he rolled over dead, the second shot breaking his neck. About this time a boy came up the road at a rate that would make a Dakota blizzard green with envy.

Grant was surprised when he saw what I had and a happier boy never carried a shotgun. It proved to be a cub of 90 or 100lbs. weight and very fat. It had been eating apples under the tree; the remains of nibbled apples were proof that he was having a sumptuous repast when disturbed. We strung him on a pole and marched into town. REDUX.

LANGDON, Pa.

HOW A "TARHEEL" KILLS DUCKS.

EVERY rural community where there is game to be found, has its share of sporting curiosities. This community is no exception to that rule, and I believe has more than its fair share of that particular species of the *genus homo*. The mode of hunting ducks by John Shearin, one of these curiosities, a mild-eyed, innocent looking native, with remarkably tough legs (which he uses to good advantage), in a tract of land near the Roanoke River, commonly known as the "marsh" or "Sedge Pond," may not be without interest to some of the many readers of FOREST AND STREAM.

The tract of land aforesaid is about two miles long by a half-mile in width, entirely covered with tall sedge grass growing on tussocks, separated by shallow water and mud in abundance. This tract of land has long been used as pasturage for large herds of cattle owned by the neighbors. Each herd has the "old bell cow," well known to the rest of the herd and the small urchin sent to drive them home at nightfall. Now, when Shearin, erstwhile was an urchin, it was a part of his daily duty, Melibœus or Corydon-like (I have forgotten which), to drive up his father's flock when longer shadows fell from the tall sycamore, and the festive mosquito, of large parts and deep penetration, winged his eager flight to the adjacent farmhouses in quest of more delicate morsels than tough cowhide.

Now, young Shearin noticed that Sedge Pond was frequently full of wild ducks, and to his surprise they did not fly from the very near approach of cattle—in fact were not at all afraid of them. It seemed to him, as he stood with covetous eyes, that they rather liked the old bell-cow and the "jangling of the bells sadly out of tune." When he grew up large enough to shoot and became the happy owner of an old, long, single-barrel gun, with a silver spider sight, he cast longing eyes on the ducks feeding on the marsh with the cattle. Now and then, by the exercise of quiet patience, and the still more painful exercise of crawling through mud and water, always keeping a cow, generally the old bell cow, between him and a selected duck, he would bring one to bag.

But this process had two serious drawbacks; its execution was not only slow but too uncertain for him, and he began to call on (to quote the words of the physiologists) his "frontal cerebral convolutions" for a plan which would satisfy his keen desire for baked duck. No one having any degree of knowledge of phrenological science would suspect Shearin of great creative genius. He hath not its massive forehead nor flashing eye. His imaginative powers have never been stimulated by the delightful tales of Defoe or Robinson. But, nevertheless, one day, while "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy" along with an enormous roll of old field tobacco reared on his own hillside, it occurred to him that if he could successfully personate a cow, his success in killing ducks was assured. There was the old bell cow leisurely cropping the tender herbage 'neath the tall brown grass of the marsh. It was only the work of a moment to detach the bell from her neck and securely fasten it to his own coat tail. With this appendage, born of inspiration, he boldly took up his line of march to a little pool of water behind some tall marsh grass where he had just seen a flock of ducks alight. They paid no attention to the bell with the sound of which they were familiar. Hidden now by the tall sedge he selected a thick cluster of ducks and fired. He was amply rewarded. The old gun had felled many an antlered monarch and turkeys out of mind. Shearin got a bag full the first crack, and ran home in great haste to relate his good luck and exhibit his pretty green-headed trophies.

Since that time down to the present, any autumn day John Shearin may be seen wading down in the marsh with the old cow bell jangling along. John has, from long practice, become a fair wing shot, and the ducks rising from right under his feet, he plugs them in the back. Formerly he took to the mud and water as kindly as the ducks themselves, but of late years he has grown luxurious and indulges in a pair of rubber hip-boots which protect him entirely.

John has another plan of shooting ducks, which requires no expenditure of muscular force, to which he is somewhat averse. He finds a deep piece of water in the Roanoke River or mill pond, where ducks frequently alight, and baits the place by sinking to the bottom bundles of oats and corn. When he finds that they are feeding on his bait, he builds a natural-looking hiding place on the bank at the right distance for a certain shot—say 25yds. The ducks dive down to feed on the oats, and when they are all under water but one, he shoots that one, and then one by one as they arise to the top of the water. The ducks under the water do not hear the report of the gun, and only come to the surface for air, as they ordinarily do. John has had as many as seven dead ducks at one time floating on the water. This, I think is almost as clever a trick as the Indian Sepoys practice in floating down stream to flocks of ducks with their heads encased in large gourds, with eye-holes cut for air and observation. L. J. PICÔT.

LITTLETON, N. C.

CHICKENS IN ILLINOIS CORN FIELDS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Hough, whose delightfully told experiences charm us all, wrote this week of a prairie chicken's mounting skyward in its death flight and dropping suddenly lifeless. I witnessed the duplicate of this performance a few days ago. It was on my last chicken hunt of the season. We found the birds in the corn, clean fields invariably being chosen by these magnificent game birds as their feeding ground. They were lying about in twos and threes, and we had some good shooting. We had just entered a bit of a field where the stalks were not tall, when suddenly, "boom, boom, boom," the birds began to spring above the stalks and dart away to the north. Before the twenty-five or thirty which composed the flock got away I managed to stop four of them in four shots—as good as I ever did on the splendid and not too easily killed birds. The nearest of the four I could see about forty yards away, and I hurried forward, after slipping shells in my gun, to secure him. I was just reaching for his head, which was swaying from side to side, showing, as I thought, that he was struck in the brain, when, with a mighty effort, he bounded into the air and went climbing skyward on wings less steady than those of the jack snipe when he first leaps up from his moist pasture. I was rattled too badly to hit him, although I tried it, shooting wild and wide of the mark. On, up he went in the mellow autumn sunshine, when all at once his wings ceased to move, and he fell like a lump of lead. One thing I learned was not to count your chickens until they are in the pocket of your shooting coat, for although we marked the spot where this plucky bird fell, and were sure that life was extinct, we failed to retrieve him.

I think the best chicken shooting we have here is in October among the corn. The birds in August and September, while yet in the stubble, are too easily bowled over. The man who cannot make a good bag in August, where the game is fairly plentiful, could hardly hit a shock of corn fodder. But bagging the same game in October, especially if it be a little late in the month, is quite another thing. There is no time to waste after the strong wings have lifted the big gray body above the stalks, and have started away with it. This, to me, seems the perfection of shooting, and there has been plenty of it this year in Illinois. The three years close season did all that it was expected to do in restocking the fields with the almost vanished birds. It is well known that our Secretary of State, in engrossing the law, put the opening of the season this fall on the 15th instead of the 1st of September, the latter being the date fixed by the Legislature's action. The Attorney General decided that the law must stand as recorded, although every one knew it to be a blunder. Some of us growled, but the result is a happy one. Many birds which would have been easily killed in the first half of September, by the last half were able to fly out of harm's way, and have escaped to give a brood of birds for the gunner's entertainment next season. The opening of the season will be late again next year as our Legislature does not meet this coming winter. When the game law is again considered it is to be hoped the date will not be made earlier. I believe if the laws were observed and shooting of chickens allowed only between Sept. 15 and Nov. 1, there would always be plenty of game. There are plenty left now to fill the fields next year.

The worst enemy the grouse have is the farmer. I talked with one farmer this summer, who said: "I plowed around their nests last spring and the young brood have fattened on my grain, and it seems to me those birds are mine and I have a right to go out and kill them when I please." And this man was no lawbreaker in other things. But I am sure that he and others like him get what shooting they want before the open season begins. They watch the hunters from the towns and villages. The latter, aware that the farmers have an eye on them and that their exploits will be talked over in the town also, are chary about shooting the birds out of season. But the farmer can go out on his own land and do about as he pleases. Few care to dispute his right to do so, and evidence against him would be hard to get. Yet I am sure, from rumors that float about in many neighborhoods, and from some knowledge of the farmers' feelings, that many a grouse goes into the pot or the frying pan before the open season begins, brought down by the farmer's old fuzee. RICHARD GEAR HOBBS.

PAXTON, Illinois.

AN AMERICAN GAME UTOPIA.

THE discussion of some plan to secure a great game preserve in Illinois enlists all my interest and sympathy. When it is forever too late, I suppose an American Congress may become civilized enough to appropriate enough money for such a thing, but where then will be the prairie chickens, antelope, wild geese, etc., wherewith to stock it? To the real sportsman the thought of this hideous slaughter which is exterminating our noble game is almost unbearable. While we wrangle over our "rights" in the matter all our questions are being rapidly and permanently settled by "elimination." There will right speedily be no game to scramble for. How one longs for the power of a Vanderbilt or Gould that he might himself make possible such a game preserve. I suppose, however, that when one gets to be a Vanderbilt or Gould he has other things to think of, but what a benediction from real sportsmen and naturalists the world over would fall on the head of any one who should establish such a preserve!

Col. T. W. Higginson once said it was well worth the annual fee of membership to the Boston Appalachian Club just to know that such a club existed and that so many good people were enjoying its field excursions at low rates. What I would give most to see would be a game preserve of grand proportions and superbly stocked with all kinds of game which could flourish together, and wherein not a mortal should ever be allowed to shoot, but where the naturalist could study to his heart's content and the dead shot and the man accustomed to make a tremendous bag could learn the higher pleasure of stalking game without destroying it, and where the only hunter who carried any trophies away should be he whose weapon was the camera.

I have been very sad indeed at the thought of the rapid extermination of the prairie chicken from the Illinois prairies, where I hunted when a boy; and the plan of the preserve at Rising Sun Farm and the statement of Mr. Hough that the birds are actually there, within eighty miles of Chicago and in the oldtime marshes, are enough to make me wish that every sportsman would interest himself in the matter if a plan at all practicable can be proposed. I would like to get in a few rights and lefts at prairie chickens again before I die; but I would give even more to see once more the wonderful tournament of the mating birds in spring and to hear their curious booming call, which used to excite my curiosity, till by dint of careful creeping and stealthy approach I could see the birds in the act of making it.

If any one wants sport that is rare in quality and carries with it no manner of regret whatever, let him creep upon and watch a lot of prairie chickens at such a time, and my word for it he would not exchange the experience for even the exhilaration of a day's hunt and a big bag of birds in autumn. I have felt the rage for killing as keenly as any man, and I have by no means given up my gun, but I am in position to say that the cultivation of the gentler and less destructive delights of the chase are equally profitable to the soul. Mr. Hornaday tells me that on his last expedition for buffalo for the Smithsonian his cowboy assistants wanted at first to shoot every living thing that came within range, and hardly knew what he meant when he tried to inspire them with the idea of preserving all game not strictly needed, instead of slaughtering it. When once, however, they caught the idea, a great change came over them, and they were willing to think of the future as well as the present moment.

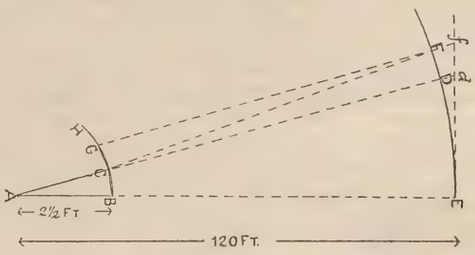
Sometime I want to apply this idea to fishing and to tell you of the champion bass hog whom I once found in Florida and who has remained an unpleasant figure in my memory ever since. C. H. AMES.

AIMING AHEAD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I read with a good deal of interest, some time ago, the views of "Ancient" upon cross shooting, but have not seen the articles of others upon the subject. If you will kindly afford space, I will give my opinion and the reason for it.

In the diagram let *AB* represent the position of the gun at the time of pulling the trigger, and *E* the position of the bird at the same moment moving toward *D*. Now, if the muzzle of the gun be in motion toward *H*, it will reach some point at the left of *B*, as point *C*, by the time the shot can reach the muzzle. For it must take some time for the hammer to fall, the powder to burn and the shot to start from rest and with an accelerated motion reach that point (*B*). If the shot should continue in the direction they are moving at the moment they leave the muzzle, they would not follow the line *CD*, for they have two motions, one due to the swing of the muzzle and the other a projectile motion toward *D*. The resultant of these motions is the direction *CF*.



If the velocity of the bird is such that it will go from *E* to *F* or *f* (which is nearly accurate) while the shot are passing the distances *AC* + *CF*, the shot would intercept the line of the bird at the point *F*. If the bird be a swift flyer, or the swing of the muzzle less rapid, or the powder slow burning, the shot in either case would fall behind.

This computation is upon the supposition that the shooter swings the gun more rapidly than the flight of the bird, and discharges at the moment the line of sight reaches the bird; that is, he swings upon the object and fires without stopping the motion. My own rule is to swing in line of flight and pull when the bird is visible behind the muzzle. I consider this a good rule for swift birds.

If the shooter should follow the flight and fire while holding on, he would fall behind a distance, a trifle less than the bird would fly while the shot are going from *B* to *E*, or from *C* to *D*. The shot would have a lateral motion and would follow the line of a diagonal of a parallelogram as *CF* in *CDFG*. This of course would lessen the distance the shot would fall behind.

If, on the other hand, the shooter should hold on the bird without swinging, and shoot while holding on, the shot would fall behind a distance equal to the flight of the bird during the time from the moment of pull till the shot reach the point *E*.

Let us try approximately to compute these distances. Suppose a 30-inch gun to be swung on a bird with a muzzle velocity of 4 feet a second; that it take, for the hammer to fall, the powder to burn, and the shot to traverse the barrel, $\frac{1}{4}$ of a second; then the lateral motion of the muzzle would be from the time of the pull till the shot reach the muzzle $\frac{1}{4}$ of 48 inches or 2 inches. Then we have $BC = 2$ inches. As the triangles *ABC* and *ADF* are similar,

$AB : AE = CB : DE$, or $2\frac{1}{2} : 120 = \frac{1}{2} : DE$. $DE = 8$ft.

To compute *FD*, we have $CD = 120$ft.—$2\frac{1}{2}$ft., or in round numbers, 120ft. If we suppose the velocity of shot to be 960ft. a second, they would traverse the distance *CD* or (120ft.) in $\frac{120}{960}$ seconds, or $\frac{1}{8}$ of a second. If the muzzle velocity is still 4ft. a second, we have for the distance *CG* or *DF* $4\frac{8}{8}$in., or 6in. This added to 8ft. gives $8\frac{1}{2}$ft. for *EF*. Now the problem would not be essentially different if we take the tangential line *Edf*, which would be a more natural flight.

Now let us see what would result if a bird were flying a mile a minute. The question is how far a bird with the above velocity would move during the time from the pull of the trigger until the shot reach the distance 120ft. Time of shot in reaching muzzle, $\frac{1}{16}$ of a second; time of *CD* or $117\frac{1}{2}$ft., $\frac{1}{8}$sec. $\frac{1}{16}+\frac{1}{8}=\frac{3}{16}=\frac{1}{5}$sec., 1 mile = 5,280ft. $\frac{5}{8}\frac{2}{8}\frac{8}{0}$—88ft. a second, velocity of bird. Then in $\frac{1}{5}$sec. the bird would go from *E* toward *f* $14\frac{3}{8}$ft. As the shot in the above case would strike $8\frac{1}{2}$ft. to the left of *E*, we have $14\frac{3}{8}$—$8\frac{1}{2}$ or $6\frac{1}{8}$ft., the distance the shot would fall behind the bird. In such a case a swifter motion of the gun would be necessary, or as is the case, I think, with most duck shooters, the gun could be carried somewhat ahead of the bird.

If a bird were flying $\frac{1}{4}$ mile a minute, the bird would move $7\frac{1}{2}$ft. in $\frac{1}{8}$sec., and the shot would be something more than a foot ahead of the bird. W.

MELROSE, Mass.

CONNECTICUT GAME MARKET.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of the 31st ult. I was glad to notice an extract from the Hartford *Post* stating that some parties had been arrested in the attempt to ship game from the State of Connecticut in violation of the law. You may remember that last fall through your columns I called the attention of the Connecticut Game Protective Association of Hartford to this subject, and now that energetic measures have been begun I earnestly hope they will be persisted in until the traffic is stopped. There is much game taken to New Haven from the adjoining towns, especially those along the line of the Shore Line Railroad; it may be all used there, but I am afraid not. One party whom I saw on the cars last fall, then on his way to New Haven with game, told me that he had taken 2,500 game birds that season to the New Haven market. This week, in passing over the line from Saybrook Junction to New Haven, I saw the same party and two others on the train with four baskets of game, I should judge numbering 150 pieces, which were taken off at New Haven.

An outside market makes a demand for market-hunters, and two or three such men can wipe the game from a town in a few weeks. They are usually good shots; are tough, wiry fellows, who can rustle through the brush and thickets where a sensitive dog would unwillingly enter; they know every foot of the ground thoroughly, and the haunts of partridge, quail and woodcock; and by putting in the time from daylight till dark during the first two weeks of the open season, have not only destroyed any hope of pleasure for others in a day's shooting, but have wiped the ground so effectually that but very few birds remain to replenish the stock for another year.

There are undoubtedly many birds snared and trapped in Connecticut now; but in the sections I have visited this fall the practice is much less than in former years; in my few days' tramp I saw but one fence built for ensnaring partridge, and that one I am quite sure will do no more harm. It is the market-hunters that are destroying the pleasures of shooting, and that, too, for a very slight profit to themselves, and even this could not be sustained but for the market found outside the State by illegal shipments of game. So, Mr. Editor, please encourage the game wardens and all game protective associations in rigidly enforcing the law, and Connecticut will afford as good a natural field for a day's shooting as a sportsman could desire. A.

NOV. 6.

ONTARIO INCIDENTS.

BELLEVILLE, Ont., Nov, 5.—Your correspondent had the good fortune to be presented, on Saturday last, by Mr. Wm. Clarke, of Sydney township, with an albino black squirrel, which he shot the preceding day about twelve miles from this city. This "freak" is of the ordinary size of a black squirrel, but is of a yellowish cream color. Its fur is very thick and silky, and its brush is rather smaller than that of its black brethren. Another, somewhat more yellow in color, has been seen in the same vicinity. My specimen, which is regarded as a curiosity here, is in the hands of Mr. Colet taxidermist.

Parties who went to the northern townships to hunt deer have had much less success than usual. One party who went from Belleville, and which included Judge Hoyt and Mr. Loos, of Syracuse, N. Y., did not get a single deer in their two weeks' hunt, although they wounded two. Another party of two got 1 deer in a week, while a party of six got 6 deer in two weeks. A party from Stirling got 5, and a party from Marmora secured 8, one of which weighed 272lbs. A reliable correspondent from North Hastings states that deer have been scarcer than in previous years, and that dogs, which are running everywhere, have in different localities driven several deer into the clearances, where they have been shot by the settlers; in fact, most of them seem to have been got in this way.

The same correspondent narrates the following remarkable series of events which happened at Maynooth, one of the most northerly villages in this county: "Last week a deer was seen to enter a small lake on the west road; a man headed it and kept it in the water while Mr. Green ran home for a gun. The only 'shooting iron' he could procure had the stock broken off short, close to the lock, and with this extraordinary weapon he succeeded in shooting the deer; and last Thursday a deer entered the village and rambled playfully along the sidewalk. It was soon discovered, and Messrs. J. B. Cleak, S. Ross, G. Green and others chased it through the village, the priest adding to the excitement by sending a couple of shots 'promiscuously' after the deer. A house was burnt there some time since, and a large cellar now yawns where it stood; into this the deer jumped, closely followed by S. Ross, who seized it by the hindlegs while G. Green hammered it with a club till life was extinct. On the Friday previous to this a large bear was seen around the cheese factory. Mr. S. Rouse armed himself with a rifle and sought some time for it in vain, but at length looking over into the vat he discovered it there drinking the whey, and quickly gave it a quietus in the shape of a bullet—and only a short time previous to this another bear was killed at the same factory." While deer have been scarce, ruffed grouse have been plentiful. Some of the parties killed about a hundred of these usually wary birds. R. S. B.

QUAIL ON LONG ISLAND are said this year to be rather scarce. A report from Southampton says that there are but few birds, and that such as there are are great wanderers and scarcely ever found twice on the same ground. A gentleman familiar with the grounds about Sayville says that there are fewer birds than usual there. This scarcity is attributed to the wet weather of the summer which drowned the young ones.

BOSTON SHOOTERS.

BOSTON, Nov. 11.—The shooting season is proving to be a pleasant one to the Boston sportsmen, though the flight of salt-water birds has not been as heavy as usual. Some of the market-gunners have brought in heavy strings of coot and black duck. When they have been questioned as to where the birds were found, they have given evasive replies. It is evident that some netting, or at least unfair shooting, has been practiced, for the gunners in the ordinary way have not yet had their usual success. Grouse shooting in this State is about over for the season. The trees are stripped of leaves, and the birds that are left are very wild. Quail shooting has not yet shown up even fairly well. Boston sportsmen have visited the Cape, even where they were assured that special bevies had been left untouched for their shooting, but they have returned without a bird. E. M. Gillam, of the staff of the Boston *Advertiser*, is a great lover of field sports with dog and gun. He has just returned from his annual vacation of two weeks at home in New Jersey. His brother, of the staff of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, usually accompanies him. This time Mr. Gillam's score is 51 quail, 23 rabbits. Mr. Gillam has a setter bitch, of his own training, that is proving to be a wonderful field dog. He rather surprised the natives with his score of birds, mainly due to the good work of the dog. Partridges he reports very scarce in the section of the State where he hunted. Not a solitary one was seen. He says that the close time of three years on deer is being observed in that State.

Good partridge scores continue to be reported from Maine. Some of them too good for the perpetuation of game in that State. One Boston merchant, hunting in the vicinity of Upton, made a score of 79. Deer are plenty. The hunters are waiting for the first snows, which still persist in turning to rain in the New England States. Two or three Boston hunters will start on a deer hunt in Maine, as soon as there is a prospect of snow that will stick. SPECIAL.

WADDING CARTRIDGES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Thanks to "Nick" for his synopsis of the shotgun tests. It reminds me of a curious experience I had in the way of experiments in wadding, some years ago. During the winter I got a new auxiliary barrel, about 5in. long, using a .32 long shell, and immediately set to work with thin card wads only, to decide on the best charge for the little barrel. With the shell half full of powder and half of shot I penetrated a certain number of sheets, and obtained a sufficiently close, though somewhat "patchy" pattern. Altering the loads, I found that with the shell one-third full of powder and one-half full of shot, I obtained equal penetration and better pattern. Experimenting with this charge, I found that one wad on the powder gave a wide and irregular pattern; two wads, a close but still wide pattern, and three wads gave a perfect pattern, both as to evenness and closeness, while the penetration was equal to any loading of the larger charge of powder.

These experiments were all conducted with one wad on the powder, any addition making the pattern irregular and scattered.

The curious part of the experiments lay in the practical use of the approved charge. With it I could kill absolutely nothing, and after two or three trials on different mornings I returned to my old half-and-half charge, which gave no better penetration and not nearly so good a pattern, but killed the birds every time unless by my fault. That there is an explanation of the trouble I do not doubt, but to this day I have not the slightest idea what it is. The charges were approximately ¼dr. and ¼oz.

W. E. S.

LONDON, Ontario.

MOOSE IN QUEBEC.

MONTREAL, Nov. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The laws of the Province of Quebec, passed at the last session of Parliament, are now printed, and I inclose according to promise copies of those relating to fish and game, chapters 18 and 19. You will notice that the latter permits the shooting of moose after Sept. 1, 1889, which was previously prohibited until September, 1890. This change is a mortifying surprise to those interested in the preservation of moose in the Province. No allusion was made to it in the official statement of open seasons sent out by the Government at the beginning of the year, which is the usual responsible authority for sportsmen. It is said the new law was really passed *sub-rosa* at the request of one of the ministers; certainly none who were interested in opposing it knew anything about it until the printed statutes appeared. THOS. C. BRAINERD.

The law reads: Chap. XIX. An act to amend the game laws. [Assessed to 21st March, 1889.] Whereas it is necessary to amend the game laws; Therefore, Her Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Legislature of Quebec, enacts as follows: 1. Paragraphs 1 and 2 of article 1396 of the Revised Statutes of the Province of Quebec are replaced by the following: "1. Deer, between the first day of January and the first day of October in each year. 2. Moose and caribou, between the first day of February and the first of September in each year."

THAT MASSACHUSETTS BEAR.—Taunton, Mass., Nov. 11.—We are having a little diversion in the hunting line. All hands have turned to and gone bear hunting. Poor Bruin! He started from up near Dedham about a week ago, and has caused consternation all the way from there to here. In Bridgewater he captured some juicy pork, and his life has been a weary one every since. I have not as yet been able to find out where he came from, but think probably he broke loose from some traveling show. He has a weakness for young pork, and when last seen was chasing a fine young porker in a farmyard at East Taunton. After scaring the woman folk nearly wild he started toward the Cape. When I left home a big hunt was being organized under the leadership of Leader Spary of the cadet band. I have not heard the returns yet, but if he gets through this crowd he deserves his freedom.—COHANNET.

OHIO.—Ironton, Nov. 5.—There is a great abundance of game, and out on Tygart wild turkeys are quite plenty. R. S. Dupuy and George Howland start to-morrow on their hunting trip south.—J. D.

A CAMP PARLOR.—There are private collections of one sort and another in Brooklyn—books, paintings, statuary, faience pottery, coins, stamps, rugs, violins and bric-a-brac of various kinds, but it remained for Dr. R. B. Cantrell, of Brooklyn, to start one that is probably unique in its way. The doctor is an enthusiastic sportsman with rod and gun, and for the last five years has been the leader of a troop of annual summer pilgrims to the wildest wild woods of Maine. The entire company are generally designated "maniacs" by their friends of the "can't-get-away" club, and always come home raving about the sport in Maine. The doctor's madness, however, has developed a method by which he has converted his parlors into a suggestive sort of epitome of the wild-woods and their fascinations. A model log-house, canoes, paddles, snow-shoes, rods and rifles adorn the walls, but the pride of Dr. Cantrell is in his collection of heads of wild animals and various specimens of the taxidermist's art. Upon his walls are splendid specimens of the heads of the moose, elk, caribou, buffalo, Rocky Mountain antelope, the black-tailed deer, and at appropriate points in the parlors a black bear opens his jaws for your benefit, and the bald eagle of America all but soars and screams for your edification. Other birds and beasts too numerous to mention figure in the scene, which is a somewhat startling one to a stranger as he first pops his head into the parlor. How many of these specimens from the wilderness, are, strictly speaking, trophies of Dr. Cantrell's skill in the chase is not positively known, and he is modestly reticent on that point. But he has them—there is no doubt of that—and in them probably the only collection of the sort in New York or Brooklyn.—*New York World.*

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Nov. 5.—I have been for several years a constant reader of your most interesting journal, and have spent many hours in the perusal of its entertaining columns. I am often surprised at the scarcity of news items from our southern country, as we have as good and true sportsmen as can be found anywhere, and as fine a territory for field sports as the most fastidious could wish. Most any of our railways within from one to three hours' run can land one among numbers of wild turkeys, ducks and quail, to say nothing of larger game such as deer, bear, etc. Bob White is unusually plentiful this season, and the devotees are enjoying rare sport with dog and gun. I expect to take a week's outing about Dec. 1; and perhaps you may hear something of me later on. Have just received a fine-looking young English setter from a Philadelphia kennel (which, by the way, was obtained through the medium of the FOREST AND STREAM), and I hope to report great things of him within the near future. Long may you prosper.—F. W. S.

LYKENS, Pa., Nov. 11.—Having enjoyed the contents of your paper for some time, and not seeing any communications from our "neck o' woods," I take this opportunity of informing your readers of the condition of our quail and pheasant shooting. Quail we have in abundance, more so by far than heretofore. You may judge how plentiful they are when I tell you that since the opening of the season, Nov. 1, I killed 100 over a pointer but 15 months old. I bought him of the Quaker City Kennels in October. I killed 25 birds over him the third day he was ever in the field. Pheasant shooting is not as good this year. The birds are very scarce. I suppose so much rain during the breeding season is the cause of it. Rabbits are numerous both in the surrounding mountains and fields. There are still a few deer in our county (Dauphin) and should we have a close season of at least five years they would be plenty.—W. V. B.

OTSEGO, CHENANGO AND MADISON COUNTIES, N. Y.—Having hunted in each of these counties this fall, and inquired of a large number of sportsmen, I give the result of my observation and inquiry. We had an unprecedented wet spring and summer, and large numbers of nests must have been submerged or the birds died from the gapes, because birds are very scarce. There is about one bird where there were a dozen last year. One of our best shots with his fine red setter has averaged about one bird a day. His largest bag is four. August woodcock shooting was next to impossible, as the boring ground was submerged and the birds were scattered on high ground and difficult to find. On Sept. 1 we raised three birds (and killed them) on a piece where we killed sixteen last year on the same day. I think this section contains just about enough birds to keep the race from becoming extinct.—WING.

THE BOOK of "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-Tales," by George Bird Grinnell ("Yo"), is now ready for delivery, and will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, $2, by the Forest and Stream Pub. Co. Mr. Grinnell has just returned from an absence of several months in the Northwest.

LIVE MEXICAN QUAIL.—San Luis Potosi, Mexico., Oct. 30.—If any of your friends want live Mexican quail I can furnish them. They are nearly twice the size of the American bird, have white topknot and are very pretty, hardy and prolific.—E. A. V.

BEARS are reported to be a nuisance in the neighborhood of the Overlook Mountain House in the Catskill Mountains. The route from New York is via Kingston, and Samual Thompson, watchman at the Overlook, can post visiting hunters.

GEORGE PIANO, for thirty years a member of the West Point Band, and famous as a hunter and fisherman, who has guided scores of army officers in Orange county outings, died at his home in Highland Falls, N. Y., last Monday.

VIRGINIA GAME.—A well known gentleman who has just returned from Virginia reports quail, rabbits and squirrels very abundant at Amelia Court House.

GIVE YOUR FRIENDS THE BENEFIT.—If you know a good thing, tell it and let your friends have the benefit. Being of this opinion we quote the following from one of our exchanges: "Lynch, Noble & Co., of the Freight & Baggage Transfer, of Cedar Rapids, Ia., in a press letter write: 'We have used Humphreys' Veterinary Specifics two years, and we cannot speak too highly of them. In our judgment, none that we have ever used can compare with them. One of our best horses was attacked with what the veterinary surgeons termed inflammation of the brain, and was given up to die, when these Specifics cured him.' Editorially we cheerfully give the above statement to our readers, in view of the fact that it is in harmony with what is appearing in every part of the country respecting these wonderful remedies."—*Baltimore (Md.) Farmer.*

Sea and River Fishing.

ANGLING NOTES.

WITH the arrival of the melancholy days of November, the angler, in this part of the country at least, finds his occupation gone. It is true that a few pickerel still take hold, and here and there a striped bass pays for his curiosity with his life, but with the exception of the small boy with the little tomcod the season is practically over. The wise fisherman will before putting away his tackle for the winter, see that everything is in order for the coming spring. Rods should be looked to, and if needed, sent to the tackle maker for a thorough overhauling and varnishing. Anglers are too apt to leave this important matter until a day or two before starting on a fishing trip. This is a great mistake, for then the varnish does not get a chance to harden, to say nothing of the damage done to a fine rod by leaving it crooked and in bad shape all winter. Reels should be cleaned and oiled and flies and leaders put in a cool, dry place. Rods should not be kept where there is much furnace heat, but should be laid on the floor in some cool room if possible, and not where they will be stepped upon.

If the angler is so fortunate as to be able to visit the home of the channel bass and royal tarpon, he will now begin his preparations, for though the tarpon is rarely taken during the winter, yet the redfish or channel bass, spotted weakfish, sheepshead and many other varieties will afford plenty of sport.

Mr. Ed. Prime's magnificent catch of tarpon last May will encourage many anglers to stay later next spring, for usually they have left Florida too early to enjoy that sport to perfection. Already a number of tarpon rods have been ordered and the tackle dealers are preparing for a busy season in this line of goods.

Heavy rains and high water this past summer made the fishing very uncertain, but many big fish have been taken by those who were lucky enough to be on hand at the right time. It is very fortunate that people no longer brag of the number killed, but strive to break the record as to weight. It cannot but follow that if we kill the little ones, we must do without the big ones.

Even within a few weeks some of the persevering fishermen have been unusually successful with the striped bass.

The black bass waters were all too high during the last few days of the month of the season, but that will probably be all the better for the coming one. The black bass fishing in Raquette and Blue Mountain Lakes, in the Adirondacks, has been unusually good this fall; so also was the fly-fishing there in June. There is no reason why this chain of lakes should not furnish the best black bass fishing in the State.

The members of the South Side Sportsmen's Club, of Long Island, were agreeably surprised this summer by taking quite a number of large rainbow salmon on the fly. They were in fine condition and afforded great sport when hooked. It is a pity that the black-spotted salmon (*Salmo purpuratus*) could not be introduced into these streams on our coast that empty into the salt water. They take the fly better, fight harder and are more delicate on the table than the rainbow. As they spawn in the spring they afford fine sport when our trout are out of season. Anglers who have been so fortunate as to have fished in the Columbia River and its tributaries, or in beautiful Pend d'Oreille and Kamiska Lakes in Idaho, will indorse this statement. The reader may form some idea of their fighting qualities when it is stated by a well-known New York angler that during a month's fishing in the waters named, he did not remember ever being able to save both fish, though he often hooked a brace. While landing one the other would always tear loose and make his escape.

Those anglers who went to Maine and the Adirondacks for the September fly-fishing, which is usually so good at that time, were sadly disappointed. The weather was as warm as at any time during the summer, and the trout remained in deep water. It is rarely in those regions that the first of September passes without frost, but this year it was well on to the first of October before the thermometer dropped low enough. To make up for that misfortune, the deer were unusually plenty, more so than in many years, so at least those who visited the North Woods were repaid for their journey.

FISHING CLUBS IN CANADA.

NEW YORK, Nov. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see, on reading the FOREST AND STREAM of this date, that a gentleman writing over the signature of "R. O. S." sails into me in a querulous mood for my article of October in defense of fishing leases of Canadian waters to clubs. He does me great honor in accusing me of being a selfish capitalist reveling in gold dust galore, seeking to deprive the dear people of the privilege of roaming over the country at their own sweet wills, fishing and shooting without restrictions; and he claims as evidence of the views of the people of New Brunswick that 3,000 signatures were obtained to a protest against granting leases to clubs. It is the easiest thing in the world to obtain signatures to almost anything. I could obtain a thousand signatures in this city in a day advocating the speedy execution of the Mayor and entire corporation. People sign petitions without reading them or caring what they are.

There is nothing selfish on the part of our friend, of course, in proposing to exclude clubs from New Brunswick, and wishing to hog it all to himself and friends; but such are not the sentiments of the Crown Lands Department of Canada, inasmuch as a revenue is derived from leases to clubs, most of which are made up of citizens of the Dominion, and the Government does not believe in allowing its waters to be depleted by the irresponsible pot-fishermen, who would be governed by no restrictions and consider it their right to slaughter *ad libitum*. There is no free fishing in Canadian inland waters, except on Lake St. John; its own citizens must obtain leases, and Americans are placed on the same footing. They are granted no privileges not accorded to

its own people; and fishing clubs are not an exclusive American institution in Canada. The Canadian Government is composed of sound, sensible thinking men, governed by a wise policy; and they have made laws that seem wise and for the best interest of the country, and I doubt if the views of "R. O. S." will affect the question beyond his own immediate circle. If New Brunswick does not want us, we are not going to weep over the fact; there is plenty of good fishing nearer home.

One of the grievances of the gentleman, and perhaps the tenderest point, is that American club men do not risk the quality of New Brunswick "supplies," but bring their own with them. If he alludes to beverages, it is not strange that they do, for no one who has ever once indulged in New Brunswick stimulants would ever care to risk his life a second time. PODGERS.

HER ACCOUNT OF SEA FISHING.

SACRAMENTO, Cal. — *Editor Forest and Stream:* Although a woman I am a constant reader of FOREST AND STREAM, and as such I trust you will permit me to tell my "fish story." My husband is quite a sportsman, and I, a very apt pupil, am fast becoming one myself, and in no way do I take so much real genuine pleasure as in hunting and fishing with my husband. We often drive to the country early in the morning and spend the day very pleasantly either dove shooting or fishing, and never return without plenty of game, and frequently we supply our neighbors as well as ourselves.

While spending the month of August at Santa Cruz, Cal., we thought it would be a novelty to try our luck at salt-water fishing for the first time in our lives. (But we sincerely hope it will not be the last.) We were informed that few tourists dared to venture on account of seasickness; but this only made us the more determined to go. My husband felt quite certain that I would be sick, and equally sure that he would not be; while I was secretly praying that he might be the unfortunate one, that I might laugh at him.

We secured the services of an old Spaniard, who promised to take us out four or five miles to sea, for one dollar a piece, with no extra charge in case of sickness, and the next morning at 7 o'clock we were at the wharf. Finding the little boat waiting for us we were soon snugly stowed on board and moving out to sea. The fisherman occupied a seat near the bow, where he could manage the oars. I was assigned to the stern, while my lord and master was situated directly in front of me with his back toward me. This, I think, was a scheme on his part that I might be convenient to hold his head in case of sickness. Our genial landlady had kindly provided us a basket of lunch, consisting of pie, cake and ham sandwiches, and I had supplied grapes, plums and peaches, so we were not afraid of going hungry. Our fisherman had provided a can of mussel worms for catching smelts, which we were obliged to have for bait before we ventured outside the bay; and we rowed to the smelt grounds first. This is an immense field of seaweed situated about one mile from the wharf and within the bay of Monterey.

We were not long in getting our tackle in shape, and were soon trolling for the little shiners. Of course I had to call upon my husband to bait my hook, as it was entirely out of the question for me to take one of those wriggling little worms in my fingers; and of course he growled (as husbands always do but lovers never) all the time while doing it, but he looked sorry when I carried off all the honors by landing four beautiful little fish, while he never had a bite, and as our fisherman assured us that these would be sufficient for our day's fishing, we took in our lines and started seaward.

The water within the bay was as smooth as a woodland lake, and a heavy fog prevailed, so that our range of vision was decidedly limited, and had the peculiar effect of making a small fisherman's boat containing a solitary fisherman appear almost as large as an ocean steamer. Our basket of lunch was now brought into requisition, and we enjoyed a sumptuous repast, which we thought might be a fortification against the sickness of the sea.

Two miles from the wharf we passed the fog horn, which was somewhat of a curiosity to us, as we had never seen one of the kind before. It is of boiler iron and funnel-shaped, with the small end upward and the large end resting upon the water, being so arrangad that the action of the waves forces a current of air upward through it, and blows the immense whistle which is secured at the top. The anchor which holds it in place is said to weigh 4,000lbs. The mournful moan of the whistle had a melancholy sound, which made us almost feel that it was a lonely living thing grieving, like many a human being, for a companionship never to be found. Alone it stands two miles from the wharf, and performs its noble duty of guiding vessels as they come and go. I may be foolish, but I never can recall our visit to the old fog horn without a feeling of sadness; for in comparison with human life, it seems to me if all were to give vent to their feelings when buffeted by the cruel waves of life, we would not be compelled to go out to sea to find fog horns, but we would find them standing as lonely sentinels all over our land.

As we proceded the waves grew larger, and our little boat rose and fell with all the ease and grace of a little bird. This was my first trip in a small boat, and I was perfectly delighted; the sensation was grand, and it seemed to me I could sit there and rock forever. But ere long we reached rock bottom and our boat was anchored and we went to work. This time I was independent, for our smelts were dressed and cut into convenient pieces for bait and I could feed my own hooks. Our lines were 100ft. long and had three large hooks. We dropped them 90ft. down, when the sinkers told us we had reached bottom, and we had but a short time to wait, for a decidedly jerky message from below proclaimed "a bite." We hauled up our lines simultaneously and landed a couple of beautiful red rock-cod in the boat. Then we had a lively time for a few hours, our fish weighing from 2lbs. to 5lbs. Fishing at a depth of 90ft. is not all play, for when hauling up a fish of even 3lbs. or 4lbs. one is sure he has a whale on his hook. We frequently found fish on two of our hooks when we pulled them up. It was such hard work for me to pull them through 90ft. of water that I concluded to hold my hooks about 40ft. down and see what the result would be, and I was dumb with astonishment when I captured an immense bluefish. After that I caught nearly all blues. When they quit biting fast enough for us in one place we would row to another and try it again; and while the Spaniard was hauling in his anchor, rowing to another field and anchoring again, we were busy with our lunch, so as to lose no time.

We had the finest fishing day we ever had in our lives, until at 12 o'clock the sea began to roll, the wind to rise and the white caps to snap around us. Then our fisherman declared his immediate intention of hoisting sail and skipping out for shore. My heart sank within me, and I begged him to wait until I caught just one more; but, man-like, he insisted upon leaving at once, and my line had to be wound up; nevertheless it was the last one pulled in. My hands were swollen and red from the salt water and the sharp lines, but I had not noticed them before. We were so intent on fishing that neither of us were a particle seasick, and we finished up our lunch, fruit and all, on our homeward voyage. We marched up to our hotel feeling so proud with all the beautiful fish we both could carry in a handle basket between us. But, O! the cruelty of the guests. They one and all shouted: "Where'd you buy 'em."

During our stay at Santa Cruz we made four more voyages and had a delightful time and no seasickness, but after the first trip we were always at the wharf at five o'clock instead of at seven, as the little boats are compelled to return on account of the roughness of the sea at twelve o'clock, and often much earlier. One day a large sea lion swam near us for a long time and every few moments he would thrust his head up out of the water and blow. We supposed he was out on a fishing trip too, and came to the surface for the purpose of getting air. Sometimes he would throw his body broadside on top of the water, but he took great care to maintain a respectful distance from our boat.

One morning upon our arrival at the wharf a stranger approached us and introduced himself as Mr. H. from S. C.; and at the same time he informed us that he had obtained permission from our boatman to become one of our party for the day, and with our consent he would be pleased to accompany us. My husband, who by the way is of an extremely sociable disposition, without hesitancy told the gentleman that we would certainly be delighted to have his company; but fearing that he might get seasick and therefore spoil our fishing by compelling us to return, requested him to pledge his word and honor that he would not be sick. To this he graciously consented and smilingly informed me that my fears were groundless, as he "never was sick." He also stated that on the day previous he had ventured out to sea in company with three ladies, and unfortunately they became so sick he was obliged to return without his fish, and his reasons for wishing to accompany us were, that he had ascertained from the boatman that we were never sick and that we always returned with a beautiful lot of fish.

He was a fine-looking man, strong and robust in appearance and his portly figure was charmingly set off by a genial smiling countenance, and his conversational qualities were simply enchanting. We were forthwith enraptured with his interesting discourse and silently congratulated ourselves upon our good fortune in the acquisition of so charming a companion. He was assigned a seat in the bow of the boat, directly facing the rest of us, and we were soon skimming over the placid waters of the Bay of Monterey and laughing at the witty sayings of our entertaining friend.

As usual, we rowed directly to the smelt grounds, where we soon captured a beautiful basket of the pretty little fish, our Mr. H. proving himself to be a capital angler; and I trembled in anticipation of his carrying off the honors of the day's sport. Upon our departure for the ocean our lunch basket was produced, and everybody partook heartily of sandwiches, cold coffee and fruit, except Mr. H., who daintly minced one luscious little peach, and could not be prevailed upon to indulge in more substantial viands. We were soon rocking beautifully upon the heaving bosom of the grand old ocean, when suddenly all was still within our little boat; the melodious tones of our entertaining friend had ceased, and only the splash of the oars in the hands of our boatman broke the painful stillness.

Evidently there was something wrong in the bow.

Taking a hasty look in that direction I was somewhat surprised to see that the ruddy countenance of Mr. H. had assumed a vivid whiteness, his lips were closely compressed and his eyes were religiously intent upon some imaginary object of the most profound interest, which was evidently supposed to be located in the extreme bottom of the boat and in close proximity to his toes. My suspicions were slightly aroused, and I could not resist the temptation to give my husband a vigorous pinch and nod my head toward the disconsolate-looking figure forward. In reply he gave me a knowing smile; and we at once engaged in a lively conversation upon the beauty and grandeur of the sea, dwelling at length upon the delightful sensation of the motion of our boat as it danced over the waves, one minute resting upon the brow of a mountain, the next plunging into the valley below. In vain we expatiated upon the pleasures of salt-water fishing, in vain attempted to engage our once social friend in conversation; but alas! no response from the bow! Presently a happy thought possessed me, and reaching the basket of fruit I passed it forward, saying, "Mr. H., will you have a peach?" A mournful shake of the head and a faintly-murmured "Thanks" were my only reward; but some mirthful glances were exchanged between the boatman and ourselves as we quietly watched the development of proceedings forward.

Presently rousing himself from his meditations, and giving me a beseeching glance, he exclaimed, "Mrs. ——, what are you going to do with me if I get seasick?"

"Throw you overboard, of course," I replied, "for breaking your promise. We came out here to fish, and we must have them at whatever cost."

Before I ceased speaking there was a hasty movement forward, a hat was precipitated into the bottom of the boat, the portly form of Mr. H. lay at full length across the bow, and his head was dangling overboard. This was proof positive; there could be no mistake this time. I did not smile, but laughed outright in malicious delight at the thought that this was one instance in which a lord of creation was getting his pay as he went along for breaking his promise to a woman, and I mentally prayed that there might more cases develop. The peach, we supposed, went overboard, but Mr. H., after a severe spell of coughing and strangling, once more bore himself erect, and wiping the briny surf from his eyes exclaimed, "Hang that peach. Mrs. ——, that was your fault." I took no affront at this, but, on the contrary, felt thankful that the "woman in the case" was at hand to bear the blame for the suffering lord.

Well, we reached the fishing grounds at last, and all went bravely to work. Even Mr. H., who declared himself "all right" after the delivering up of the peach, succeeded in pulling in two or three beautiful rock cod, when all at once he was prostrated again with his head overboard. We went on with our fishing, thinking his case was not serious, but that he had probably concluded to go down after the lost peach. We caught all the fish we could carry home, had a fine time, and I laughed myself nearly sick at the persistence of Mr. H. in his periodical endeavors to recover the poor little peach. Just as we were thinking of going home the sea became rough and the whitecaps commenced snapping about us, even dashing into the boat; yet I begged to be allowed time to catch just one more "blue." Mr. H. gave me a withering look and began winding in his line, saying, "Well, I am not going to fish any more; but if *you* want to take a boat ride, Madam, go ahead. *I* prefer to enjoy the scenery." But the tears trickled down my nose with laughter when I saw him take one hasty survey of the "scenery," then, with more haste than grace, throw himself full length across the bow again. With a great deal of laughing and joking at the expense of Mr. H. we reached the wharf safely about noon, a much jollier as well as wetter party than when we set out in the morning. When we landed my husband engaged the services of our fisherman for the following day, and of course we gave Mr. H. a pressing invitation to accompany us, I holding out as a special inducement a promise to bring more peaches. But we could not prevail upon him to go. He said he didn't believe he liked to fish as well as he used to.

One little incident which amused me very much while out at sea, and also reminded me of the saying that "human nature is pretty much the same the world over," was the way in which we signalled a passing fisherman. Some one had broken a hook, and we wanted to get one if we could, as we had no more in our boat. The fisherman was a Spaniard and could only speak in broken English. Our boatman, being of the same nationality, attempted to attract his attention by calling to him; but it could not be done. He was utterly oblivious of the presence of any human being save himself. Finding his lungs of no avail, our man took from his pocket a suspicious looking flat bottle and commenced moving it above his head. Seeing what he was about, we all concluded to lend him our assistance; and Mr. H. grasped the water bottle, I my bottle of cold coffee, and my husband produced one which I had not seen before, and which, I presume, contained lemon juice as a remedy for seasickness. Imitating the boatman, we waved them in the air. It is wonderful how soon that Spaniard's attention was secured. His little boat shot toward us with the rapidity of a bird. He seemed very thirsty, and we secured the coveted hook.

We met Mr. H. again before we left Santa Cruz, and he promised to meet us there next year, Providence permitting, and also declared his intention of taking his wife with him next time to hold his head. MARION.

NOTES ON MASSACHUSETTS FISHES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

You ask if I have caught any rare fishes this season. I have taken four, which I think are new to the coast of Massachusetts. One is the *Nomeus gronovii*. I took a single individual while seining at Gay Head, July 6, and secured five others during the month at the surface under the Portuguese men-o'-war in Vineyard Sound. I believe I saw fully 100 at different times this season under similar circumstances. The Portuguese man-o'-war was very abundant; some days there were as many as 100 in sight at one time in the Sound. The shores were lined with them about the first of July.

The second fish is the *Larimus fasciatus*, caught Aug. 13.

The third is the *Seriola carolinensis*, of which I obtained an example 2ft. long at Wood's Holl, Aug. 16.

The fourth addition is the thin silver gar (*Tylosurus hians*), seined at Quisset Harbor, Aug. 22.

Young sea bass have been very scarce this season, only sixteen specimens having been taken outside of the eel pond. In the pond they are plentiful because I stocked it with one jar of young fry hatched at the U. S. Fish Commission station last spring. Young scup and tautog were as abundant as in other years. Young bluefish were scarce everywhere but in Quisset Harbor, where they were plentiful.

We have not caught a young pompano anywhere during the season; this is the first time they have missed coming in eighteen years. Not more than ten young sea robins were seined, while in other years hundreds were taken. The same is true about the sea bass; we were accustomed to get from twenty to one hundred and fifty at one draw of the seine. Only about twenty young menhaden were caught; in some seasons I have seined twenty barrels of them. Not a school of menhaden has been seen this fall anywhere on the south side of Cape Cod. I never knew anything of the kind before; they are always plentiful here in the fall.

One-year-old cod were caught in all the fish pounds along the Vineyard shore last spring. This is a new thing; the fish pound men told me it was the first time they ever caught any small cod. From this it appears that the young cod liberated here by the U. S. Fish Commission are coming back toward home. Some of the tautog fishermen have caught cod this fall weighing about ¼lb. each. One was caught in the hole the other day, the first one ever taken there.

Do you say that the silver-bellied eel is the same species as our common yellow and white-bellied eel? We have both kinds in the aquaria, and they seem to differ greatly. The fin of the silver belly looks much deeper, the tail more nearly square and the lateral line shows much more distinctly. These all have nearly ripe eggs, while the others have the ovaries scarcely enlarged.

VINAL N. EDWARDS.

WOOD'S HOLL, Mass., Oct. 28.

[The query of Mr. Edwards as to the silver eel is answered in another column.]

MR. WM. C. HARRIS was last week charged with having appropriated our review of the New York Fish Commission report. We are advised on excellent authority that Mr. Harris was not responsible for the omission of credit.



MALE SILVER EEL. (By Courtesy of the U. S. Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries.)

THE SILVER EEL.

THE question of our correspondent, Mr. Edwards, as to the relation between the common yellow-bellied eel of the markets and the silver eel of New York and New England fishermen, recalls to mind an experience in Great South Bay in the fall of 1884. Prof. Baird had sent the writer and some of his assistants to Patchogue to study the fishes of the bay and make collections upon which to base a report. Among the many interesting species taken during our stay was a remarkable eel, the relations of which have proved not a little puzzling. At my request, Prof. John A. Ryder studied the examples distinguished by the short snout, large eye, and sharp contrast of dorsal and ventral coloration, and pronounced them to be males, but did not venture an opinion as to what species they represent. We were both in doubt as to whether or not we had found simply the male of the common eel; and it may as well be admitted that neither of us has had opportunity since to resolve the doubt. I have long suspected that we have two species of eel (*Anguilla*) on our coast, and I hope that the keen observation of Mr. Edwards will soon enable us to prove the right or wrong of this position. For his investigations Prof. Ryder had also several specimens caught at Wood's Holl, in November, 1881. Concerning the Great South Bay individuals, he said (Bull. U. S. F. C., 1885, page 1): "In all four I found the lobulated organs, first described by Syrski, in a condition of development which leaves no doubt whatever that they are truly the male generative glands of the animal. * * * The whole character of the organs, both macroscopially and microscopically, is so entirely different from that of the ovaries found in the female, that there is no possibility of confounding them." The Syrskian lobules of the male are figured, enlarged to 35 times and 200 times their diameter. The "series of specimens from Wood's Holl * * * show the Syrskian organs slightly larger than in the Fire Island specimens, indicating possibly that functional maturity of the male organs is not attained till midwinter. This is rendered all the more probable from the fact that the young eels, about 2in. long, which constitute the swarms which come into fresh water in the spring, must have had three or four months during which to grow in order to reach the dimensions which they attain, which would render it probable that actual oviposition occurred sometime during the months of December or January." Prof. Ryder "takes pleasure in announcing that the male eel has been positively identified from at least two points along our Eastern coast, the animals in both instances showing the male reproductive elements so far advanced in development that there can be but little doubt if the animals had been taken a few weeks later ripe spermatozoa would have been found in the *vasa deferentia* of the testes."

Mr. Edwards has found the female silver eel with the ovaries approaching maturity, and at about the same time of the year males have been taken at Wood's Holl and Great South Bay far enough advanced sexually to be distinguished from the female. It remains to be determined whether the eel shown in the accompanying figure is the male of the common species of the markets or of another and distinct species. It will be noticed that the eye of this eel is very large, the snout short, the pectoral fin long and the coloration peculiar, as indicated in the name "silver eel" applied to it by fishermen. The belly of the male is milk white, contrasting sharply with the dark slate blue of the upper parts. The individuals collected near Patchogue were all taken from salt or brackish water.

De Kay and Storer were disposed to consider the silver eel as a variety of the common eel and not entitled to a specific name. The former wrote concerning it as follows:

"We have examined the silver eel of the fishermen, and are disposed to consider it only as a variety of the above [the common New York eel]. It is silvery gray above, with a clear satiny white abdomen, separated from the color above by the lateral line." (De Kay, New York Fauna, Fish, page 311). The *Anguilla argentea* of Lesueur is mentioned on a subsequent page among the extralimital species occurring further north. The diagnosis of color corresponds very closely with De Kay's observations quoted above.

Storer had specimens from a locality near Mr. Edwards's present post of observation, and he has the following remarks about them in "History of Massachusetts Fishes," 1867, page 215:

"In my report [on the fishes of Massachusetts] I included a species which I supposed to be the *argentea* of Lesueur. This was also contained in my 'Synopsis of the Fishes of North America.' In October, 1845, my friend, the late Dr. Yale, sent me a living specimen of this fish from Holmes's Hole, where it is called the Neshaw eel. I carefully compared this specimen with the *A. bostoniensis*, and could not perceive characteristics sufficiently well marked to make them distinct species. The color of the Neshaw eel is rather more of a brown than greenish, and the abdomen is destitute of the yellowish tinge possessed in the common specimens in the market; but these differences may be dependent upon its locality." Dr. Yale writes: "The Neshaw eel is taken in all the ponds and lagoons connected with the sea on the Vineyard, and in October and November in pots while making its way from the ponds to the sea. It is said that when the openings from the ponds are closed they pass over the sand in the night." The common eel is figured on Plate XXXIII. of this work, and this is one of the few good illustrations of the species. If our readers will compare the figure given in this article with figures of the common eel in the works of DeKay and Storer, and in the "Fishery Industry of the United States," or the Standard Natural History, they will at once see my reasons for doubting the pertinence of this male to the common form and for suspecting that the silver eel of Lesueur is something more than a myth. T. H. Bean.

MAINE TROUT SHARKS.

IT is a matter of regret that the trout family ascends the smaller streams and brooks to spawn, and that when the breeding furore is on the fish, both male and female, is reduced to a state of stupor that it is easy for man and beast to make it a prey, either to the desire to kill or to use as food. It is true that nature has made the fish unfit for human food at this time, though rendering it helpless so far as its enemies are concerned. Even the birds become an enemy of no mean order at this period of the trout's existence. Just here comes in an idea that may be new to some of the readers of the Forest and Stream. Report is making the great blue heron one of the whost enemies of the trout, unless it is possibly the demoralized guide, who hunts and traps in the autumn, and the spawning trout in the small streams easily falls to his thirst to destroy. Last September the trout in some of the Maine streams leading into the best trout lakes and ponds in that State were found to be far advanced toward spawning. In fact, the season was uncommonly early in this direction. In many streams enormous trout were seen, that would take neither hook with bait nor fly, but alas for human nature! they were taken some way. When taken they were found to be far advanced toward breeding, and evidently that was the reason for their presence in waters so shallow. The fishermen who took these trout and brought them to a certain camp were taken to task for catching such fish, with the reason explained, and to their credit be it said, they agreed it was no sport and that henceforth they should let spawning trout alone. But a day or two after word came by way of the guides that several more of these trout had disappeared from the same stream—from the same spawning beds.

Matters were looking rather meanly for somebody when a few days later several fine trout were washed ashore just below the spawning bed. In their backs there was a hole nearly as large as a man's finger, which looked as though made with some sort of a rude instrument. Trout spearing on the spawning beds was suspected. Who could it be? The dead trout were examined more thoroughly. The wounds were ragged and peculiar. If made with a spear, it must have been a very crude one, and with a single tine. At last one of the guides found a solution to the mystery. He twice observed a great blue heron intently watching the close vicinity of the spawning bed, and though the bird was too shy to approach near enough to be sure of its movements, yet the guide was convinced that the heron was the trout spearer. The matter was referred to his uncle that evening, an older guide, and the uncle agreed that it is the habit of the blue heron to strike at fish or frog in shallow water, and that it is capable of driving its sharp beak through the body of its prey. Hence the spike or spear holes in the trout found. Now I do not desire to lay all the destruction of trout on the spawning beds to the blue heron, but I give the circumstances just as they happened and the theory. Indeed this bird is already harassed to the extent by hunters that it is fast becoming extinct, and it would not be best to add the crime of trout stealing to its death sentence, but it is possible that it is guilty of destroying more trout than has been supposed heretofore.

But the human destroyers of breeding trout are not yet all dead or convinced of the meanness of their crimes. Indeed they go into the woods in October, in the States where the laws are framed to protect the trout in that month. They are there for hunting, but the temptation to add fishing to their pastime is very strong. They have but one vacation in a year, and when fishing is legal, then the game is in close time. Hence, under the plea of getting a few trout to eat, they arm themselves with rod and line. Their success is not great, but frequently they electrify the whole camp with the size of a trout they take. Indeed they are surprised themselves at the monster trout they find, often in water quite shallow, in the same streams. He will neither take a bait nor rise to a fly. Patience is exhausted, and the fish is an easy prey to the pronged jig or grapnel. A party of hunters lately returned to Boston took "what trout they wanted to eat." But somehow "they did not taste as good as expected." Sure enough. A trout in the breeding season is about as nice to eat as a farmer's cow just before or after calving. One of the party took a big trout, it weighed 6lbs. and measured 24in. in length. This is the account the hunter gave of it, though honestly he did not understand that a trout of that length should have weighed at least 8lbs., and that 8½lbs. would not have been in the least unusual. When questioned closely, he confessed that the fish was "the meanest slab-sided specimen" that he had ever seen, and he did not understand it. "It probably was starved nearly to death in the little stream." To any one familiar with the habits of this fish the case was plain enough. Though it was a male trout, it was a spent one. The cavities of its body had been emptied of a pound or two of milt, if the truth must be told in plain words. I explained the slab-sided condition of the trout to the sportsman, who had honestly confessed the breach of the fish law to me, and he owned that he had never thought of the matter in that light. He also declared that he wanted no more breeding trout. Hence it is often the case that ignorance of the habits of fish and game is one reason that poaching is indulged in, and often when the matter is brought before the hunter in its true light, he resolves that he wants no more illegal fish or game, and that if the open season on deer and grouse falls on the close season for trout, it is the fault of nature and not the game protective laws.

Special.

MOONEYE OR GOLDEYE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I wish some one at Neenah, Wis., or some other point on Lake Winnebago, would write fully about the so-called "mooneye," "mooneye shad" or "fresh-water shad," which at a certain period each summer frequents the river at the upper end of that lake in great schools. The fish seems to resemble the cisco in its habits, for it comes at periodical times and then disappears for the remainder of the year. It attains a weight of 3 or 4lbs., bites a fly ravenously and affords very good sport, being a strong and gamy fighter. I never saw one of the fish, and don't know much about them. Mr. Chas. E. Burton, of the Kankakee line, tells me of them, and says he has been on the river when the fish were in, and the sport was great. August is usually the season, I understand. I notice that the restaurants here in Chicago are now offering "mooneye shad" on their bills of fare.

I should like to ask how far West any reader of Forest and Stream has taken the landlocked salmon. I am told there are plenty of landlocked salmon in Burnside Lake, near Eli, not very far distant above Duluth, and near a short iron mine railway which runs north from Duluth. The lake is near the boundary line between the United States and the British possessions. I was told of this by the cook on a railway boarding car at Kirton, Wis., and the story was confirmed by the foreman of the gang. Both of these men had lived in that country, engaged in railroading on the construction department, and the latter had been there within two years. The cook told me he used to buy a 4 or 5-pound fish of the Indians for a small piece of pork. The Indians brought down any quantity of them to the railway, but the cook didn't know what the fish were until a party of anglers, including an ex-mayor of Minneapolis, came along and told him the name of the fish. These anglers, the cook told me, were very much excited over the discovery. I have never heard directly from this lake, and of course have no means of knowing positively that the fish in question was really the landlocked salmon; but there has been a rumor current in the West for a long time to the effect that the landlocked salmon was found somewhere in the country about Duluth. I wish some Duluth correspondent would go into this.

E. Hough.

[The mooneye is referred to in books under the names *Hyodon tergisus, alosoides* and *selenops*, the first being found in Canada, the Great Lake region, and throughout the Mississippi Valley. *Hyodon alosoides* occurs in the Ohio Valley and northwestward to the Saskatchewan. The mooneye is a near relative of the shad and alewife, but its bones are larger and less numerous. Richardson, in "Franklin's Journal," described the northern species and gave some account of its habits. Again, in 1836, he redescribed the fish and states that "it bites eagerly at artificial fly or worm. * * * Its flesh is white, resembling that of the perch in flavor, and excelling it in richness." He associates with it the names of "goldeye" and "Naccaysh." "The Naccaysh is taken during the summer months only, and in small numbers, in the gill nets set for other fish." The 54th parallel of latitude appears to be the northern limit of this species. *Hyodon tergisus*, which is probably the one above mentioned, is sometimes called "toothed herring" and "silver bass." It inhabits large rivers and lakes and is supposed to retire to deep water in winter. Its vigor, game qualities and good flavor were known to Dr. Estes who considered it one of the smartest of fishes and one of the most difficult for the fishermen to hook. The third species of mooneye belongs to the southern rivers and is probably inferior to the others in size and flavor.]

AN INCREDULOUS RHYMSTER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

To the uncertainty of the biting of fish all anglers can testify. When one is himself alone disappointed the trial is enough to bear, but when he feels the disappointment of others, too, it is very annoying. It fell to my lot to endure such torture this summer.

Having been for several seasons to Philipsburg, Province of Quebec, and having always met with reasonable success with bass, I took it upon myself this summer to write several friends to accompany me, holding out as an inducement the almost sure capture of plenty of bass. We went. The weather was superb, but the week passed and six of us caught altogether perhaps about ten bass.

Four of the party left in disgust. My companion and myself having been in the place and being possessed of the true piscatorial spirit of patience, waited and fished. From the day the skeptics left the bass began to bite. We took a goodly number each day, one day bagging seventeen nice ones, and among others taking two which weighed over 4lbs.

To show the boys what they had missed I disinterestedly wrote them an account of my luck after they left, and among other scurrilous epistles received the following "epic" from one of them, which you may think it worth while to publish:

ANANIAS THE FISHER.

There once were six fishermen who
With the wind into Philipsburg blew.
For bass they were laying,
And for good weather praying,
For each day would be spoiled by a "too."

The first day was "too hot and still,"
The second "too rough and too chill,"
And somehow a leak
In each day of the week
Would prevent it from filling the bill.

There was "too much north wind" did they troll,
Or "too little" to fish with a pole:
So the bass wouldn't strike,
And the largest-sized pike
A wizard alone could cajole.

Then some went a-frogging with joy,
Some went courting the milkmaidens coy:
Some lay in the grass,
And fished for the bass,
Which to catch you a corkscrew employ.

And after a week, three or four
Of the fishermen skipped from that shore.
Of the two left behind
One grew low in his mind,
Tho' often he had been there before.

At his hair and his whiskers he tore,
And 'tis said that he cursed and he swore,
And in language unclean
Said "He hoped he'd be seen
In Halifax if he fished more."

But after the tempest was o'er,
He permitted his fancy to soar;
So large bass he did take
('Twas a hypnotic fake),
At least seventeen or a score.

For he fell into a mesmeric trance,
And about him saw 10-pounders dance,
And real bass he thought 'em,
And believed that he caught 'em
Without wetting the plinth of his pants.

Now, no one has ever told why
It is that a man who won't lie,
Will, by a simple fish tale,
Make a tombstone turn pale,
And then he will only half try.

For when he awoke from his dream,
This man's eye showed a treacherous gleam,
Which revealed without doubt
That Jekyll was out,
And that Hyde was the boss of the scheme.

For with limitless "voltage of gall,"
And a nerve that would make Keeley crawl,
He wrote down on a card,
By no scruples debarred,
What I hope he will quickly recall.

"The name of the bass it is Mud
(Cold as ice, as he wrote, was his blood),
For this day, old boy,
I caught to my joy,
More bass than have lived since the flood.

Then humming the bar of a song,
He mailed it to one of the throng
Who had just gone away
On the previous day,
But who had never done him a wrong.

But success he will never attain,
And he'll fish for the suckers in vain,
If with such rotten yarns
He mends and he darns
All those very large holes in his seine. H.

Why must we "truthful" fishermen bear the opprobrium of the "liars" of the guild? A CONSTANT READER.

A TROUT PAINTING.—Anglers, as well as connoisseurs in this vicinity, will be greatly interested in a painting of a large brook trout now on exhibition in the windows of Messrs. Tilden, Thurber & Co., jewelers, Providence. The study is from the easel of Mr. T. Sedgwick Steele, son-in-law of Hon. Darius Goff, and represents a 5½lb. trout suspended by silver scales, the weight of the fish being indicated on the scales. The fish was captured in the Rangeleys, Maine, and painted to order for a gentleman at Mr. Steele's home in Hartford, Conn. Trout of this size are not common, and one seldom sees them so exquisitly painted with all the rainbow colors.—*Providence Times.*

SCARCITY OF WHALES.—The whaling season just closed in the North Pacific has been remarkable for fine weather, but the catch of whales was smaller than ever before. The San Francisco fleet is reported to have taken only 45, while the Okhotsk fleet captured 60. It is said that at least two vessels besides the schooner Nicoline have gone to winter at Herschell Island near the Mackenzie River. The breeding grounds of the bowhead are reported in that vicinity.

ABUNDANCE OF SHARKS.—Net fishermen along the New England shores complain greatly of the annoyance caused by sharks. Sometimes several are entangled in a single net, and the damage is considerable. It is astonishing what an amount of rolling and twisting a five-foot shark can do before he is drowned in the net. The mackerel shark is one of the commoner species in this unpleasant muddle.

ANGLERS' ASSOCIATION OF EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA.—At the annual meeting of this association, held in Philadelphia, Nov. 9, a proposition to change the name of the organization to one more indicative of its work and objects, was announced for consideration. It has long been recognized as a fact that the association is a powerful factor in the protection and increase of food and game fishes, and especially active in originating and enforcing legislation having for its object the improvement of the waters of the Commonwealth. We shall, therefore, welcome it under its new name and cherish the memory of its achievements under the old.

BLOOMING GROVE FLY-CASTING. — Blooming Grove Park Association fall tournament, Nov. 4 (see report on page 335). Distance fly-casting, two classes, for gold and silver badges. First class, those who cast in matches—A. J. Post, 53ft.; D. Willis James, Jr., 60ft.; Nat. T. Smith (handicapped) 74ft. Smith gives James 10ft. and Post 5ft. Post gives James 5ft. Smith wins gold medal. Second class, all others who had not cast—D. Bacon, 56ft.; B. E. J. Eils, 57ft.; C. T. Wills, 45ft.; E. M. Youmans, 50ft. Non-members casting for private prize—John Firth, 50ft.; S. H. Bacon, 45ft. Silver badge won by Eils.

W. S. BARRETT, widely known as "Bill" Barrett, the mountaineer, died at Camden, Me., last Monday night, of paralysis, aged seventy-six years. He cultivated a three-hundred-acre farm near Lake Megunticook, and his place was a favorite resort for tourists.

A BIG EEL.—A fisherman recently caught an eel in Wenham Lake, Mass., thirty inches long and weighing nearly 4lbs.

SEINES, NETS of every description. American Net & Twine Co., Mfrs., 34 Commercial st. Boston, or 199 Fulton st., N. Y.—*Adv.*

Fishculture.

STOCKING THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

WE have referred in these columns of Sept. 19 and Oct. 3 to the planting of brook, California and Loch Leven trout in streams of the Yellowstone Park. Nearly 7,000 yearlings of these species were distributed during the month of September. In October the work of stocking was continued, as shown in the following statement of the collection and distribution of whitefish and black spotted trout in Yellowstone Park during October, 1889:

2,000 whitefish collected at Horse Thief Spring, tributary of North Fork of Madison River, Montana, and planted in Twin Lakes, near Norris Basin.

1,000 whitefish collected at Horse Thief Spring, and planted in the Yellowstone River, above the falls.

1,000 black spotted trout collected at Howard's Creek, tributary of Snake River, Idaho, and planted in the East Fork, Gardiner River, above the falls.

The Commissioner has directed Mr. Clark at Northville, Michigan, to set aside, to be forwarded next spring, the following members of the Salmonidæ:

For Lakes Shoshone and Lewis: 30,000 landlocked salmon, 25,000 Loch Leven trout, 100,000 Mackinaw trout (*namaycush.*)

For the Nez Percez and the Madison: 25,000 Von Behr's trout (*fario.*)

For the Gardiner: 25,000 brook trout (*fontinalis.*)

Col. McDonald will keep a party at work for two months next summer collecting grayling, whitefish and black spotted (or red throat) trout and transferring them to streams within the limits of the Park. He expects to see in this reservation the finest assemblage of trout and salmon waters in the world, and we heartily wish him abundant success in his efforts to accomplish this purpose.

COLLECTING EGGS AT U. S. FISH COMMISSION STATIONS.—At Great Brook station, Ellsworth, Maine, 140,000 eggs of the landlocked salmon have been taken up to date. The species was not known to occur here in large numbers, and the take of eggs is a complete though agreeable surprise. The effort to gather eggs here was merely an experiment, but it will be a very profitable one. 15,000 yearling landlocked salmon, reared at Craig's Point, were planted in Green Lake. At Sandusky 21,000,000 whitefish eggs have already been secured. If this rate continues the stations will all be stocked soon. The present capacity of the stations is about 300,000,000 eggs. At Gloucester 12,000,000 eggs of the pollock have been placed in the hatching house.

CARP SENT TO TEXAS.—For the additional imformation of our correspondent in Guanajuato, Mexico, whose queries were answered in FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 24, we have from Mr. Geo. H. Moore, Superintendent of Distribution in the U. S. Fish Commission, the following names of persons in Texas who have received carp from the U. S. Commission: Ed. Stevens, Adolph Schuring and M. S. Carty, San Antonia, Bexar county; Chas. Neber, Ysleta, El Paso county. Mrs. E. Cartey, 606 S. Laredo street, San Antonio, Texas, received 16 small carp eight years ago. They have now increased to many thousands and no doubt the fortunate owner will be glad to furnish materials for stocking waters within reach.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Dec. 5 to 7.—First Dog Show of the Continental Kennel Club at Denver, Col. A. L. Weston, Secretary.

Jan. 6 to 11, 1890.—Annual Dog Show of the Michigan State Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Bay City, Mich. W. F. Brace, Secretary.

Jan. 13 to 18, 1890.—First Annual Dog Show of the Georgia Pet Stock and Bench Show Association, at Augusta, Ga. A. H. Vonderleith, Secretary.

Jan. 27 to Feb. 1, 1890.—Dog Show of the Colorado Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Denver, Col.

Feb. 11 to 14, 1890.—Fourteenth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, American Institute Building, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

March 11 to 14, 1890.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Rochester Kennel Club, at Rochester, N. Y. Harry Yates, Secretary.

March 25 to 28, 1890.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Mass. Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

April 1 to 4, 1890.—Sixth Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 18.—Eleventh Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Nov. 22.—Eighth Annual Field Trials of the Robins Island Club, for members only. Walter L. Wellington, Secretary, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dec. 2.—Inaugural Field Trials of the Central Field Trial Club, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Secretary, Mill's Building, New York, N. Y.

Dec. 16.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trial Club, at Amory, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Secretary, Marietta, Ga.

Jan. 20, 1890.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club at Bakersfield, Cal. H. H. Briggs, Secretary, 313 Bush street, San Francisco, Cal.

Jan. 27, 1890.—All-Day Field Trials, at West Point, Miss. F. R. Hitchcock, 44 Broadway, New York, Secretary.

Feb. 11, 1890.—Fourth Annual Field Trials of the Texas Field Trial Club, at Marshall, Tex. W. L. Thomas, Secretary.

THE A. K. R. TRANSFER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your last issue I find the following item: "About the *American Kennel Register*.—In Mr. Peshall's letter last week was a statement which it was our intention to correct by a note in that issue. Mr. Peshall said, 'Through my many interviews and efforts made with Mr. Grinnell, of the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., Mr. Grinnell, through Dr. Perry, offered the *A. K. R.* to the A. K. C. for the sum of $500, which offer was shortly after accepted by the A. K. C., and the rival register ceased to exist.' In this Mr. Peshall is mistaken. The sale of the *A. K. R.* was not effected through his influence, nor was it ever offered through Dr. Perry to the A. K. C. It was sold to Dr. Perry, and his subsequent disposal of it to the A.K.C. was entirely his own concern."

In reply, permit me to say that I had so many interviews with the FOREST AND STREAM officials in regard to the sale of the *A. K. R.* that I had the right to assume that I influenced the sale.

If your editor had taken the trouble to refer to the proceedings of the A. K. C. of Feb. 21 last, as published in your issue of Feb. 28, your correction in last week's paper, I am sure, would not have appeared; so you will now please do me the favor to publish this extract from your published report of said meeting:

THE CHAIRMAN—It is proper for me to state here that in connection with this, I had to do that on my own responsibility, and I think I must report it to you, although the contracts are not signed. I took it upon myself to make arrangements to buy the *American Kennel Register*, because it was naturally a [rival] publication of the *Gazette*, and you appointed Mr. Peshall a committee six months ago, I believe, to wait upon the FOREST AND STREAM and see whether the purchase could be made. When I found that the National Dog Club would come in, and that it would be a very desirable thing at the same time to suppress the *Register*—that in fact the suggestion came from Dr. Perry himself, and he said he would buy the *Register* from the FOREST AND STREAM, and that the *Register* then would be handed over to us and suppressed. The contract has been drawn up, and I believe the purchase price has been paid by Dr. Perry, and in connection with their coming in they hand that over to us. Now, if you want to act upon the price, or if you want to ratify it, it is in order, or if you want to leave the matter in the hands of your officers, so that it shan't become public, which, perhaps might be the wisest plan—but having taken that step I thought it necessary to report it to you and leave it to you to do whatever is best.

MR. ANTHONY—I think it is a delicate matter. It is one of those diplomatic things that ought to be left to the officers to close. It is virtually closed now, but, at the same time, it might be wise not to give too many of the details for publication. I move that the matter be left with the president of the club.

MR. PESHALL—I think the matter is well known. I heard it on the streets. I think it is best to ratify it.

THE CHAIRMAN—If it is well known perhaps it is as well to ratify it.

MR. PESHALL—The sum is $500.

MR. ANTHONY—I move that the arrangement made by Mr. Belmont in regard to the purchase of the *American Kennel Register* be ratified, and that the officers be empowered and instructed to carry out the same.

THE CHAIRMAN—I wish to say to you this, that in the contract there are restrictions with regard to selling the *Register* to any competitor, and in publishing the *Gazette* we are a competitor of the FOREST AND STREAM. Consequently the American Kennel Club cannot purchase the *Register* directly. That would be in violation of the contract, and, personally, my relations with the FOREST AND STREAM are not such as would lead me to make any personal contract with them. That is why it was done through Dr. Perry, and if you will, perhaps, put the motion this way, that the club appropriate a sum to be left to the discretion of the officers for the purchase of the *American Kennel Register*, the contract can be carried out with some individual and the same object will be attained, and the money can be appropriated and we do not really become the direct purchasers, but there is the money to pay for it.

MR. ANTHONY—I will modify my resolution in accordance with the suggestions of the president.

MR. PESHALL—Mr. President, I move an amendment to it, that the parties who are managing it be allowed to remain in their management until the matter is closed. Motion carried.

Your Mr. Reynolds was present at this meeting and heard the statements made, which clearly show that Dr. Perry was acting as the agent for both parties, and these proceedings were published in your paper some time before the transfer of the *A. K. R.* was made.

As the A. K. C. is now the owner of the *A. K. R.*, the rules should be amended to include all dogs registered in the *A. K. R.* as officially registered. PESHALL.

[We simply repeat what we said last week: "The sale of the *A. K. R.* was not effected through his influence, nor was it ever offered through Dr. Perry to the A. K. C. It was sold to Dr. Perry, and his subsequent disposal of it to the A. K. C. was entirely his own concern."]

CENTRAL FIELD TRIALS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Board of Management of the Central Field Trial Club would consider it a very great favor if all spectators and handlers who intend being present at the trials will send their names to C. H. Odell, secretary, March House, Lexington, N. C., not later than Saturday, Nov. 23, and state whether they will require a saddle horse or a team of horses and wagon, or both.

CENTRAL FIELD TRIAL CLUB, E. R. Coleman, Pres.

Following are the entries for Free-for-All Stake:

POINTERS.

SALL BRASS II. (Graphic—Meally), Chas. Heath.
LEBANON (Tim—Peg), Lebanon Kennels.
ROGER WILLIAMS (Bang Bang—Lalla Rookh), C. H. Odell.
DOLGOROUKI (Bang Bang—Lalla Rookh), C. H. Odell.
CONSOLATION (Bang Bang—Grace III.), C. H. Odell.

SETTERS.

NORA (Count Noble—Lit), J. Norris Cochran.
LITTLE GIFT (Roderigo—Queen Bess), Bert Crane.
COUNT ERIE (Count Noble—Fannie W.), Dr. W. H. Daly.
ROI D'OR (Roderigo—Bo Peep), O. W. Donner.
ROGER (Count Noble—Queen Meg), L. Gardner.
BETTYE S. (Roderigo—Bo Peep), Memphis & Avent Kennels.
CHANCE (Roderigo—Bo Peep), Memphis & Avent Kennels.
ANTONIO (Roderigo—Bo Peep), Memphis & Avent Kennels.
ROWDY ROD (Roderigo—Juno A.), Memphis & Avent Kennels.

SALE OF DOC.—Philadelphia, Nov. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have sold the well-known cocker spaniel champion Doc (A.K.C.S.B. 8511) to Mr. A. C. Wilmerding, No. 152 Broadway, New York. It comes very hard for me to part with the little fellow, as I am greatly attached to him, but he is deserving of better care than I could give him, and as a stock dog he merits more use than he would ever get in this vicinity.—WILLIAM WEST (American Cocker Kennels.)

"PODGERS" TALKS DOG.—III.

ONE of the penalties of writing (scribbling, I might say in my own case) for newspapers is that one is bound to put his foot in it and touch some one on the raw. As, for instance, the result of my talking dog, and disparaging black and tan terriers. It seems impossible to draw invidious distinctions without stepping on some dog's tail; and in this case I trod on little Mr. Black and Tan's; hence its owner's indignant protest.

Now a man's dog is like one of his children; and the owner is sensitive on the subject of that dog. It doesn't matter what kind of a dog either. He may be the veriest ornary little cuss, worthless and unattractive to others, but he has a merit in his owner's eyes that others may not see.

It may be the family dog, endeared by appreciation of the children; a pet, for there's no accounting for taste. I have seen repulsive little alligators as household pets, and after that one can hardly object to the most wretched little cur that ever wore hair. Now I admire and respect the spirit which prompts my Buffalo friend to stand up for his dog. It betrays a commendable phase of character; and I concede that he may have a nice little pet in his black and tan; but I cannot help thinking that it is an exceptional dog of the breed. If he will acquire another one, and it pans out as creditably as this one, I will throw up the sponge and acknowledge myself mistaken.

He says he would like to ask me "if I ever owned and became acquainted with a black and tan terrier." Well, I should smile. That is just how I got my experience in the breed, and is authority for the prejudice. I had a run on black and tans for two years. I invested shekels in them. I had the best breeds. They were well treated, had the freedom of the house, occupied the softest chairs in the parlor, took possession of the softest bed. And they caused a deal of trouble in the household, for although my folks were all lovers of dogs, there was a point when good nature and forbearance ceased to be a virtue, and that was when, after the capture of a rat or mouse they chose the housewife's best bedspread with dirty feet, to maul and worry with the dead carcass. They were simply irrepressible, never still, ever restless and on the move, into everything, on to everything, especially the piano, and yet after all this unlimited freedom, whenever the gate was left open they would "scoot," and never an appearance did they put in until an advertisement and a reward produced them; and then the little scamps would exhibit the utmost delight and joy at getting home. They were blasted little hypocrites. The money that those dogs cost me would make a hole in the national debt. Do I know 'em? Am I acquainted with them? I wish you could see my old check book and the "lost dog" account in my household expense ledger—and then wonder why I don't like black and tans.

A most fortunate intervention of Divine Providence occurred. A friend living in Australia saw them at my house (this was in San Francisco), and went wild over them. There were three or four of them. He wanted to know where he could get such, and when he could find none, one day offered me untold wealth for a pair. It was a glorious opportunity to be magnanimous. I said, "Mine friend, I cannot take your money. I don't sell dogs. Take them all; and bless you my children." He sailed for home with the dogs; paid a fabulous price for passage for them. My conscience smote me. But on the return steamer came a pair of Australian kangaroo dogs, magnificent animals. I know they cost him a pot of money, for such were, and still are, worth £60 each. And thereby hangs a tail, two tails, in fact; but this screed is quite long enough as it is, and although the Dog Editor may be a patient man, I know he don't want such a long "pointer" or a pointer with such a long tale. Some other day will do.

I trust my Buffalo friend's little black and tan will accept my apologies for having trod on *his* tail, and shake.

PODGERS.

INDIANA TRIALS.

THE full report of these trials will be given next week. In the setter Derby, first series, Hope's Roy beat Sam C., Nannie B. beat Simonides, Lilly Burgess beat Tempie Cambridge, Daisy Girl beat Frankie Folsom. Second series, Nannie B. beat Hope's Roy, Lilly Burgess beat Daisy Girl. Third series, Lilly Burgess beat Nannie B. and won first; Nannie B. second, Hope's Roy third.

In the pointer Derby, first series, Pearl's Dot beat Fancy Free, Thomastone beat Devonshire Jilt. Second series, Pearl's Dot beat Thomastone and won first. Third series, Fancy Free beat Devonshire Jilt, then was beaten by Thomastone for second. Fancy Free third.

WHOSE DOG IS THIS?—Canterbury, Conn., Nov. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While hunting in this vicinity I have several times seen a dog running about the fields and woods in a wild state. He is very much emaciated, and has very little hair left on his body, and is so shy that no one can get near enough to him to read the inscription on the collar which he wears. He was first noticed by Mr. George T. Sanger, of this place, early last spring. At that time he had a coat of hair though, and seemed to be of the Gordon setter breed. It is my opinion that the dog has been lost by some one shooting in these parts, and with this view in mind I write this notice, in hope for the dog's sake that you will give it prominence in your columns, and thus perhaps bring the poor animal and his owner once more together. I could not get near enough to it to discern whether it was male or female. But as it creeps under an outshed every night to sleep I may be able to capture him and learn whom he belongs to.—C. W. LIPPITT.

CHAMPION HESPER COMING OVER.—Mr. E. B. Sears (Wyoming Kennels, Wyoming, Mass.) has purchased through Mr. A. R. Crowell, acting as agent for H. B. Evans, Ipswich, England, the well-known English champion rough-coated St. Bernard Hesper. Champion Hesper has won twenty-four firsts and specials, beating the champions Duke of Marlborough, Augelo, Grace and Prince Battenberg, who has beaten Plinlimmon. Champion Hesper (20,819) is by Sailor (14,081) ex Bellona (14,276), his color is a rich deep orange tawny with faultless markings and shadings. His height, called 35in., is about 33½in. standard, his weight 206lbs. in condition, his skull measures 28in., muzzle 18½in.. girth of chest 42in., total length 85in. He is the sire of many winners, and will be on the bench the coming spring. He is acknowledged in England to be the most typical-headed St. Bernard living. He will leave England Nov. 16, by Leland Line, Liverpool to Boston.

THE CROSS-BRED.—The articles by "Novice" and "Cross-Bred" with regard to the "all round" dog have been of interest to me, as I have a dog that has many of the qualities and would have had all of them if he had had sufficient training. This dog is a cross between a pure Irish water spaniel and a field spaniel. I have hunted quail, jacksnipe, rabbits and squirrels with him with good success, while as a retriever on land or water I have never seen his superior. He has retrieved many a redhead in fine style. A cross between a beagle and a spaniel ought to make the dog that is wanted. Should be pleased to hear from others.—C. T. P.

ALPINE KENNELS.—Fairfield, Ct.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I claim the sole right to the name Alpine Kennels, the Messrs. Mack being no longer interested.—CHARLES D. BERNHEIMER.

WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS FOX CLUB.—A few of the sportsmen here are looking forward to a grand time next week, when they will attend the annual meet at Chester of the Western Massachusetts Fox Club. The party from this city will include the following: A. B. F. Kinney, Elisha Knowles, W. R. Dean, Nathan Harrington, John R. Thayer, Jerome Marble, A. D. Warren, Webster Thayer, Col. James M. Drennon and Capt. David Earle, and John White, of Millbury. Kenney and White will take five hounds, Mr. Dean three and John R. Thayer two. Some of the others will also have one or more dogs. The party intend to have some twelve or fifteen hounds, and expect to leave here Tuesday afternoon and return some time Thursday.—E.

A LARGE ST. BERNARD PUPPY.—Melrose, Mass., Nov. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have a rough-coated St. Bernard dog puppy, by Ben Lomond out of Recluse, that at five months old weighed 100½lbs., stood 27in. at shoulder, standard measure, girth of skull 22in., muzzle 15in., chest 32in., arm 10½in.—E. H. MOORE.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Rena Bondhu. By Rural Kennels, Wakefield, Mass., for blue belton English setter bitch, whelped April 20, 1889, by Gus Bondhu (Dashing Bondhu—Novel) out of Rural Neva (Pride of Dixie—Fairy Belle).

Carl Belton. By Rural Kennels, Wakefield, Mass., for black, white and ticked English setter dog, whelped Feb. 14, 1889, by Leicester Belton (Yale Belton—Princess Lily) out of Rural May (imported Belthus—Daisy).

Klip Glenrock. By Dr. L. M. Thompson, Mahanoy City, Pa., for blue belton and tan English setter bitch, whelped Aug. 15, 1889, by Warwick Belton (Belton High—Magnolia) out of Garda (Glenrock—Armida).

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Flora—Bradford Ruby II. W. B. Gale's (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Flora to Eberhart Pug Kennels' Bradford Ruby II. (champion Bradford Ruby—Puss B.), Oct. 23.

Duchess of Heathfield—Ben Lomond. C. H. Spring's (Newton Lower Falls, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Duchess of Heathfield (Rip Van Winkle—Recluse) to E. H. Moore's Ben Lomond, Nov. 1.

Lady Don—Wayne Buckellew. Anthracite Kennels' (Mahanoy City, Pa.) English setter bitch Lady Don (Donald C.—Fredona) to their Wayne Buckellew (Buckellew—Minnetonka), Nov. 5.

Toody—Bradford Harry. G. W. Dixon's (Worcester, Mass.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Toody to P. H. Coombs's Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beal's Lady), Oct. 23.

SALES.

☞ **Notes mustbe sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Ashmont Cleopatra. Fawn mastiff bitch, whelped July 16, 1886 (A.K.R. 5893), by Lewis A. Berger, Langhorne, Pa., to W. H. Stone, Sandusky, O.

Clermont—Ashmont Cleopatra whelp. Fawn mastiff dog, whelped Sept. 10, by Lewis A. Berger, Langhorne, Pa., to W. B. Angstadt, Reading, Pa.

Lulu Lee. Silver fawn pug bitch, whelped Sept. 1, 1889, by Joe H. out of East Lake Virgie, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Capt. D. A. Marr, same place.

Buttercup. Lemon and white English setter bitch, whelped April 20, 1889, by Gus Bondhu out of Rural Neva, by Rural Kennels, Wakefield, Mass., to Wm. E. Hobby, Holley, N. Y.

Rural Dot. Black, white and fawn beagle bitch, whelped September, 1885, by Flute M. out of Belle, by Rural Kennels, Wakefield, Mass., to A. E. Aldrich, Gardner, Mass.

Rural Ludu. Lemon and white English setter bitch, whelped April 20, 1889, by Gus Bondhu out of Rural Neva, by Rural Kennels, Wakefield, Mass., to E. J. Hulton, South Bay City, Mich.

Roy Bondhu. Blue belton English setter dog, whelped April 20, 1889, by Gus Bondhu out of Rural Neva, by Rural Kennels, Wakefield, Mass., to Frank E. Brown, Hudson, Mass.

Gus Bondhu, Jr. Black, white and ticked English setter dog, whelped April 20, 1889, by Gus Bondhu out of Rural Neva, by Rural Kennels, Wakefield, Mass., to Meade & Connell, Malden, Mass.

Hunter's Pet. Black, white and fawn beagle bitch, whelped March 3, 1888, by Little Duke, Jr., out of Rural Dot, by Rural Kennels, Wakefield, Mass., to Horace H. Beer, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island.

Contralto. Black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped March 3, 1889, by Little Duke, Jr., out of Rural Dot, by Rural Kennels, Wakefield, Mass., to Thos. Callahan, Stoughton, Mass.

DEATHS.

Lily of the Valley. White English setter bitch, whelped July, 1885, by Blue Dick out of Bella Gladstone, owned by Rural Kennels, Wakefield, Mass.; poisoned.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

C. H., Erie, Pa.—Please tell me what makes a dog slobber (mucus) at the mouth, and how to stop it. My dog's coat is rough and coarse. What will make it smooth and glossy? Ans. Give ½gr. of extract of belladonna three times a day in pill form. Give 5 drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic in the food night and morning.

J. M., Savannah.—I have a St. Bernard pup, 8 months old, weighing 86lbs. Three months ago she got caught in passing through a fence and sprained her right fore shoulder. When excited by playing with other dogs she uses this lame leg, but at other times goes on three legs, and the injured member is smaller than the others. I have tried blistering and various liniments without effecting any improvement. Can you tell me what to do to cure her? Ans. Absolute rest of the part and continue to blister.

POINTER, Fitchburg.—I have a pointer 4 years old and out of condition from lack of exercise and overfeeding. His eyes discharge matter in the morning and are inflamed at times, especially the eyelids. Between his hindlegs he has an eruption which is very red. I call it red mange. What shall I do for him? I feed him table scraps and give him plenty of exercise. Ans. The symptoms are all due to obesity. Get the dog thin and he will get well. To do this, keep the bowels open with compound cathartic pills, three at a dose; limit the food, giving little or no meat. Exercise regularly. Give 5 drops of Fowler's solution night and morning. It is not clear from your account whether you exercise him or not.

I. T. C., Simcoe, Ont.—My spaniel bitch, 3 years old, has been troubled with some internal disorder for six weeks past. She makes a rasping noise in the throat at intervals as a person would who was trying to get rid of phlegm or a fish bone, and occasionally ending with an effort as if to vomit, rarely ejecting anything. Once or twice she vomited about a teaspoonful of frothy, tough mucus. I hunt her once a week, her nose is keen, keeps moist and is generally cool. Appetite good, though not quite so active as usual. She is occasionally inclined to be listless, but not particularly so. Gets regular exercise, and plays as usual daily. Can you tell me what ails her and advise treatment? Ans. Probably due to some stomach trouble, gastric catarrh. Give 2grs. of quinine in a pill three times daily. Also put 5 drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic in the food.

J. L. B., Elberon, N. J.—A friend sends me his setter bitch puppy with the request that I give her a trial over quail, and after I have hunted her a month to let him know what I think of her. The bitch is, to all appearances, from a good stock, and finely bred, a nervous high-strung creature, who, previous to a week ago, had never been outside the city, and to whom everything in the country, from a cow to a tree, is a never-failing source of wonder and alarm. Her owner intimated when he sent her that once in a while she had fits, a statement she at once proceeded to substantiate by falling down in one the moment a bird was killed before her. Since then every time I have had her out she has tumbled over in one of these charming diversions, until I have begun to think they are her sole object in life. When she arrived here she was decidedly thin, having been kept too fine, and I to counteract what I judged to be a mistake, and with the object of strengthening her, commenced feeding two meals a day of corn meal mush, boiled together with a small quantity of meat, the idea being to build up a depleted system, and by increasing strength and tone overcome the fits, which I suppose came to a certain extent from want of strength. But I am compelled to confess that though the plan may be perfect as far as theory goes, it does not seem to work in reality. What would you advise? Will she ever outgrow the trouble? Is she worth breaking under the circumstances? Ans. She may outgrow the trouble but it is doubtful. We should advise you to give up her training. She is not likely ever to be worth the trouble of training.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

SMOKELESS POWDER.

IN a recent utterance on the subject of so-called smokeless powders, Gen. Benet, Chief of Ordnance, U. S. A., said:

"We are experimenting with smokeless powder, and I believe that in a short time we shall obtain some practical and satisfactory results."

From present appearances the war of the future is destined to be an approximately smokeless one, and hence more bloody. Instead of huge clouds of smoke rolling between the two armies, and hiding the combatants from sight, instead of skillful maneuvers being made under its protecting shelter, the men will be in plain view of each other, and numbers and marksmanship will count for more in deciding battles than skill and generalship.

This is due, in a great measure, to the recent inventions of what is known as smokeless powder. Every European nation is experimenting with it, and the United States does not propose to be far behind other countries.

As yet the discovery has not been adopted by any of the great armies, for the reason that there are a number of disadvantages connected with its use, but these are being overcome gradually, and it is probable that in a short time the great armies of the world will be supplied with it.

Strange to say, the United States was the first country to which this great destructive invention was offered, and stranger still, it is almost the last among great military nations to take steps looking toward its adoption. Some twelve years ago a gentleman called at the department and obtained an interview with one of the officials. He stated that he was the inventor of a powder which would not produce smoke, and wanted to know if the officials would investigate it, and, in case it was found to do what he claimed it would, if the government would buy the invention and adopt it. He was told that it would undoubtedly buy such an invention. He left, promising to return again. He was not seen again, however.

The idea of such an invention was believed to be the delusion of a crazy man, and the matter dropped out of sight until the news came that France and Germany were experimenting with the smokeless powder. Then the strange visitor of years before was thought of and efforts made to find him, but without avail. No reason is given for his failure to return, but it is probable that the man may have been piqued at his treatment, and did not care to again have his claim so incredulously received. Thus it was that the United States missed the opportunity of securing one of the greatest inventions of modern times.

The discovery is said to have been made by a man named Maxin. Some, however, credit Vielle, a Frenchman, with it. The latter's powder has been the most extensively used, however, and the results obtained have also been the best. There are a number of other inventors. Germany, France, Austria, England, Italy, Spain and Belgium, use different powders in their experiments, and the one which the United States will use will be different from any of the others, and in all likelihood will be the invention of an American.

Each country which is experimenting with the powder believes, or rather says, it has the best; but as brag plays an important part in European military methods, their assertions have to be taken with a great deal of allowance. The composition of the powder has been kept secret as far as possible. Four or five kinds have been tried in France, and the experiments have been conducted with so much secrecy that it is not known whether a powder has been secured which can be used with good results or not.

Smokeless powder consists essentially of nitro-cotton or some other kind of nitro-cellulose, specially treated with a view to producing a slow-burning substance, or of nitro-glycerine and nitro-cotton, together with a suitable solvent, in some cases ammonia and ether.

In its manufacture a paste is first prepared by dissolving gun cotton in a solvent, which is usually a solution of ammonia and ether. From the paste thus produced a sheet is made, and equalized by being passed through two metal rollers. The sheet is first made three times the thickness it eventually is, in order to allow for the shrinkage on drying.

The sheet is next freed from the solvent by drying in the open air or in a specially prepared oven, which permits of the condensation and recovery of some of the solvent. When nearly dry the sheets are subjected to heavy pressure to reduce them to the required thickness. The pressure is assisted by softening the sheets with ether.

The sheets are then cut into strips and the strips then cut crosswise, making cubes very small in size. In color the powder—which is in reality no powder at all—is light brown, and transparent. A good simile is a sheet of sticking plaster cut into almost infinitesimal squares.

Different solvents are used, and the process of manufacture is different in different countries. In Belgium it is called paper powder, and in Switzerland it is called "Walsroder."

For the use of small arms the cubes or grains are made much smaller, for the reason that the pressure exerted by the powder is tremendous.

With ordinary powder it would be impossible to fire large guns at the maximum rate of some ten rounds per minute on account of the hanging smoke from the discharge, which renders aiming impossible, while with the so-called smokeless powder the same hindrance is not experienced. The smokeless powder is not, as a matter of fact, entirely smokeless, but at a distance of 1,000yds. is not noticeable, and what little smoke is created dissipates very quickly.

Another great advantage of smokeless powder is the increased velocity it gives the bullet. Vicille's powder, which is used in the French Lebel rifle, carries a bullet of 231grs. at a speed of 1,968ft. per second. With a larger bullet the speed was increased to nearly 2,590ft.

For another thing, smokeless powder does not weigh as much as gunpowder. Therefore, for small firearms the cartridges are made much smaller. The same results can be obtained with 30grs. of smokeless powder as with 70grs. of the ordinary black powder. The difference not only in size but weight would allow a man to carry a great many more rounds of ammunition, and its adoption, when proved practicable, will permit the adoption of small-caliber magazine guns, although, with the reductions of the caliber, there would not be the corresponding reduction in the effectiveness of the shot.

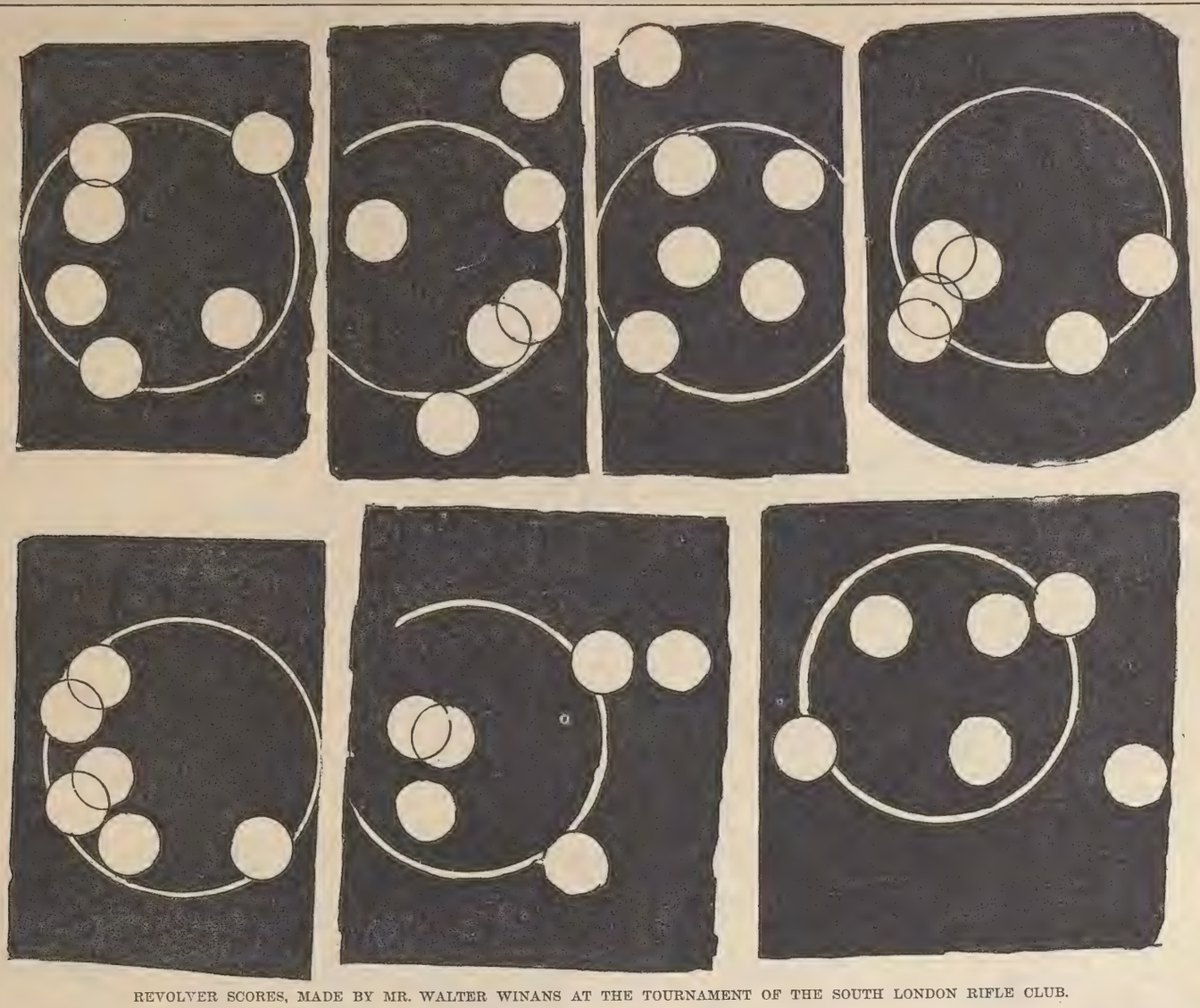
Like everything else, it has its disadvantages. The German smokeless powder produces disagreeable and overpowering odors from the noxious gases which it forms. The quality deteriorates also in time, and it is a serious question whether it may not absorb moisture. The English have had trouble with smokeless powder because it makes the barrel of the gun too dry and produces more friction on the bullet. The explosion is also too violent, and frequently destroys the bullet. To prevent this hardened bullets have been tried, but the pressure was too great, and simply resulted in injury to the gun barrels.

The German powder is not noiseless, and in fact is said at times to give a louder report than the ordinary powder. It also shows at times a vivid flash, which, when the field is not obscured by smoke, would be the means of attracting attention and make the battery's or men's whereabouts known if they were out of sight.

The smokeless powder gives increased velocity, especially in rapid-firing guns, which is an important consideration. In the large guns it is used in strips, although the French believe it accomplishes better results by cutting it up.

The actual experiments of it first began in 1884, when it was used by the French army. Since 1886 it has been developed considerably, and since that time has been used in the artillery and in the field maneuvers of the French army. It was also used in the maneuvers of the Austrian and German armies this fall.

Its general adoption would modify the conditions of battle very materially. If an army were fired on they would not know where the firing troops were, as the sound is very deceptive, and there would be no smoke by which they could be located. There would be no smoke under which deploying could be successfully accomplished. It is said the men feel protected by the smoke to some extent, but with this powder in use they would have no advantage in this respect. It would be an immense advantage to sharpshooters, and in every way would increase the casualties of war.



REVOLVER SCORES, MADE BY MR. WALTER WINANS AT THE TOURNAMENT OF THE SOUTH LONDON RIFLE CLUB.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

CAPITAL REVOLVER WORK.

THE capital scores of Mr. Walter Winans, an American shot, at the English ranges where revolver matches are open is already familiar to our readers. At the recent tournament of the South London Rifle Club, for the revolver shooting championship for 1889, W. Winans for the third time led the list. The conditions require a total of 7 selected scores made on separate days, at 20yds., with a 4lb. trigger pull revolver, using regulation ammunition. Mr. Winans used a Colt .45cal. and his score stands:

First	7	7	7	7	7	7	7—42
Second	7	7	6	7	7	7	7—41
Third	6	7	7	7	7	7	7—41
Fourth	7	7	7	7	7	7	7—42
Fifth	7	7	7	7	7	7	7—42
Sixth	7	6	7	7	7	7	7—41
Seventh	7	7	7	6	7	7	7—41—290

The cuts annexed show the diagrams of the shots full size. The bullseye is 3in. in diameter, counting 6, with a carton 2in. in diameter counting 7 points.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 5.—The regular weekly contest for gold and silver badges of the Gaiety Rifle and Pistol Club was held at the club's headquarters, 818 South street, this evening. Mr. A. Simon with a large allowance was the winner of the gold badge, while Mr. T. F. Shonert, having no strong competitors to compete against, was the winner of the silver badge. Standard American target reduced to 30yds., off-hand, plain open sight, 10 shots per official score as follows:

J J Mountjoy	8	7	7	10	8	10	10	10	10	9—89
A F Simpson	6	10	8	8	10	10	10	8	8	8—86
E Travis	7	10	9	10	5	8	7	10	10	7—83
T F Shonert	8	9	10	9	9	8	10	5	6	9—83
R Roletta	6	9	10	8	10	6	9	7	9	7—81
J A Rollock	4	10	9	6	9	6	10	8	7	9—78
W Wurflein	10	5	6	8	7	10	10	7	8	6—77
G H Perkins	8	9	8	8	8	9	8	5	9	5—77
J Hunsinger	6	4	10	7	7	8	5	9	9	9—74
R Hunsinger	5	8	7	9	7	6	6	10	7	8—73
W Meagher	7	8	7	9	6	8	6	7	4	7—69
G Atkinson	9	9	5	5	8	8	6	7	4	6—67
H Buelin	4	4	10	10	9	5	6	7	4	4—63
F Paul	10	5	5	5	6	5	8	7	5	5—61
A Simon	3	6	4	8	6	4	7	5	8	10—61
W Young	9	5	9	6	10	4	4	7	3	4—61
C Beutelspacher	5	5	9	3	4	7	6	7	5	9—60
A McManus	5	8	4	4	6	7	6	7	5	6—58
W F Wiggins	3	3	0	3	6	0	7	5	4	5—36

SMALL BORE.

NEWARK, N. J., Nov. 6.—The second match of the series between the Miller Rifle Club, of Hoboken, and the Our Own Rifle Club, of this city, shot on the Our Own range to-night, drew an immense crowd of riflemen to the range. The match opened at 8 o'clock, John Coppersmith leading with 235 for the Newarkers against D. Miller's 234 for the Hobokenites. The next two men tied, while on the third round the Millers gained a lead of five points. On the fifth round, however, the Our Owns gained a lead of fourteen points, and from that on kept the lead, finishing with twenty-five points to the good. This ends the series, and the Our Owns, having won two matches, not only win the championship of New Jersey, but also become possessors of a beautiful silver water set. The scores were all poor with the exception of Krauss's 243, all the shooters seemingly being out of form. The Millers shot three substitutes on their team. The scores were as follows, each man firing 10 shots on the 25-ring target:

Our Own.		Millers.	
J Coppersmith	235	D Miller	234
J Bauder	237	G Plaisted	237
F P Laute	229	L Vogel	233
W H Watts	234	G Schlicht	233
F A Freiensehner	233	J Meyer	224
O Krauss	243	A Meyns	234
G Widman	234	A Wagner	222
P Bell	234	F W Hofele	239
F Schmidt	234	F Brandt	234
M Dorrler	235—2,348	E Fiescher	231—2,333

THE NEWARK TOURNAMENT.—The following were the scores made at the regular Association matches during the past week:

Monday, Nov. 4.

Annie Oakley.		North Ward.	
J B McCallum	110	E Lewis	102
G Oberst	108	C English	108
J Thompson	84	H Leonard	100
F Heyl	100	F Philips	10-
A Rothaker	98	A Vreeland	100
J H O'Neil	105	W E Sherk	102
S Gries	97	O Willett	10-
F Scheel	85	R Voget	93
G Hunkle	88	B Stitts	8-
C Schumacher	85— 961	F Hortman	10-—1004
Excelsiors.		Monroes.	
C Mayer	88	B A Rist	53
C Mink, Jr	104	G A Bridan	107
O Krauss	109	J Minion	108
C Gotthard	102	A Coorns	100
E P Flocke	102	J Coleman	106
F Wurtzback	109	J Reich	102
J Burger	106	G Hedding	88
J Bauer	106	G Koker	81
F Schmidt	104	G Widman	110
H Buob	109—1039	D Erskine	102— 927

The match between the Essex and Lakeside clubs was postponed.

Friday, Nov. 8.

Howard.		Puritan.	
J Burger	108	F Weiler	100
J Herter	111	J Bauder	101
F P Laute	98	W Hanselman	100
A Burger	108	H Scheib	86
E Theurich	105	P Schweib	88
F Swing	109	J Phillips	106
R Neundorff	105	F Miller	96
A Graef	98	G Geork	102
J Meyer	110	P Albrecht	196
F C Dietz	97—1050	C Kopf	112— 997
Newark.		Oakland.	
J Matts	96	J Bayer	110
W LaRue	101	C Schuetz	102
J Hogle	99	J Paulus	95
T James	100	A Schmidt	109
H Wolfe	102	E Grundler	95
N Garrigan	101	A Minier	105
W Hedden	102	G Chapman	109
M Bucher	93	W Blyer	112
F H Roberts	98	C Bishoff	106
W Yaufman	105— 997	G Schmidt	105—1048
Electric.		Sheppard.	
A Hagel	103	W Sheppard	94
F Klinger	97	J Ferguson	92
Hardenbrock	96	Christy	83
J Hearn	99	Purce	102
C Dey	81	McQuoid	93
F Smith	82	J Boyd	106
W McGovern	94	J Strait	78
A Dey	96	Stewart	101
J Markey	97	Partrige	102
J Flannery	78— 923	McLarin	76— 931

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Nov. 9.—The last shoot of the St. Louis Pistol Club had but seven members present. The scores made were poor, and the blame is placed to the very poor condition of the cartridges. The scores made at a 20yds. standard American target are as follows:

G W Alender	9	10	8	7	7	8	7	8	9	8—82
M Summerfield	6	7	8	10	8	10	7	8	9	7—80
E C Mohrstadt	10	8	8	6	8	7	6	9	5	9—79
W Bauer	10	7	10	8	7	10	5	7	9	5—78
W H Hettel	7	7	8	8	7	8	8	7	8	9—78
W C Mackwitz	6	7	8	7	10	7	7	6	5	9—73
A E Bengel	5	6	7	6	7	7	9	10	8	0—65

UNSER FRITZ.

NEWARK, N. J.—The 100-shot match on the Our Own range will be opened on the 18th inst. The entries thus far comprise M. Dorrler, J. A. Bovken, John Coppersmith, O. Krauss, F. Schmidt, J. Bauder, J. Phillips, F. Keller and G. Widman.

SCRANTON, Pa., Nov. 8.—The annual report of Lieut. H. Ostham, Inspector of Rifle Practice of Thirteenth Regiment, N. G. P., shows for the second time that this regiment has qualified every man with the following table:

	Sharpshooters.	Marksmen.	Total.
Field and Staff	9	6	15
Company A	31	28	59
Company B	4	54	58
Company C	21	43	54
Company D	16	43	59
Company E	8	46	54
Company G	24	39	63
Company H	15	38	53
Company I	16	46	62
	144	343	487

This regiment having qualified every member, a showing which no other regiment has ever, so far as heard, attained in this country. Two full scores having been made by Rees Watkins, Principal Musician, and Capt. E. C. Smith, of G, both having made 25 points at 200 and 500yds., each total of 50. SPRINGFIELD.

BOSTON, Nov. 9.—The regular shoot of the Massachusetts Rifle Association was held to-day at Walnut Hill range. The attendance was good. The day being dark and smoky, sighting was quite difficult at times, and the matches closed early. Mr. Lee won the champion gold medal, and Mr. Francis the gold medal in the 20-shot rest match. The scores:

20-Shot Rest Match.

S Francis	107, 107	J N Frye 95, 113 N James 94, 78
J B Munroe	104, 109	W Pomeroy 96, 97

Champion Medal Match.

H L Lee	79	S C Sydney (mil.)	69 J Pullman (mil.) 53
C C Clarke	75		

Victory Medal Match.

A McBean	77	A S Hunt	70

Military Medal Match.

G W Hussey	48, 46	J Marston	43, 42	W M Foster	40, 40
J A Frye	43, 43	O E Pitman	42, 41	F Lowell	49, 39
F J Lounsbury	43, 43	A S Field	41, 41	B D Hart	38, 38
F Carter	43, 42				

All-comers' Rest Match.

J Francis	114	A Ballard	101	A S Hunt	96
J R Munroe	111	W Pomeroy	100	C F Binney	89
F C Towne	101	B A Black	97		

All-comers' Off-hand Match.

J B Fellows	82	A Sharp (mil.)	74	B L Comey	69
H L Lee	82	F W Chester	71	F Lowell (mil)	69
Hussey (mil.)	77, 79	A S File (mil)	71, 71		

Military Practice Match.

J E Kelley	46	F J Lounsbury	44

WILMINGTON, Del., Nov. 9.—The Wilmington Pistol Club met for regular weekly practice at their gallery, and the shooting was the best ever done by the club, that of E. J. Darlington being particularly fine. His consecutive runs of ninety and over, including two clean scores of bullseyes and a top score of 95, complete a feat in marksmanship seldom equaled anywhere. A 50-shot match in the gallery between Darlington and Simpson one evening last week resulted in a well-earned victory for the former by 16 points. The scores are as follows, at 12½yds., standard American target, reduced from 50yds.:

E J Darlington	9	10	9	10	10	10	10	9	10	8—95
H Simpson	10	10	10	9	6	7	10	7	10	10—89
E Jackson	10	10	9	9	8	7	10	9	8	9—89
W H Johnson	10	10	6	8	10	7	7	9	9	9—85
J Evans	10	7	9	8	9	8	9	5	7	9—81
H Foster	8	6	9	10	10	9	8	6	8	7—81
W Floyd	6	8	7	7	6	8	8	5	9	9—72

Fifty-shot Match, 12½yds.

E J Darlington	10	9	10	9	10	10	9	9	7	10—93
	8	8	10	10	9	8	10	10	10	7—90
	9	8	7	8	10	7	8	10	9	9—85
	7	9	10	8	9	8	9	10	9	7—86
	10	7	9	9	9	7	9	8	10	8—86—440
H Simpson	6	8	9	10	8	8	7	8	7	8—79
	8	9	10	10	10	8	10	8	9	7—89
	9	9	9	7	9	10	10	9	10	7—89
	9	9	7	9	8	10	7	10	10	8—87
	9	9	7	9	9	7	6	7	10	7—80—424

WILMINGTON, Del., Nov. 4.—The delightful Indian summer, like weather made things lively at Healdmoor rifle range, Wilmington, Del., to-day. Some complaint was made that it was too nice, as the light was so dazzling as to be troublesome at times. However it was gratefully accepted as a relief from the wet spell of the last two or three weeks. The only event of the day was the remarkably long run by Darlington in the revolver match, which raised his record for that arm one point. Following are the scores in detail, Standard American target, off-hand:

Revolver Match, 50yds.

E J Darlington	10	9	10	7	9	10	10	10	8	10—93
E Jackson	10	10	5	10	7	8	6	8	10	10—84
H Simpson	7	9	10	7	9	10	5	7	10	6—80
J Evans	8	8	7	6	9	9	8	10	7	6—78
W H Johnson	8	8	9	6	7	10	7	4	8	6—73
H Philips	6	6	5	7	8	9	7	6	4	9—67
S Howard	10	7	8	5	7	6	5	5	6	5—64

Diamond State Match, 70 Class, 200yds.

H Simpson (mil.)	4	7	7	5	7	7	8	7	9	9—70
W H Johnson	4	5	8	4	5	7	5	9	8	8—63
H Philips (mil.)	4	6	6	6	9	3	8	6	6	7—61
S Howard	8	4	8	4	6	4	7	5	4	7—57
H Doan (mil.)	8	3	5	4	7	4	3	4	7	10—55

Military Match, Creedmoor Target, 200yds.

Sergt H Simpson	4	4	5	4	4	4	4	5	5	5—44
Corp H Doan	4	5	5	3	4	4	4	4	5	4—43
Pvt H Philips	4	4	5	4	4	4	5	4	5	4—43
Corp W Elliott	4	4	4	4	5	3	5	4	4	4—41
Sergt H Foster	5	3	4	4	4	4	3	4	4	5—40

Beginners' Match, 100yds.

P William	9	9	5	8	4	8	5	5	10	6—69
W Pierce	4	5	9	4	10	3	4	6	7	5—59
G Wilson	4	7	10	3	5	6	6	3	4	4—52
R Beaumont	8	5	5	3	4	6	5	5	4	3—48

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., Nov. 2.—The Buchanan Rifle Club met at their range to-day for their regular shoot. The days are shortened so now that the boys have to get in their work in a pretty lively manner, but the rush did not seem to affect their aim much, as the following will attest; 4 scores per man, possible 100 per score:

J W Batcheller	73 71 71 73—288	Ed Nash	50 59 62 50—221
M B Merriman	69 69 69 75—273	J Manstin	57 48 38 56—199
Roscoe Thomas	62 60 80 69—271	E M Judson	40 52 50 45—187
C F Smith	75 70 56 68—269	J G Drew	34 53 59 33—179
H C Nash	59 68 59 60—246	A V Banes	37 44 35 56—172
Geo C Rough	57 62 56 60—225		

PERFECT MILITARY SCORES.—Capt. Joseph B. Sanborn, Co. G, First Regiment Infantry, Illinois National Guard, after long practice this past summer, has succeeded in making a perfect score on all of the military ranges up to 1,000yds. His detailed score, therefore, reads as follows: A score of 25 in a possible 25 at 100, 200, 300, 400, 500, 600, 700, 800, 900 and 1,000yds., respectively, and 50 in a possible 50, skirmish line. Total 300. The skirmish line firing, of course, is at ranges from 500yds. down to 100. The positions are, of course, off-hand at 100 and 200yds., kneeling at 300 and lying down at ranges above 300. Has this score ever been duplicated with the military arm? The First Regiment is showing a very good grade of marksmanship this year. Following is a list of the different companies, showing the number of sharpshooters in each. The score of the ranked sharpshooter must be over 250 out of a possible 300. The list is given by Capt. Jos. H. Barnett, of D company, thus: Co. A 17, B 7, C 13, D 8, E 5, F 22, G 16, I 11. The field and staff, numbering 8 officers, have all passed the grade for sharpshooter's rank. The interest in the range firing has been well maintained.—E' HOUGH.

ARMY REVOLVER SHOTS.—General Order 78, just issued from regular army headquarters, gives the record of the rifle, carbine and revolver matches of the season. In revolver shooting, which was new this year, the best record, dismounted, is 87.2 per cent., made by the revolver team at Fort Leavenworth. The Fort Wingate team leads for the mounted firing with 64.5 per cent., and in the mean average with 75.8 per cent.

THE TRAP.

Secretaries of clubs and managers of tournaments are requested to keep us advised of the dates of their shoots, so that we may give due notice in our column of fixtures.

FIXTURES.

Nov. 28, 29.—Lincoln, Neb., Gun Club Tournament. Open to all. C. H. Clarke, Secretary.

WILLIAMSPORT (IND.) TOURNAMENT.

WILLIAMSPORT, Ind., Nov. 6.—Yesterday the Williamsport Gun Club gave their annual tournament on their club grounds at this city. It being cold and a brisk cross wind blowing, the crowd was not large, but a fair turnout of shooters was present and enjoyed the shoot. The shooting was only medium on account of the wind, as will be seen by the scores:

No. 1, at 6 single Peorias, Keystone rules, 50 cents entrance, three moneys:

Slauter	101111—5	Madarea	000001—1
Flinn	111011—5	Johnson	001011—3
Bartlett	000001—1	Moneys divided.	

No. 2, 6 single bluerocks, 50 cents entrance, one money:

Crook	010110—3	Epperson	011001—3
Johnson	101010—3	Johnsant	101101—4
Madarea	001011—3	Bartlett	011000—2

No. 3, 8 single bluerocks, entrance 75 cents, three moneys:

Lockhart	01101111—7	Shaft	11110111—8
Crook	01111010—6	DeHart	001010101—4
Hatfield	00001011—4	Missner	01110100—4
Flinn	11011111—8	Epperson	10011101—5
Madarea	01100010—3	Haynes	01101011—6

First shot off, miss and out, and won by Flinn. Other ties div.

No. 4, 12 single Peorias, $1 entrance, three moneys:

Hatfield	111111111111—12	Haynes	101011010000— 5
Crook	001001101110 — 6	Johnson	000110010010— 4
Madarea	000000110011— 4	Flinn	101111111111—11
Lockhart	11010101011— 8	Kerfly	101000101111— 6
Epperson	111010100000— 6	Shaft	111010110011— 8

Ties div.

No. 5 at 5 Peorias, entrance $1, one money:

Johnson	11111—5	Johnsant	00111—3
Madarea	01001—2	Epperson	00110—2
Crook	11010—3		

No. 6 at 6 single Peorias, 50 cents entrance, three moneys:

Flinn	001010—1	Johnson	001010—2
Hatfield	001110—3	Crooks	101111—5
Shaft	101111—5	Messner	111001—4
Lockhart	101101—4	Madarea	111001—4
Haynes	001011—3		

First shot off and won by Shaft; other ties div.

No. 7, at 3 live pigeons, entrance $2, from 3 traps, Hurlingham rules, one money:

Flinn	101—2	Hedrick	011—2
Haynes	101—2	Lockhart	010—1
Crook	001—1	Hatfield	111—3

No. 8, at 5 pairs targets, entrance $1, three moneys:

Lockhart	11 11 10 11 11—9	Hatfield	00 01 00 10 11—4
Epperson	10 11 10 10 00—5	Madarea	00 10 00 00 00—1
Flinn	11 10 01 11 11—8	Bartlett	10 00 00 10 00—2
Haynes	00 11 00 11 00—4		

No. 9, at 15 Peorias, entrance $1.50, three moneys:

Flinn	001111101100010 — 9	Weber	000100000100001— 3
Lockhart	110111011111111—13	Shaft	101101011111111—11
Epperson	001111011111010—11	Hedrick	111111101011—12
Johnsant	111010101101001— 9	Haynes	001101010. —6
Hatfield	010000110000111— 6		

No. 10, at 6 pairs targets, entrance $1.50, three moneys:

Lockhart	10 10 10 10 10 00—5	Hatfield	00 11 00 01 01 10—5
Epperson	10 10 00 00 10 00—4	Cronkhite	11 00 10 10 10 10—6
Flinn	10 10 11 10 01 00—6	Ties div.	

No. 11, at 9 singles, entrance 75 cents, three moneys:

Thompson	100000100—2	Hedrick	100101001—4
Weber	001000000—1	Messner	001000000—1
Flinn	110101001—6	Johnson	100101000—3
Epperson	101100010—4	Cronkhite	100101101—5
Martin	110000011—4	Conshaugh	110100000—3
Lockhart	111011001—6	S Hedrick	011011111—7
Stump	010000010—2	Johnsant	001001110—4
Hatton	000010010—2	Irwin	000000000—0

Ties div.

No. 12, at 15 Peorias, entrance $1.50, three moneys:

Epperson	110111010110011—10	Hedrick	000000110000011— 4
Johnsant	010011111101101—10	Madarea	001010011100100— 6
Lockhart	011110110001011— 9	Johnson	101110100001101— 9
Flinn	111111110011101—12	Shaft	101111011011110—11
Hayes	101011011001110 — 9	J Hedrick	010111111111110—12
Hatfield	101010101011111— 9	Patton	010000000010110— 4

Ties div.

BLOOMING GROVE PARK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Blooming Grove Park Association held its annual tournament on the grounds of the club on Nov. 2 and 4. There were upward of thirty of the members present, some of them bringing their wives. A special car on Friday, Nov. 1, carried the members and their guests to Glen Eyre, where the club stages were met and the party were driven to the club house, where a hospitable reception awaited all. The house was illuminated from cellar to roof and the piazza hung with Chinese lanterns, making a most beautiful effect. And once inside, the roaring log fires in the spacious fireplaces for the outer man, and the table loaded down with all the good things for the inner being, at once converted the party into one huge family all bent on having a good time, yet insisting that there should be due decorum.

Saturday was cold and rainy, but the several matches arranged for that day were shot off, and, as is very often the case, the "unknown" won. In order to attract contestants, those who had had some experience in shooting at the traps freely granted the various handicaps which the committee arranged, and the result showed that the handicapping had been fair.

While the contests were going on others of the members were out with dog and gun after grouse or in the park with their rifles in the hopes of seeing and shooting a buck, or on the lake fishing. If all who had chances to shoot game that day could have availed themselves thereof half a dozen bucks and scores of grouse would have been hanging up that night in the chill room. But it is always luck when you miss, and there was much ill-luck. Yet on the table the next day we had spread before us fish and game, the results of the sportsmen's picasure of Saturday. On the 3d, those who cared to do so went fishing or hunting, or visited the hatchery and preserves to watch Otto, the head game keeper, take the trout spawn from our breeders, and see him feed the 25,000 trout of various ages in the preserves.

On the 5th, the other matches in rifle shooting and fly-casting were contested, and here again in the fly-casting the handicapping committee were very much relieved of their labors by the yielding of the more experienced contestants. After the various contests were decided there was no feeling but that the best man in each match fairly won by his excellenee, although some who had before done very well in these matches fell below their previous averages.

The evening was passed in whist, music and billiards, while others sitting around the open fireplace, each had his story and his eager listeners.

The tournament ended on the afternoon of the 4th, and the party returned to the city and their homes in small groups, but all with one mind, that if one wants thorough enjoyment, unhampered by dress and style so-called, but controlled by every sense of propriety, and offered an opportunity of not only hunting for but finding grouse and buck at which to get a shot, they should become members of this association, and then they will be able better to appreciate all the benefits of the club, which this little sketch but feebly outlines.—N. S. S.

The various scores are annexed. Match for gold and silver badges and sweepstakes, 25 clays, 18yds. rise, 3 traps, second barrel (figure 2) ½ bird:

Fred Engle, scratch	1111211011100101011012110—17
N S Smith, scratch	1111012112112011122121121—19½
C T Wills, 2 birds	1100211100002111111001201—14½
B E J Eils, scratch	0000002010000010011012000— 6
E M Youmans, 2 birds	1022111211000211111111021—17½
*John Firth, 2 birds	1002000202200010101022002— 7
M T Freeman, 4 birds	0000000000000020000000000— ½
D Bacon, 4 birds	0001010011011111001111010—14
*C Winters, 4 birds	0000000000000000000000000— 0
*W Post, 4 birds	0000000000030000000202020202— 2

Ties for first place at 3 birds:

N S Smith .....111 101 010—6 E M Youmans.....111 011 110—7

Youmans and Smith div. first money. Bacon second, Engle third, Wills fourth.

*Non-members, but entered in sweepstakes.

Match at 25 live pigeons for gold and silver badges and sweepstakes, 5 traps, 10-bore guns 30yds. rise, 12-bore guns 28yds. rise, handicap:

Fred Engle, scratch	1111101222212012021111111—22
N S Smith, 2 birds	1100222211222110110112011—20
B E J Eils, 4 birds	0110121022111200111012l1 —19
C T Wills, 2 birds	1001221221101110100201100—17
E N Youmans, 2 birds	2000010112010101220210001—13
N H Evans, 4 birds	1220020002201001212211100—15
M T Freeman, 4 birds	1101100020011120100002000—11
J H McKeever, 4 birds	0100000100101000000100200— 6
W Bacon, 4 birds	0001000110100000101001101— 9
*John Firth, 4 birds	0002121001101021110000111—14
*S H Bacon, 4 birds	0100002200101011110000001—10

*Non-members, but entered in sweepstakes.

B. E. J. Eils wins first prize and first money, being given 4 birds his score was 23; N. S. Smith being given 2 birds ties Engle and they divide, Engle takes second money and Smith the badge; C. T. Wills third, N. H. Evans fourth.

Rifle match for gold and silver prizes, sweepstakes, 5 shots, decimal target, 200yds., only hunting sights allowed, two sighting shots allowed:

F Engle	30 10401—6	D Bacon	04 55775—29
N S Smith	00 03300—6	*C Winters	20 12244—13
C T Wills	45 53147—20	T W B Hughes	87 10455 2—26
E M Youmans	11 46618—25	N H Evans	13 11731—16
M T Freeman	60 02101—4	*W Post	45 85245—24
J H McKeever	04 00101—2	*McGill	52 10046—11
*J Firth	01 14523—15	B E J Eils	92 02210—5
A J Post	62 56157—24	*S H Bacon	05 71702—17

*Non-members, but entered in sweepstakes.

First prize, gold badge and first money, won by Bacon; silver badge and second money won by Hughes; third money won by Youmans; A. J. Post and W. Post tied for fourth money, shoot-off won by W. Post.

CORRY, Pa., Nov. 8.—Weekly shoot of Corry Gun Club at 25 Keystone targets from 5 Keystone traps:

H Arnold	1111111111101111111101111—23
Laurie	1100111011111111110111111—21
Penrose	0111001101111011111111111—20
Scott	1110101011111101111101111—20
Edwards	1011111010001111111111111—20
Austin	1111011101111111101101101—20
M Arnold	1111011111111110011001101—19
Ward	1111011110001000101100111—15
Wetmore	0010110111010101010101101—13
Howard	1111101000101100010000011—13
Starbird	0011010110100010101011111—12
Van Vleck	1001010010000110100101101—12
Kniskern	1001110100000100010100001—11

Arnold wins gold medal, Laurie the silver medal and Kniskern the leather medal.

Team race, 4 men to a team, at 25 Keystones each:

Wetmore's Team.

Wetmore	1111111011101101111101111—22
Penrose	1111111110110111011010—20
Edwards	1110111111111111111111010—22
Ward	1111011011110101101100111—19—83

Van Vleck's Team.

Van Vleck	0001101101100101010100011—13
Laurie	1111111111111111101111—24
Austin	1111110101101111111111111—21
Starbird	1111010100011100001011111—15—73

Penrose's Team.

Penrose	1111111111111101011111—23
Edwards	1111111010110111111001110—19
Ward	1101111011100010110111101—18
Kniskern	1111111000101010100010—15—75

Laurie's Team.

Laurie	1111111111111111111011—24
Austin	1011111011111100111101111—20
Starbird	0111111111001101011111111—20
Van Vleck	0010010101001110110000111—12—76

LINCOLN, Ill., Nov. 7.—I send you herewith the score of the monthly badge shoot of the Lincoln Gun Club, held on Tuesday, Nov. 5, 1889. The weather was fair, with a stiff wind blowing across the traps. Shooting is done under American Association rules, at Peoria blackbirds, 15 singles and 5 pairs:

L C Schwerdtfeger	111111111111010	11 11 11 10 11—21	
Robt Schuster	111110111110101	11 11 11 10 10—20	
Harry Webber	111101111111111	10 10 11 10 10—20	
R M Wildman	011111110110111	10 10 00 10 10—15	
Jerry Parker	001100101111110	00 11 00 11 10—14	
Geo Atwell	011101011001101	10 10 10 00 10—13	

L. C. Schwerdtfeger takes the gold badge and Atwell sports the leather medal.—SACHEM.

NEWARK, N. J., Nov. 5.—A well contested shooting match took place to-day between William Bradbury and Stephen J. Hothersall against J. M. Kerr and Robert Bradbury, at 25 Keystone targets under American Association rules, resulting as follows:

T J Hothersall	21	J M Kerr	19
William Bradbury	18—39	Robert Bradbury	9—28

TORONTO, Nov. 7.—The blackbird shoot at McDowall's shooting grounds to-day drew out a large number of representatives of the different gun clubs of the city. The spectators were also down in good numbers, and apparently took as keen an interest in each event as the men at the score. The day's programme consisted of three open matches for valuable prizes, and a continuous merchandise shoot for 10 prizes. A gold medal presented by W. McDowall for the highest aggregate score for the day was a leading feature of the shoot. Messrs. F. Emond, Dr. Charles and P. Wakefield came in for the lion's share of the prizes. The first two gentlemen shot a hot race all day for the aggregate medal, and it was not until the last round was finished that the steady "Emo" defeated the lightning shot. The doctor, however, won some handsome prizes, among which was a Martini repeating rifle. He was also the only man to make a straight 9 in the merchandise. The weather was all that could be desired. Mr. C. G. Winchell gave satisfaction as referee and scorer, while Mr. Harrison did the same as referee for the merchandise match. Following are the scores:

First shoot, at 15 birds, $1 entrance:

Wakefield	110011100101111—10	Charles	0110101001 —5
Emond	100111101110101—10	McDowall	000000000010111—4
James	011011011111011100—10	Taylor	000000100010000—2
Mitchell	1100001111 —7		

Ties on 10 shot at 5 each and Wakefield won.

Second shoot, at 25 birds, 5 prizes, entrance $2:

Charles	1111111011011111111—18	Mitchell	1111111110001101111—16
Drasey	1111011011110111111—16	Wakefield	1010101011011111111101—14
Emond	0101011111111110111—16	McDowall	1010111110110101001011—13
Dick	1110111101111101011—16		

Harrison 12, Verity 12. Heatherington 11, T. Sawdon 11, James 8.

Third sweepstake, at 19 birds each, $1 entrance:

Wakefield	1011111101111101111—17	McDowall	1111001011 — 7
Charles	1011111111011111001—15	Emond	1100101111 — 7
James	0111111110101100 —10		

Fourth sweepstake, at 25 bluerocks, $3 entrance:

Emond	1001110011111111111101111—20		
Charles	0100101111011111110111011—19		
McDowall	0111101111011111001111001—18		
Dick	1101111011101111010111000—18		
Wakefield	1000111110101000011110011—15		

McDowall won third prize on the shoot-off.

Merchandise match, 10 prizes, 9 birds each, the prizes being won in the order named, Charles, Emond, Sawdon, Leroy, Jenning, Verity, White, McDowall, Wakefield, Mitchell. There were 75 entries in this match.

BERGEN POINT, N. J. Nov. 5.—The gunning contingent of the New Jersey Athletic Club had a bluerock clay-pigeon shoot on the club grounds to-day. The first of the three chief events was a match for a gold medal won last year and now held by Geo. S. Virden. There were 11 competitors, the conditions being 25 birds; contestants handicapped from 1 to 3 birds, according to excellence; medal to be held by the winner of the most of five matches each year, and to be won three times before becoming personal property. C. A. Pope (allowance two birds), won with a score of 18 breaks to 7 misses, by one bird over Richard Sundermann (allowance one bird). The scores follow:

Sundermann	16	J D Berdan	10 Bigoney 7
Vredenburgh	12	D W Berdan	2 Taylor 15
Cook	7	Smith	2 Kissam 14
Bray	11	Pope	18

The second match was for shooting outfits. Fifteen shooters competed and each shot at 10 hurtling targets. Edward L. Vredenburgh won first prize by breaking 10 straight. Richard Sundermann and Messrs. Taylor and Smith tied at eight breaks each. In shooting off Sundermann captured second prize and Major Taylor third. The scores are annexed:

Pope	5	J D Berdan	5 Wilmerding 5
Sundermann	8	Gray	7 Taylor 8
Schuyler	5	Smith	8 Cook 4
Vredenburgh	10	Davis	3 Anderson 2
Popham	3	D W Berdan	1 Parker 1

The third match was the first of a series for a Martin repeating rifle of .38cal. These events will occur every fortnight. In each those who make the second and third best scores will receive good prizes. Entries are handicapped according to ability as marksmen. Major J. M. Taylor (scratch) won the first honor for the trophy. Of the other 11 competitors Messrs. Kissam, Wilmerding, and Pope did the better work. Here are the scores, each having 25 birds thrown:

Schuyler	11	Smith	13 Popham 8
G D Berdan	10	Kissam	16 Wilmerding 19
D W Berdan	6	Gray	11 Sundermann 16
Pope	15	Taylor	17 Bigorney 7

CINCINNATI, Nov. 10.—The Forrester Gun Club held its second regular weekly winter shoot on the grounds of the Price's Hill Gun Club this afternoon, it being a dark, gloomy and dismal chilly day threatening snow. A large number of spectators were present. The pigeons were furnished by Mr. Al Bandle, and though not so good as those shot by the club some few days ago, averaged well, very few duffers being the rule. "Bohemian" (Mr. Chas. J. Kauffman), a shooter of the '89 crop, did especially good work. All shooting was from five ground scoop traps, 28yds. rise for 12 and 30yds. rise for 10-gauge guns, use of both barrels allowed, 80yds boundary. Mr. W. E. Limberg, sporting editor of the *Commercial Gazette*, satisfactorily officiated as referee.

Ten live birds, entrance $3, two moneys, 60 and 40 per cent.:

"Guy"	0100111010—5	T Honing	2012121201—8
"Bohemian"	0021112101—7	A Bandle	2111011111—9
B Condell	0202011001—5	S Harris	1211100201—7
"Ranger"	2111110211—9	Oscar	2021100220—6

Ranger and Bandle first money; Honing second.

Seven live birds, entrance $3, two moneys, 60 and 40 per cent.:

Guy	1121101—6	Honing	1120121—6
Bohemian	2110111—6	Baudle	1111111—7
Condell	1122121—7	Oscar	0111110—5
Ranger	2111110—6		

Condell and Bandle first money; ties on 6 divided.

Ten live birds, entrance $5, three moneys, 50, 30, 20 per cent.:

Guy	1121101110 — 8	Honing	1120121210— 8
Bohemian	2110111111— 9	Bandle	1111111111—10
Condell	1122121111—10	Oscar	0111110011— 7

Condell and Bandle first money; Bohemian second; Honing and Guy third.

Five live birds, entrance $3, one money:

Guy	01100—2	Honing	11111—5
Bohemian	11111—5	Bandle	11111—5
Condell	01111—4	Oscar	10111—4

Bohemian, Honing and Bandle divided the money. Referee and official scorer, W. E. Limberg.—C. G. NEWSBOY.

NEWARK, N. J., Oct. 5.—To-day was a great day at John Erb's, over a dozen expert trap shooters being at work from 11 A. M. until it grew so dark that they were unable to distinguish a dark bird from a trap. The birds were the hardest lot of drivers and twisters ever seen in this part of the country, and a 90-per-cent. man would have had a lively time to hold his average. Twelve sweeps were shot under Hurlingham rules, 5 traps, 28 and 30yds. rise, 80yds. boundary. The winding-up shoot of the day was at 8 birds, $7 entry, four moneys, all the rest being at 4 birds, $3 entry. The scores were as follows:

	Shot at.	Killed.		Shot at.	Killed.
S Castle	52	44	W S Cannon	28	21
C M Hedden	52	38	E Geoffrey	12	9
J Erb	52	38	W Hollis	16	8
A B Hedden	40	33	W Hughes	16	9
P Daly, Jr	44	32	M F Lindsley	12	10
J E Wheaton	52	30			

W. S. Cannon was unfortunate in having the slide slip on his gun when he pulled his first barrel, thus being unable to pull his second. This happened twice and lost him two birds, as under Hurlingham rules a shooter is responsible for the condition of his gun and ammunition. Under the new American rules he would have been entitled to two more birds.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 4.—Several members of the Forrester Gun Club went down to-day to shoot at some three dozen old pigeons in coop. The shooting took place on the grounds of the Price's Hill Gun Club. The birds were all good flyers, averaging away above those generally used here. There were but five incomers in the number of birds sprung, the remainder being all straight-away right and left-quartering birds. Better tame birds I never witnessed sprung from traps. The shooting was under Hurlingham rules, both barrels allowed, 28 for 12 and 30yds. rise for 10-gauge guns. W. E. Limberg officiating as referee. Official scores:

Live Birds.

Ed Shott	111114c010—9	Roy	11ooo2101100—6
Guy	02100 01112 -7	Griffith	21101w. —4

American Clay Birds.

E Shott	1111111011111111111—19	Roy	1090101110100110000l— 9
Guy	1111001111101000111—14		

TACOMA, Wash., Oct. 25.—A live bird match, under the auspices of the Tacoma Rifle, Rod and Gun Club, will take place in this city on Nov. 28, 1889. Open to all *bona fide* residents of Montana, Idaho, Oregon, California and Washington. Entrance $100, at 50 live birds per man.—E. E. ELLIS, Secretary.

NEW BEDFORD, Nov. 5.—Sky and wind were favorable for the tournament of the New Bedford Gun Club, which took place on the club grounds to-day. The events follow: No 1, 6 clay-pigeons: L. A. Plummer, "Bishop" and Dr. Post first; J. T. Hall, of Raynham, second. No. 2, 6 bluerocks: "Bishop" first, Hall, Plummer and Post second. No. 3, 6 clays: Hall first, Post and Plummer second, "Bishop" third. No. 4, 10 rocks: Hall first, Post second, Plummer and "Bishop" third. No. 5, 10 clays: Hall and "Bishop" first. Post second, Plummer third. No. 6, 10 rocks: Plummer first, "Bishop" second, Hall third. No. 7, 10 clays: Plummer first, "Bishop" second, Post third. No. 8, 6 rocks. This was an excellent contest:

Plummer	111111—6	S Eggers, Jr	111111—6
Post	111111—6	Morgan	111111—6
Hall	111111—6	"Bishop"	110111—5

No. 9, 6 rocks: Plummer, Post and Hall first, Eggers and Morgan second, "Bishop" third. No. 10, 10 rocks: Plummer first, Post second, Hall third. No. 11, 6 rocks: Hall first, H. V. Davis and Plummer second. No. 12, 6 rocks: Hall first, Davis and Plummer second. No. 13, 6 rocks: Davis first, Hall and Post second, Plummer third. No. 14, 6 rocks: Post first, Davis, Plummer and Eggers second, Hall third. No. 15, 6 rocks: Hall, Davis, Plummer and Post first, Eggers second. No. 16, 6 clays: Hall and Plummer first, Post and Eggers second, Davis third. The best thing was in the next three events, each for 10 rocks. No. 17:

Hall	1111111111—10	Plummer	1111111111—10
Post	1111111111—10	Davis	1101111111— 9

No. 18:

Hall	1111111111—10	Plummer	1111111111—10
Post	1111111111—10	Davis	1110111111— 9

No. 19:

Post	1111111111—10	Hall	1101111111—9
Plummer	1111111111—10	Davis	1101111111—9

Nos. 18 and 19 were considered as shoot-off for No. 17, and Post and Plummer div. the first three moneys. No. 20, 6 clays: Hall and Post first, Eggers second, Plummer third. No. 21, 6 clays Davis first, Plummer and Post second, Hall and Eggers third.

MADISON COUNTY TROPHY.—Eaton, N. Y., Nov. 7.—The trophy shoot of Madison county was held at Canistota, Oct. 28. This cup has been twice won by the Eaton Club, and quite a friendly rivalry exists. The boys are trying hard to winter it in the northern part of the county. The Oneida boys were very tardy and the cup shoot was not called until about 2 o'clock, when it should have been the second shoot on the programme. The forenoon was occupied with the other events on the programme, the cream of which was taken by Curtis, Briggs, Short and Roberts. From 3 o'clock until dark the shooting was done in a driving rain and at the close it was found that Eaton's and Oneida's first teams tied on 81, while Eaton's second team was only one behind. The tie will be shot off in the near future. The following is the score, 15 singles and 6 pairs, 3 traps, Association rules:

Eaton, First Team.		Eaton, Second Team.	
Hall	20	Short	18
Peet	24	Briggs	23
Curtis	16	Tryer	18
Cole	21—81	Briggs	21—80
Oneida, First Team.		**Oneida, Second Team.**	
Markham	23	Bailey	15
Clark	19	Marble	15
Devreaux	20	Markham	14
Maxwell	19—81	Chase	11—55
Canastota, First Team.		**Canastota, Second Team.**	
Roberts	20	Bishop	8
Clow	19	Graham	9
Suits	14	Barrett	15
Ward	16—69	Salisbury	17—49

Canastota, second team, has 12 pairs yet to shoot. Stopped by darkness.—GEO. F. BELL.

POTSDAM, N. Y., Nov. 8.—The Potsdam Gun Club invited their friends to join in a team match at kingbirds, the losing side to pay for birds and supper. The following score shows how it was done. Match at 9 kingbirds, from 3 traps, 18yds. rise, National rules:

Heath, Capt	011111100—6	Holmes, Capt	111100110—6
F A Ward	000110011—4	Seete	101111011—7
Lewis	111111001—7	Witters	000100100—2
Watkins	110100111—6	W R Weed	111111010—7
McKay	110110101—6	Cox	101110011—6
Eastman	001101010—4	Swift	100011001—4
Bonney	110101001—5	Clark	111111011—8
Everett	001000000—1	Adams	100000000—1
Wegant	001110101—5	Cassety	001000100—2
Brownell	010000001—2	Loveland	100000100—2
Britton	010000010—2	Nicholson	100111111—7
Brown	100010010—3	Huggard	010000000—1
Sisson	001111111—7	Williams	000001000—1
O'Hara	000001000—1	Gurley	110010091—4
Fred Fay	100000100—2	Baum	111111101—8
Butler	011100101—5—66	E A Fay	000000100—1—67

TORONTO, Nov. 9.—The shooting match between Charles and Emoud, at 100 birds—50 bluerocks and 50 live pigeons—took place at McDowall's grounds this afternoon, and proved to be one of the most exciting and evenly-contested matches shot in Toronto for years. The score in the bluerock shoot was remarkable, the contestants killing 45 and 44, respectively. In the live-bird match it was see-saw from the start until the last bird was called "dead" by the referee, the total score then standing 82 to 81 in favor of Charles. Phil Wakefield was the referee. The following is the score:

Charles.

Artificial birds..1111111111011111101111111111101011110111111011111111—44
Live pigeons.....1110111111110110011110111011001010110111001111111—38

Emond.

Artificial birds..1111011111110111110101111111111111111111111111111—45
Live pigeons.....1110100011111111111011101110101101000101111101011—36

TROY, Ohio, Nov. 5.—The result of the match between a picked team of 5 shooters from Dayton and the same number from Troy, which occurred in Troy to-day, resulted in a handsome victory for the Daytonians. The Dayton team consisted of Messrs. Rolla O. Heikes, Capt. W. Scott McDonald, Wm. Pratchett, Ed. Rike and Walter Keenan. The Troy team of Messrs. Ed. Ruck, Capt. Senour. Sheets, Prill and Magle. The day was ugly for shooting, a stiff breeze blowing directly across the range, and the scores made indicate excellent shooting. Each man shot at 50 birds. Capt. Heikes led shooting with a 16-gauge gun, loaded with but ¾oz. of shot, while the other shooters had guns of large gauge heavily loaded. Heikes, handicapped thus, made a magnificent score. He started the ball rolling by killing his first three, quickly followed by Keenan, Pratchett, McDonald and Rike, all killing their first birds. In fact the first run of the team was 29, the 30th bird being missed.

Heikes.....1111111111111101111110111111011111111111101111101—45
Keenan.....1111111111111111111011111011111111111111111111111—48
Pratchett...1111111111111101111110121111111111111111111111111—48
McDonald...1111101111111101101011111111101111111111111111111—45
Rike.....1111111101111111101111101111111011111111111110—45—231

The Troy team given in totals is as follows: Senour 36, Sheets 30, Prill 43, Ruck 45, Magle 41; total 196. From the score of 231 out of a possible 250, to 196, it will be seen that the Dayton men had no difficulty in winning the match, it was theirs from the start. On the grounds they challenged the Troy Club to a team shoot of 10 men to come off in Dayton, giving them the privilege to pick their shooters from Troy, Tippecanoe and Piqua. The challenge was accepted, and the match will come off within two weeks, and will be under the same conditions as that of to-day. The Dayton shooters challenge any city in the United States to a team shoot of 10 men. The prospective team to back this challenge is as follows: Rolla Heikes, captain, Wm. Pratchett, Walter Keenan, W. Scott McDonald, Ed. Rike, Adolph Sander, Ed. King, Charles Tippy, Wes Troup and Mr. Knight.—C. G. N.

CINCINNATI, O., Nov. 11.—The shots here look upon the Dayton, O., challenge as a wild offer, and were it not that its captain and team were intoxicated at their victory over the Troy country team—a man of which has not shot at the traps for more than one year at most—shooters in this city, Cleveland, Toledo, Springfield and, aye, even the Canton, O., team might give the challenge some consideration; but as it is, the shooters here look upon the Dayton team's challenge as only talk. Mr. Rolla O. Heikes, captain of the Dayton Club, dare not make the challenge open to 5 men and the targets half and half—25 champion clay and 25 standard. If he will, Cincinnati may accommodate him with a team race inside of the next month, either at Dayton, O., or this city for, as the "constant challenger" puts it, "either glory or money."

AMERICAN SHOOTING ASSOCIATION.—Stewart Building, N. Y., Nov. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The American Shooting Association expects to make, if necessary, revision of their trap shooting rules about Dec. 15. With this view they ask that clubs and individuals throughout the country will give such expression as they may care to concerning them, or for any desired change either in the rules for target or live bird shooting.—THE AMERICAN SHOOTING ASSOCIATION, J. M. Taylor, Manager.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 6.—This afternoon, at Woodlawn Park, the members of this well-known shooting club of Long Island held their regular monthly contest. The Fountain Club's men have the reputation of scoring more victories as a club than any other in this vicinity. In the years gone by, after being victorious over all the neighboring clubs, they boldly chartered a train and attended the State Sportsmen's meeting, held at Seneca Falls. There the team of the club captured every prize worth the winning—the Dean Richmond cup, the diamond badge, and the largest cash prize in every contest for which the Fountains entered. Never was seen so sweeping a victory. This led to the formation of the Long Island Sportsmen's Association, this association taking to its bosom all the better known clubs of this part of the State. Then came the shooting meeting at Coney Island, when more fun and hurrah were had than in any shooting meeting before or since. Men came from all over the State to compete for the magnificent lot of prizes furnished for the occasion. In cash alone there was over $5,000 distributed to the winners in the different events. Then came a lull. The Fountain Club had reached the highest notch as a shooting club. Members died and no new ones took their places. It became a social club, and the shooting men were relegated to the background. Then came another time for an election. The old shooting element came to the front, the "socialists" stepped to the rear, and the men of the club are now once more putting their shoulders to the wheel, and hope to replace the club upon the plane it occupied a short time ago. Today ten men faced the traps and shot for the massive gold badge emblem of shooting supremacy to the one who wears it. The weather was pleasant for the season. The sun shone out brightly, but the wind was chill and penetrating, the stove in the club house being much sought after. It was a shot outside, then a shoot for the fire on the part of each contestant.

Regular club match, 7 birds each man, modified Hurlingham rules to govern; handicap prizes. Scores: Alfred Purdy, 30yds., 7 straight, the gold trophy; Thompson and B. Weld 6 each; Blattmacher, Allen, Blenksley, Shiels and C. Wingert 5; Orr 4 and Wheeler 3.

First Sweepstakes, 10 entries, 5 birds each, $5 entrance, three moneys, 50, 30, 20 per cent. respectively: Wild, Allen and Wingert 5; tie miss and out. Stuart missed his first pigeon, and then the other two men divided. Purdey took second money with 4. For third money Shiels, Wheeler, Blankley, Thompson, Blattmacher and Orr all tied with three each. On the shoot off Allen, Blankley and Orr went to the rear on the first shot, Blattmacher and Thompson on the second, Wheeler on the fifth, Shiels winning by a straight score of five kills.

Second sweepstakes, same conditions as the preceding one, but at 3 birds: Allen Wingert and Orr killed all, and shot the tie off miss and out. Allen dropped out on his second bird, Orr on his third. Wingert took first money. Second money was tied for by Shiels, Wild, Wheeler, Blankseley, Purdy and Blattmacher. It was altogether too small for a division, and so was shot for again miss and out. Shiels missed his third; also Wheeler, Blanksley missing their fourth, Wild his fifth. Purdy and Blattmacher as the birds gave out had to divide, much against their wishes.

The birds were only a fair lot. Some were extra good flyers, some were slow in getting off, but corkers when they did start. Others were poor, so that the effort to get them up was wearisome both to the shooters and the lookers on. This uneven character of the birds, however, tested the capacity of the members to the utmost, for when prepared for a hustler of a bird they would get a loafer and shoot ahead of him, and when getting a rasper shoot as far behind him as they did in front of the slow fellow.

SPRINGFIELD, N. J.—The Union Gun Club held a tournament at live pigeons on the 12th inst. The day was beautiful, with warm bright sunlight and balmy air, but despite such favorable conditions, few were on hand to participate in the sport. The first sweep started with four entries, and only one more man put in an appearance during the afternoon. The birds were of first quality, some of them "screamers" that with dodging and rapidity of flight combined, would have required a charge of electricity to stop them. Five sweeps were shot, and it is of note that not a single bird was dropped for a place, although several tempting chances offered. This is as it should be and it is hoped that at some future time the same may be said of all tournaments, both large and small.

Event No. 1, at 8 live birds, $4 entrance, two moneys:

M F Lindsley	21121222—8	B Freemen	11211112—8
E D Miller	21112111—8	J Riggotts	22111211—8

No. 2, same conditions: ties in No. 1 to be decided also:

Lindsley	12222212—8	Freeman	02002422—5
Miller	12121111—8	Riggotts	11211112—8

First in Nos. 1 and 2 div. by Lindsley, Miller and Riggotts, second in both won by Freeman.

No. 3, at 10 live birds, $5 entrance, two moneys:

Lindsley	2201221212—9	Riggotts	1111110110—8
Miller	1121121111—10	Cannon	0221102111—8
Freeman	2101o122001— 6		

No. 4 same as No. 3:

Lindsley	1211202200—7	Riggotts	2120221121—9
Miller	1111110121—9	Cannon	0212o02221—7
Freeman	2011211121—9		

No. 5, same conditions:

Lindsley	0012001120—5	Cannon	0111221211—9
Miller	2211111101—9		

Ties div.

Match between Miller and Cannon for $10 each:

Miller	1112211112—10	Lindsley	1121122221—10
Cannon	0212200112— 7		

Miller won.

Friendly match at 3 pairs live birds:

Miller	01 10 o1—3	Lindsley	10 10 11—4

WELLINGTON, Mass., Nov. 9.—In the silver pitcher match at the Wellington range to-day, Sanborn scooped in his second third of the trophy. The scores in this match of eight and over were: Bradstreet, 9; Warren, 9; Moore and Melcher, 10; Bradbury, Cady and Chase, 12; Cowee and Sanborn, 13. The winners of first moneys in the other events follow: Six blue rocks, Chase; five pigeons, Ingersoll and Chase; six blue rocks, Chase; five pigeons, Bradbury, Chase and Ingersoll; five blue rocks, Cowee and Chase; five pigeons, Ingersoll and Chase; six tin birds, Chase, Porter and Sanborn; six blue rocks, Schaefer, Cady and Ingersoll; five blue rocks, Cowee and Chase; 10 pigeons, Melcher and Bradbury; six blue rocks, Chese and Sanborn; five blue rocks, Chase and Cady; five pigeons, Chase; five tin birds, Chase; seven blue rocks, Sanborn; eight pigeons, Cowee and Bradbury; five pair blue rocks, Warren; six tin birds, Chase, Cowee and Sanborn; six blue rocks, Chase and Bradstreet; five pigeons, Porter, Warren and Sanborn; ten pigeons, Keystone target, Sanborn; six blue rocks, Warren and Sanborn; five pigeons, Schaefer and Sanborn.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 8.—Mr. R. B. Organ, of this city, and the champion, Mr. C. W. Budd, will within the next thirty days shoot a match at Kansas City with Messrs. Jas. Riley and J. A. R. Elliott, and at Omaha will shoot a match with Messrs. Parmalee and Williams. This seems to be about the only outcome of the great talk of a 10-men match between Chicago and Kansas City, or Illinois and Missouri. It is the opinion here that the Kansas City folks didn't want to shoot. If they did or do want to shoot, why didn't they agree to some sort of a decent compromise about the handicap for 16-gauge guns, and come up to the score like little men? They seemed more anxious to issue challenges and to fight on paper than to have a shooting match. The Chicago boys thought they could win, but they also thought enough of the chances of their opponents not to wish to give them all there was in the match. Why not adjust the matter by a reference committee, make up the matter, go ahead, and have the shoot?—E. HOUGH.

LINCOLN, Neb.—The first annual shooting tournament of the Lincoln Gun Club will be held on the State fair grounds, Nov. 28 and 29, open to all comers. Ten dollars entrance fee entitles one to shoot in all prize matches, for which they receive a card not transferable. No combinations will be allowed. Prize and sweepstakes may be shot at the same time. Private or other matches can be arranged for on the grounds. All matches governed by American Shooting Association rules. G. A. Bush, Captain C. U. St. John, C. H. Clarke, Sec'y, Committee.

BALTIMORE.—The first tournament of the Standard Gun Club will be held Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 28, at Stowman's Park, Baltimore, commencing at 9 A. M., weather will not prevent. All shooting will be under the Keystone system and American Shooting Association rules. People's line of cars from City Hall via German street, twenty minutes to the grounds direct, foot of Ridgely street. For further information inquire of C. W. Gross, secretary, or Chase's, 2 Light street.

CLASS-DALY, JR. AGAINST KLEINTZ-IRWIN.—The team race between Frank Class and Phil Daly, Jr., against J. Frank Kleintz and Richard Irwin, has been postponed until Thursday, the 14th inst. at 1:30 P. M., at Erb's Park, Newark, N. J.

Every week we are obliged to defer to the next week trap scores which come in too late for publication in the current issue. It is particularly requested that scores be sent us as early as possible.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1887-88.

Commodore: H. C. ROGERS. } Peterborough, Can.
Secretary-Treasurer: GEO. W. HATTON }

	Vice-Com.	*Rear-Com.*	*Purser.*
Central Div.	W. R. Huntington.	E. W. Masten	T. H. Stryker, Rome, N. Y.
Atlantic Div.	W. P. Stephens.	L. B. Palmer	W. R. Haviland, Yonkers, N. Y.
N'thern Div.	Robert Tyson.	S. S. Robinson	Colin Fraser, Toronto.
Eastern Div.	H. E. Rice, M. D.	Maxton Holmes	H. D Marsh, Springfield, Mass.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of $2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year. Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay $1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division.

Persons residing in any Division and wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application on by addressing the Purser.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore—C. J. Stedman, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Vice-Commodore—T. J. Kirkpatrick, Springfield, O.
Rear-Commodore—Thos. S. Gates, Columbus, O.
Secretary-Treasurer—J. B. Keogh, 34 Montauk Block, Chicago, Ill

Applications for membership should be made to the Sec.-Treas., on blanks which may be obtained from him, and should be accompanied by $2 as initiation fee and dues for the current year.

HIS KINDNESS "REWARDED."

HOW FARMER BROADCLOTH DID NOT GO TO CHURCH IN A CANOE.

A RATHER comical episode occurred on one of my canoe trips last summer over which my friend and I have had many a hearty laugh, it being so very ludicrous that at his request I write it out and send you.

We were running one of our northern rivers in an 18ft. birch canoe which I always use on our inland streams. We generally camp out at night, not under tents but rolled up in our blankets on a bed of pine boughs and with a lean-to to windward did we get that refreshing sleep one always has in the woods. On this particular morning, which, by the way, was Sunday, we had started down stream, having had no breakfast. We carried little provisions with us, depending entirely upon the farm houses we were sure to pass. This morning, however, we paddled on for several hours without seeing one, and were of course hungry. Finally seeing one, we pulled up, and the writer went ashore and asked the good housewife if she could accommodate us with some milk and bread.

While she was telling us how sorry she was that the milk had been collected by the creamery several hours before and that while she could give us some bread she hardly had milk enough for her own use, etc., her husband came in. Finding out what we wanted he informed me that he was going down to the village, two miles away, to church, soon, and if we would wait at the second bridge he would show us where the creamery was. Finding out that he was going down alone I asked him to get in and go down in the canoe. O, no, he was not going to get into any canoe. I finally persuaded him to come down and look at it, which he did. He finally changed his mind and concluded that if we would "just wait" I get on my black clo'es and black my boots," he would be with us.

While he was "getting on his black clo'es" we had our breakfast, which we were just finishing when he came down as slick as you please, plug hat and all. We paddled off, with Farmer Broadcloth sitting sprawled out in the center of the canoe. Now this river was full of small and shallow rapids so disagreeable to cruisers, and we had not been out five minutes before we struck one of the worst of the lot, but got through all right. The farmer's eyes began to open, and he had a grip on the gunwales as though life depended on it.

Shooting out of the rapids the current was swift, and dead ahead about 100yds. was a fence across the river, the first of the kind I had ever encountered. It was made of pickets strung on wire top and bottom, and was thrown across to keep the cattle from getting up stream and crossing at low water later in the summer. Knowing of course that we should be obliged to carry around, I headed the canoe for the bank, which the bow touched several feet from the fence. The canoe of course swung around broadside against the fence as I expected, and I was then going to throw the bow around and run up alongside of the bank. But this was not to be. Here was our friend Broadcloth's golden opportunity, and he improved it. He was pretty well frightened, and according to his idea that fence meant salvation, so he reached for it. Now, of course, being strung on wire, when he pulled the top down the bottom went up, Farmer Broadcloth, my friend and self over, and the canoe under. I remember just before going down seeing his legs waving frantically in the air, and nearly choked with water laughing.

When we came up we were all on the other side of that fence. I started for the canoe which, bottom side up, was floating down in company with the farmer's centennial hat. Pulling the canoe ashore and securing the hat I went back to the scene of our mishap. Broadcloth was mad as a hornet, and swore that we did it on purpose. My friend was explaining the accident to him with a straight face, but when I came up with that hat and clapped it on the back of his head it was too much, and we both laughed till the tears came. He finally concluded it was all straight and no conspiracy, and joined us; then, after thanking us for his morning's entertainment in a way which belied his words, he started for home. He did not go to church that day.

A. H. FORBUSH.

BROOKLYN C. C., NOV. 5.

THE hardy canoemen of the B. C. C. engaged in a series of races on Election day as follows:

Paddling race, decked sailing canoes:

Myth, H. C. Ward.....1
Queen Bess, R. J. Wilkin.....2
Brooklyn, C. P. Weekes.....3
Vagrant, H. H. Smythe.....4
Bunch, W. H. Cammeyer, Jr.....5
Niente, F. L. Dunnell.....6

Paddling race, open canoes, single blade:

Atla, R. J. Wilkin.....1
Mignon, M. V. Brokaw.....2
Wyandauch, C. P. Weeks.....3
Louise, F. L. Dunnell.....4

Sailing race:

	Start.	Finish.
Brooklyn, H. C. Ward, B. C. C.	4 27 00	4 51 00
Sylph, D. D. Gessler, K. C. C.	4 27 00	4 53 00

In the paddling race for decked canoes Mr. Ward had things all his own way, but there was a hard fight for second place, Mr. Wilkin winning by only about 2ft.

In the race for open canoes Mr. Wilkin took the lead at the start and won with ease.

It was late in the afternoon when the sailing race was started, with a strong N.W. wind blowing. The Brooklyn carried 70ft. and the Sylph somewhat more and a sliding seat. It was a close reach to the first mark, where Sylph almost caught Brooklyn, but met with an accident at the turn and was slow in getting around. On the run in Brooklyn widened the gap and won as above. A large crowd gathered at the club house and wound up the season in a very jolly manner.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.—Mr. Dunnell, Sec'y-Treas.-elect, has turned over the books of the Atlantic Division to the new purser, Mr. W. R. Haviland, of Yonkers, and all applications for membership and correspondence on division business should be addressed to the latter gentleman.

A. C. A. EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.—Arrangements have been made for a dinner to the members of the Executive Committee at Clark's, 22 West Twenty-third street, on the evening of Nov. 23. The tickets for the dinner will be $5 each, and may be obtained from the committee, Messrs. Brown, Whitlock and Bailey, not later than Nov. 16.

ANOTHER DELUSION DISPELLED.

ONE by one they are taken from us, the dear old delusions of our childhood. The stern statisticians of the present age tell us we must give up our sentimental picture of William Tell, cleaving with whizzing shaft the apple off the head of his smiling son. They rob us even of George Washington and his hatchet, and will prove to you in the same breath that Aladdin could have had no lamp, for they then used candles, and Robin Hood never split the peeled osiers, for there were no willows in that country, and further, that 'twas not the season for them to peel, had there been any.

It is bad enough to have our idols of sentiment and belief shattered by the busy hammer of these ruthless iconoclasts, but to see them crumble before our own eyes is doubly bitter. What must then be our grief?

Such an experience I have to relate, and such a grief to assuage by sharing it with the sympathetic readers of the FOREST AND STREAM. Not the critical, quarter-inch fellows, who want recorded to the last tiny scale the number of scales on the lateral line of that big trout. For them I write not. But into whose ear hath entered the whispered voices of the woodland, and into the heart of whom stealeth the secret communion of Nature, for him is the tale I would relate, his the sympathy I seek.

In the blue-covered, well-thumbed reader, in whose pages I sought out the vexatious mystery of my mother tongue, was one page, a trifle more dog-eared and finger-worn if possible than its fellows. A picture on this page has always shone, from a highly-honored place, upon the walls of memory's picture gallery, with radiance undimmed, as my steps have receded from it along the long corridor of life. A picture faulty, I doubt not, in artistic merit, but in the lesson to be taught, faultless. A watery waste with an occasional fence stake projecting from the flood. A half-demolished cart wheel in the background represented, as you chose, either the rising or setting sun. Some of the minor details I may have forgotten; but the noble figure in the foreground, the keynote in the whole symphony, I certainly never can.

A mammoth squirrel, by comparison with its surroundings at least as large as a coon, sits in calm, unmoved complacency amid the raging flood. A huge tail, proving indisputably his claim to the original classic of his name "shady-tail," curls over his back, and, parted like a cockney's beard, serves as a sail, whereby the piece of drift upon which he sits is driven merrily onward toward the distant forest. There, I always imagined, the fearless navigator would find in abundance fat grasshoppers and "shag-barks" as big as pumpkins to reward his bold voyage.

How my boyish heart admired the sublime courage of this wonderful animal, sitting so smilingly upright, with not a hair wet or displaced, and faring so blithely onward over water enough to swamp a world. Here was your original canoeist; your primeval navigator; your fearless explorer, before whose exploits the feeble deeds of him who "died and was buried beneath the still waters of the Mississippi" were but child's play. It was the dream of my boyhood and the dearest hope of my youth that some day, as I wandered through the forest, I might encounter a fleet of these Corinthian sailors; or, at the very least, a select "club" of them cruising the billows.

Now behold the irony of fate. That twice in one short vacation I should have my hopes shattered and my dreams dispelled by an actual experience, which I proceed to narrate.

In the month of August of last year, while cruising with my friend the "Dr." on the Fulton Chain, we saw something swimming across the river ahead of us. Urging the boat swiftly along, we intercepted the swimmer, which proved to be a common red squirrel. In the water swimming! With tail afloat and haunches well up, an unmistakable red squirrel, swimming! Yes, actually swimming, like a water rat or any other ordinary plebian rodent. When an oar was thrust out he at first attempted to dive, and succeeded in getting a foot or eighteen inches beneath the surface. But his hair seemed to hold so much air that he looked like an animated silver image, and evidently found it difficult to overcome the buoyancy of his coat and tail, so returned at once to the surface. When a hand was extended to lift him into the boat, he laid back his ears with so manifest a disinclination to come aboard and so evident an intention of debating the question that he was allowed to continue his journey to the near shore.

The encounter took place where the stream was some twenty rods wide, and as there was no way for a squirrel, desirous of changing his habitation, to go around without a long journey, we did not so much blame this special individual for crossing. "Yet," we thought, "he might have used his canoe." We consoled ourselves, however, by thinking that probably some other fellow had borrowed it, or it might have been undergoing repairs, thus compelling its owner to resort to so unpoetic a mode of travel.

Though our preconceived ideas on squirrel navigation were rudely jarred, still we clung to them; and as human nature is wont, found any number of explanations to account for the unpleasant fact which we were loth to accept.

"It never rains but it pours!" Scarcely a week after this entrance of the edge of the wedge of disenchantment, it was driven home by a second, still more cruel, blow of fate!

While paddling in an open canoe, in company with my sister, upon one of the little lakes near "Fourth," we encountered a second swimming squirrel. As in the former instance, 'twas a "red brother," and as before he seemed perfectly at home in the water; swimming "dog-fashion" very rapidly and quietly.

When first seen he was about midway from shore to shore, and we lay in wait for and intercepted him. He was evidently "going somewhere," because he wanted to, and had no intention of being turned from his purpose a hair's breadth by such insignificant beings as ourselves. For, instead of turning back or changing his course, he came straight on in a beeline, passing within two or three inches of the cutwater of Budge without deigning to notice us, and "traversing the watery way till he gained the wished-for sands." In the open canoe, in company with one hundred rods in diameter, and of such shape that the distance, to one following the shore, from the point where the squirrel took to where he left the water, was but little, if any, more than the distance across.

Evidently this fellow swam because he chose to, not because he was obliged to. There being then, in this case, no extenuating circumstances as in the former, but on the contrary a wanton disregard on the part of Sciurus for our cherished notions of the fit and proper, we were moved to remonstrate with this young upstart on his falseness to the traditions of his race and disrespect to the memory of his fathers. By the time, however, that the vague intent in our mind had crystalized into a definite purpose, the object of our righteous wrath had reached the shore, flirted the water from himself with a disrespectful whisk of his tail, and from a stunted pine tree was calling in a voice hoarse with rage, "Where's the impudent fellow who invited me to come over and get tanned?"

Need I say that my cherished idol, shaken before, could not endure this fresh shock, but tottered and fell? Never shall I cease to regret that fiction, so pleasing, so long and carefully fostered. Nor can I hope to find a picture in all the galleries of the world to replace that of the squirrel of aldermanic proportions, with the self-satisfied smile, sailing away, away, with that impossible tail, into the glowing regions of the sunset. KORAX.

"COMPOUND CENTERBOARDS."

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Oct. 31 you publish a letter under the above caption, from Mr. T. R. Brough, in which he declares the centerboard used by Mr. Butler in his canoe Fly to be an infringement of his patent of Aug. 2, 1887, and states one of the claims of his said patent to be for "a lower hollow blade adapted to contain other blades." I have no interest in the matter save the general one inspired by a sense of justice, but that prompts me to say that Mr. Brough goes too far. His patent is for a folding centerboard of the well-known pivoted fan-blade type, and he obtained no claim of the character above indicated. He quotes but a portion of his fourth claim, which is as follows: "The combination, with a series of pivoted centerboard blades, of a hollow lower blade adapted to contain the upper blades, substantially as described." Nothing appears in your descriptions and illustrations of the Fly to warrant the conclusion that Mr. Butler used the parts of this combination, and hence there is not even a semblance of infringement. PATENT ATTORNEY.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 6.

THE A. C. A. TROPHY.—The citizens of Brockville have shown a most gratifying appreciation of Mr. Ford Jones's skill, and on Oct. 24 a public meeting was held, at which, after a very complimentary address by the mayor, a handsome gold medal was presented to Mr. Jones. The meeting also discussed the question of a yacht and canoe club for Brockville, and it is likely that Mr. Jones's victory will bear substantial results in the form of a new club on the St. Lawrence.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Central Division: Everett Smith and W. H. Peckham, Schenectady, N. Y.

RED DRAGON C. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Red Dragons have, after a most successful season, mostly gone out of commission for the winter; and now we hear tales of the wondrous rigs, of area vast, to be swung next season, deck seats *en regle* upon which the rash racer will shoot to wonderful distances to windward, and, while we do not care to croak, we have our eye on several we may elect. The cruising season began with the early spring and has extended over some hundreds of miles of water, fresh and salt. Since its reorganization, the club has prospered wonderfully, and a limit to membership seems necessary before next season opens. Our new house has accommodations for thirty canoes, and could be enlarged should we find it to our advantage to do so. It is a great improvement upon our old quarters and better situated for launching and hauling out the boats. In future it will be necessary for all club members to become members of the A. C. A. We expect to be represented at the meet next season by the majority of the club. There is a rumor of a representation at Squaw Point, a movement which the elder cruising cranks are endeavoring to frown down. Several new boats are to be added to the fleet; the old craft are all being greatly improved with new rigs and fittings. Each owner is making an earnest effort for a better place in the club races. There is material in the fleet for some very interesting racing, the trophy cup being won by a different boat in each of the three races sailed for it, and should next season's weather prove propitious there will be some hotly contested events. Several of our paddlers have greatly improved in the last season, and if our genial vice-commodore wishes to keep the place which he has held in the past seasons, he will have to do some vigorous fanning with his 10-footer or else put a screw in the Valesca. Strenuous efforts are being made for a club Unk-ta-hee.—H. E. MCCORNICK.

ST. JOHNSBURY BOAT CLUB.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The first annual meeting of the St. Johnsbury Boat Club, held Nov. 5, the following officers were elected: Captain, J. S. Sanborn; Mate, Wm. A. Smith; Purser, Dr. R. W. Warner; Sailing Master, I. H. Hayes. Executive Committee, J. S. Sanborn, E. O. Finel and F. A. Balch. The club numbers thirteen active members, has three steam launches, one catboat, five sailing canoes and numerous smaller fry, most of which are kept at our headquarters on Lake Memphremagog, 1½ hours from here. Visiting canoeists will be cordially welcomed. Any communication concerning these waters will be most cheerfully answered.—WM. A. SMITH.

THE A. C. A. PADDLING TROPHY SUBSCRIPTIONS.—New York, Nov. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The committee which undertook the collection of the above beg to report the receipt of $222, and to state that the order has been given to Mr. C. V. Schuyler, for the firm of Dominick & Haff, and the cup is nearly finished. It will be ready for presentation at the meeting of the executive committee.—R. W. GIBSON, WM. WHITLOCK.

Yachting.

"West India Hurricanes and the Great March Blizzard." By Everett Hayden, U. S. Hydrographic Office. Large quarto, with 25 lithographic plates. Price $1. Contains full history of the great storm of March, 1888, with practical information how to handle a vessel in a cyclone; use of oil at sea, etc.

SEAWANHAKA C. Y. C.

REPORT OF THE MEASUREMENT COMMITTEE.

BEFORE proposing a change which, if adopted, must exert a very strong influence on the yachts of the club, it is but prudent to look to the history of previous changes, in order to profit by their results and perhaps to take warning by past errors of legislation.

It is now eight years since the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club took the first bold and decided step in the direction of a system of measurements which should include the area of sail as an important factor in connection with the length of hull. Though discussed for some time on both sides of the Atlantic, no club had yet ventured so far as to adopt a length and sail area rule, and the action of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club was condemned by many as premature, if not radically wrong. In spite, however, of doubts and dismal forebodings, the pioneer work done by the club has received the strongest possible indorsement from the leading yacht clubs of the world in the adoption of the same principle of measurement by length and sail area. Not only is the present "Seawanhaka rule," as it is commonly called, in use by many American clubs, but in the great change of rule which has lately taken place in Great Britain, a change made only after the most searching investigation of the whole subject; the formula adopted, though different in detail, places very nearly the same value upon sail as compared with length as that established by this club four years before.

A brief trial of the formula first adopted, using a nominal sail tonnage as the basis of measurement, served to show that it could be materially improved, and in 1883 the present rule was adopted, other minor changes having since been made; but the results of all the changes of the past eight years have been such as to justify the recommendations of the respective committees, and the action of the club in indorsing them.

The reputation which the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. has thus won in the past as a leader in the advancement of yachting is of too great value to be imperilled now by any hasty and ill-considered legislation; and in recommending the following changes we do so with a full sense of the trust reposed in us, and of the responsibility devolving on us personally, and on the club.

While it would be more satisfactory to lay directly before the club the full sources of information on which our conclusions have been based, the great bulk of the matter considered makes it impossible to do so within the limits of a report like this; and we have endeavored first of all to bring out the more prominent features, trusting that the club will deem them so important as to warrant a thorough discussion. In the six busy months that have elapsed since the committee was appointed we have been in communication, either by letter or in person, with the leading designers of America and Great Britain, and have had as a guide very complete records of races and of racing yachts built both here and abroad during the past two seasons; while in connection with the similar committee of the New York club we have been called on to answer objections and to discuss the question in its many varying phases.

The various subjects to be considered were briefly as follows:

First—The general system of classification and measurement, whether as at present with a series of fixed classes by waterline length, or by using the present basis of measurement, length and sail area, as the basis for classification also.

Second—The most desirable ratio between the two factors, length and sail, under the system selected.

Third—The limits of new classes if any be deemed desirable.

Fourth—The method of measuring sail for the rule.

Fifth—The possible improvements in the allowance tables.

In dealing with the first two heads the chief point to be considered is the great increase in sail in the newer yachts of all sizes; an increase which has excited very general comment and condemnation. That some restriction is needed which shall be even more binding than the present rule of this club, is so universally admitted as to require no proof, though plenty might be adduced were it necessary. Even though the owners of some of the most extreme vessels express themselves as satisfied with their craft, it is evident that the type of yacht now directly encouraged in all classes is by no means the best for the encouragement of yacht owning and yacht racing; while there is reason to fear that it will grow worse rather than better under the conditions now existing; and especially that the overgrown rigs in the small class, where though undesirable they may be safely carried, will exert a strong influence toward the expansion of sail plans in the larger classes, where a big rig is not only expensive and unhandy but positively dangerous.

If the only end in view was to restrict sail area on any given length there would be no difficulty in replacing the present formula of the club, $\frac{L+\sqrt{S.A.}}{2}$ by another in which the proportion of sail would be increased; but the fault of the present system seems to lie deeper than such a remedy would reach. With any given proportion of sail to length in the rule the designer is compelled to accept a fixed length, and consequently a certain amount of sail appropriate to that length under the existing rules; as the experience in nearly all cases is that it is more beneficial to give than to receive time. The liberty of the designer in the selection of the main elements of speed, in dimension and model, is reduced to a minimum, and he must look to an excess of ballast and sail to win. The alternative to this system, by which the class in which a yacht will race is governed not by one of the factors of measurement but by the *product* of the two factors, seems to offer both in theory and practice a very different result. The designer is left free to select his proportions of length and sail, and with them the beam and depth; being only limited by the rule in that the product of the two former shall not exceed a certain sum for any given class. With the two factors disposed of in this manner the actual tax on sail may be much lighter than under the present system of classification by waterline length without driving the designer to an excess of canvas; and, if the system be adopted, the present formula of the club, now familiar to all yachtsmen, could be retained with advantage. On this point Mr. Watson expressed himself this spring as follows in speaking of the English rule: "The only safe check on sail is to class by the ultimate rating and not by length of waterline; were our rule (the Y. R. A.) not a rating rule it would pay, and pay splendidly, to build a boat of the extreme length of the class, and then overspar her, allowing time for the extra sail."

While any increase of the direct tax on sail under the present system must result in a hardship to some of the new yachts, compelling them to cut down canvas perhaps to an extent incompatible with racing, the proposed system has the great advantage of leaving the existing fleet in precisely the same relation to each other as they now stand, its influence only extending to the new yachts to be built under it.

Before considering what these would be it is necessary to recall that corrected length was at one time used as a basis for classification in this club precisely as it is now proposed to do it. The rule adopted in 1883 was in this form, but in adopting it the comparatively novel feature of combining length and sail in the measurement engrossed the whole attention of its proposers, and the other important principle involved was not brought into the prominence which it deserved. The estimate at that time placed on the value of sail as compared to length was so high as to blind men to the possibilities of the rule, and not a yacht was built to take advantage of it while it was in force. In almost the first trial of the rule a slight difficulty was encountered in the method of its application; and after the season of 1884 a change was consequently made to waterline length as the basis for classification.

In practice the operation of the rule would be, taking the 40ft. class as an illustration, to allow an addition of about 110sq. ft. of sail for each reduction of a foot of length; and conversely, to take off about 110ft. of sail for each addition of a foot to the length. In the 70ft. class the equivalent of sail per foot of length would be about 150sq. ft. The result of such a classification would certainly be to introduce a class of slightly longer yachts with more moderate sail plans, but after very careful investigation of the yachts built abroad under a similar rule we can find nothing to warrant the inference that in America at least there would be any inducement to go to an extreme of narrow beam. The objection has been made that the rule would directly encourage the old tonnage cutters, but the incomplete figures given in support of this view are at variance with those collected from the most reliable sources, all of which show that British designers take to-day an amount of beam from 80 to 90 per cent. in excess of that of the old cutters; and that further, the wider of the new boats have proved the most successful.

The varying sizes of the larger yachts make a close comparison impossible; but in the 20 rating class, corresponding to the American forties, the widest boats win, beating the fastest of the old narrow boats, the latter carrying more sail; while in the 10 rating class, about 35ft. waterline, the conspicuous success of the year is the Decima, 35ft. 8in. waterline and 10ft. 6in. beam. Two exceptions are found to the rule that beam wins, the boats in each case being both longer and wider than their fellows, consequently larger and with less sail; apparently not enough to drive them. On the other hand, in all the racing abroad for two years there are no instances of the old narrow yachts winning from the new and wide in the classes where competition has been closest and all types have been interested.

Under the proposed rule the modern British 20-rater, 45ft. waterline by 13ft. beam, would race on even terms with a forty of Maraquita's measurement, giving time to Nymph and Babson; but when the very small sails of the foreign craft are taken into account, together with her draft of only 8ft. or 8ft. 6in., there seems little danger that she could race successfully in American waters, or that anything is to be feared from vessels of her proportionate length, but with very small sail plans. We would recommend, then, that Rule II. be changed by the substitution of the words "corrected length" for "waterline length" wherever the latter occurs; the present formula, as in Rule III., remaining unchanged.

In readjusting the classes to suit the proposed change the attempt has been made to preserve the same division of the yachts as has existed for some time, without perpetuating any faults that could be avoided in the new system. As the proposed classification, if adopted, is expected to stand for an indefinite period, it is very important that it should be as perfect as possible in itself; but at the same time it is desirable that no existing yacht should be robbed of its rights to race in the class which includes its former classmates.

The great irregularity existing in the schooner classes has made this a difficult matter, and several changes have been necessary, but the arrangement on the whole seems satisfactory so far as the future fleet is concerned without being unfair to existing craft. The proposed classes are: Over 100ft. corrected length, 90 to 100ft. corrected length, 80 to 90ft. corrected length, 70 to 80ft. corrected length, and under 70ft. corrected length. The yachts included in the various classes would be: Over 100ft., Constellation, Yampa and Palmer; 90 to 100ft., Fortuna, Sea Fox, Alert, Mayflower; 80 to 90ft., Elma, Grayling, Miranda, Iroquois.

In the sloop classes all of the larger yachts accommodate themselves to a division which brings the same yachts together in each case; but in the smaller classes an obstacle has been encountered in the heavily rigged boats of the present season, whose large sail plans would necessitate class limits which would clash with the moderate rigs in the classes immediately adjoining, disturbing a symmerical arrangement of all the larger classes as well. The limits of the classes which would accommodate the majority of the fleet would be as follows:

Present 30ft. waterline class to be 30ft. corrected length; 35ft. class, 42ft. corrected length; 40ft. class, 48ft. corrected length; 46ft. class, 54ft. corrected length; 53ft. class, 60ft. corrected length; 61ft. class, 68ft. corrected length; 70ft. class, 77ft. corrected length; 80ft. and class L, all over 77ft. corrected length.

Under this series of classes the yachts of the Seawanhaka Corinthian fleet as well as those of other clubs which race with them will be in the same classes and under the same allowance of time as at present; the only exceptions being in the 40ft. class, Liris, Tomahawk, Gorilla and Maraquita, and in the 30ft. class Kathleen. At least three of these boats could reduce to the limit of the class, 48ft., without serious detriment if not with advantage, but the other two exceed any limits that can be made without interfering with the entire series of classes. Rather than do this were commend that the final clause of Sec. I., Rule II., be changed to read as follows, "Any yacht in the 36 and 48ft. class on the roll of this club on Dec. 1, 1889, which shall exceed the higher limit in these classes by not over a fraction of a foot shall be included in that class."

The entire arrangement of classes seems such as will conduce to good sport and at the same time allow an ample number of sizes from which those about to build may select.

Looking now at the method of measuring sail and its possible evasions, there seems little occasion for change in the general form of measurement, but in the details we recommend the following minor changes:

First—That in order to secure greater accuracy where a long gaff and a short topmast are to be measured, the topmast shall be measured from the bands of lower mast to the lower side of the topsail halliard block or sheave, and that 30 per cent. of this length be subtracted from the gaff, the remainder being added to the baseline in place of 25 per cent. of the gaff, as now used. This method appears to give good results with any proportion of gaff and topmast, or even with no topmast at all, provided the throat halliard block be used as the highest point of the perpendicular.

Second—In the measurement of the baseline we recommend that the forward point of measurement on the bowsprit be extended to a distance half way between the present point of measurement, the jibstay, and the jibtopsail stay.

Third—In order to check the tendency to excessively long spars in a direction not otherwise included in the measurement, we recommend that any excess in the length of the spinnaker boom over the distance from the forward side of the foremast in schooners, or of the mainmast in singlestick vessels, to the forward point of baseline, shall be added to the baseline. The only effect of this rule will be to shorten the spinaker boom if longer than the designated distance, as no one would have his measurement increased for the sake of a little greater area of spinaker. In the case of new sail plans, the influence of the proviso will be to keep the mast aft rather than forward, as is desirable.

With the changes proposed above above there seems no necessity for any change in the present allowance tables, based on a percentage of .50 of the theoretic speed; but in order to facilitate the work of sailing committees we recommend that the extension of the present scale to intervals of one-tenth of a foot, as already provided for, be carried out at once, no smaller fraction than one-tenth being used in the calculation of measurement. By this means the operation will be greatly simplified for those who are not well accustomed to the calculation, while even in the case of

experts the saving in time and the lessened liability to error will be of material importance.

In closing this report we call attention to the fact that all of the recommendations contained herein are in exact accordance with the proposed legislation of the New York Y. C., and tend to that harmony of interests and of action which is so essential between the larger clubs whose fleets include so many vessels in common.

While the changes which we recommend may not be sufficient to cover all possible contingencies in the future, and to render unnecessary any further legislation as the progress of yachting reveals new facts and teaches fresh lessons; we are entirely satisfied that the direction of the present step is right, and that the recommendations, if carried out, will meet an urgent need of yachtsmen; will contribute in a marked degree to the further development and prosperity of yacht racing, and will constitute another of those many important measures of reform which have always found their most earnest advocate in the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. (Signed) JOHN HYSLOP, Chairman.
A. CARY SMITH.
W. P. STEPHENS.

LAKE YACHT RACING ASSOCIATION.

THE annual meeting of the Lake Yacht Racing Association, of Lake Ontario, was held at Hamilton on Nov. 9. From the following detailed report, for which we are indebted to the Toronto *Globe*, it will be seen that the Lake yachtsmen have dealt very promptly and decisively with the issues before them. The change to corrected length as a basis for classification was carried unanimously after a careful discussion, the new rule to hold for at least 5 years. Two other very important changes were made, one in Rule XVII., making the starts from one gun; and one prohibiting professional helmsmen in the races of the Association. The changes made and recommended are all in the line of progress, and in accordance with the past work of the L. Y. R. A.

The meeting was held at the Royal Hotel. Commodore J. F. Monck, of the Hamilton Y. C., President of the Association, occupied the chair, and Mr. George E. Evans, R. C. Y. C., Secretary, sat on his left.

The following delegates were present: L. H. Robertson, N. Dick, G. Evans, Royal Canadian Y. C., Toronto; J. B. Carruthers, James Stewart (by proxy), Kingston; E. N. Wallbridge, Matt. Cartwright, — Leary (by proxy), Rochester; Elliott Mott, Allen Ames, Commodore McMurrich, Oswego; Æmilus Jarvis, Harry Lee, Hamilton. C. Chase and T. A. E. World were present, representing the Queen City Y. C., Toronto, but, their club not being enrolled in the Association, they were allowed to sit without voting powers.

President Monck, in opening the meeting, welcomed the delegates to Hamilton in hearty terms. Many important questions, he said, would come before them for settlement, and perhaps the most important would be the report of the special committee on the reclassification of yachts. If any change was made, he hoped that it would be made to last for some definite number of years, so as to govern members in building new boats. The president then referred to the various propositions that would be discussed. He felt that small yachts were somewhat discriminated against in the regattas. One member of the Association had told him that, in his opinion, prizes should be made of equal value in all classes; that those in the 20ft. class should be the same as those in the 50ft. class. The view, of course, was an extreme one, but he mentioned it to show the feeling upon the matter.

President Monck pointed out several instances of discrimination against small yachts which he had noticed in Rochester and Toronto.

Secretary Evans read a telegram from the Bay of Quinte Y. C., authorizing him to act as a proxy for the club. Some doubt was expressed on the question of voting.

Mr. Jarvis, as chairman of the committee appointed last May at Rochester to consider the question of classification and measurement of yachts, presented the following report:

Since our appointment at the Rochester meeting of the Lake Y. R. A. in May last, we have been watching the course of yacht racing and yacht building, both on our own lake and among the Atlantic yacht clubs, and we are of the opinion that the present system of classifying by length does not allow sufficient scope to the designers, and that it develops an arbitrary type or model, the leading features being

(1) A given length (the utmost limit of the class).

(2) Power which is obtained from beam, draft and low ballast, with sail piled on to an abnormal extent.

We believe that this type does not give the owner accommodation for cruising at all in proportion to the cost, and that, on account of their enormous power and sails, the yachts are much more expensive to race, and that their life must be necessarily shortened on account of the great strain they are subjected to.

Therefore we beg to recommend that this association does away with the present mode of classifying by load waterline, and substituting therefor a classification by corrected length, obtained as at present, viz., by adding to the length the square root of sail area and dividing by 2. Under this system both length and sail may not be considered constant, as in the present mode, but both are variable, increasing and decreasing in an inverse ratio. Thus, as length is increased sail is decreased, leaving the designer free to select his dimensions for any given class. For example we will take the various types that would be eligible for our proposed 46ft. corrected length class:

Length.	Sail Area.	
36ft.	3,136ft.	Equals 46ft. corrected length.
38ft.	2,916ft.	
40ft.	2,704ft.	
42ft.	2,500ft.	
44ft.	2,306ft.	
46ft.	2,116ft.	

In theory, these six examples would be the same size and would run on an equal footing, and a choice is given the owner of the short beam, heavily rigged and canvassed type, the moderate beam, draft and sail, or the narrow, deep sort with small sails.

The above system you will see gets over the sail area question, not by directly taxing sail to a greater extent, but by taking a part of the tax on length off, and in this way a change is wrought without altering our present formula in the slightest, and not interfering with vested interests, as the attached diagram will show. From it you will observe the bulk of our fleet are canvased within .2 of each other; and leaving out one boat (the Vendetta) our highest percentage of sail is .16 below the highest of the Atlantic fleet, viz., Kathleen and Liris.

We have communicated with the various designers on both sides of the Atlantic, asking for their opinions on the proposed change, and, out of some seven written to, only one, Mr. Burgess, has expressed himself adverse to the scheme. We are informed that the committees of the New York and S. C. Y. C. having this same subject on hand, have both prepared their report favoring a like change, only using their respective formulæ; and we are advised that the S. C. Y. C. will, in all likelihood, pass the scheme.

Therefore, this committee beg to recommend that the Association make the limits of the various classes at the following points: 25ft. corrected length, and under; 30ft. corrected length, and under; 35ft. corrected length, and under; 40ft. corrected length, and under; 46ft. corrected length, and under; and, for the present, all over 46ft.—this last to be sub-divided when the large yachts are sufficiently numerous to warrant.

A. AMES, Oswego Y. C.
E. N. WALLBRIDGE, Rochester Y. C.
N. B. DICK, Royal Canadian Y. C.
G. E. EVANS, Royal Canadian Y. C.
J. B. CARRUTHERS, Kingston Y. C.
W. H. BIGGAR, Bay of Quinte Y. C.
Æ. JARVIS (Chairman), Hamilton Y. C.

N. B.—There are other points this committee would like to bring before the notice of the Council, but, as they do not bear on the subject for which we were appointed a committee, they are not embodied in the report just read, so we take this means of bringing them to your notice. They are:

1st—That 50 per cent. of the allowance due to the rule, as accepted by naval architects, is given in the table of time allowance in place of 40 per cent. as used at present.

2d—That in calculating the allowance for parts of a foot, in place of tenths that hundredths be used.

3d—That in measuring sail areas the actual sail be measured, not an approximate area as our rule provides for.

Accompanying the report was an elaborate diagram, which Mr. Jarvis explained at some length.

Mr. Robertson, in seconding the report, said it was the duty of the Association to thank Mr. Jarvis for his carefully prepared report. He thought the committee had got over the difficulty of not putting a direct tax on sail area. The plan proposed would lead to a more economical class of yachts. If the report had this effect it would accomplish much good.

Some discussion arose on the effect the change would have upon certain yachts, notably the Cygnet. President Monck thought the question should be discussed for the general good of the sport, and not for any particular class of yacht. In his case, the new plan would take the Cyprus from the top of one class to the bottom of another, yet he would vote for the resolution with both hands.

There was little said after this candid statement, and report was unanimously adopted.

The following amendments to the constitution were then brought forward by the Toronto delegation:

1. Any club becoming a member of the Association under Article III. shall be entitled to representation at the annual and other general meetings, according to its membership, on the following scale: Clubs with less than 200 members, two delegates; clubs with 200 members or more, three delegates. For every additional 200 members after the first 200, one more delegate. Delegates may be represented and vote by proxy, duly authorized in writing.

2. Rule XVII. to be cancelled by striking out from the word "after," when it occurs on the fourteenth line of said rule, to the word "line" on the twenty-third line of same, and by inserting in place of the words so struck out, "No time shall be allowed in which to cross the line."

3. That the following rule be inserted: "None but Corinthian yachtsmen shall steer a yacht during any race."

Mr. Dick moved and Mr. Robertson seconded their adoption, and the clauses were taken up separately.

After some discussion of the first clause Mr. Evans stated that if any one of the delegates objected to the proposition of the R. C. Y. C. they would be only too willing to withdraw it, and the members not showing any anxiety to adopt the clause, it was accordingly withdrawn.

The second clause was then taken up, the Toronto delegation speaking strongly in its favor.

Mr. Jarvis said he was glad the matter had been brought forward. It was a pet hobby of his. Last year when he brought forward the matter he was badly sat on. He was heartily in favor of it.

The clause was agreed to unanimously and the five minutes' time-allowance became a thing of the past.

The third clause came in for a great amount of discussion. There was a very strong feeling expressed that professional sailors should not be allowed to sail yachts. Some of the American delegates did not appear to favor the change. The term "Corinthian" rather bothered the delegates. The definition of a Corinthian seemed to be somewhat hazy in their minds. As the meeting was in favor of barring out professional sailors, the difficulty was got over by making the rule read as follows, which was agreed to by the delegates: "That no one be allowed to sail a yacht in any race of the association unless he be a member of a club in the association." Mr. Evans was the mover and Mr. Irving seconder of the amended rule.

The association next took up the application of the Queen City Y. C. for admittance into the association. The application file I with the secretary stated that the club had a membership of fifty-two and sixteen yachts. After some discussion, during which Messrs. Chase and World retired, the following resolution, moved by Mr. Robertson, seconded by Mr. Jarvis, was passed: "That the application of the Queen City Y. C. be referred to Messrs. Mott and Robertson to decide whether the club has five yachts, and that, if so, their qualification be passed and the decision of the executive committee admitting them be acted on."

On the heels of this resolution came the question: What is a yacht? Mr. Robertson declined to act unless he had definite instructions as to what constituted a yacht. The executive accordingly put their heads together and drew up data for the instruction of the committee.

Mr. Ames moved, seconded by Mr. Jarvis, That it be recommended that the classification of yachts at present adopted be kept in force for five years, save as to the classes above 46ft., which may be made. The motion was agreed to.

Mr. Jarvis gave notice that he would bring the three propositions attached to the re-classification report, given above, before next year's meeting for consideration.

The circuit of regattas for next year was decided upon as follows: Hamilton, Aug. 13; R. C., Toronto, Aug. 15; Queen City, Toronto, Aug. 16; Kingston, Aug. 20; Oswego, Aug. 23; Rochester, Aug. 27. This, it will be seen, reverses the order taken last year. If Cobourg desires a regatta it can be held at the close of the circuit series.

The election of officers was next taken up, with the following result: President, Commodore Boswell, Royal Canadian, Toronto; Vice-President, J. B. Carruthers, Kingston; Secretary-Treasurer, Geo. E. Evans (re-elected). Executive—Æ. Jarvis, Hamilton; Vice-Commodore Cartwright, Rochester; Allen Ames, Oswego; W. H. Biggar, Belleville; Y. A. E. World, Queen City, Toronto; — Rodwell, Kingston.

President Monck then departed from the paths of business, and, after making a neat, eulogistic speech respecting Secretary Evans's capabilities, presented him with a costly diamond pin, on behalf of the Association, for his valuable and untiring services.

Mr. Evans was much surprised at this mark of approval, but succeeded in uttering a few words of thanks to the members for their valuable present.

Before closing the business of the meeting, Secretary Evans stated that at the opening of the year there was a balance to the credit of the Association of $78.32. The present year closed with a balance of $98.82, which was considered highly satisfactory.

Hearty votes of thanks were accorded to the retiring president and Mr. Jarvis, and, after these gentlemen had suitably responded, the meeting, which had been a most harmonious one, came to an end.

The delegates were banqueted in the evening by the Hamilton Y. C. at the Royal Hotel.

A JANUARY CRUISE ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

ON Jan. 4 of the present year we left British Columbia, a party of six, in the sloop Canuck, a keel boat of 25ft. long, 8ft. beam, and 4ft. draft, originally built for a smuggler. The wind was light and the day so warm that all wore summer clothing. With a strong tide we made fair headway until the breeze freshened so that we bowled along merrily, and anchored at Departure Bay in good season, camping on shore. When we turned out next morning one of the anchors was missing, though what had befallen it none could surmise. The wind blew half a gale as we stood across for San Juan Island, keeping a bright lookout for the dangerous tide rips that are found off the island. These tide rips make sailing very exciting, as, if a yacht of our size was caught in one of them, it would take her down like a nutshell. The only ones on deck were the skipper and Bobagie, and we had a most glorious run to within a mile of San Juan, when we squared away for Sydney Island. Finding no place there to camp we stood on, it still blowing hard, made Shoal Harbor at 6:30 P. M., making the last 15 miles in an hour and a half, pretty fair running for a cruiser. Spent a very pleasant evening ashore.

On the morning of Jan. 6 sailed over to an island and found a splendid camp ground; put up our tent and fitted our folding stove, designed by the Skipper and Bobagie and which worked like a charm. It being Sunday, we only did what work was necessary, but had a most *recherché* dinner, and in the evening several young men of the settlement came over to attend the "Even Song" of the Bobagie and Cornetist, and all went home about 11 P. M. seemingly highly edified. On the morning of the 7th a grand duck hunt was organized, all but two went out, accompanied by several gentlemen living in the vicinity. A heavy fusilade, which the echoes trebled, led us to suppose that the slaughter would be immense; but judge of the Bobagie's disappointment when they brought home only three canvasbacks. The Pilot and Count Chamad, ignoring the abilities of the cookery department, undertook to roast a duck *à la* Siwash. After scorching themselves until the skin peeled off, they triumphantly took out their duck, and after breaking the baked mud off found, to their intense disgust and the ill-concealed joy of the Bobagie, that it wasn't warm through; so that finished them.

On the 8th all started out again, but had no better luck, only bagging 13 mallards. Being very tired we turned in early, about midnight, but were awakened by an awful yell by the cornetist, who swore that there was a bear going for him. The skipper rushed out, but could see or hear nothing. On the morning of the 6th got all our things aboard and started at 10 A. M. for home, the breeze being light but fair, the clouds giving promise of plenty of wind later on, which it did with a vengeance, and by 12 noon was blowing heavily, knocking up quite a sea. The wind continued to increase till it blew a gale, and the sea was running very heavy, but the Canuck behaved splendidly. Being undercanvassed, we carried all sail, dropping the peak when an extra heavy puff came. The sea was now running fully ten-foot waves, and we were all pretty wet, but did not mind that, as it was not cold. Passing the Trial Island channel we met the tide coming up; it runs through here at about eight miles an hour, the waves standing up clear five feet against the wind, got safely through, and bore away for Victoria Harbor, the wind blowing almost a hurricane. Not another boat, sail or steamer, dare put out, and as we sailed on everybody was surprised that we had come safely through, but the Canuck proved herself a staunch, weatherly, stiff and fairly fast boat, and we left her with feelings of regret that our pleasant cruise was soon ended. BOBAGIE.

THE MARITIME EXHIBITION.

ON Nov. 4 the finest maritime exhibition ever held in the United States was successfully opened at Boston. The large building known as Mechanics' Hall, covering seven acres of ground, is completely filled with exhibits representing everything connected with the sea, from models of the largest war ships and ocean steamers down to fishing boats and implements. The chief feature of the exhibition is the big tank, 500ft. long, in which float boats and models of all kinds. In the main hall is built a model of the deck and upper works, including all spars and rigging, of the Burgess schooner Quickstep, the work being done by Lawley & Son. On the deck a band plays during the day and evening. Yachting is represented by the little 16ft. Composite, lately described in our columns, which floats in the tank with a cruising cat yawl designed by Borden and built by W. K. Pryor & Co., as well as by many excellent models. The Dorchester and South Boston Yacht Clubs also have each an exhibit of models and yachting appliances. The art department contains a number of fine marine paintings. The exhibition will be open until after the holidays.

NEW YACHTS.—The list of new yachts up to date are as follows: Mr. Burgess is credited with orders for a large schooner, a smaller schooner similar to Quickstep, a 60ft. keel cutter, a 45ft. keel cutter, a 40 and a 30, as well as a design of a 30 for Canada. Mr. Gardner's 30, to be built by Smith, of City Point, will be 42ft. 6in. over all, 29ft. 9in. l.w.l., 10ft. 4in. beam, and 6ft. draft. Her owner, Mr. L. H. Phillips, of Swampscott, has also designed a 30, and will have the two built by Smith after McIntyre's composite method. At Bath, Me., Messrs. Perkins & Blaisdell are building a 60ft. steam yacht, and at Essex, Mass., C. O. Story is building a 60ft. schooner for Mr. W. S. Freeman, of Duxbury. Lawley & Son will build an 81ft. steam yacht from a design by Mr. George Lawley. At Bay Ridge Mr. Wintringham is busy with two compromise boats. Cutter Marguerite, lately purchased in Boston by Mr. F. L. St. John, has been out for additional bolts in keel. Kathleen is hauled up for the winter on Wintringham's ways. Lawley has sold the 45ft. centerboard begun for Mr. Owens to Mr. A. Turner.

SEAWANHAKA CORINTHIAN Y. C.—The November meeting of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. was held on Nov. 9, with Com. Canfield in the chair. In addition to the regular routine business the report of the committee, appointed last April to consider the need of any changes in the measurement rules, was read. The report, which appears in another column, was adopted, and will be printed and sent to each member. It will come up for final action at a special meeting. Ten members were announced as elected by the trustees since the last meeting. The prizes presented by Mrs. Canfield for the Marblehead races during the squadron cruise were on exhibition. The schooner prize, won by Quickstep, is a large and handsome lamp. The large singlestick prize, won by Clara, is a large circular platter, and the smaller, won by Minerva, is a smoking set of four pieces. All the prizes are of solid silver and very elegant in design, being made by the Whiting Mfg. Co. After the meeting adjourned the new Leland cup was filled with champagne and then carefully examined by all present.

NEW YORK Y. R. A.—At the recent meeting of the Executive Committee of the New York Yacht Racing Association, the Bayswater Y. C., of Far Rockaway, L. I., was duly elected to membership in the Association. The application of the club showed a membership of 100 and a fleet of 25 yachts. Com. Geo. A. Barker, Vice-Com. A. H. Mott and Secretary B. J. Dankletsen were elected as delegates to the Association. The Association now has 16 clubs on the roll and is in a most prosperous condition. It is expected that many more clubs will join it during the winter.

CHART CORRECTIONS, NEW YORK HARBOR.—The Quickstep bell buoy in the Lower Bay has been changed to a double bell. The bell buoy indicating the entrance to Fire Island Inlet has been changed in color from white and black perpendicular stripes to red. A new H. S. spar buoy has been placed to mark the wreck of a sunken coal barge off the west end of Kelsey's Pier, No. 3, foot of Harrison street, Brooklyn.

A CRUISING STEAM LAUNCH.—*Editor Forest and Stream* I was very much interested in "Wave Crest's" description of his ingenious outfit for a cruising steam launch. Will "Wave Crest" add to the obligation, which many readers must feel, by telling us where his launch was built, what it cost, what kind of engine—oil or coal burning—and its horse power?—CRUISER.

INTERNATIONAL MARINE CONFERENCE.—This body is now busy with the discussion of a wide range of subjects relating to safety at sea, and it is probable that much good will result. The two important subjects of light and sound signals are receiving special attention.

LIRIS.—On Nov. 3 at 1:30 P. M. Liris sailed from New York for Norfolk, making the run in 39 hours under her small cruising rig. The weather was pleasant and the wind light during the run. She will spend the winter in the Chesapeake.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

G. R. J., Hamilton, Ont.—Both drawings are correct and suitable for building from, but they are not equal to the latest models, and could be considerably improved.

M. H. B., Harrisburg, Pa.—How can I load my gun so as to make her scatter the shot for brush shooting, etc.? Ans. Separate your shot into two or three portions with card wads.

C. B. S., Geneva.—Mast 11ft. deck to hounds, boom 13ft., gaff 6ft., bowsprit 5ft. beyond stem, mast 8in. in diameter, centerboard 2ft. 6in. long. You cannot carry a very long boom on the rowboat, 12ft. boom, 6ft. gaff and 10ft. hoist will be enough. See "Canoe and Boat Building."

O. P. H., Winfield, N. Y.—Is it an uncommon occurrence to find white squirrels? We have one, captured a few weeks since, which is the size of a gray, pure white with pink eyes. Ans. Albino squirrels, as albino specimens of other species, are rare; we have noticed several occurrences in the past few months.

W. L. F., New York.—I have an Irish setter dog who is gun shy. Will you please inform me if there is any way of curing it? Ans. It may be done by gradually accustoming him to the gun, by snapping the primers of unloaded shells and then using very light charges, gradually increasing them as he becomes used to the sound. Or follow the instructions given by Hammond in his "Training vs. Breaking."

W. E. H., Rochester, N. Y.—I have a valuable Irish terrier puppy, four months old, and am undecided whether to have his ears cut or not. Should I lose points in a bench show if I wished to exhibit him at any time after the ears had been cut? He carries them well now, but I have an idea it may improve his appearance if his ears are well trimmed. Ans. The dog will not lose points if shown with his ears trimmed, but we hope that for the sake of good taste and as an example to other exhibitors you will leave the dog's ears as nature made them.

G. H. K.—I own a Great Dane pup 10 months old, a little over 28 inches at shoulder. May I ask you whether or not he may be expected to grow, and if so, for how long a time, and how many inches? His sire is over 33 inches, his dam about 32 inches. Some people have told me that after 10 months of age all hope for further growth was vain; this would be a great disappointment to me if true. Ans. Dogs of large breeds like the Great Danes should increase in size until they are two years old, under normal conditions. Unless your puppy is stunted by lack of food or by some other cause, he will attain a greater size than the present.

C. G., Newcastle, Pa.—In a private pigeon match, where each party furnishes half the birds, can one party mutilate the birds to suit their man, or in other words, trim the tails of the birds in different styles? The party on the other side furnishing birds in their natural state and demanded the same from the other side, which they refused to furnish, so the match did not start in consequence. Who is right, and who gets the forfeit? Ans. The birds should all be put in a crate together and fed to the trap without mutilation; any infraction of this gives a valid claim of foul.

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 220 pages, price $2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

FOR A DISORDERED LIVER try BEECHAM'S PILLS.—*Adv.*

HUMPHREYS'
VETERINARY SPECIFICS
For Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs, AND POULTRY.
500 Page Book on Treatment of Animals and Chart Sent Free.

CURES { Fevers, Congestions, Inflammation,
A.A. { Spinal Meningitis, Milk Fever.
B.B.--Strains, Lameness, Rheumatism.
C.C.--Distemper, Nasal Discharges.
D.D.--Bots or Grubs, Worms.
E.E.--Coughs, Heaves, Pneumonia.
F.F.--Colic or Gripes, Bellyache.
G.G.--Miscarriage, Hemorrhages.
H.H.--Urinary and Kidney Diseases.
I.I.--Eruptive Diseases, Mange.
J.K.--Diseases of Digestion.

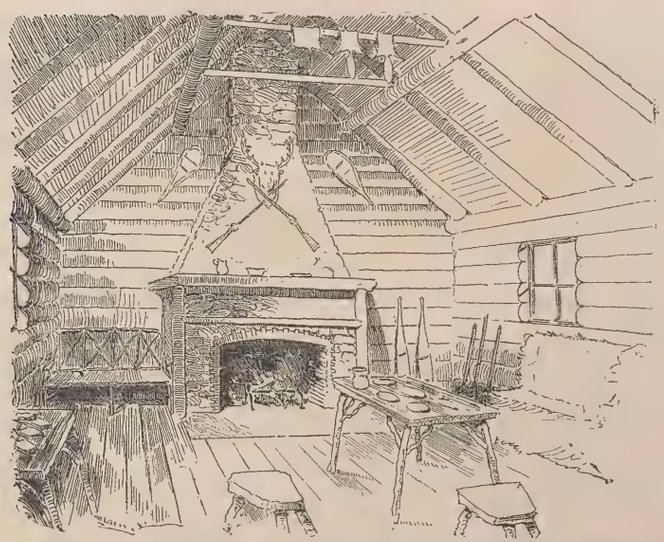
Stable Case, with Specifics, Manual, Witch Hazel Oil and Medicator, $7.00
Price, Single Bottle (over 50 doses), - .60
Sold by Druggists; or Sent Prepaid anywhere and in any quantity on Receipt of Price.
Humphreys' Med. Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

Forest & Stream File Binders.
PRICE, $1.00.
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

HAVE YOU SEEN OUR NEW
Illustrated Catalogue
OF
FISHING TACKLE?
It is the most elaborate and magnificent book ever published in the Sporting Goods line. Send us 25 cents and we will forward you a copy post paid.
ABBEY & IMBRIE,
No. 18 VESEY STREET, NEW YORK.

WINCHESTER
STAR  **RIVAL**
LOADED PAPER SHOT SHELLS.
Ask your Dealer for them.
Not Sold at Retail by the Manufacturers.
WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.,
312 Broadway, N. Y. NEW HAVEN, CONN.
Send for 82-page Catalogue of Arms and Ammunition.

LOG CABINS;
How to Build and Furnish Them.
By WILLIAM S. WICKS.



The book is thoroughly practical. Every step in the process of construction is explained. The author is an architect who has himself built log cabins, and very handsome ones, too, as shown in the plates. The designs are numerous and varied. Plans are given for cabins, large and small, with details of exterior and interior finish; and there are also some very useful directions for constructing temporary shelters—the Indian camp, brush house and bark camp. The furnishing consists of tables, chairs, bedsteads and other articles, all made of the material at hand, and all in keeping with the style of the house. The illustrations are numerous and helpful. Price $1.50.

FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., 318 Broadway, N. Y.

DOG TRAINING:
BY
S. T. HAMMOND, KENNEL EDITOR OF FOREST AND STREAM.
For sale at this office. Price $1.00.

UNCLE LISHA'S SHOP.
Life in a Corner of Yankeeland.
By ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

A book that appeals to all who know anything of the old-fashioned New England life. These are some of the chapters:

The School Meeting in District 13. Uncle Lisha's Spring Gun. In Uncle Lisha's Shop. Concerning Owls. Uncle Lisha's Courting. How Zene Burnham Come It on His Father. A Rainy Day in the Shop. The Turkey Shoot at Hamner's. Sam Lovel's Thanksgiving. Little Sis. Sam Lovel's Bee-Hunting. In the Shop Again. The Fox Hunt. Noah Chase's Deer-Hunting. The Hard Experience of Mr. Abijah Jarvis. The Coon Hunt. In the Sugar Camp. Indians in Danvis. The Boy Out West. Breaking Up. The Departure. The Wild Bees' Swarm.

They make a handsomely printed volume of 187 pages, bound in cloth. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, $1.00.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO., 318 BROADWAY NEW YORK.
DAVIES & CO., London, England.

YACHTS, BOATS AND CANOES,
WITH SPECIAL CHAPTERS ON MODEL YACHTS AND SINGLEHANDED SAILING.
BY
C. STANSFELD-HICKS.
AUTHOR OF "OUR BOYS, AND WHAT TO DO WITH THEM.
NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS AND DIAGRAMS
AND
WORKING DRAWINGS OF MODEL YACHTS AND VARIOUS SMALL CRAFT SUITABLE FOR AMATEURS.

DESIGNS:

Model Yachts.—Defiance, Isolde, Bonny Jean, and 10-tonner with sail plan.
Canoes.—Birch, Mersey Paddling Canoe, L'Hirondelle, Sailing Canoe.
Sailing Boats and Yachts.—Dabchick, Wideawake, Myosotis, Una, Singlehander by C. P Clayton, Puffin, 3-ton Racer, 3-ton Cruiser, 24ft. Auxilliary (steam and sail) fishing boat.

This volume contains much that is valuable and interesting to American yachtsmen and canoeists. The design, construction and use of small craft of all kinds is treated of in a simple and entertaining style, and the instructions are clear and easily understood.
Large crown 8vo., 380 pages and 16 large folding plates.

Price, Postpaid, $3.50.
FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., 318 Broadway, N. Y.

The Celebrated Smith & Wesson Revolvers

HAVE BROKEN ALL RECORDS FOR REVOLVER SHOOTING.



The Most Perfect Small Arms

EVER MANUFACTURED.

Unrivalled in Beauty of Finish, Durability and Accuracy.

Manufactured in calibers .32, .38 and .44-100. Single and Double Action Hammerless Safety and Target Models, with all latest mprovements——Automatic Shell Extractor, Rebounding Lock and Patented Safety Device.

The Smith & Wesson Revolvers are constructed entirely of **best wrought steel,** carefully inspected for workmanship and stock, and GUARANTEED. Do not be deceived by IMITATIONS largely manufactured of **malleable cast iron,** and often sold for the genuine Smith & Wesson. All of the Revolvers of this firm are stamped upon the barrels with their name, address and dates of patents.

If dealer cannot supply you, orders sent to address below will receive prompt and careful attention. Catalogues and prices furnished upon application.

SMITH & WESSON,

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
ACT LIKE MAGIC
ON A WEAK STOMACH.
25cts. a Box
OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

Ligowsky C. P. No. 3

The only target having the patent

INTURNED EDGE.



2,000 shots out of each 1,000 targets on account of non-breakage in shipping, trapping and falling upon ground. The only target made with the INTURNED EDGE, producing the surest breaker when hit, and surest non-breaker when not hit. Our traps are sold for the sole purpose of shooting our targets.

REPELLENE.

An Infallible Preventive of the Attacks of Mosquitoes, Black Flies, Gnats and all other Insects.

Neat, clean and easily applied. No unpleasant odor, will not *stain* or *injure* the skin, easily washed off. May be carried without danger of *leaking* or *spilling*. In neat, oblong round-cornered box.

Price, 30 Cents, Postpaid.

Sold by Dealers in Sportsmen's Goods.
If your dealer does not keep it, I will send it on receipt of price.

A. FERGUSON, Proprietor and Manufact'er,
Office, 65 Fulton street, N. Y.

Wanted.

DUCKING!

Gentleman to join me in trip of three weeks to best shooting ground in U. S. Have complete outfit; 22 hours by rail to schooner. Cost $175. My fifth trip; success sure. Address
107 Willow street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Increasing Sales Attest the Popularity of THE GENTLEMEN'S CIGARETTE.

SPECIAL FAVOURS.

Manufactured only by
KINNEY BROS.
(KINNEY TOBACCO CO. Successors). Also manufacturers of the Old Reliable
SWEET CAPORAL.

J. N. DODGE,

276 & 278 Division Street,
DETROIT, MICH.



Manufacturer of White Cedar Duck Decoys of all kinds. Also Swan, Geese, Brant, Coot, Shell Drake, Plover, full-shaped and flat folding Snipe Decoys. Duck and Turkey Calls. Decoys made like any pattern furnished without extra charge. Bottom prices to the trade. Illustrated price list.

ASK YOUR DEALER



H. NELSON & CO., Manf'rs Kirkwood, Mo.

For **NELSON'S** Cartridge Belt. The only **PRACTICAL** contrivance for carrying ammunition in the field. For Shot Guns, Rifles and Pistols. Nothing like it in the market. Patent lateral action.

SMALL YACHTS.

Their Design and Construction, Exemplified by the Ruling Types of Modern Practice. With Numerous Plates and Illustrations.

—BY—

C. P. KUNHARDT.

Cloth, 370 pages of type and illustrations, and 7 plates. Size of page, 14¼×12½. Price $7.00.

FOR SALE BY THE
FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

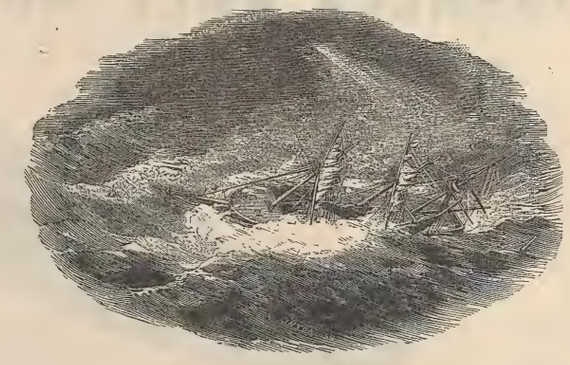


WEST INDIA HURRICANES,

And the Great March Blizzard, 1888.

BY EVERETT HAYDEN, Marine Meteorologist, U. S. Hydrographic Office, Washington.

ILLUSTRATED BY 23 PLATES. PRICE ONE DOLLAR.



Beginning with a description of the great Bay of North America, Mr. Hayden first describes in detail the formation of the ordinary tropical cyclone, and then proceeds to trace the origin of the great blizzard, following it day by day by means of colored charts, and bringing into relief every interesting feature of this memorable storm. Valuable as this record is to the navigator who may be exposed at any time to similar dangers, it is no less interesting to the casual reader, as the mechanism of these powerful forces of nature is laid before him. Even the landsman, who looks upon the wind as blowing from one direction or the other, according to chance, and independent of any control or direction, cannot fail to be interested in the manner in which the track of a cyclone is marked out and its probable direction foretold, while to the mariner the same problem has a far more vital significance. In addition to much that will interest the non-technical reader or the scientist, the book contains a great deal of clear practical information relating to the handling of a vessel in a cyclone, the use of oil at sea, and similar important matters.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.,
318 Broadway, New York.

Canoe and Camp Cookery.

BY "SENECA."

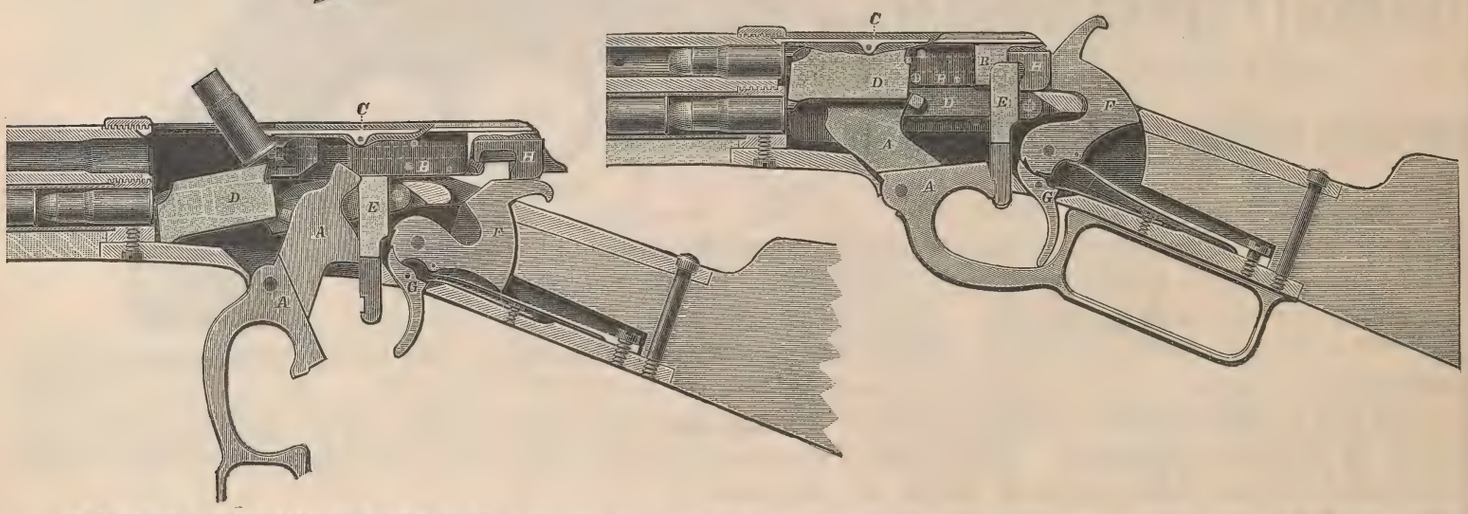
A practical cook book for canoeists, Corinthian sailors and outers. Practical because the author gives explicit and intelligible directions for preparing such dishes as he has himself actually tested in camp and on a cruise. This is just where the recipes differ from the absurdly impracticable dishes given in some so-called camp cookery books. The cooking outfit is described, and numerous hints on camp economy add to the value of the work. Cloth, 98 pages. Price $1.00.

NEW YORK: FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO., 318 Broadway.
LONDON: DAVIES & CO., 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill.

MARLIN MODEL 1888

PRICES REDUCED.

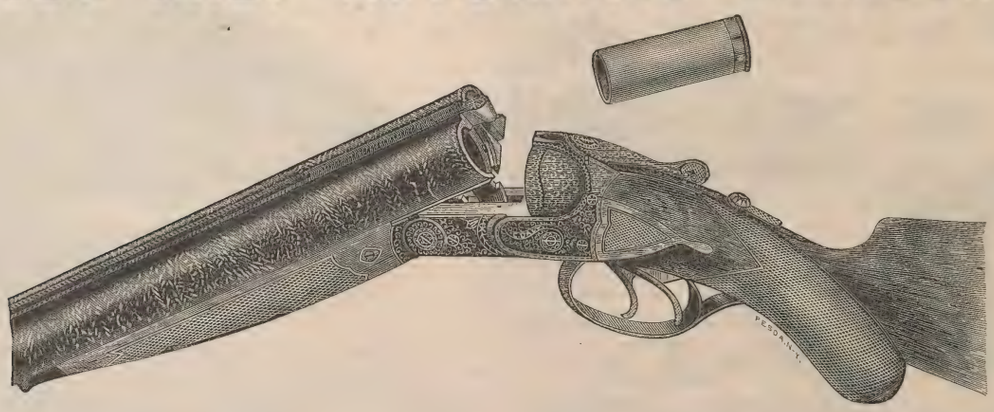




You will notice the breech block is on the old reliable Sharp principle, and has a solid backing against the frame. **You will notice** if you TRY THE ARM that it works WONDERFULLY SMOOTH AND SLICK, that it is finished superior to any other magazine arm, and **you will notice** if you SHOOT IT that the accuracy exceeds all other repeating rifles. Weight 6¾lbs. Same retail list, same dealer's discount as the Winchester. Sizes made: 24, 26, 28in. barrel. Calibers made: .32 .38 and .44, using Winchester cartridges. Ask your dealer to show it.

Send for Catalogue of Marlin and Ballard Rifles.

CHARLES DALY AUTOMATIC HAMMERLESS.



Made under DEELEY'S PATENT, the strongest and simplest, equal in every particular to any other AUTOMATIC HAMMERLESS costing DOUBLE the price. No. 150, price $175. No. 250, Diamond Quality, price $275. Charles Daly Hammerless, $100 to $225

CHARLES DALY 3-BARREL GUNS HAVE DRIVEN ALL OTHERS OUT OF THE MARKET.

Wholesale Dealers in Sporting Goods of every description, Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Ammunition, Fishing Tackle, Hunting and Fishing Sundries, Wright & Ditson's Rackets and Lawn Tennis Goods, A. J. Reach & Co.'s Base Ball Goods.

SCHOVERLING, DALY & GALES,

302 BROADWAY and 84 DUANE ST., NEW YORK.

Catalogues on application.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 21, 1889.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 18. No 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Only advertisements of an approved character inserted. Inside pages, nonpareil type, 30 cents per line. Special rates for three, six, and twelve months. Seven words to the line, twelve lines to one inch. Advertisements should be sent in by Saturday previous to issue in which they are to be inserted. Transient advertisements must invariably be accompanied by the money or they will not be inserted. Reading notices $1.00 per line.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

May begin at any time. Subscription price, $4 per year; $2 for six months; to a club of three annual subscribers, three copies for $10; five copies for $16. Remit by express money-order, registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canadas and Great Britain. For sale by Davies & Co., No. 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London. General subscription agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Davies & Co., Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searles and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London, Eng. Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France, sole Paris agent for sales and subscriptions. Foreign subscription price, $5 per year; $2.50 for six months.

Address all communications

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

No. 318 BROADWAY. NEW YORK CITY.

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL.
The Bear Hunting of To-Day.
The National Park in 1889.
Snap Shots.
THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST.
A Winter in Florida.—II.
Running the Brule.—II.
NATURAL HISTORY.
Annual Congress of the A. O. U.
A Tamed Ruffed Grouse.
Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-Tales.
GAME BAG AND GUN.
Trappers of the Rappahannock
The Gun Tests.
Aiming Ahead.
The Chester Fox Hunt.
Wild Turkeys in New England
Chicago and the West.
Look After the Cripples.
The South Carolina Season.
On Taxing Guns.
CAMP-FIRE FLICKERINGS.
SEA AND RIVER FISHING.
Angling Notes.
Bears, Birds and Fishes.
By Way of Protest.
A Large New Hampshire Bass
Chicago and the West.
How to Treat Those Traps.
FISHCULTURE.
Missouri Fish Commission.
First Shipment of Carp.
THE KENNEL.
Brunswick Fur Club Trials.
Philadelphia Club Trials.
Canadian Kennel Club Trials.
Indiana Field Trials.
Eastern Field Trials.
Kennel Notes.
Kennel Management.
RIFLE AND TRAP SHOOTING.
Smokeless Powder.
Range and Gallery.
The Trap.
St. Paul Gun Club.
Class and Daily vs. Kleintz and Irwin.
YACHTING.
Measurement on Lake Ontario
Skiff Racing on the St. Lawrence.
Yacht Building in Great Britain Under the New Rule.
Classification by Corrected Length.
CANOEING.
A. C. A. Paddling Trophy.
A Paddle Across Lake Winnepesaukee.
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE BEAR HUNTING OF TO-DAY.

THIS is an age of progress and of ease and luxury. And the bear hunter is keeping up with the procession, falling not a bit behind. The old fogies who used to pose as bear hunters, what a laborious and fussy and clumsy thing they made of it! First there was the muzzleloader; and then the bullet pouch, and the powder horn, and the wadding, and the ramrod and the cap—they thought it was a tremendous step ahead when they discarded the flint and invented the percussion cap. But to load up with all these was not the whole of it, nor a half of it; for when armed and equipped, they must go out into the woods and hunt for the bear. Terribly slow that was; and downright hard work, too. Then, when they had found the bear, and one shot did not do for him, came the process of reloading; first the powder, then the wadding, then the bullet, then more wadding; and all driven home and thumped down with a ramrod. And after all, the bear might get away, if indeed it might not set to and do for the hunter himself.

This has changed, the bear hunter is up with the times. For the muzzleloader there is the breechloader, for the bullet pouch and powder horn and wadding and ramrod, we have the machine-loaded cartridges, which can be pumped out faster than Bruin can wink. And as for hunting for your bear, taking the chances of finding him, or of being found by him, a New York genius has changed that.

Bear hunting is to-day an exact science; its pursuit is unattended by hazard or hardship or possibility of failure. The metropolitan "Nimrod" has shown how to do it. He is the pioneer in the art of bear hunting as it is hunted. He went up to Union Society, a Catskill Mountain summer boarder resort, where they had a young pet bear chained up in the yard, doing time in amusing the guests and serving as a stool-pigeon or decoy for other boarders with sporting proclivities. This was the bear the New Yorker had been looking for. He bought and paid for it on the spot, fifty dollars—a bear on the chain is worth two in the woods. Then the gallant sportsman, after schooling his nerves to stand the shock of the exploding rifle, bravely did the brute to death; paid the cook to skin the carcass and bore home in triumph the skin as a trophy of his prowess. To-day it adorns his residence; and he is rapidly coming by frequent repetition to tell to admiring guests his thrilling "bear yarn" by rote.

This style of bear killing is certainly progressive; it is in fact decidedly in advance of the spirit of the times; and the great body of sportsmen, with their old-fashioned notions and prejudices and sentiment, may be depended on to write down the New Yorker as a bloodthirsty noodle. His exploit of shooting a bear on chain is not likely to be emulated.

THE NATIONAL PARK IN 1889.

THE year 1889 has been in many ways an eventful one for the National Park. In the spring of the year it was rumored that a change was to be made in the Superintendent, and for a time those especially interested in the Park felt great anxiety lest some officer might be ordered to this duty who would prove inefficient or without interest in the National Reservation. Early in the season Captain Harris, who for three years had so acceptably filled the difficult position of Superintendent, was ordered to Fort Custer, and Captain F. A. Boutelle, of the First Cavalry, was ordered to take his place. Captain Boutelle is a man of intelligence, of strong will and great energy. In addition to this he is a keen sportsman and an ardent lover of nature. He appreciates as well as any one can the importance of preserving the Park as a whole; its forests, its natural wonders and its game. His share in the good work being carried on in the Reservation by the U. S. Fish Commission has already been alluded to. He will strive with all his might to protect it from enemies without and from enemies within its borders. He is making an excellent Superintendent.

Mr. Craighill, the new engineer officer in charge of the roads, has spent a great deal of time in the Park and has accomplished much good work. He has been cramped this year, as his predecessors have been, by the picayune policy of Congress, which refuses to make adequate appropriations for the care of the Park, just as it refuses to legislate for it in other ways.

We have recently alluded to the great work in fish-culture already inaugurated in the Park through the wise appreciation of Col. Marshall McDonald, U. S. Fish Commissioner. Last summer Capt. Boutelle, himself a veteran angler, seeing the possibilities of these waters for fishculture, invited Col. McDonald to visit the Park and look at its streams and lakes with this point in mind. Col. McDonald came, and his experienced eye at once took in the situation. He grasped the opportunity. What he has done and what he intends to do was told in these columns last week.

The work of the U. S. Geological Survey in the Park has been very interessing. Their investigations have been carried on mainly in the Absaroka Range of mountains on the east side of the Park, and they have explored these rugged peaks from Cook City south, penetrating the mountains to the very head of the Stinking Water. Among the interesting papers published by members of this survey party are Mr. Hague's paper on the "Geological History of the Park," Mr. Iddings's on the "Obsidian Cliffs," and three by Mr. Weed on the "Diatom Marshes and Diatom Beds of the Yellowstone National Park," on the "Formation of Siliceous Sinter by the Vegetation of Thermal Springs," and on "A Deadly Gas Spring in the Yellowstone National Park."

Travel in the National Park this year has been large, and this travel had its interesting features. "Campers" were present in larger numbers than ever, and they brought with them, as usual, their wives and their babies, their horses and their dogs. Living in the open air and traveling from place to place, as free as that air, they made the Park seem more than ever what it is and ought to be—a pleasuring ground for the whole people. The regular tourists were not less interesting. It was delightful to see their enjoyment of every thing and to observe the pride that they took in the Park. A member of the staff of FOREST AND STREAM who spent some time in the Park talked with many of them, and found the universal sentiment one of wonder and satisfaction that the United States had within its borders so lovely a region which belonged equally to every one of our people. Many of these tourists were aware of the project to enlarge the Park, and all were loudly in favor of it. If there was any complaint at all it was that the Government did not have more soldiers and scouts to police and protect it, and did not spend more money in building roads and bridges. Many of these tourists expressed an ardent desire to get away from the traveled roads and into out of the way spots in the mountains of which they had heard.

The Park this year has suffered some misfortunes. A season of drouth, unparalleled in the annals of Montana and Wyoming, prepared the forests for fires. Many of these were started, some perhaps from neglected camp fires, others no one knows how; but one, a most serious one, through the carelessness, as it is believed, of the Syndicate's saw-camp. The men had had a roaring camp fire, which was supposed to have gone out. It burned for two days under ground, and during this time the men were twice warned that it was alive. At last one windy day it burst into flame, spread into the forest swept down the lake shore, jumped the Yellowstone River and burned far over toward Sulphur Mountain, destroying a vast quantity of green timber. Capt. Boutelle's men worked like heroes fighting fire, and put out a great many.

The Yellowstone Park Association—the Syndicate, as it is locally called—has completed its new hotel at the Falls. It has also put up at the Lake, on a site which, we believe, has not been even submitted to the Secretary of the Interior, much less approved by him, a building which they call one of the wings of the hotel there, but which contains a hundred rooms. We do not clearly understand how they could have obtained permission to erect this before the locality for the hotel had been approved at Washington.

Another matter in this connection needs looking after. We have reason to believe that although once put down, the liquor traffic in the Park is again assuming alarming proportions. This traffic is carried on at the hotels of the Association, and liquor is openly sold to mechanics, laborers, freighters, and even to the soldiers. We have heard of more than one drunken man in the Park during the past season, and it is reported that the manager of one of the hotels boasted of the heavy receipts of his bar just after pay-day. This is a serious matter, and will demand careful attention by the proper authorities next season.

On the whole, the year has been one of prosperity for the National Park. We may hope that the next one will be even better, and that before 1890 has gone Congress may enlarge the National Park and provide a government for it.

SNAP SHOTS.

THERE are large numbers of well-meaning but morbid-minded individuals, male and female, who by constantly exercising their imagination and feeding on fanciful portraits, have persuaded themselves that the average sportsman is a Raw-Head and Bloody-Bones, up to divers sorts of red-handed cruelty, and delighting in the torture of all animate beings, from a chippy bird to an elephant. It is useless and purposeless to reason with such people or to attempt to show them the foolishness of their prejudices and misconceptions. There are some things that are just as well not attempted; it is of no use to descant to a blind man of the beauties of the sunset, to look for emotion in a deaf and dumb person at a symphony concert, or to expect a sentimental, bigoted and misinformed person to appreciate what field sports and woods-life mean to those who find pleasure in them.

If some of the great Atlantic steamships, the ocean greyhounds, which are competing for the time record between this country and Europe, were owned in America and carried the Stars and Stripes, what an interest would be taken in the competition. We should have in effect an international yacht race every week in the year; and there would be abundant occasion for the booming of cannon and the burning of bonfires to celebrate American victories on the wave.

The time for lawful sale of venison in New York State expired last Friday.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A WINTER IN FLORIDA.

[Concluded from Page 322.]

LEAVING St. Lucie, we proceeded through the sound down to the charming home and hotel of Capt. Richards, whose attractive buildings, high on the bank, and extensive pineapple and banana plantation comprise what is known as Eden. Here we found a pleasant company and a delightful resting place. The Captain is a fine conversationalist and a person of large experience, and very entertaining. His table was supplied with all that a connoisseur could wish, including his renowned specialty, turtle soup of rare excellence. The steamers stop here, and the view obtained on this elevated plateau between the waters of the sound and those of the fresh water of St. Lucie River, is quite attractive, while a ramble through the acres of pineapple plants, banana fields and orange groves amply repays. The sportsman or tourist who takes a run through these waters should make it a part of his programme to stop over for greater or less time with mine host Richards at the Garden of Eden.

Our next halt was at the domain of "Portuguese Joe," a queer and eccentric character who holds possession of a rich tract on Hutchinson's Island, a few miles south of Eden but on the opposite side of the Sound. Here we found quite a number of bearing cocoanut trees, besides various tropical plants, etc., that we had not previously met with. Having a word of recommendation from Captain Richards—whom Joe almost worships—we were soon ingratiated into his confidence, and having smoked the pipe (or rather cigar) of peace with us, he entertained us as best he could, producing for that purpose a few bottles of rare old wine, some that had been buried by him after saving it from the wreck of a vessel which had pounded to pieces on the near beach; and after partaking with us he insisted upon adding some to our stores. His volubility, in broken English, was something wonderful. Having learned that our naturalist was a doctor of medicine, he could not refrain from expressing his belief, "Doctors no good, doctors d— fool humbug," giving at great length his many reasons, much to the embarrassment of our M.D. but affording fun for the Commodore, Captain and myself. In this vicinity we also met the brothers Gardner, who have started a fine plantation, and who rendered us some service.

Our next adventure was an exploration of the St. Lucie River, whose fresh waters find head in the Halpatiokee swamp westward from Ft. Pierce, just below St. Lucie, and eventually form a sluggish river of considerable breadth and depth as it nears a point westward from Eden, and thence some twenty miles to its outlet. At the junction of this river with the St. Lucie Sound (or rather the Jupiter River, as the arm is called from this point to Jupiter Inlet) is quite high bluff land, remarkable in contrast with the general flatness of the country, and overlooking the island to the sea. This is one of the most desirable of all the unoccupied localities that we saw, for a sightly hotel where sightseers would obtain a view afforded by no other hotel site on the east coast, and would attract winter tourists by its sightliness. As we steamed up the St. Lucie an occasional shot was had at ducks and alligators. Night overtook us as we approached the more narrow portion of the river, and we camped on board the launch. The mosquitoes came out in full force and greatly vexed the Doctor and Commodore, but the Captain and Scribe, having in a moment of prudent forethought provided themselves with patent head nets, were not molested; and would have obtained a good night's rest had it not been for the desperate efforts to destroy, and desperate expressions used to intimidate, that the Doctor and Commodore tried upon their foes. Water moccasins could be seen swimming about the saw grass near which we were anchored, and the bellowing of alligators afforded diversity to the evening's entertainment.

On the advent of morning, breakfast was taken while steam was being raised; and at an early hour we pushed our way up the stream, and until the banks would scarcely permit a passage through wonderfully fine foliage and hanging moss effects. In some localities the live oaks were thickly covered with specimens of the beautiful air plant, many in bloom, and giving them a beautiful appearance. Our naturalist shot a number of handsome birds, which he skinned and preserved for mounting. We saw a number of the Seminole Indians poling their dugout canoes loaded with small deer, for which they sought a market at Ft. Pierce and St. Lucie. They handled their long, narrow, burned-out logs with much dexterity. The Scribe remarked that more respect to the center of gravity was essential thereto than requisite in the famous Adirondack boats, in which both guide and sportsman virtually have to part their hair in the middle.

Having ascended as far as was deemed prudent—unless running very slowly to prevent snagging—we found a place convenient for turning about and steamed back until we reached the junction of the Halpatiokee River, up which we took a short run and then returned to near its mouth, and stopped at a plantation that presented an inviting appearance. Here we found two brothers—names not recalled—graduates from Oberlin, O., keeping bachelor's hall, and surrounded with evidences of taste and culture. The FOREST AND STREAM, *Century*, *Harper's Magazine* and *Scientific American* were periodicals regularly received by them. In addition to growing oranges, pineapples and bananas, one of them was an expert builder of sailboats, and had orders enough to occupy all leisure time. We were most cordially received and shared their generous hospitality, and enjoyed to the fullest extent our sojourn with these worthy gentlemen. While in these waters we caught a few of the bream and other fresh-water fish, but they were not as palatable as those taken from the salt water.

We then pursued our way back to and down the Jupiter, the scenery improving as we drew near to the inlet. At Jupiter Inlet we found a few houses, principally that of the keeper of the lighthouse. The only hotel accommodations were such as could be obtained on an old boat anchored at a favorable spot, and kept as a hotel by the owner of the stage route, extending through the canal from this place to Lake Worth. While the staterooms were rather small and close (for we had to hide from the mosquitoes), the berths were comfortable, and the table well supplied with substantial and well cooked food. After visiting the lighthouse, from which a fine view was afforded, we prepared for a day's fishing about the inlet, and were rewarded with a fine catch of channel bass, bluefish and cavalli, the largest of the cavalli turning the scales at 20lbs. We here met the genial Dr. Kenworthy, of Jacksonville, the "Al Fresco" of the FOREST AND STREAM, whose facile pen has contributed much to the enjoyment of the hosts of readers. He had just returned from a hurried trip to Lake Worth, but could not withstand the temptation and opportunity of casting a line and picking up a string of fish to be cooked in camp style, on the way back in his sailboat, with the accommodating Captain Richards at the helm.

The next day was spent in an exploration of the navigable portions of North Creek and the Lagoohoochee River (the latter, a fresh-water stream, incorrectly noted on most maps as the Jupiter River). Afterward we had a grand fishing and hunting expedition up North Creek to a point where we could look over into the noted Lake Worth. The waters of this creek are deep and navigable for a long distance, and with but little dredging at some of the bars, and a short canal cut through but little over a quarter of a mile into Lake Worth, would make a complete inside channel route from Lake Worth to Tomoka, on the Halifax above Daytona. We understood that a company had this project in contemplation, intending, also, to place a line of light draft steamers on this route. If carried out they will reap a reward. At the southern terminus of our trip up North Creek, we were due east twenty-five miles from the southern extremity of that great inland lake Okeechobee.

It was our intent to take the outside run and visit the enterprising settlement and well-known winter resort on Lake Worth, but the roughness of the sea as well as the limited time of the Doctor, conspired to prevent. We then headed our craft for the return trip. At a convenient bay we anchored and crossed the narrow Jupiter Island, rambled for hours along the seashore and gathered shells in abundance to enrich our cabinets. We again stopped at Portuguese Joe's, and stopped over night with Captain Richards at Eden. The next day we reached St. Lucie and indulged in some piscatorial sport, as well as securing some fine specimens of the white and brown pelicans for our naturalist. The succeeding evening found us at Sebastian. The next morning the Doctor, with fowling piece in hand, wandered back westwardly toward the "big swamp," and ere his return secured some fine birds for his collection.

Leaving Sebastian we proceeded toward Melbourne, and at high twelve the Captain found a fine oyster bar, and doffing his nether garments and pulling off those above, soon gathered a fine lot of the juicy bivalves, and we then ran as near as possible to an inviting beach. For a few moments it seemed that it would be necessary to wade in order to get to shore, but the Captain discovered a punt half full of water, and having emptied it pushed it out to where our launch was anchored, and having loaded in passengers and provisions drew them ashore in canal boat style. He felt, or looked somewhat embarrassed, when, as he was gathering wood in his undress uniform, he was suddenly surprised by a female coming down the beach, and beat a hasty retreat into the palmetto brush until she had passed. When our oysters were duly roasted and the other edibles laid out, we had a dinner fit for the gods and relished it to the utmost. The Doctor, intent upon adding to his collection, started out on a hunt, and ere his return a sudden storm rapidly approached. By the time that we reached our vessel the wind was blowing hard and the waves rolling considerably. The fires were relighted and we were impatiently waiting for the requisite steam, when the Scribe made the appalling discovery that his wood case containing his favorite 7oz. and 10oz. split-bamboo rods had, by the motion of the vessel, been thrown from the top of the canvas deck covering into the briny deep at some time previous, unknown to the deponent. One was a $25 rod of his own investment, and the other a gift from a little coterie of angling friends and highly prized. The lamentations of Job were nought in comparison. All hands were called to the rescue, and every foot of visible water was eagerly searched to discover the "whither are we drifting" rods. As the waves were rolling quartering toward the shore, the Captain suggested that the beach one-half a mile above would be the most likely spot, and volunteered to take the punt and go on a searching expedition. The Scribe offered quite a bonus should he succeed in finding "that which was lost." Away went the Captain, but ere going 40 rods his punt filled and sank under him, and he was obliged to wade and swim alternately until reaching a sand bar, he descried the rod case and securing it held it aloft in triumph, and motioned us to come on with the launch. It was easy enough to motion, but not so easy to pole that craft without the assistance of the wheel, with the waves and wind quartering against it. We, however, "worked our passage," and after a time the Captain was taken on board, and having dressed himself, set about getting up steam in good earnest; and we were soon out in the deeper water and making fair progress, when a tornado broke over and nearly capsized us, and blew out our fires; and we were drifting before the wind, kept somewhat in position by rudder and the dexterous use of our poles, while the Captain in vain tried to relight the lamps, as the force of the wind put out matches before fairly ignited, and those that were unused were by this time too wet to burn, as the rain poured down in torrents. Here was a state of things! We had just determined to run ashore and beach our vessel, and take our chances on her being pounded to pieces, when we discovered the regular steamer coming *en route* for Melbourne. We signalled; the pilot ran close to us, and our Captain threw the painter, which was caught and made fast, and we arranged for towage to Melbourne, where we shortly arrived safe and sound but decidedly wet.

We remained over night and then ran up to Rockbridge, where we dismissed our genial Captain, the party deciding to remain at this point for a few days to witnesss the annual Indian River sail regatta, which was quite an interesting event and drew crowds from up and down the coast for fully one hundred miles each way. The honors were won by boats from the Halifax River. After the regatta the Scribe bade farewell to his companions the Doctor and the Commodore, and took passage on the steamer Clara—a Halifax River boat, bearing a broom triumphantly at the top of her flagstaff—up through the Indian and Hillsborough waters to his old stamping ground at Ponce Park on the Halifax. After indulging in a few day's sport in this vicinity, he proceeded to Daytona, Palatka, St. Augustine and Jacksonville, departing thence toward the middle of May for his northern home, well pleased with his experience of a winter along the east coast of Florida.

E. S. W.

RUNNING THE BRULE.—II.

IN the FOREST AND STREAM of July 19, 1888, was published an account of the running of the Brule from its source near St. Croix Lake, in the State of Wisconsin, to the North Pacific bridge; this is what is now generally known as the Upper Brule to distinguish it from the Lower, or that part between the bridge and Lake Superior.

The writer promised himself at that time, that this trip should be continued at some convenient future day, and also, that the lovers of forest and stream should have the benefit of his experience. As the first part of this promise has been redeemed, he hastens to place the other at the disposal of the editor, thinking there may be some who remember the experiences of last year on the Upper Brule kindly enough to wish to share them on the Lower Brule also.

In one respect the trips of last summer and this were similar, in the length of river traversed. In either case I should say about 50 or 60 miles, with this difference, however, that while the Upper Brule is only about one-fourth rapids, the Lower Brule is at least three-fourths, and is in this respect much more savage, in fact, in several cases the rapids partake of the nature of falls a dozen feet or so in height, which even the most imprudent would hesitate to jump.

The Brule—Bois Brule (Burnt Wood) River is historically, at least, almost as old as Lake Superior itself. Captain John Du Luth found it the most convenient route by which to reach the Mississippi from Fond-du lac, *via* lake and river St. Croix, about 200 years ago, since which time it has been ascended and descended to and from Lake Superior numberless times, more, however, for business than for pleasure.

In our time, I think it was in 1844, our W. W. Spalding took a stock of goods from somewhere in the Mississippi Valley into Lake Superior, up the St. Croix, and down this river, and thereby greatly astonished some Indians and *coureurs de bois* who had declared the route impracticable.

Our party was made up of six persons in three boats, flat-bottomed skiffs made for the purpose: of these Captain Patterson and the writer were the only ones that had any experience to speak of in rapids running, hence the party was divided up in such a way as to make the most of what little we had. Captain Patterson took charge of a young Washington patent attorney in his boat which was to go first, generally speaking, a couple of grain merchants with lots of "sand" paired off in No. 2, while I was to bring up the rear with the Artist. At any rate, this was the order in which we left the Northern Pacific bridge, on as fine a July morning as any one could well wish.

On the first ten miles of river, or from the bridge to what is known as the dam, there is comparatively slack water, that is, there is a very lively current most of the way, but there are no rapids to speak of, hence we anticipated no difficulty on this part of the route. Had I, for my part, anticipated more, I should probably have fared better. As it was, we looked more for fish than for danger of any kind, for here is where some large trout might possibly be encountered, so we proceeded to slide down leisurely, tying up to brush or snag whenever appearances looked likely. For some reason, however, best known to the trout themselves, we were not very successful, a few fish only returning our salutations, and no important strikes were telephoned. So we gradually quickened our motions, letting the fish go by, and—the first thing I knew I was in the water up to my waist. It happened just as suddenly as it has been written, and I could hardly account for it until I was there. It was, however, easily accounted for; our carelessness and not our want of experience was the cause, for the boat was allowed to swing with the current under a snag, and the stern in which I sat went too far under, and—there you are; only one of two things to do, upset the boat or go in yourself. That I did the latter was not the result of forethought but of necessity. I was there before I knew it, and the only thing that can be said in my favor to compensate in any way for my quick bungling in falling in is that I did not use up much more time in getting out again.

Now, if the reader will pardon me for a digression, I wish to enlarge a little upon a philosophical train of reflection that involuntarily passed through my "thinking apparatus" as I became again finally seated in the stern of the boat and felt the coolsome water running in rivulets down into my boots. "This is good," said I—inwardly of course—"I have been the first of the party to take a bath; now if any dependence is to be placed on human analogy, I shall probably not be the last." Old soldiers will tell you that bullets never strike the same spot twice; that one who is hit in the early part of the action is subject to congratulation, as this mark of distinction placed upon him by Providence is supposed to make him bullet proof during the rest of the day. A prudent-minded man-of-war's man once, during a naval engagement, proceeded to put this theory to actual proof by sticking his head into a hole just made in the ship's side by a cannon ball. Now, he evidently thought that the same spot would not be struck twice, just as I thought that an upset or a "plump in" would not happen twice to one party on the same trip, and I am afraid it would be hard to make the reader understand the actual amount of soothing consolation there was in this thought; for, as before mentioned, there was at least forty-five miles of rapids below us, and some of them were very bad. Somewhere below, in one of the many bewildering labyrinths of eddies, whirlpools and boulders, Captain McDougall himself, the very patron saint of this stream, had once with his party come to grief and lost a lot of valuable duffle, among the rest an 8-gauge duck cannon of special English manufacture, belonging to a certain Lord Petre, one of the party. How could we, then, all of us inexperienced as we were, expect to escape the inevitable; but, thank my lucky stars, I was hit early in action; for me there was now no greater grief in store than to be compelled to see some of my companions performing some sudden and unexpected evolution in this line; and while there was something sad in contemplating such contingencies, there was something soothing nevertheless in the fact that I would probably— While thus thinking, a peculiar set of circumstances again shaped

hemselves in the immediate future, and as if to set all human theories at defiance, and to put all rational calculations of immunity from mishap at a discount, under very much the same circumstances as before, I was in the river again, and this time up to my very neck. Well! what was to be done? Stay there? No, a thousand times no! Even then, although my buoyant theories had been subjected, as it were, to a very dampening reproof, which served to dim somewhat the vista of glorious experiences ahead of me, I still, be it said to my credit, retained presence of mind sufficient to wish myself out again; and the Artist helped me out in a quiet and unobtrusive way which was quite touching. It was over my head here, and he had to row me over to the other bank before I could overcome the action of gravity and stand under my freshly-soaked and now leaden-weighted habiliments. My set of theories had been drowned—mercilessly, hopelessly drowned—yet there is this to be said about it, that there is no misfortune but is relieved by some compensating feature. The particular bright spot in this instance was, that neither of my mishaps had been observed by either of the other boat's crews. Of course it leaked out, it could not well do otherwise, through the dampened state of my attire; but this was gradually, as it were, and not near so hard to bear as if my dexterity had been observed and the humorous aspect of my gymnastic performance commented on. The kind remarks that were afterward made, to the effect that I "might as well take my clothes off while I was about it," "Swim the rest of the way for safety's sake," "Lay down in the bottom of the boat," etc., etc., although well meant, no doubt, were received by me, if not with scorn, at least with comparative lack of appreciation. The historiographer takes peculiar satisfaction in being able to state that the dam was reached about noon this day without further accident. .

Here the fishing was supposed to commence, and as our heavy boats would have to be portaged some little way over the dam, and as it looked like rain, and as I felt a natural desire to "dry up," it was decided to camp here for the night, although the day was but half gone. The promised thunder shower came along, after consulting our convenience sufficiently to enable us to raise tents for the protection of our traps. The rain was not very severe, but the thunder served to frighten the trout, for of these we caught only enough to make a good mess for supper. But while we ate the trout—some of us with a ravenous appetite—we were ourselves being eaten by flies, mosquitoes and midgets who had appetites as ravenous. Of all pests of the woods, I will put up the odds on the midgets for downright cruelty to man. The insect is so insignifiant as to size, as to be almost invisible, but then there are millions of them to the square inch, and when one passes through a swarm of them, it is as if passing through a flame of fire. By dint of much "dope" and great smudging we succeeded in making a tolerable night of it.

The next morning the real fun of rapids running began, for Captain Patterson now promised us a continual series of them to the lake. Now as my ardor had to some extent been dampened by the events of the day before, I did not look forward to this prospect with that degree of equanimity with which I am in the habit of viewing possible events in the immediate future: to a certain extent my star of fortune had paled in splendor; the gurgling of the Brule waters had an ominous sound; there arose before me visions of home and friends, such as are said to float in dreams about old soldiers on the eve of battle. In fact I had lost confidence in myself through the day before, but being blessed with a disposition to accept the inevitable with that philosophical complacency which has always distinguished me in the face of danger, and not only saved me at times from the imputation of extreme timidity, but has sometimes gained me an ill-deserved reputation for bravery, I started with the rest in the morning, with just as bold a front as if I had never been known to tremble in my boots for anything.

The first three miles of rapids were passed both successfully and rapidly, and even a gleam of happiness shot through my mind as I felt the consciousness of power to overcome natural difficulties. Then we hung up and spun around like a top for a while; getting off at length we clattered down another series, bumping here, scraping there, and sometimes, in our frantic efforts to pass some huge boulder, getting broadside on, but kept going just the same. Then we straddled, that is we stuck between two boulders, when the only thing to do was to get out and either pull the boat back against the current or shove her through by main strength. In this way we reached the wild and picturesque region of the copper range, where the old Bayfield road crosses the stream, and lunched.

This, so far, had been a glorious day, and on the whole we had all enjoyed it, and none more than the two grain merchants. These two happy "growlers" had prepared themselves for a rough sort of a time, with a possible upset or two, but seemed to fall into the way of the thing naturally, and were as well mated as a pair of turtle doves. The veteran Patterson and the "Kid" had had a tussle or two, and had become acclimated to one another. 'Tis true—this the Captain imparted to me in all confidence—that when he, according to the exigencies of the case, would sing out to the left or to the right of a boulder, as his judgment might dictate, the young attorney would possibly first have to brush from his nose a troublesome mosquito which peradventure had lit thereon, and then proceed leisurely to put on his "glasses," by which time said boulder might be half a mile behind. But after one experience or two, circumstances, combined with the Captain's teaching, made him understand that a little dilatoriness on his part might mean a bath, and so he was led to accelerate his movements, after which the two got along famously. The Artist and I would have made a splendid team if he had only sketched more of the scenery, and lectured less on "high art." He was abnormally afraid of getting wet. If the truth must be told he had been led into this excursion under the impression that it was to be a sort of a picnic—so it was to be sure, but not the kind of a picnic he anticipated. The fact was he had been, or was subject to rheumatism, and this was really a bad trip for one afflicted that way. Fortunately for my peace of mind, I have myself been afflicted that way, but have never found that a soaking in the open air, or sleeping on good spruce feathers in tents, even though wet to the skin, has ever had any injurious effect on me, so I felt no anxiety on his account, though I admit it was natural that he should have on his own.

Having lunched to our satisfaction, and fished a little with indifferent success, we proceeded again in much the same order as before, it being generally understood that the first boat to get over a difficult or dangerous place should tie up and fish until the others had got safely over, or through, as the case might be. In this way we had passed several rapids, and were gaining not only experience, but confidence, when the unforeseen again slipped in and made a sad mess of it all. There was a narrow and ticklish passage between two snags, made the more so by the congregation of boulders both above and below; we were approaching it in good shape to make a successful shoot, when the bow struck on a boulder, and the Artist, who, against orders, was standing up in the bow, took one of the most perfect headers I ever saw. I should probably have stopped to crack a smile at least, if not a joke, but I had time for neither, for the boat swung around with the current, and in spite of my best endeavors with the heavy cedar pole, would have waltzed me through the shoot into the labyrinth of rocks below, had not the submerged Artist recovered his equilibrium and presence of mind in time to grasp the bow and save me from going over. Now, being greatly afraid of a fresh attack of rheumatism, my friend, the Artist, felt as if he must take all the precautions possible, and insisted that he must wring out his clothes at least, and, sympathizing with his fears, if not fearing for him, I drew the boat ashore, and left him on the bank to make shift, as best he could, with all the available change I had in my pack, while I went to examine a little tributary stream that just here entered the Brule from the left bank.

The Captain, with the Kid, came dancing along in time to see the Artist under bare poles; he realized the situation at once and shouted, "Give him my spare pants," and then his solid form, erect in the stern of his boat, like a young giant, conscious and glorying in his power, shot by through the intricate channel of rocks and eddies, into the pool below. Here we found the rest of the boys calmly casting for trout when we arrived, but the jokes at our expense were not numerous, for we had many miles of rapids yet, and the natural question was, "Who next?"

Not far from here was the first fall of importance, over the principal shoot of which we had to lower the boats by hand, and below this fall there was an unusually savage array of boulders, with seething waters leaping, roaring and swishing about them in every conceivable shape. Now, after our experience, the Artist and I had boldly conceived the idea of being extremely cautious, so instead of shoving our boat into the middle of the current and taking haphazard chances among the rocks, I proceeded to take a cut off of my own, and so escape contact with the greatest obstructions. We never made a sadder mistake, for we were hardly under way when we hung up so badly that with our severest exertions we could not budge the boat an inch; in fact we were not only hung up but saddled and wedged in so completely that I had to get out in the water to try and move her, but as the Artist was not provided with rubber boots, and was in deadly fear of being wet, he of course could not get out, so the boat was still too heavy, and the result was I had to pull and haul and shove till "daylight" was nearly out of me: and oh, maddening sight! just as I was about spent with this severe labor, what should I behold but that infernal "Board of Trade," happy and unconcerned, leaping from one ridge of foam to another, turning sharply here or there on the very verge of some inevitable catastrophe, and without the least sign of a mishap reach still water below and calmly proceed to fish.

In my soul I felt a great and mighty wrath, as though dammed up with a sudden rush of waters, and in my exceeding anger there lit upon me great bodily strength, not so much like that of a patient ox, but rather like unto that of the bellowing bull; and with a mighty heave I tore the ship and all that therein was from her fastnesses, and lodged her in the deepest current of the rushing waters; then I swung myself quickly into the ship and smote upon the waters with my pole of cedar, and gave a mighty shout, and even as the current bore me along into the still waters and deep, my wrath assuaged, and I became gentle and laughed even as a little child. But after this it was not I that ever was so careful as to go outside of the swiftest water.

A few more swirls after this, but none more exciting, and we went into camp at the foot of a swift run over a pool that promised good fishing, and where we did hook a number of "speckled beauties." Here we calculated we had accomplished about half the distance to the lake.

The next day opened fair and continued beautiful. We started early, for this day we intended to run most, if not all, the way to the lake, and as we had by this time gathered not only confidence in our ability but experience, we felt equal to anything, and had, moreover, adopted a system which we found worked in most cases splendidly. This was that only the stern man in the boat should stand up, watch the heaviest current, and lay down the course in which he could generally keep and guide the boat with a retarding scrape or push, as the case might be, with his pole, and the bowman should always keep his seat and only shove to the right or left in obedience to orders. By observing this rule, partly laid down by the Captain and partly beaten into us by experience, we found but comparatively little difficulty and much less labor than might be believed in running safely the roughest rapids.

It were impossible to recount all the little incidents of this day, so interesting in themselves, but crowding so fast upon one another as to lose their identity in one continuous round of glorious excitement and pleasure. It was one of those days we so often experience in this climate during the summer months, in which it is a pleasure to live for the sake of mere existence. The foliage was now in its highest prime, so the scenery, though wild as the river itself, was always fine, and earth and air seemed permeated with a breath divine.

Sometimes we would meet an obstacle, such as a great tree fallen across and obstructing the entire width of the stream, where it would be necessary for all to wait and render mutual aid till all the boats were over.

Sometimes it would happen that our fleet were close together, and would be all shooting a rapid in close succession. This would invariably add interest and excitement to the passage, for there great care must be taken not to run into one another. The greatest danger here was that one or the other would hang up, and the next coming too close, would either run into it or not have room to pass, and so get into difficulty; but no serious complication of this kind happened, and after making several dangerous runs successfully, the Captain informed us that but one more fall, or heavy rapid, remained between us and the lake. This I was told was a fall of about ten feet with but one possible passage and that well to the left. The Artist and I were the first to run it, and were astonished to find how easily it was done. The "Board of Trade" came next, and would have taken the wrong side of the river but for our signals; the Captain then came down the slide as though he was ashamed it was not ten feet deeper, and then we all took a drink of—water.

The rest of the trip was simply one great and glorious toboggan slide of ten miles, more or less. Of course the course could not be so straight as a toboggan slide, nor so smooth, for rocks and boulders there were, and swirling eddies. The course of the heaviest current would have to be watched and followed from side to side; we would bump here or there, occasionally hang up on unforeseen obstacles, and would get into difficulties, but they were comparatively trifling, and glorious vistas of river would occasionally open to our view, on an incline so even and straight, that they could not but suggest to our minds, that though the toboggan simile was a happy one, it resembled more nearly perhaps, views adown one of the newly graded avenues in Duluth, from the hillside down to lake or bay, with this difference, however, that the still and sombre earth colors of city streets were here a running mass of living waters, reflecting from a thousand rippling billows the sky, sun and cloud, so that the river bed seemed at times a broadway of silver bedded between steep banks of the deepest green. Indeed the varied beauties of this part of the route were so grand and permeating to the deepest sense, that even the grain merchants, matter of fact and dry as they were naturally, could not repress a spontaneous exuberance of feeling now and then, such as "Now this is fine." In fact the latter part of our trip proved so thoroughly enjoyable in every respect that it completely obliterated from our minds any little difficulty or unpleasantness connected with the first part.

So we passed from the rapids, and slid into slack water, and camped a couple of miles from the lake, about three in the afternoon of the third day, tired and sore from our exertions, as though we had been pounded in a prize fight, but on the whole contented with ourselves and with not one of our individual experiences for sale.

Here ends my narrative of the running of the Brule, but not quite that of our adventures, for though the tug Camp, as per appointment, picked us up at the mouth of the river, we got aboard just in the nick of time, for a furious northeaster struck us immediately after, and kicked up such a sea, that had we been yet on shore such a thing as picking us up would have been entirely out of the question; as it was it began to look as though we might wish the tug had not been quite so prompt, for had the wind continued long, with the violence with which it commenced, it would have made our very safety a questionable matter. It was easy to be seen too, that neither captain nor crew liked the looks of it, for the weather was so changeable that they did not know what to expect next. The wind quieted down after a little, however, but it had set a most tremendous sea in motion, which seemed to increase in volume constantly. This experience, to those who were free from the nausea usually attending the uncertain evolutions of a vessel, made this not the least enjoyable portion of our trip. It was well toward midnight when the lights of Duluth heaved up above the horizon, and the good tug Camp slipped into the smooth waters of the harbor. BERLIN.

Natural History.

ANNUAL CONGRESS OF THE A. O. U.

THE ornithological event of the year was the seventh annual congress of the American Ornithologists' Union, New York city, last week. The place of meeting was the American Museum of Natural History, accommodation in which was through the courtesy of the management placed at the disposal of the Union. Here on the morning of Tuesday, Nov. 12, as appointed a year before, all the noted ornithologists of this country who could so arrange it were gathered together in pleasant conclave.

The president, Dr. J. A. Allen, called the meeting to order at 11 A. M., and routine business became the first order of the day.

The secretary, Dr. C. Hart Merriam, read his report, showing the rapid growth of the Union from its original membership of twenty odd members in 1883 to a membership of over 500 at the present time, together with various similar details, all going to show its great and growing prosperity.

The treasurer, Mr. Wm. Dutcher, followed with his report. It was characteristic of that gentleman in its clear, concise and businesslike handling, and was extremely satisfactory as a report, for it showed the Union to be now no longer struggling for bare life and supported only by voluntary contributions of the members, but out of debt and a flourishing self-supporting institution, with a handsome balance to its credit.

The council reported favorably in various proposed changes of the by-laws, after which the annual ceremony of re-electing the officers was carried out with uniform results, excepting in the case of the secretary, Dr. C. Hart Merriam, who, though unanimously re-elected, positively declined to resume the responsibilities of the office, and subsequently Mr. J. H. Sage was elected to reign in his stead.

In the elections to membership over eighty ornithologists were admitted to the outer court as associate members, and Mr. Arthur P. Chadbourne was elected to the higher honors of full active membership. Mr. Geo. B. Sennett signified his desire to become a life member, the final qualification for which is invested after a ceremony in which the treasurer is the officer chiefly concerned.

The Committee of Avian Anatomy, represented by Dr. Shufeldt, returned a long and interesting report reviewing the ornithological work of the world during the last two years. He especially praised the work being done in Europe by Fürbringer and other anatomists, and also referred to his own forthcoming work on the "Compara-

tive Anatomy of the Raven," that promises to be of great service to students.

Mr. Geo. B. Sennett, representing the Committee on Bird Protection, made a verbal report. He referred to the satisfactory results that had been obtained in Pennsylvania, where not only excellent laws had been passed to protect the birds, but where also public interest had been aroused to such an extent that the Legislature had made a grant of $19,000 to enable the State Ornithologist, Dr. B. Harry Warren, to prosecute and publish his researches on economic ornithology in the fullest manner.

The first paper was by Dr. Edgar A. Mearns, entited "Observations on the Avifauna of Arizona." The Doctor has just returned after a stay of some years in this most inviting field, and his paper was, as might have been expected, replete with good things, and throughout of unusual interest. It is satisfactory to know that we may look forward to the publication of this as well as of other zoölogical papers at greater length and in permanent form as soon as the necessary preparations can be made. Dr. C. Hart Merriam followed with "Remarks on San Francisco Mountain and Vicinity (Arizona) from the Faunal Standpoint." Dr. Merriam has just returned from a three months' sojourn in this region also. He has made a special study of its fauna, and many of his conclusions, as he bluntly announced, are diametrically opposed to those of the previous speaker. The Doctor's remarks were illustrated by charts and are understood to be a prodrome of a work on the subject, the appearance of which will be awaited with great expectations.

Mr. Frank M. Chapman then came forward with a paper, "The Winter Destruction of the Bobolink (*Dolichonyx oryzivorus*) with Remarks on its Routes of Migration." He showed three routes of migration across the West Indies to South America, and also that of the three the least likely one, that in which was an open sea 400 miles across, was the course pursued by the main body.

His second paper, on "The Changes of Plumage in the Bobolink," was equally original. He showed that the bobolink moults twice in the year, that its nuptial dress acquired in early spring at first shows each black feather with a broad margin of brown, which subsequently is worn and broken off so as to leave the bird in complete black plumage. He illustrated this point with numerous specimens.

Mr. Jonathan Dwight, Jr., read a most interesting not to say humorous paper on "Birds that have Struck the Statue of Liberty, Bedloe's Island, New York Harbor." He enumerated the species killed, and remarked on the great proportion of Maryland yellowthroats, which constituted fully half of the victims. The paper, though replete with facts and figures, was often in a very light vein, and in some parts even descended to the comic. It was, however, well received by all but a reporter present, whose paper became the object of some of the speaker's satirical remarks.

Mr. Dutcher read a paper from the pen of Professor R. W. Whitfield, on "Abundance of the Wild Pigeon in Central and Eastern New York in 1835." The Professor had described the great extent of the flock and the ruthless degree of the slaughter that prevailed in this region. The Hon. C. N. Merriam, who was present, also offered some remarks on the same subject and to the same effect, and was subsequently invited to put them on paper for publication in the *Auk*.

Dr. Merriam referred to the great change of nesting habits that has been adopted by this bird within the last half century. Formerly all nesting was done at great "rookeries," where many thousand built nests without attempting to conceal them. Now the bird was not known to nest excepting in isolated pairs, and this change the speaker believed would save the birds from extinction.

On the third day after the inevitable routine business, Dr. Geo. B. Grinnell, as chairman of the Audubon Monument Committee, was called on for a report. He made a verbal report of progress, asking that the committee be continued till certain proposed schemes for the prosecution of the matter should be developed.

Resolutions were then passed of thanks to the President and Board of the American Museum for courteously placing the rooms at the disposal of the A. O. U.; to Dr. Merriam for six years of unflagging service as secretary; and to the Linnæan Society of New York, for the handsome lunch provided each day by them for the union and its guests.

A motion to limit the amount to be expended on lunches in the future was lost. Mr. Ernest E. Thompson proposed that at the next annual meeting all members interested in photography as an adjunct of ornithology and in all kinds of illustration be invited to bring specimens to form an exhibition and assist in ventilating the whole subject of cheap accurate illustration. Mr. Brewster proposed to call in the aid of a stereopticon and on motion of Dr. Mearns the matter was referred to the Council.

The first paper of the day was by Mr. Leverett M. Loomis, "Observations on some of the Summer Birds of the Alpine Portions of Pickens County, South Carolina." He exhibited a number of birds supposed to be exclusively western which he had taken in Carolina; among them were willow thrush, russet thrush, Grinnell's water thrush, Brewer's blackbird and Leconte's sparrow.

The next two papers were read by Col. N. S. Goss, the genial representative of Kansas ornithology. In the first he denied the validity of the frosted variety of the poor-will (*Phalænoptilus nuttalli nitidus*), in the second he mentions the occurrence of *Anas maculosa* (of Sennett) in Kansas, but disputed its claims to rank as a species. In his proposed reduction of the former to the rank of a subspecies it is believed that the Council will uphold Col. Goss.

Mr. Jonathan Dwight next read on "Some Michigan Birds Observed near the Straits of Mackinaw During 1888," a most interesting paper, well read and well written, with characteristic outcropping of the humorous. Though the expedition described was productive of good results, it failed in one of its main objects, viz., the discovery of the passenger pigeon on its nesting grounds. "On the Western Form of the Warbling Viero," was the title of the next on the list, the author Dr. Mearns.

The meeting then retired to the adjoining room, where Prof. Ridgway was ready with a vast a array of skins of shore larks to demonstrate and explain the remarkable extent to which subspecies have been recognized in the group, and in every case he came off with flying colors and compelled the doubters and scoffers to admit that after all the recognition of these numerous forms must be something more than a merely arbitrary hair-splitting.

The rest of the day was spent in discussing shore larks, and as there were yet many papers ahead, a motion was put and unanimously carried to prolong the session for a fourth day.

On the fourth morning (Nov. 14) Mr. Ridgway in the chair; Dr. J. A. Allen presented by title a paper on the Maximilian types in the American Museum. Another on the extensive variation to which certain South American flycatchers of the genus *Elaenea* are subject. The extremes in the same species being divergent enough to warrant generic separation but for the fact that the intergradation is so complete.

He then remarked at some length on a recently published Waterhouse's "Index Generum Avium." He expressed his regret that the 12th instead of the 10th edition of Linné had been selected as the starting point; he also criticised certain insular methods and pointed out a number of errors, omissions and inconsistencies, but he characterized the work as a whole as one of the highest value to the student of taxonomy.

"Remarks on Dr. Blanchard's Report to the Congrès Internationale de Zoölogie, on a Code of Nomenclature Presented at the Paris Session, 1889," was the next subject by the same able speaker. This code he referred to as even more radical than that adopted by the A. O. U. The starting point for binominalism in ornithology was fixed at 1700 instead of 1758, as with Americans. The law of priority is to be as rigidly enforced as with us, but the terms are to be euphoniously latinized, and in this Dr. Allen opined that Americans would yet concur.

Mr. Frank M. Chapman presented a paper on the forms of Maryland yellowthroat, describing a new form (*ignota*) from Florida.

The next paper was by Dr. Allen, on "To what Extent is it Profitable to Recognize Geographical Variation among North American Birds." After reviewing the attitudes of American ornithologists toward taxonomy, during the last quarter of a century, and describing the "oscillations" between the two extremes of "lumping" and "splitting" in matters of geographical variation, he proceeded to outline the present state of affairs and to utter words of caution to the advocates of fine subdivision. He was of the opinion that little was to be gained by naming forms which were indistinguishable excepting by an expert with an enormous series of skins at hand. Much exercise of discretion and common sense, he believed, would be necessary in such matters to avoid bringing "our beneficent system of trinomials into contempt."

In the discussion which followed Messrs. Allen, Goss and Brewster took part. Mr. Brewster expressed his belief that differences patent to the lay following rather than those perceptible to the expert only, should be deemed worthy of recognition.

Dr. Allen then addressed the meeting on the status and distribution of "The Forms of the *Thryothorus ludovicianus* Group of Wrens," illustrating his remarks with numerous specimens.

Mr. Frank M. Chapman presented a note on *Cyanocitta stelleri littoralis*, recently described by Maynard, from Vancouver's Island. Mr. Chapman emphatically rejects the new race, claiming it to be a merely individual phase. In this he was supported by Mr. Brewster.

Mr. Chapman's next paper, on "Peculiarities of Coloration in the Woodpeckers of the Genus *Dryobates* from the Northwest Coast," was presented by title only.

Mr. Sennett exhibited a number of unusually interesting birds, among them a young robin with a hawklike bill; some motmots with the tail entire, others with the shaft stripped in the well-known racket-shaped form; a sora from Erie, Pa., which, while not a melano, was remarkably dark in its general color and obscure in its markings, and a rose-breasted grosbeak with the whole throat rosy to the bill.

"Notes on Some of the Birds of Orange County, Florida," by D. Mortimer, was presented by title only. Mr. Brewster read a note on "The Occurrence of the Little Brown Crane in Rhode Island," and another on "The Western Form of the Purple Martin." He stated that while no expert can distinguish the male of the Eastern and Western forms, no tyro need confound the females; he also described the males as booming after the manner of the nighthawk, a habit never noticed in the Eastern martin. His record of the Canada jay in Massachusetts called forth remarks from Messrs. Goss and Thompson.

Mr. Ernest E. Thompson referred to the habit of erratic migration of the species, and mentioned the sudden appearance of a great number of Canada jays which is said to have occurred at Toronto in 1837, when the species became as common in the streets as house sparrows now are; although both before and since it was unknown. Mr. Brewster, in response, spoke of another great migration of these birds along the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Late in the afternoon the meeting adjourned to meet again at Washington on the third Tuesday of November, 1890.

A TAMED RUFFED GROUSE.

BANGOR, Me., Nov. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I witnessed a strange, and to me an almost unprecedented sight this morning, viz.: a perfectly tame, full grown ruffed grouse. It is a fine large male bird. I at first, in passing the window on the street, thought it a skilled specimen of the taxidermist's art. I stopped, went into the store, and upon inquiring of the proprietor, learned its history. It was an acquisition of but a few days' possession. He found it in almost an expiring state from starvation, in an unoccupied house in the suburbs of our city. You know of the wild frenzied flight of these birds in autumn, frequently dashing themselves to death against houses or windows; several have been thus killed in our city this season. This one seems to have dashed through a window of a deserted house, and not being able to find its way out, was almost *in articulo mortis* when picked up. With much difficulty it was restored. A drop of water was inserted in its mouth, then a bit of grape pulp, and so little by little nourished, until the bird now feeds kindly and confidently from the hand. It is almost omnivorous in its tastes. Takes clover leaves, raw cabbage, grape, apple, parched corn, or what is known as "pop corn," corn, birch buds, bread, etc. Solitary, silent starvation, seems to have annihilated the wild unconquerable instinct.

The secret to a door seems here to have been opened to its possible domestication. Its kind-hearted possessor is already inquiring round among the boys for a partner and wife for his solitary pet. Some starving imprisoned bird may yet be found by the farmer boys, beneath the snow crust after some winter storm, and allow us to carry out this curious experiment to domesticate a hitherto deemed incorrigibly untameable bird. E. M. STILWELL.

PAWNEE HERO STORIES AND FOLK-TALES.*

THIS book is from a loving hand, and that being so, there is a deeper philosophy in it than any cold pedant could possibly give. Pedants, pseudo-philosophers, can fling names at you, long courses of facts which may ride you round and round in a circle without seeming ever to make you touch anything. They are not of much use. Give me the horse that is not fixed on a track like the wooden animal of the merry-go-round, but one with life, instinct, scent—that keen scent which scents the *real* in the air—his oats, if you please; that animal that has sense enough to go to his provender; the man who knows where the real food of humanity is, and who, when he says "Come here and feed," will give you something to eat worth your while.

"Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-Tales" is such a pasture. The real life of the Indian is touched here. Here you find, not the noble creature to pose as your specimen, not the ganglion of nerves to furnish a name to the worldwide nomenclature of science—something to label and put in a cabinet; but here you find—your brother. Separated some removes from you, owing to a different mode of life, different habitat, different luck some time or other. But he is religious, like you: his first care, like yours, is to get something to eat—to which end he may migrate, maraud, fight and get into lasting enmities and revenge; he gets along well enough with his lodge neighbor; he has, in the main, much grander and more dignified thoughts and conceptions than such as are likely to fall to a man who, for instance, is always poring over books of account, or always writing letters, or always trying to get rich by trading with people—the Indian's life gives him some advantages that way. He traverses the prairie—the prairie is boundless; he sees the stars at night; he is swift, on foot or horseback; he is cold with the wind, warm with the sun; his eye is on the river bottoms, the rolling bluffs, the beautiful horizon; he is hand in hand with nature. Often he is tense—when he hunts, when he rides beside the buffalo; he is abandoned, at times, to his full strength, his full energy, his full wits; so he *lives;* and, *living*, he gets that much nearer to God, nearer than we do who trot over our pavements day after day, enter our stores, and do and think all things in our own miniature, unlasting world erected by our own hand to the exclusion of nature.

In this book of Mr. Grinnell's we get near to the Indian as he *is* (no, let us say, in shame, as he *was*). We get near his heart, his soul. Mr. Grinnell has sympathy; not the mock sentimental thing that makes you drivel—though a drivel may not necessarily be out of place—but that broader sympathy that puts him, and you, if you have it, on a plane with the Indian, because it reduces you all to your lowest terms, or, rather, one may say, your highest terms; it reduces you to your simplest terms, that is, to your highest terms; you on the earth, on the prairie, wherever you are; *Tirawa*, God, in heaven, *i. e.*, outside of you; there are the three things, the earth, the maker of the earth, and you on the earth; therefore, you can walk with the Indian, as you can, perhaps better than you can in many cases with the white man. That is the atmosphere you get from Mr. Grinnell's book. It is wholesome. You can sniff it in by the handfuls, and it is just as bracing to you as that exhilarating, actual air of the Plains is, where the Pawnees ranged and hunted and fought and felt.

This is not taking up your time with philosophizing; it is only giving you the quality of the air that sweeps through the "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-Tales." You can not give it by simply telling what words are in the book, what its Table of Contents is. You cannot give it, either, by saying merely some other things, which, however, must be said. For instance, it is a rare thing that a translator, an interpreter, can so sink his own individuality and ways of thought as to let a person speak through him as through a tube. Yet, in half of this book, which gives narratives by one Pawnee and another in their own words, the writer of this book, who brings these tales before us, has absolutely effaced himself. No matter how hard you try, that is hard to do. Here, the Indian speaks to us; we are in his lodge; our elbow is near his; the pipe is before us; we hear him speak. Here again sympathy is at work.

Perhaps Mr. Grinnell could not have made a fitter or greater present to the Indians for telling him these tales, than he has made, by thus just letting these stories stand as they came to him. For, it is certainly a wonderful thing, in what an artistic way those stories are told. Let any one reading the "Hero Stories," stop and think as he reads; let him observe how well-rounded those stories are, and yet how not a superfluous word is used; let him observe the exquisite proportion of the story, the fine balance between description and action, between the treatment of the subjective and the objective, between the thoughts in the man's mind and the mention of his motives on the one hand, and on the other hand the working out of those motives in the action—or rather, the action as being accounted for by those motives. Any one who has attempted to write a story will be well aware of this besetting difficulty, this art of putting the mind of man and his action both properly before you, so as to represent humanity as it is and make it all seem real. It would be hard to find more artistic stories than these natural ones of the Pawnees are.

Mr. Grinnell mentions their great gesticulatory vocabulary, their acting. It all leads one to think, to wonder, whether there has not been a greater mind in the Indian than most of us have given him credit for. Because he has what we call savage ways, that is to say, natural ways, we have despised him. He has seemed simple. Because he can not do calculus, we think him mindless. But what is the mark, really, of greatness of mind? a knowledge of calculus, being used to mathematics? or that simplicity that bares the human breast to *final*

* Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-Tales. With Notes on the Origin, Customs and Character of the Pawnee People. By George Bird Grinnell. Cloth, 417 pages. Illustrated. Price, $2.00. New York: Forest and Stream Publishing Company, No. 318 Broadway.

things, to time, to space, sky and earth, to the last of human motives—the last in the crucible when all others are evaporated—the desire of life and companionship? The author is just, and a very good advocate, too, to put the Indian thus in the box and let him tell his own story for himself. We listen intently, almost reverently, to this strange voice, to this mind that seems great; we think of the speaker after he has stepped down and gone.

There are other points in the book that cannot be adverted to here—the more detailed matters of composing and executing it—the thrilling, engrossing character of the hunting and warpath stories when the author tells them himself; his simple, excellent English that puts you side by side with the man he is telling you about; his modesty, too, in declining some of the honor that would naturally come to him and shifting it off on to the shoulders of Mr. J. B. Dunbar, who seems to be a brother spirit with the author; and, last of all, the affection seen in every spot where he speaks of Major Frank North, and his brother, Captain Luther H. North, the famous scouts, and seen, perhaps most touchingly, where he dedicates this book, not to Major Frank North, *Pa'-ni Le shar*, but to His Memory.

Mr. Grinnell is not an enthusiast, nor a sentimentalist, over the Indians. There are bad Indians, he says, as well as good. From his nearly twenty years' acquaintance with the Pawnees, hunting with them and living with them, having their esteem, he has been enabled to get a good knowledge of them. Lo! he has found them human; he tells us so, and tells it fascinatingly. It is hard to say whether the book will be found more valuable for its entertainment or its truth; it is very unusual to find one and the same document embodying so much of both; and, most of all, so deep a philosophy and love.

JOHN ELLIOTT CURRAN.

"CAPTIVE GIRAFFES."—The types say that no female giraffes were added to the collection in the London Zoo from '36 to '67. They should read two females were purchased. The original four consisted of three males and one female, and it would have been hard lines for the single one to have produced seventeen youngsters; particularly as the period of gestation is sixteen months.—F. J. T.

Game Bag and Gun.

TRAPPERS OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

A COLD, sweeping, searching east wind lifted the tide of the Rappahannock higher and higher against its banks, which rise from the form of marsh and shallow sandbar to that of the precipitous cliff. Great masses of light but incessant rain pursue each other across the fields, and penetrate the skin of the dejected cattle, until they shiver disconsolately in the fence corners. It is the first approach of winter, and the contrast with the lovely October weather of yesterday is sharp and striking. Recent frosts have killed the densely matted crab grass which covers the cornfields, and in fertile bottoms the ragged forms of the lifeless prince's feathers bow and toss their mangled plumes, like war-stained veterans at the close of a long campaign. All the color has been obliterated for some weeks, and now the bright crimson of their heads and stems is changed to the dull and lifeless hue of dingy brown. Beneath their shelter the little brown-coated sparrow and ortolan, sleek and fat with the prosperity of the fall seed harvest, rustle among the mats of crab grass and scarcely rise in their low, brief flittings, even at the approach of the passer-by. High in the air long bands of wild geese hold their carefully selected course among the clouds, and prepare for their descent upon the rushing waves of the river, which the winds have capped with crests of foam.

Just on the bank of the river rises a peculiar structure. It is the home of the trapper for the furring season. Built like a wigwam in shape, it is formed by poles placed on the ground in a circle, and converging to a point at the top, which is left open to permit the passage of the smoke arising from the fire, when lighted in the center of the floor. The hut is covered first with rude and coarse grass, and then coated over with earth and mud to exclude the wintry winds, which are very penetrating on the bleak marshes. Between the fire in the middle of the floor and the shelving sides of the hut are placed the rude articles of furniture, usually consisting of a wooden chest, in which can be locked the very limited supply of cooking utensils when the householders are engaged with the traps, and the large sacks, which, when filled with straw, serve for beds.

Rarely does the number of trappers exceed three, and sometimes only one pursues this laborious occupation alone. If the marshes, which are rented for the trapping season, from November until April or May, are very large, the trappers use hundreds of steel traps, varying in size from the small muskrat single-spring trap to the heavy otter trap. These traps are placed in the "leads," which are water pathways intersecting each other, and extending over the whole surface of the marsh at intervals. Some of the larger animals are trapped by a group of traps, so placed as to catch more than one of the animal's feet. These traps require very close attention, as they must be frequently moved to new situations, and many of the trapper's victims make their escape by gnawing off their own feet if left more than twelve hours in the traps. The method of killing the animals is by a blow upon the head with a short club, which the trapper takes in his hand. The muskrat is the commonest animal found by the trappers, and his skin sometimes sells for 30 cents, but usually 12 to 15 cents is the amount of its value.

The mink furnishes fur in two colors, red and black, and these skins are worth about 40 cents. The raccoon has very handsome gray fur, and its ringed tail is a special ornament, as it is always left attached to the skin. Its value is about 75 cents. Frequently the red and gray foxes are trapped upon the marshes; but by far the rarest and most beautiful of the fur-bearing animals is the sleek and silky-coated otter. Its skin is worth from $6 to $10, and the capture of this powerful animal often requires more than one large trap. It is an interesting spectacle to see a family of otters playing on the ice when the river is frozen over. They are expert fishers and capture their prey through openings in the ice. Otter hunting with dogs, which is so much enjoyed in Europe, is never practiced upon the Rappahannock, and the trapper is the only human enemy which this wary denizen of the marsh has to fear. Upon the light soils bordering the river the persimmon abounds, and both the raccoon and the opossum are very fond of its fruit. One hunter, in a single month of autumn, captured over fifty opossums and quite a number of raccoons by following these animals to their nocturnal feeding grounds.

Through the marshes run many creeks and estuaries of the river, and as these are usually very circuitous in their courses, and bordered by a dense growth of tall grasses, they afford most excellent opportunities for the duck hunter. The elbows and bends of the creeks are rather wider than the very narrow courses of the streams, and it is in these wider spots that the ducks come to feed. Seated in a small skiff, the hunter silently propels his tiny craft through the shallow water; where a sudden bend in the creek reveals his presence to the ducks, when too late for them to escape his gun. But so excessively shy and vigilant are the birds, that it is necessary to select a peculiar state of the atmosphere and a particular direction of the wind to secure the successful approach of the hunter. Late in the winter flocks of swans appear on the Rappahannock. Their flight is often during the night, and the elevation of their course is almost beyond the range of vision. They are recognized by their peculiar note, which descends from the moon-lit clouds with a weird and almost supernatural effect. They alight on the waters of the river, but too far off to be reached by an ordinary shotgun. It is a very interesting sport to shoot these birds with some of the improved rifles of long range, as it is a most difficult and rare achievement.

Hawks in great variety abound on these riverlands, and a trapper once found a wild duck caught in one of his muskrat steel traps, and a hawk in another, just a few feet distant from the duck. Evidently the hawk had attacked the duck and been caught in a trap himself, although neither trap had been set with any view to catching either duck or hawk. The wild geese are sometimes caught in the steel traps, which are placed in the wheat fields, where they feed upon the young wheat, but it is believed that they rarely ever revisit the field where this result has been accomplished. During the winter vast armies of blackbirds move over miles of the river country, and sometimes they literally darken the sky as they pass over, startling the air with the rushing sound of their countless wings. Frequently the bluewing hawks hang upon the flanks of these sable hosts and cause great devastation in their ranks.

P. S. HUNTER.

THE GUN TESTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your contributor "Nick" has thrown a flood of light on the gun tests. From his figures I draw some conclusions as to gauge. The 10-bores beat the 12s every way; for instance, at 40yds. the average for the fifteen 12-gauge pattern is 52.5; at the same distance the 10-bores average 54.6. At 60yds. the average for the 12 is 22.2, the 10-bore scores 26.0. In penetration the 10 is still ahead at all distances, and both barrels. At 40yds. the 12-bores, right barrel, for 14 guns, average 14 sheets, left barrels average 14. At 60yds. the right barrel 12s average 7, the left 6. Now, the 10-bores at 40yds., right 21, left 23; at 60, right 13, left 14. This is the average for 14 guns, leaving the Winchesters out. Like "Nick," I am surprised that the firms mentioned are not represented. These tests are very valuable to all classes of shooters, and tell a true tale of what guns will do when fairly tested. They prove the superiority of the 10 over the 12, and I think the good work should go on until the whole line of guns are tested, and then comes the loading in endless variety. I am anxious to see the Ithaca put through the test.

D.

IRONTON, Ohio, Nov. 5.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent "Nick" has placed under obligations those who are interested in the reports of your trials of guns at target. His table of patterns, percentages and other details brings the otherwise somewhat-hard-to-grasp mass of statistics into manageable form and compass.

Referring to his comments accompanying the compiled table, I am unable to draw the same conclusions. His first is that "it pays to put plenty of charge in a gun." If he means powder, the proposition is not sustained by the performance of the first gun on the list, the Remington 16-gauge, which, with only 2¼drs. and 1oz. shot (according to the generally accepted theories one would say, too much shot for the powder charge), gives a penetration equal to any on the record and pattern among the best. Compare Remington 16-gauge, 2¼drs., 1oz., pattern 60 per cent., penetration 22 and 16, with Parker 12-gauge, 3¼drs., 1¼oz., pattern 67 per cent., penetration 14 and 16. The same Parker 12-gauge in the first trial, with powder and shot in the proportion of 1 to 5¼, gives better penetration than the above, where the powder charge is greater relatively—viz., 1 to 5¼.

As to whether it pays to buy a cheap gun depends on what is meant by cheap. The $80 Parker is a cheap gun compared with the $350 Greener, and its target compares favorably with that of the latter. There are now some very well built guns in the market at $25 and thereabout, which shoot well in the field, and it would not be surprising if some of them would show well at the target in competition with the most costly guns.

"Nick" says in regard to hard hitting, "It is hard to see what advantage a heavy 10-gauge gun has over a 12 or even a 16," and the targets show that it has none. In pattern the larger gauges should, and do, show an advantage, because the charge is larger, and the guns shooting equally well, the larger gauge gets more on the target.

I think these points are about the only ones on which the targets throw any light, viz., the advantages, if any, of large over small gauges, and the best relative proportions of powder and shot, and if my deductions are correct the answer to the first is, there is none in penetration and some in pattern. The second question I think the most important of all, and the showing in the trials is so contrary (as to penetration) to the generally received opinion that I think it should not be accepted as conclusive until confirmed by further experiment.

Now let us assume the purpose of the trials to be to ascertain first the best weight, length and proportions for guns of each gauge. Suppose we take a 12 like the Parker, already used as representing an excellent weapon of that size. Try it against others of greater and less weight and the same quality. Do the same with the other gauges, using of course the same charges for all of similar calibers. Take the gun that gives the best results, and with it try carefully various combinations of powder, wads, shot and modes of securing the charge, including the use of the brass star wad, which ought to be very good, although it has not been much used so far as I know.

This matter of fastening the shot wad is another very important one and worthy of patient experiment. In these days of machine made guns, it is fair to suppose that the load that does the best work in one good gun will do well in all; and as ammunition will be bought fixed hereafter, it is of the utmost consequence that the loading be as nearly perfect as possible. It is claimed that the combinations adopted by the various ammunition makers are correct and approved by experts, and perhaps they are all right; but a series of experiments under your system would be very satisfactory in corroborating this or otherwise. The same operation would, of course, be needed for each gauge and for each size of shot.

To recapitulate, ascertain the best weight, length, etc., for each gauge of gun; the best proportion of powder to shot with each size of shot; the mode of wadding on powder and the best way of securing wad over shot. This would give definite aim and purpose to the trials and the result would shed light on the most important questions involved in the use of the gun. Instead of this we have so far a miscellaneous collection of statistics showing how Mr. Brown's 10-gauge performs with one load, Mr. Jones's 12 with a second and Mr. Robinson's 16 with a third, all interesting but hardly furnishing data from which to draw conclusions of practical use to Smith when he wants to buy a gun or load or order cartridges. Pardon my presumption in offering these suggestions.

T.

AIMING AHEAD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

When a flying object is to be hit, a baseball club and a gun are one and the same thing. And it no more becomes a good marksman to take sight along his gun before shooting at a bird than it would a ball player to take sight along his bat before striking at a curving incomer of a ball.

The article by "W." in your last week's issue, on the subject of aiming ahead, is very instructive from a mathematical standpoint, and very interesting to those of us who profess to be wing-shots: but are you aware, Mr. Editor, that hundreds of anxious embryo wing-shots are poring over that article and thinking how nicely they will apply the principles when next they go into the field? My advice to any one who really wants to shoot birds upon the wing, is to defer the mathematics of the thing until after the art has been acquired. He who would become a wing-shot must look at the bird and not at the gun, just as he looks at the ball instead of looking at the bat; and then in the field he will soon learn to bat the birds with the shot. If you ask him how far ahead he aimed when a fine cross shot was made he will be unable to tell you. The estimation and relative placing of all of the factors in the problem, *i. e.*, the distance, the speed of the bird, the speed of the shot, the angles and curves of flight, will all be done intuitively. There are a certain number of men who learn to shoot accurately by taking sight along the gun, but if one of these men is placed in a thicket where ruffed grouse are abundant, the grouse will all come out, and so will the gunner, and all will be in good condition after they are out. That at least is the rule, as far as my observation goes. Brush shooting includes a factor that cannot be managed by the accurate "sighter," and that is the point of suppressing the image of the trees on the retina of the eye, when grouse is dashing through the branches. It is only the man who looks at the bird and not at the gun who can kill ruffed grouse well in thick brush, and the comical accident of firing the whole charge of shot into the trunk of a large tree while watching the bird and suppressing the images of all other surrounding objects often occurs to him. That reminds me that the gunner often has a practical demonstration of the fact that it takes an appreciable amount of time to think. When a bird is flying away from A. and B., the bird is killed stone dead by A. B. knows that the bird is dead, but he was so nearly ready to shoot that his brain does not have time to send word to the muscles to stop, and so they continue action and B. shoots at the bird which he knows to be already dead.

In conclusion let me again warn beginners against aiming ahead according to the mathematical lesson given by "W." in the last number of FOREST AND STREAM. If they do not learn to use the gun as they do the baseball bat, their ambition to become wing-shots in the brush will lead to disappointment.

I do not remember ever to have put my head anywhere near the gun when wing-shooting, but I have frequently killed more than half a dozen ruffed grouse in succession in thick brush. Perhaps I have as frequently missed half a dozen in succession, but that isn't such a pleasant thing to remember, and I'll be blessed if I'm going to try to think of anything of that sort.

ROBT. T. MORRIS.

NEW YORK.

THE QUESTION OF BORES.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Being a reader and admirer of the FOREST AND STREAM, I take the liberty to ask a question of your readers, which, if answered, will settle a question which I have been trying to solve by experiments and observation for some years. Which do you consider the best "all-around" gun, a 10 or 12-gauge of equal grade? What I mean by "all-around" gun, is one for general shooting, such as grouse, quail, woodcock, wild duck, etc. I have owned several of each, and never have been able to note the difference. Of course, by using a 12-gauge we can use a lighter gun. A reply will be thankfully received.—W. S. K.

VIRGINIA "PARTRIDGES" AND "QUAIL."—A gentleman who returned Oct. 16 from Virginia, reports that quail are very abundant in the hills around Charlottesville, the county seat of Albemarle county. In that locality he says young quail are called "partridges" and old ones are always quail. Probably the old "quail" may really be ruffed grouse.

THE CONNECTICUT SNARERS.—Fredrick Chase, a Housatonic station agent, at Kent (Litchfield county), was arrested last week charged with selling ten ruffed grouse that had been snared. Chase will have his trial Nov. 25 before Justice of the Peace Perry Hefcut of Kent.—G.

THE CHESTER FOX HUNT.

THE second annual hunt of the Western Massachusetts Fox Club was held at Chester, among the Berkshire Hills, Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 13 and 14. The events of the two days are thus reported by a special correspondent of the Springfield *Republican:*

About 75 hunters had assembled at the Chester House with 20 dogs at 5:30 Wednesday morning, and at 6 they started in four squads for the hills, James D. Smith, formerly of Chester, but now of Athol, acting as captain of the squad that went to Abbott Mountain, George Roraback of the squad to Gobble Mountain, Charles C. Clark, Cemetery Hill and E. A. Perkins to the Spelman farm. These squads again divided when they arrived at the hunting grounds, and were stationed by the captain so as to cover as many foxes as possible. About 6:30 the voices of the hounds rang out clear on the Eager lot near Mt. Gobble, and in a short time it was plain to be seen that a fox had been started from his hiding place and was encircling Gobble Mountain. Many hunters who had stayed in the village, not intending to join the hunt in the morning, then took their guns and started for the mountain. The fox passed around the west side of Gobble and over Rock Ridge before any of the hunters got there, and took down the Austin Brook run, where Dr. Burton of Pittsfield and Charles Clark were stationed. Dr. Burton fired both barrels at him, badly wounding the animal, which turned and ran toward Clark, who laid him out. So the honor of killing the first fox goes to Dr. Burton and Charles Clark. The squad that went to Cemetery Hill was not much behind, and succeeded in starting a fox on Cemetery Hill which passed over Capt. Parker's Hill and back across the Parson's run, where he was brought down by R. E. Brace of Lee. The squad that went to the Spelman farm succeeded in starting a fox which led them off the route near Becket Center, when L. Bill of Worcester was the lucky man to bring him down.

Smith's squad that went to Abbott Mountain had poor luck to begin with. They succeeded in starting three foxes soon after arriving there, but the animals kept the mountain, one going to North Chester and the other two to Middlefield, where they stayed the rest of the day. The one that went to North Chester started back in about four hours, and when he came around the point of Abbott Mountain, Alfred Wright, of Chesterfield, succeeded in bringing him down. By 10 o'clock it was raining so hard that most of the hunters returned.

The first of the invited guests to arrive was Benjamin Coit, of Holyoke, who was on hand Tuesday. Mr. Coit is the veteran fox hunter of Huntington Hill, and in his younger days was well acquainted with the Chester ground. He is 86 years old and is obliged to use crutches on account of lameness, yet the temptation was so great he says he was bound to go and hear the horn blow if nothing else. The Springfield party were together largely through the forenoon. The fog was so dense as early as 7 o'clock that the foxes had an easy time of it. About 11 o'clock the rain began to fall, driving in by 1 o'clock all but the bravest. Capt. Smith's party had three lively dogs. They were Major, owned by Capt. Smith, W. A. Gibson's Mike and John R. Thayer's Fleet. They went north to Abbott's Hill, Major striking the first scent. Although Major's fox was finally brought down, it is sad to relate that no Springfield man could claim his pelt. However, one of the party is said to have lost the chance of a life-time, and that man's name, they say, is Woodward. Having climbed one of Chester's loftiest peaks, the pause for breath lent to his ears the sound of dogs pursuing a fox near by. He took his position in an impregnable corner of a stone wall and called to his companion to retire to the next corner, saying that he would show him how to shoot a fox. The friend retired and waited. Half an hour passed quietly and not unpleasantly. Suddenly the companion saw the fox, his great, warm tail on a line with his sharp nose, coming straight for Woodward. Each moment he expected to hear the crack of Woodward's gun and see—a dead fox. But the animal unscathed passed the hunter in the corner. Investigation showed Brother Woodward to be fast asleep. And so he cannot be classed with the immortal four who brought in their trophies. If the rain continue to-morrow the run will be indefinitely postponed, and the indications are so unpleasant that hardly seventy-five will stay over to-night.

The social event of the meet was the dinner at the rink this evening. That structure was turned into a hustling lodge as well as a headquarters for all the guests. The walls were covered with branches of cedar and pine boughs and adorned with oriental lanterns and national colors. In the rink were four tables 100 feet long and accommodating about 250 men, many coming from Westfield and other towns on the 7 P. M. train. The old board of officers, including the executive committee, was unanimously re-elected, a vote of thanks was tendered the management, and then began the after-dinner speaking. The orators were E. H. Lathrop of your city, Messrs. Knowles, Thayer and Kinney of Worcester, Charles E. Hibbard of Pittsfield and Ledyard Bill of Worcester. Mr Kenney invited all to attend the hunt at Worcester, Wednesday, under the auspices of the Worcester Fur Company. A characteristic letter was read from that well-known hunter and trapper, George M. Stearns of Chicopee. Three cheers were given and then "good night."

About seventy-five out-of-town hunters left Chester for home on the midnight trains Wednesday evening, as the weather was so threatening it did not warrant them in staying over to renew the hunt yesterday. The morning's trains took away about forty more, leaving some thirty or forty to try their luck at reynard again. Three squads started out in the morning, one going to Abbott Mountain, one to Chapman's Four Corners and one to Stebbins' Hill. The squad that went to Abbott Mountain started a fox in the swamp on the north side of the mountain, Foster Beach's dog Billie, Henry Carter's dog Sam and Willis Hunt's dog Cuff striking reynard's track about the same time. They drove him through the swamp into Johnson's sugar orchard, where Foster Beach, of Worthington, fired both barrels at him, but did not succeed in stopping him. He turned to the left and passed north around Johnson Hill and back, when Beach fired two more barrels at him, turning him to the right in the direction of Abbott Mountain. Beach then started for the Ingell Run, and found Alfred Wright, of Chesterfield, and Henry Carter, Willis Hunt and Orain Beach, of Chester, there before him. Reynard soon came in sight, and all the hunters except one got one or more shots at him, but could not bring him down. Mr. Beach, who is one of Chester's veteran fox hunters, did not get a shot, but he started for the Strong lot, thinking the fox might cross there. He had barely got there when reynard mounted the wall in front of him. Beach quickly gave him a charge in the face, which brought him down. The other two squads did not have any luck. The Stebbins' Hill squad started a fox, and Homer Smith fired one shot, which hit, but did not cripple him. He then disappeared. The squad that went to Chapman's Four Corners started several foxes, but everything was so wet that the dogs could not follow their track, and the hunters finally gave it up and returned to Chester, taking the noon train for home. About twenty-five remained for the evening train. This ended the second annual fox hunt of the Western Massachusetts Fox Club, which, on account of the weather, has not proved as much of a success as was anticipated, yet appears to have been satisfactory to all.

WORCESTER, Mass., Nov. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Worcester party went to the annual hunt of the Western Massachusetts Fox Club at Chester, with an even dozen of the finest foxhounds Worcester hunters own. The Berkshire men were not slow to accord them all a hearty hunters' welcome and paid many a glowing tribute to the fine appearance of our dogs. Well, we have got some good ones. I waited for a late train Tuesday night for a friend. I found two of them, and after getting their badges, etc., we were tendered a banquet by Mr. Harwood, of the Hampden Emery Co. Harwood! if the foxhunters were all like you, I don't know but I would quit bird hunting and join them just for the association. He is one of the salt of the earth, verily.

The hunter's horn sounded 5 A. M., and on looking out of our windows we imagined Linfield and Harry Smith must be up there coon hunting, as the whole place was lighted up in a halo of red fire. Our party were driven about four miles west under the leadership of Mr. Perkins, of Springfield; and letting loose the hounds we soon had three foxes started. The fog was so dense that we were unable to get the lay of the land, and were unable to locate the runways. Mr. Ledyard Bill was fortunate enough to intersect one of them, which he killed with the second barrel ahead of Webster Thayer's hound Tige, and slipping in a third shell he tumbled over a stone wall in his haste to get at the game, dislocating his gun, luckily without injury to himself. The other hounds were driving over beyond Cherry Hill and finally went out of hearing to the west, only one man getting a shot. By noon it commenced to rain and we started back. The chase, though short, had been a hot one, and a knowledge of the country would probably have enabled our party to get several chances to secure another brush. The afternoon quickly passed in giving and listening to reports of the different kills, and the banquet found a a large party ready to enjoy the most excellent dinner provided by the club.

The grand total was four foxes, and here comes the peculiar part of it. Ledyard Bill killed one sure, for we saw him when he was scarcely cold. Mr. Brace, of Lee, killed one, as witnesses testified. Another party reported by telephone that they had one, and as they were reliable parties no doubt was expressed but that they had. Dr. Burton, of Pittsfield, killed one, for "Lisha" says he saw the smoke from the Doctor's gun when he fired and saw the fox fall. So did Mr. Clark. Mr. Clark, of Chester, killed one, for Dr. Burton stood right there and saw him do it, and he is an honorable man. Mr. Knowles also witnessed it. Now the fox reported killed by telephone was, of course, not produced, so setting him aside there should have been four pelts, Mr. Bill's, Mr. Brace's, Dr. Burton's and Mr. Clark's, but strange to say only three were shown, and stranger, only three foxes were claimed to have been killed beside the one reported by telephone. Hence we ask, where is that other fox?

Oh! Berkshire, land of fogs and foxes galore. You entertained us royally; and feasted and toasted us like princes. Your hospitality was unbounded. Our respect for your people and your country is truly great. Our mountains are to your hills as toadstools. And our yarn spinners! We simply raise our hats to you. We are as nothing.

The Worcester party returned home during Thursday, all pleased with the trip. The weather was poor, but every one had a good time, and all the hounds but one were secured and brought back, which was better luck than could have been expected. Many pleasing acquaintances were formed which we hope to renew. We are satisfied with our showing. Worcester furnished at least half of the total number of hounds in the hunt. Mr. Bill, Mr. Clark, and Dr. Burton killed their foxes ahead of Worcester dogs, and Mr. Bill was himself one of us.

HAL.

WILD TURKEYS IN NEW ENGLAND.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Nov. 14 I notice the communication of Mr. C. H. Ames referring to wild turkeys in New England. Thirty years ago wild turkeys were frequently reported to have been seen on Mount Tom, Mass. An old acquaintance of mine was, early one morning, driving along the road between Mount Tom and Mount Holyoke, when he heard the sharp *quit, quit, quit,* of a turkey high up the side of Mount Tom. Looking up he say a large wild turkey flying out from the treetops of Mount Tom. The length of its beard showed it to be an old gobbler. He flew high over the road and disappeared in the forests of Mount Holyoke.

Soon after the first battle of Fredericksburg, which must have been twenty-six years ago, I came up from our regiment in front of that place, for a brief visit to friends at Easthampton, at the foot of the western slope of Mount Tom. The day I was there a party from Easthampton went on to Mount Tom hunting for gray squirrels, and upon their return reported having flushed a large wild turkey, which flew away toward Mount Holyoke. This was the last occasion of a wild turkey having been seen that has come to my personal notice, but I should presume that parties living in the vicinity would be able to reliably locate them there at a later date.

There are numerous places in western Massachusetts where this finest feathered game of America once existed in large flocks, and if properly protected by law would still be found in reasonable numbers. They are still quite abundant in parts of Michigan and in West Virginia, and if Massachusetts and other New England States would pass laws preventing their being killed at all times except during the month of November, it would pay the game societies of those States to get live stock from Michigan or West Virginia and place in the northeast forests. None should be killed for the first three or five years, in which case, owing to their extreme shyness, it would be almost impossible to exterminate them during the open season of November alone. As they are readily trapped, all trapping should be prohibited.

Fifty years ago they were abundant in the large forests of southern New Jersey, as I have been informed by old residents there, but they were exterminated by trapping for the New York and Philadelphia markets. While residing in South Jersey, I tried repeatedly to induce the West Jersey Game Society to get some wild turkeys and place in the forests there, but no attention was paid to the request. Supposing the Society would do something, I asked the New Jersey Legislature to pass an act for the protection of the birds, which they promptly did. Finally, as the game society would take no steps toward procuring a stock of wild turkeys for the still immense forests of South Jersey, I decided to do so on my own account, although disabled physically so as to prevent hunting them myself. I advertised in Michigan and other newspapers, and soon found where over twenty fine wild turkeys could be had at reasonable prices, and more at unreasonable rates. About that time I decided to return to Ohio, and turned the turkey enterprise over to Mr. Lorillard, for his preserve on the Erie Railroad.

I never notice any reports of wild turkeys in the Adirondack region, but there is no valid reason why there should not be thousands of them there.

MILTON P. PEIRCE.

COLUMBUS, Ohio.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

I WAS sitting in the office, solving the question of game protection, with my feet on the table, when in came Mr. Fred Donald, wearing that peculiarly innocent smile which has always carried him to success in railroad work and poker. Mr. Donald, I need not repeat, is the general passenger agent of the Chicago and Atlantic Railway, president of the Gun Club of Chicago and president of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. He is a dead shot on a sliding tariff or a clay bird. I can say just what I please about him, for he is out of town now, anyhow.

"FOREST AND STREAM is interested in game protection, is it not?" said Mr. Donald.

"It are," I replied, with gravity.

"That's what I thought. Well, Charley Burton and Hank Smith and I thought may be you would like to run down into Indiana, a hundred miles or so over the road, and protect a few quail from the hard winter that is coming on. We'll go down in the car, you know, and there's a boy to cook for us, and we can live in the car. We have a couple of dogs, and I know there are quail where we are going. Besides, the last time we were down we killed three coons and cut a bee tree. The scenic attractions along the C. & A. ——"

"Don't say another word! This outfit knows a good thing when he sees it. 'Bout when do you want to start?" By this time I had gun, valise and shell box together, and was on the point of calling a cab. Delays are never desirable on such occasions.

We started that evening on the big C. & A. Eastern through train, of which we formed the last coach. "The car," to which Mr. Donald so modestly referred, proved to be the official car Fredonia, and I think it was built to order for this occasion. Provided with smoking-room, dining-room, sleeping apartments and kitchen, it came near being as pleasant a hunting-camp as anybody ever saw, and the fellow who would find fault with it would kick about the door-plate on his own coffin. And there was Scott, the colored cook, the most important personage on hand, after the dogs; and there was Dick Turtle's pointer, Lee, confiscated for this trip; and there was Frank Arrowsmith, the conductor who pulled us out—a great many in the East will remember him as a frequent winner in the fly-casting tournaments and a trout fisher from 'way back—and who seemed to drift from the front end of the train to the rear car after every station. Charley Burton I suppose everybody in this neck o' woods knows. He is a city passenger and ticket agent of the Kankakee line, and can tell a fish story with a tranquil eye. And everybody on Clarke street, at least, knows Hank Smith, just as everybody on the boulevards knows his brother, Ed Smith. He doesn't deal in dry goods, you know. Not long ago he was fishing, up in Wisconsin, and ran across a blanketed Indian to whom he offered a drink of Apollinaris out of his flask. The Indian remarked that this was "haep good." "Yes," said Mr. Smith," that's my special summer brand, copper-distilled, made before the war. Say—" And when the boys found him he had the Indian up a tree, and had nearly sold him six cases of the Tennessee brand. Mr. Smith now denies this story, but it is true, and is only one more instance of the commercial activity which has made this city what it is.

We made our run of nearly one hundred and fifty miles before midnight, and in the morning awoke to find the good ship Fredonia anchored on a side track in a little town whose only feature seemed a short and low-browed sawmill with a falsetto voice. Scott, arrayed in faultless linen and a gleaming smile, served us a breakfast which faded away even as the stars of the morning faded, and then we went out and found Mack Middleton, the young resident who had in charge Mr. Donald's setter Smike, who made the other dog in our battery. A few minutes later we started afield, numbering five guns with Mr. Middleton. The latter's father started out with us, but didn't count, for he shot a muzzleloader and unfortunately lost his shot pouch early in the day.

We found a bevy of quail within 500yds. of the car, and after that we found quail wherever we went; so many, indeed, that none of the party remembered ever to have seen a like number on the same amount of territory. The country seemed alive with them. A great many of the birds were not more than two-thirds grown, and as this was about the 20th of October, they were doubtless second-brood birds. It would be impossible to say how many birds we struck in all, for the birds were packed in large numbers. In one little swamp, which could not have covered over five or six acres, we put up at least 400 birds, and we could hardly drive them away from the place at all. And yet, although the thicket was

full of flying quail, the cover was so dense and difficult that we made but a very poor showing. The season was very dry, and the frost had not yet cut down the vegetation; therefore, though the dogs did their best, they rendered comparatively little assistance either by pointing or retrieving. We lost dozens of birds that fell in the tangled thickets, and, indeed, spent more time looking for dead birds than in hunting for live ones.

We had any amount of shooting, mostly snap-shooting in the hardest kind of cover. Shooting in all about two half days, we killed considerably over 100 birds, yet the number actually bagged averaged only about a dozen and a half to each gun. Mr. Donald's dog Smike, a promising young English setter, was sick and unfit to work, and the pointer Lee seemed actuated by some subtle sympathy with him, and also lagged close at heel. It was a case of every man his own retriever, and many was the jest or deep-mouthed exclamation which followed on this work. I never was on a hunt where so many birds were lost. Still, we had all the fun that anybody ever did have, and two pleasanter days must indeed have been rare ones for any shooter. We did not need to walk very far, but strolled and chatted leisurely through the tinted autumn woods, the sere and yellow corn or the many-handed thicket. It was a pleasant time, and one to make a shooter regret that such days of upland shooting are so rare.

I said we did not walk far. I wonder if any shooter has an idea how far he does walk in a day? Mr. Donald had a pocket pedometer with him, and at the end of the first day this machine showed that we had traveled seventeen miles and a half, though we had at no time been over four miles from the car. When Mr. Donald saw the record, he gasped, and declared he couldn't go on any coon hunt or bee-tree expedition that night. The rest of us, who didn't have any record, concluded to go out, Mack Middleton having produced in open court his celebrated coon dog, which being critically examined under the bench show standard for coon dogs, was given a vhc. on the spot. Scott, the colored cook, had never been on a coon hunt, and so we took him along. He carried the ax. Mr. Smith carried his gun. Mr. Middleton carried the lantern and Mr. Burton carried the pedometer, representing the scientific corps of the coon hunt, and resolved to establish reliable data bearing upon such expeditions.

The dog in hand was not an old dog, but he had that old look which all true coon dogs have, and proved himself possessed of a ripe experience in his specialty. He climbed up on stumps, sniffed about the trees, and even ran along the top of the rail fences for rods at a time —a thing none of us had ever seen any other coon dog do to a similar extent. He was, so to speak, a dandy, and the only trouble about him was that he gave the pedometer a hot box long before midnight. We treed in all three coons; one up a hollow tree, where we couldn't get him out, one in a big tree where we couldn't "shine his eyes," and one in a small tree where we did shine his eyes with the lantern and knock him out with the shot-gun, much to the delight of Scott and the dog, who both at once fell upon him.

This "shining" of a coon is something which takes considerable experience and skill. Mr. Middleton was an adept at it. He tells us that an old coon which has been hunted will shut its eyes, or only peep out of a corner of one eye at the light. When "shined," the eyes of a coon look like two little balls of green fire, distinctly resembling some phases of a fine opal.

We learned another thing about coon hunting, when we saw Mr. Middleton tying a band of paper and rags about the trunk of a tree where we had a coon treed, but could not see him. "A coon won't cross a line like that at night," said he, "but will stay up the tree till after daybreak. I have come back to a tree early in the morning that way many a time and got Mr. Coon. They come down a tree backward, and if they touch anything out of the common, it scares 'em."

At 1 o'clock in the morning we paused in our nocturnal wanderings, and lying down among the leaves fell to telling stories. "We might as well wait," said Mr. Middleton, "and let the dog work around till he strikes trail." So we waited, and told stories, and lay and lied by the light of the lantern for an hour or so.

"Seems to me like that dog is an awful long time striking a trail," said somebody; but still we had confidence in him, until at length a suppressed titter attracted our attention, and looking behind the log we found the dog lying on his back, convulsed with laughter at one of Charley Burton's stories. That dog was no fool. He wasn't going off in the woods by himself while Charley Burton was there telling stories.

We went home then, and when we reached the car it was nearly 3 o'clock in the morning. Mr. Burton looked at the pedometer, and nearly fainted when he saw that it registered 33 miles. That included the whole day and the night's walking. We started out again soon after breakfast, but Scott was not quite so early with his breakfast that morning as usual. On the evening of the same day the "Limited" through train pulled us off our siding and spun us back to the city, after a delightful little trip indeed. This is how four of us, at least, came to know there are quail in Indiana—and coons, too.

E. HOUGH.

WORCESTER, Mass., Nov. 16.—The Worcester Fur Company held a meeting this evening to arrange for their annual fox hunt on Wednesday next. It was reported that the score of the club this season is thirteen foxes. The arrangements completed this evening indicate one of the largest gatherings of the club since it was organized. It is now believed that Wednesday morning there will be one hundred men and at least fifty dogs at the start. No boys or rifles will be allowed, and all foxes shot must be brought in with their pelt on. In the evening the men will report at the Bay State House in this city, where a supper will be served at 7 o'clock. The interest shown in the meeting indicate that it will be the most enjoyable event of the season.—E.

LAKE ERIE GILL NETS.—Judge E. O. Potter, of the Ohio Fish Commission, recently commanded a secret expedition from Toledo, which captured over 150 gill nets illegally set in Lake Erie waters. Suits have been brought by some of the fishermen, who claim that the law prohibiting gill nets is "unconstitutional because it does not operate the same in all sections of the State."

LOOK AFTER THE CRIPPLES.

HAVING recently returned from my fall ducking trip, an evil that has long troubled me has more than ever impressed me, and is a cruel wrong that, I fear, is not duly considered by many, if not most, duckers; and certainly not by guides, as a rule, though even among guides there are exceptions. The wrong is by no means of recent date, though it has greatly increased since the advent of the much-prized breechloaders.

Most ducks are very tenacious of life, and although winged or otherwise severely wounded, will make persistent efforts to escape; and often, quite too often, succeed, only to die alone or become victims to minks or hawks.

When ducks are flying lively, and we are shooting right and left, it is to be expected that some will fall that the boatman cannot get without active work. So rather than take the necessary time to chase the cripples we are apt to say, "Never mind going after that bird; I can kill two others while you are chasing that one."

This is where the wrong and cruelty come in, and no effort or loss of needed time should be allowed to prevent a thorough endeavor to secure the fleeing cripple. Better lose three unharmed birds than fail to recover one that has been winged or otherwise seriously wounded.

I am particularly fond of wing-shooting while decoying, but I notice that in that way more cripples are made than when sitting in the water, or just before alighting to the decoys; hence, of late, I have generally adopted the latter practice. Of course, many good shots are thus lost, and fewer ducks are killed, but certainly it is more humane, and in the end more satisfactory to let birds pass unharmed than to wound them to a lingering death. I pity the man that can heartlessly recount the particulars of game that he has badly wounded and finally lost, whether it be feather, fur or fin.

Surely the pleasure of recalling our hunting experiences does not consist so much in the number of birds knocked down in any one day or one hunting trip, as in the neat and skillful manner in which they were killed.

I am glad that through the continued efforts of FOREST AND STREAM the bad practice of spring shooting is becoming more and more a thing of the past, and will, I trust, be entirely abolished by stringent laws if necessary.

J. H. D.

POUGHKEEPSIE, November, 1889.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA SEASON.

THE close season for game expired the last of October, and since then several parties have been out after Bob White, but no large bags are reported. Two sportsmen (?) from the city of Anderson went out one day last week, and came back highly elated over their success. One of them killed a screech owl and the other a single partridge. The boys tell it on the one that got the owl that he flushed a covy of birds and fired at them, and killed the owl sitting on a bush away to the other side of where the partridges were flying.

Small game, which is all the kind we have here, is fairly plentiful. Partridges, rabbits and squirrels are to be found in sufficient numbers to make hunting them interesting, but owing to an unusually heavy crop of grass and weeds, hunting partridges and rabbits is more difficult at present than it will be when vegetation dies down.

A few opossums are still left to entice the night hunter to forego the pleasures of sleep for the time and ramble around in search of them. It is wonderful how so sluggish an animal as a possum survives the nightly attacks made on them by the proverbial darky and his dog, assisted frequently by white men and boys.

J. S. McCully and W. T. McGregor are off on a fox hunt in Abbeville county. Foxes are reported to be so thick there that dogs find it difficult to run one fox for running another. Mr. McCully has a young foxhound bitch from best native stock that ran a race to the kill before she was six months old. She was "right there" when it was caught and took hold of it as if she would tear it to pieces. She is a beautiful white, black and tan, well grown, and combines some of the best foxhound blood in the South.

As fox hunting is such a grand sport, why do not some of FOREST AND STREAM'S numerous correspondents give us some of their experience in this line? It seems as if it would interest a great number of your readers.

BLUE RIDGE.

DENVER, South Carolina.

VERMONT DEER.—The deer put out in Vermont some years ago have multiplied, and the enterprising sportsmen concerned in the work of restoring the deer forests are sanguine of sport when the time shall finally come for hunting them. Two men were arrested the other day for having illegally killed a deer in Chittenden; one of them, Charles E. White, was fined $50 and costs, or $56.91 in all; the other was acquitted. Commenting on the case, the Rutland *Herald* reports, two sportsmen came to the conclusion that illegal deer killing was profitable business. "'I tell you there's a premium for killing deer, not a penalty,' said sportsman number one; 'and I will explain the process whereby the reward comes in. The plan requires two operatives, a hunter and an informer. Let the hunter shoot a deer and his friend then complain of him. The penalty for killing it is $50, while the reward to the complainant is $75. See? They divide $25 between them. But that isn't all of it; the deer belongs to the man who killed it, and the animal is worth $15, and more if as good as the one shot on Saturday. This brings the income up to $40—$20 apiece. There are the costs, to be sure, but they can be reduced to a small sum on a plea of guilty. It is safe to say that the two will make over $30 on a deal of this kind; but I don't believe it could be tried on many times by the same men.' Unfortunately the foregoing appears to be a truthful diagnosis of the situation. The State law imposes a penalty of $50 for killing a deer, while the Game Association offers a reward of $75 to one giving information leading to the arrest and conviction of the culprit. It is extremely doubtful, however, if the foregoing scheme could be carried into successful operation more that once or twice."

WILD CELERY.—We reprint for the benefit of an inquirer these notes sent us a few years ago by a correspondent who had successfully planted wild celery (*Vallisneria spiralis*) in Big Sandy Pond, Jefferson county, New York: "First and above all, this plant calls for wet ground—very wet ground—a pond of water, a real, genuine, old-fashioned slough, plenty of wet muck and loam with an abundance of water. If the water sets over all from one to ten feet all the better. You all know what kind of a pond or marsh is needed to make a first-class feeding ground for ducks. I should make my order for seed or bulbs for a couple of barrels or more. I would place some of the seed at most or all the good places in or about the marsh. I am satisfied this seed will grow in almost any fresh water marsh. What it would do in a salt water marsh I do not know. Whenever I come upon a desirable spot, I would sow a fair sprinkling of seed upon it broadcast, as farmers sow wheat. I would now and then plant a little of the seed, and occasionally a bulb. I would do this at all the desirable places found until my seed was exhausted. Everybody knows how to sow seed broadcast. No instructions are in order as to the matter of sowing. Do it in the usual way. As to planting. Have made a tin tube, the length depending upon the depth of the water it has to work in. Have a plunger made to work upon the inside of the tube. Form a wad of earth, and in the wad inclose a few pods containing celery seed. Place it in the bottom of the tube, inserting it fairly tight. Run the tube down to the bottom of the water, force it into the soil a trifle, and with the plunger force wad, seed and all, into the soil below. Then let the seed take care of itself. In this way I would continue my endeavors over all the likely places about the pond. I would plant the bulbs on the marshy ground where the water would stand, say about 1 or 2ft. deep. I would plant them the same way as seeds. Were I now to try again, having seen what I have, and knowing what I do about the raising of this plant, the above programme would be very close upon what I should try to do. I think that the seeds and bulbs can only be obtained in the fall, when the water is at its lowest."

NEW JERSEY FARMERS ORGANIZE.—The farmers along the Passaic River in Washington Valley have organized "The Farmers Game Protective Association" in self-defence against the hunters—who tear down stone walls to get hidden rabbits, drive quails into farmers' barnyards to shoot, and burn big forest trees to get a coon or possum. Smith Chittenden organized the society, which will be regularly incorporated. Sunday hunting has been indulged in by visiting gunners to an unusual extent this year, and the farmers complain bitterly of this. No strangers will be permitted to hunt on the lands of members of the Association without a written permit signed by a member and good for only one day. A State marshal will be in the employ of the farmers, and every offender caught will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.—*Evening Post.*

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Nov. 16.—The fourth annual coon hunt of the King's Lake Club took place last Saturday night in Lincoln county, this State. The hunt, although netting but one coon, was thoroughly appreciated by all who took part in it. The participants were E. H. Cunningham, L. D. Dozler, Mark Taylor, C. H. Cunningham, Harry Caruth, R. U. Leonori, Jr., J. H. Hayward, E. C. Hayward, J. F. Perkins, Gus Shupleigh, E. W. Hayden, W. Hayden and Fred Fodde.—UNSER FRITZ.

THE RUTLAND, VT., FISH AND GAME CLUB held its annual supper at the Berwick, Rutland, last evening.

ON TAXING GUNS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I see that my views on taxing of guns, or rather licensing the shooter, do not seem to please "Wacautah." I am sorry, very. Still my views remain unchanged, and are likely to remain so if the only opposition made to them is in the form of sarcasm and innuendoes. I do not wish to enter a controversy with any one, nor will I. I did not suppose my views would call forth an attack almost entirely personal. However, I would like to call attention to several statement made by "Wacautah" which will bear correction. He says, "It is of such a despotic, foreign nature." Does he mean the general principle of taxation, or only as it is applied to guns? Are we not taxed for everything worth having, including personal property? Also our live stock and fowls? Is it any more despotic or foreign to pay a tax on a gun than on a dog? If so how? I fail to see. Are not "Wacautah's" ideas a little "twisted?" If a dog is licensed in the interest of protection, and a gun is licensed in the same cause (both being alike the means of destroying the property of the common people), to protect, and make good to the people their loss, wherein does the principle of taxation as applied differ in the two cases? Perhaps he claims that the wild game and fowl are not the property of the people in the same sense as applied to the domestic birds. In this section one man (with the use of snares) can with impunity rob a score of gunners of a whole season of legitimate sport. We want protection. How can it be obtained except through taxation?

I am (like "Wacautah") a native of New England, but do not pretend, as does he, to represent that broad domain. I am not only a native, but come from the "old Plymouth stock," was born and educated here, and live here now. My views are thoroughly American. I only attempt to represent a very small portion of New England, to wit, Rhode Island and southern Massachusetts. Although I have traveled New England from end to end, and am well acquainted with sportsmen all through the length and breadth of it, I speak for my home locality only.

As to rifle shooting: Who art thou, "Wacautah"? And where, oh! where are the scores of riflemen of whom thou speakest? Who go out into the world and decapitate the lordly grouse and cunning quail? Have we a legion of Bogarduses or Carvers among us, or has the science of rifle shooting come to be mere play? Of what use are the fine-bred dogs, and the costly chokebore hammerless, when the rifle brings to bag the largest score? I should imagine from the tone of "Wacautah's" article that he was (as he says) "something of a gunner." Of the hundreds of sportsmen of my acquaintance, including some members of our justly celebrated Massachusetts Rifle Team, not one has the cheek to stand up and pretend that he can successfully hunt game birds with a rifle. If there are any among us, let them stand up and be counted. I for one want to make their acquaintance. Around here the rifle is used for targets, and occasionally squirrels.

As for the "outrage" committed by "Cohannet's" father, "Cohannet" is old enough to appreciate it, also the fact that (apparently) the majority of American fathers do outrageously use their children in a like manner.

If "Wacautah" is desirous of ascertaining the extent of the damage done my education in rifle shooting by lack of early practice, when he next visits New England let him bring his rifle, money and friends, and I will endeavor to accommodate all three, and will prove to him that, although not a professional rifle shot, still I am one of the people. I would be pleased to compare scores either at target or live birds. "Wacautah" will get my address from the editor of this paper. I am an enthusiast on the subject of rifle and shotgun shooting for men. As to the boys, I repeat, "The rifle is a dangerous weapon in the hands of a boy (except when said boy is under instruction), and were the fathers of these boys held responsible for the damage done by them, or subject to a tax of the small sum of $1, there would be few of them at large in the fields and woods." And I deny that a boy can get more sport from the rifle. Otherwise the grown up boy would not discard the rifle for the shotgun, as he now invariably does.

The statement made by "Wacautah" on accidents, is so ludicrously false, that (when we consider that among boys who own guns the rifle predominates in the ratio of ten to one, and according to his statement "the mass of accidents we read about are

with shotguns") it needs no second thought. It answers itself. Although the high school boy of to-day is older, and more careful than the boy we meet in the woods, and is supplied with rifle and uniform, and drilled according to the manual used by the state militia, yet he is not trusted with ammunition. Evidently "Wacautah" and the city boy are strangers. He professes a very sure and certain knowledge on all subjects. Particularly on the disposal of this question in the near future. I do not! I must leave it to the great body of our American sportsmen, only adding my opinion to that of others, who believe in "fair exchange" and "for value received." Had "Wacautah" been wise, he would not have put in his article the statement that he had "hunted weeks where 'Cohannet' had days," and later on expressed a horror of those "selfish professional gunners, pot-hunters and dudes." For every man who knows me and the extent of my hunting, will immediately place him as one of the first of the charming trio.

As to this prophesy, "And I repeat there will be no special taxation of guns; their use may be restricted, etc., and that would cause but little opposition," he may be right. But why not support this positive statement by enlightening us as to the means whereby this restriction without opposition is to be brought about. How except by taxation? Also, how shall we "tax the professional gunner" when he exists only in the imagination of would-be law revisers?

Let us have the rifle and shotgun, and let the boys have them too. But there is a place for everything, and the place for the boy and his rifle is not in the fields and woods, just outside city limits, here in southwest New England. As the cold days which "Wacautah" speaks of are coming soon, perhaps "the considerable number of riflemen" who will not "tamely submit to have a special taxation laid on their rifles" had better "take down" their self-appointed champion by speaking for themselves in contradiction to his views and statements.

Although "Wacauta's" convictions are very positive (and they may be right) I fail to be convinced of the fact, and with others here beg leave to differ.

COHANNET.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

286.

WE were comfortably seated around the hearth at Porter Lake, in Pike county, Pa., and the spirit of story telling was strong upon us, because the fishing had been unusually good and the supper bounteous. The flash and sparkle of wit filled the upper air of the room as with a fine aurora, and a halo of calm bliss encircled the brow of each entranced listener. But first the drug and then the antidote. The benevolent Colonel drew us down gently from the giddy heights with a story of a coarse plebian, locally known as a catfish. Thus ran his tale: "A man and his dog went fishing in the Mississippi. In a short time the man felt a mighty pull on the line, and he knew that a catfish had taken hold. The giant came along peacefully enough until he happened to change his mind, and then he decided to double on his course and take the man along. The faithful dog, seeing his master's danger, rushed to the rescue bravely enough. The wily catfish, when he found the dog pursuing, turned upon him and terrified the dog, who incontinenty turned tail and swam vigorously toward the dry land, the catfish hotly following. Presently the dog gained the land and ran hastily, the catfish madly surging after him. The dog, sorely pressed and fearing a painful death, in his extremity climbed a tree, the catfish still pursuing."

"Hold on! hold on!" we cried in chorus; "dogs cannot climb trees."

"Can't climb a tree?" responded the Colonel. "But the catfish was close upon him, and this dog *had* to climb."

Sea and River Fishing.

ANGLING NOTES.

DOES the angler ever stop to think when looking over the pages of his fly-book, what a great variety of material is used in dressing flies, and from how many different parts of the world they are gathered? Take even the ordinary trout flies (and they are quite simple, as a rule, in their construction), and yet the variety of feathers used is quite extensive. When we come to the elegant salmon flies, every quarter of the globe has to be laid under contribution to supply the necessary assortment. Among our home birds which supply material are the wild and the domestic turkey, teal, widgeon, mallard, sheldrake, woodduck, blue heron, swan, and many others, including the much-used hackles. The scarlet ibis comes from South America, the bustard from Russia, the bluejay from England, the Indian crow from India, the argus pheasant and macaw from the far East, the ostrich from Africa, the grouse feathers from Scotland, etc. The golden pheasant, originally from China, is now raised in England in great numbers, and the famous crests so much used in salmon flies, are picked from the live birds, otherwise they do not have that metallic lustre so highly prized. These are but a few of the fly dresser's materials. There are very many more from other birds, like the woodcock, quail, English snipe, rail, robin and pigeon, besides fur from the seal, golden monkey, water rat, hare, squirrel, camel, etc., all of which must be kept in fly makers' establishments, and it is no small matter to keep up the assortment.

The snells are made from silkworm gut and not from catgut, as many still believe. Not long ago a gentleman inquired in one of our tackle shops for salmon gut, and he would not be imposed upon by silkworm gut; he insisted that he wanted gut made from the salmon, and that nothing else would answer.

That Metabetchouan score, recently referred to, is very encouraging, particularly as so many anglers who visited Lake St. John were rather discouraged this season. In fact, there was very little fishing to be had, unless the angler could get permission from the owners of the waters. The Hotel Roberval is some 15 or 20 miles from the nearest salmon pools, and the lake is so shallow that it is with difficulty that the little steamer can land its passengers anywhere near the fishing localities. The railroad people have promised to obtain more fishing rights the coming season, so that their guests will not be disappointed again. Those who visit these waters must make up their minds to rough it and put up with the plainest fare when off at the camps fishing.

Striped bass fishing in the Hackensack River, New Jersey, was very poor this season. Those who are in the habit of fishing there complain that the river is full of illegal nets, and that Fish Warden Ricado is not strict enough. The Hackensack used to be famous for its striped bass fishing; but, like the rail shooting, this is a thing of the past. Five years ago a bag of forty or fifty rail was not unusual, now half that number is a rare score. In fact, a rail hardly gets a chance to alight before half a dozen boats are after him. The majority of sportsmen in Bergen county aver that they would be glad to pay a reasonable tax on the gun if it would assure them a little sport.

Many anglers have no doubt had the good luck to come across a worn out stream, which, having been left to itself for several years and considered not worth fishing, has panned out wonderful results. Dr. Howard, of this city, showed us a photograph of six or seven noble brook trout taken in such a stream last summer. They were all killed in one evening; the seven weighed 9lbs. The stream was but a short distance from a very large and fashionable hotel in the western part of this State, and was supposed to contain only a few pickerel. A short time after that he devoted a whole day to the stream and killed thirty odd trout, none under half a pound.

One of the most killing flies, in fact, the most killing fly last season, for the landlocked salmon, was the Jock-Scott.

BEARS, BIRDS AND FISHES.

ABOUT the middle of last August a little party sent out by the United States Commissioner of Fisheries to get information about the salmon industry of Alaska found it necessary to go up to the source of the most famous stream in the Territory, the prolific Karluk, in the island of Kadiak. After we had seen the fishing gangs of the canneries landing their tens of thousands of red salmon almost daily, and one particularly favorable Sunday running the catch up to about 150,000, we were all the more anxious to see the spawning grounds of these struggling myriads. The river would be considered a rather small creek at home, yet it yielded as many red salmon this summer as all the other streams of Alaska combined. It was evident that some explanation of the annual occurrence of such immense shoals of fish would be found in the lake out of which the Karluk starts on its devious course, and we determined to reach Karluk Lake if possible. Several miles above the mouth of the river there is a series of rapids, over which we knew it would be impossible to float even a bidarka at the existing low stage of the water; so we took passage on the little steamer Ella Rohlffs, which carries salmon from Karluk to a cannery in Uyak Bay, and journeyed with our good friend Capt. Larsen to his headquarters in Port Larsen, an arm of the bay, from which Karluk River above the obstructions is reached by an easy portage. We were obliged to turn away from the fine trees, flowering plants and luxuriant ferns of the Uyak Bay shores and from the generous hospitality of our host, and push rapidly forward on our mission. Mr. Lewis and Mr. Stone, however, found time to row across the bay to see the wonderful mass of humpback salmon struggling up a little stream not deep enough to float them nor wide enough to hold the column of spawning fish. Mr. Lewis obtained some of the eggs and mixed them with the milt of the accompanying males. The eggs were found to be larger than those of the red salmon, but smaller than quinnat eggs, and not quite so bright red.

Seven natives of Karluk were employed to go with my party, and they took for our use two 3-hole or 3-hatch bidarkas. Mak Cem (sometimes called Maxim), because of his ability to talk indifferent English, was a sort of leader of these natives. He is a young man of bright and rather attractive countenance, about 5ft. 8in. tall, and weighs 160lbs. We carried a tent for the four white men, and intended that the natives should sleep in barabaras along our route. Provisions were taken from Karluk and Uyak bays, and we had everything necessary for a stay of a week or ten days. Canned meats, vegetables and fruits were furnished us by Mr. Hirsch and Capt. Larsen at San Francisco prices, which are very reasonable. We carried three repeating rifles and two shotguns as a precaution against bears, whose country we were about to invade, and we knew that the guns would bring us a supply of ducks, plover and other birds, to improve our bill of fare. Mr. Booth carried a theodolite, a steel tape measure and an aneroid barometer. I had a fine outfit for photography and a thermometer for water and air temperatures. Very early in the morning, August 16, we started from Port Larsen, conveying ourselves and the entire company and working outfit in a dory and the two bidarkas. Those of us who traveled for the first time in bidarkas furnished considerable amusement for the natives when we made our attempts to be seated without capsizing the unstable craft; but when we tried to get out at the end of our comfortable journey the fun grew intense. The hatch is so narrowly separated from the bottom of the canoe that a beginner is always caught at the knees and held fast until he learns the knack of twisting around sidewise and drawing up the knees before trying to arise. We reached the head of the arm of Uyak Bay in one hour and a half, after paddling five miles. The heavy dory was fully two hours in making the distance. Eagles, ducks, magpies and singing birds, including various sparrows, were common everywhere. Rapid little streams tumble into the bay in many places, and wherever a humpback salmon can force its way will be found a squirming mass of fish intent on wriggling to the highest possible point, to deposit their eggs and milt and then drift helplessly back, lacerated and dying, toward the sea from which they came, but which they never seem to regain alive.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon when we reached the old barabara on the Karluk River, where we proposed to camp for the night. The portage is not difficult and may be crossed readily in an hour and a quarter with nothing to carry. From the bay the trail starts at one of the little salmon streams, passing through a narrow belt of timber consisting chiefly of cottonwood, alder and willows. There is a gradual ascent to a height of several hundred feet to a comparatively level and boggy plain. The natives carried our goods and the bidarkas, making two trips, and landing everything at the river by six in the evening.

A lean and apparently spent Dolly Varden trout was discovered in a little rill near our camp, and a few salmon were seen leaping in the river. Some ducks were shot, and we had a very good stew for supper. We were not long in pitching our tent, and the natives soon patched up the roof of their barabara with a little grass, which is abundant and cheap on Kadiak.

On the morning of the 17th we made an early start up the river; one-half of the party traveling in the bidarkas and the rest walking, sometimes along the shore and occasionally making cut-offs where the stream bends in its course. We expected to find a great many young ducks between the barabara and the lake, and we were not disappointed; ducks could be had by the boatload if we had felt inclined to slaughter them. In a very brief space of time one gun killed enough teal, butterballs and mallards to supply the entire company for two days. A young swan, also, came to bag. There was enough variety in the shots to suit the most fastidious taste, and yet a pot-hunter could have destroyed whole broods of birds with a single cartridge. The Karluk is decidedly a meandering river, and especially in its upper portion. It is a very little stream in a very big valley, and at the time of our reconnoissance the water was extremely low in many places, so that our loaded bidarkas, drawing less than one foot, were frequently aground. The broad and very low valley of the upper Karluk is a favorite breeding ground for ducks, and a few swans were observed there during the summer. The abundant tall grass affords shelter and concealment, and innumerable little streams of cold water fringed with seed-bearing plants must supply ample nourishment. The river is dotted here and there with water plants not unlike some that we have at home: one slender and graceful species bearing a small white flower being especially handsome. Wild celery and wild parsnips are common. The shores are brilliant with flowers of many hues, and yield several different kinds of berries; but for the purposes of walking they are simply distressing. The difficulty of walking in Alaska, however, is an old grievance with me, and had better be passed over as lightly as possible.

We reached the lake about 3 P. M., bringing it into view suddenly by an abrupt turn of the stream near its source. Low mountains surround it, bearing trees within certain limits of altitude, and capped here and there with patches of snow. We had little opportunity at this time to study scenery, for Jupiter Pluvius was abroad and our tent had to be pitched in a hurry. Near the river source is a low pebbly spit making off shoal into the lake. Here a colony of gulls of small size were discussing the bait question, and a little flock of bluewing teal circled around just in time to give me a quartering shot at twenty or twenty-five yards. We had broiled teal for breakfast. In spite of the rain Mr. Stone and I stalked a little bunch of lesser yellowlegs, which we marked down near the mouth of a rivulet adjacent to our tent, and we brought back all of them after a few pretty shots. The natives in the meantime paddled off in their bidarkas to a shoal not far away and killed some of the spawning red salmon by means of stones. They started a fire in the barabara and soon looked very comfortable notwithstanding the rain. It is astonishing to an American how little wood will serve to boil water and cook a meal for the natives. Wood is scarce at many points, and economy in its use is always necessary. It did not take us long to discover this fact, and we soon came to the further conclusion that a barabara is a far more comfortable summer dwelling than a tent.

T. H. B.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BY WAY OF PROTEST.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Another batch of odds and ends, if you will take them. I promised to say something of the "bass hog." I met him in Florida two years and a half ago. It was on the shores of Lake Monroe, at Enterprise. His boat came to the shore late in the day, and I saw his tackle and catch. The latter was black bass of all sizes which nearly filled a huge oblong basket containing, I should think, two or more bushels. I asked what would be done with them, and learned that day after day this act was repeated—the man doing his best to deplete the stock of bass in the lake and always bringing in a boat load—the cook at the hotel using as many as he chose to, but the greater part going to the hogs, and this time I mean the swine. I learned that this man or another (I cannot in absence of my notes remember which, but the man who did it was a Brooklyn alderman), had had an ambition to beat all records in the world, and had in about eighty days of steady fishing taken with fly-rod over four tons of black bass, and there was no record nor mention of his ever having returned alive to the water a single fish. Now, what else can be said of such a man save that his pride of slaughter has excluded every gentler sentiment, and that in him the sportsman, if he ever existed, has been lost in the fish hog?

Compared with the trout, the black bass is no great friend of mine. He is only better than the pickerel, and one trout is worth a dozen of him for all purposes whatsoever; but still he is a genuine game fish, and in waters where he is the rightful king and not an interloper, he is to be respected and valued; and such waters are the inland lakes of Florida, which he inhabits in astonishing numbers. No waters, however, can be so well stocked as to defy forever such attack and waste, and it merits the sharpest rebuke. Moreover, the coarse and crude gratification at mere slaughter is not for a moment to be compared to the fine delight in sport which does not destroy the means of sport, and which rejoices in the thought that it may be perpetuated and that others may share it.

Let any one kill what he needs and can use and even what he can share with his friends, provided it is done lawfully and by fair and sportsmanlike devices, but let all that is beyond this be abandoned. Once let a man give up slaughter for sport, and, having in his creel enough for the pan, put back into the water every other fish, and, my word for it, he will never go back to the old and senseless practice. With the proper care that "particularly big one," caught after enough have been saved for use, can be weighed and measured and returned unharmed to his native wave; and the word of a man known to do a thing like that ought to be taken unsupported.

Let me here have a whack at the misguided man who, forsooth, because *he* has had plenty of trout all his life and thinks it would be fine to have pickerel and black bass "for a change," puts those coarse fish into trout waters and thereby ruins them forever. This mistake once made, is made for all time. Nothing can remedy it. Gradually this foolish man is getting in his work through southern New Hampshire and Maine, and gradually the trout waters are being ruined. Many and many a noble

lake do I know of which once teemed with trout and harbored no hostile fish, but where now the trout is only a tradition and the beastly black bass and the snake-eyed pickerel—the miserable fresh-water shark—lord it instead. We can get bass and pickerel almost anywhere, not so the trout.

Let sportsmen everywhere unite to prevent this wretched interference with natural trout waters and to teach the natives the mistake they will make in exchanging trout for any other fish that swims. There are two little lakes under the shadow of a Maine mountain which literally swarm with trout. It is a comfort to think of them, to remember my many visits to them and camps in the dense forest beside them, and to know that there they are in all their wildness and beauty and sure resources of game fish whenever I can get away to them again; but my delight in them is always tempered by the fear of the advent of the vandal with the black bass and pickerel. Not even an eel has profaned those waters yet, an 18ft. fall in their outlet stream effectually defending them from that loathsome marauder; but who shall insure them from the greater danger? C. H. AMES.

A LARGE NEW HAMPSHIRE BASS.

THIS record of a big bass, caught in Lake Massebesic, New Hampshire, last year, is a tardy chronicling; but the note should be put among the data which FOREST AND STREAM is every week and month and year compiling and perpetuating for its present and future angling readers. We are indebted to Mr. Walton C. Taft, of Boston, for the three documents which explain themselves.

BOSTON, Sept. 19.—*Dear Walton:* Geo. Riddle, our Fish Commissioner, says he saw the newspaper article stating that the bass weighed 7lbs. Unfortunately I cannot find copy of *Mirror*, but I take pleasure in handing you herewith sworn statement of the fishman who weighed the beauty the day after he was caught, he had been bled, etc., and then showed up 6½lbs. Trusting this will show that I did not intend to go on record as a fish story teller, I am yours. A. BUNTON.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE, State Fish and Game Commission, Manchester, N. H., Sept. 18, 1888.—*Andrew Bunton, Esq.*—DEAR SIR: I inclose you sworn statement of Mr. Allen. He says Lawrence caught the bass about dark. As soon as he was caught he bled him, and the next morning he brought him to Allen's market, where he was weighed, 6½lbs. Lawrence thinks if he had been weighed as soon as he was taken from the water he would have weighed 7lbs. This is no fish story, but a reality. Yours truly, GEORGE W. RIDDLE.

MANCHESTER, N. H., Sept. 18, 1888.—This certifies that Richard Lawrence, of Manchester, brought to my market, 1047 Elm street, a very large black bass, which he says was caught by him at Lake Massebesic. I weighed said fish correct, and the weight was 6½lbs.
CHAS. T. ALLEN.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE, Hillsborough, *ss.:* Personally appeared before me Chas. T. Allen, and made oath that the above statement signed by him is true. Sworn to before me Sept. 18, 1888, GEORGE W. RIDDLE, Justice of the Peace for New Hampshire.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

STATISTICIANS in the matter of large bass may be interested in a small-mouthed black bass which is on exhibition, mounted, in the window of the Jenney & Graham Gun Co. here. This is a genuine small-mouth, and its weight is hung up as 7lbs. It is a rough and ragged-looking old fish, and was caught in the Fox River at Algonquin by Mr. Alex. McKay.

Speaking of big bass, Mr. A. G. Spalding lately said to me, "I wish you could do something to stop this big fish business, and not to increase it. We are over-run with big fish. About eight years ago we offered a premium for a big bass—I forget what the weight was to be, but I believe the premium was a $50 outfit. The offer was only made for one year, but it got all over the country, and is going yet. We get fish in here from about every place where there is any water, and by the time they get here they don't always smell good. Every one of these fellows feels injured if he don't get a premium. Now, as we have got to make a living, I want to declare that premium business off. Nothing but the sea serpent goes now."

Fishing has quieted down for the season. It has been a remarkable fishing season about this city, both in the number and size of fish taken. There has been good fall mascallonge fishing on Vieux Desert and other waters of Wisconsin. The bass fishing I have tried to set forth slightly heretofore. It has been magnificent. The trout fishing to the north of us has also been good, and it seems that the grayling are not all gone. Mr. Britton, division superintendent of the B. & O. road, took grayling on the Manistee during the past season, and he says he knows where he can get a lot of them next spring.
E. HOUGH.

HOW TO TREAT THOSE FISH TRAPS.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Nov. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Nov. 7, 1889, on page 312, you publish an article entitled "Fish Protection in Pennsylvania," in which it is stated that the Lancaster county authorities have made a proclamation to destroy the illegal appliances in their streams. Will you inform the public why that was done? And why they proceed under an old law when there is a better and new law for their action? If they are really interested in protecting their streams, why do they not put in force the law approved by the Governor of this State on May 22, 1889, and found on pages 261 to 271 in Laws of Pennsylvania, 1889? Take Sec. 9, page 266, which says:

"Any fish commissioner, fish warden, deputy warden, sheriff, deputy sheriff, constable, policeman, or any special officer of this Commonwealth, is hereby authorized to destroy any fish basket, *eel weir*, fyke net, pound net, shore net, drift net, dip net, wing wall, or wing walls, or any illegal devices named in any section of this act, and they are hereby authorized to arrest *forthwith* any person placing, erecting, using or fastening them. Any person or persons interfering with any of the above officers in the discharge of their duties or resisting arrest, shall pay a fine of $100, and be imprisoned three months in the county jail, or shall be subject to both penalties at the discretion of the magistrate or court before which he or they shall be convicted."

Do you think any proclamation is needed after reading that section? If there is a fish warden over there, why does he not attend to his duty? If he won't, why is he not removed? If there is not a fish warden there, why don't they get one?

Perhaps I am asking too many questions, but I like to see the fish and game both protected, and when we have the means at hand I cannot understand why they are not used. Under the old law that was the only way to proceed, but now the new law opens up a shorter, better and more effectual method of disposing of those illegal appliances as well as of the offenders themselves.

Last week our fish warden destroyed over $500 worth of illegal appliances, and he is now watching to take the bodies of the offenders.

With good, active wardens, the inland streams of Pennsylvania, as well as all other States, will teem with fish, and any person can get a mess of good fish by rod and line. But the wardens must be upheld and encouraged, and money enough must be raised to insure them against loss by attending to this work.
J. WILLIAMSON.

THE FLY-FISHERS' CLUB of London will hold its annual dinner Dec. 11. William Senior, so well known to anglers under his *nom de plume* of "Red Spinner," and as angling editor of the *Field*, will preside.

FLORIDA FISHING is so largely the theme of the "Winter in Florida" paper in the Sportsman Tourist, that our angling readers should not overlook it.

MESSRS. S. ALLCOCK & CO., of Redditch, Eng., were awarded a gold medal at the Paris Exposition for their display of fishing tackle.

Fishculture.

MISSOURI FISH COMMISSION.

THE Missouri State Fish Commission's breeding ponds in Forest Park are at present being drained for the purpose of separating the fish in them. This work is gone through with each fall. All the large or stock fish are placed in deep ponds for protection during the winter, and the small ones are placed in shallow ponds where they can be easily caught for distribution to persons who wish them for stocking private ponds. The Commission breeds croppie, bass and German carp. Your correspondent called upon the superintendent a few days ago, but as the work of draining the ponds was not completed the gentleman could not give any facts relative to the success of the past season. Next week the work will be finished and the fish counted and I will send a full report of the season's work.
UNSER FRITZ.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Nov. 9.

OREGON FISHING AND FISHCULTURE.—We learn from Mr. Livingston Stone that thousands of anglers have visited the U. S. Fish Commission station on the Clackamas River, Oregon, since the hatchery was established. Recently none but trout fishermen have been there. All the large trout have been caught out, but small ones continue to be taken in some abundance. More than 4,000,000 eggs of the quinnat salmon have been obtained this season and they are still accumulating.

FIRST SHIPMENT OF CARP.—The first shipment of carp by the U. S. Fish Commission was sent from the Washington station Oct. 16. These will be distributed by one of the cars of the Commission to various points in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Montana, Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Colorado, Utah, Nebraska, Kansas, Arkansas, Indian Territory and Missouri.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Dec. 5 to 7.—First Dog Show of the Continental Kennel Club at Denver, Col. A. L. Weston, Secretary.

Dec. 9 to 14.—Fourth annual show Northern Illinois Poultry and Pet Stock Association, Rockford, Ill. John Teague, Secretary.

Jan. 6 to 11, 1890.—Annual Dog Show of the Michigan State Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Bay City, Mich. W. F. Brace, Secretary.

Jan. 13 to 18, 1890.—First Annual Dog Show of the Georgia Pet Stock and Bench Show Association, at Augusta, Ga. A. H. Vonderleith, Secretary.

Jan. 27 to Feb. 1, 1890.—Dog Show of the Colorado Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Denver, Col.

Feb. 11 to 14, 1890.—Fourteenth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, American Institute Building, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

March 11 to 14, 1890.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Rochester Kennel Club, at Rochester, N. Y. Harry Yates, Secretary.

March 18 to 21, 1890.—Show of the Buffalo Kennel Club, Buffalo, N. Y. A. W. Smith, Secretary.

March 25 to 28, 1890.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Mass. Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

April 1 to 4, 1890.—Sixth Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 22.—Eighth Annual Field Trials of the Robins Island Club, for members only. Walter L. Wellington, Secretary, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dec. 2.—Inaugural Field Trials of the Central Field Trial Club, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Secretary, Mills Building, New York, N. Y.

Dec. 16.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trial Club, at Amory, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Secretary, Marietta, Ga.

Jan. 20, 1890.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club at Bakersfield, Cal. H. H. Briggs, Secretary, 313 Bush street, San Francisco, Cal.

Jan. 27, 1890.—All-Day Field Trials, at West Point, Miss. F. R. Hitchcock, 44 Broadway, New York, Secretary.

Feb. 11, 1890.—Fourth Annual Field Trials of the Texas Field Trial Club, at Marshall, Tex. W. L. Thomas, Secretary.

THE BRUNSWICK FUR CLUB TRIALS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As published in your valuable paper, the field trials of the Brunswick Fur Club were run on the Albany Hills, Maine, from Nov. 11 to 15, and I am happy to state were a grand success. These were not only the initial field trials of the club, but the first foxhound field trials ever held in the New England States. Those who have never inaugurated and carried out such trials have no conception of the difficulties encountered at every turn, but the officers of the club being men of enthusiasm and determination, every difficulty vanished before their efforts, and the first annual field trials of the Brunswick Fur Club stand an unqualified achievement.

The members attended in goodly numbers and were all eager to do everything possible to make the trials what they should be, and when the finals came and the decisions were made they were accepted with a unanimous vote of thanks to the careful, diligent, and upright judges. The judges in the open foxhound and fox beagle classes were Mr. J. A. French, Andover; Mr. Samuel Knight, Brunswick; Mr. Henry Stetson, Brunswick, and Mr. Henry Gerry, South Paris; and in the puppy class Mr. R. D. Perry, Braintree, Mass., and Mr. Samuel Knight, Brunswick.

The weather was good and foxes proving plentiful, starts were easily made, and splendid runs obtained each day. It was decided that as the members could only spare a week from the business of life, it would be best to run all the dogs every day, the dogs having the highest averages in the various classes in which they were entered at the end of the trials being the winners. A purse was put up for each class, to be divided into first, second and third prizes. To give the dogs a good chase and the judges ample opportunity to mark them, it was decided that the fox should not be shot till six hours after the start in the puppy class.

There are about a hundred hounds in the club's kennels, but the severe tests imposed at the trials caused some owners to be shy, so that twenty-four cracks were entered to battle for the honors. I have hunted with the best packs in Virginia, Maryland, New Hampshire and Maine, and I can unqualifiedly state that I never saw a finer field of dogs, either in bench or working points; nor do I believe that any pack could be gotten together in any other part of the country to surpass them.

The strains represented were Byron, English, Cook, Buckfield, Natial, various crosses between these, and finally the beautiful little beagle pack of Mr. W. N. Walling. It is truly wonderful what diligent and untiring work these little hounds can do, and the plucky manner in which they stood up in such an unequal contest against the best hounds in the country won the admiration of all. The Albany Hills are precipitous and consist largely of ledges and boulders, so that no ground could have been selected better calculated to try the various points of a hound, and especially endurance, so fox hunters will appreciate it when I state that every dog ran to the end of every race, and that for four consecutive days, and were in excellent condition at the end of the trials.

As the shooting of foxes was prohibited till six hours after the start, only three foxes were killed, but had shooting been allowed at all times, many more would have fallen to the prowess of the members. On one day the dogs scattered into four packs, and four foxes were being driven at one time within seeing distance of the center of the hunt.

The prizes were awarded as follows:

OPEN DOG CLASS, FOXHOUNDS.

Hunting.

First, Mr. A. M. Gerry's black, white and tan dog Drive.
Second, Dr. A. C. Heffenger's black, white and tan dog Joe Forester.
Third, Mr. Richard Seely's black and tan dog Bugle.

Trailing.

First, Mr. R. D. Perry's brindle, white and tan dog Jack of Diamonds.
Second, Dr. F. H. Wilson's spotted and ticked dog Jeff.
Third, Dr. A. C. Heffenger's black, white and tan dog Drive III.

Speed.

First, Mr. A. M. Gerry's black and blue ticked dog Smut.
Second, Dr. F. H. Wilson's black, white and tan dog Jim.
Third, Gerry and Emmons's black, white and tan bitch Music.

Endurance.

First, Mr. L. O. Dennison's spotted and ticked dog Ben Butler.
Second, Mr. R. D. Perry's tan and ticked dog Major O'Rourke.
Third, Dr. A. C. Heffenger's black, white and tan dog Joe Forester.

Barking.

First, Mr. J. H. Baird's black and tan dog Bey.
Second, Mr. L. O. Dennison's spotted and ticked dog Ben Butler.
Third, Dr. F. H. Wilson's spotted and ticked dog Jeff.

PUPPY CLASS (LIMITED TO 18 MONTHS).

First, Mr. E. L. Toothaker's black and tan dog Bugle.
Second, Gerry and Emmons's black, white and tan dog Hunter.
Third, Mr. E. L. Toothaker's black, white and tan bitch Modest Girl.

FOX BEAGLE CLASS.

First, Mr. W. N. Walling's black, white and tan bitch Belle Diamond.
Second, Mr. W. N. Walling's black, white and tan bitch Lucille.
Third, Mr. W. N. Walling's black, white and tan dog Little Drive.

The club is desirous to have a series of friendly races between four or six hounds of its pack, and the same number from any other pack in the country, and with that end in view appointed Mr. R. D. Perry a special delegate to arrange the races with any one who may desire to negotiate.

It is hoped that another field trial may be held next autumn, when more time can be given and the hounds run in pairs or triplets, thus giving the best possible chance to further judge the qualities of its dogs.
A. C. HEFFENGER, Director of the Hunt.

PHILADELPHIA CLUB TRIALS.

THE sixth annual trials of the Philadelphia Kennel Club were run at Richland, Va., Nov. 11, 12, 13 and 14, Mr. L. E. Wills judging. The results are summarized as follows:

W. B. Smith's English setter Ben Hur Franklin (Ike—Leda) beat J. B. Ellison's pointer bitch Bryn Mawr Mona (Bang—Vandalia).

T. Harrison's Irish setter bitch Victoria (Berkeley—Nora) beat B. Ridgway's English setter bitch Sue (Count Noble—Carrie C.).

F. G. Taylor's English setter bitch Katie Noble (Count—Queen Meg) beat J. H. Winslow's pointer bitch Golden Rod (Beaufort—Zuba).

B. Ridgway's English setter dog Clipper W. (Dan—Countess Pansy) beat W. B. Smith's English setter dog Don Juan (Ike—Leda).

E. Comfort's English setter bitch Perseverance (Chalkley D.—Cassino G.) beat J. B. Ellison's pointer dog Victor the Blue Stocking (Beaufort—Zuba).

F. S. Brown's cross-bred setter dog Horace (Trover—Nellie) beat Stovell & Thompson's Irish setter bitch Nellie (Elcho—Rose).

Second Series.—Ben Hur Franklin beat Victoria. Clipper W. beat Katie Noble. Perseverance beat Horace.

Third Series.—Clipper W. beat Ben Hur Franklin. Perseverance a bye.

Final Heat.—Clipper W. beat Perseverance. Katie Noble beat Perseverance for second. Perseverance took third.

MERLIN HUSCROFT.—The English *Kennel Gazette* contributor "Merlin," who stole Dr. Perry's writings and palmed them off as his own, turns out to be Huscroft. This Huscroft is the fellow who started the lie about the Salisbury pedigree. "Our Special Commissioner" Huscroft stock has dropped several points in the American market.

CANADIAN KENNEL CLUB TRIALS.

CHATHAM, Ont., Nov. 14.—The first annual field trials of the Canadian Kennel Club closed to-day, and the meet has been a success. The highly flourishing condition of the club's affairs fully warranted its success in this undertaking, and there is every inducement to believe that these trials may grow into a prominent feature, with large and larger attendance as their character becomes better known. It is true that the largest stake showed only 16 starters, yet among these were several good ones and a smaller number of exceptionally fine ones. It will be noticed also that in some cases several dogs were entered by the same owner, but this paucity in the attendance of actual owners is part of the history of any association in its younger days, and was only to be expected here. There will be more next year, and those of this year were rare in quality. At least one member, Mr. Thomas Johnson, came all the way from Winnipeg, Manitoba, a total distance of nearly 1,500 miles. A worthy sportsman he is, and he brought the winner with him for each stake. Mr. Johnson's pointer bitch Ightfield Blithe, winner of the Derby, is fairly a phenomenal bitch, and has been the favorite of the field. She is imported, is of a family of winners, and in the field or on the bench is fit for any company. Mr. Johnson has said that he intends giving Blithe to his old friend Amory R. Starr (Jacobstaff), of Marshall, Texas. Should he do so, Mr. Starr may hold himself one of the earth's favorites, for it is within the power of but few to bestow any such gift. Blithe is one dog of a thousand, no matter what be the breeding or quality, and one might pass a lifetime and not get hold of such another, no matter how many he bought. Pitti Sing, winner of the All-Aged, is also imported, and is a setter bitch of great field qualities, though not exceptionally fine in looks. She also is right in a family of winners in Ireland and England, and is fit to give account of herself. It should be borne in mind that both of these dogs saw quail for the first time about a week and a half ago, and in view of this fact their performance is all the more remarkable. Mr. T. G. Davey, of Davey & Richards, London, Ont., had two good ones in Canadian Jester and Brighton Pride, but these dogs hardly did themselves justice, for their owner had hunted them in company with careless dogs the week before,and had,to put it plainly, handicapped their chances in this meet to increase his chances for a bag. Mr. W. B. Wells and also Dr. Kine, of this city, had good ones entered, and in fact there was hardly a dog down that did not show himself a practical field worker.

Mr. John Davidson, of Monroe, Mich., acted as judge, and his decisions, rendered with promptness, justice and absolute impartiality, were received with only about the average amount of kicking, which is, perhaps, all that any judge could ask. Mr. Davidson's brusque and autocratic ways, and his kind heart, are known in a wide portion of our sporting world. In one case a certain member of the club, who had accepted his defeats,with exceptionally bad grace all along, openly impugned the judge and made a deplorable scene upon the grounds. This was smoothed over later, and it may be best to say little about it. Such things are called "unfortunate." They are worse than that, and there is no excuse for them.

The birds were found at distances of four to fourteen miles from town. For the first day and a half they were so scarce that moves were made to more distant and better covers, it becoming apparent the trials would be of indefinite length otherwise. In the later runnings the birds were plentiful enough, and the country was elegant for the work, being made up of stubble, thicket, wood and standing corn in good alternation. The French Canadian farmers are not the neatest cultivators in the world, but their weedy little farms are good quail raisers.

Owing to the closely fenced nature of the country, it was impossible to use horses in following the dogs, and the judge, handlers and reporters had to walk all day.

Chatham is a quiet old town of about 15,000 inhabitants, lying on the river Thames. It has treated the club very nicely. Mr. Frank Bennett, of the Grand Central Hotel, has been especially clever with the boys.

Following are the officers of the Canadian Kennel Club: President, Mr. Richard Gibson, Delaware, Ont.; First Vice-President, Mr. J. Lorme Campbell, Simcoe, Ont.; other Vice-Presidents, Messrs. J. U. Gregory, Quebec, Thomas Johnson, Winnipeg, Samuel Coulson, Montreal, and Dr. J. W. Mills, Montreal; Secretary, Mr. C. A. Stone, London; Ont.; Treasurer, Mr. S. F. Glass, London; Executive Committee, Messrs. C. M. Nelles, Brantford; H. Bedlington, Hamilton; W. B. Wells, Chatham; H. Martin, Hamilton; Dr. J. S. Niven, London; J. L. Campbell, Simcoe; F. H. F. Mercer, Ottawa; T. G. Davey, London. The Field Trials Committee are Mr. W. B. Wells, of Chatham, Mr. J. L. Campbell, of Simcoe, Mr. T. G. Davey, of London, Mr. Thos. Johnson, of Winnipeg. Mr. C. A. Stone, of London, acts as secretary and treasurer in this work.

The dogs were drawn in the following order for the

ALL-AGED STAKES,

FOR SETTERS AND POINTERS.

First Series.

PARIS (G. E. A. Walker, London, Ont.), black and white setter dog, 3yrs. (London—Queen Bess),

against

CANADIAN JESTER (Davey and Richards, London, Ont.), blue belton setter dog, 2½yrs. (Knight of Snowden—Champion Liddesdale.

BREEZO (R. G. Henry, Brockville), liver pointer dog, 14mos. (pedigree not sent in),

against

BOB (T. H. Nelson, Chatham), chestnut and white setter dog, 8yrs. (pedigree unknown).

AMERICAN BECK (Davey and Richards, London, Ont.), liver and white pointer bitch, 4yrs. (pedigree not sent in),

against

GEORGE (J. B. Field, Detroit), black and white setter dog, 2¼yrs. (Mingo—Ban).

MAGGIE B. (J. Kime, Chatham), black, white and tan setter bitch, 3yrs. (Kink—Lucy B.),

against

DINAH C. (W. B. Wells, Chatham), black and white setter bitch, 5yrs. (Mingo—Fausta II.).

MINGO (W. B. Wells), black and white setter dog, 11yrs. (Druid—Star),

against

PITTI SING (Thos. Johnson, Winnipeg, Man.), liver and white setter bitch, 3½yrs. (Baron Doveridge—Norah).

IGHTFIELD BLITHE (Thos. Johnson, Winnipeg), pointer bitch, 20mos. (Dancer—Ightfield Bloom),

against

CAMBRIANA (W. B. Wells), black and white setter bitch, 4yrs. (Cambridge—Romp).

BRUSH K. (J. Kime), black and white setter dog, 2yrs. (Kink—Lady Thunder),

against

GAMBOL (Item Kennels, Bethany, Pa.), liver and white pointer dog, 3yrs (Gough—Larkspur).

DOVER (W. B. Wells), black and white setter dog, 5yrs. (Dashing Berwyn—Romp),

against

MANITOBA BELLE (Thos. Johnson), liver, ticked and white setter bitch, 4yrs. (Pride of Dundee—Jeannette).

There were withdrawn after entry in the stake four dogs, Mr. C. A. Stone's Forest Fern, Mr. Thos. Montgomery's Bruce M., Messrs. Davey and Richards's Locksley and Mr. Thos. Johnson's Dick Bondhu. Thus there were twenty original entries in the All-Aged Stakes, sixteen to start.

MONDAY, NOV. 11.

The weather was cloudy and damp-feeling, and it was not a bad scenting day. The grounds chosen were about four miles out from town, and in a country of cleared timber, slashings, thickets, stubbles and corn. The first pair ordered down were Paris and Canadian Jester. This was promptly at 8:30, yet both twenty minutes and forty-five minutes passed without the appearance of Paris. It was learned later that his owner had missed his train at a neighboring railway station. Action as to subsequent running of this heat was left to the committee, and at 9:35 the second brace were ordered down.

BREEZO AND BOB.

Breezo was handled by J. R. McGregor, and Bob by his owner, Mr. T. H. Nelson. This pair did not do much. Breezo ranged wider in better style, Bob keeping close to heel much of the time. Bob is eight years old, and appeared stiff and heavy. Bob made one false point, Breezo backing. The pair ran two hours even, over good country, but no birds were found. They were ordered up, to go down again later

AMERICAN BECK AND GEORGE.

American Beck was handled by Mr. Dacey and George by J. R. McGregor. They went down at 11:40. There was no great difference in the ranging qualities of these dogs, but George was the more obedient and easily handled. Mr. Davey had but recently purchased Beck, and her former owner, Mr. Wise, of Virginia, had not even informed him of the calls and signals used in her breaking. She had been hunted by Mr. Davey but a day or so, and had not yet grown into a perfect *rapport* with him, so to speak. One of the reporters put up a good bevy, which scattered on stubble. The two dogs worked this cover for ten or fifteen minutes, doing singularly poor work, and not finding all the birds seen to go down. Each dog scored a royal flush, and that was about all, although eight birds went off the stubble. Beck was unsteady once to wing, stopping to order. George was steady on his flush. Both dogs were steady on a third bird, flushed wild. Crossing into the woods, George was seen by the judge to point a single bird in a treetop. Beck chased a rabbit, giving tongue. Beck was brought up and backed George, who stood at an old footscent. Beck was a busy ranger. No birds found. Ordered up at 1:08. Shortly after this Beck caught a rabbit on the fly as it sprang out of a stump. Heat given to Georgo.

MAGGIE B. AND DINAH C.

Maggie B. was handled by Dr. Kime, Dinah C. by Mr. Wells. At first Dinah appeared a bit the better in speed and range, but at the close of the heat it would be hard to say this. Maggie was really the more stylish ranger, and carried a better head. It is said she outclassed herself in this heat. Dinah pointed a bevy at a brier fence; Maggie backed, sitting on her haunches. Mr. Wells flushed and killed to order, both dogs steady to wing and shot. Dinah retrieved, not any too well or gently. On a stubble field both dogs began some beautiful work, exchanging a half dozen cautious stops, and moving on in time to save themselves from false points, Maggie pointed and three birds were put up near her, Dinah not ordered up to back, but both dogs steady. Going at full speed over this stubble, Dinah wheeled to a beautiful point, Maggie backing nicely. Dr. Kime wounded the bird when put up. A moment later Maggie duplicated this point by one really more brilliant, wheeling to a point when on full gallop, and nearly falling to the ground as she tried to stop. Maggie dropped. Dinah did not back, but appeared to flush. At a thicket, Maggie roaded slightly and Dinah dropped to a point. Dinah left her point and came out of the thicket. Maggie, who had backed, remained pointing, sitting on her haunches. The bird was discovered sitting on a bush. Dinah swung back, and, according to the judge, pointed a bevy near by, which was flushed by handlers. On the stubble Maggie showed great caution, but did not false-point. Over the fence she pointed Dr. Kime's crippled bird. Dinah backed nicely at 20yds.. She being brought up, Maggie grew a bit jealous and moved forward a step, the bird taking wing. In the grass near a ditch Dinah made and held three minutes an unmistakable false point. The pair were ordered up at 2:11, and the heat was given to Dinah C., at which some little mild surprise was expressed. The judge said that, barring Dinah's false point, neither bitch had made an error, and that Dinah had five points to Maggie's three, and was a better ranger. At all events, this was a wonderfully showy heat, full of work, and the owners of this merry and clever pair were congratulated on having shown as good a heat as any two dogs could be asked to do.

MINGO AND PITTI SING.

Mr. Wells handled Mingo and Mr. Johnson Pitti Sing. The pair was put down at 2:45, directly after lunch. Pitti Sing showed fairly phenomenal ranging qualities, and was eager and stylish throughout the heat, which lasted two hours and a quarter. Both dogs roaded running birds in a thicket. Mingo pointed a single, Pitti backing. Mingo then flushed the bird; crowding in, Mingo pointed again, Pitti backing elegantly 15yds. distant. Both dogs were steady to Mr. Wells's shot, the bird going on wounded. On the stubble, Mingo flushed twice unmistakably. Pitti pointed on ahead in the wood, the bird flying on what was probably not her flush. Mingo flushed again in grass near a fence. Pitti pointed in briers, Mingo failing to back. Mingo made a good point on stubble, and Pitti made a grand back at fully 50yds. Mr. Wells passed her, forgetful altogether of field etiquette, and ran to Mingo; Pitti moved on a step or so, but Wells flushed and killed, the bird falling at 80yds., Mingo retrieving creditably; both dogs steady. After some roading on old trails, Pitti pointed at a fence in another field. Mingo seemed not to notice her well, but crowded ahead and pointed also. A bird went out, both dogs steady. Up at 4:59, and the heat given to Pitti Sing, rightly by every means. She showed exceptional quality. Mingo is 11 years old and deaf, but a remarkable performer for his age.

It was now nearly dark, and on calling for the dogs of the undecided heat, they were found absent. Ightfield Blithe and Cambriana were put down at 5:12, but beyond learning that this was a corking good pair of rangers, nothing was done in their fifteen minutes of daylight. The day closed with no great satisfaction, because the birds seemed so scarce that the work threatened to be greatly prolonged. They were not plentiful enough to warrant runnings on the ground covered to-day.

TUESDAY, NOV. 12.

The weather was clearer and warmer. The first brace were cast off at 8:30 sharp. The committee had concluded not to disqualify Paris for his absence yesterday, and accordingly the first pair down were

PARIS AND CANADIAN JESTER.

Paris was handled by his owner, Mr. Allen, and Jester by his owner, Mr. Davey. Paris at first showed a trifle better in range. He had a choppier gait, however, and later on Jester's steadier swing fully equalized the question of speed. After a birdless long walk, the dogs were called to a scattered bevy put up by an assistant. Near a ditch in the woods each dog got a probable flush on rather wild birds to no great discredit, Allen killing two birds and Paris retrieving nicely to order. Both dogs steady to shot. Paris backed Jester's roading stop, a bird flushing ahead. Paris false-pointed beautifully, and Allen struck him with his hand, driving him away, the judge not seeing this. Paris made a false point later on in another cover. Jester backed. Allan, ordered to flush, found nothing. An hour later Jester flushed a single in the woods, and on stubble roaded, flushed and broke in, stopping to order. The dogs were taken up at 12:30, the whole morning having been taken up with not enough actual work on birds to amount to anything. Heat undecided.

After lunch the party drove a mile and a half further out, hoping to find more birds. The undecided of yesterday came up,

BREEZO AND BOB.

A bevy was found in an old field near the road, Breeze flushing. Considerable prancing around and mighty little work was done in the woods and on the stubble where the birds scattered. Bob refused to work. Breezo won. Down at 1:17, up at 2:37.

This stubble was very poorly hunted, and a number of birds were left on it. The next pair went down at 2:46.

IGHTFIELD BLITHE AND CAMBRIANA.

Each dog was handled by its owner. This was a good pair, both obedient and good workers. Blithe showed altogether the better ranger, and was really an exceptional bitch, of great style, dash and staying qualities. After a long walk an assistant flushed a bevy, the dogs getting no work. On these scattered birds a little unsatisfactory work was done. Cambriana appeared to flush in a thicket; she did not drop to word. Blithe, going at pace, whirled suddenly, just as a bird rose, and dropped just as her handler called to her. She was credited with a point, and certainly earned no demerit. The judge also gave her a point on three birds in a treetop. This was not seen by the reporters. Blithe won, and this was all right in every way. She showed herself a good one. Up at 3:07. Not much work on birds.

BRUSH K. AND GAMBOL.

Brush K. was handled by Dr. Kime, Gambol by Mr. C. A. Stone. Gambol was a little better in range, though neither had much style, and both ran with low head. Both fairly obedient to ranging signals. Brush flushed a big bevy in a weedy cornfield, and later flushed a lingering single. Both dogs steady to wing. Brush made a bad false point in the woods. Gambol was brought up, backed, and then ran in ahead. Gambol later on flushed a bird, first pausing slightly, but was steady to wing. Gambol made a good, sharp point on a bevy in a weedy field; Brush backed. Stone missed, both dogs steady to wing and shot. Gambol did not drop to order; Brush only a little better. Brush pointed, none too steadily, in the woods. Kime flushed and did not shoot, both dogs steady to wing. Brush flushed at edge of thicket, Gambol close behind, both dogs steady. Gambol flushed a wild bird a little later. On a stubble Brush roaded, Gambol came up, took up trail better, went ahead and pointed elegantly, Brush backing. Kime killed to order, both dogs breaking in rather badly and not stopping so well. Down at 3:25; up at 4:37. Gambol won.

DOVER AND MANITOBA BELLE.

At 4:56 the two friends, Mr. Johnson, of Winnipeg, and Mr. Wells of Chatham, came against each other again, each again handling his own dog, the former Manitoba Belle and the latter Dover. So far the Winnipeg dog had come out ahead, much to Mr. Wells's expressed disgust. It became apparent that Manitoba Bell was also a hard one to beat, she having very good ranging qualities. A farmer called the party to a bevy he had seen, but by careful bad management these were not found. At dusk Dover pointed old footscent at a thicket, Belle backing. The birds had been seen to fly some moments before, and Dover went on none too soon, certainly. It grew dark, and at 5:30 the dogs were ordered up. The party was nearly ten miles from town and a mile and a half from the vehicles, after a steady day's walking. The management during the day has not been exceptionally efficient, but much of this is chargeable to the fact that this is the first field meet of the club. A better knowledge of the country and of the birds, and a smoother working of details, would have saved some time. Thus, at the end of the second day only six heats had been decided.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 13.

The weather was cloudy, light rain falling nearly all day. The party was taken out to the Big Point Club preserve near the lake, where birds were far more plentiful. This was thirteen miles from Chatham, and it was 10:15 by the time the grounds were reached. The first pair were put down at 10:25, this being the undecided heat of the night before

DOVER AND MANITOBA BELLE.

Mr. Wells handled Dover, Mr. Johnson handled Belle. There was little difference in range at first, but for some reason Belle seemed not to be hunting as eagerly as on the previous evening. Dover roaded, pointed and retrieved the bird killed by Mr. Wells out of a bevy. Belle not called to back. Both made game, and Dover flushed a bevy in briers at a log pile. Dover now ranged the better. Dover pointed in brush, Mr. Wells missed; Belle dropped at order; both dogs steady. But little more actual work was done. Up at 11. Dover won. Mr. Wells, his handler, might take lessons in the theory and practice of field handling and field etiquette. In this he could find no better model than his opponent, who accepted his defeat good-humoredly. In handling, Mr. Johnson was never noisy or petulant, but quiet and courteous always, never passing in front of his opponent's dog when on game and never rushing up to his own dog when on a point.

Paris being absent, the undecided heat of the day before was given to Canadian Jester.

Second Series.

CANADIAN JESTER AND BREEZO.

Mr. Davey handled Jester, J. McGregor handled Breezo. Down at 11:05. Breezo was hard to handle, and could not well be got down to close work in heavy cover. Jester showed himself a handy one in close work, pointing, backing and retrieving, his chief fault being a disposition to break in and chase, he however dropping at command. Breezo failed to back once, and although a very likely one and ambitious, his work was not extra. Up at 11:50. Jester won.

GEORGE AND DINAH C.

J. McGregor handled George, Mr. Wells handled Dinah C. Down at 11:55. In range Dinah surpassed, but each dog seemed as cheerful and obedient as the other. Dinah appeared to flush near a brush pile. Several good covers were drawn blank. A bevy flushed wild in the woods. George pointed foot scent and Dinah backed. A hundred yards further on, Dinah pointed false at a fence and again at a brush pile, with ample time to discover. George failed to back in the latter case, and drew up and pointed also for a moment. Ordered up at 12:40 and the heat given to Dinah C., the reason for which, it must be confessed, was not very apparent. They needed more work. The decision, however, placed the dogs properly on merit.

PITTI SING AND GAMBOL.

Mr. Wells handled Pitti Sing for Mr. Johnson, Mr. Stone handled Gambol. Down at 12:45, and ordered up at 1:58, after lunch, and the heat given to Pitti Sing. In the walk no practical work was done, but Gambol did not range out, and failing to go out and hunt on a stubble where Pitti Sing was ranging beautifully, he lost his chance.

IGHTFIELD BLITHE AND DOVER.

Mr. Johnson handled Blithe, Mr. Wells handled Dover. Down at 2:10. In this heat it became apparent that in his pointer Blithe Mr. Johnson had not only the better dog of the pair, but the best dog in the stakes. Her work was simply admirable, and she showed herself perfectly broken, of excellent disposition and exceptional ranging qualities. She outclassed Dover, and beat him hands down, whereat Mr. Wells made his customary urgent objections, to which Mr. Johnson replied with his customary pleasant smile. No birds were found till late in the heat. Blithe pointed and roaded. A bevy went up wild. Dover false-pointed, which is his worst fault; Blithe dropped to order. Blithe pointed running birds in corn, Dover an indifferently good back. Up at 3:17. Blithe won.

Third Series.

CANADIAN JESTER AND PITTI SING.

This pair were drawn on a guard, Mr. Johnson's two dogs coming against each other otherwise. Mr. Davey handled Jester, Mr. Wells handled Pitti Sing for Mr. Johnson. Down at 3:35. Pitti had the better of it in range and style. She was a wide and easy-going ranger. The dogs made game in a cornfield. Jester pointed and Mr. Davey flushed, Jester breaking in but stopping to order. Pitti Sing also pointed, and dropped beautifully to wing before she was ordered to do so, as the birds flushed about her. Roading and pointing followed, Jester backing well once. A good bevy of scattered birds was left, by reason of some theory or another, and the dogs taken across a blank field. Near a house in corn Jester broke in after a bird that rose ahead of him. Thereupon the judge ordered the pair up and gave the heat to Pitti Sing. Down 30m.

DINAH C. AND IGHTFIELD BLITHE.

Mr. Wells and Mr. Johnson again entered the ring, each handling his own dog. It was well on toward dark, but Mr. Wells insisted on running, and the pair were cast off at 4:15. Dinah pointed at a fence in thicket, very possibly on footscent. Blithe, brought up to back, pointed a bird as she passed into the thicket. Mr. Wells thought his dog had been interfered with while on game. Such was not the case. Mr. Wells showed himself overbearing and discourteous, with which mild comment this matter is with difficulty allowed to pass. This gentleman has kept his friends busy apologizing for him for the past three days. There is a point where this becomes quite threadbare. That all necessity for it be obviated, let the gentleman in question take example, as before suggested, of his chief apologist and friend, Mr. Johnson, who is fairly a model of sportsmanlike courtesy and a perfect observer of the proper etiquette of the field. At the bottom of this little ripple there is nothing worse than mere thoughtlessness, for Mr. Wells is known for a hearty good fellow.

These dogs went on into a wood, drawing several covers blank. Blithe unfortunately ran into a bevy and flushed. At the end of the 45 minutes the judge gave the heat to Dinah, on technical reasons alone, admitting later that he thought Blithe the best dog in the stakes. A dark and muddy drive of 14 miles then followed, and it was late when town was reached.

THURSDAY, NOV. 14.

Rainy weather still continued, and the party faced an unpleasant task as they walked into the muddy fields. This was about six miles from town.

Final Heat.

PITTI SING AND DINAH C.

Down at 9:45. After casting along a creek bed some time Pitti Sing blundered over a single, not to much discredit. Pitti Sing pointed nicely on stubble, Dinah backing off for an instant, but then drawing down close and again backing. Dinah false-pointed at the fence. Pitti Sing was the better in ranging qualities, although Dinah is herself an excellent ranger and a good field dog of four or five years' experience on quail. Pitti Sing, as earlier stated, is new on quail. Up at 10:25. Pitti Sing won.

By agreement of the night before it had been arranged that the second dog should not run the last dog beaten by the winner, to determine place, but that second and third should be decided by the judge on previous work. The judge now announced Pitti Sing as winner of the All-Aged, Dinah C. second, Ightfield Blithe third.

Pitti Sing, the winner (Baron Doveridge—Norah), is a 40lbs. white setter bitch, with liver markings on head and ears. She was in bad condition, but at her best is not perhaps a show dog. Her ears might be carried a bit lower, and her ribs spring better, and her coupling stronger. She is, however, tidy but rangy, and by her work has shown her quality. She wins the custody of the American Field cup, which she must win next year to hold, also $75 cash, also 25lbs. of powder, the latter offered by the Hamilton Powder Co. A donation of 1,000 shells is to be divided, on just what basis is not known at this writing.

Dinah C., second (Mingo—Fausta II.), is a compact and fair-proportioned setter bitch, white and black, about 43lbs. weight. In coat and quarters she is not perfect. In head she is good, and she is well ribbed and of good loin; in all a very useful bitch. She wins $35 cash.

Ightfield Blithe (Dancer—Ightfield Bloom), third, is well nigh a perfect pointer bitch. She is about 36lbs. weight, liver and white in color. She has perfect legs, feet, back, ribs and loin. Her muzzle is not too long, but her head is symmetrical and good. If she has fault, it lies in a tail just a shade coarse, but it is a question if she could be thought much below par on that point. This cheerful and merry little one wins $15 cash, also the special pointer prize of $10. She is a better dog than either of those above her.

SUMMARY:

First Series.

Canadian Jester beat Paris.
Breezo beat Bob.
George beat American Beck.
Dinah C. beat Maggie B.
Pitti Sing beat Mingo.
Ightfield Blithe beat Cambriana.
Gambol beat Brush K.
Dover beat Manitoba Belle.

Second Series.

Canadian Jester beat Breezo.
Dinah C. beat George.
Pitti Sing beat Gambol.
Ightfield Blithe beat Dover.

Third Series.

Pitti Sing beat Canadian Jester.
Dinah C. beat Ightfield Blithe.

Final.

Pitti Sing beat Dinah C. and won.

THE DERBY.

Immediately upon the closing of the All-Aged, running was begun in the Derby. In these stakes there was but one forfeit, and the drawings were as follows:

MARCUS (R. G. Hervey, Brockville), liver pointer dog, 14mos. (pedigree not sent in),

against

IGHTFIELD BLITHE (T. Johnson, Winnipeg), liver and white pointer bitch, 20mos. (Dancer—Ightfield Bloom).

SNAP (Ed. Green, Chatham), black and white setter dog, 20nros. (Dash—Belle),

against

BREEZO (R. G. Hervey), liver pointer dog, 14mos. (pedigree not sent in).

BRIGHTON PRIDE (Davey and Richards, London), blue belton setter dog, 18mos. (Brant—Belle),

against

DOROTHEA (J. Lorne Campbell), black and tan Gordon bitch, 16mos. (Jack—Becky Sharp).

First Series.

MARCUS AND IGHTFIELD BLITHE.

Marcus was handled by J. McGregor, a good and quiet handler, Mr. Johnson handling Blithe. Down at 10:35. Blithe did it all, and in thirteen minutes the judge gave her the heat, Marcus refusing to hunt.

The next pair were Snap and Breezo. Snap was absent and the heat was given to Breezo.

BRIGHTON PRIDE AND DOROTHEA.

Mr. Davey handled Pride, Mr. Campbell handled Dorothea. Down at 10:50. Pride showed a very independent, cheerful and business-like ranger, quite surpassing Dorothea, who was too fleshy and unfit for field work. Dorothea pointed in a thicket to demerit, no bird being found, after a fair delay. Both dogs were obedient and easily handled. Pride made a very showy point on the stubble, crouching down with one forefoot doubled under him. Dorothea did not back. Mr. Davey snapped the bird down, but Pride broke shot and retrieved without order, the bird falling about 30ft. away. Dorothea now showed a disposition to hunt close in, while Pride ranged wonderfully well. Ordered up at 11:30. Brighton Pride won.

Snap was still absent. The judge put down Breezo with Marcus, for a confirmation of his opinion as to third place. By agreement, the placing of the winners was left in the discretion of the judge without further running. His decision was Ightfield Blithe first, Brighton Pride second, Breezo third.

Ightfield Blithe, winner of the Derby, has been fully spoken of before. She wins $25 cash as first money.

Brighton Pride (Brant—Belle), second, is a fine young blue belton dog, good in head, a bit tallish and not of great bone, but a workmanlike one. He wins $15 cash. He will be heard from later, and is much of a setter.

Breezo, third, is just a plain liver and bacon colored pointer, without much style about him, tall and large, but with the making of a good serviceable field dog in him. His owner neglected to send up his pedigree, but he is said to be well bred. He wins $10 cash.

SUMMARY.

First Series.

Ightfield Blithe beat Marcus.
Breezo a bye.
Brighton Pride beat Dorothea.

Final Heat.

Under discretion, Ightfield Blithe first, Brighton Pride second, Breezo third.

A nice little game dinner was served to the field party at the Grand Central Hotel in the evening. It was announced that the club had paid its debts, concluded the business of the meet, and had a neat little surplus in the treasury for next year. This is a worthy showing for a worthy club, and one which doubtless has a good future before it.

E. HOUGH.

THE INDIANA FIELD TRIALS.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The third annual field trials of the Indiana Kennel Club opened at Bicknell, Nov. 1, with the Members' Stake, which was judged by Messrs. A. J. Gleason and P. T. Madison.

The weather for the first three or four days of the trials was very pleasant, but the remainder of the time was cloudy and rainy. The trials were stopped twice on account of the inclement weather. The grounds were not as good as they were last year on account of many of the best fields being full of corn, and the dogs had to be taken from one open field to another, which at times was very inconvenient and annoying. The Setter Derby began Monday morning, Nov. 4, and was judged by Royal Robinson, J. B. Stoddard and P. T. Madison. On Tuesday Mr. Stoddard was compelled to retire, and Mr. J. M. Freeman took his place and acted throughout the entire trials. The work done in the Setter Derby was of a high order, while that of the Pointer Derby was rather tame.

THE SETTER DERBY.

MONDAY, Nov. 4.—*Preliminary Series.*

Each dog must score not less than 60 per cent. in this series or be dropped entirely out of the race.

FRANKIE FOLSOM AND SIMONIDES.

Mr. A. J. Gleason's orange and white bitch Frankie Folsom (Marksman—Don's Nellie), handled by owner, and Rose and Madison's black, white and tan dog Simonides (Gath's Hope—Gladys), handled by D. E. Rose, were cast off in a ragweed field on the Phillippi farm, half a mile west of town, at 8:27. The handlers soon walked into a covey; Frankie being near, pointed a portion of the remaining covey indifferently. Following the birds through a small cornfield, to where they had alighted in a woods pasture, the spectators flushed another covey. The dogs soon pointed singles simultaneously. Both dogs were steady to shot. Gleason probably thinking he could rattle his opponent's dog, fired both barrels when his bird flushed. If such were his convictions he was badly mistaken, as Simonides held his point as solid as a stone wall. Judge Robinson informed Gleason that only one shot must be fired in the future, unless the judges ordered differently. Mr. Gleason was then ordered to bring his dog up to back Simonides, which she did nicely. Moving on Frankie pointed a single, and Simonides backed handsomely; both were steady to wing. Frankie pointed again in a bunch of weeds, Simonides backed; Gleason failed to flush a bird to the point. Being sent on Simonides pointed a single bird, and was steady to shot. Frankie soon pointed again, and Simonides backed; Frankie moved up and flushed the bird. Going down wind Simonides flushed a single, and dropped to wing. The dogs were taken up at 9:15, each winning a place in the first regular series. In style and speed they were equal, Simonides having the advantage of range and obedience.

ZULU AND KING LEO'S BOY.

Mr. J. I. Case, Jr.'s, black, white and tan dog Zulu (King Noble—Nellie Belton), handled by J. L. Barker, and Mr. Wm. Dingle's black, white and tan dog King Leo's Boy (King Leo—Flaxy Gladstone), handled by Gleason, were put down in an open pasture at 9:20. Passing into a stubble field, Leo pointed and moved on, Zulu pointed and was steady to wing; followed the birds to woods. Leo flushed a single and was slightly unsteady to wing; being ordered on, Zulu flushed a single. Leo pointed, but no bird was found to the point. Then Zulu flushed a single in the briers. Worked back into the stubble, and finding nothing more, the dogs were sent into the woods, which was drawn blank. Going on into another stubble, the handlers flushed a covey, which was followed. Leo got the first point on a single, but was unsteady in his point, and moving flushed the bird. Zulu then flushed a single. Leo pointed a single, drew up and flushed the bird. The brace was taken up at 10:49, both scoring less than 60 per cent. In style and obedience King Leo's Boy had the advantage; in all other respects they were about equal.

HOPE'S RAY AND MODESTY.

Mr. D. E. Rose's black, white and tan dog Hope's Ray (Gath's Hope—Lady May), handled by owner, and Dr. J. McDowell's blue belton bitch Modesty (Gath's Mark—Esther), handled by Geo. McLin, were put down in a stubble field on the Horn farm at 11:10. Going across wind, Ray flushed a single bird of an outlying covey which the judges flushed a moment later. Following the birds to the woods, Modesty was the first to find a point; she was very steady to shot. Going on Ray pointed a rabbit, and was steady to fur; moving further Ray pointed a single, but the bird flushed a moment later; then he pointed a covey. The birds were followed into the woods. Ray picked up three points on singles on dry leaves, and won his place in the next series. Modesty, not scoring 60 per cent., was dropped out. The dogs were taken up at 11:58. Ray was superior in everything but obedience. An adjournment was now taken for lunch.

TEMPIE CAMBRIDGE AND SAM C.

Mr. G. R. Howse's black, white and tan bitch Tempie Cambridge (Count Paris—Nellie Cambridge), handled by her owner, and Mr. J. I. Case's lemon belton dog Sam C. (King Noble—Cricket), handled by C. W. Barker, were cast off in an orchard at 12:55. In ten minutes the judges flushed a covey, which went to the briers. Sam soon pointed, but moved on after finding his mistake. In briers Tempie pointed, but Howse failed to flush a bird to the point; Sam backed indifferently. Being sent on Sam pointed, and Tempie backed handsomely; no birds were found. The dogs then began roading, and located the birds simultaneously. Both dogs were steady to shot. The birds were followed to the woods, where Tempie got two good points to one for Sam. They were taken up at 1:35, both winning their place in the next series. Tempie was superior in style, range, speed and obedience.

DAISY GIRL AND NANNIE B.

Mr. G. R. Howse's black, white and tan bitch Daisy Girl (Count Paris—Nellie Cambridge), handled by owner, and Mr. J. I. Case's lemon belton bitch Nannie B. (King Noble—Queen Vashti), handled by C. W. Barker, were put down in woods where last brace finished at 1:45. Daisy soon pointed a single; the bird flushed wild a moment later; she was steady to wing. Going on Nannie pointed in fence corner, Daisy backing beautifully; no bird found to the point. After a little spin Daisy pointed a covey, and was steady to shot. The birds were followed, Daisy getting three points on single, while Nannie got two. They were taken up at 2:20, both scoring over 60 per cent.

BRAXTON BRAG AND LILLY BURGES.

Mrs. Geo. N. Whiteley's orange and white bitch Lilly Burges (Gath's Mark—Esther), handled by Frank Richards, and Mr. N. N. Nesbit's black, white and tan dog Braxton Brag (Roderigo—Lufra) handled by owner, were cast off in an open stubble at 2:40. Lilly soon pointed but no birds were found to the point. After crossing a fence Brag pointed in briers, and Lilly backed, but Nesbit failed to flush his bird. Going on into stubble Lilly found and pointed a covey nicely, Brag coming up refused to back, went in and flushed the entire covey. The birds were followed, but before reaching the place where they were marked, Lilly pointed another covey. Brag backed, then deliberately walked in and flushed the birds, Lilly remaining steady. The birds were followed, and Lilly soon captured three singles to one for Brag. Then Brag flushed a single, and lost his place in the next series, while Lilly went in with flying colors. They were taken up at 3:20. Lilly had style, speed, range and obedience all on her side.

CLOCHETTE (A BYE) AND BRAXTON BRAG.

Mr. P. Lorillard, Jr.'s black, white and tan bitch Clochette (Roderigo—Lavalette) handled by D. E. Rose, having the bye, the judges selected Braxton Brag to run with her. They were put down in an open pasture at 3:30; working across this pasture and a newly sown wheat field and finding nothing, the dogs were turned into a stubble field, where Brag found a covey and pointed it nicely. Clochette backed. The dogs were steady to wing. Following the birds to edge of corn Clochette flushed twice and then pointed a single, and was unsteady to shot, although she dropped at command. Being sent on she flushed a single. The dogs were taken up and carried to stubble on the Horn farm, where Clochette flushed a covey and lost her place in the next series. She was taken up at 4:30.

TUESDAY, NOV. 5—*First Regular Series.*

Zulu, King Leo's Boy, Modesty, Braxton Brag and Clochette having failed to score the required 60 per cent., were retired, and the new drawing brought out as the first brace,

HOPE'S RAY AND SAM C.

They were cast off in an open stubble, both dogs going well. They both soon made game, but as they were both a little over anxious, they roaded into a covey going down wind. Sent after the scattered birds, Ray was the first to locate; he pointed a single in a fence corner very nicely, and was steady to wing. Passing on, Ray pointed another single, and was steady to wing. Then Sam located a single and made a stylish point; he was also steady to wing. The dogs were now sent on to find a fresh covey. Barker called point; the birds flushed wild before the judges and reporters could get near enough to see the dog. Being sent on after the scattered birds, both dogs pointed singles simultaneously, and were steady to wing. Then Sam false pointed. Moving on, Ray pointed a single in fence corner; Sam backed indifferently; Ray was steady to shot. Passing on, Ray pointed a single, which flushed wild a moment later. Then Sam pointed and Ray backed indifferently. Barker failed to find a bird to the point. The dogs were then sent on through a stubble into a woods pasture, which was drawn blank. Going into another stubble, Sam pointed a rabbit and Ray backed. Going on into corner of a small cornfield, both dogs pointed a covey simultaneously; both were steady to shot. Going into corn, Ray got lost and was out of sight five minutes; when found he was on a point. The dogs were then taken up, brought out of the corn and turned loose in a stubble field. Going up wind, Sam pointed a covey in style; Ray was not near enough to back; Sam was steady to shot. The birds went to the corn and were not followed. The dogs were sent into another stubble. Going down wind at a clipping gait, Ray flushed some outlying birds, and dropped to wing. He then roaded and located the rest of the covey, and was steady to wing and shot. The dogs were taken up at 10:04 and Hope's Ray declared the winner. The work in this heat was not of a high order, both dogs being hard to control. In speed, style and range they were about equal.

NANNIE B. AND SIMONIDES.

Mr. Madison, having an interest in Simonides, did not judge in this heat. The brace were put down in a stubble field on the west end of the Horn farm at 10:35. Nannie soon pointed a covey and Sim backed; both were steady to shot. Being sent on into woods after the scattered birds, Nannie pointed, Barker failing to find a bird to the point. Then she pointed again in the briers near the edge of the woods, which also proved false. Going back into stubble Sim jumped into a beautiful point, going across wind at a rattling gait; Nannie was brought up to back, which she did indifferently; Sim dropped to shot. In fence corner further on, Rose called point; birds flushed a moment later. Passing on into woods Sim pointed a single, and was steady to shot. Then he flushed a single from the dry leaves, Nannie then pointed a single in dry briers and was steady to shot. Passing on Nannie pointed in briers; Barker could

find nothing to the point. Later on she pointed a single, Sim backed; both dogs steady to shot. Passing out of the woods into a stubble field, the judges instructed the handlers to work in a notherly direction. Instead of doing as he was instructed to, Mr. Barker allowed his dog to get away from him and work in the opposite direction. She was soon out of sight, and when found was on a point in corner of cornfield near a ditch. Barker called point; Sim was brought up to back, which he did. Barker failed to find birds to the point. Being ordered on the dogs began roading. Sim located and pointed a small covey 75yds. east. Rose shot and Sim dropped. The dogs were then taken up at 11:30, and the heat given to Nannie B. I cannot agree with the judges in this decision, as Nannie was clearly outclassed. Sim was positive in his work, and the only mistake he made was in flushing a single bird in the woods.

An adjournment was now taken for lunch.

TEMPIE CAMBRIDGE AND LILLY BURGES.

This brace was put down in a stubble field on the Horn farm at 12:45, and immediately went away as if they were trying to catch a jack rabbit. Tempie soon came to a point, Lilly refused to back, and was dropped by Richards, House failed to flush anything to the point. Going on Tempie pointed twice on rabbits. Going down a fence at a terrific gait, Lilly wheeled into a point, stood a moment, then moved on, the judges coming up, flushed a covey. Being sent on after scattered birds Lilly pointed, but Richards could not find a bird to the point; Tempie flushed a single and dropped to wing. Going into woods Lilly pointed a single, and Tempie backed nicely; both were steady to shot. The dogs were taken up at 1:45 and the heat given to Lilly. In style, range and speed they were evenly matched, but Lilly had the best judgment on birds.

DAISY GIRL AND FRANKIE FOLSOM.

This brace was put down in a stubble at 1:57. Passing through this field into another of the same kind, Frankie pointed in corner of fence, Daisy backing nicely; Gleason failed to flush. The dogs were sent on into the stubble, where Daisy found and pointed a covey nicely. Frankie backed handsomely, both dogs steady to shot. Being sent on after scattered birds, Daisy soon began roading, continuing until she located a covey one hundred yards away; she was perfectly steady to shot. The dogs were sent on; going down wind Daisy flushed a single, Frankie flushed a covey in edge of briers, and dropped to wing. The birds were followed to woods, where Frankie flushed a single, then she soon false pointed. The dogs were taken up at 2:44 and the heat given to Daisy. In style and bird sense Daisy had the advantage, but in speed and range they were equal.

Second Series.

HOPE'S RAY AND NANNIE B.

This brace was put down in a stubble at 3:20. Nannie soon located and pointed a covey and was steady to shot. The birds were followed to the woods where Nannie flushed a single; she next pointed a single, and was steady to wing. Ray pointed a single on hillside, and was also steady to shot. Nannie further on pointed a single, and Ray backed; both steady to wing. The dogs were taken up and carried to the Horn farm, where they were put down in a stubble at 3:57. Nannie quickly located and pointed a covey; Ray backed; both dogs were steady to shot. They were taken up at 4:05 and the heat awarded to Nannie B. In style Ray had the call. In speed and range they were about equal.

LILLY BURGES AND DAISY GIRL.

This brace was cast off where last brace finished, at 4:10. They soon located a covey, both dogs dropping to the point simultaneously; they were both steady to shot. Being sent on Lilly soon located and pointed another covey, then she pointed a single and Daisy backed. The dogs were taken up at 4:28, and the heat given to Lilly. In style, range and speed Lilly had the call, decidedly.

Third Series.

LILLY BURGES AND NANNIE B.

This brace was put down where last brace finished at 4:38, to run for first honors. Lilly soon pointed a single, and Nannie backed, both steady to shot. Passing on, Nannie pointed and Lilly backed; Barker failed to find a bird to the point. They were sent on; Nannie pointed a covey and was very unsteady to wing, being inclined to chase. Going into another stubble Lilly flushed an outlying bird, then pointed the covey; Nannie then flushed a single and pointed the remainder of covey. Going on, Lilly pointed another covey and was steady to wing; passing on both pointed singles; then Nannie flushed a single; then Lilly flushed a single and dropped. Being sent, Lilly quickly got two single points and won. They were taken up at 5:15. Lilly had a decided advantage in style, and showed better judgment on birds. In speed they were equal, Lilly having somewhat the greater range.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 6.

Third Series.

HOPE'S RAY AND DAISY GIRL.

This brace was put down in stubble on the Phillippi farm at 8:08, to determine which should run against Nannie B. for second money. Daisy soon pointed larks, and Ray backed; being ordered on she soon pointed, Ray backed; Howse failed to flush to the point. Sent on into high weeds a covey was seen to flush; when the judges got near enough to see, both dogs were down. They were ordered on after the scattered birds and got a single point each. Then Ray flushed a single. Daisy false pointed and Ray backed. Ray then pointed a single, the bird flushing wild almost instantly; Ray then began roading, and a bird flushed wild 30ft. ahead of him. Being sent on, Daisy flushed a covey. Ray pointed a single in briers, and was steady to wing. Passing into pasture, Ray pointed; Rose failed to find his bird. Passing through this pasture into woods, Daisy pointed covey, Ray backed, birds flushed wild. Ray then false pointed. Later on both pointed in cornfield, and were steady to wing. The dogs were now taken out of the corn and turned down in a weed field to find a fresh covey. Ray soon pointed a single, and was steady to shot, Daisy flushed a single and dropped. Then both dogs flushed a covey. Passing on, Daisy false pointed. Going into woods where nothing was found, the dogs were turned back into weed field; in the bottom near a ditch Daisy made two false points. The dogs were taken up at 10:38, and the heat given to Hope's Ray.

Nannie B. having already beaten Hope's Ray, she was declared winner of second money and Hope's Ray third.

SUMMARY.

BICKNELL, Ind., Nov. 6, 1889.—Indiana Kennel Club's Setter Derby; open to all setters born on or after Jan. 1, 1889; $5 to enter, and $15 to start. Sweepstakes purse, after deducting expenses 50 per cent. to first, 30 per cent. to second, and 20 per cent to third.

Preliminary Series (dogs to score 60 per cent. or better).

Mr. A. J. Gleason's orange and white setter bitch Frankie Folsom (Marksman—Don's Nellie) and Rose and Madison's black, white and tan dog Simonides (Gath's Hope—Gladys). Both scored.

Mr. J. I. Case, Jr.'s black, white and tan dog Zulu (King Noble—Nellie Belton) and Mr. Dingle's black, white and tan dog King Leo's Boy (King Leo—Flaxy Gladstone). Both failed to score.

Mr. D. E. Rose's black, white and tan dog Hope's Ray (Gath's Hope—Lady May) and Dr. J. McDowell's blue belton bitch Modesty (Gath's Mark—Esther). Hope's Ray scored, Modesty failed.

Mr. G. R. Howse's black, white and tan bitch Tempie Cambridge (Count Paris—Nellie Cambridge) and Mr. J. I. Case, Jr.'s lemon belton dog Sam C. (King Noble—Cricket). Both scored.

Mr. G. R. Howse's black, white and tan bitch Daisy Girl (Count Paris—Nellie Cambridge) and Mr. J. I. Case, Jr.'s lemon belton bitch Nannie B. (King Noble—Queen Vashti). Both scored.

Mrs. Geo. N. Whiteley's orange and white bitch Lilly Burges (Gath's Mark—Esther) and Mr. N. N. Nesbit's black, white and tan dog Braxton Brag (Roderigo—Lufra). Lilly Burges scored, Braxton Brag failed.

Mr. P. Lorillard, Jr.'s black, white and tan bitch Clochette (Roderigo—Lavalette), a bye. Failed to score.

First Series.

Hope's Ray beat Sam C.
Nannie B. beat Simonides.
Lilly Burges beat Tempie Cambridge.
Daisy Girl beat Frankie Folsom.

Second Series.

Nannie B. beat Hope's Ray.
Lilly Burges beat Daisy Girl.

Third Series.

Lilly Burges beat Nannie B., and won first.
Nannie B. second.
Hope's Ray third.

Previous Winnings.—Bicknell, 1887.

Cherry Stone (Trinket's Bang—Pearlstone), pointer, first.
Zetta King Don (King Don—Queen Faust), pointer, second.
Queen of Tennessee (Gath's Hope—Freda), setter } equal
Dash (Royal C.—Belle), setter, } third.

Bicknell, 1888.

Florence Gladstone (Gladstone—Flounce), setter, first.
Bertraldo (Corner Stone—Bessie Beaufort), pointer, second.
Rod's Gal (Rod—Juno), pointer, } equal third.
Tennie (Rod—Nell), pointer, }

POINTER DERBY.

Preliminary Series.—Conditions same as those of the Setter Derby. At the conclusion of the Setter Derby the first brace in the Pointer Derby was called.

DEVONSHIRE JILT AND THOMASTONE.

Mr. J. W. Patterson's liver and white bitch Devonshire Jilt (Fowler—Cherrystone), handled by J. B. Stoddard, and Mr. W. H. Holmes's liver and white dog Thomastone (Cornerstone—Firenzi), handled by A. J. Gleason, were put down at 10:50 in a stubble field, which was drawn blank. Crossing a new wheat field, to another stubble, Thomastone located a bevy and pointed handsomely, Jilt backed well, both dogs were steady to shot. Being sent on, Thomastone pointed a rabbit, Jilt pointed, moved and began roading; covey flushed wild, 20yds. ahead. Tom pointed two outlying birds of this covey. The birds were followed to the woods where Tom pointed a single, then moved up and flushed the bird; then Jilt pointed, but moved on after finding her mistake. The dogs were taken up at 11:50 both dogs scoring. In range, speed and style Tom had the advantage. An adjournment was then taken for lunch.

ROBERT SPRING AND PEARL'S DOT.

Mr. H. T. Schmidt's liver and white dog Robert Spring (Hairspring—Diables), handled by Geo. McLin, and Mr. J. B. Turner's liver and white bitch Pearl's Dot (Trinket's Bang—Pearlstone), handled by J. B. Stoddard, were put down in a stubble field on the Horn farm at 1:04. Going into briers near a fence, Dot flushed a covey; 50yds. further on near the same fence Robt. flushed a covey. Going on up the fence to the corner of the field, Dot pointed a single, Robt. backed indifferently, both dogs were steady to wing. At this juncture Mr. Madison was taken ill and was compelled to retire, leaving the judging to be done by Mr. Robinson and Mr. Freeman. Nothing more was accomplished by this brace and they were taken up at 2:03. Pearl's Dot scored, Robert Spring failed.

ELECTRIC AND FANCY FREE.

Mr. Frank Carlisle's orange and white dog Electric (Croxteth—Young Beulah), handled by S. J. McCartney, and Mr. Worthington Hoyt's liver and white bitch Fancy Free (Donald—Lady Bow), handled by R. B. Morgan, were cast off in stubble field, on west end of the Horn farm, at 2:10. Neither had much style, range or speed. The judges flushed a covey which dropped along a ditch; the dogs were called over to be put on these birds. Fancy was lost, birds were seen to flush in corner of field and Fancy was found there. In ditch both dogs pointed. The handlers moving around flushed the remainder of the covey. Moving along the fence, each dog got a point on singles, and were steady to shot. Going back into the stubble Fancy flushed a single, then the entire covey. She passed a covey which she should have pointed, as her handler coming up, following his dog, walked into the birds. She twice made game but moved on, and birds were flushed by spectators from these places. Passing into woods Electric pointed a single and Fancy backed; then Fancy pointed a single, Electric refused to back; both dogs were steady to shot. They were taken up at 2:45. Fancy scored, Electric failed.

First Regular Series.

PEARL'S DOT AND FANCY FREE.

This brace was put down where last brace finished. Dot soon began roading and flushed a single outlying bird, then she roaded into and flushed a covey. In the woods Dot flushed a covey, then she pointed a single, and was nicely backed by Fancy. In briers Fancy challenged, but was prevented from establishing her point by her handler continually cautioning her; a covey flushed by dog and handler together. Going over fence, on forbidden ground, Fancy pointed and Dot backed; the judges called the handlers and dogs back into stubble. In stubble Dot was missed, and while her handler was hunting her a covey was seen to flush, and she was then discovered running in that locality. Dot pointed and moved on; after she was gone a bird was flushed from where she had pointed; the handlers then soon flushed a covey. Going into woods, a covey flushed, both dogs were within a few feet of the birds, but failed to scent them. Fancy then flushed two singles in succession. Then Dot pointed a single, and Fancy also nailed one. Then Dot got another single, while Fancy scored a flush. The dogs were taken up and the heat given to Pearl's Dot. Dot did not go as well in this heat as she did in her other heat, while Fancy did better. Dot had the best style in motion, while Fancy made the most stylish point. In speed and range Dot was superior. This heat lasted 53 minutes.

DEVONSHIRE JILT AND THOMASTONE.

This brace was put down in weed field at 4:05. Tom ran into a covey and dropped to flush; then Jilt pointed a single and was unsteady to wing. Later on Jilt pointed, moved on and pointed again just as birds flushed all around her. Tom got a point on these birds a moment before they flushed. Moving on Tom pointed just as two birds flushed from high weeds; then he got a single in the same way. Further on, at different times, both handlers claimed points, but they failed to find birds to the points. Passing on Tom pointed a rabbit. In another stubble both dogs began pointing and roading; Jilt getting too near flushed the birds; Tom pointed a moment before the birds flushed. Going to hillside Jilt pointed indifferently on a single. Tom then pointed and Jilt backed indifferently; they were steady to shot. Tom had the advantage in style, speed and range. They were taken up at 5:00 and the heat given to Thomastone.

THURSDAY, Nov. 7.

Second Series.

PEARL'S DOT AND THOMASTONE.

This brace was cast off at 8:30 in stubble to decide first money. In ten minutes Tom ran through a covey in the stubble and dropped to wing. In the woods where the birds had been marked down Dot pointed a single nicely, and was steady to shot. Tom was not near enough to back. Across the creek in an old field Tom pointed a rabbit, Gleason corrected him, turned him loose, when he started on a chase of the fur, giving tongue. As Tom and the rabbit ran past Dot, she joined in the chase. This being all that was done in the heat the dogs were taken up at 9:10 and the heat and first money given to Pearl's Dot.

Third Series.

DEVONSHIRE JILT AND FANCY FREE.

This brace was put down to decide which of the two dogs should run against Thomastone for second money. In a thicket Jilt pointed a single, Fancy backed nicely, both steady to wing; Fancy next pointed in briers; when her handler tried to flush, she moved up and flushed two birds. In an orchard Jilt flushed a covey; going on, several birds flushed wild, the dogs, handlers and judges all among them. Going on to hillside in the woods, Fancy made a stylish point on a single, and was steady to wing. In a thicket close to the creek Fancy pointed a single. Three birds flushed near Jilt which she should have pointed; she then flushed a single. The dogs were taken up at 10:05 and the heat given to Fancy Free.

Fourth Series.

THOMASTONE AND FANCY FREE.

This brace was cast off at 10:15 to contest for second money. They were worked toward where a scattered covey had settled. Tom pointed a rabbit, which ran through a covey of birds and flushed four of them. The dogs coming along, flushed the remainder of the covey, which they should have pointed. In thicket near the creek several birds flushed; the dogs were near them at the time. In stubble on top of hill Tom pointed in good style. Gleason, going in to flush, saw a rabbit run from the point and tried to send his dog on; he held his point, however, and a covey flushed a few feet in advance of the dog. In weeds near fence Fancy false pointed. Then she pointed in a gully, but could not exactly locate the bird, which flushed as she moved on. The dogs were taken up at 10:50 and the heat and second money given to Thomastone, Fancy Free taking third.

SUMMARY.

Pointer Derby—Conditions same as those of Setter Derby.

Preliminary Series.

Mr. J. W. Patterson's liver and white bitch Devonshire Jilt (Fowler—Cherrystone) and Mr. W. H. Holmes's liver and white dog Thomastone (Cornerstone—Firenzi). Both scored.

Mr. H. T. Schmidt's liver and white dog Robert Spring (Hairspring—Diables) and Mr. J. B. Turner's liver and white bitch Pearl's Dot (Trinket's Bang—Pearlstone). Pearl's Dot scored, Robert Spring failed.

Mr. Frank Carlisle's orange and white dog Electric (Croxteth—Young Beulah) and Mr. Worthington Hoyt's liver and white bitch Fancy Free. Fancy Free scored, Electric failed.

First Series.

Pearl's Dot beat Fancy Free.
Thomastone beat Devonshire Jilt.

Second Series.

Pearl's Dot beat Thomastone and won first.

Third Series.

Fancy Free beat Devonshire Jilt to see which should run with Thomastone for second money.
Thomastone beat Fancy Free, and won second.
Fancy Free won third.

SUMMARY OF OTHER STAKES.

(Full report will be given in next issue.)

MEMBERS' STAKE.—Freeman's Esther beat Comstock's Hoosier Harry. Hinton's Daisy Hunter a bye. Esther beat Daisy Hunter for first. Hoosier Harry beat Daisy Hunter (absent) for second.

ALL-AGED SETTER STAKE.—In preliminary running (to score 65 per cent.), Daley's Count Erie, Swanman's Dot Belton and Kennedy's Prince Royal H. were thrown out.

First Regular Series.—King's Mark beat King's Dan. Dan Gladstone beat Babe Gladstone. Beaumont beat Noble Dido. Maud beat Stubble. Dashing Dixie beat Sam C. Blue Mark beat Nannie B.

Second Series.—King's Mark beat Dan Gladstone. Maud beat Beaumont. Dashing Dixie beat Blue Mark.

Third Series.—King's Mark beat Maud. Dashing Dixie ran a bye.

Fourth Series.—Dashing Dixie beat King's Mark and won first. King's Mark took second. Maud third. Blue Mark and Dan Gladstone divided fourth.

ALL-AGED POINTER STAKE.—Preliminary running (must score 65 per cent.)—Link's Topsy W., and Stafford's Reximus and Rank failed. In first regular series, Michel's Bannerman beat Allen's Rodman. Daniel's Lord Graphic beat Billing's Tamarack. Madison's Ossian beat Link's Rod's Gal. Judges then placed Ossian first, Lord Graphic second, Bannerman third, Tamarack fourth. RICHMOND.

A TRANSACTION IN DOG FLESH.—Cadiz, O., Nov. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In regard to the article published in FOREST AND STREAM, under date of Nov. 2, will say that if "Jeweler," "D. Fenwick & Co.," will come out like a man and state facts I will then vindicate myself. This "Jeweler" of Suspension Bridge, under his lawful name, has, I believe, been written up on more than one occasion for crooked dog dealing; and as there are always two sides to a dog trade I will say that if "Jeweler" will come out in his own name and state the case truthfully then I will give my side of the story, which will put a different phase on the subject.—S. C. G.

VORTIGERN.—Philadelphia, Nov. 17.—I am sorry to inform you that the black and tan terrier champion Vortigern (E.K.C.S.B. 8,633) died Nov. 15; cause, pneumonia. He was twelve years old last August, and as you know was sire of more winners than any black and tan terrier on this side of the water. I feel that I have lost an old friend.—EDWARD LEVER.

BUFFALO KENNEL CLUB.—Buffalo, Nov. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Buffalo Kennel Club has recently been organized with the following officers: Geo. H. Bush, President; Otto W. Volger, Vice-President; A. W. Smith, Secretary; E. W. Greiner, Treasurer. We intend giving a dog show at Music Hall, March 18 to 21, 1890, and claim those dates.—A. W. SMITH, Secretary.

SPRATTS PROVENDER DID IT.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* You may be interested to know that the three winners, Trales, White Lips and Lord Neversettle, at the Great Bend meeting of the American Coursing Club, were all trained on Spratts dog cakes.—SPRATTS PATENT (AMERICA) LIMITED.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.

THE eleventh annual meeting of the Eastern Field Trials Club began on Thursday, Nov. 14, at High Point, N. C., with the Members' Stake. We are sorry to note that the entries for this stake were so few in number. As we have repeatedly said this stake should be the most important event of the yearly meeting, and the members, each and all, should strive to accomplish this by entering and running their dogs. A large number of the members are practical sportsmen, and many of them own good dogs and know how to handle them fairly well, and in furtherance of the interests which the club was specially organized and is maintained to foster, a greater interest should be manifested by its members in making the stake what it should be, the principal event of the meeting. By doing this there is no question that the influence of the club and its consequent usefulness would be greatly extended; and that in the future, as in the past, sportsmen throughout the country would generously support the association, and it would continue to prosper and grow in usefulness and maintain its high prestige for many years to come. It is to be hoped that next year we shall see an entry for this stake that will far surpass that of any previous year, an entry that will conclusively show that the members of the club are alive to its interests, and that they are not afraid to exhibit their dogs in public nor ashamed of their skill as handlers. We are pleased to note that there was a marked improvement this year in the manner in which the dogs were worked. There was not a single contestant that did not handle his dog in a creditable manner, and in some cases the skill displayed would have done no discredit to a professional handler.

Eight dogs were entered, the well-known Buckellew being the only one that failed to put in an appearance. The starters were drawn in the following order:

MEMBERS' STAKE.

BOB GATES (Jas. L. Breese, Tuxedo Park, N. Y.), black, white and tan English setter dog, 5 years (Count Rapier—Belle of Hatchie).

WHITIE (H. Merriam, Weston, Mass.), white and orange English setter dog, March, 1887 (Gus Bondhu—Royal Myrtle).

VOLLEY (Pierre Lorillard, Jr., New York), orange and white English setter bitch, 4 years (Antic—Princess Mix).

NAT GOODWIN (I. Norris Cochran, Philadelphia, Pa.), black, white and tan English setter dog, 4 years (Roderigo—Bo-Peep).

GUY (Geo. T. Leach, High Point, N. C.), black, white and tan English setter dog, 2½ years (Gladstone's Boy—Lady).

GLOSTER (Jas. L. Breese, Tuxedo Park, N. Y.), black, white and tan English setter dog, 5 years (Dashing Rover—Trinket).

NORA (I. Norris Cochran, Philadelphia, Pa.), black, white and tan English setter bitch, 3½ years (Count Noble—Lit).

The judges were Messrs. H. B. Duryea, F. R. Hitchcock and W. A. Coster.

Leaving the hotel a few minutes past 8 o'clock, we rode a short distance east of the town, and at 8:30 Bob Gates and Whitie were put down in a cornfield for the first heat. The weather was simply perfect, there was not a cloud to be seen, a slight breeze from the northwest scarcely stirred the tops of the sedge grass, and the balmy air among the fragrant pines was never more delicious to the senses than on this bright, beautiful morning. As our gallant (now don't let the compositor set this up galled) steeds gently ambled over the springy turf, the merry jest and joyous laughter of the riders gave assurance that the occasion was indeed a pleasurable one and that all were heartily enjoying themselves.

Bob Gates is too well known to need a description. He was in good form and did his work in a stylish manner, winning his heat with ease by finding two bevies in very good style. We have never seen him under nearly so good discipline as he was upon this occasion, and, although going at a good rate of speed and ranging wide, he worked better to the gun than he has done in previous years, and he appears to have improved in bird sense. Whitie, his opponent, is a white dog, with orange markings, of medium size; he moves fairly well, but is no match for Bob either in style, pace or range, he also seemed to lack experience, and did not get round to the likely places nearly so well as his competitor. He was the first to find, however, and he made a good point to a single that had been flushed by the spectators; he backs and retrieves nicely, and is said to be a killing dog, and we have no doubt that among scattered birds he would give a good account of himself; he carries his head too low for work on bevies. He was a bit unsteady to the rise of the first bird, but stopped to shot, and during the remainder of the heat he behaved nicely.

After a short wait the next brace was put down in an open lot. Volley has made a good record at the trials of the Philadelphia Kennel Club. She is a heavily-marked orange and white bitch, about medium size, with a fair amount of speed, good range and lots of bird sense; she moves a bit heavy, and, through being stale from work, she did not show the snap and dash that she is said to exhibit when at her best. She was under better control than any dog in the stake; she drops on her points and has not much style; she backs and retrieves nicely, and showed herself to be a capital dog. Nat is well known; he was quite lame, which detracted much from his elegant style; but he ran a game race and did some good work. He is naturally hard-headed, and has not improved in this respect, and did not mind readily. Some of the work during the heat was very prettily done by both dogs, and the margin between them was very narrow, except in style, where little Nat had decidedly the best of it.

Guy and champion Gloster was the next brace. Guy is a very small, prettily-marked white, black and tan, with a fair head, good shoulders, back, loin, and excellent legs and feet, his coat is curly beyond redemption, as the very thorough combing he gave it among the briers and brambles failed to straighten a single hair so far as we could see. He has a lightning turn of speed, is quick and stylish on point and back, and when he has had the necessary experience and is brought under good control, he will be fit for about any company. Gloster came out in good form and gave a very good exhibition of his finding qualities, but his work on birds was not up to his usual high standard of excellence; his heats were run in the middle of the day, and the condition of the scent may have had something to do with this, as he appeared to be all right. In pace, range and way of going there was not much to choose between the two, but Gloster's experience gave him a decided advantage. Neither was under good control, and the heat was a "go-as-you-please" from start to finish, the dogs at one time being a half mile apart, despite the efforts of their handlers to get them together. Near the finish of the heat some very pretty work was done by both dogs on some birds that were scattered in the big woods at the north end of the Model Farm. Gloster had the best of it here, and roaded out and located some of his birds in fine style.

This finished the first series, Nora having a bye. She is a heavily marked black, white and tan bitch, just under medium size, very taking looking, and is as good as she looks. She has a very nice, easy way of going that is not excelled by any dog in the stake. She is rather stylish on point and back, and roads her birds in a gamy way that is very pleasing. She lacks experience and was not under good control. She was with Bob Gates in the first heat of the second series. Bob had the advantage in speed, range and style on point; he nearly lost the heat, however, by an ill-advised chase after a very fast hare, going out of sight and hearing, and as he did not return it looked like a win for Nora by default, but he bobbed up serenely in season to finish the heat, which he won with something to spare.

It was now one o'clock and we went to lunch at our favorite resort, the large barn of the Model Farm. Capt. White, our host, gave us a hearty welcome, and an hour was very pleasantly spent in discussing the lunch and talking over bygone times.

It was nearly half-past 2 when Nat Goodwin and Gloster were cast off in the open lot west of the barn. Nat was quite lame, but he soon warmed up and went for all he was worth, but the champion had the legs of him and outworked him on birds and won the heat quite handily. Both dogs behaved well in this heat except that Gloster broke shot and in spite of orders to the contrary he brought the bird. Nat could not stand this and he also broke shot and joined Gloster, but under the circumstances he was not as much to blame as his competitor.

This finished the second series, Bob Gates having a bye, and he and Gloster were the only ones left in for first money. Both are owned by Mr. Breese, and at his request the judges decided to place the winner without running. After consultation the judges announced that Bob Gates was placed first, and that Nora should run with Gloster for second honors, and at 3:55 they were cast off in a stubble field near the creek northwest of the farmhouse. Gloster had the best of it in speed, range and style on point; in way of going there was not much difference between them. Gloster found the first bevy and the greater number of singles, Nora found the last bevy and roaded and located them in capital style, this being the best bit of work done by her during the day. They were ordered up at 4:40 and Gloster was awarded the heat and declared winner of second prize, and Nora was placed third and the stake was finished.

In placing Bob Gates over Gloster the judges decided that his work was of a higher order of merit, and in this they were undoubtedly correct, but as Bob did his best work in the morning, when scent was presumably better than in the middle of the day, we should have been loth to decide the matter without an actual trial between them, especially as we consider the average work of both dogs in past years, so far as merit goes, to be of a much higher grade in Gloster's case than Bob is capable of. In placing Nora third the judges made no mistake, as she fairly earned the position. During the morning of the last heat an incident occurred that caused considerable merriment. Mr. Breese called the judges' attention to a point and went to the dog in a thicket, and as the judges came up he flushed the bird and said, "There it is!" "I saw it," remarked one of the judges, "but that is Nora instead of Gloster." We hardly need say that this was fully appreciated by the crowd and enjoyed to the fullest extent, and by no one more than Mr. Breese, who squared the account upon our return to the hotel. The day's sport was most enjoyable; nothing occurred to mar the pleasure of the meeting and everything passed off pleasantly; birds were plentiful, some thirteen bevies being found, and upon the whole, the work of the dogs was commendable and the day was an auspicious opening of the meeting of 1889.

THE DERBY.

There were 61 nominations for the Derby, 14 of which filled—10 setters and 4 pointers. They were drawn to run as follows:

BEPPO IV. (E. L. Mayer), liver and white pointer dog, April 20 (Beppo III.—Lass of Bow),

against

FLIRT (O. W. Donner, Boston, Mass.), liver and white pointer bitch, April 8 (Mainspring—Merry Legs).

ANNIE F. (Memphis & Avent Kennels, Memphis, Tenn.), black and white English setter bitch, Jan. 6 (Roderigo—Juno A.),

against

TRIP OF KIPPEN (F. E. Lowe, London, Eng., and F. R. Hitchcock, New York), liver and white English setter dog, Jan. 17 (Tutsham Trip—Dido).

HARRY C. (Memphis & Avent Kennels, Memphis, Tenn.), black, white and tan English setter dog, June 10 (Roderigo—Countess House),

against

FANNIE M. (Dr. J. N. Maclin, Mason, Tenn.), black, white and tan English setter bitch, March 14 (Gladstone's Boy—Flame).

LETTY LYNN (Memphis and Avent Kennels, Memphis, Tenn.), black, white and tan English setter bitch, June 10 (Roderigo—Countess House),

against

BESSIE W. (C. E. Metzger, Harrisburg, Pa.), liver, white and tan English setter bitch, May 11 (Count Noble—Fate Gladstone).

SAM C. (J. I. Case, Jr., Racine, Wis.), lemon and white English setter dog, May 8 (King Noble—Cricket),

against

RIP RAP (E. Dexter, Boston, Mass.), white and black ticked pointer dog, May 20 (King of Kent—Hope).

SAMOA (N. W. Simpkins, Danville, Va.), liver and white pointer dog, Feb. 28 (Randolph's Guy—Rita Croxteth II.),

against

ROWDY ROD (Memphis and Avent Kennels, Memphis, Tenn.), black and white English setter dog, Jan. 6 (Roderigo—Juno A).

NANNIE B. (J. I. Case, Jr., Racine, Wis.), lemon belton English setter bitch, May 15 (King Noble—Queen Vashti),

against

BLUE RIDGE (E. Dexter, Boston, Mass.), blue belton English setter dog, April 22 (Count Noble—Belle of Piedmont).

DERBY SUMMARY.—*First Series.*—Beppo IV. and Flirt ruled out. Annie F. beat Trip of Kippen. Fannie M. beat Harry S. Letty Lynn beat Bessie M. Rip Rap beat Sam C. Rowdy Rod beat Samoa. Nannie B. beat Blue Ridge.

Second Series.—Annie F. beat Fannie M. by default (Fannie not found in time to run). Rip Rap beat Letty Lynn. Rowdy Rod beat Nannie B.

Third Series.—Rip Rap beat Annie F. Then Rowdy Rod beat Rip Rap for first. Nannie B. beat Harry S. to run with Rip Rap for second.

Special to Forest and Stream:—High Point, N. C., Nov. 20.—The final heat to-day for second in Derby was a capital one, Rip Rap beat Nannie B., both doing excellent work.

ALL-AGED SETTER STAKE.—The drawing was: Desmond II. against Bettye S., Dick Tate against Whitie, Rowdy Rod against Nora, Toledo Blade against King Leo, Polly II. against King's Mark, Chance against Orlando, Nora against Nannie B., Cincinnatus against Guy, Rapid Ann against Roi d'Or, Cassius a bye. Running began Tuesday. Bettie S. beat Desmond II., Dick Tate beat Whitie. The setter judges are Messrs. Lorillard, Hitchcock and Tallman.

AMERICAN PET DOG CLUB.—New York, Nov. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you kindly give notice in your next issue that as the weather was so stormy on Nov. 13, the annual meeting of the American Pet Dog Club was postponed to Thursday, Nov. 21, at 3:30 P. M., at 129 East Sixteenth street, and if Thursday should be very stormy, the meeting will be Saturday, same hour. Also that applications for membership should be sent to the secretary at the above address.—MARION E. BANNISTER, Secretary.

THE EASTERN COURSING CLUB.—Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 18.—I have the pleasure of advising you that the first consignment of Kansas jack rabbits have already been received at our preserve, and I am advised a second lot was shipped last Wednesday. Those that have already arrived are grand fellows and look as if they would give our dogs a good shake up before being caught, if they are caught at all. At present the odds are greatly in favor of the jacks. Though the trip was a long one, they arrived in magnificent condition. We are in great hopes that the entire complement will reach us this week, so that we may hold our meet next Thursday week (Thanksgiving day.) We shall give one or two of the jacks a trial to see how they act, and will be then ready to announce the exact date. A member of our club has donated a very elegant piece of solid silver for the winner. This will be very hotly contested for, and as each is "sure to win it," we expect some fun.—H. W. HUNTINGTON, Secretary.

NORTHERN ILLINOIS SHOW.—The fourth annual exhibition of the Northern Illinois Poultry and Pet Stock Association, including a bench show of dogs, will be held at Rockford, Ill., Dec. 9 to 14. Competent judges have been secured and liberal premiums offered in all classes, and arrangements have been made for special rates on all railroads, and to return free all stock exhibited. The premium list will be ready for distribution Nov. 18. John Teague, Rockford, Ill., secretary of the kennel department, will answer all inquiries in regard to the bench show.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Lady Rosalind—Marquis of Stafford. Jas. F. Hall's (Philadelphia, Pa.) St. Bernard bitch Lady Rosalind to his Marquis of Stafford, Oct. 24.

Alpina—Marquis of Stafford. Lorenzo Daniels's (New York) St. Bernard bitch Alpina to Jas. F. Hall's Marquis of Stafford, Oct. 29.

Belle M.—Gruss Bayard. T. J. McGuinness's (Waltham, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Belle M. to American Kennels' Gruss Bayard, Nov. 4.

Madam Barry—Bonivard, Jr. American Kennels' (Boston, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Madam Barry to their Bonivard, Jr., Oct. 27.

Nancy Lee—Little Red Rover. T. J. Hook's (Rome, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Nancy Lee (Sir John—Renah W.) to his champion Little Red Rover (champion Obo II.—Woodstock Dinah), Nov. 9.

Nellie—Romeo Obo. A. Jones's (LaFayette, Ind.) cocker spaniel bitch Nellie to H. F. Hildebrand's Romeo Obo (Robin—Woodstock Nellie), Nov. 10.

Lady Dido—Bradford Harry. W. D. Reid's (Elmira, N.Y.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Lady Dido (Prince—Flora) to P. H. Coombs's Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beal's Lady), Nov. 3.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Colina. T. J. Hook's (Rome, N. Y.) collie bitch Colina (Kilmarnock Bruce—Lady of the Lake), Nov. 7, seven (four dogs), by Dr. L. S. Quin's Scott's Jack (champion Dublin Scot—Effie Dean).

Lady Mariam. Elmwood Kennels' (South Framingham, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Lady Mariam (champion Apollo—Flora), July —, fifteen (ten dogs), by Teague & Tilton's Beauchamp (champion Beauchief—Berengaria).

Queen of Scotland. Elmwood Kennels' (South Framingham, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Queen of Scotland (Monarch—Lady Alacia), July —, thirteen (eight dogs), by Teague & Tilton's Beauchamp (champion Beauchief—Berengaria).

Daisy Bandle. Jake Moreline's (Cincinnati, O.) English setter bitch Daisy Bandle (Racket—Daisy Cambridge), Nov. 9, five (one dog), by J. Shelley Hudson's Ben Hill (Druid—Ruby).

Belle Obo. H. F. Hildebrand's (Indianapolis, Ind.) cocker spaniel bitch Belle Obo (Rome, Jr.—Sheeney Obo), Nov. 2, eight (five dogs), by his Romeo Obo (Robin—Woodstock Nellie).

SALES.

☞ **Notes mustbe sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Beauchamp—Queen of Scotland whelps. St. Bernards, whelped July, 1889, by Elmwood Kennels, South Framingham, Mass., an orange and white dog to Chas. H. Tilton, Highland, Mass., and a tawny and white bitch to John Marshall, Troy, N. Y.

Beauchamp—Kron whelp. Tawny and white St. Bernard dog, whelped March, 1889, by Elmwood Kennels, South Framingham, Mass., to Jas. Lawrence, Mass.

Beauchamp—Lady Mariam whelps. Three orange and white St. Bernard dogs, whelped July, 1889, by Elmwood Kennels, South Framingham, Mass., to John Bouchard, New Bedford, Mass.

Konig. Tawny and white St. Bernard dog, whelped May, 1888, by Alp II. out of Myrtle, by Elmwood Kennels, South Framingham, Mass., to W. C. Davol, Jr., Fall River, Mass.

Zama. Tawny and white St. Bernard bitch, whelped 1887, by Duke of Wellington, Jr., out of Kron, by Elmwood Kennels, South Framingham, Mass., to E. T. Marvin, Fall River, Mass.

Knight. Brindle and white St. Bernard dog, whelped 1887, by Merchant Prince out of Nan, by Elmwood Kennels, South Framingham, Mass., to W. F. Tilton, Natick, Mass.

El Capitan. Brindle and white St. Bernard dog, whelped March, 1889, by Beauchamp out of Kron, by Elmwood Kennels, South Framingham, Mass., to E. C. Gale, Troy, N. Y.

Lady Rosmaud. Tawny and white St. Bernard bitch, whelped July, 1889, by Beauchamp out of Queen of Scotland, by Elmwood Kennels, South Framingham, Mass., to Jos. Stiner, New York.

Ben Hill—Texas Daisy whelp. White, black and tan English setter bitch, whelped May 15, 1889, by J. Shelley Hudson, Covington, Ky., to Richard Merrill, Milwaukee, Wis.

Sportsman—Lady Zoe whelp. Lemon and white English setter bitch, whelped April 14, 1889, by J. Shelley Hudson, Covington, Ky., to Chas. D. Thompson, Jr., Georgetown, O.

Ben Hill—Tempest whelps. Black, white and tan English setters, whelped June 12, 1889, by J. Shelley Hudson, Covington, Ky., a dog to John E. Hendricks, Peru, Ind., and a bitch to J. T. Tooley, Strawn, Ill.

Ben Hill—Dolly S. whelps. English setters, whelped April 27, 1889, by J. Shelley Hudson, Covington, Ky., a white, black and tan dog to C. Chambers, Gainesville, Tex., and a black, white and tan dog to J. F. Campbell, Dayton, O.

Paul Gladstone—Bohemian Girl whelps. English setters, whelped June 19, 1885, by J. Shelley Hudson, Covington, Ky., a black, white and tan dog to J. Norris Cochran, West Chester, Pa.; a black, white and tan bitch to W. T. Hunter, Wheatland, North Dak.; a black, white and tan bitch to Maj. J. M. Taylor, New York; a black and white dog to J. Tredwell Richards, New York; a liver and white dog to Herbert Cox, Glen Loch, Pa.; a liver and white bitch to Norvin T. Harris, St. Mathew's, Ky., and a lemon and white dog each to Westport Kennels, Fall River, Mass., and Richard Merrill, Milwaukee, Wis.

Paul's Bo. Black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped June 5, 1889, by Paul Gladstone out of Bohemian Girl, by J. Shelley Hudson, Covington, Ky., to T. M. Brumby, Marietta, Ga.

Texas Daisy. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped June 19, 1885, by American Dan out of Countess House, by J. Shelley Hudson, Covington, Ky., to P. Lorillard, Jr., Jersey City, N. J.

Tempest. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped Jan. 8, 1886, by Count Noble out of Lit, by J. Shelley Hudson, Covington, Ky., to H. Hulman, Jr., Terre Haute, Ind.

Virginia Dair. Liver cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Dec. 22, 1887, by Click (A.K.R. 133) out of Fidget (A.K.R. 308), by F. A. Thomas, Hudson, N. Y., to Harry W. Doll, Frederick, Md.

Doc Obo. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Nov. 2, 1889, by Romeo Obo out of Belle Obo, by H. F. Hildebrand, Indianapolis, Ind., to Albert Self, same place.

Razzel. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Nov. 2, 1889, by Romeo Obo out of Belle Obo, by H. F. Hildebrand, Indianapolis, Ind., to Jas. T. Smith, same place.

Jollie. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Sept. 12, 1889, by Red Rover out of Spunkey, by Theo. J. Hook, Rome, N. Y., to Constant White, Yorktown, N. Y.

Bob. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Sept. 12, 1889, by Red Rover out of Spunkey, by Theo. J. Hook, Rome, N. Y., to J. H. Eddy, same place.

Zip. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Sept. 12, 1889, by Red Rover out of Spunkey, by Theo. J. Hook, Rome, N. Y., to J. P. H. Houk, same place.

Medge. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Sept. 12, 1889, by Red Rover out of Spunkey, by Theo. J. Hook, Rome, N. Y., to L. T. Goodrich, Owego, N. Y.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

SMOKELESS POWDER.

THE report just made by Brig.-Gen. S. V. Benet, Chief of Ordnance, is especially interesting in its remarks upon the now popular topic of smokeless powder:

"In the absence of a suitable small-arms powder there has been no substantial progress in the matter of a small caliber rifle beyond what has been heretofore reported, except in the negative gain resulting in the apparent abandonment, or tendency that way, abroad of all powders but the so-called smokeless. This change, involving the return to a grained powder, is, if permanent, an appreciable gain for all in economy and efficiency of the product in the manufacture of the small-arm cartridges, and may have been brought about as much from the difficulty of obtaining uniform and satisfactory results in the way of velocities and pressures with the compressed powders as from the more valuable properties of the smokeless. No American has yet submitted for trial a smokeless powder, and experiment with compressed powders has shown the same eccentricity as developed abroad tending to destroy confidence in the final production of a servicable compressed powder cartridge. All effort, official or otherwise, to date to obtain a smokeless powder has been abortive, and American powder makers and chemists have not yet awakened to the lucrative opportunity presented to them. There is reason to believe, from an application made to an officer of the Ordnance Department more than ten years ago, that smokeless powders originated, like many other inventions, in America, only to be brought to the attention of the world in foreign countries, although in this instance the person concerned met with encouragement, of which he did not avail himself.

"In view of the present status of the powder question, it is not deemed expedient to produce a small-caliber rifle, for compressed-powder cartridges. Such a rifle, however excellent in itself, would be inferior to foreign arms using smokeless powder, and consequently unsatisfactory to the army and the country at large. It is believed, however, that all the elements entering into the problem, except the powder, are ready for use the moment this powder is obtained.

"A .30cal. rod-bayonet Springfield rifle has been made, and a rod-bayonet, .30cal. magazine arm is now in progress of construction in anticipation of the final acquisition of the much-needed powder, so that no time may be lost in presenting for trial both single-loading and magazine small-caliber rifles."

RANGE AND GALLERY.

NEWARK, N. J.—The following scores have been made in the United Amateur Rifle Association series of matches during the past week:

Monday, Nov. 11.

Essex.		Sheppard.	
A Coppersmith	110	D Ferguson	92
A C Neumann	105	W Partrige	97
S Shackleford	95	J Stratt	85
G D Weigman	110	T Christie	92
C Cooper	108	J Stewart	99
E McCraith	101	W McQuaid	101
C C Weeks	101	J Boyd	102
C Jenkins	99	J Wanstall	81
J K Walsh	102	W Sheppard	103— 953
A Welters	103—1034		
Howard.		**Excelsiors.**	
F E Dietz	110	O Krauss	116
F P Laute	107	E Flocke	107
F Swing	111	J Gotthard	93
E Theurich	102	C Mink, Jr	102
R Neundorff	94	F Wurtzback	109
J Herter	106	J Berger	108
A Burger	106	F Schmidt	107
J Mayer	105	J Bauer	106
J Burger	113	C Mayer	99
A Graef	108—1062	H Buob	106—1053
Oakland.		**Annie Oakley.**	
J Bauer	99	J Thompson	98
C Schuetz	107	J B McCallum	106
A Minier	104	A Rothaker	99
A Schmidt	99	G Oberst	98
G Chapman	107	F Schiel	79
C Bishoff	99	E Marfing	103
G Schmidt	97	F Heyl	97
A Reiss	99	C Schumacher	87
W Bleier	105	F Brohm	72
E Grundler	96—1012	G Hunkele	100— 939

Friday, Nov. 15.

Lakeside.		Electric.	
J Herron	105	A C Hagel	107
B Limpert	108	C Dey	71
J Stadelhofer	95	F Klinger	95
G Hoerl	101	B Herron	102
P McKeone	103	H Markey	95
E Steudle	97	T Fahnestock	85
W Clark	97	J Gesblein	77
H Snyder	98	E Hardenbrock	96
T McGovern	92	W McGovern	91
D J Mahoney	95— 991	F Smith	103— 922
Monroe.		**Puritan.**	
G Widman	109	G Geork	109
W Bridan	92	W Hanselman	72
B A Rist	104	J Bauder	109
G Koker	99	Albrecht	107
G Hedding	102	J Phillips	104
J Reich	103	P Schweib	78
F Gilliland	95	F Weiler	102
W Wilkins	96	Miller	97
W Dollinger	87	Riem	97
D Erskine	108— 935	C Kopf	100— 985
North Ward.		**Newark.**	
A Willett	90	F H Roberts	90
C English	107	Larue	91
H Leonard	107	Hogle	100
B Stitts	102	F W Matts	109
H Voget	112	W Hedden	93
W Shirk	102	W Yaufman	101
H Orstman	95	N Garrigan	99
H Cooper	97	James	93
E Perkins	102	Yeiman	90
G H Targett	103—1017	H Wolfe	109— 975

The postponed match between the Essex and Lakeside clubs will be shot on the former's range on Friday night.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 14.—The regular weekly contest for gold and silver medals of the Gaiety Rifle and Pistol Club was held at their headquarters, 818 South street, Tuesday, Nov. 12. Mr. A. F. Wiggins was the winner of the silver medal, while the competition for the gold medal was more exciting to the several directly interested. Mr. J. J. Mountjoy the secretary proved to be holding too strong, and with his new Wurfflein rifle, using the .22 extra long cartridge, very nearly took all the 10 spot out of the bull, his score of seven 10s, two 8s, and one 9, a total of 95 out of a possible 100, off-hand, plain open sights, Standard American target. Ten shot official score at 30yds.:

J J Mountjoy	8	10	9	10	10	10	10	8	10	10—95
E Travis	8	7	10	8	9	8	10	9	9	10—88
J M Green	8	10	9	10	8	7	8	8	10	8—86
M F Frees	8	8	7	8	8	8	9	10	6	10—82
J G Rea	9	5	8	8	9	8	8	7	7	8—78
J H Pollock	10	5	5	6	7	7	9	10	7	8—74
F Paul	6	9	5	7	9	5	8	10	10	6—74
W Young	7	8	6	7	9	6	9	6	8	7—73
J A Pollock	7	8	6	7	8	8	6	7	7	10—73
A F Simpson	9	10	6	9	6	6	6	7	8	6—73
W Wurfflein	10	6	9	5	7	9	5	6	9	6—72
C Beutelspacher	6	6	10	8	7	7	5	7	8	7—71
G Atkinson	7	9	10	5	5	7	6	8	4	6—67
H Buehn	6	5	5	10	7	5	5	10	5	4—62
R Roletta	8	9	6	5	10	5	6	9	4	4—61
A Simon	5	10	6	9	6	4	7	5	4	4—60
T F Shonert	5	7	9	8	7	6	3	7	3	5—60
W F Wiggins	3	5	7	3	6	4	4	6	8	4—49

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 15.—On Wednesday evening, Nov. 13, the North Broad Street Rifle Club held their regular weekly practice with the following scores at 25yds., S. A. targets (reduced), plain open sight rifles, off-hand:

D E Wray	8	9	10	6	7	9	10	7	10	10—86
W W Ulrich	5	10	9	9	9	9	7	8	10	9—84
A Atkins	9	8	10	10	10	7	8	5	8	8—83
H F Jordan	4	9	10	7	8	10	8	10	10	4—80
F Geyer	10	6	7	4	8	8	9	9	10	8—79
W J Wood	9	8	5	9	7	8	8	10	7	7—78

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 10.—The long-talked-of match between veterans Lew Townsend and C. L. Lods, which has caused much interest among riflemen, came off to-day and resulted in a victory for Mr. Lods by one point after a hard fight. Mr. Townsend's eyes are not as strong as they once were, and as the setting sun began to throw long shadows across the targets his aim became less accurate, and though he tried hard he was unable to keep up an average which up to the last ten shots had been excellent. The scores were as follows:

C L Lods	4444545544—42	L Townsend	3443444544—39
	4324554444—39		4445544444—42
	4444444444—40		5544414444 - 42
	4444544343—38		5434444447—41
	4445434444—40—200		3323443444—35—199

The conditions of the match were 50 shots at 200yds. with a Springfield rifle, 6lb. pull, Creedmoor rules to govern. A. J. Ruddock acted as scorer. A. Johnson and F. O. Young, the celebrated rifle and pistol shots, held a match with pistols, the scores being the best ever made on this coast under the same conditions. In a match shot some weeks ago, between the same gentlemen, Young was the victor, and this was a return match, with slightly altered conditions. The former match was 50 shots at 40yds., with regulation revolvers. Creedmoor rules, Young winning by the phenomenal score of 248 to 243.

To-days' match was at 50yds. range, 50 shots, with .44-caliber revolvers, Creedmoor rules, and as in the case of Lods and Townsend, Johnson won by a point. The scores were as follows:

F O Young	5545554455—47	A Johnson	4555554544—46
	5555555555—50		5555454554—48
	5545455455—47		5555555555—50
	5552554655—49		5555545555—49
	5554555455—48—241		5555555155—49—242

The scores in the previous match stood:

Young	5555555555—50	Johnson	5554555555—49
	5555545555—49		5555545554—48
	5555555555—50		5545555555—49
	5555555555—50		5555554455—48
	5555554555—49—248		5555455555—59—243

Nothing like this was ever accomplished before in that part of the country, the cracks say. New Yorkers will get a better conception of what a great achievment Young accomplished when the fact is recorded that Young has but one eye and has to shoot left-handed. His mother accidentally put out his eye flogging him when a boy for climbing into an old-fashioned clock. His father later on cut off his right hand while mowing. Besides these mishaps Young has been struck by lightning, hugged by bears in a hunt, torn by wild cats, and gored by an infuriated Durham bull. He is known as the finest pistol shot on the Pacific slope, and writes splendidly with his left hand.

A rifle shoot between two teams captained by Messrs. Johnson and Kline resulted in a tie at 213 points. The scores were as follows: Johnson 45, Young 46, Charles Klein 42, Slitor 37, Lods 43; total 213. A. E. Klein 44, Stewart 40, Hult 46, Ruddock 41, Taylor 42; total 213.

WILMINGTON, Del., Nov. 12.—The faces of local riflemen looked very long on Monday when the weather showed no signs of clearing by afternoon. In consequence the regular weekly shooting at Healdmoor Rifle Range was postponed until this afternoon, which turned out very pleasant and in every way favorable for target shooting. The shooting in all of the matches was much above the average, but the work of Darlington in the pistol match was unusually fine. His two runs of 95, both of which together with one of his 89's were clean scores, made a brilliant piece of work. Trooper Leitch's shooting in the military match with the cavalry carbine was fine, considering his lack of practice. Following are the scores, Standard American target, off-hand:

Pistol Match, 50Yds.

E J Darlington	10	10	10	9	9	9	10	9	10	9—95
	10	9	8	10	10	10	10	9	10	10—95
	8	10	9	9	10	8	9	10	8	8—89
H Simpson	7	10	10	8	9	8	8	10	10	8—88
E Jackson	10	8	7	8	8	9	9	9	8	10—86
W H Johnson	7	8	10	4	9	10	8	7	10	7—82
W Floyd	10	5	7	7	10	7	3	7	6	10—72
O E Garmany	6	8	5	5	8	8	6	10	9	5—70
E Howard	7	6	7	7	6	6	6	8	8	7—68

Diamond State Match, 200Yds., 70 Class.

H Simpson	10	5	6	7	9	9	6	8	9	8—77
W H Johnson	5	9	8	8	8	7	5	6	6	9—71
H Philips (mil.)	7	5	4	8	6	7	10	8	6	4—65
E Weston	8	5	6	4	4	9	5	6	4	9—60
A J Leitch (car.)	4	7	6	10	6	5	3	7	4	7—59
A Jackson (mil.)	3	3	5	8	3	6	7	6	5	8—54
J Adams (car.)	5	8	3	4	4	5	7	2	7	5—50

Military Match, 200yds., Creedmoor Target.

Tpr A J Leitch	4445434455—42	Tpr J Adams	4435334454—38
Pvt H Philips	3444434445—40	Corp P Terry	3433234434—32
Pvt A Jackson	3345344445—39		

The club met for practice at their gallery last Friday evening. Some fine shooting was done during the evening, that of Darlington being particularly fine. His two runs of ninety-four, both of which were clean scores, and a clean score by Simpson, made the features of the evening. Some new members were initiated and their shooting, which was their first attempt, promises well. Following are the scores at 12½yds., Standard American target, reduced from 50yds.:

E J Darlington	*10	8	10	8	9	10	10	10	9	10—94
	*9	10	9	8	10	9	9	10	10	10—94
H Simpson	*8	9	10	10	10	8	8	9	10	8—90
E Jackson	10	10	9	10	8	8	9	8	9	6—87
W H Johnson	7	10	10	10	7	7	6	9	10	7—83
H Philips	9	10	7	5	8	8	8	8	8	10—81
W Floyd	5	10	9	10	8	5	8	10	8	8—81
J Naudain	4	5	8	3	8	5	10	6	5	8—62
J R Grubb	5	9	7	3	10	1	4	6	7	6—58
W H Hill	4	8	4	6	7	3	9	10	4	2—57
E Melchoir, Jr	7	7	9	4	3	2	2	5	6	7—52

*Clean scores.

BOSTON, Nov. 16.—The regular weekly shoot of the Massachusetts Rifle Association was held to-day, with a good attendance. The day was very pleasant, but the bad light beat them all, as the low scores will show. Mr. Lee won the championship medal and Mr. Davis won the gold medal in the 20-shot rest match. Next Wednesday all the prize and practice matches for rifle and pistol shooting will be open at 12:30 o'clock. Following are the best scores finished to-day:

20-Shot Rest Match.

C H Davis	199	J Francis	191
J R Munroe	195	W P Thompson	191

Champion Medal Match—200yds.

H L Lee	77	A Newman	70

Victory Medal Match.

A M Binney	66	A S Hunt	59

Military Medal Match.

W M Foster	45	W Manson	42
W Underhill	38		
F Carter	44	A S Field	41
C C Lowell	42	O E Pettman	30

All-Comers' Off-Hand Match—200yds.

H L Lee	83	F W Chester	74
L Ames	69		
J B Fellows	81	L Loring	72
A S Field, mil	66		
H Severance	79	J E Kelley, mil	71
E James, mil	64		
F Daniels	79	A S Hunt	70
A McBean	74	F D Martin	70

All-Comers' Rest Match—200yds.

J Francis	106	C F Worcester	100
E O Hart	95		
C H Davis	104	W Pomeroy	98
M A Ramsey	93		
J R Monroe	103	M S Ham	98
A L Stone	90		
T Warren	102	A Ballard	98

CLINTON, Mass., Nov. 14.—The Stevens' Rifle Club recently had a contest for a gold and silver medal. The shooting was off-hand, distance 25yds., with the Springfield rifle. The following are the totals:

W C Peck	15	A S Wright	9
Geo W Green	6		
W E Taylor	13	Chas F Martin	9
Henry McMinn	3		
C H Chute	13	Wm S Stovey	8
Wm Duvoney	2		
W J Cox	12	Mr Card	8
A W Ladd	6		
C G Jefferson	12	Geo W Langton	6

In shooting of the tie W. E. Taylor had 10 and C. H. Chute 8, consequently Peck won the gold, and Taylor the silver medal.

The club at a recent meet made the following totals:

Martin	22	19	19
21	20—101	Connell	17
13	11	8—62	
Chute	18	20	17
24	21—100	Green	13
17	16	19 w—65	
Cox	20	19	20
17	20— 96	Harwood	14
10	9	18 w—57	
Wright	11	13	22
19	19— 84	Cannon	10
15	11	9 w—45	

MARION, N. J., Nov. 13.—The attendance of marksmen at the weekly shoot of the Marion Rifle Club, which was held on the club grounds, Marion, N. J., this afternoon, was very slim on account of the bad weather, and the only scores worth mentioning were as follows: John Spelcher 191, John Rebhan 191, William Weber 190, L. P. Hansen 186, and H. Hoersch 144. John Rebham, who is high man in the club championship competition, gained 5 more points on his nearest opponent, and barring accidents he will win the contest by a close margin. The last club contest will take place on Wednesday next.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Nov. 16.—The members of the St. Louis Pistol Club are much discouraged over the miserable conditions of the cartridges which the cartridge companies are placing on the market at present. Miss-fires, keyholes and squibs are so numerous that good scores are altogether out of the question. Several members refrained from taking part in the last shoot because the cartridges are so bad. Bauer and Summerfield tied on 81 last Wednesday night, but on the shoot-off the former won; 20yds. standard American target is used for all shooting. The score:

W Bauer	6	8	9	10	7	7	8	9	8	9—81
M Summerfield	9	5	10	8	9	7	8	7	9	9—81
J A Lee	9	6	9	8	9	8	9	7	10	6—80
W J Lord	7	8	7	10	8	10	6	7	7	7—77
F A Fodde	8	7	7	10	5	6	10	8	5	8—74
E Mohrstadt	7	9	4	10	10	6	8	7	6	5—72
W H Hettel	8	7	5	8	10	9	8	4	7	6—72
A E Bengel	6	10	0	10	9	8	4	8	8	4—67
W C Mackwitz	6	6	7	9	7	6	7	4	4	9—65

UNSER FRITZ.

HALIFAX, N. S., Nov. 12.—The twenty-seventh annual meeting of the Nova Scotia Provincial Rifle Association was held last evening in Y. M. C. A. hall. There was a very large and representative meeting, a good number of members from throughout the Province being present. Lieut.-Col. Curren presided. The reports of the council and treasurer were read and adopted. The following 15 were elected to constitute the council, they to elect their own officers: Lieut.-Col. Curren, H. G. A.; Lieut.-Col. Murray, superintendent of stores; Major Weston, 66th; Capt. Maxwell, H. G. A.; Lieut. Jacques, 72d; Capt. Adams, H. G. A.; Major Garrison, H. G. A.; Capt. Barnhill, 78th; Lieut.-Col. McDonald, retired; Capt. Harris, H. G. A.; Lieut.-Col. Mackinlay, retired; Lieut.-Gen. Laurie, M. P.; Lieut.-Col. Mackintosh, 63d; Lieut. Stevens, 66th.; Capt. Anderson, H. G. A.

HARTRANFT RANGE.—Three special events at 200yds. for sporting and military rifles. Open to all comers. Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 28, commencing at 10 A. M., close at 4 P. M. All original entries must be made on or before Tuesday evening, Nov. 26, at W. Wurfflein's, 208 North Second street, by 6 P. M.; at E. Travis's Shooting Gallery, 818 South street, up to 11:30 P. M., or to J. J. Mountjoy, 911 Chestnut street, up to 12 P. M., and must be accompanied by the cash for the original entry or no notice will be taken. A full report of the shooting will appear in FOREST AND STREAM.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

Secretaries of clubs and managers of tournaments are requested to keep us advised of the dates of their shoots, so that we may give due notice in our column of fixtures.

FIXTURES.

Nov. 28, 29.—Lincoln, Neb., Gun Club Tournament. Open to all. C. H. Clarke, Secretary.

ST. PAUL GUN CLUB.

ST. PAUL, Nov. 9.—Yesterday being a beautiful sunny day, warm as in June, albeit we are supposed to reside near the North Pole, the St. Paul Gun Club had an all day sweepstakes shoot at their beautiful grounds near Hamline, midway between the Twin Cities. It was not advertised as it should have been and none of the sportsman were down from Minneapolis, although our old friend "Barnes," of Stillwater, was present. He did not know of it, however, until he arrived in town, so he did not have his gun with him. He was badly handicapped by shooting a light 12-gauge gun, when he is used to a 12lb., 36in., 10-bore. The other members, particularly "Bennett" (who is a deaf mute) and "Hamline," did some excellent shooting, as their scores will show. Some of the old shooters have apparently lost their grip since the game season came on, this being the first event at the trap since the State Fair Tournament. The club expects to have an all day shoot soon, and will shoot at irregular times all winter, as they have a good warm club house convenient to the station, not more than 30yds. from it, with trains to and from both cities every hour. It is great fun for the boys to see the rival gun dealers, Burke and Kendy, shoot off a tie, as they never divide, and each is so anxious to win. The loser invariably lays the cause of his defeat to "poor ammunition."

First event, 10 singles, entrance $1:

Bennett	1111101111—9	Kennedy	1111101111—9
Boyd	1111011110—7	Forbes	1111110111—9
Hamline	1111101111—9	Kilby	0110001110—4
Holt	1111100010—6	Burk	1111111111—10
Pfister	1011011111—8	Skinner	1100110011—6

Burk first money after a sharp contest, Forbes second, Pfister third.

Second event, 5 singles and 3 pairs, entrance $1, three moneys:

Bennett	11110 11 00 11— 8	Kennedy	11111 10 10 10—8
Boyd	00111 11 11 11— 9	Forbes	11101 10 11 10—8
Hamline	01111 11 11 11—10	Burk	11111 10 10 01—8
Holt	10011 11 10 11— 8	Skinner	10111 10 10 11—8
Pfister	10111 01 10 10— 7	Richardson	10010 11 00 11—6

Hamline first, Boyd second, Holt and Skinner third.

Third event, same:

Bennett	11100 11 11 01— 7	Forbes	11111 11 10 11—10
Boyd	01110 11 11 10— 8	Burk	11111 11 10 10— 9
Hamline	11011 11 10 11— 9	Richeson	11101 10 11 00— 7
Holt	11011 11 11 11—10	Skinner	11110 11 11 11—10
Pfister	11111 01 11 10— 9	Cummings	11110 11 00 00— 6
Kennedy	00111 10 11 10— 7	Perrin	10100 10 10 10— 5

Holt, Forbes and Skinner div. first, Pfister second after shooting nine times on tie, Boyd third.

Fourth event, 15 singles, $1, three moneys:

Bennet	111101111111111—14	Burk	111111011111101—13
Boyd	111111111111011—14	Richeson	011111001011111—11
Hamline	111111111110111—14	Skinner	111101011111111—13
Holt	100110011110111—11	Cummings	111111001011111—12
Pfister	011101111011111—12	Perrin	011010110100011— 9
Kennedy	111111010111101—12	Barnes	101110110100011— 9
Forbes	110111110011111—12		

Bennett, Boyd and Hamline first, Skinner and Burk second, Kennedy, Forbes and Pfister third.

Fifth event, 5 singles and 3 pairs, $1, three moneys:

Bennett	11111 11 11 11—11	Forbes	01111 01 11 10— 8
Boyd	11111 10 11 11—10	Burk	11110 11 11 01— 9
Hamline	11111 11 11 11—11	Richeson	11111 00 11 00— 7
Holt	11111 11 01 11—10	Cumings	11011 11 11 11—10
Pfister	10011 10 10 11— 7	Perrin	10010 10 10 10— 5
Kennedy	11111 10 11 10— 9	Barnes	00110 10 00 10— 4

Bennett and Hamline first, Boyd and Holt second, Burk third.

Sixth event, same match:

Bennett	11111 11 11 10— 9	Forbes	11111 11 11 11—11
Boyd	11111 11 11 10—10	Burk	11101 11 11 10— 9
Hamline	11111 11 11 11—11	Cummings	10101 11 11 11— 9
Holt	11011 11 10 10— 8	Perrin	10011 01 10 10— 6
Pfister	10001 11 01 10— 6	Max	10111 11 11 10— 9
Kennedy	11111 01 11 00— 8		

Hamline and Forbes first, Boyd second, Bennett third.

Ten Pair Combination Shoot: The five traps are set as directed in the American rules. The combinations are 1 and 5, 1 and 4, 1 and 3, 1 and 2, 2 and 3, 2 and 4, 2 and 5, 3 and 5, 3 and 4, 4 and 5, thus giving four birds from each trap, or 10 pair in all. The combination is announced by the puller or other person, and a shooter must be very familiar with the directions to figure ahead where the birds are going. To such of our shooters as are considered good double shots, let me recommend the "combination" to take the conceit out of them. Owing to near approach of darkness only a few tried it. Below is the score:

Bennett	11	11	11 11 11 10 11 10 10 11—17
Boyd	00	10	11 11 10 11 10 00 11 00—11
Hamline	11	11	11 10 11 11 11 10 00 11—16
Holt	10	10	10 11 11 10 11 11 11 10—14
Pfister	00	10	01 11 10 10 11 11 10 01—12
Kennedy	00	01	10 10 10 10 11 10 01 11—11
Forbes	01	01	10 11 10 11 10 10 11 01—13
Cummings	10	11	11 10 00 10 00 00 00 09— 7

This ended the day's sport. There will be an all-day sweepstake at the Gun Club grounds on Thanksgiving day, and it is more than probable that the American Shooting Association will give one of their popular tournaments here in the early spring. All the Northwestern sportsmen are hopeful that they will.

WILLIAMS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 13.—The Manhattan Gun Club's regular shoot at Woodside, at 7 live birds, M. G. C. rules:

Lambrecht	0111111—6	Lichtenberger	1101011—5
Maisenholder	1100000—2	Eberhardt	1111014—6
Herbrand	1111001—5	Hoffmann	0010100—2
Bayer	1111010—5		

CLASS AND DALY VS. KLEINTZ AND IRWIN.

ON Thursday, Nov. 14, the match between Frank Class, of Pine Brook, N. J., and Phil Daly, Jr., of Long Branch, against J. Frank Kleintz and R. E. Irwin, of Philadelphia, was shot at Erb's Park, Newark, N. J. The conditions agreed upon were 50 live birds each man, under Hurlingham rules, and the amount at stake was said to be $200 a side. The general opinion among the fraternity was that the Philadelphia team had much the best of it, but a live-bird shoot is "one of those things no fellow can tell anything about." That was exemplified in the present case, as the Jerseymen finished winners by 8 birds. The race was called for 1:30 o'clock, and at that time about 150 spectators were present, eager for the fray to begin. Some offers of bets were made at odds of $75 to $50 on Philadelphia with no takers, but considerable even money was put up on the individual scores of Kleintz and Class. At the outset the Philadelphians took the lead and were shooting in good form, besides which they had the luck of the birds, particularly in Kleintz's case; however, that adjusted itself later, and Kleintz, as well as the others, was obliged to shoot at some extremely hard ones. Class's birds were a succession of rapid drivers and twisting quarterers, which he stopped in fine style. Irwin shot well up to the 15th bird, and then his work became very ragged, as in three different places he made 3 successive misses. Daly seemed troubled with nerves at first, but kept pounding away and finally shot himself into good form, his work on the last 25 being excellent, as among the lot were some "corkers." The birds were supplied by John Erb, and were the finest that have been seen for many a day. With the exception of two or three that could not fly, they were all strong, hardy creatures, and some of them managed to carry two charges of shot outside of bounds, flying directly into the wind, which blew with considerable force straight across the traps. In consequence of this their flight was mostly directed to the right, and with the strong breeze pushing them, rapidity and great accuracy of aim was necessary to bring them down. Several times when the trap were sprung the bird did not take wing at once, leading the shooter to expect a soft one, when suddenly, "whiz!" away he would be off at a speed that defied stopping. This feature, the unusual excellence of the birds, made the race a very interesting one. Up to the 42d bird Kleintz was 4 ahead of Class, but in the last 8 he missed 4, and their scores were a tie.

In the appended score the figure 2 denotes second barrel kills, and o dead out of bounds:

Frank Class, Jr....	2222121211	J Frank Kleintz....	1211022211
	0112221100		1011220111
	0111102201		2012201121
	2011211122		2112122212
	1212220211—41		2200110011—41
Phil Daly, Jr	0110020211	R E Irwin.....	2120011221
	1011202011		2222010121
	2111121102		0021021120
	0211122201		2002212000
	2112111211—40		1012200022—32
	81		73

Recapitulation—Class had 20 drivers, 9 left-quarterers, 16 right-quarterers and 5 incomers. His lost birds were 3 drivers, 1 left-quarterer and 5 right-quarterers, with two of them dead out of bounds. He used his second barrel 19 times, and shot a 12-gauge Lefever, full choke. His shells were U. S. G. climax, loaded with 3½drs. American wood powder, and 1¼oz. No. 8 chilled trap shot for first barrel and 3½drs. Curtis & Harvey, 1⅛oz. No. 7 chilled for second.

Daly had 13 drivers, 8 left-quarterers, 18 right-quarterers and 11 incomers. His lost birds were 4 drivers, 4 right-quarterers and 2 incomers, with 1 dead out of bounds. He used his second barrel 14 times and shot a 10-gauge Smith. His shells were Kynoch, loaded with 4¼drs. American wood powder and 1¼oz. No. 7½ chilled trap for both barrels.

Kleintz had 10 drivers, 8 left-quarterers, 22 right-quarterers and 10 incomers. His lost birds were 5 drivers, 1 left-quarterer and 3 right quarterers. He used his second barrel 17 times and shot a 12-gauge Greener. His shells were Ely, loaded with 3¼drs. Schultze powder and 1¼oz. No. 7 chilled trap for both barrels.

Irwin had 15 drivers, 9 left quarterers, 18 right quarterers and 8 incomers. His lost birds were 10 drivers, 2 left quarterers, 5 right quarterers and 1 incomer. He used his second barrel 18 times and shot a 12-gauge Parker, with same shell and load as Kleintz.

Prior to the match and after it, live birds sweeps open to all were shot. All were at 4 birds, $5 entrance, 3 moneys, ties all div. except in last one.

No. 1:

Frank Class	1121—4	S Castle	2101—3
H Leddy	2111—4	J Erb	1220—3
P Daly, Jr.	1112—4	C M Hedden	0011—2
M F Lindsley	1211—4		

No. 2:

Lindsley	2222—4	Erb	1012—3
E D Miller	1111—4	Daly	0111—3
Class	1022—3	Hedden	0120—2
Castle	0121—3	Leddy	2100—2

No. 3:

Castle	1211—4	Leddy	2110—3
Hedden	1112—4	Erb	1201—3
Lindsley	2122—4	Daly	2102—3
Miller	1211—4	Class	0011—2

No. 4:

Hedden	1111—4	E Collins	0111—3
Erb	1112—4	Castle	1100—2
Lindsley	2222—4	Leddy	0110—2
Kleintz	1111—4	Daly	2021—2
Irwin	2212—4	P Goff	2020—2
Miller	0121—3		

No. 5:

Collins	1121—4	Leddy	1111—4
Daly	1221—4	Castle	1210—3
Kleintz	1121—4	Hedden	0102—2
Irwin	2111—4	Freche	1111—4
Lindsley	1222—4	Riggott	0011—2
Class	1122—4	J E Wheaton	0011—2
O von Lengerke	2110—3		

The four first shot off and div. by Kleintz, Irwin and Class, second and third div.

At the conclusion of No. 5, and as darkness was fast falling, a match for the wine and birds was shot at 10 birds each:

Daly	2221111210—9	Lindsley	2200110102—6
Erb	1012220211—8		

Lindsley, as the loser, invited the boys to join him, and a merry party was soon seated around the stove discussing the merits of the day's events.

The announcement was made by Mr. Erb that a big sweep would be shot on Thanksgiving Day, open to all, at 20 live birds, for $20 and the birds. When this and the wine had been thoroughly discussed, the party separated. It is rumored that Class and Kleintz will soon shoot another match. FRANK MASON.

GRAND CROSSING, Ill., Nov. 13.—The South Chicago Gun Club medal shoot, at 10 live pigeons, 5 ground traps, 30yds. rise and 80yds. boundary, Illinois State rules:

C F Templeton	1101000001— 4	Ed Marsh	0111111111—9
Emery Reeves	0111111111— 9	Alfred Moore	1110111111—9
A Reeves	1101111110— 8	A E Trowbridge	0111111001—7
Lem Willard	1111111111—10	Chas Amstien	1011111011—8
Geo Kleinman	1010100111— 6	Jo Bayles	1010010101—5
Frank Willard	1101111111— 9	Jno Watson	1011101101—7
Henry Kleinman	1111111010— 8	A Kleinman	1110111111—9
Ben Fogli	1110111111— 9	Davy Reid	1001010010—4

Ties on 9: Moore 1, Marsh 3, Reeves 3, Kleinman 5, Willard 5, Fogli 6, and wins 2d. On 8: Kleinman 1, Amstein 2, Reeves 3 and took 3d.

Medal shoot same day at 20 Peoria blackbirds:

Emery Reeves	01111111111011110111—17
A Reeves	01111111101111110011—16
Lem Willard	11010110111011111111—16
Geo Kleinman	10101111111111110101—15
Frank Willard	11100011010111111100—13
C F Templeton	10011101101101101011—14
Henry Kleinman	11000111010111111011—13
Ben Fogli	10011111010110101111—14
Ed Marsh	11011110010101111111—15
Alfred Moore	00010000111001011001— 8
A E Trowbridge	00000000000101001001— 4

Match between Geo Kleinman and A W Reeves, at 25 live pigeons, Illinois State rules, shot Oct. 15 (this was not reported at the time), $25 a side.

Geo Kleinman	1121111221112121112121216002—22
A W Reeves	2120112112121212220111111—23

RAVELRIGG.

KLEINTZ AGAINST CLASS.—J. Frank Kleintz, of Philadelphia, and Frank Class, of Pine Brook, N. J., are matched to shoot a race at Erb's Park, Newark, on Friday, Nov. 29. Conditions are 50 live birds each for $100 a side, Hurlingham rules.

NEW YORK SUBURBAN.—New York, Nov. 16.—At Claremont, N. J., this afternoon the sunny, bright weather tempted a number of shooters to indulge in keepstake shooting. The traps were strung very hard and the bluerocks and Keystones went humming through the air, making it difficult to make good scores; however, they show up very well. The attendence at these shoots is increasing and will soon be up to the standard of a year ago. The preliminary steps to organizing the Claremont Shooting Grounds Association were taken this afternoon. The name was decided upon and the capital stock fixed at $2,500, divided into 100 shares at $25 each. As soon as the proper authority is received from the State, the officers will be elected and things begin to boom. Below are the scores of to-day, matches at 10 bluerocks, ties div.:

Sigler	5	Mack	2	Simpson	8
Collins	7	Nixon	7	Tatham	4

Sweep No. 2:

Sigler	9	Mack	1	Simpson	10
Collins	6	Nixon	9	Tatham	7

Sweep No. 3:

Sigler	10	Nixon	9	Tatham	8
Collins	8	Simpson	9	Hathaway	4
Mack	5				

Sweep No. 4:

Sigler	8	Nixon	8	Tatham	6
Collins	8	Simpson	8	Hathaway	5
Mack	3				

Sigler, Nixon and Simpson div. first on shoot-off, each scoring 9 out of 10:

Sweep No. 5:

Sigler	9	Collins	6	Hathaway	5
Nixon	9	Simpson	9	Moffatt	6
Mack	3	Tatham	5		

No. 6, same:

Sigler	9	Collins	6	Hathaway	8
Nixon	7	Simpson	9	Moffatt	7
Mack	1	Tatham	5		

Sweep 7, same:

Sigler	9	Collins	7	Tatham	4
Nixon	6	Simpson	9	Hathaway	7
Moffatt	8				

Sweep 8, same:

Sigler	10	Moffatt	5	Tatham	6
Nixon	8	Simpson	10	Hathaway	9

First divided.

Sweep 9:

Nixon	9	Moffatt	8	Tatham	6
Sigler	8	Simpson	8	Hathaway	8

Simpson won second in shoot-off:

Sweep 10:

Sigler	9	Simpson	10	Hathaway	7
Nixon	6	Tatham	4	Mack	3
Moffatt	8				

Sweep 11, same:

Nixon	7	Simpson	10	Hathawy	7
Moffatt	9	Tatham	7	Mack	1

CATSKILL, N. Y., Nov. 18.—Fred. Tolley's trap-shooting contest (Nov. 13), and the elements seemed to agree very well on the date for a display of rain and shooters. This was the second attempt to have a nice little tournament in Catskill, both being met with rainy days. The attendance was small from local as well as visiting shooters. Although small, a very good time was had by the visiting shots from Saratoga and Albany. The smoke banked over the traps, which caused considerable annoyance as well as some sport, because the shooter would have to look twice in order to see the bird, once as it would appear from the trap and again above the smoke. Following are the winning scores made through above rain and smoke, kingbirds, Keystone system, ties divided:

At 10 birds, entrance 75c.:

Mattice	10	Rockworth	9	Hollis	9
Beach	9	Levengston	8		

At 15 birds, entrance $1.50:

Mattice	15	Levengston	14	Beach	9
Rockworth	15	Hollis	14	Ramsdill	9

At 10 birds, entrance $1:

Levengston	10	Mattice	9	Rockworth	9
Hollis	9	Ramsdill	8		

At 10 birds, entrance $1:

Mattice	10	Hollis	10	Beach	9
Rockworth	8	Ramsdill	8		

At 15 birds, entrance $1.50:

Rockworth	15	Mattice	13	Beach	13
Levengston	11	Hollis	11		

At 20 birds, entrance $2:

Mattice	19	Ramsdill	19	Hollis	18
Levengston	17	Rockworth	17		

At 10 birds, entrance $1:

Rockworth	10	Hollis	10	Mattice	9
Levengston	7	Ramsdill	7		

DE TOLL.

WALNUT HILL, Nov. 13.—The usual number of shotgun enthusiasts reported at the range to-day, and put up some creditable scores in spite of the unfavorable weather conditions. A drizzling rain made the smoke hang low at the firing points, and rendered it difficult at times to follow the flight of the birds. In the gold coin match Perry and Stanton tied for first place, while Messrs. Bowker, Gale and Perry all recorded clean scores and won each a point in the match for the Standard Target Company's medal. Gold coin match, 15 clay birds and 15 Standard targets, Keystone system of squad firing:

	Clays.	Standards.
Perry	111111111111111—15	011111111011111—13—28
Stanton	110111101111111—13	111111111111111—15—28
Black	100111110111111—12	111111111111111—15—27
Curtis	111110111011101—12	111111111111101—14—26
Chase	010011111111111—12	111101011111111—13—25
Bowker	111111100111101—12	111110111110110—12—24
Lee	111110111101110—12	111111011001011—11—23
Longley	111101110011110—11	110111111010110—11—22
Nichols	110110111011011—11	011111111111000—11—22
Gale	110011001001111— 9	111111111011000—12—21
Gage	001010110011101— 8	000010101011110— 7—15

Standard Target Company's gold medal match, 20 Standard targets, handicap rules: Bowker, B, 20; Gale, C, 20; Perry, A, 20; Longley, C, 18; Nichols, C, 18; Black, A, 17; Chase, B, 17; Lee, B, 16; Stanton, A, 15; Gage, C, 9.

NEWARK, N. J., Nov. 16.—To-day a pleasant little encounter was had between two of the most prominent shooting men of the Orange Gun Club. Match for a wine supper at 25 birds each man, Orange Gun Club rules to govern:

A Crommelin	1011111101011110011—14
W Furth	1010111001000000 — 6

As it was impossible for Furth to tie, much less to win, he withdrew, leaving Crommelin an easy winner. The day was a delicious one in its weather, clear, bracing, and more than a suspicion of winter in the west wind that was blowing. The birds were a magnificent lot of flyers, as good as any that have been furnished for a shooting match this season. Furth had the worst of luck, no less than four dropping dead "as a sod" not a yard over the boundary line. Immediately after the conclusion of the Crommelin-Furth contest, the members of the Orange Gun Club inaugurated their regular monthly contest at the traps. This club is one of the most popular in Essex county. The shooting quality of the men is as good as the club is popular. On this occasion seven men came to the score to contest for the money prizes offered by the club, and for the very handsome gold badge as well. Conditions: Monthly shooting meeting, handicap rises, 8 birds each man; all ties to be shot out, otherwise modified Hurlingham rules to govern. Mr. Smith killed his birds straight and captured the badge and first money. Furth, Raynor, Crommelin, Matthews tied on 6 kill and divided second. Chapman captured third with 5 killed. Hurlbut scored 4 kills and took fourth.

UNKNOWN GUN CLUB.—The members of the Unknown Gun Club held their regular monthly shoot at Dexter's Park, Jamaica Plank Road, L. I., Nov. 14. The birds were extra good. One barrel allowed only. H. Knebel, Jr., J. Cahill and J. Akhurst tied for first prize and medal. H. Knebel, Jr., won, out-shooting the other two. G. Frohlman and M. Brown divided second prize. H. Knebel, Sr., won third prize with 4 killed.

H Knebel, Jr (30)	1110111—6	H Knebel, Sr (36)	1101100—4
J Cahill (23)	0111111—6	S Bohling (25)	1001001—3
J Akhurst (23)	1101111—6	H Van Staden; Sr (24)	1100000—2
F Frohlman (25)	0101111—5	J Coyle (23)	0010010—2
M Brown (25)	0111011—5	G Rankin (23)	1000000—1

Ties for first prize and medal, handicap as before: H. Knebel, Jr., 3, J. Cahill 0, J. Akhurst 0.

WHITE HOUSE, N. J., Nov. 18.—The fourth team shoot between the respective gun clubs of North Branch and White House, which was to have taken place Nov. 16, was postponed on account of the sudden death of Claudius Abbott, one of the members of the White House team. Mr. Abbott was an active and esteemed member of our club, a genial sportsman and an enthusiastic trap shot, and his loss will be much felt by the club. The shoot will probably take place on Thanksgiving day.—H. BISHOP.

WOODSIDE, N. Y., Nov. 12.—North Side Gun Club, of Long Island, eighth average shoot, at club grounds, Train's Meadow. Weather fine, birds good and strong. Match at live pigeons, 5 King's patent traps, handicap, 80yds. rise, no back bound, club rules, 6 money prizes for best annual average:

Duryea	1101110—5	Dr Franz	1100001—3
Bussell	1010111—5	Manch	1110001—4
Bohmcke	1111101—6	Manning	1111111—7
Lyon	0011110—4	Eberhardt	1100110—4
Meyer	1011001—4	Schroeder	1111016—5
Winholz	0101111—5		

THE NEW HAVEN GUN CLUB will hold a tournament on their grounds on West Chapel street, Thanksgiving Day. Events 1. 10 singles, 2. 6 singles, 2 pairs, 3. 10 singles, 4. 5 pairs, 5. Challenge cup, donated by Connecticut Shooting Association, 30 singles, 5 pairs; traps pulled by indicator. For residents of Connecticut only; 6. 8 straightaway, 21yds., 7. 10 singles, 8. 6 singles, 2 pairs. Shooting at 9 A. M.—C. B. BRISTOL, Pres.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 18.—Heavy fog in the morning, followed in the afternoon by heavy rains, which discouraged all but the most enthusiastic of the shooters of the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club. Despite the downpour the marksmen were all in jolly mood, and joked and laughed with the water dripping along their faces and pouring down their necks. Regular monthly club shoot, 7 birds each, handicap rises, four prizes and added money. H. Blattmacher, I. F. Schmadke, P. Ward, F. W. Pfaender, C. Plate, D. Monsees and A. Eppig all killed their 7 birds and tied for first. The ties was shot off at 5 birds each man, and if tied again it was settled by a miss-and-out shoot. Pfaender, Plate and Monsees dropped out of it on the last of the 3-bird shoot-off. In the miss-and-out P. Ward dropped out on his fourth bird, as did Schmadke, Blattmacher killed his and won both club badge and first. P. Dettiefsen, J. Voorhees and G. L. Ayres each killed 6 out of 7, tied for second and divided without any difficulty. J. E. Lake took third without a competitor, and fourth went to W. Green, the first named killing 5 out of 7 shot at, and the last killing 3.

RED BANK, N. J., Nov. 15.—The regular monthly shoot of the Riverside Gun Club took place to-day. First Event—Handicap for members only, 7 birds, Hurlingham rules, with 12 entries. William Conover and John Cooper both killed 6 birds and divided first money; E. M. Cooper, Charles P. Noble, William H. Little, Com. Bussell, Dr. Field divided second; Dr. Kinney, M. F. Cornwell, E. Throckmorton killed 4 for third; James Cooper, T. Davis got fourth money with 3 each, and J. B. Bergen brought up the rear with 2 killed. Open-for-all Event—At 8 birds, 30yds, rise for 10-bore and 28yds. for 12-bore guns. James Cooper won first money, with 7 out of 8; William H. Little got second, with 6 killed; E. M. Cooper, M. F. Cornwell, Dr. Kinney, E. M. Throckmorton killed 5 each and divided third; Commodore Bussell and James Cooper divided fourth money, with 4 scored; W. T. Conover, J. B. Bergen, A. R. Coleman each got 3, Charles Noble 2, and Dr. Field bringing up the rear with 1. The club will have an all-day shoot on Thanksgiving day. Blue rocks will be shot in the morning, and the afternoon will be given to live bird shooting.

TORONTO, Nov. 14.—The following match was shot this afternoon near East Toronto between E. C. Emond, of Lachine, and B. Adair, of Toronto, at 50 live pigeons for $50 a side, under Dominion Gun Alliance rules. The shooting throughout was of the highest class, especially that of Adair, who killed all his birds but three with the first barrel. Adair promises to be one of the best shots in America, as he is only 22 years of age. The following is the score, Mr. R. Thompson being referee:

Adair	11111111111001011111111111111111001111111111131—46
Emond	01111111011100111110111011111110011301100111—38

BRANCHPORT, N. J., Nov. 10.—A match was shot to-day between George Cubberly, of Long Branch, and Fred Beal, of Oceanport, Hurlingham rules, 50 birds each, $100 a side. Cubberly won, killing 38 birds. Beal killed 34. Many pigeon shooters were on hand to see the match. Beal was the favorite in the betting.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Nov. 16.—Several of the crack shots of the Wellington Club attended the shoot to-day to prevent Sanborn winning the silver pitcher. He had won it twice, and if he made the best score to-day the $80 trophy would have been his. Dill won the match to-day with a score of 13 out of 15. The other scores were: Perry and Lee, 12; Bond, Leonard and Nichols, 11; Sanborn and Chase, 10; Brooks and Bradstreet, 9; Cowee, 8; Bradbury, 6.

THANKSGIVING DAY.—At Erb's Park, Newark, N. J., a 20 live bird sweep will be shot, open to all, for $20 entrance and the birds.

Canoeing.

A FIFTEEN HUNDRED MILE CRUISE.

With the new year we will begin the publication of the log of a solitary cruise of 1,500 miles, made in a 14-foot Adirondack boat, on the Erie Canal, Lake Ontario, the St. Lawrence River, and other waters. The cruise began at Albany, finishing nearly two months later at Philadelphia, and includes exciting and dangerous episodes. The chapters will run through several issues. Cruisers should not miss this serial.

A. C. A. PADDLING TROPHY.

THE amounts subscribed for the A. C. A. paddling trophy are as follows:

Com. H. C. Rogers	$10	Brought forward	$200
R. W. Gibson	10	W. J Fairweather	2
E. H. Barney	10	L. W. Seavey	2
R. J. Wilkin	10	Fred Jones	1
E. F. Andrews	10	Wm. L. Dudley	1
F. L. Dunnell	10	Harry LaMotte	1
W. R. Huntington	10	B. I. Stanton	1
T. H. Stryker	10	W. E. Pentz	1
R. W. Bailey	10	C. V. Schuyler	1
Paul Butler	10	W. P. Stephens	1
Wm. Whitlock	10	E. L. French	1
Geo. Warder	10	C. B. Vaux	1
Geo. C. Forrest	10	F. J. Baxter	1
H. T. Keyser	10	G. H. Dartnell	1
Cash	10	E. J. Toker	1
Henry Stanton	10	T. B. Dean	1
M. G. Foster	10	A. Shaw	1
G. W. Hatton	10	Chas. E. L. Porteous	1
Cash	5	Wm. English	1
Bobcaygeon Club	5	W. H. Cotton	1
H. E. Rice	5	W. J. White	1
E. W. Brown	5		
	$200		$222

R. W. GIBSON, WM. WHITLOCK, } Committee.

A PADDLE ACROSS LAKE WINNEPESAUKEE.

IT was two summers ago, and the scribe and his chum, having just entered the canoeing arena that season, had chosen Lake Winnepesaukee for their two weeks' cruising ground.

We had purchased two canvas Rob Roys a few days before our departure for the lake, and had had little chance to become acquainted with our craft, to know how they would sail, or in what fashion they would behave in a seaway.

Shipping the boats to Lake Village, a hamlet on the western shore of the lake, we followed two days later ourselves, arriving late in the afternoon. We at once prepared our ships for sea, and soon were paddling away up Lake Paugus, an arm of the larger lake. That night we camped on the west shore of Governor's Island, and tried the true canoeist's dodge of sleeping in the canoes. But we soon decided that either our 3ft. cockpits were three feet too short, or else that we were thus much too long. This latter conclusion was arrived at by my companion, who measures 6ft. 5in. in his stockings. At all events, very little sleep did we get, doubled up like jack-knives all night. And to complete our purgatory a skunk visited us at early dawn, forcing us to leave our "comfortable" quarters for the woods, while the "Giant's" black and tan, Sancho, drove our unwelcome caller out.

After an early breakfast and a bath in the bright and quiet lake, we landed and paddled northward round the island, our course lying to the southwest across the lake to Toughtonborough, where we later established our headquarters. Before we had covered a mile two fellows hailed us from the mainland, where we saw their tent in a splendid growth of pine. On going ashore

we found them to be paddlers also, and my chum immediately recognized old friends in the two brown and hearty brothers, who grasped us by the hand with the true grip of comradeship.

We found them just finishing their breakfast dishes, and while they put a finishing touch to pots and pans we took a look at their splendid boats and fully appointed camp.

On giving them our course for this day they decided to break camp and accompany us part way. The way those chaps went to work was delightfully interesting, everything went like clock work. No stopping to think "what next?" or "where is this or that now?" but with a snap and precision that would have done a naval corps honors, everything was collected and stowed away in its own proper place. When all was complete we paddled away on our course once more.

Nearly 10 o'clock, and the heat, which the chill, cold morning had not intimated in the least, now began to burn our arms and blister our cheeks. The little breeze of the morning was gone, and the lake lay still and dazzling in the scorching sun.

About 1 P. M. we made the southern end of Smith's Island for dinner, a distance of some five or six miles from Weir's. Here a long white sand beach allured us to take a swim, and then refreshed, we prepared and ate our rations. After dinner a punch was drunk; then bidding farewell to our escorts, we start out on our way alone under a threatening sky.

Scarce a mile had been made when big drops came down, but we quickly pulled up our rubber aprons and kept on, for it was now 3 o'clock, and being anxious to make Toughtonboro' that night, rain or no rain, we must push ahead.

We were now past the Forty Islands and out in the "Broad," with three miles of open water between us and Cow Island, the nearest land on our course, and for that point we headed.

This lake, noted for its quick and violent squalls, was a terror to us, and especially this "Broad," where the wind has an unbroken sweep of ten miles north and south, and four or five east and west.

When barely half a mile east of "The Forties," on looking southward we both detected, almost at the same instant, a line of dirty yellowish water stretching across the lake about five miles away. Both recognized it as an approaching squall, and instantly put about and began paddling for our lives toward "The Forties." Before we gained the leeward side of the islands the white caps were running in the "Broad," and shortly a lively surf was dashing on the rocky shores.

As it continued to blow steadily harder, we decided to make camp on some of the numerous small islands thereabouts, but the myriads of mosquitoes that we found in possession had a determination to hold it and to put us out; and despite volumes of pipe smoke they succeeded. It was evident we must try some other place, and sighting a cottage on Follet Island, about three quarters of a mile to the north, we steered for that.

Here we found a good beach, a pretty cottage and a fine lawn, quite an Eden to us stormbound mariners. The cottage doors were locked and its windows barred, so we proceeded to take possession of the lawn, and pitched our camp under the lee of a small woodshed. After the cramped and restless time we had had the night before, no desire remained to try the same mode of sleeping again, so the following idea was hit upon by the Artist.

The canoes hauled up on the grass were laid parallel to one another about five feet apart. This intervening space was carpeted with rubber and woollen blankets, and a roof of sails was pitched over all, the same dropping down so as to form walls for camp. Thus we had very comfortable quarters.

The shower of the afternoon having been reinforced by a legion of heavy clouds from the south, now hung dark about us, and in the chill air of the evening we could feel the storm that was close upon us. But no matter what the weather might be, we tired-out *voyageurs* turned into our shelter, pillowed our heads on our coats, and closely rolled in the warm blankets soon fell fast asleep.

By four next morning we turned out, and our first thought was of the weather. The appearance of the elements and our situation brought to mind a scrap from Addison:

> "The dawn is overcast, the morning lowers,
> And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
> The great, th' important day."

The sky was still heavy, the wind nothing abated, our rations low and we anxious.

What shall we do?

Whitecaps in the "Broad," making rather a nasty outlook for us, but cross that "Broad" we must or starve.

We consult the map, and find that by shaping our course northward about a mile to Jolly Island, thence half a mile to the eastward to Steamboat Island, we would escape at least three miles of the open water and cross seas. From there across the narrowest part of the Broad in a southeasterly course to the southern end of Long Island, and we could feel secure. This we decided to do, although it would make three miles more paddling than a direct course to Toughtonboro would give.

No time for breakfast. A gill of brandy and water apiece warmed and braced us, and having stowed all duffle, we launched, with rubber aprons securely battened about. The first half mile was smooth and encouraging, being under the lee of the islands; but once out from their protection, the wind sweeping up the lake from the southeast chopped up the sea and tossed us about in great shape.

At first the scribe was a trifle scared, but seeing how handsomely our craft behaved, we were soon enjoying the rather exciting situation. After about an hour's battling wind and wave, we landed on the lower end of Long Island about 6 o'clock, having covered not quite half the distance we must go before breakfast.

After a short rest we again pushed on, and with the thought of breakfast uppermost in our minds dug ahead, in spite of the cold rain that had begun to fall, till we made Sandy Island, where we ran up just long enough to mix another dose of the fortifier. Off again, and after half an hour's paddling we caught sight of the long-sought shores of Toughtonboro'. Here in full sight of the Promised Land, and within a mile of its shores, the scribe, almost exhausted, had to make frequent resting spells, and in attempting to brace himself with the thoughts of a good breakfast awaiting him ahead, was quite overcome with hunger, and unearthing a loaf of musty bread from among his duffle, he made a cannibalistic attack upon the same. Thus by a series of munching and paddling spells he and his companion reached the welcome shore at last.

Establishing our headquarters here we spent the remainder of our all to short vacation in making short cruises about this lovely lake; among its picturesque islands, along its wild and woody shores, nosing into every lovely nook and corner, where all the gnomes and fairies of our childhood might well abide, and returning to camp at nights to see old Sol throw his last golden rays up from behind the western mountains, whose lines are deeply reflected in the placid waters of the lake. CHOKIE.

A. C. A. EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.—The meeting of the Executive Committee will be held at Clark's, 22 West Twenty-third street, on Nov. 23, beginning promptly at 10 A. M.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP, ATLANTIC DIVISION.—Sandford Northrop, Wm. Northrop, Camden, N. J.; Wm. Potts, Brooklyn.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

ALEX. R. will oblige by sending us his address.

J. C. MCA.—For rabbit shooting within three hours of New York city, try some of the stations on the Newburg Short Cut of the Erie Railway.

M. F., Rushville, Ill.—There are several well-made guns for the price you name; they are of practically equal merits, and we cannot make distinctions between them.

N. H., Medina, O.—Application to Chief Game and Fish Warden John N. Law, Cincinnati, O., will give you the desired information. Each county in your State has a game warden.

P. H. F., St. Louis, Mo.—I have a breechloader made by "Tatham," London, laminated steel. Kindly tell me who is "Tatham" and what his reputation is. Ans. We know Tatham (American) shot, but the Tatham (English) gun is not known to us.

COMPANION WANTED.—Coney Island, Nov. 10.—I purpose going South on a deer and turkey hunt on the 28th inst. The place I go abounds in quail and an occasional bear is to be had. I would like a congenial companion. Expenses will be confined to fare and provender, not exceeding $60.—CHAS. M. GRAINGER.

H. P. W., Norfolk, Va.—Will wild rice or wild celery flourish in the inlets of Chesapeake Bay, if so which will do better? If it is planted this fall would it be up in time for ducks to feed upon in the spring? Ans. Both flourish there. See article on canvasbacks last week. If the rice were planted this fall there would be nothing for the ducks in the spring; they eat the seed, which of course does not mature in the spring. See note on page 347 of this issue.

Yachting.

"West India Hurricanes and the Great March Blizzard." By Everett Hayden, U. S. Hydrographic Office. Large quarto, with 23 lithographic plates. Price $1. Contains full history of the great storm of March, 1888, with practical information how to handle a vessel in a cyclone; use of oil at sea, etc.

CLASSIFICATION BY CORRECTED LENGTH.

THOUGH the new classification should not be adopted at once by either of the clubs now considering it, something has been accomplished in the direction of its ultimate adoption by the presentation of the subject in a definite form in the reports of the two committees. The chief obstacle at present is that yachtsmen have given little thought to the matter, they are unfamiliar with its details, and consequently afraid of it without knowing exactly why. In order to show the practical operation of the rule we have calculated the amount of sail allowed for each length of waterline in the single-stick classes from 30 to 77ft. corrected length, as proposed to take the place of the existing classes, 23 to 70ft. waterline length; also reproducing on a larger scale a part of the diagram previously published, with the addition of the new British yachts. The classes and allowance of sail are as follows: The first column giving the various waterline lengths, the second the corresponding amount of sail, the third the amount of sail for each foot of length in the different classes, and the fourth the ratio of square root of the sail to the waterline. We have not gone above the present 70ft. yachts for the reason that there is now no well defined class, Volunteer and Puritan, the only existing boats, not racing; and it is impossible to say what the future of the class will be, or to lay down any limits for it. In the other classes the table covers rather more than the extreme practical limits; as, in the 77ft. class for example, no one would be likely to build a 68ft. waterline yacht with 552ft. more sail than Titania; nor to go to the opposite extreme of 77ft. waterline with an allowance of no more sail than Bedouin to drive the 7ft. additional length. We have attempted to indicate by the full-faced type the limits for experiment with any chance of success:

AREAS OF SAIL ALLOWED FOR EACH LENGTH.—SLOOP CLASSES.

Full-face figures denote the practicable limits of length.

77ft. Class.				*48ft. Class.*			
		Dif. of S	$\frac{\sqrt{S}}{L}$			*Dif. of S*	$\frac{\sqrt{S}}{L}$
L	*S*	*per ft. of L.*		*L*	*S*	*per ft. of L.*	
77	5929	...	1.00	46	2500	...	1.09
76	6084	155	1.03	**45**	2601	101	1.13
75	6241	157	1.05	**44**	2704	103	1.18
74	6400	159	1.08	**43**	2809	105	1.23
73	6561	161	1.11	**42**	2916	107	1.29
72	6724	163	1.14	**41**	3025	109	1.34
71	6889	165	1.17	**40**	3136	111	1.40
70	7056	167	1.20	**39**	3249	113	1.46
69	7225	169	1.23	38	3364	115	1.53
68	7396	171	1.26				
63ft. Class.				*42ft. Class.*			
66	4900	...	1.06	40	1936	...	1.10
65	5041	141	1.09	39	2025	89	1.15
64	5184	143	1.12	**38**	2116	91	1.21
63	5329	145	1.16	**37**	2209	93	1.27
62	5476	147	1.19	**36**	2304	95	1.33
61	5625	149	1.23	**35**	2401	97	1.40
60	5776	151	1.26	**34**	2500	99	1.47
				33	2601	101	1.54
60ft. Class.				*36ft. Class.*			
58	3844	...	1.07	34	1444	...	1.12
57	3969	125	1.10	**33**	1521	77	1.18
56	4096	127	1.14	**32**	1600	79	1.25
55	4225	129	1.18	**31**	1681	81	1.32
54	4356	131	1.22	**30**	1764	83	1.40
53	4489	133	1.26	**29**	1849	85	1.48
52	4624	135	1.30	28	1936	87	1.58
54ft. Class.				*30ft. Class.*			
53	3025	...	1.04				
52	3136	111	1.07	29	961	..	1.06
51	3249	113	1.12	**28**	1024	63	1.14
50	3364	115	1.16	**27**	1089	65	1.22
49	3481	117	1.20	**26**	1156	67	1.31
48	3600	119	1.25	**25**	1225	69	1.40
47	3721	121	1.30	24	1296	71	1.50
46	3844	123	..				
45	3969	125	...				

SCHOONER CLASSES.

Class 1, 100ft. Corrected Length and Over.

Constellation		Ramona	107.13
Dauntless	110.90	Palmer	104.01
Yampa	not measured.		

100ft. Class, 90 to 100ft. Corrected Length.

Gitana	95.72	Sea Fox	91 43
Montauk	94.37	Mayflower	90.32
Fortuna	94.22	Sachem	90.27
Merlin	93.45	Alert	90.05

90ft. Class, 80 to 90ft. Corrected Length.

Elma	88.95	Iroquois	82.84
Phantom	87.79	Halcyon	81.79
Grayling	86.06	Œnone	80.62
Miranda	85.54	Magic	80 09
Marguerite	85.08		

80ft. Class, 70 to 80ft. Corrected Length.

No existing boats.

70ft. Class, 70ft. and Under, Corrected Length.

Quickstep	70.00	Azalea	62.75
Clio	67.42	Lotus	
Harbinger	66.80	Agnes	
Triton			

SLOOPS, CUTTERS AND YAWLS.

Class 1, over 77ft. Corrected Length.

Volunteer	91.09	Puritan	85.17

77ft. Class, 68 to 77ft. Corrected Length.

Katrina	76.76	Gracie	73.39
Titania	76.40	Bedouin	73.15
Shamrock	73.73	Fauny	71.17

68ft. Class, 60 to 68ft. Corrected Length.

Huron	67.71	Ilcen	66.12
Vision	67.54	Hildegarde	65.41
Mischief	67.25	Wenonah	64.22
Thetis	66.25		

60ft. Class, 54 to 60f. tCorrected Length.

Athlon	58.06	Clara	54.90
Whileaway	57.66	Isis	54.74
Cinderella	57.22	Oriva	54.37

54ft. Class, 48 to 54ft. Corrected Length.

Bertie	53.62	Daphne	51.49
Regina	51.91	Adelaide	50.67
Alga	51.83	Vixen	50 48
Fanita	51.52		

48ft. Class, 42 to 48ft. Corrected Length.

Liris	49.86	Chiquita	46.88
Tomahawk	48.68	Nymph	46.87
Gorilla	48.50	Baboon	46.80
Maraquita	48.12	Banshee	46.43
Bayadere	48.00	Xara	46.40
Maggie	47.80	Minerva	46.07
Lotowana	47.19	Rival	44.22
Verena	47.00	Wave	42 71
Helen	47.00	Pappoose	42.60
Alice	47.00	Schemer	42.27

42ft. Class, 36 to 42ft. Corrected Length.

Hera	41.94	Shadow	38.28
Peri	40.38	Volusia	37.33
Iseult	38.63	Beatrice	36.05

36ft. Class, 30 to 36ft. Corrected Length.

Kathleen	37.56	Tom Boy	34.99
Saracen	36.40	Shona	34.25

30ft. Class, 30ft. and under Corrected Length.

Yolande	30.78	Daisy	30.00
Gael	30.63	Bantam	29.91

In the 77ft. class Titania and Katrina are found very near the top, their measurements being 76.40 and 76.76ft. In designing a new yacht for the class one or two feet additional length could be taken with advantage, but by the time that 73ft. is reached the sail is considerably reduced, and at 74ft. the proportions of the old 60-tonner Marguerite are reached, or say a reduced Genesta. As Irex, the sole survivor of this type in the large classes, has just been sold out of racing to be replaced by a much wider boat, there is little to be feared from the same type here. The present boats in the class, Bedouin, Gracie and Fanny, would be placed as they now are in the Eastern and Seawanhaka clubs so far as Titania and Katrina are concerned.

The yachts in the 68ft. class would be as at present, there being little or no racing between them, but Mischief, Hildegard, Vision, Wenonah, Thetis and Ilcen have always been considered as fairly matched together as far as size goes. The class limit, 68ft., provides for a somewhat larger boat, as Mischief could be a foot longer with her present rig and yet be in the class. This increase of size was necessitated in order to take in all the boats of about Mischief's size and yet make an even number, 68. The desirable limits in this class would be within 61 and 64ft.; the old British 40-tonners being about 64ft. waterline with 5,000ft. of sail, in fact Stranger, so well known on this side, would just come at the limit of the class by a reduction of 60ft. of sail, her length being 65ft.; and we fancy no one would consider her a very formidable rival to a Mischief or a reduced Titania.

In the next class there are practically no racing boats at present save Clara, neither Cinderella, Athlon nor Whileaway doing any serious amount of racing; but at the same time the class would be unchanged as far as the existing boats are concerned. In any event there is a strong probability of a revival of the class, in which case the present boats would be greatly outbuilt, so that their chances as racers will be little altered by the change to corrected length. The new class offers a very good choice of sizes, from 54×17ft. for a centerboard similar to Cinderella, to a moderate keel boat of 56×13ft. 6in.; a 57ft. boat would be possible, but the proportion of sail allowed her is very small for a racer.

The next class includes the old 45ft. yachts, none of which are doing any active racing; however, they would be very fairly classed with Alga and the new or promised 45-footers. Bertie would come within the limit of this class instead of the next class, and though she has always raced with Clara and Cinderella she would be placed to much better advantage in the smaller class; if, however, she did not like the company, she could still increase her canvas and remain with Clara. It appears that the new British 20-raters, Dragon, Windward and Vreda, would come in this class near its lower limit with such an increase of canvas as would be necessary for racing in these waters, in which case there would be little to fear of their saving time from new boats built to the top of the class. Should any cross, however, they would probably be canvassed for the lower class, which includes the present 40-footers, in which case also they could hardly carry canvas enough to be very dangerous in a season's steady racing.

The limit of 48ft. for the next class was made necessary, not only in order to preserve a certain uniformity in the intervals and to keep the class from crowding closely on the one above it, but because the next even figure, 49ft., would leave the majority of the existing boats, all new and built for the class, as Nymph, Chiquita, Verena, Helen, Alice, Baboon, Xara, Lotowana, Awa, Choctaw, Banshee and Chispa, a long way from the top of the class; the corrected lengths of all but the very latest boats being about 47ft. It is proposed to admit those forties which exceed the limit of 48ft. corrected length by a modification of the special clause in the New York and Seawanhaka rules made to admit Titania and Bedouin. The new class would also include several yachts formerly in the class above, Ulidia, Maggie and Bayadere; but there is not one of these which would be a dangerous rival to the keel of a modern 40-footer. As above stated, it is possible that the 20-raters might squeeze into this class, but at a reduced sail area that would cripple them in the average weather.

In the way of new boats to beat the present leaders there are two extreme positions from which the question may be considered. If it be conceded that Minerva can repeat next season her sweep of this year, and consequently the Minerva type must prevail in racing, then an enlarged Minerva, 41ft. 7in. in waterline and 11ft. beam, would be a far better boat than the present craft in the eyes of American owners, and presumably be as fast in proportion, and able to race on even time, which is more satisfactory to every sportsman than to receive an allowance. If on the other hand the prizes are considered able to beat both Minerva and the type represented by Baboon and Xara, which is generally conceded to be a very good one; the man who would beat either Liris or Gorilla need not do so by a more powerful boat on the same length, but may use his judgment in taking 2 or 3ft. more length, with less sail and power and a finer model. The letters of Messrs. Fife and Burgess in another column have a very important bearing on this matter, both declaring their belief in what may be called extreme dimensions, but we are of the opinion that though the crude elements of 45ft. waterline and 2,600sq. ft. of canvas may in the most skilful hands be moulded into a fast boat and may win in an exceptional season and under favorable conditions of ownership and handling, that most attempts on these dimensions will be unsuccessful, and that the safer proportions will be found between 41 and 43ft. length. The way will still be open for experiments in the direction of power in a 39ft. boat rigged as heavily as Liris, and taken altogether the class will afford ample opportunity for experiment within moderate limits of cost.

The next class is thus far a weak one, having few racing boats at any one point. Shadow, the leader in Eastern waters, and Iseult, in New York, are probably the best of the class. The new limits would include Peri, now racing at the bottom of the 40ft. class, while if she chose Pappoose could cut down to 42ft. corrected length, about her original rig, and have a better chance at the top of this class, where she properly belongs, than at the bottom of the class which includes Liris and Tomahawk. It is in this class, and not with Kathleen and Saracen, that the British 10-raters, Decima, Dis and Yvonne would probably come, unless they reduced their rigs. They would be in the middle or in the lower half of the class, and with little hope of winning from new boats built to the class limit.

Kathleen, like Liris, would have come into the 36ft. class through the special clause mentioned, being considerably above the limit, Saracen being about on it, we have not her official measurement. This arrangement would give some advantage to Liris, Gorilla, Tomahawk and Kathleen over newer and longer boats that might be built to beat them, but as the four were built this year and yachtsmen are interested in the results of their racing, no one would grumble at their being allowed every possible chance to show whether power in excess is worth what it costs. In order to be in the event of a change, to give opportunity for boats recently built for an existing class, like the forties and some of the schooners, we would go further than the committees in recommending that all yachts built for existing *waterline* length classes be allowed to race in the corresponding classes by *corrected* length which include the majority of their former classmates. The classes in which this exception would mainly apply would be in the present 40 and 30ft. sloops and the 90ft. schooners.

Several new boats, Merlin, Mayflower, Sachem, Alert and Sea Fox, built for the existing 90ft. waterline class, will measure from 1 to 5ft. corrected length over the corresponding class, 90ft. corrected length. Of course they could reduce sail and come into the class where Grayling, Miranda and Elma now are, but as they were not designed for such short canvas it would be unfair to compel them to cut down to a rig that might prevent any racing. By admitting them arbitrarily to the class the only harm would be that they would remain rather larger than any new boat built to the class, and so for the time have a slight degree of protection from being outbuilt by boats especially designed for the new class; certainly no greater advantage than they are entitled to. Yachts of the size of Merlin or Sea Fox represent a large amount of money and demand more consideration in any change of rule than the small fry. We do not know the feeling of the owners of the yachts, but such an exception as this, giving them a certain advantage for a few seasons, might remove any objections on their part to the new rule. It is true that there is a certain prejudice against such exceptions on the part of the clubs, but such a clause of the kind has always been found necessary in the past in attempting to secure a uniformity of classes, and there is no practical objection to it so far as we have heard.

The 90ft. schooner class has proved a very difficult one to manage in laying out new classes, being in itself the most important of the schooner classes and at the same time requiring an odd limit, 94ft., to take in all existing yachts, which limit destroyed the uniformity of the series. The limits laid down, 70, 80, 90 and 100ft. corrected length, are satisfactory in all other ways, the only difficulty being to accommodate four or five existing boats to the limit of 90ft. By admitting these boats to the class, together with a few of the smaller sloops to theirs, the greater part of the objections from vested interests will be removed.

Two general objections have been made to the new system; one, that it will be difficult to tell in what class a yacht belongs; the other, that yachts may shift from class to class at will. The first objection is imaginary rather than real, and will disappear with a sufficient number of classes and boats built to the limit, as all new ones will be. The table given above shows that the waterline length which may be taken in the new 77ft. class cannot be longer than 75ft. at most, and is not likely to be shorter than 70ft. waterline. In the 48ft. class the lengths of waterline will prob-

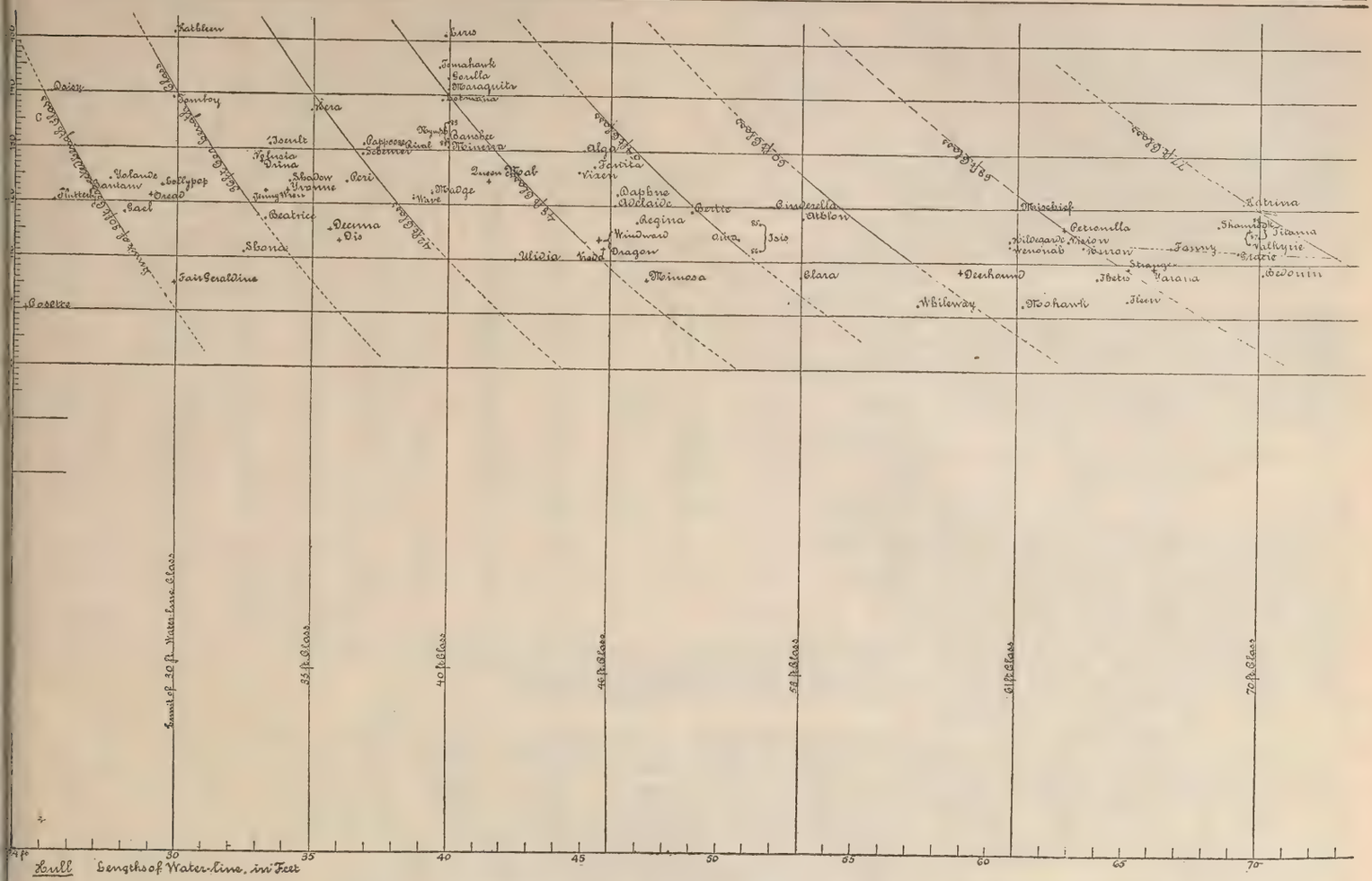


DIAGRAM SHOWING RATIO OF SAIL TO LENGTH IN THE RACING FLEET.

The vertical lines indicate the present limits of classes by waterline length; the inclined lines indicate the limits of classes by corrected length. The relative position of each yacht in its class, near the upper or lower limit, is shown by its proximity to lines indicating the class limits.

ably run from 40 to 44 or 45ft., and in the other classes the variation in length will be from 4 to 6ft.; so that, when once tolerably familiar with the new classes, a man can quickly place any yacht. Of course, in theory a yacht of any length can enter any class; thus one of 53ft. length might be built for the 48ft. class or for the 54ft. class or the 60ft. class; but in the first instance she could have but 1,849ft. of sail, being little more than a huge canoe; in the second she could have 3,025ft., and would be a 7-beam cutter, and in the third she would be allowed 4,356ft., and would be a larger boat than Athlon or Cinderella. It would even be possible in theory to go further and build a scow of 53ft. to carry some 7,000ft. of sail; but with all these possibilities on the given length no one boat could go in all these classes by varying her canvas, and, practically, the man who selected a 53ft. waterline would be compelled to go in the 60ft. corrected length class and no other. It may very safely be assumed, in considering the possible changes from class to class, that only under exceptional circumstances will a man go down in a class, as the influence of the time scale favors the larger boats, and makes it desirable to give rather than to receive time.

As to yachts changing at will from class to class, the same condition of affairs exists now, though unnoticed because no one wishes to avail himself of the privilege. It would be perfectly practical for Sea Fox or Merlin to ship a little ballast and go in the class with Fortuna; Bedouin and Titania, as we have before mentioned, technically belong in the class by themselves, and might refuse to race with the other seventies; half a dozen of the new forties are over the limit of their class in many races, and might go in the class above if they wished, while some thirties push the limit so hard that by neglecting to strip to the last bit of china or bedding, they would be in the 35ft. class. This state of affairs has existed without causing any trouble or exciting comment, the main point being that men do not want to go up and be at the tail end of a higher class instead of the head of a lower one. Under a classification by corrected length there may be somewhat greater facilities for a change among the odd sizes of existing yachts, and at first a man may be in doubt as to which class he can do best in, but there will be few cases of this kind. Liris could go into the class above and make a clean sweep, perhaps winning more pots than in her legitimate class, but she never would do it; and on the other hand, Clara, finding nothing in her own class, might reduce her rig and try for prizes in the class with such boats as Daphne and Alga, but it is no more likely that she would do so than that she will put in ballast and a heavier rig under present conditions and go into the class above her to race with Hildegarde and Mischief. In a case like Pappoose, an odd size near the bottom of a class, it would only be good policy to reduce the rig a little and go into the lower class, and no harm could result from such a change. This has been done in the smaller classes in England, a boat sometimes shipping a larger rig and increasing her rating from 2½ to 4, taking time in the 5-rating class, but this is only with odd-sized craft not especially built to the limits of a class. With a new boat built to the highest limit of a class, as is certain to be the case, it will be impossible to carry the very large increase of sail allowed to the length if she goes in the class above her own; and equally impossible to drive her with the very small rig allowed for her length in the class below her, so there is no opportunity to change. In the case of the change from one class to another which came up in the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. in 1884, and which was the cause of the change from corrected to waterline length, there were but four classes of sloops in place of the present eight classes, with few boats in each class, or the fact of a boat going from one class to another would not have been noticed.

It is too much to expect that the change from one system to the other can be made without trouble or inconvenience to any one; but at the same time the practical difficulties in the way are very slight, especially in comparison with the good points of the new scheme, and will disappear after one or two seasons of building and racing.

KATHLEEN, A GOOD RECORD.—The 30-footer Kathleen of New York, owned by William Whitlock, has made a good record this year, winning nine first prizes out of fifteen starts. In three other races Kathleen crossed the line first, but lost twice on time allowance, and once from being ruled out. The Kathleen has won the Atlantic Y. C. pennant, as the Arab and Guide refused to race with her for it.—*Boston Globe.*

THE CRUISE OF THE ALERTE.—Mr. A. H. Tredwen, who accompanies Mr. Knight on his search for buried treasure in the yawl Alerte, has wired home the safe arrival of the party at Rio Janeiro on Nov. 5, having left England on Aug. 28.

MEASUREMENT ON LAKE ONTARIO.

THE committee of the Lake Y. R. A. has lost no time since the season closed in collecting information and in compiling a very clear report, with the result that the changes recommended were unanimously adopted at the annual meeting. The following very interesting letters were received in answer to a circular sent out by Mr. Jarvis, chairman of the committee, some time since to the leading designers, American and British. The circular read in part as follows:

"At present our Association classifies by L.W.L. length, time allowance being given on the corrected length or rating. Our rule is that of Seawanhaka Y. C. $\frac{L+\sqrt{S\,A}}{2}$=corrected length or rating. Our present classes are 20, 25, 30, 35, 50 and over 50ft. L.W.L., and it is our intention to substitute for these 20,30, 35, 40, 48, 60 and 70ft. corrected length with a length and sail area card, of which I inclose you a copy: the first column showing the L.W.L., the second the maximum amount of sail that can be taken to bring a craft up to the class limit as shown in third column. Now our idea, of course, in making the alteration is to produce a moderate vessel, an economical and wholesome craft, avoiding extremes in beam and draft. Therefore we request the benefit of your experience, and if not asking too much, that you would state what amount of length, beam, draft, sail area and displacement you would take in a design for the 48ft., *i. e.*, the last class on our card for which we have worked out sail area. In giving sail area figures, kindly quote by Seawanhaka rule. I may mention that few of our fleet have been built for the classes, but rather the classes made to suit the fleet, and that we have not the question of vested interests to consider to the extent that the seaboard American and English yacht clubs have. Therefore, if advisable, we wish to make the change before we have these troubles to contend with."

The replies were as follows:

MR. BURGESS.

I am myself on a committee of the Eastern Y. C. on the subject of classification, measurement, etc., but we have not yet come to any decision.

Judging from the success of Minerva, I should think that a classification based on our rule (Seawanhaka) would form a pretty narrow type of boat—too narrow to suit my ideas of a good boat. For a 48-foot corrected length class, I think a boat 45 to 46ft. long by 10ft. beam would probably be most successful; and it seems to me that the New York Y. C. rule $\frac{\sqrt{S}+2\,L}{3}$ would be safer for classification.

There is one important consideration that I should want to see settled before advocating *any* classification based partly on sail area; *i. e.*, the question of measuring the sail area. By any of the present methods all sails are treated as of the same value for speed and equally taxed. The result will be, when the sail area is heavily taxed, as in the case of using it for classification, that the important sail or sails will be increased at the expense of less valuable sails, and this will produce a bad rig for seagoing purposes. There may be a way to avoid this difficulty, but I have not found it. One improvement will be to add to the base line any excess of the spinaker pole beyond the point in the bowsprit taken for the base line. This will be a premium on keeping the main mast aft near its proper place.

If we recommend any change of classification I shall be happy to let you know. I should think it a good plan if the L. Y. R. A. fell in with whatever our large clubs do, as this will open a market from which you can import yachts for the lakes.

BOSTON, Oct. 4.

MR. SMITH.

In reply to your favor of Oct. 8 would say that I would make a boat for 48ft. corrected length, S. C. Y. C. rule, about 44ft. L.W.L., 12ft. beam and 9ft. draft, sail 2,704ft., and about 28 tons displacement. Of course these figures might be modified when the design would be worked out, and would vary with the construction; if made very light the displacement would be less, and if built cheaply would be more. You will bear in mind that dimensions cannot be determined until the plan has been worked out. I frequently make a plan and change the dimensions and make a new one.

NEW YORK, Oct. 10.

MR. WILL FIFE.

In the first place I do not consider that the Seawanhaka rule for taking sail area gives anything like sufficiently accurate results, and it could be evaded to a very large extent, in fact it could be evaded to such an extent as to make the result depend on cleverness in cheating the rule (which is to be deprecated), rather than on merit in design. I therefore hold that sail area should be taken in a similar manner to that in which it is taken by the Yacht Racing Asssociation of Great Britain, and classify by corrected length as in Seawanhaka rule.

If the Y. R. A. rule were used for taking area, the dimensions of a boat built to race as 48ft. corrected length would be about:

Length	45ft.
Beam	10ft.
Draft	9ft.
Displacement	26 tons.
Ballast	14 tons.
Sail area by Y. R. A. rule	2,605ft.
Corrected length $\frac{L+\sqrt{S\,A}}{2}$	=48ft.

FAIRLIE, Oct. 12.

MR. WATSON.

I have always had the strongest feeling, ever since the establishment of the length and sail area rule, that yachts should be classed on their corrected length, or what is the same thing, on their rating. This, in my opinion, is a very strong check on excessive sail spreads, more even than taxing sail area more heavily.

Your proposed rule $\frac{L+\sqrt{S\,A}}{2}$ equalling corrected length, gives exactly the same respective values of length and sail area, as our present rule does, and in your club I think it should produce fine wholesome vessels, such as it has done and is doing here.

As to stating what length, beam, draft, sail area, and displacement I would take for a 48ft. corrected length class, this means practically designing the boat, I would not care to make any statement just in a rough and ready way, and would only care to do so after going very carefully into it. This, I fear, I have not the time to do.

GLASGOW, Oct. 14.

MR. GARDNER.

In the 48ft. class I should use different lengths according to the circumstance. If for light winds and smooth water, 41ft. and 3,025ft. sail, for heavy winds and sea 45ft. and 2,601ft. sails for an all round boat to sail under varying conditions, 43ft. and 2,800ft. sail. The latter boat would be the most successful in a season's racing, unless the boat was owned and sailed only at such a place as Newport, where you usually get a sea, whether the wind be light or heavy. In such a case the longer boat would have the advantage. A really superior design might win all the races though she be anywhere between 41 and 45ft. length. In that case it would be due to the merits of the design alone and not to the crude quantities. There have been a great many attempts made in England to produce a moderate beam boat to defeat the 90ft. Southampton boats. The Minerva is the first of her proportions to do well. On the other hand, the Southampton boats have been notoriously bad sea boats, plunging and stopping in the sea. The Kathleen, although of about the same proportions as those boats, never plunges and is, according to the testimony of those who have seen her in a gale at sea, an unusually good sea boat for any type, so you can see how difficult it is to draw inference from the performance of a single or a few boats. The Minerva has surprised a great many people here, in fact thoroughly scared some of them. It is due to the fact that we have of late considered ourselves invincible on the water. Mr. Fife has been, in spite of the performance of the Clara, very much underestimated. I do not consider Minerva's good performance due to the fact that she has small sails and is a moderate boat, but to the very good model and wonderfully good canvas and rigging. I think it would be a good change to adopt a classification by rating on the lakes, although it would not be so essential there as here. I see from your letter that your classes are nearly all small ones. In the smaller classes the change is not so important. It is absolutely necessary in the large classes to have a definite limit to combined power-and-length in each class. Excessive power to length in the large classes is a very dangerous thing. If one has to give up length, which is valuable, to obtain a large sail area, the tendency would be to prevent the large rig.

Time allowance is, and always has been, a very unsatisfactory thing. The value varies according to the strength of the wind. It seems to me absurd to have a lot of boats built to the limit of a class and one giving time to another on account of sail, when the time allowance is based on the increase in speed due to an increase in size in every direction and not to sail at all. I think a one gun start just as essential as a good rule. If boats start with a strong wind and finish with a light one, the boat that starts

four minutes ahead in the beginning may get twelve minutes advantage at the finish. A boat starting four minutes late in a light wind may cover the same distance in a strong breeze in one minute. It is needless to say it can only be guess work how the wind will be at the finish of a race. Good seamanship gets its reward all through a race and at the finish: I can see no reason why it should not get the same reward at the start. The exact dimensions I would use and the disposition of the sail for a 48-foot rating boat I could only determine after I had a design well under way. I would not like to state here what I would do, for I might change them before the design was completed.

P. S.—My experience this year has been that large rigs pay from a racing point of view. The difficulty has been that we have tried to make too rapid strides. We have tried to kill the goose and get all the eggs. Because we have not put five years' advance in one, a great many say the goose was no good after all. That we have obtained the highest speed possible in the large rigs I very much doubt. I would with perfect confidence undertake to produce a boat with the same sail area that would be 10 minutes faster than the best performance of the Liris this year. I can see no reason why we should expect to have very narrow boats.

NEW YORK, Nov. 7.

The point raised by Mr. Burgess and Mr. Fife is quite an important one, as under a heavier tax of any form on sail there will be a tendency to cheat the rule if possible, and it is difficult to foresee what form such evasion may take. The changes proposed by the New York and Seawanhaka committees are intended to prevent any such evasion if possible, but some further restrictions may prove to be necessary in time. The Y. R. A. rule would not be practicable in America, as the conditions of measurement are so different. A very good point is made by Mr. Gardner in favoring a one gun start. The concluding paragraph of his letter is especially interesting, and bears out the views we expressed very lately.

YACHT BUILDING IN GREAT BRITAIN UNDER THE NEW RULE.

WHETHER or no the result of the proposed classification if carried will be to encourage a very narrow type of yacht, as some would have us believe, the change is a very important one, and must exert a powerful influence on the racing fleet within three or four years after its adoption. While it is impossible to say with absolute certainty what the result of any new rule will be, there is generally sufficient evidence available on which to base very fair conclusions; and as a guide in the present case American yachtsmen have before them the results of three seasons' experience in Great Britain in practically the same methods which are now under discussion with a view to their adoption here. The rule of measurement now in use in Great Britain was recommended for adoption by a committee of the Yacht Racing Association on Nov. 17, 1886, after a most thorough inquiry into the operation of the existing tonnage rule, its evils and the best means of remedying them. As the result of this inquiry, in which the evidence of Messrs. Watson, Fife, Clayton, Richardson, Webb, Payne, Kemp and other designers was taken, all attempts to patch up the existing rule were abandoned, and an entirely new method was substituted. By this new rule the length on waterline and the sail area are multiplied together, the product being divided by a constant, 6,000, and the result being a rather anomalous unit called "rating"; approximating closely enough to the old tonnage to permit the same time scale to be used; thus the old 3-ton class is made 5 rating; the 5 ton is made 10 rating; the 10 ton, 20 rating; the 20 ton, 40 rating; the 40 ton, 60 rating, etc. The sail is measured differently from the American method, as will be noted later, but the formula itself is practically equivalent to that of the Seawanhaka rule, though one gives a result in "rating" (which may be called a cubical measurement); and the other gives a result in "corrected length," a linear measurement. How closely the two methods approximate was shown in the case of the Volunteer and Thistle, where the difference was but a few seconds.

Regarding the actual measurement of the sail, by the American method the spars alone are measured in such a way as to form a triangle which includes no topsail but the ordinary working sail, making no allowance for clubtopsail; while in the Y. R. A. method the measurements are taken, not from the vessel, but from the spar and sail plan by the sail maker, the head sails being considered as a triangle, while the mainsail and topsails, together with the foresail in a schooner and the mizen in a yawl, are measured to find the actual area of each; the certificate of rating being based on the topsail, either sprit or club, which the owner elects to carry while the certificate holds good; many yachts being rated only for a sprit or yardtopsail and using consequently no "jackyard" or clubtopsail. The question of the merits and defects of the two methods, alluded to elsewhere in the letters of Messrs. Burgess and Fife, is quite an important one in itself; but it has no direct bearing on the one which is now under discussion, of the proper use of sail as a factor in the rule. The Y. R. A. method would be impracticable in this country owing to the number of sail makers, some of whom could not be depended on to give the correct measurements; in Great Britain this is practically done by one large firm.

The two more serious objections which have been urged against the proposed classification are that it would directly encourage very narrow yachts here; and also that it would at once put the existing boats, say of the 40ft. class, at a disadvantage compared with the corresponding class of 20 raters, should any care to cross the Atlantic. We propose now to look into the actual working of the rule in Great Britain in order to ascertain the type of boat which it has developed there after a tolerably fair trial for three seasons. The condition of racing and building when the rule went into effect is familiar to all American yachtsmen; racing has come to a standstill owing to the expense of beating the existing winners by more extreme craft, and the undesirable type of vessel produced in all, especially the smaller classes. The racing fleet was reduced to Irex and a few smaller craft, all of extreme narrow beam, and the C class, intended to give a chance to the older racers, simply resulted in killing the A class without being a success in itself. The only opening left to designers was in the direction of length, with a limit practically set to the speed in the larger yachts by the draft which could be used in practice. At the same time the prejudices of most designers and yachtsmen were on the side of great length and corresponding narrow beam rather than of the American type of wide craft, and as great fear was expressed then by many that the new rule would produce extremely *wide* yachts as is now felt on this side that the rule will produce *narrow* ones. The following table contains the yachts built under the new rule within the years '87, '88 and '89, together with several representatives of the old narrow boats which are still in the racing. The list is of course not complete in the sizes under 30ft., but it includes all large yachts and all the faster boats in the smaller classes. We have not included several yachts built for cruising and that do not race, such as Merry Maid, Woodcock, and the schooner Asterope. As the sail measurements by Seawanhaka rule are not obtainable we have based all calculation on the Y. R. A. figures, which must be borne in mind in comparing the table with that published several weeks since, of American yachts. The Y. R. A. measurement is larger than the Seawanhaka, the difference in the case of Thistle, in which the official figures for both are given, being 11 per cent. In Valkyrie as nearly as can be measured from photographs, the American measurement would be about 200ft. less than the Y. R. A. with sprit topsail; in Vreda and Dragon it would probably be about 100ft. less, and in some cases in the smaller sizes the two measurements would be about the same. By the Y. R. A. area the corrected length is thus greater than it would be if the boats were measured in this country for a race here, and the ratio of sail to length is also larger than it should be in comparison with the figures previously given for American yachts, and on which the accompanying diagram is based; so that all through the British vessels are given a little larger sail-spread than they really carry by our rules.

The largest yacht yet built under the new rule is the yawl Lethe, the first on the list, a cruiser similar to Wendur, and a little larger; the only noticeable point about her being that she is wider, the ratio of length to beam being 4.84 in place of 5.21 in Wendur. Thistle was built specially to race in American waters and under the New York rule, her ratio of length to beam being 4.27, so she is hardly a fair basis for comparison; but looking at the other new yachts in the larger classes we find that the proportion is nearly as great, being 4 43 in Yarana and 4.36 in Valkyrie and Deerhound. In the medium-sized yachts the proportions run from 3½ to 4½ beams, and in the smaller sizes the greater number are from 3 to 4 beams.

The standard proportions of the old tonnage yachts is given in the following table.

	Tons.	$\frac{L}{B}$		Tons.	$\frac{L}{B}$
Galatea	90	5.79	Tara	40	5.75
Irex	90	5.57	Clara	20	5.86
Genesta	90	5.4	Ulidia	10	5.83
Erycina	90	5.30	Delvyn	5	6.22
Marguerite	60	5.49	Currytush	3	6.07

From this it will be seen that in all sizes, from 25ft. to 85, the ratio of length to beam was nearly six to one. A comparison of the two tables will show the great change that has taken place within three years, a widening of the whole fleet from the largest down. Thistle is 5ft, 3in. wider than Galatea on the same length; Yarana is 3ft. wider than Tara, both of the same length; Deerhound, 58ft., has the same beam as Marguerite, of 74ft.; Dragon, for 3ft. of length over the old 10-tonners, has also 3ft. of beam; Yvonne is but a foot longer than Shona, but 3ft. wider, while Oread is also 3ft. wider than Mascotte and the other old threes of nearly her length. The value of beam has been appreciated from the first opportunity to use it by all the British designers, and there is not an instance of a very narrow boat being built since the rule was changed. The record seems to show beyond question that the rule has actually produced a fleet of comparatively wide yachts; the next question then is as to their performance.

BRITISH RACING YACHTS, '1889.

Yacht.	*L* feet.	*B* feet.	$\frac{L}{B}$	*S. Y.R.A.* sq. ft.	*Rating. Y.R.A.*	$\sqrt{S}$	*Cor. Length Approximate.*	*Feet.*	$\frac{\sqrt{S}}{L}$	*Designer.*	*Date.*
Lethe	94.00	19.40	4.84	....	....	....	....	....	....	Watson	1889
Thistle	86.46	20.25	4.27	8967 9957	143.4	94.69 99.80	90.07 93.13	1.09 1.15		Watson	1887
Irex	83.54	14.99	5.57	6978	97.0	83.50	83.52	1.00		Richardson	1884
Valkyrie	69.64	16.00	4.35	6588	76.5	81.15	75.40	1.16		Watson	1889
60-Rating Class:											
Yarana	66.08	14.90	4.43	5266	58 0	72.57	69.33	1.10		Watson	1888
Petronilla	62.66	17.00	3.68	5337	55.7	73.05	67.87	1.16		Richardson	1888
40-Rating Class:											
Mohawk	61.23	14.50	4.22	3890	39.7	62.38	61.80	1.02		Clayton	1888
Deerhound	58.85	13.50	4.36	4065	39.8	63.77	61.31	1.08		Watson	1889
20-Rating Class:											
Mimosa	47.32	10.80	4.38	2534	20.0	50.34	48.93	1.06		Clayton	1889
Vreda	45.74	10.01	4.57	2623	20.0	51.20	48.47	1.12		Watson	1888
Dragon	45.51	10.25	4.44	2636	20.0	51.34	48.43	1.13		Fife	1889
*Windward	45.37	9.15	4.95	2628	19.9	51.28	48.33	1.13		Fife	1889
Melissa	42.20	7.04	6.00	2658	18.8	51.05	46.93	1.22		McGilldowney	1886
Queen Mab	41.50	7.25	5.72	2538	18.0	51.37	45.44	1.24		Watson	1885
10-Rating Class:											
Dis	36.00	9.10	3.95	1657	10.0	40.70	38.35	1.13		Fay	1888
Decima	35.67	10.20	3.50	1680	10.0	40.99	38.33	1.15		Payne	1889
Yvonne	34.10	8.90	3.83	1725	9.8	41.53	37.82	1.22		Fife	1889
†Doris	33.86	5.68	6.02	1680	9.5	40.99	37.43	1.21		Watson	1885
Jenny Wren	33.79	5.45	6.02	1704	9.6	41.28	37.54	1.22		Froude	1885
Drina	33.17	9.50	3.49	1801	10.0	42.44	37.80	1.28		Kemp	1889
Darthula	33.00	7.50	4.66	1802	9.9	42.45	37.73	1.29		Inglis	1889
Curtsey	30.39	10.50	2.89	1430	7.2	37.81	34.10	1.24		Clayton	1885
Lollypop	29.45	9.20	3.20	1324	6.5	36.38	32.92	1.23		Payne	1888
Oread	29.00	7.30	3.97	1241	6.0	35.27	32.14	1.21		Fife	1889
Fair Geraldine	29.98	7.50	3.99	1000	5.0	31.62	30.80	1.05		Clayton	1888
Flutterly	25.50	8.20	3.11	938	4.0	30.62	28.06	1.20		Payne	1888
2½-Rating Class:											
Humming Bird	26.00	7.66	3.39	....	2.5	....	....	....	....	Payne	1889
Cosette	24.46	5.80	4.22	608	2.5	24.66	24.56	1.00		Watson	1889
Thief	24.34	5.20	4.67	608	2.5	24.66	24.50	1.01		Watson	1889
Queen Mab	24.21	5.20	4.66	619	2.5	24.88	24.55	1.03		Watson	1889
Lady Nan	22.97	8.40	2.73	652	2.5	25.53	24.25	1.11		Payne	1888
Scaramouch	22.60	7.50	3.01	656	2.5	25.61	24.10	1.13		Bayly	1889
Astore	17.00	6.30	2.70	530	...	23.02	20.01	1.35		Fife	1889

*Windward was designed late in 1887, but not built until 1889. It is reported that she has had a centerboard inserted this fall.
†Doris was widened last spring, and is now some 6in. wider than the beam here given.
Queen Mab and Thief are of the same design. Cosette and Scaramouch are centerboard boats. Humming Bird is rigged with a large lug mainsail and jib. Her dimensions are only approximate, as is the length of Oread; all the other figures are taken from Lloyd's Yacht Register and the official Y. R. A. measurements.

While comparatively few narrow yachts were left to race when the change was made, there were still some, such as Irex, Melissa, Queen Mab, Lenore, Foxhound, Jenny Wren, May, Neptune, and others of less note, that have kept up the fight until now. In the classes over 20-rating it is very difficult to place the winners accurately, owing to the great disparity in sizes, Irex, of 97-rating, often being matched against Mohawk, Deerhound and even Vreda; but the general results are sufficiently clear. The new boats are about as fast, size for size, as Irex, the latter having an advantage from perfect form and good handling which some of the newer have not had. Yarana and Deerhound are both considered successful boats, though Valkyrie, to Americans at least, is still in doubt. Neither of the two widest boats, Petronilla or Mohawk, have been successful, though it does not appear that this is due to an excess of beam entirely, if at all; the respective designers have not fallen in with the new rules as well as Messrs. Fife and Watson have. Mr. Richardson, in his evidence before the Y. R. A. committee before the rule was changed, declared his belief that it would produce wide boats, and acting on this belief took more beam than any one else in his first attempt. That she was not a success is certain, but, like other of the Richardson boats, she may have needed the best of ownership and a season's tuning up before winning; and the failure cannot be laid solely to her beam, though she probably exceeds the proportion which will be found most desirable in British waters. Mohawk's failure is commonly laid to lack of draft, as she draws but little over 9ft., but she is nearly 3ft. longer, 1ft. wider and has 200ft. less sail than her successful rival; so the fault may be partly in the proportions. Opinions differ as to the cost, utility and seagoing ability of the old and new type: but the latter may at least be considered equal to the former in all of these, as well as in speed, with the probability that with more boats in each class and closer racing, a greater improvement will be made. After three seasons Irex has given up the racing, and her owner will build a comparatively wide boat to replace her. As she was the fastest of her class in the narrow boats, this alone shows the value of moderate beam under the rule.

Coming down to the smaller classes, there is found, as in this country, a much more satisfactory collection of facts to guide us. In the 20-rating class there has been some very good racing in the past two years, with conclusive results. To sum these up briefly, neither of the two old boats, Melissa nor Queen Mab, have any chance with Vreda, as was proved in the latter's first season; and further, Vreda has in turn been decisively beaten by Dragon this year, so that the latter now stands at the top of the class. Not only are the old 10-tonners unable to sail with the new boats, but the old 20, Lenore, once considered almost as good as Clara, has been beaten by them.

It is impossible to give even an abstract of the large number of races sailed in this and the smaller classes in '88 and '89, but all go to show that Dragon can beat Vreda, that the latter can beat Windward, that none of the old boats have any business beside the new and wider ones, and finally that Mimosa thus far is not in it with Dragon and Vreda. This latter boat it will be noticed is both longer and wider, consequently bigger, than the other two, while at the same time she is allowed less sail; and the inference is that her designer attempted to eat his cake and have it too; first building a larger hull than his competitors, only to find that he could not drive it with the sail allowed him for the length he had selected. As similar cases are bound to come up under the new rule here, designers may take warning, in order that if they do fail they may not blame the rule, but their attempt to evade it by building a larger boat than it will legitimately admit of. Of the three new and successful boats Dragon is the widest, having nearly the beam of Minerva and Kathleen. Windward was designed by Mr. Fife immediately after his return from America in '87, when he was pondering over the centerboard, though she was not built until this year. She is narrower by a foot than Dragon, and not so fast. It is reported that since the racing season she has been fitted with a centerboard. Melissa has given up racing and her owner will have a new 20-rater for next season.

In the 10-rating class a very interesting lot of old and new boats is found; the old ones, Doris and Jenny Wren, being well known (the lines of the latter appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 24, 1887). Doris was altered this year by stripping her planking from the deck to the bilge and hipping the timbers, making her some 6in. wider, an evidence in itself of the tendency of the new rule. Florence, another old 5-tonner, is to be treated the same this winter with a clipper bow added. Of the new boats the great success has been Decima, the widest, while the least successful has been Darthula, the narrowest. Yvonne, a Fife boat of less than four beams, has been quite successful, but has been beaten by the wider Decima. In the racing in the north, Doris held her own at the start against the new Yvonne and Darthula, but soon Yvonne improved sufficiently to beat her. Meanwhile Decima was doing much as she pleased about Southampton, and the question as to the winner when they should meet became an interesting one. When Yvonne and the others went south the matter was soon decided, as Decima beat them all beyond any cavil; taking 34 prizes to 39 starts, 28 firsts, 5 seconds and 1 third. Three of the seconds were won when larger yachts, Foxglove, Deerhound or Vreda, took first; while two of the losses were due to carrying away spars, one to a protest and one to no second prize being given, the first being lost by only 38s. and four starters. In the last of the five she beat all her class, but was beaten by Dragon and Vreda. The 7 boats in the 10-rating class represent all proportions from extreme to moderate beam, and the work of a number of skilled designers, making a comparison both interesting and valuable. The boat of 3½ beams wins safely and easily from all the others, while the other prizes in the class go to the moderate boats, and the extremely narrow ones are clearly out of the racing. The 5-rating class has furnished similar examples in the contests of Oread with the old threes, while the 2½-rating class has developed a very nice lot of small craft, keel and centerboard, of varying proportions, the winner being under 3½ beams.

The only conclusion to be drawn from the facts is that the result of the rule in Great Britain has been to produce much wider boats, and that these boats have beaten fairly the old narrow cutters. Some examples are found where beam alone has not won, as in Petronilla and Mimosa, but against them must be set the many successful boats of 3½ to 4½ beams. It is probable that the winning boats of the future will not depart very widely from the dimensions of Valkyrie, Deerhound, Dragon and Decima; and if these proportions result from the rule under such conditions as have always existed abroad, and starting from the standpoint of extreme narrow beam, there need be no fear that the same rule here will developanything nearly as narrow as Valkyrie or Vreda.

In this country the whole education of the yachtsman, from the time he first takes the tiller of a toy catboat, teaches him to reverence and respect beam as the chief, if not the only, desirable quality in a yacht, and this belief is fostered as he grows until it becomes the standard by which everything is judged. It would be possible, by putting a very heavy tax on sail, to compel a man either to build a very narrow boat or to give up racing; but with any opportunity at all to take beam, the American yachtsman will do so. That the rule has not compelled the use of narrow boats abroad is proved above, and if moderate beam can be taken here, with stronger winds, it will be taken here in nearly every instance. No doubt the best beam of the old and new boats will be reduced, with great advantage, but as far as the home fleet to be developed and encouraged by the rule is concerned, there is no reason to fear that it will not have more beam than has been taken abroad, and as much as is compatible with a good all-round racer, in which convenience and deck room are considered, even though they may not be made of paramount importance. A classification by corrected length will undoubtedly reduce beam and draft to a certain extent, but will be most felt in the reduction of the area of the midship section which has been carried to such an extreme of late. The advantages of a good working platform, that have made themselves felt in England in such a short time, have always been realized in this country, and while the tendency of the rule itself is toward moderate rather than extreme wide or narrow beam, the tendency of all the conditions which govern American yachting will act with the rule to preserve a fair amount of beam, at least a foot or two more on a 40ft. yacht than would be taken in England.

As to the home fleet that would be built up under the new rule we have no doubt that it would include a most wholesome type or types of vessels, at least as good as anything known in the past; let us now look at the probable effect of a British invasion headed by the dreaded Dragon and Vreda, on the present and also the prospective home fleet. In the ninth column of the larger table will be found the ratio of the square root of the sail area to the length, corresponding to the fifth column of Table A in our issue of Oct. 24, except, as before stated, that the Y. R. A. figures are now used, giving a higher value than in the smaller table. The diagram is an enlargement of that previously published with the addition of the British yachts. One curious circumstance appears on the table; with the exception of Irex, a fast boat with very small sails, all of the narrow, deep boats of heavy displacement require more sail than the new and more moderate type; for instance, Vreda and Dragon compared with Melissa and Queen Mab; Decima compared with Doris and Jenny Wren. As the smaller rigged boats are the faster it is but reasonable to assume that they are of better form and model. The average ratio of sail in the new British boats from 45ft. waterline down is 113 per cent., equivalent to about 110 per cent. by American measurement. Referring now to the diagram it will be seen that the yachts which win races in American waters are grouped about the line representing 140 per cent. in the smaller classes, and 130 per cent. in the 70ft. class. The fastest in each class, Titania and Katrina, Mischief, Fanita, Vixen, Liris, Tomahawk, Gorilla, Tom Boy, Kathleen and Saracen, are all near the maximum limit of their classes. Two exceptions are found lower down, Minerva and Pappoose at 131 per cent., but even this denotes a sail plan that would have been considered enormous a few years since.

In all the fleet—and it is a representative one—there is but one instance of a yacht that is undoubtedly fast with very small sails, and that is Clara. Bedouin has been a very successful boat, but she has failed to hold the newer craft, and besides has a larger sail plan for her length than Clara. Shadow appears as a boat of moderate rig, but she would have no chance with a new boat built to beat her. It requires no deep consideration for any one familiar with all the fleet to say that in order to win races a yacht must be canvassed up at least to the 125 per cent. line in the classes below 45ft., and to 115 per cent. in the 70ft. class. No one to-day would be in the least afraid of the boats on the 110 per cent. line—Shona, Ulidia, Stranger or Ileen—even if their canvas were considerably increased, nor would Madge have won here if kept down to her original rig, near this limit. In order to race in the proposed 48ft. class, Dragon or Vreda could have about 2,550ft. of sail by Seawanhaka rule, making just 48ft., or practically what they have now. If we may judge by Maggie, Ulidia, Madge and Bayadere, the latter of the same dimensions and by the same designer as Vreda, they would not have the least show with the best or the present forties on even time.

Mr. Burgess, in his letter to the Lake Y. R. A. cites a 20-rater as the winning boat under the proposed rule, and Mr. Fife expresses

a belief that such craft would beat Minerva, but we do not agree with either. It has been argued on the other side that as the twenties beat Lenore, and she is as good as Clara, they would stand to beat the American forties, but we doubt whether Lenore ever was as good as Clara; if so, it was not fully proved on the few occasions when they met. If the new twenties can sail on even terms with the American forties, much more with Clara, then they are very much faster boats than either their dimensions, their record, or the performances of other boats of small sail area would lead one to suspect. In comparing Dragon and Minerva, the former is 5½ft. longer, 3in. narrower, and presumably of the same draft. In order to race in the 43ft. class Dragon could carry but 2,550ft., or 174ft. less than Minerva; or if Minerva's rig were put on her she would measure the same as Liris, over 49ft., and race on even terms with her, in place of receiving 4min. over a 24-knot course, as Minerva now does. With this sail, or with more if required, the longer boat might beat Liris, which at the worst would be no such great misfortune, as she would be a less costly boat to build and run, and while by no means extremely narrow, the type, if adopted here, would almost inevitably be widened somewhat to suit American ideas. If, however, she were kept down to the sail area allowed for her length in the 48ft. class, it is very unlikely that she could sail to windward with the shorter and more heavily rigged boats, whatever she might do on a reach, nor is it likely in any case that she would reach the same speed here with her present sail as she does in England.

In considering Decima in the next class Kathleen naturally suggests herself for comparison, as the two measure the same by Seawanhaka rule and American measurement of canvas. We doubt very much whether Decima could win from Kathleen or the rest of her class, but if she did there would be a gain rather than otherwise. As compared with the American thirties Decima is nearly 6ft. longer, 2in. wider than Saracen, 4in. narrower than Kathleen, and the same beam as Rosalind. Her draft is probably the same as Kathleen, while her sail area is less by over 400 ft. If a boat of 6ft. greater length, the same beam and about the same draft, possessing at least as good accommodations as the average modern thirty, can be driven as fast with smaller sails, there is no reason why she should not replace the shorter and more heavily rigged boat to the advantage of yachting. The same is true of Dis, of nearly identical dimensions, while even Yvonne, 35×9ft., would probably compare favorably in most respects with the American thirties, even though her beam was less than is popular here. We believe that one season of trial would lead Messrs. Fife and Burgess to seek other dimensions than those named; but even conceding that Dragon, as the representative of the 20-rating class, could win in our 48ft. class, no great harm would be done. It is assumed by Messrs. Fife and Burgess that Minerva represents the present 40ft. class, and that they would replace her with Dragon. The former boat is 40ft. l.w.l., 10ft. 6in. beam, and carries 2,734ft. of sail; the latter is 45.50ft. l.w.l., 10ft. 3in. beam, and carries 2,550ft.; the draft of the two would be the same, the longer boat would cost a little but not much more to build, she could be raced with the same crew, and she would be much better below for the added 5½ft. of length, while giving up but 3in. of beam.

If it really is true that the big boats are not in it and that a man must take a small boat to win, he will get more for his money out of a Dragon than a Minerva. A visit from Dragon or Vreda next year would be a most useful test just now and would throw needed light on the question of type. If one of these boats should come over and race with the 40ft. fleet under the present Seawanhaka rule of measurement but with no limit to corrected length, taking all the sail she wanted and merely giving time for it under the rule, as Liris does now, she might be made to beat Minerva and the brute together; but if she comes here to race under a class limit of 48ft. corrected length, and thus kept down to a small sail plan, there is little likelihood of her winning from either Minerva on the one hand or Liris and Tomahawk on the other. All this, however, is of comparatively small importance beside the larger classes. In the case of Volunteer the proposed change has practically no effect. For ordinary home racing the 85 or 90ft. class is in much the same condition as the late lamented Humpty Dumpty, with no prospect of being "set up again." As far as the America's Cup is concerned it is beyond the reach of the scheme, as the only thing a challenger can do is to build the fastest possible machine for American waters on the fixed length of 90ft.; there being no option of taking length by giving up sail. In the 70ft. class Titania would allow Valkyrie about 1m. 20s. in 40 knots, and we have found very few yachtsmen this season who do not think that she could do this and win easily. In place of this time Valkyrie might be lengthened 2ft., retaining the same proportion of sail, and even then it would be hard to convice Americans that she could beat Titania on even time. Mr. Burgess, for one, would hardly admit such a possibility. That Titania must be beaten some day is a matter of course, under existing conditions she must be beaten by a wider and heavier rigged boat on the same length; under the proposed rules by a slightly longer boat of no greater beam or sail, and we fancy that most American yachtsmen would prefer the latter. That she will be beaten by a much longer boat of very narrow beam there is very little to show.

SKIFF RACING ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

SINCE the race at Prescott a fortnight ago, the boating men of Gananoque, thinking if Prescott could not produce a boat to beat Brockville, they could, have been talking up the race which took place at Gananoque on Thanksgiving day. Mr. Wallace's Yukwa again represented Brockville, and the Spray, built by A. Ramsay and owned by Mr. Nicholson, was selected as the fastest craft in the town fleet, this question having been settled by a series of races before the main event. The Yukwa was sailed by Mr. Wallace, her owner, with Messrs. Ford and Frank Jones as crew. The Spray was manned by W. Stone, O. Harris and W. Lashay, well known river skiff sailors. There was a regular gale blowing when the race was started at 11:50, and the Gananoque people preferred a postponement of the race, but the Yukwa's crew wished the race sailed at once. It was a flying start and twice around a five-mile triangle, with a dead beat of two miles back from Jack Straw Light. The Yukwa got some 20s. lead at the start and held her lead to the first mark, from which she drew away steadily, making quite a lead on the windward work. The sea, especially near Jack Straw Light (which is above Stave Island and probably well known among A. C. A. men) was tremendous, but both boats got through safely, the Brockville boat especially, which did not seem to be at all thrown off by them when on the wind. The first round was timed Yukwa 12:38, Spray 12:43. The Spray seemed to sail better on the second round, but never gained on the leader. The second round and finish was timed Yukwa 1:25, Spray 1:34. Yukwa winning by 9m., having completed the course in 1h. 35m., time that would rather upset Kemp's limits for boats that size.

The interest in the Prescott race was tame compared with the amount of excitement over this one. It being a fine day and holiday, the whole town turned out to witness the race, and two bands helped the onlookers to enjoy themselves. It was scarcely thought by the townpeople that the amateur crew in the Brockville boat could sail with any chance against such a crew as the Spray's, but the way they started and sailed their boat upset many calculations. The Spray carried a large spritsail and a small dandy, which latter was discarded on the second round. The Yukwa sailed the whole race with double-reefed mainsail and mizen.

This race clearly makes the Yukwa the fastest boat of her class on the St. Lawrence, and reflects great credit on her builder, Sauve, of Brockville.

NEW JERSEY Y. C.—Some days ago a report was current that the New Jersey Y. C. could not longer retain its present quarters at Hoboken, that owing to improvements being made to the water front it would have to go elsewhere; such, we are glad to say, is not the case. It is true, however, that vast improvements are being made to Hoboken's water front, but these do not and will not come further north than Ninth street, and begin again at the foot of Eleventh street, where the Savannah Steamship Company have bought or leased a large tract of land. The members of the club were uneasy at the shape matters were assuming, and at a recent meeting a committee, of which Commodore E. A. Stevens was ex-officio chairman, were appointed to confer with the owners of the property, at present occupied by the club, the Hoboken Land and Improvement Company. The committee obtained every assurance from said company that they would not be disturbed probably for some years to come. It is possible that when next season opens the anchorage facilities of the club will be better than ever. The club at present occupies a large piece of land at the foot of Tenth street—about an acre—on which are the club house, originally built for and occupied by the New York Y. C. by the elder Commodore Stevens—two sets of ways, a splendid sandy beach, and all the facilities necessary for hauling out boats. The club was never in a more prosperous condition. Its fleet of yachts consists of some thirty-five odd, from the large cutter Isis and sloop Defiance down to the small 18ft. cat Frankie. Some recent additions are the cabin cat Henry Gray, 26ft. 4in., the property of John Ortlieb and Thomas McArdle, and the large cat Villard, 25ft. 10in., belonging to R. Gretten and B. Deefjen. The next regular meeting of the club will be held on Nov. 29.

YACHT BUILDING IN ENGLAND.—The new order of things is at least working to the benefit of designers and builders in England, and considerable work is already promised, though the building season has hardly begun. The new 117-rating cutter to replace Irex, a wide craft, and perhaps with a centerboard, will be built at Fay's. Another narrow cutter, Melissa, 10 tons, has given up the racing and will be replaced by a 20-rater. Mr. Arthur Payne has already two orders for this fashionable size, one for Mr. Reginald Cox, part owner of Mimosa, and one for Capt. Victor Montague, R. N., owner of Humming Bird. Both of these will be designed and built by Mr. Payne. White & Son, at Cowes, will build a 20 from Mr. Clayton's design for Mr. Ames, owner of Fair Geraldine and the yawl Atlantis. Decima has been sold and her owner will build a new racer. Thalassa will be replaced by a new 5-rater designed by her owner, Col. Bucknill, an amateur, while Mrs. Rudston Read and Miss Mabel Cox will have a new 2½-rater from Mr. Payne. This is a very good showing for the first of November, and promises a large fleet next season.

A LIGHTHOUSE AT WHITESTONE POINT.—The Lighthouse Board give notice that on or about Nov. 15, 1889, a fixed white Post light will be exhibited from the structure recently erected at Whitestone Point, East River, New York. The light will illuminate 270° of the horizon; its focal plane is 20ft. above the ground, and 40ft. above mean low water. The structure consists of a square pyramidal frame tower, on piers, with gallery for fog-bell and lantern. Lower part of structure painted white, upper part wood color. The approximate geographical position of the light, as taken from the charts of the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey is as follows: Latitude 40° 48′ (2″) north; longitude 73° 49′ (12″) west. Magnetic bearings and distances of prominent objects are as follows: Throg's Neck Lighthouse, E. ⅝ N., 1⅜ nautical miles. Old Ferry Point, N. W. ¾ W., ⅝ nautical mile. During thick and foggy weather a bell will be struck by machinery a double blow every 30 seconds. Bearings are magnetic, given aproximately, and from seaward.

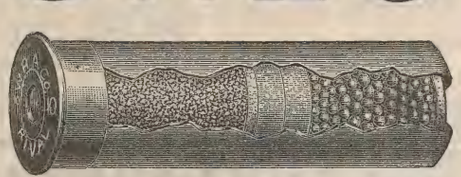
FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nanit," "Gloan," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybillene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

BEECHAM'S PILLS cure bilious and nervous ills.—*Adv.*

HUMPHREYS'
VETERINARY SPECIFICS
For Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs, AND POULTRY.
500 Page Book on Treatment of Animals and Chart Sent Free.
CURES
A.A.—Fevers, Congestions, Inflammation, Spinal Meningitis, Milk Fever.
B.B.—Strains, Lameness, Rheumatism.
C.C.—Distemper, Nasal Discharges.
D.D.—Bots or Grubs, Worms.
E.E.—Coughs, Heaves, Pneumonia.
F.F.—Colic or Gripes, Bellyache.
G.G.—Miscarriage, Hemorrhages.
H.H.—Urinary and Kidney Diseases.
I.I.—Eruptive Diseases, Mange.
J.K.—Diseases of Digestion.
Stable Case, with Specifics, Manual, Witch Hazel Oil and Medicator, $7.00
Price, Single Bottle (over 50 doses), - .60
Sold by Druggists; or Sent Prepaid anywhere and in any quantity on Receipt of Price.
Humphreys' Med. Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

Forest & Stream File Binders.
PRICE, $1.00.
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

HAVE YOU SEEN OUR NEW
Illustrated Catalogue
OF
FISHING TACKLE?
It is the most elaborate and magnificent book ever published in the Sporting Goods line. Send us 25 cents and we will forward you a copy post paid.
ABBEY & IMBRIE,
No. 18 VESEY STREET, NEW YORK.

WINCHESTER
STAR  **RIVAL**
LOADED PAPER SHOT SHELLS.
Ask your Dealer for them.
Not Sold at Retail by the Manufacturers.
WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.,
312 Broadway, N. Y. NEW HAVEN, CONN.
Send for 82-page Catalogue of Arms and Ammunition.

PAINLESS EFFECTUAL
BEECHAM'S PILLS
THE GREAT ENGLISH MEDICINE — WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

For Weak Stomach—Impaired Digestion—Disordered Liver.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOX.

Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England.

B. F. ALLEN & CO., Sole Agents

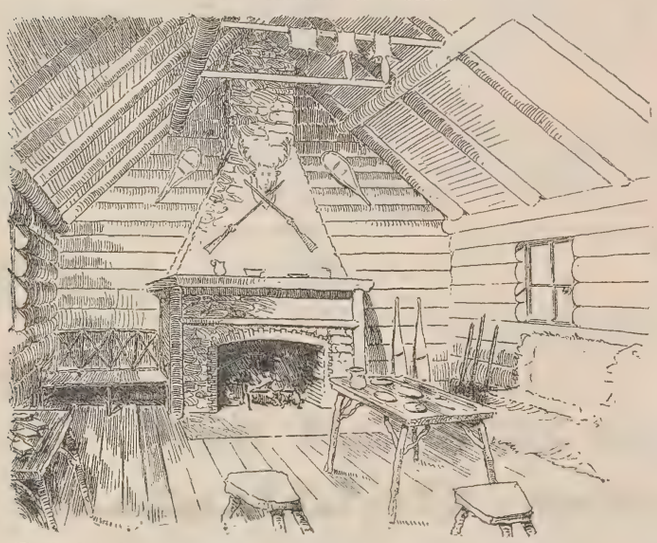
FOR UNITED STATES, 365 & 367 CANAL ST., NEW YORK,

Who (if your druggist does not keep them) will mail Beecham's Pills on receipt of price—*but inquire first.* (Please mention this paper.)

LOG CABINS;

How to Build and Furnish Them.

By WILLIAM S. WICKS.



The book is thoroughly practical. Every step in the process of construction is explained. The author is an architect who has himself built log cabins, and very handsome ones, too, as shown in the plates. The designs are numerous and varied. Plans are given for cabins, large and small, with details of exterior and interior finish; and there are also some very useful directions for constructing temporary shelters—the Indian camp, brush house and bark camp. The furnishing consists of tables, chairs, bedsteads and other articles, all made of the material at hand, and all in keeping with the style of the house. The illustrations are numerous and helpful. Price $1.50.

FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., 318 Broadway, N. Y.

YACHTS, BOATS AND CANOES,

WITH SPECIAL CHAPTERS ON MODEL YACHTS AND SINGLEHANDED SAILING.

BY

C. STANSFELD-HICKS.

AUTHOR OF "OUR BOYS, AND WHAT TO DO WITH THEM.

NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS AND DIAGRAMS

AND

WORKING DRAWINGS OF MODEL YACHTS AND VARIOUS SMALL CRAFT SUITABLE FOR AMATEURS.

DESIGNS:

Model Yachts.—Defiance, Isolde, Bonny Jean, and 10-tonner with sail plan.
Canoes.—Birch, Mersey Paddling Canoe, L'Hirondelle, Sailing Canoe.
Sailing Boats and Yachts.—Dabchick, Wideawake, Myosotis, Una, Singlehander by C. P. Clayton, Puffin, 3-ton Racer, 3-ton Cruiser, 24-ft. Auxiliary (steam and sail) fishing boat.

This volume contains much that is valuable and interesting to American yachtsmen and canoeists. The design, construction and use of small craft of all kinds is treated of in a simple and entertaining style, and the instructions are clear and easily understood.

Large crown 8vo., 380 pages and 16 large folding plates.

Price, Postpaid, $3.50.

FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., 318 Broadway, N. Y.

Steam Yachts and Launches;

THEIR

MACHINERY AND MANAGEMENT.

The Steam Engine as Applied to Yachts; Laws Governing Yachts in American Waters; Rules for Racing; Rules for Building; Pilot Regulations; Specific Types of Machinery; Design of Hulls, Etc., Etc. With 96 illustrations.

By C. P. KUNHARDT.

This volume is intended to be sufficiently comprehensive, and elementary at the same time, to suit the yacht owner's object of acquiring a general understanding of the subject as a whole, with specific information and data covering the most recent practice.—*From Author's Preface.*

Cloth, 240 pages. Price, postpaid, $3.00.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO., 318 Broadway, New York.
SAMPSON, LOW & CO., London, England.

For Sale.

Old Colony Trout Ponds

ESTABLISHED 1869.

Three million brook trout eggs for sale. Can be transported with safety to any part of the world. Ready for delivery December and January. Also young trout in the spring.

Unsurpassed fly-fishing in its season.

W. L. GILBERT, Proprietor,
nov14,3mo Plymouth, Mass.

Ferrets vs. Rats.

The best breeds of both young and old Ferrets for sale at ADOLPH ISAACSEN'S "Sure Pop," 92 Fulton Street, New York City. A complete book on Ferrets and Rat Exterminating sent by mail for 15 cents.

Fertilized Wild Brook Trout Eggs

And young fry in due season. Address TROUTMERE, Osceola Mills, Wis. nov14,3mo

LEATHER CLOTHING

Soft and pliable; black finish oil tan, cold and waterproof coats, $6.50; pants, $5.50; vest, $3.50. Delivered anywhere. Sample for stamp. PERFECT CLOTHING CO., P. O. Box 2638, New York. 1t

FOR SALE.—ONE 8-GAUGE DOUBLE LEFever action, 16lbs. duck gun, cost $125, in perfect order with full set loading tools; $50 takes it. Also one Colt new Lightning .22-caliber repeating rifle, cost with extra sights $18; almost new; $12 takes it. For terms and descriptions write to C. C. TRUESDELL,
1t Syracuse, N. Y.

FISH NEWSPAPER FOR SALE; Only one of class in America; large and profitable field; price $1,200. Address GOOD REASONS, care Forest and Stream. nov21,2t

COMMON PIGEONS FOR TRAP SHOOTING; fancy pigeons and poultry. T. W. HOOPER, & CO., 423 W. Franklin st., Baltimore, Md. nov21,3mo

LIVE QUAIL FOR SALE. Orders delivered as booked. LIVE GAME A SPECIALTY. E. B. WOODWARD, Commission Merchant, 174 Chambers street, New York.

FOR SALE FOR SHOOTING PURPOSES.—A No. 1 pigeons; no squabs; all kinds fancy pigeons. FIELES & BRO., Christiana, Pa. nov7,3mo

GUNS. CLOSING OUT FINE SCOTT Guns at less than cost. Don't buy before examining these. CHARLES L. RITZMANN, 943 Broadway. nov14,3mo

HUNTING FERRETS, $3.50 EACH. Enclose stamp. CORNWELL, Box 927, Schenectady, N. Y. nov14 2t



Chester White, Berkshire and Poland China Pigs, fine setter dogs, Scotch Collies, Foxhounds and Beagles, Sheep and Poultry, bred and for sale by W. GIBBONS & CO., West Chester, Chester Co., Pa. Send stamp for circular and price list.

LIVE WHITE HARES (*Lepus Americanus*), captured and properly boxed and delivered to express in Bethel, Me., in good condition on receipt of orders and remittances at $3 per pair. Refer to Hon. H. O. Stanley, Dixfield, Me., Fish and Game Commissioner. J. G. RICH, Bethel, Me. dec16,tf

Increasing Sales Attest the Popularity of THE GENTLEMEN'S CIGARETTE.

SPECIAL FAVOURS.

Manufactured only by

KINNEY BROS.

(KINNEY TOBACCO CO. Successors). Also manufacturers of the Old Reliable

SWEET CAPORAL.

ASK YOUR DEALER



For NELSON'S Cartridge Belt. The only PRACTICAL contrivance for carrying ammunition in the field. For Shot Guns, Rifles and Pistols. Nothing like it in the market. Patent lateral action.

Ligowsky C. P. No. 3

The only target having the patent

INTURNED EDGE.



2,000 shots out of each 1,000 targets on account of non-breakage in shipping, trapping and falling upon ground. The only target made with the INTURNED EDGE, producing the surest breaker when hit, and surest non-breaker when not hit. Our traps are sold for the sole purpose of shooting our targets.

REPELLENE.

An Infallible Preventive of the Attacks of Mosquitoes, Black Flies, Gnats and all other Insects.

Neat, clean and easily applied. No unpleasant odor, will not *stain* or *injure* the skin, easily washed off. May be carried without danger of *leaking* or *spilling.* In neat, oblong round-cornered box.

Price, 30 Cents, Postpaid.

Sold by Dealers in Sportsmen's Goods.

If your dealer does not keep it, I will send it on receipt of price.

A. FERGUSON, Proprietor and Manufact'er, Office, 65 Fulton street, N. Y.

Wanted.

WANTED. Live Deer, Prairie Chickens, Partridge, Quail and Turkeys. Address full particulars, no21,4t P. O. Box 3350, New York City.

UNCLE LISHA'S SHOP.

Life in a Corner of Yankeeland.

By ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

A book that appeals to all who know anything of the old-fashioned New England life. These are some of the chapters:

The School Meeting in District 13. Uncle Lisha's Spring Gun. In Uncle Lisha's Shop. Concerning Owls. Uncle Lisha's Courting. How Zene Burnham Come It on His Father. A Rainy Day in the Shop. The Turkey Shoot at Hamner's. Sam Lovel's Thanksgiving. Little Sis. Sam Lovel's Bee-Hunting. In the Shop Again. The Fox Hunt. Noah Chase's Deer-Hunting. The Hard Experience of Mr. Abijah Jarvis. The Coon Hunt. In the Sugar Camp Indians in Danvis. The Boy Out West. Breaking Up. The Departure. The Wild Bees' Swarm.

They make a handsomely printed volume of 187 pages, bound in cloth. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, $1.00.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO., 318 BROADWAY NEW YORK.
DAVIES & CO., London, England.

Canoe and Camp Cookery.

By "SENECA."

A practical cook book for canoeists, Corinthian sailors and outers. Practical because the author gives explicit and intelligible directions for preparing such dishes as he has himself actually tested in camp and on a cruise. This is just where the recipes differ from the absurdly impracticable disnes given in some so-called camp cookery books. The cooking outfit is described, and numerous hints on camp economy add to the value of the work. Cloth, 98 pages. Price $1.00.

NEW YORK: FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO., 318 Broadway.
LONDON: DAVIES & CO., 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill.

Sam Lovel's Camps;

Uncle Lisha's Friends Under Bark and Canvas.

A SEQUEL TO "UNCLE LISHA'S SHOP."

By ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

The two series of papers published in FOREST AND STREAM, with added chapters. An inimitable portraying of the woods and village life of Danvis folks. Cloth, 253 pp. Price $1,

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY,
318 Broadway, New York.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 28, 1889.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 19. No 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Only advertisements of an approved character inserted. Inside pages, nonpareil type, 30 cents per line. Special rates for three, six, and twelve months. Seven words to the line, twelve lines to one inch. Advertisements should be sent in by Saturday previous to issue in which they are to be inserted. Transient advertisements must invariably be accompanied by the money or they will not be inserted. Reading notices $1.00 per line.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

May begin at any time. Subscription price, $4 per year; $2 for six months; to a club of three annual subscribers, three copies for $10; five copies for $16. Remit by express money-order, registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canadas and Great Britain. For sale by Davies & Co., No. 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London. General subscription agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Davies & Co., Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searles and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London, Eng. Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France, sole Paris agent for sales and subscriptions. Foreign subscription price, $5 per year; $2.50 for six months.

Address all communications

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

No. 318 BROADWAY. NEW YORK CITY.

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL.
Thanksgiving Turkey Shoot.
Snap Shots.
THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST.
The Dun Horse.
Gunning Down by the Sea.
The "Summer Hunt."
NATURAL HISTORY.
Out-of-Door Papers.—V.
Game in Town.
Where Birds in Rhode Island.
CAMP-FIRE FLICKERINGS.
GAME BAG AND GUN.
Bear and Man.
The Worcester Fox Hunt.
Some Figure Anomalies.
Give the Boys a Chance.
Restrict the Game Killed.
Chicago and the West.
Rutland Fish and Game Club.
Kentucky Deer Chat.
Maryland Ducking Clubs.
SEA AND RIVER FISHING.
Birds, Bears and Fishes.—II.
Protection of Fish a Blessing.
Clubs and Preserves.
Waban Lake Fishing.
SEA AND RIVER FISHING.
Aquaria Notes.
FISHCULTURE.
Illinois Fish Commission.
Salmon Culture.
THE KENNEL.
Indiana Field Trials.
Eastern Field Trials.
Southern Field Trials Entries.
Robins Island Trials.
Eastern Field Trials Club.
A Card from Mr. Krehl.
Kennel Notes.
Kennel Management.
RIFLE AND TRAP SHOOTING.
Range and Gallery.
Conlin's Anniversary.
The Trap.
The Trap Shooters' Tour.
YACHTING.
A Cruise to Marblehead in '86.
A Run Outside in Lirs in November.
CANOEING.
A. C. A. Executive Committee Meeting.
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE THANKSGIVING TURKEY SHOOT.

THIRTY years ago Thanksgiving Day was immediately preceded by a day of sport, whose coming was quite as impatiently awaited by a considerable portion of the community as was the following day of feasting by the other. This was the day dedicated to the "turkey shoot;" and as on his successful shot at the living target depended many an impecunious rifleman's next day's roast turkey, such were far more anxious that that day might prove soft and windless, than that the sun should shine on the succeeding one. Then there were others, who were not in like predicament, but were eager to exhibit their skill in the exciting contest, with a view to which months of practice with their favorite weapon had been devoted. It was a great day, too, for the boys, with the cracking of rifles, the smoke and smell of gunpowder, the bustle and no end of opportunities to get in the way.

The provider of such entertainments who was fairest in his measurements of distance, and most liberal in his rules, and who furnished the largest turkeys, drew to his "shoot" the best shots of two or three townships—a motley assemblage of men with arms of various fashions. Here might be seen the white-haired hunter, who had outlived the day of abundant game, garrulous of former exploits, with the long-barreled rifle, stocked to the muzzle with curled maple, its thimbles, guard, patchbox and peaked heel-plate all of battered but shining brass. There was likely to be another old hunter, carrying a similarly mounted but longer smooth-bore that had killed deer and bear where neither had now been seen for years, or the last panther that had ever ranged the mountains, and that had hit its turkey at forty rods many and many a time, as it might again if eye and hand of the owner were as keen and steady now as then. Both guns, if not now flint-locks, were altered from that fashion, with strikers screwed into the old place of the flint. There was sure to be at least one target rifle, which, too heavy to carry or be fired but from a rest, had never been hunting, nor had its telescope sight focused on living game. There were "Windsor" rifles with inconvenient and dangerous strikers on the under side; double rifles, rifle and shot, over and under, and side by side, and a two-grooved military rifle, a wonder from over the seas that had been known to put its ball into a barn at short range. Well-to-do young men brought the best work of some local maker who had put no end of painstaking labor into the barrel and covered the stock with a glitter of German silver ornamentation.

Sometimes the shooting was off-hand at 80 rods—the distance was never given in yards—but oftener from a rest at 40, 50 or 60 rods. The rest was a plank, with one end sustained by a log or wooden horse, the other on the ground, the shooter lying on the plank and resting his gun upon the raised end. Even this admitted of various styles of shooting, for there were the hasty and careless shooter, he who shot with deliberate celerity, the slow and careful shooter, and he who pottered and aimed so long, squinting over his uncocked rifle that all became tired of waiting their turn. There, too, was the wobbler, shaking with gobbler ague and firing wide of the mark; the man who shot with both eyes open, and he who shut both eyes when he pulled the trigger.

The turkey was put up on a barrel or box, to which he was fastened by a cord drawn through a hole; and here he sat in some bewilderment at the cracking of rifles, the whistling of bullets, the mob of shouting boys rushing down upon him at every shot, till a bullet grazed or killed him or the gloaming fell upon the range.

Though there were always some successful shots made, there was always such a percentage of misses that the proprietor of the turkeys was certain to receive a good price for every bird killed, and in the evening the birds left over were raffled.

In some States the pastime is prohibited by law, and though in some parts of the country it is still kept up, for the most part it has fallen into disuse. This is not greatly to be regretted, for with much of the cruelty of field sports, it possessed none of their fairness, and the most that can be said in its favor is that it stimulated rifle practice.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE poets are fond of likening love to fishing; and as it is never too late to hope for success in love, so one should never despair of luck in fishing. The papers last Friday reported the case of a man, who, voluntarily or unwillingly having persisted in celibacy for sixty-nine years, had at last taken to himself a wife. And a correspondent, who tells us that he is seventy-two years of age and has been visiting the St. Lawrence River for twenty-two summers, reports that last October he caught his first maskalonge, a beauty of nineteen pounds and an odd ounce. If congratulation and good wishes for a long life are becoming at the wedding of one whose head is frosted with the lapse of sixty-nine winters, what may not be said in felicitation of an angler who at seventy-two marks with a red letter the day he scores such angling fortune?

Thanksgiving Day is not all that it once was on the New England farm—that great feast day of the year, when sons and daughters gathered from near and from far, drawn by the strong cords of affection, to meet once more under the old home roof, to look out with glad eyes upon the familiar landscape, to drink from the old well, and so be young again, if only for a day. For the New England farm itself is not all that it was. In scores and scores of instances the well-tilled fields have been abandoned; and even the houses and barns have fallen into decay. More than one New England gunner will to-day flush his game amid the tangled growth which conceals abandoned garden spots; and perchance eat his frugal lunch as he rests on the stone ruins of a home which once rang with Thanksgiving cheer. In many parts of New England farming is on the decline. Land has lost value for agricultural purposes. The old men are passing away. There are no young men to take their places. Cultivated acres are reverting to their original wilderness. Forest areas are increasing.

Among the suggested new avenues of enterprise and profit open to the proprietors of declining farm lands, Judge Charles C. Nott suggests in a recent issue of the New York *Evening Post* the industry of raising the new cattle, half-breed buffalo, which could well withstand the rigors of the northern climate. Another enterprise is that of deer farming. If fifty farms were thrown into one ring-fence, suggests Judge Nott, with hounds and hunters excluded, they might in time become semi-domesticated like those in English deer parks; they would be as prolific as sheep, subsisting on lands and in woods where sheep could not they might be found a profitable source of income. It is not quite clear in what manner Judge Nott expects deer parks to be made to pay; whether by the sales of deer skins and venison or by a revenue to be derived from shooting privileges. Nor does he tell us how he would protect the game and exclude the hunters and hounds. The protection would be the most expensive feature of a New England deer farm; and that expense would eat a hole into the profits. On the other hand, now that the game preserve system is taking such a hold upon this country, and there are found so many clubs and organizations ready to lease and protect game grounds, it may not be at all Quixotic to project extensive deer parks in New England which shall bring in to the proprietors of the land satisfactory returns in annual rent. But has the time come when, by the dwindling of her hardy farming population and the growth of a class which can indulge in the luxury of rented game parks, New England must formally abandon a portion of her cultivated fields and hillside pastures to wilderness tracts for deer and woodcock and grouse?

A correspondent who writes from Delaware reports that there is great indignation among the farmers of his vicinity because one of their number has recently been arrested and fined for shooting game on his own land out of season. The notion appears to be held by our correspondent and to prevail among the indignant farmers that this is an "unconstitutional" and highly tyrannical invasion of their "natural rights." As a matter of fact, all game laws are based upon the right of the State to control the taking of game on private property; if this were otherwise there would be little usefulness of game laws. The "property" in game on one's land consists only in the exclusive right, as against other people, to take that game whenever the State declares its taking to be lawful. The established principles of game legislation are that the State shall conserve the native supply by restricting the destruction, and jurisdiction is exercised over all land, whether of public or private ownership. The individual has no more "natural right" to kill the game on his land in violation of the public statutes than he has to manufacture apples or corn into whisky in defiance of the internal revenue laws, or to market his day-old calf for veal, or in a well-regulated community to let his Canada thistles grow, or in the city to maintain a barking dog at night, or to wave a red flag in Chicago streets. As a matter of fact, the natural rights of mankind are abridged as he becomes civilized; and the sooner our Delaware friends realize that they as individuals must conform to the laws which are based on public advantage, the sooner will Delaware game protection be relieved of this "natural rights" fog.

With the Christmas Number of the FOREST AND STREAM will be given a double supplement, consisting of four pages of text and a double page folder with portraits of elk, drawn expressly for this number. The issue of January 9 will be a special Florida fishing number. It will contain a four-page illustrated supplement, describing the fishes of Florida waters; it will be of value and interest to all anglers who may go South this year; and it will be welcomed also by those who have fished in that sunny land.

This season appears to be more than any former year prolific of shooting accidents; and the casualties are in nine cases out of ten due entirely to carelessness and recklessness. Age cannot wither nor custom stale the temerity of the gunner who leans on his gun, pokes with it, draws it muzzle-foremost, and in divers ways invites the death concealed in its barrel.

The story of the "Dun Horse," printed to-day, is not credited to the book of "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-Tales," because the manuscript of the story was in the FOREST AND STREAM'S possession before the book was projected.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE DUN HORSE.

A Pawnee Folk-Tale.

BY GEO. BIRD GRINNELL ("YO").

MANY years ago, there lived in the Pawnee tribe an old woman and her grandson, a boy about sixteen years old. These people had no relations and were very poor. They were so poor that they were despised by the rest of the tribe. They had nothing of their own; and always after the village started to move the camp from one place to another, these two would stay behind the rest, to look over the old camp, and pick up anything that the other Indians had thrown away, as worn out or useless. In this way they would sometimes get pieces of robes, worn out moccasins with holes in them, and bits of meat.

Now, it happened one day, after the tribe had moved away from the camp, that this old woman and her boy were following along the trail behind the rest, when they came to a miserable old worn out dun horse, which they supposed had been abandoned by some Indians. He was thin and exhausted, was blind of one eye, had a bad sore back, and one of his forelegs was very much swollen. In fact he was so worthless that none of the Pawnees had been willing to take the trouble to try to drive him along with them. But when the old woman and her boy came along, the boy said, "Come, now, we will take this old horse, for we can make him carry our pack." So the old woman put her pack on the horse and drove him along, but he limped and could only go very slowly.

The tribe moved up on the North Platte, until they came to Court House Rock. The two poor Indians followed them, and camped with the others. One day while they were here, the young man who had been sent out to look for buffalo, came hurrying into camp and told the chiefs that a large herd of buffalo were near, and that among them was a spotted calf.

The Head Chief of the Pawnees had a very beautiful daughter, and when he heard about the spotted calf he ordered his old crier to go about through the village, and call out that the man who killed the spotted calf should have his daughter for his wife. For a spotted robe is *ti-war'-uks-teh*—big medicine.

The buffalo were feeding about four miles from the village, and the chiefs decided that the charge should be made from there. In this way, the man who had the fastest horse would be the most likely to kill the calf. Then all the warriors and the young men picked out their best and fastest horses, and made ready to start. Among those who prepared for the charge was the poor boy on the old dun horse. But when they saw him, all the rich young braves on their fast horses pointed at him, and said, "Oh, see; there is the horse that is going to catch the spotted calf;" and they laughed at him, so that the poor boy was ashamed, and rode off to one side of the crowd, where he could not hear their jokes and laughter.

When we had ridden off some little way, the horse stopped and turned his head round, and spoke to the boy. He said: "Take me down to the creek, and plaster me all over with mud. Cover my head and neck and body and legs." When the boy heard the horse speak, he was afraid; but he did as he was told. Then the horse said, "Now mount, but do not ride back to the rest of the warriors, who laugh at you because you have such a poor horse. Stay right here, until the word is given to charge." So the boy stayed there.

And presently all the fine horses were drawn up in line and pranced about, and were so eager to go that their riders could hardly hold them in; and at last the old crier gave the word, "*Loo-ah*"—Go! Then the Pawnees all leaned forward on their horses and yelled, and away they went. Suddenly, away off to the right, was seen the old dun horse. He did not seem to run. He seemed to sail along like a bird. He passed all the fastest horses, and in a moment he was among the buffalo. First he picked out the spotted calf, and charging up alongside of it, *U-ra-rish!* straight flew the arrow. The calf fell. The boy drew another arrow and killed a fat cow that was running by. Then he dismounted and began to skin the calf, before any of the other warriors had come up. But when the rider got off the old dun horse, how changed he was! He pranced about and would hardly stand still near the dead buffalo. His back was all right again; his legs were well and fine; and both his eyes were clear and bright.

The boy skinned the calf and the cow that he had killed, and then he packed all the meat on the horse, and put the spotted robe on top of the load and started back to the camp on foot, leading the dun horse. But even with this heavy load the horse pranced all the time and was scared at everything he saw. On the way to camp one of the rich young chiefs of the tribe rode up by the boy and offered him twelve good horses for the spotted robe, so that he could marry the Head Chief's beautiful daughter; but the boy laughed at him and would not sell the robe.

Now, while the boy walked to the camp leading the dun horse, most of the warriors rode back, and one of those that came first to the village, went to the old woman and said to her, "Your grandson has killed the spotted calf." And the old woman said, "Why do you come to tell me this? You ought to be ashamed to make fun of my boy because he is poor." The warrior said, "What I have told you is true," and then he rode away. After a little while another brave rode up to the old woman and said, "Your grandson has killed the spotted calf." Then the old woman began to cry, she felt so badly because every one had made fun of her boy because he was poor.

Pretty soon the boy came along leading the horse up to the lodge where he and his mother lived. It was a little lodge, just big enough for two, and was made of old pieces of skin that the old woman had picked up, and was tied together with strings of rawhide and sinew. It was the meanest and worst lodge in the village. When the old woman saw her boy leading the dun horse with the load of meat and the robes on it she was very much surprised. The boy said to her: "Here, I have brought you plenty of meat to eat, and here is a robe that you may have for yourself. Take the meat off the horse." Then the old woman laughed, for her heart was glad. But when she went to take the meat from the horse's back he snorted and jumped about and acted like a wild horse. The old woman looked at him in wonder, and could hardly believe that it was the same horse. So the boy had to take off the meat, for the horse would not let the old woman come near him.

That night the horse spoke again to the boy and said: "*Wa-ti-hes Chah'-ra rat wa-ta.* To-morrow the Sioux are coming—a large war party. They will attack the village, and you will have a great battle. Now, when the Sioux are drawn up in line of battle, and are all ready to fight, you jump on to me, and ride as hard as you can right into the middle of the Sioux, up to their Head Chief, their greatest warrior, and count *coup* on him and kill him, and then ride back. Do this four times, and count *coup* on four of the bravest Sioux and kill them, but don't go again. If you go the fifth time, may be you will be killed, or else you will lose me. *Laku-ta-chix*—remember." So the boy promised.

The next day it happened as the horse had said, and the Sioux came down and formed a line of battle. Then the boy took his bow and arrows, and jumped on the dun horse, and charged into the midst of them. And when the Sioux saw that he was going to strike their Head Chief, they all shot their arrows at him, and the arrows flew so thickly across each other that the sky became dark, but none of them hit the boy. And he counted *coup* on the chief, and killed him, and then rode back. After that he charged again among the Sioux, where they were gathered thickest, and counted *coup* on their bravest warrior, and killed him. And then twice more until he had gone four times as the horse had told him.

But the Sioux and the Pawnees kept on fighting, and the boy stood around and watched the battle. And at last he said to himself. "I have been four times and have killed four Sioux, and I am all right. I am not hurt anywhere; why may I not go again?" So he jumped on the dun horse and charged again. But when he got among the Sioux, one Sioux warrior drew an arrow and shot. The arrow struck the dun horse behind the forelegs and pierced him through. And the horse fell down dead. But the boy jumped off and fought his way through the Sioux, and ran away as fast as he could to the Pawnees. Now, as soon as the horse was killed, the Sioux said to each other: "This horse was like a man. He was brave. He was not like a horse." And they took their knives and hatchets and hacked the dun horse and gashed his flesh, and cut him into small pieces.

The Pawnees and Sioux fought all day long, but toward night the Sioux broke and fled.

The boy felt very badly that he had lost his horse; and, after the fight was over, he went out from the village to where it had taken place, to mourn for his horse. He went to the spot where the horse lay, and gathered up all the pieces of meat, which the Sioux had cut off, and the legs and the hoofs, and put them all together in a pile. Then he went off to the top of a hill near by, and sat down and drew his robe over his head. And he began to mourn for his horse.

As he sat there, he heard a great wind storm coming up, and it passed over him with a loud, rushing sound, and after the wind came a rain. The boy looked down from where he sat to the pile of meat and bones, which was all that was left of his horse, and he could just see it through the rain. And the rain passed by, and his heart was very heavy, and he kept on mourning.

And pretty soon came another rushing wind, and after it a rain; and as he looked through the driving rain toward the spot where the pieces lay, he thought that they seemed to come together and take shape, and that the pile looked like a horse lying down, but he could not see well for the thick rain.

After this came a third storm like the others; and now when he looked toward the horse he thought he saw its tail move from side to side two or three times, and that it lifted its head from the ground. The boy was afraid, and wanted to run away, but he stayed.

And as he waited there came another storm. And while the rain fell, looking through the rain the boy saw the horse raise himself up on his forelegs and look about.

Then the dun horse stood up.

And the boy left the place where he had been sitting on the hilltop, and went down to him. When the boy had come near to him, the horse spoke and said: "You have seen how it has been this day; and from this you may know how it will be after this. But *Ti-ra' wa* has been good and has let me come back to you. After this do what I tell you; not any more, not any less." Then the horse said: "Now lead me off, far away from the camp, behind that big hill, and leave me there to-night, and in the morning come for me;" and the boy did as he was told.

And when he went for the horse in the morning, he found with him a beautiful white gelding, much more handsome than any horse in the tribe. That night the dun horse told the boy to take him again to the place behind the big hill, and to come for him the next morning, and when the boy went for him again he found a beautiful black gelding. And so for ten nights, he left the horse among the hills, and each morning he found a different colored horse, a bay, a roan, a gray, a blue, a spotted horse, and all of them finer than any horses the Pawnees had ever had in their tribe before.

Now the boy was rich, and he married the beautiful daughter of the Head Chief, and when he became older, he was made Head Chief himself. He had many children by his beautiful wife, and one day when his oldest boy died, he wrapped him in the spotted calf robe and buried him in it. He always took good care of his old grandmother, and kept her in his own lodge until she died. The dun horse was never ridden except at feasts, and when they were going to make medicine, but he was always led about with the chief wherever he went. The horse lived in the village for many years, until he became very old. And at last he died.

A BIG BEAR'S SKULL.—A correspondent, Mr. M. C. Mohr, who writes us from Brevard county, Florida, says: "By this mail I send you a bear skull killed by me by moonlight on the night of June 13, 1889. One shot from a shotgun at 80yds. did the busine-s, but he ran about 150yds. before he fell. Please accept the same with my compliments." The skull, which has been duly received, shows that it was carried by a large bear, and Mr. Mohr is to be congratulated on his good fortune in securing it.

GUNNING DOWN BY THE SEA.

GRAY SQUIRRELS NEAR CAPE MAY.

AS the years go by I grow fonder of the sports which fired my youthful zeal among the beech trees and oak woods of Indiana. Shooting wild pigeons—I mean in the field—is "a lost art" with me now, because I don't know where to look for anything but clay pigeons.

But Oh, the joy of it! as I recall the days when I went gypsying with a small muzzleloader (cost $6.50), accompanied by Bob Shannon with a rifle. When Bob got tired of knocking the eyes out of the frisky rodent lying *perdu* on the sunny side of a hickory limb, he would kindly permit me to blaze away at a fugitive gray squirrel making his way across the lofty tops of the beech or oak trees, or hastening down the tree trunk scared within an inch of his life.

These were happy, happy days, and at fifty-five (with my modern gun)—even after a hot political campaign, in which I didn't win—I think I enjoy the chase as much as I did forty-five years ago. My eye kindles up as quickly when the deep baying dogs indicate a buck near a runway or a squirrel up a tree, and again I feel the old thrill of pleasure somewhat akin to "the stern joy a warrior feels" in a four-footed foeman "worthy of his steel." I admit I can no longer, as I could readily at twenty-one, knock a recumbent, reluctant close-hiding gray squirrel off a hickory limb at 150yds., but woe be to the frisky rodent that thinks he is smart enough "to flee the wrath to come," in the shape of a Krider cartridge loaded with No. 7 shot in my new double-barreled breechloader.

It was the sad, bad, glad and witty Heinrich Heine, who said he thought the reason he was so fond of hunting was because his Jewish ancestors had been hunted so much.

But if I wander away from the squirrel woods so far, FOREST AND STREAM will think I am like Mailaigne, who began to write the history of the world and wound up by telling his readers how some of his ancestors suffered with the gravel.

Possibly this *insouciant, non sequitur* kind of writing is not without a certain charm, at least to the writer if not to the reader; for with a double-barreled gun and fifty cartridges, intent on getting the taste of politics out of one's mouth, and honing after an old-fashioned squirrel potpie, one is not expected to set himself up straight on the "blackboards of convention," or to carry Archbishop Whateley's small treatise on "Logic" in his pocket.

So much by way of premise. "I was tired, my soul and I," and I really knew no other way to get rested, save to get out into the woods. When to my delight my morning mail brought me a letter from my irrepressible and delightful friend, a gentleman and sportsman, Col. John J. Lansing, with whom I had taken my pleasure in the squirrel woods of Cape May two years ago, all of which is recorded in the dear delightful pages of FOREST AND STREAM many months ago. Lansing's letter simply said:

Col. S.: The woods are full of them. I know you feel badly over the election. But Election Day, like Christmas, comes once a year, and you may get even with me next year. Bring your gun and fifty cartridges and I will show you some fun among the squirrels.—LANSING.

I stood not upon the order of my going. I went at once, and at 6:10 I had made the run down the West Jersey Railroad eighty-six miles to Cape May City. A tall shapely man, whose long gray beard gave a semi-patriarchal dignity to the father of sixteen children, a boniface whose step recalled Sheridan's "stallion shod with fire," welcomed me right heartily at the door of his Cottage Hotel, a comfortable mansion built thirty years ago by Billy Fotterell, of Philadelphia.

By the time the gallant Lansing—for he it was—could send my satchel up-stairs to a room in which were auks and dusky ducks and rabbits and squirrels, cunningly prepared by good friend Lansing, who is a self-educated taxidermist, and in the room was snowy linen and a downy couch—by this time I had my slippers on and was ready for a supper of broiled rock (caught at ebb tide that day), flanked with venison done brown in a chafing dish, and as a side dish I saw an old time game pie, filled with quail Lansing had shot that day. The coffee was brown and fragrant; and, ye gods and diminutive fishes! as good digestion waited on appetite, I felt as if I never again wanted to run for office. We talked over our last squirrel hunt, and Lansing explained how his friend Dr. Walker, at Hot Springs, down in "Arkansaw," enjoyed that tale as it was told by me in the pages of FOREST AND STREAM.

At 10 o'clock I was in a dreamless sleep, lulled by the murmuring waves of the sea under my window. At 6 o'clock in the morning I was up and ready to take my day's pleasure in the squirrely woods.

A short ride to Cold Spring behind Mulliner's bay trotter brought us to Rube Johnson's grocery store at Cold Spring. We wanted Rube, but we wanted his dog worse than we wanted Johnson.

Johnson's wife, a comely woman of thirty, demurred to Brother Rube's going a-gunning, because she had been promised the horse that day to go to a church fair. But a solemn covenant on the part of Col. Lansing that she should have $1.50 for the use of the squirrel dog, subsidized Sister Johnson so much that she consented that Rube, her husband, should go with us. Sheriff Bob Hand joined the party, which was now made up. There was only one drawback to our happiness, and that was the fact that Rube Johnson was such a teetotaler and temperance agitator that he would not permit any surreptitious flasks of even Hostetter's Bitters to go into the woods with the party. But as no search was made, Bob Hand and Taxidermist Lansing passed investigation and got through the lines with their flasks in their inside pockets, Rube Johnson to the contrary notwithstanding. But it was a trifle amusing to an old soldier like myself to see Lansing and Sheriff Hand dodge behind a stalwart oak to get out of sight of Br'er Johnson every time they wanted a nip of Hostetter's Bitters.

The squirrels were reasonably abundant, and our dog, a beautiful cross between a spaniel and a beagle hound, made the welkin ring with the deep-voiced announcement of a find. While the dog located the game, I came in for a lecture on the virtues of temperance, interspersed with an impassioned account of how Br'er Johnson "got religion," how he saw "three great lights" at the northwest corner of the old meeting house, and Br'er Johnson, warming with the theme, told how he went home at midnight to tell his wife "how he had got it again," and how

she said, "Rube, it was real mean in you not to wait and get religion to-morrow night, when I could be there to see it with my own eyes!" But barring Br'er Johnson's aggressive views on politics and religion he was as good a hunter after squirrels as I ever went into the woods with. Every time Shep (the dog) barked we knew he had treed a squirrel.

Br'er Johnson was anxious I should do great execution among the gray and hickory-nut devouring rodents, and he always gave me the first shot, and I wiped Col. Lansing's eye several times by bringing down the game before he reached the tree—I did what I never did before in my life, killed six squirrels seriatim and never missed a shot. The trees are not very tall, which gives the gunner a good purchase on the squirrel, the dog frightens the game, and the squirrel lies close to the limb till he thinks the danger is over. I killed six gray squirrels and two flying squirrels before I began to get warmed with our tramp through the swampy woods. By firing in the nests we frequently killed two at a time, and the wounded one rarely got out of his nest-hiding tree with a whole skin.

We paused under a huge oak to enjoy the chicken sandwiches with trimmings, which had been prepared by Col. Lansing's better half, and we drew inspiration in a tin cup from a clear trickling stream which ran singing softly through the woods. Four tired men never more enjoyed a perfectly-appointed lunch.

The squirrels came out after that, drawn forth by the balmy, spring-like air. Scarcely a nest that did not contain a squirrel; but it always took an exploded cartridge to fire the rodent out. Then the fun began. Rarely one would escape us by slipping into a hollow tree, whence the nimble Johnson would attempt to dislodge him. In the woods we traversed we found eight different kinds of timber. The changing foliage brought vividly to my mind Uhland's picture in four lines:

"The dying leaves
A crimson streak disclose,
As on consumption's waning cheek—
'Mid ruin blooms the rose."

Hand, the sheriff, frequently rested beneath a wide-spreading oak, but generally got away with a squirrel before he left his perch. I ought to apologize for killing two soft, silky little flying squirrels, one of which "levanted" out of a maple tree, flying 60ft. to the foot of the tree, and I bagged it as it ran nimbly up the second tree. Lansing is a skillful taxidermist, and for his sake I slew the flying squirrels. One of them I will reclaim when mounted.

We saw a good many fish hawks through the woods we traversed, and examined with interest their nests of broken sticks. Many of the farmers hereabouts regard the fish hawk with superstitious awe, and money will not tempt them to shoot a hawk. Near Cape May Court House, within a stone's throw of the waters of the bay, in a stunted pine treetop, is a fish hawk's nest built in 1862. Several times either the male or female bird has been killed by some adventurous gunner, but the fittest surviving bird soon got himself another "crest" and another mate, and began punctually in the spring restoring and rebuilding the old nest, multiplying promptly and replenishing the brood of young hawks.

At Fishing Creek one of these fish devourers built its nest years ago in the chimney of a fisherman's two-story cabin. The smoke did not annoy the birds, young or old. But the hawks were a nuisance to the family of the jolly fisherman. Every device save a loaded shotgun was used to get rid of the nest and its owners. The fisherman was too superstitious to kill the birds, and the unequal contest between the fisherman and the fish hawk ended by the family deserting their cabin home, and the birds still rear and feed their young in the old chimney top of the deserted cabin year by year.

We had good luck about 4 P. M. along the fences which surround the sugar house, built by the late Tom Scott's triple millionaire son James Scott, in an unsuccessful endeavor to produce sugar from the Jersey sorghum or sugar cane; $200,000 has been put into improved machinery, but either there is not saccharine matter enough in the cane grown in sandy soil, or from "some other contingency," as General Pike says. Col. Scott has dismantled his sugar factory and disseminated his costly machinery and closed up his sugar shop. I believe the State of New Jersey is making another experiment in sugar culture, and with a mild subsidy seeks to help the new sorghum "plant."

At last as the tired beagle hound lapped with his heated tongue the cool swamp water, now and then wading up to his belly in the refreshing coolness of the swamp stream; at 5 P. M. we anxiously looked around for the gamy game hunter, Lansing. For half an hour he had not been visible to the naked eye. We were all alarmed, knowing that his deadly enemy, the gout, sometimes struck him between the joints of the harness and came on him like a thief in the night. We all, with one consent, struck through the thick woods for the open road, hoping to find our genial companion. We found the road but we didn't find Lansing. Then we hastened on to the barn where the horses were safely housed. There, on the sunny side of the barn, on a buffalo robe, like a warrior taking his rest, lay the gallant Lansing. He told us how the gout struck him in the woods, and rather than break up the hunt he had in intense agony walked over a mile to the wagons. We fully appreciated his unselfish spirit, true test of every gentleman and every sportsman; and with a satisfactory game bag all around, we hastily caused our colored Jehu to hitch Mulliner's trotter to our little phaeton and whistled our willing steed off toward Cape May and the Lansing cottage. Col. Lansing bore the exquisite torture of the rough roads with Christian and uncomplaining fortitude. I gently insisted that as a gunner my heroic friend was a case of innocuous desuetude, that he must surround himself with the halo of past conquests with fin, feather and fur, and repose his angelic adiposity under the asphodels of the future. "Old boy," said I, "there will be no more music for you in the Cape May woods, and your rambles by water in pursuit of the dusky duck have ended."

When we reached the Lansing cottage Lansing hobbled out of the wagon, and proudly laid out twenty-six gray squirrels on the piazza. He said, "Well, old boy, it may be as you say, and the pitcher may be broken at the fountain; but when the season comes in next July I will take another whack at the sugar house squirrels, gout or no gout."

The jackets were soon off half a dozen of the youngest specimens from our game bag, and with broiled squirrel and fried eels we soon forgot all our woes, and at 10 P. M. four tired gunners were sound asleep.

JAMES M. SCOVEL.

THE "SUMMER HUNT."

Editor Forest and Stream:

I want to express my pleasure in reading "Yo's" account of his "Summer Hunt with the Pawnees." It is to be hoped that his forthcoming book will contain all that he can recall from note book and memory of experiences impossible ever to be repeated on earth, and as valuable for science as they are interesting as literature. It has been the strong wish of many a man to have such experience, but it has been given to few who have the right quality of mind to appreciate it and the ability to record it as "Yo" has done, in style so vivid that we almost seem to have been participators in the events he describes.

So swiftly has the tide of civilization flowed across the plains, and up every cañon, and over every mountain pass of the great West, that it has not only swept out of existence the old order of things, but with the present generation will die even the memory of it, and then will be seen the value of such veracious records, which will give material to the poet, novelist, historian and ethnologist of the day. Imagine some dweller in some city of the future, built on the very ground over which swept that wild herd of buffalo and their Pawnee pursuers, reading the account and trying, in the midst of churches and streets and business blocks, to realize what once had been. Yet this will surely come to pass, nay, has already in many an instance. Fortunately many of our Western towns have not grown up haphazard, but have been deliberately founded, the plans of the founders being well laid before the first sod was turned, and records and photographs of every stage of its growth are preserved. In many, in fact, one of the first officials appointed has been the town historian. In places where such wisdom prevails it will not be left to dim tradition and myth to furnish to the future inhabitant a picture of the early time.

C. H. AMES.

Natural History.

OUT-OF-DOOR PAPERS.

V.—WINTER FISHING.

ONCE upon a time a very learned professoress was met in the way by an Audubon committee. With dejected looks the committee declared themselves unable by all their joint and several allurements to entrap any learned ornithologist into addressing their next Audubon meeting; ornithologists proved much too shy birds to be caught by any of their chaff, and had constitutional disinclinations to addressing Audubon societies. But, added the depressed committee, a certain justly celebrated entomologist who knew nothing at all about birds would be pleased to aid them in their difficulty. "Ah!" said the learned professoress, looking very owl-like, "what is the connection between the two?" The committee always gave up conundrums. "I see," said the professoress, looking trebly wise, "birds eat insects. Let us invite the entomologist." And he came.

If any ill-naturedly ask the connection between birds and winter fishing, be it known that birds eat fish as well as insects.

Even in this region, where the mercury curls itself up in the bulb most of the winter, in order to keep itself warm, and the wind often blows furiously from the top of old Katahdin, while four months of unbroken sleighing is nothing unheard of, winter fishing ranks among sports. Far be it from us to say anything against an occupation which demands so much endurance and stout-heartedness. The man who has tried it will not speak lightly of the wind-burn and sun-burn, the snow-blind and the bitter cold of these great fallow lakes, miles in extent, plowed by the north wind until they lie welted with long, irregular ridges of snow and alternating furrows of flinty ice. A road across them is marked only by a line of bushes, set at intervals to guide the teamsters, and except this line of low, green bushes, nothing breaks the monotony of whiteness. The lake in winter is one glittering level, whose length and breadth are indeterminable. It is whiteness unrelieved, without perspective, absorbing everything into itself, giving only an impression of blankness. The uncertainty of the judgment is increased rather than diminished by reference to the rim of the shore. The first impression of whiteness, the whiteness of molten metal if the sun is shining, is succeeded by one of loneliness. The open sea, the sandy desert, the barren plain, the lone and skyey mountain peak, do not give a greater idea of separateness from the world than do these lone, wintry lakes. Then there is the stillness—oppressive, horrible, obtruding itself into notice. It is a stillness like a magic spell. No wonder the owls living in such desolation go stark mad.

But the winter fisherman does not court the solitude of these great lakes. He bides under the shore—the lee shore, if a good fishing ground happens to be on that side—where he can hear sounds more companionable than the hollow bellowing of the ice. There is always an awfulness about these heavy groans and mugient reverberations heard at a distance, and swelling in crescendo as they pass under foot, to which one never can become indifferent. These muffled noises speak to our credulity of an unknown about us. It is the voice of the blinded Polyphemus roaring in his rocky cavern that he is the victim of Woman. Even the noise of trees cracked by the frost or beaten by the wind is preferable to these unearthly and unaccountable sounds.

After the fisherman has cut his holes through the thick, clear ice, and put in his "gang" of lines, fastening them to limber "spring poles" or to ingenious "tip-ups," which are intended to give notice when any fish bites the hook, he is free to build him a fire under the shore, perhaps against some granite boulder, shaggy with tough black lichen, which, pursuant to the providence that cares for the shorn lamb by giving him a new suit of clothes, while it leaves the wind to the charge of the Weather Bureau, covers these exposed rocks with a garment like leather, as if to atone for the inclemencies of their position. All along the shores of our lakes and on the brows of our mountains, wherever the granite crops out, it is sure to be ornamented with these rosettes, brown on the outer surface and black beneath, and as dry as if grown expressly for a *hortus siccus*. A fire on ice is certainly good for little unless for its company and the work needed to take care of it. You cannot warm yourself by it; you cannot dry your mittens by it, except with great odds on the side of getting them burned; you can have no comfort near it, for on whatever side of it you place yourself it will puff smoke into your eyes; but the red flames are a pleasant reminder of warmth, and the smoke, rising and drifting away to leeward, often toles a few small birds to the spot where they may find company, for the smaller kinds are creature-loving things.

Most of the day is passed on the ice in tramping from one fishhole to another, bailing out the slush and fast-forming ice, rebaiting the hooks, and keeping sharp watch on the spring poles. What little there is to see tends rather to strain the eyes than to rest them. The slender spring poles, some of them so far away as to look of scarcely more than a hair's breadth—such wands as Robin Hood never shot at—so slight that being gazed at intently, they seem to bend when they do not bend; the narrow track of a fox stretching away across the lake until it is lost in the level whiteness, yet continually tempting the eyes to trace it a little further; a dark object on the ice which may be large, may be small, far or near, but which at all events must be visited before its size can be known; the wide expanse of dazzling snow, itself as undetermined as everything upon it; all these things weary the brain far more than they do the eyes. Even the sky affords little relief. It is as measureless as the lake itself. Few of our city dwellers know the wonderful clearness of our northern winter skies, which in purity of color rival the summer skies, and in delicacy of tint surpass them. In bright weather, for days at a time, there will be scarcely a cloud across the blue, until the sunset paints clouds where we had seen none. Before an approaching storm they often assume royal hues—green, blue and purple, colors whose depth and splendor are neither seen nor appreciated by inhabitants of smoky towns.

In such a dearth of sights and sounds our eyes and ears, both accustomed to being overcharged and capable of disentangling hardly more than a centesimal of the impressions which besiege them constantly, now suffer as if in a vacuum. Instead of selecting merely they are compelled to change their habit and actually to seek for sensations. Every little suddenly acquires value. The chirring of a squirrel, the rattle of a logcock* hammering a green hemlock, the sharp cry of a hairy woodpecker, the lisp of redpolls flying over, become suddenly prominent. There is a most welcome break in this unnatural stillness, which makes all sounds seem distant, and the ears hyper-sensitive, when, after a time, the red-bellied nuthatches and chickadees smelling the smoke, follow it up and flit about confiding and curious, frequently making work for themselves in order the better to watch the fisherman's movements. Sometimes also those gray-headed miscreants, the meatbirds,† come whistling about, and succeed before the visit is over in lugging off an assortment of things they do not want, chuckling over their knavery. There is no hope for the meatbird—none; he is incorrigible.

The chickadees are the greatest favorites of all, however, and the most social and trustful. I shall always remember some which visited my father and myself five years ago. It was one of the worst days of the winter—clear and bright, but bitterly cold, and with a keen north wind which drove through our heavy robes as if they had been burlaps. Eight miles from home prudence counseled us to return; ten miles away and pride would have yielded "if it hadn't come so far already." We got all the lee there was and built a fire; but there was little comfort in it. At noon our bait pail made ice, although it stood full in the sun, and within three feet of a good fire. At dinner time we partially thawed our frozen food, and made some coffee to hasten the thawing process a little. As we ate, some hungry little chickadees that had been digging for wood worms came up to us, probably attracted by the smell of food. They lighted on the robes, looking up confidently with their big heads cocked on one side, as if to say, "You don't care, now, do you?" and helped themselves. What a dinner we had! Two of us entertaining four chickadees and proud of the honor. They ate everything—meat, bread, mince pie, orange even. We tried them to see if they would pick at the orange peel, but although they were attracted by the color they never mistook it for the pulp. Fortunately these winter birds like salted food, so the chickadees fared well. They grew more and more familiar. They brushed our faces with their wings as they flitted past. One lighted in my greasy tin plate and slipped about in it unable to get any footing, looking up meanwhile with the drollest possible air, which said, "Quite a rink, quite a rink, for a small chap like me." Another actually alighted on my hand, and sitting on my forefinger ate meat which I fed to him. Could any one ever forget the thrill those tiny, clasping bird's claws gave? We came home happy. Fish? Yes, one about the size of a clothespin; but we didn't go for fish that day.

The only other authentic instance that I have of equal tameness of any wild bird was reported last winter by a woodchopper. He said that several chickadees stayed about his chopping for a long time, ate his luncheon with him, frequently lighted on his person, and one even allowed him to stroke it with his finger as it sat on a bush.

Ostensibly the winter fisherman goes for fish. In reality who ever believed that a string of slimy, broad-snouted pickerel paid him for his work and exposure and suffering? No matter if their mottled hides outshone the jaguar's and their bellies were overlaid with silver, they would not be worth the trouble. They serve only as an excuse, and their attraction does not compare with the strength of that savage desire to taste solitude, and for the space of a day to feel the loneliness of barbarism.

FANNIE PEARSON HARDY.

*"Logcock" is the hunter's name for the pileated woodpecker *Ceophlœus pileatus* Cab. (Linn.).

†"Meatbird" is the common Maine name for the "whisky jack" or Canada jay, *Perisoreus canadensis* Bonap. (Linn.).

HAWK, CROW AND TWO SMALL BOYS.—Rockland, Me., Nov. 17.—Two boys while out hunting heard a disturbance in the bushes, and found a crow and a hawk fighting for dear life. After watching them a while they walked up and secured both. While taking them home the crow escaped, but was shot. The hawk was taken home and remains a captive. The crow was the smalles but held its own well.—J. W.

GAME IN TOWN.

WEBSTER, Mass., Nov. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose a clipping from our local paper of Nov. 15, which may be of interest to you:

CURIOUS BUT TRUE.—It is a curious repetition of a strange occurrence that four partridges should be taken alive around buildings in town this season, and in three cases windows were broken, two of the birds being found on the floor, while the third was kept out by a screen. The other instance the bird was in the corner of a porch. Three of these happened on School street and three to one man, Mr. E. W. Tourtellott, two at his house and the other was found in the morning having come through the window in front of his bench in Corbin's cutting room, smashing out the entire upper sash, such was the force. The last instance was Tuesday morning when he heard a crash, found the window broken, the curtain fixture broken, the curtain torn from the roll, and a fine cock partridge which weighed a pound rolled up in the curtain on the floor. The account of the partridge that Mr. George Tracy found on the porch of Mr. Butler Bates a few weeks ago and afterward set at liberty, must have traveled, for a letter was received by Mr. Bates this week from a gentleman from Toledo, O. —and an editor at that—inquiring for the partridge and saying he wished to set a hen to mate with some cock partridges he has to raise partridge chicks. He is willing to pay a fair price. If any one is favored with a bird of that descripton hunting him and will communicate with J. B. Battelle, editor of the *Business World*, Toledo, O., he may receive enough to have his windows repaired.

These four occurrences all happened this season, and I can add another. Some two weeks ago my sister brought a dead partridge to me and asked whether it was good to eat. She had been sitting at the window sewing and noticed a large bird lying in the yard moving its head, and on going out found it to be a partridge, still alive but in its last struggles. After the feathers were stripped a large bruise showed on one shoulder and on the side of the head where it evidently had struck the house. She lives on an outlying, but well-settled street of the town and about 200yds. from a point of woods in which a brood of partridges were reared last summer. C. G.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There are several coveys of quail in the city of Columbus, mostly in a large abandoned cemetery, now grown up to briers and bushes, in addition to the ornamental trees there, and all of which makes a grand cover for them. During the past summer it has been a common occurrence to see them sitting on the fences around residences in the vicinity. This location is within half a mile of the State House. The most conspicuous wild bird in Columbus, during the warm weather, is the red-headed woodpecker. There are numerous old virgin forest trees all over Columbus, and many of them have large dead limbs, which afford ample nesting places for these beautiful birds. Wherever one goes throughout the city these dead limbs and treetops are seen to be pierced with woodpecker holes, and around them, in season, a pair of the birds; and later on, the young brood. Although there are no dead limbs in the State House yard, the woodpeckers are often seen there. They perch upon the house tops, but rarely, if ever, upon the chimneys. Their single ringing note can be heard almost any minute during the pleasant days of warm weather. Many robins and other common varieties of birds are here in their season, notwithstanding the quarrelsome English sparrow, which is the bird-nuisance here as elsewhere. MILTON P. PEIRCE.

COLUMBUS, O.

Editor Forest and Stream:

One of my correspondents writes from Lancaster, O., that the quail season opened on Nov. 11 and that quail are plenty. A party of three persons brought in over 100 as the result of one day's shooting. Opposite my friend's house is a cemetery, and she writes that one or more broods of quail make that place their home and are quite tame, no one daring of course to trouble them in their sacred home.

My correspondent has a little dog named Bob. On looking out of the window the other morning—she saw what she thought was Bob, running down the street, but on closer observation she was surprised to see it was a big rabbit that had come out of the cemetery. It ran down toward the railroad; then after a short run set himself gravely down on the sidewalk as if to think what way he would go next; then turned round and came back to his home among the dead. MEDICUS.

RARE BIRDS IN RHODE ISLAND.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Nov. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There was killed at Natic, R. I., about Oct. 1, a little brown crane (*G. canadensis*), adult female. The party who killed it reports there were two of them. The specimen was sent to this city to be mounted and is now in the hands of J. M. Southwick, taxidermist. I saw the bird in the flesh the day after it was killed, and there is no doubt of the fact.

If any one of your interested readers can give any information about this species, I for one should be very glad to learn something about it. Dr. Coues says, to the best of his remembrance, that it inhabits northern British America, migrates through the West and winters in Mexico, but expresses a doubt about the bird. It is a sand-hill crane in miniature, say three-fifths, identical in color and with all characteristics of that bird.

I have killed many sand-hill cranes in the West, but I never saw one of this small species there, and how it should get so far out of its longitude as to get to Rhode Island is a puzzle.

This little State seems to be a Mecca for estrays. On the 13th of January last, there was found dead at Warren's Point, two miles east from West Island, in the town of Little Compton, R. I., a purple gallinule not quite in adult plumage. I fortunately got it with some trouble, and it is now in Dr. Gardner's collection at his summer residence at Seaconnett, R. I. This bird has been taken twice before in the past thirty years in this State to my knowledge, but both captures occurred in summer. How could this semi-tropical bird have reached this bleak coast and in the bitter freezing weather.

Thinking you will be interested to know of these two captures I venture to intrude on you, and hope I may learn something of *G. canadensis.* NEWTON DEXTER.

[The little brown crane was perhaps the one referred to by Mr. Brewster at the meeting of the A. O. U. last week.]

RUFFED GROUSE PLUMAGE.—Butler, Pa., Nov. 18.—I send you another skin of what you called a faded grouse. In the Thorncreek region of our county, birds of this coloration two years ago were plenty, and were found in coveys the same as those of black markings, but when found elsewhere they are invariably solitary birds. I intend to watch the market and note birds of this coloration, where shot and where they seem to be plenty. This bird was shot by my son John on Nov. 18, and it was done in true sportsman style on the wing—G. W. Z. [The skin is that of one of the cherry-colored or mahogany grouse. The ruff being a rich, deep, chestnut brown, except at the tops of the feathers, which are black. This plumage is much more common than is generally supposed, and is not precisely what we mean by the faded or bleached plumage which seems to be an approach to albinism.

BUFFALO IN CAPTIVITY.—An African buffalo, born in the Central Park Menagerie, of this city, the other day, lived only two days. It died of rickets. Superintendent Conklin is quoted as saying that "its death was a foregone conclusion from the first, since all attempts to rear buffaloes have proved unsuccessful of late years, as the breed has become so feeble that their offspring has proved hopelessly rickety. The last buffalo born before the one which has just now died, lived for six months, but was never able to stand on its legs. The original stock belonged to Wade Hampton. He had imported a herd from Africa at an enormous expense. When Gen. Sherman's army was on its famous march to the sea the animals were captured and confiscated. They were sent North and ultimately placed in Central Park."

THE SNOWY OWL IN NEW JERSEY IN NOVEMBER, 1889.—Two individuals of this arctic species have been observed in New Jersey recently. One on the 16th, at Morristown, and one on the 20th, at Sea Isle City, Cape May county. This, together with the early appearance of the pine grosbeak in New Hampshire, and the mulitude of pine siskins now present at Lake George, N. Y., indicate that northern birds will be common this winter south of their usual habitat. To enable me to map out the winter home of the snowy owl (*Nyctea nyctea*), I should be glad to correspond with observers of this bird. Information to be of value should be exact as to date, and precise as to locality. Where possible send note of contents of stomach. —L. S. FOSTER (New York, Nov. 25).

SNOWY OWL IN PENNSYLVANIA.—Athens, Pa., Nov. 19. —On Monday last James S. House, of Sayre, Pa., killed a snowy owl which measured 5½ft. from tip to tip. The recent cold snap had probably driven it south. It chose for a resting place the roof of the foundry at the Lehigh Valley Railroad car shop at Sayre, and failed to fly at the noise of engines, whistles, etc. I purchased the specimen and will mount it for my collection. This is the first specimen of the owl that has been killed here in several years, only one other having been brought to my notice.—W. K. P.

RUFFED GROUSE ON NEST.—Mr. J. B. Cooke sends us a photograph of a ruffed grouse sitting on her nest. It is an admirable piece of photographer's skill, and as a picture of bird life most charming.

WHALES NEAR THE ORKNEY ISLANDS.—Two hundred whales have been taken in the vicinity of the Orkney Islands, from which locality they were supposed to be disappearing.

RECENT ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—Purchased—One hochear monkey (*Cercopithecus nictitans*), one kinkajou (*Cereoleptes caudivolvulus*), one white-nosed coati (*Nasua narica*), one brown capucin (*Cebus fatuellus*), three common seals (*Phoca vitulina*), two cat squirrels (*Sciurus niger*), three black-handed spider monkeys (*Ateles geoffroyi*), two black ducks (*Anas obscura*), two gray-headed parrakeets (*Agapornis cana*), two West African love birds (*Agapornis pullaria*), two passerine parrakeets (*Psittacula passerina*), two Pennant's parrakeets (*Platycercus pennanti*), two cole tits (*Parus ater*), one greater tit (*Parus major*), two great spotted woodpeckers (*Picus major*), two ring-necked parrakeets (*Palæornis torquatus*), two European partridges (*Perdix cinerea*), ten copperhead snakes (*Ancistrodon contortrix*), six banded rattlesnakes (*Crotolus horridus*), fifteen common water snakes (*Tropidonotus sipedon*), one indigo snake (*Spilotes crebennus*), two pine snakes (*Pityophis melanoleucus*), one common hog-nosed snake (*Heterodon platyrhinus*), three king snakes (*Ophibolus getulus*), two black hog-nosed snakes (*Heterodon platyrhinus niger*), two ground rattlesnakes (*Crotalophorus miliarius*), one common black snake (*Bascanium constrictor*) and one glass snake (*Opheosaurus ventralis*). Presented—Eight opossums (*Didelphys virginiana*), one red fox (*Canis vulpes fulvus*), one raccoon (*Procyon lotor*), two great-horned owls (*Bubo virginianus*), one Levaillant's amazon (*Chrysotis levaillanti*), one red and blue macaw (*Ara macao*), one ring-necked parrakeet (*Palæornis torquatus*), one mountain linnet (*Linota flavirostris*), one cardinal red bird (*Cardinalis virginianus*), one king lory (*Aprosmictus scapulatus*), one Muhlenberg's terrapin (*Chelopus muhlenbergi*), seven garter snakes (*Eutænia sirtalis*), three common water snakes (*Tropidonotus sipedon*), one painted terrapin (*Chrysemys picta*) and four small alligators (*Alligator mississippiensis*). Born—Three Egyptian geese (*Chenalopex ægyptiaca*).

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

287.

I HAD a rather amusing experience, and one which it may benefit some brother to know. I bought a setter dog from Messrs. Davey & Richards, of London, Ont., and I trust the wicked advertising department of this paper will not prevent my saying that it was an almighty good dog, with a pedigree that runs right back to William the Conq. I expect it was about the best dog ever was, and worth at least $1,000 of anybody's money. At least, that is what I told an innocent-looking party who was in the baggage car as we neared the Canada line, and who asked me what he was worth.

"That's a good deal of money for a dog," said the innocent-looking party. "He must be a corker."

"Corker?" said I. "Say, now you have hit it. That dog is probably the most perfect specimen of symmetrical canine excellence that you ever saw. You want to look at him before I take him away, because you don't often get a chance like this. Look at those legs. Get on to that tail. Observe the faultless set of his ears. Make a note of his shoulders. Examine his superb loin. Congratulate yourself on having been permitted to touch a coat of such quality, and to stroke a muzzle that will henceforward be adopted as the bench show standard. Say, that dog's a daisy, and don't you forget it!"

"No, I won't," said the innocent man. Then he figured a little bit, and said:

"Cost you $200.70 to get 'im over the line."

"What?"

"Two hundred dollars, 20 per cent. *ad valorem*, 70 cents entry fee. Come now, be lively, ye know!"

He was a customs officer, and when I knew it I broke out in a cold sweat. I think my smile must have been something ghastly.

"As I was saying," I continued, taking hold of the dog's tail, "this tail would be simply perfect if it wasn't about fourteen inches too long. If there's anything I do hate about a dog it is a snipy, pinched-up muzzle, and a weak back, and no body and wobbly legs. Beats the world how a fellow gets stuck on a dog sometimes, don't it?"

"What'd you pay fer 'im?" asked the innocent party severely.

"Nothing. I stole him. He was given to me. I paid a dollar and a quarter for him. Say, do you want to buy him at six bits?"

Then we had more talk, and the end of it was that, before I got my puppy over the water, I had to leave $5.70 in a place where it will never do me the least good in the world. All because I was human enough to praise my own dog. I would like to know what fellow has a dog that isn't worth at least $1,000 when it comes to a straight question; and I would like to know if it is fair to call a man down in any such way as that incendiary did me. For one, I wish immediate annexation of Canada, or else war, I don't care which. It goes too hard on a sportsman to bring a dog across the line and not be allowed to state his correct worth, unless he goes without coal all winter. I am told that an affidavit stating that the dog is brought in for breeding purposes relieves one of duty, but that is a very unsatisfactory solution of the grave question here involved. E. HOUGH.

288.

The ducking season having come around again, I am reminded of a rather good yarn I have been promising for some time to spin. The joke is on a first-class all-around sportsman, and a jolly good fellow he is, too, ready for anything from an early morning start and frosty wait on the bay for a chance at the ducks to an all day tramp in the backwoods after the wily fox. He is a practical joker as well as sportsman, and is always ready to work off a "rig" on the boys, so we were all unusually hilarious when at last he had to succumb and own himself outwitted. He had gotten the best of me on several occasions, and many a minute had I given to concocting plans for getting even.

At last my chance came, and in this way. Out on a gunning trip I had the good fortune to shoot a superb fresh-water shelldrake, and when I went home I said nothing to Lucien, but began to perfect a scheme that took shape in my mind almost as soon as my bird dropped. Lucien lived on the banks of a pond in which ducks would now and then light, and he always had his gun ready. I carefully skinned my bird, stretched the skin over a wooden decoy in as lifelike a manner as possible, and then began to think how best to make it seem alive. My device was merely to fasten one end of a line to the decoy under the breast and lead it through a ring in a stone sunk to the bottom of the pond and from there to some bushes up on a high bank.

All being arranged I took my position, and one of the men went to the shop just below the dam and told Lu to hurry up and get his gun to shoot the queer looking bird that had just lit there. Lu was at first suspicious, but finally went up to take a look. The bird was moving around, ducking, etc., in such evident life and spirits that Lucien was, for once at least, completely taken in. He dodged down behind the dam, crept carefully to his cabin, got his gun and as stealthily crept back. Reaching the right spot, up he came, looked over to reconnoiter, and being entirely convinced banged away. How the feathers did fly! and how we all shouted, and how disgusted Lu looked, I will leave to your imagination.

RITA.

Game Bag and Gun.

BEAR AND MAN.

REVELSTAKE, British Columbia, Nov. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The snow and dense fogs that have within the past few days enveloped the mountains and valleys in this region, have driven the hunters and Indians out of the mountains, with the exception of a few hardy trappers who still remain in the larger valleys. The kill of big game in this vicinity has been a large one this season. The most notable is that of an old grizzly, a veritable patriarch of his kind, who was laid low by an Indian and his klochman. They followed the bear two days before they bagged him, the klochman carrying besides her gun a five-months old papoose strapped to her back. She came up with the bear first and fired a charge of buckshot into Bruin, which detained him until the Siwash arrived and finished him with a couple of bullets. Then they held high carnival. Seated themselves astride of their dead game and heaped insult after insult on his senseless head. Such is the squaw's story, though her noble lord and wife-beater says that he "over took um first; had big fight; kill um; then squaw come up, shoot um, buckshot; sit on um, etc." If they had a big fight the bear must have charged at them side on, for the bullets passed through its body behind the shoulders. The bear was quite likely running past the Indians when shot.

Regarding a grizzly charging at the hunter. Most that is written about such facts is "bosh." A bear, either black or grizzly, will in the great majority of instances run from the presence of man, as fast as his legs can carry him. If wounded he may turn his head and bite at the spot where hit, but will keep running, in fact, as Mr. Fannin says, "It will 'hump' itself in its efforts to get away, as the black horse with a 'pack on his back' did."

That reminds me. They had gone 200 miles to shoot a grizzly. One fine evening they meet a big one on the trail. J. F. raises rifle to let the fast waning daylight shine through its carcass. Companion calls out, "Don't shoot, it's a black horse with a pack on." J. F. lowers rifle. Bear jumps into the bushes and "humps" himself away in the deepening gloom. J. F. runs after him. No use; bushes too thick, and too dark to get a shot. J. F. comes back to the trail, and dances then and there, and indulges in melody and words not found in any edition of the gospel hymns.

Bear will occasionally when approached by man, stand and stupidly gaze for a few moments at the intruder, until it can gather its wits. Then it will "hump" and bob away like the walking-beam of a sidewheel steamboat.

If surprised in a corner, it will then hit out savagely until it has cleared a way to escape. Regarding a grizzly's trailing a man by scent, charging at him at sight and climbing a tree after the hunter, etc., all such narratives are mere talk without foundation. If a grizzly bear ever mounts a tree it must be a prostrate one. An examination of the claws on a grizzly's front paws will convince the most sceptical that it is no tree climber.

STANSTEAD.

SOME FIGURE ANOMALIES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been somewhat interested as the various reports of your gun trials have come to hand in noting the variations of the shot and powder charges, and it would seem that either your counting and weighing are recklessly done, or there is little reliance to be placed on the uniformity of the measures used in gauging shot and powder charges or in the fashion of using them.

I have ventured to make a list of the various cartridges you have used from time to time, correcting several manifest errors such as the slip of the type in putting No. 6 shot in the Colt gun paper cartridge instead of No. 8. I have arranged the tables according to the size of shot used.

Gun.	*Shot.*	*Wt.*	*Count.*	*Powder.*	*Wt.*
Parker 12 (2d test)	1¼oz. Tath. No. 8	.554	536	3½drs. black	.107
Winchester 12	1¼oz. Tath. No. 8	.545	514	3¼drs. black	.91
Colt 12 (brass shell)	1¼oz. Tath. No. 8	.606	569	3¼drs. black	.81
Parker 10 (2d test)	1¼oz. Tath. No. 8	.559	535	4¼drs. black	.125
Greener 10 (Such)	1¼oz. Tath. No. 8	.547	517	4¼drs. black	109
Winchester 10	1¼oz. Tath. No. 8	.554	512	3½drs. black	.98
Colt 10 (brass shell)	1¼oz. Tath. No. 8	.591	554	3½drs. black	.99
Colt 10 (paper shell)	1¼oz. Tath. No. 8	.601	542	4½drs. black	.119
Remington 16	1oz. Soft No. 8	.492	489	3drs. Schultze.	.87
Remington 16	1oz LeRoy No. 8	.423	367	2½drs. black	.71
Greener (Am. cart.)	1¼oz. LeRoy No. 8	.510	560	3¼drs. black	.89
Folsom 12	1⅛oz. LeRoy No. 8	.487	432	3drs. black	.91
Smith 12	1⅛oz. Tath. No. 8	.548	501	3drs. wood	.40
Folsom 10	1⅛oz. LeRoy No. 8	553	490	3½drs. black	.101
Colt 12 (paper shell)	1⅛oz. LeRoy No. 8	.482	418	3½drs. black	.97
Hollis 10	1¼oz. LeRoy No. 8	.609	617	4¼drs. black	.132
Hollis 10	1¼oz. LeRo No. 8	.586	563	4drs. Schultze.	.52
Colt (Merrill&Moss)	1¼oz. Cin. No. 8	.545	570	3½drs. black	.98
Parker 12 (1st test)	1¼oz. Cin. No. 8	.529	546	3½drs. black	.99
Parker 10 (1st test)	1¼oz. Cin. No. 8	.576	595	4¼drs. black	.132
Greener 10 (Such)	1¼oz. Tath. No. 7	.548	377	4½drs. black	.109
Greener 10 (Mead)	1¼oz. Tath. No. 7	.596	460	4drs. black	.122
Scott 10	1¼oz. Tath. No. 6	.588	274	4drs. Schultze.	60
Scott 10	1¼oz. Tath. No. 6	.581	273	4½drs. black	.122
Greener (Such)	1⅛oz. Tath. No. 1	.664	107	5drs. black	.127
Greener (Eng. shot)	1¼oz. Newcastle	6.604	376	3¼drs. black	.91

Now I find by catalogue that Tatham shot weigh for the chilled grade: No. 8, 495 pellets to the ounce; No. 7, 299 to the ounce; No. 6, 223 to the ounce, which would make an ounce and a quarter of No. 8, 619, of No. 7, 374, of No. 6, 279, and in not one case does your figures of analysis carry out their totals by average.

Looking at the LeRoy catalogue I find that No. 8 gives 400 pellets to the ounce, or 500 for an ounce and a quarter, while you make it 560 in one case and 617 in another.

The Cincinnati works make their No. 8 shot to run 445 to the ounce, and an ounce and a quarter would therefore be 555 pellets, from which your figures vary somewhat.

The figures I adjoin on the weights and measures of powder also show variation, but this is probably because of the various sorts of powder used. E. T. M.

CLEVELAND, O.

[Our correspondent must not have read our report aright, or must have little experience in gun matters, to be surprised over such a matter as this. We say explicitly that the charges are stated as given by the holder of the gun. We then take them apart, and upon the analysis we stand. We know the weight and count to be correct. We only know in the other case what has been stated to us. The charges are loaded by those who bring the gun, or in some instances we order cartridges or buy them from stock, and put down just what the loader says he has put in the cartridges. It would have been very simple indeed to have taken the holder's statement on one side and the shot catalogue figures on the other, and given them in our tests, and then our tests would have been just as valuable and just as useless as many previous gun tests have been. Such is not the method of FOREST AND STREAM. We mean to make our tests exhaustive and standard, and to that end spare no pains, labor nor expense. We cannot help shot catalogue vagaries nor the carelessly false and misleading assertions of those presenting guns for trial. We think now that every one who has had a gun on test thought they were giving the exact figures when they told of the gun. How far out they can be is shown say in the charges presented by expert Gaines of the Parker Co., who had two sets of cartridges in his first test, each of which he said had 1¼oz. of No. 8 Cincinnati shot in, but which varied 50 pellets in count, and he at once saw that one set had 1¼oz. of shot, and that he was in error. So of other tests. All our test loading has either come direct from the gun factories, or has been made up by the most expert gun shop here. At another date we will have some tables to present on shot irregularities, but so far as the gun test goes we guarantee our analysis and give the charges as stated, and it is for our readers to judge of their accuracy.]

RESTRICT THE GAME KILLED.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Partridges and quail have been fairly plenty around here this season, but a couple of men who hunt "for pleasure" and "sell their birds to cover expenses" have found it paying enough to give up well-paid work for four to six weeks to hunt. They are the best shots and have excellent dogs—guess the rest. C. G.

WEBSTER, Mass.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Here market butchery is exterminating the game. We have thousands of acres of sedge and cornfields; we have only a short open season, yet we have almost no quail. A few days ago I spent a whole day in hunting with an excellent dog and just at dusk I found the first bevy. I killed two and left fully a dozen birds. Two days later I returned and found but two quail of that large bevy left. In the meantime the others had been snared and sold alive in the Anniston market. A law against snaring would be most beneficial, but why not strike at the root of the evil rather than at its branches, and make it a crime to sell a game bird? Because such a law could not be passed? Not in New York, certainly, but here in the South, where every good citizen is a sportsman, there should be no such difficulty. Everywhere the market butchers are at work exterminating the game, and at this rate we shall soon have no game left. Something must be done; but what? In New York, for instance, a law against snaring would be of no use, for the favorite method of butchers there is to use curs, who drive the birds into trees and bark at them till the "hunters" come up and shoot the birds. Possibly a law limiting the number of birds that one person might kill would do some good, for a man would be afraid to sell more than his share of birds to one person, or to have it known that he had killed more than his share. Here, however, such a law would be a dead letter, and the only way to secure a permanent game supply is to prohibit altogether the marketing of game. SETTER

ANNISTON, Ala., Nov. 18.

THE WORCESTER FOX HUNT.

WORCESTER, Mass., Nov. 21.—That the fourth annual hunt of the Worcester Fur Company was not a complete failure was no fault of the weather. Tuesday the rain fell in torrents, continuing nearly all night, and only the "veterans" had sufficient sand to start for Worcester in the face of such an unpromising outlook for the morrow's hunt. But there were those for whom the elements had no terrors, and this party included President Geo. W. Roraback, of the Western Massachusetts Fox Club, Secretary Shepardson and Orin Beach from Chester, the latter with his hound Billy. Chas. Pierce, of Rutland, A. D. Norcross, of Munson, and Geo. W. Russell, of Fall River, were also on hand. John White, of Millbury, with his pack, was on hand at daylight.

An informal gathering was held at the Bay State House during the evening, and the programme for the hunt, in case the weather permitted it, was laid out. Observations were taken from many windows during the night, but little encouragement could be found in the clouds which hung over the city continually, emitting a miserable cold drizzle, which would have discouraged any one but a fox hunter.

Five A. M. found every one astir, and after a hasty breakfast a 'bus load was made up and started from the Bay State House for the Heywood farm, the place of meeting. A dozen or more private teams followed, and when the Heywood place was reached about thirty hunters could be discerned through the fog.

They were dispatched to their various localities by President Kinney and the hunt was opened. Webster Thayer and party put their dogs out on Milestone Hill, but were unable to start a fox and worked across on to Burncoat Plains, where Mr. Kinney's pack had one started which was run in before any one could get an opportunity to kill him. Secretary Knowles with Dr. Shepardson, of Chester, went to the north end of Bond Hill, where they remained till the middle of the afternoon without hearing much driving, and came home just in season to miss the only sport of the day in that locality. Alva Houghton and Joe Smith went over toward Lovell's, and just as they concluded they had got enough of it and were packing away their guns a fox ran right up within three rods of them.

Uncle Nathan Harrington and Billy Dean went to Sewall's Hill. They had with them Uncle Nathan's new bitch Slippery Sal, which came here with a great reputation as a flyer, but was something of an unknown quantity, as she has only been out a few times and it was not known just what she would or could do. She struck a scent and soon had one started. The rest of the dogs in that section of the country joined in, and the woods and pastures rang with clear voices of the pack as they took a turn along the ridge toward the shoemakers, with the apparent intention of crossing to the north end of Cushing Swamp. Right on the crossing was drawn up in line of battle, about ten rods apart, the party who had put their dogs in at Cushing Swamp, consisting of E. T. Whittaker, M. A. Linfield, C. H. Morse, G. W. Roraback, John White, Will Perry and Geo. Russell.

The hounds came up through the sprouts within a few rods of the line, and it seemed every moment as if the fox must burst out somewhere. Every man stood with eyes strained and finger on trigger. Mr. Roraback, who had the stand on top of the ledge in sight of the rest of us, kept us informed by a wave of his hand of the exact location and direction of the pack, from second to second, and when he signalled that they were coming directly toward him, and planting himself more firmly on the rock awaiting the outbreak, the suspense was terrible. They swept around toward Harlow's, however, without coming into view, and finally shut down, evidently having run them in. Sal led the pack during the entire drive, and Uncle Nathan was happy.

About this time the rain began to fall in earnest, and we made a break for the barn, and remained under cover until the shower had passed, and then sauntered out toward the crossing, gathering about Mr. Roraback to talk over our hunt at Chester, and curse the fates that duplicated their day for us, atmospherically. Not a dog had been heard for a half hour, when suddenly one burst out and a second later was driving at a lively pace, with the entire pack close behind. Uncle Nathan's Sal was again leading them, and Uncle Nathan was radiant.

We scudded for our different stands and the dogs made two or three turns around the ledges, and they were "just combing him," too. For about fifteen minutes the hunt was about as hot as you could get it in our immediate vicinity, and then they ran this one in. Before he holed, however, it was discovered that they had had a rabbit going instead of a fox both times, and Uncle Nathan was doleful. Sal made up for her break in the afternoon, though, when she took a fox right away from them all just as handily as she had the rabbits.

As it had cleared off by noon it was thought best to strike into a new country and try to jump a fox on some of the ledges, where they were probably curled up out of the wet; so we drove over to East Ridge and put out part of the hounds back of the brick schoolhouse and the rest down by Rocky Pond, while the hunters strung themselves out along the road between the two packs. The party had been joined by this time by E. T. Smith and E. F. Swan, Silas Balcom and Mr. Jackson, G. J. Rugg, Allie Perry, J. H. Locke, D. M. Earle, Horace Adams and a number of others; in fact the hunt had been pretty much moved up there. Locke and Whittaker took the dogs around by the pond and soon Whittaker's hound Tilden winded a fox on the ledges, which he started at once and drove beautifully, while the others joined in with him, and soon eight dogs were running. Linfield rode along with John White, and coming to a likely-looking spot, hopped out, taking by mistake John's gun. Linfield shoots a Parker hammerless, John a Parker hammer, and to this exchange one fox owes his life.

As John and Mr. Roraback drove along they suddenly heard the hounds driving directly toward them. Mr. Roraback jumped out, grabbed his gun and dashed for a position, while John hitched the mares beside the road as lively as possible, and had just time to get to the rear of the wagon, snatch up Linfield's gun and slip in a couple of shells, when the fox crossed the road about four rods off. John felt for the hammers to cock the gun, but they were not there, so he pulled it up and pulled first one trigger and then the other, but they were blocked and it was no use. You, who know John, probably know just what happened, and can see him in your mind's eye as he did a war dance in that road, and ejaculated, "How in the name of all that's cursed do you work one of those hammerless guns, anyway?"

The fox trotted along toward Roraback, but saw him when about 16 rods off and turned. Distance estimated by Mr. R. himself, and undoubtedly correct. He was down here to shoot and so he "unhitched," and as the fox rounded a knoll and went out of a bar-way he cut loose again, but without effect.

The dogs came down the trail like the wind and went over the wall in a heap, where John White would pick them up, fire them over the next wall right side up, and away they would go again. While they were driving, Mr. Locke selected a stand and soon a fox crossed about twelve rods from him. He gave him both barrels and hit him hard, as he could scarcely drag himself up into the pines, and Locke expected of course the hounds would be along in a minute and catch him. None came on his track, however, and it was concluded that this fox must have been thrown out by the dogs driving the other; so Whittaker was dispatched to try and catch off one of the hounds and bring him up to catch the wounded fox. The main pack had, however, by this time swung around Rocky Pond, and the only dog he could get was old Railsplitter, who has not been hunted any this fall and is so fat he cannot run faster than a man could walk. He was taken up and put on the trail and started the fox where he had lain down, and in less than 100 rods he went into a burrow. A fast-running dog would have caught him before he made half the distance.

This was the nearest we came to getting a fox, although Mr. Beach, of Chester, shot at one within easy distance and should have killed him. The old gentleman could not get over his misfortune, and all the evening he looked the picture of disgust.

The afternoon hunt had been all that could be asked for. Nearly every one had been in hearing of the hounds until they led off out of hearing toward Northboro. One gentleman was very near them, so near that it sounded to us (about 50 rods away) as though he shot at the game, as the hounds turned back directly after the shot, but he claimed that he was hitching his horse and the fox came right up to the road, and seeing him turned back. His horse was hitched there when we drove by before the fox was started. He was probably hitching him tighter.

About 4 P. M. we started for home and met at the Bay State at 7 for a fox hunters' dinner, many being present who had not participated in the hunt. The dinner was an excellent one, and after cigars had been lighted and the experiences of the day, ludicrous and otherwise, gone over, stories of other hunts were told and a jolly good time was had. We had not secured a single brush, it is true, but the weather had made that almost an impossibility. Still, every one had a good hunt, and Mr. Roraback was so favorably impressed—I don't know whether it was with the hounds, the lay of the land, the weather, John White or Worcester generally, but at any rate he is coming down in January to spend a week with John and hunt foxes.

It was talked over and partially decided to hold another meet and try to get a better day, and if it is arranged, many who stayed away this time will undoubtedly be here, now that it has been proved that we can start foxes enough, even under unfavorable circumstances, right here in the heart of the Commonwealth. HAL.

GIVE THE BOYS A CHANCE.

Editor Forest and Stream;

I think that it is about time for the small country boys to come to the front and defend their own rights in regard to pleasure in the fields and woods.

I am a constant reader of the FOREST AND STREAM (which my father subscribes for), and, as a rule, I know what is going on among the sportsmen in general.

Just to think of "Cohannet" calling himself a sportsman, and then trying to impose a tax upon the small boy who uses a rifle. No doubt all he says about the unknown skeletons being found is true, and those deaths may have been due to careless shooting; but do not let him lay the blame on the country small boy, when it is the green city amateur hunter at whose door it can be laid, for the city greenhorn would shoot at a sparrow not knowing where his bullet would land. When a country boy goes a-shooting, he knows where to go, at what to shoot, and, as a rule, where his bullet lands; for the country boy knows the lands upon which he lives and for miles around.

Let all the small country boys join now together in sending their hearty thanks to "Wacautah" for giving "Cohannet" a rub in regard to the tax on the small boy who uses a rifle; for he can say to him what the boys would not think of.

Now I think I have done my share (as a boy should) to "defend our rights." J. J. S.

CLOVE VALLEY, Dutchess County, N. Y., Nov. 13.

N. B.—Mr. Editor, please insert this, and bear in mind that "Boys will be boys."

MY FIRST WILD TURKEY.

I left home one beautiful morning in the month of November, with gun and dogs, in search of game. One dog, Bang, was a reliable setter, and I felt confident of finding either grouse or wild turkeys. I trudged along for some time without success, and tired and disappointed determined to move homeward. Presently Bang stood; to my delight and surprise up flew a wild turkey. I fired away and brought her down with a dull thud. My heart leaped within me. I felt half afraid to go to her, thinking it might be a tame turkey after all. But no, its long legs and long neck proclaimed it the genuine wild bird. I hurried home with buoyant step and joyous heart, full of pride and exultation, and laid my trophy at my mother's feet, believing myself her man indeed, though only 14 years old. D. H. LEAKE.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 19.—Mr. G. W. Pratt, of Wauconda, Wis., and Messrs. Sam and Melville Brown, of Curry, Ill., are lately back from a trip on the North Peninsula of Michigan, in which, besides a number of partridges, etc., they killed three deer and a bear that weighed 330lbs., the latter falling to Mr. Pratt's rifle. The party went into Michigan from Wausaukee, Wis. They killed their deer about Oct. 28, but violated the law by using dogs.

Mr. Pratt says that the deer law is not in the least observed in the North Peninsula. The fact that it is not observed is the reason urged for its non-observance. The game wardens are about the worst law breakers, and they make the best guides. There is one warden, by the name of Beach, I believe, who has the district of Michigan lying east of Wausaukee, who has always been prominent as an illegal deer hunter, if one can gain prominence at that in such a country. This man took his dog over into Michigan with the party above named. Beach figures as a sort of desperado, and was leader in a late hanging-bee in that neck of woods. Doubtless he has killed and helped kill as many deer illegally as Mr. Jock Darling. Doubtless there are dozens of Jock Darlings in our North Woods. They are too common to attract much notice. The position of game warden is one of singularly desirable features for a natural Jock Darling. The game warden system in its true beauty can be seen only in this big Western country.

Two men from Springfield, O., whose names I could not get, are just back from a three weeks' trip in the above-mentioned locality. They are known to have sold twenty deer at seven cents a pound. They must have had a game warden for a guide.

I am glad to say, however, that one instance of a hard path for transgressors has come to hand out here. Owing to the prosecution of Coroner Henry Hertz, of the Fox River Fish and Game Association—about the only organization we have that is of any account for protecting game and fish—three illegal chicken shooters, Messrs. Simeon Russell, Geo. Hewson and Chas. Dunnell, all of Fox Lake neighborhood, were fined $25 and costs each, at Wauconda, Wis. They have thus acquired some little information.

I notice in the issue of Nov. 14 Mr. Ames's query as to the grizzly "Tom," which he states was kept at Union Park perhaps eighteen years ago. I think Mr. Ames is right in presuming this to be the bear killed shortly after he was moved over to Lincoln Park, he having broken into a pit where there were several other bears with younger teeth than his. Perhaps Mr. Ames has not remembered the name quite correctly. This old grizzly was known as Bob, and was one of the attractions of the park, well known to all visitors. He was very tame and friendly, and possessed of a disposition which nothing seemed to ruffle. He dearly loved peanuts and candy, and would wheedle them from the most reluctant pocket. He was an enormous creature, and a sufficient refutation of the skeptics who say the grizzly bear does not go over 600lbs. Any one could have "won my money" if Bob weighed less than 1,500, though I never heard his weight. Before I had ever seen this bear, a friend told me of him. "He could scrape the ceiling of this room with his front feet," said he, pointing to that part of the room in the modest little city cottage where we were sitting. I laughed at him. Later on, when I saw the old fellow rear himself to full height along the side of his cell, I knew that my friend's statement had been correct.

Nov. 20.—In a late trip I made to Canada small game seemed as plentiful along the railway in Canada as it is in this country, and indeed more so. Their lands are much more closely posted and their game laws are better observed. As a consequence of this we found plenty of quail within five to fifteen miles of Chatham, which is a city of probably 15,000 inhabitants, and constantly heard of good bags of quail and partridges made by Chatham sportsmen. A party of four, consisting of Messrs. Nelson and Goodrich, of Chatham, and Mr. Briggs and another gentleman, of Toronto, in two half days killed forty-three quail, some partridges and two wild turkeys near Big Point, fifteen miles out from Chatham during the field trials at the latter point. The turkeys were thought to be half-breeds between the wild stock and tame ones run wild. All the quail shooters of that neighborhood were having good luck. At the depot at London, just as I was taking the west-bound train in the evening, I saw a hale, hearty-looking old gray-haired gentleman in good shooting rig and accompanied by a fine-looking setter. "Well, what luck to-day, Doctor?" some one asked him. "Oh, fair," he replied; "I got eight partridges." I wonder if this could have been Dr. Underwood—I believe that is the name—whom I so often heard mentioned as a capital shot and steady hunter of London.

We were speaking about the latter gentleman on the train, Mr. T. G. Davey, Mr. John Davidson and I, and the former gentleman remarked that the worthy Doctor could perhaps beat anybody in that end of the world shooting quail. To this Mr. Davidson took exception, declaring himself to be the great original dead shot on quail, and all others base imitators. Mr. Davidson formerly shot for the market for years at a stretch. He says he has killed 49 quail straight, and thinks that in his life he has killed 50,000 quail. I submit that this is sufficient grounds for capital punishment.

We fell to talking at the hotel table about the number of shells it took to kill a quail. One gentleman present named an average something like three or four out of five as being his ordinary record. One or two of us suggested to him that he could gather in some of our substance if he could take 100 shells and bring back 50 quail, all shot flying singles, and without especially picking his shots, but taking them as in an ordinary day's shooting. I presume this can be done, but there are not very many men who can walk right out and do it. I would rather dig post holes than bag every other quail in the brush. It's easier.

The FOREST AND STREAM gun tests have been watched with a great deal of interest by our Western shooters. I have already found a number of shooters out here who have guns which will discount the best record yet made by any gun shot in the tests. I am endeavoring to get some of these guns sent on to the range for trial. I wish to state that the best gun in the world is owned right here in Chicago. It is owned by a number of shooters.

Seriously, however, I have met many instances of patient and curious targeting of guns here, and have seen some remarkable patterns. One shooter of prominence here showed me some phenomenal pattern sheets, but would not give me his formula for loading, though I charmed him never so wisely. A little later than that, however, he told me that if I wanted to make my 12-gauge gun shoot close, I should load it as follows: A 12 gauge card wad on the shot, an 11-gauge pink-edge, a 12-gauge black-edge Ely, a 12-gauge black-edge U. M. C. and a 12-gauge card; then the shot, with a 12-gauge card on that. He said he had found it a mistake to use much wadding a size larger than the shells, as the wads in going through the choke were crushed or broken out of shape, and so distorted the shot charge. I should think that with the above load a fellow could get an almighty good pattern, for wads, anyway.

I wonder how long this mania for close-shooting guns is going to last. It is all a mistake for most field shooting, as every real field shot knows; yet no one will buy a gun to-day which makes as wide a pattern as the gun with which he has in earlier days done the very best shooting of his life. You can hardly coax a gun maker to build you an open gun. The sole question of merit in a gun seems to be, How many shot will it put in the 30in. circle? This is all fashion and all nonsense, and the shooting craft will some day abandon it, if so be we are not entirely reduced to artificial methods. The shooting of to-day, general as it is and exact as it is, is not so beautiful in point of genuine sportsmanship as the broader and more generously genial exercise of the past generation. They had more fun than we do. We are too much in earnest. We have got it down too fine. This is war, not sport, and science rather than good pleasure. When will reaction come and we return to broader, mellower, less selfish and yet more thoughtful days? Not, perhaps, until the tooth of time shall have bitten the choke out of all our guns, or until some population of the future shall say of us, as we do of the gentlemen gone before us—

> "The knights are dust,
> Their arms are rust,
> Their souls are with the saints, we trust."

If we stopped to think we could see the pity shining in those unborn eyes.

Nov. 21.—No very great success at ducks is reported. A good many mallards were seen on Maksawba marsh on Saturday, but not many killed. Fox Lake has plenty of ducks in also, but nobody can work them, it seems. One market got 67 one day not long ago, but that was an exception. Cumberland marsh does not seem to afford much shooting just now. Mr. Robt. Sheet, of New York, a member of Cumberland Club, was out lately, but had poor luck. He and Mr. Stephens then went up to Lake Koshkowong, Wis., but though they saw plenty of ducks there, they were not working well and the shooting was poor.

It is reported to-day that the shooting at Lake Senachwine, at Hennepin Club, at Peoria, and indeed all along that part of the Illinois River, is very good. Gov. Joe Fifer, of Illinois, was at Hennepin Club yesterday. Mr. George Davis reports good bags there lately. Yet Mr. Sibley, day before yesterday, had a letter saying shooting was not very good on Hennepin marsh.

Mr. Joseph Card, shooting at Toledo, O., reports large bags of ducks and great fun.

Messrs. W. W. and H. B. Foss, C. W. Lapham, Thos. L. Patterson and F. A. Place are back from a trip to Heron Lake, Dakota, where last year they had great sport. They got but poor shooting this time, though they say the ducks were there in good numbers.

Messrs. Mark Baldwin, of this city, L. N. Wood, T. J. Abt, Dr. Alden, Messrs. Moore, McCloskey and Alexander, of Duluth, lately had a little deer hunt at Midland Station in Wisconsin, on the N. P. R. R. They killed four deer in one day and saw sixteen. Sign seemed very abundant, and they thought the country well fixed for deer. Dr. Alden had killed two good bucks a few days before this hunt. Mr. Baldwin went on west from this point for a goose hunt on the Platte in Nebraska, but found that stream frozen up tight. That was on Nov. 15.

Grand Calumet Heights Club will append to the annual Thanksgiving festivities a grand coon hunt. Some wolves have lately been seen near the house.

On last Monday morning the lake between Twelfth and Randolph street was full of bluebills and redheads, more than have been seen in a body before this year.

Mr. Fred A. Fodde, of St. Louis, is in town visiting sportsmen friends.

Quail are reported fairly plentiful on Mak-saw-ba grounds. That bird is unusually abundant this year, it seems.

Nov. 23.—Mr. John L. Stockton, Mr. Thomas Edwards, and Mr. M. C. Lightner, are recently back from a deer and bass trip of several weeks duration. They had a good camp not far from the Escanaba, but far enough from the railway to necessitate a long drive over a rough road. They were near a little lake which has no apparent outlet or inlet, but which was abundantly stocked with small-mouthed bass. I presume these men are as real and genuine sportsmen as any who go into the woods. They killed just four deer on the trip, although they could have killed many more. It is one of their principles to kill no more than can be consumed. The catch of bass was limited to half a dozen each day. The camp was always easily supplied. The hunters thought that shooting partridges along the old lumber road they called the "boulevard" more fun than almost anything else they did. They had in a cook and two guides, and although much troubled by rainy and cold weather, they had a most enjoyable fall outing. They do not come back to brag of a number of deer killed before dogs, and possibly out of season. I wish some of our other Chicago shooters would take them as example.

Speaking of game law violations reminds me of a Colorado story I heard in Kansas last month, and which may or may not be true. I was told that two game butchers who had been often warned out of the Middle Park region by the cowboys, and who persisted in illegal slaughter of the big game, were finally taken by the cowboys and cattlemen and hung. This was during the past season some time. This is an effective way, if not the only way, to handle the persistent game butcher. It looks a little tough, but it is probable that in this case, as in most others, mountain justice was just.

I have some more light on the Manitoba duck egg destruction question. Mr. Thomas Johnson, a prominent commission man and produce dealer of Winnipeg, tells me that the reports of the gathering and shipping of ducks' eggs from Manitoba are all nonsense. "I am in a position to know," said he, "if any such work was going on, and I unqualifiedly say that nothing of the sort is done." It is probable that this column was responsible for the starting of this rumor, although it came to me on good authority. If the rumor is not true it is cause of congratulation for duck shooters surely.

Speaking of ducks' eggs reminds one of ducks, and speaking of ducks reminds one of duck calls. I wonder how many people know how to blow a duck call. A lot of us were together on the cars the other day, on a little trip, and each fellow fished out his duck call and began to play, the total result being very melodious but hard on the window glass. There were more of the Monmouth metal calls than of any other make—I presume there are ten of those Fred Allen calls in use to one of any other make, and there is none better if you will follow directions, or listen to Fred Allen play on one of them. Charley Burton could beat any of us, and he used one of these calls. "You don't want to give a long yowl, and then a lot of short squawks after it when you are calling mallard," said he. "That's the alarm call. If you want to simulate fat and lazy content, and a complete harmony with environments, you want to make each note of about the same length, and with a rich, unctuous fullness to it that speaks of good feed and plenty of it. This is the way it goes—'Haw! haw-haw-haw-haw—I'm so happy!' That's what knocks. The other ducks look on this as a plain invitation to dinner."

E. HOUGH.

RUTLAND FISH AND GAME CLUB.

THE second annual game supper of the Rutland, Vt., Fish and Game Club, was held at the Berwick, Rutland, Wednesday evening, Nov. 20. It was a representative gathering of the sportsmen and fishermen of the city and State, as shown by the list:

W. B. Buckingham,
T. A. Clifford,
Geo. D. Babbitt,
E. V. Ross,
Geo. G. Wilson,
H. H. Brown,
S. H. Griswold,
Charles A. Reese,
Charles Sterns,
Newton Kellogg,
H. A. Smith,
Fred Bunn,
H. H. Swift,
H. G. Sheldon,
C. B. Ross,
A. B. Veazey,
F. S. Weatherhead,
W. C. Dunton,
W. E. Pelton,
John H. Norton,
T. M. Barrett,
F. L. Hamilton,
E. White,
Charles Denison,
H. Caldwell Brown,
Merrit C. Phelps,
J. E. Morison,
C. H. West,
J. W. Titcomb,
J. E. Slattery,
Geo. J. Schulze,
J. B. Moore,
L. G. Brown,
H. O. Carpenter,
Henry Clark,
A. E. Sheldon,
Charles P. Harris,
H. A. Ferguson,
S. H. Kellogg,
H. L. Dillenback,
Geo. A. Churchill,
B. F. Pollard,
E. M. Pond,
F. L. Sherwin,
H. C. Otis,
S. A. Howard,
Fred C. Spencer,
G. E. Chalmers,
Dr. B. C. Senton,
L. Valiquette, Jr.,
A. Kilburn,
Edward L. Temple,
W. A. Hill,
C. D. Eastman,
Fred Gay,
C. A. Parkhurst,
L. S. Houghton,
W. H. Spaulding,
W. Warren Burr,
P. M. Meldon,
J. E. Thomson,
M. R. Brown,
G. E. Pelton,
G. L. Smith,
E. S. Whittaker,
F. H. Chapman,
C. A. Gale,
J. H. McIntyre,
John A. Mead,
Egbert C. Tuttle,
H. A. Sawyer,
J. B. Hoadley,
Henry F. Field,
L. N. Franklin,
V. A. Gaskill,
Geo. E. Graves,
C. O. Perkins,
T. B. Atchison,
F. E. Sturtevant,
C. E. Ross,
Wm. H. Steele,
F. P. Clement,
John F. Eggleston,
J. C. Jones,
C. F. Orvis,
M. S. Goodwin,
S. A. McClure,
M. S. Sawyer,
F. C. Atherton,
Charles Krans,
H. J. Quackenbush,
A. H. Pierce,
E. E. Crawford,
A. J. Upson,
C. S. Caverly,
J. A Merrill,
H. W. Cheney,
E. J. Gray,
John H. Pollard,
Fred W. Maxham,
Albert H. Tuttle,
G. H. Ross,
George H. Emery,
H. G. Smith,
J. H. H. Burt,
W. B. Perkins,
Fred W. Hayward,
W. L. Davis,
A. W. Higgins,
T. Mound,
Henry R. Adams,
Wm. D. Hulett,
Otis W. Lincoln,
Chas. T. Freeman,
Wm. A. Aiken,
H. H. Lee,
H. C. Smith,
O. C. Badger,
Q. H. Shinn,
E. A. Valiquette,
D. E. Harrington,
W. J. Dolan,
M. R. Crain,
L. Valiquette,
F. C. Houghton,
H. R. Platt,
W. C. Landon,
G. B. Royce,
O. W. Sterl,
O. A. Cunningham,
C. L. Howe,
V. W. Whitcomb,
O. J. Cain,
G. T. Loop.

The dining hall was decorated with snowshoes, fishing rods and game bags, with mounted game trophies galore. The *ménu* included red snapper, striped sea bass, bear, venison, wild goose, mallard, blue widgeon, bluerock pigeons, coon, partridge, quail and prairie chicken.

In the much regretted absence of President Charles H. Sheldon, Club Secretary J. H. McIntyre presided as toast master, filling the part most felicitously. The set toasts were: "Our Guests," by Henry Clark; "The Big Game of Vermont," by E. L. Howe; "The American Clay Pigeon," by Dr. C. A. Gale; and "Reminiscences from Sam Lovel's Camp," by E. L. Temple, the "reminiscences" being readings from Mr. Robinson's inimitable pictures of Vermont life in the times of Sam Lovel and Uncle Lisha. Among other speakers were Mr. C. F. Orvis, of Manchester, who deprecated the posting of trout brooks, supported the 6in. trout law, advocated a State hatching house, and suggested the open season for trout should be from May 15 to Sept. 15; Dr. Swift, of Pittsfield, who spoke of the value of Vermont trout streams as profitable attractions to city people. Letters of regrets from many invited guests were read. The occasion was a most happy one, and the committee deserve great credit for its success.

KENTUCKY DEER CHAT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been a subscriber to your paper almost from its infancy, and get many valuable hints from its contributions. One in particular I saw two or three years ago, in regard to loading for deer, with two bullets or large buckshot in center of shell, and space between bullets and shell filled with BB's or some size that just fills it evenly. I had been seeking an opportunity to try that load on deer ever since, but never found it until last week, when a large four-prong buck came within range out of a pine thicket, saw me and wheeled back, but caught the two bullets from the right barrel lengthwise. Going through they lodged in the shoulder. Turning to the left the game gave a broadside at about 50yds., and got the two balls from the left barrel, which passed through and out the other side, besides sprinkling the smaller shot all around the bullets at each fire, mutilating the carcass and making a sieve of the hide.

The bullets from my 10-bore go almost as true as any rifle, and of course the smaller shot are as good for any uncertainty of aim as ordinary loading. I have had considerable experience with shotguns for more than thirty years, and tried every device for concentrating shot, but for all-round shooting at large game I prefer this to any other load (although I have killed many deer with Ely's wire cartridges), and for exclusively long-range shooting I would ask nothing better.

And "that reminds me" that about twelve or fifteen years ago I sent you a flint or "Indian arrow head," taken from the shoulder of a large doe that I killed not far from Rockcastle Springs, in Laurel county, Ky., an account of which was then published in FOREST AND STREAM. Many

times, when relating the circumstance around the camp fire, I would have given a good deal to be able to produce that flint, in vindication of the story as told by W. M. G. Hale, Esq., at whose house the venison was cooked and the flint found. A more reliable man or true sportsman does not live, although only a plain, unassuming backwoods farmer.

It is snowing here to-day, which means extermination for the deer. One good tracking snow at this season will cause the death of more deer in this section than by every other means for a whole year. They will soon be gone, and my camp hunts at an end. But send along our dear old FOREST AND STREAM; I can at least live over again in its pages some of the hallowed past, in following the "Kingfishers" from camp to camp, and others of the many correspondents, whose writings I have enjoyed so much. Almost every number calls up associations of a past, that will not, can not, be blotted out this side the dark river. J. T. B.

KENTUCKY, Nov. 18, 1889.

MARYLAND DUCKING CLUBS.

A GLANCE at a map of the country between Baltimore and the east side of the Susquehanna River, and from the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore Railroad south to the Chesapeake Bay, will show the waters where the sportsmen kill thousands of ducks each season. Almost every foot of available land bordering on the waters where the ducks feed is either in possession of some sportsman, who uses it for his own shooting, or is owned by a ducking club. Thousands of dollars have been spent on many of the shores and the club houses are as comfortable as money can make them. They are well constructed, and many are handsomely furnished—gas, heat, hot and cold water being supplied in some. A few are especially fitted with a view to the comfort of the members' wives and families. It is rare that the ladies try their hands at duck shooting. They usually remain indoors while their husbands slaughter the ducks. One Baltimore gentleman, who is often accompanied to his shore by his wife, exacts a promise from her before they start that she will in no way interfere with his servants or household affairs while at the house.

The club gunner is in the business for the sport it furnishes. He is generally a wealthy city gentleman who can afford to indulge his love of sport, and who finds diversion from business cares at the shores. He is equipped with all the paraphernalia necessary to make his shooting a success. His clothing is of the warmest kind, and frequently there is an attendant who carries the club member's gun and ammunition, and who brings in the ducks slaughtered by the aforesaid club man, who remains in a dry blind or tub. For him the sport loses all its uncomfortable features, but all of its pleasures are retained. The ducks are becoming more scarce yearly. There is still, however, a supply that makes the sport a choice one, and it is enjoyed by thousands of Baltimoreans every season. Many who cannot get shores to their liking on the rivers at the head go lower down the bay for their shooting. There has been much complaint among the gunners that the feeding grounds in the rivers are covered with mud brought down by the floods, and especial y those in the upper parts of the streams, and that the ducks can be found only at the mouths of the rivers or in the bay. Just what chances the ducks have in the rivers emptying into the upper part of the bay is a mystery, as both shores are a skirmish line of gunners trying to inveigle the ducks to destruction. One of the best posted duck shooters in the State, besides being one of the best shots, is Mr. Jack Williar. He says that many of the shores fail to furnish good shooting, because the club members do not know how to lay out their shore blinds, and when they are laid out bad management keeps the ducks away. Mr. Williar thinks that Grace's Quarter is best situated for sport.

Among the best known ducking shores on Back River, are Island Point, Japanese and Swann Harbor. "Island Point" is on the west side of the river, about 7¼ miles from Baltimore out the Eastern avenue road. Adjoining this are the "Japanese" and "Swann Harbor" shores. In years gone by they were famous places for ducking, but of late have furnished but little sport. The members of the club have royal good times, however, and enjoy good fishing in the summer.

The next shore is Twin Oaks, one of the best known in the State. It formerly included in its membership Mr. D. T. Bartlett, Mr. Hayward, Mr. Jerry Mallory, Mr. H. P. Luca, Hon. H. B. Holton and other gentlemen who knew as well when a canvasback was cooked to a turn as they did how to shoot. The shore was rented last week by a club of which Mr. Edward Hyatt, T. Wallis Blakiston and others are members. Though not what it used to be there is still shooting to be done there. The club house, stables and surroundings are the finest in Black River Neck.

"The Cedars" adjoins Twin Oaks on the south. The shore is about equal to Twin Oaks, each having a good river front. The club house is connected with the city by telephone, and there is also a telephone in the blinds so that the members can sit in the blind and order more ammunition, or solid or liquid refreshments. If the river fails to supply ducks a call through the telephone brings after a 25-minute wait, a hot roast canvasback from the well-supplied club kitchen. The club numbers among its members Messrs. Reuter & Mallory and Wm. H. Cole.

The next shore is the "Bright Lights." It was formerly Lynch's Point. "Brickhouse Farm" was formerly the late Samuel Grover's shore. It is now a club shore.

At the mouth of Black River is Cockel's Point, which was at one time a splendid shore. The point runs into Miller's Island Narrows. Since the lighthouse has been on the island the shore has deteriorated. Among others who gunned the shore was Mr. Hamilton Easter, who killed many thousand ducks there.

Off the mouth of Black River is Miller's Island. It is accessible from land by wading or driving. A bridge at one time connected it with the mainland, but it has disappeared. The island contains about 10 or 12 miles of shore. The bay front of the island is one of the best swan and goose shores in the State. Wm. H. Evans leases the island, and a club of Baltimore gentlemen shoot there.

Leaving the island and going up the east side of Black River, the first shore reached is Rocky Point, which is owned by J. W. S. Brady and Alexander McComas. It is a good shore, containing several miles of water front. Adjoining on the north is Jerry Miller's place, which of ate years has been rented by the day to gunners. This season it is leased by a club. It is reached, as are all the shores on the east side of the river, by driving from Baltimore over a good shell road, which runs nearly to the mouth of the river.

North of Miller's is "Porter's Bar." It is owned by Mr. Matt Townsend, and is rented by a New York gentleman. The shooting privilege is said to bring $1,000 per season. It is a magnificent shore, and usually furnishes good shooting all the season.

Next on the river is Mr. George H. Brown's private shore. Next is "Broadbelt's," which was formerly a famous tolling ground, and belonged to Moses Fox. Hyde Park, formerly owned by Mr. Sam Hyde, is the next up the river. It is a club shore. "Walnut Grove" is next. It is leased to a club, of which Robert Gilbert, William Numsen, J. M. Matthews and Dr. Pue are members. Several members of the club are crack shots and belong to the Baltimore Gun Club. Next is "Coxe's Point." Mr. Joshua Harvey formerly shot there. The last shore north, which is just below the bridge, is Mr. Robert Scarlett's "Newport." The club house is a model one.

The shores along Middle River are accessible from Middle River Station or Benjies Station on the P., W. & B. R. R. Eastern avenue road from Baltimore also leads to them. The river is about 11 miles from Baltimore. Near the west side of the mouth of the river is Valmar's, adjoining Rocky Point, in Back River. It is a big shore, and occasionally wild geese are killed there. It was gunned one season by the Messrs. Easters. Around in the river the first shore is Planter's Point, which is a club shore. Next up the river comes Bull Neck, which was a famous place for overhead shooting as the ducks crossed the necks of land. At times there is good shooting there.

Paster's Point and Log Point are the next. They belong to Biddison. Messrs. Andy Poplein, M. Tyson, A. and M. Jenkins and their friends extract much sport here, and have been having as good shooting as they could desire this season. It is a splendid shore. Cold Spring is next. Mr. H. Vonderhorst and Frank Kenley formerly shot there. Bowly's Bar is next. It was recently purchased by a syndicate of Baltimore and Eastern sportsmen, who have erected a handsome club house. It is a fair shore and is responsible for the absence of Dr. Delano Fitzgerald from the city during the shooting season. Mr. Gillet Gill is also a member. This shore borders on the river and the bay. Adjoining it on the west and north is Seneca Creek, where the Seneca Duck Club enjoys the season. It is a fair shore. Mr. T. Norris, H. Vanderhorst, Dr. Winslow and other Baltimoreans are members.

The great and famous Carroll's Island is here. It is partly in Seneca Creek, partly in the bay and partly in Gunpowder River. The island has numerous gunning points. Among them are Briar, Lower, Weir, Carroll's and White Oak points. The island comprises about fourteen hundred acres of land, a great deal of it being marsh. A stock club company owns it. The shares are distributed among twenty members. The original price per share was $7,500. It is said a New York gentleman recently offered Mayor Latrobe $10,000 for his share. Mr. James Frick and several other Baltimore gentlemen are members, but the majority are Eastern sportsmen. The club is exclusive. The property was sold for about $34,000 to the club, which has had possession five years, although many of the original members have been sporting there for many years. The island has not been in the last few years up to its standard. The overhead shooting is of the choicest order. Geese are also killed on its shores.

The next shore adjoining to Carroll's Island is "Benjie's," made famous this season by a visit from the President. The shooting there has been first-class this season. The shore is so situated that it furnishes sport whenever ducks are to be had in Maryland waters.

The next points in Salt Peter and Dundee creeks are Marshy and Sandy Point, belonging to Mr. Alexander Brown. They are private grounds. Opposite them on Dundee is Mr. Eugene Levering's shore. Mr. Levering, who has not been in good health for some time, killed eighty-eight ducks one day last week at his shore, and could have killed more had he been able to stand the fatigue.

Persimmon and Marshy points, or Grace's Quarters, are in the Gunpowder and are owned by Mr. Wilmot Johnson, Mr. John Gill, Mr. Fisher and several other Baltimoreans. The shore is the finest, in the opinion of the duckers, in the State. The five shares in the club are said to have been sold for $60,000. It is also one of the finest fishing shores in the State. In the finely appointed club house many celebrities have been entertained by the members. Up the Gunpowder, on the west side, is Wm. McCay's private shore. It is a fair one.

Above McCay's is Hax's shore. It formerly brought $600 rental per season. Whitely and Gaither leased it some years ago. Mr. Peter Hax, a well-known sportsman, was a few years ago found dead in one of the blinds with a number of ducks which he had killed beside him. Attention was attracted to the dead man by the howling of his famous dog Drake, who was in the blind with him. Mr. Hax's death was caused by apoplexy. The shore is still a good one, though the freshets covered up the grass to a great extent. The last place up the river is Porter's, which runs to the bridge. At times there is good toll-shooting there. Above the bridge are Bird River, Harwood Park, Doc. Allison's, and other minor points where shooting is had occasionally.

Opposite Porter's is the San Domingo ducking shore. It has for shooting places Piney and Hog Points, which are guarded by Peter Swanspy, and Canal Point is looked after by John Sweden. San Domingo is the property of Gen. Cadwalader's estate. The shooting privilege rents for over $1,000 a year. There are five or six miles of shore. The club also has a shooting point across in Bush River, at the head of Dove's Cove. The members include Messrs. John Stewart, Weild, Gilmore, Hoffman, and about a dozen other Baltimore gentlemen.

Maxwell's Point ranks with the finest shores in the State. It embraces point, creek, blind and bar shooting. It is guarded by John Lynch. The shore brings to Mr. John Cadwalader, the owner, an income of $2,000 a year. On Maxwell's Point some of the handsomest imported fruit and shade trees grow. The estate was one of the finest in Maryland. The club house is a grand old structure about 80ft. square. The shore is known as "Gunners' Paradise."

Below Maxwell's are Rickett's and Robbin's Points, famous for goose shooting. Robbin's Point is at the mouth of the river, while Rickett's Point is on the bay, opposite Poole's Island. During a south wind it furnishes good goose shooting.

"Lego's Point," which is next, is at the mouth of Bush River on the west side. It was formerly owned by Mr. John S. Gittings. It now belongs to Messrs. W. and H. Hurst. The shore furnishes good all-around shooting. It is a favorite shooting ground for Dr. E. R. Baer, Mr. W. Hurst's father-in-law. It is a valuable shore. Up the west bank of the river are Sandy Point and Briar's Point. They are gunned by clubs. Wilson's Point and Possum's Cove, at the mouth of King's Creek, comprise the Philadelphia Ducking Club's shore. It is a good shore at times. The shores of Taylor's Creek are owned by Messrs. Ed. Bartlett and Thomas Haywood. The Tydings property, which is included in the shore, furnishes general first-class shooting. The shore is about twelve miles long. It is the favorite shore of the many belonging to the owners. Their steam yacht Comfort is a model craft for gunning purposes. The shore of Messrs. Bartlett and Hayward extends to the Bush River bridge, and over on the east side of the river below the bridge is Stockham's shore, which runs from the bridge to Sod Creek. The Chelsea Shore is below Barren Island.

Next comes Old Baltimore, a place which bears the distinction of having been an original site for Baltimore, and on which rest the remains of the distinguished Paca family. The property belongs to Mr. James Richardson, who is an old time duck shooter. He could never be persuaded to rent the shooting privileges of the shore. James Walker's shore is next down the river. Stockham's second shore begins at Walker's line and runs down to the mouth of Redmond's Cove. It is a private shore. In Redmond's Cove is Lemuel Matthews's shore, and adjoining this is Mr. Jay Towner's shore, which runs around into the river, taking in Bar Cove. It is gunned by Chas. K. Harrison, of Pikesville. The balance of the cove and river on the lower side running down to Bush Point, and extending part of the way into South Cove, as far as Monk's Island, is owned by Mr. Middleton. The property formerly belonged to the celebrated sportsman, Jack Sutton, who, together with the late Billy McDonald, killed thousands of canvasbacks at Bush Point. It is still a first-class shore. Adjoining is Abbey Island, the property of Dr. Farnandis. The island is a good place for big fowl, and at times ducks trading down the bay on a south wind furnish shooting. The island is in the bay at the mouth of the river.

Along the bay shore toward the mouth of the Susquehanna are Michael's and Hog Neck shores, where occasionally shooting is had. Abbey Island, as are the shores on the eastern side of Bush River, is accessible by driving over good roads from Perryman's station on the P., W. & B. Railroad. Up the bay from Hog Neck is Quill Nelson's Locust Point Bar, at the mouth of Romney Creek. It is owned by Mr. Wilde, who lives at Red Bank, N. J. Locust Point is a first-class shore for big fowl and ducks. Across Romney Creek is Harry Hyatt's property, Stony Point, which is a good shore. Several of Mr. Hyatt's Baltimore friends shoot there. Taylor's Island is the next shore. It belongs to a syndicate composed of Messrs. Bartlett and Hayward, M. Ould and John Bey. Up the bay shore there are no shooting points of note until Mulberry Point at the mouth of Spesutia Island narrows is reached. It has quite a reputation. Eastern sportsmen gun it. In the Island narrows on the north side are two shooting points, and the southern side is Middleton's shore, and through the narrows into the Susquehanna River is Swann Creek. "Woodpecker," "Oakington," "Davis," "Old Bay" and "Mitchel's shores," which run up the west shore to Havre de Grace. On the east side of the river, at the mouth of Northeast River, is Carpenter's Point, where the crack shot Perry Barnes lives. It is reserved for his individual shooting. On the south is Turkey Point, which is at the lower end of the flats. Between these shores, beginning with Swan Creek on the south, are the celebrated Susquehanna Flats, where sinkboats and sneak or bushwhack boat shooting is practiced.—*Baltimore Sun.*

THE WILDFOWL RANGE.—St. Paul, Minn., Nov. 19.—I inclose you extract from a letter just received from a friend, in which he advances some ideas new to me. As he is an old sportsman they may be worth publishing.—F. A. K. The extract reads: "I have seen the ducks work gradually west, and have kept following them up. At my time of life I can't make many more moves, but think I will try Dakota next. People generally think they will become practically extinct like the pigeons and buffalo; but they never will. I am satisfied there are as many ducks now as there ever were, but hunting them to excess drives them to new routes on their up and down passages. They go further north to breed each year, as civilization advances. I have been a close observer of the habits and characteristics of them, many of which I cannot account for. The one thing that bothers me most is this, why are there three drakes for each duck, particularly among the divers? It is so and has been since I can remember."

INDIANA GAME.—Terre Haute, Ind., Nov. 20.—I see your numerous correspondents write of the abundance of game this season in different parts of the country. Hoosierdom is no exception to the rule. For five years quail have not been so plentiful as this fall, and as for rabbits, "the woods are full of 'em." A good many ducks are killed along the Wabash, and squirrels are found in large numbers in the bluffs and hills west of the city. One party of four returned this evening from a two days' hunt in the vicinity of Cory, this county, bringing in 149 quail and 53 rabbits. Last week Mr. Edwin Seldomridge, editor of the *Argo*, and the writer, bagged 27 quail, 3 pheasants and 7 rabbits in a day's shoot, and neither of us can boast of being good "brush shooters."—H.

ONTARIO DEER AND MOOSE.—I have been a little while with the deer this fall; managed to get two fine bucks. I found moose very plenty all along the line of lakes and rivers in the Muskoka district down as far as Trading Lake; they seem to be driven in from the Mattawa District; weather good the whole ten days and not too cold. —MEDICUS.

OVERLAND FLYERS.—To Washington, Oregon and California, over the Chicago and Northwestern and Union Pacific Railways, Limited fast mail, through sleepers Chicago to Portland in eighty-two hours; Chicago to San Francisco, eighty-five hours. Denver limited, solid vestibuled train Chicago to Denver, thirty-eight hours. Overland express, first-class coaches and colonist sleepers Chicago to Portland. Dining cars on fast mail and Denver limited.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

BIRDS, BEARS AND FISHES.—II.

ONE of the prime requisites for a journey with Alaskan natives is tea, and of this we carried a bountiful supply. During the tramp across the portage from Uyak Bay we halted at noon to give our carriers an opportunity to brew their favorite drink, and on the way up Karluk River the two halves of our party met at a convenient point on the shore and drank tea together. The natives had a simple device for hanging the kettle over the fire whenever low shrubs were available: they cut off part of the top, removed the small branches and hung the kettle filled with water on the end of the shrub, the elasticity of which was sufficient to hold the utensil at the proper elevation from the fire. When the natives furnish tea themselves it is made very weak, quantity of the beverage rating higher in importance than strength. The noonday tea we discovered to form one of the essentials of a happy existence with our helpers, and we never omitted this mode of ministering to their welfare; indeed we soon acquired a decided taste for the innocent stimulant ourselves, and were quite ready to join in the "chipeet" of the country. Hard bread is the necessary accompaniment of tea, and if you add to this a supply of dried salmon, called *ukali*, a little sugar, salt and pepper, some matches and tobacco, you will have furnished enough to satisfy the wants of any party of natives. In the fishing season they will easily catch with their hands or despatch with stones all the salmon they need in the fresh condition. One peculiarity of these people is their improvidence. If they receive a supply of bread, tea and other provisions sufficient to last several days they will generally consume the whole quantity in one day. For this reason I found it necessary to deal out rations day by day and abandon the attempt to teach the natives economy.

The morning of August 18 broke upon us with a persistent fall of rain, which made walking along the lake shore extremely difficult, owing to the presence of decaying vegetation and the residue of last season's dead salmon. The shores for the most part are composed of large rounded boulders, and the effect of the mixture of rain, salmon oil and confervæ can readily be imagined. The lake stretched away to the southward, fading out against a low-lying point and a barrier of undulating mountains. Near the shore the clear water revealed the bottom of boulders and irregular rocks, alternating with occasional areas of clean sand over which salmon in their vivid nuptial colors were hovering, intent upon reproducing their kind. Lurking in nooks and crannies on all sides was that small but vicious enemy and contemporary of the salmon, the fresh-water sculpin with several significant aliases, such as "mullhead," "bullhead" and "miller's thumb." Though always of small size, the pigmy of his family, he is extremely hardy and wonderfully prolific. In Karluk Lake his name is legion and his ravages among the salmon eggs are deplorable. The fame of this little pest as a destroyer of eggs and of young trout and salmon is everywhere notorious among fish breeders and students of the life history of the salmon family. The fish assumes a bewildering variety of forms and is co-extensive in distribution with the trout and salmon.

Notwithstanding the steady downpour, Mr. Booth and I stowed away in the bidarkas a supply of food, our instruments, rifles, blankets and other necessaries, and started on a reconnoissance to the head of the lake. This sheet of water, roughly speaking, is Y-shaped and contains near the middle of its length a group of three small islands. On the south island of this group there is an old barabara, which is used by winter hunting parties, and this was our objective point for the first stage of our journey. Two natives paddled the bidarka for each of us, and we moved along close to the shore at a nearly uniform rate of about four miles an hour. Mak Cem kept up a continual chatter, principally in his own tongue, but the rest were less inclined to talk. We were greatly hampered in our movements by our oil clothes, but our companions were very snug and comfortable in their light kamlaykas, or water-proof shirts made of bear gut, which were securely tied at the wrists and around the hatch of the bidarka. We reached the island about eleven in the forenoon and hurried our belongings into the barabara, where we soon had a welcome fire burning and preparations under way for tea. Presently we discovered that we lacked several necessaries of camp life—salt, sugar, bacon and matches. One meal, a stew, without salt was enough, and a bidarka was sent back to our tent for the missing articles. Mak Cem remained with us and exerted himself to make us as comfortable as possible in our somewhat dilapidated quarters. A few bunches of grass to mend the roof and a scanty supply of wood to dry our wet clothing speedily improved our condition.

About the middle of the afternoon we crossed over to the mainland to get a lot of dry wood from the cottonwood trees, and glance at the tributary lake which communicates with Karluk through a short, rapid and very crooked river. We found the river to be nearly as wide as Karluk River. Salmon, trout and sculpins were abundant. Dead and dying fish were all around, and we were soon made aware that many of the salmon had not died a natural death. Traces of foxes and bears were abundant; these animals had beaten down the grass in many directions and left numerous evidences of recent feasting on fish. The bears had consumed vast quantities of berries also, which appeared to be the common and very showy red elderberry of the region, a species of *Sambucus*. Among the common birds were terns, gulls, magpies, eagles and several kinds of ducks. The gulls included a goodly proportion of kittiwakes in very fine plumage. Magpies were met with frequently in small, noisy colonies, and the eagles were in family groups, generally among the tall cottonwoods. The young eagles were nearly as large as the adults, but not strong in flight, and very easily obtained. The ducks were as shy and difficult of approach as they are near the centers of population. In this little unpremeditated excursion we had with us only one native, and everything progressed favorably enough until a moderate head wind raised a small sea and swell on the lake; then we discovered the unstable nature of our frail canoe in unskillful hands, and wished ourselves safe in the barabara.

We resolved never again to venture out in deep water, and especially the very cold water of such a lake, except in the care of two natives for each bidarka. Lisiansky remarked upon the elasticity of the skin canoe as an objectionable feature to persons unaccustomed to this form of boat, but we were more seriously annoyed by the fear of capsizing. In the event of overturning there would be practically nothing to do but to breathe a prayer and indulge a farewell thought of home and kindred. The position for paddling in the first batch is attended with great discomfort to a beginner, since it compels him to kneel and bring his weight principally on the extended foot, pressing the instep and soon causing a numbness of the extremities. The disposition to rise becomes irresistible, and thus the danger of capsizing is greatly increased. There is a good deal of misplaced confidence about handling a bidarka on the part of white men, and numerous accidents are the result. Sudden immersion in water not many degrees above the freezing point is not a subject for joking, to say nothing about the great risk of being immovably fixed in the bidarka and carried down with it.

The party sent back for supplies returned to us in time for breakfast on the 19th, and we were soon ready to continue our voyage to the head of Karluk Lake. During the run we made the unexpected discovery that our companions knew next to nothing about the names of the prominent headlands, mountains and rivers around us, but were always ready after a little consultation and some half-concealed merriment to give us names manufactured for the occasion. Inasmuch as these natural objects probably have no other nomenclature, we may as well refer to some of them the names evolved out of the lively imaginations of our Kadiakmuts. After we had passed the spot where "Chuck-soo-wah-net," the big mountain of the peninsula between the two arms of the lake, speaks to "Ning-guh-wuck," the smaller long-ridged mountain on the opposite side of the lake, Goolia's sharp eye discovered a grizzly with two cubs crunching salmon near the mouth of "Nettick" River, and you should have seen our swift canoes quiver under the rapid and powerful paddles of the thoroughly excited natives.

"Ta-goo-gack!" "ta-goo-gack!" exclaimed first one and then another, while we substituted the English equivalent, bear! bear! and shared in the general enthusiasm. We were skurrying to leeward of the bears, which none but the trained eyes of the natives could make out, owing to their distance from us. In a very little while we gained the shore and hauled up the bidarkas on the beach. We were not seen by the bears and soon began a nervous and stealthy descent in force, keeping concealed in the tall grass. Slowly we neared the feeding place of the grizzlies, occasionally raising our heads to discover them. Presently about 100yds. ahead of us a huge hairy head appeared above the grass and a clumsy paw was thrown up to steady the sight of the now suspicious beast. A sudden snap of a stick beneath the foot of one of our party alarmed bruin just as some of us were preparing to fire. The shaggy head disappeared and with it our first chance to slay a grizzly on his native shores. T. H. B.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PROTECTION OF FISH A BLESSING.

BY J. LIVINGSTON REESE, D.D.

MANY arguments and reasons have lately been called forth in the public press for the enforcement of the game laws, and for the passage of such bills by the State legislatures as will preserve the game and fish of our forests and streams. Almost all of them are written in the interests of the sportsman who has the time and the means to spend in hunting and fishing, and perhaps for this reason all game laws are thought by some to be intended for the pleasure of a small, though important class of our citizens. No doubt considerable jealousy has grown up on this account on the part of those who are deprived of these pleasures by the necessities of life, or who have no taste for them. And such legislation in some quarters does not touch the popular heart and is difficult to be enforced because it has somewhat the odium of class legislation. And yet there is not a family in the whole community that should not be particularly interested in such legislation, especially in the laws which protect the fish in their spawning season, and which prevent their extermination by the net pirates.

There is no civilized country in the world excepting those countries that stretch their narrow boundaries along the ocean, and whose people draw from it their living as the farmers do from the soil, where the markets are as well supplied with fish and where they are as cheap a diet as in the United States. And this is as true of the fresh-water supply as that which comes from the ocean. Our great inland lakes and our grand rivers furnish food, good, nourishing food, cheap and abundant, such as is given to no other nation of the world. Let any one imagine how restricted the diet of our people would be, if by any great catastrophe this supply should be cut off, or be made so dear as to be only the luxury of the rich. Our fish are now so cheap that the poorest can afford them. But if there were no fish laws and no protection against netters, they would soon become the dearest articles of food in the market. In demanding therefore of the State such adequate protection, we are asking it not for a small and favored class, but for the masses of the people. It is the poor, the working man, who wants fresh fish on Friday, who is especially benefitted by such laws. The angler can always get his fishing somewhere, either on his club preserve or in some remote district, far away from civilization but accessible to men of means, where they can carry their comforts and where they can enjoy their sport unmolested.

But the borders of our great lakes and of most of our rivers and streams are now inhabited by large and ever increasing populations. Among them, of course, men whose sole thought is the gaining of the dollar for to-day, and who give little thought for the morrow. They consider the fish in these streams their natural property. What care they, if in some few years these great bodies of water be stripped of the food that should supply the wants of the people for all time, providing they can gather together by their merciless nets the dollars which wickedly earned are so often wickedly spent. The poacher and the netter have neither conscience nor pity, nor care for the morrow. To let them alone is to rob the poor of the food which the Almighty made for them and made so abundant as to be upon the table of every workingman in the city and in the country. No class of people should be more interested in protecting our waters than the working classes. Let it be understood that if in the spawning season, fish, though at that time not fit for food, are allowed to be caught, and if netters are permitted by their wholesale slaughter to strip our streams, there is but one ending of it. Fresh-water fish will be so scarce that the workingman must restrict himself to his salt codfish and his dried herring. We ask our Fish Commissioners to keep this in mind.

We would rouse the people all over the land to protect themselves in protecting the fish. We tell the Fish Commissioners of the State of New York, and some of them we know personally to be most honorable and high-toned men, to make it their main object to protect and multiply the fish that are found on the tables of the working man. They are not appointed nor paid by the State to stock private ponds nor to protect club waters. Not a fish should be planted in club waters by the State without the payment of every expense incurred. Fish hatcheries and fish protectors and fish commissioners are made and paid by the State, not for the sake of private anglers, but to keep up and replenish the food supply of fish for the millions. Let our Fish Commissioners make it their chief business to protect and replenish our great public streams, the St. Lawrence, the Hudson, the Mohawk and the hundreds of smaller streams accessible to the public without paying for that privilege. If by their efforts they will so multiply the fish in such streams, as to make the supply abundant and cheap, and fishing a means of livelihood for hundreds of honest fishermen, they will make themselves the most popular men in the State, and their work will be cherished and encouraged by thousands of grateful people.

Private lakes and club preserves can and will take care of themselves, but we ask in the name of the poorer people, for our workingmen and our honest artisans, an abundant supply of food fish. The St. Lawrence association of anglers, though it may not know it, has done more for this than it has done for the pleasure of the cottagers and visitors who frequent those lovely waters.

Will the Fish Commissioners of the State of New York bend their energies to this one purpose, and make themselves and their work a blessing to thousands?

ALBANY, N. Y., Nov. 22.

CLUBS AND PRESERVES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of the 7th ult. I see a letter from "R. O. S." on "Fishing Clubs in Canada." In it he exempts Quebec; why, I am not aware, for that province does not hesitate to lease its lakes or any other water by which they can draw a dollar; and I have yet to know or hear of New Brunswick not following suit. There are lakes in both provinces teeming with trout, so far removed from civilization that it is not possible to reach them except in winter by snowshoes—often a journey from thirty to eighty miles. Few visit them except poor Lo, who hauls a hundred pounds of fish on his hand sled, selling them at some station on the I. C. R., or hauling them to the nearest village, where he realizes from eight to ten cents per pound; and as he is now shut out from both moose and caribou this is about his only living for the long winter.

The pretense made by the local governments, who now own all the inland waters, is that it will not answer to exempt any waters from the cast-iron regulation, as it would be a precedent for others to obtain the same privilege. In the good old days, when Charlie Hallock visited our country, not much law was in existence, and what there was, was ignored. But times are now altered, and without some more stringent regulations I confess we would have been without a fish in either lake or river.

For eleven years the Federal Government claimed the right to the inland as well as the tidal and coast fisheries, and they let them at a nominal rental; in fact were almost glad to get clear of them, in order not only to have assistance in protecting them, but to bring them into notoriety. In those days every man was nearly a law unto himself, as far as catching either salmon or trout went, and the rivers were far behind what they are to-day.

Riparian rights being acknowledged, changed things very much. Men of wealth and leisure and fond of sport came, saw and conquered, by buying from those who had the power to sell, and by leasing when they could not buy. Common men, who have to labor for a living, have neither the means, inclination nor ability to undertake the rôle of sportsmen; and as any other mode of capturing fish in lake or river is now forbidden, those parties who regret so much the decay of the old times, when they could use the net and spear at all seasons, must bow to the inevitable, and make the most they can in the way of money out of those into whose possession it has fallen.

Allow me now to give you an item on the salmon fisheries in the Bay of Chaleur. The net-fishermen in the bay and estuary number nearly 500, catching over 1,000,000lbs. of salmon, worth in round figures $100,000. There are some six angling rivers leasing for somewhere near $20,000; some 200 anglers now visit them yearly; at the most moderate calculation they themselves and guides, with canoe, cost $200, giving $40,000. For protection, for five months those lessees and proprietors are bound, not only by the terms of their leases, but in cases of proprietorship for, I may say, self-preservation, to employ over fifty guardians at a cost of $15,000. The erection and maintenance of the buildings, ice houses and the numerous conveniences men of leisure require make up a balance more than equal to the whole net catch; and when it is considered that all this expenditure of money arises from the catching by the anglers of, say, 2,500 salmon (not over), while the netters take 50,000 fish to obtain the same amount of money, I think "R. O. S." must admit that if they get the sport they pay for it, and leave a lot of the "dust" in places where otherwise there would not be a color. JOHN MOWAT.

CAMPBELLTON, N. B., Nov. 14.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am not and never was a member of any club, nor do I have any financial interest in any club or preserve, but I do feel a growing interest in the good work they are doing. Oh, that some club might have been organized twenty years ago to protect and preserve the now nearly extinct buffalo.

From many parts of our country there has been sent up the cry that no club can legally acquire the exclusive right to shoot and fish on any tract of land. Now I would

like to ask those parties if they ever examined one of those common legal documents known as a warranty deed; and if so did they feast their eyes on this clause: "To have and to hold said granted premises with all the privileges and appurtenances thereto belonging to the said grantees and his (or her) heirs, and assigns to him (or her) and his only proper use and benefit forever."

As the laws now stand in this State, any person holding deeds of real estate can prohibit shooting and fishing on his property; but the law does not prohibit him from leasing the right to shoot or fish to any persons that he may choose.

In this State it is lawful to shoot woodcock, ruffed grouse, partridges or quail from the first day of September to the first of January; but in order to do the shooting legally the shooter must either own the land that he shoots on or have the permission of the owner.

It is quite easy for the observing person to see where the cry of illegality originates. It is not with the backwoodsman, but the business men of the cities, who in summer come up into the country with the regulation fishing outfit and a carefully prepared package which is not unwrapped until the fishing ground is reached and the gaudy flies prove a failure. Then the magazine is opened, showing several small dynamite cartridges, which enables the otherwise unsuccessful angler to return to the hotel with a full basket; and after a couple of weeks of such villainous work, he is ready to go into the wilderness and contribute his mite toward making notorious lawbreakers.

Why will business men resort to such means when, with the same amount of money, and often much less, they could become members of some club where legal and honorable sport with the rod and gun would be assured, and not only that, but how much better would he feel to be able to look his friends squarely in the face and tell them how and where he lawfully shot his deer or caught his trout: and last but not least the guide that he now hires to break the law could be employed on the preserve at least a portion of the year, and thus become a game preserver and a useful citizen. R. S. F.

New Hampshire.

WABAN LAKE FISHING.

THE lake about which I write is situated near Wellesley, Mass., and is well known to every one who has seen Wellesley College. It was on a misty and unpromising morning last August that I went fishing in Waban, accompanied by my three neighbors, who may be called for the purpose of this reminiscence Thomas, Richard and Henry. We rose very early and seined a pailful of live minnows in School House Pond. Minnows have been introduced here and have multiplied wonderfully. Before 6 o'clock we were on the ground and ready for sport. Richard and I carried common fishing poles, while Thomas and Henry were equipped with light fly-rods. I regret to say that in this instance the poles beat the fly-rods more than two to one, and we had the bulk of the fun on our side. We took a boat supplied with an anchor at each end and rowed out to a depth of 10 or 15ft., just near the edge of a shoal. This shoal is a long way off from the shore and makes off gradually for a great distance, when the water deepens all at once to about 25ft. On the shoal was a luxuriant growth of lilypads. The ground is a favorite one and has often furnished us with excellent fishing.

When we were ready to begin our trials, Richard said to Thomas as he looked at his little fly-rod, "Humph! what do you expect to catch with that thing?" "I want you to understand, young man, there ain't any fish in this pond big enough to break this rod," and he proceeded to put on a live bait with the air of a conquering crusader. Scarcely had the bait sunk in the water, when Thomas became aware of a tremendous bite and commenced reeling in vigorously, when—snap! went his tip, and he was obliged to haul hand over hand, finally discovering that he had fastened to a huge eel. We all laughed as a matter of course. When the eel neared our boat Thomas exclaimed, "What am I going to do with this thing?" The "thing," however, answered his question very promptly by parting the line along with its owner's company. "Go down below," shouted Thomas, "and tell them what we're doing up here, but don't send any more of your kind." Then said Henry: "Just wait till I get something on and I'll show you how the thing is done." I will relate to you presently how he kept his word.

We were soon on confidential terms with the fish life of the lake and drew up a handsome score of yellow perch, eels, hornpout and pickerel; but the great bass for which this locality is famous gave us a severe letting alone. Even a few chafin, or dace, which my friend Dr. Bean tells me are known also as fall fish (*Semotilus bullaris*), took the live minnow as readily as the perch and other fishes. I have occasionally caught chafin before with live bait, once with a small frog while fishing for black bass. The perch were very fine, some of the big ones weighed fully a pound and were very bright orange in color. The small perch, on the other hand, were green or bluish.

But while we were contentedly caring for our growing creel, trouble was brewing for Henry of the fly-rod. It was announced to me by a rush and a great splash, followed by a deluge of water over my back, and I soon perceived that it was caused by a monster black bass hooked by Henry, who thereupon proceeded to show us "how the thing is done." Almost instantly his rod bent double. The reel clicked and sung. Great was the excitement of Henry. We kindly volunteered to help him, but "this is all right," said he, "just leave it with me," and we subsided. The bass jumped out of water several times and shook his head to get rid of the hook. After a while he was brought so near to the boat that Richard tried to lift him in with his hands. The frightened bass rushed away and Henry, in trying to keep a strain on the line, got it fouled in the reel. He then attempted to clear it and unshipped the reel, dropping it into the water, and the line ran out as the bass frantically sped away. Henry with great difficulty recovered the line and began hauling in again hand over hand. The bass sulked along to within 10 or 12ft. of the boat, just near enough to show us his enormous size, and then, with a mighty breach out of the water, parted the line. Henry stood up with the broken line in his hand, gazing sadly into the vacancy caused by the disappearance of the fish, and deliberately remarked, "Well, I'll be teetotally blank blanked," and this was the way the thing was done. As Henry had the instincts of one of "the finest" and soared above us common mortals, we didn't bubble over with sympathy for his misplaced confidence and cruel disappointment. With Thomas and Henry honors were now easy, and as for the plebians with the poles, they had no mishaps, most of the fish and the cream of the fun.

Washington, D. C. S. F. Denton.

AQUARIA NOTES.

Occasional Observations of the Fishes in the Aquaria of the U. S. Fish Commission.

MIMICRY IN FISHES.

THERE is an interesting little fish—the *Antennarius*—which is a favorite subject for popular illustrated articles; but very few persons have enjoyed the opportunity of observing it in the aquarium, and but little is generally known of it beyond the mere fact of its living and building its nest in the floating *Sargassum* or Gulf weed. Occasional specimens have been taken by the steamer Albatross and transferred to the Wood's Holl Aquaria, where, by reason of their curious form and coloration, they have been sources of great interest to naturalists as well as general visitors. The *Sargassum* is one of the commonest of seaweeds, and may be known when found dry on the sea beach by the little round balls (not bladders) in the axils of the leaves. When alive the plant is of mixed shades of yellow and brown, generally speckled with white, this being caused by the calcareous deposits of low form of life. The fish is of the same colors so mottled as to make it difficult to distinguish from the plant when hiding in it. The fish is also of very curious and un-fishlike shape (to the popular notion), and is covered with tufts of leaflike appearance which add to the similarity. But the oddest characteristic of the fish is the modification of the pectoral fins into handlike organs, which are used like hands and by means of which it climbs about on the *Sargassum*, back downward, with all the agility of a monkey. It is one of the oddest creatures imaginable.

Another queer kind of fish is the batfish, and it is another remarkable example of mimicry. In coloring and markings it is so exact an imitation of coral that it would be almost impossible to distinguish between it and a mass of *Astrangia* if it were resting upon it. In color it changes from dark to light, and *vice versa*, very quickly. Its manner of eating is quite curious. It has a proboscis-like extension of the mouth which it shoots out suddenly and seizes its food. Should it take hold of a worm at one end there would be no further movement of the mouth; in fact, the fish would appear as if chiseled out of stone; but the worm would glide rapidly into the orifice, which would fit closely around it, evidently pulled by some power within. The head of the batfish is crested or tufted and looks very much like that of a cockatoo. Its pectoral fins have the appearance of forelegs and the ventrals that of hindlegs (what would be the knee joints bending back in both cases), and it walks about exactly like a quadruped. These fins are also used in swimming.

Some spring swellfish or burfish were brought from the Gulf of Mexico by the steamer Fish Hawk last spring. They are very odd-looking creatures, covered with hard spines, which, when the fish swells into a round ball by filling itself either with water or air, which it does as a protection against enemies, give it much the general appearance of a giant horse-chestnut in the bur, except in color. It is said by some of the scientific corps of the Albatross that they have seen the burfish rise to the surface of the sea, and filling themselves with air go sailing off before the wind like toy balloons, undoubtedly by that means escaping enemies. It was not known for some time what food would suit them, as they did not seem to have a relish for dead food. They did not appear to enjoy earth worms as most fishes do. One day, however, they were given some fresh-water snails, which they ate with avidity, crunching the snails and extracting the meat with evident enjoyment. This giving the clue they are now fed on small salt-water mussels and snails, varying with marine worms and oysters, and occasionally beef, of which they eat sparingly, but for which they are apparently acquiring a taste.

Wm. P. Seal.

East Indian Game Fish.—A controversy has recently appeared in the Calcutta *Fishing Gazette* as to what is the largest mahseer caught in India on the rod and line, and it appears that a fish weighing 103lbs., caught by the late General Sir Herbert Macpherson in the Ganges near Hardwar, takes the palm among fish caught fairly on rod and line, and not on a night-line or bank runner or any similar contrivance. Mr. Sanderson, in his book, "Thirteen Years Among the Wild Beasts of India," records the capture of one weighing 150lbs., but this was on a 400yds. night-line. There is also a record of an 82-pounder caught at Torbela, some years back, by an officer of the Rifle Brigade, and also of 74, 73, 62 and 61-pounders, caught all fairly on rod and line; but according to our contributor "Shikaree," the general run of mahseer taken in the Ganges and Ramgunga rivers range from 8 to 25lbs.

Restigouche Salmon Culture.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We are pleased to hear this season has resulted favorably for the spawning salmon on the famed Restigouche. We are also pleased to learn that over 3,000,000 salmon ova have been laid down in the hatchery there, double the quantity of any previous year. We understand the river needs all the assistance possible to supplement its stock, owing to the enormous number of nets and the loose manner in which the regulations are carried out. It is to be hoped the river will have the whole proceeds of the hatchery, and that the general Government, which owns the hatchery, will keep the eggs at home and let every tub stand on its own bottom.—Scar.

Clackamas River Salmon Angling.—Portland, Ore.—I have not seen any mention in your columns of the remarkable sport which was had on the Clackamas River last spring, fishing for salmon with a fly. The fish ran from 10 to 36lbs., and it was not unusual to catch twenty per day to the rod. As the river is only two hours' drive from this city, the sport was enjoyed by a great many.—B.

Mr. F. C. Gilchrist, a son of Chas. Gilchrist, of Port Hope, Ont., has been appointed Fishery Inspector for the Northwest Territories. If he does as well for that country as his energetic father has done for Rice Lake, the fishing interests will be well cared for.

Saw Mills, Tanneries, Mine Water and Fish.—Catawissa, Pa.—Our trout streams are rapidly becoming nothing but pleasant memories. A number of small mountain brooks around here contain a few trout, but Fishing Creek is the only good trout stream. During the past few years several large saw mills and a tannery have been erected at the headwaters, and I fear it is but a question of a few years more until the trout will disappear from that stream also. The Susquehanna River, which was once one of the best fishing streams in this country, is fast being depopulated by the mine water, and Catawissa Creek, which fifteen years ago abounded with trout, pike, white chubs, etc., now contains no animal life—not a frog, not a snake, not even a turtle. All this was caused by mine water. It makes me mad every time I take a walk along the creek to think that such a beautiful stream should be so desolate.—C. E. R.

The Castalia Club, of Toledo, O., last winter added to its territory sixty-four acres of meadow land on the Castalia Creek, and made a new stream, which winds through the tract, making sixty zigzags, and at convenient spots spanned by rustic bridges. At a recent meeting of the members at their pretty cottage, a number of trout were transplanted from the old stream to the new; and some of the pools and bends and eddies were given names in honor of the club anglers, as follows: "Bills's Bend," after Capt. G. W. Bills; "Oswald's Pool," after Col. John W. Oswald; "Hasbrook's Annex," after a member from Cleveland; "Waite's Dam," after John Waite; "Brown's Hole," after Clarence Brown; "Spencer's Stretch," after Joe Spencer; "Reed's Eddy," after I. N. Reed.

Menhaden.—Wood's Holl, Mass.—In my letter last week where it read that there had not been seen south of Cape Cod any menhaden, it should have been no young menhaden seen south of Cape Cod, for there were schools of old ones.—Vinal N. Edwards.

Snake Caught on a Hook.—A gentleman of Wellesley, Mass., while fishing for pickerel one day with live frogs for bait caught a water snake.

Seines, Nets of every description. American Net & Twine Co., Mfrs., 34 Commercial st. Boston, or 199 Fulton st., N. Y.—*Adv.*

Fishculture.

ILLINOIS FISH COMMISSION.

THE report of the Board of Illinois Fish Commissioners for the period from Oct. 1, 1886, to Sept. 30, 1888, has recently been published in a very attractive and instructive form. We have already called attention to the method of stocking streams inaugurated by this Commission several years ago, and now adopted for the more extensive regions covered by the operations of the U. S. Fish Commission. The sloughs and holes along the Mississippi River are filled with food fishes during times of high water, and the fish left by the receding waters would perish if they were not removed before the holes dry up. Men are employed in seining the fish and placing them in deep water near at hand or forwarding them to some point for distribution by rail to inland lakes and streams. A small steamboat was used to move a 25ft. barge, which could be converted into a live box capable of holding 4,500 to 6,500 fish, or as many as could be tranported in one of the cars employed in the distribution. Two of the cars belonging to the U. S. Fish Commission were lent to the Illinois Commissioners with the men necessary to handle them, and were in this service from July 15 to Oct. 5. A number of the railroads transported these cars to nearly all parts of the State without charge, and thus made possible a beneficent work which would not have been accomplished otherwise. Black bass, croppies, wall-eyed pike, pickerel, pike, white bass (*Roccus chrysops*), yellow bass (*Roccus interruptus*), rock bass (*Ambloplites rupestris*), ringed perch, spotted catfish, channel catfish, white perch (*Aplodinotus grunniens*), sunfishes and buffalo were among the species rescued and distributed. The increase of native fish from this plan of action is notable. At Quincy, in ten days, over 10,000 fish were taken with rod and line. In early spring fully 500 anglers could have been observed daily about this city, and they were generally successful, strings of 35 to 50 white bass and wall-eyed pike of good size being very common. F. K. Whittemore's pond of about eight acres at Lanesville was stocked in 1882 and 1883 with carp and native fish. In 1887, on account of the dry weather, the pond had to be emptied of fish; but their number and size were so great that the transfer was pronounced impossible. Black bass of 3¾lbs., croppies of 1½lbs., and carp weighing 7lbs. were among the fish removed. This result was obtained in a poud fed by tile and surface drainage.

In the reservoir of the Illinois Central Railroad at Clinton, which was stocked three to three and a half years, 2,000lbs. of fish were taken out at one seine haul. This was a still-water pond, and yet black bass were found weighing 4½lbs. and carp of 14½lbs.

Twenty-six carloads of fish were safely deposited in Illinois streams during the time specified.

The Commissioners engaged in a struggle to secure the introduction of fishways over all obstructions in streams, and with the timely and substantial help of the Fox River Fish and Game Association, they have secured the enforcement of the law regulating this matter. The Association agreed to advance the funds necessary to build fishways when dam owners refused to comply with the law, and receive reimbursement out of sums recovered by prosecution of the offenders. Mr. Geo. B. Cole, a leading member of the Association, visited every dam on Fox River and served notices upon the parties interested. The result of such energetic measures if applied wherever obstructions exist can be readily imagined.

The fish laws do not provide sufficiently for their enforcement and do not clearly define violation, nor specify what kind of nets may be used. In prosecutions the burden of proof rests with the State, and many offenders go free when their guilt is plainly evident.

Ten protective organizations in various parts of the State exert their influence in favor of law and increased distribution.

The Commissioners ask for a car for use in the transportation of fish throughout the State.

The growth of carp in Illinois is remarkable. Mention is made of a 3-year-old fish, 28in. long and weighing 11lbs. The largest one noted was 36in. long and weighed 24½lbs.

The appendix contains a noteworthy report on the animals of the Mississippi Bottoms near Quincy, by H. Garman, assistant in the State Laboratory of Natural History. Prof. Forbes, the director of the laboratory, introduces the report in the following words:

"The investigation of which the present paper is intended to set forth in a general way a few of the results, has for its purpose an exhibit of the animal life of the waters of Illinois as related to fishculture primarily, but also and finally to nature at large. To this end studies have been carried for

ward on the kinds and comparative abundance of animals of every description occurring in the localities and situations selected for examination, at different seasons of the year, and under various conditions as to food, temperature, stage of water, and the like, and as affected by the general system of relations obtaining among the organisms themselves. In reporting these studies we shall not confine ourselves to annotated lists, but expect to enter into the fullest profitable detail with regard to habits, methods of association, and relations of mutual benefit, rivalry or injury, and to show how and to what extent these habits and interactions vary from time to time with changes of condition."

Mr. Garman states briefly the physical characteristics of the localities and of the bodies of water examined and names the chief elements of the fauna. No mammals except raccoons occur in the district investigated. Birds were scarce at the time. Bank swallows are noteworthy because of the number of winged insects destroyed by them. Only one species of snake was found. Turtles were taken in abundance. The snapping turtle and soft shells (*Aspidonectes* spp.) are important for food. Frogs and toads were almost entirely wanting. The fishes are divided into groups represented by creek fishes, pond or slough fishes, and river fishes. The scientific and common names are stated, together with notes on breeding and feeding habits, mode of capture, size and localities where found.

Through the pages of the Commissioners' report are scattered 28 handsome plates of well known food and game fishes of Illinois copied from the "Fishery Industries of the United States." Of these the hickory shad represents the eastern and not the western species.

We hope the Illinois Commissioners will be enabled to carry on their proposed work of propagating the whitefish and enlarge their operations in the Mississippi Bottoms.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Dec. 5 to 7.—First Dog Show of the Continental Kennel Club at Denver, Col. A. L. Weston, Secretary.

Dec. 9 to 14.—Fourth annual show Northern Illinois Poultry and Pet Stock Association, Rockford, Ill. John Teague, Secretary.

Jan. 6 to 11, 1890.—Annual Dog Show of the Michigan State Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Bay City, Mich. W. F. Brace, Secretary.

Jan. 13 to 18, 1890.—First Annual Dog Show of the Georgia Pet Stock and Bench Show Association, at Augusta, Ga. A. H. Vonderleith, Secretary.

Jan. 27 to Feb. 1, 1890.—Dog Show of the Colorado Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Denver, Col.

Feb. 11 to 14, 1890.—Fourteenth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, American Institute Building, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

March 11 to 14, 1890.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Rochester Kennel Club, at Rochester, N. Y. Harry Yates, Secretary.

March 18 to 21, 1890.—Show of the Buffalo Kennel Club, Buffalo, N. Y. A. W. Smith, Secretary.

March 25 to 28, 1890.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Mass. Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

April 1 to 4, 1890.—Sixth Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Dec. 2.—Inaugural Field Trials of the Central Field Trial Club, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Secretary, Mills Building, New York, N. Y.

Dec. 16.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trial Club, at Amory, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Secretary, Marietta, Ga.

Jan. 20, 1890.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club at Bakersfield, Cal. H. H. Briggs, Secretary, 313 Bush street, San Francisco, Cal.

Jan. 27, 1890.—All-Day Field Trials, at West Point, Miss. F. R. Hitchcock, 44 Broadway, New York, Secretary.

Feb. 11, 1890.—Fourth Annual Field Trials of the Texas Field Trial Club, at Marshall, Tex. W. L. Thomas, Secretary.

THE INDIANA FIELD TRIALS.

[*Concluded from Page 352.*]

THE MEMBERS' STAKE.

Judges, P. T. Madison and A. J. Gleason.

ESTHER AND HOOSIER HARRY.

Mr. J. M. Freeman's blue belton bitch Esther (Doncaster—Eudora) and Mr. H. A. Comstock's liver and white pointer dog Hoosier Harry (Devonshire Sam—Gipsy) were put down on the Phillippi in a stubble at 9 o'clock. Harry was the first to find birds, pointing a covey fairly well, although he was not rigid in his points. Esther backed. Both dogs were steady to shot. In a thicket, on the scattered birds, Esther found and pointed a single nicely, Harry not near enough to back. Freeman surprised himself by killing the bird. Esther retrieved nicely, jumping a high fence with the bird in her mouth. Mr. Comstock claimed two or three points, but, although he produced the birds, the dog wavered on his points, and was not rigid. Esther next found and pointed a bevy, and was steady to shot. The dogs were taken up at 10 A. M. and the heat awarded to Esther.

Mr. J. H. Hunter's orange and white bitch Daisy Hunter (Gath's Hope—Daisy F.) had a bye in this series.

Second Series.

ESTHER AND DAISY HUNTER.

This brace was put down in a ragweed field at 10:20. Daisy showed more range and speed than either of the other dogs. Going down by the side of a ditch Daisy stopped, Hunter claimed a point, but no birds were found. After the dogs had gone on the spectators flushed a covey about forty feet behind where Daisy had pointed. The ditch was crossed and the dogs sent after the scattered birds, but nothing was found. The dogs were brought back into stubble, where Esther found and pointed a bevy nicely, Daisy refused to back and was dropped by her handler, Freeman shot and missed; Esther steady to shot. The birds were followed to the woods, where Hunter claimed a point. Daisy stood wagging her tail, and did not point rigidly. Hunter shot and missed; Daisy steady to shot. Moved on, Esther pointed a single, Daisy backed indifferently, both steady to shot. Moved on, Daisy pointed a single nicely, and was backed by Esther; Hunter shot and killed. Daisy was sent to retrieve and flushed two single birds in doing it. She was held to the road for the dead bird with difficulty, and consumed several minutes in finding the bird. After she found the bird she retrieved it very well. Esther next got a point on a single, Daisy refused to back. When the bird was flushed Esther dropped to wing. The dogs were taken up at 11:20, and the heat and first prize, a handsome silver cup, awarded to Esther.

The next brace, Daisy Hunter and Hoosier Harry, were called to run for second honors; Daisy Hunter not appearing at the expiration of twenty minutes, the heat and second prize (Mr. B. Waters's book) were given to Hoosier Harry.

SUMMARY.

BICKNELL, Ind., Nov. 1, 1889.—Members' Stake. Each dog to be handled by owner, a member allowed to enter one dog only, which must be owned by the member ninety days preceding Nov. 1. First, silver cup (the club trophy); second, Mr. B. Waters's book, which was kindly donated by the author.

First Series.

Mr. J. M. Freeman's blue belton setter bitch Esther (Doncaster—Eudora)

beat

Mr. H. A. Comstock's liver and white pointer dog Hoosier Harry (Devonshire Sam—Gipsy).

Mr. J. A. Hunter's orange and white setter bitch Daisy Hunter (Gath's Hope—Daisy F.), *a bye.*

Second Series.

Esther beat Daisy Hunter, and won first.

Third Series.

Hoosier Harry beat Daisy Hunter (absent), and won second.

The All-Aged Setter and All-Aged Pointer stakes were filled with exceptionally fine workers, the work in some of the heats being the best I have ever seen. Especially is this true in the case of the two winners, Dashing Dixie and Ossian. I will speak of the work of the dogs further on. There were more people on the grounds during the trials than I have ever seen at any similar meeting. I noted the following gentlemen in attendance from abroad: Gen. W. B. Shattuc and C. W. Paris, Cincinnati; D. E. Rose, Lawrenceburg, Tenn.; G. R. Howse and W. B. Stafford, Trenton, Tenn.; H. J. Gleason, Alma, Kan.; S. J. McCartney, Forest, O.; P. T. Madison, Royal Robinson, R. P. Daggett, H. A. Comstock, Wm. Kerr, J. H. Kerr, W. G. Griffith, F. W. Samuels, W. B. Allen, Indianapolis; Ed. S. Shultz, Attica; H. A. Foulks, B. Kuhn, Harry Foulks, J. A. Balmer, P. Tindolph, Dr. McDowell, Wm. McAndrew, L. A. Weis, Robt. Glass, Pat Galager, Sam'l Gimble, Eugene Hack, H. J. Hellert, H. Hackman, Hon. Frank Murphy, John Creamer, John Kirk, Ed. Linler, Mr. Ditterman, T. P. Agnew, Dan Atton, Jas. Harris, Vincennes; W. H. Shawhan, Petersburg, Ind.; E. W. Erwin, G. A. Webb, J. B. Stoddard, Koutz, Ind.; W. B. Shepherd, Geo. W. Ballou, Carlisle, Ind.; J. A. Hunter, Sandborn, Ind.; J. H. Hunter, Washington, D. C.; J. W. Patterson, Noblesville, Ind.; C. W. Barker, Majors, Neb.; J. L. Barker, Racine, Wis.; N. B. Nesbit, Chesterville, Miss.; Frank Richards, Stewart, Minn.; B. Waters, C. P. Doer, J. B. Turner, Thos. S. Bell, Chicago; R. B. Morgan, Akron, O.; Geo. W. Ewing, Ft. Wayne, Ind., and many others, who seemed to take a deep interest in the trials. The judging, upon the whole, was good, although I did not agree with the judges in every particular.

Esther, the winner in the Members' Stake, is a blue belton English setter of about fifty pounds weight. She was bred by the late Arnold Burges, and is by Doncaster out of Eudora. She is used by Mr. Freeman as a brood bitch, and his private shooting dog. She is kind and obedient, and makes a nice companion; her puppies will hereafter be greatly sought after, as she is (besides being the winner of first in the Members' Stake) the mother of Lilly Burges, the winner of the Setter Derby.

Hoosier Harry, the winner of second, is a very handsome, large-sized liver and white pointer, and is highly prized by his owner as a companion and private shooting dog.

Lilly Burges, the winner of first prize in the Setter Derby, is a beautiful orange and white bitch, weighing about thirty-eight pounds. She works with a high head and merry tail, has a good nose, and knows how to use it. She displayed wonderful intelligence in her work, and won on her merits; she was ably handled by her breaker, Mr. Frank Richards, who made his initial bow as a handler at this meeting. I bespeak for him a bright future in his chosen profession. Lilly Burges was bred by Mr. J. M. Freeman, of Bicknell, Ind., and sold by him to Mr. P. T. Madison, of Indianapolis, who in turn presented her to his friend, the late Geo. N. Whitely, of Helena, M. T.

Nannie B., the winner of second prize, is a lemon belton of about 38lbs. weight, is very speedy and a good ranger, with the exception of her tail (which is of the foxhound order) she is a stylish little bitch.

Hope's Ray, the winner of third prize, is a handsome black, white and tan dog, weighing about 50lbs.; he has a good nose and is a clipper on single birds, especially in the woods. If his handler succeeds in getting him under thorough control he will be a dangerous dog in future trials.

DOGS IN THE POINTER DERBY.

Pearl's Dot, the winner of first, was rightly placed, as she was by far the best dog in the stake; she is a beautiful animal, liver, white and ticked, works with a high head and a merry tail, and is very stylish on point; if she were trained on she would make it hot for the winner next year.

Thomastone, the second prize winner, is a stylish little liver and white dog, not yet one year old. If Mr. Gleason works him until next year and starts him in the All-Aged Stakes you will hear from him again.

Fancy Free, the third prize winner, is like the others in this stake, she needs work to bring out her merit. Should her owner decide to have her trained on I will expect to see her among the winners next year.

ALL-AGED SETTERS.

Dashing Dixie, the winner of first prize, is a beautiful blue belton English setter weighing about 40lbs., she is a wide and fast ranger, works her ground systematically, and is under perfect control; she is what I term a high class field dog. She was ably handled by Mr. Gleason who knew his dog thoroughly. With the exception of the work done last year by Bohemian Girl, Dashing Dixie has shown better work than any setter that has ever started on this club's grounds; I look upon her work as equal in every respect to that of Bohemian Girl.

King's Mark, the winner of second prize, has often been described in your columns, he is now a much better dog than he was last year, and is a dangerous dog in any company; keep an eye on him.

Maud, the winner of third prize, is a very pleasant bitch, black, white and tan in color, is thoroughly broken, and has a great deal of confidence in her own ability. If she had more range and speed, she would be a good one. She is a little clipper on single birds.

Dan Gladstone, who divided fourth prize, is a beautiful little black, white and tan dog, and is just such a dog as any gentleman would feel proud to own. I can imagine few greater pleasures than a day's shooting over Dan.

Blue Mark, the other fourth prize winner, is a blue belton with much merit, he ranges wide and fast, has a good nose, and hunts in likely places for the birds. If he can be brought to thorough staunchness he will make his mark in future trials.

ALL-AGED POINTERS.

Ossian, the winner of first prize, has often been described, and is well known throughout the country as a winner, having been placed third in the Eastern Derby in 1887, third in the same club's All-Aged Stake in 1888, and second in the Southern trials in 1888. In these trials, as in all his former races, he was handled by his breaker, Mr. D. E. Rose, of Lawrenceburg, Tenn. Ossian displayed wonderful judgment in his work, seeming to know just where to look for birds. In his first heat he did not make a mistake, and scored 100. It was remarked by many that he was by far the best dog started in the trials. One of the judges said, after the trials were over, that he was the best dog that started in either stake, and was the highest-class pointer he had ever seen. Mr. Madison took Ossian home with him, and he will not appear in public trials again, but will be placed in the stud and used by his owner in his private shooting.

Lord Graphic, the winner of second prize, has improved wonderfully in Morgan's hands. If Morgan continues with this dog as he has started, his owner will have no grounds for complaint of his handler.

Bannerman, the winner of third prize, is a nice little black and white dog, has considerable range and speed, and works very nicely on scattered birds. If he were a little more careful in his covey work, he would be much more valuable.

Tamarack, the winner of fourth prize, I look upon as the second best dog in the stake, as far as natural ability goes. He is a very stylish little follow; but is very nervous, and in consequence is unsteady at times to shot and wing. If he can be brought under complete subjection, he will make a dog fit to go with the good ones.

ALL-AGED SETTER STAKE.

Preliminary Series.

The rules require each dog to score 65 per cent. to remain in.

STUBBLE AND BABE GLADSTONE.

Mr. J. D. Sperry's Gordon setter dog Stubble (Malcolm—Dream IV.), handled by S. J. McCartney, and Mr. N. N. Nesbit's lemon and white bitch Babe Gladstone (Paul Gladstone—Bessie A.), were cast off in a ragweed field at 11:05. Stubble pointed a covey within thirty yards of where he was put down; Babe across ravine backed in fine style, McCartney shot and missed, Stubble going very fast got out of sight in another field, Babe roaded and pointed a covey, Stubble coming back was brought around to back, which he did indifferently, Nesbit shot and missed. In another field both dogs pointed, backed and roaded alternately; the field was full of chickens, which the judges decided the dogs were working on; Stubble was seen in high weeds just as a covey flushed therefrom, Babe ran into edge of cornfield, pointed nicely, and was steady to wing. Dogs taken up at 11:35. Both dogs scored. In style they were equal, Babe had the advantage in speed and range.

FRIDAY, NOV. 8.

DAN GLADSTONE AND NOBLE DIDO.

The rain which began falling yesterday at noon had ceased, and the trials were resumed by starting the first brace down. Col. J. W. Renfroe's black, white and tan dog Dan Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue), handled by D. E. Rose, and Gen. W. B. Shattuc's black, white and tan dog Noble Dido (Count Noble—Dido II.), handled by J. B. Stoddard, were put down in a stubble field on the Bunting farm at 8:30. Mr. Madison, having sufficiently recovered from his recent illness, resumed his position as judge in this heat. In nine minutes the judges flushed a covey in the stubble, which went to the woods. The birds were followed, Noble soon pointed a rabbit in a bunch of briers, Dan backed nicely. Being sent on, Noble pointed in or near briers, Dan coming up pointed on the opposite side of the patch, Stoddard shot and killed, Noble retrieved nicely. Moving on, Dan located and pointed a single, Rose shot and missed, Dan steady to shot. Noble pointed in fence corner, Dan backed, no birds were found to the point. Next Noble pointed a single, and dropped to wing. The dogs were taken up at 9, both dogs scoring. In speed and range Noble had the advantage; they were equal in style.

MAUD AND COUNT ERIE.

Mr. Bert Crane's black, white and tan bitch Maud (Dog Whip—Juno II.), handled by N. N. Nesbit, and Mr. W. H. Daley's black, white and tan dog Count Erie (Count Noble—Fannie W.) were put down where last brace finished at 9:05. Count flushed a bevy in fence corner and jumped to catch a bird when they flushed. The birds were followed to thicket, where Maud pointed a single nicely and Count backed; both dogs steady to wing. On side of hill Maud pointed and was slightly unsteady to wing; she pointed again on foot scent, birds flushing wild several yards ahead. Passing on Count pointed and Maud backed; nothing was found to the point; then Maud roaded to a point and was steady to wing. She again pointed a single near a fence; Nesbit shot and killed; Maud retrieved nicely, but was slow in finding the dead bird. The dogs were taken up at 9:51, Maud scoring, Count failing. In speed and range they were equal; in all else Maud was very much superior.

DASHING DIXIE AND KING'S DAN.

Mr. W. G. Peter's blue belton bitch Dashing Dixie (Dashing Dale—Dashing Model), handled by A. J. Gleason, and Mr. G. W. Ewing's black, white and tan dog King's Dan (King Noble—Elsie Belton), handled by W. B. Stafford, were cast off in a clover field at 10:03. The spectators flushed a covey in seven minutes; the birds were followed; Dixie pointed a rabbit; Gleason ordered his dog on, and when she moved, a covey flushed in front of her. They were followed, Dan pointed a single and Dixie backed; Dan broke his point, moved on and flushed the birds. Then Dixie pointed and Dan backed; Gleason shot and killed. When Gleason ordered Dixie to retrieve, Dan rushed in to get the bird, he was brought back by his handler with difficulty; then Dixie went out and retrieved handsomely. Going on Dan flushed a single. The dogs were taken up at 10:40, both scoring. In style, range and speed they were equal, but Dixie had decidedly the best judgment and was better broken.

SAM C. AND DOT BELTON.

Mr. J. I. Case, Jr.'s black, white and tan dog Sam C. (King Noble—Cricket), handled by C. W. Barker, and Mr. Clarence Swanman's blue belton bitch Dot Belton (King Noble—Elsie Belton), handled by Frank Richards, were put down in weed field at 10:52. Going into brush, both dogs pointed foot scent, a single bird flushed wild ahead of the dogs. Dot pointed in fence corner and moved on. Going to another field, Dot false pointed and Sam backed indifferently. Dot then pointed, moved up, roaded, and located a bevy, and was steady to shot. The birds were followed to the woods. Dot made another false point, then she pointed a single, and Sam, instead of backing, moved in ahead and stole the point; Barker shot and killed, Sam retrieved. The dogs were now taken up. After lunch, which lasted thirty minutes, the dogs were put down again. They both pointed where chickens and turkeys had been, and moved on. Sam soon pointed a covey and dropped to shot. They were taken up at 12:09, Sam scoring, while Dot was dropped out. In style, speed and range Sam had the advantage.

KING'S MARK AND BEAUMONT.

Mr. J. I. Case, Jr.'s black and white dog King's Mark (King Noble—Belle Belton), handled by C. W. Barker, and Mr. H. R. Huntington's black, white and tan dog Beaumont (Prince Royal—Nettie), handled by R. B. Morgan, were put down in a stubble field at 12:12. Beau soon pointed and Mark backed; Beau moved on after finding he was mistaken. Mark pointed, Barker shot and killed, Mark retrieved nicely, jumping a high fence with the bird in his mouth. Being sent on in stubble, Beau pointed and moved on; Mark flushed a single and dropped to wing. Going into woods Mark pointed in leaves, Beau backed 30yds. away. Sent on, Beau pointed, Morgan shot and killed, Beau retrieved badly. Beau pointed again near fence, and moved on. The dogs were taken up at 12:50, both dogs scoring. In speed and range they were nearly equal, but Mark was superior in style, both on point and in motion.

BLUE MARK AND NANNIE B.

Mr. Frank Richards's blue belton dog Blue Mark (Gath's Mark—Lufra), handled by owner, and Mr. J. I. Case, Jr.'s lemon belton bitch Nannie B. (King Noble—Queen Vashti) were put down in an apple orchard at 12:55. Going through orchard into stubble, Mark jumped into a fine covey point, Richards shot and killed, Mark was slightly unsteady to shot, but he retrieved nicely; Nannie on the opposite side of the field pointed a covey at the same time. Nannie was

steady to shot; being brought together the dogs were sent away; Nannie soon pointed in or near briers; a rabbit ran out; Mark backed poorly; the dogs next worked on after scattered birds. Nannie first pointed falsely, then pointed a covey, and Mark did the same. Mark now moved up when Richards went in to flush, and refused to stop at command; Richards caught and dropped him. Crossed over fence to weeds where Nannie got two single points and Mark one; Nannie retrieved to Barker's kill. The dogs were taken up at 1:30, both dogs scoring. In style, range and speed they were about equal, except on point, where Mark had a decided advantage.

PRINCE ROYAL H. (A BYE) AND HECTOR.

Mr. Fred H. Kennedy's black and white dog Prince Royal H. (Royal Ranger—Daisy Queen), handled by G. R. Howse, was put down against Hector in an orchard at 1:50. The spectators soon flushed a covey; the birds were followed, Hector pointed, Prince backed indifferently, nothing found to the point. In corner of field Prince flushed a covey, then he pointed a single and was steady to wing. He was taken up at 2:44, failing to score 65 per cent.

First Regular Series.

The drawing for the regular first series brought together as the first brace,

KING'S DAN AND KING'S MARK.

This brace was put down in woods on the Bunting farm at 3:05. Mark went away like a shot, and was seen on a point 200yds. away, in edge of stubble beyond the woods, Dan not being near enough to back; Barker shot and killed, Mark retrieved nicely. Being sent on, Mark pointed again, but nothing was found to the point. Both dogs struck foot scent of birds, and roaded and pointed alternately, but the birds had flown before the dogs arrived. They were ordered into the thicket after scattered birds, where Dan flushed a single, Mark pointed in thicket by side of ditch, nothing found to the point; they were now taken to the woods pasture on the Horn farm, where Dan pointed a covey; Mark backed, Stafford shot and missed, both dogs steady to shot. Dan then pointed and moved one, Mark pointed; Dan coming up refused to back, both dogs roaded and pointed alternately, Mark located and pointed staunchly, and was steady to shot. They were taken up at 3:49, and the heat given to King's Mark, who was superior in style, speed and range, and was very much the better broken.

DAN GLADSTONE AND BABE GLADSTONE.

This brace was put down in woods pasture where last brace finished, at 4:03. Babe bolted, and was gone for 30m.; she was at last found in a cornfield and brought back, and the dogs sent on. Babe soon pointed a single, Dan backed, Nesbit killed, and Babe retrieved; then she pointed again and was steady to wing. Dan then pointed a single; Babe backed a moment then moved on, Rose shot, Dan was slightly unsteady to shot. Passing into stubble on the Phillippi farm, Dan pointed, Rose shot and missed; a dead bird was thrown for Dan to retrieve, which he did fairly well. The dogs were taken up at 5:00, and the heat given to Dan Gladstone. In speed and range Babe had the call, but in obedience and training, Dan had a decided advantge. If Babe could be cured of her bolting she would be a dangerous competitor.

SATURDAY, NOV. 9.

NOBLE DIDO AND BEAUMONT.

Rain prevented going to the fields until after dinner, when it cleared away somewhat, and this brace was put down in a stubble field on the Bunting farm at 1:13. Noble pointed in briers after passing through the stubble, and Beau backed; both dogs moved on and began roading, but neither could locate. Going to orchard on hill, Beau pointed and moved on, Noble scoring a point on a rabbit. Passing out of orchard to stubble, Noble pointed in fence corner and moved on. Going up a hill the handler flushed a covey, Noble got another rabbit point and Beau backed. Going on into another stubble, Beau found and pointed a covey nicely, Noble backed, Morgan shot and killed, and Beau retrieved. Going into another stubble, Beau found and pointed another covey and retrieved a bird to Morgan's kill. The dogs were taken up at 2:26, and the heat given to Beaumont. In speed and range Noble had the call, and had he not been inclined to false point and had been favored with luck in finding birds, the decision might have been different.

MAUD AND STUBBLE.

This brace was put down in stubble where last brace finished, at 2:35. Stubble was the first to find; he located and pointed a covey nicely; Maud coming up, caught scent of the birds just as she saw the dog pointing, and pointed herself. McCartney shot and killed; Maud was slightly unsteady to shot; Stubble retrieved nicely. Maud then soon pointed a single in heavy grass, but when Nesbit went in to flush, she left her position and moved after her handler; they together flushed the bird; Nesbit shot and killed, Maud retrieved. In this point Stubble refused to back, and was dropped; Maud then pointed a rabbit. Going into woods, Maud pointed a single and retrieved to Nesbit's kill. Stubble then pointed a covey and was very unsteady to shot. Passing into stubble field, Stubble flushed a covey that Maud was roading near a fence; Maud dropped to a point just as the birds flushed. Stubble deliberately walked into this covey. The birds were followed to the woods, but could not be found. Going into an orchard on the top of a hill, Stubble flushed a single, and Maud roaded and located a bevy and was steady to wing. The dogs were taken up at 4:03, and the heat given to Maud. In style, speed and range they were about equal.

SAM C. AND DASHING DIXIE.

This brace was put down in a pasture on the Bunting farm at 4:18. Going into stubble, Dixie pointed twice where quail had roosted; Sam backed one of these points indifferently. The dogs were taken us at 4:30, to be put down again Monday morning.

MONDAY, NOV. 11.

The running of this brace was resumed at 8:14. The dogs were cast off in a stubble field on the E. Horn farm. Sam going down a path near a fence pointed; before Barker could get to him he broke his point and ran into a covey. Going into another stubble Dixie took a wide cast to the left and pointed a covey. Gleason going to his dog flushed the covey, which was lying between him and his dog; Dixie was steady to wing. While Dixie was on his point Sam flushed a covey going up wind; the dogs were sent after the scattered birds; Sam made another flush, Dixie scoring a point on a single, which she retrieved nicely to Gleason's kill. The dogs were taken up at 8:53 and the heat awarded to Dashing Dixie. Sam had the greater speed and range, but Dixie was far superior in style, obedience and bird sense.

NANNIE B. AND BLUE MARK.

This brace was put down at 9 o'clock in stubble where last brace finished. Going into another stubble Nannie flushed a single and chased it several yards. Mark pointed a covey and retrieved nicely to Richards's kill. Being sent on both dogs pointed a covey; Barker shot and Nannie retrieved the bird well. Sent on Nannie pointed again, but the birds flushed before the judges got up. She soon pointed again, moved up and pointed; Barker ordered her on; she was undoubtedly pointing foot scent. Mark pointed, moved on, roading, the bird flushed wild 10yds. ahead. Being sent in by Richards he soon located and pointed a covey nicely. The dogs were taken up at 9:30 and the heat given to Mark. In speed and range they were equal, but Mark had the call in style and bird sense.

Second Series.

KING'S MARK AND DAN GLADSTONE.

This brace was put down in stubble field on west end of Horn farm at 9:48. Mark dropped to a point, soon discovered his mistake and moved on. Passing into woods Dan made game, but could not locate it. Mark coming up pointed and Dan backed, both steady to wing. Going across the fence Mark pointed and Dan backed nicely; Barker failed to flush his bird. They were sent on, and both handlers called point at same time; a single bird was flushed in front of the dogs. In briers Rose flushed a covey before he saw his dog on the point. Going on Dan pointed, and birds flushed wild almost instantly. Going on both dogs got a single point; Mark retrieved to Barker's kill; Rose shot and missed. Being sent on Mark pointed, the bird flushing wild behind him; then Dan pointed and Mark backed; several birds were flushed, both dogs were steady. Then Mark pointed and Dan backed poorly. Going on Rose walked into a covey; Mark pointed, Barker failed to flush. Sent on Mark pointed again, but nothing was found. Further on Mark pointed a covey nicely and won. The dogs were taken up at 10:34. In range Mark had the advantage, but Dan was the best in style and obedience.

BEAUMONT AND MAUD.

This brace was put down in a stubble field at 10:36. Maud soon pointed, Beaumont backed indifferently; the point proved a false one. Beaumont then pointed and moved on. A covey was seen to flush from a cornfield, Beaumont came out of the corn, but whether he flushed or not could not be determined. Going into stubble Beaumont pointed and Maud backed; Beaumont moved on; both dogs began roading, but could not locate anything. Passing into woods Beaumont pointed in briers and dropped to shot. Going on both dogs pointed at the same time, nothing was found to the point; then Maud pointed a single and retrieved nicely to Nesbit's kill. Then Beaumont pointed. When Morgan went in to flush, Beaumont broke his point, rushed in and flushed the bird. Morgan shot and missed. Maud backed this point nicely. The dogs were taken up at 11:16 and Maud was awarded the heat. In range and speed Beaumont was the better, but in style, obedience and bird sense Maud was far superior. An adjournment was taken for lunch.

BLUE MARK AND DASHING DIXIE.

This brace was put down in a clover stubble at 12:30. Mark soon pointed covey in fence corner, and was steady to shot, Dixie not near enough to back. The birds were followed. Dixie was first to point a single, Gleason shot and killed, Dixie retrieved nicely. Then she pointed another single and was steady to wing. She again pointed a single, and was steady to wing. Dixie then pointed in a ditch; the birds flushing almost instantly. Mark then pointed a single in the briers. Just as the bird flushed crossing the fence, Dixie pointed a single, then she scored two single flushes going down wind; the birds were followed to woods, where Mark pointed three or four birds in a brush pile, and was backed by Dixie; Richards shot and killed, the bird falling across the fence; Mark was not requested to retrieve, but he did so when, with his handler, he crossed the fence. Passing through thicket Dixie stopped in briers just as a single flushed; this was considered an excusable flush. Crossing a stubble a covey was seen to flush across and near a fence in the briers. At this instant Gleason called point. When the judges got up Dixie was standing with her head turned around almost to her tail, pointing, Mack was backing; Gleason flushed a covey which was behind his dog. There were undoubtedly two coveys here, one on each side of the fence, and Dixie was clearly entitled to a point on the covey which Gleason flushed. Both dogs were steady to wing. The dogs were sent on a circuitous route in order to give them the benefit of the wind. In going Dixie took a short cast to the right and pointed in a fence corner, Mark was slightly unsteady in his back, Gleason shot and missed, both dogs were steady to shot. The dogs were taken up at 1:23, and the heat given to Dashing Dixie.

Third Series.

KING'S MARK AND MAUD.

This brace was put down in stubble where last brace finished, at 1:37, and was judged by Robinson and Madison. Dashing Dixie having the bye, was put down at same time with Dan Gladstone, and was judged by Judge Freeman, who reports that she ran a brilliant heat, not making an error. The rules require the bye dog to run a side heat for the same length of time that the dog does against whom she will come against in the next series. Maud pointed a covey in a brush pile, Mark backed; the birds were followed along a ditch, where Mark pointed a single; he next pointed on side of hill, Maud backed, nothing was found. Then Maud pointed a rabbit and Mark backed. The dogs were now taken across a barren field and put down in a stubble. A covey flushed near a stump, Nesbit claimed a point, but the judges were not near enough to see. Further on Mark pointed a covey near a fence, and retrieved nicely to Barker's kill. The dogs were sent into the woods after the scattered birds. Maud pointed a single and was steady to wing, then she pointed another and retrieved nicely; Mark was slightly unsteady to back. Maud pointed and moved on; Mark flushed a single, then false pointed; Maud pointed; Mark coming up forced ahead and pointed; both steady to wing. Then Mark pointed and moved on. Soon after he pointed a single nicely, and Maud backed; then Mark flushed three birds and dropped to wing; he then pointed in close proximity to Judge Robinson, who stepped aside, and the bird flushed. He again pointed a single and was steady. Mark then false pointed, and Maud did the same. Maud then pointed a rabbit and Mark backed. A covey flushed wild, which Mark had been roading, and settled on hillside. Mark crossing the ravine, pointed the covey staunchly and won. They were taken up at 3:08. In range and speed Mark was superior, but in style and obedience Maud had the advantage.

Fourth Series.

KING'S MARK AND DASHING DIXIE.

The rules say no dog shall be compelled to run three successive heats the same day without the consent of its handler. Mr. Gleason waived his right in this matter, and started his dog. By doing so he exhibited his wisdom, as Dashing Dixie showed up in fine form, while King's Mark was very weary.

The dogs were put down in a stubble on the Horn farm at 3:50, and had not gone over 75yds. when Dixie wheeled into a beautiful point on a covey; Mark cut in across her and pointed a single outlying bird of the covey; Dixie retrieved to Gleason's kill. Being sent on Mark pointed, moved up and located a covey; Dixie coming up on the side, pointed an outlying bird of this covey; Mark retrieved the dead bird nicely. The birds, scattered in an open stubble with very little cover, the dogs were sent in after them, and Dixie soon pointed. Gleason failed to flush, but King's Mark coming up flushed the bird and jumped to catch it when it flew. Dixie then pointed a single in fence corner, and was steady. Mark then pointed a single and was handsomely backed by Dixie, then Dixie pointed a single near the fence; Gleason flushed the bird, which flew toward Judge Freeman, who killed it with his hand. The dogs were taken up at 4:18, and the heat and first money given to Dashing Dixie. In range, speed, style, nose and bird sense as shown in this heat, Dixie was superior. This ended the running of the All-Aged Setter Stakes.

SUMMARY.

Preliminary Series—The rules require each dog to score 65 per cent. to remain in.

BICKNELL, Ind., Nov. 11.—Indiana Kennel Club's All-Aged Setter Stake; open to all setters that have never won first prize in any All-Aged Stake in any recognized field trial in the world; $10 to enter and $15 to start. After deducting expenses 40 per cent. to first, 30 per cent. to second, 20 per cent. to third, and 10 per cent. to fourth; closed Oct. 1 with 29 nominations.

Mr. N. B. Nesbit's lemon and white bitch Babe Gladstone (Paul Gladstone—Bessie A.) and Mr. J. D. Sperry's Gordon setter dog Stubble (Malcolm—Dream IV.). Both scored.

Gen. W. B. Shattuc's black, white and tan dog Noble Dido (Count Noble—Dido II.). and Col. J. W. Renfroe's black, white and tan dog Dan Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue). Both scored.

Mr. Bert Crane's black, white and tan bitch Maud (Dog Whip—Harrison's Juno II.) and Mr. W. H. Daley's black, white and tan dog Count Eric. Maud scored, Count Eric failed.

Mr. W. G. Peter's black and white bitch Dashing Dixie (Dashing Dale—Dashing Model) and Mr. Geo. W. Ewing's black, white and tan dog King's Dan. Both scored.

Mr. J. I. Case, Jr.'s black, white and tan dog Sam C. (King Noble—Cricket) and Mr. C. Swanman's blue belton bitch Dot Belton (King Noble—Bessie Belton). Sam scored, Dot Belton failed.

Mr. J. I. Case, Jr.'s black and white dog King's Mark (King Noble—Belle Belton) and Mr. W. R. Huntington's black, white and tan dog Beaumont (Prince Royal—Nettie). Both scored.

Mr. Frank Richards's blue belton dog Blue Mark (Gath's Mark—Lufra) and Mr. J. I. Case, Jr.'s lemon belton bitch Nannie B. (King Noble—Queen Vashti). Both scored.

Mr. Fred H. Kennedy's black and white dog Prince Royal H. a bye (Prince Royal—Daisy Queen). Failed to score.

The judges then announced the winners. Dashing Dixie first, King Mark second, Maud third, Blue Mark and Dan Gladstone divided fourth.

This finished the running for the day.

TUESDAY, NOV. 12.

THE ALL-AGED POINTER STAKE.

Mr. P. T. Madison having a dog in this stake, Mr. A. J. Gleason was selected to act as judge with Mr. Robinson and Mr. Freeman. The drawing brought forth nine starters out of fourteen nominations.

TOPSY W. AND BANNERMAN.

Dr. J. E. Link's black pointer bitch Topsy W. (Sweep—Lady Pape), handled by W. B Stafford, and Mr. C. E. Michel's black and white dog Bannerman (Osborn Ale—Keswick), were put down in a rag weed field on the Phillippi farm at 7:56. This field being drawn blank, they were sent through a woods to a stubble on the north side of the railroad. In the corner of this field Topsy pointed, moved on, roading and pottering on a piece of ground not over 30ft. square, for fully five minutes, without locating anything. Bannerman had made a cast to the north side of the field where he made game, and in roading he flushed a covey which went to the woods; the dogs were sent into the woods after the scattered birds, Bannerman pointed and moved on, both dogs passed by birds without pointing, that were afterward flushed by the spectators; considerable time was spent in this woods before a point was established, Bannerman at last pointed a single and was backed by Topsy; Nesbit shot and missed; the dogs were steady to shot. Bannerman then pointed again and was steady to wing, then he false pointed, and was backed by Topsy; then he pointed another single, and was unsteady to wing. Topsy then false pointed, and the dogs were taken up at 8:59, Bannerman had some style, speed and range, Topsy had neither.

RODMAN AND TAMARACK.

Mr. W. B. Allen's liver and white dog Rodman (Rod—Belle), handled by W. B. Stafford, and Mr. Frank Billings's liver and white dog Tamarack (Tam O'Shanter—Croxteth Rival Queen), handled by J. B. Stoddard, were put down in a stubble at 9:26, which was drawn blank. Passing into woods pasture on the Horn farm, Rod pointed and Tam backed. Rod moved on after finding his mistake. Going into stubble, both dogs made game; Rod located and was unsteady to shot; Tam at the same time pointed, but nothing was found to the point; Rod retrieved to Stafford's kill, but was very slow in doing so. The scattered birds were followed; Tam soon pointed, but when Stoddard went in to flush, Tam broke his point and followed his handler; nothing was found to the point. While Stoddard was doing this, Rod swung into the left and pointed a covey, which flushed wild. Then Tam pointed and Rod refused to back, ran in and flushed two birds. Going into woods after scattered birds, Rod pointed and Tam backed. Both dogs moved up, and began roading and pointing alternately until they flushed the birds. Going on, both dogs passed by birds which they should have pointed. Near a brier patch Tam pointed and Rod backed indifferently; the point proved false. Further on Tam pointed in briers; Stoddard shot and missed. They were taken up at 10:13, both scoring. In style on point and in motion Tam was superior. In range and speed they were about equal.

ROD'S GAL AND OSSIAN.

Dr. John E. Link's liver and white bitch Rod's Gal (Rod—Juno) handled by W. B. Stafford, and Mr. P. T. Madison's liver and white dog Ossian (Croxteth—Amine) handled by D. E. Rose, were put down in stubble on the Bunting farm at 10:24, which was drawn blank. Passed through woods pasture to stubble on the Horn farm, Ossian ranging wide and fast, found and pointed a covey in corner of the field, Rose shot and killed. When Ossian was sent to retrieve, he found and brought in the bird tenderly. The birds having gone to the corn they were not followed. The remainder of the stubble was drawn blank. The dogs were now taken up, and a cornfield passed before the dogs were again sent on. Arriving at a stubble which adjoined a cornfield on the west, the dogs were put down in the south end of the field, the wind at this time was coming from the southwest. As soon as the dogs were told to go, Ossian went away like a shot, running close to the corn, evidently intending to go to the north end of the stubble, and work back against the wind; he had not gone over 75yds. when he caught the scent of a covey to his left in the stubble. He had probably gone past the birds 20ft. before he got the scent, he was in air at the time, and before he struck the ground he had turned completely around and alighted with his nose to the birds. He was going with such force, that when he struck the ground he slid backward at least 4ft., tearing up the ground with his toenails. He stood perfectly rigid until after the birds had been flushed by Rose, and he was told to go on. After he had gone on, the spectators examined the spot where he had alighted on his point, and the earth looked as if a gardner had been at work there with a rake. Going into oak woods after scattered birds, Rod's Gal pointed two birds in briers, Ossian backed staunchly, 75yds away. Sent on, Ossian going across wind jumped into another of his stylish points; Rod's Gal refused to back, went in and flushed the bird, Ossian dropping to wing. Ossian's work in this heat was the finest ever seen on the club's grounds. Up at 11:25. Both dogs scored.

REXIMUS AND LORD GRAPHIC.

Mr. W. B. Stafford's liver and white dog Reximus (Mainspring—Dell) handled by owner, and Dr. J. R. Daniel's liver and white dog Lord Graphic (Graphic—Daphne) handled by R. B. Morgan, were cast off in a stubble at 11:38. Reximus

flushed a covey in corner of the field at 11:47. The dogs were sent after the scattered birds; Rex flushed a single, Graphic pointed a single and dropped to shot. Passing on Rex pointed a single and was backed by Graphic, Stafford shot and killed, Rex retrieved poorly. Sent on Graphic pointed near a straw stack; Morgan failed to flush. Going back into stubble Graphic pointed a single nicely and was backed by Rex. When Morgan shot Rex broke shot, but was brought back by command of Stafford. Graphic was then sent to retrieve the bird, which he did nicely. Going on in stubble Graphic flushed a single which he should have pointed. The dogs were taken up at 12:17, Graphic scoring, Rex failing. In style, speed and range Graphic was superior.

RANK (A BYE) AND TOPSY W.

Mr. W. B. Stafford's black dog Rank (Manimus—Lady Pope), handled by owner, was put down in stubble with Topsy W., also handled by Stafford, to run a heat. At 1:11, not finding any birds in this field, they were taken to the stubble at the west end of the Horn farm and started again. The spectators flushed a covey, which went to the woods and corn. In going to woods after scattered birds Rank pointed a covey in fence corner. When Stafford went in to flush the birds Rank left his point, went in and flushed; Stafford shot and killed, the bird falling across the fence; Rank retrieved fairly well. Passing on Topsy pointed covey near the woods; both dogs dropped to shot at command, Topsy retrieved badly. Going to woods Topsy flushed a single, Rank did the same. Then Topsy pointed, Rank refused to back, went in and flushed the bird. Taken up at 2:43, Rank failing to score. He had some range and speed, but very little sense.

First Regular Series.

RODMAN AND BANNERMAN.

This brace was put down in stubble at 3:10. Both dogs ran into and flushed a covey that they should have pointed. Bannerman next pointed a single in fence corner, and Rod backed. Nothing was found to the point. Moving on, Bannerman pointed a single, and was steady to wing. Rod pointed a rabbit. The dogs were taken up at 3:25 and the heat given to Bannerman. In range and speed they were equal, but in style, in motion, and on point Bannerman had the call, he was also superior in nose and obedience.

LORD GRAPHIC AND TAMARACK.

This brace was put down in stubble on the east end of the Horn farm 3:42. Tam found and pointed a covey in fence corner near a thicket, Graphic backed poorly. In the thicket each dog flushed a single, Tam very unsteady to wing. Going on both handlers claimed point, but before the handlers could flush, the dogs moved on. Then Graphic false pointed. Going back into weed field, which was crossed without anything being found therein, Tam jumped the fence and a covey flushed ahead of him and went to the woods. The dogs were sent into the woods after the scattered birds, both dogs pointed at same time; the birds were running and the dogs moved on. Tam located and pointed a single, Graphic not up to back, Stoddard shot and killed the bird, which fell over the fence. Tam retrieved well. While Tam was retrieving, Morgan let Graphic go over the fence, where he pointed a single. Morgan shot and killed. Graphic, after considerable searching, in which he was ably assisted by Morgan, retrieved the bird. On in woods Graphic ran into the main part of the covey and flushed them, but dropped to wing. Being sent on Tam pointed a single. On again he pointed in a fallen tree top, Graphic slipped in ahead and stole the point. The bird flushed, Graphic moved up a few feet, and Morgan claimed a point. Morgan shot and killed, Tam saw the bird fluttering in the leaves about twenty-five yards away, broke in, and ran to the bird, but returned without it after being commanded to come back by his handler; Graphic then was sent on and he retrieved fairly well. On over the field Graphic pointed a single, which was flushed by Morgan. Graphic was steady to wing. Further on Tam pointed a moment before the bird flushed. Sent on, Graphic false pointed. On again, both handlers called point on same bird, the judges instructed Morgan to flush the bird, which he did. The dogs were taken up at 4:13, and the heat given to Lord Graphic. I cannot agree exactly with the judges in this decision. I think the dogs should have been run longer. Tam's unsteadiness and breaking shot is in my opinion offset by Graphic's point stealing and false pointing. In speed and range they were about equal. In style Tamarack was decidedly his superior.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 13.

OSSIAN AND ROD'S GAL.

This brace was put down in the woods on the Bunting farm at 8:20. Passing into stubble, Gal flushed three birds up wind and dropped. Ossian pointed on foot scent, moved on, roading a running bird. The bird flushed wild 30ft. ahead. Passing on, Ossian pointed a rabbit, which Gal chased when it ran; she, however, stopped to command. In edge of corn Ossian pointed and began roading the birds into the corn; he was called back, as it was impossible to see his work in such cover. Both dogs pointed at edge of corn at same time, and moved on, Ossian made game and roaded a single running bird into bare ground, where it flushed wild. Drawing blank two other fields, the dogs were sent into another field, where the spectators flushed a covey which went to the woods. The birds were followed. Ossian pointed where the birds were seen to drop, moved up, and roaded to a point near a bunch of briers. Two birds were flushed by Rose to the point. Rose shot and missed. Ossian steady to shot. The dogs were taken up at 9:35 and the heat given to Ossian, who ranged fast and wide, and hunted industriously. The condition of the grounds and weather prevented further running, and the judges placed the dogs on the work already done, as follows: Ossian first, Lord Graphic second, Bannerman third, Tamarack fourth.

Thus ended the third annual field trials of the Indiana Kennel Club, which has in many respects been the most successful meeting held by the club.

SUMMARY.

BICKNELL, Ind., Nov. 13.—Indiana Kennel Club's All-Aged Pointer Stake; open to all pointers that have never won a first prize in any All-Aged Stake in any recognized field trials in the world; $10 to enter and $15 to start. Sweepstakes purse. After deducting expenses, 40 per cent. to first, 30 per cent. to second, 20 per cent. to third and 10 per cent. to fourth. Closed Oct. 1 with fourteen entries.

Preliminary Series.—The rules require each dog to score 65 per cent. to remain in.

Dr. Jno. E. Link's black bitch Topsy W. (Sweep—Lady Pape). Failed to score.

Mr. Chas. E. Michel's black and white dog Bannerman (Osborn Ale—Keswick). Scored.

Mr. W. B. Allen's liver and white dog Rodman (Rod—Belle). Scored.

Mr. Frank Billings's liver and white dog Tamarack (Tam O'Shanter—Croxteth's Rival Queen). Scored.

Dr. John E. Link's liver and white bitch Rod's Gal (Rod—Juno). Scored.

Mr. P. T. Madison's liver and white dog Ossian (Croxteth—Amine). Scored.

Mr. W. B. Stafford's liver and white dog Reximus (Mainspring—Dell). Failed to score.

Dr. Jno. R. Daniels's liver and white dog Lord Graphic (Graphic—Daphne). Scored.

Mr. W. B. Stafford's black dog Rank (Manimus—Lady Pape). Failed to score.

First Regular Series.

Bannerman beat Rodman.
Lord Graphic beat Tamarack.
Ossian beat Rod's Gal.

The judges then placed the dogs: Ossian first, Lord Graphic second, Bannerman third, Tamarack fourth.

RICHMOND.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.

THE DERBY.

THE weather on Monday was rather unpromising. It rained on Sunday, and the storm had not fully cleared off. The air was raw, the clouds looked cold, and a chilly breeze was blowing from the northwest. The ground was full of water, making the traveling very bad, and the scent during the morning appeared to be poor, but it improved and plenty of birds were found. As a whole the work of the dogs was good and would compare favorably with that of previous years. Messrs. H. B. Duryea, Pierre Lorillard, Jr., and Wm. Tallman judged the stake. Starting from the hotel we drove about one mile to the well-known Glass house, and the first brace were put down in a cornfield at 8:50, Beppo IV. and Flint, both pointers. They did not add to the reputation of the short-haired breed, and at the end of the allotted 45 minutes no work had been done, and they were ordered up and out of the stake for want of merit. The verdict just about covered the ground, and it is unnecessary to go into particulars.

The next brace, Annie F. and the celebrated winner in three foreign countries, Trip of Kippen, made a better showing, although neither exhibited extraordinary speed or range nor anything very wonderful in the way of hunting qualities. Annie is a sweet little bitch, a merry worker, and, taken altogether, is quite a promising puppy. She was not in good form as she had not fully recovered from a spell of sickness. Trip was a disappointment to us. Perhaps we expected too much of him, but his reputation as a winner abroad led us to think that he must be a wonder, but he showed up just as a good fair dog, not fast nor a wide ranger, but with apparently a fair nose, and with more experience he would undoubtedly make a very good working dog; he has no tail action and does not work systematically. In speed and range there was not much difference between them, in way of going and style when on game Annie had the advantage, she also outworked him and showed more bird sense and won the heat.

The next brace, Harry C. and Fannie M., ran a very good heat. Harry is a well-formed, upstanding dog with quite a turn of speed; he runs a bit heavy but shows up well when on game. Fanny is a cobby-built pretty little bitch, quite speedy, a wide ranger, and for her age she shows considerable bird sense. Both pointed and backed nicely and both did very creditable work. Fannie M. won the heat. She is the wider ranger and had the legs of Harry somewhat, although she let down toward the finish, while the long stride of Harry was still carrying him over the ground at a good rate. Fannie also showed the most bird sense.

The next brace, Letty Lynn and Bessie M., also ran a very good heat. Letty is a heavily-marked black, white and tan bitch, well formed, with excellent legs and feet, and with no serious faults in her make-up; she is fast, a wide ranger and shows considerable style. Bessie is also a well-made, taking-looking bitch, an easy mover and she is also stylish. At the start they were about equal in pace and range, but Letty lasted the longer, and before the finish she was working outside and going nearly as well as when she started, while Bessie had let down somewhat. There was not much of a margin, but still we thought Letty fully entitled to her win, as she stayed better, had the better style and was not out-worked.

After the finish of this heat we went to lunch at the Holton school house. At 2 o'clock a start was made, and a few minutes later Sam C. and Rip Rap were put down in the sedge grass. Sam is rather a loosely-put-together dog, above medium in size, fairly fast, but not a graceful mover, as he buck-jumps occasionally. He had a little the best of it among scattered birds, but in other respects he was not up to the pointer. Rip Rap is a fine-looking, up-standing dog, with good head, shoulders, chest, back and loin, and splendid legs and feet. He is quite fast, an easy mover, wide ranger, is stylish when going and on point. Take him all round, he is the best pointer that has shown up for a long time, and does credit to his handler. He won well, having the best of it in pace, range and style, and was not much behind his competitor in work among the birds.

Samoa and Rowdy Rod were next put down in a cornfield on Col. Holton's farm. Samoa is a nicely-made, smooth-looking pointer, fast and stylish, and he ranges well. He is inclined to rake and sometimes potter on foot scent, but upon the whole he is quite a good dog, and gets on his birds in good form. Rowdy is a big little one, with lots of go and bird sense. He moves better than any dog in the stake, and appears to have a good nose. He is also quite stylish, and goes up to his birds in a gamy way that is very pleasing. We consider him as promising a puppy as we have seen in a long time. He won the heat, beating his competitor in pace, range and style, and work on birds, although once or twice he was not quite so staunch on point as he should have been.

The last brace, Nannie B. and Blue Ridge, were put down at 4 o'clock in a large stubble field and worked toward town. Nanny, at first glance, looks weedy, but upon examination she showed up fairly well, her good quarters, legs and feet helping her out. She is fast and ranges well, and appears to have considerable bird sense; her style on point is at times rather queer, as she throws her head well up and curls her tail almost in a circle over her back; this gives her a funny appearance, and is the reverse of stylish. Blue Ridge is a handsomely marked dog, above medium in size, well put together, and has a fair amount of speed, and is quite stylish when in motion and on game. He is inclined to dwell on foot scent, and was unsteady to shot. When his education is finished we shall expect to see something much above the average. Nannie B. won the heat, beating Blue Ridge in pace and range, and in work on game. The dog had much the best of it in style when on game and in way of going. This ended the work for the day and finished the first series. Avent handled Annie F., Harry C., Letty Lynn and Rowdy Rod; Tucker handled Fannie M., Bessie M. and Samoa; Capt. McMurdo handled Rip Rap and Blue Ridge; C. W. Barker Sam C. and Nannie B.; S. W. Everett Beppo IV.; C. E. Buckle Flirt, and John White, Trip of Kippen.

On Tuesday morning the weather was decidedly cold; there was a heavy white frost, a chilly wind was blowing from the northwest, and overcoats were in demand. Just after the deciding heat for first money there was a slight sprinkling of rain, but not enough to cause much inconvenience.

Annie F. and Fannie M. were the first brace on the card for the second series, but Fannie broke away from her handler in the morning and could not be found, and after a short wait it was decided to start the next brace, Mr. Avent, the handler of Annie F., consenting to wait until the last heat of the series, at which time Fannie had not been found, and Annie F. won the heat by default. It was extremely unfortunate that Fannie made her escape, as she was in season and bad results may follow.

It was late when we left town, and it was 8:50 when Letty Lynn and Rip Rap were put down in a stubble field about one mile east of town. Considerable ground was gone over before birds were found, the pointer showing the best speed and range. He was the first to find, pointing a large bevy in good style. Not much work was done on the scattered birds, Letty having a bit the best of it, but scent was evidently bad and the work was not satisfactory. Both behaved well through the heat, pointing and backing in good style, and working out their ground nicely. Rip Rap won the heat, to which he was entitled by his superior pace and range.

The heat between Rowdy Rod and Nannie B. was a very interesting one, both are flyers and went at speed nearly all the time from start to finish, ranging wide and working out their ground very well. At the end of an hour Rowdy was declared the winner. He displayed the better hunting qualities, searching out the likely places and staying out to his work better than Nannie. She followed him too much, and although about his equal in pace she did not hunt with the judgment that he displayed. Both did good work on scattered birds, Nannie having a slight advantage in this respect. In obedience neither was up to the mark, although Rowdy was under fairly good control.

This ended the second series, and only three were left in, Annie F., Rip Rap and Rowdy Rod. The former two were put down a few minutes past 10 o'clock in some weeds just north of the Model farmhouse. At the end of the heat Rip Rap was declared the winner. His pace, range and style were superior, and although Annie outworked him on singles he was clearly a winner. He was a trifle unsteady to wing once or twice, but readily obeyed the order of his handler. He is rather inclined to dwell on foot scent, but upon the whole he behaved nicely. Annie appeared to be better than when she ran her first heat and handled her birds in good style, having a little the best of her competitor in this respect. This ended the first series, Rowdy having a bye.

After lunch, which was taken at the barn of the Model Farm, Rowdy Rod and Rip Rap were put down in the large stubble field south of the house at 1:05. The handlers were instructed by the judges to let the dogs do their work in their own manner, without restraint, except such as was necessary in order to keep them in the right direction. This course is eminently proper, and we believe that better and more satisfactory results would be obtained if handlers were not allowed to assist their dogs, especially when in the vicinity of game. One of the most necessary and important of the qualities that a hunting dog should possess is bird sense, or a knowledge as to how and where to look for game and the proper manner in which to handle it when found. Some dogs possess this quality in an eminent degree and these are the dogs that we are all in search of. Others that are more or less deficient in this respect can be made by judicious handling to show up fairly well, and there is no doubt that in some cases good handling has beaten merit. It is sincereiy to be hoped that in the near future judging at our field trials will in a great measure be confined to the grading of the natural qualities of the dogs according to the merit shown. We would by no means ignore training, as it is of the utmost importance that a dog should be obedient and free from faults, but it should be impossible for a fourth-rate dog to win over a first-class one, simply for the reason that he was better trained, provided that the first class animal was not guilty of serious faults.

But to return to Rowdy and Rip. They have been racing at speed for some time and have covered a lot of ground, hunting out the likely places without a find, nor have they let up in their speed. Rip has just a trifle the legs of his competitor, and is also the more graceful when in motion. Rowdy has the better idea of where the birds should be, and he beats out the good spots in a manner that would do credit to an older dog. As they both swing into a fine thicket Rowdy whirls in beautiful style to a bevy, and a few seconds later Rip comes round and very gracefully honors the point. On the scattered bevy some capital work was done by both, Rowdy having considerably the best of it. At the end of the heat the flag went up for Rowdy Rod, and he was declared the winner of first prize. He is a son of Roderigo, and for three successive years this stake has been won by the sons of this grand dog, all of them from different dams.

The judges selected Harry S. and Nannie B. to run a heat to decide which should compete with Rip Rap for second place. They were put down at five minutes past 2. Nannie had slowed down very much. Her heat with Rowdy had about used her up. Nevertheless she ran gamely and outworked Harry, and won the heat. She was too tired, however, to compete with Rip Rap, and her handler refused to run her. Capt. McMurdo, under the rules, had the option of running them or waiting until the next day, and he very generously agreed to wait till morning. Two heats of the All-Aged Setter Stake were then run, which finished the work for the day.

On Wednesday the weather was fair and delightfully cool for walking and not uncomfortable for those who rode. Rip Rap and Nannie B. were put down at 8:34. Rip came out in better form than in any of his previous heats, doing some capital work and winning the heat and second place. He ranged the wider and showed more bird sense than Nannie. She, however, did some good work on single birds, and ran a good heat. Under the rules, the judges selected Nannie B. for third and Harry S. for fourth place, and the Derby for 1889 was ended. Following is a complete summary:

First Series.

Beppo IV. and Flirt ruled out.
Annie F. beat Trip of Kippen.
Fannie M. beat Harry S.
Letty Lynn beat Bessie M.
Rip Rap beat Sam C.
Rowdy Rod beat Samoa.
Nannie B. beat Blue Ridge.

Second Series.

Annie F. beat Fannie M. by default.
Rip Rap beat Letty Lynn.
Rowdy Rod beat Nannie B.

Third Series.

Rip Rap beat Annie F.
Rowdy Rod a bye.

Final for First Place.

Rowdy Rod beat Rip Rap and won first prize.

Ties for Second Place.

Nannie B. beat Harry S.

Final for Second Place.

Rip Rap beat Nannie B. and won second prize.
Nannie B. was placed third, and Harry S. fourth.

First, Rowdy Rod, $400 and Breeders' Cup; second, Rip Rap, $200; third, Nannie B., $100; fourth, Harry S., $100.

Taken as a whole this Derby was the best we have seen run, and the quality of the dogs was of a high order. The judges accomplished their difficult task in a very acceptable manner, and placed the dogs in their proper order. The high class of the dogs run and the character of their work reflect great credit upon the breeder, and shows conclusively that the improvement of the field qualities of our hunting dogs is steadily going on.

THE ALL-AGED SETTER STAKE.

There were 36 nominations for the All-Aged Setter Stake, 19 of which filled. They were drawn in the following order:

DESMOND II. (C. J. Thompson, Philadelphia, Pa.), red Irish setter, 3yrs. (Frisco—Grouse II.),

against

BETTYE S. (Memphis & Avent Kennels, Memphis, Tenn.), black, white and tan English setter bitch, 3yrs. (Roderigo—Bo Peep).

DICK TATE (A. M. Tucker, Charlestown, Mass.), black and white English setter dog, 2yrs. 2mos. (Gus Bondhu—Lady Dixie),

against

WHITIE (H. Merriam, Weston, Mass.), orange and white English setter dog (Gus Bondhu—Myrtle).

ROWDY ROD (Memphis & Avent Kennels, Memphis, Tenn.), black and white English setter dog, Jan. 1888 (Roderigo—Juno A.),

against

NORA (I. N. Cochran, Philadelphia, Pa.), black, white and tan English setter bitch, 4½yrs. (Count Noble—Lit).

TOLEDO BLADE (J. E. Dager, Toledo, O.), black, white and tan English setter dog, 2½yrs. (Roderigo—Lillian),

against

KING LEO (E. F. Thomas, Arapahoe, Col.), black, white and tan English setter dog, 4yrs. (Count Noble—Ruby).

POLLY II. (J. Simpkins, New York), black and white English setter bitch (Josh Whitcomb—Polly),

against

KING'S MARK (J. I. Case, Jr., Racine, Wis.), blue belton English setter dog, 3½ years (King Noble—Belle Belton).

CHANCE (Memphis & Avent Kennels, Memphis, Tenn.), black, white and tan English setter dog, 4 years (Roderigo—Bo Peep),

against

ORLANDO (J. Simpkins, New York), black, white and tan English setter dog, 2½ years (Roderigo—Bo Peep).

NORNA (P. C. Ohl, Plainfield, N. J.), lemon belton English setter bitch, 2½ years (Buckellew—Minnetonka),

against

NANNIE B. (J. I. Case, Jr., Racine, Wis.), lemon belton English setter bitch, May 16, 1888 (King Noble—Queen Vashti).

CINCINNATUS (J. E. Dager, Toledo, O.), black, white and tan English setter dog, 2½ years (Count Noble—Dido II.),

against

GUY (Geo. T. Leach, High Point, N. C.), black, white and tan English setter dog, 2½ years (Gladstone's Boy—Lady).

RAPID ANN (W. F. Towner, Danville, Va.), blue belton English setter bitch, 2½ years, pedigree not given,

against

ROI D'OR (O. W. Donner, Boston, Mass.), black, white and tan English setter dog, Jan., 1887 (Roderigo—Bo Peep).

CASSIO (Memphis & Avent Kennels, Memphis, Tenn.), black, white and tan English setter dog (Count Noble—Lizzie Hopkins), a bye.

On Tuesday, after the heat between Nannie C. and Harry S., in the Derby, the All-Aged Setter Stake was begun. There were not so many starters as were expected, only nineteen of the thirty-six nominations filling their entry. The judges were Messrs. Hitchcock, Lorillard and Tallman.

First Series.

The first brace were Desmond II., a well-known Irish setter, winner on the show bench, owned by Mr. C. T. Thompson and handled by John N. Lewis, and Bettye S., owned by Mr. Duryea, although the Memphis & Avent Kennels do not deliver her to him until after the field trial season closes. She is the dog that her owner has matched against the pointer bitch Sally Brass II. She was handled by Avent. They were put down at 3:10, and both started at a great pace. Desmond is a very nice-moving dog, with lots of speed and considerable range. At times he showed up quite stylish on game, especially when backing, but some of his points were rather ordinary. Bettye S. is a flyer and no mistake. She ranges wide, too wide for the ground we were working, and was lost to sight twice during the heat, but came round all right. She is a very easy mover and quite stylish when on game. Both pointed and backed nicely. Bettye refused to retrieve, but Desmond brought a bird fairly well. Bettye won the heat, having the best of it in pace, range and style when on game.

The next brace were not flyers and the heat was a bit tedious. Dick Tate, owned by Mr. A. M. Tucker and handled by John Lewis, is a fairly well-formed dog of medium size, he worked steadily, but is slow and did not range very wide. His competitor Whitie ran in the Members' Stake; he was handled by S. C. Bradley. The brace was very evenly matched in speed, range and style. Very little work was done on game, Dick Tate having the best of it and he was awarded the heat. This ended the work for the day.

On Wednesday, after the finish of the Derby, Rowdy Rod and Nora were put down at 9:30 in the sedge field, where the Derby was finished. Rowdy won the Derby, and Nora won third in the Members' Stake; she was handled by Bradley. This heat was run on ground ill-suited to show the qualities of a fast, wide-ranging dog like Rowdy, as the country was broken and nearly covered with thicket. Nora is at home on this ground, as she is not a bevy dog, but on scattered birds there are few that can beat her, as she is very stylish on game and picks up her singles in a masterly manner. Rowdy made a wide cast and was lost sight of by his handler, although he was seen well to the front of the party, hunting out his ground in capital style, but as he did not come round Nora was taken up, and search was made for Rowdy and he was found on point to a bevy, a good piece of work that he got no credit for, as Nora had been ordered up. Rowdy had hunted the ground in front and had passed no birds, at least Nora and the spectators failed to find any behind him. It is true he ranged too wide for the ground he was working, but the blame rests on the country and not on the dog. Nora, until ordered up while a search was made for Rowdy, had worked diligently, but she showed no disposition to go out and search for birds, keeping close to her handler. In the work on the scattered birds Nora had the advantage although both did good work and each pointed, backed and retrieved in the best of style. At the end of an hour Nora was declared winner. We were surprised at this decision as, taking everything into account, it was plain to be seen that in hunting qualities and natural ability Rowdy was greatly the superior, he ranged much the wider and showed lots of bird sense in working out his ground. If the judges ignored the performance of Rowdy previous to the work on single birds or even penalized him for getting lost we do not see how the heat could be decided on the work as it was far from being a true test of the hunting qualities of the dogs, and had a portion of the time spent in working the dogs here and there and back again pottering on singles been devoted to a search for another bevy and a test of the qualities that go to make up a good dog, there would have been something more satisfactory upon which to base an opinion.

It is often the case that in deciding between two dogs the judge has a very difficult task, while one may have done a portion of the work required of him in a faultless or even brilliant manner he may have utterly failed in other respects or have so bungled that his work is comparatively worthless. His competitor, perhaps, has done nothing especially meritorious, but has run his heat in about fourth-class style and has made no serious mistakes. In striking the balance between them it is often a hard matter to decide which of the two is entitled to precedence, and in many cases in the past the winner was selected by counting up the number of points made. Under the old order of things the fact that the winner had made even one more point than his opponent was an unanswerable argument in favor of the justness of the decision, no matter how much he had been beaten in other respects. This was found to be all wrong, and the rules now instruct the judges to grade the dogs by the quality of their work and not by the quantity. Of course if a dog strikes out and finds his birds by searching for them in a workmanlike manner and points them he is entitled to greater credit than if he simply picked up birds that were shown to him. The mere fact that a dog points his birds should have but very little influence in determining the value of his work; it is his duty to point and the manner in which he does it should only be taken into consideration. The dog that points his game at a long distance, and in a gamy, stylish way, is entitled to vastly more credit than the one that waits until the birds are nearly under his nose and then points them in a slovenly manner. In fact pointing should be judged precisely as we estimate backing or retrieving, and that is by the excellence of the performance and not by its frequency. We do not mean that a dog making one or two magnificent points, and then slobbering his birds or flushing those that he should have pointed, is entitled to much credit for his work in this respect as a whole, and more or less work on singles is required to determine this as well as his staunchness and steadiness, but the principal test should be of their hunting and finding qualities. Field trials were established and are ostensibly maintained for the purpose of improving the pointer and setter especially in field qualities. Natural ability to do the work required, sense to do it in the best manner, coupled with proper confirmation and grit to stay up to the finish, are qualities that we all wish to see brought to perfection, and the best way to induce the breeder to strive to produce animals perfect in these respects is to encourage each step in the right direction by a prompt recognition of the merit of an animal that in natural ability and hunting qualities is in advance of his competitors.

The heat between Toledo Blade and King Leo was a very close one. Not much opportunity was given to test the actual hunting qualities of the dogs, as the work was mostly on singles. Both did excellent work that conclusively proved that each both could and would point every bird that he had a fair opportunity on. There was not much difference in speed, range and style, Toledo Blade having a trifle the best of it in these respects, and at the end of a very pretty heat he was declared the winner. Blade was handled by Tucker and King Leo by John Lewis.

At 11:17 King's Mark, handled by Barker, and Polly II., handled by Haight, were put down near where the last brace was taken up. In speed Mark had a slight advantage, although neither was fast. In range they were about equal. Polly had the best of it in style and was far superior to him in bird sense as well as in the quality of her work, and she should have had the heat, but at the end of the allotted 45 minutes King's Mark was declared the winner. It is possible that the judges may have seen Polly do bad work enough to lose; if so, it must have been very poor indeed, as the character of the work done by Mark was decidedly ordinary.

We then went to lunch, and at 1:30 Chance and Orlando were put down. Both are well known field trial winners. Chance was handled by Avent, and Orlando by Haight. This heat needs little description. Chance outclassed Orlando and beat him in all essential points. Chance was rank and not under good control, and did not work out the singles as he should, but his better speed, range, style and quality of work landed him a winner. Orlando showed only fair speed and range, but he worked out his ground very well.

Norna, handled by Lewis, and Nannie B., handled by Barker, were the next brace. Nannie was evidently tired from her work in the Derby, and did not go nearly up to her form in previous heats. Norna showed finer style, but she has no speed nor range, and her work on birds was far from good. Both were very slow at the finish, and the heat was an uninteresting one. Nannie B. deservedly won.

The next brace, Cincinnatus, handled by Tucker, and Guy, handled by Bradley, were put down at 3:37. Both are well known. Cincinnatus ran here in the Derby of 1887, and last year in the All-Aged Stake. Guy ran in the Members' Stake. Cincinnatus has a fair amount of speed, ranges well, and shows considerable bird sense. Guy was under good control for a while, but he finally became a bit wild, and not much could be done with him. Cincinnatus did some good work on birds and was declared the winner.

At 4:36 the last brace of the series was cast off. Rapid Ann was handled by Tucker and Roi d'Or by Buckle. After working half an hour they were taken up to go down again in the morning. Thursday morning it was raining and it was after 11 o'clock before a start was made, and at 11:30 they were put down in an open lot to finish their heat. Birds were found and some uncertain work was done, but everything was wet and scent was evidently poor. When time was up Roi d'Or was declared the winner. Rapid Ann is a heavily marked pretty little bitch with good pace, range and style. She also has considerable bird sense and does her work very well. Roi is a fine-looking upstanding dog with no serious faults in his make up and it would take a good one to beat him on the bench. He is about as good as he looks and beat his competitor at all points except, perhaps, in speed, in which they were about equal. This finished the first series, Cassio having a bye. Following is a summary:

Betty S. beat Desmond II.
Dick Tate beat Whitie.
Nora beat Rowdy Rod.
Toledo Blade beat King Leo.
King's Mark beat Polly II.
Chance beat Orlando.
Nannie B. beat Norna.
Cincinnatus beat Guy.
Roi d'Or beat Rapid Ann.
Cassio a bye.

Second Series.

At 10 o'clock Cassio and Dick Tate were first down at the north end of the Snow farm to run the first heat in the second series. Cassio and his work have often been described in these columns. He was handled by Col. Merriman. He was a good dog and ran his heat well except that he was not quite bold enough on the single birds of the first bevy, which was apparently owing to fear that Lewis was scolding him when he was only trying to handle Dick, who seemed to want to do things his own way. Dick showed up much better than in his previous heat, getting away at a good pace and ranging fairly well, he also did some fair work on birds, but was outclassed by Cassio, who won the heat handily. At the finish of this heat we went to lunch on the Model Farm.

At 2 o'clock Bettye S. and Nora were put down in the field north of the farmhouse. Bettye had the advantage in pace and range, but was evidently a bit off in nose and Nora outworked her on birds and won the heat, which was a very good one, both doing some capital work. Nora was going better than we had seen her and did some brilliant work among the scattered birds.

The next brace was Toledo Blade and King's Mark. Blade had the best of it from start to finish and won handily. He showed better speed and much the best style both in way of going and when on game, and also had the best of it among the singles.

Chance and Nannie B. were next put down. Chance was under good control and ran his heat in good form and won it easily. Nannie went better than in her previous heat, but with such a dog as Chance she had not much opportunity to show her quality. This ended the work for the day which upon the whole was satisfactory in view of the very unpromising outlook in the morning.

Friday morning it was fair and cool, but it soon became cloudy, clearing in the afternoon with a stiff breeze from the northeast, which made it impossible for the dogs to do much with scent, unless directly down wind from the birds. Cincinnatus and Roi d'Or were the first brace put down. In this heat as well as during the day, the judges ordered the dogs hunted to better purpose than had in many instances been formerly done and there was not so much beating out ground without result. Cincinnatus won the heat by superior pace, range and finding ability, although Roi had slightly the advantage on singles, doing some good work. This ended the second series with the result as follows:

Cassio beat Dick Tate.
Nora beat Bettye S.
Toledo Blade beat King's Mark.
Chance beat Nannie B.
Cincinnatus beat Roi d'Or.

In the third series Cassio beat Nora, Chance beat Toledo Blade, Cincinnatus a bye. Fourth series—Cassio beat Cincinnatus, Chance a bye. In final for first, Chance and Cassio, Chance was selected without running. For second, Toledo Blade beat Orlando and Cassio and won. Cassio third. Nora and Cincinnatus equal fourth.

POINTER STAKE.

First Series.—Rip Rap beat Lad of Bow. Consolation beat Fan Fan. Count Fauster beat Fred. Lebanon beat Seldom. Duke of Hessen beat Pontiac. Tammany's Boy beat Roger Williams. Woolton Game beat Miranda. Bonnie beat Dalgarouki.

Second Series.—Rip Rap beat Consolation. Count Fauster beat Duke of Hessen. Lebanon beat Tammany's Boy. Woolton Game beat Bonnie.

SOUTHERN FIELD TRIALS ENTRIES.

MARIETTA, Ga., Nov. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose list of entries to All-Aged Stakes of the Southern Field Trial Club, which number thirty-seven, twenty-five setters and twelve pointers. The trials will take place at Amory, Miss., commencing Monday, Dec. 16. The usual arrangements for transportation have been made with the railroads, viz., first-class fare going and one-third to return. The accommodations of all kinds will be ample, and I will be in Amory three or four days before the trials begin, and any one who wants arrangements made for horses or vehicles, can have the same attended to by addressing me there, care of the Amory Hotel.

T. M. BRUMBY, Sec.-Treas. S. F. T. C.

SETTERS.

J. Bell's lemon and white setter bitch Hope's Fawn.
J. W. Renfroe's lemon, white and tan setter dog Tom Hendricks.
Whyte Bedford's black, white and tan setter bitch Flounce Gladstone.
D. E. Rose's lemon and white setter bitch Daisy F.
W. J. Cannon's black, white and tan setter dog Mark of Brunswick.
W. W. Titus's black, white and tan setter dog Lufra's Mark.
H. Holman's black, white and tan setter bitch Tempest.
A. M. Young's lemon and white setter bitch Hope.
West Tennessee Kennels' black, white and tan setter dog The Corsair.
West Tennessee Kennels' orange and white setter dog Tennessee Charlie.
West Tennessee Kennels' black, white and tan setter dog Tennessee Bob.
J. Shelly Hudson's black, white and tan setter dog Chickasaw.
J. Shelly Hudson's black, white and tan setter dog Dad Wilson's Boy.
J. Shelly Hudson's black, white and tan setter dog Dad Wilson, Jr.
Fred F. Myles's black, white and tan setter bitch Dimple.
Fred F. Myles's black, white and tan setter dog Ben Hur.
W. W. Titus's black, white and tan setter Rosebud.
H. S. Bevan's black, white and tan setter dog Rowey B.
L. B. McFarland's black, white and tan setter dog Startle, Jr.
L. B. McFarland's black and white setter dog Duke.
J. E. Dager's black, white and tan setter dog Toledo Blade.
J. E. Dager's black, white and tan setter dog Cincinnatus.
G. W. Ewing's blue belton setter dog King's Mark.
P. H. Bryson's setter dog Treadwell's Sam.
J. W. Renfroe's black, white and tan setter dog Dan Gladstone.

POINTERS.

P. T. Madison's liver and white dog Ossian.
J. G. F. Holston's liver, white and tan dog Count Fauster.
G. W. Amory's liver and white dog Bounce.
Graphic Kennels' liver and white pointer bitch Bloomo II.
Graphic Kennels' liver and white pointer dog Beppo III.
F. R. Hitchcock's liver and white pointer dog Duke of Hessen.
J. E. Gill's white and liver pointer bitch Lady Zeal.
J. E. Gill's white and liver pointer bitch Galatena.
B. M. Stephenson's liver and white pointer dog Tribulation.
G. W. Miller's liver and white pointer dog Count.
J. E. Link's liver and white pointer bitch Rod's Gal.
G. A. Castleman's liver and white pointer dog Reximus.

A CARD FROM MR. KREHL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Sir, I should have preferred not to mention Mr. Mayhew again, but a few words I think are necessary. I think I ought to explain that the publication of my letter was due to an accident. It was written as a reply to Mr. Mayhew when he made his revengeful attack upon me; owing to an accident my letter was mislaid in the office of FOREST AND STREAM, and when I heard, long after, that it had been found and would be published, feeling that the subject was stale to everybody, I telegraphed not to publish, but my cable arrived when the letter was already in print. I regretted it, as I had also come to the conclusion that the affair was not worth noticing. Mr. Mayhew has given the text of his letter wherein he championed the cause of "trimming," and I may say that it is only here that one could read between the lines the covert sneers and insults leveled at Mr. Tinne, who, as recent decisions of our Kennel Club show, has triumphed over the party to which Mr. Mayhew lately belonged. Trimming, whether done in Mr. Mayhew's manner with finger and thumb, or otherwise, is now penalized by disqualification and suspension. I said that in this country Mr. Mayhew was a one-breed man, which is a fact in spite of the friendly letter of introduction he has published. He proves the limited sphere of his kennel knowledge by supposing that it was the only time I judged for the Kennel Club when I obliged the committee on the occasion he refers to. His account of once reporting for the *Stock-Keeper* may be true. I confess I do not recollect it, but it is certain he would have been paid had he followed the rule here and claimed it. Finally let me say that I should feel surprised if anybody who knows me thought I intended to enter into a controversy with Mr. Mayhew; it was only my intention in my letter to FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 3 to knock the bottom out of his pretensions by showing who he was in his own country.

GEORGE R. KREHL.

LONDON, Nov. 7.

ROBINS ISLAND CLUB TRIALS.

CUTCHOGUE, L. I., Nov. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Once again has a year rolled by, and with the recurring month of November comes the field trials of the Robins Island Club. The same faces come to the front each year, for no club near New York is so strictly conservative as to membership as this same club of Suffolk county. Twenty-five was the number of its charter members, and the constitution was drafted so that that number should be the limit. No effort yet made has been successful in obtaining an amendment looking for a larger number. Thus the dog lovers of the club come together year after year to test the merits of their setters and pointers, each as against the other. No one but a member is allowed to run his dog, and if a member is absent, for any cause whatever, his dog cannot be run, even if entered, unless some other member comes to the front and takes charge of the absent man's dog in the trials. No outside handling has ever been permitted, and the idea of a professional handler going with a dog during the trials would not be entertained for a moment.

The start for the island on Wednesday morning, when many of the members departed for the shooting grounds from New York and Brooklyn, was made in weather which promised anything but success for these trials. At dawn it was raining furiously, with the wind blowing hard from the southward. As the morning wore on, however, the clouds dispersed, and the sun shone out in brilliant fashion.

The run to Cutchogue was made in the usual sleepy manner of the Long Island Railroad; the heavy amount of watered stock acts as a drag on everything, even the speed of the trains. Arriving about midday at Cutchogue, seats were taken in wagons, and the party was speedily transferred to New Suffolk over roads saturated with the frequent rains of this most extraordinary season. Reaching New Suffolk the club sloop, the Abbie and Mabel, moved to the dock, with the huge mainsail flapping in the wind. Men and luggage were soon aboard, lines cast off, and with a fair wind all were started for the enchanted land of Robins Island. The new club house gleamed a mass of glowing color in the rays of the sun, while the window panes gave back the reflected tints in vivid red and orange. The dock was soon reached and the yacht's nose run close to the landing place. Cat-rigged, there was nothing to prevent the yacht's stem hugging the wharf. All were placed speedily on shore, and exclamations of delight, as they looked toward the club house, escaped from the lips of all. Never did Robins Island look so well. Under the intelligent administration of Mr. Wellington, the club secretary, constant improvements have been going on. Not a trace of the old buildings of ten years ago is to be seen. Not a vestige of the conflagration of two years ago meets the eye. The old cellars of the burned buildings have been filled up. The mass of debris left from the fire has been buried, the surface leveled off; and where last season was a chaotic mass of dirt, lime and broken brick, is now a sward as rich in color and strength as if a lawn of 50 years care and growth.

Mr. Beach, the club's superintendent, deserves particular mention for the order and cleanliness of both house and lawns. It was the perfection of tidiness in each. Last year the slopes around the building were in an unfinished state, and the driving roads and foot paths simply marked out with the plowing of the sod. Now all is changed. The slopes from the bottom of the hillock upon which the house stands, to its top, are sodded, and being well done, the growth of grass has been wonderful. The paths have been finished. Filled in as they are with the pebbles of the beaches, their appearance is pleasing in the extreme. If the outside was pleasant to look at, what shall I say of the interior? The huge fireplace of the sitting-room glowed with fiery embers as they dropped from the huge burning logs upon the old-time andirons; and the agreeable warmth in all the rooms was delightful after the cold sail across the bay.

Luncheon was soon served and thoroughly enjoyed. After that an inspection of the kennels and the dogs. The canines never looked so well as they do now. I saw no case of disease, and the animals showed good feed and care. How different from last season when distemper had run rampant, and reduced many of the dogs to virtual skin and bone. Now they were fat and lusty. The small herd of Jerseys looked in good heart and in fine condition. For the first time since the writer has known the island, the barn was found full, to bursting doors, with hay and grain. As the huge doors swung open a dozen gray squirrels scampered in every direction along the beams and rafters. The cunning fellows were perfectly at home, and enjoying themselves in feasting upon the sheaves of unthrashed grain. The pigeon lofts had in them a couple of hundred birds. The poultry yard was full, while in the sty near by a lot of porkers ate and grew fat.

The old dog cooking house had been replaced by a new one, replete with every convenience. A huge boiler inclosed in brick with barrels of assorted food surrounding it occupied the first floor. The men's house, formerly a dilapidated shanty, had been so altered I did not know it. Thoroughly repaired and renovated these quarters for the men were all that could be asked or wished for. By this time it was necessary to dress for dinner, which at Robins Island is the feature of the day. The *cuisine* of the club is excellent, its wine cellar a capital one—who knows better how to live than the sportsman? Lots of exercise makes the appetite sharp and the taste keen. In possessing the wherewithal to purchase, why should there be denial? There is none at Robins Island.

THURSDAY.

This day was passed in examining the island. The land was explored from north to south, from east to west. Quail were put up in every part of the preserve. Not single birds, but bevies, large in number, and with the quail lusty and strong of wing. In size these birds reminded one of those found upon the island when the Eastern Field Trials Club first selected it for the location of their trials and before the importation of Southern birds. In fact no new supply has been purchased for two years, and the quail now there are native and "to the manor born." The most astounding feature, however, was the vast horde of rabbits (hares) that now infest the land. Some two years ago the members wishing a little diversity in their shooting, introduced a half dozen pairs of our familiar bunny. The idea was to have coursing with a pack of beagles. The genii of the boy in the Arabian tales has a counterpart at Robins Island. Imported solely for pleasure, he has grown to a pest. Never was shown greater prolificness than is seen here in the number bred. The place is simply overrun with them. One cannot travel a yard without putting up a cotton tail. In such swarms are they that the wheat fields are denuded of every blade, and the ground is as bare of vegetation as a summer fallow. The kitchen garden was a paradise for them. Watermelons as they ripened were denuded of their outside covering. Where at night was the promise of a melon, in the morning was a mass of red pulp and black seeds. The outer rind had been eaten to the core. Not a leaf showed above ground but what it was cut off as soon as grown. As a consequence the order has been issued to kill and kill again. Four hundred have been done to death since Nov. 1, yet there appears no diminution in their number. Swedenborg-like, the club has raised a spirit which will not down at their bidding.

The acreage sown to grains of different kinds is greater than ever before. The birds have feasted always. There never has been a scarcity of food this year. At least a thousand birds are now on the island, judging from the number of bevies put up during the walk. They were found everywhere. A few were shot and found to be as fat as a Delaware ortolan. Singular to say, each bird's craw was found half full of bay berries. In the olden times never a bird would touch them. Their taste has changed, as have their habits. Then not a bird was found save in the cover or in the woods. Now we start them from the sedge grass of the beaches, where a strong wind would cover them with the spray of the waves rolling up the sands. One is always sure of finding a bevy there.

After dinner was thoroughly discussed and enjoyed, the first business of the trials of the year was brought forward—the making of entries. Unfortunately, disease had made havoc with the dogs, and many members were deprived of the pleasure of competing for the valuable prizes offered by the club. The list is a light one, and seems lighter than it is, because the animals do not run one as against the other. Consequently there follows no series of heats, as at other trials.

JOOST (S. B. Duryea, Brooklyn), liver and white pointer dog, 2yrs. (pedigree not given).

RHEUMA (W. M. Van Anden, Brooklyn, N. Y.), red Irish dog, 2yrs (Dietrich's Tip—Spooner's Grace).

GOUT (W. M. Van Anden, Brooklyn, N. Y.), red Irish dog, 7yrs. (Massey's Duke—Pratt's Daisy).

GREY (William Stanley, Englewood, N. J.), blue belton setter dog, 3yrs. (pedigree not given).

BOB (William Hester, Brooklyn, N. Y.), blue belton setter dog, 9yrs. (Raybell—dam not given).

DAISY (S. Fleet Speir, Brooklyn, N. Y.), liver and white pointer bitch, 3yrs. (Don Donald—Nellie II.).

ST. ELMO V. (S. Fleet Speir, Brooklyn, N. Y.), black, white and tan English setter dog, 5yrs. (St. Elmo IV.—Countess Louise).

BERKELEY II. (Alden S. Swan, Brooklyn, N. Y.), red Irish setter dog, 10yrs. (Chief—Gussie).

JOLLY REX (Henry D. Polhemus, Brooklyn, N. Y.), black, white and tan setter dog, 2½yrs. (Rex Gladstone—Little Fraud).

BELLE (S. Fleet Speir, Brooklyn, N. Y.), blue belton setter bitch, 3yrs. (Count Rapier—Dell).

As soon as the entries closed, the names were placed in a hat and drawn to run as follows. It will be recalled the dogs are run in pairs simply to save time, as each animal's work is judged according to the scale of points adopted by the club in its running rules. While the work was going on the ominous patter, patter of the rain was heard on the outside as it beat against the window panes. The disgusted looks of the sportsmen as they heard it, were laughable to look at. In most lugubrious fashion did they start for bedrooms and sleep.

FRIDAY'S WORK.

The morning broke with a cloudy sky. At early dawn a rosy streak struck through a rift in the cloud banks. It was but momentary, and the clouds closed up again, making a solid, dull, leaden hue, gruesome in the extreme. Called to an early breakfast, it was quickly disposed of, and as soon as finished the men and dogs started for the work in hand.

BERKELEY II. AND ST. ELMO V.

The first named, handled by member Chauncey Marshall in the absence of his owner, the last by Dr. Speir. Cast off at the club house, they were hunted directly west to the bluff where it overlooks the 100-acre tract of flat salt meadow. At the very verge the red dog struck scent and pulled himself to a stiff point; this was backed by St. Elmo; the bird rose wild; shot at and missed. A turn to the left and along the edge of the bluff southerly, Berkely again got the birds, and was again backed by Sauk. Then followed a beautiful piece of canine work. The birds alternately ran and stopped, the dogs followed, fast or slow, as the occasion required; the time of the roading was at least 20 minutes, for the dogs were careful, and consequently slow. At the end of the bluff where another yard's distance saw it run down to the sand, both dogs stopped, Berkely pointing, Sauk backing. The birds got up wild, as the handlers came up, the Irish dog a little unsteady to wing, but as the guns were fired he dropped at once to shot. Ordered to retrieve Berkely brought in the dead bird in capital fashion and delivered it to Marshall. Sauk told to retrieve did so, but very slowly and in bad form. Dogs ordered up at 9.20.

JOLLY REX AND BELLE.

This brace, second in order of drawing, cast off ten minutes afterward, and hunted south toward the clay pit. Belle showed the greater speed, Rex was more stylish in his work. In quartering their ground they were about equal, in the briers Rex by far the more courageous. Before the race was over he was a mass of blood, where his head and neck had been torn by the thorns of the blackberry canes. At Black Oak Point, where the scrub oak nearly touched the waters of the bay, both dogs commenced roading, and after a few rods located the birds simultaneously. Rex more stylish on point than Belle. Birds put up, shot at and missed. Dr. Speir hunted Belle, Polhemus hunted Rex, the latter having purchased Rex only the night before simply to run him in these trials. Belle dropped to shot, Rex to command. After this a long hunt followed down the east side of the island. At the edge Belle roaded up a bird; she was steady to wing. A second time she roaded, but the quail got up wild. She was slightly unsteady, but came back to whistle. Rex followed suit in putting up a bird. The doctor immediately put up two more, fired and missed. Rex took a short chase after them, but stopped to order. Shortly after Rex got a good point, in front of which three birds got up wild as hawks; Rex this time steady as a clock, and dropping to wing as they rose. These birds were followed, and Belle got a capital point where they had been marked down; Rex refused to back; bird got up wild. Another point was had a moment after, Dr. Speir walking up to dogs started two half-grown rabbits. As they ran both dogs ran after them, but came back to whistle. The same thing happened a moment after, this second time, however, the dogs were steady as a clock when the bunnies jumped. Dogs taken up at 11 o'clock, and a quarter of an hour afterward the next brace brought up and cast off.

JOOST AND GREY.

Stanley hunted Grey, and Marshall the pointer Joost in the absence of her owner, S. B. Duryea. Through the brier lot southerly along the bluff, then a turn northerly back to Black Oak Point. Nothing was found save hares, which bounded out of the cover in every direction as the dogs quartered the ground. Grey the better dog in every respect; Joost showing a lack of both work and education. Naturally he is a good dog, but natural ability alone does not win at field trials. While running, Grey found and brought to his owner a quail which had evidently been shot the day before. The retrieve was made in good shape. Going on, a half dozen birds jumped in front of Judge Plummer. All hands shot, but not a bird dropped. Grey unsteady to both wing and shot, but steadied himself to order. Grey again unsteady as a rabbit jumped out from under his nose. Joost ran up a bird unconsciously, apparently not knowing the work required of him. Stanley tried to shoot, but the safety guard of his hammerless was down, and he could not pull a trigger. Moving on, Grey routed out a half-grown hare, and was at once off in a short spin after him, coming back to whistle; then Grey false-pointed, Joost failing to back. Both dogs capital rangers and good quarterers. Taken up at 12:35.

RHEUMA AND DAISY.

Van Anden handled the Irish dog, and Dr. Speir the pointer Daisy. They were started at edge of woods on the western side. Rheuma got up a bunny and bounced after it. A turn to the bluff, west, and again Rheuma broke after a hare, running head down like a wolf on trail. Called back, he worked at the edge of the bluff on the west side. Here he took scent, and roading a few rods came to a good staunch point. The birds got up wild before him. Again he found the scent where the quail had been marked down, and got in an excellent bit of work before he stopped on the bird for good. The bird flushed itself, and Rheuma indulged himself in a little canine racket, coming back to call. At this point Van Anden twisted a tendon in his left leg, and was at once placed *hors de combat*. He was transferred to the house in the club's ambulance. This put his dogs out of the race. Member Stanley ran them, and did well under the circumstances, but the Irish blood was ram pant and did as it pleased. Rabbit and quail were chased with equal indifference. Daisy did nothing good, bad or indifferent. She acted as if she had never been hunted. Dogs taken up at 1:05 P. M., and a walk to the house for luncheon was taken at once. The meal was soon disposed of.

GOUT AND BOB.

Stanley hunted Gout for Van Anden, Chauncey Marshall hunted Bob for his absent owner, William Nestor. With all his hunting skill, he couldn't land Bob a winner. The dog was too much for him. Leaving the club house at 2:37 a straight walk was had across the island to South Point, stopping on the way to hunt out the big gully which runs down to the east shore, cutting the high bluff in two parts. Nothing found in all its length. The point was reached at 3:15 and hunted out thoroughly. Not a bird, but lots of hares. Gout getting excited and unsteady. Then along the whole south beach to the high bluff at its western end, then a turn inland. Scarcely in when the dogs put up a big bevy. Gout at once made a rush for the flying quail. He was called in for punishment which he accepted as part of the play. The west shore was hunted in northerly direction. On the high rolling hills Gout found the birds, and after some good roading located them. It was a neat bit of dog work. Stanley walked up to shoot, the birds got up with a roar, Gout couldn't stand the racket, and away he rushed trying to catch them by the tail. Instead of catching the birds, he caught the lash. Did it cure him? Not a bit of it. He shook his hide to get the hair straight, and then chased a rabbit like a beagle as it jumped from cover in front of him. Bob pointed several times, each point being backed by Gout. Nothing was found, Bob simply thought, this man isn't my boss, see how I'll fool him. He did it, too. A few moments after this Gout again did some good work, roading the birds for a long distance, and then making a good point. This was the extent of his good behavior. As they were put up he jumped for them, and put out his chance of a win. Whistle and call he paid no attention to, until he had his run out. Taken up at 4:30 and a move made for the club house. After a clean up followed dinner. After dinner the judges, Messrs. Jacob Pentz, A. F. Plummer and E. B. Converse retired to make up the record of points to the credit of each animal as made. After due consultation the result was announced as given in the table below:

Name of Dog.	Merit Points.								Demerit.				
	Pointing	Pace	Backing	Style	Staunchness	Ranging	Quartering	Obedience and Disposition	Retrieving	False Pointing	Breaking In	Breaking Shot	Breaking Shot and Chasing	Totals
	35	20	7	6	6	6	6	4	10	1-7	3	5	10	
Berkley	35	15	7	5	6	5	5	4	10	....	2	....	....	90
Belle	28	17	7	4	6	6	6	4	6	....	....	....	....	84
Jolly Rex	28	18	0	6	6	6	5	4	0	....	....	....	....	73
St. Elmo V	23	15	7	4	6	4	4	4	0	....	....	....	....	69
Grey	20	20	0	6	6	6	6	2	10	....	....	....	8	68
Rheuma	25	20	3	5	4	5	4	0	*	....	....	3	10	53
Gout	25	20	3	5	4	5	4	0	*	....	....	3	10	53
Joost	0	15	0	4	0	3	5	3	*	....	....	....	....	32
Daisy	0	10	0	3	0	3	2	4	*	....	....	....	....	23
Bob	15	5	0	2	2	2	2	4	*	....	....	....	....	15

* Not having a chance to win a place, dog not tried for a retrieve

Thus ended the eighth annual trial of the Robins Island Club. Among the gentlemen present at the meeting were Dr. S. Fleet Speir, President; H. D. Polhemus, Vice-President; W. I. Wellington, Secretary-Treasurer; William Stanley, Nels F. Carman, Col. S. Richards, Chauncey Marshall, E. B. Convers, W. M. Van Anden, A. F. Plummer, Shephard Homans and Jacob Pentz. Letters of regret were received from Judge Pratt, Supreme Court, Brooklyn, S. B. Duryea and William Hester. All these were detained in the city by illness, more or less severe. Judge Pratt's letter to Dr. Speir ran:

SUPREME COURT CHAMBERS, Brooklyn, Kings County, Nov. 22. —Dear Doctor: I do not dare to start for Robins Island this morning. I am too ailing to risk the changes of the weather at this season. I regret more than I can express the enforced absence. I fear the other judges will not drop to your skill in handling dogs, and that you will get away with all the prizes. It is not a fair thing for you to run against the other fellows without some judge who knows of your little tricks in hunting dogs. I repeat I never regretted anything so much as my not being able to be with you. Give my regrets to Pentz and tell him to keep an eye on you. Very truly yours, C. E. PRATT.

Judge Pratt's absence was especially regretted, for he has acted as judge at the trials for many years past. PECONIC.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.

THE regular annual meeting of the Eastern Field Trials Club was held at High Point, N. C., on Saturday evening, Nov. 23. Only thirteen of the members were present, two less than is required for a quorum, and the election of officers was postponed until the regular meeting in January. The meeting was a very important one nevertheless, and action was taken that will have a great influence upon the future of the club. The corresponding Monday in November was decided upon as the date for the beginning of the trials for 1890. A committee, consisting of Messrs. Duryea, Lorillard, Breese, Coster and Cochran, was appointed to select new grounds for future trials. It was also voted to abandon the Pointer Stake next year, and run but one All-Aged Stake, open to setters and pointers. It was also voted that it was the sense of the meeting that the spotting system of judging should be adopted, and Messrs. J. O. Donner, H. B. Duryea and F. R. Hitchcock were appointed a committee to revise the rules to conform with this system. The meeting then adjourned until the second Tuesday in January, at the office of Mr. Hitchcock, in New York.

LOTT.—Terre Haute, Ind., Nov. 20.—The prize bitch Lott, winner of the $1,000 Lott—Grousedale stakes several years ago, died here last week. She was owned by Herman Hulman of this city, and was valued at $700. She was due to whelp the latter part of this month.—H.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 18.—Mr. L. F. Whitman, well known among dog men in this vicinity, has been appointed Western agent of the A. K. C., in which capacity he will doubtless act very acceptably.—E. H.

DAD WILSON GONE BACK.—Covington, Ky., Nov. 20.—You will remember about a year ago last April I sold the white, black and tan English setter dog Dad Wilson (Cambridge—champion Dido II.) to parties east. I had bred several bitches to him before I sold him, and his puppies have proved themselves such grand field dogs that I have come to the conclusion that I need more of that kind of puppies, and have repurchased Dad Wilson, and will use him in my kennel and in the public stud. He arrived yesterday in fine condition, and is now I think even better looking than when I sold him. As for a stud dog, I think he has but few equals and no superiors in this country. One of his puppies (Dad Wilson's Boy) you will remember took first in the puppy class at Chicago this spring, and was one of my kennel that took special for the best kennel of four English setters in the show, and for which I refused a long price at Chicago. This puppy is entered in this year's trials and will be heard from further along. I have quite a number of other excellent youngsters by Dad Wilson that I prize very highly. His royal breeding, together with his power to reproduce himself, has caused me to again own him, and he will hereafter make his home with me.—J. SHELLEY HUDSON.

"A TRANSACTION IN DOG FLESH."—Suspension Bridge, N. Y., Nov. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Generally speaking I think the readers of FOREST AND STREAM would not be interested in reading "A Transaction in Dog Flesh," but as Mr. S. C. Graff, of Cadiz, Ohio, promises to explain to readers of this paper how he once sold a dog, received his pay in full, acknowledged receipt of same, and then never shipped the dog nor refunded payment, it seems to me this would be very interesting to dog men at least. Mr. Graff no doubt felt a little sore on reading my article of two weeks ago; he says he believes I have been "written up" more than once for crooked dog dealings. If the editor of this paper has any knowledge of any such writings I would thank him to mention the fact.—CHARLES E. LEWIS. [We have no recollection of anything reflecting upon Mr. Lewis's fair dealing.]

DE BUCH—JEWESS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you kindly note that the mastiff bitch Jewess, owned by Mr. John W. Menely, then of Circleville, Ohio, visited my De Buch on March 23, 1884, and on June 25, 1885; that the first visit was noted on page 56, *A. K. R.*, Vol. II. (De Buch appearing under his then kennel name of Tiny). The second visit is noted on page 117, *A. K. R.*, Vol. III.; that De Buch is entered in *A. K. R.* number 1,502; that he has a pedigree verified by Mr. M. B. Wynn himself; and that he was the first dog ever owned in this country with a thoroughly complete pedigree running back to 1835. For some inscrutable reason I have been receiving inquiries as to this matter, and while I am always willing to oblige, there is such a thing as getting tired of answering the same question a dozen times. —W. WADE (Hulton, Pa., Nov. 21.)

BLACK AND TAN.—Buffalo, Nov. 16.—"Podgers" seems to think that my Queen is an exceptional black and tan terrier, and says that if I will acquire another one, and it pans out as creditably as this one, he will throw up the sponge and acknowledge himself mistaken. Had I owned but one I would not have presumed to speak of my experience with the breed. I have owned and bred them for years, and have four good specimens at my home now. I will admit that "Podgers's" experience was discouraging, but mine has been the opposite. I have always found them faithful friends, and have never had to advertise for a lost one. They love their home and show no disposition to scoot from it.—BLACK AND TAN.

A. K. C. QUARTERLY MEETING.—To the Delegates of the A. K. C.: You are hereby notified that the regular quarterly meeting of the Executive Committee of the American Kennel Club will be held at the club rooms, at No. 44 Broadway, New York, on Friday, Dec. 6, 1889, at 1 o'clock P. M. A full meeting is desired, as the proposed amendments to the bench show rules are to be acted upon at this meeting. By order of the President.—A. P. VREDENBURGH, Secretary.

LOST SETTER.—On Nov. 17 I lost my English setter pup, seven months old, well grown, not fat, weight 38lbs.; both sides of head and ears black, tan cheeks and spots over eyes, and tan ticked on nose and paws; body white and black ticked, and black spot about one inch round on left hind-leg.—G. A. COLMAN (123 Bartlett street, Charlestown, Mass.).

AN OPENING FOR DOG BREAKERS.—Portland, Oregon.—Should it chance that you hear of any one casting about for a locality where they can engage in the business of breaking dogs, I wish you would recommend such a party to come out here, as the right party could soon work up a good business and fill a long felt want.—B.

THE EASTERN COURSING CLUB MEET has been postponed to Saturday, Dec. 7, when the supply of the jacks will be ample for a successful meeting. Full particulars may be had from Mr. H. W. Huntington, 148 South Eighth street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Pequot Lad and Pequot Lass. By S. M. Crocker, New London, Conn., for black, white and tan English setter dog and black and white bitch, whelped June 12, 1889, by Ben Hill (Druid—Ruby) out of Tempest (Count Noble—Lit).

Don's Boy, Rhody, Rodney and Lulu's Boy. By Michael Flynn, Jr., Bristol, R. I., for red Irish setter dogs, whelped Nov. 2, 1889, by O'Donovan Rossa (Sarsfield—Nino) out of Lulu IV. (Shay's Dick—Lulu II.).

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Tyzah II.—Gilderoy. C. C. Abbe's (Springfield, Mass.) collie bitch Tyzah II. (Ayrshire Laddie—Tyzah) to his Gilderoy (champion Charlemagne—Hasty), July 15.

Tyzah II.'s Daisy—Gilderoy. C. C. Abbe's (Springfield, Mass.) collie bitch Tyzah II.'s Daisy (imported Gaffa—Tyzah II.) to his Gilderoy (champion Charlemagne—Hasty), Oct. 9.

Nellie—Me Too. Rochelle Kennels' (New Rochelle, N. Y.) Mexican hairless bitch Nellie (A.K.R. 6076) to Mrs. H. T. Foote's Me Too (A.K.R. 6074), Nov. 5.

Empress—Sears' Monarch. S. R. Wiggin's (Lynn, Mass.) mastiff bitch Empress (Major—Nellie) to Wyoming Kennels' Sears' Monarch (Lord Raglan—Dido), Oct. 23.

Empress III.—Sears' Monarch. S. W. Crook's (Attleboro, Mass.) mastiff bitch Empress III. (Imperial Chancellor—Ruth) to Wyoming Kennels' Sears' Monarch (Lord Raglan—Dido), Aug. 12.

Ruth—Sears' Monarch. S. W. Crook's (Attleboro, Mass.) mastiff bitch Ruth to Wyoming Kennels' Sears' Monarch (Lord Raglan—Dido), Nov. 2.

Alpine Queen—Plinlimmon, Jr. Wyoming Kennels' (Melrose, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Alpine Queen (champion Apollo—champion Miranda) to their Plinlimmon, Jr. (champion Plinlimmon—Princess Beatrice), Oct. 20.

Lady Catherine—Plinlimmon, Jr. Wyoming Kennels' (Melrose, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Lady Catherine (Duke of Lancaster—Dorris) to their Plinlimmon, Jr. (champion Plinlimmon—Princess Beatrice), Oct. 9.

Belle of Stanton—Ben Hill. P. Lorillard, Jr.'s (Jersey City, N. J.) English setter bitch Belle of Stanton (Count Noble—Dido II.) to J. Shelley Hudson's Ben Hill (Druid—Ruby), Nov. 18.

Tough—Bob Obo. Corktown Kennels' (Ottawa, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Tough (Wildair—Belle) to P. G. Keyes's imported Bob Obo (champion Obo—Nellie), Nov. 19.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Tyzah II. C. C. Abbe's (Springfield, Mass.) collie bitch Tyzah II. (Ayrshire Laddie—Tyzah), Sept. 15, eight (two dogs), by his Gilderoy (champion Charlemagne—Hasty).

Meersbrook Girl. Rochelle Kennels' (New Rochelle, N. Y.) black and tan terrier bitch Meersbrook Girl (Punch—Meersbrook Jessy), Nov. 21, seven (five dogs), by their Dick (Prince— ——).

Thora II. St. Bernard Kennels' (New Haven, Conn.) St. Bernard bitch Thora II. (A.K.R. 3585), Sept. 20, eight (seven dogs), by Stephens's Monarch (Merlin—Duchess IV.).

SALES.

☞ **Notes mustbe sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Gilderoy—Tyzah II.'s Daisy whelps. Black and tan collies, whelped May 31, 1889, by C. C. Abbe, Springfield, Mass., a dog to Fred H. Smith and a bitch to Daniel Bixby, both of same place, and a bitch to Lowell Bickford, Palmer, Mass.

Sears' Monarch—Una whelp. Mastiff dog, whelped March 10, 1889, by Wyoming Kennels, Melrose, Mass., to Rev. R. Thomas, Brookline, Mass.

Sears' Monarch—Maid of Athens whelp. Mastiff dog, whelped Aug. 23, 1889, by Wyoming Kennels, Melrose, Mass., to H. D. Kendall, Lowell, Mass.

Plinlimmon, Jr.—Maude whelps. St. Bernards, whelped Aug. 13, 1889, by Wyoming Kennels, Melrose, Mass., a dog each to Chas. Meyer, Thomas Long, C. G. Boardman, Boston, Mass.; J. McD. Cromar, Edmundston, N. H.; F. W. Cowan, Oshawa, Ont.; Frank Clark, Randolph, Mass.; C. E. Tingley, Reading, Mass., and a bitch to F. W. Knoblauch, Jersey City, N. J.

Plinlimmon, Jr.—Mollie whelps. St. Bernards, whelped July 5, 1889, by Wyoming Kennels, Melrose, Mass., two dogs to W. H. Walbridge, Peterboro, N. H.; a dog to Rev. J. F. McDonough, Taunton, Mass., and a dog and bitch to Mrs. Kate McShane, Baltimore, Md.

Pequot Lad and Pequot Lass. Black, white and tan English setter dog and black and white bitch, whelped June 12, 1889, by Ben Hill out of Tempest, by J. Shelley Hudson, Covington, Ky., to S. M. Crocker, New London, Conn.

Dad Wilson. White, black and tan English setter dog, whelped Aug. 9, 1884, by Cambridge out of Dido II., by P. Lorillard, Jr., Jersey City, N. J., to J. Shelley Hudson, Covington, Ky.

Sykes. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped June 4, 1889, by Obo, Jr., out of Tough, by Corktown Cocker Kennels, Ottawa, Ont., to U. Bonneville, Danville, Que.

Vigil. White, with evenly marked tan head, fox-terrier bitch, age not given, by Venator out of Nellie, by Oxford Kennels, London, Ont., to E. C. Ray, Jr., Mamaroneck, N. Y.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

SPORT, Brooklyn.—Cancrum oris—a disease of the mouth due to a decayed tooth or disease of jaw bone, or possibly some acrid poison. The disease is often fatal. The cause should have been removed and tonics and stimulats administered.

F. G. T., Pittsfield, Mass.—I wrote you some time ago about a bird dog I have which had canker in the ear. He is somewhat better, but the inside of the ear has grown almost full of what the doctor here says is proud flesh or something like that. He says the best way to get rid of it is to cut it out. The dog's hearing is all right, but he shakes and scratches his head. Would you advise having it cut out? Ans. Either have it cut out or burn it down with nitrate of silver stick (lunar caustic). If it is cut out the base must be touched each day with the silver until it heals.

J. R. F., Rochester, N. Y.—What shall I do for 8 months pointer pup? He has inflammation of the haw of both eyes. Some years ago I raised an English setter and he was troubled with the same. Finally had them removed but the remedy is a little too barbarous. What is the cause and the remedy? Ans. The cause may be local irritation or constitutional vice. To treat, drop a little solution of zinc sulphate 2 grains to the ounce in the eyes once or twice daily, and also wash the eyes with borax and camphor water, 10 grains of borax to the ounce. The operation of cutting with scissors may be made painless by the use of cocaine.

J. F. I., Philadelphia, Pa.—I own an English setter dog age 3yrs. For past three months his head has been out of order, and at times smells like stale dried beef, as near as I can describe the odor. Will you kindly inform me what I shall do for him? I think it is canker of the ear. Ans.:

℞ Bromo chloral.....3 ii
Tr. opii.....3 ii
Aq.....3 ii
Sig. Let a few drops fall in the ears night and morning. The ears may also be sponged out with a weak carbolic acid solution, one in fifty.

J. H. A., Saylesville, R. I.—My Irish setter bitch, 18 months old, was paralyzed in her hindquarters when she was 12 months old; she has not yet recovered perfect use of her hindlegs, being very awkward in her gait; the trouble seems to extend to her toes, which scrape the ground as she walks, and she cannot turn quickly when running. She is, however, able to do a hard day's work in the field, and never tires. This trouble came on her three months after she had recovered from distemper. Kindly tell me what are her chances for complete recovery, and what I can do for her. She is also troubled with incontinence of her urine. Ans. It is a sequel of distemper, quite common. The regular application of electricity to the hindquarters (lower segment of spinal cord) will benefit; also give a two-grain pill of the citrates of iron and strychnine, three times daily. The incontinence of urine is due to the same cause.

W. T. B., Washington, D. C.—I have a pointer dog eighteen months old which we have been compelled to nickname "Salvation." This dog is possessed of such a phenomenal appetite as to be the wonder of the community. He will eat six times as much as any other dog I have and yet retain a keen edge to his appetite, and, in fact, will gulp his food so fast and in such quantities, if allowed him, as to cause choking and suffocation. He is fed liberally on table scraps, corn bread, Spratts and Spalding's food, and has never been known since his return from the party who handled him to get enough. Although fed at one time three quarts of prepared food, at which time he was swelled out of all proportions, yet was hungry for more. He is under size, very thin in flesh, active and nervous. Ans. It would be well to try vermifuge remedies. Purge with castor oil, tablespoon doses, and in six hours give 30 grains of powdered areca nut made into a pill with lard. This can be forced down the throat. Only feed milk for two or three days. Give a 5-grain quinine pill night and morning.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

CONLIN'S ANNIVERSARY.

ON Monday last Jas. S. Conlin threw his gallery open in gala attire. It was the twenty-fifth anniversary of his start as a gallery keeper in this city, and he had asked every one who had ever shot in his rooms to come up during the day and evening, enjoy a few words with the veteran bullet director, look over the fine records of shooting done under all manner of conditions, and enjoy a ball of the liquid rather than the leaden sort. There was a great gathering and reminiscences ran riot, while of shooting yarns there were enough to stock a history of firearms from long before the war. Mr. Conlin's formal gallery record stands as follows:

First established, Nov. 24, 1864. Barnum's old American Museum, Broadway and Ann street. Destroyed by fire July 13, 1865.

In Barnum's new American Museum, Broadway, between Spring and Prince streets. Opened Sept. 6, 1865. Destroyed by fire March 3, 1868.

Next in Wood's Museum (now Daly's Theatre). Opened Aug. 31, 1868. Gallery closed June 3, 1872.

Noted Shooting Gallery, 47 Nassau street. Opened Dec. 15, 1868; closed March 29, 1871.

Corner Broadway and Twenty-second street. Opened April 13, 1871; closed April 30, 1872.

No. 930 Broadway, next to the Park Theatre. Opened May 1, 1872. Destroyed by fire March 11, 1875.

The gallery No. 1,222 Broadway. Opened April 12, 1877; closed for the erection of Wallack's New Theatre (now Palmer's), May 4, 1881.

White Elephant Rifle Range, 1,241 to 1,247 Broadway. Opened Jan. 15, 1880. C. D. Shepard, proprietor; J. S. Conlin, manager.

Rifle, Pistol and Record Gallery, 1,255 and 1,257 Broadway. Opened May 18, 1881, and now open to the shooting world.

BOSTON, Nov. 23.—The regular shoot of the Massachusetts Rifle Association was held to-day at its range at Walnut Hill. The weather conditions were good, with a moderate wind blowing from 9 o'clock. Mr. Munroe won the gold medal in the 20-shot rest match, and Mr. Lee won the gold champion medal. Messrs. O. E. Pettman and W. M. Foster each won a silver military medal. Next Thursday—Thanksgiving Day—will be celebrated by holding an all-day rifle shoot at Walnut Hill for prize and practice shooting. Following are the best scores made yesterday:

20-Shot Rest Match.

J R Munroe	98 107	W Pomeroy	97 102
T Warren	100 98	C H Davis	101 105

Champion Medal Match.

H L Lee	85	C O Clarke	83
B Hemmingway	66		

Silver military medal, won on 10 scores of 42 or better:

W. M. Foster	42	45	43	42	42	42	42	43	45	43	
O. E. Pettman	42	42	43	44	42	42	42	44	43	42	

Victory Medal Match.

G F Ellsworth	86	A McBean	82
M B Adams	75	F S Gardner	83
A S Hunt	82		

Military Medal Match.

W M Foster	45 43	A S Hunt	40
G H Nason	39	F F Lowell	43 42
S Field	40	K B Hobbs	36
O E Pettman	42		

All-Comers' Rest Match.

J B Munroe	115	M F Ham	105
A Ballard	101	S Wilder	109
S W Warner	103	T P Williams	100
C H Davis	109	W Pomeroy	102
W D Reed	92	D F Worcester	108

All-Comers' Off-Hand Match.

H L Lee	82	F W Chester	76
S C Sydney	72	J B Fellows	82
A S Hunt	75	A Sharp (mil.)	70
A McBean	81	L C Dunbar	74
E K James	69	F Daniels	77
C Willard	73	A Newman	64
O Howard	77		

PHILADELPAIA, Nov. 19.—The attandance of the Gaiety Rifle and Pistol Club to-night was very slim (owing to the inclemency of the weather) at their regular weekly contest for gold and silver medals. Mr. E. Travis had no trouble to discount those present eligible to shoot for the gold badge, while Mr. J. Pollock had a picnic all to himself for the silver badge. Mr. Geo. W. Coulston and Mr. H. J. Mehard have joined the forces of the club. Official score stood as follows on standard American targets (reduced), 30yds, off-hand, Wurfflein rifles, plain open sights, 10 shots, possibly 100:

John J Mountjoy	9	10	9	9	10	9	9	9	10	10	96
Geo W Coulston	10	10	9	10	9	9	10	8	10	9	94
E Travis	8	9	8	10	8	10	9	10	10	9	91
G Atkinson	10	6	7	6	10	10	7	10	7	5	78
A F Wiggins	5	10	9	8	5	7	8	10	7	8	77
H J Mehard	10	6	9	8	6	10	6	6	8	6	75
J G R	8	10	7	5	10	6	7	5	8	7	73
A F Simpson	5	5	3	10	8	6	6	10	6	9	72
T F Shonert	8	7	8	6	9	3	7	6	6	8	68
A McManus	5	4	6	8	9	8	8	6	6	7	67
F Paul	6	5	6	7	7	6	8	6	6	8	65
J A Pollock	3	6	5	7	5	8	9	7	6	7	63
W Young	4	8	8	6	6	5	7	5	7	5	61
W Wurfflein	6	9	6	6	6	4	10	5	3	4	59

SMALL-BORE.

SYRACUSE, Nov. 18.—The Onondaga Rifle Club has won the match with the Antrim Rifle Team, fired to-day, by 26 points, the Antrim Team scoring 1031 to the Onondaga's 1057. These are the scores of the Antrim Rifle Team:

A H Baker	6	10	8	9	8	8	9	9	7	8—83
	9	8	10	11	12	11	9	8	9	11—98—181
J Penrose	8	9	6	11	10	8	0	5	10	10—86
	8	10	10	7	8	11	10	11	8	8—91—177
C E Burgess	7	8	9	9	9	12	6	8	9	9—86
	9	9	9	9	9	11	11	8	7	8—90—176
C Ceaflea	6	7	9	9	8	8	7	7	8	12—81
	9	9	9	9	9	10	8	8	8	11—94—175
J Brague	8	8	10	9	9	8	9	8	8	9—86
	8	9	5	12	8	8	5	8	9	8—80—166
M Peters	9	9	9	9	9	7	6	7	9	0—79
	10	3	9	4	8	7	8	6	9	9—77—156

Grand total.....1031

SMOKELESS POWDER.—A recent United Press dispatch from Washington says that a Captain Ledyard Ellsworth, of Hartford, Conn., who claims to be the inventor of the smokeless powder which has caused such a sensation in German army circles, is in the city armed with a letter to Secretary Proctor, asking that the powder be tested with a view to its purchase by the United States government. Captain Ellsworth has papers in his possession making over the formula for the manufacture of the powder to Carl von Anderlitch, of London, representing the German government, and according to these documents Von Anderlitch obtains for his government from the inventor the exclusive rights for all countries with the exception of the United States, Mexico and Central America. For these rights Von Anderlitch pays $500,000, and is to pay $10,000 per year in semi-annual payments for ninety-nine years. The contract further provides that if before Nov. 1, 1889, the purchasers should inform Captain Ellsworth by personal service, letter, cable or otherwise of their desire, they shall have the option of purchasing the remaining rights—that is, for the United States, Mexico and Central America—for a like sum—$500,000 down and $10,000 per year for ninety-nine years. At present the matter seems to be complicated. The German contracting parties claim to have sent a letter on Oct. 12 closing the option, but this, Captain Ellsworth says, he has not received.

BOSTON, Nov. 22.—The members of the Boston Press Rifle Association, all seated around the festive board at the Parker House to-night, received their friends, reviewed the past history of their exploits with the rifle, and received the trophies won at the recent annual match of the association at Walnut Hill. Among the guests were Col. Horace P. Rockwell, Henry S. Harris, Secretary of Massachusetts Rifle Association, Mr. W. S. Crown, Mr. Henry H. Faxon, of Quincy, Mr. Henry L. Lovell, of the Lovell Arms Company, Mr. N. C. Fowler, of the Pope Manufacturing Company, and Mr. A. L. Delesdernier. Mr. J. P. Whitcomb, of the *Transcript*, the president of the association, sat at the head of the table. At a large table at the end of the room were displayed the prizes won at the late matches, which were far ahead of any display ever made since the organization of the association, both as regards elegance and value. The prize distribution was conducted by President Whitcomb, assisted by Messrs. W. V. Alexander and S. J. Byrne of the prize committee, and was one of the pleasantest features of the evening. Over 50 gentlemen were present, and the affair was one of the most successful ever given under the auspices of the occasion.

CLINTON, Mass., Nov. 20.—At the last meet of the Stevens Rifle Club of this place, the totals made by the members present were as follows:

Chute	18 19 20 18 21—96	Wright	11 18 18 20 20—87
Martin	18 20 22 15 19—94	McMinn	19 17 16 17 17—86
Cox	19 20 20 19 17—92	Langdon	19 20 15 14 14—82
Taylor	16 16 18 19 19—88		

A PESSIMISTIC VIEW OF IT.—New York, Nov. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The American Shooting Association does not appear to enthuse the strictly amateur trap shooter with faith sufficient to induce him to part with his "dust," or "blow it in" for the benefit of the so-called "amateur," who should be justly classed first, last and for all time as a professional trap shooter. It seems to me I have somewhere read that "a fool and his money are soon parted." If one of the great majority of amateurs does happen to enter into a shoot in competition with such men as Siegler, Lindsley, Collins, Miller, VonLengerke and others, does he ever require a second dose to convince him that he is in the wrong puddle? Even if successful in being for a "place," does he ever "git there?" Mark the result—shot out in the ties, invariably, and the withdrawal of another so-called devotee. One experience generally suffices. Trap shooting as a pastime, pure and simple, is about "played out," in evidence of which witness the decadence of the many small local gun clubs, many of whom are entirely out of the race, and still others keeping up a vain struggle for existence. Tournaments are held with the object of inducing the unwary one to part with his "tin." That these tournaments do not meet with the desired object of enriching a few at the cost of many is very evident, from the fact that so few tournaments are held which are made to pay even expenses. Gentlemen, have you not killed the goose which laid the golden egg? Is it not about time to start on a different tack? All your classification rules, trips around the country *à la* base ball, cannot bring the dead to life again. They go for naught.—BLUEROCK.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

Secretaries of clubs and managers of tournaments are requested to keep us advised of the dates of their shoots, so that we may give due notice in our column of fixtures.

FIXTURES.

Nov. 28, 29.—Lincoln, Neb., Gun Club Tournament. Open to all. C. H. Clarke, Secretary.

THE TRAP-SHOOTERS' TOUR.

THE United States Cartridge Company's scheme of touring the country in a private car, giving exhibitions in various cities, is now an assured fact, and the preliminary arrangement are being rapidly completed. The handsome and comfortable Pullman car Iolanthe has been engaged to carry the party. The Western team is now complete with C. E. Cahoon, of Freeport, Ill., as fifth man. That team now includes Al. Bandle, of Cincinnati, Rolla O. Heikes, of Dayton, Ohio, Chas. W. Budd, of Des Moines, Iowa, Jas. R. Stice, of Jacksonville, Ill., and C. E. Cahoon. Some uncertainty still exists as to the formation of the Eastern team, several desirable men being unable to leave their business for the trip. The team at present is H. B. Whitney, of Phelps, N. Y., H. McMurchy, of Syracuse, N. Y., W. H. Wolstencroft, of Philadelphia, and W. E. Perry, of Boston. In all probability Wm. Sigler, of Montclair, N. J., will fill out the quintet. A handsome souvenir score card and programme will be distributed among the spectators in each city. It will bear on its face a picture of the car Iolanthe with the teams grouped on the platforms at each end. The proposed trip has aroused considerable interest throughout the country, particularly in the cities along the route, and its effect will no doubt be a boom in shooting matters in all those places.

EUREKA GUN CLUB.—New York, Nov. 13.—The Eureka Gun Club held their November shoot on the 12th instant on the grounds of the Jersey City Heights Gun Club, at Marion, N. J. Club handicap prevailed in all the events. The Ficken brothers, Mehrtens, Strope and Semken shooting 10-bores at 18yds. rise; Diffley, Circle and Swindell, 12-bores at 18yds.; Schortemeier, a 12-bore at 22yds., and the rest 12-bores at 16yds. rise. First sweepstake at 10 bluerocks, 5 traps, all angles, one money: Diffley 8, Buthfer 6, Swindell 5. Second sweep, same conditions: Diffley 9, Buthfer 3, Swindell 8. Diffley wins both. Third sweep, same conditions: Diffley 7, Buthfer 9, Swindell 8. Chase 8. Buthfer wins. Fourth: Diffley 9, Buthfer 8, Swindell 9, Chase 8, Both 2, Schortemeier 7, Strope 7, Lutton 0, J. H. Ficken 4, Semken 6, Mehrtens 2. Three moneys. Diffley and Swindell divided first, Buthfer and Chase second, Strope and Schortemeier third.

Main event, prize and medal shoot, 15 bluerocks, 5 traps:

Diffley	110111110001011—10	Dr Sutton	001000100100000—3
D Buthfer	010110011111111—11	Swindell	110001101101010—8
Circle	001111010011110—10	J H Ficken	100011000100010—5
Chase	11100001l0w.	Semken	00001w.
Schortemeier	011111111100116—11	Mehrtens	00101w.
Booth	000100000010000— 2	H Ficken	100010001w.
Strope	101010010111011— 9		

Ties shot off at 5 birds: Buthfer, 00011—2; Schortemeier, 11110—4. Schortemeier wins medal for November.

Fifth sweep, same conditions as previous sweeps: Duffley 6, Butfer 7, Circle 6, Schortemeier 7, Strope 4, Swindell 6, J. H. Ficken 3, H. Ficken 1. Ties on 7 shot off, Schortemeier winning first, ties on 6 second, Strope third. Sixth sweep, same as previous: Schortemeier 9, Diffley 6, Buthfer 7, Strope 5, J. H. Fricken 6, Swindell 6. Schortemeier first, Buthfer second, ties on 6 and 7 third. Seventh sweep, 5 bluerocks: Schortemeier 5, Diffley 2, Buthfer 4, Strope 3, Ficken 2, Swindell 2. Schortemeier first, Buthfer second, Strope third. This closed the day. Our next and last shoot for 1889 takes place on the same grounds Dec. 10.—L. H. L.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 23.—The Parker Gun Club and Roxborough Gun Club met for friendly team contest on the grounds of the latter club. Eleven men to each team, 20 bluerocks per man, as follows:

Roxborough Gun Club.

F Hoagland	11101110101010110001—12
A Weir	10001001110001110010—10
F Willard	10111101001111110000—13
John Weir	10010011101C0110010—10
R Gilmore	10010010000000000000— 3
H Ozias	00110111110100110100—11
John Lager	11111010101010101001—13
G Blunder	00011001001011100010— 8
Frank Ozeas	01110111111111101111—16
H Blunden	01101100111101110000—11
Wm French	01011111111101101010—14—121

Parker Gun Club.

J Martin	01100111000011011111—12
G Jones	00100110100000000001— 5
W Gildner	11100101001010000011— 9
J Rowcroft	11011010111011110010—13
W Bradbury	10001100000011000010 — 6
J Hottersall	10011101101111111111—16
T Duffy	11110011110011111101—15
R Bradbury	01001000100101000110— 7
W Kerr	10011010110110000010—10
G Barron	00111011001001111110—12
J Hey	00101011009010000001— 6—111

SMALL-BORE.

BUDD VS. ERB.—Davenport, Ia., Nov. 21.—The live-bird match between C. W. Budd, of Des Moines, and Fred Erb, of Lafayette, Ind., for the champion cup, was shot here to-day. The conditions called for 50 birds at 30yds. rise and 80yds. boundary from 5 ground traps. Erb killed 43 and Budd 42. It was an even race down to the 46th bird, though at one time, on the fourth string, Budd was two in the lead. This was overcome in the fifth string, Erb making a clean record and Budd losing 3. The pigeons were old ones and rather wicked flyers, which accounts for the low scores. Every bird, with but one exception, was hit, but several fell dead outside the bounds. The day was dark and gloomy, but fully 200 assembled at the Forester Gun Club's park to witness the exhibition. Both men used 12-gauge hammerless Smith guns and loaded with Schultze powder. George Ferrall, of this city, acted as official scorer, and S. A. Tucker, of the Parker Arms Co., as referee. The following is the full score:

Erb	1111111201— 9
	1120221211— 9
	1112122e01— 8
	1201210022— 7
	1122111211—10— 43
Budd	1112111002— 8
	1112122222—10
	2012222011— 8
	2122101112— 9
	o2o1110212— 7—42

o dead out of bounds.

CORRY, Pa., Nov. 21.—Corry Gun Club, Keystone targets, 5 Keystones traps, Keystone rules, wind north:

Penrose	01101111111111111111011—22
Mead	10111111111111101111011—22
Austin	11101011111010111101111—21
Blydenburg	00111011011111111101101—19
Starbird	10110011111011111101011—19
Wetmore	11111011101110101011011O—18
Lewis	01111111010011110001111O—17
Ward	11101103001110010111111—16
Berliner	00001000000010101000100—5

Penrose won on shoot off.

Blydenburg's Team.

Blydenburg	11111110010111111111111—22
Austin	10111111111111111111110—23
Starbird	11101110111101001010110—17—62

Lewis's Team.

Lewis	01111111101101010111111—20
Penrose	01110110111101111111111—21
Wetmore	11110111101010011101111—18—59

THOMPSON VS. CLASS.—A pigeon match will take place between James Thompson, of Yonkers, N. Y., and Frank Class, of Pine Brook, N. J., for $500 a side, Dec. 3. Strict Hurlingham rules, 100 live pigeons per man, on the White Plains Driving Park, at White Plains, N. Y. Take the N. Y. & N. R. R. to Elmford or the Harlem R. R. to White Plains. Ample hotel accommodations may be had at either place. Stage or carriage can be obtained at the depot to convey you to the grounds. There will also be on the following day, Dec. 4, a grand $500 guarantee event, put up by the owner of the park, Mr. W. P. Updergrove. Open to the world, 25 live birds per man, $25 entrance, divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. American Shooting Association rules to govern. Address all entries to W. P. Updergrove, White Plains, N. Y.

TORONTO, Nov. 16.—The shooting at McDowall's grounds today brought out a good number, among whom were several old-time shooters, attracted no doubt by the announcement that a pigeon match was to be shot. The day was bright and clear, but rather cold. The shoot commenced with half blackbirds matches consisting of team sweeps. After the artificial birds a couple of pigeon matches between Messrs. W. Tracey and W. McDowall were shot. The birds were a fine strong lot, many of them getting out of bounds hard hit. The first was for $20, and was won by Mr. Tracey, and the second, for $5, was won by McDowall. Mr. Fred Emond was referee and puller. The score, 25 pigeons, 28yds. rise, T. G. C. rules:

Tracey	1101101111110101110111100—18
McDowall	1110101101111011001011101—17

Second match:

McDowall	1111—4 Tracey 1110—3

Nov. 20.—The first annual pigeon tournament of the Stanley Gun Club took place at the Woodbine to-day, and was in every way a grand success. The Saucer Club, as it is often called, turned out almost to a man, three members only being absent. The average per man throughout the entire match was 12 out of 15, which puts beyond all doubt that the Stanleys can shoot live birds as well as anything else. Mr. Briggs, of the Toronto Gun Club, made an excellent referee and gave entire satisfaction by all his decisions. Stanley Gun Club annual shoot, 15 birds, 26yds. rise, first barrel to count 1 and second barrel ½. The score:

First Class.

Heatherington	13	Charles	12½
J Drasey	12½	Creathures	12
J Rice	12½	N Dick	11½
T Sawdon, Sr	12½	F Emond	10½

Ties at 12½ won by Drasey.

W McDowall	9½		
F Moffatt	8		
C Kemp	8		

Second Class.

C Winchel	13	C Harrison	11½
Mitchell	12	K McClung	9½
G White	11½		

D Beatty	9
T S Bayles	6½

White wins ties at 11½.

Third Class.

T Sawdon, Jr	8	L J Congor	7½	R A McCready	6½

The merchandise shoot at 9 birds:

Charles	9	McDowall	8
Sawdon	9	Kemp	8
Mallet	9	Harrison	8
Dick	8		

Emond	7
Sawdon, Jr	7
Congor	7

On shoot-off, Charles first, Dick second, Emond third.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Nov. 23.—Harvard came to the front this morning when its team of five marksmen defeated the Yale five in a clay-pigeon shooting match on the Springfield Shooting Club's grounds by 103 to 97. Shooting was added to the college curriculum of sports last spring, when the Harvards defeated the Yales 121 to 98. Each team was composed of five men. Thirty shots were allowed each man, 15 at Keystones and 15 Ligowskys. The Yale team used 12-bore guns. Bacon and Dodge, of Harvard, also used the 12-bore, and the others used 10-bore. Keystone rules governed the contest. High and variable winds blew constantly over the field, bringing the "birds" to the ground on the right and increasing their velocity on the left. The sky was not favorable to good shooting. The shooting was in scores of fives and the traps were set at five angles. Harvard led in the Keystones, with aggregate scores of 45, against Yale's 40. Both teams had better luck with the clays, each scoring 57 points with these birds. Luce, of Harvard, took chief honors, with a total of 24; Farwell and Burdell, of Yale, made 23 each; Captain Quintar, of Harvard, scored 14 of 15 Ligowskys, and Captain Sage 13 out of 15. But for Locke's poor work Yale might have won. The teams and scores follow:

Harvard.	Keystones.	Ligowskys.
Luce, '90	10110111101111—12	01110110111111—12—24
Bacon, '90	00111010011110— 9	11111110111011—13—22
Post, '90	11010110110110—10	01110010111010— 9—19
Quinlan, '91	01100010101001— 7	01111111111111—14—21
Dodge, '91	01000101101010— 7	10011111010011— 9—16
Yale.		
Locke, '91	00110110000010— 5	01001001001101— 6—11
Burrell, '93	10011111010110—10	11110101111111—13—23
Pike, '90	11010011010000— 7	11011110111101—12—19
Farwell, '92	01011010111011—10	11011111101111—13—23
Sage, '90	01001011100110— 8	11011111111101—13—21

N. Y. SUBURBAN SHOOTING GROUNDS ASSOCIATION, Nov. 23.—Event No. 1, 50 cents entry, 10 bluerocks, all ties div.:

Lindsley	5	Nixon	9	Tee Kay	8
Sigler	5	Mack	4	Judge	7
Simpson	8				

No. 2, same:

Lindsley	7	Simpson	7	Mack	4
Sigler	9	Nixon	5	Judge	7

No. 3, same:

Lindsley	8	Simpson	10	Mack	1
Sigler	6	Nixon	9	F G Sigler	8

No. 4, same:

Lindsley	6	Simpson	7	Mack	4
Sigler	8	Nixon	6		

No. 5, same:

Sigler	8	Nixon	4	Evans	10
Lindsley	7	Mack	4	Moffatt	3
Simpson	6	E F Sigler	8		

No. 6, same:

Sigler	9	Nixon	7	Evans	7
Lindsley	9	Mack	5	Moffatt	7
Simpson	8				

No. 7, same:

Sigler	10	Nixon	3	Evans	6
Lindsley	9	Mack	2	Moffatt	5
Simpson	9				

No. 8, same:

Sigler	9	Nixon	8	Evans	10
Lindsley	8	Mack	4	Moffatt	9
Simpson	10				

No. 9, same:

Sigler	9	Nixon	6	Moffatt	8
Lindsley	6	Mack	7	Evans	7
Simpson	7				

No. 10, same:

Sigler	7	Simpson	9	Moffatt	6
Lindsley	7	Mack	2	Evans	7

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 20.—In the shoot off, B class, on ties for the Park Ridge lot offered in Mr. Stephens' shoot, Mr. C. B. Dicks last Saturday killed 88 out of 100, to Mr. Henry Sloan's 79, thus winning the lot. At Mak-saw-ba Club last Saturday Mr. G. W. Randall won the Shepard suit of hunting clothes. This suit has now been won by Mr. R. B. Organ, by Mr. Wm. Mussey and by Mr. Randall. It takes one more win to hold it. Mr. Organ won the Leiter blackbird medal on the same day with the poor score of 15 out of 20. Following are the totals in the hunting suit shoot:

Organ	13	Sloan	12	Holden	11
Mussey	13	Watson	11	Waldron	11
Randall	14	Dicks	12	Sharp	6
Read	14				

The programme is out for Crown Point Club's Thanksgiving shoot. Seven shoots, A, B and C classes, Keystone system, Keystones at two cents, professionals barred, no handicap on gun or on winners.—E. HOUGH.

RED BANK, N. J., Nov. 22.—A large number of people were on the grounds of the Riverside Gun and Rifle Club at Red Bank, N. J., this afternoon, the occasion being the regular weekly clay-pigeon shoot of the club. The targets were bluerocks, and the marksmen made good scores. In the first event, sweepstakes, 10 singles, the scores were: Edward M. Cooper 10, Edmund W. Throckmorton and John Cooper 9 each, Wm. L. Conover 6, Chas. Minton 3. There were three moneys and the second was divided. Four took part in the next shoot, which was also a sweepstakes at 10 singles, and they made the following scores: John Cooper 8, Throckmorton 7, Conover 6, Edward Cooper 4. The third event was a sweepstakes at 5 doubles. The scores follow: Edward Cooper 10, Throckmorton 7, John Cooper 6, Conover 4. The concluding event was a sweepstakes shoot at 9 singles. John Cooper broke 9, and Conover, Throckmorton and Edward Cooper each broke 8. In the shoot off for second money Edward Cooper won. Throckmorton and Conover shot for third money until dark without missing, and they divided. The next shoot of the club will take place on Thanksgiving Day, and arrangements will be made for the reception of a large crowd. The club has prepared an interesting schedule of events, which comprises shooting at bluerocks, Keystones and other clay-birds and live pigeons, the entire day being given up to shooting.

GRAND CROSSING, Ill., Nov. 21.—The Gun Club shoot for medal at 10 live pigeons, 5 ground traps, 30yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, Illinois State rules:

B Dicks	1121222112—10	Hamline	2111102200—7
Dr Hutch	2101110211— 8	B Rock	1221110111—9
Price	1211012121— 9	W P Mussey	2112012221—9

Medal shoot same day at 20 Peoria blackbirds: B. Dicks 13, Dr. Hutch 8, Price 11, Hamline 13, B. Rock 18, wins.—RAVELRIGG.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Nov. 23.—To-day's sport at the traps of the Wellington Gun Club was quite interesting, Perry again coming to the front, his score of 14 giving him his third first. The other scores in the pitcher match were as follows: Bond 10, Warren 13, Dill 12, Porter and Lee 9 each, Bradbury 7, Edwards and Cowee 10 each, Melcher and Conant 11 each, Bradstreet 8. The first winners in the matches were: Five pigeons, Smith; 5 bluerocks, Smith; 6 bluerocks, Dill, Bond and Bradbury; six tin birds, Dill and Bond; 5 bluerocks, Dill; 8 bluerocks, Warren; 6 tin birds, Warren and Smith; 10 bluerocks, Perry and Bradbury; 6 tin birds, Warren; 8 pigeons, Perry, Melcher and Warren; 7 bluerocks, Perry; 5 pigeons, Bond and Perry; 5 pairs bluerocks, Melcher and Warren; 6 bluerocks, Porter, Perry and Warren; 5 pigeons, Bradstreet and Perry; 5 bluerocks, Bond; 3 pairs pgeons, Bradbury; 5 bluerocks, Bond; 5 bluerocks, Hurlingham rules, Perry. The club holds a turkey shoot Thanksgiving Day.

THE KEYSTONE SCORE BOOK, which takes its name from and is made by, the Keystone Manufacturing Co., of Corry, Pa., is the handiest score book yet devised. It is handsomely gotten up and substantially made. It is so arranged that by the use of carbon paper, five copies of a score may be made simultaneously, the original being retained in the book and the duplicates detached for publication, or any other desired use. At the top of the sheet are head lines for noting all conditions of each event, the weather, directions of wind, etc., etc. This book is an invaluable aid to club secretaries and managers of tournaments. Several sheets of carbon paper and a stylus pencil are sent with each book.

THE NORWOOD GUN CLUB, of Florence, Mass., will gather a Thanksgiving dinner to-day.

Yachting.

"West India Hurricanes and the Great March Blizzard." By Everett Hayden, U. S. Hydrographic Office. Large quarto, with 23 lithographic plates. Price $1. Contains full history of the great storm of March, 1888, with practical information how to handle a vessel in a cyclone; use of oil at sea, etc.

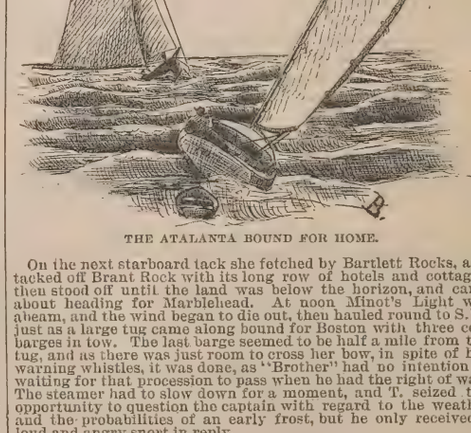
A CRUISE TO MARBLEHEAD IN '86.

THE Guinevere is not the ideal cruiser which the FOREST AND STREAM has been working so hard to introduce for the past few years, but a common everyday catboat of Cape Cod, whose lines appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 11, 1887. She is 23ft. 5in. over all, 21ft. waterline, and 9ft. 0in. beam, carrying a jib set flying on a 10ft. bowsprit. The cabin contained two 7ft. berths, table, lockers, lamp, etc., with stowage room forward for oilskins, spare line, etc. There were two ice chests under the seats in cockpit, besides a large boatswain's locker aft.

About the middle of June her owner proposed a cruise to Marblehead to witness the Eastern Y. C. annual regatta, and after much persuasion he was induced to go, and the "Captain" and a certain fat man of the village were prevailed upon to get the 24ft. sloop Atalanta into cruising trim and accompany them. So on Saturday, June 26, all the stores were gotten on board, and on Sunday morning the ice chests and water jugs were filled and the "Captain" appeared with a large canvas bag containing grub, clothes, compass, charts, etc., etc.

At 1 o'clock both boats were running down the harbor and were soon outside, heading for Manomet Point, with sheets well aft, to a light N.E. wind, jumping into the long head swell. The wind all died out at sunset, leaving them some twelve miles from the Gurnet Lights, but about 9 o'clock it pulled around due east, and with booms well off they headed for the lights. The wind freshened until the lee rails were awash, and as the Guinevere passed the Atalanta to leeward, the "Captain's" voice called out, "Stick by us, 'Brother,' we're half full of water;" so the jib was taken in and the "Captain" ranged up alongside. A terrible swell was rolling in and pounding itself out on Brown's Bank to leeward, and a good lookout was kept for the buoy on Bass Rock, which was nearly run down in the darkness, but the anchors were finally dropped under the Gurnet Lights in about two fathoms of still water. The Atalanta, being a very ancient craft, had opened an old leak in the port deck just outside the cockpit rail, and on account of the darkness she was nearly half full before it was discovered. She was pumped out and then her crew was invited on board the Guinevere to sup on beefsteak and hot chocolate. The fat man fairly outdid himself, and that supper he remembered to his sorrow on the following day.

The next morning (Monday) brought a dead calm with occasional showers and a tremendous swell rolling in by the point, but the "Captain" was on deck at the first streak of dawn, nailing a strip of canvas over the leak, and was continually getting under way and coming to anchor again as the light air came and went. He had called "Brother" some dozen times, until he finally crawled out, just as a light air from the N.N.W. sprung up, which made it a dead beat to Marblehead. These conditions were very favorable to the Atalanta with her narrow beam, and she went out to windward, leaving Guinevere bobbing helplessly up and down in the seaway near the whistling buoy. The boat was slowly drifting toward Pine Ledge, so the oil stove was started, breakfast prepared, and as T. finished wiping the last dish the breeze freshened. The Atalanta had a long lead, being off Brant Rock, and was seen to take a reef in the mainsail. A small steam yacht came out of Plymouth and ran by, headed for Boston. T. twirled a rope's end and looked at her wistfully, but it was of no use, so he straightened himself out with a pull on the mainsheet, took a large drink of water, and called "Brother's" attention to the fact that the Atalanta had come to grief. She had lowered all sail and had a man aloft, but soon came running back with a close-reefed mainsail, saying they had parted their starboard shroud, could not repair it, and were bound for home, so the Guinevere was left to complete the cruise by herself.



THE ATALANTA BOUND FOR HOME.

On the next starboard tack she fetched by Bartlett Rocks, and tacked off Brant Rock with its long row of hotels and cottages, then stood off until the land was below the horizon, and came about heading for Marblehead. At noon Minot's Light was abeam, and the wind began to die out, then hauled round to S.W. just as a large tug came along bound for Boston with three coal barges in tow. The last barge seemed to be half a mile from the tug, and as there was just room to cross her bow, in spite of her warning whistles, it was done, as "Brother" had no intention of waiting for that procession to pass when he had the right of way. The steamer had to slow down for a moment, and T. seized the opportunity to question the captain with regard to the weather and the probabilities of an early frost, but he only received a loud and angry snort in reply.

With a light breeze over the quarter Marblehead was reached about sunset and the anchor dropped near the ferry landing on the town side of the harbor, and half an hour was spent in looking at the yachts at anchor. The boat was new and all her faults had not been discovered, the cabin house had leaked considerably during the day (it has since been covered with canvas), and all the bedding and spare clothes were wet through; so it was deemed advisable to sleep on shore if possible. "Brother" and T. have always wondered if every cruiser visiting Marblehead without the luxury of a brilliant and extensive wardrobe, which only a large boat can accommodate, has been subjected to the treatment

they received that evening. They had no sooner reached the long street running down the hill to the railroad station before they found a perfect cavalcade of small boys following in their wake, with loud cries of "sneakers," "sneakers." It was finally discov-

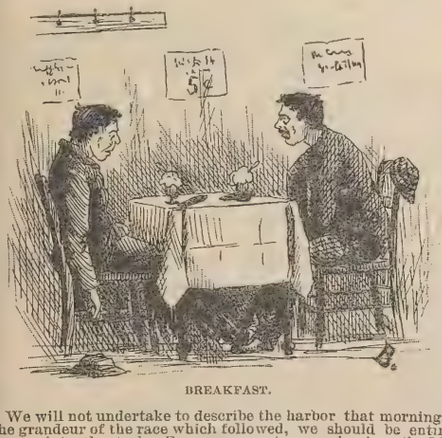


"SNEAKERS."

ered that the appellation referred to their rubber-soled shoes; but rather than discard such useful articles for the satisfaction of the Marblehead small boy, they hurried on with ill-concealed terror. "Brother" was kept very busy dodging torpedoes which had been carefully placed in obscure places for him to step on, and as they passed a high board fence T. was thrown violently against it by a little girl of some eight or ten summers. She had caught his swinging hand, laid back on it with both feet placed firmly on the ground, and whirled him into the fence with a crash. They finally accosted a citizen and inquired the way to the hotel; he had heard of such a place in town, but did not know where it was. The next man told them to retrace their steps and take the first street to their right, which they did, and passed a large building on a hill, brilliantly lighted, and upon asking a small boy what it was, he replied, "Oh, that's where they have the nigger show." "When, to-night?" exclaimed "Brother" and T. in one voice. "No," replied the urchin in accents of the deepest scorn, "durin' the winter, of course," It was afterward ascertained to be Abbott Hall.

The hotel was finally discovered, but the proprietor being unable to procure a liquor license had closed up, finding it an unprofitable investment. They were then directed to several boarding houses, but could not gain admittance, and finally wound up at an ice cream saloon, the proprietor saying he could put them up for the night. They were piloted up several flights of stairs to the attic, where a small room had been boarded off with box covers and old boards. It contained a cot bed, a couch, a brush and comb, and a skylight, and they proceeded to make themselves comfortable for the night.

They were awakened at daylight by the proprietor, who took a seat upon the foot of T.'s couch for a good long talk. He talked on steadily for half an hour, said he had made several gallons of ice cream that morning, and finally went down to see how it was getting on, but returned immediately, evidently being afraid his guests would take French leave during his absence. The morning sun streamed into the skylight, shedding its rays upon T., who lay blinking his eyes in the strong light. At last the proprietor missed stays on some yarn he was spinning of the past glories of Marblehead, and T. seized the opportunity to mention breakfast. The proprietor thought for a moment and then asked how they would like a little ice cream. T. looked at him, then at "Brother," then at the skylight, and seemingly asked if it considered ice cream a solid repast. The host immediately entered upon a discourse on the ingredients of said breakfast, winding up with "and there's a pint of milk, a pound of sugar and three eggs in every quart of my ice cream, now what could you have more solid than that?" That settled the question, and the morning meal consisted of "ice cream and cigars," the entire bill amounting to one silver dollar.



BREAKFAST.

We will not undertake to describe the harbor that morning, or the grandeur of the race which followed, we should be entirely unequal to the task. Every one must remember it as the Mayflower's maiden effort. The two cruisers reached their boat safely and found an old chum of "Brother," Billy by name, quietly seated in the cockpit with several friends from a small sloop anchored near by. After several bottles of beer, and a great deal of yachting gossip, the winning yachts for the day being picked out, the visitors departed, but Billy decided to ship on the Guinevere for the day. The mainsail was double reefed, the anchor shode thrown into the tender, and Guinevere headed for the mouth of the harbor in company with numberless craft of all sizes, from boats of her own length and even smaller to the stately Mayflower, Puritan and Priscilla. It may have been imagination, or the ice cream, but the crew were astonished at the way their craft with her beam and light draft walked away from catboats and small sloops as soon as the open was reached. In sailing round before the start, some friends were discovered on a tugboat laying too well out into the triangle and as "Brother" wished to speak them the catboat was laid alongside. Immediately another tug appeared and came up on the other side, the captains yelling the pleasantries of the day to each other from their pilot houses. There they lay rolling in the seaway and gradually drawing together with the poor Guinevere becalmed between them. There seemed no escape for the smaller boat, but just at the critical moment the last comer sheered off, after being commended to all the bad places the crew could think of, concertedly and individually.

At last the racing yachts crossed the line, and a splendid view of the race was had by sailing a small triangle inside of the course. As they came up for the second round the catboat was hove to just to leeward of the first leg and about a quarter of a mile from the line. What a sight those big yachts made as they crossed the line, squared away and set all their light canvas! They all passed within two or three hundred yards of the boat, and it was worth sailing a hundred miles to see—yes, even a thousand.

After the finish the Guinevere was headed for the harbor and had an exciting race with a fishing schooner of some forty feet, and rather got the best of her in the short tacks working in under the land. The tender was picked up about dark, and after supper "Brother" visited Hera. During the evening a very sharp squall came up from the N. W., and on returning he found his noble craft in a disabled condition, a white sloop with no one on board having gone adrift, taking the Guinevere's bowsprit as she passed, being unable to keep her off after paying out all the anchor shode.

On the following morning Billy shipped for the run home and the anchor was broken out about 8 o'clock, to a S.S.E. breeze dead ahead and very light. At three o'clock in the afternoon it was a dead calm, and as the boat lay directly off Nantasket, only a short distance from shore, a landing was proposed and accomplished in spite of the surf. A game of pool and tintypes were the only attractions held out to them by Boston's Coney Island. At six o'clock the W. S. W. breeze sprung up and the crew returned on board, and at sunset they passed Minot's Light. When about N. W. of the light and some 300yds. distant, the bell was tolled and a man on the turret called to them several times, but his meaning could not be distinguished. Finally the words "Go ahead" were made out, and his advice was taken. What he was trying to communicate has never been discovered.

The wind had freshened until it had become a good wholesail breeze, and being right abeam it was decided to make an all-night run, and soon the Gurnets were sighted. The crew were divided into three watches of two hours each, "Brother" taking the first



THE HAIL FROM MINOT'S LEDGE.

at ten o'clock, and passed the Gurnets just as he called Billy at midnight. Sandy Neck Light was sighted during the last hour of T.'s watch, and when he called "Brother" at eight bells they were off the outside harbor buoys, and the moorings were on deck just after sunrise. B.

A RUN OUTSIDE IN LIRIS IN NOVEMBER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Thinking that a short account of a recent run "down the beach" in one of the flying forties might interest some of your readers, I send the following particulars of the trip of Liris from New York to the James River in Virginia.

Sunday, Nov. 3.—At noon boarded the Liris off Tompkinsville, S. I. Stood over to Bay Ridge to land the owner and another club member who came to see the start and then made our way down the Bay, weather thick and wind variable. Besides myself there were left on board the sailing master and two Scandinavian sailors. The steward was not able to reach Bay Ridge in time to join and as there was a warranty in the policy of marine insurance upon the vessel, that she should not start unless favorable weather was anticipated by the naval officer in charge of the Branch Hydrographic Office in the Maritime Exchange, it was thought better not to wait for him but to get along, as best we might, with such cooking as one of the sailors might be able to manage. Subsequent events showed the soundness of this conclusion, as we carried a fair wind down to the coast of Virginia and yet managed to spread a good table, including such luxuries as hot pancakes for breakfast, during his absence, partly owing to our being provided with a gasoline range which worked perfectly even with the fore hatch and ventilator closed; thereby demonstrating the correctness of the claim which I have made ever since my catboat days, that, for small vessels, the only practicable or useful range is one burning naphtha or gasoline as vapor. At 4:50 P. M. we took departure from Scotland Lightship, it bearing E. distance ½mile, wind fresh from the west, weather clearing, barometer 29.85, course S. by W., boat under mainsail, staysail, jib and gafftopsail. Hove over patent taffrail log. At 10:15 P. M. Barnegat Light bore N. W. distant about 2¾ miles, barometer 30, wind N.W., fresh, course S.W. by S. At 12 midnight, Tucker's Island Light bore W. by N.

Nov. 4.—At 4:20 A. M. the N E. lightship bore S.E., distant about two miles, wind N.W., course S.W. by S.¼S. At 5:20 A. M. the Five Fathom Bank lightship bore S.E., distant about two miles, wind and course as before. At 8:45 A. M. Fenwick's Island lightship bore W. by N., distant about 2½ miles. At noon took a meridian observation of the sun, using the owner's sextant, the sailing master using a quadrant. Upon reducing the observations, found that they gave our position as 38° 05′ 59″ north latitude, which must have been very nearly correct. At 12:50 P. M., Winter Quarter Shoal lightship bore E., distant about 1¼ miles, wind N.N.E., course S.W. by S.¼S. The wind had been gradually hauling to the eastward and growing lighter, and at 2:30 P. M. it had gone to N.E., and we jibed over. At 5:30 P. M. the wind was E. and light. In the early morning we searched for the lightship off Cape Charles without finding it, but being reasonably sure of our position we concluded that it had gone astray, and kept our course; we afterward met it coming out under tow near the Rip Raps.

Nov. 5.—At 4:15 A. M., whistling buoy off Shark Shoal bore N., distant about ½ mile, wind N. W., course W. by S.¼S. At 6 A. M. Cape Henry light bore S., wind N.W., light. At 8:45 A. M. anchored in Hampton Roads off Hygeia Hotel at Old Point Comfort.

Before starting Liris was given a cruising rig, main boom plumb with the taffrail, and her gaff, topmast and bowsprit about two-thirds of the length of the correspondiny spars of her summer rig. Under this rig she was exceedingly handy, and although we met with no bad weather during the cruise, yet her behavior in a fresh N. W. breeze, raising big white caps against a swell rolling up from E., and S., leads me to believe that when she does encounter such she will do well. Like all boats with considerable outside lead she answers quickly to the least motion of the water in which she floats, but the motion is easy and gentle at all times. The chief point of interest in her behavior to me, however, was that she was guiltless of the two faults which make living on one of the deep and narrow cutters when on the wind in a seaway so uncomfortable, she did not heel to an angle that made walking on deck out of the question, and, above all, she did not drop her nose deep into the water as each sea left the bows, in the manner so well known to every one who has sailed in or even watched a cutter under way. She moreover carries a good weather helm, which I like, as one of the things I detest and against which I "lift up a fervid (sailor's) prayer" is a boat with a lee helm, and she is the only wooden boat I ever was on that literally did not leak a drop.

I have noticed a tendency recently to describe as "brutes" a class of boats having very heavy lead keels and large or "excessive" sail areas. While I do not for a moment wish to be understood as advocating boats of such a build, for I consider them undesirable to own, I do wish to protest against the use of such a term in connection with so great a triumph of naval architecture (for such I consider her) as Liris. I cannot help thinking that the application of the term must have first been made by some one who wished to express his disapproval of their general design but was ignorant of the proper use of the word among seamen, and that he was thoughtlessly imitated by others who might be better informed, as I am persuaded that no seaman would ever apply the term to a boat that answered her helm smartly and behaves as well as does Liris. A seaman would, I think, reserve the term for a boat that refused to do her proper share of the work after those on board had done their share.

I may add that nothing under sail evertook us on the trip down, and that we beat to the Rip Raps, by some hours, a large four-masted schooner that passed down the Narrows ahead of us and chased us all Monday. SIDNEY CHUBB.

NEW YORK, Nov 20.

[Liris was surveyed by the insurers before leaving New York, and her construction was fully approved by the surveyor.]

Canoeing.

A FIFTEEN HUNDRED MILE CRUISE.

With the new year we will begin the publication of the log of a solitary cruise of 1,500 miles, made in a 14-foot Adirondack boat, on the Erie Canal, Lake Ontario, the St. Lawrence River, and other waters. The cruise began at Albany, finishing nearly two months later at Philadelphia, and the narrative includes exciting and dangerous episodes. The chapters will run through several issues. Cruisers should not miss this serial.

A. C. A. EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE MEETING.

THE ninth annual meeting of the Executive Committee of the American Canoe Association was held at Clark's restaurant, New York, on Nov. 23, with Com. Stanton in the chair. There were present from the Central Division Messrs. Huntington and Wardwell; from the Eastern Division, Messrs. Gage, Brazier, Purnam and Knappe; and from the Atlantic Division Messrs. Brokaw, Dorland, Haviland and Kitchell. The Northern Division was not represented. Sec.-Treas. Dunnell and Messrs. Oliver and Goddard of the new regatta committee were also present. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved, after which the following letter from Com. Rogers was read:

To the Commodore and Officers-Elect of the A. C. A.:

GENTLEMEN—I regret very much not being able to join you on the 23d. On retiring from the head of the A. C. A., a position I have had the honor of holding for the past year, I have to congratulate the Association on its continued prosperity, and on its good selection of officers for the ensuing year, guaranteeing further progress. My term has been on the whole a pleasant one, thanks to the assistance I have received from my brother officers in general and the various committees in particular. I am especially indebted to my secretary, G. W. Hatton, Esq., to whose untiring exertions and thorough business capacity is due to a large extent whatever success has been achieved during our term of office, his accounts herewith submitted will of course speak for themselves. The meet did not quite realize my expectations, owing to the fact that for the first week the elements were against us, and prevented our carrying out a full programme of unannounced events, which could only be accomplished in fine weather during the first week, as during the last week the races very properly absorb all other amusement. In this connection I must enter my appreciation of Mr. Seavey's exertions to promote the enjoyment of the camp; he has, I know, for years employed his time in camp with that end in view, and this year he quite eclipsed all former acts by his unrivalled circus. I hear him spoken of in comparison with Barnum, but in my opinion Seavey outdid Barnum, inasmuch as Barnum had the world to draw from, and Seavey only the A. C. A. camp. At the same time Seavey can claim a much more select and appreciative audience. In conclusion, I have to thank all the members with whom I came in contact for their invariable courtesy to me as their chief, and their loyalty to the organization, showing that we are what we profess to be—an association of gentlemen, bound together by love of recreation in all true manly sport, and I would strongly impress upon my successors in office, as well as the members at large, to cherish and perpetuate the unique position the A. C. A. holds to-day, viz., an athletic association without any of the degrading influences that, I regret to say, accompany so many of the sporting institutions of our age. Bidding you an official farewell, I am, brother canoeists, your obedient servant,

PETERBORO, Nov. 1. H. C. ROGERS.

The accompanying reports were then presented:

TREASURER'S REPORT, AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Receipts.

Balance from F. L. Mix, Esq.	$ 84 20	
Northern Division account of 1888	29 55	
Central Division, 1889	63 35	
Eastern Division, 1889	69 05	
Northern Division, 1889	212 45	
Atlantic Division, 1889	82 00	
Camp dues—List A	179 00	
Labor and lumber—List B	152 80	
A. C. A. circus, per Mr. Seavey	5 55	
		$877 95

Expenditures.

Stamps	15 00	
Express on books from F. L. Mix, Esq	5 75	
Stationery	22 00	
Stamps and telegrams, Com. Rogers	7 50	
Camp expenses of col. of customs, $15; bugler, $6.35	21 35	
Tent for Sec'y-Treas. and damage to same by fire	20 00	
A. C. A. marquee	35 00	
Lumber, Rathbun Co., $105, less flag poles, $5	100 00	
Stationery at camp	12 00	
Carpenter and assistants	180 50	
Printing camp programme and badges	78 50	
Typewriting	25 00	
Sec'y-Treas. expenses	76 00	
		$597 60
Regatta committee—		
E. B. Edwards, stamps and express	2 75	
Steam launch	6 55	
Printing	5 50	
Towing and setting buoys	8 00	
Nails and cord	7 40	
E. L. French, disbursements	30 25	
		$60 45
Site committee—		
C. E. Porteous	4 00	
Flag poles	23 60	
J. B. Turner	15 55	
J Z Rogers	8 20	
		$51 35
Incidentals—		
Telegram .55, visitors' badges $3.53, printing $9.25	13 33	
Furniture and lanterns $6.60, express $3.81	10 41	
Stationary .65, lease of island $1, cartage $1.25	2 90	
Tools $3.95, towing scow, etc., $8.05, stamps $3	15 00	
		$41 64
		$751 04
Balance		126 91
		$877 95

We, the undersigned, a committee appointed by Com. H. C. Rogers to audit the accounts of the secretary-treasurer, G. W. Hatton, hereto annexed, find the same correct and properly vouched. Signed, LOUIS M. HAYES, G. M. ROGER, } Auditors.

H. C. ROGERS, Com. A. C. A.

CENTRAL DIVISION, A. C. A.

Receipts.

Dues for 1888	$ 12 00	
Dues for 1889	185 00	
Dues for 1890	3 00	
Dues for 1891-94	4 00	
Initiation fees	25 00	
		$229 00

Expenditures.

Stationery and printing	$ 6 80	
Envelopes and postage	11 50	
Letter file	60	
Telegram	43	
Express	30	
Typewriter	2 00	
Dues returned	13 00	
A. C. A. treasury, 30 per cent	63 60	
Balance Nov. 15, 1889	130 77	
		$229 00

Number of members on roll, December, 1888	194
New Members	25
Reinstated	2
Transferred to other Divisions	2
Resigned	2
Dropped	25
Number of members, Nov. 15	192

THOMAS. H. STRYKER, Purser Central Division.

ROME, N. Y., Nov. 15.

Examined and found correct, M. R. BINGHAM, C. R. WARDWELL, } Auditors.

EASTERN DIVISION A. C. A.

Receipts.

Balance, Oct. 10, 1888	$92 74	
Initiation fees	58 00	
Dues (for 1888, $4; for 1889, $169)	173 00	
Interest	3 56	
		$327 30

Expenditures.

*Stationery, printing, etc	$56 75	
Envelopes and stamps	15 00	
Subscription to FOREST AND STREAM	4 00	
Typewriter copyist	6 00	
Cups for prizes	41 26	
Help at meet	11 75	
Buoys, wood, flagpoles and bulletin board	13 50	
Steamer and dock—balance	48 50	
Incidental expenses	9 01	
Thirty per cent. to G. W. Hatton, Sec'y-Treas	69 30	
Balance, Oct. 11, 1889	52 23	
		$327 30

Number of members Oct. 10, 1888		137
New members	58	
Transferred from other Divisions	3	
Reinstated	8	
	— 69	
Dropped, non-payment	33	
Transferred to Central Division	1	
Died	1	
Resigned	3	
	— 38	
Increase		31
Number of members Oct. 11, 1889		168

AUDITORS' CERTIFICATE.

This is to certify that we have this day examined the books, papers and accounts of the Eastern Division of the American Canoe Association, and find the foregoing statement of the purser correct, and said accounts properly cast and vouched.

OCT. 11, 1889. EMIL C. KNAPPE, JOSEPH G. READ. } Auditors.

*This includes the purchase of a permanent record book for the regatta committee and a secretary's record book. As to the steamer account, we were disappointed in attendance, as (like other canoe meets) we had rainy and disagreeable weather.

HENRY D. MARSH, Purser E. D.

SPRINGFIELD, Conn., Oct. 11.

NORTHERN DIVISION, A. C. A.

Receipts.

Received from Purser, S. Britton	$111 58	
Interest to December 31, 1888	35	
Back dues for 1888	$19 00	
Entrance fees	54 00	
Dues for 1889	171 00	
		$244 00
Interest accrued to October 23, 1889		5 25
		$361 18

Disbursements.

Sent Sec.-Treas. Hatton balance due A. C. A. for 1888		$29 70
Tent, tables, chairs, for Northern Division and express	$32 45	
Application blanks and P. O. Order	1 40	
Stationery and printing on account of Northern Division	2 25	
Postage on account of Northern Division	1 18	
		$37 28
Stationery and printing, A. C. A. collection account	$17 50	
Postage, A. C. A. collection account	13 80	
		$31 30
Sent Sec.-Treas. Hatton amount due A. C. A. for 1889		212 70
Balance on hand		50 20
		$361 18
Membership fees collected in 1889		$244 00
Cost of collection	$31 30	
Balance for A. C. A	217 70	
		$244 00

Number of members on roll at end of 1888	188
New members elected in 1889	54
Number of old members reinstated	19
Number of old members dropped off	90
Number now on the roll	171

TORONTO, Oct. 23. COLIN FRASER, Purser N. D.

ATLANTIC DIVISION, A. C. A.

The following is the financial report of the Atlantic Division, A. C. A., from Aug. 1, 1888, to Nov. 4, 1889:

Cr.

By cash received from Purser E. W. Brown		$181.35
By dues received for 1887	$6.00	
" " " " 1888	51.00	
" " " " 1889	289.00	346.00
		$527.35

Dr.

To office expenses	$ 44.84	
" 30 per cent. paid F. L. Mix, Sec'y	78.81	
" Division meet expenses	16.98	
" Regatta Committee	72.40	
" 30 per cent. paid G. W. Hatton, Sec'y	82.20	
" Applications returned	10.00	
" Transferred to other divisions	5.00	
Balance on hand Nov. 4, 1889	217.12	$527.35
Nov. 4, 1889, check for W. R. Haviland		$217.12

F. L. DUNNELL, Purser.

Number of members, Aug. 1, 1888		171
Number of new members	91	
Dropped, non-payment	12	
Transferred to other divisions	5	
Died	1	
Resigned	8	
Applications returned	5 31	60
Nov. 4, 1889, total over all		231

Auditors' Certificate.

We, the undersigned, hereby certify that we have this day examined the books, papers and accounts of the Atlantic Division of the American Canoe Association, together with the above financial statement, and find the same correct.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 4. H. C. WARD, Chairman, B. H. NADAL. } Auditors.

Nothing could be learned of the whereabouts of the "Special Committee of the Brooklyn C. C. on Huntington Bay," nor was any report from it forthcoming; so the following report of the regular Site Committee was read and approved, the site named being selected:

REPORT OF THE SITE COMMITTEE.

To the Executive Committee American Canoe Association:

GENTLEMEN—The Committee on Camp Site and Arrangements beg leave to report as follows:

Before the formation of this committee, Commodore Stanton, with the assistance of Messrs. Brown, Gibson, Stephens, General Oliver and other members of the Association, made a careful and personal examination of various sites along both shores of the Sound which had been suggested and talked over informally at the last meet and subsequently. The results of this work were accepted by the committee and investigations continued under the direction of the Commodore, and so thoroughly has the subject been canvassed that we feel confident that we are prepared to submit a satisfactory report. During the investigations of the committee both sides of Long Island Sound have been carefully gone over and considered. Flushing Bay, Huntington Bay, Oyster Bay, Greenwich Harbor, the Norwalk Islands, Port Jefferson Harbor, Peconic Bay, Shinnecock Bay have been recently visited by the committe with this object solely in view. The Great South Bay, the Thames River near New London, the Thimble Islands and numerous other places have not been neglected in the consideration, although some of these were without the territory of the Atlantic Division. The points in favor of various inlets along the New Jersey coast have also been considered. The object of the committee has been to suggest a site on salt water, and if possible, on or very near to the ocean.

Shinnecock Bay was originally suggested by Mr. Shedd, of the Springfield Club, in a letter to FOREST AND STREAM. The place suggested by him was visited and the visit confirmed Mr. Shedd's report in every particular; the difficulty, however, arose in the fact that sundry brick and palatial residences had been built since Mr. Shedd's visit directly on the site suggested by him, and the whole bay, most eligible as it is for a canoe meet after you get there, cannot be approached from either direction by a boat large enough to transport our canoes. The railroad does not offer satisfactory means of transportation to this place, and with the greatest reluctance the committee were compelled to abandon this beautiful bay for A. C. A camp purposes.

The Norwalk Islands were suggested and kindly offered for our use by the commodore of the Corinthian Mosquito Fleet. These islands would constitute a most eligible site, and are not reported favorably simply for the reason that on each one of the number of points we think that the site which we report has a little the advantage. The committee, however, must not neglect to acknowledge the courtesy of the commodore of the Mosquito Fleet and his generous offer to the Association. The Norwalk Islands, it may be mentioned, are not within the territory of the Atlantic Division.

Huntington Bay was suggested by a letter from the Brooklyn C. C. This ground has been carefully gone over both by the Commodore and the committee and no site which was entirely satisfactory could be found.

Your committee presents this preliminary and negative report as an assurance to you that your work and the interests of the whole Association have not been neglected.

We suggest as the result of our labor and as the best salt-water site that could be found a locality in Peconic Bay known as Jessup's Neck.

Jessup's Neck is situated southwest of Shelter Island, about five miles west of Sag Harbor.

It may be approached by water either from Greenport or Sag Harbor, being less than an hour's run from either in a steam launch.

Its advantages for our purposes are as follows:

1. Transportation from New York by steamboat to Shelter Island, a night boat three times a week from foot of Beekman street.

From New England by way of steamboat from New London to Shelter Island or Sag Harbor, and probably stopping at the camp.

By means of these two steamboat routes all members can get directly to the camp without trucking and with very little trouble in transportation. Those south of New York alone will encounter the difficulty of bringing a canoe through New York city. The Canadians and members from western New York and the West may come by Poughkeepsie or Albany, and the various New England railroads to New London.

Canoeists in the vicinity of New York Bay have only to paddle their boats and ship their luggage to the boat at Beekman street.

2. Terms of Occupancy.—Jessup's Neck is the property of Mr. Scoville, a member of the Noyac Cottage Association, who propose selling land for cottages immediately in the vicinity of the Neck. There is no question but that the locating of the A. C. A. camp in that vicinity will be a valuable advertisement for the owners of this property, and Mr. Scoville offers us fair terms for the use of his land.

We will be allowed the ground for our exclusive use free during the term of the camp.

Mr. Scoville agrees to clear off all the objectionable underbrush during the early spring and have the grass burned in time to have a fresh crop before August. He agrees to fill in a certain objectionable pool, to clear the shore of seaweed and riff-raff and to erect a substantial dock running out into water deep enough for the Shelter Island steamboat to land at the dock and at a place which he has designated and which is acceptable to the committee.

3. Race Course.—We cannot conceive of a more satisfactory race course than is here laid out, for the sailing races a three or six mile triangle may be laid out directly in the view of every portion of the camp and in water in which there is practically no tide, and which, while protected from the ocean, is large enough to afford steady wind.

The paddling course may be laid out directly in the view of a bluff about thirty feet high, on which the ladies' camp will probably be located, and also in view of every part of the camp.

4. Attractiveness. As to natural beauty and surroundings this site certainly equals any that the Association has ever occupied. The point projects far out into the water, the shape of a long sand reef, which is frequently the resort of picturesque flocks of gulls. From here the ground slopes gradually up to such altitude, that the whole camp is laid out before one's view when approaching from the water, and offers a sight of all parts of the surrounding water from the camp. Directly back of the beach at the point is a small grove of beech cedars, then a large open plateau for the camp, then a small gully leading to the dock and separating the main camp from the ladies' camp, which could be located on the higher ground beyond.

There is ample shade and pleasant groves surrounding the camp. The turf is hard and rich and grass of the character not usually found directly adjacent to a sand beach.

5. We have it on good authority that water may be struck anywhere on this Neck within 20ft. from the surface. Wells will have to be dug either at the expense of the owner or the Association.

The beach is hard white sand and small pebbles, the tide rising on it not more than 8 or 10ft., the vertical fall of tide being 2ft. in Peconic Bay.

It will be necessary for the Association to provide a meal tent or shelter, and for the proper supply of really good and well-served table board. This matter will receive the earnest attention of the commodore and the committee, and probably an energetic party can be found who will build dining-room and store and supply these essentials. In these and other points the needs of the Association do not differ from those of previous years, and can be more readily arranged for on account of the proximity of the town. It may be mentioned in this connection, however, that there are no towns on this portion of Peconic Bay, and the surroundings of the camp are as attractive in this particular as any one could desire. The water is clear and free from seaweed, and this vicinity is a favorite bluefishing resort.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

R. B. BURCHARD, Chairman of Camp Site Committee.

NEW YORK, Nov. 23, 1889.

The date was fixed for Aug. 8 to 23 inclusive. Purser-elect Shiras, of the Central Division, tendered his resignation owing to other duties, and Mr. F. F. Andrews, of Rochester, was elected in his stead. The outgoing regatta committee was not represented and sent no report, so the work of amending the rules was taken up by the new committee. A part of the present rules has become obsolete through changes in canoeing, and Rule 1 was considerably shortened, the class limits being simply not over 16ft. for any canoe, not under 28in. for both paddling and sailing canoes, and not over 30in. for a 16ft. sailing canoe, an increase of beam for a reduction of length being allowed as before. This removes all distinction between Classes A and B, which has not existed in practice for some years. Canoes to enter paddling races must not weigh less than 40lbs. The clause relating to the old Childs centerboard was stricken out. The limit of beam of 28in. is made to apply only to canoes built after this date, as there are one or two now in the racing that are not quite 28in. wide. A rule that was once adopted but omitted by mistake from the book, relating to fouling buoys, was reinserted, and the rule governing the right to luff was amended in accordance with the rules of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. Some important changes were made in the record and the prizes, the text of which are still in the hands of the committee. We will publish the full amendments as soon as the report of the committee is completed.

Mr. W. L. Alden was elected an honorary member, and also Misses Ethel Rogers, Flora A. Farr and Edith Draper. A proposal was made by Dr. Gage to change the date of taking office to the end of the meet, instead of the annual meeting, but no immediate action was taken. The decision of Com. Rogers in the case of an appeal from the decision of the vice-commodore of the Atlantic Division in rejecting an application for membership was read and ordered on the minutes, but after discussion the committee decided that the commodore's interpretation of one point of precedure was not as intended in the constitution, and ordered a note to that effect ordered on the minutes. A discussion concerning the publication of the Year Book then followed, some members being in favor of a book without advertisements. As the case was stated the book could be furnished to members entirely free of expense for publishing or mailing if the advertisements were retained; while without them the printing would cost the Association $200 and probably more, as it is proposed to add other matter to the future books. The opinion of the majority was in favor of publishing the book with advertisements provided the latter were only in the back of the book. An amendment was offered to Art. V. of the By-Laws, providing that ex-officers of the Association should be allowed a special flag and device. On discussion it was shown that as, in addition to the already large number of ex-officers, they are being added at the rate of sixteen per year, there was a strong probability that in a few years every one in camp would fly a commodore's or purser's flag. The amendment was not passed. Article X. was amended to add a cap device in place of the sleeve and collar ornaments. The following amendments were passed:

ARTICLE VII.

ASSOCIATION BOOK.—The Secretary shall publish, after each annual meeting of the Executive Committee "The Association Book," containing the Constitution, By-Laws and Sailing Regulations, lists of officers, members and their canoes, [Treasurer's report, financial reports of the division pursers for the previous fiscal year, a condensed regatta report,] and shall send a copy to each member.

ARTICLE IX.

DUTIES OF REGATTA COMMITTEE.—It shall be the duty of each [Division] Regatta Committee to prepare and publish, not later than June 1, an order of races for their respective regattas; to superintend the laying out and buoying of courses; to provide the prizes; to appoint judges, starters and timekeepers, and to decide all protests. They shall post the course and conditions of each race in some prominent place at least one hour before the race is called, and shall have entire control of the races at their respective meetings, except that the Regatta Committee of the Division in which the A. C. A. meet is to be held shall act as a local subcommittee to the A. C. A. Regatta Committee.

[It shall be the duty of the A. C. A. Regatta Committee (1) to prepare and publish, not later than June 1, an order of races, including the Sailing and Paddling Trophy races, the three Record races for each class of canoe (except Class 1) and such other events as they deem advisable; (2) to superintend the laying out and buoying of courses; (3) to provide the prizes (having first obtained the commodore's approval of their estimate of cost, if the A. C. A. is to pay for the prizes); (4) to secure such assistance as is needed to run the regatta, (5) and to decide all protests. (6) They shall post the course and conditions of each race on the bulletin board at least one hour before the race is called, and shall have entire control of all the races at the camp. (7) They shall take charge of all the A. C. A.'s regatta property when they assume office, and shall turn the same over to their successors when appointed. (8) They shall submit a full report to the commodore, before the Executive Committee meeting, and a condensed report to the secretary for publication in the Year Book. The chairman shall act as judge and start all races. One member shall act as clerk of the course, receive all entries and keep the official record of the races, and the third member shall act as official measurer—of the winning canoes.]

Mr. W. P. Stephens was appointed librarian, with permission to store at his own expense the huge box of books and old records belonging to the Association, and which has hitherto been sent about the country to each successive sec.-treas.; the appointment to hold good during the good behavior of the incumbent, no salary attached.

The meeting adjourned at 4 P. M., after which the commodore escorted the visitors to the model room of the New York Yacht Club. In the evening a dinner was given to the visitors at Clark's restaurant, sixty canoeists being present.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

BEAR DOGS.—An inquirer asks for information about the best breeds of dogs for bear hunting, and the way to train them. Perhaps "Bruin," who wrote in our issue of Nov. 14, will enlighten him.

S. D. N., Newton, N. J.—1. You do not give size of bird, and your description is rather vague, but we presume that the bird is the red-bellied woodpecker (*Melanerpes carolinus*). 2. By patiently following out the directions given in Hammond's "Training vs. Breaking" you can probably cure your dog of gunshyness, unless he is too old.

T. G., Savannah, Ga.—1. Is the common upland hare of Georgia a hare or a rabbit? My impression is that naturalists generally agree that it is a hare. 2. Have you any knowledge of the aquatic or swimming hare of the South and, I believe, the West? I know the animal well, but have only found it described in the works of Parker Gilmore (Ubique), an Englishman. Ans. 1. It is a hare, but the name rabbit has been so firmly fixed that only pedantry will insist upon the name of hare in common every day usage. 2. We know of no distinct variety that takes to the water readily; the common variety will occasionally do this when pursued; we have recorded a number of instances.

F. S. J. C., New Jersey.—What is the southern limit of the Atlantic tomcod (*Microzadus tomcod*)? The "Fishing Industries" gives it as New York, but I have caught what I believe to be this fish on the 25-fathom banks below Cape Henlopen (Delaware) and the 5-fathom banks off Cape May (New Jersey). The color was a dull, yellowish brown, it had the filament under the jaw and corresponded with the portrait given in the "Fishing Industries." Ans. There is no reasonable doubt that the tomcod is to be found off the Virginia coast, although we have not seen a specimen so far south. The cod, the pollock and the hake, which are associates of the tomcod, all are found off the coast of Virginia. This is recorded as the southern limit of the species in "Synopsis Fishes N. A.," by Jordan & Gilbert.

H. C., Boston.—Kindly answer a few questions about the freshwater eel, or inform me where I could find out what their habits are: 1. How often they breed. 2. How many eggs a female contains. 3. How old an eel would have to be to weigh three pounds. 4. If they eat their young. Ans. 1. It is claimed by several reliable authorities that eels spawn only once and both sexes die after spawning. 2. A female eel of average adult size contains several millions of eggs. 3. The rate of growth of the eel is not definitely known, but it is said to mature in three years, when its weight will depend on the amount of food it can obtain. 4. According to accepted theories of eel migrations the young eels come up alone from the sea in the early spring and their numbers are so enormous that the loss by the ravages of the adults must be small. Eels have been known to descend streams every fall for hundreds of years, and during the fall migration they do not feed. Only a few male eels, certainly recognized as such, have been caught on our shores, and these were taken in brackish or salt water, chiefly in Great South Bay and Vineyard Sound. It is believed that male eels do not go into fresh water. The belief is pretty general that spawning takes place in mud banks at sea some distance from the mouths of the rivers. FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 14 contains a figure and description of a male eel. It is necessary to say that some authorities do not agree with the sea-spawning theory, among them Hon. Robert. B. Roosevelt. There is a well-informed gentleman in Pennsylvania who has experimented with fish breeding for a score of years, and who is of the opinion that he can propagate eels according to a new system. The experience of people everywhere who have kept eels in fresh water is that they increase greatly in size, but always diminish in numbers. The best account of the habits of the eel is contained in the "Fishery Industries of the United States," published by the U. S. Fish Commission, but now, unfortunately, out of print.

The manumea, in the London Zoölogical Gardens, has an interesting history. The home of the manumea is in Samoa, where originally there were no cats. Where these were introduced, they made short work with the manumea, killing not only the adult bird but the chicks in the nest. Owing to its habit of nesting upon the ground, the bird nearly became extinct; suddenly, however, it took to building its nest upon the treetops, where it could bring up its young ones in peace; and since that time it has again become fairly plentiful.

About two tons of frogs' legs have been shipped from the bay district to New York during the past four months, says the Picton *Times*. How will these exports be classified in the trade returns? As "produce of the fisheries," as "field products," or under "animals and their produce"?—*Toronto Monetary Times.*

"Twelve y'ars ago 3,000,000 dogs owned by cull'd pussons war allowed to sleep under de bed. To-day the number is estimated at less dan 100."—*Lime Kiln Club's Review of Work.*

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 200 pages, price $2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

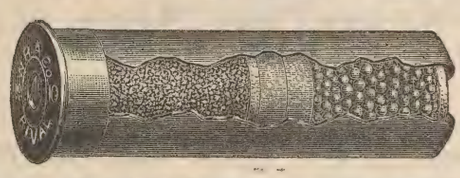
FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nanit," "Gloan," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybillene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

BEECHAM'S PILLS cure sick headache.—*Adv.*

HUMPHREYS'
VETERINARY SPECIFICS
For Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs, AND POULTRY.
500 Page Book on Treatment of Animals and Chart Sent Free.
CURES {Fevers, Congestions, Inflammation, A.A.—Spinal Meningitis, Milk Fever.
B.B.—Strains, Lameness, Rheumatism.
C.C.—Distemper, Nasal Discharges.
D.D.—Bots or Grubs, Worms.
E.E.—Coughs, Heaves, Pneumonia.
F.F.—Colic or Gripes, Bellyache.
G.G.—Miscarriage, Hemorrhages.
H.H.—Urinary and Kidney Diseases.
I.I.—Eruptive Diseases, Mange.
J.K.—Diseases of Digestion.
Stable Case, with Specifics, Manual, Witch Hazel Oil and Medicator, Price, Single Bottle (over 50 doses), - $7.00 .60
Sold by Druggists; or Sent Prepaid anywhere and in any quantity on Receipt of Price.
Humphreys' Med. Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

Forest & Stream File Binders.
PRICE, $1.00.
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

HAVE YOU SEEN OUR NEW
Illustrated Catalogue
OF
FISHING TACKLE?
It is the most elaborate and magnificent book ever published in the Sporting Goods line. Send us 25 cents and we will forward you a copy post paid.
ABBEY & IMBRIE,
No. 18 VESEY STREET, NEW YORK.

WINCHESTER
STAR  **RIVAL**
LOADED PAPER SHOT SHELLS.
Ask your Dealer for them.
Not Sold at Retail by the Manufacturers.
WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.,
312 Broadway, N. Y. NEW HAVEN, CONN.
Send for 82-page Catalogue of Arms and Ammunition.

For a DISORDERED LIVER
Try BEECHAM'S PILLS.
25cts. a Box.
OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

Increasing Sales Attest the Popularity of THE GENTLEMEN'S CIGARETTE.
SPECIAL FAVOURS.
Manufactured only by
KINNEY BROS.
(KINNEY TOBACCO CO. Successors). Also manufacturers of the Old Reliable
SWEET CAPORAL.

Ligowsky C. P. No. 3
The only target having the patent
INTURNED EDGE.


2,000 shots out of each 1,000 targets on account of non-breakage in shipping, trapping and falling upon ground. The only target made with the INTURNED EDGE producing the surest breaker when hit, and surest non breaker when not hit. Our traps are sold for the sole purpose of shooting our targets.



For Sale.

Old Colony Trout Ponds
ESTABLISHED 1869.
Three million brook trout eggs for sale. Can be transported with safety to any part of the world. Ready for delivery December and January. Also young trout in the spring. Unsurpassed fly-fishing in its season.
W. L. GILBERT, Proprietor.
nov14,3mo Plymouth, Mass.

Ferrets vs. Rats.
The best breeds of both young and old Ferrets for sale at ADOLPH ISAACSEN'S "Sure Pop," 92 Fulton Street, New York City. A complete book on Ferrets and Rat Exterminating sent by mail for 15 cents.

Fertilized Wild Brook Trout Eggs
And young fry in due season. Address TROUTMERE, Osceola Mills, Wis. nov14,3mo

Anyone Can Stuff Birds
By our new process. Full directions with complete outfit of instruments, eyes, etc, $1.00. NATURALISTS' SUPPLY CO., 126 Chambers st., N.Y.

FISH NEWSPAPER FOR SALE; Only one of class in America; large and profitable field; price $1,200. Address GOOD REASONS, care Forest and Stream. nov21,2t

COMMON PIGEONS FOR TRAP SHOOTING; fancy pigeons and poultry. T. W. HOOPER, & CO., 423 W. Franklin st., Baltimore, Md. nov21,3mo

LIVE QUAIL FOR SALE. Orders delivered as booked. LIVE GAME A SPECIALTY.
E. B. WOODWARD, Commission Merchant, 174 Chambers street, New York.

FOR SALE FOR SHOOTING PURPOSES.—A No. 1 pigeons; no squabs; all kinds fancy pigeons. FIELES & BRO., Christiana, Pa. nov7,3mo

HUNTING FERRETS, $3.50 EACH. Enclose stamp. CORNWELL, Box 927, Schenectady, N. Y. 1t

LIVE WHITE HARES (*Lepus Americanus*), captured and properly boxed and delivered to express in Bethel, Me., in good condition on receipt of orders and remittances at $3 per pair. Refer to Hon. H. O. Stanley, Dixfield, Me., Fish and Game Commissioner. J. G. RICH, Bethel, Me. dec16,tf

For Sale.

GUNS. CLOSING OUT FINE SCOTT Guns at less than cost. Don't buy before examining these.
CHARLES L. RITZMANN, 943 Broadway.
nov14.3mo


Chester White, Berkshire and Poland China Pigs, fine setter dogs, Scotch Collies, Foxhounds and Beagles, Sheep and Poultry, bred and for sale by W. GIBBONS & CO., West Chester, Chester Co., Pa. Send stamp for circular and price list.

Wanted.

WANTED.
Live Deer, Prairie Chickens, Partridge, Quail and Turkeys. Address full particulars, no21.4t P. O. Box 3350, New York City.

WANTED—BIRDS, MONKEYS AND SMALL animals for a public park zoo. Must be good specimens, young, healthy and in good condition. Address PARK, care Forest and Stream, N. Y. 1t

ASK YOUR DEALER

H. NELSON & CO., Manf'rs, Kirkwood, Mo.
For NELSON'S Cartridge Belt. The only PRACTICAL contrivance for carrying ammunition in the field. For Shot Guns, Rifles and Pistols. Nothing like it in the market. Patent lateral action.

SMALL YACHTS.
Their Design and Construction, Exemplified by the Ruling Types of Modern Practice. With Numerous Plates and Illustrations.
—BY—
C. P. KUNHARDT.
Cloth, 370 pages of type and illustrations, and 71 plates. Size of page, 14½x12½. Price $7.00.
FOR SALE BY THE
FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.,

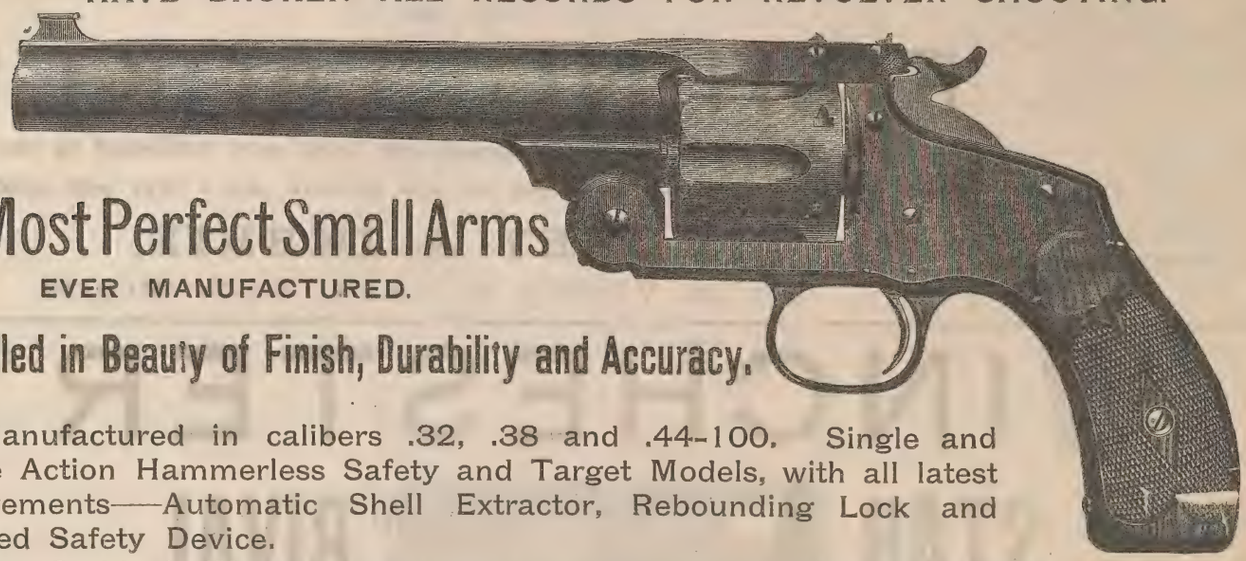
REPELLENE.
An Infallible Preventive of the Attacks of **Mosquitoes, Black Flies, Gnats** and all other Insects.
Neat, clean and easily applied. No unpleasant odor, will not *stain* or *injure* the skin, easily washed off. May be carried without danger of *leaking* or *spilling*. In neat, oblong round-cornered box.
Price, 30 Cents, Postpaid.
Sold by Dealers in Sportsmen's Goods.
If your dealer does not keep it, I will send it on receipt of price.
A. FERGUSON, Proprietor and Manufact'er, Office, 65 Fulton street, N. Y.

GURDON TRUMBULL'S
Names and Portraits of Birds
Which Interest Gunners; with descriptions in language understanded of the people.
Practically speaking, this is the first popular volume of ornithology ever issued from the press; a work which goes far to demonstrate that scientific accuracy may be as easily maintained in English as in Greek or Latin. Follows the game birds all over the continent and gives a glossary of all the local names in popular use. Illustrated with admirable portraits from the pencil of Mr. Edwin Shepard of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, which, with the clear descriptions in the text, will enable any man who can read to identify the contents of his game bag.
OPINIONS OF THE PRESS:
It is the first, so far as we know, of books of which the need is felt in every department of natural history.—*Troy Press.*
The book should find its way to a choice place in every sportsman's library.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*
I would much rather know what this book tells me, the various names by which the people call a bird, than the Latin, Greek or Hebrew name which science gave him for the sake of cataloguing him. * * * It is more value to me to have a description of a bird in plain English which I understand than in scientific language which I do not understand.—*W., in Journal of Commerce.*
SOLD BY
Forest and Stream Publishing Co.
PRICE, $2.50.

FILE BINDERS,
Size to suit FOREST AND STREAM,
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

The Celebrated Smith & Wesson Revolvers

HAVE BROKEN ALL RECORDS FOR REVOLVER SHOOTING.



The Most Perfect Small Arms

EVER MANUFACTURED.

Unrivalled in Beauty of Finish, Durability and Accuracy.

Manufactured in calibers .32, .38 and .44-100. Single and Double Action Hammerless Safety and Target Models, with all latest mprovements——Automatic Shell Extractor, Rebounding Lock and Patented Safety Device.

The Smith & Wesson Revolvers are constructed entirely of **best wrought steel,** carefully inspected for workmanship and stock, and GUARANTEED. Do not be deceived by IMITATIONS largely manufactured of **malleable cast iron,** and often sold for the genuine Smith & Wesson. All of the Revolvers of this firm are stamped upon the barrels with their name, address and dates of patents.

If dealer cannot supply you, orders sent to address below will receive prompt and careful attention. Catalogues and prices furnished upon application.

SMITH & WESSON,

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

UNCLE LISHA'S SHOP.

Life in a Corner of Yankeeland.

By ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

A book that appeals to all who know anything of the old-fashioned New England life. These are some of the chapters:

The School Meeting in District 13. Uncle Lisha's Spring Gun. In Uncle Lisha's Shop. Concerning Owls. Uncle Lisha's Courting. How Zene Burnham Come It on His Father. A Rainy Day in the Shop. The Turkey Shoot at Hamner's. Sam Lovel's Thanksgiving. Little Sis. Sam Lovel's Bee-Hunting. In the Shop Again. The Fox Hunt. Noah Chase's Deer-Hunting. The Hard Experience of Mr. Abija Jarvis. The Coon Hunt. In the Sugar Camp. Indians in Danvis. The Boy Out West. Breaking Up. The Departure. The Wild Bees' Swarm.

They make a handsomely printed volume of 187 pages, bound in cloth. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, $1.00.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO., 318 BROADWAY NEW YORK.
DAVIES & CO., London, England.

Steam Yachts and Launches;

THEIR

MACHINERY AND MANAGEMENT.

The Steam Engine as Applied to Yachts; Laws Governing Yachts in American Waters; Rules for Racing; Rules for Building; Pilot Regulations; Specific Types of Machinery; Design of Hulls, Etc., Etc. With 96 illustrations.

By C. P. KUNHARDT.

This volume is intended to be sufficiently comprehensive, and elementary at the same time, to suit the yacht owner's object of acquiring a general understanding of the subject as a whole, with specific information and data covering the most recent practice.—*From Author's Preface.*

Cloth. 240 pages. Price, postpaid, $3.00.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO., 318 Broadway, New York.
SAMPSON, LOW & CO., London, England.

CANOE HANDLING.

By C. B. VAUX ("DOT.")

A complete manual for the management of a canoe. The author begins at the very beginning, describes and explains the rudiments in the simplest and plainest way possible. Everything is made intelligible for beginners; and besides this A B C teaching there are so many hints and wrinkles that the oldest canoeist afloat will find pleasure and profit in the study of these. The book is complete and concise—no useless duffle between its covers. The subjects treated are the choice of a canoe, paddling, sailing, care of the canoe, recipes and rules. The text is further elucidated by numerous practical drawings and the beauty of the book is enhanced by the many ornamental vignettes. Pages 168; uniform with "Canoe Building." Price, postpaid, $1.00.

NEW YORK: FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO., 318 Broadway.
LONDON: DAVIES & Co., 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill.

DOG TRAINING:

BY

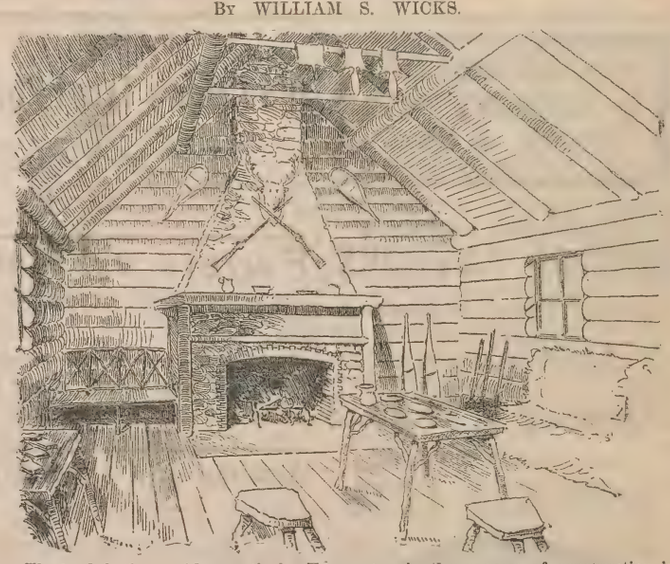
S. T. HAMMOND, KENNEL EDITOR OF FOREST AND STREAM,

For sale at this office. Price $1.00.

LOG CABINS;

How to Build and Furnish Them.

By WILLIAM S. WICKS.



The book is thoroughly practical. Every step in the process of construction is explained. The author is an architect who has himself built log cabins, and very handsome ones, too, as shown in the plates. The designs are numerous and varied. Plans are given for cabins, large and small, with details of exterior and interior finish; and there are also some very useful directions for constructing temporary shelters—the Indian camp, brush house and bark camp. The furnishing consists of tables, chairs, bedsteads and other articles, all made of the material at hand, and all in keeping with the style of the house. The illustrations are numerous and helpful. Price $1.50.

FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., 318 Broadway, N. Y.

Sam Lovel's Camps;

Uncle Lisha's Friends Under Bark and Canvas.

A SEQUEL TO "UNCLE LISHA'S SHOP."

By ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

The two series of papers published in FOREST AND STREAM, with added chapters. An inimitable portraying of the woods and village life of Danvis folks. Cloth, 253 pp. Price $1.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY,
318 Broadway, New York.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 5, 1889.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 20. No 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

May begin at any time. Subscription price, $4 per year; $2 for six months; to a club of three annual subscribers, three copies for $10; five copies for $16. Remit by express money-order, registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canadas and Great Britain. For sale by Davies & Co., No. 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London. General subscription agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Davies & Co., Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searles and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London, Eng. Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France, sole Paris agent for sales and subscriptions. Foreign subscription price, $5 per year; $2.50 for six months.

Address all communications

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

No. 318 BROADWAY. NEW YORK CITY.

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL.
Our Christmas Number.
Snap Shots.
The Yellowstone Park.
THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST.
A Sand-Spit (poetry).
James Fenimore Cooper.
Slide Rock from Many Mountains.
NATURAL HISTORY.
Names of the White Goat.
Notes on the Snowy Owl.
GAME BAG AND GUN.
Good Luck on a Friday.
The Story of a Buck.
Aim With the Shotgun.
Adirondack Deer.
Pattern and Penetration.
California Deer.
All-Around Gauge.
Wild Celery.
Maine Large Game.
Chicago and the West.
Taxing Guns—Personalties.
Drop a Dollar in the Slot.
CAMP-FIRE FLICKERINGS.
SEA AND RIVER FISHING.
Maine Angling Interests.
Sunapee Trout from Dan's Hole Pond.
Salt-Water Fish in Fresh Water.
SEA AND RIVER FISHING.
Destructive Fish Weirs.
Florida Fishes Under Ground.
Pond Fishing in Connecticut.
Angling Notes.
FISHCULTURE.
Von Behr Trout.
New Hampshire Woods and Waters.
THE KENNEL.
The Fox Hunts of America.
Eastern Field Trials.
Central Field Trials.
The Westminster Judges.
Kennel Notes.
Kennel Management.
RIFLE AND TRAP SHOOTING.
Range and Gallery.
The Trap.
How to Shoot.
The Nebraska Tournament.
The Shooting Tour.
Chicago and the West.
YACHTING.
Report of the N. Y. Y. C. Committee on Measurement.
Capt. Robt. B. Forbes.
CANOEING.
Lake Winnipiseogee and Merrimac River.
The A. C. A. Racing Rules.
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

THE issue of the FOREST AND STREAM for Dec. 19 will be the Christmas Number. Many good things are in store for that occasion. Here is a list of some of them:

IN FOREIGN LANDS.

On the Trombetas. An account of a daring expedition on the Trombetas River, North Brazil. By "NESSMUK." The story is in the author's best vein, and we need not add that it is intensely interesting.

Dogs, Dingoes and Kuris. An intelligent description of the native wild and domestic dogs of New Zealand. By EDWARD WAKEFIELD.

The Reporter. A sketch of partridge shooting with a "reporter" dog in Sweden. By "MARSTRAND."

Fishing a la Mode. An amusing description by "PODGERS" of one of the dude anglers of Paris.

Big Game in Boer-land. A letter descriptive of hunting in the wilds of South Africa.

First Spear. An account of a novice's first experience in pig-sticking in Scinde. By C. F. AMERY.

A Run after the Long Tails. Kangaroo hunting in Australia. By W. H. LIMOND.

Three Days in Jamaica. A short account of a recent visit to the island. By "F. J. M."

Notes from the Ten Thousand Years House. A letter from Tokio, Japan. By HENRY MACDONALD. A vivid and picturesque description of the phases of life that impress the American traveler in Japan.

DAYS WITH THE ELK.

Running Down an Elk. An account of the pursuit on snowshoes, and the tiring out and capture alive of one of the last elk in the wilds of Pennsylvania. By "ANTLER."

An Elk Hunt. A story of Rocky Mountain adventure. By "Yo."

The Trail of It. A mountaineer's story of a scuffle with a bull elk. By JEROME BURNETT.

The Elk in Harness. An account of personal experience in capturing and taming elk and breaking them to harness. By CHARLES M. DONNELLY.

Old Joe. Notes on a semi-civilized bull elk, which belongs to a Wyoming horse ranch. By MILLARD.

Illustrations. There will also be a double-sheet supplement with careful drawings of elk. By A. S. HIGGINS, JR. With its double supplement the Christmas Number will contain thirty-six pages.

The issue of Jan. 9 will be a special Florida number, illustrated. See announcement next week.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE Jekyl Island Club's game preserve has recently been recruited by the receipt from the West of a female elk and a calf, which were shipped from Cheyenne and landed in Brunswick, Ga., in excellent order and condition. When they were transferred from cars to boat they entered a protest, as if in their opinion that sort of thing had been going on long enough, and they positively refused to be bundled aboard; but by the united efforts of half a hundred darkies they were carried bodily on to the boat. When it came to landing them at the island the same process had to be gone through, requiring the whole force to persuade them to go ashore. At last accounts they had thought better of their sulks and were consuming their rations with great complacency. The club is in the market for a gentleman elk, intending to stock their preserves with that interesting specimen of zoölogy.

Mr. Austin Corbin, whose attempts to keep in confinement deer, elk and antelope have been regarded with interest by those acquainted with their progress, has met with a serious misfortune. A shipment of 21 animals, all in good condition, left Dakota Nov. 16 for his farm in New Hampshire. On the way East, while passing over the Nickel Plate road, the train carrying these animals collided with another, and the car on which Mr. Corbin's collection were was wrecked. Four deer escaped to the woods, an elk was so badly hurt that it had to be killed, and one moose died from injuries received. Out of the 21 animals, including 11 deer, 6 antelopes and 3 elk and 2 moose, there are left alive only 1 elk, 1 moose, 1 antelope and 2 deer. These are all badly cut up and lame. These are "hard lines."

On Sunday, Dec. 1, there was born at the Zoölogical Gardens in the Central Park a young hippopotamus. The parents of the new arrival, known as Caliph and Fatima, are eight and six years old respectively. The male weighs nearly three tons, while the female is only about two-thirds that weight. The young one is a male. At birth it weighed but forty pounds; its length is about thirty inches, and it stands fourteen inches in height. Although there have been several cases of the birth of a young hippopotamus in Europe, this is the first for America, and the progress of the youngster will be watched with interest. Of the three born in the London Zoo two died. Our specimen has made his appearance at a bad season of the year, but it is to be hoped that he may survive.

Senator Vest will at once bring up before the Senate his bill for the enlargement and protection of the National Park. This bill, it will be remembered, has passed the Senate three times and the House once. It is now more than ever needed, and there is nothing to be said against it. The bill has been so thoroughly discussed in the Senate, that all members of that branch of Congress must be familiar with its provisions, and it ought to pass that body without delay, so that it may reach the House in time to be acted on at this session. As soon as introduced the bill will probably be referred to the Senate Committee on Territories. Senator Manderson of this committee has in the past struggles over this bill always been an ardent supporter of the measure, dividing the honors in the Senate with Mr. Vest. He will no doubt again do all in his power to hurry the bill through the committee, and bring it to a vote in the Senate.

For shooting, the weather of the autumn of 1889 has been in this latitude simply execrable. There were surprisingly few October and November days when the air was crisp and outdoor scenes exhilarating. Rainy, foggy and dismal days have been the rule. The only consolation to be found in such a condition of affairs is that it suits the Can't-get-away Club members who profess to care nothing about weather conditions.

The Long Island duck netters are putting in their fine work. Thousands of broadbills are coming to the markets without a shot mark on them; mostly from the vicinity of Good Ground. The game warden of that district promised to give this matter his immediate attention; but those who shoot there ought to lend a helping hand.

Thanksgiving was a great day for the dogs. Thousands of them were out galloping over fields and through brush, and every one of them had in tow a man or two or three men with guns.

THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

THE report of the Superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park for the year ending June 30, 1889, has just been issued. As the Park for eleven months of this year was under the charge of Captain Moses Harris, who was relieved by Captain Boutelle on June 1, the document consists of two parts covering these periods.

Captain Harris mentions the expulsion from the Park of three persons, two for trapping beaver and one for drunkenness and disorder. One of the men expelled is believed to have returned to the Park after being ejected, and to have maliciously started a forest fire. The scouts made by Ed. Wilson and Corporal Boyce, noticed at the time in these columns, are described. Forest fires were numerous, owing to carelessness of campers and other causes, but all were extinguished by the troops before they had caused any great damage. A list is given of leases and business permits granted during the year. The hotel accommodations and transportation facilities toward the close of the season of 1888 were inadequate, and many travelers suffered inconvenience from this cause. Owing to the lack of any appropriation no work was done on roads. Captain Harris again calls attention to the fact that there is no government in the National Park, and alludes to the impossibility of enforcing rules and regulations laid down for the care and management of the Park, since legislation provides no effective method for such enforcement. The law passed by the Legislature of Wyoming Territory, and its failure to work, is referred to; the visit of the Congressional committee in 1885 mentioned and its report quoted, and the significant fact is noticed that Congress, notwithstanding this report, has failed to provide any legislation for the Park. Captain Harris, as in previous reports, recommends an appropriation for a civil force to protect the Park. His list calls for one superintendent, one chief game keeper, ten assistant game keepers, one chief of police, thirty policemen and one clerk, the pay and equipment of this force to be, according to his estimates, about $49,000. Captain Harris urges that it is high time that the question of the government of the Park should be settled one way or the other; either that it should be turned over to the civil authorities or else definitely assigned to the military to look after. Attention is called to the depredations of Indians along the southern border of the Park, and papers on this subject which were printed some months since in FOREST AND STREAM form an appendix to the report.

Captain Boutelle's report covering but one month is very brief. He alludes to the danger of fire in the Park, and to the entire absence of any proper fire equipment for the use of the force at the command of the Superintendent. If Captain Boutelle's request for such equipment had been granted when it was first made, many square miles of green timber burned over this summer and autumn might have been saved. As it was, the Department delayed a long time before acting on his request, and a gentleman traveling through the Park, who had heard of the entire absence of buckets, axes, shovels, etc., offered to put his hand in his pocket and give the Superintendent a sum of money, with which to purchase these necessary articles. Had such an offer been accepted, we should have had the spectacle of the Yellowstone National Park belonging to the U. S. Government, depending in part for its protection on the charity of a private individual.

Captain Boutelle's report refers briefly to the good work done on the roads by Mr. Craighill, to needed work on the trails, to a possible pasture for elk, deer and antelope to be inclosed along the road, where they may be seen by tourists, and to the supposed destruction of game by the carnivora in the Park. He also refers to the work of stocking the barren waters of the Park with fish, in which so good a beginning has been made by Col. McDonald. He calls attention to the fact that the boundary line of the Park is nowhere marked, and recommends a survey. A suitable residence for the Superintendent is needed. He refers to the fact that there is a scheme on foot looking to the cutting off of a portion of the northwestern portion of the Park and remarks that such an attempt should be opposed, as it would thrown open to the hunter some of the principal winter ranges of the elk and buffalo.

Captain Boutelle states that the building operations of the Yellowstone Park Association have been delayed by the regulation prohibiting the cutting of green timber in the Park, and this regulation has been revoked. The

syndicate want to cut timber where it will be the least trouble and expense to them, and in order to get permission to do this, they have made the excuse that they were delayed because they could not cut green timber. The permission to cut living timber may, unless the cutting is carefully looked after, open the way for a great destruction of the forests of the Park, and we should be very glad to see it revoked.

In the annual report of the Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Noble refers at considerable length to the difficulties met with in caring for the Park, and which are due to the entire absence of law on this reservation. He speaks of the Vest bill, notes the fact that it has passed the Senate three times and the House once, and earnestly recommends its enactment as a law. On the whole he takes a broad view of the subject and urges the carrying out of the recommendations made in the reports of Captains Harris and Boutelle.

The closing paragraphs of Mr. Noble's report are as follows:

So long as this tract of country shall remain a national preserve for science, curiosity, and pleasure, it will of course be an object of cupidity to the covetous, who will see or imagine countless ways in which its exhaustless wonders and resources can be turned into private advantage, and who will invent many artifices to beguile and circumvent the guardians of this national treasure into granting them foot-holds of one kind or another, whereby they can make personal gain out of this great public benefit. If it is not to be thus frittered away, deprived of its most attractive features and measurably lost to science and wonder, if not to pleasure, the best and surest way to protect it is to permit no trimming down, no incursions, and no privileges except such as may be deemed absolutely necessary for its protection and regulation and for the proper accommodation and comfort of visitors.

It seems important that there should be an appropriation for a residence for the Superintendent, whether he is to be a military or civil officer. If the Park is to remain under the surveillance of the military, the suggestion of Captain Boutelle that it should be recognized as a military post and provided with permanent accommodations for the officers, men, and their animals seems very pertinent. If it should be the policy of Congress to restore civil superintendence, attention is called to the recommendation of Captain Harris, in whose judgment I have great confidence, as to the number of employees and amount of appropriation necessary, which he places at forty-four men, all told, with salaries and equipments amounting in the aggregate to $48,800.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A SAND-SPIT.

BY K. H.

A LONELY, dreary stretch of beach,
Whether by storms of winter beat,
Or throbbing 'neath the summer's heat;
Whether the cedars upward reach
Their threadbare arms in mute despair,
Or whispered hoarsely on the air
Wild tales the sea-winds teach

Of gruesome deeds done long ago,
In "good old times" when any breeze
That sported with the laughing seas,
Before its salted breath might blow
A rakish rig, with black ensign,
'Cross the horizon's silver line
In the soft twilight glow.

And some poor skipper's heart would sink
With the last ling'ring flush of light
Into despair's fear-haunted night;
And when the stars like owls would blink,
Then draw their shade of silver gray
Against the glare and heat of day,
The sun fresh blood would drink;

That smeared the splintered, heel-marked deck—
Strewn with waste spoil, and here and there
A clot of loose, bedraggled hair—
Of a dismantled, battered wreck;
Listlessly drifting, as each swell
Would toll anon the foredeck bell,
Toward some rock-bound neck.

And sterner fate for skipper bold,
Who perished not before the horde
Of human fiends that swarmed aboard;
Perhaps bound in the scuttled hold
He watched the creeping water hide
Each plank upon the vessel's side,
Until the end was told.

Or fed the gaunt waves grizzly jaws,
As stumbling from the dreaded plank
He like a leaden plummet sank
Into their ever satoless maws;
Or even now some sand-scoured bone
May tell more plain than graveyard stone
Of savage pirate laws.

Such tales as these you seem to hear,
As hidden by the rustling sedge
That lines the broad bar's inner edge—
Past which a salt creek, deep and clear,
Glides swiftly to the falling tide—
You wait until, first circling wide,
A flock of ducks at last draws near.

The gray flock settles on the stream,
That sweeps them gently down to view;
And now the past is lost to you,
Flown all your noon-day dream
As swiftly as the whirring wings,
(Your gun's report so quickly brings)
On which the sunbeams gleam,
As fortune's favored ones arise
And melt into the distant skies.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

THE COOPER NOVELS.

ON Sept. 15, 1889, occurred the centennial anniversary of the birth of Cooper, the earliest, most prolific, and the most original of American novelists. The earliest, because before the publication of "The Spy," in 1821, the only readable American novels were those of Charles Brockden Brown, and those seemed to be imitations of English works. The most prolific, as the published works of Mr. Cooper reach nearly one hundred volumes, according to Professor Lounsbury. And the most original, the Leatherstocking tales and the sea stories being wholly new in literature, and Cooper is one of the few writers of the world who has made a new creation. Such is Natty Bumpo the Leatherstocking, as original a creation as Hamlet or Falstaff. Such is Chingachgook the Delaware Chief, the first and best of the ideal Indians of romance. And such is Long Tom Coffin, of whom Miss Mitford wrote "that he appeared to her to be the best thing since Parson Adams." Like all prolific writers, Cooper was unequal, and he had his limitations. In the forest or on the prairie he was at home, and stands unrivaled and supreme. Said Balzac of the "Pathfinder," "I know no one in the world save Walter Scott, who has risen to that grandeur and serenity of colors." When Cooper attempted to describe the manners and conversation of social or fashionable life he failed. "If Cooper," said Balzac, "had succeeded in the painting of character to the same extent that he did in the painting of the phenomena of nature, he would have uttered the last word of our art." In his sea tales Cooper seems to the present writer to be as unrivaled as in those of the forest. Before him no one except Smollet had introduced seamen or the sea into fiction, and Smollet was not himself a seaman. Cooper, like Dana, had served two years before the mast, and afterward three years in the U. S. Navy as a midshipman, and had acquired a thorough knowledge of seamanship.

A recent critic has said that W. C. Russell is a better sailor than Cooper, but this is not the opinion of those who are familiar with ships and their management. It is curious that the United States, which fifty years ago led all the world in the excellence of her ships and sailors, and has furnished in Cooper, Dana and Melville the best writers on naval topics, should now be so far in the rear. But neglect and unwise legislation have accomplished it.

These works of Cooper have a peculiar value as depicting scenes and events that are fast passing away. The unbroken forest wilderness, with its savage inhabitants; the boundless prairie, a waving sea of grass and flowers, dotted with herds of bison, elk and deer; now covered with grain fields and farms, and where the scream of the locomotive has succeeded to the howl of the wolf. So also with the sea tales; they were written in the days of sailing vessels, which are giving place to steamers, and the maneuvers of a ship under canvas, so admirably described by Cooper, will in a few years perhaps be a lost art. The Tom Coffins and Ben Bolts, who carried the Stars and Stripes all over the world, will be succeeded by engineers and mechanics, who will handle valves and levers instead of cordage and canvas. Whether a future Cooper will evolve romance from steam boilers and donkey engines may be doubted, but we shall still have these sea tales to remind us of the men of 1780 and 1812.

In the admirable biography by Professor Lounsbury, from which much of this paper is taken, Cooper appears as a kind-hearted and generous man, wholly truthful and of undaunted courage, somewhat prejudiced and pugnacious, and a most patriotic American, who was misunderstood and abused—one of the most interesting figures in American literature. S. C. C.

COOPER'S WOODCRAFT.

BY ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

THE recent celebration of the hundredth birthday of the earliest American novelist, suggests to FOREST AND STREAM readers a consideration of the woodcraft of the creator of Leatherstocking, the typical backwoods hunter that is still a unique figure in fiction, for all the futile imitations which have so often been attempted. That Cooper intended to impersonate in Natty Bumpo the highest type of woodcraft attainable by a white man is evident enough, for in all the series of tales to which his name has been given, no other white man at all approaches him in the science that is not learned of books, though naturally, as should be, some of the Indian characters surpass him in rapid reading of the forest's faintly traced records.

One wonders in what degree the author possessed the peculiar gifts which he bestowed upon his favorite creation, who holds the chief place in the five volumes on which the writer's fame most securely rests. How much of this had he gained by actual experience, how much from intercourse with the old hunter Shipman, who as Miss Cooper tells us in her introduction to the "Pioneers," "came frequently to offer his game at Judge Cooper's door, and whose rude equipments, dogs and rifle had much attraction for the lads of the home," or how much from the story of his father's adventures in the wilds where the scenes of some of the Leatherstocking tales were laid, when "there existed not an inhabitant nor any trace of a road. I was alone," he says, "three hundred miles from home, without bread, meat or food of any kind; fire and fishing tackle were my only means of subsistence. I caught trout in the brook and roasted them in the ashes. I laid me down to sleep in my watch coat, nothing but the melancholy wilderness about me."

The father possessed that faculty of ready adaptation of slender means to suddenly arising needs which is so essential a part of woodcraft. This was exhibited when in a season of great scarcity of food among the settlers he contrived a net of twigs into which great quantities of herring ascending the Susquehanna were taken, and starving people relieved. This is related by Judge Cooper in his letters to an Irish exile, and in them he further exhibits his woodcraft in describing what soils shall be found where different kinds of trees flourish.

In the first written of the Leatherstocking tales, "The Pioneers," there is not the opportunity that the others afford in their wilder scenes for the display of woodcraft. But there are vivid descriptions of the wilderness in it from first to last, and the movements of the old backwoods hunter are well described in Natty's gait and in his attitude in the brief but certain aiming of the long-barreled, ill-balanced rifle of old times. Shipman, stealing up for a "pot shot" at a partridge or squirrel, was no doubt the unconscious lay figure from which the artist drew this picture.

Perhaps the panther scene that thrilled us with delightful horror when we read it in our "Town's Fourth Reader" forty years or more ago, does not seem so real now as then, and we may offer the criticism that Natty would not have called out to the wooden "female" to "stoop lower, gal, your bunit hides the creature's head," but would have swerved a little to one side for a better shot in that supreme moment, but yet we must own that it is well done, and so in spite of the stilted, unnatural conversation of the actors, is the escape from the forest fire.

He was a woods haunter and a true woods lover who put in Natty's mouth the words so often echoed by so many a one of us who has beheld the ruthless sweeping away of loved landmarks. "There be scarcely a tree standing that I know, and it's hard to find a place that I was acquainted with in my younger days."

What knowledge of woodcraft, or rather plaincraft, is shown in "The Prairie," we know was not gained from actual observation, for the author had not seen the prairies, then more distant than Europe was from the Atlantic States. Yet the scenes are perhaps as accurately depicted as those in the tales whose actors played their part in the forests that had not lost their primitive wildness when Cooper saw them.

In his best work, "The Last of the Mohicans," whose rapidly-shifting dramatic scenes are all set in the shadows of the forest, the author has imparted to us the most that he had gained, by whatever means, of woods lore, and if it is not always perfect, it serves well its use in the weaving of a romance that must ever delight the lovers of wholesome and purely American fiction. If his eye might not detect the displaced fallen leaf, the broken twig, the frayed moss on a tree trunk or the light imprint of a stealthy footstep on the forest floor, he could comprehend what these might mean to men so wise in woodcraft as the Sagamore, Chingachgook, and the "man without a cross."

It would be hard to give in so few words a better description than this of the forest in July, "The vast canopy of woods spreads itself to the margin of the river, overhanging the water and shadowing its dark current with a deeper hue. The rays of the sun were beginning to grow less fierce and the intense heat of the day was lessened, as the cooler vapors of the springs and fountains rose above their leafy beds and rested in the atmosphere. Still that breathing silence, which marks the drowsy sultriness of an American landscape in July, pervaded the secluded spot, interrupted only by the low voices of the men [Leatherstocking and Chingachgook], the occasional and lazy tap of a woodpecker, the discordant cry of some gaudy jay, or a swelling on the ear from the dull roar of a distant waterfall." One feels the sultriness of the woods and hears the voices of its lesser denizens that oftenest and almost unnoticeably break its silence, yet one can but think near the close of the same chapter that Hawkeye's ears were a little dull that such a trained woodsman should be so slow to hear the unaccustomed sound of horses' hoof-beats, and in the next that the hunter must have been a little careless in his statement to say, "Nor have the geese done their flight to the Canada waters altogether." Wild geese flying northward in July?

Except for occasional slips, Cooper's favorite character is wonderfully well drawn and consistent from his first appearance as the Deerslayer to the last pathetic scene in "The Prairie." The love of nature which such a close observer must feel, his simple faith in an over-ruling Power, his honesty and unaffected simplicity, his cautious bravery, his pride in the skill with "the long-barreled, true-grooved, soft-metaled rifle," are all consistent traits in a man who had spent his life in the woods.

His figurative manner of expression is natural in one who had so long been the constant companion of the Sagamore, and in brief words he often gives many maxims of wood lore, as in his reply to Major Heywood, who with the treacherous guide Magna was lost in the wilderness between Ft. Edward and Ft. William Henry:

"An Indian lost in the woods!" said the scout, shaking his head doubtingly; "when the sun is scorching the tree-tops, and the watercourses are full; when the moss on every beech he sees will tell him in which quarter the north star will shine at night! The woods are full of deer paths, which run to the streams and licks, places well known to everybody."

His contempt for the singing master, "the weak soul who passes his days in singing," is a natural touch. "'Tis a strange calling," muttered Hawkeye, "to go through life like a catbird, mocking all the ups and downs that may happen to come out of other men's throats." Just as natural is his poor opinion of the men of the towns, of books and the writers of books.

"Book! What have such as I, who am a warrior of the wilderness, though a man without a cross, to do with books? I never read but in one, and the words that are written there are too simple and too plain to need much schooling. 'Tis open before your eyes," said the scout, "and he who owns it is not a niggard of its use. I have heard it said that there are men who read in books to convince themselves there is a God. I know not but man may so deform his works in the settlement as to leave that which is so clear in the wilderness a matter of doubt among traders and priests. If any such there be and he will follow me from sun to sun, through the windings of the forest, he shall see enough to teach him that he is a fool, and that the greatest of his folly lies in striving to rise to the level of One he can never equal, be it in goodness or be it in power."

Cooper's Indians do not hit the popular idea of the present day: his good Indians are too good, his bad ones not bad enough. Yet Chingachgook, Uncas and Hard-heart are such as we read of in truthful histories of olden times, no more faithful to their friends nor with kindlier traits than Massasoit or Soyengahratah; and as for Magna, treacherous, revengeful, bloodthirsty and cruel as a tiger, and a drunkard withal, it would be hard to outdo him in wickedness with any modern instance. In expert use of the rifle, none of them equal the incomparable marksman Hawkeye, which is true to life, for Indians rarely or never excel in marksmanship with firearms, while in turn and as naturally they surpass him in the finer subtleties of woodcraft. But he exhibits great skill in the art when he detects the difference in the twig bent by

the captive girl's hand and those broken by the Hurons. "The outer branch, near the prints of one of the horses, was bent upward, as a lady breaks a flower from its stem; but all the rest were ragged and broken down, as if the strong hand of a man had been tearing them! So I concluded that the cunning varments had seen the twig bent and had torn the rest, to make us believe a buck had been feeling the boughs with his antlers."

One would imagine though that Uncas or his father would have been likelier than the scout to detect this, and he, more accustomed to civilized warfare and the effect of ordnance, likelier than Uncas to hit upon this ingenious method of finding the way through the fog to the fort. "This shot that you see," added the scout (translating the earnest advice of Uncas for Heyward's benefit), kicking the harmless iron, "has plowed the 'arth in its road from the fort, and we shall hunt for the furrow it has made, when all other signs may fail."

An old camper who knows what a comfortable couch the twigs of cedar and the various firs afford, wonders why Cooper should bed his forest wayfarers on sassafras boughs as in the cavern at Glenn's and on "sweet shrubs and dried leaves" as in the decayed block house. But one forgets such trival matters in the vivid description of the wild turmoil of waters with their constant and all-pervading roar swelling and falling with every waft or lull of the light breeze or of the sombre quietude of the ruined stronghold whose sole surviving defenders now revisit it or that which presently follows the last of the "bloody pond," and the sudden and mysterious taking off there of the French sentinel when the departing fugitives "looked in vain for the form they had so recently seen stalking along its silent shores, while a low and regular wash of little waves, by announcing that the waters were not yet subsided, furnished a frightful memorial of the deed of blood they had just witnessed."

In the "Pathfinder" are frequent instances of the hero's wood-wisdom, as for example this, "Only the risk of being shot from a cover, as he forced his canoe up a swift rift, or turned an elbow of the stream, with his eyes fastened on the eddies; of all the risky journeys, that on an ambushed river is the most risky." Or this, "I hope Eaudouce will have the wit to bethink him of the damp wood now." This would give forth more smoke, betokening a fire made by careless whites, while the comparatively smokeless fire of dry fuel would be taken for that of an Indian camp.

The Pathfinder says, "A true woodsman never quits his piece while he has any powder in his horn, or a bullet in his pouch." Of this most of us have had personal proof, when the gun has been carelessly laid aside out of reach for a moment and the shot of a lifetime lost thereby.

The author endows Eaudouce with more ingenuity than this master of woodcraft in one instance, when he directs the branch of a tree to be cast "into the river to try the current, which sets from the point above in the direction of the rock," in the river on which the Pathfinder is exposed to the fire of the Hurons. Finding it reaches him, a canoe is sent to him in the same way and he escapes to cover. The Pathfinder commends this in characterstic fashion, "This has been done with a frontierman's judgment."

Here Cooper speaks for himself, when the guide's ear has caught the sound of a branch broken by a footstep. "All who are accustomed to that particular sound will understand how readily the ear receives it, and how easy it is to distinguish the tread which breaks the branch from every other noise of the forest." "Silence is a double virtue on a trail," says Pathfinder, and "patience is the greatest of virtues in a woodsman."

But it is needless to multiply instances from the Leatherstocking Tales, to prove that Cooper was possessed of skill in woodcraft, and a fertility of invention and keenness of observation, which if he had been placed under conditions similar to those in which Natty Bumpo, or as he is variously called, the Pathfinder, Deerslayer, Hawkeye and Leatherstocking, received his training, might have made him, in this respect, a living embodiment of the immortal creation of his imagination.

Only by years of study and practice of this unwritten science, can one learn to read the signs so faintly traced that mark the passage of man or beast through the puzzling sameness of the forest, where to the ordinary eyes one great tree is as like to another as the unnamed stars to each other, and where to such untrained vision nothing but the place of the sun in the sky or the pointing of the magnetic needle tells where is north or south.

Much of Cooper's knowledge of woodcraft was no doubt acquired when in 1808 he made the journey to Oswego in company with other naval officers, and was for a time stationed at that port.

"Wild animals still prowled through the adjoining forests," Miss Cooper tells us in her introduction to the "Pathfinder," "bears, wolves and panthers were not wanting. Of deer there was an abundant supply, and one or two fresh beaver dams were only a short distance from the banks of the river." The young midshipman threw himself with all his usual spirit into the hunting and fishing expeditions. Here, too, he must have received those impressions of the beauty and grandeur and solemnity of the primeval forest, which enabled him in after years to describe so well its varied moods and aspect, and to express through Hawkeye's lips such emotions as these, "In the forest I seem to stand face to face with my Master; all around me is fresh and beautiful, as it came from his hand, and there is no nicety of doctrine to chill the feelin's. No, no, the woods are the true temple, a'ter all, for there the thoughts are free to mount higher even than the clouds;" and again, "I want no thunder and lightning to remind me of my God, nor am I as apt to bethink me most of all His goodness in trouble and tribulations, as on a calm, solemn, quiet day in the forest, when His voice is heard in the creaking of a dead branch or in the song of a bird."

Some such simple-minded, faithful and honest ranger of the woods he may have met on the frontier, a worthier example of the class than the old hunter, the shiftless hanger-on of the settlements, whom he knew in his boyhood.

Yet it is hardly likely that he ever found, perhaps no one ever did find, in real life such an one as he describes the Pathfinder to have been.

"Ever the same, utterly without fear, and yet prudent, foremost in all warrantable enterprises," "His feelings appeared to possess the freshness and nature of the forest in which he passed so much of his time, and no casuist could have made clearer decisions in matters relating to right and wrong."

He was not without prejudices that were deep rooted. His "beautiful and unerring sense of justice" influenced all around him. "His fidelity was like the immovable rock." "Treachery in him was classed among the things that are impossible, and as he seldom retired before his enemies so was he never known under any circumstances that admitted of an alternative to abandon a friend."

A nobly-conceived character and truly as Thackeray said of him, "One of the prize men of fiction." It is easier to criticise than to create. Cooper created that which will last as long as American literature endures, and it becomes us better to be thankful for this than to be critical over any shortcomings.

Thackeray was a warm admirer of Cooper. It is thought by some that he fashioned the death scene of Colonel Newcome after that of Leatherstocking, and their similarity is certainly striking.

Leatherstocking, feeble with age and life slowly ebbing, had been placed by his Indian friends in an easy posture on a rude seat, his rifle on his knee. "Between his feet lay the figure of a hound." "The aged men of the tribe had drawn near to observe the manner in which a just and fearless warrior would depart on the greatest of his journeys." "The light of the setting sun fell upon his solemn features." "His gaze seemed fastened on the clouds, glorious with the tints of sunset." "Suddenly the old man, supported on either side by his friends, rose upright to his feet. For a moment he looked about him as if to invite all in presence to listen, and then with a fine military elevation of the head and with a voice that might be heard in every part of that numerous assembly, he pronounced the word,

"'Here!'

"When Middleton and Hardheart turned to him they found he was forever beyond the necessity of their care."

SLIDE ROCK FROM MANY MOUNTAINS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Poet and the Philosopher have again been in the mountains together; H. G. Dulog and "Yo" have made their annual hunting trip. During this trip, as a result of several conversations held about the camp fire at night after a hard day's work after deer, sheep or goats, it was determined to send in to you a series of letters for publication, if you should deem them worthy a place in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM.

Each one of these sketches is complete in itself, and each one is true—that is to say, is an uncolored narration of fact, so far as the writers are concerned. Names of actors in the events related have sometimes been changed, but in all cases where the writer tells of what he himself did, the account is exact.

While it is, perhaps, not customary in newspaper offices for a contributor to "put a head on" his matter, still it is suggested that an appropriate heading for these papers would be "Slide Rock from Many Mountains," the events narrated having taken place in the Rocky Mountains in several Territories, as well as in the Cascade Mountains of British Columbia.

The letters are inclosed with this. Yours very truly,

H. G. DULOG.
YO.

Natural History.

NAMES OF THE WHITE GOAT.

A GLANCE at the list of names which have been applied by systematists to the white goat-antelope, as given below, will serve to show the uncertainty which existed in the minds of the earlier writers as to the systematic place which this animal should occupy. The reason for this ignorance is not far to seek when we consider the very slight material which was at their disposal.

Lewis and Clark, who brought home from their expedition a hunter's skin, speak of the animal as a sheep. Ord, who described it from this same meagre material, followed them, and placed it in the genus *Ovis*, perhaps for no better reason than that the pelage of his specimen was in part woolly.

M. de Blainville, however, who saw the complete specimen in the Museum of the Linnean Society recognized its true affinities, and in his description assigned it to the genus *Antilope*, and to the sub-genus *Rupicapra*, thus placing it near the chamois. A year or two later Rafinesque characterized very imperfectly the genus *Mazama*, in which he seems to have intended to group this antelope, the prong horn, and one or two species of deer which can probably never be identified. He stated that the white antelope and another species in this genus would probably be found to represent a new group, which he called *Oreamnos*,* and announced that this group would be fully described in a forthcoming work, which, however, was never given to the world.

A little later, in 1822, came Hamilton Smith's excellent description in the Linnean Transactions, accompanied by a figure which, so far as I know, is to-day much the most lifelike and the best that has been published. Smith had before him a complete specimen of *Mazama montana*, and thus avoided some of the mistakes committed by American writers. He regarded the animal as an antelope.

Misled by the fact that the white antelope lives among the rocks and has a tuft of hair on its chin, Harlan and Godman called it a goat (*Capra*), as did also Richardson in 1829, Baird in 1852, Audubon and Bachman in 1853, and the Prince of Wied in 1862, while Fischer, who in 1829 quoted from Desmoulins (Dictionnaire Classique d'Histoire Naturelle), throws doubt upon this generic reference by writing *Capra (?) columbiana*.

It is not strange that Lüben should have remarked in his Säugethiere, that it is difficult from the descriptions to know whether this is an antelope or a goat.

In 1827 Hamilton Smith formed the sub-genus *Aplocerus*, which was adopted by Turner in 1850, by Richardson in 1852, and in this country by Baird in 1857, by Coues and Yarrow in their excellent Report of the Zoölogy of the Surveys West of the 100th Meridian, and generally in the Government reports. Rafinesque's name *Mazama* was revived in 1850 by J. E. Gray in the Knowsley Menagerie, in his paper in the Proceedings of the Zoölogical Society, and in his various catalogues down to 1873, and was then laid aside until brought up by Dr. Gill in his catalogue of the "Collection to Illustrate the Animal Resources of the United States," which is a "List of the Principal Useful or Injurious Mammals," a paper published in connection with the Centennial Exhibition in 1876.

The generic name *Oplacerus*, proposed by Haldeman in 1842 (Proc. Phil. Acad. Sci., pp. 187-188), to take the place of *Mazama*, only needs to be alluded to, to say that it evidently has no connection with the species under consideration. To what use of the term *Mazama* he referred seems uncertain, but that it was not to the white antelope is made evident by the reason advanced for the adoption of the name *Oplacerus* instead of *Mazama*, "this [latter] name having been preapplied to *Ovis* or *Capra montana*, Ord, by Rafinesque."

Almost as many specific as generic names have been given to this animal. Ord, translating the English name given it by the explorers who reported it to him, called it *montana*, and this name having priority, must stand.

There seems to be no doubt that Rafinesque's genus *Mazama* should be adopted for this animal. It is true that no less an authority than the late lamented Baird expressed in most unmistakable terms the opinion that this name "is utterly inadmissible as a genus of mammals," but this was written more than thirty years ago, and we may doubt if he would look at the matter in the same way if he were alive to-day. In his article (Pacific R. R. Reports, 1857, p. 665) on the genus *Antilocapra* he write as follows: "The generic name of *Mazama*, as established by Rafinesque, II., 1817, 44, has been quoted by some authors for the American antelope, as well as for the mountain goat and the smaller deer. An examination of his diagnosis will show very satisfactorily that the name cannot be used at all, on account of its embracing too many incongruous elements, as follows:

MAZAMA.—Eight front teeth on the lower jaw, none in the upper, no canine teeth, grinders truncated; head with solid, simple, straight round and permanent horns, uncovered by a skin; neck and legs not very long, cloven hoof. Tail short. Obs. This genus differs from *Cervus* by having simple permanent horns, from the genus *Giraffa* by not having a skin over the horns, nor a long neck, and from the genus *Gazella* by its horns not being hollow. It belongs to the family *Ruminalia*, sub-family *Stereoceria*, next to the genus *Giraffa*. It appears to be peculiar to America, and contains many species which had been taken for deer, sheep, antelopes, etc.

Mazama lema, Raf.—Yellow-brown above, white beneath. Horns cylindrical, straight and smooth. This is the *Temamazame* of Mexico.

Mazama dorsata, Raf.—Entirely white and woolly, a mane along the neck and back; horns conical, subulate, acute, slightly curved backward, base rough. Obs. This animal has been called *Ovis montana* by Ord, but the genus *Ovis*, or rather *Aries*, has hollow and flat horns, etc.

Mazama sericea, Raf.—White with long silky hair, no mane, etc. This is the *Rupicapra americana* of Blainville, but he has not ascertained the horns to be hollow.

"Were the genus *Mazama* less decided in its expressions, it might be taken for either the antelope or mountain goat (better the latter), but when we are positively assured that it differs from the antelope in having solid horns, and from the deer merely in the horns being simple and permanent, instead of branched and deciduous, there is no alternative but to expunge the name from the systems until we find an animal with horns like the giraffe, only much longer, and not covered by a skin."

Except in respect to its so-called solid horns, Rafinesque's diagnosis of the genus *Mazama* agrees sufficiently well with the characters of the white antelope to be applied to it, and the whole question as to whether this generic name should or should not be employed seems to turn on what that author intended to imply by the use of the term solid horns.

It has been suggested to me in conversation by that eminent naturalist Dr. Theo. Gill, that Rafinesque's idea of what constitutes solid horns was not what we understand by the same term to-day, and that the agreement of the other characters given with those of the white antelope and the doubt as to the sense in which Rafinesque used the term solid justify us in employing this generic name.

It is perfectly clear that Rafinesque intended his description of *Mazama dorsata* and *sericea* to apply to the white antelope and to no other animal. Of this there is no shadow of doubt. The animal is identified beyond a peradventure. This being the case, and *Mazama* being the earliest generic name applied to it, it should be retained, and the white antelope becomes *Mazama montana* (Ord.) Gill.

The local names in use for this species and those applied to it by various authors are numerous. The older writers called it mountain sheep, Rocky Mountain goat and white goat, and these names still obtain in various localities where it is found. On the eastern flanks of the Rocky Mountains and generally in the United States it is commonly called "goat" or "white goat;" but among the Canadian Indians, who speak a little English, it is more often spoken of as "sheep," and this term is universal among the Indians, and nearly so among the white population, of the northwest coast through Washington and British Columbia to Alaska. In southwestern Montana, in parts of Idaho, in eastern California, and perhaps in other places, it is sometimes known as "ibex," a name which is also often applied to the two or three-year-old male of the mountain sheep (*Ovis canadensis*). Lewis and Clark state that the Indians spoke of the white antelope as "white buffalo." Mackenzie, according to Richardson, says that his Indians designated *Ovis canadensis* by the same name, but it seems likely that the reference may have really been to *Mazama*, to which such a name would be especially applicable, as will be recognized by any one who has had ample opportunity of observing these high-shouldered rock climbers.

Most of the Indian names for *Mazama montana*, so far as I have been able to gather them and to learn their significance, have reference to its color; thus the Blackfoot name *Apoh'-mah-kee-kinna* appears to mean "white head," the Cree name is *Wa-pa-tik*, which signifies "white deer." The Indians of British Columbia, as stated, call it "sheep," and where the bighorn (*Ovis canadensis*) also occurs, the former is known as *Taculp* sheep (white sheep), and the latter as *Klale* sheep (black or dark sheep). Both these adjectives are from the Chinook jargon. The Squawmisht Indians of Washington and British Columbia call the white antelope *Hohh-solken*. The meaning of this name is unknown to me. The name *Kwhait-lit* given this species by the Comox

* Am. Month. Mag., Vol. II., 1817, p. 44.

Indians of Vancouver Island, signifies "very white," while *Mullukhtlaw*, as it is called by those of Seymour Narrows, means "white beast."

As the local names are all misleading, for the reason that the animal is neither a sheep nor a goat, nor an ibex, it is a pity that some one of those employed in the books could not come into general use, for two or three of them are very striking and characteristic. Schreber's name, "wool antelope," is one of these, so is "white antelope," "mountain antelope," and others. Brehm calls it "snow goat," "white goat" and "mountain goat."

In the synonomy set down below I cannot hope to have given all the references to this remarkable animal. My opportunities for consulting any satisfactory zoölogical library have been very limited, confined in fact to a very few hours spent in Washington libraries during two brief visits within the last year, and while I have turned over many books in my efforts to get all the references possible, yet I have been wholly unable to go into the bibliography of this species with that thoroughness which the subject deserves. I am especially conscious that I have failed to record any considerable part of the references to this antelope which are scattered through the fugitive literature of sport. If those who see this paper and who notice these omissions will kindly call my attention to them, I shall be greatly indebted, and such references will be supplied if this and the succeeding papers on this subject should appear worthy later to be published in more permanent form.

I wish here to express my indebtedness to Dr. C. Hart Merriam, the accomplished chief of the Bureau of Economic Ornithology of the Department of Agriculture, who has kindly looked over my synonymy, and has verified a number of references which I have been unable to see myself.

Synonymy of Mazama montana.

Ovis montana, Ord, Guthrie's Geography (2d Am. ed.) II., 1815, pp. 292 and 309.—Journ. Acad. Nat. Sci., Phil., I., i, 1817, pp. 8-12.—Journ. de Phys., lxxxv., 1817, p. 333.—Tilloch's Phil. Mag., lii, 1818, pp. 8–11, fig. of horn.

Antilope (Rupicapra) americana, Blainville, Nouv. Bull. Soc. Philom., 1816, pp. 73 and 80.

Mazama sericea and *dorsata*, Raf. Am. Monthly Mag., II., 1817, p. 44.

Rupicapra americana, Ord. Journ. de Phys., lxxxvii., pp. 146–155, Paris, 1818.

Antilope americana, Desmarest Mamm., II., 1822, p. 478.

Antilope lanigera, C. Ham. Smith, Linn. Trans., XIII., 1822, p. 38, pl. IV.—Boston Journal Philos. and Arts. Vol. I., 1824, pp. 338–40 (Reprint from Linn. Trans.).—Isis von Oken, 1826, col. 96–7.—Griff. Cuv. IV., 1827, pp. 286–9, (plate).—Lüben, Naturgeschichte der Säugethiere, 1848, p. 799.—Giebel, Säugethiere, 1855, p. 303.—Wagner in Schreb. Säugethiere, I., 1855, 460.

Capra montana, Harlan Faun. Am., 1825, p. 253, fig. of horn.—Godman Am. Nat. Hist., Vol. II., p. 325 (plate).—Harlan Med. and Phys. Researches, Phil. 1835, pp. 63–67 (figure).—Sundevall Kong. Svensk. Vetens Handl. for 1844.—Archiv Skand. Beit. II., 1850, p. 279.

Antilope (Aplocerus) lanigera, C. Ham. Smith, Griff. Cuv., V., 1827, p. 354.

Antilope (Aplocerus) mazama, C. Ham. Smith, Griff., Cuv. V., 1827, p. 354.

Antilope lanata, C. Ham. Smith, Feruss. Bull. Sci. Nat., Paris, 1824, p. 375 (from Linn. Trans.).—Lesson. Man. de Mammalogie, Paris, 1827, p. 388.—Bennett, Cat. Mam. Zool. Soc. 1828, 14 fig., and 1829, 18 fig.

Capra columbiana, Desmoulins Dict. Classique d'Histoire Naturelle, III., pp. 580–1.

Capra (?) columbiana, Fischer, Synopsis Mamm., 1829, p. 487.

Aplocerus, Swains. Nat. Hist. and Classif. Quad., London, 1835, 380.—Brehm, Thierleben, Säugethiere, III., p. 335.

Mazama, D'Orbigny, Dict. Univ. D'Hist. Nat., Paris, 1846, 40.

Antilope (Haplocerus) lanigera, Wagner, Suppl. Schreb. Säugethiere, 1843, p. 462.

Aplocerus lanigera, J. Wilson, Encyc. Brit., VIII. ed. XIV., 311, 1857.

Capra americana, Rich. F. Bor. Am., I., 1829, p. 268, plate XXII.—Ogilby Proc. Zool. Soc., IV., 1836, p. 137.—Richardson, J. Report on N. A. Zool., Report of Sixth Meeting Brit. Assoc. Adv. Sci. for 1836, Vol. V., 1837, p. 161.—Baird, Rep. U. S. Pat. Off. Agricultural for 1851 (1852), pp. 120–121, (plate from Rich.).—Aud. and Bach., Viv. Quad. N. Am., Vol. III., 1853, p. 128, pl. cxxviii.—Maximilian zu Wied, Reise in Nord Amerika, Säugethiere, Berlin, 1862, p. 231.

Capra lanigera, Schinz, Säugethiere, 1845, II., pp. 468–9.

Mazama americana, Gray, Knowsley Menagerie, 1850, p. 19.—Proc. Zool. Soc., Lond., XVIII., 1850, p. 136. Ibid. Cat. Bones of Mam., Brit. Mus., 24, London, 1862.—Ibid. Cat. Rum. Mam., 41, London, 1872.—Ibid. Hand list Edent., Thick-skinned and Rum. Mam., Brit. Mus., 111, London, 1873.

Aplocerus americanus, Turner, Proc. Zool. Soc., Lond., XVIII., 1850, p. 174. (Meeting misdated July 9, 1851 instead of 1850.)

Aplocerus montanus, Rich. Zool. of Herald; Fossil Mammals, II., 1852, pp. viii+13i–8, plates XVI.–XIX. (Osteological).—Baird, Cat. N. A. Mam., chiefly in Smiths. Inst., Wash., 1857, p. 19 [—p. xlvi, Vol. VIII. Pac. R.R. Repts.]—Ibid Pac. R.R. Rep., Vol. VIII., pp. 671–672, Wash. 1857.—Suckley, U. S. P. R.R. Exp. and Surv. 47th Par., Vol. XII., Part II., No. 2, Chap. II., p. 106, Washington, 1860.—Gibbs and Suckley, U. S. P. R.R. Exp. and Surv., 47th Par., Vol. XII., Part II., No. 2, Chap. III., pp. 136–137, Washington, 1860.—Ross, Can. Nat. and Geol., VI., 1861, pp. 440–441.—Forbes, Prize Essay, Vancouver Island, Resources and Capabilities, etc. [Victoria], 1862, App., p. 11.—Agric. Rep. Wash., 1868, p. 218 (plate).—Macoun, Rep. of Sel. Com. of Sen. on Great Mackenzie Basin, Ottawa, 1888, p. 263.—Shields, Cruisings in the Cascades, Chicago, 1889, p. 256.

Haplocerus montanus, Baird, A. J. Sci. XXVI., 1858, p. 145—Flower and Garson, Cat. Oste. Vert. An. Mus. R. C. Surg., II., p. 257, London, 1884.—Bell, Proc. Zool. Soc., p. 579, 1887.—Loder, Proc. Zool. Soc., p. 58, 1889.

Aplocerus montanus, Cooper, Am. Nat. II., pp. 537–8, 1869 (1868–9).

Aplocerus columbianus, Coues and Yarrow Rept. Exp. and Surv. West of 100th Meridian, Vol. V., Zool., Chap. II., p. 68, Wash., 1875.—Hallock's Sportsman's Gaz., p. 40, New York, 1877.—"Mowitch" (pseudonym, J. C. Hughes), Forest and Stream, XIII., 926, 1879.

Haplocerus laniger, A. W. ——, Encyc. Brit., IX. ed., Vol. II., 1878, p. 102.—Standard Nat. Hist., Boston, 1884, Vol. V., p. 343.

Mazama montana, Gill, Internat. Exhib., List of Useful or Injurious Mammals, p. 5, Wash. 1876.—Goode, Bull. U. S. Nat. Mus., 14, Wash., 1879, p. 7.—True, Proc. Nat. Mus. List of Mammals, etc., Washington, 1884, p. 8.—Allen, Rept. Exp. to Copper, Tanana and Koyukuk Rivers, Wash., 1887, p. 150.—Grinnell, Forest and Stream, XXX., 328.—Shufeldt, Ibid. XXX., 472.

Rocky Mountain Sheep, Jameson, Trans. Wern. Soc. of Edin., Vol. III., p. 306.

Mountain Sheep, Lewis and Clark, Exped. to Rocky Mountains and Pacific Coast, Vol. II., pp. 149 and 169, Phil. and N. Y., 1814.

Rocky Mountain Goat, Lord, Student and Intellect. Vol. I., 1868, pp. 14-21, (colored plate).—Baird, Agricultural Report, Wash., 1868, pp. 218–219.—Merrill, Proc. U. S. Nat. Mus., Wash., 1879., II., pp. 283–4.—Bendire, Forest and Stream, XXIV., 84. Baillie-Grohman, *Century Mag.*, 1884, XXIX., 193.

Mountain Goat, Wood, in Wayne's Four Years in Brit. Col. and Vancouver Isl., London, 1862, p. 417.—Batty, Forest and Stream, X., 421.—Fannin, Ibid. XVI., 64–5.—Ibid. XVII., 445.—U.S.A. (pseudonym), Ibid. XVIII., 187.—"Stalker" (pseudonym, (?) W. A. Baillie-Grohman), *Field* (London), LX., 408.—Fannin, Forest and Stream, XX., 202–3.—Ibid, XXIV., 62.—Garman, Ibid XXIV., 125 (erroneous).—W. N. B.[yers], Ibid XXIV., 125.—Reed, Ibid XXV., 44.—W. B. A., Ibid XXVIII., 153.—"Nica" (pseudonym, W. E. Carlin), Ibid XXX., 430.

White Goat, Geo. H. Wyman, Forest and Stream, XII., 307.—Bendire, Ibid. XIII., 525 [volume wrongly paged].—"Ten-Bore" (pseudonym), Ibid. XVIII., 145.—"Mesatchie" (pseudonym), Ibid. XXIII., 45.—Hughes, Ibid. XXIV., 26.—Baillie-Grohman, Ibid. XXIV., 468.—Griffin, Ibid. XXV., 82.—Fannin, Ibid. XXV., 144.—Hughes, Ibid. XXV., 325.—Griffin, Ibid. XXV., 325.—Schultz, Ibid. XXVII., 443, 462.—Fannin, Ibid. XXVIII., 66.

Antelope Goat, Baillie-Grohman, Forest and Stream, XXV., 225.

"Sheep" of the Pacific Coast Indians, and generally of the white population of western British Columbia and northern Washington; also, to a less extent, of Indians and whites of the northern Rocky Mountains.

"Ibex" of the whites in certain parts of Montana, Idaho and California.

Apoh'-mah-kee-kinna of the Blackfoot Indians.

Wa-pa-tik of the Cree Indians.

Kwhait-lii of the Partlage, or Comox, Indians of Van Couver Island, British Columbia.

Mullukhtlaw of the Yokwiltulth or Seymour Narrows (B.C.) Indians.

Hohh-solken of the Squawmisht Indians of southwestern British Columbia.

Shoqkhli't of the Similkameen Indians.

P'ka'lakal of the Ft. Hope, B. C. (Fraser River) Indians.

Matte of the Tsimpsheans (Fort Simpson, B. C.) Indians.

Mut of the Skidigate Indians of the Northwest coast.

Taculp Sheep of the Indians of the interior of British Columbia.

Illustration: Partington's Brit. Cyclopædia Nat. Hist., Vol. II., 1836, fig. facing p. 641. [This figure (slightly modified from Landseer's in Richardson's Fauna Boreali-Americana) is one of several on the same page, illustrating the article "Goat." But there is no reference to the Rocky Mountain Goat in the text.] Geo. Bird Grinnell.

NOTES ON THE SNOWY OWL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Nov. 28 mention is made of the snowy owl, and one of your correspondents asks for information in regard to winter home of this bird. I will give data concerning three birds taken in this vicinity during the present month.

A female shot with a rifle Nov. 7, near Martinsburgh, Lewis county, N. Y. A male shot with rifle Nov. 14, near Denmark, Lewis county, N. Y. Pellets in stomach of both, ready to be disgorged, consisted of mouse fur and bones.

Another female was wounded and captured alive Nov. 26 in town of Watson, Lewis county, and is now in possession of C. P. Kirby, M.D., of Lowville, N. Y. (Lewis county). I may state on good authority that this is their first appearance since 1886 in this section. But during the late fall and early winter of that year as many as ten or a dozen of these birds were taken in this vicinity. Dr. Kirby, before referred to, tells me that he has a bird of this species mounted, which is so white that when C. Hart Merriam, M.D., saw it, he ventured the conjecture that it is an albino. Osceola.

Northern New York, Nov. 30.

Death from Skunk Bite.—Hot Sulphur Springs, Col., Nov. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Attached I send a clipping giving account of death from skunk bite: "A special from Baldwin, Kansas, says: About two weeks ago Joseph Drury, while out hunting, ran his hand into a hole in a stump after what he thought was a rabbit, when he was severely bitten by a skunk. The hand and arm became very painful and swelled considerably. Day before yesterday he became delirious and showed symptoms of hydrophobia. He rapidly grew worse, and yesterday went from one convulsion to another ,until 10 o'clock last night, when he died in great agony." About a week earlier I saw a similar paragraph giving account of death by hydrophobia from the bite of a wildcat. A fine cow elk was led through here a few days ago.—Wm. N. Byers.

The Washington Zoological Park Site has been selected by Secretary Noble, Com. Douglass and Prof. Longley. The land comprises a tract of 166 acres, lying along Rock Creek. The prices asked by the present holders aggregate $106,486. It is probable that the President will approve the report of the Commission, and that the work of preparing the park will be undertaken in the near future.

Snowy Owls in Maine.—Millbridge, Me., Dec.—Since Nov. 16 I have shot five snowy owls on Petit Manan Island, and one black-backed gull. I have seen nine owls this fall; they are very wild. A black duck is tame compared to them.—W. D. U.

Game Bag and Gun.

Antelope and Deer of America. By J. D. Caton. Price $2.50. Wing and Glass Ball Shooting with the Rifle. By W. C. Bliss. Price 50 cents. Rifle, Rod and Gun in California. By T. S. Van Dyke. Price $1.50. Shore Birds. Price 15 cents.

GOOD LUCK ON A FRIDAY.

FOREST AND STREAM is always a welcome visitor with me, for through it I get many useful hints and become acquainted with some of my fellow men who, like myself, find great pleasure in the use of the rifle. My business did not allow me to spend much time out on the mountains this fall, but I have, however, taken time enough to bag seven fine deer since the last week in September. The last day's hunt was on the 23d of November, and although it was on a Friday (which some people superstitiously call an unlucky day) I had such complete success that I am tempted to let you know of it.

A little after nine o'clock I saddled my favorite horse, and with a small lunch (which my good wife put up for me) in my pocket, I took my favorite for big game, the Martini-Henry .45-85-480 Government rifle, which I have used for several years. Twelve o'clock found me on a part of the mountains where I have killed dozens of deer, but there was no sign of deer except tracks about three days old. I decided that if I was to have fresh venison that day I must go about two miles further back, on to and back of another spur of the mountains, where the deer in this particular locality seem to resort whenever there are a few days of mild weather through the fall and winter months, and especially when the wind prevails from the south and west. A brisk ride over rocky ridges, across gullies, through occasional brush and some fallen timber, and in some cases good although very crooked traveling (all of which my horse is very well used to and able for), soon found me where I was looking at the tracks of three deer, comparatively fresh. These I followed some little distance on horseback when I dismounted, and after securely tying the horse to a tree, unlimbered my rifle, and with eyes and ears as sharp, and step about as light and careful, as any Indian in the country, I followed the tracks of the deer, expecting to see their hair on the sunny side of the mountain spur, but I must have been about an hour too late to find them.

The snow was off in many places, and I began to wonder where the deer could have gone to to lie down (which I felt sure they had done), when, going along very carefully and looking everywhere in the gully beneath and on the mountain slope beyond the gully, as well as on the spur which I was on among the rocks, my eyes suddenly caught an object in a small clear place under a fir tree in the bottom of the gully. It resembled a deer lying down with its head up. It was too far to distinguish hair, being all of 300ft. lower than I was, and as near as I could judge all of 275yds. from where I stood. I quickly decided to shoot and find out if it was a deer or not. So I shoved the sight up to something over 200yds., knowing that the rifle would be likely to carry a little high, as I was all of 300ft. above the level the deer was on, if it was a deer. So dropping on one knee (my favorite position when I want to make a careful shot at game) I took as fine a bead at the middle of what proved to be the neck of a deer, expecting that with the sights where I had them the bullet would be more apt to fly low a little and hit the body than to go higher than my aim. The sun was shining nicely on me, but the mark was in the shade of the opposite mountain, and I pressed the trigger with as fine and careful a bead on the middle of what I took for the neck as I ever did over the same sights. When the smoke cleared away (which was very quickly, I looked and the object was there just the same, with the exception of the upright stem (that I had aimed at) which was gone, and presently I saw a motion which was one hindleg kicking. Then I knew it was a deer.

While I was looking I had slipped in another cartridge and was about to rise off of my knee, when a larger animal than the other one ran up among some willow brush a few feet from the deer I had shot, with his head from me. I quickly took another fine bead a little high up on this one and fired again, when he dropped right down in his bed and made the willows around him shake with his kicking. I could see that this one had horns, which were turned from me as he had stood when I fired; and almost before I thought what I was doing I had another bead high up on him as he lay kicking and let drive another bullet. The kicking stopped then and I rose up and commenced looking about as to the best way down to my meat, when my eyes caught sight of the other doe (a few yards lower down the gully from where my venison lay) walking off rather stiff-legged, with head up, looking all around, and sometimes stopping to look back, evidently not understanding what it all meant. I stood and admiringly watched her movements for some time before I started down, but I did not attempt to shoot at her, as I was sure that I had a little more meat already in that ravine than was necessary.

When I got down to my game, I found that the first bullet had crashed through the middle of the slender neck of the doe exactly where I had aimed; and she lay right in her bed and had not so much as straightened her front legs. And, strange as it may appear, my other two bullets hit the buck in the neck less than six inches apart, the one went square through and the other one came out of his left eye.

These were the only three shots that I fired that day, and I call them three lucky hits. I have killed many a deer, but I never before killed two within a few feet of each other without either of them knowing of my presence beforehand, or taking one step to walk or run. But now that the shooting was over, the day's work was not yet done. I dressed the two deer, a task which did not take long, but to get back up to my faithful horse and get him down to the meat; and to skin the doe a little down on each side of the middle, and cut the meat across and back or break the backbone across the middle, so that it would hang good across the saddle; and to get it on to the horse and firmly tied with baling rope; and to put the loose fat and hearts and livers of both deer into the barrel or between the ribs; and to cut off the buck's head and lay it on top, with the horns lying horizontally and the fore part of head and nose down in the barrel of the doe and firmly tied on—this was work that took me until the evening shades were about me. I gathered the buck's feet up under him as well as I could, and piled a

few sticks and chunks on top of him to keep the coyotes off (for hanging him up was out of the question), and then carrying my rifle and starting my horse (who was sharp shod) up the steep mountain side, which is pretty well timbered with fir and balsam, we finally got to the top (after resting several times), with me hanging on to the horse's tail and he picking his own way. He is good at this, as I have trained him to the work, and he has packed many a deer after dark (with me holding on to his tail) out of these mountains.

The doe weighed about 175lbs., and the buck, which I gave an Indian half of for helping me to pack it in on the following Monday, would weigh about 100lbs. heavier with the horns, which are the finest that I have seen of this specimen of deer. I have mounted the entire head. I think he was eleven years old; and the head is really a very fine specimen. The coyotes had not touched the meat of the buck, although he had lain there two nights and two and a half days, but they had tracked all around him at a little distance.

Now, I would not have any one think that I want to convey an idea that I always do as good work as this with the rifle, but to the contrary, I have often done very poor shooting, but when I do I always try if possible to find out the cause.

In all my hunting there are two things I am always anxious to avoid, and they are wounding game without killing it, and wasting any of the game that I get. I have had a good many successful days out on the mountains, and always regard them as free gifts from Him who owns all nature. I. LEHMAN.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

THE STORY OF A BUCK.

I SAW a most beautiful game picture this season while hunting with A. H. Maynard, Esq., on Vancouver Island. As I reached the summit of a mountain I saw within 50yds. from me a flat, oval rock, some 10ft. across, covered with bright green moss. In the center of this mossy couch a two-year-old buck lay with his left side toward me, his head erect, his large eye glistening. I instantly covered him with my rifle; then the true sportsman part of my nature came up and prevented me from pressing the trigger. I held the rifle in position and studied the picture, which was one that even a Landseer or Vogt could not faithfully portray—the combination of shades of the dark evergreens in the background and the brilliant coloring of the mossy carpet that covered the rocks, then the deer as it lay there a model of symmetry and alertness, all combined to make one of nature's perfect pictures, one that will never in this life be forgotten.

But once before did I ever see a scene that would rival this one. Many years ago, at the junction of two mountain streams, in Belvidere, Vt., there was a deep round pool of transparent water, bordered by a low fringe of alders. One day in June, I approached this pool and peered through the tops of the bushes into the water. Not a fish was in sight. With a gentle cast, I dropped my fly on to the surface of the water, when a large trout darted out from under the opposite bank at the fly. I struck too quick and missed him, and there in the very center of the pool—as though suspended in transparent ether—that fish remained, its every fin quivering with excitement and expectation, and his brilliant colors glowing with a metallic luster. I drank in the beauty of the picture for a few moments, then with a slight wrist action the fly was dropped out over the fish, which jumped in its eagerness clean out of the water to seize it; a brief struggle and it was over, the trout lay with a broken neck in my creel. I left that pool, possessed with a mixture of feelings—shame and regret—that I had spoiled so pretty a picture, and a feeling of exultation, that I had secured so fine a fish. We will leave it for our brother sportsmen to draw their own conclusions, as to which set of feelings have gained the supremacy.

To return to my deer. As my arm began to tire in holding out the gun, the old Norse feeling took possession of me. A quick glance along the sights, a pressure of the trigger, then the report and the air was full of saltpeter smoke, and the beautiful deer lay on its side motionless. I approached it and saw that the bullet had gone true to its aim and entered the neck near the shoulder. I laid my rifle down, stepped on the rock and took it by the hindlegs to turn it, so that its head would hang over the edge of the rock as I bled it. The next moment I was where?—no matter where. It's nobody's business but my own—and the deer's—where I was, whether reclining or erect, head or heels up. Whew! but talk about a mule's kicking, no double team of mules could kick out as that dead deer did. I picked myself up and also picked up my gun hastily. There lay the deer apparently dead. I cautiously approached it again and punched its head with my rifle. Not a move. Then I touched his shoulder, which caused a slight quivering of the muscles of the shoulder and forward. I touched his hindquarters, then how his heels flew out. There it lay without further motion. I stooped over and placed my hand over its heart, and felt it beat; and came near getting my head kicked off, which caused that kind of nonsense to be summarily stopped.

Did I afterward regret that I had so ruthlessly destroyed that picture? Yes; before I had packed that deer a mile down the mountain I wished him a hundred times over back on his moss-covered couch or anywhere else but on my back. And Maynard? O yes, he came up and carried my rifle and acted as guide—went zigzag through the woods, crawled under fallen trees, made comments about my style and general make up, told yarns how Jack Knight could trot away with two deer on his shoulders, which of course was very comforting to my aching back.

When you are packing a medium-sized deer, and have had a few sprawls over sharp-edged rocks and have stumbed cross-legged over hidden logs, sat down not gently on the short knots of the said logs, and wrestled for half a mile in tangle brush, it is really astonishing how the weight of your deer increases and what gigantic proportions it assumes. It is then the proper thing to do, to lay your burden down and satisfy yourself that it is not an elk instead of a 150lb. buck. I did it several times.

Did Maynard help pack? Well, yes, when I at last threw that ticky, mangy, scrub of a blacktail deer down, declaring emphatically that it might lie there and rot before I would carry it another yards. He then took it up and packed it a short hundred yards to the railway track and triumphantly placed it on a hand-car, and felt himself a conqueror—a big Indian. Long may his tomahawk wave! STANSTEAD.

AIM WITH THE SHOTGUN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I think this subject has been extensively discussed in every volume of the FOREST AND STREAM yet published. Though often tempted to do so, I have never taken part in the discussions, for the simple reasons given by Dr. Robt. T. Morris in last week's issue. His article is the most sensible one I have ever read upon the subject. I know, by an experience of over forty years, that no rules can be successfully formulated for aiming ahead. Success can only be acquired by long practice. I have killed large numbers of ruffed grouse on the wing, and during the latter years of my shooting did not fail to kill at least five out of six shots. It would be impossible to explain just how I aim, as it depends on too great a variety of circumstances. I remember going out one October morning with a young merchant along the banks of the Minnesota River for ducks. As we approached a bluff just back of a large slough, a flock of seven mallards in a line, perhaps two feet apart, passed within 200ft. of us. As the young man had but little experience in wing-shooting, I told him to fire both barrels at them when they were just abreast of us, and then I would fire at what were left. He fired but one barrel and then told me to fire. He killed the last duck in the line, and I killed the first and last of the remaining six. He said he aimed at the leading duck when killing the last, but I do not think I aimed two feet ahead of those I killed, though at a greater distance. MILTON P. PEIRCE.

COLUMBUS, Ohio.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Dr. Robt. T. Morris, in your issue of the 27th ult., hits the nail squarely on the head with his timely and practical remarks. My own experience in the open, in the brush and at the trap fully bears out his statement, that if aspiring beginners "do not learn to use the gun as they do the baseball bat their ambition to become wing-shots in the brush will lead to disappointment." And he might have added, "in the open and at the trap," as well as in the "brush."

When a youngster I was (mis)taught to use the shotgun pretty much as a rifle, *i. e.*, to close the left eye, squint along the barrel with the right, bring the sight the "proper" distance ahead of the bird, and then trust to providence and pull away. I did so, and while at times I brought the game to bag, my misses were far more numerous than my hits, and when I did hit it was probably by chance. In following out this precept at the trap I met with even worse success, and it was not until I adopted Dr. Morris's style that I commenced to score anything but "lost bird." Since I began to shoot with both eyes open, looking at the bird only, I find that the gun (always provided that it is of proper balance, weight and fit) "comes up" and falls into place intuitively for a good shot, and I find that I can at last make fair scores, which compare favorably with other amateurs.

I had, and who has not? received lots of well-meant advice from brother sportsmen and trap-shooters how to hold, estimate distance, calculate the parabolic (or diabolic) flight of a clay pigeon, etc., etc.; but somehow or other I never found time between the moment the bird was on the wing and the trigger pulled to carry my mathematics into practice. But when I ignored mathematics altogether and adopted the intuitive or "baseball bat" style I commenced to do well at once, and sometimes at least got a chance at the "pot." I feel that I have adopted the only correct style at last, and with a little more practice see no reason why I should not attain the front rank.

Let me advise all beginners, young or old, to adopt the intuitive style of shooting on the wing advocated by Dr. Morris, and to relegate the mathematical calculate-beforehand-and-squint-along-your-gun plan to those who do their shooting with their mind in their armchair at home instead of with a gun in the field. LOUIS BAGGER.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of the 21st, Dr. Morris advises beginners not to aim at all, to look at the bird only. This plan may be necessary in the woods of Pennsylvania and central New York, where Dr. Morris does his shooting, but from my own experience I think it a most difficult way of learning to shoot, and one totally unnecessary in our southern quail grounds. When I was learning to shoot, for more than a year I tried it, and I was no more near to being able to kill a flying quail at the end of that time than I was in the beginning. Improvement, however, began as soon as I tried "sighting" my birds, when, after becoming in this way a fair wing-shot, I returned to my old plan and found I could kill my birds without sighting. SETTER.

ALABAMA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Dr. Robt. T. Morris hit the nail on the head pretty squarely, and that reminds me to say that shooting is very like driving a nail. Does a carpenter ever take aim with his hammer, or a spikeman on a railroad with his long, swinging stroke at arm's length watch his maul as it goes around over his head to see if it is coming down in the right place? If he did would he be apt to hit the spike?

When I commenced trap-shooting I thought it was necessary to lay my cheek down on the gun stock and screw around until I got my eye and the sight in a line with a glass ball. That was before the day of clay-pigeons and bluerocks. Consequently I was more often at the foot of the class than the head. One time, after so many misses that I became ashamed of myself, I got reckless and didn't care whether I scored or not. I called "pull," drew up the gun, watching the ball, fired and was as much surprised as were my companions to see the ball go to pieces. It took me some time to get the idea, but I finally got it, and thereafter I seldom saw the sight or even the gun when I pulled the trigger, and my success was surprising. I applied the same rule to field shooting, and without boasting my hunting companions sometimes tell me to my face that I can shoot. Of course allowance must be made for birds crossing, rising or falling, but that is intuitive and seldom thought of by our most successful shots. Indeed, thinking has little to do with it. If it had, one's bird would be out of range before he could collect his thoughts.

Doctor Carver never aims at flying objects in his rifle shooting. He looks at the object and when he fires he scores. Once, when Bogardus was giving an exhibition shoot at double clay-pigeons, I imagined I saw him looking at the second bird while firing at the first, breaking both.

Much depends on the fit of the gun. One cannot shoot if his gun does not fit him any more than he can feel comfortable in an ill-fitting suit of clothes. But that is an old story to old shooters. J. H. B.

MANSFIELD VALLEY, Pa.

ADIRONDACK DEER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am glad to hear from those whose boyhood, perhaps like my own, was spent in the Adirondack woods, who early learned to commune with nature in her sacred temple, and whose playmates were the timid deer, and whose tender hearts and consciences will not allow them to remain silent while those beautiful creatures are being slaughtered as they have been the past fall. For it is only slaughter to murder deer deprived of all means of escape in the water.

Your correspondent "Law" confirms my own observation. I had previously come to the conclusion that if deer were hunted as persistently in all parts of the Adirondacks as they were within scope of my own observations, the number killed in the Adirondacks would not fall much below 1,000 deer, and that nine-tenths of them were killed by driving them into the water with dogs. "Law's" statement of his locality is true of this. Every lake, pond and river has been watched, and Sunday has been the biggest day with the hounders. Many of the watchers had no hounds in the woods, but were there to kill what escaped those who had. Must this slaughter be repeated? Will the great State of New York, that is fostering a great forest preserve, allow it to be denuded of its noble game, which without it will not be half so attractive? I hope it will not be so stupid, but that it will heed the warning ere it is too late by passing such game laws as will insure plenty of game so long as the cover remains.

I am heartily in concert with "Law" in his endeavor to get a game law that will better protect the deer of the Adirondacks. I am in favor of the best protective law, whatever it may be. My views do not fully accord with "Law's" in this respect: The best possible law would prohibit hounding altogether. But as this is not likely to be done at present (but it will eventually be done when there is nothing left to protect) we will leave that out of the question. I will give my views of a law as stringent as could probably be passed at present, and my reason therefor. Open season to commence Aug. 1. More sportsmen visit the woods during the month of August than later in the season, and feel that they are as much entitled to venison as those that can come to the woods later. And if allowed by law to have it, they would kill only enough for camp use; in fact all respectable guides would not allow more than this. My observation has been that nine-tenths of the parties that go into the woods before the open season will have their venison to eat in camp; and of course have to keep it secreted; and if they change their locality it is all thrown away, and another deer is killed in their new locality. Whereas if they were allowed to have it they would be much more likely to respect the law and not to kill before the open season, and then only enough for camp use; and they would have more interest in preventing the June jacking. Thus I think it would be a protective measure and would give better satisfaction to the better class of sportsmen who are only permitted to have their vacation during the month of August.

I would have the open season for hounding in September, of whatever duration it might be. During September the hair of the deer is short and has but little buoyancy; deer do not like to swim, but will try to throw the hound off the track by skirting along the shore of the lake or by running along in small streams, and thus escape the hunter. During October and the later it is the quicker will they take to the water before the hound, and most every deer started will be killed. It seems to me that this would satisfy the greatest number of sportsmen who wish to hunt in this way while they would not be able to kill so many. Later than September few sportsmen visit the woods except for the sole purpose of hounding deer. Pot-hunters take advantage of the late hounding when deer take to water readily, and so does most every man and most boys who can command a dog that will follow a deer, and many who cannot but go in to watch before others' dogs, and kill all they can regardless of the three-deer limit or the one carcass transportation law. They evade the law by jerking the venison and often by keeping some one transporting one at a time for each person. There are so many that go into the woods because they can kill deer in this way as easily as the most experienced hunter, that if they only kill three deer each the number would be enormous. Therefore I think it would be better to have the open season for hounding in September. Of course, the shorter the better. But I do not think as many deer would be killed if the whole month of September were allowed as there would be during fifteen days in October.

I think the open season should continue until Nov. 15, especially if dogs are allowed to run up to Oct. 20. Much complaint and dissatisfaction has been expressed by those that wish to still-hunt because they are allowed but ten days immediately after the dogs have scoured the woods and killed and driven everything away. I should be willing to give every one a chance to hunt in their favorite way consistent with keeping up the full supply of deer. Hounding being the easier and most destructive method should be accorded the shortest time. Hounding is more destructive than crusting, because practiced more extensively. But who would think of giving the cruster an open season?

I believe a conservative law relative to the deer in the Adirondacks, one sufficiently stringent to fully insure the full supply or increase of the deer, should be passed by our next Legislature; and to this end I am ready to cooperate with "Law" and every one else interested in the preservation of the almost only game left in the Adirondacks, and which is fast disappearing under the present law legalizing a method of hunting for fifty days in each year, more easy, more sure, and more destructive than crusting or early jacking. MUSSET.

NUMBER FOUR, N. Y., Nov. 4.

PATTERN AND PENETRATION.

REMINGTON 12-GAUGE.

RESPONSIVE to the invitation of FOREST AND STREAM, Messrs. Hartley & Graham, the new proprietors of the Remington works, at Ilion, and the makers of the present model of the shotgun bearing the Remington name, submitted three guns, two of them were of 12-gauge, and the third of a 10-gauge size. The two 12-gauges differed in weight and were intended to represent two popular sizes adapted to different demands of work. The weapons were of the low hammer type, with top snap, and very creditable samples of workmanship, especially when considered in connection with their cost price. With the arms were sent cartridges. Those for the 12-gauges were loaded with 3¼drs. of Hazard FG, behind 1¼oz. of Tatham chilled No. 8. This was presumably the charge which the testing monitor at the Ilion works thought best adapted to the guns sent. The first gun put to the test happened to be the heavier of the two 12-gauge arms, and Supt. Moss did the actual trigger pulling of the trial. In order to make the trial of the arm as complete as possible, an order was sent to Von Lengerke & Detmold to load cartridges with 1¼oz. Tatham No. 8 chilled, and use wood and Schultze powder of quantity sufficient to make the efficiency of the cartridge equal to that of the black powder, as stated in the Remington invoice accompanying the arms to the office. How nearly 1¼oz. of shot as measured in New York correspond with 1¼oz. as measured at Ilion, a glance at our analysis will show.

The day was a good one for the test, a cool morning, with not as much dampness in the air as might be wished for powder lubrication, but just such a morn as thousands of gunners are enjoying in the brush and afield. The black powder cartridge was first fired, then the wood and finally the Schultze, and upon falling back to 60yds. the same order was observed, and all through without cleaning.

This direct comparative test of the three powders now upon this market in the same gun of good make is a very instructive one, and the advocate of each of the makes of powder will find data to his taste. The black powder does not make the best average, but it is quite uniform in action. The wood powder redeems itself after the display it made in the L. C. Smith gun test, and leaves it an open question whether after all it was the gun or the charge which was to blame in that trial. With the coming of the Schultze powder came those fluke shots, where there was a sudden dropping away of the pattern 50 per cent. or more. How is this? The gun was the same, the powder of course was uniform with the shot, and the only explanation is to be found in the fashion of loading, so far as the wads was concerned and their relation to the bore of the gun. The higher the rate of expansion of the propulsive gas or the rate of its generation, the greater the chance of magnifying any error which may be traced back to irregular wadding as related to the gun's bore.

But we are not called upon to discuss the why and wherefore of these irregularities. The fact is that they exist, and some of our many correspondents may feel impelled to argue from the facts as we state them to the cause as it exists. It was plain that the left barrel was the closer shooting of the two, and every charge showed this in its averages. So far as penetration is concerned there would seem to be little difference, with the slight odds in favor of the white powder. It should always be borne in mind that there is a difference between penetration and killing power; a light missile or shot moving rapidly has great killing power, while a heavier missile moving slowly may have much less, yet the latter will no doubt show better results in penetration upon the compactly placed sheets of paper used for measuring this factor of a gun's work. The velocimeter would give accurately the rate of travel of the flying pellets, and give, perhaps, a better notion of the killing power, yet it would be valueless in noting the penetrative force since it takes no note in its measurement of travel of the weight of the flying object. Besides, in our series of tests, it has been our aim to point out rather how each man may test his own gun and give him a series of figures by which to gauge it, rather than pile up a lot of tables or to reach that other *ignis-fatuus*, a perfect load. There does indeed exist a perfect load, but it is for each gun only, and it is for each gun holder to work out the effective capabilities of his own weapon. Having reached this, he may then note whether the arm he possesses shot at its best is as good as another arm similarly used. This is the value of our series of trials. Gunnery in all its branches is essentially an art of experiment, and in its own field the FOREST AND STREAM has taken up the task of so heaping up facts that if we cannot actually reach the point of saying this or that charge is the absolutely best one, we can at least point out certain avenues of effort which are sure to lead to disappointment. There is as much in knowing what to avoid as in finding out what is best to cling to. But again we are drifting into casuistry and will stop off short and leave the facts to stand for themselves as presented in the formal trial of this arm:

CLAREMONT, N. J., Nov. 15, 1889.

TEST MADE AT FOREST AND STREAM GUN-TESTING SCREEN.

Gun—Remington Hammer Gun. Cost, $40. No. of gun, 31,553. Weight, 8 9-16lbs. Length of barrels, 30in. Gauge, 12. Right barrel, full choke. Left barrel, full choke.

Weather—Clear. Direction of wind, 3 o'clock. Force of wind, 7 miles per hour. Thermometer, dry, 45°. Do., wet, 39°. Humidity, 57°. Barometer, 30.1in.

Charge, as given by holder of gun:

BOTH BARRELS.

Shell—Winchester.
Powder, Brand—Hazard FG.
Powder, Quantity—3¼ drs.
Shot—*Make*—Tatham. *Quantity*—1¼ oz. *Size*—No. 8 Chilled.

CARTRIDGE ANALYSIS.

Three Cartridges Taken at Random.

BOTH BARRELS.

Loading.		Powder.	Shot.	
Card over shot; two B. E. wads over powder.	1...	90 grs.	578 grs.	524 pellets.
	2...	89 grs.	574 grs.	538 pellets.
	3...	89 grs.	574 grs.	527 pellets.
	Average	89 grs.	575 grs.	529 pellets.

TEST AT 40 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

RIGHT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.	LEFT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.
1. 273 pellets.	12 sheets.	1. 230 pellets.	11 sheets.
2. 311 pellets.	11 sheets.	2. 270 pellets.	11 sheets.
3. 297 pellets.	10 sheets.	3. 315 pellets.	13 sheets.
4. 231 pellets.	11 sheets.	4. 314 pellets.	12 sheets.
5. 302 pellets.	14 sheets.	5. 298 pellets.	10 sheets.
Av. 283 pellets.	12 sheets.	Av. 285 pellets.	11 sheets.



REM. 12-G., 40YDS., BLACK POWDER, RIGHT BARREL, 361 PELLETS.

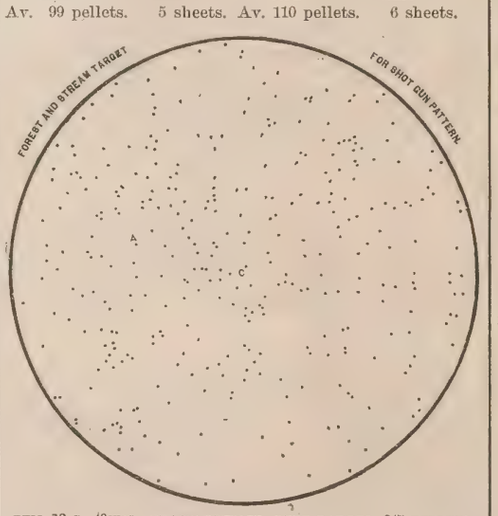
Three shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.	LEFT BARREL.
1..... 345 pellets.	1..... 342 pellets.
2..... 361 pellets.	2..... 347 pellets.
3..... 348 pellets.	3..... 340 pellets.
Average 351 pellets.	Average 343 pellets.

TEST AT 60 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

RIGHT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.	LEFT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.
1. 102 pellets.	4 sheets.	1. 100 pellets.	7 sheets.
2. 125 pellets.	3 sheets.	2. 107 pellets.	8 sheets.
3. 75 pellets.	7 sheets.	3. 133 pellets.	5 sheets.
4. 82 pellets.	5 sheets.	4. 112 pellets.	5 sheets.
5. 110 pellets.	8 sheets.	5. 99 pellets.	6 sheets.
Av. 99 pellets.	5 sheets.	Av. 110 pellets.	6 sheets.



REM. 12-G., 40YDS., BLACK POWDER, LEFT BARREL, 347 PELLETS.

Three shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.	LEFT BARREL.
1..... 149 pellets.	1..... 130 pellets.
2..... 153 pellets.	2..... 146 pellets.
3..... 161 pellets.	3..... 121 pellets.
Average 154 pellets.	Average 132 pellets.

CLAREMONT, N. J., Nov. 15, 1889.

TEST MADE AT FOREST AND STREAM GUN-TESTING SCREEN.

Gun—Remington Hammer Gun. Cost, $40. No. of gun, 31,553. Weight, 8 9-16lbs. Length of barrels, 30in. Gauge, 12. Right barrel, full choke. Left barrel, full choke.

Weather—Clear. Direction of wind, 3 o'clock. Force of wind, 7 miles per hour. Thermometer, dry, 45°. Do., wet, 39°. Humidity, 57°. Barometer, 30.1in.

Charge, as given by holder of gun:

BOTH BARRELS.

Shell—U. S. Climax.
Powder, Brand—12-bore Trap Wood.
Powder, Quantity—3 drs.
Shot—*Make*—Tatham. *Quantity*—1¼ oz. *Size*—No. 8 Chilled.

CARTRIDGE ANALYSIS.

Three Cartridges Taken at Random.

BOTH BARRELS.

Loading.		Powder.	Shot.	
Card over shot; P. E. wad, felt wad and card over powder.	1...	36 grs.	568 grs.	576 pellets.
	2...	36 grs.	572 grs.	578 pellets.
	3...	36 grs.	565 grs.	573 pellets.
	Average	36 grs.	568 grs.	576 pellets.

TEST AT 40 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

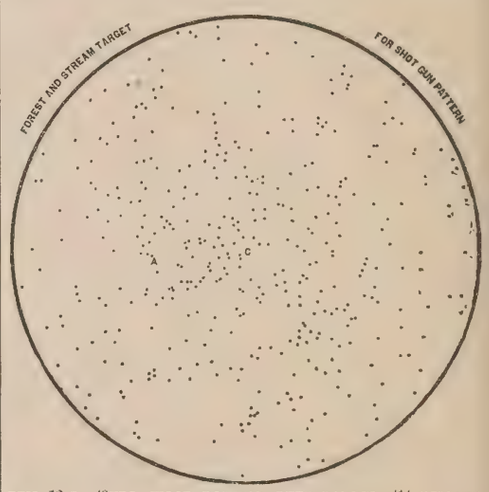
RIGHT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.	LEFT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.
1. 340 pellets.	10 sheets.	1. 366 pellets.	12 sheets.
2. 351 pellets.	13 sheets.	2. 384 pellets.	11 sheets.
3. 366 pellets.	13 sheets.	3. 381 pellets.	12 sheets.
4. 355 pellets.	10 sheets.	4. 383 pellets.	12 sheets.
5. 372 pellets.	12 sheets.	5. 380 pellets.	13 sheets.
Av. 357 pellets.	12 sheets.	Av. 379 pellets.	12 sheets.

Three Shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.	LEFT BARREL.
1..... 412 pellets.	1..... 410 pellets.
2..... 423 pellets.	2..... 377 pellets.
3..... 406 pellets.	3..... 414 pellets.
Average 414 pellets.	Average 400 pellets.



REM. 12-G., 40YDS., WOOD POWDER, RIGHT BARREL, 423 PELLETS.



REM. 12-G., 40YDS., WOOD POWDER, LEFT BARREL, 414 PELLETS.

TEST AT 60 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

RIGHT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.	LEFT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.
1. 173 pellets.	7 sheets.	1. 177 pellets.	5 sheets.
2. 117 pellets.	7 sheets.	2. 150 pellets.	5 sheets.
3. 145 pellets.	6 sheets.	3. 175 pellets.	5 sheets.
4. 145 pellets.	4 sheets.	4. 183 pellets.	3 sheets.
5. 140 pellets.	4 sheets.	5. 162 pellets.	4 sheets.
Av. 144 pellets.	6 sheets.	Av. 169 pellets.	4 sheets.

Three Shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.	LEFT BARREL.
1..... 187 pellets.	1..... 208 pellets.
2..... 173 pellets.	2..... 212 pellets.
3..... 170 pellets.	3..... 182 pellets.
Average 176 pellets.	Average 200 pellets.

CLAREMONT, N. J., Nov. 15, 1889.

TEST MADE AT FOREST AND STREAM GUN-TESTING SCREEN.

Gun—Remington Hammer Gun. Cost, $40. No. of gun, 31,553. Weight, 8 9-16lbs. Length of barrels, 30in. Gauge, 12. Right barrel, full choke. Left barrel, full choke.

Weather—Clear. Direction of wind, 3 o'clock. Force of wind, 7 miles per hour. Thermometer, dry, 45°. Do., wet, 39°. Humidity, 57°. Barometer, 30.1in.

Charge, as given by holder of gun:

BOTH BARRELS.

Shell—U. S. Climax.
Powder, Brand—Schultze.
Powder, Quantity—3drs.
Shot—*Make*—Tatham. *Quantity*—1⅛ oz. *Size*—No. 8 Chilled.

CARTRIDGE ANALYSIS.

Three Cartridges Taken at Random.

BOTH BARRELS.

Loading.		Powder.	Shot.	
Card over shot; P. E. felt wad and card over powder.	1...	42 grs.	562 grs.	569 pellets.
	2...	42 grs.	574 grs.	578 pellets.
	3...	41 grs.	561 grs.	571 pellets.
	Average	42 grs.	566 grs.	573 pellets.

TEST AT 40 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

RIGHT BARREL.		LEFT BARREL.	
Pattern.	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*	*Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*
1. 293 pellets.	12 sheets.	1. 162 pellets.	13 sheets.
2. 290 pellets.	16 sheets.	2. 366 pellets.	13 sheets.
3. 329 pellets.	14 sheets.	3. 422 pellets.	13 sheets.
4. 127 pellets.	12 sheets.	4. 342 pellets.	15 sheets.
5. 180 pellets.	14 sheets.	5. 356 pellets.	14 sheets.
Av. 244 pellets.	14 sheets.	Av. 329 pellets.	13 sheets.



REM. 12-G., 40YDS., SCHULTZE POWDER, RIGHT BARREL, 373 PELLETS.

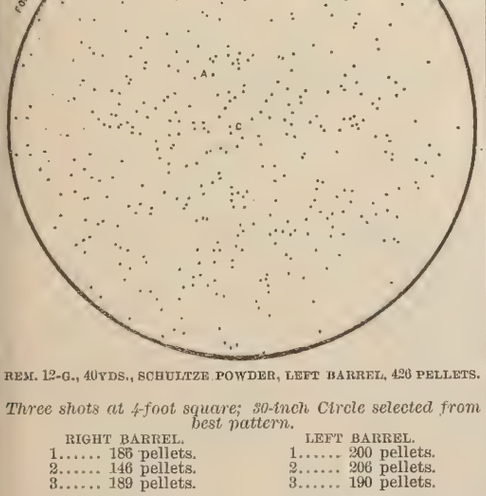
Three shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.	LEFT BARREL.
1..... 373 pellets.	1..... 393 pellets.
2..... 337 pellets.	2..... 426 pellets.
3..... 373 pellets.	3..... 364 pellets.
Average 361 pellets.	Average 394 pellets.

TEST AT 60 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

RIGHT BARREL.		LEFT BARREL.	
Pattern.	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*	*Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*
1. 104 pellets.	7 sheets.	1. 173 pellets.	.. sheets.
2. 149 pellets.	7 sheets.	2. 202 pellets.	8 sheets.
3. 86 pellets.	6 sheets.	3. 170 pellets.	8 sheets.
4. 156 pellets.	8 sheets.	4. 143 pellets.	6 sheels.
5. 131 pellets.	4 sheets.	5. 145 pellets.	7 sheets.
Av. 125 pellets.	6 sheets.	Av. 166 pellets.	7 sheets.



REM. 12-G., 40YDS., SCHULTZE POWDER, LEFT BARREL, 426 PELLETS.

Three shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.	LEFT BARREL.
1..... 186 pellets.	1..... 200 pellets.
2..... 146 pellets.	2..... 206 pellets.
3..... 189 pellets.	3..... 190 pellets.
Average 174 pellets.	Average 199 pellets.

MAINE LARGE GAME.

THE situation of Maine's large game is, on the whole, rather hopeful. But little has been heard about the moose this year, and yet it is the hope of the best friends of the game that they are not exterminated, or that they have suffered any great depletion of numbers. Perhaps it is too much to hope that there has been an increase, as in past seasons since the law for their protection began to be enforced; but it is gratifying to learn from good authority that there are still many moose in Maine. They have been seen this fall in various parts of the State—in some cases where they could hardly have been expected. One came down among a farmer's cattle at Eddington and remained with the cattle till the farmer had time to get his gun and shoot him. Quite a number have been seen in the eastern part of the State. They have not been seen in their usual haunts in the northern parts of Oxford and Somerset counties, and there is one very good reason why. A great railroad has been building through the forests in the northern part of these counties, and even forward to the railroads already in operation in the eastern part of the State. Gangs of Italians and other laborers have inhabited these woods all summer long, and with their legitimate blasting and other noises on week days and poaching on Sundays, it is no wonder that the moose have been frightened away. It is the hope of the Commissioners of Fisheries and Game that so soon as the construction of this road is done the moose may return to their old haunts. It is true that the road opens up a new territory to the hunters and poachers both, and hence the chances for the moose are lessened; but the existing game laws should be the better enforced, and new and better laws should be enacted at the next session of the Legislature of that State in 1890-91. A better statute was never proposed than that of Commissioner Stilwell at the last session of the Legislature there, that of making it a crime to kill a cow moose at any time. The enactment of some such a law will again be tried for when that Legislature again convenes, and it is hoped that the composition of the two houses may not include such a volume of the lumber interest as to kill everything in the form of wholesome fish and game protective legislation.

But turning from the chances of the moose to the deer in Maine, the theme is much more pleasing to the true lovers of the forests and the still-hunt. The increase of deer has been wonderful, even the past year. Hunters who go to Maine after deer are still returning much pleased. Deer are plenty, and they are able to get them. A gentleman from Lowell, with his boy, has killed six—the full quota that the law allows, even with the boy counted in. But let us say right here that he ought to be ashamed of his success, rather than proud of it. One deer in a season is enough for anybody but a selfish hunter. Jonathan Darling has at last been brought to grief, and it looks as though dog-hunting deer had received its death blow. Darling has been tried before the municipal court and fined for killing several deer, his fines amounting in all to some $250 or $300. He has appealed, but the cases are so plain that the chances are that they will never be pressed before the superior courts. I have this from good authority, and I also understand from the same authority that his threats about testing the constitutionality of the law before the full bench are only brag and bluster. There are already too many more cases against him. His poaching, cruel dog-hunting and open defiance of the law are too well understood, and the attempt of some of his friends to create a feeling of sympathy for what they are pleased to term "a sturdy backwoodsman of the old school, who believes in his inherent right to kill game when and where he pleased," will fall before the fact of his stepping up and paying his fines in due season. Letters intended to intimidate wardens, whom he supposed might be on the watch for him, are in the possession of the proper authorities, and unless Darling does fight and beat the game laws, he can pose in no other light than that of a dishonest dog-hunting poacher.

Personally I have no ill will toward Darling, but he has already been convicted before the lower court of a crime, which as a writer in a leading publication, devoted to the protection of fish and game, I cannot do otherwise than condemn in the strongest terms. His crimes are known to me, he himself is not. He is also condemned by many others, lovers of fish and game, who never saw him personally. They know him as a student of the notorious Brown, who first established the camps at Nicatous. But there has been terrible scattering at these camps—the camps where the letters of warning say "there are partyes"—the exact spelling of two instances—"who would make it hot for any game warden." Then the threat that "all game wardens must keep away," who did not want to go the way of the poor fellows that fell before the assassins while trying to do their duty at Fletcher Brook, in the fall of 1886, is not yet forgotten. Jock Darling may pose as a poet, but he may consider himself fortunate if his attempts at letters have not led him into a crime. It will hardly be the thing not to pay those sportsmen a compliment who have, in response to Darling's invitations, gone down to Nicatous, and had deer dogged into the water for them to shoot. That they are cruel is hardly a fitting term in which to clothe them, for already I know of one or two of them that are ashamed of their cruelty. They are more. They are as bad as Darling himself, and they may rest assured that if ever Darling or any of his guides should turn against them, and lay their crime before the Commissioners, it will only require their presence within the State of Maine to lead to their arrest. An officer, with authority to arrest these "gentlemen sportsmen," was in Boston the other day, desirous of working up a chain of evidence, already in his hands, that may lead to the detention of certain gentlemen for killing deer at Nicatous, if they ever set foot on Maine soil again. The chances are that some "honest, sturdy guide" of former shooting scrapes at Nicatous has "leaked," in order to save his own body from fines and imprisonment. It is a cowardly act to dog a deer into the water and there take its life, and if Darling and some of his "noble guides" should add treachery to their cowardice, by turning State's evidence, those who have employed them will meet no more than they deserve.

SPECIAL.

CALIFORNIA DEER.

SACRAMENTO, Cal.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Game exterminators have been operating quite successfully in some of our adjoining counties this fall; and a young gentleman, who has just returned from a trip in El Dorado and Placer counties, reports a wholesale slaughter of deer in that locality.

Deputy Fish Commissioner Smith, of Placerville, El Dorado county, made a raid upon a camp of the game destroyers last week, and captured two of the offenders. Forty-one deer skins were found in their possession, thirty-three of which were doe skins, and they are supposed to have slaughtered over one hundred deer. The men were taken to Placerville, where Justice Carpenter fined them $30 each, which they promptly paid and departed. This was in direct violation of the game law, as $50 is the minimum fine prescribed for the killing of does and spotted fawns. But as it was their first offense the parties were let off rather too easy. Many of the carcasses of these deer were left upon the ground to be devoured by wild beasts.

Nearly two thousand deer skins are lying at the freight office in this city awaiting a claimant. They were consigned to prominent firms doing business here, but said firms do not seem at all anxious to receive them. One party has already been arrested and found to have several hundred hides in his possession; and he is now waiting the action of the court in the matter.

The Game Commissioners have at last awakened to a realizing sense of the deplorable state of affairs, and it is to be hoped that the nefarious business may be stopped ere deer in our State have become extinct. M.

ALL-AROUND GAUGE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Probably the gun is yet to be invented that will be found to answer all purposes equally well, but I believe that the brass-case gun is the nearest approach to a perfect all-around weapon. For the uninstructed let me explain that this is a gun specially bored and chambered for a very thin brass cartridge case called the "Perfect," made by Messrs. Kynoch, Limited. The internal diameter of these cases is greater than that of paper cases of the same nominal gauge, thus permitting the use of larger charges; and in a gun specially bored for them the internal diameter of the barrel is made to correspond with the internal diameter of the case, the effect of which is to practically abolish the chamber cone and to increase the caliber of the barrel about two sizes beyond its nominal bore. The result is a wonderful increase of power in the weapon when used with the cases for which it is specially adapted.

Mr. Greener has published some very interesting results of experiments made with these guns, and he says: "A comparison of the tables shows that guns using 'Perfect' give patterns of unsurpassed regularity; the force is greater and the average higher than in the paper-case guns of two sizes larger in the gauge." He also says that "a 12-bore brass-case gun weighing only 7¼lbs. is superior to a 10-bore paper-case gun weighing 9½lbs."—"*The Gun and its Development*," *pp. 524 et seq.*

Those accomplished wildfowlers, Lord Walsingham and Sir Ralph Payne Gallway, writing in the Badminton Library, say: "A shore gunner will do far better with a powerful 12-bore, bored for Kynoch's brass cases, than with any other kind of weapon."—*Badminton Library*, "*Moor and Marsh*," *pp. 232.* "A double 12-bore gun of 7¼lbs., carrying a charge of 3¼drs. of powder and 1⅛oz. No. 4 shot, is as useful a gun as any shore shooter can want, and powerful enough for anything from a sandpiper to a swan. With such a gun we have often killed a dozen and more ducks and widgeons at a shot, and at other times fired at a single plover when with a larger gun we should have grudged the charge."—*Id. pp. 234.*

The gun is likewise admirably adapted to the field because of its light weight, and should the shooter object to a full choke for that work, he has but to substitute paper for brass cases. To again quote Mr. Greener, "A brass case gun of fullest possible choke, will fire well paper cases, and the shooting (providing a waterproof pink-faced, a thick felt, and a card wad are placed between powder and shot) will perform fully equal to a modified chokebore gun of the same size cartridge chamber."

If something more than a modified choke is desirable with paper cases, it can be obtained at a slight diminution of pattern with the brass, for, according to this authority, a middle course is possible and a 12-bore can be made to average 260 with brass and 240 with paper cases, the charge being 1¼oz. No. 6 shot, English standard of 270 pellets to the ounce.

I cannot conceive of a weapon better adapted to the requirements of one who wishes to shoot all kinds of game with one gun. In conclusion I advise "W. S. K." to procure such a work as I have quoted from. The information there obtained will be far more reliable than anything likely to be contributed to a sporting newspaper; and should he then be in doubt, he will do well to go to some reputable gun-maker, state his requirements and depend on the experience of the maker to furnish the weapon best adapted to his needs. Even then he may not be suited, but the chances are not against him. A.

NOVEMBER 22.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I had some notion to tell "W. S. K." my ideal of an all-around gun; but time is fleeting and if the question brings out as many ideas as I think it will, "W. S. K." will have enough to do in making a choice from the bewildering mass to occupy his time for one hunting season at least. For if there is any one thing that a sportsman wants others to know he knows, it's what he knows about a gun.

J. H. B.

MANSFIELD VALLEY, Pa.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reply to "W. S. K." in your issue of Nov. 21, I would say that I have used 10, 12 and 16-bore guns, weighing from 6 to 9½lbs., and find that for an "all-around" gun a 12-bore weighing 8lbs., is the best for such uses as he mentions.

DRIFT.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 22.

WILD CELERY.

WOODVILLE, N. Y., Nov. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see in your paper of Nov. 21, an article on wild celery. I do not understand what your correspondent means by bulbs, as I saw nothing but pods in the barrel or half barrel we received. The pods are from 2 to 6in. in length and about the size of a clay pipe stem and each pod contains hundreds of seeds, and when ripe or nearly so have a small white blossom on the end of the pod. The vine that the pod is attached to is about the size of a knitting needle and grows until the pod reaches the surface and there it stays until the pod and seeds get ripe, generally in September, and then it sinks to seed for another year. My belief is, although I may be wrong, that wild celery roots live but one year and the pods that sink seed for the next year.

Gathering the seeds or pods must be done in the last of August or the first days of September, while the pods are still on the surface.

We took the pods and broke them up into pieces ½in. long, and sowed them broadcast. We found that they would not sink while whole, but after being broken up they sank readily.

This seed was sown in Big Sandy Pond, which is one mile long, and a half-mile wide; and the water is from 4 to 10ft. deep. The bottom is soft mud in the center of the pond, the shores are sandy and gravelly. It caught splendid, and we have had a big crop of wild celery ever since it was sowed in 1885.

To make a sure thing, as we supposed, we took some of the seed to a wild rice marsh on the edge of the pond, where the water was from 1 to 2ft. deep, cleared two or three places of rice, and planted some celery; but to our surprise the wild rice completely killed it out.

G. M. W.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 24.—The Eustis-Donald special car is back from the trip to Alliance, Neb., mention of which was made in an earlier issue. It is probable that the party was too late for the wildfowl, at any rate they report but poor sport in that line, the most notable day at that sort of shooting netting twenty-six geese. A move was then made further east after quail, and at Hazard, near Broken Bowl, and near Mason, on Elk Creek, elegant shooting was had at the latter bird. Another move was then made to Oxford Junction, on the Republican, and then they went to Cambridge, on the Medicine Creek, in the extreme southwestern part of the State. Here the quail shooting was found to be all that any one could ask. It was mostly creek shooting, and the bevies were everywhere. The party of five guns, Mr. Eustis, Mr. Donald, Major Wells, Dr. Williams and Mr. Griffith, made bags of 60, 70, 80 and 90 quail a day, bagging in all 600 or 700 birds. The trip, therefore, though not so varied and uniformly successful as it was expected to be, was extremely pleasant as it was. Here seems another instance of the story which has everywhere been common this fall, the ducks are scarcer and the quail more abundant than known before in a long time.

Another one of these luxurious special car trips is recently finished, having been participated in by Mr. W. L. Pierce, his brother, and a third gentleman whose name I do not get. Mr. Pierce will be remembered as president of the Grand Calumet Heights Club. This party went to Arkansas, and they struck it rich. They killed two deer, several turkeys and all the quail they wanted. They brought home 160 quail with them, over and above what they ate and shipped.

More quail. The country seems full of them. Word comes to me from Indiana again that the quail are very numerous, and want to be killed. Mr. Hank Smith and Mr. Frank Arrowsmith, conductor on the Chicago and Atlantic, are lately back from a run down that line into Ohio. I expect they shot 'em a flock at a time.

Nov. 23.—Not less than six different parties wrote or called on me, asking advice where to go on Thanksgiving Day for such and such a kind of shooting, and I sent them off, all over the country, with the devout hope that they might be fortunate. It is mighty risky business directing anybody where to go shooting, because if a bag is not made the director is held responsible. Mr. H. S. Smith wanted some squirrel shooting, and I thought he might find it near Bureau Junction, this State. Later I talked with Mr. G. W. Marshall, who was this fall up at Lake Wauconda, Wis., after ducks. He said they got but few ducks, but had all the squirrel shooting they could ask. The squirrels at Wauconda are the fox squirrels, and they are noted for being the largest of that variety found anywhere near here. A wagon ride of several miles is necessary to get to Wauconda. If Mr. Smith or other friends will go to Barrington, I think that good squirrel and rabbit shooting can be had from that point, though I cannot give the name of any local guide to the best localities.

It is probable, however, that all the Thanksgiving hunters of this whole region had a cold, unsuccessful time. The day was marked by one of the worst storms known here on the lake, and it was hardly possible to be comfortable while hunting. We found this the case at Grand Calumet Heights Club, down on the bleak shore of Lake Michigan, where a little party gathered to put in the day becomingly. Among this number were Mr. Alex. T. Loyd, Mr. J. E. Baggott, Mr. McCauley, Mr. Stevenson, Mr. Young and wife and Miss Birdie, Mr. Wilde, Mr. Pittaway, Mr. Lauterbach, Mr. J. Gillespie and wife, Mr. E. Gillespie, Miss Hattie and Miss Mabel, Dr. Harlan and three children, Dr. Davis and Mr. Marshall. Mr. W. T. Best, inventor and maker of the Chicago tin pigeon, also came down by invitation to give the boys a shoot, but the wind was so cutting that only a few dared face the traps. Some idea of the force of the wind may be had when it is stated that we gathered many of the birds 80, 85, and even 95yds. from the traps. It was hard shooting, but good fun, for when the birds fell open to the shot—which they did very nicely—they went fluttering off into the pine trees for all the world like so many winged cripples.

This sport was watched by the feminine and effeminate portion of the crowd from the club house windows, from which points also were watched the futile efforts of some of the shooters to scratch down a gull or a bluebill from the flocks which quite frequently passed close along the beach. There were numbers of ducks flying over the lake, but none were found on the river. Mr. Lauterbach had bagged five ducks on the river the day before. Two or three rabbits were also brought in. The telegraph operators at Wilson Station are poaching on our Grand Calumet rabbits, and this must be stopped. After dinner, the weather being too wild and rough for outdoor shooting, a rifle range was cleared along the generous extent of the club house interior, the target back being put up in the locker room, while the firing was done from the foot of the staircase in the gun room. This made a very decent range for the .22-calibers, and the boys fell very amiably to shooting for turkeys, twelve of which Mr. Harns, the club superintendent, had on hand. We could not go into this sport as FOREST AND STREAM described it last week, but our unique method afforded a lot of fun. We shot at one-inch discs of tin, to hit one of which counted a turkey, all ties shot miss and out. At 15 cents a shot, the turkeys sold at a very good figure, after all. In this way Mr. Baggott won two turkeys, Mr. Loyd won two, and Messrs. Stevenson, Wilde, McCauley, Marshall and Hough won one each. In one tie Mr. Loyd shot three of us out. I never did like Alex. Loyd very much, anyhow. He can't let a fellow win a paltry turkey to take home and feed his dog, but he must come in and shoot him out of the tie. Wears glasses, too!

When we bid Mr. and Mrs. Harns good-bye at the club house, it was generally understood that the season was ended for the year. This morning was very cold and there was a good deal of snow. On the beach there was some lumber washed ashore, possibly the deck load of some lake schooner. Last night was a woeful one on the lake, and the morning papers were full of accounts of wreck and fatality.

The whole Calumet country noted as a region, of sport, is also known to a few of its old frequenters as a region of death and disaster. To-day I talked with a gentleman who formerly shot at the old Florence Benner box on Lake Calumet. He said that he personally knew of over 100 deaths by drowning in that shallow but treacherous lake and the marshes near it. The lake is only about 5 or 6ft. deep, but when it gets a sea on, the waves run high enough to drown the boldest swimmer. On one day there drowned in Lake Calumet nine persons, also two in the main Calumet River and one in Fox Lake. All these lower marshes are treacherous, and even when one cannot push a boat it is often unsafe to step out and try to wade. Once George Kleinman broke through the rushes, into a new pondhole where we had marked a flight. He found his spot apparently already occupied by a man who was standing above his middle in the marsh. Seeing him motionless, George pushed over to him. The man was dead, having doubtless perished of exhaustion attendant upon a struggle of no one knows what duration. His boat was not found, and to-day this remains one of the unknown tragedies of the marsh.

On another day a Chicago barber was shooting near my informant's blind. He disappeared, and his body was found next spring. Some talk was made over this, and it was reported he had run away and left his family, until the finding of the body settled it all. Another time, three boys in a boat stood up and shot at a flock of teal. One was drowned. The others got out and informed the Chittenden family, who marked the spot with a stake. A shooter shot teal there all the afternoon, and the two boys went on home. The poor boy drowned was not found until long afterward. At another time three men crossed the ice when it was not safe, and one broke in and was abandoned to a slow death by exhaustion. He could have been saved. A fool on the bank had a boat, but was afraid to go out on the ice with it. "I wouldn't have gone out there for fifty dollars!" was his reply when reproached for his cowardice. He would have run no risk. Some cowards are pitiful cowards. On yet another occasion a man was lost on the marsh at night and was found dead in his boat the next morning, it being cold weather. Yet again, two men lost the channel, of a dark night, within sight and hearing of the "bum-boat," where their companions were camped. They spent the night trying to go 200yds., and by morning were barely alive. I could tell numberless other instances, and could repeat some of the accidents of the lake shore and of the Grand Calumet, but this is enough to show why nearly all the lower country clubs have in their house rules a certain code of signals to be used by any one lost or in distress upon the marsh.

The high wind of yesterday blew sand in our eyes. Acting on the advice of a wise friend we all found that the best way to detach a grain of sand from the lid of the eye was to draw that lid out and entirely over the other lid. This was usually effective and is much better than persistent rubbing. Does every shooter and traveler know that?

Lately I saw a gun rod, said to be invented by Billy Mussey. At the upper end it is pierced to admit the cleaning rags. The whole rod is of round iron, and the lower end is sharpened and jabbed down into the floor. The gun cleaning citizen rubs his barrels up and down the rod. I don't think much of that. A good straight hickory stick is good enough. A pointed rod with a little screw-head sticking out to make just such a long scratch as I recently put full length in one of my barrels strikes me as being the worst sort of cleaning rod there is. Mr. Loyd, always busy fixing up some scheme in the art of gunnery, on State occasions uses an iron rod fitted into a carpenter's brace at one end. He screws the barrels, well wrapped, in a vise and then everlastingly bores away with his brace and rod. In this way he can force a rag through his barrels which he could not budge by hand. To protect the breech of the barrels he has a brass shell cut out for the rod to pass through. This shell he slips into the breech of the barrel, and the rod is thus kept from touching the barrel at all, the rags holding it at one end and the brass guide at the other. This is a good way to polish a gun, if the work is done carefully.

I have found the fibers of a frayed bit of twine, or small rope, good to take the leading out of a gun. So is a piece of shot-sack. A bit of very fine wire gauze is good, but it must be very fine. Some will not use this, but prefer a rag with a little "crocus powder," or metal polish. The latter sometimes contains a bad acid. I have known a shooter to use vinegar to cut the lead out of his barrels, but don't know much about the advisability of that. As to the mere cleaning of a gun, the shooting world is divided into two parties, the wet and the dry. Personally, I rarely find it necessary to use water in cleaning a gun; but plenty of people will tell you you can't clean a gun without water.

I saw a handy game-carrier, the other day, which was the property and invention of Mr. C. E. Gordon, of Koshkonong Place, Lake Koshkonong, of whom I shall have more to say later. This carrier was a strap arranged to be passed over the shoulder and held in position by another strap. Dependent from the shoulder, and hanging under the arm out of the way, were the two ends of the solid bit of leather 14in. long, into which ends were let thongs of stout lace leather. The opposite ends of these thongs were split so that a running noose could easily be formed. Into such a noose the head or foot of the bird to be carried is thrust and caught, and it is held firmly without danger of losing out. For those who like any carrier but a pocket, this is a good one.

Mr. Gordon had also another invention for the sportsman's ease and comfort, in the form of a combination carrying-strap, dog leash, gun sling and hitching strap. This strap is composed of two sections, each 30in. long, which buckle in a flat buckle, which latter lies upon the top of the shoulder when the strap is used in carrying a valise or the like. At each end of the strap is a common harness snap, easily slipped on to any hook or loop. Above the snap, a distance of 16in., or just far enough to make a good dog collar, there is let into each leg of the strap an iron ring, or rather an oblong, into which the snap can be caught, thus instantly forming a dog collar at each end of the strap, so that the latter can be used as a lead for a brace of dogs; or it could be used as a collar and chain for a single dog. But this is not all. Into the harness snaps at the ends of the strap are let two little leather rings, which open with buckles. One of these rings is just big enough to buckle around your gun barrels, and the other fits the grip of the gun stock. Thus adjusted you can sling the strap diagonally across the shoulders and so carry your gun much more easily at the close of a long day than you could if you had no strap. "I might go off on a trip without my dog, or perhaps without my gun," said Mr. Gordon, "but I would never go without my strap. You can pretty near keep house with that strap, and there are dozens of ways in which it comes handy. It is not a patented article, and any sportsman who wishes can make and use one."

Nov. 29.—Mr. Dan Merritt, a well-to-do citizen of Marquette, Mich., on the south coast of Lake Superior, and a hearty sportsman with a special leaning toward big trout, was in town last week. Mr. Merritt owns a mile of splendid trout fishing on the south shore, to which he does not direct the general public, although one or two friends of this city have been out with him and can testify to the excellence of the sport. Mr. Merritt during a talk said that he this year completed his record kept since his stay in the Superior country, and that he had now caught just an even ton of brook trout!

Mr. Ruthven Deane and Mr. Stafford, of the West Side, had a rather strange experience near English Lake one day this last fall. They found splendid snipe shooting on a dry upland which had no water about it. They took off their rubber boots and walked in the sheepskin "moccasins" worn inside the rubber boots. Thus shod, they had good fun and good success at snipe shooting with dry feet. The snipe were everywhere in this country this fall. Mr. G. W. Marshall complains that this column "gave away" his private snipe grounds near Englewood, and that on the following week there were seventy-five shooters on the ground which he and a friend or two were trying to keep quiet. There are several readers, if not more, of FOREST AND STREAM in this city, it seems.

By request of several sportsmen of this city, I offer for publication the following list of officers of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association for 1889: F. C. Donald, President, Chicago; Thos. Laflin, Vice-President, Milan, Ill.; J. M. Hutchinson, Second Vice-President, Chicago; W. L. Shepard, Secretary-Treasurer, Chicago. Board of Directors—Abner Price, chairman; Chas. S. Burton, W. W. McFarland, A. M. Hoffman, H. C. Buechner, all of Chicago. Law Committee—Wolfred N. Low, chairman, Chicago; Hon. John Lyle King, Chicago; Hon. Lucius B. Crooker, Mendota, Ill. The regular directors' meeting was held at the Sherman House last Tuesday night, and preliminary arrangements made for the annual trap shoot.

Reports from the English Lake Club state that thousands of mallards were on the marsh last Wednesday, doubtless driven down by the great storm. Mr. Ab. Price went down to the club, but his success is not yet known. This storm must have made shooting somewhere.

Dec. 1.—It is probable that another strong organization will be added to the many shooting clubs which are reaching further and further out from this city. The name of the proposed new club will probably be the Partridge Lake Club, and its membership will doubtless be made up in this city and in Milwaukee. The projector of this club is Mr. C. E. Rollins, a prominent insurance man of this city, who has come back from the territory in question much impressed with its beauties and its desirability as a location for a sportsman's club. He thinks Gill's Landing or the Wolf River the best spot for the location of the club house, and he has already done some preliminary work looking toward an organization. In regard to this the Milwaukee *Morning Sentinel* has the following to say:

"This point is on the line of the Wisconsin Central road, and Mr. Rollins has enlisted the services of First Assistant General Passenger Agent Louis Eckstein to assist him in agitating the question among sportsmen of Milwaukee and the State. Mr. Rollins promises that he can secure at least fifty members in Chicago who are anxious to effect the organization, and more if necessary, but it is desirable that a fair proportion of the members be residents of this State. Mr. Rollins went out to Gill's Landing a week ago and spent several days looking over the ground and getting figures relative to the enterprise. He says that there is a tract of land comprising about 2,000 acres, which takes in nearly all of Partridge Lake and the marsh adjoining, as well as on both sides of Wolf River for some distance up and down, and what is known as the Big Bayou, which was formerly the bed of the Wolf River. This land is mostly low and marshy, with the exception of 150 acres of high ground on the banks of the stream and the Big Bayou. The owner of this land will lease to the club about 1,500 acres, which will take in all the most desirable portions of the tract with the exception of a small strip on the south side of Partridge Lake, containing about 250 acres, which can probably be leased at a very reasonable figure. The owner of the large tract wants $200 a year for it, and will make a lease for as long a period as is required. On the banks of the Big Bayou, on a bluff, there is a very fine mineral spring, and a fine location for a club house. All Milwaukee hunters are probably familiar with the place described, as it is one of the best known hunting spots in the State. Mr. Rollins states that while he was there he saw thousands of ducks of all kinds except canvasbacks. Partridge Lake and Wolf River furnish about the best fishing in the State. The natives of Fremont, Mr. Rollins says, take large quantities of black bass every winter through the ice with the spear, which is clearly illegal. Last winter one man speared 178 bass in one day. If the club was organized it would see that this illegal method of taking fish was stopped. Partridges are to be found in great plenty and a hunter for jacksnipe generally bags twenty-five or thirty of them a day. Steps will be taken to push the project in this city, and if the Wisconsin sportsmen do not take kindly to the idea the organization will probably be completed in Chicago. All the local sportsmen who have heard of it so far express themselves much pleased with the plan and promise to assist in helping it along."

The above is a good move, and the Milwaukee paper never was more correct than when it said Chicago would finish this club if Milwaukee couldn't. Are there any readers of FOREST AND STREAM interested in this? These organizations of sportsmen all help. They show the trend of modern sportsmanship, and presently the shooter who does not belong to a club will be out of luck at least. Chicago men realize this, and they are all the time getting hold of good sporting preserves, of which this one is doubtless a good sample. It is to be hoped we may have later good news from this club. E. HOUGH.

THE ADIRONDACK SHOOTING LODGE, which is advertised in this week's issue, is known to us to be in a most desirable location. It is a rare opportunity to secure excellent sporting headquarters.

DROP A DOLLAR IN THE SLOT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The article under the above caption and signed "A." in last week's issue is certainly amusing. "A." says he "called the attention of the Connecticut Fish and Game Protective Association to the subject" of sending game from this State through your columns last fall. "A." probably did not fully understand that "last fall" we could not search freight consigned to New York—this year we can. Now, the fact that a person did take 2,500 game birds to New Haven is not conclusive evidence that said birds were shipped to New York. New Haven has a population of about 70,000, and those 2,500 quail could have been eaten in 90 days, less than 30 birds a day for 70,000 persons to eat each day.

During September I was informed by a person (who no doubt meant well) that his friend "picked up two partridge feathers in a market"; but he added that his friend would not testify to this remarkable evidence in court. I was instructed that the case ought to be pushed. Just think of the absurdity of such evidence. "A." should remember that the "owner or occupant under lease," or "a member of the family of such owner or occupant," can snare on their land. Of course this most seriously handicaps those who wish to enforce the game laws by working—not by simply writing to the press. Give us evidence, Mr. "A.," something tangible, and the same will be acted on quickly.

Those of your readers who think that we get any pay from the State of Connecticut for enforcing their game laws should distinctly understand we do not. We have expended $700 of our own money to make the showing we have. That the showing is a good one is generally conceded. "A." says: "Mr. Editor, please encourage the game wardens and all game protective associations in rigidly enforcing the law." Now, I will suggest another plan, Mr. Editor. Get a good well-tested baseball bat (or club) and pound into the frame of some of the sportsmen a little enthusiasm—say enough to produce a dollar. There are several "nerve foods" on the market, and by their use for a few months, perhaps some of them instead of proffering advice, might give a dollar. I am of the opinion that a machine of the order drop-a-nickel-in-the-slot can be so improved that to drop-a-dollar-in-the-slot would mean that a game or fish law violator would get fined. We have one of those machines. Let those of your readers who are so very solicitous about Connecticut game and her game laws try the machine. I can safely recommend the machine, having tested it myself, as have also many of my friends.

Dr. N. W. Holcombe, Treasurer, Pratt Street House, Hartford, or the writer will drop your dollar into the machine at any time, and either will duly acknowledge the same. For further particulars as to the workings of the machine watch the papers, especially the FOREST AND STREAM.

The first year the machine was run, all those who had the courage to drop a dollar in the slot saw twenty fish and game law violators fined—twenty for a dollar. The machine will receive dollar bills, silver dollars, gold dollars, checks for a dollar, or money orders for a dollar. They all go to pay detectives. The managers do not ask anything for their services.

The machine has one peculiar piece of mechanism. If a piece of paper is dropped in with the words, "You are doing good work, keep at it," if this is not accompanied with a dollar the machine has to be closely watched for several hours; and it's dangerous to be around it, especially to the party who tried to beat the machine. The drop-your-dollar-in-the-slot game protecting machine is in position now, try it.

A. C. COLLINS,
Pres. Conn. Association of Farmers and Sportsmen for the Protection of Game and Fish.

HARTFORD, Conn., Nov. 19.

A QUAIL BANQUET.—Beardstown, Ill., Nov. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Last evening a very pleasant event occurred at the Park House, the occasion being a quail banquet given by Messrs. F. H. Peck, of Des Moines, Iowa, and A. A. Rogers, of this city. The banquet was the result of a match quail shoot between Messrs. Peck and Rogers vs. H. H. Cole and C. E. Jones, the losers to furnish the banquet. Messrs. Cole and Jones won by 14 quail. The score stood: Cole and Jones 30 quail, Peck and Rogers 16 quail. The following principals and invited guests sat down to a most elegant spread of quail on toast and numerous other viands: Messrs. H. H. Cole, C. E. Jones, F. H. Peck, A. A. Rogers, Judge C. R. Cummings, Dr. H. H. Ehrhardt, Dr. Geo. Bley, E. S. Horton, A. A. Greene, C. F. Derr. During the banquet many toasts were passed between the victors and vanquished; notwithstanding they were very tired from their long day's tramp the very best of spirits and repartee prevailed. Altogether it was a very happy affair and will long be remembered by the entire party, all of whom are great lovers of the rod and gun.—A. A. GREENE.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Nov. 30.—Where are the ducks? Certainly they have not infested this locality very numerously; in fact there have never been at any time this fall enough to furnish fair sport, and the field sportsmen are all broken up. During the early part of the season the prospects were most favorable. Now the season is so far advanced that all hope of a duck shoot has vanished and shooters have nothing left them but to be patient until the break up of winter. Sportsmen who have turned their attention to quail have been more fortunate, for as a general rule the birds are plentiful and quite a number of good bags have been made. On Thanksgiving day there was a genuine exodus in quest of quail, and with few exceptions all secured satisfactory bags. No snow to speak of has fallen as yet in this locality, consequently the pot-hunter has not had an opportunity to get in his work on the birds, and they are abundant enough to furnish excellent sport to the end of the season.—UNSER FRITZ.

MR. L. C. SMITH has sold out a controlling interest in his gun business to a new company, the Hunter & Comstock Arms Co., of Fulton, N Y., to which point the machinery will be moved. Mr. Smith retains an interest in the business. It is stated that the new typewriter made by Mr. Smith has proved such a success that its manufacture will require all his time and care. Mr. McMurchy has been appointed agent of the typewriter.

A GAME COMMISSIONER CAUGHT IN THE ACT.—The Bangor, Me., *News* of Nov. 28 reports that on Nov. 18 Messrs. James Johnson, a constable, Walter Dresser, a game warden, and George Miller, a man in the employ of the Maine Central Railroad, were in the woods near Simquash Lake, a small sheet of water about ten miles south of Vanceboro, Me., and its eastern shore not more than two or three miles from the St. Croix River, which here forms the boundary between the two countries, so that a better place for law breakers to dodge across the line could hardly be found. They discovered here a party of three New Brunswick men hunting deer. They had a valuable dog with them, which the Vanceboro men shot. The unlawful hunters were Frank H. Todd, one of the firm of F. H. Todd & Son, the heaviest lumber concern in St. Stephen, and one of the three commissioners of fish and game for the province of New Brunswick. Peter Morrison, a man employed by the Todds and their head man in the woods, and Captain John Taylor, a New Brunswick steamboat engineer. On the return of the Vanceboro people to their home, they went before E. T. Holbrook, Esq., a trial justice, and made oath to what they had seen. Justice E. T. Holbrook issued a warrant for the arrest of Todd, Morrison and Taylor. When Constable Johnson and Game Warden Dresser got back with the warrant and approached the poachers, Mr. Todd told them in an engaging way that there was no need of arresting them; it would only be a bother, and everybody knew that he was perfectly responsible. They would come up to Vanceboro and appear before Justice Holbrook the next Tuesday and answer to the charge, or any day the officer might name. This was promptly agreed to and Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock was fixed upon. When 1 o'clock Tuesday afternoon arrived a telegram was received saying in effect: "Do not summon witnesses. Letter by mail." The letter said that it was impossible for them to be at Vanceboro that day, and that they would be there some other day, any other day, in fact, that might be suggested. There the matter rested at last accounts. It is hardly correct to remark, as might at first blush appear to some, that now that Mr. Todd and his fellow lawbreakers have got back to their own side of the line, the case against them is defeated. Mr. Todd is a man who spends his time as much in Calais as in St. Stephen, and a man of such means and with such business interests that he could not afford to let the matter which two or three hundred dollars would settle keep him in banishment on his own side of the line.

MEXICAN GAME NOTES.—San Luis Potosi, Nov. 22.—Ducks are fairly abundant, though in this section water is scarce on account of a dry year. Recently on a foggy morning I saw a wedge of geese (Hutchins, I think) flying over. A conductor on the National Railroad said there are great numbers of them in a marshy section about an hour from here southward. *Voy á ver.* Quail shooting would be fair if you didn't have to run your legs off to make the little pests take wing, and if the sun did not come down with such unmerciful force. The whole country is full of cotton-tails and jack rabbits, the biggest and fattest I ever saw anywhere. They are favorite shooting with the Mexicans, and to please one of these a friend and I went with him recently and fairly loaded down his coach. It is a pleasure to give them away to the poor half-starved peons, as they are really palatable. —AZTEC.

SOUTHAMPTON (L. I.) SPORTSMAN'S CLUB.—At the annual meeting of the Southampton Sportsman's Club, held at Southampton, L. I., Nov. 1, at the headquarters, the house of Mr. Daniel G. Phillips, the following officers were elected: Edward H. Moeran, President; David T. Kennedy, Vice-President; Lawrence W. Clark, Secretary and Treasurer. Messrs. Moeran and Clark were appointed a committee on legislation to watch the action of the Assembly at Albany. They would be glad to communicate with similar committees from other clubs of the State, so that all may work together to influence legislation for good. The club is in a thriving condition. The membership is full, there is no debt and a handsome surplus in the treasury. The shooting has been fair; no great abundance of quail, but enough to give good sport to hard workers.

VIRGINIA DUCKING GROUNDS.—Suffolk, Va., Nov. 28.—In a late issue "M. R." wanted information about good duck shooting. If he wants fun, let him go to Cobb's Island, Va., or anywhere in that vicinity. No better place anywhere in this country. Go to Philadelphia by N. Y., P. & N. R. R.; get off at Cheriton Station, near Cape Charles city, the terminus of the road. From that point he can work ten miles either way. Plenty of people to post him. Good places to stop on mainland if he prefers that to Cobb's Island; nice people and not very expensive. I was at Cobb's in July, also in August, and had some good shooting with the birds. I am behind with my reading, and am just in Oct. 24th issue of FOREST AND STREAM.—A. S. E.

CŒUR D'ALENE CLUB.—A number of sportsmen from Cœur d'Alene and Fort Sherman, Idaho, have organized themselves into the Cœur d'Alene City Rod and Gun Club, with the following officers: President, R. E. McFarland; Vice-President, Capt. J. W. Bubb; Treasurer, F. G. Pettibone; Secreteary, Wm. E. Carlin. The main object of the club is to protect the game and enforce the laws, which, by the way, are very lax. There is a great deal of deer hounding going on at present, and the game is rapidly disappearing. Trap-shooting and rifle and pistol shooting will be indulged in two days each week, and from the present outlook good scores will be rolled up.—CHELAN.

A GAME HEN.—I had a queer thing happen yesterday while exercising my setter, showing how the old instinct still lingers in our common barnyard fowls. I was passing an old cornfield, very bare of any grass or weeds, when my dog made game. Thinking there might be a stray bevy of quail, I walked in. He worked up carefully, and finally stood stiff, but seemed a little puzzled. I saw something in front of his nose that looked like a dead owl at first, but I soon saw it was a hen. She lay as flat as a flounder, head on the ground. As I stepped up close, she went off with a mighty flurry and cackling.—M. HOLBERTON.

NORTH CAROLINA.—A correspondent who has been shooting at Newbern, N. C., reports that the quail suffered in the low grounds last fall, the bevies being about half the usual size; those of the young the hen bird could not cover of course had to suffer from the weather and perished from wet and cold. The hares are almost entirely exterminated. The most comfortable way to get there, especially with dogs, is to take the Saturday steamer on the Old Dominion Line to Newbern. There is only one change, and that is at Portsmouth or Norfolk —Portsmouth is to Norfolk what Brooklyn is to New York. The other game there comprises wildfowl, deer, wild turkeys and snipe.

TOLEDO, O.—Squirrel shots report game abundant in Waterville and Sylvania.

TAXING GUNS—PERSONALITIES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

When I read the article of "Cohannet" in this week's FOREST AND STREAM, I was both surprised and amused, that he should characterize my article in your issue of the 7th as "an attack entirely personal." I do not apprehend that any other reader thought of it in that light. I certainly did not. Upon looking it over, I find that I called direct attention to him but twice, whereas he has named me thirteen times in his alleged reply. I have been a frequent contributor to the columns of FOREST AND STREAM almost from the time of its establishment, and I believe this is the first time that any one has accused me of being personal. As between "Cohannet" and myself, I will be content to let the readers of FOREST AND STREAM decide which of us has descended to personality, and which has the best of the argument, to say nothing of courtesy; for all through his article he charges me as directly as he can, by inuendo, of falsehood. Referring to his Plymouth stock allusions, I will incidentally remark that my family claim that our emigrant ancestor commanded the good ship Mayflower, upon the occasion of her second trip to Plymouth Rock, in 1624, that he bought a homestead in Plymouth county, Mass., and that this property has to the present time continued in the family. This ought to be a satisfactory pedigree with any of the genuine stock. Notwithstanding this evidence of "blood," I do not assume to speak as a representative of the "broad domain of New England," as "Cohannet" charges, but in my younger days was generally called a pretty fair representative of the shooting element. There are still living quite a number of white-headed old fellows, at different points between the Atlantic and the Pacific, who would not hesitate to accommodate "Cohannet" by wagering small amounts upon my marksmanship, although I am past 64, with impaired eye-sight, seriously paralyzed, and confined to the house most of the time. Still, if I could get my muzzleloader out of the window, and bearing upon any of the usual ranges, I would not hesitate to try tilts with "Cohannet," though I have never been a "professional" in the remotest degree, as he broadly intimates, unless attending the country turkey shoots forty years ago constitutes me one; nor did I ever sell a dollar's worth of game, though I have given away large quantities to those who were even poorer than myself. Disabled by an army injury, I have not been hunting for years, but I wish to see all who enjoy it have the same opportunity that I have had. The desire and intent of "Cohannet" and those who, like him, wish to have the gun taxed, even up to $10 per year, is too glaringly apparent to require explanation, and is the most audacious and monumental exhibition of shamelessness yet displayed by the "game-hog" element, who would thus endeavor to deprive forty-nine out of every fifty persons from using fire-arms.

"Cohannet" seems to think that the city boy and himself are strangers. In this he is as correct as in his other conclusions. I have spent the larger portion of my adult years in large cities, including New York and Philadelphia, for in their immediate suburbs, and have taught the use of the rifle to hundreds of boys, many low down in their teens, and some who had become gray-headed, and many of these were city boys too. But I referred to this point in my former article sufficiently. The best material in the armies, North and South, during the late war, were those who had used the rifle from childhood.

I am now living in a large city, and when the weather and my physical condition will permit (as has of late been frequent), I take a street car at the door and step off at the door of the leading gun store in the city; which for some weeks past has been crowded with gunners, between 9 A. M. to 8 P. M., from the city and country for 30 miles around. The FOREST AND STREAM is read in this gun store and by numbers of its patrons. Not a person except the proprietor of the store knows that I am the author of the article complained of by "Cohannet," and this fact gives me a rare opportunity to learn the unbiassed opinion of the gunners upon the subject generally and my article in particular. In every instance, the gunners have expressed sympathy with my view of the case. I would like to see a vote of those who own guns recorded upon this subject. I believe that 49 of every 50 would vote against the unrepublican proposition.

"Cohannet" is anxious to know how the use of the gun is to be restricted. In my first article I answered that question, before he asked it. And in conclusion, I will add further, that within three weeks I have read more notices and accounts of farmers' game protective societies than I ever before saw in an entire season. The game-hogs are steering clear of these societies, and the farmers and their legitimate gunner friends in all older States where game exists are enjoying the best gunning season for many years. The game-hog societies, of which many exist, will have to seek unsettled regions, as I stated in my former article, while those who take an occasional day's outing during the gunning season will, with their farmer friends, enjoy legitimate sport for long years to come. WACAUTAH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

By all means let the boys have their rifle and shotgun, furnish them a reasonable amount of ammunition and pay their license to shoot, if we ever come to that protective measure. How else can the boy learn to shoot? If I had my way every boy and every girl should learn to shoot even though they never killed alone a single head of game. It is not the extinguishing of the vital principle of either bird or beast for which men go afield, and the game butcher should never be classed as a sportsman. The rifle and revolver are weapons, the use of which demands physical conditions never found in the indolent, the effeminate or the dissolute. They are weapons for men and women, not for dolls of either sex. If every boy and girl were early taught the use and the abuse of fire-arms, the death rate from accidents caused by carelessness would be reduced to the minimum; the number of corner loafers, cigarette-smoking, round-shouldered, delicate boys, and girls afflicted with corsets, nerve tire and headaches, would decrease in direct proportion to the increase of recruits to the army of those now enjoying such sport.

And what is to hinder? Any one of a half dozen American manufacturers makes rifles sufficiently light for ladies or boys to use; prices are such that any one of moderate means can own the very best; accuracy is unsurpassed; and ammunition, that is, the .22cal. cartridges, which are plenty large enough for all ordinary ranges, is very cheap. But alas! fickle fashion has decreed that the girl child shall be a woman before reaching womanhood, and must never condescend to mingle in manly sports unless the thin veneer of fashionable polish should be marred. Fathers forget they were ever boys and wanted a gun; or being without desires that way, compel their boys to think as they do, or to use weapons surreptitiously. No! give the boys a chance, and the girls too. Let those parents who are not sportsmen, and are blessed with children imbued with such instincts, take the time and trouble to learn the art themselves and instruct their boys and girls. My word for it, such children will love you with a still deeper intensity, will spring to obey your commands with a better grace, for has not their father, their ideal of all that is good and great, associated himself with them in their play? and where is there a normal child who would not rather associate with his father than with any other companion?

You who yourselves love the gun, do not, I beg you, think it a bore to guide the youngster in the paths you love so well or think it tiresome to initiate him in the mysteries of an art fascinating alike to young and old. Bear in mind your own youth, and your heart would have gone out to any one who would have taken time and trouble to help you become a good shot.

Our boys and girls are to be the fathers and mothers of other boys and girls, and how can we mould the generations of those who shall take our places unless we now stand sponsors to the sports as well as to other educational advantages, and where is there to be found a cleaner, more scientific, more manly sport than rifle shooting? PICUS.

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 220 pages, price $2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

289.

I HAVE a beagle that is first-class at hunting rabbits, his experience having been entirely confined to cottontails, until the other day, I happened to be with him when he struck a hot scent and went off in full cry. The devious track led him into a thicket; but almost immediately after his joyous bay was changed into a terrified yelling. The poor beast seemed frantic with pain or fear, and at once I concluded he had run into a nest of hornets or skunks, or both. As poor Tippler rushed out of the thicket with his tail between his legs and every indication of terror on his countenance, a pure white bunny of the domestic kind bounded out of the other side equally frightened, and the mystery was explained. But never since have I been able to induce this superstitious dog to hunt in the thicket where he met the ghostly apparition of a rabbit. ERNEST E. THOMPSON.

Sea and River Fishing.

MAINE ANGLING INTERESTS.

THERE is still hope for trout and salmon fishing in the future, in spite of all that poaching and the march of mill dams and sawmills can do. At the same time there is still a hard struggle to be fought out by those interested in these sports, and who are aware that the only salvation of their favorite fish lies in propagation and the enforcement of wholesome fish laws. About the greatest menace that has lately stared the propagation and protection of fish in the waters of northern New England in the face is the pulp mill with its adjacent dam; but worst of all, the turning of all the waste chemicals from these mills into the waters. The advent of manufacturing paper from wood has suddenly made a lot of second-growth wood in Maine of considerable value, and streams that were safe from the incursion of sawmills have recently been dotted with mills for the manufacture of wood pulp. In some cases the Maine Fish Commissioners have had a hard fight to make the proprietors of these mills put in the proper fishways, even when the entire salmon interest of some of the best streams in the country were threatened, if such fishways were not provided. Indeed, it may startle the ordinary reader to know that the entire salmon supply of the Penobscot, the last river left to the salmon on the Atlantic coast, has lately been threatened by these pulp mills. A single pulp manufacturing concern on the upper Penobscot waters has recently ordered twenty thousand barrels of lime in a single order, and all of this lime is to be turned into the waters of that river. Will it poison the salmon to extermination? The best authority to be had on the subject says that the salmon could not live in such waters for any length of time, but it has been observed by the Commissioners, and others who have watched their progress, that the spawning salmon have this fall taken the opposite side of the river from the stream of spent lime from the pulp mills. Nature has evidently been teaching them to seek purer waters. But at the same time it is suggested by good judges that one reason for the lack of a run of salmon in the Penobscot at Bangor last spring was the presence of such a great quantity of impurity in the waters of the river. Why, in the case of almost an epidemic of typhoid fever in Bangor this year, an eminent physician testified, when the question of impure water was being argued as the cause of the fever, that there was "sulphuric acid enough in the waters of the Penobscot to completely kill all the germs of typhoid fever." This sulphuric acid comes from the pulp mills. The wood and lumber interest is predominant in the State of Maine. The Legislature is always under the control of that interest. If any relief comes, it will come through the interference of the United States Fish Commission. I understand that that Commission will be applied to for relief of some sort.

The Maine Fish Commissioners are having good success with the landlocked salmon this fall. The full quota of eggs will be obtained at Edes Falls, on the upper Sebago waters. It is a very interesting fact that the poachers who, two or three years ago in the night time, armed with guns and with blackened faces, drove away those in care of the hatching works at Edes Falls and tore away the pens, letting loose the salmon that they did not want to take away, have been caught. One of their number cautiously mentioned recently that he was concerned in the robbery. He was watched and finally induced to tell still more about the matter. The Commissioners ordered his immediate arrest, and frightened, as he was expected to be, he has turned State's evidence and implicated all that were concerned in the business. At the January term of court in that county they will be brought to trial.

Another very interesting fact to sportsmen, who for so many years visited the Androscoggin waters, is that there is at last a good fish hatchery at Rangeley. The enterprise of the citizens of that town, with the assistance of several sporting gentlemen who annually visit the lake, has done the work. Prominent among these gentlemen is Gen. Harmon, of Connecticut, the owner of Lake Point Cottage. And best of all, the Maine Commissioners have been applied to for permission to locate the hatchery and take trout and landlocked salmon for propagation, and the Commissioners have been up to Rangeley and have shaken hands with Gen. Harmon and Gen. Harmon with them, just as honorable gentlemen are sure to shake hands some time or other when each is engaged in the same grand object, though there may have been at one time a misunderstanding as to methods. The Commissioners have sanctioned the efforts of the citizens and visiting sportsmen, have sent the hatchery a large number of trays, and will give the enterprise 60,000 landlocked salmon fry in the spring.

It is also understood that the hatchery is having good success with trout this fall. At last Rangeley waters have a trout hatchery that promises to be a success. The turning in of a large number of trout and landlocked salmon into the upper waters of those lakes is bound to be of great advantage to the fishing in every lake of the chain. Sportsmen who go there should bear this in mind and should be willing to contribute toward the enterprise. The question may arise as to why the Commission does not take up the entire work of stocking these waters, and the answer is that the liberality of the lumber interest in the Legislature of that State has allowed them no money with which to do the work. Sportsmen who visit Maine will readily understand the situation, if they take into account the fact that, if there was no fish and game interest in the State, no fishways would have to be built at the mills, and there would be no restrictions as to the turning of spent chemicals and mill waste into the streams. Hence the feeling of the lumber interest toward the fish and game laws and the lack of appropriation for their enforcement. SPECIAL.

SUNAPEE TROUT FROM DAN'S HOLE POND.

"IT is the unexpected that always happens," according to the proverb: but in the case about to be stated it is the foretold, searched for and confidently expected which has suddenly materialized. Col. Elliott B. Hodge, of the New Hampshire Fish and Game Commission, who first brought the Sunapee trout to the notice of ichthyologists, is now the first to recognize the same handsome trout in a pair obtained, after many disappointments, from Dan's Hole Pond, in New Hampshire. These specimens were forwarded to the writer about the middle of November and they are now in the National Museum at Washington.

Readers of FOREST AND STREAM who followed its accounts of the new trout of Sunapee Lake will recall the fact that the describer of the species refrained from applying to it a local or geographical name because its range was undetermined and might prove to be very extensive. In this course of action he was sustained by Col. Hodge and others. The wisdom of that procedure is now established.

In order that due credit may be given to Col. Hodge for his praiseworthy efforts to bring out facts about the New Hampshire trout it should be stated that he has long suspected that the Dan's Hole Pond trout is identical with the Sunapee, and has been determined to obtain the means of settling the question. On March 20, 1889, he wrote me as follows: [A well known ichthyologist] "had specimens of the Dan's Hole Pond trout some years ago and then called it a variety of the brook trout. I understand he now says that it is identical with the Sunapee form. I have sent a permit to a fisherman in that part of the State and promised him ten dollars for specimens of the Dan's Hole Pond trout, whether they are identical or not. I have for some time believed that they are very much like the Sunapee trout. If I get them I will send them to you as soon as they come."

In a recent letter Col. Hodge assured me that he had been trying to obtain a specimen from this pond for three years, and had at last got these at a great deal of expense. The letter accompanying the trout is quoted herewith:

"PLYMOUTH, N. H., Nov. 14.—*My Dear Dr. Bean:* I send you by express to-day two trout from Dan's Hole Pond, in the eastern part of the State. I made only a hasty examination of them, but find them identical with the Sunapee form. The male is a deformed fish, but the other is a perfect specimen. As these two bodies of water are in different watersheds, and as the Dan's Hole trout have been known to exist for seventy-five years and perhaps longer, I think I am justified in claiming that this must settle the question and that I have been correct in my claim that this fish is a native of Sunapee." Col. Hodge again, in a letter of Nov. 24, assures me that there are at least two other lakes in New Hampshire which contain Sunapee trout and there is a lake in Quebec inhabited by a trout which he has every reason to believe the same as the Sunapee species. The Quebec form spawns in the lake and is said by the natives to attain to a weight of 6 to 8lbs. "I, as well as others, have whipped the lake in May and June; but not a fin could I raise, although I have seen large fish breaking water the same as the Sunapee trout do. The trout taken by the [Quebec] natives mentioned above were taken from the spawning beds."

Col. Hodge very appropriately continues as follows: "I feel a good deal of satisfaction in being able to produce this fish [Sunapee trout] from waters in which there can be no question that they have been caught ever since the town was settled. I have labored patiently to get at the truth—not so much to establish my theories as to get at the facts." This is the proper frame of mind in which to undertake all problems relating to the salmon family, and will save students from many errors and disappointments.

The Sunapee trout is represented in FOREST AND STREAM of April 4, 1889, and it is not necessary to repeat the illustration, because there is no difference between the Dan's Hole Pond specimens and the types from Sunapee Lake. The female is 21in. long and her abdominal cavity is pretty well filled with free eggs, which have a pale lemon yellow color and measure nearly one-fifth of an inch in diameter. The coloration in both sexes is exactly the same as in types of *Salvelinus aureolus* from Sunapee Lake, for an account of which see FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 5, 1886, p.26, and Proceedings U S. National Museum, 1887, page 630. The peculiar curling of the tips of the gill-rakers is very noticeable. The male had his back broken and was, consequently, deformed; yet he was sexually mature and up to the standard of destructiveness in males, for in his stomach I found about two dozen ripe eggs. There was in it also a mass of slender worms. The length of the male is 18in. T. H. BEAN.

A BROOK TROUT FOR A CENT.—Washington, D. C.—In Pocahontas, Webster and Nicolas counties, W. Va., trout have been very abundant during the past season. Elk River is a favorite fishing stream. In the waters of the Gauley, trout weighing about 1lb. were taken with the fly. Black bass were caught in the same stream and in the same way. May, June and July are the best months. The mountaineers claim that worms are the best bait, and that a piece of bacon or ham is also good for trout. In the counties named above the people sold us trout by the hundreds for a cent a piece. The best time to catch trout is during the rain, just as the stream begins to rise. —C. E. C.

FISHING IN FLORIDA WATERS.—Anglers who intend visiting Florida this coming winter will find it to their advantage to inspect the superior tackle for tarpon and other fishes manufactured by Thomas J. Conroy, 65 Fulton street, New York.—*Adv.*

DESTRUCTIVE FISH WEIRS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Official duties have taken me to Cape Cod, Massachusetts, for several successive summers, and I have often been astonished and not a little grieved by the relation of the commercial shore fisheries to the protection and increase of the fishes. I spent last summer at and near Provincetown, and became more than ever convinced that the fish weirs are among the greatest engines of fish destruction on the coast. Men who had been employed at the weirs confessed to me that they killed great quantities of young fish of all kinds. The only people who deny the injury accomplished by these traps are those who have a pecuniary interest in them; the rest of the community is firm in the belief that legislation is necessary to modify the influence of the nets, and that speedy measures must be taken to enforce protective laws. The mackerel fishery out of Provincetown this year was a flat failure, and yet not many years ago mackerel spawned in Provincetown Bay, and hook and line fishing for them was very profitable. Sea bass and bluefish were much scarcer this season than last year.

After traveling along the coast and learning that every available point from Provincetown to Plymouth, a distance of more than fifty miles, has its labyrinth of netting of small mesh extending from near the shore out to an average depth of six fathoms, I ceased to wonder why fish were scarce and felt surprised that they were not altogether swept out of existence. Some of the leaders of these weirs are nearly a mile in length. The tide rises and falls 9 or 10ft., and large portions of the netting exposed at low water often contain young fish resembling herring, which have been tangled in the meshes and cannot free themselves. At one time in the month of August a weir company near Provincetown captured about 200bbls. of young fish in a single day, chiefly bluefish, mackerel and scup. The owners sold all they could for bait in Provincetown and elsewhere, and the balance were dumped overboard. Shortly afterward the beach was strewn with the fish destroyed and wasted in this shocking manner. Large quantities of young cod are killed in the same way.

It is time that the people who desire to protect and increase our food and game fishes make their influence felt in preventing such wanton destruction which no one can justify by any interpretation of law or application of common sense. E. E. HASKELL.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

SALT-WATER FISH IN FRESH WATER.

THE possibility suggested by Mr. W. P. Seal, in FOREST AND STREAM recently, of extensive transfers of marine fishes to fresh water, reminded me of an experiment made by Prof. A. E. Verrill, of Yale College, about ten years ago. As Prof. Verrill's experience harmonized very well with that of Mr. Seal, I wrote to the Professor for information about it, and received the following in reply:

"DEAR DOCTOR BEAN—The experiment that you refer to was made some ten years ago. Seeing some very fresh-looking tomcod in the fish market here, but frozen very hard and stiff on a cold winter day, I got permission to put a dozen or more into a large aquarium in the market, supplied with a constant current of city water. My object was to see if they would revive after being frozen. They all revived perfectly in an hour or less. As they seemed to feel satisfied with their quarters in the aquarium, we allowed them to remain, and there they lived all winter—probably three months or more—till turned out in the spring to make room for other things. Sincerely yours, A. E. VERRILL (New Haven, Nov. 24, 1889)."

Here we have a marine fish suddenly transferred from salt water to air below a freezing temperature and then into fresh water without loss of health and vigor. This was a remarkable case, and the result could not have been anticipated. There are many anadromous fishes which ascend rivers from the sea far into the interior for the purpose of spawning. Among these the shad, alewife and salmon will be recalled by every one. The alewife will even endure perpetual landlocking and continue to multiply; the same is true of the smelt and white perch. Doubtless numerous other illustrations of a similar nature will occur to some of our readers. Some of the flounders run into the rivers above tidal waters: the bluefish and the silver gar ascend far from the sea. Even the halibut has come up the Potomac to the vicinity of Colonial Beach, where the water is brackish. Examples of marine species domiciled in fresh water can be cited indefinitely, and we should not be surprised by any new developments. T. H. B.

FLORIDA FISHES UNDER GROUND.

WE have been told by Mr. H. S. Farquhar, of Washington, D. C., that when the sewers of Pensacola, Fla., were being constructed a great centrifugal pump was frequently used to pump out water mixed with loose sand which was encountered in the course of excavations. The elevation of the surface above the bay was about 15ft. and the bottom of the sewer was 8 or 10ft. above the sea level. On a certain occasion the pump brought up some crawfish, a couple of small catfish and some eels about one foot in length. This goes to show what a wonderful fish country Florida is, for not content with filling the water and appropriating everything in sight that resembles a hook, the fishes worm their way into the vulnerable soil and are liable to be turned up by a hoe or a spade.

Who can tell us what animal Mr. Farquhar has in mind in the following description? Living in swamps there is a creature reputed to be blind and popularly supposed to be a fish called the conk, or conch. It is a stout animal about a foot long, and, according to negro superstition, it has a fatal sting. None of the negroes could be induced to bring Mr. Farquhar a specimen and he cannot give a detailed account of the species.

THE BRISTLY BASS.—In some recent comparisons between trout and black bass and pickerel as game fishes I did not mean to be quite so hard on the bass. I intended to say "the bristly bass" and not "the beastly bass" as the types made me. I had in mind the spiny dorsal fin and rough scales of the bass compared to the smooth-backed and practically scaleless trout with never a spine about him.—C. H. AMES.

POND FISHING IN CONNECTICUT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We have a number of ponds, reservoirs and lakes in this locality, in which bass, yellow perch, pickerel, bullpout or bullheads, sunfish and fish of other kinds abound. The bullpout is thought by many superior eating to the trout, and I am surprised at the number to be found; they spawn in May and immense numbers are taken in that month. I have caught them of one pound weight, and a few are taken of greater size. Bass and perch are taken mostly at this time in the season with live bait, although I took two bass and a number of perch last week with worms, but I find large perch can only be taken with live bait. I have taken some quite large. Very few, however, acquire a weight of over two pounds. I use what we call shiners—not the minnow—of which few are to be found except in the Connecticut River and the coves that put up from the same. The shiners also make good bait for pickerel, as do tadpoles and small frogs. A landlocked salmon was taken in one of our ponds this week which weighed 7½lbs.; the pond is celebrated for pickerel and perch, but this is the first salmon that I have known caught there. Several have been taken in a lake not a great distance from the pond. In fishing from the shore I find considerable difficulty in preventing the shiner breaking from the hook, being a very tender fish. I have used small roach or, as you call them, sunfish; but perch will not take them as readily as the shiner. Carp are being introduced in some of our waters, but I do not value the fish highly; yet they multiply very fast, and may prove a valuable food fish. Trout in this State run small. Many streams are posted and fishing forbidden, but in most cases from purely selfish motives. I am in favor of proper laws to preserve fish and game, but I also am in favor of cheap fish for the people, and hope to see many more waters stocked with fish, and proper laws enforced to prevent taking them out of season. There should, however, be no favored few to have all the benefits.

MANCHESTER GREEN, Conn. W. H. E.

ANGLING NOTES.

FISH, flesh and fowl show a peculiar fondness for certain colors, particularly for bright red. Many a woman has discovered to her sorrow, that her red gown has brought her in entirely too prominent notice when passing near cattle, and a turkey will gobble himself into a fit over a red shawl. It is a well-known fact to hunters that antelope show a strange curiosity for this color and are often coaxed to their death by the waving of a bit of red rag, while ever boy knows that a small piece of red flannel is the best bait in the world for bullfrogs.

When we come to fish, most varieties that are taken by artificial lures, show that same fondness for bright colors, and red seems more attractive than any other. The majority of artificial flies have red in their composition; for instance the Abbey, Montreal, royal-coachman, grizzly-king, professor, red-hackle, red-spinner, Howard, soldier, scarlet-ibis, and many others too numerous to mention. In fact this color is so attractive to chub, pickerel, perch and rock bass, that anglers often have to use flies dressed with more sober colors, when fishing for better fish. The trout and bass that are found in the wilder districts, seem to have this fondness for red more fully developed—or perhaps in much fished waters they become better educated and more refined in their tastes.

Black bass have a great weakness for black and yellow. Professor Mayer's "Lord Baltimore" and W. Holberton's "Lottie" are instances of this. In the early part of the season these two flies will kill more black bass than all the others, and are the most deadly flies that the angler can use.

A strange fact is the partiality that Maine trout seem to show for the "Jenny Lind" fly, a combination of bright red, yellow and blue—as unlike any natural fly as one can possibly imagine. Bluefish and Spanish mackerel are attracted by red squid, and striped bass, shad and weakfish are often taken on bright colored flies. In waters where pollock abound, the principal lure used is a big red and white fly.

We believe it is generally understood that salmon do not rise to flies in tide water, but from the following statement made by a very excellent Canadian angler, we are forced to believe that there are exceptions to this rule. This gentleman states that he tried to kill salmon on the St. Croix River, New Brunswick, in tide water for several seasons, with no more success than a feeble rise or two, until one day he managed to get fast to a fine salmon in a tide-water pool. The fish was only on the hook for a moment when he lost him. As there were a number of persons in plain sight, he concluded to let the matter drop, as he did not wish the fact to become public. The next morning early he was again at the pool, and in a very little while got fast to a salmon. There was a mill near by, from which he could easily be seen; so he dropped down stream a few hundred yards and landed his fish safely behind a clump of pines, and was back to his house in time for breakfast. Since then he has obtained a lease of that part of the river and killed many a good salmon there.

At Newbern, North Carolina, they are having splendid fishing. The weakfish are being taken by hook and line by the thousands. We are surprised that more anglers do not visit this place. The big-mouth bass will take the spinner yet. They call the bass chub there. There is good shooting there too; see note in our Game Bag and Gun column.

"Come off the perch," said the fisherman, as he removed the scales from a specimen of the finny tribe.—*Kearney (Neb.) Enterprise.*

If only for the sake of wood for base ball bats, the American forests ought to be preserved.—*Philadelphia Times.*

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nanit," "Gloan," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybillene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

Fisheulture.

VON BEHR TROUT.

(*Salmo fario.*)

IN 1883 the U. S. Fish Commission began a systematic importation from Europe of a species of river trout into waters of the Eastern United States in which none of this group are indigenous. This was not the first attempt to acclimatize the species, but the work by the Government was inaugurated in that year, and was brought about chiefly through the successful experiments and favorable reports of Messrs. Frank N. Clark and Fred Mather. One of the common names heretofore associated with the fish in question is "brown trout," an English name of limited application. The German translation, "braun trout," came here with some of the shipments received from Von Behr, and was restored to its original English and passed around with the distribution of eggs and fry in the United States. The Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, Col. Marshall McDonald, now proposes to give to this trout a name which is intended to perpetuate in America the memory of the man to whom we are much indebted for this valuable addition to our list of noble fishes. He recalls to mind the generous recognition by the Deutsche Fischerei Verein of the priceless services of our first Commissioner of Fisheries, Professor Spencer F. Baird, "the foremost fishculturist of the world," and takes pleasure in sending forth the new acquisition under the name of the old friend and supporter of fishculture in the United States—Herr von Behr.

In England the species has many names, none of them distinctive and only one of them known on the continent of Europe. The name of most general application is simply "trout." Another name of wide range is "brook trout." Sweden has the species in stony brooks as "stone trout." Germany uses the terms "gold trout," "white trout" and "black trout." If we desire to use a name which is really well distributed in countries wherein *Salmo fario* is indigenous we must call it "brook trout." We already have, however, a widely known brook trout in our *Salvelinus fontinalis.*

A name then for *Salmo fario* in the United States seems to be necessary, and we hope that all the people who delight in the species, will associate with it the name of Von Behr, to whose kind offices the Government is indebted for its opportunity to distribute it over a wide range of territory. It will not be difficult to introduce this new name, as all the eggs and fry of the species sent out in future from the Government establishments will be shipped as Von Behr trout (*Salmo fario*).

NEW HAMPSHIRE WOODS AND WATERS.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Dec. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I fully sympathize with your correspondent, Mr. C. H. Ames, in his "Protest," in FOREST AND STREAM for Nov. 21, but I am happy to be able to say that so far as the waters of New Hampshire are concerned, the invasion of undesirable "scaly immigrants" is pretty well stopped. During the years from 1869-75 the Chairman of the Fish Commission was the late Dr. Fletcher, of Concord, who was a "black bass maniac," and who devoted his chief energies to introducing this fish from Lake Champlain, where he was very fond of taking them in a legitimate manner, by hook and line. He placed bass in many of the lakes in the lower end of the State, among others in Winnepesaukee and Sunapee, both natural trout waters, but Winnepesaukee being the home of the *namaycush*, while Sunapee had none of them, but was supplied with the genuine *Salvelinus.*

Dr. Quackenbos thinks the bass have not done any harm in Sunapee, but I am inclined to the opinion that our later efforts to restore the trout would have been more successful if the bass had not been there. I have little doubt as to the ability of the *namaycush* to take care of himself if he is not speared on the spawning beds, as was the common custom in Winnepesaukee.

In 1875, a political change in the State government put in a board of Democratic commissioners, who followed up the introduction of bass, but very wisely only placed them in such ponds as had always been inhabited by perch and pickerel, with their colleagues in the shape of sunfish and pond shiners.

In 1876, the State turned over again politically, and a new board of commissioners was appointed, two of whom, Messrs. Webber and Powers, were old and enthusiastic trout anglers, and under their regime a new policy was inaugurated. The introduction of bass into any possible trout waters was immediately stopped and all requests to place them in such waters refused.

The first hatching house in the State was built at Plymouth, primarily and ostensibly for the purpose of hatching and restoring the migratory salmon to the Merrimac River, but provided at the outset with breeding ponds for trout, and a stock of breeders laid in from the neighboring streams.

In 1877, with the aid of Com. Brackett, of Massachusetts, the first "winninish" were procured and placed in Sunapee and Squam lakes. In 1878 the aid of Prof. Baird and Commissioner Atkins was secured, and since then the introduction of these fish has been regular, until now we are getting a good supply for ourselves from Sunapee and New Found lakes. Of the introduction of the Loch Leven trout into Sunapee, by Dr. Quackenbos, the public are already informed, as well as of the plant of German saibling, given by the U. S. Fish Commission, in New Found Lake, and the introduction from the same source of Lake Superior trout and whitefish in Lake Winnepesaukee.

A few years since the writer was informed by Commissioner Stilwell, of Maine, that a certain Massachusetts man, a writer of "guide books" to the Maine waters, had requested him to put black bass into the Rangeley or Androscoggin lakes, and on Mr. Stilwell's refusal had threatened to put them in any way in Lake Umbagog, at the lower end of the chain, which reaches into New Hampshire.

The matter was at once reported to the New Hampshire Legislature, who immediately passed an act prohibiting the introduction of pike or pickerel into any waters of the State now containing trout, or of black bass into any waters, without the permission of the Fish Commissioners, under a penalty of $100 for each offense. Since then I have not heard of the matter again, and I think Mr. Ames may feel sure that the influx of these coarse fish has been stopped in New Hampshire.

The present Board of Commissioners, Messrs. Riddle, Hodge and Kimball, are working on the same lines and with great success. They have established trout hatcheries at Sunapee and New Found lakes, and propose to locate another one somewhere in the southwest section of the State, possibly at Monadnock Lake, in Dublin. It is safe to say that the whole attention of the New Hampshire Fish Commission is devoted to the cultivation and extension of the *Salmonidæ.*

There is another immigration question just now occupying the public attention, on which I wish to say a word: and that is the introduction of Scandinavian emigrants to cultivate the abandoned farms of New Hampshire! These, I believe, are estimated at about 800, out of 32,000, and I wish to suggest that a far more profitable and available use of them is to restore their original tenants, the forest trees! So far as I know them, and I know many of them, they are out of the way "hill farms," once covered with heavy forest, cleared 100 or 150 years ago, and furnishing a good living for a couple of generations, from the soil left by the old forest and as sheep and cattle pastures. Sheep husbandry has gone West, where the sheep do not have to be housed and fed for six months in the year, and almost all our beef now comes from the same quarter. The grandsons of the old farmers have followed the same current, and many of my old comrades went with it; one commanded a Wisconsin regiment and one a Michigan brigade in the late war; and the schoolmates of my sons are settling in Oregon and Washington. Providence never intended New Hampshire for an agricultural region, although her valleys will always pay for cultivation, and the sooner we can re-forest her rugged hills the better.

The State has already appointed a Forestry Commission, to see what can be done to preserve the forests in the White Mountain region, whose waters, flowing down the Merrimac River, support with their power 150,000 people at Manchester, Lowell and Lawrence, certainly a hundred fold more than could ever get a living from her salmon fisheries could they be restored. There are many thousand acres more, all over the State, now unused and useless, which might well be clothed with oak and chestnut, beech and birch, if some one would take the initiative and show the owners of the lands how to plant them. Some of these deserted farms are being successfully cultivated again by the sons of the Irish immigrants who came into the State to build her railroads forty years ago, but there are many of them which would be far more valuable could their original forest be restored, and the sooner it is done the better. VON W.

The Kennel.

EASTERN COURSING MEET.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The inaugural meet of the Eastern Coursing Club will be held on the farm of Mr. England, at Hicksville, Long Island, Saturday, Dec. 7. The first brace will be ordered in the slips at 10 A. M. sharp. Trains leave Thirty-fourth street ferry at 8:20 and 8:50 A. M. Time one hour.

H. W. HUNTINGTON, Sec.

The Eastern Coursing Club reports that everything is in readiness for its meet next Saturday. The jacks are being well cared for and are fit to run. The last consignment of jacks was due at the preserve Dec. 1. In addition to the thirty jacks, there is also a supply of wild Maine hares to be used as a reserve.

A unanimous vote of thanks has been tendered the FOREST AND STREAM for its liberal donation, thus materially aiding the club to increase the value of its cash prizes. The winner of second prize will have the privilege of substituting the money prize for a handsome solid silver cup. The members at a late meeting also adopted a vote of thanks to Mr. H. L. Liebfried, of Garden City, Kas., for the eminent services he had rendered the club in trapping thirty strong jacks and shipping them in first-class order. Mr. Liebfried, seeing the club's dilemma, volunteered to trap the jacks, and his true sportsmanlike character was shown in his not taking advantage of its predicament, but simply charging for actual expenses. It is, therefore, with pleasure that the Eastern Coursing Club heartily recommends Mr. Liebfried to any club or gentlemen desiring Kansas jacks trapped for them.

In the enforced absence of Mr. Graham, the judging will be by Dr. M. H. Cryer, of Philadelphia, who is an old hand at coursing and at home on the back of a horse.

Mr. Peshall has called our attention to Section 352, Chapter IX. of Laws of 1881, and expresses the opinion that if the Hempstead Coursing Club or the Eastern Coursing Club attempt to hold a meeting, it is clearly the duty the of S. P. C. A. to seize both rabbits and dogs, which, under the law, are forfeited to the State. Chapter IX. relates to gambling and Section 352 prohibits trials of speed between animals for a stake, or wager, or bet. Strictly construed the law might cover coursing with greyhounds, but we do not believe that the statute was intended to apply to such friendly contests between gentlemen who own dogs.

If Section 352 forbids coursing, it must also forbid field trials; if the greyhounds at Hicksville next Saturday shall be forfeited, it will next be in order to prosecute the Robins Island Club and to seize their pointers and setters. If the S. F. P. C. A. shall be induced by Mr. Peshall to prosecute the coursing men and the field trial men under this law, their recourse to a statute relating to gambling will virtually be an acknowledgment that they cannot reach coursing and field trials by the cruelty to animals statutes.

THE FOX HUNTS OF AMERICA.

BEING engaged in a throughout systematic "documentary historic account of fox hunting of America," from time of the colonial trencher packs of Maryland, the North Riding of York, Long Island, New Jersey, Virginia, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, to the present season, we therefore seek the assistance of your hunt to forward such data under cover to 168 Willis avenue, New York city, or this office.

All items as follows, viz.:

1. When your hunt was organized.
2. A full list of hunts since organization.
3. Names of persons participating and distance covered.
4. A list of its hounds (with names), from first hunt to present time.
5. A copy of its by-laws, etc., with full list of members from inception.
6. If convenient, a likeness of M. F. H. and whippers-in.
7. A list of its horses, with name and breeding; if imported or bred in the States; color, etc.

With any and all information you may consider of importance as to your hunt.

To the masters and members of the following named hunts, viz.:

1. Queens County Hunt, Long Island, N. Y.
2. Huntington Hunt, Long Island, N. Y.
3. Union Pack Hunt, Long Island, N. Y.
4. Richmond County Hunt Club, Staten Island, N. Y.
5. Meadow Brook Hunt, Westbury, Long Island, N. Y.
6. Rockaway Hunt, Long Island, N. Y.
7. Livingston County Hunt, Wadsworth House Farm, N.Y.
8. Genesee County Hunt, N. Y.
9. Dutchess County Hunt, N. Y.
10. Rose Tree Hunt Club, Chester county, Pa.
11. Suffolk Park Hunt Club, Pennsylvania.
12. Marshalton Hunt, Pennsylvania.
13. Westchester Fox Hunt Club, Pennsylvania.
14. Delaware Fox Hunt Club, Delaware.
15. Clarksburg Fox Hunting Club, Maryland.
16. Elk Ridge Fox Hunting Club, Maryland.
17. Annapolis Riding Hunt Club, Maryland.
18. T. G. Tucker Hound and Hunt Club.
19. Appleton Hound and Hunt Club, Station 1½, Ga.
20. Essex County Hunt Club, Essex county, N. J.
21. Washington, D. C., Hunt Club, Alexandria, Va., and all private hunt clubs South.
22. Westchester County Club Hunt, New York.
23. Pelham Hunt Club, Westchester county, N. Y.
24. Dragon Hunt Club, Delaware.

N. B.—There are numerous private packs in the South, and, mayhap, some hunt packs likewise, hence we invite communication. COL. F. G. SKINNER.

WILLIAM T. EVERS.

THANKSGIVING DAY, Nov. 28.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.

(Concluded from Page 373.)

ALL-AGED SETTER STAKE.

Third Series.

IN the third series Cassio and Nora were the first brace. Cassio won, beating Nora in searching for birds and doing some grand work in roading out a bevy that had run away from his point. On singles no satisfactory work was done, as they were wild, and Nora had no chance to get even with him.

The next brace was Chance and Toledo Blade. The heat was one-sided. Chance out-classed his competitor and won the heat hands down.

Cincinnatus had a bye, and this ended the series. Following is the result:

Cassio beat Nora.
Chance beat Toledo Blade.
Cincinnatus a bye.

Cincinnatus and Cassio were the only brace to run in the fourth series, Chance having a bye. They were put down in sedge at 11:22. In the actual work done there was not much to choose between them. Cassio had the better range and stayed out looking for birds better than Cincinnatus. In speed and style they were about equal. Considerable work was done, and some of it, especially that on some running birds, was very pretty. At 12:15 they were ordered up with Cassio the winner. This left only Chance and Cassio in for first money. Both are owned by the Memphis and Avent Kennels, and the judges, without running them, selected Chance as the better dog, and he was declared winner of first prize.

Orlando and Toledo Blade were selected by the judges as the best of the dogs previously beaten by the winner, and they were ordered to run to decide which should compete with Cassio for second place. They ran rather a poor heat, which was won by Toledo Blade, who outranged and outworked Orlando. Under the rules Cassio could not be called upon to run the deciding heat until the next day, and the Pointer Stake was begun, and after running two heats the work for the day was finished. On Saturday the weather was clear and cool with a light breeze from the northwest, just the day for man and dog to range the fields with comfort. At 8:48 Cassio and Toledo Blade were put down in a large open field to decide second money. Both dogs started off well and each did good work, Blade having slightly the best of it, and at the end of the heat the flag went up for him and he was declared winner of second place. This ended the running for the stake, the judges selecting Cassio for third place, and deciding fourth place equally between Nora and Cincinnatus.

It was unfortunate that under the rules some of the best dogs in the stake were snowed under, and consequently dogs of lesser merit were placed over them. There is no question that the best dog in the stake was the winner, but there is also no question that at least two of the dogs that were unnoticed were much higher class animals than either of the last four. Both Rowdy Rod and Bettye S. in natural ability and hunting qualities are far superior to them, but under the rules they were thrown out. The same difficulty has been found in previous years and much thought has been given to the subject by thinking men, but no practical remedy has as yet been applied. The imperfection in the rules was never more apparent than in this stake, and nearly every practical man who watched the running was thoroughly convinced that a radical change must be made, and we are pleased to note that at the annual business meeting of the club measures were adopted to remedy the evil by voting to adopt the spotting system, and a committee consisting of Messrs. Donner, Hitchcock and Duryea was appointed to revise the rules in conformity with the system. It is to be hoped that something more practical and just than the present system will result from their labors. The stake was finished at 9:35. Following is a complete summary:

First Series.

Bettye S. beat Desmond II.
Dick Tate beat Whitie.
Nora beat Rowdy Rod.
Toledo Blade beat King Leo.
King's Mark beat Polly II.
Chance beat Orlando.
Nannie B. beat Nora.
Cincinnatus beat Guy.
Roi d'Or beat Rapid Ann.
Cassio a bye.

Second Series.

Cassio beat Dick Tate.
Nora beat Bettye S.
Toledo Blade beat King's Mark.
Chance beat Nannie B.
Cincinnatus beat Roi d'Or.

Third Series.

Cassio beat Nora.
Chance beat Toledo Blade.
Cincinnatus a bye.

Fourth Series.

Cassio beat Cincinnatus.
Chance a bye.

Final for First Place.

Chance was placed first.

Ties for Second Place.

Toledo Blade beat Orlando.

Final for Second Place.

Toledo Blade beat Cassio and won second place.

Cassio was placed third, and Nora and Cincinatus equal fourth.

THE POINTER STAKE.

There were 23 nominations for the Pointer Stake and 16 of them filled. They were drawn to run in the following order:

LAD OF BOW (Westminster Kennel Club, Babylon, N. Y.), liver and white dog, March, 1884 (Graphic—Climax),
against
RIP RAP (E. Dexter, Boston, Mass.), black and white dog, May, 1888 (King of Kent—Hops).

FAN FAN (J. B. Wallace, Ansonia, Conn.), liver and white bitch, July, 1887 (Graphic—Lady Belle),
against
CONSOLATION (C. H. Odell, Yonkers, N. Y.), orange and white dog, June, 1885 (Bang Bang—Grace III.).

FRED (Bayard Thayer, Boston, Mass.), liver and white dog, 2yrs. (Robert le Diable—Trick),
against
COUNT FAUSTER (Dr. J. G. F. Holston, Zanesville, O.), liver and white dog, March, 1887 (Mainspring—Dolly Fauster).

SELDOM (N. Simpkins, New York), liver and white bitch, 4½yrs. (Booth—Tuck),
against
LEBANON (Lebanon Kennels, Lebanon, Pa.), lemon and white dog (Trim—Peg).

DUKE OF HESSEN (F. R. Hitchcock, New York), liver and white dog, 4½yrs. (Luck of Hessen—Blarney),
against
PONTIAC (E. Dexter, Boston, Mass.), liver and white dog, 3yrs. (Milton Bang II.—Climax).

TAMMANY'S BOY (Miss H. Wooster, Ansonia, Conn.), liver and white dog, 2yrs. (Tammany—Juno),
against
ROGER WILLIAMS (C. H. Odell, Yonkers, N. Y.), orange and white dog, May, 1886 (Bang Bang—Lalla Rookh).

MIRANDA (J. T. Richards, New York), liver and white bitch, January, 1887 (Mainspring—Beauty),
against
WOOLTON GAME (F. R. Hitchcock, New York), liver and white bitch, February, 1887 (Gough—Larkspur).

DALGAROUKI (C. H. Odell, Yonkers, N. Y.), orange and white bitch, August, 1886 (Bang Bang—Lalla Rookh),
against
BOUNCE (G. W. Amory, Boston, Mass.), liver and white dog, Feb. 26, 1887 (Bob—Sal).

First Series.

Lad of Bow and Rip Rap were the first brace in the Pointer Stake. They were put down on Friday after the heat between Toledo Blade and Orlando was decided. Lad of Bow was handled by John White and Rip Rap by Captain McMurdo. A gale of wind was blowing, making it difficult for the dogs to locate their birds. Rip outclassed Lad in searching for birds and also had the best of it on singles, and won the heat. Lad went at a fair rate of speed and ranged well, but he could not compete with Rap, and toward the finish he let down somewhat, while Rap kept up to the end.

The next brace was Fan Fan, handled by Bradley, and Consolation, handled by Luke White. Con started at speed, and outpaced and outranged Fan from start to finish. He was not in good condition and was tired at the end, but he is very game and did not let down. Both did some good work on game, with the advantage in favor of Consolation, and he was awarded the heat. This ended the work for the day.

On Saturday, shortly after the finish of the Setter Stake at 9:49, Fred, handled by Height, and Count Fauster, handled by Tucker, were put down on the Snow farm. Both moved fairly well and at a fair rate of speed at the start, but they slowed down near the finish and went at moderate speed. Count won the heat, having a slight advantage in the work done, although neither of them did any very satisfactory work when on game.

At 10:48 Seldom, handled by Height, and Lebanon, handled by Luke White, were put down in sedge grass near a cornfield. Both did much better than the previous brace, showing up well on game and doing some good work. Seldom was too fat, and although she went at a fair rate and ranged well, she was not the equal of Lebanon in these respects; he also showed the better style both in going and when on game, and won the heat. He ran here last year and divided fourth prize with Consolation.

Considerable interest was manifested in this heat. Both dogs ran last year unplaced, but they were said to have improved, and a good heat was expected. Duke of Hessen was handled by John White, and Pontiac by Buckle. Both have greatly improved on their form of last year, and ran a capital heat so far as pace and range are concerned. The heat was run in the middle of the day, and not many birds were found. Duke had a little the best of it in speed and ranged wider, working out the ground more systematically. After working nearly an hour no decision could be reached, and they were taken up during lunch, and at 1:52 they were again put down, and at the expiration of twenty minutes Duke found a bevy, which he pointed in good style and retrieved a bird nicely, and was declared the winner.

At 2:19 Tammany Boy, handled by John White, and Roger Williams, handled by Luke White, were put down in the large stubble field west of the Model Farm barn. Boy is a big, rather awkward-looking dog, but he goes very level and moves well, and although he started very slow, he soon woke up and showed considerable speed and range, and hunted out his ground fairly well. He was not rigid on some of his points, but two or three of them were made in good style. Roger has not improved on his Derby form, and does not get to his birds in as good style as he then did. At the start he clearly had the best of it at all points, but when Boy got agoing he gained rapidly on him, and was soon working outside. Roger dwelt too much on old scent, and although he did some very pretty work to look at, it was not of the character to win at a field trial. At the end of an hour and twenty minutes the judges awarded the heat to Tammany Boy. Although the heat was very close, there is no doubt that, taking everything into consideration, he was a trifle ahead. Luke thought otherwise, and expressed his opinion rather too freely, an occurrence that, we feel sure, he will regret as much as any one after he has thought the matter over.

The next brace was Miranda, handled by John Lewis, and Woolton Game, handled by John White. The latter is a noted English field trial winner in both the Derby and All-Aged Stakes, and a great deal of interest was manifested as to how she would behave on our game. She acquitted herself with honor and won the heat very easily. She is a fairly good moving bitch with a long stride that carries her over the ground much faster than is apparent at first glance. The character of her work on game is of a high order, and when she has had sufficient experience on the festive quail she will undoubtedly be a first-class performer. She evidently has a good nose and considerable bird sense. Miranda is an easy-moving bitch with a bit more speed and range than her competitor, but she was evidently off in nose, as she bungled on her birds.

The last brace of the series, Dalgarouki, handled by Luke White, and Bounce, handled by Poindexter, were put down at 4:35 and worked till a few minutes past five, when they were taken up for the day to go down again on Monday. No work on birds was done and but little speed or range was shown by either.

Monday the weather was delightful, but too warm for shooting, and some of the work on birds was not quite up to the mark. Previous to starting Luke White offered the judges an apology for the hasty words of Saturday, which was accepted. Dalgarouki and Bounce were cast off at 8:45 near the Glass house to finish their undecided heat of Saturday. Both went better than they did on Saturday, but neither showed much pace or range, Bounce having the advantage in these respects as well as in the work on birds, and at the expiration of an hour and two minutes he was declared the winner. Both dogs are said to be good workers, but from some cause neither showed much ability. This ended the first series with the result as follows:

Rip Rap beat Lad of Bow.
Consolation beat Fan Fan.
Count Fauster beat Fred.
Lebanon beat Seldom.
Duke of Hessen beat Pontiac.
Tammany Boy beat Roger Williams.
Woolton Game beat Miranda.
Bounce beat Dalgarouki.

Second Series.

The first heat in the second series brought Rip Rap and Consolation together. Although it was decidedly hot some very pretty work was done by both dogs. At the expiration of an hour and ten minutes Rip Rap was declared the winner. He had the best of it in pace and range and way of going, and the character of his work on game was of a higher order than that of his competitor. The greater experience of Con gave him the advantage so far as finding goes. The little fellow showing up well in this respect, he is also a busy worker and kept up well notwithstanding his evident lack of condition for hard work.

Count Fauster and Duke of Hessen were next put down at 11:11 in an open field near the Holton school house. Count started off much better than in his previous heat and did very creditable work, going at a fair rate of speed, and although his range was limited he kept up to his work very well. Duke went at a great pace, ranging wide and hunting out his ground in first-class style, showing up in these respects much better than any dog in the stake. He also proved a stayer and was going in capital form at the finish; his nose, however, was not right, and Count had much the best of it, both in finding bevies and in the work on singles. After running an hour and five minutes they were taken up for lunch, which was awaiting us at the Holton school house. After lunch they were again put down, and after 18 minutes the heat was decided in favor of Count Fauster. Although Duke showed the greater natural ability his lack of nose was too great a handicap to overcome.

The next brace was Lebanon and Tammany Boy. Lebanon started off well and beat out his ground in a workmanlike manner. Boy was inclined to loaf, and did not show up so well as in his previous heat, and at the end of the allotted 45 minutes Lebanon was declared the winner. He ran his heat well and displayed considerable bird sense, and near the finish he worked out a running bevy very nicely, beating his competitor, who had an equal chance, as they alternately roaded and cast for the birds.

Woolton Game made short work of Bounce in the next heat, beating him easily at all points. She ranged better in this heat than she had previously done, and at the finish she did some excellent work on a running bevy. Bounce appeared to be off in nose, and he was unsteady to wing and unreliable on back. This ended the second series, with the result as follows:

Rip Rap beat Consolation.
Count Fauster beat Duke of Hessen.
Lebanon beat Tammany Boy.
Woolton Game beat Bounce.

After a wait of more than an hour for the dogs which had gone in the direction ordered, but which had not been taken by the judges, we again started. The interval of waiting was not lost, however, as Col. Merriman wishing to test the field qualities of Mr. Bradley, cast him off in a thicket among the scattered birds of the last bevy. Bradley had no dogs to bother him and started off at a fair rate of speed, but the Col. did not handle with his usual admirable skill, choosing rather to test the natural finding ability of Bradley by allowing him to take his own course, which he did, but erred in judgment by making a cast in the wrong direction. The Colonel, however, with rare good bird sense drew straight to a single which he jumped and cutting loose grassed it in a brier patch in capital style. Bradley came in at the report of the gun and redeemed himself by scoring a first class retrieve. The Colonel is not a "meat hunter," and as he had enough for his breakfast he stopped the slaughter, but went on and gave us an excellent exhibition of his finding qualities by going straight to some of the remaining birds, kicking them up and giving a shot, just for fun, at each rise.

Third Series.

The dogs arrived soon after, and at 4:23 Rip Rap and Count Fauster were cast off in a stubble field to run the first heat of the third series. We worked over considerable ground, Count getting in a point to a bevy and one to a single, while Rip Rap was beating out the ground in another direction, going at a good rate of speed and ranging wide. Finally the dogs were brought together, and we took a long tramp to a large stubble field, where they were started upon even terms, and the spectators were given a capital exhibition of the great difference between high-class and ordinary work. At the word, Rip took the right hand side of the field and went at speed to the upper end, when he made a short cast toward the center and came back with his head well up, with the wind blowing across him until within 100yds. of us, when he caught the scent of a bevy and whirled on a beautiful point. Count at the start took a few strides and struck the trail of the same bevy and slowly and carefully worked out every bit of the foot scent, but before he got near enough to locate them Rip had got in his work in an artistic manner that completely threw in the shade the good but less meritorious work of Count in nosing out the trail. It was now nearly night, and although both dogs did some good work a portion of it was unsatisfactory, and at dark they were ordered up to go down again in the morning.

Tuesday morning it was cloudy, with a cold, raw wind from the northeast. Scent appeared to be good, and some excellent work was done. Rip Rap and Count Fauster were put down at 8:50 to finish their undecided heat. At the expiration of 17m. the heat was decided in favor of Rip Rap. He had decidedly the best of it at all points and scored an easy win.

At 9:28 Lebanon and Woolton Game were put down. For some time there was not much difference in their speed or range, but near the finish Game let down a little and Lebanon had the best of it in these respects. In the character of the work done Game was ahead in point of merit, and had she not made a mistake in working a bevy at the finish, the decision possibly would have been reversed, as it was a very close heat and some capital work was done by both dogs. The heat was a long one and the merit of the dogs was well tested. At the expiration of 1h. 47m. the heat was decided in favor of Lebanon. This finished the third series with the result as follows:

Rip Rap beat Count Fauster.
Lebanon beat Woolton Game.

After lunch, which was taken at the Model Farm, Rip Rap and Lebanon were put down in the large stubble field at 12:55. This was the deciding heat for first place, and it proved to be the best one in the stake. At the end of the heat the flag went up for Rip Rap, and he was declared the winner of first prize. Both dogs went better than in any of the previous heats, and although Lebanon fairly outdid himself, the result was never in doubt, as the high character of the work done by Rip, together with his better pace, range and style, kept him well ahead, and showed him to be the best pointer that has ever run at American trials. Should he train on he will, if nothing befall him, make it exceedingly warm for the long-haired fraternity, and we shall look to see him in the front rank. Lebanon also showed up quite a pointer, and although defeated he was far from being disgraced.

Count Fauster and Consolation were put down at 2:11 to decide which should compete with Lebanon for second place. Con clearly had the legs of Count and outranged him, and although he gamely kept going to the end, his lack of condition had evidently affected his nose, and his work on birds was not nearly up to his form in previous years. Count showed up better in this heat than he had done before, and at the expiration of an hour and nineteen minutes he was awarded the heat.

At 3:52 Lebanon and Count Fauster were put down to run the deciding heat for second place. Lebanon was still going his best, and outclassed his opponent in quality and beat him in quantity of work, and at the finish he was awarded the heat and declared the winner of second prize.

The judges then selected Count Fauster for third place and Woolton Game for fourth, and the stake was finished. In placing Count and Game in the order named, we imagine that the judges followed precedent instead of their own convictions. In previous years it has generally been the prac-

tice to place the runner up in the last heat next in order of merit, notwithstanding the fact that the rules allow the judges to select for the position any dog in the stake. There is no question that the character of the work done by Game when on birds is greatly superior to that done by Count, and in other respects he has no advantage, except that his greater experience gives him a little the best of it in working out the ground. With this exception the stake was most excellently judged, and the dogs that possessed the most natural ability were in front at the finish and properly graded according to their merit. The work of the dogs throughout the stake was a great improvement upon that of last year, and the best, taken all round, that has been seen since the inauguration of the stake. Following is a complete summary:

First Series.

Rip Rap beat Lad of Bow.
Consolation beat Fan Fan.
Count Fauster beat Fred.
Lebanon beat Seldom.
Duke of Hessen beat Pontiac.
Tammany Boy beat Roger Williams.
Woolton Game beat Miranda.
Bounce beat Dalgarouki.

Second Series.

Rip Rap beat Consolation.
Count Fauster beat Duke of Hessen.
Lebanon beat Tammany Boy.
Woolton Game beat Bounce.

Third Series.

Rip Rap beat Count Fauster.
Lebanon beat Woolton Game.

Final for First Place.

Rip Rap beat Lebanon and won first prize.

Ties for Second Place.

Count Fauster beat Consolation.

Final for Second Place.

Lebanon beat Count Fauster and won second.
Count Fauster placed third.
Woolton Game placed fourth.

First, Rip Rap, $300; second, Lebanon, $150; third, Count Fauster, $50; fourth, Woolton Game, $50.

THE CHAMPION STAKE.

Chance had a walkover for the Champion Stake. Roderigo was lamed three weeks ago and Gath's Mark did not start. Chance was put down on Wednesday morning under Judges Hitchcock, Duryea and Coster, who unanimously decided that he was entitled to the prize, and the Eastern field trials of 1889 were finished.

Taking everything into consideration, the meeting has been perhaps as notable as any in the history of the club. A nearer approach was made than has ever been done before toward judging the work of the dogs upon the right principle, and in most cases the decisions were rendered in favor of the animal that showed the best qualities that go to make a good dog, irrespective of the luck of the birds or the advantage of handling, and it is sincerely to be hoped that in the future this step in the right direction will be followed by others until judging at field trials shall become an exact science and nothing be more sure than a win for the best dogs. The club is to be heartily congratulated for inaugurating this course as well as upon the success of its annual meeting. In closing we wish to sincerely thank the officers of the club and the judges for the many courtesies extended as well as for their uniform kindness in imparting desired information. We are also greatly indebted to Mr. H. B. Duryea for his kindness in giving valuable assistance in taking notes of the work of the dogs.

CENTRAL FIELD TRIALS.

LEXINGTON, N. C., Dec. 1.—The drawing for the Setter Derby of the Central Field Trial Club took place this evening at 9 o'clock. There were 42 nominations for the stake, 7 of which filled their entry. They were drawn in the following order:

ROD'S LADY (Roderigo—Gay Gladstone), A. M. Hilderbrandt,

against

ROYAL C. (Roderigo—Countess House), Memphis & Avent Kennels.

ROWDY ROD (Roderigo—Juno A.), Memphis & Avent Kennels,

against

NANNIE B. (King Noble—Queen Vashti), J. I. Case, Jr.

SAM C. (King Noble—Cricket), J. I. Case, Jr.,

against

LETTY LYNN (Roderigo—Countess House), Memphis & Avent Kennels.

HARRY C. (Roderigo—Countess House) Memphis & Avent Kennels, *a bye.*

The judges are Messrs. Davidson, N. Wallace and W. Tallman.

[*Special to Forest and Stream.*]

LEXINGTON, N. C., Dec. 2.—The weather to-day has been delightful. There was a heavy frost and scent was poor, and the work was not very satisfactory. In the preliminary series, Rod's Lady and Marquis N. were thrown out. In the second series, Royal C. beat Nannie B., and Rowdy Rod beat Sam C. This ended the work for the day.

There were fifty-three nominations for the Pointer Derby, sixteen of which filled. They were drawn as follows: Joy, Jr. against Lou. Carlgrave against Nye. F. F. V. against Sally P. Miss Mealy against Convex. Tough Nut against Naso Peshall. Lady Hessen against Mamie Bang. Flirt against Heineken. Rip Rap against Met.

LEXINGTON, N. C., Dec. 3.—The weather to-day has been good, and birds were found in abundance. Harry C. beat Letty Lynn. In the third series Rowdy Rod beat Royal C. Harry C. a bye. In the final for first Rowdy Rod beat Harry C. and won first prize. Second place will be decided to-morrow. Four braces were run in the Pointer Derby, but not much good work was done, the most of it being very ordinary.

THE ALL-DAY FIELD TRIALS.

THE All-Day field trials have been abandoned for lack of support. Children have been crying for such a stake for years, but the entries failed to come in, and it is to be hoped that we have heard the last of the stay-at-homes that would not enter for anything short of a race that would test the staying qualities of their world beaters.

PATSY AFIELD.—Des Moines, Iowa.—I am pleased to say that I have some very fine puppies out of Nino, by Patsy, several of which will be prize winners. I shall show some of them next year if I have no bad luck. Patsy has been hunted almost continually this fall. He is as fine an Irish field dog as I have ever seen. He has wonderful energy and endurance, a good nose and fine bird sense. I could not ask for a better field dog than Patsy, barring the fact that he was broken not to retrieve, but to point dead. As to Patsy's worth as a sire, I am sure his puppies will prove him a good one.—F. H. PERRY.

THE WESTMINSTER JUDGES.

BABYLON, L. I., Nov. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Herewith I beg to hand you a list of judges who have kindly consented to act at our coming show.—JAMES MORTIMER, Supt.

LIST OF JUDGES.

Mastiffs, Mr. Chas. C. Marshall, New York.
St. Bernards and pugs, Miss A. H. Whitney, Lancaster, Mass.
Great Danes, Newfoundlands, all terriers (except smooth fox-terriers and bull-terriers), toy spaniels, Italian greyhounds and Mexican hairless dogs, Mr. R. F. Maghew, New York.
Bloodhounds, foxhounds, deerhounds, greyhounds, English and Irish setters, English retrievers, Mr. John Davidson, Monroe, Mich.
Pointers, Mr. John S. Wise, New York.
Gordon setters, Dr. H. Clay Glover, New York.
Irish water spaniels, Clumber, field and cocker spaniels, Mr. A. C. Wilmerding, New York.
Chesapeake Bay dogs, Mr. Isaac Townsend.
Poodles, Mr. John J. Hecksher, New York.
Collies, Mr. J. D. Shotwell, Rahway, N. J.
Smooth fox-terriers, Mr. Fred Hoey, Long Branch, N. J.
Bulldogs, bull-terriers, basset hounds, dachshunde, Mr. E. S. Porter, New Haven, Conn.
Beagles, Mr. H. F. Schellhass, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Miscellaneous, Messrs. Davidson and Mayhew.

DOG TALK.

MR. CHARLES N. SYMONDS, proprietor of the North Fields Yorkshire Kennels, Salem, Mass., has recently imported several fine specimens of his favorite breed. They were selected by Richard Toon, a Sheffield breeder of repute, who appears to have done his best for his employer. The gem of the selection is Fishpool Gem, only 4lbs. weight; has been shown once and took second to Model, and was regarded as the possible coming champion of England. The others are Prince A I, weight 6½lbs., a two-year-old with an exceptionally fine coat, Venus, a beautifully colored and coated bitch, 5½lbs., and Boon's Bright, a 4lb. yearling, which Mr. Symonds is willing to match against anything in his class. Fishpool Model, another of the lot, died *en route.* Mr. Symonds proposes exhibiting his string of nine or ten dogs at the coming Westminster Kennel Club's show in February next, sending them under the care of Mr. Geo. S. Thomas who brought them across the Atlantic; and we are requested to announce that in the meantime his kennels are always open for inspection by any lovers of the breed who may favor him with a visit.

Mr. Pierre Lorillard, Jr., has engaged the services of Mr. Chas. S. Tucker, of Stanton Depot, Tenn., to take charge of his kennel for the coming year. Mr. Tucker will devote his time entirely to the dogs and will train none for other parties.

A. K. C. QUARTERLY MEETING.—*To the Delegates of the A. K. C.:* You are hereby notified that the regular quarterly meeting of the Executive Committee of the American Kennel Club will be held at the club rooms, at No. 44 Broadway, New York, on Thursday, Dec. 19, 1889, at one o'clock P. M. A full meeting is desired, as the proposed amendments to the bench show rules are to be acted upon at this meeting. By order of the President, A. P. VREDENBURGH, Sec'y. [Note.—Owing to a miscalculation of time, during the absence of the secretary on his vacation, the notice of meeting, originally called for Dec. 6, has been changed to Dec. 19, in order to conform with Article XIII., Sec. 4, which provides that twenty days' notice shall be given.]

COLLIE STAKES AT NEW YORK.—Rahway, N. J., Nov. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Please announce that the following Collie Club Stakes and prize cups will be competed for at the bench show of the Westminster Kennel Club, Feb. 11 to 14, 1890: The Collie Club trophy, the president's cup, annual collie sweepstakes, produce, futurity and stud dog stakes. For further particulars address J. D. SHOTWELL, Lock Box 36, Rahway, N. J.

ST. BERNARD CLUB OF AMERICA.—The monthly meeting of the Board of Governors will be held Monday evening, Dec. 9, at 8 o'clock, at the Hoffman House, New York city.—LORENZO DANIELS, Secretary.

"OUR PRIZE DOGS."—The price of "Our Prize Dogs" has been reduced to $5 in cloth; $7.50 in leather. The album of Typical Dogs to $5. The portraits 50 cents each, $12.50 per set.

THE CHICAGO SHOW, given by the Mascoutah Kennel Club, will be held Feb. 19 to 22. John L. Lincoln, Jr., is the Secretary.

KENNEL NOTES.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Hayes's Brave. By F. H. Hayes, Dexter, Me., for black, white and tan foxhound dog, whelped May 30, 1889, by champion Brave out of Bernhardt.

Madge E. By Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., for silver fawn pug bitch, whelped Oct. 3, 1889, by Hayseed (Douglass II.—Rose) out of Ruby F. (champion Bradford Ruby—Flossy).

Rancho, Frisco Boy, Dawn, Servian, Paula, Claremont Rose, Claremont Heather and Claremont Noreen. By F. H. Perry, Des Moines, Ia., for red Irish setters, four dogs and four bitches, whelped July 23, 1889, by Claremont Patsy (Frisco—Nellie IX.) out of Nino (champion Elcho—champion Noreen).

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Lady Thora—Boycott. Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Lady Thora (Santa Claus—Almah) to their Boycott (Duke—Bonnie), Nov. 19.

Fanny McBeth—Rollick B. McBeth Kennels' (North Lawrence, O.) English setter bitch Fanny McBeth (McBeth—Vick) to M. H. Wise's Rollick B. (Royal Ranger—Kit Killbird), Nov. 16.

Belle of Stanton—Ben Hill. P. Lorillard, Jr.'s (Jersey City, N. J.) English setter bitch Belle of Stanton (Count Noble—Dido II.) to J. Shelley Hudson's Ben Hill (Druid—Ruby), Nov. 18.

Nino—Claremont Patsy. F. H. Perry's (Des Moines, Ia.) Irish setter bitch Nino (champion Elcho—champion Noreen) to his Claremont Patsy (Frisco—Nellie IX.), Nov. 19.

Hillis Nora—Claremont Patsy. J. W. Hillis's (Des Moines, Ia.) Irish setter bitch Hillis Nora (Sarsfield—Nino) to F. H. Perry's Claremont Patsy (Frisco—Nellie IX.), Nov. 21.

Bessie Ober—Toby. McBeth Kennels' (North Lawrence, O.) cocker spaniel bitch Bessie Ober (Prince Ober—Bessie Belle) to their Toby, Nov. 10.

My Lady Betty—Black Prince. Dr. F. W. Kitchel's (Perth Amboy, N. J.) spaniel bitch My Lady Betty to A. C. Wilmerding's champion Black Prince, Oct. 6.

Miss Bend Or—Black Prince. Kitchel & Wilmerding's spaniel bitch Miss Bend Or (Young Obo—champion Newton Abbot Lady) to A. C. Wilmerding's champion Black Prince, Oct. 9.

Tyne—Duffer. Kitchel & Wilmerding's Clumber spaniel bitch Tyne to H. J. Hardenburgh's Duffer (Trimbush—Gill), Oct. 15.

Hazel Obo—Doc. Wm. Barnes's (Manayunk, Pa.) spaniel bitch Hazel Obo to A. C. Wilmerding's champion Doc, Oct. 22.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Mollie. McBeth Kennels' (North Lawrence, O.) pointer bitch Mollie (Rod—Nan), Nov. 20, six (three dogs), by G. E. Wilson's Don Croxteth (Count Croxteth—Lo Faust); three bitches since dead.

New Forest Russet. T. J. Tyrrell's (Philadelphia, Pa.) fox-terrier bitch New Forrest Russet (New Forest Rustic—Gay), Nov. 15, six (four dogs), by H. Canor's Tenbrook (Raby Mixer—Temptation).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Hayes's Brave. Black, white and tan foxhound dog, whelped May 30, 1889, by champion Brave out of Bernhardt, by The Cook Kennels, Detroit, Mich., to F. H. Hayes, Dexter, Me.

Madge E. Silver fawn pug bitch, whelped Oct. 31, 1889, by Hayseed out of Ruby F., by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to A. Gittleson, Augusta, Ga.

Ben Hill—Tempest whelp. Black and white English setter bitch, whelped June 12, 1889, by J. Shelley Hudson, Covington, Ky., to Chas. K. Harrison, Delaplane, Va.

Sportsman—Dixie whelps. Black, white and tan English setter dog and bitch, whelped Aug. 18, 1889, by J. Shelley Hudson, Covington, Ky., to G. D. Jay, Kokomo, Ind.

Queen Bessie and Lula Wilkes. Blue and fawn and white Italian greyhound bitches, whelped Sept. 1, 1889, by imported Nero out of imported Daisy, by R. Kostka, Baltimore, Md., to Harry W. Doll, Frederick, Md.

List. Orange and white English setter bitch, whelped March 11, 1888, by Count Noble out of Fate Gladstone, by J. W. Gross, Harrisburg, Pa., to Dr. G. G. Davis, Philadelphia, Pa.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

ROCHESTER.—I have a seven months setter bitch who ever since she was three months old has passed blood from her bladder. After she urinates naturally she will strain and pass from a few drops to a teaspoonful of bright red blood; her appetite is not good and she is thin in flesh. Will you kindly tell me what is best to do? Ans. Give small doses of ergot and iron in pill form. Also 5 grains of quinine daily and put acetate of potassium in the milk you give in order to render the urine bland and less irritating.

G. L. V. T., West Newton, Mass.—A cocker eight weeks old is all right every way excepting that he has very little use of his hindlegs. At times he will walk several feet, then over his hindlegs will go and he will drag them after him. He has been so ever since he started to walk. He is perfectly well otherwise. Ans. The trouble is due to paralysis. The paralysis may be functional, in which case the outlook for recovery is good, or it may be organic, *i. e.*, due to some structural change or lesion in the spinal cord. In the latter case the outlook is bad. If functional, small doses of strychnine or nux vomica will help, also electricity and rubbing and blister over spine. It may be due to worms. Purge with oil and give 5 or 10 grains of powdered areca nut in pill form. Give 5 grains of quinine in a pill every day for a week. You can conceal the pill in a bit of meat.

W. D. G., Boyce P. O., Va.—Pointer bitch has been sick since Nov. 1. Her case is viz.: Her fæces come in small quantities, and often have a bloody appearance. She is very weak and don't want to move about much. I consulted a doctor, he recommended Dover's powders and calomel, but she don't seem to improve much. Any favors will be highly appreciated. Will remit charges as soon as bill received. Ans. Have the following pill made up:

℞ Ext. ergotæ.....grs. 3 ss
Ext. opii.....grs. iii
Ferri sulphat.....grs. xii

Mix. Fit pil No. 12. Sig. Give one three times daily concealed in a morsel of meat. If she is very weak, give teaspoonful of brandy in water 3 or 4 times daily.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

G. M. H., Troy, O.—You can get sample tube bullets from Mr. A. Weed, Tarrytown, N. Y.

J. Y. M., Moor.—Please tell me the best breed of dogs for running rabbits. Ans. The beagle.

DRIVE.—If you will send us your name we will be glad to publish your story of Pike County Shooting.

H. W. S., Tom's River.—1. We consider the rifles of the two makes practically equal in accuracy. 2. A .38cal. would do for Maine big game, but a larger caliber would be preferable.

P. G., Philadelphia.—Can you please inform me where I can purchase a metal scratch brush for cleaning a .22cal. rifle? I have inquired several places here, but nobody seems to keep them. Ans. Apply to Henry C. Squires, 178 Broadway, New York.

C. D.—1. How should 12-gauge shells be loaded for duck shooting? 2. Also for deer? Ans. 1. Use 3¼drs. powder, 1⅛oz. No. 6 shot. 2. See method mentioned in "Kentucky Deer Chat," page 366, last issue.

J. M. B., Newport, R. I.—A letter sent to you has been returned. The trouble with the dog was probably that it was not quite the right time, and he knew this. Had you waited it would probably have been all right.

W. S. B., Jamaica Plain, Mass.—Which is the more fashionable of these two breeds, the bulldog or the bull-terrier, and also what is the most fashionable color? Ans. 1. Bull-terrier. 2. White is the only color for bull-terriers recognized by judges. 2. Brindle is about the best color for a bulldog.

C. E. K., Bridgeport.—Suppose that a man should take a black and tan bitch and breed her to a fox-terrier, take the bitch pup and breed her to a black and tan, and take one of her pups and breed her to a black and tan, would he have a full blood black and tan or not? Ans. The last progeny would be seven-eighths black and tan and one-eighth fox-terrier.

J. A. L., Oswego, N. Y.—1. I recently read that there are no more copies of Coues's "Key to North American Birds" to be had; is that so? 2. Is it lawful in New York State to shoot ducks from a small open yacht? 3. Does chilled shot in any way injure the barrels of a gun? Ans. 1. We can supply it. 2. No, except on Long Island Sound, Gardiner's and Peconic Bays, Lake Ontario and the Hudson River below Iona Island. 3. No.

C. F. L., Cambridge.—1. Will you tell me whether it would be advisable to clip or shave a Caniche poodle at this time of the year? The poodle is now seven months old and has never been shown. 2. Why is it that the first litter of pups are considered to be inferior to subsequent litters? Is it true that they are inferior? 3. Where can I find the best article on the Great Dane? On the Caniche poodle. Ans. 1. You had better wait until spring. 2. No. 3. Good articles on both these breeds in "The Book of the Dog," by Vero Shaw, for sale at this office.

G. H. H., Yamaska, Canada.—1. Is the Canadian partridge called a pheasant in some parts of the United States? 2. Is what we call a quail what you call a partridge? 3. Is what all sportsmen here admit and know to be a snipe anywhere in the States called a "woodcock" by sportsmen? Ans. 1. The "Canada partridge" is, we presume, *Dendragapus canadensis,* known as Canada grouse, spruce grouse, spruce partridge, cedar partridge, swamp partridge, wood partridge, wood grouse, black grouse and spotted grouse. In some parts of Maine it is called heath-hen. (See Trumbull's "Names and Portraits of Birds which Interest Gunners.") The term "pheasant" is in some parts applied to the ruffed grouse (*Bonasa umbellus*). 2. The term "partridge" is by some applied to the quail (*Colinus virginianus*). 3. We do not know that the term woodcock is anywhere applied by sportsmen to the snipe.

T. M. P., Silver Creek, Nebraska.—Please name the best trout flies for the months of September and October in the headwaters of the Snake River, Idaho and Wyoming. Also the best leader to use with the same, and the best line and number of yards necessary. I would be pleased to read in your paper some accounts from parties who have visited the above country hunting and fishing. I expect to take the trip myself in the fall of 1890, and would like all the information necessary to make the trip a success. What I need most is details as to fishing tackle, arms, camp outfit, etc. Will some one answer through FOREST AND STREAM and perhaps enlighten a large portion of the readers of this valuable paper? Ans. The best flies for the Snake River in September and October will vary with the angler; the black and brown hackles are recommended by many persons. October is an uncertain month as to weather. Write to any reliable dealer for a selection of general flies for trout averaging a pound to 1½lbs. Persons who have fished in the region mentioned have used grasshoppers, crickets and natural flies on which the fish were seen to be feeding. Try to match these flies out of your collection, use 30 or 40yds. of tapered waterproof line of braided silk, No. 3 or E or No. 4 or F. The leader should be 3 or 4ft. long, depending upon the number of flies in your cast, and should be about equal in diameter to the line. See FOREST AND STREAM of April 4, July 4 and Oct. 10, 1889.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

HOW TO SHOOT.

THE value of winter instruction in the matter of rifle practice is coming more and more to be understood by those in charge of troops, and in a recent order the Adjutant-General of the State of New York goes over this matter with such detail, that his instructions are of value to every one having a rifle. He directs: Commanding officers of companies will see that the enlisted men of their respective commands receive the necessary preliminary instruction in rifle practice, and, where possible, that they have gallery practice, before they are sent to the ranges.

The following instructions prepared by the General Inspector of Rifle Practice (Gen. Robbins) are prescribed:

Sighting.—1. A sand bag for each squad will be placed on a rest, which may be a table, a tripod, or a stack of arms, and so arranged that the bag will be about 4½ft. from the ground.

The men will be formed in single rank, and in squads not to exceed ten men in each.

The instructor will then flatten the sand bag with the back of his hand, lay a full cocked rifle on it, aim at some small object at as great a distance from it as the drill room will permit (a wafer on the wall, for instance), and explain to the men the following simple rules:

The sight should not incline to the right or left.

The line of sight should be taken along the center of the notch of the rear sight and the top of the front sight, which should cover the middle of the mark aimed at.

The eye should be fixed on the mark, and not on the front sight. Particular attention should be paid to this rule, as beginners are apt to fix the eye on the front sight and not on the mark, which prevents the latter from being distinctly seen and greatly increases the difficulty in aiming.

2. The instructor will also explain the different kinds of sights, viz:

Fine Sight—When the point of the front sight is just seen through the notch of the rear right, the effect of which is to shoot low.

Full Sight—When the whole of the wedged shaped portion of the front sight is displayed through the notch on the rear sight, the effect of which is to shoot high.

Half-Sight—When but half the front sight is seen.

3. At times during this drill the leaf of the rear sight should be required to be raised.

Aiming—(One.) Come to the position of ready and raise the leaf of the rear sight.

(Two.) Raise the rifle smartly in front of the right shoulder to the full extent of the left arm, without moving the body, head or eye; the arms to move close to the body; barrel nearly horizontal and pointing a few inches below the mark; the eyes fixed upon the forefinger inside the trigger guard; both elbows inclined downward.

(Three.) Press the piece smartly with both hands against the hollow of the shoulder, which must neither be allowed to give way nor pressed forward or raised to meet it; the left elbow at the same time being brought as far under the rifle as is possible without assuming an unnatural position; the right elbow slightly raised, being nearly squarely with the right shoulder; the center (or rather the upper than lower) part of the butt to be pressed firmly against the shoulder with the left hand without touching the collar bone, the top of the butt being as nearly as possible even with the top of the shoulder, the forefinger will be placed around the trigger like a hook, but without pressing it; the head and body will be kept perfectly perpendicular the whole time, no attempt being made to look through the sights.

(Four.) Close the left eye and incline the head to the right over the small of the stock so that the right eye may quickly perceive the coincidence of the rear and front sights, and the object aimed at.

(Five.) Raise the head, look squarely to the front and bring the piece smartly to the first position.

Practice in aiming will be continued until the men aim quickly and correctly from the shoulder, after which they should be taught how to discharge the arm by pressing or squeezing the trigging, and especially to avoid a pull or jerk in so doing.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

NEWARK, N. J.—The Association matches during the week ending Nov. 23 resulted as follows: Monday, Nov. 22, Puritan range—Puritan 1,022, Lakeside 1,016. Annie Oakley range—Monroe 1,010. Annie Oakley 1,004. Essex range—Essex 1,048, North Ward 1,024. Friday, Nov. 22, Newark Range—Howard 1,071, Newark 985. Electric range—Oakland 965, Electric 947. Essex range Essex 1,083, Lakeside 1,056. Excelsior range—Excelsior 992, Sheppard 982.

The standing of the clubs in the Association tournament to date is as follows:

	Won.	Lost.	Tied.	Average.
Howard	5	0	0	1,060⅘
Excelsior	4	1	0	1,032⅘
Monroe	4	1	0	1,007
Essex	3	1	0	1,044¾
Oakland	3	1	1	1,005⅕
North Ward	3	2	0	1,014⅖
Puritan	3	2	1	1,008⅕
Lakeside	2	3	0	1,016⅘
Newark	1	4	0	969⅖
Sheppard	1	4	0	914⅖
Electric	0	5	0	931⅕
Annie Oakley	0	5	0	941⅘

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Nov. 23.—Seven members of the St. Louis Pistol Club took part in its last shoot. The scores are again very low. Alexander made 83 and took the medal. The score, 20yds., standard American target:

G Alexander	10	8	5	9	7	10	9	6	9	10—83
W Bauer	9	5	10	6	10	5	10	10	8	9—82
M Summerfield	9	6	8	10	6	9	7	10	7	8—80
M Billmeyer	8	5	6	9	7	8	10	8	7	8—76
W Mackwitz	6	9	6	7	8	8	5	9	7	9—74
W Hettel	8	6	7	7	10	5	8	9	7	9—74
A E Bengel	6	8	9	7	5	8	5	6	7	5—64

Nov. 30.—The disagreeable weather last Wednesday night was no doubt the cause of a very light attendance at the St. Louis Pistol Club's regular weekly shoot. Only five members put in an appearance. What was lacking in number was fortunately made up by a really pretty 92 by Mr. Alexander. The balance of the scores are only ordinary. Standard American 20yds. target is used by the club. The scores:

G Alexander	9	10	8	10	10	10	8	9	9	9—92
W Bauer	8	9	7	7	9	10	9	8	10	7—84
W Mackwitz	9	7	9	10	5	8	9	10	5	7—79
M Billmeyer	7	6	8	8	9	8	9	10	6	7—78
O Wallace	9	9	10	7	7	5	9	7	6	9—78

UNSER FRITZ.

MILITIA PRACTICE.—Rifle practice by the militia hereabouts has been well pushed during the past season and the second classes with the following showing which gives the numbers qualifying, by organizations, in the Qualification and Marksman's Badge matches and as sharpshooters during the 1889 shooting season:

	At 100-200 Yards.	At 200-500 Yards.	Both Classes Individ's.	Remaining in 2d Class.	Sharpshooters.
7th Regiment	248	622	638	16	61
23d Regiment	127	294	329	35	52
9th Regiment	26	76	87	11	7
22d Regiment	27	57	64	7	9
71st Regiment	19	50	55	5	4
13th Regiment	10	31	37	6	8
12th Regiment	9	31	32	1	11
47th Regiment	4	26	29	3	1
14th Regiment	2	11	12	1	4
69th Regiment	3	11	11	...	4
8th Regiment	2	4	5	1	...
32d Regiment	...	2	2	...	...
State Staff	...	2	2	...	1
1st Brig Staff	2	3	3	...	1
2d Brig Staff	1	1	1	...	1
3d Brig Staff	...	1	1	...	1
Sapernum'y Officers	1	5	5	...	3
11th Separate Com	1	1	1	...	...
14th Separate Com	...	1	1	...	...
37th Separate Com	3	5	5	...	1
2d Gatling Battery	...	1	1	...	...
2d Brig Signal Corps	...	1	1	...	...
Total	485	1,236	1,322	86	150

The foregoing can be better understood by reference to the table which follows, giving the number of entries and competitors at the regular match of the Nrtional Rifle Association:

	Qualification Match.		Marksmans Badge.		Sharpshooters' Match.	
	Competitors.	Entries.	Competitors.	Entries.	Competitors.	Entries.
June 8	40	49	118	467	59	103
June 15	36	44	112	464	57	91
July 4	45	59	115	491	58	112
July 13	17	20	32	93	38	69
July 27	5	5	14	40	22	42
Aug. 3	10	11	40	193	54	88
Aug. 10	14	21	54	170	48	75
Aug. 17	29	37	110	360	64	96
Aug. 24	20	24	78	221	60	98
Sept. 7	91	118	198	693	84	136
Oct. 5	39	67	110	300	75	138
Oct. 12	25	55	110	265	73	142
Oct. 26	50	82	91	444	47	88
Nov. 5	150	233	410	1054	110	156
Total	571	825	1592	5195	849	1434

In calculating the actual extent of the practice indicated in the foregoing it should be remembered that each entry in the sharpshooters' competition represents three "strings," the qualification and marksman's badge matches being single-entry contests. From this statement may be figured the amount of money expended by each individual in securing the marksman's badge, *pro rata*, which in the case of the Seventh Regiment amounts to a considerable sum, and showing the extent to which enthusiasm and personal pride will carry the individual.

BOSTON, Nov. 30.—The Massachusetts Rifle Association held its regular weekly shoot to-day. The scores of Lee and Ellsworth were very fine. Munroe won the gold medal in the 20-shot rest match and Lee won the champion medal. Following are the scores made to-day:

20-Shot Rest Match.

J R Munroe	98	106	214	N E Norman	90	101	191			
T Warren	93	105	198							

Champion Medal Match.

H L Lee	10	10	9	10	10	9	9	10	6	8—91

Victory Medal Match.

G F Ellsworth	10	10	9	9	9	8	9	8	8	9—89
S O Gardner	8	3	A S Hunt							80

Military Medal Match.

J N Frye	44	D T Wigglesworth	41	A S Hunt	38	
G F Hall	41	H Garfield	39	S Field	37	

All Comers' Rest Match.

S Wilder	108	F W Chester	100	T B Williams	98	
H H Ballard	101	T Wynan	99	N E Norman	94	
F S Ham	100	F C Towne	98	M B Martin	91	

All Comers' Off-Hand Match.

H L Lee	83	S C Sydney	77	F W Chester	74	
J B Fellows	78	A S Hunt	75	D Bayley	66	
M B Martin	60					

Military Practice Match.

W Murphy	43	S Field	38	H Garfield	35	
O T Moore	42	A S Hunt	37	C Corney	35	
D T Wigglesworth	41					

BALTIMORE, Nov. 28.—Company K, Fifth Regiment, Captain Robert Riddell Brown, went to Darley Park for target shooting. The prize winners were Private N. B. Hutchinson, first prize, a gold medal, won by a score of 27 out of a possible 35; second prize, a gold medal, Private James W. McCuen; third prize, a silver medal, Corporal C. C. Anderson, Jr. Company F, of the Fifth Regiment, Capt. J. Frank Supplee, had target practice at Govanstown. The shooting was at 100yds. range, for a gold medal, offered as a first prize by Capt. Supplee, and a silver medal, offered by First Lieutenant Moulton, for the second prize. The scores, out of a possible 25 points, were:

Corp P H Daley	22	Sergt Adams	9	Pvt Mixter	13
Pvt G W Byrd	20	Corp Putsche	3	Pvt Orndorff	18
Capt Supplee	16	Pvt Burrough	20	Pvt Taylor	20
1st Lieut Moulton	14	Pvt Billmire	16	Pvt Thompson	19
2d Lieut Irving	17	Pvt Durrell	14	Pvt Gumbrecht	11
Sergt Kiefer	19	Pvt Gehrman	11	Pvt Zimmerman	15

A turkey feast followed at Ritter's Hotel, and the medals were presented to the winners, Corporal Daley and Private Byrd.

WILMINGTON, Nov. 25.—Owing to the incessant rains and high tides Healdmoor Rifle Range, Wilmington, Del., became badly flooded and was too wet for rifle practice on Nov. 25, so that the marksmen were obliged to devote the time to pistol practice. Some very fine shooting was done and in the excitement of competition the riflemen forgot the privation of losing their week's feast of rifle practice. The shooting resulted in the following score, Standard American targets, off-hand:

E J Darlington (Gould model)*	10	9	10	8	8	9	10	9	10	10—93
	9	10	8	10	9	8	10	9	9	10—92
E Jackson (Gould model)	8	10	10	9	8	10	8	9	7	9—88
H Simpson (Gould model)	9	6	7	10	10	9	10	10	6	10—87
W H Johnson (Gould model)	10	9	7	8	8	9	8	6	8	8—81
O E Garmany (Gould model)	6	10	10	8	6	9	8	8	6	9—80
J W Geyer (Gould model)	10	6	8	4	8	7	7	7	10	5—72
E Darlington (Lord model)	9	8	6	8	7	7	7	8	8	6—74
W Floyd (Gould model)	6	8	5	4	6	3	5	7	9	8—61
W S Darlington (Lord model)	8	7	0	5	6	8	5	8	6	8—61
Mr McGinty	3	5	0	7	7	5	4	4	5	0—40

*Clean scores.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

Secretaries of clubs and managers of tournaments are requested to keep us advised of the dates of their shoots, so that we may give due notice in our column of fixtures.

THE NEBRASKA TOURNAMENT.

THE Lincoln Gun Club held a three days' tournament on the Fair Grounds, at Lincoln, Neb., Nov. 28, 29 and 30. Despite the weather, which was very cold, with high winds, the attendance was good and a very enjoyable time repaid all the visitors. A fine hot dinner was served each day on the grounds and did much to aid in keeping out the cold. Some remarkly good scores were made, the winners receiving merchandise prizes in addition to a division of the purses. The scores in full follow, all ties div. unless otherwise stated:

Nov. 28.—First event, 15 single bluerocks, open to members of Lincoln Gun Club only, five traps, four prizes in addition to club badge:

Burr	000000101001010—4	Turner	001101100011010—7
Noble	000001011001110—6	Bush	000000101100111—6
Hutchins	000101000010000—3	Mockett	000011001000011—5
Kelley	010000101000010—5	Stout	111111110110111—13
Riser	001101000000000—3	Spears	010111001011111—10
Stevens	110011000111101—9	St John	100101001011100—7
Rudge	000011000000000—2	Clark	000001100010000—3

Second event, prize match, 7 single live birds, 21yds., 5 traps, use of one barrel, 6 prizes:

Parmalee	1110101—5	Hutchins	0110101—4
Cox	1100110—4	Kelley	1001010—3
Phillips	1111111—7	Stout	0111111—6
Hathaway	0101000—2	Mockett	0111111—6
Harrison	1111111—7	Palmer	1111110—6
Houtz	1010111—5	Reynard	1111111—7
Applegate	0110111—5	Spears	1100101—4
Walker	0100110—3	Lowe	1111111—7
Hallett	1100111—5	Rudge	0001000—1
Smith	0111111—6	Turner	0110101—5
Carruthers	1111111—7	Noble	0111000—3
Bush	0001111—4	St. John	0110011—4
Clarke	0110011—4	Stevens	1111110—6
Burr	1110100—4		

Harrison won first on shoot off for tie, Smith second, Applegate third, Spears fourth, Kelley fifth, Rudge lowest.

Third event, prize match, 10 single bluerocks, 5 traps, 18yds., seven prizes:

Smith	0100110101—5	Turner	0010000011—3
Parmalee	1111111111—10	Noble	0010101110—5
Raynerd	1111111111—10	Bush	1100110000—4
Cox	1101101111—8	S P Stevens	1111111111—10
Clarke	1110111101—8	Hallett	1000110010—4
Walker	1101011101—7	Lowe	1111010110—8
Phillips	1111111101—9	Riser	1010101011—6
Applegate	1110101101—7	J A Stevens	1111110111—9
Palmer	1001111111—8	Mockett	0001010000—2
Harrison	0101000110—4	Rudge	1001001011—5
Burr	0110110101—6	Spear	0001000100—2
Caruthers	0101011011—6	Hutchins	0101110100—5
Kelly	1111101000—6	Houtz	000
Stout	1001101011—6	Hathaway	1011010000—5

First div., second Phillips, third Palmer, fifth Burr, sixth Rudge; lowest score by Spear.

Fourth event, 3 pair live birds and 3 singles, 7 prizes:

Parmalee	11 10 01—4	011—2—6	Burr 11 01 00—3 110—2—5
Raynerd	11 11 11—6	111—3—9	S P Stevens 11 11 01—5 111—3—8
Palmer	10 11 10—4	111—3—7	Noble 00 10 10—2 011—2—4
Phillips	11 10 11—5	111—3—8	Cox 10 11 01—4 111—3—7
Stout	10 10 10—3	110—2—5	Hutchins 01 01 01—3 111—3—6
Clark	10 10 00—2	110—2—4	Houtz 01 11 11—5 101—2—7
Smith	00 11 11—4	111—3—7	Carruthers 10 01 11—4 011—2—6
J A Stevens	10 10 10—3	000—0—3	Walter 00 10 11—3 011—2—5
Harrison	10 11 11—5	111—3—8	Mockett 11 01 11—5 101—2—7
Lowe	10 11 11—5	111—3—8	Turner 01 11 11—5 110—2—7
Hallett	11 10 11—4	111—3—7	Riser 10 11 00—3 010—1—4
Hathaway	11 00 11—4	111—3—7	Applegate 10 11 10—4 111—3—7
Spears	11 10 11—5	101—2—7	St John 10 00 10—2 100—1—3
Bush	10 10 01—3	100—1—4	Kelly 00 10 00—1 110—2—3
Rudge	10 11 11—5	101—2—7	

Raynerd first, Harrison second, Palmer third, Hutchins fourth, Walker fifth, Bush sixth, Kelly lowest.

Fifth event, prize match, 5 singles and 5 pairs bluerocks, 7 prizes:

Parmalee	11111 11 11 10 10—12	Cox	01101 11 10 10 10 10—9
Palmer	11111 10 11 00 11—11	Hutchins	01100 00 10 00 00 11—5
Stout	11111 10 11 10 11—13	Walter	11010 11 11 11 11—12
Phillips	11110 11 10 10 11—11	Bush	11100 11 10 10 10 01—9
Raynerd	11111 10 11 10 11—13	Noble	01101 10 11 10 10 10—9
J Stevens	11101 10 11 11 10—10	Mockett	10100 01 10 11 10 01—9
Clarke	11110 10 11 11 11—12	Riser	10101 01 11 11 01 00—9
St John	10101 10 10 10 00 00—6	Carruth'rs	10111 11 11 11 11 00—12
S Stevens	11111 11 11 11 00—13	Lowe	11111 01 11 11 11—14
Burr	01010 10 10 10 11 10—8	Smith	10011 11 01 00 10 11—9
Kelly	11111 10 01 10 00 10—9	Rudge	01100 10 10 00 10 10—6
Harrison	11101 11 11 11 11 00—12	Hathaway	11011 01 10 00 10 11—9

Lowe first, Raynerd second, Palmer third, Phillips fourth, J. A. Stevens fifth, Bush sixth, Hutchins lowest.

Sweepstakes, 10 single bluerocks, 5 traps, $1, 5 prizes:

Clarke	1011101011—7	Cox	1111111111—10
Reynard	1111111111—10	Noble	0101000011—4
Parmalee	1111111110—9	Stout	1101001011—6
Carruthers	0001110010—4	Mockett	0000111101—5
Stevens	1111111111—10	Phillips	1111111011—9
Applegate	0001010110—4	Lowe	1011101110—7
Harrison	1001111101—7	Smith	1100101000—4
Palmer	0110111000—5		

Reynard, Parmalee and Stevens div. first, Phillips second, Clarke, Harrison and Lowe div. third, Stout fourth, Mockett fifth.

Nov. 29.—First event, prize match, 10 single live birds, 30yds., 5 traps, use of both barrels, 7 prizes:

Parmalee	1111111111—10	Noble	0100111000—4
Reynard	1111011111—9	Hutchins	0100111111—7
Phillips	1110101110—7	Bush	1100111000—5
Palmer	1101111101—9	Turner	1001011011—6
Cox	0001100111—4	Houtz	1001001111—6
Clark	1111111011—9	McNett	1110111110—8
Harrison	1011001101—6	Kelly	0011110110—6
Stevens	0011111110—7	Rudge	1111101111—9
C H Clarke	1100111011—7	Hathaway	0001100110—4
T A Stevens	1011101011—7	Spears	0111111110—8
Burr	1110110110—7	Lowe	1111011111—9
Caruthers	1001011111—7	Hurgins	1010011111—7
Riser	0101110011—6		

Parmalee first, Palmer second, Mockett third, J. A. Stevens fourth, Harrison fifth, Bush sixth, Hathaway seventh.

Second match, 7 live birds, 30yds. rise, 5 traps, entrance $5, 5 prizes:

Parmalee	1111111—7	Reynard	1111111—7
Puckett	0101000—2	H Clarke	1001101—4
Spears	1111011—6	Caruthers	1111101—6
J B Smith	1111010—5	Hallett	1110111—6
C H Clarke	0000010—1	Phillips	1111111—7
Harrison	1111011—6	J A Stevens	1110101—5
S P Stevens	0101011—4	Cox	1111110—6
Palmer	0101111—6	Burr	1100110—4

Parmalee, Reynard and Phillips div. first, Harrison and Cox second, J. B. Smith third, Burr fourth, Mockett fifth.

Third match, 15 single bluerocks, 5 traps, entrance $2.50, 5 prizes:

Reynard	110111111110111—13	Cox	010111011110101—10
Palmer	101001111001111—10	Clarke	011110111111101—12
Parmalee	111111111111111—15	Stevens	011111101101011—13
Lowe	100111111111001—11	Sid Stevens	111111100101111—11
Stevens	011100101101101—9	Smith	110101111111101—12
Kelly	001111010111110—10	Carruthers	111111111111110—14
Harrison	101101001111111—12		

Parmalee first, Carruthers second, Reynard third, J. B. Smith fourth, S. P. Stevens fifth.

Fifth match, 5 pairs and 5 single bluerocks, entrance $3, five prizes:

Kelly	01 00 10 01 00 00000—3	Parmalee	11 11 11 11 11 11111—15
Reynard	11 10 11 11 11 01111—13	Clark	10 10 01 01 01 11111—10
Palmer	10 11 11 11 11 01011—12	Carothers	11 11 11 10 11 11101—13
Harrison	11 11 11 01 10 11111—13		

Parmalee first, Reynard second, Palmer third, C. H. Clarke fourth, Kelly fifth.

Nov. 30.—First match, 10 single bluerocks, entrance fee $1, two moneys:

Carothers	1111111111—10	H F Clarke	0001100010— 3
Smith	1101111111— 9	Burgess	1111111111—10
C H Clarke	1101001001— 5	Parmalee	1111111111—10

Ties on 10:

Carothers	111110w — 5	Parmalee	1111111111—10
Burgess	1111111111—10		

Burgess and Parmalee div. first, Smith second.

Second match, 9 live birds, 30yds., entrance $7:

Carothers	111110111—8	Burgess	1111111110—8
Parmelee	1111111111—9	C H Clarke	0101010001—4
J B Smith	1111111111—9	Kelly	1001111111—7

Tie for second:

Carothers	11111	Burgess	11110

Parmelee and Smith div. first money, Carothers second, Kelly third and C. H. Clarke fourth.

Third match, special for merchandise prize, 15 single bluerocks:

Parmelee	111111111111111—15	Smith	111111110
Burgess	111111101001111—12	Stevens	111111111111111—15
Carothers	000111111110111—11	Clarke	1110
Burr	111111101010001—10	Kelly	110

Parmelee won.

Fourth match, 25 live birds, entrance $6, 6 prizes; Parmelee, Carruthers, Burgess and Smith stood at 30yds., all other shooters allowed 4yds.:

Kelly	16	C H Clarke	18 H F Clarke 16
Palmelee	20	S P Stevens	21 Burgess 17
Carruthers	18	Burr	19 Smith 19

Stevens first, Parmelee second, Burr third, Carruthers shot off the tie and won fourth, Burgess fifth.

Fifth match, 15 single bluerocks, entrance $1, two moneys:

Parmelee	111111111111111—15	H F Clarke	0100001111111110 — 9
Stevens	111111101101101—12	Carothers	101011101111011—11
Burr	011111101111111—13		

Pamelee first and Burr second.

Sixth match, 25 live birds, entrance $6, one money:

H F Clarke	21	C H Clarke	18
Carothers	21	Burr	20

Score on tie: H. F. Clarke 14, Carothers 13.

The club is very much pleased with the success of their tournament. They extend their thanks to the sportsmen from other towns who participated in the tournament and remained notwithstanding the unpleasant weather. C. H. C., Sec'y.

THE SHOOTING TOUR.

AT latest advices the United States Cartridge Co. had completed their Eastern team for the grand trap-shooting exhibition series by the addition of W. S. Perry, of Worcester, Mass., and now the Western team is upset by a doubt of Al Bandle's ability to go. This is to be a most desirable trip, and every one who has been invited to go would be glad to accept, but unfortunately business interests conspire to prevent some of the best shots from leaving home for the three months as proposed. It is to be hoped that Bandle will be able to go, as he will prove a valuable addition to the party, both socially and professionally.

Later—A despatch just received states that J. A. Ruble, of Beloit, Wis., will complete the Western team in place of Al. Bandle, who is unable to go.

NEWARK, N. J.—On Thursday, Dec 12, the members of the Amersfort Gun Club of Long Island shoot a team race against the members of the South Side Gun Club of Newark, N. J. The last-named club won the American Field diamond badge, in a contest in which eleven clubs were engaged all parts of the United States. The terms of the present match are: Teams of 15 men each club, 52 blue rock (artifical targets) each man, American Association rules to govern, and the match to be shot on the grounds of the South Side Club.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 29.—On last Tuesday, Nov. 26, Mr. R. B Organ (Wadsworth), of this city, shot Mr. James Riley, of Kansas City, at the latter place, a 50 bird match for $50 a side. The score was 46 birds each. This race will probably not be renewed.

On last Wednesday, at the same city, Messrs. R. B. Organ and C. W. Budd shot a 50 bird race, $50 a corner, with Messrs. James Riley and J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City. The score was:

Organ.....45	Riley.....46
Budd.....47—92	Elliott.....46—92

This race will probably be shot over at Davenport, Thursday, Dec. 5, the stakes being doubled.

Messrs. Organ and Budd will shoot a similar race with Messrs. Frank Parmalee, of Omaha, and J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, at Omaha, Tuesday, Dec. 3. The shooting so far has been under American Association rules, with a dead line. In the four cornered shoot Mr. Organ, under these rules, lost four birds dead out of bounds, and Mr. Budd two; Mr. Riley lost two dead out and Mr. Elliott one.

A cracking sweep was shot at Grand Crossing Thanksgiving Day, in spite of the terrible weather, participants being Mr. Eich, the Kleinman boys, the Reeves brothers, Mr. Watson, Mr. Shepard and his son. They shot five 5-bird sweeps, and each killed 5 straight, except in one sweep, each killed 4. Thus they made 96 out of 100 and had to divide after all. The birds were a fine lot of John Watson's best brand, and he traps the best birds it was ever this writer's fortune to see in this country.

Mr. John Kleinman is back from San Antonio, Texas, where he shot quail and fraternized with Frank and Luther James, of the somewhat celebrated James family of Missouri. While at San Antonio Mr. Kleinman got on a 50-bird pigeon match at $250 a side with a Mr. Sullivan. The latter forfeited for some reason or other. On the day following he and John went out quail shooting together and Mr. Sullivan got about all the quail.

"Well, now how many pigeons is your average?" asked John. "If you can kill pigeons the way you do quail I don't want to shoot with you."

"Oh, I only got 47 out of my 50 in my last match," replied Mr. Sullivan, "and I ought to have been beaten. I shot 48 and 49 in the last two races before that. I know I can't shoot along with you."

"The —— you can't," said John, "Well, I'm mighty glad you thought so before we shot. You'd have beaten me easy." "Say, fellows," John adds up here, "that fellow came awful near taking my $250. I'm pale yet, every time I think about it." E. HOUGH.

STANDARD GUN CLUB.—Baltimore, Nov. 28.—The Standard Gun Club's tournament, held at Stowman's Park, was one of the best ever held in this part of the State. A large number of shooters participated. The weather was fine and everything passed off to the intense satisfaction of all participants. The main event of the day was a gold medal contest, which was won by Messrs. Pilson and Wroton tying on 19 out of 20. There were several other sweepstakes. Standard traps and targets were used throughout and Keystone system, which gave entire satisfaction. Shooting commenced at 8:30 and lasted until dark. There were 5 regular events and a good many sweepstakes.

First event, 20 singles, 5 traps, entrance 40 cents, 3 moneys:

Clements..01011001101111110011—13	Kaufman..10100101011100010010—9
Da'kmey'r01000110110101111110—12	Nimick...01001011100011101111—12
Catterton..10011111011111101101—15	Caulder..11100010100111001010—10
Denny ...01001111101111011110—14	Wroton..01111101111011011000—13
Volkman..11101111011010011110—14	Gross....11101011011101110011—14

Twenty singles, entrance 40 cents:

Franklin..11111101001001101111—14	Dorry...11100011010111000110—11
Wroton...01011111111101100101—14	Dankmy'r10010101001000010011— 8
Gordon....10101011101111111101—15	Minick...11101101101019011101—13
Catterton.11111111111001111111—18	Kaufman.10100001101111100011—11
Joey.....00110501001010010110— 8	Dyson....10001000010101010101— 9
Volkman.10011111101100001111100—12	T Baily...01110111001010000110—11
A Baily...01110110100100110111—12	Hitzel....01110110101111110001—13

Twenty singles, 50 cents entrance, 6 mea teams, prize gold medal donated by the club.

First Team.		Second Team.	
A Baily...	10111111100001011101—14	T Baily...	10111010111111100101—14
Gordon....	11111110111101111111—18	Volkman.	01111111111111111110—18
Pilson....	11111111111111111101—19	Stowman.	11001111111111111011—17
Clement..	11101111011100111000—13	Gross....	11101110000011111111—15
Dyson....	10011101111101111100—14	Hitzel....	10111111101111111011—17
Wroton...	10111111111111111111—19	Catterton.	10011111101111101101—15
	97		96

Third Team.

Roberts...11101111000010111111—14	Kaufman.11011101111110100011—15
Dankmy'r00100000000011000010— 4	Chase....00111111111000011011—13
Minick...10101111101101110110—13	
Caulder..01011000011100101001—10	69

Five singles, 5 pair doubles, entry 50 cents, 3 moneys:

Jory.....01011	01 00 11 10 10— 8	T Baily..10111	11 10 11 10 10—10
Gordon...11011	00 10 10 10 00— 7	Volkman.00011	10 10 11 10 00— 7
Dorry....00100	00 10 11 10 10— 6	Kaufman10110	00 00 01 10 00— 5
Fssex....00001	00 10 10 00 10— 4	A Bailey.10000	10 00 10 10 00— 4
Clement..10111	11 10 10 10 10—10	Gross....01110	10 01 10 10 00— 7

Ten singles, entry 50 cents 3 moneys:

Essex	1000100100—3	Catterton	1010110100—5
Gordon	0111111001—8	Hitzel	0010011000—3
A Bailey	1011011100—6	Minick	1110110101—7
Kaufman	0101000110—4	T Baily	1111111101—9
Joey	0111110010—7	Wroton	1111011111—9

Sweepstake, 10 singles:

Gordon	9	Hitzel	4
T Bailey	6	Stowman	8
Dankmeyer	6	Catterton	7
Pilson	7	Gross	4
A Baily	4		

Sweep at 5 singles:

A Baily	3	Dankmeyer	1
Joey	4	Roberts	1
Gross	3	T Baily	3
Chase	2	Catterton	3
Hitzel	3	Pilson	3

Sweep at 10 singles:

Clement	7	Cantler	5
Gross	10	Minick	6
Volkman	6	Kaufman	7

Sweep at 5 singles:

Clement	5	Volkman	5
Gross	5	Kaufman	2
Dyson	3	Phillips	1

Sweep at 10 singles:

Joey	3	Essex	2
A Baily	7	Clement	8
Gordon	7	Park	4
T Baily	8	Casey	4

Sweep at 5 singles:

Dankmeyer	4	Franklin	2
Wroton	2	Gross	4
Clement	5	Kaufman	4
Dorry	3	Joey	2
Baily	1		
Catterton	5	Baily	1
Gordon	2	Hitzel	3

Sweep at 5 singles:

Hitzel	3	Gross	3
Richardson	5	Kaufman	5
Chase	2	Cantler	3
Volkman	2	Dankmeyer	1

Sweep at 10 singles:

Gordon	10	A Baily	9
Clement	7	Kaufman	7
Joey	6	T Baily	3

C. W.

EMERALD GUN CLUB.—Regular shoot of the Emerald Gun Club of New York city, held at New Dorp, Staten Island, Nov. 20. Terms, 10 live birds from 5 ground traps, handicap rise, 80yds. boundary, use of both barrels, use of second barrel in ties to count as a bird. Eighteen club members faced the traps and enjoyed themselves like boys on a holiday. The day was a perfect one for pigeon shooting, there being wind enough to blow away the smoke and make the birds fly rapidly. The birds were a first-class lot and took to wing readily, and as G. Remsen said, "they had on a chest protector in the rear." F. Shrader was referee, and was both efficient and fortunate, as he had only one close decision to make during the shoot. P. J. Keenan was scorer, and as usual was distinguished by his extreme modesty. Dr. Leveridge won the second prize for the third time, and it is now his personal property. G. Remsen and F. Shrader tied for first prize, and in the shoot-off Remsen missed twice, and Shrader, killing his second, won by a bird. T. J. Brady wins third for first time, Chrystal and Codey had hard luck in their birds, as they got the sort that whole families are said to miss. P. J. Keenan's gun broke down and he had to shoot a strange howitzer, which accounts for his small score, and even a new leather patch could not save him. By the way, T. J. Brady is our newly elected Assemblyman, and is much respected by those who know him.

R Regan (25)	1 00210211—6	M W Murphy (25)	1112010101—7
T J Crystal (25)	0200000001—2	T J Brady (21)	1000110001—4
G Remsen (30)	2220221103—8	P J Brennan (21)	0100000111—4
Col J H Voss (32)	1022100011—6	J Measel, Jr (30)	0101101111—7
F Shrader (30)	1112011221—8	Dr Leveridge (25)	2121120111—9
Dr G V Hudson (30)	1010120211—7	M McMunn (30)	1112001010—6
L C Gehering (32)	2202101001—6	C Horth (25)	0110102222—7
P J Keenan (25)	0000012010—3	P Butz (30)	2110000101—5
T P Mackenna (25)	2110220112—8	T Codey (30)	2000000120—3

JESSUPS, Md.—The following are the scores of a well-attended shoot, at Jessups, Md., held by Wm. H. Linthicum, of Baltimore, assisted by the writer. The majority of those present were members of the Patuxent Gun Club, recently organized, which birds fair to rank high among the good clubs of the State. Messrs. Franklin, Cantler, Colton and Dr. Brown, of the Baltimore Gun Club were among the visitors, my friend Brown bringing out his new Winchester repeating shotgun for the first time at the traps with much satisfaction and some success. Keystone traps and targets were used in all events. First event, 5 singles, sweepstakes, 25cts. entrance:

Bond	11111—5	Willey	01011—3
Linthicum	11101—4	Brown	11100—3

Second event, 5 singles, for game cock, won by Bond:

Bond	11101—4	Linthicum	01101—3
Brown	10111—4	Willey	10101—3
Ridge	11011—4		

Third event, 5 singles, $1 entrance, 2 moneys:

Bond	11111—5	Oldfield	10111—4
Brown	11111—5	Smith	00111—3
Willey	11011—4	Murray	01101—3

Ties on 4 and 5 div.

Fourth event, 10 singles, $1.50 entrance, 3 moneys:

Bond	1101110111—8	Murray	0110111011—7
Brown	0111111110—8	Willey	1110011001—6
Linthicum	1111011010—7	Oldfield	0001111100—5

Ties div.

Fifth event, 5 singles, 25cts. entrance, sweepstake:

Willey	01111—4	Linthicum	01101—3
Brown	11110—4	Elliott	11100—3
Bond	11001—3	Warfield	01110—3

Brown and Willey div.

Sixth event, 5 singles, 3 live turkeys:

Linthicum	11111—5	Willey	11100—3
Warfield	10111—4	Murray	01111—3
Cantler	01111—4	Elliott	10010—2
Brown	11110—4	Oldfield	11000—2
Franklin	01110—3	Denmead	10001—2
Bond	11001—3		

Linthicum, Brown and Bond won.

Seventh event, 5 singles, 4 live turkeys:

Bond	11111—5	Franklin	10100—2
Linthicum	10111—4	Murray	10010—2
Warfield	11110—4	Willey	10000—1
Brown	11101—4	Elliott	00100—1
Cantler	10.01—3	Bond, Sr.	00001—1

Bond, Brown, Cantler and Franklin won.

Eighth event, $2 entrance, 5 singles, 3 moneys:

Cantler	11111—5	Linthicum	10111—4
Franklin	11111—5	Bond	10110—3
Brown	11111—5	Willey	01110—3
Oldfield	11011—4	Elliott	11000—2
Murray	01111—4		

Ties on 5 div., Linthicum and Bond won in ties on 4 and 3.

Ninth event, 5 singles, $1 entrance, 2 moneys:

Linthicum	11111—5	Brown	01111—4
Franklin	11111—4	Bond	01110—3
Cantler	11110—4	Willey	000w—0

Ties on 4: Franklin, 1111010101111011; Brown, 1111010101111100; Cantler, 011; Franklin won.—PICUS.

RED BANK, N. J., Nov. 28.—About five hundred people were on the grounds of the Riverside Gun and Rifle Club this afternoon, the occasion being the largest and most interesting shoot ever held by the club. A number of prominent gunners were included in the crowd, among them being "Hank" White, Thomas Compton, Fred Beard and Leander Campbell. American Association rules governed the shooting, 12-gauge guns, 28yds. rise, and 10-gauge guns, 30yds. for live birds, and 12-gauge 16yds. and 10-gauge 18yds. for clay-pigeons. Robert Clayton, of Leedsville, was referee. The purses were divided as follows: Less than 12 entries, 50, 30, and 20 per cent. of the stake to first, second and third; 12 entries or more, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. to first, second, third and fourth. During the morning the shooting was anything but pleasant, a heavy rain, accompanied by a strong wind, making it difficult to sight the birds. In the afternoon the sun came out, the wind ceased, and better scores were made. Following is a summary of the events, the ties in the clay contests being divided: First event, 6 singles:

James Cooper	6	Edward Cooper	4	John Bergon	3
Wm Conover	6	Wm Conover	4		

Second event, 9 singles, clays:

Edward Cooper	7	Wm Conover	5	James Cooper	3
John Cooper	6	John Bergen	4		

Third event, 9 singles and 3 pairs of bluerocks:

John Cooper	9	James Cooper	6	M Cornwell	5
Wm Conover	8	Asa Whymer	6		
Edward Cooper	8	Ed Throckmorton	6		

Fourth event, 5 pairs clays:

Throckmorton	9	Conover	6	Harry Payne	4
Edward Cooper	7	John Cooper	6	Albert Ivins	3
William Little	7	James Cooper	6	Whymer	2
Edward Bussell	7				

Fifth event, 10 single Keystones:

Ivins	9	Conover	6	Edward Cooper	5
James Cooper	8	Whymer	6	Bussell	4
John Cooper	8	William Knapp	5	Andy Coleman	4
Throckmorton	7				

Sixth event, 5 live birds:

John Cooper	5	Edward Cooper	4	Thomas Compton	3
Little	5	Cornwell	3	Throckmorton	2
Conover	5	Bergen	3	Knapp	1
Bussell	5	Coleman	3	James Cooper	1
Ivins	4	Whymer	3		

First and second money div.; Coleman won in shoot-off for third.

Seventh event, 8 live birds:

Edward Cooper	8	Coleman	6	Throckmorton	4
Ivins	7	James Cooper	5	Cornwell	4
John Cooper	7	Little	5	Sam'l Hendrickson	4
Fred Beale	7	Charles Noble	5	Bussell	3
J Campbell	6				

Second and third money div.; Noble won in shoot-off for third.

Eighth event, 5 live birds:

Beale	5	Throckmorton	3	James Cooper	3
Coleman	5	Hendrickson	3	Ivins	2
Davis	4	John Cooper	3	Charles Littlefield	2
Edward Cooper	4	Payne	3	White	2
Conover	4	Bussell	3		

First, second and fourth money div.; John and James Cooper won and div. in shoot-off for third.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 28.—The following is the score in the third of a series of three friendly shoots between the Wayne Gun Club and the Frankford Gun Club, the fir-t of which was won by the Wayne and the last two by Frankford. Much interest was felt in this shoot, it being the deciding one of the series. The best feeling prevailed, and both clubs with numerous friends enjoyed a splendid day's sport. The shoot took place at the Frankford Gun Club's grounds, Frankford, Pa. The Frankford Club contemplates a series of matches during the coming year with the various amateur clubs about the city.

Frankford Gun Club.		Wayne Gun Club.	
Dawson	1111000101110111001—13	Hester	1111001111111111111—18
Duffy	1101111101111011111—17	Yost	0100010100100000001— 6
Allen	1101100111001111011110—13	Scargel	0000011011101111011—12
Longhead	1110011011110010101—13	Clifford	1111101101001111111—15
Crowther	1011011111001111101—15	Davis	1010110101111010010—13
Danser	1110011010110100111—14	Mack	1010111001001100100—10
W Bourne	1111111111111111011—18	Band	1111011010110000110—13
Schwartz	1101010111101101111—15	Briney	0001010701110001011— 9
Hilt	1101111111111110111—17	Hansber'y	1010111000010011011—12
Betson	1111010111011111011—16	Merchant	1010001101111110110—13
Delaney	0011111010111111110—15	Sparks	0110011001010011010—10
	166		131

Referree, Mr. Merchant, Wayne G. C.; judges, W. Hester for Wayne, H. Carter for Frankford; scorer, T. F. Redings. Weather, high wind.

TORONTO, Nov. 23.—W. Tracey and W. McDowall, both of this city, shot a friendly match for a small stake, at Woodbine Park, this afternoon. A large number of friends of the contestants witnessed the shooting, which was very even from start to finish, resulting finally in a tie, both men grassing 50 out of 25 good average birds. McDowall started well, bringing down 9 straight, while Tracy missed his first and third, and also had hard luck, the second barrel of his gun missed fire twice. He, however, took another gun, and did better. At the first tie bird McDowall broke the lock of his gun, and the match was declared a draw, much to the disappointment of those present. A sweep at 10 birds was also shot. W. Hetherington and J. Mitchell killing 9 each and divided first and second P. Wakefield and C. Henry dropped 8, and divided third.

Every week we are obliged to defer to the next week trap scores which come in too late for publication in the current issue. It is particularly requested that scores be sent us as early as possible.

HUTCHINSON, Kan., Nov. 29.—Yesterday morning opened clear and cold with a biting north wind, which "blew in the teeth" of the shooters all day. The wind blew across the traps from northwest to southeast and made the shooting difficult. Chas. Smythe of Wichita made the best general average, and he was closely followed by several members of the home club. The visitors were Wm. Stancer and C. H. Smythe, of Wichita, Andy Swiggett of Towanda, John Baer of White City, J. F. Smythe of Wichita, Messrs. Bavington, Swisher, Wright, Densmore and Merritt of Lyons, and J. A. Rawlings of St. Louis. The tournament was managed by Will Allen, secretary of the home club, and right well did he perform his duty as master of ceremonies. He is well up on rules and regulations and possesses the happy faculty of keeping things moving. There was not a hitch nor a kick to mar the pleasure of the day. The visitors were entertained in a suitabe manner and expressed themselves as having had a grand time. The live birds were a fine lot. They were strong flyers and many of them proved too swift for the shooters. The shooting at the bluerocks was difficult and few straight scores were made. Dinsmore, of the Lyons club, covered himself with glory and sustained his reputation by breaking in good shape nine singles and six pair. His double birds were twisters but he powdered them in fine style.

Twelve single bluerocks, entrance $1:

George	111011111110—10	Allen	011101011000— 7
Swigget	111101110101— 9	Bavington	000011011101— 6
G Chamberlain	011111011100— 8	Dinsmore	001100000110— 4
Young	110111001010— 7	Wright	101100000000— 3

Twelve single bluerocks, entrance $1:

George	111111111101—11	Wright	010111011110— 8
Young	101111111101—10	Dinsmore	111000101111— 8
Swigget	110011111111—10	Bavington	101101000101— 6
G Chamberlain	011110111011— 9		

Team match, Lyons vs. Hutchinson, 100 bluerocks:

Hutchinson.	
J S George	1111111111101110111110011—21
Will Allen	0000011110111111111111111—19
Wiles Taylor	1110011110111111101111001—19
Fred Burslem	1100111011010100001010100—12—71

Lyons.	
I L Wright	1110011011010010111111100—17
R L Densmore	1001011111001010100171111—16
George Swisher	1010111001000001100000000—10
J A Bavington	0100111010100000100000000— 8—51

Nine singles and 3 pairs of bluerocks, entrance $1.50, ties div.:

Smythe	111111111 11 11 10—14	Stancer	111100011 11 10 11—11
Baer	101111111 10 11 01—12	Burslem	110000101 10 11 10— 8
Swiggert	101111111 11 11 11—14	Young	100010011 11 10 10— 7
George	111111101 10 10 10—11		

Twelve singles, entrance $1:

Smythe	111111111111—12	Stancer	111111001110—9
Swiggett	111111111110—11	Rawlings	111011101011—9
Taylor	111110101111—10		

Nine singles and 3 pairs, entrance $1.50:

Dinsmore	111111111 11 11 11—15	Burlem	011011111 10 11 10—11
Smythe	111111011 11 11 10—13	Young	111011110 10 11 00—10
George	111110101 11 10 10—12	Wright	111001100 01 11 10— 9
Taylor	111101111 10 11 10—12	Rawlings	100000011 10 10 11— 7
Stancer	100111101 10 11 11—11	Baer	100101000 10 10 01— 6
Swiggett	001111111 11 10 10—11		

George and Taylor div. third.

Twelve singles, entrance $1:

Smythe	111111111111—12	Dinsmore	111110110001—8
Swiggett	111111111110—11	Young	000111100011—7
Taylor	111111111001—10	Stancer	011101001010—6
George	111111110001— 9	Burslem	100001000011—4
Wright	001111111101— 9	Merritt	010010000010—3

Six singles, entrance 50 cents:

Grant Chamberlain	111111—6	Taylor	011111—5
Young	011111—5	Wright	011100—3
Dinsmore	111101—5	Burslem	100110—3

Chamberlain first, Dinsmore second.

Ten live birds, entrance $5:

C Smythe	0111111010—7	Rawlings	0001001000—2
A Swiggett	0111001010—5	Young	1101111110—8
J Smythe	0111110110—7	George	1100111010—6
W Stancer	0110000111—5		

WALNUT HILL, Nov. 27.—The fornightly shotgun meeting of the Massachusets Rifle Association was held on this range to-day under the most unfavorable conditions in the matter of weather. In spite of all difficulties, however, the marksmen present put up good scores. In the gold coin match Messrs. Bowker and Perry led the field, while Mr. Rule was the winner in the match for the gold medal offered by the Standard Target Company. An interesting feature of the meeting was the challenge match between Messrs. H. G. Wheeler and O. R. Dickey, a detailed score of which will be found in the following summary: Gold coin match, 15 clay birds and 15 standard targets, Keystone system of squad firing:

	Clays.	Standards.
Bowker	111111111110111—14	110111111111111—14—28
Perry	111111101111111—13	111111111111111—15—28
Stanton	111111011111111—14	111111011110111—13—27
Wheeler	111111111111101—14	101111101111111—13—27
Gale	111101011011111—13	110111111000111—11—24
Rule	010111110110111—10	111111111111011—14—24
Nichols	111110101111011—12	110111101101011—11—23
Swift	111111111000111—11	011110111110110—11—22
Black	011101111101110—11	111011100011100— 9— 2
Lee	100101111101001— 9	111101101110110—11— 20
Piper	101111010101111—11	111100110011100— 9— 20
Winer	010110001010000— 5	011000111010001— 7—12

Standard medal match, 20 standard targets, handicap by classes: Rule (B) 20, Gale (C) 19, Nichols (C) 16, Perry (A) 16, Stanton (A) 16, Wheeler (A) 16, Bowker (B) 15, Swift (A) 15, Black (A) 13, Winter (C) 10.

Challenge match, H. G. Wheeler vs. O. R. Dickey, 25 standard targets:

Wheeler	0111111111111111111101—23
Dickey	1111011111111111011111—23

The shoot-off of the tie in this match was very exciting, resulting as follows:

Dickey	1111111101111115—15
Wheeler	0111111111110111—14

The next meeting for shotgun practice at Walnut Hill is scheduled for Wednesday, Dec. 11. The present series of matches will then be continued, and the usual number of sweepstake events will be contested.

RIDGEWOOD, N. J., Nov. 28.—Match at 10 Keystones, 3 traps, 16yds. rise, American Association rules, 50, 30 and 20 per cent., $2 entrance, ties div. Event No. 1:

Rouse	1111101111— 9	M Smith	1010011100— 5
Jochum	0111011101— 7	Gualer	0111011011— 7
H Smith	0101011001— 5	Chopman	0011000111— 5
Rowley	1111111111—10	Roy	1110111011— 8

Event No. 2:

Rouse	0111111110— 8	M Smith	0110110011— 6
Jochum	1111101111— 9	Gualer	1101111101— 8
H Smith	0010111001— 4	Chopman	0101101001— 5
Rowley	1111111111—10	Roy	1111111101— 9

Event No. 3:

Rouse	1111111111—10	M Smith	0111110110— 7
Jochum	0111101101— 7	Gualer	1111111101— 9
H Smith	1000100110— 4	Chopman	0111000101— 5
Rowley	1111111110— 9	Roy	1011111110— 8

Event No. 4:

Rouse	1110101101— 7	M Smith	1010000101— 5
Jochum	1111001111— 8	Gualer	1111111011— 9
H Smith	1000011001— 4	Chopman	0011101111— 8
Rowley	1111101101— 8	Roy	1110111110— 8

C. P. R.

DAVENPORT, Iowa.—November live bird shoot of the Forester Gun Club:

S F Gilman	1010011—4	Chas Culins	1101111—6
C M Leonard	1100100—3	Geo Shado	1111111—7
John Raester	0101111—5	F O Davis	1111111—7
J F Kroy	0111111—6	Geo R Ferrall	1000110—3
L Maser	1101111—6	J W Howard	1111111—7
Aug Schmidt	1111111—7	G H Young	1011111—6
G C Branigan	1101101—5		

CONEY ISLAND GUN CLUB.—The Coney Island Road and Gun Club's special shoot on Thanksgiving was well attended, a large number of marksmen and their friends assembling at the Woodlawn Park grounds. The shooting for the prize was open to members only, while the additional sweepstakes were open to all who wished to compete. First-class birds had been provided, and this, together with a strong wind blowing across the grounds, taxed the skill of the marksmen considerably. C. A. Siddons won the first special club prize, a splendid water color, with a score of 6 out of 7, killing three more on the shoot off and defeating Blattmacher and Dettlefsen. D. Monsees carried off second honors, outshooting Voorhees and Eppig. The winners of the two sweepstakes which followed were D. Cowenhoven, G. Eppig, W. Webber, D. Dettlefsen and A. Nason.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 27.—The Diana Sportsman's Club held its regular monthly shoot at Bay View Park this afternoon. Six members of the club represented the first class and five the second in both events. The targets were glass balls and clay-pigeons. Although the wind interfered very little with the shooting, the result was below the usually high standard of the competing marksmen. In the shooting at glass balls Tony Botty won the first class medal for the second time, and J. Brortmann came off winner in the second class, the prize being a silver medal. First prize on the clay-pigeon score went to M. Brown in the first, and to C. Medler, Jr., in the second class. A sweepstakes at 3 bluerocks, miss and out, C. Medler, Jr., won first money, T. Botty second, and C. Koch third. The handicaps of the marksmen and the number of targets broken were as follows:

Glass Balls, 5 each—First Class.

J Scharff (20)	3	J Koch (18)	3
M Brown (20)	2	C Koch (18)	2
T Botty (22)	3		
Brower (20)	2		

On the shoot-off Botty won with 3 straight, Scharff breaking 2 and J. Koch 1 out of 3.

Second Class.

A Myer (20)	0	Hartmann (20)	3
C Ring (18)	3	C Medler, Jr (20)	3
B Boell (18)	2		

On the shoot-off Hartmann was victorious with 3 straight, Ring breaking 1 and Medler 2 out of 3.

Clay-Pigeons, 10 each—First Class.

J Scharff (18)	1	J Kock (18)	7
M Brown (18)	8	C Koch (18)	6
T Botty (20)	6		
Brower (20)	5		

Second Class.

A Myer (20)	3	J Hartmann (18)	3
C Ring (20)	5	C Medler, Jr (20)	4
P Stein (18)	1		

Nov. 27.—To-day at Louis Miller's Dexter Park the members of the Glenmore Rod and Gun Club of the Eastern District met for their usual monthly contest at the traps. The weather was simply horrible. Early in the afternoon the rain began to fall heavily, and it came down harder and harder as the day wore on. The shooting fever must be strong indeed when men go to the traps on such a day as that. Ten members faced the storm, but not all of these could be induced to shoot after they got to the park. Regular club match, Glenmore Rod and Gun Club, 7 birds each, H and T trap, modified Hurlingham rules to govern. Not a man made a clean score, neither did a single shooter get even six to his credit. T. T. Edgerton, Elias Helgans and P. Van Breele tied for the badge, with 5 killed each. They shot out the tie, 3 birds each man. Van Breele missed his first and dropped out. Helgans and Edgerton each got their 3 scored dead. Then the tie was shot, miss and out, each killing a bird after birds until the sixth round. In this Edgerton slipped up on a rapid flying towerer, and Helgans, killing his, captured both the badge and first money. These men are both in Class A. In Class B, Van Breele took the prize with a score of 4 killed out of 7 shot at. In Class C, R. May took the prize with the same score. Selover got 4, McGill 3, and Lerens not one out of 3 shot at. It was the meanest day and the poorest contest the club has ever had.

Nov. 29.—A young blizzard greeted the members of the Crescent Gun Club when they assembled at Louis Miller's Dexter Park to-day for a shoot at live birds. The birds were nearly all strong flyers, and aided by the wind they gave the marksmen lots of trouble, but the scores were creditable, nevertheless, and the novel sweepstakes at clay birds were shot at live birds instead. The feature of the shooting was the marked improvement in form of T. C. Hopkins. The principal competition was at 10 live birds per man, handicap rises, for the gold badge of the club. The following were the prominent scores:

Hilmer (26)	10	Hopkins (28)	6
Gilman (28)	5		
Simmons (25)	8	Matthews (25)	5
Hopkins (25)	5		

A sweep at 3 live birds per man followed, each shooting at 25yds. rise. Gilman and Simmons both killed their birds, and in the shoot-off again made a clean score and agreed to divide. A sweepstakes at 3 birds followed, in which Hopkins made a clean score of 3 killed and took first money, while Hilmer, Gilman and Simmons tied for the second money, each killing 2. The three ties were then shot off, miss and out, Simmons securing the money.

CLEVELAND, O., Nov. 29.—The regular badge shoot of the Cleveland Gun Club was held Thanksgiving afternoon on its grounds in East Cleveland. The day was very windy, but nevertheless some good shooting was done. Upson broke 24 of his 25 targets and won the Class A badge. Blick, by breaking 20 birds, won the Class B badge. After the regular shoot there was a sweepstake, in which 11 shooters entered. Upson won first money, $4.50, Storey second, $2.70, and Williams third, $1.80. Then came a live-bird shoot by two teams, composed of Upson and Roberts and Calhoun and Forester. The shoot was at 5 birds apiece. The first team won by killing 9 birds. The second team killed 6 out of the 10. The individual scores were: Upson 5, Roberts 4, Calhoun 4, Forester 2. The scores in the badge shoot were as follows:

Rudolph	23
Williams	18
Calhoun	
L O Jones	16
F D Wells	16
J E Jones	15
M F Silsby	16
Wm Weaver	18
W Harris	11
W M Tambiyn	21
Roberts	17
Upson	24
Flick	20
*Wherry	14
*Bear	16

*Visitors.—C.

KLEINTZ DEFEATS CLASS.—Newark, N. J., Nov. 29.—The match between Frank Class and Frank Kleintz came off at Erb's Park this afternoon. The match was an outcome of the Pennsylvania Kleintz-Irwin and New Jersey Frank Class-P. Daly, Jr., match of ten days ago, which match ended in a tie. As was stated then neither man was satisfied, and to-day they are as far apart as ever. The following is the result of the contest. Match for $150 a side, 50 birds each man, Hurlingham rules to govern except that while each used 7½lb. guns the rise was 30yds.:

Frank Kleintz..2221121111021212221211212111211211212222021221112—47
Frank Class.....1212121112112122121012111112102212201011101102—43

Betting was in favor of Kleintz all through the contest, except when Class had two birds to the good, then it was even. On the 34th bird Class killed, but it fell dead out of bounds. This seemed to rattle him, for he missed his next pigeon, an easy-flying incomer. From that out Kleintz had it all his own way. Class missing no less than 4 birds out of the last 14 shot at. The birds were an excellent lot of flyers, many of them fighting like tigers to top the fences, flying until dead in the air and then dropping like stones. In the first half of the match Class had the more difficult birds to grass, but in the second half these birds fell to his opponent, evening up things. Each man killed the best and most rapid flyers, the poor ones being the ones the shooters slipped up on, with few exceptions. Kleintz shot an up-hill race with great nerve, Class being behind, as he was at the start, was a fearful handicap as a send off, but he killed through a winner at the end. The match was witnessed by at least 200 persons, all interested in a game pigeon contest. The following sweepstakes were also decided:

First sweepstakes, 4 birds each, $5 entrance, three moneys, $30, $20 and $10, respectively. Irwin, Class and Kleintz killed all their birds and div. first money. Ties for second money, Winans, Goff, Jones and Collins killed 3 each. The ties were shot off on the next sweep, the best score to take the cash. Third money was won by Eddy, Leddy and Wheaton. This was shot off in next sweep, Eddy drawing out his pro rata share.

Second sweepstakes, same conditions exactly as first: Class, Winans and Goff killed all their birds, but could not agree on a division, and shot the tie miss and out. Winans missed his second bird. The others then divided first money. For second money Irwin, Kleintz, Jones, Collins and Wheaton tied with 3 kills each, and also shot the tie miss and out. Winans dropped out on second shot with the hardest of luck. Lem, the retrieving dog, jumped at the bird, which was hard hit, but got only a tail feather or two. The bird was still flying, and as the bird had not been in the dog's mouth the referee decided it a lost bird. Wheaton went out on his first shot, Jones on sixth, Kleintz on his ninth, Irwin on his tenth. Collins, killing his tenth, shot out all the Pennsylvanians and took the second money himself. The shooting off this tie was a magnificent exhibition of trap-shooting skill. Erb and Leddy divided third money.

NEW YORK, Nov. 30.—The Bronx River Gun Club held their monthly shoot to-day at 25 bluerocks, on their grounds, West Farms, on the Harlem River branch of the Hartford & New Haven Road. Mr. T. N. Jaques won the gold medal.

E P Miller	17
F Pringle	18
A Ditmar	12
T N Jaques	19
O T Mackey	12
J Duane	16
W Pringle	17
Chas Zorn	17

J. M.

CORRY, Pa., Nov. 28.—The last shoot of the Corry Gun Club took place on their grounds Thanksgiving Day, and although the weather was the worst imaginable, everything went off pleasantly and all present had a jolly good time. The main event of the day was a 100-bird race for the medalf of the club, which for the past season have been held in trust from week to week; but in this event the medals were to become the personal property of the winners. The scores made were below the average of the club, but, when taking the weather into consideration, they are very good, as during the entire time of the shoot there was a driving snow storm and some of the targets did not look larger than a silver dollar, and the way they were jerked and tossed around was a caution and kept the boys guessing where to hold to break them. Following is the score:

Penrose	90
H Arnold	89
Blydenburg	81
Austin	79
Nichols	78
Edwards	72
Laurie	69
Wetmore	64
Mead	64
M Arnold	54
Ward	35
Howard	31
Berliner	19

Our next shoot of this season will be a team race of the entire club for a supper, 50 targets per man. I wish some of the old-time sportsmen would drop in and take supper with us. We would give them a good time and supper, with less work and no slaughter of game, as is usual at annual hunts. I will send you a copy of the scores in full and a description of our banquet when it takes place.—H. A. PENROSE.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Nov. 30.—In the silver pitcher match some wind prevailed, yet Perry held his own, and felt certain of his second third of the prize. Unfortunately for him the wind died away as the last on the list came to the scratch, and Cady swooped in with 14 broken birds. The other scores of 8 and over were: Lee and Perry 11. Bond 10, Warren, Merrill and Hubbard 9, Chase, Bradbury and Bradstreet 8. In the sweepstakes the winners of first were: Five pigeons: Short, Cowee and Cady; five bluerocks: Cady; six bluerocks: Cowee; six tin birds: Chase; five pigeons: Brooks; five bluerocks: Cady; five bluerocks: Bradbury; five bluerocks: Lee and Perry; six bluerocks: Bond and Lee; six tin birds: Cowee, Bond and Bradbury; Eight pigeons: Lee, Warren, Cady and Hubbard; seven bluerocks: Cady; three pair bluerocks: Perry, Chase and Lee; three pair pigeons: Brooks; six bluerocks: Bradbury; ten bluerocks (Keystone target): Chase, Cowee, Perry and Cady; six bluerocks: Perry; ten pigeons: Bond, Perry and Lee; five pigeons: Bond and Short.

PELHAM, N. Y., Nov. 28.—The Country Club of Baychester had a most successful shooting event on their grounds in that village to-day. Most of the lot were good lively birds, and favored by a westerly breeze, which blew directly on the backs of the marksman, had a good chance for their lives. All crippled birds both in and out of bounds were covered, and were instantly killed by attendants. The grounds were very fast, and were highly praised by all the competitors, the water boundary being particularly satisfactory. The threatening weather and Mr. Watson's luncheon interfered with the attendance, but there was a good showing of club members and guests, among whom were many ladies. Mr. N. D. Thorne and C. Oliver Iselin were in charge. The first event was won by Mr. Morse, who killed 16 birds straight and won over 15 competitors at 26yds. He did not have to use any of the three extra birds allowed him, not having made a miss. In the second event Mr. James took the first place, killing 18 birds at 31yds. rise without a miss. There were 25 competitors in this event. The prizes in each event were silver cups. The third event was not finished, only four birds having risen to each marksman, and was postponed until Saturday, with eight men tied for first place. The final arrangements for a match between Mr. James and Mr. Natje were also concluded.

Yachting.

"West India Hurricanes and the Great March Blizzard." By Everett Hayden, U. S. Hydrographic Office. Large quarto, with 23 lithographic plates. Price $1. Contains full history of the great storm of March, 1888, with practical information how to handle a vessel in a cyclone; use of oil at sea, etc.

REPORT OF THE N. Y. Y. C. COMMITTEE ON MEASUREMENT.

WHEN your committee entered upon the work of considering what amendments could be made in the club's existing scale of allowances and in the rules for the measurement of racing yachts, it found many matters to engage its attention, each seem to have an important influence upon the interest and prosperity of yacht racing.

It was considered that the true light in which to view all rules to be framed for the regulation and government of the sport should be such as would put aside or keep out of the way wherever practicable all needless and undesirable features and conditions; should favor no especial type or dimensions, should concern itself solely with elements of advantage for speed, or with such features as would be representative of these elements, and should make these features or factors as few and simple as possible. That your committee should give to these as nearly a just value as it could, and in this way give to the owner and designer the only real discretion practicable for them, as to the use they would make of the features which enter as factors into the measurement.

If any of these be given too high a value it can readily be seen that it will be used only in small proportion, and in some degree with the result of producing something different from that which the owner would have preferred. If, however, any factor he given a value less than its proper one for purposes of speed, it can be seen with little reflection that the owner will, to avoid disadvantage in competition, be no less compelled to use this feature in excess of his convenience and wishes. These remarks apply most especially to the amount of sail which can be carried and to the number of feet in length which can be associated with it for any given rating in the measurement for allowance, and to this part of its work your committee has given much time, thought and discussion.

It has besides this to consider the following subjects: The sufficiency of the allowance by the present table for differences in size, and the question whether this table, or any other which might be recommended, could be so adjusted as to make the use of it by regatta committees or others more ready and convenient. Also the question whether the mode of measuring spars could be improved in detail so as to secure greater accuracy in results, prevent possible evasions, and remove the pressure toward undesirable developments and tendencies. In other words your committee has considered the method of measuring according to the present rule to see what, if any, were its defects and insufficiencies.

In the consideration of all these matters, and of others connected with them or involved by them, your committee has uniformly been governed by an earnest desire to proceed carefully and conservatively. It has also, however, recognized a fact which must be the perception of every member of the club, that if there are in matters of this kind affecting as they do vested interests, evils to be considered or changes to be made, these reforms should be made sufficiently ample to preclude the necessity of further changes within a brief period.

When the last report upon this subject was made to this club by a committee on May 9, 1883, the introduction of sail area into its rule of measurement was almost an experiment. It has since then been taken into the formula of every important club in this country and in Europe. Every style of yacht has been brought under its influence. In every case where sail area has been a factor in the measurement it has by the method of its use been given an importance very much greater, and in some cases nearly double that which it has had in our rule; yet to such an extent has a large sail spread been relied upon for the production of speed, that it appears to be uniformly true of this club, and of all others having racing yachts upon their lists, that the winning yachts have much larger rigs in proportion to their waterline lengths than those existing when the present rule of the club was adopted in May, 1889.

It has not appeared to your committee that it is necessary, or even desirable, to prevent the production of largely rigged yachts by making successful racing with them impossible, nor does it believe that this would be the effect of any rule which it has considered. Your committee believes that the utmost that can be looked for as a result of the changes which it has to propose, or which it feels warranted in proposing, would be, in the case of the middle and upper classes, to somewhat reduce the practical handicap from which the moderately rigged yacht now suffers. In the 40ft. class, where rigs have been carried to an exaggerated relation to length not seen in any other, the changes proposed would provide a strong inducement to more moderate sail plans; while in large vessels, of 80 or 90ft., the advantage, your committee thinks, though less pronounced, would still be with the large rigs; and the check upon their extension remain as at present chiefly in their unhandiness, and in the difficulty of getting them to stand. In illustration of the difference which exists in the proportion of sail carried between the most moderately canvassed of the 40ft. class and a large rigged vessel of 86ft., it may be stated that it would require an addition of 3,385 sq.ft. to the sail spread of Volunteer to make it equal in proportion to load waterline to that carried by Pappoose or Minerva; and conversely it would require a reduction in Pappoose's canvas of 626ft. to bring it down to the proportion in respect to waterline to that carried by Volunteer.

In the report upon measurement made to you by the committee in 1883 there may be found the following passage which it may be well to explain has reference to the relative values given in the present rule of measurement to the two factors representative of length and sail area: "In recommending these indicated repective proportions your committee were the more satisfied from the feeling that the nature of the principle they were recommending was so elastic and so adaptable that after an experience of its working it would be a very simple matter to alter any of its proportions which were found to require readjusting." The recommendation which your present committee would make is precisely in line with the suggestion contained in the passage which has been quoted from the former report. It is that the measurement for allowance shall be obtained by taking the square root of sail area once and length of waterline once, and dividing the sum of these measurements by two, instead of taking the length of waterline twice, adding this to the square root of sail area, and dividing the total by three. The effect of the alteration proposed would of course be to give an increased value to the factor representing sail area. Your committee, however, does not think that this change would be of itself sufficient to provide opportunity and encouragement for the production for racing purposes of more moderately rigged vessels; they therefore propose that the classification, which is now made by waterline length, shall in future be made by the same measure which governs the allowance. This measure, being the product of two factors, will admit of either of them being increased at will to suit the purposes of an owner or designer, without change in the measurement or class, providing the remaining factor be diminished in proportional degree. It will be seen that this method gives great liberty of design and opportunity to suit the varying proportions and requirements of owners.

It also affords that room for change and experiment, the absence of which has formed one of the worst characteristics of most measurement rules, and which characteristic has in some cases been the means of perpetuating crudities of form and development which have at once commenced to disappear upon the adoption of less restrictive rules.

Being desirous of looking at every promising or interesting aspect of this question, and having had it brought to their attention that possibly the present rule of measurement of the club might give good and adequate results if aided by a classification such as has been proposed, which would admit of sail being reduced and increased length of waterline accepted in lieu thereof, your committee made calculations to ascertain whether under the existing rule such an amount of length could be obtained for a reduction of sail as in most of the classes would be likely to prove acceptable and take practical effect. It was found that an average 40ft. yacht to gain 2ft. of length would need to sacrifice 448ft. of sail; that a 70ft. yacht to gain 2ft. in length would need to reduce her sail by 648ft., and that a 90ft. yacht to gain 2ft. in length would need to dispense with 736sq. ft. of canvas. It does not appear at all likely to your committee that the moderate gain in length of waterline offered by this rule would be accepted as an equivalent for the large reductions of sail spread which would be required by it. The change which has been recommended would require for any given quantity added to the length of load waterline a very little more than half the reduction of area in the sail plan which has been instanced as the effect of the present rule if used to classify by. By the change proposed a 40ft. yacht could gain 2ft. in length by losing 228ft. of canvas in place of 448; a yacht of 70ft. waterline could gain 2ft. by a loss of 328ft. of canvas instead of 648ft; a yacht like Sea Fox could gain 2ft. in length by a loss of 372sq. ft. instead of 736sq. ft.

The next matter which engaged your committee's attention was the need of taking spinakers into account in the measurement when their dimensions exceed a certain limit. So long as this sail can be made of any size without affecting a yacht's rating, the zealous yachtsman will feel compelled, in self-protection against his competitors to carry a sail of the largest practical dimensions, only to find that the limits of the practicable are in this matter capable under the influence of racing zeal of an indefinite extent of expansion. Your committee, therefore, think that it will be acceptable to owners and others, and conduce to the equity and prosperity of yacht racing, that spinakers shall escape measurement only when within certain well defined limits, and that such part as is beyond these shall become measurable. It is proposed, therefore, that a spinaker boom which measures no longer than the distance between the fore side of the foremast of a schooner or the mainmast of a single-masted vessel to the forward point of measurement of the baseline, shall remain out of account; but that any spinaker boom exceeding this limit shall be taken into account for the length in excess, and this amount added to the baseline used for spar measurement. Incidentally this rule is calculated to have a good effect by giving some inducement for the mast to be kept a sufficient distance abaft the stem of the vessel.

Another matter which received your committee's attention was the method of working in detail of the present rule for spar measurement. It is well known by those who have had any practical experience in such matters that any attempt to measure sails themselves has many serious practical objections and difficulties in the way and must necessarily yield varying results under common conditions. The present mode will ordinarily give results very closely approximate to strict accuracy. Since, however, the rule was first formulated it has been found into other clubs where occasions have arisen to supplement one of its provisions in order to secure greater accuracy where a long gaff was used with a short topmast. In such a case the extension of the baseline by adding to the outer end of the mainboom one-quarter of the length of the main gaff does not fully compensate for the area gained by the use of the long gaff. A supplementary rule to meet this case could be introduced here as it has been elsewhere, but a close examination of the subject shows that the proportion of gaff added to the baseline by the existing rule can be advantageously substituted in the formula by subtracting from the gaff length 80 per cent. of the topmast from hounds to lower side of topsail halliard block and adding the remainder to the baseline. This simple rule appears to give good results with all practical variations in length of topmast and gaff, or with no topmast at all, if in such case the throat halliard block of mainsail be used as the top of the perpendicular. This change, therefore, is recommended by your committee.

An amendment of a similar character has appeared to your committee to be desirable for reasons of equity and to prevent evasion in the measurement of headsail. At present the forward point of measurement is to the jibstay on bowsprit or flying jibstay on jibboom. Within the last few seasons it has become more than ever before the practice to make effective use of the jibtopsail in windward work, and your committee think that the rule as it stands at present offers some inducement to an evasion of its purpose, and to correct this it recommends that the forward point for the measurement of spars should be half-way between the jibstay and the jibtopsail stay.

The next matter which your committee had to consider was the allowance table. The present scale gives about 46 per cent. of the theoretical allowance based upon the principle that opportunities for speed vary as do the square roots of the varying lengths. These allowances are in the judgment of your committee less liberal than they should be, and recognizing that the effect of the present rule to place the yachts higher up upon the scale where the allowances are lessened than they would be placed by waterline length, and seeing also that the proposed changes will, if carried out, still further remove them from the position on the scale for which their allowances are calculated; your committee recommends that the scale of allowances be increased from the present 46 per cent. to 50 per cent. of the theoretical scale. It is very doubtful if this increase is as much as it

should be, but your committee recognizes the fact that this scale can at any time be increased or changed without that disturbing effect upon yacht building, or that need of preparation involved in most other changes.

The use of the table of allowances can in the opinion of your committee be greatly facilitated by having the table calculated throughout the range of the scale for every interval of a tenth of a foot, and by establishing the rule that no smaller interval shall be used, but that every yacht's corrected time shall be reckoned to the nearest tenth. This provision will greatly diminish and make less complicated the work of the regatta committee; with advantage to this committee and also to the yachtsmen interested in its work; while the greatest deviation from strict accuracy that can occur by this provision will be due to a possible error of something less than six-tenths of an inch or one-twentieth of a foot.

In concluding this report your committee feels that it cannot too earnestly ask for the club's serious attention to this subject, and to the close connection which there may be between its action and the success of future regattas. Upon the measurement rule more than anything else depends the style of yacht that can successfully be built to compete in races; and the more this style of vessel differs from that which suits the wants and conveniences of owners, the fewer will be built or appear in the regattas of the club. A review of the experience of the last few seasons, while it will not perhaps show fully what may be looked for in the future, nevertheless cannot fail to be suggestive in this matter, and among the members of the club who have expressed themselves to your committee in favor of an increased charge being put upon large sail plans, none have spoken so strongly or unmistakeably as its representative racing men who have experienced the disadvantage of an ever increasing pressure in this direction; to the fullest development of which no limit can apparently be fixed. In a class of small vessels like that of 40ft., a class unknown to this club previous to last season, any extravagance of rig or proportion may be of little moment, and a sailing machine carrying no more than one of these, may to a person able to afford it be regarded as a harmless and even interesting means of amusement. Some yachtsmen have seen in the success of one or two of the smaller rigged of these vessels over others more extreme an answer to the question of other yachtsmen as to where the enlargement of sail plans would find its check; and they would lead us to infer that these rigs are of sufficiently moderate proportions to furnish a standard of what may be properly and advantageously used in relating sail area to length.

It also appears to your committee by no means certain that the limit to which large sail plans can be used with advantage to speed has been conclusively shown, even in this class; or that the superiority of any of the smaller-rigged vessels was properly referable to the size of rig carried. It appears, however, to your committee self-evident that the more extreme is the sail plan the smaller must necessarily be the limits of whatever advantage remains to a large rig; and that the 40ft. class has more nearly approached this limit than any other class. If, however, the most moderately rigged of these small vessels is to furnish the index of that area of canvas in relation to waterline length which may be carried with success, the case becomes at once an inducement of the strongest kind for a very large addition to the rigs of those larger vessels that have always furnished the chief element of interest in this club's fleet and regattas. It has already been stated that if it were practicable to enlarge the sails and spars of Volunteer to the proportions found in Pappoose and Minerva, such a change would require an addition of 3,385sq. ft. to her present sail plan of 9,271sq. ft. Of course it would be found impracticable to carry out any such purpose, or to manage such an unhandy vessel if so rigged; but under the pressure of an advantage, seen to be in this direction unbalanced by any counter advantage, allowance or equivalent, the limits of that which is practicable will always be found to stretch out, and the yacht fitted to win races will become more and more an undesirable and expensive thing to possess, and will appear upon regatta courses in a correspondingly diminished number. From this tendency and condition it has become urgently necessary that yachtsmen should be relieved, and toward the devising of conservative measures for this purpose the best energies and thought of your committee have been given; and your committee believes that to the New York Y. C., ever distinguished in its past history by the size, character and spirit of its racing fleet, the measures proposed would afford a needed help, would cause others to emulate its example, would increase the number of its racing fleet, and would contribute in an essential and marked degree to its prosperity.

In arranging for the divisions of the schooner classes by racing length instead of by waterline length, it has not appeared practicable to change with advantage the points of division or the intervals as they now stand. It is consequently recommended that these be as follows:

First class schooners, 100ft., sailing length and over.
Second class schooners, 90 to 100ft., sailing length.
Third class schooners, 80 to 90ft., sailing length.
Fourth class schooners, 70 to 80ft., sailing length.
Fifth class schooners, 70ft. and under.

In the division of sloop yachts it is recommended that the classes be:

First class, 77ft., sailing length and over.
Second class, 68 to 77ft., sailing length.
Third class, 60 to 68ft., sailing length.
Fourth class, 54 to 60ft., sailing length.
Fifth class, 48 to 54ft., sailing length.
Sixth class, 48ft. and under.

It is impossible to give a complete list which would show into which classes all the yachts in the club would come under the named divisions, for the reason that very many of the yachts have never been measured for racing purposes. Indeed of the largest class of schooners very few have been measured. It can, however, be assumed with little liability to error that the list which follows shows the vessels which would under the proposed rule be classed together, and where the measurement was known or could be safely approximated, it is in most instances given.

[The list of yachts is practically the same as that published in the FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 21.]

In making these divisions in the classes the endeavor has been to make the intervals proportional as far as practicable and still to leave classed together the vessels that were fitted to race together. In a few cases it was found that vessels which have heretofore raced well together, but which varied considerably in size, could not be fitly included in any such divisions as your committee could recommend for general and long use, and these were necessarily separated under the new classification.

It was also, after much consideration, thought undesirable to fix the upper limit of the smallest class of sloops higher than 48ft. corrected length; but this limit will not include four of the most largely rigged of the 40ft. waterline sloops. A continuation in force of the proviso now existing which admits yachts already built to a class when they do not exceed its upper limit by more than a fraction of a foot, would, your committee thinks, best meet the cases which have been referred to, and this provision would be much preferable to raising the limits of the class beyond the point named.

There appears, however, to be no end to serve by extending this provision to any other than the smallest class of sloops; and it is accordingly recommended that the three lines contained in the club book which at present read, "Any yacht which shall have been launched prior to the 20th day of June, 1888, exceeding the higher limit in any class by not over the fraction of a foot shall be included in that class," shall be changed to read as follows:

"Any yacht in the sixth class of sloops owned by a member of this club which has been launched at the date of this report, and which shall not exceed its limit by more than part of a foot, shall be included in the class."

In presenting this part of the report your committee desires to say that it has found much interest and support from members of the club who were aware of its views and purposes. It has been found, however, that in some instances the precise aim of the committee and the special needs of this club as seen by it have been misconceived, and there has been a disposition shown by persons interested in the work of the committee, but imperfectly informed as to its figures and scope, to discuss the questions as if the whole, or at least the greater part of it, could be included in some measure which would meet the needs of correction in the 40ft. class. This is not practicable, and is not, as your committee see the matter, even a relatively important part of its task.

This class of small vessels has in the past season developed an extent of rig in relation to length that is without parallel in the experience of this or any other club.

If, in order to become winners of races, vessels in the larger classes are to be required to have rigs even approximately as large in relation to length as the smallest rigged of the racing 40ft. yachts, it may safely be assumed that in the next fifty years not one such vessel would be sailed over a race course. The rules, however, as they at present stand, leave advantage principally to progress in this direction, and it has been the purpose of this committee by taking sail more largely into account and by making it as well as length of waterline count in classification, or in other words, by making classification depend upon corrected length, in some degree to lessen the pressure toward advantage in the use of extravagant sail plans. It may be contended that in the 40ft. class as large sail plans have been used as there is advantage in. If, however, the least extreme of these can be carried with advantage, it must be allowed that such advantage has not been availed of in the larger vessels, nor can it be of service to the interests of this club or of racing, that there should continue to exist as at present such a coercive necessity to follow in this direction. It must be apparent with even a cursory view that in the smaller classes such a rule as would make it possible to win a race with a reduced sail plan or an extended length would admit the production of vessels much more in accordance with the wants of the average yachtsman, and much more likely to remain in favor for racing and cruising purposes than the present oversparred craft; while in the larger classes where a large margin of advantage yet appears to remain to the development of rig, it seems clear that a prime necessity to the production and appearance of racing vessels upon the course, is that such vessels should not be unfitted to a needless degree for cruising purposes, that the owner and designer should be given a reasonable alternative to take such advantage as added length gives, with its conveniences and speed, instead of sail—that sail should not in the equation be made too cheap, nor length too dear.

That the effect of the proposed changes will be very moderate may be seen by an inspection of the examples of well known vessels, having different proportions of sail in length, which are given below.

That such changes will still leave the best opportunity with the largely rigged vessels seems quite probable; the direction moved in is, however, believed to be right, and the measure urgently needed in the interest of yachting.

JOHN HYSLOP,
LATHAM A. FISH,
E. A. WILLARD.
A. CARY SMITH.

YACHTS.	Waterline length.	Sail measurement.	√Sail area.	Measurement by present rule.	Measurement by proposed rule.	Allowance by present rule.	Allowance by present measurement and new table.	Allowance by new table and measurement.
						M. S.	M. S.	M. S.
Fortuna	96.30	8493	92.15	94.92	94.22	1 59	2 09	1 27
Sea Fox	89.50	8717	93.30	90.79	91.43	14	15	30
*Alert	90.00	8313	91.00	90.33	90.50			
Sachem	86.88	8773	93.66	89.14	90.27	1 45	1 54	2 40
Miranda	86.80	7186	84.77	85.79	85.54	18‡	20‡	17‡
Grayling	83.50	7855	88.63	85.21	86.06			
Volunteer	85.88	9271	96.29	89.35	91.08	4^3_8	5	16
Thistle	86.46	8967	94.69	89.20	90.58			
Katrina	69.38	6853	82.80	73.85	76.76	1 10	1 16	2 35
Bedouin	70.17	5796	76.13	72.16	73.15			

*The Alert's measurement is approximate. She has not been officially measured.
†Allowed to Grayling. ‡Allowed to Miranda.

CAPTAIN ROBERT B. FORBES.

NO better framework could be found for a history of the rise and decline of the merchant marine of the United States than the life of Captain Robert Bennett Forbes; himself the most remarkable of American sailors. His life began among the thrilling experiences of the war of 1812, with its privateers and letters of marque; as a young man he sailed under the American flag to all quarters of the globe; in middle life he was known not only at home but in the most distant parts as an upright and honorable merchant; in later years he served his country unselfishly and most efficiently; while throughout his entire life, from boyhood to his latest years, his active brain and generous mind were given to the aid of all who go down to the sea in ships.

Captain Forbes was born at Jamaica Plain, near Boston, on Sept. 18, 1804, his parents being of Scotch descent. When but a child his mother, with him and an elder brother Thomas, sailed for Marseilles to join her husband; the vessel being captured by a British ship. After several years in France the united family sailed from Bordeaux in an American schooner for Boston; but, after outsailing two British cruisers and beating off a third, the schooner was taken by a British frigate and sailed with a prize crew for Plymouth. After losing her spars she put into Corunna, in Spain, and the Forbes family re-embarked in a brig, only to be captured after a week and sent to Lisbon; whence they finally found passage in a ship to Newport, R. I.

After some time at school at Milton, and a year in the Perkins store on Foster's Wharf, Boston, young Forbes, then 13 years old, sailed in the ship Canton Packet, owned by his uncle, Thomas H. Perkins. At the age of 16 he was a third mate, and four years later he was a captain. After following the sea for eight years more he settled in Boston as a member of the great firm of Russell & Co., long famous in the China trade. In 1834, when 30 years old, he married Miss Rose Green Smith, who died four years since. The panic of 1837 crippled the firm and made it necessary for Capt. Forbes to go to China, where he not only built up a large business, but took a leading part in the protection of foreigners during the opium war in 1841. When the Rebellion broke out Captain Forbes at once came forward, organizing a coast guard and doing a great deal, both as an officer of the Government and through his private means, to build and equip gunboats and blockading vessels. Of late years he has lived quietly at his home in Milton or Boston, his death occurring at the latter place on Nov. 23.

To tell of a few of his many acts of bravery or benevolence would make a very long story. During the Irish famine in 1846-7 he was placed in command of the sloop-of-war Jamestown, loaned by the Government to carry provisions to Ireland; later on, while returning from Europe in the steamer Europa, the bark Charles Bartlett was sunk in collision, Captain Forbes being one of the most active in saving life; after the war he was a leader in the great fair by which $240,000 was raised to establish the National Sailors' Home at Quincy, Mass.; while he has ever been active in inventing and introducing appliances for increasing the safety and comfort of seamen and for saving life in case of wreck. To him is due the invention of double topsails, while their general introduction was brought about through his able writings. A brave and skilful sailor, an ingenious mechanic, an able and honorable merchant, a ready and powerful writer, his time and talents have always been freely given to others, and he leaves a place that no one can fill.

SEAWANHAKA CORINTHIAN Y. C.—Arrangements have been made for a series of eight or ten lectures on yacht design and construction, to be given this winter at the club house by Mr. A. Carey Smith. The lectures are intended chiefly for yachtsmen who wish to obtain a general knowledge of how a yacht is designed and built, and will be similar to those delivered by Mr. Smith before the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. six years since. The idea has met with general favor, and the class promises to be a large one. The usual course of club lectures will be resumed soon. Among the additions to the club's models is a very interesting one of the old cutter Mosquito, built in 1848, a remarkable craft in that she was not only the first iron yacht, but the first of the long-bowed craft in England. The model was presented to the club by Mr. John Harvey through Mr. George Mackrow, of the Thames Iron Works, Blackwell, England. The club has lately added to its library twenty volumes of yachting scrap books made up by the late Captain Coffin, covering a period of nearly twenty years.

A LARGE STEAM YACHT.—Mr. W. C. Storey, of London, has completed a design for an auxiliary steam yacht of 830 tons, which will be built by Ramage & Ferguson, for Mr. E. J. Wythes, who will start in her next summer on a two-years' cruise around the world. The yacht will be 184ft., tonnage length, 32ft. beam, with engines 20, 30½, and 51×30in., and two boilers 11ft. 6in. long and 11ft. diameter. Her ballast will be 100 tons of lead, half on keel, with iron and cement in addition. She will carry three masts, square rig on foremast, and will be fitted with a full complement of electric lights, including a search light. Her rating will be the highest ever given by Lloyds, 24 years, A1.

YACHT PORTRAITS.—Mr. N. L. Stebbins has now in press a handsome volume of photo-gravure reproductions, 75 in number, containing most of the new racers built since his book "American and English Yachts" was published in 1887, and forming a valuable supplement to the latter work.

NEW YORK Y. C.—A small pamphlet has just been published containing the letters and telegrams concerning the Dunraven challenge, which were received after the discharge of the committee, July 18, 1889. All of them have been previously published in our columns.

DIRECTOR STANTON'S NEW YACHT.—New York has always been noted as the birthplace and home of marine nondescripts, but the latest addition to her fleet is the worst we have yet seen. The owner of this craft is Mr. E. L. Stanton, the popular and efficient director of the Metropolitan Opera, and her sailing master, Herr Reichmann, probably commands a higher salary than Capt. Haff or Terry, but the vessel itself would disgrace the boat-letting establishments of Gowanus Bay, a square dry goods box, with a stick in the middle and two little red rags for sails. It is to be hoped that as Mr. Stanton is a member of the New York Y. C. he has deposited a model in the club, so that in the event of a fire in the Opera House, some suitable record will be preserved of such a historic craft. In these days of realistic tank dramas, with real water, real shells and real steam launches, such a tub as the vessel in the Flying Dutchman is a disgrace to the scenic resources and the reputation of the finest theater in the country.

WHAT IS A SPINAKER?—The question has arisen abroad as to whether, in a race in which spinakers were barred, a "bowsprit spinaker" could be carried, the latter being practically the same sail as is erroneously known in America as a "balloon jib," and properly termed a balloon jibtopsail. The cutter Stranger in the match in question, set her "bowsprit spinaker" twice, once flying and once hanked to the stay; and on being protested by May the case was appealed to the council of the Y. R. A., which decided that under the terms of the match no sort of spinaker could be carried. The English "bowsprit spinaker" and the American "balloon jibtopsail," the two being practically the same though cut and used a little differently, are both endowed with rather clumsy names, but the latter seems to be the more appropriate.

A SOUTHERN YACHTING ASSOCIATION.—The lively sporting paper, *The Spirit of the South*, published in New Orleans, has lately taken up the idea of an association of Southern yachtsmen, from the Carolinas to the Gulf, and is now pushing it vigorously. There is a wide field for yachting in Southern waters, and much may be done to attract Northern yachtsmen in the winter, as well as to encourage the local interests of the sport and to promote inter-club racing. The best means to this end is an organization which shall include all the clubs, with a few simple rules at the start.

BEVERLY Y. C. DATES FOR 1890.—The Beverley Y. C. is the first to announce its dates for the season of 1890, the following being set for the races north of the Cape: June 14, 28; July 5, 19; Aug. 2, 16, 30; Sept. 1, 20. With a calendar and a list of last season's fixtures it is an easy matter for a club to arrange its dates in good season, and we hope to have a full list of fixtures for 1890 before the new year. The earlier such work is done the less danger there will be of confusion and disputes over dates at the beginning of the racing season.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1889-90.

Commodore: HENRY STANTON.....
Secretary-Treasurer: F. L. DUNNELL..... } New York.
Vice-Com. *Rear-Com.* *Purser.*
Central Div..Geo. A. Warder....E. L. French.....F. F. Andrews, 4 Exchange place, Rochester.
Eastern Div..Dr. J. A. Gage.....A. S. Putnam.....Ralph Brazer, Lowell, Mass.
N'thern Div..W. J. White.....W. J. Read.....C. M. Whitelaw, Montreal, Can.
Atlantic Div..M. V. Brokaw.....I. V. Dorland.....W. R. Haviland, Yonkers, N. Y.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of $2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year. Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay $1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division.

Persons residing in any Division and wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore—C. J. Stedman, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Vice-Commodore—T. J. Kirkpatrick, Springfield, O.
Rear-Commodore—Thos. S. Gates, Columbus, O.
Secretary-Treasurer—J. B. Keogh, 34 Montauk Block, Chicago, Ill

Applications for membership should be made to the Sec.-Treas., on blanks which may be obtained from him, and should be accompanied by $2 as initiation fee and dues for the current year.

A FIFTEEN HUNDRED MILE CRUISE.

With the new year we will begin the publication of the log of a solitary cruise of 1,500 miles, made in a 14-foot Adirondack boat, on the Erie Canal, Lake Ontario, the St. Lawrence River, and other waters. The cruise began at Albany, finishing nearly two months later at Philadelphia, and the narrative includes exciting and dangerous episodes. The chapters will run through several issues. Cruisers should not miss this serial.

IANTHE C. C.

THE Ianthe C. C., of Newark, is rapidly making a place as one of the leading racing clubs of the Atlantic Division, and in spite of some disadvantages of location, especially for sailing, its record for the year compares favorably with clubs which have far better courses. One result of the limited sailing ground is that the club is turning out good all-round canoeists, as the following records show.

The club held fourteen record races during the past season, a summary of which is printed below. There has been a great deal of interest and skill displayed, and a marked improvement over last year's work noticed. The junior record has been a pronounced success, having brought out talent that never went in a race "because they did not have any show." The seniors had it nip and tuck all the way, especially in the paddling, for Mr. Fredricks held the lead until the very last race, when Mr. Douglass passed him. Mr. Stewart did the best work in the juniors, while Mr. Hobart did well to hold second place. Handsome silk banners for prizes were presented at the camp-fire held Nov. 25.

SENIOR RECORD.

	Club.	Canoe.	Sail'g.	Paddl'g.	T'l
1. G. P. Douglass	Ianthe	Nenemooska	6	16	22
2. B. Fredericks	Ianthe	Bachelor	..	15	15
3. L. B. Palmer	Ianthe	Ianthe	4	8	12
4. F. B. Collins	Bayonne	Spray	..	4	4
5. P. F. Hogan	Brooklyn	Wind	3	..	3
6. W. M. Myers	Bayonne	Nahma	..	2	2
7. C. Y. Schuyler	Arlington	Nipsic	..	2	2
8. O. F. Coe	Crescent	Sybil	1	1	2

JUNIOR RECORD.

1. W. J. Stewart	Ianthe	Valfreyia	11	18	29
2. R. Hobart	Ianthe	Cynisca	7	6	13
3. E. W. Edinger	Crescent	She	..	11	11
4. W. B. Daly	Arlington	Kisco	2	8	10
5. J. Duguid	Ianthe	Nilo	..	7	7
6. G. W. Baxter	Ianthe	Mineola	6	..	6
7. G. L. Metze	Hoboken	Lasata	..	6	6
8. O. T. Connor	Ianthe	Anita	..	5	5
9. W. Scott	Crescent	Addie S	5	..	5
10. G. Manly	Orange	Naids	1	3	4
11. F. McLees	Rutherford	Rutherford	..	4	4
12. H. S. Farmer	Ianthe	Falcon	3	..	3
13. C. V. Schuyler	Arlington	Nipsic	3	..	3
14. H. Morgan	Arlington	Lillian	..	1	1

Messrs. Hogan, Coe, Scott and Morgan did not compete for the general record, but simply received points in regatta record races.

THE A. C. A. RACING RULES.

THE following is an official copy of the changes proposed in the racing rules by the new regatta committee, and adopted at the meeting on Nov. 23. While the changes are quite important there is nothing radical about them, and they need cause no trouble in going into effect. Rule I. is materially changed in form, but practically all that is done is to drop the distinction between classes A and B, which has ceased to exist for some time past, and to combine the two. The investigation of the committee showed plainly that all racing is done in canoes within the maximum limit of 16ft.×30in. and the minimum of 28in., and the old limits for certain classes of 17ft. and 26in. are dropped. Even in paddling canoes the general minimum limit of beam is 28in., there being no 27 or 26in. canoe left to race, so the former limit has been set as the least beam allowed. The old class 1, *any* canoe, has been incorporated in the present rule, and will still be a part of the programme, so that a field is left open for experiment, an 18×24 canoe being eligible for this race. As only one 17ft. sailing canoe has been built, and she has not proved faster than the shorter ones, this size has been dropped. While the limits of size for sailing and paddling are now the same, there is added a minimum weight limit of 40lbs. for paddling races. No distinction is made between open and decked canoes, nor between sailing canoes which may wish to enter, and those built for paddling only, but a reference to Rule V. will show the application of the rule. In order to enter for the paddling trophy, a man must win a place among the first six in the principal record paddling race (unless selected arbitrarily by the regatta commi tee) and the winner will probably use a specially built paddling canoe 16×28 and 41lbs. weight. In order, however, to gain a place in the record, a canoe must complete the course in three races, sailing, combined and paddling, consequently the all-around canoe, though at a disadvantage for the paddling trophy compared with the paddling craft, has still open to her the A. C. A. Trophy, the chief prize (the record), the first prizes in the sailing and the combined races, and also a fighting chance for a prize in the record paddling and for the paddling trophy.

This arrangement promises to be fair alike to the all-around canoeist and his boat, as well as to the paddling man, and certainly offers sufficient inducement to cultivate the paddling qualities of man and boat, an end which has long been needed. As a result we shall probably see next year some very fine all-round canoes, 16×28 or 29in., suitable for both sailing and paddling; while there will be a number of handsome paddling craft built to the limits of size and weight. The sliding scale of length and beam is retained, so that a 15×31½ or 14×33 canoe is still practicable, if any one cares to experiment further on these or similar dimensions. The old clause relating to folding boards fastened to the keel is dropped, there being no further need for it, but the limits of weight of boards were retained, as they might be of use in the future, though not built up to now; the same being the case in regard to limits of keels.

The clause allowing ¼in. latitude in measuring was dropped, as canoes need no longer be built exactly to a limit, neither going under it for paddling nor over it for sailing, as was the case in classes 3 and A and 4 and B. It is now only necessary that a canoe shall not be under 28in. to enter a paddling race or over 30in. (if 16ft. long) to enter a sailing or combined race, and these limits are easily built to. It might be a good thing if the regatta committee would for a couple of seasons measure to the last fraction of an inch and admit no canoes that exceed the limit, as the practice now is to build a canoe so long and wide that it takes a very close measurement and an equally elastic conscience on the part of the measurer to keep a canoe in the class. The added speed due to a quarter of an inch of length or an eighth of an inch of beam would be hard to estimate, and the attempt to take a little more than the rule allows is the cause of a great deal of trouble and extra work for the measurer and the regatta committee.

Rule II. is changed only in the wording, the object being to prevent some quibbling over the old rule, though the meaning has always been plain: that one man, and one only, can use any one canoe at a meet.

Rule IV. is practically the same, though simplified.

Rule V. has been considerably changed, as noted in connection with Rule I. It is now necessary to enter all three races to win the record prize, and a man cannot make sufficient points in sailing alone to win without paddling, or *vice versa*. At the same time the sailing or the paddling man has a race for a special trophy, and also the first prize in the regular event; although, as is proper, the greatest inducements are offered to the man who both paddles and sails. The method of computing the record is so simplified as to lessen greatly the work of the committee.

The conditions laid down for the new paddling trophy limit the canoes to 16×28 and not over 40lbs. weight, and do not allow a special paddling canoe to be used by men who wish to compete for the record as well. This gives the advantage to the man who gives up all else but the trophy, and builds for it, over the man who, with one canoe, enters all the races; but there is still a chance that a good canoe like Narka or Eclipse may win against the lighter paddling boats. Nothing is said about competition by foreign canoeists, as in the case of the sailing trophy, which is probably an oversight, the two trophies should be offered under the same conditions, both open to foreign challenge.

Rule VIII. has been amended by the addition of an article once adopted but omitted by mistake in printing, relating to fouling marks.

Rule XIII. has been improved by the addition of the clause formerly printed only in the regatta programme and not a part of the roles. A windward start is made compulsory unless it cannot be had.

Rule XX. is very materially changed, the new wording being in accordance with the best yachting practice. All luffing is forbidden after a canoe has established an overlap, while a clear definition of an overlap is added. It is very satisfactory to find that the improvements made are in the direction of simplicity rather than of added complication, and at the same time they are changes of detail rather than the remedying of radical faults in the existing rules. The full text of the new portions is as follows:

RULE I.

A canoe, to compete in any race of the A. C. A., must be sharp at both ends with no counterstern or transom, and capable of being efficiently paddled by one man, and must come within the prescribed limits as follows: Maximum length, 16ft., and for that length a maximum beam of 30in. Minimum beam, 28in. Beam may be increased ½in. for each full inch of length decreased. Depth, inside from gunwale to garboard streak at any part of canoe not less than 9in., and at fore end of well, from under side of deck amidships to garboard streak not more than 16in. In paddling races the minimum weight of canoe shall be 40lbs.

In centerboard canoes, the keel outside of the garboard shall not exceed 1½in. in depth, including a metal keel oand of not over ¾in. deep. The total weight of all centerboards shall not exceed 90lbs., and they must not be more than 18in. below the garboard and when hauled up must not project below the keel. In order to be admitted in races without ballast, the centerboard or boards, including bolts and other movable parts, but not including fixed trunks or cases, must not exceed 15lbs. in total weight. Canoes without centerboards may carry keels not over 3in. deep from garboard, and not weighing more than 30lbs. Leeboards may be carried by canoes not having centerboards.

Measurement.—The length shall be taken between perpendiculars at the fore side of stem and the aft side of stern. The beam at the widest part, not including the beading, which shall not exceed 1½in. in depth. If deeper it shall be included in the beam. The word "beam" shall mean the breadth formed by the fair lines of the boat, and the beam at and near the waterline shall bear a reasonable proportion to the beam at the gunwale.

There may also be a special class of paddling canoes without limit, for which special races may he arranged; but such canoes shall not be eligible to compete in any other races. The foregoing rules of measurement shall not be interpreted to disqualify any canoe built prior to Jan. 1, 1890, which conforms to the rules prior to that date.

RULE II.

Amend second paragraph to read: "A member can enter but one canoe for races at any one meet, except for such races as the programme shall specially state otherwise, and no other member shall ne permitted to enter the same canoe. Crew.—The crew of each canoe shall consist of the owner only unless the programme of the regatta states to the contrary." * * * Strike out: "And must not exchange canoes for racing purposes."

RULE III., the same.

RULE IV.

Every canoe entering, except for an upset race, must have her entry number conspicuously placed on canoe or man when paddling, and on both sides of mainsail while sailing. The clerk of the course will provide each man, when he makes his entry, with three prints of his number on cloth.

RULE V.

Flags shall be given as prizes as follows: A first prize in each race, and a second in each race, where more than two fluish. The winners of the Paddling Trophy, the Sailing Trophy and of the five best scores of those who contest in all three Record races, shall be given large practical bunting flags, with the year and race plainly marked thereon; that of the highest Record winner to be specially distinguished in color from the others. Prizes donated for special races or competitions may be acccepted at the discretion of the Regatta Committee. No prizes of money shall be raced for.

Races.—There shall be three record races. No. 1, paddling; No. 2, paddling and sailing combined; No. 3, sailing. To obtain a place on the record a contestant must enter and finish in all three record races. Only such contestants will receive a credit number according to position, relative to each other in each race; the highest number given in each race being equal to the number of such contestants, the next one less, and so on; the three numbers given being added give the credit amount on the record. The contestant obtaining the highest aggregation of points becomes the leading honor man for the year. There shall be a race for the paddling trophy. The total number of contestants shall not exceed eight, and shall be selected from competitors in No. 1 record paddling race as follows: The first six at the finish and two at the discretion of the Regatta Committee. There shall be a race for the A. C. A. sailing trophy. Conditions as follows: Sailing canoe, A. C. A. rules, no limit to ballast or rig, time limit 3 hours, distance 7½ miles. Accredited representatives of foreign clubs, not exceeding five in number, shall be eligible. In case of more than five foreign entries the first five received shall be eligible to start. The total number of starters shall not exceed fifteen, and the ten or more vacancies (after deducting the foreign entries) shall be selected from competitors in No. 3 record sailing race as follows: Two at the discretion of the Regatta Committee and the balance the leading men at the finish.

RULES VI. and VII., the same.

RULE VIII.

Amend first sentence as follows: "A canoe touching a buoy or other canoe, unless wrongfully compelled to do so by another canoe, shall be disqualified." Add to end of rule as follows: "If a canoe in consequence of the violation of any of the rules shall foul another canoe, or compel another canoe to foul any canoe, buoy or obstruction, or to run aground, she shall be disqualified.

RULES IX., X., XI. and XII., the same.

RULE XIII.

Five minutes before the start a signal will be given and a flag hoisted, and four minutes later a second signal will be given and the flag lowered, and one minute later a third signal will be given to start by firing a gun, and the flag hoisted and left up. Any canoe, etc. * * * (Same as old rule, adding) A blue flag displayed signifies that buoys are to be left to starboard, a red flag means to port. The regatta committee may vary the manner of starting at their discretion, but all sailing races should be started to windward when practicable.

RULES XIV., XV., XVI., XVII., XVIII., XXIX., the same.

RULE XX.

A canoe may luff as she pleases in order to prevent another from passing her to windward, provided she begins to luff before an overlap has been established. An overlap is established when an overtaking canoe has no longer a free choice on which side she will pass, and continues to exist as long as the leeward canoe by luffing or the weather canoe by bearing away is in danger of fouling. A canoe must never bear away out of her course, etc. * * * (Same).

RULES XXI., XXII. and XXIII., the same.

LAKE WINNIPISEOGEE AND MERRIMAC RIVER.

AS I read "Chokie's" experience on Lake Winnipiseogee in last week's FOREST AND STREAM it calls to mind a few days spent on that lake preparatory to running the Merrimac. Not only were we caught in a violent squall out on the Broad, which we weathered by running with the wind, using our paddles for steering only; but as usual our trip was full of incidents both laughable and otherwise, and may prove interesting reading for some.

We had my old reliable 18ft. birch and were stopping at Wolfboro, taking daily cruises out among the many islands near there. Invariably on our way out and in we met the steamers from Weirs and Alton Bay—the Lady of the Lake and the Mount Washington; both good sized side-wheelers, the latter being considerably the larger, about the size of our harbor steamers.

We tackled the Lady first, and soon grew so bold that we would run our canoe within a few feet of her wheel, so that as soon as she passed we got the full benefit of her waves, which would vary from 4 to 5ft. high. Finally, these becoming tame, we tried the Washington, which gave us more excitement. I remember one day just as we were starting out, a dudishly dressed young man on the wharf, who from his talk knew more about canoeing than any one I had ever before fallen in with, asked us where we were going. He was a stranger, and I afterward found out a drummer on his first trip. We told him we were going over among the islands and should probably try the steamer waves on our way in; we would anyway if he would like to come along. This was a challenge he could not stand, so down he came and got in. Tipping a wink to my friend off we went. We had on our old clothes, but our dudelet, sitting on the bottom of the canoe, was carefully dressed and had on a new pair of lavender pants. We always took the waves bow on, otherwise they would have swamped us. As a natural consequence in an open canoe when the bow went down we generally shipped three or four inches of water; this time was no exception to the rule, and our little dudelet seeing the water coming in tried suddenly to raise himself, lost his balance and shot overboard. It has always remained a mystery to me why we did not follow suit, but we didn't. We towed him ashore hanging on to the stern, and we found out afterward that he took the next train out of town.

The next day was very squally and stormy and after staying indoors all the forenoon we concluded to take the waves of the Washington when she came in at 3 o'clock. It was noised around the different hotels unknown to us, so that when we started out quite a number had collected on the wharf and along shore to "see us drown" as one spectator put it. We generally met the steamer about a half or three-quarters of a mile out. This day we had prudently stripped ourselves of everything except Jerseys and trousers, taking nothing in the canoe. We had exciting sport getting out and finally met her as usual. As we were going to leave here and continue our trip around the lake the next day this would be our last chance. So I steered the canoe within eight—yes, I guess six—feet of her wheel. She passed and we got over the first wave all right, but the second—don't mention it. It was at least ten feet high and going over was like climbing a mountain. Getting on its top the bow went down and I in the stern went up into the air. It was only a second that my paddle was out of the water, but that was time enough for a gust of wind to strike us and throwing us into the trough of the sea the next wave covered us completely, the steamer going right on. Coming up we did not think of danger, but vented our wrath on the canoe. We were so disgusted we thought we would sink her, so each took one end, filled her and pushed her as far down as we could. She did not sink or rise, but stayed there. Looking toward shore we saw a great commotion and soon two boats started out and picked us up, after having been in the water some fifteen minutes. I then found that I had omitted to leave my watch on shore and after the jeweler had had it some two months I footed a nice little bill of $2! for cleaning it.

The next three days we spent in paddling around the lake, camping out, as usual, without tents. It was on the third day that we encountered a squall similar to that so well described by "Chokie." It soon subsided and we paddled to Weir's where we stopped over Sunday.

Early Monday morning we commenced our cruise in earnest. Paddling down what is locally called Long Bay about five miles, we reach Lake Village, where we leave Lake Winnipiseogee and carry across (about ½ mile) to Lake Winnesquam. Reaching Laconia we carry around the dams, which are on a small stream connecting the upper and lower parts of this lake. It was a perfect day, warm but not hot, there being just enough breeze to temper the heat. After leaving Laconia, we paddled five miles or so to the end of the lake, where we carry around a dam into the Winnipiseogee River, one of the lake's outlets. Before making this carry we found a shady nook, and after a refreshing swim had our lunch. When cruising I always make it a practice of taking a short nap after dinner, so lighting my pipe I dozed off and was soon asleep.

After four or five miles paddle down the river, which is a pretty, narrow and winding stream, we reach Tilton, quite a manufacturing village. Here we were informed that there were nine or eleven (I forget which) dams in the next four miles and we concluded to carry around to Franklin Falls, the source of the Merrimac, which is formed by the joining of the Pemigewasset and Winnipiseogee rivers; so hiring an express wagon we were soon across. It was now late in the afternoon, so keeping an eye open for a camping place, we soon found one near a sparkling brook. Upon looking around we saw a farmhouse about a quarter of a mile away, and were as usual kindly received. During six years of cruising, I have yet to find a farmer or his family, who would not put themselves out for me, very often refusing any money, which however, I invariably left where the good housewife was sure to find it. Of all good-hearted people, give me the New England farmers. It was strawberry time and they turned us into their strawberry patch, where we picked four quarts and ate with fresh cream and homemade bread. We then went to work on our "lean-to," and gathering pine boughs for our bed, we had just finished the preliminaries and got our fire under way—for the nights were cold—when the old farmer and his hired man came down. We entertained them for several hours with our stock of chestnuts, which were new and fresh up there. Finally bidding us good night, they went home and we turned in.

Upon getting up the next morning we took our regular plunge bath and were on our way by 5:30; the best hours in the day are from 5 to 8 o'clock in the morning, and we always paddled an hour or so before eating breakfast. We had no regular hours for meals and no regular diet. We were as likely to have pie for breakfast as anything else, it depending entirely upon our *menu* the night before; and still how we did thrive. I could and perhaps sometime I will tell you how a whole mince pie once saved my life, but as it was not on this trip it must wait until next time. We lived royally, although we carried no cooking utensils, only a tin can and pail. It was this morning that my friend distinguished himself milking a cow. We had stopped for breakfast and he saw several cows in a neighboring field. Now he had never milked in his life, but "knew it all," so started with the pail. I quietly awaited developments, having been there myself. "Co, boss, co. co boss, there, there, that's it, co boss," and just as he gets ready she quietly moves away. He follows her up and "co bosses" some more. This time she waits with a knowing look. But why this delay, the milk does not come. She evidently does not like the way she is handled, so lifts her hind foot and over he goes. No more "co, co boss," but "—— —— that cow," and he starts for another, when there is a loud haw! haw! near us, and looking around there stands the old farmer who owns the herd. We, of course, wanted to buy some milk, but he said that the cows had all been milked that morning, and if we wanted any we had better go up to the house, which we did. This was the last time my friend tried milking.

We reached Concord a little after noon. Leaving our canoes, we went up to the hotel and had a first-rate dinner. Every canoeist knows what that is. There is no class of sportsmen that have such appetites. On one trip last year we made an iron-clad rule to have something to eat at every carry, and the first morning out we had bitter berries and still ate a hearty dinner.

Leaving Concord, we paddled on until late, when we began to look around for a camping ground. Having picked out a spot we landed, when my friend complained of a sore back. During the last two days he had, outside of the town, stripped to the buff in his desire to get a good tan on his back and arms. Consequently, upon looking at his back I discovered three blisters fully as large as an egg. Knowing Suncook was not very far distant, we concluded to go on and stop at the hotel, as it would be impossible for him to sleep on pine boughs. After supper I, with the help of the housekeeper, made him comfortable for the night. He suffered with pain and had no sleep, but was ready to continue in the morning after I had again doctored the blisters

Carrying around Hooksett Falls, we stopped at the village for some milk and ran across a traveling photographer, who took our pictures after three attempts. Reaching Amoskeag, we were very kindly received by the Cygnet Club, of Manchester, who invited us to stop over for a clambake and dance that evening. Not feeling that we were in condition, we turned into the canal after receiving permission from the superintendent, and passed through Manchester flying, carrying with us the good wishes of some five thousand factory girls, who crowded to the open windows as we passed. The superintendent outdid himself in kindness. As we reached one end of the canal and got out to carry over into the lower canal and from that to the river, we found at both places he had telegraphed orders to his men to take out our canoe and assist us in every way they could.

I have omitted to speak of the many shallow and rocky rapids, as we passed them all after several narrow escapes for the canoe, but the rapids at Goff's Falls are not to be passed over so lightly. There is but one passage through this, the worst place I ever was in, and that was well over to the left through a very narrow channel, ending with a fall of 3 or 4ft. Knowing this was the only passage I steered for it, following the current and barely got through. Shooting out, grazing a rock here and there, we finally landed on a fine sandy beach below. I doubt if I could do this again, and was told at the village where we stopped over night that very few attempted it—only in two instances before had it been run successfully.

The next morning was cloudy—the first poor day we had had since leaving Weirs. We were told that there was a very dangerous rift below about two miles, so started out prepared for something dangerous, but found only long, but swift and rocky rapids, which we ran with ease. Just before reaching Reed's Ferry it began to rain. We paddled on through the day, stopping at a farmhouse in Litchfield for dinner. Here they gave us the use of their sitting room to dry up in. We built a large wood fire in the ancient fireplace and stripped. After drying up and getting something to eat we started again. We paddled along through the rain, passing Nashua, and finally drew up at Merrill's in Tyngsborough, having passed out of New Hampshire into Massachusetts. Here we stopped over night and spent the next day, for it still rained. We advise any one to stop here in preference to either Nashua or Lowell; as far as hotels are concerned, they will get better treatment. Carrying around the dams at Lowell and Lawrence, we reached Newburyport two days later, when we packed our canoe and shipped her home. We then took a "flyer" down Buzzard's Bay for bluefish and had three days of royal sport.

A. H. FORBUSH.

BOSTON, Nov. 27.

CANOE YAWLS.—The following definition of a canoe yawl has lately been adopted by the Royal C. C.: "Length over all not exceeding 20ft., beam not less than 3ft., depth from upper side of deck to under side of keel, measured at any point, not exceeding 3ft.; rating $\frac{(L \times S A)}{6000}$ not to exceed 0.5; no ballast outside or below the garboards, excepting centerplate or drop keels; no transom or counterstern.

THE A. C. A. TRANSPORTATION COMMITTEE.—The following named gentlemen are hereby appointed to be the committee on transportation of the A. C. A., the first named being chairman, namely: C. Y. Winne, of Albany, N. Y.; N. D. Bull, of Springfield, Mass.; M. T. Bennett, Jr., of Garden City, L. I.—HENRY STANTON, Commodore.

BOATING IN CHICAGO.—An effort is being made in Chicago to have an inclosed watercourse laid off in Lincoln Park for running races and boating, to be 1½m. long and 300ft. wide. If successful it will be a novelty and should add greatly to the interest in rowing and paddling races.

CANOE FITTINGS.—The Baker Mfg. Co., whose factory at Watertown, N. Y., was lately destroyed by fire, have completed their rebuilding and are now running 14 hours per day to replace stock for the spring trade.

A.C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Atlantic Division: Dudley D. Gessler New York city.

MOUNTAINEERING IN COLORADO*.

IT will be remembered that in the February, 1889, *Scribner* there appeared an illustrated article by Mr. Frederick H. Chapin, entitled "Photographing the Bighorn," which at the time attracted deserved attention. From the same pen we have now a delightful little book sent forth from the University Press by the publication committee of the Appalachian Club. The volume is abundantly illustrated by photogravures made directly from photographs taken by the author, and it is in these illustrations that the chief value of the book lies. We have never seen any illustrations which give so true an impression of Rocky Mountain scenery as these. The text of the book is distinctly readable, and is very pleasantly written from the standpoint of a mountain climber to whom the Rocky Mountains are new. It gives a capital notion of the higher peaks, which are reached usually only by the big-game hunter. An account of the Hallett Glacier is very interesting, and the game seen in the high mountains is told of in an entertaining way. An extremely interesting appendix to the volume contains a partial list of plants growing in Esies Park, Colorado, observed during the months of July, August and September. The book is handsomely made and throughout a creditable one, but to our mind a serious blemish is its lack of an index.

*Mountaineering in Colorado | The Peaks about Estes Park | by | Frederick H. Chapin | Boston | Appalachian Mountain Club | 1889.

BEECHAM'S PILLS act like magic on a weak stomach.—*Adv.*

HUMPHREYS'
VETERINARY SPECIFICS
For Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs, AND POULTRY.
500 Page Book on Treatment of Animals and Chart Sent Free.

CURES { Fevers, Congestions, Inflammation,
A.A.—Spinal Meningitis, Milk Fever.
B.B.—Strains, Lameness, Rheumatism.
C.C.—Distemper, Nasal Discharges.
D.D.—Bots or Grubs, Worms.
E.E.—Coughs, Heaves, Pneumonia.
F.F.—Colic or Gripes, Bellyache.
G.G.—Miscarriage, Hemorrhages.
H.H.—Urinary and Kidney Diseases.
I.I.—Eruptive Diseases, Mange.
J.K.—Diseases of Digestion.

Stable Case, with Specifics, Manual, Witch Hazel Oil and Medicator, $7.00
Price, Single Bottle (over 50 doses), - .60
Sold by Druggists; or Sent Prepaid anywhere and in any quantity on Receipt of Price.
Humphreys' Med. Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

Forest & Stream File Binders
PRICE, $1.00.
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

HAVE YOU SEEN OUR NEW
Illustrated Catalogue
OF
FISHING TACKLE?
It is the most elaborate and magnificent book ever published in the Sporting Goods line. Send us 25 cents and we will forward you a copy post paid.
ABBEY & IMBRIE,
No. 18 VESEY STREET, NEW YORK.

WINCHESTER
STAR  **RIVAL**
LOADED PAPER SHOT SHELLS.
Ask your Dealer for them.
Not Sold at Retail by the Manufacturers.
WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.,
312 Broadway, N. Y. NEW HAVEN, CONN.
Send for 82-page Catalogue of Arms and Ammunition.

PAINLESS **BEECHAM'S PILLS** EFFECTUAL
THE GREAT ENGLISH MEDICINE
WORTH A GUINEA A BOX
For Bilious and Nervous Disorders, such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fulness, and Swelling after Meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Scurvy, Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, &c. THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES. This is no fiction. Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills, and *they will be acknowledged to be a Wonderful Medicine.*—"Worth a guinea a box."—BEECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed, will quickly *restore females* to complete health. For a
WEAK STOMACH; IMPAIRED DIGESTION; DISORDERED LIVER;
they ACT LIKE MAGIC:—*a few doses* will work wonders upon the Vital Organs; Strengthening the muscular System; restoring long-lost Complexion; bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the ROSEBUD OF HEALTH the *whole physical energy* of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands, in all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that BEECHAM'S PILLS HAVE THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY PATENT MEDICINE IN THE WORLD. Full directions with each Box.
☞ Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England.
Sold by Druggists generally. B. F. ALLEN & CO., 365 and 367 Canal St., New York, Sole Agents for the United States, *who,* (if *your* druggist does not keep them,)
WILL MAIL BEECHAM'S PILLS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE 25 CENTS A BOX.

UNCLE LISHA'S SHOP.
Life in a Corner of Yankeeland.
By ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.
A book that appeals to all who know anything of the old-fashioned New England life. These are some of the chapters:
The School Meeting in District 13. Uncle Lisha's Spring Gun. In Uncle Lisha's Shop. Concerning Owls. Uncle Lisha's Courting. How Zene Burnham Come It on His Father. A Rainy Day in the Shop. The Turkey Shoot at Hamner's. Sam Lovel's Thanksgiving. Little Sis. Sam Lovel's Bee-Hunting. In the Shop Again. The Fox Hunt. Noah Chase's Deer-Hunting. The Hard Experience of Mr. Abijah Jarvis. The Coon Hunt. In the Sugar Camp. Indians in Danvis. The Boy Out West. Breaking Up. The Departure. The Wild Bees' Swarm.
They make a handsomely printed volume of 187 pages, bound in cloth. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, $1.00.
FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO., 318 BROADWAY NEW YORK.
DAVIES & CO., London, England.

DOG TRAINING:
BY
W. T. HAMMOND, KENNEL EDITOR OF FOREST AND STREAM.
For sale at this office. Price $1.00.

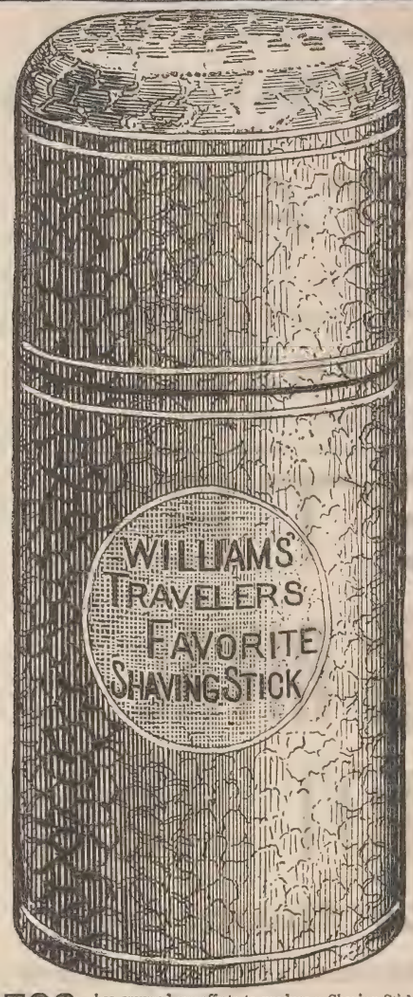
FUR
Lined and Trimmed
COATS.
In many varieties and at very moderate prices.
Lined and Trimmed Genet..... $75.00
Lined Black Muskrat / Trimmed Colored Beaver $90.00
Lined Mink / Trimmed Natural Beaver $125.00
Lined and Trimmed Persian..$165.00
Also many others, including Sea Otter and Russian Sable. Some Buffalo Coats.
C. G. Gunther's Sons
184 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Charley's Wonderful Journeys
By C. F. AMERY.
This series of thirteen adventurous journeys into as many regions of Dreamland has been admirably characterized as the most delicious nonsense ever written, and is now being brought out in a handsome quarto volume of 116 pages, profusely illustrated.
PRICE, $1.50.
FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO
318 Broadway, New York.

REPELLENE.
An Infallible Preventive of the Attacks of **Mosquitoes, Black Flies, Gnats** and all other Insects.
Neat, clean and easily applied. No unpleasant odor, will not *stain* or *injure* the skin, easily washed off. May be carried without danger of *leaking* or *spilling.* In neat, oblong round-cornered box.
Price, 30 Cents, Postpaid.
Sold by Dealers in Sportsmen's Goods.
If your dealer does not keep it, I will send it on receipt of price.
A. FERGUSON, Proprietor and Manufact'er, Office, 65 Fulton street, N. Y.

GURDON TRUMBULL'S
Names and Portraits of Birds
Which Interest Gunners; with descriptions in language understanded of the people.
Practically speaking, this is the first popular volume of ornithology ever issued from the press; a work which goes far to demonstrate that scientific accuracy may be as easily maintained in English as in Greek or Latin. Follows the game birds all over the continent and gives a glossary of all the local names in popular use. Illustrated with admirable portraits from the pencil of Mr. Edwin Shepard of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, which, with the clear descriptions in the text, will enable any man who can read to identify the contents of his game bag.
OPINIONS OF THE PRESS:
It is the first, so far as we know, of books of which the need is felt in every department of natural history.—*Troy Press.*
The book should find its way to a choice place in every sportsman's library.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*
I would much rather know what this book tells me, the various names by which the people call a bird, than the Latin, Greek or Hebrew name which science gave him for the sake of cataloguing him. * * * It is more value to me to have a description of a bird in plain English which I understand than in scientific language which I do not understand.—*W., in Journal of Commerce.*
SOLD BY
Forest and Stream Publishing Co.
PRICE, $2.50.





SUCCESS has crowned our efforts to produce a Shaving Stick superior in *every respect* to any other. **WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK** is the result. Those who have used others pronounce this *far* superior. The lather is richer and creamier, and *will not dry on the face* while shaving. The perfume is that of the finest selected attar of roses. The case is covered with leatherette, and is most attractive and serviceable. Do you not think it would pay you to Try it? It costs no more than others. It is a genuine toilet luxury.

☞ If your Druggist does not have WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK, we will mail you one neatly packed, postage paid, for 25c. in stamps. One WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK is enough for 250 shaves. 10 comfortable, refreshing shaves for ONE CENT. TRY IT.

Address **THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.,**

Established half a hundred years. Makers of the famous GENUINE YANKEE SOAP

YACHTS, BOATS AND CANOES,

WITH SPECIAL CHAPTERS ON MODEL YACHTS AND SINGLEHANDED SAILING.

BY

C. STANSFELD-HICKS.

AUTHOR OF "OUR BOYS, AND WHAT TO DO WITH THEM.

NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS AND DIAGRAMS

AND

WORKING DRAWINGS OF MODEL YACHTS AND VARIOUS SMALL CRAFT SUITABLE FOR AMATEURS.

DESIGNS:

Model Yachts.—Defiance, Isolde, Bonny Jean, and 10-tonner with sail plan.
Canoes.—Birch, Mersey Paddling Canoe, L'Hirondelle, Sailing Canoe.
Sailing Boats and Yachts.—Dabchick, Wideawake, Myosotis, Una, Singlehander by C. P Clayton, Puffin, 3-ton Racer, 3-ton Cruiser, 24ft. Auxilliary (steam and sail) fishing boat.

This volume contains much that is valuable and interesting to American yachtsmen and canoeists. The design, construction and use of small craft of all kinds is treated of in a simple and entertaining style, and the instructions are clear and easily understood.
Large crown 8vo., 380 pages and 16 large folding plates.

Price, Postpaid, $3.50.

FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., 318 Broadway, N. Y.

Steam Yachts and Launches;

THEIR

MACHINERY AND MANAGEMENT.

The Steam Engine as Applied to Yachts; Laws Governing Yachts in American Waters; Rules for Racing; Rules for Building; Pilot Regulations; Specific Types of Machinery; Design of Hulls, Etc., Etc. With 96 illustrations.

By C. P. KUNHARDT.

This volume is intended to be sufficiently comprehensive, and elementary at the same time, to suit the yacht owner's object of acquiring a general understanding of the subject as a whole, with specific information and data covering the most recent practice.—*From Author's Preface.*

Cloth, 240 pages. Price, postpaid, $3.00.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO., 318 Broadway, New York.
SAMPSON, LOW & CO., London, England.

Increasing Sales Attest the Popularity of THE GENTLEMEN'S CIGARETTE.

SPECIAL FAVOURS,

Manufactured only by

KINNEY BROS.

(KINNEY TOBACCO CO. Successors). Also manufacturers of the Old Reliable

SWEET CAPORAL.

Ligowsky C. P. No. 3

The only target having the patent

INTURNED EDGE.



2,000 shots out of each 1,000 targets on account of non-breakage in shipping, trapping and falling upon ground. The only target made with the INTURNED EDGE, producing the surest breaker when hit, and surest non-breaker when not hit. Our traps are sold for the sole purpose of shooting our targets.



ABOUT GLOVES.

When you are buying **gloves,** kid or dogskin, for driving or street wear, remember that there is such a thing as a price that is too **cheap.** It is best to pay a fair price and get good gloves like **Hutchinson's.** They are made from selected stock in the **best** manner and are **warranted** to be the most serviceable made. If you want to know more about gloves in general and Hutchinson's gloves in particular, enclose stamp for the book "**ABOUT GLOVES.**" No matter where you live or what you do it will interest you. It gives a history of gloves and illustrations of their use, prices of the different styles and qualities, directions for measurement and ordering, also testimonials from those who **know the value** of Hutchinson's gloves. **Established 1862.**

JOHN C. HUTCHINSON, Johnstown, N. Y.

CANVAS CANOES;

AND

HOW TO BUILD THEM.

BY PARKER B. FIELD.

The directions are as plain and explicit as possible for the construction of a canoe 13ft. 6in.× 27in. at an expense of not to exceed $7, while the simple operations are within reach of the skill of any careful amateur. No technical terms are used and the successive operations are carefully described in detail, each step being made clear before proceeding to the next. Illustrated; paper 48 pages; price 50 cents.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO., 318 Broadway, New York.

THISTLE.

A BEAUTIFUL AND CORRECT LIKENESS OF THE

Scotch Cutter Thistle,

LITHOGRAPHED IN COLORS FROM A PAINTING BY THE CELEBRATED MARINE ARTIST BARLOW MOORE.

Thistle is represented in broadside view, heeling over to a full press of sail in the Royal Harwich regatta. Irex is also shown under the lee, with Wendur and Genesta following.

Size 24×15, with 4-inch margin for framing. Price $3.00 each.

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.,
NEW YORK CITY.

Field Trial Winners.

We now have ready for delivery pictures of the following celebrated dogs, winners of prizes at Field Trials, on toned paper, size 10×12.

RANGER, SEFTON, CROXTETH.

Price for the full set of three pictures, 40 cts. or 25cts. each sent post paid. Address

Forest and Stream Pub. Co.,
P. O. Box 2832. New York City

The Diseases of Horses;

Their Pathology, Diagnosis and Treatment. To which is added a complete dictionary of equine materia medica. By HUGH DALZIEL.

A very complete, concise and intelligible treatise, conveniently arranged. Every horse owner should have such a book. Paper, 102 pages. 75c.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO., 318 Broadway New York.

Pedigree Record Book

Containing 175 blank pages arranged for carrying out a dog's pedigree to the fifth generation with a lettered index for ready reference. $2.50

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO 318 Broadway, New York.

For Sale.

TROUT FOR SALE.

YEARLINGS of the Brook Trout, Brown Trout and California Trout.

EGGS AND FRY

OF THE SAME IN SEASON.

For information inquire of

J. ANNIN, JR.,
Caledonia, Livingston Co., N. Y.

Shooting Box For Sale.

Completely equipped shooting box near entrance to Cranberry Lake, Adirondacks, comprising two story matched log lodge having six rooms, with kitchen adjoining, house for guides, ice house, three boats, boat house and dock. All in perfect condition, together with 25 acres of land on which the same are situated. For information address or call at Room 32 Boreel Building, New York city, where photographs can be seen. dec5,4t

Old Colony Trout Ponds

ESTABLISHED 1869.

Three million brook trout eggs for sale. Can be transported with safety to any part of the world. Ready for delivery December and January. Also young trout in the spring.
Unsurpassed fly-fishing in its season.
W. L. GILBERT, Proprietor,
nov14,3mo Plymouth, Mass.

Ferrets vs. Rats.

The best breeds of both young and old Ferrets for sale at ADOLPH ISAACSEN'S "Sure Pop," 92 Fulton Street, New York City. A complete book on Ferrets and Rat Exterminating sent by mail for 15 cents.

Fertilized Wild Brook Trout Eggs

And young fry in due season. Address TROUTMERE, Osceola Mills, Wis. nov14,3mo

COMMON PIGEONS FOR TRAP SHOOTING; fancy pigeons and poultry. T. W. HOOPER, & CO., 423 W. Franklin st., Baltimore, Md. nov21,3mo

LIVE QUAIL FOR SALE. Orders delivered as booked. LIVE GAME A SPECIALTY.
E. B. WOODWARD, Commission Merchant, 174 Chambers street, New York.

FOR SALE FOR SHOOTING PURPOSES.—A No. 1 pigeons; no squabs; all kinds fancy pigeons. FIELES & BRO., Christiana, Pa. nov7,3mo

LIVE WHITE HARES (*Lepus Americanus*), captured and properly boxed and delivered to express in Bethel, Me., in good condition on receipt of orders and remittances at $3 per pair. Refer to Hon. H. O. Stanley, Dixfield, Me., Fish and Game Commissioner. J. G. RICH, Bethel, Me. dec16,1t

GUNS. CLOSING OUT FINE SCOTT Guns at less than cost. Don't buy before examining these.
CHARLES L. RITZMANN, 943 Broadway. nov14,3mo

HUNTING FERRETS, $3.50 EACH. Enclose stamp. CORNWELL, Box 927, Schenectady, N. Y. dec5,1t



Chester White, Berkshire and Poland China Pigs, fine setter dogs, Scotch Collies, Foxhounds and Beagles, Sheep and Poultry, bred and for sale by W. GIBBONS & CO., West Chester, Chester Co., Pa. Send stamp for circular and price list.

Wanted.

A GERMAN FISH BREEDER SPEAKING English and French, who was the leader of some of the biggest German fish hatcheries, desires an adequate position in the United States. Excellent references. Address P. PANCRITIUS, New York city, 226 East 102d st. dec5,1t

WANTED. Live Deer, Prairie Chickens, Partridge, Quail and Turkeys. Address full particulars. no21,4t P. O. Box 3350, New York City.

ASK YOUR DEALER



For **NELSON'S** Cartridge Belt. The only **PRACTICAL** contrivance for carrying ammunition in the field. For Shot Guns, Rifles and Pistols. Nothing like it in the market. Patent lateral action.

SMALL YACHTS.

Their Design and Construction, Exemplified by the Ruling Types of Modern Practice. With Numerous Plates and Illustrations.

—BY—

C. P. KUNHARDT.

Cloth, 370 pages of type and illustrations, and 70 plates. Size of page, 14½×12½. Price $7.00.

FOR SALE BY THE

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.,

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 12, 1889.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 21. No 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

May begin at any time. Subscription price, $4 per year; $2 for six months; to a club of three annual subscribers, three copies for $10; five copies for $16. Remit by express money-order, registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canadas and Great Britain. For sale by Davies & Co., No. 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London. General subscription agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Davies & Co., Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searles and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London, Eng. Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France, sole Paris agent for sales and subscriptions. Foreign subscription price, $5 per year; $2.50 for six months.

Address all communications

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

No. 318 BROADWAY. NEW YORK CITY.

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL.
Our Christmas Number.
Mormon Encroachments.
Some Recent Happenings.
THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST.
Sport in New Mexico.
Photography as a Pastime.
Civilization vs. Savagery.
Rod and Gun in Siskiyou.
Sporting in the Far West.
NATURAL HISTORY.
Out-of-Door Papers.—VI.
GAME BAG AND GUN.
Ducks in the Great South Bay.
Game Protection in Wyoming.
A First Buffalo Hunt.
Chicago and the West.
New York Association.
Guns and Gauges.
Pattern and Penetration.
Rifle and Revolver.
The Connecticut Association.
SEA AND RIVER FISHING.
The Material Benefits of Fish Protection.
An Open Letter.
Trout and Game in West Virginia.
Black Bass in Barker's Pond.
SEA AND RIVER FISHING.
Angling Notes.
Smelts at Plymouth.
Brass Ferules.
FISHCULTURE.
Missouri Fish Commission Work.
Central Field Trials.
Eastern Coursing Meet.
Indiana Kennel Club.
American Fox-Terrier Club.
Kennel Notes.
Kennel Management.
RIFLE AND TRAP SHOOTING.
Range and Gallery.
The Trap.
Class vs. Thompson.
YACHTING.
A British 10-Rater.
"Ill-Considered Rules."
The Right Time to Tack.
The Changes in the Racing Rules.
International Skiff Racing.
A Short Trip on the Pacific.
CANOEING.
The Races of the A. C. A. Meet
Toronto C. C. Annual Dinner.
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

THE issue of the FOREST AND STREAM for Dec. 19 will be the Christmas Number. Many good things are in store for that occasion. Here is a list of some of them:

IN FOREIGN LANDS.

On the Trombetas. An account of a daring expedition on the Trombetas River, North Brazil. By "NESSMUK." The story is in the author's best vein, and we need not add that it is intensely interesting.

Dogs, Dingoes and Kuris. An intelligent description of the native wild and domestic dogs of New Zealand. By EDWARD WAKEFIELD.

The Reporter. A sketch of partridge shooting with a "reporter" dog in Sweden. By "MARSTRAND."

Fishing a la Mode. An amusing description by "PODGERS" of one of the dude anglers of Paris.

Big Game in Boer-land. A letter descriptive of hunting in the wilds of South Africa.

First Spear. An account of a novice's first experience in pig-sticking in Scinde. By C. F. AMERY.

A Run after the Long Tails. Kangaroo hunting in Australia. By W. H. LIMOND.

Three Days in Jamaica. A short account of a recent visit to the island. By "F. J. M."

Notes from the Ten Thousand Years House. A letter from Tokio, Japan. By HENRY MACDONALD. A vivid and picturesque description of the phases of life that impress the American traveler in Japan.

DAYS WITH THE ELK.

Running Down an Elk. An account of the pursuit on snowshoes, and the tiring out and capture alive of one of the last elk in the wilds of Pennsylvania. By "ANTLER."

An Elk Hunt. A story of Rocky Mountain adventure. By "Yo."

The Trail of It. A mountaineer's story of a scuffle with a bull elk. By JEROME BURNETT.

The Elk in Harness. An account of personal experience in capturing and taming elk and breaking them to harness. By CHARLES M. DONNELLY.

Old Joe. Notes on a semi-civilized bull elk, which belongs to a Wyoming horse ranch. By MILLARD.

Illustrations. There will also be a double-sheet supplement with careful drawings of elk. By A. S. HIGGINS, JR. With its double supplement the Christmas Number will contain thirty-six pages.

The issue of Jan. 9 will be a special Florida number, illustrated. See announcement next week.

MORMON ENCROACHMENTS.

FROM an entirely trustworthy correspondent it is learned that during the past season there have been considerable encroachments on the southwest corner of the National Park by the Mormon settlers of Idaho. It is reported that on the Falls River meadows several thousand tons of hay have been cut and stacked, some of it in the National Park. Thousands of acres of country here have been burned over. The Mormons claim that these fires were set by Indians, who, after they had finished hunting, fired the country when they left. This is not the Indian way of setting fires for hunting purposes. On the other hand the hay haulers, most of whom are Mormons, have left a great many camp-fires, and it is probable that from some of these the fires got out. Much of the heavy timber was burning in October and November about Æneas Park and Lake. The only person who is known to have camped there is a German or Austrian count, whose men were certainly careless about their camp-fires, as appears from the fact that they left at least one burning in the Park, near Yellowstone Lake. They had thrown water on the middle of the fire, but it was still burning about the edges.

A fire started on the West Gallatin from the camp of a well-known New York gentleman who was hunting there. It appears now—although it was not known at the time—that this fire was due to the criminal ignorance of the cook, who, while the party was out, whittled kindlings and fired a "fat" pine tree "to see it burn." This fire is said to have burned for twenty miles. The cook ought now to be in the Deerlodge Penitentiary.

It is further reported that at least one fire got out from a Government road camp on the Firehole above Kepler's Cascades. The road gang, it is stated, left their fire burning when they broke camp in the autumn. In this last case, if we had any laws for the Park, the offending persons could certainly be detected and punished.

If any further proof were needed of the importance of Congress enacting laws for the protection of the Park, the terrible fires which have raged there this season and which have destroyed so many thousands of acres of living forests furnish that proof. Through the supineness of Congress the beauties of the National Park are being destroyed by fire, and there can be no remedy for this until laws shall be made for the punishment of careless and malicious persons.

SOME RECENT HAPPENINGS.

THE great football contest in this city on Thanksgiving Day between Princeton and Yale has moved the New York *Observer* to view with alarm the hold athletics are taking upon popular attention, and to deplore the growing importance of "sport," under which designation it lumps together athletic games, "hunting for amusement, racing and trotting horses, and the brutal exercises of the prize-ring." As may be inferred from this jumbling of diverse "sports," there is an odd mixture of sober sense and fantastic nonsense in the writer's argument. He fails to discriminate. And this subject of "sports" is certainly one which calls for intelligent discrimination. There is a point up to which athletic sports are justifiable and praiseworthy. The harmful tendencies of the generous competitions of rival college students are hardly deserving of grave discussion. It has been demonstrated again and again that undergraduate interest and participation in college sports are not in the least incompatible with a high attainment in scholarship. The young man who excels in baseball or football often excels likewise in Latin, and Greek, and chemistry. The leader in athletic games may lead in the class-room as well. Something more than mere physical strength is required to captain a football team; the same traits that put one to the fore in athletic games may lead to success in college work and in subsequent fields of activity after college days are past. A striking example of this is afforded by this number of the *Observer* itself, for on the same page with the discussion of the harmful tendencies of college athletics is printed a paper from a clergyman in the West, who, when in college, was one of the foremost baseball players of his class, and who since leaving college and entering the ministry has achieved in his special field a success not attained by any of his classmates.

The prosecution of a New York clergyman, Dr. W. S. Rainsford, rector of St. George's Church, for having killed a quail out of season on Long Island, has as a matter of course, attracted much popular attention. The affair ended in Dr. Rainsford's paying $25 fine, not for the offense with which he was charged and of which he protested his innocence, but for another quail, which he confessed to having killed unlawfully, but of which, he said, no one knew.

The discussion of this case has brought out in the daily press certain criticisms on the propriety of a clergyman's indulging in the recreation of shooting wild game. It has been urged that the use of the gun for the killing of game is at best only a relic of barbarism, inherited from the more brutal ages of the past, that "hunting as a sport is opposed to the humane spirit that is glorifying and ennobling modern life," and that a Christian minister cannot engage in it without impairing his influence and bringing reproach upon his calling. If it were true that hunting ought properly to be classed among degrading pastimes, it would as a matter of course, be conceded that no self-respecting individual, whether clergyman or layman, should take part in it. But the fallacy of any such contention is due to the abnormal perspectives with which mawkish closet philosophers regard field sports. In their imagination, the sportsman delights in cruelty, in the sight of suffering, in the infliction of pain; and the effect on the hunter of indulgence in the pursuit of game is debasing. As a matter of fact, there is no reason nor shadow of truth in such a view. The facts do not sustain it. Field sports do not brutalize those who participate in them. Quite possibly the theory that they should debase their followers is a very beautiful and logical theory, as theories go; but in experience the facts are not found to fit the theory. This does not and never will daunt the closet theorizers. They will go on denouncing the practices of shooting and fishing; and holding up field sportsmen as monsters of brutality and cruelty; and never omitting to take advantage of every incident like this Rainsford case to air their fallacious, foolish sentimentalism.

If shooting and angling are, instead of demoralizing, healthful and ennobling in their effect on the individual and on society, it follows that they may with propriety be engaged in by all men, of whatever profession and standing in the community, so long as the participants, however high their social position or important their calling, shall respect the laws which are made to govern all alike; and shall pursue their recreation in what the consensus of their fellow men recognizes as a proper manner. It is encumbent on each individual who shoots to obey not only the letter, but the spirit of the game laws; and the more prominent may be the place held by a sportsman in the public eye, the more strongly is he bound to conduct himself in the field without giving cause for reproach.

The Eastern Coursing Club, which is composed of gentlemen who are known as owners and breeders of greyhounds, has been making an effort to introduce the sport of coursing to Long Islanders. There being no native supply of game suitable for this purpose, the club has procured a number of jack rabbits from the West. These were put out in a field at Hicksville; and when the men and dogs gathered for the meet, one of the jacks was let out of the corral, as described in our Kennel columns, and the dogs were slipped. The fleeing rabbit was turned from its course by an officer of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and was thus forced into the jaws of the greyhound and killed. Two of the handlers were thereupon arrested by the Society's officers; and one of them was immediately given a trial and was acquitted. The second trial was held last Tuesday. In the absence of Col. "Bob" Ingersoll, who was expected to represent the Society, Mr. Chas. J. Peshall took part as associate counsel for the prosecution. This trial ended like the first, in an acquittal of the charge of cruelty. The coursing club proclaims that it will course, and the Society proclaims that it will arrest. The end is not yet. As we said of the Hempstead Coursing Club, the charge of cruelty as here involved is not one that will appeal to the healthy mind. The practice of the Eastern Coursing Club appears to be free from the objectionable features that characterized the Hempstead mode of rabbit killing: and the Hicksville coursing, as done last week, was not open to the charge of unsportsmanlike surroundings. If the truth about the Eastern Coursing Club's mode were generally known, we are convinced that it would meet no opposition among the humane friends of the animal kingdom,

The Sportsman Tourist.

SPORT IN NEW MEXICO.

ONE of the most beautiful and well-stocked streams in New Mexico is the Brazos, an arm of the Chama. About the 12th of June the big fish begin to run up; then is the time to be out, and the angler will surely be well rewarded. On the 14th of June, last year, my friend E. caught 22 fish averaging 1¼lbs. Three-pound fish are plentiful at this season; but as time advances they ascend from pool to pool, till they are only to be met with near the headwaters, which is in an extremely rough country and somewhat high up in the mountains; consequently the inconvenience of getting there is considerable. This year we made very good baskets during June, the early part of July, and September, when the fish began to come down. During the latter month my friend Mr. E. made the best catch of the season, as far as our camp was concerned, not in numbers, but according to weight. He had over fifty fish, the smallest being very little short of half a pound, and the three largest weighing 12¾, respectively 4¾, 4¼ and 3¾, the rest ranging down, there being several about 2lbs., and so on.

Late in August three gentlemen came to camp with us, who were very anxious to engage in a hunt and see a live bear in his natural state and proper place in front of the hounds. We took a preliminary canter over the mountains in search of tracks, which were found about four miles from the main camp on a small stream. Owing to the scarcity of rain this year the so-called stream had degenerated into an insignficant water-hole and held only just enough *aqua impura* for ourselves, our horses, three donkeys and the bear. However, we could do no better, so here we camped. The river being only about a mile and a half below, we took our rods, as well as the guns and nine dogs. On our arrival the first evening it was too late to hunt with hounds, so C. and I went after grouse, while E. and J. took a turn at the trout. A., who was out for his health, remained in camp, promising to attend to the culinary department. We were not very successful, for although C. had an excellent pointer, the brush was so thick and the traveling so rough that our shooting was certainly faulty; we called it "bad powder." Be that as it may, we only got a brace of birds out of at least twelve that were flushed. The other two did not do much better, for J. was unaccustomed to the ways of the wily trout, and the big fish were for the most part higher up the stream. He did, however, hook one of about 2lbs. and tried to throw him out over the back of his head, with the usual heartrending result. No matter. They brought back plenty for supper and breakfast; and no one had cause nor excuse to grumble as yet; indeed Mr. G. performed his part well, and all went on swimmingly.

Early next morning we started with the hounds through fallen timber, stumps and thick undergrowth. The dogs were all coupled except Spot, a reliable old hound, who hunts like a pointer and rarely ranges out of sight until he strikes a fresh trail. I guess we traveled or rather rolled, fell and stumbled along in this way for a mile or more, having to go back every now and then to loosen the dogs, who have a wonderful knack of tying themselves up in all kinds of sailor's knots and other fantastic intricacies. Two will run in opposite direction around a bush; the rest jump over them, dive in between each others' legs and come up on the other side; and the thing is done, which takes ten minutes struggling and puzzling to undo. During this performance a puppy will usually escape, with one or two couples dangling from his neck, and go bawling through the wood as if on a hot trail, until caught and replaced.

After a mile and a half more or less had been traversed, we came to a creek with very steep ascent on either side. Here the old dog began to yell with all his might and we let the rest loose. In another three minutes the whole pack were in full cry, going up the worst side of course. They ran up for about half a mile and bayed in some quaking asp, but we were all too far behind to see anything; and they soon went on again upward you may be sure. All the time the rocks were getting rougher and the way more precipitous, but on we toiled. G. and C. were left in the dim distance. E. was ahead and J. and I a few yards behind, were not a little interested in the mineral we continually passed. However, he being better versed in mineralogy than myself, was sooner satisfied as to its intrinsic value and waddled on; thus it came about that I was left behind toiling slowly but surely. When I arrived near the summit, E. and J. were about 300yds. in front; on getting there I shouted and received no answer; they had gone! dogs and all, goodness knows where. Thus I reflected, "Any animal doubling on the hounds will have to come down the pass I have just come up; and if he does not double I have no chance on earth of ever seeing him or my dogs till sundown." So I lit a pipe and while taking in the situation, a fine pair of elk horns caught my eye. They were lying on a rock at the edge of the cliff, probably having been placed there by some Indian. A short examination satisfied me that I had not come all this way for nothing. Accordingly I shouldered them, with the intention of hiding, and getting them at a future date. But, alas! when I was well coiled up in them something rushed past me about 50yds. to my left through the brush, and made for the pass. I cannot tell what possessed me, but for some reason or other, or no reason at all, I thought it was a deer, so I took my time getting to the brink of the precipice, for we were not hunting deer. When I did get there I heard a "yap" behind me, and here was a hound in close pursuit; and about 300yds. below, disappearing into some scrub, was a cinnamon bear with two tiny cubs. I fired two or three random shots without effect. Then G. fired three times from the opposite hill, but the bear was too fast and too far off. The old hound went on, and then came a pup, both were tired and footsore, not having been out before this since early in the spring. The rest were in Jerusalem for all I knew, many of them being young dogs and wild from want of exercise; I reckon they overran the trail; anyway, they did not put in an appearance until late that evening. Having satisfied myself that the tired old hound and pup would never overhaul that bear with her two cubs to protect, I again shouldered my elk horns and rifle and began my descent, soon to meet C. and J., which latter gentleman was somewhat excited at having seen and shot at his first bear. "It was a buster," at least he said so, and of course it must have been, but I thought it was rather small. Some way below we met J. and E., who had gone round and come down ahead of us, having seen nothing. That evening I went out after trout, leaving G. in camp, somewhat fatigued after his tramp; E. and C. took a turn at the grouse, and J. went out exploring generally.

But the tale of the day has yet to be told, for shortly after we had left in the morning the Mexican tending the stock had run in to acquaint G. with the welcome fact that a bear was within 50yds. of his tent and had not yet seen him. Out he went with his little .44 Winchester, and there sure enough was our old cinnamon, minus her cubs, taking a bath in our drinking water to cool off a bit after her run. This was too much for G.'s nerves, and up went his gun. Snap! There was no cartridge in. She heard the click and was gone. Oh, mortifying moment for G.! He fired into the brush, but that was the last time the old lady visited the locality. I think had she been hit she probably would have turned to fight at such close quarters. That night the cubs came around camp to hunt their mother. I wished they had found her before, for they caused an awful commotion among the stock.

The next day we had another unsuccessful run, I think after the same bear; but she had been traveling all night and we ran all day without overhauling her. An amusing incident occurred to C. and G. They were again left behind, sitting on a log in the road indulging in the fragrant weed, when G. suddenly jumped up and shouted, "There's a bear!" C. fell backward over the log in his hurry to rise; and his gun flew over his head. He gained his feet, however, in time to take part in the roar of ineffectual shots that followed the intruder. It was a small brown bear, and was walking steadily toward them about 25ft. away, when first observed, doubtless having been frightened out of its midday slumbers by the distant baying of the hounds.

However, a great part of our object was achieved; and if we had not been able to kill a bear for our friends, we had shown them four in two days, running about wild in their native woods. They were pleased, and so were we, for the bears were thin and the hides poor; so there was not much lost, unless it was the $20 bounty on their heads, $5 a head, which would most likely have been invested for the benefit or misery of the crowd in that diabolical concoction of sulphuric acid and tobacco juice, blessed with the great name of whisky in New Mexico.

The next day we parted, J. G. and C. to their gold mine about thirty miles distant, and we to Stinking Lake, so named from its sulphuric properties. Here we brought to camp 459 ducks, mostly canvasbacks, 18 coyotes, 2 Canada geese, which my friend E. shot right and left with his 12-bore, a bald eagle, a pelican and numerous other specimens. Those ducks must have had a rough time, for the day before we left a large party from Denver arrived with boats and decoys. But there were plenty for all, and more too. Had we gone in for slaughtering them from the edge of the lake and on the water, the number of slain could not have been counted, much less used. But we prefer driven birds, for ducks flying over a hide on a narrow strip of land, from one water to another, go very fast and afford rare sport, besides requiring a certain amount of practice, as any of your readers are well aware who have tried it.

Duck shooting is getting stale, and having all the smoked birds we want for winter, we wend our way in the direction of Señor Patricio Chavez's ranch at the head of the Galena Cañon. We meet him on the road, and he tells us where one of his steers has been recently killed by a bear. The following morning the dogs are off again; we soon find the bear's track and it is fresh. Away they go, and after five miles scrambling and crawling over hill and dale, we come to a fine old cinnamon treed about 500ft. below us. The dogs are all there, yelling lustily at the foot of the gigantic pine, in which he considers himself safe. There he sits and smiles a sweet ursine smile at his pursuers, as a house cat will at a terrier, as much as to say, "Don't you wish you could catch me?" A glance showed that there is nothing for it but to run a mile or more around the cañon before commencing the descent. However, we are in for it now, so stumbling over anything and everything we roll to the bottom amid a shower of loose earth and rocks, some unpleasantly large ones, too. The first man who arrived within shot was Charlie, who fired at once, as the old fellow showed signs of coming down to make a firmer acquaintance with us; but this we did not at all desire. He fell, shot through the brain, and proved to be a beauty, with a long coat and a hundred pounds of lard on him. The meat was also very acceptable, for he had fed chiefly on the sweet little nut known as the piñon, with the addition of the prime beef he so lately brought to his larder.

The next day we got two black-tailed deer; but seeing no more bear sign we moved into the Chama Cañon; and here we are with 2in. of snow outside and six turkeys inside. There were more turkeys killed, but unfortunately the boys hanged them up with the intention of fetching them next day; the wild turkey has a strong scent and the cats and coyotes got there first. To-morrow I go to hunt a good winter camp and something more rare in a sheep and cattle country than bears, that is winter grass for my stock. When this is found, we will make off camps till the end of this month, among the piñons, where the Mexicans tell me our quarry are feeding in great numbers. I expect the foot of the Sierra Valdais or Pedro Nal will find us during the cold weather, wherever it may be. I will let you know with what success we meet. So *adios*, fellow sportsmen, and if you do not hear from me again before Christmas I wish you all a merry one and lots of good cheer.

NEW MEXICO. A. P. F. COAPE.

WEIGHT OF GROUSE.—Chews Landing, New Jersey, Dec. 6.—Thinking that some fellow sportsman who peruses the columns of "the Old Reliable" will be interested in the following little item I jot it down. While shooting quail to-day a pair of ruffed grouse flushed about 30yds. from where I stood. I killed one and hit the other hard, but I had only small loads of No. 10 shot, and he got away. The one I killed proved to be a young cock, and the largest I ever saw, weighing no less than 2lbs. 1oz. on two different scales to-night. I also killed the largest hen quail I ever pulled a trigger on not 100yds. from where the grouse fell; she pulled the scale at just 9oz. More than a dozen saw these birds weighed.—RUDOLPH VON OHL.

PHOTOGRAPHY AS A PASTIME.

WITH the advent of the falling autumnal leaf the peregrinations of the amateur photographer, as he pushes his way through the trackless avenues of nature, become invested with surpassing interest. When old Mother Earth begins to robe herself in the cerements of crimson and yellow and the grand old forests drop upon her bosom the brown garments of decay, it is then that the knight of the tripod is in his glory.

The wonderful growth of amateur photography as a popular outdoor pastime illustrates in a marked degree the elevating tendencies of the modern devices for health-giving recreation. To the lover of those polite diversions that are devoid of the elements of daring adventure and the prowess of reckless exposure the study of field photography presents attractions that are incomparably superior to those of other outdoor pastimes.

Photography enjoys an acknowledged supremacy over all other outdoor sports in that it cultivates the finer instincts and depends not for its fascinating features upon any exhibition of physical hardihood or athletic training. The pursuit of the pastime is beyond question ennobling and refining in its influence. It develops a keen and artistic eye for the beautiful in nature. Through the mystic and enchanting alchemy of the "dark room" it brings the receptive mind into close contact with the great Artist who has filled the earth and sky with such regal beauty.

The whole realm of nature with its green fields and woodland symposium of daisies and buttercups, its babbling brooks, where the laughing rivulets go clattering with their silver heels over the stony depths and the nodding lilies drink in copious libations from the perpetual fount—all this is the kingdom of the amateur photographer.

The pastime is one that not only conduces to physical exhilaration, but, through the fascinating mystery of its results, it engages our admiration and enlists our ripest mental endeavor. Other outdoor sports are largely calculated for the development of the body without rendering to the mind any adequate recompense. Moreover, such pastimes as hunting, fishing, lawn tennis and baseball combine elements of roughness that are incompatible with the refined delicacy of the gentler sex. Photography is a recreation admirably adapted to both sexes.

Those who imagine that outdoor photography is a mere sport are laboring under a lamentable misapprehension of the scope of this delectable diversion. Photography is a study; and to that fact it is indebted in a large measure for many of its elements of irresistible charm. Pure physical exercise is not satisfying to the cultivated mind. The pastime that makes only brawn and muscle does not adequately fulfill the requirements of a perfect ideal American pastime.

To the young man or young woman who seeks mere sport, photography will be a vexatious disappointment. Its tedious details cannot be mastered in one summer. To the patient student who is willing to give to it a fair allowance of time and study it has a fund of pleasure that is constant and exhaustless.

He who is gifted by nature with an instinct for discerning the beautiful, and is endowed with some inventive faculty, will find the rarest enjoyment in photography. No lunkhead ever made a success of it or thoroughly enjoyed it. Not every one who can wield a lawn-tennis racquet can develop a good negative or make a perfect "exposure." The cameras which come under the "touch-the-button" class are eschewed by the votaries of the art and are relegated to their proper place on the shelves of the toy shops. They are not designed to be used by persons who have artistic talent.

Those who contemplate joining the grand army of amateur photographers should be admonished that the only true satisfaction is to be derived from a camera that has been made for the professional artist. The average "amateur outfit" is to be abhorred by those who would be *en rapport* with the beautiful art. Such outfits are designed for the entertainment of boys, to be cast aside at the end of a summer's campaign to repose in the bric-a-brac of the garret. An investment of a twenty-dollar bill with one of those amateur concerns will bring in return a cheap box, a cheap lens and a varied assortment of nameless chemicals, together with a cheap lot of toy appurtenances that will be of no use to the genuine artist.

If you want a camera it is advisable to go or send to a photographic stock house and purchase a good instrument that will be a constant source of pleasure. If you have fifty dollars to invest put twenty-five of it in a lens. The remaining twenty-five can be judiciously expended in a box, tripod and plate-holders. A good formula for developing the negatives may be obtained of any local photographer. It is not advisable to purchase a box that is embellished with complicated mechanisms that are constantly getting out of order. A plain box, with a revolving front and swing-back, are preferred by artists of experience, who have studied the art with reference to accomplishing the best results. There are those who do not feel that they are properly equipped for a photographic outing until they own an expensive shutter with rubber tube and bulb. But some of the most skillful amateurs prefer the old-time "cap" for ordinary exposures, while the instantaneous exposures may be made with a wooden drop-shutter, that can be made for fifty cents.

After all, the excellence of the results accomplished are dependent upon the skill of the artist. The time of the exposure must be regulated according to the light and the character of the subject. To make indiscriminate "shots" at all sorts of objects is the pastime of the schoolboy and not of the artist. The most beautiful effects are obtained by a proper study of the lights and shadows of the landscape, coupled with a skillful exposure of such duration as is best calculated to draw out all the beauties of the scene. The dark foliage of trees will require a longer exposure than a house that has been painted white. And in this connection it is proper to remark that the most inane and insipid feature of the pastime is the photography of houses. No artist who is in love with the art will waste any of his precious negatives upon houses, except, perchance, those that are singularly beautiful and rustic in their architectural conception.

Landscapes constitute the poetry of photography. They make up the rhythmic beauty of the photographic melody. A proper appreciation of the art is predicted upon the delicate impressionableness of the artist with reference to natural scenery.

The photography of faces that have been previously prepared for the "ordeal" should be left for the "professional," whose appreciation of the art is circumscribed by the limitations of the almighty dollar. It is his business to flatter human vanity for sordid lucre. The amateur must not prostitute the art to such base ends. If he desires to embalm a sweet face or a graceful form on the unfading tablets of photography, he should "take" them by the instantaneous process, when they are not posing for it. Groups of merrymakers, taken at a picnic or outing, without any warning from the operator, form a laughable feature of photography, and the pictures have the rare merit of being exceedingly "natural."

The time is coming when an educated man will not think of starting upon a pilgrimage without his trusty camera, upon whose never-failing power he may depend to secure a panorama of his journey, which will be one of the comforts of his declining years. A glance at the pictures will revive a thousand tender associations of earlier days.

The time is also coming when every educated man who builds himself a home to live in, will give as much attention to the construction of the "dark-room" as he does to the library. In the dark-room, where may be developed at leisure the results of a day's tramp in field and forest, are to be found the true delights of photography. Here are evolved by the wand of the photographic wizard, the pictures that will hang on memory's wall for many years to come. After the day's battle and the ignoble strife for gain is ended, it is sweet to retire into the quiet seclusion of the enchanted dark-room, and bring to light the hidden sun-pencilings of a long ramble through the woods in the autumn days.

The dark-room is an institution that will mollify the asperities of connubial life and dissipate the corroding perplexities of business care. TRUMAN A. DEWEESE.

CIVILIZATION VS. SAVAGERY.

THE enthusiastic letter of John Elliott Curran in regard to Mr. Grinnell's "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-Tales," suggests a few reflections as to the real value of such a book and as to the true view to take of savage as compared to civilized life. I heartily agree with Mr. Curran as to the great value of such a faithful study of savage life by so competent and so artistic a hand as Mr. Grinnell's, and I welcome the book with great pleasure. It brings that breath of the prairies, that sense of contact with nature, that unrestrainedness and freedom which are always so refreshing and exhilarating to civilized men of healthy tendencies, but which are such mainly by way of needed vacation and rest and change from too long-continued confinement and routine. But over and above all this, the value of this book and others like it lies in the data they furnish for students of the great, growing and vastly important science of anthropology. The debt we owe to the men who were far-seeing enough to preserve these materials before general intelligence awoke to their value can never be paid. The time will come when all this will be appreciated, and when every remaining trace of primitive man will be carefully treasured, every burial mound and cairn and fortification and shell heap and cave will be faithfully studied; but it will not be till after millions of them have been ignorantly and ruthlessly destroyed, and many a dialect and many a body of folk-lore is hopelessly lost or remains in dim and unverifiable tradition, but which would have furnished priceless data to the specialists who are slowly and patiently gathering up and piecing together the story of man's advent upon and his gradual conquering of the earth. To the grand science of anthropology all the subordinate sciences—archæology, ethnology, philology, etc.—lend their aid, and nothing that can assist is unimportant.

In different ways the tribes of men have reacted upon their environment and wrestled with their problems, and the record of each may throw unexpected light upon every other. It is here, by the way, that the intelligent sportsman may often render yeoman service. Penetrating further and further every year into the wilds in quest of the retreating game, he is often the sole witness of important phenomena, which without his record would be lost to the world; and, therefore, his note-book should be as constant a companion as his rifle.

But my special wish was to say a word about a true and a false sentimentalism in regard to the savage and the savage life. As cities grow and as civilized life becomes more and more complex, we shall increase rather than diminish our love of nature, and our zest for a vacation stay in the wilderness will grow as the wilderness itself becomes hard to find, but it is not wisdom to mistake the life of the savage as in any sense higher or more desirable than that of the civilized man. The return to savage simplicity of life is only desirable as a temporary change and rest. Neither is it true in any true sense that the savage understands nature or is ennobled by his contact with it. It is because of his very submersion in nature, his failure to have arisen above it and out of it, that he *is* a "savage" and low in the scale. It is true, as Mr. Curran says, that "his first care is to get something to eat," but that is not to his credit nor to his ultimate advantage, nor is it true of any race of men, whose first or chief concern was to gratify the immediate demands of nature that they have risen much above the brute, over whom in the nature of the case they could claim no superiority of aspiration. It is never until men acquire the faculty of prevision and, even in the desire to minister to their bodily wants, can make the wants of the future superior to those of the present, that they can attain the best and surest means of gratifying them, and it is never until men conceive of moral and spiritual wants, for which they are willing to *give up* all other gratifications, that they become truly civilized and human.

Civilization with all its terrible evils is yet immeasurably better than savagery, and moreover, civilization sets itself intelligently and consciously to cure its own defects. Mr. Curran says that the Indian "has, in the main, much grander and more dignified thoughts and conceptions than are likely to fall to a man who, for instance, is always poring over books of account, or always writing letters, or always trying to get rich by trading with people." Again, in speaking of the intense physical life of the Indian, he says, "And living, he gets much nearer to God, nearer than we do who trot over our pavements day after day, enter our stores and do and think all things in our own miniature, unlasting world, erected by our own hand to the exclusion of nature."

This is the false sentimentalism of which I spoke, and the fallacy is that of taking, on the one hand, some real or supposed defect of civilization and holding it so close to the eye as to shut out the view of the universe, and, on the other hand, of imagining a universe of solid structure where little more than a vacuum exists. Yet this fallacy appears so often that it may be worth while to speak of it. Born of the same stock is the conceit that puts trust in the "doctor" whose only claim, forsooth, is that he has never in his life studied anatomy or medicine and never availed himself of one of the helps to knowledge which the combined study of thousands of men has furnished. It is of the same piece with the ignorance which scouts "book learning" and supposes that the Digger Indian, who lives on and whose whole concern is about roots and acorns and snakes and snails, must therefore know more about these very things than Professor Gray, the botanist, and Agassiz and Huxley and Darwin.

The truth is that the average civilized schoolboy has in one day far more "grand and dignified thoughts and conceptions" than a real savage has in the whole course of his life. Some recognizable germs of these thoughts he does have, and they are genuine as far as they go, but, compared to the far-reaching generalizations of civilized man, they are infinitesimal. The truth is that those who live in closest physical contact with material nature know least about nature and see the least in it. By so much as they depend upon the sharpness of the bodily senses, by so much are they ignorant of that infinitely more important secondary sense which avails itself of the thinking and reasoning of all other men combined. The savage knows things in their isolated singleness. The civilized man knows them in their far-reaching relations, and this is the only true knowing.

That which Mr. Curran calls "our own miniature, unlasting world erected by our own hand to the exclusion of nature," is precisely the reverse of what he describes it to be. It is the world higher than mere nature, the world of human nature, the world of art, the permanent world of institutions. The world of the savage is the little world, the immediate, and of all things the least permanent. It is a world so little as to neither merit nor secure for itself its own recorded history, unless that history is written by some one else and that, too, from a motive which would be unintelligible to a savage. A few dim and fanciful traditions, interesting as they may be to us for various good reasons, are not in any true sense history. An Arctic explorer questioned the leader of a tribe of Esquimaux as to the great decrease in numbers of his people, and showed him that in a generation or two the tribe would probably be extinct, but he found it impossible to arouse in the savage any emotion or concern at such a prospect, the truth of which he acknowledged with a grin. So long as his own belly was full he cared nothing for the future. Of course there are savages and savages, and many North American Indians are far more advanced than this, but because they are capable of somewhat less selfish interests, and just in proportion as they are, we call them "higher in the scale."

A lady, who lived two or three years with the Cree Indians and who learned their language thoroughly, and entered in all things into their life and interests, told me how extremely limited and commonplace these were. Beyond the few stock excitements of the hunt and the fight it was inane to an amazing degree. Because of reflection and study the civilized man becomes acquainted with principles, and thereby can truly know and interpret nature and make its most hidden powers serve him, and for this reason it is that, other things being equal, he will always in time surpass the Indian in the latter's own chosen field.

Mr. Curran declares that the Indian has been despised because he "has savage, that is natural ways." He should be reminded that it is only as man has brought art to his aid and conquered his natural ways that he became cleanly and self-respecting and able to combine with his fellows, and to transmit in ever-increasing volume the advantages he has gained to those who come after him. Mr. Curran says that the test of greatness of mind is not the power to "do calculus," but rather "that simplicity that bares the human breast to final things, to time, to space, sky and earth, to the last of human motives—the last in the crucible when all others are evaporated—the desire of life and companionship." This is indeed a strange confusion of thought. If "the desire of life and companionship" is the test of "greatness of mind," then it is one which can be triumphantly passed by nearly all the lower animals, and is certainly not the test by which any of the distinctions at present in vogue in the world have been established! As to the "simplicity which bares the breast to final things, to time, to space," etc., it is not simplicity but profound thought alone which conceives of space and time at all as such, a thought far profounder than any real savage is capable of; and it is just his simplicity itself which makes it impossible for him to do it, for he lives naïvely and unreflectingly in time and space, and for the most part innocent of any attempts at philosophy about them.

The whole matter has long ago been rightly summed up by Tennyson in "Locksley Hall," where, after indulging for a short time in some such bilious notions as I have been criticising, he comes to his senses and sees the folly of it all. He has been disappointed in love and "the world is out of joint" for him, and in the bitterness of his pain it seems to him that civilization is all wrong, is only a diabolically complex machine to torture a man, and that it would be far better to turn one's back on it and flee to the wilderness, to "burst all links of habit" and to "wander far away" where no echo of the civilized world can reach him. Listen to him:

"There methinks would be enjoyment more than in this march of mind,
In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake mankind.

"There the passions, cramped no longer, shall have scope and breathing space;
I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race.

"Iron-jointed, supple-sinewed, they shall dive and they shall run,
Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their lances in the sun;

"Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rainbows of the brooks;
Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books."

From the standpoint which I have criticised the picture seems to be attractive and complete. But it turns out that the thinking of the world for the last few thousand years has not been done for nothing, and there is some validity to human institutions after all. Listen to the poet after his delirium has passed and he can see things clearly:

"Fool, again the dream, the fancy! but I know my words are wild,
But I count the gray barbarian lower than the Christian child.

"I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious gains,
Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with lower pains!

"Mated with a squalid savage—what to me were sun or clime?
I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time."

No, the picture is not a pretty one, and his wise and firm conclusion is that no amount of the sensuous pleasure of savage life would be a fair price for which to barter the smallest of the benefits of civilization, or as he states it in a single line,

"Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

Having already in another number of FOREST AND STREAM expressed myself as keenly appreciative of Mr. Grinnell's fine book, I am glad to join hands with Mr. Curran in his warm praise of it, only dissenting from some of his side reflections and philosophy.

C. H. AMES.

ROD AND GUN IN SISKIYOU.

EVERYBODY knows that the railroad line between Portland, Ore., and San Francisco, Cal., passes through immense regions where the hunting and fishing are especially fine, and which were not accessible until a few years ago. The country along the upper Sacramento, the McCloud, and the lesser streams of Shasta and Siskiyou, is covered with great forests; it is, in fact, one of the last fastnesses of the superb coniferous forests of the Pacific coast, and it is being pierced in a dozen directions by the lumber men. Wood flumes are being built, railroads are surveyed into the heart of the pineries, and inside of twenty years this magnificent mountain paradise of animal and vegetable life will probably be as desolate as the worst wastes of the Adirondacks. Therefore let those who can afford it come while the woods are still unviolated.

Fishing is said to close in northern California with October, but I heard and saw enough in a few days spent in this region during the middle of November this year, to justify any sportsman in trying the journey, ordinary seasons, even later. I can promise a man a good time almost all winter.

The territory which I wish to describe lies in an irregular square, cut north and south by the railroad, and comprising a district perhaps fifty miles square. It lies around the base of such noble peaks as Eddy, Muir, Scott and the giant of Shasta. The weather the middle of November in Strawberry Valley, and in fact everywhere at that elevation—of about 4,000ft.—was clear, bracing and delightful. No snow had as yet fallen much below the forest line, above which the great white domes of Eddy and Shasta rose, the latter the most noble and satisfactory sight imaginable. There was frost at night, and a fire was very comfortable after sunset, but all day everywhere in the streets of the mountain towns, men went to and fro in their shirt sleeves, or worked in the lumber mills. Green grass was springing under the pines and in the meadows, while through innumerable ditches ran the cold snow water from the heights. Such a region of contrast it has seldom been my good fortune to discover.

The Sacramento River heads a little beyond Sissons in a large spring bursting from the mountain side. Among the larger tributaries are the Pitt and the McCloud; and all are fed by the glaciers of Shasta. North again, the Shasta River, rising at the foot of Scott Mountain, flows many a tortuous mile into the Klamath, one of the great rivers of California. The lesser streams are almost countless, and there are a number of mountain lakes, besides lagoons in the larger valleys. All winter wildfowl abound in the region. They frequent the lakes and lagoons, and the meadows in the valleys. The Indians snare them; the pioneers count them a timely addition to the bill of fare, and their numbers do not appear to diminish in the least. Hardly a hunter finds his way to the region in the winter, and it is almost virgin soil in that regard. The manager of a large lumber mill told me that ducks, geese, curlews and other wildfowl in little Shasta Valley "are often too tame and too plenty for real sport." There are no fences for miles. One drives about the rolling foothills, the lava rocks, and the meadow borders, and gets shots every few minutes, either at birds flying over head or by flushing them from the pasturage or the small ponds.

Fly-fishing on the McCloud closes with October. The native fly of the region has a yellow body and brown wings. "Benn's McCloud" is a good one; so is the "golden-brown hackle," the "blue miller," the "royal coachman," and "Benn's orange-gray and brown." The pot-fishermen are guilty of using salmon roe, which every true disciple of the line abominates as nothing less than murder. The rainbow trout (*Salmo iridea*) is most abundant, but the large Dolly Varden trout offer the best sport. Salmon are very plentiful in the season. All along the Upper Sacramento, from Redding north for several hours of travel, the railroad trains pass within casting distance of the beautiful river, and one can see trout from the window of his car, "head on" below the rocks, or moving across the shallows.

The Indians spear them at this season (November) and they are in excellent condition, but in the whole country one cannot find a devotee of the rod; it is the society season in San Francisco, and besides there is a superstition abroad that the weather is too cold up here. The pioneers and the loggers and mountaineers could tell a different story. They love the winter better than any other time of the year.

The large game of this mountain region is very interesting. The Rocky Mountain sheep still live and breed 12,000 or 13,000ft. above the sea on the Shasta crags. Muir speaks of "the cradle of this little mountaineer, aloft in the sky, rocked in the storms, curtained in clouds, sleeping in thin icy air." Another extremely rare animal is the American chamois (*Aplocerus montanus*). The antelope is another, though thirty years ago there were many thousands of them in California. Mr. Sisson, the old pioneer of all this region, says there were a few specimens of a species of polar bear with black heads and snow-white bodies living on Mount Shasta, and there were others that were all white. The pioneers of Siski-

you killed a number of these bears and learned to dread them more than the grizzlies, but it is twenty years since the last one was seen. Elk used to be abundant and there are probably a few left.

The days when deer were shot by the hundred, and wagons loaded with the hides, are gone, and the game laws are reasonably well enforced, but an even closer season is desirable if this region is to maintain its reputation. An effort to pass a stricter law to apply to these northern counties will be made before the next Legislature. The blacktails (*Cervus columbiana*) are the most numerous species of deer in the Siskiyou forests, and any respectable shot can pick up a few. The whitetails (*C. leucurus*) are more difficult to find in this district. The large mule deer (*C. macrotis*) is one of the finest game animals left. Black bears are often seen. The grizzly is less common, but not unattainable to the hunter who is certain that he wants grizzly. The cougar and the lynx complete the list of large game of the Mount Shasta region.

A young Pullman car conductor met on this trip, W. C. Marshall, formerly of Chicago, proved to have had considerable hunting and fishing experience in the Southwest. He thinks that the Gallinas River, New Mexico, some fifteen miles from Las Vegas, is the finest trout stream in the Territory. His last expedition to this district was with J. Winslow Judson, Jr., a railroad director from St. Joseph, Missouri. "We could have caught," he said, "300 mountain trout in half a day; we lived mainly on trout all the time we were there."

In 1885, Marshall and Tom Coulson, a noted hunter from Wichita, Tex., started from Herold, in that State, and went to the "Forks of Pecos River," 150 miles west, on the hills, where the scrub oak of that district grows in great thickets, and in November they are crowded with deer fattening on the acorns. In thirty days they made the trip and returned to Herold with the hams and hides of fifty-four deer. Coming back, they camped a day in a motte, near Herold, and "filled the wagon box of the second wagon" with wild turkeys. One of them carried a Winchester and the other a Marlin.

It is now Marshall's fate to go back and forth across this magnificent game region, and see it in the distance without being able to leave his Pullman. He crosses the Shasta range and the Siskiyou range, and sooner or later sees every sort of wild animal to be found in the district; here a deer drinking at daybreak at a spring, there a bear grubbing roots on a hillside for his breakfast. The thing he seems most to regret is that the train passes for miles so near the Sacramento, that if it were not for the telegraph poles he could cast a fly into a pool now and then from the platform of his car as it slowed up on a difficult grade. He is said to watch the river with longing and loyal eyes from Redding to Upper Soda, and when the salmon begin to go up the Sacramento a straight jacket may become necessary. I tell him that he is being punished a little for his "dried venison Texas trip," which resulted in the death of three times as many deer as he should have been responsible for, and he replies that the California Siskiyous have taught him a lesson.

Apropos of the wisdom of knowing when one has had enough, I have a story to tell. An old Shasta pioneer was going up the mountain with John Muir, and they came on a band of mountain sheep. The settler raised his rifle, but Muir yelled and spoiled his shot. Said the old hunter to me, "Guess Muir knew I had shot one only the night before, and he thought that was enough."

CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.

[The black-headed and black-bodied polar bears must have been creatures of mythology.]

SPORTING IN THE FAR WEST.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a recent trip to the Pacific coast not a buffalo, elk, deer, mountain sheep, goat, bear, panther, nor lion (except in captivity), not even a prairie hen nor quail (*Ortyx virginianus*) was seen. We regarded this as quite singular since we passed over sections once the home of all these animals. Forty years ago grouse were plentiful, even around Chicago, and we bagged our first prairie chicken (about that time) within the present limits of that city. We had confidently expected to see game in crossing the plains or along the river bottoms, and especially in the Yellowstone Park, where all animals are exceptionally exempt from fear of man. The squirrels and small birds seem to know they are protected by Uncle Sam, and will almost come and take food out of one's hand. But the large animals kept well out of sight. One of the tourists claimed to have seen a deer in the Park, another a mountain sheep near Pueblo, a third a bear in Firehole River. We did see at the Lower Geyser Basin beaver working and feeding on the river. They come out of their house, which looked like a big pile of logs and driftwood, at even tide, swim around, dive and pull up grass and roots, then get upon a low stone and munch as undisturbed as if the dozen pair of tourists' eyes that were fixed upon them were not there. Any one who has seen musquash playing, feeding, building nests, and attending to domestic affairs around in our waters, has seen in miniature the far-famed beaver in his home, for in many of their ways and habits they are almost exactly alike.

Coming out of the Yosemite Valley, near the Grub Gulch silver mine, we saw a real coyote, a mean-looking pirate, every inch the cunning thief he is reputed to be. He fearlessly stood up on the top of a knoll, within easy gunshot, and coolly exhibited himself as the stage stopped; he then trotted on with nonchalance. The leer of those eyes and the smart, erect ears indicated a desire to dine on one of the lambs in a near pasture.

In the same neighborhood we observed several California quail. But their habits are not gamy. They do not lie well to a dog, but run on the ground, hop on to a rock or low spreading tree and run along the branches or step from one to another, acting more like barnyard fowls than wild game. We should think they would afford a sportsman or his dog very little satisfaction. In fact, this was the report of the gunners in that section. Nor do they fail to find the most inaccessible coverts, among chapparal, cactus, manzanito and the meanest tangled vines, rendering pursuit of cripples almost impossible, and even finding dead quail quite difficult. Hard by were two or three mountain quail (*Oreortyx pictus* Baird), but these, too, took to their heels and were instantly out of sight in the thicket. One may occasionally see, in forest ranges, gray and red squirrels. They have in the Park the queerest little striped squirrel with a short tail, and a little darker color than ours, and about half as large as our chipmunk. In fact, the fauna and flora of the Pacific side of the Rockies differ from the Atlantic. For instance, take the bluejay, kingfisher, brant, and most of the woodpeckers. Even the crow, lark and blackbird, so common everywhere, appear different. The crow seems smaller and less enterprising, the lark is also smaller and has a different note, and the blackbird appears like a cross between *ferrugineus* and *quiscalus*, They have many species that we do not, and *vice versa*. The cormorant and the pelican, so common there, are almost unknown here. Gulls are numerous—no pun intended—and seem to differentiate our own, and terns we do not remember having seen. Nor did we see a hawk that looked like a New England species. The swallows, swifts, robins, bluebirds, solitary sandpipers, turtle doves and a few other specimens, if not identical, very much resemble our own. No ruffed grouse nor woodcock in that section. Near the celebrated Ramona ranch we observed a beautiful white heron, and at Buenaventura were flocks of large shore birds, probably curlew, though the distance and motion of the cars rendered it impossible to determine. Everywhere from New Mexico to southern California one sees those filthy, lazy fellows, turkey buzzards, lying almost motionless on outspread wings. It really seems as if they were asleep and had no movement of a pinion for nearly half an hour. Is he inflated with gas? Touch him and see. One experiment will satisfy you. But certainly he is a mascot. Both these and the mockers are identical with those of the Southern Atlantic States. The ground squirrel resembles one of our very fat gray squirrels with a short tail and white ring about his neck, and the little perky prairie dog, so common everywhere in southern California, would deceive almost any one into the belief that he is a mere stub.

One may sit the livelong day at the Cliff House, in San Francisco, and be amused by the sea lions, disporting themselves on the "Seal Rocks." Great monsters they are, the largest ones reported to reach a weight of at least 3,000lbs. It is laughable to see the huge creatures wriggling their way slowly on to the rocks, 30ft. from the water, looking dark brown or seal color as they emerge from the water, but after basking in the sun and becoming dry, assuming a sort of grayish drab. And then the struggle to get back to the water is a queer exhibition of their awkwardness, but they will leap many feet from a precipice to the liquid element. They growl fearfully at each other for place on the rocky islets, and the sound is much like that of a big hog, though they do not seem to bite. Some of them bark like a dog, reminding one of a hound in pursuit of a fox. Mixed up with the seals were immense numbers of cormorants. They are lazy creatures, all they seem to do is to just skip down to the water, dive, bring up a fish and return to their rocky perch and devour it. The sea lions generously concede the right of joint occupany, and the two divergent families get on harmoniously together. The same thing may be seen at Monterey and other places. That the sea lions, cormorants, pelicans, and other predacious species lead such an idle life, is abundant proof of the myriads of small fish inhabiting those waters.

But the fishes of the Pacific differ as widely from the Atlantic as do the other animals. A codfish from the Pacific Coast would hardly be recognized as a congener of the fish at Cape Cod by the same name. And so of the smelt and other species. But we hardly think the Western waters produce as fine fish as the Eastern. They seem to lack that fine flavor, that edible quality that makes the fish of the Atlantic in request all over the world. Baracouda and salmon when fresh and in good condition are very fine, but the mountain trout and other fish do not compare with ours. Most of the mountain streams are fed by melting snow, and this may be less favorable to fine flavor than the pure spring water flowing from hillsides in New England. Nor do the trout of the far West bear the same markings.

We had some trifling experience in trout fishing during our tour—at the Yosemite Valley, Chamber's Creek, Lake Pend d'Oreille and on the Yellowstone River. Our first attempt was in the Yosemite. The valley is some eight miles long by one and a half wide, and is walled in by mountains whose almost perpendicular sides reach an altitude of three to four thousand feet above the valley, or seven to eight thousand above tidewater. Through this valley flows the Merced River, whose source is in the snow-capped mountains that environ it. These elevated streams come rushing along and plunge down into the valley. One, the Yosemite, leaps at a single bound 1,502ft., and the pretty little "Bridal Veil" exhibits a length of 860ft. Great stories were told, for the amusement of tourists, about the size of trout in the Merced, reaching 5 or 6lbs. We had seen some small trout caught in the river, and desired to try our hand at the large ones. On the 29th of May, rambling about the valley, we met a Digger Indian with some thirty small trout on a withe. The Indian is the principal fisherman in that section, and it is from him that the hotels draw their supply. Fishing tackle and bait are not easily obtained. We tried to negotiate with "Lo" for the use of his pole, a mere sapling sprout, 7 or 8ft. long; but "Indian no talk much," and we found it difficult for the "high contracting parties" to arrive at a definite arrangement. Finally it was agreed that a trial should be made. He had no flies, but a few worms, which he carried in a rudely constructed bag made of long grass, through which the worms would crawl as fast or faster than he could use them. A cheap hook and line completed the outfit, and with this simple gear we essayed our first mountain trout. After about a half hour of patient, and at times discouraging, effort, a bit of a "gnaw" was felt. A nervous jerk of the pole—and see the big fellow jumping in the sand on the river's bank. He was immediately released from the hook and taken to the hotel by his captor, washed, weighed, and an accurate sketch made. Over the portrait are these significant words. "Length, 7¾in.; weight, 2½oz." The trout caught at Chamber's Creek, which we should call a small river, twelve miles from Tacoma, Wash., were all small and were at once returned to their native element. These, with the small ones taken in the Yellowstone River, were identical with the one caught in the Yosemite, but the large ones were not.

On our return home over the Rockies via Northern Pacific R. R., we were detained several hours for repairs to a burned trestle near the great Lake Pend d'Oreille. The lake is some sixty miles long by twenty-six miles wide and has the reputation of being well stocked with trout running up to 6 or 8lbs. Our desire to capture one of these large trout became much inflated, and as we had ample time we secured a boatman, boat and tackle, and set out with buoyant heart, thanking our stars that at last fortune had so smiled upon us as to offer this rarest of opportunities. We cast here and there, along the shore, in the cove, around the point, in deep water and shoal water, tried different flies, small fish, grasshopper and frog for lure, but not a rise. It took four hours for our ardor to cool, when a signal from the train summoned our return; we cheerfully responded, leaving our benison for Lake Pend d'Oreille and its big blotched denizens.

Our next and last effort in the way of trout fishing was on the Yellowstone River above the Upper Falls. Most of the streams in the Park are so impregnated with mineral matter as to destroy any fish that might enter there, and the hotels are supplied from the Yellowstone. Through the courtesy of the landlord of the "Norris" we were shown into the ice house where were two large boxes of the beauties from ½ to 1½lbs. On arriving at the Grand Cañon Hotel we at once secured a rod and tackle, with a son of W., of Hyde Park, as a companion, and taking a peep at the Upper Falls, hurried on for a dash at the big trout. Now the goal of our ambition was reached. We should certainly be rewarded for all our toils and disappointments. We made casts at intervals along up river for about two miles, but did not get a rise. Downcast and disappointed we started for the hotel. It was mortifying to be obliged to return "skunked." On the way down river we espied a point of rocks which had escaped observation on the way up. It was getting late and our youthful companion began to clamor for dinner, but generously waited for us to make a last effort to retrieve the day. A few casts were made, and lo! floundering on the greensward in silvery sheen, lies the symmetrical 12½in. beauty. A few more casts and another of 14½in. in length lies a fit companion to the first. Another of 7¾in. is landed, and our joyous steps are quickened for our hotel and dinner.

The next day, July 2, we accompanied the party to the Grand Cañon and Lower Falls, which are among the marvels of this wonderland. The river, which discharges a large volume of water, has cut its way for miles through the soft rock to the Lower Falls, or even to the Upper Falls, leaving cliffs some two thousand feet high. Some parts of the rock formation is much harder than others, and these, having resisted the erosive current, are left in various shapes, some in columns, as if hewn out by human hand, several hundred feet high. On the top of one of these columns a bald eagle had built her nest, just below Prospect Point. Some of the tourists became anxious to see more of our national bird. We screamed; she responded shrilly. Another yell and response, and the majestic creature stood up, spread her huge wings, and from her eyry floated gracefully away up and down the cañon, apparently determined to resist any attack or defend her young to the last extremity. She was soon joined by her consort, who flitted about as if in search of some intruder, and after some twenty minutes, passing up and down the cañon many times, now high, now low, the female, which seemed the larger of the two, hovered over the nest, and finally dropped into it as gently as a snowflake. Everything about the cañon is on such a grand scale that objects look small. While the alar extent of the bald eagle is about eight feet, this one did not appear over one-third that size, but we were five hundred feet above her and probably half to three-quarters of a mile distant. From Inspiration Point, lower down river, another nest was witnessed, that of a golden eagle. On a similar column on Gardner River, as we came out from the Mammoth Hot Springs, we saw still another. Nature seems kindly to have reserved these pyramids for these noble birds. In the afternoon we again tried for large trout without success, except in a single instance. We took several small ones seven or eight inches in length, and of the seven captured three fell to the fly of young Whiting; and we cannot help thinking the small ones are of a different species from the large ones, though the natives persist in calling them all "mountain trout." But the large ones have no lateral red lines, have square tails, and almost entire absence of the black blotches. The small ones seem to be a true rainbow, while the others do not, and the little ones are constantly breaking water at eventide for insects, while the large ones do not seem to feed at top. Large trout are said to be abundant in Yellowstone Lake, some sixteen miles away, but as they are reported at this season of the year to be infested with worms, no one cares to go for them.

We hardly know where the line between the speckled trout of the East and the blotched trout of the West is drawn. We could not say those of the Pacific slope have black spots and those inhabiting the waters that empty into the Atlantic have red spots. The Snake River and the Yellowstone both rise in the immediate vicinity, and the trout of each have the same markings, and yet one empties into the Pacific and the other into the Atlantic via the Gulf of Mexico. In Minneapolis we saw the real speckled trout (*Salmo fontinalis*), which were said to have been taken in Canada.

Buffalo shooting was, no doubt, to the man who could perpetrate such inhuman slaughter, very exciting. The number of animals destroyed about fifteen years ago, in many cases simply for their skins and horns, is truly astonishing. "Col. R. I. Dodge"—we quote from Dafoe in *Pop. Sci. Monthly*—"author of the 'Plains of the Great West,' estimates that in the three years ending with 1874 no less than 5,500,000 buffaloes were slaughtered." Let those, however, who mourn the loss of the rich, light, warm robe when out sleigh-riding on a cold winter day, be consoled by this bit of information, that through the experiments of Mr. C. L. Bedson, near Winnipeg, Manitoba, a better robe has been produced by crossing the buffalo with the Galloway or polled Angus cattle, and that Mr. C. J. Jones, of Garden City, is continuing the work so nobly begun by Mr. Bedson. We trust others may be induced to embark in an enterprise which not only promises financial success, but bridges over the chasm made by the loss of the buffalo. Again, let us consider that the millions of domestic cattle now feeding upon the old buffalo ranges, are worth to a beef-eating community, immeasurably more than the displaced buffaloes. There is undoubtedly a matter of sentiment about these noble animals which prompts a desire for their preservation. The Yellowstone Park is now specially set apart for this and kindred purposes. Still it is found to be very difficult to keep the buffalo on the Park and the poachers off; not generally Indians, but white

renegades. The two troops now stationed there in summer cannot patrol a tract of wilderness 65 miles long by 55 wide, or over 3,000 miles of territory. In winter there seems to be very little protection of any sort to the animals, and it was estimated when we were there this summer that not more than 200 or 300 were resident there. If our Government means to preserve the buffalo and other animals in the Park, so that future generations may look upon them, more stringent measures must be resorted to before it is too late. We see no other way of preventing the animals from getting off the Park and being killed than by running a palisade fence entirely around it. It would cost next to nothing except for labor. There is abundant of the finest timber in the world for such paling right on the ground. The thick growth of pines is perfectly wonderful; not large enough for lumber, but trees from four to eight inches in diameter, about as thick as they can stand, and running up fifty to seventy feet without a limb, except the clump at the top. Let these be cut in poles twelve or fifteen feet long and set close together in the ground, where that can be done, or spiked together with lateral supports. As the trees are cut along the boundary line a road could be cheaply made, so that patrolmen could pass around the Park to guard the property; or tourists that are coming here every year by thousands from all parts of the world to see the marvelous works of nature, could utilize it as a popular driveway. Many species of animals from foreign lands might be introduced, in fact there is hardly a limit to the variety that could be successfully introduced or kept there, and then this country would possess a zoölogical garden as much superior to that of any other country as it is nobler, grander and more prosperous than any other. It would fitly symbolize the progressive spirit of our people. The cost would be comparatively trifling. Is any man's soul so dry that he would not cheerfully pay a contribution of one or two cents for each member of his family to gratify the national pride?

W. Hapgood.

Natural History.

OUT-OF-DOOR PAPERS.

VI.—THE BROOK.

THERE is a brook—a tiny little brook, so small that it might properly be called a brooklet—which trickles down through a hillside orchard so old and mossy and shagbarked that it can scarcely tell itself from the pine grove on the knoll above, and drops musically (the brook now, not the orchard) over stones not thicker than your hand, gurgling with a diminutive murmur suited to its own diminutive size, around clean pebbles, spreading out over sandy shallows as large as your palm, or maybe larger where they are very large, and losing itself in a great forest of forget-me-nots a rod square, until after a quarter-mile of such wandering it gets down to the pond where the great bullfrog lives. It is strange if you never heard of this brook; for a poet lives right beside it, a lady whom you all know, and a novelist, a very famous novelist, whom you all know, too, lives just beyond, and near by a professor whom you all ought to know; but I am not aware that the poet or the novelist or the professor care very much for the little brook, which is left to babble on to its ferns and apple trees and its pines and forget-me-nots.

However, the birds know it, all of them, and trim little sparrows delight to flirt in and out of brush piles on the bank, playing hide-and-go-seek with themselves; warblers beyond number inspect the old apple tree boughs every morning, and great fat robins take the whole stream to bathe in, covering both banks with their motherly wings. There is no danger of the birds forgetting the little brooklet. All winter long in the far South they think of it, and it is the first place they visit in the spring, passing by the pond where the great bullfrog says *per-r-uke* and the middle-sized frogs say *tr-r-ronk*, and the little ones (which the learned professor declares are not frogs at all but toads), being neither wig dealers nor trunk makers, keep up an auction din by proclaiming that their articles are *cheap! cheap!* In the spring the birds fly directly past this Vanity Fair and seek the brooklet cuddled down among the apple trees and pines.

If any one has a mind to wait here, lying at the foot of the big white pine on a bed of brown pine needles, with curtains of low bushes and the sky for a tester—if any one has a mind to lie here all the morning, and can forget that he belongs to a very busy world which is moiling and toiling and hammering its life out half a mile away, he may see wonders. For the little birds, after they have splashed and drunk and drunk and splashed to their hearts' content, grow very tame and come close up to him, so close that he can seen their bright little eyes, the bristles about their tiny bills and their sharp little toenails. Somehow everything about the brooklet is little, just as it should be; and if any one lies down beside it for a time, and doesn't think too hard, he will find himself shrinking, small, smaller, until at last he is about as large as a happy, well-fed baby; and there is no mistake about this, though the professor didn't tell it me.

This may be the reason why the birds are so tame, but whether it is or isn't, they will come to you as you lie there, just as I have told you, a long procession of them. First there is the robin; but he doesn't come very near, for he knows all about you, has seen you down town many's the time, and you can't tell him anything. So after his bath the robin sits on the fence-post and tries to make you believe that the welfare of the world depends on his being in that particular place. But the song thrush and the veery who have not moved in society as much as the robin, show their country breeding by their curiosity, and come and perch on the dry pine limb near by, quite shy and silent unless the veery gives a tender little serenade that seems to come from far, far away. By and by, when you least expect it, there is a soft flutter of brown wings and the large-eyed visitors are off.

Hardly have the thrushes gone before an inquisitive black and yellow warbler in all the bravery of his new spring coat lights on the swaying limb and eyes you with as much self-possession as if you were the intruder, not he—a gay fellow with his striped waistcoat of black and yellow, a regular "blazer," his gray jockey cap, and the black coat which he seems to wear not because of its appropriateness to the rest of the costume but because he has it; shrewd, energetic, and like most nervous people, with a sharp, incisive voice. But the brook, bless you, doesn't mind that at all; it doesn't mind even the chattering red squirrels and the bluejays in the pines with voices as harsh as a rusty gate hinge. The brook keeps on blab, blab, blabbing to itself softly as a baby, not caring whether any one listens to its sweet voice or not. The novelist would tell you that is what makes it so sweet to hear when any one does stop to listen.

But the procession keeps marching along, big birds and little, all busy until the shadow of a hawk's wings frightens them into silence; gay orioles, testy as the Lords Baltimore whose livery they wear, sweeping past with a blaze of black and orange and the snap of wings; droll, big-headed fly-catchers that remind you of a boy you used to go to school with—the same boy whom you could beat seven times running at "four old cat," but who always outwitted you at "tag," the boy that is now a judge in the Supreme Court, while you are—no matter what; gay, little redstarts, so unlike in color that you never imagine they are mates; neat black and white creepers as trim as barbers' poles; grosbeaks with their breasts red as a pelican's in her piety. And how the trees have to be inspected by this keen-eyed crowd! Busy vireos travel along each limb, peering in every crack and warbling snatches from old songs; warblers of all kinds go round and round the branches, heartlessly tearing baby caterpillars out of their silken cradles; woodpeckers inspect the trunks by traveling upward, nuthatches repeat the operation in reverse order, so that, like Jack Spratt and his wife, between them they leave nothing, and brown creepers search the ground over again, following a special direction round and round. What a company there is of them, each seeming to find plenty which the other has left behind, as if worms were a sort of heavenly manna to birds and increased by being fed on. But how do the poor worms manage to live? The professor, if you asked him, would talk to you for an hour about "the survival of the fittest;" but you would best not mention the matter to him, for the birds all believe in "natural selection," and they have an undoubted taste in worms.

There, now, across one of the shallows of the brooklet, walks a water wagtail, walks, not hops, while a chewink and a chipping sparrow sit on the fence to watch the feat and criticise his gait. A kingbird swings in the top of the apple tree; a catbird down in the alder bush is trying to make himself heard; and now, just as you are going off into a drowse and are ready to believe wonders, an animated windmill spins up to you, buzzing as if struck by a "norther." It is only a humming bird come to inspect. He frequents the place, for he knows a spot up the brook where the jewel weed hangs its golden horns among tender leaves, and he was on his way thither. The windmill buzzes off again, but there is no more time to dream by the brooklet; for the world will no longer stay outside the happy valley, and the noon whistles, seconded by a ready response within, urge you to leave the brooklet. But it stays there still, and will be there long after you have ceased to visit it; and so long as it remains hard by the house where the poet lives, near to the novelist and not far from the professor (for it is so very small that it has now and then to remind itself of its own existence by these famous landmarks)—so long as it stays the little birds will seek it early and it will be there, as now, a part of "Paradise" to all who know how to make the best of what this world gives.

Fannie Pearson Hardy.

We are willing to forgive the compositor much—misspellings, abbreviations which we never thought of writing, and a free and easy style of punctuation which puts most of the work on the commas; we will bear in meekness all reasonable objurgations on the subject of poor penmanship; we will even forbear to scold the editor if matters are not borne according to our mind; infallibility is as far from us as from the compositor. But is it not a little too much to be made to say that Polyphemus was "the victim of Woman?" We protest against the use of our name in any such libel on a sex of which we are justly proud, and of which we would say no harm, whatever the room for improvement.

The allusion was to Ulysses's visit to the Cyclops, to whom he gives an assumed name:

> "Cyclops, thou hast asked me my illustrious name.
> No-man is my name, and No-man father, mother and
> All my comrades call me."—(Odyssey IX., 363-366.)

Later, when Ulysses has blinded the Cyclops, the wounded giant calls out to his fellows:

> "No-man is slaying me by craft and not by force,"

who, understanding him to say that no one is troubling him either by craft or by force, reply:

> "If no one harms thee, and thou art alone,
> Reflect there is no way to escape great Jove;
> But pray thou to thy father Neptune."—(410-413.)

But the joke—one of the grimmest in literature—acquires a new and heightened horror by making poor, unoffending Woman the giant killer.

Brewer, Me. Fannie Pearson Hardy.

A Long-Haired Rabbit.—St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 7.—Mr. Fred Hugunine, of this city, the past week received from a friend who resides in the vicinity of Fairfield, Ill., a rabbit which is without doubt a remarkable freak of nature. It is about the size of the common cottontail, but was covered with long hair of a golden yellow color. Mr. Hugunine exhibited the rabbit on 'Change Friday, where it was seen by hundreds of people, and all without a single exception, stated they had never seen anything like it before in their lives. Mr. Hugunine will have the rabbit set up so as to preserve it.—Unser Fritz. [A *Lepus sylvaticus* differing from the one spoken of only in the color of its long hair, which is blue, was brought to this office some years ago, and was at that time noticed in Forest and Stream. It was mounted and is now in this office, where it may be seen by those curious in such matters.]

Snowy Owl in Massachusetts.—Boston, Dec. 4.—On Nov. 15 I shot a fine female snowy owl (*Nyctea nyctea*) on the beach at Scituate, Mass. She was in good condition and in beautiful plumage, with very heavy black bars. Stomach empty save a few partially digested pieces of coarse grass. She was intently watching small birds, enabling me to creep within range. Extent of wings spread five feet.—C. W. C.

Snowy Owl in Connecticut.—Portland, Conn., Dec. 9, 1889.—On the 25th of November a male snowy owl was shot at Westbrook, Conn., and is now in my cabinet.—John H. Sage.

Recent Arrivals at the Philadelphia Zoological Garden.—Purchased—One green monkey (*Cercopithecus callitrichus*), one Rhesus macaque (*Macacus erythræus*), three Campbell's monkeys (*Cercopithecus campbelli*), three white-crowned mangabeys (*Cercocebus æthiops*), two sooty mangabeys (*Cercocebus fuliginosus*), four beaver (*Castor fiber canadensis*), one wildcat (*Lynx rufus*), one short-eared owl (*Brachyotus palustris*), two sparrow hawks (*Falco sparverius*), two royal pythons (*Python regius*), two Fox's snakes (*Coluber vulpinus*), one green snake (*Cyclophis vernalis*), one garter snake (*Eutænia sirtalis*), one brown snake (*Storeria dekayi*), six hog-nosed snakes (*Heterodon platyrhinus*), one corn snake (*Coluber guttatus*), one Osceola's snake (*Osceola elapsoidea*), two pine snakes (*Pityophis melanoleucus*), one Cyclops watersnake (*Tropidonotus cyclopium*), one indigo snake (*Spilotes cærebennus*), four ground rattlesnakes (*Crotalophorus miliarius*), and one American crocodile (*Crocodilus americanus*). Presented—One coyote (*Canis latrans*), one turkey vulture (*Cathartes aura*), one red-tailed buzzard (*Buteo borealis*), one alligator (*Alligator mississippiensis*), one banded rattlesnake (*Crotalus horridus*), two Arizona diamond rattlesnakes (*C. adamanteus atrox*), and one wood frog (*Rana sylvatica*). Born—One leopard (*Felis pardus*), and three king snakes (*Ophibolus getulus*).

Game Bag and Gun.

DUCKS IN GREAT SOUTH BAY.

WE have hunted through forests and have fished fresh water streams, but for all-round pleasure there is nothing that can equal a week spent on board a catboat in the Great South Bay after ducks. And ducks do not seem to decrease in number; we were told last month, by an old bayman, that there were more ducks there this season than he had seen before in years.

For several seasons past we have used the Lilly S., a catboat 24ft. long, owned by Johnny, one of our party, and built just as he wished her to be. She will easily accommodate six. On either side of her cabin are benches, which are not fastened, and so can be picked up and placed outside when we wish to turn in, leaving room on either side of her centerboard for two, with room in the forecastle for two more. There is no waste room on board. Extending fore and aft on each side of her cabin are shelves where we can stow our small duffle, and in her stern are lockers for our guns, etc. In one corner of the cabin is built a three-cornered closet for our dishes and cooking utensils; and opposite is placed a kerosene stove burning four wicks, which is large enough to cook a good square meal. This stove, too, will keep the cabin so warm at night that we do not need many blankets.

What an appetite we build up out here and how sleepy we become. We have to turn out before daylight, for there are so many gunners we have to be early to secure the best points. We have tried battery shooting, but it is such tiresome work that we prefer point shooting. True, we can slaughter more birds from a battery, but we are sportsmen.

Our party this season consisted of Uncle Dan, Ell, Capt. Jack and Doc. Johnny, who was with us last year, is in Texas after quail. We missed the jolly yarns he used to spin after supper, but hope he will more than make up for the loss by relating to us, at some future period, his hunting experiences in the South.

For twenty years Uncle Dan and Ell have spent a week together each fall after ducks, and how they do love to sit and talk of the ducks they bagged, and the bars they ran on to; and to relate anecdotes of baymen who used to take them out—some of them long since gone under.

Our trip this season lasted six days. All through the first five we had fine weather with winds from the northwest; this is bad weather for ducking, as it keeps the birds east. What we want are cloudy days with east winds. Our last day out was of this kind, but it rained so hard we preferred to hug the cabin rather than take our points.

The old bay furnished us with our fresh food. As Ell said, "Boys, we have oysters, we have clams, we have fish and we have eels. What more does a man want?" And as for cooking, in our opinion Uncle Dan's duck stew or Jack's oyster fry cannot be equalled by any French chef.

We bagged about sixty birds during the trip; sheldrake, black duck, broadbill, coot and bitron. We left Freeport at 3 A. M. Monday morning. Arrived off Amityville about 6 A. M. Went immediately to points. Ell and Jack put out stool on south side of Thatch Island, and got nine sheldrake and one bitron. Uncle Dan and Doc rowed over to North Island, and returned after the flight was over with five sheldrake. In the afternoon Ell and Jack poled over the flats in search of oysters, while Uncle Dan and Doc hoisted sail and went flying before the wind over to the beach, two miles away. Here we whiled away the afternoon watching the surf and hunting the sandhills for owls. We did not see any, however. On returning to the Lily just after sundown we found Ell and Jack there with a fine basket of oysters and a black duck, which Jack had shot.

So the week passed only too quickly. The wind was too strong for battery shooting until Friday. Then we heard the guns booming all day to the east, over by Fire Island. Hundreds of ducks must have been shot that day.

Friday afternoon we wended our way westward, spearing a fine basket of eels on the trip, which gave us an eel chowder for supper. That night we anchored off a point at the Jones's Inlet, which is one of the best places to put out stools in the vicinity of Freeport. Here we hoped to get a number of coot in the morning; but when morning came it rained so hard we did not go out. Toward noon the rain moderated and we started for the boat house, arriving in an hour, and the trip was over.

To those sportsmen who have never shot ducks in the Great South Bay, our advice is, try it; there are plenty of boatmen to take you out, and it does not matter where you go, ducks can be found at all points in the bay.

B. L. L.

[By "bitron" does our correspondent mean bittern?]

A Score Near New York.—New York, Dec. 10.—J. and H. von Lengerke killed in five days' hunting, including two rainy days, within fifty miles of the City Hall of New York city, in New Jersey and New York State, this list of game: Fifty-four ruffed grouse, twelve woodcock, eleven quail, ten rabbits, one gray squirrel. What two guns have beaten this within ten years?

GAME PROTECTION IN WYOMING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I desire to correct beforehand some impressions sportsmen may receive after reading a communication from "W. H. W." in FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 31, headed "On a Wyoming Ranch." I think, in the first place, there must be a mistake in the date of the letter from Mrs. Frost, as the incidents related in that letter occurred about a year since. I have myself heard that worthy lady tell of the killing of the bear and cubs and I know myself all about that dance, as I have been there myself. I recollect also hearing of the hunt of that "Eastern gentleman," and also recollect hearing that for that or a previous hunt he was arrested by the game constable, taken before a Justice of the Peace, but on promise of not again breaking Wyoming game laws was let off with a gentle reprimand.

The Mr. Frost mentioned by "W. H. W." is one of our worthiest and most law-abiding citizens, who at one time acted as guide to hunting parties. But when told of the strictness of Wyoming game laws, and of the efforts, then for the first time assuming tangible form toward enforcing them, at once gave up his predilections for hunting and became a strong advocate for enforcing them. He is now making money on his road and stock ranch, and I don't believe could be hired as guide for hunting parties where there was the least probability of breaking the game laws.

Wyoming has been for years past apparently at the mercy of the skin and meat hunter and of the so-called sportsmen. It is difficult to say which class have ruthlessly destroyed the most of our big game. From the time of the advent of that English sportsman, Mr. Baillie-Grohman, ten or twelve years ago, who in the columns of the *Field* (London) boasted of having killed 400 head of large game, within the space of a few months, to the present time, this slaughter has been going on. That sportsman (it was said) was driven from the Territory by his indignant countrymen, his steps being followed by an officer of the game laws, but his place was soon taken by so-called sportsmen of lesser caliber of both the foreign and domestic kind, until at this time our large game has been almost completely exterminated. This class of sportsmen embraced all phases of life, lawyers, doctors, politicians, statesmen (not Christian statesmen) and divines, among the latter a noted clergyman of your city.

Even as late as last summer some so-called sportsmen passed in from Rawlings and Lander to the head of Wind River, got among a band of elk, and the result was that they passed out through Lander with the heads of twelve bull elk. If this party killed twelve bulls, how many more elk died from wounds afterward? Doubtless double that number. Unfortunately through the negligence of the sheriff and his deputies this party was not arrested and passed out of the Territory unscathed. Their names are, however, on file, and if the Grand Jury at its next session can bring them back through an indictment, a very strong effort will be made to do so. Next season arrangements will be made to intercept such vandals, either going or coming from their hunting grounds.

The foregoing recapitulation of facts are given in justice to the people of Wyoming to indicate from what causes resulted the present rigid game laws. Since the days of Baillie-Grohman, at each biennial session of the Legislative Assembly the game laws have been made more rigid, until at the present time a non-resident of the Territory can kill game on no account whatever, and a citizen can kill only a limited quantity for purposes of food for himself and family.

Game laws, as with other laws, never enforce themselves; and unless there is a power behind them sufficient to furnish the money to employ officers to see that they are enforced, they generally remain a dead letter on the statute book. So it was found with our game laws. This experience led in this locality to the formation of the North Wyoming Game Protective Association, composed of persons in northern Wyoming who took a decided interest in preserving the big game. For the first two years moral suasion was tried in the shape of proclamations and offers of rewards for violators of the law. This had little effect on what may be called the vandal class of sportsmen or the skin and meat hunters from Montana. As grass and sods had no practical effect, it was determined in the summer of 1888 to try what virtue there was in stones. Funds were raised among those interested, and game constables were employed, whose duties were to patrol the foothills of the mountains and arrest all violators of the game laws whoever they might be, and particular attention was given to that part of the Montana line contiguous to the western edge of the Yellowstone Park, from whence a good deal of game had been killed and taken into Billings and Red Lodge, Montana.

Altogether about half a dozen arrests were made last fall and winter of sportsmen and meat hunters, principally from Montana, some of whom have the reputation of being desperate men, and had made threats that they could not be arrested. The game constable on that part of the line had some reputation himself of "being on the shoot," and had no trouble in bringing them before the justice, one of them being arrested at his camp high up in the mountains. As soon as it was demonstrated that the game law was to be enforced, most of those engaged in its violation skipped across the line. The task was made the easier from the fact that the great majority of the citizens of northern Wyoming were heartily in accord as to game protection, and every instance of its violation was promptly reported.

The effort last winter was so successful that it was resolved to redouble the effort this summer and fall, and accordingly posters were distributed along the Northern Pacific road giving the details of the law and that constables would be on the watch along the northern line in search of violators of the law. Fortunately thus far there has not been a necessity for making arrests, as both sportsmen and hunters from Montana have kept away, and our own people conform to the law and report all violations of it by others.

I have thus given in some detail the result of enforcing the game laws in Wyoming, in the hope that similar efforts will be made elsewhere. You may rely upon it, that unless there is sufficient force in public opinion to employ officers to see that these laws are enforced, they will forever remain a dead letter on the statute book.

The letter of "W. H. W." is misleading in regard to the abundance of large game in northern Wyoming. He who comes to Wyoming expecting to find game anywhere except in the high mountains and among the snow (except antelope and deer at certain times in the late fall) will be very much deceived. Besides, I am sure if any sportsman journeys to Mr. Frost's ranch, in hopes of his assisting them in violating the game laws, they will also be equally disappointed. He would in all likelihood advise them to return the way they came.

Any one deserving the name of sportsman will not knowingly violate the game laws of any locality. Any sportsman who knowingly violates such laws deserves no consideration if arrested, and will not receive it in Wyoming. We have magistrates who will execute all laws whenever instances of their violation are brought to their attention, and in this they will also be backed by public opinion.

The people of Wyoming are becoming very restive under the long-continued and repeated violation of her game laws, as described heretofore. About a year since this took shape in the summary hanging of two hunters for gross outrages on the property of a ranchman who had merely remonstrated with them for breaking the game laws. This was of course all wrong, but here, as elsewhere in almost all the States, a resort will occasionally be made to the "higher law" when the ordinary processes of law fail or are too slow in operation. It is to be hoped the letter of "W. H. W." may not be misleading to other sportsmen in regard to Wyoming game and game laws.

In making my first bow to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM I feel a good deal as the boy did when making his first speech before the public—

Don't view me with a critic's eye,
But pass my imperfections by.

OTTO, Wyoming, Nov. 20. J. Q. A. JONES.

A FIRST BUFFALO HUNT.

IT WAS in 1881. My brother Robert and I started from our ranch in Dakota the first part of December to be absent about two weeks. Our ranch is situated in Lawrence county, close to the Black Hills, just at the foothills of Crow Peak, five miles west of the town of Spearfish. Our neighbors had been out and got a winter's supply of buffalo meat, and we thought we would do the same. We procured two rifles, one a .50-70 Springfield, which was stamped 1864 and was originally a muzzle-loader, usually called a "long Tom." The other was a mate to it in size, age and weight, a Remington. After practicing so that we could hit a box 2ft. square at a hundred yards, we were ready for game. We took three ponies and started. Striking the Little Missouri where it is now called Stoneville in Montana, from there we followed up the river twenty miles, and leaving that we went over the divide and struck Little Powder River. This trip occupied five days, and we traveled twenty-five miles a day. We expected to find game over there and asked a cowman we met on the road if there was any game near by. He said, "No, but you will find plenty up the river forty or fifty miles." We traveled up stream two days and then made camp. We had a good time going out. The weather was fine, and there was plenty of grass for our horses.

We had seen several coyotes, but did not shoot at any or anything. We had a little experience that night which was laughable after it was over, but quite the reverse just at the time. We had found a splendid place to camp, and hauled our wagon up close to a large cottonwood tree, about 40ft. high and 2ft. 6in. diameter and perfectly dry. After unharnessing our horses and picketing them out, we lit a fire close to the tree, so that the smoke would follow up the tree instead of into our eyes, as it had been in the way of doing. We had nearly cooked our supper, when all at once we heard a tremendous roar. Robert looked at me and I at him for a moment without saying a word, and then as the sound seemed overhead we looked up and there was a stream of fire coming out between the main forks of the tree about 25ft. high like a blast furnace. We looked at our campfire and the whole blaze was going into the tree where it had burned a hole into the hollow of the tree. In a few minutes the tree would fall and set the whole prairie on fire, and probably come down on our wagon. It was just the distance off to receive a crushing. My! didn't we fly around. We got in our horses and harnessed them up as quickly as possible and hauled the wagon away, and then picked up most of our camp equipage and grabbed a sack each and ran to the water to get them wet to fight the fire with. The grass was at least 14in. high and as thick and dry as could be. We had no sooner done this than down came the tree right where our wagon had stood; and of all the lively times we ever had it was for the next few minutes that followed. It seemed as though it was impossible for us to stop the flames. They were everywhere at once. If any person could have seen our antics just then without the fire they would have thought we were raving maniacs, more fit for the lunatic asylum than the prairies. However, we conquered it at last and learned a lesson we shall not soon forget.

The next day we went to some hills about two miles from camp and could see any number of buffalo, herd after herd, on the hills and in the valleys. We crawled within 50yds. of a herd of about fifty and commenced shooting at them. They did not know where we were, and all rushed together in one bunch and stood there. We kept on shooting until we had fired from fifteen to twenty cartridges each, and then decided that we must have killed a dozen. We rose up so they could see us; and as soon as they did, they scampered off over the hills. We looked around to see how many dead ones there were, and, lo! not a single one. They had all gone.

We were thunder struck, and could not imagine why we had not killed any. Looking around, Robert spied a lone buffalo down in a low place, and said, "I am going down to see if I can't get that fellow."

Away he went. When he got at about 200yds. from it (he could not get nearer) he shot at it, and in an instant the buffalo took after him. I have seen Robert run before in foot races, but I never saw him throw so much energy into it as he did on this occasion. He fairly flew. He might have touched the ground occasionally; but from where I was I could not swear to it. But he still hung on to the "Long Tom." All at once he came to a ravine or washout that was about 15ft. deep, and the sides were perpendicular. He hesitated a moment, and then glancing around saw that the buffalo was pretty close. (He said afterward he looked like a mountain coming.) He jumped down and sat on the brink, intending to jump over if the buffalo came right up. In the few moments he had to wait for developments, he hastily slipped a cartridge into the chamber of his gun, and prepared to jump or shoot. When the buffalo got up within a few feet of Robert in his mad charge, he must have noticed the ravine, for just as Robert was sliding off, the animal wheeled about and disappeared. Robert caught himself by the grass and drew himself back before he was overbalanced. I asked him afterward why he did not shoot as soon as the buffalo wheeled off; and he said he was perfectly satisfied to have come out of it as he did without any more trouble. What troubled him most afterward was that when he jumped down to a sitting posture on the brink, he landed on a sharp rock, which made it very uncomfortable for him for several days.

We hunted for four days and could not kill a buffalo. Game was very plentiful, and we had no trouble at all to get plenty of shooting. Several times in those four days deer would jump up and run off at a distance of about 100yds. and stand and look at us; but we would not shoot, because we thought if we could not kill a buffalo at 50yds. we could not kill a deer at 100yds.

The next morning as we were trudging to the hills Robert said: "Now, to-day let us both shoot at the same buffalo and see if we cannot kill it." It was not long before we sighted buffalo, and in half an hour we were within 15yds. of a fine cow. We both shot at her simultaneously and saw her fall, and thought we sure had one at last; but she jumped up again and ran off to the main herd about 100yds. away; and there they all stood, about seventy-five of them. We kept firing until we were tired, and finally concluded we had one if not more, so we got up in sight and away they went, every one of them, our cow with the rest. We decided then that our guns were not powerful enough for buffalo and gave it up. The next thing in order was to find a hunters' camp and try to get some meat to haul to Deadwood on shares, that being home and twenty-five miles further. After considerable traveling around we found two hunters encamped and told them what we wanted. One of the hunters said if we would stay with them for a week and help to haul game into camp we could have all the meat we wanted and keep it ourselves; that he didn't want us to haul on shares, and that he was going to Deadwood in that time and would go back with us, so we concluded to do that. One day one of the old hunters said: "Why didn't you kill your own game?" We told him our experience, and he said he had a gun like the Springfield once and he could kill anything with it. He wanted to try it a shot. He shot at a black knot in a tree about 125yds. away, and the bullet came within an inch of the center of it. He said he could not see what was wrong with the gun, and then said: "Maybe you don't hit 'em in the right place." We told him we thought if we hit them at all we ought to kill them. "Oh no," he said. "Now, I'll tell you where to hit 'em." He drew out a rough sketch of a buffalo in the sand with a stick and pointed out the vital spot behind the shoulder; and told us we must take as good aim as if we were shooting at the head of a chicken. This was new to us, and we thought now we could kill a buffalo if we had the chance.

In a day or two we were to start for home, and were very anxious to try our hands once more on a buffalo; but did not get an opportunity until the day came that all were to stay in camp and prepare for the start for home on the morrow. In the morning I looked over the bank close to our tent and saw six buffalo not a mile away. I grabbed the needle gun and a handful of cartridges and struck out to head them off. I soon got ahead of them and awaited their coming. A fine cow took the lead, and as they were walking by me, at about 100yds. away, I took careful aim at the vital spot and pulled trigger. Down she went a dead cow. I soon got another cartridge in the gun; and after they ran about 100yds. they stopped. I hastily took aim and fired at a two-year-old bull, and down he tumbled. Then the other four stampeded toward the hills, and not finding a way clear they turned and came almost direct toward me. I hid behind a big sage bush, and as they rushed by, about 30yds. away, I fired at the leader, a fine heifer three years old. After running about 75yds. she dropped dead and never kicked. By this time the young bull I had shot was up again, and I shot at him twice at 200yds. distance and he fell for good. I was then going to turn loose on the remaining three, and found that I had no ammunition. I sneaked up to camp and told Robert if he wanted some meat to take the gun and some cartridges and go down the creek and shoot some buffalo. He went and I with him to see him shoot. When he got up to about 125yds. he commenced to shoot at them. He killed two with three shots, and the fourth shot wounded the last buffalo, which struck off for the hills and disappeared. It was not yet noon. After dinner we skinned the buffalo, cut off the hams, humps and shoulders, took out their tongues and suet and took it all to camp, and left the carcasses for the coyotes.

The next day we pulled for home. One little accident happened on the road which was annoying. The third day the roads were frozen harder than usual; it had snowed some during the night; and the wagon made a great clatter. The hunter was about 50yds. ahead of us when our horses became frightened at the rattle of the wagon (they were real Indian cayuses) and started to run away. Robert was driving and walking by the side of the wagon. He hung on to the lines, but the ground was slippery and I saw him slide, and then pitch headlong to the ground, and after plowing it a little he stopped. The team went on. They ran up close to the hunters' wagon and wheeled off to the left, when the rim of the front wheel struck inside the rim of the hunters' wagon and in an instant the whole rim (felloes and tire) was completely torn off the hub of their wagon. Every spoke had been broken at the felloe and at the hub, which let the hub down to the ground. Our team circled; and we caught them without further harm. After procuring a pole and tying it up, so that one end dragged like a sled, we continued our journey and came home by way of what is now the town of Sundance, Wyo. We were gone five weeks and one day.

We have been out on several trips since and my last buffalo hunt was a very curious one, with a great many more adventures than the first. We secured fifteen buffalo, four deer, two antelope, several jack rabbits and chicken. The above story is a true one.

JOHN T. LILLY.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

BY mere accident I am placed in a position to give the exact facts as to the death of the grizzly bear, old Bob, of which late mention was made in other columns. In the issue of Nov. 28 I stated, for the benefit of Mr. Ames, that Bob broke into a cage where there were other bears, and was killed in the general fight. That was the local paper account of it. It was while talking of something not in the least *apropos* of this subject, the other evening, that my friend, Mr. A. H. Harryman, editor of the *Sanitary News*, of this city, happened to say that he "saw the biggest fight of his life when old Bob was killed, over in Lincoln Park."

"Did you see that?" I asked, and he replied that he did, and to further questioning described the affair as follows:

"I lived near Lincoln Park at that time—the early summer of 1886, I believe it was—and I used to go over every Sunday afternoon to look at the animals. On this afternoon I was standing directly above the bear pit, and I saw the beginning of the fight. Old Bob was lying in his corner of the pit, where he always staid—he was kept in that pit with five or six other bears—and he was quiet and peaceable as he always was. There was a smaller bear, a black, or very dark brown bear, a good, chunky bear, very wide and strong looking, and weighing 600lbs., I should think. This bear was a younger one than Bob, and though not so large, by any means, was an ugly looker. This fellow came out of his hole in the rocks and stood square in front of Bob, and humped up his back and growled out something at Bob. Old Bob raised up on his forefeet and answered. He knew in a minute that he had to fight, right there. Then the little bear said something—I suppose he called Bob a liar—and then with a great roar both bears sprang directly at each other. They caught each other square in the mouth, and you could hear their teeth clash at a great distance off. The polar bears in the next pit quit walking and came up and looked on through the bars. The cinnamon bears in the pit next to that, all climbed up their trees, and there they lay all through the fight, as quiet as mice. They seemed frightened. All over the park, while this fight was going on, the animals were restless and uneasy, and made a great deal of noise. They all seemed to know that something big was happening.

"The bears remained clinched and worrying this way for quite a while. It was strange to see old Bob. He knew very well that he had to husband his strength. He knew he was old, and that this was a fight for his life. He would work himself around, easy like, till he got his hind feet under the other bear, then he would give a raking kick that always lifted the other bear up and made him grunt. If Bob's claws had not been so old and worn he would have ripped his enemy wide open. As it was, you could hear his nails tear down the other bear's ribs and belly till it seemed as if they would disembowel him any way.

"The other bear was a fighter, and he came back at Bob right along. He got Bob by the neck and they clinched again, and he nearly choked Bob to death. While Bob was fairly gasping, with his mouth wide open, the keepers began playing two streams of water on the bears. One of these streams was directed right into Bob's mouth as he lay there. I declare I felt like whipping the keeper who did that. There was a big crowd there by this time, and there wasn't one of the crowd but what wanted to see Bob kill that other bear. Everybody knew Bob and liked him.

"I think the bears fought this way fully an hour, and they couldn't get them separated. At last the little bear, wet but not whipped, drew off and went back into his hole.

"I hung around the pit awhile after that watching poor old Bob. He was bleeding a little on the neck. The other bear did not seem much hurt. Bob's teeth were too worn and old to hurt him. There was quiet for about an hour, and then the other bear came out again, walked over to Bob's corner and called him the same name over again, humping up his back the same way. With another great roar the bears sprang at each other and clinched. They fought savagely this way for three-quarters of an hour, I should think, and then the keepers got them separated again, and each bear retired to his part of the pit again. No attempt was made to put these bears in separate pits. They were left where they were.

"I do not think there was any more fighting that week, but next Sunday, at about the same time, these bears got to fighting again, and kept at it a long time. They got them apart again, but on the next morning, Monday, old Bob was dead in his corner when they went down to the pit. There was a general sadness when this was known, and Bob's murderer was universally hated.

"Old Bob was skinned, and his carcass, after the skin was removed, without disemboweling, weighed 1,600lbs. The skin was mounted.

"It is a mistake to say Bob was killed in a general fight. He was killed by one bear, a smaller one than himself, in a prolonged fight in which no other bear took part, and it was right in the pit where they all lived. Bob was too old to fight. But you could see in the old fellow's eye, as he grappled with his younger adversary, that he wished for but one-tenth of his former strength. And I am sure we all wished he had had it."

Dec. 2.—During a recent visit to Lake Koshkonong, Wisconsin, I had opportunity to learn something of the wild celery which gives that lake such a reputation as a resort for the canvasback duck. In company with Mr. W. Y. Wentworth, superintendent of the Blackhawk Club, and Mr. Duane Starin, perhaps the best-known shooter of that locality, I went out on the lake and was shown how the wild celery seeds are gathered from the bottom of the lake—for that is where they must be gathered, if at all. These gentlemen probably have more practical knowledge of the wild celery plant and its seed than any one else, for they used to sell the seed to parties wishing to plant waters to wild celery. They experimented for themselves and found that the seed taken from the bottom of the lake would grow, and they have heard from successful results from different lots of seed they have shipped to clubs, etc. It is a simple matter to plant the seed, the only thing necessary being to drop the pods at the spot where the celery is wished to grow. The seeds should doubtless be kept wet all the time, as that is their natural condition. In Koshkonong Lake the wild celery grows out of sand, clay, mud, or almost any other kind of bottom, and there is no apparent reason why it should not grow in any shallow water where it was well planted. To head off anybody, however, who may wish to send FOREST AND STREAM or myself, or either of the above-named gentlemen, with letters asking about wild celery seed, I will state plainly that the seed cannot be had at Koshkonong, for the reason that it is too late to get it out of the lake and there is no supply on hand. I have sent in some samples of the seed pods to FOREST AND STREAM, and if there is time to have an engraving made, anxious inquirers can look at the picture, which is about as close as most of them will ever get to this rather rare article of duck furniture.

The scientific description of this plant will be the best premise to this method of gathering the seed, and that is as follows:

"*Valisneria spiralis*—A genus of plant remarkable on account of the very curious manner in which the process of fertilization is effected. A perennial herb bearing a tuft of thin, narrow, green, grasslike leaves. The two sexes are borne on separate plants. The male flowers are extremely minute and sensile, but when mature they become detached and rise to the surface of the water. The female plants, on the other hand, are borne singly on the end of a long, slender, spirally-twisted stalk, uncoils more or less, according to the depth of the water, so as to allow the flower to float on the surface, where it expands and is fertilized by the floating pollen, after which the spiral stem coils up again and conveys the flowers to the bottom of the water."

At the bottom of the water the fertilized seed-pod lies until moisture and decomposition have released the seeds from their covering. At any time before the pods have reached the bottom on their return journey, it is probable they are not fertilized sufficiently for growth. It is on the bottom, therefore, that the celery hunters look for the seed. The only implement they use is a rake with a wooden head about 16in. long, into which are set 10in. teeth of stiff wire, about ¾in. apart. Koshkonong is a shallow lake, hardly more than 6 or 8ft. at its deepest, so that the rake needs not be very long or ponderous.

We rowed out of the mouth of the pretty Rock River, crossed the head of the lake, along where the canvasback blinds are, and in front of the big bluff where "Koshkonong Place" sits looking out over the lake. We fell to raking like toilers of the seas. Three or four ineffectual hauls were made, bringing up moss, pickerel weed, decayed stems and a few young croppies and bullheads, when Mr. Wentworth called my attention to a long, dark, slim-looking affair, tapered at both ends and slightly curved. It was five or six inches long and an eighth of an inch thick, and looked more like a frozen and disgruntled angleworm than anything else.

"There's your celery seed," said he. And in this way, after a half hour of hard work in the icy water—this was Nov. 24—we got half a dozen pods or so, including a good specimen, and several in which the natural decomposition had gone so far as to leave the seeds exposed to view. We then went home, and it appeared to us that the acquisition of wild celery seeds was a very slow and laborious process.

That night we divided a pod into 1in. sections, and counted the number of seeds carried in a 1in. length of the pod. We found that the seeds ran about 60 to the inch, and we figured that from this there must be about 500,000 seeds in a quart jar of the pods. It is very probable that there are normally more than 60 seeds to the inch, as the specimens we counted had already partly opened and perhaps some of the seeds had escaped. The seeds are very minute, slender and pointed. They resemble ant eggs, but are very much smaller and a little darker in color.

From what we saw of the seeds and their great numbers, it would appear that the wild celery is a plant which could easily and abundantly be sown and grown in any shallow waters. I have heard of, and I believe in the mention of the Hennepin Club last winter I described, an attempt to plant the wild celery roots. This attempt was, I believe, unsuccessful. I don't believe it is the natural or rational way to plant wild celery, and I think any one who would tear up the roots of this plant from a water where it was native, would be doing a very unwise, wasteful and foolish thing.

Dec. 3.—Mention has been made several times of "Koshkonong Place," and I shall need to speak of it once or twice again. This pleasant abode is managed and partly owned by Mr. C. E. Gordon, once president of the National Humane Society, a former member of the Audubon Society, and well acquainted with all the men prominent in the latter organization. Mr. Gordon has about him a very choice collection of mounted game birds, and a few rare specimens of other sorts. During our visit there he called our attention to an odd-looking and diminutive bird, whose contour was rather similar to that of the auk, apparently. None of us could identify it.

"It is no wonder that you can not," said Mr. Gordon, "for that is the second bird of its kind ever known in North America, and the only one ever killed in the United States proper. I shot that bird in 1882, in the midst of one of the worst blizzards I ever faced. The canvasbacks were flying splendidly, and I was having grand shooting in my blind. A big canvasback and this little bird dropped in to my decoys together, and I killed them both. I sent the bird on to Dr. Coues. He mentions it as the black-throated guillemot, found once in Alaska, once in Wisconsin. The latter was my specimen. I value this bird rather highly therefore."

Talking of other and allied topics, Mr. Gordon remarked as follows:

"I wish you would ask, in FOREST AND STREAM, whether any one knows of a canvasback duck ever having been killed in Europe at any season of the year; and I would like to know, too, whether anybody knows of an instance of the canvasbacks nesting in any part of North America. I believe the canvasback nests only in Asia, far north in Siberia. It is known to nest there in untold numbers, and in that place it loses all its fear for man, so that it can be approached within a few yards. I should like to know if it nests anywhere else. It seems to me that this bird goes yearly all those thousands of miles north into the circumpolar regions, and yearly returns solely for the benefit of us, the favored people of the earth. When I think of the tremendous flight of this bird, and of its patient though mysterious persistence, I cannot help feeling an added respect and sympathy for it."

Wisconsin has had respect and sympathy enough for this bird and its kin to prohibit its killing in the spring, and to hedge about its killing with all the difficulties possible. I should say that Mr. Gordon has been active always before the Legislature in his efforts for proper game laws. Before the committee he was once reproached by a market-shooter who was present in the interests of butchery.

"Mr. Gordon," said the latter, "what are you driving at anyhow? It looks to me as if you didn't want us to kill any canvasbacks at all!"

"That's precisely it," was the reply. "I don't want you to. Failing of that, I want to see such a law as will make it just as hard as possible to kill a canvasback duck inside the State of Wisconsin; and I only wish we could legislate for the other States also."

Mr. Gordon was formerly a minister of the gospel in an important charge of Milwaukee, and is valued as a forceful speaker. In connection with Mr. Geo. W. Esterly, a prominent citizen of Whitewater, Wis.; Mr. W. Y. Wentworth, game warden for the southeastern district of Wisconsin, and keeper of the Blackhawk Club, and Mr. E. D. Coe, chief clerk of the Wisconsin Assembly, and very probably the next Secretary of State, he has worked hard and given much time to the cause of rational game laws. I should not like to name one of these men before the other in this work, but I believe I am right in saying that the present rigid State laws on duck shooting are due to the efforts of these four men more than to any other cause. They all live near Lake Koshkonong, and much remains to be said about their locality and their work. They are mentioned in this column because each of them loves a live bird more than a dead one.

On Nov. 25 four white swans settled in an open bit of water within 200yds. of the foot of the big bluff. Thousands of bluebills and golden-eyes remained in the open holes. The canvasbacks had all departed on that date.

A great flight of waxwings occurred on Blackhawk Island last year. Last spring thousands of sparrows perished in that neighborhood in a sudden cold wave that caught them.

Dec. 5.—Holzhay, the Gogebic murderer who killed Mr. Fleischbein on the stage coach last summer, has been sent up for life.

Mr. G. O. Shields, of this city, and Fish Commissioner McDonald, of Washington, give a stereopticon lecture before the Fish and Game Club of Louisville, Ky., in a few days, for which extensive preparations have been made.

Mr. C. D. Gammon, Mr. Harry Loveday, Mr. John Grey, Mr. Major and Mr. Nichols start next week for the St. Francis country, Arkansas, after quail, deer and bear, for all of which they are duly loaded.

Weather here at this date is warm and rainy. Our first cold wave is past. No ducks to amount to anything reported as left in this country. There has been no duck shooting here this fall except on Tolleston Marsh, and some of the old shooters sigh and say the flight has gone permanently West. Yet ducks in adjacent bodies of open water have undoubtedly been seen, if not shot, in exceptionally large numbers this fall. Another freak of duck-shooting fortune. E. HOUGH.

NEW YORK ASSOCIATION.

THE Association for the Protection of Fish and Game held its first meeting for the season of 1889-90 at Pinard's Monday evening, Dec. 9.

As it was the first appearance of its president, the Hon. Robt. B. Roosevelt, since his return from Holland, the meeting was, as might have been expected, one of the best-attended and most enthusiastic ever held. After the usual dinner the Association adjourned to the big parlor, where they devoted the evening to the regular business, including the reports of committees and officers, reading communications, etc. Mr. Simeon J. Drake mentioned the fact that Mr. Pond, the game warden having the counties of Essex and Franklin in charge, had been very energetic; and had arrested twenty-three or twenty-four persons, including hotel keepers, visitors and others, for killing deer out of season. Mr. Holberton called the attention of the club to the fact that around the Raquette Lake and Blue Mountain Lake region there were a number of instances of violations of the close season for grouse and deer, also that netting of ducks was going on in the neighborhood of Good Ground, Long Island.

There was some talk of asking the Legislature to prohibit the killing of does in the North Woods at least until Sept. 15, but while they thought such a law wise, the majority were of the opinion that it would be very dangerous to attempt to change the present law, particularly regarding deer, as it had been hard work to get it passed. All needed, it was thought, was to try and have it enforced. All agreed that the season for selling venison in this State should end Dec. 15, and not Nov. 15.

Mr. Imbrie called the attention of the club to the difficulty of understanding the many complex clauses of the game laws and urged the appointment of the commission to codify and arrange them.

Mr. Blackford, on behalf of the Fish Commission, promised to have the abstract of the game laws ready for the association as soon as the next Legislature adjourned. The club adjourned to meet the second Monday in January, 1890.

GUNS AND GAUGES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent "Cohannet" has undoubtedly made a grand point in reference to light guns with small bores. What is the use of carrying a 9 or 10lb. gun all day, fatiguing yourself, and doing no better work perhaps than with a lighter weapon? The many advantages he names are very evident. As for killing qualities, a 14 or 16-bore will generally do as good shooting as a 12 gauge. According to the tests which FOREST AND STREAM has kindly given, the 16-bore that was tested ranks high both in pattern and penetration.

Early last fall I saw a "water hen" killed at 40yds. with a 16-bore, and a moderate charge of powder and shot; this bird, by the way, is very hard to kill.

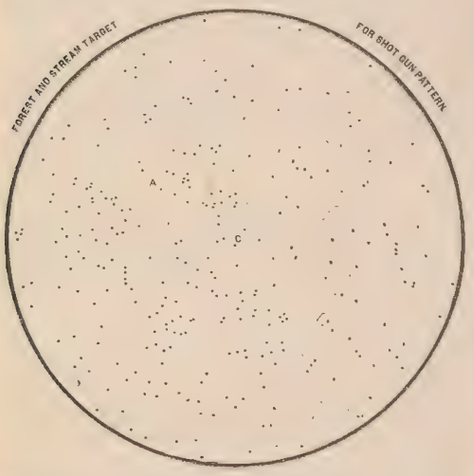
The pattern and penetration tests have been interesting and instructive, and would like to see a few more of the smaller gauges tested. E.

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nanit," "Gloan," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybillene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

PATTERN AND PENETRATION.

FRANCOTTE 12-GAUGE GUN.

THE gun which was put to test on Nov. 20 was one of a make which has so far been little known on the American market, although it comes from a maker who has a world-wide fame, and whose works at Liege do an immense amount of work of all grades in the gun line. The Francotte gun comes from the shops of Auguste Francotte, and while he makes all sort and manner of arms, in this particular one he has aimed at making the lightest possible weapon, consistent with safety and good execution. A gun running less than 6lbs. in weight would be considered by many shots, especially our Western friends, as nothing more than a toy. How much of a toy this particular feather-weight weapon is a glance at the record will show. The particular arm tested is one



FRANCOTTE GUN, 12-G., 40YDS., RIGHT BARREL, NO. 8 SHOT, 335 PEL.

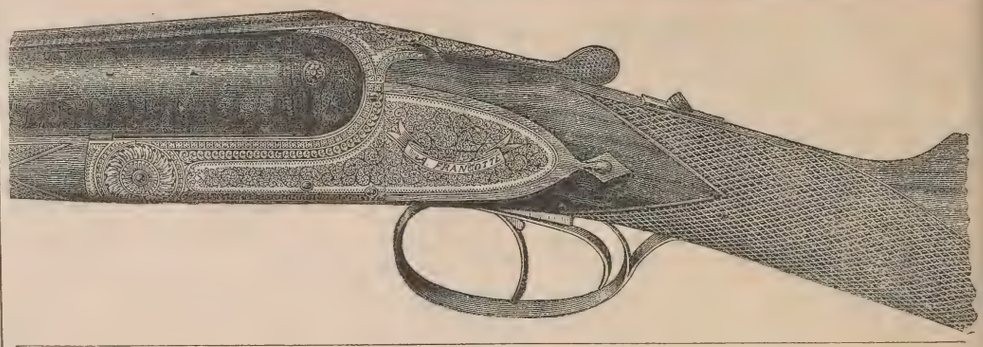
which had been sent over on a special order, and its cost of $400 is due in no small measure to a display of extra fine engraving upon the lock plate and other exposed parts. Besides, it has an extra set of barrels in which a cylinder and choke are linked together. In the pair tested both barrels were choke. The ordinary price of this arm with a single pair of barrels and with less engraving on the plate is about $110. Von Lengerke & Detmold, the American agents, expect by another season to have a sufficient supply of the new arms to meet the large demand which they confidently expect will spring up as soon as the merits of the dainty little weapon become fully known. "The owner objects to the injury which would result from the use of black powder," said Herr Von Lengerke as he started out with the FOREST AND STREAM man to make the test. So Schultze powder



FRANCOTTE GUN, 12-G., 40YDS., LEFT BARREL, NO. 8 SHOT, 338 PEL.

only was used, but to bring out the full capability of the arm and make a comparative double test, two sets of charges were loaded, one with No. 8 and the other with No. 4 shot. Really it was a test for pattern with one charge and for penetration most particularly with the other. The illustration is taken directly from the arm used in the trial. It has a full ejector device, and when this is omitted the weight of the arm may be reduced. The locking action is very similar to the Greener, with the cross top bolt, and so perfect was the fitting that when shut a pair of microscopic eyes would be necessary to discern the joint at the breech.

The day was not altogether a happy one for a test. Yet with expert Von Lengerke at the firing point manipulating the arm, it is fair to say that the best possible work was done. There was an ugly wind, a gusty one blowing from the 12 o'clock quarter, right up the range from the targets toward the shooter. Now and then a charge of shot seemed to take a drift to one side of the circle aimed at, but in striking the selected circle for best pattern it was not found necessary to shift the center many inches at 40yds.; for instance, with the No. 8 shot the average variation of both barrels for the entire 10 shots was 5in., and with the No. 4 shot it was 4in. with the left and 2⅔in. with the right barrel. That is the distance between the point A, the center of the aimed circle, and C, the center of the selected circle, as shown in the diagram averages as given. At 60yds. the aberration due to wind or personal irregularity was 4½in. for the No. 8 and 8½in for the No. 4 shot, and in not a few instances there was nothing gained in pattern by any shifting of the center of the 30in. circle.



The hard-hitting quality of the arm, especially when taken in connection with its light weight, is deserving of special attention. With the No. 8 shot at 40yds. the penetration was above the average of a dozen previous guns, while with the No. 4 shot the record ran high enough to convince any gunner that a duck would drop if hit at 60yds.; the falling off here was not great enough to call for special comment, or rather, to deserve comment, for the well-sustained average. The gun was shot throughout without cleaning, and the test, judged by our correspondent "Nick's" fashion of reducing results to percentages, shows that with the No. 4 shot the 40yds. record leads the entire procession of guns so far tested, while at 60yds. it held up very well. At a future date another Francotte is promised to be fired with all the varieties of powder, and then we may see the captivating little feather-weight beauty in a new light.



FRANCOTTE GUN, 12-G., 40YDS., RIGHT BARREL, NO. 4 SHOT, 134 PEL.

The formal record of the test shows:

CLAREMONT, N. J., Nov. 20, 1889.

TEST MADE AT FOREST AND STREAM GUN-TESTING SCREEN.

Gun—Francotte Hammerless Ejector. Cost, $400. No. of gun, 17,910. Weight, 5 15-16lbs. Length of barrels, 27in. Gauge, 12. Right barrel, full choke. Left barrel, full choke.

Weather—Clear. Direction of wind, 12 o'clock. Force of wind, 6 miles per hour. Thermometer, dry, 48°. Do., wet, 45°. Humidity, 79°. Barometer, 29.8in.

Charge, as given by holder of gun:

BOTH BARRELS.

Shell—Von Lengerke & Detmold Metal Lined.
Powder, Brand—Schultze.
Powder, Quantity—2⅞ drs.
Shot—*Make*—LeRoy. *Quantity*—1⅛ oz. *Size*—No. 8 Chilled.



FRANCOTTE GUN, 12-G., 40YDS., LEFT BARREL, NO. 4 SHOT, 116 PEL.

CARTRIDGE ANALYSIS.

Three Cartridges Taken at Random.

BOTH BARRELS.

Loading.		Powder.		Shot.
Card over shot; wad, felt wad and card over powder.	P. E. 1...	40 grs.	552 grs.	494 pellets.
	2...	41 grs.	546 grs.	490 pellets.
	3...	39 grs.	551 grs.	494 pellets.
	Average	40 grs.	549 grs.	493 pellets.

TEST AT 40 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

RIGHT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.	LEFT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.
1. 304 pellets.	13 sheets.	1. 337 pellets.	16 sheets.
2. 304 pellets.	17 sheets.	2. 330 pellets.	16 sheets.
3. 317 pellets.	15 sheets.	3. 326 pellets.	14 sheets.
4. 294 pellets.	16 sheets.	4. 330 pellets.	15 sheets.
5. 255 pellets.	15 sheets.	5. 286 pellets.	14 sheets.
Av. 295 pellets.	15 sheets.	Av. 322 pellets.	15 sheets.

Three shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.	LEFT BARREL.
1..... 335 pellets.	1..... 358 pellets.
2..... 330 pellets.	2..... 350 pellets.
3..... 335 pellets.	3..... 345 pellets.
Average 333 pellets.	Average 351 pellets.

TEST AT 60 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

RIGHT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.	LEFT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.
1. 107 pellets.	9 sheets.	1. 110 pellets.	4 sheets.
2. 146 pellets.	6 sheets.	2. 99 pellets.	5 sheets.
3. 123 pellets.	4 sheets.	3. 101 pellets.	5 sheets.
4. 117 pellets.	8 sheets.	4. 115 pellets.	10 sheets.
5. 100 pellets.	3 sheets.	5. 102 pellets.	4 sheets.
Av. 119 pellets.	6 sheets.	Av. 105 pellets.	6 sheets.

Three shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.	LEFT BARREL.
1..... 156 pellets.	1..... 131 pellets.
2..... 137 pellets.	2..... 118 pellets.
3..... 132 pellets.	3..... 119 pellets.
Average 142 pellets.	Average 123 pellets.

CLAREMONT, N. J., Nov. 20, 1889.

TEST MADE AT FOREST AND STREAM GUN-TESTING SCREEN.

Gun—Francotte Hammerless Ejector. Cost, $400. No. of gun, 17,910. Weight, 5 15-16lbs. Length of barrels, 27in. Gauge, 12. Right barrel, full choke. Left barrel, full choke.

Weather—Clear. Direction of wind, 12 o'clock. Force of wind, 6 miles per hour. Thermometer, dry, 48°. Do., wet, 45°. Humidity, 79°. Barometer, 29.8in.

Charge, as given by holder of gun:

BOTH BARRELS.

Shell—Von Lengerke & Detmold Metal Lined.
Powder, Brand—Schultze.
Powder, Quantity—2⅞ drs.
Shot—*Make*—LeRoy. *Quantity*—1⅛ oz. *Size*—No. 4 Chilled.

CARTRIDGE ANALYSIS.

Three Cartridges Taken at Random.

BOTH BARRELS.

Loading.		Powder.		Shot.
Card over shot; wad, felt wad and card over powder.	P. E. 1...	39 grs.	533 grs.	157 pellets.
	2...	39 grs.	537 grs.	152 pellets.
	3...	40 grs.	534 grs.	149 pellets.
	Average	39 grs.	535 grs.	153 pellets.

TEST AT 40 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

RIGHT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.	LEFT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.
1. 115 pellets.	26 sheets.	1. 108 pellets.	27 sheets.
2. 104 pellets.	32 sheets.	2. 115 pellets.	31 sheets.
3. 124 pellets.	26 sheets.	3. 89 pellets.	25 sheets.
4. 103 pellets.	26 sheets.	4. 115 pellets.	25 sheets.
5. 128 pellets.	30 sheets.	5. 106 pellets.	25 sheets.
Av. 115 pellets.	28 sheets.	Av. 107 pellets.	27 sheets.

Three Shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.	LEFT BARREL.
1..... 117 pellets.	1..... 116 pellets.
2..... 124 pellets.	2..... 115 pellets.
3..... 134 pellets.	3..... 115 pellets.
Average 125 pellets.	Average 115 pellets.

TEST AT 60 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

RIGHT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.	LEFT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets
1. 54 pellets.	21 sheets.	1. 49 pellets.	18 sheets.
2. 48 pellets.	20 sheets.	2. 58 pellets.	22 sheets.
3. 59 pellets.	20 sheets.	3. 52 pellets.	.. sheets.
4. 41 pellets.	14 sheets.	4. 47 pellets.	16 sheets.
5. 62 pellets.	23 sheets.	5. 51 pellets.	20 sheets.
Av. 53 pellets.	19 sheets.	Av. 51 pellets.	19 sheets.

Three Shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.	LEFT BARREL.
1..... 60 pellets.	1..... 61 pellets.
2..... 62 pellets.	2..... 58 pellets.
3..... 67 pellets.	3..... 55 pellets.
Average 63 pellets.	Average 58 pellets.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Dec. 5, while commenting on the results of pattern and penetration trials of Remington gun

you ask how it is that with the use of Schultze powder in this gun one or two patterns dropped considerably below the average of the other shots with same ammunition. I account for these "unaccountables" in this instance as follows:

The gun which made these patterns was bored so large, in common with many American-made guns, that by putting a wad of same size as bore of gun into the barrel daylight could be seen all around the wad throughout the whole length of barrel until the choke was reached. For this reason the 12-bore wads contained in the shells were not enough confinement for a powder burning as cleanly and giving as high initial velocity and pressure as Schultze does. The better and stronger the powder and the cleaner and quicker burning it is the more necessary it is to use large enough and sufficiently good and thick wadding over it to prevent any gases from coming in contact with the charge of shot by burning past or through the wads.

To this same cause I attribute the rather irregular and mediocre results of your trial of wood powder in a Smith gun. It is impossible to load cartridges which will act equally well in all guns. Wadding which will do well in one gun will be worthless in another. Also wadding which will do well with one load and kind of powder will not prevent flukes or occasional open patterns with another powder in the same gun. As you correctly say, "There does indeed exist a perfect load, but it is for each gun only, and it is for each gun holder to work out the effective capabilities of his own weapon."

JUSTUS VON LENGERKE.

RIFLE AND REVOLVER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My main reliance for a rifle is a Winchester .45-60. Once in a while for a few moments I take it out of its case just to feel it in my grip, to glance through the barrel to see if it is bright and to put it through a dumb show; but during forty-eight to fifty weeks in the year it rests undisturbed in its case. I use the regulation ammunition and never reload a shell, and am not deeply versed in trajectories and the different theories in loading, etc., but with my old Winchester on my arm I feel a deal of confidence and am never tired. With it I have made some good hits (and misses) at long distance, and would rather have a heavier than a lighter arm. I used to take with me to the Maine woods an assortment of guns, consisting, in addition to the aforementioned Winchester, of two Maynard rifle barrels, a .44 and a .22, and a Maynard shot barrel, all fitting into one stock—each an admirable piece and entirely satisfactory in its particular sphere—but of late years I am prone to leave the Maynards in their case and to use the Winchester for everything.

There are seldom enough broad-billed ducks on the inland lakes of Maine to be worth consideration, at least at the time of my autumn trips, and I can kill with the Winchester all the partridges I need for camp use; and for everything else in the way of real game the rifle is the proper weapon. If one is collecting small birds, that is another matter; but if one learns to rely on the rifle alone, he will never be caught with the wrong gun in that particular and unexpected moment which sooner or later comes to every man, when the possession of a repeating rifle will give him noble spoil and memories of triumph, and when the absence of it will leave him lasting regret and chagrin. My guides seem generally to have known little about any heavier rifles than .44cal., and to be perfectly content with them; but are always surprised at the greater power of the larger caliber, and to admit its superiority under certain circumstances. It is interesting to see their surprise at the distance to which it will throw a bullet on a still lake.

One day on Seboois Lake, an Indian summer day in October, a day so beautiful that no words could convey its charm, the sky one absolute sapphire and the surface of the water absolutely motionless, I succeeded in an experiment which I had tried many times before, but in which I had always failed, viz., discharging my rifle into the air and hearing the returning ball strike the water. Sitting in the canoe I held my watch and both guide and I almost held our breaths. We waited long without a sound and had given it up when we distinctly heard the faint "zip" with which the bullet cut the water some distance away. Encouraged we tried again and the interval was between 51 and 52 seconds. How far up into the clear air must have leaped that bit of lead! I suppose the height could be calculated easily enough from the single datum, and wish some of the "trajectory" men with talent in that line would solve the problem and let me know. At the same time I wish they would tell me why the bullet is made of the precise shape it is. What would be the objection to a bullet with perfectly conical point? Is it made blunt that it may spread on meeting resistance and make a more tearing wound? I have repeatedly sharpened a bullet with my knife and found its penetration to be greater (3 or 4in. greater in seasoned timber) than that of the blunt bullet, and that it more nearly retained its shape, while the blunt bullet would spread and make a much more ragged hole.

I am reminded of another question I want to ask about pistol shooting. For my own part, and as far as I ever had anything to do with the pistol, I heartily wish it had never been invented. I believe that for one case where it has served a good man a good turn there have been five hundred where it has done harm, and that it is, generally speaking, a nuisance. There are, however, men who are so expert with it that in their hands it rises into dignity and usefulness. They are usually trappers, who often have to tramp long distances carrying heavy loads of traps or peltries, and who find a rifle-pistol or revolver no trouble to carry and who have learned to make it serve all the purposes of a gun. I know one such man, a handsome young fellow, one of the best shots and canoemen in Maine, a successful hunter and trapper, and whose services as a guide are deservedly in great demand. To him the revolver is rifle and shotgun combined. With this he can "head" a partridge almost every time, and it is his favorite weapon when still-hunting deer. But the peculiarity of his method is that it is two-handed. He grasps the butt with both hands and holds the revolver straight before him, and thus can take the steadiest aim and without the slightest tremor of muscle.

I should be glad to know of others who have tried this method. I never knew of but one other expert with the pistol who used it. He was a Texan, and pistol shooting was his one accomplishment. For a small sum he was always ready to give an exhibition of his skill, and would snip off the heads of chickens at an amazing distance, and seldom made a miss. I am no shot at all with a pistol held in the ordinary way, but with the two-handed method I hit my own visiting card pinned to a tree the first and second time I ever tried it and at a distance at which I would not have been at all sure of hitting the tree by the one-handed method. Let any one make the experiment who has never tried two-handed pistol shooting, and I think I can assure him that he will surprise himself at his success. It will be worth trying once for amusement at any rate.

C. H. AMES.

A FLORIDA SIDE-HUNT.—Marianna, Fla., Nov. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It was my pleasure to accompany the Jackson County Gun Club on a 24-hours' shoot, ending Thanksgiving Day at noon. The Jackson County Gun Club was made a permanent organization Tuesday, with about thirty members, with G. A. Bozell president, and J. D. Smith secretary and treasurer. The meets are to be every thirty days, open to residents of the State and to visitors, the contest to be in Jackson county fields. On this occasion the club presented a gold medal, which was won by an old hunter here, J. P. Perry, on the killing of a 146lb. deer and twenty-five quail. There were fifteen hunters who left the Chipola Hotel Wednesday at noon, and although they encountered very unfavorable weather, owing to rains and strong winds, they returned Thursday at noon with 155 quail, one deer, one wild turkey, 61 squirrels, 14 doves and 6 rabbits. Aside from this 22 birds were thrown out by referees on account of having been killed on the ground. Other birds and game were killed, but no points were given on them. A Thanksgiving supper, at which the hunters took their lady and gentleman friends, was given by A. J. Sweetser, proprietor of the Chipola, a new, large and well-kept hotel, to whom the game was turned over on the return from the shoot. Toasts and speeches, together with a meeting of the club, were included in the order of the evening. The next hunt will take place Jan. 10, at which sportsmen from everywhere are invited, and may be sure of bagging plenty of game and having a good time.—H. P. HEVENOR.

FOX HUNTING IN THE CITY.—Lockport, N. Y., Dec. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On Thanksgiving Day John Gooding, of the second ward, shot a fox within the city limits, on the C. L. Hoag Niagara White Grape Vineyard. Mr. Gooding presented his claim for the bounty to Supervisor M. C. Conlin and received an order on the County Treasurer for $3. Reynard probably thought that he could cheat Mr. Hoag out of his Thanksgiving turkey. There are a good many foxes killed in this county on which the bounty is paid. The slayer has only to present and make oath before any Supervisor or Justice of Peace, that on such a day he killed the fox, the officer then mutilating it by cutting off or making a hole through the ear. Some of the orders presented to the County Treasurer are unique as to composition, as the following (neatly written) document will show: "You solemnly swear, that on the 10th day of Nov., 1888, you killed a full grown red fox, so help you God. [Signed,] J. S. H———, Justice of the Peace of the town of C."—J. L. DAVISON.

THE CONNECTICUT ASSOCIATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I, as well as Mr. A. C. Collins, noticed the communication of "A." in FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 14, and I heartily agree with Mr. Collins in all his article of the 5th implies. "A." did not mention the place of his residence, which is, and has been for some time, Brooklyn, N. Y., although he formerly resided in Haddam, this State. I perfectly recall his article of last year referred to by Mr. Collins, in which he stated that in his ride over the Shore Line road he encountered a certain messenger who was the party carrying the 2,500 birds to New Haven that season, and intimating there were many snared birds in the string this messenger had that morning, etc. Now, I am well acquainted with the messenger mentioned (Mr. T., of Clinton), and know him to be a man of integrity, and one who would not knowingly violate the State laws by handling snared birds. He has been on the road in that business for years, and is well and favorably known all along the shore. "A." forgot to mention how he purchased some of Mr. T.'s string of birds to carry out of the State, and also how he wished to sell his dog, etc.

Mr. Collins and his deputies are doing a grand work in this State. Any sportsman who has hunted any section of Middlesex county this fall will agree with me when I say that snares are seldom met with. I myself have hunted from Clinton on the west to Chester on the north during the past fall, and have only run across one snare fence, and this not set. This one was quickly up-rooted by a few "foot ball" strokes of my foot.

In conclusion, we have no "patent coffee mill" in this State, which every spring grinds out a different code of laws for each county, but we have ample laws for the protection of game and fish, and I for one speak from experience when I say they are fully as well enforced as are those in "A.'s" State.

A. W. J.

CENTER BROOK, Middlesex County, Conn.

The Hartford *Telegram-Record* of Dec. 6 reports:

Orrin J. Whiting sent some game [ruffed grouse and quail] from Thompson, Conn., to New York city, which is contrary to law. Game Warden A. C. Collins laid violent hands on that game in the Adams Express Company's office in this city. Yesterday Detective W. C. Fielding, of this city, arrested Whiting and brought him before Justice of the Peace Randolph H. Chandler, of Thompson. Whiting pleaded guilty, and his fine and costs amounted to nearly $60. While the Connecticut Association of Farmers and Sportsmen for the Protection of Game and Fish of this city occupies this mundane sphere, it behooves game and fish violators to look out. Here is what the New York *World* says of the Association: "Never in the history of the Nutmeg State have the game and fish law violators got such a fearful shaking up as in the past year. The work of the Association is bearing fruit; the illegal shippers, shooters and snarers are awakening to the fact that they 'can't monkey with the buzz-saw' without leaving a finger or two as a pleasant memento of their sport."

The success of the Connecticut Association of Farmers and Sportsmen for the Protection of Game and Fish has been phenomenal, out of thirty-six cases brought into Court they have only lost two. One of these, the famous Simsbury decision, the justice did not agree with the two Supreme Court decisions on the point in question and discharged the party. It may be fair to add that the justice in this case did not know of these decisions or of any other. The other case the justice (a very facetious one) discharged the party because he said "he was in fun" when he offered several snared partridges for sale. "Mark Twain" had better hang his laurels on a tall sapling when in the vicinity of Kent, Conn.

Book buyers are reminded of the crowding of the mails as Christmas approaches, and are urged to send in their orders to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co. in season to prevent vexatious delays and disappointments.

FISHING IN FLORIDA WATERS.—Anglers who intend visiting Florida this coming winter will find it to their advantage to inspect the superior tackle for tarpon and other fishes, manufactured by Thomas J. Conroy, 65 Fulton street, New York.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

THE MATERIAL BENEFITS OF FISH PROTECTION.

THE sole aim of the organizers of the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River in 1883 was the preservation, protection and perpetuation of game fishing in the St. Lawrence River. Probably no one of the persons active in its organization had any other idea in view; but they builded better than they knew.

At the time matters on the St. Lawrence River were at a standstill; there were very few persons going there for the sake of the fishing for the simple reason that, owing to the activity of the netters, it had been almost destroyed. But a small number of the islands had cottages built upon them. There were a few people who passed down the river on tourists' tickets from Niagara Falls to Montreal, but there were no inducements for them to stop over on the way. Some of the anglers who had resorted to the river for many years for fishing still continued their yearly visits. The organization of the Anglers' Association created a sort of excitement in reference to the possibilities to be accomplished by it, so that its members lived for two or three years upon faith, believing that the efforts of the Association in ridding the river of netters would very soon have its effect in much better fishing. Its members continued to visit the river year after year and to induce their friends to do the same. The results of the exertions of the Anglers' Association are now known to every one who is interested, and its efforts in ridding the river of fish netters have been attended with so great success that it is now possible, and has been for the last three years, for any angler to obtain all the game fish he desires. The object of the organization of the Association has thus been effected, in part by increasing the supply of game fish in the river, and in part by ridding the river of the fish pirates. Its efforts in preventing net fishing will not be slackened, but will, on the contrary, be increased.

The material benefits which have come from the efforts of the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River have been entirely unexpected, but they are, however, no less welcome. As an object lesson which should be carefully read, marked and inwardly digested, the following facts are given, showing the material benefits which have come to Jefferson county from the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River.

Jefferson county, the county lying along the St. Lawrence River, from Cape Vincent to Alexandria Bay, a distance say of fifteen miles, embracing the celebrated Thousand Islands, is naturally one of the most attractive regions in the county for the tourist and sportsman. Its exquisite river scenery, its banks and islands and its delightful air leave nothing to be desired—if the fishing is good.

There were in 1889 about 600 persons employed as oarsmen on the river: in 1883 there were perhaps 100. In 1886 there were about 250 employed in connection with steam and other boats; in 1883 there may have been thirty. There were last summer thirty-six hotels capable of accommodating 4,000 people. Six years ago the hotels could accommodate scarcely 1,000 people. Besides these there are now thirty boarding houses, with a capacity of 500 guests; there are between 600 and 700 cottages used exclusively by summer residents. From $1,000,000 to $1,250,000 was spent on the river last summer by tourists, exclusive of railroad fares. A large and increasing business has also grown up in building steam yachts and the celebrated St. Lawrence skiffs.

The total tax assessed against the town of Alexandria (the central point on the river) was $10,906.97, of which $2,351.28 was paid by summer property holders. In other words, nearly 22 per cent. of the taxes of the town of Alexandria was paid by summer property owners. The assessed value of summer hotels and island property in the town of Alexandria in 1888 was $256,000, the basis of assessment being one-third of the actual value, while the total amount assessed was $1,218,029.

Here then is a veritable gold mine lying at the feet of Jefferson county by which every resident of the county is benefited either by a reduction in his taxes, by being given employment, or in his business. The population of Jefferson county is 66,000, every one of whom is constantly being benefited by the Anglers' Association. That is one side of the question. The other is this: there were during the netting season of 1888 about sixty or seventy persons engaged in illegal net fishing within the limits of the county, and of this number more than one-half were non-residents. When it is borne in mind that these net fishers do not make nearly as much if allowed to carry on their netting as ordinary farm workers, it will at once be apparent that Jefferson county could, as a business speculation, afford to hire and pay them a fair salary to remain perfectly idle, and to pension them in their old age.

Would the property owners of Saratoga consent that their celebrated mineral springs should be ruined if it could be shown that half a hundred men would gain a precarious living thereby? Should the taxpayers allow the prosperity of an entire county to be jeopardized by the unlawful pursuits of a score or two of men? Emphatically, no.

The Anglers' Association does not propose to give up the fight in which it has been engaged during the last five or six years, and the ringing letter of Mr. H. H. Warner in accepting the presidency of the Association at the last annual meeting is a reflection of the feeling of all of its members.

The organization of fish protection associations accomplishes three distinct things: protects the fish, furnishes the people with cheap fish food, and last, but not least, is of enormous material benefit to the surrounding country.

NEW YORK, Dec. 6. H. S. CHANDLER.

NATIONAL ROD AND REEL ASSOCIATION.—New York, Dec. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The National Rod and Reel Association will hold their annual meeting for the election of officers, etc., on Saturday, Dec. 14, at 2 P. M., at the laboratory of Mr. E. G. Blackford, Fulton Market. Business of importance will be transacted, and a full attendance of members desired.—G. POEY, Sec'y.

SEINES, NETS of every description. American Net & Twine Co., Mfrs., 34 Commercial st. Boston, or 199 Fulton st., N. Y.—*Adv.*

AN OPEN LETTER.

C. H. Ames, Esq.:

DEAR SIR—Through the kindness of an angling friend, I now and then see a copy of FOREST AND STREAM, which I greatly enjoy in my retired home. But in the issue of Nov. 21 I was painfully shocked to come upon the severe, and, I think I may add totally unfounded, strictures which you pass upon the family to which I have the honor to belong. In their behalf, and "By Way of Protest," I respectfully address you this open remonstrance. I might, it is true, have communicated with you privately, but as your aspersions were made publicly, it is not out of place, I think, to choose the same vehicle of reply.

You say "he" (referring to our family in general) "is no friend of mine," "is only better than a pickerel," and you call us "coarse" and "beastly."

As to the first charge, it is a matter which I, for one, greatly regret and deplore, but which, I can assure you, is no fault of ours. Though we are personally unacquainted, yet I have heard of you often, and more particularly from a certain young relative of mine, who once, in the heedlessness of youth, mistook an invitation addressed by you to Salmo Fontinalis, as meant for himself, and to this day he is never tired of extolling the gentle courtesy with which you received the unbidden guest, the tenderness which you showed in endeavoring not to inflict unnecessary pain while rescuing him from the false position in which he had placed himself, the patience which enabled you to bear undisturbed his petulant "kicking" when he discovered his mistake, and the pains you took to restore him safely to the school of which he was a member. In short, I am well acquainted with your reputation as a genuine angler, which I have found to include most of the virtues and few of the vices which are the lot of humanity, and knowing you to be such, I express the sentiment of all the connection, in regretting the lack of personal friendship between us. So you are wrong in saying, "he is no friend of mine." Had you written, "I am no friend to him," your meaning would doubtless have been more clearly expressed, since, on our side of the house, there are none but friendly feelings toward you, and, as I have already intimated, it is a matter of genuine regret with us, that those feelings are not reciprocated.

But to your second charge—"only better than a Pickerel!" My dear sir, what have we ever done to you that you should rank us thus low in the scale of animated nature? I appeal to all who know both families, if the charge is not totally unfounded and unjust? There never was a Pickerel yet who was not a tyrant, a bully, a coward and a thief—qualities which no one has ever imputed to us. Do not Jordan, Garlick, Thad Norris, Dr. Henshall, "Kingfisher," "Wawayanda" and a host of others bear witness to our conjugal fidelity, our zeal and assiduity as parents, our pluck and gameness, and our fair, equal, straight-forward style of fighting? Did you ever know a Bass to "sulk," as every Pickerel will, and even as royalty, in the person of Salmo Salar himself, sometimes does? Did you ever know a bass to yield himself abjectly at the first prick of the steel, and then, when he thought his captor's attention was momentarily diverted, meanly endeavor to escape, as a craven Pickerel will? "Only better than a Pickerel!" That misbegotten progeny of a water snake and an alligator, that slimy, speckled, slab-sided cousin of the shark, and foster brother of the eel! Take back the charge, my dear sir, and acknowledge that you spoke in haste, as did David, after he had been listening to the tales of some members of the "Galilee and Gennesaret Fishing Club."

You say we are "coarse." If by this you refer to our looks, I will admit that we have not the personal comeliness of the Salmo family, and yet—with modesty let me say it—there have been some good judges, such as Maurice Thompson, Myron Read, Jay Beebe and others, who have not found us wanting in elements of beauty. After all, it is simply a question of taste, as to whether one prefers the slimness of shape and the pink and gold prettiness of the Salmo family or the greater *embonpoint* and the green and bronze blazonry of the Basses.

But if "coarse" refers to our manners or customs, I respectfully, but firmly, deny the allegation, and defy the alligator. That our tastes are refined can be proven by the care which you and your brother anglers exercise in finding suitable viands to set before us whenever, in homely phrase, you ask us "to take a bite" with you. You acknowledge we are cleanly, else why be so careful that the meats—whether minnow, frog, grasshopper or cricket—shall not be tainted with even a suspicion of staleness. You recognize our fastidiousness, else why the great variety you so generously provide to tempt our appetite, ransacking earth and air and water for tid-bits to tempt our appetite—offering us May-flies in August and soft (rubber) crayfish in October? You realize that we are æsthetic, else why the splendors of the scarlet-ibis, the royal-coachman, the Seth-Green, the Cheney, the oriole and others?

Again, if by "coarse" you refer to our gastronomic qualities, may I ask if you ever tried one of us, fresh from cool water, with the accompaniments of a bed of glowing hard wood coals, a clean gridiron, a hot plate, and a dash of lemon juice? Have you not perhaps maltreated us by allowing us to die slowly in the bottom of a boat, kicked around for hours in the hot sun, and then, when our subtle evanescent flavor had all exhaled, added insult to injury, by simmering our poor remains in a greasy skillet, with—I shudder to mention it—more or less lukewarm malodorous bacon fat?

Lastly, you call us "beastly." The only beast with whom we are acquainted is the one you skinned in that self-same article, the bass hog, and you certainly can not mean that we resemble him. That would be "the most unkindest cut of all," and I cannot think you would be so cruel as to bring such a heavy charge as that against us.

May it not be, my friend, that your acquaintance with us has been confined mostly to that branch of the family who reside in the South, especially Florida, and whom the hot sun and sluggish waters of that country have caused to deteriorate from the normal type? Sure am I, that if you will visit certain localities I could name, such as Lost Lake in Minnesota, the North Fork in Ohio, or Metawasset in Canada, you would find there certain relatives of mine, whose pluck and vigor would fill your soul with delight, and as you saw their bronze armor glittering in the air, as the silvery drops fell from their sides like a shower of pearls, or as you took breath after the last fierce rally and relaxed the tension of your aching rod arm, you would frankly acknowledge, in the words of the great historiographer of our family, Dr. Henshall, to whom I lift my operculum in friendly greeting, that "inch for inch, and pound for pound, the Black Bass is the peer of any fish that swims."

With assurances of the highest respect and esteem, and the hope that I have disabused your mind of some erroneous impressions concerning a family who would feel themselves honored by the friendship of so genuine an angler and so worthy a gentleman,

I am,

Yours very truly,

MICROPTERUS DOLOMIEU.

P. S.—My present address is The Riffles, Crystal Brook county, State of Coldwater, where, if you are pleased to drop me a line, I shall be glad to give it my prompt attention.

TROUT AND GAME IN WEST VIRGINIA.

WE are indebted to Mr. Jones, of New York, for recent and valuable information about the fish and game of one of the wildest and most picturesque regions within our borders. Mr. Jones penetrated the wilderness on business connected with the utilization of the forests, and came away at the close of his mission with the most lively impressions also of the glories of the mountain streams. He found brook trout unusually abundant and easily caught in Gandy Creek, a tributary of Dry Fork, which empties into Cheat River, in Randolph county, West Virgina. The nearest railroad station is Hendricks, on the West Virginia Central, and this is forty miles distant from the lumber camp on Gandy Creek. Wagons and horses are to be had at Hendricks. Horses are usually hired by the initiated for $3.50 per week.

The Randolph (W. Va.) Boom Company own the Anderson tract, comprising about 60,000 acres of unbroken forest, and this tract contains many things calculated to arouse the enthusiasm of the sportsman and the student of animated nature. We are assured that gentlemen who brave the fatigue of the tramp through the wilderness will meet a hearty welcome at the camp of the company above mentioned.

Gandy Creek, at the ordinary stage of the water, is about 40ft. wide and 2½ft. deep. It is about thirty miles from the lumber camp to the source of the stream. The creek is very crooked and moderately rapid. The bottom is made up of slate, boulders and sand. Wading is everywhere easy. The largest brook trout caught by Mr. Jones were 13in. long, and he never failed to get at least one about a foot long every time he went fishing. The average size of the trout, however, was 6 to 8in. Artificial flies of various kinds were tried faithfully, but without success. These trout crave worms, and will touch nothing else, unless the angler's experience differs altogether from that of our informant.

Brook trout are not the only attraction in the Gandy Creek Valley. Wild turkey, bear, deer and ruffed grouse abound here. By traveling a half mile from the lumber camp, the sportsman can reach open country, suitable for grazing and overrun with quail. Raccoons are very plentiful. The people are peculiar and interesting to the ethnologist.

In order to reach the camp one must penetrate nearly ten miles of unbroken forest. Spruce is the prevailing timber associated with hemlock, white pine, beech, ash, walnut and wild cherry. The last grows so large that certain trees cannot be encircled by three men with their hands joined.

The Dry Fork contains a fish locally known as "salmon." The species grows to a length of from 12 to 20in. and is caught plentifully at the dams below Hendricks. We suppose this fish to be the wall-eyed pike (*Stizostedium vitreum*).

Mr. Jones is very much in love with the fine scenery of this locality, and we are prepared, from personal acquaintance with similar mountainous portions of West Virginia, to fully appreciate his enthusiasm. We spend a lot of money and waste a deal of time, in attempting to reach remote localities with far less of interest to recommend them, than this wild region in West Virginia, so near at hand, so beautiful to look upon, and so full of creatures dear to the heart of the lover of nature. Besides the animals we have named, there is a great wealth of birds of beautiful plumage. Thousands of acres of deadened trees near the camp attract an endless number and variety of woodpeckers and other birds. There must be, also, many species of beetles and butterflies. A few gentlemen from Pittsburg visit this angler's paradise, but there is room for many more and we trust that the fame of Gandy Creek will go abroad.

BLACK BASS IN BAKER'S POND.

BAKER'S POND, in the vicinity of Wellesley, Mass., is a favorite body of water for anglers, although its bass for the most part are unusually small. Some of us who are interested in the fishing, have introduced full grown shiners, hoping that they will multiply and improve the size of the black bass. One day last fall, in company with a friend, I tried the water in several parts of the pond and caught next to nothing. Finally we started homeward and arrived at a shallow place where the water was about 2ft. deep and full of weeds, lily pads and sunken trees. In sheer desperation I cast in with a live frog, not expecting to get a strike. The bait had scarcely touched the water, when a bass took it and I landed him. My companion had the same experience. In a very brief time we caught seven bass of fair size, weighing from 1lb. to 1¾lbs., after which we could get no more and our success elsewhere during the day was not worth mentioning. I discovered by a mere chance, that there were bass in the deeper water near our shallow fishing spot. Upon throwing out a live frog it disappeared very suddenly after a few lively struggles. We then made preparations for casting in a rather primitive fashion, made necessary by circumstances. The line was extenned to its full length on the grass behind us, and we then threw the frogs as far out as possible. The bait was hooked through the body under the backbone. The frogs never remained long kicking in the water, before they were in the jaws of the bass. These fish seem to run into shallow places of the kind described, in small schools, and at certain times they will bite until the last one is hooked. My brother caught 13 one day in a brief time, in a locality such as I have mentioned.

WASHINGTON, D. C. S. F. DENTON.

ANGLING NOTES.

MR. J. C. HERBERT, of New York city, an enthusiastic fly-fisherman, and well known to anglers who frequent the Chateaugay Lakes, has just returned from a trip to the Pacific coast. Though on business, he managed to put in a few days with the trout and salmon in the waters near Seattle.

He relates that while stopping at a ranch some sixty miles up the Snoqualmie River, he had a little spare time and made up his mind to try the fishing, though assured it was too late to use the fly. An Indian was called in who was supposed to be an authority and questioned as to the chances. George replied with a shake of his head, "Him too late; may be you try salmon egg, you catch him."

"But, George, if they will take salmon spawn, why not flies?"

With a discouraging shake of the head the Siwash only answered, "Well, you try him." So they did. George led the way to a dilapidated wet and muddy dugout, which he called his canoe. Mr. Herbert had to seat himself on the bottom of the boat near the bow (there were no seats), while a young friend, who wished to see the fun, took his position in the center. At first they did not meet with much success, but after a while the Siwash suggested casting inshore instead of in the deep pools, and almost immediately he hooked a trout which was soon killed. He caught quite a number, and was about to quit well satisfied, when a big one took the hand fly. Mr. Herbert says he has taken very many trout, but he never saw such antics before, jumping, running, sulking and every other trick to get rid of the fly were tried in quick succession. After half an hour's fight the Indian put him ashore on a sandbar, where he thought he could land the fish, for he had no net. He handed his rod to his friend, thinking to wade in and throw the fish on the beach, but no sooner had he taken a step into the water than away started the trout with 100ft. of line, to go through the whole performance again. Finally George threw the fish ashore, using his broad-brimmed cowboy hat as a scoop, and killed him, Siwash fashion, by pounding his head with a stone.

It was a superb specimen of the black-spotted trout (*Salmo purpuratus*), measuring 22in. in length, and when weighed several hours later turned the scales at 4¼lbs. The fly was a coachman dressed on a No. 6 sproat. George said, "Him much big," and at the ranch they told him it was the largest specimen they had ever seen taken out of the river.

Mr. Clarence M. Roof, of this city, who owns several miles of the west branch of the Neversink, states that while visiting his stream this summer he saw a salmon that was certainly over 24in. long. He learned upon investigation that some eight or ten years ago the Fish Commission had placed salmon in the Delaware River, but that this was the second instance only of one being seen in the Neversink.

A gentleman recently returning from the West over the Northern Pacific Railroad, was told by a fellow passenger that last season, while fishing on the Columbia River, he had the good fortune to kill several California salmon on the fly one afternoon. This was the only time during an experience of several seasons that he had been successful in taking salmon with the artificial fly, though he had tried time and again.

SMELTS AT PLYMOUTH.

ONE noon I found myself in old Plymouth, Mass. I always make it a point to find out about the fishing when I am in a fish country, and I soon learned that smelts were very plenty. Business would keep me in Plymouth until Monday noon, so I determined to have a "good square meal" of fresh fried fish. For a fellow that knows how fresh fish taste, the article under that name found in the markets has no charms. I had no time to fish, so the only tackle I took was my pocket-book.

The first fisherman I came to was a very diminutive gentleman of color. I could not understand why he caught his hook on the logs under the wharf at every cast, until I looked over and saw that it was his ambition to hook on to a tin can lodged there. I walked to the end of the wharf where some boys were fishing; but they were not catching anything. I was about to turn away, when a boy in a dory laid down his rod to bail his boat. Now, I thought, he will have a bite if there is a fish in the harbor. Sure enough, no sooner had he dipped up his first bailer full than down went his tip. He grabbed his rod and pulled in a smelt about three inches long. I waited until I was satisfied that this was the only fish in the harbor, and then walked away. This day, for some reason, was an off day for the smelt, so I had to content myself with stories about them. A man who runs a fish market told me he had done a rushing business until people had learned that in each smelt was a worm about an inch long.

People tell me that every night after half past six the wharves are crowded with men and boys, fishing, everybody catching all they wanted. A gentleman caught a smelt 13in. long, and thinking he had beat the record, offered $5 for one that would measure 14in. This fish was caught and the gentleman offered $10 for one 15in. long. One this length was taken; and I could not learn that the gentleman had offered any more prizes.

BROCKTON, Mass., Nov. 19. DARBY.

BRASS FERULES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some time ago one of your correspondents, in giving advice about the loosening of fishing rod ferules, made the curious statement that if a piece of brass be heated and at once plunged into cold water it would become hardened after the manner of steel treated in the same way. I have been waiting for somebody (including the editor) to contradict such a very simply absurd assertion. As a matter of fact a hot piece of brass plunged into cold water at once becomes softer than copper. Inclosed herewith you will find some brass wire that I have just treated to your correspondent's "hardening" process on one-half its length. You can test the matter with your finger and thumb. After doing so heat the hard end red hot on a gas jet, then plunge it in a glass of water and note the result. THOMAS CLAPHAM.

ROSLYN, Dec. 6.

THE EUTOPIA AND TROUT LAKE FISH AND GAME ASSOCIATION was organized in June, and has secured one of the best fishing privileges in New Brunswick. Lake Eutopia, about six miles long, near the village of St. George, N. B., besides being famous for its trout, is one of the most beautiful lakes in the Province. During the last season a club house was erected on the "Bluffs," a high point overlooking the lake, which commands a most charming view. Mr. Handren, president of the club, erected a mammoth tent, where he remained during August with his family, and other members and visitors availed themselves of his generous hospitality, and several remained during September. Besides others, Dr. Vosburgh, Vice-President, and daughter; Mr. Barclay, Treasurer; Dr. Tucker, Dr. Cameron, Mr. Taintor, Mr. Bigelow, Mr. O'Thayne, Mr. Clark, Mr. Marsh, and Mr. and Mrs. Street visited the grounds, and were charmed with the place. Miss Vosburgh distinguished herself with the gun as well as the rod. She shot eight partridges within a few yards of the club house. The property of the club covers about a thousand acres, and includes a stream which connects Eutopia with Trout Lake. Few trout weighing less than two pounds are taken in those waters. Dr. Vosburgh and Dr. Tucker were so favorably impressed with the climate and scenery that they purchased several acres adjoining the club property, and intend to build summer cottages. There are already about fifty members on the list. Gentlemen desirous of joining the club may get further information from the secretary, Mr. T. McGrath, Equitable Building, N. Y.

Fisheulture.

MISSOURI FISH COMMISSION WORK.

ABOUT ten days ago the work of draining the fish-breeding ponds in Forest Park, this city, which are under the personal supervision of resident Fish Commissioner Capt. H. C. West, has been completed, the fish all separated, and the superintendent is ready to distribute a large number of young fish to residents of this State for stocking private ponds. German carp, croppie and bass are the species propagated by its Commission. Of the three kinds, the German carp has been much the most successful, and the croppie come next, with the bass bringing up the rear. As near as could be ascertained from Superintendent Chaplin, the number which the Commission has for distribution is as follows: German carp, 200,000; croppie, 125,000; bass, 75,000. These are now all in separate shallow ponds, where they can be easily taken when wanted for parties who wish to obtain them. The stock fish have all been placed in deep ponds for the winter season. Among the stock carp there are several which are quite large, weighing in the neighborhood of 20lbs. Of the stock bass there is not one that will weigh over 6lbs., while the largest croppie will not exceed 1½lbs. Considering the number of ponds which the Commission has, this season has been a most successful and entirely satisfactory one. UNSER FRITZ.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Nov. 30.

FISHCULTURE IN WYOMING.—It is understood that Fish Commissioner Lou Miller, of Laramie, Wyo., has drawn up the plans and specifications for enlarging the fish hatchery. The land has been purchased and the appropriation of $2,000 for that purpose is now available. The proposed addition will increase the producing capacity threefold. Wyoming Territory has with but small appropriations made a great start in fishculture, and promises to make a thorough success of it.

OPPOSITION TO GILL-NETS.—Gill-net fishing for mackerel is arousing public opposition on Prince Edward Island, and meetings have recently been held to memorialize Parliament in behalf of legislation, prohibiting this method of fishing.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Dec. 9 to 14.—Fourth annual show Northern Illinois Poultry and Pet Stock Association, Rockford, Ill. John Teague, Secretary.

Jan. 6 to 11, 1890.—Annual Dog Show of the Michigan State Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Bay City, Mich. W. F. Brace, Secretary.

Jan. 13 to 18, 1890.—First Annual Dog Show of the Georgia Pet Stock and Bench Show Association, at Augusta, Ga. A. H. Vonderleith, Secretary.

Jan. 27 to Feb. 1, 1890.—Dog Show of the Colorado Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Denver, Col.

Feb. 11 to 14, 1890.—Fourteenth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, American Institute Building, New York. James Mortimer Superintendent.

Feb. 19 to 22, 1890.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, Chicago, Ill.

March 11 to 14, 1890.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Rochester Kennel Club, at Rochester, N. Y. Harry Yates, Secretary.

March 25 to 28, 1890.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Mass. Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

April 1 to 4, 1890.—Sixth Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Secretary.

April 15 to 18, 1890.—Show of the Buffalo Kennel Club, Buffalo, N. Y. A. W. Smith, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Dec. 16.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trial Club, at Amory, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Secretary, Marietta, Ga.

Jan. 20, 1890.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club at Bakersfield, Cal. H. H. Briggs, Secretary, 313 Bush street, San Francisco, Cal.

Jan. 27, 1890.—All-Day Field Trials, at West Point, Miss. F. R. Hitchcock, 44 Broadway, New York, Secretary.

Feb. 11, 1890.—Fourth Annual Field Trials of the Texas Field Trial Club, at Marshall, Tex. W. L. Thomas, Secretary.

CENTRAL FIELD TRIALS.

THE inaugural meeting of the Central Field Trial Club began on Monday, Dec. 2, at Lexington, N. C. The weather was all that could be desired by the sportsmen, although it was hard to find birds in the morning, as there was a heavy frost and they did not move much, but toward evening they came out on the stubble fields and were found in abundance. The grounds worked over were very similar to those at High Point, except that there were not so many dense thickets here; the briers, however, are just as thorny and a trifle more plentiful. We are assured that much of the remaining ground is vastly superior in character to that on which the Derby was begun. Birds were in abundance, in fact there are too many, as in order to thoroughly test the merits of the dogs it is absolutely necessary to see them at work where they must get out and search for game instead of being put down right in its vicinity when a few strides will take them up to a bevy. It is certain that the old order of things is doomed and that "points will count" will perhaps never again be the watchword at any field trial of importance. The natural ability and bird sense of our hunting dogs is what we all wish to bring out, and we are far from pursuing the right course when we take them up to the birds and teach them to hustle for points instead of learning them to search for their game in a workmanlike manner over a country where there is at least some difficulty in finding it.

THE DERBY.

The Setter Derby was the first event on the card. There were 42 nominations, 8 of which filled. They were drawn to run as follows:

ROD'S LADY (Roderigo—Guy Gladstone), owned by Mr. A. M. Hildebrandt and handled by F. R. Bevan,

against

ROYAL C. (Roderigo—Countess House), owned by Memphis & Avent Kennels and handled by J. M. Avent.

ROWDY ROD (Roderigo—Juno A.), owned by Memphis & Avent Kennels and handled by Avent,

against

NANNIE B. (King Noble—Queen Vashti), owned by Mr. J. I. Case, Jr., and handled by C. W. Barker.

SAM C. (King Noble—Cricket), owned by Mr. J. I. Case, Jr., and handled by Barker,

against

LETTY LYNN (Roderigo—Countess House), owned by Memphis & Avent Kennels and handled by Avent.

HARRY C. (Roderigo—Countess House), owned by Memphis & Avent Kennels and handled by Avent,

against

MARQUIS N. (King Noble—M'liss C.), owned by Mr. G. W. Ewing and handled by W. B. Stafford.

When the drawing took place Marquis was not in, but as Mr. Ewing, his owner, had telegraphed to Stafford to complete the entry and he had not received it in time, he was allowed by unanimous consent to start and was run with Harry C.

The running was watched with great interest, as all were anxious to see the working of the new rules, which in the first or preliminary series are in conformity with the spotting system, the remaining series being run in heats as at other trials. We believe in the spotting system, and until it has been demonstrated by a thorough test to be more faulty than the heat system, it should be adopted at all our field trials, not in a half-way, compromise sort of way, but in a manner that will bring out what good there is in the system, and at the same time show up its faults if any there be. If a set of judges are qualified to fill their positions, they are certainly competent to select the best dogs in the stake and place them in their proper order, unhampered by any rule of thumb or set of instructions as to how or why one dog should be placed over another. When this course is pursued we shall hear no more talk of dogs being placed over their betters "under the rules." It is often the case that a fourth-class dog will run for an hour and do work that will carry him into the next series, but it is generally the case, as has often been shown under the heat system, that he cannot repeat or stay up to his work well enough to win a place over better dogs, unless he has the luck to run through the stake by meeting dogs of less merit than he possesses. On the other hand, a really good dog may not be at his best, although showing sufficient merit to remain in, but if given an opportunity his superiority will in a large majority of cases be clearly demonstrated. Of course if a dog shows no merit whatever during an hour's run he is either worthless or not in condition to compete and consequently he should be retired. A dog may for the moment be off in nose, but unless he is seriously indisposed he will plainly show the judges by his behavior whether he is worth a future trial; then again, the weather conditions may be such that scent is poor and consequently the dogs do not show up to advantage. Many dogs of high courage, with good speed, range and lots of bird sense, become rattled when they find that they cannot smell the birds, and losing confidence, their pace and range are restricted, and they are for the time entirely different from their usual form, while the dog with little sense will go his usual gait, the flushes will not disconcert him in the least, and often he will show to better advantage than his high-strung competitor, who may really be several classes above him in all that constitutes a good dog. There is also an element of luck that attends all competitive trials of whatever nature they may be; especially is this the case at field trials, and it is hoped that under the spotting system much of this element will be eliminated, and that far more satisfactory results will be obtained than under the old system.

In the preliminary series nearly all of the work on game was of an unsatisfactory nature, scent was undoubtedly very poor, and a lot of ground was worked over where birds are known to be plentiful, but they evidently were not moving and but few of them were found. The judges were Messrs. Davidson, Wallace and Tallman.

The first brace in the series were put down at 8:48 and the last brace were taken up at 2:17. In selecting the dogs for the second series the judges kept in six of the eight, and threw out Rod's Lady and Marquis N. Both were either sick or very stale, and evidently were in no condition to run; of the others, Rowdy Rod, Nannie B. and Harry C. had done much the better work, but the judges probably were not satisfied with the test given the others, as they had all shown more or less disposition to hunt, and they decided to give them another trial. The rule in relation to the draw for the second series was waived by consent, and the dogs were run in the order in which they were drawn in the first series.

Royal C. and Nannie B. were the first brace in the second series, and as Nannie had done much the better work in the first series, it was expected that she would have an easy win, but she had let down greatly in speed and did not range at all well, while Royal let out a link and worked out his ground fairly well, and won his heat with something to spare.

Rowdy Rod and Sam C. then came together, Rowdy scoring an easy win. He ranged wide and was lost in the early part of the heat, but soon showed up and worked out his ground in good shape. Sam did not show much speed, and his nose appeared to be wrong, as his work on birds was not at all satisfactory. Near the close of the heat a very wicked-looking bull-brier somehow got under the tail of Dr. Glover's horse, and for a few minutes the fun was simply indescribable. The gallant steed bucked, kicked and jumped seven or eight different ways at once. The doctor did not appear to enjoy the situation nearly so much as the spectators did, as amid their enthusiastic plaudits he gently slid to the ground and, with the assistance of the bystanders, removed the cause of the trouble. It was hinted that the brier was purposely placed in position, but, knowing the boys as well as we do, we can hardly believe this. This heat ended the work for the day.

Tuesday the weather was fair a portion of the time, but some cold-looking clouds were banked in the west in the afternoon, giving promise of rough weather; but toward evening they cleared away and it was warmer, and the prospect was bright for good weather. There were now only four in for first money, all of them owned by the Memphis & Avent Kennels. It was nearly 9 o'clock when Letty Lynn and Harry C. were put down. Harry won the heat, having the best of it in pace and range and in the character of his work on game. Letty did much better than in her trial heat, and some of her work was very good.

This ended the second series, and at 9:55 Royal C. and Rowdy Rod were put down to run the first heat in the third series. Rowdy scored an easy win, having much the best of it all around. Royal did better than in his previous heat, and beat out some of his ground in a workmanlike manner. Harry C. and Rowdy Rod were now the only dogs left in, and at 11:08 they were cast off in an open lot to decide first money. It was plain to be seen after a short time that Rowdy was a sure winner, as he had the best of it at all points, and when the allotted hour was up he was awarded the heat and declared winner of first prize.

The more we see of Rowdy the bettter we like him. The timidity when working among scattered birds that he sometimes showed to a marked degree at High Point appears to be wearing off, and his work through the stake was greatly improved in this respect, and take him all round he is undoubtedly the best dog that has ever run in the Derby Stakes in this country. At the conclusion of the heat we went to lunch, when it was announced that the remaining heats would be run on Wednesday, and the afternoon was devoted to the pointer division.

On Wednesday the weather was all that could be desired, hardly a cloud was to be seen, the air was cool and bracing, just right for comfort, and we left the hotel in anticipation of a good day's sport. The judges decided to run a heat between Royal C. and Sam C. to decide which should compete with Harry C. for second place. The dogs were put down some five miles south of this town on the best ground of this club and worked toward home. These grounds are much better than those worked over on the previous days and are most excellent for the purpose. Large open fields where the work of the dogs can be readily seen, with plenty of birds, make this an ideal ground for holding trials.

The dogs were cast off at 9:35. They were about equal in speed, Roy showing the better range. In work on birds we could not decide which was ahead, or rather which was behind. The work was nearly all of it wretched, as the dogs were hustled for points when on singles and turned and twisted around until they did not appear to understand what was required of them, and flushes or indifferent work were the rule. Near the close of the heat they were given a chance in the open, but neither did anything of consequence. When time was up Sam was awarded the heat, and the pointer division were taken in hand and run until 2:30, when setters were again brought up and the last heat was run. Harry C. and Sam C. ran to decide second place, which Harry secured very easily, beating Sam in speed, range, style and in character of work. This ended the Setter Derby, which was excellently well judged throughout. Following is the summary:

Preliminary Series.

Rod's Lady and Marquis N. ruled out. The others ordered to run in the order in which they were drawn.

Second Series.

Royal C. beat Nannie B.
Rowdy Rod beat Sam C.
Harry C. beat Letty Lynn.

Third Series.

Rowdy Rod beat Royal C.
Harry C. a bye.

Final for First Place.

Rowdy Rod beat Harry C. and won first prize.

Ties for Second Place.

Sam C. beat Royal C.

Final for Second Place.

Harry C. beat Sam C. and won second prize.
Sam C. placed third.

THE POINTER DERBY.

The pointer division of the Central Field Trial Club's Derby begun Tuesday, Dec. 3, after first money in the setter division had been decided. There were fifty-three nominations, sixteen of which filled, and they were drawn in the following order:

JOY, JR. (Flockfinder—Ion), owned and handled by Mr. W. B. Meares, Jr.,

against

LOU (Reximus—Katy), owned by Castleman Kennels and handled by W. B. Stafford.

CARLGROVE (Lou—Neno), owned and handled by Mr. W. B. Meares, Jr.,

against

NYE (Naso of Kippen—Virginia), owned by Lebanon Kennels and handled by Luke White.

F. F. V. (Flockfinder—Ion), owned and handled by Major J. R. Purcell,

against

SALLY P. (Graphic—Meally), owned by Mr. Charles Heath and handled by W. T. Mitchell.

MISS MEALLY (Graphic—Meally), owned by Mr. Charles Heath and handled by Mitchell,

against

CONVEX (Consolation—Graceful), owned and handled by Luke White.

TOUGH NUT (Consolation—Grace), owned by Col. C. H. Odell and handled by Luke White,

against

NASO PESHALL (Nick of Naso—Jipsy P.), owned by Mr. Wm. Hepsley and handled by John Lewis.

LADY HESSEN (Duke of Hessen—Lemon), owned by Mr. Thos. Bond and handled by Luke White,

against

MAMIE BANG (Devonshire Sam—Nellie Bang), owned by Mr. W. H. Hyland. (Did not start.)

FLIRT (Mainspring—Merry Legs), owned and handled by Mr. Alex Morten,

against

HEINCKEN (Flockfinder—Ion), owned and handled by Major Purcell.

RIP RAP (King of Kent—Hops), owned by Mr. Ed. Dexter and handled by Capt. C. E McMurdo,

against

MET (Lumbryer's Phil—Nell), owned by Cashman & Meeker and handled by A. Vaughn.

The judges were Messrs. Davidson, Wallace and Tallman. Col. Merriman was to have acted, but was called home by the death of his sister, and Mr. Wallace filled his place.

Preliminary Series.

In the preliminary series the average quality of the work was of a very low grade, and many of the heats were tiresome in the extreme. The judges selected eight of the sixteen starters as worthy to compete in the second series, but upon what grounds some of them were allowed a further trial our notes fail to show, and their performance in their subsequent heats clearly proves that our notes did them no injustice. The judges informed them that they were more liberal in spotting than they were inclined to be by request of the club. This is all wrong, and the club had no voice in the matter, and their request was not entitled to the slight-

est consideration, and the judges owed it to themselves, to say nothing of their duty to others and to the best interests of field trials, to have followed the dictates of their own judgment in selecting dogs that will now pose before the public as being in the judges' opinion good enough to win a place at a field trial. Not only was the spotting system emasculated, but great harm was done, unintentionally of course, by bringing it into dispute by keeping in dogs that neither of the judges would give a five dollar note for.

The dogs selected were by consent placed by the judges to run as follows: Joy, Jr., against Miss Mealy, F. F. V. against Convex, Lady Hessen against Met, and Flirt against Rip Rap.

It is not necessary to describe the work in the preliminary series in detail, as in a large majority of cases there was not much of merit in the performance of the dogs. Joy, Jr. did some very good work when on game, but he did not get out and hunt in very good form. Miss Mealy, F. F. V. and Convex, all pointed some of the many birds they were shown, and all flushed some, but neither of them showed much inclination to hunt, nor any bird sense, although Convex did strike out a little at times. Lady Hessen ran her heat alone, as her brace-mate was absent and she did fairly well, both in searching for birds and when they were found. Met did not show much pace or range, and hunted but little; he did some quick and accurate work on singles, but showed little bird sense. Flirt was ordered up at High Point for want of merit. She showed up here, however, in better form, and had a little speed, worked her ground and handled her birds fairly well. Rip Rap totally eclipsed everything in the stake, going as well as he did at High Point. Had the judges selected Joy, Jr., Lady Hessen, Flirt and Rip Rap, to run for the money, they would have been very near the mark.

Second Series.

The first brace in the second series, Joy, Jr. and Miss Mealy were put down at 9:45, Thursday morning, in a large stubble field, some four miles south of the town. It was cloudy in the morning and it looked like rain, but the clouds broke away soon and we had a very good hunting day. The fields were large and open, with but few thickets and birds are said to be abundant; not many were found, however, but enough to test the dogs. Joy had much the best of it in pace and range, and showed the most bird sense; both pointed and backed nicely. When the hour was up, Joy was awarded the heat. Miss Mealy showed up better than in her previous heat, and with more experience she may turn out a fairly good dog; she appears to have an excellent nose, and is quite stylish.

The heat between F. F. V. and Convex was decided in favor of F. F. V. She made two or three points when taken to the birds, but neither showed much ability.

Lady Hessen won over Met. She beat him in pace and range and bird sense. Met loafs and does not appear to be hunting at all. He is quite good on scattered birds, and if he takes to hunting he may make a good one.

Rip Rap had an easy win over Flirt, ranging wide and working out his ground in a manner that few old dogs can equal. Flirt ranged fairly well and showed some speed, but she had not much chance at the birds, although she got the first point on a single, Rap finding two bevies in capital style. This ended the second series with the result as follows:

Joy, Jr. beat Miss Mealy.
F. F. V. beat Convex.
Lady Hessen beat Met.
Rip Rap beat Flirt.

Third Series.

The first heat in the third series was between Joy, Jr. and F. F. V. At the start, First Flight Virginian, as she was slowly walking along, put her nose to the ground and inch by inch puzzled along in the grass for at least four feet and greatly to the surprise of every one, rooted up a quail. After this we worked slowly along with Joy well in the lead, but finding nothing until they had been down 59m. 30s., when Joy made a nice point to a bevy, and before the birds were fairly in the air the dogs were ordered up with Joy the winner of one of the most tedious heats we ever saw run. This was the last heat for the day, as through some mismanagement no further progress was made, although there was plenty of time to run another heat.

On Friday it was quite warm and a few drops of rain fell in the afternoon, but soon cleared and toward evening the weather was delightful. At 8:37 Lady Hessen and Rip Rap were put down in a sedge field and worked through to a large stubble. Lady started out fairly well, but she was not well acquainted with her handler and did not show up so well as in her trial heat, and her work on birds was far from good. Rap won the heat very easily, although he was not quite up to his form in his previous heat. This ended the third series with the result as follows:

Joy, Jr., beat F. F. V.
Rip Rap beat Lady Hessen.

Final for First.

Joy, Jr.,' and Rip Rap were the only ones left in and they were put down at 9:56 to run for first place. Joy had improved in speed and range and worked out his ground fairly well. His owner informed us that he had been worked only a month previous to the trials, and that he was a bit stale when he ran his first heat Rap won his heat easily and was declared the winner of first prize. He did not show up at his best in this heat, owing in a great measure to the manner in which he was handled, being pulled here and there on short turns before he had finished his casts until he became somewhat confused, and in consequence his speed and range were contracted. The heat and the briers undoubtedly had something to do in slackening his speed and wind. Under the circumstances we thought he held up remarkably well.

Final for Second.

The judges selected Flirt to run with Joy, Jr., for second place, and after a long wait Flirt, who had been, through mistake of one of the drivers, taken in a wrong direction, they were put down at 11:56. There was considerable talk of throwing out Flirt on account of her absence, but as no one seemed to know just how the mistake occurred, and as Mr. Mears refused to take advantage of an accident, she was allowed to start. Joy ran fairly well and had no trouble in winning the heat. Flirt hunted as well as in her previous heats, but spoiled it all by her behavior when on game, being uncertain when she had scent and flushing most of her birds, and she was also unsteady to wing. At the expiration of the allotted hour Joy, Jr., was declared winner of second prize, and the judges placed Miss Mealy third.

In placing Rip Rap and Joy, Jr., at the head of affairs the judges made no mistake, but right there they should have stopped, and shown by refusing to award third prize that they placed a proper estimate upon the performances of the other dogs in the stake. The honor of a win, even of the lowest position, at a field trial, is held in high estimation, and it should be won by and awarded to merit alone. The standard of field trial excellence is a high one, made so by the ability of the very many good dogs that have gallantly contested for supremacy, and wrested their hardly won laurels from worthy competitors. Let us not then lower this standard by placing upon the roll of honor the name of any contestant that has not conclusively shown by good performance that he is worthy.

We have no doubt that a number of the dogs in the stake with experience and proper handling will be able to do creditable work, but of course nothing of this nature can be taken into consideration in a competitive trial. In selecting Miss Mealy for third place, the judges, perhaps, did as well as any one else would have done under like conditions. Had Flirt in her last heat behaved as well to birds as she had previously done she would undoubtedly have won, and even with this against her we thought her a little the best of a bad lot. This ended the Pointer Derby, and it only remained to run the winners of the two divisions, Rowdy Rod and Rip Rap, together to decide which was the absolute winner. As Rap had already run two heats and Rod was to run in the All-Aged Setter Stake next day and Rap was entered in the All-Aged Pointer Stake, it was decided to postpone the running of this heat until such time as would place them upon even terms, and they will probably not run until after the finish of both All-Aged Stakes. Following is a summary of the Pointer Derby:

Preliminary Series.

Joy, Jr., beat Lou.
Carlgrove beat Nye.
F. F. V. beat Sally P.
Miss Mealy beat Convex.
Tough Nut beat Naso Peshall.
Lady Hessen beat Mamie Bang (absent).
Flirt beat Heiniken.
Rip Rap beat Met.

Second Series.

Joy, Jr., beat Miss Mealy.
F. F. V. beat Convex.
Lady Hessen beat Met.
Rip Rap beat Flirt.

Third Series.

Joy, Jr., beat F. F. V.
Rip Rap beat Lady Hessen.

Final for First Place.

Rip Rap beat Joy, Jr., and won first prize.

Final for Second Place.

Joy, Jr., beat Flirt, and won second prize. Miss Mealy placed third.

First, Rip Rap, $400; second, Joy, Jr., $200; third, Miss Mealy, $100.

THE ALL-AGED SETTER STAKE.

The running of the All-Aged Setter Stake begun on Friday, Dec. 6, at 1:37. There were 16 starters, and they were drawn to run in the preliminary series in the following order: Cora of Wetheral and Chance, Princess Beatrice II. and Little Gift, Count Howard and King Leo, Cassio and Desmond II., Rowdy Rod and Roger, King's Mark and Whitie, Blue Mark and Miss Monarch, King's Dan and Dash. The work in this series covered a wide range from very good to very bad, and some of the heats were tiresome. The judges profited by their experience in other stakes, and in spotting the dogs they made an excellent selection, keeping in only those that had shown considerable merit. The 8 left in were drawn to run as follows: Little Gift against Roger, Chance against Desmond II., Cassio against King's Mark and King's Dan against Rowdy Rod. The last named brace was drawn first, but as King's Dan ran in the last heat in the first series the order of running was changed, and Little Gift and Roger were put down at 3:35 to run the first heat in the second series. Roger was showing the better pace, range and style when in motion. Gift showed the most style when on game. Both were steady to wing and shot and did fairly good work, with the advantage slightly in favor of Roger.

Chance and Desmond II. were put down at 4:37, and after running a half hour they were taken up to finish their heat on Monday. This finished the work for the week. The weather has been as good as could be wished and with the exception of a few unnecessary delays as good progress has been made as was possible under the rules. The club has been very fortunate in securing good grounds for the trials and good accommodations for those who attend. The March House, where most of us are stopping, is excellently kept with plenty of well cooked food and good comfortable rooms, and no pains are spared to make the guests feel at home, and, as the trials will continue at least two weeks longer, we are all thankful that we are so pleasantly situated. Matters so far have run with perhaps as little friction as could be expected at a first meeting, and as experience is gained we have no doubt that the management will be all that could be desired.

[*Special to Forest and Stream.*]

LEXINGTON, Dec. 9.—The weather to-day has been warm and cloudy. In the unfinished heat between Chance and Desmond II. both did good work, Chance winning. Rowdy Rod beat King's Dan and King's Mark beat Cassio. In the third series Roger beat Rowdy Rod and King's Mark beat Chance. This ended the work for the day.

There were fourteen that filled their entry for the Pointer Stake. They were drawn as follows: Arthur and Duke of Hessen. Bannerman and Roger Williams. Rod's Sal and Tammany Boy. Sally Brass II. and Rip Rap. Ajax and Pontiac. Meally and Lebanon. Duke of Vernon and Lalla Rookh.

LEXINGTON, Dec. 10.—In the deciding heat for first place won first prize. The heat was a long and very poor one. Chance then beat Roger for second place, and Roger was in the All-Aged Setter Stake, King's Mark beat Roger and placed third. Three heats were run in the Pointer Stake. Weather warm and birds not plentiful.

INDIANA KENNEL CLUB.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Dec. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The annual meeting of the Indiana Kennel Club was held Dec. 2. The following officers were elected: D. C. Bergundthal, President; R. P. Daggett, 1st Vice-President; J. E. Dougherty, 2d Vice-President; J. M. Freeman, 3d Vice-President; S. H. Socwell, Treasurer; P. T. Madison, Secretary; J. W. Patterson, Royal Robinson, A. P. Craft, W. B. Allen, F. W. Samuels and H. Hulman, Jr., Directors. The reports of the treasurer and secretary were accepted. On motion of Mr. Socwell, the awards of the judges at the club's late field trials were concurred in.

On motion of Mr. Allen, which was seconded by Mr. Daggett the club decided to hold field trials again next year, and decided on the first Monday in November as the date, at which two stakes will be run, viz.: a Derby for all setters and pointers born on or after Jan. 1, 1889, and an all-aged stake for all setters and pointers that have never been placed first in any all-aged stake in any recognized field trials in the world. The forfeit in each stake will be $10, with $20 to fill. The sweepstakes plan adopted by this club will again prevail. The purses will be divided as follows, after deducting expenses: 40 per cent. to first, 30 per cent. to second, 20 per cent. to third and 10 per cent. to fourth.

After the chair had appointed Robinson, Socwell and Madison a committee to revise the running rules the meeting adjourned. P. T. MADISON, Sec'y.

SPANIELS AT TORONTO.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. P. G. Keys, of Ottawa, Canada, writes me as follows: "My attention has been called to your report of the Toronto (Ont.) show in the FOREST AND STREAM, in which you have my dogs misnamed, or rather the right name applied to the wrong dog. It was Bob Obo and not Obo, Jr., that won first and special at Toronto; Bob is a new importation, made by me last summer; Obo, Jr., has been in this country for some years. Your criticism of Obo, Jr., applies to Bob Obo, and *vice versa*. The mistake no doubt arose owing to an error in the catalogue of the show, which gave Obo, Jr., the number attached to Bob Obo's collar and stall."—CHAS. H. MASON.

THE EASTERN COURSING MEET.

A MORE perfect day for the inaugural meet of the Eastern Coursing Club could not have been had than Saturday, Dec. 7. The cold snap had vanished, the sun was warm, the air balmy as an October day, the ground just right, and all the dogs in perfect condition and spirits. The owners and guests of the club were jubilant over the prospects of an enjoyable day, for they had had an inkling that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals would not interfere unless they saw evidence of wanton torture and cruelty. So firm were they all in the conviction that the meet was sportsmanlike in the broadest and truest sense of the word, that they felt sure of generous treatment at the hands of the society.

The large preserve where the jacks were kept was furnished with a corral, and from this a gate opened into a long and wide lane, beyond which was an immense field, which opened on to the Hempstead Plains, reaching far beyond the vision.

The following is the drawing of the dogs as was to have been run, and among them will be found some rare good ones, with wonderful field and bench show records and blood from the best and raciest stock England possesses:

Woodhaven Kennels' blue bitch Fleet
against
Mr. J. H. Watson's fawn dog Waverly.

M. H. W. Huntington's black and white dog Balkis
against
Hornell-Harmony Kennels' black dog Hazelhurst.

Mr. W. R. Caminoni's blue bitch Wanda
against
Mr. W. H. Huntington's white and black dog Highland Chief.

Hornell-Harmony Kennels' black and white bitch Harmony
against
Mr. R. Lambert's black dog Timor.

Mr. C. L. Griffith's brindle bitch Gypsey
against
Mr. H. W Huntington's black and white dog Andy McGregor.

Mr. C. S. Webber's black bitch Sister in Black
against
Ide & McCoy's fawn dog Glenboig.

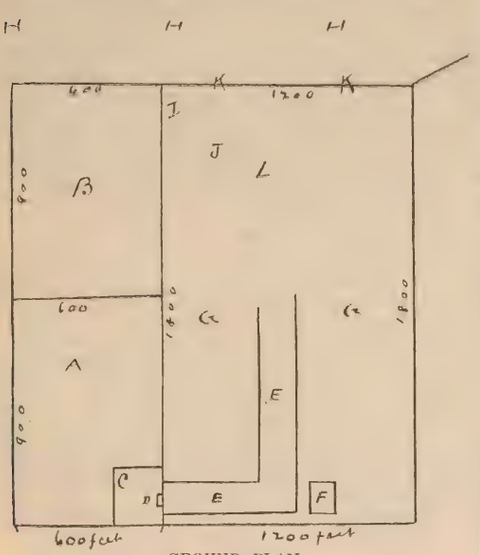
Mr. W. H. Blackham's black bitch Clio
against
Mr. E. A. Garbutt's fawn bitch Forest Queen.

Mr. J. H. Work's brindle dog Prince
against
Mr. C. D. Webber's white and black bitch Mother Demdike.

After some delay the blue bitch Fleet (George Washington—Loisette) and the large, well-muscled fawn dog Waverly were put into the slips and made ready to decide which was the faster and better dog. Quick from out the cover shot a whitetail jack rabbit, the quickest and wariest of the whole family. It seemed but a second before he had gained his freedom, for with great bounds he flew over the ground, heading for the plains. The slipper watched her closely, his 100yds. law was increased to 125 ere he was able to sight his dogs, when quicker than thought both dogs strained to the jack, the slips were loosened, and the first brace of greyhounds of the Eastern Coursing Club meet bounded after the nimble, fleet-footed jack. Fleet was thought to have been sighted, but as the slips fell it was seen that she had not been, and seeing her owner she made for him; but a "Loo! loo!" to her directed her attention, she sighted her game, and away she went, straining every muscle and making every effort to do her best. Waverly, however, had full ten lengths the start. The jack was scarcely touching the ground, when right in front of her, not 50yds. away, she caught sight of the Society officers' blue coats. Of all the wild animals, none perhaps is so afraid of man as a jack rabbit; and puss, true to her fears, turned not less than 45 degrees from her course. Fleet, coming up at a rattling good pace, forced her again to turn, when Waverly got in a rapid succession of points, held her well in hand, and finally killed, with a score of 20 to the bitch's 6. A season's coursing could scarcely have brought out a prettier sight of nimble, quick turning on the part of the jack; and had she not been frightened out of her course by the presence of the S. F. P. C. A. officers, she would never have been headed, and the officers would have been deprived of the excuse for arresting both slipper and slip steward. This they did; and the officers with their prisoners set off for the Court house. Here Judge Steiner, held session, and the slip steward demanding immediate trial by jury, one was impaneled and the trial for "willfully and unlawfully setting on foot, instigating and engaging in an act of cruelty to a certain animal, to wit, a rabbit," was begun. The defense admitted the killing, but claimed it to be as legitimate, honest, and as sportsmanlike as any other mode. Dr. Cryer on cross-examination stated that the sport was acknowledged and recognized all over the known world; and it was the law to allow 60 or 80yds. before slipping the dogs, whereas the Eastern Coursing Club gave him, as judge, instructions not to give order to slip till full 100 to to 125yds. had been allowed. He further added and was corroborated by Mr. E. H. Morris that this particular jack was allowed even more than instructed to him, and had not the officers of the S. P. C. A. been so situated in the field, the jack would never have been caught and would probably have reached the end of Long Island before the jury was impaneled. The officers in question stationed themselves at the far end of the large lot, and though twice requested by a gentleman on horseback to return to the center of the field, so as not to be in a position to interfere with the jack reaching the plains, they stubbornly refused to stir one foot. The result was that when the jack was within 50yds. of them they were sighted, and quick as lightning she darted across the field at a perfect angle of 45deg., which enabled the dogs to close in upon her. To them alone should be attributed the kill of the jack and not to the E. C. C. or the dogs. She was simply flying over the ground, gaining rapidly on the dogs, but once turned from her course her death was certain, and though she doubled and turned with great quickness she was unable to elude her pursuers. One of the Society officers acknowledged on cross-examination that the jack could not be caught by a greyhound if she was allowed fair play, and the interference of the officers by their presence in an obstructive position led to her death.

The jack was taken from Waverly's mouth, her back and leg broken, yet because there was still a slight pulsation of the heart the officer who claimed he was a sportsman clubbed the poor dead animal till he broke her thick frontal bone and the blood flowed copiously from her nostrils. The society tried to prove this flow was caused by the dog's bite, but Dr. Cryer, an expert from the Philadelphia College of Surgeons, proved it was the inhuman, unnecessary blow of the officer. Such an officer as this is called upon to decide what is and what is not true sportsmanship, and his utter ignorance of the fact that a rabbit needs but one stroke of the hand on the neck to kill it, proves he knew as little of sport as he does of humanity. The wretched complaint of the society, the want of knowledge of distance, *i. e.* calling 100yds. 100ft., in apparent ignorance of the fact that the dividing fence on the plains was taken down, and many other items of vital importance to a defender of the jack elicited such outbursts of repeated laughter from the people who crowded the court

room that Judge Steiner had many times to call for "order." Upon examination of one of the witnesses for the defense, it was stated and proved by the rules of coursing, that the sport is not for the purpose of killing or torturing the rabbit, but rather to prove the speed, endurance and cleverness of the dogs; and as the society's officer acknowledged in open court, that a greyhound could not catch a jack rabbit if it was not interferred with, the complaint fell flat, and the jury was sent out for a verdict without being even charged by the judge. A few moments later it returned bringing a verdict of acquittal. The shouts and hurrahs, the cheers and applause that welcomed this verdict were simply deafening, and it was considered all the more gratifying to the club and its development of the sport of coursing, since not a member of the club knew a single man in the town or neighborhood, except the owner of the ground,



GROUND PLAN.

A, Preserve. *B*, Vacant lot. *C*, Corral. D, Wire gate leading into *E*. *E*, Lane opening into field *G*. *F*, Slipper's box. *G*, Open field. *H*, Hempstead Plains. *I*, Position of S. P. C. A.'s officers. *J*, Point where jack saw officers. *K*, Fence, removed previous to slipping. *L*, Where kill was made.

Mr. England, and he was known only to two of them. Judge Weller addressed the jury in a very able speech and carried conviction to every one in the court room, that the society's action was uncalled for: that the sport was conducted in a legitimate manner, as is done in our Southern and Western states, and California, etc., where no interference would be tolerated, nor a jury be found to convict a man for enjoying the sport of coursing. One gentleman stated he had come 400 miles to see the sport, not to see the rabbit killed or tortured, for that he could do on his own farm, if his inclination was that way; but that he came to find out if his dogs were good ones, to compare their speed and endurance not only with the other dogs, but with the jack; and the statement, that a man would travel all that distance to see a dog kill a jack was as preposterous as the society's complaint.

The jack rabbits provided for the running were absolutely free in a large 8-acre lot. From this lot they were by means of a long canvas net forced into the corral. Here a gate led into the long lane opening into the open lots, and as soon as a jack approached it was opened, the jack shot through it, and the gate closed quickly to prevent the escape of others approaching it. The officers of the society tried to prove that the jack had been handled by the slip steward, but the evidence of any one's inability to catch it was so well known by all in the court that the statement evoked great merriment. The same officer on cross-examination stated he judged the hounds were fully 5 minutes in pursuit of the jack before catching it.

From the East there was present one of Maine's most ardent sportsmen, Mr. N. Q. Pope. From Massachusetts there was Mr. Heald (of Mr. Thayer's kennels), from Covert, N. Y., Mr. Wixom; from New Jersey, Mr. Webber and Mr. Rackham; while from near by were Messrs. DeLancey Kane, L. C. Whiton, Judge E. P. Vacheron, J. H. Watson, C. L. Griffiths, H. W. Huntington, German Hopkins, H. W. Lacy, W. R. Caminoni, E. A. Garbutt, Harry Baird, P. Segur; Dr. M. H. Cryer, of Philadelphia, noted both as a horseman, sportsman and breeder of far famed pugs; Mr. Chevalier, and many other gentlemen well-known in greyhound circles.

FELIX.

AMERICAN FOX-TERRIER CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A committee was appointed in the spring, consisting of Messrs. Winthrop, Rutherfurd and Fred Hoey, to inquire into and report upon the feasibility of holding a summer show at either Long Branch, Coney Island, or some suitable place other than Saratoga and Newport, the summer shows at the last named places not having been financially successful for the past three years. After careful inquiry Messrs. Rutherfurd and Hoey report unfavorably respecting a summer show.

The question of holding a specialty show in November or December at Boston or New York was thoroughly discussed by the board of governors, and it was decided that, while the prospects for a show in the autumn or early winter were favorable, it would be better, in view of the fact that the treasury had suffered somewhat during the past years from the heavy expenses of the club, to forego holding a club show during the year. To offset such a loss to the fox-terrier fancy it was decided to distribute the various Stakes of the club and add special prizes among the different dog shows during the spring of 1890 in such manner as to serve the best interests of the club. The following programme was therefore adopted:

STAKES AND SPECIALS OFFERED BY THE AMERICAN FOX-TERRIER CLUB, 1890.

New York, Feb. 11.—Stud Dog Stakes, second division of Grand Produce Stakes of '89, first division of Grand Produce Stakes of '90, grand challenge cup, Yankee Stakes 1889, $10 for the best fox-terrier in the show, $10 for the best fox-terrier in the open class, $10 for the best fox-terrier in the puppy class, $10 for the best brace of fox-terriers.

Chicago, Feb. 19.—Tomboy Stakes, $10 for the best fox-terrier in the show, $10 for the best fox-terrier in the open class, $10 for the best American-bred puppy in the show.

Rochester Kennel Club, March 11.—$25 for the best exhibit of fox-terriers.

Buffalo Kennel Club, March 18.—$25 for the best exhibit of fox-terriers.

Massachusetts Kennel Club, Lynn, March 25.—$25 for the best exhibit of fox-terriers

New England Kennel Club, Boston, April 2.—Home-bred Puppy Stakes, grand challenge cup, $10 for the best fox-terrier in the show, $10 for the best fox-terrier in the open class.

Albany Kennel Club.—Apollo Stakes, $25 for the best exhibit of fox-terriers.

Philadelphia.—Tomboy Stakes, $25 for the best exhibit of fox-terriers. H. P. FROTHINGHAM, Sec'y and Treas.

DEC. 4.

THE CLUMBER SNOW.—I have purchased of Mr. H. H. Simmons, of Crouch, near Sevenoaks, England, the well-known Clumber bitch Snow (champion John o' Gaunt—Foxley Beauty, a K. C. first prize winner). From her photo Snow looks a lovely bitch, all white, and, as she is litter sister to Clover, Cherie and Cynic, and the best of the lot at that, comes by her good qualities honestly. Among many firsts, she has won first at the Jubilee show and first at Birmingham. My blue belton setter dog Ben II., vhc. puppy class, Ottawa, died on the 2d inst. of distemper. He was of the very best blood and of a grand working family, consequently I greatly regret his loss.—F. H. F. MERCER.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Satellite—Bruce II. Alpine Kennels' (Fairfield, Conn.) St. Bernard bitch Satellite (Monk II.—Sheila) to J. S. Bache's Bruce II. (Beresford—Banshee), Oct. 1.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Satellite. Alpine Kennels' (Fairfield, Conn.) St. Bernard bitch Satellite (Monk II.—Sheila), Dec. 3, six (two dogs), by J. S. Bache's Bruce II. (Beresford—Banshee).

Lady Alice. Norham Kennels' (Joliet, Ill.) St. Bernard bitch Lady Alice (champion Valentine—Miss Meg), Dec. 3, ten (four dogs), by Marmion (Sero II.—Hetty).

Trixie. R. J. McLaughlin's (Cleveland, O.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Trixie (Tiny—Flossie), June 20, three bitches, by P. H. Coombs's Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beal's Lady).

Flossie. Thos. McAlvon's (Bangor, Me.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Flossie, Nov. 10, four (one dog), by P. H. Coombs's Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beal's Lady).

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

SUBSCRIBER, N. Y.—Terrier's ear has large swelling which contains pus. I have cut it and taken pus out as much as possible, but it has swollen again and is as large as ever, and is painful to touch; has also lameness in hindquarters. By kindly advising me what to do for same you will oblige. Ans. Abscess must be opened freely so that all matter may be evacuated. Rub hindquarters with chloroform liniment.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Dec. 7.—The scores of the members of the St. Louis Pistol Club show a very marked improvement over those of several shoots previous. This is attributed to the fact that the club has dispensed with the short cartridges and are now using the special long exclusively. The medal for the coming week was won by Summerfield, who made a beautiful 90. This is the first time he has quit high on the present tourney, and to say that he is proud of the trophy would be putting it mildly. But two more shoots remain of the present tourney, when it is quite probable the club will drop the standard American target and return to the one it used when first organized. A 20yds. standard American target is used for all shooting. The scores:

M Summerfield	9	9	7	10	8	10	9	9	10	9—90
E Mohrstadt	10	9	10	9	9	8	8	8	9	9—89
G Alexander	7	7	9	10	9	9	8	9	9	8—85
W Bauer	9	6	6	9	9	10	10	6	8	9—85
W Hettel	8	8	9	7	9	5	9	7	10	6—78
W J Lord	5	9	8	9	8	8	4	7	7	6—71
A E Bengel	9	6	9	8	6	4	9	7	5	6—69

The annual meeting of the club for the election of officers took place at the Laclede Gallery last Wednesday night, and resulted as follows: J. A. Lee, President; W. Bauer, Vice-President; W. J. Lord, Secretary and Treasurer. W. Mackwitz, W. H. Hettel, E. Mohrstadt and M. Summerfield with the officers constitute the Board of Directors.—UNSER FRITZ.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 1.—Harbor View Rifle Range was the scene of several club medal shoots to-day, and, despite the rain and wind, good scores were the order of the day. The Germania Schuetzen Club held its regular monthly medal shooting, the following being the winners in the various contests: Champion class, Geo. Helm, 425 rings; first class, C. Heeth, 401 rings; second class, R. Finking, 405 rings; third class, B. Overmohle, 364 rings; fourth class, G. H. Bahrs, Jr., 322 rings. B. Overmohle secured the first and last best shots. The Eintracht Shooting Section also held a medal shoot at Harbor View with the following result: Champion class, F. A. Kuhls, 391 rings; first class, H. Patt, 345 rings; second class, A. Wirtner, 359 rings; third class, A. Thiele, 256 rings. H. Roepke made the first best shot. The shoot of the Gruetli Club resulted in the following marksmen winning medals: First class, G. Orsi, 399 rings; second class, W. Van Wye, 368 rings; third class, E. Weber, 366 rings. Shell Mound was comparatively deserted, though a number of marksmen assembled for practice. The independent Rifles turned out, however, and made the following scores at 200yds.:

Lieut F Staude	5345434434—39	Corp Tonnemacher	5444445444—42
Sergt H Staude	4434454444—40	Corp T C Hamann	2434444344—36
Capt T Schmalholz	5443444334—37	J G Wintjen	4344433443—36
Lieut H Beverson	3433444053—33		

On Sunday next companies C and G of the First, and the San Francisco Schuetzen Verein will hold regular shoots, and Messrs. Carr and Hovey, using Sharps' rifles, will shoot Messrs. Young and Johnson, using Springfield rifles, a 50-shot match. These gentlemen are among the best riflemen on the coast, and the result of the match is looked forward to with much interest.

ST. PETERSBURG, Dec. 3.—The Russian army is to be supplied as rapidly as possible with a new rifle of Russian manufacture. The new arm is lighter than the Berdan rifle now in use, and has, it is claimed, a great advantage in economy of ammunition, because it can be used for single fire or with a repeating apparatus, the repeating breach being easily adjusted or detached. The soldiers will carry separate cartridges for single fire, and will not use the rifle as a repeater except in urgent circumstances and by special orders.

REVOLVER CHALLENGES.—Springfield, Mass., Dec. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Smith and Wesson Revolver Club are open for a challenge from any club in the United States. Conditions: Each club to send marked targets. Score 10 shots, 5 shots on a target, off-hand; scores to be telegraphed after match. Distance 10yds., 10 men on a side. Who will be the first to give us a challenge?—D. W. WAN, Sec'y.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

Secretaries of clubs and managers of tournaments are requested to keep us advised of the dates of their shoots, so that we may give due notice in our column of fixtures.

LINCOLN, Ill.—The score of the monthly badge shoot of the Lincoln Gun Club, held Tuesday, Dec. 3, is appended herewith. The match is shot at 15 singles and 5 pairs Peoria blackbirds, American Association rules. Weather cold and strong wind in face of shooter. Birds out of left and middle traps frequently "sky scrapers," and right trap as often foul:

L C Schwerdtfeger	111111111110110	11 10 11 11 11—22
George Atwell	101110010111110	11 10 11 01 00—16
Robert Schuster	111110011010010	10 10 10 11 11—16
Jerry Parker	101101111010011	00 10 10 11 01—16
Robert M. Wildman	001001010111000	10 11 11 01 10—14
Harry Webber	001001010001000	10 00 01 11 01— 9

Schwerdtfeger takes gold medal and Webber will wear the leather badge for 30 days.—SACHEM.

CLASS VS. THOMPSON.

TUESDAY afternoon, Dec. 3, at the North End Driving Park, White Plains, N. Y., these men came together, to see which was the better man at the traps. The Westchester county people swear by Thompson, while the Jerseymen stuck to Class to a man. There was so much money, however, ready to be wagered on the Yonkers man, that the betting, which was even at the beginning of the match, turned strongly in favor of Thompson. Ten to six was finally offered on Thompson. The day was a very peculiar one. In the morning the sun rose clear and bright, the ruddy clouds betokening pleasant weather; an hour afterward the sun went behind a bank of clouds, and at 10 o'clock, when a large party of interested men left New York for the grounds, the sun was again shining and the air soft and springlike.

The grounds were in the inclosed space, surrounded by the trotting track of the Westchester Agricultural Society. These are located one mile north of the village, and apart from the trouble of getting there, were admirably situated for the purposes of a shooting contest, being level as a floor. No less than 400 persons were interested spectators in the match from start to finish.

Before the main event was started, a little 5 bird sweep was started. Score:

First event, at 5 live birds, American Association rules, two moneys, ties div.:			
Goff	02011—3	Class	11112—5
Irwin	21111—5	Riggotts	11211—5
Erb	12101—4	Welch	21112—5

At 1 o'clock it began a spitting rain, and at 1:30 o'clock, when the big shoot was started, the outlook was gloomy in the extreme. Al Heritage was selected as judge for Class, while Charles Rowley acted in the same capacity for Thompson. John Erb officiated as referee. Thompson won the toss and sent Class to the score. The match was for $500 a side, 100 birds each, Hurlingham rules:

Class	21122120211110121202010 21—20
	20212232212021022212022 10—20
	11012101120200011022101 22—17
	11102221120111222222222 112—23—80
Thompson	01210212122211222212012 00 1—21
	10210110110220102211221 0—18
	12111001121222211122102 21—22
	22212102220221111011112 11—22—83

The birds were not a hard lot for picked ones, not 100 being capital flyers. The others were somewhat slow in getting off and of slow flight when started. Thompson, in his use of second barrel, was wonderfully effective; in the use of first barrel he was deficient, and in a single-barrel race would be heavily handicapped. In the luck of the birds he had slightly the best of it. He used his second barrel 39 times and had 2 drop dead out of bounds. Class had 5 dead out of bounds and used his second barrel 43 times; his last barrel was used, however, to put a bird out of misery and not owing to a miss. On the contrary, many of Thompson's birds were clean misses, and then a kill followed with the second. The Yonkers man made some magnificent shots with his second barrel.

Thompson used a 7¾lb. L. C. Smith gun, Climax shells, loaded with 3¼drs. Schultze powder, 1⅛oz. No. 7 chilled shot in both barrels. Class used his favorite Lefever gun, 7⅞lbs. weight, Climax shells loaded with 3½drs. trap wood powder in first barrel and 3½drs. Curtis & Harvey black powder in second barrel. At 2½ o'clock the rain changed into hail, and at 3 o'clock it again changed into snow, and from that out the match was shot in a blinding snow storm. Never was there a more disagreeable day for a match. At the conclusion of the affair so much talk was indulged in that a match was arranged to take place on Dec. 18.

The following day a guaranteed purse of $150 was hung up by W. P. Updegrove, owner of the park, and had 13 entries, over filling, which made it $195, divided into three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. The day was just the reverse of the one before, the sun shining brightly, but owing to the cold it made the boys hang around the fire, or chasing themselves around to keep warm. Before this event a 4-bird sweep was shot to a finish, ties div; score:

Gettle	1101—3	Manly	0101—2
Lindsley	2200—2	Welsh	1221—4
Hedden	1212—4	Castle	1011—3

Following came the main event, and after this, all the boys being satisfied, all thanked Mr. Updegrove very heartily, and left for their homes. Mr. Updegrove returns the thanks of all and hopes to see them up again very shortly.

Match at 15 live birds, $150 guaranteed, Association rules, three moneys:

Class	211221222102212—14	Welsh	102210221200100— 9
Manly	122111202211121—14	Rowley	111102220110111—12
Lindsley	122021122001022—11	Riggott	211221112211222—15
Dittmar	120221120122101—12	Castle	112202121011212—13
Hedden	111121022121112—14	Harrison	021130122101002— 9
Collins	110212221211221—14	Gettle	112021222211200—12
J Thompson	122012220112122—13		

All ties divided.

NEW YORK SUBURBAN GROUNDS, Claremont, N. J., Dec. 7.—Sweeps at 10 bluerocks, 50 cents entry, ties div.:

Sigler	6	Collins	5	Tec Kay	8
Miller	8	Lindsley	7	Simpson	9
Sweep 2, same:					
Sigler	9	Collins	6	Tee Kay	7
Miller	7	Lindsley	8	Simpson	6
Sweep 3, same:					
Sigler	10	Collins	6	Tee Kay	6
Miller	8	Lindsley	8	Simpson	7
Sweep 4, same:					
Sigler	9	Collins	8	Tee Kay	7
Miller	8	Lindsley	7	Simpson	8
Miller won second on shoot-off.					
Sweep No. 5:					
Sigler	10	Collins	9	Simpson	8
Miller	9	Lindsley	10		
Miller won second on shoot off.					
Sweep No. 6:					
Sigler	8	Collins	8	Simpson	9
Miller	10	Lindsley	8		
Sweep No. 7:					
Sigler	9	Collins	9	Simpson	9
Miller	10	Lindsley	8		
Sigler won second on shoot off at 25 birds.					
Sweep No. 8, 25 bluerocks:					
Sigler	22	Collins	16	Simpson	20
Miller	20	Lindsley	21		
Sigler, Collins and Liudsley's score count for Lefever trophy.					
Sweep No. 9, 10 bluerocks:					
Sigler	10	Lindsley	9	Simpson	10
Miller	9				

NEWARK, Dec. 7.—The Orange and Blooming Grove gun clubs shot the first match of the series yesterday afternoon at Erb's Park, Newark. The score:

Orange Gun Club.

Senaj	11121123212212202112 2—24
Nampake	02212211111110211112111—23
Thims	21102122121121101200101—19
Semmins	02001011121201002212021 1—17
Nilmmore	11212020011002021022202 1—17
Thurf	02112222026002200112202 12—16—116

Blooming Grove Gun Club.

Ecnerwal	20100121212221111012121 10—20
Elgne	01212010212220212211102 1 —20
Neddeh	01212202100221202111110—19
Thims	01200121010002220022012 22—15
Snave	10202000100001000001000 110—13
Slie	10100220020012122000010012—13—100

The Orange Gun Club won by 16 birds and could have won by a larger majority had they been so disposed. The club from Pike county, Pa., was away off in the shooting quality of its members on this occasion. They fell in the rear so early in the race that they were practically out of it from the start. The men are not all Arabs or Swedes or Russians, as the names would indicate. They have simply indulged in the harmless freak of using *noms de fusil*.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., Dec. 2.—The Central Gun Club had its op-ning shoot at this place to-day. Clay-pige ns (bluerocks) were used. William C. Price, 16yds., and Philip Daly, Jr., 19yds., shot at 15 each, Daly knocking down 14 and Price 11. A sweepstake followed, in which Philip Daly, Jr. won first money and Frederic Loeb and John Shaw divided the second. In the third shoot, 10 pigeons each, Messrs. Van Dyke, Shaw and Elisha Price tied with 9 each, while Philip Daly, Jr., took second money and William C. Price took third money. Price, Van Dyke and Shaw shot off their tie in the next match, also of 10 birds. In which Price and Shaw again tied at 8, when they divided first money of both events. Luke Bright and J. Van Dyke divided second money, while C. Woolley took third. Six birds each was the last event, when Price, Daly and Van Dyke tied at 5. They shot in sf, miss and out, Van Dyke and Daly dividing first money, Edward Reid taking second and Woolley third.

TORONTO, Dec. 4.—A contest took place at the Woodbine to-day between the trap-shooters of the eastern section of the city and the trap-shooters of the western section, Yonge street being the dividing line. Mr. George H. Briggs, the promoter and originator of the match, captained the west end team, and Ald. C. C. Small the east end. The weather, though cold, was well suited for shooting, and the result was a contest of intense interest, on the issue of which considerable money depended. The birds were decidedly lively, and compelled a steady hand and a watchful eye. Mr. W. Pearson, for the winners, did some excellent shooting, bringing down his ten straight, and only twice using his second barrel. Messrs. Ellis and Sawdon also grassed their birds straight, while Messrs. Townson, McDowall, Wright, Beldan and Parker were each unlucky enough to miss a teaser. For the losers Mr. Rice killed his ten in good sportsmanlike style, and Jeff Worden wounded one that got away that might have tied the score. Messrs. Bugg, Staneland, Barrett and Clark also each missed a single that might have been dropped, but wasn't, and that might have turned the scale, but didn't. The captain of the west-enders has, however, this much satisfaction, that he outshot the leader of the other band, and that had the result depended upon him alone he would have won. As it is, the westerners have to pay for two barrels of the best flour for the Boys' and Girls' Home. Mr. Joseph Taylor was the referee, and neither sound nor murmur was heard at anything he said. Following are the scores:

Teams of 14 at 10 birds each, 26yds. rise, East Toronto vs. West Toronto, Toronto Gun Club rules to govern:

East End.		West End.	
Pearson	10	Rice	10
Ellis	10	Worden	9
Sawdon	10	Staneland	9
Townson	9	Bugg	9
Parker	9	Barrett	9
McDowall	9	Clark	9
Wright	9	Loudon	8
Belden	9	Wakefield	8
Smith	8	Purse	8
Ayre	7	Sinclair, Jr	8
Armstrong	6	Sinclair, Sr	6
Jones	6	Briggs	6
Andrews	5	Blea	6
Small	4—111	Maughan	4—110

Dec. 17.—The Stanley Gun Club held its sixteenth fortnightly shoot for the president's gold watch at McDowell's grounds this afternoon. The day was delightful, and a large number of sportsmen were present. Several good scores were made, but Mr. Emond went to the front in grand style, scoring 22 out 25, which gave him the handsome gold watch as his personal property. Mr. Emond shot a 10-bore Greener hammerless, using 3½drs. of Hamilton trap powder, and 1¼oz. of No. 7 shot. His handicap was 28yds. from the traps. A number of sparrow shoots were also shot. These are the scores; watch shoot, handicap from 15yds. to 28yds.:

Emond (28)	22	Bayles (18)	18	Mallett (23)	11
Beatty (19)	21	Draisy (22)	16	McDowall (22)	11
Carruthers (19)	20	T Sawdon, Jr (24)	11	Harristan (18)	3
T Sawdon, Sr (24)	19				

The following are the scores of the former winners:

Wm McDowell	19	T Sawdon, Jr	19	Charls	19
J Wells	20	S McClure	18	F Emond	23
W Felstead	23	Charls	23	F Emond	22
T Sawdon, Jr	22	T Sawdon, Jr	18	Charls	19
F Mallett	21	T Sawdon, Sr	17	Draisy	18

The winners of the sweeps, which were at 10 sparrows, were:

First sweep:

Pickering	9	Smith	7	Heatherington	4
Peterson	9	Daisy	5	Orr	4

Pickering and Peterson div. first and second.

Second sweep:

Emond	8	Pickering	6	Smith	5
James	8	Winchell	5		

Emond and James div. first and second.

Third sweep:

George	8	James	7	McDowall	6
Emond	7	Cook	6	Wright	5
Pickering	7	Jones	6	Phillips	4
Tracey	7				

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Dec. 6.—Regular shoot of the Elm City Gun Club. The day was very windy and not favorable for large scores, nevertheless some fair shooting was witnessed. On New Year's day we will give an all-day shoot, which all are cordially invited to attend.

Event No. 1, match at tongueless bats, three Keystone traps, 15 and 18yds. rise:

Bates	111111—6	Hill	011011—4
Gould	111111—6	Whitney	011110—4
Ortseifer	111110—5	Bristol	111001—4
Tyler	111101—5		

Event No. 2, same conditions:

Ortseifer	111111—6	Whitney	111011—5
Bates	111111—6	Bristol	111011—5
Tyler	111111—6	Gould	110110—4
Hill	011111—5	Sackett	000010—1

Event No. 3, match at tongueless bats, three Keystone traps, 16 and 18yds. rise, 6 singles and 2 pairs, 50 cents entrance:

Bates	11111	11 10—9	Bristol	11010	01 11—7
Whitney	01011	11 11—8	Gould	11001	10 11—7
Ortseifer	01101	11 11—8	Sackett	00010	11 11—5
Tyler	10101	10 11—7	Hill	01001	10 01—4

Event No. 4, 12 birds, Hurlingham rules:

Gould	111111111111—12	Bristol	001111011111— 9
Bates	111111011111—11	Hill	011110111011— 9
Tyler	111011111110—10	Ortseifer	011111010011— 8
Whitney	111011111011—10	Sackett	001011011111— 8

Event No. 5, 7 tongueless bats 21yds. rise:

Ortseifer	1111111—7	Bristol	0111111—6
Tyler	1111111—7	Bates	1111011—6
Sacket	1111111—7	Hill	1101101—5
Gould	1110111—6	Whitney	1101000—3

Event No. 6, 5 pairs:

Ortseifer	11 11 11 11 11—10	Bates	10 11 01 10 11—7
Tyler	11 10 11 01 11— 8	Gould	10 11 11 10 00—6
Whitney	11 10 10 11 11— 8	Hill	00 11 10 11 10—6
Bristol	11 10 10 11 11— 8	Sackett	00 10 10 11 11—5

Event No. 7, 6 singles and 2 pairs tongueless bats, 3 Keystone traps, 16 and 18yds. rise:

Whitney	111111 11 11—10	Ortseifer	011111 01 10—7
Bristol	111111 11 11—10	Bates	001111 11 11—8
Tyler	111111 11 10— 9	Hill	100111 01 03—6
Gould	011111 11 11— 9		

Event No. 8, 12 birds, 21yds., use of one barrel:

Ortseifer	111111111111—12	Tyler	011011111111—10
Gould	111111011111—11	Bristol	111011011011— 9
Bates	111111111110—11	Hill	011001011011— 7
Whitney	101111111111—11		

IRWIN VS. VAN CAMP.—To-day at Holt's farm at Wilburtha, N. J., Irwin and Van Camp, noted trap shots, had a close run of it. Van Camp is prominent among the very best of the local shots at Trenton, while Irwin is equally well known to the sportsmen of Philadelphia as an expert with the breechloader. The shooting was done in a large pasture field. The weather was cold—the coldest of the season. This with a raw easterly wind made things quite unpleasant for the spectators, of whom there were some 200. Scouts fired recklessly in all directions and no less than four spectators were shot. William Ferry was struck in the chin, J. Grigg caught it in the lip, while one unhappy individual caught it on the jaw bone and chin. Still another got a grazed cheek. As all these wounds bled freely the looks of the men can be imagined. The match began promptly at 10:30 o'clock and was rapidly shot to a conclusion. The match was for $100 a side, 35 pigeons each man, Hurlingham rules to govern. The boundaries were staked out by pegs driven in the ground and a white cord run from peg to peg until the 80yds. circle was thus marked out. The rise for both men was 80yds. The rear line was some 15yds. back of the contestants, and a post and rail fence defined it clearly. Van Camp won the toss and decided to shoot first.

R Irwin	10110112112021210221221212021229020—28
C Van Camp	20222212110212200220120012212221112—27

The pigeons were a singular lot. Of strong muscles and quick of wing when started, they were so slow in getting off as to be wearisome to both contestants and onlookers. Once up, however, they went like bullets and taxed the shooting power of both men to the uttermost. Van Camp missed with his first barrel many times, but was singularly effective in the use of his second. Irwin shot a clean race, and never lost the advantage he secured at an early stage of the match.

THEY THINK THEY HAVE THE RECORD.—Crown Point, Ind., Dec. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Crown Point Gun Club has bought and used since the first day of April, 1889, 1,000 bluerocks, 3,000 Ligowskys and 49,500 Keystones, making a total of 53,500 inanimate targets. The club has also shot 675 pigeons and 250 English sparrows. We have a curiosity to know if there are any country clubs that can "knock out" our score on the number of inanimates used since the above date. We feel like challenging any club of ten men for $100 that can beat our record.—H. MARBLE, Pres. C. P. G. C.

MONTREAL, Dec. 1.—The first big handicap shoot of the season was held on the Athletic club house grounds yesterday afternoon, and was in every way a big success. It was the inaugural winter event of the Montreal Gun Club, and was also the first of the Montreal Gun Club, and was also the first of the club's series of three open handicaps, the remaining two of which will be shot off Dec. 14 and 28. As the prizes offered are costly and handsome, viz.: first, a canoe, value $125; second, a silver cup, value $25; third, gold medal, value $15, much interest had been excited among patrons of the gun, and as a consequence the number of competitors and spectators at the first match of the series was very large. The weather, though slightly cold, was otherwise delightful, making the drive out to the club house behind the mountain most enjoyable. The light at the traps was also excellent, and consequently, notwithstanding the cold, the shooting was above the average. Of the thirty-two who had entered for the match, twenty-five put in an appearance at the traps; among whom will be seen the best shots of Montreal. The shoot was under the conditions of the Montreal Gun Club, 20 birds, 18yds. rise. The following is the result of the shoot, the handican number of birds following the name of each competitor, these handicaps being in every case included in the number of kills:

L Thackwell (2)	01111111111101111111—20
A Boa (5)	10011010001011010111—17
J McLaren (6)	01100001101101100011—17
J Redmond (2)	11010101110111101111—17
J Paton (3)	11111010010101111010—17
R James (3)	11011001111111010001—16
J G Hadley (3)	00111111011010011011—16
W G Cleghorn (6)	00001101111001010101—16
J Randolph (6)	01001000101911001011—15
J Hutchison (6)	01110100100000100011—15
F Taylor (4)	00100001111010100111—15
W Henry (Scratch)	11010111111010101111—15
D Robertson (2)	10110011011111000010—14
J Campbell (5)	00101100000110101011—14
J Ingraham (2)	01000011111001001101—14
J Alexander (4)	01001110001110001100—13
A Brault (5)	01000111001000101010—13
J G Rosshire (6)	00000101011001001000—12
W Robertson (2)	01000100101111001—11
L Sharp (5)	00100100100100011100—11
F Trunsdale (2)	10001010001101001100—10
F Octave (2)	11110001000000001110—10
B Cooper (2)	01110010101001001001—10
W Barton (6)	00000000010010000050—8
J Smith (5)	Withdrawn.

The New Haven Gun Club will hold a tournament on Christmas Day, to which all are invited.—C. B. BRISTOL, Pres.

TOWANDA, PA.—There will be a New Year's trap shooting tournament, at Towanda, Pa., under auspices of Towanda Rod and Gun Club, Wednesday, Jan. 1, 1890. Open to all comers. Prizes consisting of bags of shot, loaded shells, primers, wads, etc., will be competed for, also sweepstakes. Commencing at 9 A. M., and continuing throughout the day. All communications will receive prompt attention by addressing W. F. Dittrich, Sec'y.

Every week we are obliged to defer to the next week trap scores which come in too late for publication in the current issue. It is particularly requested that scores be sent us as early as possible.

Yachting.

"West India Hurricanes and the Great March Blizzard." By Everett Hayden, U. S. Hydrographic Office. Large quarto, with 23 lithographic plates. Price $1. Contains full history of the great storm of March, 1888, with practical information how to handle a vessel in a cyclone; use of oil at sea, etc.

THE CHANGES IN THE RACING RULES.

AT a meeting on Dec. 4 the following report was presented to the Eastern Y. C.:

To the Eastern Yacht Club:

The undersigned committee of the club, appointed to report on any changes which may seem desirable in the sailing regulations, begs to call your attention to the changes of measurement and classification now under the consideration of the New York and Seawanhaka Y. C.'s.

Reports by special committees have been made to these clubs advocating the adoption of a classification based on racing measurement instead of the present classes limited by waterline length. It is also proposed that the New York Y. C. shall adopt the Seawanhaka formula for rating in place of its present formula.

It is, of course, of the greatest importance for the development of yacht racing in this country that the leading clubs should have similar rules of measurement and classification, so that yachts built by members of one club may not be practically debarred from racing under the rules of another club. Your committee supposes that the object sought by American yachtsmen in wishing to impose a greater tax on sail is simply to prevent the production of enormous rigs, such as we have seen in some recent boats in the smaller classes, and not to radically change the type of American yachts; but your committee holds the opinion that the classification proposed by the New York committees taxes sail so severely that its general adoption would produce a racing yacht comparatively long and narrow, and would lead either to the total extinction of centerboard racing yachts, or else the development of a dangerous and undesirable craft of the "canoe" type, thus going much further than what we have above supposed to be the wish of American yachtsmen.

In addition to this objection that the proposed rule will develop an undesirable type of hull, there is also the objection that any such severe tax on sail—at least as sail area is computed and valued by any present or proposed rule for its measurement—will be an irresistible temptation to spoil the shape of good rigs in order to obtain such sail plans as will yield the maximum effect with the least sail, or, still worse, with the least sail measurement.

If, however, a classification on racing measurements under the present New York Y. C. formula should be adopted, your committee believes there is less reason to fear that the tax on sail would be severe enough to confine racing to long and low-powered yachts, and, although the objection on the score of danger of badly-shaped rigs is not entirely removed, it will at least be diminished, and your committee believes it quite clear that the object above stated—preventing the production of over-sparred yachts—will be accomplished by such a classification.

Your committee, therefore, suggests that the following vote be passed by the club: Voted, That the Eastern Y. C. is prepared to adopt, in conjunction with our other leading clubs, a classification based on the formula which places twice the value on waterline length that it does on sail area.

C. J. PAINE,
AUGUSTUS HEMENWAY,
C. H. JOY,
G. H. RICHARD,
EDWARD BURGESS.

The committee give no reasons for their belief that the proposed New York rule will produce long and narrow craft, either deep or narrow. Mr. Burgess lately conferred with the New York Y. C. committee and suggested that it accept corrected length by New York rule, as mentioned in the report. It is of course essential that the rules of the New York, Seawanhaka and Eastern clubs should not conflict, but at the same time a rule that is bad in itself cannot be adopted merely for the sake of uniformity. A meeting of the New York Y. C. will be held tonight, at which the several important questions touched on in the committee's report will be acted on. The first and most important is the basis of classification, whether it shall remain as now—the waterline length, or be changed to corrected length. The principle involved is an important one, and deserves to be considered alone on its own merits, and not merely in the light of the effect on any one boat or class. Closely connected with it is the particular formula which must accompany it, and which exerts a controlling influence over the yachts to be built. In the opinion of the committee of the New York and Seawanhaka clubs, and of many who have given thought to the subject, the present formula of the New York Y. C. will give little or no chance for experiment, and will do little to restrict the growth of sails; while on the other hand the proportions of the Seawanhaka formula are better in both respects, and at the same time offer no inducements to extremely narrow boats. Besides these two questions there is the division of the classes, a very difficult matter, but one that should not stand in the way of the adoption of the new rule if it be considered desirable in other ways. Some difficulties must be looked for in any marked change of rule, and those attending the divisions of the new classes can probably be adjusted to suit all interested. As the largest of the three clubs concerned, the action of the New York Y. C. is of special importance, and will undoubtedly have a great influence on a number of other clubs. A rule, if adopted at all, should be made for a period of five years at least, in order to test it fully, and the idea that some have of adopting corrected length by a series of small bites, first by the New York formula, then by the Seawanhaka, and then perhaps by another, is utterly impractical. Any good rule adopted now by the New York Y. C. will in all probability be very generally adopted by the leading clubs; but an attempt to try a rule for a little while and then perhaps to change it again shows a lack of self-confidence that will deter others from following.

A BRITISH 10-RATER.

IT has been claimed by the opponents of the proposed new rules in the New York and Seawanhaka Corinthian clubs that the immediate result of the change would be to produce a very long and narrow keel yacht with small sails that would drive out the existing yachts, both keel and centerboard. Such figures and statements as have been presented in support of this view have been very indefinite and unsatisfactory, but still they have carried weight with some yachtsmen who have taken them on faith without the trouble of a personal investigation. The ultimate result of this line of argument is a curious sort of craft that has been evolved chiefly from the inner conciousness of the opponents of the new rules, and is held up by them as a sort of bugaboo to scare American yachtsmen. This phantom ship is long, narrow, deep, with no deck room nor accommodation, costly to build, and with all the disadvantages of the old tonnage rule cutters, while at the same time she is warranted to do what they did not, to outsail, with very small sails, all moderate American craft. Such yachts are pictured as racing and winning now in Great Britain, and as ready to up killick and cross the western ocean for fresh prizes as soon as classification by corrected length is accepted by the clubs here.

In our issue of Nov. 21 we gave a list of the new British yachts, with a description of the principal ones, and in a previous issue, Aug. 8, was published the interior of a 20-rater. We now give, through the kindness of Mr. Arthur E. Payne, of Southampton, Eng., the sail and cabin plans of the most successful yacht yet built under the new rules in Great Britain, the 10-rater Decima. The dimensions of Decima are: Length over all, 48ft. 6in.; l.w.l., 35ft. 3in.; beam, 10ft.; draft., 8ft. The sail plan is interesting as forming a basis of comparison between the British and American methods of measurement, as alluded to in previous articles on measurement. The plan is peculiar in one respect; the sail allowed for the length is 1,680 q. ft. by actual measurement from the sail plan, except that all headsails are measured by triangle bounded by mast and headstay. In disposing of this amount of canvas Mr. Payne has taken a comparatively large mainsail, a small clubtopsail, and has thrown away entirely all jibtopsails and the usual spinaker, using a spinaker as shown, that hoists to the masthead only. In this way the area of the head triangle, which would be 759sq. ft. if measured to hounds of topmast as usual, is but 496sq. ft., being measured to jibhalliard block only. The official measurements of the sails are:

Mainsail	906sq. ft.
Clubtopsail	277sq. ft.
Headsails	496sq. ft.
	1,679sq. ft.

With the whole head triangle measured the area would be 1,942ft., or 263ft. more; so that if the jibtopsails and large spinaker were to be carried, the base and height of the sail plan would need to be reduced to give an area about 13 per cent. smaller than that shown.

The merits of this sail plan are still doubtful; in some cases in which it has been tried it has not been an improvement; but Mr. Payne is of the opinion that Decima is faster than she would have been with the usual distribution of canvas.

The measurement of the sail plan by the present Seawanhaka rule gives an area of 1,760ft., while by the proposed method the area would be 1,793ft., or 33ft. greater. The Seawanhaka rule is supposed to measure the headsails, mainsail, working or jibheaded topsail; the area of the same sails by the Y. R. A. method would be 1,857ft. This difference, 98ft. in the case of the present method, and 59ft. in the case of the proposed, shows that in this sail plan at least the American measurement is nearly enough correct for all practical purposes.

As Decima is the direct offspring of a similar rule to that proposed for the American clubs, and built too under conditions that have heretofore encouraged very narrow yachts; the fact that she, the widest, has won against all comers, is conclusive proof that the rule does not produce narrow yachts, and that it does produce yachts of moderate proportions and cost.

There are so few racing craft of her length in American waters, that the 30ft. class affords the best basis of comparison. The largest yacht of this class is Kathleen, shorter by 5ft. 8in., wider by 6in. and with 4 to 6in. less draft. Her sail area is 2,045ft. by Seawanhaka rule, compared with 1,760ft. for Decima by the same rule. Kathleen's corrected length is 37.57ft., and Decima's is 39.03ft., so that under her present rig, but allowed to carry the usual jibtopsails and spinaker, Decima would allow Kathleen 1m. 12s. over the American course, the average distance sailed by these yachts. Whether Decima with this rig could allow Kathleen her time must remain a matter of opinion; but all observation and experience shows that speed cannot be had in ordinary racing weather here with so small a proportion of sail, but 117 per cent. of l.w.l. Judging from successful yachts of all types that have raced in America, Decima's rig would need to be increased until the square root of sail area was at least 125, if not 130 per cent. of her waterline. The former figure would be practically putting Kathleen's sail plan over the longer boat, with an increase in the allowance from 1m. 12s. to over 3m.

When it is considered that Decima, as she stands, is about as wide, as deep and with the same sail as the Burgess thirty, Tomboy, and at the same time nearly 6ft. longer, it does not seem that she could allow the shorter boat a couple of minutes or more and yet beat her with the same sails, yet this is what the problem reduces itself to. If she can do this, then why is she not a better boat, with the same beam, far greater accommodation, and no longer spars? If she cannot do it, but must increase her sail and her measurement considerably, in order to attain her maximum speed under the conditions which maintain here, there is no reason of being afraid of her.

The faults of the present 30-footers are very apparent, however speedy they may be; they are lacking in room, the Burgess boats in particular. Kathleen is comparatively roomy, but at the expense of an extravagant rig, requiring 9 or 10 to race her. If sailed here under her present rig, Decima would in all probability be under-canvassed for racing and not be successful; but if canvassed more nearly in proportion to Minerva or Pappoose she would undoubtedly be very fast. Even then she would require a crew no larger than Kathleen's.

The accommodation plan shows a rather peculiar arrangement, one long cabin, with two permanent berths forward, with drawers under, and the sofas and buffets aft, in place of the "ladies' cabin" of Kathleen. The headroom under a flush deck is 6ft. 8½in., or about 1ft. greater than in Kathleen. The extra length gives a great advantage over the American thirties in two ways; the forecastle is much longer and roomier, and a good space is given besides for a toilet room on one side and a pantry on the other. In addition, the boat has a good cockpit and plenty of space for sails. Comparing Decima very nearly with the thirties, she has the same breadth and even more available room on deck; her stability is as great, she has better accommodations below, both for owner and crew, she requires no larger crew and costs no more to run, while her first cost is but little greater.

Just as Decima has been the winning boat in the 10-rating class, so Lollypop and Humming Bird have won in the 5 and 2½ classes, both designed and built by Mr. Payne. Lollypop is 29ft. l.w.l., 9ft. beam, and 7ft. draft, a handsome little plumb-stemmed cutter with pole mast and very moderate rig; while Humming Bird is 20ft. l.w.l., 7ft. 6in. beam and 5ft. 8in. draft, with pole mast, single jib, and a jug mainsail, with a yard on head in place of a gaff. Her stern is nearly square, and with her open cockpit and cuddy hatch she might readily be mistaken for an American boat. Mr. Payne is now busy on a 20-rater which will meet Dragon and Vreda next year, and as she is likely to be considerably wider than either, the experiment will be a very important one. With such yachts as these built and racing successfully in England to the practical exclusion of the old narrow cutters, there are no grounds for asserting that the same rule will produce very narrow yachts in America.

THE NEW RULE ON LAKE ONTARIO.—A very lively and interesting controversy is now being carried on in the Toronto *Mail* over the measurement question, one writer, who boasts that he never reads any yachting books or journals, attacking the new rule and advocating a rating by sail area alone. The result has been a number of letters from various yachtsmen defending the new rule. The lake yachtsmen on both shores are all active and progressive men, and the comments on the rule thus far show that they know pretty clearly what they want and when they have it.



"DECIMA"—10-RATING CUTTER, DESIGNED BY MR. ARTHUR E. PAYNE, 1889.

Length, 35ft. 8in. Beam, 10ft. Draft, 8ft.

THE RIGHT TIME TO TACK.

THE first rule of racing, as all yachtsmen know, is "Never leave your opponent when you are beating him." If this is true in sailing a race, it is no less true when applied to rules and methods, and no better guide can be had in the question now before the clubs. The continual contest which must always exist between the two great yachting nations, and which is but a race on a large scale, has resulted very decidedly of late years in the favor of America. Convinced that the tack they were on was a wrong one, British yachtsmen went about in 1887 and started on a new and very different course, under a rule that is by far the most perfect in theory of any yet tried. Not only have the immediate results in the way of a revival of building and racing been most satisfactory, but the new yachts are in themselves of a moderate and healthy type, and, most of all, designers are given a greater opportunity than ever in the past. Thus far there is but one verdict from both designers and racing men, that the new rule is a success; and while time will probably show some defects, there is no doubt that the rule is the best thus far known.

Meanwhile, in spite of the complaints against existing rules in America and the huge rigs which they have produced, there are some who propose that the same state of affairs shall be continued, or if any change be made, it shall be so small as to have no practical effect.

Just now American yachtsmen are carried away with their late victories, perhaps to a point of over-confidence, and are giving little thought to the different directions in which they and their opponents are going. The whole force of the rules here tends to the development of big rigs on a limited length; and, though the yachts thus far built have proved successful, there is no guarantee as to the future fleet. The British rules, on the contrary, have produced boats of moderate proportions in hull and sail, giving good accommodations and requiring small crews; and while designers are trying various proportions, the one fact that is most unmistakable is, that a reasonable amount of beam is essential to speed under the rule.

At present there is a cessation of international racing, and no one can say how the yachts of the two nations which have been built since the Volunteer-Thistle race will compare; but with one side running in a very deep rut and the other branching out in every direction in which progress is promised, there is a strong chance that when the two meet again in tacking, the positions of '85, '86 and '87 may be reversed, and that Britain may be to windward instead of to leeward.

The recommendation of the measurement committee is briefly that American yachtsmen shall tack with their opponents and follow them in a modification of the British rule to American conditions. The opponents of this course bring forward no arguments, offer no facts or figures, but rest their case on the bare assertion that the proposed change will bring in very narrow boats; an assertion with nothing to support it and everything in the actual fleet built abroad to contradict it.

If those yachtsmen whose votes decide the fate of the rule will consider the question on its merits, weighing such facts as are advanced on each side, there is little doubt that the decision will be that now is the time to tack, before the other craft is so far away in the course of progress that she cannot be overtaken.

SEAWANHAKA COR. Y. C.—The following programme of lectures and entertainments has been announced: Dec. 14, 8:30 P. M., musical entertainment; Jan. 18, Cruising Yachts and Yacht Cruising, by Vice-Com. Robert Center; Feb. 1, annual dinner; Feb. 8, an Account of the Hurricane at Samoa, by Lieut. R. G. M. Brown, U. S. N. Navigating Officer of the U. S. Flagship Trenton, one of the lost vessels; March 15, Tides and Ocean Currents. The lectures on Yacht Construction by Mr. Cary Smith will begin early in January on alternate Tuesdays. The weekly mess dinners on Thursday evening have become a popular feature in the club.

A POSSIBLE CHALLENGER.—The time for a challenge for 1890 has about expired and none is forthcoming, but there is a report that Sir Roderick Cameron, a member of the New York Y. C. and owner of the schooner Lady Evelyn, will build a 90-footer from Fife designs and challenge for the Cup.

YACHT BUILDING ABROAD.—Messrs. Forrest & Sons, of Wyvenhoe, will build a 40 rater from Mr. Watson's design for Col. Bagot, owner of the Clayton 40, Mohawk. Fay & Co. have cast the keel of Mr. Jameson's new cutter.

INTERNATIONAL SKIFF RACING.

Editor Forest and Stream

In your edition of Nov. 7, in giving an account of the sailing race at Prescott, Canada, between Yukwa and Evangeline, both Canadian built skiffs, you say, "They are undoubtedly the fastest design of boats for their size that are sailed on any water." This we deny, and claim that the Clayton design of St. Lawrence River skiff, as built by the St. Lawrence River Skiff, Canoe and Steam Launch Co., familiarly known as the "Bain boat" is the fastest sailing boat of its size built, and this is admitted by all aquatic sportsman, and proved by actual contests, times without number. We are the original builders of the present design and style of boat peculiar to the St. Lawrence River, and have kept the lead in improvements. Others have followed and imitated. These boats had no notoriety until taken hold of by our Mr. Bain, when they were known as the "Bain boat" until he gave them the name of "St Lawrence River Skiff." Skiff sailing was first introduced at Clayton, and the first folding centerboard with watertight trunk was manufactured at Clayton and put into a Bain boat, owned and used by Dr. Bain for nearly two years before any others were used, or were on the market. There have been more skiff races, both for honor and money, sailed at Clayton, than at all other places put together, and these races have always been open to the world. None from Brockville or Prescott has ever offered to enter one of these contests, and Mr. Wallace of Montreal, the owner of Yukwa, admits they could not compete successfully with us, when he writes to Mr. Sauve, ordering another boat, and at the same time expressing the wish that "she might be fast enough to enable him to carry out his long cherished idea of crossing the line and doing battle with the Yankees." (See Brockville *Recorder*, Nov. 23). At the A. C. A. meet at Stave Island last summer, Mr. Ford Jones, winner of the A. C. A. trophy, and also one of the Yukwa crew, was telling the boys that he had, with his canoe, beaten all the Brockville and Prescott skiffs, and though he could beat a Clayton skiff, and would like to try it for $100 a side. Mr. Fraser, book-keeper to the St. L. R. S., C. & S. L. Co., heard of the conversation and immediately offered to accommodate him, and put up the money right there, and arrange the details of the race to Mr. Ford Jones's convenience. Mr. Geo. C. Forrest, another crack canoeist, who was of Mr. Jones's opinion until a week or two previously, when he had come in contact with the Clayton boats a few times, advised him to keep his money in his pocket, so there was no race. The Clayton boys are never backward in accepting challenges, and when Mr. Wallace "crosses the line" with his new and fast skiff, if he comes to Clayton, he will find our boys with their "lamps trimmed and burning," and their sails ready to unfurl to give him a lively race. A. BAIN, Manager.

St. Lawrence River Skiff, Canoe and Steam Launch Co.

"ILL-CONSIDERED RULES."

"CLASSIFICATION BY CORRECTED LENGTH WORKS BADLY."

"DESIGNER BURGESS made a little haphazard drawing last week, which turned out to be an effective commentary on the system of classification by the corrected length, proposed to the New York Y. C. He took the Baboon's sail plan, placed the mast a trifle further forward, and then erected a sail plan which would measure the same as the Baboon's by the proposed rule. He drew a mainboom of the same length as Baboon's, a gaff one foot longer, a mast one foot longer, and a topmast two feet longer. The new sail plan had a larger mainsail, a considerably larger topsail, a slighty smaller foresail, and even a larger jib than Baboon's. The proposed sail plan contained 100ft. of effective sail more than the Baboon's, while measuring the same by the proposed rule.

"While this sail plan was not as good as the Baboon's for all-round work, it is the one which will be used by our racing craft if the rule proposed is adopted. By placing the mast further forward a designer can add 100ft. of sail without extra tax, or can add a foot to the length of his boat and still put on the same sail as he had on the shorter boat with the mast further aft.

"Mr. Burgess recently got a letter from a gentleman in Belleville, Ont. This gentleman ordered a 30ft. centerboard yacht before the recent change to a corrected length classification in the Lake Yacht Racing Association. After the change was made he countermanded his order for a centreboard boat, as he knew that such a craft could not win under the new rules. He then thought that he would build a cutter, but found that she would cost so much more than the centerboard boat that he gave it up.

"He now writes that since the rule was passed there is a great deal of objection to it in the Hamilton Yacht Club, and a move is to be made to go back to the old rule. The members are finding out that they have made their whole fleet obsolete.

"A 30ft. centerboard boat, with the usual sail plan, would just come into the 36ft. racing length class proposed for the L. Y. R. A. Such a boat would stand no show at all against a 32ft. cutter, with smaller sails racing at the same rating. The gentleman referred to writes that he expects the rule to be changed back, when he will go on with the centreboard boat, which he wants."

The Boston *Globe*, in its zeal to defeat the proposed change of rule, lately printed the above article and heading, which have been copied into other papers and have turned up in the Canadian papers in the guise of special correspondence from Boston. The statement in regard to Baboon's sail plan was made by Mr. Burgess to the committee of the New York Y. C. when on a visit to New York recently as a representative of the Eastern Y. C. Mr. Burgess did not even show the sail plan, and the figures which he gave were so obviously incorrect that they convinced none of the committee. The effect may be as he states, but men will not be convinced by mere statements when it is so easy to show the actual drawings and calculations, which has not yet been done. Even if it is true that the new sail plan is inferior to the old one, which is as yet very uncertain, the most that can be proved from it is that the details of the method of measuring sail are as yet imperfect; and not, as the *Globe* would infer, that the principle of classification by length and sail together is entirely a false one.

The latter part of the *Globe*'s story reads very prettily and contains the following premises and conclusions: A centerboard yacht of 30ft. cannot race against a keel yacht 2ft. longer of the same corrected length; the keel yacht costs so much more than a centerboard that none will be built; consequently the new rule kills racing. If Mr. Burgess now thinks that the centerboard has no chance with a slightly longer keel boat, he did not think so two years since, when he designed the centerboard Merle, 34ft. l.w.l., for Lake Ontario under the same classification by corrected length that has just been re-adopted there. He had the option then, as now, of taking length in place of sail, but did not do so. Merle has been a very successful boat for three seasons, and though she might be outbuilt now by a longer boat with less sail, there is nothing in her record, or in the racing elsewhere, to justify the assumption that she has no chance in racing against a long, narrow keel yacht with small sails. Keel boats have always been in great favor on Lake Ontario, but there has been, and still will be a large number of centerboards.

The statement that the keel boat will cost more than the centerboard is one that can easily be disproved; boats such as Nymph and Baboon cost practically the same, the keel craft being if anything cheaper through the absence of the centerboard and trunk and of a cabin house; in fact, the whole structure is less complicated and costly than a centerboard boat, while the latter now must have practically the same lead keel as the keel craft. The keel boat that would be built under the Lake Y. R. A. rules for the 35ft. class would be 32×9ft. x9ft. 6in., with 1,441sq. ft. of sail, and this boat would cost no more, if as much, as the centerboard 30×11ft. 6in.×5, with 1,600sq. ft., that would race on even terms with her.

We have assumed thus far for the sake of argument that the *Globe*'s statements were facts, but a careful investigation leads to the belief that they are all without foundation. The Belleville *Intelligencer* prints the above story with the following editorial note: "The above item is erroneous in that no person in Belleville has ordered or is likely to order a yacht from Mr. Burgess. It is also in error as to the failure of classification by corrected length, which was retained by the L. Y. R. A. on motion of the writer, and was changed after his withdrawal. The change was an error, and the old, satisfactory rule was restored this year through the able and persevering exertions of Mr. Jarvis."

The following letter in the Toronto *Empire* settles the Hamilton matter, and is corroborated by similar information from other sources to the effect that the new rule is generally satisfactory to lake yachtsmen:

Editor Empire:

In your issue of the 4th inst. you publish information received from a correspondent in Boston, who gives you a gist of an interview he had with Edward Burgess, to the effect that the members of the Hamilton Y. C. are objecting to the new classification rule, and that a move is going to be made to go back to the old one. I beg to say that your correspondent has been wrongly informed as to the feeling of the members of the club. Up to date I have not heard a member say he was dissatisfied with the new rule; on the contrary, those to whom I have spoken on the subject are all of the opinion that it is a just and fair one, and that it was passed just in time to stop the introduction on our lake of a class of boats that would be very expensive and unwieldy, on account of their extensive sail spread, etc. In reference to our members finding out that our fleet has become obsolete, I think Mr. Burgess's informant is also wrong. The following is a list of yachts that shows in what manner the H. Y. C. fleet will be classified next year under the new rule, which classifies them as almost every member of this club says, "in much fairer form than what they were under the old rule:"

* * * * * * *

Our fleet is not obsolete under the new rule. But it would have been in a couple of years under the old one.

* * * * * * *

This will show to your readers that the members of the H. Y. C. are not objecting to the new rule; on the contrary, they give the committee which proposed it great praise for suggesting a rule that compels yachtsmen to build boats that cost less and carry a sail spread within reason and common sense.

J. H. FEARNSIDE, Hon. Sec., Hamilton Y. C.

HAMILTON, Dec. 5, 1889.

The Hamilton *Evening Times* of Dec. 5 reprints the *Globe*'s story with the following comments: "Surely there is some mistake here. No rule that has ever been adopted has been more universally acceptable to the members of the Hamilton Y. C. than the classification by corrected length. Instead of making the fleet obsolete it has classified them in such a manner that far better racing must ensue. The Belleville gentleman who keeps Mr. Burgess posted about the H. Y. C. must be anxious to furnish the designer with material for his fight against the new classification in the East, but why should he not stick to facts?"

Perhaps we can enlighten the *Globe* as to the real facts in the case. Some time since a Lake yachtsman, but not of Belleville, wrote to Mr. Burgess on the strength of Merle's success for a design for the 50ft. l.w.l. class. Mr. Burgess recommended a centerboard yacht 30ft. l.w.l., and the owner decided to build for next year. When the classification was changed Mr. Burgess advised instead a keel boat of 33ft. l.w.l., whereupon the owner countermanded the order because he preferred to go to Fife or Watson for a craft of that kind. Apart from any other considerations a 32ft. keel yacht can be delivered from England on Lake Ontario, for less money than a 30ft. centerboard boat from Boston, while she would be as much superior in finish and outfit as Minerva is to most American forties. The owner in question is himself in favor of the change just made, and will probably have a new yacht for the 35ft. class this winter.

A SHORT TRIP ON THE PACIFIC.

WHILE attending to my usual routine of business, the mail brought me a note, the stamp on which—a tiny flag—sent a ray of sunshine into my duty-burdened mind. Said the note: "You are ordered to report on board the Aggie Friday morning, for a trip to San Diego."

The days passed slowly until I met our generous host, D. A. MacFarland, the owner of the Aggie, and the rest of our jolly company at the depot early on Friday morning.

Arriving at San Pedro we saw the beautiful Aggie lying alongside the wharf. Our traps were soon aboard and we left the harbor at 11:30 for Catalina Island, course south by east.

As we got outside the harbor we were delighted by a view of the seaside hills; back of them the fields of grain; then orchards, and beyond and over these the lofty Sierra Range, with old snow-capped Mount Baldy overtopping all. A distinctive feature of southern California in the dry season is the brown and yellow color of its hills, which in the distance have a lovely appearance.

When outside we threw lines over, and were soon fast pulling in the bonita, a gamy fish averaging from 10 to 15lbs. in weight.

Getting beyond the fishing grounds we had leisure to look over the Aggie. She was in fine shape as usual. Everything first class above and below, and a new set of sails made her look more beautiful than ever. You may be sure we did not overlook the well-stocked larder, which promised good things for the sailor's appetite.

An easy breeze brought us into harbor at Avalon, a pretty hamlet on Catalina Island, in good season. The bottom is bold close too, and we anchored within 200ft. of the shore in 20 fathoms of water. Some of us took the tender, and rowing to a point were soon catching smelt, sheepshead, perch, bass, and a peculiar-shaped flat, brown eel. The fish called smelt here are not like those with which we are familiar in the East, of the salmon family, but are evidently of the herring tribe.

The little harbor of Avalon is a paradise for yachtsmen, water wondertully clear and mild in temperature, while shoals of fish, gulls, seals, etc., give life to the place. We were too early for the jewfish, which are caught in good numbers here in season, some weighing over 300lbs.

Saturday morning saw us on deck early enjoying the magnificent weather. Our brother yachtsmen of the East never know how the wind will blow or whether the day will be fair or foul. Here the days are always sure to be clear, and the breeze as sure to blow from the same quarter as before, the southwest, and to commence at a certain time.

After a fine breakfast of rock bass we again tried the fish with good success. A native was seen coming from the hills with a wild mountain sheep which he had shot, both goats and sheep running wild on the island.

After a row about the harbor, which is like an aquarium on a grand scale, we left Catalina at 3 P. M. Our course was laid for San Juan, distant thirty-three miles, east-northeast. Being near the high hills of the island the wind was light, and dropped away at sundown to a zephyr. We dropped anchor off San Juan on the following morning near Dana's Point, a place made known in Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast."

A Spanish barbecue was to be given at San Juan on this day, and our host, the Commodore, and through him our company had been invited to go ashore and enjoy it.

I am reminded just here of an amusing incident which will not be forgotten while I am capable of smelling cheese. A good friend once said to me, "I have heard that Limburger cheese is not considered to be in prime condition until its odor can be detected at least one mile from the factory." His statement seemed a little wild at the time, but I now think the distance under-estimated. While enjoying the sleep of innocence as the yacht was rolling between Catalina and San Juan, one of our company became slowly and painfully conscious of a most overpowering and lonesome sensation. What could be the matter? Had any old fish been stowed near his berth? Pillows and bedding were hastily examined and no cause found. And yet the thing was terrible and constant in its assafœtida-like odor. In despair he happened to push up his mustache, when, heavens! his defeat was complete, and he was struck by something worse than a squall, and returned in haste to the wash room. To explain, a sportive companion had anointed said moustache with Limburger cheese.

Breakfast over, part of our company remained on board. The rest were landed through the surf at the point where Dana once scaled the hides down from the high cliffs and lowered tallow down on his back.

Our host for the barbecue, Don Marco Foster, a wealthy ranchman, met us and drove us to San Juan, some three miles distant. On the way a runaway horse was seen coming toward us. A man and wife had stopped at a brook and unloosed the horse to drink. Our company being gallantly inclined, jumped from the wagon and formed in line across the road. One was lucky enough to catch the animal, and feeling quite elated by his success, and sure of his hold, he cried exultantly: "Now go, you devil, go!" The beast, a powerfull spirited mare, had evidently heard the word go before, for giving a quick turn to her head, and taking in the vain man at her halter at a glance, she gave a bound and was off like a deer. Her woulk-be captor held on, but his feet were more in the air than on land, and things grew more squally fast. So all sheets were let go and the beast was off. The yachtsman came to anchor suddenly, while his companions rolled on the ground in laughter.

Arriving at the barbecue, we were at once placed at tables loaded with the best of eatables served in Spanish style. Near us were holes, in which were hot fires each tended by a Spaniard, who spitted the tender meat and delicious ribs of beeves and roasted them in a style far superior to anything cooked in an oven.

Dinner over, Don Marco had us driven back, loaded with good things for those on the yacht, the band playing "La Paloma."

Leaving our anchorage at 3 P. M. we sailed for San Diego. Before breakfast the following morning and just outside of San Diego Harbor we caught 22 bonita. We passed the light at 12 M. and went up the harbor with a fine breeze aft. J. A. OSGOOD.

LOS ANGELES, Cal.

In this city and surrounding country are a large number of gentlemen who, in the seasons for field sports and angling, are worthy disciples of Jim Norris and Izaak Walton. Some of them have FOREST AND STREAM, that elegant caterer to the enjoyment found in handling the rod and gun, but not all realize the pleasures which its weekly visits afford to those who are its constant readers. This publication has such a fascination about it that when its broad pages—diversified in every department of its class of literature, embracing much history and many sketches of life as it is found in the forest, the field, the seaside, and along the streams—are opened, they are not closed till all are taken in. —*Staunton Spectator, Staunton, Va., Dec. 4.*

Canoeing.

The list of officers and directions for joining the A. C. A. and W. C. A. will be found in the first issue of each month.

A FIFTEEN HUNDRED MILE CRUISE.

With the new year we will begin the publication of the log of a solitary cruise of 1,500 miles, made in a 14-foot Adirondack boat, on the Erie Canal, Lake Ontario, the St. Lawrence River, and other waters. The cruise began at Albany, finishing nearly two months later at Philadelphia, and the narrative includes exciting and dangerous episodes. The chapters will run through several issues. Cruisers should not miss this serial.

THE RACES OF THE A. C. A. MEET.

A REPORT has been received from the '89 regatta committee, which was forwarded to Com. Rogers too late for the meeting of Nov. 23. As it contains merely a summary of the races and prizes we do not publish it. The following complete record of all races, similar to that published in former years, was compiled by Mr. C. B. Vaux:

ENTRIES.

Sailing Number.	Name.	A.C.A. No.	Canoe.	Class.	Club.
1.	W. G. McKendrick	995	Mac	B IV	Toronto
2.	H. F. McKendrick	957	Chum	B IV	Toronto
3.	Colin Fraser	284	Una	B IV	Toronto
4.	Will. H. Fraser	740	Beaver	A III	Toronto
5.	W. F. Lees	1501	Levite	B IV	Ubique
6.	Ford Jones	869	Canuck	B II	Brockville
7.	D. B. Jaques	990	Hyla	B IV	Toronto
8.	J. Wilton Morse	1538	Gwen	B IV	Ogden'burg
9.	D. A. Poe	1345	Inez	A III	Montreal
10.	W. J. Read	1454	Effa	B IV	Bobcayg'on
11.	W. A. Smith	1306	Erie	B IV	Toronto
12.	H. B. Tilley	1561	Dixie	B IV	Toronto
13.	M. J. Collins	1364	Little Bob	B IV	Bobcayg'on
14.	T. McCamus	1394	Rokeby Lass	A III	Bobcayg'on
15.	Geo. Sparrow	1404	Petrel	B IV	Toronto
16.	J. Wilson	1603	Iola	B IV	Bobcayg'on
17.	Robt. Baldwin	86	Irene	A III	Ottawa
18.	Robt. Tyson	66	Isabel	B IV	Toronto
19.	A. Macgachan	991	Kate	B IV	Lindsay
20.	A. H. Mason	903	Cecebe	B IV	Toronto
21.	Geo. P. Douglass	1239	Nenemooska	B IV	Ianthe
22.	Reade V. Bailey	940	Notus	B IV	Pittsburg
23.	Everett Masten	1291	Alpha	B IV	Yonkers
24.	H. L. Quick	1217	Evangeline	B IV	Yonkers
25.	W. E. Pentz	1046	Molly	B IV	Knickerb'r
26.	B. W. Wood	WCA	Wood	B IV	Tippy
27.	J. W. Cartwright	1484	Ilex	B III	Puritan
28.	Paul Butler	754	Fly	B IV	Vesper
29.	J. A. Gage	1303	Owl	B IV	Vesper
30.	D. S. Goddard	1093	Blanche	B IV	Vesper
31.	R. F. Brazer	1802	Elida	B IV	Vesper
32.	Chas. Archibald	1513	Mab	B IV	Montreal
33.	C. Bowyer Vaux	33	Atom	A III	New York
34.	A. S. Putnam	1033	Mad Cap	II	Worcester
35.	Wm. Whitlock	35	Cyrus	B III	Brooklyn
36.	G. W. Ruggles	804	Hero	B IV	Rochester
37.	A. R. Post	1396	Ixion	B IV	Ogden'burg
38.	G. C. Forrest	1065	Dimple	B IV	Hartford
39.	Geo. C. Dempsey	1321	Drift	B IV	Vesper
40.	F. F. Walsh	1323	Wasp	B IV	Vesper
41.	Geo. A. Warder	1141	It	B IV	Jabberw'ck
42.	H. S. Rogers	539	XX	B IV	Petersboro
43.	H. M. Stewart	458	Marie	B IV	Rochester
44.	C. F. Wolters	798	Sofronia	B IV	Rochester
45.	W. S. Lister	1071	Bat	B IV	Lakefield
46.	F. F. Andrews	371	Hornet	B IV	Rochester
	M. F. Johnson	217	Ada	III	Toronto
	Henry Wright	1413	Sheila	IV	Toronto
	Alex. Cudmore	1587	Kaloola	III	Brockville
	J. F. Smillie	1588	Koorale		
	J. N. McKendrick	....	Wm. English	IV	Ubique

THE RECORD, 1889.

Name.	Canoe.	Points.
1. W. G. McKendrick	Mac	27,887
2. J. A. Gage	Owl	24,478
3. R. F. Brazer	Elida	23,479
4. H. L. Quick	Evangeline	20,242
5. Colin Fraser	Una	16,674
6. D. S. Goddard	Blanche	15,523
7. Wm. Whitlock	Cyrus	15,027
8. Paul Butler	Fly	12,887
9. M. F. Johnson*	Ada	10,000
9. A. Torrance	Kaloola	10,000
9. H. Wright	Sheila	10,000
12. Ford Jones	Canuck	9,650
13. J. W. Cartwright	Ilex	9,180
14. F. T. Walsh	Wasp	8,574
15. B. W. Wood	Wood	8,268
16. R. W. Bailey	Notus	7,924
17. G. C. Dempsey	Drift	7,09
18. C. B. Vaux	Atom	6,882
19. F. F. Andrews	Hornet	5,536
20. G. P. Douglass	Nenemooska	5,844
21. A. F. Putnam	Mad Cap	5,500
21. J. F. Smillie	Koorale	5,500
23. J. W. Morse	Gwen	5,498
24. G. C. Forrest	Dimple (3)	5,068
25. T. McCann	Rokeby Lass	4,806
25. D. B. Jaques	Hyla	3,768
27. Chas. Archibald	Mab	3,422
28. H. S. Rogers	XX	3,076
29. E. Masten	Alpha	3,000
30. C. F. Wolters	Sofronia	2,730
31. G. W. Ruggles	Hero	2,384
32. Geo. A. Warder	It	2,038
33. W. S. Lister	Bat	1,692
34. R. W. Baldwin	Irene	1,346
35. D. Strickland	——	1,000
35. J. N. McKendrick	——	1,000

THE RECORD RACES.

*No. 1. Paddling, half-mile, Classes II. and III. Monday, Aug. 19:

1. Johnson.....10.0 points. 3. Masten..... 1.0 points.
2. Putnam..... 5.5 points.

This race was so published on the bulletin, as also was the Record. The regatta committee later ruled out Johnson and Putnam—therefore they should be ruled off the Record, and Masten given 12 points instead of 3.

*No. 2. Paddling, half mile, Class IV. Tuesday, Aug. 20:

Points.		Points.
1. MacKendrick.....10.000	7. Quick.....	.5,090
2. Cartwright.....9.182	8. Butler.....	4.272
3. Fraser.....8.864	9. Whitlock.....	.3,454
4. Brazer.....7.546	10. Dempsey.....	.2,636
5. Gage.....6.728	11. Forrest.....	.1.818
6. Goddard.....5.909	12. Walsh.....	.1.000

There was but 36 seconds between first and last man.

No. 3. Paddling, half mile, open canoes, Classes II. and III., single blades. Monday, Aug. 19:

1. Torrance.....10.0 points. 3. Strickland..... 1.0 points.
2. Smillie..... 5.5 points.

No. 4. Paddling, half mile, open canoes, Class IV.:

1. Lees.....10.0 points. 3. J. MacKendrick.... 1.0 points.
2. Wright..... 5.5 points.

No. 5. Combined sailing and paddling, three miles, all canoes. Monday, Aug. 19:

Name.	First Round.	Time.	Points.
1. Quick	2	3 52 45	10.000
2. MacKendrick	1	3 54 04	8.875
3. Gage	5	3 54 25	7.750
4. Brazer	3	3 54 28	6.625
5. Goddard	6	3 57 50	5.500
6. Whitlock	7	4 00 13	4.375
7. Forrest	9	4 02 15	3.250
8. Fraser	10	4 03 24	2.125
9. Masten	8	4 03 40	1.000
Douglass	4	Upset while paddling.	

Total time of winner, 49m. 51s., best on record. Start was made at 3:03:07 P. M.

No. 6. Unlimited sailing, Classes A and B, three miles, Monday, Aug. 19, start was made at 10:12:

Name.	1st Round.	2d Round.	Time.	Points.
1. Gage	1	1	11 14 07	10.000
2. Jones	6	3	11 15 07	9.654
3. Brazer	3	2	11 16 52	9.308
4. MacKendrick	2	6	11 17 07	8.962
5. Butler	5	4	11 17 15	8.615
6. Wood	8	8	11 18 00	8.268
7. Bailey	4	5	11 18 01	7.924
8. Walsh	7	7	11 18 30	7.574
9. Whitlock	12	12	11 19 30	7.228
10. Vaux	10	11	11 19 53	6.882
11. Andrews	9	10	11 20 00	6.536
12. Fraser	20	14	11 21 07	6.190
13. Douglass	21	17	11 21 45	5.844
14. Morse	17	16	11 22 60	5.498
15. Quick	15	13	11 22 07	5.152
16. McCann	33	27	11 22 45	4.806
17. Dempsey*	16	15	11 22 52	4.460
18. Goddard	23	18	11 23 00	4.114
19. Jaques	19	19	11 26 52	3.768
20. Archibald	18	20	11 28 00	3.422
21. Rogers*	25	22	.. .. ..	3.076
22. Wolters	22	21	.. .. ..	2.730
23. Ruggles	26	23	.. .. ..	2.384
24. Wardor	29	26	.. .. ..	2.038
25. Lister	30	24	.. .. ..	1.692
26. Baldwin	31	29	.. .. ..	1.346
27. Masten	11	25	.. .. ..	1.000
H. F. MacKendrick	24	Canoe filled.		
Tilley*	32	Withdrew.		
Pentz	27	Withdrew.		
Cartwright	14	Withdrew.		
Forrest	13	9 Fouled.		
Post*	28	Withdrew.		

Forrest got eleventh place at the finish, but was ruled out for fouling Whitlock on wrong tack. The first twelve in were entitled to enter the Trophy race. The other three Trophy contestants were selected by the regatta committee, Douglass, Forrest and Goddard. Goddard also sustained a foul in the above race, which upset him and put him far behind. One hour and 10 minutes was winner's time.

The novice race was included in the above event on the result of the first round. Tabulated it stands thus:

1. Dempsey. 3. Tilley.
2. Rogers. 4. Post.

THE TROPHY RACES.

No. 7. Trophy sailing, 7½ miles, 5 times around triangle. Tuesday, Aug. 20, start made at 3:35 P. M.:

	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	Finish.
1. Jones	3	3	3	1	1	5 15 40
2. Butler	5	4	4	2	2	5 16 26
3. Douglass	2	2	2	3	3	5 17 50
4. MacKendrick	4	5	5	4	4	5 17 58
5. Goddard	7	6	6	5	5	5 18 39
6. Gage	10	9	7	6	6	5 18 56
7. Brazer	6	8	8	7	7	5 20 52
8. Fraser	8	10	11	8	8	5 21 01
9. Andrews	12	13	11	9	9	5 24 28
10. Walsh	14	14	13	10	10	5 25 08
11. Vaux	13	12	12	11	11	5 27 31
12. Forrest	11	11	14	12	12	5 31 08
13. Bailey	1	1	1	Tiller broke.		
14. Wood	9	7	9	Dropped out.		
15. Whitlock	15	15	15	Dropped out.		

Winner's time was 1h. 40m. 40s.

No. 8. Paddling, Classes II., III., IV., open or decked, Trophy. Wednesday, Aug. 21:

1. Johnson.....8m. 59s. 4. J. Smillie.....9m. 55s.
2. Putnam.....9m. 09s. 5. Cartwright.....10m. 05s.
3. Jas. Torrance.....9m. 28s.

The regatta committee unanimously declare Messrs. Johnson and Putnam ruled out of race No. 8, as their canoes do not comply with the conditions regulating such race, their boats not being properly equipped sailing canoes. This rule also applies to all other races in which these gentlemen took part.

D. B. JAQUES.
(Signed) R. W. BAILEY.
E. L. FRENCH.

Torrance, therefore, was awarded the honor flag, and will receive the Trophy cup when purchased.

OTHER EVENTS.

No. 9. Paddling, tandem, half mile, Class IV., open canoes, single blades, decked, double. Monday, Aug. 19:

1. McKendrick, H. Wright — Open canoe.
2. Cartwright, Putnam — Decked canoe.
3. Torrance, Smillie — Open canoe.
4. Quick, Masten — Decked canoe.

No. 10. Club fours, half mile. Tuesday, Aug. 20:

1. The Four McKendricks.....Ubique crew.
2. Wright, Shaw, Tulgee, Mason.....Toronto crew.

No. 11. Paddling Upset, 150yds. Monday, Aug. 19:

1. Andrews.....Decked canoe. 4. Whitlock.....Decked canoe.
2. McKendrick..Decked canoe. — Johnson.Open. Did not finish.
3. Goddard.....Decked canoe.

No. 12. Hurry-Scurry. Thursday, Aug. 22:

1. A. Torrance. 3. Cartwright.
2. Douglass. 4. Smillie.

No. 13. Sailing Upset. Tuesday, Aug. 20:

1. Goddard. 3. Rogers.
2. Andrews. Forrest and Douglass could not finish.

No. 14. Sailing, cruising race, 3 miles. Thursday, Aug. 22. The start was made at 10:07, with sails on deck, and at the end of the first round they were lowered and hoisted again. The four starters were:

	1st Round.	2d Round.
1. H. L. Quick	10 29 09	10 52 37
2. D. B. Jaques	10 32 52	10 58 23
3. W. G. MacKendrick	10 36 09	11 01 27
4. D. A. Poe	10 39 05	Withdrew.

MacKendrick capsized on first round, but righted and finished the race.

No. 15. Gymnastics. Thursday, Aug. 22: Won by Forrest. No tournament was held.

EXTRA RACES.

Pecowsic Cup, Thursday, Aug. 22. Presented by Mr. Barney in memory of his son, the late George M. Barney. The cup must be sailed for at each annual meeting until won twice by the same man: the winner of the A. C. A. Trophy not being eligible for this race. The distance was set at 6 miles, but for this race was reduced to 3. Start at 11:35:

		1st Round.	2d Round.
1. Cyrus	W. Whitlock	11 53 37	12 13 15
2. Owl	J. A. Gage	11 53 23	12 15 29
3. Blanche	D. S. Goddard	11 55 17	12 15 30
4. Alpha	E. Masten	11 57 55	12 16 46
5. Nenemooska	G. P. Douglass	11 56 00	12 17 30
6. Drift	J. C. Dempsey	11 59 48	12 23 26
7. Uno	Colin Fraser	12 01 28	12 24 20
8. Fly	Paul Butler	11 54 11	12 25 21
9. Mac	W. G. MacKendrick	Broke rudder.	
10. Chum	H. F. MacKendrick	Capsized at start.	
11. XX	H. Rogers	Capsized.	
12. Evangeline	H. L. Quick	Mast step broke.	
13. Ellida	R. S. Brazer	Steering gear broke.	

Cyrus mistook the flags at the starting line and did not cross properly, so the cup goes to Owl. Owl sailed her last leg, a reach, with her well full of water. Nearly every boat which finished capsized during the race, but was righted by her crew and continued.

A special race, paddling, with turn, for a Brough centerboard, presented by the maker, was won by A. Smillie, of Brockville.

The Toronto crew won the tug of war.

Northern Division cup race. Six miles. Friday, Aug. 23:

	First.	Second.	Third.	Fourth.
1. Colin Fraser	3	1	1	11 15 00
2. D. B. Jacques	2	2	2	11 16 08
3. Chas. Archibald	4	4	4	11 16 45
4. W. G. MacKendrick	5	5	5	11 19 30
5. W. Lee	1	3	3	11 19 40
6. D. A. Poe	8	8	6	11 55 00
7. A. H. Mason	6	7		Withdrew.
8. G. E. Sparrow	7	6		Withdrew.
9. H. B. Tillie	9			Withdrew.
10. Robt. Tyson	10			Withdrew.

Class I. Paddling. Not on programme:

1. Smiliee..... 9 52 3. Cartwright..... 10 40
2. Torrance..... 10 05 4. Johnson..... Did not finish.

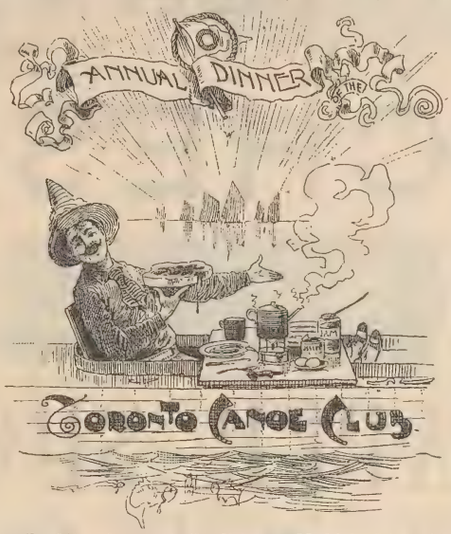
TORONTO C. C. ANNUAL DINNER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I've just come in from an annual dinner with such an air of comfort and fullness pervading that portion of my anatomy covered by waistcoat that I feel as if I would be guilty did I not send you a short description of the event.

The menu card, gotten up by our club artist, Mr. John D. Kelly, is so artistic and thoroughly emblematic of the sport that I send it along.

The cruising canoeist on the first page, as he sits in his comfortable craft with a generous portion of bread and jam, which deftly balanced on his right hand, he is just about to discuss, has his mind withdrawn from it for a moment as he views with pleasure and contentment the beauties of the rising sun, partly hidden by



the sails of the schooners in the distance. Methinks I hear him remark as he turns from this scene of beauty, "Who wouldn't be a canoeist! to rise with the lark in the morning and drink in the fresh morning breezes ere our brothers in town are out of their comfortable bunks." Spread out before him is his "box of tricks," around the plate of which there is just a faint odor of bacon, while on the saucer is seen a couple of numbers of "hen fruit," which, we trust, for his sake, are of a recent issue. The spirit lamp, with an eye to business, burns merrily along, sending its bluish-tinted flames dancing around the tin kettle, which, also, taking in the beauties of the scene, has commenced singing to itself in its own peculiar way.

On page 2 Commodore Powell, with tooting horn and clanging bell, has just announced "Dinner!" Last year the start was with "single blades," but finding that, for some of the boys, the pace was so hot they could not keep stroke, the artist very thoughtfully gave the lean chap the double blade. A close examination



of his personal appearance at the "finish" will give the reader an idea of the use he made of that double ended article.

The turkey was discussed with all the solemnity due to the occasion, and we found "Old Dan McCan, the foreman," not such a bad old cuss after all, provided he got a place among the five and sixty tarriers that drilled the old gobbler.

After passing Partridge Point the fleet bore down on Duck Island with all sail set, but the first half dozen to get under the "lee" of the island made such a demand for clothes pegs that, barring a few gamie-e chaps who like their fruit a trifle (s)hy, the fleet passed to windward of the island. With eased sheets, and in some cases waistcoats and backstraps, they headed for Puddin Marsh, in the neighborhood of which some of them got so mixed up that it's "drop rudders agin screw-nails" they don't just know what wharf they tied up at, or who did the tying.

In the upper portion of page 3 can be be seen the veteran form of Major Leigh with his single blade as he gently paddles along, keeping his weather eye on the novice who is out for a spin with brand newest of canvas, which he is afraid will drown him ere he gets ashore.

From the peculiar shape of his hat with the grommet ventilators in it and from the general rig of his craft I should judge the other chap was he who wears shoes so large that he can't conveniently stow them in a 30in. canoe, and so had to take to the hiking seat, where he can be seen taking his *dolce far niente*. As he sits complacently smoking an Havana he is troubled with a little twang of conscience when he thinks of the time, not long ago, when he used to see all such bits of machinery kicked into the back yard where the small boy might make kindling wood of them.

After the toast the Queen, Mr. Jacques proposed "the Craft," which was duly replied to by Henry Wright—"Jock McCraw"—



for the paddlers, H. Tilly for the novices and Mr. Colin Fraser for the racers. Mr. R. Baker proposed "the A. C. A." and dwelt at some length on the fun we had at the last meet, and the gentlemanly, good-natured amateur sportsmen we met there. Ex-Vice-Com. Tyson responded and finished up by singing "Drill ye tarriers, drill." In responding to the British Canoe Association, Mr. W. G. MacKendrick remarked the great difference in the proportions of the three American honorary B. C. A. members from those usually attributed to Johnnie Bull, as a longer, leaner or hungrier trio than Messrs. E. B. Edwards, Peterboro; W. P. Stephens, New York, and the speaker could scarcely be gathered together under one roof, but it would be a sorry day for the owner of the aforesaid roof should he have the misfortune to have them foregather there about meal time.

Dr. E. E. King responded to the W. C. A. in a very happy manner, considering that five minutes previous to his rising he was not aware that there was such an association. He said he was much pleased at being present as the representative of the W. C. A., seeing that it included the invitation and also a free pass to and from his home in the West. Com. Powell had claimed for the T. C. C. a very old record, but he wished to state that long, long ages ago the W. C. A. had been enjoying canoeing in the West, that many of their Past Worthy Grand Chief Commodores were in the realms beyond, but he had no hesitation in stating that, provided the canoes would not warp where they had gone to, these old chaps were still hitting it up with the single blade. The W. C. A. he stated were going ahead very rapidly, and as the representative of that body he wished to extend to all those present a very hearty invitation to call at the W. C. A. club house headquarters at—at (*sotto voce*, to his neighbor on the right, "Where the d—l are our headquarters, anyway?"). The laugh was general when several of the boys who did not know that the speaker belonged to the club, thought he had actually come over from Cincinnati or some of the cities out West to tuck a few provisions under his waistcoat.

"Our Sister Clubs," proposed by Mr. W. H. P. Weston, was responded to by Mr. Fraser, of the Argonaut Rowing Club; Mr. Goinlock, of the Toronto R. C.; Mr. Schofield, of the Lacrosse Club, and Mr. Sherrard, of the Tammany Club.

During the evening Mr. A. Mason sang that rollicking song—

"We don't look gay in our camp array,
But we're dudes when we're in town."

Mr. Klesier gave a couple of recitations which were encored.

"Quiet, but not secluded," was one of the hits on the programme that caused much conjecture, and each of the ladies' men were in turn heard to declare that they were never in such a position. The identity of the sinner was placed beyond a doubt when the carelessly thrown down hat was examined.

At an early hour in the morning the "Unc" ambulance was at the door, so that those (if any) who found a 12-foot sidewalk just a trifle too narrow for them might be accommodated with a good, firm seat, warranted not to wobble. MAC.

NEW YORK C. C.—The annual meeting of the New York C. C. was held on Dec. 6, the following officers being elected: Com.-B. H. Nadal; Vice-Com., Dr. B. F. Curtis; Sec'y-Treas., C. J. Stevens; Executive Committee, Poultney Bigelow and Schuyler Schieffelin. The club has decided to build during the winter a large floating house to replace its present one, which will be sold. The date for the annual regatta is set for June 21, 1890.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Atlantic Division: Frank Bowne Jones, New York.

"BIRDS THROUGH AN OPERA GLASS."

BIRDS THROUGH AN OPERA GLASS. By Florence A. Merriam. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

In this little volume we have another and very welcome addition to the list of popularly written natural history works based on original observation, and its author will at once take her place among the older writers in this field, who, headed by Burroughs, appeal to that large class of readers who love nature in her woods and fields and care not to follow the specialist to his study. Miss Merriam seeks to implant ornithological love in the mind of the most unlearned in birds and bird-ways, she takes her student into the fields and in the clearest manner points out to him the feathered kinds they meet, and further instructs him how alone he may discover and recognize birds which to him were before unknown. Our author has in this no easy task; a first day afield with glass and notebook is very apt to result in a confusion of sights and sounds—hieroglyphics on a previously blank page of our experience; but her methods are clear and cumulative. We must go easily and content ourselves with a gradual acquisition of knowledge, which she shows how to label and pigeon hole, and not imagine we shall learn it all in our first outing.

These are, it is true, but first lessons, and herein lies the chief value and importance of the work. How many of us, without desiring to acquire a complete or scientific knowledge of ornithology, would gladly call by name the songsters of our lawn and orchard; we "hate botany but love flowers," and in our search for some simple, pleasantly written volume devoid of technicalities, find only advanced text books which appall us by the weight of knowledge they display, and render it an apparently hopeless task to trace therein the name of some especial bird friend whose acquaintance we would gladly cultivate. Fortunately for us, we have this growing class of writers whose works address a popular audience, nor can the importance of their writings be easily overrated, for in the popular audience of to-day shall we find the scientist of the future.

The leaders of American ornithology should remember this and also their own early strivings after knowledge; their experience should more than teach them that naturalists are born, not made, and it is, therefore, as much their duty and as worthy their rank to guide the first steps of their possible successors, as to address the most abstruse paper to their equally scientific co-laborers.

* * *

FOR A DISORDERED LIVER try BEECHAM'S PILLS.—*Adv.*

HUMPHREYS'
VETERINARY SPECIFICS
For Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs, AND POULTRY.
500 Page Book on Treatment of Animals and Chart Sent Free.
CURES { A.A.—Fevers, Congestions, Inflammation, Spinal Meningitis, Milk Fever.
B.B.—Strains, Lameness, Rheumatism.
C.C.—Distemper, Nasal Discharges.
D.D.—Bots or Grubs, Worms.
E.E.—Coughs, Heaves, Pneumonia.
F.F.—Colic or Gripes, Bellyache.
G.G.—Miscarriage, Hemorrhages.
H.H.—Urinary and Kidney Diseases.
I.I.—Eruptive Diseases, Mange.
J.K.—Diseases of Digestion.
Stable Case, with Specifics, Manual, Witch Hazel Oil and Medicator, $7.00
Price, Single Bottle (over 50 doses), - .60
Sold by Druggists; or Sent Prepaid anywhere and in any quantity on Receipt of Price.
Humphreys' Med. Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

Forest & Stream File Binders.
PRICE, $1.00.
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

HAVE YOU SEEN OUR NEW
Illustrated Catalogue
OF
FISHING TACKLE?
It is the most elaborate and magnificent book ever published in the Sporting Goods line. Send us 25 cents and we will forward you a copy post paid.
ABBEY & IMBRIE,
No. 18 VESEY STREET, NEW YORK.

WINCHESTER
STAR  **RIVAL**
LOADED PAPER SHOT SHELLS.
Ask your Dealer for them.
Not Sold at Retail by the Manufacturers.
WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.,
312 Broadway, N. Y. NEW HAVEN, CONN.
Send for 82-page Catalogue of Arms and Ammunition.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.
Beecham's Pills
For Bilious and Nervous Disorders.
"Worth a Guinea a Box"—but sold
for 25 cents,
BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

FUR
Lined and Trimmed
COATS.
In many varieties and at very moderate prices.
Lined and Trimmed Genet..... $75.00
Lined Black Muskrat / Trimmed Colored Beaver $90.00
Lined Mink / Trimmed Natural Beaver $125.00
Lined and Trimmed Persian..$165.00
Also many others, including Sea Otter and Russian Sable. Some Buffalo Coats.
C. G. Gunther's Sons
184 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Increasing Sales Attest the Popularity of THE GENTLEMEN'S CIGARETTE.
SPECIAL FAVOURS.
Manufactured only by
KINNEY BROS.
(KINNEY TOBACCO CO. Successors). Also manufacturers of the Old Reliable
SWEET CAPORAL.

REPELLENE.
An Infallible Preventive of the Attacks of **Mosquitoes, Black Flies, Gnats** and all other Insects.
Neat, clean and easily applied. No unpleasant odor, will not *stain* or *injure* the skin, easily washed off. May be carried without danger of *leaking* or *spilling*. In neat, oblong round-cornered box.
Price, 30 Cents, Postpaid.
Sold by Dealers in Sportsmen's Goods.
If your dealer does not keep it, I will send it on receipt of price.
A. FERGUSON, Proprietor and Manufact'or, Office, 65 Fulton street, N. Y.

GURDON TRUMBULL'S
Names and Portraits of Birds
Which Interest Gunners; with descriptions in language understanded of the people.
Practically speaking, this is the first popular volume of ornithology ever issued from the press; a work which goes far to demonstrate that scientific accuracy may be as easily maintained in English as in Greek or Latin. Follows the game birds all over the continent and gives a glossary of all the local names in popular use. Illustrated with admirable portraits from the pencil of Mr. Edwin Shepard of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, which, with the clear descriptions in the text, will enable any man who can read to identify the contents of his game bag.
OPINIONS OF THE PRESS:
It is the first, so far as we know, of books of which the need is felt in every department of natural history.—*Troy Press.*
The book should find its way to a choice place in every sportsman's library.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*
I would much rather know what this book tells me, the various names by which the people call a bird, than the Latin, Greek or Hebrew name which science gave him for the sake of cataloguing him. * * * It is more value to me to have a description of a bird in plain English which I understand than in scientific language which I do not understand.—*W., in Journal of Commerce.*
SOLD BY
Forest and Stream Publishing Co.
PRICE, $2.50.



Book Publishing.
Possessing peculiar facilities for publishing new books on field sports, adventure, travel, and open air life, the Forest and Stream Publishing Company begs to invite the attention of authors to its book department. Correspondence solicited and estimates furnished.

Steam Yachts and Launches;
THEIR
MACHINERY AND MANAGEMENT.
The Steam Engine as Applied to Yachts; Laws Governing Yachts in American Waters; Rules for Racing; Rules for Building; Pilot Regulations; Specific Types of Machinery; Design of Hulls, Etc., Etc. With 96 illustrations.
By C. P. KUNHARDT.
This volume is intended to be sufficiently comprehensive, and elementary at the same time, to suit the yacht owner's object of acquiring a general understanding of the subject as a whole, with specific information and data covering the most recent practice.—*From Author's Preface.*
Cloth, 240 pages. Price, postpaid, $3.00.
FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO., 318 Broadway, New York.
SAMPSON, LOW & CO., London, England.

CANOE HANDLING.
By C. B. VAUX ("DOT.")
A complete manual for the management of a canoe. The author begins at the very beginning, describes and explains the rudiments in the simplest and plainest way possible. Everything is made intelligible for beginners and besides this A B C teaching there are so many hints and wrinkles that the oldest canoeist afloat will find pleasure and profit in the study of these. The book is complete and concise—no useless duffle between its covers. The subjects treated are the choice of a canoe, paddling, sailing, care of the canoe, recipes and rules. The text is further elucidated by numerous practical drawings, and the beauty of the book is enhanced by the many ornamental vignettes. Pages 168; uniform with "Canoe Building." Price, postpaid, $1.00.
NEW YORK: FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO., 318 Broadway.
LONDON: DAVIES & CO., 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill.

The Celebrated Smith & Wesson Revolvers

HAVE BROKEN ALL RECORDS FOR REVOLVER SHOOTING.



The Most Perfect Small Arms

EVER MANUFACTURED.

Unrivalled in Beauty of Finish, Durability and Accuracy.

Manufactured in calibers .32, .38 and .44-100. Single and Double Action Hammerless Safety and Target Models, with all latest mprovements——Automatic Shell Extractor, Rebounding Lock and Patented Safety Device.

The Smith & Wesson Revolvers are constructed entirely of **best wrought steel,** carefully inspected for workmanship and stock, and GUARANTEED. Do not be deceived by IMITATIONS largely manufactured of **malleable cast iron,** and often sold for the genuine Smith & Wesson. All of the Revolvers of this firm are stamped upon the barrels with their name, address and dates of patents.

If dealer cannot supply you, orders sent to address below will receive prompt and careful attention. Catalogues and prices furnished upon application.

SMITH & WESSON,

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

For Sale.

TROUT FOR SALE.

YEARLINGS of the Brook Trout, Brown Trout and California Trout.

EGGS AND FRY

OF THE SAME IN SEASON.

For information inquire of

J. ANNIN, JR.,
Caledonia, Livingston Co., N. Y.

Shooting Box For Sale.

Completely equipped shooting box near entrance to Cranberry Lake, Adirondacks, comprising two story matched log lodge having six rooms, with kitchen adjoining, house for guides, ice house, three boats, boat house and dock. All in perfect condition, together with 25 acres of land on which the same are situated. For information address or call at Room 32 Boreel Building, New York city, where photographs can be seen. dec5,4t

Old Colony Trout Ponds

ESTABLISHED 1869.

Three million brook trout eggs for sale. Can be transported with safety to any part of the world. Ready for delivery December and January. Also young trout in the spring.

Unsurpassed fly-fishing in its season.

W. L. GILBERT, Proprietor,
nov14,3mo Plymouth, Mass.

Ferrets vs. Rats.

The best breeds of both young and old Ferrets for sale at ADOLPH ISAACSEN'S "Sure Pop," 92 Fulton Street, New York City. A complete book on Ferrets and Rat Exterminating sent by mail for 15 cents.

Anyone Can Stuff Birds

By our new process. Full directions with complete outfit of instruments, eyes, etc, $1.00. NATURALISTS' SUPPLY CO., 126 Chambers st., N.Y.

Fertilized Wild Brook Trout Eggs

And young fry in due season. Address TROUTMERE, Osceola Mills, Wis. nov14,3mo

COMMON PIGEONS FOR TRAP SHOOTING; fancy pigeons and poultry. T. W. HOOPER, & CO., 423 W. Franklin st., Baltimore, Md. nov21,3mo

FOR SALE.—$85 PARKER GUN, WEIGHT 8lbs., 30-in. Damascus barrel, 12-bore, good as new. Price $45. Address S. AMES, 780 Lafayette avenue. Brooklyn, N. Y. dec12,1t

For Sale.

FOR SALE.—10-G. 10-LB. DIAMOND DALY hammerless gun; also 16-g. 7½lb. Parker, finest grade; both made to order and nice as new. Address for particulars M. M. BEST, 251 Winchester avenue. Chicago, Ill. 1t

LIVE QUAIL FOR SALE. Orders delivered as booked. LIVE GAME A SPECIALTY. E. B. WOODWARD, Commission Merchant, 174 Chambers street, New York.

FOR SALE FOR SHOOTING PURPOSES.—A No. 1 pigeons; no squabs; all kinds fancy pigeons. FIELES & BRO., Christiana, Pa. nov7,3mo

HUNTING FERRETS, $3.50 EACH. Enclose stamp. CORNWELL, Box 927, Schenectady, N. Y. dec12,1t

LIVE WHITE HARES (*Lepus Americanus*), captured and properly boxed and delivered to express in Bethel, Me., in good condition on receipt of orders and remittances at $3 per pair. Refer to Hon. H. O. Stanley, Dixfield, Me., Fish and Game Commissioner. J. G. RICH, Bethel, Me. dec16,1t

GUNS. CLOSING OUT FINE SCOTT Guns at less than cost. Don't buy before examining these. CHARLES L. RITZMANN, 943 Broadway. nov14,3mo



Chester White, Berkshire and Poland China Pigs, fine setter dogs, Scotch Collies, Foxhounds and Beagles, Sheep and Poultry, bred and for sale by W. GIBBONS & CO., West Chester, Chester Co., Pa. Send stamp for circular and price list.

Wanted.

WANTED.—A TRAVELER WELL POSTED in guns and sporting goods, visiting the large cities of U. S. and Canada, would like to arrange with manufacturer or large sporting goods house to represent them in connection with other goods in the same line. Address TRAVELER, 251 Winchester ave., Chicago, Ill. 1t

WANTED. Live Deer, Prairie Chickens, Partridge, Quail and Turkeys. Address full particulars, no21,4t P. O. Box 3350, New York City.

Field Trial Winners.

We now have ready for delivery pictures of the following celebrated dogs, winners of prizes at Field Trials, on toned paper, size 10×12.

RANGER, SEFTON, CROXTETH.

Price for the full set of three pictures, 40 cts. or 25cts. each sent post paid. Address

Forest and Stream Pub. Co.,
P. O. Box 2832. New York City

YACHTS, BOATS AND CANOES,

WITH SPECIAL CHAPTERS ON MODEL YACHTS AND SINGLEHANDED SAILING.

BY

C. STANSFELD-HICKS.

AUTHOR OF "OUR BOYS, AND WHAT TO DO WITH THEM.

NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS AND DIAGRAMS AND

WORKING DRAWINGS OF MODEL YACHTS AND VARIOUS SMALL CRAFT SUITABLE FOR AMATEURS.

DESIGNS:

Model Yachts.—Defiance, Isolde, Bonny Jean, and 10-tonner with sail plan.
Canoes.—Birch, Mersey Paddling Canoe, L'Hirondelle, Sailing Canoe.
Sailing Boats and Yachts.—Dabchick, Wideawake, Myosotis, Una, Singlehander by C. P Clayton, Puffin, 3-ton Racer, 3-ton Cruiser, 24ft. Auxilliary (steam and sail) fishing boat.

This volume contains much that is valuable and interesting to American yachtsmen and canoeists. The design, construction and use of small craft of all kinds is treated of in a simple and entertaining style, and the instructions are clear and easily understood.

Large crown 8vo., 380 pages and 16 large folding plates.

Price, Postpaid, $3.50.

FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., 318 Broadway, N. Y.

UNCLE LISHA'S SHOP.

Life in a Corner of Yankeeland.

By ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

A book that appeals to all who know anything of the old-fashioned New England life. These are some of the chapters:

The School Meeting in District 13. Uncle Lisha's Spring Gun. In Uncle Lisha's Shop. Concerning Owls. Uncle Lisha's Courting. How Zene Burnham Come It on His Father. A Rainy Day in the Shop. The Turkey Shoot at Hamner's. Sam Lovel's Thanksgiving. Little Sis. Sam Lovel's Bee-Hunting. In the Shop Again. The Fox Hunt. Noah Chase's Deer-Hunting. The Hard Experience of Mr. Abijah Jarvis. The Coon Hunt. In the Sugar Camp Indians in Danvis. The Boy Out West. Breaking Up. The Departure. The Wild Bees' Swarm.

They make a handsomely printed volume of 187 pages, bound in cloth. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, $1.00.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO., 318 BROADWAY NEW YORK.
DAVIES & CO., London, England.

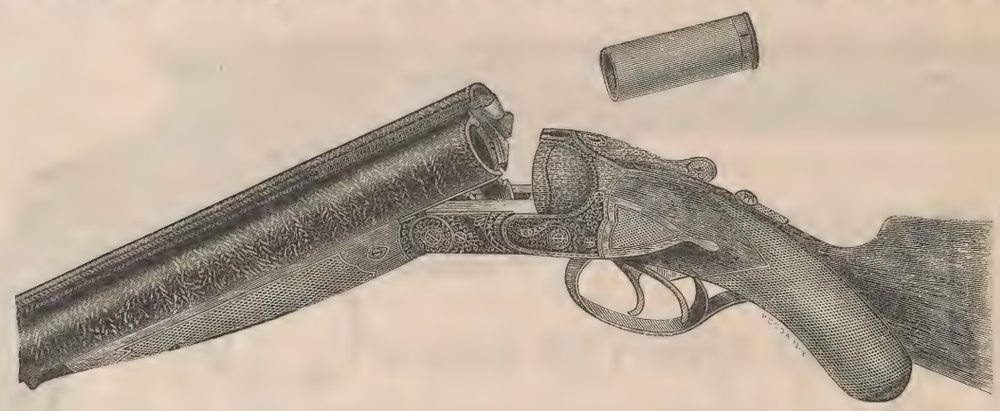
DOG TRAINING:

BY

S. T. HAMMOND, KENNEL EDITOR OF FOREST AND STREAM.

For sale at this office. Price $1.00.

Charles Daly Automatic Hammerless.



Made under DEELEY'S PATENT, the strongest and simplest, equal in every particular to any other AUTOMATIC HAMMERLESS costing DOUBLE the price. No. 150, price $175. No 250, Diamond Quality, price $275. Charles Daly Hammerless, $100 to $225.

Charles Daly Three-Barrel Gun.

Shotgun Sizes
10, 12 & 16-BORE.
Length of Barrel,
28 to 30 Inch.



Rifle Sizes
.32 W.C.F., .32-40, .38-55, .40-70, .45-70.
Weights, 8 to 10lbs.

THESE GUNS HAVE DRIVEN ALL OTHERS OUT OF THE MARKET. IF YOU HAVEN'T SEEN ONE, INSIST UPON YOUR DEALER ORDERING IT. SHOOTING QUALITIES AND FINISH PERFECT.

Raymond Extension Skates.



SOLE N. Y. AGENTS FOR THESE CELEBRATED SKATES. SEND FOR SPECIAL LIST AND PRICES.

We have renewed our agreement with Messrs. Wright & Ditson for Lawn Tennis, and A. J. Reach & Co. for Base Ball Goods, and shall be better prepared than ever to fill orders for these goods. Wholesale dealers in Indian Clubs, Dumb Bells, Foot Balls, Gymnasium Goods, Bicycles, Fishing Tackle, Canvas and Leather Jackets and everything in the Sporting Goods line.

CATALOGUES ON APPLICATION.

SCHOVERLING, DALY & GALES,

302 BROADWAY and 84 DUANE ST., NEW YORK.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 19, 1889.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 22. No 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Only advertisements of an approved character inserted. Inside pages, nonpareil type, 30 cents per line. Special rates for three, six, and twelve months. Seven words to the line, twelve lines to one inch. Advertisements should be sent in by Saturday previous to issue in which they are to be inserted. Transient advertisements must invariably be accompanied by the money or they will not be inserted. Reading notices $1.00 per line.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

May begin at any time. Subscription price, $4 per year; $2 for six months; to a club of three annual subscribers, three copies for $10; five copies for $16. Remit by express money-order, registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canadas and Great Britain. For sale by Davies & Co., No. 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London. General subscription agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Davies & Co., Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searles and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London, Eng. Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France, sole Paris agent for sales and subscriptions. Foreign subscription price, $5 per year; $2.50 for six months.

Address all communications

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

No. 318 BROADWAY. NEW YORK CITY.

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL.
Our Christmas Number.
The Long Island Coursing.
Netting Wild Ducks.
Our Florida Number.
Snap Shots.
NATURAL HISTORY.
Out-of-Door Papers.—VII.
Grouse Notes.
The Swimming Hare.
IN FOREIGN LANDS.
On the Trombetas.
The Reporter.
First Spear.
Acadian and Canuck.
Dogs, Dingoes and Kuris.
Three Days in Jamaica.
Big Game in Boer-Land.
A Run After the Longtails.
Here and There.
As They Live in Japan.
Fishing a la Mode.
DAYS WITH THE ELK.
An Elk Hunt.
An Elk Farm.
The Trial of it.
Old Joe.
Running Down an Elk.
GAME BAG AND GUN.
Forest and Stream Gun Tests.
Tubular Bullets.
Chicago and the West.
A New Jersey Gun Tax.
Pawnee Hero Stories.
GAME BAG AND GUN.
A Game Protection Scheme.
The Death of Dr. Jobs.
SEA AND RIVER FISHING.
Kentucky Fish and Game.
Boat Fishing for Striped Bass.
Angling Notes.
FISHCULTURE.
Sawdust and Fish.
Rescue of Illinois Fishes.
United States Fish Commission Work.
THE KENNEL.
Eastern Coursing Meet.
Central Field Trials.
The St. Bernard Club Prizes.
Foxhounds in Bench Shows.
Kennel Notes.
Kennel Management.
RIFLE AND TRAP SHOOTING.
New English Arms.
Range and Gallery.
The Trap.
Corry Gun Club.
Kingbird Tournament.
CANOEING.
Why We Didn't.
Red Dragon C. C.
YACHTING.
Georgian Bay and Its Islands.
A Small Singlehander.
Classification by Corrected Length.
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

THIS issue of the FOREST AND STREAM consists of thirty-two pages, with an added illustrated supplement. It is the largest number ever issued; and in the wide geographical range of contents and their diversified character and entertaining qualities, our Christmas Number has never been surpassed by any issue of a sportsman's paper in this country. Without emulating the ignorant and arrogant cartographers of the old times, who used each one to reckon his own city as the exact center of the world, we may yet with a good show of reason claim that the FOREST AND STREAM office is a center to which converge good things from the remotest corners of the globe.

Our pages to-day are rich in accounts of sport, life and adventures in foreign lands—Jamaica, Brazil, France, Sweden, South Africa, India, New Zealand, Australia and Japan—what a world-embracing list it is. And the best of all is, that for the most part, these strange scenes are described as seen by American eyes. "Nessmuk" in the Brazilian forests is a live Yankee, looking at things from a Yankee standpoint; "Podgers," an American in Paris, finds in the Seine mode of fishing a ludicrous element not recognized by French eyes; Henry Macdonald, who will be remembered as the author of a series of papers we printed last year on Western frontier life, paints a picture of Japan as it presents itself to American eyes, and an exceedingly vivid and living picture it is. Taken all in all, there is material in these pages for more than one evening's entertainment in this Christmas week; and with this substantial contribution to his pleasure, the FOREST AND STREAM wishes each one of its thousands of readers and friends a very Merry Christmas.

NETTING WILD DUCKS.

THE business of netting and snaring wild ducks for market is carried on extensively on the Atlantic coast, particularly in Virginia, whence hundreds and thousands of the fowl are shipped to the cities. There are laws forbidding this, but not by any means preventing it. In the case of a Maine duck netter something has been done; Detective McNamara, of the State game warden force, recently arrested and secured the conviction of a man who has for a long time netted ducks on one of the lakes of Township 10. The netting has been carried on to such an extent in Maine that some species, notably the beautiful little woodduck, have become quite rare.

New York has a law forbidding the taking of ducks in nets, but it does not amount to anything, for when taken to task the netters have always found an easy way out by lying. They claim that their nets are set for fish, not for ducks, and if the ducks will persist in getting into the nets, they, the netters, cannot help it. This plea usually works well. It will be remembered that State Game Protector Whitaker, of Long Island, made trouble for himself when he destroyed certain nets which he declared (and we have no doubt truly enough) were designed for taking ducks, but which the owners claimed were set for fish. Now Protector Armstrong, who has been investigating the duck-netting at Hood Ground, which we reported the other day, states that under the law this abuse cannot be reached, since the old claim is made that the nets are intended for fish only. If that is the case, a revision of the law is in order.

THE LONG ISLAND COURSING.

AS was reported last week, the slipper of the Eastern Coursing Club, who had been arrested for participating in the sport at Hicksville, Long Island, was acquitted of the charge of cruelty preferred against him by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. This was the second case decided against the Society and in favor of the club; and the members were quite justified in accepting the result of the two trials as at least a local indorsement of the propriety of their mode of coursing. They then proceeded to finish the programme of the meeting, only to see the officers again interfere and arrest the slipper for the second time.

The practice followed by the Eastern Coursing Club at Hicksville was described last week in our Kennel columns. In brief, the jack rabbits are driven out from a corral, are given a fair start, and have a free field before them. The point at issue between the club and the Society is as to the cruelty herein involved; and inasmuch as the Hicksville methods differ in no essential details making them more cruel than the established and popular form of coursing as practiced in the West and in other countries, the question resolves itself into the cruelty, or freedom from cruelty, of coursing.

There is nothing whatever in the Eastern Club's mode of procuring the jack-rabbits in the West and restricting their liberty in a large field that affects the question of cruelty. If there is any cruelty involved it must be in the actual chase of the jack and in the actual putting to death of it by the dog. A studious effort has been made to befog the public mind as to the conditions preceding the actual chasing. It has been represented that the jacks were dropped from the hands of attendants in front of the hound, and that the victims were then torn apart; but all this is purely imagination on the part of those who make such statements. The Society has an appearance of having been misled by these mistaken descriptions of the Club's mode; to have made up its mind when so misled; and now to be persisting in its prosecution—or persecution—of the members purely for the sake of consistency. We have so high a respect for the Society and for the magnificent work it has done that we regret exceedingly to see it thus led into what appears to us to be a grave mistake.

If it be cruelty within the statute to chase a jack rabbit with greyhounds, it must likewise be cruelty within the statute to chase hares with beagles or other dogs; yet this is a regularly recognized form of sport, and has never been interfered with by the authorities. Again, hares are killed with the shotgun. It is well understood that when a hare is killed by a greyhound, the death is instantaneous. This is not always the case with a hare wounded by the gun. Of the two modes, the actual killing by the dog is quite as speedy as by the gun; and the pain inflicted surely cannot be greater. If it be cruelty within the statute to kill hares with greyhounds, it must likewise be cruelty within the statute to kill hares with guns. If one be allowed by law and by public approval so must the other be also.

After all, it is a reasonable view to take of it, that the members of the Eastern Coursing Club may be quite as competent and worthy judges of the ethics of the case as are the officers of the Society. These coursing men are not, as some of the hysterical editorial paragraphers of the press allege, dudes, nor dudlets, nor apers of British customs, nor idle young fellows with more money than brains. They are business and professional men, holding positions of trust, engaged in honorable pursuits. Taken one and another, they are fairly representative of the respectable right-thinking, intelligent class of society. In coursing they seek and find the recreation which others find in lawn tennis, boating, yachting, deer hunting or fishing. They participate in their form of sport led by much the same motives that induce others to go shooting or fishing. It is equally untrue to aver that the man who goes hunting is led by a morbid taste for blood, and that coursing men enjoy the infliction of pain on a jack rabbit. If on the ground of cruelty coursing is to be condemned, we see no logical halting place short of abolishing all field sports where animal death is involved. As a matter of fact, coursing has been practiced for years in the West; it has been there approved by public sentiment. There is no reason to doubt that rightly understood it would be approved by public sentiment in the East.

A PARK FENCE.

THE project of fencing in the National Park, suggested by a correspondent in last week's issue, is not new. It has been brought forward a number of times before, but never, we fancy, by any one who had thoroughly familiarized himself with the reservation and its needs. The matter is not one that requires to be seriously discussed at present. Before this is done the boundary lines of the Park must be settled by law, and a survey made to show where these lines run. After this has been done, which will not be this year, it will be time enough to show the inpracticability of fencing in the National Park as suggested. At the same time it is always encouraging to receive suggestions of this kind, for they indicate the great and increasing popular interest which is felt in this reservation.

OUR FLORIDA NUMBER.

THE issue of Jan. 9 will be a special Florida number, with an illustrated supplement giving portraits of the fishes of those waters, with descriptive text; and accounts of shooting, fishing and adventure in that sunny land. It will be a welcome addition to the FOREST AND STREAM'S already voluminous and many-sided literature relating to that State.

OUR illustrations of the elk have been very carefully drawn from instantaneous photographs, and they furnish accurate, as well as life-like representations of this grand American game. Quite the most noteworthy point in all the papers which accompany the illustrations is the fact that the scene of "Antler's" exploit in running down a live elk was amid the mountains of Pennsylvania. In that region to-day the elk is as unknown as the megatherium. That within the memory of men now living this game should have roamed the wilds of the Eastern States, and should long ago have been exterminated, is only a presage of what will soon be accomplished in the West, where the species is not gradually nor unwittingly but rapidly and wantonly being destroyed. Under present conditions the elk in the West is doomed to extinction. It is high time that the intelligent citizens of Western States and Territories joined in a concerted and determined movement to secure for this species some adequate system of protection. At this stage of civilization it should be known that there is a better use for large game than to permit it to be butchered by the wholesale for its hides or for market, or by trophy-mad foreign sportsmen.

NEXT week we shall give a most interesting chapter on the white goat in captivity; also a record of the work accomplished by the New York Association for the Protection of Game.

Natural History.

OUT-OF-DOOR PAPERS.

VII.—A BOY'S EYES.

AFTER all, a boy is your ideal naturalist, for he pursues the logical method in scientific discovery, seeing first and theorizing afterward.

I am happy to say that I know some boys who already deserve the name of observers. For one, there is my Japanese friend, who expects some day to go back to his country as a scholar and physician. When he is one of the best and greatest of Japan's scientific men, will he still keep up his love for birds and occasionally wear an opera glass strapped to his shoulder? We hope so. But this young Japanese is too much of a public character to be talked about without his knowledge and consent.

The boy of whom I write has no public career planned out as yet, unless to run full tilt through the streets of the town may be called a "public career." He is still in knickerbockers, a tight-built youngster with legs as firm as a two-year-old's, a back as straight as a rush, and well-set shoulders, on which his head balances as squarely as a rocking stone; a lad not yet twelve, excelling in all boyish sports, full of quaint thoughts and labor-saving devices, cautious without being cowardly, brave without rashness, honest and open-hearted always, a pleasant boy to have talk with you because he is sure to have something worth the saying.

So far as I can determine, the secret of his popularity with his mates and elders is his eyes. They are not particularly handsome nor striking; honest blue eyes, very steady when sober and very merry when amused. What is remarkable about them is the way they spy out reasons for what they see. Now we all know that everything has a reason under it, but most of us are too dull-eyed to see the reason even if we lift the object and look all around it, "hot" and "cold," "cold" and "hot" as the children say. But these blue eyes see the why in things, and are continually on the alert, watching birds, toads and beetles with equal interest, to see why they do this or that and what they are going to do next.

Two years ago, at the seashore, this boy amused himself by watching the great black hornets hawking at the flies on the piazza. The girls were annoyed at the hornets buzzing so close to their ears and every now and then bumping against them, but the small boy was ready with a reason. "They're scared, you see, the flies are, and they light on you; but the hornets get them all the same." So after that the girls harbored the flies against the hornets and the boy still continued to watch. After a short time he saw something more. "Their eyes are poor. See that big one there? He just lit on a nail head; thought 'twas a fly; he got fooled."

He is never at a loss to find something to observe. Last year a heavy shower caught him while he was fishing. (In summer, showers, night, mosquitoes, other boys—everything finds him fishing.) From his retreat he kept an eye out to see whatever there was to be seen, and shortly observed the dragon flies, great and little, settling in the tall brook grass for shelter from the rain. Before the shower was fairly over he saw the cedar birds come and drive the dragon flies from their covert, hunting them down in all their lace-winged finery. The great three-inch dragon flies, painted with black and yellow, were too strong for the birds, but the little slender fellows done up in fancy colors, brown, green, blue and dusky, became meat for the hunters. This fall, when paddling up Caucomgomoc stream, we saw cedar birds sitting out on the rush beds near the middle of the stream. This was just after a shower. Had they been catching dragon flies? The boy was not there to tell us. Some time ago I remonstrated with him for throwing stones at a kingbird, but I was told that he was doing it only to please the bird. True enough it did please the bird. From his perch on a high twig the kingbird calculated the curve of each stone, chattering his defiance as the missile whizzed by, rising a few feet when he saw that it came too near, only to settle again in the same place. As it amused both bird and boy, I allowed it to continue, and for several days the kingbird returned daily to enjoy the sport.

One could not be even the best of boys and not sometimes enjoy hectoring other creatures; but frequently the most distress is caused by the most innocent intentions. The boy is always bringing home "chippies" and young robins, leaving the distracted parents to mourn until their offspring is returned. One poor song sparrow doubtless denounced him as a murderer because he choked one of her yellow-mouthed nestlings by feeding it with strawberries against her expressed wishes, although the jury impaneled on the case gave in an acquittal. Once I knew him to catch in his hands a full-grown yearling common tern, perfectly able to fly. From babyhood this boy's cry has been for "sumsin live to play wiv." No matter what the creature was—a dog, a kitten (any stray kitten was treated by him like a princess in disguise), a bird, a young mouse, or even a toad. The great frog transaction, too long to tell here, was the most original and laughable of all his schemes for getting "sumsin live to play wiv."

As a fisherman he is unexcelled. He can angle you any kind of fish out of water. A different length of line, a change in bait or in the time of day, and he can give you cunners, flounders, tomcods or sculpins. He has the "knack" of catching breams—not an easy fish, as you may know, to hook. Chubs, suckers, eels, minnows, bass and perch seem unable to resist him. He can land a pickerel skillfully, and the shy brook trout often sees the world from his fish basket. No kind of fish is unworthy of being caught. He is as painstaking in angling for minnows as for trout. He has the unwearying patience, the delicate hand, the contempt for discomfort which mark a true fisherman. Then he has theories of his own about bait, lines, hooks and sinkers, and to me he divulges at times the secrets of his art which the *vulgus profanum* may discover for themselves, if at all. Dead clams he tells me are poor bait; the fish do not like them. The operculum of the white rock snail, properly trimmed, is a dainty morsel for a cunner. A black rock snail does not meet their fancy. At your request he will tell you how sculpins eat little crabs, and how big crabs eat little sculpins, which is a fairer arrangement than obtains generally. He will catch you either crabs or starfish if you want them. For the former a piece of fish lowered to the right spot; for the latter a line left to lie on bottom. They will crawl some distance to get at it. "How do they know it is there when they can't see?" I ask. "I should 'spose they must smell the bait," he answers, misled by the analogy. One day I met him coming up from the shore with a disappointed look. "What luck?" said I; "good?" "Not very," he replied, "they bit *too* fast."

This is a boy full of thoughts and fancies, seldom at loss for an apt answer. "Walter, why are you buttering your bread on both sides?" inquired his father. "I had to," was the quick reply. "I buttered it on the wrong side first." At the age of five some misdemeanor called down his mother's displeasure. He fled and managed to intrench himself strongly. Recognizing the disadvantages on the side of justice, his mother called a parley, hoping for a capitulation. "Will you promise never to do it again, if I let you off this time?" she asked. The young rebel saw his chance. With dramatic effect he sent back a spirited refusal, "I will not promise. I cannot tell a lie:" and the mother surrendered unconditionally. It was not long ago that he worsted his grandmother in an argument on Abraham's obedience. "Seems to me, grandma," objected he, "Abram was awful slow 'bout 'obeyin', 'cause God said He'd send a lamb for sacrifice, and when Abram got there it had grown up into a ram."

"Eyes and no eyes"—did not we all read the tale in our school days? It was from "Sandford and Merton," I believe, how two boys took a walk, and while one saw nothing the other was able to tell his tutor of many remarkable things which he had noticed. Both had eyes. But it is not so much the eyes that see as the brain that lies behind the eyes. We never see truly until we are interested in what we look at, and the secret of having eyes is nothing less than knowing how to use them, trying like this boy to see the reasons in things, making the brain do most of the work and the eyes help the brain.

FANNIE PEARSON HARDY.

GROUSE NOTES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Commissioner Stilwell's story of the grouse that had been "tamed" by starvation recalls an experience of my own some two years ago. A Toledo friend who is an enthusiastic sportsman, and who knew and sympathized with my peculiar weakness, met one day an honest farmer who had brought into town a fine live ruffed grouse, evidently a female. It was one of several, so he informed my friend, which had become quite tame under his skillful care. The bird was in perfect plumage, apparently unruffled by captivity, and seemed to have become quite accustomed to the presence of its greatest natural enemy. My friend bought the bird at once, and placing it carefully in a basket in his office telegraphed me to come down. I took no time in reporting, and after hearing a graphic account of his purchase returned my thanks to Mr. L., who insisted on presenting me with it. But not till we had talked the matter over fully did I go to the basket which contained the prize. The bird was dead. Dead as a last year's campaign document, without a scratch upon it, and without a feather ruffled. A close examination showed that it was scarcely more than skin and bone, and the presumption was strong that it had died of starvation. It was evidently too weak to make any show of alarm at its proximity to man, and had evidently been found by the honest farmer in some situation similar to that of Mr. Stilwell's bird, the story about having several grouse on hand and taming them having undoubtedly been manufactured for the occasion. Both my friend and I have often sought for the gentleman who had such skill in handling grouse, but unfortunately we have never encountered him again. The bird was probably so near gone when brought in that it only needed the excitement incident to handling to cause its death.

Your correspondent "G. W. Z." (FOREST AND STREAM, Nov. 28) does not say whether his "faded grouse," so-called, was a male or female. Very probably it was the latter, and a young bird as well. At one time I should have thought it an indication of immaturity, but I have had within a few years a Massachusetts female (adult), which had a liver-colored ruff and light plumage. This bird was in my possessien nearly two years, and laid a nest full of eggs the second spring. But what I wished to say was that few persons who are familiar with the ruffed grouse in only one locality realize what a wide range of coloration these birds exhibit in different territory. During the last six years I have acquired some seventeen live grouse, which represented Maine, Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Iowa, Wisconsin and the Province of Ontario. The difference in color and markings was geat enough almost to lead to the conclusion that they were of different species. The birds of the more northerly latitudes, especially those in the pine regions, are of a gray or ash color, while as we come further south and into the territory of the oak and the beach, the ashy tones are gradually replaced by the brown shades. More than this, birds brought from the more northerly latitudes, when they moult here after a year's stay, lose the ashy shades of plumage and acquire browner ones. Perhaps I may be pardoned for the suggestion, but the Ohio birds have seemed to be the handsomest grouse in all the collection, the brown shades in their plumage showing the greatest variety and richness. The birds from Canada and Maine are the strongest and boldest, becoming more readily accustomed to captivity, while their feathered legs would seem to indicate a closer relationship to their cousins, the ptarmigans. This of course is only a climatic modification, which becomes less marked in warmer latitudes. I have never owned any grouse from the Pacific slope, but specimens of the plumage show that these birds have the "faded plumage" that your correspondent describes.

Somebody sent me the other day a copy of the Webster (Mass.) *Times*, containing the article on the capture of grouse in that town, afterward republished in the FOREST AND STREAM. And speaking of this leads me to express the surprise I have often felt that in all these accounts no one alludes to the interesting legends of the ruffed grouse, which explains why it is that these birds so commonly seek the settlements in the fall. If no one else does it, I shall hope some day soon to tell the story as it was told to me by an old Indian guide in northern Michigan. Indeed I am only waiting now till I can verify by a little research some of the vague pre-historial traditions on which it is based. It is very curious if true.

JAY BEEBE.

TOLEDO, O., Dec. 5.

THE SWIMMING HARE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In answering "T. G.," of Savanah, Ga., about the "aquatic or swimming" hare, you said you had no knowledge of such a distinct variety, but that the common hare will occasionally take to the water when pursued. That there is such a variety has been held by several first-class authorities. It was first scientifically described, I believe, before the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia and the account published in their Transactions in 1836. It may be distinguished from other hares by its color, its marked habits, its short and broad ears, its short tail, which is never pure white underneath, by its narrow hindfeet, which have so little hair on them that the nails are exposed, and by the size of the eyes, which are fully one-third smaller than the common variety. Its scientific name is *Lepus palustris*, and its common name marsh hare. Its geographical distribution is from the southern part of North Carolina, through the South Atlantic and Gulf States to Mexico. It has not been found in the West, and never on high ground nor salt marshes. It is most abundant in Georgia, Alabama and Louisiana.

Its marked characteristic is of course its fondness for water. It not only takes to the water when pursued and swims streams and mill ponds with ease, but resorts thither for sport, swimming and playing about in deep water with apparent pleasure. It will, when started, hide in deep water among weeds with only its nose and eyes exposed like a frog, and when kept in captivity, if given water, will lie in it for hours at a time. J. B. B.

[Our correspondent has our thanks for calling our attention to the inadvertence in the answer referred to. Two species of water-loving hares are found in the southern United States, *Lepus palustris* and *L. aquaticus*. The former is about the size of the common gray rabbit (*Lepus sylvaticus*); the latter, which appears to be somewhat more western in its distribution, about as large as the varying hare, *L. americanus*. The first named, the marsh hare, has been observed on the Atlantic coast as far north as South Carolina, but will very likely be found to range northward as far as southeastern Virginia. It seems to occur along the whole southern coast, at least as far as Vera Cruz, Mexico, and the opinion is expressed that it may exist along the Mexican coast from Texas to Yucatan. It has also been found inland, in swamps and along streams as far north as southern Illinois. The habitat of *L. aquaticus* is from Alabama west, through Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas and Texas. It has also been taken in southeastern Mexico and Yucatan. The range of this species also extends inland, and it is abundant in southern Illinois, near Mount Carmel and Cairo. The marsh hare is slightly smaller than the gray rabbit; it has shorter ears; its eyes are one-third smaller than those of *L. sylvaticus*. The body is proportionately heavier, and the legs shorter than in that species. The feet are sparsely clothed with hair. These are the most obvious physical differences between the two species. The home of the marsh hare is in swamps and low wet ground along the coast, or on the borders of streams. It is abundant near the rice swamps of Georgia and in the low, muddy meadows of islands along the coast. It is rarely or never found on the high, dry land far from water. It is extremely slow of foot, and can be overtaken, it is said, by any dog; but the situations in which it is found are not often invaded by men or dogs, and it is seldom disturbed. It is a capital swimmer, and when alarmed readily takes to the water for safety. Very often when pursued it plunges into the water, and after swimming a short distance lies hidden among the floating vegetation of a pond or sluggish stream, with only its nose and eyes above water. It often enters the water not only for safety, but for amusement as well, and sometimes in localities where it is abundant a number of these animals may be seen swimming and playing in the water. So rapid are their movements in their element that it is stated that some escaped from a Newfoundland dog which was pursuing them. The marsh hare is readily tamed, and after a short captivity becomes very gentle. One owned by Mr. Bachman freely took food from the hand a few days after it had been caught. It was fond of lying for hours in a trough of water, and seemed uneasy and restless when this was removed from his cage. When the trough was replaced it plunged into it, lying as deep as possible in the water. The nest of the marsh hare is rather large for the animal and is usually constructed of rushes, and is often more or less hidden by bending rushes or other surrounding vegetation over it. The mother enters by a hole in the side. The young are said to number from five to seven. The larger water hare (*L. aquaticus*) in many of its habits resembles the marsh hare, and so differs from the northern hare, with which in its physical character it would naturally be compared. It is a good swimmer and very much at home in the water, and its feet, as in the marsh hare, are but thinly clothed with fur. It is noticed that the tracks of both these water hares made in soft earth leave distinct impressions of the individual toes and nails. The swamp hare runs with great swiftness, and when pursued usually takes a course toward water, and throws off its pursuers by swimming.]

A DECEMBER ROBIN'S NEST.—Meadville, Pa., Dec. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On Monday, Dec. 9, I found a robin's nest with two eggs in it. It was built on one of the under timbers of the N. Y. P. & O. R. R. bridge, about three miles below this place. The female bird was on the nest when found. Both birds were contented and happy as if it were May instead of December. We usually have very cold weather during this season of the year, but the weather has been mild. Robins began migrating from this latitude about Sept. 1. Game of all descriptions is scarce here, except rabbits, which are very plentiful, hundreds being shipped to Eastern markets.—A. C. KIRKPATRICK. [A singular case and one well worthy of record.]

"BITRON."—Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As you supposed, in your issue of Dec. 12, I meant by "bitron" bittern (*Ardea stellaris*). It may be not generally known that bitterns are fine eating. They are fat, their flesh is tender, and when properly cooked with bacon they are equal to chicken. The common heron (*Ardea cinerea*) also is considered quite a delicacy among us; and when in the bay we hunt these birds quite as eagerly as we do ducks.—B. L. L.

FOREST AND STREAM.

SUPPLEMENT No. 7——IN FOREIGN LANDS.

ON THE TROMBETAS.

THE Rio Trombetas rises in the highlands a few leagues north of British Guiana, and in latitude 2° N.; flows in a southeast direction for some twenty-five miles, and enters the Amazon about four miles above Obidos, a Brazilian town of 500 habitants. It is a "fever river," and not much visited by Europeans on that account. Just below the falls *tertianos* are very bad, and often fatal.

It is a wide river, and the water is clear; unlike the Amazon, which is muddy; or the Rio Negro, which is wine-colored; or the Rio Blanco, white and milky. The natives call the valley of the Trombetas "a world by itself," under the impression, I suppose, that it is pretty well cut off from the rest of the world. It *is* a strange country. You may leave the main river at almost any point below the *caxoeiras* or rapids, following the deep *canos* or channels far into the gloomy forest, and cruise for weeks and weeks without coming in sight of the main river. Game—nowhere abundant in the Amazon Valley—is more plentiful on the Trombetas than elsewhere; and perhaps it was this that caused me to plan a canoe voyage up that river.

Let me premise that I am a live Yankee, and had been waiting on Brazilian officials with their tardy ways from May until August. It was driving me to the verge of insanity. Like Sterne's starling, I wanted to "get out." Not that the city of Para, North Brazil, is a bad place for an indolent man who can enjoy swinging in a hammock twelve hours per day, in a climate where the mercury does not drop below 80° nor rise above 95°, summer or winter, by night or day. But there are fragile constitutions that cannot stand so much sleep. Wherefore, when I had waited three mortal months for nothing; when I had gone daily to the palace, only to be put off with "*pacienza*" and "*logo mais*"; in a word, when my stock of Yankee patience was utterly exhausted, I suddenly resolved on a canoe trip.

It was in August, 1867. Professor Agassiz had made his celebrated exploration the year before, and his lectures, delivered in Cooper Institute the previous winter, were in my pocket, while I had the gist of them in my head, and found them of little practical value. I had what was better, *i. e.*, letters of introduction from the highest officials and best known scientists at home. The letters helped amazingly. Without them I should have been a sort of pariah. With them, I could go anywhere.

Among others, I luckily had a letter to Major Coutinho, the officer who had been detailed as guide to Prof. Agassiz and his party, and the Major was supposed to know more of the Amazon and its tributaries than any living man. I found him affable and ready to give all the information in his power. He dissuaded me from my original intention of ascending the Tapajos, and recommended the Trombetas instead. Obidos was a cheaper town to fit out from than Santarem. To the *caxoeiras* of the Trombetas it was a short two days' paddle; to the rapids of the Tapajos, twice as far. And game was much more abundant on the former stream. He even thought it likely I might get a shot at a jaguar, an event for which I was pining. Lastly, I could make a canoe trip cheaper than I could live in the old Hotel de Europa, by nearly one-half. He said, "You can hire a good *montaria* for $2 per month. Pay your paddlers $2 a month each, and your *puntero* $4, with their salt fish, farina and coffee. Your crew of four, with the canoe, will cost $12 a month. Provisions and your own expenses will about double that. You can live a river life for a dollar a day, provided you can stand it. And you can pay off your crew in hickory shirts and cheap jewelry at 100 per cent. profit." The Major gave me letters to several of the principal men in Obidos, and after the usual amount of vexatious red tape that pervades Brazil, I found myself afloat in one of the fine iron steamers that plow the waters of the Amazon. From Para to Obidos is 700 miles, and the steamer made it, against the current, in less than two days and a half.

* * *

At Obidos I was in luck. My letters to the *delegado* and the *padre* were invaluable. Another letter to a *commerciante* put me in possession of a good room, and I soon had my little chest, double rifle, fishing tackle and hammock in good shape. The *padre*, Senor José Gualdina, introduced me to the best guide in Obidos, one Senor Dom Diego, who had just finished a *montaria* 28ft. long by 30in. beam. The *montaria* was thought to be the swiftest within a thousand miles. Dom Diego, with his crew of three *tapuyos*, had been practicing with her for three days before my arrival, and he was just hankering for a party to "take care of." I was his customer. In ten minutes we had struck a bargain, by which I was to pay $4 per week for *montaria* and crew, with rations, the voyage to last as long as I chose.

I gave him *carte blanche* on the *commerciante*, as regarded her outfit, and he did not abuse confidence. I laid in my own small stores to suit myself, and in two days we were off.

Dom Diego spoke the *lingoa geral*, Portuguese and a little English. The *padre* spoke English quite intelligibly. He made a bad mistake when he solemnly turned me over to Dom Diego as a sort of helpless babe-in-the-woods, to be carefully looked after, kept out of danger, and returned at the end of the cruise in sound condition. For the lithe, muscular *puntero* chose to consider himself as a sort of dry-nurse thenceforth, and the way he assumed charge of my physical safety and well being was most exasperating. For instance: The *padrone* or *capitaine* of a river boat is supposed to sit aft holding an umbrella over his head, while his crew do all the paddling—a style of amusement that is apt to become monotonous after the few first hours. Now, I had bought a fine Indian paddle in Para; and was disposed to use it, at least enough for exercise. But hardly had I made a dozen strokes when the Dom walked aft, calmly took the paddle from my hauds, and politely substituted the spread umbrella in a fatherly, superior way that led me to conclude that he thought that I thought myself not so much *capitaine* as an infantile charge.

Again, with the wonderful fish stories of Prof. Agassiz in mind, I had laid in a supply of handlines, squids and artificial minnows, all of which had failed to take fish on the lower Amazon. But I said that this might be on account of the muddy water, and the Trombetas was clear; just the water where fish ought—if anywhere—to take a spinning bait. So I got out a trolling line with a bone squid for a lure, and commenced fishing, when the Dom walked calmly aft, and remarking that it was *no bono*, commenced hauling in my line.

A man may take implements of manual labor away from me, paddles, hoes, axes, etc., and not excite me to a high pitch of wrath. Interfering with my hunting or fishing arrangements is a different matter altogether. Whence it happened that he got a furious box on the ear, at the same time the line being snatched from his hand. He took it with a look of reproachful surprise, as a mother might take a blow from a spoiled child, but subsided at once, and thereafter allowed me to fish as I pleased, only remarking that it was *muito mal, no bono*.

For an hour or more I towed the long line behind the swift-moving *montaria*, and then there was a jerk that nearly took me overboard. I thought at first it was a snag, but it turned out a veritable fish, and a lively one withal, also exceedingly handsome. I was obliged to call on one of the crew to help get him alongside, where he was stunned with a blow from a paddle and taken on board. He was entirely new to me. In color he was similar to a salmon trout, but his mouth was like that of a catfish, only not so coarse, and he had long barbels or streamers on either side of the mouth that were longer than his body. The caudal and dorsal fins were very much curved, and the outer spines of each were also ornamented with long pennants that streamed behind as he swam. And he was useful as well as ornamental, being excellent when cooked. I estimated his weight at 50lbs. Thereafter no attempt was made to interfere with my fishing, nor did we lack fresh fish.

* * *

On the whole, the trip was most interesting. The canoe, long and narrow, shot up the stream with marvelous speed under the four well-handled paddles, the scenery was constantly changing, and every mile brought to view something strange and novel. The hills on the Trombetas are higher, and approach the Amazon more nearly than those of any other tributary, so far as I have seen.

It seemed wonderful to me that so many *canos*, *furos* and *igarapes* (all meaning channels) should lead away from the river, away back into the unexplored, gloomy forest to heaven only knows where. No guide of the Amazon, not even Major Coutinho, ever was or ever will be acquainted with the interminable windings of these mysterious, endless water courses. Starting from the border line of Peru and Brazil, there are fifteen large tributaries which enter the Amazon between Tabatinga and Para. And there is not a living man who is a competent guide for any one of these, with its complicated network of waters. Human life is not long enough to learn the lesson. Local guides there are on every river, men who know the tortuous channels for hundreds of miles. But don't trust them too far. Their reverence for the educated white man, with his superior outfit, may lead them too deeply into the complicated depths of a trackless forest. Remember that the Amazon rises at certain points as much as 40ft. in the rainy season, at which time all creeks, *canos* and feeders set back into the forest with a strong current. Then the dry season approaches, the main river falls rapidly, and countless thousands of *canos*, creeks, etc., reverse their courses and flow toward the Amazon. Of course, at certain stages of the water some channels will have no perceptible current, while others will flew outward, and still others will be flowing to the central stream. And as of the Amazon proper, so of its larger tributaries; making a wilderness of waters so labyrinthine, puzzling and bewildering, that no one man is or can be a competent guide for the water channels of a single large river.

Probably this accounted for the fact that Dom Diego persistently refused to leave the main river for more than two or three miles, though I desired to make longer explorations, and called his attention to the fact that as it was the dry season all side streams must be flowing to the river. He in turn explained that there were several main rivers; that the back channels, *furos*, *canos*, etc., flowed to all points of the compass; that we might follow some of them for a week and then come out at last on the Amazon, or we might get lost. Then there were crocodiles, jaguars, and last, but not least, *gentes*, savages, who would ambush us and shoot poisoned arrows from their *pucunas* or blowguns. This last was the thing he feared—perhaps with good reason, for the Indians of the Amazon, who refuse to be domiciled in villages and submit to the domination of the priests, are treated precisely as on a footing with wild beasts; and in return it must be confessed that they do shoot poisoned arrows when they get a chance.

We were longer reaching the first rapids than was at all necessary, for I frequently ordered a halt for the purpose of exploring or hunting where the ground looked inviting, and also to climb some of the mountainous hills that seemed easily accessible. Truth to say, the hunting was not good, and one soon gets enough climbing in that climate, where, the blood being heated with the mercury above 90°, it is not easy to "cool off."

We saw many jaguar tracks, and at one point a well-worn path, where tapirs had a runway from the river to their feeding grounds, but the animals kept out of sight. At several places the Indians called my attention to the feeding grounds of the *peixe-boy* or fish-ox, but although I offered a new hickory shirt as a bribe, they could not put me on to a shot at one. Howling monkeys, spider monkeys and other simians were plenty enough, and the Indians, who like them cooked, were anxious that I should kill enough for camp use.

I tried it once—only once. They ran me up a channel in the direction of a band of howlers that were making more racket than a pack of wolves, and we happened to cut them off just as they were laying plans to cross the *igarape*. There were only six of them, but they made noise enough for six hundred. As the *montaria* came swiftly up they became silent and took refuge in the dense foliage of a huge *sipo*, where, had they chosen to remain in hiding, they would have been safe; but curiosity got the better of caution, and a face was constantly being poked through the leaves with a comical look of fear and inquiry. Finally, the one who appeared to act as leader showed within 30ft. of the ground and I dropped him with a bullet through the neck. As he lay at the roots of the *sipo* (pine), bleeding to death, he gave me a look of pitiful appealing misery—a look of little-old-man horror and reproach that haunts me to this day. The Indians made a stew of him, of which I did not partake; nor have I ever drawn a bead on one of the species from that day to this, despite the constant urging of my crew to shoot monkey enough for camp use.

I seldom went on shore where the land was high and dry without flushing the *n'ambu*, a bird with the markings and appearance of a wild turkey, but about the size of a common hen. I was anxious to get one, but the sudden flight, the thick foliage, and the fact that I could not catch one sitting, left the double rifle in a decided minority. Diego had a cheap .20cal. Belgian gun, which he never loaded with anything smaller than No. 1 shot, and with this he killed several *n'ambus*—always sitting. He did not think of shooting on the wing. When, subsequently, I borrowed his gun and cut one down on the rise at the first shot, he was half in awe of his gun, evidently thinking it bewitched.

* * *

What, with frequent landings and short excursions inland, it was late on the third day when we arrived within hearing of the lower cascade, and the *montaria* was turned sharply into the west bank, where there was a fine camping ground, with a *barrata*, or cabin. The cabin consisted entirely of posts and a *paula*, or palm-thatched roof, being open at sides and ends. The *paula* was well laid and rain proof, though not proof against reptiles, for hardly had we taken possession when a black scorpion dropped from overhead, and, with his tail elevated for fight, commenced to make his escape. He was despatched without ceremony, and Diego commenced punching the *paula* with a pole. This brought down a coral snake and a shower of spiders. I had misgivings about swinging a hammock where reptiles seemed so numerous, but Diego assured me it was all right; and, thinking I could stand as many snakes and scorpions as the next of the party, I stretched my hammock athwart the *barrata*, and prepared for a stay.

The spot was well chosen for a camp, and had evidently been used a great deal as such. The *barrata* was 20ft. long by 12ft. wide, and the open sides made little difference in that climate. The site was on dry, high land, in an open palm grove, and the soft murmuring roar of the rapids above came to the ear drowsily in the still night, with somnolent effect. And here, at last, just below the *caxoeiras*, were fish in such abundance as I had never before seen.

Probably salmon in the spawning season are more numerous in the rivers of Oregon, but these were of many varieties and did not come there to spawn, but to feed. And, so far as I could learn, they remain a constant quantity all through the year, not only on the Trombetas, but on the Toc-an-tins, the Tapajos, the Madeira and all tributaries where there are *caxoeiras*. At the foot of the rapids I selected a clear spot just opposite a promising pool, and whirling a bone squid around until it had sufficient impetus, launched it 30yds. away. As it struck the water several large fish dashed savagely at it, and one was hooked on the instant. He fought gamly as a trout, and my fingers were bleeding before he was finally landed. I judged him to weigh about 20lbs., and he had the general appearance of a Spanish mackerel, with the addition of rich carmine markings along the lateral line, and slender, graceful pennants on the first rays of dorsal and caudal fins. A handsome fish, and also game, making several high leaps before coming to hand. Two more casts resulted in as many fish, one of them similar to a yellow perch; and then it struck me I had enough, quite as many as the camp could use; and I do not fish nor hunt for the love of slaughter.

Just then Dom Diego appeared to me. In fact, he was always appearing. He was simply obeying the *padre's* injunction to take care of me, keep me in sight, and bring me back safely. I could not get away from him. When I thought myself alone there was always a silent, coffee-colored shadow on my trail, keeping mostly out of sight, not interfering with my movements and always within easy call. I came to like it. A Brazilian forest is a fearful place in which to get lost, and it inspired confidence to know that I always had a muscular, competent guide within whistling distance, and the Dom was cheap. A single guide in the Adirondacks, at home, would have cost me $3 per day and his board, say $4 per day. Here I had a crew of four men, with a first-class *montaria*, for $16 per month.

The Dom gathered the fish on a hooked stick and led the way to camp, where he took the liberty to explain that it was not at all necessary for me to fish, as the crew could take a week's supply in an hour by stunning them with a paddle; in proof of which three of them paddled out near the foot of the rapids, and returned in half an hour with more than 50lbs. of fine, large fish. They had a way of dropping some sort of lure overboard, and as the fish rose eagerly to it, they would select the finest at a glance and kill him with a sharp clip of the paddle. Such a plethora of large, handsome fish, allowing themselves to be slaughtered so foolishly, rather cooled my ardor as an angler; though I still claimed the prerogative of taking what we needed with hook and line. But the sport would have been much better had they been scarcer and harder to take.

* * *

It had been agreed that the *montaria* should go as far up the river as she could be taken in a month, or should stop at any point on the river I might chose, as long as I wished to stay, and I had intended to ascend for some two weeks, go into camp for a few days, and take one week for the return. But the 28ft. canoe of green wood proved too heavy for carrying, and it was such a man-killing job to truck or tow her up the *cavoeiras* that I gave it up at the first trial, and contented myself with making trips up the river on foot. On these trips I was always accompanied by Diego, whether I chose or not, for it was useless to order him not to follow me. He would mildly say "*Si senor*," as we say yes, to please a child: and when I was out of sight, pick up his old shotgun and stick to my wake all day. Sometimes I would not see him for hours, but I always knew he was not far off, and that if needed a shrill whistle or halloo would bring him to my side in less than two minutes. Oftener, however, I would have him along and let him precede me as guide.

Very interesting, very pleasant, were these foot excursions, sometimes up the river, sometimes into the deep, gloomy forest, at other times climbing one of the mountains that Prof. Agassiz says nowhere rise to an altitude of much more than 700ft. They looked much higher, and climbing one with the thermometer at 90° in the shade did not detract from the altitude. Once on the summit, however, one was well paid for the hot, toilsome climb. To the west and south the view was only limited by the power of vision, one vast, unbroken, monotonous forest, not of living green, as most people suppose, for a Brazilian forest is mainly composed of deciduous trees, and there is not a month in the year in which a portion of these are not bare and leafless. This gives, on a broad and distant view, a sort of dingy, brown foreground that is not pleasant, and as the endless dead-level landscape recedes into dim, smoky haziness, the scenery becomes absolutely depressing and dreary. Standing on the highest point of one of those mountains, I have gazed at the stupendous waste of wilderness until my senses seemed leaving me and drifting away to the bewildering labyrinths of these never-to-be-explored, mysterious regions, and it was with a feeling of relief that I turned to the northward and westward, where the monotony was relieved by successions of hills and mountain spurs.

There has been a deal of nonsense, written and spoken, concerning the wonders of tropical scenery. Mashallah! it is bosh. A bright June or October morning, viewed from a high spur of the Alleghanies or Adirondacks, is worth all the dull-dead-level scenery between Para and Peru.

I soon tired of climbing and took to long daily walks up the river or hunting about the *campos* and in the forest. (A *campo* is a small or large prairie-like meadow.) I haunted and hunted the *campos* a great deal because it was there that the beautiful little Brazilian deer came to feed in the evening or early morning, and I was anxious to secure a specimen. They are the neatest and most graceful members of the deer family it has been my good fortune to fall in with, and I think they are less than half the size of the Virginia deer, which they nearly resemble in every point except size. They were very wary and not to be had easily. Moreover, on the level dead-grass colored meadows my judgment proved faulty on distance, and my first shot fell far short. I amended this one morning when Diego drove a buck and two does within 30yds. of my stand, having made a detour of more than a mile to get on the far side of them. As they were loping leisurely past I sent a bullet through the buck's vitals and he subsided at once. A splendid little fellow he was, with a set of five pronged antlers, very symmetrical and very light—a similar pair of antlers from the head of a Virginia deer would weigh thrice as much. He was scarcely heavier than a black sheep, and Diego, wrapping the deer around his neck and bringing the legs forward, carried it whole to camp.

The buck was plump for that climate, but there was no fat on him, and the meat, though sweet and juicy, was tough, as is the case with all wild meat in the tropics. By dint of much hard pounding with the hatchet head I managed some excellent broiled steak; but the bulk of the meat was used by the crew in making a sort of hotch-potch stew, of which the basis seemed to be the fiery little peppers of the country. It was many degrees too hot for a northern palate.

* * *

Above the lower rapids, and two or three miles from the *barrata*, there was a fine, clear stretch of river, some two miles long by half a mile wide. The banks were rather open, rocky, and mainly free from jungle; and here it was that peccaries, deer, and even the lordly jaguar delighted to resort at night. The two first came to feed on the banks, drink and bathe. The jaguar came to fish. Now, if there was anything for which I was hankering, it was a fair shot at a jaguar; and I explained this fully to Diego, who simply threw cold water on all my plans in that direction. If I were to believe him, the jaguar was the most dangerous animal that roamed the forest. He could seldom be killed with a single shot, and always attacked the hunter who wounded him. Then, he was so powerful! Why, he could kill and drag off a *peixe boy* weighing more than a thousand pounds; and one could only get a shot at night, when the aim was uncertain. Much of which was true. All the same, I ordered my crew, who were mostly idling about camp, to build a new *barrata* on the west bank of the still-water, about half a mile above the rapids. People work very leisurely in that climate. Four pairs of strong hands were two days getting up and thatching a *paula* 10×12ft. But when done it was fresh and rain-proof. It was also a more pleasant camp than the one below, and I came to pass more than half the nights in it.

And here a word about my crew. Dom Diego, who liked to be called by his full title, is already sufficiently outlined. He was strong, active and faithful. Manoel, a light, tall Mameluco, a good paddler, but, after the manner of his race, indolent. Pedro, a Muri Indian, short, strong, a good worker, but surly and reticent. Lastly, Antone, a brisk little Cabozo from the Rio Branco; the best axeman of the crew, good-natured and a tireless paddler. On the whole, my crew was a good one. Perhaps decent treatment, good pay and no attempt to take unfair advantages of them made some difference. At all events, if I were about to make a canoe voyage in the Amazon valley, I would be glad to take my chances with the old crew.

* * *

In a general way we may reckon the grand valley of the Amazon at a length of 2,000 miles and a breadth of 500. Not reckoning the smaller streams, there are over twenty affluents, each of which is a large river, besides the three large streams which give the Amazon its grand inaugural from the base of the Andes. There are more than fifty smaller rivers, all of which are navigable by common river steamers many miles from their mouths.

Let us assume that the valley of the Amazon proper is that low-lying portion through which, in the rainy season, water will set back from the main river to the higher lands beyond. The distance will vary greatly at different points. On the Madeira we shall have over 400 miles of navigable river before reaching the *caxoeiras* or rapids, and the rapids extend for over 300 miles. Once past the rapids, there is more than 1,000 miles of navigable river among the plateau lands of Bolivia. The *caxoeiras* of other rivers, notably the Trombetas, are scarcely more than fifty miles from the mouth, and the rapids may not cover more than a score of miles.

Now, a northerner, making a canoe voyage through the low, swampy lands of the valley, is apt to consider himself in a very unhealthy region. But, on arriving at the *caxoeiras*, where bright water dashes and foams over clean, cool-looking rocks, with high, dry banks on either side, he infers that he has reached a much healthier region. The exact reverse is the case. With proper care one may live a boat-life along the Amazon for months, with no especial danger to health.

But every *caxoeira* is a Pandora's box for malarial diseases.

A little reflection will make this plain. All the larger affluents rise on the higher lands, far back from the Amazon, and as a rule, flow for a long distance through regions nearly level. In such a climate and country it goes without saying, that a deep, calm river, having a run of from one hundred to a thousand miles without break of surface—save from the ruffling of the breeze—must of necessity receive and retain an incalculable amount of minute vegetable and animal matter, which, being of about the same specific gravity as water, is quietly carried along with the current to the point where the plateau ends in a steep decline to the valley. Here the water is dashed and tumbled over a succession of rocky cascades and rapids until the whole volume has been aerated over and over, and all that it holds of malarial evil has been set free. Hence it is that the most unhealthy localities of northern Brazil are found near the *caxoeiras* of the larger streams.

I was well aware of all this, but I chose to consider myself exempt, and was not in the least surprised when the tall, graceful Manoel succumbed to a mild attack of *sezoengs*, and announced himself a subject for medical treatment. I dosed him with *cachâca* (raw cane rum) and quinine, which is the orthodox treatment; but he got no better and wanted to go home. All my crew complained bitterly of insect bites, and with good reason. The *moquims*, *sancudos*, flies, etc., were a constant quantity, active and venomous, and the scanty clothing of the natives affords little protection against them. None of the men had mosquito netting or any preventive. I had both and suffered comparatively little.

As regards these pests I cannot do better than quote from Herndon's "Valley of the Amazon," page 309: "From the rising to the setting of the sun clouds of insects blind the traveler, and render him frantic by the torments they cause. Take a handful of the finest sand and throw it above your head, and you would then have but a faint idea of the number of these demons who tear the skin to pieces." It is hardly exaggerated. I have seen northerners who had spent a season on the Amazon, whose faces and hands were turned to a dingy blue color by the bites of poisonous insects, and this in spite of the fact that they had mosquito nets, which afforded partial protection at night.

The comparative immunity I enjoyed from the bites and stings of these pests was attributable to the copious use of a "fly medicine," that I had found effective in the swamps of the north, where mosquitoes and gnats are nearly as bad as in the tropics. As it is cheap, simple, wholesome and inoffensive, I will give the recipe for the benefit of future travelers. It is as follows: Three parts pine tar, two parts castor oil, one part oil of pennyroyal. Simmer and mix thoroughly. Bottle for use and shake before using. Apply copiously at first until a good glaze or varnish is established, and don't wash it off, but add to it from day to day. Cleanliness may be next to godliness, but poisonous insects are simply diabolical.

* * *

It was in the new of the moon that the new camp was made above the rapids, and there was scarcely an evening on which I did not get out before sundown to hunt and haunt the banks of that placid river stretch for two or three hours. Tracks of the peccary, deer and even the jaguar were numerous and fresh, but the animals had a knack of keeping well out of sight. A week of pretty faithful hunting resulted in shooting one little deer and a stray peccary. I could do better at home.

It was not until the moon was nearly full that I managed to strike anything like an adventure—the party of the second part being a huge alligator, which was lying flat directly across my path. Mistaking him for a log, I was just raising a foot to step on or over him, when he suddenly raised up breast high, and, as I instinctively squatted to the ground, his powerful tail swept over me with a force that would have killed an ox.

I squattled away on all fours with more speed than grace, got an offing of some thirty feet, and gave him a couple of bullets just back of the foreleg in much less time than it takes to tell it. It altered his belligerent notions very sensibly. He scrambled down the bank and plunged into the river with a guttural, savage bellowing noise, like a strangling hog. And there, at my side, was Dom Diego. I had not seen him in two hours, but he had never lost sight of me. He was following the *padre's* injunctions—to bring me back safely. Just as he was giving me a mild scolding in bad Portuguese, the wounded cayman rose to the surface and commenced swimming aimlessly about in a zigzag manner, all the time keeping up a low, grunting, bellowing noise. Diego said he was mortally wounded. As my nerves were too much rattled for rifle shooting, we went to camp.

On the following day we made a canoe excursion several miles back from the river. Pedro, the Muri, was the only one of the crew who could use the *pucuna* or blow-gun; and he had one with him at my request, for I wanted to see it perform on game. Hitherto he had only killed small birds with it, but on this occasion he had a fair shot at a large howler, distance about 30yds. On receiving the slight missile the monkey quietly disappeared in the thick foliage, and for several minutes all was still. Then he came tumbling to the ground, stiff and helpless. He looked at us with a wild, terrified look, that I thought showed intelligence; and I judged that while the nerves of motion were paralyzed by the *wourali* poison, eyesight and consciousness were comparatively unaffected. It was half an hour before he was fairly dead. The crew converted him into a stew. I did not partake of it.

That evening I went again to the still water and met with another incident. It was hardly an adventure, but may be worth relating. Let me premise that a mile above the rapids there was a strip of clean, sandy beach, and in the edge of the river there were large rocks, several of them flat, and rising only a few inches above the surface at low water. Here it was that the jaguar came to fish. We saw his fresh tracks every day; but, though I had watched every evening for a week, I had not caught a glimpse of his spotted hide. Now that the moon only lacked one day of being full, I decided to watch until after midnight, or until the moon was low enough to throw the shade of trees over the western bank.

It was a tiresome vigil. The *sancudos* and mosquitoes drifted into one's face in a way to suggest a sifting of coarse sand; and though they did not bite through the glaze, they were quite capable of getting into ears, eyes and noses. I stood watch about two hours, when, having seen nothing to shoot at, I became tired, and started up the bank for a walk of a few hundred yards, then to return to camp. Some eighty rods above the rocks there was a clean grassy bank of some forty yards long by half as much in width. It was of a light, dead-grass color in the moonlight, and I had come to look on it as a land mark. On the present occasion I noticed as I approached it a dark brown patch right across the path, that I was certain I had never seen before. Still I walked on, and was within twenty yards of the patch when a voice behind me said tremulously, "Oh, senor! come back, wild pig!"

It struck me like a revelation.

There they were, a solid, silent, close-packed drove of peccaries, all heading toward me, their sharp noses and lance-like tusks ready for fight or flight, as circumstances might dictate.

Quietly and silently I changed step to backward march, cocking the rifle as I did so, in case of a sudden charge. There was a slight rustling and changing of positions in the closely-packed, brown mass, and my hair fairly stood on end as I thought they were about to charge, but they kept the peace. And I never saw a crowd I was so glad to get away from. An attack by a drove of peccaries, with no available tree at hand, means a horrible death.

* * *

It was on the very next evening that these vigils were at last rewarded by my first and last chance at a jaguar. I was watching near the rocks just after sundown, standing in the shadow of a palm tree, when a long, yellowish animal came gliding into the grassy open within twenty-five yards of me. My heart gave a hard thump and then stood still as I realized that I had a large jaguar at last within easy range.

Silently and quickly the cocked rifle came to its place as the practiced eye got the perfect bead; a moment more and the bullet would have done its deadly work, when a shadowy brown hand seized the rifle, elevated the barrels to an angle of 45°, and a powerful arm was wound about my waist with a vise-like grip, dragging me rapidly backward.

Diego, the faithful Diego, was there!

Disregarding orders and objurgations, he kept up a steady quick retrograde movement until we were out of the animal's sight. It was the culmination of cool cowardice.

The jaguar calmly raised its head and gazed after us with a wild wondering look, not at all as if in fear, rather as if debating whether this new game might not be preferable to fish.

When Diego had dragged me to a safe distance he released his hold, only remarking that he had saved my life.

I said nothing on the way to camp, but put in the time mentally arranging my scant stock of Portuguese and *lingoa geral* in the most abusive forms, mixed with some terse Saxon expressions that I thought might hurt his feelings. On arriving in camp I let him have it. I showered abuse on him in a jumble of three dialects for a quarter of an hour, but he was imperturbable, listening indulgently, as to a spoiled child. I grew pathetic, and explained that I had journeyed nearly 4,000 miles, my chief objects being the shooting of the jaguar and *peixe-boy*, or *Paca morina*. And his cursed meddling cowardice had defeated the prime object of the expedition. He listened patiently and acquiesced with a polite "*Si senor*." I was beaten.

* * *

I had half a notion of ordering a return on the following morning, but we had plenty of supplies, and one of the leading points of the trip had hitherto been neglected, *i. e.*, a search for the fine, dark, ornamental woods of Brazil. Some of these were said to be quite plenty on the Trombetas; and I issued orders for a raid on the

timber the next morning. The woods I wanted were *palo cruz*, *moira cata-a-ri* and *moira pinima* (tortoise shell wood). The latter is the most valuable and beautiful wood known to commerce. My crew did not take kindly to the change from lounging about camp to wood chopping, but I was in earnest, and they got out a little after sunrise for a tramp of two miles to a point where Diego assured me there was plenty of *moira pinima*. He was right. The trees were plenty enough—for such a crew of axemen as I had. It is true the trees were scattering, after the manner of Brazilian forests, where you may find 200 varieties of timber on a single square mile. At the north, two-thirds of the growth on a square mile would be comprised in from one to three varieties.

We were fortunate in finding a tree 15in. in diameter, which the natives declared to be *muito grande* (very large), and Antone set in to fell it with a light, thick, dull Brazilian axe. Our axes consisted of one clumsy boat hatchet, one Brazilian axe, my pocket hatchet, and a bright, keen, American axe, that I had put in order before leaving home. It was so sharp and thin that I was shy of using it on the hard woods of the tropics. But, after watching Antone hack and haggle for half an hour, I lost patience and struck in on the opposite side; in less than ten minutes I reached the dark, flinty heart, and almost immediately broke a liberal slice from the lower corner of the bit. Then I desisted and allowed Antone to finish the job.

The trunk made two straight logs of 9ft. in length, of which the only part of any value was the heart, and this was scarcely 5in. in diameter. All wood outside of the heart was light colored like our hickory or maple, and had to be hacked, hewed and split to get at the valuable portion. It was a slow process. My thin, sharp axe did more than half of the work, but when the sun set the task was not finished.

A single American axeman with proper tools would have done the job in less than a day, and the two sticks, 9ft. long, and 4 to 5in. in diameter, would bring from $5 to $10 in New York, according to color and grain. Occasionally an extra fine, dark colored stick of *moira pinima* will sell for a fabulous price. I saw $20 offered and refused for a small log 30in. long by 8in. thick. It was in the hands of a Paraense cabinet maker, who got it from the Madeira, and was the finest piece of tortoise shell wood I ever have seen. I should say that a couple of Yankee axemen, with two or three natives like Diego or Antone, might make a paying thing of "getting out" *moira pinima* and *palo cruz*. The labor of splitting and hewing the outside wood from the heart could be done with fine steel wedges and sharp axes in less than one quarter of the time taken by the natives, and the supply is never equal to the demand.

My lumbering operations on the Trombetas were not heavy, the stock consisting of five *moira pinima* sticks from 6 to 9ft. long. We could find no *palo cruz*. And the *moira cata-a-ri*, of which more than half the trunk is available, was too bulky for transportation in canoes. Moreover, Antone took it into his woolly head that he had the *sezoengs*, and went into hospital accordingly; while Pedro, the Muri, was beginning to weaken with a low fever.

Old Dom Diego and I held out. It was a cause for pride that, in the matter of health or endurance, I was outstaying the natives; but it came to a crisis.

* * *

One morning, in the hottest part of the dry season, I awoke in a cold sweat, with a general disposition to shake and clatter my teeth. I thought at first a cold wave had swept down from the north; but, finding the mercury at 87°, I concluded that the *caxoeiras* were getting in their work. I got half drunk on *cachaca* and quinine, which quelled the attack for the time; but at night I had fever and delirium, seeing tapirs, jaguars and peccaries enough to start a small menagarie. I had sense enough to know it was all illusion; but saw them just as plainly, for all that. Another chill in the morning, more severe than the first; more rum and quinine; and I ordered a move to the lower *barrata*, to be followed by a move down the river, unless there should be decided improvement among the invalids. A night at the lower camp did not mend matters in the least, and I decided to return. My crew could not conceal their delight at this decision; three of them were sick, and all had a wholesome dread of *caxoeiras*. They had been passively obedient, and though a little lazy, uncomplaining and faithful. They stowed the *montaria* with eager alacrity; and at 9 A. M. of a parching hot day in September we swung out into the current for the voyage to Obidos.

A canoe voyage down stream is one of the most pleasant things imaginable. No sail nor paddle is absolutely necessary to progress. You can lounge, smoke, take in the scenery, and possess your soul in patience, knowing that every hour brings you nearer your destination. But the crew were disposed to make time. Even the sick Manoel handled his paddle with some vigor, and long before sundown we reached the bank where we had last camped on our way up. Here, in an eddy formed by a bend of the river, we found the swollen carcass of a huge alligator, slowly turning round and round with the current. Diego was positive it was the one I had shot above, but to make sure, we laid him alongside and soon found the two bullet holes, low down, and about 3in. apart. At least one of them must have gone through the heart. When I remembered the way his tail swept over me as I flattened to the ground, I was not sorry for him. Judging his length by the *montaria* we estimated him as a little over 25ft. in length, which I thought immense, until I was assured on good authority that they had been killed on the island of Marrajo considerably more than 30ft. long.

As the river was low the current was not strong, but we made good headway, for the men who were anxious to reach Obidos and be paid off, kept the paddles going pretty constantly. And the sick mended rapidly as we got away from the malarial effects of the *caxoeiras*.

* * *

Only one incident on the downward trip seems worth special mention. We had landed on the left bank for dinner about 2 P. M. on the second day; and, as the walking seemed fine and dry to the eastward, I set the compass (I always did that) and strolled into the forest with the rifle, for anything that might happen to turn up. In less than half a mile I came to a narrow *igarape*, over which was a fallen log on which I might have crossed; but there happened to be a large wasps' nest hanging over the log, and I did not wish to excite the occupants. I quietly took a seat at the roots of a palm tree, and had not been there five minutes when I saw a beautiful *onca* (tiger cat) come to the opposite bank and gaze wistfully at the wasps' nest. The rifle came quickly to shoulder. The *onca* stepped out on the log, intent on wasps, when there was a sharp crack from the rifle, and he went overboard with a bullet through his head. And as he fell a swarm of wasps darted down on him and fastened on his spotted sides. They were soon satisfied. And at my side—as usual—there was the ever-faithful Diego.

He waited until the wasps were quiet, then crept out on the log and recovered the *onca*. It was a beautiful animal, lithe, graceful and with the yellow and black spots of the large jaguar. I put him in the *montaria*, and when we were afloat, spent the afternoon in taking off and preserving the skin. But I had only salt and alum, whereby it happened that the head spoiled, and I converted the balance of the skin into a knapsack—which I afterward lost by lending it to an honest friend.

* * *

It was late on the third day when we came in sight of the broad, open space of clear atmosphere, that told us we were nearing the Amazon, and in an hour we were passing to the left of the little island that divides the mouth of the Trombetas into two channels. As we swung around a bend into the grand river, the crew struck up an Indian boat-song, and bent to the paddles with a vim that brought us to the landing at Obidos in less than an hour. Obidos is about five miles below the mouth of the Trombetas. In another hour I was swinging in my hammock with all my impedimenta arranged about me. I dismissed my crew with instructions to come back the next morning for their pay; and addressed myself to rest and sleep, for I was weak and exhausted. But the *padre* and *commerciante* called around almost immediately, and the latter dragged me off to a late dinner, which, after a month of boat and camp life, I enjoyed hugely, though feeling far from well. The *commerciante* suggested that I had better let him settle with my crew; I was paying them too much; the month was not up, and he thought he could save me several dollars. The proposition was decidedly Brazilian. It simply meant that I should pay him the money and leave him to cheat the men with goods from his store. I explained that I had already made advances, and had given my word to pay the balance in coin of the realm; whereat he seemed disappointed and a little less cordial. It is bad for Brazil that she constantly cheats, discounts, overtaxes and degrades labor.

I slept well that night, with no fever; and on the following morning all my crew were on hand betimes. I settled with them for the full month and paid them in silver, besides making them presents of American knives and *Borba* tobacco. They were more than well pleased, and made some comparisons between American and Brazilian gentlemen, not very complimentary to the latter. Diego urged me to employ him with his *montaria* for a trip up the Tapajos in search of *moira pinima*, which he declared to be plenty within 100 miles of Santarem; but I declined—and was afterward sorry.

I spent a couple of days very pleasantly roaming among the cocoa plantations between Obidos and Alemquer; and then the steamer put in an appearance opposite the town on her downward passage. Dom Diego helped me on board with my traps, and I bade adieu to the pleasant little tropical town of Obidos forever. On the third evening thereafter, I was lazily smoking and swinging a hammock at my old quarters, the Hotel de Europa.

NESSMUK.

THE REPORTER.

I WONDER if we have reporters in America? What a question! Are not our newspaper reporters the best and most indefatigable in the world? But I do not mean the reporting *homo;* it is the reporting *canis* I am wondering about. Do we have reporting dogs in America? If so, I have not seen them, neither have I heard of them. Our stories about the pointing dogs revolve about "the point," and of the dog's sticking to it like grim death. "He's so steady on a point that you can't kick him forward on to the bird," says the dog trainer in highest praise of the brute he is trying to sell. And we all recollect the story of the crack Western dog, that was lost at the close of a day's shooting. Search was made next morning, and the dog was found in the brush, close to where he was missed the night before, and still pointing the game he had come upon as darkness overtook him. So I doubt if we have "the reporter" in the Land of the True, and perhaps a word about him may not be uninteresting to American readers.

I was out partridge shooting in the south of Sweden in the fall of 1884. I had a sprightly fellow, Joseph, as guide and bearer of cartridges and game, and was shooting that day over an old German pointer a friend had loaned me, so that I could give my own dog a day's rest. We had enjoyed a fairly good day's sport, and toward evening were returning down the valley of the river Nissa, toward our headquarters at Oscarström. We were tired, the shooting was over, and our dog was allowed to roam at will. As we sauntered along I saw old Lila make her appearance over the top of a distant heathery ridge. She looked up and down over the valley, and as soon as she caught sight of us came toward us in a straight line on a brisk gallop, wagging her tail in a joyful sort of way. Coming in she raised a forepaw, placed it on my leg, looked up in my face, wagged her tail briskly, turned about, took a dozen leaps back in the track she had come, then looked around at me and wagged her tail again.

"Well, what does all this mean?" asked I.

"Oh! Lila has got a covey of partridges over the hill yonder, and has come in with the report," answered Joseph.

"Nonsense!"

But Lila rushed on a dozen steps more, looked back, and seeing I did not follow, her came in, put up her paw and again went through all her motions.

"Well, old girl, lead on!" I said at last, "we'll follow and see what you've got at all events." So over the hill we went, Lila leading and ever and anon looking back—down across a valley, then straight up the further hillside where she came to a point at a bunch of bushes. Before I got within shot the partridges began to whirr up; at least a dozen flew, but old Lila stuck now to her point, and on my reaching her side the last bird of the covey flew, which I knocked over and Lila retrieved. We now hunted along the bosky hillside, and Lila pointed and I shot six more of this covey, bringing up my bag for the day to nineteen partridges and a hare.

"You din't know Lila was a seporter?" quoth Joseph.

"No, I did not know before this day that there was such a dog in the world."

Since then I have made the matter of "the reporting dog" the study of some leisure hours. The reporter occurs most often among German pointers, or in crosses between German and English pointers, but even among them not more than one trained dog in twenty is a reporter. The trait is rare among English full bloods, and I have never yet seen a setter report.

It is asserted that a dog cannot be trained to report. The reporting instinct must be born within him, and then he takes to it naturally. I, however, am inclined to think that any dog that "rings" game, or from any cause breaks his point to take up another, may be trained to report, by whistling him in, whenever he comes to a point, and then advancing with him to the quarry. "Reporters" have different ways of imparting their information; not every dog is so clear as old Lila. Some come back only till they make themselves seen, then return directly to the game. Others hop up on a hillock or stone and jump and wag their tails till you approach.

Here in Sweden a reporter readily sells for one-third more than an equally good dog without this faculty, and I can assure American sportsmen that the report lends an additional pleasure to the chase.

As the shooting season approached this year I looked about for a reporter, and at last bought a large, powerful pointer, a cross between the German and English. The German dog is exceedingly kind, faithful and obedient, but too heavy and slow. The English pointer, with all his good quality, is apt to be too hot and headstrong. The half-breed is best for Swedish shooting, and, I believe, admirably adapted for America.

I shot black cock and capercailzie over Nero, and as the season advanced partridges, but as I always kept well up with him never saw him report, and had half forgotten that he possessed the accomplishment. One day my boot hurt me, and leaning my gun against a fence I sat down, took off my boot, pulled off my stocking and made a general readjustment. As I was lacing up my boot in came Nero over a rise of the field, and looking up at me turned about and came to a half point, then looking up once more shot along the track whence he came. Following over the hills I came in view of the blue waters of Lake Nefode; Nero was still rushing on in a straight line over the field. When he reached the lake shore he came to a point at a tuft of dry rushes. But it was an easy kind of a point. Every few moments he looked back at me, and expressed his satisfaction at my approach with one wag of the tail, which instantly stiffened into business again. Reaching his side a little flock of seven partridges hustled up, and I had the pleasure of dropping a couple, and Nero the satisfaction of retrieving them. Since then I let Nero hunt as far and wide as he pleases, confident that he will come in and report all game he finds out of my sight. I frequently whistle him in when he points at a distance, and then advance over the field side by side with him. Sometimes when Nero points at a distance, and is sure that I see him, he will lie down, so as not to scare the birds, rising on his forepaws now and then and looking back at me if I make any unreasonable delay.

The other day he came to a point far away over a vast plowed field. Looking around and making sure that I saw him, he backed in his tracks a dozen steps and then disappeared from view as absolutely as if the black plowed field had swallowed up his white body. We kept on toward the spot where he was last seen, and after some five minutes' plodding over the soft upturned earth, Master Nero arose out of a dry ditch just in front of us and quietly resumed his point. Coming up with the dog, two great coveys of partridges arose, my friend made a right and left shot out of the flock to the right and I took a bird with each barrel out of the left covey.

The trait of reporting causes a dog to be freer and easier on his point, he is less like a cast-iron statue, more like a reasoning being.

As Nero and I advance on a running covey, he lifts his ears, looks up at me and takes in the situation "like a little man," pointing now here, now there, and ringing the game in between us if necessary.

A reporter really seems to go through a chain of reasoning something like this, "Here is game, but where is my master? Of myself I can do nothing. Here's for it. I'll go hunt him up, for it takes both of us to do the shooting."

Frequently when Nero makes game I hide to see him go through his motions. Gradually he stiffens into a solid point, then looks around, first one side, then the other. No master in sight. Then he slowly backs out of it, step by step, a dozen steps or so; next he turns round as slyly as a snake, then sneaks away, and in another moment is in a full gallop toward where he last saw me. I always meet him with a pat on the head and a "Bravo, Nero!" It seems to me that the advantage of a reporter is at once apparent, whether it be on the wide prairies of the West, in the hill country of the East, or in the dense woodcock coverts of New England. What a comfort and luxury to have a dog who will come in and report game and then lead you quietly to it. How many forced marches in the alder swamps one might save, and how lazily he could saunter along the ridges, leisurely waiting for the report of his faithful four-footed friend. Americans are never satisfied with anything short of the best. If we have not the reporter in America, we have not the best possible pointing dog.

Is not the subject worthy the attention of our dog breeders and dog lovers? Why not import the German reporting pointer and cross with our best pointers of English blood? Or why not develop and perfect the reporting instinct whenever it manifests itself among our own dogs?

Of one thing I am sure, the American sportsman who has once shot over a reporter has experienced a new joy in life, and this joy he will ever keep, if he can, among the many pleasures which give zest to the life of the true lover of the chase.

MARSTRAND.

STOCKHOLM, Sweden.

FIRST SPEAR.

THE PIG-STICKING EXPERIENCES OF A PAIR OF NOVICES IN SINDH.

HOW the years fly! I caught myself indulging in reverie on the enjoyment of a Christmastide, the scenes of which were as fresh in my memory—perhaps fresher than the scenes of any recent Christmas—and when I came to fix the date I found it was away back in the early sixties, when I was having my first experiences of sport in what I may call a really good game country.

My camp was at Metanee, a considerable village on the banks of the Indus in the rainless region of Middle Scinde, and consisted of a main dwelling about forty by sixteen, divided into sitting room and bedroom, with adjoining outhouses for servants, and stables. The walls of the buildings were simply basketwork, and the roofs thatch, and the buildings so arranged as to occupy two sides of an oblong square, the other two sides of which were inclosed with a high light fence.

Here I lived for five years far remote from any other Europeans, and twelve miles from the main road through the country, but I was far too busy a man to feel any sense of loneliness. I was running an extensive saltpetre refinery, which engaged my activities, physical and mental, from dawn of day until sunset, with the exception that, as the work became thoroughly systematized, I indulged in an occasional day off—generally once a week—for shooting, and this with my periodical trips to the Sukkur market, where I bought the crude material, rendered my life sufficiently diversified to be enjoyable. I had an occasional visit, too, from the officer in charge of the telegraph line, a young fellow of my own age named Keith, who generally once or twice in the course of the cold season would leave his camp on the road and ride over to spend a night with me.

Well, one 23d of December, I think it must have been either '62 or '63, I took a day off for shooting, and rode home at evening with a pretty fair bag of duck and black partridge, and on nearing my camp I saw Keith's groom approaching it with a led horse, and as I rode up to him he made a profound salaam, and reported that the Sahib was coming on his camel and might be expected immediately. This was good news. There was a hasty consultation with the Portuguese boy, who filled the office of chief cook and butler, another dish was added to the *menu*, and a quarter of an hour later the two of us were seated at the table, polishing our countenances in the sunshine of each other's presence, and as happy perhaps in the Scinde wilds as any two men in Christendom. Keith had planned his tour so that he might spend two days with me, and we were thoroughly resolved to have a royal good time of it.

"Have you done any pig-sticking yet?" asked Keith, as we sat back in our easy chairs after dinner, smoking and sipping our coffee.

"Not much," I replied, "I rode one half-grown pig and rolled him over as a bit of training for myself and horse, and after that I had a dashing gallop after an old tusker, but I didn't get him."

"How was that," asked Keith, "did he get into cover?"

"Well, not exactly," I explained, "but he turned the wrong end toward me. I was going along in grand style, spear well poised, when the high banks of a canal loomed up before me, and I made a burst to come up with him before he could reach it, for I had no idea of going into the canal without knowing how I should get out again. It was no use, the boar spurted too, and finding I could not come within twenty yards of him, I began to pull in. At that moment the boar reached the bank, wheeled sharply round and prepared to receive cavalry. My horse decided the matter for himself, wheeling round so suddenly that I had enough to do to keep my seat, and when at length I was able to look over my shoulder, it was quite a relief to find the boar was not after us. Wheeling round, I saw the old gentleman trotting leisurely along under the canal bank, and as that was on my left, I lost interest in the chase."

"But," said Keith, "you might have headed him and turned him back the other way."

"Possibly," I rejoined, "but he would have been wrong end on at the charge, and I was bashful."

We sat and chatted for an hour or two, and made plans for the following day's sport, and the programme included pig sticking if a pig could be found to give us a run. I had two spears, Keith was yearning to flesh one of them in a boar, and now that I had a comrade to aid me in the fight, I too was fired with a spirit of emulation.

With the first dawn of day we sat down to a breakfast of coffee and omelettes and good home-made bread and butter, and before the sun was well above the horizon we were in the saddle with our guns, trusting the spears to a servant who rode behind the camel man, and had charge of the luncheon.

A leisurely trot of two miles carried us across the barren salt tract that skirted the village, to some lands cultivated by water from the canal, raised by Persian wheels, and another mile brought us to a jheel or lake, the principal duck grounds of the neighborhood. A fringe of tamarisk trees skirted the lake in places, but with this exception there was hardly a bush in sight; on the wide undulating plain two or three flocks of blue crane were visible, and as we neared the lake an occasional *quack, quack* warned us that the ducks were at home.

We dismounted at a hundred yards distance, and headed for cover to separate points about a hundred yards apart. We made cover simultaneously, and before I had time to look round Keith fired, setting the whole lake in commotion; hundreds of ducks were on the wing at once, and a flock of mallards wheeling by me I shot at the duck and killed a drake which was following some six feet behind him, and a flock of teal following, I discharged the second barrel into the midst and brought down one. Keith had killed two mallards and wounded one, which was recovered with difficulty after some time, and after a dozen more shots which resulted in adding three more ducks to the bag, we left the lake and headed for the low *sailaba* lands on the banks of the river.

The *sailaba* lands are recent silt deposits, sometimes a mile or two in width, which, being under water all the summer, and containing a great deal of organic matter, are easily cultivated for winter crops such as grain, wheat, barley and vetches; but the population being scanty, and having their permanent homes in distant villages, only half the tract is cultivated, the remainder being covered with low tamarisk jungle, which is found in plots of from an acre to a hundred acres. This makes a splendid game country. The para, or hog deer, and the boar lurk in the jungle by day and feed in the fields at night; black partridge, quail and hare are in the fields nearly all day; and here too are the feeding grounds of the geese and blue cranes. It is a grand shooting country, and practically my preserve, for the native sportsmen seek only big game.

Reaching this country we opened out to nearly four hundred yards apart, the camel in the middle, and in this order rode slowly on for two or three miles in the quest for pig; we saw several flocks of blue crane and occasionally put up a black partridge, but we disregarded them. At length I sighted a hog deer feeding in the open, and signaling to Keith, he was soon cantering across country toward me. The deer sighted us and walked leisurely into a small clump of tamarisk jungle, and reaching the spot we sent the camel through the jungle, Keith and I riding at a walk a little to the rear on either side.

"Will your horse stand fire?" I had queried of Keith in a whisper.

"Oh, I think so, I don't know, I never tried him," he replied, "but at any rate he will stand while I am firing."

And so we started, but the camel went through from end to end without putting out the deer, and as it was only a narrow strip we made straight for another clump some two hundred yards ahead. Here we pursued the same tactics, and presently Keith's gun woke the echoes, and I pushed my way through, and saw him some fifty yards off pulling in his horse and feeling for his stirrups. He soon wheeled around, and meantime the camel-man had brought his camel out of the bush and was dismounting.

"Is he down?" called Keith. "I thought so," he continued, as he got the reply in the affirmative; "he just put out his head at about twenty-five yards and I fired, and after that I had enough to do to keep my seat and hold on to my gun." It was a small doe.

It was now too late in the day to give much chance of seeing pig in the open, and after a consultation we decided to shoot for birds for an hour or so, then lunch, and work down to a village some two or three miles off, get half a dozen beaters, and drive the plots of jungle for pig.

We were soon afoot, the camel man and the servant with the horses skirting the fields, while Keith and I went through them, doing our own beating. Scoring about half our shots, we made up a bag of five or six brace of partridge, two brace of quail and three hares, honors about equally divided, excepting that I shot all the quail, having had more experience with that bird than Keith, who missed all his.

We then sat down to lunch, which consisted of game pie baked the night before for the occasion, some bread and cheese, and a bottle of Bass, and by a supreme effort succeeded in disposing of everything but a piece of bread. Then, stretched on the light sandy soil, we enjoyed our pipes, the horses meanwhile getting their feed of corn, and the camel browsing the tamarisk, with a longing eye on an adjoining field of vetches. The two servants, too, had brought their dark cakes of bajri meal, and the scene was one of pleasant animal enjoyment.

While enjoying our pipes a quiet *honk* was heard from the river side, and apprised us that geese were feeding near at hand; we decided to look them up before we made for the village; and following the direction of the sound, which was occasionally repeated, we came on a flock of several hundred of them close to the river's bank. Between us and them was a bit of tamarisk jungle, and making straight for this, Keith and I dismounted, and having drawn our small shot and replaced it with wire cartridges, we crept through to reconnoitre. The geese were from 100 to 200yds. off, but the more distant appeared to be close to the edge of a high bank, which would give cover from the river side, and drawing back, it was arranged that I should remain in cover while Keith should make a long detour and approach them from under the bank.

He had been gone fully twenty minutes, when his shot rung out, and as the flock rose I saw one bird down at no great distance. They did not come directly toward me, but went straight down river. The nearest birds were perhaps not 80yds. from me as they flew by, and I raised my gun to fire, but as I did so the cry of a blue crane close at hand bade me pause, and looking up I saw a dozen of them within 20yds. of me, and in the act of wheeling to avoid me. Singling one of them out I brought him down dead, the cartridge having gone into him like a ball and burst, and as I picked him up I saw Keith in pursuit of a goose which he had winged. He stopped and gave him the other barrel, and then resumed the chase.

Picking up the crane I made for the goose which I had seen on the ground when the flock rose, and found him dead with a shot through the eye. The camel now came on the scene, and aided in the chase for the other goose and turned him toward me, enabling me to put in a shot at 70yds., which made him fall forward; he was up and off again in a minute, but after another 20yds. he staggered and rolled over.

Keith was astounded to learn that he had shot a second goose. He had covered his bird at about 40yds., and the second had fallen to a stray shot at least 100yds. from where he stood.

We then made straight for the village, about two or three miles off, got half a dozen beaters, and as we were ten miles from home and the sun two hours past the meridian, we turned our faces homeward, beating all the larger clumps of tamarisk, the beaters opening out and shouting as they went.

At the very first clump three half-grown pigs were put out on Keith's side, and he with a "whoop" started in pursuit. I cantered on to the edge of the plot, and saw him going at top speed across the fields, and not wanting to tire my horse I kept on leisurely until I saw him turn, ride back a few yards, and draw up. Then I knew that he had killed, and when I came I found him in high feather. It was a half-grown boar, and the spear had gone in high up and well behind the shoulder, striking downward and killing the beast in his tracks.

Another hour or more was spent in beating plot after plot of jungle without success, and the December sun was getting near the horizon, when on our way toward a big piece of jungle which was to be our last beat, an old tusker trotted out of the end, and was 40yds. from cover before he saw us. He made no effort to return to cover, but sighting us he gave a grunt and dashed off at top speed toward the river.

For the first half mile we gained nothing on him. We, too, had started at top speed, but knowing from reading, if not from experience, that that was bad tactics, I restrained my horse and called to Keith to do the same. There was a big piece of jungle about half a mile to our right, and the boar made at first as if he didn't want it, but as we began to gain on him he wheeled suddenly and made straight for its cover. This wheel gave me the lead of Keith, and I pressed on, steadily diminishing the distance between us and the boar. The 40yds. were reduced to 30, the 30 to 20, the 20 to 10, but now the cover loomed up not 40yds. off. Now for a spurt. I poised my spear, drove my heels into my horse, and the distance between me and the boar diminished at every stride. He was within a yard of cover, I urged my horse to a last effort, drew back my spear to strike, and with a misgiving that it was too late, I struck between the hams some 4in. below the tail.

With a savage grunt the infuriated boar wheeled upon us, my horse wheeled as suddenly, but I was no party to the maneuver. I saw dimly the black boar below me, as I shot out of the saddle and over his back into the tamarisk bushes, I felt the spear almost wrenched from my grasp as it drew out from the wound, and then as I fell I heard a groan and a heavy fall and the thundering of horse's hoofs.

Springing to my feet I shortened my spear for the charge. I could see nothing, for I was eight or nine feet inside the edge of the jungle, but I heard the sound of some animal struggling, and advancing cautiously to the open—there lay the boar pierced just behind the shoulder, and the spear standing in the wound. Looking further afield I saw Keith getting back from his horse's neck into the saddle, my own horse enjoying his vetches a few yards beyond, and the camel man trying to approach him. Then I drove my spear through the boar's ribs, and as the fallen beast bore it quietly, I gave a victorious yell for Keith. "First spear," I exclaimed as he dismounted. "Last spear," he replied, and then for the first time I realized the danger that his plucky charge had rescued me from, and we shook hands over it, Keith feeling exultant, and I that we had come out of it as well as might fairly be expected of a couple of griffins or tenderfeet as a Westerner would express it.

Before long the camel and the beaters, with my recovered horse, were on the scene, and giving the beaters a rupee on account, I instructed them to get as many more villagers as were needed and carry the two boars to my camp. They agreed to start about midnight, and covering the big carcass with tamarisk, to keep off the jackals, we made the best of our way homeward, reaching camp an hour after sunset, eating our dinner with hunters' appetites; and as we afterward lingered over our pipes and coffee, we experienced a thrill of satisfaction such as no later achievements in the hunting field could ever bring us.

C. F. AMERY.

ACADIAN AND CANUCK.

LAKE CHARLES, La., Sept. 13, 1889.

R. E. Robinson, Esq.:

DEH SEH—Meh fren' Miche Ahfod, haf to meh read a lill boogue whad you hwrite, call "Onc Lesha Shap," hwich mek heemsef to me hoff gret interess, hann the moah, biccause hwon mans in heem, Antoine Bissette, Ah thenk he been meh cussin.

Hwan the Hangliche, he drife meh hann cestors from Acadie, meh gran'-gran'-gran'-père, Emile Le Blanc, he come to Lou is si hannah, mais meh gran'-gran'-gran'-mère—Ah ham miss-tekhen—meh odder gran'-gran'-gran'-père, hon me modder side, Achille Bissette, he gone Quebegue. Diss Antoine, he wass be some discendence hoff dass Achille, yass?

Besside, hees hwife's name Ursule, dass de name meh holdest dotter, so Ah tink she mus been meh cussin, hein?

Hnex tam he see you, hit mek meh glad hyou tell heem Ah wrot you hann lake heem Ah lak ackshange pigshoo wid heem.

Hif e nod lak sau pigshoo, biccause he nod can hwrat de Hangliche, tell heem dass mek no deefence, he nod haf the hadvantage, possib, E nod live in Loo hi si hannah, dass nod hees faut.

Meh childen, he all can reads han hwrite Hangliche moss good hass me, hann Ursule—she ver' fine hed hucate, she mos cas whrite hlegal note, all she herseff. Poar mah, mos, sometams, peops tink me Mericain, Ah spik Hangliche so hwell—hann dey ver' moch supprise hwan odder peops say, "Heem Crehole, yass."

Hif you hwrite me leddah foh meh cussin, you hwrite heem to me fren, Miche Ahfad, Ah can gat heem so sooner hass hwan you hwrat heem mehseff.

E hwrite thees fah me, so hyou plis hegscuse misstek. Ah ham, votre, etc.,

ARSENE LEBLANC.

DANVIS, Vt., Nov. 10, 1889.

M'sieu Offa:

Hol' M'sieu Robyson he 'ld handle me dat lett what you 'll wrote for dat Frenchmans ant it what he 'll tink he 'll was cussin for me prob'ly 'f he 'll ant cussin for mah waf Ah do' know, me. Prob'ly he 'll was, prob'ly he 'll ant.

Ah 'll rembler hear mah granpere, he 'll gat great many hole wan he 'll come dead, spik of it hees onc' nem Arsene Bissette leeve in Quebec, Ah guess yas. But Ah 'll tol' you Ah 'll gat brudder-law me, what hees nem be Zhoe le Blanc w'en he 'll leev in Canada. Now he'll gat leev in Masschusin an' work on meel, he gat hees nem be Mistah White an' he 'll feel pooty plump, Ah 'll tol' you. Lak nough he 'll been cussin for you frien' fore he 'll gat White, Ah do' know 'f he 'll hown it naow.

Ah 'll be glad for see you frien' hees photygrab see 'f he 'll look lak mah peop. Ah 'll ant never see Crehole an' Ah 'll ant know haow was he look lak someboddee. But Ah 'll ant gat mah'n take so Ah 'll can' sen' heem of it. Ah do' know 'f Ah can wrote Angleesh, Ah 'll ant try, Ah 'll gat M'sieu Robyson wrote dis. He 'll gat so blin' of hees heyesaght he 'll mos' can' see, so 'f dese lett ant look putty goode you 'll ant blem to me.

Ah 'll was you frien'

ANTOINE BISSETTE.

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nanit," "Gloan," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybillene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

DOGS, DINGOES AND KURIS.

THERE is no point more undecided in natural history, or more difficult to decide, than the origin of the commonest of all domestic animals, the dog. The problem to be solved may be briefly stated thus: Firstly, is the dog a wild animal which has been domesticated? and, secondly, does it revert to a wild animal if it ceases to be associated with man?

There are, of course, many wild animals of the dog family, such as wolves, hyenas, jackals, foxes, and so on. But none of these become dogs by being domesticated. They always have been wild animals and they always will be wild animals. The dog, on the other hand, has been a domestic auimal at least as long as there are any historical records of human life; and even with the remains of pre-historic man are found the remains of pre-historic, but domesticated, dogs. The lake-dwellers of Switzerland, who lived in the "bone age," whenever that may have been, had dogs with which they hunted the bear and the deer. On the other hand, there is no instance known, as far as I am aware, of dogs having ever existed in the feral state.

The Eskimo dog was at one time supposed to be a wild dog brought into subjection by the Arctic races. But Lieutenant Schwatka shows not only that it is not a wild dog, but that it is not even a distinct type of tame dog. The Eskimo dogs, he says, include all sorts and conditions of dogs, and do not materially differ from the dogs in any American or European town.

In the course of my travels, I have come across three kinds of so-called wild dogs, and I shall be happy to describe them for the readers of FOREST AND STREAM.

In many parts of New Zealand the hills are infested with "wild dogs," which attack the sheep and often inflict great loss on the farmers more by harrying and terrifying the flock than by what they eat. The shepherds shoot them or poison them whenever they can, and liberal rewards are given for all that are brought in. I have seen numbers of these brutes and have shot a good many myself. They are merely the progeny of dogs which have strayed away from sheep stations or taken to the wilds from starvation when driven from some farm. They are nearly always a cross of the collie, or else of the pig-dog, which is a bull-mastiff or a large bull-terrier, and though they develop great size, strength and ferocity from their predatory life, they never lose their domestic characteristics. They are easily tamed, and are not then to be distinguished from the dogs ordinarily found about a sheep station or a farm.

Mr. Denton, an American gentlemen who made the tour of Australasia some years ago, and has published an amusing book upon it, makes great fun of the vast number of dogs which surround the visitor at every New Zealand homestead, and even—so he says—invade the cars and other places from which dogs are usually excluded. He exaggerates the facts a good deal, and fails altogether to see the good use of them; but there is something in what he says. Australia and New Zealand have more sheep than any other countries in the world, and New Zealand, being a small and fertile country, has its flocks closer together than Australia. But where there are sheep there must be dogs, for the whole management of the flock is done by dogs. Every shepherd and every man about a station has at least a couple of dogs at his heels, without which he would be perfectly helpless. Then a great many additional dogs are employed to kill rabbits and wild pigs and other enemies of the sheep farmer, and in some localities the boundaries of the run are kept entirely by dogs, which prevent the flock from mixing, though the fences are open where the roads pass through. Hence, it will be readily understood, there actually are a great many dogs about the homestead when the men are all in from their work. But there is not a single useless dog among them, and many of them are worth from twenty-five to a hundred dollars, according to their pedigree and their capabilities with sheep.

It is the strays from these that have produced the "wild dogs" of the hills, which are only wild in the sense that they do not belong to anybody and do not live anywhere in particular. In that sense there are multitudes of wild dogs in every American city except, perhaps, New York, which is singularly free from stray dogs.

There is, or was, another kind of dog in New Zealand, which has a somewhat better claim to be called wild. I allude to the Kuri or Maori dog, at one time supposed to be an indigenous animal. When the colony was occupied by the British fifty years ago, the Kuri was very common among the Maoris and was the only dog in the country. The Maoris ate its flesh and used its skin for robes or mats. I have often seen the Kuri in the early days, but now there is nothing to be seen of it but the skin—a good dog skin mat being an heirloom and a treasure in the families of the chiefs. I never heard that the Kuri was at any time a wild animal, and though it was commonly called the Maori dog, I am convinced that it was merely the progeny of European dogs put ashore by Captain Cook or some of the early navigators. The fact of the Kuri appearing to furnish a distinct and uniform type, as it undoubtedly did, is easily accounted for by the very probable supposition that only a couple of dogs or so were landed, for in those days a ship did not visit the islands once in twenty years or more, and that all the Kuris in the country came of one stock. They were small rough-haired dogs, black or bluish black, sometimes spotted with yellowish or rusty white, with a long muzzle, cocked ears and a thick tail, ugly little brutes on the whole and certainly not assignable to any known European breed. Yet there is practically no doubt that they were the offspring of some mongrels brought from Europe; and there is not a trace of evidence of their ever having been otherwise than domesticated. They were not at all numerous at the time of the European settlement, and after that they were soon crossed out of all recognition by the settlers' dogs, except in the remoter settlements, where the type survived until quite within recent years.

I now come to the Australian dingo, the most disputed of all "wild dogs." This curious animal has been commonly assured to be the progeny of a domestic dog gone wild, for a single reason. It is the only mammal on the continent of Australia or the island of Tasmania that is not marsupial. All the others, whether herbivorous or carnivorous, are pouched animals, a peculiarity which distinguishes them from all other creatures whatsoever in a very decided way. They form, in fact, a separate section of animated nature, of which only one or two instances are found in any other part of the world. Hence it is contended that the dingo, being something like a dog and not being marsupial, must have been introduced from other countries; but no such animal exists or has ever been described in any other country; therefore it must be the wild descendant of dogs brought by the early navigators.

This is not very logical reasoning, nor is it at all convincing to me. On the contrary, I think the evidence against the dingo being a dog gone wild, is overwhelming. In the first place, it is not really very much like a dog. It is a small animal, no larger than a coyote, but quite differently proportioned, being longer in the legs and shorter in the back, yellow in color, with a pointed muzzle, pricked ears, and a stiff brush tail quite unlike the bushy tail of the collie dog, which, in general, it resembles more than any other. Secondly, it is, or was, found all over Australia and Tasmania, and everywhere it presents the same appearance and characteristics. Now, Australia is a very large country, as large as Europe, and a vast proportion of it is uninhabited. It was only discovered two hundred and fifty years ago, and the first navigators founded no settlements and made no explorations. It was not until the latter part of the last century that the British came and brought their dogs with them. At that time dingoes abounded, and the settlers had the greatest difficulty in protecting their flocks from their ravages. If, therefore, the dingo is the progeny of domestic dogs introduced by the discoverers, it must have assumed the wild form and spread all over the continent, notwithstanding that large rivers and vast tracts of waterless desert intervene, within one hundred and fifty years. This is quite incredible, and in my mind, it settles the question of whether or not the dingo is a dog.

I have seen great numbers of dingoes in parts of Australia very remote from one another; but I never saw the slightest difference among them. One may be a little bigger than another, or a little darker or lighter yellow than the common herd, but the animal is just as distinct a type of animal as a fox or a jackal. The dingo is most numerous in Queensland, which is sometimes jocularly called Dingoland, the last of the Australian colonies to be settled and still a very wild country in parts. It is sometimes so fierce there that it will invade homesteads and even carry off children; though, generally speaking, it is a cowardly animal, skulking away from a man, and commiting its ravages by galloping through a flock of sheep, snapping right and left with a bite that is almost always fatal, and driving the sheep in terror in all directions. It is a nocturnal animal, and would never come out in the daytime, I believe, unless compelled by hunger. It seems always to be on the verge of starvation. The shepherds and boundary riders commonly carry a quarter of mutton, well dosed with strychnine, at their saddle bow, and as they ride along toward evening, they cut off pieces and throw them on the ground. If there are any dingoes about, they are pretty sure to find these tempting morsels and to be found stretched out with intense *rigor mortis* not very far off next morning.

Away in western Australia, at the other extremity of the continent, dingoes are also found, looking and behaving exactly as they do in the east; that is to say, looking and behaving like wild animals indigenous to the country.

One of the tests which has been sometimes propounded to prove whether an animal living in a wild state is identical with the domestic variety, is whether the two will interbreed or not. This, however, is in my opinion quite delusive. It depends entirely on the extent to which they will interbreed. I have known a dog and a fox to interbreed. A cross between a pheasant and a barndoor fowl is common enough. Yet no one would say that a fox is a wild dog, or a pheasant is a wild barndoor fowl. None of these mules have any progeny, which is the surest evidence of miscegenation. In this way dingoes occasionally interbreed with domestic dogs, and the cross is not by any means a bad animal. But the process goes no further than that. The Australian dogs do not become half-dingoes, neither do the dingoes become half-dogs. In New Zealand, on the contrary, the so-called wild dogs breed freely with domestic dogs, while the Kuri, the so-called Maori dog, as I have already said, is altogether merged in the various European breeds.

Then, there is another ingenious theory that the bark of the dog is an imitation of the human voice and that wild dogs do not bark, though they soon learn to bark if brought into the society of mankind. Upon that theory, dingoes ought to learn to bark because they constantly hear dogs barking and men talking at the stations. But they do not. They have a peculiar cry of their own, more of a howl than a bark, and this never varies, as far as I am aware. I have known several instances of dingoes being tamed, but they did not bark. They kept their own cry or else were silent. A friend of mine, an officer on a man-of-war, caught a young dingo in the far north of Queensland, and brought it up on the ship. It became a great pet of the sailors and conducted itself in a most exemplary fashion, though always rather too ready to snap and worry with its formidable teeth. The first time I saw it, my attention was at once attracted by its appearance.

"What an extraordinary looking dog," I said to my friend. "What sort of breed is that?"

"It is not a dog at all," he replied. "It is a dingo that I got in Queensland."

I then examined the animal carefully, and the more I studied it, on many occasions, the more convinced I was that it was a purely wild animal, not domesticated nor capable of being domesticated, in the proper sense of the word, but merely tamed by kind treatment from youth, just as foxes, wolves and even lions and tigers are sometimes tamed. The dingo has a foul smell, which also, I think, goes to prove its wild origin.

The notion that the "*bow wow*" of the dog is the result of an effort on the part of the faithful animal, through many ages, to imitate the voice of man, is very taking from the sentimental point of view; but I should doubt if there is a shadow of scientific authority for it. As well might it be said that the "*moo moo*" of a cow, or the "*baa baa*" of a sheep, or the "*meaow meaow*" of a tomcat is an imitation of the human voice. No dog that ever was pupped can imitate the human voice half so well as a jackal, for the very reason that the jackal does not say "*bow wow wow*," but articulates in all kinds of notes and cadences, like a human being under strong emotion.

While on the subject of dogs at the antipodes, I should like to mention a fact which is probably not known in America, but which is so remarkable as to be worthy of some scientific attention here. It is that, notwithstanding the great number of dogs in Australasia, and notwithstanding that a large part of that territory lies in the torrid zone—the mean temperature being higher at Adelaide than at any other spot in the British Empire—there has never yet been a case of hydrophobia there. I believe I am right in saying, that the disease is also unknown in South Africa; and from many inquiries I have made, I am inclined to think it is entirely confined to the Northern Hemisphere.

This belief was held so firmly for many years in the colonies, that no precautions were taken against the introduction of hydrophobia. Since the introduction of other diseases, however, from which the Southern Hemisphere had previously been supposed so be exempt, a six months' quarantine of dogs has been established, and is enforced with inflexible strictness. When the Earl of Onslow came some months ago to New Zealand as Governor, the Countess pleaded hard to have the garden of Government House proclaimed a quarantine ground, so that she might not be separated from her pet poodle. The authorities, however, were inexorable, and the vice-regal lap-dog had to go to the island set apart for that purpose, like any common cur. EDWARD WAKEFIELD.

THREE DAYS IN JAMAICA.

JAMAICA has been called a land of birds without song, flowers without perfume, and women without virtue. We visited the island in a fruit ship to see tropical scenery, and found the true picture at Port Antonio, more real than the imagined—mountain and valley clothed with fruits and flowers in green and gold; dense foliage from the water's edge running "over the hills and far away;" the cocoa palms in their plumage of oriental-like fern, saluting with solemn grace those who sought their welcome shade. The cocoa palm grows luxuriantly on the shore, in the valley and on the mountain.

Jamaica is all mountain and valley. The mountains and valleys are one mass of foliage. The white houses of the estate owners may be seen perched on hills overlooking the estates, monarchs of all they survey. The chief item of export is the banana, several fleets of steamers being employed in carrying this fruit to United States markets. Sugar, limes and oranges are cultivated for export. The estates are owned by single individuals and by companies who own the steamers that carry the products of the island. The negroes of the island carry everything, including fruits, on their heads. We saw an umbrella with the inside to the gale carried on a negress's head, and we are told that the first wheelbarrow was carried on the head. It is a pleasing sight to see thirty or forty colored lads and lasses loading a fruit ship, carrying bunches of bananas on their heads, chanting ditties, lightly dancing, with their figures presenting the fine arched appearance that the custom of carrying everything on the head gives. The natives are polite and cheerful. We were told that on Sunday those coming from country places to church carried their clothes and shoes till near the town, where they washed in the river, and then donned their Sunday's best and marched "all dressed to heavenly rest."

The whites on the island are open-handed in their hospitality, admitting strangers freely to their houses without introduction, and entertaining them liberally. Our host's house at Port Antonio was built on a hill overhanging the town, reached by a white shell lane, and embowered by tropical fruit trees, with sufficient space on the plateau to form an escarpment around the house, from which a view of the town, harbor and bay could be had in front, and of the mountains inland. The cool verandahs looked out on the deep blue sea. Our dinner consisted of mountain mullet, turtle steaks and turtle eggs, ring-tailed pigeon and cocoanut pie, with abundant choice of yams, bread fruit, okra, tchaw-tchaw, plantain, banana fritters, guava jelly, pineapple jelly and blanc mange of arrowroot.

At St. Ann's Bay, where we loaded some fruit, Mr. Gordon Black, chief of constabulary, in the neighborhood of whose house we photographed some tropical scenes, took us in hand, and with his wife and daughters procured us cuttings of tropical shrubs, flowers and ferns to raise in our vineries at home. Negro boys were made to climb palm trees and procure us green cocoanuts for refreshing drinks of cocoanut milk, which is drunk with Jamaica rum. A negro boy with red cap, climbing the delicate stem of a palm tree and peering his head through the great palm leaves, as he forces the cocoanuts from their nests, is a sight to be remembered. Mr. Black introduced us to the merchants of St. Ann's Bay and put us in the way of making a fortune out of the innumerable commercial products of the island.

The roads of Jamaica are composed of a hard white shell-like stone. They are clean and pleasant to look at. There were no flies toward the end of June, so that our fears of centipedes and tarantulas were groundless. We did not even get a mosquito bite. It was cooler in Jamaica than in Philadelphia, and here we were pleasantly disappointed again, for we expected to get yellow fever at least, if we did not leave our sun-baked bodies on the island. Extreme heat in Jamaica seems impossible with such health breezes from the mountains, and when the projected railway is built around the island, Jamaica will no doubt become a favorite winter resort.

The mongoose has cleaned out snakes and rats, also the quail, which used to form the chief source for sport. Fruit and poultry are now the mongoose's food. His introduction to kill rats has proved a remedy worse than the disease.

We loaded with fruit at Annato Bay, Port Maria, Oro Cabessa, Orange Bay and Buff Bay, besides St. Ann's Bay and Port Antonio. The flying fish of the Gulf Stream did not roost in the rigging of the ship as is popularly supposed. Every morning the sailors soused us with sea water from the ship's hose, and what with sea baths, swinging in hammocks and drinking soothing drinks, singing and banjo playing on the ship, the scenery of the island, the climate and the agreeableness of the people—all this rendered our trip an enjoyable one. F. J. M.

BIG GAME IN BOER-LAND.

LYDENBERG GOLD FIELDS, Spitzkops, Feb. 9.—*My Dear* ——. Another new year started; they seem to be about one-fourth the length that they used to be at school. My beard is getting gray in the center of the chin. * * *

I had two months hunting in the fly-country; I asked a friend from Pilgrims, who was very anxious to have a hunt, to join me. He was very keen, most excitable and a great talker; the best fun was to hear him at night giving his day's experience. We captured buffalo, lion, rhinoceros, giraffe, wild beast, zebra, koodoo, wart hog, impallah, rietbok, crocodile, waterbok, dinker, wolf, wild dog and jackal. Buffalo and lion were not bagged although knocked down. We found all the game driven off the open bush country where we used to find them, and had to hunt in thick thorny bush, with very bad going, sometimes creeping, and by the river reeds 12ft. high, where my friend's lion when wounded took shelter; also the buffalo bull; and it does not pay to follow either of these two animals when wounded into thick cover without dogs.

Two English farmers from the colony came to join us; they were very decent fellows, and this made a party of four, but two are plenty. They took a Scotch cart and six oxen. I took an American horse wagon, 14ft. long, and inspanned eight donkeys and two oxen in the pole. Five of their oxen died in fly and two donkeys of ours: but as I had four spare donkeys I was able to help them. The first night we camped in the fly we did not take the precaution to put two or three fires around the donkeys, and we all but had a mishap. One of the Kafirs heard something walking in the grass, and made the fires all blaze up, but said nothing until next morning, when we looked around the camp, and sure enough we saw the spoors of three lions within a very short distance from the cattle and the donkeys—8 or 10yds.—and they did not make a whimper, a pretty sure sign that they meant business. We killed twelve giraffe, one a magnificent specimen, a very ancient bull, the finest I ever shot. (It is next to impossible to prevent moths from eating heads and skins. Since beginning this letter I have had the skins out to air a bit, and one of my dogs has eaten three feet and claws completely off a tiger skin. I have shut him up so I may get the claws to send with the skin.)

One morning with two Kafirs I struck the spoor of a white rhinoceros bull, and from the direction I was afraid some of the party would cut the spoor ahead of me, and so I hurried along, but soon found on the spoor that one of my friends had also taken it; so when I came up with him we agreed to divide the spoil whoever shot it. We followed steadily until a half hour from sundown. Every two or three hours we would come across a big barrow load of dung; but now we came to one lot which was warm and a bed that he had just risen out of. He had got our wind, so we hurried on on tiptoe through the thick thorny bush, and heard a crash away. We ran our best, and presently saw the hindquarters of the huge brute, trotting ahead about 100yds. After running about a half mile he stopped for an instant and looked round. We took a snap shot through the bushes, and on again on a blood spoor; but he put on more steam, and we lost sight of him. I had to shoot with the Martini, as my Kafir was behind with the .577 express. My friend shot with a .577 express solid bullet, which I lent him. The Kafirs wanted to sleep on the spoor and follow on at daylight, but I objected. We had had nothing to eat since leaving camp; we never carry grub and I never drink all day. It is no use sleeping on spoor with Kafirs, they rise in the morning hungry, follow the spoor for an hour or two and purposely lose it, especially if it is after an animal that may show fight. Although it got pitch dark we reached camp all right, barring a few scratches. I was in great hopes of getting him, as my friend N. was a good shot and said that he took him behind the shoulder. When I fired I could not see his foreend at all. To our surprise one of the others had had a like experience with a black rhinoceras cow. He gave it a good shot in front of the shoulder with larger bore than .577, 6 drams powder; but she cleared out, and as she was dangerous and he was a long way from camp, he came back to sleep and to get another to help him.

In the morning we started two and two. We took our spoor from where we left off, a blood spoor showing on the bushes 4ft. from the ground, for a short time. To our annoyance we found that the other party had taken the spoor of our white rhinocerous instead of going after their black rhinoceros. However, we followed on grumbling, until we saw that they had disturbed him. He had gone off at a run, their spoor still on him. That put the finishing touch on, so with disgust we turned off for camp. We were tramping along a dry creek, when we suddenly heard a snort and saw 200yds. off the hindquarters of a rhinoceros. He had got our wind and was standing snuffing. Then he made a rush into the thick thorns. We lost no time after him, but crept silently on the spoor for about twenty minutes, when one of the Kafirs points him out about 60yds. off. I couldn't make out his form for a good shot until he moved his head, nose in the air, trying to get our wind. I fired and struck him in front of the shoulders, which dropped him. N. gave him one behind the ear to make surer. On examining him we found he was our friend of yesterday; we were doubly glad after two days' spooring. It was the first that N. had seen, so he took the head and I the tail, dividing the skin. Our two friends, after following our game and giving him up for lost, took their spoor of yesterday, and were following through the bush, when they heard and half saw a big scrimmage in front. A lion jumped off a sloping bough of a tree and another sprung out of a dip in the ground immediately beneath him; but being in an awkward place they did not get a shot. However, they go on the spoor of a rhinoceros, and presently he was seen by one of them only, who opened the ball with a shot, but what followed I can hardly explain. There was a deal of rhinoceros snorting and prancing around, Kafir phelebags and ornaments lost, shirts torn in the thorns, some skedaddling, some up trees, and all terrified. My friend from Pilgrims eventually jumped down out of a tree and finished her. Nobody was caught.

I saw only one lion; there were plenty about, but the cover was too thick for them to be seen. The one I saw had heard me and stood up at 70yds. I was carrying the Martini at the time, and firing struck a bush behind him 2ft. too high. I shot through some bush and the bullet had tipped a couple of twigs, which threw it up. I set a spring gun for four lions that used to come and drink near our camp. I set the gun carelessly, and it shot a little bit out of his cheek only. I was on the spoor when I got the fresh spoor of a black rhinoceros, which we followed in the afternoon, when every minute I expected to come up with it. We could hear it, for it had caught our wind, and went crashing away. We hurried on through the thick thorn. At last I could see it, but indistinctly. I moved to one side to get a clearer shot. It was standing 60yds. or 50yds. off, nose in the air, dead on, facing me. I waited a second until it turned its head to one side; then I shot it behind the head, smashed the neck bone with my .477 solid bullet and 6 drams. I never use hollow bullets for big game. The rifle is one of two we had made to order, 9½lbs., Martini-Henry action, India rubber heel plate, and it cannot be improved so far as I can learn.

As I had only one Kafir and one little boy with me, we left the rhinocerous to the mercy of lions and wolves until next morning, when we took the wagon for it. When we got the skin off and the head, I let about ten Kafirs loose, each with a knife. My Pilgrim friend and I stood back out of the splash. After getting what they could outside, they went inside, half up to the knees in blood and dirt, scrambling and squabbling and pushing, just like a lot of youngsters for pennies. One or two got cut, but not badly. However much beef a Kafir has, he always wants more. I think he will eat as much beef at a sitting as any twelve or fifteen white men; and for dessert immediately afterward a bath of porridge that a big Scotchman could not manage.

I have been getting a few koodoo here at home lately. A koodoo bull will weigh 400lbs., and is about the handsomest animal in South Africa, having long spiral horns, 4 or 5ft. long. *

A RUN AFTER THE LONGTAILS.

SINCE Australia has become such an important commercial factor in the enterprise of the Southern Hemisphere, especially regarding India, and steam communication advanced to the stage of a weekly service between the two countries, it has grown to be the place before all others where heat-fagged Indian officials may pass a short sojourn and recuperate. The Australian bush or upcountry life is not now what it was years ago, for with the rapid advance of civilization the supply of large game has sensibly decreased, but hospitality still reigns supreme, and visitors to the leading cities, no matter what their nationality, find little difficulty in procuring through their consul a traveler's introduction to the clubs, from whence to the station or ranch is a certainty, for the squatters are only too glad to extend invitations, if properly introduced, for a month's stay among the longtailed marsupials.

Australian sheep stations or ranches are conducted much the same as those in the western United States, excepting perhaps that the head station is arranged with better regard to comfort, so that visitors have every luxury of city life combined with the outdoor sports peculiar to the country, the most popular of which is hunting the kangaroo. To be successful a kangaroo hunt requires no little judgment, a good horse and a couple of brace of well-trained dogs, for although when undisturbed he is as harmless as a rabbit, an old man kangaroo when brought to bay is an ugly customer, and one not to be carelessly tackled. Since cattle raising has reached its present enormous magnitude, and proved so safe and lucrative an investment, anything that interferes with its success must go under, hence the marsupials have been slaughtered by the thousands to preserve feed for the stock. Owing to this fact a few days are required to arrange a hunt.

When the day has been determined on, a few of the black hands employed on the station are told off to scout the district for new tracks. The Australian aboriginal, although the lowest type of humanity to be met with, is a keen sportsman and can run down an animal by its track, with as unerring certainty as a full-blooded hound. He is thus an invaluable help on a kangaroo hunt, and enters into the pursuit with a zest which always insures good sport to those joining in it. Kangaroos are run down by sight with coarse strongly built dogs, a cross between the mastiff and rough Scotch deerhound, speed combined with enormous strength being essential. So soon as a kangaroo has been located, the news is brought to the head station, when each mounts his horse and follows the guide. The approach must be made from leeward, as the animals scent is peculiarly sharp, not allowing the dogs too much law through fear of dispiriting them. The dogs are not slipped as in coursing hares; they merely follow the guides anxiously, jumping in high occasional springs when any sign is given them that game is near by. At first a kangaroo takes matters easily, seeming to think a novelty has been sprung on him for his especial amusement, but when he finds the dogs are pressing him close, notions of danger and the necessity of clearing out bursts on his feeble imagination, and away he goes like the wind, in a series of such comical bounds, that one leans to the idea he half flies. No time must now be lost saddles are tightly pressed and the well-trained horses obey every knee motion and keep close to the yelping dogs. If the chase is across the open, no danger exists except from an earth fissure or a passing snake, either of which entails a cropper with perhaps a broken limb or an ugly sprain, but my experience is that such mishaps seldom occur, if the horse is altogether trusted, for as a rule the Australian bush horse is so perfectly trained that it can be safely depended on. But when the line runs under low-hanging gum and wattle trees, with a thick undergrowth of scrub, no little caution must be used, else a mishap similar to Absolom's may ensue.

Forward you bound, with your horse yielding every ounce to keep the dogs in sight; past immense gnarled primeval denizens of the plains, which at another time would demand undivided attention, over dry water courses in steeple chase desperation; onward, until the pace begins to tell and your animal shows unmistakable signs of being pumped out, and a "not-in-at-the-death" record awaits you. Should it be your first hunt, this will inevitably be the case, unless you strictly follow your host's tactics, when you will find many little short cuts taken, prompted by his experience of kangaroo habits and his knowledge of the ground. Perhaps your horse has bottom enough, and bravely carries you close to the hounds, until suddenly, a few yards in front of you, you almost ride over the varmint and the dogs engaged in a determined, but cautious, encounter. The dogs, not unmindful of many previous engagements, are wary of approaching too near, for they have a wholesome remembrance that sharp claws tear and that a kangaroo can kick straight and strong. Such a contest might last a long time, but dogs and horses are done up, so you use your revolver or sporting rifle and humanely dispatch the game; otherwise your dogs may grow desperate and become so maimed as to be of no further use in the field.

A kangaroo runs, or rather jumps, hard for his life; and the pace in following a pair of good dogs in hot pursuit of an "old man" is simply terrible, for unfortunately little judgment is used. The horse, excited beyond measure, acts on his own training and experience, and his rider, unconscious of the animal's motion, and regardless of mishap, is so carried away by excitement that he becomes completely forgetful of consequences in his endeavor to keep the chase in view.

When the game is brought to bag a great deal of caution must be observed. In illustration of this, the writer once saw an old man kangaroo (full grown and standing nearly 5ft. high) snatch an immense hound in its arms and deliberately rush into a neighboring creek up to its loins in the stream, where it submerged the dog's head and endeavored to drown it. In this it would have succeeded had not a bullet released poor old Bismarck from such an unexpected bath. W. H. L.

CHAT FROM MEXICO.

I AM going to write a little letter that will scatter as badly as the old army musket with which I hunted when a boy. Dear old musket of the battered breech pin that wouldn't come out, the big nipple and the mighty hammer. How closely you are associated in my memory with a barefoot, sun-tanned boy, now far from the hills and fields he carried you over and the creek which ran among them, waded in summer, ice-bridged in winter! And let me record it to Old Betsy's credit that if she did scatter, some of the load always "got there," and by my being liberal with shot both as to quantity and size, the meat was mine. Many a cottontail and squirrel—we wouldn't waste a shot on Bob White—and not a few ducks and turkeys answered to its friendly voice. But what a trial that big nipple was! Rarely could we get any caps adapted to it, and it flattened out an ordinary one till it looked like a wind-turned umbrella. Sometimes in this state it would stick in the hammer, sometimes lie on the nipple, sometimes by an unguarded moment fall off or lose the precious fulminate. Well do I remember the Christmas morning when I stood in the falling snow fumbling with that misfit cap while two long-necked young turkey gobblers stood on the hillside about 30yds. above me and said *put, put!* Now this that I have written about that old musket was a part of the scatter load I really wasn't prepared for.

I sympathize with "Podgers" on the dog question. Haven't I had my trials? My wife doesn't like dogs; that is to say, she is afraid of dogs in general, and does not make proper distinctions. I have tried to beguile her into some of my enthusiasm by reading the best dog stories I could find in FOREST AND STREAM and elsewhere, but about half the time she sniffs with skepticism. And of all the places in which to inspire one with a proper regard for the canine family, Mexico is about the worst. Of all the currish, mangy, sneaking, filthy, barking, quarrelsome, detestable dogs the world affords, the average Mexican dog is about the worst. He is an exceedingly numerous individual, too. Mexican houses are usually built without yards, so the dog's place is either in the house or in the street, usually the latter. The theory of the "survival of the fittest" gets a black eye here surely, unless the standard of fitness be wide of that usually accepted by dog fanciers.

Another difficulty I have contended with is luck. It must be that. True, I haven't, like "Podgers," spent much money on dogs—written a (check)book in their honor, so to speak. But I have tried in various economical ways to secure a good dog, a sensible, intelligent dog, that would be useful as well as companionable. The only one my wife liked was a handsome English setter of shady pedigree, which learned to follow the baby's buggy and allowed the aforesaid baby to cuff him and pull his tail. His only other accomplishment was to decorate the front yard with fragments of the morning paper. Hammond's counsel and my patience were alike wasted on that numbskull; he absolutely could not or would not learn a thing, and I gave him away in disgust. Next I had a little black witch, a crossed Gordon setter and spaniel, that was as bright as the other fellow had been dull. She was a perfect little prodigy for field work, and though not allowing the baby so many liberties, was fairly welcome in the house. While trying to settle down into a new home we lost her. This was all in balmy California.

There are a very few good dogs in Mexico. I got hold of a smart young dog, of German blood, I think, that was quite intelligent, but had a strange and unnatural antipathy to little children. I say unnatural because I never before saw a case. Is it not unnatural? So I am dogless.

This is a poor country for dogs anyhow. The cactus and thorns and horrible dryness would be a dreadful trial to a good dog, and as the quail will not lie close and there are no woodcock nor grouse, duck retrieving is about all the use—aside, of course, from companionship—which one has for a dog. And yet a gun without a dog seems but half an outfit for hunting.

I went to San Antonio recently. That is quite a lively town in shooting matters. And from all I could learn I suppose that Corpus Cristi, a sleepy little town down on the Gulf, is about the finest spot in the United States for winter wildfowl shooting, with deer and turkey and quail in easy reach. There are three varieties of quail along the Texas Mexican border, Bob White, the California valley quail (which some of your correspondents have recently spoken of wrongly as mountain quail), and the Mexican quail with a white topknot (*Cyrtonyx montezumæ*). I make this statement not from personal observation, but from what I have heard. I only saw from the train Bob White and the Mexican quail, the former after crossing into Texas in great abundance. In fact I saw none on this side of the line, though they are doubtless there. It seemed just as it should be to be greeted on Uncle Sam's soil by this little brown sprite, whom I had not seen for five years, and I was sorry press of business did not allow me to pay my respects to him. AZTEC.

SAN LUIS POTOSI, Mexico.

AS THEY LIVE IN JAPAN.

TEN THOUSAND YEAR HOUSE, Tokio, Japan, Sept. 12.—One's first impressions of Japan are as if he had been suddenly deposited in an enchanted fairyland. The hurry and bustle of the small people as they clatter on their stilted wooden shoes; the streets crowded by the ubiquitous ginrikisha man, always on a run with his baby-like carriage; the crowded shops where every one sits on the floor with his curious wares around him; the pretty girls in pejamyas; the Kate Greenaway-dressed babies carried on their mothers' backs; the ghastly look of the married woman with her shaved eyebrows and blackened teeth; the heavy loads hauled by men; the bullock carts; the carriage of some official preceded by his runners; the grotesque-looking junks and sampans; the naked boatmen and workmen—all form a sight bewildering to the foreigner.

The harbor of Yokohama is too shallow to admit vessels landing at the wharf, so when ours anchored it was at once surrounded by boats called sampans, which are in appearance a cross between an Indian canoe and a gondola. The sampans are for hire, and some of them have hotel runners, who at once rush on board and "rustle" for customers; the hotel runners are not encumbered with clothes, being usually contented with a small breech cloth; others, more pretentious, wear a shirt, but all are excessively polite, bowing with the grace and freedom acquired from unencumbered limbs.

I went at once to Tokio, a city of more than a million inhabitants, and with the cleanest and best conditioned streets I have ever seen.

There is an European hotel here, but wishing to see the country *au naturelle*, I took up my quarters in a Japanese one, with a mental proviso, to help myself on the outside on the food line, a precaution no one can appreciate who has not dined *à la Japanese*. Shoes of all description are required to be removed before entering any Japanese hotels, temples or houses, a necessity required by the construction of their buildings. The woodwork of the interior is polished and beautifully finished; the floors are of handsome bamboo matting, which shines from constant polishing. The closets of the rooms, and they are many, close with sliding doors, every joint being fitted like cabinet work. Each room is furnished with a Liliputian tea set; a box containing charcoal fire, over which constantly simmers a kettle of hot water, with which to make tea; a little box with a bronze cup containing fire, with which to light a pipe, a bamboo cane about 6in. long, for a spittoon; a toy bureau with a swinging looking glass, and a half dozen leather mats to sit on. The walls are sparsely decorated with pictures of impossible beings. The ends of the rooms are paper screens which are left open in the daytime. Privacy is unknown; every one, from the dish washer to the proprietor, comes in without notice—except to bow the head to the floor—takes a seat on a mat on the floor and proceeds to drink tea with you. The beds are simple comforters, laid on the floor with a pillow like an oblong box, made of wood and covered with leather. This pillow is an exquisite implement of torture, which I feel convinced must have been invented by some Japanese sage, as a terror to sluggards. In the morning, before I am up, the women come and make tea for me, and then, despite my modest protestations, insist on dressing me, and help make my toilet. In fact the whole Japanese domestic economy exhibits a total want of what we usually call modesty, although they are extremely moral. I have never yet seen a street quarrel, nor a sign of vice, drunkenness nor beggary. They are extraordinarily polite, acquaintances when meeting or parting, bowing almost to the ground. They are not at all servile, however; and you can distinguish by the proud step and haughty demeanor the disarmed two-sworded man, whose former business in life, like that of our old knights-errant, was resenting fancied injuries. The foreigner, by his ignorance of the punctillios of Japanese life, often unwittingly gave offense to these high-minded gentry, and I was shown the grave of one unfortunate Englishman, who by crossing the street, between the knight and his prince, was at once killed to satisfy the offended dignity of the two-sworded Quixote. The English Government demanded reparation in the shape of a fine and execution of the murderer; the fine was paid, but a meaner victim was executed; and I am told the real offender lives in Tokio to-day.

The feuds of rival nobles and clans in Japan would furnish material for an Iliad, or a chronicle that would rival those of the Scottish Highlands.

The Japanese vegetables and fruits are all different from ours. Their watermelons are good; but their peaches are hard and ill-tasting; pears are juicy, but taste more like a raw potato; muskmelons look like our cucumbers. Even the animals have a peculiar look; cats are tailless; very diminutive bantam chickens are numerous; other roosters have tail feathers from three to four feet long, and there are many small red fish who in tail development endeavor to rival the roosters. The horses are of a Tartar breed; the cattle are East Indian.

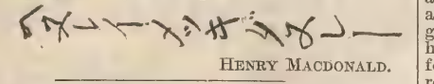
In the center of the city is the palace of the Mikado, where a large space is surrounded by a wall and moat; this is surrounded in a circular manner by other walls and moats. All the Government buildings are in the walled portion; the moats are crossed at short intervals by bridges, which can be easily defended from an enemy. The troops present a creditable appearance. The streets are sprinkled by large buckets, with a bottom like a sieve, carried on a bamboo pole across the shoulders. Workmen are naked except a breech-cloth, and sit on the floor at their work. Carpenters pull the saw toward themselves. Almost all work is done by hand power. Rice is ground by being poured into a hole and pounded by a heavy hammer-headed lever, which is worked by a man jumping on one end of it—a most laborious task. The women appear to have an easy time, as their house-keeping is very slight. They throng the streets, hair plastered in a peculiar manner, and faces painted so prodigally as if to assure the passer by they could afford the paint.

Some of their streets present a gay appearance by night, lighted up by lamps and lanterns of every possible pattern. Some are for the exclusive sale of flowers and shrubs, which are presented in the most marvelous profusion and beauty—shrubs loaded with fruits and flowers of endless types and colors. Other streets are devoted to one-cent shows and performances, pictures of horrible dragons and monstrosities, jugglers, swordmen, fakirs, etc. The weird music, constant drumming and shouts and speeches of the actors, present a wonderfully stirring and grotesque entertainment.

The principal mode of conveyance is by ginrikisha, a neat little carriage on two wheels, drawn by a man whose clothes consist of a blouse and drawers about 6in. long. He will carry his passenger with tireless speed for seven cents an hour, his bare feet never becoming sore, and his legs showing a model from development.

In religious matters the educated classes are agnostics or Buddhists, but the belief of the great majority is Shintoism. Christianity is not noticeable. The Buddhist temples are comparatively bare, but the Shinto temples are rich in grotesque ornamentation. The principal ones are about the size of Solomon's temple, and, like it, the worshipers do not enter, but pay their devotions from the outer court. The entrances to the temple grounds are high gates, guarded on either side by terrific, ogre-like giants, about eighteen feet high and large in proportion. The walls of the inclosure are a mass of ornamented woodwork in bold relief, lilies, cactus, lotus and other flowers, in inextricable confusion, with peacocks, lions, tigers, dragons and the nightmares of Oriental imagination. Inside the gates, a stone pavement a half mile long leads up to the temple, through an immense avenue of stone lanterns about twelve feet high. Scattered through the grounds are colossal statues of lions with forked tails, dragons, obelisks, saints' tombs and stone statues of saints with halos. The temple stands on an elevation reached by stone steps, sometimes as many as a hundred. Inside all is gilt and tinsel, with lanterns, some the size of a small balloon, pictures and images; all of which, in their hideous grotesqueness, look like the tortured dreamings of insanity. At the principal shrine is a large money box, about twenty feet long by ten wide, covered by diamond-shaped slats, into which the worshiper throws his coin before praying. Before each shrine is a large gong with a rope hanging in front of it. The devotee grasps the rope and gives it a jerk, which sounds the gong to summon the god. The signal in the East for summoning an attendant is to clap the hands together, and as the Shintoists stand with bowed head or kneels before his shrine, rubbing and counting his beads, he frequently claps his hands to insure the attention of his saint, while he mutters his prayer in a monotone. Nowhere have I seen people so devout. The stone pavements are worn by countless feet; the prayer-log they kneel on is polished like glass by numberless knees; while a shower of coins is constantly poured into the money receptacles. There are shrines for almost everything. Stone saints with halos round their heads have tapers burning before their shrines. Sacred horses, pigeons, roosters and turtles are fed by food, sold in little plates, and purchased by their admirers. Some of the stone images in the shrines are Japanese forms answering to the Madonna and Child, and are usually hung with some offering. Others have fox heads or monkey heads, and one I saw with a pig head. One shrine is a large prayer-wheel, 12ft. in diameter, filled with prayers. The worshiper puts his money in the box and turns the wheel. This is religion by wholesale. The most crowded shrine was a wooden image of a woman seated. The worshipers rubbed that part of their own bodies they wished healed, and then rubbed a similar part of the goddess. Cripples wishing their limbs cured, childless women wishing children, ugly girls wishing beauty, struggle with each other to get a chance to put their money in the box and place their hand on the goddess. It speaks strongly for their vanity, that every feature of the face was rubbed off, and its smooth surface glistened with a brilliant polish that only the smoothing of countless hands could give it. The worshiper forgets his former failures. The faith of superstitition is immortal. Every shrine has its money box. Credulity always pays those who administer to it.

But taking Japan from every point of view, it is a pleasant country to live in. It is beautiful, it is cheap, and its climate is unsurpassed. The people are industrious, obliging, orderly, clean, polite, moral and honest.



HENRY MACDONALD.

FISHING À LA MODE.

I SAW in some newspaper recently a description of a dude sportsman, gunner or fisherman, I forget which, and "that reminds me" of a fellow I saw one day last summer, just outside of Paris, fishing in the Seine.

To prelude, the laws are very strict over there in regard to fishing and shooting. The seasons open and shut like a jack-knife with a snap, and woe to the transgressor. On a certain day in July, I think, the season opens, and long before daylight of the day the banks of the river all along the Bois de Boulogne are lined with fishermen sitting side by side and almost elbow to elbow. I strolled down to the river one day and witnessed the sport. Taking out a cigar I paid a woman two sous for a chair, and sat down to get a wrinkle in French fishing. For half an hour all sat in silence, with not a movement. Presently one fellow had a nibble. Immediately every eye was turned on the little red float on his line. The float moved perceptibly. The man, with every nerve strained and eyes riveted on the float, breathless with excitement, watched. The float dipped again. The man pulled, the cork came to the surface, but no fish. All along the line of fishermen there was an ejaculation of *Ah!* The disappointed fisherman put on a fresh bait and waited. Presently the fish took hold again; and this time he had him. Carefully he worked him in to the bank; and an attendant slipped a delicate landing net under the fish and carried him up the bank. There was a cry all along the line of fifty or more fishermen of *Bon, bon, très joli.* Several laid down their rods and gathered around the basket, lined with leaves, in which the fish was carefully placed. He was a monster, nearly six inches long, and must have weighed about four ounces. Then all went at it again with renewed hope and courage.

Presently a cab drove up, and there descended from it a dude in an elaborate sporting costume—eye-glasses and a broad-brimmed hat. Walking leisurely to the bank, a man who had evidently been sent ahead to secure a position, vacated. A servant brought from the cab a folding stool and placed it on the bank; returning to the cab he produced a delicate rod and satchel. The rod was put together; the satchel was opened and a small silver bait box, a towel, a piece of soap and a bowl were placed on another stool alongside.

The servant opened an umbrella and held it over the fisherman's head to screen him from the sun, and the fishing began. It was a long wait for a bite. Finally there was a nibble and a miss; several more nibbles and misses, and presently there was a fish, sure enough. The excitement all along the bank was intense. With the aid of the landing net the fish was secured. The servant essayed to take it off the hook; but the fisherman anticipated him, and held it up in triumph. But this operation wet the dude's gloves, and he took them off and threw them away. Things were getting interesting and exciting, and blank the expense. Presently another fish, which being secured, the servant dipped up water from the river and handed the dude the soap and towel; and he washed his hands. This was repeated every time he caught a fish. All this time a gen d'arme had been walking up and down; and approaching the lucky fisherman, there followed an animated conversation, with much gesticulating, seemingly a protest against such indiscriminate slaughter. The dude waxed indignant and quit. The servant unjointed the rod, gathered up the stools, umbrella and fish basket, and placed them in the cabs which had been waiting. The dude entered and was driven off with his catch, numbering about six, the aggregate weight of which might have been 2lbs.—an immense success. I have no doubt this great catch made an item in next morning's paper, with the usual lie about the weight of the string and the big one that was lost.

I had learned how the French do it. Evidently a little fishing goes a long way with a Frenchman. No doubt my little man went home, took a rose water bath, and lay down for a rest after such a fatiguing and exciting episode. I thought to myself, how I would like to get that chap out in the Rockies on a thorn brush creek, of a hot day, and make him wade the stream, with an occasional stumble over a slippery boulder and a souse under. What a power of good it would do him, and what fun for me!

PODGERS.

QUAIL SHOOTING ON THE LOUP.

AFTER my Thanksgiving dinner last year I sat down and spun a yarn for FOREST AND STREAM, and I am minded to-night to tell of how I procured my dinner. Last year I had a chum and we were joint monarchs of a bachelor's sanctum; but he went back to New York last summer and returned with different game from that which we had been accustomed to pursue. "'Twas ever thus." Just as soon as I set my affections upon a man he gets married, and for a year quail and chickens have no attractions for him.

Last Sunday there was a good tracking snow, and early the next morning Ben Marston and I were off for the Loup. I was disabled as to one foot, and so was useless except as driver; but I wanted to see the sport. We took Dude, a Llewellin before mentioned in these columns, and about twelve miles north of Kearney picked up another sportsman, Grant, who owned a most villainous pointer, that accompanied us during our subsequent rambles. About 2 o'clock we reached Uncle Billy McCord's, on the Loup, and as it had again commenced snowing, we spent the remainder of the day in telling stories, smoking and discussing dogs.

An early breakfast put me in first-rate condition for the day's work. Ben and Grant took guns and dogs and I followed with the team. The Loup at this point divides, making a large island, heavily covered with timber and underbrush—just the place for quail, but most vexatious to the hunter. Here my confreres were to do their work, while I watched them from the bluff. The sky was clearing and we had every prospect of a pleasant day. When I reached the bluff a strange scene presented itself. The river was covered with thin ice near the edge, but was open a few feet from the shore. Here was an immense flock of mallards, while around and close beside them the cattle were taking their morning drink. The hunters had already seen them and were sneaking up among the steers, with the dogs well to heel. Grant was a considerable distance in the lead, and under cover of a great red two-year-old reached the water's edge. Then his impatience got the best of him, and without waiting for Ben he showed himself and blazed away as the flock rose. I could almost hear Ben's pious ejaculations, but he fired at long range with both barrels, and each shot counted. Eleven fat young mallards were the result of the first hour's work, and it was only 8 o'clock.

I drove down to the river and picked up the game, while Ben and Grant put on their hip boots and waded to the island. In a few moments the music began. It was one crack followed by another, and the work had to be quick, for a quail no sooner showed himself than he was lost to sight. Dude stood his birds like a little man, and it was a pleasure to see him strike a scent, follow it in an instant with wagging tail and then stiffen like marble. He invariably found the dead birds, even in the thickest underbrush, but he has not yet got retrieving down to a science. But Grant's dog! It riles me to think of it. He ran for every gun crack. When Ben fired he would leave his master, and when Grant fired he would desert Ben. This took so much of his time that he forgot to exercise his nose, and so failed to demonstrate the ability of which his master had been so confident. Finally Ben persuaded his comrade and the "purp" to cross the river, and from that time all went well, as the quail when flushed on one side of the stream flew to the other, and gave each hunter a shot. About 11 o'clock they returned to the wagon with about three dozen birds, and we hurried back to Uncle Billy's for an early dinner, as we wanted to reach Kearney before dark.

The afternoon was quite cold and we devoted a portion of it to pot-hunting. It was unsportsmanlike, but it could not well be helped. Whenever we passed a timber claim there were chickens in the trees, and when we passed haystacks there were chickens on them. Being in Nebraska we could not find stones to throw at them, so we had to take them sitting, but then we limited ourselves to just what could be used at home.

A day or two since, Dr. Amos, of Kimball, Neb., and P. T. Lambert, of Kearney, went up Wood River, and as a result of an evening and morning shoot bagged 137 quail. Indeed, quail shooting this season has more than compensated for the lack of chickens. Ducks have been fairly abundant ever since August, nor do they yet show any signs of departing for the south; but geese are much scarcer than they have been for many years.

Antelope are quite abundant from Lincoln county north and west, and a few small bunches are to be found south of North Platte, between the Union Pacific and Burlington & Missouri railroads.

SHOSHONE.

KEARNEY, Neb., Nov. 28.

DAYS WITH THE ELK.

THE ELK.

THE elk is exceeded in size by only one species of deer; that is the moose. But while the moose is long-legged, short-necked and big-headed, the elk is as delicately proportioned as the Virginia deer, and no more thrilling sight can be imagined than a band of these animals trotting swiftly and gracefully through a mountain park.

The elk is nearly as tall as a small horse, but is more light of limb and shorter coupled. Its speed is great, and it takes a very good horse to overtake one on the trot. The elk's gallop, while faster than its trot, is also much more fatiguing, and a running elk will soon tire itself out; while the trot can be kept up all day without apparent fatigue. The body of the elk is a rich cream color, which changes on the neck, head, legs and rump to dark brown. On the rump about the tail is a large triangular patch of pale cream color, which shows out very distinctly against its border of dark brown. The tail is very short, the ears small, and the horns widely spread, graceful and branching.

The range of the elk formerly extended over the greater part of this continent. They were found from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean and from the longitude of Hudson's Bay south to Mexico. This range is now greatly restricted. It is possible that there may be a few in Minnesota, but there are now no localities where elk are plenty east of the Rocky Mountains. In the Yellowstone Park, where all large game is protected, the elk may still be found in large numbers. They still occur in western Washington in moderate numbers.

The articles which accompany the illustrations will give a good notion of the habits of the elk.

AN ELK HUNT.

DEEP in the Rocky Mountains, not very far from Fremont's Peak, and within sight of the Three Tetons, stands a great mountain. High up on its eastern slope, from among the rough blocks of lava, which lie piled up in confused masses as they fell from the beetling cliff above, flow tiny streamlets, which with cool tinkle and noisy rush take their way down the slope, and joining together as they advance, at length form a mountain torrent. It hurries on with never a pause, past giant boulders, among tangled willow thickets, under bending alders, by close groves of young pines, through gloomy gorges and thick forests, until at last, reaching the valley, its headlong speed is slackened, and it flows with a more even current, at length pouring itself into the Yellowstone River and joining the flood which after watering the wide plains and the States of the South finally empties its drops into the great Gulf. In the wide rolling meadows on the upper western slope of this mountain, rise other springs of clear cool water. These flow toward the west; at first gently, with pleasant shallow pools in which you can see the tiny trout slowly oaring themselves against the current, or if alarmed darting like silver flashes to the shelter of the banks, or up or down the stream. By and by these rills, like the others, come together; like the others form a wild rushing torrent, and like them at length reach a valley. But this stream pours itself into the Snake River, and after long and devious journeying across the plains of Idaho, Oregon and Washington, is lost at last in the waters of the great Pacific.

Here on the Continental Divide is still the home of the elk.

The Geologist and I had started out to climb this great mountain, which, high as it is, has not yet been deemed worthy to receive a name, since it stands among others nearly as huge. We had ridden our unwilling horses nearly to the summit, and then leaving them at the foot of the rocks had dismounted and breasted on foot the last of the steep ascent. At length we reached the comb of piled up lava blocks which formed the summit's crest, from which we could see, far in all directions, mountains piled on mountains.

To the northwest the Three Tetons reared their pinnacles toward heaven, superb in their covering of newly fallen snows, while to the south other mountains, only less high, presented a jagged mass of gray, verdureless rock, seamed here and there by cañons, which, though to us they looked like mere fissures in the mountains, must be both deep and wide. To the east and north were lower timbered mountains, separated from each other by deep black gorges, with here and there a gray rock peak, sometimes patched with snow, rising far above the dark green of the coniferous forest.

In the wider view there was nothing of the picturesque, but its immensity, its grandeur and its majesty awed and held speechless the men who looked upon it. For a while they said nothing, for they were striving to take in the view, and even when their wondering intelligences had become somewhat accustomed to the scene, they had no words in which to talk of it. At such times a gesture, a hand pressure, or even a movement of the head, is more expressive than any language, if only there subsist between the gazers that perfect sympathy which is necessary to true companionship everywhere, but which is above all needed in the mountains. Long they gazed on the wide view spread out before them, thrilled by its immensity. Gradually, as they became more accustomed to it, they began to look at what lay closer to them and to take in the details of the mountain on which they stood.

On all sides, save one, the mountain broke off sharply; but off to the south stretched for two or three miles a rolling, grassy tableland, dotted here and there with thickets of quaking aspens or with patches of low willows, and watered by many a tiny rill. The grass was sere and brown now, and the leaves of the deciduous trees were yellowing in the crisp September air. From the height on which we looked down on this tableland we could see no irregularities of surface; it looked like a great park, smoothly undulating, well kept, picturesque and charming. Looking at it more carefully, examining the aspen thickets in detail, I saw that this tableland was peopled with elk. Some were so distant that it was only by careful inspection with the glass that they could be seen, and then it would be necessary to watch the objects for a little time until they moved in order to be certain that they were not rocks nor old stumps. Other groups, nearer at hand, could be made out with the naked eye, and in others, still nearer, the bulls could be distinguished by their horns, and each movement detected.

Less than half a mile from where we sat on the mountain crest, and almost at the base of the great cliff which fell away from beneath our feet, was a grove of aspens which gave shelter to a family of elk. We could see a number of cows lying in the shade of the trees, and several heifers and calves picking at the grass or drinking at the little brook, but the master of the herd, the great bull that ruled it, was nowhere visible. Although we could not see him, we knew that he was near at hand, watching his family, and ready to do fierce battle for his rights as its lord. He was feeding on the other side of the trees, or was lying down in some dense thicket among them, or perhaps he was cooling his sides in the thick black mud of some spring which gave rise to the little brook that flowed out of the timber. Even as we sat there intently scanning the scene, his appearance was heralded by a distant bugle call, like the whispered strain of an Æolian harp, or the faint trumpet tone of some elfin horn sounded by gnomes who dwelt among the crannies of the piled up rocks about us. A moment later the grand bull appeared among the trees. He paused for a moment and then walked slowly out into the open and drove back to the edge of the thicket one or two cows that had strayed further away than he liked. As he walked toward his cover he stopped, and facing the west threw back his head and looked long toward the distant mountains, while his smooth coat glistened in the sun, and the white polished tips of his mighty antlers reflected its rays. He made a fine picture.

The elk which we were watching could have been readily approached by a careful hunter, but we did not disturb them. Our camp and our horses were on the other side of the mountain, and to have killed an elk on the south side would have meant a long climb carrying heavy loads up one side of the mountain and down the other, with every probability that we would not reach camp that night. We contented ourselves, therefore, with watching the unconscious animals, an occupation to my mind always far more interesting than killing them.

At length it was time to move, and putting up our instruments we walked, scrambled, slipped and slid down the mountain side to where our horses were tied. The way was so steep that we led the animals instead of riding them, and down the hill we plunged. Over steep grassy hillsides, through patches of cool green timber and down slippery dirt slides we took our way until we had gone down perhaps 2,000ft., and were just passing out of a piece of green timber and about to start down a long sharp slope, rough with the fallen trunks of great trees killed by some fire of long ago. At the foot of this hill was a little grassy bench, and beyond this could be seen the tops of evergreen trees, showing that the mountain fell off sharply below. As we were about to pass out on to this open hillside, my eye was caught by a little yellow patch on the yellower grass of the bench at its foot. It looked like the back of an elk, but the head could not be seen. I made a sign of caution to my companion, who stopped; dropped my horse's bridle to the ground and ran cautiously to the top of a little knoll near by. Here raising my head very slowly and looking through the dead branches of a fallen tree, I could see two cow elk, one of them feeding, the other walking up the hill.

Returning to my friend I told him what I had seen and asked him if he wished me to kill an elk. "By all means get one if you can," said he. "Trout are very good, but it is possible to get tired even of trout. We need some fresh meat in camp."

"Very well," said I, "I will do the best I can, but the wind is wrong and they may catch my scent before I can get within range." Slipping off my coat, glasses and barometer, I tied the lot to the saddle, and then with rifle in hand, started down the mountain. For the first few hundred yards there was no difficulty in keeping out of the elk's sight, for the hillside was seamed with little gulches, whose crests were rough with rocks and fallen timber. The wind gave me some anxiety; it was blowing diagonally up the mountain side, but as yet the currents of air which passed me went well to the right of and above the point where a part of the band of elk were probably lying. I could now guess at the probable distribution of the herd.

On the mountain side above the little grassy bench already referred to and overhung on three sides by vertical cliffs, was a shallow basin, timbered with pines, spruces and aspens. From this basin a little brook flowed across the grassy bench, scarcely more than 200yds. from where I then was. Beyond this brook rose a steep knoll 100ft. high and plainly marked by half a dozen game trails. I made up my mind, judging from the time of day and the general surroundings, that most of the elk were lying down in the timber, and that those which I had seen were only some outlying members of the herd. This made the matter of approaching within shot still more difficult, the animals being scattered, and some of them no doubt above me on the mountain side. It appeared probable, however, that when the elk ran they would either have to pass down the draw near me or else over the high knoll beyond the brook, and as they had 200 or 300yds. to run from the timber before they could pass me, I should very likely be able to race down, cut them off and get a shot at 100yds. Keeping as high up the hillside as I could without exposing myself to the view of the keen-eyed sentinel, I worked my way along toward the stream. In crossing the little ravines I only had to stoop low, but over the ridges I wormed myself along on my face, careful never to crack one of the dry sticks with which the ground was strewn, creeping under logs, around great rocks, by tangled clumps of sage brush, until I began to see that whatever the position of the elk I should surely get a shot.

I was still a hundred and fifty yards from the brook side, when I heard among the trees a shrill note of alarm that told me that the game had either seen or winded me. At the same moment there was a tremendous cracking of sticks and a hammering of many hoofs upon the ground, and there burst forth from the clump of timber thirty-five or forty elk—all cows and calves—which in a close body trotted like the wind down the valley toward the high knoll. A moment later these were followed by two or three others, and immediately behind them came a splendid bull, traveling with great speed, and threatening with his long horns any one of the herd that showed the slightest disposition to lag. As they rushed from their cover I left mine, and raced down the steep slope toward the brook to cut them off. I had little more than a hundred yards to go before coming within shooting distance, and they had three hundred to cover before passing over the crest of the hill and out of sight. By shooting at the thick of the herd from where I was I could probably have killed three or four, as they strained up the slope broadside to me, but I never like to take shots of this kind. Besides what you may kill, you are almost sure to break legs, shoot through the paunch, or in some other way to maim and cripple from two to half a dozen animals that you do not get. In this case I was not obliged to "brown" the herd.

After running perhaps fifty yards as hard as I could, jumping gullies, bounding over logs, and in all ways making the best time that I could, I had thrown myself on the ground about a hundred and twenty-five yards from where the elk would pass. I had a brief space to look them over before they reached the crest of the hill, and was trying to select my meat. The bull I did not want, for as the rutting season was well advanced, his flesh, though fat, would have a strong taste. As I looked at them and threw up my rifle to draw down upon a fat cow, I saw out of the corner of my eye two other cows to my left, and hardly seventy-five yards from me. They had evidently been lying down away from the main bunch, and were probably the two that I had first seen on coming out of the timber. They were apparently not themselves alarmed, but were running because the others ran. Just as I saw them, the hindmost, a fat two-year-old heifer, slackened her pace, and in a moment stopped and looked over toward the bull, which seemed surprised at the appearance of these two, and a little undecided as to what he should do. The position in which the heifer was standing was a bad one. A single dead pine tree, two feet in diameter, stood on the knoll, and the cow had stopped just behind this, so that her whole body from tail to shoulder was covered. In turning her head to look at the bull, however, she exposed the whole neck. The distance was only about seventy-five yards, and I felt pretty sure that even if I missed her neck, I could kill her before she reached the top of the hill. Throwing up the rifle, and catching a fine sight for a point on the neck vertebræ about ten inches below the ears, I fired, and through the clearing smoke could see the cow rolling down the hill, now with all four legs in the air, and again tumbling end over end down some steep bank.

I lost no time in hurrying toward her, for I thought it possible that she might be merely creased; that is to say, that the ball might have passed so close to the neck bone as to merely stun the animal, instead of breaking the vertebral column and killing her. I have lost not a few head of game at which I have taken the neck shot, by slowness or carelessness in going up to them, and I wished to make sure of this cow. As I walked toward her, I saw that a number of the herd had stopped and were looking back at me, while the bull had come up to within 50yds. of where the cow had stood when I shot her, and seemed disposed to approach still nearer. Finding that I paid no attention to him, and continued to advance, he at length thought better of it, trotted off a little distance, stopped and looked back again, and then tossing his head defiantly, gathered up his scattered cows and drove them off before him.

It proved that there had been no need for haste in going to the cow—she was stone dead, her neck broken. As I rolled her over and drew my keen knife to take off the meat, I looked back at the hillside and saw my friend slowly approaching with the horses. By the time he had reached me, I had removed both hams, and it did not take long to cut out the sirloins. Then taking the lariat and putting it through slits cut between the tendon achilles and the bone of each leg, just above the hock, I lashed the hams firmly together at this point. The cinches of my saddle were now loosened, the saddle set well back, since we were going down hill, and the latigoes drawn pretty tight. I then tied the sirloins behind the saddle by its strings, and with some effort drew one of the hams across the seat of the saddle, so that the two would balance each other and ride well. With the remainder of the lariat I lashed the load on, so that I felt quite sure that it would be secure; and then, after a wash and a drink of the cool water—for the butchering was warm, disagreeable work—we started on toward camp. Yo.

AN ELK FARM.

THE fact that elk are readily captured, tamed and reared, has suggested to a number of ranchmen who live in an elk country, the idea of raising these animals for beef, and we know of several ranches where there are small bunches of these animals. One such is mentioned in a Wyoming newspaper which bears the suggestive name of the Platte Valley *Lyre*:

"Between the two forks of the Grand Encampment Stream, in the upper portion of the Platte Valley, lives Cushman, the hunter. Mr. Cushman, known to his many friends as 'Cush,' owns a magnificent hay ranch, comprising 250 acres, all under fence. But Mr. Cushman owns something else besides this noble ranch, and that something else is his dog Thong. And now you see that spot of fifteen acres in the midst of Cush's hay lands, and which is inclosed by a fence fourteen poles high? Well, it is entirely owing to Thong, the dog, that those fifteen acres are so inclosed and that they graze the stock they do. In that inclosure there feed and thrive five elk, and they were all caught by Thong.

"In one spring Thong caught seven young elk. Two of them his master sold for fifty dollars each, and the other five are inside the 14ft. fence. From these five elk Cush proposes to breed, and in a few years his magnificent hay ranch will have attained the unique and profitable distinction of an elk farm. The five elk now possessed by Cush are thoroughly domesticated. They will come at his call, eat from his hand, and in the winter occupy stalls in the stables, and feed from hay racks with the same facility and fattening results as do the horses and cattle.

"Cush's ranch is finely adapted to the purpose of elk



Supplement to the "Forest and Stream," Dec. 19, 1889.

GROUP OF ELK.



Supplement to the "Forest and Stream," Dec. 19, 1889.

ELK.

(*Cervus canadensis* ERXLB.). INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH FROM LIFE.

raising. It is near enough to the mountains to be as much of a home to the elk as their own wild and native feeding grounds; it is dotted with springs, and has, besides, the peculiar water source of an immense snow bank which lies for three-fourths of the year on the mountain side overlooking the ranch, and from which are sent streams of purest water to traverse and enrich the broad hay lands calling Cush master; and again, the ranch, situated as it is in the immediate vicinity of mountain and forest, affords the best of opportunities for Thong to recruit the domesticated elk herd by timely raids on the wild elk bands.

"Thong is of mixed bull and staghound blood, giving him endurance, speed, courage and tenacity of grip, and is nearly as famous for his exploits in defeating the mountain lion as in the capture of the elk."

THE TRAIL OF IT.

Three men, including the maker of this brief chronicle, were seated on a bench before a fire in a log cabin on Grand River, Colorado, smoking and elaborating adventures. These narrations differed from the usual, because they were true in every particular. You can see if you read the following, which is a sample of many, that it has the plain, rugged appearance of the inflexible fact.

One of the trio, a man of Scotch descent, fifty years of age, a mountaineer and hunter of rare experience, told of a scuffle he once had with a bull elk. He looked at the fire as he talked, twirling his pipe in his fingers by way of emphasis, and spoke in the measured tones of one who has outgrown the necessity for dramatic illustrations.

"I was over in the Wet Mountain Valley winter before last helpin' some men tend 800 head o' cattle. We put up a cabin, 'bout like this, and made a corral that took in nigh on to three acres of ground. The fence was, well, say ten foot high, of pine poles, good and strong.

"One time the boys was off, and the corral had not been used for a week. The big gate was open, squirrels played on the fence, grouse come and lit on the stakes, and things generally was layin' 'round loose. Sometimes I could hear panthers jump off'n the fence by the gate, where the woods made a kind of corner close up. It was a little lonesome when a fellow had to stay there alone, but we got used to it, you know, and didn't mind it much.

"Sometimes the greasers would come 'round, mostly when the boys was away, but they knowed the guns we had could talk, and say what you will, there isn't a greaser, or an Injun, or any of 'em that likes to have a shooter stuck into their faces.

"One mornin' 'bout daylight, I heard something walkin' 'round in the corral. It's hard work, you know, to tell every time just what kind of a noise it is that wakes you up out'n a sound sleep. You know it's a noise, but what it is and where it is, is hard to settle on. With us it was a rule to git up and find out all about it, and then you're satisfied. So I got up and looked out o' the winder.

"Well, sir, you can call me Dennis if there wasn't two elk out there, a cow and a big fellow with tremenjus horns, makin' for the haystack at the other side of the corral.

"'Good enough,' I said to myself, with a sort of chuckle, 'I'll just go out and kill a couple of elk. Just think of it!' I kept on saying, 'Two elk in the yard, already delivered, and no express charges! Why, it'll be easer'n falling off a log.'

"I put on my duds lively, took my carbine, one of the old-timers, slipped some cartridges in my pocket, went and shut the gate, and there I had 'em. 'Scotty, old boy,' I said to myself, still feeling good, 'you hold a purty hand, three aces and a gun!'

"Of course, there was no use being sly about it, so I just walked right out, and when I got to about sixty yards, the elk buckin' up agin the fence and tryin' to git over, I just pealed away and downed the cow right in her tracks.

"And there's where I made a mistake. The old bull saw it, and came for me worse nor a runaway horse, and tossin' his horns in a way I did not like. Quick as possible I put in another cartridge and blazed away. The ball struck too far back, and 'stid o' gittin' him down, it only made him madder. I couldn't load agin before he'd be on to me, and so I skipped for the fence. But the old fellow got there about the same time, and while I was tackling the poles he got his horns where there was a good deal of purchase, and I went over backward like a flapjack, and landed 'bout ten foot behind the bull. Of course I lost my gun, and got a gash a foot long in my arm—there's the trail of it now," said he, rolling up his sleeve and showing an ugly scar.

"You'd better believe I got behind that haystack mighty quick, the bull follerin', snortin' and tearin' up the ground. He knowed it was a fight for life. He knowed it well as I did, and he made it lively fur me. Five or six times he made me hop 'round that haystack. O! he meant business, and he trembled all over, he was so mad. Finally he stopped to notice the cow, her big eyes glarin' right up at him. Just then I made fur the gun, and when I got it I never loaded a carbine so quick in my life. It was like this: in-down-snap-cap-ready! and blood all over everything, from that arm.

"I was runnin' all the time, the bull after me, every snort soundin' like he was cussin' me fur killin' his mate. Then I whirled, and excited as I was, I handed him one right between the eyes.

"If you believe me, that elk turned a perfect summerset, his hindlegs comin' within two inches of me as he went over!

"Well, that let me out, and I got to the cabin as quick as I could, and tied up my arm, and fell over on the bed the tiredest man you ever see. When the boys came in at noon and saw my arm in a sling, and wanted to know if there'd been any Injuns to see me, I up and pointed out o' the winder, and told 'em it wasn't as easy to kill a bull elk as you'd think, even when you've got 'em in a corral, with the gate shut, and everything comfortable."

And then half musing, he said: "I'll tell you, boys, I've found out in the last forty years, that lots o' times when you think you've got a snap makin' money, or gittin' married, and prospectin' generally, it may be one of the most disappointing things you ever tackled."

JEROME BURNETT.

THE ELK IN HARNESS.

THE elk, although naturally of a stubborn disposition, can, if properly and carefully handled, be made perfectly tame and can also be made to do light driving.

The best time to capture these animals is when they are young calves in May, when they are from two to four weeks old. They can then be easily reared on diluted cow's milk. After the first six months they grow rapidly, and I think become stronger than if they had run wild. At from six to eight months they should be made to wear a halter and be taught to lead, and from this on they should be constantly handled until they are past yearlings. At this age a light harness may be put on the animal, and after it has become used to this it should be hitched up with an old steady work horse. It should be driven frequently in this way until it is past two years old, when the amount of work can be increased until the animal is from three to four years old, at which time it is in its prime and ready with its mate to take a light buckboard 100 miles "between suns."

The hardest part of the work is halter breaking, which takes three or four days of hard patient work. I use a hackamore and nose ring on the head, which serves well to guide the animal.

In rearing calves it must be remembered that the bulls after they are yearlings are very dangerous to handle during the latter part of September and October.

My experience has not been so much with rearing young calves as in capturing older elk out of large bands on their prairie winter quarters. And as the method by which this is done may be new to some of your readers I will give an account of the best run we made.

Two of the boys came in one night and told us that during the day they had seen and run into a band of 700 elk, mostly cows and spike bulls. They reported them as quite tame. The next morning at sunrise five of us caught up our "top" horses and started to find the band.

We went about six miles before we struck their trail, then followed it for a mile, and then changed horses. About a mile further on we found the band feeding in a gulch in the "bad lands" and about 250yds. distant from us. They were quietly feeding and did not seem to be in the least afraid of us. After a short consultation we started toward them and got about 100yds. closer before they "strung out" on that peculiar long trot for which elk are so noted.

The fun then began. To say it was exciting is to put it mildly, for no one except a person who has experienced such sport can understand the sensations experienced by a man going along at full speed in a foot of snow, not twenty feet from a band of nearly 1,000 elk, never thinking of any of the possible mishaps of the wild ride, but just vainly trying to turn them from their course. At first we endeavored to head the band for the ranch, but this proved impracticable and at last we gave it up in despair, and then each man got down his rope, and "took after" a single elk. In a few minutes we had two two-year-old cows and a yearling, and were at work "hog tying" them. Just then one of the boys, who by mistake had got his "twine" on an old bull, yelled out, "Boys he's on the fight. For God's sake give me a hand;" but we were all busy with those we had caught and could not go to him, so he was forced to cut his rope and the old bull, after giving a parting snort, joined the band and that was the last we saw of them.

Two of the men went back to the ranch, harnessed up four horses to the sleigh and started back to haul in the captives, and it was late at night when we got in with the three cows, after one of the most exciting days I ever experienced. One of the two-year-old cows that we captured has since died from an old bullet wound in the neck. The other two are doing well. They eat hay, and are particularly fond of oats. They drink four large bucketfuls of water every day. My old pet elk Calamity, that I caught two years ago, treated the newcomers with the greatest disdain. She positively refused to stand or eat near them. During the first three or four days after their capture these elk were perfectly gentle, but after that they became sullen, and if they got a chance would strike, kick and bite. In such a case the person in charge must at once conquer them, and often has to resort to very harsh and even cruel means to do so. This point of breaking their will is of the utmost importance. Should an elk once find out that you are afraid of it, it becomes worse than useless.

My latest experience with elk raising, however, is as follows:

Last May I caught two bull calves. They were about two weeks old, and exactly the proper age to commence work on. For the first two or three days I kept them tied up in the stable, and fed them every two hours on milk and luke-warm water, making the solution very weak—about one part milk to three of water. After three days I turned them loose, and they showed no inclination whatever to escape. In fact they became perfectly tame and even affectionate, followed me and seemed to seek my company at all times. When hungry they made the fact known by vigorous bleating. I gradually strengthened their diet, until at the end of ten days from the date of their capture I fed them pure milk, and from that time on they improved rapidly. The milk treatment I dispensed with when they began to graze, which was in about two months.

When about six weeks old I made a hackamore for each of them, and began the work of breaking them to lead. Being young and having been handled from the first, the work was comparatively easy, and at the end of the seventh week I could not only lead them, but could walk behind and drive them nicely. I worked on them in this way an hour or so every day that I was at home, and noticed that they became more and more tractable. When they were hungry, however, they were unmanageable, and manifested their repugnance to working on an empty stomach by striking and kicking at every one about.

About the first part of September I harnessed them up in turn with an old work and pack pony to the front wheels of a light wagon. For several trials they balked and showed in every way that they did not know what was expected of them. The old horse would drag them along until at last they would start off with a plunge. I was entirely satisfied with the results of my labor and was looking forward to having the "top" team of the country, when one morning Jeff (one of the calves) was taken sick. He seemed to have difficulty in swallowing. I examined his throat and took out of it three bones about as large as the end of my thumb, which were lodged there. This operation seemed to relieve him somewhat, but in an hour or two he was worse again and finally became so weak that he could not stand. Next morning he was barely alive, so I had one of the boys put him out of misery. To satisfy myself that the cause of his death was an accident I cut him open and to my astonishment found in his stomach some meat and five or six bones. He had evidently been eating the refuse elk meat lying about, and I have never been able to account for his unheard of appetite. If any of your readers have ever known of elk eating meat I should be obliged for the information.

I was nearly heart-broken at poor Jeff's death, but shall of course try to supply his place next spring. His loss was the harder to bear because last June my favorite elk cow Calamity was killed by the vandal bullet of one of Uncle Sam's highly-privileged red gentlemen. There was no color of excuse for the shot. The poor thing was dragging a fifty-foot rope at the time, and was wearing a large cow bell. She was known for miles around as my property. As her carcass and hide was untouched it cannot be surmised that she was killed for food or gain. "Pure cussedness" is the only explanation of this and many another Indian outrage.

The experience I have had with elk confirms me in the opinion already expressed, that the animal is not only susceptible of domestication, but can be made eminently useful for light draft purposes. It would hardly pay to breed them for sale in the market as a staple of food, but the scheme of raising and training them for work seems to me quite feasible. At all events I propose to undertake it, and as I have a splendid hay ranch, and can conveniently make a corral pasture, I am confident of success.

CHARLES M. DONNELLY.

WYOMING.

OLD JOE.

IT is many a long day since I promised to write you about Joe, the elk belonging to the Post Percheron Horse Association. He is now four years old. He was purchased when a few months old from a hunter who captured him in the Casper Mountains, Wyoming. He is spending this winter at the home ranch. His most intimate companion is a motherless colt. I have several times noticed Joe taking his afternoon nap in a little snow-drift in the southeast corner of one of the corrals, while the horses and cattle would be getting all the warmth they could on the opposite side.

Last summer he had the run of the creek from the home ranch to the Schwartz ranch, visiting as he took the notion all the intermediate ranches, and stopping a day or two at each. Occasionally he would go out into some of the immense pastures, and joining a bunch of cattle would at once show he was the controlling spirit. The middle ranch was a favorite watering place of quite a large bunch of cattle under the leadership of Joe. Late in the forenoon they would come down to the creek to drink and rest. When Joe had had enough of it and ready to go back to the grazing grounds, he would stir up the bunch; and if none were disposed to move, Joe would down his head, giving them to understand that it suited his convenience for them to go; and they invariable went. He always followed the bunch and kept the stragglers well up.

Wire fences four or five strands high are no impediment to his roving notions, he can change his pasture at a bound. He is a great favorite, and will come at the call of his name as quickly and willingly as a well broken dog. He shows no displeasure at being handled, and dearly loves to have his head scratched.

He is continually picking up pieces of rope, getting them tangled and twisted in his horns, and then asking as plainly as in words for some one to take them off, and standing quietly while it is being done. An old gunny-sack or a piece of blanket is a rich find for him. He will take it on his horns, and trotting around, shake it among the cattle, until tired of the fun, when he will drop it off if he can, or if unable to do so he will whistle for some one to come and help him. Once he got all tangled up in an old horse power, and found out the best thing he could do was to whistle for help and wait until it came. He was fast horns and legs and had too much sense to hurt himself by struggling to get free, and we lifted him out without hurting him, but he has given the old machine a wide berth ever since.

He weighs now about 700lbs. and is as handsome and graceful as can be. The extreme points of his antlers are 34in. apart.

MILLARD.

ARIOSA, Wyoming.

AUSTIN CORBIN'S ELK.

THERE is in the neighborhood of New York city a fine band of elk, which when we last saw them were in excellent condition, and give a capital notion of the elk in a state of nature.

This band of elk, the property of Mr. Austin Corbin, of this city, are at this gentleman's country place at Babylon, L. I. Here these animals share with about thirty deer and a few antelope a fine range of seventy acres, part of it meadow, part woodland, and a part dense underbrush. It would be hard to find a location more admirably adapted to the elk than the one on Mr. Corbin's farm, and judging from the condition of these elk they are doing just as well as we should expect. The band of eighteen elk includes two large bulls, two young ones, and fourteen cows and heifers. They form a beautiful group, and are well worth traveling a hundred miles to see.

There seems good reason to believe that with care and patience Mr. Corbin may in time have a fine herd of elk on Long Island. The specimens he has there now came from Montana and Dakota, and it is understood that he purposes increasing his herd by further importations from the West, as well as by the natural increase from breeding. That the elk does well in captivity is shown by the experience of Judge Caton, who in his park at Ottawa, Ill., bred them with success for many years. In his excellent work on "The Antelope and Deer of America" he tells us that not far from one hundred were born in his grounds, and there is no reason for believing that the conditions on Long Island are less favorable than were those in Illinois.

The progress of Mr. Corbin's experiments in domesticating and breeding the elk will be watched with much interest.

RUNNING DOWN A PENNSYLVANIA ELK.

In the latter part of the winter of 1854, the last one, or one of the last remaining elk that were left in the wilds of Pennsylvania, was run down and captured alive by three Indians. It was a doe, and was supposed to be three years old. When led out of the woods it was a sorry-looking animal, poor in flesh, with much of the hair and skin worn off its legs by the snow crust, and otherwise badly used. But after being housed and well fed for a few weeks, and when it had shed the winter coat it became quite a respectable looking elk. Subsequently it was purchased by my brother and turned in with a small herd of elk which he kept in a park. She soon became as tame as the others, and in the latter part of the following April she dropped a buck fawn. Now, this fawn, as it grew up, was very wild, much more wild than the others, of which there were three or four of nearly the same age, and during the summer and fall he kept out of sight much of the time, which he could easily do, as the park was large and full of woods, thickets and brush. As he grew older his wildness seemed to increase rather than to diminish. He remained in the park through the first winter, also through the next summer, but late in the fall he broke out of the inclosure.

The park was situated on the western border of a pretty extensive tract of rough and mountainous forest land, so that the elk had a free run and was, in fact, as wild and untamed as his ancestors that roamed over the same ground half a century before. It was seldom that he was seen during that winter, but his tracks were discovered occasionally near the park.

The next summer he was hardly seen at all. It was rumored that he had been shot at by some hunters; if so, it only sharpened his instincts, and he never was wounded by a gun shot. In the fall, after the first snow fell, two or three young hunters offered, or rather craved the privilege of hunting down and shooting that elk for a share of the meat. Accordingly they started, and did find his track, and followed him two days. But he was too sharp for them and they gave it up. I have had some experience with elk; I have studied the nature and habits of the animal both wild and tame, and I have yet to find the creature that I believe to be more keen or sharper-scented than the elk.

I heard no more rumors of this elk until after the middle of January, when it was reported that his tracks had been discovered on the mountain side, not very far from the park. The snow had been 2½ft. in depth, but had settled to about 2ft.; a stiff snow but not a very sharp crust. Now, a live elk when caught was worth much more than a dead one, so I proposed to my brother that I would put on snowshoes and make an effort to find him, run him down, and tie him up. My brother thought it possible that if the elk were found he might be run down, but the tying up was a matter of doubt.

I started the next morning at early dawn, taking thirty feet, more or less, of strong hemp rope, and after walking three-quarters of a mile across the park I reached the main woods, where I strapped on my snowshoes. I was as much at home on snowshoes as an amateur skater would be on skates, and although I was somewhat past my prime, there was enough of the boy left to prompt me to try the speed and endurance of that elk, providing that I could start him in the early morning. I struck out over the mountains, and had the good luck to start him before I had traveled more than a mile. It was yet early, and the chances seemed to be good. I thought from the appearance of the track that he ran the first half-mile pretty quickly, when he turned around, evidently watching to see if he was followed. But I saw no more signs of his turning around again until the end of the race. I noted that his jumps grew shorter after the first mile; and I thought that he spread his tracks too much for his own benefit. An elk is an awkward jumper anyhow. This one had to jump or to walk, whereas his natural gait is a shambling trot; but he could not do that, the snow was too stiff.

He led me a long, circuitous route before I saw the first glimpse of his yellow rump; but in the afternoon I saw him often, for he would squat in the snow until I came in sight, and then run again; and he kept on repeating this maneuver until late in the afternoon. Finally, when some twenty rods in the rear, I saw him follow up a small gully or dry brook up to the extreme head. Here was a small basin or depression formed by the water course, and here he turned around, backed up against the bank and would go no further. I walked along near the edge of the gully until I came within three rods of his elkship. There he stood sullen and defiant, and looking about as savage as an elk can look. To say that he was mad would hardly express it. I do not believe that I could have driven him out from there if I had attempted it.

I unstrapped my snowshoes and sat down in the snow for a few minutes' rest. My success had depended wholly on a forced gait, which had been kept up for nearly ten hours, without stopping or slacking up in the least, and I believe that I was as nearly fagged out as the elk. He had led me a long, circuitous route, besides many smaller circuits, and had run to earth not far distant from the place where he started in the morning. The abrupt bank which curved around the upper side of the nook, into which he had backed, was some 6ft. high, including 2ft. of snow; and I noticed some saplings which were standing on either side, a circumstance which proved an important factor in the capture of that elk.

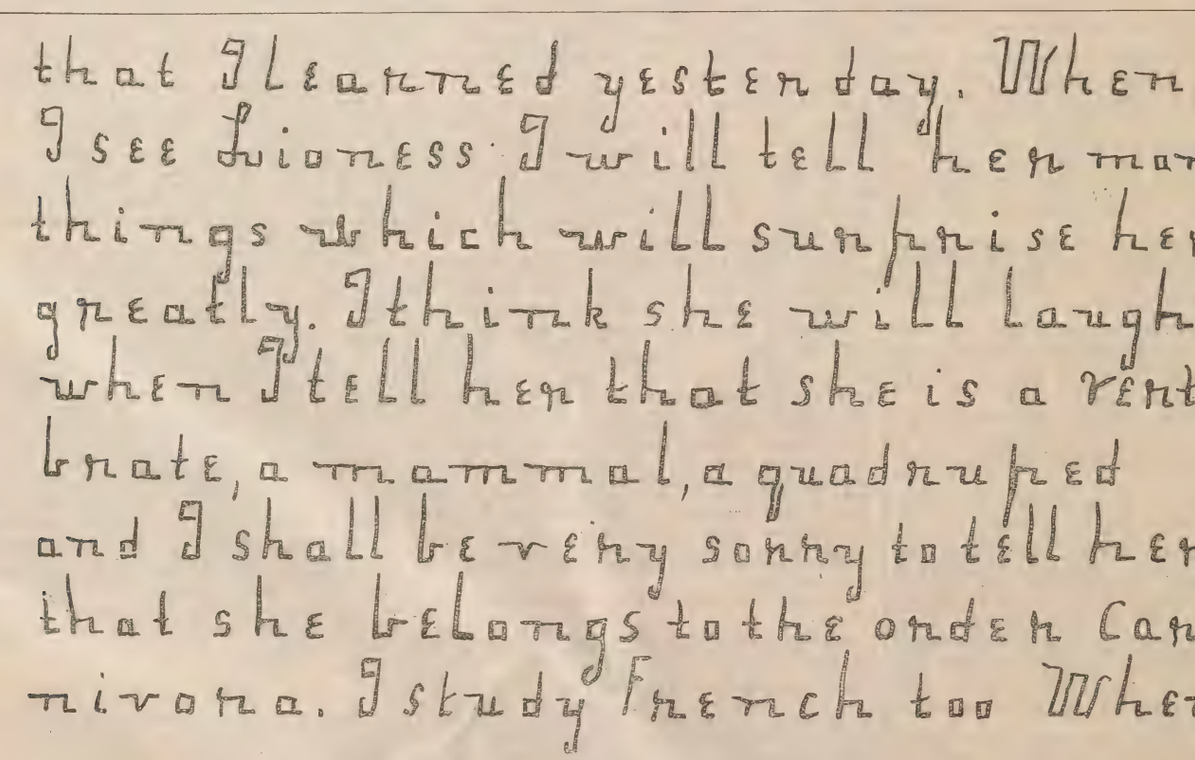
I uncoiled the rope, made a strong noose at each end and cut it in two; and near the edge and on one side of the basin, I tramped a slightly broken path on a curve with the bank until I made the end of a half circle of perhaps 20ft., the elk pacing around and keeping a wicked looking eye on me all the time. I moved near the edge, and he came up as far as the bank would admit, looking furious and curbing his neck just enough to throw his horns forward, when I dropped a coil of rope over one horn and took a hitch around a sapling, leaving him some slack rope. He did not mind the rope at all, but kept curbing and watching my motions; and in less time than it takes to tell it I had a noose over the other horn. I walked back on the path a few steps; and the elk moved along; and as soon as he straightened the slack of the first rope, I made a quick move and tied up to another sapling, which stood at the other end of the path. When he found that he was caught (as he did almost before I had taken the last hitch), he cut a sorry figure for a few moments. But he could do nothing, and soon ceased his struggles. He was securely tied with the two ropes, their ends being fastened at points nearly opposite and somewhat higher than his head; and I concluded that he was safe for the night.

I now felt the need of another short rest, but the lateness of the hour would not admit of such a luxury. I had started out, of necessity, thinly clad, and had kept warmed up to white heat through the day; and now, the night being cold and stormy, it began to dawn on my mind that if I was to get out of the woods that night I must make the effort pretty soon. So I put on my snowshoes again and pushed out. I succeeded in getting out, or rather getting in; but I was—well, I was played out.

The next morning some less than a half dozen men went in to lead that elk out of the woods. But there was one who did not go. I had had enough of elk hunting, had a surfeit in fact, and was quite willing that any one else should hunt elk who wanted to. They found him, where I had left him, and brought him in. He was not poor in flesh, was of fair size for the age, and carried a very pretty pair of horns. He was put in a stable and kept until some time in May, when he and two or three others which were taken out of the park were shipped to some foreign port.

ANTLER.

Grand View, Tennessee.



FROM A LETTER WRITTEN BY HELEN KELLER.

HELEN KELLER AND HER MASTIFF.

Readers of *St. Nicholas* will not have forgotten the account given in the last September number of the little blind mute Helen Keller. Born in 1880, she was at the age of eighteen months afflicted with total deprivation of sight and hearing, and as a consequence, of speech. The relation of how, when she was in her sixth year, her little mind was released from its dark prison, and how by the patient, ingenious and in many respects remarkable instruction of her teacher, Miss Annie M. Sullivan, of the Boston Perkins Institute for the Blind, she was taught to apprehend and express ideas by use of the touch alphabet; and how eagerly and with what marvellous rapidity she acquired knowledge; all this is a most pathetic story, and yet full of brightness and cheer and courage and hope. One of the child's strongly marked traits is that of exceeding tenderness toward animal life. Here is an extract from her diary, given in *St. Nicholas*, which appears to have been written when Helen had first learned of fishing:

March 8, 1888.—We had fish for breakfast. Fish live in deep water. There are many hundreds of fish swimming about in the water. Men catch fish with poles and hooks and lines. They put a little tiny fish on the hook and throw it in the water, and fish does bite the little fish and sharp hook does stick in poor fish's mouth and hurt him much. I am very sad for the poor fish. Fish did not know that very sharp hook was in tiny fish. Men must not kill poor fish. Men do pull fish out and take them home, and cooks do clean them very nice and fry them, and they are very good to eat for breakfast.

"While we must all pity her intensely," says Miss Florence Howe Hall, the writer of the sketch, "for her sad deprivations, we should remember that even these afflictions have their bright side, and while they wrap her from the outer world, as in a dark garment, they also shield her from all unkindness, from all wickedness. Every one who comes near little Helen is so moved with pity for her infirmities that all treat her with the utmost gentleness—she does not know what unkindness is, her teacher tells us, and we may fully believe it. Thus, while she can neither see the trees, nor the flowers, nor the bright sunshine, while she cannot hear the birds sing, she knows the best side of every human being and only the best. She lives in a world of love, and goodness, and gentleness. Were we speaking just now of pitying little Helen? It may be she does not need our pity—perhaps some of us may need hers! You will not be surprised, after what I have said, to hear that our little friend is very kind to animals. When driving in a carriage she will not allow the driver to use a whip because, as she says, 'Poor horses will cry.' She was much distressed one morning upon finding that a certain dog named Pearl had a block of wood fastened to its collar. It was explained to Helen that this was necessary, in order to keep the dog from running away; but still she was not satisfied, and at every opportunity during the day she would seek out Pearl and carry the block of wood herself that the dog might rest from its burden."

One of the illustrations in the magazine shows Helen with her pet dog. Seeing this, and being moved by the child's tender love of pets, one of our correspondents, who is well known to the readers of Forest and Stream, but whose modesty forbids our making public his name, sent to the little girl a choice mastiff puppy. In return he received from her a letter, which we take to be in all respects the most valued and cherished of all the returns he has ever received or is likely ever to receive in exchange for a dog. This letter he has loaned to the Forest and Stream, and a portion of it, with the text of all of it, is here given. The page of the original, written in pencil, which we have had engraved, is given full-size, just as it was written. This is the letter:

South Boston, Mass., Nov. 20, 1889.

My Dear Mr. ——:

I have just received a letter from my mother, telling me that the beautiful mastiff puppy you sent me had reached Tuscumbia safely. I thank you very much for the nice gift. I am very sorry that I was not at home to welcome her. But my mother and my baby sister will be very kind to her while her mistress is away. I hope she is not lonely and unhappy. I think puppies can feel very homesick as well as little girls. I should like to call her Lioness for your dog. May I? I hope she will be very faithful and brave too.

I am studying in Boston, with my dear teacher. I learn a great many new and wonderful things. I study about the earth and the animals, and I like arithmetic exceedingly. I learn many new words, too. Exceedingly is one that I learned yesterday. When I see Lioness I will tell her many things which will surprise her greatly. I think she will laugh when I tell her that she is a vertebrate, a mammal, a quadruped, and I shall be very sorry to tell her that she belongs to the order *Carnivora*. I study French, too. When I talk French to Lioness I will call her *Mon beau chien*. Please tell Lion that I will take good care of Lioness. I shall be happy to have a letter from you when you like to write to me.

From your loving little friend,

Helen A. Keller.

P. S.—I am staying at the Inst. for the Blind.—H. A. K.

PAWNEE HERO STORIES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Of all books carrying us out of doors, none has so bold a sweep and so strong a wing as Mr. Grinnell's Indian book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-Tales." It sets us down among a people whose life was altogether that of the open air, a people of warriors, hunters and campers. I confess I had grown somewhat skeptical as to the ability of any book to interest me again, for there comes to any one who writes a contempt for writers and for authors, and a horror of paper and type; but I am honest when I say that it appears now there was room for another book. The sensation is novel—to read a book that is really interesting. I remember the first novel I ever read. It was "Ivanhoe," and I never dropped the book from beginning to end. I treated this book the same way, and felt the same pang that the volume was not longer.

Mr. Grinnell's book is interesting and noteworthy, for all or any of three reasons. First, because of its literary matter; second, because of its literary style; and third, because of its historical value as regards the little-known and fast-fading Pawnee tribe. I place this reason last, because so few know enough about the Pawnees as to be really interested in their history. After one has read this book, so that he really does know something about the Pawnees, and about their history and habits, he will be entitled to place, and doubtless will place this reason first, where beyond doubt the author intended it should be. For Mr. Grinnell wrote this book for love of the Pawnees, because no one who really did understand them was saying anything about them, and because they are changing and passing away. He wanted it to be, not his own book, but the book of the Pawnees. He had a field for that one reason, and doubtless many will read the book for that reason. Beyond all doubt, the book has on this ground a great historic and scientific value.

When you say "history" or "science" you drive some people away, and we ought to be careful how we apply such terms to Mr. Grinnell's book. Certainly any one who begins the book will soon forget those words and fall at once upon the second merit of the book, which is its beautifully simple style. This is the English of little words, and that never does fail to hold and charm us, though often we do not stop to ask why. This is not "Indian talk," bombastic, figurative, imaginative and imagined, but the actual talk of the Indians, given just as the author actually took it down. This is unique literary handling in these days of indirect, bodyless, technical or would-be pyrotechnic stuff. Mr. Grinnell disclaims credit for this, but it is not probable that very many men would have had sense or ability to do this thing in just this way.

In his preface the author says, "Finally, I have refrained from commenting on the stories, though there is abundant opportunity for comment." Well, if he can't comment on them it is time somebody else should. Each of us may claim the privilege of liking a book for any reason he pleases. I prefer to like the Pawnee Stories for my first reason, because their literary matter is worthy of the comment that the author is afraid to give lest he be charged with lack of modesty in finding it. The fact is that instead of a few turgid, childish or foolish Indian stories and stories of Indians, there are in these covers nothing less than a bundle of strong American epics. They are epics of the plains, stories fit for men, and above all purely belonging to this country. If we look to Homer for our heroes, we shall find that Homer's heroes fought under heavier armor than the Pawnee heroes, that Greek or Trojan strategy was not finer than that of the Pawnees, nor any Homeric disregard of life above the personal bravery of some of these plains Indians. The Crusades do not show us any more general war or more persistent system of attack, or more skill or courage in defense. And if we come to sentiment, I don't know that any of our novels go much beyond the heroism of Comanche Chief, who loved a girl at first sight, stole back into her house in the midst of his enemies, lay down upon the bed beside her, and calmly said when discovered, "Kill me if you will, for I would gladly die for her." Nor do many novels end better than with a marriage and reconciliation of two peoples who had been at war. And if we go into super-naturalism, does even Mr. Haggard do more for us than the story of the Dun Horse; or can spiritualists ask much more than the story of the Ghost Bride; or did Æsop give to animals quainter attributes of human life than we have here in the *Na-hu'-rac;* or did the wise men of Egypt do, or appear to do, much more than make ripe corn grow in an hour, or to kill a man and then bring him back to life; or does our philosophy hold anything much simpler and stronger than the *credo,* "From this we were convinced that there is a life hereafter"? Any one of these lines of literary matter would serve and has served for a whole book. What book has them all? They say the world is divided into men, women and hired girls. Then here are thrills for the hired girls, love for the ladies and thought, and war for men. Room enough for comment.

Our interest is that of men. The Pawnees were men. I submit that the following advice given to Lone Chief by his mother is good talk for men, and good for some of us to remember, in our heartless, ungenercus, unfaithful and all too unmanly social scheme: "Take pity on people who are poor, because we have been poor, and people have taken pity on us." "Love your friend, and never desert him. If you see him surrounded, do not run away." "It is not the man who stays in the lodge who is great; it is the man who works, who sweats, who is always tired from going on the warpath." "It is better to be killed in the open air than to be smothered in the earth." "Be killed on a hill, high up!"

There is tone, stimulus, manhood, in every word of that philosophy. "Be killed on a hill, high up!" We white men have inglorious wars and ignoble enemies every day. We have nothing better to offer to a man than that injunction. The Pawnee man who had such teaching was worthy of triumph over the despondency that overtook him when he was "poor in mind," and worthy of the friend who said to him, simply almost as did Naomi of old, "Wherever you go, I will go, and whatever you do, I will do."

There is nothing wrong in a book like that, and nothing wrong in the idea of offering such a book to the world to read. The only twinge the bright and lofty pages give one is the mournful one that comes when we think of the fading away of the old order of things. It is like the Passing of Arthur,

E. HOUGH.

Game Bag and Gun.

"FOREST AND STREAM" GUN TESTS.

THE following guns have been tested at the FOREST AND STREAM Range, and reported upon in the issues named. Copies of any date will be sent on receipt of price, ten cents:

COLT 12, July 25.
COLT 10 and 12, Oct. 24.
FOLSOM 10 and 12, Sept. 26.
FRANCOTTE 12, Dec. 12.
GREENER 12, Aug. 1.
GREENER 10, Sept. 12, Sept. 19.
HOLLIS 10, Nov. 7.
PARKER 10, hammer, June 6.
PARKER 12, hammerless, June 6.
REMINGTON 10, May 30.
REMINGTON 12, Dec. 5.
SCOTT 10, Sept. 5.
L. C. SMITH 12, Oct. 10.
WINCHESTER 10 and 12, Oct. 3.

TUBULAR BULLETS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The "Weed bullet," described in the numbers of your paper for July 11 and Nov. 7, is an illustration of a fact which I have frequently noticed, that similar ideas are liable to occur to men either living at widely separated periods of time or living at the same time in widely separated countries, without any apparent means of communication with each other.

A tubular bullet was invented many years ago by the late Captain Forsyth, Conservator of Forests in Central India, and perhaps one of the greatest experimenters with rifles that ever existed. In the second edition of his book, "The Sporting Rifle and its Projectiles," published in 1867, he says, after describing a large-bore rifle for explosive shells: "I have lately been trying tubular projectiles, and am satisfied that they meet all the requirements of a sporting projectile. Their trajectory is remarably low and accuracy quite equal to that of a solid ball. The resistance they receive from the air is quite insignificant, which accounts for their very high mean velocity. It would be easy to show that the moment of rotation in this form of projectile is the highest of any; it will, therefore, shoot accurately with less twist than a solid ball of similar length. The weight of a tubular projectile, with the hollow equal to half the diameter, and two diameters long, is scarcely greater than that of a spherical leaden ball of the same gauge; the extra friction in the grooves is amply balanced by the absence of resistance in the air, and thus you have a projectile with a very low trajectory, large striking surface and extreme accuracy, which can be used with a light shell rifle."

An engraving is given showing a projectile for fitting the grooves mechanically in a muzzleloading rifle. Forsyth says, "It will be seen to be hollow from end to end;



a *b*

a thin sheet copper wad *a*, and a thick felt wad *b*, are placed behind it to receive the force of the powder, and drop behind as soon as it is out of the rifle."

To obtain the best results, these projectiles should be hardened and the hole must be exactly central from end to end. No roughly made bullets can be depended upon. I tried this in 1886 from a .450 express rifle with 110 grains of powder, and again last February from a .550-bore muzzleloader with 90 grains, but could not make either of them shoot very closely, doubtless owing to the projectiles being inaccurate in form. I made them by casting hollow pointed express bullets and then boring the holes through to the base, but could not always bring them exactly in the center with the tools at my command. Wooden wads about as thick as a half-dollar were placed under the bullets and felt wads between those and the powder.

It may be asked why, if the tubular projectiles tried by Captain Forsyth were so perfectly satisfactory, they did not, like the large-bore rifles invented by him, come into general use among British sportsmen. The fact is that the .450 and .500 express rifles brought out within two or three years afterward, soon superseded all other weapons for killing thin-skinned animals, because they combined better than any others, the various qualities of lightness, accuracy, flat trajectory at sporting ranges, and power of killing quickly. For use against very thick-skinned game with large bones, Forsyth's spherical ball rifles from 8 to 12-gauge still maintain their ground among sportsmen of the greatest experience.

In FOREST AND STREAM of October 17, there is a short paragraph about a man seeing a bullet during its flight. Many doubt the possibility of this, but bullets even at high rates of velocity can be seen under certain circumstances. At Wimbledon in 1888 I was standing behind a noted marksman who was firing with a Ballard .38-55-255. Looking closely over the shooter's shoulders I repeatedly saw the bullet, like a thin streak of light, about 50yds. in front of the rifle.

J. J. MEYRICK.

NORTH DEVON, England.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Dec. 10.—A good commentary on advertising in general and advertising in FOREST AND STREAM in particular has recently fallen under my notice. Something like a year ago a manufacturer of a good sporting article placed an advertisement in FOREST AND STREAM. I saw him not long ago, and he told me he had received over 1,000 and he thought nearly 1,200 letters naming this paper as the cause of their inquiry. Very many of these letters contained money and orders for the article in question, and the great bulk of them meant business. "I could have made sales in three-fourths of these cases," said the manufacturer, "if I had had the goods to ship, although unfortunately I lost some orders by not being able to fill them fast enough. As it was, the advertisement has proved a valuable investment for me."

This gentleman sold a $25 article. Suppose he sold 400 orders at a profit of $7.50 each, a profit which he ought to make, at least. The net result would be $3,000, out of which he could pay for his advertisement two or three times and still have a decent living for himself, or could add to his capital. Therefore it would require no capital to advertise, but the result would be an increase of capital. For other papers, I can't say whether advertising in them pays or not. I am only speaking for FOREST AND STREAM, and I know what I am talking about when I say that it don't cost anything to advertise a good article in it. Once in a while I grow thoughtful in this way, but this mention is offered simply because of the casual statement made by the gentleman above referred to.

E. HOUGH.

THE TODD CASE.—Anent the case of Mr. Frank Todd's alleged deer hounding at Simquash Lake, Maine, of which we copied the Bangor, Me., *News* report two weeks ago, a St. Stephen, New Brunswick, paper says: "Since the appearance in some of the papers of the severe and damaging articles accusing Frank Todd, Esq., of St. Stephen, of grossly violating the Maine game laws, we have interviewed that gentleman. He says he feels sure if the editors who printed the articles had only taken time to inquire into the matter, or even to reflect, they would never have given them a place in their columns, they being unreasonable on the face. Mr. Todd's dog was shot, the warden claiming that he was following the track of a deer. This Mr. Todd most emphatically denies, as the dog had been with him but a few moments before, and was only a short distance away when shot. The dog had never hunted or followed a deer, had run foxes hundreds of times, where there were deer tracks in plenty, and paid no attention to them. Mr. Todd says that he, and every member of his party, was innocent of intent even to hunt illegally, and the warden evidently came to the same conclusion, as he wrote to Mr. Todd, under date of Nov. 26, that he had withdrawn the complaint, that he was now convinced that Mr. Todd did not intend that his dog should hunt deer, and that he regretted shooting him. Mr. Todd is not and never has been a game warden, but is in full sympathy with the game laws. While we believe in game law rightly administered, we feel that a law allowing any one to shoot a dog following a deer is liable to abuse, as any irresponsible person can shoot a dog, claiming he is hunting deer, and make, if he wishes, trouble and cost for his owner."

WEIGHT OF GROUSE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Under the above caption Mr. Von Ohl in FOREST AND STREAM for Dec. 12 describes the killing of a ruffed grouse weighing 2lbs. 1oz. There is something very odd about the development of these two-pound grouse, and I would suggest that hunters examine similar specimens for the purpose of determining whether these large specimens may not be "capon grouse." The average weight of the fully developed northern ruffed grouse is about 23oz., and it is rarely that a fat old drummer will weigh 25oz.; but every now and then some one kills a grouse that weighs 32oz. I have seen perhaps half a dozen of these two-pound grouse, but none of intermediate weight (between 25 and 32oz.). If a young male fowl be caponized, we know that the resulting capon reaches a very large size, and it has occurred to me that the extraordinarily large grouse may have rudimentary organs. I have not had an opportunity to make any observations on this point, or since the explanatory idea came to mind.—ROBERT T. MORRIS, M.D.

DEATH FROM WILDCAT'S BITE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you this clipping from a Colorado paper: "Trinidad, Colo., Nov., 2.—[Special.]—Nearly a month ago a young man who worked on a ranch twenty miles from Folsom, a nephew of F. D. Wight, came to Trinidad nursing a sore hand. While looking after his cattle he ran across a catamount, and was attacked by the animal. After the wounds were dressed they began to heal, and it was thought nothing bad would result, so he returned home. News came to town to-day that the young man was suffering from hydrophobia in a very bad form. As there are no trains running south, there is no means of reaching the man with medical aid except by driving across the country. Dr. Palmer and F. D. Wight left this afternoon in a buggy, but before they had been gone long word was received that the young man was dead." It would be interesting to learn of other cases of like death from the bites of wild animals.—W. N. B.

A MOUND-BUILDING RAT.—Mr. J. C. Van Hook, of San Diego, Cal., informs us that the city park at that place contains, among numerous other curiosities, a great number of mounds constructed of sticks and leaves, sometimes reaching a height of 4ft. In the center of these mounds is a small and softly-lined nest, whose occupant he vainly tried to capture. Indians told him it is a rat. He had great difficulty in opening the mass of debris even with a pick. The rat is said to be a species of *Neotoma,* probably *N. mexicana;* but little definite is known about the relationship of the animal. The nest-building habit, however, points to this identification as the correct one, for the best known species of *Neotoma* are notorious for the enormous nests which they construct.

LEWIS COUNTY, N. Y., NON-EXPORT LAW.—Lowville, N. Y., Dec. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* During the present session of the Board of Supervisors of this county a bill was passed to prohibit the shipping from the county ruffed grouse, woodcock, hares and speckled trout. Credit for the passage of the bill is especially due Supervisors Partridge, Kent and Boshart. It is believed by all sportsmen that this law will stop in a great measure the snaring and pot-hunting which was fast robbing us our game birds and fish. Quite a number of foxes have been killed in this section this season, but as the snow has left us for a time the foxes and also rabbits are having a rest.—OSCEOLIO.

SKUNK TRAPPING.—The Gloucester *Daily Times* reports that a young man in East Gloucester has recently secured 42 skunks by trapping and shooting. He has orders for all he can get at one dollar each. The skins have a market value and the fat is said to be utilized. The correspondent very justly remarks: "The aroma as they are passing a given point is anything but pleasant." The favorite fur known to the trade as "brown marten" is skunk pure and unadulterated.

MR. H. C. MINER, of this city, has recently been duck shooting at Back Bay, Md. He reports excellent luck, getting from nine to eighteen at each flight, *i. e.*, morning and evening, shooting from batteries. Mr. Miner has leased the Miller ducking shore, which is opposite the famous ground of the Carrol's Island Club, where the shares are held at $6,000 apiece; and it is one of the best shores in that region.

PATTERN AND PENETRATION TESTS.—New York, Dec. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We are delighted with the excellent showing Mr. H. E. Thompson's little featherweight hammerless ejector Francotte gun made at your trial, and are much obliged for your fair report of the same. As we wish the little baby gun to get all the credit due it for beating the big ones, we wish to draw your attention to your statement as to the velocity of the wind, which was certainly more than six miles an hour. The wind was from the south on the afternoon of the trial, and Sergeant Dunn of the Weather Bureau records the velocity of the wind during the hours of the trials at from 12 to 20 miles per hour in New York city and vicinity. It is fair to assume that at Claremont, where the wind had a clean sweep across the bay, it was nearer 20 miles than 12 miles per hour. At any rate, it was so strong that it was almost impossible to keep the paper on the target, so that your representative suggested to shorten and postpone the trial. Was your statement of 6 miles per hour not simply a mistake?—VON LENGERKE & DETMOLD. [Our notes of the test show a record of 12 miles of wind per hour, and it was so marked on the copy, but the types made it otherwise.]

SNOWSHOES.—Dec. 14.—The Hackensack, N. J., division of the Oritani Snowshoe Club turned out in full force, including several lady members, on the evening of Dec. 14, and enjoyed one of the finest snowshoe tramps we ever took. The unhappy residents of New York city would not have recognized the pure white glistening mantle that covered the earth to the depth of 7in., but it was snow, the first we have had of any account since the famous blizzard.—W. H.

A NEW JERSEY GUN TAX.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The 14th of the present month will see the close of the quail shooting season in New Jersey; at least it should close on that day; but the probabilities are that while the evening of that day will see the true sportsman putting away his gun for the winter, and calling his dog to heel for the last time, the market-shooter and his relation the pot-hunter will continue to kill Bob White as long as one of the birds remains outside of the market stall or within the outlaw's reach.

And right here is a fact well worth bringing to the Jersey sportsman's mind, viz., that the game laws are the least observed, I might say the only unobserved, laws of his State. And another equally important, following as a sequence of the former, is that the constant violation of these laws is rapidly putting the opportunity for the enjoyment of legitimate sport within the State's bounds at an end.

He must remember that every year increases the number of shooters, and consequently the slaughter among the birds, and in the same ratio every day increases the need of a thoroughly enforced closed season.

In old times, when few men owned or could use a shotgun, the violation of the laws, although wrong *per se*, and much to be regretted, did not to any appreciable extent diminish the amount of game that was at the sportsman's disposal with every recurring season; but now all this is changed. Where there was one gun (even ten years ago) there are now twenty, and where there was one man who could shoot on the wing ten years ago, there are now forty. And yet the birds have less protection in proportion from the laws now against the increased number of guns than they did ten years ago, against the one man who could then shoot on the wing.

There is an old saying that he who runs may read; but another way of expressing the same idea in relation to shooting would be that he who stops and looks the facts of the case squarely in the face, can easily see the end of quail shooting in New Jersey.

It is full time then that something should be done to prevent this indiscriminate slaughter, some law passed and enforced, and the market-shooters, pot-hunters and their kind taught that the laws are made to protect the game, and are not merely for the purpose of preventing the law-abiding citizen from shooting and allowing the outlaw to do so with impunity, which is practically the effect of the laws now as administered.

To attain this most desirable end and give the necessary protection to the game, there is another element necessary besides the mere passing of acts. There are laws enough now upon the books for this purpose, if they were enforced; but unfortunately that is just what they are not. It is undeniably true that any law, which every individual in a community is capable of enforcing against a wrongdoer, is the very law which every individual in that community leaves for his neighbor to attend to; and as a consequence, this duty is more honored in the breach than in the observance. This state of the case renders necessary the creation of a corps of men, whose duty should be to hunt out and bring all offenders to trial, conviction and punishment—in other words, game wardens. And to maintain this corps, all guns should be subject to a certain yearly tax. The sum to be raised would provide ample funds for this purpose, and secure us once more, not only our game birds, but also our song and insectivorous birds, now so indiscriminately slaughtered.

Therefore, by all means, let us tax the guns.

ELBERON, N. J., Dec. 12. HAPPIE-GO-LUCKIE.

A GAME PROTECTION SCHEME.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Midway between Cayuga and Seneca Lakes, New Yark, lies the hamlet of Mecklenburg, in Schuyler county. Situated at the opening of a long valley, hemmed in by wooded hills, where the lordly grouse, the dainty quail and the frisky squirrel thrive in fair numbers, the inhabitants live bountifully upon the products of the soil of the Hector foothills and possess an average amount of intelligence and education. Like all rural centers, the population owns hundreds of muzzleloading arms and scores of fairly made breechloaders, supported, however, by a large contingent of heedless game exterminators. Hitherto the region has been kept under a fairly respectful observance of the game laws, but this fall the ruling spirit of destruction broke loose in the persons of some thirty-two self-styled sportsmen, who organized a hunting match with sixteen guns on each side to go forth and slay by fair or foul means every living thing found wild in the field and forest, and at the round-up the party that has committed the least slaughter provides the champion lot of butchers with a supper. And this is sport, sanctioned under the present system of game legislation.

Much has been written of late on taxing the gun, while other propositions have been considered for the preservation of game. Every mind is probably capable of formulating some sort of theory and believing in its efficacy, be it tenable or not; and perhaps among the pile of chaff accruing may be found a few good kernels that can be added to the accumulating store, from which the lawmakers will grind out the grist of laws. Pending a revision of the game laws and anticipating the annual tinkering of the batch existing on our statute books the following propositions are submitted for consideration and criticism:

1. Enact a general State law making the open season available for shooting and fishing only when game has reached maturity, protecting not only the breeding season, but also caring for struggling infancy.
2. Abolish spring shooting of wildfowl.
3. Prohibit the taking of game by any means other than by the firearm, and prohibit the capture of fish by means other than angling with hook and line.
4. During the open seasons prohibit hunting and shooting on the first three days of the week.
5. Forbid the use of large caliber rifles in settled communities as a precautionary measure, and limit shotguns for hunting to a bore not exceeding 12-gauge with a shell not exceeding 2¾in. in length.
6. Limit each person to 20lbs. of undressed game or 15 birds on any day excepting the present deer regulation.
7. Tax heavily a non-resident for the privilege of hunting in this State.
8. Issue annually any male resident desirous of hunting and fishing at a moderate fee (permitting boys under 16 years to angle for fish without license). Compel the registry of such license in the town clerk's office where the licensee resides, requiring him to take and subscribe an oath to observe the game laws. Furnish him a copy of the game laws at cost and enter his oath in the duplicate or attached thereto on file with the clerk and make a violation a misdemeanor.
9. Prohibit exportation from the State of any game at any time.
10. Make possession of game during the close season a misdemeanor.
11. Grant the power of arrest to any citizen witnessing a violation of the game laws.
12. Appoint or elect a game warden in each township; swear him to perform his duty, pay him a salary and punish him for wilful neglect.
13. Prohibit the organization or participation in any hunting or fishing match for game.
14. Require all sportsman's clubs owning preserves or lands to annually stock their premises with game, and require the officers thereof to file articles of incorporation in the County Clerk's office and pay a special license with a bond for his faithful observance of the game laws, also require each member thereof to enter in a docket kept by the club the daily extent of his capture, which he shall attest or sign, submit this docket or report of the officers at the annual meeting of the board of town auditors. Grant at all times public inspection by the game wardens of the property and premises.
15. Set apart a fund for annually restocking the lands and waters of each township, the service to be in charge of the game warden.
19. Offer by law a premium to the person who shall rear and turn loose when half grown to run wild any litter of four-footed game or flock of game birds or fowl named in our game laws from stock imported from another State.
17. Pay annually, to any land owner a sum per acre, not exceeding twenty acres of woodland or brush, who shall maintain such cover for game, and throw same open to public shooting during the open season. This applying only to agricultural townships, where the arable land exceeds at least by 75 per cent. timber and brush land.
18. Make ample provisions for stocking public waters with game fish.
19. Provide a premium annually per acre to owners of marsh tracts, adjoining public waters, who shall sow and grow thereon wild rice, wild celery or other natural food of wildfowl and throw same open to public shooting.
20. Require any person or association, not owning, but leasing the exclusive privilege of hunting any lands or fishing any waters, to take out a special license, at a fair fee per acre.
21. Require every person who shall market any game, to file on the first of the month with the town clerk, a sworn statement of the amount and kind of game sold the preceding month, in what town captured and to whom sold or consigned. Also require every consignee or dealer, at the close of the open season to file a sworn statement of all game received and sold and where procured.
22. Let every annual reissue of any license be given upon payment of the fee, and the applicant making oath that he has not violated his expired license. CAYUGA.

THE DEATH OF DR. JOBS.

HAVING seen many contradictory statements in the papers as regards the sad accident that befell Dr. Nicholas O. Jobs, of Springfield, and among others that the accident was caused by his drawing a loaded gun toward himself by taking hold of the muzzle and thus discharging it, I think it only right to give the full particulars to his many friends, and to show them that although he might have been careless in some respects, that such a foolhardy piece of business was not the cause. On Friday afternoon, Nov. 15, Dr. Jobs, having an hour or so to spare, decided to go for a little hunt on the side of the Springfield Mountain. On his way he picked up his friend, Mr. George Pudney, and on arriving at the place where they intended to leave the horse, George jumped out and started to tie the horse, the Doctor remaining in the buggy to get out the blanket to cover her. While George was tying the horse he heard the report of a gun directly behind him, and naturally looked all around to see what the Doctor had shot at. While thus engaged he heard, "George, I'm shot. Catch me." Running around to the right hand side of the phaeton, he was just in time to catch the Doctor, as he fell out, while trying to get out by himself. He told George to tie his handkerchief above where the wound was. This was promptly done, and seemed to stop at once the flow of blood. On going to untie the horse so as to back her out, he found that both guns had slipped out of the buggy and were fast in the left front wheel. Dr. Jobs was tenderly conveyed to his home, and on the arrival of Drs. Chandler and Pierson from Orange, it was decided to amputate the arm at the shoulder, but before this was finished Dr. Jobs had passed away, surrounded by friends who saw that everything that was possible to be done was done. His wife and son were away and did not reach home until late the next morning.

As regards the cause of the accident, it is evident that the guns slipped out of the phaeton, and in so doing one of them struck the side of the lower part of the frame of the phaeton, breaking off the thumb piece of the hammer; and breaking the rebound, allowed the plunger to strike the primer, thus exploding the shell. On the frame of the body is a dent fully half an inch deep, showing with what force the hammer must have struck, and the broken part of the same was found in the buggy next morning. Too much credit cannot be given to Mr. Pudney for what he did under the trying circumstances.

Dr. Jobs was a man esteemed and loved by all with whom he came in contact, and the loss to this community is appalling and far reaching. Not a dry eye was to be seen when the news spread that he was dead, and every one felt that they had lost a near and dear friend, as well as the best physician in the State. Whenever any one was sick, his presence seemed to inspire confidence and hope, no matter how grave the case might be, and the sick one would brighten up the moment his step was heard in the house. He was a friend well worth having, and was always the same, clinging to you through everything. Taken away just in the prime of life and usefulness, it seems strange that such things can be. The once happy home, where all was sunshine and light, a devoted wife and loving son, now all is sadness and gloom. They have our heartfelt sympathy, but the dear one is gone forever, never to return. J.

SPRINGFIELD, N. J., Dec. 16.

Sea and River Fishing.

KENTUCKY FISH AND GAME.

A PARTY of the United States Geological Survey penetrated last summer into the wilds of southeastern Kentucky and carried on explorations in a region which is full of interest for the lover of unconventional nature. In order to reach the scene of our duties we traveled from Washington by Louisville and Nashville Railroad to London, and thence by wagon across country about seventy miles to Hazard, in Perry county, where we established our camp. Travel is very rough, principally on paths; roads are scarce, and we were often obliged to cut our way through the undergrowth. The whole region is a mass of hills ranging to 1,000ft. in height, and densely timbered to the top with trees which do not decrease in size with altitude. Poplar and walnut are the principal species. The former grows to a diameter of 4ft. and sometimes exceeds 100ft. in height; it is as straight as an arrow. Five logs, worth from $5 to $7 each, can be cut from a single tree. The biggest walnut does not much surpass 2ft. through. Logs are drawn down to the forks of Kentucky River by oxen and then floated onward at high stages of water. A magnolia with flowers as big as a man's head is one of the characteristic trees of the country. Laurel everywhere makes a dense and well nigh impenetrable undergrowth. There is no good grazing land, and flowering plants are not common. Cannel coal occurs here abundantly in veins 7 to 10ft. thick; pieces can be broken off and lit with a match.

The Kentucky has three forks in this region, known as North, Middle and South Fork, and there is an abundance of small streams besides. The water is warm enough for comfortable wading. The streams are from 6in. to 10 or 15ft. deep, and it is said there are pools 40ft. in depth.

Fishing is good at almost any time from April to November; men were fishing in the early part of November when we left the field. Anglers come in wagons or on foot from places 100 miles away to fish for pike; they camp out in the timber and keep their lines working day and night, sometimes varying the routine by a lively coon hunt. Pike are said to grow 4ft. long in the forks; we did not see any of this size, but the statement is never challenged by any one. This fish is sometimes caught on hooks baited with large minnows. One man will watch three or four lines. The lines are supplied with cork floats. The rods are long hickory poles, weighted at the butt. When a large pike is hooked he needs to be played carefully up and down the stream until a companion can strike him with a gig or spear fastened on a long pole. V-shaped fish traps are used here, and I am sorry to say dynamite, although interdicted by law, is freely employed. Seines are in use, and one measuring about 100ft. took 500 fish at a haul. Besides pike, the chief fish are black bass, redeye, suckers, catfish and perch. In the forks bass vary from 1lb. to 5lbs. in weight.

One party of nine able-bodied men was kept well supplied with choice fish every day by Capt. Billy Martin, of Hazard. The Captain is a great fisherman, and thoroughly enjoys the pastime with his entire 300lbs. of anatomy. Nature was in a generous and sportive mood when she called forth Billy Martin, and he is a credit to her handiwork. He scorns traps and repudiates dynamite, but when he go a-fishing he enteres into the spirit of the thing soul and body, for he always dives after the fish and either catches them with his hand under rocks and logs, or spears them with a three-pronged gig. It seems to us occasionally that the Captain remained beneath the water two or three minutes at a time.

This region is full of game too. Raccoons, possums, quail, pheasants and squirrels are all very common. Bear tracks are seen frequently. Fifteen years ago deer were in excess, but now none are to be found. Snakes! Reader, are you afraid of snakes? If so you will shun Perry county, Kentucky, in spite of its wild beauty and its populous streams and forests, for there are snakes and snakes in that county, and they are not of the kind that circulate under a hat band. While traveling along a stream from 9 to 12 one morning, I counted fifty-seven so-called water moccasins. Rattlesnakes are found chiefly in wheatfields and cornfields; copperheads are more abundant than rattlesnakes, and frequent the same localities. A rattlesnake which almost struck a guide was shot by one of the party, and found to contain a whole gray squirrel. The county is full of black snakes. The people have very little dread of these reptiles, and we were not much annoyed by them.

The nights are very cool and comfortable. Mosquitoes and other insect pests are unknown.

Guides charge from $1 to $1.50 per day for their services. Provisions can be obtained from London and Hazard, and the necessaries are for the most part very cheap. Chickens are ten cents each, eggs eight to ten cents a dozen, butter ten cents per pound, and all of them are excellent. Therefore, if you are not afraid of snakes and love the wild woods and the clear cool stream with its redoubtable knights in armor of scales, go to Perry county, Kentucky, and teach new and better ways of fishing. C. G. VAN HOOK.

U. S. GEOLOGICAL SURVEY, Washington, D. C.

BOAT FISHING FOR STRIPED BASS.

THERE is pleasure in being comfortably seated in a spacious fishing boat, anchored in a tideway, and in angling for the striped bass that forage there for succulent crustaceans and other tempting bits of food. At such a time there comes to the appreciative angler a joy and satisfaction at once ineffable and supreme. He is conscious of the full enjoyment of every pleasing thing that contributes to his environment. The motionless heron on a distant rock, intent on securing one more morsel before winging his lazy flight to his secluded haunt, admonished by the coming day; the sprightly kingfisher, chattering his sweet notes from his vantage ground hard by, as he awaits with keen eye the approach of a luckless minnow; the flight of garrulous crows, alighting in yonder meadow for their morning meal; the kindly influence of the morning sun; each in turn serves to render the situation one of contentment and fascination. It is in the midst of such surroundings, with the air laden with sweet perfumes from the neighboring fields and saline odors from the ocean, that the lot of the salt-water angler frequently falls and that he finds himself contending for the mastery over his sulking adversary. Amid these peaceful scenes he brings to boat his beauteous and noble spoil. The summit of his happiness is reached, when in a lucky moment he is signalled from the far end of his well-placed line that the lure has been taken and the hook fastened to the object of his quest. Then, with rod buckling in a graceful curve to the strain imposed on the flax by a 20lb. bass 200ft. away, alert to every movement of the wily fish, giving line in play only on compulsion, never voluntarily, retrieving as opportunity offers, then it is that he brings every energy into action to the end that his hopes may be realized and his arts successful. In the fight for supremacy the well hooked fish, now tugging with persistent and savage jerks at the unyielding line, and anon, with a vigorous show of strength, and despite the pressure of the thumb on the half vacant spool, adding a dozen yards to the distance between himself and his antagonist, tests to the full the skill of the angler. The veteran is never given to the rashness of snubbing the fish in one of these furious breaks. With prudence born of experience he patiently humors its eccentricities and confidently awaits the first intimation that his is the master hand. Nor long is the delay, for the violent efforts of the fish to escape and the killing influence of the rod's spring so tell against his powers that his giving over is foreshown by the relaxation of the line and the approach of the rod to its accustomed rectitude. With rod well in hand and eyes fixed on the pool beyond, the angler, well at ease, inch by inch at first and soon with greater speed, lessens the distance between himself and his prize. The victim nears the surface, and, breaking water 50ft. away, makes a last desperate effort for his life. Down comes the ready thumb on the revolving spool: lightly at first but quickly, then with added power, the rod buckles and trembles a moment from tip to reel, then the revolutions of the spool cease, the line slackens and the combat is at an end. In another minute the lost line is recovered and

the fish, open-mouthed and exhausted, is drawn floating on his side within reach of the gaff. With a deft insertion of the pointed steel beneath the chin or gill-cover, and a single dexterous movement, the dying fish is transferred to the bottom of the boat. Stretched full length he lies before the victor's gaze with no trace of blood revealed to mar his beauty nor to mark a clumsy use of the gaff.

This is not a fanciful sketch, brother anglers. It is a portrayal of the experience of many of us who find solace and health within sight and sound of the sea. Some of our brothers find their greatest enjoyment along the mountain streams and meadow brooks in whipping the auspicious pools for speckled trout. Others in braving the wilds beyond our northern border for the dreamed of bout with the salmon and winanishe. These avenues of enjoyment have many votaries and yield generous returns. But comfort, ease and the full need of recreative pleasure unattended by hardship, can be more readily attained in boat fishing than any other way, and that which has for its object the capture of striped bass occupies a foremost place. One of the chief features of boat fishing is its companionableness. Where three or four congenial fishermen are anchored, each in his own boat, and all within easy chatting distance, anecdote, repartee and small talk add a charm to the occasion not vouchsafed to the lone fisherman ashore.

For this style of striped bass fishing most any boat that can be obtained, if the angler does not possess one, will serve the purpose. To be the owner of a boat is much more satisfactory. With a rod of two pieces only—butt and tip—its length between 5 and 6ft., an easy running multiplying reel holding a linen line not heavier than 12-thread and 200yds. in length, an assortment of knobbed hooks, a scoop net and a gaff, the angler has an equipment that will afford him much enjoyment if he can only get among the bass.

Allusion has been made to the satisfaction derived from being the owner of a boat. With such a possession the angler is sure of being well boated, and finds in the care of his craft much pleasing occupation when not otherwise engaged. To tinker around a boat is never distasteful, for every true fisherman takes naturally to such work. I have in mind a well-known bass fisherman who will spend a day in odd work about his boat as contentedly as can be imagined. A strong attachment centers around a boat that remains long in one's possession, and a good one is always parted with reluctantly.

On a fishing station like that to which attention has been drawn in this brief sketch, one makes many acquaintances among those of like inclinations with himself. Friendships come into existence that make men brothers. It is the good fortune of the writer to number among his fishing companions many that are famous as striped bass fishermen, some of whom are long past the meridian of life. In the breasts of the latter, who in the days of their active business life were prominent among men, the ardor of youth is securely lodged, and each year they find undiminished enjoyment in casting their lines in the familiar waters. Truly the gentle art, in a pre-eminent degree, holds fast to a spot in the bosoms of its followers that remains perennially green.

ARTHUR MARTIN.

ANGLING NOTES.

THE Potaluck Rod and Reel Club, of Newtown, Conn., instituted a criminal prosecution last spring against one John H. Parmalee, for fishing in a certain stream, which the club claimed to own. The statute under which the prosecution was brought requires that a notice shall be posted adjacent to the stream forbidding entry for the purpose of fishing. The defense of Parmalee was that at his request the stream in question had been stocked with trout by the Fish Commissioners of the State, and that this made it a public stream free to every one. The case was tried at Bridgeport last Thursday, and the defense made by Parmalee was absolutely overruled by the Court. It said that such a claim was not only repugnant to the spirit of the law protecting private streams, but that it was ridiculous to suppose that a stranger could in this unauthorized way make private streams public ones. The Court further held, however, that the notice above referred to should be signed, and as the club had not done this directed that Parmalee be acquitted. Although the club, through neglect to comply with the statute requiring the notice to be signed, lost the suit, they established a point that will enable them to fully protect their stream in the future, and it is also a decision of great value to other clubs.

MORE ABOUT BURNING OUT A BRASS FERULE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It looks as if your correspondent, Mr. Thomas Clapham, has experienced a backset and been delayed somewhat in getting in his information on the effects of heat on brass. He writes in FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 12 that "some correspondent has made the curious discovery that plunging heated brass in cold water hardens it like steel or iron," or words to that effect, and then goes on to tell that this treatment makes it "softer than copper," etc. Now, in FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 19, '89, in giving brother Hough and others of the craft a pointer on burning out a ferule, I wrote: "When brass is heated red hot and plunged in cold waters the effect is exactly opposite that produced on iron or steel. It takes the stiffness out and makes it so soft that it may be readily chipped or whittled with a knife." If Mr. Clapham refers to this "curious statement" (and I have noticed nothing else in FOREST AND STREAM on the subject), he must have read it holding the paper upside down, or be the possessor of obtuseness that has never been through a "softening process."—KINGFISHER (Cincinnati, O.).

ARTIFICIAL FLIES IN ALASKA.—We are informed by a member of the U. S. Fish Commission that Paymaster Williams and Ensign McCormick, of the Albatross, caught 300 Dolly Varden trout in about one hour's fishing in a small lake near Eagle Harbor, Shumagin Islands, last summer. The trout were from 5 to 8in. long and were hooked so fast that the fishing ceased to be fun and really resembled the hardest kind of work. We have not learned what flies were used, but presume they were small and showy.

FISHING IN FLORIDA WATERS.—Anglers who intend visiting Florida this coming winter will find it to their advantage to inspect the superior tackle for tarpon and other fishes, manufactured by Thomas J. Conroy, 65 Fulton street, New York.—*Adv.*

COLORADO.—A Denver correspondent writes: "I have been too busy this summer to go a-fishing. Did not cast a line. But the fishing in Grand River and its tributaries was exceptionally good the past season. It has been improving year by year for three or four past. There was the greatest abundance of young trout in the streams the past fall that I ever saw in any water outside of a fish hatchery. I was by the water every day.—B."

NATIONAL ROD AND REEL ASSOCIATION.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The storm of last Saturday evidently restrained many members from attending the annual meeting of the National Rod and Reel Association called for that day; and the meeting was adjourned until Saturday, Jan. 11, at 2 P. M., in the laboratory of Mr. E. G. Blackford, Fulton Market, New York.—G. POEY, Sec.

THE KENTUCKY FISH AND GAME CLUB had an informal supper at Alexander's Hotel, Louisville, Tuesday evening. As our columns have testified, this is one of the live game protective societies of the country.

Fishculture.

SAWDUST AND FISH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the Halifax (N. S.) *Herald* of Nov. 29 a letter on the benefits of sawdust in rivers appears, signed W. H. Rogers. Mr. Rogers was formerly Inspector of Fisheries for Nova Scotia. A certain river in Nova Scotia, called Le Hare, has a lot of sawmills on it. For years sawdust has been allowed to escape, so blocking the channels and harbor that where formerly a 1,000-ton ship could load, a light schooner is now unable to float, and the fish have deserted the stream. The Minister of Fisheries, in reply to a petition asking leave to continue the desecration, plainly and forcibly shows the fallacy of their demand, and says stop it, burn up your sawdust, or quit. This I would expect from his previous acts, and it is better late than never to lock the stable door.

Mr. Rogers in supporting the mill owners, describes the sawdust as becoming vegetable soup, so necessary for the sustenance and production of anadromous fishes, although he admits they eat nothing while in fresh water, excepting an odd drink of this soup of his. True, we find no food in the stomach of the salmon while in fresh water, but the trout is not so particular; he requires something stronger than soup; anything from a salmon smolt up to a mouse or a squirrel is more to his taste; he may take a little sawdust as dessert, but don't make a practice of it. "Mr. Rogers describes truly the clean rapids which are selected by those fish in which to lay their ova," instinct no doubt teaches them, that the sawdust is death. Some of our pisciculturists could decide this question easily, by giving a tray of eggs a coating of Mr. Rogers's favorite sawdust. Mr. Rogers repudiates the idea of sawdust getting into the gills of a fish or their being killed by swallowing it. No man ever yet found sawdust in the stomach of a newly killed fish, but it is a well-known fact that dead fish are often found with the gills ulcerated and the sawdust adhering. Mr. Rogers in describing the mode adopted by the fish in laying their eggs tells us, "The fish plow furrows a few inches deep with their nose and after depositing the 'fertilized ova,' cover it carefully over several inches deep with their tails." I fear Mr. Rogers never had much experience with the salmon family; if he had, he never would have written such nonsense.

The facts are simply these. The salmon never touches the gravel with his nose while excavating the redd, the work is performed solely by the action of the tail and body, and by suction, lifting the gravel by the hard quick motion of the strong membranes and holding it in solution while the rapid current sweeps it clear of the redd, and not a few inches deep satisfies the fish; the general depth is from 8in. to a foot. As to the fertilizing process, it is often the case that the male may be engaged in a fight with another, or chasing some big trout who approached too near, and the male can be often seen alone ejecting the fertilizing fluid on the redd, allowing the germs of life to find their way to the eggs lying in the interstices of the gravel. Owing to this fact thousands of natural-laid eggs are never fertilized, the male fluid never reaching the egg. Mr. Rogers closes by declaring that all who dispute his theory of facts, are uninformed or have political axes to grind. I have none, but I have had some experience both with fish and sawdust, practically, not theoretically, and must say so far as it benefits rivers, harbors or fish, I am ANTI-SAWDUST.

RESCUE OF ILLINOIS FISHES.

THE U. S. Commission of Fish and Fisheries is informed by Dr. S. P. Bartlett, of Quincy, Illinois, who had charge of the work of rescuing and distributing native fishes of the Mississippi Bottoms, that he has sent out by the cars of the Commission 131,311 fishes, as follows: Black bass 64,951, crappie 18,434, redeye (*Ambloplites rupestris*) 350, sunfish 7,028, ringed perch (*Perca americana*) 15,483, wall-eyed pike 700, striped bass (*Roccus chrysops*) 10,484, white perch (*Aplodinotus grunniens*) 350, pike 270, buffalo 2,285, spotted catfish 10,976. These were forwarded to localities in Arkansas, District of Columbia, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Ohio, Texas and Wisconsin. The cars traversed a total of 28,000 miles to accomplish this work. In appreciation of the value of the undertaking the railroads hauled the cars without charge all but 1,000 miles of this distance.

The fish rescued and distributed to living waters would have perished by desiccation of the ponds in summer and freezing in winter. They were all half-grown and adult, varying in length from four to twelve inches. Besides the number shipped to distant points Dr. Bartlett states that more than a half million were deposited in the Mississippi and other rivers of Illinois at or near the place of capture.

U. S. FISH COMMISSION WORK.

CAR No. 1 has brought from Illinois for distribution in the East 500 black bass, 400 striped bass (*Roccus interruptus*), 600 crappies, and 300 ringed, or yellow perch. The crappies will be deposited in the headwaters of the Shenandoah River. Some of the black bass have been distributed in Howard county, Maryland. The work of taking whitefish eggs is closed for the present season. The total number of eggs taken is 220,000,000. This is about twice as many as were taken last year.

Sandusky and Alpena hatcheries are full. Northville has 60,000,000, which are to be cleaned up and sent to Duluth; 10,000,000, are to be hatched at the Erie station by the Pennsylvania Commission for Lake Erie; 10,000,000, are to be developed at Washington, D. C. These will be planted in the eastern portion of Lake Ontario.

BLACK BASS PLANTED IN VIRGINIA.—About Dec. 5, 1889, the U. S. Fish Commission deposited 675 large-mouthed black bass in the North River, at Lexington, Va. This river is a tributary of the James. Mr. E. R. Lucas was in charge of the shipment.

ALASKAN SALMON PACK OF 1889.—In order to give our readers an idea of the abundance of salmon in Alaskan rivers we record here the largest catch known in the Territory to date. 634,260 cases, representing fully 6,000,000 fish, were shipped to San Francisco, and the number of barrels of salted salmon was 6,930½ containing 200lbs. each. The total number of salmon, therefore, was not less than six and a quarter millions, taking 5lbs. as the average weight of a fish in the marketable condition. The value of this catch exceeds $3,000,000. If we could transfer one-half of these noble fishes to eastern waters what an outing our experts with the rod might enjoy.

SALMON CULTURE IN MAINE.—Excellent result have been obtained by the U. S. Fish Commission at the Craig's Brook station during the season just closed. From 110,000 eggs of the sea salmon collected in October, 1888, upward of 83 per cent. of yearling fish, numbering 92,000, were reared, 78,000 of these were placed in the Penobscot and the balance will be kept another year. 36,000 Schoodic, or landlocked salmon eggs, furnished 17,000 yearlings, all of which have been planted in Green Lake, to establish therein a supply of breeding fish for future operations in salmon culture.

PENNSLVANIA FISH COMMISSION.—The annual meeting of the Fish Commissioners of Pennsylvania was held in Washington, D. C., during the present week, to give the members of the Commission an opportunity to confer with the U. S. Commissioners and investigate the methods of work by the Government.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Jan. 6 to 11, 1890.—Annual Dog Show of the Michigan State Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Bay City, Mich. W. F. Brace, Secretary.

Jan. 13 to 18, 1890.—First Annual Dog Show of the Georgia Pet Stock and Bench Show Association, at Augusta, Ga. A. H. Vonderleith, Secretary.

Jan. 27 to Feb. 1, 1890.—Dog Show of the Colorado Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Denver, Col.

Feb. 11 to 14, 1890.—Fourteenth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, American Institute Building, New York. James Mortimer Superintendent.

Feb. 19 to 22, 1890.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, Chicago, Ill.

March 11 to 14, 1890.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Rochester Kennel Club, at Rochester, N. Y. Harry Yates, Secretary.

March 25 to 28, 1890.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Mass. Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

April 1 to 4, 1890.—Sixth Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Secretary.

April 15 to 18, 1890.—Show of the Buffalo Kennel Club, Buffalo, N. Y. A. W. Smith, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Jan. 20, 1890.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club at Bakersfield, Cal. H. H. Briggs, Secretary, 313 Bush street, San Francisco, Cal.

Jan. 27, 1890.—All-Day Field Trials, at West Point, Miss. F. R. Hitchcock, 44 Broadway, New York, Secretary.

Feb. 11, 1890.—Fourth Annual Field Trials of the Texas Field Trial Club, at Marshall, Tex. W. L. Thomas, Secretary.

Feb. —, 1890.—Meet of the Brunswick Fur Club, New Meadows, Me.

EASTERN COURSING CLUB'S MEET.

[*Special Report.*]

AFTER many trials and tribulations, the members of the club met at Hicksville, Long Island, Dec. 11, and concluded the meeting, which had been commenced on the previous Saturday, which had been stopped after the first course by the S. F. P. C. A.

The case of the slip steward McGregor having been disposed of Saturday night and the culprit acquitted, the trial of slipper Black, put down for Tuesday at 5 P. M., had also resulted in an acquittal. The case was prosecuted for the Society by Mr. Elliott, assisted by Mr. C. J. Peshall, who, loaded down with legal tomes, presented a very formidable appearance as he swooped down upon the Hickvillites. He did not disconcert them nor the jury very much, for with the law, (which he expounded from his books) and the eloquence of Mr. Elliott, the case fell flat for want of legs to stand upon, and Judge Weller, the club's counsel, scored every point to a "finish and kill." In fact so to shreds and tatters did he tear the Society's case that at one time it looked as if Justice Steiner would issue a warrant for his arrest for "willfully, cruelly and with fiendish inhumanity lacerating and otherwise killing the Society's case." In an able and impartial charge the Judge gave the case to the jury at nearly midnight. The interest on the part of the citizens never flagged for a moment; and when the jury went out, the room was being crowded into by new faces anxious to know the result. A half-hour's absence brought the jury back to their places and the verdict of acquittal brought forth a salvo of cheers that was simply deafening. The jury no doubt looked upon the case as striking at the very root of their liberties, and so they defended them with their verdict.

The club, anticipating a verdict of acquittal, inasmuch as the S. F. P. C. A. had at the very best a poor case, had agreed to conclude the meet on Wednesday. The day broke most wretchedly. It did not rain, it simply poured; and the outlook for a successful meet was anything but encouraging. Soon, however, the rain ceased, the sun came out, and with it the spirits rose. Mr. Watson met Mr. Peshall, and the outcome of it was that the latter took the first train to New York with a proposition to Mr. Haines, of the Society. Word was given that no movement would be made toward coursing till 12 o'clock, which would give Mr. Peshall ample time to telegraph the result of the conference. Having given Mr. Peshall an hour's grace, even as the club gave the jacks fifty extra yards of law, the members quietly started for the coursing field, while Mr. Watson engaged the Society's officer in earnest conversation. Everything being in readiness, the first brace was ordered to the slips.

First Series.

BALKIS AND HAZELHURST.

This was a most unfortunate drawing, as Balkis was the sire of Hazelhurst. The former had severed an artery four weeks ago while in training, which, of necessity, laid him up in the hospital for that time. Consequently, when he went to slips he was greatly out of condition, not having a mile's run for weeks. Nevertheless, there being but fifteen dogs entered, Mr. Huntington concluded to let Balkis run and so fill the sixteen-dog stake. The jack was let out of the preserve and proved to be the big black tail so much desired on Saturday. Out of the lane he went like a shot. Mr. Black made a most elegant slip at about 125yds., and Balkis started at a pace simply marvelous, leading up to the jack and making the first turn in true workmanlike style. Hazelhurst now forged ahead and got a go-by and two turns in rapid succession. Balkis coming up at a rattling pace scored another go-by, then two turns and holding his jack well in hand, made a wrench. So closely did father and son

work together that the jack, though he turned repeatedly, could not get to the plain. From this point on Hazelhurst scored all the points, Balkis keeping close in the rear. The jack was a very strong one, and gave Hazelhurst a good gruelling, till he by sheer force of speed drove her close to fence and killed in grand style. Balkis was thoroughly pumped, while Hazelhurst was not perceptibly the worse for his hard work. Hazelhurst won.

WANDA AND HIGHLAND CHIEF

were slipped on a strong whitetail. Wanda was at first unsighted, which gave Highland Chief fully 50yds. lead. Wanda soon sighted, however, challenged Chief, and together they worked to the jack in fine style, Wanda turning the jack to Chief. From this point on to the finish Chief kept selfish possession of the jack, got in some very quick work and won with a good kill. Wanda being very much out of condition was consequently greatly pumped. Highland Chief showed great speed from start to finish, scoring 10 to Wanda's 6.

HARMONY AND TUNOR.

For the first 25yds. Tunor led toward the jack, when Harmony got settled down to a rattling pace, took a go-by with perfect ease, wrenched, turned, wrenched again and killed in short order. From first to to last she did all the work, beating Tunor pointless. A course of moderate length, made so by Harmony's quick and beautiful work.

GIPSEY AND ANDY M'GREGOR.

This was, with one exception, the longest slip of the day, the jack getting fully 125yds. away before the dogs were let go. After a short gallop Gipsey stopped working, but soon recovering started off at a beautiful pace, but not fast enough to prevent Andy from quickly getting in two turns, coursing the jack down toward the lane, when he quickly turned her, forcing her back over the upper field. Here Gipsey again sighted, challenged Andy, and together over main field and adjoining one they coursed her in beautiful style, till Andy, forcing the jack toward the lower corner, wrenched, killed and won. An excellent course, occupying fully seven minutes. Gipsey was well winded.

ZOE AND FOREST QUEEN.

Despite the fact that she had had no training whatever, Zoe showed up in excellent style, being strong and full of fire. The jack was a rare good one. Zoe did all the work at first, scoring in rapid succession fifteen turns to Queen's eight. The two bitches did their work most beautifully from start to finish, which was made by the jack getting away, at which point the judge declared it an "undecided" much to the outspoken dissatisfaction of every one. From first to last it was never in doubt that Zoe won the course, and it might have been ended twice, in both instances making Zoe a very easy winner. This was indeed a marvelous decision and worthy of the judge's great experience. When asked by one of the stewards to give the score on which he based his award, he was utterly unable to do so, which fact did not tend to make matters any pleasanter.

GLENBOIG A BYE.

Wanda went into the slips with him, and they were let go on a marvelously strong jack which was given fully one hundred and twenty-five yards law. Puss made straight for the plain and reaching it was lost to sight before either of the dogs had got anywhere near her. With the exception of this very short run, Glenboig did literally nothing but jump up and down trying to locate the jack, which he was unable to do. The entire distance covered by him was not 200yds., yet the judge awarded Glenboig the course. This was all wrong and showed an utter want of knowledge of the first principles of coursing. If the spectators had the least doubts of his total ignorance as shown in his previous decision, this egregious blunder dispelled them. Glenboig ran the bye with a beaten dog, so that he should do as much work as those dogs which had had good punishing courses in order to put them all on an equality, and not let one score a bye doing no work at all. The result of the decision was that Glenboig not having done the slightest possible coursing was perfectly fresh and had one course scored to his credit. From this point on to the very finish of the meet the question as to which would be the winner was never for a moment in doubt. In every one's mind it was dollars to doughnuts that Glenboig must win, and any bookmaker would have quickly given odds of 100 to 1. No one member could have taken the decision to himself, yet all were affected by it. It was gross injustice to the dog himself, not to mention the disadvantage every other dog was subjected to. The owners of the next brace of dogs should have challenged the decision at once, and had it occurred in England it would not have been allowed to stand one moment; in fact, no judge would have dared to do it. A short course even with a kill may be judged an undecided one, as was done in the case of Mr. Webber's Sister in Black two years ago at Great Bend. The advantage here given to Glenboig was by far too great to be overcome by any of the remaining dogs, as Hazelhurst, Highland Chief, Harmony, Andy McGregor and Forest Queen had done all the work they cared to do, for a while at least. Mr. Black, the slipper, had up to this time kept his temper well down, but now he rose in his righteous indignation and threw the slips violently down, refusing absolutely to slip any more dogs to such decisions. Mr. Black, in his desire to see coursing introduced into this country, had again most generously agreed to slip for the club, though he felt quite sure of arrest. The annoyances of arrest and trial were bearable, but this judging was more than he could stand. He was, however, won over by Mr. Watson, and agreed to slip as before.

Third Series.

HAZELHURST A BYE.

Hazelhurst went into the slips with Gipsey. A very strong jack flew out of the lane and made for the plain in fine style. This sight drove Hazelhurst nearly wild with excitement and eagerness to get away. In some unaccountable manner he slipped his collar and made for the jack at lightning speed. Gipsey was held in the slips by Mr. Black, and Hazelhurst had to do all the work alone. Up and down he coursed the jack in true workmanlike style, making turns, wrenches and trips in rapid succession; but so strong was the jack that it was evident he would never be able to catch her. He, however, forced the jack by sheer work down to the lane, which it entered: then as the dog, greatly pumped, was taken up, the jack turned up the lane toward the plain. Mr. Lacy quickly dropped on his knees right in front of the jack, and before puss knew it, she was held fast in his hands. The spectators agreed she had won the right to life, so she was dropped back into the preserve. This very punishing and long course was indeed hard luck for Mr. Wixom, and a wonderful contrast to the running of Glenboig's bye.

HARMONY AND HIGHLAND CHIEF.

A good strong jack was let out to these two dogs, which left the slips like a shot. Chief did some excellent work at first, scoring three go-byes. Afterward Harmony came up, settled well down to her business and worked her jack up and down the main field in a beautiful manner, scoring five turns to Chief's four. Then came a straight run up, several wrenches by Harmony, when Chief killed. Both dogs had a very punishing trial. Harmony stood it remarkably well, showing both speed and bottom, but Chief was not so well off. Mr. Huntington's trainer, McGregor, had drawn his dogs for Nov. 15, the original day for the meet, but the repeated postponements of a month causing repeated change of diet and exercising was more than they could well stand. Chief was drawn too fine, though he showed wonderful speed and great fire and heart. Harmony won with many points to spare.

After Harmony's kill Mr. Black the slipper was again arrested by the S. F. P. C. A.'s remaining officer, who had put in an appearance after he found the club had left for the coursing grounds. Mr. Black was worn out, the road was muddy, and he could not walk fast; so by the time he was brought before the Judge and the officer got back to the grounds the meeting had been concluded. As soon as the officer had disappeared, Mr. Garbutt, one of the field stewards, volunteered to slip the remaining dogs, and performed the office very satisfactorily.

GLENBOIG AND ANDY M'GREGOR.

Mr. Huntington's nomination of Mr. Erastus Hopkins's black dog Andy McGregor proved to be a good one. Glenboig came to the slips as fresh as a daisy. This course was the grandest and most punishing of the entire meet. The best jack of the day, a big strong blacktail, rushed from the long lane like the wind, making straight for the plain. The slip was made at about 100yds., and then began a terrible gruelling. Up and down the first field they coursed in excellent style for over two minutes, Glenboig scoring four turns to Andy's three. Andy here pressed the jack so closely that she made a desperate break for the plains, he still leading, however, and holding her well in hand for over half a mile straightaway over the plains. Here Glenboig ran in, scored a go-bye, and ran fully a quarter of a mile further on with Andy hugging him close. Glenboig pressed the jack so closely that she turned and made a terrible dash for the fence far down to the left. As she flew under it Glenboig went through it and killed. Andy held on remarkably well, and at the finish was not 10yds. behind. The taken time from start to finish was nine minutes. Andy was thoroughly exhausted from this punishing course, and for a half minute reeled about like a drunken man and was hardly able to stand. Willing hands, however, were ready, a bit of brandy braced him up, and he was soon all right. Both dogs had a terrible gruelling; and had Glenboig not been so fresh on account of the bye he "ran," the result might have been different. Both dogs showed great fire, speed and bottom from start to finish and grit to a remarkable degree. As Andy had never seen a jack or cottontail before this meet, his work and kill were very meritorious. The judge was asked by one of the stewards for the score, but was unable to give it.

FOREST QUEEN AND ZOE.

A good jack was slipped to this brace of fawns and away she went at a rattling good pace. At the upper end of the field, all of a sudden, she squatted, to the surprise of every one. On came the dogs at full speed, and she let them get within about 10yds. of her, when up she jumped like lightning and sped over the field at full tilt, both bitches in hot pursuit. From this point on to the finish the gamy little Forest Queen did nearly all the work, and after a course of moderate length killed, winning easily with many points to spare.

Third Series.

GLENBOIG AND HAZELHURST.

A good jack made the pace for this brace. The slip was perfect, both dogs getting away together. The jack increased her speed to her full capacity, Glenboig leading well up to her in fine style. Hazelhurst now began working in earnest, feeling that he had an antagonist of metal and speed. From this point on to the finish Hazelhurst showed wonderful bursts of speed, holding his hare well in possession. The jack then made a dash and ran down the field, both dogs pressing her close. Here Hazelhurst made five quick turns to Glenboig's three, and with three go-byes and a trip turned the jack to Glenboig, who killed in fine style. The beauty of the latter part of the course was marred by the jack being forced so close to the fence, where the kill was effected. This was another one of Mr. Morris's queer decisions, and which, if it had been properly given, would have landed Hazelhurst a winner.

HARMONY AND FOREST QUEEN.

This was one of the most punishing courses of the day and both bitches received a terrible gruelling. From the very outset Harmony did all the work, only letting Forest Queen in at the turns. The latter is so very small, that she was enabled to turn herself more quickly than Harmony. Harmony, however, scored six go-byes in quick succession, fourteen turns and four wrenches, to the Queen's seven trips, eight turns and one wrench. Harmony showed marvelous speed from start to finish; and the course was ended by her catching the jack, dropping it and then turning it right into Queen's mouth, who caught and killed. Not a single point should have been allowed Queen for the kill, for it had no merit. The peculiarity of this course was, that every turn of the jack that Harmony made was just in the direction of Queen. The jack was a very strong one, and deserved to have gotten away. The judge awarded this course to Queen, who scored at least twelve point less than Harmony. This decision did not improve the general feeling, as every one saw it was Harmony's course, with plenty to spare. This course showed off her running as never seen before. Of all the greyhounds that had run, her motion was the most poetic and finished. She lacked nothing in style and worked her jack with consummate skill. Queen, a wee bit of a bitch, is a little wonder. She ran like a demon, held on to Harmony with wonderful tenacity and showed herself to be game from the word go, but was badly beaten.

The dogs now remaining to compete for the four prizes were Glenboig, Forest Queen, Hazelhurst and Harmony. Mr. Watson, the only steward on the grounds, had to go with Mr. Black and the officer. Mr. Garbutt, the field steward, was slipping, and consequently there was no one to attend to the drawing of the dogs. Glenboig and Forest Queen were ordered into the slips. Mr. Morris acted so queerly about the drawing that it caused most unfavorable comment. Repeatedly he had ridden up to the slipper, Mr. Black, and asked the names of the dogs then in the slips, which Mr. Black as often refused to give. This was perhaps the strangest proceeding ever performed by a judge on the coursing field, and many wondered why it was done. Queen was greatly distressed after this course, and had not recovered when again ordered into the slips for the

Final Series.

GLENBOIG AND FOREST QUEEN.

In Forest Queen's previous course she had had a terrible gruelling, and was, consequently, greatly distressed. Ten minutes after it she was ordered to the slips with Glenboig, who, on account of having done no work in the bye, was still comparatively fresh. The brace was slipped on a very poor jack, and as Forest Queen had not yet recovered entirely she had no show against her antagonist. Glenboig led up to the jack in fine style, and quickly scored four turns and five wrenches, while Queen could only get in two turns and two wrenches. Glenboig now increased his pace, and killing his jack, won a course of moderate length. This gave Glenboig first prize and the cup, with Forest Queen winner of second prize.

Mr. Morris showed his utter and lamentable ignorance in contending that Hazelhurst and Harmony should run off the tie for third and fourth prizes. Mr. Wixom, the owner of the two dogs, refused to run them, claiming justly that they should have been and would be properly guarded. Mr. Morris insisted that they should run, Mr. Wixom refusing to allow it. The result was that Mr. Morris was routed, and here ended his wretched display of ignorance of the very first principles of coursing:

SUMMARY.

RED.		WHITE.
Woodhaven Kennels' blue bitch Fleet	against	Mr. Watson's fawn dog Waverly.
Mr. Huntington's black and white dog Balkis	against	Hornell-Harmony Kennels' black dog Hazelhurst.
Mr. Caminoni's blue bitch Wanda	against	Mr. Huntington's white and black dog Highland Chief.
Hornell-Harmony Kennels' blk and w. b. Harmony	against	Mr. Lambert's black dog Tuner.
Mr. Griffith's brindle bitch Gipsey	against	Mr. Huntington names Mr. Hopkins' black dog Andy McGregor.
Mr. Webber names Mr. Rackham's Sister in Black	against	Messrs. Ide & McCoy's fawn dog Glenboig.
Mr. Growtage's Zoe	against	Mr. Garbutt's fawn bitch Forest Queen.
Mr. Work's br. dog Prince	against	Mr. Webber's w. and b. bitch Mother Demdike.

The result of the running was as follows:

First Series.

Waverly beat Fleet.
Hazelhurst beat Balkis.
Highland Chief beat Wanda.
Harmony beat Tunor.
Andy McGregor beat Gipsey.
Zoe and Forest Queen undecided.
Glenboig a bye.

Second Series.

Hazelhurst a bye.
Harmony beat Highland Chief.
Glenboig beat Andy McGregor.
Forest Queen beat Zoe.

Third Series.

Forest Queen beat Harmony.
Glenboig beat Hazelhurst.

Final.

Glenboig beat Forest Queen.
Glenboig first, Forest Queen second, Hazelhurst and Harmony divided third and fourth.

Great credit is due to Mr. Watson, the treasurer, and Mr. Huntington, the worthy secretary, for their indefatigable efforts and untiring zeal. These two gentlemen had everything to contend against, and together they saw to the purchasing of the jacks, renting of ground, designing of preserve, corral chute, securing of counsel for defense, etc., and to them belongs all the praise for making the meet such a success. It was deeply regretted and openly deplored by every one on the ground that neither of these gentlemen secured any of the prizes. Time after time, to their own loss, they gave up their trainers and sent them down to Hicksville to oversee the carrying out of their designs, not seeming to care whether they won or not, provided the meet was a success. It was a case of want of selfishness which should be thoroughly appreciated by the club. Mr. Huntington, however, has the consolation of having bred the third and fourth prize winners, Harmony and Hazelhurst, the former being by Doubleshot out of Clio, and the latter by champion Balkis out of champion Cassandra.

It is a thousand pities that Dr. Cryer could not have attended the meeting of Wednesday. The decision which he gave on the Saturday previous in the Fleet-Waverly course was prompt and intelligent, in marked contrast to Mr. Morris's bungling work. The interference of the Society was annoying enough, but the judging of Mr. Morris was such that it spoiled the pleasure of the whole meet. This gentleman grossly imposed upon the club, and convinced them somehow that he was perfectly capable; and relying upon his statements he was allowed to officiate in a capacity to which he himself should have known he was wholly unfitted. He sought notoriety and got it, and the Eastern Coursing Club had to suffer irreparably by it. Had Mr. James Black or Mr. Landon been appointed, everything would have passed off satisfactorily, for both gentlemen are eminently qualified to act.

I have repeatedly referred to the decisions Mr. Morris rendered and which caused such unfavorable comment both from the members and the spectators, and to substantiate it all I will quote from Mr. Morris's report in a Chicago paper of Dec. 13. Speaking of the Fleet-Waverly course he says: "And when about 100yds. distant the two dogs were slipped. Waverly threw up his head in fine style and kept well up with Fleet's superior speed." Mr. Campbell, one of the greatest coursers that ever lived and breeder of Canaradzo and a hundred other grand greyhounds, wanted his dogs to run "low in front and high behind." Mr. Morris wants his dogs to run high in front, heads up in fine style. I leave it to the public to decide how much weight is to be given to Mr. Morris's opinion, decisions and remarks. How he dared palm himself off on the club in such a manner passes all comprehension. Time after time he was asked by the stewards for the scores and was unable to give them and he also acknowledged it. The question then arose, how could he make his decision? At every turn and corner his ignorance was most apparent and deplorable. His assumption marred the entire meet and the Eastern Coursing Club now realize how they were imposed upon.

The evil done, however, cannot be repaired now. The jacks were strong, wonderfully strong some of them, and quite used up the dogs. The dogs were all thoroughbred, of the very best blood that England can boast of, and some of them as beautiful as they were fast. The work both of jacks and dogs was of excellent quality, being equal to many and superior to that shown in some of the large meets held in England. The sport was conducted in a perfectly legitimate manner.

Sister in Black and Mr. Webber's beautiful bitch Mother Demdike, who ran into the last four at Haydock Park, were on hand Saturday to try conclusions, and it was deeply regretted they were absent on Wednesday. The running of these two noted dogs (Sister having been in the Great Bend meet two years ago) was looked forward to with great pleasure. The rain that came pouring down early Wednesday morning no doubt led Mr. Webber to conclude there would be no meet, but the sun finally coming out enabled the club to carry out its programme. CARNARIS.

NEW JERSEY KENNEL CLUB.—The adjourned annual meeting of this club was held on Tuesday, Dec. 10, at Taylor's Hotel, Jersey City. In the absence of the president, Mr. K. E. Hopf occupied the chair. The treasurer's report showed a balance of over $400 in bank. The motion of C. J. Peshall, to reduce the annual dues from $10 to $5, was carried, and on motion of Mr. Shotwell the dues for the present year were remitted to the members. The advisability of holding a bench show next spring was discussed, but no decision was arrived at. The following officers were re-elected: C. J. Peshall, President; E. R. Hearn, Vice-President; W. Shotwell, Treasurer; Geo. Wilson, Secretary; and A. C. Wilmerding, delegate to the A. K. C.

LADY TEMPLE'S EUROPEAN TRIP.—Cauusett Kennels, Lloyd's Neck, N. Y., Dec. 11.—You may be interested to know the Caunsett Kennels' The Lady Temple (Beaufort—The Lady Margery) sailed on the steamer Holland on Dec. 14, to be bred to Mr. W. K. Taunton's Hotspur.—R. H. DERBY.

CENTRAL FIELD TRIALS.

THE ALL-AGED SETTER STAKE.

THERE were sixteen starters for the All-Aged Setter Stake of the Central Field Trial Club when the drawing came. They were drawn to run in the preliminary series in the following order: Cora of Wetheral and Chance. Princess Beatrice II. and Little Gift. Count Howard and King Leo. Cassio and Desmond II. Rowdy Rod and Roger. King's Mark and Whitie. Blue Mark and Miss Monarch. King's Dan and Dash.

Preliminary Series.

The running of the preliminary series began on Friday, Dec. 6, after the finish of the Pointer Derby. Messrs. Davidson, Wallace and Tallman were the judges.

The well-known bench show winner Cora of Wetheral, and the equally well-known field trial winner Chance, opened the ball. Cora was in the worst possible condition for work, being very thin and weak and lacking muscular development. She made a wretched exhibition so far as speed, range and searching for birds goes; she made a couple of very pretty points to singles and showed considerable style. We hardly knew what to make of Chance; he was not the same dashing, free-going dog that we saw at High Point, his speed and range were not nearly up to his form, although at times he let out, and seemed himself for awhile, he did not get away as he usually does, and two or three times he worked over the same ground twice, and seemed afraid that he would lose his handler; he was also somewhat uncertain when on birds, and instead of going up boldly, as is his usual custom, he more than once stopped to foot scent; and although he drew on and located his birds, it was not done in the snappy, positive manner in which he generally does his work. At the end of the heat we inquired of his handler the reason for the change, and he informed us that during the running of the Derby the judges had explained to him their ideas as to the manner in which a dog should do his work, and that in order to bring Chance down to the required form he had used the whip to keep him from ranging so wide, and consequently the dog was all broken up. We cannot believe that Mr. Avent correctly interpreted the opinions of the judges, for we think them to possess too thorough a knowledge of what constitutes good field work to promulgate any ideas or give any intimation that would force a handler, in order to win, to break up a dog with such high courage and grand natural ability as Chance. In any case, it was a mistake, and great injustice was done a noble animal.

Princess Beatrice II. and Little Gift were next put down. Princess was in the same bad condition as her kennel companion Cora, and was unfit to start. She went a trifle better than Cora and did some fair work on birds. Gift got around fairly well, doing some good work and some bad. She showed some style when on game and hunted her ground fairly well, but did not range very wide.

Count Howard, like the others in Mr. Windholz's string, was in no condition for work, and he showed no inclination to hunt. King Leo did fairly well, but was not up to his usual form.

Cassio and Desmond II. were put down at 4:42, and after a half hour's work were taken up for the night to finish their heat in the morning. On Saturday they were put down at 9:55 to finish their heat. Both had shown up well the previous day, pointing, backing, retrieving and working out the ground in good form. No birds were found in the last half of their heat, although they went at a good pace and hunted well.

Roger and Rowdy Rod both showed up well, although Roger was a trifle unsteady once or twice. He showed good pace and range and considerable bird sense. Rod went full as well as he had in his previous heats.

King's Mark and Whitie were the next brace. Mark showed up much better than he did at High Point, going at a better pace and ranging much wider. Whitie appeared to be stale from overwork and did not show to advantage.

Miss Monarch and Blue Mark did nothing to show that they were worthy the praise bestowed upon them by those who have seen them in every-day work, and the heat was rather a tame one.

In the next heat Dash also went back on his record and did nothing brilliant. King's Dan ran fairly well, but had not much chance to show up on birds.

This was the last heat of the preliminary series, and the judges in selecting the dogs to remain in performed their duties in a praiseworthy manner, keeping in some that had shown considerable merit.

Second Series.

The judges selected 8 of the 16 starters to run in the second series and they were drawn to run in the following order: King's Dan against Rowdy Rod, Little Gift against Roger, Chance against Desmond II. and Cassio against King's Mark. As King's Dan had run in the last heat of the preliminary series, it was decided to run Little Gift and Roger first. Roger won easily, running in good form and behaving nicely. He had much the best of it in pace and range as well as in the work on birds. Gift ran fairly well and showed considerable style when on game.

Chance and Desmond II. were next put down at 4:37 and taken up in half an hour to finish in the morning. The work was not at all satisfactory in the evening, but when put down on Monday morning both started off well and ran a very good heat. It was uncomfortably warm on Monday, with a slight breeze from the south. Scent appeared to be fairly good, although not many birds were found, as they were not moving. Both did some very good work on birds, with not much of advantage to boast of by either, but the superior pace, range and style of Chance landed him the winner.

King's Dan and Rowdy Rod were next put down, and although Rod had some fun with the birds all to himself he won his heat, being vastly superior in pace, range and bird sense.

The next brace, Cassio and King's Mark, were put down at 11:36. Mark ranged better than in his previous heat and did very fair work on birds. Cassio also ranged well, and hunted his ground out better than Mark, but he became rattled when on singles by the loud handling of Barker, who was cautioned by the judges, but Cassio did not regain his confidence, and Mark outworked him and won the heat. This ended the second series with the result as follows:

Rowdy Rod beat Kings's Dan.
Roger beat Little Gift.
Chance beat Desmond II.
King's Mark beat Cassio.

Third Series.

After lunch Rowdy Rod and Roger were put down in a large field to run the first heat in the third series. Tom Aldrich, who handled Roger, had the misfortune just before the dogs were put down to injure one of the small tendons in his right leg and was unable to walk. John Lewis took the dog in hand and landed him a winner. He ran in good form and showed that he was well trained by the manner in which he worked for and obeyed a comparative stranger. Rod went in his usual dashing style, but the handlers were ordered to change their course so often that he was lost a portion of the time, and although the dogs were run 15 minutes over the hour, the only birds found were a bevy that Roger pointed, and he also got another point to a portion of the same bevy and was backed by Rod a second or two, when he caught scent of other birds and also pointed. With the exception of a flush by Roger this was all the work on birds during the heat and was not enough to enable one to form an opinion as to the relative merit of the dogs when on birds, in fact, Rod had no opportunity to show whether he would point or not and more time should have been taken before deciding the heat.

Chance and King's Mark were the next brace. They were put down at 2:45 and when the allotted hour had elapsed Mark had to his credit a point to a bevy that he stumbled on in a small thicket while Chance had pointed two bevies, one of them in about the same manner in which Mark had found his, and the other by making a wide cast and working out a bit of stubble in masterly manner, deserving of the highest praise. Not only was the character of his work greatly superior to that of Mark, but he was also ahead of him in pace and showed much more bird sense, and we thought him clearly entitled to the heat; the judges, however, thought otherwise, and ordered them on, and at the expiration of 50m. more they decided the heat in favor of King's Mark. If in the opinion of the judges the dogs were equal at the expiration of an hour they were justified in giving the heat to Mark, as toward the finish he was going a trifle the best and had found two singles and a bevy while Chance had found none. It is due to Chance, however, to say that he was not going up to his usual form, which was owing in a measure to his having been called back more than once to hunt out ground that he had already been over. It was now 4:35 and no more work was done.

Tuesday Roger and King's Mark, the only dogs left in, were put down at 9:33 to run for first place, and at 11:30 they were taken up and the heat was decided in favor of King's Mark, and he was declared winner of first prize. The heat was a long and tiresome one, and for a heat for first money it was the most commonplace imaginable, no brilliant work was done, and but little that was even ordinary, while a portion of it was decidedly bad. Neither dog went with any dash, Mark starting very stale but picking up a little near the middle of the heat for a short time and then slowing down again. Roger did not go nearly up to his usual form, but he started fairly well and maintained his pace throughout the heat much the best. Neither ranged wide nor hunted out the ground at all well, and the work of both was of far less merit than that of their previous heats.

We then went to lunch, and after a long rest Roger and Chance were put down at 1:43 to run for second place. Chance ran much better than in any of his previous heats, and had no trouble in beating Roger, and when the hour was up he was awarded the heat and declared winner of second prize. Roger appeared a little tired, but the example of his competitor put new life into him, and he ran better than he did in the morning. The judges placed Roger third, and the setter division of the All-Aged Stake was finished. Following is the summary:

Preliminary Series.

Cora of Wetheral and Chance.
Princess Beatrice II. and Little Gift.
Count Howard and King Leo.
Cassio and Desmond II.
Rowdy Rod and Roger.
King's Mark and Whitie.
Blue Mask and Miss Monarch.
King's Dan and Dash.

Second Series.

Rowdy Rod beat King's Dan.
Roger beat Little Gift.
Chance beat Desmond II.
King's Mark beat Cassio.

Third Series.

Roger beat Rowdy Rod.
King's Mark beat Chance.

Final for First Place.

King's Mark beat Roger and won first prize.

Final for Second Place.

Chance beat Roger and won second prize. Roger placed third.

First, King's Mark, $250; second, Chance, $150; third, Roger, $100.

ALL-AGED POINTER STAKE.

There were 32 nominations for the pointer stake, 14 of which filled. The preliminary series was run as follows: Arthur and Duke of Hessen, Bannerman and Roger Williams, Rod's Gal and Tammany Boy, Sally Brass II. and Rip Rap, Ajax and Pontiac, Meally and Lebanon, Duke of Vernon and Lalla Rookh. Eight were left in for the second series and they were drawn and run with the result as follows:

Second Series.

Duke of Hessen beat Lalla Rookh.
Bannerman beat Sally Brass II.
Lebanon beat Rip Rap.
Pontiac beat Roger Williams.

Third Series.

Duke of Hessen beat Bannerman.
Lebanon beat Pontiac.

Final for First Place.

Lebanon beat Duke of Hessen and won first prize.

Final for Second Place.

Duke of Hessen beat Pontiac and won second prize.

Final for Third Place.

Pontiac beat Bannerman and won third prize.

Absolute Winners.

King's Mark beat Lebanon and was declared absolute winner of the Setter and Pointer All-Aged Stake.

THE DERBY.

Rip Rap beat Rowdy Rod and was declared absolute winner of the Pointer and Setter Derby.

THE FOUR-HOUR STAKE.

There were 6 starters in the Four-hour Stake, drawn to run as follows: Nora against Rowdy Rod, Roger Williams against Chance and Lebanon against Roger.

Nora beat Rowdy Rod in a close heat and Chance beat Roger Williams in rather a poor heat. Chance appeared to be entirely out of condition and did not run nearly up to his usual form.

[*Special to Forest and Stream.*]

LEXINGTON, N. C., Dec. 17.—In the Four-hour Stake today Roger beat Lebanon and Chance beat Nora. Weather cool and cloudy. Birds plentiful, and the work has been first-class. Roger and Chance will run the final heat on Thursday.

SOUTHERN FIELD TRIALS.

[*Special to Forest and Stream.*]

AMORY, Miss., Dec. 17.—Derby started fourteen. Bettie M. won first. Simonides and Transit to run tomorrow for second. X.

THE ST. BERNARD CLUB PRIZES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The St. Bernard Club of America offers the following club prizes to be competed for during 1890 (competition open to members only):

Westminster Kennel Club Show, New York.—Sterling silver cup, value $25, for the best smooth-coated stud dog with two of his get.

Sterling silver cup, value $25, for the best rough-coated stud dog with two of his get. (The dogs, competing with their sires, must have been sired in America and must be the produce of different dams).

Club medals, one each for the best American-bred smooth dog and bitch over 18 months. For the best American-bred smooth dog and bitch under 18 monts. For the best American-bred rough dog and bitch over 18 months. For the best American-bred rough dog and bitch under 18 months. Total, two cups and eight medals.

Mascoutah Kennel Club Show, Chicago.—Eight club medals, same as for Westminster K. C.

New England K. C., Boston.—Sterling silver cup, value $25, for the best smooth-coated brood bitch with two of her produce.

Sterling silver cup, value $25, for the best rough-coated brood bitch with two of her produce. Eight club medals, same as for Westminster K. C.

Buffalo K. C.—Four medals, one each for best American-bred smooth dog and bitch, and for best American-bred rough dog and bitch.

The awards have to be made in accordance with the rules of the St. Bernard Club, and the acceptance of these specials on the part of the respective clubs (or bench show committees) makes it binding for them to provide the same number of classes and to offer the same premiums for smooth-coats and rough-coats alike.

You will notice that with the exception of the cups for stud dogs and brood bitches, all the prizes are for American-bred dogs exclusively. This was done so as to meet the wishes of many members, who did not think it was fair that the cups offered at the different shows should be won by the same dogs, as was the case this year. In offering a larger number of specials (of small value, it is true) the committee on prizes (composed of Mr. W. H. Joeckel, Mr. John Lohman and Mr. K. E. Hopf) has endeavored to encourage the small members of the club rather than the owners of large kennels. K. E. HOPF, Pres.

LORENZO DANIELS, Sec'y.

FOXHOUNDS IN BENCH SHOWS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At the recent field trials of the Brunswick Fur Club, the position of the foxhound in our bench shows was freely discussed, and every one thought something should be done to give the hound the prominent place he deserves. The managers of the bench shows seem to think that the foxhound is of so little importance that a passing consideration is all that is necessary, and a few paltry prizes only are offered for his competition. Now, the Brunswick Fur Club has determined to do all in its power to improve the position of the foxhound, and at the field trials voted to agitate in every possible way the offering by the various bench shows of prizes for the best bitch, best puppy under 18mos., best brace and best pack to consist of not less than four dogs. The club owns some fine dogs, and if the managers of the shows will put up these prizes, entries will be made in every one of these special classes. It is earnestly hoped that the managers of the bench shows throughout the country will consider this matter and show their appreciation by offering the prizes asked for.

The club further discussed the question of a standard for judging American hounds, and asks that a special standard be inaugurated for them next season. It is manifestly unjust to place American hounds in the same class with English, as was done at the Boston dog show last April, and give the first prize to an English dog simply because he happened to be large-boned, rough-coated and cropped. Let the English and American hounds be separated, or rather let the English hound have a special class to himself, for he is a variety, only one being shown at Boston last April.

The Brunswick Fur Club will have another hunt next February. A. C. HEFFENGER, Director of the Hunt.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

DOG TALK.

MR. E. B. SEARS, of the Wyoming Kennels, Melrose, Mass., writes of his newly-imported Hesper thus: "My late purchase, the rough-coated St. Bernard dog champion Hesper, has arrived; and I am pleased to say is a much better dog all round than I expected. I inclose his stud card, which gives an honest opinion of him by the press of England. I weighed him to-day, after being here one week and two days, and he turned 180lbs.; he was very light in flesh on arrival. He has the name of being a poor feeder, yet I hope to get him in show form by the time the shows begin."

The Buffalo Kennel Club has at last secured a suitable building, the Curling Club Rink, for their dog show, which will be held April 15 to 18, 1890. Mr. John Davidson will judge pointers, setters, foxhounds, beagles, deerhounds and greyhounds. Spaniels, mastiffs, St. Bernards, collies and all other classes will be judged by Chas. H. Mason.

Mr. E. B. Goldsmith, the well-known forwarding agent of this city, received on Monday on the steamer Holland, from London, the fine mastiff dog Ormonde, owned by Mr. Charles E. Bunn, of Peoria, Ill., to whom the dog was forwarded. He is from the kennels of Mr. Charles W. Cunningham, of West London, England.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Pancks, Alfarata and Juniata Belle. By T. S. Thompson, Thompsontown, Pa., for white, red ticked, English setter dog, and white, black, tan and ticked and black ears, white and ticked bitches, whelped Aug. 15, 1889, by Warwick Belton (Belton High—Magnolia) out of Garda (A.K.R. 4190).

Brady, Buckeye, Bumper, Logan and Jolly Joe. By McMurray, Rogers & Peters, North Baltimore, O., for one black and tan, one brown, white and tan, one white, brown and tan, and two white, black and tan foxhound dogs, whelped July 14, 1889, by champion Brave out of Blanch.

Mage C., Lady Sport and Blanch. By McMurray, Rogers & Peters, North Baltimore, O., for white, black and tan foxhound dog and white, black and tan and black and tan bitches, whelped June 2, 1885, by Sport (Frank—Spot) out of Queen (King—Coaly).

Bob G., Norma, Madge E., Essie, Manola and Bettie. By Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., for silver fawn pugs, one dog and five bitches, whelped Oct. 19, 1889, by Hayseed (Douglass II—June) out of Ruby F. (champion Bradford Ruby—Flossy).

Pete, Beno, Dido and Ding Dong. By Geo. H. Sherman, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., for sable collies, two dogs and two bitches, whelped Aug. 30, 1889, by Scotilla (Dublin Scot—Flurry II.) out of Lady Bess (James—Haight's Bess).

Natural Gas Foxhound Kennels. By McMurray, Rogers & Peters, North Baltimore, O., for their kennels of foxhounds.

American St. Bernard Kennels. By C. H. Tobey, manager, for kennels of St. Bernards, situated at Tomah, Wis., removed from Eau Claire, Wis., and formerly Coughcura Medicine Co.'s Kennels.

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Columbine—Spotswood Tiger. J. Lee Tailer's bulldog bitch Columbine to John H. Matthews's champion Spotswood Tiger, Dec. 6.

Beatrice—Spotswood Tiger. John H. Matthews's (New York) bulldog bitch Beatrice to his champion Spotswood Tiger, Dec. 3.

Young Venom—Hinks. F. F. Dole's (New Haven, Conn.) bull-terrier bitch Young Venom (Old Prince—Venom) to his Hinks (White Sam—Duchess III.), Nov. 19.

White Daisy—Hinks. Robt. Carnahan's (New Haven, Conn.) bull-terrier bitch White Daisy (Bendigo—Rose) to F. F. Dole's Hinks (White Sam—Duchess III.), Nov. 21.

Dinah—Bendigo. J. H. Naylor's (Mt. Forest, Ill.) bull-terrier bitch Dinah (Young Marquis—Nell) to F. F. Dole's Bendigo (Marquis—Kit), Sept. 26.

Royal Rose—Bendigo. J. A. Stevens's (Hoboken, N. J.) bull-terrier bitch Royal Rose (Randolph—Nell) to F. F. Dole's Bendigo (Marquis—Kit), Oct. 13.

Nell—Hinks. D. S. Gamble's (New Haven, Conn.) bull-terrier bitch Nell to F. F. Dole's Hinks (White Sam—Duchess III.), Oct. 13.

Garda—Warwick Belton. T. S. Thompson's (Thompsontown, Pa.) English setter bitch Garda (A.K.R. 4190) to W. D. Reynolds's Warwick Belton (Belton High—Magnolia), June 19.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Loo. C. G. Hinckley's (Lec, Mass.) pug bitch Loo (Othello II.—Stael's Loo), Nov. 25, four (two dogs), by H. C. Burcher's Cricket (imported Tuck—Toodles).

Garda. T. S. Thompson's (Thompsontown, Pa.) English setter bitch Garda (A.K.R. 4190), Aug. 15, eight (four dogs), by W. D. Reynolds's Warwick Belton (Belton High—Magnolia).

Marie. F. O. McGuire's (Bangor, Me.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Marie, Dec. 3, four (three dogs), by P. H. Coombs's Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beal's Lady).

Queen Bendigo. F. F. Dole's (New Haven, Conn.) bull-terrier bitch Queen Bendigo (Bendigo—May), Oct. 20, three (two dogs), by Fred Hinks's White Sam (Silver King—Kettering Maggie).

Daisy. Onota Kennels' (Pittsfield, Mass.) Irish setter bitch Daisy (Chief—Leigh Doane) did not prove in whelp to Desmond II.

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Belt of Dutchess. Sable collie bitch, whelped Aug. 30, 1889, by Scotilla out of Lady Bess, by G. H. Sherman, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., to Eugene Ham, Meadow Brook, Verbank, N. Y.

Rover L. Sable collie dog, whelped Aug. 30, 1889, by Scotilla out of Lady Bess, by G. H. Sherman, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., to John N. Lewis, Annandale, N. Y.

Lady Clare. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped March 18, 1886, by Bravo out of Leonie, by Fred T. Munson, New Haven, Conn., to R. H. Burr, Middletown, Conn.

Dudley Tyng. Pug dog, whelped April 23, 1889, by champion Treasure out of Ruby F., by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to J. W. Porter, Binghamton, N. Y.

Klip Glenrock. White, black, tan and ticked English setter bitch, whelped Aug. 15, 1889, by Warwick Belton out of Garda, by T. S. Thompson, Thompsontown, Pa., to Dr. L. M. Thompson, Mahanoy City, Pa.

Pancks. White, orange ticked, English setter dog, whelped Aug. 15, 1889, by Warwick Belton out of Garda, by T. S. Thompson, Thompsontown, Pa., to E. B. Peale, Schuylkill Haven, Pa.

Warwick Belton—Garda whelp. White, black and tan English setter bitch, whelped Aug. 15, 1889, by T. S. Thompson, Thompsontown, Pa., to Mr. Platt, Hazelton, Pa.

Juniata Belton. White, black, tan and ticked English setter dog, whelped Aug. 15, 1889, by Warwick Belton out of Garda, by T. S. Thompson, Thompsontown, Pa., to W. D. Reynolds, Mahanoy City, Pa.

Lala. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped July, 1887, by champion Black Pete out of Miss Nance, by F. F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., to F. P. Comstock, Providence, R. I.

Hinks—Starlight whelps. White bull-terrier dogs, whelped Aug. 3, 1889, by Frank F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., one each to Mr. Kolker, same place; Albert Wetmore, Warren, Pa., and W. T. Hubbard, Toledo, O.

White Sam—Lady Melline whelp. White bull-terrier dog, whelped July 25, 1889, by F. F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., to Mr. Bolton, Bangor, Me.

White Sam—Queen Bendigo whelp. White bull-terrier dog, whelped Oct. 20, 18-9, by F. F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., to Arthur F. Wilgren, Cobourg, Ont.

Independence. White bull-terrier dog, whelped July 4, 1889, by Rocky out of Nell Bright, by F. F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., to Dwight Moore, same place.

Kaiser. Black and tan terrier dog, whelped February, 1887, by Punch out of Young Luce, by F. F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., to R. B. Sawyer, Birmingham, Conn.

White Daisy. White bull-terrier bitch, whelped Aug. 23, 1887, by Bendigo out of Rose, by Frank F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., to R. Carnahan, same place.

Young Bendigo. White bull-terrier dog, whelped July, 1887, by Bendigo out of Queen of Spain, by Frank F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., to D. S. Gamble, same place.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

S. VAN W., Hackensack.—1. Beagle pup six months old is greatly troubled with worms. 2. Which are the best dogs for rabbits, German or English beagles? Ans. 1. Give thorough purge of castor oil one or two teaspoonsful, follow this in 3 or 4 hours by a large pill, 30 grains, of powered areca nut. The pill can be made of lard and forced down the throat. Before, during and after the treatment for a few days feed milk only. 2. For rabbits choose the "American-English" beagles.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

NEW ENGLISH ARMS.

TWO important rifle matches were fired at Hythe last month, the details of which will doubtless prove of much interest at the present time, affording some comparison between the shooting capabilities of the old and new arms at the fixed distances of 200, 500 and 600yds. The teams consisted of 8 men on each side, all belonging to the School of Musketry Staff, and the conditions were that every man should fire with the Martini-Henry rifle and also with the magazine rifle, 7 shots at each of 3 ranges, with Wimbledon targets, position and scoring.

In the first match Maj. Harley's team fired first with the Martini-Henry rifle and then with the magazine at each distance, Lieut. Dutton-Hunt's team commencing with the Magazine; but in the second match the order was reversed, this arrangement being made so as to make the conditions of light, etc., as fair as possible for both rifles. The swords on the Magazine rifles were fixed at 200yds. to enable the men to use the lowest or "fixed" sight, which is true for 300yds. when the swords are not fixed, and about true for 200yds. when they are fixed.

In considering the results it must be borne in mind that the competitors had had, comparatively speaking, very little previous experience in shooting with the new rifle, and that the new "Lewes" sights, without doubt, require a considerable amount of practice before one becomes quite accustomed to using them correctly; further, the Magazine rifle is sighted to shoot a "nitro" powder, but, as this particular powder has not yet been finally adopted, a compressed black powder is being used as a temporary measure, and this does not give such good result, more elevation being required at the longer ranges. The light failed on both days during the shooting at 600yds., but, notwithstanding this, the shooting was very good. The highest individual scores were two 98s, made in the second match by Captain Bagnall and Lieut. Dutton Hunt, made up by the former with 33, 35 and 30, and by the latter with 32, 34 and 32, at the three distances; both these scores were made with the Martini-Henry rifle, and it may be noticed that 98 has never been beaten in a School of Musketry match on the Hythe ranges. The highest score with the Magazine rifle was 79, made by Q.-M.-S. I. Hills, also in the second match, with 31, 33 and 33. It may be mentioned that all the officers and non-commissioned officers who belong to corps forming part of the First Army Corps, and who are undergoing the present course at Hythe, are armed with the new rifle, as also are all the officers at the temporary Musketry School at Aldershot.—*Canadian Militia Gazette.*

RANGE AND GALLERY.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 11.—Dan Wray's rifle gallery, 1402 Ridge avenue, was not large enough to-night to accommodate all the rifle shooters who assembled there to witness the rifle contest between "Mexis," the rifle queen, and Thos. H. Willsey, of the First Regiment, N. G. P. Thus match was a 100-shot match at 20yds. off-hand, plain open sights. Stevens rifles were used by both contestants. Mr. W. W. Ulrich judged for "Mexis," J. J. Mountjoy judged for T. H. Willsey, C. D. Douglass referee, official scorers, Geo. W. Coulston and H. J. Mehard. Shooting commenced at 9 P. M. and finished at 10:15 P. M. "Mexis" won the choice and led off. It was plain to be seen after the first target of each contestant was finished that "Mexis" had a complete walk-over. Following are the scores in detail:

"Mexis."

Target 1	10	10	9	9	10	8	9	8	10	6—89
Target 2	9	10	9	10	9	8	9	8	10	10—92
Target 3	10	8	9	10	10	9	9	10	10	10—95
Target 4	8	9	9	10	10	10	9	9	9	10—93
Target 5	10	9	7	10	10	9	9	9	9	9—91
Target 6	10	9	9	9	9	9	10	10	10	10—95
Target 7	9	9	10	9	7	10	8	10	8	7—94
Target 8	9	9	10	9	7	10	8	10	8	7—87
Target 9	9	10	9	7	10	10	10	10	10	10—95
Target 10	10	10	10	9	10	9	10	8	10	10—96—927

T. H. Willsey.

Target 1	7	8	10	7	10	7	8	8	6	8—79
Target 2	7	9	5	10	7	5	8	6	6	7—70
Target 3	10	9	10	7	7	9	10	9	5	10—86
Target 4	8	9	9	8	10	8	10	8	7	8—85
Target 5	10	8	9	9	10	10	8	9	9	9—91
Target 6	8	10	6	8	10	8	10	10	10	7—87
Target 7	8	8	10	6	8	8	10	9	8	10—85
Target 8	6	9	7	9	9	5	9	9	10	10—83
Target 9	9	8	10	8	10	8	9	10	8	9—90
Target 10	7	10	10	10	10	8	10	8	9	10—93—849

Great credit is due "Mexis" for the remarkable score she made in this match, 927 points out of a possible 1,000—only four shots being out of bullseye. This match led to an argument if this score could be beaten, Dr. Openshaw offering to back "Mexis" against a number of those present, which was at once taken by several local rifle shooters present. As a result the following match was made: $500 per side that Mr. E. Travis could not equal "Mexis's" score of 927 points, Mr. Travis to use any .22cal. rifle off-hand, any ammunition, and to use one hand only, match to be shot at same gallery, 1402 Ridge avenue, on Friday evening, Dec. 13, commencing at 9 o'clock.

Dec. 13.—To-night at 9 o'clock the match was commenced as outlined above. Mr. J. J. Mountjoy shot alternate scores with Mr. Travis to rest him. Shooting finished at 11:15 P. M. Mr. Travis used a special .22cal. Wurfflein rifle weighing 7lbs., 20in barrel, plain open sights. The referee was Geo. W. Coulster. Judge for "Doctor," Dr. Wray; judge for Mr. Travis, T. F. Shonert. Scorers, W. W. Ulrich and H. J. Mehard. Considering that Mr. Travis had an average of 92 7/10 or 927 points to beat, it was seen that Mr. Travis had to shoot very strong and make an average of 93 or better to win. Many were in doubt as to the possibility of him accomplishing the feat, but he did it and won by 5 points, an average of 93 2/10 or total of 932 points in the 1,000 shots. Score in detail:

Target 1	9	8	7	10	10	9	10	10	9	10—92
2	10	10	10	8	10	10	8	9	10	9—93
3	9	10	10	8	10	6	10	10	8	10—91
4	10	8	10	9	10	8	10	10	10	10—95
5	10	10	8	10	9	10	9	9	9	10—94
6	10	10	10	10	8	10	10	9	9	10—96
7	10	9	10	10	10	9	10	8	10	10—95
8	10	9	9	7	10	8	9	10	9	10—91
9	9	10	9	9	10	9	10	10	10	9—95
10	10	9	8	8	9	9	10	9	10	10—90—932

Only four shots being out of black, tuis remarkable score with only one hand stands, I think, first in the records of rifle shooting both in this country and Europe.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 8.—The inclement weather deterred many marksmen from visiting Shell Mound range to-day, and the consequence was that the club and company shoots were not as well attended as they otherwise would have been. The rain also made shooting somewhat uncertain and caused the marking of shots to be less accurate than usual. Company B of the 3d Regiment, N. G. C., held a monthly medal shoot. Company B is practicing hard for the Tobin trophy shoot, and present indications are that they will come out on top in the struggle.

The members of Company C and G of the 1st Regiment, composing the Nationals, held their monthly shoot, the following being the best scores at 200yds., off-hand:

C Meyer	5444554554—45	O Nolte	3454544544—42
A Johnson	4545444545—44	C Klein	3445454534—41
F O Young	4451554544—44	W S Alexander	3444445444—40
J E Klein	5444445445—43	E H Slitor	4443445434—39
J G Hult	4444454544—42		

The monthly medal competition of the San Francisco Schuetzen Verein resulted as follows: Champion medal, K. Werthoimer, 422 rings. First class, H. A. Kurlfinke, 380 rings; second class, H. Thode, 366 rings; third class, A. Mocker, 320 rings; fourth class, A. Koster, 286 rings.

The 50-shot match between A. Johnson and F. O. Young on one side and Howard Carr and Edward Hovey on the other, which was to have been decided at Shell Mound, was declared off, as the parties could not agree upon certain conditions insisted upon by Carr. The ownership of the much-coverted American field medal, for which the members of the members of the Bay City Rifle Club have been competing this season, has been declared in favor of A. Johnson. Six shoots were held, Mr. Johnson and H. R. Brown each winning two. The tie was to have been shot off, but the shooters decided to let the decision go on the aggregate of points made in their winning scores. Mr. Johnson's winning scores were 260 and 255, and Mr. Brown's 241 and 246. The former thus won the trophy, of which he becomes the permanent owner by a good majority.

SYRACUSE, Dec. 11.—There was a good attendance this afternoon at the shoot of the Onondaga Rifle Club at the Valley Range. Perhaps the most peculiar wind that riflemen ever encountered was met. It was longitudinal, latitudinal, diagonal, spiral, semi-circular, circular, above, below, inshoot, out-curve, and came from every conceivable quarter and in an infinite variety of shapes. A. A. Stillman, D.D.S., won the gold medal, and Fred A. M. Ball won the silver medal. There was considerable informal talk during the afternoon's shoot of forming a .22-caliber indoor rifle club for the winter. The next shoot will be on Christmas day. This is the score made in the different classes:

Rest.

Ward	11	9	11	8	7	8	9	9	12	11—95
Tuger	8	5	6	8	7	5	10	8	8	7—72
Smith	7	9	9	8	8	7	4	7	5	7—71
Lathrop	7	9	11	9	6	8	8	8	7	8—81
Ball	6	6	6	7	10	12	10	12	9	9—93
Zischong	10	8	8	10	11	12	10	10	7	9—95
Knapp	8	9	10	5	9	9	10	7	9	8—84
Stillman	9	10	11	9	8	8	11	9	12	7—94

Off-hand.

Dalley	5	5	5	6	6	4	9	7	8	4—61
Stillman	7	7	9	8	10	4	6	3	4	6—64
Jones	4	2	3	0	3	0	0	5	2	9—30
Zischong	8	5	9	6	10	5	10	9	8	8—78
Lathrop	10	5	10	5	4	4	5	4	7	6—62
Merritt	6	8	10	10	3	6	9	5	5	4—66
Smith	0	0	0	5	6	5	0	4	5	4—23
Knapp	2	5	3	0	2	5	4	4	0	8—30
Ball	7	5	5	2	6	1	1	0	3	7—37

NEWARK, N. J., Dec. 14.—The friendly rivalry existing for a long time between the Lakeside and Howard rifle clubs, of Newark, has at last been settled by a meeting between two representatives of the clubs. The Howards selected F. C. Dietz, whom they considered the best rifle shot of their team, while John Stadlehofer represented the Lakesides. The match was shot off on the Howard range, and was one of the most interesting meetings of the season. The rules were: Ten regulation targets for each man, 10 shots at each, or 100 in all. Stadlehofer made an average of 110 out of a possible 120, while Dietz's average was 108.90. Stadlehofer's highest score was 113, his lowest 107; Dietz's highest was 114, and his lowest 100. Stadlehofer fired his 100 shots in 67 minutes, while Dietz consumed 71 minutes. The score on the targets:

Stadlehofer	109	110	107	111	107	113	108	112	112	111—1,100
Dietz	110	111	107	100	106	113	110	110	108	114—1,089

QUEENS, L. I., Dec. 1.—The rifle match on the Queens Amateur Athletic grounds, Queens, L. I.—conditions, open to any team of three men from any amateur athletic or bicycle club, 7 shots each, at a Creedmoor target—began to-day. The score:

Queens Bicycle Club.		Hempstead Ramblers.	
T Lloyd	5534344—28	J Thouet	4323445—25
A L Stoutenburgh	4443443—26	G H Coakley	3433322—20
L R Doughty	3033453—21—75	G W Donner	2344420—19—64

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 10.—About one-half of the members of the Gaiety Rifle and Pistol Club met this evening at the club's headquarters, 818 South street, for weekly competition of the gold and silver club badge, Mr. H. Buehn winning the gold medal and Mr. J. A. Felix becoming the owner of the silver medal. The weekly badges of the club for members in their respective classes were won as follows:

First class, Wurfflein medal, John J Mountjoy	93
Second class, silver medal, Geo Atkinson	83
Third class, bronze medal, J Hunsinger	68
Fourth class, booby medal, F P Maher	45

Messrs. Felix, Hays and Kirschner's scores placed them from fourth class to second class. Mr. J. Frank Carlin, of the First Regiment, was elected a member of the club. The club will not meet for practice on Tuesday evening, Dec. 24 (Christmas Eve), but will shoot on Thursday evening, the 26th inst. Official score at 30yds., Standard American targets (reduced), Wurfflein rifles, plain open sights, off-hand, 10 shots per score, possible 100:

First Class.

J J Mountjoy	10	10	10	10	10	8	10	9	6	10—93
Geo W Coulston	8	10	9	10	10	9	9	7	9	9—90
E Travis	10	9	9	10	10	7	8	8	9	10—90
H J Mehard	10	9	9	7	9	8	8	10	9	8—87
F M Frees	10	7	6	8	10	10	7	10	9	10—86

Second Class.

Geo Atkinson	10	6	10	9	6	7	10	7	8	10—83
A McManus	9	10	6	8	7	7	10	7	9	8—81
J G Rea	7	9	6	8	10	9	6	9	7	6—78
F Paul	8	5	10	10	8	6	10	7	8	6—78
W Wurfflein	6	8	6	10	6	10	7	9	9	7—77
C Beutelspacher	7	9	6	6	7	6	8	7	5	10—71
J F Shonert	8	6	8	9	6	5	5	5	4	7—63
R Hunsinger	3	8	7	4	5	6	8	4	5	7—57

Third Class.

J Hunsinger	7	4	5	10	6	6	9	6	10	5—68
J H Pollock	7	7	10	5	5	6	4	4	9	10—67
H Buehn	8	5	5	10	10	3	7	5	7	7—67

Fourth Class.

F A Maher	0	4	8	0	6	7	7	5	4	4—45

New Members not Classified.

W Kirschner	9	10	8	6	6	6	8	9	10	10—82
J A Felix	7	8	8	8	9	7	8	10	10	6—81
Thos Hays	8	6	6	7	10	8	7	8	7	8—75

SPRINGFIELD.

BOSTON, Dec. 14.—The shooting conditions were very poor to-day, as a thick snowstorm almost shut out the targets from the shooters. Munroe won the gold medal in the 20-shot rest match and Lee won the champion medal. Getchell won the silver medal. Following are the best scores made to-day:

20-Shot Rest, 200yds.

J B Munroe	212	T Warren	196			

Champion Medal.

H L Lee	84	T P Cullman	76	S C Sydney	56

Victory Medal.

A McBean	72	A S Hunt	65

Silver military medal, won by 10 scores of 42 or better by W. I. Getchell

	42	44	43	43	42	44	42	43	44	42

Rest Match, 200yds.

J R Munroe	108	Dr Ball	94	A B Barnes	90
F J Robbeth	107	A G Horne	92	H W Lowe	87
H Williams	103	W R. Thompson	91	A L Stone	87
T Warren	103	B P Warner	91		

Off-Hand Match, 200yds.

S C Sydney	84	S S Winchester	73	F W Chester	69
J A Frye	82	Brooks	72	A G Horne	68
J B Fellows	77	A L Stone	71	F D Martin	67
C S Moore	74	B P Warner	70		

Military Medal.

W I Getchell	44	H L Lee	42	A S Hunt	42
F J Lounsbury	44	G Williams	42	J F Farmer	42
A S Field	43				

WILMINGTON, Del., Dec. 9.—The air was as balmy as in early fall, the temperature mild and the sunshine sparkling. The light was rather changeable, requiring frequent changes of sights, but every one was in too glad a humor to kick, even the unfortunate who got a miss after claiming a bullseye. Generally good scores were made in all of the matches and are as follows, Standard target, off-hand:

Pistol Match—50yds.

E J Darlington	9	8	10	8	10	10	6	8	10	9—91
H Simpson	7	10	10	9	10	10	8	8	7	10—89
E Jackson	9	10	10	8	9	8	6	7	10	9—86
J Evans	9	7	8	8	8	9	10	10	8	9—86
E J Lee	8	10	8	7	7	10	8	9	8	9—84
D Evans	7	8	10	9	8	9	6	8	7	8—80

Diamond State Match—200yds.—70 Class.

H Simpson (mil.)	4	6	9	10	7	8	10	8	7	5—74
W H Johnson	3	6	5	4	9	9	10	7	7	8—68
H Phillips (mil.)	6	4	9	9	10	6	5	7	5	7—67
A H Carlisle	3	6	5	9	7	5	5	6	8	4—58
McGinty	7	5	4	7	4	0	6	8	5	5—51

Military Match—200yds.—Creedmoor Target.

Sergt H Simpson	4	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	4—45
Corp W Johnson	4	4	5	5	5	4	4	4	4	4—43
Sergt H Phillips	3	4	4	4	5	5	5	4	4	5—43
Pvt S Howard	4	5	4	4	5	4	3	5	4	4—42

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Dec. 11.—To-night's shoot of the Pistol Club is the last but one on the present tourney and considerable interest is manifesting itself owing to the extreme closeness of two of the members to quit high for the possession of the medal. As matters stand now there is such a slight difference between Alexander and Mohrstadt, that to determine who is in the lead on the general average it is necessary to carry out the figures into decimals before a conclusion can be reached. Alexander leads by three one-thousandths of a point and the indications are that the next shoot will be a most interesting one, as Mohrstadt will make a desperate effort to pass his opponent, and the latter will strive hard to increase his lead if he can. Alexander, as the score to-night shows, quit high for the night and the medal will be in his possession until next Wednesday night. Should he beat Mohrstadt out on the final, then it will be his personal property to do with as he likes. A 20yds. Standard American target is used for all shooting. The score:

G Alexander	10	6	9	9	10	10	9	8	9	8—88
E Mohrstadt	9	9	10	8	9	8	9	7	9	8—86
M Summerfield	9	10	6	10	9	7	8	7	8	10—84
W Bauer	8	9	8	5	9	7	9	8	7	10—82
W Hettel	8	5	9	7	8	10	10	7	10	5—79
A E Bengel	6	9	6	4	4	5	6	10	10	7—67

NEWARK, N. J., Dec. 16.—The standing of the clubs in the gallery association tournament to date is as follows:

	Won.	Lost.	Tied.	Average.
Howard	8	0	0	1,011
Essex	7	1	0	1,044¾
Excelsior	5	2	0	1,028⅝
Oakland	5	3	1	1,039⅝
North Ward	4	4	0	1,004½
Lakeside	4	4	0	1,026¼
Puritan	5	1	1	1,015¾
Annie Oakley	1	6	0	972⅜
Newark	1	6	0	969¾
Monroe	4	2	0	1,012½
Sheppard	1	7	0	970⅜
Electric	0	7	0	901¾

WORCESTER, Mass., Dec. 13.—At the meet yesterday of the Worcester Rifle Association, the first this winter, the following results were announced:

Sporting Rifle.

Creedmoor.	Standard.	Creedmoor.	Standard.
L Thomas..45	48—93	71 81—152	S Clark... 44 44—88	71 72—143
M G Fuller	45—90	72 74—146		

Military Rifle.

Macomber..43	43—86	58 67—125	Pepper.....40 46—86	44 68—112

The officers of the association have been reorganized as follows: President, Steadman Clark; Vice-President, Moses H. Lowe; Secretary and Treasurer, M. G. Fuller; Executive committee, the officers, also C. L. Macomber and L. J. Thomas.

"Baby McGinty," the only hippopotamus ever born in America, lifted up his voice at 4 A. M. yesterday (Dec. 4) in his cage at Central Park, delivered a last verbal message and departed this life. It was pneumonia that interrupted the brief existence of Baby McGinty. Until Thursday morning he was a baby that any hippopotamus mother might well be proud of. Then he sneezed. It is no slight matter when a hippopotamus sneezes, even a baby hippopotamus, and Baby McGinty's sneeze was the beginning of his end. In spite of quinine and hot foot-baths he sneezed himself into an early grave in less than twenty-four hours. He will be stuffed and presented to the Museum of Natural History.—*N. Y. World.*

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

Secretaries of clubs and managers of tournaments are requested to keep us advised of the dates of their shoots, so that we may give due notice in our column of fixtures.

CORRY GUN CLUB.

CORRY, Pa., Dec. 12.—The Corry Gun Club closed the trap shooting season of 1889 to-day with a grand team shoot. Had any sportsman without knowledge of the occasion happened upon the club grounds they would have thought a splendid tournament was in progress, so numerous were the participants, so uniformly good the scores made and so earnest and enthusiastic the contestants, with an entire absence of the bickering and unpleasantness so common on such occasions.

Corry has every reason to feel proud of its gun club, the rapid progress it has made and the high position among organizations of this kind it holds. Within the last year it has grown from nothing to one of the best in America. A year ago probably there were not two hammerless guns in the city. Now 50 or 60 of the members of the club are provided with the newest and best guns made. A year ago such a thing as gun club grounds was hardly thought of. Now our club has one of the finest, if not the finest in the world, with all the newest appliances supplied by the Keystone Manufacturing Company, of this city. Also a beautiful club house erected thereon for the use and convenience of the members and their friends.

The organization of this and similar clubs throughout the country has had a very beneficial effect upon enforcing the game laws, in getting large numbers interested in a subject that at the present time is of considerable importance, as through the unrestricted killing of game it would not have been long before it would have all been destroyed.

A great deal of the growth and success of the Corry Club is due to the courtesy of Captain Penrose, who organized it and has since carefully watched over its welfare.

The grounds furnish a place of recreation not only for the members, who annually break thousands of Keystone birds, but also for others who come and see the sport. Among the latter the ladies figure conspicuously, and it is anticipated that in the near future Corry will have a ladies gun club.

The club finds that shooting at the trap affords far more pleasure and gives better satisfaction than turning out and scouring the country for game, and hereafter it will decide by shooting at the trap which side shall settle for the supper.

To-day's shoot was by team to fix the payment of the annual supper, and the scores ran at Keystone targets from five traps:

Laurie's Team.

Laurie	1111111101101101110111111—21
Austin	1111100111111101111111111—22
Clover	1111111101011111111101111—22
Edwards	1101110101111111111101111—21
Mead	1011111111101111111111010—21
H Arnold	1111110011111111001111101—20
Nichols	1111111101100111101101001—18
Gallup	0101011101111111001011010—17
Oliver	0011011100100010110011010—13
Kelcher	1110110011010010001101110—13
Duffy	0010011119101101100100110—13
Tyler	1011000001100001010111010—13
Gordon	1000000110011001011011001—11
Hammond	0100001010100000010000010— 6
Mortz	0010001000000000000000010— 3
Wilcox	0000000000000000000000100— 1
Scott	1100110010100110110111001—14
Reed	0000001000011000000001001— 5

Messrs. Swan, Howard, Nauties, Newman and Parker, of Laurie's team, failed to appear, and the captains decided to count their scores as nothing.

Lewis's Team.

Lewis	1111111101010011011011101—18
Blydenburg	1111101111111111111111111—24
Penrose	1100111111101111111111111—22
Irwin	1111110110111101111111111—22
M Arnold	1010011101111111111111011—20
Starbird	1101110111111010010110—18
Swift	0100111111100110111111110—18
Ward	1101010110001101111111110—17
Blydenburgh	1111100010011010110010111—15
Marsh	0001001001110011110101010—14
Dunbar	1101010101001010101010010—14
McCray	1110011010100011010101000—12
Wilson	1100300011110100101001000—10
White	0000100001100000000111111—10
Ellis	0001010010010011010160300— 8
Blair	0101000011010010000000010— 7
Shelburg	0010100011000100010010000— 7
Riddelsperger	0100000000000001000110000— 4
Wagoner	1100110111100010011110011—15
Wetmore	1111001011100101100111001—15
Davis	0000001000000100000000001— 3
Button	0301010000000000000000000— 2
Eastman	0000000000000000000000000— 0

At 10 o'clock P. M. the participants in the day's shoot assembled at the Phœnix Hotel, where Mr. and Mrs. Edwards had provided an elegant supper at the expense of the defeated team. The large and spacious dining-room was completely filled with the sport-loving gentlemen of the club, and no more glowing encomiums could have been paid the repast in language than each individual present exhibited in the absorbed and absorbing attention given it, and the extra dry which contributed to the hilarity and good feeling of the occasion. After brief and pithy toasts from Penrose, Lewis, Laurie, Marsh, White and others, in which good council and good cheer predominated, the gathering dispersed with the conviction that they had just enjoyed one of the pleasantest occasions of their lives, and with the fixed determination that this should be but one of many more to follow.

NIMROD.

KINGBIRD TOURNAMENT.

CATSKILL, N. Y., Dec. 14.—Fred Tolley's third kingbird tournament, took place Tuesday, Dec. 10, on the Catskill Gun Club grounds. It was a beautiful day, but the attendance was small. The 11:03 West Shore R. R. brought Levengston, Hanson and Pike, of Saratoga. Derby and Gardiner, of Albany. They having made arrangements to go to the Syracuse shoot the next day, took the 1:41 train, on their return to meet engagements. They made the most of their time while here as scores will show. On their departure two new arrivals put in an appearance, Pidgeon and Reinhard of Saugerties. The shooting continued, the one squad seemed to be the extent of shooters. About 3:30 Talmadge and Short, of Kingston, appeared on the grounds, which kept up the one squad order of shooting till dark. The Saugerties and Kingston gentlemen were so well pleased with the Keystone system of shooting, that they have joined the Catskill Club, in order that they may attend the weekly practice shoots.

First event, 5 kingbirds, entrance 50 cents:

Mattice	11111—5	Tolley	00110—2
Lewis	11100 —3	Shufelt	00110—2
Beach	01101—3		

Second event, 10 kingbirds, entrance $1:

Mattice	1111011110—8	Levengston	0101001011—5
Lewis	1111011111—9	Pike	0100101111—6
Hanson	0101010000—3	Beach	1011111011—8

Third event, 10 kingbirds, entrance $1:

Mattice	1011111111—9	Levengston	1101001111—7
Lewis	1111111101—9	Pike	1110111101—8
Hanson	1101011010—6	Beach	1101111113—8

Fourth event, 10 kingbirds, entrance $1:

Mattice	1111111111—10	Levengston	1111110111— 9
Lewis	1111111101— 9	Pike	1010111101— 7
Hanson	0101010100— 4	Beach	1101101L0— 7

Fifth event, 15 kingbirds, entrance $1.50:

Mattice	1111111011111111—14	Levengston	0101011011111111—11
Lewis	1501001110101010— 8	Pike	1110101101111111—12
Hanson	0110010011101101— 9	Beach	1111110111111101—13

Sixth event, 10 kingbirds, entrance $1:

Mattice	0111110111— 8	Levengston	1111111111—10
Lewis	1101010100— 6	Pike	1011111111— 9
Hanson	1001011100— 5	Beach	1131111111— 9

Seventh event, 10 kingbirds, entrance $1:

Mattice	8	Levengston	9
Lewis	7	Pike	7
Hanson	5		
Beach			10
Gardiner			9

Eighth event, 15 kingbirds, entrance $1.50:

Mattice	15	Hanson	9
Lewis	10	Levengston	11
Gardiner	13		
Pike			9
Beach			14

Ninth event, 10 kingbirds, entrance $1:

Mattice	7	Beach	7
Lewis	7	Foote	6
Rhinehardt			4
Dove			0

Tenth event, 10 kingbirds, entrance 50 cents:

Mattice	9	Lewis	8
Van Bergen	7	Dove	1
Foote	4		
Rhinehardt			2
Brooks			6

Eleventh event, 10 kingbirds, entrance 50 cents:

Mattice	9	Lewis	10
Van Bergen	4	Dove	2
Foote	4		
Beach			7
Hummell			8

Twelfth event, 10 kingbirds, entrance 50 cents:

Mattice	10	Tolley	4
Van Bergen	6	Beach	9
Foote	7		
Hummell			4
Foote			7

Extra, first, 10 kingbirds, entrance 50 cents:

Mattice	6	Tolley	7
Van Bergen	6	Beach	9
Foote			6

Extra, second, 10 kingbirds, entrance 50 cents:

Mattice	9	Tolley	7
Beach	6	Short	7
Tallmadge			5

Extra, third, 10 kingbirds, entrance 50 cents:

Mattice	8	Tolley	6
Beach	9	Short	9
Tallmadge			5

Extra, fourth, 10 kingbirds, entrance 50 cents:

Woodcock	4	Tolley	3
Beach	8	Short	8
Tallmadge			8

The Catskill Gun Club is co-operating with the Fish and Game Clubs of Saugerties and Kingston in the endeavor to stock the territory of these three towns with quail and enforce the laws protecting them. On Friday the Catskill Club received twenty-five pairs of Southern quail or "Bob Whites," and turned them loose in various parts of the town. If these birds shall thrive, as to which there can't be much doubt, provided they are given anything like a chance by gunners, next year and each year other lots will be imported, until the fields have been well stocked with this variety of game. The black bass fishing in the Catskill and Cauterskill Creeks, and the vastly improved trout fishing in the other streams of the town, results of restocking the waters and enforcement of laws prescribing a close season, and forbidding wholesale destruction of the fish, are indications of what may be expected from the efforts to replenish the fields with birds. The expense of these undertakings is borne by a few persons, who intend to share with the general public the pleasures which are expected to follow; all they ask, and it certainly is reasonable, is that a decent regard be paid to the fish and game laws by others as well as themselves; if this be done, in a few years there will be abundant sport for everybody in the streams and fields of our town.

DE TOLL.

NEWARK, N. J., Dec. 12.—This afternoon, at their shooting grounds, near Newark, the members of the Newark Gun Club met for their regular monthly shooting at the traps, but with the club's president in North Carolina, the secretary away and seven members scattered through Maryland and Virginia, a large hole was made in the number of men usually present on these occasions. The shoot was: Ten birds each man, for money prizes and the club emblem of superiority at the trap, Hurlingham rules to govern: C. S. Hedden killed 10 straight, as did John Erb. They divided first money between them, and the score in the next month's shoot is to decide the possession of the club trophy. S. Castle killed 9 and captured second, C. R. Hedden, the club treasurer, got 8, W. Hollis 7 and J. Wheaton 5. After the main event a series of sweepstakes were shot as follows, $3 entrance, 2 moneys, 4 birds each man, ties to be shot off in the sweepstake following the one in which they were made:

Event No. 1.—S. Castle and J. Erb killed all straight and tied for first, C. R. Hedden and Hollis tied for second with 2 kills each, all others out of it.

Event No. 3.—J. Erb 4 straight, taking first money in this and preceding sweep, Castle and Hollis and C. R. Hedden tied for second, with 3 kills each. Hollis and C. R. Hedden divided second of the preceding sweep and the money of this one with Castle.

Event No. 3.—S. Castle captured first money with 4 straight kills, C. R. Hedden and J. Erb killed 3 and divided.

Event No. 4.—S. Castle and J. Erb divided first money in this sweep, making clean scores. C. M. Hedden and Hollis missed one each and divided. The others in the cold.

Event No. 5—Same conditions as the others, also the last of the afternoon, 8 entries, Castle and Erb clean scores and took first money. C. R. Hedden captured second all by himself.

Dec. 12.—This afternoon the Amersfort Gun Club and the South Side Gun Club, one of Flatbush, Long Island, the other of Newark, N. J., met on the grounds of the latter and battled for victory. For some months the question of supremacy was an open one. After much discussion regarding the skill of the members of either club at the traps, the Amersfort men sent a challenge to the Newarkers to shoot them a match on the following conditions: Fifteen men each club, 25 bluerock targets each man. American Association rules to govern the contest. The challenge so boldly issued was promptly accepted, with this result:

South Side Gun Club.

C M Hedden	19	Whitehead	21
Hobart	20	Jeoffrey	17
Phillips	17	Manitz	22
Thomas	19	Beam	21
R H Breintnall	20	M Quad	20
Team total 292.			
J von Lengerke			24
O von Lengerke			24
Heritage			21
Terry			15
Hunt			12

Amerfort Gun Club.

Kowenhoven	12	I D Remsen	15
G S K Remsen	20	Wyckoff	17
Van Wyck	18	Lee	19
Selover	24	Ryder	19
Eldert	15	J Bennett	17
Team total 244.			
Balzer			13
C Bennett			15
Lott			12
Suydam			17
Vandeveer			19

TORONTO, Dec. 11.—The McDowall shooting tournament commenced to-day at Woodbine Park, and its opening was a great success. The weather was cold and very windy, but there was a large gathering of men and the shooting was exceptionally good. In fact it was above the average. Thirty experts faced the traps in the open shoot, which was not finished owing to darkness. Live pigeons were the targets, and the birds were extra strong flyers. Several blackbird sweeps were also shot, and altogether it was a grand day's sport. The scores: Open shoot, purse $150, divided, at 12 live pigeons each, 26yds, rise:

Capt Tyman	111111111111—12	J Draisey	111111011011—10
C Budd	111111111111—12	I Beldam	111111011011—10
Charles	111111111111—12	J Wayper	111111101011—10
T Sawdon	111111111110—11	J Jones	111111101011—10
D Blea	111111110111—11	W Tracey	11011111001— 9
W Sinclair	011111111111—11	J Barrett	011111100011— 9
C Sinclair	111111011111—11	J Simons	111001110111— 9
W Heatherington	111110111111—11	C Casey	111111100001— 8
Geo H Briggs	111111111101—11	F Andrews	111010000111— 8
J Rice	101111111111—11	J Townsoun	11110010011— 8
D Chapman	111011111111—11	D Wright	011101001111— 8
H George	111011111111—11	S Staneland	101001011011— 7
C Coburn	111111110111—11	C Smiley	0010w.
W McDowall	011111111011—10	F Bright	11000w.
J Mitchell	111111111010—10		

Dec. 12.—McDowall's pigeon tournament at the Woodbine was brought to a close to-day, after two days' excellent sport. The birds were in splendid condition, and the shooting considerably above the average, as a glance at the scores will show. Mr. C. Charles shot in good form, grassing his 12 birds straight at 26yds, and 5 straight at 30yds., thus winning first prize. Capt. Tyman and C. Budd also did good work, winning second and third respectively. The following are the scores of the winners: C. Charles first, H. Tymon second, C. Budd third, D. Blea fourth, T. Sawdon fifth, J. Rice sixth, Chapman H-atherington divided seventh and eighth.

Sweep at 7 live pigeons, one barrel only:

McDowall	1111111—7	T Sawdon	1010111—5
Heatherington	1011111—6	C Budd	0101111—5
Wayper	1111110—6	W G Sinclair	1100101—4
D Blea	1011111—6	J Chapman	0011100—3
P Wakefield	0111111—6	H Dixon	1000100—2
Charles	0111101—5	J Draisy	0100100—2
F Bright	1001111—5	J Mitchell	0011000—2
C Tymon	1010111—5	H Symonds	0000w.

At the close of the tournament there was a match between C. Cockburn and C. Charles at 20 live pigeons for $25 a side. The shooting throughout was a fine exhibition of skill and was not won until the last cird was killed. The score:

C Charles	11111111111111111011—19
C Cockburn	11111110111101111111—18

Mr. Townson was referee. Mr. Sinclair was judge for Mr. Cockburn, and Mr. Blea for Mr. Charles. The pullers were Mr. Way for Cockburn and Mr. G. H. Briggs for Charles.

WALTHAM, Mass.—The Crescent Gun Club had one of their enjoyable dinners at the Prospect House, last week. After dinner speeches were made by several of the members. The secretary's report showed the club to be in a prosperous condition. After which the club adjourned for one year.—W. N. F.

CLASS VS. KLEINTZ.—Newark, Dec. 13.—At Erb's Park, today, the return match was shot between Frank Class and Frank Kleintz. The day was not one favorable to the making of good scores. There was no wind blowing and the air was too warm for comfort, and heavy overcoats were at a discount. The birds were fat and lusty, and had the wind been blowing never a better lot could have been asked for. As it was, many of them were slow in getting off. When they did go, however, they were rasp ers: out of the 200 shot at not less than 100 were hummers, so fast that the killing of them stamped the men equal as trap-shots to any in the country. Singular to state, the better birds were the ones that were downed. The easy ones, the poor in flight fellows, were the ones that got away. In the first half of the match Kleintz had the worst lot of birds, Class was in wonderful form, and got on his birds so quickly that pigeon after pigeon was grassed within a half dozen yards of the traps. This quick shooting did not give a good bird a chance to show his speed. It was a cry of pull, a bang of the gun, and a killed bird. Class was at least 10yds. the better of his opponent in this matter of getting on. Kleintz was wonderfully effective with his second barrel, but with his first many thought he "slobbered" too much. The match was for $500, 100 birds each man, Hurlingham rules to govern, except rise of 30yds. John Erb acted as referee. The shooting began promptly at 1:50 P. M. At 2:50, when one-half the match was shot, an intermission of ten minutes was had. The race was an interesting one, and was witnessed by some 200 spectators, who liberally applauded the best of the kills. Among them were E. Thompson, of Yonkers; A. Heritage, of Jersey City Heights; Milt F. Lindsley and E. Collins, of Hoboken; L. Campbell, of Little Silver; Mr. Campbell and W. Crommelin, of Orange, N. J.; P. Goff, R. Irwin and J. Carstairs, of Philadelphia, and W. Seigler and N. Cockefer, of Montclair. Newark had a large delegation, backing to a man the Jerseyman. The odds were on the start 10 to 8 on the Pennsylvanian. These odds rapidly veered to the side of Class, and increased in his favor as the match progressed.

Frank Class	2210112212121122112211220011—22 2121121120011121212110111—22 1111121212212212111101—24 1122111211112211212112021—23—91
Frank Kleintz	2202021212210221222201102—20 1122221201121011122201—21 2212222011021122210111120—21 2202222210211022022212111—21—83

Class used a Lefever hammerless, $70 grade; weight, 7lbs. 11oz.; Elcy pink shells, with special primers, in right barrel, loaded with 3½drs. American wood (Trap) powder, 1¼oz. No. 8 Leroy chilled shot; in left barrel, 3½drs. Curtis & Harris trap, Climax shells, 1¼oz. No. 7 Leroy chilled shot.

Kleintz used a $250 grade Greener hammerless; weight, 7lbs. 13oz.; 3½drs. Schultze wood powder (re-issue), in both barrels; 1¼oz. Spark's No. 7 soft shot, in Elcy pink and green shells, with special primers.

Each man had a dead out of bounds. Class used his second barrel 34 times, Kleintz 46. Immediately after the main event a few sweepstakes were shot with the following result:

Event No. 1, $8 entrance, at 4 birds, 2 moneys, 8 entries: Collins, Lindsley, Castle, Campbell and Kleintz tied for first money and at once shot it off, miss and out. Kleintz missed his first, Collins and Castle their second, and then Campbell and Lindsley div. Erb, Thompson and Williams tied for second with 3 kills and carried over to next sweep.

Event No. 2, same conditions, except 12 entries and 3 moneys: Castle, Erb, Thompson and Goff won first with clean scores and div. Collins, Lindsley, Williams and Kleintz tied for second with 3 kills and div. Third money went to Hedden and Carstairs.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 10.—The North Side Gun Club, of Long Island, held its regular monthly shooting match at Woodside today. Owing to the fact that the game laws allow open shooting almost everywhere at this time of the year, the attendance of members at the shoot was small. In the regular match the score was:

M C Manning	7	William Bohurcke	5
A Duryea	6	Dr Franz	4
E G Bussell	6	C Meyer	6
A H Eberhardt			5
Mr Helgaus			4

This was followed by a sweepstakes, at 5 live birds, $1 entrance: Manning and Helgaus div. the money:

Dec. 11.—At Woodlawn Park to-day the members of the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club held their regular monthly shoot. The birds, for the season of the year, were an excellent lot of flyers. Indeed, many of them were as good as were ever put in a trap for marksmen to shoot at. Very few had to be started by the trappers, and the majority of these were called no birds by the referee, and another pigeon ordered placed in the trap for the shooter to test his skill upon. Regular monthly meet, 7 birds each man, 5 prizes and club badge to be competed for, Hurlingham rules to govern (modified). Mr. Adolph Schwartz killed his 7 straight, using his second barrel but twice, and won first prize without a competitor. D. Blattmacher, C. Dettleiffsen, J. Kowenhoven and J. F. Schmadke killed 6 birds each and shot the tie off, 3 birds first and then miss and out. Kowenhoven missed his first and dropped out. Schmadke followed him on the second shot, and then Blattmacher and Dettleiffsen, having killed their 3 tied birds, divided second money. For third D. Monsees, O. Dwyer and L. Eppig tied with 5 kills each. The tie was shot out as above. Dwyer slipped out on his first shot, Eppig on his second, and Monsees killed all and got the cash. For fourth T. Buckley, A. Eppig and Frank Lanzer tied with 4 kills each. On the shoot-off each killed 2 out of their 3 tie birds and then shot off miss and out. Each of the three men missed his first bird. Buckley and A. Eppig divided the money, Lanzer having dropped out on a miss. Immediately the main event was concluded a sweepstakes was arranged. Three birds each man, $20 entrance; three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.; ties to be shot miss and out. Schwartz, Ayres, Monsees, Dettleiffsen and Blattmacher tied for first place with all killed birds. Dettleiffsen missed his first, Ayres his second. Monsees did the same and all stepped to the rear. Blattmacher stayed in to the fifth round, when he went out by a dead out of bounds, Dr. Schwartz capturing first prize. No less than five tied for second. They were Schmadke, L. Eppig, Buckley, A. Eppig and F. Lanzer. Schmadke missed his first and went out; L. Eppig, A. Eppig and Lanzer slipped up on goose eggs in the second round, Buckley taking the pot. For third money Lake Sheridan and Kowenhoven tied with one kill out of the three birds shot at. This was an exciting shoot-off. Lake went out on his second shot. Kowenhoven stayed in until the fourth round, when he missed, giving the money to Sheridan, who killed his pigeon in handsome fashion. Monsees, Ward, Ayres and Orr each had a dead out of bounds in the main event.

Dec. 12.—The Unknown Gun Club closed the season to-day with a well-attended and successful shoot at Dexter Park. Considering the difficult rules under which the club shoots the members acquitted themselves well, five of them succeeding in bringing down six out of seven birds. The rules provide that the gun shall be held below the elbow until the bird is on the wing, and that pigeons killed with the second barrel shall be counted as lost birds. These rules are strictly enforced, as well as the very proper one which imposes a fine on the marksman who indulges in discriminate shooting from the platform of the club house during the progress of the club shoot and the sweepstakes. The birds were a well selected lot with only a few sleepers among them. Club shoot for the club badge and three extra prizes; 12 entered; 7 birds each. Yroome (25yds.) 6, Boyle (25) 3, Cahill (23) 3, Van Staden (24) 2, M. Winchester (25) 6, H. Knebel, Sr. (26) 5, D. Monsees (26) 4, G. Hass (25) 6, Rankin (23) 3, Ellerhorst (22) 5, Dr. Schwartz (25) 5, G. Pfohlmann (25) 6. In the shoot off of the tie for first prize, 3 birds each, then miss and out, Vroome killed 2, Winchester 3, Knebel, Sr. retired, Hass 2, Pfohlmann 2. Winchester, who is one of the oldest members in the club, was the winner. Dr. Schwartz defeated Ellerhorst for second money by killing 2 birds out of 5 to Ellerhorst's 1 killed and 4 missed. In a subsequent sweepstakes, same rules, 5 entered, 3 birds each, H. Knebel, Sr. and Pfohlmann divided first prize on 3 straight each; Dr. Schwartz took second money and M. Winchester third.

OMAHA, Dec.—The Budd-Organ Elliott-Parmalee team match came off this afternoon, and the many spectators present had the pleasure of witnessing a great shoot. The weather was not the best. The sky was overcast, and the background was dark, caused partially by a heavy smoke from the smelter. But little wind was blowing, but what there was only assisted the birds to get over the boundary. The American Association rules governed the match. Each man used 12-gauge guns, at 30yds. rise. J. A. R. Elliott was the first man at the score, and from the start to the finish the enthusiasm was great, as his continued score of fifty straight caused him to be the favorite. Parmalee lost his 1st, 5th, 21st, 29th, 33d, 40th, and 44th bird, five being dead out of bounds. R. B. Organ lost his 7th, 12th, 15th, 19th, 21st, 24th, 25th, 31st, 43d, 44th, and 50th. Budd lost his 24th, 35th, 39th, 47th, and 50th. Considerable money changed hands, though the principals had but $100 up on a side. To-morrow R. B. Organ and Frank Parmalee, will shoot a match at fifty live birds each for $50 a side. The score was:

Elliott	1112222111222111111112211122122121211111223—50
Parmalee	o222c2112111211111212122222211102211111111o212111—44—94
Organ	2211122122c22c212o1022c222212o1121211111100112222—39
Budd	1112121222212111o2212122o12122111102c21c212222110110—45—84

oDenotes dead out of bounds.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Dec. 14.—The Wellington Gun Club held its annual all-day shoot to-day. The weather was favorable for the sport up to 2 o'clock, when a severe snow storm set in, making it difficult for good scores. In the silver pitcher match at 7 bluerocks and 8 clay-pigeons, Wheeler and Field tied with 14 each, and in the shoot-off Wheeler won. The other scores in this match were: Moore, Porter and Sanborn 13, Perry 12, Cowee, White, Lee, Brooks and Dan 11, Bradbury, Nichols and Short 10, Leslie 9, Chase, Roxton, Dickey, Stone, Green and Warren 8, Webster and Gale 7. The winners in the several events follow: 10 clay-pigeons, Chase and Melcher; 10 bluerocks, Lee, Chase and Dickey; 10 bluerocks, Chase, Wheeler and Leonard; 20 bluerocks, Bowker and Wheeler; 10 tin birds, Leonard and Chase; 6 bluerocks, Chase, Wheeler and Yerrington; 10 clay-pigeons, Wheeler; 10 bluerocks, Warner, Wheeler and Yerrington; 10 bluerocks, Yerrington and Wheeler; 10 tin birds, Cowee, Yerrington and Bradbury; 10 clay-pigeons, Bond, Wheeler, Yerrington and Perry; 5 pairs bluerocks, Keystone match, Perry; 7 tin birds, Cowee and Wheeler; 15 clay birds, Wheeler's favorite, Perry and Dill; 7 bluerocks, Roxton, Dill and Gale; 10 bluerocks, Keystone match, Wheeler, Roxton, Dill and Perry; 7 tin birds, Wheeler; 5 pairs bluerocks, Wheeler; 8 clay-pigeons, Field, Leslie and Lee; 7 bluerocks, Field, Wheeler, Porter and Moore; 10 bluerocks, Keystone match, Chase, Wheeler, Dill, Moore and Bradbury; 10 bluerocks, Bowker and Dan; 10 clay-pigeons, Perry and Leslie; 10 bluerocks, Keystone match, Wheeler, Moore, Bradbury and Short. The Wellington Gun Club held its annual supper and election of officers at the Crawford House in the evening. There were fifty members present, and among them were such old-timers and well-known experts with the shotgun as Dickey, Wheeler, Warren, Perry, Nichols, Schaefer, Gore, Tribble, Lee, Dan, Porter, Keating, Moore, Dill, Sanborn, Bradbury and Shumway. The business meeting of the club was held after dinner, President Warren presiding. Eight new members were admitted. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Chas. W. Dimick; Vice-President, Dr. C. G. Weld; Secretary, H. F. Amsdell; Treasurer, A. W. Gore; Executive Committee, G. D. Pushee.

TORONTO, Dec. 14.—In the Stanley Gun Club shoot for the McDowall gun to-day, Mr. T. Sawdon, Sr., captured the trophy for the third time with a score of 21 out of 25 at 24yds. rise. It now becomes his personal property. The gun has been shot for 15 times since it was donated by Mr. McDowall. The following are the scores of Saturday.

Gun shoot, at 25 birds, 5 traps, handicap:

T Sawdon, Sr (24yds)	1111011111100111111101111—21
W Boyles (18)	1111111111101111111010—20
J Draisey (22)	1010111011100111011011101—17
F Emond (28)	1000000001ret.
Beatty (19)	1010001100001011ret.
Sawdon, Jr (24)	1001010001ret.
G Morey (21)	1000011110ret.
White (23)	1000010010ret.
Fenelon (18)	1010100010ret.

Sweep No. 1, at 10 birds:

F Emond	10	T Sawdon, Jr	8 J E Cook 6
F James	9	D Beatty	8 W Tracey 7
T Sawdon, Sr	9	W McDowall	7

Emond first, James and Sawdon dividing second.

Second sweep, at 10 birds:

W McDowall	9	G Morley	8	W Tracey	7
F Emond	8	T Sawdon, Jr	8	F James	7
W Beatty	6				

Ties for second, at 5 birds:

Emond ....11111 11111 11111—15 Morley.....11111 11111 110 —13
Sawdon ...0

Messrs. W. Tracey and W. McDowall shot their third pigeon match for a stake of $20, Tracey winning by one bird, as follows, 25 birds each. 25yds. rise:

Tracey	1111111111010111101011—20
McDowall	0101111010111011111010—19

WALNUT HILL, Dec. 11.—Early comers at this range to-day were a bit discouraged by the driving rain, but at noon the weather condition changed, and the delegation which arrived at that time found the circumstances favorable for high scores. In the two main events of the day the shooting was remarkably strong. Stanton's clean score led in the gold coin match, while in the competition for the medal offered by the Standard Target Company both Bradbury and White scored full 20s. Summary of the day's shooting. Gold Coin Match, 15 clay birds and 15 standard targets; Keystone system of squad firing:

	Clays.	Standards.
Stanton	111111111111111—15	111111111111111—15—30
Perry	111111111111111—15	111111101111111—14—29
White	111111111101111—14	111111111111111—15—29
Wheeler	111111111111110—15	101111111111110—13—28
Lee	111100101111101—11	101111111111111—14—25
Short	111101111110111—13	111111110111010—12—25
Chase	011110101010110—10	111111111111101—14—24
Torry	100010111111101—10	101111111111111—14—24
Bradbury	111110110110111—12	111100101111011—11—23
Gale	111101010010111—10	100111111110111—12—22
Brooks	110110111100011—10	010011101111111—11—21
Bowker	110101111100001—10	011011111100001—10—20
Nichols	010101111010110— 9	111101001101011—10—19
Winter	001010100001010— 6	011000000110010— 6—12

Standard Target Company's Medal,—Twenty standard targets, club handicap by classes: Bradbury (B) 20, White (A) 20, Nichols (C) 19, Brooks (B) 18, Chase (A) 18, Bowker (B) 17, Stanton (A) 17, Torry (B) 17, Wheeler (A) 17, Short (C) 16, Gale (C) 14.

WEST TORONTO, Dec. 13.—The several prizes not competed for at the annual shoot of the West Toronto Junction Gun Club last month, were decided this afternoon at D. Blea's grounds at West Toronto Junction. Owing to a misunderstanding in the date there were not as many members present as would have been otherwise, and the shooting was only fair, the wind being strong and the light bad. The birds, too, were unusually strong flyers. Those present, however, enjoyed themselves. D. Blea winning the live pigeon contest, killing his 10 birds straight, while C. Kemp captured the artificial blackbird contest after a tie with P. Wakefield. The scores:

Club shoot at 10 live pigeons, three prizes:

D Blea	1111111111—10	Boswell	1100101110— 6
P Wakefield	1111011111— 9	D Walton	1010111010— 6
C Hinton	1111101111— 9	Sinclair	1101000111— 6
C Kemp	0111010111— 7	E Gabel	1100001w.

Club shoot at 15 artificial blackbirds, five prizes:

C Kemp	111011111111101—13	D Walton	101101011111110—11
P Wakefield	110011111111111—13	W Blea	101101011101011—10
C Hinton	000111101111111—12	D Blea	010111010110010— 8

Ties: C. Kemp 111111—6, P. Wakefield 101—2.

CHICAGO, Dec. 6.—In the Omaha 50-birds shoot Messrs. Budd and Organ were handsomely defeated by Messrs. Parmalee and Elliott. The score: Budd 45, Organ 39—84; Parmalee 44, Elliott 49—93. Budd had 1 bird dead out of bounds and Organ 8; Parmalee 3 and Elliott 1. Elliott shot a beautiful race. The other scores were not very beautiful. The tie shoot between Messrs. Budd and Organ and Messrs. Riley and Elliott will be shot at Chicago about Jan. 1, at $100 a corner. Several shooters expect to go from here to Mr. Elliott's Christmas shoot at Kansas City, Dec. 24, 25 and 26. —E. HOUGH.

BLOOMING GROVE PARK ASSOCIATION.—New York, Dec. 14.—The return match at live birds between teams from the West Orange Gun Club and the Blooming Grove Park Association will take place on the grounds of our Association on Dec. 21. After the match sweepstakes will follow. A deer hunt and also a bear hunt may be arranged. Those intending to go at this time will please notify the secretary at once. The party will go up on Friday, Dec. 20, on the train leaving Chambers street ferry at 5:30 P. M.—CHAS. A. BILLINGS, Sec'y, 102 Broadway.

CAPT. BOGARDUS.—The veteran champion is again coming East. His young son, a lad of 14 years, comes with him. The Captain has arranged to shoot a series of matches with Frank Kleintz, of Philadelphia. The terms of these matches are 50 pigeons and 50 English sparrows, 30yds. rise, for $150 a side in each race, Hurlingham rules to govern. The Captain will also match himself against any man here for any reasonable sum, that he can kill 50 sparrows in 17 minutes. The first of the pigeon races will be shot at Philadelphia, the next at Erb's Park and the third at Trenton.

DITMAR VS. THOMPSON.—West Farms, N. Y., Dec. 13.—Carl Ditmar and E. Thompson shot a match to-day. The match was for $100 a side, 20 birds each, old Long Island rules to govern, viz.: Gun below elbow until bird is on the wing, single barrel only to be used. On the eighteenth bird Thompson had his opponent shot out, having killed 13 to Ditmar's 10. The young men will come together again, for neither was satisfied—Ditmar at being behind and Thompson with the poor score made.

WORCESTER, Mass., Dec. 15.—At the meet this week at Coal Mine Brook range of members of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club the principal contest was the Norcross trophy match, possible 50 birds, thrown from open traps. There were 28 entries: George W. Russell, of Fall River; H. E. Burbank, of Whitousville; E. T. Smith and H. W. Webber, of this city, each had 26, and they will shoot off the tie at the next meet.

ANNIE OAKLEY IN FRANCE.—Communication dated Lyons in Southern France, Nov. 27, tells of what one clever little American shot is doing in that section, it says: The Sportsman's Club arranged a pigeon shooting yesterday in honor of Col. Cody and Miss Annie Oakley. The king of the Wild West sent his regrets the last minute, but Miss Oakley upheld the honor of America in a truly brilliant manner against some of our very best shots. Shooting commenced at 10 o'clock. A splendid lunch was served at noon, during which a member of the club thanked Miss Oakley for kindly accepting the invitation of the club, tendering her at the same time a large and costly medal as a souvenir of the event. Miss Oakley thanked the members of the club in English. Shooting then recommenced, but a heavy rain stopped the pleasant progress at 3 o'clock.

KANSAS CITY, Mo.—The J. A. R. Elliott shoot will take place Dec. 24, 25, 26, 27 and 28. The shoot will be one of the most important held this year, $1,150 in prizes being guaranteed by J. A. R. Elliott. On each day there will be at least two guaranteed purses of $100, with $5 and $10 entrance. Budd, McMurchy and all the crack shots of the country have signified their intention of taking part. On the last day of the shoot there will be a match between Al Bandle of Cincinnati and Elliott for $125 a side. This race will be 100 live birds.

Canoeing.

The list of officers and directions for joining the A. C. A. and W. C. A. will be found in the first issue of each month.

A FIFTEEN HUNDRED MILE CRUISE.

With the new year we will begin the publication of the log of a solitary cruise of 1,500 miles, made in a 14-foot Adirondack boat, on the Erie Canal, Lake Ontario, the St. Lawrence River, and other waters. The cruise began at Albany, finishing nearly two months later at Philadelphia, and the narrative includes exciting and dangerous episodes. The chapters will run through several issues. Cruisers should not miss this serial.

WHY WE DIDN'T.

HOW HARD WORK MAY BE AVOIDED.

"WHAT discount will you give us on this?" asked Ned of the grocer, pointing to a couple of barrels of provisions. "How would 10 per cent. do?" "All right," says Ned, and the bill is paid. These provisions are to be the sustenance of five canoeists for a three weeks' trip upon the West Branch of the Penobscot River. We were five, Ned, Ted, Jud, the Major and Jim. It was our plan to go down the West Branch in our canoes, two Robertson open paddlers and a canvas open canoe.

At five o'clock P. M. our party boarded the steamer Lewiston, bound for Bangor. We had the three staterooms aft of the pilot house on the hurricane deck. The sea was like a mill-pond, and we thoroughly enjoyed the sail. The moon shone in all her glory, and sitting in our little group we sang merry songs until 9:30, when we turned in.

Early the next morning the steamer stopped at Rockland, so we donned our shore togs and otherwise made ourselves ready to enjoy the scenery of Penobscot Bay and river, than which no other common every day steamer trip can boast finer. Passing up the river between rocky and wooded banks, we stop at Camden, Belfast, Bucksport, Searsport, Winterport, Fort Point, etc., finally reaching Bangor at half-past two. Here we found that trains were running up to Moosehead empty to bring down people to the State fair. So after meeting Supt. Brown we got permission to take the canoes as baggage if we would handle them ourselves. This we were glad to do, for if there is anything that will put a man into a cold perspiration it is to see a good canoe turned over to the tender mercies of a couple of brawny baggage smashers. The canoes are soon loaded into the baggage car bound for Greenville. Some more supplies are purchased at Bangor and at half-past five the train starts for the lake, arriving at midnight.

While on the way up the Major stretched himself out upon a settee in the baggage car and went to sleep. Presently Jud was seen to take up a long piece of rope and gently pass it around the settee and the recumbent form of the sleeping beauty. Going to the door near the Major's head he slammed it violently, disturbing the sleeper, at the same time shouting "Greenville! Greenville!" The Major, in a frantic attempt to get up, capsized the seat, and after every one had enjoyed a laugh he was untangled.

After reaching Greenville we bunked in the cars, getting up the next morning at 4:30 A. M. to allow the train to start on its return trip to Bangor, and at about noon we started for Kineo on the little steamer Fairy of the Lake, getting there at about two o'clock. Here we bought some fresh grub, and then started for Northeast Carry. Camped about sunset at Duck Cove on a rocky shore. Ned made his first loaf of bread for this cruise. Well, we ate it.

Next morning all were astir before sunrise, a phenomenal occurrence. Breakfast over we made our way to Northeast Carry, arriving at about 9:30 P. M. Here is the carry to the West Branch, and hiring the team the three canoes and duffle are loaded on to it and started across. We buy a loaf of fresh bread and some cookies from the proprietor of the Winnegarnock House, and eat them as we trudge across the carry behind the team. Here would be a fine place for a switch-back railway. As soon as the river is reached the canoes are packed and launched, and with a cheer we are floating on the bosom of the West Branch.

Everything was lovely, we were well fed, dry, rested and the sun shone beautifully. But, alas! for how long? After about three miles of dead water we began to notice that the current was rapidly increasing, and finally a line of rifts, so-called, hove in sight. We did not know the channel from a hole in the ground, but making a big bluff, we dashed on. Ilex leading, we took the rips, the Maj.'s and Ned's canoes soon struck rocks, and there were four men splashing and sputtering in the water. Ilex suddenly took a "chassez" up toward two big rocks between which the water was pouring; there was no alternative but to go between, and as Jim thought the distance was about equal to his beam, Ilex was headed for the narrow opening. The waters were dashing against the rocks and then gurgling through the opening, but with a few strong strokes the canoe was kept straight, and she dashed through in safety, just grinding the beading on the rocks. Waiting for the others to come up we continued until an old camp was found, where we camped. I need not mention the fact that what the guide book puts down as rapids are bad ones, and that about half the rips are not mentioned. To the guides these rips are of no account, but to the ordinary canoeist they do mean something. By comparison, what are known as rapids up there are like Hunt's Falls, on the Merrimac, at Lowell, when there is considerable water on them, and nine-tenths of the rips are worse than the quick water graced by the name of Mitchel's Falls, on the same river.

Between Northeast Carry and Chesuncook Lake there are about 30 miles of river, alternating dead and quick water all the way. Out of the 30 miles about one-half are rapids, and to go to Chesuncook one must pass through Lobster Stream Rips, Kemy's, Ragmuff, Big Island, Fox Hole and Rocky Rips, and finally Pine Stream Falls. Our camp was above Rocky Rips, and we ran the rapids and Pine Stream Falls, coming to grief in the latter, which are pretty violent, having a drop of about 12ft. in three falls. Farrar's guide says of them, "The most considerable so far, but easily run by an experienced canoe man." True, oh king! but it wants a good big canoe, too. Here we concluded that our canoes were not properly constructed for this work, all having more or less keel, so we decided to go back and camp on the lake. But now dark clouds had obscured the sun and it looked like sloppy weather.

The next morning it was cloudy, so we did not move our camp, preferring to keep as dry as possible in a good camp ground to going on in the rain. Opposite the camp were some big rocks, from which we enjoyed a swim. Jud neatly slipped off the rock with his clothes on, much to the amusement of Ted, who laughed so violently that he capsized the canoe in which he was sitting and wet his own clothes. In the afternoon it rained hard and we all stayed in the tent to keep dry. How tediously time does pass in such a case, but we worried it through some way or another. Pulling a rubber blanket over us we went to sleep and forgot the rain.

The next morning when we awoke, we could feel the spray coming through our not over-thick tent, and knew that it was still raining.

To while away the day we read a novel, each one reading a chapter aloud to the rest. Had a lunch of hard crackers, potted ham and smoked beef—oh yes!—and water, must not leave that out, variety is the spice of life. Entry in Jud's diary: "We are not exactly homesick, but I'd give anything to be back in Marblehead. This morning sang, "The Mill," "The Blacksmith," "Put Me in My Little Bed," "Tell Me, Beautiful Maiden," etc. made it worse. Played poker for about an hour and a half. "We'll probably be stuck in the tent all day. Oh, curse the weather, it's beginning to blow now," etc.

In the afternoon, however, the sun came out, the rain ceased and things began to dry out. The West Branch to Chesuncook is a regular thoroughfare, thirteen canoes passed in that afternoon. Some loggers came up and made their lunch on our fire. They drink tea altogether, and such tea. We tried it out of curiosity, and it was so strong that it fairly tanned the inside of our mouths. They put in a little fresh tea each time and then boil it for a short while, making a regular decoction of tannin.

We left "Camp Tired," as we called it, the next morning, Ned having baked a loaf of bread, a sheet of biscuits and a sheet of corn bread. We had decided to go back up stream, so started about noon and poled, paddled and walked up the rapids until late in the afternoon, when we made camp upon a high bank. After supper and a festive pipe, we turned in fairly early. The next day we finished up the rapids, and went up Lobster Stream into Lobster Lake. Jud shot a black duck and a sheldrake, so we had a game dinner. As one comes out from between the marshy banks of Lobster Stream into the lake he can hardly restrain an exclamation of admiration. We went to Camp Jumboline and put up our tent, made our fir beds and tidied up the camp. It was well we did, for in the afternoon a squall came up and we got some rain for a change. After an hour of poker it cleared up, and we had our game dinner. Camp Jumboline is a fine camp, but from the name we concluded that June and July were good months to steer clear of it. It being September, we were all right.

The following morning every one was up bright and early. Ted and Jud cut wood up the beach, while Jim carried it to camp in Ilex. This camp was about as pretty as any one could wish; it was near a beach of small pebbles and sand, and in a grove of white birch. It had seats and a table, etc. So passed a couple of weeks, shooting, fishing and boat racing, playing games, cooking, etc., to our hearts' content.

The boat racing is worthy of a word or two. Near the camp a brooklet gurgled over the pebbly beach into the lake; it was furnished with miniature rapids, dead waters, etc. Some one conceived the brilliant idea of racing chips down the brook, so we made little birch bark canoes and raced them down the stream for five-cent sweepstakes, whereby Jud and the Maj. each lost a quarter.

Jim went fishing one morning and Jud bet Ted that he (Jim) would not get a fish. However, James returned with a huge chub and Jud was again the loser. Jud got mad and bet Ted three ice cream sodas that he could not eat three inches of raw bacon. Ted ate it like a man, whereupon Jud bet no more.

A couple of loggers came into camp and Maj. and Jim ferried them across Lobster Stream. When they came back the Maj. capsized about 15ft. from shore. If there had only been a camera along, some star pictures would have been obtained. Jud with a sore throat had the legs of a pair of heavy drawers tied around his neck in a four-in-hand knot.

Saturday, Sept. 10.—More unpleasant weather, more poker, more out for Jud. We decided to start home early Monday morning if pleasant. It was a very cold night and in the morning there was a quarter of an inch of ice on the water in our birch bark water pail. We did not wash until the noon sun had warmed things up on that Sunday. At 7 o'clock there was ice on the pail, and at 11 a cake of chocolate melted in the same place.

Monday, Sept. 12, we started on our homeward journey, and after a light breakfast broke camp and left the lake. Arrived at N.E. carry at about 9 A. M. and went across. We swapped off our surplus flour, etc., for cooked food at the Winnegarnock House and here met two gentlemen sportsmen, Messrs. J. C. George, of Baltimore, and W. H. Addicks, of Philadelphia. We all sat down to Kineo together.

When we got down to Kineo the conductor of the steamer said that "a gentleman with a brown beard" had paid for us. We took his word for it, Ned remarking that it must have been Jim, who is smooth-faced. We took dinner at the Mt. Kineo House and then hired a special steamer to take three canoes, seven men and their luggage, twenty miles down Moosehead Lake, at half past ten at night, and all for $8. As our train went at 3:30 A. M., we woke the hands up, loaded on our canoes and then camped in the baggage car. The hands remembered us, and so with the aid of some cigars and quarters the canoes went as baggage. The train took nine hours to go 90 miles, getting us in Bangor at 12:50 P. M. Hastily putting the canoes aboard the steamer for Boston, we ate dinner in the depot, taking the "Flying Yankee" for Boston at 1:40 P. M., arriving at 9:35 P. M. This was the only trip where railroading had to be done upon which we have not had to pay big prices to take the canoes around. We saved $18 on freight fares, which fact Mr. W. H. Addicks told us not to send to FOREST AND STREAM, because no other crowd of men could work it. In the words of Farrar, "A canoe is indispensable for this trip, and if you take our advice you will also take a guide." As to the latter point—well, we didn't—but if you contemplate taking this trip without that useful creature, all we can say is don't.

JAMES W. CARTWRIGHT, JR., Sec'y Puritan C. C.

RED DRAGON C. C.

A REGULAR monthly meeting of the Red Dragon Canoe Club was held on Dec. 6 at the residence of the Commodore. The constitution was amended, making it necesary for an applicant for membership to be admitted to the A. C. A. The dues were raised to $12 per year, entrance fee to $5. The officers' reports were deferred until the meeting in January. The committee on new boat house after being heard was continued. The officers elected for the coming year were: Com., Wm. B. Haag; Vice-Com., H. M. Kreamer; Purser, F. W. Noyes; Captain, Woodward Norgrave; Quartermaster, Byron Fortiner; Bugler, M. Bond. The office of corresponding secretary will not be filled until the January meeting. Geo. D. Gibson, the well-known cycler, was admitted to membership. Great things are expected from him when he becomes familiar with a 10ft. paddle. It is just possible that the club will own a monster canoe in the spring, capable of accommodating sixteen, as negotiations are now being made with a well-known builder for its construction.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On Sunday night the Red Dragon C. C. house was entirely destroyed by fire, and with it the greater part of the fleet. The loss has been very heavy, but the Red Dragon is still alive and in large spirits. A new fleet will take the place of the old at once, though several schemes for next season's recreation will have to be abandoned until a more propitious occasion. Only four boats were saved of a fleet of twenty-five. The loss cannot be accurately computed, but cannot be less than $2,000. The most unfortunate feature of the whole affair is that we would have moved into our new quarters this week. However, we are putting on the best face we possibly can, and will replace what has been destroyed with all possible haste. Among the boats destroyed were Lassie and Ramona. MAX.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At a very early hour on Monday morning Mr. Daniel Haswell, of the *Public Ledger*, discovered flames issuing from the boat houses, located at the foot of Second street, Camden, and occupied by the Philadelphia C. C., Red Dragon C. C. and the Quaker City C. C. He immediately notified the fire department, who soon appeared on the scene.

Of the ten houses occupied by the three clubs eight were completely burned out. The Philadelphia C. C. presents the most desolate appearance, where but a few hours before in their berths rested a number of fine cedar canoes, nothing now remains but a few lumps of "canoe jewelry" strewn here and there among the ashes.

The canoes in the Red Dragon—those that are not totally destroyed—are beyond repair and of no use, save kindling wood. Of the 45 or 50 canoes in the two clubs, but four of the Red Dragon's were saved. The Quaker City C. C. and adjoining houses escaped the ravages of the flames. The loss is estimated at about $5,000, divided equally, although the Red Dragon Club will be the heaviest loser, having no insurance. The origin of the fire is unknown.

J. A. B.

ROCHESTER C. C.—Officers 1890: Captain, H. J. Wilson; Mate, S. B. Perkins; Purser, Geo. H. Harris; Meas., Ira S. Davis; Executive Committee, C. B. Wolters, C. F. Wolters, C. A. Bruff; Regatta Committee, F. F. Andrews, C. A. Moody, A. B. Dodge. The regatta committee reported the result of the 1889 series of races for the Wolters cup. F. F. Andrews 16 points, H. M. Steward 15 and Harry Moody 6. The last two prizes are A. C. A. pins. The cup will be contested in two more series—1890 and 1891.

ATLANTIC DIVISION REGATTA COMMITTEE.—Vice-Com Brokaw has appointed C. V. Schuyler, Arlington C. C., Chairman W. S. Elliott, Marine and Field Club, and James R. Steers, Jr. Knickerbocker C. C.

LARGE CLUB CANOES.—As was predicted last summer, when the big club canoe Unk-ta-hee was introduced at the A. C. A. meet at Stave Island by the Toronto C. C., it has introduced a new branch of canoeing and one that we think will add very much to the interest and sociability of the sport. It will introduce a new phase in competition, and racing these craft will give an opportunity for uniform and scientific training of crews. A race between different clubs will be a very exciting feature. The St. Lawrence River Skiff, Canoe and Steam Launch Co., of Clayton, N. Y., anticipating the demand for these craft, sent a set of drawings to several different clubs for inspection and approval, and have already received orders for three of them.

BROOKLYN C. C.—On Dec. 10 the Brooklyn C. C. held its annual meeting. The reports of officers and committees showed the club to be in a remarkably healthy condition. The subject of incorporation, which has been under consideration for some time, was finally settled; and the necessary alterations to constitution, etc., were made, and trustees elected to govern an incorporated club. Two of the members' camp-fires have proven a success, and it is expected to terminate the series with one at which the club may entertain all their friends. It was decided to celebrate the fifth anniversary in the customary manner, with a dinner on Jan. 11. Officers elected for 1890: Com., R. J. Wilkin; Vice-Com., P. F. Hogan; Purser, M. V. Brookaw.

Yachting.

GEORGIAN BAY AND ITS ISLANDS.

POINT OF DEPARTURE.—"Swarthmore Camps" (consisting of a picturesque log cabin and cluster of tents), located on southwest shore of Georgian Bay, nestled amid a most charming compound of hill and dale, green forest, green glade and blue water.

Craft.—Schooner yacht Christine, about 30ft. long, moderate draft, with centerboard, not decked, except about 10ft. of a forecastle.

Party.—1. The Captain and owner, a good amateur sailor. 2. Will, who tried to pass himself off as an able seaman. 3. Jack, a youth of seventeen, having no experience in sailing, but feeling as large and competent as anybody. 4. The Scribe, about whom there is not much to be said, except that he was old enough to know better.

Destination.—Across the bay, and then as it might happen.

Log.—First day (in August, '88). The Christine, sailed by the Captain alone, came in from Meaford and cast anchor off the camp about 9 A. M. Stores got on board. The supply of groceries and provisions gave rise to impertinent inquiries of bystanders as to a trading expedition to the Indians or opening a store among the islands. Good-byes said, all hands embarked, anchor up and full sail set. Christian Island, our objective point, 26 miles off, just visible. Wind fair, but light. All jubilant except the Scribe, who is especially liable to seasickness on the slightest provocation. Captain steering and in general command. Crew not particularly obedient or respectful. Discipline loose in fact, but a feeling pervading that the Captain knew what he was about, and that it was best to do pretty nearly what he said, especially after some of his gentle admonitions.

When seven or eight miles out a thunderstorm appeared in the northwest, coming down pretty rapidly. The wind also changed some and freshened considerably. Before the storm came fully upon us the Captain had all sails down except the jib, as there was no telling what might come next. The shower passed and then all was calm. The sails were still kept down, waiting for the expected squall. After a while a slight breeze sprang up, and thinking that was all there would be, the sails were again set. The Scribe was given a lesson in steering by the compass, the sight of land ahead having been obscured by the passing thunder cloud. While he was watching the thing and wondering why the needle would persist in pointing in any but the right direction, the Captain shouted, "Put her up to the wind." What that meant was more than the Scribe could tell, but he guessed it had something to do with the tiller, so he gave it a push over, fortunately the right way. Just then something broke, and looking up, he saw the mainsail wrapping itself around the mast, and the crew, amid some excitement, trying to get the foresail down. The squall, or whirlwind, passed as quickly as it came, repairs were soon effected, and we were under way again, with a good breeze on the beam. Then came time for lunch, which was duly attended to. Christian Island and main land of Tiny came into full view. Made for the channel between them, and on past Beckwith's Island and Giant's Tomb to the North Shore islands.

The Christian Islands include the island of that name and Hope and Beckwith islands, and these and the mainland opposite are classic ground, as the scene of many of the occurrences so graphically related by Parkman in the most interesting of his works. The islands are still Indian lands, and on the largest an Indian village, though of a different tribe, keeps up the remembrance of the former inhabitants.

The sail along here was simply delightful, especially to a novice in such sailing. Approaching and among the other islands sail was shortened, as caution was required. The Captain attended to tiller, mainsail and jib, and Jack to the foresail. Will stood at the bow looking out for sunken rocks, and the Scribe attended to the centerboard, raising it when necessary to clear the rocks below. What between breaking his back lifting that heavy iron thing, and getting his head whacked by the boom when the vessel came about, every five minutes it seemed, he began to think there might be other things just as pleasant as sailing. Among the more intricate channels, or with fresh wind, the foresail alone was used.

These islands are of all sizes and conditions, from bare rocks just showing in or above the water to nicely-wooded ones of hundreds or even thousands of acres. They are all of the same Laurentian rock, some bare, but most of them have a light covering of soil, and vegetation wherever there is a chance for it. The outlying ones are generally barren and bleak-looking, but as the mainland is approached this appearance gradually changes to verdure and beauty, and delightful vistas open up in every direction. How many islands there are it is impossible to say. Bouchette is said to have charted 27,000. Double that number is a modern estimate.

After getting fairly in among the islands it was decided to lay up for the night. A landlocked bay was found and the yacht safely moored. Provisions and cooking utensils were taken ashore, a good fire made, supper cooked, heartily partaken of, and, needless to say, enjoyed. All did their best, but in cooking as in sailing the Captain was easily first. In the eating line there were others just as able as he. For night quarters a light tent was rigged extending from foremast to stern; excellent protection under ordinary circumstances, but hardly sufficient to keep out the storm that night. The Captain and Will bunked down in the cockpit, Jack and the Scribe one on either side of the centerboard. A thunderstorm that had been threatening for some time came on in full force soon after we had retired. It rained heavily, the wind blowing in all directions. The tent was hardly wide enough amidships, and the rain, beating on the deck edge, was driven inside. Jack was the first to stumble, and was discovered trying to keep off the wet with his tarpaulin. Presently the Scribe was engaged in the same way, and finally both took refuge in the forecastle. The lap-lapping of the water against the vessel's side, within a few inches of his head, was a new sensation to the Scribe, but it soon assumed a rhythmic form and sent him to sleep, instead of keeping him awake, as he first feared. A different tune was thus played every night, each having its own soothing effect as soon as the particular rhythm or cadence was caught hold of.

Second Day.—Morning fine and clear. Landed, cooked and ate breakfast. While tent and dunnage were drying, the Captain took the small boat to look for a channel, and the others rambled over the island, a large one, in a successful search for huckleberries. Got under way in due season, haste not having any show on this cruise. Found the steamboat channel. Stopped a little while at Muskoka Wharf, an uninhabited landing where goods are left for Musquash Mills and such campers as may be among the neighboring islands. Followed the channel for a few miles, and then the Captain determined to find a (to him) new way into the Musquash, the chief mouth of the Muskoka River. There was no direct channel or course; we just threaded our way, keeping as near the desired direction as the maze of islands would allow. In no place could we see more than 100 or 200yds. ahead, and a choice between two or more apparent openings had continually to be made. At length we met some canoes going to the "wharf," and felt we were near the right course. Further confirmation was given by meeting a tug. The Scribe, who was steering, asked the Captain which side of the channel to take. He replied, "She (the tug) will let you know which side to go on; if one whistle, to the left; if two, to the right." Just then two whistles sounded clear and distinct. The Scribe, who for the moment apparently thought himself on board the tug, at once turned toward her right, but soon recovered himself under the mild remonstrance of the Captain, and the passing was safely effected. At length open water was reached, beyond which the mills and village appeared. The yacht was anchored near the shore, the Scribe left on board to watch, and the rest took the boat and went over to the village.

All went well for a time, until a good breeze sprung up. The attention of the Scribe, who had been taking it very comfortably was attracted by a neighboring raft of logs, which appeared to be moving against the wind. The movement increasing, a more extended survey was made, when he found it was the yacht that was moving, the anchor having dragged. He then let down the centerboard and steered toward the village where the others were. All together again, the yacht was moored to the shore, and we landed for lunch. As to meals generally, we had a hot breakfast and supper, cooked and eaten on shore, with coffee or tea and a cold lunch at noon, with lemonade. The Captain and Will did most of the cooking, Jack attended to the fluid comforts, and the Scribe, well, he always managed to be on hand when meals were ready.

Lunch over, the Captain and Scribe visited the mills and spent some time there and at the village, leaving the boys to clear up. Sail was then again made, and we took the broader and more direct channel for the outer islands. Sailing nicely along, we had not got as far as intended to go that night, when a well sheltered bay, with a sandy beach attracted the Captain's attention, and there he determined to stay, though still rather early in the afternoon. Bathing was indulged in, and after supper Jack and the Scribe took the boat to troll for pike or bass. They did not catch any fish, but did find among the islands some of the most beautiful spots imaginable. One in particular they stayed long to admire. It was a rather deeply indented angle or bay in a large island, with small islands opposite. On these and the larger island the trees and shrubs came down in various shades of green to the water's edge, the white birch poles and graceful foliage showing on the higher ground. Between the islands were vistas, some extending quite a distance, of still waters hemmed in by green banks, broken here and there by brown or gray rock. The lights and shadows from the setting sun added to the beauty of the scene, and the perfectly still water gave back everything so distinctly that it was difficult to trace the line between reality and reflection. The Scribe has often regretted, and then more than ever, his inability to sketch from nature. But no sketch, or photograph, or description could do the subject justice.

Third Day.—This, like all the rest, was full of interest and enjoyment, but of our proceedings there is little to note. We sailed quietly along toward Parry Sound, dodging in and out among the islands or out to open water as whim or fancy suggested. Met the steamer Maxwell on her daily trip from Parry Sound to Penetang and Midland. Rounded Moose Point, a spur of the mainland reaching out through the islands almost to the open lake, as if to find out for itself what the latter was like. Passed a party fishing from a rocky inlet, who very gallantly read the name of our trim little craft as "Chestnuts." Lunched on one of the outer reefs. Called at a few camps on the islands. Visited a fishing establishment and saw the men unloading the day's catch, brought from the nets set far out in the lake. Admired their vessel, a long two-masted open boat, graceful in form, said to be quite safe, and with its deep centerboard, capable of sailing very close to the wind. Finally the Captain saw a place to his liking, and there we stayed for the night.

Our location was on a large island, chiefly a mass of gray granite, with some patches of soil and small timber and shrubbery. Before us was the steamboat channel, 200 or 300yds. wide. Directly opposite, the white tents of a party, said to be from Pittsburgh, made a picturesque addition to the scene. Further on were two small houses occupied by Torontonians, and near the latter a tug lay at anchor, wind-bound with her tow of logs. This was the only night during our cruise that we had anybody but ourselves within sight or hearing.

A nice boat on the beach near us caused some speculation as to its occupants and their whereabouts. Afterward a party of ladies appeared with pails of huckleberries gathered on our island. They had some difficulty in getting the boat launched, when Will's native gallantry overcame his diffidence and he rushed to their assistance, shoved off the boat and handed them in with all the grace of a Chesterfield. But he was so overpowered by the thanks and gracious smiles of the fair ones that his appetite for supper was taken away and his sleep so disturbed that the Captain lay awake a great part of the night watching him for fear of an attempt to emulate Leander or perform some other desperate exploit.

Some boating was done, as well as some bathing and some rambling about the island. In the evening the moonlit scene was beautiful, and interest was added by the passing of the Maxwell and her slowing up to land visitors or supplies for the camp opposite.

Fourth Day.—Took things very leisurely in the morning. Debated for some time whether to start for home or go to Parry Sound, eight or ten miles further on, and finally chose the latter. After going two or three miles, a clear channel opening out to the lake was a temptation the Captain could not resist, the rest yielded without demur, and the bow of the Christine was turned homeward. The wind was fair enough, but the Scribe soon found the open water too rough for his comfort, and, out of deference to his feelings, the shelter of the islands was again sought. Entering by the Haystacks, a pair of rocks somewhat of that shape, we passed a large American encampment on an island near where the remains of the ill-fated Waubuno lie. The Captain had never been at the Moon River, and having learned the approximate distance and compass bearing, he determined to try for it. This was, perhaps, the most pleasant sail of all. It was like sailing through a series of small lakes and short channels. The lakes had a similarity to each other in limited expanse of water, irregularly outlined by green banks, broken here and there by rocks, and with higher trees beyond; but each was different from all the rest, and had its own peculiar beauty, which for the time appeared to surpass that of the others. Uncertainty as to the course gave additional zest to the sail, and interest, then and throughout the cruise, was kept up by Will's numerous inquiries in search of information, and the prompt, though not always strictly relevant, replies of the Captain. Jack had by this time developed into a first-class sailor, and no doubt feels perfectly fitted to take command of a full-rigged ship. The Scribe was also getting along nicely, having learned how to dodge the boom and be out of the way when the centerboard had to be lifted.

Having at last reached something that looked like the mouth of a river, the yacht was moored in a side channel and the Captain and Scribe went forward to explore. After going for a mile or so they found open water and other channels, and that the mainland and river two small miles distance off. On returning, they found also that the boys had taken their lunch and had eaten all the Scribe's apple sauce, which he had taken so much trouble to make on the evening before. They attempted to cover their crime by pretending that it had got lost in their effort to keep it cool in the water.

Proceeding further, we found one of the fire wardens encamped on a small island. These men are employed by the government, and spend their time traversing the forest in all directions, watching and warning campers and settlers, and generally on the lookout to prevent forest fires, sometimes so terribly destructive. He had came down Moon River alone in his canoe, reporting twenty-seven portages in twenty-five miles. From him we learned that we were on the right course, and soon after we reached the river itself and went up to the first fall. It was not much of a river, as the greater part of the water was diverted to the main stream, or Musquash, but we had the satisfaction of finding it. The warden joined us, and after the locality was duly examined, entertained us until supper time from his stores of information as to forest, stream and lake. After supper the Captain determined to work out of the river. The task was a difficult one, as the wind was dead ahead, but was at last skillfully accomplished. It was then almost dark, the trees shut out the light of the rising moon, and there was some trouble in getting the vessel moored for the night. That done, the tent was soon put up, and all retired and slept soundly.

Fifth Day.—Up early and off, as the wind, though light, was fair, and not likely to continue so. After we had gone a couple of miles or so, it failed altogether for the time, so we anchored and prepared for breakfast. Just then the warden turned up again and suggested fresh fish. He thought it a shame not to have them when they were all around anxious to be caught, and volunteered to get some for us. We lent him trolling tackle, and almost as soon as the fire was ready he had an abundant supply, more than we could use, of pike and bass.

By the time bathing and breakfasting was over the wind sprang up again, almost dead ahead, and we started on our homeward way, the warden accompanying us. Observing a smoke in the woods he bade us good-bye, and went to reconnoitre. Soon after we met a party of ladies and gentlemen in boats and canoes, led by an Indian guide. The countenance of the latter plainly showed his disgust at seeing a yacht sailing along where he tried to convince his patrons that nothing but a small boat could go, and not even that, unless guided by him. About this time the Scribe was in a state of deep dejection at having lost overboard his hunting knife, a much prized present from the Northwest. His satisfaction at its recovery was all that saved the juveniles from being pitched overboard in punishment for practical joking and want of respect for gray hairs.

Going about, on one of our numberless short tacks, a shout called our attention to the warden, who was doing his best to overtake us. The smoke he had gone to see about was from the remains of a camp fire, and he had got there in time to prevent its spreading. He was trying to catch us to return our trolling line. We took him aboard and towed his canoe to near the outer islands, where he left us, and we saw him no more.

Outside the islands the wind was not favorable for an attempt to cross the lake, so we headed for the Western Islands, about twelve miles off. When within about four miles of these the wind fell altogether and we lay becalmed. We anchored and waited for the wind, which did not come. Then the Captain and Scribe took the boat and rowed to the islands. These are a cluster of rocky islands, mostly barren, lying away outside the other islands. Four or five may be half an acre or more in extent, the rest smaller, down to a mere speck. We estimated the highest at 70ft., and they are of all heights from that down to reefs at or below the water line. Only one is wooded. It is truly a scene of desolation, but the view is magnificent for all that. These islands are the summer home of hundreds of gulls, which resented our intrusion by almost deafening screams.

After a couple of hours there came enough wind to enable the boys to bring the yacht into the small and not very secure harbor between the larger islands. Climbing the rocks and enjoying the view; rifle target shooting and generally harmless shooting at the gulls, to say nothing of preparing and demolishing supper, put in the evening very pleasantly. All retired in good time, Jack and the Scribe to sleep soundly, not so the others. During the night the wind came on to blow hard, with changing direction, and the Captain and Will were on the watch, together or alternately, nearly all night. All that the Scribe noticed was a quickening of the tune played by the waves near his head.

Sixth Day.—Up early and anxious to be off. Wind dead ahead and lake rather rough. Captain decided it would not be prudent to attempt to cross the lake, and suggested running down to the Christian Islands. This was at once agreed to, as the idea of staying over among these rocks was not at all pleasant. Soon after starting the wind began to shift around to the northwest, and the Captain kept as close as he could, hoping he might yet be able to reach home that day. The wind freshened somewhat and all was going on nicely, the yacht keeping well up and making good headway, when all at once there was a crash, and the foremast with sail and jib disappeared over the side. Things looked rather bad for the moment, but the Captain soon took in the situation, and by his exertions, ably assisted by the boys acting upon his gentle suggestions, and all encouraged by the Scribe's serene contemplation of their efforts, the wreckage was got on board after a good deal of trouble.

We then drifted down under reefed mainsail only to Hope Island Light House for repairs. Obtaining tools there the mast was re-stepped, some 5ft. shorter than before, rigging set up and sails re-set. It was then about noon, most of the crew had worked pretty hard, and all were hungry. The boys set out their very best spread for lunch. In addition to this the good lady of the lighthouse sent us some fine fresh fish, cooked to a turn, and pies and fresh homemade bread. A right royal meal was enjoyed, and the whole party joined in certifying Hope Island Light a good place to be shipwrecked near, at least while the present occupants are in possession.

After resting a while the Captain suggested sailing down between the islands to Christian Island Light. This was soon done, and then came the question whether to attempt the open lake or not. The Captain wished to get home. Will was cautious and doubtful. Jack apparently anxious for the excitement, and the Scribe, looking out on the rolling waves, thought of his weakness, and prepared to submit to the inevitable and endure a few hours of misery and rather sided with the Captain.

Everything being close reefed, we set out, Will alone protesting. The wind was a point or two before the beam and kept increasing, but so gradually that it was hard to say when the gale, for such it came to be at last, actually began. The wind blew more and more fiercely and the waves rolled higher and higher and we found ourselves in one of the worst of the summer storms for which Georgian Bay is famous. After a short time even the reefed sails were too much, the jib and mainsail were stowed and we went on under reefed foresail alone, and making good time at that. The way the yacht, under the skillful guidance of the Captain, would climb one side of a wave apparently many times higher than itself and gracefully slide down the other was something wonderful to behold. A wave, higher than its fellows, would come rushing madly on, with top curled into foam and threatening to engulf our seemingly defenseless craft, so that escape from destruction appeared impossible. But as it came on the vessel would rise to it, higher and higher as the wave came closer until the top would be reached, and the yacht shake itself clear with a bound as of satisfaction or triumph, and the wave, as if disappointed with its prey, would hurl its combing at us in a final despairing effort. Even these high waves had something like a rhythm of their own, a maximum and minimum of height in apparently regular time, the lowest, however, quite high enough for all purposes. The Scribe regrets that he did not think of counting the waves in several of these periods, as he believes the numbers would correspond either altogether or alternating at regular intervals. Very little water was shipped and bailing was not required, though we all were thoroughly wetted by the splashes from the combing waves and somewhat chilled by the wind and wet.

The Captain tended the tiller and Will the foresail sheet. The latter, more cautious or timid than the former, would ease the sheet off as far as he dared under the watchful eye of the Captain. When it would go too far the Captain would mildly suggest hauling the sail closer, and Will, after making a great show of complying, would gradually let the sheet slip until the sail was again as far out as ever.

The boat had to be hauled close to prevent its swamping, and as it was, some of the provisions and cooking apparatus kept in it were washed out. The trolling line, which the warden had thrown into the boat, was also swept out, but the hook caught in some way, the line unwound, and the stick to which it was fastened came skipping over the waves 30 or 40yds. astern. Strange to say, the seasickness which the Scribe so much dreaded, did not even hint its presence. The Captain explained that old Neptune himself dare not undertake the contract of removing that lunch laid in at the lighthouse. This may be a useful hint for some who go down to the sea in ships.

The gale kept on increasing in violence, and when we got safely in between the piers at Meaford the waves were dashing high over them. Our vessel had been seen and recognized while still a long way out, and many were at the harbor anxiously watching our progress. Dry clothing and a hot supper put an end to the temporary discomfort, and no memories of the cruise were left save pleasant ones

Before closing, another word may be said about the islands. The scenery among them is in many places surpassingly beautiful, but there is nothing of the sublime and grand about it. None of the islands are high, few, perhaps none, reaching over 100ft. There is simply the ever-varying and ever-pleasing combination of water, wood and rock. For boating or camping parties it would be difficult to find a fairer spot. Weeks upon weeks could be spent among these islands, with daily or hourly changes of scene, and all with fresh water. Fishing is said to be good in many places. One drawback is the want of good, safe bathing facilities, nice sandy beaches being few and far between. And there would not be much satisfaction in a deep-draft yacht, as it would be confined to the principal channels. But even with such a yacht, used as a floating home, and plenty of boats or canoes to go around with, a capital time could be had.

S.

NEW YORK Y. C.—The special meeting of the New York Y. C. for a final action on the report of the Measurement Committee was held on Dec. 13, with Com. Gerry in the chair. The attendance, especially of yacht owners, the only voting members, was quite small. The first proposal of the committee, to adopt the Seawanhaka formula in place of that now used by the club, was adopted by a vote of 16 to 4. The other proposals relating to details of measurement and to the allowance tables, were also carried. The proposal to class by corrected instead of waterline length was briefly discussed. The report of the Eastern Y. C. was read, but no action was taken on it. A letter was read from Mr. Burgess in connection with the report opposing the proposed classification on the basis of the Seawanhaka rule; and also a letter from Mr. N. G. Herreshoff strongly supporting the proposed classification, and advocating even a heavier tax on sail than that proposed by the committee. After the discussion a vote was taken, and the proposal to class by corrected length was not carried. The same committee was continued as a standing committee to confer with other clubs in regard to a uniform classification and measurement rule.

YONKERS COR. Y. C., 1890.—Com., Alanson J. Prime; Vice-Com., Albert Skinner; Sec., William Clark; Treas., Halcyon Skinner; Fleet Captain, Howard Clapp; A. J. Prime, Thomas E. Booth and John Thorne, delegates to the New York Y. R. A.

YONKERS Y. C., 1890.—Com., Charles T. Mercer; Vice-Com., David Stewart; Corresponding Sec., Herbert Shipman; Financial Sec., W. H. Devon, and Treas. John Nesbitt.

CAPT. WM. SMITH.—On Dec. 15 Capt. Wm. Smith, of the schooner Montauk, died at his home in Brooklyn.

A SMALL SINGLE-HANDER.

ONE of the interesting features of the great maritime exhibition in Boston is the handsome little craft whose lines we publish beneath. The little yacht, a perfect example of good workmanship in all details, stands with sails set on the floor of the Mechanics' Institute. She was designed for a member of the Pleon Y. C., of Marblehead, to race in the 16ft. class, and will be used next summer by her owner.

The plans were furnished by the Boston Yacht Agency; and the yacht was built by Mr. James McIntyre, of South Boston, in accordance with his patented method of composite construction; the hollow spars are Mansfield's patent; and the sails are by Adrian Wilson, of Boston. Her dimensions are as follows:

Length over all	22ft. 2in.
L.W.L.	15ft. 5in.
Beam	6ft. 6in.
Draft	3ft. 6in.
Displacement	4,077lbs.
Ballast	3,000lbs.

Her construction is as follows: Keel, a hollow-cast iron trough 1ft. 6in. deep, bulkheaded at every 2ft., with stem and sternpost scarfed into it. The steel angle frames are riveted to each of these bulkheads, the former ¾×¾×⅛in., with a filling of wood, the face of which comes in and is beveled to the lines to receive the planking. Between each pair of steel frames are two wooden frames of the same dimensions as the steel frames. Her planking is of Spanish cedar ⅝in. in thickness in full lengths, except the garboards, which are of mahogany; deck of white pine in ⅞×⅞in. strips, sprung to sheer and blind-nailed. She is finished bright throughout, thus preserving the handsome appearance of the woods. Some further details will be found in the FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 3. Her sails are of 8oz. duck, and spinaker of silk.

CLASSIFICATION BY CORRECTED LENGTH.

THE vote of the New York Y. C. on Friday last decides the matter of classification for the present in favor of the present method by waterline length. The question has been argued warmly for some time, the chief opponent of the change being Mr. Burgess, and though he has offered very little in the way of facts or figures to refute the arguments of the committee, the mere fact that he was opposed to the change has influenced many against it. Mr. Herreshoff, on the contrary, has warmly advocated the proposal of the committee. It would have been quite possible to have passed a classification by corrected length with the New York formula, but this so-called "compromise" proposed by the Eastern Y. C., that the New York committee should give up everything which it did want, while the other side accepted nothing which it did not want, was not received very warmly by the New York Y. C. The result is much better as it is; a classification by the New York formula would have been only a nominal change; and once in force it would have been difficult to alter it in the face of vested interests. As the matter stands now the New York Y. C. has gone a great way forward in adopting the Seawanhaka rule in place of its old one, and at the same time increasing the allowance tables. This brings the New York, Seawanhaka and Eastern clubs together with the same measurement rule, and practically puts in force a heavier tax on sail than has ever existed here before. It is now probable that both the Larchmont and Atlantic clubs will adopt the same rule, in which case one very great end will be gained, the union of the five great coast clubs under one common rule, and that a very good one so far as it goes.

The advocates of the new classification need feel in no way discouraged by such a result. The change they proposed was too novel to be instantly adopted in all the clubs, but it is one that improves on acquaintance, and we look for its general adoption within a couple of years. With one rule in use by all the clubs and giving general satisfaction, as it is likely to, the transition from a classification by waterline to one by corrected length may be made without any serious disturbance; and the final results will be more satisfactory than if the rule had been carried through now in one or two clubs in the face of determined opposition.

The tax on sail imposed by the Seawanhaka rule will of itself tend to restrict rigs to a certain degree, and for a season at least it will be very materially aided by the influence of Minerva, and the prejudice against the big forties, based on the mishaps of Liris. Thus there is no immediate danger of the extension of sail, and by the time that it does reappear men will be ready to accept corrected length as a necessary check on it. In the meanwhile there is plenty of work to be done in perfecting the many details, the measurement of sail, the limits of the classes, etc., so that when the measure is finally passed it shall be so complete and perfect as to be safely adopted for a term of six or seven years.

LAUNCH OF THE JET PROPELLER EVOLUTION.—The new jet propeller Evolution, built for the Jackson Navigating Co. under the direction of Dr. Walter M. Jackson, was launched at Lennox's yard, South Brooklyn, on Dec. 11. The craft is 108ft. over all, 99ft. l.w.l., 23ft. beam and 3ft. 4in. draft; and is built with a triple skin, two inner diagonal skins of cedar and an outer longitudinal skin of mahogany. Her motive power includes a 1,500 H. P. Roberts tubular boiler and a duplex compound Worthington pump, specially built for the purpose, the steam cylinders being 25 and 43.3in.×36in.; the pump cylinder being 9.25in. in diameter. The inboard delivery is by two 8in. pipes near the keel; while the water is forced out through nozzles but ¾in. diameter, which may be turned in any direction in order to steer. It is expected that the boat will attain a very high speed, and will revolutionize the propulsion of vessels by steam.

NEW YACHTS AT CAPE ANN.—Capt. Aaron Brown, owner of the well-known Black Cloud, has sold her and ordered a 30-footer from Mr. George Wheeler, of Wheeler's Point. The new yacht will be named Satan, and will be 40ft. 4in. over all, 29ft. 6in. l.w.l., 12ft. 9in. beam, 5ft. 6in. depth; with centerboard, cabin house, and 4,000lbs. lead keel. She will have a clipper stem and a big sailplan; mast 37ft. to hounds, 6ft. 6in. head; topmast, fid to sheave, 20ft., bowspirit outboard 18ft., with single jib. At Vincent's Point, Mr. Thos. Irving is busy with a 30-footer; 41ft. over all, 29ft. 6in. l.w.l., 11ft. 9in. beam, 6ft. draft, 2ft. 6in. least freeboard; 7,000lbs. lead keel. Mast 32ft. 6in., deck to hounds; topmast 27ft., bowsprit outboard, 18ft., mast from stem, 12ft., boom 38ft., gaff 25ft. Mignon, Mr. Babson's 30-footer, is at Essex for further alterations.

THISTLE, LENORE, VANDUARA.—Mr. Jas. Bell will change Thistle to the yawl rig this winter, and she will race next season with the yawls. Lenore, schr., will also be converted to a yawl and will join the racers. Vanduara, cutter, has been purchased by Mr. Hodgens, owner of Vreda, who will visit the Mediterranean this winter. Vreda is now for sale. Deerhound, the new 40 rating racer, will cruise in the Mediterranean, as will Lethe, the new Watson yawl; both taking part in the Nice races. Mr. Watson has orders now for 15 sailing yachts and a number of steam craft; Mr. Fife has 18 orders, and Mr. Arthur E. Payne has 8.

BISCAYNE BAY Y. C.—We do not look for new club books in mid-winter, but while the first snow was falling in New York there came to us the new book of the Biscayne Y. C., whose season only opens when its members find the North too cold for yachting. The club, whose station is on the southern point of the Florida peninsula, has a fleet of 24 yachts, its membership including some New York and Brooklyn yachtsmen; while strangers always find a warm welcome.

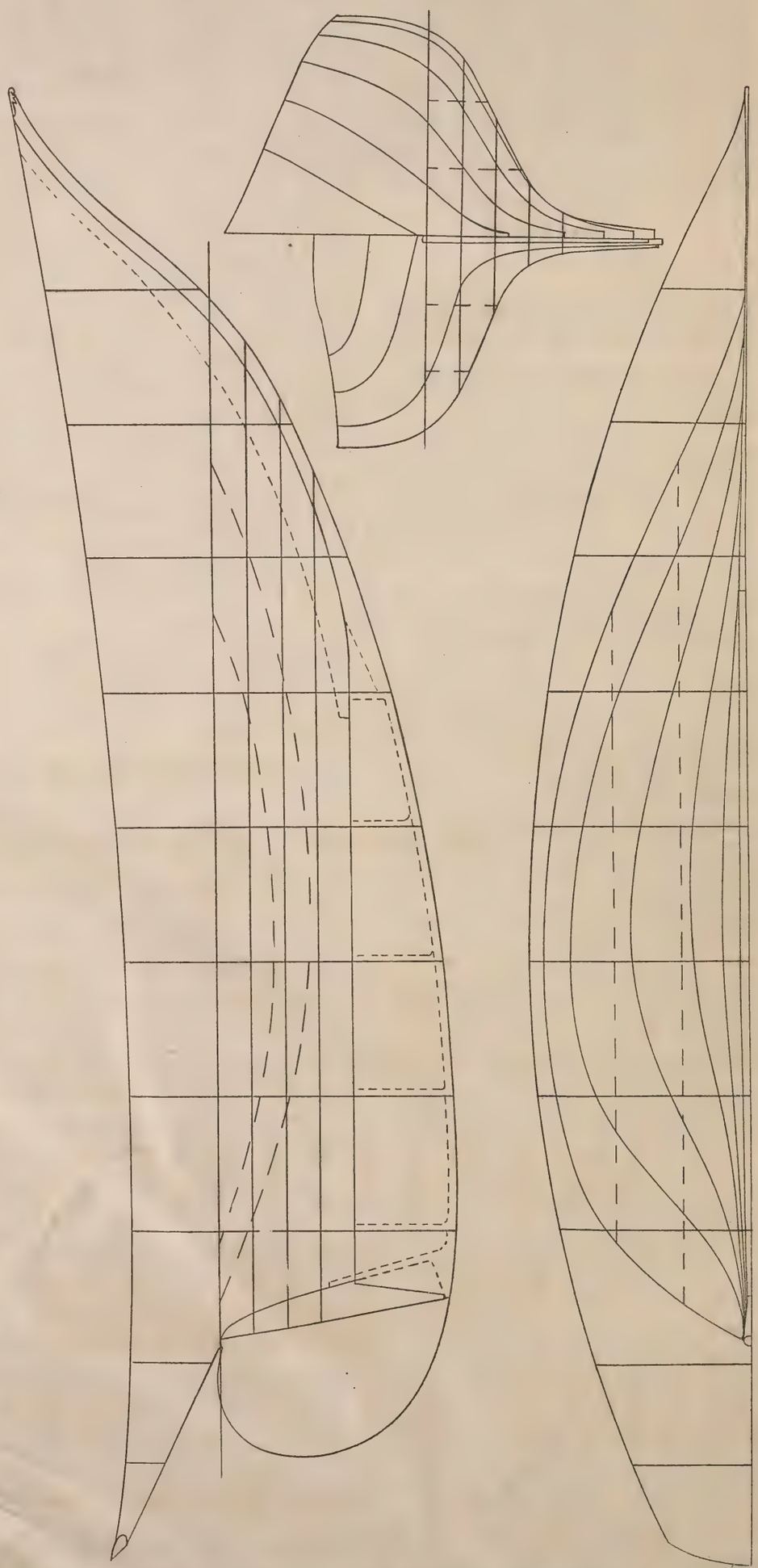
PAVONIA Y. C.—The officers of this club for 1890 are: Com., D. W. Kohn; Vice-Com., W. A. Smith; Treas., L. Mittelsdorf; Financial Sec., B. H. McClain; Corresponding Sec., S. A. Chester; Fleet Captain, A. P. Curtis; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. H. Schweig; Meas., R. Fowle; Delegates to the New York Y. R. A., N. L. Rowe, D. W. Kohn and R. Puhlman. The club will build a fine club house at Atlantic Highlands, opposite to Sandy Hook, the land, 250×50ft., having already been purchased.

MARGUERITE AND ŒNONE.—The cup for the record has lately been awarded to Marguerite in place of Œnone on a remeasurement of the latter. A correct measurement early in the season, as specially requested by the club of all owners, would have saved a great deal of trouble to the regatta committee and measurer.

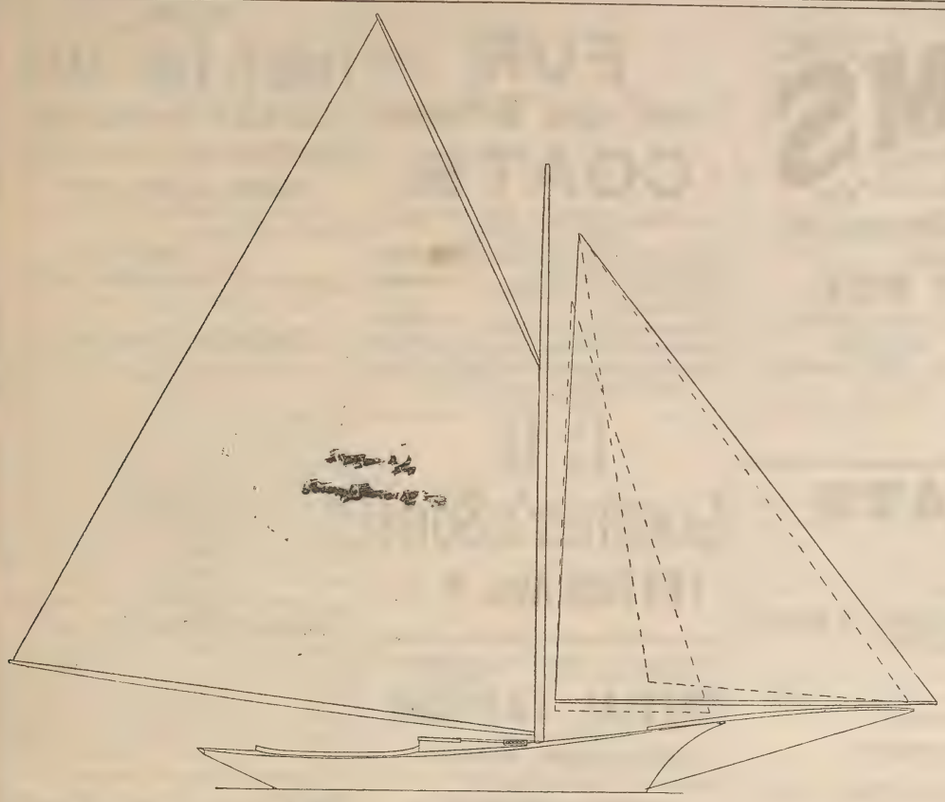
EDWARD N. DICKERSON.—The death of this gentleman occurred last week at his home on Long Island. Mr. Dickerson was one of the leading patent lawyers of the country; he had been for some years a member of the New York Y. C., owning the schooner Wave Crest.

CRUISING.—Helen, schr., of Philadelphia, Hattie, sloop, and the steam yachts Reva and Wampanoag, are reported at Charleston and Beaufort on their way south. Iroquois, Mr. R. N. Ellis, and Nonpariello, Mr. S. B. Pomeroy, will also cruise in the West Indies this winter.

NEW ICE YACHT CLUB.—The Orange Lake Ice-Yacht Club was incorporated on the 17th inst., and a certificate filed with the Secretary of State at Albany. The deed of gift of the challenge ice yacht cup of America from Gardiner Van Nostrand to the Club was also recorded.



BODY PLAN, SINGLE-HANDER—MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, BOSTON.



SAIL PLAN—SINGLE-HANDER.

Answers to Correspondents.

H. C. S., Toronto.—Six and one-half inches will be large enough for the mast.

A. E. E., Lodi, O.—1. For squirrels, rabbits and birds, what bore would you have in right and left barrels of 12-gauge double-barreled gun? 2. What is best dog for rabbits and squirrels? Ans. 1. Right, cylinder; left, modified choke. 2. The beagle.

H. C., Boston.—Kindly inform H. C., of Boston, that I can give him a copy of the report of U. S. Fish Commission of 1879, containing some good information regarding the eel question.—H. E. B.

M. H. G., Canton, Ohio.—Will you kindly tell me if rabbits are classed as game in England, and if there is any law protecting them there? Ans. Both hare (*Lepus timidus*) and rabbit (*L. cuniculus*), are both considered fair game for the gun in Great Britain; and there are laws protecting them.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.—Yachts are caulked with "caulking cotton;" raw cotton specially spun for the purpose in heavy strands. Oakum is not suitable. Paint the seams, using a narrow brush, as soon as the caulking is completed, then stop with putty. Marine glue is the best for deck seams.

B. W. G., Shenandoah, Pa.—1. Are the produce of a red Irish setter dog and cocker spaniel bitch good bird dogs? 2. Would you recommend the cross? 3. Give me best food to feed dog before hunting to produce best scenting power? Ans. 1. Not so good as the pure bred animal. See recent notes on cross-breds. 3. Feed him sparingly on his accustomed food.

W. N. P., Whitman, Mass.—If a bevy of quail are not broken up will they breed as well and as fast in the following season? Ans. It is generally believed that there is a tendency on the part of quail that pass the winter undisturbed to remain in a park during the summer, but we fancy that this rarely occurs. The reproductive instinct comes with the spring and leads the birds to pair and separate.

F. W. U., Plattsburgh, N. Y.—To whom will I write to obtain trout fry to stock a brook with, and what will be the expense? Will wild rice grow and do as well if sown in the spring as in the fall? Ans. 1. J. Annin, Jr., Caledonia, Livingston Co., New York; W. L. Gilbert, Plymouth, Mass., and Troutmere, Osceola Mills, Wis., have trout eggs and fry for sale, and will send you price lists on application. 2. Yes, if sown early enough.

ANGLER, Philadelphia.—Please tell me why this city stopped fishing in the Wissahickon Creek, a tributary of the Schuykill River, how long it has been this way, and when we will be allowed to cast our bait again. Ans. A member of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission informs us that he thinks Wissahickon Creek was stocked with black bass by M. Russell Thayer, of the Fairmount Park Commission, in the fall of 1887, and was protected for three years. If that be the case it will be allowable to fish there in the fall of 1890.

J. E. W., Asbury Park, N. J.—1. In what month do bass deposit their eggs in New Jersey waters? 2. Do they protect the spawn after it is deposited or do they destroy it when there is ample other food? 3. Under favorable circumstances, what weight bass can be obtained in twelve months from the time they are hatched? 4. Should a hatching box be placed in still or running water? 5. Would you advise hatching or using the fish to populate a pond? Ans. 1. May, June and July are the spawning months of black bass in New Jersey. The female yields from 5,000 to 20,000 eggs, which are adhesive and stick to stones and twigs on the bottom. Sometimes nests, instead of being prepared on the bottom, are formed of vegetable matter deposited on the top of brush heaps, which extend almost to the surface of the water. Nests three or four feet in diameter are recorded by "Homo" in FOREST AND STREAM. 2. The parents protect the nests most vigorously and successfully against all intruders, and take the best possible care of their young. The average period of incubation is from eight to ten days. Small bass are said to prey upon one another for the first two or three weeks of their lives, but not afterward. When natural food is plentiful the probability is that they will not develop cannibalistic tendencies. 3. No less than 4in. 4. Black bass have not been hatched artificially so far as we know. 5. We would introduce the fish. Wonderful and almost universal success has followed the transplanting of bass. The fish thrive in ponds, when properly and sufficiently fed, as well as in open waters.

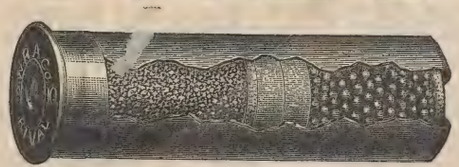
NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 220 pages, price $2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

BEECHAM'S PILLS cure bilious and nervous ills.—*Adv.*

HUMPHREYS'
VETERINARY SPECIFICS
For Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs, AND POULTRY.
500 Page Book on Treatment of Animals and Chart Sent Free.
CURES { A.A.—Fevers, Congestions, Inflammation,
A.A.—Spinal Meningitis, Milk Fever.
B.B.—Strains, Lameness, Rheumatism.
C.C.—Distemper, Nasal Discharges.
D.D.—Bots or Grubs, Worms.
E.E.—Coughs, Heaves, Pneumonia.
F.F.—Colic or Gripes, Bellyache.
G.G.—Miscarriage, Hemorrhages.
H.H.—Urinary and Kidney Diseases.
I.I.—Eruptive Diseases, Mange.
J.K.—Diseases of Digestion.
Stable Case, with Specifics, Manual, Witch Hazel Oil and Medicator, $7.00
Price, Single Bottle (over 50 doses), - .60
Sold by Druggists; or Sent Prepaid anywhere and in any quantity on Receipt of Price.
Humphreys' Med. Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

Forest & Stream File Binders,
PRICE, $1.00.
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

ABBEY & IMBRIE,
Manufacturers of every description of
Fine Fishing Tackle.
No. 18 VESEY STREET, NEW YORK.
(FOURTH DOOR FROM THE ASTOR HOUSE.)
TRADE MARK.
The unusually fine quality and large assortment of our goods make them particularly well adapted for those who are looking for useful
HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

WINCHESTER
STAR  **RIVAL**
LOADED PAPER SHOT SHELLS.
Ask your Dealer for them.
Not Sold at Retail by the Manufacturers.
WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.,
312 Broadway, N. Y. NEW HAVEN, CONN.
Send for 82-page Catalogue of Arms and Ammunition.

PAINLESS EFFECTUAL
BEECHAM'S PILLS
THE GREAT ENGLISH MEDICINE WORTH A GUINEA A BOX
For Weak Stomach—Impaired Digestion—Disordered Liver.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOX.
Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England.
B. F. ALLEN & CO., Sole Agents
FOR UNITED STATES, 365 & 367 CANAL ST., NEW YORK,
Who (if your druggist does not keep them) will mail Beecham's Pills on receipt of price—*but inquire first.* (Please mention this paper.)

YACHTS, BOATS AND CANOES,
WITH SPECIAL CHAPTERS ON MODEL YACHTS AND SINGLEHANDED SAILING.
BY
C. STANSFELD-HICKS.
AUTHOR OF "OUR BOYS, AND WHAT TO DO WITH THEM.
NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS AND DIAGRAMS
AND
WORKING DRAWINGS OF MODEL YACHTS AND VARIOUS SMALL CRAFT SUITABLE FOR AMATEURS.
DESIGNS:
Model Yachts.—Defiance, Isolde, Bonny Jean, and 10-tonner with sail plan.
Canoes.—Birch, Mersey Paddling Canoe, L'Hirondelle, Sailing Canoe.
Sailing Boats and Yachts.—Dabchick, Wideawake, Myosotis, Una, Singlehander by C. P Clayton, Puffin, 3-ton Racer, 3-ton Cruiser, 24ft. Auxilliary (steam and sail) fishing boat.
This volume contains much that is valuable and interesting to American yachtsmen and canoeists. The design, construction and use of small craft of all kinds is treated of in a simple and entertaining style, and the instructions are clear and easily understood.
Large crown 8vo., 380 pages and 16 large folding plates.
Price, Postpaid, $3.50.
FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., 318 Broadway, N. Y.

UNCLE LISHA'S SHOP.
Life in a Corner of Yankeeland.
By ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.
A book that appeals to all who know anything of the old-fashioned New England life. These are some of the chapters:
The School Meeting in District 13. Uncle Lisha's Spring Gun. In Uncle Lisha's Shop. Concerning Owls. Uncle Lisha's Courting. How Zene Burnham Come It on His Father. A Rainy Day in the Shop. The Turkey Shoot at Hamner's. Sam Lovel's Thanksgiving. Little Sis. Sam Lovel's Bee-Hunting. In the Shop Again. The Fox Hunt. Noah Chase's Deer-Hunting. The Hard Experience of Mr. Abijah Jarvis. The Coon Hunt. In the Sugar Camp. Indians in Danvis. The Boy Out West. Breaking Up. The Departure. The Wild Bees' Swarm.
They make a handsomely printed volume of 187 pages, bound in cloth. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, $1.00.
FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO., 318 Broadway New York.
DAVIES & CO., London, England.

Steam Yachts and Launches;
THEIR
MACHINERY AND MANAGEMENT.
The Steam Engine as Applied to Yachts; Laws Governing Yachts in American Waters; Rules for Racing; Rules for Building; Pilot Regulations; Specific Types of Machinery; Design of Hulls, Etc., Etc. With 96 illustrations.
By C. P. KUNHARDT.
This volume is intended to be sufficiently comprehensive, and elementary at the same time, to suit the yacht owner's object of acquiring a general understanding of the subject as a whole, with specific information and data covering the most recent practice.—*From Author's Preface.*
Cloth, 240 pages. Price, postpaid, $3.00.
FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO., 318 Broadway, New York.
SAMPSON, LOW & CO., London, England.

CANOE HANDLING.
By C. B. VAUX ("DOT.")
A complete manual for the management of a canoe. The author begins at the very beginning, describes and explains the rudiments in the simplest and plainest way possible. Everything is made intelligible for beginners and besides this A B C teaching there are so many hints and wrinkles that the oldest canoeist afloat will find pleasure and profit in the study of these. The book is complete and concise—no useless duffle between its covers. The subjects treated are the choice of a canoe, paddling, sailing, care of the canoe, recipes and rules. The text is further elucidated by numerous practical drawings, and the beauty of the book is enhanced by the many ornamental vignettes. Pages 168; uniform with "Canoe Building." Price, postpaid, $1.00.
NEW YORK: Forest and Stream Publishing Co., 318 Broadway.
LONDON: Davies & Co., 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill.

DOG TRAINING:
BY
S. T. HAMMOND, KENNEL EDITOR OF FOREST AND STREAM.
For sale at this office. Price $1.00.

FUR
Lined and Trimmed
COATS.
In many varieties and at very moderate prices.
Lined and Trimmed Genet..... $75.00
Lined Black Muskrat, Trimmed Colored Beaver $90.00
Lined Mink, Trimmed Natural Beaver $125.00
Lined and Trimmed Persian..$165.00
Also many others, including Sea Otter and Russian Sable. Some Buffalo Coats.
C. G. Gunther's Sons
184 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Increasing Sales Attest the Popularity of THE GENTLEMEN'S CIGARETTE.
SPECIAL FAVOURS.
Manufactured only by
KINNEY BROS.
(KINNEY TOBACCO CO. Successors). Also manufacturers of the Old Reliable
SWEET CAPORAL.

ASK YOUR DEALER

H. NELSON & CO., Manf'rs, Kirkwood, Mo.
For NELSON'S Cartridge Belt. The only PRACTICAL contrivance for carrying ammunition in the field. For Shot Guns, Rifles and Pistols. Nothing like it in the market. Patent lateral action.


HUTCHINSON'S GLOVES ARE THE BEST MADE
For driving or street wear. Made with care from selected stock and warranted. Those wishing serviceable gloves and to learn how to get them and save money, send stamp to the manufacturer for his book about gloves.
Established 1862.
JOHN C. HUTCHINSON, Johnstown, N. Y.

REPELLENE.
An Infallible Preventive of the Attacks of Mosquitoes, Black Flies, Gnats and all other Insects.
Neat, clean and easily applied. No unpleasant odor, will not *stain* or *injure* the skin, easily washed off. May be carried without danger of *leaking* or *spilling*. In neat, oblong round-cornered box.
Price, 30 Cents, Postpaid.
Sold by Dealers in Sportsmen's Goods.
If your dealer does not keep it, I will send it on receipt of price.
A. FERGUSON, Proprietor and Manufact'er, Office, 65 Fulton street, N. Y.

GURDON TRUMBULL'S
Names and Portraits of Birds
Which Interest Gunners; with descriptions in language understanded of the people.
Practically speaking, this is the first popular volume of ornithology ever issued from the press; a work which goes far to demonstrate that scientific accuracy may be as easily maintained in English as in Greek or Latin. Follows the game birds all over the continent and gives a glossary of all the local names in popular use. Illustrated with admirable portraits from the pencil of Mr. Edwin Shepard of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, which, with the clear descriptions in the text, will enable any man who can read to identify the contents of his game bag.
OPINIONS OF THE PRESS:
It is the first, so far as we know, of books of which the need is felt in every department of natural history.—*Troy Press.*
The book should find its way to a choice place in every sportsman's library.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*
I would much rather know what this book tells me, the various names by which the people call a bird, than the Latin, Greek or Hebrew name which science gave him for the sake of cataloguing him. * * * It is more value to me to have a description of a bird in plain English which I understand than in scientific language which I do not understand.—*W., in Journal of Commerce.*
SOLD BY
Forest and Stream Publishing Co.
PRICE, $3.50.

For Sale.
TROUT FOR SALE.
YEARLINGS of the Brook Trout, Brown Trout and California Trout.
EGGS AND FRY
OF THE SAME IN SEASON.
For information inquire of
J. ANNIN, JR.,
Caledonia, Livingston Co., N. Y.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.
Public Notice.
Public sale of leases of lands conveying fishing rights.
Leases to expire on the 31st December, 1899, of the angling privileges pertaining to the ungranted lands, bordering on salmon rivers and others, and a number of lakes, will be offered to public competition, at the Department of Crown Lands, Quebec, on Thursday and Friday, the 9th and 10th January next (1890), at 10:30 A. M.
For further particulars address to the Department of Crown Lands, Quebec.
Lists of those lakes and rivers may be procured, gratis, on application to the Department of Crown Lands, Quebec, or to the offices of the "Forest and Stream," and "American Angler" New York.
GEO. DUHAMEL,
Commissioner of Crown Lands.

Shooting Box For Sale.
Completely equipped shooting box near entrance to Cranberry Lake, Adirondacks, comprising two story matched log lodge having six rooms, with kitchen adjoining, house for guides, ice house, three boats, boat house and dock. All in perfect condition, together with 25 acres of land on which the same are situated. For information address or call at Room 32 Borcel Building, New York city, where photographs can be seen. dec5,4t

Old Colony Trout Ponds
ESTABLISHED 1869.
Three million brook trout eggs for sale. Can be transported with safety to any part of the world. Ready for delivery December and January. Also young trout in the spring.
Unsurpassed fly-fishing in its season.
W. L. GILBERT, Proprietor.
nov14,3mo Plymouth, Mass.

FOR SALE.
One share in the Monroe Marsh Company. The celebrated duck preserve owned by this company lies between Detroit and Toledo, on Lake Erie, at the mouth of the Raisin River. Apartments in the club house, and a room in the boat house, pass with the share. For particulars inquire of FOREST AND STREAM. dec19,4t

Ferrets vs. Rats.
The best breeds of both young and old Ferrets for sale at ADOLPH ISAACSEN'S "Sure Pop," 92 Fulton Street, New York City. A complete book on Ferrets and Rat Exterminating sent by mail for 15 cents.

Fertilized Wild Brook Trout Eggs
And young fry in due season. Address TROUTMERE, Osceola Mills, Wis. nov14,3mo

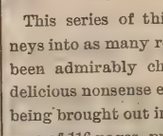
COMMON PIGEONS FOR TRAP SHOOTING; fancy pigeons and poultry. T. W. HOOPER, & CO., 423 W. Franklin st., Baltimore, Md. nov21,3mo

LIVE QUAIL FOR SALE. Orders delivered as booked. LIVE GAME A SPECIALTY.
E. B. WOODWARD, Commission Merchant, 174 Chambers street, New York.

FOR SALE FOR SHOOTING PURPOSES.—A No. 1 pigeons; no squabs; all kinds fancy pigeons. FIELES & BRO., Christiana, Pa. nov7,3mo

LIVE WHITE HARES (*Lepus Americanus*), captured and properly boxed and delivered to express in Bethel, Me., in good condition on receipt of orders and remittances at $3 per pair. Refer to Hon. H. O. Stanley, Dixfield, Me., Fish and Game Commissioner. J. G. RICH, Bethel, Me. dec16,tf

GUNS. CLOSING OUT FINE SCOTT Guns at less than cost. Don't buy before examining these.
CHARLES L. RITZMANN, 943 Broadway. nov14,3mo


Chester White, Berkshire and Poland China Pigs, fine setter dogs, Scotch Collies, Foxhounds and Beagles, Sheep and Poultry, bred and for sale by W. GIBBONS & CO., West Chester, Chester Co., Pa. Send stamp for circular and price list. dec13,6m

Charley's Wonderful Journeys
By C. F. AMERY.
This series of thirteen adventurous journeys into as many regions of Dreamland has been admirably characterized as the most delicious nonsense ever written, and is now being brought out in a handsome quarto volume of 116 pages, profusely illustrated.
Price, $1.50.
FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO
318 Broadway, New York.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 26, 1889.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 23. No 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Only advertisements of an approved character inserted. Inside pages, nonpareil type, 30 cents per line. Special rates for three, six, and twelve months. Seven words to the line, twelve lines to one inch. Advertisements should be sent in by Saturday previous to issue in which they are to be inserted. Transient advertisements must invariably be accompanied by the money or they will not be inserted. Reading notices $1.00 per line.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

May begin at any time. Subscription price, $4 per year; $2 for six months; to a club of three annual subscribers, three copies for $10; five copies for $16. Remit by express money-order, registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canadas and Great Britain. For sale by Davies & Co., No. 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London. General subscription agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Davies & Co., Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searles and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London, Eng. Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France, sole Paris agent for sales and subscriptions. Foreign subscription price, $5 per year; $2.50 for six months.

Address all communications

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

No. 318 BROADWAY. NEW YORK CITY.

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL.
Put It Into Plain English.
Another Phase of Coursing.
Shall the Boy Have a Gun?
Snap Shots.
THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST.
The Black Trackers of Australia.
Notes from Alaska.
The Hill Farms of New Hampshire.
NATURAL HISTORY.
The White Goat in Captivity.
A Tame Snipe.
The Snowy Owl.
GAME BAG AND GUN.
The Small Boy and the Gun.
Quail in North Carolina.
The New York Association.
Aiming the Shotgun.
Pattern and Penetration.
Maine Deer.
Chicago and the West.
Rifle and Pistol.
The Adirondack Deer Law.
Connecticut Game and Markets.
Game Notes.
CAMP-FIRE FLICKERINGS.
SEA AND RIVER FISHING.
Aquaria Notes.
Spoon-Hook in Big Klamath Lake.
The Neversink.
Angling Notes.
SEA AND RIVER FISHING.
Albino Catfish.
Action of Light on Fish.
FISHCULTURE.
Young Salmonidæ Fed on Larvæ of Flies.
Pennsylvania Fish Commis'n.
THE KENNEL.
Central Field Trials.
Anent the Coursing Clubs.
What About These Beagles?
English Kennel News.
Eastern Coursing Club Meeting.
American Kennel Club
Coursing and the S. P. C. A.
Kennel Notes.
Kennel Management.
RIFLE AND TRAP SHOOTING.
Range and Gallery.
The Trap.
Essex Gun Club.
U. S. Cartridge Co. Tournament.
CANOEING.
The Adirondacks Without a Guide.
YACHTING.
The Floating Beacons of Nantucket and Vineyard Shoals.
Sultana.
The Baboon Sail Plan.
New British Racing Fleet.
Royal Canadian Y. C.
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANOTHER PHASE OF COURSING.

A CORRESPONDENT, whose communication is printed in another column, takes a pessimistic view of the introduction of coursing. His argument in brief is that in England, the great center of coursing interests, the sport has largely degenerated, until it has become simply a huge machine for gambling, and that once started in this country, although introduced by gentlemen whose motives may be perfectly proper, and their practice, as at Hicksville, devoid of objectionable features, the sport will here too degenerate into a feeder for the pool rooms, and be a new and eagerly welcomed device for gambling. This phase of the subject is quite distinct from any consideration of an element of cruelty, which some contend is involved in coursing, and it is more deserving of serious discussion than is the cruelty question. A parallel is found in the sport of carrier-pigeon flying, which from the diversion of a few amateurs has become a vast organized system of gambling, with its regular sale of pool tickets on the birds, similar to the betting systems of the race track.

While there may be no unreasonableness in the apprehension that inclosed rabbit chasing, if it shall ever become popular in America, will be on this low level, it would be a mistake to fail to distinguish between the positions occupied by the several coursing clubs, with respect to this contingency. The more nearly in spirit and practice the mode of coursing adopted by any club shall approach the spirit and mode of open, free field coursing, the less will it partake of the objectionable features deprecated by our correspondent. The Eastern Coursing Club, for example, is made up of gentlemen who would, if they could, course in the open; they are actuated by the same spirit that impelled the sportsmen of the old school, when coursing was at its best; they adopt a modification of perfectly open coursing, not at all because they prefer it to open coursing, but because it is the next best thing, and the nearest possible approach they can attain. In spirit and practice this is not the form of coursing concerning which moralists may entertain apprehension.

There is, however, another mode, now being pushed to the front, which if successful will almost certainly be marked by the objectionable features that disgrace the "box coursing" meetings of Great Britain. This is the inclosed coursing, undertaken by a company in the West. In spirit, aim and practice it differs from the Long Island greyhound coursing. The plan is to run the course on an inclosed field or race track, where it may be witnessed by a large gathering of spectators; and the purpose is purely speculative; the end is to rake in gate money. However cunningly such an enterprise may be veiled under the guise of sport, there is nothing of the love of sport impelling its promoters; but on the contrary they are moved by a desire for gain.

A little consideration will show that if this mode of inclosed coursing is ever to fulfil the expectations of its originators and draw crowds to witness it, the crowds must be attracted, not by any such taste for sport as impels the devotee of open field coursing; but by the opportunities the races give for betting. No considerable attendance will ever support inclosed coursing simply to see dogs chase rabbits, without wagers on the results. If inclosed coursing shall succeed, the gambling elements of it will give it success. If we are to be cursed in this country with the moral plague of "box coursing" meets, the plague will be an outgrowth of inclosed coursing, not of the practices followed by the Eastern Coursing Club and others like it. In any intelligent discussion of the present and future of coursing in this country, care must be taken to distinguish between the opposite motives that are impelling the promoters of the two forms we have alluded to.

SHALL THE BOY HAVE A GUN?

YES and no. It depends on the boy, on how the gun is given to him, on his opportunities for a right use of it. If this question is of immediate interest and personal application to any of the readers of this journal, we commend them to take note of the letter printed to-day, from a mother, who relates her experience. If a boy's bent be toward guns and gunning, in the majority of cases the judicious course is to indulge his tastes; give him a gun and teach him how to use it. The pretense that a boy cannot use a gun just as safely as a man can is not entirely well founded. Caution in the handling of deadly weapons must be taught, whether the novice be young or old. There is no quality inherent in mere youth that precludes care in using arms, nor is there any quality in mere age that insures that caution. Care in handling of guns, when once acquired, becomes a thing of habit, a second nature; it is just as much a matter of course to carry one's gun in a safe position and not menacing human life, as it is for one to walk erect instead of on all-fours. Habits are more easily acquired in youth than in later life. Every experienced sportsman knows that the dangerous comrade in the field is not the small boy with his first gun, but the "old boy" who has just taken to shooting and has recently learned to distinguish the breech from the muzzle. It is a characteristic of gunners who take up the sport late in life to have a higher disregard of the danger of firearms than is felt by those who in early youth are accustomed to the use of guns and rifles.

Give the boy a gun; and teach him how to use it. The gun will make a man of him. The effect in this way is often as surprising as it is gratifying. To be trusted with a gun, a manly weapon, is that which will bring out the traits of responsibility, self-reliance, self-respect, caution, dignity. To handle a gun is to do away with toys.

The best possible training a boy can have in the sportsman's art is that given him by his father; such experience in the field is often the beginning of that new relation which holds between a boy and a man, when they pass from the relation of father and son to a higher companionship as friends.

Most men who are themselves fond of field sports, wish to see their sons blessed with the same tastes; and perfectly familiar with the hazards attending the use of firearms, they are yet confident of the ability of the young people to take perfect care of themselves when in the field. Those who cry out loudest against the danger of the use of guns by young people are they who have a terror of firearms, no matter by whom employed.

A favorite theme of the writers for a sportsmen's journal is the first gun they used; and it is a noteworthy fact that the guns about which cluster the tenderest memories of men in middle life or in old age were the arms they bore about the home fields and through the dear old woods in their youth. Many and many a man has blessed the forethought and wisdom of those who when he was a boy inducted him into the pleasures of field sports; and an unnumbered host are they who in those years provided for themselves recollections of happy days out of doors to cheer them all through the course of after life. They are the last to cry out against the use of guns and the pursuit of game by the boys; and nothing in the realm of sportsmanship is more beautiful than the cheerful and sympathetic commendation and encouragement these veterans bestow on the younger generations who are coming after them. Indulgence in outdoor sport with gun and rifle leaves no sting behind it; the boy, who shall receive at this holiday gift season his first gun, will receive with it an open sesame to treasures of pure delight.

PUT IT INTO PLAIN ENGLISH.

HOW shall it reasonably be required of a person to respect a law if he can neither make out for himself what the law is, nor learn from the officials whose duty is to explain and enforce it? For instance—and a capital example it is of the shiftless, careless, bungling, happy-go-lucky legislation of the times—take that portion of the New York game statutes which relates to the sale of venison.

The dealers were in doubt, the other day, as to when the selling season would close. They appealed to Commissioner Blackford to know whether the old date held good, or whether the statute extended the time. Commisssioner Blackford gave it as his opinion that the old law held. The dealers in compliance withdrew their stock from sale. Then the Attorney-General gave his decision, which was just the reverse of Mr. Blackford; and thereupon the game was again put on sale; and the dealers were not unnaturally wroth over the causeless interruption of their traffic.

Is it not preposterous that the law on such a subject, which to be effective must be known and understood, should be beyond the understanding of even the intelligent men who are charged with looking after its enforcement? The game laws should be first of all simple and intelligible, and easily comprehended without referring to Attorney Generals.

The present statute relating to deer and other game is a complicated patchwork, the product of successive years of tinkering at the original. Its several provisions have been amended and the amendments amended, and amendments of amendments amended, with exceptions and exceptions of exceptions, until now it takes a smart lawyer to hazard a guess at what some of the provisions mean, if they mean anything.

Last winter it was proposed to unravel this snarl by submitting the entire body of game and fish laws to a commission of three, who should codify the statutes, simplify them, harmonize the inconsistencies, and put the whole into plain, simple, grammatical, properly punctuated, intelligible English, to the end that a well-meaning man might not be obliged to pay his lawyer a fee to tell him what it means. There was so much ceiling scandal investigation and other pressure of business connected with corruption past or prospective, that the Legislature failed to pass the measure. We are advised that another effort will be made this winter to secure the creation of a codification commission. It is the most important thing likely to come up in relation to game and fish protection. Individuals and associations can do no greater service to the cause than by combining their efforts to secure this commission.

IT was a very pertinent suggestion Mr. A. C. Collins made the other day, that all persons who sincerely have at heart the success of his efforts to protect game and fish in Connecticut, should contribute some money toward it. His comparison of a game protective society to a nickel-slot machine is a very happy one.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE BLACK TRACKERS OF AUSTRALIA.

IT is commonly stated that the natives of Australia are the lowest type of savages, but the assertion is far too sweeping to be accurate. There are many tribes of natives in Australia, differing widely from one another. Some of them, doubtless, are very degraded; but others display a great deal of intelligence and have institutions and customs, which seem to be the survival of a highly complicated order of society. Others, again, though savages, are very fine savages. That is to say, that assuming they are to live as wild men, they possess in a high degree the qualities that are required for making the best of their conditions. Palgrave, the celebrated oriental traveler, and the best narrator of travels, perhaps, that ever lived, declares that the lowest type of humanity he ever met or heard of, is to be found among some of the wandering tribes in the Arabian desert. These miserable wretches, he says, have not sense enough to get a sufficiency of food where it might be got, but eat the seeds of a kind of grass, and when that fails them, are reduced to starvation, which they suffer with contentment out of sheer stupidity. When he came among them with his servant and camels, in the course of his journey to Central Arabia, they showed no interest in him or his belongings, though he was well provided with all sorts of good things; and, as far as he could make out, they had no ideas on any subject, not even the instinct of a grazing animal, which leads it where the best pasture is to be found.

Now, the worst of the Australian aborigines are nothing like as bad as that. Even in the most barren parts of the continent, where it seems wonderful that any life can exist, the natives contrive to get on fairly well. They cannot afford to be fastidious. In fact, they eat everything that is eatable, including some things which to civilized folks would seem perfectly uneatable. For example, they devour ants and seem to enjoy them immensely. There are several kinds of ants in Australia, some of which are exceedingly venomous, while others are harmless. They make peculiar hills or mounds of earth, in which they swarm in innumerable multitudes. The natives break open these mounds, and filling both hands with ants, stuff their mouths with them, and go on grabbing and stuffing and chewing until there are none left. They even feast on some of the venomous varieties in this way, and do not appear to suffer any ill consequences. They also depend largely for their subsistence on reptiles, which can only be caught by the exercise of much ingenuity and by the employment of faculties more resembling those of animals than of mankind. They hunt them both by sight and smell, and there appears to be no doubt that those two senses have been developed in them to an almost incredible extent by the hereditary instinct for getting food in places where it could not otherwise be got.

It should be said here that the Australian desert, as it is invariably called by the people there, is not really desert in the sense of being void of all vegetation. It does not at all resemble the Zaaras of northern Africa, those low-lying plains of mere sand which literally produce no green thing except in scattered oases hundreds of miles apart. It is not nearly so inhospitable as the alkali deserts of western America. It always grows salt bush, or mallee, or some sort of stunted plants, often many varieties, and very beautiful and interesting ones, when viewed by the discerning eyes of a naturalist; and among these plants, though the earth is like the floor of a brick kiln, there are to be found live creatures, snakes, iguanas, lizards, "native cats," and sometimes kangaroo rats and other small marsupials. It must not be supposed that because an animal is called a native cat, it has anything feline about it. Not at all. The Australians have a habit of calling all sorts of queer beasts, birds and plants "the native this" or "the native that," without the slightest regard to resemblance, even in outward appearance.

The "native cat" is a marsupial animal, carnivorous and frugivorous, perhaps omnivorous, about a foot long, with a pointed nose and a long tail, and beautiful soft gray fur spotted with white. It is as great a scourge to the poultry yard as a fox, and it is also one of the most dreaded pests of the vineyard by its *penchant* for grapes. It is a nocturnal animal, and on moonlight nights in summer it does serious damage by climbing up the low-growing vines and eating or nibbling all the ripest grapes on each bunch. In the desert it lives on the "native currant," a berry which is no more like a currant than the "native cat" is like a cat. It also preys on kangaroo rats and mice, when it can get them. Kangaroo rats and mice are mere diminutive kangaroos, a few inches in height, pretty little creatures, somewhat akin to the jerboas of Egypt and Arabia, but, of course, marsupial. They are found in the most arid parts of Australia, and appear to subsist entirely without water. Iguanas, or, as the men in the brush invariably call them, "go annas," or "go Hannahs," are reptiles like enormous lizards, weird-looking brutes three or four feet long, with a peculiar dry skin hanging in folds upon them as if it had formerly belonged to a much larger animal and been bought second-hand by the iguana or appropriated when cast off by its first owner. The iguana has formidable teeth and bites like a dog. It is also very quick and cunning, and is altogether one of the queerest beasts in that queer country.

Here, then, are the chief constituents of the blackfellow's *cuisine*. It takes a black fellow, however, to find them; for an unsophisticated European might live in those parts for months and not be able to find them. It is very interesting, when a camp in the desert has got bare of food, when the mutton and damper have given out, and there is no prospect of getting any more for many days, to notice the air of importance of the blackfellow, who is generally to be found at every camp and at every sheep station. Hitherto he has been despised and treated with little more consideration than one of the dogs. The rest of the party have grudged him his share of the scanty stock of "tucker," and toward the end, indeed, he has got little but bones and scraps. Now all is changed. Everybody is very civil to him, and he shows by his looks and manner that he feels himself quite a personage, with weighty responsibilities devolving upon him. He is responsible for nothing less than the life of every man in the camp, for he is the only one among them who can get food. In those trackless wastes the oldest and most experienced European bushman is always in danger of being "bushed," that is, lost, if once he goes out of sight of the camp. The scrub is about the height of a man, a little higher, 6 or 7ft., and is so deceptive in its monotonous variety that the traveler loses himself in next to no time and becomes utterly bewildered the moment he tries to find his way back to where he started from. Hundreds of men have walked round in a circle in the scrub till they dropped and died of starvation or thirst without ever having gone a mile from their companions. Not so the natives. No blackfellow ever yet got bushed; and if one were bushed for weeks or months, he could always get a living.

So when the tucker question arises in the camp in its gravest form, the blackfellow ties round his waist a thing that looks not unlike a woolen comforter, but is in reality a netted bag, made of fibrous bark, three or four feet long and four or five inches wide; and thus lightly attired he bids farewell to society with much grinning and gesticulation and glides noiselessly into the scrub. The next day, or, perhaps, the day after, if he has had to go far afield, he returns. His netted bag is still tied tightly round his waist, but it is distended to its utmost capacity by "rats and mice and such small deer," while hanging to it by their heads and dangling from it to his heels are perhaps three or four snakes, a couple of "go Hannahs," and a varied assortment of lizards and native cats. Loud congratulations welcome the successful hunter, who is the most popular man in the camp for the time being. The embers of the fire are fanned into a flame with a cabbage tree hat, mallee roots as dry as tinder are piled on them, a cheerful blaze springs up, and before long there is a nice clear fire for broiling or frying or stewing. Then follows a royal feast, every man eating as much as he can, since meat won't keep in that hot climate, and there is no knowing when he may get any more. Although the animals are numerous and various indeed, there is but little meat on any of them, for they in their turn are half starved. The fleshiest of them all are the snakes and the iguana, which live on insects, and seem always in good condition. Their meat is very white and delicate, with a curious flavor of its own, something like chicken, but distinctly gamy. The meat of the marsupials is not to be distinguished from hare, only there is more on a ten-pound hare than there is on a score of kangaroo rats and native cats. Men living in the open air, who have fasted for two days, however, pick very clean, and there is no waste at a meal like that. If there are any parts which even the strong stomachs of the bushmen reject, the blackfellow is not proud. He eats them all, and is not very particular either as to whether they are cooked or raw.

Now, how did this untutored savage contrive to catch these wiliest and most agile of all wild animals on their own ground and amid surroundings the most favorable to their concealment? He caught them by simply exercising the faculties of a superior wild animal. With those wonderful great brown eyes of his he could see the faintest trail where a snake had zigzagged through the dry moss and leaves, or the lightest footmark where an iguana had fled from his approach to its refuge in a hollow tree. When daylight failed him and the dews of evening began to fall, his broad nostrils took up the chase, and stooping down among the bushes, with a tough forked stick in his hand to support him in his tiring attitude, he followed the track as unerringly as any bloodhound. When he ran a snake to earth, if he could not surprise it in the open and kill it by a sudden blow of his stick, he squatted over its hole, holding the forked end of his stick downward, and made a low hissing or whistling sound with his lips. Soon the snake put his head out of the hole and peered around. In an instant the forked stick descended and fixed it to the ground by the neck, and the blackfellow, seizing it firmly with his muscular hands just behind the head, so that it could not bite him, dragged it out of the hole and twisted its head off; or, if it were too strong for that, pounded it on the ground till its back was broken. So with the iguanas and all the other animals. The blackfellow never lost their trail when once he got upon it, and having followed them to their lair, he patiently waited until they came out or until he was able to get a hand in and pull them out.

The blackfellows declare, and I believe with truth, that not a single animal can escape them if they have time to hunt a piece of desert country thoroughly. When they want to return to camp, they can follow their own trail by sight with the greatest ease, but they say they cannot follow their own trail by scent at all. It has no scent for them, though another man's has a strong scent. This is one of the most curious facts connected with these strange people; but it is only in accord with well-known natural phenomena.

The governments of the several Australian colonies no sooner became aware of the blackfellows' faculty of hunting by sight and scent, than they discerned what valuable auxiliaries they would be to the police. The practice of employing black trackers to detect crime and fugitives from justice dates from the time when New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land were penal settlements, and when the convicts frequently made their escape from the stockades and took to the bush, from which they emerged to become the terror of the highways, and often to commit frightful outrages at the settlers' homes. There was nothing these miscreants were so much afraid of as the black trackers; and they had reason to be afraid of them, for more bushrangers were brought to the gibbet by their means than by any other. They have been employed ever since and still form a valuable adjunct to the detective force.

The horrors of the bad days in the colonies are not pleasant to recall. But I may briefly describe how a shocking crime was brought to light and the criminals were brought to justice by the aid of black trackers not many years ago.

A certain district in the interior of New South Wales had long been notorious for horse-stealing and robberies of various kinds, and several most mysterious crimes had been committed. The police were entirely baffled. It stood to reason that some desperate scoundrels must be at work. But the locality was very sparsely populated, every house was known, and the inhabitants were accounted for as respectable settlers, while those parts of the district where there were no houses were so rugged and inhospitable that it was not thought possible that the bushrangers could subsist there. Bushrangers as a rule are very self-indulgent gentry, like most criminals, and they seldom or never carry on their operations long in any part of the country where they cannot get snug quarters in the houses of relatives or sympathizers among the settlers. Here the authorities, after the most searching inquiries, could not discover a single dwelling in which a bad character would have a chance of shelter. The whole district was divided into large cattle farms, and though some of the homesteads were buried in the bush in very lonely situations, they were large and comfortable establishments, with a number of people about them, and belonged in every instance to men of wealth and standing—the very class who were most inimical to the bushrangers, the horse stealers, and all other descriptions of rapscallions. There was not a single shanty in the neighborhood, the large proprietors having bought out, or squeezed out, every "free selector," as the small settlers are called, a class who had never been numerous in that purely pastoral region. Yet the district was grievously infested by bushrangers. Scarcely a month passed without some audacious crime being committed, and more than once leading settlers were stopped on the roads by masked men, robbed of all they had about them, and cruelly maltreated. There are degrees of villainy even among bushrangers; and the gang who were at work in this district seemed to belong to that odious class of desperadoes who committed brutalities for their own sake.

One day two boundary riders, who had been going the rounds of the cattle station to which they belonged, reported a terrible discovery. In the bush, not far from a back road leading to the principal town in the district, they had found the remains of a man under circumstances so revolting to humanity that they might well be deemed incredible. The indications showed beyond a doubt that the unhappy wretch had been placed naked upon an ant hill, fastened by the hands and feet to trees, and left there to be devoured alive by the venomous insects. This was a mode of torture well known to have been inflicted in many instances by the very worst class of bushrangers upon travelers who had shot any of the gang or had refused to accede to their terms of ransom. In this case it was manifest that the atrocious crime had not been committed many days. The skeleton of the victim was white and dry—for the ants make quick work—but the joints still hung together by the ligaments, and some of the internal parts were not yet destroyed.

The news of this horrible discovery aroused an intense feeling of indignation throughout the district. A meeting of settlers was held and a sum of $10,000 was subscribed toward instituting a vigorous effort to detect the criminals. The authorities at Sydney were communicated with, and the police were allowed *carte blanche*. They at once resolved to secure the services of the most highly trained blacktrackers to be obtained for money. They came from Port Darwin, in the far north of Australia, where they had been in the service of the Government of the Northern Territory. No inkling of this was allowed to get abroad in the afflicted district, but all plans having been secretly laid, a couple of pleasant looking elderly gentlemen, dressed in the garb of new chums from England, rode up one evening to the homestead of the station where the body had been found, and early the next morning three black cattle drovers arrived at the same place with a mob of steers. The new chums were two of the smartest police officers in Australia and the colored cattle drovers were the black trackers from Port Darwin. The latter were little fellows with enormous heads, large, wistful, beautiful eyes, and straight noses with blunt points and wide open nostrils. They wore greasy cabbage tree hats, and the usual ragged breeches and boots costume of the bullock-punching fraternity; but it did not need much observation to see that this was only a disguise in which they were very uneasy.

On the night of their arrival they went bareheaded and barefooted, clothed only in a light serge jumper and trousers, and carrying a short stick in their hand, to the place where the ghastly skeleton of the murdered man still lay, with its wrists and ankles fastened to the trees. The police officers had a long consultation with them in their own language, and immediately afterward the three men began beating the bush just like setters beating a field for partridges. The attitude was most peculiar, the body being bent so low that the head was on a level with the hips, if not lower, the back being hollowed in a very singular manner, and the weight of the forepart supported by the stick held in the hand. Yet, in this cramped position, as it seemed, the blackfellows were able to run at a very rapid pace. They scoured every inch of ground for hundreds of yards in every direction, often going right down on their faces and pressing their noses to the earth for several minutes at a time. In about half an hour they reported that they had found a trail of two horses going in the direction of the hills, and being put on that, they trotted off at a rate of fully five miles an hour. After a run of nearly three hours they stopped short, and, closely examining the ground, decided that they had reached the first halting place of the criminals. They showed where the horses had been tethered and where their riders had rested, and they here made the startling assertion that there were three in the party, of whom one was a woman. The police disbelieved this, but nothing would shake the trackers' opinion. Following the trail on, they found another camping place about twenty miles further toward the hills, and here again they insisted that a woman had been there with two men. What was more, they declared that there had been a struggle, and that the track of the horse which had borne the heaviest burden before was lighter on leaving this spot. The police were incredulous, and were for pressing on, but the trackers were so positive they were allowed to have their own way. It was now broad daylight, and they were able to track both by sight and scent.

They followed a trail of men's feet and other indications in an adjoining thicket, and there found the remains of a woman's body, horribly mutilated and partially charred, an attempt having evidently been made to burn it.

The pursuit was at once resumed, and on the following day the trackers ran the trail into a stockyard at a homestead buried in the bush on one of the roughest cattle stations in the district. The police waited until a body of troopers who were following them arrived. They then surrounded the homestead and called on all the inmates to surrender. No answer being given and all the doors being found barred, the police prepared to set the building on fire. Upon that the owner of the station and two

or three of his hands rushed out and gave themselves up. The police made them fast and continued the burning. Presently three other men made a bolt out of the house, but were shot down and captured. These proved to be the three escaped convicts, who had been twice convicted of bushranging in other parts of the country. One of them died of his wounds. The other two were hanged, and the people who sheltered them were sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. It came out that the cattle station had been bought for the express purpose of affording shelter for bushrangers under the guise of respectability, and that the station owner, who, by the bye, was a justice of the peace and a churchwarden, was brother of one of the criminals. The "plant," as the police call it, was a very clever one, and it would probably never have been discovered had not the police brought the best black trackers on the continent to follow the trail by sight and scent. EDWARD WAKEFIELD.

NOTES FROM ALASKA.

SITKA, Alaska, Nov. 5, 1889.—More than a year ago, when it was announced that I was to come to Alaska, to discharge important official duties, I received letters from old friends in San Francisco, deploring the fact that I was about to exile myself "among the seals and icebergs" of this "inhospitable country." San Francisco has maintained quite a close commercial intercourse with southeastern Alaska for twenty years, and her papers have taken an interest in everything which has concerned the new territory, so that it is almost incomprehensible how intelligent persons there, my correspondents, could have formed such an inaccurate notion of the country, that it is simply a land of "seals and icebergs." This feeling, however, prevails among about two-thirds of both houses of Congress, and has hitherto resulted in the neglect which the Territory and its interests have suffered ever since the acquisition. A singular manifestation of this want of knowledge and indifference is apparent in the legislation of the last session of Congress. The most important developed industry of Alaska is the salmon fishery. Congress declared that all obstructions at the mouth of streams, against the ascending of the salmon for breeding purposes, should be removed, and none maintained. At the same time no appropriation was made for policing the waters of Alaska, in order to enforce this provision. I might enumerate other instances of neglect and indifference. The seal industry seems to engage all the attention of the authorities at Washington, while others, equally important to the country, are ignored.

The topography of the country, the ruggedness of the mountains, the fact that the narrow valleys of the mainland, and upon the thousand islands off the coast, are occupied almost entirely by glaciers, which feed the small short streams which reach the sea, will always prevent Alaska from becoming the paradise of the sportsman. The mountains are the steepest in the world, and are everywhere. The valleys are nowhere wider than the space occupied by the glacial streams which find their way to the countless bays and inlets. The mountain sides are clothed well up with fir, spruce, hemlock, yellow cedar, and a small species of birch, but the undergrowth is a perfect jungle everywhere. The timber, which has fallen, in some places for centuries, seldom decays. In a few years, on account of the intense humidity of the climate, the moss grows over this fallen timber and from it shoots a new growth, so that in thousands of instances great hemlock trees 5 or 6ft. in diameter, have with their roots straddled their fallen predecessors, while cutting into the bodies of the latter shows them to be as sound as when they first fell. Besides this destruction of fallen timber, the devil's club, the alder and the salmon berry bush create a dense thicket at all points. It is the labor of hours often to penetrate half a mile through this jungle. The devil's club is a kind of thorny cactus which grows 10 or 15ft. high in most places and throw out lateral branches, which interlace with the alder and salmon berry bush and present such an obstacle as is difficult to overcome. Besides that, it has a poisonous thorn whose sting creates a pain as enduring and acute as that of the hornet or the yellow jacket. Where the mountains reach a height of 3,000ft. the timber ceases at an elevation of about 2,000ft.

Before the timber extremity is reached, the wild cowslip begins, and this is the favorite food of the deer in summer, and extends beyond that nearly to the summit. The deer feed in great numbers on the islands in the summer during the day in these cowslip pastures, where there is no snow and no water. At night they find their way from the heights and pasturage grounds to the margins of the fresh-water streams to drink, and early in the morning again return to the pastures further up the sides of the mountains. The snow did not begin to fall as early on the tops of the mountains this fall as it did last, though the loftiest of them are now very white, and every day during this almost constant rain it is encroaching downward more and more. In another month, in the usual course, the snow will be four and five feet deep, not only above the timber line, but far down into the timber. This compels the deer to seek entirely new feeding grounds. In the daytime they will then travel far down into the timber to secluded and sheltered spots, where they remain until night. From December to April they seek the beach at night, and feed on the short kelp which abounds and is easily accessible at low tide.

Alaskan deer are very small. I have seen hundreds of them brought in by the Indians for sale, and very few of them will weigh more than 125lbs. when dressed. The flesh has a taste much more like that of mutton than of venison captured elsewhere. The bucks have no such magnificent antlers as the deer of the Alleghenies and the Blue Ridge range. I have never seen an antler where the main stem exceeded ten inches, but notwithstanding this, they are of great beauty and graceful proportions. There are no wolves of any kind on any of the islands off the coast from the British boundary to Sitka, nor have deer been found near the coast on the mainland. The wolves of the mainland seem to have driven the deer across the narrow straits to the islands, where they are unmolested by their enemy.

Deer stalking is utterly out of the question in southeastern Alaska. A small party of us, having confidence that it was possible, notwithstanding the jungle and the thickets, attempted it, but soon gave it up as wholly impracticable. In the summer and fall the Indians resort to places where the deer come to the fresh water for drink at night, and kill them. Few of the Indians have improved firearms of any kind. The sale of such is prohibited to them. Many of them have double-barreled muzzleloading fowling pieces and old-fashioned percussion rifles, and with these they kill the deer at short range while hiding in the thickets close by where the animals come to drink.

At intervals of a mile, and often three miles, small landslides have started well up toward the crests of the mountains, and extended in narrow strips to the base. These are never more than a few feet wide, but are worn to a considerable depth by the water from melting snows. Here there is no underbrush, but the courses are very steep, and in very few instances can they be trodden by human beings. The deer, as agile as the mountain goat, use them as pathways, and when frightened from their feeding grounds, among the kelp along the beach, disappear as quickly as thought up these narrow and steep gulches, and are soon out of sight and hearing. The coyote dog of the Indian will follow them when wounded, and feed on the dead carcasses. In the winter time the Indians kill the deer from their cedar canoes. They paddle close in shore with the stillness of death, keeping in the shelter of every jutting rock, aiming to round a point where deer are feeding on the beach. Frequently, after they are startled, deer will pause and gaze at the hunter in his canoe, and stand there until the fatal shot is fired.

At the present rate, the deer of southeastern Alaska will soon be exterminated. There is no local legislation in the Territory of any kind, and no legislative body. While Congress has made some abortive laws looking to the preservation of the salmon fisheries, and a great stir over the international question of the seal rookeries, not a single step has been taken to prevent the slaughter of deer out of season. There is no close time, and the consequence is that hundreds of pregnant does are killed, and their carcasses simply abandoned in order to secure the skins. The Indins who are more interested in protecting these animals at that season than any others, do not seem to have the slightest regard for consequences. When spoken to about it by white men who have given the matter some consideration, they simply grin at you in a style which they intend for an incredulous laugh, and that is the end of it.

The sea otter, by far the most valuable fur animal in Alaska, has been almost entirely exterminated in the southeastern portion of the country. Formerly it was the most abundant fur-bearing animal on this coast. During Russian occupation limits were placed upon the numbers taken, in order to insure a constant supply, but from the date of our acquisition, in 1867, nothing has been done to check extermination. Within the past few years the sea otter of the western coast of Alaska has been rapidly undergoing the fate of that animal in the southeastern part. Scores of American and other vessels go to the Asiatic coast opposite, with cargoes of firearms and alcohol, and thence a trade is illicitly carried on with the natives on the American side. With breechloading and magazine rifles and nets as substitutes for the old-fashioned spear shot from a long bow, natives and whites are both totally exterminating sea otters and all the other fur-bearing animals of that part of the coast. This evil is becoming so formidable that the period is not very far off when the Government will be called on to support the natives on this coast, when with proper foresight they might have remained self-supporting for an indefinite period. J. H. K.

THE HILL FARMS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Since writing you a few days ago on the "Woods and Waters of New Hampshire," my mind has often wandered back half a century to some of the happy days spent on those old hill farms, and I have thought of a few more things I would like to say on the subject of restoring the forests of these highlands, rather than to attempt to repopulate them by the introduction of immigrants, whose children after the first generation would probably become emigrants, and leave them for more fertile fields, as did the sons of the early settlers. Let me preface with a few words of geographical and geological description.

Here, where I write, is probably one of the most fertile sections of the State. The Connecticut Valley is about a mile wide, and through it the river takes its usual sinuous course, leaving a broad stretch of fertile meadow on either hand, now in New Hampshire and now in Vermont, from which the hills rise steeply on each side to a height of 300 or 400ft. above the river. Then comes a depression and then a higher rise, and so on till the height of land is reached, either in the Green Mountains or at the "backbone" of New Hampshire.

Many of these high ridges were the first points selected by the early settlers, perhaps for the sunny exposure, perhaps for the lookout, affording more safety from attacks from the French and Indians, who were in the habit of coming down the river on their raids in the "old French war," and it is to some of these farms, which I knew well when a boy, that my memory turns.

The underlying rock here in the valley is a coarse mica schist, which four miles east of the village forms a long ridge about 1,000ft. above the sea, or 700 above the river, with several peaks rising to 1,300 or 1,400ft. above sea level; then comes a deep valley, in which about east of the village head two brooks, one flowing north and one south; and then the land rises again to the village of Acworth, 1,400ft. above the sea, and the rock changes to the genuine New Hampshire granite.

Just four miles east of the village, on the Acworth road, stands the old "Prospect Hill Farm," from which went the two of my schoolmates, whom I spoke of in my last, as leading Western troops to victory in the war for the preseveration of the Union. The old house stands as it stood then, bare and bald by the roadside, with not a tree near it save a few scrubby lilac bushes, for these old pioneers hated a tree as the devil is said to hate holy water, and the grandfather of my friends, who settled this farm in 1780, cut down everything within reach except the "sugar bush," which used to stretch up a rocky swale toward the top of Prospect Hill, itself rising 200ft. higher just east of the house. This was as bare as my hand, and was used for a sheep pasture, and is as bare now, save that the summit is crowned with a cairn of stones and a flagstaff, which were used as a landmark in the topographical survey of the State made some thirty years since.

It is well called Prospect Hill, for from its bald summit the view is clear in every direction. The great granite dome of Ascutney lifts itself 3,000ft in air, clean from the river bank, unbroken by any foothills, about sixteen miles to the north; a little to the east of this is the range of the Croydon Mountains, with Moosilanke beyond them; nearly east is Sunapee Mountain, and in the opening between you get a distant view of Cardigan, and beyond that in a clear day of Mt. Washington itself. To the southeast is Monadnock; and the whole west is one great panorama of the Green Mountain peaks for eighty miles. Mt. Equinox, Mt. Tabor, Mt. Holley, Shrewsbury Mountain and Killington Peak, and in good weather the Camel's Hump, are sharply outlined against the sky.

From the front of the house the "mowing lot" sloped away down into "Rock Meadow," which then held a sparkling trout brook, fed by the waters from the heavy forest of oak, beech and maples, which then clothed the northeasterly slopes of Prospect Hill beyond my friend's domain. There was but little arable land near the house, enough to furnish the necessary supply of potatoes, rye, Indian corn and pumpkins for the family use, and that was all.

Many a happy day have I spent there, going out first in the spring to the "sugar making," then trout fishing in Rock Meadow later, and in the fall squirrel shooting, winding up in the evening with a coon hunt, or a tramp across lots to the "old red school house," set on a cross road as near the geographical center of "the district" as possible, to the meetings of the "Debating Club," for these old farms raised lots of boys then, and we used to discuss the same old questions which have vexed the minds of boys and opened their lips since the days of Cain and Abel. Not that we ever came to blows, but I have never doubted that that historic quarrel arose in some discussion on land tenure, or the single tax! I wish our friend, the author of "Uncle Lisha," would give us a description of one of these country debating societies; he could do it justice.

In the winter my friends came into the village to their grandmothers' to get some higher shooting than the outlying district afforded, for they had then made up their minds to "go West," stimulated by the example of some cousins who had gone from the village to Illinois about 1830, and they wanted to study land surveying and some other matters not quite in the reach of the ordinary country schoolmaster. After they and a still younger brother had gone, their father sold the old farm and moved into the village. Here he bought a bit of pasture land on the edge of the plateau on which the village stands, and down which sloped the road to the meadows, bordered by a beautiful row of old oaks and butternuts. These he at once cut down, and converted into firewood, leaving it as bare as he had left his hill pastures.

Those were pleasant days, though, for the boys at the old hill farm. The dining table was always set in one corner of the big kitchen, and amply stored with rye and Indian bread and butter, doughnuts and cheese, cold baked beans, apple and pumpkin pies, and a big pitcher of milk, and there was no delay nor trouble about meals, if we wanted to go for gray squirrels before daylight, or lingered late by the brook for the last big trout in the evening. I will not attempt to ring in the old device of comparing the provender to that of some noted restaurateur, but there was plenty of it, and we were always hungry.

The old house and the big barns still stand there, but the next house is utterly gone, save the cellar wall. The bare pasture ridge stretches away a mile to the south, and then on another road which crosses it to the valley of the "Great Brooks" stand two more deserted farms, the shells of the old houses and barns left, but windowless and forlorn. Then comes "Brier Hill," once well wooded, but now deserving of its name; then comes another road which sweeps round the base of the next peak, "Sam's Hill," so-called from an old Revolutionary colonel who owned it. This, although joining the ridge at its east end and overtopping it, is of a different formation; it is simply a great wedge of white quartz, thrust up from below, in some early geological convulsion, shaped for all the world like the front sight on an old-fashioned rifle; steep to the east and south, but sloping easily to the west, toward the village. This was too rough and steep for pasturage, and the old wood was left untouched until within the last twenty years, when it has been cleared for lumber and fuel; but not being burned over, the hill is just springing up to woodland again.

South of this hill comes a deep meadow, through which runs a once favorite trout brook, and in which stood a hay barn. The farmhouse to which it belonged stood in another meadow, an eighth of a mile to the west, with another pasture ridge between—but there is nothing left now but the old well.

The clearing of the forests dried up the brooks in the summer, and exterminated the trout, as at Rock Meadow. The alders grew up thick in the sluggish water, and then roots choked it back into the meadows, which have become tussocky swamps instead of good mowing.

Next, and last on my list, which is getting too long already, comes Page's Hill. Over this stretched the "Old Crown Point Trail," by which the Colonial troops from the seaboard marched to Ticonderoga. The old road stretched straight away to the southeast, uphill and down, and here on this hill are two more old vacant farms.

One of these I used to visit often, for the big pastures were full of old solitary chestnuts, left as a shelter for the sheep, and it was a great place for gray squirrels. I well remember the day when President Harrison's grandfather, "Old Tippecanoe," was elected, for two of my cronies came out here, and returned at night with thirteen gray squirrels and one black one. The old farmer died childless, his widow moved into "the street," and the farm passed into the hands of the next neighbor, whose family has run out entirely, but whose old house still stands tenantless on the western brow of the hill, commanding one of the most beautiful views in New England. Down through the valley of the little brook just mentioned, 1,000ft. below and four miles away, you get a glimpse of the waters of the Connecticut, sparkling in the sunshine, with the long ranges of the Green Mountains for a background.

But I have taken too much time in description, for my memory has run away with me.

Here are these miles of breezy, billowy pasture lands, once covered with thousands of sheep, now vacant and solitary; what shall be done with them? The sheep, I

remember, were known as "Saxony merinoes," a small-boned, fine-wooled race, which were too tender for our climate, and which I have seen die of the "foot rot" by the thousand. They have been sent to the West, where in Michigan and Iowa their frames have grown larger and their fleeces longer. And the sons of the farmers have followed the sheep.

I do not agree with the common statement that the farmers' sons have gone to the cities. It has been the sons of the village minister and lawyer, the doctor, the tavern keeper, and the country merchant, who have made the exodus to the large towns. The farmers' sons have stuck well by the soil, and have gone where it is less rocky and more fertile. I have often talked with my farmer friends about restoring the sheep husbandry by the introduction of the coarser-wooled and more hardy Cheviot sheep, which would furnish good mutton as well as wool, for the flesh of these grassy-wooled "Saxonies" was too rank to be agreeable and too small to be profitable; but they pronounce my notion impracticable, and say the pastures are worn out. As the lands lie now they would hardly give a comfortable living to a family of skunks, much less of Scandinavians!

Here and there are patches where long tongues of sapling pines or white birches are stretching out into them; but the greater part of them are given up to sweet fern, hardhack and thistles. The rocky ribs stick out in all directions through the thin soil, in which burning and grazing seem to have destroyed all the seeds and sprouts of the trees. The birches and maples spring up along the stone walls by the roadside, mingled with sumachs and blackberries, and here and there an oak, a butternut or an apple gives evidence of the droppings of some wandering squirrel or jay.

It seems to me that the great need, not only of New England, but of the whole of the Northern States to-day, is a knowledge of some system of judicious forestry. Coal is in some part taking the place of wood for fuel, but the old hardwoods are being constantly used up for railway ties, furniture, baskets, bobbins, etc., etc., and are now being largely drawn upon for wainscoting and floors, to take the place of the pine, which is practically gone. I trust I have not wearied your readers, but as I look from my window on the range of hills once covered with old forest, now bare and rocky, or slowly starting into a fresh growth, which I shall never live to see developed, I cannot help being somewhat prolix on the question, and hope that I may find some to sympathize with me.

Although, as I have said, never intended by nature for an agricultural region, New Hampshire is becoming year by year more and more the great sanitarium for the northeastern seaboard States.

Thousands of visitors from Boston, New York and Philadelphia fill her hillsides and valleys every summer in search of health and recreation; and the number steadily increases. Restore her forests and you restore her fisheries, and the $3,000, which is the extreme that the State has ever spent in any year for her Fish Commission, is repaid an hundred fold annually by the anglers who visit her waters. If New Hampshire cannot produce beef and wheat to compete with the prairies of the West, she can devote her energies to raising strong and healthy men and women, and the State which has furnished Lewis Cass to Michigan, John A. Dix to New York, Jeremiah Mason and John Sullivan to Massachusetts, and Daniel Webster to the Union, need not be ashamed of her products. VON W.

Natural History.

THE WHITE GOAT IN CAPTIVITY.

BY JOHN FANNIN AND GEO. BIRD GRINNELL.

THE fact that *Mazama montana* produces a wool which may be valuable lends an added interest to the question of its possible domestication. The following paragraphs include all the cases known to the writers in which individuals of this species have been held in captivity. We should be gratified to learn of other instances of this kind, and will gladly receive communications on this subject, which should be addressed to the office of the FOREST AND STREAM.

Some time about the 15th of May, 1881, an Indian came to my house, at Burrard Inlet, with the request that I would accompany him to his canoe and look at a *tenass mowitch* (small animal) which he wanted to sell me. I followed the old fellow down to the water, and stood by while he drew the thing out from the folds of an old blanket and stood it on the beach. A little bullet-shaped head surmounted by a pair of tiny, sharp-pointed ears, a mere handful of a body propped up on four long and clumsy-looking legs, it was certainly the most ungainly animal I had ever seen. Its coat was of pure white wool, very short and slightly curly, and with very little appearance of hair except in the beard, which just showed itself beneath the lower jaw. There was no sign of horns, although slight protuberances could be felt beneath the skin where these would come. It was a male and probably not over a week old, and the Indian had run it down on the side of a mountain after shooting its mother. I gave the Indian his price, $2, and, picking the little waif up in my arms, carried it to the house.

For two weeks I fed it on cow's milk weakened with water, feeding it about every hour and allowing it only a very little milk at a time. Then for a day or two I added a little oatmeal to the milk, and before long almost anything of a vegetable nature was eagerly gobbled up by it. It appeared to be always hungry, but strange to say it would allow no one to feed it but myself. It soon became a little troublesome, though, for, no matter where I went, the goat followed at my heels like a dog. At meal times it would accompany me to the hotel, and repose at my feet under the table. It would follow me into the woods, on my short trips after grouse, and the report of my gun had little or no effect on it. If I climbed up on a stump and sat down for a smoke, the goat would climb up too and sit down on its haunches by my side, and with its nose straight out in front gazing solemnly into the gloom of the deep forest, so long as I kept quiet it would remain motionless. The chirrup of a squirrel or twitter of a bird failed to attract its attention in the slightest degree, but if I made the least motion to get down, it was up at once and ready for a spring.

It had a great passion for high places, which I imagine is born with the animal. When I first got it, I made a bed in one corner of the shed by filling a low box with clean, soft hay, the goat standing by watching the operation. When it was finished I picked him up and put him on the hay, pulling his legs from under him and making him lie down; in fact giving him to understand that that was to be his bed. But as soon as I took my hands off him he jumped out of the box. At the further end of the shed, which was about fifteen feet long, stood a pile of fir bark, six feet high, corded up in the usual way of cording firewood. When he jumped out of the box he walked over to this pile and stood for a moment looking up at the top of it. Then he backed away from it till within a few feet of where I stood, and taking a run climbed up that bark like a cat, and lying down on the top looked at me as much as to say, "This is the way we do in the mountains." From then till the day he died his bed was always on the top of that bark.

He was an early riser, and long before my usual time of getting up he would rout me out by butting against the door. There were two domestic animals it could not bear the sight of—a cow and a dog. But while it would almost break its neck in its endeavors to get away from the former, the appearance of the latter aroused all the combativeness of its nature. One day a gentleman came into my shop accompanied by a setter dog, when the goat immediately assumed a belligerent attitude, walking around the room stiff-legged, his little hoofs coming down on the floor with a loud tap at every step. Finally he halted at a respectful distance from the dog, and with his head lowered, bracing himself for a last effort, he seemed to be awaiting, or about to begin, an attack. The dog surveyed the little creature for a moment, and then, probably thinking it scarcely worth bothering with, lay down on the floor and went to sleep. As the dog remained motionless, the goat relaxed its rigid attitude and moved cautiously nearer, until, by stretching its neck, it brought its nose within an inch of that of the dog. Just then a fly disturbed the dog's slumbers, and in bringing up its paw to brush away the insect, it hit the goat a sharp tap on the nose. Like the recoil of a steel spring, quick as a flash, the goat sprang into the air, and in coming down and trying to alight as far away from the dog as possible, he got tangled up in the legs of a wooden chair, which, in his hurry to get out of the house, he carried off with him. When he shook himself clear of the chair and looked round and found that the house had not fallen and that the dog was perfectly quiet, he put on a look of utter disgust and skulked off into a corner of the yard, where he lay down in a clump of weeds and remained out of sight till the dog was clear of the premises.

As a general rule he was quiet, in fact mopish; but when he did break out in a playful mood, some of his tricks were simply ludicrous. One day I was sitting with a friend in front of my house, when the goat, which had been cutting up pranks, evidently for our amusement, came and lay down at my feet. The cutting for the stage road, which ran past the house about 50ft. away, had left a steep bank about 5 or 6ft. high; that is, the road was so much lower than the plot on which we were sitting. Presently the goat got up, and walking over to the edge of this bank, stood looking down this miniature precipice to the road. Suddenly he sprang into the air and pitched headforemost down the bank. I ran across, expecting to find the little brute with its neck broken, instead of which he was standing at the bottom shaking the sand out of his eyes and nostrils. When he got through he climbed up the bank, and turning round, performed the same act again, turning a complete summersault on the way down. He did this about half a dozen times, occasionally throwing himself on his side and rolling down, covering himself from head to tail with dirt and sand.

I allowed him the full liberty of the house, in fact I could not control him, and it was this unlimited freedom that cost him his life. He was always with me in my work shop, and would always jump up on my bench and stand sagely watching every movement I made. He had a great habit of picking up and chewing anything he came across, and one day he did this with one of my poisoned bird skins. He had taken the skin outside the house, and the first I knew about it was when the little fellow came running through the door toward me, and fell before he quite reached me. I suspected what was the matter, and lifting him up poured some sweet oil down his throat, but he died in about half an hour.

His horns at this time were about one inch long, and considering that the horns of some young males in September are from four to five inches long, it is more than probable that these appendages are of rapid growth the first year. J. F.

Unusual as is the white goat, and few as are the hunters who have killed it, there are yet known many instances of its having been captured and kept alive in a state of semi-domestication. The results of our investigations into this matter have somewhat surprised us, and show that with ordinary care there is no reason why this species, if captured young and permitted to remain in its native country, may not be reared in captivity and become as tame as any domestic animal.

It has been reported that a number of years ago—the dates vary from 1869 to 1876—several white goats were caught alive in the mountains somewhere near Deerlodge, Montana, and we have seen a *carte de visite* photograph of what appears to be a large male, which is said to have been of one of these animals. Of these individuals we have been able to obtain no detailed account. More recent, and more to the purpose, is the narrative of the capture in 1879, near what is now Phillipsburgh, Montana, of eight individuals of this species, the details of which were related to us by Mr. David Dobson, one of the three men who took part in the hunt. David Dobson, his brother Thomas and a man named Palmer made up the party, and the ground where they captured the goats was the nearly flat top of a rock-covered mountain about 20 miles from the head of the Bighole, near where Phillipsburgh now is. Above the general level of the mountaintop rose, here and there, isolated pinnacles of rock. This flat mountaintop was the home of a band of about thirty goats. They had been discovered by the men, who supposed that live specimens of *Mazama* could be sold for large sums of money. Having provided themselves with a number of dogs, one or two of which had been trained to this chase, they started out about June 10, 1879. Proceeding with their horses as far up the mountain as convenient, they camped, and the next morning ascended the rocks on foot, taking with them their dogs and ropes. The goats, conspicuous by their whiteness against the gray rocks, were soon discovered. They were quite unsuspicious, and permitted a near approach. When they began to move off, the men loosed the dogs, which soon drove a part of the band up on to a rocky pinnacle, where they stood at bay, defending themselves by fierce thrusts of their sharp horns at the dogs. They paid little heed to the men, who were able to advance so close to them as to throw the noose of a rope over the head of one of them. This having been done, the loop of a second rope was slipped over the first one and run up close to the animal, when it was dragged from its perch. Two men, one on either side of it, each holding a rope, could so far control the creature as to keep it from reaching either of them. In this way they caught in three trips up the mountain eight goats. At each visit, the goats were wilder than they had been the time before, and after they were chased the third time, they deserted the mountain, and were seen on it no more.

The animals when first caught resisted fiercely and made vigorous efforts to attack their captors. So violent were their struggles that several of them were seriously injured and afterward died from this cause. They were necessarily handled roughly, for they would not lead, and the men were obliged to throw them down, tie them and then carry them on a litter down the mountain to a point where a horse could come. Here they were transferred to a travois, and so transported to the camp, where they were picketed out. Of these animals four were young and four were adults; there were three males and five females. The young ones soon became tame, but the old were always savage and morose. All of the latter died within a few days, either from injuries received at the time of their capture or from hurting themselves by dashing about when picketed. One of the young ones died, probably from having been given some molasses to eat.

Mr. Dobson stated that of the three survivors one was given to the owners of the trained dogs, in return for the use of the latter; one was pledged for provisions, and one was left at a ranch to be cared for, and is supposed to have died. The subsequent history of these animals is not known, but it is possible that one or more of them may be identical with other captive goats to be mentioned later—those owned by Mr. Dickson.

Nearly ten years ago our friend, J. C. Hughes, told us of having seen, some years before, at Yale, B. C., two young goats which had been captured and brought into the town by some Indians. He stated to me as an example of the jumping and balancing powers of these animals, that if put in an empty barrel these little things would jump out of it, and balance themselves on the chine of the barrel.

Captain Chas. E. Bendire, about the year 1876, in Idaho, between the towns of Rocky Bar and Atalanta, in Alturas county, heard of three tame white goats. These belonged to a German citizen of the former place, were allowed full liberty, and were often seen on the stage road between these two points. We have tried to obtain some detailed information about these specimens, but so far without success.

Through the kindness of Mr. Howard Rogers, of Ferndale, Washington, we are able to give an account of a tame white goat received by him from the Rev. John A. Tennant, an early settler of Washington Territory, who writing to Mr. Rogers about this individual, says:

"I saw the goat on the Columbia River, at the mouth of the Wenatchie, in the winter of 1871-72, I think in December, 1871. It was caught by an Indian hunter in the Cascade Mountains, near the headwaters of the Wenatchie, where they are quite abundant. It was very small when taken, and was given to a trader living at Wenatchie, and raised by him. It was a male and less than a year old, but seemed nearly grown. It ran around the house and was a great nuisance, as it could not be kept out of the house, but would hide itself under beds or wherever it could, and would be found in the morning sleeping on the cook stove. It would go out and eat hay with the cattle, and was most pugnaciously inclined, and woe to the cow that dared provoke its wrath, as it would follow her for half a day, butting her at every opportunity. Like the true goat it was omnivorous, and this caused its death, as it found a pair of old buckskin pants and devoured the same, which was the cause of its untimely decease shortly after I saw it. From what I saw of it I think there would be no difficulty in domesticating the animal if taken young."

There is said to have been, about twelve or fifteen years ago, a white goat on exhibition at Woodward's Gardens, in San Francisco, Cal. We have been unable to learn any details of the history of this specimen, but through the kindness of Mr. F. Gruber we are given to understand that it reached the gardens in bad health and lived but a very short time. We have an impression that it came from British Columbia. Its mounted skin is at present on exhibition at the gardens.

In the year 1888 we heard from Mr. Joseph Kipp, Indian trader at the Blackfeet Agency in northern Montana, of some domesticated goats at one time owned by a resident of Silver Bow or Butte, Montana. His information about these animals came from Mr. James Ross. It was stated that they were perfectly tame and roamed at liberty over the country. Usually they were docile, playful and good-natured, but at times they would be seized with sudden fits of anger and would attack calves and dogs, inflicting severe and often fatal wounds with their sharp horns. So troublesome did they become in this way, and so expensive to their owner, that he had brass knobs put on their horns to protect the animals which they attacked.

Soon after hearing of these goats we wrote to Mr. Ross on the subject and received a reply stating that the owner of the goats referred to by Mr. Kipp was Frank Dickson, of Butte City. Mr. Ross says, further: "When I left Butte City, four years ago, he had three of these animals. Whether they bred or not I am not able to answer. He (Dickson) was living close to the timber and allowed the goats perfect freedom to go where they pleased. I myself have seen them in the timber, several miles away from home, but they were always sure to be at home by sunset. They were captured when about six weeks old, in the Cable Mountains, about eighteen miles from the present city of Anaconda, or about thirty-six miles from Butte." Mr. Ross further said that he would com-

municate with Mr. Dickson, and on receiving fuller particulars would let us hear from him again, but up to this time we have received nothing from him. It seems not improbable that these animals, or some of them, may have been those captured by Mr. Dobson's party in 1879. At all events they must have been taken in almost the same locality, though fuller information is needed to absolutely connect the individuals.

On May 24, 1889, a Cree half-breed named Burd captured on Red Eagle Mountain, overlooking Red Eagle Lake, in Montana, a young female goat whose mother he had killed. Of this animal Mr. J. W. Schultz, Burd's partner, wrote: "We feed the goat mare's milk, three pints a day, and she is doing finely. She seems to be much more hardy than a young sheep [*i. e.*, *Ovis canadensis*], and when she is not asleep she is jumping about and playing all sorts of antics. I notice that she uses her knees a good deal when climbing a steep place. Instead of bleating, the noise she makes is more like the mew of a cat." This little animal died June 11. The cause of its death is not known. In a letter received from Mr. Schultz in November, 1889, it is stated, on the authority of Burd, that a Blood Indian recently caught a goat alive on the McLeod road near Lee's Creek, and took it into the settlement, where he sold it to a rancher for $8. It soon died.

The history of the various individuals already mentioned seems to indicate that with proper care and feeding there is little difficulty in rearing and domesticating *Mazama montana*, if it is captured when quite young, and is not removed from the region to which it is native. These domesticated individuals become, like many others of our American herbivorous animals, so familiar as to be very troublesome. They are too affectionate. Their life in captivity is somewhat precarious, owing to the depraved appetite which seems to be common to them and to tame mountain sheep, antelope, deer and elk. All these animals pick up and chew or eat a variety of substances which are not food. They will devour paper, cloth, tobacco and even meat, and this extraordinary appetite often causes their death.

The adult white goat probably cannot be tamed. We have never heard of one that long survived captivity, and Mr. John Willis, who has had some experience with them, wrote us some time ago, "They are very easy to trap, but I do not think they would live out of the mountains. I had one kept in. [It did well] as long as I staid in camp, but when I brought it down out of the mountains it did not seem like the same animal. It just grieved itself to death." G. B. G.

A TAME SNIPE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A domesticated surf snipe your readers may say is impossible, and yet it is an undisputed fact. Every shooter who goes to the sand dunes of the Great South Bay during the summer months, to sit for hours at the time in the broiling sun, lying in wait for the restless snipe, has probably seen the beautiful turnstone (*Strepsilas interpres*), commonly called the horse-foot snipe, coursing the sands alone or in company with one or two of its own species. One of these handsomely plumed birds fell a victim to my 12-bore, or rather was made a captive last July while crouching behind a few highly scented empty barrels 30yds. away from my stools, out on Rockaway Beach, better known as the "Point." The bird appeared to be stunned, and was but very slightly injured on the tip of the right wing.

I caught it after a brief chase, and being struck by its extraordinary beauty, resolved to take it home and try to keep it alive. My friends assured me that my experiment would prove a dismal failure, as the snipe would not feed in captivity, and furthermore, it would be very difficult to find out just what kind of food to offer it.

Our noble turnstone was very reluctant the first three or four days to partake of any of the tempting morsels put before it—boiled rice, the white of a boiled egg, mockingbird food and meal worms; all these remained untouched. Then I tried an oyster on the half shell. The bird fairly pounced upon the bivalve as soon as placed within his reach, and devoured it in short order.

Oysters, mockingbird food and an occasional meal worm form its regular bill of fare now. It seems to thrive on it, is growing fat and plump, and has become thoroughly tamed; it takes its food from my hand, and leaves and re-enters its cage whenever so inclined.

WM. SCHOTT.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

THE SNOWY OWL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My request for information as to the winter zone of the snowy owl (*Nyctea nyctea*), appearing in your issue of Nov. 28, 1889, has brought me such a considerable volume of information from many willing correspondents that I am encouraged in attempting to further ascertain all I possibly can concerning this bird. I shall be exceedingly obliged to any one who will send me facts about the snowy owl, telling particularly of early, late, or extreme southern appearances. I suggest the following heads as convenient for grouping the information to be sent, and as outlining the ground I wish to cover: 1. Where and when you have seen the snowy owl. 2. What you know of the observations of others in your vicinity. 3. If these birds occur in about the same numbers annually with you, and if they arrive and depart on uniform dates. 4. Of any local or common names for this bird, also of names in other languages than English. 5. Of the cry of the snowy owl. 6. Food of this owl; state if information is from examined stomachs. 7. Measurements and weights. 8. Plumage of adults, albinos, or melanistic specimens. 9. If its flesh is ever used as food by man, or by other animals, *i. e.*, its enemies. 10. If at any time they are gregarious. 11. Nest; eggs; plumage of young. 12. Newspaper clippings. 13. Thermometrical and barometrical records bearing on the movements of this species. 14. Of the life of the snowy owl in confinement.

L. S. FOSTER.

NEW YORK, Dec. 12.

Editor Forest and Stream:

About Dec. 1 a large snowy owl was killed eight miles east from this place, and since that time no less than ten have been reported to me. I have never seen or heard of one in this locality before, and old settlers say the same. We have had very mild weather all the fall; in fact, the ducks have not left us yet, and yesterday (Dec. 12) I killed three jack snipe, which would seem to indicate a continuance of pleasant days. Owls of all species are more abundant than I have ever before seen them, particularly the great horned owl. C. P. HUBBARD.

BROKEN BOW, Nebraska.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Within the last month five snowy owls have been shot near here; and two have been captured alive and are apparently doing well in confinement. Some of those killed were very large, measuring nearly 6ft. from tip to tip. The contents of the stomachs of some of those killed show them to have been feeding on birds. This is their first appearance here for some seven or eight years. H.

EDGAR, Nebraska, Dec. 12.

A LATE FAWN.—Thetis, Washington.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On the farm of Mr. Robert Legerwood, near Thetis, Washington, was found on Nov. 10, 1889, a dead doe, which, at the time of her death, a few days previous, was carrying a fawn. Mr. Legerwood had fired at a large buck the day before, and observing his dog sneaking into the bushes in the direction where last he had seen the escaping buck, he went, accompanied by his neighbor Mr. R. B. Lane, to see if the dog had not found his deer dead. They found instead the dead doe. The day following (Nov. 12) I hastened to see for myself this strange sight. I found the dead deer, a large doe of the white-tail species (*Cervus virginianus*), and the fawn was a doe apparently perfectly developed and almost ready for birth. It was the opinion of all who saw the little wonder that had the mother been unhurt its birth would not have been later than Dec. 1. The mother doe had been shot with a small solid bullet, which struck her too far back, and the unlucky hunter had in consequence lost a really fine specimen. Another illustration, by the way, of the practice of carrying pop-guns in pursuit of large game. Four persons stand ready to testify to these facts, Mr. Legerwood, Mr. Lane, my son Bruce Belknap, and myself. So out of the usual order of nature is this strange fact, and so contrary to my own observation for thirty-five years, that I call upon my brother sportsmen and hunters to produce if possible a parallel instance.—ORIN BELKNAP.

WANTED—A DEVIL FISH.—There is not in the National Museum a good skin of the devil fish, sea devil or manta (*Manta birostris*), which is so effectually described in Elliotts's "Carolina Sports," published three decades ago. This immense ray, with a disk breadth of twenty feet, is said to be common enough still in the Gulf of Mexico, and we have seen many individuals off the coast of Yucatan. As the delight of many of our angling fraternity is in big game, we invite their special attention to this huge creature, which will furnish sport for a boat's crew. The museum will pay the cost of transportation, and in winter it will not be necessary to use ice for packing; the ray can be shipped in a box or cask, simply wrapped in gunny sacks, canvas or some other coarse material, and addressed to the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C. This ray will be readily recognized by its great size and the long ear-like appendages on its head, commonly referred to as horns. A figure of the species is given in DeKay's "New York Fauna," Fishes, plate 67, fig. 219.

GREAT GRAY OWL IN NEW YORK.—An adult female specimen of the great gray owl (*Ulula cinerea*) was taken by John Wright, of Watson, Lewis county, N. Y., Dec. 17. The big bird flew into the yard where they were butchering and perched in a tree near them. Mr. Wright had been told by Mr. James H. Miller, of this place, to shoot any owls he might see and bring them to him. When Mr. Miller was shown the bird and was informed that it had been purchased for him, said, "I will take this as a Christmas present and ask for nothing else." When he told me where it had been shot and by whom, I could but heave a sigh, for only the day before I had been rabbit hunting in the very woods the bird flew out of when first seen, and my horse had been hitched in the very yard where the bird was shot. The measurements were: Length, 24in.; extent, 58in. The stomach was empty. This is the first authentic record of this species having been taken in Lewis county, so far as I am aware of.—O. STEWART BAMBER, M.D. (Lowville, N. Y.).

LOCKED ANTLERS.—Kankakee, Mich., Dec. 14.—Messrs. Harrison Loring and F. S. Campbell have just returned from a hunt in the Upper Peninsula. They report game very scarce and wild, and hunting bad on account of being dry and very noisy in the timber; nevertheless the party killed eight deer. Mr. Campbell killed two very large bucks caught fighting. When they were surprised their antlers were so firmly interlocked the bucks could not separate themselves, and thus fell an easy prey. The united efforts of Mr. Campbell and Mr. Loring with their naked hands could not separate the antlers, and they had to resort to levers. Mr. Loring and Mr. Campbell say that if any of their friends should go to Metropolitan, Mich., and desire a lively rig they recommend their friends to call on Case Anderson. They received many courtesies from Peter McCrimon, a foreman of the Ford River Lumber Company, near whose quarters they were camped.

ALBINO SQUIRREL.—Granby, Conn.—I have just had brought me to mount a pure white (albino) common ground squirrel (*Tamias striatus*). Man had kept it in a cage for over a year, but it got out and his cat killed it.—N. E.

PHOTOGRAPH OF GROUSE ON NEST.—The gentleman who left at this office recently a photograph of a grouse on her nest will greatly oblige by sending in his address.

THOSE ANTOINE BISSETTE LETTERS.—New York, Dec. 20, 1889.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I can not help writing to thank Mr. Robinson through you, for those two Antoine Bissette letters. I have read and re-read them; finding more and more points in them each time, aside from the *patois*, which is inimitable in itself. They bring to mind "Uncle Lisha's Shop" and good "Sam Lovel's Camps," which with my pipe have been my solace on many a rainy evening at home. A Merry Christmas to "Hol' M'sieu Robyson." May his "heyesaght" last and may "he gat great many hole wan he'll come dead."—D. A. W.

Game Bag and Gun.

"FOREST AND STREAM" GUN TESTS.

THE following guns have been tested at the FOREST AND STREAM Range, and reported upon in the issues named. Copies of any date will be sent on receipt of price, ten cents:

COLT 12, July 25.
COLT 10 and 12, Oct. 24.
FOLSOM 10 and 12, Sept. 26.
FRANCOTTE 12, Dec. 12.
GREENER 12, Aug. 1.
GREENER 10, Sept. 12, Sept. 19.
HOLLIS 10, Nov. 7.
PARKER 10, hammer, June 6.
PARKER 12, hammerless, June 6.
REMINGTON 16, May 30.
REMINGTON 12, Dec. 5.
SCOTT 10, Sept. 5.
L. C. SMITH 12, Oct. 10.
WINCHESTER 10 and 12, Oct. 3.

THE SMALL BOY AND THE GUN.

FROM A MOTHER'S STANDPOINT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Ten years ago, the question of allowing my son, a boy of eight years, to use a gun was a vexed one in my mind. One day it was decidedly settled—first in my own, and later in the minds of the boy's father and grandparents, and in this wise:

It was a beautiful sunny day in October; a day when young people, as well as their elders, felt it almost a sin to remain indoors, when my aforementioned son of eight years came rushing into my sitting room where the family were assembled, with a white scared face and trembling voice. "Oh, ma, Mrs. Perkins says Jimmy has been killed out in the woods. She wants you to go right over there!" This exclammation, although a trifle incoherent, was lucid enough for me to understand that some accident had happened; and I left the house, only to return some hours later saddened by the sight of the death of a promising lad of ten years, caused by the careless handling of a shotgun. "To think!" exclaimed the heart-broken mother, while she was surrounded by several sympathetic friends, "I have always had such a horror of firearms, and never allowed Jimmy to handle a gun. Where could he have gotten hold of this one?"

Poor child, and poor mother! My heart ached for her; but it did seem to me as if she had not cared for her boy in the right way, and that she was almost to blame for his death. Almost any boy will get hold of some sort of firearm and "go hunting." If he has to do it by stealth, so much the worse, but do it he will, and to the astonishment and wrath of Jack's grandmother, the horror of Jack's grandfather, but with the approval of Jack's father, Jack had a gun. It was a small light gun, but well made and entirely reliable; and the boy's delight and dignity were indescribable. Do you suppose he had it to play with or unconditionally? Not at all. It was in vain I tried to quiet the apprehensions of the mothers of the neighborhood by telling them my reasons for the gift. In time two or three came to argue with me, and their sons had the same privilege as mine, but it was a long time before I had any followers.

In the first place, as Jack's father was not much of a sportsman, I took the boy to a man who lived in the neighborhood, who often spent a day in the woods, and told him just what I wanted, viz., that Jack should learn the proper use of a gun—that he should know the dangers of firearms and also the pleasure of a day spent in the pursuit of game; and after applauding my ideas, Mr. Stearns readily agreed to take Jack as a pupil. After this, on Wednesday and Saturday, if the weather permitted, Mr. Stearns and Jack would "go a-hunting." Sometimes I went also; and when Jack was twelve years old Mr. Stearns's company was sometimes dispensed with and we went together. As Jack grew older, he saw more and more the necessity for care and caution, and now when he goes off with dog and gun I feel no uneasiness.

Why is it, I wonder, that mothers so often fail to understand the natural longings of their sons. Is it too much to ask that they put themselves occasionally in the boy's place, and feel that the gun, the bicycle, the new base ball bat or the camera will save the boy from the temptation of the cigarette, the saloon, the vicious literature or other evils of the day? Let some other mother be heard on the gun question. OLIVIA HOARD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The excellent letter of "Picus," in the issue of Dec. 5, would be perfect if it spoke of the shotgun as it does of the rifle. With him I say not only that every boy, but every girl should learn to shoot. Why should our sex monopolize the most delightful of recreations? In these days of small-bores, light weights and powders of slight recoil, why should not the girls accompany us in the field, shoot, handle the dogs, and, while greatly increasing our enjoyment, themselves taste the pleasure of shooting over setters and pointers? It is true that, as a rule, they do not seem to care about it. But is not this merely because they do not know what they are declining? Indeed, many women go so far as to believe that our only object in going out is to kill, that we cannot enjoy a day in the field unless we return with a big bag! No wonder they think it a cruel sport and do not care to join us. But let them once see our dogs work, and understand wherein our enjoyment lies, and they will appreciate and share it. As for conventionalities, if it is proper for a young lady to take a walk, it is certainly quite as proper for her to carry a gun while she walks; and if a chaperone is necessary, let her come—she can carry the game and extra cartridges. SETTER.

ANNISTON, Alabama.

SMITH'S MILLS, Pa., Dec. 9.—Four of our hoary-headed hunters accompanied by Bruno (an all-around dog), sallied forth on the 30th ult. to the head of Moshannon, to show the young bloods what their sires could do. They were back inside of six hours with an immense specimen of a wildcat and excited tales of having seen two more. Bruno did the business in connection with their old-time muzzleloaders. Some of the lads bagged an oppossum in a neighboring swamp last week. I have never heard of one being captured before in this section. Small game of all kinds continues abundant. You should have seen the Doctor and the Professor from Houtzdale, with five dogs, scaring the life out of a poor little cottontail which had hid in a brush pile. But I must close; my pipe is out, also my fire, and the wind howling around the sanctum seems to foretell snow, and that means getting up at 3 o'clock to go to the happy hunting grounds. Did you ever hear of three deer at one shot? It has been done. I may some time tell you of it.—C. D.



THE NEW YORK ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROTECTION OF GAME.

ON Monday, May 20, 1844, a number of gentlemen met at the house of Mr. Wm. Senn, corner Forsyth and Broome street, New York city, for the purpose of forming a club to protect sporting dogs from the oppressive laws then in force.

Mr. B. J. Meserole was elected president, T. D. Howe vice-president, and Jas. McGay secretary. After a brief address the president offered the following resolution, which was adopted unanimously: Resolved, that the gentlemen here assembled form themselves into a sporting association, to be known by the name of the New York Sporting Association, the object of which will be to attend to the interests of game and sporting generally. The roll was then signed by the following named gentlemen present: B. J. Meserole, Thos. D. Howe, Jas. McGay, D. H. Carpenter, W. S. Thompson, D. L. Brown, John Rae, Jr., T. B. Smith, T. A. Fowler, Ed Voelkner, Robt. Sinclair, Wm. Senn. At the next meeting a constitution and by-laws were adopted, and the initiation fee fixed at $3 and dues $1 per year. Thus began the life of an association that was the parent of hundreds of similar associations throughout the country, an association that was the means of starting a movement toward procuring proper legislation for the protection of fish and game, the value of which cannot be estimated.

The reader should remember that at this time there were no State laws in force, only a few city ordinances, to which no one paid the slightest attention. There were no game protective societies in existence, and a sportsman was looked upon with suspicion. From that date up to the present time this association has, in the face of the greatest difficulties, in face of the opposition of influential poachers and unscrupulous dealers, carried on a steady warfare against violators of the game laws, and brought the laws to their present state of perfection. They also, by their good example and widespread influence, created a healthier sentiment in the community, so that the people no longer thought it good form to serve game on their table out of season.

In addition to this their constitution served as a model to hundreds of new clubs, and every year the secretary received numerous letters asking for copies of their constitution and game laws, and for advice about bringing suits and forming clubs.

People as a rule have little idea of the amount of time, labor and money spent by this association, or the obstacles they have had to contend with. Some suits have dragged for years through the courts and been carried up to the highest tribunals before they could be decided in favor of the club.

To illustrate some of the difficulties of such law suits we cite the following examples: One season while two of the members were at Albany urging important changes in the game laws, their attention was called to a man who was openly selling quail out of season. Suit was brought and the dealer acquitted by the jury; his defense being that they were not quail, but curlew! He had cut off the bills and feet, with the intention to deceive the public. This in the face of the evidence of two good witnesses to the contrary.

Another suit was brought against a restaurant keeper for serving venison out of season. It was down on the bill of fare as venison, and the witness who ate the venison pronounced it venison without doubt, but the offender escaped by swearing it was buffalo meat.

It is impossible in a short article to go into a detailed history of the club covering a period of forty-five years, so we can only mention a few interesting facts.

Among the early members we find the name of Henry W. Herbert (Frank Forester), who, whatever may have been his failings, did more than any other writer to teach people what true sportsmanship was. His old crony Thos. Ward (Tom Draw), of Warwick, was also at one time a member. Among many other prominent citizens and sportsmen who signed the rolls are Christian Schwartzwaelder, Jas. Harper, Orison Blunt, Genio C. Scott, Philo T Ruggles, Recorder Hackett, Chas. Banks, Chas. E. Whitehead and Royal Phelps.

The first suit brought by the Association was against one Daniel Young, of Fulton Market, on June 8, 1844. From that date to the present time there have always been more or less suits in the hands of the counsel. Mr. McMahon and Recorder Hackett were the first counsels for the club.

Royal Phelps, who for many years was president of the Association, was elected on May 24, 1858. He was one of the most energetic members the club ever had; and under his administration the Association was brought to its present efficient state. His name became a terror to all violators of the game laws. Mr. Phelps was instrumental in obtaining sufficient subscriptions among the members to purchase the magnificent collections of heads and antlers that Mr. J. W. Hays left, and which were presented to the American Museum of Natural History.

For a number of years the club had rooms at 754 Broadway. During Mr. Phelps's term of office the Association met at the houses of the different members where they were always handsomely entertained. At this time Mr. W. J. Hays, the artist, was secretary and Mr. Chas. E. Whitehead counsel.

In 1868 the Hon. Robt. B. Roosevelt made the first attempt to have a State Fish Commission appointed; and on Feb. 10 reported such an act, which was afterward passed, and which has been of the greatest benefit to the people of this State.

In 1870 the suit against Middleton & Bros. was commenced; their defense being that the game laws were unconstitutional, but the courts decided this vexed question in the club's favor.

In 1871 Mr. Phelps was able to congratulate the Association on the fact that, through their influence, good game laws had at last been passed, and had been signed by Gov. Hoffman after he had subjected them to the club for approval.

In 1873 a suit was brought against one Laird for selling trout out of season. The penalty was $1,000.

On March 10, of this year, the club voted to change the name "New York Sportsmen's Club" to the "New York Association for the Protection of Game." The club was incorporated under this name in 1883.

Jan. 18, 1875, the secretary, Mr. Thos. N. Cuthbert (who also acted as assistant counsel), reported that he had obtained a judgment against Middleton & Carman for $2,500 for having 100 speckled trout in possession contrary to law. At the February meeting Mr. Whitehead reported that the Court of Appeals had affirmed the judgment against Jos. H. Racy, of Centre Market, for the amount of $3,000. Mr. Racy had been sued for having 100 quail in possession in July. His defense was that the quail were purchased in the open season and kept in cold storage rooms; but the Court overruled this defense.

In 1880 and 1881 a number of dealers in game made a strong effort to have the game laws so changed as to practically allow them to sell at any season, but through the efforts of the Association this movement was defeated.

In 1877 Mr. Royal Phelps was obliged to resign his office on account of ill health; and Mr. Clinton Gilbert, President of the Greenwich Savings Bank, was elected to fill the position. Shortly after he also resigned for the same reason; and Hon. Robt. B. Roosevelt was elected President of the Association in his place. Mr. Roosevelt has filled this office ever since.

The Association has raised the initiation fee to $50 and the annual dues to $10. It meets, as it always has since 1844, on the second Monday of the month during the winter and spring. The meetings are generally held at Pinard's. Dinner is served at 6:30, and by 8:30 the club adjourns to the big parlor, where they devote the rest of the evening to business. The membership is limited to 100, and is nearly up to that limit.

The appointment of State wardens under the supervision of the Fish Commissioners has relieved the Association to a great extent of the work of bringing suits, but they still keep a sharp eye on poachers, and on the various game laws that are annually presented at Albany.

The thanks of the writer are due to Mr. Thos. N. Cuthbert, the Secretary of the Association, for his valuable assistance in preparing this article.

AIMING THE SHOTGUN.

I HAVE read with great pleasure the article in your valuable paper of Nov. 14, by "W.," entitled "Aiming Ahead," which coincides so exactly with the views expressed by me on the subject in FOREST AND STREAM some months ago. I noted the criticism of "Ancient" on my article, also the recent remarks of Dr. Morris, Louis Bagger, M. P. Peirce and others. I must confess I do not understand exactly what these gentlemen mean. They surely do not mean to deny that the shot can acquire a lateral motion by the swing of the gun while it is driven forward by the powder, to do so would be to deny a law of mechanics so well established that it is useless to argue on the subject. Neither "W." nor I claim to make these calculations at the time of shooting; when we shoot our aim is taken, I imagine, as "intuitively" as that of either of our critics, but that the shot from all our guns must take on just that lateral motion in cross shots is certain, unless we adopt the other style of making these shots, which is to hold ahead of the crossing game with the gun held still. You will recollect it was in trying to reconcile the facts that game is killed by both methods that my article was written.

The above-quoted gentlemen say we do the young sportsmen harm by our analysis of how cross shots are made. I think they do more harm by recommending what I may call the slap-dash style, without considering distance, the direction in which the game is moving, or anything else, but to fire the gun. I think what I will style cool, calculating quickness will make the best shot. You will remember that "W." and I did not claim that one was obliged to think out all the calculations we spoke of while in the act of firing, but only claimed that what we stated actually took place. About the necessity of aiming all shots, I think there is no question even in the thickest brush work; in this kind of shooting it is done instantaneously, and I believe it is done by those gentlemen who write about the baseball and hammer and nail idea, without their knowing it, which illustrations, while very pretty on paper, have nothing in common with the successful handling of guns. I should think the gentlemen who think the ball and bat idea applies to shooting would not be particular to have their guns stocked to suit them, as if they do not sight the bird along the barrel they might just as well shoot from the hip or hold their guns out pistol fashion.

On this subject I will quote A. H. Bogardus's remarks about sighting, versus the style recommended by Dr. Morris and his friends. I presume they will acknowledge that he in his prime was a fair shot; it is even possible that he might have been able to make as good a day's bag as any of the gentlemen above named. Bogardus says in "Field, Cover and Trap Shooting," page 14: "Some people pretend that there is no need to look along the rib at the bird in order to shoot well; they shoot well, and they say they do not do so. I believe they are mistaken. Taking aim does not mean dwelling on the aim and pottering about in an uncertain way with the gun at the shoulder. Even in snap-shooting there is a distinct aim taken, though when a good-fitting gun is brought to the shoulder the aim is instantaneous and the discharge follows at the next instant. At pigeons some men seem to shoot without sighting the bird. * * * This sort of thing is impracticable in the field, and there, if not anywhere else, the man who sights his bird along the rib of his gun makes the best bag. There are, of course, some situations in which you must practice snap-shooting; at woodcock in cover, or grouse or quail in corn, you can get but a glimpse of the bird, and you must aim just where intuition, as it may be called, tells you where the bird will be. In places where the bird can be plainly seen it should be distinctly aimed at. It is not a question of quickness. In the time matches where I must necessarily shoot very quick, and in the matches where I stand between two traps, which are pulled at the same time, I sight my bird before pulling the trigger. If I did not I could never accomplish the feats which have become easy to me." So much for what one of the best shots thinks about aiming.

That cross shots can be made in two different ways is well illustrated by the story of the seven mallards by Mr. Peirce; where his young friend killed his duck (the last) pointing at the head duck, and Mr. P. his two. By swinging his gun he did not have to shoot much ahead.

In conclusion I say to the beginner, do not try the baseball idea nor the hammer-and-nail idea, but sight your bird either with one or both eyes open. It can be done in the closest cover shooting. In making many shots in cover you will learn to kill even though you only catch a glimpse of the bird when he rises and do not see him at all when you shoot. I do not know how these shots are made by the sportsmen who do not think when they shoot. I find I have to think and calculate in these shots more than in any others, but it must be done quickly. In all cross shots swing the gun on to the bird from behind, and do not stop it until after you fire, and you will not have to shoot so far ahead of the most rapidly-flying game as by the method of holding your gun ahead in these shots and keeping it still while you pull.

SINKBOAT.

EASTON, Md.

PATTERN AND PENETRATION.

REMINGTON 10-GAUGE.

THE 10-gauge gun which came down from the Ilion factory, where Hartley & Graham turn out the late models of the old-time favorite Remington arm, was put to trial on the FOREST AND STREAM shooting stand at Claremont on Dec. 2. It was one of those pleasant winter days with which those who delight in open winters have been so far blessed. There was plenty of wind, and the gauges ran up to 10 miles of velocity at times, but otherwise it was a good trial day with moist atmosphere and no heat to cake the barrels with powder debris. The cartridges used were the black powder ones sent down from the factory with the gun and a set of wood powder and Schultze powder cartridges, loaded especially for comparative results. The directions to the loading firm here was to put in an ounce and a quarter of the same shot with which it was said the black powder shells were charged. The discrepancy in weight and count of pellets is large, but not more so than generally obtain in like circumstances. The trial was in the same order as with the other Remington gun, black powder first, then wood powder for 10 shots, and then Schultze, with the same order repeated at 60yds. A pair of shots were first fired as warmers, and to put the barrels in a dirty state, and after that there was no cleaning nor material wait for cooling. The arm handled well, and only once was it necessary to throw out a target, being at 40yds, with the Schultze charge, when a "pull off" on the part of Marksman Moss sent the charge too far up into the corner. In such a case, of course, the record is not taken. The barrels were both of them choked, and seemed to be a very even pair, though the slip from a crowded to a very sparse pattern came with too great frequency, and were noted both in the black and white powder charges. In order to secure a comparison with another arm in our series of tests, and to use up a few surplus cartridges, a series of a dozen shots were fired with the black and Schultze powder cartridges remaining over from the Hollis gun test of Oct. 30, and reported in FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 7. The cartridges were used only at 40yds. in the Remington gun, and three of each sort were put in each barrel. The charge, the record of the Hollis and the record of the Remington gun stand as follows:

BLACK POWDER CHARGE.

U. M. C. Club Shell—4¼drs. Dead Shot powder, 1¼oz. No. 8 Le Roy Chilled shot. Average 133grs. of powder, 617 pellets of shot weighing 609grs.

HOLLIS GUN—40YDS.

Right Barrel. Aimed Circle. Pellets.	Selected Circle. Pellets.	Penetration. Sheets.	Left Barrel. Aimed Circle. Pellets.	Selected Circle. Pellets.	Penetration. Sheets.
Average five shots.	224 228 216	Average five shots.	Average five shots.	284 299 348	Average five shots.
197	222	15	259	310	14

REMINGTON GUN—40YDS.

315	375	—	309	323	7
244	341	9	360	378	10
339	361	8	376	358	13
299	359	9	345	353	10

SCHULTZE POWDER CHARGE.

U. S. Climax Cartridge—4drs. Schultze powder, 1¼oz. Le Roy No. 8 Chilled shot. Average 62grs. powder, 593 pellets of shot weighing 580grs.

HOLLIS GUN—40YDS.

Right Barrel. Aimed Circle. Pellets.	Selected Circle. Pellets.	Penetration. Sheets.	Left Barrel. Aimed Circle. Pellets.	Selected Circle. Pellets.	Penetration. Sheets.
Average five shots.	148 199 197	Average five shots.	Average five shots.	211 298 240	Average five shots.
131	181	17	168	250	17

REMINGTON GUN—40YDS.

3 0	333	15	303	212	17
330	315	16	308	326	14
287	86	17	312	343	20
295	311	16	308	330	17

It will be seen as a pattern maker the American arm was far in advance of the English weapon, whether tested with black American or white English powder.

Looking at the regular test of the day with the three powders after the percentage fashion of our correspondent "Nick," we find that the wood powder is well ahead with an average of 71 per cent., with black a close follower with 67 per cent., while the Schultze powder lags behind with 58 per cent., all this at 40yds. At 60yds. the two first named powders were running even with 30 per cent. of the charge accounted for on the selected circles, while the Schultze fell below 20 per cent. In penetration, however, the Schultze powder was a slight leader at each distance.

The formal record of the test stands:

CLAREMONT, N. J., Dec. 2, 1889.

TEST MADE AT FOREST AND STREAM GUN-TESTING SCREEN.

Gun—Remington Hammer, latest model. Cost, $45. No. of gun, 31,924. Weight, 9¾lbs. Length of barrels, 32in. Gauge, 10. Right barrel, full choke. Left barrel, full choke.

Weather—Clear. Direction of wind, 6 o'clock. Force of wind, 14 miles per hour. Thermometer, dry, 35°. Do., wet, 33°. Humidity, 71°. Barometer, 30.11in.

Charge, as given by holder of gun:

BOTH BARRELS.

Shell—Winchester.
Powder, Brand—Hazard F. G.
Powder, Quantity—4drs.
Shot—*Make*—Tatham. *Quantity*—1⅛oz. *Size*—No. 8 Chilled.



REM. 10-G., 40YDS., RIGHT BARREL, BLACK POWDER, 359 PELLETS.

CARTRIDGE ANALYSIS.

Three Cartridges Taken at Random.

BOTH BARRELS.

Loading.		*Powder.*	*Shot.*
Card over shot; two B. E. wads over powder.	1...	109 grs.	531 pellets.
	2...	110 grs.	534 pellets.
	3...	108 grs.	533 pellets.
	Average	109 grs.	533 pellets.

TEST AT 40 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

RIGHT BARREL. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*	LEFT BARREL. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*
1. 266 pellets.	12 sheets.	1. 331 pellets.	13 sheets.
2. 349 pellets.	15 sheets.	2. 228 pellets.	11 sheets.
3. 317 pellets.	12 sheets.	3. 300 pellets.	15 sheets.
4. 342 pellets.	16 sheets.	4. 322 pellets.	13 sheets.
5. 183 pellets.	13 sheets.	5. 360 pellets.	12 sheets.
Av. 291 pellets.	13 sheets.	Av. 308 pellets.	13 sheets.

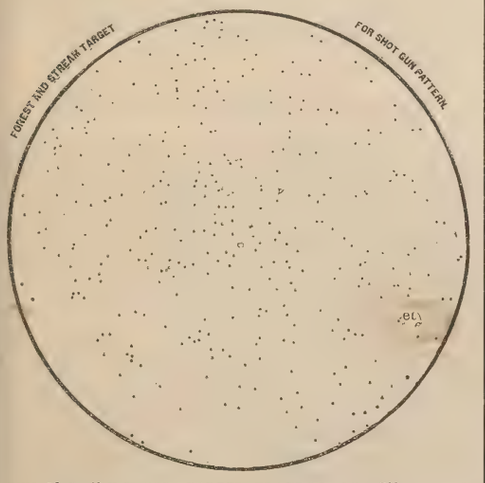
Three shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.	LEFT BARREL.
1..... 340 pellets.	1..... 344 pellets.
2..... 358 pellets.	2..... 336 pellets.
3..... 359 pellets.	3..... 369 pellets.
Average 352 pellets.	Average 349 pellets.

TEST AT 60 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

RIGHT BARREL. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*	LEFT BARREL. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*
1. 136 pellets.	6 sheets.	1. 140 pellets.	7 sheets.
2. 115 pellets.	6 sheets.	2. 123 pellets.	6 sheets.
3. 95 pellets.	7 sheets.	3. 123 pellets.	7 sheets.
4. 114 pellets.	8 sheets.	4. 158 pellets.	8 sheels.
5. 137 pellets.	9 sheets.	5. 129 pellets.	8 sheets.
Av. 119 pellets.	7 sheets.	Av. 134 pellets.	7 sheets.



REM. 10-G., 40YDS., LEFT BARREL, BLACK POWDER, 369 PELLETS.

Three shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.	LEFT BARREL.
1..... 175 pellets.	1..... 175 pellets.
2..... 152 pellets.	2..... 181 pellets.
3..... 152 pellets.	3..... 150 pellets.
Average 159 pellets.	Average 167 pellets.

CLAREMONT, N. J., Dec. 2, 1889.

TEST MADE AT FOREST AND STREAM GUN-TESTING SCREEN.

Gun—Remington Hammer, latest model. Cost, $45. No. of gun, 31,924. Weight, 9¾lbs. Length of barrels, 32in. Gauge, 10. Right barrel, full choke. Left barrel, full choke.
Weather—Clear. Direction of wind, 6 o'clock. Force of wind, 14 miles per hour. Thermometer, dry, 35°. Do., wet, 33°. Humidity, 71°. Barometer, 30.1in.
Charge, as given by holder of gun:

BOTH BARRELS.

Shell—U. S. Co. Climax.
Powder, Brand—Wood Trap 10-bore.
Powder, Quantity—3¾ drs.
Shot—*Make*—Tatham. *Quantity*—1¼ oz. *Size*—No. 8 Chilled.

CARTRIDGE ANALYSIS.

Three Cartridges Taken at Random.

BOTH BARRELS.

Loading.		*Powder.*	*Shot.*
Card over shot; felt, P. E. and card over powder.	1...	47 grs.	578 pellets.
	2...	46 grs.	596 pellets.
	3...	48 grs.	573 pellets.
	Average	47 grs.	582 pellets.

TEST AT 40 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

RIGHT BARREL. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*	LEFT BARREL. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*
1. 325 pellets.	9 sheets.	1. 356 pellets.	11 sheets.
2. 384 pellets.	12 sheets.	2. 335 pellets.	15 sheets.
3. 368 pellets.	15 sheets.	3. 385 pellets.	12 sheets.
4. 320 pellets.	13 sheets.	4. 375 pellets.	15 sheets.
5. 413 pellets.	13 sheets.	5. 421 pellets.	8 sheets.
Av. 362 pellets.	12 sheets.	Av. 374 pellets.	12 sheets.



REM. 10-G., 40YDS., RIGHT BARREL, WOOD POWDER, 464 PELLETS.



REM. 10-G., 40YDS., LEFT BARREL, WOOD POWDER, 431 PELLETS.

Three shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.	LEFT BARREL.
1..... 402 pellets.	1..... 407 pellets.
2..... 390 pellets.	2..... 397 pellets.
3..... 464 pellets.	3..... 431 pellets.
Average 418 pellets.	Average 412 pellets.

TEST AT 60 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

RIGHT BARREL. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*	LEFT BARREL. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*
1. 173 pellets.	4 sheets.	1. 139 pellets.	5 sheets.
2. 162 pellets.	6 sheets.	2. 106 pellets.	4 sheets.
3. 111 pellets.	8 sheets.	3. 162 pellets.	8 sheets.
4. 180 pellets.	5 sheets.	4. 122 pellets.	4 sheets.
5. 114 pellets.	5 sheets.	5. 144 pellets.	5 sheets.
Av. 148 pellets.	6 sheets.	Av. 135 pellets.	5 sheets.

Three shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.	LEFT BARREL.
1..... 200 pellets.	1..... 162 pellets.
2..... 196 pellets.	2..... 165 pellets.
3..... 186 pellets.	3..... 172 pellets.
Average 194 pellets.	Average 166 pellets.

CLAREMONT, N. J., Dec. 2, 1889.

TEST MADE AT FOREST AND STREAM GUN-TESTING SCREEN.

Gun—Remington Hammer, latest model. Cost, $45. No. of gun, 31,924. Weight, 9¾lbs. Length of barrels, 32in. Gauge, 10. Right barrel, full choke. Left barrel, full choke.
Weather—Clear. Direction of wind, 6 o'clock. Force of wind, 14 miles per hour. Thermometer, dry, 35°. Do., wet, 33°. Humidity, 71°. Barometer, 30.1in.
Charge, as given by holder of gun:

BOTH BARRELS.

Shell—U. S. Climax.
Powder, Brand—Schultze.
Powder, Quantity—3¾ drs.
Shot—*Make*—Tatham. *Quantity*—1¼ oz. *Size*—No. 8 Chilled.



REM. 10-G., 40YDS., RIGHT BARREL, SCHULTZE POWDER, 359 PELLETS.

CARTRIDGE ANALYSIS.

Three Cartridges Taken at Random.

BOTH BARRELS.

Loading.		*Powder.*	*Shot.*
Card over shot; felt, P. E. and card over powder.	1...	48 grs.	547 pellets.
	2...	53 grs.	559 pellets.
	3...	52 grs.	555 pellets.
	Average	51 grs.	554 pellets.

TEST AT 40 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

RIGHT BARREL. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*	LEFT BARREL. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*
1. 322 pellets.	15 sheets.	1. 271 pellets.	17 sheets.
2. 245 pellets.	15 sheets.	2. 283 pellets.	13 sheets.
3. 329 pellets.	16 sheets.	3. 148 pellets.	16 sheets.
4. 193 pellets.	15 sheets.	4. ... pellets.	.. sheets.
5. 305 pellets.	14 sheets.	5. 302 pellets.	.. sheets.
Av. 279 pellets.	15 sheets.	Av. 251 pellets.	15 sheets.

Three Shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.	LEFT BARREL.
1..... 359 pellets.	1..... 284 pellets.
2..... 325 pellets.	2..... 307 pellets.
3..... 331 pellets.	3..... 335 pellets.
Average 338 pellets.	Average 308 pellets.

TEST AT 60 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

RIGHT BARREL. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*	LEFT BARREL. *Pattern.*	*Penetration, 3 pellets.*
1. 73 pellets.	8 sheets.	1. 62 pellets.	9 sheets.
2. 64 pellets.	7 sheets.	2. 105 pellets.	9 sheets.
3. 70 pellets.	.. sheets.	3. 59 pellets.	10 sheets.
4. 91 pellets.	9 sheets.	4. 117 pellets.	7 sheets.
5. 66 pellets.	5 sheets.	5. 73 pellets.	5 sheets.
Av. 73 pellets.	7 sheets.	Av. 83 pellets.	8 sheets.



REM. 10-G., 40YDS., LEFT BARREL, SCHULTZE POWDER, 335 PELLETS.

Three Shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.	LEFT BARREL.
1..... 87 pellets.	1..... 123 pellets.
2..... 110 pellets.	2..... 139 pellets.
3..... 84 pellets.	3..... 95 pellets.
Average 93 pellets.	Average 119 pellets.

FLORIDA.—Weir Park, Fla., Dec. 15.—Weather fine, waterfowl becoming more plenty on Lake Weir, especially divers of all kinds. Very little hunting on lake, consequently game not shy.—W.

MR. WILLIAM LYMAN has just returned from a prolonged visit to the Continent, where he made a record as an amateur aeronant.

MAINE DEER.

LIGHT snows in Maine, followed by not very cold weather, have made excellent opportunity for deer hunting, and it has been improved to some extent. Still the reports of success are not just what might have been expected. Three hunters from Boston have been in the woods for a week or more, and yesterday a letter announced that one of the party had killed his first buck. The story is that the deer, though fairly plenty, are very wild and hard to approach. Still it is probable that a want of skill in hunting that very timid animal is what is generally lacking. B. F. Coburn, of South Moluncus, informs a friend here that he is in possession of the skin of a white deer. It was taken off from a deer killed in that section this fall, and Mr. Coburn says that it is very white; nothing in his experience ever having been seen like it. His friends desire to ask the FOREST AND STREAM if such an animal is on record in scientific works?

It seems that the shipping of deer from Maine to the Boston market in barrels has been stopped by some means or other. Only one has been seen of late, though there were a good many of them here a few weeks ago. It is evident that commissioners and wardens have taken the matter in hand, for one chap writes a commission house here that he would like to ship them several more deer, but that the game wardens have got on to him. The head of the house answered his letter discouraging the further shipment of such game. In this case only the fact of the letter can be obtained, and not the name of the illegal shipper of game. The shipments of deer to this market are heavy from Minnesota. The other day there came in one invoice, fifty-two whole deer and about half as many saddles. It is a shame that game must be slaughtered in such a wholesale way. Generally the best of marketmen are not pleased with it. They do not make very high profits, especially of late years, since public opinion has come to be against the traffic. I know of several gentlemen, very fond of venison, who will not buy a pound in the market, for the reason that they are lovers of field sports, and they do not like to see game in the market, and they will not encourage the trade by their patronage. A prominent dealer in venison tells me that the trade is not what it was formerly. Venison that has been rotted in the market with the skin on, is not received with the favor it was formerly, not even on the tables of fashion. SPECIAL.

DECEMBER 16.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Dec. 6.—Mr. W. W. Carney writes from Great Bend, Kan.: "I stole off last week and went on my annual quail hunt. I alone killed forty-seven; had I had company could have killed several more, as they got cunning and would all get up on the opposite side of the hedge. There has been fairly good duck shooting since October, but there was almost too much water to be pleasant."

Rabbits have been numerous about Vandalia, Ill., this season. Over 8,000 have been shipped from Vandalia alone. The crop extends over three counties, according to reports.

Messrs. A. M. Fuller, Chas. Morris and S. Dingee start this week for an extended quail shoot in southwestern Arkansas.

Large strings of quail are being brought into this city every day by countrymen from south of this city. It is very probable that extensive trapping of quail is going on in this State and in Indiana.

Comment has been made in earlier articles on the fact that the ducks of Western waters have changed their habits. Mr. Sellers, president of the Nee-pee-nauk Club, remarks that on Puckaway Marsh the mallards now sit down on the open water nearly all day and feed like deep-water ducks, even diving in 4 or 5ft. of water. Other shooters are beginning to notice these propensities in the mallards, and perhaps this is the reason the birds have been so hard to "work" this fall. They have learned that their only safety lies in the open water. Some shooters do not believe that the ducks have changed or will change in their habits. To them may be offered the following in regard to a bird called the *Didunculus*, a specimen of which is mentioned as being kept in the London Zoölogical Gardens: "This little pigeon is interesting for the ingenious way in which it has defeated the machinations of that enemy of the bird tribe, the cat. *Didunculus* lives in Samoa, where there were originally of course no cats. These were introduced and made short work with the "manumea," as the natives called the bird, killing not only the adult, but the chicks in the nest. Owing to its habit of nesting upon the ground, the bird nearly became extinct; suddenly, however, it took to building its nest upon the treetops, where it could bring up its young ones in peace, and since that time the bird has again become fairly plentiful."

I met Mr. Ward the other day, and he had a grieved look on his face. "Say," he began, "I used to think a good deal of you, till you wrote that story about my buying a cow for a retriever. Any one that will let a fellow like that man Cook, load him up with a lot of stuff about me that way, is no longer entitled to my confidence. Why, do you really think I'd buy a cow for a retriever, and lead her—it, I mean—forty miles down through the Indiana mud? It don't stand to reason! Now, I wouldn't tell a story like that about Cook for anything in the world. But say," and Mr. Ward's voice sank to a tone of infinite pity as he led me aside out of hearing of the lady stenographers, "do you know what that man did while he was down at the club house, that time he told you he got a 'nice string of mallards?' Well, he hunted twelve days and never killed a thing but three fish ducks, and his pusher says he killed them all at one shot! Sent up to town and got a hundred tin birds, and counted them all in the bag! I don't know whether he shot them in the box or not. Why say, he couldn't hit a duck, and he went to hunting muskrats out in the marsh! Staid down there two weeks, and then he sent home to his wife three fish ducks and a wooden decoy, with 'Killed by E. C. Cook, Nov. 20, 1889, on De Golyer Marsh. Great sport,' written on the bottom of the decoy. I tell you, that decoy is the only mallard that man Cook ever shot in his life. Next morning after he got home, Mrs. Cook told him it cost him just $100 or she'd give the decoy story away to every friend he had. He didn't put up the $100, and now every man that meets Cook on the street just laughs and says, 'Great times down on the marsh, hey?' Why, I'm sorry for Cook, I am actually, they guy him so."

"Oh now, see here, Mr. Ward," said I, "you don't mean to tell me Mr. Cook ever sent that old decoy up to his wife with any such inscription!"

"Oh, I don't, don't I?" Well, now, if you don't believe it, you go ask Mrs. Cook, and she'll say she got just such a decoy. Or—say, you go upstairs and ask Holt. Holt'll tell you the same thing."

I went upstairs and asked Mr. Holt, and Mr. Holt said he guessed it was so; at least he knew all the boys were saying "Great times down on the marsh, eh, Cook?" To be perfectly sure I was getting the facts straight, and not doing Mr. Cook any injustice, I asked Mr. Ward once more if he was positive as to his statement.

"Why, of course I am," he replied. "A man that would deliberately say I bought a cow for a retriever, and led it forty miles down to the marsh, wouldn't stop at anything, let alone sending a wooden mallard home to his family."

I don't know what will become of these two men. They never seem to agree about anything. E. HOUGH.

RIFLE AND PISTOL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of the 12th inst., I notice a communication from Mr. C. H. Ames in regard to form of rifle bullets. I sincerely hope Mr. A. is not in the habit of placing the cartridges in the magazine of his gun after he has so sharpened them. If such has been his custom, and he finds life worth living, let him not delay in thanking a merciful providence that this mortal coil still encircles him, and that he also retains the frame of his rifle intact. I supposed that every gunner understood that the peculiar shape of the flat end bullet was simply to protect the primer of the following cartridge in the magazine from an accidental discharge by the preceding bullet, which would, of course, discharge the whole magazine in rotation and might lead to a surprise party of the first magnitude for the shooter.

Replying to Mr. A.'s other inquiry, I have always used the method of two-hand revolver shooting he mentions and found it very effective, especially in shooting game, a great deal of which I have killed with this weapon, including even the partridge or grouse. While I might be called a very indifferent shot on a target, I find it an entirely different matter shooting at game. As in archery, that instinct which wraps the undivided attention for the time being seems to guide the hand and eye until it is almost an impossibility to hit other than the object aimed at.

Let shooters try the following for the revolver: Place the extended fingers and thumb of the left hand on the right breast just below the arm, with the left elbow well elevated above the horizontal. Now grasp the pistol in the right hand in the usual manner and place the right forearm resting upon and parallel to the left (right hand should rest on left elbow) and you have a solid rest on a level with the eye, with which the pulsations of the heart and the action of breathing will not interfere.

ONEONTA, N. Y. AMERICUS.

[Our correspondent is quite right in drawing that disdinction which is so often found between target and game shooting, so it is that in testing shotguns, an afternoon of fifty shots at the paper screens is far more wearying than a double number of shots fired at game, and while target shooting admits of being taught by precept and drill, field shooting must come through individual practice. Our correspondent is somewhat wrong, however, in assuming that flat-pointed bullets are made so only for safety in magazines. This form of bullet helps much in securing steady flight.

THE ADIRONDACK DEER LAW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Now that the season for legal deer hunting has closed, it is proper to look back and view the results obtained through a very limited channel. The present law, while a very good one in some respects, in the clause relating to transportation of carcasses of deer especially—in others is not strict enough, as we will try to show.

The open season, Aug. 15 to Nov. 1, is too long; but by far the greatest menace of deer is the hounding season, Sept. 1 to Oct. 20. From Sunday morning, Sept. 1, 1889, until Sunday evening, Oct. 20, wherever deer were to be found the deep baying of hounds could be heard relentlessly searching on the trail; beside every lake and pond men and boys with guns of all kinds kept the ranks full; and they came from far and near.

A young man from this place had to go as far as Indian Lake, Hamilton county, during the hounding season. This man in his own words said: "I'll bet you I saw over a thousand deer beside the road, in wagons and every way." Another young man, who worked in one of the hotels at Saranac Lake, told me that six Vermont farmers went into the woods, taking only one guide, and brought out twenty-one deer—all the law would allow—"and they were not out a cent only what they paid the guide, for they brought their grub with them." Another hunting crowd from Philadelphia brought in twelve dogs and violated the law so badly that they were fined. The hotel keeper with an eye to business paid the fine; and the hunters stayed long enough so that a balance resulted to his credit.

Eleven deer were killed ahead of two hounds at the State dam, foot of Ragged Lake, one Sunday. No exceptions being made in favor of does and young fawns, they suffer the fate of the antlered king. Can such slaughter continue without deer being a thing of the past, and that very soon, too?

Then there are the cruster and June jacker, who get in their silent work. There are those who know where to put salt in the spring of the year and in the warm evenings of June and July watch by the lick and bring them down. There are lazy wretches who will not work, but who will don snowshoes and tramp to the yards and slaughter at pleasure. All through the Adirondacks are such men; still the law is strong enough in regard to penalty, but it lacks one essential, and that is to pay the informer.

To me it seems that the legal season is too long. I would like to see the game law in relation to deer so amended that it would in substance be: "Open season, Sept. 1 to Nov. 1, hounding season, Oct. 10 to Oct. 20," with the exceptions in such counties as are now in force to remain so. A ten days season is long enough to hound, for there is the great danger of their extermination. Let there be a $25 reward to the informer, to be paid by the State upon presentation of certified copies of the court's sentence upon an offender against the deer law. I would strongly urge this reward to informers for this reason, that everybody's business is nobody's business, and no matter who he may be, the June jacker or cruster has his friends, who will try to shield him, and if a person will make nothing—only enemies—by informing, they escape trial oftener than they are brought to justice. Another reason why the State should be made responsible is that nine out of ten illegal hunters are not worth enough to pay the fine, and so if the informer is sure of his pay he will be sure to give the desired information.

Put a money value upon the proof of such illegal deer hunting and there will be some one who knows, and will for the money try and land the illegal hunter in the officers' hands. In my opinion the State will not be out much on account of payment to informers, for when the would-be lawbreaker knows there is a "price on his work," he will stay at home. Michigan has prohibited hounding, but in a recent article I observe that one of the State game wardens put out the dogs for a party of hunters. Would he have done so if some one could have got $25 for proving he did so? Our game warden is an energetic and faithful officer, but he is very often hampered instead of helped by the friends of illegal hunters. As a native of those grand old woods and a friend of those beautiful yet timid creatures, I am moved to lifting my pen against leaving the avenue open to their slaughter. Will any and all who are of my mind please send me name and address with such ideas as may suggest themselves, and perhaps by co-operation we may accomplish the desired end. WM. H. GORDON.

ELLENBURG CENTER, Clinton County, N. Y.

THE CHOICE OF RIFLES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The extremists have had the most to say in this discussion, and though their views may not be accepted by a majority of your readers who are interested in rifle shooting, they are worthy of respect, being, to a certain extent, the results of experiments and practical tests. To this class we are indebted for many improvements, and from them we expect still more. Only create a demand, and Yankee ingenuity will supply the article. The perfection of the small calibers well illustrates this, as does also the development of the express principle.

There are other things, however, to be looked after in selecting a rifle than the most suitable caliber and the charge of powder and lead. Leaving the question of action aside, which is largely a matter of choice, and presuming that the rifling is properly done, attention is directed to the barrel. For a given charge, what should be its length and weight? It would appear that the lighter a gun is and the shorter its barrel within certain limits the more convenient it is for hunting; but it is likewise apparent that reducing the weight diminishes its accuracy and penetration and increases its recoil, while shortening the barrel to too great an extent would raise the trajectory and affect the accuracy also.

Now, the question is how far can this reduction of weight and length be carried without materially impairing the efficiency of the aim for hunting purposes.

A considerable variation in weight and length of barrel is noticeable in rifles using the same cartridge, even when made by the same company. For instance, guns ranging from 7 to 10 lbs., and from 24 to 32-inch barrel, use the same charge. If the lighter weight is sufficient, of what use is it to carry around 3lbs. extra; if 24 inches is long enough, why is it necessary to stick 8 inches more on the unhandy end of a gun?

We look first for accuracy, but if we can put down the weight and reduce the length of barrel without materially affecting this condition, we gain an important point, and one that is appreciated more at the close of a day's tramp than at its beginning. F. H. G.

ELIZABETH, N. J.

QUAIL IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just returned from a three weeks' trip to Littleton, N. C. The weather was simply perfect, not a drop of rain, with the thermometer averaging 60°. There are as many birds there now as at any time in the past, and they are large and fat. The lands are, some of them, posted, but only against the pot-hunter, which will insure good shooting for years to come. It is not an unusual thing for hunters to put up from four to eight coveys of quail each day; add to that the fine climate and high elevation of that part of the State, and the average man can be very happy and healthy there.

I was very fortunate in finding accommodations with a private family, who made my stay exceedingly pleasant. "Mine host," Mr. Garrett S. Bellis, is a native of New Jersey, and is glad see and entertain his former neighbors; parties or individuals from the North can have such cooking as they are used to at home, with good sleeping accommodations. The law allows the shooting of quail until April 1, and those contemplating a trip South could not do better than write to Mr. Bellis, Littleton, North Carolina, and then pack up and follow by next train. C. M. HATHAWAY.

NEW YORK.

STATEN ISLAND RABBITS.—A petition was recently presented by about sixty residents of Richmond county, requesting the board to prohibit the shooting or trapping of rabbits during the month of January, as the rabbits were liable to become extinct altogether. The season usually ends on February 1. The signatures were headed by Francis Endicott, the president of the Game and Fish Protection Society.

VIRGINIA QUAIL.—Buffalo Lithia Springs, Va., Dec. 10.—I am engaged in surveying a railroad here and am consequently out pretty much all the time. I never in all my life have seen such a quantity of quail. It is a a common thing to see three or four coveys of thirty or forty in an hour. Yet the people here do not seem to take any interest in shooting at all.—A. B. G.

CONNECTICUT GAME AND MARKETS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Those who make public utterances subject the same to public criticism; but when I asked the encouragement through your valuable journal of the Connecticut Association of Farmers and Sportsmen for the Protection of Game and Fish, in their laudable endeavors to enforce the game laws of that State against the violators of the same, I did not dream of subjecting myself to a personal attack in a public journal, nor of having my genealogy or residence advertised. We do not always in writing express clearly to others what we intended to say—and often what we do write appears quite differently to the eyes of others from what it does to our own. Although neither of the items sent you by me, Nov. 14, last year, nor the one last fall are at hand, I am quite sure I made no accusations against any one, but simply gave the information that came in my way, hoping it might be of service in the good cause of preserving the game and fish of old Connecticut; but the special pleading for the dealer in game whom I happened to meet, made by your correspondents of the 5th and 12th inst., leads me to think that market hunting and marketing game, if not worthy of a prize, are certainly very highly commended by some sportsmen. Shooting for market and selling the game when shot are undoubtedly legitimate occupations, and men of integrity can undoubtedly engage in them, but it is well known that these very occupations are annihilating all kinds of game throughout our entire country. Very few true sportsmen favor this, even though the letter of the law be not violated. It matters little to me whether the few game birds that happen to be in my neighborhood, when literally exterminated by market-hunters, have been sold to Hartford and New Haven or New York and San Francisco; the result to those who desire an occasional day's shooting is the same—their game has been wiped out, and they have a barren field over which to tramp and an empty bag to take into camp.

My suggestion that game might possibly be shipped out of the State from New Haven and Hartford was not based entirely on the fact that I saw one man taking game to one of these places; for it was quite certain to my mind that many others were engaged in the same business. One of your correspondents has proved by his prompt action that in some cases attempts have been made to ship game out of the State from Hartford; and I can assure him that the locality in his State where I have been wont to look for a few days' sport during the hunting season has been so thoroughly depicted of game by market-hunters, that one desiring sport has to depend on the tramp and the recollection of by-gone days for it. In the locality alluded to one market-hunter reported that he sold in Hartford this fall the proceeds of 16 days' shooting, for which he received $55, and there are two others in the same locality who have made a continuous business of market-hunting the entire season. This certainly does not tend to the preservation of game. A few years ago I made a slight effort to restock the locality with quail, putting out three dozen live birds, but I found that my feeble efforts only increased the bags of the market-hunters. The facetious remarks of one of your correspondents in regard to the "slot" and "dollar" business were quite pleasant to read, and perhaps as applied to me are quite pointed. I have several times thought of dropping my dollar as suggested, and may do so yet if the "slot" is not closed against me; one thing is quite certain, that as long as you see fit to give me space in your journal I shall occasionally give my views on market-hunting, notwithstanding the allusion to "baseball bats," "nerve food" and the "danger" from the "machine" when a few remarks are made unaccompanied by a dollar. A.

DECEMBER 16.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am in sympathy with the St. Lawrence Anglers' Association, which has done so much for the St. Lawrence fishing waters, and the Connecticut Association of Farmers for the Protection of Game and Fish, which has done great good in this State. The sportsmen of Connecticut have reason for gratulation that they have so able a brother to champion their cause; the standard advocated by the president of the Connecticut Association is a noble one; and it is to be hoped that the members will seek to emulate it, and do all possible to forward the good work, and by their courtesy and good usage of the farmers enlist them as assistants and friends in the good cause. For the farmers have occasion for complaint. During the past four months each week I have been over quite a large part of Hartford and Tolland counties. I have seen only two lines of snares; and birds have been more plenty this season than for several years, but during these months I have found many fences which had been thrown down by hunters and fishermen, leaving openings for cattle to escape from the pastures and do damage to crops. I always put up such a fence, for I have owned a farm in this county, and am aware of the trouble caused in this way. It is true that some farmers (they are the exception and not the rule) entertain a feeling by leasing the streams which run through their land, and also their woodlands to men who put up notices forbidding hunting and fishing, and although most of the notice would not hold in law, still the feeling exists, and a few unprincipled men retaliate by destroying property.

But the crying evil is the hunters who hunt for market; the stopping of snaring has been a boon to them. I know of two hunters who have four dogs, and use two dogs on alternate days. I know of others at it all the time. It is safe to say of four hunters in this part of the country that they shoot game enough to supply two hundred sportsmen, and until we have a law limiting the amount to be taken by one hunter, we shall not increase the game to any appreciable extent, for what was taken by snares is now shot by the market-hunter.

Hunting and fishing are done here Sundays. Not a Sabbath during the fishing season that more or less fishermen have not been on the waters here, and after the hunting season came in the Sunday hunter was out. I do not think there is much hunting out of season, or any amount of game taken in snares, but fishing, except for trout, is done every month in the year. Rabbits are hunted with ferrets with impunity. I don't believe enough could be shot in a week to furnish a good meal. There seems to be no attention given to the law, and rabbits are nearly exterminated.

The most important question that now confronts us is, shall the amount of game to be taken by one person be regulated by law, and if so, what shall the limitation be? The pot-hunters will take all they can get. They have no conscience, the usufruct that the public have in hunting grounds and fishing waters, must have some determinate limit, and in this connection a word in relation to the article published in FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 7 on the "Association of the St. Lawrence." In that article it is stated "that many tons of game fish were annually taken from the river by net fishers prove to the organization of the association." This, without doubt, is true, but here the question of limitation comes in. These fish were utilized for food by some persons, perhaps by those who could not have had them except for this method of obtaining them, and it becomes a question of right, between these people and some others. Now, I am opposed to net-fishing and pot-hunting, but a nice question confronts us here. What is honest and just, as between man and man? The article further says "that it is believed that in 1889 over one thousand boxes of fish were shipped by tourists to their friends, three times as many fish were eaten by tourists as were consumed six years ago, and that it is perfectly apparent that there were three times as many fish caught by the angler and tourist in 1889 as were caught in any one of the years immediately preceding the organization of the Anglers' Association." In other words, over thirty tons of fish were sent to friends, and probably enough consumed to make the amount taken forty tons or more. This would look something like "robbing Peter to pay Paul" the fish are taken in another manner and consumed, but by different parties, therefore it becomes difficult to draw the line, and the question arises, shall those to the manor born or the tourists and their friends consume the fish, or can some equitable and just plan be formulated that will do equal and exact justice to all? JONATHAN.

MANCHESTER GREEN, Conn.

Antelope and Deer of America. By J. D. Caton. Price $2.50. Wing and Glass Ball Shooting with the Rifle. By W. C. Bliss. Price 50 cents. Rifle, Rod and Gun in California. By T. S. Van Dyke. Price $1.50. Shore Birds. Price 15 cents. Woodcraft. By "Nessmuk." Price $1. Trajectories of Hunting Rifles. Price 50 cents. Wild Fowl Shooting; see advertisement.

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nanit," "Gloan," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybillene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

290.

SOME weeks ago while we were making our first day's hunt in the Rockies, one of our party came on a band of elk feeding in a small opening in the thick timber. Hiding himself behind some trees, he began shooting, and brought down two fine cows, when the band broke and ran. One large bull with fine antlers came directly toward our hero, who imagined that the elk was looking for him, and so, securely biding himself, he let the elk pass within a few steps of him without shooting. When relating the incident around the camp-fire that night he remarked, "It's no use, boys, I was just too badly scared to shoot." It is needless to add that we were nearly all tenderfeet. H.

EDGAR, Nebraska.

291.

When the little party of U. S. Fish Commission explorers, on their return from Karluk Lake, were resting their tired limbs in the genial company of Capt. Larsen in Uyak Bay, they found themselves temporarily stormbound behind a little island which makes a good lee for the salmon fleet in westerly winds. The steamers Haytien Republic, Bertha and Aleut, and the bark Coryphene were anchored in this snug harbor when Capt. Larsen's Ella Rohlfss dropped anchor in their company. Our natives speedily paddled themselves away to the barabaras of their friends, and we joined a sociable gathering in the cabin of Capt. Brown, of the Haytien Republic. Here Capt. Anderson, commanding the Bertha, related one of his celebrated bear stories in language somewhat as follows:

An exceptionally brave man of Kadiak was noted for his intimate acquaintance with all the appliances for killing big game, and particularly bear. There was apparently nothing about the pattern and caliber of rifles, size, shape and proper combination of parts in shells that this man did not know to the tips of his fingers. The vulnerable points of a bear were open as day to this mighty man of the gun.

A short time ago this bear slayer went forth heavily armed to search for his favorite quarry. He stepped briskly and confidently into a densely wooded glen, through which a salmon stream tumbled and sparkled on its way to the sea. A sudden noise startled him and, looking for the cause, he was astonished, grieved and finally terrified in beholding a bear which looked totally different from the one he was gunning for. The bear was not in the least disconcerted by the unexpected meeting; he welcomed the intruder and acted altogether unlike the conventional bear of our hunter's experience. What did the hero do then? I blush to say it, but he promptly and unmistakably ran toward a convenient tree, and the shameless brute came lumbering after. It was a tremendous dilemma, with a bare chance of escape from both horns, if the odds in climbing turned in favor of the man. The precious rifle fell from the nervous grasp of the climber, whose sole activity (both soles in fact), was concentrated in the effort to get up higher. The bear had not seen a gun of that pattern before and he sat down to look it over, while the hero barked his shins in agony overhead. Bruin felt comfortable with his new toy, and, not being in a hurry, lay down to wait for its agile owner. Time passed and it was growing late and the hunter was becoming cold, hungry and very red in the face. Presently a small boy appeared in the distance, and the prisoner was horrified to see him coming in the direction of the bear. He shouted at the top of his voice, "Boy, run for your life! Danger! Bear!" Apparently the boy did not realize the dreadful state of affairs, for he came straight on. "Boy! Danger! Go away! Run for your life!" again shrieked the frantic hunter. But the boy heeded him not. Right into the jaws of death he marched. He deliberately walked up to the bear, took him by the ear and said, "What are you doin' here, you young scamp. Come home and let the gent come down outen that tree." T. H. B.

292.

I have heard the following story, which, I believe, has never appeared in print. A gentleman who was visiting a certain part of Newfoundland where, a few years before, a giant squid had been captured, was much impressed with the rugged, broken character of the region. He thought this was possibly due to some seismic disturbance, and asked a fisherman if there had ever been an earthquake there. The native had never heard of an earthquake before, but feeling that it must be something very remarkable, and knowing of no other incident which had created so much local interest as the capture of the big devil fish, he exclaimed, "Yas, sar, skipper Garge catched one on 'em up to der bottom of de bay, sar, in his net." J. W. C.

293.

The following story is told at the expense of one of the Maine Fish Commissioners, who has been very active and efficient in bringing to justice fishermen who have tried to evade the law by catching and selling "short" lobsters. On one occasion the gentleman was driving with a friend along the country road, near the coast, when he met one of those peculiar characters—half-farmer, half-fisherman—so frequently seen in that region. The latter was driving two young cows. The State Fish Commissioner accosted him with, "Halloa! where are you going with those cows?" The fisherman had probably been a sufferer from the vigilance of the official, and having this in mind he replied in a peculiar nasal drawl which gave special effect to his words: "Oh, I was jest going ter take 'em up an' hev yer measure 'em ter see ef the'r long enough!"

J. W. C.

FISHING IN FLORIDA WATERS.—Anglers who intend visiting Florida this coming winter will find it to their advantage to inspect the superior tackle for tarpon and other fishes, manufactured by Thomas J. Conroy, 65 Fulton street, New York.—*Adv.*

SEINES, Nets of every description. American Net & Twine Co., Mfrs., 34 Commercial st., Boston, or 109 Fulton st., N. Y.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

AQUARIA NOTES.

Occasional Observations on the Fishes in the Aquaria of the U. S. Fish Commission.

A VERY minute microscopic parasite, which infests the goldfish in enormous numbers when confined in aquaria, I have never been able to have it positively identified. Dr. Joseph Leidy once told me that it is one of the commoner rotifers. Some of our younger biologists, who sometimes complain that "everything is worked up and there is nothing left to do," might make an interesting study of this creature and its parasitic habits. The material will be found in abundence on the diseased goldfish in aquarium stores. Its presence upon fish is made manifest by a generally depressed appearance. The fins will be folded close to the body, frequently being actively flapped, as though the fish were suffering from itching or other irritation. The lobes of the fins will become narrow and sharply pointed. The fish will frequently dart about, spasmodically rubbing its sides on the sand or rocks. There will also soon be, when not speedily relieved, a raw or bloody appearance at the bases of the fins and the edges of the scales. This is due to the irritation caused by the blood-sucking propensities of this leech-like parasite. The fish will refuse food when in this condition and if not relieved will speedily die. Rub the finger gently over the skin of a fish in this condition, scrape the adhering mucus into a drop of water in the glass slide of a microscope, and a microscopic examination (a very ordinary microscope will do) will reveal numbers of what appear, by their movements, like small leeches, a movement similar to that of the measuring worm. They are soon destroyed by giving the fish salt water baths at least twice a day. Without a salinometer it is difficult to judge of the strength of salt water and care must be taken not to leave the fish in the bath too long. If it should turn over on its side or back it should be taken out at once. Unless the fish is far gone, repeated baths will restore it.

Upon opening a box of algæ recently, shipped by express from Wood's Holl, Mass., to Washington, and which had been forty-eight hours on the road, I was much surprised to find at the bottom a living fish (*Fundulus heteroclitus*) about two inches long. It was as lively as could be, and showed no signs of having been affected by the journey. On being placed in water it swam away, as if delighted to return to its natural element. It should be stated that the algæ were simply packed in a box in a damp or moist condition, but not wet, so that during the forty-eight hours the fish must have breathed air alone.

There are some species of blenny and goby which live in the empty shells of mollusks. A Washington oyster dealer, who takes considerable interest in the Aquaria, frequently brings specimens which he finds in empty oyster shells. How long they may have been out of the water it is difficult to learn generally. In some cases it has been found to be two days, but in others it has probably been four or five days. These beautiful and interesting little fish are thus a long time out of water without apparent inconvenience, for they are as lively as crickets when placed in the water again.

The are no fishes more beautiful and interesting than our common sunfishes, of which there are a large number of species. Reference is made here particularly to the genera *Enneacanthus* and *lepomis*. Some of them, notably the common pumpkin seed, are gorgeously colored, and if they hailed from some remote part of the globe would no doubt be recognized and appreciated. They are generally voracious and pugnacious, and are interesting inhabitants of the aquarium. Of course, it does not do to keep them with gold fish or others of that nature, as they will harass them, biting their fins, and may possibly kill them. But kept by themselves they are much more interesting than the more peace-loving vegetarians among fishes. They are carnivorous in habit and will only eat vegetable food (bread, cracker, etc.) when very hungry. They soon become so tame that they will jump out of the water to take a bit of meat from one's finger. They generally choose a place in the aquarium, which is held courageously against all comers, and from which they sally out upon all intruders upon their claim. Squatter sovereignty is fully recognized among them, unless the squatter happens to be the weaker, in which respect, however, they do not differ so much from ourselves.

Throw an angle worm among some of them not big enough to swallow it. Two will seize it, one at each end, and will go gyrating around around like tops, the others making frantic efforts and rushes to snatch it away, tugging and jerking, pulling and hauling, this way and that, their fins erect and bristling, and their colors glowing with increased brilliancy. They have a habit of sidling up to one another with a waving, undulatory motion which may be sexual manifestations, or the angry defiance of males, but I think this has not been carefully observed. They have also (at times) a curious backward and forward movement which appears akin to the restlessness displayed by all carnivorous animals in captivity.

WM. P. SEAL.

ABOUT HEATED BRASS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Thanks are due your correspondent "Kingfisher," both for affording me an opportunity to admit my error in misquoting him and at the same time enabling me to give him another shot. "Kingfisher," did not say in his communication of Sept. 19 that heating brass and then plunging it in cold water would harden it, but he did say, "The next time the worthy brother has occasion to burn out a ferule, let it cool off in the air and he will find it jest as stiff or a leetle might stiffer 'n it was before." Now I will not call your correspondent "obtuse," nor in any other way attempt to emulate his chastely beautiful phrasealogy, but simply inform him and his confreres that the most elementary works on metallurgy teach that brass when heated and then cooled, "in the air," or out of it, becomes much more pliable and softer than it was before so treated. Will you kindly examine the two samples (inclosed herewith) of nickel plated brass, cut from the same piece, one heated red hot and cooled in the air, the other not heated at all, then editorially state the result? If "Kingfisher" finds that he has made a hasty statement not supported by fact he should admit it precisely as does your correspondent.—THOMAS CHAPHAM. [The heated is the softer.]

SPOON-HOOK IN BIG KLAMATH LAKE.

"YOU feel better now, doncher!" This was Ephe's way of felicitating me as at about sundown on a certain day of the past summer I finished weighing four trout at our camping place, whither we had made our way for the night a few moments earlier. Our tent was pitched in a notably out-of-the-way nook of Uncle Sam's dominion, its site being on the margin of Pelican Bay, an arm of Big Klamath Lake, Oregon. We were newly arrived here, scarcely two hours having elapsed since our camping arrangements were completed. As will be understood, our errand was of a piscatory nature. At a friend's ranch, situated on the shore of the lake, some twenty-five miles distant, where we were guests, the fishing in this particular bay was so greatly vaunted that we had been moved to test the matter by actual trial. The conveyance to which we had recourse in the emergency was the readiest that turned up—a bulky sail-boat. Besides the ordinary run of stores, camp equipage and sporting paraphernalia of sundry sorts, needful for such an enterprise as the one we were embarked upon, our cargo included—Sophronia, our hostess, pressing the matter upon us so vigorously that we could not say her nay, and as it proved giving in to her greatly to a good purpose—an empty barrel and a sack of rock salt.

Our passage had been made quite leisurely. As it was the midsummer season and therefore the period when all through the region hereabouts the wind, save at intervals, is absolutely a dead letter, we were, of course, mostly forced to rely upon our oars for our propelling power. Although humanity will rarely own up to the fact, it is still true that there is no bore much more grievous to it than this same delectation of rowing. Furthermore, the scenery of the shore of the lake being novel and odd to a marked degree—want of space forbids particularizing—frequently arrested our gaze as we passed along. Such were some of the influences that held us back. At the close of our first day out, happening to sight a scow at anchor ahead of us, we made our way to this craft with the view of examining into its capacity for affording us acceptable sleeping accommodations for the night. As it turned out, the sole navigator in charge of the vessel was an acquaintance of Ephe's, and therefore the hospitality of his homely argosy was extended us with not a little *entrain*. Sharing a snack with our host, and listening for a while to his speculations as to the future prices of hay and rails, in which sorts of merchandise he was a dealer, we at last spread our blankets on the portion of the scow floor offering the most inviting inducements for the purpose and turned in. In the morning with the dispatch of breakfast, and a parting gift of a spoon-hook to the scow owner, for which we were later remembered by him by a sort of retort in kind of almost priceless value to us, we re-embarked in our own boat and began plying our oars again. A stretch of some twelve or fifteen miles was yet to be covered by us, and we determined, if possible, that the task should be completed by noon. But as we managed to lose ourselves for quite an interval in a labyrinthine ditch that we vainly took to be a cut-off, it was fully three o'clock before we reached the point marked on our chart as our goal. An hour and a half later, or thereabouts, saw us through with the establishment of our camping quarters, as well as our efforts to fill our inner bodily void. And now, as if intending to extend us a thoughtfully pat greeting, Æolus let loose from his cave (if this is the right way to put it) a pattern angling breeze, and under the influence of which the bay was soon in a state of brisk commotion. Needing no prompting relative to the fleeting quality wont to characterize favors of this sort in these latitudes, we hurried to our boat with such fishing tackle as was nearest to be come at, and put off.

Our fishing ground had been described to us as comprising a deep, lengthy channel, following the outline of the shore, and with one opening within a mile of the site of our camp. Having at last succeeded in locating this watery defile, while Ephe took the oars and kept the boat under easy headway, the writer paid out overboard a hundred feet or thereabouts of line with one of the larger sized Skinner spoon-hooks made fast to the end of it. The day was now rapidly waning. The close of another hour would witness the sunset. If good luck was to be our portion on this occasion, that it needed to be forthcoming with little delay was plain. It had been decreed, however, that narrow as the opportunity was, it was to prove a golden one to us, as a few turns—the work of not over fifteen minutes at the longest—made by our boat back and forth on our fishing ground resulted in the victimization and landing of four trout, each of which was a double hand's grip in girth, and fully as long as one's forearm. With the nightfall so close at hand and sundry evening camp chores—one of which was the cooking of our supper—imperatively claiming our attention, we now agreed to end our fishing bout on existing terms and withdrew shoreward. Ere long on consulting the balance as to the weight of our prizes the aggregate score was found to be somewhat in excess of 24lbs. Of course, as Ephe's salutatory exclamation put it, I felt decidedly better at the juncture, both by reason of the luck vouchsafed to us, as well as the prospective outlook held out to us therefor; and this, too, if the entire truth is set forth, our catch just effected was not altogether clean cut work, its instrument having been simply the hand line; the full outfit of gear that piscatorial virtuosity holds duly meet, having been, through our over-eagerness to get after the fish, neglected to be brought together. As is needless to remark, we saw the expediency right away of bringing our empty barrel and bag of salt into requisition—the validity of Sophronia's argument that these things were indispensable to us already beginng to be made manifest—and when our prizes were duly dressed, pickled and given lodgment in the repository named, we disposed of our supper, and, later in proper order, disposed of ourselves *à bas*, submissive subjects of the drowsy god.

That the Oregon waters are notably fertile in fish everybody is aware. This is particularly the case with Big Klamath Lake, where the conditions favor the prosperity of fish life as in but few places. After a not uncommon piscine predilection, the trout incident to the locality are signally prone to roving. During the colder months they mostly confine themselves to the main body of the lake. As summer sets in, however, they leave the lake proper almost *en masse* and take up their quarters in the bays, where inflowing mountain streams at once vivify the water as well as keep it comfortably cool. The bay, on the shore of which we were encamped, received the influx of two mountain streams, each of larger volume by considerable than the average mountain stream hereabouts. This being the case, it followed naturally that the place was in great vogue with the trout as a summer resort; no other similar part of the lake, in fact, as the story ran, being at all equal to it in this particular. Such were the main facts by which we had been led to undertake our venture, and which, as we naturally felt, abundantly warranted it. Wanting at the time in the actual experience in the fishing, and wherein Sophronia had the better of us, we really took no stock in her recommendations touching the barrel and bag of salt, being quite convinced that her true design in the matter was to play off a huge joke on us. But as we had full reason ere long to know, her pressing of these things on us was an act of entire seriousness and good faith, and as a way of sizing up the scope of the sport nothing could well have been more to the point.

On the morning following our arrival we were naturally impatient to have another go at the fish, and after breakfast, being equipped with gear in which the rod and reel bore their rightful parts, we took to our boat and started again for the fishing grounds. We had scorned to bother ourselves with the question of the wind this time, and, in fact, there was almost an entire dearth of it. Under these circumstances, as is obvious, a good deal of management was requisite in the handling of the tackle, and accordingly the lure was weighted sufficiently to keep it well down in the water while making its rounds, and the length of line paid out was preëminently generous, in order that any feeling of disturbance experienced by the fish as they chanced to see the passing boat might be done away with when the bait caught their eye. Proceeding in this manner we bagged some twelve or fifteen fish in perhaps an hour's time. In weight, however, not one of these captures would overgo a couple of pounds or thereabouts. With the memory of the take of the previous evening still firing our minds, we were not the men to stomach the catching of mere two-pound fish with unhurt pride, and consequently with the achievement of such results as have been noted, we gave over fishing and turned the head of our boat to our landing place. The water being still and wonderfully clear withal, we noted as directing our attention that way, very many fish in the glassy depths as we passed along. These mostly consisted of trout. But a few enormous suckers were also included in the multitude, as well as a liberal admixture of chubs; the last of which were doubtless privileged in the providence of nature to contribute in goodly store to the epigastric ease of the first named preëminently kind feeding species with whom they were apparently so amicably associated.

The most impressive sight, however, to which we were treated at this time was altogether of another stamp, although the water was its scene. It was Ephe who first described it, announcing his discovery in the following graphic utterance: "G-r-e-a-t Scott! Look astern there! There's a deer a-putting it across the bay." And such indeed was the fact; as on looking sternward the head of a full-antlered buck met the eye about two gunshots off, and which faced a promontory on the bay shore at right angles with our course, and whither the creature, as was seen at once, was bound. Under what circumstances it had reached the point where it first became visible to us was a mystery. But here it was, and plainly in the best of fettle, and prosecuting its journey totally unconcerned as to our presence in its neighborhood. We were without weapons of any sort, and besides to attempt the pursuit of the animal in such a boat as ours was not to be thought of, and hence its safety from harm on our part was beyond question. All that was left us, therefore, was the natural human mode of procedure under the circumstances, which was to assume the sour grape attitude toward it, and so marked its final emergence from the water and disappearance in a distant sea of sedge grass, magnanimously deciding that venison was to be religiously kept out of ours anyway.

That subsequent to our above turn with the fish we were unalterably committed to the doctrine that the summons of the breeze should alone be recognized by us as the true call to take after them will be understood. Our attitude now for a good deal of the time was therefore a waiting one. But an entire day never passed without an interval when the surface of the bay was well ruffled, if it was a brief one. These periods, I need not say, ever found us ready for action, and so far as in us lay we made the most of them. Our efforts in this direction were greatly aided by an almost incalculably advantageous favor rendered us by our friend, the scow-owner. This was the loan of his scow-tender, made us while his larger craft was tied up for an interval in our neighborhood waiting a charter. When I say that this new navicular appliance thus furnished us was a regular two-oared skiff, and duly light and swift, the reader will readily understand that the work of getting about on the fishing ground was greatly lessened by its agency, and therefore we accomplished more within a given time, a matter of vital importance with us. Our captures now as we had hoped were made up almost exclusively of fish of the more cunning and hence riper stamp. Occasionally a juvenile light-weight was included among them, but virtually these representatives of the breed were strangers to us at this period. The weight of the great run of our prizes would average from 6 to 8lbs., and a trip was voted a failure which did not yield us at least half a dozen such fish. The extreme limit of bigness reached by any one of our trophies was 11½lbs. It was the writer's good fortune to bring this lusty fellow to gaff. Two 9-pounders followed next in the class of our bulkier takes, both of which succumbed to Ephe's prowess during one run over the fishing ground as his turn came to take a hand in the fun.

The fortunes of our barrel, as will readily be supposed, throve apace right along. Yet at the same time a liberal portion of our spoils were disposed of otherwheres; we ourselves getting outside of them very freely almost every day at dinner, while the scow-owner, as well as sundry ranchmen living adjacent to us, whose habit it was to visit us now and then, were ever well-laden at their departure with our finny remembrances. With the lapse of a week or a little thereafter, however, the barrel proved to have fulfilled its office, being even full to the chine. The way was prepared for us now to put up our rods to be coveted above all others; sport galore could be our boast, and yet the overstepping the line into the field of murder was not chargeable against us. Packing up therefore bag and baggage, we handed the scow-tender over to its rightful proprietor, inwardly blessed the scene all about us—being all the more ready to do so as the region was absolutely mosquitoless, and left.

As doubtless few of my readers are unaware, the common trout of Oregon of which our bag consisted, is distinguished by the authorities as the black spotted trout; and according to Prof. Goode, the species is not a trout in a strict sense, but a salmon trout. In the water fished by us, as we found, the larger representatives of the breed—truly salmon shaped as they were and clothed in rich changeable purple—were pronounced beauties; and when it is added that their destructiveness of tackle was measured by a goodly little sum of dollars during our experience with them, their success as furnishers of sport is affirmed as emphatically as need be.

W. L. TIFFANY.

THE NEVERSINK.

THE famous Neversink waters, in Sullivan county, New York, formerly controlled by the Neversink Club, are now in the hands of private parties. Mr. Clarence M. Roof, formerly a member of the club, bought four miles of the west branch of the Neversink; and Mr. R. M. Cook, of this city, purchased that part of the stream above Mr. Roof's waters, which belonged to Mr. Satterly. The west branch of the Neversink was at one time famous for its trout fishing, but the people who used to visit it fished it in the most ruthless manner. It was a common occurrence for parties of two to four to take away four or five hundred trout, the result of a couple of days' fishing. To put a stop to this, a few gentlemen leased from Parker and others, four miles of the best part of the stream, restocked it, and did their utmost to protect it. The members were not allowed to kill more than twenty-five fish a day, and the fish had to be at least seven inches long. The fishing soon began to improve, and even the free waters above and below felt the benefit of these wise measures.

Of course, many people objected to being deprived of their fishing, and at first the club had great difficulty in preserving their stream. The natives particularly felt very sore at being ordered off, though they did not object to taking the club's money, which in some instances saved them from bankruptcy. Several serious encounters took place on the stream, and some arrests were made, resulting in suits which were ended in favor of the club; but at last the owners were left in comparatively peaceful possession. While the Neversink Club was in existence, Mr. Alfred Roe, of this city, was its president and managed its affairs for a number of years with great skill.

ANGLING NOTES.

THE number of lady anglers in this country is constantly increasing, and a large proportion of them can handle a fly-rod with great skill. There is one young lady in this city who deserves to rank high among the angling fraternity. Last year she visited a number of the Western States in searching for black bass and muskallonge fishing, ending with a trip up the Nipegon, where she enjoyed the best of trout fishing. This year she made an extended trip into Alaska. In the harbor of Sitka she caught a great many fish resembling our sea bass, and during her visit she killed a great many trout (*Salmo purpuratus*) on the fly, although every one assured her that they would not take flies. The march-brown, brownstone and grouse were the most killing. Two days out from Port Townsend the steamer Anchon (Alaska line) was wrecked and Miss Taylor passed five days on an island in the company of 200 passengers before they could be taken off. Among her numerous exploits was the hooking of an immense king salmon on a Brandreth fly, while a small rainbow salmon took the pearl bait at the end. Unfortunately the rainbow gave the salmon a purchase, and after leaping two or three times in the air, slinging the rainbow after him, he tore out and escaped. Miss Taylor is of slight physique and quite delicate looking. Most of the time she made these trips alone, with only letters of introduction to the different missionary posts. She brings back numerous specimens, sketches and photographs, and will probably put them into shape to publish before long.

A resident of Rockaway beach informs us that flounders are still taken in the bay.

ALBINO CATFISH.

AT the central station of the U. S. Fish Commission in Washington may be seen two very handsome catfish which have recently been obtained from the Potomac river in the vicinity of Fort Washington. They belong to the common species known to every small boy in the East as "bullhead," "hornpout," or "cattie," and are described in the books under the name of *Ameiurus nebulosus*. The coloration of these two fishes is remarkable. One of them has the top of the head and the back as far as the dorsal fin velvety black. The body is faintly tinged with yellow on a silvery ground. The eye is colored like the body. The barbels on the nose are black at the base. This example is about seven inches long. The second specimen is about six inches long. In this the head and lips are yellow. The top of the eye, the nape and the upper half of the body as far back as the tail are very dark olive. The sides are slightly mottled with yellow and olive. The lower parts are a little paler than the body. The first dorsal fin, the soft fin and the caudal are pale yellow. The pectoral, ventral and anal fins have some dark patches. The barbels are pale yellow.

Specimens showing similar freaks of color have been caught in the lower Susquehanna near Havre de Grace, and the National Museum has a couple of beautiful casts made from these.

An effort will be made to propagate this beautiful albino for the aquarium. The fish is much handsomer than a goldfish and ought to prove hardy. The golden colors are believed to be due to incipient albinism; complete absence of pigment cells seems to be unknown in the catfish family.

T. H. B.

Angling Talks. By George Dawson. Price 50 cents. Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle. By H. P. Wells. Price $2.50. Fly-Fishing and Fly-Making for Trout. By J. H. Keene. Price $1.50. American Angler's Book. By Thad. Norris. Price $5.50.

ACTION OF LIGHT ON FISH.

WE have been requested by Mr. Starbuck to answer, in FOREST AND STREAM, this letter: "PETOSKEY, Mich., Dec. 9.—*Alex Starbuck, Esq.:* We have a problem that has provoked much discussion among fishermen and other 'philosophers,' which we would refer to you for an opinion. It is this: When spearing fish does the light used simply blind the fish and they remain stationary, or does the light attract them and the fish move toward it? Also, if an electric light were put in thirty fathoms of water and remained there all night, what would be the effect on lake whitefish and trout? And, thirdly, if such a light were inclosed in the center of an immense glass jar filled with minnows and dropped in the water among lake trout (mackinaw trout) would it prove a successful decoy?—R. CONNABLE & SONS."

The experience of persons who have frequently speared fish by the aid of a bow light is that the fish scarcely move at all one way or the other, but generally remain stationary, so that the spear can be advanced to within a few inches of their bodies before striking. When any motion has been observed it was directed away from the light. Electric lights have been freely used of late years at sea, both at the surface and at varying depths, with the invariable result of attracting many kinds of fish, which have repeatedly been captured by a sudden sweep of a scoop-net. If an electric light were submerged in one of the great lakes it would doubtless attract the Mackinaw trout, either with or without the minnow decoy, but we cannot recommend such a method of capture.

PENNSYLVANIA WALL-EYED PIKE.—Pennsylvania Fish Commissioners H. C. Demuth and W. L. Powell tell us that fishing for wall-eyed pike in the Susquehanna continued good even up to the middle of December. During the week ended Dec. 14 Charles Franciscus caught forty-three at Mud Island, near Columbia, the largest of which weighed 10½lbs. John Keech, at the same place, took five ranging from 5lbs. to 7lbs. The Harrisburg anglers, according to Mr. Powell, have suffered greatly on account of muddy water, but they had one good day in the week above mentioned, and caught thirteen running from 2lbs. to 9lbs. These were taken at Cove Fort, fourteen miles above the city. The killing bait in both localities was lamprey on a spoon. In the lower Susquehanna the bait is kept near the bottom in deep eddies, near the heavy swirls caused by the current parting around rocks; such places are common at Fite's Eddy. Near Harrisburg, however, the river is shallow and otherwise different in character, and the method of still-fishing gives place to trolling. Mr. Powell finds it necessary to locate the wall-eyed pike before proceeding to actual fishing.

Fisheulture.

YOUNG SALMONIDÆ FED ON LARVÆ OF FLIES

AT the Craig's Brook station of the U. S. Fish Commission excellent results have been obtained by the use of the larvæ of certain flies as food for young salmon and trout.

Mr. Chas. G. Atkins, superintendent of the Maine stations of the U. S. Fish Commission, under date of Dec. 4, 1889, writes Col. M. McDonald, U. S. Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, as follows:

"We have been feeding young *Salmonidæ* at this station for three seasons—1886, 1888 and 1889—and have each season made considerable use of larvæ of several species of flesh flies. We expose the flesh of any animal, if possible while still untainted, to access of the flies, and as soon as it is well charged with their spawn, put it away in boxes and let it remain until the eggs have hatched and the larvæ grown to a sufficient size to feed to the fish, which is commonly within three or four days after the deposition of the eggs.

"In outline the process is very simple, but in our practice it has become somewhat complicated in consequence of many impediments and limitations that we have encountered. The offensive character of the odors exhaled from the flesh as soon as the larvæ had attacked it, compelled us, in the first place, to remove the scene of this work to a distance of 500ft. from the hatchery and quarters; and in the second place, to cover the flesh and larvæ with loam or pulverized clay. Under such conditions the odors seldom reach us.

"The presence of so much loam as we have used has compelled us to choose between throwing it in quantities with the larvæ into the fish troughs or separating it by some means from the maggots before throwing the latter to the fish. We have arranged a series of screens and sieves, so that both the coarser and finer rubbish can be removed.

"From 90 to 100 degrees F. appears to be a suitable temperature to these larvæ, and in it they grow apace, but it is quite common to find a temperature of 110 degrees F. in a box of them, while the air outside is below 80 degrees. The heat at times becomes unsupportable, and then a general stampede ensues, the larvæ surmount the sides of the box and ecape. To prevent their escape we sprinkle the sides of the boxes with dry dust or rub them with chalk, which prevents the larvæ from climbing. Covered boxes will not answer. Our favorite form is an open box 2ft. wide, 2ft. long and 8in. deep. Moisture in the loam helps to keep them cool, and to retard them very much we sometimes wet them down with cool water. In some cases we have found a very deep covering of loam to retard them for a long time. In cool weather when we wish to hasten their growth we cover the larvæ with paper or cloth, or apply a board cover to the box.

"It is sometimes desirable to use partly grown larvæ as food for very small fish, and this we accomplish by covering the box up until the heat drives them from the meat. The best arrangement for this purpose is to use two boxes, an outer wooden one with a tight bottom, and an inner one with a wire cloth bottom standing on short legs. The wire cloth is covered with straw or other similar rubbish, and the meat and feeding larvæ placed upon the straw, with perhaps a little paper under them; a high degree of heat will drive the larvæ down into the outer box, from which they can be taken free from dirt and rubbish.

"To protect the larvæ from carrion beetles, which swarm to the feast by the thousands, we built a small house with screen doors. This was intended to be bug proof, but it did not prove to be so. The beetles effected an entrance, and in spite of much work on our part to rid the house of beetles they increased upon us so rapidly that at one time they threatened to put a stop to this method of feeding fish. One day we killed over 2,000 of them, including 1,857 by actual count of a single species. It was only after a systematic and persistent warfare of several weeks that we conquered them. Other enemies of the larvæ are mice and birds, which are fond of the young flies in both the larval and pupal stages.

It will readily be understood that if all the fly larvæ obtained are fed to the fish there will soon be a dearth of adults, and in any extended operations it would doubtless be necessary to rear the adult flies in a systematic way.

It is desirable and almost essential to have untainted raw flesh to attract flies and receive their spawn. Fresh fish is excellent, and we use it whenever we can get it at the proper season. Our principal dependence is butcher's refuse, such as the head and haslets of calves and lambs. A discovery of great promise made this season is that fresh fish may be pitted in the ground for many weeks and when taken out forms good food for the fly larvæ. We buried three boxes of fresh herring in July and the contents of one of them, exhumed after fifty-nine days, were greedily devoured by the larvæ and were not very offensive.

"The necessity of untainted food for fly-spawning is not absolute, for last winter we dried several barrels of flounders by impaling them on sticks and hanging them up under a roof where the frosty air had free access to them, and when summer came we were able, by soaking them in water until they were softened up, to use them to great advantage, both with the flies and with the larvæ, although their odor was villainous.

"By the method thus indicated we have been able to provide living food for many thousand young fish, graduating the size of the food to the size of the fish, feeding out from five to twenty quarts of the larvæ a day. I think that for several weeks in succession late in the summer we were feeding out nearly 200,000 daily of the little wrigglers, and beyond a doubt the fish so fed have made a better growth than those fed upon chopped meat. This food is also less likely to contaminate the water than chopped meat, and makes the cleaning of the ponds and troughs less imperative."

PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION.—The annual meeting of the Fish Commission of Pennsylvania was opened in Washington, D. C., on Dec. 17. Philadelphia has been the usual place of meeting, but as the Commissioners wished to confer with the U. S. Commissioners and examine into the fishcultural methods at the central station of the Government they decided to meet at the capital. There is a strong probability that the annual meetings will be regularly held in Washington hereafter. It is hoped by so doing to win the co-operation of the Maryland Commission in measures looking toward the protection of fishes in the lower Susquehanna. At present the protective legislation of one State is neutralized by the lack of similar legislation in the other, and particularly in the matter of fish traps. All of the Pennsylvania Commission were present at the meeting except one member. The Commissioners were delightfully entertained by Col. McDonald on Tuesday evening.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Jan. 6 to 11, 1890.—Annual Dog Show of the Michigan State Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Bay City, Mich. W. F. Brace, Secretary.

Jan. 13 to 18, 1890.—First Annual Dog Show of the Georgia Pet Stock and Bench Show Association, at Augusta, Ga. A. H. Vonderleith, Secretary.

Jan. 27 to Feb. 1, 1890.—Dog Show of the Colorado Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Denver, Col.

Feb. 11 to 14, 1890.—Fourteenth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, American Institute Building, New York. James Mortimer Superintendent.

Feb. 19 to 22, 1890.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, Chicago, Ill.

March 11 to 14, 1890.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Rochester Kennel Club, at Rochester, N. Y. Harry Yates, Secretary.

March 25 to 28, 1890.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Mass. Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

April 1 to 4, 1890.—Sixth Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Secretary.

April 15 to 18, 1890.—Show of the Buffalo Kennel Club, Buffalo, N. Y. A. W. Smith, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Jan. 20, 1890.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club at Bakersfield, Cal. H. H. Briggs, Secretary, 313 Bush street, San Francisco, Cal.

Jan. 27, 1890.—All-Day Field Trials, at West Point, Miss. F. R. Hitchcock, 44 Broadway, New York, Secretary.

Feb. 11, 1890.—Fourth Annual Field Trials of the Texas Field Trial Club, at Marshall, Tex. W. L. Thomas, Secretary.

Feb. —, 1890.—Meet of the Brunswick Fur Club, New Meadows, Me.

CENTRAL FIELD TRIALS.

THE ALL-AGED POINTER STAKE.

THE All-Aged Pointer Stake of the Central Field Trial Club began on Tuesday, Dec. 10. Of the 32 nominations there were 14 starters that were drawn to run as follows: Arthur and Duke of Hessen, Bannerman and Roger Williams, Rod's Gal and Tammany Boy, Sally Brass II. and Rip Rap, Ajax and Pontiac, Mealy and Lebanon, Duke of Vernon and Lalla Rookh. The first brace was put down at 11:40. Arthur did not show up in very good form. Duke of Hessen ran well, but not nearly with so much dash as when at High Point. He found the only bevy that was found during the heat. Bannerman and Roger Williams were put down after the finish of the Setter Stake at 3 o'clock. Both ran very well and some very pretty work was done, Bannerman showing up a capital dog among the singles, being snappy to point and with a good nose. Roger did much better than he did at High Point, and the heat was a very good one. Rod's Gal and Tammany Boy did nothing brilliant. Gal went better than she did at High Point, while Boy did not do nearly so well as he did there. This ended the work for the day.

On Wednesday it was clear and quite warm, birds were not moving and were hard to find. Sally Brass II. and Rip Rap were put down a half-mile west of town at 8:15 and worked over considerable ground where birds were known to be plentiful, but none were found until nearly the end of the heat, when a bevy flushed down wind just beyond Rap, and soon after another bevy flushed near him. Sally did not do anything worthy notice except to make a pretty point where the bevy had been flushed. She did not range nor stay out at work at all well, and showed but little bird sense. Rap ran somewhat stale, but worked out his ground in good style. Ajax and Pontiac were next put down and the heat was watched with interest, as Ajax was said to be a very killing dog, but he was heavily handicapped, as Aldrich, his handler, was unable to work him, and he was not acquainted with John Lewis, who could not show him to advantage. He was also apparently off his nose and his work was not very meritorious. Pontiac ran fairly well, and some of his work on birds was well done.

Mealy and Lebanon, both well known, were the next brace. Mealy was too fat for work, but she kept going through the heat at a moderate rate and searched for birds, but did not range very wide. Lebanon ran fairly well, but was not up to her best form.

Duke of Vernon, well known on the show bench, and Little Lalla Rookh, also well known both as a winner in the field and on the show bench, were put down at 11:37. Duke moved fairly well, but much too slow, and he did not work out his ground in very good form. Rookh went in her usual merry style and beat out her ground well, searching for birds and finding them, too. She carries her years well, and was going even better the last half of the heat than when first put down. They were taken up for lunch in the middle of the heat, and again put down at 1 o'clock, this heat ending the preliminary series.

Second Series.

The judges spotted out six, leaving in eight to run in the second series. They were drawn to run in the following order:

Duke of Hessen against Lalla Rookh.
Bannerman against Sally Brass II.
Lebanon against Rip Rap.
Pontiac against Roger Williams.

After waiting 20 minutes the first brace in the second series were put down at 1:48. Rookh had run in the last heat of the preliminary series, and no fault would have been found had the second brace in order been run first, but Col. Odell, her owner, stated that she was ready to go on and they were started. Duke went at about the same pace as he did in his previous heat, and hunted out his ground in a workmanlike manner, and showing better nose than we have ever seen him do, pointing a bevy and pinning his singles very nicely. Rookh ran as well as in her previous heat, and did some very pretty work, once or twice she was somewhat uncertain and did not properly locate her birds. When time was up the heat was awarded to Duke. He had much the best of it in pace and range, as well as some advantage in the work on birds.

Bannerman and Sally Brass II. were put down at 3:03. Bannerman had an easy win and did some very pretty work. One point that he made in the woods, was as good as anything we have seen for a long time. He was going at speed and as he caught scent of a single he partly wheeled round and jumped into a very gamy point. Nesbit went in front of him and beat about for some little time, but failing to flush he ordered the dog on, and he drew a few steps to a large log, and with his chin resting upon it, he again became rigid and the bird was flushed from under his nose on the opposite side of the log. Sally did not get out to hunt at all well and was clearly no match for her competitor.

Lebanon and Rip Rap were put down at 4:14, and after running fifty-five minutes they were taken up to go down again in the morning. Lebanon went fairly well, while Rap was a bit stale and did not go at his usual rate of speed, although he went a good pace and worked out his ground in good style. A bevy found by Lebanon was all the work done.

On Thursday the weather was delightful, it was clear and cool in the morning, but during the middle of the day it was too warm for comfort. The dogs were put down at 9:03 in an open country with large stubble and sedge fields, where they could be seen to advantage. Lebanon was somewhat inclined to loaf and did not range nor stay out at work for a short time, but soon went better and ran for a time fairly well. Rap started off in something like his usual good form, and went at a good rate of speed and worked out in good style, showing good judgment in going to the likely-looking places. After beating out considerable ground without a find Lebanon challenged a foot scent and roaded a short distance, but the bevy flushed before he located it, and the dogs were ordered in the direction in which they went. They were not found, but Lebanon struck the trail of another bevy in the thicket and roading too close he flushed them. We then crossed the railroad and Lebanon made a couple of points to which nothing was found. Rap made a cast into a thicket, was called back by his handler, and ran into a bevy which flushed. The dogs were then ordered back on a short turn, when Lebanon challenged and drew on and pointed an outlying bird of a bevy. As White went to him the bird flushed from under the dog's nose and the bevy went also and settled in a brier patch that was worked out by both dogs, but they failed to find them and were ordered on. After going a short distance Lebanon swung back to the briers and flushed a single. After working out a little more ground without finding them, the dogs were taken back across the railroad to a large stubble field, which was beat out, and as Rap came to the upper end he made a very wide cast through a cornfield to a thicket, when he took the edge of it and swung back down to a branch and then down the branch until he met the party. This was a very good piece of work, although no birds were found. Shortly after Rap cast into the cornfield Capt. McMurdo flushed a single bird in the sedge, but his dog was too far away to hear the whistle. We could not see whether Luke marked the bird or not, but he worked his dog in the direction it went and obtained a point to it. The dogs were then taken across the branch and worked on the hillside where birds were known to frequent. Both dogs had let down in speed, although Rap was still going much the best and ranging well, while Lebanon was going slow and not doing much hunting. Rap made a cast down wind through a piece of woods, and, turning at the upper side, ran along the edge with the wind blowing across him, and catching scent he made a very stylish point. Lebanon was 200 or 300yds. away, working out a strip of sedge, his handler and one of the judges being the only persons near. When Luke was called to bring up his dog to back, he claimed that he was making game, and the judge, not aware that Rap was on point, allowed him to work out the scent and then to cast his dog into a likely-looking corner and beat it out, and it was several minutes before Lebanon was brought up to back, which he did, and Capt. McMurdo was ordered to flush the birds, but they had run some 50yds. to one side and into the woods, and he failed to put them up and ordered on his dog. Rap had stayed there so long that the scent had become cold or was blown away, and he made a cast further along the edge of the woods, and before he came back Luke had thrown Lebanon on the bevy and he made the only really good point that he had made during the heat, and the birds were flushed and the dogs were ordered up and the heat was awarded to Lebanon. Just previous to the decision Col. Odell rode up near the judges and said that it was time that the heat was decided as they had run two hours and one dog had not made a point, while the other had pointed two bevies. We do not for a moment believe that this interference had anything to do in the way of influencing the judges in their decision, but some thought otherwise, and the least that can be said of the unfortunate occurrence is that the action of Col. Odell was as ill-advised as it was unprecedented in the history of field trials so far as our experience goes. We have attended nearly a score of field trial meetings and never before have we heard an officer of the club say one word that could be construed as an attempt to influence the judges in any manner, and for the welfare of field trials we sincerely hope that we shall never again have occasion to record anything of the kind. In managing the heat after Rap made his point a serious blunder was made, the rules were violated and we believe that great injustice was done one of the best dogs in the stake. Under the rules the judges are instructed as follows: "Judges shall avoid, as far as possible, holding a dog so long on a point, for the purpose of securing a back or otherwise, as to enable the birds to run; and if the pointing dog be held on a point, by order of the judges, for a competing dog to secure a back, the pointing dog shall not incur any penalty for results. Dogs shall be brought up to back only when the opportunity offers, without interfering with the pointing dog, and a dog drawing on or pointing game which he has found independently, shall be afforded ample opportunity to locate the game without competition, and the handler shall have ample time to flush the bird."

Rap had undoubtedly made his point to the hot scent of the bevy, and had his handler been allowed to go on as he should have done there is every probability that the dog would have been able to have drawn straight to his birds

along the fresh trail and completed his work by locating them. At all events this course should have been pursued and the behavior of the dog alone should have determined the merit or demerit of the performance. Even after he was ordered on, had he been treated as the rules demand in such cases, and given "ample opportunity to locate the game without competition," there is scarcely a doubt that he would have found the bevy and it would have been time enough to have penalized him had he failed to do his work in a proper manner. No one is more clamorous for ample time for his dog to work out his game without competition than Luke White, and very few handlers excel him in alertness in casting his dog in ahead of a pointing dog as soon as the latter moves. In this case there was no excuse for holding Rap on point, for the judges well knew that Lebanon backs promptly, and it was still more inexcusable for them to allow the latter to steal the point that by all the rules of fair play belonged to the dog that had by showing bird sense and doing a good bit of work, earned the right to better treatment.

Pontiac had no trouble in scoring a win against Roger Williams, showing the best pace, range and style, and the character of his work was also of better class. This ended the second series with the result as follows:

Duke of Hessen beat Lalla Rookh.
Bannerman beat Sally Brass II.
Lebanon beat Rip Rap.
Pontiac beat Roger Williams.

Third Series.

The first brace in the third series, Duke of Hessen and Bannerman, were put down at 1:05, and after running an hour and eleven minutes they were taken up with Duke the winner. He had much the best of it in pace and range, and showed the most bird sense in working out the ground. It was hot and dry and birds were hard to find. Bannerman found and pointed a bevy early in the heat, and no more birds were found until near the finish, when Duke made a wide cast, and as he came back he swung up to a likely-looking place and dropped to a large bevy, doing the work in a very creditable manner, and when sent on Duke made a point to a single, this being all the work on birds during the heat.

When the next brace, Pontiac and Lebanon, were called up to start, Col. Odell rode up, evidently greatly excited, and announced that he had graduated and had enough of field trials, and that he would have nothing more to do with them, and thereupon started toward town. As he was leaving the ground he met a gentleman who made some remark about the defeat of Bannerman, and the Colonel replied, "Not beaten, but robbed." Of course the judges knew nothing of this last remark, but as may well be imagined, the speech and actions of the Colonel in their presence was a profound surprise, and we were informed by one of them that only his sense of duty to those who had entered their dogs prevented him from at once resigning his position, and that under the circumstances he would continue to act until the stake was finished. Upon our arrival at the hotel in the evening Col. Odell stated to the judges and to others that his remarks in their presence had nothing to do with the decision in the Duke of Hessen—Bannerman heat, and that he intended no reflection upon the action of the judges, and that the cause for his behavior was that he and Mr. Coleman had disagreed in the matter of compelling Mr. Coleman's dog, Lebanon, to run three heats in one day. The judges accepted this explanation, but we did not learn that the Colonel explained to them just how he came to the conclusion that Lebanon would be called upon to run three heats, as at the time he had ran only one; in any case the matter was in the hands of the judges, and the management had nothing whatever to do with it. It is greatly to be regretted that the harmony of the meeting should be marred by such an occurrence, and we have no doubt that no one regrets the unfortunate affair more deeply than Col. Odell. The heat between Lebanon and Pontiac was decided in favor of Lebanon. To say the least, it was a close thing between them with the advantage slightly in favor of Pontiac, as we saw the work. This ended the third series, with the result as follows:

Duke of Hessen beat Bannerman.
Lebanon beat Pontiac.

It was nearly half-past 3, and as Lebanon was to run in the next heat, the running was postponed until the next morning. Mr. Coleman expressed a willingness to have his dog run if Mr. Hitchcock insisted upon it, but he generously consented to a postponement.

On Tuesday morning at 9:02 Duke of Hessen and Lebanon were put down to decide first money. It was a beautiful morning, clear and cool, with scarcely a breath of wind. There was some white frost and scent appeared to be poor. At the expiration of 1h. and 58m. the heat was awarded to Lebanon and he was declared the winner of first prize. The heat was a very unsatisfactory one, as no really good work was done on game. Lebanon clearly had the luck of the birds, and made two or three very indifferent points to birds and several others where nothing was found. He went fairly well at the start, but did not cover one-quarter the ground that Duke did, and at the end of the half-hour he was going slow and not working out his ground at all well, while Duke went from start to finish at a great pace and beat out his ground with great judgment. It is true that he did not find the birds, with the exception of one at the end of the heat, but it was in some short stubble, and although he caught scent enough to half-point, the bird flushed before he could locate it. Taking everything into consideration and comparing the character of the work of the different dogs in all their heats, Duke clearly showed up the best dog in the stake, and, although the heat had already been a long one, it would have been more satisfactory had a little more time been taken to give him an opportunity to demonstrate whether he could handle his birds in a proper manner or not.

Pontiac was selected by the judges as the best dog beaten by Lebanon to run with Duke of Hessen for second place. They were put down at 2:50, and at the end of an hour and thirteen minutes Duke was declared the winner. Duke clearly had the best of it at all points including the luck of the birds. He found and pointed the first bevy, but there was no particular merit in the find, as the birds were almost stumbled on after he had returned from a long cast, but he showed that his nose was all right and that he would point; he also pointed a single in first-class style, while Pontiac had the bad luck to flush one, but even had he pointed it, Duke was so far ahead in pace, range, style and bird sense that the result would not have been different.

The judges could not determine whether Pontiac or Bannerman best deserved third place, and on Saturday morning at 9:17 they were put down to decide the matter, and at 10:39 the heat was awarded to Pontiac, and he was declared winner of third prize. Bannerman had run two good heats, doing some brilliant work in each, and many were confident that he would easily defeat Pontiac, but the latter ran fully up to his form, while Bannerman did not do nearly so well as in his previous heats.

This finished the pointer division of the All-Aged Stake, and the winner, Lebanon, and King's Mark, the winning setter, were now to run to determine the absolute winner. The heat between the setter and pointer Derby winners was first decided, and at 2:27 the winners in the All-Aged Stake were put down, and at 3:36 they were ordered up and the heat was awarded to King's Mark and he was declared the absolute winner of the All-Aged Setter and Pointer Stake. Mark had much the best of it in pace and range, as well as in the work on birds, being positive in locating them, while Lebanon was at times uncertain in his work. Following is a complete summary of the stake:

SETTERS.

Preliminary Series.

Cora of Wetheral and Chance.
Princess Beatrice II. and Little Gift.
Count Howard and King Leo.
Cassio and Desmond II.
Rowdy Rod and Roger.
King's Mark and Whitie.
Blue Mark and Miss Monarch.
King's Dan and Dash.

Second Series.

Rowdy Rod beat King's Dan.
Roger beat Little Gift.
Chance beat Desmond II.
King's Mark beat Cassio.

Third Series.

Roger beat Rowdy Rod.
King's Mark beat Chance.

Final for First Place.

King's Mark beat Roger and won first prize.

Final for Second Place.

Chance beat Roger and won second prize. Roger placed third.

First, King's Mark, $250; second, Chance, $150; third, Roger, $100.

POINTERS.

Preliminary Series.

Arthur and Duke of Hessen.
Bannerman and Roger Williams.
Rod's Girl and Tammany Boy.
Sally Brass II. and Rip Rap.
Ajax and Pontiac.
Mealy and Lebanon.
Duke of Vernon and Lalla Rookh.

Second Series.

Duke of Hessen beat Lalla Rookh.
Bannerman beat Sally Brass II.
Lebanon beat Rip Rap.
Pontiac beat Roger Williams.

Third Series.

Duke of Hessen beat Bannerman.
Lebanon beat Pontiac.

Final for First Place.

Lebanon beat Duke of Hessen and won first prize.

Final for Second Place.

Duke of Hessen beat Pontiac and won second prize.

Final for Third Place.

Pontiac beat Bannerman and won third prize.

First, Lebanon, $250; second, Duke of Hessen, $150; third, Pontiac, $100.

Absolute Winner.

King's Mark beat Lebanon and was declared absolute winner of the Setter and Pointer All-Aged Stake.

THE DERBY.

The final heat of the Derby was run on Saturdey, Dec. 14, after the finish of the pointer division of the All-Aged Stake. Rowdy Rod, the winning setter, and Rip Rap, the winning pointer, were put down at 10:51 to compete for the title of absolute Derby winner. They were taken up for lunch at 12:35 and again put down at 1:35 and run until 2:08, when they were ordered up and the heat was awarded to Rip Rap, and he was declared absolute winner of the Derby. Both started off well at a great pace and in something like their form when at High Point. There was not much to chose between them in speed, range or style in their way of going. Rowdy did not work out his ground nearly so well as he had done in some of his heats, as he persistsd in beating the thickets instead of the open ground and was lost for several minutes at a time, twice during the heat, while Rap worked out his ground in capital form, and found two bevies by making a wide cast for each and pointing them in his best style. This was all the work on birds during the heat, as Rowdy did not succeed in scoring a find. Following is a complete summary:

SETTERS.

Preliminary Series.

Rod's Lady and Royal C.
Rowdy Rod and Nannie B.
Sam C. and Letty Lynn.
Harry C. and Marquis N.

Second Series.

Royal C. beat Nannie B.
Rowdy Rod beat Sam C.
Harry C. beat Letty Lynn.

Third Series.

Rowdy Rod beat Royal C.
Harry C., a bye.

Final for First Place.

Rowdy Rod beat Harry C , and won first prize.

Ties for Second Place.

Sam C. beat Royal C.

Final for Second Place.

Harry C. beat Sam C. and won second prize.
Sam C. placed third.

POINTERS.

Preliminary Series.

Joy, Jr., and Lou.
Carlgrove and Nye.
F. F. V. and Sally P.
Miss Mealy and Convex.
Tough Nut and Naso Peshall.
Lady Hessen and Mamie Bang (absent).
Flirt and Heiniken.
Rip Rap and Met.

Second Series.

Joy, Jr., beat Miss Mealy.
F. F. V. beat Convex.
Lady Hessen beat Met.
Rip Rap beat Flirt.

Third Series.

Joy, Jr., beat F. F. V.
Rip Rap beat Lady Hessen.

Final for First Place.

Rip Rap beat Joy, Jr., and won first prize.

Final for Second Place.

Joy, Jr., beat Flirt and won second prize. Miss Mealy placed third.

First, Rip Rap, $400; second, Joy, Jr., $200; third, Miss Mealy, $100.

Final.

Rip Rap beat Rowdy Rod and was declared absolute winner of the Derby.

THE CHICAGO SHOW.—Mascoutah Kennel Club, Chicago, Dec. 19.—Preparations for our second annual bench show are progressing with flattering results. The dates already claimed we find it necessary to change, and have selected March 4, 5, 6 and 7 in place of the previously published fixture. In addition to the armory used last season, we have secured the adjoining armory, affording more than double the area occupied during our first show. Premium lists will soon be ready, applications for which should be made to Frank C. Farwell, Esq., Chicago.—JOHN L. LINCOLN, JR., Secretary.

ANENT THE COURSING CLUBS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I see by reports in your columns that "box coursing" of jacks or rabbits by greyhounds or fox-terriers is being introduced despite the efforts of the S. P. C. A. Now I'm an old courser. Many a time I have marked puss in her form among the rushes, slipped the dogs on even sight as she loped away, slung the leash around my wrist and marked the course by points. Many a good day's sport I have had on the side hills of Tipperary where the steep slopes bettered her long hindlegs over the undulant dogs that leaped behind her, or on the broad meadows of Fermanagh where she knew the vents and gaps and had a fair chance to escape from the sight of the gazehounds.

In those days we coursed for sport. Kills were infrequent and we had old friends mid furze and furrow that we could locate time after time almost to an inch. When we wanted game for the pot we knew where to get it, but there was no wholesale murder of creatures cramped by confinement done to death like so many rats in a pit.

Things have changed; coursing has become dog racing in England—a gamble where you have something like a fair show—for the dog (until he runs cunning) does his level best all the time. Take Waterloo, Mourne, Kempton Park, Scawa. It's the betting that makes them go. The sport is nowhere, it's the money that tells every time.

So it has come that I have been at a "box meeting," where one hundred live hares were turned down one by one, each before a pair of greyhounds, and when the sun set there were one hundred dead hares ranged along the side of the pen. Not one got away, they were there to die—for your gambling crowd enjoys a "kill of merit"—and there they lay, dead. Roundabout the field, some twenty acres ringed with noble trees, were some forty bookmakers, in strange fantastic costumes, yelling odds on each course; around them all the blackguards and thieves from all the country round. They gambled, cursed, drank and fought, wilder as the day grew older, and when the slaughter was over they broke in on the corpses and stole and slugged each other with the dead relics of their day's amusement.

That is what a "box meeting" comes to. It is bad enough with greyhounds, and infinitely worse with whippets and fox-terriers, because the first do cost money, while the latter come much cheaper.

There was a terrier meeting last fall near Belfast in the North of Ireland, where some of the scum of the city tried to ring in a whippet specially bred out of an Irish terrier and a rough greyhound. The beast was ruled out, and there followed the finest free fight that the county ever saw. There always is a row at these dog races, but this beat anything on the record, and the club went into retirement for six months.

I've been to Cedarhurst. We were very select, our knicker-breeches and butcher-boots very fit; the ladies in trim habits had a good time; the lunch at the club house quite enjoyable; the champagne beyond reproach. Some of the rabbits did get away, for the field was so large that you could see mighty little from the fence that served as a grand stand, after speed from the slips was scored. But I saw rabbits lying smothered and dead in the confined boxes in which they were carried to the field. I was told that they had to be brought there in that way, separately, because if they were put in crates or baskets they ripped each other up with their hindlegs. I saw rabbits squat in fear, motionless before the screaming terriers, and when one bunny ran round and round and I asked what was up, the answer was that he was blind of one eye and "they would not have used him only they were short—and it was a d—d shame anyhow."

This was at Cedarhurst, under distinguished mangement, with gentlemen and ladies in attendance and no wagering worthy the name, with such names as Belmont, Rutherfurd and Frothingham on the programme as patrons. What sort of a time would come off at Oak Point or Flushing with Harry Hill or some of the chanters from the Jersey race tracks in control. The Hempstead Coursing Club and the Eastern Coursing Club may run in some semblance of sport, but they are opening the gates for "box meetings" by scoundrels who will run to kill in confined spaces where every point can be seen by every spectator, and who will hail with delight this improved method of baiting rabbits to death for gambling purposes. That's what it will come to. It has got there in the old country. The sport is gone, but there is money in the murdering.

Right here—on my desk—as I write these lines sits my fox terrier. She is my steady comrade and company by day and night, by my side when the sun shines and at my feet when the gas goes out. She has gone over big sea with me three times, a cabin passenger every time and no objection. She has killed mice when she caught them round the house, rats when we were moving the stacks in the yard or hay in the loft, rabbits in the whins and bracken; she has trailed winged grouse in the heather and pheasants in the bramble. She quivers on view of a cat, though so far there has never been a cat-astrophe. She is game all in and out. Loving as herself when gentle, and wild as a fiend when stirred to passion. She has a rare turn of speed, and her turns are rare in their speed; quick, graceful, full of character, and a grand set of wicked white teeth. I've hunted her after game and vermin and hope to do so again, but I would as soon enter her for a "box coursing" stake as I would get a litter of kittens just old enough to be cunning and feed them to her and Jack—her prospective mate—one by one on an empty floor, and count points during the worriment and killing that would follow. GRAYDON JOHNSTON.

WHAT ABOUT THESE BEAGLES?

Editor Forest and Stream:

Year after year I return to my old hunting grounds, not so much for the game I can bag as for the pleasure of tramping through the well known woods and over the old marshes. I find less game; there are not so many partridges, the coveys of quail take to the thickest swamps, and now to complete my discontent, the marshes and beach, where I shot sea fowl and occasionally a brant or Canada goose, are posted, and we can shoot there only "under penalty of the law."

But there is one thing left—the rabbit. Last year I hunted him with one beagle and found the sport more enjoyable, but in the spring by an unfortunate accident my dog was killed. Poor old Jip! may he have a warm kennel and lots of sport in the "happy hunting grounds."

This fall I have been training two beagle pups, and though they are but seven months old I have had considerable sport with the little fellows. Now, will some admirer of the beagle kindly give me some advice and information? I hunt in woods where the underbrush is thick, and the numerous swamps are almost impenetrable with thickets of bull-briers and hornbeams. I wish to know how many beagles I can hunt together to advantage in such a country. I want to hunt as large a pack as will work well together. I don't care for the game; I want lots of music and fun. Can I get together a pack that I can depend on to catch the rabbit if he stays above ground? If some who have had experience will give the results in your columns, it will be of great interest to me and no doubt to other readers of FOREST AND STREAM.

BRADLEY.

Dogs: Their Management and Treatment in Disease. By Ashmont. Price $2. Kennel Record and Account Book. Price $3. Training vs. Breaking. By S. T. Hammond. Price $1. First Lessons in Dog Training, with Points of all Breeds. Price 50 cents.

AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB.

THE quarterly meeting of the Executive Committee of the American Kennel Club was held at 44 Broadway, New York, Dec. 19, Vice-President Terry in the chair. Present: Associates, Dr. J. F. Perry; Philadelphia Kennel Club, J. H. Winslow; Southern Field Trials Club, J. L. Anthony; Great Dane Club, G. Muss-Arnolt; Michigan Kennel Club, J. M. Taylor; Westminster Kennel Club, T. B. Terry; Collie Club of America, G. B. Cromwell; St. Paul Kennel Club, A. D. Lewis; Mascoutah Kennel Club, J. Mortimer; American Spaniel Club, J. Watson; New England Kennel Club, F. B. Fay; New Jersey Kennel Club, A. C. Wilmerding; Fox-Terrier Kennel Club, W. Rutherfurd; Beagle Club, H. F. Schellhass.

The Secretary's report was read as follows:

To the Delegates of the American Kennel Club: GENTLEMEN—Since my last report I have received an application from the Continental Kennel Club, of Denver, Col., for admission to this Association. This application was duly forwarded and received in accordance with the rule laid down in your constitution, and said applicant is eligible to membership, and is hereby recommended. As this club held its first bench show December 5th, and has complied with all the requirements of our rules, I would respectfully recommend the adoption of a resolution at this meeting, by which the awards made at said show shall be recognized by the American Kennel Club. At the last meeting of this club the application of the California Kennel Club was laid on the table until your secretary could correspond with the Pacific Kennel Club, on the expediency of admitting another member from San Francisco. Your secretary mailed communications to both the committee of the California Kennel Club and the secretary of the Pacific Kennel Club, to which he received in due course a reply from the latter, which will be laid before you at this meeting.

The Brooklyn Kennel Club was promptly notified of their rejection at our last meeting, and upon its order, the dues forwarded to me with the application were returned, and the receipt for the same is on file in this office. The Southern California Kennel Club was duly notified of its election to membership, and of the fact that the awards at its show held prior to its admission, would not be recognized to which no reply has been received from any of its officers, but under date of Dec. 6, President Belmont forwarded me a communication from Mr. J. B. Martin, of San Francisco, an exhibitor at said show, asking this club to reconsider its action, so far as the recognition of the awards is concerned, upon the ground that as the show was advertised to be held under A. K. C. rules many entries were made by exhibitors from a great distance, expecting that wins would count, and that the action of this club is a hardship to innocent parties; and further, such action on the part of the American Kennel Club would encourage and assist dog shows on the Pacific coast. This matter is now before you for further action if you deem it advisable.

The special committee on the "revision of the rules," appointed at last meeting, completed its labors, and published its report and recommendations in the November *Gazette*. In this connection I would advise you that Mr. Jas. L. Anthony was appointed on said committee in the place of Mr. F. R. Hitchcock, who resigned on account of absence from the city.

A communication from the German Mastiff or Great Dane Club of America, submits a copy of its rule No. 29 as follows: "This club adopts the standard of points and the scale of measurements as approved Sept. 4, 1889, as the correct standard and scale of points for judging in this country, and this club will not through its membership exhibit German mastiff, or great Dane dogs at bench shows, unless they are to be judged by standard points, and scale of value as adopted by this club." The German Mastiff or Great Dane Club requests the American Kennel Club to take action in this matter. The members feel that their standard is correct, and in order to make it effective in this country, would respectfully ask this club to adopt same for the judging of this breed of dogs, at all shows held by members of the American Kennel Club.

I have received from Dr. J. Frank Perry notice of proposed amendment to Article IV. of the constitution, and published same in the November issue of the *American Kennel Gazette*. It will be submitted for your action at this meeting.

Charges have been preferred by Mr. Lorenzo Daniels against Mr. William Graham, in the matter of the St. Bernard dog Visp II. Mr. Daniels claims that Mr. Graham misrepresented the dog, and owing to such misrepresentation, said Daniels was put to an expense that should in his opinion be paid by Graham. In a letter following said charges, Daniels states that he can produce witnesses to testify to the above mentioned misrepresentation. I also received a letter from Mr. Graham requesting the return of all papers deposited in this office as part of the testimony in a previous case between these gentlemen respecting the dog Visp II. This correspondence will be submitted to you at this meeting.

Under the provisions of Art. XVIII. of the Constitution, the annual dues of active members must be paid on or before Jan. 1 of each year, under penalty of forfeiture of all right to representation in this club; and such delinquents may be suspended or dropped from the roll. I would respectfully request this meeting to adopt a resolution delegating the power to the Advisory Committee to suspend or drop such clubs as may be in arrears on Jan. 2 next, if in the judgment of said committee it should be deemed proper.

Your Secretary would recommend and urge the adoption of a resolution at this meeting whereby the American Kennel Club shall donate at each show held by its members in the year 1890 a special prize, consisting of a complete set of the Stud Books, to be competed for members of the specialty clubs that are members in good standing of the American Kennel Club, and to be given to the best kennel of four owned by one exhibitor. The choice of club to which this special shall be first awarded to be determined by its date of membership in the American Kennel Club—that is, the oldest specialty member to compete at the first bench show of 1890, and as the shows progress the special to be designated according to seniority of membership.

As treasurer of this club, I would say that I could see no good reason why I should depart from my usual custom in presenting the Treasurer's report, and will submit the usual one showing the gross amounts received and disbursed and the balance on hand, but would ask the adoption of a resolution at this meeting directing the publication of a detailed financial statement of the club for the year ending Dec. 31, 1889, and to appear in the *Kennel Gazette* of January, 1890.

In conclusion I have to advise you that I am just in receipt of the resignation of the Fort Schuyler Kennel Club, of Utica, N.Y., which will be submitted to you for action. And by the same mail I received the application of the Duquesne Kennel Club, of Pittsburgh, Pa., for admission as an active member. The application inclosed the necessary papers and annual dues in proper form, and the club is eligible to membership. As this application did not reach me until 5 o'clock this day, that portion of the rule requiring it to be filed at this office at least ten days previous to election has not been complied with. I submit this application with the above remarks. Respectfully submitted,

A. P. VREDENBURGH, Sec'y.

This report was adopted and the treasurer's report was read and adopted: New York, Dec. 18, 1889.—The treasurer begs to report as follows:

Receipts from all sources from Jan. 11 to date	$7,649.41
Expenses for same period	6,482.30
Balance on hand	$1,167.11

Respectfully submitted, A. P. VREDENBURGH, Sec'y.

MR. ANTHONY—In connection with the recommendation made by the secretary, I would like to offer, if it is in order at the present time, before any other business is proceeded with, the resolution that he has embodied in his report, namely: That he be required to prepare and publish in the January *Gazette* a detailed statement of the financial condition of the club, and of every account upon his book, showing exactly the sources of revenue derived and the expenditures, on account not only of the club, but the Stud Book and all other accounts that the secretary and treasurer has charge of. I sincerely hope that the resolution will prevail, because we desire the public and every delegate here to know exactly what has been done this year. I am at liberty to say to you, because I have examined the accounts, that after the items have been charged to their proper account, there is shown a surplus, a thing that I do not believe has been accomplished before by any club under similar circumstances.

The report of the advisory committee was read and adopted, and is as follows: Meeting Advisory Committee, Dec. 19, 1889. Present: T. H. Terry in the chair; Dr. J. F. Perry, J. L. Anthony. Absent: A. Belmont, Jr., J. S. Wise. In the matter of American Pet Dog Club the secretary having advised us that at a meeting of said said club it was voted to abolish the entire list of dogs as now designated as pet dogs in their list, on motion said club was recommended for election.

In the matter of the non-payment of the prizes by the Albany Kennel Club, the secretary was ordered to suspend said club, and to notify the officers that if the several amounts now due exhibitors are not paid within thirty days, that the penalty under Rule 28 will be enforced.

In the matter of the charge made by Andrew Laidlaw against H. P. Rennie, the secretary was ordered to notify said Rennie that if proper explanation or defense be not made or the matter satisfactorily adjusted between the complainant and defendant within sixty days, the prayer of the petitioner will be granted.

The appeal of Jas. Watson against the action of the Rochester Kennel Club in not allowing the protest against the entry of the collie Metchley Surprise in the challenge class, was laid over until such time as Mr. Watson produces evidence to sustain his appeal.

In the matter of Mr. Huntington's resolution asking the A. K. C. to pay the traveling expenses of their associate delegates to and from meetings, it was resolved that said resolution be referred back to the full executive committee of the A. K. C. to be acted upon by them.

The following resolution was offered and adopted:

"*Whereas*, Evidence has been received from Mr. Wm. Graham informing this club that Mr. L. Daniels has failed to pay the amount due said Graham as per decision of this committee of June 10, 1889, amounting to $50.10.

"*Resolved*, That Mr. Lorenzo Daniels be and hereby is suspended. That he be given sixty days within which to pay the award as made by this committee to Mr. Graham; that if said payment is not furnished this committee on or before the expiration of said sixty days, said Daniels shall be disqualified. Signed, T. H. TERRY, J. FRANK PERRY, J. L. ANTHONY."

The report of the special committee on rules was made and the matter laid on the table for subsequent action.

Applications from the American Pet Dog Club and the Continental Kennel Club were read by the secretary, and on motion both clubs were admitted to membership in the American Kennel Club, and on motion the awards at the show held by the Continental Kennel Club on Dec. 5 were recognized.

The application of the California Kennel Club, which was laid over at the September meeting until advices were received from the Pacific Kennel Club if in their judgment it would be advisable to admit two clubs from the city, was submitted. The secretary read a communication on the subject, in which it was stated that there being a plan now on foot to consolidate the said California Kennel Club with the Pacific Kennel Club, in the opinion of the members of said Pacific Kennel Club it was deemed that it would be to the best interests of both the American Kennel Club and the dog matters on the Pacific coast to delay action on the application of the California Kennel Club until further notice. On motion said application was laid over for future action, pending advices from the Pacific Kennel Club.

President Belmont here arrived and took the chair.

A communication was read from an exhibitor, requesting a reconsideration of the action taken at the last meeting of not recognizing wins at the Southern California Kennel Club show. Major Taylor moved to reconsider such action. Motion.

The secretary then read a communition by Mr. Lorenzo Daniels preferring charges against Mr. Wm. Graham in regard to the St. Bernard dog Visp II., Mr. Daniels claiming that Mr. Graham misrepresented the dog, and owing to such misrepresentation he (Daniels) was put to considerable expense. On motion of Mr. Anthony the communication of Mr. Daniels was laid on the table.

The following resolution by Dr. Perry was adopted:

Resolved, That attestested copies be made of all documentary evidence furnished by William Graham in the case of Lorenzo Daniels, and the original be returned to him, as he has requested.

A communication was read from the Great Dane Club, the secretary stating that they had furnished a copy of standard and scale of points adopted by the club, and also a copy of their rules, and that they requested the American Kennel Club to recognize that standard at their show. Mr. Muss-Arnolt offered a resolution that only dogs which shall conform to the standard of the Great Dane Club shall be registered in the Stud Book, regardless of pedigree. Motion lost. The request of the Great Dane Club for the American Kennel Club to enforce their standard was refused.

The secretary called attention to the resolution offered at last meeting by Mr. Huntington in regard to the American Kennel Club paying the traveling expenses of the associate delegates, which resolution was referred to the advisory committee. The secretary stated that that committee had decided to refer the matter back to the executive committee, preferring that they should act upon the matter.

MR. ANTHONY—It seems to me it would be proper for the secretary to be instructed to make an appropriation of $100 per annum from money received from the associated members, which amount should be used to pay the expenses of the delegates coming here to attend any meeting on business, and I make a motion to that effect. Motion seconded and carried.

THE PRESIDENT—I should like to bring up a subject that seems to me of some importance. The *Kennel Gazette* is published under the auspices of the American Kennel Club, but its officers are responsible for it, and the form and the matter has been in a great measure left to their discretion, and they have acted as best they could. There has been some criticism made with respect to the editorials in the *Gazette*, and that criticism was of such a nature that I thought it best at the time to shoulder the blame personally, so as to put a stop to it, and then refer the matter to you, and ascertain whether, in your judgment, it was best to eliminate that feature from the *Gazette* entirely, or continue it. If you look at the editorials I think you will find that they have never referred to any subject which did not concern the American Kennel Club itself, and I personally have felt that the *Gazette* ought at to times speak for the American Kennel Club. The Advisory Committee, through its meetings, feels the pulse constantly of what is going on, and there are attacks made upon the club, or misinterpretations appear in the public print which the breeder and exhibitor desires to have cleared up. I do not know why it should be necessary for the secretary or the president, or for any officer of the Kennel Club, to go in print over his own signature in the way of sporting papers. If the subject is to be treated from a club point of view, I don't see why it should not be treated in the *Gazette*. If other official organs speak for their organizations, I do not see why the *Gazette* should not. It need not be personal. I don't think any case was personal, although it seems to have been taken so. No names were used. The principle only was treated of, and I should like to ask the delegates for action on the subject. It has not been brought up before the Advisory Committee at all. The subject was discussed by letter to a certain extent with the members of the Advisory Committee, and also talked over, and some were in favor of continuing the editorials and others were not; but it was never settled, and really it was not in the province of the Advisory Committee to settle that question. Inasmuch as the matter has been made the subject of discussion I should like to ask your action on the question, and if you will allow the matter to come up now so I can retire I will be obliged to you.

MAJ. TAYLOR—I move, in order to get the views of the delegates here, that the action in this respect in the past be approved, and continued in the same line. Motion carried.

At this point Mr. Terry took the chair on the departure of Mr. Belmont.

MR. ANTHONY—I move that the treasurer be requested to make an itemized statement to be published in the January *Gazette*, showing the receipts and disbursements from all sources, and also showing the amount of credit on each account, the sources from which the revenue is derived—in other words, a complete itemized account, so that anybody who is familiar with figures can take it and see how we stand.

Mr. Watson thought before being published, the account should be carefully examined and verified.

The secretary suggested that he should make out his statement for the year 1889 for publication, and that the chair appoint a committee who would indorse on the bottom of his account that they had examined his accounts and found them correct as stated.

MR. ANTHONY—In order to comply with the suggestions made by Mr. Watson and Mr. Vredenburgh, I will add to my motion that, before publication, an auditing committee consisting of Messrs. A. C. Wilmerding, Maj. Taylor and F. B. Fay, be appointed to audit the accounts. I name these gentlemen because they are *ex-officio*, and I ask that they be appointed to audit the accounts and to state whether they are correct, whether they have been correctly kept, etc. Motion carried.

A communication was read from the Fort Schuyler Kennel Club, tendering their resignation from the American Kennel Club. On motion the resignation was accepted.

The secretary called attention to the recommendation contained in his report in regard to the matter of special prizes to be competed for by members of specialty clubs, and on motion of Mr. Anthony his recommendation was adopted.

The bench show rules as published in the *Gazette* were then read and slightly amended, and on motion adopted.

The following amendment to the Constitution was adopted: That all articles of the Constitution and all rules and regulations affecting associate members or referring thereto be canceled and that Article IV. of the Constitution read as follows:

ARTICLE IV.

Section 1.—Any person vouched for in writing to the secretary of the American Kennel Club by not less than two members of any club a member of this Association, or by two associate members, shall upon payment of $5 annual dues, and the indorsement of his application by the president of the American Kennel Club and of the associate members, become an associate member and be announced as such in the next issue of the *Kennel Gazette*.

Sec. 2. An associate member shall be entitled to the *Kennel Gazette* and Stud Book for one year, and to two free registrations in the Stud Book.

Sec. 3. The annual dues of $5 shall be payable on the first of each year to the secretary of the American Kennel Club, and any person whose dues are not paid on or before Jan. 20, shall thereby forfeit his right to be included in the list of members eligible for election to office, and to vote for officers for the ensuing year; and if his dues shall remain unpaid at the next annual meeting of the associate members his name shall be stricken from the roll, provided however that upon remitting the $5 dues with an application of membership he shall be reinstated upon the indorsement of his application by the two presidents as herein before provided.

Sec. 4. The annual meeting of the associate members shall be held on the day preceding the annual meeting of the American Kennel Club, at which meeting the reports of the retiring officers shall be presented, which together with a copy of the official minutes of the meeting shall be filed with the secretary of the American Kennel Club.

Sec. 5. The officers of the associate members shall be a president, vice-president and secretary. The president shall be a member of the Advisory Committee. The associate members shall have the right to be represented by three delegates, to which position the officers may be elected. And for every 100 members over 300 they shall elect an additional delegate.

Sec. 6. No associate member shall be eligible to hold office or act as delegate who is a member of any club a member of this association other than a specialty club.

Sec. 7. That all elections shall be by mail vote, and the annual election of officers and delegates shall be conducted as follows: On Jan. 21 of each year the secretary of the American Kennel Club shall forward to each and every associate member in good standing a printed list of all members eligible to hold office, together with an addressed envelope for return, on which the word "Vote" is legibly printed or written. The member receiving such printed list shall mark thereon his choice for president, vice-president and secretary, and the delegates to which the club is entitled, in such manner as may be indicated, and return the same in the envelope provided.

Fifteen full days after the mailing of such slips to the associate members the secretary of the American Kennel Club shall in the presence of the presidents of the American Kennel Club and associate members, or such person as either of them may deputize to represent him, open all such mail votes, and the result of the election shall be certified to by the three officials present.

Immediately upon the signing of such certificate the secretary of the American Kennel Club shall notify each and every person of his election and also send notice thereof to the president of the associate members.

In the case of a tie vote for any office the tie shall be decided by a majority vote of members present at the annual meeting, and in the event of an officer elected declining to serve, the member receiving the next highest number of votes shall at the annual meeting be declared elected.

Votes for additional delegates as each quota of one hundred additional members is filled shall be conducted upon the same principle as the annual mail vote for officers and delegates, the vote being taken as soon as the one hundred additional members have qualified. The same rule shall also hold good in event of a vacancy in the ranks of officials or delegates.

A. P. VREDENBURGH, Secretary.

ENGLISH KENNEL NEWS.

THE notoriety obtained by your correspondent, who was wont to sign himself "Lillibulero," was very widespread both in this country and on the continent, and although the author's identity has not (so far as I am aware) ever yet been discovered, one frequently hears wishes expressed that instead of the drivel which some American doggy papers deem it judicious to publish, FOREST AND STREAM would once again induce "Lillibulero" to contribute some of his clever and smart work, so that the English doggy news might be more correctly represented in American newspapers, and also a little more literary skill thrown into the matter than now exists.

The principal doggy men here are much amused by the tone adopted by the "Kennel Club Member," who contributes English doggy notes to your contemporary the *Fanciers' Journal;* and although a good many of us think his method of explaining things just a little bit too severe or violent, yet all agree that he is very truthful in the majority of his remarks. The English *Fanciers' Gazette* has simply gone mad over the statements made in the *Journal* concerning Millais, who is one of the bosses of the *Gazette*, and characterizes the work as a "disgrace to journalism." Now, without being quite sure who the gentleman is whose work is thus stigmatized by an amateur journalist like Millais as disgraceful, I do think it impudence on the part of the English paper—which is about the most miserably-conducted, ungrammatically-written, and least-entertaining paper in England—to attempt to teach an American paper how to conduct its columns. It's akin to teaching one's grandmother to suck eggs!

Bulldogs seem to be one of the most prominent breeds in England at the present time, and certainly no other fancier gets so many opportunities of showing his dogs, and winning so many prizes as does the bulldog man. The club devoted to the breed holds an annual show during the summer time in London, and in the winter the brothers Jackson, *i. e.*, C. F. W. and E. A.—not A. C. the Kennel Club committeeman—hold an annual show at Bath, in Somersetshire, a district as will probably be well-known to my readers is frequented very much during this time of the year by the aristocracy of this and other countries on account of the salubrity of the climate, the loveliness of the surrounding hills, and the wonderful curative properties of the hot mineral springs which flow from the hills.

A bulldog show will take place there on the 15th and 16th of January next, at which all the celebrated specimens of the breed will turn up as usual. Twelve classes are provided and the special prizes which range in value from £10 to £1 are given at the rate of four in a class in addition to the prize money. W. H. Sprague, of the Law Courts, has consented to judge, and as Master William Henry is rather a determined individual who has the reputation of not caring a tinker's darn for anybody, and is moreover the holder of ideas on bulldogs which do not, I think, quite accord with some of the other so-called judges of this breed, I shall look forward to some "larks" at this charming and well got up show.

A little show took place this week at Beckton, near Woolwich, a town entirely populated by gas stokers and others engaged in the manufacture of gas. Even among the rough customers down there a dog is often the pet of the household; and one of the judges told me he had never seen dogs more kindly treated and carefully looked after than at Beckton.

Birmingham show used to be considered the boss show of the year, but it certainly isn't so now, both the summer and winter exhibitions of the Kennel Club knocking "Brum" into the proverbial cocked hat. Not only has the general good quality of the dogs fallen off, the prize money been reduced and the tone of the whole thing been lowered, but the very people who frequent the show seem to be more like town sportsmen, instead of the good old-fashioned country gentleman one used to meet there; and none of that real, good, genuine, rollicking fun goes on which used to when I was younger. The show which was held this week was undoubtedly a good one, eepecially as regards sporting dogs, but still not up to the old form, and so far as concerns what I term "fancy" dogs—*i. e.*, dogs who fuifil no part of a sportsman hobby, but are simply kept to look at and win cups, money and bring in stud fees—it was simply lamentable, for the lack of competition was noticeable indeed. The executive of this show are a very bumptious, stuck up lot of people, who seem to take the view that exhibitors should be obliged, and fall down and worship them for having provided a show at which dogs may be shown and small prizes won. This notion ought to be quite exploded nowa-

days; it was, perhaps, well enough when Birmingham was Birmingham, but since Birmingham show is nothing more than other provincial shows (and, in fact, does not come up to some), the committee ought to know that the proper way to treat an exhibitor is to regard him as one who has been graciously pleased to bestow his patronage upon the show.

As usual, bloodhounds came first in the catalogue, but only seven had been entered, and consequently not much interest was centered in them. The black coroneted bitch Koodoo beat Barnaby, a decision which seemed to please most people who knew anything about the breed, and a friend of Brough's told me, too, that B. approved the decision, but I doubt it, for Mr. B. is generally inclined to think all his geese are swans; and I know he thinks the world of Barnaby. Personally, I prefer Brough's hound, for Koodoo is not typical enough in head properties, nor is Barnaby, but still his head is longer and leaner, his eyes better set, and his flews deeper than the bitches; in body properties both are exceptionally good. Bono, the winner in the open dog class, is a new comer, and a very fair dog all over for a seventeen months' old pup; if he goes well he will make a hot one, but many of the best judges here seem doubtful about his improving. Dignity, second, is getting a bit coarse. Tantrums, the bitch winner, is another clinking good new one, who made her first bow to the public here. She was bred by F. B. Craven, and was sold by him when a puppy for £12 and is now worth a hundred. Glendyne is pretty and typical, but very small, while Barbara Allen, got by Burgho, is a brute, but in type and color, like her sire, whom she much resembles, showing a lot of the new Forest blood, which if bred into will be the curse and ruination of this lovely and—if properly trained for hunting purposes—hunting breed of hound.

Deerhounds were fairly good, in the challenge class Donavourd Ossian was beaten by Fingal II. I prefer the former, as he shows a great deal more of the true old type loved by Scottish noblemen and ladies of yore, but he was dead out of form, which made Fingal look the stronger of the two. Robin Hood, second, is much of the same type as the winner, but with a bit more substance about him all over. Oscar VI., the property of the Duchess of Wellington, is one of the old type which present judges don't seem to care for—rather a mistake I think—for the old type has that dignified appearance about it which seems to make a deerhound say, "I was not made to be the companion of common people." Cora II. won in bitches, she is just fair and on the small side. Six so-called Irish wolfhounds turned up, and to the unobservant eye would pass for bad deerhounds. It certainly seems to me to be the biggest piece of cheek imaginable, to cross a Scotch deerhound with a German great Dane and to then call the progeny Irish! It's positively funny and ridiculous to do so, and how on earth the Kennel Club can countenance such a state of affairs puzzles me beyond measure, but yet it is so. Smokie should certainly have won in greyhound champions over Charles Davis, the former is one of the best longtails on the benches, but the judge couldn't see it and eventually called in another man to help him decide. I agreed with the award which placed Conspirator first, a dog with immense propelling power about him.

The beagle judge—Parson Lovell—gave a lot of dissatisfaction when he placed the rough and commonplace Gamester over that universally admired old beagle Ringwood, and everybody round the ringside positively had a fit when he went for Dunmurry Melody in preference to the best beagle in the world—Lonely.

The smooth fox-terrier classes were fairly strong, and the awards made by C. E. Longmore were well received. Vesuvienne continues on her victorious career, but in the challenge class she had only Dane Baffler against her, whom she promptly and properly defeated. It was surely a bit presumptuous to lead the dog in against the bitch, for the difference between them is so very great that the veriest beginner could see that it was a million to one on the bitch. The open dog class had sixteen in it, and Vicary's Venio was after a long time declared the winner, a nice, stylish terrier all over, with plenty of dash and go about him, but whose ears are badly carried, a fault which will mar his progress when he gets into the challenge class. He subsequently won the cup for the best fox-terrier in the open classes. Redmond's Domino is a well known dog, but he was very fairly beaten by the winner, who is much better in head properties. Tinne's Eric II. (third) was preferred by many for second position, while a few thought that Rational (fourth) should have had that honor. I am inclined to agree with the judge, for in this class he certainly stuck to type, and taking Vesuvienne as his model, the dogs who nearest approached her were selected for honors. The remainder of the class, which included Ebor Spendthrift (reserve), Very Uneasy (vhc.), Priory Pepper (hc.) were of a very common order. Tinne, the Fox-Terrier Club's justly esteemed and hard-working secretary, had it somewhat easy in open bitches with Brockenhurst Lottery, a corkily built terrier with a good body but a bit inclined to run off coarse in skull. Ditto Charity got third, the pair being divided by Surety, a first-rate type all over but getting a bit wide in front. The dog puppy class did not produce a red-hot one for future reference, although the winner, Vicary's Valens, is full of promise. In front he is exceptionally good, his legs and feet being about perfect, but he is defective in terrier expression, has faulty ears and anything but a tail to please a fox-terrier man.

Busbey Broom won in the wire-haired challenge division from Derleton Nettle, both looking their very best. The dog is a little wonder, and unlike most of his breed, seems to keep up his good properties as he gets on in years. Harry Jones's Jack St. Leger, who is only a ten-months-old puppy, won in the open class and also the cup for best wire-hair in open classes. He is undoubtedly a nice terrier, with a head one dreams about, but seldom sees, and in ears he is about perfect. There is, however, something about him which takes away that cobby appearance which is a *sine qua non* in a terrier of the right stamp.

Pointers are always very strong at Birmingham, both in numbers and in quality, and this year the number was up to the usual standard, but there was admittedly a great falling off in quality. In the challenge class Naso of Upton met his son Saddleback and eventually defeated him, a decision which did not please the majority of the pointer men present—the oldest breeders strongly preferring Mr. Norrish's dog. The old pointer is getting thick in shoulders, but he still possesses that wonderful skull and body, which have helped him so often to victory. Saddleback is not quite so good in head as his sire, but his shoulders, legs and feet are a study for any one who knows what is required from a pointer in the field. Ilma was alone in the bitch class. Heavy weight dogs, open class, found Totnes Parody to the fore, a massive framed dog with a typical head and ears and good about the legs and feet. Sangford Bang, second, is only a puppy, but he has the makings of a very fine pointer about him, and with luck should develop into a very tough customer in the future, even for his kennel mate Saddleback to encounter. Gladys III. was the best big bitch, and a very nice one, too, Devonshire Fan, a bit out of sorts, coming second. Bulled, who by the way generally does well under Mr. Lort, won in small dogs with Devonshire Nero, and in small bitches Madge of Upton won, although the judges openly stated that had Devonshire Judy been in anything like condition she would have won with ease, instead of being behind both the actual winner and Lady.

I must reserve the remainder of my criticisms for next week, as I am anxious to catch the mail so that you may have this letter in good time. I may just add that a remarkable collie came out at Birmingham and succeeded in beating the whole lot in show. This was Morton Campbell's Stracathro Ralph, a lovely specimen of the breed, and admitted by all to be about the best collie seen for ages. His owner refused £250 for him, and since then I hear the offer has been increased to £400 and refused.

The curly-coated retriever has had a club formed to look after its interests, and a whole host of influential names are mentioned in connection with it, including the Dukes of Portland and Hamilton, Viscount Melville and Sir Robert Moncrieff. The breed is slightly neglected in England at present time, but with an influential club at its back I expect to see it knock the wavy-coated ones out of favor very soon, for the curly is equally as good in the field as the wavy and twice as handsome. A LIVELY LORD.

THE EASTERN COURSING CLUB'S MEETING

Editor Forest and Stream:

In writing a reply to your singular remarks regarding this meeting, I wish it to be distinctly understood that I do so not from feelings of wounded pride, for any one of your reporter's ignorance utterly destroys the force of his blows, but I do so in the interests of coursing and the Eastern Club, and do not intend to be drawn into a discussion.

Six go-byes in Harmony-Forest Queen heat is simply monstrous. Six go-byes, 14 turns and 4 wrenches in a course, which may be counted by seconds and by one dog only, is so utterly absurd that it requires no answer, but as "Carnaris" is not quite alone, I will just say that at no time during the course, except when going from the slips and when Harmony threw up her nose at a turn, was there an opportunity to score a go-bye without unfairness. All reports agree that the dogs kept well together throughout, and go-byes are not intended to discount good work, and calculated as "Carnaris" does, any green, speedy sapling could carry off a course against an experienced courser that makes every point for turns and other real work. Then Queen is credited with seven trips, when she did not make one. Does "Carnaris" know what a trip is?

Admitted that after consulting the steward, Mr. Watson, the judge declined to give a special report and count of points to every one on the course. No English judge would have done different; and as the judge still continued to show his notes to gentlemen of the press, your remarks are unjust, and the same applies to references to third and fourth prize winners, for the judge, not being aware of ownership, said, "What of third and fourth prizes?" and when told circumstances, he merely remarked, "All right."

The terms used with reference to the judge's inquiries for the names of the dogs slipped at the conclusion without distinguishing colors, are unparalleled. The truth is, that the judge asked aloud of the steward for names of dogs, so as to announce the winner.

As to soliciting the post of judge, those members of the club who consulted at Jamaica on the way to Hicksville, and there decided to ask me to oblige the club, may answer the charge if it is worthy of more than contempt. At best, judging is unpleasant work, and many are aware that I have always avoided being made a target of; and since I have been in America all know that I have never pushed myself forward, like other ill-bred, presumptuous fellows.

I notice "Carnaris" says there were six turns in the final heat. Now, I maintain that there was not one, and that the few curves taken were scarcely wrenches.

Then the slipper did not throw down the slips because of any fault of mine, but as he has just told me, because he knew the rabbit would be killed and he did not want his slips taken by the officer when he was arrested, but as they were demanded they were given up and the coursing continued without slips.

In conclusion I must thank "Carnaris" for unwittingly paying me the highest compliment he could pay a judge, in saying that the judge, although alone, rather than go with the outspoken feeling and decide in favor of Zoe, he said undecided; he was certain that the spectators mistook greenness for speed, and the cutting of corners and bounding all over the course for turns and wrenches of merit, or real work, coursing. The second trial between these dogs confirmed the judge in his opinion, and convinced the public and even "Carnaris" that he was right and knew what he was doing. EDWIN H. MORRIS.

NEW YORK, Dec. 22.

COURSING AND THE S. P. C. A.

Editor Forest and Stream:

May I be allowed most heartily to thank you for your editorial on this subject in your issue of Dec. 19? I do this as having been concerned in Societies for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for very many years. You have taken exactly the right ground of condemning the perverted views of the Society and its officers, and avoiding damning it in heaps. Any one, who has had as much experience in such societies as I have had, knows how constantly sympathy, enthusiasm and over-softheartedness lead devotees into very much mistaken courses, and that the agents of the societies are really sometimes practicing cruelty instead of repressing it, but any thoughtful man ought to know that no great moral work was ever carried out without the aid of sentiment, enthusiasm, fanaticism, and all the antitheses of sober judgment of what is wisest and best; and the work lying before leveler heads is to restrain the exuberance of enthusiasm within reasonable bounds. The articles appearing in a certain quarter (in which I grieve to see my always friend "Porcupine" practically joining) simply lead to the statement that all societies for this purpose must be suppressed because they sometimes take mistaken views of the rights of "sportsmen." Suppose for argument's sake that the S. P. C. A. had gone to the length of arresting the whole Eastern Coursing Club, including my valued friends Huntington and Wixom, would even such a wrong as that obliterate all the great work the Society has done in repressing the beating, overworking and starving of horses? I trust in the future often to see FOREST AND STREAM condemning the mistakes that the S. P. C. A. will make, in the same tone employed in this editorial. No better service can be rendered the work of prevention of cruelty, than calmly, sensibly and kindly pointing out the mistakes made, and nothing can do more to exaggerate mistaken views of right and duty than vulgar sneers and ridicule; these only hurt the sober, thoughtful, temperate workers in the cause, and are like water on a duck's back to the fanatical, unreasoning division. Mr. Peshall and I have exchanged letters on this matter, and I have dissented in the strongest terms I can muster from the action of the S. P. C. A., but that in no way lessens my respect for the Society, its work and Mr. Peshall. I have not the excuse of being a sportsman in this; I detest "sport," and wouldn't walk a quarter of a mile to see all the field trials, coursings, etc, that ever were hatched; but because my tastes don't lead me in that direction, is no reason I should condemn those who are so led.

Do not forget that there was a distinction as wide as the Atlantic between the recent coursing and the "rabbit bedeviling" of the fox-terrier folks; the latter was simply murder of the innocents, where the game hadn't a ghost of a show; the coursing seems to have carefully provided against this, and certainly is as "legitimate" as any kind of game killing or hunting that I ever heard of. W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., Dec. 20.

[The slipper of the Eastern Coursing Club, who was arrested by an officer of the S. P. C. A., at the second meet of the club at Hicksville, on his trial last Saturday was acquitted of the charge of cruelty preferred against him by the Society.]

BANG BANG, the well-known pointer, belonging to the Westminster Kennel Club of this city, died Dec. 19

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Zara. By Mrs. Al. G. Eberhart, Cincinnati, O., for fawn and white Italian greyhound bitch, whelped Nov. 22, 1889, by Duke (Volne—Blanche) out of Flossy (Rex—Pearl).

Monte Cristo and Otho. By Col. Geo. D. Alexander, Knox Point, La., for liver pointer dogs, whelped Oct. 25, 1889, by Davis's Trump out of Black Maud.

Rodo and Jeff Davis. By Col. Geo. D. Alexander, Knox Point, La., for black pointer dogs, whelped Oct. 25, 1889, by Davis's Trump out of Black Maud.

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Woodstock Floss—Little Red Rover. W. B. Underill's (Syracuse, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Woodstock Floss (Robin—Woodstock Nellie) to Theo. J. Hook's champion Little Red Rover (champion Obo II.—Woodstock Dinah), Dec. 19.

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Zara. Fawn and white Italian greyhound bitch, whelped Nov. 22, 1889, by Duke out of Flossy, by Henry Eichler, Covington, Ky., to Mrs. Al. G. Eberhart, Cincinnati, O.

Pelham. Black and tan Gordon setter dog, whelped July 11, 1888, by Jack out of Becky Sharp, by J. L. Campbell, Simcoe, Ont., to C. M. Johnson, Port Richmond, N. Y.

Simcoe. Black and tan Gordon setter dog, whelped July 11, 1888, by Jack out of Becky Sharp, by J. L. Campbell, Simcoe, Ont., to Jos. Yorke, Toronto, Ont.

Donovan. Red Irish setter dog, whelped Nov. 2, 1889, by O'Donovan Rossa out of Lulu IV, by M. Flynn, Jr., Bristol, R. I., to Edward J. Watson, same place.

Jet. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Sept. 12, 1889, by Red Rover out of Spunkey, by Theo. J. Hook, Rome, N. Y., to John G. Burns, Buffalo, N. Y.

DEATHS.

Jack. Black and tan Gordon setter dog, whelped May 9, 1879, by champion Grouse out of Moll, owned by J. D. Campbell, Simcoe, Ont., on Nov. 2.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

F. C. S., Vicksburg, Mich.—I have a foxhound dog 18 months old, that acts well, eyes bright, nose cool, but keeps poor and has no appetite, not when he hunts hard all day even. Please let me know what to do to increase his appetite and take on flesh, and what do you think ails him. Ans. Give a 5 grain quinine pill night and morning. Look for worms. If you discover any, give full purge of castor oil, and follow this with 30 grains of areca nut, made into a large pill with lard.

Rifle and Tray Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

BOSTON, Dec. 21.—The regular weekly shoot at Walnut Hill was held to-day, with a good attendance of riflemen. Weather conditions were unfavorable, high wind and bad light. Christmas day will be celebrated by the riflemen with all the prize and practice matches open all day. On next Tuesday the trap-shooters will hold their last shoot for 1889, and the final competition in the gold coin and merchandise match and for the Standard Target Company's medal, and prizes will be awarded instead of on Wednesday, as before announced. Following are the scores made to-day:

Twenty-Shot Rest Match.

J B Munroe	104 105—209	P Thomas	94 93—187

Champion Medal Match.

C C Clarke	72	T P Pullman	69
		S J Sydney	65

All-Comers Off-Hand Match, 200yds.

W Charles	81	A S Hunt	74
		F W Chester	70
S F Hawley	79	C F Brooks	73
		O C Bridge	69
C H Eastman	77	A Sharp	72
		S Winn	68
S C Sydney	77	B C Farmer	72
		F D Hart	67
K E Johnson	76	W Gardner	71
		A A Newman	65

Military Match.

J A Frye	40	J J Colony	32
T P Pullman	39	A S Field	29

Rest Match, 200yds.

J B Munroe	106	S W Hart	100
		T Adams	80
F S Ham	103	Dr Ball	87
		B C Farmer	80
W P Thompson	101	P W Bowers	86

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 15.—The German Riflemen were out in full force at Harbor View to-day, and the merry crack of the rifles resounded across the range from early morning until the shadows of evening put an end to further operations. The weather, though cold, was clear and bracing and on an average the scores were the best ever made at the range. The California Schuetzen Club, Grutli Shooting Section, San Francisco Turners' Shooting Section, and the Germania Rifle Club held matches, a large number of members participating. The California Schuetzen Club shoot was a consolation shoot, and the last of the year. Those who were already winners of medals were barred, and the ownership of the diamond medal for the highest score of the year was decided. The prize winners were as follows: Champion class, A. Strecker, 452 rings, medal and $25; first class, George Helm, 424 rings, $25; second class, H. Kurlfinke, 399 rings, $25; third class, Wm. Glindemann, 388 rings, $25; fourth class, F. Attinger, 365 rings, $25. The shout which went up when it was announced that Adolph Strecker had made 452 rings could be heard a long distance, and the excited marksmen took him upon their shoulders and carried him about the pavilion in spite of his protests. The cause of all this demonstration was the fact that his score broke the coast record at the ring target, made by Fred Kuhnle, of Petaluma, by 6 rings. Though not definitely known, this is also supposed to be the world's record. The following was his wonderful string by shots: 19, 24, 24, 23, 25, 24, 24, 24, 18, 24, 24, 24, 24, 20, 21, 21, 17, 24, 24—452. G. M. Laugali came next with 443 rings. Mr. Kuhnle made his record of 446 rings in May last, and until to-day's shoot no one approached it. Mr. Strecker now becomes the permanent owner of the medal, which is very handsome and valued at $75. The champion class medal of the club is now permanently in the possession of A. Johnson, who has won it three successive times this year.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 15.—Philo Jacoby, the famous rifle shot of San Francisco, in company with three or four members of the California Schutzen Club, will leave in May next for Germany. Mr. Jacoby and his team of cracks shots will participate in the great shooting fest val which will be held in Berlin in July next, and which will continue for three weeks. The California representative marksmen will also take part in the big shooting tournament to be held in Switzerland immediately after the Berlin shoot.

NEW YORK, Dec. 20.—The Barry Rifle Club held its annual meeting to-night and elected the following officers: Dr. F. W. O'Brien, President; E. Keller, Vice-President; J. A. Boyken, Secretary and Treasurer; C. Hutch, Sergeant-at-Arms, and Ch. Midnight Shooting Master. The headquarters of the club has been entirely rebuilt, and two 85-foot ranges put in, where we expect to have our practice shoots every Friday. A match with the Albig rifle team will be shot on Wednesday, Jan. 8.—J. A. BOYKEN, Secretary.

ILLINOIS ASSOCIATION PRIZE MATCHES.—Chicago, Dec. 10.—To the members of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association—Gentlemen: In compliance with a request from Messrs. W. P. Mussey, John Watson, R. B. Organ, W. W. McFarland and Geo. Farmer, you are advised that the association trophies known as the *Herald* diamond medal and the Jenny & Graham Lefever gun, now held by Mr. Eich, will be contested for under the conditions stipulated, at Watson's Park, Grand Crossing, on the second Thursday of January, proximo, at 11 o'clock A. M.—F. C. DONALD, President.

LONG BRANCH, N. J.—There will be live-bird sweepstake shooting matches all day at the Central Gun Club grounds, directly opposite railroad depot, on Christmas Day, 10 A. M.



EASTERN TEAM.

H. McMURCHY. W. FRED QUIMBY. CHAS. W. BUDD. S. A. TUCKER.
WM. E. PERRY. W. H. WOLSTENCROFT. H. B. WHITNEY. W. S. PERRY. ROLLA O. HEIKES. JAS. R. STICE. JOHN A. RUBLE. C. E. CAHOON.

WESTERN TEAM.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

Secretaries of clubs and managers of tournaments are requested to keep us advised of the dates of their shoots, so that we may give due notice in our column of fixtures.

THE U. S. CARTRIDGE CO. TOUR.

THE great tour of the U. S. Cartridge Co.'s shooting teams may now be said to be inaugurated, for although the shooters' car does not start till the latter part of January, the advance agent is now loose; which the same is Tee Kay. Any trap-shooter, and almost any sportsman, of the country will know it is unnecessary to remark that Tee Kay is not a Japanese gentleman, but a straightout American from New Jersey, and a whole aggregation of talent in himself. To a few intimate friends it is known that his real name is Thos. Keller; but this fact is rapidly becoming obscured in the drift of time, and Tee Kay goes. The only misfortune that can happen to the boys in the Iolanthe is that they can't have Tee Kay with them, but must follow after, vainly trying to stop the hole he leaves in the air or ahead; and if any imputation dare be put upon the management, it is that of possible bad judgment in selecting an advance agent who may leave a doubt in a town as to whether he was the front man or the whole show himself.

Mr. Keller goes first to Dayton, O., where the first shoot of the tour will be given Jan. 27. After securing the grounds and billing the town properly, he departs for similar duties at Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, Memphis, New Orleans, Houston, Dallas, Austin, San Antonio, El Paso, Los Angeles, Stockton, San Francisco, Sacramento, Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, Ogden, Salt Lake, Leadville, Denver, Kansas City, Omaha, Des Moines, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Milwaukee, Chicago, Detroit, Toledo, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Syracuse, Albany, New York and Boston. This is the route to be followed on the grand tour, and a more magnificent trip could not be imagined. It would seem a large strip of country for one man to head down, but if any one man can do it it is the Tee Kay aforesaid. It is to be hoped that he will not dally too long in Kentucky, or pause unduly in the Creole city, or look too long upon the sea lions at the Golden Gate, or stop to play solitaire in the Mojave desert. No matter where he is he will not be lonesome. It is the boys behind him who will be lonesome. Success go with him, and with the intelligent and enterprising movement of which he is the preface.

The route of the party and the names of the shooters have been published in these columns before, and the country is now well acquainted with the enterprise in hand. It may not be amiss, however, to give once more the names of the final teams for convenience of reference in a matter of such importance. The Eastern team is composed of H. McMurchy, Syracuse, N. Y. (captain); H. B. Whitney, Phelps, N. Y.; W. H. Wolstencroft, Philadelphia, Pa.; W. E. Perry of Boston, and W. S. Perry, of Worcester, Mass. Mr. W. Fred Quimby goes as substitute. The Western team is composed of C. W. Budd, Des Moines, Ia. (captain); J. R. Stice, Jacksonville, Ill.; Rolla O. Heikes, Dayton, O.; J. A. Ruble, Beloit, Wis.; C. E. Cahoon, Freeport, Ill. Mr. S. A. Tucker, Davenport, Ia., goes as substitute.

There will be a large number of very interesting live bird races shot during the tour, of which the following are part: At Louisville, Mr. Heikes vs. Mr. Ruble, 25 birds a side; at St. Louis, Messrs. McMurchy and Whitney vs. Messrs. Budd and Stice, 50 birds a side; at New Orleans, the Eastern vs. Western team, 50 birds a side; at Los Angeles, Mr. Quimby vs. Mr. Tucker, 25 birds a side; at San Francisco, Mr. Budd vs. Mr. Stice, 35 birds a side, and also Mr. McMurchy vs. Mr. Heikes, 35 birds a side; at Denver, Mr. Ruble vs. Mr. Whitney, 25 birds a side; at Leadville, Mr. Budd vs. Mr. McMurchy, 25 birds a side; at Kansas City, the Eastern vs. the Western team, 100 birds a side; at Chicago, the Eastern vs. Western team, 100 birds a side. This will furnish diversion in the target programme, and still further complete the attractions of what is already accepted as the most unique and perfect trap-shooting undertaking on record. The tour will be a succession of admirably appointed tournaments, and sport at the trap will be set before the public as it has never been before.

Mr. Dimick, as manager of this trip, has not been satisfied to turn the first forward wheel of the Iolanthe until every arrangement for the comfort of his teams and for the success of the trip was perfect, nothing less; therefore the starting date is now put at Jan. 27, that being the date of the first shoot. Under many vexatious delays and disappointments Mr. Dimick has held to his purpose, and there is now fairly under way, as stated in our first paragraph, the first step in what is a thoroughly well-conceived, well-equipped, truly American enterprise. Therefore, joy go with the herald and his following friends.

ESSEX GUN CLUB.

MARION, N. J., Dec. 19.—This afternoon at the club grounds at Marion, N. J., the members of the Essex Gun Club held one of their regular quarterly shooting meetings. No less than twenty-two men put in an appearance. Sweepstakes were shot until 11:30 P.M., when an intermission was had for luncheon. Then the two teams were selected, and the event of the day was fought to a conclusion. This resulted as here given. The captains were R. H. Breintnall and Wm. Hayes. The match was begun promptly at 1 o'clock, and was shot out by 4 o'clock. The team led by Hayes won by 2 birds, killing 86 out of the 100 birds shot at, against 84 killed by the team led by Breintnall. The men shot alternately, first a member of one team, then a member of the other.

W. Hughes got 10 straight kills, A. B. Hedden, S. S. Hedden, B. Freeman and W. Babbidge each killed 9, E. Nichols, R. Heinisch, I. Keast, W. Hayes and B. Morris each got 7 birds to his credit, and Terrill got 5; total 86.

On the losing side C. M. Hedden and C. R. Hedden each scored 9 kills; G. Freche, L. Thomas, E. Tillon, R. H. Breintnall and Dr. Nicholas each got 8, L. O. Jones got 7, H. Leddy and I. Mix got 6 each; total 84.

The birds were a fair lot, somewhat uneven in character; many excellent, many fair, and a few poor. The day was a delightful one for the trap shooters. The sweepstakes were all of similar character, viz.: 4 birds, $2 entrance, 3 moneys, Essex Club rules to govern.

First event.—Breintnall, Freeman and Mix killed all their birds and divided first money. Second was won by Terrill, and third by Thomas.

Second event.—Breintnall was the only man who killed the four, and he took first money. Freeman, Mix, A. E. Hedden, White and L. O. Hedden scored three kills each and divided second. A. Freche took third with two kills.

Third event.—Breintnall and Thomas killed four straight and divided first money. Freeman was all alone for second. Third was divided between Mix, A. E. Hedden, White and L. O. Hedden.

Fourth event.—S. S. Hedden took first alone; Babbidge and Leddy got 3 killed each and divided second, while third was won by E. Tillon.

Fifth event.—Fifteen entries, Babbidge, C. M. Hedden and W. Hughes made clean scores and divided first; A. B. Hedden, S. S. Hedden, H. Leddy, I. Mix, B. Freeman and J. Nichols got 3 each out of the 4 shot at, and divided second. Third money went to Breintnall, Freche, L. O. Hedden, D. D. Terrill and J. Tillon, share and share alike.

Sixth event.—Sixteen entries, four moneys. L. O. Hedden, W. Hayes, A. B Hedden, T. Keast and R. H. Breintnall made clean scores and tied for first. It was at once shot off, miss and out. L. O. Hedden and Keast missed their first bird and went to the rear. Hayes and A. B. Hedden followed suit on the second bird shot at, and R. H. Breintnall got the plunder by killing his bird. C. M. Hedden, Babbidge, B. Morris, G. Freche, W. Hughes, I. Nichols, B. Freeman and J. Tillon all tied for second, and also shot off the tie, as did the first men, miss and out. Babbidge, Freche, Hughes and Tillon slipped out quietly on their first shot. C. M. Hedden and J. Morris on their second shot came to grief. I. Nichols and Freeman killed and then divided the money. Third money was separated amicably by Jerry Monahan and S. S. Hedden. Dr. Nicholas won fourth, being the only one in the class.

Old South Paw (Al. Heritage) managed the accessories of the meeting in his usual capital fashion.

NEWARK, Dec. 18.—At Ero's Park to-day there was to have been shot the match between Frank Class of Pine Brook, and James Thompson of Yonkers. Both men put in an appearance, but each man was a physical wreck. Class was suffering from an attack of neuralgia, and Thompson was in no better shape, so the shoot was postponed to Thursday, Dec. 26. A large number of spectators were on hand, all interested in pigeon contests, so a number of sweepstakes were at once gotten up and shot to a finish. The sweepstakes were all shot under the following conditions: Four birds, $3 entrance, under 10 entries, 2 moneys, 60 and 40 per cent; over 10, 3 moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent., Hurlingham rules to govern.

First event (10 entries): C. M. Hedden, S. Castle, J. Thompson, Frank Class and C. Reinhardt killed all their birds and tied for first money. They shot off the tied in the next sweep, the best score to take the money. Erb, Wheaton and Collins tied for second and did the same, as did also Taylor and E. Thompson, who tied for third.

Second event: C. Reinhardt, E. Collins and J. Thompson killed 4 straight and tied for first. The money was div., and Thompson and Reinhardt div. first money carried over from the first event. C. M. Hedden, S. Castle, J. Wheaton, F. Class and E. Thompson killed 3 each and shot the tie off in the third event. Reinhardt missed 2 birds and captured third money by himself.

Third event: Hedden, Castle, Erb, Wheaton and J. Thompson got 4 straight kills and shot off the tie in the next sweep. Reinhardt got 3 kills out of the 4 shot at, and again captured the pot without a competitor in his class, this time second money. Third money was tied for by Class, Collins, Taylor and E. Thompson with a half and half score, two misses and two kills each. It was shot for in the next sweepstakes.

Fourth event: First money was tied for by Hedden, J. Thompson, Class, Collins, E. Thompson and Hugh Leddy. Each killed all his birds. They refused to div. and shot it off, miss and out. Here followed as hot a race as is seldom seen. Before it was settled the cost of the pigeons amounted to more than the money in the pot. J. Thompson slipped up on his fourth bird and was out. Hedden followed suit on his seventh, a clean miss, for the bird fooled him. E. Thompson dropped out on his ninth bird. Collins, not to be outdone, also missed his tenth. Class killed his and took the first money of this and the third money of the preceding by shooting out all others. Second money was amiably div. between Erb, Castle and Wheaton. Chris Reinhardt again raked in a pot all by himself.

GRAND GROSSING, Ill., Dec. 11.—The South Chicago Gun Club medal shoot, 10 live pigeons, 5 ground traps, 30yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, Illinois State rules. They also shot the blackbird medal the same day at 20 Peoria blackbirds:

Live Pigeons.

L Welland	7	F Willard	9
G Kleinman	8	E Reeves	9
A W Reeves	9	A Kleinman	9
C Amstein	6	E Marsh	9
Monroe	5	J Watson	8
F Templeton	6	Dr Larkin	10

Blackbirds.

E Marsh	12	F Willard	16
E Reeves	18	A Kleinman	12
G Kleinman	15	S Willard	19
C Amstein	15	A W Reeves	19

Messrs. Willard and Reeves shot their tie off at 5 birds each, killing 20 straight; of the last 5 Willard killed 4 and Reeves 3, giving Willard the medal.

Dec. 21.—Match at 50 live pigeons per man, 5 ground traps, 30yds. rise and 80yds. boundary, Illinois State rules; Organ and Payson vs. Ashley and Phillips:

| | | |

BROOKLYN, Dec. 20.—One of the oldest shooting organizations in the State, the Falcon Gun Club, held a regular competition shoot to-day at Louis Miller's Dexter Park, in the presence of a large number of interested spectators. The targets were live birds and clay-pigeons, and as the former were a strong lot of flying birds, the sport was very interesting to both the spectators and the wing shots who were facing the traps. Some excellent scores were made, J. Voght doing especially well, as he did not miss a bird, either clay or live, in the 23 targets he shot at, while he resorted to his second barrel but twice to score kills. It was an excellent bit of shooting, and drew forth deserved applause from the spectators and competitors present. The first event was for the regular gold medal of the club, at 10 birds per man, 25yds. rise. The three prize winners were J. Voght 10, F. Moller 9, H. Miller 7. Voght thus won first money and the club medal, and Moller the second prize and Miller the third. A sweepstakes shoot at 5 live birds followed. Miller and Voght divided the first money, Moller got third, all three shooting from the 25yds. line. The score: H. Moller 4, J. Voght 5, F. Miller 5. An extra sweepstakes shoot at clay bluerocks came next, the score sheet showing Voght the winner of first money, with Moller and H. Krebel, Jr., dividing second. The score showing as follows: J. Voght 5, H. Krebel, Jr., 4; F. Moller 4. The second extra sweep at 3 birds per man, 25yds. rise, resulted as follows: J. Voght 3, H. Krebel, Jr. 3, F. Moller 2. By reason of darkness, the two first contestants divided the money, and one of the best day's shoots of the season came to an end.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Dec. 21.—Several of the crack shots of the Wellington Club attended the regular weekly shoot to-day, and several good scores were made, notwithstanding the strong wind, which greatly increased the flight of the birds. In the silver pitcher match at 7 bluerocks and 8 clay-pigeons Dill won with a score of 13. The other scores in this match were: Chase and Perry 12, Schaefer, Bacon, Wheeler and Lee 11, Bradstreet, Porter, Roxton, Webster and Warren 10, Comee, Bond and Ward 9, Short and Stone 8, Scott 7, Pushee 6. The winners in the sweepstakes follow: Ten bluerocks, Wheeler; 5 clay-pigeons, Roxton; 6 bluerocks, Comee and Payson; 10 bluerocks, Keystone match, Comee and Wheeler; 5 clay-pigeons, Wheeler; 10 bluerocks, Comee; 6 bluerocks, Dill and Wheeler; 6 tin birds, Webster, Wheeler, Comee and Schaefer; 5 bluerocks, Roxton, Porter and Chase; 6 tin birds, Bacon, Short and Warren; 7 bluerocks, Chase, Schaefer and Perry; 8 clay-pigeons, Dill; 10 bluerocks, Keystone match, Wheeler; 5 pairs bluerocks, Roxton and Warren; 5 clay-pigeons, Wheeler and Dill; 5 bluerocks Wheeler; 5 bluerocks, Webster.

RED BANK, N. J., Dec. 20.—The regular monthly live-bird shoot of the Riverside Gun Club took place this afternoon, with the following results: First event, 7 birds, $1 entrance—A. Ivins, E. Cooper and J. Cooper 7, Dr. E. Field 6, Wm. T. Conover, J. B. Berger and F. Beale 5, Chas. Littlefield, Jr., A. Whymer and M. Cornwell 4, E. Bussell 3, D. Belshaw 2. Ivins won in the shoot-off for first money, and third money was divided. Second event, 3 birds, $1 entrance—E. Cooper, Cornwell, Ivins, Conover, Littlefield and Field 3, Beale and Bergen 2, E. Throckmorton 0; moneys divided. Third event, 6 Keystones, $1 entrance—Bergen, E. Cooper and Throckmorton 4, Randolph, Cornwell and E. Crater 3, Bussell and Whymer 2, Dr. W. Whitmore and Belshaw 1. Throckmorton won in shoot-off for first, Cornwell won second and Whymer third. On Christmas Day the club will shoot at both live and clay birds. The shooting will begin at 10 o'clock and last all day.

TORONTO, Dec. 20.—At Newcastle to-day Riggs, of this city, defeated Wilmot, of that place, in two matches. The first match was for $100 a side, at 50 live pigeons, 26yds. rise; and the second for $50 a side, at 25 birds, same rise. Riggs got 38 in the first match and Wilmot 34. In the second Riggs got 24 and Wilmot 19. The shooters used both barrels, and the scores are not therefore very good.

Canoeing.

The list of officers and directions for joining the A. C. A. and W. C. A. will be found in the first issue of each month.

A FIFTEEN HUNDRED MILE CRUISE.

With the new year we will begin the publication of the log of a solitary cruise of 1,500 miles, made in a 14-foot Adirondack boat, on the Erie Canal, Lake Ontario, the St. Lawrence River, and other waters. The cruise began at Albany, finishing nearly two months later at Philadelphia, and the narrative includes exciting and dangerous episodes. The chapters will run through several issues. Cruisers should not miss this serial.

THE ADIRONDACKS WITHOUT A GUIDE.

"THAT must be fun," remarked my friend, Harry Vail, as, seated in a room of a New York club, he indicated in the paper that he handed me the item which had drawn his attention. The paragraph was about canoeing. As I perused it I agreed with Vail, and it suddenly occurred to me that here might be a pleasant and profitable way to spend the short time which I should be able to take from business during the approaching summer.

Vail was a gentleman of means and leisure; and, though an ardent lover of sport, had always followed it luxuriously, paying subordinates liberally to remove all elements of roughness. I was a common, every-day work horse, who thought a canter out of harness would do him good.

"What do you say to a week spent that way?" I asked.

"I'll go with you!" he exclaimed, jumping up and grabbing my hand. "The open air life and exercise would benefit both of us—you because you have worked too hard, and me because I have not worked enough. No guides or helpers of any kind. We want to do it all ourselves and be as nearly like two jolly savages as possible."

So it happened that on a beautiful morning in August, 1887, we found ourselves at Blue Mountain Lake, the southeastern entrance to the heart of the Adirondacks. A 16ft. cedar Canadian built open canoe, flanked with duffle sufficient for a two weeks' cruise, lay snugly packed in a wagon at our side.

We were bound for Rock Lake, the headwaters of one of the principal sources of the Hudson, down which latter river we intended to float as far as suited our convenience. A seven-mile trip by road and no driver reined up at a place where the woods showed no signs of being less dense.

"Gents, if you want to get to Rock Lake this is the best I kin do for you. I can't get my wagon through that path nohow, 'specially as my hoss is so fond of climbing trees that we dasen't trust him too near them. The panthers in there a bit is m ghty fond of dudes. Aint you afraid?"

We had paid this fellow in advance, or he would not have tried to thus harrow our feelings. Vail gave him a stony, head-waiter kind of a glare, but never having been snubbed by that autocratic hotel functionary, the backwoodsman survived and helped to put our duds beside the dusty road.

When he had driven off and we were left to our own resources without knowing what was demanded of them, we began to feel somewhat feeble about the knees. The afternoon was on the wane, no one might come that way for we knew not how long, the nearest house was further than we cared to walk even without encumbrance, and the path to our proposed starting point was as uncertain as a country parson's salary. What were we to do?

"Here is the poetry of wilderness life," said Vail, emphasizing the remark with a resounding slap at a deer-fly that was absorbing nectar from his ear. "Don't let us forget our sink-or-swim compact. I have a good imagination and can pretend I know where that trail is or should be." Then lifting one end of the boat, he continued: "I am a pretty careless fellow and guess I had better trust you to carry this. Besides, they say it weighs only 70lbs., and, as I am not good at calculating weights, I would very much like your unbiased opinion after walking a mile or so with it on your shoulder."

I could not resist such delicate flattery. Placing the neck-yoke, specially prepared for the purpose, in position, I got under the apparently unwieldy structure to find that it balanced excellently. The bow was slightly elevated in the position in which I held the boat, allowing me to see to a limited degree what lay directly in front.

Vail went ahead with one of the meal sacks containing part of the duffle, while I took up our boat and walked in the rear, stumbling and shuffling along. What fun it was! The scarcely distinguishable trail twisted and curved. In trying to avoid a tree in front, the stem of the canoe would swing around and whack one on the opposite side of the path. This would confuse me, and, letting the bow rise up to see where I was getting to anyway, the tail end would see-saw so low as to drag along the ground. Resuming the march, after walking carefully up hill and down for a few hundred yards, out from their leafy bowers would swagger several thousand assorted gnats and mosquitoes, with a few deer flies and black flies to keep them company, and, sauntering under the capsized navy, immediately come to the conclusion that it was a man trap for their special benefit. Acting upon this understanding, they would proceed to sample my blood by a liberal application of corkscrews on various exposed parts of my anatomy, not forgetting to get on the under side of my glasses and buzz around in my optics. Unable to take my hands off of the canoe, and annoyed past endurance by their intimacy with my eyeballs, I would wink my eyes rapidly, partially closing them for some seconds, to be suddenly remiuded of their use by finding my feet sinking into a rich, alluvial, apparently bottomless quagmire in the path. Rocks and roots under foot would offer unexampled inducements for sitting down rapidly, and occasionally a fallen tree lying breast high would bar the way.

Many halts were made to rest, moan, wail, rub barked shins, and try to induce the other fellow to do all the hard work. Time passed rapidly with these kid-gloved diversions. The golden sunshine became copper-colored, thrusting only an occasional bar through the recesses of the still forest. Suddenly a silvery gleam mingled with the brighter ray, and pressing forward a short distance, we found ourselves near the borders of the longed for lake. Before us for a quarter of a mile lay an oozy meadow of tall rushes extending to the water's margin. All round the pond the forest rose dense, black, appalling—a mighty fence of millions of unsawed boards interposed between us and civilization. Taking this in at a glance, we also saw what then interested us more, a small log lumber shanty close at hand. This had in front one opening, filling the office of door, and another small aperture high up at the side answered the place of window. The ground was strewn with hemlock boughs, and here we determined to pass the night.

We sat down to rest. We reflected silently. While engaged in chewing our mental cuds, a clashing was heard down the path a short distance. We held our collective and several breaths, politely wishing to avoid wafting our visitor on onion-laden zephyrs, when a shaggy brown coat disclosed itself through the foliage, we held our breath some more and made a bee line for the shore. The bear crashed and we splashed. When we had waded up to our knees in the lake and discovered that the beast was making still more rapid time in the opposite direction, we recollected that we both had revolvers and that bear skins made fine parlor rugs.

Filled with an unquenchable thirst for blood, we pretended to try to beat each other to as near as we dare go to the spot where we last saw bruin.

"I think it went in there," I said, in a subdued whisper, excitedly pointing a finger toward the woods and unconciously directing with the other hand my cocked weapon as Vail's devoted person.

"Well, I don't care to go in there," he remonstrated, indicating the ground, "unless you really wished to kill me, in which case I should feel perfectly safe. I would rather take my chances with several bears, than with you when you are trying to hunt one with that young pocket canon you have got in your hand. The law against carrying concealed weapons will never touch you, the statute does not discriminate against Gatling guns."

We then banged a few times to let the menagerie know we were on deck. Wending our way in the gloaming back to camp, we stacked wood into a pile, and lighting it, put things in shape for the night.

Perhaps you never camped in the pine woods, nor located near low ground. You do not know what midges are? The theory is, that they are very small gnats, but we claim that they are animated grains of cayenne pepper, having the power to get under the cuticle and lay next to the raw flesh. At any rate they are almost invisible, swarming in millions, smarting, humming and finding a way under any covering.

With these and other insects we held sweet converse until morning. We had heard that they were averse to smoke; and, building a fire directly in the front opening of the cabin, we made a grand smudge, which floated back into our shelter in great style, compelling us to lie flat and gasp for breath. Only when the fumigation became so bad that our death from suffocation seemed imminent, did the pest show any signs that it appreciated our attentions. It was only a question of endurance between us and the mosquitoes. Vail, who would joke at a funeral, said that the difference between a youthful tobacco user and ourselves was, that one would smoke if he could and the other was smoked in the wood. This blow coming so unexpectedly from my only available friend, produced a partial insensibility that he was heartless enough to call sleep.

After a hearty breakfast of the simple but well-relished viands which were within our ability to prepare, we set down to discuss our Stoddard's map of the Adirondacks, a very trustworthy and accurate guide, without which we would not have been able to travel. We saw that in carrying out our proposed plan, before we reached a house or a settlement we would be obliged to make a trip of between 75 and 100 miles through the uncombed wilderness. Taking the previous night's experience as a sample of life in wayback, it was decided by acclamation to wrestle with our outfit back to the road, and there wait for some wagon to come along to take us 20 miles southeast to a point where the Hudson, considerably enlarged at that point, flowed in by the highway.

The catch-as-you-can ninety-falls-in-half-a-mile tussle of the foregoing afternoon was repeated with variations. After doubling on our carry several times we at last arrived with all belongings at the road. Here we lounged in meditative ease for several hours. Short naps, tobacco, and the concoction of lies to tell our friends made the time pass away very pleasantly.

"Ha! what have we here? A solitary mounted traveler in charge of a treasure train approaches. Prepare the ambush for you unfortunate," tragically exclaimed Vail, as rising from a position where he had been alternately looking up the road and gazing at his feet, elevated at a dizzy altitude far above him, he flourished a 7in. hunting knife.

The wagon was indeed a treasure wagon, for it was empty, and finally we got our outfit safely stored and climbed aboard.

Our friend in need, an employee of a Blue Mountain Lake hotel, was going to push afternoon and night right through to the railr. ad terminus, North Creek. He was a typical mountain character, huge of frame and limb, rough in form and speech, but not without originality and sturdy independence. He had a flood of information to give us concerning all that we passed. At this point a deer was killed, here a terrific fight with a bear, or, years ago, near still another place, lived a band of renegade Indians, or resided a family of lawless whites. We somewhat suspect that he tried to place his own mental panorama before us as actual pictures. However, his lies, if so they were, proved very entertaining. As we topped a large hill he pointed out a remote forest and mountain, and one up to it close to the shore, paddled along side and jumped right out and caught hold of the critter's neck, tryin' to drown it. Well, Sam be a big feller, but the deer was hefty too. Jus then it got its feet on the bottom, and then they be a peart scrimmage to see who be the master. Once or twice Sam was downed and stepped on by the sharp hoofs, but he never left go his holt on the critter's neck, and waitin' for the best time he tripped it up, and gettin' its head under, hel' it thar until they be no life in the animal."

The wagon had no springs. Just as the sylvan annal was concluded, Vail, who was sitting on the side to give the canoe room, and who had been listening intently, received an electric shock, imparted by the wheels going suddenly and rapidly over a stone in the road, tumbling him neatly off from his perch into the dust.

The wagon bounced and jumped. We exchanged seats frequently and often stood up. The twilight deepened round us. Still and black the shadows climbed the mountains at our back. As we slowly wheeled up the steep ascents and rattled down into the hollows beyond, the stars were one by one thrown into the sky by an invisible hand; and the endless line of forest on both sides seemed to come close together in front, growing toward one another, like silent, magically constructed walls, to bar our progress.

Stories, songs, and even poetry were copiously administered to drive off the attack of oppression and weariness. No use, tired nature would assert herself. The road began to wave and flaunt itself like a flag in a gale; deer jumped from bough to bough; forests became a dense blanket, lifting up from the earth to enfold and smother us; the horses would then make a mighty effort to break out of the shafts and travel right up toward the stars; and with a lurch we would suddenly start up to find all the same as before we stirred up the real with the creations of dreamland. The driver was toughened to this, to us novel experience. After watching us for several hours in our semi-comatose, somnambulistic condition, he remarked not unkindly: "I believe if you fellows had a rope tied onter yer legs and wuz dragged along in the road behind ye would go on sleepin' jus the same. But if ye are tryin' to get to somewhare you had better wake up quick—here be North River."

A tavern built close to the road, the Hudson bawling loudly across the way, and a man with a lantern standing beside the wagon, made us suddenly realize that all creations existing in the night are not exclusively the product of sleep-steeped brains. Sending our driver on his way rejoicing we turned toward the house, full of rich anticipations of mattresses and spring beds. What, then, was our consternation at being informed that every room in the hotel was occupied!

"What's the matter with the hay mow?" asked the undaunted Vail.

"I guess we can stand it if the horses can," I replied, glancing at our woefully dust-begrimed clothes. "When the boy comes around in the morning to care for the horses I am going to ask him to curry us the first thing he does."

Our blankets stood us in good stead. With a reckless abandon, disregarding grasshoppers and crickets, we were soon steeped in sleep and hayseed. We now felt tough enough to decimate a chicken roost or rob a train of cars; and next morning, after a thorough wash in the hotel office, we slouched into the dining-room and the presence of civilized tourists, each of us with flannel shirt and belt, ornamented with weapons, joyfully oblivious of those conventionalities of dress and appearance which under ordinary conditions neither of us would for a minute have thought of disregarding.

Breakfast concluded, it was soon understood by every one in the hamlet that we intended to descend the river in the incomprehensible little canoe, which none of them could tire of examining and handling. The Hudson here was no insignificant stream; broad and deep it introduced itself to us in a swift half-mile rapid, which all evidently expected us to run. Alas for publicity! We would have very much liked to become initiated by launching in the still water below. The people became impatient—no one likes to be cheated out of a free show—and so as the easiest way out of the difficulty, putting the diminutive bark in the water at the head of the rapid, after packing in all our outfit and assuming the conventional positions, Vail in the bow and I in the stern, we grasped the paddles, with whose use we were hardly more than theoretically acquainted, and with many misgivings, pushed off.

"You can run it all right," shouted after us a facetious old lumberman. "After you once get started it is just as easy as falling out of a fourth story window." This comparison we found only too faithfully described the situation. We headed for the middle of the stream. Suddenly the banks began to climb past us with the rapidity of the shifting of stage scenery when the flies depicting a quiet pastoral landscape are quickly drawn aside to disclose the heavy villain on the point of raising some one's scalp. With a rush and a hiss, a bound and a plunge, we were tossing about in a breath-taking style. What a revelation to our unaccustomed senses! We were going neither faster nor slower than the water on which we floated; and, consequently, the stationary waves, the rocks and even the banks seemed on a mad, wild rush up hill. Our experience was very much that of the raw recruit for the first time under fire. To heighten the illustration, all the projecting stones in the river appeared to be singling us out, coming for us like spent cannon balls. To our good genius must be ascribed the credit of getting us safely through. Certain it is that we were almost paralyzed by conflicting emotions. By the time we took a stroke the necessity for the movement had entirely gone by. About all we did was to keep the boat from drifting broadside, which on this occasion, on account of the depth of the channel, was fortunately all that was necessary.

It was all over in a minute. We could no more tell where we had been than a man who had just experienced being tossed in a blanket. We had a faint recollection of waves, paddles, arms and feet, but that was all. We were now in clover, or its equivalent to canoeists—swift water of uniform depth and current. All our tribulations seemed to have ended. The landscape was perfection, the sun shone warm, the clear water without obstructions of any kind danced and sparkled. Holding the stern paddle to guide the canoe, invisible hands moved us along to the tinkle and gurgle of the water and the notes of birds. In this earthly flight, this exertionless progress, we continued until, all too quickly, we found ourselves drifting into the village of North River, where we were obliged to stop for mail.

It was now well along in the afternoon, and we could ill spare the time, but wieiders of the paddle, however rugged their mould, are always vulnerable to the wiles of the fairies, whose other name is woman, and certain it is that with regard to a blooming and vivac ous postmistress here we in this particular developed all the characteristics of veteran canoeists. She knew who we were and all about us, through the oft referred to intuition of the sex (or the instruction of postal cards awaiting our arrival); and opening a conversation which we were not cruel enough to ourselves to refuse to sustain; until we were suddenly brought to realize that we must choose between flirtation and North Creek for the night or the river and camp.

Though after five we had made the journey from our place of embarkation so quickly and easily, that we supposed that Riverside, some nine miles below, could be readily reached by nightfall. The highway now left the river. Once more we gazed where nature's green garments were unseamed by roads. The woods crowded the water in jealous, thick-growing, impenetrable barriers of evergreens. The stream which, earlier in the day, had sported with us in kittenish gambols, now showed canine traits. Rapids, in the midst of which were numerous rocks strewn with drifted timber, became frequent. We were now obliged to continue until we found a camping ground.

We had grown reckless. Like the habitual opium eater, whose system will not respond to a less dose than the quantity sufficient to kill several average men, so as rapid after rapid was passed in safety, our wheated appetite for excitement was given expression in my shouting, "Let us paddle as hard as we can down the next one. We have learned how to select the proper channel and there is no use in losing time on accout of ruffled water."

A deep sustained roar, well calculated to cause more experienced voyagers to investigate carefully before proceeding, now smote our ears, growing louder as we advanced. With the temerity of boys throwing stones at dynamite we continued, oblivious of danger. As round the bend we swung, a foam-crested, rock-studded declivity, boiling, eddying, animate with fury and passion, challenged a passage, which, now that we were on the first eager undulations of this resistless current, we must inevitably make. The first numbing fear was succeeded by a desperate nerving of our strength. Onward we dashed. What mattered it that the waves washed over the gunwales, wetting our goods and persons; what mattered that we slid by this rock or shoved past that so close as to feel the wind of our lightning progress; with muscles rigid and eyes bulging, we strove with clear brain and instant stroke to keep our course and avoid total shipwreck. When we had run four-fifths of this gauntlet of water and rock, as we looked below, the channel beyond a certain point ahead had a distant, far away appearance, an interruption evidently occurring, which we were not slow in comprehending was caused by a fall. We were in for it now—it was useless to attempt to escape. That our boat might have sufficient velocity to shoot over at as slight an angle as possible, we paddled straight for the most promising spot at as great a speed as we could command. The verge of the falls was shallow. The bow went over all right; but the stern, being weighted down, as the boat made the plunge, scraped against a flat rock a few inches below the surface. The effect was immediate, if not sooner. We were both thrown violently forward. I being in the stern, caught hold of the gunwales, but Vail, away forward, with nothing before him, lurched over, and, anticipating the descent of the canoe, took an independent plunge on his own account. The boat swung partly around by the shock and sudden lightning of its load, almost simultaneously with Vail's enterprising performance shot quarteringly over, sending its retarded bow well under water, but landing right side up close beside where Vail had disappeared.

Up bobbed Vail with the canoe in the lead. It was impossible for me to check my speed, and I was, therefore, much relieved to hear Harry sputteringly shout, "I am all right. I've got hold of a boulder. Go through and then come back and help me out."

A few more strong, well applied strokes found me in still water at the foot of the rapid. Hastily landing, picking up a long pole as I walked, I was soon opposite where Vail took his unannounced and informal swim. On the top of a high rock, with deep water rushing all around, he sat; presenting much the appearance, in his bedraggled state, of a Newfoundland dog that had just come ashore with his master's stick in its mouth. Stepping and jumping out on a succession of partly submerged rocks, I got near enough to reach my friend with the strong green sapling which I carried. He took hold of the other end of the impromptu life line, and, letting himself gently into the current, through our united efforts soon stood beside me.

"Harry," I remarked, "the next time you become dissatisfied

with my company, please give me a little notice that you intend to leave. As a friend you might at least afford me the satisfaction of saying good bye."

"Never mind, old fellow," he retorted, "you will get your dose some time. Every fox has to run from the dogs sooner or later, and I'll bet you will break for cover before long. But all joking aside, that's a fine little current there. It tore off every suspender button on my clothes. Why, while I was roosting on that beastly stone I saw about a hundred black bass dashed against it by the water and carried lifeless down stream. Fish brains flew through the air so for a while that I was completely smeared, and was glad of the opportunity you offered me to another bath."

I like a good liar, and I guess that is why I am so fond of Vail.

We proceeded to take our bearings. Our canoe was on a sandbar. Climbing a rather high bank, a house close at hand in the midst of several cultivated fields, and nearly a mile further another, suggested the probability that we were not far from Riverside. It was now dusk, and building a large fire of driftwood, we dried our clothes and partook of supper. The house, upon investigation by the light of the full moon, was found to be deserted. Carrying up our bedding and placing it upon the porch, we were soon lost in that healthy oblivion which follows a hard day's work in the open air.

A rough shake and a harsh voice saying, "What are ye doin' here? Get off from my house," was my rude awakening. Before I had a chance to open my eyes or collect my wandering senses a violent reminder with a stick on the spankable part of my anatomy, and another invitation to "Move out lively," caused me to sit up without more ado.

There was Vail standing over me with a club. "Ha! ha!" he laughed, "I told you you would have your time. I have been waiting to get even with you. I thought at first I would like to lift you gently and carefully roll you over the bank into the river. You are too heavy for that, though; and so I did the next best thing. You won't trifle with a gentleman's sensitiveness again, will you?"

"No, I won't trifle, I'll get down to business," I replied, reaching over in the path for a clod of earth, and sending it with well-directed aim where it would do the most good.

A truce agreed upon, after a breakfast we loaded the canoe and dropped down stream to Riverside, a railroad station with one house and two barns, or two barns and one house, we have forgotten which. We here learned on authority which we were disposed to accept that for the next 20 miles, all the way to where the Schroon swells the Hudson at Thurman, the river was absolutely impassable for any kind of craft. The Adirondack R. R. express for Saratoga and New York was due in a few hours. Putting things in shape we shoved our outfit into the baggage car, and by 12 o'clock were left at Thurman, beyond the canoe-pulverizing section of the river.

The next score of miles to Luzerne, the termination of our river trip, was perfection. The harmonious blending of the rugged and the refined features of nature were here manifest. Only when the art of the painter and the poet is expressed in one complex, combined outpouring, can this landscape be described to him who has seen it not. A chain of mountains; a succession of cultivated bottom lands, rich, but not rank, dotted with shapely trees and thrifty farmhouses; a bold rocky headland, here rising abruptly from the water, and again a beautiful forest-covered slope, green as a sprinkled lawn; and by it all and through it all a stream, which can only be likened to the celestial river, flowed clear, sparkling and melodious, always strong, occasionally swift, but never rough.

Truly, it was an ideal scene, a dream of harmony and peace materialized. And so we floated on and on, occasionally dropping a paddle into the limpid water to make sure we were in a world of substance. We drifted, time drifted, but we cared not. "Let anything happen that will, whatever it is it cannot be unpleasant," we said in our sumptuous ease and contentment. Like the frame to a beautiful picture, the Divine artist at length placed the night about his perfect day.

We were brought back to the world of our creature comforts. What should we eat? Where should we sleep? We passed a meadow, came to a steep bank running off from the river at right angles, and encountered a small creek which followed the low hill to empty into the river. Running into an eddy we paddled up the brook for a quarter of a mile. Landing, we prepared to carry our blankets and provisions up the bank to the vicinity of a house which we saw above. Just then we observed on the other side of the creek, walking across the meadows, a nattily dressed gentleman in high top boots, a rod over his shoulder, and a fishing basket hanging to his side. We supposed him to be a city sportsman. The mosquitoes were now hovering about the lowlands ready for business. We hailed the stranger and asked him to direct us to a suitable camping spot. He proved to be a farmer living half a mile away, and, learning who we were, cordially invited us to spend the night with him. Having unpacked the boat we did not care to take the trouble to cross over, and thanking him for his kindness, scaled the heights. The house we found to be a mass of dilapidated ruins. There was no place to camp. Determined then to follow the road to our friend's house we trudged along in the dark. By this way it was fully a mile.

Arrived at last we had a good supper set before us, and were made cordially welcome by Mr. Henry Cameron and his family. His house had most of those comforts usually lacking in country houses, even in the better class; and through the orchard, maple-planted door yard, and across the road was conducted in an open wooden trough from the mountain back of the dwelling a running stream of ice cold spring water sufficient to operate a small mill if we supply a village. Upon their offering to show us our rooms we requested, much to their astonishment, to be allowed to sleep in the barn.

The barn was full of new hay, and, opening wide the second story doorway close to our heads, we were soon sleeping the sleep of the elect. A curious impression of movement near by awoke me in the middle of the night. "Harry," I whispered, and thrust out my hand to where I had seen my chum make his berth. The place was empty. "Oh, Vail!" I now exclaimed in a louder key. My answer was the rustling of the hay in many places and a little body running across my prostrate form. I now understood that my partner had earlier in the night been annoyed as I then was by field mice; and I followed his example of going down stairs and lying in my blankets on the bare but clean floor of the carriage room. We were not again disturbed.

The next day was like its predecessor, full of pleasure and all too short. Luzerne we knew was a fashionable resort, and Cameron had told us that frequently parties came up from there on the cars with their boats to Thurman, for the enjoyment of returning by the river. He also indicated a place called the "boiler" where boats were frequently capsized. This spot we took pains to hunt out and paddle through. We had only a few miles to go and drifted lazily. I usually had the stern paddle and guided the canoe. Yielding to soporific influences I cuddled down in the bottom of the boat and went to sleep.

I was wakened from a comfortable nap by Vail's calling my name. "Confound it, why couldn't you have left me alone?" I exclaimed rather testily.

"Sleep if you want to," he said, "only if we go to smash in this rapid, I don't want to take the responsibility."

The thought of some more swift water brought me too like magic. It proved to be a disappointing little rush We were now in the outskirts of the town. Our trip was practically concluded. Indications of wealth and fashion, such as liveried turnouts rolling along the river road, reminded us that savage life to men in our station could be tasted not eaten.

We were certainly deplorable objects to tackle swell hotels. A week's growth of beard, battered hats, tattered and dusty clothes, marked us, when away from our canoe at least, as belonging to the mighty army of coal heavers and hammers. Our only recommendation was abundance of cash, but recollecting that that point is the strongest of them all, we took heart.

After a night of apprehension through the fear of recognition, we proceeded to Saratoga, where our civilized regalia was awaiting us. Going to a little hotel across the way from the railroad station we sent for our belongings. But even clothes were not a sufficient disguise, we must have had some of the artificial veneering of society worn off by our wild life. Appearing in our familiar New York haunts our friends would remark, "Hello! Been working in the harvest field at $1 per day, or have you been driving spikes on the railroad, Paddy? Confidentially, though, where have you been and what have you been doing?"

"There is no 'confidentially' about it," we would reply. "We've been canoeing in the backwoods; and don't fail to tell everybody that we have found more health, had more fun, and obtained more substantial benefit in one week's rough-and-tumble outing than we ever acquired in any way or at any time."

RALPH K. WING.

PHILADELPHIA. C. C.—The club house of the Philadelphia C. C., at Cooper's Point, Camden, and its contents, including the canoes and personal effects of the members, was entirely destroyed by fire shortly after midnight on Dec. 15. The fire started in an adjoining boat house, and in a short time it and the club house were entirely enveloped in flames; a negligence on the part of the watchman to immediately sound an alarm resulting in the total loss of both buildings, the majority of the canoes, however, being fully covered by insurance. Of the 23 boats comprising the fleet but one was saved and that, as is seldom the case, was fortunately one of whom her owner can justly be proud; as while being one of the most graceful in model, and general appearance, she is at the same time the fastest canoe now to be seen in our waters. As some of the members will learn through these columns for the first time of their terrible loss, and at the same time learn that the Muriel was saved, how their hearts will swell with thankfulness, and I am sure they will feel that all, all, is indeed not lost. But while this is cheering news, it will go but a short way toward lifting the weight of grief that hangs like a pall over our organization, at the loss of our cherished darling, our pet, our peerless flag ship, the "Nonnemoosha." How often in the past has the gleam of her snow-white sails far astern seemed as the foam upon the wave crest, through which she plowed her way, and for how many long years has she "followed" the fleet, and at night as the tired crews have been peacefully smoking a last pipe, canoes beached, supper over, tents up, everything coiled down, and the camp-fire burning low, has the soft stillness of the night been broken by the splash of the double blade and the well-known hail of her commodore, just getting in. Never more will the gentle fair ones (and their names were legion) be slowly, very slowly, wafted over summer seas by the brawny arm of the commodore, erstwile entranced by the sweet tones of his melodious voice. But right here, with the editor's permission, let me extend to any and all brethren of the sail and paddle as cordial an invitation as ever to our new club house, which will be designed, built, occupied, and ready for their entertainment, with the opening of the spring season. The second annual "Smoke" of the club will be held on Dec. 27.—1490.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Atlantic Division: Elbert A. Bennett, Garden City, L. I.

Yachting.

THE FLOATING BEACONS OF NANTUCKET AND VINEYARD SHOALS.

HOW LIGHTBOATS ARE BUILT, MANNED AND MOORED OVER THE TREACHEROUS SAND.

THERE is a fatal spot on the coast of Massachusetts, but a few hours' sail from Boston, where many a brave heart and many a gallant ship lie buried in one common grave. The Shoals of Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard are known and dreaded by every navigator on the Atlantic seaboard, and among the great number of "missing" vessels recorded at the insurance offices there are doubtless many that have been swallowed up in these treacherous quicksands. It is the common practice of navigators, bound from Southern ports to Boston or other ports on the New England coast, to run into Vineyard Sound and between Gay Head and the island of Cuttyhunk and lie up at Vineyard Haven, Falmouth or Edgartown, rather than take the risk of a passage over the shoals, if there are indications of fog or heavy weather. Providence has, by a law of nature, placed a mark on these dangerous sand bars, which is eternally useful to the mariner. The rapidity of the tides, which sweep along the sides and over the uneven surface of these shoals causes what are termed tide rips, which are in effect breakers, running confusedly together and sometimes of such magnitude as to be dangerous to coasting craft. Nothing can be more terrific and grand in appearance than the pyramids of foam that are piled up on the south shoal of Nantucket after an easterly storm.

The group known as the Nantucket Shoals extend off to seaward from the island of that name, 6 to 20 miles. The group comprises about 50 shoal spots, single and in clusters. They are composed of sand, with depth of 16 to 18ft. at mean low water, and are scattered over an area of about 350 square miles. The direction of the current through the group is entirely around the compass at every successive flood and ebb. The velocity of the tide is about three miles an hour, with a rise and fall of nearly 3ft. In common with all parts of the Eastern coast the entire group is enveloped by fog for many days at a time. The course from Sandy Hook to the seaward face of Nantucket Shoals is about E. ¾ N., and thence due north or nearly to a right angle to the mouth of the Kennebec River.

The limited depth of water over the shoals, their number and small size, and the great velocity and ever-changing direction of the currents, in almost every instance running across the shoals, and the prevailing fogs, coupled with the prominent position of the group, will show at the same time the relation these shoals hold to the course of a large portion of the commerce of the country; the great danger to which it is exposed in passing them; the necessity of marking their seaward face, and the extraordinary difficulties which lie in accomplishing so desirable an object. Vessels engaged in the foreign trade approach this locality under reduced sails or steam. The coastwise trade, for the most part, passes between Nantucket and the mainland, and in these contracted waters are found sandbars, rips and currents, which are only second to the great south shoals because they are more accurately lighted and buoyed. Some thirteen light beacons are maintained in or on the coast of Vineyard and Nantucket sounds, besides a large number of important buoys which mark the ends of the lesser obstructions. One-half of these beacons are floating lights, which are indispensable to navigation. This thoroughfare is only rivaled by the English Channel in point of number of vessels that ply through its waters annually, and on no other coast in this country are so many lightboats in use as on the sound side of Cape Cod.

Of all the homeward bound commerce, to that from European ports is the making of Nantucket south shoals of the greatest importance: To fully understand why this is the case, it is only necessary to state that the usual course of this most valuable trade is to make Cape Race, the eastern point of Newfoundland, and then run down the coast inside the Gulf Stream, which, by the jutting out into the ocean of Nantucket and its shoals, here approaches nearest the land. The passing of the shoals is, therefore, a proceeding of great peril, causing a corresponding anxiety to all those engaged in the trade. Nor are the peril and anxiety confined to the navigators of sailing vessels; they are largely shared, notwithstanding the more perfect means of "dead reckoning" in the absence of the usual observations to determine a vessel's position, by those in charge of steamers.

New South (Davis) Shoal is the most seaward of the Nantucket group. It lies out of sight of land, S. by E.½E., broad off from the island of the same name, 20 miles distant. It is composed of fine white sand. The least depth of water on it at mean low tide is 8ft. The extent of the shoal within the two fathom curve is 1¼ miles. It falls off rapidly into deep water particularly on the seaward side. The nearest harbors to this shoal are, Nantucket 40 miles, Edgartown 42 miles, and Vineyard Haven 46½ miles.

No work of a solid character placed on a submerged sandbank, at so exposed a point as the South Shoal, were it possible to build one, could long withstand the power of the ocean. Instances are not wanting of beacons founded at positions exposed to the violence of the ocean, which have triumphantly defied its power, among which may be mentioned Eddystone and Minot's. Those structures were founded upon a rock, they are less distant from land and a harbor, and open to the sweep of the ocean through a smaller arc. Where it possible to erect a solid structure on these shoals, it might withstand the direct assaults of the sea, but it would be overthrown by the wasting of the sands, through the insidious working of the waves upon the mass. So the government had recourse to a floating light to warn mariners of the hidden dangers.

A lightboat, as these beacons are styled in sea parlance, is a boxy-looking craft devoid of gingerbreadwork and the graceful lines of a sailing vessel; she is constructed to withstand the ceaseless battering of heavy seas, the crunching of drift ice and the wear and tear of time. As these vessels, when at their stations, generally lie with their bows to the wind, it is impossible to air the hold sufficiently to prevent dry rot in the timbers, and about every five years they require repairs that cost nearly as much as new vessels. They range in size from 100 to 500 tons, the larger ones being placed on the most exposed stations. They vary in cost when ready for sea from $4,000 to $7,000. These lights, however, are never adopted for any situation in which a lighthouse can be built for any reasonable sum, for they are not only driven from their moorings, often when most needed, but in the frequent repairs and in the number of men kept aboard they are two or three times as expensive as lighthouses of the first class. This branch of the lighting service of our country has in times past been very defective, and until quite recently, properly modeled, equipped and moored floating lights were far between. Forty years ago most of the lightboats were kept by men (landsmen) who had farms within their vicinity, and who employed others at low wages to attend to their duties, or wholly neglected them.

Nautical men as a rule are now employed to superintend these matters that belong more exclusively to the profession. Floating lights are placed for the convenience and safety of seamen, and none but seafaring men are capable of appreciating the importance of a proper vigilance in the management of these indispensable guides. There are numerous contrivances and modes of communication known only to the seaman, by which the masters and pilots may be directed in times of anxiety and danger. The salaries of keepers range from $300 to $600 a year, and the crew and cook receive wages equivalent to those paid at the nearest maritime port. The rations are of the quality used in the navy.

The Nantucket South Shoal lightboat is one of the best on the coast, and the greatest precautions are necessary to keep it anchored over the sandbank it is intended to mark. Of the various instruments employed in anchoring the screw mooring is undoubtedly the surest and best. It is constructed on the principle of a screw, but differs in form; for while the spiral thread makes little more than one turn round its shaft it is extended to a very broad flange, and the hold which it takes on the ground is proportional to its breadth of disk. The method of laying down this mooring is briefly thus: A strong mooring chain is so attached to it as to allow the screw to turn freely without carrying the chain around with it; a powerful iron shaft is then fixed firmly to the upper part of the mooring, which is formed square for that purpose, fitting in the same manner as a key to a watch in winding it up; it is then lowered by the mooring chain, joint after joint being added to the shaft till the mooring has reached the ground. Levers are applied to the shaft after the manner of a capstan, and the operation of screwing the mooring into the ground commences. Two boats or barges having been anchored head and stern close alongside each other and the upright shaft rising between them and amidships, men place themselves at the bars and walk from one boat to the other, the two giving a convenient platform. When the screw is firmly imbedded a buoy is shackled to the mooring chain and the job is completed.

A lightboat must ride easily in a seaway or the heavy pitch and roll will seriously affect the quality of the lights. The severe shocks received in heavy weather are modified by a rope cable attached to the mooring chain, which "gives" instead of bringing the craft up all standing when riding over a running billow. The hawse pipes, through which the cables enter the hull, are cut just above the waterline, enabling the boat to ride more easily than an ordinary sailing craft when exposed to similar conditions.

The vessels are schooner-rigged, with short masts which give the lanterns an elevation of about 40ft. A deck house encircles each mast, and in the daytime the lantern is lowered into it for cleaning and filling. There is sufficient space to pass around it and for ventilation from below. At the mastheads are hoop iron balls which serve as day marks. On the forward deck house are the fog bell and whistle, which are used as signals in thick weather, the intervals between the blows or notes indicating the location of the shoal in the stormiest night or densest fog almost as plainly as the large letters upon her sides in clear weather.

A suit of sails is bent ready for use in case of disaster or when the boat gets adrift, as she frequently does. There are two crews to each vessel, one of which is always ashore ready to go aboard in case of emergency. For a number of months these men face the ocean in all its moods, and for weeks at a time they have no communication with the mainland except through the occasional visit of the buoy setter Verbena, with headquarters at Wood's Holl. The man who is brave enough to ship on a lightboat in the winter season is courageous indeed. At times the boat is encased in solid ice and the spray freezes as fast as it comes aboard. The stays and rigging become many times their original size, and it is with the greatest difficulty that the lantern windlass and weights are kept in order. For hours during extreme weather the crew pound ice, when the question must be decided whether the ice be thrown overboard or accumulate and sink the beacon.

Another danger is that of collision. The mooring chain is often paid out several hundred fathoms in times when big seas are running. Perhaps a vessel has been driven to leeward and fouls the chain. As the heavy hull of the drifting craft presses down upon the cable and drags broadside toward the forefoot the bow of the pitching lightboat, the latter gathers headway and the two come together with a crash that opens the planking of the helpless sailing vessel as if an iron steamer had crushed into her. Very likely the blow and strain will part the cable, and the lightboat, at the mercy of the gale, is borne away from the sinking vessel.

The monotony of this existence is something unknown to the man of cities and everyday-life, yet there are always many applications for a berth on the most exposed stations. The chief amusements are basket making, the building of toy boats and card playing, which become very monotonous in a few weeks, and then reading and even fancy work are indulged in.

Cross Rip lightboat, Vineyard Sound, is not only invaluable as a beacon, but of immense use as a buoy by day. This station was established in 1864. The floating light on Pollock Rip, off Chatham, was established in 1852, and is of great importance to vessels passing north of Cape Cod. Shovelfull Shoal lightboat was established in 1852 and marks a very dangerous bar in the path of coastwise commerce. The Handkerchief lightboat is stationed over the dreaded shoal of that name and was established in 1865. There are floating lights over Succannesit Shoal and at the western entrance to Vineyard Sound. A number of relief boats are tied up at the Government wharf in Little Harbor, Wood's Holl, and in case of repairs upon a boat one of these are substituted, so the light is rarely missing. At the Wood's Holl wharf is a large variety of buoys of various kinds under the superintendence of Captain Gibbs, of the Verbena.

WOBURN, Mass. GEO. S. HUDSON.

SULTANA.

A BIT of the old-time chorus that once made New York famous in all the ports of the world was heard on Wednesday of last week in the Erie Basin in South Brooklyn, where the merry ring of iron mauls on oak and teak wedges made an appropriate overture to the opening of a new ship yard in the port of New York. The big dry docks of the Erie Basin, with their machine shops and building plant, have hitherto been used for repairs only; but Messrs. Handren & Robbins have determined to go into building as well, their first contract being the auxiliary steam yacht Sultana, designed for Mr. Trenor L. Park by Mr. J. Beavor Webb, designer of the two Fredas, Genesta, Galatea, Tara, Medusa, and the steam yacht Carmen.

The new yacht is 187ft. 6in. over all, 155ft. l.w.l., 27ft. 6in. beam, 17ft. 6in. hold, and 14ft. 6in. draft. She is fitted with a triple expansion engine, 13, 24 and 33 by 24in., built by Henderson & Co., of Glasgow, and with a two-bladed Bevis feathering propeller, the pitch being variable from the inside of the vessel. As the model shows, she is designed for canvas as well as coal, and will carry about 11,000sq. ft. of canvas, being rigged as a three-masted topsail schooner. Her smokestack will telescope, and her screw will be feathered when sail alone is to be used for any length of time. The yacht has been planned and built with great care, and will receive the highest rating from the American and British Lloyds. The construction has been under the charge of Capt. W. B. Dickey, an old graduate of Harlan & Wolf's famous Belfast yard, and the result is in every way a credit to the new yard. The plating and seams are equal to the work of the best yards, and for a first attempt are specially creditable.

The hull is entirely of mild steel; the planksheer, bulwarks and rail, as well as all deck fittings, are of teak. The deck house is of steel, all galvanized, sheathed with teak. The deck is payed with teak, marine glue. The yacht will be steered by steam from the bridge, with an auxiliary steering gear aft that will be used when sailing. The fore end of the deck house contains a chart room, and the after end the galley; the middle portion forming a saloon and entrance way to the owner's quarters forward. The apartments of the owner and his wife are abaft the main saloon, with a study on the starboard side of the latter. Forward are extra staterooms and maids' rooms; then the collision bulkhead and forecastle. The after cabin contains more staterooms, abaft which are the officers' staterooms and mess room. The large fore hold is reached by a square shaft down which trunks or stores may be lowered. On either side of a long passage are store rooms, the forward one being for trunks and luggage, while one is specially fitted as a photographic dark room. The yacht will be fitted with ice machine, electric bells and lights, and other modern appliances, her owner intending to start on a cruise around the world as soon as she is completed.

The weather on Wednesday was as bad as it could be, a chilly drizzle with an east wind, and the shipyard was nearly as muddy as the sidewalks in New York; but a number of guests, including some venturesome ladies, were on hand before high water. The yacht was sent away at 4 P. M., Miss Bessie McCullough breaking the bottle. After a little delay when the lashings were cut, the handsome vessel, with the Corinthian Y. C. burgee at the fore, the New York at the main, and the American ensign at the mizzen, gathered way and slid rapidly into the water, making her bow as her forefoot left the ways, and running away at considerable speed. Work will be commenced at once on the same spot on two large barges of steel.

THE NEW RULE OF THE NEW YORK Y. C.—The Boston *Herald* falls into a curious blunder in regard to the action of the New York Y. C. in stating that no rule is yet adopted. The club adopted the Seawanhaka formula, but declined to accept a classification by corrected length. The *Herald* published a report of the action of the club, though in a very mixed form, in its issue of Dec. 14.

ST. LAWRENCE Y. C.—This lively little club is holding a series of monthly meetings, with practical talks on yachting topics.

THE NEW BRITISH RACING FLEET.

THE recent discussion of the measurement question has attracted considerable attention to the new 20 and 10-raters on the other side, most of which have been described in the FOREST AND STREAM. The following summary of their performances, from the *Field*, will be of interest in view of future international competitions, in which yachts of this type may be matched against the new American craft:

"The most striking, and at the same time most satisfactory, features during the yacht racing season of 1889 were, no doubt, the certain signs of a revival of racing in the classes of 20-rating downward, and the excellence of the racing in the handicap classes. The 20-raters of to-day are pretty much what the 20-tonners were sixteen years ago, when the Vanessa appeared on the scene and aroused emulation among yachtsmen of all sorts and ages—an enthusiasm, too, which lasted for quite a dozen years, and which might have lasted until now had it not been for the chilling effect of 'bad times.' The 20 tonner, as represented by Vanessa, we know developed into a vessel 5ft. longer, with about 1,000sq. ft. more canvas; nevertheless the 20-rater of the present day fairly represents Vanessa, which has a waterline length of 47ft. and a sail spread of 2,000sq. ft.; while Vreda, the first of the successful 20-raters, has a waterline length of 45.4ft., and a sail spread of 2,641sq. ft. The weight or displacement of the boats is about the same, the accommodation is about the same, and the cost is about the same. Vanessa cost £1,250, and that is about the cost of a fashionable 20-rater.

"We were just now speaking of the effect the success of Vanessa had on the minds of yachtsmen in 1873, and it can be fairly said that the prowess of Vreda since her *début* in 1888 has had a similar effect on yachtsmen of the present day. Thus in 1889 we had three new candidates for fame in the form of Windward, Dragon and Mimosa; beyond these accomplished facts there are at the present moment at least three new 20-raters building for next season. Vanessa, it will be remembered, held her own well for seven seasons, that is until Freda made her appearance in 1880; she had been able to do this because lead keels "developed" very slowly, and necessarily so did length and sail spread. However, in Freda Mr. Beavor Webb showed that what had been proved to be possible in the 10-tonners—the putting of the whole of the ballast on the keel—was also possible in the 20-tonners; and then came a marvelous extension of length and sail spread, coupled with a great increase of weight. We mention these circumstances mainly to show that the position of a 20-rater like Vreda is very much more secure than was that of Vanessa. So far as human foresight at present carries us, she cannot be outbuilt by mere expansion. If a 20-rater is given more length she must have less sail; and if she has more sail she must have less length. Of course we are not determining off-hand that Mr. Watson hit off the right proportion of sail to length at his first trial; but he must have been very near it, and it is unlikely that designers will show much variation from the proportion of Vreda. Thus a well-modeled vessel under the existing rating rule may have an unlimited career if she is kept up to the mark in the way of condition of hull and equipment. Vreda, of course, did not have such a good average record this past season as she had in 1888; and it will not be expected that she would have two such antagonists as Mr. Fife turned out in the form of Dragon and Windward to compete against.

"Vreda opened the season on the Thames, where, however, she had no yacht of her own rating to compete against. Nevertheless, she won some valuable prizes, and, after a bootless visit to Harwich, went on to Dover, where she won a prize from Vanessa. From here she went to Queenstown, and on the first day of the Royal Cork Yacht Club Regatta had practically a sail over. On the following day she entered the lists against Valkyrie, Yarana, and Irex for a Queen's cup, and after a toodious sail of 17½ hours, Vreda was declared the winner. It is, however, only just to say that all the honors of the day belonged to Valkyrie, as she had obtained a long lead when she sailed into a clock calm near home, while Vreda brought along a little breeze and passed her. On the Mersey, in the regatta of the Cheshire Yacht Club, Vreda met the new Mimosa, and in a nice breeze, beat her five minutes. In the Royal Mersey match the following day, in a lighter breeze, Mimosa was still further out of it, her smaller sail plan being much against her in the light airs. After this Mimosa came away south for some alterations, but Vreda went on to the Clyde to tackle Dragon and Windward. The former of these two had already made a name on the Clyde by her defeat of Windward, and her match with such a swell of the ocean as Vreda was consequently looked forward to with much interest by the members of the Royal Largs Yacht Club. The first encounter left victory with Dragon, but by a very narrow margin, and the critics were not yet all one way of thinking about the merits of the two boats, especially as the wind was light and variable. In the two encounters under the flag of the Royal Northern Yacht Club the wind was also light and variable, and the Dragon repeated her victories. These consecutive successes appeared to convince every one that Dragon at any rate was the better boat of the two in light winds, and no one could account for the repeated reverses of Windward, as Dragon is modeled much like her, but has five or six inches more beam, and perhaps as much more draft—at least so the gossips said. There was a continuation of the light, pleasant weather for the two days' Mudhook regatta with amateur helmsmen. On the first day Windward, with Mr. Wm. Fife, Jr., at the helm, scored a rather hollow victory over Vreda and Dragon; on the following day Vreda, with Mr. W. G. Jameson as helmsman, had an equally notable victory—in fact her first since the Mersey. In the Clyde Corinthian Yacht Club match, which followed, Dragon had her turn at winning, under the clever timoneering of an amateur helmsman.

"It was not until the regatta of the Royal Clyde Y. C. was reached that anything like a breeze tested the persevering 20-raters, and then Vreda appeared to be upsetting all preconceived opinions of her merits by roundly beating Dragon. But the trial came to an untimely end through Vreda losing her bowsprit, and Dragon obtained the prize. On the following day there was again breeze enough for second topsails, but Vreda, with a jury bowsprit, was easily defeated by Dragon—Windward not being among the competitors. From the Clyde, Dragon and Vreda crossed the North Channel to Belfast Lough, where the Royal Ulster Y. C. as usual had provided a two-day's regatta. The wind was light on both days, and it must be conceded that Vreda appeared to have a slight advantage to windward, and it was only the reaching speed of Dragon which enabled her to score on both days. From Belfast they went on to Dublin Bay, where, in the Royal Irish Y. C. regatta, in a moderate breeze, Dragon scored another double-barreled victory; but, as in Belfast Lough, Vreda appeared to be quite her equal to windward. From Kingston Vreda and Dragon crossed to St. George's Channel, and Vreda looked in at the west country regattas; but Dragon pushed on to the Solent. At Plymouth Vreda reckoned up Mimosa again, and Dragon did the same at Cowes in the match of the Royal London Y. C. In the second day's regatta at this club Dragon, Vreda and Mimosa appeared, and there was a stirring southeast breeze. This certainly was a fine opportunity for Vreda, but in turning out to the Warner Lightship Dragon worked out a long lead, weathering the ship about four minutes before Vreda, and eventually beating her more than double that time. Their next appearance was in the Royal Southern Y. C. regatta, and Dragon repeated her victories; and it was so on to the end of the chapter, although Vreda scored two first prizes—one through Dragon going the wrong course, and the other through the same craft carrying away the jackyard of her topsail in the Royal Albert Y. C. regatta. After this latter regatta Dragon went on the mud, and Vreda had no trouble in disposing of her competitors at Weymouth and Torquay.

"Probably, taken all round, Dragon is three or four minutes better than Vreda on a 25-miles course; but it was mainly at reaching that Dragon obtained the longest lead. However, the sailing of the two in the Royal London match at Cowes must not be overlooked, and certainly on that occasion, whatever the cause, Dragon had much the better of the encounter to windward.

"During the season of 1888 the 10-rater, Dis, made a great reputation on the Solent, and she was regarded as well nigh invincible, although she never suspected of being quite first-rate to windward; at all events, it was thought she might improved in that respect. However, when a boat wins twenty-five prizes for twenty-eight starts, as Dis did in 1888, it is not usual to consider whether or not she has defects. Dis, indeed, was considered so good that she quite gave a new start to the class both on the Clyde and on the Solent. In the South, Decima was built from a design by Mr. Arthur Payne, with a plumb stem, and about the same waterline length as Dis. She had more canvas in her mainsail than Dis, and more draft—two circumstances which made the judges think the new craft would be a masterpiece to windward, and so it proved; but Decima also excelled at reaching, the result being that she had practically a sail over every time they started. Nevertheless, Dis kept hammering away in the most plucky fashion, and was beaten by a sort of regulation interval of time in every match. Another craft named Drina shared in her fate. She was originally laid down as a sort of fast cruiser, of about 8-rating, and 33ft. on the waterline; but in the end she was canvassed up to the last inch for a 10-rater, having 1,800sq. ft. against 1,660sq. ft. of Dis and Decima. It was expected that she might win some prizes on very light days; but those days never came to pass, and Drina won no prizes in the company of her longer-bodied sisters. The fame of Decima excited the curiosity of the owners of the 10-raters on the Clyde, and the most successful two crossed St. George's Channel after the Royal Irish Yacht Club Regatta. These were Yvonne and Doris, the latter being the last and most successful of the old 5-tonners. As to whether she or Yvonne could claim to be the better boat was a moot question on the Clyde, but we think it was settled in favor of Yvonne on the Solent. Yvonne had an advantage in sail spread over Decima, but not to the extent Drina had; however, in light winds and to windward she proved a better boat than Decima. They met eight times, and out of these encounters Decima won five races and Yvonne three. Against Doris Decima started fourteen times and beat her eleven. An enthusiastic compiler of statistics informs us that in the three races in which Yvonne beat Decima they sailed 100 miles, and Yvonne beat Decima 5'91 seconds per mile. In the five races won by Decima they sailed 169 miles, and Decima beat Yvonne 0'68 seconds per mile. The inference, of course, is that in a summer like the past, distinguished by good whole-sail breezes, the extra length and smaller canvas pay; but we do not think that anything has yet transpired in the races between the 10-raters to warrant any one exceeding a waterline length of 35ft.

THE BABOON SAIL PLAN.

THE Boston *Globe* takes exception to our comments in a recent issue on the question of Baboon's sail plan, speaking as follows:

"To charge that the statements of a designer of Mr. Burgess's prominence in regard to such a simple matter as a comparison of sail plans are obviously incorrect is to charge that gentleman with a lack of good faith in his dealings with the committee. At Mr. Burgess's request I measured with him the Baboon's sail plan and a sail plan designed to measure the same as the Baboon's by the Seawanhaka formula. As a matter of fact the second plan measured 9ft. less than that of the Baboon.

"In the new plan the mast was 2ft. 9in. further forward than in the Baboon. The rig was 3ft. shorter on the bascline and 2¼ft. longer on the perpendicular. By actual measurement the proposed mainsail measured 49ft. more than Baboon's, the working topsail 48ft., and the jib 16¼ft. more than the Baboon's, the foresail measuring 18ft. less. This makes a net of 95ft. more sail in the new plan than in the Baboon's, yet the two plans measure the same by the Seawanhaka formula. So much for Mr. Burgess's statement being obviously incorrect. Mr. Burgess happened to have some rough figures which he showed to the committee to illustrate his point. He has the drawings in his office, and they will be shown to the committee at any time they desire to see them.

"To offset this gain of 95ft. of effective sail there is a loss of 51ft. in the spinaker, which can be well borne. This plan, it must be understood, was only a moderate departure from the old style, and it is easy to see how much more the measurement of the mainmast may be cheated as the mast is moved forward, and the 'cat rig' is approached."

The whole matter of Baboon's sail plan is a very trivial one, and not worth the time that has been wasted on it, but it has been forced into a fictitious importance from the fact that it is the only thing in the nature of an argument which Mr. Burgess has brought forward to oppose corrected length. Mr. Burgess is an expert, a close student of yachting, and with a large amount of valuable data relating to American and foreign yachts at his disposal. He has lately been very strongly opposed to the measures advocated by the two New York committees; but with every inducement to present a strong argument, backed by facts and figures, his opposition has only amounted to this: a statement that under the proposed rule he would build a long and narrow cutter, or a "canoe;" and the "little haphazard drawing" of Baboon's sail plan. The first point is more than covered by the actual figures which we have given of the boats built under such a rule, and also by the correspondence of the Lake Y. C. and A. committee with other designers, published in the FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 21. The second point, of the possible evasion of the sail measurement, relates at best only to a detail of the rule, and not to the principle involved in a classification by corrected length; and as far as the figures given out are concerned, even the former point is not yet proven.

We are willing to admit that Mr. Burgess has made a sail plan measuring the same as Baboon's by Seawanhaka rule, and yet containing 95ft. more of actual area in the sails; but we are not willing to accept the conclusions which he would draw from these meagre figures. In the first place, it is not even stated which method of measurement was used, the old one, or the new one just adopted by the New York Y. C., and proposed for the S. C. Y. C.; the latter in most, if not all cases, measuring sail more accurately than the former. In the second place, it is not stated what the effect would be on the centers of lateral resistance and of effort in such a change of plan. Under the old method of measurement, it would have been possible to have put a cat rig on Baboon (on paper), which would have evaded the measurement entirely, or even a rig like Harbinger's, which was very imperfectly measured; but it does not follow that the yacht would be equally fast under such rigs, or that classification by corrected length is a mistake. Granted that Mr. Burgess is correct in his figures, we should wish to see the sail plan and know more about it than has yet been made known to the public, or to the New York committee before accepting it as conclusive.

What we said in regard to the matter was as follows, and we still believe it to be substantially correct.

"The statement in regard to Baboon's sail plan was made by Mr. Burgess to the committee of the New York Y. C. when on a visit to New York recently as a representative of the Eastern Y. C. Mr. Burgess did not even show the sail plan, and the figures which he gave were so obviously incorrect that they convinced none of the committee."

Mr. Burgess came to New York specially to oppose the new classification, and the "rough figures," which, according to the *Globe*, he "happened to have," formed the mainstay of his argument. These same figures did not check off correctly when shown to the committee and Mr. Burgess was asked to send the correct calculations and the sail plan itself to the committee; neither of which were ever received. It is needless to say that the committee has not yet gone to Boston to inspect the drawings in Mr. Burgess's office.

The *Globe* also publishes the following extracts from the correspondence of the Burlington gentlemen referred to:

"You can send me as soon as prepared the plans, specifications, design, etc., for a 30ft l.w.l.

"After consideration I wish to say that if you can give me as fast a boat with a centerboard I would prefer it, but if you think you can give me more speed with a keel or deep draft I will build the latter.

"I regret very much to have to write you that I will not be able to build this year, as the gentlemen interested with me decline to go to the extra cost of a keel boat. In addition to this there is a growing dissatisfaction in the H. Y. C. over the new classification, as the majority have centerboards, and it has begun to dawn on them that their boats will all be outbuilt in every class, and consequently useless. I would not, therefore be surprised to see a strong effort made to change the rule, in which case, if successful, I would try my chances with a centerboard of your design."

Unfortunately the *Globe* does not give the figures showing the entire cost of the keel boat, but accepting these extracts as complete and authentic, after some further investigation we can only conclude that the persons in question have availed themselves of a convenient excuse to break off negotiations with Mr. Burgess. If, as we are informed on reliable authority, Mr. Burgess counselled them to build a 33ft. waterline cutter for a 25ft. corrected length class, we are not surprised at their disinclination to order from him. Delvan and Shona, two extreme cutters, would just about fit the 25ft. class on the Lake, at 33ft. l.w.l. and 1,369sq. ft. of sail, while the Burgess Tom Boy under 30ft. waterline with about 1,700ft. of sail could fit the class. Very few yachtsmen would pick out the former as able to beat the latter under the Seawanhaka rule on nine days out of ten.

We can forgive the *Globe* the epithets it applies to us, we have heard them before and they have not proved fatal. The Lake yachtsmen need not take very deeply to heart the biting comment on their action; the *Globe* does not venture into the question of relative cost of various types and builds delivered on Lake Ontario, but the way it scolds at the Lake yachtsmen for adopting a classification by corrected length, it evidently considers that by this action they have spoiled a promising market for the Boston yards.

"YACHT PORTRAITS."—Mr. N. L. Stebbins, of Boston, has just issued a new and handsome volume entitled "Yacht Portraits," containing 75 pictures of the leading American yachts, nearly all the photos having been made this year. All the new yachts are included, the Burgess schooners Constellation, Merlin and Quickstep; Liris, Gorilla, Minerva and the rest of the forties; Kathleen and the 30ft. class, including the Cape cats Harbinger, Kiowa and Surprise, and the yawls Clara and Montecito. The pages are 9½×12in.

ROYAL CANADIAN Y. C.

THE sailing committee of the Royal Canadian Y. C. has arranged the following classes for the club fleet to race in next year. The range in length is quite large, owing to the many old yachts and the mixed character of the fleet, but the arrangement is as good a one as is possible, the limits of the skiff class, however, are drawn so as to exclude the small canoes that have raced this year with the 19ft. skiffs:

1. Cruising Class.—Yachts over 50ft., up to and including 50ft., corrected length.

2. Standing Keel Class.—Yachts 30ft. corrected length and under.

3. Twenty-five Foot Class.—Centerboard yachts over 21ft., up to and including 25ft., corrected length.

4. Twenty-one Foot Class.—Centerboard yachts 21ft. corrected length and under.

5. Skiff Class.—Boats not more than 19ft. l.w.l.; beam not to exceed 5ft. nor to be less than 3ft.; no ballast; centerboard not to weigh more than 100lbs., and crew limited to three. Under the above classification the club fleet at present would be distributed as follows:

NO. I.—CRUISING CLASS.

	L.W.L.	Cor. Length.		L.W.L.	Cor. Length.
Cygnet	43.42	48.12	Iolanthe	34.66	39.23
White Wings	43.69	45.90	Verve (Tor.)	37.60	39.80
Verve (Chic)	41.66	44.29	Merle	33.99	38.32
Aggie	36.91	43.35	Psyche	32.55	37.43
Condor	39.00	42.70	Vision	30.03	35.00
Rivet	39.00	41.68	Cricket	32.59	34.66
Sagitta	36.00	41.00	Cyprus	29.03	32.08
Whistlewing	39.16	40 76	Seabird	29.33	32.30
Deerhound	36.00	39.41	Bonita	30.00	30.30

NO. II.—STANDING KEEL CLASS.

Escape	30.75	29.96	Alert	23.00	24.70
Molly	24.92	27.58	Imogene	22.50	21.04
Naiad	25.00	26.30	Christabel	19.33	21.00
Kelpie	21.50	25.56	Viper	20.00	21.97
Finette	22.08	24.86			

NO. III.—25FT. CLASS.

Peerless	30.50	24.16	Brenda	21.08	22.96
Elaine	24.50	24.70	Mischief	21.08	23.39
Œnone	22.16	24.06	Hilda	20.08	22.69
Volante	20.16	24.39	Whisper	21.58	21.36

NO. IV.—21FT. CLASS.

Ellida	19.91	20.77	Daisy	18.30	19.04
Mollie	19.11	20.76	Pilot	16.41	17.50
Caprice	18.00	20.45	Dot	15.21	15.90
Woos	18.75	20.29	Freida	....	....
Irene	17.75	19.60			

NO. V.—SKIFF CLASS.

Uneasy.	Puritan.
Rob Roy.	Water Kelpie.
Ruby.	

NEW YACHTS.—Mr. Burgess has now two forties, one for the Adams Bros., and three thirties under way. The 45ft. yacht begun last spring for Mr. C. D. Owens, and lately sold to Mr. A. B. Turner, was launched on Dec. 21 at Lawley's. At the same yard the Sears 50ft. keel and the 45ft. yacht are nearly in frame, and the Foster 40 under way. A story is current that Gen. Paine is at the head of a syndicate that will build to beat Minerva, a yarn that needs much confirmation.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

B. C.—We should advise the hammerless and 12-gauge.

A. J. DE E.—The rifle is not too large for deer and is large enough for moose.

W. A. W., Washington.—We know nothing of the cheap gun named. Begin to train the puppy when he is six months old. Read Hammond's "Training vs. Breaking."

J. K. L., Pennsylvania.—I want to settle in Washington till spring: what gun would you advise me to get for the kind of game they have there? Ans. Select a 12-bore, double barrel.

A. C. J.—Dr. Perry's manual on "Dogs, Their Management and Treatment in Disease," is the best book for you; price $2, for sale at this office. The chapters will give you sufficient information on all needed points.

TEN-BORE.—It is impossible to name an age at which all spaniel puppies may begin their training, because some are more precocious than others. A puppy born in February should be old enough to do a youngster's work the next fall.

BOY NATURALIST.—When puppies have been weaned they should be fed on Indian meal or oatmeal well cooked and mixed with plenty of sour milk. Once in a while the mush may be made with meat broth, instead of pure water; and they may have an occasional meal of well cooked meat. When they are teething, large bones with little meat on them are the proper thing.

TRIOTE, New York.—Please inform me where I can obtain for practical purposes a thoroughly reliable map of the district embraced by the following route: From Bethel, Maine, on the Grand Trunk R. R., to Lake Parmachenee near the Canadian boundary, via Upton, Lake Umbagog and the Magalloway River, or in other words a detailed map of Oxford county, Me. Ans. Farrar's Guide to the Androscoggin Lakes has such a map; the book costs $1, and we can supply it.

G. G. H., Butte City, Montana.—Some time ago I read an article in some paper concerning a new powder which was noiseless and smokeless. Do you know anything of such powder and where it can be bought? Ans. The powder spoken of is only as yet to be found in the arsenals of European powers, where various attempts have been made and are making to adapt it to small-arm use. It has not as yet been adapted to sporting arms. The nearest approach to it are the various nitro-powders.

F. W., Delaware, Ont.—Kindly inform me whether German carp will take the fly readily, whether they will fight hard or not when hooked, and whether they spawn in the spring or fall after being put in the pond early in spring; also the best way to treat them after they are caught to make them fit for the table. Ans. In FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 19, 1886, will be found a description of successful fishing for carp with a fluttering fly. Grasshoppers have been used with good results for surface fishing. The usual baits are corn bread, wheat bread or dough mixed with cotton. In Germany, according to Dr. Goode, the baits are the tail of angle worm, grains of barley or wheat, maggots, larvæ of the wasp and balls of dough. Small hooks suitable for black bass will answer for carp. The capture of carp by rod and line is regarded as difficult and uncertain. The best time for stocking ponds is in the early fall; if the fish are old enough and the conditions favorable, they will spawn the following spring. Carp require no special preparation for the table if taken from pure water. Sometimes they are skinned. We prefer carp from open waters, and consider broiling and baking the best methods of cooking.

J. O., Pleasantville, N. Y.—There are a number of streams in this vicinity inhabited by trout, but fished to death. There were a number of good catches made in them last May and June. Myself and friend on several different days caught from 18 to 26, the last named being the highest in one day's catch, ranging from 8in. to 13½ft. This season has been the best for trout fishing known here in years. We intend to start a club to stock these streams and protect them from illegal fishing, also for the protection of game, etc. Where can I procure printed instructions for organizing such a club? What amount of trout fry can a club procure from our State hatchery? Ans. For a copy of the constitution and by-laws of an incorporated society address Secretary, Anglers' Association of Eastern Pennsylvania, 1020 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa. After your preliminary meeting, in which you will adopt similar articles, employ a lawyer to draw up the necessary application to the court of your county for a charter. We are informed by Mr. E. G. Blackford, President of the New York Fish Commission, that: "Any club or person who applies to the New York Fishery Commission for trout, will be furnished with a blank form which should be filled out, giving all of the details of the waters that the trout are to be placed in, and then, at our February meeting, we make the assignments of trout to the different applicants, giving those preference that have suitable waters, and that promise the best care and protection from them. We award from 1,000 to 10,000 fry, according to the volume of water to be stocked."

BEECHAM'S PILLS cure sick headache.—*Adv.*

HUMPHREYS'
VETERINARY SPECIFICS
For Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs, AND POULTRY.
500 Page Book on Treatment of Animals and Chart Sent Free.

CURES { Fevers, Congestions, Inflammation,
A.A. { Spinal Meningitis, Milk Fever.
B.B.--Strains, Lameness, Rheumatism.
C.C.--Distemper, Nasal Discharges.
D.D.--Bots or Grubs, Worms.
E.E.--Coughs, Heaves, Pneumonia.
F.F.--Colic or Gripes, Bellyache.
G.G.--Miscarriage, Hemorrhages.
H.H.--Urinary and Kidney Diseases.
I.I.--Eruptive Diseases, Mange.
J.K.--Diseases of Digestion.

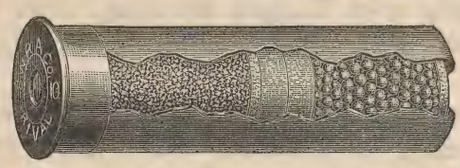
Stable Case, with Specifics, Manual, Witch Hazel Oil and Medicator, $7.00
Price, Single Bottle (over 50 doses), .60
Sold by Druggists; or Sent Prepaid anywhere and in any quantity on Receipt of Price.
Humphreys' Med. Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

Forest & Stream File Binders.
PRICE, $1.00.
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE

ABBEY & IMBRIE,
Manufacturers of every description of
Fine Fishing Tackle.
No. 18 VESEY STREET, NEW YORK.
(FOURTH DOOR FROM THE ASTOR HOUSE.)

TRADE MARK.

The unusually fine quality and large assortment of our goods make them particularly well adapted for those who are looking for useful
HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

WINCHESTER
STAR  RIVAL
LOADED PAPER SHOT SHELLS.
Ask your Dealer for them.
Not Sold at Retail by the Manufacturers.
WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.,
312 Broadway, N. Y. NEW HAVEN, CONN.
Send for 82-page Catalogue of Arms and Ammunition.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
(THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.)
Cure BILIOUS and Nervous ILLS.
25cts. a Box.
OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

FUR
Lined and Trimmed
COATS.
In many varieties and at very moderate prices.

Lined and Trimmed Genet	$75.00
Lined Black Muskrat / Trimmed Colored Beaver	$90.00
Lined Mink / Trimmed Natural Beaver	$125.00
Lined and Trimmed Persian	$165.00

Also many others, including Sea Otter and Russian Sable. Some Buffalo Coats.
C. G. Gunther's Sons
184 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

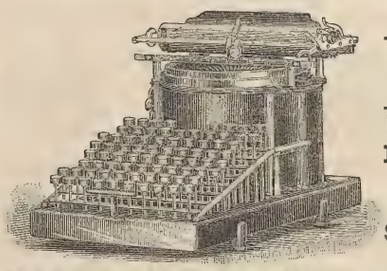

Chester White, Berkshire and Poland China Pigs, fine setter dogs, Scotch Collies, Foxhounds and Beagles, Sheep and Poultry, bred and for sale by W. GIBBONS & CO., West Chester, Chester Co., Pa. Send stamp for circular and price list. dec13,6m

Increasing Sales Attest the Popularity of THE GENTLEMEN'S CIGARETTE.
SPECIAL FAVOURS.
Manufactured only by
KINNEY BROS.
(KINNEY TOBACCO CO. Successors). Also manufacturers of the Old Reliable
SWEET CAPORAL.

REPELLENE.
An Infallible Preventive of the Attacks of Mosquitoes, Black Flies, Gnats and all other Insects.
Neat, clean and easily applied. No unpleasant odor, will not *stain* or *injure* the skin, easily washed off. May be carried without danger of *leaking* or *spilling*. In neat, oblong round-cornered box.
Price, 30 Cents, Postpaid.
Sold by Dealers in Sportsmen's Goods.
If your dealer does not keep it, I will send it on receipt of price.
A. FERGUSON, Proprietor and Manufact'er, Office, 65 Fulton street, N. Y.

Charley's Wonderful Journeys
By C. F. AMERY.
This series of thirteen adventurous journeys into as many regions of Dreamland has been admirably characterized as the most delicious nonsense ever written, and is now being brought out in a handsome quarto volume of 116 pages, profusely illustrated.
PRICE, $1.50.
FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.,
318 Broadway, New York.

HILL ON THE DOG.
THE STANDARD WORK ON THEIR MANAGEMENT AND DISEASES.
Price $2.00.
FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.
318 Broadway, New York.


YOST
Writing Machine
The NEW and HIGHER STANDARD.
NO RIBBON. DIRECT PRINTING. PERMANENT ALIGNMENT.
Exhaustively Tested and Guaranteed as to Speed, Strength and Manifolding Powers.
MUIR, HAWLEY & MAYO CO., 343 Broadway, N. Y.

YACHTS, BOATS AND CANOES,
WITH SPECIAL CHAPTERS ON MODEL YACHTS AND SINGLEHANDED SAILING.
BY
C. STANSFELD-HICKS.
AUTHOR OF "OUR BOYS, AND WHAT TO DO WITH THEM."
NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS AND DIAGRAMS AND
WORKING DRAWINGS OF MODEL YACHTS AND VARIOUS SMALL CRAFT SUITABLE FOR AMATEURS.

DESIGNS:
Model Yachts.—Defiance, Isolde, Bonny Jean, and 10-tonner with sail plan
Canoes.—Birch, Mersey Paddling Canoe, L'Hirondelle, Sailing Canoe.
Sailing Boats and Yachts.—Dabchick, Wideawake, Myosotis, Una, Singlehander by C. P Clayton, Puffin, 3-ton Racer, 3-ton Cruiser, 24ft. Auxilliary (steam and sail) fishing boat.

This volume contains much that is valuable and interesting to American yachtsmen and canoeists. The design, construction and use of small craft of all kinds is treated of in a simple and entertaining style, and the instructions are clear and easily understood.
Large crown 8vo., 380 pages and 16 large folding plates.
Price, Postpaid, $3.50.
FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., 318 Broadway, N. Y.

The Celebrated Smith & Wesson Revolvers

HAVE BROKEN ALL RECORDS FOR REVOLVER SHOOTING.



The Most Perfect Small Arms

EVER MANUFACTURED.

Unrivalled in Beauty of Finish, Durability and Accuracy.

Manufactured in calibers .32, .38 and .44-100. Single and Double Action Hammerless Safety and Target Models, with all latest mprovements——Automatic Shell Extractor, Rebounding Lock and Patented Safety Device.

The Smith & Wesson Revolvers are constructed entirely of **best wrought steel,** carefully inspected for workmanship and stock, and GUARANTEED. Do not be deceived by IMITATIONS largely manufactured of **malleable cast iron,** and often sold for the genuine Smith & Wesson. All of the Revolvers of this firm are stamped upon the barrels with their name, address and dates of patents.

If dealer cannot supply you, orders sent to address below will receive prompt and careful attention. Catalogues and prices furnished upon application.

SMITH & WESSON,

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

UNCLE LISHA'S SHOP.

Life in a Corner of Yankeeland.

By ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

A book that appeals to all who know anything of the old-fashioned New England life. These are some of the chapters:

The School Meeting in District 13. Uncle Lisha's Spring Gun. In Uncle Lisha's Shop. Concerning Owls. Uncle Lisha's Courting. How Zene Burnham Come It on His Father. A Rainy Day in the Shop. The Turkey Shoot at Hamner's. Sam Lovel's Thanksgiving. Little Sis. Sam Lovel's Bee-Hunting. In the Shop Again. The Fox Hunt. Noah Chase's Deer-Hunting. The Hard Experience of Mr. Abijah Jarvis. The Coon Hunt. In the Sugar Camp. Indians in Danvis. The Boy Out West. Breaking Up. The Departure. The Wild Bees' Swarm.

They make a handsomely printed volume of 187 pages, bound in cloth. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, $1.00.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO., 318 Broadway New York.
DAVIES & CO., London, England.

Steam Yachts and Launches;

THEIR

MACHINERY AND MANAGEMENT.

The Steam Engine as Applied to Yachts; Laws Governing Yachts in American Waters; Rules for Racing; Rules for Building; Pilot Regulations; Specific Types of Machinery; Design of Hulls, Etc., Etc. With 96 illustrations.

By C. P. KUNHARDT.

This volume is intended to be sufficiently comprehensive, and elementary at the same time, to suit the yacht owner's object of acquiring a general understanding of the subject as a whole, with specific information and data covering the most recent practice.—*From Author's Preface.*

Cloth, 240 pages. Price, postpaid, $3.00.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO., 318 Broadway, New York.
SAMPSON, LOW & CO., London, England.

CANOE HANDLING.

By C. B. VAUX ("DOT.")

A complete manual for the management of a canoe. The author begins at the very beginning, describes and explains the rudiments in the simplest and plainest way possible. Everything is made intelligible for beginners and besides this A B C teaching there are so many hints and wrinkles that the oldest canoeist afloat will find pleasure and profit in the study of these. The book is complete and concise—no useless duffle between its covers. The subjects treated are the choice of a canoe, paddling, sailing, care of the canoe, recipes and rules. The text is further elucidated by numerous practical drawings, and the beauty of the book is enhanced by the many ornamental vignettes. Pages 168; uniform with "Canoe Building." Price, postpaid, $1.00.

NEW YORK: Forest and Stream Publishing Co., 318 Broadway.
LONDON: Davies & Co., 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill.

DOG TRAINING:

BY

A. T. HAMMOND, KENNEL EDITOR OF FOREST AND STREAM.

For sale at this office. Price $1.00.

For Sale.

TROUT FOR SALE.

YEARLINGS of the Brook Trout, Brown Trout and California Trout.

EGGS AND FRY

OF THE SAME IN SEASON.

For information inquire of

J. ANNIN, JR.,
Caledonia, Livingston Co., N. Y.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

Public Notice.

Public sale of leases of lands conveying fishing rights.

Leases to expire on the 31st December, 1899, of the angling privileges pertaining to the ungranted lands, bordering on salmon rivers and others, and a number of lakes, will be offered to public competition, at the Department of Crown Lands, Quebec, on Thursday and Friday, the 9th and 10th January next (1890), at 10:30 A. M.

For further particulars address to the Department of Crown Lands, Quebec.

Lists of those lakes and rivers may be procured, gratis, on application to the Department of Crown Lands, Quebec, or to the offices of the "Forest and Stream," and "American Angler" New York.

GEO. DUHAMEL,
dec19 3t Commissioner of Crown Lands.

Shooting Box For Sale.

Completely equipped shooting box near entrance to Cranberry Lake, Adirondacks, comprising two story matched log lodge having six rooms, with kitchen adjoining, house for guides, ice house, three boats, boat house and dock. All in perfect condition, together with 25 acres of land on which the same are situated. For information address or call at Room 32 Boreel Building, New York city, where photographs can be seen. dec5,4t

Old Colony Trout Ponds

ESTABLISHED 1869.

Three million brook trout eggs for sale. Can be transported with safety to any part of the world. Ready for delivery December and January. Also young trout in the spring.

Unsurpassed fly-fishing in its season.

W. L. GILBERT, Proprietor,
nov14,3mo Plymouth, Mass.

Ferrets vs. Rats.

The best breeds of both young and old Ferrets for sale at ADOLPH ISAACSEN'S "Sure Pop," 92 Fulton Street, New York City. A complete book on Ferrets and Rat Exterminating sent by mail for 15 cents.

For Sale.

FOR SALE.

One share in the Monroe Marsh Company. The celebrated duck preserve owned by this company lies between Detroit and Toledo, on Lake Erie, at the mouth of the Raisin River. Apartments in the club house, and a room in the boat house, pass with the share. For particulars inquire of FOREST AND STREAM. dec19,4t

Anyone Can Stuff Birds

By our new process. Full directions with complete outfit of instruments, eyes, etc, $1.00.
Naturalists' Supply Co., 126 Chambers st., N.Y.

Fertilized Wild Brook Trout Eggs

And young fry in due season. Address TROUTMERE, Osceola Mills, Wis. nov14,3mo

COMMON PIGEONS FOR TRAP SHOOTING; fancy pigeons and poultry. T. W. HOOPER, & CO., 423 W. Franklin st., Baltimore, Md. nov21,3mo

LIVE QUAIL FOR SALE. Orders LIVE GAME A SPECIALTY.
E. B. WOODWARD, Commission Merchant, 174 Chambers street, New York.

FOR SALE FOR SHOOTING PURPOSES.—A No. 1 pigeons; no squabs; all kinds fancy pigeons. FIELES & BRO., Christiana, Pa. nov7,3mo

LIVE WHITE HARES (*Lepus Americanus*), captured and properly boxed and delivered to express in Bethel, Me., in good condition on receipt of orders and remittances at $3 per pair. Refer to Hon. H. O. Stanley, Dixfield, Me., Fish and Game Commissioner. J. G. RICH, Bethel, Me. dec16,tf

GUNS. CLOSING OUT FINE SCOTT Guns at less than cost. Don't buy before examining these.
CHARLES L. RITZMANN, 943 Broadway.
nov14,3mo

YACHT PICTURES

IN COLORS.

PURITAN AND GENESTA on the home stretch. Size of sheet, 26×36..... $1.50

MAYFLOWER, saluted by the fleet. Size of sheet 28×40..... 2.00

VOLUNTEER. Size of sheet 26×36..... 2.00

FOR SALE BY

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.,
318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 2, 1890.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 24. No 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Only advertisements of an approved character inserted. Inside pages, nonpareil type, 30 cents per line. Special rates for three, six, and twelve months. Seven words to the line, twelve lines to one inch. Advertisements should be sent in by Saturday previous to issue in which they are to be inserted. Transient advertisements must invariably be accompanied by the money or they will not be inserted. Reading notices $1.00 per line.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

May begin at any time. Subscription price, $4 per year; $2 for six months; to a club of three annual subscribers, three copies for $10; five copies for $16. Remit by express money-order, registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canadas and Great Britain. For sale by Davies & Co., No. 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London. General subscription agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Davies & Co., Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searles and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London, Eng. Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France, sole Paris agent for sales and subscriptions. Foreign subscription price, $5 per year; $2.50 for six months.

Address all communications

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

No. 318 BROADWAY. NEW YORK CITY.

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL.
A Decade's Close.
Florida Game Fishes.
Mountain Adventure in the West.
Yellowstone Park Affairs.
THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST.
Slide Rock from Many Mountains.
A Week in Brier Land.
NATURAL HISTORY.
The Warrigal Dingo.
Weight of Grouse.
The Ways of the Woodcock.
GAME BAG AND GUN.
Tramps with a Pocket Rifle.
Floating for Ducks on the French Broad.
Chicago and the West.
Incidents of Forty Years.
Reminders and Old Memories.
Aiming the Shotgun.
A Texas Game Country.
Maine Deer.
The Chinese Pheasants.
Taxing Guns in New Jersey.
CAMP-FIRE FLICKERINGS.
SEA AND RIVER FISHING.
Angling Notes.
Notes from Worcester.
FISHCULTURE.
Fisheulture and Protection in Indiana.
Work of the U. S. Fish Com.
THE KENNEL.
Southern Field Trials.
Eastern Coursing Club Meeting.
Gordon Setter Club.
New York Dog Show.
The Bettye S.—Sally Brass II. Race.
Mastiff Club Specials at New York.
Kennel Notes.
Kennel Management.
RIFLE AND TRAP SHOOTING.
Range and Gallery.
The Trap.
Christmas Day Shoots.
YACHTING.
Good Resolutions.
Sea Fox.
Hull Y. C.
CANOEING.
Christmas Canoeing.
1,500 Miles in an Adirondack Boat.
Philadelphia C. C.
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A DECADE'S CLOSE.

THE 80s are numbered with the past and the 90s have been ushered in. The transition from the old decade to the new marks the rounding of a completed term of ten years, during which the FOREST AND STREAM has been under the editorial control of its present management.

The period has witnessed a number of notable changes in the development of special fields of interest to which the journal relates. The international long-range rifle matches, which ten years ago filled so large a measure of public attention, have become but a memory, and long-range work is to-day almost wholly relegated to the butts of the State and National soldiery. With trap-shooting the case is quite the reverse. The glass ball, once our only substitute for game, long since gave way to improved artificial targets, and trap-shooting has increased a thousand fold. Field trials and bench shows, then comparatively experimental in this country, have grown in number and importance beyond anticipation of the most sanguine; while the old National Kennel Club, then in control of the kennel affairs of the country, has passed away, and a new body has taken its place. So, too, the National Sportsmen's Association, which ten years ago, indeed, had already filled its complete measure of activity and influence, has been almost forgotten; and another association, whose lines were laid with the same ambitious scope, has had its brief day and passed away. If the decade has proved anything with respect to game problems, it has demonstrated the absolute futility of accomplishing anything substantial by convening in national assemblage and passing resolutions.

It was at the beginning of the decade just passed that the game protection enthusiasm of the time found culmination in the organization of State associations for the protection of fish and game. Of the numerous societies of this character then established few are now in existence; and of those few a small proportion only is dominated by the aims and enthusiasm of the founders; game protective features have given away to the trap-shooting activity, witness the New York State society There is, however, no reason to suppose that the interest in game and fish protection is any less sincere now than formerly; the truth is that in these ten years the cause has made substantial and notable advance. It is now on a sounder basis than ever. In several States the work of protecting game and fish has been taken up by the Legislatures, and State warden systems have been adopted. The machinery may not do all that it should, nor all that under better management it might, but this legislation is in itself a recognition of the fact that the State has at last come to appreciate the necessity of undertaking to conserve of its game and fish wealth, and that game protection has passed beyond the personal interest of a class and has taken its rightful place in public economy. When we recall the stupid apathy that reigned ten years ago we may find here the sure evidence of distinct progress and abundant reason for hopefulness.

Perhaps the most notable of the changes wrought in this period, has been the growth of the hunting and fishing club preserve system. The open territory accessible to the shooter and angler has been enormously contracted. Famous districts once free to all have been depleted of their game, ruined by the incursion of new railroads, or having fallen into the control of individuals and clubs have been posted and withdrawn from the public. The area of preserved territory is constantly growing. If the movement progresses at a like pace for another ten years, the game protection problem will have been solved in a way altogether unforeseen by the older generation of sportsmen.

For the FOREST AND STREAM the decade has been a period of substantial growth, of broadened influence, of more cordial recognition, warmer regard by its friends and patrons. The numerous and hearty indorsements it so often receives from new and old subscribers are subjects of unalloyed satisfaction. Whatever the paper has thus far attained has been in generous measure due to the co-operation and support of its friends. We have gathered about us a corps of correspondents whose interchange of experience, opinion and sentiment week by week contains in itself after all the secret of the FOREST AND STREAM'S success. Not content with the gains already made, but determined to seek still broader influence and popularity in the future, we must look to that same co-operation.

YELLOWSTONE PARK AFFAIRS.

IN our issue of November 21 appeared a review of the past season in the Yellowstone National Park. Two paragraphs in this article contain certain statements which are in some degree misleading and which require explanation. The paragraphs referred to read as follows:

"The Yellowstone Park Association—the Syndicate, as it is locally called—has completed its new hotel at the Falls. It has also put up at the Lake, on a site which, we believe, has not been even submitted to the Secretary of the Interior; much less approved by him, a building which they call one of the wings of the hotel there, but which contains a hundred rooms. We do not clearly understand how they could have obtained permission to erect this before the locality for the hotel had been approved at Washington.

"Another matter in this connection needs looking after. We have reason to believe that although once put down, the liquor traffic in the Park is again assuming alarming proportions. This traffic is carried on at the hotels of the Association, and liquor is openly sold to mechanics, laborers, freighters, and even to the soldiers. We have heard of more than one drunken man in the Park during the past season, and it is reparted that the manager of one of the hotels boasted of the heavy receipts of his bar just after pay day. This is a serious matter, and will demand careful attention by the proper authorities next season."

The statement that the building erected by the Hotel Association at the Lake contains one hundred rooms is incorrect. As a matter of fact no partitions have been run up in this building; it is not, as yet, divided into rooms at all. It is called a wing of the hotel there, and is a large building of three stories, so constructed as ultimately to contain a large number of sleeping apartments. The manager of the Hotel Association was given permission by the Superintendent to put up the frame-work of the hotel wing and to inclose it so far as might be necessar for the protection of his workmen and of his kiln for drying lumber. As we stated, this structure was erected, before the site for the hotel had been approved by the Secretary of the Interior. The reason for giving this permission to build was that work on the Lake Hotel might be pushed forward so that it may be ready for visitors next summer.

There is reason to believe that in the paragraph referring to the sale of liquor an implied injustice has been done to Captain Boutelle, the Superintendent of the Park. It might be inferred from the quoted lines that this sale of liquor has gone on without his knowledge, and so without any effort on his part to stop it. This is not the case. Captain Boutelle has watched the sale of liquor, and has expelled at least one barkeeper from the Park for selling liquor to persons to whom he should not have sold.

FLORIDA GAME FISHES.

OUR next issue, Jan. 9, will have an illustrated supplement with portraits of more than twenty of the game fishes of Florida waters. The accompanying text will describe the several species and give directions for their capture. In addition there will be accounts of fishing in Florida, with other papers, all of which will make this number of special and permanent value. The supplement will be similar in preparation to the trout number of last April, which was so well received. It is our intention to publish from time to time illustrated supplements on other subjects, and thus in 1890 to make this journal more than ever a welcome visitor in the sportsman's home.

MOUNTAIN ADVENTURE IN THE WEST.

WE take pleasure in announcing that we have on hand a new series of papers descriptive of sport and adventure in the Rocky Mountains and the Cascade Range. The sketches are from the pens of "Yo" and "H. G. Dulog," two of our contributors whose pen names are ever welcomed. The first of the series, a poem, "The Sleeping Sentinel," is published to-day. The others are prose, and will be given early place, the second one, "A Bull Moose and Bear," in our issue of Jan. 23. Those to follow are: "Charity," "Meat in the Pot," "Batiste," "A Tale of Blood," "A Night in the Forest," "The Lost Sheep," A Story of the Old Frontier," "On a Glacier in Summer," "A Desert Home," "At Last."

SNAP SHOTS.

SOME fishing clubs offer special rewards to their members who capture the biggest fish, and occasionally journalistic enterprise exhibits itself in a like manner, rewards being held out to those subscribers who shall land the heaviest bass, or trout, or tomcod. But we hold that when a man takes in a big one, angling, like virtue, is its own reward. We shall not mark the beginning of a new year by holding out any such tempting bait for angling readers in 1890. But it shall be our endeavor to make each number of FOREST AND STREAM so full of acceptable and entertaining and valued reading for anglers that he who catches the biggest fish may find in these columns something to add to his joy, and that he, too, from whom the biggest one shall have got away may find an assuagement of his chagrin.

We were not exact in our statement last week that the notice given to dealers in venison in this city, that the season closed Nov. 15, was given by Commissioner E. G. Blackford, on his own interpretation of the law, for it appears that the decision to that effect was made by the Attorney-General on reading a part of the Statute only. But wherever the mistake was made, the incident affords a glaring example of the complexities and incongruities of the New York game law, and emphasizes the urgent need of codification and change from their botched text into clear intelligible English.

We commend to the attention of students of the ways of wild game, as a specimen of personal testimony valuable because simply and honestly given, the notes contributed by Mr. T. M. Aldrich, on the habits of the woodcock. Such records of the observations of a lifetime are exceedingly valuable. If it were possible to gather the experience of such men we might with some degree of accuracy and fullness write the life histories of our game birds.

The Sportsman Tourist.

SLIDE ROCK FROM MANY MOUNTAINS.

I.—THE SLEEPING SENTINEL.

On the Pacific's softest shore,
Where land and sky and ocean blend
In the blue distance, I look o'er
Fair scenes that change but never end:
The fog bank spreading on the sea
Far off its gray and fleecy wall:
Beyond in purple majesty
The island summits looming tall;
The ruffled channel, dark as wine,
Dotted with white where rollers foam,
Within the seaweed's sheltering line
The emerald shallows' quiet home.
Eternal summer dwells around
The Cyclades as poets sing.
We envy not their holy ground,
For here is everlasting spring;
And through the clear night sky there rolls
The chariot round the bright pole driven,
And star-lamps shine, hung by blessed souls
To light the mounting path of heaven.
And yet, and yet my restless blood
Wearies at times of joys so mild,
Yearns for the lands of storm and flood
And "antres vast and deserts wild,"
Where rock-torn rapids roar and flash
And waterfalls their rainbows fling
On swift smooth sweep and boiling dash
And swirling eddy's dizzying swing;
Above the dark woods' virgin zone,
In the great radiant silence spread
On cliff and cloud to breathe alone
The glory of the mountain's head.
Enough! Enough! The spirit wills.
Heed its high promptings. Hasten forth
And learn the secrets of the hills
That nurse the rivers of the north.

* * * * *

Swiftly awhile on ocean borne,
Then speeding on the steel-paved road
Past fields of vine and fruit and corn,
The panting steam transports its load.
Scanty the settlers. Seedlings these
That swell to fill their hastening fate,
Grow like Sequoia's mammoth trees,
And make a proud and splendid state.
Trite is the thought how few the years
Since Indians owned this empire vast,
Whose cruel joys and savage fears
Darken the vistas of the past.
Yet some were trained with pious care
And chastened by a gentle creed,
And the old mission's records fair
Tell of high thought and generous deed.
The engine trails its serpent smoke
In fading coils along the plain,
The heavens furl their murky cloak,
Through brightening sunshine leaps the train,
And timing to its rhythmic jar
My wayward fancy's dreamy flow,
From faint-heard sources dim and far
A legend comes of long ago:
An echo from the sunset land
That lies so lulled in rest profound,
Whose long sea line of sloping sand
Guards undisturbed her peaceful ground.
Only slow nature's gradual change
Tells that the seasons come and go,
Whitening the tall crests of the range,
Or dallying with the waves below.
Forever 'round the channel isles
The veering sea gulls hold their flight
Where, for one frown, a thousand smiles
Witness old ocean's fresh delight,
With now and then a silver flash
And now and then a golden gleam,
And fleece of froth where breakers dash
And lines of fog that landward stream.
Here when the western world was young
Men of the dusky native race,
Heard Christian lessons from a tongue
That preached to all the path of grace.
Happy the Father when he saw
On what rich ground the good seed fell!
How simple men revered the law
His pious life was given to tell.
And grateful hands brought humble gifts,
Rude vessels wrought with careful pains,
And iris-shells from sandy drifts,
And rough unburnished yellow grains.
Though fenced by virtue like a wall,
Most human hearts conceal within
Some secret vice betraying all,
If once you find the gate of sin.
So with the Father. When his eyes
Beheld the gold the Indians brought,
From his soul's depths began to rise
Greed, selfish wish and wicked thought.
He dreamed of all that wealth would bring,
The powers and dignities at home,
Cathedral choir, and bishop's ring,
And the brave gauds of pompous Rome.
To find where the great treasure lay
He questioned his submissive flock,
But never would they point the way,
Stolid and dumb as senseless rock.
Some relic of their pagan creed,
Some prophet thought of coming wrong
To follow from that evil seed,
Kept the dull converts silent long.
Till, threatened by the church's wrath,
The frightened peons so far yield
That they will bear him on the path,
Blindfolded to the golden field.
The litter comes. The livelong day
With bandaged eyes through deserts lone
He rides. They pull the cloth away
And show bare earth and barren stone.
This was the place! The Father sighed,
His thirst for wealth was all a-flame,
And fruitless now his darkened ride,
Unless he knew the way he came.
Slow marched the tired Indians back.
And, on the path the bearers trod,
He dropped his beads to mark the track;
Beads that should mark the road to God.
They reached their home again at morn
Nor counted the long, toilsome night.
As over fields of murmuring corn,
Peered the first sunbeams joyful light.
And from among the way-worn band,
Soon as the Father's litter stopped,
A kneeling man with open hand
Returned the beads the priest had dropped.
Rage filled the churchman's fevered breast,
Thus were his hopes again thrown down.
Lost were his dreams of bishop's vest
And scarlet hat or mitred crown.
He raised his arm to deal a curse—
When from the corn-stalks' rustling throng,
Sweeter than David's sacred verse
A thrush poured out its throbbing song.
"Voice of the Lord!" the Father cried,
Thou teachest me the way to bless;
Forgive my greed! Forgive my pride!
My sinful baseness I confess.
My children, rise! By me, to-day,
Is penance done. And while you live
For me, your fellow sinner, pray,
Rise with all blessings church can give."
The priest and all that gathered round
Lie covered by earth's kindred sod,
Forgotten even the burial ground
Whose dust was consecrate to God.
Still from the corn-stalk sings the thrush,
His mellow music full and clear
Thrills through the evening's purple hush,
Enchanting all with hearts to hear.

* * * * *

Thus musing as we onward whirl,
By smouldering forest fires we pass;
And through the vapor's filmy curl
We glimpse at times some towering mass.
Shasta and Rainier looming high,
Their bases hid by smoky haze,
Their snow-spread summits in the sky
Floating amid the sunset's rays.
And the white snow drifts tapering down
Seem giant fingers to portray,
As if upon each mighty crown
God's hand in benediction lay.
Then, after, sailing quiet bays,
Misty or sunlit, fir-fringed shores,
Tangled and curved in tortuous maze,
Where ruder ocean never roars.
The girding mountains wall with green
These sheltered seas for miles on miles,
Soft ripples break the even sheen,
And gurgle 'round a thousand isles.
If a tried friend but share the joys
Here spread by nature without price,
Angels might waver in their choice
Of Puget Sound or Paradise.
Beyond the Fraser's rushing green,
Across the range's low divide,
Till borne down crystal Smilkameen
The waters seek Columbia's tide;
Amid the cliffs and gorges deep,
Stretching far southward from the vale,
On grassy slope and talus steep
We wind along the rugged trail.
Bewildered by meandering tracks
We climb some toilsome height in vain.
Through tangled trees with swing of axe
We hew a pathway for our train,
Still mounting toward the summits bare,
Hardly by foot of man explored;
Realms bathed in waves of upper air,
Where the shy mountain ram is lord;
To hang his frontlet in our halls,
Twin spirals mightier than laid low,
With blast inspired, the heathen walls
When Joshua conquered Jericho.
Stormy the days. From the dark south
The clouds crowd on, the winds complain,
And from the cañon's sombre mouth
Gusts whirl across the great moraine.
And poor our efforts' first reward.
By scrambling stalk and breathless climb
We learned alone the lesson hard
That sure success needs skill and time.
But patience brings an end to ills,
The sullen skies begin to change,
And bright above the pine-dark hills
Glitter the snow-peaks of the range.
And night brings solace and repose,
With cheerful talk and freshened zeal.
The crackling camp-fire flames and glows,
The smoke spires dance in merrier reel;
The new moon's frail canoe's afloat
In a fair sea of starry blue.
The screech owl sounds its omened note,
The coyote howls his weird halloo;
We augur not from beasts that prowl,
Our oracle's the leaping flame.
Let screech of owl and wolfish howl
Bode evil to the threatened game.
So through our canvas door we creep,
Weary yet hopeful, and we lie
In dozing warmth or well-earned sleep
Till dawn's pearl luster tint the sky.
The sun has fired the mountain's head!
On saddles now! Be quick! Away!
Before the morning's glory spread
To the full blaze of Alpine day.
We climb betimes the dim-seen trail,
Our panting horses strain and bound
Across the wind-felled timber's pale,
Through oozy marshes' treacherous ground,
Up, up we mount, through forest dark,
That fringe the torrent's stony bed.
By willow glade and grassy park,
Past waterfalls by snowbanks fed,
We leave our steaming horses spent
Where the last slant its front uprears,
And breast on foot the sheer ascent
That tries the hearts of mountaineers.
Then, after rest, and incense burned
In the sweet pipe's enchanted bowl,
Our pulses' rhythm again returned,
Again we rose and sought our goal,
Where at the head of a rough rent,
In the high peaks the sheep loves best,
Solely for them by nature meant,
Some clambering flock might chance to rest.

* * * * *

The mountain ram had sought a band
Of mates that well deserved his care;
Bold at their head he took his stand,
No rival could his prowess dare.
He watched his ewes with jealous guard,
And, perched on rock or swelling hill,
As sentinel, kept faithful ward
To save them from all menaced ill.
To his fine ear the mountain air
Would waft a sound however faint,
And carry to his nostrils rare
The warning of a hostile taint.
But fierce the autumn's noonday heat
To this warm-coated son of snow,
And cool the cañon's dim retreat,
Sheltered from heaven's unclouded glow.
His wives lay near him in the shade;
What reason that a watch be kept?
What chance was there of midday raid?
He closed his careless eyes—and slept.
A scent floats 'round his dreaming head
Unknown, but full of vague-felt fear,
And clink of steel and booted tread
Rouse with alarm his drowsy ear.
He starts. He feels a mortal shock.
The high walls roar with echoing din,
As when down cliffs falls thundering rock,
And tongues of fire come flaming in.

* * * * *

Above my hearth the noble head
Rears its proud spirals. They will tell
How great the victim was who bled
When died the Sleeping Sentinel.

H. G. Dulog.

A WEEK IN BRIER LAND.

We wish to have it announced that what there is left of our former physical entireties has returned and resumed work at the old stand. The rest, with plenty of clothing to hide its nakedness, hangs high and wet on briers and bushes of Brier Land. But let me begin further back. In the first place, I am a very fortunate man, *i. e.*, for a patent attorney. I base this statement on the fact (which several fishermen hereabouts will swear to), that I am so good and so busy the tempter comes to me but once a year! And then it is always in the guise of a friend, who talks eloquently and most persuasively of the need of change and rest, besides throwing occasional sops to my vanity, in the form of references to a "great over-worked brain," impairment of my "extreme delicacy of mental perception," and so on. Once a year, too, I yield, and so it was a week ago.

Jesse M., the "lone fisherman" of this locality, and the all round sportsman of many others as well, played his part so deftly that, forsaking books, papers, levers and wheels, I joined him and our mutual friend Tom T., a well known crack shot, and accompanied by five dogs, a No. 20 and two 12-bores, with baggage, bags and blankets too numerous to mention, we three sailed away in the gorgeous Mattana, a side-wheeler so old that no man remembereth her origin, to Shamrock, forty-five miles down the ever-muddy Potomac, where our host-to-be, Peter Wolfe, met us with all the honors due to so distinguished a party, and escorted us on foot three miles to his log castle on the hill, in the very heart of the brier country, while an ox team, maneuvered by his eleven-year-old boy Addie, hauled our baggage over a more circuitous route. Three years before I had accompanied Jesse M. to this self same place, and over the *nom de plume* of "Novice," I ventured to tell the readers of Forest and Stream something about it, especially of the half dozen preserves which our hostess always placed on the table, morning and night, and how few were left to muster when we went away. Then, there was a little girl, K.; this time there met us at the door beside her mother a beautiful Miss K., with dark flashing eyes, red cheeks and lips, and last, but not least, a cheery, amiable smile that said "thrice welcome" to our young hearts and old heads. How she made our stay pleasant by her engaging manners, her chat and wise talk, and helped cook the pancakes we ate at every meal with an appreciation born of hunger and experience, all this and more I need not detail; suffice it to say, on the day of departure we knew not whether we loved K. less or pancakes more, so we loyally hurrahed for both!

But I fancy some one who has flattered me by reading thus far, interrupts by asking out of the depths of his pitiable ignorance, "What of this Brier Land and the hunt?" Unto him, from the supernal heights of our knowledge, we shall answer, we shall tell, it is a part of that county in Virginia which was once loyally named after King George, and is a most remarkable region. Go where you will, briers short and low, long and tall, thin, stout and medium shall be found under and around you, ready to trip, to catch, to hold, to tear you, while trying to bid them a tearful good-by. (No pun). I am now having an indictment made out against one particular giant brier who tried hard to cut my throat! An most remarkable anatomical knowledge he (or she?) possesses, for the cut, long and deep, extends across the left jugular (I'm glad it was left). It is time botanists examined this race of briers, and revised their text-books and theories as well, for when briers can act humanly and yet so inhumanly at the same time, there's ground for reflection spiced with painful regrets.

Day by day, when it didn't rain—and it rained every day but two out of the seven—we went, saw, and were conquered anew, and returned to pancakes and preserves sadder and wiser, torn and bleeding, but happy in the hope of a better to-morrow, that never came. It rained and briers reigned triumphant to the last, and we tore and swore the like had never been seen; indeed, it must be said we haven't done swearing yet—to that effect.

Now as to the hunt. Birds big and fat there were in plenty, but so cunning, wise and strong, far-flying ones doubtless never lived before. Probably this superiority is due to a process of natural selection, for a bird capable of dodging the briers must possess it. Most of the stupid, ignorant, weak birds must have been caught and hung up on the briers in the days of their youth; that is to say, all save those that didn't escape the numerous hawks which infest the locality. Between the briers and hawks a bird's life can hardly be "an 'appy one." No wonder the living are hard to kill, and harder to follow where they fly into woods, underbrush, swamps and fields, far beyond big brier patches or hedges, or wide, deep ditches that could not be forded.

How we balanced on logs and trees across the raging waters; how we often saved our lives by extraordinary presence of mind in balancing *à la* Blondin; this and more it were superfluous to tell. Suffice it to say, we bagged near a hundred birds, despite rain and other difficulties. Our biggest bird was a 10lbs. coon, which was found snoozing away the precious time up 65ft. in the branches of a huge chestnut, which, when cut down, was found to measure 4ft. in diameter. No. 10 shot waked him up, but No. 4 quickly put him to sleep again in the self-same crotch, where he hung fast. It is certain his second nap will be the longer, for his skin adorns my sanctum. One thing should be mentioned here, as a salve to the vanity of my two friends aforementioned, namely, that they killed more birds than I. In private conversation this fact is accounted for thus: Either the birds flew too fast for me, or a tree or bush was in the way, or I abstained from shooting ("just to give the others a chance, you know"), or contented myself mainly with cross fires (I was cross after I made them).

Secondly, I went rabbit hunting two days—"just to give 'em another chance, you know." In this sport two local hunters, Messrs. Askins and Newton, kindly lent their aid for a day, and their eight fine foxhounds made the welkin ring and Br'er Rabbit skip for dear life in a fashion quite new and entertaining. We bagged twelve in three and a half hours, and ran several into holes in the ground or into the hounds' stomachs (for while those particular hounds will respect a fox to his last hair, they consider a rabbit a hare to be eaten *eo instanter*). But, as a question in psychology, I am yet studying how the rabbits knew just where I stood and thus escaped instant death. But they did. Probably the aforementioned brier-hawk-natural-selection theory will account for it. For extreme truth's sake, it may be said that, putting theory aside, I covered myself with mud and mortification more than glory, on that memorable Sabbath day. Before closing I must refer to some other things seen and heard in that wonderful Brier Land. There was the wonderful cat, which climbed every morning up the back of our host's 13-year-old daughter A., and sitting calmly on her shoulder, rode to school over three miles away, returning with the team contented and happy. Was ever another cat like unto this one? Then there were the wonderful tame ducks and chickens that walked boldly into the kitchen and ate greedily out of the hand or dishes, besides even standing between our feet looking on while we greased our shoes and actually seizing the piece of tallow out of our hands. Did ever ducks and chickens help grease shoes like unto these?

Then, there was the wonderful blind ox, which would travel and be docile by day, but, strange to say, became utterly rebellious at night! For example, the boy A. was directed to go for a barrel of flour—(what appetites we had!). Instead of hitching up horses, he thought to save labor by simply yoking the blind ox and another to the two-wheeled cart. (Oxen are driven there by voice and whip as readily as horses by rein and bit.) The shades of night were falling fast, when it was discovered the boy, team, and flour were all absent. An hour later, ditto. Still another hour, no news. Then the anxious father mounted his horse, and, with lantern in hand, rode hurriedly away. About two miles away he was hailed by plaintive tones coming from a thicket! The lost was found. There were assembled the discouraged, tired, hungry boy, the oxen which were ditto, the stalled cart, the flour not eaten. Nobody hurt.

Ques. "What's the matter?"

Ans. (plaintive) "The oxen won't go."

Ques. "Why not?"

Ans. "I don't know. They went pretty well while it was light, but won't travel in the road now."

Our host, filled with wonder, rapidly surveyed the beasts, and the truth soon dawned on him. By mistake the boy had yoked two "off" oxen together, and one of them deemed it his duty to get in the other's place—*nolens volens*.

There was the dog that looked a Methusaleh, but was very young, and the other dog that loooked so young, but was the real Methusaleh. There was the mink, or his skin, which was caught with a chicken in jaws, and actually held on while Mr. M. pulled hard to get it away, and was killed for his pertinacity.

There were two flocks of sheep that would not feed together, but remained apart like two political factions. The explanation is that the sheep of one flock had long tails, while the other had none to speak of.

Last, but far from least, there was C., the old but young-looking colored help of our host, whose sayings, etc., amused us much. For example, when asked how old he was, he replied, "I'se dun forgot." "Are you 65?" "I'se a little older dan dat; I'se about 55." Again, "Do you pray, C., before you go to bed?" "Oh, yes, boss, I prays." "Do you say the Lord's prayer?" "Oh, yes." "Well, what is the first line?" "Deed, boss, I forgot that." One day he was told to count the sheep. When asked, "How many did you count?" he answered, "Seventy-five." "Why, C., there are but thirty in all." "Well, boss, I counted some!" When asked if he had counted the rails in a pile, he said, "Yes, but I dun slipped and fell down so much, I'se dun forgot how many there was."

When hurt, he said, "I'se painified." He has a fourth wife, who is good looking and buxom. When asked "if you were to marry again, and had had several women to choose from, which would you take?" He replied, "I'd dun take the handsomest one."

One day a calf ate his vest and C. said, "Mr. Wolfe, that calf's the meanest calf in the place. He's got the meanest condition inside of 'im I ebber knew!"

Last Christmas morning, C. came over from his snug log cabin, and bowing in his politest manner, said, "Mildred says she sent this bag over, and is wanting Kiss Kingle to put something intoo't for Kissmas." Mildred was his last addition, being then three months old!

Despite the briers and rain, we left reluctantly, and as we pressed the hand of our kindly host at parting on the shore, we half promised ourselves to come again. And now, though still nursing our wounds, we are not happy, for in our dreams by day and visions by night, we see and live over again our experiences in field and thicket, in bush and bramble, in kitchen and parlor. There is a confused picture of quail, woodcock, rabbits, coons and hawks set in a frame of briers and brambles of gigantic growth, and through them all we see outlined the family group around the fireside, and stronger yet the dark eyes whose flashes light up the dull routine of life that must occupy us till next time. A. W. H.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Natural History.

THE WARRIGAL DINGO.

I READ Mr. Edward Wakefield's interesting article on dogs in your Christmas number, and thoroughly agree with him in his conclusion that the Australian dingo, or to give him his full name and title, the Warrigal dingo, is not the off-spring of European dogs set ashore by Capt. Cook or any other navigator. Mr. Wakefield's argument, based on the wide distribution of the animal, and his several distinctive characteristics are conclusive as to this point. But this has never been a point in dispute among naturalists. Wallace and others regard the dingo as an alien in the marsupial region, but they refer his origin to the islands of the Indian region, from which they suppose he came, or was brought over at some remote period; the only rational basis for this conclusion being the inference that a true mammal cannot be native to an otherwise purely marsupial region. I am not disposed to attribute any weight to this argument, and I find the conclusions based on it open to weighty objections.

The dingo, if an importation of foreign stock, must either have come unaided across land which once bridged the straits between northern Australia and the Indian region, or he must have been brought by the natives at their settlement of the country. It goes, of course, without saying that to whatever extent the argument may be applicable to the dingo, man cannot be aboriginal to a country whose fauna, fossil and existent, includes no connecting links between him and marsupial mammalia.

That the dingo came unaided is a theory that may be dismissed with but little argument. Dogs and other *Canidæ*, if they no longer exist wild in the islands of the Indian Ocean, are *ferœ naturæ* proper to the Indian region, which includes those islands with southeastern Asia, India and Africa; but close as is the present proximity of some of the islands to Australia, the argument that they have never been connected in any age by land passage is rendered conclusive by the fact that although numerous species of birds are common to both regions, there has never been any infiltration of the mammalia of one region into that of the other. The mammalia of the islands of the Indian Ocean are more widely separated from their representatives in Australia than are the mammalia of South America, and any connecting land which could have given passage to the dog would have afforded a means for the infiltration of the mammalia of each region into the other. The fact that there has been no such infiltration is conclusive argument against the theory that the dingo was thus introduced.

Nor is the argument for his introduction by the natives more satisfactory. In this case he would have come as a domestic dog, the property of a people who must have known and appreciated his usefulness, or they would not have brought him, and to suppose that a savage people who had once used dogs to aid them in the chase and quest of game, would wantonly dispossess themselves of them over a whole continent; or that even a single tribe, driven by hunger, would sacrifice its dogs, and make no subsequent effort to replace them from neighboring tribes or wild stock, is to deny to savage man his most distinctive characteristics. The natives, if they had brought the dingo to the country, might subsequently have rendered the race extinct by eating them, but it is too much to suppose that with their omnivorous habits they would have driven a once domesticated animal away from their camps to provide for himself in competition with them, if they had found no better use for him. Such a conclusion is inconsistent with the common instinct of self-interest. The Warrigal dingo is *ferœ naturæ*, and has been so as long as he has been known to the natives; and that they never discovered his capacity for domestication is evidenced by the fact that since the colonists introduced the domestic dog the natives have shown a very proper appreciation of his value, and have stocked their camps with them all over the country, producing a mongrel breed, which, subsisting solely on flesh, has reverted to a common type approaching that of the street dog of the East.

In the face of these insuperable objections to any theory of foreign derivation, I see no escape from the conclusion that the dingo is indigenous to the soil, and direct offspring of one of the primeval marsupial dogs of the region.

Mr. Wakefield committed a *lapsus plumæ* when he wrote that "the dingo is common to both Australia and Tasmania." There are no dingos in Tasmania; their place in that country is occupied by the marsupial dog, an animal similar in character and habits to the dingo, but of a more generalized type, bearing as strong a resemblance to the hyena and jackal as to the dog.

The marsupial dog was once common to Australia, but is extinct. He was not exterminated by the natives. They may possibly have exterminated many of the now extinct fauna of the country, but the motives which would have prompted to the extermination of the marsupial dog, would have been equally potent in respect to his placental congener. Nor is it a very plausible theory that the marsupial dog was driven to extinction over a wide continent by competition with an imported animal of kindred type and habits. The marsupial dog was the mould in which the Warrigal dingo was cast, and got broken in the process. It is a simple instance of evolution of a placental from a marsupial type, not merely in an isolated individual, but along the whole line. The dog was the first Australian mammal to bridge the gulf, which all placental animals in other regions have bridged, and which all existing marsupial types will bridge in due course, unless they be exterminated in the struggle for existence. Such at least appears to me to be the only tenable conclusion, and if any professed evolutionist contend that such a conclusion is *prima facie* inadmissible, without at the same time satisfactorily accounting for the dingo's possible derivation from a foreign stock, I can only attribute his *non possumus* to a want of living faith in the process of evolution as an actual working process of nature.

The dingo is a true dog, and if it be tentatively held that he is at the first stage of development from marsupial stock it would be interesting to fix precisely the period of his gestation, so as to determine whether the domestic dog is a first or second step in advance of his marsupial ancestors.

Mr. Wakefield's assertion that the cross between the dingo and the domestic dog is a hybrid, is new to me, and if well authenticated would indicate a difference in the period of derivation from marsupial stock.

The dingo, if taken young, is easily tamed, and is as affectionate and gentle as any domestic dog, but he cannot be taught to "ware chicken." I had one once in South Australia which showed strong attachment to me, but he appeared stupid. Perhaps it was because wherever he went every domestic dog thought it his duty to attack him. It was impossible to walk the streets with him; his one object in life appeared to be to get between my legs and keep there, and my efforts to get rid of him, combated by his efforts to recover his place, were disturbing, to say the least.

One fine day he ventured into a neighbor's chicken yard and rushed home with a dose of strychnine that had been laid for him, ran to me in agony, got my caress, then rushed under a chair, and was dead in two minutes.

The dingo does not bark, his note is a howl, and as far as my recollection serves me, it is impossible to distinguish between it and the howl of the domestic dog. Dogs in the Australian bush pick up the habit readily, and howl in concert with the dingos; and whatever may be the facts as to the bark being an acquired habit, the howl is certainly a call proper to the dog. No dog attempts to imitate the call of the jackal. C. F. AMERY.

WEIGHT OF GROUSE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I note in the issues for Dec. 12 and Dec. 19 what two correspondents say in regard to the weight of ruffed grouse. I have probably weighed more grouse than any other man living, it having been my practice for years to weigh all the birds coming to my hand, and as I handled them largely for several years I must have weighed a good many thousands of them all told; and the result of my weighing is this. The average weight varies from year to year, according to circumstance—food, weather, etc. It also varies in different localities; for instance, birds shot in a territory covered with beech trees, in a year when beechnuts are plenty, are always heavy, while birds in an oak and chestnut territory always run smaller. Then again, a large crop of blackberries means an addition of at least 3oz. average over a year when there are no berries.

The smallest average I ever took was of 20oz. This was very unusual and happened eight or nine years ago. The birds were very poor and were evidently ill-fed. With the exception of this one season the average has been pretty regular at 23oz., which corresponds with Dr. Morris's opinion, until this year, when it was 24oz.

Now a word as to the big birds. Out of the tens of thousands that I have weighed the heaviest bird weighed 29oz., while the same year I killed two or three that weighed 28oz.; and altogether I have weighed probably five or six, not more than that number, weighing 28oz., probably twenty-five weighing 27oz., 100 or probably more weighing 26oz., and so on down. Now I have heard of these phenomenally large birds weighing 2½lbs., 2½lbs and 2¾lbs., "as large as a hen," "as large as a turkey," and even as large "as an old Tom turkey." I bunch these stories all together and simply "want to weigh the bird myself." At this moment there comes to me the recollection of a story told me of a bird killed in Litchfield, Conn. It ended something like this: "And what do you think that bird weighed? Well, sir, that partridge weighed just 2lbs. and ¾." Now the man was drunk when he told the story, he was probably in the same condition when he weighed the bird; and all that I believed was, that it was a lie pure and simple. I do not wish Mr. Ohl to think that I discredit his story of the 2 1-16lbs. grouse, nor Dr. Morris's account of half a dozen 2lbs. grouse, but I look at it this way: There is a chance that the scales might vary on that, possibly a mistake was made by the weigher. NOLTIKS.

CRABS FROM THE SKIES.—The winter rains have brought a variety of experiences to San Francisco, some good, others bad, and now we hear reports of one which is unclassified for lack of information from the Academy of Sciences, whither some representatives of the celestial visitor have found their way. We refer to the shower of crabs on Morgan street the other day. San Francisco is hard to satisfy. She already had an ample supply of crabs, big enough to provide a meal for a whole family. Doubtless Dana had this in mind when he named one of the species *Cancer magister*, which may be translated for our purpose the boss crab. Now, the master crab, the red crab, the rock crab, the kelp crab, and the curious red rock crab, which can outweigh and outclass at all points a male *Felis domesticus*, since it has hair, teeth and tubercles on its claws, no longer meet the cravings of the forty-niner. He must have rain crabs and forthwith down they come by the streetful, to soothe this spoiled child of fortune. We congratulate San Francisco on her new method of increasing the crab supply, and if the species prove to be undescribed we hasten to propose for it the name *Cancer descensus*.

A WILD PIGEON FLIGHT.—Harrisburg, Pa., Dec. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* An unusual sight was witnessed here on Christmas morning; a flock of wild pigeons, estimated at three hundred, was seen flying northward along the Susquehanna River. We have had no wild pigeons here before in over ten years. This flock came up the river from the south.—KEOUK.

THE WAYS OF THE WOODCOCK.

PROGRESS, N. C., Nov. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For the past ten years I have noticed in the different sportsmen's journals articles on the habits of woodcock, how they make the whistle, or twitter, as some term it, their mode of feeding, etc. Not having read any of the works of Audubon or any other authority on woodcock, I am not able to quote from them, but will give from what has been learned from my own experience. I can remember very distinctly, in the years 1848 and 1849, when a boy, chasing them about the spring and springy sidehill orchard, their flight so short that I thought I could catch them. I can also remember quite plainly the first I ever saw shot, in the year 1850. There was a point of land covered with alders, which made out into the Valley Falls Pond, called the Intervale, where woodcock were very plentiful. (Since I have been large enough to shoot I have killed a good many there myself.) A party of six men, my father included, took stands on the mainland; my father would send his hound dog (old Hero) over and he would put up every cock on the Intervale; some would fly to an island, but those that came to the mainland would take a chance to be bagged. The next man I ever saw hunting them in the fall of the same year was the great Daniel Webster. He had two black and tan setters, the first I ever saw, and was hunting with a friend from Providence, R. I., I think of the name of Anthony. My father explained to me who the man was, and that the dogs were what they called setters. After that I can remember the late Crawford Allen, of Providence, quite often in summer and fall hunting a red dog in the towns of Cumberland and Smithfield. Woodcock were about all he cared about, and at that time twenty-five woodcock were not thought to be a very large bag. I think the Blackstone Valley produced as many woodcock as any place I have ever had the pleasure of hunting. These boyhood recollections I record to show that I have seen and known what a woodcock was for over forty years.

In the year 1856 I began to hunt on my own hook, and in that year I killed my first grouse, something I shall never live long enough to forget. I was hunting with what is called a fice, a little yellow and white dog with curly tail and pricked ears. He flushed the grouse and treed it; I shot, and to my surprise it still sat and looked at the dog; so with great excitement I loaded again, and this time was more fortunate. The game had hardly struck the ground before I had it and was on a full run for home with my grand prize.

From the year 1856 up to 1861 I was in the woods at every opportunity I got, and I tried hard to make it every day if possible. My great delight in those years was a hound dog, and I killed a great many rabbits, besides doing a good business in mink and muskrat. The years '61, '62 and '63 I put in carrying a gun for Uncle Sam.

In the year 1865 I bought the first bird dog I ever owned—a pointer. Since that time I have never been without one of some kind; and from that time up to 1878 I hunted as much as my business would allow me to. In that year I began breeding and breaking dogs for a living, and have done no particular business since. So all in all I think I can claim as extensive experience as the majority of those that are writing up the habits of the woodcock, and how he makes the whistle or twitter.

In looking over some of your back numbers I find in Aug. 1 and 22, 1889, articles from Mr. Wm. Brewster, which are so ably written and agree with my views so closely on the subject, that there is little need of my trying to explain them further. That the woodcock does make the whistle or jingling sound with his wings there is no doubt in my mind. Nothwithstanding your correspondent "C. H." in yours of Sept. 12, to the contrary. I don't know how to express the surprise I feel for a man who claims that he has shot them for forty years and that he has not in all that time by accident, or otherwise, learned that the sound was made by the wings, not by the bill in any form. He says, "If I am proved to be in the wrong, I had better go slow, keep dark and put the shot in first." I should think he had been going extremely slow and putting his shot in first all the time. Had he been a common bushwhacker like myself, I could have overlooked it, but a man holding as responsible a position as his friend "Canonicus" claims he does, should be able to tell the difference between the note from a bird's bill and a whistling or jingling sound caused by the wings. In answer to both "C. H." and "Canonicus" I will ask them how the dove when flushed from a stubble or a treetop makes the whistling sound? Very much like the woodcock except being stronger; the same is true of a number of our waterfowl, such as the whistler, the teal and the sprigtail. I should feel much more pleased at seeing a woodcock sitting up in a shady nook, manipulating that long bill of his in whistling, than I ever was at the old clown in a circus. The sound, however made, is something I have never heard imitated; and it seems to me if it was caused by the bill some Yankee would make a whistle that would sound like it.

Some of those who believe in the bill theory ask why the bird does not give the sound all the time, and they say that it only gives it at certain times of starting, and when on its flight it makes no noise at all, except when it is frightened on its flight; all of which goes to show that the force of the wing to start it is what gives the sound. Again, they claim it is frightened when it makes the sound. I claim it makes the sound any time it makes a sharp turn in any direction; and this is to me one of the surest guides I have to go by. When I start a woodcock in a thicket and fail to kill it, I listen to tell by the sound if it turns, and in which direction, so as to go where it is. I have a great many times started one, and had it make a complete circle of the swamp and alight within a few feet of me.

On these occasions any one wishing to study the habits of them can get a good chance by keeping still and watching them. After turning their head in all directions to see if anything is around, they will smooth their feathers, then take a few quick steps, then perhaps drop their wings and strut like a turkey cock, then quickly smooth their feathers and seem to listen. The time they are at this sport is, I suppose, that when your correspondent "Paul Pastnor" describes the bird as a little old wood witch. The best I ever saw of this sport with one was in July, 1877. I was hunting on the banks of the Blackstone River in Smithfield, R. I. The river was very low, and while going from one cover to another I took the railroad to make a short cut. On a point where the road had been built out into the river there was a small clump of alders not over 50ft. square, that was generally covered with water. The railroad company had dumped great quantities of rock down the bank here to protect the road from the river. I had passed it a great many times, never thinking of hunting so small a place. On this occasion my setter bitch, old Smut, well known to many of your readers, would not go past and was determined to go down over those rocks. I spoke sharp to her, but seeing her so anxious I told her to go on. It took her some time to get down, but before she had got under cover she made a staunch point. This pleased me, as I had full command of the ground if a woodcock should spring, being above it; and I well knew that if I killed it and it fell into the river she would bring it to me, so I got ready to shoot and told her to go on, which I could generally make her do on such occasions, but now she would not move. I gathered up some good sized stones and threw until I began to think something was wrong, but nothing flushed. Then, getting very angry, I tried to make her go on; but it was of no use. The best way out of it seemed to be to go down myself; so I put down the hammer of my gun and worked my way to her the best I could; and I have never been sorry I went. As I said above the river was low, and it had left a place about 20ft. square, which had dried enough so that a bird could not make a plain track and was perfectly smooth. There upon the mud was a woodcock having the finest time I ever saw one have. It didn't seem to notice me nor the dog; if it did it was trying to show us what it could do. It came so near to us at times that I could have touched it with my hand; then it would dart across to the far edge, then drop its wings and make about the same noise as a turkey gobbler when strutting, or more like a sneeze. It would then draw itself together, and after listening a while would make a dart for some insect on the mud. On this occasion it did not bore, but fed from the surface altogether. I watched it for a half hour or more, and it kept busy in this way all the time; and at last when the bird was near to me and I made a small stick snap in trying to change positions, it flushed and left me and the dog looking at one another as much as to say, "Wasn't that a great treat?" It flew across the river, where it would take about two miles to walk around to get it, and I was not sorry, for I did not feel like killing anything that had given me so much pleasure, although at that time the bird was worth seventy-five cents to me.

Some of your correspondents claim that the woodcock does not feed in daylight. I would be pleased to take them to some woodcock cover in Rhode Island the last of June or up to the middle of July, and let them see the bird feed at liberty. I never had the opportunity of seeing one in confinement, so I do not know how they feed, but I have watched them a great many times in the swamps of Rhode Island and Massachusetts; and I never saw them go through the wing business or dance, as some say they do, except as I explained above. In good feeding ground it takes them five or six thrusts to send their bill down to full length, and as a rule they put it so deep that they muddy the fine feathers around it for an eighth of an inch. I never could tell how they managed the worm, but supposed they sucked it down about the time they withdrew their bill from the ground, the bill having a small hook shape at the point to enable it to draw the worm up until it could get it to touch the tongue; then I think it sucked or swallowed the worm. I never saw one raise its head as if in the act of swallowing, but I have killed one and found the worm in its bill.

We will return once more to the sound. Some say it is a twitter, some a whistle. I think it sounds more like the jingle of a small bell. The nearest I ever heard it imitated was by my dog's collar when he would shake within twenty feet of me; the ring and buckle would strike together, and this has caused me to throw my gun in position many times. What I think some call the twitter is made by the cock bird; he makes a finer note than the female, and I can tell the difference without seeing them; his flight is much more irregular and causes more missing when shot at.

Everybody claims that during mating season the woodcock has a song or note which he produces with the bill. Mr. Brewster, in his article of Aug. 1, says that the woodcock possibly has a song. There is no doubt about this, for the fact has been recorded and more or less freely commented on by several observers.

About his having a note at this time of the year, I will not claim that he has not, nor claim he has. I have taken great pleasure in watching them in spring and summer at twilight, when they would raise themselves into the air and produce a very peculiar sound, but as they stood nearly still, and their wings were going so fast and in a different position from that in which they would be in flying, I always thought the wings produced as much of the sound on these occasions as any time.

After making his ascent, he almost always on alighting would make a noise something like a snipe, he would say *spate, spate,* three or four times and then after a rest of a few minutes, would begin another upward flight.

If any one wishes to watch woodcock in the spring time, they can do so in North Carolina. I think I have seen more of them here in February and March than in any place. Take any one of what they call old fields here, where small pines trees are scattered through it, and you can most any evening see them at their play; and when you do see one you will not have to go far before you can flush the female from under one of the small pines or a bush, near where the cock is making his spiral ascent. My observations are, that they produce the sound when rising; but when they come back, they drop as if shot, without any sound, until they reach the earth, then they make the cry or note, *spate,* as I have said.

I have seen the time within four years, on the same ground I am hunting every day now, when I could start from 25 to 50 woodcock a day in February and March, and some years they breed here quite plenty. In 1886, they came here very early; then there came a cold snap which drove them back; and when they came again their eggs had formed so that they laid and bred here; and I have got as many as a dozen points a day on sitting woodcock, while hunting quail. On these occasions you can find the cock bird near the nest under a pine or juniper, and I am very sorry to say, that about everybody who hunts in this section, kills all they can of them, and when they are dressed, the eggs ready to drop are taken from them, not only the people here, but men who call themselves sportsmen from the North, do this. Their excuse is to say, "Everybody does it and why not we?"

I remember a case of this kind. Two gentlemen came here and asked the pleasure of shooting a day with me and my dogs. I was pleased to give them a day's sport and started out. At about the first thicket one of my dogs pointed. Before we got to the dog I told them he was pointing a woodcock that was sitting there. They hurried up at that, and said that was just what they wanted. Said I, "Do you want to kill a woodcock sitting on her eggs?" One of them said, "Yes, everybody is killing them. we have killed a number the past week." Then said I, "You cannot kill any over my dogs or on my ground. If anybody else does it, I do not, and I want you and everybody to understand it." One of them said, "All right, we will not kill any then." "Now," said I, "I will show you that it is a woodcock, and will show you her nest." So after kicking the brush a few times she flushed; and to my surprise one of those gentlemen shot at her, the muzzle of his gun not more than a foot from my ear. Now I do not claim to be much of a church goer, and on that occasion I think I said a number of cuss words to that gentleman, and if I remember right, he went a double quick off my territory, at the muzzle of my gun. They thought I was a rough customer, and I did not care what they thought. Yet one man cannot stop it; and it is nothing strange to go into places where "sportsmen" are putting up, through this State, and see woodcock eggs lying around, taken from birds that they are killing every chance they get, through the months of February and March. If "Canonicus" thinks summer shooting is wrong, what can he think of this; their being killed with eggs in them, and while sitting?

While speaking of the woodcock in North Carolina, I wish to back up a statement made in FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 5 by Mr. H. B. Soule, as to their gentleness while sitting. On this farm, Mr. John Aldridge's, not over 500yds. from where I am now writing this letter, in the month of May last, 1889, a woodcock laid three eggs and hatched them all. They were found by one of the family, and hardly a day passed that some of the family did not go and look at her; and as Mr. Soule says, one of the boys used to stroke her on the head, which she seemed to like. There was only one member of the family she ever flushed for—a young lady. They took one of the eggs to the house and back, and it hatched the same as the rest. Mr. Aldridge watched her until she hatched, and saw her in the act of carrying her young away. He went to see how she was getting along one day, and she flushed, and he thought she looked very large; the young ones had gone, and as she only went a short piece and stopped in an open meadow, he went to see what made her look so large, and found she had her young sticking on to her, but he could not tell how she managed it.

About carrying their young I never was sure, but I always thought the young bird laid his long bill over the butts of one of the old bird's wings, and hung on to her back. This I saw but once, and the young were nearly large enough to fly. I was working a pup on them, when the old bird would come, make a good deal of fuss, then get one on her back and fly away with it, until she had taken all of them from the litter.

As soon as the young birds can fly the old one takes them to good feeding grounds, and as they grow strong they seem to be on the travel all the time. Good feeding grounds will supply about so many every day through July, which goes to show they are wandering all the time.

"Canonicus" says that on the borders of a spring rill were found on the 30th of last August two woodcock setting on nests not 30yds. apart. He does not say what kinds of nests or who the observer was. I don't like to dispute any gentleman on this point, but as I never saw or heard of a woodcock laying or setting later than the month of May, I would like to have any one who ever saw one in July or August say so, or to know if any of the works on birds speak of them setting so late.

There is one thing I have never heard any one speak of in regard to the woodcock; that is his gaminess, only Mr. Brewster's letter, where he says the owl did not seem to frighten him. I have seen one not wounded badly bristle up and show a great lot of fight to a dog, enough so that a dog did not dare to pick it up; and I have heard one making a hissing noise like a drake, only not near as loud, when my dog brought it to me.

As I am not hunting woodcock this fall and am only working my dogs for the field trials, I do not expect to find as many as if I were looking for them. Up to the present, Nov. 28, I have killed fifty or more that I have picked up while hunting quail; and in killing that number I have wing-tipped two that I have brought to the house to show the people how they made the whistling sound. On one occasion there was a party here to hunt with me. Everbody who saw the birds held and allowed to raise their wings said right away: "The wing makes the sound." And I hope when any one writes about any such of our game birds they will tell the public the facts; if they don't know, then they should not write; for a great many are interested in all such things and want to learn. I have never talked with an old hunter yet about it who didn't say the sound was made by the wings.

Three times this fall my dogs have flushed birds that came and alighted within ten feet of me. On all occasions they have smoothed their feathers, then after looking around, spread themselves flat on the ground with bill straight out, which I took to be in the act of hiding; and on two occasions the ground was clear of any cover except leaves. All the birds I have killed up to within a week have been found upon what I term summer grounds, where it is wet and springy, in alders; but for a week I have found them on sidehills and in old fields. I began finding them on my arrival here, October 17, which I have never done before, and I think all I found up to a week ago were bred here. Although all I have found were on good feeding ground, I have never seen a boring place that I thought had been made by a woodcock in this or any other Southern State; and I have killed a good many of them from here to New Orleans. In spring time I find where snipe bore as thick as I ever saw woodcock bore. I have come to the conclusion that from October they do not bore in this part of the country, but feed on beetles and worms that they get by turning leaves over.

Once more I wish to say to your readers that the woodcock's bill is one of the most sensitive of all things I ever saw; and if I ever hit the bill of one with a No. 12 shot,

I was sure to get the bird, although I have hit them hard and seen them hit very hard in the body and fly a long way before they dropped. One small shot in the bill stops them immediately.

In conclusion, let me suggest that any one wishing to study the woodcock, wants first an A No. 1 woodcock dog, then let him begin early in the spring and go every day, and he will soon learn that they are one of the most peculiar of our birds. T. M. ALDRICH.

"EYES AND NO EYES."—Charlestown, N. H., Dec. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your delightful correspondent, Miss Hardy, is in error in crediting "Eyes and No Eyes" to the author of Sandford and Merton. It will be found in "Evenings at Home," a little book written by Mrs. Barbauld and her brother, Dr. Aiken, and published in this country some sixty years ago. It was one of the delights of my childhood, and I think did much to give me a taste for natural history. The author of Sandford and Merton never wrote anything half so good. I remember that well, too, and used to get very tired of the prosings of Mr. Barlow and the "goody-goodiness" of Harry. I always thought that, in spite of his escapades, Tommy Merton would prove much the more useful member of society, if he did not get drowned or shot. I forget now what happened to him. Somebody, I think Burnand of *Punch*, wrote a very good burlesque on the story a few years since.—VON W.

Game Bag and Gun.

"FOREST AND STREAM" GUN TESTS.

THE following guns have been tested at the FOREST AND STREAM Range, and reported upon in the issues named. Copies of any date will be sent on receipt of price, ten cents:

COLT 12, July 25.
COLT 10 and 12, Oct. 24.
FOLSOM 10 and 12, Sept. 26.
FRANCOTTE 12, Dec. 12.
GREENER 12, Aug. 1.
GREENER 10, Sept. 12, Sept. 19.
HOLLIS 10, Nov. 7.
PARKER 10, hammer, June 6.
PARKER 12, hammerless, June 6.
REMINGTON 16, May 30.
REMINGTON 12, Dec. 5.
SCOTT 10, Sept. 5.
L. C. SMITH 12, Oct. 10.
WINCHESTER 10 and 12, Oct. 3.

TRAMPS WITH A POCKET RIFLE.

IN the comfortable glow from the student lamp the hawk that guards the entrance to my "den" appears almost alive. The light is not strong enough to show up the deception of glass eyes and varnished bill and legs. Birds reign in undisputed sway in my "bunk," and at times, like this evening, when I am in a retrospective mood, as my eyes wander from one feathered form to another, there returns a glimpse of the places and circumstances under which each bird was procured, conjured up by memory's marvellous power. In one corner is the gun rack, presided over by the omen of misfortune—a specimen of a long-eared owl. One little gun, with its short barrel browned by the use it has seen, is nearly hidden by the shadow of its big brothers. Size does not always indicate the amount of pleasure to be extracted from a gun; and that little brown tube has given me more enjoyment, and accompanied me oftener on my tramps, than the guns standing alongside.

AN OCTOBER DAY.

"There is a beautiful spirit breathing now,
Its mellow richness o'er the clustered trees:
And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods."
—*Longfellow.*

Aye, truly some unseen hand has passed over these trees. The autumn's breath has left its impress upon the glowing maples; and down in the valley, across the waving field of wheat, the vivid yellow of the hickories contrasts strongly with the dark background of forest interior. How glorious are the tranquil, peaceful days of October; how few, how very few of them are we permitted to enjoy. Over this mass of innumerable shades of color hung the soft, purple haze of light, stretching far away till blended into the blue distance. The sky of fathomless cerulean, the lazily-drifting clouds—but why attempt to describe these pictures to those familiar with them, and who can recall similar scenes with the aid of their own imaginations more vividly than pen of mine can ever hope to present? It is only when I essay a description of nature's moods that I realize fully the futility of conveying any of the thousand inexpressible, vague thoughts that even the recollection of such days revive within memory's wondrous pale.

Walking slowly along one of those blind trails, absorbed in contemplation of the beautiful combinations of color, I fell into a reverie of other days, and had actually forgotten that I carried my old companion in my hand. Stepping from the path into a small opening recalled my wandering senses. Sweeping the treetops with the swift gaze of an observer of nature, I caught sight, perched upon the top of a dead tree, whose gaunt, limbless trunk extended above its more fortunate brethren, of a motionless, erect form. Could I get within fair range of the wily robber? Making a short detour to the right, so that several large trees intervened, I crept cautiously from one trunk to another, and finally slid up behind one not 60ft. from the base of his unsuspicious hawkship's perch. Without losing any more time than necessary to regain complete composure (it takes steady nerves to hold these light rifles true), I laid the little tube carefully alongside the bark, exposed just enough of my face to run my eye through the peep sight, and as the black bead showed full I pressed the delicate trigger. A crack, a slight impatient recoil was the answer, and a full plumaged male red-shouldered hawk was numbered among my trophies. Stanching the blood with absorbent cotton, I wrap him up in a cornucopia of brown paper and stow him away carefully in the satchel.

There still remain scattered individuals of the enormous flocks of wild pigeons that years ago astonished the farmers with their prodigious multitudes. They have dispersed now over the country, and feed in pairs or shy flocks of four or five. Seven of them rose from a field of buckwheat, circled around to the left, coming back nearly over my head. Two lit in an oak on the other side of the field. The same old tactics were brought into play and resulted even more successfully than when used against the previous victim. This time I manœuvered until both the upright passengers were in line. A shot, and "speak it low," a clean miss. Seeing no enemy the stupids remain motionless, but when the smoke drifts off in little curls again both birds go to keep the hawk company.

Wandering aimlessly onward I crossed a clear space, covered with long, fine bladed grass that still retains its fresh, green hue. Throwing myself upon this inviting bed, I watch the few belated swallows as they hurry swiftly along the blue ceiling of the heavens. How slowly that *Buteo* sweeps the circumference of his long circles, without perceptible motion of those broad wings. Shall I waste a couple of shots? Why not? There is certainly no danger to him if no lead's flying, and some strange fatality may guide a bullet straight, if there is, so here goes. Beyond the last shot making him flutter his wings a trifle, the shots produced no effect.

On the borders of the woods in some spots the Wilson thrushes are very numerous, flitting along in front like pigmy gray ghosts. They are silent, as are also the wood thrushes and robins that are feeding upon the remnants of the wild cherries. Unconsciously I turn in the direction of a plaintive *cloe-e* that comes faintly to my ears. There he is, perched upon the top of an old fence rail uttering at frequent intervals the sweet call across the field of stacked corn. Approaching as near as I dared I lay still and watched the self-satisfied little fellow. Does he realize how soon these mellow days will fade away? Surely there is some instinct that warns him that these glorious days are too beautiful to endure for long, and influences the sad inflection of his simple notes, blending so perfectly with surrounding nature. I could not raise my little "shooting-iron" on that hazel body, if my life depended upon it. Ingratitude is the blackest of all sins, and were I capable of sacrificing the author of peaceful emotions I should consider myself little less than ungrateful.

May be I am unjustly prejudiced against the sable marauder, but be that as it may, I certainly entertain an unconquerable dislike of the crow; and he comes in for the full benefit of my vengeance whenever opportunity offers. Some distance ahead about a dozen were making things lively around a single pine tree with a very heavy growth of branches. Each individual of this clamorous group was exerting to its fullest extent the harsh voice nature has bestowed upon them. I suspected instantly that the object of these kind attentions was some member of the owl fraternity. So intently were the black ruffians engaged in blackguarding the indifferent representation of wisdom, that they did not notice another enemy until I had cut one of their number out. Big-eyes appeared considerably relieved when his tormentors departed, and I also relieved him of his grasp on the perch.

Not a bad day's sport's, but if a bird was expected for every cartridge fired it would be the reverse. It is one of the pleasantest features of a .22 rifle that you may blaze away at anything, alive or inanimate, without feeling you ought to have something to show for each shot, as is the case with a shotgun or heavy rifle.

The forest aisles are growing dimmer, the perfect stillness of the dropping autumn eve broods over all. It is seldom such absolute quiet reigns above wood and field as when the slanting rays of sunlight from out the golden west shoot athwart the tree-tops at the close of an October day. Once more the gentle monotone of the thousand soft-blending voices of nature arose from the woods and fields. A flock of bluejays disturb the tranquillity for a few moments; and far from the distance comes the plaintive call of a plover hurrying toward the shore.

Coming out from a narrow belt of pine woods I found myself on the edge of the line of hills which extend through Long Island. The view was so enchanting that for a few moments it held me fairly enthralled, so that I did not even attempt to shoot at a whisk of a white cottontail diving into the field of buckwheat.

Within the last hour clouds had been gradually increasing, and now the main mass lay along the western horizon in a dark, low breadth of steely gray. The sun just touched the top of this stratum, appearing as if it shone above the rim of a great indigo sea. It sunk slowly down, but in what a brilliant glow of colors! Almost to the zenith the bits of cumuli were tinted a soft crimson, and closer to the light played a grand combination of orange and gold. I lay and watched the picture until the dusk commenced to creep along, blotting with its soft shadows the detail of field and wood. By one of the hedges there rose into the air the tall, leafless branches of a dead sassafras, and perched upon one of its loftiest limbs, outlined against the clear light, was a chewink. With sweet, unvarying rhythm his clear notes fall upon the surrounding fields, so perfectly in accord with end of the day and fading nature that he seems to voice the spirit breathing above the woodlands.

I had two miles still to go before I get to the station, and while passing through a strip of trees I found myself among a perfect army of robins. They were everywhere, and except a short note when one flew, were silent. There was a feeling of uneasiness among them, and they were careful not to allow me to approach too close. This is but one small detachment of the vast army moving southward, but a collecting of individuals. This air of eagerness and uncertainty was plainly apparent, for they waited but the coming night to wing their way further along.

Before I arrived at the depot it was dark, and sometimes, from the space above, I would catch the faint whistle of those feathered wayfarers pursuing their journey toward sunshine and unending summer, guided by an unseen power, through the darkness and gloom of the October night.

A short whirl, with glimpses of ruddy lights from farm houses, and I am again amid the hurry of the great mass of beings who are traveling homeward. The brilliant sparkle of the electric lamps, the yellow glow from the long rows of shop windows, the crowded cars and endless stream of humanity, seem almost something novel after the quiet of the country. I am going down town and they are bound the other way—toward home—but I am going home, too. REX B.

ORANGE COUNTY, NEW YORK.—Middletown, Dec. 24.—The Board of Supervisors of Orange county has passed an act prohibiting entirely the killing of any quail within the county for a term of three years after its passage. The same act restricts the open season for hunting hares, rabbits, ruffed grouse or partridge, and woodcock to the months of October and November in each year. Another act was passed providing for the payment of $1 bounty from the County Treasury for any fox killed.

FLOATING FOR DUCKS ON THE FRENCH BROAD.

THE people of western North Carolina have a method of shooting ducks that is, I think, practiced nowhere else. As it is usually very successful there, probably only the want of the necessary geographical conditions prevents its more general employment. Numbers of ducks coming northward in the spring turn from the Ohio into the Tennessee, and so find their way into the French Broad. Soon seeing that continuing to follow the river is merely returning southward, yet unwilling at first to desert the water, they collect in great quantities in the neighborhood of Asheville before taking flight. Then is the gunner's chance. Seated in the bow of a boat, with a pilot in the stern, he drifts down the current, and is hardly ever out of sight of a duck while he keeps on the river.

I took a trip of this kind in the spring of '88. Ducks had been reported "thick as peas" for two weeks, when in a four-mule wagon, with three punts, as many country boys, my two companions Ed and Cliff, and of course a driver, I started from Asheville for the Long Shoals. After eight miles of shaking and bumping we arrived at Glenn's Ford, at the head of the shoals, and finding all our bones still in order proceeded to launch the boats and embark. We weighed anchor at 9:45 A. M. and formed in line of battle, Ed taking the left, Cliff the center and I the right. As the average width of the river is less than 100yds., no ducks in 50yds. of the water could pass without coming in good range. Hardly had we gone by the first bend when a bunch of bluewing teal shot out from the mouth of a small creek directly in front of me. Both barrels of my Davis rang out, and the teal—minus three—turned sharply to the left, flew right between Cliff and Ed, who dropped five with their four barrels, and sped away up stream. We had just collected our ducks, several of which had to be shot down, when like a bullet the flock flew past us again and settled in the water some two hundred yards below. Two barrels sent after them had failed to stop a single one.

We were now at the head of a shoal or rapid, from the lower end of which extended a long stretch of smooth water. As we shot down the shoal what was our excitement at beholding not merely our little bunch, but a vast flock of ducks in the smooth water below. Mallards, teal, black ducks and redheads—they were all there; but in another moment they weren't there, for with the noise of a freight train they had rushed away down stream. Loud were our lamentations as we glided through the deserted water and looked ruefully around and back at the place where they had been; but startled by the cry of "Yon' dey come" from one of our pilots, we looked around, to see the whole lot returning about twenty-five yards above the water. Now they were over us, and we "cut loose." Down came two mallards in answer to my shots, one so close to the boat that he was dispatched with the paddle, the other dead in the water some ten yards above. Cliff had two teal and a redhead, and Ed. another mallard. As we paddled down the stream, suddenly a succession of reports far astern told that we were not the only hunters on the river, and looking eagerly back we saw the flock coming toward us again, but away up out of range.

To my surprise Cliff, as they passed, put up his gun and fired both barrels, with the astounding result of bringing down a fine mallard drake. But instead of glorying in his success, he looked sorrowfully after the disappearing flock, and berated himself for missing with his second barrel! How he had killed with his first was more than I could understand, for the distance must have been upward of 80yds.; but he explained that he had used thread-wound cartridges which would kill even at ninety. Ed and I thereupon registered a vow never to go ducking without thread-wound cartridges again.

Half a dozen mallards flew out as we passed a creek on the left and curved down stream. Ed's first barrel brought one down, but his second had only the effect to make the rest turn and fly right over my head. I scored a clean miss with the first barrel, and thought I had succeeded no better with the second, when one of the ducks began to lag, and then, to my joy, dropped. A minute's swift paddling and we found him, floating on his back, with his feet gently kicking the air. Soon after I had regained my place in the line three redheads came toward us, but before coming in range they swung off to my right, over a cornfield, and then turned again toward the river. As they came opposite, my well-choked left barrel laid one low, but what was my grief to find no place where I could land. What would I not have given for a good retriever, small enough to lift to the top of the steep clay bank which extended on either side as far as I could see.

As we rounded the next bend a large flock appeared about 150yds. below. They rose, however, before we were in range, and flying about 100yds. further down, turned into the mouth of a large creek on the left. As they had evidently alighted at some distance from the river Ed and I landed on either side of the creek, leaving cliff stationed at the mouth. We came in sight of the ducks when we were about 150yds. from the river. They were in a small pond, on both sides of which grew thick bushes, tall enough to hide us. After creeping back out of sight I ran to a point opposite the pond, and quietly made my way through the bushes till I could see the game. Then, lying flat and holding my gun ready, I awaited the signal for action. Soon Bob White sounded his call from the opposite bank. I answered the call, and covering a pair of mallards who had swam into line with me, pulled trigger, then springing up, with the second barrel stopped a black duck on his way to the French Broad.

Though I had been too excited to hear Ed's shots, they had certainly been fired, as two black ducks and a green-wing teal testified. And two reports from the river told us that Cliff was not asleep, so gathering up our spoils (with the aid of cartridges) we returned to him. He showed us a nice brace of teal and reported that the rest had flown up stream. We left them for the men behind us and kept on down. Now we found the ducks more scattered. Instead of being in flocks they were spread in twos and threes over the whole course of the river. So numerous, were they, too, that till we reached the mouth of the Swannanoa, two miles above Asheville, our barrels were kept quite warm. At this point we landed about noon, with twenty-three, nineteen and twenty-six ducks respectively. SETTER.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

THE NEE-PEE NAUK CLUB, PERE MARQUETTE AND SIEUR DE LA SALLE.

ONE of our city papers here recently published a long article describing the discovery near Peoria, in this State, about Nov. 15, of the ruins of the old fort of Crève-Cœur built by the soldier and explorer Robert de La Salle, upon the banks of the Illinois River, and written of by Father Hennepin more than 200 years ago. The ruins were found in Fond du Lac township, Tazewell county, upon the summit of a lofty bluff overlooking the river for many miles each way. The location was admirably chosen from the simple military standpoint of the time, which was in the year 1680. As the writer of the interesting narrative points out, that was the time of Charles II., of Peter the Great, of Louis XIV., of Dryden, of Molière, of Sir Isaac Newton, of William Penn. La Salle and his devoted followers, pursued to the last moment by treachery and misfortune, had made their stand here by the Illinois, near where our hunters of to-day part the receded waves of the river-lake with their ducking boats. Craft of another sort then glided across those same waters, and hunters of a more savage sort lay in camp on the banks above the bluffs. Among these savage hunters enemies had spread dissension. Fear of surprise and treachery created dissatisfaction in La Salle's little party. Some of his followers deserted him. He knew not when he might expect an attack. So, fearless, determined, manly in his worst extremity, but suffering keenly of those near hurts which come from the faithlessness of friends, La Salle slowly and laboriously erected the simple fort which was to be his home for a time, and in his sadness called it Fort Crève-Cœur, or the fort of the Broken Heart. There are tears in the lines which tell of the discovery of these old embattlements, and record the proof which make their identification complete. The writer of the article alluded to is Mr. Charles T. Lambert, of Peoria.

The spirit of Robert de La Salle broods over all this great Western country, restless, discontented, misfortunate, but noble and determined. He was the very Achilles of our explorations. His was the battle, not his the victory. The very type of early destiny, he stands out clear on the dimming page which tells us of those days, bold, romantic, melancholy, grand, possessor of a life which we might envy in spite of its distress and grief. When we look at that life, when we read his fateful history and when we reflect that he time and again passed over the country that is now our pleasure grounds, the temptation is strong to take space to write about La Salle. That must be, however, only on the way toward writing of somebody else.

La Salle was the first white man to launch a boat on the Great Lakes. He sailed across Lake Erie and up the lake system to Mackinaw, and from there down Lake Michigan to Green Bay, the starting point of the great Indian water trail which led to the Mississippi Valley. He did not, however, go inland, but bought a cargo of furs, which, with his little vessel, was swallowed up by the waves of the inland sea. When he knew his ship was lost, La Salle gave up the route he had at first thought led to China and Japan. He coasted Lake Michigan till he struck the St. Joseph River, on the east shore. This stream he ascended with eight canoes, to a spot within six miles of the Kankakee—so says the narrative above mentioned—and then portaged over. Descending the winding and swamp-lined Kankakee, he struck the broader Illinois, and as stated above, erected the Fort of the Broken Heart.

About seven years before this time, however, white men had visited these same waters, and chief among those earlier voyagers was the gentle figure of the old priest Père Marquette. The latter, with Louis Joliet, a fur trader, left Quebec in the spring of 1673, we are told, and made the water journey all the way to Green Bay, Wisconsin. They paddled down the wide stream which drains the great Lake Winnebago, passed through that lake into what we now call the Northern Fox River, and ascended that stream to the spot of the old Indian portage, just where the modern city of Portage now stands. At this point the Northern Fox runs within two miles of the Wisconsin. Here our priestly-guided party—we can almost see the ghostly train—carried over and swam on down the Wisconsin, until they reached the Mississippi. Down the great river they sailed till they reached the Illinois—further than that, indeed, for they went to where Memphis now stands. They then ascended the Mississippi, went up the Illinois River, crossed to Lake Michigan and coasted to Green Bay, which they reached in September, after a canoe voyage of 2,500 miles. Then followed ill health and misery for the gentle priest-explorer. He lay sick all winter in camp just where the city of Chicago now stands. But he wanted to go back to the Illinois River country, to keep his promise of visiting again the Peoria Indians he met there. He did so, going by the St. Joseph and Kankakee, as La Salle did later. Then he knew he must die, and started back for Mackinaw. His lonely, but noble and devout death, at the altar in God's first temples, in the wailing pine woods of Southern Michigan, has become one of the most touching and best known bits of the early history of our country.

All this is preliminary, written because one cannot help writing it after he has read Mr. Lambert's story of the fort of the Broken Heart, and after he has begun some sort of an investigation of the modern sporting resources of the lakes and streams which lie about this point, and whose names, familiar as they are to all of this section, appear so often the above brief recountal.

These early adventurers passed through a country teeming with game of all sorts, and especially with wildfowl. Gentle Father Marquette must often have looked in wonder at the ranks of wildfowl as he passed Winnebago and ascended the winding Northern Fox. This stream often broadens out into marshes and lakes wherein the character of the river is lost. One of these lakes to-day is known as Puckaway Lake. Time out of mind it has been a wild celery lake, and time out of mind it has been a great resort for wildfowl. It is known all through this country as one of the canvasback lakes. There are a few canvasbacks that stop on Swan Lake, on the Illinois River; the next point above there is Fox Lake, of which so much is written; there is wild celery there also. To the north of that lies Lake Koshkonong, in Wisconsin, a great celery lake and a great canvasback point. Yet above this, and the most northern of any shooting lake taken into definite view by our Chicago sportsmen, lies Puckaway Lake. Father Marquette passed through this, and near here his dusky pupils must have lived and loved, warred and died in great numbers, for on the bluffs of the lake shores the curious hunter may even to-day find relics of their time, and large collections have been made in the neighborhood of axes, skinning knives, spear heads, arrow heads, and all the simple tools or weapons used by the savages of that day. They say there are ghosts of Indians in those woods, and that spirit canoes, led by a white Marquette, at times sweep silently along those storied streams.

It was at the end of Puckaway Lake, a nice little steamer ride from Princeton, that the men of the Nee-pee-nauk Club selected their site, erected their serviceable club house, and began the acquisition of the land, which resulted in their present domain of between 5,000 and 6,000 acres of land, which includes both the valuable marshes of that locality and secures, perhaps, the best natural canvasback grounds we have in this part of the country.

The methods of the Nee-pee-nauk Club, its organization, etc., are much similar to those of other Chicago clubs described earlier in these columns. Its members may be called wealthy and disposed to be *recherché*. Nearly all are middle-aged men, and there is, I believe, only one young man on the list, a son of one of the officers. Gen. Phil. Sheridan was one of the members of this club. The club is amply able to make such additions to its territory as it wishes. It owns one main club house with eight sleeping apartments, and several smaller buildings obtained with certain parcels of land. It owns the tidy little steamer that comes down to Princeton to meet the members, and it owns the further belongings that such an organization needs in such a spot.

After writing of so many different clubs it is a relief to the writer, and doubtless also to the reader, to find a club which may fairly be said to write up itself. I cannot do so well in attempting to convey an idea of the club and its environments as to quote literally from the report made in 1886 by the president of the club, Mr. A. H. Sellers:

"There are but few duck shooting places in northern Indiana, Illinois, or the southern 200 miles of Wisconsin that I have not visited, as well as many in Kansas, Iowa, Minnesota and on the Pacific Coast, and I unhesitatingly say that I know of no better grounds for a duck and snipe preserve than those now partly controlled by our club under long leases. To make a good duck-shooting place, there must be large open water where ducks can sit undisturbed. This constitutes the reservoir; contiguous to this must be marshes, one or more, with good feed. The ducks flying to and from these marshes and the reservoir afford the shooting. All these requirements are found at our club house at the head of Lake Puckaway. The lake, seven miles long by about two in width, is a shallow, open water lake, varying in depth from two to eight feet, with its bottom thickly grown with wild celery (*Vallisneria*) and other aquatic plants, with its accompanying life, such as leeches and fresh water mollusca, upon all of which, plants and animal life, the different kinds of ducks feed. The favorite food of the mallard, teal, and several other kinds is, however, principally to be found in the marshes. At the head of the lake, and in front of the club house, is the Puckaway Marsh, two miles wide and four miles long, through which winds the crooked channel of the old Fox River, and runs the swift current of the new Fox, made by the Fox River Valley Improvement Company. In this marsh are many holes, ponds and sloughs, with a fine growth of wild rice and the Indian potato, the best of duck food. Lying parallel to this marsh and the lake, and separated therefrom only by a low range of hills from three-fourths to one mile in width, is the Grand River Marsh, from one to two miles in width by five miles long, running east and west, and turning north at its western end and connecting with the southwestern portion of the Puckaway Marsh. This (Grand River) marsh is one of the finest duck marshes in the State of Wisconsin, growing a profusion of wild rice, and owing to its seclusion much frequented by ducks and easily protected.

"Thus it will be seen that in this lake and the two fine marshes we have one of the finest habitats for ducks to be found in the State of Wisconsin, and one in which, owing to its profusion and variety of food, ducks would be inclined to remain, when on their migrations, as long as the weather would permit. Our superintendent and myself have, from careful observation, become convinced that the length of the stay of each species (excepting, perhaps, the mallard) is each year growing shorter. The cause of this is clearly the multiplicity of guns. Last year the daily flight from the lake to the Puckaway Marsh was markedly less than it was the year previous, and this year there was almost none; in fact, the marsh was all but deserted by everything except hunters. Of course, the low water had much to do with this, but the main cause was the fact that when a bird had succeeded in passing the guns on the marsh lake front, he found a hunter at every slough and pond hole ready to receive him.

"The remedy for all this is clear; protect them, and allow them and their kindred species several days' weekly undisturbed access to the marsh.

"The east end of Puckaway Lake is owned and leased by the Caw Caw Club, of Milwaukee, who will protect their grounds; thus the two clubs working in unison would protect a tract of forty square miles, and forming one of the finest and grandest game preserves in the country. I am informed that the shares of stock in the Caw Caw Club have cost $500 each, with dues of $80 per year."

That will do to show what the Nee-pee-nauk Club possesses. As a matter of fact, however, forty-five canvasbacks is the largest bag I can learn of to a single gun in a day. Young Mr. Sellers, who shot on this marsh for about three weeks this falls, tells me he only averaged about ten birds a day. He said there were thousands and thousands of canvasbacks on the lake, and they had fairly filled the water with torn-up celery; but they kept to the open water and steered wide of the points in their flight. Had it been lawful to use a sneakbox beyond the line of the natural cover very large bags could have been made. Singularly enough, precisely the same reports came down from Koshkonong and Fox Lake. The law stopping the sneak-boxes seems to have been a good one. Under this head, also, Mr. A. H. Sellers's remarks as to the change in the habits of the ducks are particularly noteworthy and true.

It is necessary to make quite a long run from the club house to the shooting grounds at Nee-pee-nauk, but the boat in general use is well adapted to this. In the Nee-pee-nauk boat we have yet another distinct club model. The boat is a modeled bow, low-sitting, roundish-bottomed model, with no ribs visible except under the decking, fore and aft of the cockpit. It is a comfortable and easy paddling boat. It is not clinker built, but is more nearly that than anything else. It is built altogether of ¼in. strips, square, fastened one directly on top of another. The boat is built on a frame; when done, it is a shell perfectly smooth, within and without, yet very stiff. The shell is smoothed with sandpaper, in and out, the deck put on and the cockpit adjusted. A little canvas cockpit is so arranged that it can be thrown up to keep the navigator dry in a sea, for the boat sits quite low to the water. These boats are built by the club keeper, and probably every member has one. We have not found any similar boat in our travels among the various clubs.

Nee-pee-nauk is a delightful summer club. The bass fishing there is magnificent and very many, perhaps half, of the bass taken are the small-mouthed bass. Fly-fishing for these noble fish is very successfully practiced in the Northern Fox River. Following is the membership of Nee-pee-nauk club: President, Mr. Morris Sellers; Vice-President, Mr. Edward E. Flint; Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. James S. Carter; Board of Directors, Messrs. Morris Sellers, Edward E. Flint, Ira S. Younglove, C. T. Trego, A. H. Sellers. Members, Messrs. C. H. Allen, William Borden, J. C. Brooks, Geo. H. Christy, G. S. Chapin, Geo. W. Champlin, James S Carter, Estate of Geo. C. Campbell, H. P. Crane, John Cudahy, Geo. L. Dunlap, Geo. C. Eldredge, W. K. Fairbank, E. E. Flint, Robert Forsyth, R. H. Fleming, James J. Gore, Alpheus M. Hawes, Albert Hayden, Marvin Hughett, Jr., N. S. Jones, Samuel M. Jones, Clifford P. Johnston, Sidney A. Kent, J. C. Knickerbocker, Francis J. Kenneth, Wm. Kent, W. R. Linn, William H. Locke, C. F. Lawrence, W. G. McCormick, Charles D. Peacock, A. B. Pullman, John Parsons, Charles W. Rodman, Theodore Rogers, D. G. Reid, Norman B. Ream, Peter Schuttler, Morris Sellers, A. H. Sellers, Chas. J. Singer, Philip E. Stanley, W. R. Stirling, Chas. T. Trego, N. C. Turner, Geo. C. Walker, Francis T. Wheeler, Lewis D. Webster, Wirt D. Walker, Ira S. Younglove, Francis W. Goddard, F. O. Wyatt.

E. HOUGH.

INCIDENTS OF FORTY YEARS.

MY first deer was killed in the Adirondacks, when but a lad of ten or twelve years old. The great North Wood was but little traversed by white men then. Wild animals were plenty, and the Indian trail between Canada and the Mohawk Valley was still plain if not fresh.

A long heavy rifle rested on its wooden hooks in the kitchen of my father's house, and it was a subject of ambition with me to learn to shoot and kill some large game. Early one morning, I saw two deer in the meadow down by the river, and at once I climbed into a chair placed so as to reach the rifle, and got it out of the house without being seen. But, before I had gotten to the rail fence where I went to get a rest for the rifle, my mother and sisters discovered me with the gun, and, with much alarm, made all effort to have me returr. It was too late, for just then I fired and killed a large buck. The news of my exploit soon got out, and my playmates regarded me as a sort of hero, and I was for weeks one of the proudest boys in all the North Woods.

Wolves and panthers were troublesome in these days. I remember of seeing the carcass of one of my father's sheep in the crotch of a big birch tree, fully forty feet from the ground. Wolves and panthers, hunting together, had raided our farmyard the night before, nor did they cease their raids until all our little flock of sixty sheep had been destroyed.

It was my ambition when a boy to catch some does in winter when the snow was deep, and without injury to put them in a park and raise some fawns. One day, with my brother and a three-months-old pup, I went to the hills to catch a doe. From the top of the hill, where was a deer yard, we soon started a deer, but could not overtake it until it reached the river. The stream had been high from a recent thaw, and in that condition had frozen over with three inches of ice. It had suddenly fallen, leaving the middle free from ice, with a strip several yards wide adhering to the banks but a foot or more above the water. The deer was discovered lying on the bank and under the ice nicely hidden. I prepared to cross the river and break down the ice above the deer, by jumping upon it, and, as the ice fell, to catch the deer about the neck and hold her until my brother could fasten a birch withe about her neck.

This I did, but my doe was a full-grown buck, his horns had dropped off some time before. As I caught him about the neck he took me out into the middle of the stream. It was as full of rocks and boulders as could be, with plenty of water rushing between. During our short journey together the deer and I were in all possible positions, and what with the cold water, the bumps on the rocks, and the kicking received, I was never more bruised nor more angry in my life. But I held the buck; and my brother put on the withe. We then got the deer to a smooth place on the bank, and holding on to the withe let him up. The deer gave a jump high into the air, fell on his back, and putting his hindfeet into the loop about his neck did his best to break the loop. Not succeeding he got up, and we led him quietly toward home. Several times on the way he cropped buds from the bushes; but after a few days, in spite of the greatest care, he died, and, as we said, from homesickness. But if he bruised himself as badly as he did me, his death might well be attributed to another cause.

Our club was once having its usual fall hunt on the Au Sable River in Michigan. We drove deer with hounds into this swift-flowing river and shot at them as they came down the stream toward the hunter, who was lucky enough to be the first one placed where the deer took to water. Judge H., of Cleveland, was one of our party that season, and we were anxious to give him some shooting. The first morning he took station with me on the bank of the river. Soon we saw a buck with a fine head of horns coming down the river toward us and 200 or 300yds. away. I said to the Judge that, when the deer had come down to a place indicated, he should shoot, and I would fire later if the deer was likely to escape. This was quietly assented to, and we waited

with rifles cocked. Just a moment before the deer reached the place where the Judge was to fire, the foot of the deer touched bottom on a sand bar or rock and he rolled over on to his back, with legs high into the air, head and horns disappearing under water. We recovered arms and the affair was so ludicrous I could not refrain from a hearty laugh. The deer had been shot by one of our party up the river and legs and horns so tied that he could better float down to the camp and save our canoeman a mile or two of towing. It was in vain that I protested to being myself perfectly deceived. My generosity in the matter of firing was regarded as a suspicious circumstance. And I fear the Judge believed me guilty of intending a joke. But I still protest my innocence and believe the appearance of that floating buck would have deceived the very elect. G. H. W.

BOISE CITY, Idaho.

REMINDERS AND OLD MEMORIES.

I WAS much interested in "Aztec's" chat of Dec. 19, especially with his account of his experience with the "old musket, with the big nipple and mighty hammer."

It took me back at once to the long ago, when similar tribulations oftimes attended my early, not my earliest, efforts for fur or feather. I say not my earliest, for back of the "big nipple" was the flint lock, which by the way was the most graceful and pleasing form the gun ever took upon itself since gunpowder was invented. I am free to admit that for safety in using, beauty of workmanship and perfection of all its parts, there is nothing in the past history of the fowling piece that approaches the breechloader of to-day, but for beauty of style and graceful appearance it bears about the same relation to a Manton flint-lock fowling piece that a cropped-ear cur does to the English greyhound. I never pass a shop window where one is on exhibition as a relic but I feel like stopping and taking off my hat to it.

As to the present fashionable hammerless, I consider it an abortion or worse, and never see one but it reminds me of a black snake with neither ears nor mouth, therefore I avoid it.

How many active sportsmen among the many thousand readers of FOREST AND STREAM can relate of their personal experience with the old Queen Anne, or similar arms, before they were relegated to the garret or dark closet by the nipple and the cap?

Many a mile has the writer trudged over hills and through vales with the old family musket—some inches taller than himself—calling it sport, yes, and enjoying it, too; for he seldom came home with an empty bag. His first rabbit, partridge, woodchuck and muskrat fell victims to the same old musket. Game was then plenty, and there was no "close season." Wing-shooting was unknown, except as a chance snap shot.

But notwithstanding the many pleasant memories of those long past days, memories that will remain while consciousness continues; I have never regretted the change from the flint to the fulminate, nor from the muzzle to the breechloader of the present day. Safety is the most important characteristic in all guns. With this secured, we can afford to sacrifice the elements of grace and beauty, and accept the gun if it does look snaky, or like an ox without horns, or a dog without ears. J. H. D.

POUGHKEEPSIE.

AIMING THE SHOTGUN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The method of aiming recommended by Mr. R. Morris, in FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 21, is advocated by many of the finest shots, but one condition is necessary for its success, viz., that the gun so fit the shoulder that when raised quickly it will point straight to the object at which the sportsman is looking. If too much bent in the stock, or if top heavy, it will shoot under the game, or if too straight it is liable to shoot over, though the latter fault is far less common than the former.

The best method that I am aware of for ascertaining whether a gun fits properly is to fix both eyes on an object, and while holding the head erect, pitch the weapon quickly to the shoulder, then lower the right eye to the breech. If, after trying this a great number of times, it be found that the barrels almost invariably point level to the object, there is no doubt about the fit being good. When a man is not lucky enough to have a gun which fits him, his surest method of shooting well is to look along the barrels. He, of course, must not be as slow and careful as when aiming with a rifle, but the eyes should be lowered nearly to the breast and see that the muzzle is about at the proper level. In this way aim can be taken almost instantaneously, and, when thoroughly accustomed to the gun, accurate snap shots with the head erect can be taken if necessary.

In spite of all that is said in favor of the latter method, it must be admitted that plenty of first-class shots look along the barrels. There is indeed no other way of accounting for the fact that some men can shoot well with almost any gun, no matter what shape the stock may have, the first time it is put into their hands. No one will assert that Captain Bogardus is a bad or even a slow shot; yet in his book on "Field, Cover and Trap-Shooting" (published by the Forest and Stream Company) he expressly states that he sights his birds along the barrels, and adds that he believes those men do the same, unconsciously, who think that they never see their guns. I myself was never more than a second-rate performer with the shotgun, though always very fond of it. I had been in the habit of firing without looking along the barrels until I heard of and obtained a copy of Captain Bogardus's book, shortly after it was published. I tried his way of aiming and at once found my shooting much improved, especially at snipe.

I was once talking to an intimate friend, one of the best and quickest shots I ever knew, and remarked that I could not understand the use of a sight on the muzzle of shotguns, as I never saw it when firing. He replied, "I nearly always see it and find it a great guide to the eye."

A gentleman living in England, well known as one of the best judges of everything connected with guns, and also a first-class shot, stated some months ago in a letter to the London *Field*, that he keeps his head up, and, at point blank ranges, pulls the trigger the instant he sees 3 or 4in. of the muzzle just under the bird. Doubtless his guns are made to fit him so that the barrels are at the proper level when held in this way, and, of course, the muzzles must be swinging in the same direction as the bird flies, or they would shoot behind.

That the method of aiming without paying attention to the barrels is really less accurate than the other way is, I think, shown by the fact that very good snap shots nearly always shoot badly with the rifle at running game.

When living abroad I was in the habit for years of killing all kinds of animals on the run, from large deer and antelopes down to jackals and wildcats. I feel sure even when an animal in galloping hard through the thickest brush I almost invariably saw the foresight of the rifle and often the hindsight also. J. J. MEYRICK.

NORTH DEVON, England.

A TEXAS GAME COUNTRY.

BEEVILLE, Bee County, Tex., Dec. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There is a river which runs through this portion of the great Southwest, that is destined some day to be a great sportsman's retreat, it is known on the map as the Nuecus River and empties into the Gulf of Mexico. The country along its course is covered with a dense undergrowth, with now and then an open glade, and abounds in game of almost all kinds common to the South, except bear. Four of my friends have just returned from there, having brought down twenty fine deer in about five days of hunting. Another party of two brought in six; and still another party composed of inexperienced hunters killed five in four days.

The writer, in company with his family and two other gentlemen, struck camp for the night a short time ago in that vicinity, and the weather being threatening and rather disagreeable, the hunters of the party did not leave the camp before sundown; when to our surprise turkeys by the dozen, I may say by the hundreds, began flying up to roost all around the camp-fire. We killed fifteen, which was all we wanted, within 200yds. of camp, in some instances the ladies witnessing the killing from their tent doors. One of the party shot five from one large live oak tree.

Fire-hunting is a favorite sport among our professionals, and perhaps more deer are brought down in this manner than by any other method. The river above referred to is about 18 miles from Beeville, but the country adjacent to the town is well stocked with turkey and quail, and it is of frequent occurrence for parties to kill a brace of fine gobblers in an afternoon's hunt a few miles out.

Quail are so common that our local sportsmen think nothing of bagging a hundred in an afternoon with well trained dogs. The Beeville region is fast becoming famous as a hunter's paradise, and the mildness of the climate renders camping agreeable. T. J. SKAGGS.

MAINE DEER.

IT seems that other white deer have been killed in Maine this year besides the one mentioned in my letter to the FOREST AND STREAM of the other day. Mr. A. W. Robinson, of the Robinson Engraving Co., No. 32 Hawley street, Boston, has in his possession the legs of a white deer which he is having mounted for the supports of an ottoman. These legs Mr. Robinson secured when on a recent hunting trip into the Moosehead region. The deer was killed by an old hunter and guide named Ben Woodan. Mr. Robinson came across the deerskin at Woodan's camp, some twenty miles north of Moosehead, and he tried to secure the entire pelt, but Woodan would part with nothing but the legs. The pelt is declared to be almost milk white except the ears, which are black. It is the only white deer that Woodan has ever seen or heard of in that part of the country. Otherwise than being white, the deer was declared to have been like other deer of that section. The antlers were short, and with one or two prongs, indicating that the buck was a young one.

The Maine moose and deer season will close on the 31st of December, and it is hardly possible that as many deer have been killed this year as last, though they are evidently more plenty. But the hunters have not been as numerous, if reports are true. As for moose it is plain that very few have been killed, and indeed but few have been seen. Still they are by no means extinct. One has come out into the open fields in Kingfield. The men were at work not far from the house, when all at once a cow moose appeared in the opening. She ran directly toward the house and the men, clearing the fences and stone walls with as easy bounds as a cat would clear a pumpkin. She ran almost up to the cattle, which were feeding near at hand, scarcely appearing to notice them, then turned and disappeared into the woods, towards the mountain. Hunters followed her tracks the next day, but without success. But very few caribou are reported this year, and the theory is that they have migrated; whither no one knows. SPECIAL.

THE CHINESE PHEASANTS.

WHEATLAND, Oregon.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Chinese pheasants introduced into this State by Judge O. N. Denny in 1882, have multiplied very rapidly. Two years ago in this vicinity, forty or fifty miles from where they were liberated, one was seldom seen, while now they are numerous.

The males are very gaily colored, having many shades on the body, while the head is principally green with a red patch around each eye and a white ring around the neck.

The two longest tail feathers are about 18in. in length, and the whole bird from tip of beak to end of tail is near 3ft., and the weight of the male is about 2½ or 3lbs., while that of the female is about 2lbs. The females are of a very sober color compared with that of her mate.

The males have a cackling noise that they make sometimes which resembles that of a pileated woodpecker more than any other sound that I ever heard.

When they take wing they nearly always cackle at this season of the year, but there is a slight difference between the sound made while on the ground and that made when flying.

They are a very cunning bird and well able to take care of themselves. They frequent brier patches and low brush, coming out into the fields to feed, and can come as near hiding on bare ground as any bird of their size that I ever saw.

Their legs are rather long and naked below the knee. When alarmed while feeding in a field they put down their head and strike for cover at a 2.40 gait. When they fly they light running and are not easy to flush again.

They are accused of destroying quantities of wheat by flying along just over the tops of the ripe grain and beating out with their wings more than they can eat. They are said to be easily domesticated, but about this and their destruction of grain and fruit I have no personal knowledge, having been acquainted with them but three months. They are protected by law for about a year yet, but where they have become plentiful some of them "get into the soup" regardless of the law. J. F. L.

DAYS WITH THE ELK.—Berthoud, Col.—We returned Nov. 30 from a five weeks' hunting trip over the range on Snake River and its tributaries in both Colorado and Wyoming. We had a hard trip for man and beast on account of storms and deep snows, but had lots of fun. Saw hundreds of elk. Our party killed and brought home twelve elk and one deer, besides one big bull elk killed by myself that had the mange and was as poor as a crow and was left where he fell except his head, which I now have. You would be surprised to go into that country in September and October and see the terrible slaughter of elk that is going on there, especially in Wyoming, for heads, hides and hindquarters. A great deal of it is done by English parties, who have more money than brains. "Just for sport, you know," I saw four-horse loads of hindquarters pull out for Rawlins, Wyo., to sell on the market. None of the meat killed by my party was wasted, but all was brought out; I have enough to do my family for some time and it is very fat this year. Kept camp notes and will write my trip up for FOREST AND SEREAM later.—A. A. K.

CALIFORNIA NOTES.—This year, duck shooting, owing to the heavy rains and floods, which scatter the game, is poorer than usual. The Sonoma and Suisun marshes are tolerable, and daybreak shooting at Point Reyes is excellent. Canvasbacks and bluebills are numerous there. Snipe shooting is good in the Laguna of Santa Rosa, about forty miles from San Francisco. Many mallards are being shot at night in the Watsonville grain fields. In Colusa county, geese are more plenty than last year, and hunters are loading wagons with the game, and shipping to market. A hunter recently arrived in San Francisco with two large elk skins, and heads with fine antlers. They were shot on the head-waters of the Coquille River, near the California line, in one of the wildest mountain regions on the Pacific Coast. There are a few elk left there and in Del Norte county, but hardly anywhere else. In 1836 elk fed on the plains of the Santa Clara Valley, and as late as 1856 there were a great many in the San Joaquin.—CHARLES H. SHINN.

WYOMING NON-RESIDENT LAW.—In response to an inquiry we give this section of the Wyoming game law, which became a law March 9, 1888: "Section 1. Section 1251 of the Revised Statutes of Wyoming is hereby amended and re-enacted, so as to read as follows: 'Sec. 1251. It shall be unlawful to pursue, hunt or kill any deer, elk, moose, mountain sheep, mountain goat, antelope or buffalo, save from Sept. 1 to Jan. 1 in each year, and it shall be unlawful to capture by means of any pit, pitfall or trap, any of the above-named animals, at any time of the year. No non-resident of this Territory shall pursue, hunt or kill any of the above-named animals by any means whatever; provided, however, any actual and *bona fide* resident may at any time pursue, hunt or kill any of the said animals for the purpose only of supplying himself and his family with food; but it shall be unlawful to sell or offer the carcass of any such animal, or any part thereof, except as is provided in this chapter.'"

THE LONDON GAME MARKET.—London, Eng., Dec. 19.—This is now the height of the game season in Great Britain. Markets are full of grouse, pheasants, ducks, partridges, snipe, hares, rabbits, deer, etc. I am greatly surprised to notice the low prices prevailing here. For instance, pheasants, $1.00 and $1.25 per pair; partridges, 25 cents each; plover, 12 cents; widgeon, 25 cents; wild ducks, 35 cents; hares, 60 cents; capercailzie, the great Norwegian grouse, 85 cents each; ox-eye snipe, 15 cents each; golden plover, 17 cents each; larks, 30 cents a dozen. Referring to this latter "game bird" I was astonished to know that this sweetest of English song birds is sold for food. They are captured in vast numbers in the following manner. Two men carrying a long net a hundred feet in length, and about six feet in height, drag it over the ground. The larks flying up, are entangled in the meshes. It is darkly whispered, however, that many of the so-called larks are English sparrows.—GEO. SHEPARD PAGE.

THE TODD CASE.—Saint Stephens, Canada, Dec. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A statement has appeared in FOREST AND STREAM that Mr. F. Todd, the well known sportsman of New Brunswick, had been engaged in hounding deer in Maine. I have seen Mr. Todd and ascertained beyond a doubt, not only from him, but also from the evidence of others, that the charge made against him is false. Should FOREST AND STREAM require any further confirmation of the falsity of the charge, E. M. Stilwell, Esq., of Bangor, can be communicated with. From the standpoint of one well acquainted with the country I must say that it would have been extremely absurd for Mr. Todd to have gone fifty miles from home into a foreign country, where game laws are being vigorously enforced to secure game illegally, when he could easily have done the same thing within a few miles of his own residence in the Province of New Brunswick, where, I am sorry to say, the execution of such laws is almost totally neglected.—EDWARD JACK.

AFTER BREAKFAST.—You may take the most elegant and complete vestibule train ever constructed, leaving Chicago daily at 10:15 A. M., via the Chicago and Atlantic Railway. The magnificent trains offer unsurpassed accommodations for all classes of travel for New York, Boston and Eastern cities. Pullman dining cars are a feature of this new departure, and run through in either direction between Chicago and New York. Instead of exacting extra charges for fast time and the peerless accommodations proffered, the Chicago and Atlantic through its own agencies and those of connecting lines quotes fares to Eastern cities from $1.50 to $3.00 less than is charged by other routes. Consult your local ticket agent on this important item, or for maps, folders and time cards giving full information of the Chicago and Atlantic, New York and Chicago Vestibuled Limited carrying all classes of passengers. Address for prompt reply F. C. DONALD, General Passenger Agent, Chicago. Inclose two green stamps for an amusing, novel and paradoxically ingenious toy. A harmless, fireless, powderless, everlasting fire cracker.—*Adv.*

SUGGESTIONS FOR REFORM.—Easthampton, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The idea suggested by your correspondent, "Cayuga," of shooting only three days in the week during the open season, I think is good, for it will reach just the ones who are killing off the game, that is the market-hunter, who plies his business every day in the week, and the man of leisure, who is not confined so closely but what he can go hunting every day if he wishes to do so. Govern these two parties, and there will be some chance for those who can only go out for a short afternoon once a week, or once in two weeks, to get a few birds. I would also suggest that September—at least the first half it—should be close in this State, and when the law closes the season on partridges it should close on quail at same time. As it is now, the excuse for hunting quail gives all so inclined a chance to shoot partridges, as these two birds are usually found in same cover in New England.—S. H.

W. L. COLVILLE ("Dick Swiveller"), now connected with the Baker Gun Co., wandered slowly into the office one day this week. Like nine-tenths of the inhabitants of New York city, he had been touched with the prevailing influenza and his customary brightness of eye and cheery manner were somewhat dimmed, but enough vitality yet remained for one of his old-time grips. He was loud in praise of a wonderful cure for colds, which consists of many ingredients confined in a glass receptacle of suitable shape to be carried in one's pocket. Dick has just started on his annual trip to the Coast, with his new-model Baker, and we presume, with the aid of this wonderful cure, that his cold was a thing of the past before he had left New York 100 miles behind.

TAXING GUNS IN NEW JERSEY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some time ago I saw a notice in some newspaper to the effect that some gentlemen connected with a New Jersey Fish and Game Protective Association had prepared a law taxing guns in New Jersey and would urge its passage at the next session of the Legislature. Since that time this project has been discussed in various newspapers, and a correspondent in your issue of the 19th argues in favor of it on the ground that game needs protection in New Jersey and that the game laws are not observed.

I am heartily in favor of anything that will protect hunting and fishing, but I fail to see how taxing guns is going to accomplish the object. The tax, of course, would have to be equal, despite the fact that one gun may do more mischief than a dozen others. I am not at all surprised to find that sportsmen are casting about for some remedy when they look at the present state of affairs and like drowning men grasping at straws are willing to do anything that will prolong their lives as sportsmen. Will taxing guns accomplish this? It is true that the present laws of the State relating to fish and game are frequently violated, but where is the guarantee that every gun will be taxed, even admitting that such a taxation will protect game? Would not the same spirit of indifference which permits violations of the present laws also conduce towards making a gun tax law a nullity? In my humble opinion it might be better to pass some laws providing for the enforcemeet of the present laws. Let us first try this remedy before casting about for others.

As the law stands at present in New Jersey there is no provision for the enforcement of the game laws. The governor appoints a State fishery commission, or does not appoint one, as there has been for several years a vacancy in the Commission. The Commissioners appoint fish wardens and these wardens are charged with the enforcement of the fishing laws. They have no authority whatever to enforce the laws concerning gunning with one exception; if the Board of Freeholders of any county instructs the wardens to enforce the game laws the wardens are authorized to do so on Sunday; during the rest of the week the game can take care of itself, and if the Board of Freeholders takes no action the poacher can have his own way about it for 52 days a year more. Might it not be well to provide some officer to enforce the game law? It might be argued that every person has a right to make a complaint. True enough, but aside from the fact that what is everybody's business is nobody's business, the laws certainly extend no encouragement to a person to look after the game laws. There are so many loop-holes in the law that the chances are always in favor of a person accused escaping, and the law provides that the prevailing party shall recover the costs.

If a man makes a complaint against another for violating the law he always runs the risk of being required to pay costs, amounting to from $5 to $50, and when there is a contest he is compelled to employ the services of a lawyer, even if he succeeds in obtaining a conviction, after spending his money and time, the fine is only $20 in most cases; of this the complainant gets one-half, with which to pay his lawyer and the risk he ran of being required to pay the costs. This is in addition to the probability that the convicted will take an appeal, which would necessitate further outlay for costs and lawyer's fees, with the chance that at the end the prosecutor may be compelled to pay $100 or more for costs. I speak from experience, for I could cite half a dozen cases in my experience within the past year in which I obtained convictions and found myself out of pocket. Such victories are not apt to encourage a person to enforce the game laws.

Although in the abstract I have the greatest respect for game laws, I cannot say that this respect extends to the jumble of acts constituting the fish and game laws of New Jersey. A law which provides that a person may take perch, for instance, out of the streams of the State at all times of the year and which sends a man to State prison for six months for taking a perch out of a lake does not call for particular admiration. The trout law provides that trout shall not be caught except after the 1st of April and before the 15th of July, but it is not contrary to law to have a trout in possession at all times of the year; the poacher may at all times dispose of his loot, and no one can prosecute unless he can prove that the poacher caught the trout in the State. The law sends a boy to prison for shirring a sucker; the law concerning weirs has been repealed, and it is well known that trout, bass, pickerel and all kinds of fish are continually being caught in weirs and openly sold, for there is no law mentioning weirs. Rabbits may be trapped under certain conditions for six weeks every year, but the dealer who procures prairie chickens from the West is punished if he sells them after the 1st January, although I have not heard of prairie chickens in Jew Jersey for many years. Might it not be well first to enact a code of laws which would be consistent and engender respect and then provide some means of enforcing these laws? CHARLES A. SHRINER,

Fish Warden of Passaic County.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

294.

MR. E. HOUGH'S yarn of shooting a prairie chicken as it rose up between him and the full moon, reminds me of an experience of mine, many years ago, when spearing fish at night. It was in southern Michigan where clear lakes abound. We had a "jack," a frame made of iron cross bars, on which we burned finely split dry wood. This would make a great blaze, and by it we would spear the fish. One night at the period of full moon, our wood became used up at about midnight, and we started for our landing place. The moon was shining brightly nearly overhead, and on looking down in the water I saw the moon reflected from the dark bottom of the lake, and the next instant a large pickerel appeared between the reflection and myself. In an instant I had him on my spear and into the boat. IZAAK, JR.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 26.

FOREST AND STREAM has illustrated circulars of Mr. G. O Shields' new book, "Cruisings in the Cascades," which will be sent to any address on application. The book is highly commended by T. S. Van Dyke, "P.," W. B. Leffingwell and other prominent sportsmen, as one of the best that has ever been written on big game hunting.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

ANGLING NOTES.

ONE of the greatest charms of angling among the Thousand Islands is the custom of spending an hour or two at noon under the shade on some convenient island while the guides cook the fish you have just caught, which, with steaming potatoes and hot coffee, make a very excellent dinner, particularly with the addition of the good things furnished by the hotels. Often a number of boats will meet by appointment and make quite a dinner party, among which will be found as many ladies as men. The boatmen have of late years added many little conveniences to their outfit in the shape of folding tables, chairs, etc. So that instead of the old-time way of dining on the grass where the different varieties of the insect world could meander over the food at their own sweet will, and the angler had to almost break his back to reach his plate, one can now eat like a Christian in peace and comfort.

Mr. Wm. P. Esterbrook, formerly the efficient building inspector of this city and a well-known St. Lawrence River angler, has added another luxury to the outfit which he carries in his boat. His invention consists of a light sheet-iron stove, made only of three pieces and without any pipe. The directions for making it are as follows: Take a piece of stiff sheet iron, 22 inches wide at one end, 16 inches wide at the other end, and 30 inches long. Fold down an edge 2½ inches wide all the way around and finish the edge with stout wire; this stiffens it and prevents the sides from spreading apart when the stove is set up. The two sides, each 8 inches high, should be fastened to the top inside of the edges with hinges so arranged that they can fold inwards when not in use. A hole 7 inches in diameter must be cut near the small end of the top for the kettle to fit into, and this kettle should be made with a shoulder, so that it will sit down at least 2 inches below the level of the top in order to heat more quickly. Cut a few good-sized holes in the turned down edge at the small end so the fire can draw through. In setting up the stove, place it so the large open end will point toward the wind, and if the fire burns too fiercely, a stone or piece of wood can be put before the opening to shut off the draught. The coffee pot, cups, etc., can be carried inside the kettle, and a gridiron can be carried with the folded stove in a canvas bag. The angler will find this simple arrangement a great convenience, and can cook on it to perfection. The smoke will not bother him nor the ashes fly into his food; besides this, it will need but little fuel.

The fishing for speckled trout in the Chateaugay lakes was not up to the mark this season. They say that the miners are spoiling those far-famed waters by using set lines, giant powder, etc. The hotel keepers, who dare not complain for fear of having their property destroyed, will be the principal sufferers, as anglers will have to seek other fishing grounds if the poaching is not prevented. Deer were unusually plenty this fall, and too many were killed for the good of that region.

THE TROUT OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Recalling my promise I will endeavor to give you the result of my observations on the trout of the Yellowstone region during the past summer.

Although a well-known fact, it will be perhaps well to recall to readers of FOREST AND STREAM that the trout of Yellowstone Lake, of the Yellowstone River and its tributaries, are not fish of the same species as our Eastern trout. They differ not only specifically, but even to a greater extent, and fall properly into the genus *Salmo*, having teeth upon the vomer, and distinct, well developed, though small scales. The difference in color is of course apparent at the first glance, but mere difference in coloring has very properly long since ceased to be a means of discriminating between any species of fish. The Yellowstone trout, in fact, are much more closely allied in structure to *Salmo fario*, the common trout of Europe, than to *Salvelinus fontinalis*, our Eastern trout. Perhaps I should apologize for offering those well known facts to your readers, but they constitute a necessary postulate to a most interesting question and to my discussion of it.

As is well known, both the fauna and flora of the western Rocky Mountain region is much more nearly allied to that of Europe and Asia than is that of our Eastern States—and this not only as to the species represented, but even the genera. The question then arises: Why do we find fish of a form belonging to the Pacific fauna in Atlantic waters? Why do we find a species of *Salmo* in headwaters of the Missouri and *Salvelinus* in headwaters of the Mississippi, when both these rivers belong to the same fluvial system? Why have these two forms never mingled? And again, why do we find these fish above the grand falls of the Yellowstone and also above the great falls on the Snake, while we do not find them above much lower falls on all of the tributaries of these streams, as, for example, the Gardiner, the Gibbon, Clark's Fork of the Yellowstone, in Shoshone Lake and many others that might be mentioned. The whole region of the National Park is full of such apparently curious anomalies. On Soda Butte Creek, for example, I saw large trout lying in a pool below a falls scarcely 10ft. high, while a magnificent stretch of natural trout waters lay utterly fishless above.

These are curious facts which must present themselves to every inquiring person who is so fortunate as to be able to visit those attractive regions. A careful study of the topography of the continental water-shed in the National Park and its geological history as worked out by the U. S. Geological Survey, to which I am indebted for these geological details, will furnish us, I think, with at least a partial solution of these problems.

The family *Salmonidæ* is one which we now know dates back as far as the Tertiary period. Analogy would indicate that they developed in the fresh waters of the Northern Hemisphere in obedience to the law of equal conditions; and some of them gradually acquired the habit of going to sea, and this, as in the case of the salmon, became permanent. In obedience to the law of evolution which requires each individual to pass through in his short cycle, the same changes that his various forms of ancestors have in the slow progress of ages, the young must be born and live for a time at least in fresh water, and hence we find our salmon coming into the rivers to deposit their spawn.

It is probable that at the opening of the glacial epoch the fresh waters of North America swarmed with various salmonoid fishes. If they existed in the streams flowing from the continental crest within the Park, they must have been destroyed by the time the point of highest severity of that epoch was reached. For this whole region was covered with enormous glaciers, whose slowly retreating ice may still be seen in spots, and the power of whose presence is plainly shown by the great morainal hills they left and the great valleys they plowed out. All streams were obliterated in the mass of ice, and their former beds were ground and gouged by the irresistible force of the vast and moving mass. At the close of this epoch all streams that had been subjected to their influence were fishless. On the Yellowstone these glaciers reached below the falls. How can we then explain the presence of fish in the Yellowstone Lake to-day. While in many ways it is possible to imagine the populating of a river with fish from above, downward over falls of almost any height, scarcely any conceivable and reasonable hypothesis can be advanced which would get them up over falls more than 300ft. high.

The presence then of this Pacific form of trout in the Yellowstone system must be explained otherwise, and the key to the problem lies in Two-Ocean Pass on the continental watershed. At this place lies a swamp flooded in the spring, and at one end its waters flow by Pacific Creek into the Snake River, and so westward into the Pacific, and at the other end eastward by Atlantic Creek into the Yellowstone.

During the glacial epoch the ice melted off to the westward above the great falls in the Snake. At its close when the lakes and streams were released from their icy fetters, the fish in the Snake above its falls ascended the river to its head. They also ascended its tributaries until stopped by falls, and so to-day we find them, in no lake or stream which has falls in it which they could not surmount, but up to its very foot. Crossing at some period of high water, they went through Two-Ocean Pass and descended into the Yellowstone Lake, and so on down the river, and in like manner ascended all of the tributaries of this system, unless stopped at some point as before. In those streams which have no falls, as for example the Stinking Water, I found them up to the very head.

This hypothesis explains the presence of this fish in Atlantic waters only not, but also I think all the facts brought forward as to their presence or absence in given waters of the Yellowstone system.

The problem of having the fish in the Snake River, originally above its falls, is the same one that confronts us in hundreds of instances all over the continent.

In this particular case it might be answered by saying, that either they developed above them or ascended from below, before the falls were cut. The general condition is one that must be left to the paleo-ichthyologists to solve.

There are some other points about the Yellowstone trout that may be of interest to readers of FOREST AND STREAM. In size they have been much over-estimated. While below the falls they attain good size, even running up to 8lbs. or so in rare cases, and are well-fed, well flavored and gamy, in the river above, in the lake and in tributary streams they very rarely attain a weight of over 2lbs. Of hundreds caught by our camp not one would reach that weight. I weighed a great number, the largest scaling 1lb. 12oz., and this was taken in the river. They almost uniformly average about 1lb. in the lake. They are not, generally speaking, so well fed as the trout of other regions. One of our ordinary Eastern trout the same length as a 1lb. Yellowstone trout would certainly average ¼ more in weight. The reason of this uniformity of size and lack of plumpness can be readily seen when we know that their only food (for all trout in the system above the Yellowstone falls) consists of insects and small crustaceans. The insect food, though abundant at times, lasts only a part of the year. A diet like this is most excellent for young trout, and these, of which one often sees considerable schools in the lake, are well fed and apparently in good condition. But it is not suited for carrying mature trout beyond a certain size, and in the lack of small fish of all kinds for food we can hardly be surprised at their present condition. It is earnestly to be hoped that the efforts of the Fish Commission in planting the whitefish above the falls will be successful, as they form a constant diet for the large trout below.

It used to be a mistaken impression which still prevails to some extent, that there were two species of trout in these waters. This came evidently from not distinguishing between the sexes, the female being generally paler and more silvery in lustre, while the male tends more to an orange coloration beneath, and has besides most gorgeous hues of scarlet near the gills, the colors growing more vivid toward the breeding season.

On an average I should say about one trout in four is infested with the parasite peculiar to these waters. I did not attempt to establish any ratio by count, but according to my recollection this holds good for the lake; in Pelican Creek the percentage must be larger, as nearly half of those I caught were so infested, and I recall one of our packers bringing in twenty, of which nine had to be thrown away. At Sylvan Lake, which empties into the Yellowstone Lake by Clear Creek, not one diseased trout was taken out of several hundred taken for food during our week's stay. E. Hofer informed me that to his knowledge no diseased trout has ever been taken below the falls on the Yellowstone, and to a limited extent this is confirmed by my own experience. Nor did I ever take such an one among great numbers caught in the tributaries to the river below the falls. For the benefit of anglers who may fish in these waters in the future I may say that trout infested with these parasites are almost universally marked by an excrescence or swelling of the skin, generally below the median line. On cutting into this a white worm about the size of a knitting needle will be found snugly coiled up, just beneath the skin, the head projecting through a hole in the abdominal wall into the body cavity.

Besides this form of parasite two others were noticed often infesting otherwise healthy fish. One was a white mass clinging to the body externally and just under the pectoral fins. Its point of juncture was accompanied by

a sore red spot. Whether this form had any relation to the former can at present be only conjectured.

The other form was a leech-like parasite, apparently chitinous in outward covering, about the length and diameter of a small pin, holding fast to the fish at any convenient point by a sucker-like disk.

These parasites seem to infest only mature fish, as no individual which retained in the slightest degree the parr marks, was ever taken with them upon it or in any way differing from a well-fed, healthy trout. It is to be earnestly hoped that so interesting a phase of trout life in these regions may be carefully worked out in the future under the auspices of the U. S. Fish Commission.

Perhaps in closing a few words for the benefit of anglers who may chance to fish these waters in the future may not be out of place.

The size and weight of tackle suitable for these lakes and streams has been overestimated, as has the size of the fish. An 8oz. fly-rod is heavy enough, with reel and line to match. The device first recommended I believe by Mr. Henry P. Wells, of a handle detachable from the butt of the rod, is particularly well suited for Rocky Mountain travel. The handle can then be stowed in any convenient place, and the butt and joints can be carried in a stout brass tube, where they will be protected from harm. I made one by obtaining a strong brass tube of suitable length, then soldered a cap over one end and closed the other by a screw-cap. The diameter of the tube was about 1¼in., inside measurement. In this, the rod can be packed upon a mule, rolled up in the bedding, or it can be tied by strings to the saddle and carried under the leg like a rifle.

In this manner I carried a rod all summer through hundreds of miles of mountain travel, caught great quantities of fish with it and brought it back in as good condition as that in which it started. For flies, those tied upon hooks of a size from 5-7 Sproat are sufficiently large for the rivers and lakes, while 8-10 is right for the small streams. For kinds, the brown-hackle is above all others best on these waters. The Alexander and black-prince are excellent in the swift streams. I tied the following combination a good deal and found it very useful on the lake: Wings and hackle lead-colored, body red, tail white and rather large and full. We caught great numbers with this, and in default of a name called it the Yellowstone. Any modest-colored flies will prove serviceable, however. PERCYVAL.

NOTES FROM WORCESTER.

WORCESTER, Mass., Dec. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The year 1889 has been an exceptional one for sportsmen, in Worcester county at least. Not for years has the trout fishing been as good as it was last spring. No especially large catches were made near here, but every one had better average success than has been known for a number of years. The season was a wet one, and particularly favorable for a good run of trout; and a better observance of the close season is undoubtedly having a good effect on the fishing. Some of the old trout streams which dried up entierly during the drought in '82–'83 are slowly beginning to restock themselves, and where trout have been unknown since that time, last season a few were taken. The question of restocking these streams is receiving considerable attention, and at the annual meeting of the Sportsmen's Club the matter will be agitated, and if the idea meets with favor, a committee, which will give its attention to the fish problem especially, will be proposed.

That such a committee, if composed of the right men, could do a vast amount of good there is no doubt, and that in taking hold of this work the sportsmen's club would greatly increase its membership and popularity is also true. But the work must be done intelligently and unselfishly to bring about the best results. The pernicious practice of leasing brooks cannot be too severely condemned, and although this practice has so far been confined to a very few, it has resulted in the posting of a number of brooks in this vicinity.

The idea of those interested in the proposed work of improvement is broader, and will undoubtedly meet with the hearty co operation of sportsmen and farmers alike. The proposition to be made to the landowners is not that they will be expected to watch the brooks and drive anyone, friends and neighbors included, off their land, but in return for the benefit which they and their friends would derive from having their now worthless brooks stocked with trout the only favor asked is that they will not post their lands, leaving them open to everyone.

The feasibility of stocking Lake Quinsigamond with trout and landlocked salmon is also talked of quite generally, especially by fishermen who make frequent trips to the Maine lakes, and the general opinion is that our lake has natural advantages equal if not superior to any of the Maine lakes. Deep, cold, with numerous spring holes, it offers a retreat for trout or landlockers where the pickerel could do them no harm, and the numerous brooks emptying into it would afford excellent spawning grounds. At present it is worthless as far as fishing goes, a few pickerel and pouts constituting its fish supply.

A little money judiciously expended yearly for a few years would give us as good fishing at our very doors as we now have to go hundreds of miles for. The cost of a two-weeks' trip to Maine or New Brunswick for a single persons would, if spent in stocking Lake Quinsigamond with yearling landlockers yearly for ten years, save Worcester anglers hundreds of dollars every season.

The past season has also been a remarkable one for birds. Good bags have been made from Sept. 1 up to the very last day of November, and while fox hunting since Dec. 1 I have put up enough partridges to insure a good number of breeders for next season.

Closing the bird season Dec. 1 has proved a wise move, as with an open month, such as we are having now, the hunters could kill more birds during December than in any other month. Woodcock have also been very plenty. Though some of the old covers held but few birds they were found on new grounds, and those familiar with the covers made good bags, both of native and flight birds.

Quail are more plenty than usual, but our winters are so severe that we can probably never expect very good quail shooting in this section.

If the shooting continues to hold its own we cannot complain of Worcester as a hunting ground, but we need a good many birds, as there are more shooters here than in any city in the East of its size. New ones are coming out every year, and there is not a better class of men in the city than the shooters. Doctors, lawyers, ministers, Congressmen, the most prosperous of our business men in every line, are numbered among the fortunate possessors of a love for the sports of woods and stream. HAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Dec. 24.—Mr. E. C. Burton, lately mentioned to me one of his possessions, for which he says he would not take a farm. He calls it a minnow trap. It is made entirely of glass, stout but transparent. The principle is that of the funnel trap or fyke net, there being a conical lead of glass running from the mouth into the middle of the big jar which the trap in the main resembles. The apex of this cone is cut off, leaving an opening through which the minnows may freely pass. In the body of the jar some cornmeal or similar food is placed, and the trap is baited and ready for work. It is placed on its side in clear water known to be inhabited by minnows. A school of minnows noticing the feed will work around the sides of the trap until they find the opening, and if two or three go in the rest crowd in after them, and are unable to find the way out. Charlie says he caught 300 in a half an hour one day in a Minnesota lake. This sounds a good deal like a fish story, but he says it true. The trap is said to have been the invention of a Tennessee man, and to have been in use in the South for a number of years. Not many have been seen in the North. I never saw one, but should think it would be interesting to watch the minnows till one up.

The mildness of the winter up to this date has doubtless saved many thousands of good game fish from being taken by legal or illegal ice-fishing on our Western lakes. Last winter was also a mild one, and the result of the two years should be favorable, if the ice will only keep off for a couple of months longer this season.

Speaking of ice-fishing reminds me of an account a friend gave me of the bullhead fishing on Lake Koshkonong in the winter time. "I went out on the ice to one of the holes," he said, "where they were catching and skinning the bullheads. The fish were all skinned alive, a pair of sharp steel pincers being used to jerk off the skin. As soon as a fish was skinned, it was thrown on the pile, without being killed, cleaned or having the head taken off. That great pile of live skinned bullheads was the most horrible sight I ever saw. It writhed and moved all through itself, from top to bottom, and the whole sight was such that it made me sick. I protested to the brutal fellows who were doing this work, and insisted they should kill the fish, but they said they 'didn't have time for that.' I think this is one of the most brutal things I ever saw or heard of. Doubtless it is the same up there now, and if so something ought to be done to stop it."

I have myself seen the bullhead skinning at the great fish port of Sandusky. The hands there use pincers similar to those mentioned above, but the fish is first beheaded. I wish Mr. G. E. Gordon, of Lake Koshkonong, would inquire about the case above mentioned. It is not probable that he would long endure its continuance if he knew of it.

A curious but very practical and very deadly device used by these same Koshkonong pot-fishermen has come under my notice. This is called the "Koshkonong reel," and is used by all those fellows who have discarded the old tip-ups. It consists merely of a crotch, the legs of which are about five or six inches long. To the top of this crotch—which is simply cut out of a stout forked twig, perhaps as thick as a lead pencil—the line is tied fast and attached to a stick, which goes across the hole in the ice. This part of the line is long enough so that the crotch or "reel" is suspended entirely below the surface of the water. The long part of the line is wrapped around the crotch, the spring of the wood holding it on tightly. One leg of the crotch is split slightly at the end, and into this split the line is passed, so that it is held tightly there after enough has been wound about the crotch. Below this split end the short line and the baited hook depend. When a fish bites he jerks the line free from the split that holds it, and goes off with the bait, the "reel" slowly unwinding the line as it whirls around in the water. When the line is all off the "reel" the fish is at the end of his rope, and by that time is gradually hooked fast. The actual object of the reel is to keep the line coiled without freezing. It does not freeze when kept quiet under the water. If coiled up on the ice it would freeze stiff, and so not run out well. The ways of the marketman are simple, but fatally direct to their purpose.

The market-fisher is a naïve sort of creature, truly childlike and bland. One of them sat in Blackhawk club house one night as we were talking about the progress in matters of fish protection on the lake. Some one spoke of the law prohibiting netting and spearing, and remarked that it would protect such fishes as the redhorse, which does not take bait.

"How vill ve ketch redhorse, den?" asked the market-fisher, whose mind was first of all filled up with the necessity of catching any and all fish. We tried to explain to him that it didn't make any great hole in the national safety even if he didn't ketch 'em. That is not an uncommon question among these gentry. "If you won't let us float for canvasbacks and won't let us shoot outside of natural cover, how will we kill canvasbacks?" They are firm believers in their divine right to kill. That anybody else has any right to the game is a fact they can't get through their heads. Any effort to hedge in their ancient right of butchery they meet with the old cry about the down-trodden farmer who wants a mess of fish for his suffering family.

They tell some rather grotesque stories on this head up in this country about which I have lately been writing so much. There was an old German who lived on the edge of a stream that ran into the lake, and who was repeatedly caught in the act of netting fish in the stream. He was remonstrated with, and even fined, but on trial set up the novel plea of self-defense. "Shudge," said he, "dose bickerels dey svim up and bite off de leaves off my dobacco blants vhat I haf down near de vater. Oont dey lays eggs all ofer de grass. So ven de cattles comes down to eat dey goes 'Bah! bah!' Great grashus! I must prodect my cattles fon dose dings, on spide of all you tam Rebublican dieves!" And yet, "on spite" of his argument, this gentleman later on got six months in jail. His ingenuity deserved better of justice.

Mr. G. W. Esterly, of Whitewater, Wis., comes forward with two bass stories. One day Mr. Esterly was fishing and hooked a bass which, on attempting to swing it into the boat, he knocked against the gunwale of the boat and disengaged from the hook. The bass started for tall corn, but Mr. Esterly made a grab for it, caught it by the back and landed it in the boat. At another time a bass carried away all of Mr. Esterly's line, and was playing horse with a lot of other bass, when Mr. Esterly fished the end of the line up out of the depths and landed his fish. These stories are vouched for by eye witnesses.

I am reminded by a friend that it is wise for an unsuccessful hunter returning from the chase and wishing to buy a few ducks to take home to his wife, never to buy an even number of birds, like six, or twelve, or a dozen and a half. That looks too much like "Three dollars a dozen, sir," or some other price established on the dozen basis. The truly wise hunter will buy some odd number, like seven, or eleven, or seventeen birds. Observation of this apparently simple little matter would have kept peace in many a family before now.

Dec. 27.—I see "Kingfisher" and Mr. Clapham are having a war about how to stiffen a rod ferrule. Now, I was the innocent cause of that war, for it was I who told of the time when I tried to mend a broken rod and found the ferrule soft after burning out the wood. "Kingfisher's" first kindly advice about cooling the ferrule in the air was given to me. I have never had time to try any experiments on the matter as Mr. Clapham has; but I know one thing, if either "Kingfisher" or Mr. Clapham had been right where I was, and had seen those big bass jumping near him all the time he was tinkering with his rod, he would have done just what I did, and have jabbed that ferrule into the lake as far as he could reach, in the effort to cool it quickly as possible. 'Twasn't a question of stiffness, it was a question of time. If I can ever get "Kingfisher" into just such a scrape as that I will bet him all he wants that he can't sit still and wave his hot ferrule in the air until it cools, any more than he can write without emitting wisdom. I think he would call it "onpossible." Will some other worthy brother tell us what to do in a case like that—something that can be done "to onct." E. HOUGH.

BLACK BASS IN ENGLAND.—London, Dec. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I had the pleasure of being present last evening at a meeting of the Piscatorial Society of London. By request of the chairman and others I gave them many particulars concerning our famous game fish, the black bass. A strong and growing feeling exists in Great Britain respecting their introduction into waters for which they may be well suited. The collection of game fish of Great Britain owned by the Piscatorial Society is the finest in the world. I wish especially to express my appreciation of the special courtesy extended to me by Mr. E. Sachs of the Piscatorial Society, one of the editors of *Land and Water*.—GEO. SHEPARD PAGE.

CALIFORNIA.—Sea fishing is excellent this year, along the rocks of the north side of San Francisco and San Pablo bays. Rock cod, perch, sea trout and smelt reward the hook and line fisherman within five miles of the city. The run of salmon to their spawning grounds will begin soon. The State Fish Commissioners have ordered their deputies to arrest all fisherman taking "trout or salmon trout, or the young of salmon at this season," and several arrests have been made.—CHARLES H. SHINN.

Fishculture.

FISHCULTURE AND PROTECTION IN INDIANA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Indiana is waking up to the necessity of paying some attention to her fish. A state fish and game protective society has been formed at the State capital, with Fish Commissioner Dennis at its head, and Col. Lilly, Judge Davidson, Mr. Butler and Mr. J. P. Applegate as an executive committee, with a vice-president in each of the thirteen congressional districts of the State. The Commissioner, aided by persons interested in the preservation of our game fish, has secured the building of fishways over dams in rivers emptying into Lake Michigan in the northern part of the State, and will have ways put in around dams on streams emptying into the Ohio at once, to be followed by securing ways around or over all the dams in the State. The laws of the State are being enforced, numerous indictments have been found and there have been a number of convictions of violators.

I promised to inform you how the scheme of making road supervisors act as fish and game constables worked. It does as well as could be expected of an entirely new law, and in time will prove the means of preserving our fish and game from anihilation.

The work of stocking the streams is being intelligently and vigorously pushed. The Southern Indiana Fish and Game Protective Association is doing a grand work. There is also capital work being done in Shelby and Montgomery counties, and at other points. A stock company at Turkey Lake is very efficient in protecting the fish. We confidently expect in a few years to see our loved Indiana famous for the game fish in her streams, and for the sportsmanlike manner they are taken on the fly, and the hospitality with which her anglers will greet the rod and reel men of sister States. JAP.

WORK OF THE U. S. FISH COMMISSION.

ONE of the cars of the Commission has started out from Wytheville, Va., with about 60,000 yearling rainbow trout for distribution in public waters of Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee.

Another car is taking carp into the South, and at the same time some adult red-eye perch, European tench, carp and golden ide to the new Government station at Neosho, Missouri. This station will soon be furnished with 100,000 trout of several species for stocking the mountain streams of the Ozark region. The rainbow trout has taken a strong hold in those waters.

Cod are appearing all along the coast in waters stocked by the efforts of the Commission. Mr. Chas. H. Stevenson, writing from Stonington, Conn., reports that many small codfish, recognized by fishermen as the product of the hatcheries, are now being taken.

SAWDUST AND FISH.—Amherst, N. S., Dec. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If your "anti-sawdust correspondent had the manliness to put his name to what he writes, I might ask a little space to expose his fallacies and falsehoods; as it is, I have no time to waste over such game.—W. H. ROGERS.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Jan. 6 to 11, 1890.—Annual Dog Show of the Michigan State Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Bay City, Mich. W. F. Brace, Secretary.

Jan. 13 to 18, 1890.—First Annual Dog Show of the Georgia Pet Stock and Bench Show Association, at Augusta, Ga. A. H. Vonderleith, Secretary.

Jan. 27 to Feb. 1, 1890.—Dog Show of the Colorado Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Denver, Col.

Feb. 11 to 14, 1890.—Fourteenth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, American Institute Building, New York. James Mortimer Superintendent.

Feb. 19 to 22, 1890.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, Chicago, Ill.

March 11 to 14, 1890.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Rochester Kennel Club, at Rochester, N. Y. Harry Yates, Secretary.

March 25 to 28, 1890.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Mass. Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

April 1 to 4, 1890.—Sixth Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Secretary.

April 15 to 18, 1890.—Show of the Buffalo Kennel Club, Buffalo, N. Y. A. W. Smith, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Jan. 20, 1890.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club at Bakersfield, Cal. H. H. Briggs, Secretary, 313 Bush street, San Francisco, Cal.

Jan. 27, 1890.—All-Day Field Trials, at West Point, Miss. F. R. Hitchcock, 44 Broadway, New York, Secretary.

Feb. 11, 1890.—Fourth Annual Field Trials of the Texas Field Trial Club, at Marshall, Tex. W. L. Thomas, Secretary.

Feb. —, 1890.—Meet of the Brunswick Fur Club, New Meadows, Me.

SOUTHERN TRIALS.

[*By a Special Reporter.*]

THE Southern Field Trials Club's second annual meet at Amory, Miss., commenced Dec. 16 with the Derby and ended with the Pointer Stake Saturday, Dec. 20. The judging was done by Col. James Gordon, Col. W. C. Sherrod and T. M. Brumby, and in the main we never saw judging done any better or more satisfactory. Only twice did we find any serious reason to differ from them. Their treatment of handlers was gentlemanly and polite, and in return the handlers, with one exception, obeyed cheerfully every order and request of judges. We never saw more quiet orderly handling; there was no blowing of whistles, nor loud boisterous commands to dogs, but every handler seemed to have his dog under good control: if he was not he would not let the fact be known by storming at him. The dogs were given thirty minutes in each heat; then if there was not enough work to decide they were run fifteen minutes longer, or in fifteen-minute heats until a decision could be made. The quality of the dogs as a whole was much higher than the average, and considering the weather, which was hot and dry all the week, the performance of most of the dogs was wonderful. There were plenty of birds and the grounds were good for testing a dog's range, speed and finding qualities. The land owners were kind and pleasant, and you found none of them snarling around, which is so common at other trials grounds, about sportsmen going on their places. The people of Amory were very kind and reasonable in their charges; they have not yet learned to look upon sportsmen as legitimate prey, nor to think each one has a bank account that they can draw on at will, as is common at so many other places where trials are held. The horses and vehicles were good and charges reasonable.

THE DERBY.

There were fourteen of the fifty-one nominations of the Southern Field Trials Club that filled. They were drawn to run in the following order:

TEMPEST (Graphic Kennels), liver and white pointer dog, April (Beppo III.—Lass of Bow),

against

CLOCHETTE (P. Lorillard, Jr.), black, white and tan English setter bitch, February (Roderigo—Lavalette).

GATH'S HOPE II. (Dudly & Fisher), lemon and white setter dog (Gath's Hope—Daisy F.),

against

TRANSIT (Thos. Blythe), liver and white pointer dog, April (Beppo III.—Lass of Bow).

BESSIE M. (G. Metzger), liver, white and tan English setter bitch, March (Count Noble—Fate Gladstone),

against

FRED GATES (Hamilton & Jackson), black and white English setter dog (Bob Gates—Lilly B.).

DAD WILSON'S BOY (J. Shelley Hudson), black, white and tan English setter dog, July (Dad Wilson—Dolly S.),

against

SIMONIDES (Rose & Madison), black, white and tan English setter dog, March (Gath's Hope—Gladys).

QUADROON (P. Lorillard, Jr.), liver, white and tan English setter bitch, February (Roderigo—Lavalette),

against

TRIBULATION (West Tennessee Kennels), liver and white pointer dog, April (Beppo III.—Lass of Bow).

DAD WILSON, JR. (J. Shelley Hudson), black, white and tan English setter dog, April (Dad Wilson—Lit),

against

HOPE'S RAY (D. E. Rose), black, white and tan English setter dog, January (Gath's Hope—Lady May).

NANON (West Tennessee Kennels), black, white and tan English setter bitch, January (Ben Hill—Mary),

against

FANNIE M. (Dr. J. N. Maclin), black white and tan English setter bitch, March (Gladstone's Boy—Flame).

First Series.

TEMPEST AND CLOCHETTE.

Graphic Kennels' white and liver pointer dog Tempest (Beppo III.—Lass of Bow), handled by Short, and P. Lorillard's black, white and tan setter bitch Clochette (Roderigo—Lavalette), handled by D. E. Rose, were cast off at 8:30, in open country, running around a pond. Tempest pointed standing in path. Clochette passed in beyond, caught scent, and pointed same bevy; both dogs steady to shot. Sent on Clochette pointed single in grass. Sent on Tempest pointed single; then Clochette pointed single in high grass; then Tempest pointed and Clochette backed. After drawing much country blank, ordered up at 9:25. In pace and range they were equal; in style on point Clochette was best.

GATH'S HOPE AND TRANSIT.

D. E. Rose's white and lemon setter dog Gath's Hope, handled by owner, and Thos. H. Blythe's liver, white and tan pointer dog Transit (Beppo III.—Lass of Bow), handled by Short, were cast off at 9:30, in open cornfield. Gath pointed bevy; as Rose called "point" birds flushed wild. Sent on Gath made game, but nothing was found. Then Gath flushed an outlying bird and bevy went. Sent on, Gath pointed a bevy in high grass. A point on singles for both dogs was not allowed, as time was called, 30m. Dogs were again sent on. Transit pointed bevy, Gath backed. both dogs pointed in sedge, nothing found. Sent on, Transit pointed single; sent on, Transit drew in on bevy and flushed. Up at the end of an hour, Gath won. In pace and range Gath was much the best.

BESSIE M. AND FRED GATES.

G. Metzger's liver, white and tan setter bitch Bessie M. Count Noble—Fate Gladston), and Hamilton & Jackson's black, white and tan setter dog Fred Gates (Bob Gates—Lillie B.), were cast off at 11:30. Fred, in thick grass, ran into bevy and pointed just as they rose. They were followed into pines. Fred pointed single, Bessie backed. Sent on Bessie picked up two single points in good style. Fred backed. Fred ran into another bevy in high grass and stopped about time birds rose. Sent on, Bessie scored two false points. Sent on, Fred pointed bevy in sedge. They followed, Bessie picked up two single points in good style, and won. This was a close heat, and if Fred had been steady to shot he would have won. In speed and range both were good. Down one hour. Tucker handled Bessie.

SIMONIDES AND DAD WILSON'S BOY

were cast off at 11:50. Soon after starting Dad flushed a bevy in sedge. Sent on in swamp. Simonides pointed on foot scent and bird flushed wild. Then each dog flushed a single in high dry grass. Taken up at 12:20 for lunch. At 1:45 they were cast off. Dad made game. Simonides went in and pointed bevy. Sent on in high grass, each got point on singles about the same time. Sent on, Simonides made two more points on singles and Dad one. At 2:00 dogs were ordered up and Simonides won. In speed and range they were equal; on birds Simonides was best. Both dogs were steady to wing and shot.

QUADROON AND TRIBULATION

were cast off at 2:05. Tribulation soon pointed a bevy; Quadroon backed; birds went to thicket, where Quadroon got two nice singles, and Tribulation one. Worked out in open, Tribulation making a cast ran into a bevy which flushed. Sent on in thick grass Quadroon pointed in high grass. Bird must have run from the point as nothing was found. Time up; down 30min. In speed and range both were good, with the odds in favor of Tribulation.

HOPE'S RAY AND DAD WILSON, JR.

were cast off at 2:40. Soon after starting, Ray made a point on foot scent. Sent on he ran about 30yds. and pointed bevy in good style. Birds were put up. Birds settled in high grass, when Ray got two points on singles, and Dad, Jr. one. Then dogs were sent in woods and a great deal of work was done on singles, Ray getting in several very stylish points and a false point. Dad, Jr. got one point and a false point. Taken out in open a great deal of country was drawn blank. Working down a fence row in a peapatch both dogs stopped to a point, Dad in front or nearest the birds. Birds were put up; both dogs steady to shot. Following birds to thicket no work was done, up at 4:15. After a long consultation, the judges gave the heat to Dad, Jr. This we thought an error for this reason. While both dogs had good speed and range, with the odds in favor of Dad in speed and style in motion, Hope's Ray found the first bevy and outworked him by far on birds, Ray stamping up to his game and pointing in good style, while Dan would point and wag, just as if he was looking for his handler.

NANON AND BESSIE M.

were cast off at 4:20. Nanon soon ran a rabbit through a bevy and flushed it. Fannie came on and pointed one of the birds that did not go with bevy. Sent into woods, Fannie picked up a couple of single points. She next pointed a bevy. Nanon backed. Sent on Fannie pointed single and Nanon pointed single. Fannie next pointed a bevy. Down 30min. Fannie M. outclassed as a bird dog and was better in in every respect. This ended the first series.

Second Series.

TEMPEST AND GATH'S HOPE II.

were put down Tuesday morning in open sedge. Hope over a hill pointed a bevy, Rose moved him up and birds flushed wild into thicket, where it was impossible to work. Sent on, Tempest flushed a bevy, which went to woods. Working on scattered birds in woods, Tempest made one point and a flush and was unsteady to wing. Ordered up at 8:15. Down 30m. Tempest won. In speed and range Hope was much the best; in style they were about equal. This brace might have been given a little more time on birds.

A change was here made in the order of running that Fannie M. might be run a side heat, as she had the bye in this series, and the next brace were put down.

TRIBULATION AND DAD WILSON, JR.,

were put down at 8:40 in nice open to show dogs' speed and range. Tribulation flushed a bevy, which went in pine woods. Both dogs pointed, drew in and bird flushed wild. Dad pointed, handler went in and bird went out of tree near by. On, Dad false pointed. Working out in open Dad pointed rabbit. Tribulation next pointed bevy on edge of briers. In cotton patch Stephenson shot, both dogs steady. Sent on Dad pointed a single, which flushed wild. Tribulation got a flush. Dogs ordered up at 9:15 and Dad Wilson, Jr., won. In speed and range they were equal, neither were very decided on birds. This was a very close heat and Dad Wilson, Jr., had little to spare.

SIMONIDES AND BESSIE M.

were cast off at 9:30. Soon after starting, going down wind at a fast gait, Simonides flushed four birds. Working in sedge Bessie pointed a single and Simonides backed. On, Simondies ranging off to the right, pointed a bevy in good style and Bessie backed, the birds were put up and dogs were steady to shot. In thicket, Simonides got three points and Bessie two. Working out in open, dogs were found on point by fence, Simonides nearer the birds. A fine bevy were put up to this point; both dogs behaved well to wing. On, Bessie pointed a single; about the same time Simonides pointed a single. Up at 10:00. Down 30m. This was a nice heat and a great deal of work done on game. Both dogs had good speed and style. Simonides won by his positive work on game.

Third Series.

FANNIE M. AND TEMPEST.

At 10:06 this brace were cast off. In pine woods Fannie pointed a bevy in good style. Sent on, Fannie drew to a point but abandoned it and went on and pointed a bevy. Tempest brought up to back, pointed an out-lying bird; both dogs behaved well to shot. Sent on, Fannie dropped to point as the bird flushed. Then Tempest false-pointed. Then Fannie scored another point on a single, then pointed a rabbit. Up at 10:36. In speed and range Fannie was much the best, out-classing Tempest in every way. She won.

SIMONIDES AND DAD WILSON, JR.

This brace were cast off at 10:45. Working in pines Simonides pointed bevy. Dad backed promptly. Rose shot and both dogs were steady to gun. Sent on both dogs scored a flush in high grass. After a long run in corn Dad flushed an outlying bird of a bevy, and as the handler went up the remainder went. Working around edge of thicket Simonides got three single points, and time, 30m., called. Simonides won. This was a good brace, both dogs having good speed and range with the odds in favor of Dad W., Jr., but his competitor outworked him on game.

Here a change was made in the order of running to decide which was the best pointer in the Derby. Mr. Anthony having offered a prize of $100 for the best pointer run in this stake, Transit and Tribulation were selected by the judges to compete for this prize. They were cast off at 11:36. In a cotton patch Tribulation pointed a bevy, left point and Transit went up and pointed. Short put up the birds, both dogs steady to wing. On, in thicket Transit got two points on singles. Working back in corn Tribulation pointed a bevy in good style. Sent on Transit soon pointed a single. Time called 12:06, and we went to lunch. In range and speed Tribulation was much the best and outclassed Transit. On singles Transit outworked him.

Fourth Series.

FANNIE M. AND SIMONIDES.

After lunch at 1:02 Fannie M. and Simonides were cast off to run for first money. As they went off Simonides went to the left and Fannie ran through an old fence row into grass not more than thirty yards from where they were put down and pointed bevy. Tucker put up the birds. Sent on Fannie poined a single and the point was honored by Simonides. On, Simonides nailed a single going at a rapid gait cross wind. About the same time Fannie caught scent coming up wind and pointed the same bird, both dogs dropped to wing; working by side of fence flushed a single. Sent on in thicket Fannie pointed a single in good style. Working down edge of thicket Fannie pointed a bevy and Simonides backed. Dogs were then worked in thicket where each dog scored a point on singles. Time was called. Down 30 minutes. Fannie was declared the winner of the beat and first money.

After consultation Tempest was called up as the best dog beaten by Fannie to ran against Simonides for second money, but as Simonides had ran three heats that day, and Tempest had only run two, the judges decided to postpone this race until the next morning, Wednesday opened up cloudy and a little more pleasant than the two previous days of the trials.

SIMONIDES AND TEMPEST

were put down to run for second money at 8:34. Soon after starting both dogs made game in bottom. Crossing over branch Simonides pointed a bevy in briers on branch. Rose put them up and Simonides dropped to shot. Birds were followed over hill but not found. Working back in same field—in thick grass—Simonides ran into and flushed a bevy, which was an excusable flush, as he was going down wind. Working dogs over branch Simonides pointed a single. Time was called 9:04, and Simonides declared the winner, with much to spare, as he outclassed Tempest in every way. The judges then divided third between Dad Wilson, Jr., and Tempest. Following is the summary:

First Series.

Tempest beat Clochette.
Gath's Hope beat Transit.
Bessie M. beat Fred Gates.
Simonides beat Dad Wilson's Boy.
Tribulation beat Quadroon.
Dad Wilson, Jr., beat Hope's Ray.
Fannie M. beat Nanon.

Second Series.

Tempest beat Gath's Hope.
Simonides beat Bessie M.
Dad Wilson, Jr., beat Tribulation.
Fannie M. a bye.

Third Series.

Fannie M. beat Tempest.
Simonides beat Dad Wilson, Jr.

Final for First Place.

Fannie M. beat Simonides and won first prize.

Final for Second Place.

Simonides beat Tempest and won second prize.

Third Place.

Dad Wilson, Jr., and Tempest placed equal third.

ALL-AGED SETTER STAKE.

On Wednesday, immediately after deciding first money in the Derby, this stake was started.

First Series.

As the first brace was not present, by consent of handlers the second brace was put down.

DUKE AND ROWEY B.

L. B. McFarland's black, white and tan setter dog Duke, handled by B. M. Stephenson, and H. S. Bevan's black, white and tan setter dog Rowey B. (Roderigo—Juno A.), handled by owner, were put down in a large stubble field at 11:55; both dogs went off at a good gait and ranged well. Working through this field Rowey pointed, Duke brought up to back did so well, handler failed to flush and dogs were sent on. Duke soon repeated this performance, and no bird was found to his point. Working over road into another large field, one of the judges flushed a bevy that both dogs went very near. Working dogs in the direction the birds went, Stephenson called point in briers but no bird was found. About this time Rowey false pointed in edge of briers. Crossing field and working in woods Duke made a good point on a bevy, Stephenson shot and both dogs were steady. Sent on in woods Duke false pointed. Working out in woods Duke made game, being cautioned by his handler, he pointed, which proved a false point; had the dog been let alone we don't think he would have got a false point, but as it was handler failed to flush. Sent on both dogs made game but failed to find. Time was called, and the judges sent the dogs on. Over a fence both dogs pointed a bevy with Duke nearest the birds. Stephenson shot and missed. On, in thicket Rowey pointed a single. Working out in cane Duke false pointed. Time called at 2:55. Duke won, but he had very little to spare, as it was a very poor heat.

LUFRA'S MARK AND FLORENCE GLADSTONE.

W. W. Titus's black, white and tan setter Lufra's Mark (Gath's Mark—Lufra) handled by owner, and W. Bedford's black, white and tan setter bitch Florence Gladstone (Gladstone—Florence) were cast off at 3:11. Working in open country to try their range and speed a bevy was flushed by spectators which Florence should have found, she having passed very near them. On in the sedge and briers Mark flushed a single, he then pointed another and retrieved well, but was a little unsteady to Titus's kill. Soon after this Mark was lost and while Titus was looking for him he walked into and flushed a bevy which went to woods. Going into woods Mark scored two good points on singles, and Florence pointed a single. As her handler went up she jumped in and flushed, which was a bad piece of work. She soon pointed another single which Short shot on the ground and the bitch made a fair retrieve. Time 3:55. In speed and range both were good, but their work on birds was indifferent.

BEN HUR AND DAD WILSON, JR.

F. F. Miles's black, white and tan setter dog Ben Hur (Paul Gladstone—Lady Rake) and J. Shelly Hudson's black, white and tan setter dog Dad Wilson, Jr. were put down at 4:25 and worked toward town. After running 10m. they were ordered up and all went in.

Wednesday morning this brace was put down at 8:04. Working around a swamp Dad pointed a bevy in high grass and was steady to gun and retrieved well. On in woods Dad flushed a single; on, Dad made point on single and bird flushed wild. Working out in corn Ben pointed and roaded on and failed to locate, as his handler worked him off the birds which were flushed by the crowd. Time 8:34. Dad won easily, outclassing and outworking Ben. Short handled Dad and McCargo Ben.

DIMPLE AND CINCINNATUS.

Fred F. Miles's black, white and tan bitch Dimple (Gordon—Blanch), handled by McCargo and J. E. Dager's black, white and tan setter dog Cincinnatus (Count Noble—Dido II.), handled by Chas. Tucker. This brace were put down in open country near where the last brace were taken up. They were both merry, good workers, but seemed to have very little bird sense. Working around a thicket Cincinnatus pointed a bevy, and to Tucker's kill he made a very nice retrieve. Sent on in pines he made game, pointed, but went on. Soon after Dimple pointed a single in good style. No more work was done on birds. Time was called at 9:48. Cincinnatus won on his range and speed.

DAN GLADSTONE AND MARK OF BRUNSWICK.

J. W. Renfroe's black, white and tan setter dog Dan Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue), handled by D. E. Rose, and W. J. Cannon's black, white and tan setter dog Mark of Brunswick (Oberon—Light of Hatchie), handled by Poindexter, were cast off at 9:55 in open; both went off at a clipping gait, ranging and hunting well. Going into cornfield Dan wheeled into point on a bevy. Mark coming up, backed well. Rose flushed; both dogs steady to shot. On in thicket Dan soon pointed a single, then over a fence Mark pointed a single. Working back in corn Dan located another bevy at upper end of field in sedge. To Rose's kill Dan made a good retrieve. Sent on, Dan pointed a single. Working through thicket Mark, out in weeds, got a good point on a bevy. Dan coming in down wind from a cast, flushed one of the birds and the bevy went. Poindexter shot and missed; both dogs behaved well to gun. Sent on in pines Mark flushed a single and was not very steady to wing. Time 30m. Dan won. In speed and range both were good. In style in motion they were equal. Style on point Dan was best.

TOLEDO BLADE AND STARTLE.

J. E. Dager's black, white and tan setter dog Toledo Blade (Roderigo—Lillian), handled by Chas. Tucker, and L. B. McFarland's black, white and tan setter dog Startle, Jr. (Startle—Light of Hatchie), handled by Stephenson, were put down where the last brace were taken up. Running around the edge of some pines, Blade pointed a bevy and retrieved well. Sent into pines on scattered birds Blade made a point evidently on foot scent, as there was no cover for birds to hide in. Sent on Startle false pointed, then Blade pointed a single. Time was called 11:07 and Blade won easy. Startle was no match for him on any part of the ground.

CHICKASAW AND TENNESSEE CHARLEY.

J. Shelly Hudson's black, white and tan setter dog Chickasaw (Gladstone—Sue), handled by Short, and West Tennessee Kennels' Tennessee Charley (Fred W.—Ida), handled by B. M. Stephenson, were the next brace. They were put down at 11:15. Working into edge of pines Chickasaw pointed, which proved to be false. Sent on over a good scope of country blank, Chickasaw pointed a bevy and Charley backed, both dogs steady to shot. In pines Chick pointed, moved on and flushed; then Charley false pointed. Chick then pointed a single. Sent on Chick pointed a single and retrieved. Then Charley secured a good point on a single, and made a good retrieve to Stephenson's kill. Both dogs pointed singles just as time was called. In speed Charley was best, range was equal, style on point Chick was the best. Chick won. Down 30 minutes.

CORSAIR AND DAISY'S HOPE.

West Tennessee Kennels' black, white and tan Corsair (Dan Gladstone—Haidee) handled by Stephenson and A. M. Young's orange and white setter bitch Daisy's Hope (Gath's Hope—Daisy F.) handled by Titus. After lunch at 1:05 this brace was put down they; went at a race horse gait and Hope stopped to point at the edge of thicket a quarter of a mile away. Corsair backed well, Titus flushed a big bevy and both dogs behaved well to wing. Then Hope got two points on singles and made a good retrieve. Working out in open Hope was lost and found on point, to which Titus flushed a fine bevy. Going into woods Corsair got two points and a flush and Hope one point. Moving back in field Hope soon pointed, bird was flushed, time called. Hope won with a good deal to spare. This finished the first series.

Second Series.

DUKE AND DAD WILSON, JR.

were put down at 1:48 in open sedge field. Soon after starting Duke made game. Dad was allowed to go in and trying to get the point flushed the bevy. Working into thicket on scattered birds Duke flushed a single and was steady to wing. Working back in the field, Duke pointed a single. On, Dad showing signs of game his handler cautioned him and called point, but failed to flush, making the dog score a false point, which he would not have done if let alone. Time was called and the judges sent the dogs on in high grass. Dad made a point on a bevy and made a fair retrieve. Working in woods on scattered birds Duke pointed a single. Time up and judges again sent dogs on. In woods Dad, going cross wind, flushed a single, then soon made false point which his handler was partly responsible for. Hunting out a piece of woods Dad made game and as he was drawing in the birds flushed wild. He then got two good points on singles, to Duke a false point and was declared winner of the heat. Down in all 1 hour. There was no very high class work done. Both had good range and speed with fair style. Duke showed he had been used too often as a shooting dog.

CINCINNATUS AND LUFRA'S MARK.

This brace was put down in a good field to test their range and speed; both went well, with speed rather in favor of Cincinnatus, but in this, as in nearly every heat he ran, he seemed to be just showing his speed, with no desire or inclination to find birds. After a long run they were taken up for water, as they both were showing signs of fatigue, the day being extremely warm for the time of year. Sent on Cincinnatus made game but abandoned it, and spectators coming up flushed birds. In sedge Cin. flushed a single, then false pointed. Then Mark pointed a single. Then Cincinnatus got a good point on a single; to order he retrieved well. Time was called 30m., and the judges sent them on. After this each dog scored several flushes on birds that they had good opportunities to point, which made the heat a very poor and uninteresting one. Ordered up at 4:20, down in all 1h. and 20m. Both dogs backed and behaved well to shot. Cincinnatus won.

DAN GLADSTONE AND TOLEDO BLADE.

At 4:24 this brace was cast off. Both dogs went at a clipping gait, working their ground well, showing they were hunting for game. Working over the railroad Dan made game and commenced drawing on an outlying bird of a bevy. Blade coming in from a cast ran between the bevy and Dan and pointed. Tucker shot and Dan's bird went when the bevy flushed. Sent on, Blade going at a rapid gait ran over and flushed a single. Dan working out to the right pointed a single. Then Blade in briers pointed several birds. Dan coming around caught scent and pointed the same birds. Tucker shot and both dogs were steady. Blade soon got another point on a single. Dogs then worked out in open to find another bevy. Before any more work was done time was called, and it being about dark everybody started for town.

Thursday morning was a little cloudy, but by 10 o'clock the clouds were gone and it was warm and sultry. We got an early start, and at 7:50 Dan Gladstone and Toledo Blade were put down to finish the undecided heat of the evening before. Both dogs went off with great speed, ranging fast and wide. In stubble Dan commenced drawing on a covey. Blade, coming in from a cast, ran into them and flushed. This was an excusable flush, as it was cross wind. Working dogs in pines after scattered birds Blade jumped into a point on a single, Dan backed, Tucker killed and Blade made a good retrieve. Right here Dan displayed his cool level head and resisted a temptation that very few bird dogs can resist. This bird dropped within 5ft. of his nose and lay fluttering in the leaves, but the dog never moved a step or changed his position in the least. Sent on Dan stopped to a point and the bird flushed wild. Soon after this, working up through pines, Dan was lost, and before he was found time was called, 8:05, and dogs ordered up. Rose soon found Dan on a point at the edge of thicket and put up the bird. Judges consulted some time and gave the heat to Tolado Blade. This was the best and most interesting heat that had been run in this stake, both dogs being fast, stylish and perfectly broken, and doing work that was of the highest order of merit.

CHICKASAW AND DAISY'S HOPE

were put down at 8:20 in open near where the last brace were taken up. After a long hunt with no good results, Hope pointed a bevy in edge of thicket. Birds were flushed and both dogs behaved well to wing. The thicket was too dense and birds were not followed. Working around the thicket Hope was lost, and after some time Titus found her on point in thicket and high grass; birds were flushed to the point. Working back out in open Chickasaw pointed in thin sedge. Nothing was found to the point. Time was called and dogs sent on. This we thought an error, for under the same opportunities the dog had done nothing but make one false point, and the bitch had found a bevy and made a point on scattered birds, and to run either of them longer, as hot as the day was, would seriously impair their chances in their future running. After a long run Hope was much the best. In style on point Chick. was decidedly the best.

Third Series.

DAD WILSON, JR., AND CINCINNATUS.

At 10:00 this brace was put down near where the last brace was taken up. This was a brace that abounded in much running around on the part of Cincinnatus and very little work. He was headstrong and refused to obey the whistle. They did but little work on game. Soon after starting Dad made game but failed to locate and after going on the bird was put up by spectators. Both dogs made several false points and Dad made some flushes, finally he made a good point on a single and to Short's kill made a decidedly good retrieve. They were given one hour's work and Dad won with plenty to spare.

TOLEDO BLADE AND DAISY'S HOPE.

This brace was put down in thicket where some scattered birds had been seen. Soon after starting Blade pointed a single and made a good cheerful retrieve. Working up by fence at the edge of briers he pointed and was well backed by Hope. Tucker could find nothing to the point, but as scattered birds went that way it is probable they had run off. Dogs taken up for water. After a few minutes the dogs were sent on and Hope working to the right soon pointed a bevy. To Titus's kill she made an ordinary retrieve. Sent on in cotton patch on scattered birds both dogs got several points. Blade doing some very brilliant work of the highest order of merit and won the heat. Up at 11:58. Hope was at least seven pounds too fat and it was so hot she showed signs of great fatigue before the race was over.

Fourth Series.

TOLEDO BLADE AND DAD WILSON, JR.

After lunch the judges decided to move about a mile and try some new territory, but it proved the wrong move, and they soon discovered their mistake and came back on the same farm they had been running on during the morning. On returning soon after the dogs were turned down, Blade pointed a bevy and Dan backed well. Working the dogs in pines and high grass, Blade got four good points to Dad's one, and time was called and he was declared winner of the heat, which decision carried with it first money and all the honors of winning the All-Aged Setter Stake.

Fifth Series.

Dan Gladstone being selected by the judges as the best dog beaten by winner of first, he was brought up to run with Dad Wilson, Jr. for second money. Dad's handler claimed his dog had ran three heats that day, and it would be unjust to make him run before the next morning, and the race was postponed until Friday morning, and the first brace in the pointer stake was called.

Friday morning the clouds were flying and it rained a little, but not enough to stop our work. By 10 o'clock it was clear and hot.

DAN GLADSTONE AND DAD WILSON, JR.

At 9:55 this brace was cast off to compete for second place. Both dogs went out fast and stayed out working their ground well. In sedge by fence Dan was lost and found by one of the judges on point. When handler tried to flush the birds nothing was found. From the movements of the dogs it was evident the birds had run from Dan's point while he was lost. Ordered on both dogs commenced circling for them and went over fence in pines and sedge. After a little circle in pines, the dogs working up fence, Dad in front and Dan following, Dan wheeled to a point down wind. Rose put up the birds, shot, and both dogs were steady to wing and gun. This was a good piece of work, the birds were only about 40yds. from where Dan first pointed them. Sent on in thicket Dan got two points on singles and a flush. Dad made a false point. Dogs were again worked back in open, from there into pines and sedge, dogs coming in and meeting made a mutual back. There was no more work on game. Pace and range were about equal, in style on point Dan was much the best. Dad has shown himself a good puppy, running through the Derby and All-Aged Stake, always showing good range and speed. In the last heat he stood no chance with Dan, as his experience and bird sense was too much for a puppy to contend against. Dan won the heat and second place. The judges then divided third between Dad Wilson, Jr., and Daisy's Hope. This ended the All-Aged Stake. Following is the summary:

First Series.

Dad Wilson, Jr., beat Ben Hur.
Duke beat Rowey B.
Cincinnatus beat Dimple.
Lufra's Mark beat Florence Gladstone.
Dan Gladstone beat Mark of Brunswick.
Toledo Blade beat Startle.
Chickasaw beat Tennessee Charley.
Daisy's Hope beat Corsair.

Second Series.

Dad Wilson, Jr., beat Duke.
Cincinnatus beat Lufra's Mark.
Toledo Blade beat Dan Gladstone.
Daisy's Hope beat Chickesaw.

Third Series.

Dad Wilson, Jr., beat Cincinnatus.
Toledo Blade beat Daisy's Hope.

Final for First Place.

Toledo Blade beat Dad Wilson, Jr., and won first prize.

Final for Second Place.

Dan Gladstone beat Dad Wilson, Jr., and won second prize.
Dad Wilson, Jr., and Daisy's Hope were placed equal third.

ALL-AGED POINTER STAKE.

The All-Aged Pointer Stake began on Thursday immediately after deciding first money in the All-Aged Setter Stake. There were seven starters, but before the running commenced the handler of Beppo III. asked permission to withdraw him, the dog being out of condition. The order of running was as follows:

Bounce against Bloomo II.
Tribulation against Galena.
Lady Zeal against Count Fauster.

First Series.

BOUNCE AND BLOOMO II.

G. W. Amory's liver and white pointer dog Bounce (Bob—Sal) and Graphic Kennels' liver and white pointer bitch Bloomo II. (Lad of Bow—Bloomo). At 3:31 this brace were cast off in open field. Working in pines Bounce pointed bevy in good style. Bloomo backed. The handler did not go out far enough to flush and the dogs were ordered on. Both dogs ran into the bevy and flushed, both dogs steady to order. Sent on in pines Bounce in crossing branch flushed a single; he then pointed a single which handler failed to find, and it was flushed by one of the judges. About this time Bloomo off to the left pointed and roaded a bird some 40yds. To Stevenson's kill Bloomo made a good retrieve. Seven more birds were flushed by the judges and reporters, and the dogs were ordered back in open. In sedge and pines Bloomo made game, but her handler got in too close and the birds flushed. Time was called and the dogs sent on. Bloomo soon pointed a single which was put up. Working out in corn Bounce pointed a bevy; before his handler got up he moved in and flushed. Both dogs were unsteady to wing. Before any of the singles could be found time was called and Bloomo won. In speed, range and style Bounce was much the best, and if he had been properly handled should have won, but under the work done the judges did right to give the bitch the heat. They were down in all 45 minutes.

TRIBULATION AND GALENA.

B. M. Stephenson's liver aad white pointer dog by Beppo III. out of Lass of Bow, and J. E. Gill's liver and white pointer bitch Galena, by Trinket's Bang out of Cremorne, both dogs handled by Stephenson, were cast off and worked toward town; both showed good range and speed. There was no work done on game and at 5:00 they were ordered up. Friday morning was cloudy and every sign of rain, but the clouds soon drifted away and it was clear and hot. Tribulation and Galena were put down at 8:05 to finish the heat commenced the evening before; both went off well. At edge of a thicket by a fence Tribulation pointed and Galena backed. A fine bevy was put up to the point, which went to thicket in a bottom, where Galena made two flushes in quick succession. There was too much water to work and the dogs were again ordered out in the open. Running into pines Galena flushed a bevy and Tribulation flushed a single. Time was called, dogs ordered up. Down in all, 1h. There was no good work done by this brace. Neither showed any bird sense, and seemed better satisfied running about than pointing a bird. Tribulation won.

LADY ZEAL AND COUNT FAUSTER.

John E. Gill's liver and white pointer bitch Lady Zeal (Croxteth—Amine), handled by B. M. Stephenson, and Dr. J. G. F. Holston's liver, white and tan dog Count Fauster (Mainspring—Dolly Fauster), handled by Chas. Tucker, were next cast off at 8:38. In open country, working around edge of cornfield Zeal made a stylish point on a bevy and was well backed by Count. Stephenson put them up and shot and both dogs were steady. Working on scattered birds Count soon pointed a single. Over fence in woods Count again pointed and made a good retrieve to Tucker's kill. When Count was sent to retrieve Zeal broke in and went off hunting. Handler finally got her back and claimed he sent her on. The judges didn't see it that way and cut her for unsteadiness. Working back in field Count made game in briers, Zeal coming up both dogs drew and Count pointed. Nothing was found to the point. Sent on, Count going very fast dropped to a point in corn. Zeal backed to order, nothing was found to the point. Time 9:08, Count won. There was some dissatisfaction at the decision in this heat, but we followed it very closely, saw all the work and saw no reason for it, as Count was better in range, better on game and stayed out at his work all the time, while the bitch was cutting in and out and seemed to be looking for orders.

Here Dan Gladstone and Dad Wilson, Jr., were put down to decide second place in All-Aged Stake.

Second Series.

COUNT FAUSTER AND BLOOMO II.

were cast off in open cover and sedge. After working some distance Count pointed a bevy in a cotton patch. Bloomo went up to back. To Tucker's kill Count made a good, cheerful retrieve. Sent on at sedge of thicket Bloomo made a point on a single, and to Stephenson's kill she made a nice retrieve. Time was called and judges sent them on. Bloomo soon made a stylish point on a bevy in thin grass, and was steady to wing. Crossing railroad Count pointed at edge of corn and sedge. The birds had moved out of corn down wind from the dog. Sent on Bloomo came on them first and stopped just in time to save a flush. In woods Count made two good points on singles. Time was called at 11:28. Count won. This was the best working brace that had been down; both dogs showed well on game, and backed and retrieved well. We then went to lunch.

Third Series.

TRIBULATION AND COUNT FAUSTER.

At 1:00 this brace was put down to decide first money. Both dogs went off well. After a long run both dogs made game and finally Tribulation located a bevy in briers. The birds were put up and went to thick heavy briers. The dogs were worked to find them with no success. By this time both dogs were showing very hot and tired. The sun was shining bright and the heat up in the eighties. No more work was done on game before time was called and the heat went to Tribulation. As Count had run three heats Mr. Tucker asked to wait over and run the heat for second place Saturday morning, which was a great deal to ask as the judges had made all their arrangements to get away that night, but to give the dog a fair chance they consented to stay. And the party went to town.

Saturday morning the weather indicated rain. An early start was made, and at 8:50 Count Fauster and Galena were put down to decide second place. After a run in open Count flushed a bevy, then made several false points. Galena made two points and a flush. They were ordered up at 9:30. Galena won. The judges then placed Count Fauster third.

Tribulation, the winner, proved to be a surprise. No one who saw him run in the Derby thought he stood any chance. While he had fine range, speed and good style in motion, he never showed well at any time on birds. He seemed to want experience; his owner explained this by saying that he had not been worked on birds more than two weeks. He is a trim-made dog, below the medium size, and built to be a good stayer. We congratulate Mr. Stephenson, his owner, on bringing a puppy in the stake that could run to the front. The summary is as under:

First Series.

Bloomo II. beat Bounce.
Tribulation beat Galena.
Count Fauster beat Lady Zeal.

Second Series.

Count Fauster beat Bloomo II.
Tribulation a bye.

Final for First Place.

Tribulation beat Count Fauster and won first prize.

Final for Second Place.

Galena beat Count Fauster and won second prize.
Count Fauster placed third.
First, Tribulation, $250; second, Galena, $150; third, Count Fauster, $100.

CENTRAL FIELD TRIALS.

FREE-FOR-ALL STAKE.

THERE were 14 entries for the Free-For-All Stake 6 of which filled. The stake was open to all setters and pointers for a purse of $1,000, with no second money, $50 forfeit and $50 to start, each heat to continue four hours. The same judges who had officiated in the other stakes also acted in this. The starters were drawn to run in the following order:

Nora against Rowdy Rod.
Roger Williams against Chance.
Lebanon against Roger.

The first brace, Nora and Rowdy Rod, were put down at 8:22 on Monday morning, Dec. 16. There was considerable white frost and it was quite foggy, making it impossible to see the dogs for any great distance, and the birds could not be marked as they were out of sight almost as soon as they were in the air; in addition to this everything was very wet, and within a few minutes after starting dogs and handlers were completely soaked. Both started off at a racing gait, Rowdy in his best form and Nora going very much better than she did at High Point; not quite so fast and snappy as she did there, but her range was much better and she staid out at her work and beat out her ground in capital style, showing by her excellent behavior throughout the race that Bradley had during the intervening time worked her to some purpose, and the condition in which she started and the manner in which she did her work reflects great credit upon her handler. During the first hour Rowdy had considerable advantage in pace and range; in the character of the work on game there was little difference between them, both pointed, backed and retrieved in capital style and both were steady to shot and wing. During a large part of the second hour Rowdy, evidently enamored with the beautiful Nora, followed her closely and did not show much disposition to hunt, while she kept steadily at work and more than recovered the advantage that he had over her. The last half of the heat Rowdy again let out and worked independently in capital style, having best of it in pace and range. Nora maintained a very uniform pace throughout the heat, and at the finish both were going at a good rate of speed and showing no distress nor indication of letting down. At the expiration of the allotted four hours the heat was decided in favor of Nora. Both ran a capital race and the heat was a very close one. Had Rowdy not fooled away the time the second hour in following Nora, the decision would probably have been reversed.

The next brace, Roger Williams and Chance, were put down at 1:24. Chance started in something like his best form, and for two and one-half hours he cut out the work in capital style and completely smothered Roger, but at the end of this period he let down completely, and although he kept going his pace was very slow, and he had evidently had enough of it. The tremendous exertion necessary to carry him at the rate of speed he had maintained was too much for him. Had he been prepared as he should have been for a long race, we have no donbt that he would have held out to the end, but his handler trusted that his well-known "grit" would carry him through all right, and but little preparatory work was given him, other than his regular work for ordinary heats. Roger did not go at anything approaching the rate of his competitor, and consequently he lasted the longest, but he also quit near the finish and both appeared to be about equally tired. We had thought that the object of the four-hour heat was to test the endurance of the dogs, and supposed that their behavior in this respect would have great weight in the final summing up, and we fully expected to see the flag go up for Roger, as he had lasted the longer, but the heat was awarded to Chance, and we were informed by the judges that the stake was to be judged the same as the other stakes, and that the performance of the dogs through the heats would be considered when making their decision. Under this ruling there could be no question that Chance was entitled to the heat.

On Tuesday it was cloudy and damp, with a slight breeze from the south; scent was good, the birds were moving and were found in abundance. Lebanon and Roger were put down at 8:28, and when time was up the heat was decided in favor of Roger, and so apparent was his victory, that Luke did not kick against the decision. Roger started at a good rate of speed, which he maintained until near the finish, when he let down somewhat, but kept on hunting and at the end was going fairly well. In pace, range and style in going, Roger was many points ahead, and he outfound and outworked his competitor as well. Aldrich was still unable to walk and John Lewis handled Roger in a very creditable manner. This ended the first series with the result as follows:

Nora beat Rowdy Rod.
Chance beat Roger Williams.
Roger beat Lebanon.

Second Series.

Nora and Chance were put down at 1:09 to run the first heat in the second series. Nora ran even better than in her heat with Rowdy, and during the first half of the heat she had the best of it at nearly all points, but Chance had gained wisdom from his previous heat and started at a pace that he could hold, and through the last half he let out a link and regained what he had lost and something more, and when time was called he was the winner of a very close heat, that was pronounced by every one who saw it to be one of the best contested heats ever run at a field trial. Both dogs ran well from start to finish and did their work in capital style. Birds were found in abundance, and each did some capital work both on bevies and singles. The bold, positive work of Chance on his birds probably carried him through. Nora at times being a bit uncertain or indifferent on her singles.

Roger having a bye in this series ran a side heat on Wednesday under judges Wallace and Tallman.

On Thursday Chance and Roger, the only dogs left in, were put down at 8:47 to decide which should have the honor of capturing the rich prize of $1,000 that awaited the winner. Roger came out in good form and ran the heat of his life; Lewis handling him in an excellent manner. He started off well and maintained a good pace for a few minutes over three and one-half hours. He was then given some whisky, but it had the opposite effect from that intended, and for the last twenty-seven minutes of the heat he was going at a very slow trot and not hunting at all. Previous to this he clearly had the advantage in pace, range and style of going, and a trifle the best of it in the work on birds. Chance started at a moderate pace, for him, but he gradually increased his speed and ran a good heat, but was not up to his usual form either in speed, range or in his work on birds; he kept going, however, and after Roger quit he gamely continued to the end at a good gait and worked out his ground in good style. When time was called the judges consulted for 28 minutes, and announced Roger the winner, and the meeting was ended. Following is the summary:

First Series.

Nora beat Rowdy Rod.
Chance beat Roger Williams.
Roger beat Lebanon.

Second Series.

Chance beat Nora.
Roger a bye.

Final.

Roger beat Chance and won.

The club is to be congratulated upon the success of its inaugural trials, the weather was all that could be desired, entries for the different stakes were numerous, many good dogs were present, and the work as a whole was of a high character. The grounds are excellent, except that there are too many briers, and birds are fairly plentiful. As is nearly always the case in new undertakings of this kind, mistakes were made; but we feel confident that they will not occur again, and we have no doubt that the next meeting of the club, which we are requested to state will be held at Lexington, Dec. 1, 1890, will be as well patronized and as successful as the one just held. The working of the rules was watched with interest by all. Some of them were untried, and, as is generally the case in such matters, it was found that improvements could be made. As we have before stated, we are in favor of the spotting system, and would like to see it adopted as a whole instead of in part, as was the case here, but in either case the rules should be changed. The rule requiring that each heat should be continued at least an hour is cumbersome in the extreme, and much valuable time was wasted in the preliminary heats in running to kill time long after the judges had determined whether or not the dogs possessed sufficient merit to warrant a further trial. The rule requiring that the dogs shall be drawn for the second series should be changed and the judges should have the power to mate the dogs as they think best. Perhaps the most senseless rule in the code is the one that prohibits any one from giving information as to the whereabouts of a dog that is out of sight of the judges and handlers. It was often the case during the trials when a dog was so lost that much time and much racing to and fro by the judges could have been saved by simply allowing the spectators to have given the necessary information, as is done at other trials. The judges performed their duties in a painstaking manner worthy of all praise, and while not agreeing with them in some of their awards, we know that their decisions were honestly given and that their integrity is unimpeachable. We are under great obligations to the officers of the club for the many courtesies shown, and to the judges for their uniform kindness in imparting desired information. We are also greatly indebted to Mr. H. B. Duryea, who kindly devoted an occasional day to taking notes in order that we might enjoy needed rest. We had a very pleasant time during our stay at Lexington, and shall look forward with pleasure to the meeting next year, when we hope to meet old friends and new, and with them again enjoy the beautiful days of the sunny South while beating out the brown stubble fields or rambling under the whispering pines.

THE EASTERN COURSING CLUB'S MEETING.

IN replying to Mr. Morris's exceptions to my report in your paper, I will only ask your indulgence for a moment in order to convince your readers as to his utter incapacity as claimed in my report, using his own words as verifications.

In his letter to you he says he declined after consultation with Mr. Watson to give "a special report and count of points to every one, but still continued to show my notes (Mr. Morris doesn't say score) to the gentlemen of the press." After the Zoe—Forest Queen "undecided," one of the field stewards asked for the score. He refused, yet he says he gave his notes to the press. Why should Mr. Morris refuse to give a score to one of the field officers of the club for which he was judging if he had one? The solid fact is Mr. Morris didn't have any score, and so could not give what he didn't have. Instead of sitting quietly on his horse as Dr. Cryer did and scoring promptly as points were being made, he was all over the place on his Rosinante after the jacks as vigorously as the dogs were, and as is graphically illustrated in one of this week's sporting papers.

Mr. Morris's whole letter is so cutely worded as to mislead the casual reader, and I must dissect some parts of it. He says, "The judge's inquiries for the names of the dogs slipped at the conclusion, etc." I claimed and still do claim that Mr. M. did go to the slipper while the dogs were in slips, not at "the conclusion," as he puts it.

As to whether he ever "pushed himself forward like other ill-bred presumptuous fellows" is a question for the public to decide. The fact still remains that he acted as judge when he must have known he was wholly incapable. This may perhaps not be termed "pushing himself forward like other ill-bred, presumptuous fellows," but it has this complexion. We are greatly surprised to hear that Mr. Black, whom Mr. Morris stated ought to make an efficient "slipper" should repudiate the expressions he used when he threw down the slips. The reports of the FOREST AND STREAM and other journals being alike in all essentials, a mere denial is not sufficient evidence to prove they are wrong, and Mr. Morris right. A judge who rides up to the stewards and asks if his decision is satisfactory, who in his reports talks if "cutting corners," calls a dog "a courser," and finally, who says, "and rather than go with the outspoken feeling and decide in favor of Zoe" (there was no expression of feeling till after the "decision" was rendered and marveled at), finally crowns all by publicly stating that he was the only one who could see the brilliant finale of the Glenboig—Andy McGregor tie, and reports that Glenboig "went over or through the fence," should present his case in a more convincing light if he wishes the intelligent public to accept both his statements and judging. If the judge was really present, how is it he doesn't know whether Glenboig went under or through the fence? I will not trespass further on your valuable space, but give the case to the jury. CARNARIS.

GORDON SETTER CLUB.

BALTIMORE, Md., Dec. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As some of the members of the American Gordon Setter Club have requested a report from the treasurer, Mr. F. T. Washington, I herewith inclose a copy of same which he sent me. It is a full statement up to Nov. 2, 1889.—H. MALCOLM, Pres. A. G. S. C.

F. T. WASHINGTON IN ACCOUNT WITH THE AMERICAN GORDON SETTER CLUB.

Dr.		*Cr.*	
To cash rec'd from members in payment of dues	$95 00	By cash paid the American Kennel Club, dues for 1888-1889	$20 00
To personal subscription for Richmond show by several members	25 00	Printing of Constitution, Standard, etc.; also stationery for secretary and treasurer as per voucher	36 65
		Special prize, solid silver cup, Richmond, Va.	25 00
		Two special prizes for Rochester	30 00
		Balance on hand	8 35
	$120 00		$120 00

St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 2, 1889.

[Signed] F. T. WASHINGTON, Treas.

NEW YORK DOG SHOW.

THE premium list of the fourteenth annual dog show of the Westminster Kennel Club is now ready for distribution. The show will be held Feb. 11 to 14 at the American Institute Fair Building, on Third avenue and 63d street. Following is a list of the judges: Mastiffs, Mr. Charles C. Marshall; St. Bernards and pugs, Miss A. H. Whitney; Great Danes, Newfoundlands, old English sheep dogs, all terriers except smooth fox and bull-terriers, toy spaniels, Italian greyhounds and Mexican hairless, Mr. R. F. Mayhew; blood hounds, deerhounds, greyhounds, fox-hounds, English and Irish setters, Mr. John Davidson; pointers, Mr. John S. Wise; Gordon setters, Dr. H. C. Glover; Irish water spaniels, Clumber, field and cocker spaniels, Mr. A. C. Wilmerding; Chesapeake Bay dogs and poodles, Mr. John G. Heckscher; collies, Mr. J. Shotwell; smooth fox-terriers, Mr. Fred. Hoey; bulldogs, bull-terriers basset hounds and dachshunde, Mr. E. S. Porter; beagles, Mr. H. F. Schellhass; miscellaneous, Messrs. Davidson and Mayhew. There are 171 classes provided for, with premiums amounting to over $3,600. The classification and principal prizes are much the same as they were last year, as are also the cash and cup specials. The principal changes are, all third and fourth prizes are cash instead of medal, the St. Bernard novice class is divided by sex, Newfoundlands have but one class, deerhounds and greyhounds have no puppy classes, English and American foxhounds compete together, there is no class for retrievers, Clumber spaniel open class is divided by sex, field spaniels (liver) have but one class; other than black or liver the same; the collie novice class is divided by sex, the limit of weight in bull-terriers is 30lbs. instead of 25, dachshunde have a challenge and puppy class, the fox-terrier novice class is divided by sex, Irish terriers have a challenge class, the Dandie Dinmonts have two classes, there are two classes each for prick-eared and drop-eared Skyes, black and tan terriers have a challenge and two open classes, there is a challenge class for toy spaniels and also a puppy class. The prizes in some of the principal challenge classes are $20 and $10, with $20, $10, $5 and $3 in open, and $10, $5 and $3 in puppy classes. In a few of the other challenge classes the prizes are $10 and $5, with $15, $10 and $5 in the open, and in the remaining challenge classes the prizes are $10 and $5, with $10, $5 and $3 in the open. In addition to the special prizes offered by the club the specialty clubs and individuals offer cash and valuable cups, and it is expected that a large addition to the published list will be made before the closing of the entries. The address of the Superintendent is Mr. James Mortimer, 44 Broadway, New York.

THE BETTYE S.—SALLY BRASS II. RACE.

THE match between Mr. H. B. Duryea's English setter bitch Bettye S. (Roderigo—Bo Peep) and Mr. Charles Heath's pointer bitch Sally Brass II. (Graphic—Meally) was run at Lexington, North Carolina, on Friday, Dec. 21. The match was for $250 each, one-half forfeit. Mr. Heath selected Mr. T. F. Taylor, of Richmond, Va., as judge, and Mr. Duryea selected Mr. F. R. Hitchcock. Mr. Taylor was not present, and Mr. John Davidson acted in his place. Mr. S. C. Bradley was the third judge. The race began at 1:38 on the grounds of the Central Field Trial Club, and at the end of the stipulated three hours the judges unanimously decided that Bettye S. was the winner. She had the advantage in speed, range and style when on game, and showed the better bird sense. Both pointed, backed and retrieved, and both were obedient to whistle. Sally showed up to much better advantage than during the trials, but she would not face the briers and did not stay out to her work so well as Bettye. Sally was handled by W. T. Mitchell and Bettye by J. M. Avent. The match was run in a sportsmanlike manner and the occasion was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

MASTIFF CLUB SPECIALS AT NEW YORK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The American Mastiff Club offers the following prizes in mastiff classes at Westminster Kennel Club's show, to be held Feb. 11–14, 1890, New York city:

The Westminster Challenge Cup (value $300) for the best dog or bitch, under three years of age, owned by a member of the American Mastiff Club.

Taunton Gold Challenge Medal (value $50, breeder's prize) for the best American-bred mastiff, under two years of age.

The Club's Challenge Cup (value $150) for the best American-bred mastiff dog or bitch.

The Club's Silver Challenge Cup (value $100) for the best mastiff dog, the property of a member of the American Mastiff Club.

The Club's Silver Challenge Cup (value $100) for the best mastiff bitch, the property of a member of the American Mastiff Club.

A prize of $15 for the best mastiff bitch.

R. H. DERBY, Secretary,
9 WEST THIRTY-FIFTH street, New York.

REPORTER DOGS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see in FOREST AND STREAM, for Dec. 19, a very interesting paper from "Marstrand," who asks, "Do we have reporting dogs in America?" I can answer him yes, although I think they are very scarce. I have seen but two, both setters. The first was a dog owned by Sage, of Great Barrington, Mass. He came to the edge of the brush and made a half-point, then went in out of sight. Sage seemed to understand him and followed, and after going perhaps 150yds. he came to a solid point on a woodcock, which he evidently had found and came back to report, as the wind was from dog to bird. Whether he was in the habit of doing so I cannot say, but from what I saw I thought it probable that he was. The other instance was of a dog owned by me a long time, Old Tommo. He has come back to me hundreds of times to report, and led me many a jolly tramp through briers and brush, to find at last a woodcock, the only bird I ever saw him report, in a springhole in the midst of a dense thicket. There must be others; let us hear from them.—NOTLIKS.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Zara. By Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., for fawn and white Italian greyhound bitch, whelped Nov. 22, 1889, by Duke (Volna—Blanche) out of Flossy (Rex—Pearl II.).

Tim. By P. Despaignet, Brooklyn, N. Y., for white, black, tan and ticked English setter dog, whelped Oct. 18, 1889, by Bravo (Dash Dale—Dot B.) out of Clara (Roy Bell—Lucy).

Clyde. By Bradford S. Turpin, West Yarmouth, Mass., for white, black and tan beagle dog, whelped April 30, 1889, by Frank Forrest (Riot—Skip), out of Susie (Little Comeroe—Sue).

Spencer's Guy. By T. F. Spencer, Sandusky, O., for liver and white pointer dog, whelped Dec. 2, 1888, by Faust, Jr. (Faust—Gertrude), out of Marguerite (Spencer's Dan—Devonshire Flo).

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Dixie—Bradford Ruby II. S. C. Brink's (Chattanooga, Tenn.) pug bitch Dixie to Eberhart Pug Kennels' Bradford Ruby II. (champion Bradford Ruby—Puss B.), Dec. 21 and 22.

Grit—Portswood Tiger. John H. Matthews's (New York city) bull bitch Grit (Morgan's Crib—Kittie) to his Portswood Tiger (Paul Clifford—Hussey), Dec. 24 and 26.

Merry Duchess—Bradford Harry. P. H. Coombs's (Bangor, Me.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Merry Duchess (Young Royal—Juno) to his Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beal's Lady), Nov. 26.

Bijou—Penny. W. H. Murphy's (Ogdensburg, N. Y.) fox-terrier bitch Bijou (Sport—Shy) to Gilbert Averell's Penny, Aug. 10.

King's Girl—Tamarack. Spencer & Butler's (Sandusky, O.) pointer bitch King's Girl (King's Boy—Dudie L.) to Frank Billing's Tamarack (Tam o' Shanter—Croxteth's Rival Queen), Dec. 14.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Toody. Dr. Geo. W. Dixon's (Worcester, Mass.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Toody, Dec. 26, two (one dog), by P. H. Coombs's Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beal's Lady).

Bijou. W. H. Murphy's (Ogdensburg, N. Y.) fox-terrier bitch Bijou (Sport—Shy), Oct. 10, three bitches, by Gilbert Averell's Penny.

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Ben. White, black and white head fox-terrier dog, whelped May 8, 1888, by Bachanal out of Surry Clove, by Berkshire Kennels, Hinsdale, Mass., to Geo. M. Holbrook, Springfield, Mass.

Berkshire Caution—Nina whelps. Fawn mastiff bitches, whelped Aug. 20, 1888, by Berkshire Caution out of Nina, by Berkshire Kennels, Hinsdale, Mass., one to L. F. Harnuier, Harrisburg, Pa., and one to John G. Burns, Buffalo, N. Y.

Berkshire Caution—Berkshire Zulu whelps. Fawn mastiff pups, one dog and two bitches, whelped Jan. 25, 1888, by Berkshire Caution out of Berkshire Zulu, by Berkshire Kennels, Hinsdale, Mass., one dog to Daniel Upton, Adams, Mass., and two bitches to John G. Burns, Buffalo, N. Y.

Guy. Fawn mastiff dog, whelped Jan. 25, 1888, by Berkshire Caution out of Berkshire Zulu, by Berkshire Kennels, Hinsdale, Mass., to Albert E. Guy, Wolfsboro, N. H.

Pilot. Fawn mastiff dog, whelped Jan. 21, 1889, by Berkshire Caution out of Berkshire Zulu, by Berkshire Kennels, Hinsdale, Mass., to O. E. Maxwell, same place.

Don. Fawn mastiff dog, whelped Nov. 17, 1887, by Berkshire Caution out of Floss, by Berkshire Kennels, Hinsdale, Mass., to E. C. Watkins, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Samter. Fawn mastiff dog, whelped Sept. 9, 1889, by Berkshire Caution out of Berkshire Zulu, by Berkshire Kennels, Hinsdale, Mass., to L. W. Biscaisa, Charleston, N. C.

Berkshire Caution—Lady Belle whelps. Fawn mastiff pups, four dogs and one bitch, whelped March 26, 1889, by Berkshire Caution out of Lady Belle, by Berkshire Kennels, Hinsdale, Mass., one dog to John H. Boies, Hudson, Mich.; one dog to R. T. C. Crouch, Elkton, Md.; one dog to L. D. Stebbins, Milwaukee, Wis., and one dog and bitch to John G. Burns, Buffalo, N. Y.

Berkshire Caution—Lady Belle whelp. Fawn mastiff dog, whelped Oct. 5, 1888, by Berkshire Caution out of Lady Belle, by Berkshire Kennels, Hinsdale, Mass., to Hasson & Son, Indianapolis, Ind.

Berkshire Caution—Berkshire Zetta whelps. Fawn mastiff pups, four dogs, whelped Sept. 6, 1889, by Berkshire Caution out of Berkshire Zetta, by Berkshire Kennels, Hinsdale, Mass., one to F. B. Zimmer, Gloversville, N. Y.; one to Rev. Chas. H. Baldwin, Amsterdam, N. Y., one to Chas. H. Ensign, North Adams, Mass., and one to Wm. Appleyard, Sebee, Me.

Philip. Orange and white St. Bernard dog, whelped March 4, 1889, by Merchant Prince out of Snowdrift, by Berkshire Kennels, Hinsdale, Mass., to R. F. Winslow, Readville, Mass.

Berkshire Prince—Jewell whelp. Orange, white markings, St. Bernard dog, whelped November, 1888, by Berkshire Prince out of Jewell, by Berkshire Kennels, Hinsdale, Mass., to R. T. C. Crouch, Elkton, Md.

Jarl. Orange and white St. Bernard dog, date of birth not given, by Tell out of Vida, by Berkshire Kennels, Hinsdale, Mass., to G. W. Flint, Scio, N. Y.

Bismark. Orange tawny and white St. Bernard dog, whelped July 1, 1889, by Berkshire Prince out of Berkshire Juno, by Berkshire Kennels, Hinsdale, Mass., to E. D. Ballou, Becket, Mass.

Badajos. Bull bitch, date of birth and pedigree not given, by John H. Matthews, New York, to Lloyd Phoenix, same place.

Tippo. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Sept. 12, 1889, by Red Rover out of Spunkey, by Theo. J. Hook, Rome, N. Y., to John G. Burns, Buffalo, N. Y.

Cæsar. Bulldog, date of birth and pedigree not given, by John H. Matthews, New York, to Warham Whitney, Rochester, N. Y.

Clyde. White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped April 30, 1889, by Frank Forrest out of Susie, by A. Parry, Linden, Mass., to Bradford S. Turpin, West Yarmouth, Mass.

PRESENTATION.

Penny—Bijou whelps. White, with tan and black heads, fox-terrier pups, three bitches, whelped Oct. 10, 1889, by Penny out of Bijou, presented by W. H. Murphy, Ogdensburg, N. Y., one each to Wm. M. Keenan, Troy, N. Y., and Henry Sullivan and Hugh Curry, of Ogdensburg, N. Y.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

BOSTON, Dec. 25.—The Massachusetts Rifle Association celebrated Christmas with a rifle shoot at the Walnut Hill range. Many shooters were on hand. The conditions were unfavorable for high scores on account of a strong S o'clock wind. Mr. Fellows won the champion medal, and Mr. Eames won the gold medal in the 20-shot rest match. Mr. Durward won the silver and Messrs. Nason and Brown each won the bronze military medal. Mr. McBean won the bronze victory medal. Next Saturday will be the last rifle shoot of 1889, and all matches will close that day. The scores of to-day: Twenty-shot rest match:

J N Ames....100, 104 T Warren.....90, 87 S P Williams...91, 81

Champion medal match:

J B Fellows.....80 W C Johnston, Jr.72 J K Edwards.....67
C H Eastman.....74 J C Winter.....68 A S Hunt.....65

Silver military medal, won on 10 scores of 42 or better:

J Durward..... ...44 43 42 42 42 42 43 42 43

Bronze military medal, won on 10 scores of 36 or better:

G H Nason..... ...39 36 37 38 40 38 40 42 36 36
W J Brown..... ...40 37 38 37 39 37 38 37 36 36

Bronze victory medal, won on 10 scores of 75 or better:

A McBean.....82 86 77 75 82 79 79 76 81 83

All-comers' off-hand match:

J E Kelly.....79 C H Eastman.....74 A S Hunt.....67
L Law.....78 J C Winter.....68 F D Martin.....66
A Lamb.....76 C B James.....67

Rest match:

J N Ames.....112 N E Simonds.....96 A G Homes.....91
F C Towne.....104 L Lamb.....76 S P Williams.....91
J W Soule.....98 F D Martin.....93 A Ballard.....85
A S Hunt.....97 S C Sydney.....93

Victory medal match:

A McBean.....83 S O Merville.....75 F D Martin.....66
O T Moore.....81 B J Corney.....74 C B James.....66
M Barney.....76 A S Hunt.....71

Military medal match:

J Durward.....43 F D Martin.....42 N E Simonds.....36
O B Cook.....43 W J Brown.....37 A S Field.....35
D C Thomas.....42 L Lamb.....36 C B James.....30

Military practice match:

P S Spofford.....44 C H Ridgwood.....41 D C Thomas.....36
C Everett.....43 A S Field.....39 O B Cook.....34
S Sampson.....43 H H Sweetser.....38 N E Simonds.....32
C B James.....42 L Lamb.....37

WORCESTER, Mass., Dec. 27.—A few of the members of the Worcester Rifle Association went out to Broad Meadow Range on Christmas Day. With a glaring light and a strong wind the score was not as large as on many previous occasions. Military as well as sporting rifles were used. They were allowed two points on the Creedmoor and five points on the standard targets. The work of each man follows:

	Creedmoor.	Standard.
M G Fuller	46 46—92	79 83—162—254
L G Thomas	40 46—92	75 83—158—250
S Clark	43 45—89	66 73—135—228
E R Shumaway	43 42—85	77 60—137—222
C L Macomber	45 43—88	70 64—134—222
James Logan	42 42—84	64 58—122—206
D Starr	41 41—82	50 58—108—190
J H Dupois	40 38—78	51 47— 98—176

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Dec. 21.—The eighth tourney of the St. Louis Pistol Club came to an end with the shoot held last Wednesday night at the Laclede Gallery, corner Broadway and Chestnut street. Alexander, who was in the lead with a very small margin at the close of the previous week's shoot, was beaten out by Mohrstadt after an exciting shoot. The latter's record of 95 is within one point of the record as made by F. E. Bennett, of Boston, Mass. Alexander shot strong, but fell short of a sufficient number of points to hold the prestige he had gained at the shoot previous. The medal is a very handsome bauble of gold, valued at $15, and Mohrstadt can well feel proud of the trophy, now that it has become his personal property. In the handicap department there were five prizes, and the winners are: Mr. C. Mackwitz first, E. C. Mohrstadt second, G. Alexander third, W. Hettel fourth, and W. Bauer fifth. A 20yds. Standard American target is used by the club for all practice. The scores:

E C Mohrstadt	10	10	9	8	9	9	10	10	10	—95
G Alexander	9	9	10	6	9	10	9	9	8	—87
Fred A Fodde	8	7	7	9	8	9	10	10	8	—84
W Hettel	7	10	8	7	5	7	8	8	10	9—79
W Bauer	10	10	6	6	8	5	7	9	9	9—79
O Wallace	0	9	7	7	8	10	9	10	9	9—78
M Billmeyer	6	10	8	7	5	5	6	6	8	7—78
A E Bengel	10	6	7	10	7	4	6	0	6	0—64

A meeting will be called in a few days to make arrngements for the holding of another tourney to begin after the holidays.—UNSER FRITZ.

MARTINI VS. MAGAZINE.—In a recent number of the FOREST AND STREAM mention was made of a trial of a new Magazine rifle against the old Martini-Henry. Two teams were made up of 8 expert men each. Every man fired with the two arms, 7 shots each at 200, 500 and 600yds. Wimbledon targets, positions and scoring. Two tests were made. The following are the aggregate scores of each side: First match (Nov. 11).—Maj. Harley's team: Martini-Henry rifle, 665 points; Magazine rifle, 671 points; total, 1,336 points. Lieut. Dutton-Hunt's team: Martini-Henry rifle, 690 points; Magazine rifle, 644 points; total, 1,336 points. Result of match, a tie, with 1,336 points for each side and 38 points in favor of Martini-Henry rifle.

	Martini-Henry.	Magazine.
Major Harley's side	665	671
Lieut. Dutton-Hunt's side	690—1,355	646—1,317

The second match was shot Nov. 14, and resulted as follows: Major Harley's team, with Martini-Henry rifle, 692 points; Magazine rifle, 687; total, 1,381 points. Lieut. Dutton-Hunt's team, Martini-Henry rifle, 724 points; Magazine rifle, 649 points; total, 1,373 points. Result of match, Major Harley's side won by 8 points, and 78 points in favor of the Martini-Henry rifle.

	Martini-Henry.	Magazine.
Major Harley's side	692	680
Lieut. Dutton-Hunt's side	729—1,416	649—1,338

BOSTON, Dec. 28.—To-day was the last rifle shoot of the Massachusetts Rifle Association for 1889, and all the matches are closed. It has been a year of much interest to riflemen, and the many matches have drawn out a large attendance at most of the shoots. J. B. Munroe is the final holder of the gold medal in the 20-shot rest match, having won it 31 times, J. Francis being the next highest, 27 times. H. L. Lee is the final holder of the gold champion medal, off-hand, having won it 28 times, H. Severance being the next highest, 23 times. The association opens the new year on Jan. 4, with the most extensive list of matches that it has ever offered. Among the prizes are 42 gold, silver and bronze medals. Following are the scores made to-day:

Champion Medal Match.

J B Fellows.....89	W Conney.....71	L Grippe.....69
P Fitz.....79	D Pedro.....79	J C Winter.....63
S O Merville.....71		

Twenty Shot Rest Match.

P Fitz.....89 93—182	J C Winter.....61 53—114	

Victory Medal Match.

S O Merville.....76	A S Hunt.....72	F T West.....70
B J Cook.....72	D W Martin.....71	

Military Medal Match.

F J Lounsbury.....44	A S Field.....42	

Off-Hand Match—200yds.

W Charles.....86	S Webster.....76	A Sharp.....71
S T Hawley.....84	F T West.....76	T C Brown.....70
L Daniels.....79	C H Eastman.....75	W Carney.....70
C F Barstow.....79	C F Brooks.....74	A S Hunt.....66
P Fitz.....77	F W Chester.....72	D W Martin.....65
S O Merville.....77		

Rest Match—200yds.

J Francis.....108	L B Avay.....100	W A Ballard.....96
S Wilder.....105	W S Green.....99	A S Hunt.....89
W P Thompson...104	P Williams.....98	T B Day.....88
T Warren.....103	A R Lang.....97	

SEVENTH REGIMENT RIFLE CLUB.—There is no range which is in more constant use than that under the armory of the 7th Regiment, and to this constant practice is due the proud position which the regiment holds as a shooting body. Thus far, the present season has been the most successful ever given by the club. The club recently elected the following officers to serve for the ensuing term: President, Col. Daniel Appleton; First Vice-President, Captain and Assistant Surgeon, W. A. Valentine; Second Vice-President, Sergt.-Maj. Wm. B. Coughtry; Secretary, Ordnance Sergeant J. W. Cochran; Treasurer, Corp. F. S. Kennedy; Executive Committee, Capt. W. H. Palmer; Inspector of Rifle Practice, ex-officio, Corp. Harry W. Jansen, Lieut. S. W. Merritt, Sergt. H. B. Thompson, Corp. F. W. Pohle, Lieut. W. S. Wilson, Corp. O. E. Dudley, Sergt. R. M. Dunn, Corp. G. L. Hoffman, Sergt. A. C. Clayton, and Pvt. H. E. Chapman.

CARVER'S BIG EFFORT.—In a few days at the Royal Aquarium, London, Dr. Carver will attempt to hit 100,000 wooden balls in ten days. His wonderful performances with both rifle and shotgun are well-known, but the task he has now set for himself requires almost superhuman strength and stamina in addition to skill. The Doctor has offered repeatedly a big prize to any one who succeeded in lifting one of his rifles to the shoulder as in the act of shooting for five consecutive minutes, and although many have attempted the feat none have accomplished it. The Doctor in his coming feat will try to break 10,000 per day, and to do this will have to lift a gun weighing 10lbs. that number of times to the shoulder. Allowing ten misses in every hundred, it can readily be seen how many extra pounds he has to raise. A year ago he accomplished the feat of hitting 60,000 balls in six days, so that he is aware of the nature of what he will soon attempt to do. When he performed last year's feat he missed only 650 balls.

NEWARK, N. J., Dec. 23.—At the semi-annual meeting of the Excelsior Rifle Club the following gentlemen were elected to office for the ensuing six months: President, Chas. Mager; Vice-President, M. Eisenburg; Secretary, H. Buob; Treasurer, Otto Krauss; Sergeant-at-Arms, A. Aurnhamer; Captain, John Bauer; Assistant Captain, Chas. Burger; Rifle Inspector, Wm. Watts; Club Judge, John Berger, and Association Judge, J. Bauer.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

Secretaries of clubs and managers of tournaments are requested to keep us advised of the dates of their shoots, so that we may give due notice in our column of fixtures.

CHRISTMAS DAY SHOOTS.

BOSTON, Dec. 25.—To-day the Jamaica Plain Gun Club held its Christmas turkey and sweepstakes shoots at its range, at Clarendon Hills, the shooting commencing at 9 o'clock and closing at 3 o'clock. The day was an excellent one for shooting and a large number of the members of the club participated in the sport. Following are the different events and winners: Six clays—Savage first, Newcomb second, Barrett and Melcher third. Ten bluerocks—Barrett first, Melcher and Boothby second, Needham third. Three pair blackbirds—Boothby and Newcomb first, Melcher second, Swan third. Ten clays—Cilley first, Melcher and Newcomb second, Johnson third. Miss and out, 35yds.—Won by Savage. Three pairs clays—Newcomb first, Johnson second, Savage, Cilley and Barrett third. Six blackbirds—Johnson first, Savage and Heffer second, Melcher third, Needham fourth. Six clays, 21yds., Hurlingham rules—Nichols first, Barrett second, Johnson and Brown third, Savage fourth. Six bluerocks—Savage first, Melcher, Nichols and Newcomb second; Cilley and Savage third, Needham fourth. Six clays—Barrett first, Newcomb second, Nichols third, Boothby fourth. Six straightaway blackbirds—Barrett first, Baker and Cilley second, Needham third, Six clays—Baker first, Nichols second, Melcher third. Three pairs blackbirds—Boothby first, Barrett and Savage second, Cilley third. Six bluerocks, walk up match—Cilley first, Baker, Melcher and Boothby second, Barrett and Savage third. Six clays—Cilley and Nichols first, Barrett second, Boothby third.

CHICAGO, Dec. 25.—The inaugural pigeon contest of the Washington Park Club took place to-day, and was productive of some excellent sport. The shoot was held on the club's grounds, a very handsome portable pavilion having been erected by the house committee on the infield directly in front of the judges' and timers' stands. A new contrivance for the trapping of birds, worked by electricity, was used for the first time, and proved a success. Many members of the club and their friends were present, and during the latter part of the afternoon the betting was very heavy. Fifteen contestants entered in a grand sweepstake of $10 each. Forty birds were allowed each man. They were of excellent quality, most of them being of the species known as bluerocks. The device used for trapping would not allow the shooter to ascertain in advance from which of the five traps the bird would rise. Some of the scores made are considered excellent when the conditions are understood. G. A. Schwartz carried off the honors with a score of 33 killed out of 40. The sport began at 10 o'clock and lasted until dark. Steward Westland provided a substantial lunch, which was served in the pavilion.

	Shot at.	Killed.		Shot at.	Killed.
G A Schwartz	40	33	H O Stone	20	12
Frank Floyd	40	28	George Linn	20	13
H S Griswold	40	27	Dr Rowe	20	9
Walter Dupee	40	27	J J Knickerbocker	20	12
W R Linn	30	24	— Edwards	20	12
D S Babcock	30	22	O H Roche	15	12
Chas Carhart	30	16	Marvin Hughitt Jr	15	7
O R Glover	30	15			

TORONTO, Dec. 25.—The following long list of matches was shot at McDowall's to-day. The targets in the first 12 shoots were bluerocks, and in the next 8, sparrows, one prize going to the winner in each event:

Shoot No. 1:

W Heatherington...6	F Emond.....4	O Spaner.....4
T Harmer.....5	T Emery.....4	

Shoot No. 2:

E Emond.....6	S McClure.....4	O Spaner.....4
T Harmer.....5		

Shoot No. 3:

F Emond.....6	T Mitchell.....4	W McDowall.....4
T Harmer.....5	T Draisy.....4	

Shoot No. 4:

F Emond.....5	T Draisey.....3	W McDowall.....3
C Harrison.....4	S McClure.....3	

Shoot No. 5:

F Emond.....6	T Draisey.....6	W McDowall.....5

Shoot No. 6:

F Emond.....5	T Draisey.....4	S McClure.....4
C Harrison.....5		

Shoot No. 7:

C Charles.....6	Budd.....6	F Emond.....6
C Tomson.....6		

Shoot No. 8:

T Pants.....6	C Charles.....6	T Sawden.....6

Shoot No. 9:

T Pants.....5	W McDowall.....5	E Charles.....4
Oben.....5	F Emond.....5	D Beaty.....3

Shoot No. 10:

T Pants.....6	Budd.....6	Emond.....6
C Charles.....6		

Shoot No. 11:

C Charles.....6	T Pants.....5	D Beaty.....5
F Emond.....6		

Shoot No. 2, double rise, 5 pairs:

C Charles.....8	James.....9	Draisey.....6
Pants.....8	Beaty.....7	Budd.....6

Sparrow shoot No. 1, 5 birds:

C Harrison.....5	T Draisey.....2	Morgan.....2
F Emond.....3	WM cDowall.....3	S McClure.....2

Shoot No. 2:

W Heatherington.5	F Emond.....3	S McClure.....2
W McDowall.....4	O Harrison.....3	Cook.....3
G Heatherington..4	Morgan.....2	

Shoot No. 3:

F Emond.....4	C Harison.....3	T Harmer.....2
W McDowall.....3	T Draisey.....3	T Mitchel.....3

Shoot No. 4, at 10 sparrows:

G Morley.....9	G Heatherington...8	Mitchel.....4
F Emond.....9	Puts.....5	

Shoot No. 5, at 5 sparrows:

C Charles.....5	E Emond.....9	Leroy.....3
E Reid.....5	Townsend.....4	Mitchel.....3
T Reid.....4		

Shoot No. 7:

C Charles.....4	Budd.....4	Rice.....3
F Emond.....4	Kemp.....3	Townsend.....3
James.....4	Reid.....3	

The shooting at Stark's grounds on Eastern avenue to-day for a prize presented by Mr. C. Ayer for the best average score at pigeons and sparrows was won by H. Page, who killed 11 out of 15 pigeons and 17 out of 20 sparrows, which was considered good shooting, as the birds were strong on the wing and only the use of one barrel was allowed.

NEWARK, Dec. 25.—Erb's Park on Christmas Day was the scene of one incessant roar. It was bang! bang! dead! lost! from dawn till dusk. The shooting was all sweepstakes contests at live birds.

First event: Four birds each man, $3 entrance, only one money, Hurlingham rules modified to govern all contests. Baite, C. M. Hedden, Erb and Chris. Reinhardt all got clean scores, and agreed to carry the money over to the next sweep, the best score to take the money.

Second event: Same conditions Reinhardt was the only one who got a clean score and he won in this and the tie money brought over from the previous one. All others out.

Third event: Castle and Hedden tied for first, and Erb and Reinhardt for second. The money was carried over to the next sweep.

Fourth event: Hedden, Erb, and C. M. Hedden got all their birds straight and captured the money of this and the preceding sweep.

Fifth event: Same as all others, but with two moneys instead of one. Jones, Castle, Hedden and Erb killed four each. The tie was shot out in the next sweep, the best score to take it. Benjamin and Reinhardt tied on 2 kills each, and divided rather than shoot out the tie.

Sixth event: Two moneys; all other conditions same. Castle, Hedden, Erb, and Jones tied for first with 3 kills each out of the 4 birds shot at. First money was again carried forward to the next sweep. Second divided between Reinhardt and Benjamin.

Seventh event: Same as preceding. Jones, Reinhardt, Erb, C. M. Hedden, and Castle again got all their birds, and the first money was once more carried forward. Benjamin took second, with three kills.

Eighth event: Same as others. Jones, Erb and Castle got each 4 straight kills. Erb got his with single barrel each time, and "gathered in the shekels" from the money brought forward, winning first money from the fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh sweepstakes. Second money went to Reinhardt.

Ninth event: Same as all others as to conditions. Jones, Hedden and Reinhardt got all their birds, 4 each. Again was first money carried forward, Erb capturing money brought forward from other event. Castle and Jones div. second.

Tenth event: A repetition as to conditions. Castle and Jones tied for first and agreed to shoot it off in the next sweep. Erb, Benjamin and Reinhardt won second, and that money was carried forward, as was first.

Eleventh event: Differing in no way from previous ones. Jones, Reinhardt and Castle got each all the 4 birds shot at, and once more first money went in advance of the shooters, Reinhard taking the second money brought over from the preceding sweepstakes.

Twelfth event: Wheaton, Castle and Reinhardt got straight scores, Castle thereby winning first brought from No. 10. Erb, Benjamin and Jones killed 3 each and agreed to shoot the tie off in the next event. Castle and Reinhardt div. first, brought over from No. 11. Benjamin and Erb div. second brought over from same sweep.

Thirteenth event: Same. Wheaton and Castle made clean scores and div. first money. Erb, Reinhardt, Jones, Wheaton and George got 3 kills each for second money and carried it forward. Benjamin captured second money brought from No. 12.

Fourteenth event: Same. Burrall, George, Hedden, Jones and Castle killed all their pigeons and shot the tie off miss and out. George scored a goose egg on his first shot. Burral and Jones each added another, and Castle and Hedden secured the cash by killing 3 straight and they div. Cannon, Hughes, Wheaton, Erb and Reinhardt got three kills each and carried the tie over to next event.

Fifteenth event: At 7 birds, entrance $5, 3 moneys, modified Hurlingham rules: Benjamin and Erb made clean scores, killing 7 each and div. George, Wheaton, Canon, Castle Hedden and

Reinhardt got 6 kills each to their credit and shot the tie off immediately, miss and out. Hedden and Wheaton did the bowling act and each got a big round O on the first shot. Castle and Reinhardt followed suit on their third shot. Cannon and George each killed their 3 birds, won and div. the cash. Hughes won third money alone, getting 5 out of 7 birds shot at.

The entries for the different sweeps ran from six to fifteen in each.

RED BANK, N. J., Dec. 25.—The Riverside Gun and Rifle Club held an all-day shoot to-day at both live and clay birds. An unusually large crowd was present, and the spectators were treated to some fine sport. The day was perfect and the live birds were swift and strong flyers. The events were governed by American Association rules. Oscar Hesse was the referee. Following is a summary of the events:

First event—Nine clays, 8 entries, entrance 35 cents.—John Cooper first, 9; Wm. T. Conover and E. M. Cooper second, 6; M. F. Cornwell third, 5.

Second event—Ten bluerocks, 9 entries, entrance 35 cents.—E. W. Throckmorton first, 10; John Cooper second, 9; E. M. Cooper third, 8.

Third event—Three pairs bats, 11 entries, entrance 35 cents—A. Ivins, first, 6; Throckmorton, E. Cooper and John B. Bergan second, 5; Cornwell, John Cooper and Ten. Davis third, 4.

Fourth event—Team shoot, 5 singles—E. Bussell 1, Ivins 4, John Cooper 4, Geo. Coley 3, Davis 0; total 12. Jas. Cooper 2, E. Cooper 3, Throckmorton 4, Conover 2, Field 2; total 13.

Fifth event—Five bluerocks, 7 entries, entrance 30 cents.—Jas. and John Cooper and Ivins 4, Conover, Field and Throckmorton 2, Jas. Cooper won first in shoot off and second divided.

Sixth event—Four live birds, 11 entries, entrance $2—H. R. Coleman and D. Carney first, 4; John and E. Cooper, Conover, Throckmorton and Ivins 3; Field third, 2. The Coopers won in shoot off for second money and divided.

Seventh event—Eight live birds, 18 entries, entrance $3.—John Cooper first, 8; D. Belshaw, E. Cooper and Ivins 7; R. Bates, B. S. Payne, Field, and Coleman 6; John Day, S. W. Hurley, Bussell and Throckmorton 5. Second and fourth divided. Colman won in shoot off for third.

Chas. Stillwell, of Shrewsbury, and Edward Cooper, of Middletown, have arranged a match at 20 birds, $50 a side, to take place in Middletown Township, on Saturday, Jan. 4.

LONG BRANCH, Dec. 25.—At Price and Daly's Central Club grounds, Long Branch, to-day, there was a succession of matches at live birds from early in the morning until darkness put an end to the sport. The day was a great one as to weather. Unseasonable, perhaps, in its warmth, but most grateful to shooters at the traps at this season of the year. Overcoats and wraps were discarded, and the contestants shot in shirt sleeves and cardigan jackets. A cool, but fresh westerly wind was blowing across the grounds. This wind did much to help the flight of the birds when the traps were pulled. It made the good ones rattlers and the medium ones good. As for the poor ones, nothing will help them. The majority of the pigeons trapped were of excellent quality, and many of them made even the best of the men "put up" a goose egg. The first event of the morning was a little match between Fred Beal and L. Loeb. There was to have been a private match between State Senator W. H. Campbell and Loeb. The former, however, was unable to put in an appearance on account of sickness in his family. The one between Beal and Loeb was a scratch race got up on the spot. The conditions were 25 birds each man for $50 a side and the cost of the birds, Hurlingham rules to govern. F. Loeb killed 19 to his opponent's 16, winning the match by 3 birds to the good. Then came the club match. It was the Central Gun Club's monthly match between members, 10 inanimate targets each man. American Association rules to govern. For the silver loving cup presented by John Hovey, Jr., and to be known as the Hollywood cup. Also for the gold badge given by Phil Daly and his partner, W. H. Price. Twelve members out of the twenty-eight belonging to the club put in an appearance to shoot for the two prizes. George Cubberly broke 10 straight; P. Daly, Jr., W. R. Price, C. Morris and E. W. Reid broke 8 pieces of pottery each; W. Barber and Fred Beal got 7 each; F. G. Loeb broke a half dozen out of the 10 shot at; S. Fitch got the same number; J. B. Morris 5 and Messrs. W. F. Campbell and J. White 4 each.

Second event, sweepstakes, open to all, 4 pigeons a man, $3 entrance, over 10 entries three moneys, under 10 but two, Hurlingham rules to govern: W. Armstrong killed 4 straight and took first money; F. Loeb and E. Tabor tied for second and divided. All the others had their fun and lost their money.

Third event, W. Armstrong and Milt F. Lindsley killed all their birds and divided first money. Leob, Van Dyke, E. Tabor and G. Cubberly divided second. The others were o t of it.

Fourth event, Milt F. Lindsley and G. Cubberly each secured 4 dead to their credit and divided first money. Beal, Armstrong, Daly, Jr., Vincent and Van Dyke tied for second. Vincent drew out his pro rata share, and the rest, as the money was too small for a "divide" among four, agreed to shoot out the tie in the next sweep, the best score to take the pot.

Fifth event, G. Cubberly, Loeb, Woolley and Van Dyke got clean scores and took first money and separated it without a fight, while Lindsley, Armstrong, Eddy and Daly, Jr., got 3 each and divided the second amount between them. Third money was won by F. Beal, he being the only one who had 2 kills out of the 4 birds shot at. Second money was carried over from the preceding sweep, all the others being shot out by him.

Sixth event, G. Cubberly, F. Loeb and A. Van Dyke killed all their birds and divided first money. Beal, Lindsley, Eddy and Woolley each got 3 kills and agreed to divide the second money.

The retrieving was done by Phil Daly, Jr.'s red Irish setter dog Dick, and, although the dog's first appearance before the public, he performed his part in fine fashion. With more practice he will hurry that great crack among canines at this work, Erb's black dog Lem.

BERGEN POINT, N. J., Dec. 25.—The gunning contingent of the New Jersey Athletic Club enjoyed several hours of fine sport at clay-pigeon shooting on the organization's ground at Bergen Point to-day. After concluding the programme of championship and other prize events the marksmen indulged in sweepstake matches, and many of them did not leave the traps until after dusk had fallen. The chief event's of the day were the fifth and last matches of the series for the Virden Club championship gold medal and for a valuable Marlin repeating rifle. In the shoot for the medal Bayard Taylor Kissam broke 18 of 20 targets and took first honors. The trophy was won, however, by C. A. Pope, of Roselle, who captured two of the five matches. Major J. M. Taylor scored his third victory in the series for the rifle by winning the final match with a score of 19 breaks and 1 miss. He in consequence carr ed off that trophy. Elmer E. Bigoney broke 16 of 20 bluero ks and won second prize. Bayard Taylor Kissam got third prize with a score of 14 breaks and 6 misses.

In a match at ten singles and ten in doubles, Richard Sundermann scored 10 successive breaks at the singles and shattered 5 of the doubles, winning first prize. Major J. M. Taylor captured second prize for breaking 9 of the ten singles and 5 of the doubles. Edward L. Vredenburgh won third prize with a score of 4 breaks in the singles and 3 in the doubles..

Elmer E. Bigoney captured first prize in a match at five singles and six in doubles, by smashing four single targets and five of the doubles. With a score of five straight at the singles and three br aks in the doubles, Bayard Taylor Kissam carried off second prize. G. A. Pope and Edward L. Vredenburgh divided third money, each breaking four in the doubles and three singles.

Col. Thomas D. Day, a New York lawyer, made the lowest score in the last of the sweepstake events, and was mulcted for the shooting expenses of all. Edward L. Vredenburgh came off with first honors in four of these matches, and Major J. M. Taylor won one. Each used a Le fevre rifle. They were the only marksmen to shoot at eighteen yards rise, the others having seventeen yards and under to ten.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 25.—The regular monthly shoot of the Glenmore Rod and Gun Club, held at Dexter Park, on Jamaica plank road, to-day, proved to be one of the best meetings ever held by this veteran club, as there was a big crowd of spectators and plenty of competitors on hand to enjoy the sport. The birds were a specially good lot, and were the best ever trapped at this popular shooting ground. They were from Dayton, O., and were the means of causing several splendid trap-shooters to lose their money, although they furnished excellent sport. The scores made were all good, as the contestants were a lot of well-known shooters, and the bright weather gave excellent light for the work. Three events were decided, the first being the class shoot at 7 live birds per man, handicap rises in classes A, B and C, for the club medal, at which the following scores were made:

A Reed	6	W Selover	6
E Helgans	5	W Levens	5
D Boehme	5	Dr Powell	5
J McLaughlin	5	H Schlichtner	2
P Sutter	2	H Bookman	2
O McGee	2		

Selover and Reed then shot off their tie for the medal at 3 birds, and Selover won, killing 3 to Reed's 1.

Two sweeps followed. First sweep at 3 live birds, 25yds. rise: Helgans, Powell and Bookman each killed 3 birds and divided first money. Boehme, Reed and Levens each fouling over 2 birds got second money to divide. Selover taking the third prize alone.

Second extra sweep, similar rules, won by Helgans, who again killed three birds, Bookman, Powell, Reed, Levens, Boehme, Sutter and McLaughlin taking the balance of the pot with 2 killed each. Referee and scorer, C. A. Dellar.

GLOUCESTER CITY, N. J., Dec. 25.—Five hundred persons were present at the Wild West show grounds to-day, and witnessed a shooting match between Capt. A. H. Bogardus and Frank Kleinz, of Philadelphia. Each shot at 25 sparrows, four traps, 35yds. rise, Kleinz winning by 2 birds. The score follows:

Bogardus.....0002210001010011011202012—13
Kleinz.....0002001121101211111020100—15

A match followed with 10 birds each, four traps, double birds. Mr. Kleinz won this match by one bird. The score:

Bogardus.....10 00 11 00 10—4 Kleinz.....10 10 10 11 00—5

CLAREMONT, N. J., Dec. 25.—Sweep No. 1, 10 bluerocks, 50 cents entry:

Tatham	6	Lyons	4	Moffatt	6
Simpson	7	Evans	7	Rose	9

Sweep No. 2, sams:

Lyons	6	Simpson	8	Reuben	6
Moffatt	5	Vincent	5	A Rose	6
N Rose	4	Evans	8		

No. 3, same:

Lyons	5	Simpson	8	Reuben	4
Moffatt	3	Evans	7	A Rose	6
Rose	9				

No. 4, same:

Tatham	6	Moffatt	3	Evans	8
Simpson	7	Roberts	6	Rose	8
Lyons	4				

No 5, same:

Tatham	6	Roberts	4	Vincent	4
Simpson	8	Evans	4	Moffatt	3
Lyons	9	Rose	5		

No. 6, same:

Tatham	5	O'Connor	0	Granger	8
Vincent	4	Simpson	8	Barnard	4

No. 7, same:

Tatham	8	O'Connor	4	Granger	6
Vincent	6	Simpson	7	Barnard	1

No. 8, same:

Tatham	8	O'Connor	4	Granger	5
Vincent	7	Simpson	8	Barnard	4

No. 9, same:

Tatham	6	Simpson	10	Nadal	3
Vincent	5	Granger	5	Lyons	8
O'Connor	4	Barnard	3	Roberts	6

CATSKILL, N. Y.—The long-talked-of team shoot came off at Tolley's shooting park on Christmas Day. The opposing teams were made up of amateurs, mostly members of the Catskill Fish and Game Club, and a jolly time was had by all. The scores are small, as most of the shooters never had faced the traps before, although they are good shots in the brush. Beach's team has challenged for New Year's Day, when look out for better scores, as quite a rivalry has sprung up. The day was delightful and the shooters turned out in large numbers, indicating that trap-shooting is growing in popular favor. The shooters were loth to leave after the match, so sweepstake-shooting was arranged, with quite a number of entries. Following are the scores of team and sweepstakes:

Roberts's Team.		Beach's Team.	
Roberts	1111111011111111111—19	Beach	1111101110011011011—16
Olwell	1000001111010111011000—10	Benter	0011101011111111111—16
Jimsen	1101010001000100010—9	Hand	1001111000010001011—10
Tolley	1010110111011001010—12	Shufelt	1000010101110011100—10
Kline	0110003001100110001— 8	Yellot	0000010010010010001111— 7
Stowe	0001010011000010100— 6	L Beach	1110010001000100000— 6
Whiskers	0001010101100010010— 7	Burgh	0000000101000010010— 4
Board	0001000111010010001— 7	Koop	0000100001000000000— 1
Rosa	1010600100000010010— 5	Jump	0110101001010001111—10
Vine	0110110001110100101—11	Better	0110010001110000110— 8
Stone	0000000101000101000— 4	Gooden'h	1000001000000000000— 2
	98		90

First sweepstake, 10 kingbirds:

Roberts	8	Hand	6
Beach	7	Betts	9
Benter	7	Rosa	4
Jump	7	Better	3
Jimsen	8	Burgh	2

Second sweepstakes, 10 kingbirds:

Roberts	10	Jump	7
Beach	8	Betts	6
Benter	8		

Third sweepstakes, 10 kingbirds:

Roberts	9	Tolley	4
Clinton	5	Burgh	3

DE TOLL.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 25.—The North End Gun Club had a programme of matches to-day. First prize sweepstake shoot, at 15 single Keystone targets; National G. C. rules; for sundry prizes:

Jas Wolstencroft	12	S Richards	12
A L Lumb	14	Wm M Pack	9
Wm H Pack	10	Elmer Ridge	9
W H Wolstencroft	14	Henry Jacobs	7
Howard Ridge	7	Daniel Hartley	5
Jacob Kroeson	10		
J W Lumb	7		
Geo E Pack	15		
Nath'l Swope	10		

Second prize match, 5 shot under same rules and conditions:

Jas Wolstencroft	13	H Ridge	9
A L Lumb	11	Samuel Richards	11
Wm H Pack	14	Wm M Pack	10
W H Wolstencroft	13	Elmer Ridge	9
Henry Jacobs	9		
Geo E Pack	11		
Nath'l Swope	12		

The Franklin Gun Club had a club shoot for prizes on its grounds on Christmas Day. The conditions were: Twenty Keystone targets per man, American Gun Association rules governing. William Bourne, with 16, won first prize—a gunning coat—in the No. 1 team shoot. E. Betsom was second with 15, L. Clark third with 14, and T. T. Allen fourth with 13. Darkness prevented the No. 2 team from finishing, there being two ties to shoot off.

An interesting experience occurred at the hotel of Mr Rogers, when a proposed rifle match was to have taken place, (but failed to come off) on Christmas Day. While standing on the perch of the hotel, attention was called to a pigeon sitting on the ground some distance off. John Hunsinger and his charming daughter, Rachael, (little Hawkeye), of the Gaiety Rifle and Pistol Club being present. Some one suggested for John to try a shot at the pigeon. Quickly loading his daughter's "Special Wurfflein" rifle, with a .22 long cartridge, he took deliberate aim and fired; over flopped the bird, shot clean through the body.

When the distance was measured off it rolled out 125 yards; pretty good guessing for a shot at unknown distance.

NEWARK, Dec. 28.—At Erb's Park, to-day, on as fair a day as was ever vouchsafed to sportsmen in this latitude, Bogardus and Kleintz came together in a little match arranged for $100 a side at 50 pigeons and 50 sparrows. The race was somewhat of a disappointment, for it was impossible to obtain the smaller birds. There has been no snow, and, therefore, no trapping could be done. Quite a large number of persons witnessed the shooting with a good deal of pleasure. Among these were W. Williams of Newark, E. Bellman of Madison, W. Green of Kearney, C. K. Westbrook, Tom Morehouse, W. S. Canon, the great one-armed shot, and J. Morford, Jr., of Newton. After considerable talking on the part of the principals, it was agreed to shoot at 25 birds each man, as many present were anxious to shoot in sweepstakes. While the arguments pro and con were taking place the short races were shot out as follows:

First Event—Four birds each man, $3 entrance, two moneys, Hurlingham rules to govern. Frank Class, John Riggott, and M. F. Lindsay tied for first money with 4 kills each and divided. W. Siegler and John Erb, 3 kills each, followed the example of their superiors and did likewise.

Second Event—W. Seigler, M. F. Lindsay, and J. Erb led for first on straight scores and divided the cash. Frank Class and John Riggott, with three dead each out of the 4 shot at, captured and divided second.

Third Event—Four birds each; three moneys, 50, 30, and 20 per cent. respectively; otherwise same as preceding events. This had no less than 15 entries. Riggott, W. Seigler, J. Erb, F. Class, R. Irwin, C. Van Camp, S. Castle, F. Kleintz, E. Collins, and Gus Manitz killing each four straight and as there were so many in for the money they agreed to carry it forward and shoot off the tie in the next sweep. Lindsay (with a dead out of bounds), J. Wheaton, and Capt. Bogardus tied for second money, and did the same as the first men. C. M. Hedden and Zwerlein tied for third and divided.

Fourth Event—Same conditions as preceding event, but with 13 entries instead of 15, two of the contestants finding the pace too hot for them. W. Siegler, T. Class, R. Irwin, C. Van Camp, J. Wheaton, and Frank Kleintz again got all their birds and divided first money, J. Erb and S. Castle amicably divided second money with 3 kills each. C. M. Hedden, J. Riggott, Zwerlein and Bogardus captured third, and settled the matter by taking it share and share alike.

At 2:45 o'clock the main event was begun. Capt. Bogardus said his shells were loaded with small shot for the sparrow shooting, and as he had only a few left after the sweepstake shooting he would have to ask the match to be reduced to 25 birds each man, and the stakes to be $1 a bird. As all the men present were in for sweepstake shooting it was agreed to. The result was a tie. The birds were a fair average lot, somewhat uneven in quality, but with some of them good enough to tax the skill of the best of the shots present. Indeed it is a matter of doubt if 15 men have been brought together this year where skill in handling the breechloader could surpass that of the men present on this occasion. It comprised the very cream of the shooting men of this vicinity.

Capt. Bogardus.....2211012211111222111211101—23
Frank Kleintz.....2011102121111112111222222—23

After this event the Captain's son, Henry, gave an exhibition of rifle and pistol shooting. In the former he did well; in the latter he was off.

Fifth Event—Seven birds each man, $5 entrance, 3 moneys; usual rules to govern. C. M. Hedden, C. Van Camp, and C. Reinhardt killed all their birds and divided first money without a shootoff. W. Seigler, F. Class, R. Irwin, S. Castle, F. Kleintz, Capt. Bogardus, and W. S. Canon, tied for second, and they shot the money off in the next event a miss and out. John Erb, J. Wheaton and Zwerlein were in for third money, and did the same with it as the second money men did with theirs.

Sixth Event—Miss and out sweepstake, $2 entrance, moneys brought forward to follow the miss and out. This had thirteen entries. Reinhardt went to the rear on his first shot, a hard-hit bird that crossed the boundary. Zwerlein followed suit on his second shot. R. Irwin, and F. Kleintz fired and fell back on the fourth round. W. S. Canon did the same on his third shot. C. M. Hedden, J. Wheaton, and S. Castle each took a back seat on their fifth bird. Bogardus went out on the next round, the sixth. On the seventh Van Camp was out of it. This left Siegler, Erb, and Class in for the money, and they separated it amicably. Siegler, Class, Castle and Bogardus divided second money brought down from the previous sweep, after disposing of Irwin, Kleintz, Canon and Reinhardt. Third money of that sweep went to John Erb, he shooting out Wheaton and Zwerlein.

NEW YORK SUBURBAN GROUNDS.—Claremont, N. J., Dec. 21.—Sweeps at 10 bluerocks, 50 cents entry, 3 moneys, ties divided. No. 1:

Sigler	6	Simpson	10	Mack	7
Miller	7	Tatham	9	Nixon	7
Lindsley	8	Lyons	5		

No. 2:

Sigler	9	Simpson	9	Nixon	8
Miller	10	Tatham	6	Apgar	10
Lindsley	4	Lyons	6	Mack	4

No. 3:

Sigler	10	Simpson	8	Nixon	8
Miller	9	Tatham	5	Apgar	8
Lindsley	7	Lyons	6	Mack	2

Simpson and Apgar div. third.

No. 4:

Sigler	8	Simpson	8	Nixon	4
Miller	9	Tatham	7	Apgar	8
Lindsley	7	Lyons	5	Mack	6

No. 5:

Sigler	8	Simpson	10	Nixon	4
Miller	8	Tatham	6		
Lindsley	10	Lyons	7		

No. 6:

Sigler	8	Simpson	9	Nixon	4
Lindsley	8	Tatham	9	Mack	5

No. 7:

Sigler	9	Simpson	9	Tatham	5
Miller	8	Lindsley	7	Lyons	6

No 8:

Sigler	7	Simpson	10	Nixon	6
Miller	10	Tatham	8		
Lindsley	7	Lyons	5		

No. 9:

Sigler	10	Simpson	9	Lyons	4
Lindsley	8	Tatham	6	Mack	9

No. 10:

Sigler	10	Simpson	8	Nixon	4
Lindsley	9	Tatham	3	Mack	3

Dec. 23.—Sweep No. 1, 10 bluerocks, 50 cents entry:

Miller	8	Swiveller	4	Tatham	6
Simpson	9	Richards	4	Smith	6
Jones	8	Hathaway	2		

No. 2, same:

Miller	9	Swiveller	5	Tatham	5
Simpson	7	Richards	7	Quimby	7
Jones	7	Hathaway	5		

Simpson and Jones div. second, Tatham third on shoot off.

No. 3, same:

Miller	8	Swiveller	6	Tatham	8
Simpson	9	Richards	4	Quimby	8
Jones	9	Hathaway	6	Lindsley	9

Jones first, Miller second, Swiveller third in shoot off.

Sweep 4, same:

Miller	10	Swiveller	8	Tatham	6
Simpson	7	Richards	6	Quimby	9
Jones	10	Hathaway	3	Lindsley	9

No. 5, Same:

Miller	8	Swiveller	6	Tatham	8
Simpson	9	Richards	5	Quimby	10
Jones	10	Hathaway	5	Lindsley	9

Sweep 6, same:

Miller	9	Swiveller	6	Tatham	7
Simpson	9	Lindsley	5	Quimby	7
Jones	10	Hathaway	6		

Sweep 7, 5 pairs doubles:

Miller	10 11 11 10 11—8	Hathaway	10 00 11 10 10—5
Simpson	11 10 10 11 11—8	Quimby	11 10 11 11 10—8
Jones	10 11 11 11 11—9	Lindsley	10 10 10 10 11—3
Swiveller	00 10 00 10 00—2		

Second money shot off at 2 pairs: Miller 3, Simpson 4, Quimby 2.

Sweep 8, same:

Quimby	10	Lindsley	8
Miller	7	Hathaway	6
Simpson	8	Jones	10
		Swiveller	8

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Dec. 21.—Scores made at the Elm City Gun Club shoot on their grounds, Friday afternoon, Dec. 20. The attendance was small, but the scores were very good considering the day which was very dark and foggy, especially those of Messrs. Bates and Gould, who each missed but two birds during the afternoon, which is considered good shooting for these parts.

No. 1, match at 6 tongueless bats, Keystone traps, 16 and 18yds. rise:

Gould	111111—6	Savage	111101—5
Bates	111111—6	Hill	110110—4
Whitney	011111—5	Beers	011110—4
Sackett	111011—5		

No. 2, 6 singles and 2 pair:

Gould	111111 11 11—10	Albert	111111 10 10— 8
Bates	111111 11 11—10	Sackett	011111 10 11— 8
Whitney	111111 11 11—10	Beers	111110 10 10— 7
Savage	111111 11 10— 9	Hill	111010 00 00— 4

No. 3, 12 birds, Hurlingham rules, both barrels:

Gould	111111111111—12	Albert	111111111111—12
Bates	111111111111—12	Beers	011111111111—11
Savage	111111111111—12	Sackett	111111111011—11
Whitney	111111111111—12	Hill	011011111111—10

No. 4, 8 straightaways, 21yds.:

Bates	11111111—8	Whitney	10111101—6
Gould	11011111—7	Sackett	01100111—5
Savage	01110111—6	Hill	11000111—5
Beers	11110101—6	Albert	01100110—4

No. 5, 5 pair:

Whitney	11 10 11 11 11—9	Beers	00 11 10 11 11—7
Gould	11 11 11 10 11—9	Albert	10 10 10 11 10—6
Bates	10 11 11 11 11—9	Sackett	10 01 01 10 10—5
Savage	11 01 10 11 11—8	Hill	00 00 10 11 10—4

No. 6, 9 singles:

Sackett	111111111—9	Hill	111101111—8
Gould	111111111—9	Beers	111011111—8
Bates	110111111—8	Savage	011111110—7
Albert	111110111—8	Whitney	110101101—6

No. 7, 6 birds, walking match:

Bates	111111—6	Hill	011110—4
Gould	111111—6	Whitney	101101—3
Savage	101111—5	Sackett	100100—2
Albert	111101—5		

No. 8, 15 singles:

Bates	111111111111111—15	Albert	111101101111111—13
Gould	111111111111111—15	Savage	111101001111111—12
Whitney	111111111111111—15	Sackett	110111101111110—12
Hill	111111101111111—14		

ELM CITY.

WHITE HOUSE, N. J., Dec. 21.—At last the day appointed for the team shoot between the clubs of North Branch and White House, N. J. was a fair one, exceedingly so barring the mud, and the teams met at White House for the fourth time to contest their supremacy at the trap. The visiting team was full of grit, and had the home team been fully awake to the situation they might have easily won the day; as it was, however, they only held their own and the scores resulted in a tie. Below are scores of team shoot:

North Branch.		White House.	
Dan McGinty	0111110110111101—11	J H Davis	0000101111101111— 9
F Cramer	0111110010101000— 8	H Bishop	1111101111111101—13
Duyckinck	1000001100010—10	S K Large	0100701010010101— 5
G Cramer	1011110010011111—10	B Pickle	0010011101010010— 7
T Welch	1001110110111111—11	M Anderson	0110110101111111—11
L Disbrough	0100000111010111— 7	F Pidcock	0101000111110001— 8
	—		—
	53		53

GRAND CROSSING, Ill., Dec. 9.—Audubon Club shoot at 15 live birds each man, handicap, 50yds. boundary:

C Wilcox (30)	..0022010101200l— 7	C Howard*	..011010112210100— 9
J Kleinman(34)	0120100000010w.	G L Dieter*	..211201101000210—10
J Price (32)	..1110100021210ll—10	Dr Ashley*	..211211022120000—10
W Foss (32)	..1209212122000200— 9		

* Denotes visitors.

J. E. Price wins medal.

Sweep same day, 5 birds, $3 entrance:

J E Price	22020—3	J J Kleinman	01121—4
W W Foss	20111—4	E J Reeves	12001—3
Dr. Ashley	10112—4	A W Reeves	11111—5
G Kleinman	11222—5	C S Wilcox	11011—4
G L Deiter	02201—3	C Howard	21011—4

G. Kleinman and A. W. Reeves div. first, J. J. Kleinman and C. Howard div. second, E. J. Reeves third.—RAVELRIGG.

WEST FARMS, N. Y., Dec. 25.—The second match between the Mile Square and Bronx River Gun Clubs was shot on the grounds of the latter club, resulting in a victory for the Bronx River Club, thus giving them the two matches.

Mile Square Club.

M N Hunter	1011010110000000100000101—	8
O Wilson	1101111011101010100011100—	14
D Valentine	1101010111111111111111111—	22
C Truer	1010111100101011010101011—	15
J W Thurston	0000000101100000110001110—	7
F Theold	0111100011001001011100010—	13
W Wilson	1111001100101011101010000—	13
J B Valentine	0101100100101000100101000—	8
J Herrador	1000100110.0100001010110l—	11
H Russell	0111010110110101010010000—12—	123

Bronx River Club.

T N Jaques	1111010111100100110111101—	17
W Pringle	1010010000101110111111011—	15
A Bittnar	0110101001110111111010011—	16
C Zoon	1110111101011111111111111—	22
Jas Duane	0101000111010111111011110—	17
E P Miller	1011111111111101103011111—	21
W Brudenbach	1101010110110111111111101—	18
J Murphy	0110010111001111001101110—	15
W Fisher	0000110011000000110010111—	10
F Arnold	1001000011000100001111010—10—161	
	J. M.	

BLOOMING GROVE PARK, Pa., Dec. 20.—The winter visit to the park to-day was for the purpose of shooting the return match at pigeons between the Orange Gun Club, of Orange, N. J., and the Blooming Grove Park Gun Club, of Pike county, Pa. At the first contest between the two clubs, some two months ago, the Orange team scored an easy victory. The prize contested for was a silver tankard or "loving cup" of hammered work. Among those present were three brothers Firth—John, Thomas and Harry—Hedden, Breintnall, J. L. Smith, Simmons, McKeever, Babson and Crommelin, all of Orange, N. J.; N. S. Smith, Davidson, Eils, Hughes, Engle and Youmans, of New York city; Chapman and Laurence, of Long Island. Early this morning preparations were made for the event of the day. The shooting commenced promptly at 10 o'clock, and was continued without intermission for three hours, when the victory of the Orange men was accomplished. Team contest for trophy, six men of the Orange Gun Club, of Orange, N. J., and six men of the Blooming Grove Park Gun Club, of Pike county, Pa., 25 birds each man, Hurlingham rules to govern.

Orange Gun Club.

Babson	2121122120211222220222—23	
Chapman	1111210221112111122222?0—22	
J Firth	1222222022021202112100—20	
I Lee Smith	0212102022002121222122—19	
Crommerlin	0220122220102012102220—17	
Simmons	2001102120c2110022022212—17—118	

Blooming Grove Park Gun Club.

Lawrence	2210122120122211212010222—21	
Engle	1221222002021212012121—20	
Hedden	2110011002211222011111110—19	
Youmans	12c0012222220022002220—17	
N S Smith	222c2221222022002202l0—17	
Eils	1102122c0102220220102101—15—109	

o Dead out of bounds.

The visiting club won by nine birds to the good. The Orange men used their second barrels 78 times. The Pike county men 65 times. As soon as the main affair was brought to a settlement, sweepstakes were gotten up and shot out with varying results to the contestants until darkness put a stop to the shooting.

First Sweepstakes.—Three birds each man, $2 entrance, 3 moneys: Breintnall, Babson and J. Firth killed all their birds and divided the first money; Engle, Crommelin and Youmans did likewise with second, and Chapman and Hedden took third.

Second Sweepstakes.—Same conditions: Engle, Chapman, Lawrence, N. S. Smith and Breintnall got 3 straight each and settled the tie by agreeing to shoot it off in the next event. Crommelin, Youmans, Firth and Davidson did likewise with second. Hedden took third.

Third Sweepstakes.—$3 entrance, miss and out: Hedden, Crommelin, Youmans and Davidson each missed their first shot and stepped to the rear. J. L. Smith, Babson and Lawrence missed their second bird. N. S. Smith, Engle and Chapman got out on their fourth birds. Breintnall and J. Firth killed 4 each and divided the money. Breintnall captured the money of the first tie in this shoot-off and Firth took the second.

Fourth Sweepstakes.—Ten bluerocks each man, $2 entrance, 3 moneys, American Association rules to govern: Lawrence and Chapman broke each 8 and divided first; Breintnall took second unto himself, and third went to C. R. Hedden with a half dozen breaks. Engle, Eils, Youmans, N. S. Smith, T. Firth, H. Firth, Simmons and Davidson in the soup.

Fifth Sweepstakes.—Same as preceding in all respects: Breintnall first, breaking 8; Lawrence, Simmons and Chapman, with 7 each broken, tied for second; third went to Youmans, Hedden and N. S. Smith. Engle, Eils and H. Firth out of it.

Sixth Sweepstakes.—Same as foregoing: Breintnall and Hedden broke 8 each and divided first. Chapman secured second with 7 broken. Third went to Lawrence. Engle, Eils, Youmans, N. S. Smith, H. Firth and Simmons again were left.

Seventh Sweepstakes.—As all the previous ones: Lawrence broke the 10 straight. Hedden was good second with 9 breaks. Third went to Chapman with 7. Engle, Breintnall, Eils, Youmans, N. S. Smith, H. Firth and Simmons out.

SPRINGFIELD, N. J., Dec. 27.—The last meeting of the Union Gun Club for the current year took place to-day on the club's grounds at Springfield, N. J. One meeting of the club was postponed on account of the death of Dr. N. C. Jobs, who was one of the most energetic and enthusiastic of the members of the club. After the shooting a collation was served in the club house, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all present. Then came the distribution of the prize winnings for the closing season. One hundred dollars is usually the amount expended, and the division, or rather the winnings, by each man was as follows: Seventeenth prize, E. D. Miller, the gold Keystone trophy; second prize, A. Sickley, $10 gold eagle; third prize, W. Sopher, leather gun case; fourth prize, George Pudney, $7.50 in gold; fifth prize, L. Terry, leather shell case; sixth prize, M. Rull, $5 in gold; seventh prize, J. Briant, corduroy hunting coat; eighth prize, W. Nanes, $2.50 in gold; ninth prize, G. Eager, one keg gunpowder; tenth prize, Y. Sayre, one set loading tools. The prizes on best averages made throughout the year were: First prize, Erisch D. Miller, $10 in gold, average 98 per cent; C. H. Johnson, second prize, $5, average 96 per cent.; A. Sickley won third prize with an average of 89 per cent., and R. Williams got fourth with an average of 72 per cent. The prizes offered for the coming season of 1890 are numerous and valuable, aggregating some $200.

LONG BRANCH.—On Jan. 4, at the Central Gun Club grounds, a match for $100 a side and the cost of the birds, 50 pigeons, will be shot between G. Cubberly and Phil Daly, Jr.

CLASS VS. THOMPSON.—Newark, Dec. 26.—The postponed match between these two crack shots was fought to a conclusion at Erb's Park to-day. The day broke anything but pleasant in its weather. At dawn the rain was falling fast, and it continued until 10 o'clock, when a heavy shower passed over the shooting grounds. This shower was accompanied by heavy thunder and vivid lightning. At this season so unusual an occurrence occasioned a good deal of comment. After the shower the wind came out strong from the westward, blowing cold and in gusts. At one time during the afternoon it amounted to a gale. This, of course, helped the pigeons in their flight. As a whole, the birds were a lot of raspers. Out of the 200 shot at but 5 refused a flight when the traps were pulled. Class was shooting in magnificent form. The last few birds were shot by him left-handed—that is, with the gun from the left shoulder and trigger pulled with the left hand. In celerity Class was at least 15 seconds quicker than his antagonist in getting on his birds, this making a terrible handicap for a man to overcome, especially so when the birds happen to be of so good a quality. The match commenced promptly at 2 P. M. The men shot steadily until 3 o'clock, when a ten minutes' rest was had. Class got a lead on the start, and gradually increased that lead to the end.

Match for $250 a side, 100 birds each man, loser to pay for the pigeons, Hurlingham rules to govern:

Frank Class	222c012312112220201120l2—20	
	1221212122111020210101l—21	
	1212011121210111211l0111—22	
	2112111121111012121111220—23—	86
J Thompson	2021111211011202202200l—19	
	0111101211100111112222l2—21	
	0220121l1c1102110111120l2—19	
	1212101112110102120121110—23—	79

oDead out of bounds.

Each man had a no bird on a missfire, and shot at another with a blank shell in first barrel. Thompson's twenty-sixth was an awfully hard hit bird, but recovered and got out of bounds. His thirty-first was a right quartering rattler; he got on with both barrels, but carried it out. His forty-third was knocked down, but pulled himself together and went on his winning way. Class's twenty-eighth bird was as hard as nails. He was well stopped, fell, got up, fell again, rose and dropped once more and then was over the fence. His thirty-ninth was a repetition of that work. His sixty-fourth bird was hard hit. It flew to fence and fell dead on the top rail. An outsider put his hand over the top and gathered the bird in. The eighty-fifth bird of Class's was the best of the 200 shot at; he was a hummer of a right-quarterer. Quick as he was the shot was quicker. The bird fell 70yds. off with both wings broken.

First open sweep, 4 pigeons each man, $3 entrance, 2 moneys, Hurlingham rules to govern: Erb, Reinhardt and Castle 4 and divided first, Class and Thompson 3 and also divided.

Second event: Erb, Reinhardt and Class 4 and divided, Thompson got second with 3.

Third event, Castle, Class and Thompson each got 4 and shot the tie off. Castle dropped out on his fifth bird. Thompson and Class killed theirs and divided. Second money was captured by Collins and Reinhardt and divided.

Fourth event, miss and out, $1 entrance; Manitz, Geoffrey, Erb, Castle and Reinhardt slipped up and were out on their second shot, Collins on his fourth, and thus Bakew and Hedden divided the pot.

TORONTO, Dec. 21.—A number of West End gun enthusiasts gathered to-night at McCready's sporting store, Queen street west, for the purpose of reorganizing the old West End Gun Club. The meeting was well attended, and a rousing one it was. The new club will be known as the West Toronto Gun, Dogs, Sports, and Angling Club. The officers elected are a good set of men, of the pusher class, and are as follows: President, Ex-Ald. George Evans; Vice-President, Mr. D. Beatty; Secretary, Mr. R. A. McCready; Treasurer, Mr. F. Habart. The club prides itself on having secured the services of Mr. Evans as presidents, as no effort will be spared on his part to make it a big success. About 25 names are already on the list, which looks fair for the start.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 26.—The final shoot of the last half year was held by the Diana Sportsman's Club, at Bay View Park, South Brooklyn, to-day, the shoot having been postponed on account of the holidays from last Tuesday by order of the president. The members try their skill at glass balls as well as at bluerocks, and are divided into two classes, so that the less experienced shooters also have a chance of winning a prize. In the bluerock shooting the shooter winning the medal the greatest number of times during the six months is declared the winner, while in the contests at glass balls the member breaking the largest aggregate captures the prize. M. Winchester carried off the honor in the first class, and also winning the gold medal for bluerock shooting with three shoots, in August, November and December. In the second class, C. Medler won the silver medal with a total of 16 glass balls broken. The gold medal went to C. Ring, who won the bluerock shoots in July, October and November. Thursday's results were as follows: Shoot at 10 bluerocks:

H Brower	6	M Winchester	6
C Medler, Jr	5	A Batty	5
J Koch	4	J Scharff	5

Shoot at 5 glass balls:

P Adamki	3	M Winchester	4
C Medler, Jr	4	H Brower	3
J Koch	4	J Scharff	3
A Batty	2		

The two sweepstakes which followed were won by Batty, Brower, Scharff and Medler.

DAYTON, O., Dec. 24.—The Dayton Gun Club was in the field again to-day for a team live pigeon shoot, McDonald and Heikes captains of the rival team of five men, George W. Knecht referee, ten pigeons to each man, five traps, association rules.

McDonald	1111110110—8	Heikes	1011111111—9
Racon	1111101001—7	Buntain	0101100010—4
Kid	0001010111—5	Pratchett	1111111111—10
Rike	1110001101—6	Troup	0011111111—8
Tippy	0001011101—5—31	Colt	1111111011—9—40

CLEVELAND, O., Dec. 21.—The much-talked of and long-expected match shoot between Dayton and Cleveland shooters came off yesterday with Cleveland on the top of the heap. The Cuyahoga county shooters won the match, but by a majority of six birds only. The race was almost too close for comfort. The Cleveland shooters and Rolla Heikes, who represented the Dayton Club in the city, shot on the grounds of the East End Gun Club. The day was perfect for shooting and the traps worked perfectly. The scores though high are not so high as were made in former practice shoots. Two of the East End's best men did not arrive until after the shooting commenced and this fact cut down the majority for the Cleveland team. In Dayton, too, every condition was favorable for good scores but, for some reason, the Daytonites did not do as well as was expected. This can be accounted for by the fact that the Dayton club in its practice shoot has set its traps to throw a slow-flying, lazy bird, only one trap throwing the bird as far as prescribed in the association rules. The full scores of the Dayton and Cleveland shooters follow:

The Cleveland Scores.

Cathian	0101001111010101011111111101001111111001111111111—	37
Phare	0111111111111111011111111111011111111111011010—	43
Brockway	1111110111110110001111111111111111101101111111—	43
Auld	1111101111110111111111111111101101111111111111—	46
Forrester	1111101101011010111011111111111101011111111010—	41
Gault	1111101011101111111111111111101101111111111011—	44
Elworthy	1111011101111111111111111111111111111111111111—	48
A B Jones	1011010110101111111101111101011111111111111011—	41
Byrnes	1111010111111111111111111111011010011011111111—	42
*North	1110111111011111011111111111111101111111111011—45—	430

The Dayton Scores.

Keenan	0111111111111111101111101111101011111111111111—	44
Cain	1100101110110111111011111111111111111111111111—	43
Bacon	1110111111111111111111111111101111111111111100111—	46
Buntaine	1111010001111111111101101000101111111111111111—	40
Ryke	1111111101100011111101111011111111111111101111—	43
McDonald	1110100011111111111101111111101101111111111111—	43
Pratchett	1101110111101110101101111111010101111100111—	39
Sauder	1010111101100111111010111000111111111111111—	38
Jippy	1101011010110111111011111111111111111111111110—	42
†Heikes	1110111111111111111111111111111101101101111111—	46—424

*Shot in Dayton. †Shot in Cleveland.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 27.—The Crescent Glee Club held its regular monthly shoot at the Dexter Park to-day. Although the wind was at times quite strong and the birds good flyers, the scores made were fair, especially in the sweepstakes which followed the club shoot. Long Island rules, gun below the elbow and first barrel only, governed. L. Hopkins won the club shoot with five killed, Bolton was second with four, and W. Gilman third with three. In the first sweepstakes Smith and Hopkins tied for first prize, the other four for second. The prizes were pooled for a purse, which was increased by additional stakes of the four men who tied for second money, 50 per cent. to go to first, 30 to second, and 20 to third. Schultz won on three straight, Smith outshot Hopkins for second, and Gilman took third.

In the third sweepstakes Smith and Schultz were tied for first place, Smith ultimately winning with a clean score of seven.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Dec. 28.—Jim Elliott, of this place, and J. A. Ruble, of Beliot, Wis., shot a match here to-day for $100 a side. The former conceded Ruble 25 dead birds. Each used a 12-gauge gun, at 28yds. A poor lot of birds and a strong wind across the traps made the birds very slow. This is the first match Ruble had shot, and some of the boys thought he showed a little lack of nerve. Mr. C. W. Budd, of Des Moines, Iowa, acted as referee. Under the rules of the A. S. A. the score stood:

J A R Elliott	1112101011221111211111—	24
	1101210111021112222211—23	
	1102112021120111111221222—22	
	2212112210111111112221—23—92	
J A Ruble	2212120021101112112222—22	
	2220102221111211111111200—21	
	2122212021011212011122121—22	
	1111111111111111111111111—25—90	

UNSER FRITZ.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Dec. 28.—To-day's shoot was a remarkably good one, both in attendance and in the scores made. In the pitcher match, Perry shot a new gun for the first time, and captured the pitcher for the day with a clean score of 15. The other scores of 8 and over were: Webster, 14; Lee, 13; Schaefer and White, 12; Eager, Roxton and Bond, 11; Bacon, 10; Field and Edwards, 9; Short, Chase, Dill and Porter, 8 each. In the other events the first winners were: Five pigeons, Chase and Cowie; 6 bluerocks, Cowie; 5 bluerocks, Chase; 6 single bluerocks and 2 pair bluerocks, Eager; 10 bluerocks, Eager; 10 bluerocks, Chase; 10 bluerocks, Eager, Field, White and Bacon; 10 pigeons, Eager, Schaefer, West and Perry; 10 tin birds, Chase; 6 bluerocks, Lee, Eager and Perry; 8 pigeons, Webster, Roxton and Perry; 10 bluerocks, Schaefer, Edwards and Roxton; 5 pair bluerocks, Webster; 10 tin birds, Eager, Chase and Field; 10 bluerocks, Chase; 10 pigeons, Chase, Bond and Field; 10 bluerocks, Keystone, Roxton, Bond and Perry; 10 pigeons, Porter and Chase.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 17.—The death of Mr. Henry D. Harvey today removes a well-known Baltimore merchant. He was seventy-six years of age. He was a partner of the once famous firm of Hopkins & Brothers and which for many years conducted a large wholesale grocery business. The firm used to handle quantities of shot, and in this way he became interested in the Merchants' Shot Tower Company, which owns the mass of bricks, 234 feet high, at the corner of Front and Fayette streets. He was elected president of the company some years before his retirement from the grocery business, and continued to occupy the position for about thirty years. He became very well known to merchants in Maryland and the South, where most of the shot made at the tower was sold. In 1878 the old machinery inside the tower caught fire and transformed the structure into a huge blazing torch, which was watched by a great crowd of curious persons. The machinery was entirely burned out, and, under Mr. Harvey's superintendence, was replaced with that made after the latest and most improved models. The tower was built in 1828 by the old Phœnix Shot Company, whose name was afterward changed to the Merchants'. Its remarkable height and round shape, sloping slightly from the bottom, have made it one of the conspicuous objects familiar to all Baltimoreans. The first shot tower in the city was built five years before the Merchants', on North Gay street, above Fayette, under the direction of Colonel Joseph Jamison, but was taken down in 1845. It was 187 feet high. Another tower, on South Eutaw street, was removed in 1851, and the bricks were used in building five warehouses. The tower still standing is forty feet in diameter at the bottom and twenty feet at the top. The brick work, which commences at the surface, is four and a half feet thick from the ground up to a height of about fifty feet, when it diminishes four inches in each story. The parapet which crowns the summit is three feet high. The tower is used for dropping shot in the process of manufacture.

Yachting.

"West India Hurricanes and the Great March Blizzard." By Everett Hayden, U. S Hydrographic Office. Large quarto, with 23 lithographic plates. Price $1. Contains full history of the great storm of March, 1888, with practical information how to handle a vessel in a cyclone; use of oil at sea, etc.

HULL Y. C.

THE Hull Y. C. has at last resolved to build a club house suitable to its wants, and the money has been raised, the ground purhased, and the plans prepared for a very complete and elaborate house. The new site is on the Moody Merrill and Tower properties, lately purchased by the club, near the present house.

The club house proper will measure 50ft. on its front or water side, and 55ft. in depth. There will be a piazza on three sides of the two upper stories, and possibly the upper one will be continued on the land side. The house will be set in the midst of a platform having a frontage of 100ft. and depth of 81ft. The platform will be surrounded on three sides by a sea wall. The house will rest on foundations which are entirely separate from the sea wall, and will go down below the beach level. There will be a space of at least 15ft. between the wall and the piazzas, which will be used as a garden. The upper or hall floor will be reached from the street by a bridge, which will lead to the piazza and a lobby at the northeasterly corner of the house from which a door will lead into the hall, which is somewhat larger than the present hall in the house on the Hull pier, being 39×49ft. Ample doors will open upon the piazza, and will be so arranged that they can, upon the occasion of receptions and dances, be thrown up and out of the way, making the piazzas, which will be about 10ft. wide, practically a part of the hall. A retiring and toilet room for ladies leads off of the corner opposite the lobby. There is also a small room between the lobby and the stage connected with the ladies' retiring room by a passage behind the stage. The stage itself will be 24×10ft., and with the rooms and passage will give ample facilities for the production of entertainments. Leading from the lobby a flight of stairs will take one to a small hall on the next story, and continuing straight on one goes down still further to the platforms. From the hall on the left a member's door will lead into an inner hall 8ft. wide and about 35ft. long.

On the right side of this hall will be the billiard room, 40×23, accommodating three tables, having a toilet room leading from it in the corner. Beyond the billiard room and overlooking the bay is the card room, 10×15ft., and a smoking room, which is also a continuation of the hallway, about 12×16ft. This latter has an open fireplace and will be a most cheerful place. Next to this room and in the southeast corner of the house is the reading room, 15×17ft., which with the dining room, which comes next, has an open fireplace. The dining room is 17×20ft., having a butler's pantry off from it of 7×16ft. A cook room under the upper stairs 8×11ft., completes the arrangements of this floor. From the long hall stairs lead to what might properly be called the mezzanine floor, as while there are two floors below the lower piazza, the architecture so makes it that the house appears to be but three stories. The stairs bring one to a gallery, from which you look down on to the ground floor. Leading from this gallery are a kitchen and pantry immediately under the butler's pantry and coat room, a janitor's room and about 30 lockers from 3 to 4ft. wide and 7ft. deep. Two flights of steps lead from the gallery to the floor, and here are a storage room 6×14ft., a bath with shower and tub, a toilet room, a waiting room for crews and about 25 lockers similar to those on the gallery floor. On the west side, and taking the height of both locker floors, is the bowling alley. The alley is 72ft. long and has two alleys. Stairways will lead from the lower piazza to the platform.

The Merrill cottage, near by, will be fitted up with sleeping rooms for members, and if the experiment proves successful, permanent dormitories will be built next year.

A NEW SINGLE-HANDER.—Messrs. Douglas & Co., of Waukegan, Ill., have lately added to their list a new single-hander, a combination of keel and centerboard. She is 21ft. over all, 15ft. l.w.l., 6ft. beam, 3ft. draft without board, 5ft. draft with board, least freeboard 15in., overhang at each end 3ft., displacement 3,500, keel 600lbs. if of iron, 900lbs. if of lead. The little yacht has the sheer plan of the 40ft. Tomahawk, while the board is long and narrow, being entirely out of the way. There is a cabin with two lockers for sleeping, and 3ft. headroom above each. The rig has a large mainsail only.

YACHT HARDWARE.—Yachtsmen and canoeists who are contemplating any changes or additions to their craft will find everything which they may require fully described in the catalogue of L. W. Ferdinand & Co., of Boston.

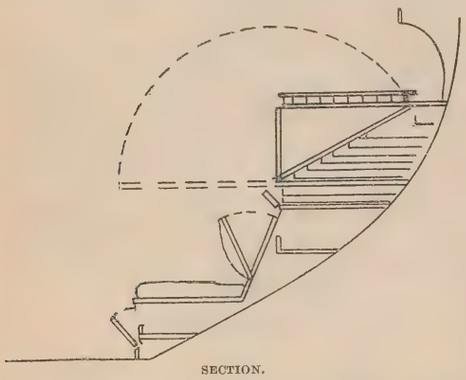
ATLANTIC Y. C.—This club proposes to build a new club house on its present bulkhead, and bonds to the amount of $20,000 will be issued to cover the cost.

SEA FOX.

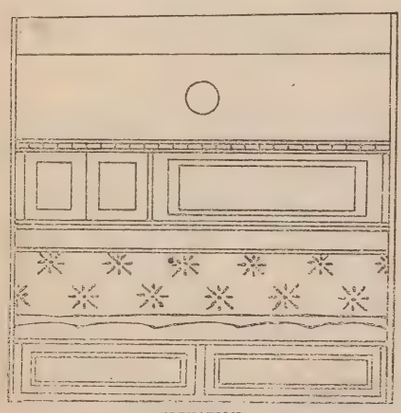
THE accompanying drawings show the interior arrangement of the handsome schooner Sea Fox, whose lines were published in the FOREST AND STREAM of April 5, 1888, and sail plan on June 14th of the same year. Sea Fox was designed by her owner, Com. A. Cass Canfield, of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., for such mixed racing and cruising as the season affords in our waters; for both of which uses she has proved a complete success. Beside the reputation which she has made for speed in the past two seasons, she has been in commission throughout the whole of each season, cruising to Halifax in 1888 and to New Foundland this season. The size of the Sea Fox, nearly 90 ft. l. w. l. by 23 ft. 8 in. beam, together with her build, the hull being entirely of mild steel, gave a large amount of room compared with the ordinary centreboard vessel of wood; and by very careful planning this space has been thoroughly utilized, not only for the comfort and convenience of the owner, but of the officers and crew as well. While the owner's apartments are roomy and elegant, there has been no attempt to gain space there by crowding in other departments, but the interior has been laid out from a sailor's standpoint, giving ample space for the crew, the galley, and stores for cruising. The depth of the yacht, together with the absence of the bulky futtocks and keelson of a wooden vessel, give a large hold for the entire length, adding greatly to the stowage capacity.

The entrance to the cabins is by way of a wide winding stairway, leading down from a handsome companionway of teak, and opening on a passage on the port side; the forward end of which leads to the main cabin. This is a room about 12ft. 6in. long and 22ft. wide, with nearly 7ft. headroom. The joiner and cabinet work is all in quartered oak, with trimmings of oxydized brass. On the port side is a long sofa, at the head of which is a buffet. The fireplace and mantel is on the after side, while the octagonal casing of the mainmast forms the center of the foreside. On the starboard side is a second large sofa, broken in two by a writing desk. This is shown in the plan only, the elevation representing the port side reversed. The center of the room is occupied by a large extension table, while in the forward corner on the starboard side is a small breakfast table. This latter is fitted with extension leaves, and also with a very ingenious arrangement of levers and weights, making an improvement on the ordinary swing table.

Opening aft from the main cabin on the starboard side is a stateroom 8ft. long, with washstand, bureau, a wardrobe under the stairway, and a shelf and lockers at the foot of the berth. On the opposite side of the stairway is the steerage and chart



SECTION.



ELEVATION.

CHART CABINET.

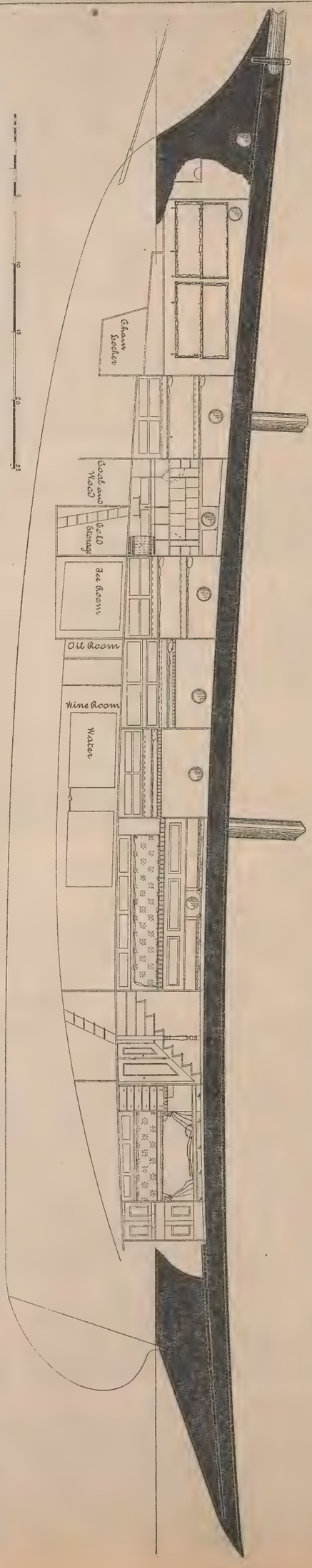
room. Beneath the stairs are two closets, one for deck lamps, and one for oilers and boots. Back of the sofa is a very complete chart cabinet, the details of which we give on a larger scale. Below the sofa is a long locker, the front opening, for rolled charts, etc. Immediately back of the sofa are two large drawers, 6ft. 6in. long and 2ft. wide. Above these is a sloping front, similar to that of a secretary, which opens and forms a wide table. Within is a series of five drawers and a shelf for charts, with a narrow shelf above for scales, rulers, etc. This portion of the cabinet is 4ft. long in the clear, leaving a locker 2ft. 6in. wide for nautical instruments. The top of the cabinet forms a large shelf, with a sidelight above it. The whole arrangement is most convenient, as the charts are easily accessible from the deck without risk of soiling carpets and cabins with wet clothing; and they can be kept flat and are readily opened; while the wide table allows a large chart to be used easily.

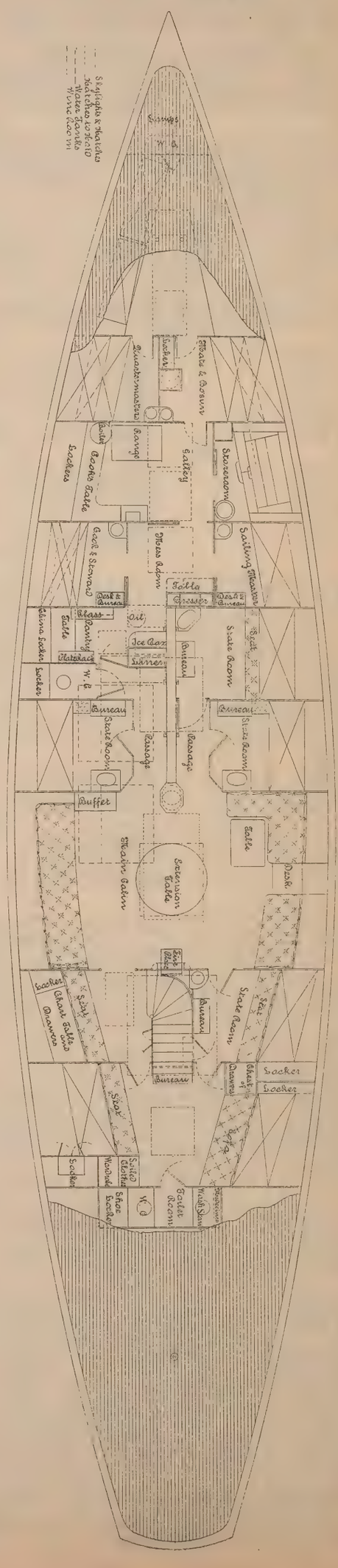
The after cabin was fitted up by the owner for his own use. The space between the doors is filled with a desk and bureau in one; and on the starboard side is a chest of drawers, on which is the chronometer case; at the head of the berth on the same side is a shelf and lockers. On the port side the lockers are at the after end of the berth; a large closet with doors, a hanging wardrobe, and a low locker for soiled clothing. In the center of the after bulkhead is a cheval glass, set in a door which opens into the toilet room. This is fitted with a w. c. on port side, behind which is a shoe locker, and with a washstand on starboard, with a medicine closet above. The steerage is finished in teak and the after cabin in black walnut.

The fore side of the main cabin is very cleverly arranged to give as much apparent room as possible, there being no doors but a passage way on each side of the centerboard trunk, making the cabin longer in appearance than it really is by about 9ft. The corner of each of the forward state rooms is cut away as shown to harmonize with the octagonal casing of the mast, the same oak panelling being continued in each passage way. On the starboard side are two large state rooms, the after one lighted by a window in the side of the passage. The forward one has an extension bed that may be made wider at will. The after state room is duplicated on the port side; forward of it being the toilet room and steward's pantry. The linen press forms the forward end of the passage, to the left being the door of the steward's pantry.

This room is fitted up with a table, china locker, plate rack, press for glass and silver and a small refrigerator with a folding table. The mess room is entered from the steward's pantry and is fitted with a dresser and folding table. On the starboard side is the sailing master's room with desk and bureau in one; and on the port side there is a room for the cook and the steward, similar to the other, but with two berths. This latter room is shown reversed in the elevation.

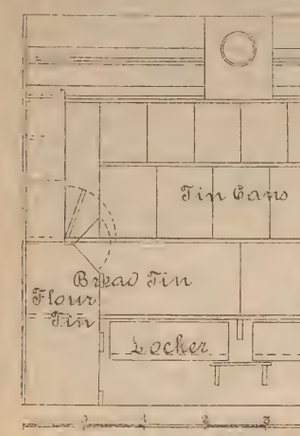
Forward of the mess room is a large and complete galley, with a store room on the starboard side. The range and boiler are placed against the fore bulkhead and the table and lockers are on the port side, the former extending around to the sink. High on



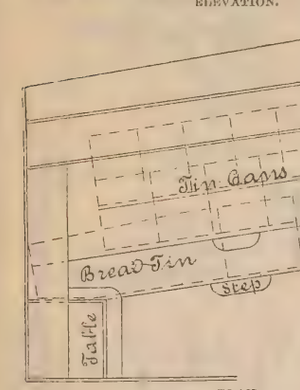


INTERIOR OF SCHOONER "SEA FOX," DESIGNED BY COM. A. CASS CANFIELD, SEAWANHAKA CORINTHIAN Y. C.

the bulkhead, above the sink, is a hopper with a pipe leading below the waterline, by which all slops may be emptied direct without being carried over the deck. The store room is very conveniently fitted, as shown in the larger sketches. Around the three sides are five tiers of shelves. On the first shelf is a large bread tin, with two large tins for beans and peas. In the forward corner is the flour tin, with a hinged shelf above; and in the after corner is the harness cask, with another hinged shelf, each forming a table. The three shelves along each bulkhead are fitted with cannisters and boxes for various dry groceries. The outer side of the room has two shelves fitted with large tins, the lower shelf holding five and the upper six tins. These are used for sugar, rice, oatmeal, etc. Beneath the lowest shelf are two lockers for canned goods, with extra space on the highest shelf, while the deck beams are provided with hooks for smoked meats, etc. Forward of the galley is a room for the mate and boatswain on the starboard side, and on the port side a room for the two quartermasters.



ELEVATION.



PLAN.

STORE ROOM.

The forecastle is large and airy, with hammock berths for six men, four on port and two on starboard; beside which are ample clothes lockers. The forepeak is fitted for a lamp room, and also contains the crew's water closet. The arrangement of the lower hold is as follows: Chain locker under forecastle, paint room and boatswain's storeroom under mate's room, quartermaster's stores under quartermaster's room, coal and wood under fore side of galley, the ice room is under the mess room, and only accessible from it, but beneath the after side of the galley is a cold storage room, entered from the galley by a hatch. This room is partly surrounded by the ice room, and is thus always kept cool, while the waste of the ice through the frequent opening of the door is avoided. Beneath the steward's pantry are the oil and wine rooms, and under the staterooms and main cabin are the water tanks, with extra stowage space for trunks, boxes and spare stores of all kinds, including sails and cordage. It is impossible to give any idea of the details of finish and furniture without elaborate drawings; but the finish of the yacht throughout, though rich and elegant, is of a substantial and serviceable character that is perfectly in harmony with the uses of a seagoing yacht.

GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

AS this is the season of the year when clubs, like individuals, may be presumed to lay in a stock of good resolutions, the opportunity seems fitting for some easily-made but important changes on the part of several clubs. The recent agitation of the measurement question has resulted in the adoption of the same rule of measurement by three of the principal clubs; a result which, apart from all question of the merit of the rule, is a substantial advance in the direction of a uniform system of measurement, classification and racing rules. The question of various changes has been agitated in several other large clubs, and nearly all the clubs now have committees appointed to consider all matters of measurement in connection with the committees of other clubs.

The necessity of uniform rule is now generally admitted, and at the same time the form of length and sail area rule now used by the New York, Seawanhaka and Eastern clubs has been proved by seven seasons' use to be at least a safe and moderate rule, with nothing dangerous or radical about it. The rule is one that can be easily and safely adopted by all clubs racing cabin yachts of any size; and if generally adopted the result must be uniformly beneficial, especially to those in charge of the racing.

There is no reason why a yacht which races in the New York, Eastern, Larchmont, Seawanhaka, Atlantic and Corinthian clubs to-day should have more than one official measurement, be in more than one class, be measured by more than one or one of two measurers, or sail under more than one set of sailing rules. The changes of the details of measurement have improved the rule. And with the calculation of the allowance table to tenths of a foot, as will be done with New York and Seawanhaka clubs, the whole application of the rule is very simple. The extension of the allowance table is a very important step, greatly lessening the work of computation; and with but one rule for the measurement of all the yachts of the Atlantic fleet, a great deal of the work of managing the racing will disappear.

It should be possible now, at a conference of the committees of all the large clubs, to agree on the rule, the method of measuring, the classes and the allowance table of the New York, Eastern and Seawanhaka clubs; to arrange a system of sailing rules that would be acceptable to all the clubs; and also to settle on some uniform system of starting signals and intervals; thus removing one great source of confusion. It is not necessary that any one method of starting shall be made compulsory in all races, some liberty may be left to the regatta committee; but if one uniform system were indorsed as the standard, (for instance, 10 minutes preparatory and 5 minutes to cross the line) it would be followed in all great races. At present the intervals may be 10 and 5 on one day and 15 and 10 on the next.

While there are many little differences in all details of racing regulations in the various clubs, there are very few important points of difference, and by a little united action at least the five largest clubs might agree on a uniform set of racing regulations; the same, in addition to appearing in each club book, being printed in a small pamphlet, which would give a man all the information he could require about racing rules. Such a book would at once become the recognized authority, and its rules would be generally followed by the smaller clubs. We are by no means satisfied that the measurement question will rest where it now is, with the Seawanhaka rule and a length classification; but neither the friends nor opponents of the latter can object to doing thoroughly and completely the work that has been undertaken. By a general adoption of the rule of the New York, Eastern and Seawanhaka clubs, its merits may be very thoroughly tested in a couple of seasons, and the clubs which have worked under it will be in a position to consider carefully any proposals for a change; and if any be adopted it will have the support of a number of clubs. In this way the danger of hasty and premature changes on the part of one or two clubs is greatly lessened, and the chances are greatly increased that when another change is made it will not only be a very good one, but will be adopted for a term of years which shall insure a thorough trial.

The question of classification by corrected length is one that yachtsmen have hardly become acquainted with in the brief crusade that has been made in its behalf this fall. It is by no means dead, and it is most important that something more should be learned of it from actual trial as soon as possible. The suggestion was made to us by Mr. J. Beavor Webb about a year ago that the 40ft. class should be made a trial class, with a limit of 48ft. corrected length in place of 40ft. waterline length. The idea is a good one, and though it could not be applied to the 40ft. class, it might to the 30ft., or if not, to a new 25ft. class or 30ft. corrected length.

If half a dozen of the clubs which race 30ft. yachts, the Seawanhaka, Eastern, Atlantic, Larchmont, Corinthian of Marblehead and some others, would establish a class of about 30ft. corrected length and guarantee a certain number of races during the season and good prizes, there would be a large experimental fleet built and raced, from which much might be learned. If the vested interests in the present 30ft. class were opposed to such a measure, the experiment might be tried on smaller scale, in New York and Boston separately, as such boats would hardly go around the Cape, by a new class 50ft. corrected length, which would include from 24 to 28ft. l.w.l. Such boats could be cheaply built, but a fleet of them, with plenty of racing would settle the question of the prevailing type under the proposed classification. The matter is important enough to be worthy of the attention of the largest clubs and the owners of the largest racing yachts, as all have a vital interest in the question.

FEARLESS.—The little craft Fearless, whose departure from Chicago on Nov. 4 was lately mentioned in our columns, reached New Orleans on Christmas Eve; her crew, Messrs. B. T. Ball and W. C. Brainard, being well. The *Times Democrat* describes the boat as follows: "The Fearless is a well-constructed boat, built on the lines of the best class of steamers' long boats and capable of carrying twenty persons safely. In her present rig more attention has been paid to comfort and safety than to an ideal yachting appearance. Extra oak frames have been added, and all precautions used to prevent injury from the dangerous salt water insects, which attack the submerged parts. A tough white cedar spar and booms combine stiffness and strength with lightness. The dimensions of the Fearless are, 23ft. long, 6½ft. beam, and about 2ft. draft. The area of canvas, including light sails, is about 150yds. The sails consist of a mainsail, jib, spinaker for light winds, and a storm trysail for heavy weather. Her speed under favorable circumstances will be about nine knots an hour. The cabin is 12ft. long, 4ft. high, and 6ft. wide. Running athwartships, at the forward end of the cabin, is the locker. It is a capacious compartment, and stored therein snugly, and everything in its place, are compasses, leadlines, charts, spare tiller, guns, revolvers, fishing tackle, flare lights, torches, marine glasses, speaking trumpets, fog horns, distress signals, medicine chests, and the like. The commodore and captain will spend ten days in New Orleans, as it will take that time to prepare the Fearless for rest. From Chicago the Fearless sailed through the Illinois and Michigan Canal on Nov. 4 at 1:30 P. M., thence down to Grafton, where the Illinois and Mississippi rivers meet, thence down the Mississippi. The gentlemen stopped at St. Louis, Cairo, Memphis, Vicksburg and Natchez, where they were most hospitably entertained. From here they will go to the Florida coast, and passing down the peninsula they will visit Cuba and thence go to Yucatan and to Central America." The expedition was fitted out by the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1889-90.

Commodore: HENRY STANTON. } New York.
Secretary-Treasurer: F. L. DUNNELL. }
Vice-Com. *Rear-Com.* *Purser.*
Central Div..Geo. A. Warder....E. L. French.....F. F. Andrews, Exchange place, Rochester.
Eastern Div..Dr. J. A. Gage.....A. S. Putnam.....Ralph Brazer, Lowell, Mass.
N'thern Div..W. J. White.....W. J. Read.....C. M. Whitelaw, Montreal, Can.
Atlantic Div..M. V. Brokaw.....I. V. Dorland.....W. R. Haviland, Yonkers, N. Y.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of $2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year. Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay $1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division.

Persons residing in any Division and wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application on by addressing the Purser.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore—C. J. Stedman, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Vice-Commodore—T. J. Kirkpatrick, Springfield, O.
Rear-Commodore—Thos. S. Gates, Columbus, O.
Secretary-Treasurer—J. B. Keogh, 34 Montauk Block, Chicago, Ill

Applications for membership should be made to the Sec.-Treas., on blanks which may be obtained from him, and should be accompanied by $2 as initiation fee and dues for the current year.

1,500 MILES IN AN ADIRONDACK BOAT.

PART I.

THE cruise whose story is told in the following log is the longest of several made by the writer in the same boat, an ordinary "Adirondacker," 14ft. long, in 1883, '84 and '85. It occupied nearly two months of the fall of 1884, in which time a distance of about 1,500 miles was covered by oars alone, no sail being carried. In preparation for a previous cruise in 1883 I sent to Newcombe Settlement, in the New York wilderness, for a boat which my father had had built for me some five years before. As soon as all my plans were mapped out, I wrote to have the boat, the yoke, the detachable middle seat, two paddles and the oars, boxed up and shipped to me with all dispatch, and it arrived in good order shortly before my first trip. It is of the regular "Adirondack" model, sharp at both ends, light draft, and similar to a wide canoe, the length being 14ft., and beam about 3ft. It is rowed by pivot oars, from the bow when two or three persons are carried, and from amidships when one constitutes the crew. The boat is intended principally for paddling from the bow or stern, and the oarsman's seat is not in the proper position, and the speed when rowed is about equal to that when paddled by an experienced hand. It was specially designed for roughing it in the North Woods, where I have taken it over almost the whole region, killed deer from it, caught trout and traveled by day with its aid, frequently using it for shelter, and carried it miles through the forest. The planking is but $\frac{3}{16}$in. thick, smooth lapped, with neatly fitted joints secured by screws. The materials are cedar and pine, and the boat, though once painted anew, has never been repaired, notwithstanding it has gone through rougher experiences and more trying ones than perhaps any boat of its kind. The bottom is shod with strips of steel by way of protection in shoal water and in beaching. The floor is rounding, and the boat is somewhat crank, though steady when properly handled, while it will carry a very large load. I was careful, before starting on each of my cruises, to have the boat well soaked to tighten the seams. My attire was simple; blue shirt, stout cavalry knickerbockers, and serge jacket, both blue, high-laced watertight shoes and buckskin gloves for the protection of my hands. A trip of over 500 miles in 1883, over the rivers of Pennsylvania and Chesapeake Bay, had proved the qualities of my little craft; but in view of a longer voyage on more open waters, she was fitted with a complete deck of canvas, with a copper air tank in the bow, and on May 29, 1884, I started on a short preliminary cruise or trial trip to test the boat in rough water.

The start was made at 7:30 P. M. from the little boat house below the Falls Lane bridge on the Schuykill River, at Philadelphia. With a blanket or two, a poncho, rubber coat, air cushion and ample provisions for several days, I rowed down the quiet Schuylkill, the light rapidly waning as Fairmount Dam was reached. This 3½ miles passed, I was soon descending in the lock around the dam, and a minute later the canoe shot out into tide water. The 8-mile row from the lock to the Delaware River was without event being rather tedious withal. The only light I had was from the numerous illuminations on bridges, ships, and from house to house along the river through the city. Twice I ran aground, as the stream made some sharp turns, and it was difficult to distinguish the mudflats from the water. The river was reeking with escaped oil from the Standard Oil Company's burning works near Gray's Ferry Bridge, which was exceedingly disagreeable.

I reached the Delaware about 10:30 P. M., having gone half a mile out of my course, and being detained some little time in the lock and in running aground, etc. I made for a light not far off, but was refused permission to "tie on." Rowing half a mile further on another schooner appeared, but the watch informed me that they would leave at 2 or 3 A. M. Finally I found a vessel near the old fort at the mouth of the Schuylkill River, and tied to her rudder. A rain coming on I quickly slid under my cover, and pulling a roll of canvas over the well from the outside could hear the rain pelting down within two or three inches of my face, and trying vainly to effect an entrance, which afforded me much satisfaction. I spread my blankets and was soon fast asleep, lulled by the gentle motion of the boat on the water.

At 1 o'clock I was awakened by a light shining through my deck, and by subdued voices, evidently discussing me in awed whispers. Fearing a missile I popped my head out and reassured two men who were endeavoring to make me out. The disturbance was caused by the bumping of my boat against the other, as the tide had turned. This noise sounded so loud inside that I cast off and rowed an eighth of a mile away, running up into a lot of weeds, and so sleeping until morning.

Below Mouth of Schuylkill, May 30, Friday.—The crows and marsh hens woke me about 5 o'clock, when I pulled out from the swamp, starting up a wild duck or two on the way, and made my toilet from the boat. Shaking out my bedding and stowing all away, I rowed to the fort and had my coffee-pot filled with milk, breakfasting well on this with some mutton, etc., out in the river; then, after a few minutes rest, I started off about 7 A. M. down the Delaware. The morning was pleasant and cool, but the wind, which soon became heavy, was against me all the way to Chester. Considerable water from the choppy river slopped over, but not more than enough to keep my canvas deck moist. I passed the long islands midway to Chester, and about 12 M. made Claymont. Putting in here, I called on my aunt for a few minutes and then went on. I rowed steadily until opposite Wilmington, Del., when a steamer passed close to me and some young ladies on the upper deck waved their handkerchiefs to the lonely voyager, which was quite cheering. I ate some chocolate, and drank some milk to their healths, then went on. The waves were quite high and made the rowing tiresome. I passed all sorts of craft, and generally had a chat with the men aboard, keeping in the middle of the river below Wilmington to Newcastle, with a mile and a half of water on either side. In an hour or two more I was opposite Newcastle, and could just discern Fort Delaware on its island over an expanse of eight miles of water. The river widens so much here, and the distances are so great, that I mistook my direction, running two miles out of my course before being warned by some fishermen concerning the right direction. The tide, as well as the wind, set pretty strongly against me, and I had much difficulty to reach Delaware City before 2:30 P. M. It seemed at one time as though I should never get there, as the wind blew me away across the bay. Finally, after some hard pulling, I ran up into a small cove near the little hotel, and secured my boat, having rowed 44 miles since morning.

I was well tired out, not having exercised in this way since the previous fall, but I had a good shad dinner and a little practice on the piano, both of which are good remedies for exhaustion. Then, inquiring about the weather, distances, etc., I pulled down on the bay for Bombay Hook. Owing to the curvature of the shore line I was compelled to keep within a mile or two of the Delaware shore, making nearly five miles extra distance to be traversed. The country below Delaware City is flat, with fine beaches along the bay, and some pretty pieces of woodland. I saw a few flourishing farms, but the country was sparsely settled. Just below Reedy Island I passed Port Penn, a very beautiful little village with one church spire; and further down Augustine Pier. I rowed by several schooners engaged in sturgeon fishing south of Port Penn. The evening was beautiful, and I could see the sun, like a ball of red fire, descend clear to the horizon; the country being so flat and the air so clear. The reflection of the western after-glow on the bay was very fine; the wind had gone down entirely, but the rollers came in from the Atlantic in long undulations. I rowed within a mile of the winding shore until after sunset, but as evening came on I hugged it closer. No houses, nor the sign of any living thing, could be seen thereabouts; the shore consisting of sand dunes and hummocks of river grass, while in land were extensive marshes. I pulled along this shore until the moon rose, trying to make some inlet. Failing in this, and wishing to get ashore before night, I ran ashore near a United States signal, which was the only thing which broke the monotony of the landscape. Jumping out into the surf, the boat was run up above high water mark. From the top of the dune I discovered a clump of trees about a mile off, and what appeared to be a house. Taking my tea-pot therefore, I walked across the marshes and came out on a huge peach plantation, extending as far as one could see. The people were rough but hospitable, and having obtained some information about the country, crops, etc., I returned to the boat. I was told that Smyrna was the nearest town, and the railroad was twelve miles distant. Three will-o'-the-wisps accompanied me for quite a while, and the swamps were very dreary. I took a swim in the bay and then made a hearty supper, watching two or three coons which came out on the beach. As the tide went down the moonlight lit up the wet beach very prettily. The night was quite cool and I kept under cover, excepting head and shoulders, while eating supper. The land on the opposite side of the bay is from ten to fifteen miles off, while none is visible on the southeast horizon. About 10 P. M. I ducked under, and making all tight, fell asleep. This point is about fifteen miles from Delaware City, making in all fifty-nine miles row for the day, the longest consecutive run I ever made.

Delaware Beach, May 31—Saturday.—About 6 o'clock I was aroused by the waves breaking within a few feet of me, the tide coming in. I had breakfast, and about 7 o'clock launched my boat, which twice nearly capsized in the breakers, and rowed on against a brisk wind. The country looked very pretty indeed and quite luxuriant. There were a few bays and indentations on the shore, but I cut across several, keeping about one mile from the shore on the average. After an hour's hard rowing Bombay Hook was sighted, which drew near very slowly, as the wind and waves were against me. Arriving opposite a little hotel, the only building in sight, I ran alongside of a large vessel anchored off shore, engaged in sturgeon fisuing, and had quite a long chat with the hands on board, who took considerable interest in my boat and cruise. I had come 5 miles from the bivouac of last night and 76 miles from Philadelphia (home). Rowing ashore, I ran on the beach and took a swim out to the schooner again, where I lent a hand at hoisting the mainsail and anchor. As she came around into the wind I dove off and rejoined my boat.

After a light lunch I started on the return trip, attempting to make Reedy Island Light, 12 miles across the bay, this being a more direct route than when coming down, but the waves by this time had become so threatening that I had to keep nearer shore. The apron was fastened securely about my waist before venturing out and the deck "cleared for action." The waves were tremendous, and it was all that I could do to row in them and keep from capsizing. It was like being on the side of a steep hill at times, and I could not discern any object ashore when in the trough, the wind coming directly from the ocean and having a long sweep. The roaring of the water as the waves broke was very loud, and oftentimes I had a very narrow escape from them. Two huge rollers broke just before reaching the boat, drenching me completely. The decking worked like a charm and no water entered, though frequently it would dash clear over the boat. I had a great tossing around, and could scarcely keep my seat. After several hours of this I passed Reedy Island well played out, and reached Delaware City about 3 o'clock, where the people seemed to regard me with much astonishment. Several large ships were crossing the bay under full sail, and fine sights they were.

Another shad dinner here, and about 4 o'clock I rowed on, making for the western extremity of Fort Delaware Island. I had to row across the wind, an awkward matter; as one oar would shoot high in air on one side when the boat tossed on the crest of a wave, while the other would be buried up to the rowlock in water and become immovable. From the Fort to Newcastle is the worst place, as the river is several miles wide there, and the wind had unbroken sway. However, I passed a mile and a half out from Newcastle without mishap; and rowing within half a mile of the Jersey shore until past Wilmington, made a beeline for Claymont yet invisible, 5 miles distant, but I knew the course,

On the way I passed several fine vessels. As the wind died down toward evening, I began to overhaul the sailing vessels which had scudded by me in the afternoon under flying colors. Beginning to feel very weary in passing Wilmington, I strove to keep up my spirits by singing, the varied sentiments of the songs being heartily indorsed by the sailors whom I passed. I reached Claymont about 7:45, a little before dark after a long interval of steady pulling. My position had been fast growing unbearable for some time, as the water was so rough that I could not shift it or cease rowing. Tying my boat at the foot of Gen. Wister's large pier, I walked to the house. The land felt strangely under foot, it appearing to be rocking about incessantly. They kindly invited me to take tea, but being a little too rough for that I supped in my boat, though spending the evening with them afterward. It was hard work resisting their kind endeavors also to persuade me to sleep in the house, but I conquered my inclination and stuck to the boat, tied up at the end of the pier. From the previous night's camp to Bombay Hook and thence to Claymont, is a distance by my course of 51 miles.

Claymont, June 1, Sunday.—With a pot full of milk from the house, a nice breakfast was made in the boat. The morning was very still and I tarried at Claymount until about noon, when I started on, rowing against the tide up to Chester. The day was very warm, the sun beating down powerfully, and a head tide made the progress very slow indeed. Coming up with a fleet of North German ships at anchor in midstream, and running to the side of the largest, the sailors threw me rope, when I was soon on deck admiring the proportions of the vessel. I had a talk with the old captain in the cabin, spending an hour also in chatting with the sailors, two of whom could speak English, and climbing the rigging. Then, rowing on after leaving most of my eatables with the Jack Tars, I passed Tinicum Island, dining in midstream beyond.

The row thence to the Schuylkill was long and hot, and passed without incident. From the Delaware to Fairmount was tiresome also, and when I came into the city the smells were exceedingly disagreeable. Once there through the lock at the dam, and rowing up to the Falls I reached my destination about 8 P. M., having made from Claymont 30 miles. The log for the trip was: Portion of Thursday 12 miles, Friday 59 miles, Saturday 51 miles, portion of Sunday 30, rowed out of course 5; total 157 miles. Well satisfied with the trial of my boat, I was ready for a much longer and more dangerous cruise, and early in September I shipped her by barge from Philadelphia to Albany, while I followed by rail and steamer.

Albany, N. Y., Sept. 6—Saturday—Landing from steamer Drew at 6 A. M., I walked up the wharf to the Flanagan Line Co.'s dock, and boarding their barge, just arrived, found my boat snugly ensconced on a pile of freight, exactly as I had seen it depart from home three days before. Repairing to the Delevan House, I had breakfast; then unpacking my trunk I donned a flannel rowing suit. The change in my appearance caused some astonishment on the part of the hotel officials, as my costume, though well adapted for my work, was not cut in a fashionable way. Expressing my trunk to Buffalo, I secured a darkey to aid with my numerous traps, and was soon aboard the barge again, putting the boat in working order. I was much amused at the baggage clerk in the hotel; he evidently thought me a mild sort of lunatic upon my ordering him to express my piece through, and not check it, as I intended going by the "boat" instead of by train to Buffalo. Upon removing the canvas covering from the well of my boat, and taking out her varied cargo of bags and traps, more respect for the diminutive craft was evident on the captain's part, as he saw what a load she could contain. Several interested roustabouts aided me in launching, quite a difficult matter from a high-decked barge, and a hearty "good by and good luck" followed as I pulled the first stroke of my long journey at 9.20 A. M.

The tidal rise at Albany is about one foot, and the current was against me. There were so many boats at the Erie Canal lock, just above the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad bridge, a tow having just arrived from New York, that I rowed on up the Hudson to Troy. Immense lumber stacks covered a large area of ground at the entrance to the canal, and masses of freight of different kinds were piled all about the place. The scene along the river was quite pretty, and one could trace the valley of the Hudson for some distance, by the high ranges of hills that flanked the river on each side. I passed a huge tow, making slowly up, and made haste to reach the lock below Troy before it. Six miles from Albany brought me to the upper Erie Canal lock, known as the "junct.on," the Champlain Canal from the north coming in here. After some little difficulty in making the lock-keeper hear me, I entered a high lock which joined another of equal dimensions, the latter ushering me out of tide-water into the Erie Canal, my watery road to Buffalo. This entrance to the Canal is about one mile below Troy.

For two miles the canal ran between huge masses of lumber, seemingly interminable, the level ending in the suburbs of Cohoes, where the outlook was far from interesting. Small boys were too numerous for one's comfort, and their remarks anything but flattering. The next lock was one of a group of 16, the rise being considerable in each. Fortunately I was ahead of the morning tow, and not, therefore interupted. These locks are double, side by side, thus allowing boats to ascend and descend at once. All the Erie Canal locks are similar, excepting those at tide water. The masonry is of a high order, and the canal itself in an excellent condition. The weather was clear, but very sultry, and the rowing laborious, as I had not handled the oars for nearly a year, except in my trial trip in May. Though my pass from Mr. Sweet, the Chief Engineer of the State Canals, was frequently examined, I was not otherwise challenged. This canal is "free," but one would have serious trouble in getting through the locks if not armed with such a letter as the lock-tenders are merciless, and a hard-looking set of roughs. On emerging from one gate a big, burly keeper remarked significantly that he was "dry," whereupon I advised him to jump into the canal; this eliciting a long string of choice oaths. His jurisdiction, however, was passed, and I proceeded unmolested. In the next lock, the one after this, a boy had just been drowned, and as they were proceeding to run the water out to find his body, I had to obtain help to carry my boat around the two following locks. It was suggested by several in a crowd that lined the banks as I passed that I should try and dive for the body, but I declined with thanks.

At the third gate above some more roughs would persuade me that this level also had to be let out; their object being to get a quarter for carrying the boat. As the lockman naturally sided with them, matters did not look promising, but I stuck to my point, and was locked through. Some words with the discomfited took place as I was passing on, and, overhearing a remark to the effect that "That fellow won't get along much further," and observing at the same time several of them walking rapidly ahead, I laid my revolver quietly down by me on the seat. It was in a leather holster, but the shape was apparent, and this seemed to have a due effect, as I was unmolested. These levels were but 100 to 200yds. in length.

I stopped at one of the locks in Cohoes, where dinner was served at a miserable little hotel. Tarrying about one hour, I put off again, soon passing the great Harmony Mills. At the fifth lock from Cohoes I entered on a nine-mile level which commanded a good view of the Hudson Valley, and ushered me into the open country. Albany county ends at this point, and Saratoga county begins. Cohoes is eleven miles from Albany. There was considerable eel grass floating in the canal, which made hard rowing. Two or three miles from the lock the canal crosses the Mohawk on a fine granite bridge half a mile in length, the river below being shallow and full of riffs and small rapids. From this point the canal kept close by the Mohawk, and the view on all sides was beautiful. One could see for some distance up and down the valley, between the long curves on the river. The hills were lofty and rolling, I saw but few houses along the water, but here and there occasionally appeared a small hamlet, every one of which boasted of a mineral spring and each spring advertised as "The best and finest on the Erie Canal." At Crescent, a town fourteen miles from Albany, the canal took a westerly course, having thus far tended in a northerly direction. One mile beyond the lock at the end of this level, I stopped at a small village called Clifton Park, and had supper at an inn. It was a remarkably pretty place of about a dozen families. While sitting on the stoop of the inn, a fine-looking young farmer drove up, and seeing the name on the wagon I saluted him therewith, whereupon he gazed at me, much surprised, remarking, "Well! You've got me." Pointing to the name aforesaid, I showed him how his acquaintance had been made. This was conducive to good fellowship, and it was necessary to decline an invitation to drink.

Starting on again at dusk, I rowed three-quarters of a mile to a little lagoon where a stream entered the canal, and there tied to some trees hanging over the water in a pretty and secluded spot. The total run to-day was twenty-one and a half miles. Owing to the heat, the unusual wear of my unaccustomed occupation, and the great number of locks, the day's work was not very extensive. Wrapping up in my blankets, I made a luxurious seat on the floor of the boat, and read by lamp-light until bedtime. The splashing of a curious muskrat, distant cow bells, and the "noise of the captains and the shouting" from the canal below, were the only sounds which broke the still night air, excepting the roaring of the Mohawk River. As I had taken the canvas cover off the well on retiring, a poncho was adjusted instead, to keep off the dew.

Erie Canal, Sept. 7, Sunday.—I was up at 5:30 A. M., and rowing to the next lock, a mile and a half, got breakfast at a little store by the lock, where they gave me some nice bass, caught in the river. The canal kept close by the Mohawk on its north side, and I enjoyed continuously a far and wide prospect; it was cut on the hillside quite a distance above the river, which, for several miles, was hemmed in by precipitous rocky ledges and bluffs. This level was about four miles long, when I came to two locks close together, rising to a level about six miles in length; and three miles beyond these locks I passed through Schenectady, the "city of beautiful residences," 30 miles from Albany. About one half way over the preceding four mile level, the canal crossed the Mohawk again, on another magnificent aqueduct, the piers of which were of solid granite. Just beyond this a smaller bridge crossed a tributary stream. Hereafter the Erie Canal runs on the south side of the Mohawk, and about midway between the last aqueduct and the end of this level, passes into Schenectady county. At Schenectady the New York Central and Hudson River R. R., heretofore running on the south bank, crosses the valley and keeps on the opposite side. The canal throughout winds about considerably, and its route is much longer than that of the railroad. For instance, Schenectady is only 17 miles from Albany by rail, but it is 30 miles by canal. This city was founded as a settlement in 1661. The engine shops of the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. here are very extensive, and among the largest in the country. It is also a great market for "broom" corn, a staple product of the region.

Soon the surrounding hills became mountainous, those to the south being part of the Catskill range. The weather was intensely warm, cloudless skies and not a breath of wind. The eel grass grew very bad and was exceedingly troublesome, effectually preventing me from making any respectable rowing time. I had to wear gloves to keep my hands from chafing, as they were constantly wet with perspiration; but it was difficult to avoid being badly sunburned. The flowers along the route were varied and beautiful. The next level was about 2½ miles in length, then came one of about 2 miles. At the end of the latter I put up at a lock, and after a few failures to obtain dinner I found a hospitable Canadian-English family. Though living in a wretched little house they had seen better days, and still possessed a good piano, on which one of the two buxom daughters played very well. I stayed here an hour or two, partly on account of the scorching weather—partly on account of the pretty daughters, who were quite deeply interested to learn that I was going through Canada.

The next level was 6 miles long, on which I crossed two aqueducts, each having five arches over streams flowing into the river. Opposite the second, the large town of Amsterdam could be plainly seen across the valley. Next came a one-mile level, then one of about four miles, half way across which last was Port Jackson, 46 miles from Albany. Near this place was still another small aqueduct. The country became wilder and more mountainous, while the summits of the eminences were densely wooded. Some of the cliff formations along the shore were singular, showing the geological strata of the rock to advantage. The level was about 2 miles long, and on rising from this passed into one of the same length. It was now dusk, and a thunderstorm which had been threatening during the latter part of the afternoon came up. I rowed hard for a mile more, when a great wind rose, and not relishing a ducking, I ran the boat in and dragging her up on a grassy bank, threw my tent over the well, just being in time to get all under and to duck under when a tremendous pour ensued, with heavy thunder and lightning.

I was in a secluded spot, with woods and rocks on all sides, and listened for some time with anxiety to the great noise the rain made on my tent and deck, as they were heretofore untried; but not a drop entered my sanctum. After such fears subsided, I undressed by the light of my "Buckeye" lamp, slung inside, and went swimming in the canal. One canal boat captain was considerably startled to see me clamber over his tiller, as it was pitch dark and raining hard. After enjoying to the full the delicious water, I crept under my little tent into the boat again. While eating supper in these narrow quarters, the lightning struck a tree near by, splitting it, with the accompaniment of a dreadful clap of thunder. Supper consisted of crackers, jam, chocolate and fruit, of all of which I had a hearty generous store. My tent was about 6ft. long, making a good mattress in dry weather, or a tarpaulin in wet, and made of very thick canvas. A stout manilla rope serves as a ridge pole, running through the tent and extending at either end so as to fasten to the rings at bow and stern, elevated in front by the paddle and boat hook, it can be slung in ten minutes. The sides are fastened down by iron pins. A poncho covers the open end, and makes the occupant very warm and snug inside, where one can just manage to dress and undress. For sitting, lounging or sleeping there are many little conveniences. I read my Bible, as becomes a civilized man, and after writing a little, rolled up in the blankets and stretched out in the arms of Morpheus. Just 30½ miles of rowing to-day. East of Port Jackson I passed into Montgomery county. M. B.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHRISTMAS CANOEING.

CHRISTMAS, 1889, was a day to be remembered hereabouts, if only for the wonderful weather which Santa Claus brought to everybody. A gentle balmy breeze came out of the warm southwest, and tempering the otherwise too ardent sun, and tempting the owners of canoes and sailboats not yet laid up to try their white wings just once more ere hoary winter should congeal the bosom of their native element. (Copyright secured according to law.)

By noon the mercury had climbed to a prodigious height (Fahren-heit), and was peeping over the 80th degree to see what had become of the beautiful snow that ought to have been covering the emerald verdure in which the earth was clad. (This style $1.75 per yard. Usual trade discount.) That, however, was where the sunbeams had a chance to kiss it. Where it hadn't, it got tired at the 60th degree and rested there. All nature seemed thrilled with vernal ecstasy, and wreathed her face in smiles, like one whose enemy is writhing in the clutches of "La Grippe." Sneezy thing to catch it now, they say. (Send stamps for illustrated catalogue of sample jokes?

Gnats danced gaily in the sunshine, and so did children, while ever and anon a casual mosquito, doubtless wafted hitherward from Florida (we never have mosquitoes here) would fain investigate the contents of our Yuletide stockings. These are cold entomological facts. Here are some more facts, botanical, ornithological and agricultural, to wit: I plucked, aye, with my red right hand, I gathered seven nodding violets which grew nusteltered in the open air—"but dot was noddings!" The friend of a friend of mine found a pansy blooming out of doors, and Jedge Paterson, my neighbor, planted potatoes in a straw hat. He wore the hat.

And, as if to make assurance of the springtime doubly sure, three robins came to wish us a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and having done so in their own quaint, sprightly fashion, disappeared in the blue ether, doubtless to glaaden other eyes and ears than ours. J. L. K.

PERTH AMBOY, N. J., Dec. 28.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Nancy and Random of the New York Y. C. were out sailing on Christmas Day. Weather delightful, but wind off shore and very squally. RANDOM.

NEW YORK, Dec. 26.

MASSASOIT C. C.—A meeting of the Massasoit C. C. was held on Dec. 14 By-laws were adopted, and the following were elected the officers for the ensuing club year: Com., Byron G. Dudley; Vice-Com., Charles W. Morgan; Sec., James J. Brooks; Treas., Emil Johnson; Meas., John A. Langford; Directors: Com., Vice-Com., Sec., John J. Kelleher, Vincent B. Johnson and Joseph A. Frizzell. The club, although a new one, embraces in its *personnel* many old canoeists, two of whom, last season, in their canoes Willie A. and Elaine, made a successful and highly enjoyable trip from Boston Harbor to New York, completing the trip in 10 days. The club is really an offshoot from the South Boston C. C., and includes the latter club's founders in its roll of members. The totem of the club is a tomahawk, in red, not adopted as significant of the fact that we cleft from the South Bostons, but adopted as appropriate to the character of our illustrious namesake, the first, but not the last Massasoit. The burgee has the tomahawk in red, on a blue ground, with the letter M in white, crossing the tomahawk. One of the club's by-laws provides that each member of the club shall become a member of the A. C. A.

SAILING AND PADDLING.—The Toronto *Globe* of Dec. 26 publishes a page of special articles on various sports, including one on canoe paddling by Mr. W. A. Leys, and one on sailing by Mr. W. G. MacKendrick.

PHILADELPHIA C. C.

THE second annual smoke of the Philadelphia C. C., like everything else that goes, "has went," but has left behind it a pleasant remembrance, like a good cigar, a genuine Havana, with a steamboat on the box. At the invitation of one of our members, Mr. W. S. Runk, and through the courtesy of the Undine Barge Club, the "smoke" was held at Ringstetten Castle, which is the Barge Club's up-river house. It is a most picturesque little place, situated on the banks of the Schuylkill River, near the falls village, and was in every way most admirably adapted for an entertainment of this kind. Dr. Behrens, who had kindly consented to act as *chef* (and in which capacity he has no superior and few equals), together with his staff of assistants, arrived at the castle early in the afternoon, and hastily donning the long cooking aprons, were soon deep in the mysteries of oysters in various styles, salads, Hamburger steaks, etc. Later on the men came in by twos and fours, and ranging themselves about the huge log fire in the banqueting room, were soon discussing the effects of a fire of another kind which had so recently made many of us poorer



by several dollars. The last touches being given to the tables, the men now took their places, and, according to an old custom of the Castle's, tossed knife and fork, let fall, and gave way, at the first course with a will. Course followed course, each being voted better than the last, until at last, in came the Doctor, and "the Old Man," each bearing a huge bowl of the famous "Ringstetten punch," whose arrival was greeted with prolonged applause.

The Purser, who had kindly consented to act as toast master, arose, and after a few words, introduced in his inimitable way Mr. Dixon, the oldest member of the club. Mr. Dixon spoke with an ease and grace which well became him of the organization since his connection with it, and of his hopes for its future prosperity. Dr. Behrens was then called upon, and on behalf of the Undine Barge Club, welcomed the canoeists to Ringstetten. Mr. Warr followed with most amusing reminiscences of last summer's A. C. A. camp, which Mr. Goddard and Mr. Butler would have heartily enjoyed could they have been with us. The club was particularly fortunate in having for one of its guests the well-known artist Mr. Gerome Ferris, who, assisted by his friend, Mr Beaver, gave some exquisite Spanish music on the mandoline and guitar. The toasting and speaking was kept up until a late hour, when with cheers for the Undine Barge Club and its representatives the men groped their way through the circling wreaths of smoke out into the night, and the smoke of '89 was over.

The Directors of the Philadelphia C. C. would like to express their thanks to the Undine Barge Club and their appreciation of the courtesy shown our club by their representatives, and particularly to Mr. Behrens, whose trying and laborious duties as *chef* places us under lasting obligations to him. 1490.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Atlantic Division: Mailler Searles, Sing Sing, N. Y.

Canvas Canoes and how to Build Them. By Parker B. Field. Price 50 cents. Canoe and Boat Building. By W. P. Stephens. Price $1.50. The Canoe Aurora. By C. A. Neide. Price $1. Canoe Handling. By C. B. Vaux. Price $1. Canoe and Camera. By T. S. Steele. Price 1.50. Four Months in a Sneakbox. By N. H. Bishop. Price $1.50. Canoe and Camp Cookery. By "Seneca." Price $1.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

A CONSTANT READER.—The Great South Bay, on Long Island.

PROF. J. R., Lincoln, Ill.—The animals are not bred in a domesticated state.

J. E. C., Bolivar, N. Y.—The New York concern has gone out of existence. The Illinois firm is at Rockford.

W. R. M., North Pembroke.—If you will read the article you will see that the all-round gauge gun is a subject under discussion.

FISHING IN FLORIDA WATERS.—Anglers who intend visiting Florida this coming winter will find it to their advantage to inspect the superior tackle for tarpon and other fishes, manufactured by Thomas J. Conroy, 65 Fulton street, New York.—*Adv.*

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 220 pages, price $2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nanit," "Gloan," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybillene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

BEECHAM'S PILLS act like magic on a weak stomach.—*Adv.*

HUMPHREYS' VETERINARY SPECIFICS

For Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs, AND POULTRY.

500 Page Book on Treatment of Animals and Chart Sent Free.

CURES: A.A.—Fevers, Congestions, Inflammation (Spinal Meningitis, Milk Fever.
B.B.—Strains, Lameness, Rheumatism.
C.C.—Distemper, Nasal Discharges.
D.D.—Bots or Grubs, Worms.
E.E.—Coughs, Heaves, Pneumonia.
F.F.—Colic or Gripes, Bellyache.
G.G.—Miscarriage, Hemorrhages.
H.H.—Urinary and Kidney Diseases.
I.I.—Eruptive Diseases, Mange.
J.K.—Diseases of Digestion, Paralysis.

Single Bottle (over 50 doses), - - .60
Stable Case, with Specifics, Manual, Veterinary Cure Oil and Medicator, $7.00
Jar Veterinary Cure Oil, - - 1.00

Sold by Druggists; or Sent Prepaid anywhere and in any quantity on Receipt of Price.

Humphreys' Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

Forest & Stream File Binders.

PRICE, $1.00.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE

TARPON FISHING.

TRADE A MARK

Anglers contemplating a trip to Florida this coming season will find it to their advantage to inspect our celebrated

Tarpon Rods, Reels and Lines.

The largest tarpon (184 lbs.) ever killed on a rod and reel was taken with one of our Nobwood Tarpon Rods. They are pronouuced **"PERFECT"** by all who have used them.

OUR NEW **SOFT LINEN TARPON SNELL** IS THE BEST.

ABBEY & IMBRIE,

Manufacturers of every description of

FINE FISHING TACKLE

18 Vesey Street (Fourth door from the Astor House). **New York.**

WINCHESTER

STAR  RIVAL

LOADED PAPER SHOT SHELLS.

Ask your Dealer for them.

Not Sold at Retail by the Manufacturers.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.,

312 Broadway, N. Y. NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Send for 82-page Catalogue of Arms and Ammunition.

PAINLESS EFFECTUAL

BEECHAM'S PILLS

THE GREAT ENGLISH MEDICINE — WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

For Bilious and Nervous Disorders, such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fulness, and Swelling after Meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Scurvy, Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, &c. THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES. This is no fiction. Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills, and *they will be acknowledged to be a Wonderful Medicine.*—"Worth a guinea a box."—BEECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed, will quickly *restore females* to complete health. For a

WEAK STOMACH; IMPAIRED DIGESTION; DISORDERED LIVER;

they ACT LIKE MAGIC:—*a few doses* will work wonders upon the Vital Organs; Strengthening the muscular System; restoring long-lost Complexion; bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the ROSEBUD OF HEALTH the *whole physical energy* of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands, in all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that BEECHAM'S PILLS HAVE THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY PATENT MEDICINE IN THE WORLD. Full directions with each Box.

☞ **Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England.**

Sold by Druggists generally. B. F. ALLEN & CO., 365 and 367 Canal St., New York, Sole Agents for the United States, *who,* (if *your* druggist does not keep them,)

WILL MAIL BEECHAM'S PILLS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE 25 CENTS A BOX.

UNCLE LISHA'S SHOP.

Life in a Corner of Yankeeland.

By ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

A book that appeals to all who know anything of the old-fashioned New England life. These are some of the chapters:

The School Meeting in District 13. Uncle Lisha's Spring Gun. In Uncle Lisha's Shop. Concerning Owls. Uncle Lisha's Courting. How Zene Burnham Come It on His Father. A Rainy Day in the Shop. The Turkey Shoot at Hamner's. Sam Lovel's Thanksgiving. Little Sis. Sam Lovel's Bee-Hunting. In the Shop Again. The Fox Hunt. Noah Chase's Deer-Hunting. The Hard Experience of Mr. Abijah Jarvis. The Coon Hunt. In the Sugar Camp. Indians in Danvis. The Boy Out West. Breaking Up. The Departure. The Wild Bees' Swarm.

They make a handsomely printed volume of 187 pages, bound in cloth. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, $1.00.

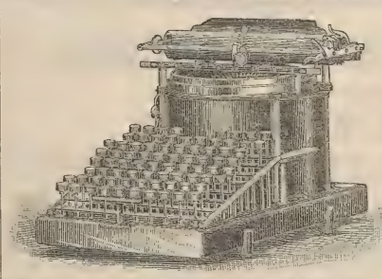
FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO., 318 BROADWAY NEW YORK.
DAVIES & CO., London, England.

DOG TRAINING:

BY

J. H. HAMMOND, KENNEL EDITOR OF FOREST AND STREAM.

For sale at this office. Price $1.00.



YOST

Writing Machine

The NEW and HIGHER STANDARD.

NO RIBBON. DIRECT PRINTING. PERMANENT ALIGNMENT.

Exhaustively Tested and Guaranteed as to Speed, Strength and Manifolding Powers.

MUIR, HAWLEY & MAYO CO., 343 Broadway, N. Y.

YACHTS, BOATS AND CANOES,

WITH SPECIAL CHAPTERS ON MODEL YACHTS AND SINGLEHANDED SAILING.

BY

C. STANSFELD-HICKS.

AUTHOR OF "OUR BOYS, AND WHAT TO DO WITH THEM.

NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS AND DIAGRAMS AND *WORKING DRAWINGS OF MODEL YACHTS AND VARIOUS SMALL CRAFT SUITABLE FOR AMATEURS.*

DESIGNS:

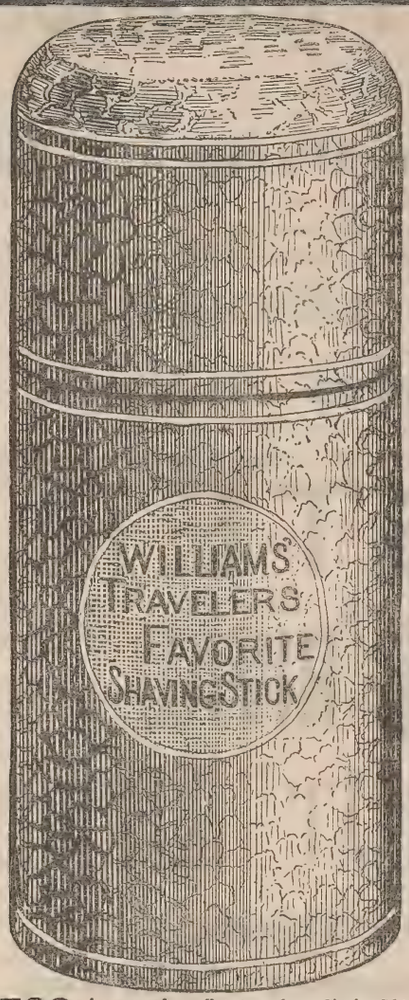
Model Yachts.—Defiance, Isolde, Bonny Jean, and 10-tonner with sail plan
Canoes.—Birch, Mersey Paddling Canoe, L'Hirondelle, Sailing Canoe.
Sailing Boats and Yachts.—Dabchick, Wideawake, Myosotis, Una, Singlehander by C. P Clayton, Puffin, 3-ton Racer, 3-ton Cruiser, 24ft. Auxilliary (steam and sail) fishing boat.

This volume contains much that is valuable and interesting to American yachtsmen and canoeists. The design, construction and use of small craft of all kinds is treated of in a simple and entertaining style, and the instructions are clear and easily understood.

Large crown 8vo., 380 pages and 16 large folding plates.

Price, Postpaid, $3.50.

FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., 318 Broadway, N. Y.



SUCCESS has crowned our efforts to produce a Shaving Stick superior in *every respect* to any other. **WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK** is the result. Those who have used others pronounce this *far* superior. The lather is richer and creamier, and *will not dry on the face* while shaving. The perfume is that of the finest selected attar of roses. The case is covered with leatherette, and is most attractive and serviceable. Do you not think it would pay you to Try it? It costs no more than others. It is a genuine toilet luxury.

☞ If your Druggist does not have WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK, we will mail you one neatly packed, postage paid, for 25c. in stamps. One WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK is enough for 250 shaves. 10 comfortable, refreshing shaves for ONE CENT. TRY IT.

Address **THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.,**

Established half a hundred years. Makers of the famous GENUINE YANKEE SOAP

Steam Yachts and Launches;

THEIR

MACHINERY AND MANAGEMENT.

The Steam Engine as Applied to Yachts; Laws Governing Yachts in American Waters; Rules for Racing; Rules for Building; Pilot Regulations; Specific Types of Machinery; Design of Hulls, Etc., Etc. With 96 illustrations.

By C. P. KUNHARDT.

This volume is intended to be sufficiently comprehensive, and elementary at the same time, to suit the yacht owner's object of acquiring a general understanding of the subject as a whole, with specific information and data covering the most recent practice.—*From Author's Preface.*

Cloth, 240 pages. Price, postpaid, $3.00.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO., 318 Broadway, New York.
SAMPSON, LOW & CO., London, England.

Audubon Bird Portraits.

Twenty-four of the famous plates by J. J. Audubon, reproduced by the half-tone process, carefully printed on fine paper, size of plate 10 by 6½ inches. The set of 24, postpaid on receipt of price, $1. These plates were reproduced for the *Audubon Magazine*. There are but a few complete sets left. The subjects are as follows: Baltimore Oriole and nest. Chimney Swift. Great Auk. Cedar Bird. Purple Martin. Golden-Winged Woodpecker. Wood Thrush. Spotted Sandpiper. Brown Thrasher. Nighthawk. Cliff Swallow. European Magpie. European Coot. Tufted Titmouse. Kingbird. Fish-Tailed Flycatcher. Towhee Bunting. Pileated Woodpecker. Crow. Black and White Warbler. Night Heron. Mocking Bird. Rusty Grackle. Green Wodpecker. Hermit Thrush.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY,
318 Broadway, New York.

CANOE HANDLING.

By C. B. VAUX ("DOT.")

A complete manual for the management of a canoe. The author begins at the very beginning, describes and explains the rudiments in the simplest and plainest way possible. Everything is made intelligible for beginners and besides this A B C teaching there are so many hints and wrinkles that the oldest canoeist afloat will find pleasure and profit in the study of these. The book is complete and concise—no useless duffle between its covers. The subjects treated are the choice of a canoe, paddling, sailing, care of the canoe, recipes and rules. The text is further elucidated by numerous practical drawings, and the beauty of the book is enhanced by the many ornamental vignettes. Pages 168; uniform with "Canoe Building." Price, postpaid, $1.00.

NEW YORK: FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO., 318 Broadway.
LONDON: DAVIES & CO., 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill.

For Sale.

TROUT FOR SALE.

YEARLINGS of the Brook Trout, Brown Trout and California Trout.

EGGS AND FRY
OF THE SAME IN SEASON.

For information inquire of

J. ANNIN, JR.,
Caledonia, Livingston Co., N. Y.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

Public Notice

Public sale of leases of lands conveying fishing rights.

Leases to expire on the 31st December, 1839, of the angling privileges pertaining to the ungranted lands, bordering on salmon rivers and others, and a number of lakes, will be offered to public competition, at the Department of Crown Lands, Quebec, on Thursday and Friday, the 9th and 10th January next (1890), at 10:30 A. M.

For further particulars address to the Department of Crown Lands, Quebec.

Lists of those lakes and rivers may be procured, gratis, on application to the Department of Crown Lands, Quebec, or to the offices of the "Forest and Stream," and "American Angler" New York.

GEO. DUHAMEL,
dec19 3t Commissioner of Crown Lands.

Old Colony Trout Ponds

ESTABLISHED 1869.

Three million brook trout eggs for sale. Can be transported with safety to any part of the world. Ready for delivery December and January. Also young trout in the spring.

Unsurpassed fly-fishing in its season.

W. L. GILBERT, Proprietor,
nov14,3mo Plymouth, Mass.

FOR SALE.

One share in the Monroe Marsh Company. The celebrated duck preserve owned by this company lies between Detroit and Toledo, on Lake Erie, at the mouth of the Raisin River. Apartments in the club house, and a room in the boat house, pass with the share. For particulars inquire of FOREST AND STREAM. dec19,4t

Ferrets vs. Rats.

The best breeds of both young and old Ferrets for sale at ADOLPH ISAACSEN'S "Sure Pop," 92 Fulton Street, New York City. A complete book on Ferrets and Rat Exterminating sent by mail for 15 cents.

Fertilized Wild Brook Trout Eggs

And young fry in due season. Address TROUTMERE, Osceola Mills, Wis. nov14,3mo

TO LEASE FOR TWO YEARS, THE PROPerty of W. A. Griffith, the finest Winanish land-locked salmon fishing in the world, at the Grande Descharge of Lake St. John, Quebec, Canada. Furnished lodge and canoe included. Apply to H. T. MACHIN, ESQ., Treasury Department, Quebec, Canada. jan2,5t

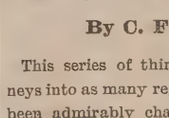
COMMON PIGEONS FOR TRAP SHOOTING; fancy pigeons and poultry. T. W. HOOPER, & CO., 423 W. Franklin st., Baltimore, Md. nov21,3mo

LIVE QUAIL FOR SALE. Orders delivered as booked. LIVE GAME A SPECIALTY. E. B. WOODWARD, Commission Merchant, 174 Chambers street, New York.

FOR SALE FOR SHOOTING PURPOSES.—A No. 1 pigeons; no squabs; all kinds fancy pigeons. FIELES & BRO., Christiana, Pa. nov7,3mo

LIVE WHITE HARES (*Lepus Americanus*), captured and properly boxed and delivered to express in Bethel, Me., in good condition on receipt of orders and remittances at $3 per pair. Refer to Hon. H. O. Stanley, Dixfield, Me., Fish and Game Commissioner. J. G. RICH, Bethel, Me. dec16,1f

GUNS. CLOSING OUT FINE SCOTT Guns at less than cost. Don't buy before examining these. CHARLES L. RITZMANN, 943 Broadway. nov14,3mo



Chester White, Berkshire and Poland China Pigs, fine setter dogs, Scotch Collies, Foxhounds and Beagles, Sheep and Poultry, bred and for sale by W. GIBBONS & CO., West Chester, Chester Co., Pa. Send stamp for circular and price list. dec13,6m

Charley's Wonderful Journeys

By C. F. AMERY.

This series of thirteen adventurous journeys into as many regions of Dreamland has been admirably characterized as the most delicious nonsense ever written, and is now being brought out in a handsome quarto volume of 116 pages, profusely illustrated.

PRICE, $1.50.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.,
318 Broadway, New York.

Increasing Sales Attest the Popularity of THE GENTLEMEN'S CIGARETTE.

SPECIAL FAVOURS.

Manufactured only by

KINNEY BROS.

(KINNEY TOBACCO CO. Successors). Also manufacturers of the Old Reliable

SWEET CAPORAL.



ABOUT GLOVES.

When you are buying **gloves**, kid or dogskin, for driving or street wear, remember that there is such a thing as a price that is too **cheap**. It is best to pay a fair price and get good gloves like **Hutchinson's**. They are made from selected stock in the **best** manner and are **warranted** to be the most serviceable made. If you want to know more about gloves in general and Hutchinson's gloves in particular, enclose stamp for the book **"ABOUT GLOVES."** No matter where you live or what you do it will interest you. It gives a history of gloves and illustrations of their use, prices of the different styles and qualities, directions for measurement and ordering, also testimonials from those who **know the value** of Hutchinson's gloves. **Established 1862.**

JOHN C. HUTCHINSON, Johnstown, N. Y.

REPELLENE.

An Infallible Preventive of the Attacks of Mosquitoes, Black Flies, Gnats and all other Insects.

Neat, clean and easily applied. No unpleasant odor, will not *stain* or *injure* the skin, easily washed off. May be carried without danger of *leaking* or *spilling*. In neat, oblong round-cornered box.

Price, 30 Cents, Postpaid.

Sold by Dealers in Sportsmen's Goods.

If your dealer does not keep it, I will send it on receipt of price.

A. FERGUSON, Proprietor and Manufact'er,
Office, 65 Fulton street, N. Y.

LOG CABINS

AND

HOW TO BUILD THEM.

BY WILLIAM S. WICKS.

This is a complete exposition of the art and method of building log cabins from the simplest dog kennel to highly artistic dwellings. Everyone going into the woods and designing to construct his shelter with the materials at hand, should procure "Log Cabins," for in its pages he will find a variety of designs, simple and ornate, adapted to temporary shelter or to permanent homes, with full and clear instruction and illustration in every matter of detail. Sent, post free, for $1.50.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.
318 Broadway, New York.

LONDON: DAVIES & CO., 1 Finch Lane.

THISTLE.

A BEAUTIFUL AND CORRECT LIKENESS OF THE

Scotch Cutter Thistle,

LITHOGRAPHED IN COLORS FROM A PAINTING BY THE CELEBRATED MARINE ARTIST BARLOW MOORE.

Thistle is represented in broadside view, heeling over to a full press of sail in the Royal Harwich regatta. Irex is also shown under the lee, with Wendur and Genesta following.

Size 24×15, with 4-inch margin for framing. Price $3.00 each.

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.
NEW YORK CITY.

YACHT PICTURES

IN COLORS.

PURITAN AND GENESTA on the home stretch. Size of sheet. 26×36..... .... $1.50

MAYFLOWER, saluted by the fleet. Size of sheet 28×40..... ..... 3.00

VOLUNTEER. Size of sheet 26×36..... 2.00

FOR SALE BY

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.,
318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The Still-Hunter,

—BY—

T. S. VAN DYKE.

PRICE, POSTPAID, $2.00.

For sale by the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

HILL ON THE DOG.

THE STANDARD WORK ON THEIR

MANAGEMENT AND DISEASES.

Price $2.50.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.
318 Broadway, New York.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2. | NEW YORK, JANUARY 9, 1890. | VOL. XXXIII.—No. 25. No 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Only advertisements of an approved character inserted. Inside pages, nonpareil type, 30 cents per line. Special rates for three, six, and twelve months. Seven words to the line, twelve lines to one inch. Advertisements should be sent in by Saturday previous to issue in which they are to be inserted. Transient advertisements must invariably be accompanied by the money or they will not be inserted. Reading notices $1.00 per line.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

May begin at any time. Subscription price, $4 per year; $2 for six months; to a club of three annual subscribers, three copies for $10; five copies for $16. Remit by express money-order, registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canadas and Great Britain. For sale by Davies & Co., No. 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London. General subscription agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Davies & Co., Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searles and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London, Eng. Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France, sole Paris agent for sales and subscriptions. Foreign subscription price, $5 per year; $2.50 for six months.

Address all communications

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

No. 318 BROADWAY. NEW YORK CITY.

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL.
Fishes of Florida Waters.
The Sportsman's Florida.
Uniform State Laws Again.
FISH OF FLORIDA WATERS.
FLORIDA DAYS.
A Florida Retrospect.
Charlotte Harbor.
A St. Augustine Hunter.
A Florida Coast Adventure.
NATURAL HISTORY.
Nesting of the Loggerhead Turtle.
Hawks that Kill Hens.
GAME BAG AND GUN.
Tramps with a Pocket Rifle.
Those Cherished Memories.
Wid Medford.
Hounders and Still-Hunters.
A Christmas Misadventure.
Taxing Guns in New Jersey.
SEA AND RIVER FISHING.
Angling Notes.
Chicago and the West.
Another Heated Ferrule.
FISHCULTURE.
Trout from Curry, Pa.
THE KENNEL.
The Fox-Terriers of To-day.
Dip and Dash.
The All-Round Dog.
Give the American Foxhounds a Place.
The Reporter.
Kennel Notes.
Kennel Management.
RIFLE AND TRAP SHOOTING.
Range and Gallery.
At Coulin's in 1889.
The Trap.
Elliott's Kansas City Shoot.
New Year's Day at Newark.
Watson's Park.
The Trap-Shooters' Tour.
Elm City Gun Club.
Am. Shooting Asso. Dates.
YACHTING.
Shamrock.
Yachting Notes.
CANOEING.
A 15x31½ Racing Canoe.
1,500 Miles in an Adirondack Boat.
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

UNIFORM STATE LAWS AGAIN.

AS shown by the reports of its officers at the last annual meeting of the Cuvier Club, of Cincinnati, last Saturday evening, the organization is in a prosperous condition, and has made substantial progress in securing the enforcement of the laws by the work of the new game protector, whose convictions secured during the year numbered thirty-five.

One subject discussed in the report of the trustees was that of a code of laws uniform in adjoining States. This is something that has come up before various societies in different parts of the country and at different periods for lo these many years. Uniformity of game seasons is conceded to be a most desirable factor in securing protection; it is urged here and there with enthusiasm, talked about, written about, hoped for, and never attained. Sometimes sportsmen have gathered in national conventions and discussed the subject for the whole country; again it has been proposed for two or three adjoining States; and, as a matter of fact, there is to-day just as much of diversity and contrariety as ever in the laws of adjacent States.

The condition of affairs that has prompted the Cuvier Club to give attention to this topic is thus stated in the report read before the meeting:

* * * The primary object of the club, in suggesting protective legislation, is that all our people may be benefitted by having in the proper season an abundance of the choicest food at prices that bring it within the reach of all. In this connection the determination of a proper open season especially for quail becomes important. In Ohio the open season for quail is from the 10th of November to the 15th of December, both days inclusive, while in Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois it commences sooner and ends later. It seems that all agree, or should agree, that the open season should be the same in all these States, and perhaps, also, in West Virginia, the difficulty being in fixing satisfactory dates. That these opinions may be reconciled, to the end that we may have a uniform law, it is suggested that the Game Committee of the Ohio Legislature take the initiative, and invite similar committees of the Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois and West Virginia Legislatures to a conference. The difficulty of enforcement and the hardship of the Ohio law are in this: Our people are deprived of quail lawfully killed in these States, and in prime condition for the table, because their use is prohibited in Ohio at that time, it being a misdemeanor to have them in possession. That such a uniform law would be in the interest of the legitimate shooter is clear; then he could enjoy friendly hospitality in another State, carry his birds home without concealment and with pardonable pride, speak of his success.

It is difficult to see how the people of Ohio can be given the privilege of a market season for quail unless the open season shall be made to cover more time; Ohio sportsmen we fear cannot hope to have the open seasons in other States shortened to correspond with their own. Indeed if we understand the subject such an extension of the Ohio open season will be the only practicable way to secure anything approaching uniformity. In that event, is uniformity to be counted as a gain, when secured at the expense of protection?

We take it that the members of the Cuvier Club are conversant with the condition of the quail supply of their State, and can judge intelligently of the probable effect on it of a longer shooting season. If the extension of the season means less efficacious conservation of Ohio quail, it will be better to keep the dates as they are now, even if the people have to forego their quail. Unless the birds are more abundant in Ohio than in most other sections of the country, the market price will never be so low that the birds can be counted as cheap food for the people.

THE SPORTSMAN'S FLORIDA.

IF any evidence were needed to demonstrate the charm Florida possesses for the angler and the sportsman, it would be found, varied and abundant, in the files of this journal almost from the first number. Not a volume but contains its generous quota of sketches of travel, sport and outdoor life in that favored sunny land. In the earlier years, when many portions of the State were as yet an unknown and practically unexplored wilderness, the readers of FOREST AND STREAM followed, with all the interest that attends the pioneers in strange lands, the footsteps of "Fred Beverly" penetrating the Everglades, and the shining sail of "Al Fresco's" boat charting the fishing resorts of the west coast. From those early days to the present the southern migration of health and pleasure seekers has been chronicled in these pages. If Florida has been the source of so much that has added to the interest and value of our columns, it is not too much to say as well that this journal in turn has done much for Florida. Multitudes of visitors to the State have been prompted to seek its game resorts and fishing waters because the FOREST AND STREAM has made them known.

In Florida the material changes of the past ten or fifteen years have been on a scale possible only in what was practically a frontier State. The past twenty years have virtually witnessed the settlement of Florida anew by a population drawn thither from other States. The inrush of new citizens, the building of new towns and cities, the multiplying and extension of railroads, the conversion of vast wilderness tracts from pine and hamak lands into orange groves and farms—all this has greatly changed the face of the country; and the State has ceased to be in many respects the great shooting resort it once was. Nowhere is this more readily observed than on some of the lines of river travel. The great abundance and accessibility of feathered game encountered on the waterways, once made it possible for the cads and cockneys—not in any remotest sense sportsmen—who shot from the moving craft, to slaughter foolishly, wantonly and wastefully, thousands of birds of plume. As time went by and the fusillade has kept up, the birds were destroyed or scared away until the river banks became practically barren of game. Then as the new railroads fortunately diverted the tide of travel away from the rivers, and the haunts of the birds were left unmolested, they multiplied and have in many districts become abundant. The time has gone by when a majority of Florida tourists are equipped with firearms; but those who are seeking legitimate sport with game birds are still to be found in hosts; the game supply is rich; and the tangible rewards of one's outing are generous. Florida is to-day more than ever before the winter home of the sportsman.

And more than ever before is it the salt-water fisherman's Mecca. The fish of Florida waters—their name is legion—have not been, and give no sign of being in the near future, diminished. Of course in some certain localities the supply has been largely lessened, but as a rule, especially on the West Coast, the fishing is as good to-day as it ever was. Each year, as access is made more easy and accommodations are bettered, and the fame of the fishing grows, the number of anglers is larger. The renown of the tarpon has gone forth to the end of the earth, and expert masters of the rod from abroad make their winter pilgrimage to Charlotte Harbor to win new angling renown by pitting their patience and skill against the caprice and strength of the silver king. Year by year our knowledge of Florida fishing waters and of Florida fish is made more complete; but there is yet a vast amount to be learned; and the FOREST AND STREAM indulges the hope that it may do its fair share in the future, as it has in the past, to increase popular information on these subjects and to cultivate popular appreciation of them. Our old-time contributor "Al Fresco," Dr. C. J. Kenworthy, of Jacksonville, who has already done so much to discover new fishing grounds and to direct his brother anglers to them, has in contemplation new explorations on the lower West Coast; and he has promised to give our readers the results of the trip.

Year by year less of hardship and more of comfort attend the sportsman tourist in Florida. As related elsewhere by our contributor "F. S. J. C." the resorts of the peninsula, even those most remote, are within two days' travel from Northern cities. It is practicable for those who must limit their absence from business to "take a run down to Florida," without sacrificing very much of their precious time on the way. The State enjoys a constantly growing popularity among sportsmen and anglers, and it would be the part of wisdom for Florida's citizens to take the steps so urgently needed to insure a continuance of that popularity by adopting judicious game laws. Under the present condition of affairs game is killed all the year around, deer are shot in proper season and at times when decency and manhood should recoil from murdering the mother doe. Citizens of Florida towns have not yet learned better than to encourage the robbing of mocking-birds' nests by idle boys. Small insectivorous birds have no protection; and in St. Augustine, where the native song birds have been largely killed off, some foolish people are actually talking of importing that horrible pest, the English sparrow, to fill their places.

THE FISH OF FLORIDA WATERS.

IN April of last year the FOREST AND STREAM presented to its readers a very large series of illustrations of the salmon and trout of North America, accompanied by a brief sketch of the distribution and chief characteristics of the species. This effort to please its friends was met with hearty praise and encouraged the idea of occasional supplements of a similar nature.

To-day we bring together illustrations of twenty-five species of Florida fishes, many of which anglers visiting that State will be pretty certain to meet in their travels. As there is a bewildering variety of fishes in this favored land, certainly not fewer than fifty of which can be caught by the angler, it is manifestly too great an undertaking to group them in one supplement. We have, therefore, selected those that seemed to us the best known, while some others of considerable importance are for the time being necessarily omitted.

The remarks on the fishes have to do with their common names, distribution, habits, haunts, food and feeding habits, size, reproduction, growth and mode of capture.

Dr. James A. Henshall, who has in past years contributed to our columns more than one entertaining serial descriptive of cruising and fishing in Florida, has enriched the text of this Forida number to-day out of his varied experience in angling for the fishes discussed. His remarks form the concluding portion of each section, and are set off by quotation marks.

The excellent figures, it will be observed, are mainly from that rich source of supplies for modern illustrations of fishes "The Fisheries and Fishery Industries of the United States," prepared by the United States Fish Commission.

THERE WAS INVOLVED in Mr. Aldrich's notes on the woodcock, which we published last week, a question much more important than any that relates to the habits of any one bird or of all birds. That problem is of how in this year of grace, 1890, we can cure the diseased mind of one who finds pleasure in shooting mother birds scared from their nests. Perhaps the wisest conclusion would be that there is no hope of ridding a grown man of such depraved tastes; and that effort should be directed to instil nobler sentiments into the souls of the younger generation of shooters.

THE ANNUAL DINNER of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association will be held January 30.

Florida Days.

A FLORIDA RETROSPECT.

JUST seventeen years have gone to rest since I introduced myself to the land of flowers, oranges, alligators, Ponce de Leon and the Fountain of Youth. True, I had often read of these things in a very disinterested way, but never dreamed that I should ever set foot in the "Italy of America," until my curiosity was aroused by reading the letters of a medical gentleman, whose "sands of life were fast running out," and who had made a pedestrian trip from Ohio to that land in order that, by the way or at the thither terminus, he might find sand enough to replace that which had slipped away from him. He found it in plenty. His experiences and observations were given to the public through the columns of the Cincinnati *Commercial*. They fired my soul. I wanted to go and surfeit my visual orbs with banana plantations, whose myriads of satiny fronds, "like an army with banners," responded to the caresses of the balmy zephyrs, and wafted delightful odors upon every breeze. I would gaze entranced on the laden orange groves, trees of which had been known to bear, according to our M. D., "ten thousand oranges apiece. But say five thousand. This at a cent apiece, and they are now selling at two cents on the tree, and seventy-five trees to the acre, makes a grand total of three thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars per acre! There is a gold mine in an orange grove." I did not know any better and thought that ten acres at the utmost would fill all my needs. Then there were bananas and pineapples, besides deer, alligators and other game, and fish galore. Result, I went, I saw (though not all I had been told of) and was captured, like thousands of others.

It was not ages ago by any means, though we have had electric lighting, cable roads, phonographs, telephones and such things since, but the railways were anything but satisfactorily efficient south of the Ohio River. We were behind time long before we reached Nashville, and continued getting more so as we dove into the bowels of the Old Confederacy, until what with hot boxes, break downs, belated freights, burned bridges and missed connections, we were a generation or so behind when we jolted into Savannah. In those days, and for years afterward, passengers were not whirled at the rate of forty miles an hour by the Waycross route from Savannah to Jacksonville, but were taken away out toward Texas until far enough into the turpentine solitudes to flank the Okefinokee Swamp. Then they jibed and bore away toward Jacksonville at twelve miles an hour and were shaken up until they lost their identity. At Jacksonville railways ended for southbound travelers, who took the anything but palatial steamer to destination on the coffee-colored St. Johns, broad and magnificent to Palatka and crookedisnonameforit the rest of the way. At Jacksonville I fell in with two or three others bound for the Promised Land, and finding that our chronic lateness had caused us to miss the only decent boat on the river, which ran but three times a week, rather than delay we went aboard the Lolly Boy, a gorgeous floating palace about twenty paces long and nearly as wide, and began to plow the waters of the noble river at the dizzying rate of three miles an hour. One of my companions was from Virginia, and had much to say of a "Majah Mawks," who had, as a land agent, secured certain lands for him. It was not until some months afterward that I recognized in the land agent Major Marks, with whom I became well acquainted. He had the reputation of being as keen as a brier; and of course he couldn't have been buncoed in New York city a few months since, as some one was reported by the papers who hailed from his county, bearing his name and identical initials. Perish the thought!

When at last we reached Mellonville, a little village on Lake Monroe, I at once sought out Col. B. F. Whitner, who lived at a little settlement called Fort Reed, three miles inland, and whom I had written for information before starting. He was a true type of a cultured, Christian Southern gentleman, formerly a planter and surveyor of note in Madison county, and like the hospitable nobleman he was, took me, a stranger, into his home while I was there, and with his lovely wife—now, I am sad to say, an invalid—treated me like a son. He has crossed to the other shore, but so long as memory serves us will we keep his memory green. His beautiful place was located on the shores of Silver Lake, along the immediate edge of which a fringe of hundreds of bananas was growing, and as I stood in the path leading from the house to the boat landing, on the evening, as it happened, of the full moon, with the orange grove around me and the lake gleaming between the majestic banana leaves, while the southern moon shed her effulgence through the balmy air on that January night, I needed not to apologize for brimming with enthusiasm. After looking around briefly I purchased a poverty-stricken bit of sand on Golden Lake near by, on which Col. Whitner killed a six-foot rattler while surveying it; and in just a year from that time, with my household gods and goddesses, in which latter were comprised my wife and baby daughter, I took possession of my "Araby the Blest," and began the dire conflict with palmetto and scrub oak roots, and the entomological creation of that section of our glorious republic. I chose the spot because it was adjacent to school, church, stores and excellent neighbors, and not with any reference to its adaptability to orange culture. At least, that conviction, though perhaps but dimly recognized then, was afterward, continues to be, and will continue to be to my last breath, stamped on my consciousness in fast colors. I don't mean to intimate that the average of Florida land was like my "gold mine." Some was worse, if possible, and much was infinitely better. Pine woods land or sand, "high pine land," was of different degrees of fertility or barrenness as you please, and what was called the best, might be for horticulture or agriculture, infinitely better and then be none too good. It had to be fertilized once every year and yearned for it all the time. What I mean is that the average pine land upon which so many millions of orange trees have been planted would not make an orange grove unless the roots were given something to feed upon. The soil or sand gave them nothing worth mentioning except a bed for their roots. Then there was the "flat woods" land, deemed too utterly worthless for any use, and "high" and "low hamak," the former the choicest land in the State for orange culture, and the latter rich, but too low and wet for cultivation, but excellent in which to hunt turkeys and fight mosquitoes. However, I found that I was not the only one who had come a long distance to purchase a sand bank.

There were black bass, called trout here, in the lake in front of my door, and in the reaches of forest and dwarf palmetto around, there were coveys of quail, from which I drew rations occasionally, also plenty of rabbits; in fact they were much too numerous. They watched me through the fence as I planted sweet potatoes, and afterward raised potatoes faster than I could. I had an idiotic idea that I could frighten them away by stretching a line lengthwise the rows, about 2ft. high, and from this at intervals suspending two or three empty cans together, here and there, and from this line running a line to my bedroom window. Then, whenever the baby waked in the night, which about that time was oftener than seldom, I'd jerk the lanyard and the artillery would jingle-jangle all down the line. The first night or two it worked nicely and was effective, and then the cottontails, on better acquaintance, would sit up during the performance of the orchestra, as the neighbors called it, and enjoy it with great gusto, after which they indulged in refreshments again. I bought my potatoes that season, for I could hardly afford to sit up o' nights to watch my potato rows, but I made the bunnies suffer, and with their aid and that of the quail and bass, reinforced the larder beautifully.

The St. Johns was only a few miles away on one side, and Lake Jesup, a body of water twelve or fifteen miles by four in extent, the same distance on the other. To either water we made frequent excursions, and were always sure of fish or game, for in the bordering hamaks or prairies were turkeys, gray squirrels, deer, and an occasional bear or wildcat. Picket Point, a spot in the St. Johns near its junction with the lower end of the lake, so called from pickets being stationed there in the Seminole war, was a favorite picnic ground, having large clusters of palmetto trees for shade, and here frequently a number of families would come for a pleasant day. A folding boat was usually taken along, and in an hour's trolling the bottom could generally be covered with fine bass, which afforded the desired "fish dinner." Alligators were very numerous there in Jesup and were hunted for their hides, which netted the slayer a dollar or more each; and speaking of 'gators reminds me that once while trolling for bass my hooks, that happened to be very strong, caught in a 'gator that happened to be swimming across the river just below the surface, when the hook came along, and before it broke away there was the liveliest kind of a circus.

It was a common thing to see large schools of bass breaking water and leaping here and there, and frequently the boat would pass directly through one of these schools, the oars striking among fish on either side. On one trip I hooked a large gar, a trifle over 5ft. long, and when I succeeded in getting him on a bar I was forced to beat his life out with a piece of drift wood before I could release the hook.

These occasional days off served to break the monotony of digging around orange trees, grubbing out oak and palmetto roots, or reclaiming bits of swamp, besides helping out the table wonderfully, for the beef of those days was not calculated to tickle one's ribs, but to weary his patience and jaws, and had almost as much flavor as a dish of fried scrap iron. Cow's milk was nearly as scarce as goat's milk, and there wasn't a goat in the country. If a pint could be got from the average Florida cow, after the measly calf had a pull, it was cause for a day of thanksgiving. Very frequently the cow produced the calf in the swamps and had little or nothing to let down to it. Then the buzzards did the scavenger act. Or if the lacteal supply was forthcoming, the calf was too weak to get to it and the end was the same. By one who has seen the herds of cattle on the prairies, or in the swamps searching for nourishing food and running almost like deer from the presence of man, the condition of Florida beef will be readily understood. The local butcher, who slaughtered the bovine shadows, came around twice a week, usually, in his little old greasy wagon and blew his conch shell at the gate, and we took what we could get, meekly, and ruminated until next the conch sounded. Two or three times, I think, we tasted fresh milk during our stay at our first home. That was sufficient. The foreign element in the bottles instigated rebellion in the inner man. During our eight or nine years of Florida life, two gallons, possibly three, would cover all the fresh milk we used, and much of that was the gift of a kind neighbor at Twin Lakes. But we spent a small fortune on the condensed article, as I suppose Floridians do perforce to-day. The great bulk of vegetables was bought in cans in those days and we had no ice. There was no railway south of Jacksonville and Cedar Keys, and supplies of all kinds were considerably dearer than at the North. Now a network of railways, quicker time, more demand and better supply, ice, refrigerator cars and "Chicago dressed," longer experience and better adaptation to the needs of that latitude make life much better worth the living. But notwithstanding the utmost that can be said in favor of Florida, her admirable winter climate and attractions for tourists and certain classes of invalids, it was and is my opinion that the influence of her climate on permanent residents is debilitating and enervating. Some of my friends there vigorously combat this idea, I'll admit, and I'm content not to argue the question. Perhaps the thousands of Northern settlers and tourists have unconsciously carried the breath of winter and ozone of the mountains in sufficient quantities to change the conditions during recent years.

It was during my residence at Fort Reed that I had my first experience in deer hunting at night. A friend invited me to go with him to the ranch of a friend down on the Wekiva River, some eight or ten miles distant, and I gladly accepted, for I had never witnessed this peculiar method of sport, though I had read and heard much about it. From the tales told of the number of deer in the country, I anticipated having something to show for trouble when we returned, but although we wandered through the darkness with our little spot of light, stumbled over logs and palmetto roots, stopping now and then to replenish the bag of lightwood knots or moisten our throats from a pool or spring, we bagged not a deer—only one poor little grinning possum. For three nights we roamed the woods, shining a pair of eyes at long intervals, but getting only a shot or two at long range at deer that had evidently been there before. My enthusiasm oozed away little by little, until I was bankrupt, and we returned home.

For nearly two years I wrestled with leathery beef, the grubbing hoe and the general situation, only to see my little orange grove, which I had set in the sand and watered with tears, wasting away and covering itself with scale insect before my distorted vision, when there came a man who was, as I had been, pleased with the adjacentness of things, and who wanted the place worse than I did, far worser; so amid a shower of blinding tears I gave him possession of my love and purchased a better piece of sand at Twin Lakes, four miles back of Sanford.

It was here that I renewed my experience in fire-hunting under more favorable circumstances. I found that the deer came from the swamps at night in the fall to feed on the black jack acorns fallen from the trees scattered about in the pine woods. Not fancying the fire pan and lightwood business, I sent to New York city and purchased a lamp with miniature headlight that would shine a deer's eyes at a hundred yards; and rigged a contrivance to wear it on my shoulder. I well remember the first time I used it, on a bright starlight night in September, when I left the house at about 8 o'clock, adjusted my lamp, took my Parker and a half dozen buckshot shells, passed through the grove, climbed the fence and entered the pine woods. I drew up the gun two or three times, changing the angle of the light so that it would show clearly what I aimed at, and began my tramp. How quiet everything was. There was scarcely air enough stirring to show me when I was going up wind, but I had noticed during the day the direction of the wind, and so was enabled, with the aid of the North Star, to shape my course. As I turned my shoulders from side to side, so as to cover as much space as possible with the light, the shadows darted right and left, and tree trunks flashed into view and disappeared again in a very uncanny way. In a pond off to my left the frogs were holding a very noisy concert, in which the tenors had it all their own way. A rabbit scuttled off with a faint rustle in the wire grass, a little bird flew up from his grassy hiding place, and down in the swamp an owl saluted the night with his *Hoo, hoo-hoo, hoo-hoo-oh!* My ears and eyes were keenly alert as I picked my way as carefully and noiselessly as possible, wondering if I was to be so fortunate as to shine a pair of eyes that night.

I came ere long to an undulating bit of ground, and as I passed up a little slope and looked over, there, just at the right shooting distance, was a pair of eyes sure enough, but down near the ground. I stopped and stood at a ready. For a second the eyes remained stationary. Then they rose, were motionless a second and dropped again, and I knew it was a deer feeding. I waited until they rose again, and holding a little under them so as to strike the neck, pulled. What an awful roar broke the silence and went rumbling away into the night, giving place to silence greater by contrast than before; and what a stream of fire shot into the darkness, and how pitchy black it was again. I listened. Not a sound. Slipped another cartridge in. Stepped forward a few paces, turning my light. No eyes; no movement. Moved forward again a few paces, when something light-colored attracted my attention lying on the ground, and a few steps more found me looking down at a handsome doe, that gasped pitifully once, and with glazing eye lay dead without a struggle. As I stooped down, alone with my first deer shot at night, with the silence of the forest around me, and looked into those beautiful eyes, I confess that for the moment I regretted having taken the innocent life, but exultation at my success came with a rush as I drew my knife and prepared the quarry for carrying. In less than an hour from the time I left the house I was back again, the deer strung up and I betook myself to rest. That was the first of a goodly number of deer shot at night within a short walk of my house. I thought at first that prowling around through the woods and palmetto thickets, or by the edge of bays with a fire pan, alone, with an occasional stumble that threw the coals among my back hair, in danger of stepping on a rattler and not knowing which way to jump, with hoot of owl and pipe of frog for company, as I strained my eyes to catch the first gleam of eyes from out the darkness, was very monotonous and tiresome business; but with my lamp and pipe and various voices of the night for company, I grew to love the sport exceedingly. Sometimes a neighbor accompanied me, and when tired we built a fire if the night was chill, and sitting by it, with pipes alight, enjoyed a pleasant chatty half hour.

My orange and lemon trees were growing apace under the encouraging influence of cultivation and commercial fertilizers, brought from New York at $40 a ton, notwithstanding the disheartening influences of scale insect and poor soil. I could see that they grew and that was a gain on the other place. My guava bushes were bearing and much enjoyment and jelly we got from them, if I did have to roof them all over with palmetto beams every winter, and have them frozen sometimes in spite of it. Watermelons and sweet potatoes throve and comprised about everything I raised for the table. A few banana plants waved their plumes in the breezes, but an occasional frosty night prevented much enjoyment of fruit. I had a little garden plot inclosed by a light fence to exclude rabbits, possums and chickens; and in the inclosure I spent some of the most agonizing moments of my life trying to persuade Irish potatoes, peas, beans and such things to do as I had known them to do elsewhere; but it came within an ace of being a pitiable failure. Night after night after the blazing sun had left Florida in a wilt, I "toted" water from the well to my suffering cabbages and hesitating tomatoes, and the insatiable sand sucked it all in and sizzled for more. My sweet corn grew about three feet high, with stalks as large, may be, as a chicken's leg below the hock; and made a pitiful attempt to put out ears, but gave up the useless attempt. From a little collection of pineapple plants we enjoyed a frequent treat, and by the way, no one has a faint idea of the possibilities of a pine unless he has eaten it thoroughly ripe from the plant. Picked when nearly ripe and hung up in the house, it fills the premises with an aroma that sends the inhaler to the seventh heaven of olfactory delight, and he goes one story higher when the nectar reaches the palate.

My gardening experiments were on what is called good pine land. In the hamaks fine vegetables were raised without trouble, and orange groves throve, and their thriftiness and beauty made a pine woodsman's mouth water. But it was only here and there at wide intervals that hamaks suitable for orange growing were to be found, and then good health demanded that the owner

[Continued on Page 494.]

FISH OF FLORIDA WATERS.

FOREST AND STREAM SUPPLEMENT NO. 8.



THE TRUNKFISH (*Ostracion bicaudale*).

THE TRUNKFISH (*Ostracion bicaudale*), of which we show a front view, is not sought by the angler, but it is one of the most curious of the Florida fishes, and one of the best known in collections. This is the *pesce toro*, or bullfish, of Cozumel and the West Indies. Cofferfish is a general name for the species of *Ostracion*. Cowfish is the name applied to the common *O. quadricorne* in the Gulf of Mexico.

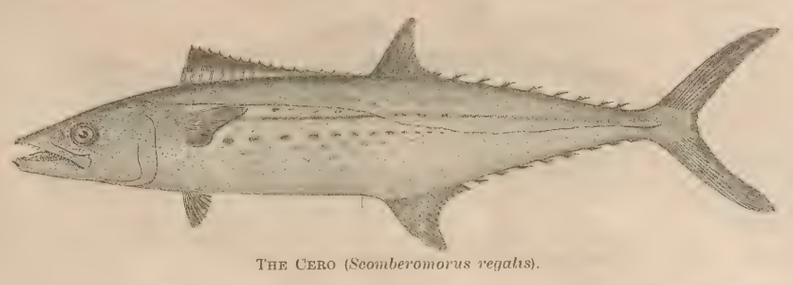
The subject of our sketch is a West Indian fish, but we have caught it at Cozumel and believe it may be found at Key West. In the clear waters of sheltered bays it is a conspicuous object while browsing around the rocks forming the shore line. Its jaws are armed with a single series of small slender teeth, well adapted for seizing the barnacles and small mollusks upon which it feeds. We took several individuals with small hooks baited with half grains of corn.

The covering of the body consists of hexagonal bony scutes, protecting all exposed parts except the snout, bases of the fins, and the hind portion of the tail. In tropical countries some cases of poisoning are reported from eating the flesh of the trunkfish, but it is probable that the fish was spoiled by keeping it too long. When baked in their shells, the trunkfishes, in some localities, are highly esteemed.



THE SPANISH MACKEREL (*Scomberomorus maculatus*).

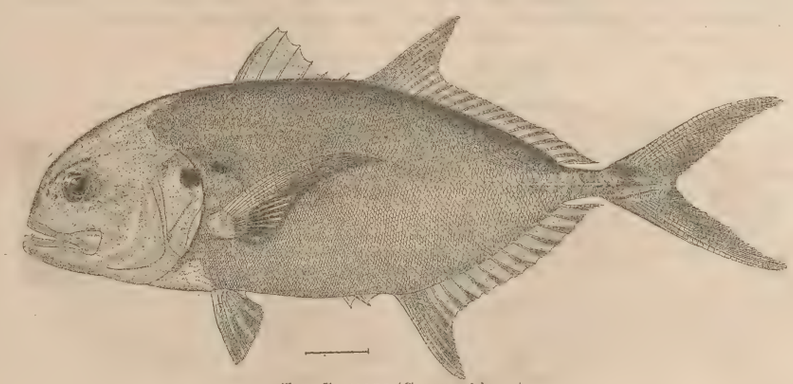
THE SPANISH MACKEREL (*Scomberomorus maculatus*).—This handsome and active fish is sometimes styled mackerel and bay mackerel. It is found in summer as far north as Cape Cod. Southward it extends to the Gulf of Mexico. It has been recorded in the West Indies and on the coast of Brazil. Jordan reported it abundant in spring and summer at Pensacola in 1882. Individuals have been taken in rare instances north of Cape Cod, as, for instance, the one obtained by Capt. N. F. Atwood, off the Maine coast; but such occurrences are traceable to some unusual climatic condition. The species is a lover of warm water, preferring a temperature of 70 to 80 degrees Fahrenheit. The species is gregarious and migratory, traveling in immense schools, scattered over large ocean areas. It comes on to the coast in the spring, probably as the mackerel comes, from the Gulf Stream or from southern waters, advancing further and further north as the temperature becomes agreeable, reaching the northern limit of its migration about the end of July. The approach of cold weather causes a reverse movement; the end of October witnesses its disappearance north of the Carolinas. The Spanish mackerel feeds on the menhaden, alewife and other fishes that school at or near the surface. In pursuit of its prey it often leaps out of water and returns to it in a long curve, cleaving it noiselessly with its sharp and tapering muzzle.



THE CERO (*Scomberomorus regalis*).



THE KINGFISH (*Scomberomorus cavalla*).



THE CAVALLI (*Caranx hippos*).

The fish is voracious and associates with the bluefish in preying upon the dense masses of herring-like fishes that appear off the mouths of our bays in summer. The menhaden is said to furnish a large part of the food supply of the Spanish mackerel, and we believe it does minister largely to the wants of its rapacious follower; but many other small species are surface swimmers in the region frequented by menhaden, and share its fate.

Silas Stearns mentions specimens measuring 40in., but these large fish were generally solitary; 24in. is a fair average size. Chesapeake Bay individuals do not often exceed 2 or 3lbs. in weight. The largest examples recorded weighed 8 or 9lbs.

The spawning season begins in April in the Carolinas and becomes later and later northward; at Long Island it dates from the latter part of August. The eggs are very small, from $\frac{1}{25}$ to $\frac{1}{18}$ of an inch in diameter, and a quart measure will hold over a million. A 6lb. Spanish mackerel is estimated to yield 1,500,000 eggs. Spawning takes place in warm and very shoal water. The newly hatched embryo is about $\frac{1}{10}$ of an inch in length. It is believed that the species grows very little in the first two years of its life, and does not exceed a half pound in weight at the end of that period.

"The Spanish mackerel is one of the best food fishes, as well as one of the most beautiful in form and coloration. It swims in schools and is a surface feeder. I have seen it as early as January in Florida, though last winter, owing to the temperature of the water along the coast, I did not meet with it until the first week in March. The leaping of a Spanish mackerel while feeding, on a bright day, is a beautiful sight, but the fish are shy and difficult to approach in a boat for rod-fishing; therefore, on open waters, trolling with a long line is more successful, for which small pearl or bright metal squids, or the pilchard, anchovy or small mullets may be used.

"The most successful rod-fishing is from the points of inlets and passes, and from the end of long piers in the tide-ways. Ordinary black bass tackle may be used, as the inshore schools do not often run above two or three pounds in weight. For baits any of the small fishes just named are suitable. The best Spanish mackerel fishing I saw last winter was at San Carlos Pass in March, and from the piers of Port Tampa in April, where large schools were running at those times, at the latter place in company with the salt-water 'trout.' The mode of fishing is by making as long casts as possible, and slowly reeling in the bait, no sinker being used.

"The Spanish mackerel takes the artificial fly pretty well. Grayish or yellowish flies on No. 2 Sproat hooks, and rods and other tackle made for black bass fly-fishing, are all that are needed for this, the most enjoyable and most sportsmanlike method of angling for the Spanish mackerel. And it is a fish worthy of the fly-fisher's highest regard, being very gamy and exceedingly beautiful. Its manner of fighting when fast to the angler's hook is principally on the surface of the water—darting here and there with dazzling rapidity, in straight or curving lines, and leaping into the air—its bright form shining resplendent in the sunlight—like an animated silver arrow."

THE CERO (*Scomberomorus regalis*).—King cero, spotted cero, *sierra* and *pintado* are the names for this species.

The cero abounds in the West Indies, and has been recorded from Brazil. On the east coast it migrates northward occasionally as far as Cape Cod. About the Florida keys it is very common associated with other species of the genus.

The cero feeds on other fishes, but little is recorded of its habits; it swims on the surface and is taken there in large numbers by fishermen.

The species reaches a length of 5 or 6ft., and weighs up to 20 or 30lbs. It resembles the Spanish mackerel in a general way, but may be immediately distinguished by the narrow stripes along its sides, which are not present in any of the other American species.

"Its spots are dark, where those of the Spanish mackerel are yellowish-bronze. The cero is caught in company with the kingfish by trolling along the Florida keys from Cape Florida to Key West, and they form the principal supply of food-fishes in the Key West market, where both species are sold under the name of 'kingfish.'



THE DOLPHIN (*Coryphæna hippurus*).

"The cero is sometimes caught from the wharves and piers of the Florida keys, or from anchored vessels by still-fishing, or rather by casting pilchard bait; but the usual and most successful method of fishing is by trolling with hand-line from a sailing vessel, using a small codfish hook baited with a strip of pork-rind cut in the semblance of a small fish. A wire snell is necessary on account of the sharp, lancet-shaped teeth of these fishes. A

bright metal, or a pearl or bone squid answers just as wells for trolling as the pork-rind, but is neither so cheap nor convenient for the 'conch' fisherman of Key West."

THE KINGFISH (*Scomberomorus cavalla*).—This is also the silver cero and kingfish.

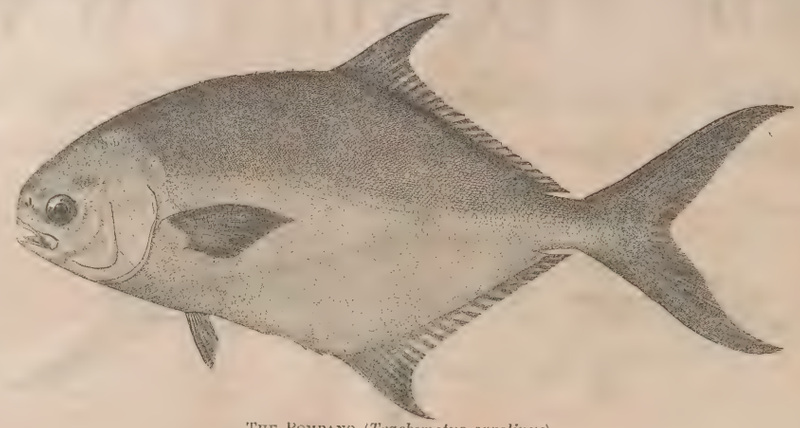
The kingfish abounds in the West Indies and ranges southward to Brazil. It is very common about the Florida keys. On the east coast individuals are occasionally taken as far north as Cape Cod.

The species is a powerful and swift forager at sea in company with the cero and Spanish mackerel. It preys on other fishes and is caught in great numbers at the surface by trolling.

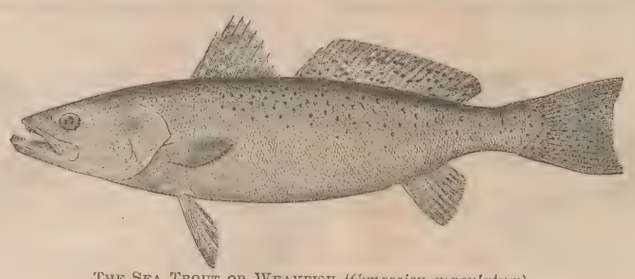
This is the largest species of its genus, attaining a weight of 25lbs. Concerning its reproduction and growth nothing seems to be on record. "As has just been mentioned, this is a larger species than the others of the Spanish mackerel group, and is nearly as good for food. It is caught by trolling along the Florida keys with hand line and pork-rind bait, as mentioned in fishing for cero. A large fleet of fishing smacks is engaged in its capture, but the angling for this fine fish by regular and orthodox methods, with rod and reel, is yet to be developed, as I have no doubt it will be in the near future, for some piscatorial Alexander, sighing for new worlds to conquer, will be sure to find it.

"As a game fish the kingfish is second to none, being built for extraordinary bursts of speed, and leaps higher than any other fish, I believe, that swims. Its graceful form is spindle-shaped, very regular in outline, with small, conical head and wide mouth—a slender, keeled caudal peduncle, and a large, powerful, crescentic caudal fin—just the shape for quick and agile movements. I have frequently seen it leap fully 10ft. above the water. It is even better built for speed and leaping than the salmon, and among other fishes is as the Puritan or Volunteer among a fleet of oyster boats.

"I have taken several on the rod, off the keys near Bahia Honda, with pilchard bait, and venture the prediction that when its habits become better known it will some day rank higher, as a game fish, than all other coast fishes in Florida. I have no doubt that it will rise to the artificial fly, though I have never tried it, but I once took one on the bunch of feathers usually attached to a trolling spoon, by trolling with it after the spoon had been broken off."



THE POMPANO (*Trachynotus carolinus*).



THE SEA TROUT OR WEAKFISH (*Cynoscion maculatum*).



THE WHITING OR KINGFISH (*Menticirrus americanus*).

THE CAVALLI (*Caranx hippos*).—This handsome and active fish has various names, depending on locality. About Cape Cod it is confounded with a related species, the yellow mackerel. The best-known name is crevallé; other appellations are horse crevallé and cavalla.

The cavalli abounds in the Gulf of Mexico and East Florida. It occurs throughout the West Indies. Northward its range includes Cape Cope, and rarely it is extended still further. H. S. Williams considered the south end of Merritt's Island and the inlets opposite old Fort Capron to be centers of abundance of this fish. Clarke took it freely at Indian River Inlet. Jordan records it as common in Lake Pontchartrain. The same form is credited to the Pacific coast from Panama to the Gulf of California. The cavalli is a fish of prey, and one of the swiftest, moving in schools near the surface. It feeds in shallow water near the shore. There is a migration northward in summer, and the young especially move along frequently to Cape Cod in moderately large numbers. Great Egg Harbor is a favorite resort for small individuals in summer. In two examples, from 4 to 6¼in. long, taken at Ocean City and Longport late in August, we heard a very distinct croaking sound when the fish were held in the hands, but could not determine how it was produced.

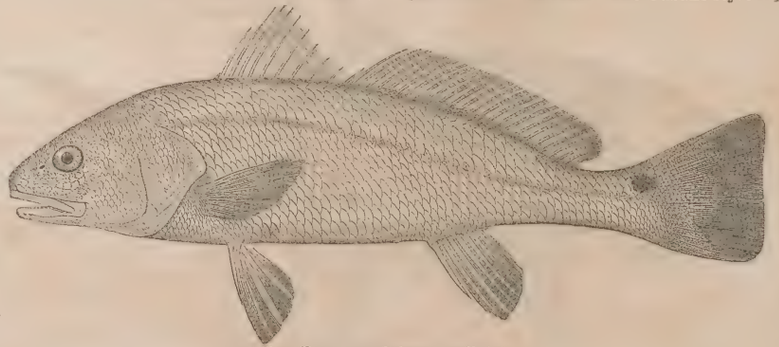
In the Gulf of Mexico the cavalli feeds principally on the mullet and the menhaden, but there is a bewildering variety of other small fishes which will answer its purpose equally well. The size is large, individuals weighing 30lbs. being reported; such a fish would measure 3ft. or more. The young of about a pound are considered very fine for the table; large ones are dark and insipid.

Stearns observed that the cavalli arrives on the West Florida coast in May containing mature eggs, and believed that it spawns in the salt-water bayous. He saw the young come out of such places in the fall and move seaward.

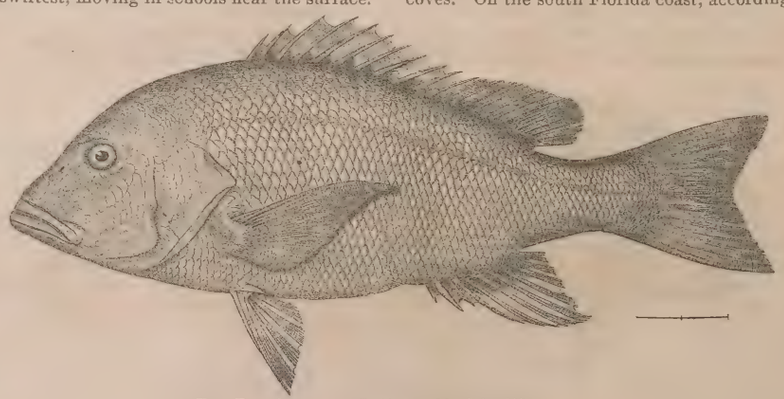
"The cavalli and its allied forms are good game fishes, and respond eagerly to the angler's lures, whether artificial fly, bait, trolling-spoon, or a bit of white or red rag. It makes a very strong and determined resistance when hooked, and always fights to the last gasp. It is, moreover, an exceedingly beautiful and gracefully-formed fish, but being so common and so easily captured, its merits are often overlooked."

"For bait-fishing, heavy black bass or light striped bass rods, or the Little Giant rod, are all suitable, with multiplying reel, E line, Sproat hooks, 2-0, and sinkers adapted to the strength of the tidal currents, or if in sheltered, quiet waters, the lightest sinker should be used.

"Any small fish makes a good bait, or shrimp may be used—fishing from the sand spits and shores of inlets on the flood tide or from an anchored boat. Trolling with the spoon, bright squid, pork-rind or bit of white rag is more successful than sportsmanlike. The cavalli will rise satisfactorily to a medium-sized, gay-tinted fly of almost any color, and it is by all odds the fittest and most desirable method of fishing for the cavalli and its kindred. In bait-fishing or fly-fishing for cavalli near the inlets and pas es the angler will often take the 'lady,' or 'bonefish,' and the 'ten-pounder,' both of which are game to the backbone, and fight as well in the air as in the water. They are long, slender and round, spindle-shaped fishes, belonging to the herring family, and are as gracefully-formed and as bright and silvery in appearance, and when fast to the angler's hook fly through the air and water like animated silver shuttles. They run from one to three pounds usually. I consider the 'ladyfish' to be the gamiest fish of salt water in proportion to its size."



THE REDFISH (*Sciæna ocellata*).



THE RED SNAPPER (*Lutjanus blackfordii*).

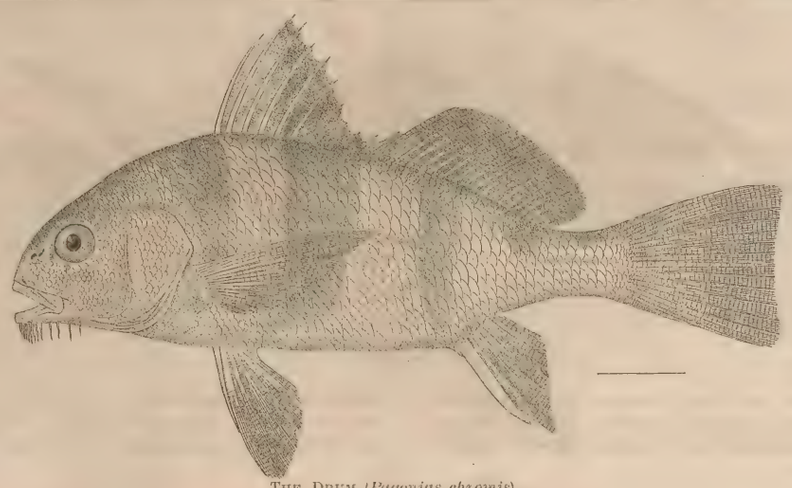
THE POMPANO (*Trachynotus carolinus*).—The name of this delicious species is corrupted into pompynose on some parts of the Gulf coast. The Cubans style it *palometa*. The common pompano is found at the Bermudas, in the West Indies, northward in summer on our coast to Cape Cod, southward to the Gulf of Mexico at least. It has been reported in the Gulf of California by Prof. C. H. Gilbert. In Florida, according to Dr. Henshall, "it is very abundant on the west coast, about Charlotte Harbor, and on the east coast at Jupiter Inlet and Lake Worth."

The species is migratory, and the number on our northern coast fluctuates greatly. The young are more confirmed travelers than the adults; they come north in force during some seasons, and again may scarcely be found at all in localities in which they have appeared in abundance. It loves warm waters and frequents sandy coves. On the south Florida coast, according to Stearns, it is a permanent resident. It comes on the coast at Pensacola from the eastward in spring in schools containing from fifty individuals to several thousands, swimming near the shore, but seldom at the surface. Its favorite feeding grounds are holes and gullies in sandy beaches, where it finds shells and sand flies. Dr. Henshall writes concerning it as follows: "It feeds principally on the 'pompano shell,' a very small and beautiful bivalve that is very abundant on the sea beaches of the localities named. It is fond also of beach fleas." Stearns mentions the sea beach from Tampa Bay to Charlotte Harbor as probably the favorite ground for pompano, because of the abundance of shell-

fish there. The pompano is stated to reach a length of 19½in. and a weight of 6¼lbs., but the average size is much smaller.

Pompano are in the best condition in the fall. I have seen great numbers of the fry about an inch long in August in various bays from New Jersey to Cape Cod, from which I infer that some individuals spawn in the spring in our waters. At Pensacola the greatest runs of pompano occur in April; some appear there in March, and the arrivals continue until late in May. It is supposed that the spawning takes place soon after the imcoming of the great schools.

"The pompano is the very best fish that swims for the table, and is a fine game fish as well if we are so fortunate as to get the hook fast to one, which does not often happen. It has quite a small mouth and is seldom known to take the hook. It runs to a pound or two in weight, usually. I have taken several with clam bait and mussel on the flood tide, near the inlets, as they were coming in to feed, but I have had more pompano jump in my boat of their own accord than I ever caught by angling—more's the pity."



THE DRUM (*Pogonias chromis*).

THE DOLPHIN (*Coryphæna hippurus*).—The dolphin, or *dorado*, is a pelagic fish, found most abundantly on the high seas. It is said to be common, also, in the Gulf of Mexico. Our species is believed to occur as well in the Mediterranean, the Atlantic, the Indian Ocean and the Pacific.

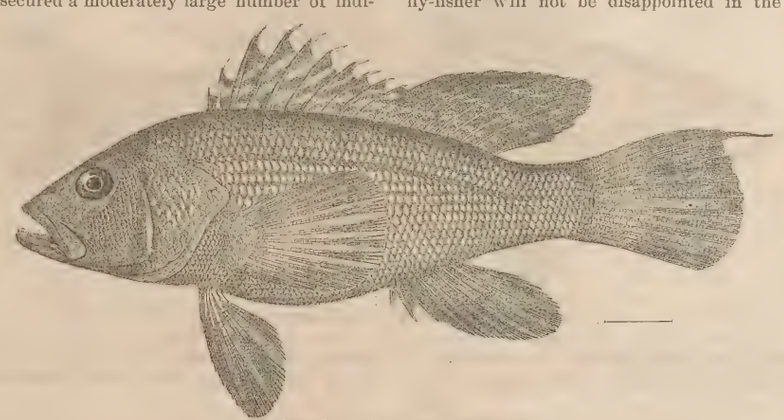
This powerful swimmer eagerly pursues the flying fishes and other surface species. Sailors prize its flesh very highly, and every one becomes more or less enthusiastic over its changing hues while dying. The fish is not well known to the angler, chiefly because of its inaccessibility. Silas Stearns has secured a moderately large number of individuals in the Gulf of Mexico. Dr. Henshall has "seen several taken on heavy trolling lines at sea near the Gulf Stream."



THE BLACK BASS (*Micropterus salmoides*).

THE SEA TROUT OR WEAKFISH (*Cynoscion maculatum*).—Popular names of this fish include spotted sea trout, salt-water trout, gray trout, sun trout, shad trout, salmon trout, speckled trout, weakfish and spotted weakfish.

The spotted weakfish is found occasionally as far north as Long Island, and is common southward, extending into the Gulf of Mexico. It runs up the tidal creeks after its food. In east Florida the species is very abundant, and also in the Gulf, where it ranks next to the channel bass in importance. In the Halifax River it is plentiful in March. The spotted weakfish is migratory within short distances, moving south in winter; it is an associate of the bluefish, and suffers greatly from the depredations of that tyrant. It swarms in brackish water, but does not enter fresh streams and ponds. In Florida Dr. Kenworthy found it abundant in rapid waters and on oyster beds and weedy flats. It feeds voraciously on small fishes, being a dear lover of anchovies and mullets. It takes the bait with a rush, fights hard, and is difficult to bring to net because of its tender mouth.



THE SEA BASS (*Centropristis striatus*).

In some parts of Florida this fish varies in weight from 1 to 5lbs. In the Gulf it sometimes reaches 10lbs., and measures 2ft. The spawning season is in the spring and summer, and the young will grow to 3 or 4in. in length by the middle of September. The annual increase in length has been estimated to be 6in. The best time for fishing is on the young flood, and mullet bait is preferred. Shedder crab and shrimp are good. The gear is similar to that used for the weakfish of Northern waters. A rod of 8 or 10ft. supplied with a multiplying reel and drag is recommended by Clarke. Hooks of the Cuttyhunk pattern on 15-thread lines of 100yds. or more and hollow sinkers weighing 1oz. complete the outfit. As this fish often moves in large schools the angler will not find time hang heavy on his hands when they begin business.

"The spotted weakfish, or, as it is called in Florida, spotted trout, or salt-water trout, is very abundant on both the east and west coasts, and withal is a better and gamier fish than its Northern brother. The 'trout' is usually taken of 2 or 3lbs. in weight, and occasionally of 6 or 8lbs. It is a bold biter and gives considerable play, and being a surface feeder rises well to the artificial fly. It is found not only in the bays and about the inlets, but it runs up the streams to fresh water, where it is frequently taken with bait and fly.

"The Henshall black bass rod of 8oz. is just the tool for bait-fishing, or the 'Little Giant' rod previously mentioned will answer for those of the heaviest weights. A medium-sized multiplying reel and a braided 'E' line, linen or silk, with Sproat hook, 3-0 to 4-0, on gimp snell, constitute the tackle for 'trout' fishing on the Florida coasts.

"The bait should be pilchard, an anchovy or a small mullet, all of which swarm in great schools in Florida waters. The shrimp is also an excellent bait, and the artificial rubber minnow may be used if kept in constant motion. The anglers of Tampa have great sport in taking the 'trout' from the piers at Port Tampa in March and April, when they appear in schools on the flood tide following the swarms of pilchard and other fry.

"For fly-fishing a heavy black bass fly-rod of not less than 9 or 10oz. is preferable to a lighter rod, for there is no knowing what fish may take a fancy to the angler's fly, it not being unusual for a ravallia or tarpon of 20lbs. to snap up the feathery lure. The line should be of enameled silk, size E, and the fly tied on a 3-0 Sproat hook. Almost any style or color of fly may be used, but one with some red or brown in it is best. If the tide serves right about sundown or later the fly-fisher will not be disappointed in the 'trout' of Florida."

THE WHITING OR KINGFISH (*Menticirrus americanus*).—Among the popular names of this fish are: Carolina whiting, ground mullet, barb and kingfish.

The whiting is found on the south Atlantic coast from New Jersey to Florida, and in the Gulf of Mexico. It frequents the deep channels and rarely approaches the shores. It prefers sandy bottoms. Stearns states that it rarely leaves the sea water, but specimens have been taken in fresh water in the Appalachicola River. Its dark coloration and different habits distinguish it readily from its associate, the pale colored surf whiting.

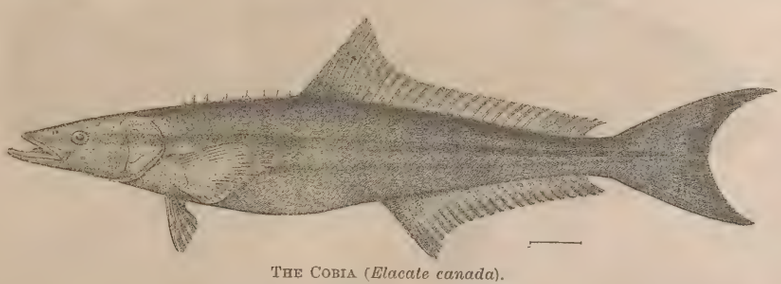
The whiting subsists upon crustaceans, including crabs and shrimp. It seizes the bait with a strong rush and fights hard for liberty. In Florida the average weight, according to Goode, is about three-quarters of a pound; Clarke states it to be 1lb. The maximum is recorded as about 1½lbs. Spawning takes place at sea in April and May. The rate of growth is not recorded.

"The whiting, or barb kingfish, is more common on the east coast than on the Gulf coast of Florida, though I have never found it abundant anywhere in that State, and it is rare about the Florida keys—it is rather a brackish water fish of the bays and estuaries. I took but one adult last winter in Florida, owing to the unusually cold water along the shores; it weighed nearly 2lbs., and was taken at Cape Haze, at the upper end of Charlotte Harbor. The whiting is quite palatable when perfectly fresh, and is a fair game fish, giving considerable play, and weighs from 1 to 5lbs., though usually about 2lbs. in weight. It has a small, tough mouth and holds the hook well. Black bass, or similar tackle, is quite suitable for this fish.

"In all coast fishing the weight of the sinker must be adapted to the strength and swiftness of the tidal currents, and may vary from the smallest size to one weighing 4oz. or more for rod and reel fishing. Small Sproat hooks, not larger than No. 1, are best, and the bait may be crab, fiddler or clam. On the Jersey and Long Island shores the kingfish is of more importance, being found in greater abundance than in Florida."



THE BLUEFISH (*Pomatomus saltatrix*).



THE COBIA (*Elacate canada*).

THE DRUM (*Pogonias chromis*).—Common names of this species are black drum (adult), banded drum, striped drum and little drum (young). The name is derived from the sound produced by the fish in some uncertain way.

The drum is found along the east coast from Cape Cod to Florida, and is abundant in the Gulf of Mexico. The young ascend rivers for short distances. In the St. Johns Goode records them at Jacksonville and Doctor's Lake. North of New Jersey the drum is a comparatively rare fish, and none but adults are seen. In Great Egg Harbor Bay, N. J., the prettily banded young were found in abundance by Prof. Baird in August, 1854; but in 1887 the writer could not find them on the same grounds, and the adult was only taken occasionally. The drum migrates in schools along the coast, but its northern limit in winter is not recorded; it does not arrive on the New England shores until July. It lives on the bottom, where it passes a sluggish existence among the oysters, crabs and shrimps upon which it feeds. The chin is provided with sensitive barbels, which are supposed to aid the fish in its search for food. In the pharynx are series of large molar teeth, which enable the fish to crush oysters and other shell fish with great ease. Some naturalists believe that the drumming is caused by clapping together the pavement-like teeth of the pharynx; others think it due to some action of the air bladder; some ignorantly attribute it to the fishes beating the tail against the bottom of the vessel, to rid themselves of parasites infesting that region of the body. The sound is heard more especially in the breeding season, and is sometimes regarded as a signal between mates. The drum is generally considered very destructive to oysters.



THE YELLOWTAIL (*Ocyurus chrysurus*).

The drum is one of the largest game fishes on our coast. It is said that individuals have been taken exceeding 100lbs. in weight and measuring 4ft. in length. The usual size is far below this; examples weighing 20lbs. are mature. The bands are said to continue in specimens of 10 or 12lbs., and such fish are preferred to larger ones. Its food, as already stated, is hard-shelled invertebrates, and especially oysters, mussels, clams and crabs. Scallops have been given to it in aquaria. The male is larger than the female and more noisy. The spawning takes place in salt water during the spring months. In the salt-water rivers about Halifax Inlet March is stated by Clarke to be the breeding season, while Silas Stearns found April and May to be their months in the vicinity of Pensacola. The eggs sink to the bottom; they are brown and as big as B shot. The young are banded. They grow very fast and become "black drum," according to Mr. A. W. Roberts, at the age of about three years.

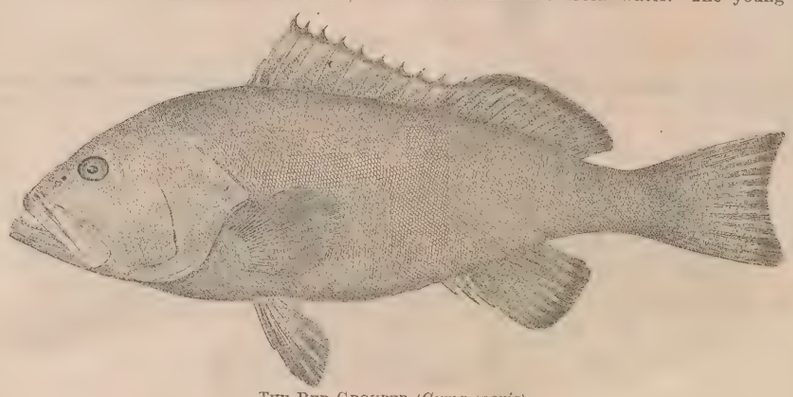
"The drum is found everywhere in Florida where there are oyster banks and mangrove roots laden with coon oysters. Their 'drumming' is constantly heard, especially at night, when one is anchored in the tideways and in the bays. The largest ones, of 20 to 60lbs., are taken near the inlets, and those of smaller size further up the bays, and the character of the tackle to be used will depend on the locality to be fished.

"For the 'Jumbos' heavy striped bass tools are required, while that recommended for the spotted weakfish is more suitable for those weighing less than 10lbs. They are often taken while fishing for sheepshead, and the smaller ones are barred in a similar manner. It feeds on mollusks mostly, and the best baits are clam and fiddler. The drum, unless of large size, is not much of a game fish, though it pulls and tugs strongly and bores toward the bottom like the sheepshead, being also a bottom fish."

THE REDFISH (*Sciæna ocellata*).—Drum, red drum, bass, red bass, spotted bass, channel bass, spot, red horse, *poisson rouge*, *pez colorado*, bull redfish, are some of the names of this valuable fish.

This is one of the most important fishes of the Gulf of Mexico, and extends northward in summer to the Chesapeake, and possibly to New Jersey. At Somers Point the fishermen were positive that they had caught the red drum occasionally. It is more abundant on the Texas coast than anywhere else, exceeding in number all the other food fishes.

The redfish is not much of a wanderer, and its limits are pretty sharply defined. It moves along the coast in large schools, which break up in the bayous and bays, where it improves greatly in flesh and color by feeding. In west Florida, according to Stearns, it arrives from sea in March and April, its coming being influenced by the temperature of the water. It remains for some weeks in shoal water near the inlets, or conceals itself for protection from its enemies. It spends the summer in brackish water, and sometimes ascends the streams into fresh water. The young fish are permanent residents in some regions, but the adults leave in a body after spawning.



THE RED GROUPER (*Cerna morio*).

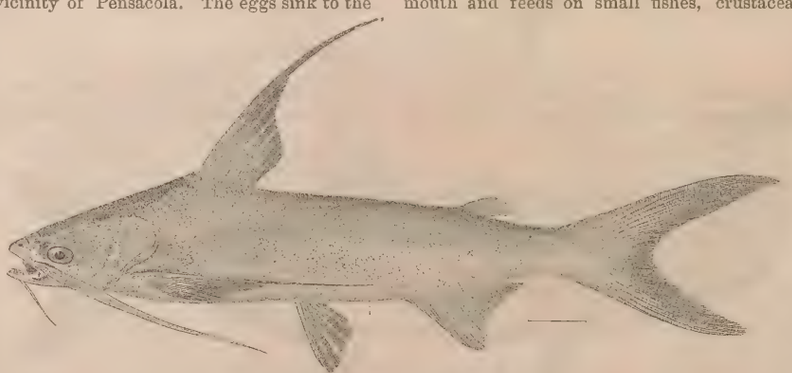
The species is carnivorous, subsisting on shrimp, crabs and small fish. It is said to root among the grasses and sea weeds with its head obliquely downward, in search of crustaceans, and to pursue schools of small fishes at the surface, when it sometimes breaches out of water.

Specimens taken in the rivers and inlets in the spring range from 5 to 10lbs. in weight, but adults reach a weight of 60lbs., when they are known in the Gulf of Mexico as bull redfish. Large individuals are not as well liked for eating as moderate sized ones. The species is rather elongate; an example of the largest size would measure more than 5ft. Clarke says they begin to breed in August and September in shallow bays and inlets, and are then unfit for food. The spawning season is not definitely known. Dr. Goode learned on the St. Johns that schooling begins in November and the fish are then gravid, but in December they are all spent. Jordan and Stearns found the young in Pensacola Bay in April, ranging from 2¼in. upward. The eggs, according to Clarke, are buoyant.



THE STRIPED BASS (*Roccus lineatus*).

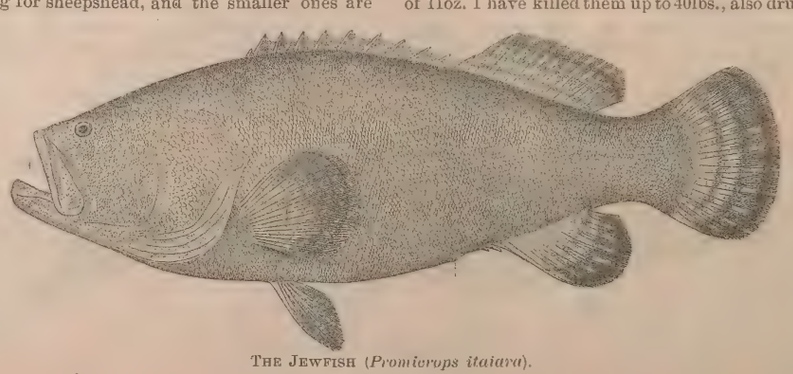
"The channel bass, or redfish, is abundant in all Florida waters except along the southern keys from Cape Florida to Key West. It grows to 40 or 50lbs. in weight, and is then a difficult fish to handle on the rod. It is a good game fish and pretty fair for the table. When hooked it gives good play, and does not bore toward the bottom like the drum, but will test the angler's skill and tackle by frantic rushes and long runs, varied by energetic tugs and jerks. It has a large mouth and feeds on small fishes, crustaceans and thin-shelled mollusks, all of which are good for baits.



THE SEA CATFISH (*Galeichthys felis*).

"For the largest redfish heavy striped bass tackle is just right, for it is not very unlike that fish in its way of taking a bait and its mode of fighting after being hooked, though it is not so active and succumbs sooner. The largest redfish are caught near the inlets and passes, and the smaller ones further up the bays and in the streams emptying into them.

"The mode of fishing for the large fish is by casting mullet bait, exactly as in striped bass fishing, though there is no necessity for long casts in Florida waters. Most of the 40-pounders, however, are taken on hand lines. I once killed one of 35lbs. on an 8oz. Henshall rod and black bass tackle in twenty minutes; and with a rod of 11oz. I have killed them up to 40lbs., also drum and tarpon of as great a weight with the same rod, but a stout, well-made striped bass rod is the proper tool for such work.



THE JEWFISH (*Promicrops itaiara*).

"For the smaller (2 to 10lbs.) channel bass of the streams and coves, light striped bass tackle, or the 'Little Giant' rod, braided line, size E, and 3-0 Sproat or O'Shaughnessy hook will answer admirably. For bait use pilchard, anchovies or cut mullet, fiddlers or crabs.

"The smaller bass will also rise pretty well to the artificial fly, with predominating tints of red, brown or yellow. The best location for fly-fishing is under the mangroves on



THE SILVER MULLET (*Mugil curema*).

the deep-water side of channels and streams, the angler's boat being anchored 30 or 40ft. away."

THE SHEEPSHEAD (*Archosargus probatocephalus*).—This is one of the few common fishes of our coast which has only one popular name. It is remarkable in a species having such a wide range.

The sheepshead is not known to occur north of Cape Cod, and is rarely found that far north. In some Northern waters it is less abundant now than it was half a century ago. Some Northern localities in which the sheepshead is found in greater or less abundance have a varying supply of this fish. In 1854 Professor Baird failed to find it in Great Egg Harbor Bay, but in 1887 it was not at all an uncommon fish there, and was found to be breeding in several parts of the bay. From Virginia southward its abundance increases, and in the Gulf of Mexico it is very common from Florida to Mexico.

In the Northern States the species is not found near the shore during the winter, but in Florida and the Gulf it is a permanent resident. It is not common in New Jersey after September. It remains on the South Carolina coast until November. In mild seasons naturally the date of leaving becomes later. The sheepshead ascends certain rivers beyond the limits of brackish water. The species frequents the bottom in the shelter of high banks or the vicinity of submerged logs, wrecks, etc., in moderate depths. On the Florida coast it delights in the vicinity of mangrove roots on which barnacles are growing. From the peculiar structure of its teeth, which are adapted for crushing clams, oysters and other shellfish, we would naturally infer its occurrence in localities where such food can be easily obtained. The young hide under sod banks and in the shelter of leafy seaweeds.

The natural food of the sheepshead includes barnacles, oysters, crabs, clams and mussels. It is particularly destructive to the oyster and may be attracted to a locality by placing crushed oysters on the bottom. The sheepshead is greatly affected by the condition of the tide. The best time for fishing is usually during the latter half of the flood.

The Florida sheepshead are smaller than those in Northern waters, averaging only 3lbs. or 5lbs. in weight. Some anglers mention 7lbs. as a rare size, but Silas Stearns claims 20lbs. as the maximum weight at Pensacola. In Northern waters the average will reach 6lbs., and specimens of 15lbs. are occasionally taken.

Thanks to Capt. Platt, of the U. S. Fish Commission, we now have definite information about the spawning time of the sheepshead. FOREST AND STREAM has recorded his successful development of eggs of this fish in Charlotte Harbor, in the latter part of last March, which resulted in planting about 10,000,000 of the young fish. In Great Egg Harbor Bay young individuals of 1in. to 1¼in. in length were seined on the 10th of August, and on the 23d of the same month examples about 2in. long were taken at Beesley's Point, N. J.

The spawning season in Florida is said to continue until May. In fishing for sheepshead the bait should lie on the bottom and must be held down, of course, by a sinker varying in weight with the strength of the tide. Special hooks are made for this fish because of the wonderful strength of its jaws and grinding power of its teeth. Clarke recommends the tautog hook used at Newport, and also the Virginia hook. Spangler uses the largest size Chestertown hook. The short shank hook in use in Great Egg Harbor Bay is one of the best we have been able to find. The line should be light but strong and very free from liability to kink; a twelve-thread Cuttyhunk is recommended.

For baits there is nothing better than the clam, which may be used either raw or boiled. Small soft-shell clams are very successful, shedder crabs and hermit crabs are particularly effective, and fiddler crabs, shrimp and conchs are also used.

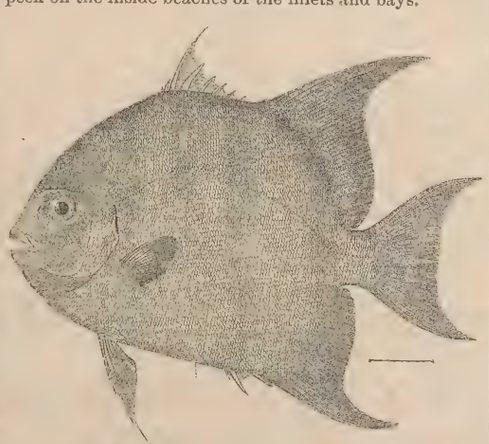
"The sheepshead is as ubiquitous in Florida waters as the catfish. It is very abundant on both the east and west coasts, though rare about Key West. Wherever there are oyster beds, or barnacle-covered posts or piles, or mangrove roots laden with coon-oysters, the sheepshead will be found, its food being principally mollusks. It is the most abundant game fish in Florida, and is found not only in salt and brackish water, but runs up the streams to fresh water, where I have frequently taken it ten or twelve miles above tidewater. Between Cedar Key and Anclote, on the west coast, are several rivers that issue from the base of a high sand ridge in the form of immense springs, 50 to 75 ft. deep and an acre or more in extent. The water of these rivers—the Homosassa, Crystal, Pithlachesticootie, Withlacoochie, Weckawachee, etc.—are perfectly fresh, pure and transparent, and sheepshead can be seen in them in great numbers along their entire course, and even at the bottom of these large springs.

"At the fishing ranches of the west coast immense numbers of sheepshead are taken in the seines and salted with the mullet, and the settlers take them with the cast net whenever they need them. The angler can hardly go astray for sheepshead anywhere in Florida waters, except, as I said before, about the keys near Key West, the waters there being, I think, too salt, and their food is not abundant. About the piles of old wharves sheepshead can be taken as fast as the angler can bait his hooks. I know of a man taking four hundred on a single tide at the old cattle wharf at Punta Rassa. (I do not mention this as a meritorious performance, or a feat to be emulated, but to show the abundance of this fish in Florida.)



THE SHEEPSHEAD (*Archosargus probatocephalus*).

"The Florida sheepshead, however, is smaller than on the Jersey coast, running usually from a pound to five pounds in weight. At the lighthouse wharf on Sanibel Island, opposite Punta Rassa, they run larger than at the cattle wharf, and at Little Gasparilla, some thirty miles above, they are still larger. At any of the inlets or passes of the east or west coast, on the deep-water side, under the mangroves, sheepshead can be taken *ad libitum* with fiddler bait, which can be scooped up by the peck on the inside beaches of the inlets and bays.



THE ANGELFISH (*Chætodipterus faber*).

"For sheepshead fishing a short, stiffish rod is best, as this fish does not give much play, but pulls hard and bores constantly toward the bottom. The 'Little Giant' black bass rod, or a very light striped bass rod are just the tools. An impromptu rod, and one that answers pretty well, can be made in a few minutes from the leaf-stem or mid-rib of a large palmetto leaf, to which the line is to be tied, as a reel, of course, could not be used with a such a rod—and moreover, there is but little use for a reel in 'sheepsheading' in Florida.

"The line should be strong, about size E, and the hook should be of the best quality to withstand the sharp incisor teeth of the fish; it should have, moreover, a long shank, or else a wire snell should be used for the same reason. There is a special hook called 'blackfish hook' that answers a good purpose for sheepshead if the thick barb is kept sharp by a file, otherwise it is useless. I have found the Sproat hook all-sufficient and strong enough even for sheepshead, and prefer it to any other; the size should be 3-0 to 5-0, with gimp snell.

"The best bait in Florida is the fiddler, and is very easily obtained; it is taken by the fish as readily as clam or crab bait. A whole one is put on the hook (and but one hook should be used), passing it completely through the center of the body. Hook the fish—if you can—upon the slightest nibble being felt, otherwise you may lose your bait—and you will lose a good many despite every precaution—but then you will be able to take all the sheepshead you need in any event."

THE RED SNAPPER (*Lutjanus blackfordii*).—The *pargo colorado* of the Cuban fishermen in the Gulf of Mexico is the famous red snapper of Americans. Although long known to the residents of the Gulf States and sparingly shipped to Northern markets for many years, it was first introduced into the literature of science by Goode and Bean as recently as 1878 and associated with the name of the president of the American Fisheries Society and the New York Fish Commission.

The red snapper is now a familiar and appreciated species in most large cities of the East and helps to cheer the passage across the Atlantic on many ocean steamers.

The favorite grounds of this brilliant fish are in the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea. Northward on our coast its range extends almost to Cape Cod. Mr. Blackford has recently found the young in Great South Bay. We may say, however, that Savannah Bank is the usual northern limit of the species.

The red snapper lives among the rocks in depths varying from 5 to 45 fathoms, changing its locations somewhat with the season. Off Pensacola, we are informed by the records of Silas Stearns, it appears to move inshore in the fall. It consumes an almost endless number of bottom fishes, including many forms that are never seen except in its interior. Crabs and prawns also form a part of its food.

We have seen red snappers weighing upward of 30lbs. Stearns has recorded the maximum weight at Pensacola as 35lbs. It is not uncommon to find an average weight of 25lbs. in lots of 200 fish.

There is not a more showy species known to us in Florida waters nor a more palatable one.

Red snapper fishing is a favorite pastime on the banks near Jacksonville. Off Egmont Key is a famous place for the species. About a year ago fifteen men, each using two lines, caught nine tons of these fish in a few hours. We have seen the deck of the Fish Commission steamer Albatross covered with red snappers on the Pensacola grounds in a very short time. The areas covered by the fish are usually small and vessels often drift away from the feeding place in a few minutes. We used groupers and porgies (*Calamus* sp.) for bait. Almost any kind of bright-colored fresh fish will answer. Dr. Goode says they will sometimes bite at a white rag. The line must have a sinker and be strong enough to withstand the weight and brief struggles of a large fish, or of a pair of large fish, for it is not uncommon to haul up two of a kind.

THE YELLOWTAIL (*Ocyurus chrysurus*).—This is the *rabirubia* of the old ichthyologists.

The yellowtail is an elegant species inhabiting the West Indies, the Gulf of Mexico, the Caribbean Sea and ranges southward to the coast of Brazil. About Cozumel it is one of the commoner fishes.

It is found in moderate depths and is sufficiently voracious to take almost any fresh bait. At Cozumel we were fishing with salt mackerel and, doubtless, the silvery color of the skin more than anything else attracted the yellowtail.

Poey states that this species reaches the weight of 15lbs. Our examples were under 3lbs., and we found them very palatable.

The yellowtail is a bottom fish with a moderately large mouth and a good appetite. "It is common in the waters of southern Florida, and is taken about Key West with sea-crawfish bait along with the grunts, porgies, porkfish and other pan fish. The same tackle recommended for the red grouper, and the same baits will do for the yellowtail."

THE BLACK BASS (*Micropterus salmoides*).—The large-mouthed black bass, known also as the green bass, Oswego bass, bayou bass, jumper, moss bass, chub, Welshman and trout, is one of the best known and most widely distributed of our fresh-water fishes. It extends to the northwest as far as Manitoba and is common in all the Gulf States. In Florida, writes Dr. Henshall, "it is abundant in all fresh-water lakes, ponds and streams, and even in the brackish water at the mouths of rivers." The species is not indigenous to New England and the Middle Atlantic States.

It would be superfluous for us to discuss here the habits of the black bass after what Dr. Henshall has written in his exhaustive monographs of the two species. The leaping of the large-mouth has often been referred to and

adds greatly to the sport of its capture, Dr. Goode has seen them rise five or six feet above the water.

May and June are the usual nest-building months of the black bass in Florida, but this season is extended in some instances by early and late spawning. In the FOREST AND STREAM office is the mounted head of a black bass caught in Florida, which weighed 23½lbs.

For giant black bass the angler must go to Florida; here, according to authentic records, he will find individuals reaching a weight of 20lbs., with powers of resistance equal to the struggles of a winninish. He will learn, also, that a veteran angler has taken three tons of black bass in Lake Monroe during a single winter.

"In running waters it is as gamy as in the North, and is a much better food fish. It rises well to the artificial fly of the conventional patterns and colors, and can be taken by any of the usual baits, or by trolling with the spoon, or even a bit of white rag.

"In view of its greater weight than at the North, a somewhat heavier rod should be used, from 8 to 10oz., both for bait and fly-rods, otherwise the same tackle is employed; and it will be found in Florida, as elsewhere, that inch for inch and pound for pound it is the gamest fish that swims."

THE SEA BASS (*Centropristis striatus*).—This is the blackfish of Florida and the black will of South Carolina. We have for years believed it to be distinct from the Northern sea bass (*Centropristis nigricans*). According to this belief the range of the species would not extend much north of South Carolina. In the Gulf of Mexico the species is rather abundant in some localities in west Florida and about certain of the keys; on the Texas coast it is rare or wanting. On the east coast of Florida it is common. Clarke found them in abundance at Mosquito Inlet.

The sea bass is a voracious feeder and one of the most persistent biters known. The young are found in the channels of shallow bays and around the piles of wharves and landings. The large fish frequent deeper waters of the off-shore banks where they hide under stones or in rock crevices. It is not necessary as a rule to locate the sea bass; the angler's fervent desire generally is to locate where he is "conspicuous by his absence."

The food of this fish includes shrimp and crabs, squids, sea worms, small fishes and all other animals of suitable size. The species is a bottom feeder.

The size of the Florida sea bass is much below that of its Northern relative, seldom exceeding 12 or 14in., with a weight of a pound or less.

Silas Stearns recorded the spawning season in the Gulf of Mexico to occur in early summer, and he has caught the young in July and August. The male develops a prominent hump on the top of his head during the breeding season and takes on great brilliancy of colors.

"I have seldom taken the sea bass on the Gulf coast of Florida with rod and line, though I have found it more common on the east coast, on Indian River. It is not much of a game fish and is usually but of a pound or two in weight.

"Ordinary black bass tackle will answer very well for the sea bass, but as it is usually met with in the tideways, in rocky situations, and where a rather heavy sinker is required, the "Little Giant" rod is more suitable. For baits—shrimp, fiddler and clam are all good."

THE RED GROUPER (*Cerna morio*).—Other names of this important fish are brown snapper, red snapper, red-bellied snapper, groper, red groper, *Cherna*, *Cherna americana* and *Cherna de vivero*.

The red grouper is one of the commonest fishes of the Gulf of Mexico, and occurs in less abundance in the West Indies. It is associated with the red snapper on the off-shore banks, where invertebrated animals are plentiful. Grouper banks are located eight miles due west of Clearwater Harbor. Along our east coast it comes north in summer occasionally as far as the bays of Long Island. Off the coast of Yucatan the Grampus found it on the Campeachy Banks. Along the Florida Keys small-sized grouper are the rule.

This is decidedly a bottom fish in moderate depths, but comes into the bays and inlets to spawn, and the young are most abundant in the inlets. At Mosquito Inlet small fish of 1 to 3lbs. are common. Indian River Inlet contains examples of 10 to 12lbs., and in the Gulf very large specimens are plentiful. The red grouper is a voracious destroyer of small fishes, and is very fond of crabs and other crustaceans. It is said to be wary in taking the hook, but we have never experienced any difficulty in catching even more than we needed when fishing for red snapper.

We have caught many individuals weighing 30lbs. or more on the red snapper banks, and Silas Stearns has recorded a maximum weight of 40lbs. for this species.

The spawning season appears to be late spring; Stearns has obtained the young an inch long in June.

An interesting account of red grouper fishing is published in FOREST AND STREAM of May 2, 1889.

"This is a pretty fair game fish with light tackle, and tries to keep near the bottom.

"The 'Little Giant,' or a light striped bass rod, multiplying reel, braided line, size E, and Sproat hook, 3-0, on a gimp snell, with sinker adapted to the tide, constitute the best tackle. For bait may be employed sea crawfish, shrimp, fiddler or clam. In the channels near Key West it is taken along with grunts, porgies, snappers, hogfish, etc., and with the same baits."

THE JEWFISH (*Promicrops ituiara*).—The guasa of the West Indies, changed into warsaw at Pensacola, and know also as jewfish and black grouper, is the largest scaled fish of Atlantic waters.

It inhabits both coasts of tropical America, coming north as far as the Savannah banks and the Gulf of California, and extending southward to Brazil, where it is the *meron*.

We know almost nothing about the habits of this species except that it lives on the bottom in moderate depths and preys on other fishes. When its appetite gets control of its movements the best thing its neighbors can do is to make themselves invisible.

Dr. Henshall tells us something about his own experience in catching the jewfish, and we will yield the column to him, merely pausing to remark that Prof. Poey records the maximum weight of this leviathan as 600lbs. It should be mentioned also that the jewfish is quite distinct from the black grouper (*Epinephelus nigritus*), and may be at once distinguished from it by comparing the very low spinous dorsal of the first with the high triangular first dorsal of the black grouper:

"The jewfish is a fair game fish, and the smaller ones can be caught in the deep portions of inlets and passes, where there are holes among the rocks, or on the sides of channels that are being washed away by the tide, leaving the banks perpendicular and the water deep, especially if the bank or shore is well wooded and the roots are exposed by the washing away of the soil. They are taken in such localities from 5 to 20lbs., generally with the hand line and mullet or crab bait. Light striped bass tackle answers well for the jewfish of these weights and it gives good sport, being a strong and active fish.

"The jewfish grows to an enormous size, however, and passes in and out of the inlets with the tide when of great weight. I helped to capture one on a shark line at Jupiter Lighthouse that weighed on the steelyard 340lbs. Col. Matt. S. Quay, of Philadelphia, was a witness to the taking and weighing of this immense fish. During the same winter I helped capture another on a shark line at Little Gasparilla Inlet that weighed fully 300lbs. These fishes were 7ft. long and of about the same girth at the pectoral fin.

"One of the best places I know of for jewfish of moderate weights is at Gordon's Pass, three miles below Naples, on the south shore of the pass, where the bank is steep and rocky and the water deepest. A similar situation, though on the northern side of the inlet, is at Little Gasparilla, and other good points for jewfish are on the south shores of Bocilla and Stump Passes, where the banks are wooded and steep and the water deep."

THE STRIPED BASS (*Roccus lineatus*).—The striped bass is known on the southern coast of the United States, from New Jersey southward, as rock or rockfish. In New England large individuals found occurring at sea are styled greenhead and squidhound. Streaked bass is one of the old names of the species.

The striped bass ranges along the entire Atlantic coast from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, everywhere entering rivers. It is now definitely known to occur in the Alabama River in moderate numbers and is represented there by some very large examples. Centers of abundance are the great bays and sounds from southern New England to North Carolina. Large specimens are said to be very abundant in Albemarle Sound.

Dr. Goode says it is unusual in the St. John's River; he knows of the capture of only two there since 1873. Silas Stearns obtained one or two in the vicinity of Pensacola; he reports them more common about the Mississippi River mouths; only in this region are they taken in seines. In 1850 Capt. John Washington, of Mystic, Conn., surrounded a large school of wild fish, only a few of which were saved, and wore striped bass of 15 to 40lbs. At New Orleans it is often found in the market.

The species was introduced into California soon after the successful planting of shad in that State, and is now occasionally found in the San Francisco markets.

The species lives indifferently at sea, in brackish water and in fresh water, ascending streams unless prevented by obstructions, and may be kept in artificial ponds. It is one of our permanent residents and may be taken under the ice in winter in the rivers and sounds. When ice-bound in shallow water, especially in the northern part of its habitat, it is said to hibernate. The bass is not a lover of warm water.

The striped bass is carnivorous and predaceous. In the streams it feeds upon small fishes, apparently taking great delight in the alewife or river herring, and the young of other members of the herring family.

In brackish water it obtains an abundance of killifish, silversides, anchovies, lant and other small species. In the bays and sounds they feed upon crabs and other crustaceans, and upon squids, clams, mussels and other mollusks.

The movements of the striped bass while feeding are governed largely by the tides; favorite feeding localities are at the mouths of small creeks and in tideways where an abundance of living prey is constantly brought within their reach.

At Avoca, North Carolina, fish weighing 95lbs. are recorded by Dr. Capehart. The limit of the weight of this species is about 112lbs. In Northern waters the large fish appear to be getting scarcer, and fish markets show for their principal supply great quantities of small fish, some of which weigh only a few ounces.

The striped bass spawns in May and June, either in the rivers or in the brackish waters of the bays and sounds. Eggs have been artificially hatched on Albemarle Sound in May. In the Delaware River Dr. Abbott has found young an inch long in the second week in June, which grew to a length of 4½in. by the middle of October.

By reference to FOREST AND STREAM of March 14, 1889, it will be found that striped bass kept in a pool 10ft. in diameter and 3ft. deep, and fed on crabs and oysters, increased in about eleven months from 6in. in length to 20in.

It is said that bass weighing from ½lb. to 1lb., placed in a Rhode Island pond in June, weighed 6lbs. in the following October.

In fresh water salted eel tail is a favorite bait, and the spoon or spinner is effective. Live minnows are preferred, however, to all other baits. For surf fishing shedder crab well secured to the hook is especially successful.

"The methods of fishing for the striped bass vary with its size. The "Jumbos" of from 20 to 60lbs. are taken on the New England coast from Gay Head to Montauk Point with menhaden bait. This is the top notch of striped bass fishing, requiring strong and excellent tools. The rod should be 8 or 9ft. long, of ash and lancewood, natural bamboo or split-bamboo, and should weigh from 10 to 16oz., according to the material of construction. The reel should be a multiplyer of large size and excellent workmanship; the best, in fact, that can be purchased, capable of holding 600ft. of 12 to 15-thread line. The best hook is the knobbed Sproat or knobbed O'Shaughnessy, from 6-0 to 8-0. The hook is affixed to the line by two or three half-hitches. The bait is cut from the posterior half of a menhaden and doubled around the shank of the hook, fleshy side out, with a half-hitch or two of the line around its upper portion to retain it in place. The portions of the menhaden left, after cutting off the baits, are chopped up and thrown into the water to 'chum' the bass by the oily 'slick' it occasions on the surface of the water, which is quite attractive to the fish.

"The bait is then cast from the shore or 'stands' from 50 to 100yds. out into the surf, which procedure can be followed exactly in Florida, wherever the bass may be found in sufficient numbers, except that mullet bait can be substituted for menhaden.

"Striped bass weighing from 2 to 10lbs. are taken in the estuaries and lower parts of streams with such baits as shrimps, sand worms, shedder or 'peeler' crabs, squids, soft clams, young eels, etc., and much lighter rods and tackle can be employed. The bass will also rise to a gaudy fly in such situations."

THE BLUEFISH (*Pomatomus saltatrix*). Popular names of this widespread species are horse mackerel, mackerel, snap-mackerel, snapping mackerel, snapper, blue snapper, skip mackerel, whitefish, tailor, greenfish, skip-jack, salt-water jack and bluefish.

On our coast the range of this fish extends from Maine to the Gulf of Mexico. The bluefish is found in varying abundance, and sometimes disappears for a long term of years. Omitting certain localities where it would be expected to occur, the species frequents warm seas of both continents. The young are scarcely known until they have reached a length of 1½ or 2in. Smaller ones have been taken occasionally at sea. The young often ascend rivers into entirely fresh water.

The bluefish is one of the most destructive in existence to other fishes; its delight in life is to gorge itself almost to the point of bursting and then maim and destroy its helpless victims for the mere love of killing. It follows, within certain limits, the vast shoals of menhaden and alewives that migrate along our coast in summer, and the young and half grown crowd fiercely into our bays and sounds in pursuit of anchovies, silversides, young herring and any other fish of suitable size that may be found.

In Florida the species is best known by small examples, but schools of adults occur at certain seasons. Two or three pounds is a fair average weight. Further north large individuals are common; specimens weighing 40 or 50lbs. and measuring 5ft. are recorded, but the average weight now is under 10lbs. The young fish are very thin, but the old increase greatly in plumpness.

The spawning grounds are undiscovered. It is probable that the bluefish, like many other marine species, has floating eggs and the young are developed at the surface, ready to begin their piratical career. The Fish Commission steamer Albatross and the schooner Grampus have taken specimens under an inch long off shore, and Dr. Bean seined examples from 1½ to 1¾in. long at Ocean City N. J., on the last of August. In the same month individuals of 8in. to 1ft. were obtained in Great Egg Harbor Bay. The rate of growth is very rapid, as it appears that the fish doubles its weight in the course of a summer.

The best known method of taking bluefish is by trolling at the surface with a squid of metal or bone, to which is attached a piece of white rag or part of an eel skin. In tide rips with a moderate breeze, this is very effective and full of excitement. Heaving and hauling in the surf, particularly near the mouths of small streams, into which alewives are passing, is a favorite pastime. At Indian River Inlet, according to Dr. Kenworthy, "small bluefish congregate in numbers during the winter months and at times will not refuse a fly." Artificial minnows are used with a light rod where schools of the young are seen feeding near the surface, and shrimp make a good bait under similar conditions.

"The bluefish is abundant on the east coast of Florida, though not so common on the Gulf coast. Last winter I took the young of 2in. in length on the southwest coast. At Jupiter Inlet and Lake Worth I have had fine sport bluefishing. The usual way of fishing for them is by trolling with the hand-line from a sailboat with a pearl, bone or metal squid, trolling spoon, or even a bit of pork rind or a white rag affixed to a hook. They are taken in this manner up to 10lbs. weight, though they usually run from 3 to 6lbs.

"The hand-line for trolling should be 50yds. of No. 1 braided linen or cotton line, or even a larger size, to prevent cutting the hands. The hook should be a Sproat or O'Shaughnessy—4-0 to 6-0 is large enough.

"But the preferable and sportsmanlike method of angling for the bluefish, or for any other fish for that matter, is with rod and reel. A light striped bass rod or a heavy black bass rod can be utilized, but a rod that I have recently devised for the black bass fishing of Lake Erie (where a very heavy sinker is used) is just the tool for bait-fishing for bluefish and most of the coast fishes that run up to 10 or 15lbs. in weight and where a heavy bait or sinker is cast from the reel.

"This rod is in two pieces (one joint), is 7½ft. long and weighs about 9oz., and is made of ash and lancewood or split-bamboo. It will be described in a future number of FOREST AND STREAM as the 'Little Giant' black bass rod.

"A good multiplying reel of medium size and a braided linen or silk line No. 3 or size E and Sproat hook 4-0 to 5-0, with gimp snell to withstand the lancet-shaped teeth, are the other necessary articles of tackle for bluefishing.

"For bait, a small mullet or other small fish, 3 to 6in. long, is best, which is to be cast from the reel as in striped bass or black bass fishing. A sinker should not be used, except a small brass swivel. The fishing should be practiced from an anchored boat in the tideways, though in Florida the shores of some of the narrow inlets answer as well. The sport of the angler will be more assured if he will employ 'chumming' as for striped bass by chopping up the mullet and throwing on the surface of the water to attract the fish. The bluefish is very gamy on the rod, frequently leaping from the water when hooked like the black bass, and will do his best to smash the angler's tackle."

THE COBIA (*Elacate canada*).—This striking fish has received many local names, among them crab-eater, bonito, coalfish, sergeant fish, snooks and ling. One of the largest and most predaceous of the salt-water inhabitants, resembling an overgrown pike in appearance and manners, it is a conspicuous objects of the angler's search, and is capable of satisfying completely his ambition for a trial of skill.

The cobia is found in the West Indies, the Gulf of Mexico and northward on our coast, rapidly decreasing in numbers above Cape Charles, and occurring only occasionally as far up as Cape Cod. The British Museum has specimens from Indian seas and the North Pacific which are referred to our species.

In the Indian River Clarke has seen it lurking under mangrove roots waiting for its prey. Holbrook describes it as a solitary fish, frequenting clear deep water. On the Carolina coast it is found from May to September.

The cobia feeds on crustaceans and fishes. In confinement it will destroy its fellow captives without remorse.

It reaches a length of 5ft. and a weight of twenty pounds.

The cobia breeds in Chesapeake Bay, and, perhaps, occasionally in Great Egg Harbor. Very little is known about the rate of growth of the young. I obtained two examples, the first I have seen, in Great Egg Harbor Bay, in August, 1887, and one of these is figured in the Bulletin U. S. Fish Commission for that year. A most remarkable thing takes place in the development of the caudal fin, which departs from the common rule and changes from a rounded and somewhat produced fin to one which is deeply forked when the fish becomes adult. The ventral fin of the young also is very much longer than in the adult, and the dark stripes of the sides are less sharply defined.

"The cobia is more often taken on the east coast than on the west coast, though it is not common in any portion of Florida. It has been confounded by anglers with another fish, the 'snook' or 'ravallia,' which is a very abundant fish on both coasts. The latter fish has two dorsal fins, like the pike-perch (wall-eyed pike), and a head and mouth somewhat similar, but has not the long, canine teeth of the pike-perch.

"The cobia has a single dorsal fin, extending from the middle of the back almost to the tail, and the anal fin is nearly of the same extent.

"The snook (*Centropomus undecimalis*) is greenish on the back and bright silvery on the sides and belly, with a single very black stripe or band running along the side from the gill-cover to the tail.

The cobia (*Elacate canada*) is brownish or olivaceous on the back and silvery below, with a dark band or stripe along the side, which, beginning at the snout and running through the eye and gill-cover, extends to the tail; and both above and below this stripe are fainter parallel stripes or bands.

"The cobia is hardly common enough to rank as a game fish of Florida, while the snook is very abundant, and is a gamy, hard-fighting fish on the hook. The name 'sergeant fish' has been applied to both fishes on account of the black stripes along their sides, and this name has led to most of the confusion of the two fishes by anglers.

"The cobia can be taken with mullet or crab bait by casting under the mangroves in rather deep water, near the inlets. Striped bass tackle should be used, as it runs up to 20 or 30lbs. in weight, and is a very voracious, strong and active fish.

"The snook or ravallia is taken in both brackish and fresh water almost anywhere along the coasts, in the bays, sounds and lower parts of streams with mullet, crab or fiddler bait, or with the trolling spoon. It is a vigorous, hard fighter, and good tackle is required for its capture. A light striped bass rod, multiplying reel, braided E line, and 3-0 to 6-0 Sproat hooks, with gimp snell, are about right for the snook up to 15lbs. It also rises well to an artificial fly of large size, composed mostly of red and yellow feathers, though, in fact, to almost any gay-colored fly. A heavy bleak bass fly-rod is needed for this fish, as its first rush, when hooked, is somewhat demoralizing to a timid angler and very trying to his tackle. It is not a bad fish for the table, being better, I think, than either the channel bass or drum."

THE ANGELFISH (*Chætodipterus faber*).—On the St. Johns and Indian Rivers and in most other parts of Florida and north to South Carolina this fine food fish is known by the name at the head of this sketch. It is the spadefish of the western part of the Gulf of Mexico. At Beaufort it is called porgee. Names said to have been used by New York fishermen are three-tailed porgee and three-tailed sheepshead. We have heard it styled the triple-tail also. Moonfish is still another name for the species.

The angelfish appears to range from Cape Cod, where it is an occasional visitor, to Brazil. It is known in the West Indies and is common in the Gulf of Mexico. In the warm portions of the Pacific it is recorded as far north as San Diego, but it is too rare in California to figure as an important food fish. Günther includes it in fauna of the East Indian seas.

Owing to the fact that the young is banded and the adult unicolor, two species were until recently credited to our coast.

A striking peculiarity of the skull of old specimens of the angelfish is the globular bony mass formed by the enlargement of some of the bones of the top of the head. As a curiosity this ranks as high as the molar-bearing pharyngeal bones of the drum.

Silas Stearns states that it is common on west Florida, Alabama and Louisiana shores, but not is south Florida, frequenting wharves, rock-piles and wrecks. It forms in large schools in October and November preparatory to leaving the coast.

The food of the angelfish is crustaceans. The fish reaches a length of 2ft. The spawning season is early summer, according to Stearns, and the young remain until October.

"The moonfish, or as it is universally called in Florida, the 'angelfish,' is abundant on both coasts, but is a much better fish for the table than for the angler. It is one of the best fish for the frying-pan of the camper, but it has a very small mouth and is seldom taken with the hook.

It grows to several pounds in weight, about 6lbs. being the heaviest I have seen, though it is oftener taken of but a pound in the seines of the fishermen. Light tackle is needed for its capture."

THE SILVER MULLET (*Mugil curema*).—This well-known and abundant fish has the additional names, jumping mullet, white mullet, blueback mullet, big-eyed mullet and liza. It is not included here because of its game qualities, but on account of its universal application as a bait fish and its excellence for food.

The silver mullet is recorded from the warm seas of both sides of our continent, in the Pacific extending north to Lower California, and in the Atlantic to Cape Cod. Southward it ranges to Peru and Brazil. In the West Indies the species is commonly called liza. In Florida the silver mullet is one of the most abundant of the fishes and one of the most useful to man, the fish-eating birds and the predaceous fishes. Swimming in shoals at the surface, it is constantly followed by myriads of birds and shoals of porpoises and fish as well as by the fishermen with their gill nets, seines and casting nets.

The mullet frequents shallow mud flats and runs up small creeks. It lives in fresh water during several months of the year. Its food consists of minute organisms imbedded in the bottom mud and is sifted before entering the gizzard-like stomach by passing through a filter in the pharynx. Stearns relates his experience in transferring mullet from salt to fresh water: "In 1879 I took a dozen or more medium-sized mullet from the warm shoal water of the bay and placed them in cool, fresh spring water. They swam around very rapidly for about half an hour, then sank to the bottom of the spring, where they remained, apparently comfortable for twelve hours. Before leaving the spring I returned them to their native waters, seemingly in as good condition as when first caught. The bay water was at that time 77° Fahrenheit, and the spring water 71°, a difference of 6°, and a change from pure salt to pure fresh water."

The average length of the silver mullet is 12in., and the weight about 1¼lbs. Stearns has seen individuals of 20in., weighing 4½lbs.

The spawning season begins in summer and lasts until November. Spawning takes place in fresh or brackish water, in bayous, river mouths, or heads of bays, where the proper combinations of grass, sand and mud can be found. The roe of the mullet is a great delicacy and an important article of commerce. The fresh mullet, in our estimation, is one of the finest pan fishes on our coast.

"Neither the silver mullet nor the striped mullet are game fishes. I once took one of the latter on a small artificial gray fly, as an experiment, but although it was hooked in the mouth, I think it was an accident, for I never succeeded in taking another. The mullets swarm in countless myriads in all the shallow waters in Florida, both salt and fresh. They furnish food for fishes, reptiles, birds and man. They are important to the angler only as bait-fishes, and because so easily captured with the cast-net are important as food fishes to the settlers of Florida. They are very valuable commercial fishes, likewise, being the principal objects of pursuit at the fishing ranches, where they are split, cleaned and salted."

THE TARPUM (*Megalops atlanticus*).—This renowned fish is known also as tarpon, tarpun, *grande écaille*, grandacoy, silver fish, silver king, *sabalo*, *sevanilla* and jewfish.

It is evidently more common in the West Indies than in our waters, for the only young examples we have seen are from Cuba. Occasionally an individual finds its way north to Cape Cod and the species ranges southward to Brazil; it is abundant everywhere in the Gulf of Mexico, but its appearance in certain localities depends largely on the warmth of the water. The tarpum has been taken in the Bermudas. Concerning its distribution last winter in Florida Dr. J. A. Henshall writes as follows:

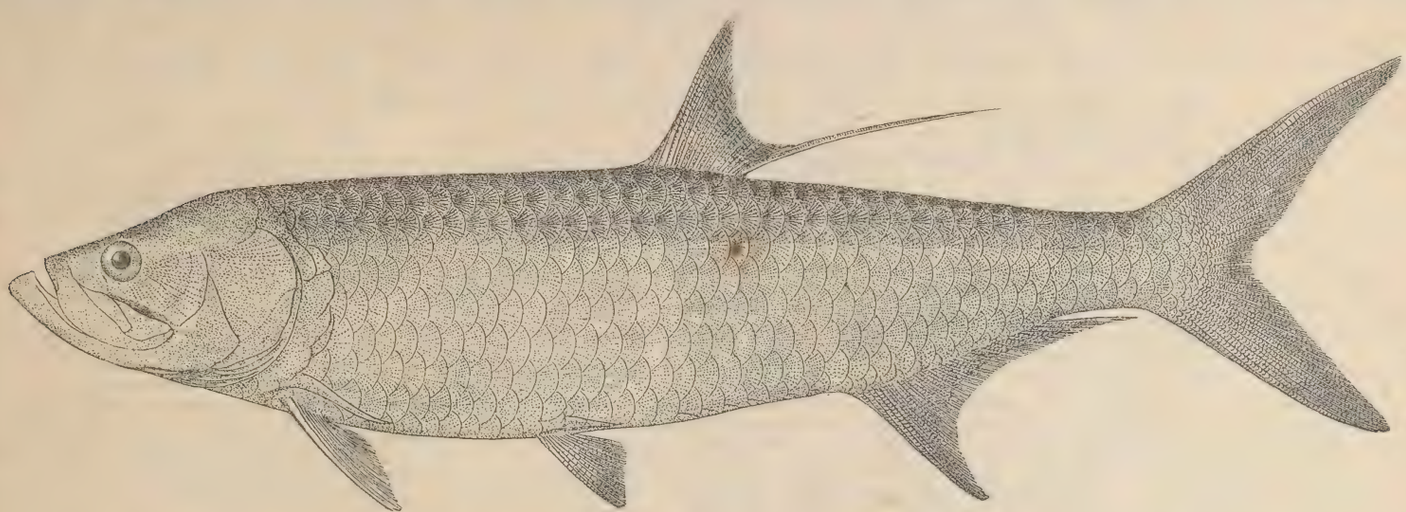
"Last winter I saw plenty of tarpon on Barne's Sound and Card's Sound, east of Cape Sable, early in February, but north of the Cape I did not see a single tarpon, owing to the unusually cold water. When I arrived at Punta Rassa, early in March, I found a score or more of Northern anglers who had been fishing for several weeks, but the first tarpon had been taken only the day before my arrival."

The total catch at Punta Rossa to April 26, 1889, was only forty-two.

This is preëminently a predaceous species and very active in its movements. It preys upon smaller fishes, following them far up the river into fresh water. The young are said to enter fresh waters very freely. One of the most striking traits of the tarpum is its leaping high into the air. On this account it is difficult to handle and plays havoc when surrounded by a seine by breaking the net and sometimes maiming or even killing the fishermen. A fish of heroic size and endurance and of surpassing brilliance in its mail of burnished silver, it plays tantalizingly in the shallows, where it tempts the angler to come and match his skill and armor against its strength and energy.

The tarpum is the giant of its family and much larger than any member of the related herring family. It attains a length of 8ft. and a weight of 170lbs. Nothing is known to us about its reproduction and rate of growth; anglers could do good service by recording their observations on these points.

"The tarpon has achieved a notoriety as a game fish within the past five or six years, principally through the writings of Dr. C. J. Kenworthy, and Mr. W. A. Wood has received credit, generally, of killing the first tarpon of over 100lbs. with rod and reel, in March, 1885; but justice compels me to state that the first event of this kind occurred in the winter of 1880-81, when Mr. Samuel H. Jones, of Philadelphia, killed a tarpon of 170lbs., on ordinary heavy striped bass tackle, in the Fort Pierce channel of Indian River Inlet, on the east coast of Florida. I was at this locality the winter following this feat and learned the full particulars of this extraordinary performance from Mr. Thomas Paine (son of Judge Paine, of Fort Capron), who was Mr. Jones's boatman on the occasion referred to. Afterward I received a full account of it from a son of Mr. Jones, who was also with him and witnessed the capture of this immense fish, with striped bass rod and tackle and trolling spoon for bait. Mr. Jones was two hours in securing the fish. Honor to whom honor is due. Mr. Wood has glory enough in being the champion tarpon slayer of 1885, and he has an enviable record. He was the first to make known through the sporting press how the thing could be done. I was at Punta Rassa in March, 1886, and saw him bring in, from Estero Bay, his famous 146lb. tarpon and two others weighing nearly 100lbs. each.



THE TARPUM (*Megalops atlanticus*).

"Mr. Wood's record, however, was broken by Mr. Walter Man, who in 1886, I think, or may be in 1887, killed nine tarpon, near Punta Rassa, aggregating more than a thousand pounds; the largest two weighed, respectively, 151 and 149lbs. These fish were all killed on heavy striped bass rods and ordinary striped bass tackle.

"The largest tarpons I have seen in Florida—and I have seen thousands—were at Indian River Inlet, in the Fort Pierce channel (where Mr. Jones killed his big fish), and were from 6 to 8ft. long—a large school of them—rolling out on the surface like porpoises, and within a few feet of my boat. I have never fished for the largest tarpon with rod and reel (I once took one, on a shark line, weighing about 125lbs.), as I do not fancy, particularly, the sport.

"The rod for large tarpon should be a heavy striped bass rod, about 8ft. long, of natural cane or split-bamboo, the first, for so large a fish, being preferable on account of lightness. Most tarpon fishers, however, use a very short, stiff and heavy rod, from 5 to 7ft. long, more like a billiard cue than a rod, it being used more for the purpose of casting the bait and holding the reel than playing the fish.

"The tackle consists of a large, perfectly-made, freely-running multiplying reel, capable of holding 600ft. of 12 to 18-thread striped bass line, and knobbed 8-0 Sproat or O'Shaughnessy hooks, with braided linen snells, 2 or 3ft. long and ⅛ of an inch diameter—the braided linen snell is better than wire or chain, which are often used.

"The bait is cut from a mullet and fastened to the hook as the menhaden bait in striped bass fishing, and is cast in the same way, but suffered to lie on the bottom, as the fishing is done in comparatively shallow bays and coves where there is no current.

"The angler proceeds to such places in his boat, accompanied by his boatman. After casting his bait, preferably on a clear sandy bottom, but near to mossy bottom, he reels off a quantity of line, ten or fifteen yards, in the boat, so that the fish can take the bait, move off with it, and swallow it, without resistance; and when it swims away quietly and the slack is all taken up the angler hooks it in the throat or gullet, when it is only a question of time, if the angler is level-headed and the tackle holds, before the colossal fish exhausts itself in its grand and terrific leaps and vain efforts to dislodge the hook or smash the tackle, while towing the boat and its occupants. The angler holds the rod and gives and takes line when necessary, the grand fish, meanwhile, leaping out, sometimes to a height of six feet, and may be for a dozen or more times, until finally it lies on the surface utterly exhausted, when it is either gaffed or towed ashore.

"The tarpon's mouth opens vertically and its jaws close like a pair of shears, and are nearly as sharp, hence the necessity for using a chain, wire or braided snell. Its mouth is quite bony, with but little flesh or loose skin about it for holding the hook, so that it is a rare occurrence to safely play and land a large one so hooked, as the fish in its extraordinary and wonderful leaps and violent shaking of its head and jaws is pretty sure to free itself.

"Tarpon of from 10 to 40lbs. run up the streams to brackish and fresh water, where I have had grand sport taking them with a large, gaudily-colored artificial fly and a heavy fly-rod. It does not matter about the color or the pattern of the fly if it is gay and attractive in appearance. Of course, but one fish in a dozen or more hooked, is landed, but it is fine sport all the same. On the St. Sebastian and St. Lucie rivers on the east coast, and the Caloosahatchie and Myakka on the Gulf coast, and on Biscayne Bay, I have had such sport with tarpon of these weights that the hooking in the gullet of the giants of the bays pales before it as the morning stars before the rising sun. I say this in no captious spirit of comparison, for it is indeed a feat to be proud of, and to boast of, to hook, play and land a fish of 150lbs. with rod and reel, but as I said before, I do not particularly fancy that kind of angling."

THE SEA CATFISH (*Galeichthys felis*).—Welcome or unwelcome, this is one of the angler's fishes in Florida, and must come into the array with more desired forms. Blue cat and salt-water catfish are names applied to this species.

The sea catfish is accredited to our east coast from New York to Mexico; in the Northern States, however, it is not common. Florida has it *ad nauseam*, as will be observed while reading the remarks of Dr. Henshall later on. The species is, apparently, not recorded from entirely fresh water, although it runs into the rivers for some distance.

This is a bottom fish, which lives upon worms and crustaceans, and will refuse nothing in the shape of flesh. As a grunter, the sea catfish can give points to the grunt, the drum, croaker, cavalli, mademoiselle and other ventriloquists. Stearns complains of many nights on the water made sleepless on account of the noisy catfish.

Twelve pounds is the maximum weight recorded for this fish, but the average size is much smaller.

The most striking peculiarity of the species is its habit of carrying the fertilized eggs, which resemble white grapes in size and shape, in the gill cavity. Protected in this manner, they remain until the young are sufficiently developed to support themselves.

There is a second species of marine catfish, known as the gafftopsail cat from the peculiar shape of the first dorsal fin; this fish comes northward more frequently than the one just described. The gafftopsail has large eggs and is similar in habits to *G. felis*.

"The marine catfish is omnipresent on the coasts of Florida, rather more so than the angler desires, and often to his extreme disgust; for it takes both bait and fly intended for other and more desirable species—though it is more readily taken toward dusk or after dark. Anything in the way of bait will answer for the catfish, as it is not at all choice or fastidious in its tastes and desires, and will grunt its satisfaction just the same, when in the angler's possession, whether chewing up his best fly or a bit of white rag.

"I have never known it to be eaten. I tried it once as a matter of experiment, and, although my curiosity was satisfied, my palate was so outraged and disgusted that I have ever since been almost ashamed to look one in the face. And really I have no gastronomic use for a fish that makes a cradle of its mouth by carrying its eggs and young in it.

"There are several fresh-water species, any of which can be taken with any kind of bait and almost any kind of tackle; the only difficulty with the angler is to avoid taking them."

A FLORIDA RETROSPECT.

(Concluded from Page 486.)

should put his dwelling elsewhere. About the time I removed from Fort Reed an elegant tract of high hamak was being offered for sale in lots to suit on the south side of Lake Jessup. What I thought was an exorbitant price was asked for it; but I went through it, and rode around the edge of it, through the pine woods, searching for a suitable bit of pine land for a home, but failed to find what I sought. I did not wish to live miles away from my grove. Col. Whitner purchased twenty acres in that hamak and planted a grove after great labor in clearing off the dense growth of trees and vines, living at his home at Fort Reed. He was ably seconded by his son, Capt. B. F. W., an old Confederate officer, a chip of the old block, who was, and is, one of my dearest friends. On that twenty acres is to-day one of the finest groves I ever saw, and very profitable. It might have been money in my pocket had I purchased there and it might not. Col. W.'s arduous labors and exposures in that hamak and journeying to and fro no doubt shortened his useful life. Capt. W. still cares for the old grove, and in addition has a fine one of his own adjoining. Many a very pleasant visit I made there with him, where in the little cabin, around the camp-fire or table at meal time, with our pipes in the evening, deer driving with a neighbor in the adjacent woods, or fishing at the mouth of Soldier Creek, we passed some mighty happy hours. On Dec. 26, 1878, we left his boat landing for a duck hunt across Jessup and up the St. Johns. The day was "just too lovely for anything," though the ash breeze that kept us company was a trifle warm, and as we skirted the sawgrass, pulling in a bass here and there or bowling over a duck now and then, stopping at noon to lunch in the warm sunshine, I thought the situation could not easily be improved. Emerging from the lake we entered the river, and rowed along up easily until sunset warned us to camp. We found an unfurnished cabin back a piece from the shore on dry ground in the woods, roofed and sided, but frontless. Under the projecting roof at one end, where the outside chimney was to be placed, we made our bed on the ground, built a fire, brought up some extra wood, got supper, and after pipes and a chat turned in. I happened to be on the windward side, though there was scarcely any wind then.

A day or two before a blizzard had organized a raid away up among the ice and snow and other features of Hudson's Bay, and with all the "imps of the air" started for the identical spot where our innocent and unsuspecting selves were slumbering, gaining impetus as it hummed past Baltimore until, in the vernacular of the engineer, it "pulled her wide open" at Jacksonville, and somewhere about midnight struck our camp, as Uncle Remus says, "ker-blam." I had been dreaming for an hour, I suppose, as the temperature fell, that I was lost in a snowstorm on the plains, and that, overcome by the cold, the process of congelation had begun in my limbs, when I awoke to find that I had kicked the blanket off and was about to freeze to death on the spot. I was nearly stiffened out, but after a while managed to get on my feet, when with chattering teeth I beat my arms across my body, and braced against the wind that drove the rain like No. 10 shot from a chokebore at forty yards. Suffering Nicodemus! I was never so cold in my life. My very bones cried out, and I don't know as it was to be wondered at, for I had on no underclothing. Presently I got control of my fingers sufficiently to seize the ax, which I grasped for in the darkness, and though the wind had blown most of the fire bodily away, I succeed in rebuilding it, and after thawing out awhile turned in again, only to repeat the experience before morning, when Capt. W. wielded the ax. We did not get ducks enough on that trip to pay for our trouble.

But the nicest, easiest duck hunting I ever did in Florida or elsewhere, was over by Sylvan Lake, three or four miles from my place, shooting wood duck. Early in the fall the young ducks had a fly-way from their roosting place in some inland lake to the St. Johns in the morning and back in the evening. Driving over about 3 P. M., and hitching the horse to a tree a little distance back in the woods, I took my stand by a tree near the margin of the lake, where I had a good view out over the water and could see the incomers afar off. They skimmed along above the treetops just a "zoonin," and when the gun spoke, if killed, they fell on the pine carpet just in the rear. If winged, they could not escape; and if they went along unhurt, why, I had a shy at them some other day. No dogs, no wading in mud and water, no shivering in a blind, no lying spitted on one's back in a boat until half frozen, or blinded looking into the zenith, no chasing diving cripples—no trouble or annoyance of any kind. When the flight was over, pick up your ducks, put them into the wagon, and mosey off home as comfortable as you please.

For turkeys I went to Sulphur Creek Hamak, five or six miles away, sometimes starting horseback long before day, so as to be on the ground when the turkeys flew down; and again fire-hunting for deer down through the flat woods with a companion, camping in the edge of the hamak about midnight. I started one morning on muleback on a hunt of this kind, when the fog was so thick that it trembled like jelly on each side as I rode through it; and I had not been on the trail, just outside my gate, five minutes when the mule wandered off at his own sweet will somewhere else, and by the time I had seized the fact I was, as I found out later, away down at the lower end of my place, half a mile away from the trail, and as completely lost in the pine wood sameness as if I had been set down in the Okechobee swamps; and before I found myself I had run an oak limb in my eye and was too late to go turkey hunting. Gray squirrels, called there "cat squirrels," were very numerous in that hamak, and I have shot as many as twenty in an hour. They do not frequent pine woods, and the fox squirrel is not found in hamaks. The latter is as large as his Northern congener, but the former smaller, as are rabbits, quail and deer.

But time and space fail me to tell of the many, many happy hours spent in the vast stretches of pine forest or shady depths of hamak, in the almost impenetrable "scrub" or on the far-reaching prairie sentineled by picturesque round-headed palmetto trees; of excursions to inland lakes for fish, on camp hunts for deer, or of trips to the Upper St. Johns, Lake Harney and Indian River, and the comfortable camps by the shore beneath wide-branching oaks with their swaying canopies of moss, where the moon and the owl looked down upon us, and the great blue heron hoarsely squawked to his following mate as he leisurely led the way in search of fresh pastures.

The scenes of those days in many ways are wonderfully changed. Where then we journeyed by wagon and ground the slow and weary miles out in the yielding sand, beneath a merciless sun, while the great black flies bled the reeking horse unmercifully, leaving the blood trickling in a tiny stream from the pierced flesh, as it flew gorged and heavily away, now the firm rails bear the swift train to its destination, the iron horse heeds not the buzzing insect, and the comfortable passengers are whisked across river and prairie, through pine woods and gloomy hamak, by lakes and orange groves, speedily to their journey's end. Where formerly it took from twenty-four or more hours to go from Jacksonville to Sanford by the snaky coarse of the St. Johns, now by rail the distance is compassed in four or five. Yet to the stranger the river scenery would be the most interesting and instructive. Villages with villas, fine schools and churches, gas and water works have sprung up like Jonah's Gourd (let us hope they will not have worms and perish). Church bells call to worship; the noise of trade and traffic and whirr of mills drown the hoarse bellow of the alligator; the engine bell and whistle frighten the timid deer and suspicious turkey; and thousands of orange groves dot the land, wherein their owners hoe crab-grass, grub out stumps, set traps for the cunning and destructive gopher, mix all sorts of villainous compounds with which to dose "scale insects," raise sweet potatoes, gather oranges if they can, fight fleas, pick ticks, spend their little all for fertilizers, and do it again, get sand spurs in their legs, swear, hunt wood lice, experiment with all sorts of foreign truck that won't thrive, buy Northern hay in the bale at $30 the ton, ditto oats at ruination the bushel, have hen lice travel off with the poultry, and attempt the same with the horses on occasions, have roaches run off with the kitchen, scratch jiggers and howl, kill 'possums under the house, get Florida sore eyes, congratulate each other that they are not covered up by snow drifts, and curse the man who said that five thousand oranges were grown to the tree. I do not mean to be understood, you understand, that all these recreations were indulged in every day. By no means. They were sandwiched in with ordinary labor and other pleasures from time to time so as to avoid monotony.

I have enumerated a few of the entertainments provided for me. As I have intimated, I have had many funny and other experiences in Florida. I have enjoyed unspeakably the companionship, assistance, and entertainment of friends and neighbors, without which life would have been a burden, and in their company, when irresponsible cattlemen have set the woods afire, have fought to protect our groves and fences until reeking with perspiration, eyes blood-hot, throats parched with thirst, smutched from head to foot with grime and smoke of pitch, and on the verge of exhaustion with strife, life was as big a burden as we cared to "tote" back to the house. This is one of the recreations which I did not mention.

And yet, notwithstanding all the discomforts, I would not be robbed of my Florida memories for all the ice palaces and frozen noses from Maine to Oregon. The Florida winters as a rule are incomparably beautiful, the summers incomparably lengthy, and some of the aforementioned occupations incomparably incomparable.

There is probably no one locality on the globe that has every imaginable requisite for profit and happiness and not a single exception, excepting Col fornia. (For excursion rates see small bills.) We can not all look on these things alike. For those who are suited with Florida, that is just the place to suit them. For invalids whose health is benefited by that climate, that is their Mecca. For hotel keepers and land agents it is more of a "gold mine" than an orange grove. For those who are in limited circumstances and who go down there expecting to amass a fortune in a pine land grove, it is a delusion and a snare. For those who have gone there from other sections and having burned their bridges behind them, can't get away, it is a lovely place to cultivate patience, endurance and economy. For the owner of a large and profitable grove it is an admirable place to raise oranges, while for any who have abundant means to "monkey" with a pine land grove and not feel it, or purchase one in a hamak, having a winter residence at Lightwood Villa and a summer ditto at Bar Harbor, I am willing to act as legatee if they will act promptly.

O. O. S.

CHARLOTTE HARBOR.

FOURTH PAPER.

"The stormy March is come at last
With wind and cloud and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast
That through the snowy valley flies.

"Ah! passing few are those who speak,
Wild, stormy month, in praise of thee.
Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me.

"Thou bringst the hope of those calm skies,
And that soft clime of sunny showers,
Where the wide bloom on earth that lies,
Seems of a brighter world than ours."

I HAVE spent four successive months of March at the southern end of Charlotte Harbor; the novelty has passed away, and the place and its incidents have become almost as familiar as my home, and it needs the genius of a Walton or a White to make the recital of familiar and homely incidents interesting. However, I observe that I eagerly read all stories of Florida journeyings—especially when they tell of scenes and regions with which I am familiar—and it may be that there are others to whom some notes of my six weeks' sojourn on Pine Island of the season of 1889 will be of interest.

The yellow fever scourge of 1888 had, last winter, thrown a pall over Florida. Northern visitors were very few. The great hotels were almost empty of guests. Many were closed. To emphasize the general gloom, the weather was execrable. The whole nothern part of the State was under water. I observed at Sandford that the palmetto trees that used to fringe the shore were well out in the St. Johns. There was one compensation, the trains ran promptly on time, and there was plenty of room.

North P. Norris, my companion, and myself, arrived at Jacksonville by the West India Mail at noon of Sunday, Feb. 24. We had taken our ticket for Palatka, and spent the hour's stop at Jacksonville visiting the Sub-Tropical Exposition. The sky was gloomy and the streets deserted. The big Everett was closed; no one was visible at the Wind-or; and two persons stood on the verandah of the St. James. At the Exposition there were no visitors but ourselves. A dude flamingo stalked about the aisles, turning his toes out with laughable precision, and apparently commenting in hoarse tones upon the exhibits. My old acquaintance, the manatee, was covered with a growth of moss, but devoured the lily pads thrown to him with relish, using the little claws which project from his nostrils to clutch them. A covey of quail roamed about the building, seemingly very little alarmed, but shy enough to show their faculty of quick concealment.

A prominent official of the railroad was the only passenger in the Pullman, besides ourselves, for Palatka, and learning our wish to reach Punta Gorda as soon as possible, informed us that there was a Sunday night train from Lakeland, near Tampa, and kindly had our baggage rechecked for us. We arrived at Punta Gorda shortly after midnight, being the only passengers from Lakeland southward. So we reached the head of Charlotte Harbor in two days from Philadelphia.

The next morning gave us typical Charlotte Harbor weather; clear sky, and a warm, soft breeze. The handsome hotel was admirably kept, as usual, but there was the prevailing gloom on the manager's countenance, which indicated that there was no profit in the season. In the morning we hired a wagon and drove through the woods five miles to Alligator Creek—a little stream—and took a half dozen black bass, the largest three pounds. After dinner we sailed down to the railroad pier, and witnessed the taking of a jewfish weighing 300lbs. The next noon we arrived at San Carlos Hotel, St. James city, had a handle put on my gaff by the blacksmith, arranged our rooms, and prepared for six weeks' fishing.

There is something very homelike about this little hotel. I found many of the same people there who witnessed its opening. The hotel itself was nearly full, but there was no overflow into the annex or cottages as in former years. The service was very good and the table excellent. A professional fish cook had been brought from Boston, and the guests could have their fish prepared in any manner they liked. Spanish mackerel never appeared on the bill of fare, yet enough of that delicious fish were taken by the guests and prepared by private orders to keep the table well supplied. The at-

tendance at the table was by neat-looking girls from Maine.

A most important duty was also performed; that is, the selection and employment of a boatman, for upon that individual the pleasure and success of the expedition largely depends. Through Capt. John Smith—the Russian Finn who is commander-in-chief of the wharf and the boatmen—we obtained an honest and reliable colored man, who owned an excellent catboat, the Gracie, and who was tolerably familiar with the holes and rocks and reefs where the fish congregate. His name was Theodore Donathan, shortened by Capt. Smith to "Dode." He was our guide during our whole stay, and we had no cause to complain of him.

The invariable routine of days fit for fishing was an early breakfast, so that a start from the dock might be made at eight o'clock at the latest. A basket or bucket of provisions, ordered the evening before, was furnished each boat for luncheon. At six o'clock in the evening there was served a good dinner in courses.

The first duty in these waters is to dispose of the sheepshead, so that there will be no further desire on the part of the Northern comrade to pursue that fish to the prejudice of the rarer and more vigorous varieties. When I told Norris, before our Southern journey, that he could take a sheepshead a minute, and that one trial—I said one day, knowing his preference for that fish over all others—would suffice for his whole sojourn, I saw that, while he expressed no doubt as to the rapidity of catch, in words, he had mental reservations, and he was not slow in saying that sheepshead were good enough for him, and that he would be content to leave tarpon and lesser fish to others. Many a day have he and I spent at Cross Ledge Light, and in the Cape May sounds, patiently waiting for the sheepshead's "nod," and well repaid were we if we could carry back at nightfall only one of the fish.

Dode was directed to have the Gracie ready for the next morning, and meet us at the dock at 8 o'clock provided with a bucket of "pink fiddlers."

Promptly on time we started, the morning air, warm and sweet, and though gentle, favorable. In an hour or two, we tied our boat at the steps of the government dock at Sanibel. The trail line, as the breeze freshened, captured a trout and a Spanish mackerel before we reached our moorings.

Sanibel dock is a short pier, extending about 50ft. into deep water of San Carlos Bay, in front of the lighthouse, which is 200yds. distant from the bay, and stands about two-thirds of the distance across the island to the Gulf of Mexico. The lighthouse (or houses) consists of two neat, low, white buildings for the three keepers, and between them is the high iron light tower. The dwelling houses are elevated on open foundations 15ft. high. The extremity of the island, and surrounding the buildings is covered with a heavy growth of Spanish bayonet, beach grape, palmetto-, flowering vines and other semi-tropical growths, very odd and pleasing to the Northern eye. Along the gallery toward the south, numerous rude bird cages hung, filled with nonpareil birds and cardinal grosbeaks which had been trapped by the keepers.

Upon the dock were piles of lumber collected from wreckage, and we found a shady place and prepared for the sheepshead. I also had a desire to take a jewfish, and had brought with me a shark hook and 100ft. of clothes line. The jewfish are said to be numerous under the dock, but it is an extremely rare thing to take one, because of cutting the line on the barnacles which crowd the pilings I tied four snells to my line, and filed the barbs from the hooks so that the fish could be quickly disengaged when landed. Norris said he would not risk barbless hooks, and evidently suspected that I was making sport of him and not the fish. I proposed that we should take one hundred fish, and then I should stop. I directed Dode to bait the jewfish line with the first sheepshead, and cast out. We then moved to the edge of the wharf, and dropped the fiddlers into the water.

The bait reached bottom without molestation, and I feared that the infallibility of the place was gone. But in an instant there was a gentle nip and I was playing a fish, which was at once transferred to the jewfish line, which Dode cast out, and in fifteen minutes there were as many sheepshead flopping on the dock. These were cast overboard, very little injured. Just then the jewfish line began running out, and seizing it, we allowed a run of 50ft. or so, fortunately away from the dock, and then struck. Dode seized the ball of line and ran ashore and down the beach so as to prevent the fish from running under the dock, while we worried the fish until Dode was ready, and then threw the line clear and ran ashore to assist. In ten minutes the big fish was drawn to the beach, and Dode had a gaff and a boat hook in his gills and we drew him ashore—a young jewfish, looking like an enormous bright brown perch, and weighing 18½lbs.

We hooked four more jewfish during our stay at St. James, but this was the only one saved, and the only one taken by any one at the lower end of the harbor, so far as we could learn, during the season. The flesh of this fish is highly prized, and it was relished at the hotel table.

Returning from this episode, an hour more completed the task of taking the one hundred sheepshead. When I called to Norris that the score was complete, he made no comment, but quietly remarked that he would go over on the beach and get some shells, and left me. I lay down in the shade and took a short nap. Then, Norris not returning, I baited up again, and when he came back the score was 157—all taken, jewfish included, in about three hours.

So far as Southern sheepshead are concerned, Norris is cured. I believe neither he nor I cast a bait for them again during the trip.

The most abundant and one of the most beautiful fish in these waters is the trout, or Southern weakfish, ornamented with scattered circular black spots on a ground of opal. They differ from their Northern brethren in seizing the troll with avidity and in taking a very large bait in preference to a small one. They are also of firmer flesh and of finer flavor. Some of the guests who were fly-fishermen seemed to have great sport taking them with trout rod and fly. Norris and I, while trolling for channel bass, took four in succession that aggregated 24lbs.

The most reliable and altogether most satisfactory denizen of these waters is the channel bass, generally called redfish in Florida and on the New Jersey coast, where the largest ones are abundant in autumn, always known as red drum. On the incoming tide they swarm along the shores and oyster bar reefs, and in the shallow water they can often be seen and the bait cast to them. They are not so large here as on the New Jersey coast, the largest recorded here being 34lbs. The average weight is, I should judge, 10lbs. I had a delightful afternoon, when Norris was unfortunately confined to the house, and I had started out late, the Gracie reaching the "Six Mile Rookery," where I purposed fishing, about 2 o'clock. In the skiff, with Dode at the oars, I trolled slowly around the islands, now and then taking a bass or trout, until I happened on a sand bar, over which the flood tide was pouring. I knew this to be the place, anchored the skiff and cast my bait over the bar and into the eddy. It was exciting and exhausting work, for by the time I had to leave, to save daylight and the wind for my nine-mile trip homeward, I had taken from that spot twenty-five channel bass and twenty-five trout—a skiff load of beautiful fish. A few days later a lady took from the same place twenty-five bass.

There was one kind of fishing which Norris and I developed during our trip, and that was the pursuit of the grouper. Norris thinks this the most exciting and interesting of all fishing, and in my opinion it is of the highest rank. There are two kinds of grouper, the black and the red. The black grouper is a powerful, symmetrical fish, with mottled dark green sides, and looks a good deal like the black bass. The red variety is shorter and of wider build, and has an enormous mouth and throat of most brilliant scarlet hue. The body is of bright reddish hue, which as the fish dies turns to a sickly gray, the colors returning after death. Both varieties are highly prized as food, even the boatmen at the dock begging the lucky fisherman who has more than he can use. Leigh Hunt never heard of the grouper when he wrote—

> "The fish is swift, small-needing, vague, yet clear,
> A cool, sweet, silver life, wrapt in round waves,
> Quickened with touches of transporting fear!"

For the grouper is fierce and a glutton. Dode says it is the only fish which doesn't know when it has enough. The more it is fed the more it wants, and the biggest "chum," the largest bait, the largest hooks and stoutest tackle are in order. I had often taken grouper, now and then—*rari nantes*—when fishing for channel bass or tarpon, but never until last season had pursued them systematically.

Dode, early in his engagement by us, often spoke of a great habitat of the fish which he had discovered while "turtlin'" in summer, and to which he was anxious to guide us. Our first trip was a failure, owing to high winds. We reached the ground and fished a half hour without any success. We found the bed to be close along shore, near the mouth of the harbor and in the Gulf of Mexico. Patches of coral rock made vague, black, cloudy spots on the yellow sands, and in these rocks the grouper has his lair. For his first impulse, when he feels the prick of the hook, is to wedge himself in the rocks, and he can with difficulty be dislodged by the heaviest tackle. When captured, the scratches made by the rocks, from which he has been pulled by main strength, are plainly visible. Of course the fisherman, as soon as his fish is hooked, must exert all his strength to keep the grouper from the rocks; and after that is done, there is plenty of fight in the fish until it is brought into the boat and a quietus administered with the "paralyzer."

Dode did not take kindly to our scoffs at his famous "grouper hole," after our failure, and finding a day which he thought propitious, we made another visit there. As we passed Sanibel Point, with a gentle breeze making the Gracie slip swiftly through the pale green Gulf water, we found the inlet alive with gulls and pelicans, all in great excitement, for below them, all over the surface, were the silver flashes of Spanish mackerel, looking like the flash of raindrops from a summer shower on the surface of a placid pond. The Spanish mackerel is shy of the lure, but by making several tacks through the schools and scoring many strikes and many misses, we took five of the fish—ample for our needs.

We reached the "grouper hole" and prepared for action. We used the tarpon outfit, except that the snells were the damaged ones in stock which we would not risk on the greater fish. Dode cut up a great quantity of mullet chum in large pieces, and cast it around the boat. It was a full hour before there was a strike, and then a grouper rushed into his hole in the rocks and the line had to be broken to continue fishing. This occurred two or three times, and then when we had a strike we would keep the fish away from the bottom by main strength. We then began to take the fish in rapidly and ran the score up to thirteen black and three red groupers, in weight from 4 to 15lbs. Two instances showed the power of the fish. In each case Norris's rod was jerked below the surface, and his line spun out against his strongest pressure on the reel, until it broke. "Jewfish!" quoth Dode, "There are plenty of 'em here." Great was our surprise when shortly after we took two groupers of about 12lbs. weight each, with the missing snells hanging from their mouths. Another of Dode's "jewfish" was very difficult to handle, and gave Norris a protracted tussle which ended in disclosing a 35lb. green turtle, which was a welcome addition to the larder at the hotel.

During our stay we made three other excursions to this ground, and took thirteen, fourteen and thirty groupers. Dode took great pride in keeping its location a secret, and refused $10 to disclose its whereabouts, and was much chagrined when we innocently revealed our knowledge of it. Our directions must have been too vague, however, for no one besides ourselves brought grouper from there.

And the tarpon, which is the final cause—*raison d'être*—of this Ultima Thule of fishing resorts.

The great silver king classed with the herring! It may be correct as a scientific grouping; just as the jewfish—most bulky and uninteresting, though savory—is a perch. But think of a perch weighing 600lbs., and picture a herring seven feet in length (as Colonel Kew's fish was), clad in mail of solid silver, with a mouth big enough to engulf a man, and so powerful that he can, and does, throw his great bulk six feet in air and, while above the surface of the sea, twist every muscle with frantic contortion. For beauty and power he has among fishes no equal. Those who have once pursued him—except now and then an Englishman, who cannot forget the traditions as to salmon and the literature appurtenant—acknowledge his supremacy, and come again and again and invoke the old thrill. And it is not necessary to creation and sustaining of interest to have taken his majesty; for has not my friend, the Colonel (from Kentucky, of course), spent three solid winters, and devised many ingenious mechanical patented appliance for his capture? and has he not had many strikes? and has he captured one king? Nay, verily. But he will come again this winter.

There are some canons as to the taking of tarpon which have not been emphasized in writing; some have not been mentioned. What Mr. W. H. Wood says is good, for he is the chief of tarpon fishermen. Col. Pinckney has related what he gleaned from Mr. Wood and others during a short stay at the harbor, when he did not take a fish. Mr. S. C. Clarke, whose writings are agreeable reading, relates the old opinion of the fish by describing a terrifying monster, "with scales as big as a half dollar," which can never be captured with a rod, and only by tying a barrel to him or fastening a dipsey by which the tarpon can beat his own brains out. This is perhaps to be excused in one who is content to while away his time at Mosquito Inlet, instead of crossing the peninsula to Charlotte Harbor, where the only tarpon fishing is. Let me give two or three canons of my own.

First—Procure a long pole, and when anchored attach the stern of the skiff to it by a cord. Never allow the boat to swing. A moving boat draws the bait over the bottom, collecting seaweed and fouling the line. It makes it necessary also for the fisherman to constantly give out and take in line as the boat swings, a nuisance to the placid soul who wishes to read a book or take a nap.

Second—Do not coil any spare line on the stern sheets. The boat being (according to the first rule) without motion this is not necessary, for a well-built reel will give out line without a check or friction. The tarpon, while a cautious fish, will not notice such resistance. This rule is valuable, although contrary to the accepted notions. Almost all the tarpon are taken on the incoming tide, and as it makes, the wind rises until toward high water there is a stiff breeze. The line coiled on the after thwart in the conventional fashion offers a favorite plaything to this brisk air, and it will be twisted and tangled in many loops, and one single kink means a lost fish.

Lastly—Do not strike. Let the fish alone, and he will hook himself. If the hook is not gorged he will eject it anyway. I have known two fish taken which were hooked in the mouth; mere chance, which does not avoid the rule. The prick of the hook in the walls of the stomach sends the monster with sudden impulse into the air, and his contortions imbed the steel firmly in his system, when after his first leap you see him flash by, with only a foot of snell streaming behind him, you may know he is your fish—barring accidents.

To this I should add that no great strain should be put on the fish while he is leaping. Let him have the floor the first fifteen minutes. He will be out of the water a good deal of that time, and every leap he makes is at the expense of his vitality. Merely keep your line taut enough to prevent fouling and save your strength for the next fifteen minutes. Then he will be weary and you fresh, and you can yank and haul and "lift" him with deadly effect. If he comes to the surface to breathe—as he will—lift him with all your strength; don't let him get a mouthful of air.

Many fishermen have fallen exhausted and spent in the bottom of the boat because of useless struggles with a fresh fish. I have made it a practice to stop tarpon fishing after the annual fish. The chance of a strike is too uncertain to justify the waste of time. There is abundance of other fish which give constant pleasurable excitement, and pursuit of them contrasts favorably with the long and tiresome waiting and sleeping attendant on pursuit of their greater neighbor. This year, I gave the king four solid days before he noticed me.

March 23, I anchored just inside of Punta Blanca, in the mouth of the Caloosahatchie, at the precise point where I took my first tarpon, in 1887. The skiff's stern, pointed toward the land, was firmly fastened to a pole. A hundred yards off was the nearest yacht, anchored permanently on the fishing ground, and beyond that another yacht, both of them the winter homes of New York tarpon fishermen. Soon the boats from Punta Rassa, a half dozen of them, appeared, and then two or three from St. James, among them Dr. K.'s, nearly out in the channel. I cast my bait toward the shore and to the left, and Norris his to the right of mine, and then we made ourselves comfortable and awaited—as Uncle Remus says—"what the news was gwine to be."

About eleven o'clock we were aroused by a great splash behind us, and, out near the channel, saw a great silver body rear itself in air in front of Dr. K. Immediately from those old mossbackers of Punta Rassa, came the simultaneous shout of "Tar-pon! Tar-pon!" which war cry they kept up during the contest. The fight was brief. Dr. K. had the theory that he could take the fish in a few minutes, and putting a tremendous strain on his rod, he smashed that—with a report like a pistol shot—and, singularly enough, the line broke at the same time.

The day was lovely, scarcely any wind, and the occupants of the different boats discussed the late contest with freedom, every one satisfied, as usual, that he would have improved on it. Norris and I betook ourselves to our lunch-basket. We had renewed our baits which had been torn by the catfish, thousands of which swarmed about our boat. Dode would now and then scale a mullet for bait or chum, and, as the catfish swarmed to the surface for the scales or offal, he would strike quickly with his knife and a dead catfish would float away with the tide. He killed not less than twenty in this way.

We were finishing the post-prandial grape fruit, when my reel handle began to revolve. There is no more vivid and intense emotion on earth than that simple revolution conveys to the sensoria of the tarpon fisherman. I threw the remains of the luncheon into the basket, put the dinner table—a board—across the boat, seated myself upon it, facing the stern, yelled to Dode to take up the grapnel, untied the line from the pole at the stern, and then picked up my rod. The reel, by this time, was going so fast that the handle was invisible. Dode had the grapnel in the boat, and Norris his line half reeled in, when out of the brown water shot a magnificent fish, to be saluted by the Punta Rassa contingent with their war cry. After his leap he went by me, right at the surface of the water, with about a foot of chain snell visible. I knew then that there were two good feet of it in him, and that he was mine, barring accidents.

We were now adrift, with Dode at the oars, keeping

the stern of the boat toward the course of the fish. How the beauty did leap! He was the liveliest fish on record, for he cleared the surface twenty-three times. As we passed one of the yachts, a handsome fish came out of the water, making a straight course for us, but we escaped him (as we learned afterward) because the fisherman had coiled spare line on the thwart, which became entangled with the reel handle.

After fifteen minutes or so, the fish had finished his acrobatic feats, and I took my turn, and, in fifteen minutes more I am sure he was ready for the gaff, but I preferred to kill him, because our skiff was small and heavily laden. I had him in the boat in forty-four minutes—dead.

"Heavens!" said Norris, "I don't want one of these fish, I am so nervous now looking on that I am tired out."

Dode's comment was characteristic, "O, Mr. Tarpon, he's a man!"

The fish was a most symmetrical specimen, and was a fac-simile in every respect, except weight and length, of that taken by Mr. Robert Grant, and described by him in *Scribner's Magazine*. These two were the most beautiful fish I ever saw at St. James. Mine was 5ft. 10½in. long and weighed 121lbs.

I had heard many accounts of the tarpon fishing at Estero Creek—called by Dode Lasterre—which is a network of lagoons lying below the mouth of the harbor. So the last three days of our stay were devoted to a trip in the Gracie of exploration in that locality. A big dry-goods box was filled with provisions and Apollinaris bottles, and on a brilliant, cloudless morning we started in tow of the little steamer Harry C This useful little boat had been chartered by a gentleman from Philadelphia, who was taking a party of friends out in the Gulf to kill a devilfish. But for his kindness in offering us assistance we would have been unable to reach Carlos Pass, well down Estero, before night, for there was no breeze until our line was cast off well out in the Gulf, and the steamer went on its way looking for the great sea bats, which on calm days are accustomed to bask on the surface.

We were moving swiftly down the coast, and had passed the steamer, when we heard pistol shots, and saw that a devilfish had been harpooned and was towing the steamer at a rapid rate, his great wings throwing spray high in the air. The pistol was being used as rapidly as possible to kill the fish, and after a while the effort was successful, the fish—a medium-sized one of 15ft. width, as we afterward learned—was taken in tow, and our friends steamed back to the hotel.

About noon we drew near Carlos Pass. As we approached the entrance a school of great fish, dimly seen, shot past us, coming from within the pass, which Dode pronounced tarpon. From the pass poured a flood of white water—an ill augury of success for us. As we drew near, my trail line was snatched fiercely, and I landed a 10lb. cavallii—a beautiful fish. Within the pass was a large flock of white pelicans, now a rare bird, and many egrets on the sand bars. We landed opposite an old wharf, beyond which was a cabin, in a clearing looking like a gash in the mangroves and palmettos, and further up the stream was a schooner in which was living a surveying party engaged in running lines for a railway, projected probably with an eye to land grants. Close by us the lance of a tarpon slowly moved along. Water perfectly opaque, so that prospect for fishing was poor. After luncheon we started off, however, for we needed bait, and fish for our table. We entered, and ascended for a mile or two, a broad lagoon studded with mangrove islands. I never saw so many mullet; they were leaping everywhere, but the water was so roiled that Dode's cast net took but few of them. Our fishing was a failure; we hardly secured enough trout for supper and breakfast.

Returning toward the Gracie, we found a good-looking catboat, hauled up near the cabin, and Dode informed us that its occupants were August, a Portuguese named Juan Augusta, and a man who lived with him. We landed and I walked up to the cabin and found the place swarming with dogs and cats. A single room was all the structure contained, and in it lived August, his friend, and his friend's wife. I found August and Norris in animated conversation when I reached the shore. August was exclaiming, "Ta'-pon?" With a sweep of his arm, "Hunneds ta'-pon! One dem s'veya fellar, he tol' ma he gi' ma ten-a-dolla put' 'im on a ta'-pon. A tol' 'im a fin' 'im a-plenty un um, he come-a July or August!" The disgust on Norris's countenance was ludicrous, and I think he repented certain incentives to loquacity which he had expended.

The next morning we spent in searching along the shores for tarpon, and we anchored and fished an hour or two, taking a number of large cavallii, and one large blue shark, which leaped from the water four times, turning himself over and over laterally until he twisted the line about his body and broke it.

In the afternoon, we sailed through Estero Lagoon, arriving in the narrow Estero Creek opposite the "Lime Grove," after passing over lagoons of great extent, just about sunset. Here the water was clear, and we spent two or three hours fishing for tarpon by moonlight. We had plenty of runs, which gave momentary excitement, but all proved to be from sharks. We removed the "cool, sweet, silver life" from a dozen of these pests, by means of the rod and a revolver.

The next morning at ten o'clock saw us anchored on our old grouper ground, with Dode ashore with his cast net getting bait. He soon returned with an ample supply of mullet. It was agreed that we should stop at thirty grouper, and by three o'clock in the afternoon we had that number, and so closed my trip to St. James of the season of 1889. F. S. J. C.

AFTER BREAKFAST.—You may take the most elegant and complete vestibule train ever constructed, leaving Chicago daily at 10:15 A. M., via the Chicago and Atlantic Railway. The magnificent trains offer unsurpassed accommodations for all classes of travel for New York, Boston and Eastern cities. Pullman dining cars are a feature of this new departure, and run through in either direction between Chicago and New York. Instead of exacting extra charges for fast time and the peerless accommodations proffered, the Chicago and Atlantic through its own agencies and those of connecting lines quotes fares to Eastern cities from $1.50 to $3.00 less than is charged by other routes. Consult your local ticket agent on this important item, or for maps, folders and time cards giving full information of the Chicago and Atlantic, New York and Chicago Vestibuled Limited carrying all classes of passengers. Address for prompt reply F. C. DONALD, General Passenger Agent, Chicago. Inclose two green stamps for an amusing, novel and paradoxically ingenious toy. A harmless, fireless, powderless, everlasting fire cracker.—*Adv.*

A ST. AUGUSTINE HUNTER.

NO sketch of St. Augustine would be complete without some account of Mr. James Ponce, familiarly called "Jim," the famous guide and hunter, to whom every trail and lurking place of deer, bear and other game, for many miles, are as familiar as his own domicile. Indeed, this intimate knowledge of the country extends over a great part of eastern Florida. Mr. Ponce is about fifty years of age; and his heavy frame and clean-shaven, weather-beaten countenance give evidence of his powers of endurance. His whole make up is that of a typical hunter.

He still uses a muzzleloader, with the old powder horn and shot pouch slung over his shoulder; and there is yet to be found the sporting tourist, with his elegant breechloader, who will bring home as much game as the hunter with his rusty muzzle-loader, which he always carries ready for use on his Mexican saddle in front of him. How he manages to ride at a sharp canter for ever so long a distance, without once touching his gun to keep it in place, is something I could never understand.

At the near approach of the hounds the deer breaks cover, Ponce's pony at the word springs with all eagerness into a sharp run, until his rider judges he is near enough for a shot; then a sudden pull up to a dead halt; and the rider from the saddle with a well-aimed shot brings down the deer. A sight worth seeing and long to be remembered.

His record now shows over a thousand deer, and of bears nearly four hundred. Mr. Ponce can imitate the call of any bird or animal so perfect that he always gets an answer from the forest dweller. Numerous anecdotes of the results of this faculty might be told did space permit. A pronounced stammer adds zest to his speech and enhances the interest with which one listens' to his stories. During the season his services are always in demand. One of the later incidents, which found its way into almost all the Southern papers, is that accidentally coming upon a combat between a wildcat and a large alligator, he killed them both and brought them in triumph to St. Augustine. W.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla., Dec. 24.

A FLORIDA COAST ADVENTURE.

LAST Friday morning about four o'clock Keeper J. M. Hopkins, of the Cape Malabar House of Refuge, near Melbourne, discovered a small sloop riding at anchor about a mile off shore. He signalled the boat, and presently three persons—two men and a boy—emerged from the cabin, and, entering a dingey, sculled slowly towards the shore. A heavy surf was on, and it seemed impossible for the little boat to live in the breakers. Half the time the boat and its crew were wholly hidden from sight but it arose safely to the crest of the following wave every time until within almost a rod of the beach, when a huge breaker lifted it up and threw it forward like a rocket. So terrific was its speed that the persons were unable to hold on to the seats. All three were thrown into the breakers. The oldest man managed to grasp the stern of the boat as it shot past him, and when the boat was thrown high on the sands he rolled like a ball half way up the beach.

Anticipating the trouble, Keeper Hopkins had run to the beach and waded out into the surf. When the three were thrown out of the boat, Mr. Hopkins plunged into the breakers and caught the little boy and succeeded in drawing him safely to the shore. Then he ran back into the water and rescued the young man just as the undertow seized him. But for his prompt action the little boy and the young man would have been drowned.

The old man was still lying where the waves had thrown him, when Mr. Hopkins was able to give him attention. Although he said his rough-and-tumble on the beach had not hurt him any, he was trembling violently and unable to rise. He was too weak to hold a cup of coffee, which was at once carried to him, but after drinking it he revived enough to tell that for four days they had been without food. Then the poor old colored man, with tears of joy running down his wrinkled cheeks, poured out prayers of thanksgiving to God for saving them from starvation and drowning.

The young man and the little boy walked to the house, but the old man was so feeble that food was carried to where he was lying on the sand. The spark of life in him was very low, but in an hour or two the old man was able to walk to the house, on the edge of the bluff. Later he was able to give an account of his experience, which was a fearful one. He was what Northerners would deem a typical "Uncle Tom," tall and venerable in appearance, simple and religious in his conversation, humble and polite in his actions. His age was perhaps sixty, and he was born in slavery at St. Augustine, where he was owned by Daniel Rolle. His own name is Simon Rolle, and he is the father of fourteen children, all of whom are living. The little boy, aged about nine years, who was in the boat, is his youngest son. The other was an adopted son, about twenty years old, named James Evans. The following is a condensation of the old man's story:

"On June 8 I left my home in Nassau for a trip to Courtney Key after turtles, taking along a week's provisions. We had just got off the Bahama banks when a calm, which lasted two days, settled down on us, and we drifted into the Gulf Stream, which carried us along rapidly. Our anchor cable was only ten fathoms long and we tried to row back to the banks, but could not do it. The third day a gale struck us. I've lived all my life on the salt water, but I never saw such a sea as there was in that Gulf Stream. I've seen more than there in the last week than my grandfather saw in all his life. The waves rolled twice as high as our mast. We gave up all hopes but by the power of God and a good understanding we kept the boat from sinking. After the gale broke I headed the boat west-southwest, thinking I'd strike the Florida coast somewhere. I thought we were nearer St. Augustine, and knew our provisions would not last until we struck land, although from the day we were blown off the Bahama bank we limited our food to two crackers a day, and finally to one a day. But four days ago Ben ate the last crum. We had plenty of water, though, and that kept us from getting so hungry. We sighted land last night at six o'clock. I praised the good Lord for letting me see it and once more.

"But I was afraid that perhaps we would be killed by the Indians or wild beasts. I didn't sleep any last night for thinking about them. We sailed on until midnight, guided by two lights on the shore. We anchored before the first one. It was the good Lord that ordered it. He brought us safe out of that wild, raw sea, and to the very door of the good keeper of your Goverment's house. He has done everything in the world for us. We would have drowned and died of starvation but for Him. As long as God lets me live I'll pray for him."

There is little more to be told. Mr. Hopkins gave the men enough provisions to last them six weeks, and Sunday morning they started south. It is their intention to enter the Indian River at Ft. Capron bar, and sell their sloop there. Nothing could induce them to cross the Gulf Stream again, although their boat has proved itself to be wonderfully seaworthy. It is but twenty-one feet long, ten-foot beam, draft three feet. It is on the English model, without centreboard. The boat cleared from Port Semini, New Providence, Capt. James Evans, although the old man, Simon Rolle, is her owner.—*Melbourne (Fla.) News, August, 1889.*

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nanit," "Gloan," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybillene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

FISHING IN FLORIDA WATERS.—Anglers who intend visiting Florida this coming winter will find it to their advantage to inspect the superior tackle for tarpon and other fishes, manufactured by Thomas J. Conroy, 65 Fulton street, New York.—*Adv.*

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 220 pages, price $2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

Natural History.

NESTING OF THE LOGGERHEAD TURTLE

[Read before the Linnæan Society of New York, at its meeting held Nov. 15, 1889.]

BY MRS. F. E. B. LATHAM.

[While collecting in Florida during the spring of 1889, the writer was located at Oak Lodge, the residence of Mrs. Latham, on the last peninsula opposite Micco, Brevard county, and procured from this lady for the American Museum of Natural History, a series of embryonic loggerhead turtles, collected by her, representing the third to sixtieth, or last, day of incubation. Mrs. Latham accompanied these specimens with her observations on the nesting habits of the species, which are so valuable and interesting that it has been deemed advisable to publish them. In addition to the loggerhead turtle, which nests at Oak Lodge in great abundance, Mrs. Latham has found one nest of the green turtle containing 100 eggs, the turtle being captured; and also one nest of the hawksbill turtle, containing 200 eggs, from which she secured fully developed young. She further mentions seeing a peculiar "crawl" or trail on the beach which differed from any with which she was familiar, and may have been the leather-backed turtle.—FRANK M. CHAPMAN (American Museum of Natural History, New York city.)]

ON the beach the turtles commence to lay about the middle of May, and the latest date at which I have observed them was the full moon of September. A full moon night is generally selected for a hunt, as at that time the tide is higher and the turtles seem instinctively to know that the waves will help them on their journey to a nesting place. Closely watching the water, we often fancy we see a black object nearing the shore. If the sea be rough we know none will land, for they seem to fear being caught by a breaker and thrown on their back, when they would be totally helpless. At last our patience is rewarded; creeping up out of the waves, the turtle stops and looks around; should anything now alarm her she quickly slips back into the sea; but if the coast is clear she laboriously mounts the sandy beach in a direct line. When near the barrier she commences to dig. First one hindfoot removes some sand, then slightly shifting her body sideways, the other is used, until a hole from 12 to 20in. deep and from 14 to 18in. in diameter is formed. She now deposits her eggs, covering them loosely with sand, the whole operation taking from thirty to forty minutes.

During this time the turtle completely ignores our presence; her large bulging eyes seem to have lost all fear in her anxiety to accomplish her maternal work; indeed so intent is she upon her task that one may take the eggs in his hands as she drops them, or may catch them in a bag or pail, curious as the statement may seem, and the turtle, apparently unaware of her loss, will proceed to fill in the cavity, even after every egg has been removed. Having scraped the sand back into the hole, heaping it higher over the nest than the surrounding beach, she seems in a hurry to return to her native element. In returning they seldom take the same crawl, but ascending and descending trails generally resemble a contracted letter V.

In the earlier part of the season the turtles seem to feel a desire to nest before the eggs are developed enough to be deposited. I assume this for the reason that I have often found false nests, that is, where excavations have been made and no eggs deposited. As we have no neighbors nearer than eight miles the nests could not have been tampered with. I also have found crawls where the turtles had dug from three to five holes on their upward journey, and finally placed their eggs in a nest close under the barrier.

I have taken great pains to dissect and examine the turtles killed since our residence here, and from evidence furnished by such dissection, I have come to the conclusion that these turtles lay several nests of eggs in a season. We have permitted the turtle to deposit her eggs in a nest, cover, and leave them; then, on her return to the ocean, "turned" her and taken her home. From one such specimen we took 300 matured eggs, and from the nest she had previously made we took 140. I also counted 800 immature eggs, yolks, and there was also a mass of yolks I did not try to count. Comparing the length of empty egg-sac with that which was filled with matured eggs, I concluded that the turtle had already laid one nest of eggs previous to the one at the time of capture.

Our last turtle, captured in July, I also examined, and the length of empty egg-sac compared with previous examinations led me to the conclusion that the turtle had already laid three nests of eggs, as she contained only 140 matured eggs, and there were no indications of any more eggs coming to maturity this season. This turtle was very fat; from the green fat I made two and a half gallons of fine oil, and I could have saved more had I cared to do so. The contents of its stomach were composed of sea weed and a few bits of barnacle shells; there was also a quantity of parasitic worms, quite slender in shape and about 2in. long. A still larger mass of these was found in the throat.

Having determined to watch the process from laying to hatching, I began to hunt for new nests and to number them, knowing that the bears would probably claim their share ere my work was accomplished. To commence with, therefore, I dated and numbered nineteen nests, this within a distance of three miles along the beach. Each day at 3 P.M. I took my six eggs from the nest; for the first three days I failed to secure an embryo, but the third day, or fourth morning, I procured a few embryos out of 100 eggs, for they were so delicate that a touch destroyed them. Thus far the waste of eggs was so great, that I began to consider how to avoid it. Noticing that the shell was changing from a delicate pink-white to a dull opaque-white at one spot on the egg at the age of twenty-four hours, and that each succeeding day increased the size of this spot, I searched there for my treasure, and there I found it.

The collection of each day from the same nest showed a marked difference in development according to the position of the egg, and this difference continued until the day of hatching. I also found in each nest about twenty eggs that never developed an embryo; this I considered a wise provision of nature and supposed that these eggs were in some way useful to the young turtle. Some nests I found were buried by the drifting sands deeper than the mother had placed her eggs, so deep in fact, that without assistance the young turtles must inevitably have perished; but the "spirit crabs," for the sake of the unfertile eggs and perhaps young turtles, makes a fine tunnel direct to the nest, and of this the little prisoners avail themselves to effect their escape.

When the turtles unaided leave the nest, they seem

to accomplish the feat by constant crawling and climbing, dislodging the sand above them until they emerge on the beach, and hasten to the sea. Of the many young turtles I have liberated, carrying them as close to the barrier as possible, not one made a mistake in going straight to the ocean; and although repeatedly tossed back by the surf they always righted themselves and made for the water again.

For an experiment I brought part of three nests home, handling them with great care, placing them in warm moist sand in the same position and depth as I had found them, and where they would be exposed to the full heat of the sun. They did not develop as rapidly as the eggs on the beach and the embryos were poor and feeble. The first indication of life and movement I found on the twentieth day, and sixty days from laying to hatching I found to be the correct time for the twenty-three nests I have carefully observed.

HAWKS THAT KILL HENS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Here in Howard county, Maryland, we have just now extraordinary numbers of hawks, broadwings predominating. This morning, Dec. 30, my son, Mr. J. Murray Ellzey, surprised and shot a broadwing, which had seized near the house a large Plymouth Rock rooster, which he had lacerated and almost denuded of feathers along the back, and certainly would have killed but for timely rescue in a very few moments. This is the second instance this season in which Mr. Ellzey has shot this species in the act of seizing poultry. At West River in this State some weeks ago broadwings appeared in greater numbers than ever before remembered, and numerous complaints of their attacks upon poultry were made.

Redtails are also very numerous this season. This species is well known as a hen hawk. A short time ago I saw a roughleg seize and carry off a red squirrel. Those who know the quickness of this animal will recognize a feat more considerable than Mr. Audubon's chronicle of the seizure of a "lethargic frog" as the most considerable feat of this species witnessed by him. I also saw a marsh harrier seize and carry away a partridge not many weeks ago.

I do not know what would be found mostly in the stomachs of hawks around here now. I take it mice, as there are more mice than partridges or Plymouth Rock roosters or red squirrels to be had by them. There is no doubt that the professional ornithologists have been led into error as to the innocence of many species of the hawk by deduction from the contents of their stomachs, which rather represent the food supply for the time being accessible to them in the district they are foraging. Three weeks ago any hawk killed near here would very likely have had remains of partridge in his craw. To-day I doubt if there is a partridge in Howard county. About the middle of December every year they leave here; where they go I cannot say, I suspect to the Potomac. About the same time numerous hawks of various species appear here, and I believe drive the partridges off.

M. G. ELLZEY, M.D.

SNOWY HERON ON LAKE ONTARIO.—Mr. E. E. Chapman writes us from the shores of Lake Ontario as follows: "Looking down upon me from his perch over my head is a bird that I am told is a white or snowy heron. This bird was shot by me at Mexico Point, south shore of Mexico Bay, Lake Ontario, in July, 1888. The taxidermist who put him up for me says that so far as he can learn this is the only one ever seen as far north as Lake Ontario. Thinking that this might be of interest to you I take the liberty of making it known. The bird is perhaps 30in. from end of bill to tip of tail, pure white with yellow eyes, light bronze bill, and legs and feet black." [If this is *Ardea candidissima* it is certainly an unusual occurrence, and is very near the northern limit of its range.]

LARGE ANTLERS.—From a private letter received from our correspondent "Percyval" we extract the following notes on large antlers. He says: "My friend Mr. B. tells me that in the post-office at Lusk, Wyoming, he saw a blacktail [mule] deer head with a very abnormal growth of antlers. H counted fifty-four points on them. They tried to secure the specimen, but were not able to do so. Lately Mr. H. returned from the field and brought in an elk's head, obtained in the Bighorn Mountains, which has an enormous pair of antlers. The crown is at least 4in. in diameter, and the pair have nineteen points between them."

A JANUARY FROG.—Scarborough, N. Y., Jan. 3.—A half-grown bullfrog put in an appearance here yesterday. He found the weather so delightful that he could not resist the temptation to give himself a sun bath. We have dandelions in bloom and caterpillars crawling around. The frog was not musical.—STILLABOY.

Game Bag and Gun.

"FOREST AND STREAM" GUN TESTS.

THE following guns have been tested at the FOREST AND STREAM Range, and reported upon in the issues named. Copies of any date will be sent on receipt of price, ten cents:

COLT 12, July 25.
COLT 10 and 12, Oct. 24.
FOLSOM 10 and 12, Sept. 26.
FRANCOTTE 12, Dec. 12.
GREENER 12, Aug. 1.
GREENER 10, Sept. 12, Sept. 19.
HOLLIS 10, Nov. 7.
PARKER 10, hammer, June 6.
PARKER 12, hammerless, June 6.
REMINGTON 16, May 30.
REMINGTON 12, Dec. 5.
REMINGTON 10, Dec. 26.
SCOTT 10, Sept. 5.
L. C. SMITH 12, Oct. 10.
WINCHESTER 10 and 12, Oct. 3.

HOUNDERS AND STILL-HUNTERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a recent issue was a letter from the pen of Wm. H. Gordon, setting forth the destruction of deer in the past open season by hounding in the Adirondack country. He reports that a young man from Clinton county, in going as far as Indian Lake, Hamilton county, during the hounding season, had said, "I'll bet you I saw over a thousand deer beside the road, in wagons and every way." What a scene! Nevertheless, but a few years since that same thing could have been said by a person passing through some portions of the State of Pennsylvania. Never was there a country in every particular more suited to the deer family than the Keystone State. It was argued at the time that the dog and deer flourished together. True of the former, but where is the latter? "None left to sing his requiem." And now the Adirondack country is being denuded of its game in the same manner and by the same class of sportsmen, while the laws of the State uphold them, allowing two months and a half for driving deer in warm weather to ponds and lakes, where they can be potted over while in the water, and completely at the mercy of the hunter. And this crusade going on season after season, while men call it sport to destroy hundreds of animals, when not one-fourth of the meat—owing to the temperature of the weather—can be utilized.

I recently had a conversation with a noted hunter who used to hound deer in Forest county, Pennsylvania, and said to him, "If you had some of those deer back again in the woods, that you used to kill by dogging into the river, off of Bald Hill, you could now—since the law prohibits hounding—go down in November or December and kill one or two by still-hunting to use in your family through the winter." I knew that he had spent a week the fall before down on his old stamping ground, still-hunting upon snow, seeing but the track of one deer and a man ahead of him on that, and came home quite out of sorts about still-hunting deer.

"Yes," said he, "I can now see where we missed it, for we did clean the deer all out of that section in two or three falls' hounding."

It will be just the same in this State within a very few years, unless the law is altered. It does not pay the distant still-hunter to visit the Adirondacks any longer, for the sake of bagging one deer in warm weather, among the baying of hounds, which game, if shipped, would be found stinking at the end of the route. Not many, I predict, will be found visiting those woods under such circumstances.

The State of Maine, thanks to her law makers, has a good wise game law, giving the still-hunter the months of October, November and December to follow the trail, limiting the number to three deer, two caribou and one moose for each hunter during open season. There he can go and pursue his chosen game unmolested from the noise of the dogs, and bag it late enough in the season, so that every pound can be utilized before it spoils; and there game is plenty and increasing steadily from year to year.

CAP LOCK.

FREWSBURGH, N. Y., Dec. 30.

TRAMPS WITH A POCKET RIFLE.

II.—A WINTER DAY.

THE December morning was well advanced by the time the sun had risen above the bank of leaden-hued vapor stretching along the horizon. For over an hour, in the chill of the gray dawn, a rigid form preserved its motionless position, seated on a rock in the center of a grove of chestnut trees. At intervals there issued from this apparently inanimate object a faint "bark." The perseverance of this human squirrel is rewarded ere long. Suddenly I discovered several of the wily rascals among the treetops. One came down a chestnut and commenced skirmishing for breakfast within twenty feet of me. My long vigil on this old stone had rendered my nerves a trifle unsteady, and I could not trust myself to draw on him until he ceased scampering around. Slowly, without any sudden movements, the little elongated pistol rose to my face. He stops for an instant, raises himself on his hindlegs, and looks suspiciously in what he has perhaps imagined to be an old brown stump. The sight paused for a second in line with his pert head; a delicate pressure released the hair trigger; a tiny spurt of fire; a sharp report—but one little life had gone where noises of this earth no longer have power to frighten him into a break for safety toward some hole.

Like a ball of dull fire the sun appeared in the southeast for but a few minutes. Gradually the fog swept between in thicker stratas. The sky clouded over with neutral vapor that betokens storm, and the noises of the forest resolved into a softened hum. Along the edges of the wood some of the oaks have still retained their dead and dry leaves, and the wind that comes in scarcely perceptible breaths, as it moves among them awakes a murmur of protest against the hand of winter. It is not to be one of those still storms, in which the earth is wrapped in a dream of unbroken silence. In increasing and varying gusts the vanguard of the storm comes out of the nor'east, rousing the sleeping music of the gaunt limbs, now singing in wild cadence, suddenly sinking low into a strain so weird and mournful that it haunts the memory of the listener months, yes years, after. How strangely in sympathy with each other nature's moods are sometimes. Solemn as these mutterings are, yet they are in perfect accord with the desolate appearance of brown fields and bare, striped branches of the wood.

And now come the tiny, innumerable advance scouts, traveling swiftly downward and noiselessly dropping upon the grass. How fine the flakes are at first; but wait; their size will increase fast enough. Soon the storm is under full headway, and the fitful gusts of wind hurry the driving bits of white onward in great curves like the spray from the break of some enormous surge. How the wind does rollick among those swaying, tossing branches, and pipe a lively accompaniment to the dance of the old North King's breath. Even the pines are forced to succumb to its power. The soft snow is the only garment that can change the foliage of the evergreen pines. They rise in silent majesty like a troop of white-robed spectres.

In many a snug little crevice old Br'er Rabbit is safely ensconced, and the cheery quail have huddled together beneath the sheltering junipers, while the feathery flakes drift over their warm bodies, keeping them still better protected from the cold without. The area of vision is bounded by a restricted radius, and yet sometimes there comes a lull, the snow ceases for a few moments and I catch a glimpse of the lowlands in their white shroud; and then the waves of wind recommence, shutting out the distance. The deathlike silence, intensified rather than broken by the mournful sobbing of the wind, forced my thoughts into a channel of dejection. I had fallen into a reverie upon the shadowed side of life.

Wandering aimlessly on, I followed unconsciously an old road through the woods and was absorbed in kicking up the dry powder underneath my feet. Suddenly a whirr startled me, and I collected my senses just in time to see five or six hustling brown balls disappearing in the underbrush. Now for a still-hunt, with the chances ten to one in Bob White's favor. The trees in the direction the bevy flew were all open and tall. Swiftly, the carpet of snow making my advance noiseless, I crept forward as far as I judged they had gone and found myself on the border of a clump of white birches. The stump of a decayed button-ball was just the thing for an ambush, and I stowed myself behind it. For five minutes nothing but the harsh *quank-quank* of a cheery little white-bellied nuthatch broke the stillnesss, as he circled the rugged bark of an oak, head downward. Faintly at first, and then perhaps gathering courage from the answered call, the notes grew louder, and soon by scrutinizing carefully the underbrush I detect one of the flock. Slowly I reached my hand around to the pocket where I had the noiseless conical cartridges, opened the breech and inserted it instead of the .22 short. The background of leaves and dark shadows render a clear sight or even a sight at all a matter of extreme difficulty. I held the rifle to my shoulder fully three minutes before I got a chance. He paused a second in front of a little opening and the white snow behind made him stand out plainly. The light snap, scarcely louder than the breaking of a small twig, of the cartridge, did not frighten away the remaining birds. Two more ran up against a small leaden pill and then the rest took warning and departed.

It is about time for me to vamose also, for I have nearly an hour's walk ahead before I reach the way and means of transportation. How the vacillating wind plays with the driving snow, twisting it around in great columns and anon sweeping it along in great sheets with such power that its flakes sting when they strike the unprotected face. For two miles along this dreary, lonely road I walked before I saw the welcome glow from one of the houses of Hinsdale. The light was dimmed so by the intervening feathery blast and gathering darkness that I was almost abreast of the house before its gleam was perceptible.

"Unwarned by any sunset light,
The gray day darkens into night."

And still through the gloom come the low, fluctuating moans of the wind, and when there comes a lull, the sifting of the snow through the trees along the roadside fills the short respite with a steady, incessant sound. Everything seemed muffled and unreal. A wagon passed by like a mass of animated shadow—a couple of forms, muffled to the eyes, I see advance for a second and fade swiftly back into obscurity, like spectres. The thin, far away whistle of a locomotive comes trembling through the air, sounding like a mere wraith of an echo. Even the train seems to glide instead of coming to a stop with a grating of the brakes and jumble of cars. It moves much more silently, but none the less swiftly, for I have just begun to review the incidents of the day when "Brooklyn" from the other end of the car settles matters in that line, until I recline again in my "den." REX B.

WID MEDFORD.

THE enterprise of Mr. J. C. S. Timberlake, manager of the St. Elmo Hotel at Monticello, Fla., deserves recognition. Having genuine attractions for sportsmen, in a country blessed with game, Mr. Timberlake tells of them in a full-page advertisemeat in this issue, to which we invite attention. The quail shooting at Monticello has frequently been reported in past years in our columns, and the letters of Mr. Hoey and others show that the game supply still holds out.

In response to our request for some particulars about Wid Medford, Mr. Timberlake writes:

This remarkable personage, who is referred to in the article on Monticello, Florida, is extensively and most favorably known by the thousands of summer visitors who for the past fifty years have thronged the mountains of western North Carolina. He has been from his youth up a "mighty hunter before the Lord," in which capacity he has slaughtered more bear, deer, panthers, wildcats and rattlesnakes than any living citizen of the United States.

In personal appearance, in manners, in independent bearing, in quaintness of phrase, originality of expression and sterling integrity, he is an exact representative of Cooper's celebrated character "Old Leather Stocking." He has often been aptly described as the Leather Stocking of the southern Alleghanies.

There is not a cove, nor mountain height, nor trout-bearing streamlet in that majestic chain of mountains with which he is not perfectly familiar.

His feats of prowess and bloody encounters with denizens of the woods are innumerable, full of romance, and a simple narrative of them is of never-failing interest to the listener. The courtly deference which he pays to the ladies, with whom he is invariably a favorite, is as marked and admirable as if he had obtained his education in the ball rooms of fashionable society.

Though his hair is bleached with the snows of seventy winters, his eye is undimmed, and the vigorous step with which he scales the mountains is as elastic as in the days of his early manhood.

This unique and celebrated sportsman with his pack of well trained bear hounds will spend the winter at the Hotel St. Elmo, at Monticello, Florida, during which it will be determined whether the tactics of the dogs trained to pursue the bear among the laurel thickets of the Balsam Mountains will be equally successful among the bay galls, palmetto brakes and chapparal of Jefferson county, Florida.

It is suggested that our friends who contemplate joining in the hunt for large game take with them their Winchester rifles as well as their bird guns and fishing tackle for gentler game.

TWO BIBLICAL ALLUSIONS.—Baltimore, Sept. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I beg to congratulate you on your Christmas number. FOREST AND STREAM is always interesting, but this number particularly so. Apropos, is not Mr. Hough a "little off" in his Biblical reading when he wrote, "almost as did a Naomi of old, wherever you go, I will go, etc.?" It is Ruth who is recorded as having said to Naomi, not Naomi. I like my brother sportsmen to be correct, even in their quotations from Scripture.—E. S. Y. [This is not so bad as something the *Churchman* did the other day. In this city a certain plot of ground, to which an Episcopalian church supposed it had good title, has been successfully claimed by a Roman Catholic institution, and the Episcopalians have been holding a fair to raise funds for buying off the other claimants, "determined," says the *Churchman*, "that no Romish Naboth should possess that vineyard."]

THOSE CHERISHED MEMORIES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My last fox chase resulted in a good wetting, and though I didn't catch the fox I did catch a bad cold, and for three days I have been nursing a first-class case of influenza. Not being able to go outdoors further than to see that Fannie, my foxhound, was well taken care of, I "rummaged through the attic" to-day and brought down my old files of the FOREST AND STREAM, and after going over the paper critically, and comparing it carefully with this year, I notice a marked improvement. I congratulate you on being on the right side of every question discussed, and I cheerfully commend the paper to every true sportsman.

Jan. 1 will close the game season in Pennsylvania on all kinds of game except bears, foxes, wildcats and coons. Altogether the season has been a favorable one for the deer, and because of the scarcity of tracking snows but few have been killed. We have a few Jock Darlings here, who still continue to hound and kill deer, though the season closed Dec. 15. They are being looked after by a few law-abiding sportsmen, who it is hoped will see the vandals brought to justice. Just here a word concerning the Pennsylvania game laws. The laws are all right so far as they go, but the Legislature has always failed to provide for their enforcement. What is everybody's business is nobody's business, and as a result our game laws are generally a dead letter. Unless the good people of the State take the matter in hand and secure the proper enforcement of our game laws, by such means as are provided in Maine and some few other States, we will wake up about Jan. 1, 1900, to find our last deer, wild turkey, pheasant and quail slaughtered by pothunters. They are going just as surely as did the elk, that roamed over these hills fifty years ago, and whose horns still lay whitening on the mountains when I was a boy, a last sad reminder of that noble animal.

The excellent article by "Von W." in last week's FOREST AND STREAM, on the "Hill Farms of New Hampshire," recalls many pleasant memories of boyhood days spent on the hill farms of Pennsylvania, and of the trout streams, long since dried up, where, with birch rod and thread line borrowed from mother's sewing basket, and with hook purchased from that prince of merchants, Israel Cooper, the Quaker, we lured the speckled beauties from their hiding places under old log and stump and rock.

"Shall the Boy Have a Gun?" by the editor, in the same number, will elicit a ready answer from all the old boys who had to wait through many long years for a gun, and then perhaps buy it themselves. Too many parents, on the principle that you must not go near the water until you have learned to swim, keep a gun away from their boys when they should teach them how to use one intelligently and carefully, and by so doing sow the seed of many of the brightest memories of after years. The memories of my first gunning exploits carry me back to 1856, when I first met John W. Mitchell, a Hoboken boy, a year or two my senior, who was the happy owner of a double barrel shotgun, once the property of Joseph Bonaparte. The memories of the days we spent together came back like strains of music from some far off shore. A prince of sportsmen, though but a boy, the lessons he taught me in the use of a gun and in a thousand other good things came to stay. Afterward a captain in the Twelfth New Jersey Volunteers, he wrote me many letters from the front. When the war closed I learned of his going West. For years I have heard nothing from him. If his eye shall somewhere fall upon these lines I know he will stand up and answer to his name, and if he will but wander back again to the old hills of his boyhood days he will find at least one warm friend, the latch string will be outside the door, the best gun shall be his, and we will live over again the days of long ago.

But my letter grows long. A happy New Year to the FOREST AND STREAM and all its readers.

FRANK G. HARRIS.

CLEARFIELD, Pa., Dec. 29.

A CHRISTMAS MISADVENTURE.

THE Massachusetts season on ruffed grouse closed with but few bags of good size being made. "The birds were very wild," is the verdict of all the gunners, especially when the trees were stripped of their leaves. For this reason many of the gunners have sought for better fortunes in Maine and New Hampshire and in the extreme northern part of Massachusetts. A party of Boston gunners spent Christmas in New Hampshire. The day was magnificent, but they got no birds. They were very wild, starting before the gunners had got within shooting distance, and flying with tremendous speed till out of sight. Other gunners, with rather more experience, tried the method of posting members of their party just on the borders of swamps, and in other places where the birds would be likely to turn, and shots were obtained, with good results in some cases. Quail shooting has amounted to but little in this State this fall, at least such is the verdict of some of the Boston gunners who have tried their hand.

Just here a rather amusing story may be told at the expense of a newspaper man and his friend, who went "out to Dedham" after quail on Christmas day. The newspaper man is a good wing shot, and has a very fine setter bitch, of his own training. He is a man of kind heart and very fond of his dog. He is good to his friends also. Among his friends may be named the secretary of a prominent Boston institution. This friend is entirely green as to the use of the gun. He was reared in Boston, and his knowledge of field sports is about as limited as it is possible to imagine, and his ideas of game are equal, designating a woodchuck as a "sort of a squirrel"—exact words of the Secretary—when speaking of this animal. Well, he is anxious to become posted on these matters, and his kind friend, the newspaper man, is willing to aid him in acquiring the coveted knowledge. They planned for a gunning trip on Christmas. The newspaper man borrowed a gun for his friend, a double breechloader. Reaching the field, he instructed the Secretary in its use. He was also particularly anxious that his friend should see the splendid working of his dog. The Secretary was instructed to cock his gun when the dog pointed, and to blaze away when the bird was flushed. But he was not instructed how to get out of the scrape if the bird did not flush. Soon the dog came to a point on something. The gun of the Secretary was duly cocked. His nerves were not quite as steady as those of a veteran shootist, for he had never fired a gun in all his life, but he could not afford to tell his friend that he was really a little gunshy. The bird did not flush at all, and the dog went on hunting for a better point. The Secretary lowered his gun, with rather uncertain movement born of too great respect for what the thing might do. He very carefully placed his thumb on the right-hand hammer and his finger on the left-hand trigger. He pulled just a little to see if he was right. The old thing spoke right out in meeting and nearly kicked the Secretary over. The poor dog cried out with pain. She had received the whole charge of fine shot in her side, at long range, as good luck would have it. The newspaper man thought she was done for, but the poor thing is now about over the shooting, thanks to good care and nursing. The shooting for the day was over. The agony of the poor dog covered with blood was too much for both. The Secretary feels very badly over the first time he ever fired a shotgun, or rather the first time a shotgun ever fired him. He made the newspaper man promise not to tell of the circumstance, and that is the reason the names are not mentioned here. The moral of the story is, that the boy should have a gun.

Dr. French, of Boston, has been down in North Carolina shooting. He found the deer quite plenty in the section he visited, and other game fairly plenty. He succeeded in killing three deer, one a specially fine buck, he sent home to his friend, Geo. C. Moore, a manufacturer of North Chelmsford, in this State. The deer came through in due season, as due seasons go on these Southern railways, and the express bill was unduly heavy. The deer was spoiled by long delay. Here is another moral. Go shooting and fishing as often as you can, and you will live the longer and happier for so doing, but do not send home the game or fish to your friends.

SPECIAL.

CAPE COD QUAIL.—Taunton, Mass., Jan. 2.—I was rather surprised upon skinning a quail recently to find its crop completely filled with medium-sized beans. This bird was shot on Cape Cod, about the middle of December, after the crops had all been harvested, with the ground frozen at the time; and how and where the bird got the beans is a mystery to me. In skinning a dozen or more quail shot on Cape Cod and in the vicinity of Taunton, Mass., I noticed that they were all fat, indeed, more so than I have ever seen quail before at this season of the year. This is, I think, owing to the mildness of the season and the absence of snow.—J. C. C.

MINNESOTA DEER.—Forest City, Iowa, Dec. 24.—Venison has passed through this city this week en route from St. Paul to Des Moines. This does not look much like enforcing the Minnesota game law, when they allow game to be shipped from the seat of government in their own State to the capital of another. Now how can it be expected that small local clubs can be successful in enforcing our game laws, when such acts of open defiance as the above are winked at by persons who should keep (and whose duty it is) to enforce them?—WM. H. STEELE.

A TAME FEMALE GROUSE.—Moorefield, West Virginia.—We read the other day a story copied from your paper about a tamed ruffed grouse. Last week Col. W. H. Harness, from near Wardensville, this county (Hardy), spent a night with me. He is an old sportsman, and told me, among other clever feats, of capturing and taming a female pheasant. Here is a pair for you, gentlemen of the feather. We only claim for our services a pair of the domesticated birds when we get to be President of the United States.—YOUNG AMERICA.

KILLED ON THE TRACK.—Huntington, Mass., Jan. 4.—Thursday morning, Jan. 2, while the track walker was making his rounds over his section of the Boston & Albany Railroad, at Huntington, about a mile and a half west of our village, he came upon the dead body of a woods gray fox, which had been cut in two at the small of its back and both its forepaws had been cut off, otherwise it was not mutilated. Who ever heard of the wily fox being killed by the cars before?—H. W. M.

TAXING GUNS IN NEW JERSEY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Where I am now living in New Jersey there are very many true lovers of the dog and gun, men who will tramp over hill and dale, through wood or swamp for hours, and be perfectly contented at the end of a long day's hunt if they have obtained a half dozen shots. These men are for the most part farmers, carpenters, masons, boat builders, etc., and of course cannot afford either the time or money necessary to take them to where game may be more abundant. It must also be remembered that the days are few and far between that they can spare for an outing. This is my first season for some years in this neighborhood, but these kind fellows seemed to vie with each other in their efforts to procure me the best shooting to be had; but though my dogs were excellent and my patience I think most commendable, I have only too often returned home at night with my gun as clean as when I started in the morning.

One day toward the end of November, returning from an almost fruitless hunt, and accompanied by two other equally unsuccessful sportsmen, and three tired and jaded dogs, we stopped at a wayside inn, feeling ourselves and our dumb companions in need of something cheering after our somewhat disheartening day's tramp. There seated or standing about the big stove were grouped some eight or ten farmers and mechanics, having dropped in for a bit of chat before returning home to their suppers. Upon our appearance there was the usual question, "What luck?" and what had come to be the usual answer, "No luck."

Our landlord, somewhat of an authority upon gunning and gunners, here slowly removed his pipe from his mouth and emphasizing his words by gently tapping the palm of his left hand with the stem, expressed the following decided opinion: "Protection, yes, proper game protection, that's what we want; and until we get it, there'll be no shooting hereabouts worth speaking about, and that I will tell ye. I've been reading in this paper [and here he produced a copy of FOREST AND STREAM] something about a gun tax, and I think it a good idea. Why, Mr. Everett [and here he turned and addressed himself directly to me], I'll venture to say, and I think I can speak for every man here present that with the exception of those dirty sneak thieves who kill or disperse before the law is up what little game we might have, every sportsman in these parts would cheerfully pay a gun tax of $5, or maybe more if necessary, in order to see the proper officers ready to enforce proper game laws as they should be enforced." There was a general murmur of approval here, and there being no dissenting voice our host continued, "As to any surplus after having paid the officers, why that of course should be expended in restocking the country with whatever game is best suited to the locality."

The landlord's speech was heartily approved of and applauded by every one present, and in the general discussion that followed his remarks before the dispersal of the party to their several homes, I could see that this subject had taken a firm hold upon their minds, and that they were of one opinion, and that certainly in favor of a gun tax.

H. B. EVERETT.

A BEAUTIFUL CATALOGUE.

AS one of the oldest advertisers in the FOREST AND STREAM, Mr. Henry C. Squires, of No. 178 Broadway, this city, has long been known to the readers of this journal as an extensive dealer in guns and other goods for the field. We have just received from Mr. Squires his new illustrated catalogue of sportsmen's supplies. In the preparation of what may justly be termed an elaborate and artistic publication, Mr. Squires has gone quite beyond all previous catalogue makers in this line. An illustrated price list of guns and fishing tackle always possesses an interest for sportsmen, because there is some degree of satisfaction in studying even the pictures of a field outfit; but to the interest of the things which are catalogued, Mr. Squires has here added on almost every page tangible suggestions and reminders of the game, the fish, the forests, streams, fields, mountain and shore, and outdoor pleasure life in its widest and most charming phases. From these beautifully printed pages the moose looks out upon you, the deer stands by the river bank, the woodcock is found at home, the mother grouse guards her chicks, the trout leaps; and there are bass and grayling, and flushing waters, with glimpses of old-time log shanties; and so on in a succession of kaleidoscopic views, which transport one to scenes of summer and autumn. For these suggestive pages the catalogue is sure to be appreciated and valued, and many a delightful reverie is in store for those who turn its leaves. Of the high character of the drawings, the admirable taste shown in their selection and the excellent manner in which the catalogue has been printed, by the Knickerbocker Press, it would be difficult to speak in terms of too high praise.

As an inventory of merchandise the catalogue fairly represents the development so far made in the perfection of the appurtenances for land and water sport. The firearms, fishing tackle, camping outfits, water craft and kennel supplies of to-day, as here displayed, are far more varied and more perfect than could be shown in a catalogue ten years ago. If we would know just what progress outdoor sport is making in this country, and on what substantial and varied lines that progress is laid, we may perhaps learn it more quickly and comprehensively by turning over the pages of such a catalogue than in any other way. It sets one to wondering what the next quarter of a century will bring forth.

Sea and River Fishing.

ANGLING NOTES.

THOUGH so far the season has not been one to hurry sportsmen South, still quite a number have already left for Florida, among them Messrs. A. W. Dimmock, of Elizabeth, N. J., and H. M. Cutting, of this city.

Mr. Dimmock, with his soft felt hat and spectacles, does not suggest the famous sportsman that he is, but though small and rather delicate looking, with quiet manners and soft of speech, he is famous for his nerve, and faces a grizzly as coolly as he catches a trout. He is an excellent still-hunter, and not long ago succeeded in stalking a big bull elk and took his photograph before killing him with his Winchester. J. Q. A. Ward, the sculptor, another excellent sportsman, is generally Mr. Dimmock's companion on his hunting trips to Colorado and Wyoming.

Mr. Dimmock does not believe in tarpon fishing with the rod and reel, but inclines to the more exciting sport of following these fish in a small boat and harpooning them, though he prefers the great bat-like devilfish for sport, and a big shark is not to be despised. His accounts of this method of hunting up the fish and then killing them is certainly very exciting and must be not without danger to the sportsman. A collection of photographs taken on these trips have been received from him by Mr. Chas. F. Imbrie, 18 Vesey street, where they can be seen by those interested.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Jan. 1.—All the way from Winnipeg, Manitoba, there comes to me Christmas greetings from Mr. Thos. Johnson, in the form of an elegant Manitoba souvenir, in which the photographer's art, in some very beautiful and wonderful way, has managed to combine scenes of the Indian, sportsman and settler life of that north country, wreathing the whole with cereals arranged tastefully about the margin. The center piece of the card is one of good cheer about a well-laden table, and there are placed about this the figures of game birds, the upper center being occupied by a buffalo skull and jaw bones. The whole card is very tasty and suggestive, and it would be hard to contrive a neater or more appropriate memento for a sportsman to send to a friend.

I am afraid that the correspondent who writes about "Locked Antlers" in the issue of Dec. 26 has chronicled a case of law-breaking for his friend, who at Dec. 14, "had just returned from a hunt in the Upper Peninsula" unless they had remained in the woods without hunting for something like thirty days. The deer season for the Upper Peninsula closes Nov. 15, if my dates are right. Is this another case of "Oh, nobody minds the law?"

In writing of Mr. Grinnell's Pawnee book, Dec. 19, I am afraid I got Ruth and Naomi a little bit mixed in my allusion. A friend reminds me of it. I am glad to see that there are readers of FOREST AND STREAM who can set one right on the Scriptures as well as other things. I ought to have been able to get this right, for I remember that when I was a boy I thought for a long time that Naomi was a man, until my good parents taught me better.

A year ago last fall I wrote for FOREST AND STREAM a little description of the efforts we made to catch "Jim Curry's trout," in the Rio Grande, Colorado, not far from Del Norte. Jim Curry is a conductor on the D. & R. G., and I stopped at his ranch, near which is the pool where this big trout lies. As stated in the article, this fish has been hooked often, but nobody can stop him. He is thought to weigh 8 or 10lbs. I was not fortunate enough to raise him, but promised to come back some day and fish till I did. On Dec. 19 Mr. Curry wrote me from Alamosa, "I had my rod out of the case just once the past season, on the Chama. I didn't get a chance at the "big un," and suppose he is there yet. Proved up on the ranch in November after you were there, and haven't seen it since. Bought some lots here and built. Last March I laid off for a week, went to Espanola and bought me a ranch, am going to make a fruit ranch of it. The wife, Grace and little Jim are well. Don't forget us if you should come this way. Always glad to show you where the big fish lie.—JIM CURRY."

There is no discount on Mr. Curry's ability to do that latter. Late as it was when we fished the big pool (Oct. 13), the party caught two trout, either of which would weigh 4lbs. One of these was mine, and it was the largest trout I ever landed. If Jim Curry's "big un" is ever caught, however, it will be so well-known in that country that we are pretty sure to hear of it.

E. HOUGH.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN FISHING.—We are indebted to Mr. Thomas Lee for information about the fishing between Westport and Essex, on Lake Champlain. Black bass have been taken in goodly numbers with live minnows, called chubs. Artificial flies were less killing. The fishing was influenced a good deal by the direction of the wind. The boatmen show considerable skill in locating the fish, and it is best to secure their services if one cares for a big creel. On the St. Lawrence Mr. Lee used yellow perch up to 5 or 6in. long in bass fishing, and while they were not taken so freely as minnows, they proved quite effective. Pickerel, elsewhere known as pike, will snap at such perch most ravenously. Wall-eyed pike are said to be increasing rapidly in Lake Champlain, and they furnish excellent sport.

THE MCGINTY BAIT.—Our ever vivacious and always veracious contributor, "J. M. S.," has invented a specially alluring bait for red drum fishing in the deep sea. The working formula is to fasten the new bait on to the hook, drop it overboard, and utter the charm, "Down goes McGinty to the bottom of the sea." It never fails.

ANOTHER HEATED FERRULE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Life is too short, and space in "the good old paper" too valuable, to waste in a war of ink between a couple o' loon-atics about heated brass, albeit I am glad it has given Bro. Clapham an opportunity to air his knowledge on metallurgy, and to give me "another shot," but I crave your indulgence for a few more "last words."

What I wrote in FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 19 was not the result of an elaborate experiment, seeking the exact degree of softening that would insure from heating a brass ferrule and plunging it in cold water, or allowing it to cool in the air; it was simply a fact learned by having occasion to burn the broken stump of a rod out of a ferrule, when on refitting it, after letting it cool in the air, I found it seemingly as stiff and serviceable as before. Another one treated to a cold water bath while red hot I found to be soft and utterly worthless as a ferrule. That was all, and that was all I cared at that time to know about, and I told it in my own way. As to my "chaste and beautiful phraseology," it seems to usually express my meaning and reach the spot, and I am sorry to note, too, that it sometimes strokes the fur the wrong way.

I am aware that backwoods "dialect" is not as a rule "chaste, or beautiful," and "I hev shed bar'ls an' bar'ls o' tears" over my inability to steer clear of it when writing—as Dick Mc would say—for "facetious" readers; but to no purpose, and if any one wants "another shot" at me for it they can blaze away and waste their ammunition. I will say, moreover, that I did not use the word "obtuseness" in my last communication. I used another word not calculated to generate quite so much "heat," and if that was the offending word, "chaste, beautiful," or otherwise, that "heated the brass" in your worthy and painstaking correspondent, I heartily beg his pardon, as it was the fault of the type and not mine, "an' that's my hand on't."

For the sake of peace I may say that my statement "may hev bin a leetle mite hasty" as far as it went, but I didn't see the fairness in Bro. Clapham's turning the information sought to be given (brief and hasty though it may have been) completely upside down, giving it an entirely different meaning from that which was plain on the face, and then claiming to have made the discovery himself; hence, I was moved to object, in "chaste and beautiful phraseology." I trust, however, that the editor's decision, "The heated is the softer," will "cool" the ferrule question without the use of water (or more ink) and cause the fur to resume its natural position. KINGFISHER.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 29.

SEINES. Nets of every description. American Net & Twine Co., Mfrs., 34 Commercial st. Boston, or 199 Fulton st., N. Y.—Adv.

Fishculture.

TROUT SPAWNING BELOW HIGHWATER MARK.—Roslyn, L. I., Dec. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have recently noticed a, to me, new performance in the spawning of brook trout. During the past two weeks we have been finishing up a 40ft. yacht, and while doing so she was moored in a creek, the outlet of my trout pond. At high tide the water in this creek is 3 or 4ft. deep, and is salt. Right alongside the yacht, scarce 10ft. distant, several trout have made their spawning beds. There is a fine swift stream for about 200ft. above the spot to the pond, also a still better stream above the latter. The trout have a free run to and from the pond and tidewater, but I have never before known them to spawn below highwater mark. Is it a common thing?—THOMAS CLAPHAM. [We have never heard of such a spawning locality for the brook trout, and believe nothing of the kind has been observed before. We should like to be informed about the further history of these trout and their ova.]

TROUT FROM CORRY, PA.—The Pennsylvania Fish Commission has presented to the U. S. Fish Commission a lot of beautiful living trout, which are now exhibited in the Central Station at Washington. We have referred before to the efficient work of Mr. William Buller, superintendent of the hatchery at Corry, and these trout are an additional proof of his skill. The shipment includes lake trout about five or six years old, rainbow, brook and Von Behr trout, and some curious hybrids, resulting chiefly from the crossing of lake and brook trout in different ratios of the two forms. The Pennsylvania Commission has concluded to place its rainbows in landlocked bodies of water, to control its migratory habit.

YELLOW PERCH SPAWNING.—Some of the yellow perch (*Perca americana*) in the U. S. Fish Commission aquaria at Washington have begun spawning in the latter part of December, nearly three months ahead of their time in the wild state. Some of the ovaries containing fertilized eggs are in a hatching jar at the central station. The mass is fusiform and is made up of a series of irregular lobules, which are twisted into a screw-shape and pressed more or less closely together. The eggs are about as large as a No. 7 shot. The form of the embryo can be distinctly seen. The usual period of incubation is about two weeks.

EASTERN BROOK TROUT IN COLORADO.—The new station of the U. S. Fish Commission in Colorado had obtained, up to Dec. 25, a total of 550,000 eggs of wild brook trout from breeding fish belonging to Dr. Laws. It is believed that 1,000,000 eggs will be collected before the season closes. The low temperature of the water, which is uniformly 43 degrees Fahrenheit, will greatly lengthen the season for taking eggs. According to the experience of Dr. Laws, the period of incubation will be 120 days. Mr. Robinson reports that eggs at the end of thirty-eight days do not show the eye spots.

PENOBSCOT SALMON FOR PENNSYLVANIA.—The State of Pennsylvania will receive its allotment of salmon eggs from the United States station at Bucksport, Maine, and will hatch them at Allentown for distribution in the headwaters of Delaware River. This plan will be continued several years in succession, in order to test its results fully. The captures of salmon in the Delaware last year encourage the Commissioners to keep up the efforts at stocking the river.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

FIELD TRIALS.

Jan. 20, 1890.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club at Bakersfield, Cal. H. H. Briggs, Secretary, 313 Bush street, San Francisco, Cal.

Feb. 11, 1890.—Fourth Annual Field Trials of the Texas Field Trial Club, at Marshall, Tex. W. L. Thomas, Secretary.

Feb. —, 1890.—Meet of the Brunswick Fur Club, New Meadows, Me.

THE FOX-TERRIERS OF TO-DAY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Not a great while after the publication of Mr. Mason's excellent book, "Our Prize Dogs," I heard a very influential exhibitor of fox-terriers say that Mr. Mason had committed most serious blunders anent the past and present status of the fox-terriers. The criticism to which the fox-terrier breeder took exception is on page 554; and I was told that it was not only "untrue," but that it had already been "condemned" by English judges of the breed. In this criticism Mr. Mason, after giving one of the most perfect descriptions of a dog that I have ever read, launches forth on a subject of vast import to fox-terrier breeders in general. He writes: "A question we have frequently asked ourselves of late is, are the terriers of the present much or any better than those of ten or fifteen years ago? Are they better as a whole, or are there to-day individual specimens that could beat the old champions? A dog like Trimmer would not of course be able to beat one of Lucifer's quality, and a badly-coated specimen like Tyke would be equally incapable of winning over Mr. Belmont's crack. A bitch like Belona would be outclassed by Richmond Olive, Richmond Dazzle and Safety. But what would be the position on the bench to-day of such dogs as Buffet and Dorcas? How many are there that could beat Olive (Murchison's)? How many in this country would be able to beat old Fussy? For a brace prize where could two be found to beat Buffet and Dorcas? How many of our dogs show the character that was seen in old Belgrave Joe? When we consider the great inducements that are offered in the way of valuable prizes and extravagant prices for good specimens, we are forced to the conclusion that the old fanciers were more than a match for the new in the science of breeding."

This was decidedly unpalatable to certain owners who had paid exorbitant prices for imported dogs, so it must be "condemned" and "untrue." I had never seen the dogs referred to in this criticism, excepting of course those that had been exhibited in this country, and I was unable to give substantial indorsement to Mr Mason's views, so a rather heated discussion terminated with my saying, "Mason don't write like that without knowing what he is about." The rejoinder being, "Mason is right so very often on these dog questions that it's about time he got things mixed, and this time we have got him." I suggested leaving the settlement of the matter to the London *Field* or *Stock-Keeper*, with a new hat on the result for the winner; but experience, or something else, had taught my friend that betting against Mason on matters pertaining to our canine friends was a decidedly risky business, and so the thing was dropped then and there.

A recent issue of the *Stock-Keeper* contains a strong letter by Mr. W. Allison, headed "Concerning the 'Front' of the Fox-Terrier and Other Matters." That Mr. Allison is one of the oldest, most experienced and best judges alive nobody will deny; and this being the case, I claim that his opinions, as expressed in this article, are the strongest possible indorsement of Mr. Mason's pungent criticism.

Mr. Allison writes: "As to terriers of to-day being better than those one can call to mind, the thing is absurd. Such bitches as Fussy, X. L., Burbidge's Nettle, Dorcas and Fan were miles ahead of anything I have seen at the Kennel Club shows. Wire-haired terriers have improved, and that to a very great extent; but smooth ones are on the down line, and will continue so unless some radical change is made."

I claim for Mr. Mason's criticism that instead of being "untrue" and "condemned," it is correct in every particular, and will be indorsed by most eminent authority.

BELVOIR.

DOG TALK.

MR. F. R. HITCHCOCK has disposed of his pointers to the Hempstead Farm Kennel. Seven in all were sold, including Duke of Hessen, Woolton Game, Gem of Kippen, Tory Tanner, Tory White, Stella and Tory Dick, the latter a puppy by Lad of Bow out of Gladys. The price paid for Duke of Hessen and Woolton Game was $2,000.

The Hempstead Farm Kennel has also purchased from the Westminster Kennel Club the litter of nine, five dogs and four bitches, by Naso of Kippen out of Lass of Bow. Their kennel now contains 26 pointers, and it will take a very strong team to beat them either on the bench or in the field.

Every member of the Eastern Field Trials Club should be present at the annual meeting next Tuesday, as business of great importance will be brought before the club, and it is desirable that all who can should attend.

GIVE THE AMERICAN FOXHOUNDS A PLACE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was glad to read in one of your recent issues the article over Dr. Heffinger's signature in regard to foxhounds at bench shows. Yes, we have talked it over at our meetings held by the Brunswick Fur Club, and I have also had the subject mentioned to me by owners of fine foxhounds who do not belong to the club, and they agree with the members of the club that there should be a standard for the American foxhound. I think that we have in the American-born foxhound just as good blood and just as good type for points as can be found in any foxhound in the world, and I cannot see why we should not have a standard to judge by as well as the English. The managers of our New England bench shows must bear in mind that a great many of our American dog men own fine braces and packs, and do not consider it worth their while to enter hounds for the small prizes offered at bench shows held in this section, and furthermore judged under English rules. Now if the managers of the Boston bench show will, as Dr. Heffinger has suggested, offer some handsome prizes for the best bitch, the best puppy under eighteen months old, best brace and best pack, in addition to the regular single dog, I am sure that the patrons of the Boston bench show will see as handsome a collection of genuine foxhounds as ever was seen together in any part of the country. I certainly hope that this matter will be taken into consideration before our next show season.

As vice-president of the Brunswick Fur Club, I take this opportunity of extending an invitation to the managers of the New England bench shows and all others who are interested in foxhounds and the manly sport of fox hunting to the meet of this club, which takes place at New Meadows, Maine, from Feb. 1 to March 1. L. O. DENNISON.

WALTHAM, Mass.

THE REPORTER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the article on "The Reporter" in your issue of Dec. 19, your correspondent writes: "It is asserted that a dog cannot be trained to report." I trained a setter to report. Out of five dogs that I have owned I have trained two to report. I consider that any dog that is not inclined to be timid can be taught to report. I use a dog call and whistle on it while I am feeding him and whenever I want him to come to me. Then, suppose I am in the field and he should run off after a rabbit or birds and does not come back at once when I whistle; as soon as I catch him I give him a severe thrashing and whistle all the time. Thus he learns that he must come when he hears the whistle. I also whip or scold him every time he flushes a partridge, whether I have called him or not. Teach the dog (1) that he must come to the whistle, (2) that he must not flush a bird under any circumstances. Then he will reason out the matter for himself. If any one will try this I do not think he will have any trouble that will not be well repaid when hunting in a rough country.

B.

KING WILLIAM COUNTY, Va.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As I was reading over your paper of Dec. 19, I was quite interested with the article entitled "The Reporter," and I would like to inquire through your much esteemed paper where I can obtain a pointer dog pup that would be likely to possess such qualities for reporting. E. E. B.

[This habit is not peculiar to any strain of pointer or setter, so far as we know, as we have seen individuals of almost every strain that would at times practice it. We do not remember having seen a dog do this until he had considerable experience on game. The first instance of the kind that we saw took place more than forty years ago. A full description of it may be found in the history of "My old Dog Trim" in "Training vs. Breaking."]

THE ALL-ROUND DOG.

Editor Forest and Stream:

You have been publishing articles of late on the "all-round dog." They are readable, as the "all-round dog" is the most interesting animal of the dog kind. I had one, a cross between a collie and a so-called Newfoundland. He was as black as jet, with a beautiful face; and was much more trustworthy, affectionate, useful and intelligent than many of my human acquaintances.

He was a coon dog from the word go; and moreover, he was a military engineer. I heard him giving the coon signal in a piece of swamp near my place one day; and I went in to see what was the matter. He had raised a big swamp coon and the animal had taken refuge in a high hollow stump, a perfectly impregnable position. On my approach Dufferin showed the wildest delight and implored me to help him out with the coon. This I refused to do, being determined to leave him to his own resources. Being at a complete disadvantage, as the coon would have been nearly his match on fair ground, and as he saw no way of pulling the beast out at the top, my dog set to work and burrowed under the stump, tearing away the partially decayed roots with his teeth, and forced his head in, seized the coon by the haunches, pulled him down and out of the stump, and then after a magnificent battle killed him. Now here was a clear case of intelligent and logical reasoning. When he found I would not help him, after repeatedly and eloquently asking me to do so, and knowing that it was impossible to pull the coon out at the top, he deliberately laid his plans to mine the enemy's position, which he did. It was a piece of reasoning which would do credit to a man. I dressed the coon, stuffed him with sage and onions, and Dufferin and I ate it the following Sunday.

He was a noble sheep dog, a good heeler, a perfect watch-dog, would lie down beside a grip, a parcel, a coat, or meat or grouse and watch it for a day. In short it would take up too much of your space to give a list of his good qualities. Old age came on him, and I put him out of misery with my own hand, preferring that than to permit a stranger to do it. THE KHAN.

DIP AND DASH.

DIP is an imported pointer belonging to Mr. W. H. Force, General Manager of the Post Percheron Horse Association, at Ariosa, Wyoming; and Dash is a liver-colored pointer belonging to Major Whipple of Cheyenne. Dash was invited to the P. O. ranch, and as Dip had not been consulted in giving the invitation he rather resented the presence of Dash and made known his objections in no uncertain manner, especially when he thought Dash was paying too much attention to Bessie, Linn, and Dimples; and after repeatedly giving voice to his displeasure he made a savage onslaught on the stranger, but Dash was all there, game as a pebble and willing to scrap, despite the fact of his having but three legs in good condition. When he was a pup he had been injured in one of his shoulders and never fully recovered and was obliged to do his running mostly on three legs. This unpleasantness continued for several weeks and until the two dogs struck up a friendship in rather a peculiar manner.

One morning I had to go about four miles from the ranch, on horseback; and the dogs followed me. On coming back I noticed that Dip was going lame, and calling him to me I examined the foot but found nothing at fault; and let him go. Away he went sound as a dollar, until he joined Dash, when again he went lame; and again I dismounted but failed to discover the cause of his limping. He started away all right, but no sooner catching up with Dash than again the lameness appeared and I understood the reason. It was a perfect imitation of Dash's gait and resulted from sympathy and good fellowship. He seemed to realize the disadvantage Dash was laboring under, and from that morning they were inseparable companions and the best of friends; and there was never anything too good for Dash during the remainder of his visit, and Dip was apparently lame half the time; and even now when his thoughts revert to his quarrel and reconciliation with Dash, he goes lame with a dot and carry three sort of motion. MILLARD.

ARIOSA, Wyo.

AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB MEETING.

NEW YORK, Jan. 7.—A special meeting of the American Kennel Club is hereby called for Saturday, Jan. 18, 1890, at 12 o'clock M., for the purpose of ratifying the adoption of the changes in the rules, and the articles in the constitution at the last quarterly meeting, to conform with the technical requirements of Art. XIX. of the Constitution.

The annual meeting is hereby ordered to be held on Thursday, Feb. 13, 1890, at 1 o'clock P. M. Both meetings to be held at the office of the club. By order of August Belmont, Jr., President. A. P. VREDENBURGH, Secretary.

A. K. C. STUD BOOK REGULATIONS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have had two mastiff pedigrees sent me lately with a view of the animals being entered in that compendium of blunders, the official Stud Book of the American Kennel Club. In one case I was able to supply all the links of the three generations required, in the other there was a fatal defect in the animal's granddam having no ascertained pedigree. Now for the animals; the first was a fifty cent mastiff owned in the West, and in the entire pedigree, the only animals of the least merit were Hero II. and my late De Buch. The other was none other than the famous Cambrian Princess, the greatest prize winning bitch that ever appeared in England, a bitch that has beaten every crack in England save Jack Thyr and perhaps Beaufort, a bitch. litter sister to the famed King Canute, said to be the best all-round dog ever seen in England, and to crown all, the dam of Minting. Yet plenty of miserable scrubs and mongrels, whose pedigrees are nothing but a string of names, can get into the Stud Book, and such a bitch as this is excluded. Volumes could not more clearly show the intense stupidity of the regulations that guide this ridiculous bantling and money-making expedient.—W. WADE (Hulton, Pa., Jan. 3).

COLLIE STUD DOG STAKES.—The attention of the executive committee has been called to the unnecessary restriction as to date of birth of the progeny, by which the stud dog is to be judged, and it being the object to encourage and not restrict competition, it is hereby ordered that the date be extended to include any born since Jan. 1, 1888, provided they have not previously competed for the stake. Stud dogs and their progeny may be entered for competition any time previous to Jan. 27. No blanks required; send names and description with fee inclosed to J. D. Shotwell, secretary, Rahway, N. J.

EASTERN COURSING CLUB MEET.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Eastern Coursing Club's meet was held to-day. The S. P. C. A. officers were there in full force, but did not interfere with the coursing. The result was as follows: Winner of the cup, Mr. F. Hoey's Minnie Staton; runner up, Mr. W. B. Growlage's Zoe; Mr. H. W. Huntington's Highland Chief and Mr. W. R. Caminoni's Wanda divided third. Darkness prevented further coursing. The Puppy Stakes did not fill.—H. W. HUNTINGTON, Sec'y.

RABBITS IN ENGLAND.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your answers to correspondents (Dec. 19) "M. H. C." asks if rabbits are classed as game in England, and if there is any law protecting them. Unless the law has been changed of late years, rabbits are not classed as game, nor is there any law to protect them, except that you cannot shoot them without permission of land owner or of tenant. You can shoot them without a game license, but must have a gun license costing about $2 50 per year.—R.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB MEETING.—The adjourned annual meeting of the Eastern Field Trials Club will be held at the office of Mr. F. R. Hitchcock, 44 Broadway, New York, at 2:30 P. M., on Tuesday, Jan. 14. A full attendance is specially requested, as in addition to the election of officers, business of importance will be transacted. All who are unable to attend should send a written proxy to the secretary, Mr. W. A. Coster, 44 Broadway, New York.

ST. BERNARD CLUB MEETING.—The January meeting of the Board of Governors of the St. Bernard Club of America will be held Jan. 13, at 7 P. M., at the Hoffman House, New York. A full attendance is requested, as a number of applications for membership are pending. The annual meeting will be held Feb. 11, at 7 P. M., at the Westminster Kennel Club show, American Institute Fair Building, New York.—LORENZO DANIELS, Sec'y.

BELGIAN HARES—Rye, N. Y., Dec. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will some one kindly give me some information through FOREST AND STREAM. I am at present engaged in breeding Belgian hares for the purpose of turning them loose in the spring. Will they make good work for a dog when hunted? How will they compare with the cottontail or the English hare in the chase?—G. W. G.

FOXHOUNDS LOST.—Six foxhounds, one spotted, two black and three black, white and tan, with collars marked "Myopia Hunt, Hamilton, Mass.," have been lost. Any information regarding them will be thankfully received and a reward of $5 each will be paid for ther return. Address Mr. John M. White, Tourtellott House, Millbury, Mass., or Mr. Frank Seabury, 60 State street, Boston, Mass.

EASTERN COURSING CLUB.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The officers of the Eastern Coursing Club are as follows: Pres., N. Q. Pope; Treas., L. C. Wheton; Sec., H. W. Huntington; Board of Directors, N. Q. Pope, L. C. Whelon, H. W. Huntington, I. H. Wolson, W. R. Caminoni, C. L. Griffith, Dr. F. J. Henshaw, R. Lambert and E. A. Garbutt.—H. W. HUNTINGTON, Secretary.

BEAGLE LOST.—The beagle bitch Melody strayed from the studio of Mr. J. M. Tracy, New York, Jan. 6. She is white with black and tan on head, a large patch of black on left side, and two very small dots of black on right flank. Any information concerning her will be thankfully received by her owner, Mr. H. F. Schellhass, 171 Broadway, New York.

LIVER, WHITE AND LEMON.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have a fine-bred pointer dog marked in the three distinct colors of liver, white and lemon. Is the marking anything unusual?—J. F. WRIGHT. [This combination of color is not often seen. We remember but two cases of the kind where the different colors were well defined.]

ANDY McGREGOR.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wish to say through your valuable paper that my dog Andy McGregor, which showed up so well in the Eastern Coursing Club meet, has really the name Scudding Cloud (*A. K. R.* 6022). The name of Andy McGregor was a mistake.—ERASTUS HOPKINS (Worcester, Jan. 3).

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Authority, Edgewood Fancy and Edgewood Maiden. By F. F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., for white bull-terriers, one dog and two bitches, whelped Aug. 3, 1889, by Hinks (White Sam—Duchess III.) out of Starlight (champion Grand Duke—champion Maggie May).

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Primrose—Portswood Tiger. R. Winthrop's bull bitch Primrose to J. H. Matthews's Portswood Tiger, Dec. 19.

Lady Bonaparte—Douglass II. A. W. Albright's (Chattanooga, Tenn.) pug bitch Lady Bonaparte to Eberhart Pug Kennels' Douglass II. (Douglass I.—June), Jan. 3.

Rose—Parson. Damon & Taggart's (Miller's Falls, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Rose (—— —Fanny) to Contoocook Kennels' Parson (Bello—Thyras), Sept. 7.

Yum Yum—Parson. Contoocook Kennels' (Peterborough, N. H.) St. Bernard bitch Yum Yum (Marco—Hermita) to their Parson (Bello—Thyras), Dec. 26.

Burton Belle—Parson. Contoocook Kennels' (Peterborough, N. H.) St. Bernard bitch Burton Belle (Guide—Saus Peur) to their Parson (Bello—Thyras), Dec. 8.

Regina—Sir Herbert. Contoocook Kennels' (Peterborough, N. H.) St. Bernard bitch Regina (champion Sirius—Hilda Josepha) to Chequasset Kennels' Sir Herbert (champion Plinlimmon—Queen Jura), Dec. 3.

Princess—Parson. F. A. Bragdon's (Peterborough, N. H.) St. Bernard bitch Princess (Grimsell—Yum Yum) to Contoocook Kennels' Parson (Bello—Thyras), Dec. 15.

Flossy T.—Capt. Stubbs. G. L. V. Tyler's (West Newton, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Flossy T. (Col. Stubbs—Pet) to Handsome Brook Kennels' Capt. Stubbs, Dec. 23.

Jule C.—Prince Obo III. Handsome Brook Kennels' (Franklin, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Jule C. to their Prince Obo III., Dec. 20.

Gypsie C.—Prince Obo III. Handsome Brook Kennels' (Franklin, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Gypsie C. to their Prince Obo III., Dec. 25.

Lady Mellville—Bendigo. F. F. Dole's (New Haven, Conn.) bull-terrier bitch Lady Mellville (champion Trentham Dutch—Old Lill) to his Bendigo (Marquis—Kit), Dec. 19.

Starlight—Bendigo. F. F. Dole's (New Haven, Conn.) bull-terrier bitch Starlight (champion Grand Duke—champion Maggie May) to his Bendigo (Marquis—Kit) Dec. 20.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Lady Bernard. P. H. Hurley's (Worcester, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Lady Bernard (Grimsell—Yum Yum), Oct. 31, eight (five dogs), by Contoocook Kennels' Parson (Bello—Thyras).

Rose. Damon & Taggart's (Miller's Falls, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Rose (—— —Fanny), Nov. 11, six (three dogs), by Contoocook Kennels' Parson (Bello—Thyras).

Chloe. J. B. Blossom's (New York) Gordon setter bitch Chloe (champion Argus—Rhona), Dec. 20, nine (four dogs), by Humberto (Royal Duke—Nora).

Whisper. W. H. Daley's (Bangor, Me.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Whisper (Bradford Harry—Belva), Nov. 30, five (one dog), by P. H. Coombs's Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beal's Lady).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Rush. Black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped March 24 1889, by Tony out of Spangle, by G. W. Proctor, West Gloucester, Mass., to Wm. H. Patrick, Gloversville, N. Y.

Tony—Uno whelps. Black, white and tan beagles, age not given, by G. W. Proctor, West Gloucester, Mass. a dog each to Samuel Petingill, Swampscott, Mass., and S. C. Huidekoper, Dover, Mass., and a bitch to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Pilot. Black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped May 6, 1889, by Tony out of Vic, by G. W. Proctor, West Gloucester, Mass., to Frank Sheffield, Athens, N. Y.

Sport. Black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped March 8, 1889, by Tony out of Skippy, by G. W. Proctor, West Gloucester, Mass., to Wm. N. Le Page, Gloucester, Mass.

Hunter. Sable, white and black collie dog, whelped June 18, 1888, by Glenwood out of Raspberry Girl, by W. R. Adamson, Bon Air, Va., to C. W. Thomas, Gloversville, N. Y.

Gem. Orange and white St. Bernard bitch, whelped April 1, 1889, by Grimsell out of Yum Yum, by Contoocook Kennels, Peterborough, N. H., to Phil C. Seigu, Troy, N. Y.

Grimsell—Yum Yum whelps. St. Bernards, whelped April 1, 1889, by Contoocook Kennels, Peterborough, N. H., an orange and white dog to Dr. A. Striemer, Sleepy Eye, Minn., and an orange, white markings, dog to J. W. Heard, West Point, Miss.

Jewel. White and orange St. Bernard bitch, whelped June 12, 1880, by Keeper out of Regina, by Contoocook Kennels, Peterborough, N. H., to P. T. Betts, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Count. Orange and white St. Bernard dog, whelped June 12, 1889, by Keeper out of Regina, by Contoocook Kennels, Peterborough, N. H., to Dr. C. J. Allen, same place.

Judith. White and orange St. Bernard bitch, whelped June 12, 1889, by Keeper out of Regina, by Contoocook Kennels, Peterborough, N. H., to G. P. Wiggin, Lawrence, Mass.

Rena Bondhu Blue belton English setter bitch, whelped April 20, 1889, by Gus Bondhu out of Rural Neva, by Rural Kennels, Wakefield, Mass., to John G. Bachhuber, Mayville, Wis.

Prince Obo—Queen Bess whelp. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Nov. 9, 1889, by Handsome Brook Kennels, Franklin, N. Y., to O. B. Hark, Bethlehem, Pa.

Capt. Stubbs—Princess Obo whelps. Orange and white cocker spaniels, whelped Nov. 6, 1889, by Handsome Brook Kennels, Franklin, N. Y., a dog to Maud H. Stevens, St. Joseph, Mich., and a bitch to C. L. Brandeis, Spencer, N. Y.

Conine. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped June 6, 1889, by Prince Obo out of Black Beauty, by Handsome Brook Kennels, Franklin, N. Y., to S. P. Heartt, Parkersburg, Ia.

Milo. Liver cocker spaniel dog, whelped March 23, 1889, by Capt. Stubbs out of Queen Bess, by Handsome Brook Kennels, Franklin, N. Y., to A. B. Smith, Trumansburg, N. Y.

Nellie C. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped June 6, 1889, by Prince Obo III., out of Black Beauty, by Handsome Brook Kennels, Franklin, N. Y., to O. B. Hark, Bethlehem, Pa.

Richard Obo. Liver cocker spaniel dog, whelped April 7, 1889, by Capt. Stubbs out of Princess Obo, by Handsome Brook Kennels, Franklin, N. Y., to S. C. Barrows, Storr's Corner, N. Y.

Colonel J. Black and white and ticked cocker spaniel dog, whelped July 3, 1889, by Capt. Stubbs out of Maud S. II., by Handsome Brook Kennels, Franklin, N. Y., to G. C. Jones, Emporia, Kan.

Dilly J. Black and white and ticked cocker spaniel dog, whelped June 6, 1889, by Prince Obo III. out of Black Beauty, by Handsome Brook Kennels, Franklin, N. Y., to G. C. Jones, Emporia, Kan.

Homer. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped June 6, 1889, by Prince Obo III. out of Black Beauty, by Handsome Brook Kennels, Franklin, N. Y., to W. H. Byram, Dover, N. J.

White Sam—Queen Bendigo whelp. White bull-terrier bitch, whelped Oct. 20, 1889, by F. F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., to J. H. Day, Jr., Saybrook, Conn.

Bessie. White bull-terrier bitch, whelped July 25, 1889, by White Sam out of Lady Mellville, by F. F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., to Perry A. Fuller, Providence, R. I.

Capsicum. White, black and tan wire-haired fox-terrier dog, whelped March 31, 1887, by Knaveswire Jest out of Goldhanger Nettle, by F. C. Wheeler, London, Ont., to Neuville Kennels, same place.

Billet. White, black and tan wire-haired fox-terrier dog, whelped April, 1887, by Knaveswire Jest out of Blemish, by F. C. Wheeler, London, Ont., to Neuville Kennels, same place.

Glencoe, Jr. Brindle Scotch terrier dog, whelped Feb. 12, 1888, by Glencoe out of Jessie, by E. A. Buck, Chattanooga, Tenn., to Neuville Kennels, London, Ont.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

E. E. G., Providence.—Ans. Give the dog 5grs. of quinine night and morning in a pill hidden in a bit of meat, and give also a teaspoonful of syrup of buckthorn each day for fo r days.

R. O. S., St. John, N. B.—Ans. 1. Give 2 teaspoonsful of castor oil and follow this in three hours with 10grs. areca nut powder made in a pill. Give 2grs. of quinine twice daily. 2. Letter received and will be published.

J. B. T., Hudson, Mich.—English setter puppy 3½ months, have had about 10 weeks; when he came from the kennel he was covered with lice and small sores. I have got rid of the lice, the sores are all healed except three or four, which are much better; but when the skin is broken by cat scratches or any other cause the places do not heal readily. Is his blood in bad condition, and, if so, what medicine should be given? Ans. Give 2grs. quinine pill three times daily, paint the sores with balsam of Peru, give half a teaspoonful of syrup of buckthorn.

C. E. P., Hartford.—Can you tell me what to do for a 9-months-old St. Bernard bitch that is lame? Seems to be in the left leg, or at the loin where the leg joins backbone. Has been so about 3 months; does not affect running or walking, and is only lame after resting. Seems to be in part mentioned, and I think she does not stand full on that leg—think she stands on the toes of that foot. Ans. Looks like rheumatic joint trouble. Give 5grs. salol three times daily. Keep bowels easy with teaspoon doses of syrup of buckthorn.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

AT CONLIN'S IN 1889.

During the past year a great many very interesting indoor records with rifle and revolver have been made at Conklin's gallery, Thirty-first street and Broadway, this city. Among the feats accomplished with the revolver at 12yds. are the following six best scores of a large number on the Standard Decimal target. The possible on this target is 60, size of bullseye is 1¼in.; to make the possible it is necessary to hit a circle of ½in. Major W. R. Pryor and Ed Wassermann have each a perfect score. A. A. Cohen and Theo. E. Beck have 59. Geo. Bird and J. T. B. Collins have 58. C. F. Stagg has 57.

Shooting at suspended musket bullets is another very difficult feat with the revolver. The four leaders and their records are: Major W. R. Pryor, 8 consecutive 11 in 12 shots; J. T. B. Collins, 8 consecutive 9 in 11 shots; Geo. Bird, 6 consecutive; Capt. T. H. Swift, 5 in 6 shots.

On the Massachusetts target the bullseye is 1¾in. diameter, but in order to make a full score or 72, it is necessary to hit a circle of ⅝in. Among the best of the many the leading ones are: George Bird and A. A. Cohen, full score each of 6 shots at 12yds. distance. J. T. B Collins and Geo. L. Garrigues have each 71. W. R. Pryor, Theo. E. Beck and A. L. Brackett have 70 each. Edward Wassermann has 69 to his credit.

What can be accomplished with a double-action revolver can be seen by the following, each shot being fatal at 12yds. if fired at a burglar: A. A. Cohen and Wm. Kent have each fired 5 shots in ¾ of a second. George Bird, Pierre Lorillard, Jr., and Capt. Theo. H. Swift have fired 5 shots in 1 second.

To split the edge of a playing card with a rifle bullet is a thing most people will not credit, still the following will show what some of Conlin's patrons can do in this line: R. V. R. Schuyler succeeded in splitting 10 consecutively at the word, Geo. Baird, M. Bixby and W. K. Griffin have 9 in 10 shots. P. Lorillard has 7 consecutive of 8 in 10 shots, E. H. Wales and Fred Sands have 7 each. J. L. Webb and J. B. Blydenburgh have 6 in 10 shots. The size of the bullet used is .22. With the revolver it is more difficult, as you are only allowed the use of one hand, still the following few will show what can be done with this weapon of defense: The revolver used is the .44cal. Smith & Wesson, single action. Geo. Bird split 10 in 12 shots. A. A. Cohen has 6 consecutive in 12 in 14 shots.

The silver coin target was designed by Mr. J. S. Conlin to give an exact idea of what could be done with the American weapon in the hands of a good shot. The whole diameter of the target is the size of a silver dollar and counts 1, the second ring counts 2 and is the size of a 50 cent piece, the third ring counts 3 and is the size of a 25-cent piece, the bullseye counts 4 and is the size of a 10-cent piece, inside of the bullseye is a white ring which counts 5, it is the size of the old 5-cent piece. On this target at a distance of 100ft. the following gentlemen have succeeded in hitting the 5-cent piece or center the following number of times: H. C. Starkweather 35, W. C. Althause and Chas. Mehlig 28, C. F. Stagg and C. C. Hiscoe 21, D. Crocker and C. L. Pottle 7. With revolver this same object has been hit by Geo. Bird, Ed. Wasserman, W. R. Pryor and A. A. Cohen 5 times in 6 shots each; on the "expert" target, which is designed for very close work with rifle and revolver, the rings on this target are .22in. apart. The best rifle records on this target are H. L. Lee 98, C. C. Hiscoe 98, Maj. D. Crocker and H. C. Starkweather 97, C. F. Stagg, Geo. Bird, Maj. W. R. Pryor and W. C. Althause 96 each. These scores are only a few of the thousands on exhibition which can be seen in the record room of this celebrated gallery.

BOSTON, Jan. 1.—The Massachusetts Rifle Association opened its new matches at Walnut Hill to-day. Only a few shooters were present, but the shooting was lively. The conditions for shooting were poor, it being dark, and a 6 o'clock, fishtail wind blowing. Mr. Burnite won the silver military medal. Following are the best scores made:

Record off-hand match: S. O. Merville, 83; S. T. George, 70; P. Fitz, 67; A. R. Long, 45.

Champion medal match: H. Severance, 82; S. O. Merville, 72; P. Fitz, 70.

Record rest match: L. B. Avay, 102.

Victory medal match: S. O. Merville, 75; F. T. West, 72.

Military medal match: R. Robertson, 39; S. B. Black, 36; A. S. Field, 35; O. S. Moore, 35.

Silver military medal, won on 10 scores of 42 or better: W. O. Burnite, 44, 44, 43, 43, 42, 46, 44, 44, 43, 42.

Off-hand match: P. Fitz, 81; F. T. West, 67; O. S. Moore, 65; A. R. Long, 58.

Rest match: L. R. Avay, 109; S. W. Cook, 105; T. Warren, 101; A. H. Ballard, 101; A. R. Long, 99; O. S. Moore, 98; S. B. Black, 97; A. L. Stone, 84.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

Secretaries of clubs and managers of tournaments are requested to keep us advised of the dates of their shoots, so that we may give due notice in our column of fixtures.

AMERICAN SHOOTING ASSOCIATION DATES.

Feb. 12, 13, 14.—Birmingham, Ala.
Feb. 20, 21, 22.—New Orleans, La.
April 30, May 1, 2.—Columbus, O.
May 7, 8, 9.—St. Louis, Mo.
May 20, 21, 22.—Minneapolis, Minn.
May —.—Kansas City, Mo.
June 4, 5, 6.—Lafayette, Ind.

The Kansas City dates have not yet been determined, but they will probably be May 25, 26 and 27.

ELLIOTT'S KANSAS CITY SHOOT.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Dec. 24.—The third annual tournament given by J. A. R. Elliott, opened this morning to continue four days. There was not a very large attendance in the morning, owing to the fact that many were interested in the outcome of the Erb trial and they remained down town expecting it to come off. The weather was somewhat cloudy part of the day, although not enough so to mar the sport. The temperature was exceptionally mild. The park where the shoot was held is a new one. The shooter faces directly north and a rapidly rising hill acts as a background. This is not so serious for live bird shooting as for targets, still if the shooter is not careful on live birds he is very apt to undershoot, because when tailing or quartering to the left they are constantly rising very rapidly.

Among the prominent trap shots from a distance present, the following may be mentioned: C. W. Budd, Jake Crabill, Clarinda, Ia.; J. A. Ruble, Beloit, Wis.; C. M. Grimm, Clear Lake, Ia.; S. A. Tucker, of Parker gun fame; W. H. Skinner, shooting the first Whitney safety hammerless made; R. D. Watson, Cameron, Mo., president of the Missouri State Sportsmen's Association; C. W. Schnieder, Cameron; Ed. Spencer and Chas. McAninch, Carrolton, Ill.; D. A. Swiggett, Towanda, Kan.; Frank Parmelee, Omaha; C. E. Strawn, Jacksonville, Ill., and many others.

Crabill certainly had on his shooting clothes, for he managed to take a slice of first money in every shoot he took part in. Budd shot very well, but could not forge to the front often. The live birds used were with few exceptions a splendid lot. For the single live bird events ground traps were used exclusively, but for the double events plunge traps were substituted. The rules of the American Shooting Association with a few minor changes applied. Instead of measuring 80yds. from where the shooter is accustomed to stand, the boundary was laid off 60yds. from the center trap.

On the opening day there was no classification of the shooters in the target events. Major J. M. Taylor, manager of the A. S. A., had promised to be present to attend to the matter, but for some unknown reason he failed to come. There was some little kicking because the announcement had been made in the programme that all target shoots would be held under the classification of the A. S. A. Toward the latter part of the day the scheme was agitated to appoint a committee to classify the shooters, which was acted upon immediately, and C. W. Budd, Dr. Underwood and Jim Elliott were unanimously chosen to perform the thankless undertaking.

As a whole the shooting on the opening day was of a very high class, enough to sustain the reputation of this city as the greatest trap-shooting place in all this land.

At the live-bird traps Mr. D. Underwood acted as referee. The scores are as follows:

Match No. 1, 10 sing'e bluerocks, entrance $2:

Twitchell	1111110011—8	W C Wiggins	0110111100—6
C E Strawn	1001010111—6	C W Budd	1111110111—9
J Anderson	1111001111—8	S Crabill	1100111101—7
Spencer	1110111111—9	Grimm	1110011111—8
W C Beck	1110111010—7	F Parmalee	1011111011—8
Hert	0001111001—5	W E Nason	0111110111—8
Swiggett	0111101111—8		

All ties were divided except second, which was won by Parmalee.

Match No. 2, 10 Ligowsky clays, entrance $2:

F Deuser	1111110111—9	Budd	1101110111— 8
Crabill	1111111111—10	Strawn	1101011001— 6
Anderson	1111111101— 9	Ed Spencer	1111111101— 9
C M Grimm	1101101110— 7	"Lone Jack"	1101011111— 8
Parmalee	1100111111— 8	Hert	0101111010— 6
L Scott	1101101100— 6	Mack	1010011011— 6
L Porter	1110111110— 8	S A Miller	1111101111— 9
Nason	1110111110— 8	Swiggett	0111101101— 7
W B Twitchell	1101111011— 8	Wiggins	0101111110— 7
Beck	1010101011— 6	J A Ruble	1111111111—10

Crabill and Parmalee first, Anderson second, Twitchell third, Swiggett fourth.

Match No. 3.—Guaranteed purse, $100, 10 live birds, entrance $10:

Hawkins	1112211221—10	Elliott	1111111111—10
Crabill	1111111111—10	Scott	0110112111— 8
Parmalee	1101211111— 9	Grimm	2121011101— 8
Budd	2011111221— 9	Hert	1111111211—10
Nason	2100210122— 7	"Lone Jack"	1121212111—10
Thomas	2110221101— 8	Deuser	1212121111—10
Twitchell	2101211111— 9	Beck	1111111001— 8
Spencer	1101le1211— 8	Strawn	0111001e21— 6
J Porter	11112112e1— 9	L Porter	1111101ee1— 7
J Anderson	2122111121—10		

Four moneys and all ties div.

Match No. 4, 15 Peoria blackbirds, entrance $2.50:

Ruble	1111111111111—15	Parmalee	1111111111110—14
Crabill	1111111111111—15	J Porter	1101110101111011—11
L Scott	1111010110111—12	Beck	1111101111111111—14
Grimm	1111111111111—15	Miller	1001110100w — 5
J Anderson	1011011111111111—14	Budd	1011111111111111—16
Spencer	1001001011001— 8	Brown	1110011111000111—10
Elliott	0110111111111111—13	Nason	1100010w — 3
Swiggett	1011011010111— 11	Hickman	0111010011010111— 9
Deuser	1111110101111001—10	Eads	1111111111111111—15
Mack	1111101011010101—11	Twitchell	0011110111011111—11
Lone Jack	1101110100011111—10	Mulligan	0110001011011100— 7
Strawn	1111111011110—13		

Four moneys, all ties div.

Match No. 5, 7 live birds, entrance $5:

Budd	1211121—7	Lone Jack	1011011—5
F Smith	0102001—3	Beck	1121101—6
Eads	1021110—5	Twitchell	2221112—7
Grimm	1122111—7	A E Thomas	1112012—6
Brown	1111111—7	D Underwood	3020000—2
Wiggins	2121100—4	W Rieger	2220222—6
Stockwell	1111221—7	Swiggett	2123011—6
Crabill	1112111—7	Miller	1211200—5
L Potter	1112112—7	Parmalee	1112111—7
L Scott	1112121—7	Nason	2101121—6
Hawkins	1111101—6	Spencer	1211111—7
J Anderson	0121201—5	Deuser	1111111—7
W Anderson	1111201—6	Ruble	1011122—6
Hert	2111011—6	Elliott	1121111—7
J Porter	1110211—6		

Grimm, Brown, Crabill, Twitchell, Elliott and Parmalee first, W. Anderson, Thomas and Ruble second, J. Anderson, Lone Jack and Miller third, Wiggins fourth.

Match No. 6, guaranteed purse $100, 20 Keystone targets, entrance $5:

Grimm	1111010111111111110—17	Brown	1111111111011011111—18
Ruble	1110111111111111111—19	Beck	1011010111101111111—16
Crabill	1110111011011011111—16	Milligan	0101001010010011011—10
J Anders'n	1111111111111111111—20	Elliott	1111010100111011111w.
Eads	1010011111011111101—15	Parmalee	1010111011100101111—14
Spencer	1110110111100w.	Scott	1101110111011011111—16
Budd	1111110111111111110—18		

Anderson first, Ruble second, Budd and Brown third, Grimm fourth.

Dec. 25.—When the guns began cracking at the park this morn- heavy threatening clouds hung overhead, but the temperature was mild. About noon the clouds parted and passed away. As expected the localites were out in full force and a heavy programme was gone through with to the satisfaction of all present. The surprise of the day was the result of the double bird event. Of the thirty-three parties entered in the shoot but one, D. W. Edwards was the only one of the number to make a straight score, which made him $107.45 richer in pocket. J. A. Ruble was in hard luck. Just after shooting at his third pair the belt of his gun broke, and he was compelled to use a strange gun. Edwards was in extra luck, for the second bird of his second pair, called dead by the referee, took to its wings when the boys went out to fill the traps and alighted upon the club house, in the rear of the shooting score. No one offered a challenge on the bird, since no one looked upon him as a winner. After this straight scores became very common and several hotly contested shoot-offs were witnessed by a large crowd of onlookers. Crabill fell slightly in the rear and his visits to the cashier's department were not so frequent as the day previous.

Charley Budd, the western cyclone, is not setting the world afire by the number of birds that he is having attached to his score as being dead. He lays the blame to the fact that the gun he has been accustomed to shooting, falling out of a wagon while on a recent shoot and sustaining the breaking of the stock, the one he is using here being entirely too croked for trap work.

Another good lot of live birds were trapped for the various events, and some remarkable stops with second barrels were quite numerous. The two sets of target traps were kept running quite steadily, and quite a number of the so-called "mud saucers" were broken. The classification conuittee made its report, and all target events have after will be conducted under the classification as arranged by it. Some little kicking was heard but on the whole the classification gives satisfaction. All live bird events to-day were refereed by Ed. Hickman. The scores are as follows:

Match No. 7, guaranteed purse $100, 4 pairs live birds, plunge trans; entrance $10:

Grimm	01 01 00 11—4	Stockwell	01 00 00 01—2
Beck	11 01 01 10—5	Swiggett	01 01 10 00—3
Ed Bingham	11 11 00 11—6	J Anderson	10 11 11 10—6
Riley	10 11 11 10—6	W Anderson	11 10 11 11—7
D Underwood	11 10 00 10—4	Lone Jack	11 10 00 01—4
Parmalee	11 01 11 11—7	S A Tucker	11 11 10 01—6
Budd	01 11 10 11—6	Ruble	11 11 11 10—7
Hert	11 10 10 11—6	W H Skinner	00 11 01 11—5
Maegley	00 10 10 11—4	Scott	10 01 11 11—6
W B Crosby	10 01 10 01—4	Miller	01 00 10 10—3
Spencer	11 00 01 10—4	Payne	11 11 00 01—5
Hawkins	11 11 10 01—6	D W Edwards	11 11 11 11—8
Elliott	11 01 11 11—7	Hickman	11 10 10 01—5
Deuser	00 11 1o 11—5	J H McGee	10 11 10 11—6
Twitchell	01 10 11 11—6	L Vories	11 10 11 01—6
Nason	10 11 11 01—6	Thomas	00 11 11 10—5
Crabill	11 10 10 11—6		

Edwards first; ties on 7 divided second; Vories, Hawkins, Bingham Twitchell and Brown third; ties on 5 divided fourth.

Match No. 8, 10 champion clay birds, entrance $2:

W H Skinner	1011101111— 8	Cosby	0111101011— 7
J Anderson	1111111111—10	Budd	0111111111— 9
Mulligan	0111100001— 5	Nason	0111101011— 7
Grimm	1101111111— 9	Ruble	1111111111—10
Scott	0100111011— 5	West	1101111010— 7
Crabill	1111011001— 7	Miller	1111111110—10
E H Young	1110011111— 8	Deuser	1101111010— 7
Buchanan	1111101010— 7	Spencer	1011111011— 8
Strawn	1101111111— 9	Payne	0111111011— 8
Elliott	1111111111—10	Scoville	1101111111— 9
Swiggett	1110011011— 7	Lone Jack	1111101101— 8
Parmalee	1111111101— 9	W B Cave	1111101011— 8
Pettie	0111011101— 7	Rickmers	1111111111—10
Back	1111111100— 8		

Ties on 10 and 9 div.; Payne and Lone Jack, third; Pettie fourth.

Match No. 9, 10 single live birds, entrance $10:

Grimm	1121101102— 8	Deuser	2100211021— 7
Nason	0101210200— 5	Budd	1111011211— 9
Twitchell	1221111111—10	Hawkins	1110011102— 7
Tucker	2111112112—10	J Anderson	1212110011— 8
Smith	1111111221—10	W Anderson	1111111111—10
Spencer	2012110112— 8	Edwards	0121111020— 7
Beck	0200111222— 7	Crabill	0011011111— 7
Elliott	1111112211— 9	Lone Jack	2111111111—10
Hert	1211021011— 8	Young	1212112212—10
Parmalee	1021211111— 9	J E Riley	1111011111— 9
Cosby	0101013202— 5	Wiggins	1112111111—10
Bingham	2111111112—10	Ruble	1112012112— 9

Ties on 10 div. first; after shooting off, Budd and Elliott div. second; the ties on 8 and 7 div.

Match No. 10, 20 single bluerocks, entrance $5:

Scott	11111111011101101111—17	Spencer	01110011101111111101—15
Grimm	11111111011111111101—18	Riley	00100w.
J Anders'n	01111111111111111011—18	Parmalee	11111111111111111111 —20
Crabill	11111111101111011111—18	Budd	11111111111111111110—19
Skinner	11101101111111111111—17	Payne	1111000011w.
Mulligan	01010000111010000101—10	Deuser	01110101111111001111—15
Eads	00011111111001101110 -13	Ruble	11111111111111111111—20
Strawn	11111111111001111111—18	Swiggett	10111111101111111111—18
Elliott	11111111111111111111—20	Best	0011100000100w.
Buchanan	10111111101111111111—18	Cosby	01111111011111111011—17

Ties on 20 div. first, Budd second, J. Anderson and Crabill third, ties on 17 fourth.

Match No. 11, 7 single live birds, entrance $5:

Grimm	0211121—6	Skinner	1111211—7
Budd	1211112—7	Hert	11o1111—6
Crabill	2011111—6	Beck	0111110—5
Parmalee	1111111—7	Cosby	21121e0—5
Nason	2212121—7	Ruble	2222111—7
Twitchell	1111121—7	"Lone Jack"	1111220—6
D Underwood	1002001—3	Swiggett	0210202—4
Elliott	1211111—7	Young	1201111—6
Spencer	1112111—7	Wiggins	1211021—6
Strawn	1112010—5	W M Anderson	0101110—4
Payne	2120111—6	J Anderson	1122210—6
Pettie	2210102—5	Scoville	2111001—5
Atkinson	1122021—5	Miller	1111020—5
Riley	1123122—7	Edwards	2102221—6
Deuser	0112111—6		

Skinner, Brown, Ruble and Parmalee shot the balance of the straight men out and div. first, Payne, J. Anderson, Edwards, "Lone Jack" and Grimm second, Cosby and Pettie third, W. Anderson and Swiggett fourth.

Match No. 12, C Class, 10 bluerocks, entrance $2:

Cheeseman	0000001001—2	Stockwell	1111111111—10
Kuntz	0001010101—4	Best	0010101011— 5
Mack	0011011111—6	Beck	1011111110— 8
Cave	1111011110—8	D Underwood	1111101111— 9
Self	0101110110—6	Hert	1111111111—10
Mulligan	0111111111—9	S Underwood	0110011011— 6
Strawn	1111111111—10		

The ties on 10, 9 and 8 div., S. Underwood fourth.

Match No. 13, B Class, 10 bluerocks, entrance $2:

Grimm	1111111101—9	Cosby	1101110010—6
Wiggins	1010101111—7	Spencer	1110111110—8
Pettie	1011101011—7	"Lone Jack"	0111110011—7
Young	1111110111—9	Cave	0101011001—5
Swiggett	1111111001—8	Miller	1100110001—5
J Self	1101100111—7	Rickmers	1110111111 -9
Strawn	1111111101—9	Nason	1110001111—7
Payne	1010101100—6	Mulligan	0100100000—2

Ties on 9 and 8 div. first and second respectively, Pettie third, and Payne took fourth.

Dec. 26.—Another beautiful day and a large crowd favored the third of the tournament. Quite a number of new names appear among to-day's scores, many of them coming from a distance. The feature of to-day's programme was the two team event which had a large entry. C. P. Fairman and W. B. Cosby, both of this city, are comparatively speaking only ordinary trap-shots. The former scored but 8 out of 30 live birds shot at the State tournament held here last May, which gave the lowest average of all who participated, for which he was awarded a handsome bamboo fishing rod. Cosby has done but very little trap-shooting and seldom did anything remarkable. That this "pony team" as the boys had dubbed them, should go to the front, in such company as was battling for the "lucre" in that race was a great surprise to all present. The luck that people have in live bird shooting is proverbial and in their case it was no exception. Both had easy birds.

There was some talk to-day of a team match between Elliott and Riley on one side, and Budd and Parmalee on the other, but as yet nothing definite has developed. Elliott has a liking for match shooting, and appears to be out-of-sorts unless he has some special event on his hands. Owing to the care upon his hands this week his shooting in the various events has been of a low standard.

Mr. Hickman again officiated at the live bird traps, with Mr. Jenkins keeping tab on the score. The scores follow in detail:

Match No. 14, 5 pairs standard targets, entrance $2:

Skinner	10 10 00 11 10— 6	Swiggett	10 00 11 10 11— 6
Elliott	11 10 11 11 10— 8	Jones	00 11 00 10 11— 5
Grimm	11 11 11 11 11—10	"Lone Jack"	11 11 11 00 01— 7
Budd	10 11 10 10 10— 6	Crabill	11 00 11 01 11— 7
Brown	10 11 10 10 11— 8	Bolen	10 01 11 11 11— 8
Parmalee	10 11 11 11 11— 9	Hayson	11 11 01 11 11— 9
Payne	10 11 01 11 11— 8	Petty	11 11 00 11 00— 6
Jenkins	11 10 10 11 01— 7	Miller	11 10 11 11 11— 9
Watson	00 10 10 11 10— 5	Strawn	11 10 11 00 10— 6
Rieger	10 10 10 10 10— 5	Edwards	00 11 11 01 01— 6
Twitchell	11 11 10 10 10— 7		

Grimm first, ties on 9 and 8 div., Twitchell and "Lone Jack" fourth,

Match No. 15, 5 single live birds, entrance $3:

Cosby	21020—3	Bolen	10222—4
Grimm	21101—4	J Porter	01111—4
Halliwell	10012—3	Buchanan	10001—2
C P Fairman	11222—5	McGee	10100—2
Spencer	11111—5	Elliott	11122—5
Budd	21122—5	Deuser	11210—4
Brown	11122—5	Thorpe	20000—1
Tucker	11111—5	Cave	12121—5
Pettie	01111—4	Beck	11221—5
L Porter	11111—5	Best	22212—5
Smith	00022—2	Biscol	21221—5
Underwood	02121—4	Ruble	21111—5
Edwards	02210—3	Parmalee	01200- 2
Hunt	12120—4	Bombeck	0100o—1
Craig	01221—4	Rieger	10111—4
Young	11111—5	Wiggins	02110—3
Hayson	11101—4	Crabill	12111—5
Graham	21012—4	Jenkins	10111—4
Watson	10211—4	Twitchell	11021—4

Brown, Budd, Biscol, Cave and Beck drew out their share of the pot, and Parmalee, Porter, Ruble and Crabill div. balance after shooting out the others; Twitchell, J. Porter, Watson and Hayson second, Wiggins third and McGee fourth.

Match No. 16, B class, 15 single Ligowsky clay-birds, entrance $2.50:

Skinner	101010111111111—12	Spencer	101110011111111—12
Swiggett	111111110011111—13	Beck	101101111011101—11
Grimm	111111111011111—14	Mason	111101110101011—12
Strawn	111111111111111—15	Young	101111011111111—13
Eicholtz	101111111111111—14	Yeoman	110100101111001— 9
J Porter	111101111111001—13	Cosby	101011001101111—10
S A Miller	111100010111001—12	Deuser	101011001010w.
Dalton	010010001000000— 3	D Underwood	110100001111111— 9
Halliwell	100001001101111— 8	Jenkins	111011111111111—14
Hayson	111111110110111—13	Petty	101010101010001— 7
Bolen	011101011111111—12	Lone Jack	100001110110110— 8

Strawn first, Grimm and Jenkins second, ties on 13 div. third, Bolen and Speucer shot out the other ties on 12 and div. fourth.

Match No. 17, for teams of two, 5 singles and 2 pairs live birds, entrance $15 per team:

Thomas	11o11	01 01—7	Tucker	11110	01 11—7
Twitchell	11112	10 11—8—15	Ruble	11111	10 11—8—15
Budd	11122	11 10—8	Deuser	20010	01 01—5
Parmelee	11002	10 11—6—14	Scoby	20012	11 00—6—11
L Porter	11111	00 11—7	McGee	00100	10 10—3
L Porter	11110	11 10—7—14	Bolen	11110	11 1o—7—10
Brown	01121	11 11—8	Young	11101	10 01—7
Elliott	11021	10 11—7—15	West	01111	11 10—7—14
Hawkins	11011	11 11—8	Cosby	10111	11 11—8
D Underwood	21212	01 01—7—15	Fairman	11111	11 10—8—16
Smith	12110	11 11—8	Grimm	11101	11 11—8
Edwards	10211	01 11—7—15	Spencer	01111	00 11—5—14
Ruger	10011	00 00—4	Beck	10011	01 10—5
Schroeder	00110	00 10—3—7	Yeoman	11101	11 01—7—12
J Underwood	12o21	00 11—6			
Nason	11122	10 11—8—14			

Fairman and Cosby first; Brown and Elliott, Thomas and Twitchell second, Budd and Parmelee third, Beach and Yeoman fourth.

Match No. 18, 7 single live birds, entrance $5:

Brown	2121111—7	Edwards	1122120—6
Halliwell	0111112—6	Deuser	2111120—6
Bingham	1112111—7	Nason	1112021—6
Pettie	1221111—7	J Porter	1101211—6
Fleming	0101100—3	Beck	1120002—4
Cosby	0011101—4	Hayson	0111002—4
Maegley	0101210—4	Wiggins	1212200—5
Orr	02o1110 4	Hurt	1011022—5
Budd	2111011—6	Bolen	0102010—3
Parmalee	1111111—7	Ruble	2220310—5
Thomas	2112212—7	Lone Jack	1001014—4
Smith	1100101—4	G W Jenkins	2022111—6
Rieger	1211120—6	Strawn	2201121—6

Twitchell	2021121—6	Watson	1o10111—5
Shroeder	1112110—6	L Porter	2111211—7
Elliott	1211112—7	Scoville	0010010—2
Grimm	0211110—6		

Bingham, Pettie, L. Porter and Thomas, drew their share of the pot and Parmalee and Brown shot the others out; Shroeder and Deuser drew down and Budd, Edwards, J. Porter and Strawn div. what remained of second money; ties on 5 div. third; Cosby and Smith fourth after shoot off.

Match No. 19, 10 single bluerocks, entrance $1.50:

Cave	1100011100—5	H E Porter	0110111011—7
Dalton	0110100010—4	Thorpe	0110100911—5
Mack	1111111001—8	McGee	1111111001—8
Scovill	1110111111—9	Craig	1010110101—6
Yeoman	0001101100—5	Bolen	1101001111—7
D Underwood	1001100010—4	Beck	0001010001—4
Smith	1011110100—6	Bird	0001010111—5
Best	1110111101—8	Hirt	1101101110—7

Four moneys, all ties div.

Dec. 27.—There was plenty of push and dash about matters to-day and the consequence was that an extra large number of shoots were brought to a termination. The weather was again favorable and a splendid crowd of trap-shooting enthusiasts were present to try conclusions with each other.

Al Bandle, in reply to Charley Budd's message asking about the return match promised last September with Elliott, arrived to-day as follows:

"I was under the impression that the shoot took place in December, 1890, having heard nothing from Elliott. Give the boys my regards and regrets. Merry Christmas to all."

When this was read aloud on the grounds many sarcastic comments were made and Bandle will surely have to stand a great deal of roasting from the fraternity for some time to come for his action in regard to this match. Several programmes were sent him of the present tournament with the announcement of the match printed in large type, and his *fides achates*, whose shooting *nom de plume* is "Wick," but a few days ago wrote quite an item about the coming match.

There was considerable "ginger" in many of the birds used to-day and the way some of them did go was a caution. Very few of the cracks being compelled to interview the cashier to any extent.

Mr. Hickman again gave perfect satisfaction in the thankless position of referee. The scores are as follows, all ties div:

Match No. 20, Class C, 10 single bluerocks, entrance $1.50:

Best	1011011011—7	Craig	1000111100—5
Webb	0110010000—3	Edwards	1101001011—6
Hutton	0111111100—7	Halliwell	1101100111—7
Lotterer	1101111110—8	Hurt	1101111011—8
Cave	0111111110—8	McGee	1101111011—8
Beck	1010110001—5	Smith	0011100100—4
D Underwood	0111111100—7	Tenderfoot	0100100001—3

Match No. 21, Class C, 10 single bluerocks, entrance $1.50:

Halliwell	1110100011— 6	Smith	0011000101— 5
Cave	1111111011— 9	Meler	1110001011— 6
C E McGee	1111110011— 7	Craig	0011011010— 5
Yeoman	1111011010— 7	Jones	0010010000— 2
Webb	1011101110— 7	Biscoe	0111111111— 9
Hutton	1001011101— 6	Best	0101111010— 6
Latterer	1101101111— 8	Stockwell	1111111111—10
Hurt	0110111011— 7	D Underwood	0011111001— 6
Beck	1111010010— 6	J A Bolen	1110001110— 5
Scoville	1101101111— 8		

Match No. 22, C class, 10 single bluerocks, entrance $1.50:

Cave	1011111110— 8	Scovill	1011111101—8
Fairman	0010001001— 3	Smith	1010111010—6
Halliwell	1101001101— 6	S Underwood	1011101000—5
Bolen	0110011111— 7	Hern	1110011111—8
Nelson	0101011100— 5	Hutton	0110011111—7
Latterer	1010011000— 4	D Underwood	1011010111—7
Webb	1110111101— 8	Beck	0111111111—9
Best	0111111111— 9	Milligan	0100110110—5
Meier	1111011111— 9	Biscoe	1111011111—9

Match No. 23, C class, 10 single bluerocks, entrance $1.50:

Milligan	1111101100— 7	Biscoe	1010111111—8
Cave	0101111110— 7	Holliwell	1010110000—4
Hutton	1001111111— 8	Fowler	0001101001—4
Webb	0011111101— 7	Smith	1111111010—8
Scoville	1111111111—10	Beck	0101110w
Latterer	0100911011— 5	Hurt	1110101111—8
Eicholtz	1010001110— 5	Beet	0211011111—9
Meier	1101011011— 7		

Match No. 24, "C" class, 10 single bluerocks, entrance $1.50:

D Carlos	0100101000— 3	Bisco	0111111001— 7
C E McGee	1101111111— 9	Beet	0111011100— 6
Craig	0100100011— 4	Dalton	0101111101— 7
Best	0010111001— 5	S Smith	0010011011— 5
Hurt	0110111110— 7	W C Beck	1011110010— 6
Thorpe	0111111000— 7	Paramore	1011100001— 4
Scoville	1111100101— 7	Mack	1111111110—10
J Underwood	1010000001— 3	S Underwood	0010010110— 4
H W Crane	1011010101— 6	Milligan	1001110000— 5
H E Porter	1011000101— 5	J Bolen	1010001011— 5
Cave	0111011111— 8		

Match No. 25, open to all, 15 single bluerocks, entrance $2, four moneys:

Grimm	111111111110111—14	Tucker	111101100101111—11
Budd	111111111111011—14	Browny	110111111111111—14
Strawn	111111011011110—12	Twitchell	110101111111101—12
Scott	111111011011010—11	Thomas	110110111110110—11
Ruble	111111111111101—14	J H McGee	010100111010111— 9
Parmalee	011111111111010—13	Gray	110010110101
Meier	001100101011111— 9	Swiggett	111110111111111—14
Crabill	111111101100110—13	Lone Jack	010111101011111—11
Nason	111111010110110—11	Miller	111111000111110—10
Spencer	111111111110111—14	Deuser	010101111011000— 8
C E McGee	010111010101111— 10	Hayson	111111111111110—13
Hutton	111101101100111—11	Fairman	100100111001111— 9
Skinner	101111110101111—12	Nelson	011100100101010— 7

Match No. 26, Class B, 15 single bluerocks, entrance $2.50:

Swiggett	111111101111111—14	Meier	011111010111011—11
Skinner	101101111110011—11	Hayson	111111101010011—11
Nelson	011000111w.	Hutton	101110011111101—11
Strawn	011111011111010—12	Nayson	011111111111111—14
Grimm	111111111111011—14	Best	110110100011110— 9
Spencer	011111111111110—13	Mulligan	010101101101010— 7

Match No. 27, 7 single live birds, entrance $5:

Halliwell	2100212—5	Hurt	0221110—5
Grimm	2111110—6	Hayson	100g0w.
J Porter	0121111—6	Ruble	1112221—7
Twitchell	1121111—7	Lone Jack	1112111—7
Beck	1111111—7	Elliott	1111111—7
Scott	1111221—7	Watson	0111111 6
Young	11o1211—6	Smith	0121011—5
Spencer	2121111—7	J H McGee	2111001—5
Edward	2212110—6	L Porter	1111111—7
Gray	2111111—7	Fairman	1111120—6
Cosby	2211001—5	S Underwood	1212210—6
Budd	1011201—5	Wiggins	1211111—7
Parmalee	1121112—7	Best	1020110—4
Yeoman	2212121—7	Meier	0002101—3
Craig	1110220—5	Riley	1021111—6
McGee	0111320—5	Thomas	1212211—7

Of the ties on 7, Scott, Best, Lone Jack and Yeoman drew out their share, and Ruble and Twitchell after shooting out the others div.; D. Underwood, Grimm, Porter and Young div. second after a shoot-off, which required but three birds to decide; Halliwell, Cosby and Budd third; Best won fourth.

Match No. 28, B Class, 10 single bluerocks, entrance $2:

Strawn	1111100110—8	Spencer	1111111111—10
Skinner	1111111111—10	Swiggett	1111111111—10
Hayson	1111111110—9	Scovill	1111111011—9
Nason	1110010111—7	Pettie	1111001111—8
Jenkins	0111011111—8	Grimm	0111111111—9
Miller	0110011111—8	Mack	1111111011—9
Mulligan	1010011111—7		

Match No. 29, B Class, 10 single bluerocks, entrance $2:

Grimm	1111111111—10	Best	1111000111— 7
Skinner	1011111111— 9	Gray	0011111101— 7
Strawn	1111111111—10	J McGee	1111111111—10
Swiggett	1111111111—10	Hayson	0111111111— 9
Young	0101111111— 8	Beck	1111111100— 8
Spencer	1111111111—10	Meier	1110111110— 8
J Porter	1111111111— 9	Wiggins	1111001011— 7
"Lone Jack"	1011111111— 9		

Match No. 30, 10 single live birds, entrance $7.50:

Brown	1210212222— 7	D Underwood	1021002120— 6
Grimm	1112221111—10	Gray	0112110110— 7
Halliwell	1210210001— 7	Young	0111101111— 8
Smith	0010221112— 7	Yeoman	0110111222— 8
Crosby	2002000021— 4	Watson	1111020121— 8
J Porter	1210111102— 4	Rocks	1101112211— 9
L Porter	2211121102— 7	Crabill	1221212221—10
Parmelee	1111212112—10	Elliott	0122111101— 8
Fairman	011 o22e12— 7	Hayson	0021010w
J H McGee	1202021112— 8	Vorhies	2112112112—10
Budd	2011101010— 6	Ruble	2122211011— 9
Thomas	1121121111— 10	Edwards	0221000200— 4

Twitchell.....0211110102— 8 Tucker.....1221111111- 10
Nason.....1121120111— 9 Wiggins.....1211101122— 9
Ties on 10 and 9 divided first and second respectively; Twitchell, Watson, Young and Elliott third; ties on 7 div.

Match No. 31, 5 single live birds, entrance $3:

Brown.....02112—4 Young.....12111—5
Halliwell.....20110—4 J Porter.....11111—5
Cave.....10111—4 Cooley.....01220—3
Swet.....10012—3 Meier.....10221—4
Smith.....11020—3 Parmalee.....11221—5
Farman.....12222—5 Scoville.....20212—4
Budd.....11111—5 Yeoman.....01021—3
Bisco.....12110—4 Nason.....21122—5
Grimm.....11211—5 Underwood.....00112—3
J H McGee.....10001—3 Rolen.....11111—5
Wiggins.....21101—4 Porter.....11111—5
Walmsley.....02112—4 Ruble.....11111—5
Rieger.....11200—3 Hert.....10021—3
Watson.....11030—3 Beck.....00221—3
Thomas.....22122—5 S ockwell.....10110—3
Twichell.....22223—4 Fowler.....00010—1
Vorhies.....11111—5

Vorhies, Parmalee and Nason, first; Brown won second, after Halliwell, Cave, Wiggins and Walmsley had drawn; Bisco, Watson and Hert drew out and McGee shot the balance of the 3 men out and took third; Beck won fourth. So ended a good 4 days' shoot. UNSER FRITZ.

ELM CITY GUN CLUB.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Jan. 1.—The following are the scores of the tournament held by the Elm City Gun Club on their grounds to-day. The weather was not first-class, but we had a pretty fair attendance of shooters, and the spectators witnessed some very good shooting indeed. Among the visitors present were Yerrington, of Norwich, Conn.; T. P. Bill, of Middletown, Conn.; Dr. W. Craig Burke, of South Norwalk, Conn., and Hendric, of Stamford, all of them staying until the last gun was fired. It was then too dark to finish the ninth event, so we split it in two and called it quits for the time being.

No. 1, 9 tongueless bats, Keystone trap, entrance 50 cents, four moneys:

Gould.....111111111—9 Folsom.....111111011—8
Tyler.....111111111—9 Bill.....111111110—8
Bates.....111111111—9 Woods.....111110110—7
Hendrie.....111111111—9 Savage.....111010111—7
Sherman.....111111111—9 Beers.....111110011—7
Yerrington.....111111111—9 Saunders.....111011011—7
Bristol.....111111111—9 Smith.....110001111—6
Orteifer.....011111111—8 Ubl.....010110111—6
Hill.....111111011—8 Hazel.....111010100—5

Ties div.

No. 21. 10 bats, 6 singles and 2 pairs, entrance 50 cents, 4 moneys:

Gould.....111111 11 11—10 Bristol.....111111 10 10— 8
Sherman.....111111 11 11 10 Hill.....011110 11 11— 8
Beers.....110111 11 11— 9 Saunders.....111111 10 10— 8
Hezel.....111110 11 11— 9 W Smith.....111111 00 11— 8
Bill.....111011 11 11— 9 Tyler.....111110 10 10— 7
Yerrington.....111111 11 10— 9 Savage.....011110 01 11— 7
J P Smith.....111111 10 11— 9 Folsom.....011111 10 10— 7
Orteifer.....111110 11 10— 8 Pomeroy.....110011 00 11— 7
Bates.....111111 10 10— 8 Eddy.....010010 10 11— 6
Woods.....111010 11 11— 8 Hendrie.....011001 01 10— 6

First, second and fourth div., third shot off at 3 singles and 1 pair and won by Orteifer and Saunders.

No. 3, 8 straightaway bats, 18 and 20yds., entrance 50 cents, 4 moneys:

Gould.....11111111—8 Yerrington.....01111111—7
Bates.....11111111—8 Bill.....01111111—7
Savage.....11111111—8 Orteifer.....11101101—6
Sherman.....11111111—8 Folsom.....10110111—6
Bristol.....11111111—8 Platt.....10111011—6
J P Smith.....11111111—8 Longden.....11111100—6
Sackett.....11111111—8 Pomeroy.....01011111—6
Hendrie.....01111111—7 Hill.....10011101—5
Beers.....11 10111—7 Eddy.....10101101—5
Hazel.....01111111—7 Shutter.....01111 101—5
W Smith.....11101111—7 Tyler.....100110 0 -4
Saunders.....11111101—7 Whitney.....10101101—4

Ties div.

No. 4, 5 pair bats, entrance 75 cents, 4 equal moneys:

Bates.....11 11 11 11 11—10 Saunders.....11 11 11 11 00— 8
W Smith.....11 11 11 11 10—10 Craig.....11 10 11 11 10— 8
Longden.....11 11 11 11 10— 9 Tyler.....11 10 10 11 10— 7
Folsom.....11 11 11 11 10— 9 Bill.....11 11 10 10 10 - 7
Savage.....11 10 11 11 10— 9 Hendrie.....11 01 10 10 11— 7
Whitney.....11 11 11 11 11— 9 Gould.....10 10 01 10 11— 6
Orteifer.....11 11 11 10 01— 8 Woods.....10 10 01 01 11— 6
Sherman.....11 10 10 11 10— 8 Yerrington.....10 10 10 10 10— 5
Hazel.....11 11 11 10 10 - 8 Bristol.....00 11 10 10 01— 5
Hill.....01 11 10 10 11— 8 Beers.....11 10 10 10 00— 5

Tie div.

No. 5, $25 guarantee, four moneys, 15 singles and 5 pair, entrance $2:

Longden.....111111111111111 11 11 11 11 11—25
Savage.....111111111111111 11 11 11 11 10—24
Bates.....111111111 1111 11 11 10 11 10—23
Widman.....111111111 1111 11 11 10 11 10—23
Bill.....111111101111 11 11 10 11 10—22
Whitney.....111011111101 11 11 11 10 11—22
Sherman.....111111110111 11 11 00 11 11—22
Saunders.....110011011111 11 11 11 11 11—22
Gould.....111111111101 11 10 01 11 11 22
W Smith.....101110111 11 11 11 11 10—22
Sackett.....111101111011 11 10 11 11 10—21
Beers.....111111110111 10 10 10 11 11—21
Yerrington.....111111111111 10 10 10 10 10—20
Hazel.....111110 111101 11 11 10 10 10—20
Craig.....110 11111111110 11 10 11 10 10—20
Orteifer.....110111 11111101 10 10 11 11 10 20
Hill.....0 1111 1010111 11 01 11 10 11—19
Hendrie.....110111111001101 11 10 11 10 11—19
Folsom.....0 0011011111111 10 10 11 11 10—19
Bristol.....110111101111111 10 10 11 11 10—19
Pomeroy.....0.0011101010110 11 11 10 10 01—15

Ties divided.

No. 9, team match, 12 birds per man, single bats, four moneys, team entrance $2:

Bill.....11 111111111—12 Hill.....111101110011— 9
Bates.....111 11111111—12—24 Cobb.....111111111111 —12—21
Savage.....11111111 111—12 Beers.....110111111111 —11
Sherman.....111111111 1—12—24 F Bandle.....111010111111 —9—20
Whitney.....01111111111—11 Strong.....1111 0111110—10
Yerrington.....11111111111—12—23 Merriman.....111 00 11111— 9 -19
Longden.....111011111111—11 Allen.....101001011111— 8
Widman.....111111111111—12—23 Craig.....111111111011—11—19
Bristol.....111111111111—12 Ties div.
Saunders.....111111001111—10—22

No. 7, State Challenge Cup, open to any shooter in State of Connecticut, entrance 50c. for cup, which goes to the holder; optional sweep four moneys and run; bats, 30 singles and 5 pairs:

H O Whitney.....1111111111111111111111111111 11 11 11 11—40
J Sackett.....1111111111101101111111111111 11 11 11 11—38
L Widman.....1111111111111111111111111111 10 11 11 11—38
W Craig.....1111111111111111111111111111 11 11 11 10—37
G Sanders.....1011111111111111111111111110 11 11 11 10 11 - 37
Sherman.....1111011111111111111111111011 10 11 10 11—36
Savage.....1111111111101111111111011101111 11 11 01 11 11—36
Bates.....1111111101111011011111111110 11 10 11 11—36
J P Smith.....1111101011111111111111111111 11 10 10 11—35
Bristol.....1111111111111111101111111110 11 10 10 11—35
Yerrington.....0111111111111011111111111110 11 11 11 10—35
Beers.....1111111111111011011111111111 11 10 11 11 10—35
Bill.....1111111111111111111111111111 10 00 10 10 11—35
Cobb.....1111111111111111111111010101 11 00 01 10 11—32
W Smith.....1001101111111111111011110101 10 10 11 11 11—32
Tyler.....0101111101 withdrew.
Longden.....0111111101011111 withdrew.
Hill.....1111111001011111101111111111 11 01 11 11 00—33
Folsom.....1111111111001111011011011111 10 10 10 10 11—31
Penrose.....1110011110101111111001111111 1 10 11 11 10—31
Orteifer.....1110011110111111 0 withdrew.

Whitney wins cup, the others div. sweep money.

No. 8, 20 single bats for gold badge, entrance $1:

Folsom.....11111111111111111111—20 Bill .....11111111111011111101—18
Widman.....11111111111111111111—20 Yerrington.....11101101111111111111—18
Savage.....11 11111111111111111—20 Tyler.....11111011111011111011—17
Bates.....11111111111111111011—19 Saunders.....11011101111111101111—17
Sherman.....11111111111111011111—19 Orteifer.....11011111111111111101—17
Whitney.....11111101111111111111—19 Hill.....11011100011 withdrew.
Craig.....11111011111111111111—19

Folsom bought off Widman and Savage and got the badge. Sweep div. in 3 moneys, all div.

No. 10, 6 singles and 2 pairs, 4 moneys, 50 cents entrance:

Sherman.....111111 11 11—10 Bates.....111111 11 10—6
Bill.....111111 11 11—10 Hill.....111111 11 10—9
Widman.....111101 11 10— 8 Saunders.....111101 10 10—7
Folsom.....011111 11 10— 8 Merriman.....111101 10 10—7
Hazel.....111111 10 10— 8 Cobb.....110011 11 01—7
Savage.....111111 10 10— 8 Henorie.....110110 10 11—6
Yerrington.....1111 10 10— 8 Craig.....010010 w.
Beers.....0.1.11 10 10 11— 8

Ties div.

Extra No. 1, 6 Keystones, Keystone rules, sweepstake prizes, two moneys:

Orteifer.....111111—6 Bates.....111111—6
Gould.....111111—6 Woods.....111110—5
Tyler.....111111—6

Bates first, Woods second.

Extra No. 2, 9 tongueless bats, two moneys:

Orteifer.....111111111—9 Bates.....111111101 8
Gould.....1 1111 11 9 Hendrie.....111010111—7
Tyler.....111111111—9 Woods.....1.60.0110—5
Beers.....111111111—9

Ties div.

No. 9, 15 single bats, both barrels, money divided in four equal parts, entrance $1:

Widman.....111111111—9 Haze.....111111011—8
Bates.....111111111—9 Allen.....101111111—8
Hendrie.....111111111—9 Bristol.....110111111 8
Hill.....111111111—9 Yerrington.....111111010—7
Tyler.....111111111—9 Beers.....111101011—7
Savage.....111111111—9 Strong.....101111011—7
Sherman.....111111111—9 Tyler.....001011111—6
Cobb.....101111111—8 Bill.....010110110—5
Craig.....111110111—8 Pomeroy.....011.0.010—5
Folsom.....111111011—8

Owing to darkness every one was satisfied to stop at 9 birds, so we all divided in the ties and quit. ELM CITY.

WATSON'S PARK.

GRAND CROSSING, Ill., Dec. 26.—Sweepstakes shoot held at Watson's Park to-day. No. 1. 5 live pigeons, 30yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, Illinois State rules, entrance $8, divided 50, 20 and 20 per cent.:

A W Reeves.....22121—5 J E Price.....11201—4
A Kleinman.....12220—4 Geo Washington.....01111—4
Ed Reeves.....12111—5 J J Kleinman.....22002—3
M J Eich.....01111—4 P Pinal.....11111—5
Barto.....21010—3 J Watson.....10212—4

Reeves and Pinal div. first, ties on second settled by score in next shoot, Barto and J. J. Kleinman div third.

No. 2, same:

A Kleinman.....22211—5 Ed Reeves.....11101—4
J E Price.....02111—4 A W Reeves.....11111—5
J J Kleinman.....10112—4 G Washington.....01111—3
M J Eich.....10211—4 P Pinal.....21121—5
Barto.....03010—2 J Watson.....11121 5

A W Reeves and P. Pinal div. first, A. Kleinman and J. Watson div. second in No. 1, ties on second settled in next shoot. G. Washington third.

No. 3, same conditions:

A Kleinman.....01211—4 Ed Reeves.....20101—3
J E Price.....12101—4 A W Reeves.....22121—5
J J Kleinman.....11111—5 Geo Washington.....20011—3
M J Eich.....12201—4 P Pinal.....11011—3
Barto.....10101—3 J Watson.....01122—4

Reeves and J. J. Kleinman div. first, the latter wins second in last shoot. Ties on second and third settled in next shoot.

No. 4, same conditions:

A Kleinman.....11221—5 E J Reeves.....22120—4
J E Price.....10250—3 A W Reeves.....21101 4
J J Kleinman.....00122—3 J Watson.....21110—4
M J Eich.....11000—3 P Pinal.....11021—4
Barto.....21101—4 G Washington.....102.1—4

A. Kleinman wins first in this and second in last shoot, P. Pinal wins second in this and third in last, M. J. Eich third.

Dec. 28.—Sweepstakes shot at Watson's Park to-day: No. 1, at 5 live pigeons, 30yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, Illinois State rules, entrance $8, div. 50, 30 and 20 per cent.:

Geo Kleinman.....21101—4 Geo Washington.....01101—3
A W Reeves.....11100—4 Frank Willard.....20110—3
Ed Reeves.....11070 3 L Willard.....00202—2
E Stock.....10120—3 J Church.....22001—3
J A Price.....11 21—5 J Watson.....22212—5
A Kleinman.....21 01—4

J. A. Price and J. Watson div. first, Geo. Kleinman and A. Kleinman div. second, Ed. Reeves and Geo. Washington div. third on shoot-off.

No. 2, same conditions:

Geo Kleinman.....12110—4 J Church.....20102—3
A W Reeves.....21101—4 J Watson.....11201—4
Ed Reeves.....12212—5 R B Wadsworth.....0.022—2
E Stock.....22000—2 Holleston.....01011—3
J A Price.....11101—4 C E Willard.....0211—4
A Kleinman.....22111—5 Jim Smith.....10001—2
Geo Washington.....11011—4 Charley Burton.....10110—3
F Willard.....11215—5 Houston.....10111—4
L Willard.....00100—1

Ed. Reeves, A. Kleinman and F. Willard div. first, Geo. Kleinman and A. W. Reeves div. second on shoot-off, J. Church, Holleston and Charley Burton div. third.

No. 3, 10 live pigeons, 30yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, Illinois State rules, entrance $5, divided 50 20 and 20 per cent.:

Eddy Stock.....1011101111— 8 F Willard.....2120110221— 8
R B Wadsworth...1012221101— 8 A W Reeves.....2120101111— 7
Holliston.....1020001110— 5 Ed Reeves.....1112111121—10
Buroak.....1000211110— 5 J Watson.....2122110110— 8
C E Willard.....1021211023— 8 C Temple'on.....1122201101— 8
Geo Kleinman.....0112211123— 9 Fred Conrad.....1210101220— 7
A Kleinman.....0111111108— 8 Geo Washington...10'1022 11— 8
J W Price.....1212101130— 8 Houston.....211.112001— 8
L Willard.....0212212022— 8

Ed. Reeves first, Geo. Kleinman second, R. B. Wadsworth and L. Willard div. third. RAVELRIGG.

THE TRAP-SHOOTERS' TOUR.

"TEE KAY," who goes as an advance agent, has reached St. Louis, and he has met with most encouraging success. He writes under date of Jan. 3 from St. Louis:

"I have met with a very hearty reception everywhere, and if the boys are favored with good weather they will have large attendances. The Dayton Gun Club are going to give the team a reception the evening of the shoot, and will give them a good send-off. I shot a match at Cincinnati with Kauffman, who shoots under the name of "Bohemian." I was told I had a soft snap, but at the first part of the match it looked as if I was in the soup. I shot Bandle's gun and missed 9 out of the first 15 I shot at. I then got a gun that fitted me and pounded out 21 straight, which broke my opponent's heart. He went all to pieces and I finished with 87, which was good enough after such a poor beginning.

"I have made arrangements for the following regular and extra matches: Jan. 27, Dayton, Ohio, on the fair grounds; regular match between East and West at 200 bluerocks a side, and a 25 live bird match between Heikes and McMurchy. Jan. 28, regular No. 2, East and West, at Cincinnati Base Ball Park; Jan. 29, regular No. 3, Louisville Base Ball ground is. Extra match at 25 live birds between W. H. Wolstencroft of the East and J. A. Ruble of the Western team."

NEW YEAR'S DAY AT NEWARK.

NEWARK, Jan. 1.—At Erb's to day some 200 persons watched the progress of the shooting in the different contests. The birds were a great lot of flyers. Of all those shot at not a half dozen had to be put by the trappers. The shooting began at 11 A. M. and continued until the fogs put an end to it. At 3:30 it was so dense that not a bird could be seen in the thick air. All the events were of similar character, namely, 4 birds each man, 3 entrance, if under 10 entries, two moneys; if over 10, three, Hurlingham rules to govern:

First event—Chris Reinhardt took first money, Castle, C. M. Hedden, E. Huff and J. Erb tied for second and carried it forward to the next contest.

Second event—Huff, Reinhardt and Erb tied for first and divided it, Castle and Hedden did the same with second, Huff and Erb took the undivided second money from previous sweep and amicably separated it.

Third event—Castle and Hedden this time captured first between them, Reinhardt dropped a bird, as the company was hot and took second all by himself.

Fourth event—Castle and Erb separated first between them with 4 kills each. Hedden and Reinhardt, with 3 each, took second.

Fifth event, 8 entries—Erb and Reinhardt were first with straight scores, Hedden, Newhouse and Castle tied for second and shot it off in the next sweepstake.

Sixth event, 8 entries—Hedden, Castle and Erb tied for first with clean scores of kills and agreed to shoot it out, the best record made in the next contest to take the whole. Again Reinhardt was foxy and dropped a bird for place and captured second money all alone.

Seventh event, 9 entries—Castle and Reinhardt this time made clean scores and divided the cash, Frb, Hedden, Bercauch and Wheaton tied for second, with 3 kills, and carried it over for a shoot-off in the next sweep. The first money of sweep No. 6 was won by Castle, he shooting out all others interested.

Eighth event—As usual Castle, C. M. Hedden and Erb tied and divided; Wheaton and Reinhardt separated second between them.

Ninth event—Reinhardt and Castle divided first, Harris, Wheaton and Erb tied for second and carried the tie forward to the following sweep.

Tenth event, 8 entries—C. M. Hedden, J. Erb, C. Reinhardt and J. Wheaton killed 3 birds and agreed to shoot it off in the next event, but Castle got 3 out of his 4 and gathered in the money, with no one to claim a part of it.

Eleventh event, and last regular of the day, 9 entries—C. M. Hedden was the only man who got a clean score and so took first money of this and first money of the sweep preceding—a beautiful little jackpot.

Twelfth and finishing contest, miss and out sweepstake, $1 entrance—Wheaton and Irvy Castle slipped out on their first bird, and Bercauch on his second. Then the birds gave out too, after Castle, Hedden, Erb and Reinhardt had killed 5 each, so they were forced to divide the cash.

The South Side Gun Club had one of its outing days to-day. It is probably the strongest club in the State of New Jersey. Such men as Brientnall, W. R. Hobart, Quod, Phillips and B lman can be depended upon always to roll up great scores, whether in club contests or in competition with teams of other guns.

First event—10 bluerocks per man, 3 moneys, $1 entrance. Brientnall and Hobart broke 8 each and divided first. I. H. Terrill, L. Thomas and E. Bellman 7 each and divided second. E. Phillips, with 6 broke out of the 10, took third.

Second event—$1 entrance, 3 moneys, 15 bluerocks each man. Brientnall broke 13 out of his 15 and took first. L. Thomas broke 10 and took second. Phillips and Hobart 9 each and divided third.

Third event—Entrance $1, 5 pairs bluerocks, 3 moneys. D. D. Terrill broke half of the 10 and captured first money. Phillips, Hobart, Thomas and Orton broke 4 each and shot the tie off at 3 pairs of saucers each. Thomas broke 4 out of the 6 and captured the money.

Fourth event—Entrance $1, 3 moneys, 10 bluerocks each. R. H. Brientnall made a clean score of breaks and took first money. Hobart and Phillips divided second on 8 breaks each; Thomas took third with 7.

Fifth event—$2 entrance, 15 single bluerocks, 2 moneys. Brientnall broke 13 and took first. Hobart and Phillips tied for second with 12 breaks each. Phillips took third with 9.

Seventh and eighth events of similar character, viz., 10 single bluerocks each man, $1 entrance, 3 moneys in each. In the first named Hobart took first, Brientnall second, Phillips and Thomas dividing third. In the last Brientnall secured a straight 10 breaks and won first. Thomas second with 9, and Phillips third with 8.

Ninth event—Entrance $5, 50 single bluerocks, three moneys. Brientnall broke 42 and took first money, W. R. Hobart broke 41 and took second, Thomas broke 39 and captured third.

Tenth and eleventh events—Ten single bluerocks, $1 entrance, three moneys. In the former Quod and Phillips broke 8 each and divided first. I. H. Terrill and Dukes broke 7 each and divided second. Sickles took second on 4 breaks. In the latter Dukes and Terrill got 9 breaks each and divided first, Sickles and Quod broke 8 each and separated third amicably. Third went to Phillips with 7 smashes.

The Mutual Gun Club has been recently reorganized. The members have put up a neat little club house in Weidemeyer's Park, and expect to hold the usual club competitions. The shooting is at inanimate targets altogether, and on the first the scores ran:

First event, entrance $1, 5 bluerocks each man, three moneys: Schieff and Bansom broke all and divided first; Ostrander broke 4 and captured second; Bear, Perment Schoewassen and C. von Lengerke tied for third and divided.

Second event, same conditions: Schieff, Perment and Bransom broke first and divided first; Ostrander took second all alone, and third was divided between Bear and Von Lengerke.

Third event, 5 pair bluerocks, $1 entrance: C. von Lengerke broke his 5 pair and took first; Schaaft, 4½ pair, and took second; and Bear, 3½ pair, scooped the third.

Fourth event, $1 entrance, 10 single bluerocks each man, three moneys: Schaaft broke 9 of the 10 shot at and took first money; Keeler broke his 8, as did Hassinger, and these two divided second; third went to Krassler with 6 killed out of 10 shot at.

Fifth event, $1 entrance, 5 single bluerocks each man, three moneys: Hassinger broke 5 straight and took first money; C. Hassinger and Austin broke 4 each and divided second; Kramer and Hilferts with 3 breaks each out of the 5 shot at, divided third.

Sixth event, entrance $2, two moneys, 10 single bluerocks: Hilfers broke 8 and took first money; Schaaft, Millers, Kramer and Perment broke 7 each and divided second.

Seventh event, entrance $1, 5 single bluerocks, two moneys: C. von Lengerke and Keller got clean scores and divided first; Hessinger, Schaaft, West and Kramer missed one each and divided second money.

Eighth event, similar to former one: Hassinger was the only one out of nine entries who got his 5 straight, and he took the first money; Baer took second, having but a single miss.

BERGEN POINT, N. J., Jan. 1.—The gunning contingent of the New Jersey Athletic Club spent much of the morning and all of the afternoon at the traps on the organization's grounds at Bergen Point. The day's sport comprised a number of prize clay-pigeon shooting matches and several sweepstake events, in which about twelve hundred shells were exploded and over half that number of bluerocks shattered. In connection with the prize shoots the gunning committee began a new and somewhat novel competition for points. This feature entitles those who are first, second, third and fourth in prize events to respectively score 5, 4, 3, and 2 points to their records. At the end of the year the three marksmen who are credited with the highest scores of points will be awarded valuable prizes. The records made in to-day's shoot were as follows: Maj. J. M. Taylor 13, J. V. Lawrence 10, C. A. Pope 8, Rufus Story Paret 7, Richard Sundermann 5, Elmer E. Bigoney 4, Henry M. Popham 4, George W. Purdy 3, A. Clinton Wilmerding 2.

The prize matches and their results were as subjoined: Event A, 10 birds each—First, C. A. Pope, 7 breaks and 3 misses; second, Henry M. Popham, 6 breaks and 4 misses; third, G. V. Lawrence, 5 breaks and 5 misses; fourth, A. Clinton Wilmerding, 4 breaks and 6 misses.

Event B, 5 singles and 3 pairs—First, Richard Sundermann, 8 breaks and 3 misses; second, Major J. M. Taylor, 7 breaks and 4 misses; third, J. V. Lawrence, 6 breaks and 5 misses; fourth, Rufus Story Paret, 4 breaks and 7 misses.

Event C, 10 pair and took first; Rufus Story Paret (3 birds allowed) 18 breaks and 2 misses; second, Maj. J. M. Taylor (scratch), 17 breaks and 3 misses; third, C. A. Pope (3 birds allowed), 13 breaks and 7 misses; fourth, Elmer E. Bigoney (3 birds allowed), 12 breaks and 8 misses.

Event D, 5 birds each—First, Major J. M. Taylor, 4 breaks and 1 miss; second, J. V. Lawrence, 3 breaks and 2 misses; third, Geo. W. Purdy, 2 breaks and 3 misses; fourth, Elmer E. Bigoney, 1 break and 4 misses.

Event E, 20 birds each—First, Major J. M. Taylor, 19 successive breaks and 1 miss; second, J. V. Lawrence (2 birds allowed), 19 breaks and 10 misses; third, Elmer E. Bigoney, (3 birds allowed), 9 breaks and 11 misses.

Event F, 10 birds, one of five traps sprung while marksman is walking—First, Major J. M. Taylor, 7 breaks and 3 misses; second, Richard Sundermann, 5 breaks and 5 misses; third, J. V. Lawrence, 4 breaks and 6 misses.

Event G, 5 pairs each—First, J. V. Lawrence, 6 breaks and 4 misses; second, Richard Sundermann, 4 breaks and 6 misses.

The prizes were silk umbrellas, portions of shooting outfits, jewelry, and quantities of cartridges.

Of the sweepstake events the chief was a shoot at 20 birds for each entry. Major J. M. Taylor won first money with a score of 17 breaks and 3 misses. J. V. Lawrence broke 11 and missed 9, winning second money.

ELIZABETH, N. J., Dec. 30.—A pigeon shooting match for $25 a side, took place to-day between Wm. Dackerman, of the Elizabeth Gun Club, and Frank La Motte, of the East End Gun Club. The conditions were each man to shoot at 15 birds, 30yds. rise, 80yds boundary, both barrels to be used. La Motte killed 10 birds and Dackerman 11. One of the latter's, however, dropped just out of bounds, and the match was declared a tie. Both men threw their stakes, and will shoot next week for $100 a side. The birds were strong erratic flyers and difficult to kill.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., Jan. 1.—On the Russell Mills Gun Club's grounds to-day, the Russell Mills Gun Club defeated the Westport Gun Club 105 to 98, in a clay-pigeon shooting contest. In a contest between T. F. Allen and Dr. Post, of this city, at 25 birds, Allen won, breaking 22 to 21 for Post.

TOWANDA, Pa., Jan. 4.—The New Year's tournament of the Towanda Rod and Gun Club was very successful in attendance at least, but the scores as given below show to a disadvantage as to the participants being experts with the shotgun. A number for the first time faced the traps in a tournament, and while making good scores on their home grounds, went to pieces among strange traps and entertaining an audience. Two of the participants have made grouse hunting for the market a business for days the past season, and bagged many birds, but missed the flying bluerocks as well as the others. W. K. Park, of Athens, Pa., is an expert with the shotgun at flying targets, and had very little trouble winning first money nearly every time. He shoots a 12-gauge Colt hammer gun. W. A. Chamberlin, of this place, is the champion live bird shot, and although over 60 years of age, makes all the youngsters take a back seat. Live birds were thrown from one trap, while the inanimates were thrown from three. Bluerock targets were used. American Association rules governed in both. Entrance money was the same in all events, and divided 40 30, 20 and 10 per cent., giving all a chance to win at least a small amount. Many shooters used American wood powder, showing that it is coming in use "even back in the woods." Nearly all of our American guns were represented, Smith, Lefever, Parker, Daly, Colt, also many foreign makers. Scores as follow:

First event, 6 single targets:

Dittrich	0 0110—3	Montanye	001101—3
Park	011011—5	Frutchy	010101—3
Snider	110100—3	Rittenbury	110110—4

Park first, Rittenbury second, Dittrich third, fourth div.

Second event, 6 single targets:

Dittrich	103110—3	Cranska	001000—1
Park	111101—5	Rittenbury	001001—2
Snider	110010—3		

Park first Dittrich and Snider div. second, Rittenbury third, Cranska fourth.

Third event, 3 singles and 2 doubles:

Dittrich	011 00 01—3	Adams	111 01 03—4
Park	011 10 11—5	Streeter	110 01 00—3
Snider	111 11 10—6	W H Tyrrell	101 01 00—3
Cranska	010 01 10—3	Moore	010 10 10—3
Rittenbury	010 00 11—3	Thatcher	030 10 00—1
Frutchy	001 11 10—3	Lang	011 10 00—3
Montanye	001 01 11—4	Hamaker	001 00 00—1
Clapp	010 11 11—5		

Snider first, ties div.

Fourth event, 5 single targets:

Snider	01010—1	LaPlant	10100—2
Cranska	01100—2	Benjamin	00000—0
Park	11111—5	Lang	00111—3
Hamaker	00001—0	W H Tyrrell	01111—4
Thatcher	00000—0	Moore	00300—0
Clapp	03011—2	Streeter	10111—6
Adams	101 1 3	Dittrich	01110—3
Rittenbury	11011—4	D C Tyrrell	10300—1

Park first, ties div.

Fifth event, 5 single targets:

Park	11111—5	Montanye	00100—1
Snider	03001—2	Adams	10311—3
Hamaker	00000—0	Clapp	10110—3
Dittrich	11111—5	Thatcher	01000—1
Frutchy	00110—2	Lang	01100—2
Rittenbury	01111—4		

Park and Dittrich div. first, Rittenbury second, ties div.

Sixth event, 5 live birds:

Dittrich	21111—4	Lang	11022—4
Park	01201—3	LaPlant	01000—1
Thatcher	01010—2	W H Tyrrell	01023—3
Montanye	20.01—3	Chamberlin	21111—5
Snider	2:023—4	Moore	01021—3
Clapp	01010—2	D C Tyrrell	21011—4
Hamaker	00010—1	Worthing	00101—2
Adams	13110—3	V N Tyrrell	20021—3

Chamberlin first.

Seventh event, 3 double targets:

Thatcher	00 00 00—0	Snider	00 01 10—2
Cranska	10 00 00—1	Frutchy	10 00 00—1
Park	10 00 11—3	Hamaker	00 00 00—0
Clapp	01 01 00—2	Rittenbury	00 00 01—1
Montanye	10 00 00—1	W H Tyrrell	00 01 01—2
Adams	11 10 00—3		

Park and Adams first, ties div.

Eighth eventh, 5 single targets:

Rittenbury	1 101—4	Dittrich	11101—4
Cranska	10011—3	Ostmaus	00001—1
Snider	03101—3	La Plant	11011—4

Ties shot off in next event.

Ninth event:

Rittenbury	11000—2	McCann	10101—3
Cranska	10001 2	Turner	00001—1
Snider	11001—3	Dittrich	01101—3
La Plant	01110—3		

W. F. DITTRICH.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 1.—Over 1,000 people weathered the rain and other inconveniences today to witness the first ten-men team shoot on the East End Gun Club Grounds, between 10 picked shots of the Dayton (O.) Gun Club and an equal number selected from the Cincinnatis. The Dayton Club some time ago announced their readiness to meet any 10 shooters in the universe. The Cincinnati shooters and aspirants for trap-shooting honors took exception thereto, the consequence being the match of today and results—a defeat. Generally speaking, a defeat for the local club was expected, the match being strictly the Dayton boys' choice of conditions and race. The weather was of the worst possible measure—the flight of the birds apparently easy, and that there was not one perfect score made a miracle. Mr. Bandle, with the disappointment of Shurt, McPhee and Schaller's absence, used good judgment in the selection of his men. Mr. Walter Keenan, in place of Mr. Heikes, officiated as captain for the Daytonians. Cincinnati won the choice and sent their opponents to the score first, Wm. E Limp-ig being chosen as judge for Cincinnati, Wm. Pratchett for Dayton, and S. S. Trump, a very modest gentleman the Dayton delegation brought with them, being selected as referee. The match opened at 11:20 A.M., the first gentleman to the score being Dayton's leading shot, Heikes. Five Dayton and an equal number of Cincinnati shots were sandwiched in the first squad. Heikes, with 45, shooting against Cincinnati's "Old Reliable" Ed. Taylor, with 47; the Dayton boy wonder, Keenan, with 36, against Stewart's 39; McDonald, with 45, again t Miller's 41; Rike 39, against Bandle's 47; Buntain, Miami county's enterprising game warden, with 39, against Richards's 37. Result, a lead of 12 birds for Cincinnati. After a very slight intermission the second squad selected was ordered to shoot, which, though it was supposed to be the awkward one, virtually won the race. The friends of the defeated claimed that some of the Daytonians were not proper members of the club, but no formal protest was made. Conditions, 50 single standard birds, National American Shooting Association rules:

Dayton.	
Heikes	11110011111111111111111111111111111111111111111101—45
Keenan	11110 1.1100 0.00.0011101111 0111111111101 01011 11—36
McDonald	11111101101111111111111111111111111111111111111111—45
Rike	01111 10101111100 10100.1 1111111111110311011011—39
Buntain	11111101101101111111101100111111101101111111111—39
Ruck	11011101111011111111111 111101 3111101011111111—41
Prill	11111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—48
Dr Hyde	10300111101110901111111001111101111101011111111—36
Knight	11001010 1100.0 111 0 1111101109 1101111101011101—35
Bacon	11111111111 10111111111111111111111111111111111—48—412
Cincinnati.	
Taylor	01111111111111101101111111111111111111111111111111—47
Stewart	01011011111010101001101111111111111111111111101111—39
Miller	11111111111111101 0111.0 1100111111111111010101011—41
Bandle	11111100111111111111111111111111111111111111111—47
Rickard	01011110101011110111110001101111011111001111 11110—37
Murphy	11000110111111 10111011101111.0110110.0101111111—36
Langdon	11111111110100101101111111 11010111111111101100—39
Merrick	1111011 10011111110101111111101111110111110—41
Boheman	11111101111000000111101010111.001101100110011111—34
Vincent	11101101011110001111111111111111.00310.0101011110—35—399

MONTREAL, Jan. 1.—The shoot given by the Dominion Gun Club today was a great success. Seventy-five entries were received in the merchandise match, and from noon to 5 P. M., shooting was the order of the day. The first prize was carried off by one of the crack shots of the Montreal Gun Club, and in view of the large number of expert shots competing, Mr. James may well feel proud of his victory. Score:

R James	10	V Heurebon	8
C Darby	10	W Greer	8
L Thackwell	10	B Higgins	8
J Cooke	9	Plato	8
C Aubin	9	Smith	8
E Octave	8	Paton	7
		Brr Coon	7
		Jones	7
		Masterson	6
		Sulley	6

Every week we are obliged to defer to the next week trap scores which come in too late for publication in the current issue. It is particularly requested that scores be sent us as early as possible.

CLAREMONT, N. J., Jan. 4.—At the newly-organized Claremont Shooting Grounds many pleasant sweeps were shot to-day. All at 10 bluerocks each. All ties shot off on following sweep.

No. 1:			
Tatham	6	Hathaway	5 Lyons 5
No. 2:			
Tatham	7	Hathaway	7 Lyons 8
No. 3:			
Tatham	9	Hathaway	6 Lyons 7
No. 4:			
Tatham	5	Hathaway	7 Lyons 5
No. 5:			
Tatham	7	Hathaway	8 Lyons 6
No. 6:			
Tatham	7	Hathaway	6 Lyons 7
No. 7:			
Tatham	6	Hathaway	4 Lyons 7
No. 8:			
Tatham	8	Hathaway	5 Lyons 7
No. 9:			
Tatham	9	Hathaway	5 Lyons 9
No. 10:			
Tatham	9	Hathaway	7 Lyons 9
No. 11:			
Tatham	8	Hathaway	3 Lyons 8
No. 12:			
Tatham	8	Hathaway	4 Lyons 8
No. 13:			
Tatham	1	Hathaway	7 Lyons 8
No. 14:			
Tatham	4	Lyons	4 Chapman 7
Hathaway	6	Moffatt	5
No. 15:			
Tatham	9	Lyons	7 Moffatt 6
Hathaway	2		

Lefever Trophy Shoot: Tatham killed 22, missed 3; Hathaway killed 13, missed 12.

CATSKILL, N. Y., Jan. 1.—New Year's day being raw and drizzly, the attendance at the Catskill Gun Club grounds was somewhat smaller than that at the Christmas shoot. Teams were made up with Lever and Roberts at their heads, Lever's winning by 9 points through a fortunate selection of shooters—Shufelt with 16. Burg with 15 and Rosa with 13, making remarkable scores for amateurs. The comforts afforded by a club house with a hot stove and all the conveniences were appreciated by all present. A jolly time was had in the two hours' shooting. Below are the scores made in order of shooting:

Lever's Team.		Roberts' Team.	
Lever	1110105110111101011—14	Roberts	1111111111001111111—18
Yellot	100 0000000011010010— 6	Benter	1111111110110111100—16
Tolley	1111000101110000001— 9	Hand	00110 0001000000110— 5
Shufelt	1101101 1111110111110—16	Jump	0000000101010110001— 6
Rosa	0101110010101101111—13	Kline	1111000100111110101—13
C Burg	1111101101111111001—15	T Burgh	0000100000011010101— 6
	76		64

Six sweepstakes followed.—DR TOLL.

DAVENPORT, Iowa, Jan. 1.—The Forester Gun Club held its regular holiday shoot to-day. The weather was anything but propitious for a large attendance, a drizzling rain falling all day, but nevertheless a fair number of good shots were present and made the best of a poor day. Only two matches were shot with the following results:

No. 1, 6 live birds, 5 ground traps, 30yds. rise, Keystone rules, 3 prizes:

John Racester	110101—4	Friday	011100—3
Kray	110111—5	Scheef	111110—5
Emerson	111111—6	Collin	101010—3
Davis	111111—6	Goos	101110—4
Tucker	110010—3	Howard	111100—4
Janss	111111—6		

Emerson and Janss div. first, Scheef was awarded second, Racester third.

No. 2, 6 live birds, 5 ground traps, 30yds. rise, Keystone rules, 3 prizes:

Emerson	010111—4	Scheef	001111—4
Tucker	101101—4	Janss	010111—4
Howard	111011—5	Goos	001011—3
Kray	111001—4	Davis	111010—4
Collin	110111—5	Racester	111011—5
Friday	111011—5	Brangan	101111—5

Howard and Racester first, Janss second, the third money was added to first.

W. N. PURCE.

CŒUR D'ALENE CITY, Idaho, Dec. 23.—The Cœur d'Alene Rod and Gun Club's turkey shoot and shotgun rifle and pistol match closed to-day. The 22d opened with plenty of snow and winds, but the boys go on to the turkeys in fine shape, killing two dozen before 11 o'clock. The shooting was at the heads at 65yds. At about 11:30 the pistol match was opened with 7 entries only, owing to a terrific wind and blinding snow. Had the weather been favorable we should have had many more. The scores of the winners stood as follows, 50yds. off-hand, standard American target: J. Warren first, 79; Fred S. Budd second, 73; J. Fellows 70. The next event was a rifle match at 100yds. off-hand, standard American target, with 19 entries. Scores of winners as follows:

Bergman	87	Quinlan	79
White	84	J Warren	79
Eckhardt	80	Millias	75
		Pollock	74

Dec. 23.—The day opened with turkey shooting till about 11 o'clock, by which time the boys had disposed of about 24 turkeys. Next came the shotgun at blackbirds and bluerocks.

First event, 6 singles, sweepstakes:

Carlin	101111—5	Norton	101100—3
Herrick	001111—4	Warren	0110.0—3
Eckhardt	011110—4	Pettibone	001010—2
Pollock	100101—3	McFarland	000101—1

Ties on 4 div. second, Pollock third. Second event, 15 singles, 10 entries:

Herrick	011111101011111—12	Norton	011000110011111—7
Carlin	10111.011011111—12	Quinlan	011001011100100—7
Pettibone	011111101111000—10	Pollock	010001100111001—6
Warren	10111.001110011—10	McFarland	000010000057600— 1
Eckhardt	01101000101.10— 8		

Herrick first, Pettibone second, Eckhardt third.

Third event, 12 singles, 11 entries:

Herrick	111111111111—12	Norton	000111111000—6
Warren	011110111111—10	McFarland	001101010010—6
Bubb	11110010111— 9	Carter	100001101100—6
Eckhardt	001111010101— 7	Pettibone	000100011101—6
Carlin	11000111 010— 7	White	0.0000000001—1
Pollock	10.01100110— 7		

Fourth event, 6 singles and 3 pairs:

Herrick	11 11 11 00—19	Bubb	101100 11 00 10—6
Carlin	11 11 11 00— 9	Pettibone	110011 10 10 10—6
Eckhardt	11 01 00 11— 8	McFarland	001101 11 10 30—6
Warren	01 0001 10 11 11— 7		

Eckhardt won tie for second after shooting at 13 birds. McFarland fourth.

Taking it all in all every one had a very pleasant time. The weather was very unfavorable for good shooting. Mr. Herrick made a splendid run of 27 consecutive birds, which was very fine under the circumstances. Mr. Warren won the banner for highest average in rifle and pistol matches.

CHELAY.

KANSAS CITY, Dec. 24.—The trial of Fred Erb by the Board of Directors of the Missouri Fish and Game Protective Association, which was to have been held here to-day, was postponed on account of lack of a quorum until the meeting of the convention of the above association, to be held at Cameron, Mo., some time next June. President H. D. Watson and Secretary C. W. Schneider, of Cameron, Mo., and J. E. Riley, of this city, were present at the appointed time. The latter was not eligible to serve on the committee because he is a witness in the case against Erb. The missing members who failed to be present are Dr. J. G. Parrish, of St. Louis; P. Dallmeyer, of Jefferson City, and J. B. Bates, of Palmyra. As the Board consists of six members and but two present, the trial of the case could not proceed. Dr. Joseph Ingersoll, of Lafayette, Ind., who generously consented to act as Erb's counsel in the matter, was here with Erb and was ready to proceed with the case. The whole trouble was brought on by the recent Budd-Erb controversy over the champion cup, the former refusing to accept the latter's challenge for it, owing, as Budd claimed, to several shady transactions of the latter while a resident of this city some years back. Budd was finally compelled to meet Erb, and the latter defeated him for the trophy at Davenport, Ia., recently.—UNSER FRITZ

PINE BROOK, N. J.—Frank class has arranged to have a big opening shoot at the birds on his place at Pine Brook on Friday, Jan. 10; 1,000 birds will be on hand. It will be the first big shoot at the new place, and invitations have been sent out to all the crack shots within a hundred miles. Among those who have entered are Castles, Erb, Sigler, Leddy, Harrison, Riggott, Uptegrove, Daily, Heritage, Green, Lever, Charles Smith, William Voorhees, Seymour Smith, Milt Linnsley, Collins, Goff, Frank Kleintz, Richard Irwin, Thompson, Tay or and C. M. Hedden. There will be handicapping to suit all, and shooting will last all day.

WASHINGTON HEIGHTS, N. Y., Jan. 1.—One of the most interesting pigeon shooting events of the season was decided on the grounds of the Washington Heights Gun Club, at 186th street and the Bloomingdale road, to-day. The principal event was a match for $50 a side, between W. J. Elliott of West Farms, and Hugh Harrison of the Washington Heights Gun Club. The conditions were from 30yds. rise, at 25 live pigeons, inside of 50yds. boundary. Harrison had defeated Elliott in a similar match, and was a favorite in the speculation on the result. Mr. E. A. Fountain of the Washington Heights Gun Club officiated as referee. Elliott shot first and killed his first bird, missing the next, and then bowling over eight straight, missing the eleventh bird, and then killing three straight, missing the next, and then killing seven straight. He failed to kill the twenty-first bird, and killed the remaining two. Harrison led off with eight straight killed, missed the next two, killed the next couple, and missed the next bird. He brought down the next brace, and again missed the sixteenth bird. The seventeenth and eighteenth birds were dropped, and the next bird, a swift quarterer got away, and he missed the next three, which were lively birds, and killed the remaining two. The score:

Elliott	10111111111011101111111011—21
Harrison	11111110010.10110100011—17

A sweepstakes at 7 live birds followed: For the birds, handicap rises, entrance $5 divided. The score: Elliot, 30yds., 7; Preyer, 28yds., 6; Peters, 26yds., 6; Fortunato, 25yds., 2; Mullen, 24yds., 1. Elliott thus raked in the first money, Preyer and Peters dividing the second.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 1.—There was a good crowd to witness a sparrow-shooting match between Capt. A. H. Bogardus, the veteran marksman, and J. Frank Kleintz, the well-known local shot. Each man shot at 25 sparrows, 30yds., 5 traps being used. The sparrows were strong flyers, and it required very skillful shooting to bring them down. Bogardus killed his first two birds and missed the third. Kleintz did the same. Then each man killed the next three. Bogardus killed two out of the next four, and then took the lead, as Kleintz only brought down one out of his four. Kleintz caught up, however, on the next three birds, and at the finish the score was a tie, each man having killed 16 birds, as follows:

Bogardus	1101110110100101110101011—16
Kleintz	1101110010111010101101011—16

Referee, E. R. Irwin. This was the fourth match shot by Bogardus and Kleintz, each having won two.

TORONTO, Jan. 1.—The members of the Owl Gun Club held a sparrow shoot at C. Stark & Co.'s grounds to-day, and taking into consideration the bad weather the shoot was a very successful one every way. The attendance was rather light, but those who shot made very good scores.

Notwithstanding the disagreeable weather of New Year's Day a very successful shoot was carried out at McDowall's grounds, the scores being among the best ever made there. The comfortable building at the grounds was never more appreciated than on this occasion, as without it a postponement would have been necessary. Several small matches were shot, and the afternoon's sport was brought to a close by a 50-bird sweepstake, the scores being as follows:

Fifty bluerocks, entrance $2, 2 prizes:

W McDowall	1111011011101111101111111111111111111111111111101011—43
C Charles	1101111111011011111111111111011011011011111111111110—42
J Draisey	1101111011111101111111111001111111111011011010110111—40
C Budd	0113011111011110100111111011111011111011111111111010—37

Double rise match, 5 pairs:

Charles	11 11 11 01 11—9	McDowall	11 11 10 10 11—8

Jan. 3.—The West Toronto Junction Gun Club held a shoot today at D. Olea's ground at live pigeons. The birds were a lively lot and the shooting was very good.

COUNTRY CLUB, N. Y., Jan 1.—The members of the Country Club enjoyed the first day of the new year by a shooting tourney at live pigeons over the finely equipped shooting plant of the organization on Pelham Bay. Many of the best-known society people of the metropolis were present. Among those who participated in the shooting were: Messrs. Allen, 25 yards rise; Story, 22 yards rise; Duane, 29 yards rise; Iselin, 30 yards rise; Hoyt, 24 yards rise; Potter, 25 yards rise; Gladwin, 32 yards rise; and M. D. Thorne, 25 yards rise. It was a poor day for the sport, as the unfavorable conditions of the atmosphere tried both the flying qualities of the birds and the skill of the contestants. The birds were an exceptionally strong lot of targets, and many of them managed to get away from the guns of the amateur shooters, who were not as proficient as they might have been with the complete shooting paraphernalia which they had, everything being of the best quality, both in shells and guns. The shooting began promptly at 11½ o'clock, and the first event was for a cup offered by a member of the club, at ten birds per man, $5 entrance fee, 40 per cent. of the entrance to go to a second man, 10 per cent. to the third man, and the remainder to the club, all contestants who were handicapped at 26 yards rise or under to stand where they pleased, and all above that mark at handicap rises. Mr. Story won this event, with a clean score of ten birds killed. The second event was for a cup valued at $250, and the winner had the privilege of accepting the same amount in cash in lieu of the trophy. It was at ten birds per man, entry fee $10 per man, handicap rises; all competitors standing at the 27yds. rise or under; one miss to count as no bird. Mr. Story won this event also.

LONG BRANCH, Jan. 1.—A big crowd attended the shoot on the grounds of the Central Gun Club to-day. There were several sweepstakes shot at live birds, and some remarkable shooting was done by Cannon, the one-armed shooter. The principal event was the shoot for a Leavy silver cup, to go to the member of the Central Gun Club making the best score in the year's monthly shoots. The prize, a silver drinking cup, was presented by John Hoey, Jr., son of John Hoey, President of the Adams Express Company. The conditions were: Seven birds each, Hurlingham rules to govern. Three men killed seven straight birds, five killed six each, four men five each, and two men four each. The best score was made by Mr. Shaw, who shot for Mr. Hoey. Mr. Shaw killed his seven birds with his first barrel. E. Taber killing seven birds with eight barrels, and W. Taber seven with nine barrels. Several matches were shot with bluerocks.

NEW YORK, Jan. 1.—The Bronx River Gun Club had a gala time at their grounds New Year's Day. The first event was a sweepstake shoot at live birds. Five birds were sprung for each competitor, and resulted in the following scores: Murphy 5, Miller 5, Breidenbach 5, Jacques 4, and Zorn 4. The first three divided the first prize, and the latter two divided the second prize. This shoot was followed by another shoot at live birds and resulted as follows: Jacques 5, Murphy 4, Dittmar 4, Breidenbach 3, and Zorn 3. The first prize was awarded to Jacques and the second was divided between Murphy and Dittmar. The third and last event was a sweepstakes shoot at clay-birds, 6 birds being sprung for each man, with the following result: Murphy 6, Jacques 6, Dittmar 5, W. Pringle 4, F. Pringle 3, and "Jim" Pulsing, on 1. The first prize was divided between Murphy and Jacques, and the second was scooped in by Dittmar.

Canoeing.

The list of officers and directions for joining the A. C. A. and W. C. A. will be found in the first issue of each month.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their address-s, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and rigs, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

JUNE.

7. Marine and Field Club, Bath 21. New York Annual.

ARLINGTON C. C.—The annual meeting of the Arlington C. C. was held on Dec. 23, the following officers being elected: Com., R. E. Molloy; Vice-Com., F. Place, Jr.; Sec'y-Treas., C. V. Schuyler. Executive Committee, H. Morgan and Wm. B. Daily. The club now has a membership of 17, and with the aid of a sinking fund started some time since, it is endeavoring to purchase suitable land for its house, which is now on leased property. A committee has been appointed to look up good places for short club cruises this season. Last year the club, in addition to a good representation at the division meet, sent seven members to the A. C. A. meet, and this year a still larger attendance is promised.

1,500 MILES IN AN ADIRONDACK BOAT.

PART II.

ERIE CANAL, Sept. 8, Monday.—I was out of bed at 6, to find that the rain had ceased, but had left everything damp and reeking, with a heavy fog that did not rise until 8:30. Packing up, I launched and rowed one mile to the lock, where I had breakfast at the usual little store. They informed me that a bear was killed hard by not long before. Putting off again I rowed through another one-mile level, beyond which came one fourteen miles long. At the last lock I met two interesting and interested inhabitants, who gave me much information about the country. Three miles further on I passed a small town, Auriesville; and, shortly beyond, Fultonville, fifty-six miles from Albany. Opposite here is the town of Fonda, whence is a railroad to Gloversville, ten miles distant. On this level the canal once more crosses the Mohawk on a fine aqueduct, and three small streams on lesser bridges. The next village was Yatesville, sixty-two miles from Albany, and three miles beyond came the lock at Sprakers. The mountains above here rose still higher and had some fine timber on them; they form the southern base of the Adirondacks. The valley and the river grow gradually narrower, and several of the gorges are extremely picturesque. The bottom lands are covered with pretty groves, and occasionally a farm appears. The whole scene was very beautiful, and I had an unobstructed view all along.

At Fultonville I stopped at the bank and bought some fruit and a watermelon at the store without leaving the boat. The watermelon was completely disposed of within the next five miles; I kept it between my knees, with a big spoon handy, and a lump of ice inside it, while a sponge at my elbow was frequently called into service to wet my bursting head, the heat being terrific. As a consequence I took matters very easily, though making seven miles in an hour and a quarter, and the whole fourteen-mile level in two hours and forty-five minutes, in spite of the heat, watermelon, and eel grass. This last was the worst, being so thick as to completely stop the boat several times, which proved exceedingly exasperating to my already overtaxed feelings. The mules and horses on the towpath generally have fearful galls on their shoulders, but otherwise seem to be tolerably well treated. The boats are numerous and run often all night, making Buffalo from Albany in ten days. The heavy boats, those that are loaded, run two miles per hour; and the light boats about three miles. The profanity is unsurpassed by anything I have ever heard; and the language of the skippers and muleteers seems to consist altogether of a set of choice oaths and profane expressions. The captains, and the underlings too, always have a word for one; and I generally cultivate those going my way; being apt to see them again. My boat distances theirs quickly, but they catch up during the night. They invariably believe that I am bound on a fishing excursion; and consequently think that all I tell them is very "fishy."

Though quite worn out by the heat at the end of the long stretch, having reached the terminal lock, I pushed on three miles to Canajoharie, half way over a six-mile level and sixty-eight miles from Albany. This is a large town, and the prospects for a dinner ahead being slim, I dined here at a fair hotel; having run nineteen miles thus far from the bivouac of last night. A tarry of an hour and a half to cool off was grateful, and then I started on in a thunder storm, but did not get more than a slight wetting. Three miles from Canajoharie comes another lock, opening on a five-mile level. Owing to the action of a feeder above, the current was pretty strong against me; and this, together with a head wind and floating masses of the ever-present grass, made the work very irksome. However, the fine scenery almost made up for all this. The broad canal lay rolled on as far as the eye could very well see, fine farms and heavy timber lines alternating through the hills. The pine groves were especially fine, consisting of large trees. At the commencement of this level is Fort Plain, quite a sizable place. There was much delay there on account of an accumulation of canal boats; but at last I got through, though the tenders allowed a canal boat to get in ahead of my turn. This was the first piece of such negligence as I had met with, and I gave the tender my views on the subject, he admitting his fault. The number of boats going and coming on the canal is astonishing. There are some hard-looking charactors along the route, but so far I have had no trouble with them.

The following level was three miles long, and while in the lock at the end a great swirl of water, caused by a damaged gate, forced me to pull hard on the port oar to avoid disaster, whereupon the oar broke in the neck—a serious mishap. Rocky Rift feeder from the Mohawk comes in on this level, and Herkimer county begins at Mindenville, a little hamlet at the lock, where I had supper in a wretched shanty; afterward proceeding for half a mile under my double-bladed paddle until I found a wagon maker near the canal who promised to mend my oar in the morning. This man owned a dog of a very enterprising disposition, who proved averse to my landing; but I conquered his scruples after a little parleying, in which a club took part. Paddling to a quiet spot a quarter of a mile away, I drew the boat up on a high bank, and as the moon rose went in swimming; then, after reading for an hour, turned in under my blankets. Thirty and one-half miles run to this point since morning.

Erie Canal, Sept. 9, Tuesday.—I rose at 6 and found two inquisitive young builocks discussing me, and anxiously awaiting further developments. I first went for the oar, which my farrier had repaired, making it half a pound heavier at the end, a serious defect, as it was much harder to row with thenceforth. Breakfast was had in a vile little house where a domestic row was in progress. The proprietor's better, and much more muscular half, threatening to go up and haul him out of bed if he did not get up "right off." The master of the house had evidently been on a spree the night before; in fact everybody about this country seems to get drunk whenever opportunity offers. The eel-grass was not quite so bad as yesterday, but I had a strong head wind all day to fight against.

This level was a three miler, and next followed one 5½ miles long, on which were two aqueducts over small streams. East Canada Creek, from the Adirondacks, comes into the Mohawk 3 miles above Mindenville. At the end of the level Little Falls appears situated in a romantic place and surrounded by very pretty scenery. There are 10,000 people here. The canal makes quite a rise hereafter, there being four locks near together; while on either side rocky cliffs rise abruptly from the water. The place itself seems to be cut out of the solid rock, the canal resembling a river in some wild locality. Above the falls of the Mohawk a feeder comes into the canal. After passing through five levels aggregating 5½ miles, I reached another of three miles. Next comes a two and then a one mile stretch, the latter ending at the town of Mohawk, and on this level is Fulmer's Creek Aqueduct. Mohawk has 1,800 people, and reminds one of a New England town. On the far side of the valley opposite is Herkimer, the capital of the county. The surrounding region is beautiful, having all the features of an attractive landscape, hills, mountains and valleys; while from the canal one has a noble view of it. There was a good hotel at Mohawk—and two pretty girls, one a waitress and one a fair boarder. These attractions within, and the dread of the great heat outside, nearly tempted me to stay until the next day; but, although the boarder was remarkably handsome, and played the piano very well indeed, I pushed on, callous to all allurements, at 3 P.M., having run 18½ miles during the morning.

This level was three miles long, ending opposite the town of Ilion, across the river; then a one-mile level ended at the beginning of a nine-miler, which terminated at Utica, 110 miles from Albany. Ilion Creek feeder comes in the one-mile level, and at the end of it is the little village of Frankport. Three-quarters of a mile across the following nine-mile stretch Oneida county begins. Having rowed one mile on this level I observed some choice "king" apples, and soon obtained permission to gather them; they proved exceedingly fine and large.

A hearty young farmer and his wife lived here, and an invitation to sup following, I was regaled with honey and other good things at their generous board. It was somewhat early for tea, but I thought best to take advantage of such a golden opportunity. From here to the Adirondacks is but twenty miles, and those mountains flank the valley on the north; while a lovely scene stretched between. The Mohawk here is but a small stream, meandering slowly in long windings through the peaceful landscape. Having had a pleasant conversation with the farmer, I put off again, stopping after dark within one mile of Utica. After the usual swim and reading I turned under the canvas, feeling tired and sore with sitting so long in the boat; and having had to contend with a strong head wind, a broiling sun and a head current all day. Thirty and one-half miles to this point from Mindensville.

Erie Canal, Sept. 10—Wednesday.—I was aroused this morning by the cheery voice of a captain through a dense fog; I had seen him and passed him two days ago, and his surprise was great at finding me here. I had bivouacked upon a high bank, and, as there was no screening shrubbery, my domestic arrangements were all in full view of the ladies on the canal boats; but they were evidently accustomed to such scenes, as they did not appear to be at all abashed. I rowed a mile to the lock in the city of Utica, where, showing my letter to the lock-tender, and leaving my boat under his protection, I chartered a friendly rough to show me the way to the "best hotel in the place." He took me straight to a dirty little saloon around the corner, but seeing my unqualified disgust, had the kindness to walk half a mile into the city, and there, with an air of patronage, took me into Bagg's Hotel. It was a good house, and Utica struck me as a beautiful city.

I was away again at 9:30, and, as the fog and heavy dew be tokened, had another day of broiling heat, with a brisk head wind, and quite a current in the canal. This is a "summit" level, the canal descending from it in both directions, and it is 60 miles long. At Utica, from the south, comes in the Chenango Canal, which boasts 60 or 70 locks close together; all within 24 miles of Utica. This canal runs south to Binghamton, there joining the Susquehanna River system. The sun was so overpowering that I had to keep my head wet all the time, and even then it often exhausted me. This level ends at Syracuse, and though a "summit" level is neither the only one nor the highest on the Erie Canal. After rowing through a fine farming country for 15 miles, I came to the city of Rome, of 13,000 inhabitants. Leaving my boat here in the charge of an obliging engineer at a mill, I repaired for dinner to Stanwix Hall, the largest house here, and found an atrocious meal. The canal here was very dirty, quite an unusual thing, as it uniformly has had beautiful water throughout. There appeared in it dead horses, mules, cats, dogs, rats, muskrats and cows; besides which it served as a receptacle for various other kinds of filth, the odors of course being fearful. The entrance of the Black River Canal is here; it runs north to Lyons Falls, and has a succession of locks for 70 miles. I stayed some little time in Rome to purchase a few necessaries, and then pushed on, passing Port Bull, New London and Higginsville. The latter place is 135 miles from Albany.

When within 5 miles from Durhamville, I broke my oar again, just above the former splice, and then paddled 4 miles, to within one mile of Durhamville; passing the little hamlets of Dumbarton and Loomis. Having reached the point of my bivouac some time after dark, I was driven ashore by an imminent thunder storm. The wind suddenly became a gale, and the thunder boomed nearer and nearer, while I hauled my boat out on a grassy bank by the aid of the lightning, it being inky dark; and having hastily pitched my tent, ducked under just in time to escape a tremendous downpour of rain. It was a fine storm, and very violent, but my canvas was faithful, and kept all dry inside. After lighting up, I went in swimming during the storm. It was so dark that no object could be discerned save the cheerful light glowing through my tent. Before going to sleep I ate a canteloupe and read a little. Made 35 miles to-day rowing and paddling.

Erie Canal, Sept. 11.—Thursday.—It rained hard during the night, but I slept the sleep of the just, and at 6:10 A. M. was under way, paddling one mile to Durhamville, where I got a good breakfast at a little country inn, and found a Yankee named Hank Palmerly, who mended my oar. He had to put two heavy iron clamps along the neck for a foot, making it very heavy. As the weight was at the extreme end of the oar, the unusual strain on my arm made me sore for many a day, the work being not only tiresome, but the oar was very troublesome and clumsy. The town has a population of only 1,000. Fox & Co. have extensive glass works here.

I finally got away at 9:20, the day being bright and sunny, but somewhat cooler. One misses the Mohawk River after leaving Utica, as it branched off there; in fact, afterward it has but the proportions of a small creek. Just after leaving Durhamville the canal crosses Oneida Creek, one of the inlets of the lake of that name, which is not far north of this place. Its outlet joins the Oswego River further west. When four miles beyond Durhamville a heavy gust came up, giving me quite a soaking in spite of a poncho and a convenient bridge, though by reason of the gaping cracks the latter I would have been better off perhaps from under it, as streams of mud poured through. The wind was so violent that rowing was out of the question, so I amused myself by eating a huge canteloupe and laughing at some of the canal boats, which, blown together by the wind, were in an apparently inextricable mess. The crews relieved their dampened feelings by swearing profoundly.

After this the wind blew hard against me, hindering the progress of the boat very much. At Canastota, five miles from Durhamville, Cowasselon Creek comes into the canal. From Canastota the direction of the canal was westerly, having been nearly due south from New London, thus avoiding Oneida Lake. New Boston Landing, a small place four miles further on, and a short distance beyond the feeder from Canenovia Lake, rejoicing in the name of Chittenango Feeder, flows in. Here is also the little town of Chittenango, half a mile from the canal, and walking there I got a cold lunch. It is a pretty spot, high ridges encompassing the town, covered with fine timber, and the two lakes are hard by. They told me about the bicyclist who is traveling across the continent, and who stopped here to dine. A considerable product of this region is hops, and a goodly-sized corn canning factory stands near the canal.

I started on at 3:30 P. M., in the face of a gale of wind which blew without intermission until night. At first the clouds were lowering, but it cleared off cold, and the sunset, together with the afterglow over the water and the surrounding country, were exquisite. I rowed without a break for 12 miles, though having some serious impediments, especially that of my broken oar, which made the recover tiresome, and greatly fatigued my wrist. The other oar now gave signs of weakening, and I had to be very careful, not daring to pull hard upon it. Quite a number of steam canal boats went by to-day; they are generally pushing another boat, and sometimes towing one as well. Their speed is about that of a light barge. Passed the villages of Bolivar and Kirkville, near Chittenango, and 8 miles thence Manlius on the north, where the De Ruyter's Reservoir comes in. Onondaga county begins at Canastota. After passing two other villages, Clarksville and Thompson, I stopped at a fine farmhouse to get some milk. I had a disagreeable adventure with an energetic dog of large size, but got off unscathed.

About this neighborhood there are several large basins in the canal, some of them almost lakes; and the scenery was very beautiful about them. The country lately has not been thickly settled; on the contrary, except around the villages, I have seen but few houses. For the most part, toward the north, was one wide extent of swamp land, as far as the eye can see, dotted over with forests and apparently uninhabited. It was rather flat also, but on the south there was much pasture and farm land, with rolling hills. I passed Green Lake just beyond Canastota Lake, and was told that people had in vain tried to fathom it. Large rafts of pine logs, on their way from Michigan to New York, are frequently met with; each raft entire is nearly half a mile long, but it is towed in sections, so as to get through the locks.

I ran within half a mile of Syracuse, and, considerably after dark, tied up at a little boat house on the water at the edge of a large basin, where one could hear the sounds and see the lights of the city. Have made to-day but 25½ miles, owing to my grievous detentions. After a supper of bread, milk and jam, and some reading, I turned under the blankets, though not before a hospitable inhabitant, attracted by the light, had come down and offered to do anything for me, remarking that he "had often been there" himself.

Erie Canal, Sept. 12—Friday.—At 6 A. M. I rowed into Syracuse, passing through two locks. They were "machine" locks, and fell to the west. At the third, 2¾ mile from my camp, I left my boat in charge of the lock-keeper, and proceeded my speech. The country hereabouts was quite desolate, and I saw but few houses except-ing in some villages by the way; Camillus, opposite which the Camillus Creek comes into the canal, called Nine-Mile Creek; Peru and Jordan at the next lock. At Camillus begins Cayuga county. Just east of Jordan the outlet of Skaneateles Lake comes in. At 1:30 P. M., when half a mile beyond the little village of Memphis, I got my coffeepot filled with hot water, and landing on a shady spot made some chocolate and dined on canned chicken, wafers, jam and canteloupe. After dining I saw a tramp on the towpath opposite, and threw him the remainder of my chicken. It fell short into the water, but he captured it and ate it nevertheless. One meets some dangerous-looking rascals now and then; strange and eccentric characters too are frequent, but they are always known by the questions they ask. The hills dotting the country are very beautiful, and makes an attractive picture.

My dinner station from bivouac this morning was about 13¾ miles. I left again at 3 P. M. and rowed to the lock, then came a 7-mile level, on which was the town of Weedsport, and the small villages of Cold Spring and Centreport. Just north of Weedsport, the outlet of Seneca and Cayuga lakes flows into Cross Lake, which itself empties into the outlet of Onondaga. A feeder comes in at Westport, and the canal itself is 402ft. above tide-water, being 22ft. lower than the highest level I have yet been on; the 60 miles ending at Syracuse. Port Byron ended this level beyond Weedsport, and the next was 17 miles long. I stopped for tea at Port Byron, a characteristic western New York town, has 2,000 inhabitants and resembles closely a pretty New England village, with broad lanes, lined with tall and fine trees, among them many elms arching across. The surrounding country is not so hilly as heretofore, but exceedingly picturesque. I have seen all along much *arbor vita*, or white cedar, the banks at places being lined with it for some distance. Plum trees also are plenty, and other fruits, but I am told that the former were ruined this year by the early frost killing the blossoms.

I started on at dusk, much refreshed by a "strum" on the hotel piano, though my fingers are getting very stiff for that amusement from continued rowing. I soon passed the lock about half a mile beyond the town, and when the huge gates closed behind me I lit my buckeye and placed it on the forward deck. There was a dense fog rising from the water, as the night was cold, and it was so thick as to plainly show my shadow in the lamplight. The night was a quiet one, not a sound disturbed the silence, save the plashing of my oars. I rowed 4 miles to a large basin near the town of Montezuma; here my boat ran into a flock of tame geese, which were so dazed by my lantern that I could put my hand upon them, as I proved by grasping one old fellow around the neck, which action caused a great fluttering and flying of water and feathers. Further on, while nosing along shore to find a good place to tie up, I got as near a pair of wild woodducks, and muskrats were quite numerous. The boat makes no noise and consequently approaches without alarming these creatures.

I tied up to a bank near this place, having made all told 33½ miles. There was much eel grass to-day, and this together with the wind detained me sadly. After reading and a swim I went below, tying a poncho over the well, as the night was cold. To-night turns up just one week from Albany and a distance of 207 miles. I have daily had a full day's rowing, except 3½ hours loss on account of the broken oar, thus making 30 miles per day on the average. With no extra detention at the locks, no head winds and none of the ubiquitous eel grass, I would have made 35 miles per day at least.

Erie Canal, Sept. 13.—Saturday.—A cloudy morning and raining a little. Rowing around to the bridge at 6:30 A. M., on which the town street crossed the canal, I got breakfast at a small inn. Apples are plenty here and a store was laid in. Plums are a drug on the market hereabouts, and I procured a peck of them also to lighten the way. Started again at 8:30. Five wild ducks greeted me on leaving Montezuma. Near the town one passes the mouth of the Seneca and Cayuga Lake Canal. Cayuga Lake is 40 miles long, Ithaca at its head, being 56½ miles from the Erie Canal. Seneca Lake is 39 miles in length, and 61 miles lie between Montezuma and Watkins' Glen at its head. Union Springs and Auburn are but 12 or 15 miles distant also.

In the vicinity numerous salt springs and deposits are found. The old stage road from Albany to Buffalo passes through Montezuma, and I have been following it all the way along. Somewhat west of Montezuma, the canal crosses the outlet of the above lakes on a magnificent aqueduct, the outlet being a large river. Marshes covered with a curious reed extended on all sides for miles, and beyond they were flanked by thick masses of forest. It was a wild-looking place, and doubtless a great feeding ground for wild ducks. The current appeared to be quite swift, while the reeds were 8 to 10ft. high, lining the river completely. These reeds, not rushes, are only found at this place, and are cut, stored, seasoned and shipped all over the country for coopers' use, being the best for this purpose found anywhere in the country. This business forms the chief industry of Montezuma.

About half way to Clyde, at the end of this seventeen-mile level, I passed into Wayne county and Section 8 of the Erie Canal. The eel grass was especially bad on this level, and dodging it was very fatiguing. Running into a lot of the stuff would bring the boat to a complete standstill. A strong head wind blew throughout also, and these two evils detained me a great deal. At Clyde ended the wild part of the region, then began a three-mile level, at the end of which stands the village of Lockberlin. This is a great grape-growing locality, but on account of the vineyards being planted on the southern exposure of the hills and ridges south of the canal, I have actually seen but few. The various orchards were large and well kept. Along this last level appear enormous conically-shaped mounds and hills in rows, generally some distance from and parallel to the canal. Though evidently artificial, their origin is entirely unknown.

At the end of the following level of three miles came Lyons, of 6,000 inhabitants, where I dined at a good hotel, having run eighteen miles since breakfast. Pushed off again at 3:40. The next level was short; then came one of one and one-half miles; next came three locks close together, which brought me to a twelve-mile stretch. The village of Arcadia is built on one of the shorter levels, and I passed Newark, 224 miles from Albany, about one mile beyond the lock on the twelve-miler. Thence I rowed to within one mile of Palmyra. At dark some hot water was had at a farmhouse, and thus making chocolate, I had supper in the boat. Proceeding again, I stopped for the night at a bank whereon were some tall trees, these being desirable as a protection from the heavy dew. Tying up here, a swim was indulged in.

The night was cold and cheerless, with a thick fog, though before the latter began to rise a fine Aurora Borealis lighted my way. An unusual number of boats passed me to-day, mostly bound east. A large flock of wild ducks gladdened my eyes during the afternoon. Have made 32 miles to-day. After reading for an hour I turned in.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa. M. B.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PURITAN C. C.—The annual meeting of the Puritan C. C. was held on Jan. 2, the following officers being elected: Com., Francis J. Baxter; Vice-Com., Josiah S. Dean; Pear-Com., Joseph E. Hill; Treas., Lothrop Hedge; Sec., Jas. W. Cartwright, Jr.; Meas., John R. Robertson. The commodore, vice-commodore, rear-commodore, secretary and treasurer, together with Samuel A. Brown and Charles F. Dodge, form the Board of Directors. The House Committee comprises Messrs. Brown, Baxter and Hedge. The Membership Committee comprises Messrs. Hill, Hedge and G. R. Underwood. The Regatta Committee consists of Messrs. Forbush, MacDonald and Cartwright. The treasurer's report shows a balance on the right side. The secretary's report upon the matters under his control shows that the club has a membership of 26 active members and 12 associate members. The fleet consists of 28 canoes. There are more coming, a 16×30 racer for A. H. Forbush, from Joyner, and two 16½×30 Class C canoes for Messrs. J. E. Hill and Lothrop Hedge, from Robertson & Auburndale. Of the 26 members in the club 15 are A. C. A. men, or will be as soon as their applications have gone through the proper course. The weather has been so mild here that on no holiday has it been uncomfortable canoeing. Christmas Day was but 7 degrees colder than the Fourth of July. The annual dinner of the club will be held at the Thorndike on Jan. 22.—JAMES WELD CARTWRIGHT, Jr., Sec.

FIXTURES.—We publish this week the first fixtures for the year 1890. Now is the time to fix the dates for all races, and clubs doing so at once will avoid much trouble later in the season.

NEW YORK C. C.—Arrangements have been made for a series of three "smokes" during the winter, the programme including canoe talks, music, stereopticon views, etc.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Eastern Division—James Craddock, South Boston, Mass.

Yachting.

"West India Hurricanes and the Great March Blizzard." By Everett Hayden, U. S. Hydrographic Office. Large quarto, with 23 lithographic plates. Price $1. Contains full history of the great storm of March, 1888, with practical information how to handle a vessel in a cyclone; use of oil at sea, etc.

FIXTURES.

JUNE.

14, 28. Beverly.

JULY.

5, 19. Beverly. 19. Sippican, Open.

AUGUST.

6. New York, Cruise. Rendezvous for 2, 16, 30. Beverly. 16. Sippican, Club.

SEPTEMBER.

1, 20. Beverly. 30. Sippican, Sweepstake.

BRETAGNE.—The steam yacht Bretagne, built in Baltimore, in 1881, for Mr. Leon Say, has just been sold to a Norwegian yachtsman for 125,000 francs.

SHAMROCK.—Mr. J. R. Maxwell's sloop is now hauled out on Wintringham's ways, where she will be materially altered, the greater part of the planking will be stripped off and the frames will be nipped from the turn of the bilge up, while at the same time the waterline will be lengthened 2ft., and the forward deck 3ft. The beam at waterline will be increased about 8in., and the forebody, from the chainplates to the stern, will be filled out considerably, the entire forward waterline being made straighter. The hipping will be carried aft, each frame in the counter showing a slight increase. The displacement will be about 5 tons greater. The sail plan will be practically unchanged. Mr. Wintringham made all the drawings for the alterations. He has now planked and decked two new compromise boats of his design, one being 44ft. over all, 35ft. l.w.l., 13ft. 9in. beam, and 5ft. 5in. draft, with 5 tons of lead on keel and 2 tons inside. The other is 31ft. over all, 24ft. 8in. l.w.l., 9ft. 10½in. beam, 4ft. dratt, with 3 tons of ballast, all of which may be put in the keel. Both boats are of the fashionable type, with clipper stems and very nice looking counters. They will have centerboards and trunk cabins. Kathleen, now hauled out on Wintringham's ways, is having her after cabin remodelled, a watercloset being added. A scag has been lately added to the heel of keel to improve the steering.

INTREPID.—The schooner Intrepid, now lying at Tebo's wharf, has lately been altered on deck aft, the officers' quarters and part of the after cabins, below a flush deck, having been removed, and a deck house, from bulwark to bulwark, the top level with the rail, has been built in their place. This house, which is entered from the after deck, near the wheel, makes a very light and comfortable saloon.

SEAWANHAKA CORINTHIAN Y. C.—The annual meeting will be held on Saturday night at 8:30. The annual dinner will be held at Delmonico's on Feb. 1.

SIPPICAN Y. C.—The Sippican Y. C., of Marion, Mass., has chosen the following dates for 1890: July 19, open race; Aug. 16, club race; 30, sweepstakes.

Small Yachts. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price $7. Steam Yachts and Launches. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price $3. Yachts, Boats and Canoes. By C. Stansfield-Hicks. Price $3.50. Steam Machinery. By Donaldson. Price $1.50.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

E. S. E., Binghamton, N. Y.—Write to Dr. H. H. Smith, Malvern, Ia.

S. C. C., Marietta, Ga.—A well-bred mastiff would probably answer your purpose.

F. F., Falls Village.—Write to Wm. Macnaughton's Sons, South Fifth avenue, New York.

W. J. B.—What breed of the bull-terrier is the most fashionable and also what color? Ans. The modern bull-terrier is pure white.

A. W. B., Sheepshead Bay, L. I.—Write to Colton & Co., 180 William street, New York, for maps. We do not pay for logs of cruises.

H. W. S., Toms River, N. J.—You can reach Georgian Bay by rail from Toronto, Can. The latter point may be reached by rail from New York or by cruising over the route now being described in "M.'s" cruise. The best plan would be to buy a cheap canoe in Canada.

A. G. B., Holland, Mich.—Brass shells do not injure a gun, but if the shell is so thin that the shot strikes the shoulder of the chamber, you should have the chamber shoulder reduced by boring out the barrel, so that the shells will fit snug. The objection to brass shells is the difficulty in keeping the charge properly wadded.

W. W. B., Boston.—The following case actually occurred; please decide: 1. Four men shooting one pair each, two moneys. Three men break 1 each, one man breaks none, who wins second money? 2. Also six men shoot same terms, four break 1 each, two break none; three moneys. Who wins second and third? Ans. 1. Ties of 1 divide first and the fourth man takes second. 2. Ties of 1 divide first, ties of 0 shoot off for second and third. If in each case it is class shooting.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER, Providence, R. I.—Among the many good points for black bass in Florida are Homosassa, on Homosassa River, where a record of 16 bass, weighing 43lbs., in 1½ hours' fishing, is published. The largest of these weighed 7¼lbs. Enterprise, on Lake Monroe, is another famous resort. In a little over three months at that place a New York gentleman caught 7,287lbs. of black bass, the daily average being 86½lbs. In 1886 Mr. Benson took nearly three tons during the winter in this lake, the largest of them 13¼lbs. The upper St. Johns, the tributaries of Indian River, the Kissimmee, and the streams and lagoons of the southwest coast are all full of black bass, locally known as trout or black trout.

A. C. COLLINS, Hartford, Conn.—Will you kindly give the pedigrees for five generations back of the English setter Duke (A.K.C.S.B. 3408) and Vic (A.K.C.S.B. 3858)? Ans. Duke, by Dan Purcell (Duke Gladstone—Beauty) and out of Bess (Rake—Phyllis). Duke Gladstone, by Gladstone (Llewellin's Dan—Petrel) and out of Lavalette (Druid—Princess Draco), Beauty not given. Rake, by Llewellin's Dan (Duke—Rhœbe) and out of Ruby (Fred—Rhœbe). Phyllis, by Leicester (Dan—Lill II.) and out of Petrel (Prince—Lill II.). Druid (Prince—Dora). Princess Draco (Rob Roy—Livy). Duke (Graham's Duke—Corbett's Slut) Rhœbe (Hackett's Rake—Psyche). Fred (Rock—Belle). Lill II. (Dash II.—Lill I.). Prince (Dash II.—Moll III.).

Vic, by Ted Llewellin (Druid—Gussie) and out of Blanche Lewis (Young Lark—Alice Lewis). Druid, by Prince (Dash II.—Moll III.) and out of Dora (Duke—Rhœbe). Gussie, by Dash III. (Blue Prince—Armstrong's Old Kate) and out of Modjeska (Leicester—Peeress). Young Lark, by champion Lark (Phil—Dido) and out of Belle (Dash—Lady). Alice Lewis, by Con (Rock—May) and out of imported Jessie. Dash II. (Sting—Cora II.). Moll III. (Fred I.—Belle II.). Duke (Duke—Slut). Rhœbe (Rake—Psyche). Blue Prince (Pride of the Border—Llewellin's Nellie). Old Kate (Blue Dash—Kate). Leicester (Dan—Lill II.). Peeress (Prince—Lill II.). We have no record of Phil, Dido, Dash, Lady, Rock, May and Jessie.

FOR A DISORDERED LIVER try BEECHAM'S PILLS.—*Adv.*

HUMPHREYS' VETERINARY SPECIFICS

For Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs, AND POULTRY.

500 Page Book on Treatment of Animals and Chart Sent Free.

CURES { Fevers, Congestions, Inflammation
A.A.—Spinal Meningitis, Milk Fever.
B.B.—Strains, Lameness, Rheumatism.
C.C.—Distemper, Nasal Discharges.
D.D.—Bots or Grubs, Worms.
E.E.—Coughs, Heaves, Pneumonia.
F.F.—Colic or Gripes, Bellyache.
G.G.—Miscarriage, Hemorrhages.
H.H.—Urinary and Kidney Diseases.
I.I.—Eruptive Diseases, Mange.
J.K.—Diseases of Digestion, Paralysis.

Single Bottle (over 50 doses), - - .50
Stable Case, with Specifics, Manual, Veterinary Cure Oil and Medicator, $7.00
Jar Veterinary Cure Oil, - - 1.00

Sold by Druggists; or Sent Prepaid anywhere and in any quantity on Receipt of Price.
Humphreys' Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

Forest & Stream File Binders.
PRICE, $1.00.
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE

TARPON FISHING.

TRADE MARK

Anglers contemplating a trip to Florida this coming season will find it to their advantage to inspect our celebrated

Tarpon Rods, Reels and Lines.

The largest tarpon (184 lbs.) ever killed on a rod and reel was taken with one of our Noibwood Tarpon Rods. They are pronouuced "PERFECT" by all who have used them.

OUR NEW SOFT LINEN TARPON SNELL IS THE BEST.

ABBEY & IMBRIE,

Manufacturers of every description of

FINE FISHING TACKLE

18 Vesey Street (Fourth door from the Astor House). New York.

WINCHESTER

STAR  RIVAL

LOADED PAPER SHOT SHELLS.

Ask your Dealer for them.

Not Sold at Retail by the Manufacturers.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.,

312 Broadway, N. Y. NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Send for 82-page Catalogue of Arms and Ammunition.

BARGAINS.

All Fishing Tackle AND Gunning Goods IN STOCK

Will be sold regardless of cost during the month of January to make room for new goods

Now is the time to lay in your spring stock.

H. H. KIFFE,

318 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

UNCLE LISHA'S SHOP.

Life in a Corner of Yankeeland.

By ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

A book that appeals to all who know anything of the old-fashioned New England life. These are some of the chapters:

The School Meeting in District 13. Uncle Lisha's Spring Gun. In Uncle Lisha's Shop. Concerning Owls. Uncle Lisha's Courting. How Zene Burnham Come It on His Father. A Rainy Day in the Shop. The Turkey Shoot at Hamner's. Sam Lovel's Thanksgiving. Little Sis. Sam Lovel's Bee-Hunting. In the Shop Again. The Fox Hunt. Noah Chase's Deer-Hunting. The Hard Experience of Mr. Abijah Jarvis. The Coon Hunt. In the Sugar Camp. Indians in Danvis. The Boy Out West. Breaking Up. The Departure. The Wild Bees' Swarm.

They make a handsomely printed volume of 187 pages, bound in cloth. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, $1.00.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO., 318 BROADWAY NEW YORK.
DAVIES & CO., London, England.

FLORIDA.

Go to DeLAND and LAKE HELEN,

THE MOST DELIGHTFUL PLACES IN THE SOUTH.

Why go to DeLAND and LAKE HELEN?

We reply, because they are not only two of the most delightful places in Florida, but are universally conceded to be among THE HEALTHIEST PLACES IN THE UNION

IMPRESSIONS OF DELAND.—My impression of DeLand on viewing it from the balcony of the Parceland Hotel, was that it was one of the prettiest cities in Florida. My conviction as I viewed it from the balcony on the third story of the University building, was that it was without exception THE PRETTIEST IN FLORIDA. Most Florida cities convey the impression under a bird's-eye view, that, like Topsy, "they just growed." DeLand shows every indication of having been carefully planned, and developed in accordance with a preconceived design. It is a city of ample spaces, with park-like stretches of the original pine forests and a vast area of orange grove within the city limits. Parceland Hotel has an orange grove on one side and an acre of lofty, heaven-kissing pines on the other. So it is with private residences. Most of them are either in the midst of orange groves, or situated on one side of the lot, with orange trees filling the remainder. From any commanding point the city looks like a vast orange plantation with a clustering town in the center, and houses dotted here and there amid the verdurous foliage.—*C. H. Jones in letter, February, 1888, in Times-Union.*

LAKE HELEN, FLORIDA.—The uncommon beauty of the place caught the eye of wealthy visitors, and immediately cottages began to spring up on the shores of Lake Helen. Queen Anne cottages, designed by Mace, the Ohio architect, and roomy, verandahed dwellings vie with each other in beauty. These are painted in delicate and pretty shades—grays, drabs, creams, etc.—with gables, towers, balconies and other features in keeping with their styles. In fact everything about Lake Helen is ornamental. Even the shops and stables are pretty enough to live in.

HOTELS OF DeLAND AND LAKE HELEN, FLA.—DeLand has four and Lake Helen has two good home-like hotels, with tables good enough for the most fastidious taste, and at prices that will strike every one as very reasonable, besides a score or more of well-kept boarding houses. The hotel at Lake Helen, which Mr. DeLand has named the Harlan House (or Piney Woods Hotel of Florida), is as a whole elegant and complete, with absolutely everything in a style that must suit the most fastidious.

Harlan Hotel,

OR,

Piney Woods Hotel of Florida.

Enlarged and improved. Capacity doubled in 1886, and again in 1887. Elegant new furniture, electric bells, etc., tennis, croquet, billiards, boating, bowling alley, etc. Table supplied with the best of everything. Fresh vegetables and berries from hotel garden every day. Milk in abundance. Lake Helen, Fla., is on the Atlantic & Western Railroad, eight miles from Blue Springs Landing on the St. Johns River.

The Harlan Hotel,

LAKE HELEN, FLA.,

Is located in a pine grove overlooking a beautiful lake. It has accommodations for over one hundred guests. It is new and modern. Conveniently arranged, and its surroundings are in the highest degree cheerful and pleasant. The climate here is celebrated for its evenness and

HEALTHFULNESS.

The HARLAN was opened for its sixth season on Nov. 20, 1889. Terms, $2.00 to $2.50 per day.

K. A. WYATT, MANAGER.

H. A. DELAND, PROPRIETOR.

The Granville.

NOW OPEN.

IS LOCATED IN

The Garden Spot of Florida,

Amid High Rolling Pine Lands on the Banks of beautiful

LAKE HELEN.

The house offers the best accommodations at from

$7.00 to $10.00 PER WEEK,

And for the price is the best in the State.

TABLE FIRST CLASS.

For further particulars address

M. L. GRANVILLE, Proprietor,

LAKE HELEN, FLORIDA.

DELAND AND LAKE HELEN. The most delightful places in FLORIDA. Own a Home in one of them. You can purchase House and Lot, Orange Groves of any age or size. Tracts, Blocks and Lots of land near and in DeLand and Lake Helen on terms to suit you. For full particulars address H. A. DELAND, DeLand, Fla.

OWN an Orange Grove in FLORIDA. OWN A HOME IN Great Bargains at DeLand and Lake Helen. $25 payments and upwards accepted. Terms to suit purchasers. For Florida weekly papers and circulars and full particulars address H. A. DELAND, DeLand, Fla.

Make a choice investment in FLORIDA. OWN A HOME IN Own an Orange Grove in Florida. Great Bargains at DeLand and Lake Helen, Florida, in Orange Groves all ages and sizes. Houses and Lots, and Blocks and Lots of land of all sizes, improved and unimproved. Terms to suit purchasers. Send for Florida papers, circulars and full particulars to H. A. DELAND, DeLand, Fla.

All things considered, the Best Bargains in Real Estate FLORIDA. are at DeLand and Lake Helen. Houses, Lots and Orange Groves in DeLand. Blocks and Lots of Land of all sizes in DeLand. Orange Groves, all sizes and ages, in Lake Helen for sale. Terms to suit purchasers. Send for Florida papers and circulars to H. A. DELAND, DeLand, Fla.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
ACT LIKE MAGIC
ON A WEAK STOMACH.
25cts. a Box
OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

SPORTSMEN SMOKERS

SHOULD ALL SMOKE OUR CELEBRATED



HAVANA CIGARS.

The favorite cigar of Rod and Gun Clubs generally. These cigars are made of the choicest tobaccos, grown and selected with the greatest care. They cannot fail to suit the taste of all lovers of the fragrant weed. Each cigar has the brand impressed on it, and every box has a label, fac-simile of the title of the popular journal, and our firm signature, without which none are genuine. We are the only authorized manufacturers of the above brand.

We will deliver free of express charges

LONDRES PERFECTO.....@ $7.50 per 100
CONCHAS ESPECIALS.....@ 6.50 "

Upon receipt of price.

A. W. FOOTE & CO., Sole Manufacturers,
125 Maiden Lane, New York.

Increasing Sales Attest the Popularity of THE GENTLEMEN'S CIGARETTE.

SPECIAL FAVOURS.

Manufactured only by

KINNEY BROS.

(KINNEY TOBACCO CO. Successors). Also manufacturers of the Old Reliable

SWEET CAPORAL.

REPELLENE.

An Infallible Preventive of the Attacks of Mosquitoes, Black Flies, Gnats and all other Insects.

Neat, clean and easily applied. No unpleasant odor, will not *stain* or *injure* the skin, easily washed off. May be carried without danger of *leaking* or *spilling*. In neat, oblong round-cornered box.

Price, 30 Cents, Postpaid.

Sold by Dealers in Sportsmen's Goods.

If your dealer does not keep it, I will send it on receipt of price.

A. FERGUSON, Proprietor and Manufact'er,
Office, 65 Fulton street, N. Y.

The Celebrated Smith & Wesson Revolvers

HAVE BROKEN ALL RECORDS FOR REVOLVER SHOOTING.



The Most Perfect Small Arms

EVER MANUFACTURED.

Unrivalled in Beauty of Finish, Durability and Accuracy.

Manufactured in calibers .32, .38 and .44-100. Single and Double Action Hammerless Safety and Target Models, with all latest improvements——Automatic Shell Extractor, Rebounding Lock and Patented Safety Device.

The Smith & Wesson Revolvers are constructed entirely of **best wrought steel,** carefully inspected for workmanship and stock, and GUARANTEED. Do not be deceived by IMITATIONS largely manufactured of **malleable cast iron,** and often sold for the genuine Smith & Wesson. All of the Revolvers of this firm are stamped upon the barrels with their name, address and dates of patents.

If dealer cannot supply you, orders sent to address below will receive prompt and careful attention. Catalogues and prices furnished upon application.

SMITH & WESSON,

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

MONTICELLO, FLORIDA,

The Coming Mecca of American Sportsmen.

WHERE shall we go for sports afield? Where can the lover of rod and reel while the idle hours away, indulging to satiety in his favorite fascinating pastime? Shall he turn again to the truly great Northwest? great in agricultural and mineral wealth, great in rich development of material resources, great in its ever-increasing population, which but a decade or two past was numbered by scant thousands, but which now spread over the face of the land in teeming millions? Shall he go to this once vast reservoir of sport, whither the tide of an empire of millions of active, restless, enterprising American citizens has taken its flight? Nay! The very greatness which is the proud boast of the West of to-day has risen as if by magic out of the ashes of the game-seekers' West of ten and twenty years ago. What is the history of the great Northwest? A few years since a vast domain of unexplored territory, where sectional landlines were unknown, and where the savage Indians contested the right of homestead with the little more savage bear, and the buffalo, elk, moose, antelope and deer roamed the forest and tramped the plains "with none to molest them or make them afraid," where every stream was a veritable Izaak Walton's paradise, and where nature ruled and reigned in undisturbed simplicity.

Such was the West in the days of our fathers; the ideal land of every boy in whose bosom burned the ambitious spirit of adventure; the veritable "happy hunting grounds" of the red man. Alas for the sportsman of to-day! The enterprising sons of toil, those who till the soil, turn the spindle, delve in the bowels of Mother Earth and span this continent with scores of lines of steel rail and electric wires, have stamped upon this Mecca of the Fathers the ineffaceable "Ichabod," for to him the glories of the West "have departed," the red man and his contemporaries, the bear, buffalo, elk, moose, antelope and deer, have yielded to the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon. The vast forests have melted away before the axe of the pioneer, the fertile plains are turned by the thrifty ploughman, and yield a rich harvest of grain where once pastured the numberless herds of wild animals, the course of every stream is a beaten footpath for the school boy, and the tourist sees "the desert blossom as the rose." With a sigh the sportsman yields to the inevitable and casts about for "green fields and pastures new." He realizes that it is only a question of short time when wild game shall be a thing of the past, and individual preserves a last lone semblance of what was once so plenteous and free. Indeed, he realizes that even now the scope of territory open to the sportsman and worthy of his love, is closely circumscribed.

In view of this state of affairs, which must concern every true sportsman, it must be a relief to know that there is still one spot at least where the sportsman can revel in a season's feast of sports afield, and angle in the wilds of nature, far away from the chill winds of the North, and where the blizzard is experienced through the Associated Press alone, there is a quiet little town, resting upon beautiful hills and drained by pleasant valleys, little known beyond its individual limits; a town which although settled over sixty years ago has developed gradually, not rapidly, and although substantially, is still a little town and not a city. It is the home of a refined, hospitable, happy people, who number fifteen hundred souls, and who have been reared in the grace which bids the stranger welcome and speeds the parting guest. It is the center of a rich agricultural county, and surrounded by the country homes of hospitable country gentlemen. It is distant from the Miccossukie Lake on the west three miles, and the Aucilla River on the east nine miles; from the Wacissa River on the south fifteen miles, and the Gulf of Mexico on the south twenty-five miles. It is easily accessible from Jacksonville by the F., C. & P. R. R., after five hours run, and from Savannah, Ga., by the S., F. & W. upon a run of six hours. From New Orleans it is approached directly through the L. & N. R. R., and from the West by lines basing upon Atlanta, Ga., or Montgomery, Alabama.

It is the town of MONTICELLO, in the county of Jefferson and State of Florida. It has been the quiet home of a limited number (limited by its capacity only) of Northern visitors for ten years past, and their regular annual visits have semi-citizenized them, and they have really become part and parcel of the community; they have proven such a satisfactory sample that the "old timer" asks for a larger supply, and has built a large hotel to suit the tastes of the most esthetic, and now that the ST. ELMO, under the management of Mr. J. C. S. Timberlake, has thrown open its doors, the town of Monticello bids the tourist welcome, and offers to the sportsman the finest quail shooting in the State. With thousands of unbroken acres in cornfields, with an aftergrowth of "beggar weed," rich in food seed, with here and there a broom-sedge patch for cover at the first flight, with running rills for water, and hedges to protect the young in breeding season, this country has more natural advantages for the propagation of the quail, and more attractions for the sportsman, than can be found elsewhere. It is a matter of record that the Monticello Gun Club turned out for a day, and dividing its fourteen members into pairs, hunted in different parts of the county, and bagged 406 quail, an average of 28 to the gun. The rules were, "nothing but quail on the wing." This shoot was in February, 1888; the individual scores were from 1 to 66; one gentleman with a good dog and fair chances but *bad aim* earned his seat at the club dinner by scoring *one*. There is a larger area of free shooting ground around Monticello, and a more friendly hospitable class of land owners perhaps than can be found in any community North or South. The "posted" farm is the rare exception, and as a rule the least desirable of all places to the sportsman. The best grounds are free. The lakes and rivers abound in wildfowl, and they pass the winter here almost without molestation. The mallard, teal, raft duck, widgeon and others winter here. It requires some extra preparation to shoot ducks with comfort anywhere, and the native and tourist as well neglect this rare sport, preferring the more easily accessible quail.

A ride of two and a half hours will reach the head of the Wacissa River. This stream springs from the earth a full-grown river, and flows a canoe day's journey into the Gulf of Mexico. From start to finish it is one of the most typical pieces of wild tropical scenery imaginable. There is not a human habitation to be seen from source to mouth, except one hunter's cabin at the mouth. A whole day's journey, perhaps, without a sign of human life except that which you carry in your boat. As one glides along the stream, overhung by Spanish moss, pendant from the cypress, cedar and live oak, and sees reflected in the clear, crystal water the stately palm, the evergreen myrtle, and fragrant wild rose, which fringe the banks, he may be excused if he "sees visions and dreams dreams." The time is propitious and the place fit to worship God in nature; no sound save the whirring of the wild duck, as flight after flight make way for the intruder, and stir the still air with their fleet wings, or the chirp of the ivory-billed woodpecker as he calls to his mate, or the rush of the deer which is startled from his rest on the river bank, or perhaps the crash of a black bear as he escapes through the cane brake. These sounds, with the cry of the heron, the bittern, the snake bird, and the innumerable host of the smaller members of the feathered tribe, with the hoot of the great owl, or the whirr of the flock of wild turkeys you have surprised near the water's edge, are all that is left to console you for the other world you have left "so near and yet so far."

East or west from this river the sportsman will find ample use for his Winchester or breechloader, as the country for twenty miles from the Gulf inland, and lying west of the Wacissa to Pinhook and St. Marks rivers, and east of Wacissa to Aucilla and Econfena rivers, is nature's preserve in this portion of the moral vineyard for the black bear, deer and turkey. It is no exaggeration right here to say that such game is very plentiful. Boats, guides, dogs and complete camping outfits can be secured at very reasonable rates from parties in Monticello. The celebrated bear hunter, "Wid Medford," of the Balsam Mountains, a professional woodsman and bear hunter of fifty years' experience, will spend the winter and bring his famous pack of bear dogs down with him, and any ambitious sportsman who thinks he has lost a bear can safely come to Monticello and find one, when "old coon skin" leads in the chase. Now if open field shooting, where the find of quail in a day will run from twelve to twenty coveys, and deer, turkey and black bear, mallard, teal and other wildfowl don't suit you, take your rod and line and try for a ten-pound black bass or the lively pickerel, the red breast perch or lucious bream. The rivers and lakes abound in these varieties, and rare sport is within easy reach. Monticello is not limited to the sportsman's fancy alone, but for pleasant drives and walks, comfortable homes, rare flowers, good churches, fine schools, first-rate horse flesh, nice vehicles, gallant men and lovely women, the little town is squarely to the front. With its new hotel and the boarding houses, all of which are worthy of their town, it bids the stranger welcome.

ADAMS EXPRESS CO.,
59 Broadway, N. Y., Dec. 16, 1889.

My Dear Mr. Timberlake:

You have asked my opinion and impressions regarding sport afield near Monticello, Florida. I can inform you as to quail shooting only, for that to me is the sport of sports, and in my experience I have never found any locality to compare with that section of Florida. I have loved a dog and gun for nearly thirty years, and I have enjoyed all the pleasures their association brings, both North and South, off and on, for that time. To a man not physically strong, like myself, I can fancy no place to compare to this part of Florida for quail shooting. I can ride or drive all over the adjacent country, follow up my dogs without getting exhausted, as the country is quite open, dismount or get out of the wagon, when they find birds, and put in a full day's sport afield, and reach Monticello in fair trim at night. Then again there is less posted land there than any place that I have ever visited, and even then a little courtesy will generally be rewarded with permission to shoot over the most exclusive plantations. I get but 50 per cent. of the birds I shoot at, and still I get a good bag. For hospitality and courtesy, Middle Florida is indeed a favored land. To this, I who have so long enjoyed its privileges, can heartily testify. There is a gun club there too, well-known, and it has gone through the brunt of many a hard fought struggle, and it has always been victorious. To one who enjoys shooting for its true pleasure, the love of the fields, the good work of one's dogs and wishes quail shooting in a true and sportsmanlike spirit, I know of no place like the surroundings of Monticello, Florida. Sincerely yours, J. S. HOEY.

BRISTOL, Pa., Dec. 20, '89.

J. C. S. Timberlake, Monticello, Fla.:

DEAR SIR—Having spent the last eight winters in Monticello, Fla., and having hunted quail in other States of the Union, I can say that I consider yours the best country that I have ever shot in. Quail in abundance in all directions from Monticello, hunting the easiest that can be found anywhere, an open country, well watered, and good traveling for man, dog and wagon. First-class teams and careful drivers are to be had at all times. I am, yours respectfully,

R. F. HARNED.

"HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS."

THE BEAUTIFUL WACISSA.

In asserting that a few miles below Monticello is located the finest natural hunting park on our continent, we defy challenge. A broad stretch of open pine woods, covering over 200,000 acres, is filled with game of all sorts—partridges, turkeys, deer, bear and foxes. It is free to all, and if there is a "Hunter's Paradise" here it is. Hunting parties can leave the St. Elmo in the morning and enjoy a day of pleasure in the chase and return by nightfall. Ample livery service is at hand and every facility which huntsmen can demand. Sometimes parties spend several days in the woods and return with from three to a dozen deer, numbers of turkeys and hundreds of quail. Numerous other kinds of small game can be had in a mile or two of the town. The Wacissa, a beautiful river which has it source fifteen miles below Monticello, is in the midst of the hunting park referred to, and is one of the loveliest streams in the South.

HOTEL ST. ELMO.



J. C. S. TIMBERLAKE, Manager. MONTICELLO, FLORIDA.

A writer who visited it several months ago has this to say about the drive to the place and about the river and its environments:

"Here a hundred gushing springs mingle their waters, clear as crystal and pregnant with mineral wealth, forming a river over a hundred yards in width and teeming with myriads of the finny tribe. The waters are as cold as mountain springs, and as one quaffs its cooling draughts a thrilling sensation seems to tingle the whole body with its invigorating refreshment.

"Two large springs constitute attractions which no visitor can afford to overlook. As one floats on the surface of these immense pools and looks down into the fathomless depths of their limpid waters, he feels as if he were suspended in mid-air. On the craggy lateral surfaces of these streams, and beyond the reach of measurement, lazy alligators can be seen lying around in sluggish languor. Fish of all sizes, and some of them of immense proportions, loiter in these azure waters, and the whole scene lends a peculiar enchantment to the observer. The river grows broader as it proceeds to the Gulf and schools of fresh water mullet and myriads of trout and bream and blackfish can be seen all over it. The entire stream is as clear as distilled water and deep enough for large craft. The day cannot certainly be far distant when this stream will be utilized for commercial purposes. To the sportsman what more can he wish than the fish that are here, the thousands of ducks that make this their winter home, and hundreds of deer and turkeys that abound. We doubt if the United States has a spot more favored than this."

T. B. Simpkins and John E. Turnbull returned from a camp hunt in the flat woods on Wednesday. They killed seven deer on the trip.—*Monticello (Fla.) Tribune, Dec. 20, 1889.*

A SUCCESSFUL HUNT.—A party of hunters, consisting of M. J. Nicholson, S. B. Love and T. R. Smith, of Quincy, and J. J. Chaires and E. K. Moore, of this county, have just returned from the Pinhook valley, in the neighborhood of the so-called Florida volcano. They were out ten days and killed ten deer and several wild turkeys, besides numerous smaller game.—*Tallahassee Cor. Sav. Morning News.*

Note: The Pinhook valley above mentioned is but a few miles south of Monticello, Fla.

Parties desiring information concerning the agricultural or horticultural interests of Middle Florida, price of lands etc., should address G. S. Van Buskirk & Son, Monticello, Fla.

LADIES' and GENTLEMEN'S

Silk and Cloth

MACKINTOSH GARMENTS.



The Most Beautiful Ever Shown in this or any other Market.

Send for Samples and Directions for Measuring.

BARKER & CO.,

27 Maiden Lane, Cor. Nassau Street, New York City.

VON LENGERKE & DETMOLD,

Branch at 843 Broad St., Newark, N. J. 8 MURRAY ST., NEW YORK.

U. S. AGENTS FOR



AUGUSTE FRANCOTTE, London and Liege FINE GUNS.

Hammer Guns from $50.00 up. Feather Weights, 12-bore, 5¼ to 5¾ lbs., with Hammers, $100.00 up. Feather Weight Hammerless, $110.00 up. Hammerless from $70.00 up to $350.00. The FRANCOTTE FEATHERWEIGHT has made the highest record at the "Forest and Stream" Gun Trial, beating all 10 and 12-bore guns.—*See Forest and Stream, Dec. 12, 1889, page 408.*

Von LENGERKE & DETMOLD, 8 Murray St., New York.

U. S. AGENTS FOR THE

Schultze Gun-



Powder Co., (LIMITED).

LONDON, ENGLAND.

Schultze Powder has made the highest pattern percentage at the "Forest and Stream" Gun Trial, in progress for three months, and has always beaten all other powders from 10 to 75 per cent. in penetration.

VON LENGERKE & DETMOLD, 8 Murray St., NEW YORK.

Most extensive loaders of Fine Shotgun Ammunition in America. All ammunition loaded to special order. Finest Match Cartridges in metal-lined cases, $5.50 per 100. These cartridges are used in nearly all important big money matches in the country. Cheaper cartridges from $2.50 per 100 up.

Von LENGERKE & DETMOLD,

8 & 10 MURRAY ST., NEW YORK.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Canvas and Leather Sportsmen's Goods.

Having our factory at No. 10 Murray Street, we are ready to furnish fine special goods to order at the very shortest notice.

Send for Catalogue containing details of every article for Field Sport and Trap Shooting.

VON LENGERKE & DETMOLD,

BRANCH AT 843 BROAD STREET, NEWARK, N. J. 8 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 16, 1890.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 26. No 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Only advertisements of an approved character inserted. Inside pages, nonpareil type, 30 cents per line. Special rates for three, six, and twelve months. Seven words to the line, twelve lines to one inch. Advertisements should be sent in by Saturday previous to issue in which they are to be inserted. Transient advertisements must invariably be accompanied by the money or they will not be inserted. Reading notices $1.00 per line.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

May begin at any time. Subscription price, $4 per year; $2 for six months; to a club of three annual subscribers, three copies for $10; five copies for $16. Remit by express money-order, registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canadas and Great Britain. For sale by Davies & Co., No. 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London. General subscription agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Davies & Co., Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searles and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London, Eng. Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France, sole Paris agent for sales and subscriptions. Foreign subscription price, $5 per year; $2.50 for six months.

Address all communications

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

No. 318 BROADWAY. NEW YORK CITY.

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL.
Wild Turkey for Massachusetts.
British Columbian Butchers.
Snap Shots.
THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST.
"Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-Tales" (poem).
Winter Glimpses.
Hunting the Horse-Head Seal.
Mixed Feathers.
NATURAL HISTORY.
The Snowy Owl.
An Article of Luxury.
El Carpintero.
GAME BAG AND GUN.
Quail in Roanoke and Wythe.
FOREST AND STREAM Tests.
Game Birds of the Plains.
Chicago and the West.
Maine Big Game.
Mississippi Notes.
Wyoming Big Game.
Aiming the Shotgun.
Game Protective Societies.
SEA AND RIVER FISHING.
Florida Fishing.
New England Trout and Salmon Club.
Texas Bass in Christmas Week
Angling Notes.
FISHCULTURE.
Our Annual List of Commissioners.
THE KENNEL.
Another Phase of Coursing.
Inter-State Field Trials.
Eastern Field Trials Club Meeting.
Dogs of the Day.
The Pointer Club.
A Tragedy of the First Snow.
New York Dog Show.
Kennel Notes.
Kennel Management.
RIFLE AND TRAP SHOOTING.
Range and Gallery.
The Trap.
Chicago Trap Shooting.
YACHTING.
Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.
The Cape "Catboat" Magic.
The New York State Naval Reserve.
Corrected Length and "Canoe Type."
The Limitation of Spinaker Booms.
Uniform Racing Rules.
Corinthian Mosquito Racing Rules.
Waterproofing Fabrics.
Club Elections.
CANOEING.
A 15x31½ Racing Canoe.
1,500 Miles in an Adirondack Boat.
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WILD TURKEYS FOR MASSACHUSETTS.

NOT many weeks ago we printed several notes on the former occurrence of the wild turkey in Massachusetts. The bird has been known and hunted there within the memory of men still living; and one of our contributors, Mr. Milton P. Peirce, suggested that if the turkey should be introduced into the State wilds and duly protected, the supply might again be permanently renewed. This scheme of restocking the woodlands of Massachusetts with wild turkeys and other game birds has been a project long cherished by some of the more enterprising and public-spirited members of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association. As reported in our shooting columns to-day, the subject came up for renewed consideration at a meeting of the Association last week, and it was decided to undertake the work. The members have raised a fund for purchasing live wild turkeys, and a special committee will have in charge the task of securing the birds.

It is quite clear that in this thing the Massachusetts sportsmen have undertaken what is not at all child's play. They will have many difficulties to overcome, from procuring the live game to its putting out and protection; but there are brains and money in the Association sufficient to carry the enterprise through. If the Boston society shall succeed in restoring to the Bay State this magnificent species, it will deserve a large share of public gratitude.

All these endeavors to increase the game supply of a section are admirable in purpose; and such enterprises are watched with keen interest. A correspondent reported in our issue of Jan. 2 the success that has crowned the importation of Chinese pheasants into the Northwest. California has just contracted for 200 dozen quail from Texas to be put out at San Mateo, Menlo Park and elsewhere; and it is possible that part of the money appropriated by the Legislature for increasing the game supply may be devoted to the purchase of wild turkeys.

Here and there all through the country local clubs are engaged in stocking the quail covers. The gun club of Passaic, N. J., has just received a consignment of birds from the South.

BRITISH COLUMBIAN BUTCHERS.

A NOTE concerning the destruction of large game on the newly opened line of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway system up the North Platte River in Wyoming appears in our columns to-day, and is very suggestive. Men who hunt large game in the mountains of the West know how swift and sure is the extermination of the game in any region reached by a new railway or which is at all accessible. We have seen this process of destruction take place in many localities, and though it occurs less frequently now than in former years on account of the practical extinction of the game in many sections where it was once abundant, we expect to see it happen again and again. Wyoming, once one of the best game countries in the West, has been especially the scene of such wholesale destruction. We well remember the time when in the Shirley Basin it would have been possible for an ordinary hunter to kill in one day to his own gun from fifty to seventy-five elk and as many deer, besides scores of antelope, while seven or eight years later one might have hunted for months without seeing an elk, deer were almost unknown, and the only game to be seen were a few wild antelope on the sage brush prairie. The same thing has taken place in Colorado, which, however, as a more thickly settled State, has passed laws protecting its game, though these laws were not enacted until the large game had been exterminated almost everywhere except in the rough mountains. Wyoming, with a small population, a population which consists largely of stockmen, has been careless of its game, and has attained a bad eminence as a scene of wholesale butchery.

We are accustomed, and very naturally, to deplore the destruction of the game within our own borders, and to think that this is more important than game destruction elsewhere, yet there are hunting grounds in Her Majesty's Dominion accessible to sportsmen of the United States, where game slaughter for a year or two past has gone on in a brutally wholesale fashion, which has not been known in the United States except among the skin hunters, who exterminated the buffalo over the whole country, and the elk over a large part of it.

On certain tributaries of the Smilkameen River, deer, sheep and white goats have in the past been quite abundant. In winter these animals are driven down into the valleys by the deep snows, where they are slaughtered by whites and Indians for their meat, for their hides, for their heads and for food for the settlers' hogs. One white man killed a year or two ago in the beginning of the winter ninety-three deer. The weather was cold, the carcasses froze, and the man taking his horse into the mountains snaked down the frozen carcasses to his house a dozen at a time. These deer were used to feed and fatten his hogs that winter. Hide hunting goes on without let or hindrance. It was begun by white men and has been taken up by the Indians. A few years ago the latter killed only what meat they needed to eat fresh and to dry for winter supplies, but now, having been taught by the whites, they have become as bad as they.

A year or two ago somebody residing in this section thought that he had found an easy road to fortune by shipping the heads of mountain sheep to a London taxidermist. He made a contract to deliver a lot at a certain price, and in the beginning of winter announced to the Indians that he would pay $3 per head for them. Before spring over one hundred had been delivered to him. He was careless, however, and neglected to prepare the heads, feeling sure that they would take no harm while the cold weather lasted. One day it became warm, and before he knew it the whole lot had spoiled on his hands. He probably learned a lesson.

The country in which this extraordinary and wholly inexcusable destruction of game takes place is sparsely settled, and contains but few white people. The land produces little, and the rough mountains are not known to contain precious metals in paying quantities. The few old mining camps are most of them "busted" ones. Very little money is brought into the country except by hunting parties, who come to it in search of game. Every such party pays out, at a moderate estimate, for horse hire, packers, guides, provisions and outfit from $500 to $1,000. If the game is all killed off, as it seems likely that it has been or soon will be, such hunting parties will speedily find out the fact, and will certainly not come into the country to look for game that is not there. The section therefore will be deprived of a revenue which, if not enormous, at least amounts to a respectable sum yearly, and which is divided up so that it benefits a considerable part of the population.

British Columbia has game laws which are good enough, but they are not enforced. Worse than this, there is no strongly expressed public sentiment on these matters. If men like Mr. John Fannin, Mr. Corson, Mr. J. Wardel, Mr. Allison and others, would explain to the white and Indian population of this district that the game preserved means money in everybody's pocket, and that the game destroyed means that a revenue, which at present is steady and regular, will be cut off, we venture to say that Indians and whites would become a very effective body of unorganized game keepers, and that skin hunting, head hunting and wanton butchery of all descriptions would be so frowned upon that before long they would altogether cease.

SNAP SHOTS.

WE publish elsewhere two letters called out by our suggestions in the issue of Dec. 26 in relation to inclosed coursing and its possible tendencies. The only pertinent comment on these two communications is that the reader of them will do well to refer again to the editorial remarks to which they allude. It will there be found that there was no good basis for any implication that our expressed opinions were prompted by sectionalism: and that we did not "in the least reflect on the managers as gamblers," nor suggest even remotely that those who had introduced this mode of coursing had any intention of turning it into a gambling machine. What we did mean to say, and to say very clearly, was that inclosed coursing, because it is dependent for its support on gate money, which implies a crowd of spectators, was in its future development more likely than open coursing to be adapted to the purpose of gambling. This was saying not one whit more than Dr. Royce concedes in his letter, when he writes, "That the exhibitions may yet be controlled by dishonorable parties we will admit, and then be run in the interest of the pool seller." As to the possibilities of inclosed coursing, as thus expressed by Dr. Royce, there is no difference of opinion between him and ourselves. If our inclosed coursing friends will eliminate the personal equation, disabuse their minds of the notion that our remarks were an attack on themselves, and consider this subject dispassionately and philosophically, they will perhaps assent to all that we have said about the possible future tendencies of the sport.

There is everything in the standpoint. And the standpoint from which the shooting man looks at things is that of shooting. Does a gale rage, it is good weather for ducks; does the October frost bite, it is just the day for the partridge cover; does an ice storm enshroud the earth, it means that the quail supply will be diminished. In these days of extraordinary mid-winter mildness the professors of woodcraft are telling us that it is a great year for the birds. The wet summer and autumn gave a big crop of weeds, and the supply of seeds on which birds feed was unusually heavy. The quail and grouse have been well fed and strong; they have had little ice and snow to contend against: and even if hard weather should set in before spring, the birds will be in excellent condition to withstand hardship. All this gives reasonable ground for anticipating a large game supply next season.

In striking contrast with the prevailing reports of a warm sun in January, comes the story of two Rock Springs, Wyoming, men who went hunting in the mountains last Sunday. Overtaken by a snowstorm, and the weather turning bitterly cold, both became greatly exhausted; one managed to make his way back to the town and a searching party went out for his companion, who when discovered was so badly frozen that he died before he could be carried home.

The Sportsman Tourist.

"PAWNEE HERO STORIES AND FOLK-TALES."

WHEN the deft hands of cunning science frame,
From the rough fossils found in long-dried lakes,
A jointed skeleton, each fragment takes
A meaning new, and the vast wreck can claim
Its place in time's long list. With kindred lore
Here one has woven from a hundred shreds
Of myths' and legends' many-colored threads
The stately robe a vanished nation wore.
No! not yet vanished. For the stalwart bones
Are clothed with living flesh. The nerves can thrill
With hope at the grave leader's earnest tones—
The gallant records that these pages fill
Would rouse to mutiny the Roman stones,
And give despair heart for the future still.

DEC. 4, 1889. H. G. DULOG.

WINTER GLIMPSES.

THE snow came hard all night and the following morning, but ceased in the afternoon, Sunday afternoon. The first winter landscape is complete, and there is a place where it might be fairly viewed, but the path to Jason's Hill is a mile long and a foot deep. Once in the road, a primitive country highway, we are chagrined to note that the wilderness of snow, yet unscarred by wheel or runner, has been invaded by a pedestrian. We can only fall in and take a lesson in trailing—an easy lesson. Deduction first, a boy, from the diminutive track. Deduction second, top boots, for see how he shuns the easy places, and kicks through the drifts. Third, a whip, from the serpentine coils and lengths imprinted. And lastly, the proof of it all in the full-length mould where he threw himself, arms extended, whip and all, in very wantonness of life. The snow retains it all, but the wind has gone off with the whistle and laughter.

* * * * * * *

A low farmhouse, a black barn and a barnyard, with a bunch of young stock—yearlings and over—black and white, the whole six. They simulate an interest in a few trampled cornstalks. Their coats are rough, unkempt, cowlicked. A melancholy group.

* * * * * * *

A farmer, in a yellow sleigh, breaking track toward us. Can this spirited Dobbin be the drooping plow-slave of the spring? He has forgotten his spavins. His nostrils spurn every breath to try another. The check hangs loose; his neck arches from side to side; the knees act high and the hoofs strike through to the ground, thud, thud. He goes by with a plunge that strains all the fastenings and alarms the bells into chime.

* * * * * * *

Jason's Hill, a massive white house with closed blinds and nailed doors, well back from the road in conservative fashion. A clump of laurel in the corner of the wall, a rustic seat, newly upholstered in snow, and a magnificent spruce, gracefully bending under its new weight of foliage, an ideal Christmas tree. The clouds have not dispersed, but are drawn out in ranks to show their linings, while the sun has taken advantage of an opening low down to establish a throne. The view slopes gently down to the valley a mile away, where a single smoke from the village, a thin graceful smoke, pours aspiringly up, up, up. Above and beyond the woods begin, thin at first and interspersed with frozen acres, mere snow patches at this distance, but growing thicker and ending in a forest of oak with its withered foliage blending with the sunset to make a purple horizon. A patch of leafless forest in shadow shows absolutely black, and the pastures with underbrush above the white, furnish all the shades of brown, but only the evergreens seem really indigenous to the scene. The oak rustles and shivers under the obnoxious burden, but the pine spreads its hospitable arms, and the tiniest needle is a perch for a snowflake. At the foot of the hill the swamp, inaccessible at other seasons, is recognized now by its fringe of alders, and the black streak of ice kept clear by the wind among the yellow bogs.

The sun is beginning to abdicate his reign, and all the splendor of the scene is gone. The apparent sparkle of warmth has become a genuine glitter of cold, and the attenuated air seems full of invisible icicles. Darkness comes and brings the wind of the night before to accelerate the retreat of the intruder and obliterate the obnoxious tracks. JEFFERSON SCRIBB.

HUNTING THE HORSE-HEAD SEAL.

THE great gray seal (*Halichœrus grypus*) is known at the Mingan Islands as the "horse-head." This name has been given to the species by the coast residents because in shape and size the gray seal's head has a fancied resemblance to the head of a horse.

About the Mingan Islands is one of the very few localities where this animal can be found, and the fact that it still exists here is sufficient proof of its extreme shyness and acuteness, qualities which are essential to protect it from extermination. Could it be easily approached it would soon be destroyed by the coast fishermen and the Indians of this region, who would kill the animal for its pelt to barter with the traders. And it would also become the target for the rifles of sportsmen who not infrequently visit southern Labrador in summer, and who would no doubt find much gratification in shooting at such noble game. That the gray seal has been shot at more or less goes without saying. Its larger head and heavy snout, seen occasionally above the water among the Mingan Islands, are too great a temptation for the average individual to resist who chances to have a "shooting iron" handy. But these chance shots seldom have any other effect than to frighten the seals. The consequence is that they have been educated to the extent at least of learning that man is their most deadly enemy, and the wariness and intelligence they exhibit in avoiding his immediate presence, while remaining in his proximity, is remarkable. With a keen scent and quick ear, this animal depends more on the sense of smell and hearing than on sight for protection, or rather for escape from its enemies. While it appears to be not at all deficient in sight, and quickly notices the approach of a vessel, boat or man, if the latter is walking upright, the great luminous eyes cannot, however, so certainly detect the presence of an enemy as the organs of hearing and scent. An Indian dressed in sealskin, crawling along the shore among the boulders and carefully imitating the actions of a seal on shore, may deceive the wary watchers hauled out on some projecting ledge. But let them once get a sniff of Mr. Lo, even at a distance of a hundred yards, or catch the sound made by a stone falling beneath his feet, and instantly they plunge into the water. Nor will they always haul out again until they have patrolled the shore for some distance, watching, listening and sniffing to detect the presence of a foe. On the occasion of our first visit to Mingan Island we had a fine opportunity to note this peculiarity in the habits of this species. Although Mr. Lucas and the writer had secured a position where we lay in perfect concealment from the seals off shore, and which were to leeward of us, we repeatedly saw them come to the surface, raise their heads and shoulders out of water to look around, and an instant later disappear with a great splurge as they got our scent that the stiff breeze wafted down to them. The gray seal is said to haul out invariably on the lee side of the island or reef which it frequents. The Indians, who concede that this animal is "heap smart," believe that it has a double purpose in thus choosing its hauling ground. By doing this it has smooth water, and no surf, where it approaches the shore, and, in choosing a projecting, isolated ledge or reef to leeward, it is able to scent the approach of an enemy from the landward side. Thus, taking into account the wariness of this creature, and its almost human intelligence in avoiding danger, together with the fact that it immediately sinks and is lost, if shot in deep water, the task of securing specimens of it is by no means so easy as it might seem to be.

Commander Wakeham, of the La Canadienne, very kindly interested himself to secure for us the services of two Indians who were at the Hudson's Bay Post, at Mingan Harbor, to assist us in the attempt to get specimens of the horse-head. One of these was a half-breed, and, like most half-breed voyagers, who figure in stories of the North and Northwest, he answered to the name of Jean Batiste. The name awakened half forgotten memories of stories we had read in years long gone by, wherein adventures with wild animals, frontier fights, portages, etc., were inextricably mixed with some remarkable being of the half-breed persuasion, who gloried in the name of Jean Batiste, and who, unlike his famous prototype, John the Baptist, never lost his head.

On Monday, Aug. 15, the Indians paddled alongside at an early hour in the morning, and though they expressed their doubts about the fitness of the day for seal hunting—their opinion being that the wind would blow "heap too hard"—they were willing to go. Immediately after they came on board our anchor broke ground and the Grampus went skipping out of the harbor, and we steered for the Perroquets, a group of islets and rocky, wave-washed reefs, about two miles to the westward of Mingan Island. This group is said to be the favorite haunt of the gray seal; and here a great number of puffins (or perroquets) breed, also a few gannets, murres and terns.

The wind, which was from west-northwest, blew so strong by the time we had reached our destination, that it kicked up a choppy sea of considerable size that broke heavily on the Perroquets. The Indians shook their heads significantly, grunted in disapprobation, and finally told us that nothing could be done on the reefs while such a wind and sea prevailed. We were determined, however, not to lose the day absolutely, if we could help it; therefore, we up helm and ran down under the lee of Mingan Island, where we anchored. It was our intention to land on the island and collect birds, plants, etc., but a small herd of seals were seen hauled out on a projecting point, about a half mile from the vessel, and their discovery was followed by an instant resolve to try and bag one, at least. Jean Batiste and his more aged coadjutor had little hopes of success with such a breeze blowing, but they were willing to try. The possibility of achieving success, coupled with the fact that failure would leave us no worse off than before, and the interest we had in watching one of the Indians personate a seal, fixed our determination to make the attempt. Accordingly, Mr. Lucas and the writer went on shore, accompanied by our two native assistants. Our landing was effected about 1,000yds. from the seals. Soon after the oldest Indian drew on a garment of sealskin, with a hood attached to represent a seal's head. Having made this change in his dress, and loaded his gun with bullets, he started for the seals. But, notwithstanding, he crawled and crouched, worming his way among the boulders and elevated ridges of stone, with the proverbial cunning of the aboriginal hunter, and although his external appearance at a distance bore no mean resemblance to a seal, nevertheless, all of the seals but one, were so suspicious that they flopped off into the sea and began their usual cautious patrol of the shore, their great heads being seen now and then a little way out as they rose to make a reconnoissance. The imagination can best picture the intense interest with which we watched that seal on the rock, and our hunter wriggling his way slowly toward the animal. Unaided by our glasses, we could not distinguish either seal or man from the ledges, but the binoculars enabled us to watch closely every movement. At last the Indian, having approached the seal as closely as possible (perhaps within 30yds.) without getting directly to windward of it, rose on his knees and fired. We had many regrets and some mortification when we saw the animal flounder off the ledge and plunge headlong into the sea. We knew full well that, even if mortally wounded, its first instinct would be to get off shore into deep water, where, in the event of its death, it would be lost to us. Besides, it was certain that seal hunting was ended for that day, for, if badly frightened, these animals often leave the locality for some other island. And soon we saw them swimming past, as fast as they could go, poking their heads out now and then to take a hasty glance around, and then diving beneath the surface. Our noble red claimed that he had killed the seal and that the latter had sunk near the shore. But this statement in its entirety was accepted with a reasonable amount of salt, though no audible doubts were expressed.

The seals having gone, Mr. Lucas and I turned our attention to shooting birds. We met with the best success in bagging snipe or beach birds (*Tringa ruficollis*), which were very abundant. I knocked over 47 of these birds with one discharge of both barrels, and my companion did nearly as well.

The next day proved more favorable. A party was left on Mingan Island early in the morning, to make collections of such game and other material as could be secured there, while the Grampus went over to the Perroquets and anchored. It was flood tide at this time, and since the seals haul out only on the ebb, I improved the opportunity thus presented of visiting two of the inlets. We went entirely unarmed, for it would have frightened the seals to have fired a gun.

However, we did not return empty-handed to the vessel. A fine series of young puffins, in various stages of plumage, an adult bird of the same species, several murre's eggs, and a young and an adult murre were obtained. These were taken from their nests and the birds, of course, alive when we got them and in first-class condition for specimens. The adult murre was put into the well of the Grampus, and though it was extremely shy at first and would dive on the smallest provocation, it soon became quite tame and would eat fish from our own hands, with as much readiness as a chicken would take crumbs. The securing of live specimens of these sea birds is often of considerable advantage to us, for the naturalists are thus enabled to study more closely their attitudes and habits.

As the tide ebbed Mr. Lucas, the two reds and I went on shore upon a rocky reef, around which we saw a dozen or more of the great horse-heads, some of them evidently somewhat disposed to haul out, though none of them would stay on the rocks longer than a few minutes at a time. During the afternoon we all did a reasonable amount of crawling and crouching *à la* Indian. But before Mr. Lucas and I entered upon this we gave the Indians a reasonable opportunity to distinguish themselves. The seals were too shy, however, to be beguiled by even the wily old red hunter, who tried in vain all his arts of imitating the calls and movements of the animals that were watching him from a safe distance, their curiosity being blended with sufficient caution to keep them out of danger. Jean Batiste wounded a seal pretty badly in the water and probably it died, but before we could reach the spot in our dory it had vanished. Other shots were fired at the seals, but although we thought some of them hit the mark no game was secured.

A low barometer and the rather threatening appearance of the weather, together with the desirability of taking the Indians home, induced us to start for Mingan Harbor in the evening. On our way we picked up Mr. Palmer and Capt. Baxter, who had bagged a good lot of specimens at Mingan Island, among which wore some young black ducks in three varieties of plumage.

J. W. COLLINS.

U. S. FISH COMMISSION, Washington, D. C.

MIXED FEATHERS.

"LA GRIPPE" has been upon my trail ever since I returned from Maryland, where I had been tarrying for several weeks sampling the quail of the Eastern Shore and reviewing old landmarks; but that European disorder has at last brought me to a point where the doctor steps up and bangs it into me right and left.

Since I last wrote for these columns I have had the misfortune to lose my dog Dan. Poor old fellow, I trust he has found comfortable quarters in dog heaven, for he richly deserved reward for his good work on earth. His death determined me to drop the gun and resort to rod and reel for amusement. Now, I had never attempted fresh-water fishing, and to prepare for the new order of things I read all the finny literature in sight and purchased an outfit. The first trip was to the headwaters of the Hudson after black bass, and resulted in no fish; but I acquired considerable aptness in the matter of procuring bait. Next Milton Lake, in New Jersey, was tried. I know there are bass in that lake, for I have seen and talked to them. The first day the weather conditions were not favorable. The next day, after fishing several hours and expecting a strike every minute, it began to rain. I was beginning to grow discouraged, and had I not met a man who had seen another man who had caught a bass in Milton Lake two years before, I should have given up in despair. So I tried again, and carried with me this time six different kinds of bait, one of them being raw beef. The bass did not seem to want it, but it must have attracted a large, unfriendly-looking dog that came sauntering down through the woods, and who made me feel very uncomfortable by his presence. But he departed without doing violence to my person, and left me discontented and meditative beside that pretty stream. It was as likely a bit of water as I ever read of in which to fish for black bass. Placid pools, noisy rapids, moss-fringed rocks and overhanging banks, and a perfect autumn afternoon, with the birds hopping about in search of food and the leaves fluttering to the ground as the trees disrobed for their long winter sleep. A pretty picture to dream over, but I had come for bass, and did not feel "fully repaid" for my ill-success by the beautiful scenery, as I have read others have. I am now calculating the probable cost of my first bass.

So far fishing had not been the brilliant success I anticipated, and when the birds grew ripe I concluded to pluck a few. Last month I bought a ticket for Easton, Maryland, on the eastern side of the Chesapeake Bay, my former home, and where I first learned to handle a gun. My mission was quail, with probably a rabbit hunt by way of variety. The quail of Talbot county are scarce, strong flyers, and educated to a degree that is simply astonishing. When the young brood are able to navigate and retain impressions the mother hen calls them about her and points out all the magnolia swamps and impenetrable thickets in the vicinity of their feeding grounds, and they never forget the way to these retreats. She also instructs them to rise early and get breakfast over before the gunner gets around, and then retire to the woods until the afternoon is well advanced, when they may come out and take supper, not forgetting to remind them to always sleep in a clearing or open field in a bunch, with their heads out. I have often been asked how far quail can fly. That depends entirely upon how far they are feeding from a swamp or thicket. They always manage to get there.

I fancy they fly a little mite faster and spend more of their time in the woods than they used to in the "good old days" before pot-hunters and hawks were so numerous. Speaking of hawks, Talbot county for many years paid a bounty of fifty cents on hawks, but several years ago a great flock of hawks crossed the bay into one of the districts of the county, and by night there was hardly a charge of powder and shot remaining in that portion of the county, and when the returns were all in the county treasury was about as empty as the guns. There is no bounty on them now.

Quail shooting in Talbot necessitates a great amount of

walking, even under the most favorable circumstances, though there are no hills to climb, the country being only slightly rolling, but many of the stubble fields are large and separated from each other by fresh-sown wheat land. I located at my brother's the first week. His farm is about three miles from the town of Easton. G. is not much of a shot, but loves to poke around after the birds and see them fly. He generally keeps a dog, but this time I found him without that important animal, so he borrowed for the occasion a large pointer by the name of Prince, a splendid field dog, but hunting too wild for cover shooting. Accompanied by Prince we started out the afternoon of my arrival to sample the shooting. We found only two coveys, getting but four birds from both of them. The next morning we were joined by a young friend from town. We found eight or ten coveys, and I had eight or ten as nice shots as one could wish, but for the life of me I could not stop a bird. Again and again I sighted carefully, but the bird kept on, and the only quail killed that morning was by my brother. I could not account for this, as I had killed four out of five shots the first afternoon.

I did not try the birds again until the following Tuesday, and then under circumstances which almost induced me to pack my grip and start for New York. If any of my readers have ever hunted quail with worthless dogs where quail were scarce I feel reasonably sure of sympathy. A friend, whom I shall designate as B., and myself, made the start from Easton, where I had gone to stay over Sunday. He had no dog, so we had to borrow, the owner of Prince having taken his dog for a few days' hunting. There was nothing to do but skirmish around for the necessary equipment of four-footed helpers. A fine-looking Irish setter came into view, following Dr. T., such a dog as would attract attention at a bench show.

"Say, Doc.," called out B., "whose dog is that?"

"Don't know," says Doc., "but take him out and try him."

B. put a handkerchief around reddy's neck and took him to the stable, both of us well pleased with our prize and expecting great things of him in the field. We secured two more dogs, one a red pup that a friend desired me to break in and the other an old setter by the name of Bruce. Strong in numbers, if uncertain as to quality, we got off as soon as the team could be hitched up. I will spare myself the pain of recalling in detail the story of that afternoon's hunt The bench show dog was gun shy, the pup flushed all the birds that old Bruce could find, and B. fell off a slippery log into the water. The combined bag was one quail. Hot and weary we wandered back to my brother's, where we had left our team, to find that he had gone to town and brought back another dog for me to try. We took him out in the orchard to observe his style. He hunted that piece of ground twice before we had walked half way across it. He was a hummer, and no mistake, and his name was Cato, but I observed a merry twinkle in my brother's eyes that made me feel uneasy.

The next morning the horse was hitched to the carriage, and with Bruce and Cato as companions, I started for Chapel, a cross-roads settlement where lived a friend of my youth. The two red rangers I had sent back to town with B. I would seek out Charlie F. and get his dog. On the road to Chapel, spying a likely piece of stubble, I thought to give Cato a trial. I had hardly finished making the horse fast to the fence before Cato was into the field and yelping; yes, actually giving tongue, after a covey of quail that he had flushed. I groaned inwardly. Was this to be my fate? I tied Cato to the fence near the horse, hoping he might choke himself before I returned, and with Bruce, followed the birds into the woods. I got two of them, and returning to the carriage, continued my journey to Chapel.

I found Charlie running his sawmill down in the woods. Seated upon a sawlog I unfolded my "tale of woe." He was pretty much the same Charlie of by-gone days, only just a trifle more serious. He knocked off work for the day, and after a good dinner we issued forth, with many misgivings as to the conduct of Cato. Charlie had loaned his dog to a friend. He would get him in the morning. We found five coveys of birds, but that confounded dog flushed them all before we could get near him. Once, exasperated beyond endurance, I shot him when he was off a safe distance. He yelped a little, but forgot the lesson with the very next birds he found. I afterward heard that Cato had been shot eight times in one afternoon. It does'n't take long to lose all interest in gunning when the dogs are worthless. You become so disgusted that you hardly care to shoot, even when the birds get up from under your very feet.

"Pete," says Charlie, it was my old nick-name; "if you will come up in the morning I will get my dog and we'll have some sport; but don't bring Cato." The next morning found me on hand, and with old Bruce and Charlie's dog Frank, a white native setter, we had two days of fair sport. The dogs worked beautifully, not flushing half a dozen quail in the two days. This was something like old times, and it was a satisfaction and pleasure to see those two dogs stand and back each other. We never had to hurry ourselves to reach the dogs when a point was made. They pointed as steady as a frozen weather vane. Frank, the younger dog, found nearly all the coveys, but old Bruce would get in his work on the singles. He seemed to have a knack of trotting up on a single bird and dropping beside it with an easy familiarity that charmed it. No bird could take exception at his style of approach, and he was up to all their little tricks. Though quite old his nose was excellent, and his judgment the very best.

I inquired of Charlie how went the world with Jim S., a former companion of our gunning excursions, and to my sorrow heard that he was dead. I remember once that while the three of us were gunning one day many years ago we grew desperately hungry. The nearest store was several miles away, and we were not acquainted with a single farmer in the neighborhood. Crossing a farm we intercepted the farmer as he was carrying a bucket of slops to his pigs. "Say, mister," says Jim, "are you going to waste that nice bucket of slops on those hogs?" at the same time placing his hands on his empty stomach and smacking his lips. But this delicate and eloquent appeal had no effect upon the horny-handed son of the soil, and we tramped three miles before we ran afoul of a country store and filled in on crackers and cheese.

After bidding Charlie good-bye I located in Easton and made several trips out through the country. I was staying with Dr. S., an old chum and one with whom I had engaged in many hunts. I think his wife one of the most amiable women on earth. Guns, cartridges, coats, boots and gunning clothing were scattered all over that house, besides several dogs constantly in the kitchen, yet she never complained once, however often she found it necessary to gather up our belongings and put them in their proper places. Doc was too busy to do much gunning, but we did lots of talking over old times and the dogs we had owned. One afternoon I enticed him from his office and found that he could shoot as well as ever. On another occasion we took the beagles out for a run. He had four of them, and very good dogs they were. We found more sport in watching the dogs run than in shooting the rabbits, and some of the cottontails made desperate efforts to throw off their pursuers. One little fellow came out of the woods and squatted hardly a dozen paces from us while the dogs were circling in the woods after the lost trail. Presently they started him, and when he came out again one of the dogs was right behind him. He made a break for the branch across a plowed field. Well, that dog was dead sure Mr. Rabbit was his meat, and as he wanted him all to himself he never opened his mouth, but the way he dug across that field was a caution. However, the rabbit beat him to the branch, and when the dogs ran him around again some one shot him. A little further on we got in with another party of rabbit hunters, but as the two packs of dogs were strangers to each other they ran very poorly together, and eight dogs (the other party had four) are too many to do good work; four will give much better satisfaction.

B. and myself agreed to have another go at the quail. He secured a young pointer named Pilot and I took Prince. Old Bruce had a sore foot and had to be left at home. We got off between 8 and 9 o'clock, with a boy in the wagon to drive while we hunted, and the grub stowed away in a couple of baskets. Our first attempt was a piece of new ground bordering a woods. A fine covey got up ahead of Prince and went to the woods without giving us a shot, and were so wild that they would not lie to the dogs when found again. We got two of them. Went to the wagon and drove about half a mile, starting in at a peach orchard. Instructed the boy to wait for us a mile or two up the road while we made the circle. Prince found again, Pilot backing in fine style; but the birds flew before we got near enough to shoot, and we failed to start them again in the woods. Hunted over some nice-looking ground on two farms without striking a scent. Met a farmer who had a horse sick with the colic. B. prescribed for the horse and in return got permission to gun on his land, but found no birds. It was now after 12 o'clock, and we were growing tired and hungry. B. said the wagon was at least three miles away, and that the boy had one of the most ungovernable appetites in the county; that quite likely he would eat both lunches before we reached him. This was alarming. We climbed through several more wire fences; there seemed to be no other kind of fence in that section. Down by a raspberry patch we found another covey of birds, but away they went as wild as deer. It began to look as if we should find nothing but wild birds that day. One consolation, we were slowly approaching the place where the boy and wagon should be. At last we struck the road. Then Prince was missing. After calling and whistling for about five minutes we went to look for him. B. found him with a covey of birds a few feet from his nose, but missed with both barrels; said he couldn't shoot on an empty stomach. I marked a bird that pitched on the limb of a large oak tree. My feet grew lighter and the pangs of hunger ceased to gnaw at my vitals. I got as near as I thought safe, and blazed away; but off went the birds. We looked in the trees for more, and shot seven out of a clump of tall pines within a circle of 20yds.; big, plump birds they were. We finished by firing three charges into a pine knot that bore a striking resemblance to a quail, but wasn't. Shooting birds out of trees was something we had not bargained for, and, to say the least, was not legitimate sport. But all the birds so far had refused to lie for the dogs, and to leave them roosting in those trees was going dead against Providence; besides, we wanted them.

This piece of luck cheered us up immensely and was an experience, I believe, that never before happened to any two gunners in Talbot county, and will probably never occur again. I have often seen one or two birds out of a covey take to the trees, but never the entire lot, and then to sit there like pine burs, while we knocked them out, the dogs looking on in amazement and wondering where the dead birds were coming from.

Our good luck continued by sighting the boy and wagon up the road by a gypsy camp, and finding that he had not disturbed the grub. We were soon in the wagon with a sandwich in each hand, while one of the gypsies was trying to trade horses with us. What a lazy contented lot they were, the men sitting around in the sun, the dirty-faced children playing in the road, two of the young girls dressing their hair in front of a small glass hanging from the bow of a tree, while the older women were talking together or attending to the duties of the camp. A little distance away were two colored damsels of the neighborhood, timidly awaiting an opportunity to cross the palm of the fortune-teller with silver and learn what fate had in store for them.

Scattered about on each side of the road, and a hundred yards or so apart, are a dozen or more negro shanties, collectively known as Ivytown. Some of the lots look to be excellent feeding ground for quail and B. wants to try them, but the boy has told us of a large covey he saw crossing the road as he drove to meet us, and I insist upon looking for them, although B. takes little stock in the boy's yarn. We drive on half a mile to a country store. I begin to yearn for a glass of cider, real cider made from apples, such as I used to suck through a straw years ago not many miles from this very spot. But no, we are just out, expect some next week, says the proprietor; and not caring to wait and this being a local option county we take water. Leaving the boy and wagon at the store we start to find that covey of birds. We hunt down the edge of the woods and around a pine thicket into an old sedge field without finding the birds. I am fast losing confidence in that boy's story, and climb on top of the rail fence to get back into the woods. Snap goes the top rail and up get a large covey of quail. Hanging by one leg I take a snap shot, but on they all go. One bird pitches in the woods and I walk him up and score a kill. B. works them down out in the sedge field. We drive them from the field into the woods and along a ditch bank. The dogs work well and we succeed in bagging nine of them, B. getting the majority of the birds.

Back to the wagon and off again, this time for the county poor house farm, where B. says we are apt to find birds. A likely piece of stubble tempts us before we reach the abode of the poor, and Prince draws up on a fine covey, out of which we only secure two birds, making a sad mess of it. The birds fly through a grove of trees in front of us that shelter the ruins of White Marsh church, a stone structure over two hundred years old, and our dogs hunt over sunken graves, now overgrown with briers that contain the dust of some of the first settlers of Talbot county. The little village near by for many years struggled along under the name Hole-in-the-Wall. It looked much as it did years ago, and changing its name to Hamilton or Hambleton seems to have added nothing to its prosperity. I remember stopping there one day with my father, about the days of my first pair of pants or red top boots, and the good lady at the store presenting me with a white-handled knife full of tin blades.

"Pete," says B., and I notice a sort of parched look about his mouth and a huskiness to his voice that alarms me, "there's a club at this place and I am a member of it: would you like some beer?" We appeal to the president of the club, B. assures him that his name is upon the roll and we are admitted to the sanctum. But the name cannot be found. "Must have been destroyed in the last fire," says B. "Shall I put her there again?" and down she goes and mine also. Being now full-pledged (fledged) members we partake of the hospitalities of the club and depart much refreshed.

Once more we are behind the dogs, as they hunt a large stubble of the poor farm, but find no birds until it grows too dark to shoot, so we climb into the wagon and start for home, fairly satisfied with our bag of twenty birds.

I would like to tell of several more hunts I had around Easton, but I have already claimed too much of your space. Next year I hope to repeat my visit, and I shall most certainly take with me a dog of my own, broken by myself. There are any number of dogs in and about Easton, and not one of them properly broken, and only about one in a dozen worth following into the field. It is not the fault of the dogs; the masters are to blame for it. The dogs are of a good hardy stock, capable of nice work if intelligently handled when young. I care little for blue blood. Give me a dog with a good disposition, staying qualities and intelligence, and the other fellow may have the pedigree. A great many gunners pet their dogs too much; it is not good for the dogs, as I have found to my loss.

OLD MAN.

Natural History.

THE SNOWY OWL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. L. S. Foster's inquiries concerning the snowy owl (*Nyctea nyctea*) come very opportunely. The southern flight of these birds during the past two weeks has been remarkable, only exceeded by the great migration of '76-77. At present the snowy owl is to be found in great numbers between the Platte and Loup rivers in Buffalo and Dawson counties, Nebraska. A Kearney taxidermist has received nine specimens within the past week. These will average 24in. in length, with 17in. wings. There have been all shades, from the heavily mottled female to the immaculate male, two specimens being without spot or bar. A marked peculiarity was their emaciated condition, the entire digestive apparatus being in some cases empty. One specimen that I examined contained shreds of gopher hair. The great body of owls arrived about eight days before the recent cold wave, and their advent is a sure precursor of low temperature. SHOSHONE.

KEARNEY, Neb., Jan. 1.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A correspondent in your paper of Dec. 26 makes inquiries about the snowy owl, to some of which I can reply. On the prairies around Chicago, in the winter months of 1840 to 1850 this owl was common; many were shot, and the writer stuffed some specimens, which were in good condition. This owl was supposed to feed on grouse and other game, which in those days was abundant in that region. The plumage generally was white, with minute black spots, though some were pure white, supposed to be the older specimens. The writer had a fine specimen in captivity one winter, it had been slightly wounded, and was kept in a garret, where it soon recovered. It was fed with raw beef, and with birds, such as grouse and quail, and became rather tame. A large living red-tailed hawk was turned loose into the garret, and on the first night it was killed and partly eaten by the owl. This owl is less nocturnal in its habits than most owls, being often seen flying about in broad daylight. After keeping the bird for two months or so, it was liberated from the housetop, and made a beeline for the prairies. This owl is probably rare in those parts now, on account of the disappearance of the birds on which it subsisted. S. C. CLARKE.

MARIETTA, Ga.

NOTES FROM IOWA.—Coralville, Ia., Jan. 1.—Last fall there was a family of meadow larks about here which contained several albinos. One of them a young man shot and presented to the State University Museum at Iowa City....Not long since the pastor of the M. E. Church at Tiffin, Ia., informed me that the flying squirrels had literally taken possession of the church attic, and the noise they made scampering about and rolling nuts around was strongly suggestive of spirits....A jack rabbit weighing 8lbs. was killed not far from this place last November. It is said that nothing of the kind was ever seen here before.—V. S. W.

CALIFORNIA ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—The following officers were re-elected Jan. 6: President, H. W. Harkness; First Vice-President, H. H. Behr; Second Vice-President, George Hewston; Corresponding Secretary, Frederick Gutzkow; Recording Secretary, J. R. Scupham; Treasurer, I. E. Thayer; Librarian, Carlos Trover; Director of Museum, J. G. Cooper. Trustees: Charles F. Crocker, D. E. Hayes, S. W. Holladay, Geo. C. Perkins, E. J. Molera, Irving M. Scott, John Taylor.

AN ARTICLE OF LUXURY.

A LITTLE swallow, scarcely larger than a sand martin, finds its home among the islands washed by the warm waters of the East Indian Achipelago.

This little creature, measuring but 4¾in. in length, 11 in spread of wing, and dainty in all his build, seems to be hardly heavy enough to balance his ponderous scientific name of *Hirundo esculenta*. Fortunately he is commonly called by another not quite so formidable, the salaugan swallow.

His plumage, like that of all swallows, is quiet in color, but its texture is extremely rich and lustrous. He has a dusky brown back, a breast of pale ash color, and his forked tail is prettily tipped with white. His flight is almost incredible in its speed and precision.

These little swallows congregate in vast flocks, and build their nests within dark and sombre caves, lying at the base of the highest and most precipitous rocks to be found in the Indian Ocean. Against these walls of rock the surging waves are continually dashing, beating and breaking themselves into clouds of the finest spray, in the midst of which swarms of the tiny fellows seem to be ever darting about.

By fixing the eye on the surface of the water it is possible to discover the holes, now flooded, now open again, which form the entrance to the caverns. The birds, watching their chance during the moment when the holes are bare, dash into them with lightning speed, and find there a place of safety wherein to build their nests, which they fasten to the arched roofs of the caves. These nests weigh scarcely half an ounce; but small as they are, it is as their architects that our birds have been able to achieve a world-wide fame; for they are the edible birds' nests—that luxury, *par excellence*, of the wealthy Chinese. The nests are built in two parts, one being a sort of bracket, fastened upon the wall of rock and supporting the true nest, which is made principally of seaweed and bits of grass. The bracket is that which forms the delicate portion of the *bonne bouche*. It is built in two shapes, one flat like an oyster shell, the other deeper and more spoon-shaped, and is composed of a semi-transparent moss that reminds one of isinglass.

It was once thought that this gelatine-like substance was produced in the bird's crop from a partial digestion of seaweeds, but this is now believed to have been an error. In these little birds, as in all species of the family of swifts, the crop is wanting; and an examination of the contents of the stomach during the period of nest building shows that it contains no vegetable matter. The salivary glands, however, are greatly developed at this time, becoming so large as to form considerable swellings beneath the tongue, one upon each side. From these the bird draws much of the material for its nest, while it is not unlikely that certain largely-developed glands of the stomach contribute their share to the work. The secretion is of gluelike tenacity, and can be drawn directly from the living birds in long threads, which soon dry in the air, and correspond under the microscope in the texture with the substance of the bracket.

When the swallow is making ready to begin its nest, it flies again and again to that spot in the top of the cavern which it has selected for its site. There it presses its bill against the rock, leaving a little saliva dropped from the tip of its tongue. This action it repeats from a dozen to twenty times, circling off for a brief flight between each visit. Finally it alights, and proceeds to spread out the gluey stuff into a sort of horseshoe shape upon its rocky base, adding to it all the while. The motion of the little creature's body from side to side, while engaged in this spreading process, drops the softer saliva over that which has partially hardened, and gives rise to the undulatory bands which form a distinguishing feature of the nest. When finished, the structure is about the size of a goose egg, of an irregular, shallow, bowl-like shape, scarcely thicker than a silver spoon, and in color is white, slightly tinged with red.

The process of incubation is so brief that the little home is vacated within a month, and it is never used a second time. Indeed, after the brood has flown it quickly dries, becomes brittle and falls to pieces, dropping upon the floor of the cave. Its quality as a merchantable article varies greatly, being wholly dependent upon its age. If secured before the eggs are laid its value is at its greatest; if it contains eggs that are unhatched it is still very valuable; but should the young have been hatched in it, or, still worse, should they have used it until nearly ready for flight, it will be found to be discolored, soiled, perhaps streaked with intermixed masses of blood, feathers and dirt, and is hardly worth the trouble of bringing away.

The men whose trade it is to "pluck" the nests are nearly as dexterous and surprising in the feats which they perform as are the tiny birds themselves. They are from a separate craft, or caste, of which the goddess Loro is counted special guardian. Loro, queen of the coast and ruler of the surge, is held by all in deepest reverence. Her temple is upon the crest of a high rock near which no mortal dwells; and none will venture to pass before it without bending low, with hands uplifted in humble salutation.

The goddess is believed, like Venus, to rise from the sea, whence she comes to enter her temple, which is filled with couches, rich hangings and all sorts of luxuries and things of beauty for her use and pleasure. On pain of death no one is permitted to enter the sacred precincts of this place save the priest, who is also chief of the caste of "nest-pluckers." Even in his case incense must be burned upon the threshold, no word may pass his lips, and he remains only long enough to perform the menial services of the temple. Previous to the plucking of the nests, a solemn feast is held before this sacred place, in worship and honor of the goddess; during whose supposed presence all prostrate themselves in silent awe, with faces pressed upon the ground. When ample time has elapsed for her to regale herself and bless the feast, the priest gives the signal that she has passed within the temple. The men then rise from the ground and their feasting begins to the sound of merry music, and the peaceful, swaying motions of dancing girls, decked with wreaths of flowers.

In final preparation for the gathering the nests, the plucker strips himself of all clothing, save a cloth about his loins. A knife, a netted bag and a torch are fastened at his side. Then comes the peril of the descent. Occasionally it is possible to accomplish this with less of danger by means of rope or bamboo ladders attached to the rock; but oftener the man is lowered by a rope, at the end of which a crossbar is lashed. Upon this bar he sits, pushing himself as far as possible away from the rock with a rod held in his right hand, while with his left he clings tightly to the rope. In his descent of often several hundred feet, the plucker's vision is confused by the rapid flight of numberless swallows passing and repassing before his eyes in endless swarms, while his ears are nearly deafened by the roaring of the breakers.

At last he is opposite the salaugan hole; he gives a signal and the lowering is stopped. By the aid of his rod he now begins to swing himself, gradually increasing the length of swing, until he judges that he may with some hope of safety spring from the rope with a leap that shall either carry him into the hole, and to a footing upon some projecting ledge, which he has marked, or, terrible alternative, be dashed to instant destruction amid the jagged rocks and tumbling waters below.

Once safely landed inside, the plucker detaches from the rock such nests as are within his reach, and then, fastening the knife upon the end of his rod, he manages to cut off those upon the higher points of the cave. But to accomplish even this part of the task is no easy matter; on the contrary, the greatest skill and prudence are indispensable, for the rock beneath his feet affords at best but scantest standing ground, and is, moreover, slippery, while phosphorescent waters are flashing below, and frightened birds flit here and there, adding their quota to the confusion in a gloom which is scarcely broken by the dim light of the torch. He clings by his spare hand, as well as his feet, to every crack and projection, and finally his bag is filled.

Now he makes his way to the entrance of the hole, where he has fastened a small cord, which is attached to the larger rope and serves to draw it toward him. If all goes well his task becomes comparatively simple, and he mounts his bamboo perch with tolerable ease; but, should the cord have played him false, and broken, then there remains but one thing for him to do. He must leap for the larger rope; leap straight out into space, over all those thundering, boiling waters, through those ever-flitting swarms of birds to catch, if he can, that small dangling thing on which his life depends. It speaks volumes for the nerve and training of these daring men that the leap is usually successful.

When he arrives, at last, in safety at the top, his gleanings are so pitifully small, his risk has been so great, that the price of twice their weight in silver, which is what the wealthy Chinese give for the most perfect nests, seems but paltry pay. Even this, however, is denied to the poor plucker. There are middlemen, and other men, more than can be told, all waiting for, all getting their portion of the price, until the brave man who has so risked his life to procure the coveted dainty, hardly receives a tenth part of the money which is finally paid for it.

S. L. CLAYES.

EL CARPINTERO.

FOR the California woodpecker (*Melanerpes formicivorus bairdi*), I prefer the good old Spanish name, *El Carpintero*, the carpenter. It is a most appropriate name, for a better carpenter never struck chisel into wood. He does no work by measured rule, line or compas, but with a true workman's eye, and with no other tools than a chisel and mallet combined in one instrument he constructs his dwellings, forms his storehouse and earns his daily bread. It may be that, like most others of the woodpecker family, he is degenerating into a fly-catcher, but he has not got nearly so far down the grade as many of his congeners. True it is that he will arise from some branch of his favorite oak or pine, or from a favored roosting place on a fence post, and after a short flight, ending in a somewhat awkward flap, capture a festive fly and return to his old perch with as careless an I-told-you-I-could-do-it-if-I-wanted-to air as the veriest old fly-catcher of them all. And after all, are the woodpeckers really degenerating into fly-catchers, or were their ancestors fly-catchers that accidentally discovered the juicy succulence of the wood-boring insect, and so developed into a higher form? But then again, are the *Picidæ* really a higher form than the *Tyrannidæ*, or *vice versa?* I give it up.

But to return to El Carpintero and to his carpentering. How did he ever discover the fact that an acorn, thrust into a hole in the bark or decayed wood of a tree, would after many days yield up a large, fat, white worm that would gladden the heart and fill the belly of the most fastidious woodpecker in all this great arboreal world? That is what I want to know. Certainly the fact was duly figured out in the great unwritten past of his race. It is probably inherited memory now that causes him to store up the bitter nuts in safe repositories, dug with much labor in the family tree, knowing that a sure reward awaits his foresight. It is no credit to the present generations to do this, but the original ancestor that cyphered this problem out must have had a very high forehead.

Speaking of ancestors naturally suggests the idea of the family tree. Here you have a family, every member of which has a magnificent specimen of this peculiar kind of tree, and yet they cannot trace their genealogy back worth a cent. Although this family is so careless about its genealogical record as to leave it written on such perishable material as a rotten oak or pine, and never to grave it in imperishable marble, granite or metal, yet I have the most implicit faith in the purity and blueness of its blood from a careful examination of its family tree. This tree is usually an oak or pine, though others are at times made use of. A large white oak, however, with thick bark, and, I think, indigenous to California, is the favorite. Next to this comes the *Pinus sabinianæ*, commonly called Digger pine or nut pine. In the bark of these and in the wood of their decaying branches El Carpentero displays his workmanship. He there builds his home, rears his family and stores up his future grub—literally and figuratively. When the acorn ripens his season of active work begins. Without any measuring or laying out of circles, or the taking of diameters with callipers, he smoothly and artistically chisels out a hole, goes after an acorn, pushes it in butt end foremost, and carefully drives it home with a deliberate and workmanlike air. Is the acorn a good fit? You can wager your boots it is, every time. There is no laying down the acorn to enlarge the receptacle here, nor the necessary choosing of a larger one to replace a misfit. Not much! The nut that is brought just fits snugly and comfortably every time, no more, no less. And so El Carpintero goes on, carefully intent upon his work, until by the aid of his fellows every available spot upon the tree is studded with the evidences of his toil, and no more room is left for another acorn.

At times, if he is working in thick, soft bark, or decayed wood, he will dig his hole deep enough to hold two acorns, and, right here, he gets fooled occasionally. Isn't it Mark Twain who causes one of his characters to relate a story about a California jay trying to fill an old deserted miner's cabin with acorns, pushed through a knothole in the board roof? Well, no matter who told it, it is a good story, and our woodpecker sometimes unwittingly imitates the jay in question. In boring his hole he sometimes pierces through into a hollow, and he will try most industriously to fill that hole with acorns. In the slang of the day, he soon "tumbles to the racket," however, and as acorn after acorn disappears into this most unaccountable hole, he becomes suspicious, and finally certain that there is something not just right about it, and proceeds to "block the game." How does he do this? In the simplest manner possible. He simply goes and gets a nut a size larger, and drives it into the hole as far as it will go and leaves it there. I have never seen this fact noted by any other observer, but I saw the whole performance one afternoon when out shooting doves.

I never shot but one dove in my life, and will never knowingly shoot another, but when some of my friends come along and say, "Jump into our wagon, Doc, and go shooting with us this afternoon," I take my gun as an excuse and go with them to enjoy an afternoon in the woods and fields. On such an occasion as this I had taken a seat on a fallen, moss-covered branch in the shade of a large oak, when I observed El Carpintero at work over my head. He was just driving in an acorn when I first saw him, the blows of his beak attracting my attention. He drove it in pretty deeply, and with the last blow his head went in after it to such a depth and so suddenly as to show me that the nut must have dropped into the hollow of the branch on which he was at work. As a Scotchman would say he "keeked" into the empty hole for a moment with a comical air, and then with a disappointed *quee-cho, quee-cho*, flew after another acorn. This he did nine different times, and then it was that he seemed to "get on to" the game. He "keeked" into the hole several times, pushed his head in as far as it would go, looked at the hole from all sides, and then went off and procured a large acorn and drove it about two-thirds its length into the tree. Then with a seemingly triumphant *quee-cho* he flew to an adjacent branch and took a well-earned rest.

Quite a large number of the birds make the family tree their home, and dwell together in amity, always keeping a keen lookout for the family good. When the season advances into our so-called winter, and acorns get somewhat scarce and hard to find, a marauding gray squirrel occasionally attempts to levy tribute on El Carpentero's store. It is seldom that he succeeds without attracting the notice of some one of the lawful owners, and then ensues a lively battle. With a loud warning cry El Carpintero calls his companions, and at once flies to the rescue of the jealously guarded grub. The squirrel dodges the attack, in the meantime attempting to extract an acorn; but pretty soon he receives a jab from some sharp beak that puts him to ignominious flight. After the skirmish is over the birds carefully examine their store, and give utterance to many an exulting *quee-cho* at the success of their defense.

El Carpintero is a handsome bird, with very many interesting traits to reveal to the loving and careful observer. He is a very kind and assiduous parent, ever ready to give battle in defense of his young. He has not many enemies, fortunately, outside of that needless destroyer, the small boy, but now and then a dastardly, thieving California jay attempts to rifle the nest. He scarcely ever succeeds, as he stands in too much awe of the formidable weapon carried by our friend, and of his well-known disposition to use it.

El Carpintero is accused by our naturalists of the crime of apple eating. It may be so, but I do not believe it. I believe him to be a strictly insectivorous bird. He does attack apples, without doubt, but only to extract the larvæ of the codlin moth that lurk within. I do not believe he ever stuck his beak into a sound apple in his life, nor ever will. And now I will close this already too long letter by again inquiring how did his ancestors acquire the knowledge that by storing up a supply of acorns they were storing up a future stock of grub?

CALIFORNIA. AREFAR.

NOTES ON THE WOODRAT.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see a short article in FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 19, giving some interesting information concerning the mound-building rat. This calls to my mind an incident which occurred in April, in 1870, in Gilroy, Cal. I was clearing a piece of willow land and saw several mounds, such as Mr. J. C. Van Hook describes. When I first saw them I did not know what they were, and for our convenience brush was piled upon them and the whole set on fire. When the fire was well kindled in one of these heaps I saw a small animal escape from the burning mass; it seemed to be hampered in some way and was easily overtaken and killed. On examination I found it to be what was locally called there a "woodrat," and the cause of her easy capture was that she was carrying two young ones with her. The young had not got their eyes open. The singular part of the story is to come, *i. e.*, the manner in which the mother rat was carrying her young. This rat had but two teats, and they were in the same position as those of a mare. After I had knocked her in the head with a stick I rolled her over and found the two baby rats, each with a teat in its mouth, holding on firmly, with its little body drawn up in as compact a ball as it could get. This rat was about the size of a large house rat, and if my memory serves me rightly, she was rather lighter colored.—WATSON BISHOP (Kentville, N. S.).

AN ALBINO HAIRY WOODPECKER.—We have receutly received from Mr. J. Montgomery, Jr., of Owensville, Ind., what appears to be an almost perfect albino hairy woodpecker (*Dryobates villosus*). The tail is smoky gray and one or two quills on either wing are normal in color, but except for these feathers it is everywhere pure white.

RECENT ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—Purchased—Four Azara's opossums (*Didelphys azaræ*), two badgers (*Taxidea americana*), two white-lipped peccaries (*Dicotyles labiatus*), two Tovi parrakeets (*Brotogerys tovi*), one undulated grass parrakeet (*Melopsittacus undulatus*), two gray-headed parrakeets (*Agapornis cana*), two Pennant's parrakeets (*Platycercus*

pennanti), one European quail (*Coturnix communis*), one black bullbut (*Pycnonotus pygæus*), one king snake (*Ophibolus getulus*), one common black snake (*Bascanion constrictor*), one garter snake (*Eutænia sirtalis*) and one scarlet snake (*Cemophora coccinea*). Presented—One whistling swan (*Cygnus americanus*), one specialled owl (*Syrnium perspicillatum*), one duck hawk (*Falco communis*), two alligators (*Alligator mississippiensis*), three red-bellied terrapins (*Pseudemys rugosa*), one horse snake (*Chilomeniscus ephippicus*), one siren (*Siren lacertina*).

Game Bag and Gun.

"FOREST AND STREAM" GUN TESTS.

THE following guns have been tested at the FOREST AND STREAM Range, and reported upon in the issues named. Copies of any date will be sent on receipt of price, ten cents:

COLT 12, July 25.
COLT 10 and 12, Oct. 24.
FOLSOM 10 and 12, Sept. 26.
FRANCOTTE 12, Dec. 12.
GREENER 12, Aug. 1.
GREENER 10, Sept. 12, Sept. 19.
HOLLIS 10, Nov. 7.
PARKER 10, hammer, June 6.
PARKER 12, hammerless, June 6.
REMINGTON 16, May 30.
REMINGTON 12, Dec. 5.
REMINGTON 10, Dec. 26.
SCOTT 10, Sept. 5.
L. C. SMITH 12, Oct. 10.
WINCHESTER 10 and 12, Oct. 3.

QUAIL IN ROANOKE AND WYTHE.

HAVING accepted an invitation from General T. J. Houston, formerly of Chester, Pa., now of Roanoke, Va., manager of the Crozer Steel and Iron Company's works near the latter place, to engage in a few days' quail shooting, I met the General and his friend Captain Davis, mechanical engineer of the works, in Washington. The Baltimore & Potomac train being behind time, it was one hour late when we steamed out of the station, our destination being Lynchburg, Va. The environments of railroad traveling in the wee sma' hours o' the night are not favorable to viewing the beauties of the country through which you are passing, and we were soon lulled into meditation on the personality of the trio of hunters. The General is 6ft. 3in., commanding, graceful and dignified, educated and gentlemanly, wealthy and liberal, as a host the peer of any one; we could not but feel that for the following week we were to be in the hands of one who would care for our wants and comforts. Captain Davis was a Union soldier in the late unpleasantness; he is constructed on the spare model, intelligent, reticent and the possessor of a gentlemanly deportment that captivates all with whom he comes in contact. The third of the company is known as the Doctor. Nature has been lavish in dispensing adipose material over his body, which sadly interferes with his suppleness; he was a surgeon in the army during 'de wah,' and he is rheumatic, grizzled, and looked careworn, appearing untrained for the task of clambering over the Alleghenies during the following week; and such proved to be the case, as twelve blisters on his feet testify to his tenderfoot condition.

The officers of the train made every effort to regain the lost time, but one hour behind schedule time landed us in Lynchburg, where we had the mortification of seeing the Roanoke train pull out of the depot just as we came to a standstill. Two minutes halt would have been sufficient time to enable us with others to have boarded the train, but we were left to admire the beauties of that ancient town for eight mortal hours. We spent some of the time interviewing Station Master Fairfax, and in pointing out to him the great and irremediable injury he had done to us, and in telegraphing to the superintendent of the road for permission to board a freight train, but that worthy being absent from headquarters we could not obtain the desired permit.

Being Pennsylvanians the Lynchburgers looked upon us with suspicion, believing that we were Mahoneites, and they were not disposed to extend unto us the usual hospitality extend to strangers by Virginians; but when we were introduced as near relations of the late lamented Col. David F. Houston, all fears of Mahoneism were dissipated and we were extended a cordial greeting to the sacred soil. At last we were at Roanoke.

Morning came all too soon, yet we were ere long seated around the bountiful board discussing the relative merits of the good things before us. Here the General unfolded the programme, or rather orders of the day. He and Capt. Davis would inspect the new furnace with the view of releasing the contractor, while I, guided by a tonsorial artist known as Mose, was to spend the day in search of the "speckled beauties" of the field. You can imagine I felt somewhat anxious to know what manner of man this was who was to be my guide for the day, and I may as well introduce the reader to him now, as I saw him at that time, and unfold his character as it subsequently developed itself to me in our peregrinations. His name was Moses Johnson, but he was universally known throughout that region as Mose the barber. He is a dark mulatto of good physique, surpassing foxhounds in endurance. As a guide he attends to his duties and is always in the advance, keeps the dogs well in by means of his whistle, and being a good snap shot he succeeds in getting in about five shots to your one. 'Tis true, you can impress Mose with the fact that his place is in the rear, but then your head is in danger from his gun, for he is so constituted that he must shoot at everything moving of the game kind, whether it be dead or alive. Should you resolve to hunt apart, the first thing you hear is Mose's whistle, and you have the knowledge that your dog is speeding in his direction, especially if the dog belongs in the region round about Roanoke, as all the canines know him. But for those shooters who desire to make a big bag, Mose is a valuable guide.

Soon we are at our destination, and with loaded guns proceed in the direction of the mountains. A half-mile walk and Dan comes to a stand on a covey of birds. Mose suggests that I flush the birds, but I inform him that that is his duty. So with a rock the birds are flushed; two fell to my gun, and Mose claims to have killed one; but ere we had secured all the owner of the property put in an appearance and expressed a desire that we depart thence, but in sympathy for me, a stranger in a strange land, he ventured the information that pheasants and wild turkeys were to be found up a mountain ravine in close proximity to us. Full of hope we commenced the ascent, expecting to be greeted with enravishing sights from the mountain top, and after climbing over rocks and logs, resting every hundred yards, we finally gain the summit, but no soul-enchanting sight met our view, only mountain peaks as dreary as the one upon which we stood. When half way up Dan, ranging on the mountain side, started a pheasant, and in a vain attempt to reach the opposite mountain it came within range and fell to our guns. Mose, true to his impulses, had also discharged his gun in such close proximity to my head that, although a military man, I was startled. Two other pheasants out of range and a woodcock which sought refuge in an impenetrable brake were all the game we saw on the mountain.

Retracing our steps we sought the lowlands, determined to devote our energies to hunting quail on the pastures. We were soon in cultivated fields, and ere long Dan flushes a covey of birds, out of which we each secured two at the first fire. The birds were not in the least prejudiced against the mountains, for with one accord they halted not until well up a diminutive Chimborazo. But flushed with bright anticipations we essayed to follow. I secured another bird, and had the satisfaction (?) of seeing Dan flush and Mose shoot at a half dozen more with negative results.

On returning to the pastures and meadows we began to feel the necessity of food. After visiting several farmhouses we finally obtained lunch. While enjoying our repast the proprietor of the ranch entered into conversation with me, and finding I was a native of Lancaster county, Pa., and acquainted with relatives of his in that locality, and could give him all desired information regarding them, although he was opposed to shooting, he kindly gave me all information desired regarding the haunts of the birds and permission to shoot over quite an extended acreage in the direction of the railroad station, where we desired to board the inbound evening train. We secured quite a respectable bag before we reached the station; soon we were on board, and in due time reached Roanoke.

The next morning at half-past four the General, Capt. Davis, the irrepressible Mose and myself, with Ponto, Don and Dan, embarked for Pulaski. Ponto, a grandson of old Bismark, is the best setter dog I ever shot over. He was kindly loaned to us by my cousin, Capt. Geo. Houston, a brother of the General. We had expected that the Captain would be one of our party, but pressing business engagements prevented him. At Pulaski we embarked on the Cripple Creek extension and landed at Rich Mountain. Here we were greeted by Capt. Bibb and Mr. Body, who did all in their power to make our visit pleasant for us.

This day by order of the General, Captain Davis, Mose and myself constituted a hunting party, while he and Mr. Body were attending to business. We had hard tramping and mountain climbing to get upon the tablelands where the birds were to be sought; but I had the satisfaction of having the Captain along with whom to divide Mose's inattention. By means of his whistle he kept the dogs well in hand and he certainly had good shooting. Birds were plentiful and by marking down Mose's coveys we managed to have occasional shots. The afternoon of this day Mose got in the line of flight of a covey of birds the Captain was firing into and received a shower of No. 8 shot, which impressed him with the extended range of chokebores.

Dr. Butler, a true representative of the Southern gentleman, an ex-Confederate surgeon, and now surgeon to the mines, joined us during the day, and with genuine hospitality, placed his horses and dogs at our disposal. He remained with us until too dark to shoot, and then piloted us in the homeward direction. We enjoyed his company very much, the time being spent in discussing the Virginia campaigns during the late war. Can it be that these men sought to take each others' lives a few years since, and now are vieing with each other in their endeavor to entertain and extend all of the amenities of refined and cultured society? Yes, it is true, the old soldiers of the late war bear no malice toward each other; verily reconstruction is progressing.

It was quite dark and we were weary when we returned to the commissary, but Mr. Johnson, the gentlemanly superintendent, had anticipated our wants and a warm supper was awaiting us, and soon we were seated around the board.

After a good night's rest we were up and soon ready for the field, even before we could see to shoot. As the General had business at Ivanhoe to transact and could not be with us, Capt. Davis and I preferred to hunt by ourselves, taking Don, Dan and Queen, a pointer Gyp. We had a very pleasant time and secured good bags, Mose, after a lecture by the General, hunted very successfully by himself.

The next day, with many thanks to the General for his kindness and with a promise to come again, we boarded the train for the North. As we passed through Culpepper, Orange, Manasses and other battlefields, we were carried back in memory to the scenes enacted there nearly a third of a century since, and although I have often thought I would like to visit those scenes, when there I involuntarily shut my eyes to obscure the sights memory presented. I have no desire to recall the horrors of those times.

Altogether we had a most enjoyable time, all with whom we came in contact extended unto us genuine hospitality and endeavored to make our stay among them pleasurable. We are especially under obligation to Messrs. Sproul and Hodgson of Roanoke for kind attentions. Quail are very plentiful in that region, but our visit was too soon in the season to find full grown birds.

I made a mistake in taking a 10-bore full chokebored gun. What you want early in the season is a 16-bore, right barrel cylinder and left barrel modified choke; later the close-shooting gun might be desirable. GROUSE.

THE "FOREST AND STREAM" TESTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"She'll kill a robin ten rod every time," was in my boyhood the accepted formula in New England to denote the properties of a good shotgun. Of course she wouldn't and she couldn't and she didn't; but the owners, I think, really believed what they said. I did then.

I recall these remembrances in consequence of looking over your shotgun tests. I am glad your range is a permanent institution, for I regard it as a great moral agent. People within range of that range will not henceforth be able to tell such unmerciful lies about their guns without being invited to test their performance at Claremont.

Now let there be the merry sound of some of these shotguns advertised to kill at from 75 to 100yds., and let us see a few charges of buckshot fired on that range. People talk of killing deer at 80yds. quite as a matter of course, but I never saw a shotgun that wouldn't scatter its charge of buckshot over a span of 5 or 6ft. at least in 50yds. or less. Did you? KELPIE.

GAME BIRDS OF THE PLAINS.

LAST spring, as I reported through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM the arrival and departure of the ducks and geese, I thought that careful observation for the year would reveal the presence of many more species of game birds, especially of the Limicolæ, than the average sportsman is accustomed to credit to the recently settled slope that extends from the foothills of Colorado to the Missouri River. All the species named below have been seen by me or carefully studied by those who are perfectly familiar with Coues and Ridgway. My observations commenced on Feb. 25, when the geese put in an appearance, and closed on Dec. 26, when I saw a small flock of teal on a pond near LaSalle, Colorado. The list is as follows:

Anas boschas Linn.—Mallard.
A. discors Linn.—Blue-winged teal.
A. carolinensis Gmel.—Green-winged teal.
A. cyanoptera Vieill.—Cinnamon teal.
A. strepera Linn.—Gadwall.
A. americana Gmel.—Baldpate, widgeon.
Spatula clypeata Linn.—Shoveler, spoonbill.
Dafila acuta Linn.—Pintail, sprigtail.
Aythya americana Eyt.—Redhead.
A. vallisneria Wils.—Canvasback.
A. marila nearctica Stejn.—Scaup duck.
Glaucionetta clangula americana Bonap.—Golden-eye.
Charitonetta albeola Linn.—Bufflehead, butterball.
Histrionicus histrionicus Linn.—Harlequin duck.
Oidemia americana Sw. and Rich.—American scoter.
Erismatura rubida Wils.—Ruddy duck.
Chen cærulescens Linn.—Blue goose.
C. hyperborea Pall.— Black-winged brant, lesser snow goose.
Anser albifrons gambeli Hartl.—White-fronted goose, speckled brant.
Branta canadensis Linn.—Canada goose.
B. c. hutchinsii Sw. and Rich.—Hutchins's goose.
Olor buccinator Rich.—Trumpeter swan.
Fulica americana Gmel.—Coot.
Phalaropus lobatus Linn.—Northern phalarope.
P. tricolor Vieill.—Wilson's phalarope.
Recurvirostra americana Gmel.—Avocet.
Gallinago delicata Ord.—Wilson's snipe, jack snipe.
Macrorhamphus scolopaceus Say.—Long-billed dowitcher.
Tringa maculata Vieill.—Pectoral sandpiper, little snipe.
T. minutilla Vieill.—Least sandpiper.
Ereunetes pusillus Linn.—Semipalmated sandpiper.
Calidris arenaria Linn.—Sanderling.
Limosa fedoa Linn.—Marbled godwit.
Totanus melanoleucus Gmel.—Greater yellowlegs.
T. flavipes Gmel.—Yellowlegs.
T. solitarius Wils.—Solitary sandpiper.
Symphemia semipalmata inornata Brews.—Western willet.
Bartramia longicauda Bechst. — Bartramian sandpiper.
Numenius longirostris Wils.—Long-billed curlew.
N. hudsonicus Lath.—Hudsonian curlew.
N. borealis Forst.—Eskimo curlew.
Charadrius squatarola Linn.—Black-bellied plover.
C. dominicus Müll.—Golden plover.
Ægialitis vocifera Linn.—Killdeer.
Æ. montana Towns.—Mountain plover.
Æ. semipalmata Bonap.—Semipalmated plover.
Colinus virginianus Linn.—Quail.
Tympanuchus americanus Reich.—Prairie chicken.
Pediocætes phasianellus campestris Ridg.—Sharp-tailed grouse.
Zenaidura macroura —Mourning dove.

It is not claimed that this list contains all the game birds and allied species of this section, but other species must be rare visitants. The mallard, blue-winged teal and gadwall breed in the lake region of Nebraska. The common teal which I saw was a straggler on the lake near Greeley, Colorado, and the harlequin duck came from the same locality. On these eastern Colorado ponds ducks feed principally on a species of *utricularia*. Denver sportsmen report very poor duck shooting this fall, and claim that the flight went east of the State. This accounts for the excellent shooting in Nebraska. The Colorado waters have been visited by more than the usual number of redheads and canvasbacks, but by very few teal and mallards; while in Nebraska the reverse has been true.

The goose flight has been very light; so light, in fact, that I think they must all have gone over in the night. One small flock of Canadas made a long stay this fall, but it sailed southward on Dec. 21. This scarcity of geese has been noted throughout the entire region west of the Missouri.

Our jacksnipe is a variable quantity. This season he has done remarkably well, but he may disappoint all our hopes for 1890. I have often wondered at the absence of snipe from pools and marshes that seem especially designed for them. It seems as though this soil, sandy and somewhat alkaline, is not a congenial home for the worms upon which the jacksnipe thrive. But let the soil about some pool be cultivated for a year or two, or let cattle frequent the spot and by their droppings change the character of the soil, not only are jacksnipe to be found, but dowitchers, sandpipers, yellowlegs and plovers make it their stamping ground.

The sanderling, shot in September, is a very rare visitor. So is the mountain plover, which I obtained in August on the upper Wood River, Nebraska.

Sharp-tailed grouse (the prairie variety) are becoming yearly more scarce. Except in very cold weather they do not come into the settled portions of the State. At present they are found in the northern and western counties of the State and in adjacent counties of Dakota and Wyoming. The mourning dove here, as throughout the entire West, is regarded as a game bird. July is the month for it, and from its ubiquitous habits it is found not only in the timber but by roadsides, in sunflower patches and wherever a pool or brook affords an opportunity for a bath.

I have not mentioned the meadow lark, which here is the principal ingredient of summer pot-pies. I cannot look upon it as a game bird, but it is the target upon which every small boy tries his gun, and it is shot at all seasons of the year. It is an outrage that men who call themselves sportsmen allow this wanton butchery of small birds, but until there is a radical change in public sentiment such a state of affairs cannot be prevented.

This naturally leads to a discussion of sportsmen's clubs, and apart from the genial fellowship which they foster, of the practical good which they may effect in the preservation of game. It is a lamentable fact that the West, the far West I mean, is destitute of proper sportsmen's clubs. We have dog clubs that make a specialty of coursing, and gun clubs whose members devote themselves to the trap, but these do not reach the point. Last week I visited Denver, and was surprised to find in so enterprising a city, where every other man is expert with rifle, rod or gun, no organization or club room where the gentlemen, who spend months each year in the finest hunting fields of the world, can meet to recount their adventures and profit by each other's experiences. To find a brother sportsman you must call at his house or office.

It is senseless to believe that the wanton destruction of large game can be prevented without the united action of those most interested in its preservation. The leverage must be applied *en masse*, and not individually. I fairly boiled at some of the tales of slaughter of elk, deer and sheep, and, though I made allowance for exaggeration, I could not pardon the spirit that lay back of the story. The sentiment prevails that if one man does not kill all the game he can another will, and what the white man cannot corral the red man will destroy, and so the rivalry can end in nothing short of extermination. This begins to read like a tirade, but there are noble exceptions, and they are to-day, if they can become acquainted with each other, willing to unite to enforce legitimate hunting in the Rockies, and I hope that before another new year the initiative will be taken and a new era will have opened in the hunting annals of the West.

KEARNEY, Neb., Jan. 1. SHOSHONE.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

THE BLACKHAWK CLUB OF LAKE KOSHKONONG.

IN 1836 the unfortunate chieftain, Blackhawk, led north through Wisconsin the inglorious pursuers who figured on one side in that most inglorious "war." He passed far above Lake Koshkonong and was captured, we are told, near where Portage now stands. But Blackhawk formerly lived on beautiful Lake Koshkonong, and even to-day there remain traces of his residence there. The island formed by Rock River, at the head of the lake, is known as Blackhawk Island. Over on the big bluff, a mile from there, the wandering hunter can still see the odd knobby little hills, thrown up by the squaws who labored in Blackhawk's cornfield, and he can easily find old settlers who can remember seeing the cornstalks still standing in these hills. All over that great and beautiful bluff, which looks out over as fair an inland picture as any in a thousand miles of travel, young trees have now grown up thick and strong. Yet the settlers can remember when all that slope was cleared, save for a few great oaks, and when all its surface was covered with the curious mounds of the forgotten Mound-builders and the later groves of the Indians. These mounds exist to-day, and to-day you may see upon the highest point of the great bluff the old signal mound, which in days before history flashed its bale-fires in the great signal system running north and south across the country. To-day, were the timber cleared from all the eminences, white men could do as former possessors of this country did and send a message, fire answering to fire, and pillar of smoke speaking to other pillar, from the shore of Lake Superior far down the Illinois River and perhaps nearly to the Ohio. Blackhawk may have used this chain of signals, and doubtless did use part of it. The "Blackhawk trail" still runs over these hills, faint, but legible as when Gen. Atkinson wound up it to found Fort Atkinson, which exists to-day, a sleepy and contented village, unused to war's alarms. You get off here when you take the C. & N. W., for the Blackhawk Club of Lake Koshkonong. For it is matter of fact and matter of course that there is a shooting club on Koshkonong, and that its name is the Blackhawk Club.

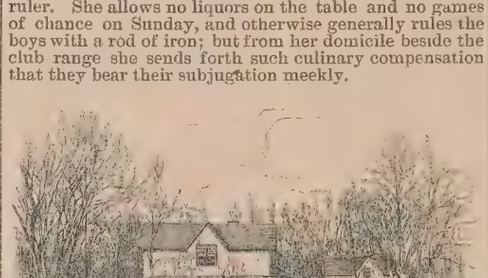
The writer was sent up to this club on the investigating trip, through the courtesy of Mr. John L. Stockton of this city, one of the members, to whose pains and foresight much of the pleasure of the visit was due. This was on Nov. 23, and the shooting season was officially declared closed and the club house abandoned for the winter. Nevertheless a telegram or two mitigated matters, and I was met at 10 P. M. by Mr. W. Y. Wentworth, the superintendent of the club, who on the following morning gave me a seat in his buggy for the frosty ride of six or eight miles down to the club house.

Our road for the greater part of the distance lay along the Rock River, which is here a very amiable pleasant stream and, thanks to the long efforts of Mr. Wentworth, who is game warden of the southern district of Wisconsin, also a very good fishing stream. So delightful a trip does it offer to the canoeist and angler that I cannot help commending it for a run, beginning at Ft. Atkinson, passing through Lake Koskonong, and ending at the Mississippi near Rock Island. This stream was used as one of the water trails between the Great Lakes and the Mississippi in the old Indian and fur trade days. Let summer tourists not forget it. It is a beautiful stream and it has fish in it, in spite of the foolish Wisconsin law which holds back the construction of the Wisconsin fishways until after the Illinois fishways have been put in. This is a sisterly sort of law, or more properly, an old woman sort of a law. There has been no run of fish up Rock River for years, by reason of the Illinois and Wisconsin dams, among which are the Indian Ford, Janesville, Monterey, Beloit, Rockton and Rockford dams. There are eight in all. Catfish are no longer taken in that stream near Koshkonong. Its supply of bass and pickerel comes from prolific Koshkonong, and the rapacious pot-fishermen are draining at that source as hard as they can. Last winter fifty tons, mostly game fish, were taken through the ice by market-fishers. Lake Koshkonong is four miles by eight at most, and averages not 8ft. in depth. Yet the wise men who live upon its shores, men born with the joint butcher-miser instinct, tell us placidly to-day that this does not affect the fish supply, and that winter fishing will not diminish it. Such rot is not good nonsense. Look at the story of great Winnebago. Eighty barrels of fish shipped per day at Oshkosh alone. They don't do that now, even with miles of illegal twine. To-day the Winnebago robbers are beginning to squeal. Later on, the Koshkonong robbers will also snivel and cry out that the poor man has no show. The Koskonong poor man needs some one to think for him, and to anticipate his future whine. To-day he is eating his own cake and everybody's else too.

We counted eight shanties and one big cabin boat as we drove on down to the club house. In each of these were two or three down-trodden market-fishers and hunters waiting for the lake to freeze. These folks are called "rats" by the sportsmen of the lake. They made a living formerly by legal or illegal "floating" of canvasbacks, legal or illegal netting of fish, and a side line of rat trapping. Mr. Wentworth has broken up their "floating" and netting, and to-day they must restrict themselves to weeping for the old days, to fishing through the ice, which is idiotically legal, and to plain rat catching. Poor, poor unfortunates, born too tired to do an honest day's work! Earth has no more pitiable a creature. For their comfort it may be said, however, that the numerous rat houses about Koshkonong this fall bespeak a crop that would delight the soul of a fur trader. We trust there will be no further violation of "rat" etiquette in the premature tearing down the houses and spearing the muskrats, of which an over-anxious "rat" was lately guilty, much to the horror of his associates. There should be honor among these honorable men.

We found the big and comfortable club house standing just upon the bank of the river, whose edge was now some thirty yards from the front stoop. The river is now lower than it has been for twenty years. In one springtime the water rose four feet deep over the club house floor; so that the members lived upstairs and went to bed out of their boats.

Mr. Wentworth's son was within, and he had a fire started. We passed through the house, finding it to have eleven good sleeping apartments, while the down floor held the usual gun room, sitting room, dining room, etc., and a large and very well furnished kitchen. In the latter department Mrs. Wentworth, the stewardess, is ruler. She allows no liquors on the table and no games of chance on Sunday, and otherwise generally rules the boys with a rod of iron; but from her domicile beside the club range she sends forth such culinary compensation that they bear their subjugation meekly.



BLACKHAWK CLUB HOUSE, LAKE KOSHKONONG.

Through the house there passes a stream of living water from the great artesian well, 330ft. deep, which the club had sunk to assure a good water supply. This well also throws a stream into the great fountain-tank in the front yard. In the pool thus formed, holding several hundred barrels of nearly ice cold water, the members keep their fish alive as in a live-box. There were twenty or thirty fish in this pool that had been there for several weeks. This is the best fish box yet on record, and I shall later testify to the excellency of its product.

There is a good barn on the place, and there are two boat houses, one holding the big sail boat belonging to some of the members, the other being devoted to the hunting boats. Under tarpaulin outside was the sail-boat belonging to the sons of some of the members. The wreck of a steam launch held a flower bed, and all about and on the water front were either remnants of boats, or boats in actual use. There were some live-boxes in the water near the boat landing, and Mr. Wentworth, Jr. had some rods set from the end of one of the boats. As we sat by the stove and talked we could watch the rods through the window, and in this way we caught a perch and three pickerel, one of which weighed four pounds. The river at this point is not very wide, but low as the water was, we found it 10 or 12ft. in depth.

The club house is up the river a little way from the main lake, but the shore of the latter sweeps around behind the house, and a few steps through the woods bring one to it. The club owns 50 acres on the island, and controls the river and lake front clear around on both sides the point, making about 387 acres in all. Steps are now being taken to get possession of additional shore territory up to and including the point further up the shore line behind the club house. It is desirable also that the club should join upon the other side with what is known as the Peck preserve. This latter amounts in all to something like 500 acres, and runs out well on the flat that lies opposite the club house across the little island. If this were accomplished, there would be a continuous preserved strip clear about the best part of the lake, and controlled by sportsmen whose interests are practically identical. In the matter of executive protective measures it can not be said that the Blackhawk men have been very active or earnest. They once hired a patrol for the river mouth point for a while, but for work of this sort Koshkonong Place contributed $50, much more in proportion. The men on the bluff have always been very active and efficient in protective work, both in and out of the Legislature, and they are the best of neighbors for the Blackhawks.

In the boat house we found the whole theory and history of duck shooting on Koshkonong. It should be remembered that the chief object of pursuit here is the canvasback duck, and therefore we should expect to find the greatest ingenuity devoted to machinery for its capture. Such precisely is the case, and the result is apparent in a boat, or indeed several boats, quite distinctive and different from any we have yet found among our inland duck shooters.

The old way of canvasback shooting in Koshkonong was a very restricted one. A large fleet of decoys, perhaps 200 or 300, was put out on a feed bed, well out in the shallow lake. The hunter then withdrew his boat to the shore and waited until he saw a large enough number of canvasbacks alight among the decoys and go to firing. His boat was a short and square-sterned skiff, so arranged that it sank pretty well down in the water. The hunter lay full length upon his back in the boat, with his feet to the bow. He propelled the boat with a short sculling paddle, which he worked with his right hand passed across his chest. The hole for the sculling oar was directly above and behind the shooter's left shoulder. A peg in the right hand side of the boat served as a rest for the gun, whose stock lay convenient to the shooter's shoulder. Sometimes an extra gun lay in the bottom of the boat.

With his eyes peering just above the edge of the boat, the concealed hunter carefully and silently propelled his engine of death in among the feeding ducks. Very often he got within 20, 15, even 10yds.; for the canvasback, wary as it is in many ways, has a large streak of gullability in its nature. When in the thickest of the flock, the hunter sat upright in the boat and discharged his gun or guns. In this way numbers of market-shooters were always hammering away at the ducks. Mr. Duane Starin, one of the most successful shooters of the lake, who came over to his own shooting house on the lake the day we were there, told me that he used formerly to kill daily fifty canvasbacks—just as many as his little float would hold. It was this same float of his that I saw in Blackhawk boat house. Mr. Starin wished to see the old law permitting float shooting restored, and called our attention to the fact that, although the number of canvasbacks seemed this fall as great as ever, no one could make any bags. Mr. Starin will yet live to see the wisdom of this law, and will realize that it is not all-important that anybody should make large bags. Far more modern, thoughtful and consistent with the best spirit of this day is the utterance of Mr. G. E. Gordon, quoted in another column: "I wish to make it as hard as possible for any one to kill a canvasback duck."

I should not, however, pass mention of this vicinity without fuller mention of Duane Starin, who is a very well-known figure about the lake. Mr. Starin has had the misfortune to lose both legs below the knee, and walks upon his knees, with the lower portion of the limbs incased in leather boxes. He uses a short pair of crutches, and to any friend is simply a stalwart, hardy and rugged-looking man. He is the best duck hunter about the lake, and is also a formidable antagonist at the trap. Due to him are many of the ideas on shooting used about the lake. It was Ira Bingham who first used the Koshkonong "float," but Duane Starin was the inventor of the hardly less destructive "float boat" which was and is so largely used in this locality. Mr. Starin laid aside his float when the law commanded it. Armed with powerful field glasses which enabled them to detect at a distance the approach of a warden or any other intruder, numbers of less scrupulous shooters persisted until within the past season. I shall speak of the arrest of the chief offender in this line ine in a later column, devoted to a look at the game question as presented to me by the only intelligent and effective game warden it was ever my fortune to meet—Mr. W. Y. Wentworth, so often mentioned before.

The law which was passed two years ago forbade shooting at wildfowl "beyond the line of natural grass or rushes then and there projecting above the water," that is about the wording. Of course this law could be stretched a great deal, but it did break up the shooting on the open water feeding ground. The blinds, pushed as far out as possible, soon became points of education for the ducks. Even the floating "Koshkonong blind," constructed of heavy 2x4 stuff in a frame, into which the boat could be run, and consisting of a wire net stuck full of rushes, the whole floating and easily towed, grew ineffective. Canvasbacks, all the deep-water ducks, and even the mallards, gathered in a merry body safe out in the middle of the lake. Now became manifest the beauties of the "flat boat," invented before this by Mr. Starin, and found so effective that he has killed sixty canvasbacks in a day from one of them. It was Mr. Starin who built most of the flat boats now in use by the Blackhawks.

The Koshkonong "flat boat" is nearly of the shape of a pumpkin seed. It is about 16ft. long and 6ft. wide over all and is built on the battery or sinkboat plan. In the center of the boat and projecting below its bottom and under the waterline is a long pit in which the shooter lies. This is one foot deep to the top of its slight coaming and just wide enough for easy position to the shooter. The "wings" of the boat stretch down and out from the top of the pit, running obliquely till their edges just lie awash in the water. The wings have a top and bottom to them, and near the center of the boat they are several inches apart, permitting the stowing on either side of the shooter of a number of small articles. The wings are not detachable or hung on hinges, but the whole boat, broad and bulky as it is, is stiff and solid, all of pine. To repeat, it exactly resembles a mammoth pumpkin seed, with a hole cut through the median line. Were it not for the pit, which projects below the bottom like an ash pan, the whole boat would lie like a pancake directly upon the top of the water. As it is, the boat can easily be towed about and does not pull very hard.

In using the flat boat, the shooter puts out his decoys—by means of another boat, which he hides or has taken away by a companion. The flat boat is merely used as a blind, and the decoys are arranged about it as the weather and wind dictate. No grass is used about the boat. The dead color of the boat and its half-submersion in the water make it impossible to distinguish it at any distance. I have had shooters tell me that a flat boat properly ballasted can not be seen over sixty yards or so by any one, especially if there is the slightest wash to the water. The deadliness of such a device is well known to all Eastern shooters. The cost of a full-sized flat boat is $65. The pit is usually made of tin, or covered with tin or sheet-iron, the edges of the latter coming up and lying on the top of the wings in the best models, thus insuring dryness.

Another pure Koshkonong type is the "Monitor," and this is the boat in general use. It is about 15ft. or so in length and 3ft. wide, and is a modified "flat boat," intended for rowing. The sides of its "wings" are but a few inches apart, and sits close down in the water, its contour exactly resembling that of the famous war ship model, from which it takes its name. The boat is propelled by oars, the rower sitting in a cockpit, about which he can elevate a canvas extension, full length of the cockpit, in case of a high sea or a cutting wind. This boat is just a little Monitor, with a cockpit instead of tur-

rets. The first "Monitor" on Koshkonong was built by one Van Gieson. In it the oval was irregular, the swell of the lines being broader at the stern, and the boat running small-end first. In the present model, which is also lighter and trimmer, the ends are both alike. The boat is flat on the bottom, and is cased with tin or copper as a protection against ice. In a few specimens the decking, or top of the "wing," is made of heavy canvas instead of wood, but this is not favored. In the old Van Gieson boat the rowlocks were not good; they were clumsy and caught in the grass. In the modern boat the rowlocks are simplicity itself, and yet very effective. They simply consist of a length of gas pipe, something over a foot of which is dropped into a bored block to hold it firmly. The stem of the oarlock is dropped right into the end of the hollow pipe, and is kept from creaking by a washer of rubber. This is the simplest form of rowlock, and in passing through rushes or grass it can, without any trouble, be lifted out of the socket, leaving the bare skin of the boat to glide along with little friction. This is a very clever device. Indeed, the whole get-up of the Monitor is clever, and it is a mighty good boat for shooting in light cover. It is usually run into one of the portable blinds hastily described above. The cover close to the edge of the legal limit on Koshkonong is very light. The beauty of this boat is that it is suited to its environments. Indeed, it was evolved from them. One Pahaska, of Fort Atkinson, builds most of the Monitors used by the club.

There are forty-three boats now owned by the club, among which are several different styles, although the above are the interesting ones. There was a light cockle shell of a varnished canoe, capable of being carried under the arm, belonging, I believe, to a son of Mr. Geo. W. Peck, the Milwaukee *Sun* man, who is a member of the club. Mr. Peck will be remembered as the author of the "Bad Boy" papers. There was also a long, double-ended boat, flat-bottomed, heavy and sharp, practically the same as the lodging batteau of the North, and a model copied in lighter and shorter form in the Tolleston marsh boat. Then there were just plain boats, snub-nosed or otherwise. I have spoken in a previous number of the Nee-pee-nauk boat, smooth skin, made of strips nailed one on top of the other. Here on the Rock River I saw Duane Starin using a wide and open fishing boat, made of built up strips just in that way. That was the boat we used when we went out after the wild celery seed.

Blackhawk Club is fifteen years of age. Its membership was at first limited to 25. It is now limited to 50. The membership fee is $100 and the annual dues are $10. Mr. Wentworth has been superintendent of the club for eleven years, and has seen it grow to its present proportions. When he went into his place there were but seven boats owned in the club. As above stated, there are now 43. The club house of to-day is also a material improvement over the old form it had.

This club is a steady and conservative one. It has always been counted a hard one to get into. Since the passage of the rigid wildfowl laws in Wisconsin, the shooting has of course been curtailed. Let not the hearts of the shooters be troubled, however. The wild celery of Koshkonong will not lose its power to charm, and the future will show the grand game of that lake again so plentiful that any self-respecting hunter can by hard work kill all he ought to have. It is time the ducks were given a chance. This is their innings.

Mention of this club and of the Koshkonong region could, of course, be closed here. There is, however, too much of interest in that locality to pass without mention, and I shall beg to add some notes upon the game, etc., of that lake and vicinity in next week's paper, and also to present what seems to me some very interesting facts upon the game warden question as learned direct from Warden Wentworth. Following is the membership of the Blackhawk Club:

President, E. M. Johnson, of Whitewater: Vice-President, A. J. Gaston, of Beloit; Secretary and Treasurer, B. Bulkley, of Whitewater. Members: John W. Parmelee, R. A. Peters, Geo. W. Esterly, F. G. Bigelow, C. S. Jackman, Col. L. A. Harris, Judge Thos. A. Logan ("Gloan"), Benj. Robinson, Lawrence Pike, J. A. Partridge, O. P. Posey, B. Bulkley, F. W. Tratt, Thomas J. Stephens, Phil. Trautman, Edmund B. Sears, Dan'l Bullock, A. W. Keeney, A. J. Gaston, F. H. Starkweather, John L. Stockton, W. J. Doolittle, Edward A. Austin, B. M. Frers, A. D. Forbes, M. V. Doyle, D. W. Miller, C. A. Still, H. B. Allen, N. L. James, Frank R. Cheney, J. B. Doe, Jr., Wm. A. Talcott, S. S. Kimball, L. W. Flershem, Chas. F. Allen, E. M. Johnson, Geo. W. Peck, Louis Auer, Geo. B. Hawley, How. S. Salisbury, W. B. Keep (Gen'l Att'y C. & N. W. Ry.), M. Hughitt, Jr. (Div. Fgt. Agt. C. & N. W. Ry.), E. W. Herrick, Chas. McAvoy, Geo. R. Grant, Geo. B. Hawthorne. E. HOUGH.

CHICAGO, Jan. 6.—In the death of Judge J. C. Knickerbocker, which occurred yesterday from a sudden stroke of paralysis, the world lost not only an able attorney and accomplished jurist, but also a thorough and generous hearted sportsman. Judge Knickerbocker was a member of the Tolleston and Nee-pee-nauk clubs, and was one of the most enthusiastic and successful sportsmen of this city. His start in life here was a modest one, but never in his later days of success did he forget the lessons in charity his youth had taught him, and he was always kind and thoughtful, as well as rigorously just. This city and the whole guild of sportsmen could ill afford the loss of such a man.

Jan. 7.—Our winter still holds off. The season is remarkable. On last Sunday I was walking along the lake front and saw a boy rolling up some lines. On inquiry, he told me the perch had been biting freely along the wharf all the morning. That was Jan. 5. The lake was altogether open. On the day before, at the Grand Calumet Heights club house, Dr. Harlan, Mr. Wilde and Mr. Bird put out a few decoys in the lake in front of the house and got nine ducks. They say they ought to have killed twenty. The funny part of this is, that none of the party can tell what kind of ducks it was they killed. They say the birds were about as big as mallards, looked like black mallards (dusky duck), and were as good eating as any mallard. That is all they know about it, and they are unable to produce even the head of one of the birds in question.

Mak-saw-ba marsh had more mallards on it last Thursday than at any time for two years. That was Jan. 3, and usually at that time the whole country is frozen tight and the thermometer is at 20° below. A pusher at the club killed 10 mallards the other day and ran out of shells. Another party saw about 500 mallards last Sunday up Eagle Island way. Good shooting could now be had by any enterprising man on Mak-saw-ba marsh if he would work up as far as Hailstorm and Winchell's Lake. Mr. C. D. Gammon was lately down at Cumberland marsh, and reports mallards plenty there also. This is a state of affairs that strikes everybody as being singular in the extreme. To-day, Jan. 7, the temperature is hardly below freezing.

Writing to his friend Mr. Loyd, of this city, Mr. C. W. Parent, of Marshall, Md., in a recent letter, says: "I have had a great deal of good shooting here this fall, as every Saturday was spent hunting quail. My last three trips I killed 48, 53, 61, and that, too, on one farm, which will give you some idea of the number of quail in this section. I have a splendid dog I got from the Deal Beach Club grounds, Long Branch, N. J., and I have had good success in breaking him. I have not got him so that he will take a target out and tack it up for me as yet, like Grouse."

Grand Calumet Heights Club had a business meeting Thursday evening and discussed the question whether to buy or to lease a plot of ground. The owner will not sell, except with a reservation to the deed which robs the club of all profit by way of increasing value of the property. The matter was laid over till next Wednesday.

E. HOUGH.

WEIGHT OF GROUSE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Notes in your issues of Dec. 12 and 19, also "Notliks" in issue Jan. 2, has called my attention to weight of ruffed grouse. Have handled grouse for the market for the past ten years and spend a few days each season for recreation in hunting them. Have noticed as "Notliks" says that the weight "varies from year to year according to circumstances, food, weather, etc." The past two seasons having very open weather, little or no snow during the months of October, November and December, the grouse are found in the neighborhood of grain fields, especially those of buckwheat, where they find a quantity of easily procured rich feed. The weights this season with us have averaged unusually heavy, partly owing to the lateness in gathering the buckwheat crop. We purchased of A. P. LaPlant, a market-hunter of this place, among other birds, a cock grouse that weighed 30 plump ounces; it was a very large bird and from appearances a very old one. Its crop contained no unusual amount of food and was not distended as were many at times that we bought. Have had grouse brought in, their crops being so filled with buckwheat that you would imagine they were fed in a poultry yard with tame fowl. Others not in the neighborhood of grain fields had fed on the young and tender shoots of clover leaves, and one bird had at least a pint of wintergreen berries in its crop, showing they accustomed themselves to their surroundings and fed on whatever was in that neighborhood that pleased them best. On my shooting trip this season where I found a buckwheat stubble adjoining timber or brush lots so sure was I to find grouse if they were in that locality, and it took mighty quick work to bring one to bag, being strong and quick on the wing from well filled crops twice each day. For a table bird the grouse that feeds on buckwheat cannot be beaten.

TOWANDA, Pa. SUS. Q. HANNAH.

MISSISSIPPI NOTES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Find inclosed a rose pulled to-day from bush in open air, where they have been blooming all winter. Up to date we have had no cold weather. The mercury stands from 65° to 75° almost every day. Had no frost throughout the entire month of December. Have not seen a duck this winter. Quail are abundant, but the weather has been so warm that very little shooting has been done. During last summer there were more squirrels here than ever before, and everybody turned out to shoot them. The fusilade in the woods sounded like a lively skirmish. The deer and turkeys have almost disappeared from this vicinity. A nephew of mine killed a very large gobbler a few days ago while out bird shooting, the only one I have seen here within a year. This old fellow was run into and flushed by the dogs, and tumbled by the boy with a close overhead shot, and brought home with mighty exultation. A son who has just returned from a trip through Texas, Mexico and to the Pacific, had some splendid sport after game of all kinds, from a quail to a cougar.

In consequence of the extremely warm weather I have shot very little this season. We have had very little rain and the winter has been Arcadian. I would like to live in a climate where it was never any colder than it is here to-day, with the mercury at 70°, and the birds singing as if 'twere May. I am sitting at an open window as I pen these lines, but we may catch it yet later on.

Since I saw you last in New York, four years ago to-day, I have gained in avoirdupois, and when afield I generally throw down two or three panels of worm fence every time I have to climb over one, and get awful hot if it is a warm day. GUYON.

CORINTH, Miss., Jan. 10.

SPORTSMEN AND LANDOWNERS.—We find in a late number of the Monticello (Fla.) *Tribune* this note, which is worth attention, for it points to one solution of the sportsman vs. landowner problem: "Messrs. Harned, Heston and Hoey, while out hunting a few days ago, pulled a fine calf out of a branch near D. H. Bryan's plantation on the Thomasville road. It was badly mired, and but for this fortunate discovery would soon have perished. Mr. Hoey, who still claims to be somewhat of an invalid (though we think our fair country has entirely cured him), did not do any pulling, but just bossed the job. He claims that Britt, the driver, tugged for him, and did the biggest part of it, too. Twice this same party have put out fence fires by the roadside. Surely if all shooting parties will act in this humane and considerate way, our farmers will invite their visits rather than post their lands." Mr. Hoey is a guest of the St. Elmo, noticed last week in our Florida number.

MEGANTIC CLUB'S DINNER.—The annual dinner of the Megantic Fish and Game Club, will be held at Young's Hotel, in Boston, on Jan. 28.

MAINE BIG GAME.

THE season on big game in Maine has closed, Jan. 1 being the end of the open term, and it is hoped that all hunting has been stopped. It is well understood that crusting and poaching is indulged in to some extent, but that there is a decided growth of better feeling and respect for the game and fish laws, is also equally well understood. The number of moose killed has been small. Among the late reports are accounts of a big black moose killed in the neighborhood of Austin Stream in Somerset county. This stream flows into the Kennebec above Bingham. The moose is said to have stood 6½ft. high and to have weighed 1,000lbs. The story also goes that he had treed several lumbermen and hunters and driven the hunters out of the woods. Later Lawrence Hayden, and Milton Merrill of Madison and Joseph Baker of Skowhegan, were in the woods on Austin Stream, hunting for caribou, when Hayden came upon the big moose. He says the huge beast immediately charged upon him. Hayden says that he looked like a great land slide from the side of Old Bunnside mountain, but that he stood his ground. He let the moose come up to within a couple of rods, when springing aside he had a chance for a shot at his shoulder, and put a ball through the shoulder blade and through his lungs. Still the moose kept on his feet, and showed fight, though evidently his shoulder was disabled by the shoot so that he could neither run nor advance. But this gave Hayden time for another shot, after which the moose fell, but with awful struggles and bellowings that startled Hayden's companions, who were nearly two miles away. His hide was split sufficiently to roll out his entrails. Then by considerable brushing, a road was made so that it was possible to drive a pair of horses to the spot, and he was toted to Skowhegan, where his skin is in the hands of a taxidermist. His age was estimated to have been 10 years.

Another moose hunting story comes from Charleston, Maine. Mr. Elbridge Lord has been in the woods after caribou and deer, and has lately returned. He started one morning from camp, on a moose trail in the snow, which laid some six inches deep on the ground. Toward noon it began to rain, and the snow to disappear. He succeeded in capturing the moose toward nightfall, after following him some 10 or 12 miles. But the rain had obliterated all his tracks, and the hunter was completely lost with night coming on. He succeeded in starting a fire with about his last match, and by this means he managed to keep himself alive, and with the aid of broiled moose steak. The weather turned so cold that the hunter dared not lie down, but stood upright all night, leaning against a tree. At daylight he started to find his way out of the woods. After traveling nearly all day, he was enabled by the aid of engine whistles to start in the right direction and came out to the settlement. He has since found that his wanderings were all within a compass of a few miles.

A Straton, Me., dispatch to the Boston *Herald*, the other day says that Dr. Heber Bishop of Boston, Secretary of the Megantic Fish and Game Club, has shot an enormous moose. Mr. W. B. Hastings, of the same city, was hunting with Mr. Bishop. They were in the Kibby Valley, on the Maine side of the club's territory. W. E. Latty, of the Three Lakes, was guiding Dr. Bishop, and Winn Emery, of Eustis, was with Mr. Hastings. They all came upon a moose yard about three miles from the Moose River camp, and soon after they came upon two moose, a bull and a cow. The cow was immediately shot dead by Mr. Hastings, the more is the pity. She was evidently a three-year-old and would have produced calves in the spring. Right here let me say, in the interest of the game in the future, that both Mr. Hastings and Dr. Bishop ought to be ashamed of their hunting. The moose are going fast enough at the very best. It is a pity that the Maine Commissioners' proposed law is not in force, making a fine of $1,000 and imprisonment for killing a cow moose at any time. I have spoken plainly because I am interested in the future of moose in Maine, that State is about the last ditch that these noble game animals are being driven into, and to kill a cow moose at any time should be made a crime by statute, and the sooner the better.

The bull moose got away for the time, though followed by the Doctor and his guide. The story goes that he was fatally wounded by the Doctor before he started, though still able to make through the woods with a terrible crashing. He was easily followed by his tracks and the blood on the snow. They came in sight of him three times, long enough each time for the Doctor to get a shot, and each shot took effect, but the mighty giant of the forest did not fall till the fourth bullet had been put into his body. Even at the last shot he was plucky and turned and faced the Doctor, though his wounds had told upon his strength to the extent that he could go no further. The bull moose was eight years old and weighed 1,100lbs. The cow weighed 800lbs.

Deer shooting in Maine has been excellent, especially since the snow has become a fixture. Eight have been killed in one town this season, the town of Carthage, in the vicinity of Weld, in Franklin county. Other towns, more remote, have doubtless done better, but this record is a good one, especially when it is considered that in the days before game protection to have seen a deer in Carthage would have been the wonder of the whole town. The Maine sportsmen who have killed deer in that State this fall could be numbered in hundreds, but sportsmen from other States have not fared so well.

Bear are also plenty in Maine this year. Capt. Jason Crowley has recently killed one at Indian River, the skin of which was 8ft. long. The meat, when ready for shipment weighed 400lbs. The bear was trailed in the light snow by the Captain till shot. SPECIAL.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Jan. 11.—The webfeet have made their appearance in fair numbers, and several moderate bags are reported. A telegram was received yesterday from the superintendent of the Dardenne Club, in St. Charles county, reporting a good flight of ducks. A party of the members left last night for the club house. A report was current in shooting circles to-day, that large numbers of ducks and geese could be seen about 75 miles north of this city in the Mississippi River. The geese in particular are said to be very plentiful, in fact they have been there all winter. A Mr. Russell from this city a few days ago brought home four which he bagged with a .32 Colt's repeater. He shot one while about 100 were sitting unconcerned on a sandbar in the river, dropping the other three before they got out of range.—UNSER FRITZ.

WYOMING BIG GAME.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just received the following letter from a friend who is foreman on one of the big ranches in Wyoming, in regard to the game in that Territory. He says: "There are two houses in Casper that buy all the horns they can and dress them and ship them East. I have a pair of elk horns that I will have dressed and shipped to you. There are many hunters here from the East who want horns and such things to take back with them. There have been several here from Europe. As to the game, there are plenty of deer and antelope and a few elk. Elk pretty scarce. I have seen but four this winter. There are some about fifty miles west on the Big Horn Mountains, and a few buffalo on the Red Mountain and some bear, but the country is so full of hunters that I think game will be scarce by next fall. As to deer and antelope, there are more antelope here than sheep in Barton county. I think there are a thousand in one drove near here; but they are being killed by the carload. Although it is against the law to ship them out of here, they are boxed and shipped by the hundred. Winchesters, .45-70, are used here chiefly. If you come here to hunt next fall I will do everything I can for you."

How is that for a chapter to add to the story of big game destruction? R. W. A.

GOLDEN CITY, Mo.

AIMING THE SHOTGUN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The late articles in your paper on "Aiming with the Shotgun" are interesting and well worth the attention of those who do not always kill their bird.

Mr. J. J. Meyrick, in the Jan. 2 number, says some very sensible things. My own observation is that the best shots with the shotguns do very little snap shooting, but aim in the proper sense of the term, *i. e.*, they see the relative position of the barrels of the gun with the bird.

The small, inconspicuous sight that is on most shotguns helps very little in aiming, but a large white sight, such as I have devised, is a material help. The shooter's chief attention should be always on the bird, and when aiming the barrels should be seen under the bird, and if a cross-shot, in the direction of the bird's flight.

In choosing a gun it is well to get one having as straight a stock as can be used comfortably, for the shooter should do his aiming well above the barrels. Many people think that they cover the bird with the sight, or if holding ahead have the sight as high as the bird. This is difficult to do and very few do it. Furthermore, it is the wrong way to shoot. Particularly in live bird shooting, the breech of the gun should be much below the line of sight, so that a good view of the barrels can be had, or if not the result is under-shooting. WILLIAM LYMAN.

SEDGWICK, Kan., Jan. 8.—Will you kindly mail me a copy of by-laws suitable for the formation of a gun club? The game in this section is being mercilessly slain by market-hunters, and it is with a view to game protection that we wish to take steps toward the organization of a club. Quail are numerous, and if not hunted out of season will make fine shooting next year. Duck shooting has been finer this season than for several years previous. But few geese have been killed, as these birds have not appeared in their usual numbers. Some small flocks, however, have taken up temporary quarters in this locality, and on the morning of Dec. 31 Mr. B. F. Wright, of this place, and myself, brought down six fine birds, victims of our decoys.—H. W. C. [We mail by-laws, which, however, are of a club apparently more interested in trap-shooting than game protection. Secretaries of game protective societies are invited to send us copies of their club books for distribution in cases like this.]

MOOSE AND TRAIN COLLIDE.—Windsor, Nova Scotia, Jan. 3.—The W. & A. R. train going east Tuesday night struck a moose on the Mountain road, near Lawrencetown, breaking his leg. The train was stopped, the moose killed and taken to Halifax, where it was disposed of. A large herd was seen in the same neighborhood about two weeks ago. Engineers on the W. & A. speak of the moosecatcher of an engine instead of the cowcatcher.

ADIRONDACK DEER.—A bill has been prepared by Secretary John D. Collins, of the Utica Fish and Game Protective Association, to make the deer season Aug. 15 to Nov. 15, with hounding during month of September only. The full text of the bill will be given in our next issue.

"LOCKED ANTLERS."—We have a note from Mr. H. Loring, of Kankakee, Ill., which will be published next week, in which he explains that the Michigan deer, mentioned in a recent item, were killed in the last of October and the first of November.

GAME PROTECTIVE SOCIETIES.

MASSACHUSETTS ASSOCIATION.

THE Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association held its corporate annual meeting Jan. 8, in Boston, and 94 members sat down at the tables of the Thorndike, and as invited guest Prof. Watson of Bussey Institute. Five applications for membership were presented, and John M. Call, Jr., and John L. McIntosh, proposed at the last meeting, were elected members. The past year has been the most prosperous the Association has ever seen. The membership now numbers over 300, not from one locality, but from almost every portion of Massachusetts, there being a few from other States also. The finances are in most excellent condition, the treasurer having a balance left over of more than $700, and the fund committee has also $250 deposited in a savings bank to the credit of the Association.

With such an excellent showing, the meeting was an unusually happy one; and the members were greatly encouraged for the success of the various works now in hand, and ready for a new undertaking which it was known would be presented at this meeting.

The following officers were elected for the year: President, Edward A. Samuels; Vice-Presidents, Charles L. Woodbury, Hollis Hunnewell, Augustus Hemenway, Walter M. Brackett, John T. Stetson, Warren Hopgood, Benjamin C. Clark; Treasurer, Frederick R. Shattuck; Secretary, Richard O. Harding; Librarian, John Fottler, Jr.; Executive Committee—John P. Woodbury, Samuel Hanson, H. H. Kimball, Henry C. Litchfield, Charles G. Gibson, H. A. Mansfield, Ivers W. Adams, Edward E. Hardy, John N. Roberts, Edward E. Small, Heber Bishop, Horace P. Tobey; Membership Committee—Henry J. Thayer, Edward T. Barker, Waldron Bates. Fund Committee—Benjamin C. Clark, Samuel Hanson, Daniel T. Curtis. The retiring secretary, A. W. Robinson, was elected an honoary member.

The following committee report was read:

Your committee appointed at the November meeting of the Association to consider "What policy, measures and action may, in the opinion of the committee, best secure the welfare of our Association" respectfully offer the following report:

The present work of the Association is mainly in three directions:

First—The publication and distribution of yearly amended copies of the Game and Fishery Laws.

Second—The investigation of such cases of violation of these laws as are brought to our notice, and the reformation or prosecution of the offenders.

Third—Appearance before legislative committees at hearings on proposed changes of these laws, opposing those we believe to be wrong and advocating those we think to be needed.

In all these directions the work should be continued; in the first we alone attempt it; in the second the State Commissioners now have power to act, but as so many cases are continually brought to our attention and it is often inconvenient or even impossible to refer them to the Commissioners it seems best to continue as in the past. In both these directions the present work of the Association need not be enlarged to any great extent. In the third, we should also continue as in the past; our existing laws are by no means perfect and there are constant efforts to make them even worse. But in this connection there is a large field of work which we have never as yet touched.

Our State Commission should have at its disposal an annual appropriation at least four times as large as at present, and this increased amount should be mainly expended in just one way. If there is any one thing in our line that we have learned by experience it is that the artificial propagation of trout and the re-stocking of worn out streams with them can be successfully accomplished. The trouble in Massachusetts is that it is attempted to such a limited extent. Under their present appropriations our Commissioners can do almost nothing towards restocking with trout, or other valuable fish, or towards preventing their illegitimate destruction, and the facilities for hatching and rearing are altogether too small. Further than urging suitable legislation it is not desirable, we believe, for our Association to enter this field, preferring to leave this matter entirely in the hands of the State officials, who are the proper persons to efficiently and economically accomplish the work, but your committee does recommend that an earnest effort should be made by the Association in favor of an increased appropriation.

The practicability of enlarging the scope of our organization by embarking in the venture of a club house, or of a preserve for the propagation of game has been carefully considered, but your committee do not deem it advisable under our present charter to entertain either propositions, believing that the former would be too great an expense at the present time and the latter might subject the Association to much adverse criticism.

The committee earnestly recommend to your notice and action the subject of introducing various species of game, having, after much deliberation, thought and correspondence been convinced that it can be accomplished in a practical manner and that work in this direction will be repaid by substantial results and lasting honor to our Association. In regard to subjects we have many varieties of game to choose from, but with due reference to ease in procuring and smaller cost, we believe the most promising ventures to be such varieties as pinnated grouse, sharptail grouse, Western quail and, if it can be done without too great expense, the wild turkey. This latter bird, wherever it has formely been abundant, can probably be successfully reintroduced if trapping can be prevented, and so general is the sentiment now throughout the State against all kinds of trapping and snaring that we believe the experiment well worth our money and time. The reward, if we are sucessful, is worth the risk. Other species might be enumerated, such as California quail (mountain and valley) and Messina quail. Suitable legislation to protect these new birds will be necessary, but can doubtless be easily obtained, and the question of setting out varieties of food for game birds, which we believe to be feasible, can also be acted on in the same connection.

Now this work to be successful should be undertaken in a careful manner and on a generous scale; there is no use in doing a little or in acting spasmodically, nor can we at the best expect any great returns until after several years of effort. At the least a thousand dollars per annum will be needed. The treasury of our Association can afford a part of this; we trust to the well known generosity of our members to supply the rest by private subscription.

Your committee therefore recommend that the Board of Management appoint a special committee on this subject with full powers of action, and that they be authorized to call upon the Treasurer for funds for such purpose to the extent of $350 per annum for the next two years.

The report was the occasion of much discussion; it was unanimously voted that it be accepted, and that the Board of Management appoint a committee to carry out its provisions in regard to the introduction of game and useful plants.

The appropriation of $350 per annum was voted, and a subscription list passed round, which was very generously signed, it being found at the adjoinment that no less than $520 had been guaranteed, which with the $350 voted by the Association made the handsome sum of $870, with many hearty friends of the Association to hear from.

After business of the evening was disposed of President Samuels introduced Prof. Watson, professor of Arboriculture and Horticulture at the Bussey Institute, who gave a very interesting discourse upon trees, shrubs and plants useful to our different varieties of game both for food and protection, instancing many species especially favored by partridges and quail as noticed in the extensive grounds of the Institute. HUB.

BLACK RIVER ASSOCIATION.

The Black River Fish and Game Protective Association held its annual meeting at Holland Patent, N. Y., Jan. 8. There was a large attendance and much interest was manifested.

Secretary W. E. Wolcott, of Utica, presented his annal report, which showed that "Although the Association is only one year old, it has made a record and established a reputation of which it may justly feel proud. Organized Dec. 8, 1888, with a score or thercabouts of charter members, it gained ground rapidly, and before spring had an active membership of over sixty. Composed of gentlemen interested in the protection of fish and game in the counties of Oneida and Herkimer, and more especially that portion of the North Woods embracing the headwaters of Black River, the Association immediately began a work which, it is hoped, in a few years will bear fruit in the district to which attention was devoted; 35,000 fry of the brook trout, 35,000 salmon and 14,000 German or brown trout have been put out in North and South lakes, and in streams in Trenton, Remsen and Forestport. Appreciating the need of a change in the game laws to insure the preservation of deer, partridges and woodcock, the Association adopted a resolution asking ing the representatives in the Legislature from this county to endeavor to have the laws amended so as to make the open season for deer begin Sept. 15 and close Dec. 1, and the open season for partridges and woodcock open Sept. 15 and close Nov. 1. A bill was prepared providing for these changes, but it shared the fate common to nearly all proposed game law amendments last year. The influence of the Association was felt in shaping game law legislation at the recent session of the board of supervitors of this county, and in securing the passage of salutary laws relating to fish and game. Other steps in this direction are needed, and it is to be hoped that the present Legislature will see the wisdom of shortening the season for hounding deer. Recognizing that the protection and preservation of the forests of the State are both desirable and imperative, the association inaugurated a movement early in March which was everywhere heartily commended and indorsed. Petitions were prepared asking the Legislature to enact such laws as would result in restoring to the commonwealth the Adirondack woodlands now held by individuals, clubs and corporations, and preserving the wilderness for the benefit and enjoyment of the whole people. These petitions were widely circulated throughout the State, and nearly every person to whom they were shown signed them gladly, expressing the warmest sympathy with the movement. Of the 150 petition headings used and sent away by your secretary, all but about 50 were returned, and attached to them were 2,000 signatures. Of the names received Utica furnished 567, Rome 158, Waterville 149, Forestport 32, Remsen 98, Trenton 38, Holland Patent 53, Marcy 31, Clinton 97, Whitesboro 52, New York Mills 56, Oneida 39, Brookfield 105, Richfield Springs 165, Ilion 87, Oswego 25, Buffalo 72, New York 49, and other places a goodly number. Most of the petitions not returned to the association were forwarded direct to Albany. The State Forestry Commission, with whom the association was in correspondence in relation to the matter, heartily seconded our efforts and obtained many signatures, of which they made effective use. The petitions returned to the association contained the names of many of the most prominent citizens in the places named. These signatures were forwarded to Assemblymen A. B. Baker, in May, but as the latter could not then use them to advantage they were subsequently returned to the association, and can be presented at this session of the Legislature, together with others. It is evident that public sentiment is ripe for legislation on this subject, and it is believed if the question of Adirondack protection were submitted to a popular vote the expression would be overwhelmingly in its favor. The association has made a wise move, and should follow it up."

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, H. A. Pride, Holland Patent; Vice-President, Fred B. Spriggs, Utica; Secretary, W. E. Wolcott, Utica; Treasurer, George G. Chassell, Holland Patent. Directors, S. R. Fuller, W. L. Fowler, George G. Chasell, Holland Pateut; Friend Bristol, Bion H. Kent, Remsen; Frank C. Wolcott, Trenton; F. X. Salzman, Forestport. A committee, consisting of Messrs. F. B. Spriggs, I. C. McIntosh and F. Bristol, was appointed to draft a bill to send to Albany providing for the purchase by the State of forest lands in the Adirondacks. A resolution was adopted by the board of directors, "That the sense and feeling of this association is that the whole of the month of August should be struck out of the open season for killing deer; and further, that hounding should not be lawful until the 15th day of September. In support of this resolution, the board submits the following facts, namely: That of the thirteen States and Territories east of the Rocky Mountains, and the two principal provinces of Canada, New York is the only one which allows the killing of deer in August and prohibits killing them in November."

NEW YORK ASSOCIATION.

Hon. Robt. B. Roosevelt gave a very handsome dinner to the New York Association for the Protection of Game at his residence on Fifth avenue. Afterward the Association proceeded to the election of officers, this being the 45th annual meeting. The following were elected: President, Hon. Robt. B. Roosevelt; Vice-President, Col. Alfred Wagstaff; Secretary and Treasurer, Thos. N. Cuthbert; Counsel, Thos. N. Cuthbert. Executive Committee, in addition to the above officers, Chas. F. Imbrie, H. N. Munn, Robt. Lawrence. The Association is in a flourishing condition in membership and financially; and it has made arrangements for a more vigorous policy the coming year.

Fish Commissioner Blackford gave a detailed account of the difficulty the wardens had to bring suits to trial, the District Attorney's office being so overcrowded with work that it is practically impossible to bring the cases to trial. It was strongly urged that a special warden for this city be appointed.

TO RECORD TIME'S FLIGHT.

WE have received from the Union Metallic Cartridge Co. their calendar for 1890. It is a copy of the well-known painting, "The French in Algiers," by Eugene Girardet, the scene picturing a band of French troops bursting their way into the enemy's stronghold, with their carbines loaded, it is to be inferred, with U. M. C. shells.

The Winchester Repeating Arms Co. send us their calendar, which as usual is in design suggestive of the sportsman's use of their rifles for various species of game, from moose to wild turkeys.

The enterprising Spratts Patent have published a calendar which has twelve hunting scenes, most of them in the olden time, in which various breeds of game dogs are shown in pursuit of their game.

AFTER BREAKFAST.—You may take the most elegant and complete vestibule train ever constructed, leaving Chicago daily at 10:15 A. M., via the Chicago and Atlantic Railway. The magnificent trains offer unsurpassed accommodations for all classes of travel for New York, Boston and Eastern cities. Pullman dining cars are a feature of this new departure, and run through in either direction between Chicago and New York. Instead of exacting extra charges for fast time and the peerless accommodations proffered, the Chicago and Atlantic through its own agencies and those of connecting lines quotes fares to Eastern cities from $1.50 to $3.00 less than is charged by other routes. Consult your local ticket agent on this important item, or for maps, folders and time cards giving full information of the Chicago and Atlantic, New York and Chicago Vestibuled Limited carrying all classes of passengers. Address for prompt reply F. C. DONALD, General Passenger Agent, Chicago. Inclose two green stamps for an amusing, novel and paradoxically ingenious toy. A harmless, fireless, powderless, everlasting fire cracker.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

NEW ENGLAND TROUT AND SALMON CLUB.

NESTLING at the foot of the southernmost range of the Green Mountains of Vermont, miles away from human habitation and deep in the forests of the southern portion of the old town of Marlborough, lies a small and beautiful lake of crystal water. From the earliest times tradition tells of the trout in this lake. A favorite tale of the elderly people of this ancient burg is, that during the years following the first settlement of this section it was a common occurrence for a farmer to go to the lake, taking with him an ordinary cart, drawn by a sturdy yoke of oxen, and at the close of the day return to his home with the body of his cart full of trout, as fine as human eye ever gazed upon. However much of truth there may be in the story, it is well established that Lake Marlborough is a natural breeding ground for trout, and has been so as long as the memory of man can tell. Many are the fine strings of beauties that bear testimony to this fact; and the catches of trout taken in these waters which have graced the table at a convivial gathering of the followers of Izaak Walton have given rise to the tradition that Marlborough trout for peculiar delicacy of flavor surpass those of any other locality. So limpid and clear are the waters that at a depth of 20ft. fish may be seen lying upon the clear gravel of the bottom or darting away at the approach of the intruder.

It is not strange, therefore, in these days when good fishing can only be had by a long and tedious excursion to the wilderness and a denial of every comfort of civilization, that steps were taken to preserve this most remarkable fishing ground from the ruthless hand of the pot-fisher and other thoughtless specimens of humanity, whose only apparent mission upon earth is to kill and destroy. Then, too, the anticipation of the action of the Canadian Government in increasing the rentals of the public waters leased by fishing clubs, many of whose members are scattered throughout New England, and the consequent appreciation in value of suitable waters easily accessible, made more apparent the desirability of intelligent control and regulation by true sportsmen of such a natural fishing ground as this.

In the spring of 1889 a few gentlemen who love and appreciate good fishing and who had long cherished the idea of a private ownership of this water, which had afforded them so many days of first-class sport, took decided action in regard to it by the formation of the New England Trout and Salmon Club. The purpose of this organization was the purchase and control of Lake Marlborough, and the breeding and propagation of trout and salmon in its waters, and also the building of a club house, stables, hatcheries and artificial ponds and other incidentals to a sportsmen's club. Through the friendly aid of Lieut.-Gov. Fuller, who also became a member of the club, a charter was obtained from the Legislature of the State providing for a club of one hundred members, and authorizing the holding of lands and other property incidental to its purposes. The charter members of the club were from all parts of New England and New York State. In Boston, New York, Worcester, Hartford and

other cities was made up a congenial list of kindred spirits. The president is Col. Geo. W. Hooker, a genial yet dignified gentleman, whose popularity in Vermont and wide acquaintance in other States, and especially among politicians, is said to have given rise to the story which a certain resident of Vermont tells. The story is that once upon being introduced to a prominent citizen of a Western community, as a gentleman from Vermont, the aforesaid Western citizen remarked: "Vermont, oh yes, that's where Col. Hooker lives." The vice-president is Lieut.-Gov. Levi K. Fuller, of the Estey Organ Co. The directors are Geo. S. Dowley, the well-known banker; E. S. Bowen, a prominent physician; J. L. Martin, a leading lawyer of the State; Chas. B. Hopkins, a New Hampshire paper manufacturer; J. B. Reynolds, a shoe manufacturer of Orange, Mass.; F. L. Houghton, of Boston, and W. S. Moore, treasurer, and C. H. Pratt, secretary. Both the last named gentlemen are of Brattleboro, which is the shire town of the county in which the club's property is situated, and a most beautiful village it is, too.

To reach Lake Marlborough one must pass through Brattleboro, but no admirers of nature will ever regret the time spent here. It is a place of unsurpassed natural beauty, celebrated the country over as such, and for generations has been famous in song and story. Allusions to it are scattered thick through American literature. Its charms have always made it a favorite summer resort. It is in the southeast corner of the State, on the Connecticut River, and on one of the prominent lines of railroads connecting New England and the city of New York with Quebec, Montreal and the West. "Situated in the heart of New England and built on a succession of natural terraces, with an environment of green hills, the town is certainly one of the most beautiful between Long Island Sound and the Canadian frontier. It is not at all surprising that the pilgrims from the Massachusetts colony made their first settlement in Vermont near the site of the village of Brattleboro as early as 1724. The wonder is that they did not come here at a much earlier date. There are scores of pleasant drives in the vicinity, and new trips may be enjoyed for weeks over roads winding along the banks of the Connecticut and its tributaries and through groves and over hilltops, each drive having distinctive features of interest and beauty. The village thoroughfares are lined with spreading trees, which form continuous arches of green overhead. The homes of the people show tidy and tasteful surroundings, trim hedges, velvety lawns and beds of flowers seen on every hand. A stroll through the winding avenues of the place discloses as lovely landscapes as can be seen in any English country lane or hamlet. Now and then, through parted boughs, vistas of placid water courses and valleys green are observed by the stroller. The hotel accommodations are very good.

Leaving Brattleboro by one of its most beautiful drives in an hour's time, during which all traces of human habitation are left behind, the road through the woods leading to the club's property is reached. Two miles and a half from the highway, through the woods, the club purchased a strip of land two rods wide and built and fenced in a sustantial roadway to its possessions. Here are several hundred acres of land to which the club holds the title, including the land beneath the lake and a strip many rods wide around it, and a thirty-acre piot most favorably situated on which stand the buildings of the club. This land was purchased of the descendants, in some instances, of the original grantees, who received their titles from Lord Marlborough, to whom belonged this whole section in the time of King George. Passing out of the long drive through the woods and on to a slight rise, the lake in all its beauty flashes suddenly into view in a most charming vista. Surrounded by wooded uplands reaching down to the clean gravelly shores, it lies before the visitor a veritable fisherman's paradise. The club buildings, keeper's house, stables, hatcheries, rearing ponds, etc., are tastefully arranged upon the thirty-acre plot, which is on the north side of the lake. No marshes or low lands surround it. The breeding of trout has already begun on a very considerable scale, and 100,000 of the strongest and liveliest yearlings that it has been our privilege to examine are already sporting themselves in the rearing ponds. Fifty thousand landlocked salmon of the same age are occupants of another of the rearing ponds.

The club house will be a model in its appointments, and will be kept ready for members at all times during the season. A telephone brings instant communication with Brattleboro and the telegraph stations. So, while located miles away from the town and to all intents as far away in the woods as one would be by a long journey to Maine, the fisherman can at all times maintain communication with his friends or business.

Six artificial ponds for rearing purpose have been built and others are in process of construction. These are abundantly supplied with running water from springs. The hatchery which has been in process of erection the past season has just been completed, and is a model in its way. It is said by experts to be as fine as any in the United States. The club has been fortunate in securing the services of Loren W. Green, a nephew of the famous Seth Green, for twelve years superintendent of the U. S. hatchery in California, to aid them in preparing the designs for the building and its interior fittings. The building has a hatching capacity of two and a half million eggs, and is convenient to the lake and the keeper's lodge, and about sixty rods from the club house site. The great feature is the peculiarly fine water, not alone for the hatchery, but the lake itself is a grand body of the purest spring water. It is believed that the club is especially favored in this respect, for with pure cold spring water the problem of successful rearing of trout is a comparatively simple one when in the hands of experienced persons. The building which contains the hatchery troughs, filters, feed boxes, etc., is of tasteful design and neat appearance, and is of ample dimensions and two stories high. The water supply enters the filtering tank in the top of the building, and is very abundant. Flowing from the filtering tank, which has a capacity of ten barrels, it passes into the feed box on the second floor and thence into the hatching troughs, which aggregate 120ft. in length. These troughs are of best pine, 18in. broad and 6in. deep, thoroughly coated with asphalt. The whole system, presenting the appearance of a terrace of troughs, extending the entire width of the building.

The hatching trays which set into the troughs are 5in. deep, made of wire eight meshes to the inch and thoroughly coated with asphalt paint, while about the top is a rim of wood, conveniently arranged to lift the tray to permit of a careful examination of the spawn, for the removal of dead eggs or other purposes. These trays are set in the trough so as to be entirely submerged and the spawn will receive the constant action of flowing water, without being washed away. Rearing boxes to receive the fry are provided in suitable numbers for the capacity of the hatchery. The hatchery has recently received from various sources about 100,000 trout and 40,000 land locked salmon spawn. These with other large additions, soon expected to arrive, are under the care of Mr. Green, who expresses himself as greatly pleased with the location and the possibilities of the club. It is doubtless true that there is much in the future of the club. With the 150,000 already in its rearing ponds, the 100 two-year-old breeders and the 250,000 spawn now being hatched, it has a very encouraging outlook.

Though purely a sportsman's affair, this club is in the hands of men whose business ability is quite equal to their enthusiasm, and who will accomplish their ends and make their grounds the favorite resort of true sportsmen. E. S. B.

BRATTLEBORO, Vt., January, 1890.

TEXAS BASS IN CHRISTMAS WEEK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have a son at Cornell who is rather an enthusiastic hunter and fisher, and almost every letter he writes he asks if I have been hunting any, and then he wants a full account of the whole matter, and so I have concluded that if I have to give him the account I might as well tell your readers about it too, which can easily be done by manifolding my account and sending you one copy to be used or consigned to the waste basket as to you may seem best.

It is not often even in this genial clime that thoughts of a fishing trip attack one here during Christmas week. The disease seems to require spring weather to fully develop it, and bring out the attendant symptoms, of rod and reel, fish basket and lunch basket, and the inevitable discussions about place, time and preparation. But so it is this year; we have now (Dec. 29) roses in bloom, and on Christmas morning I picked and sent a large bouquet to a friend in New York State; and for weeks we have no fires, and have slept with our windows open; and so the piscatorial fever has begun already to attack some of our citizens, being as yet, however, rather sporadic than epidemic.

Only a few days ago I heard that a friend had been down to Black's Bayou, about fifteen miles below our city, and had caught twelve fine black bass, besides perch, and then and there I resolved to spend at least one day of Christmas week in the same way. He had caught one bass, which after it was cleaned, weighed 4lbs.; and I thought some such luck might happen to me, or some one of the party that went with me, should I be able to get up a party. Then too, late in the fall I had bought a new outfit, which I had never used, including a new multiplying reel and oil silk line that I thought would hold any thing, and a lot of long-shanked gutted Carlisle hooks, sharp as a needle, and I wanted to try them, and feel a large bass at the end of my 10oz. rod, and thwart his frantic efforts to escape, and at last land him safe and sound.

I had never been to Black's Bayou, but I could find it, so after a bank meeting of our National Bank I proposed to the president that we should strike out early Friday morning for Black Bayou and see what we could do in the way of capturing the bass, agreeing with him that if he would see to getting the bait I would get the team, and we would try to get off by daylight.

This being settled, I met Ed. L., the genial and enthusiastic fisherman, home from Eagle Pass for the holidays, and suggested that he should join the list for the morrow, to which he made reply, "If I can just get Bill D. to go, I will." To stimulate his imagination I told him with embellishment of the fishermen, covered with the glory of the 5lbs. bass, and then I thought I had fixed my hook into him and would surely drag him, too, to the fishing grounds, for I knew that the Right Honorable W. L. D. was as fond of fishing as he was of going to the Legislature, and as fond of Ed L. as he was of fishing, and that he had a buckboard and a handsome mare equal to her 2.40. So I concluded that we would have a nice party, and went home to prepare rod and gun, for sometimes there are fine mallards to be had on the ponds on the way.

My old pointer Dash watched all the preparations with interest, and I am certain if I had gone to the barn and put my gun and tackle in my buckboard that there he would have camped for the night, to be on hand for the early start in the morning. It was not in the programme, however, that he should go, as we were not going hunting, but fishing, and he has a strong desire to assist in the fishing business, and more than once I have had him jump in the pool I was fishing in to explore it to see if he could catch any fish or help in any way; and notwithstanding my scoldings, I have no doubt that he has often thought that he had helped me very much.

At six the next morning behold the two solitary fishermen, as they loom up through a fog dense enough to be cut with a knife, and by the struggling watery light of the street lamps are seen wending their way down the dim lane, which melts into obscurity a few yards away, and hardly resembles a street in that dense fog. They travel, however, at a lively gait, for they have a good horse, and soon are out in the open country, cutting their way through the fog almost as a steamer plows her way through the briny deep, with the spray of the morning settling on beard and hats and clothing, until they drip with moisture. We reach the fishing ground about half-past eight, and land in a bayou from 4 to 10ft. deep, about half a mile long and narrowing at each end to a thread, but for the most of the distance 25 or 30yds. wide. We prepared our rods and threw in, but for some time we didn't get a nibble, and there was about that time one huge disgusted banker in that crowd of two. By and by, however, as your correspondent went further down, and industriously coaxed the denizens with wriggling earthworms (our fish have the most supreme contempt for flies and artificial follies of the educated fish of Northern waters), I had fine strikes, and hooked what I was sure was a 5lb. fish. Then we tried conclusions with each other a while, he to escape, I to land him; and at last, after he had exhausted himself, I towed him to the shore and lifted him out, a fine game clear water blue catfish, of about 5lb. weight. These fish are considered very fine table fish; and much encouraged, I baited and threw in again, and was rewarded by several perch, then a black bass of a pound, then another fine blue cat which weighed about 8lbs. and tried my tackle and skill, and that I was not able to land at all, but had to call in the help of a darky, who was watching me play him. He went down to the water's edge, and after he was completely fagged, hooked his finger in his gills and so landed it. My banker friend, however, was still in the suds. He hadn't had a nibble.

About this time I heard a "hello" from the hillside, and looking back there were my Eagle Pass and Legislative friend and the fine mare bearing down upon the live-oak tree that spread its green arms over our buggy, and very soon they were ready for the fray. I continued to have fair success, and caught several fine bass with small perch hooked in the tail and thrown in alive. If there is anything a bass likes it is one of those little yellow fellows, just large enough to slip easily into his huge mouth. Ed. L. and Hon. D. took the other side of the bayou, and then the fun increased. L. is a fine fisherman, learned in all the varieties, and knows the habits of all the finny tribe, and has angled all the way from Mexico to Montana (I had almost said Maine), and he generally can give any man odds and get more fish than any body. My partner had retired for a time with a headache, and sought relief from it by taking a short nap in the shade of our live-oak, so that for a while I held the fort alone on the east side, while L. and D. took the west side. I know they had the best of it in position, because Ed. bragged, when the day's fishing was over and we had assembled to eat a 3 o'clock dinner, that he was not sunburned as much as P. was, which was true, as he had his back to it and I my face. After Mr. E. had had his nap, I exchanged rods and tackle with him, that he might try mine, and he sat down at a place where the perch were biting finely, and from that time on the way he laid them out was a caution to little fishes. The air was white with shiners, not the smallest one would he fail to secure, and from him from thenceforward I secured all my bait in live minnows. Representative D. was capturing the small fry on the other side too, and L. was running two lines, catching perch and bait with one and bass with the other. Once he had to call to D. to help him land one, having struck a fine bass with his perch hook, and fearing a loss should he try to land him without assistance. Every now and then I would hail him with a triumphant "Got him again, Ed. Look here," and I would hold up a fine bass. "Here is his match," he would reply after a struggle with his catch, holding up his fish to view on the other bank.

And so we fished the length of the stream, until I began to feel that my inner man was remonstrating vigorously for replenishment, and even bass fishing had to yield to the more pressing demand. So we sought the shadow of the green-leafed live-oak, and baskets being unpacked, and ale opened, we began the most welcome task of satisfying a sharp appetite. L. and D. were a little slow in getting in from the other side, and before they arrived all that delicious cabbage and pickles put up by Mrs. B. and brought by the banker, had gone, gone, gone; with not a fragment to tell the tale. But with the Kentucky sausages and ham that D. was bragging on (sent him as a Christmas present all the way from "Kaintuk"), the second relief fared well.

When we compared strings B. and myself had ten fine bass, and the two catfish. D. and L. had ten bass and some fine perch. We had also a lot of perch, etc. Caught the largest bass, and I caught one the most of any of them; I caught nine, L. eight, D. two, B. one.

"That fish," said L., holding up the large bass he had caught, reflectively, "that fish will weigh about 4lbs." "And this," I said, holding up my largest. "will weigh 2½lbs." Then it was agreed that we should not clean these two, but weigh them at a neighbor's house on the way home; but the rest of the large fish we cleaned, that they might keep well. L.'s fish did weigh 4lbs. and mine 3lbs. upon the scales, and the rest we caught would have averaged, we estimated, nearly 2lbs.

The beginning of the end of this pleasant outing came when at our respective homes we sat down the next morning to a breakfast of nicely fried bass, but for me, at least, the culmination was at noon, when I sat down to that three-pound bass, nicely baked, with a mustard dressing and fresh lettuce, and the et ceteras of a dinner. If you have never tried it, all I have to say is just try it once and you will never fail to have your largest bass stuffed and baked for dinner. TEXAS.

VICTORIA, Texas, Dec. 29.

NORTH CAROLINA ANGLING.—Fly-fishing is a thing entirely unknown in this section, although we have in our waters "rock" and "welchmen," the former of which, I believe, is known among anglers as "striped bass" and the latter as "black bass." We likewise have perch, both white and speckled. These fish may be found in almost every one of our rivers. Hook and line fishing around Nag's Head is at times unsurpassed anywhere in this country. This is the name given to that portion of the narrow strip lying between the ocean and Roanoke Sound. There you may find sheepshead, white perch, logfish, spots, rock and others, while at the inlet, only a few miles from the hotel, you can get very fine bluefish trolling. About two miles to the north of the hotel the beach widens. At Nag's Head it is only about half a mile wide; two miles to the northward it is more than a mile wide. At this point, about midway between the Sound and the ocean, is a small fresh-water lake with no outlet, that abounds with all kinds of fresh-water fish. In this lake those who frequent Nag's Head in the summer do most of their fishing. The lake is about two miles in circumference, is beautifully situated, and one never fails to enjoy a day's fishing on it.—W. J. G. (Elizabeth City, N. C.).

OUR FLORIDA NUMBER.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your Florida number is by all odds the best of its kind yet issued by any sportsman's paper, and from an angler's point of view leaves nothing to be desired. In all departments it forcibly shows to what perfection a periodical of its class can be brought, when by the quality of its reading matter so many contributors of actual experience can be attracted to its columns.—BIG REEL (East Orange, N. J.).

FLORIDA FISHING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reply to your inquiry regarding the winter habitat of the tarpon I can only say that I cannot furnish information of a reliable character. It is a warm-water fish, and when the in-shore water becomes chilled it is probable that it seeks off-shore water or the edge of the Gulf Stream, to return when the water in the streams and lagoons is heated by the sun of lengthening days. Much has yet to be learned regarding the winter home of the tarpon and its spawning grounds. At an early day I expect to make a marooning trip around the peninsula to Bay of Biscayne, and shall endeavor to collect information regarding the home of the tarpon during December, January and February.

By the bye, my friend, Senator Quay, should be credited with the capture of the first tarpon with rod and reel in Charlotte Harbor. On his return to Jacksonville he exhibited the head of the fish and was so elated by the capture that he presented me with the rod, reel and line used on the occasion; and I have treasured them as a memento of the first capture of a silver king by the use of a rod and reel.

Grouper fishing is exciting sport and seldom engaged in by visitors to Florida. At almost any point along the Gulf coast, where the water is from two to six fathoms in depth with a rocky bottom, this excellent fish can be captured in great numbers. Off the Anclote Keys and on the easterly side of Egmont Key this exciting sport can be enjoyed.

A notable fishing resort has, to a great extent, been overlooked. I refer to Lake North, south of Jupiter Inlet, on the eastern coast of Florida. During the winter months bluefish from 2 to 7lbs. are found in the lake in countless numbers. They will eagerly appropriate a squid or other movable bait. Fly-fishing can be enjoyed in the capture of cavalli and sea trout. If the sea is calm (which is usually the case) fishermen can pass out of the inlet of Lake North, and capture sea fish on the reefs off, but near, the shore.

Anglers visiting Florida should carry with them a 10 to 12oz. fly-rod, 12ft. long, with a supply of large flies. If they intend engaging in the capture of ravallia the hooks should be snooded on fine steel wire, or else flies and fish will be lost, and language unworthy of a fisherman indulged in. As a rule the hooks upon which flies are mounted are too light for Florida fishing. The best flies that I have found are the small spoon-fly baits made by Hall & Co., of Grand Rapids, Mich. The feather portion is large and gaudy, the spoons small, and the hooks of large size and of extra quality. The smallest baits, No. ½, 1, 1½ and 2 are best adapted to fly-fishing in Florida. In using the artificial fly in salt-water fishing in Florida it should be allowed to sink a short distance beneath the surface before an effort is made to bring it home. I would advise intending fly-fishermen to use a heavy fly-rod, a large reel and at least from 50 to 100yds. of line. I prefer a 12oz. split-bamboo rod 12ft. long, the finest Cuttyhunk line and an Abbey & Imbrie quadruple multiplying reel. Such an outfit is necessary to capture cavalli and ravallia ranging from 10 to 20lbs., and channel bass weighing from 5 to 30lbs. AL FRESCO.

ANGLING NOTES.

THE time is rapidly approaching when fishermen will begin to think about next season's trout fishing, and many will need a new rod. This to an outsider may seem to be a very small matter; but to the angler, particularly if a fly-fisherman, it is a very serious affair, second to none, unless possibly selecting a gun. If he is a beginner, he will probably ask the advice of some angling friend, who will tell him to get a cheap machine-made rod, as he will smash it the first time he uses it; but we think this is a mistake, for cheap rods are not as pleasant to cast with as good hand-made rods, and if properly instructed there is no reason why a beginner should break his rod if it is a good one. A hand-made rod of either section bamboo or wood will be much better for him, and he will naturally take a certain amount of pride in it.

The question whether to get a wood or a split-bamboo rod must be left somewhat to his pocketbook. Each style has its ardent admirers. An old angler's advice is not to get a cheap split-bamboo. A good, well-made wood rod, hand-made throughout, can be bought for about $12 to $15, while the same grade of section bamboo will cost not less than $20.

Having made up his mind which of the above to buy, the next thing is the weight and length. Formerly the average rod was about 12ft. long, weak in the back, so that the tip could be made to touch the butt, and weighed at least 10 or 11oz. These rods were slow in their action, hard for a beginner to handle, and a decent-sized fish would go under the boat or into the treetops or anywhere else he liked; the angler was powerless to prevent it. The modern style of rod is built on different principles; seldom over 10 or at the outside 11ft. long, weighing from 5 to 9oz., and rather stiff in its action. With a rod of this kind the angler has some control over his fish, neither does he require an hour of the best part of the day to kill his victim when hooked.

If the angler must content himself with one rod, let it be about 10ft. long, weighing about 7oz., unless he fishes mostly in Maine or Canada, when he should select one of 10ft. 6in. length and weighing as near 8oz. as possible; that will also answer better for black bass fishing. If he can afford a perfect outfit, we would suggest a rod 8ft. 6in. long for the pool-fishing, this need not weigh over 5oz; one of 10ft., 7oz. and one of 11ft., 9oz., for land-locked salmon, bass and big trout. Of course the unbelieving outsider, should he by accident read this article, will say: "What rubbish! Any boy with a stick and a string will beat your fancy fisherman out of sight." But this old saw is all bosh. After thirty years of experience in fly-fishing the writer can say that he has never yet met this wonderful boy. People lose sight of the true facts, which are these: No amount of good tackle will make up for a want of knowledge, but neither will fine tackle make a good angler fish the worse. To kill trout or black bass on the fly in much-fished waters requires experience and skill, and a thorough acquaintance with the stream is half the battle.

It is of the greatest importance in selecting a line that it should be of a size and weight in proportion to the rod. Many an angler has had trouble in casting and blamed the rod, when it was because the line was too light or heavy, generally the former. A line too light curls back with every breath of wind and it is impossible to cast it straight and true. We should say a No. 5 is about right for the rods weighing from 5 to 7oz., and a No. 4 for the heavier rods.

Prof. J. S. C. Wells, of Columbia College, and a member of the Oritani Snowshoe Club, has just returned from a three weeks' trip to the Megantic Club in Maine. He was not after trout this time, but was in hope of finding caribou. The snow was heavy and his snowshoe practice was put to practical use. Unfortunately a crust prevented any attempt at still-hunting; it would break with a loud, crunching noise at every step. Tracks of deer were plentiful, but only one caribou track was seen. The weather was as bad as it is here. One day the mercury would drop below zero and the next it would rain.

Fresh bluefish have been very plentiful this winter in our markets. This is an unusual occurrence, and goes to show how easily fish are affected by the weather. The first cold snap will probably send them to deep water.

CANADIAN SALMON LEASES.

THE auction sale of salmon rivers, at Quebec, Thursday and Friday, resulted in better prices than have heretofore been paid for fishing privileges. Anglers from the States were there in force, and as will be seen by the list, they secured their share of the waters. The leases are to run for ten years. Purchasers and prices, which represent the yearly rental, were as follows, for such waters as were actually offered for public competition:

Rivers (North Shore).

Murray—D. C. Thompson, $60.
Laval—C. W. Phillips, $81.
Trinity—J. D. Gilmour, $180.
Moisic (upper part)—W. O. Rogers, $405.
Little Saguenay—N. P. Rogers, $405.
St. John (Chicoutimi)—Senator Price, $180.
A Mars— * * $305.
Sainte Marguerite (West Branch)—St. Marguerite Club, $355.
Sainte Marguerite (North Branch)—W. M. Brackett, Boston, $85.
Sainte Marguerite (from the head of tidal water to the confluent of the two branches)—St. Marguerite Club, $55.
Little Trinity—Edson Fitch, $45.
Little Bergeron St. Marguerite—W. E. Russell, $80.
Aux Rats— * * $50.
Little Bergeronnes— * * $85.
Margaret and tributaries—Judge Dugas, $260.
Manitou—Mr. Creighton, Montreal, $55.
St. John and tributaries (North Shore)—H. W. de Forest, $550.
Mingan—Dr. F. W. Campbell, Montreal, $425.
Romaine—E. Charles Fitch, Waltham, Mass., and Clarence M. Roof, New York, $1,000.
Magpie—T. W. Abbott, Montreal, $55.
Corneille—T. P. Bacon, Montreal, $95.
Nabisippi—Judge Dugas, $25.
Washeecootai—J. G. A. Creighton, $210.
Olomomasheebou—Capt. Jonas, $170.
Etamamiou—J. G. A. Creighton, $55.
Saint Augustin and tributaries—S. C. Campbell, Montreal, $75.
Saint Paul and Little Esquimau—Alphonse Letellier, Quebec, $50.

South Shore.

Ristigouche—First part, not sold; second part, Ristigouche Club, $250; third part, Ristigouche Club, $205; fourth part, not sold; fifth part, Mr. Robinson, Montreal, $105.
Patapedia—Restigouche Club, $100.
Nouvelle—Mr. Ward, New York, $105.
Little Cascapedia—Mr. Ramsay and Dr. Campbell, $255.
Bonaventure—Mr. Thorne, St. Johns, N. B., $1,250.
Little Pabos—Louis Cabot, Boston, $455.
Saint John (Gaspé)—Richard Turner, Quebec, $600.
Dartmouth—Henry P. Wells, New York, $505.
York—Mr. Murdock, Chicago, $555.
Cap-Chat— * * Chicago, $100.
Matane—H. B. de Forest, $105.

Lakes.

Point Jerome—D. C. Thompson, Quebec, $5.
Charles, Russell, Islands and Dawson—Marguerite Salmon Club, $65.
Charles (Township Falardeau)—Mr. Pelletier, Quebec, $20.
Des Passes, etc., and tributary waters—A. L. Light, Quebec, $51.
Grand Batiscan and river of Lake Batiscan, lakes connected—A. L. Light, $120.
Bon Lac—Archer Gingras, Quebec, $11.
John, Croche and Robert and other small lakes withdrawn at $30.
A La Croix—A. L. Light, $101.
Clair (Canton LaSalle)—Withdrawn at $25.
Mékinac—Withdrawn at $125.
Clair (Canton Alton)—W. & P. Greenough, Boston, $15.
Pearl—A. L. Light, $35.
Black River—A. L. Light, $75.
Des Commissaires—U. S. Consul Downs, Quebec, $20.
Pemetchougan—Mr. Lapointe, $25.
A François—Withdrawn at $5.
James, Judge, Chauncey, Brewer, Half Moon, Parcher, Green and Burnt—Withdrawn at $20.
Laurent, "des Iles"—Withdrawn at $30.
Aux Brochets—B. Scott, Roberval, $6.
Au Sable, Montague brûlée—L. E. Panneton, Three Rivers, $1.
Clair (Champlain)—Withdrawn at $25.
Long, Henri, Kashonia (Canton Kenogami)—S. Dumars, M.P.P., $11.
Saint Ann (Grand and Little), Township Chapais—Withdrawn at $20.

Lakes Edward and Kiskisink were resold privately to the Lake St. John Railway Co. for $200 rental. At private sale the Stadacona Fish and Game Club, of Quebec, secured Lake Aurognons and its river for $100; Les Laurentides Club secured Lakes Long, des Iles, Verte; the Shawemgan Club took Lakes Brodeur and Pezagonka; the Metabachouan Club secured their waters for $150.

We have heard some complaint at the course of Crown Lands officials in withdrawing from public sale waters advertised. It is contended that the sale throughout should have been open to public competition.

NATIONAL ROD AND REEL ASSOCIATION.—New York, Jan. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The annual meeting of the National Rod and Reel Association for the election of officers, etc., called for Dec. 14, was postponed on account of bad weather, and will now be held at the laboratory of Mr. E. G. Blackford, in Fulton Market, on Saturday, Jan. 18, at 2 P. M. Business of importance will be transacted and a full attendance is solicited.—G. POEY, Secretary *pro tem.*

FISHING IN FLORIDA WATERS.—Anglers who intend visiting Florida this coming winter will find it to their advantage to inspect the superior tackle for tarpon and other fishes, manufactured by Thomas J. Conroy, 65 Fulton street, New York.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nanit," "Gloan," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybillene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 220 pages, price $2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

Fisheulture.

OUR ANNUAL LIST OF COMMISSIONERS.

NEXT week will be published the FOREST AND STREAM'S annual list of the Fish Commissioners of all the States revised up to date. The list will be supplemented by a very full review of the work of the several Commissioners. The information has been obtained by extensive correspondence, and is fuller and more complete than has ever before been brought together in a single number.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Jan. 13 to 18, 1890.—First Annual Dog Show of the Georgia Pet Stock and Bench Show Association, at Augusta, Ga. A. H. Vonderleith, Secretary.
Jan. 27 to Feb. 1, 1890.—Dog Show of the Colorado Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Denver, Col.
Feb. 11 to 14, 1890.—Fourteenth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club. American Institute Building, New York. James Mortimer Superintendent.
Feb. 19 to 22, 1890.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, Chicago, Ill.
March 11 to 14, 1890.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Rochester Kennel Club, at Rochester, N. Y. Harry Yates, Secretary.
March 25 to 28, 1890.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Mass. Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.
April 1 to 4, 1890.—Sixth Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Secretary.
April 15 to 18 1890.—Show of the Buffalo Kennel Club, Buffalo, N. Y. A. W. Smith, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Jan. 20, 1890.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club at Bakersfield, Cal. H. H. Briggs, Secretary, 312 Bush street, San Francisco, Cal.
Feb. 11, 1890.—Fourth Annual Field Trials of the Texas Field Trial Club, at Marshall, Tex. W. L. Thomas, Secretary.
Feb. —, 1890.—Meet of the Brunswick Fur Club, New Meadows, Me.
Nov. 17.—Twelfth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club. W. A. Coster, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Secretary.
Dec. 1.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Central Field Trials Club, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Mills Building, New York, Secretary.

"ANOTHER PHASE OF COURSING."

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I beg space for a few words suggested by the editorial entitled "Another Phase of Coursing," which appeared in the issue of Dec. 26. Some of the inferences therein drawn seem to me hardly just to a number of men who are friends of mine, or to a form of sport, which at this time is not perfectly understood in all parts of this country.

We may not doubt the accuracy of Mr. Graydon Johnston's description of the scenes of a British box meet. I have never attended such a meet. I have, however, attended meets of the "company in the West" to which allusion is made, and I can say unqualifiedly that they furnished no similarity, nor any indication of future similarity to such scenes as those of the British box meet. I know you wrong those Western men when you dream that, for money or for anything else, they would allow their enterprise to drift into any phase so low as that. Moreover, you wrong this whole country of America if you fail to distinguish the difference between it and Great Britain. At least we can speak for the West when we say that our people are not of the sort described as attending the British box meets. The conditions are not the same here as there. Therefore, it is altogether too hasty and long-ranged a logic to say that "this (Western) mode, if pushed to the front, will almost certainly be marked by the objectionable features that disgrace the 'box coursing meetings' of Great Britain."

To be sure, if we damn such an enterprise out of hand, we may drive it away from the better ranks of sportsmanship; but if we meet it frankly and fairly, giving it all the consideration it deserves, we may make of it one more worthy sporting feature of the year. FOREST AND STREAM has accepted and indorsed the Eastern Coursing Club, even after all the arrests and interferences and squabbles which have marked its brief career. Why not indorse the National Association, which has, I take it, ever after its first hurried and imperfect meeting, given on each occasion a cleaner, prettier and more sportsmanlike exhibition of coursing than the E. C. C. has done? The E. C. C. does not practice open coursing. The repugnant feature of inclosed coursing lies in the trapping and turning down of the hares—in the putting in jeopardy of life and liberty for a second time a wild animal that has once been reduced to possession. For the rest, the E. C. C. will kill three hares to the National Association's one, even if the latter did not run the greyhounds muzzled, as they always do. If I were a jack rabbit, I would far rather be coursed a half mile over ground I knew, pursued by muzzled dogs, and knowing just where safety lay, than to be coursed for perhaps five miles in the open with no certain escape before me, or than to be turned out of a corral into country I had never seen before, and coursed for my life while I was trying to explore the country. When we come right down to facts and reason, the method of coursing employed by the Eastern Coursing Club is the most nearly barbarous, inhuman and unsportsmanlike of any, except the pure rabbit-baiting sort. I do not wish to be thought as stigmatizing the Eastern meet, or as calling it unsportmanlike. There is no quarrel with the Eastern club, and no quarrel of the West with the East. All I want to know is why, if the paper supports the sportsmanlike Eastern meet—and I wish to call it so—it should not support the yet more purely sportsmanlike Western meet? And why should the really less humane and sportsmanlike meet be chosen by FOREST AND STREAM for a pure and spotless future, while an enterprise which has been conducted with the most exceptional care, by a number of men whom I know to be big-hearted and lovable sportsmen, is selected for a future history similar to that of British box meets? There is no apparent answer for this unless in the reply that "history repeats itself." But history doesn't repeat itself in different countries. This is America. We have straightened out a good many things in this country that were badly mixed in Great Britain. This is America. The men handling this Western enterprise are Americans. These men are friends of mine. I have ridden many a day on the prairies with them, and know them. What hurts them hurts me; and I do not think it right or fair for me to be silent under statements which might produce on certain misinformed minds the idea that the Western Association is a scheme much like the Hempstead rabbit coursing nuisance, or at least, liable to develop into some such form. Nothing could really be wider of the fact than that. We will see the Eastern Coursing Club become gamblers and rabbit baiters just as soon as the National Association. I am not worried at the prospect in either case, but I am looking hard at the facts in the matter, and the inferences we may properly draw from the facts.

Let us set aside all question of cruelty or inhumanity in the method of conducting the meets. The editorial in question does not touch upon that, and I would like to join issue with it in perfect fairness, and not with any evasion or trickery. The two charges actually made are (1st), that "the

purpose (of the Western meet) is purely speculative," and (2d) "that the crowds must be attracted not by any such taste for sport as impels the devotee of open coursing, but by the opportunities the races give for betting."

I do not see how the first objection is any more valid a one than can be urged against any of our sporting goods dealers. They are in business for money. Yet we do not bar them from the ranks of good sportsmanship. We leave individual merit to decide that, and so we should do here. But even if this objection were valid against the projectors of this enterprise, and even were it the case—as certainly it is not—that these men had "nothing of the love of sport impelling them," there would be serious injustice in making the charge. Even if these men were not sportsmen and therefore entitled to our fellowship and kindness, the force of this first objection lies against them, and not against the people who attend their meets. It is in these people, in the crowds of spectators, that the spirit of inclosed coursing lies. It is against them, and against that spirit that we should direct the argument. I do not believe, therefore, that the first objection, *i. e.*, that of mercenary motives, cuts any logical figure in this case.

As to the second charge, that these meets must be supported by betting men, and not by men who go out simply to see the dogs chase the rabbit. If there be any validity in that I confess I am unable to see why it does not lie against the Eastern Coursing Club as much as against the National Association. But I do not believe it has validity either in the one case or the other. We will never be able to entirely prevent a man's making an occasional wager on a sporting event. It is the very element of chance that makes sport sport. We rebel at a sure thing, even in fishing or shooting. There is a wager in every little sweepstakes reported in the Trap columns of this paper. Why do we not decry that? But let all that go, and let us stick yet closer to the text, which is that the inclosed meets will come to be fostered solely or chiefly by gambling men. Now, we have no right in justice to simply assume this. We should show some reason for such an assertion. I would like to inquire what reason has so far shown itself?

I presume there was as much betting at the meet of the E. C. C. as there was at any meet of the National Association. But, since this is a mere assumption on my part, and since we should not go on mere assumptions, let me stick closer yet to the safe reasoning ground of facts. Let us compare pure open coursing and pure inclosed coursing, on a betting basis and in the light of facts actually seen in this country.

It was my fortune to attend all the open meets of the American Coursing Club, at Great Bend, Kas. I did not see very much betting there. It didn't worry anybody. There was no noise nor confusion resulting from it, I should say. Bear in mind that this is America. We didn't have any howling mob of book-makers, dressed in "strange fantastic costumes," at Great Bend. And yet, do you know, I believe that on the whole, there was rather more betting at Great Bend open meet than at St. Louis inclosed meet, which latter I also saw and watched closely. I am ready to say, emphatically, that that good-natured and well-dressed St. Louis crowd came out not to gamble, but to see those dogs chase the rabbit. I don't think our lives or morals would be in danger in either crowd. By what right of reason, logic, argument, or indeed of good justice, are we, therefore, to predict good from the meet that has the more betting, and evil from the one that has the less?

If the editorial alluded to was written in a spirit of pure prophecy, I confess myself unable to cope with it; but if these things are to be governed by fair reasoning and good logic, it certainly can be coped with. If I should take on the veil of prophecy, I should dare say that, if ever we are to be cursed in this country with the moral plague of "box coursing" meets (which we are not) the plague will be just as apt to be the outgrowth of the Eastern Coursing Club or others like it, as of this "company in the West" whose real methods and intentions seem so poorly understood. For my prophecy I should have for foundation the axiom that like causes produce like results. Shall I be thought rude if I beg to say that I am not able to see where our editor has the premises for either his argument or his prophecy? In a conclusion bearing so keenly upon what might at least be fostered and befriended, and nursed up and encouraged into a new and worthy form of American sport, it would certainly appear better to have both of the premises located in America, and not the minor premise in this country, and the major in Great Britain, clear across an ocean of difference, and leagues wide of our actual facts.

I have always found this paper fair and just, and open to the voice of any one who sought to be just and fair. I do not wish to be thought wise, or learned, or even "smart." I do not claim to have all of the facts, but only a part of them. All I seek is justice and fairness. Therefore, I am confident that what I have written—unwelcome, at least, as it might naturally be thought to be, and perhaps a trifle presumptuous—will be given a place in the columns so long kept clean for truth and justice. I feel confident also that fair and temperate talk from our Western friends will be given place. And I sincerely hope that they will so bepester our editor with good-natured facts, and with clean and gentlemanly coursing meets, that in the end he will be obliged to reconsider his position—taken, in justice to him we should remember, very early in the day of inclosed coursing in this country—or until he will be obliged, at least, to place the coursing of our Western club on a level with that of the Eastern Coursing Club, both as regards its present form and as regards its probable future development in genuine sportsmanlike features.

I insist that nothing herein be twisted or construed as implying the least prejudice against the Eastern Coursing Club, whose growth our Western men all watch with friendly pleasure. I should hail that, as I should the Western club, as one more worthy sporting feature, and the more the merrier. There is no close communion in sportsmanship. There is no East nor West in sportsmanship, if it all be governed by fairness. But I insist that the friendship and charity we extend to the East be extended to the West; and I fear much that we shall indeed ere long have an East and a West, if we have so sharp writing as that of this well-meant but biting editorial, which I honestly believe to be unjust to a number of hearty good sportsmen, unjust to a clean and legitimate form of sport, and moreover, unjust to that spirit of liberty and fairness which prevails in this country more than it does or ever can in that Great Britain upon whose customs we are asked to model estimates of ours.

E. HOUGH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Coursing in this country is, of course, in its infancy, and although four successful meetings have been held on the Kansas prairies, where there are no obstacles to interfere with the running, either in the form of an over-zealous society for preventing harmless sport or by a lack of good-running rabbits, the number of those who are interested who can attend the meetings is naturally very limited; and means must be devised by which the sport can be provided for those who are equally interested, but unable to leave for a two weeks' vacation, and which must necessarily be attended with considerable expense.

In order to bring about these results the National Coursing Association of Hutchinson, Kan., was organized, the object being to arrange a series of meetings in inclosed grounds in the large cities East and South. There would necessarily be considerable outlay of time and money to so perfect plans that an enterprise of this kind could be carried on successfully, and it could not be expected that any one with his senses intact would undertake to present to the public a full free exhibition; and it is only good common sense to think that fair return would be expected for the investment, and not in the least reflect on the managers as gamblers or to even have a suggestion of their being other than high toned gentlemen sportsmen. And in the three meetings that have been given under the management of the Association no improper conduct has been tolerated and no gambling encouraged; and, furthermore, there has never been a dollar made, but on the other hand, a loss has been sustained at every meeting.

It was understood that no gambling or book-making should be allowed in connection with the meetings, and that the sport should be given in its purity, and perfectly fair and honest contests rigidly upheld. Local dogs alone competed for the prizes in the Eastern cities, and points were accurately counted in every course.

That the exhibitions may yet be controlled by dishonorable parties we will admit, and then be run in the interest of the pool sellers; but to say that this was and is the object with those who have the management in hand is a little beyond the privilege of any journal, for reflection is cast on the motives of those interested; and if the individual who wrote the editorial in your very worthy journal could suggest a method that appears to him the proper way of popularizing coursing the Association will gladly listen, and if practical follow the advice, for the true motive has been thus far to bring their sport before the public with all its beauty and without loss. Surely it would be pleasant to work in connection with local clubs as suggested in the reports of the fall meetings, but this can be done only after showing them the interest that it at once stimulates in those who see the running.

There have endless difficulties arisen in organizing the American Coursing Club, even though it was and has been simply a private gentleman's club. One wanted to be this and another that, and all wanted to win or there was foul play somewhere. Another wanted to be considered the main organizer and so stated it all over the country. Jealousy and back-biting and selfishness have nearly broken up the club, and it will in time have to be reorganized, and this, too, a private club with no expectations of ever being more than self-sustaining. It is perfectly proper to ask and expect those who enjoy the entertainment to contribute a small sum for the privilege and for those who meet the expences and perform the labor to receive remuneration for the same. It would be a peculiar philanthropist indeed who would give all his time and pay the expenses of a coursing meeting for the benefit of the public. Coursing is a pleasant pastime and pleases the masses, and in time coursing meets will become as numerous as horse races, and we hope and pray that they may be kept pure and free from any suspicion of jockeying or jobbing, and this will certainly be the case as long as the writer takes an active part in the management.

G. IRWIN ROYCE.

INTER-STATE FIELD TRIALS.

[Special to Forest and Stream.]

LAFAYETTE, La., Jan. 13.—The first meeting of the Inter-State Field Trial Club began here to-day with 10 entries in the Members' Stake, 19 in the Derby and 25 in the All-Aged Stake. The judges are A. R. Starr, Judge Clegg and N. D. Wallace. There is a large and enthusiastic crowd present with quite a number of the best professional handlers. Among them are Rose, Titus, Stephenson, Avent, McCargo, Short and others. The birds are too plentiful and cover too thick to show off a high-class dog to the best advantage. In the first heat run there were eight bevies found. The weather is all that could be asked for to-day.

In the Members' Stake Omer Villere's pointer bitch Lillie Talbot beat R. M. Hutchins's pointer Spring, in a long and poor heat. F. F. Myles's setter Ben Hur beat Omer Villere's setter Ten, having a decided advantage in nearly all qualities. F. F. Myles's setter Bob McCargo beat R. W. Foster's setter Capt. Bethel T., both showing up badly. N. D. Wallace's setter Bang and J. K. Renaud's setter Ned White ran one hour, found three bevies, made one point, quite a number of flushes and chases, and were ordered up for want of merit—a just decision. F. F. Myles's setter Dimple beat Judge J. M. Thompson's setter Mark Twain in a close heat, but Dimple clearly had the advantage. This ended the first series. Ben Hur beat Lillie Talbot in a long heat that might have been decided in his favor much sooner. This ended the day's running with only three dogs left in for first, all belonging to Mr. F. F. Myles.

THE DERBY.

Out of 40 nominations in the Derby there were 19 filled, and they were drawn to run as follows:

F. F. V. (J. R. Purcell), liver and white pointer bitch (Flockfinder—Ion),
against
SIMONIDES (Rose & Madison), black, white and tan English setter dog (Gath's Hope—Gladys).

HOPE'S RAY (D. E. Rose), black, white and tan English setter dog (Gath's Hope—Lady May),
against
BANG (N. D. Wallace), black, white and tan English setter dog (Mark Twain—Lena R.).

TRANSIT (Thomas Blythe), liver and white pointer bitch (Beppo III.—Lass of Bow),
against
LILLIE TALBOT (Omer Villere), liver and white pointer bitch (imported).

NED WHITE (J. K. Renaud), white and ticked English setter dog (Mark Twain—Lena R.).
against
ANNIE F. (Memphis & Avent Kennels), black and white English setter bitch (Roderigo—Juno A.).

DAD WILSON'S BOY (J. Shelley Hudson), black, white and tan English setter dog (Dad Wilson—Dolly S.),
against
FLAKE OF FLOCKFINDER, JR., (J. R. Purcell), liver and white pointer dog (Don—Lady Spotswood).

DAD WILSON, JR. (J. Shelley Hudson), black, white and tan English setter dog (Dad Wilson—Lit),
against
HARRY C. (Memphis & Avent Kennels), black and white English setter dog (Roderigo—Countess House).

HEINIKEN (J. R. Purcell), liver and white pointer dog (Flockfinder—Ion),
against
FRED GATES (Hamilton & Jackson), black, white and tan English setter dog (Bob Gates—Lilly B.).

DAISY GIRL (G. R. Howse), black, white and tan English setter bitch (Count Paris—Nellie Cambridge),
against
ROYAL C. (Memphis & Avent Kennels), black, white and tan English setter dog (Roderigo—Countess House).

TRIBULATION (B. M. Stephenson), liver and white pointer dog (Beppo III.—Lass of Bow),
against
ROWDY ROD (Memphis & Avent Kennels), black and white English setter dog (Roderigo—Juno A.).

ROY WILSON (R. W. Wehrle), black, white and tan English setter dog (San Roy, Jr.—Roberta II.), *a bye.*

THE ALL-AGED SETTER STAKE.

There were thirty-two nominations for the All-Aged Stake, twenty-five of which filled. They were drawn to run as follows:

FRED GATES (Hamilton and Jackson), black, white and tan English setter dog (Bob Gates—Lilly B.),
against
DON'S DON (J. R. Purcell), liver and white pointer dog Don—Lady).

ROY WILSON (R. W. Wehrle), black, white and tan English setter dog (San Roy, Jr.—Roberta II.),
against
F. F. V. (J. R. Purcell), liver and white pointer bitch (Flockfinder—Ion).

STUBBLE (J. D. Sperry), black, white and tan Gordon setter dog (Malcolm—Dream II.),
against
BEN HUR (F. F. Myles), black, white and tan English setter dog (Paul Gladstone—Lottie).

TENNESSEE BOB (West Tennessee Kennels), black, white and tan English setter dog (Fred W.—Ida.),
against
CHANCE (Memphis & Avent Kennels), black and white English setter dog (Roderigo—Bo Peep).

DAISY'S HOPE (A. M. Young), orange and white setter bitch (Gath's Hope—Daisy F.),
against
BEPPO III. (Graphic Kennels), liver and white pointer dog (Priam—Meally).

HEINIKEN (J. R. Purcell), liver and white pointer bitch (Flockfinder—Ion),
against
TRANSIT (Thomas Blythe), liver and white pointer bitch (Beppo III.—Lass of Bow).

CAPT. BETHEL (R. W. Foster), white and black setter dog (Gordon—Blanche),
against
FLAKE OF FLOCKFINDER, JR. (J. R. Purcell) liver and white pointer bitch (Don—Lady Spotswood).

TENNESSEE CHARLEY (West Tennessee Kennels), black, white and tan English setter dog (Fred W.—Ida),
against
ROWDY ROD (Memphis & Avent Kennels), black and white English setter dog (Roderigo—Juno A.).

CORSAIR (West Tennessee Kennels), black, white and tan English setter dog (Dan Gladstone—Haidee),
against
SPRING (R. M. Hutchings), liver and white pointer dog (Mainspring—Curfew).

DAD WILSON, JR. (J. Shelly Hudson), black, white and tan English setter dog (Dad Wilson—Lit),
against
LADY ZEAL (John E. Gill), liver and white pointer bitch (Croxteth—Amine).

TOLEDO BLADE (J. D. Dager), black, white and tan English setter dog (Roderigo—Lillian),
against
JOY OF PRINCE WILLIAM (J. R. Purcell), liver and white pointer bitch (Flockfinder—Ion).

DIMPLE (F. F. Myles), black, white and tan setter bitch (Gordon—Blanche),
against
GALENA (J. E. Gill), liver and white pointer bitch (Trinket's Bang—Cremorne).

BLOOMO II. (Graphic Kennels), liver and white pointer bitch (Lad of Bow—Bloomo), *a bye.*

LAFAYETTE, La., Jan. 14.—It was stormy and rather disagreeable at times to-day for good work. The grounds were somewhat better than yesterday. While the Derby was running, under the same judges, new judges were selected to finish the Members' Stake, which resulted as follows: Ben Hur beat Bob McCargo. Ben Hur beat Dimple and won first money. Dimple beat Lillie Talbott and won second. Lillie Talbott was placed third. First and second prize winners are both English setters, and belong to F. F. Myles.

THE DERBY: Simonides beat F. F. V. in a closely contested heat. Hope's Ray beat Bang, both dogs about equal in natural qualities. Bang would not back. Transit beat Lillie Talbott. Lillie had a decided advantage in work on game and would have won if she had not broke shot and chased. Annie F. beat Ned White, outclassing him in nearly every respect. Dad Wilson's Boy and Flake of Flockfinder were run two hours without making a single point, Flock making two chases. Both dogs were ordered up for want of merit. Dad Wilson, Jr., and Harry C. ran a close heat for one hour and fifteen minutes, both doing very high class work; decidedly the best heat run during the trial. They will be put down again to-morrow morning.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB MEETING.

THERE was no quorum present at the adjourned annual meeting of the Eastern Field Trials Club on Tuesday last, and the meeting was adjourned to Tuesday, Feb. 11, at the American Institute building. A full attendance is requested, as business of importance is to be transacted. All members who cannot be present should send their proxies to the secretary, Mr. W. A. Coster, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

After the adjournment there was a meeting of the Board of Governors, President Donner in the chair. The members present were Messrs. Donner, Hitchcock, Dexter, Breese, Thayer, Lorillard, Duryea and Coster. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved. The committee on rules reported progress and were given further time. The committee on grounds also reported progress, and Mr F. R. Hitchcock was appointed to make arrangements for the use of suitable grounds for the club, and he will depar for the South on Thursday—to-day—for the purpose. The report of the treasurer showed a balance to the credit of the club of $1,597.46. Mr. E. W. Durkee, New York, was elected a member, and the resignations of Messrs. J. E. Thayer, E. R. Wharton, Arthur M. Hunter, J. G. Heckscher and Geo. B. Raymond were accepted. The secretary was instructed to notify all delinquents that unless their dues were paid by Feb. 11 their names would be dropped from the roll.

THE BEAGLE CLUB.—Winsted, Conn., Jan. 13.—All persons interested in the keeping or breeding of beagles are cordially invited to apply for admission to membership in this club. Our dues are but $2 a year. Copies of the constitution and by-laws, and also the standard may be had by addressing Frank D. Hallett, Secretary.

THE APOLLO STAKES.—New York, Jan. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Owing to the Albany Kennel Club not having a show this year, the Apollo stakes have been transferred to be judged at Rochester.—H. P. FROTHINGHAM, Sec'y and Treas.

DOGS OF THE DAY.

MR. J. A. LONG, of St. Louis, who has during the past six years purchased some choicely-bred collies from English breeders, has just secured a very important addition to his kennel in the bitch Matchless. When in England, in November, 1884, I saw Matchless at Mr. Boddington's kennels. She was then eight months old, and I did not see a better bitch during the three weeks I spent there. Mr. Boddington said he thought he would win with her at the Birmingham show, then only two weeks off, and it was no surprise to me that he did, and to hear that Mr. Pirie, of London, had claimed her at her catalogue price of £100. Very unfortunately she caught distemper, and this was followed by chorea, which put a stop to her show career. She was bred to Eclipse, and after Mr. Pirie had given away the runt of the litter the diseases of puppyhood carried off all but one of the remainder, I believe. The runt turned out well, and as Pitch Dark created quite a sensation when she was shown at the Crystal Palace. She soon went off, however, and was consigned to the ranks of the brood bitches, being eventually purchased by the Chestnut Hill Kennels, where she now is. I believe she came over in whelp to Caractacus, but I am trusting to memory in saying so.

Matchless is by Rutland out of Bess, and she out of Nesta, the greatest of that great trio of brood bitches—champion Lorna Doone, Nesta and Floss—that came from the union of Duncan and Bess. The pedigree of Bess we know, and it is only another illustration of the wonderful excellence of the Carlyle blood in the female line, but Duncan is a blank. I have seen it stated somewhere or another that a stolen service figured in his case and that put a stop to the publication of any pedigree. As I am interested in this strain I have often threatened to myself to write to Mr. Wheeler, of Birmingham, who bred Bess to Duncan, but I suppose I will procrastinate till Mr. Wheeler or I will be beyond the reach of the letter carrier.

Mr. Long had Matchless bred to Eclipse before she sailed, in hopes of getting another Pitch Dark, but I would rather have tried Sefton for a Metchley Wonder, as it was out of a bitch bred very similar to her that Mr. Megson's crack came—Minnie, by Loafer out of Catrine (one of the Bess family).

A question was propounded to me the other day which is of interest to exhibitors and clubs. It was this: "The ——— Club is not going to hold a show here this year, and some of the dog owners want to get up a club that will hold a show. We want to hold it under A. K. C. rules and would like to know whether we can do so, and what we ought to do to become a member of the A. K. C." My advice was to communicate with the local club and get from it a statement that it would not hold a show. Then organize a club, and with the application to the A. K. C. for membership file the letter from the other club.

The A. K. C. very properly declined to elect another club in San Francisco without hearing from the original member as to whether it had any objection to make. It will be noted, however, that the A. K. C. did not positively decline to do so, it did not at once say, "No, we cannot do so, we have a member there already." By its action it admitted that two clubs might be elected from the same city providing there was no objection made against such a course. This was a very proper view to take I thought, and following up the same line it would seem to me that the A. K. C. delegates in taking action upon such a case as I have stated would give due weight to the present member declining to hold a show. The object of the A. K. C. is to encourage shows, and it would not be doing so if it stuck to a non-showing member and kept out a club willing to get up an exhibition.

It is right in this connection that my idea of recognizing shows without electing a club to membership would be so beneficial. I am no advocate and never have been of this universal election to membership in the A. K. C., though voting for such elections as the only method of getting shows recognized and thus benefitting exhibitors. It is not so easy to formulate a rule that would cover the ground completely and satisfactorily. One great stumbling block in the way of the A. K. C. has been the framing of badly prepared rules and without a proper knowledge of the scope they cover. When a rule is passed by the A. K. C., or by any club, it should be framed carefully and passed understandingly, so as to avoid the necessity of rescinding or amending it within a month or two.

The poll of membership of the A. K. C. is full of practically dead clubs, and it was a pity that old rule was done away with which provided for the dropping of clubs which did not hold a show within a certain limit of time. Quite a number of these will probably drop out when called upon to pay their 1890 assessments. I believe the point of a quorum was raised a year ago, and the chair decided a majority was required. With such a membership as the A. K. C. now has, a majority is out of the question, so I suppose the whole business of the club is illegal if it comes to a hair-splitting technicality. But I am not of that way of thinking at all.

Speaking of illegality reminds me of Mr. Peshall's having pointed out that the passing of the amendments to the dog show rules by the executive committee at its last meeting was illegal. The charge is correct. However, in looking over the *Kennel Gazette* for January last, I found in it the report of a meeting held on Dec. 8, at which a number of amendments were made to the dog show rules. The status of this meeting was thus defined, as soon as the minutes of the previous quarterly meeting of the executive committee and the treasurer's report had been read:

"The President—I should have stated, in calling this meeting to order, that through inadvertence in the call for this meeting it was stated to be the regular annual meeting. This confusion arose from the fact that the 6th of December has usually been our red-letter day, and has been the important meeting of the year. This should have been called as the regular quarterly meeting."

Mr. Peshall was called upon for an explanation of my oversight in connection with the illegal business of last December, and I plead guilty with a petition for clemency on the score of Rule XIX. of the constitution having been enacted while I was not a member of the executive committee. It will now be in order for Mr. Peshall to explain how it was that within a short time of his assisting in passing Rule XIX. he assisted in passing amendments in violation of that rule.

The Westminster Kennel Club has done the handsome thing by the Spaniel Club. The latter had to give $25 to the Westminster Kennel Club for having adopted "Classification No. 1" and appointing an approved judge, but at the late meeting of the Spaniel Club committee, at which the payment of the $25 was approved, it was suggested that the W. K. C. might possibly donate the $25 to the challenge cup fund. Mr. A. C. Wilmerding interviewed Mr. Thomas H. Terry on the subject, and the latter gentleman has notified the Spaniel Club secretary that the W. K. C. will do as requested.

The Spaniel Club, though the oldest of the specialty clubs in the country, is not a wealthy affair; but, considering the amount received from dues, the work done by the club deserves every commendation. It will be a bit of uphill pushing to get funds for a cup, and even when that is done, just as hard work is still ahead in deciding the destination of the cup. The club takes care of all varieties of sporting spaniels, and wishes to offer a cup on conditions which will be satisfactory to all members. Irish water spaniels and Clumber spaniels are not in the running, and that leaves field spaniels and cockers with about equal claims. The desire of the club committee is to have two cups, for spaniels over and under 28lbs.; but the trouble will be to place the first of these cups.

Mr. F. R. Hitchcock is stated to have given up his pointers in order to make room for English setters. If that is the case, it is rather a facer for the short-coated division, as we must conclude that Mr. Hitchcock arrived at his determination after witnessing the season's field trials. As I am neither a setter nor a pointer man, I am not taking sides, but simply stating what he who runs may read. The course taken by Mr. Hitchcock has been followed by that staunch supporter of the "red dogs," Mr. Charles T. Thompson, of Philadelphia, who has disposed of Desmond II. and the champion bitches Mollie Bawn and Nellie to the Item Kennels, of Bethlehem, Pa. It is Mr. Thompson's intention, I believe, to try the English setters; but this information I get second-hand, though from an usually reliable source.

The Item Kennels will make a good showing this year, and money is not being spared in the purchasing of dogs the proprietors take a fancy to. I am betraying no secret, although it is not very widely known, when I say that Mr. Weiss and Mr. Charles Pharo are the Item Kennels. The former gentleman is the financial man and Mr. Pharo the working partner. I do not want that sentence to be misunderstood and connected with the old story of money and experience, for Mr. Weiss is anything but lacking in experience, but he has plenty of more important business to attend to than the immediate management of the kennels, and in Mr. Pharo he has a most enthusiastic fancier, and one who has shown good judgment in selecting dogs to fill the kennel. I am only waiting to receive word that the new kennels at Bethlehem are ready for the inspection of visitors when I will make a trip to the home of Pharo's host, at the head of which, I suppose it is no error to say, comes Sir Tatton.

Men may come and men may go, but shows go on for ever. Every one must remember the prize-sweeping kennel of English, Irish and Gordon setters and pointers Mr. A. H. Moore, of Philadelphia, had eight years ago. Thunder, Berkley, Leo II., Bob, Donald, etc. Well, I should not be at all surprised to see Mr. Moore's name once more figuring in the catalogues. He has recently purchased a large farm at Colmar, on the Doylestown branch of the North Pennsylvania Railroad, and about an hour's ride from the city. This he has named Cloverdell Stock Farm. He has there a splendid collection of trotting stock, headed by Mambrino Dudley, which he bought at the Secretary of the Navy's sale of the Marshland stud. Mr. Moore gave $8,000 for this horse and at that price I believe he was the cheapest trotting sire sold last year, for as prices go now $25,000 would be a low figure for him. But I did not start out to write horse, nor will your dog readers thank me much, I fear, for adding that at Cloverdell the collection of trotting mares would be hard to duplicate anywhere. Then there is chewing the cud in the spacious barn the best herd of Jerseys in the country. This paragraph is getting very mush-like, with the business part all at one end, and here it is. When at Cloverdell on Monday I saw a range of kennels. Now, Mr. Moore doesn't build kennels simply to look at; those kennels will be occupied, and when Mr. Moore gets through giving from $2,000 to $5,000 for brood mares and $1,000 to $2,000 for Jerseys we will hear of dogs at Cloverdell, and the lights of Cloverdell will not be hid under a bushel, but assisting in beautifying Spratts benching.

The Squire is not to leave England till Feb. 1. Such is the advertisement in the English papers. That seems to be drawing it very fine if there is any intention of showing him at New York, for he is not likely to arrive before Feb. 10, and may not be here until the judging at New York is over. The explanation may probably be that Mr. Harrison does not want The Squire to interfere with Maney Trefoil qualifying at New York for the challenge class. I saw him on New Year's day, and he was looking better than any thing at Chestnut Hill Kennels, and that was saying a good deal, for Mr. Jarrett somehow never has a dog out of condition, barring the necessary out of coat. This has been a particularly hard winter on coat growing, but Maney Trefoil is, if anything, in better coat than when he came from England. I didn't see the new entry of youngsters, and if I had it would be a breach of good manners to say anything. I was invited to go, but as both Jarrett and I had the grip I declined, and we sat by the stove and talked dog while not otherwise engaged with our snochterdichters. J. W.

THE POINTER CLUB.

NEW YORK, Jan. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The postponed meeting of the Executive Board of the Pointer Club of America was held at 44 Broadway, New York, Jan. 6. Meeting called to order at 2 P. M. by President Wise. Present, Messrs. Wise, Hitchcock, Anthony, Heath, Swain, Arnold and La Rue. Report of treasurer, showing receipts $314.34, expenditures $17.60, balance cash on hand $296.74, was presented and adopted. Resignation of G. W. Lovell was read and accepted. Applications for membership received from Westminster Kennel Club and Hempstead Farm Co. They were duly elected by ballot.

The following distribution of special prizes was agreed upon:

Boston Show, 1890.—Pointer Club Produce Stakes, $50 cash, for pointer puppies whelped on and after Jan. 1, 1889. Blanks will be furnished by the secretary upon application. Entries close at the same time as the regular entries of said show. Open to all. $10 for best pointer dog; $10 for best pointer bitch that has been placed or won a heat at any field trial run in America. Open to members.

Chicago Show, 1890.—$10 for best pointer dog or bitch exhibited and owned by a member of the Pointer Club. American Field Pointer Cup (value $100), under the rules governing same. Open to all.

New York Show, 1890.—$10 for best pointer stud dog shown with two of his get, the latter to be not over 3yrs. of age, and not necessarily owned by one person. $10 for best brood bitch shown with two of her progeny (same conditions as stud dog prize). GEO. W. LA RUE, Sec. and Treas.

NOT REGISTERED.—Clinton, Mass., June 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Kindly inform me what the register number of my Gordon setter Rab II. is. He was winner in puppy class, Boston, '89, second prize; Worcester, '89, third. Sire, Rab; dam, Nora (A.K.R. 5009). Probably as the property of Mr. Buchan, the breeder.—G. W. LANGDON. [Rab II., as well as a number of other dogs shown at the Worcester show, are not registered. The Secretary of the A. K. C. should attend to this.]

A LARGE ST. BERNARD PUPPY.—Mr. Geo. S. Taylor, of Portland, Oregon, writes that he has a St. Bernard puppy that weighed 121lbs. when seven months old.

A TRAGEDY OF THE FIRST SNOW.

IT happened sixteen years ago, yet the whole stands out in memory clear as an event of yesterday. I stand in the doorway of what in summer is a kitchen, a woodshed in winter. It is early November, and early morning. At dusk the evening before it began to snow in a damp, chill air. Now the air is dry, almost balmy. Not a cloud is floating. From end to end the deep, narrow valley is vaulted with the brightest blue (whenever I meet the phrase, "Heavens own blue," I think of that morning sky). The ground is white, covered to the depth of several inches, soft and immaculate. There is no glare, yet the eye tires while it roams afield, and it finds no relief when it turns to the sun-bathed blue above.

I was about to return to the breakfast table when I detected the bay of hounds, two—three. They were approaching, far up the western slope. For a few minutes they mouthed their perplexity in a piece of woods on the southeast. At length the tangle was left behind, and with a loud bay of triumph the leader burst into the clearing. He was closely followed by another, and ten or fifteen rods in the rear a third hound, fat and lazy, came floundering along. They tumbled over the heavy log fence. They skirted the wood across one broad field, and then went plunging through the fringe where the forest hung lower down the slope.

The hounds had disappeared from view, but their short, impatient yelps betokened a freshening scent. They were now slowely making their way down the slope in the woods on the north of the clearing. Again I was on the point of turning to go in to breakfast when I perceived a large red fox emerging from the woods. He trotted out into the field a little way, and paused in a listening attitude. An instant later he made for a great flat rock, ran around it and then sprang upon it, ran around the margin and leaped off. He then trotted diagonally up the hill to a large chestnut tree, made another circle and again leaped. It is easy to account for the slow progess of the hounds in the timber. His foxship now leisurely crossed the field to a clump of bushes, pausing every few seconds to listen. After maneuvering among the bushes he set up the hill along the fence for a few rods, crossed into the adjoining field and came down on the other side almost to the clump. He then crossed the second field to a deep, oval-shaped depression, where he disappeared. Sumac and larger trees abounded in the depression, and the fox remained there some time. I fancied that I knew what he was doing. Finally he emerged at the lower end and trotted up hill, around the margin of the pit. He circled about an oak just above it, took the usual leap and came down almost to the point where he had entered the pit. He then struck a bee-line across fields for the woods, and entered them forty rods above where he came out. He had doubled on the hounds and was off for his den, but before going he had cut them out a nice bit of work. It was a beautiful performance.

Brute against brute, vulpine cunning had triumphed; but at this stage another actor appeared. Soon after the fox went back into the woods the dogs emerged on his trail below. At the same time a man approached it. He allowed the two foremost to pass before advancing to the trail, but seized the third hound, snapped a leash on him and hastily led him up the hill. Arriving at the trail he set the dog free. The latter with a savage yelp of delight bounded into the woods. The man shouted to a companion, seated in a wagon in the road below. Thereupon the latter whipped up his horses. I understood the significance of this act. A half mile above the clearing extended to the brow of the ridge, and in all probability the fox would essay to cross these fields. It was the design of the man with the team to intercept him. I saw him tie his horses at roadside, lift his gun out of the wagon, go across the fields and take a stand in a fence corner. I watched him until my eyes ached. At last I saw a puff of smoke, and heard a rifle crack. I thought that I discovered a dark object lying in the snow up the hillside. The man advanced and raised it up, and then I knew that reynard was dead. B. F. HENLEY.

NEW YORK DOG SHOW.

NEW YORK, Jan. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following railway, steamship and express companies have replied favorably to our application regarding the carriage of dogs for exhibition at our coming show:

The Adams, American, Wells, Fargo & Co., United States, Long Island and New York & Boston Express Companies will return dogs free on which their usual rates have been prepaid one way.

The Stonington Line will return dogs free.

The New York, New Haven & Hartford, the Long Island, New York & Northern, New York, Ontario & Western and Delaware, Lackawana & Western Railway Companies will carry dogs free when accompanied by their owners or caretakers. The N. Y. C. & H. R. and the Pennsylvania Railway Companies will carry three dogs free.

Other railway companies to be heard from.

JAS. MORTIMER, Supt.

GORDONS AT NEW YORK.—New York, Jan. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some lovers of the Gordon setter intend to provide a competent man at the New York show to look, especially and only, after the comfort and safety of the Gordon setters on exhibition there. This man will be in addition to the regular care furnished by the superintendent of the show. The same persons hereby offer cash prizes to the amount of $40, viz., $10 each for the Gordon setter bitch and dog winning second in the open class, $5 each for the best Gordon setter dog and bitch winning third in the open class, $5 each for the best Gordon setter dog and bitch puppy. This, with the prizes offered by the Westminster Kennel Club and Dr. John H. Meyer, makes $315 in all ($250 of which is cash) offered at the New York show in the various Gordon classes, and should draw out a fine exhibit of our beautiful setter. Entries close Jan. 27.—GORDON SETTER.

GORDON SETTER CLUB.—Baltimore, Md., Jan. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Please publish the following request. This is to give notice that a general meeting of the American Gordon Setter Club will be held at the New York show, Feb. 12, at 8 P. M., by request of ten members to the president, and which he has granted.—I. T. NORRIS, Sec'y A. G. S. C. *Editor Forest and Stream:* A petition requesting a meeting to be called at the New York show Feb. 12, 1890, has been forwarded to the president, Mr. Malcolm, bearing the signatures of thirteen (13) members. All members are urgently requested to be present, as business of importance will be brought before the meeting.—A MEMBER.

SPECIAL PRIZES AT NEW YORK.—In addition to the special prizes noted elsewhere, that will be offered at the New York dog show, the Beagle Club will give a suitable collar each to the best beagle dog and bitch owned by a member of the club. The American Pet Dog Club offers a silver cup for the best pug dog, also one for the best pug bitch in the open classes. Open to members only. A silver cup, value $25, is offered for the best couple of deerhounds in the open classes owned by one exhibitor. The pug breeder's challenge cup, offered by Dr. M. H. Cryer, will also be competed for. Other valuable specials are promised that will be duly announced.

MR. F. R. HITCHCOCK has been invited to judge pointers at the Rochester show.

SPANIEL CLUB SWEEPSTAKES.—The sweepstakes of the Spaniel Club of America for 1890 will be decided at the New York show. Sweepstakes for field spaniels whelped in 1889, entry $3 each, with $10 added by the club. Forty per cent. to winner, 30 per cent. to breeder of winner, 20 per cent. to second and 10 per cent. to third. Sweepstakes for cocker spaniels the same. All entries to be made with the treasurer of the Spaniel Club, Mr. William West, 110 North Second street, Philadelphia, Pa., by Jan. 27. All must be entered in their regular classes at the show.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Charmer. By C I. Blackford, Bellefonte, Pa., for black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped April 30, 1889, by Rock II. (Rustler—Vic) out of Topsy (Ring—Bell).

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Belle Randolph—Spot Dash. Fleet View & Reading Pointer Kennels' (Lynn and Reading, Mass.) pointer bitch Belle Randolph (Sam—Juno III.) to their Spot Dash (Sir Philip Sydney—Topsy), Jan. 5.

Beauty—Spot Dash. O. J. Stoddard's (Lynn, Mass.) pointer bitch Beauty (Bonnie—Bess) to Fleet View & Reading Pointer Kennels' Spot Dash (Sir Philip Sydney—Topsy), Dec. 11.

Taffy—Duke of Vernon. L. Gardner's (Mt. Vernon, N.Y.) pointer bitch Taffy (imported Pilate—Fairy II.) to his Duke of Vernon (Glendale—Spotless), Jan. 7.

Nellie Belton—Jerry. Forest Kennels' (Groton, N. Y.) English setter bitch Nellie Belton (Warwick Albert—Princess Belton) to D. Francis's Jerry (Rex Gladstone—Mina), Jan. 1.

Galatea—Rogers. W. Tallman's (New York) English setter bitch Galatea (Mack B.—Chica) to L. Gardner's Roger (Count Noble—Queen Meg), Dec. 30.

Princess Newton—Black Prince. Richards & Tatham's (New York) spaniel bitch Princess Newton (Newton Abbot Lord—Lady Princess) to A. C. Wilmerding's champion Black Prince, Dec. 29.

Chloe—Obo II. R. S. Smellie's (Toronto, Can.) spaniel bitch Chloe to J. P. Willey's champion Obo II., Jan. 11.

Sis F.—Obo II. Henry Hasbrouck's (Poughkeepsie, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Sis F. to J. P. Willey's champion Obo II., November, 1889.

Shino—Jersey. J. P. Willey's (Salmon Falls, N. H.) cocker spaniel bitch champion Shina (champion Obo II.—Blackie III.) to his Jersey (champion Obo II.—Darkie), December, 1889.

Miss Ginger—Jersey. J. P. Willey's (Salmon Falls, N. H.) cocker spaniel bitch Miss Ginger (champion Obo II.—Blackie III.) to his Jersey (champion Obo II.—Darkie), December, 1889.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Velda W. F. M. Shelley's (Sheridan, N. Y.) beagle bitch Velda W. (Cameron's Racket—Pussie), Nov. 2, seven (three dogs), by his Speculation (Ringwood—imported Fanny).

Say. Fleet View & Reading Pointer Kennels' (Lynn and Reading, Mass.) pointer bitch Say (imported Bang—Belle Rita), Nov. 25, eight (four dogs), by their Spot Dash (Sir Philip Sydney—Topsy).

Duchess of Heathfield. C. H. Spring's (Newton Lower Falls, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Duchess of Heathfield (Rip Van Winkle—Recluse), Jan. 3, seven (three dogs), by E. H. Moore's Ben Lomond).

Marcella Gladstone. F. M. Shelley's (Sheridan, N. Y.) English setter bitch Marcella Gladstone (Gladstone's Mark—Chautauqua Belle), Jan. 6, eight (seven dogs), by his Chautauqua King (Knight of Snowden—Lady Brighton).

Hazel Obo. Wm. Barnes's (Manayunk, Pa.) cocker spaniel bitch Hazel Obo. Dec. 19, four (three dogs), by A. C. Wilmerding's champion Doc; three black dogs, one red bitch.

Lady Dido. W. D. Reid's (Elmira, N. Y.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Lady Dido (Prince—Flora), Jan. 2, three (one dog), by P. H. Coombs's Bradford Barry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beal's Lady).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Sancho. White and liver pointer dog, age not given, by Hector out of Old Lou, by Fleet View & Reading Pointer Kennels, Lynn and Reading, Mass., to Mr. Chaffin, Boston, Mass.

Dash and Sir Hector. White and liver pointer dogs, whelped May 11, 1887, by Hector out of Say, by Fleet View & Reading Pointer Kennels, Lynn and Reading, Mass., to S. O. Warren, Boston, Mass.

Tiny White. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped October, 1887, by Tammany out of Juno II., by F. R. Hitchcock, New York, to Hempstead Farm Kennels, Hempstead, N. Y.

Stella. Liver and white pointer bitch, 2yrs. old, by Naso of Kippen out of Borki, by F. R. Hitchcock, New York, to Hempstead Farm Hennels, Hempstead, N. Y.

Woolton Game. Liver and white pointer bitch, 2yrs. old, by Gough out of Larkspur, by F. R. Hitchcock, New York, to Hempstead Farm Kennels, Hempstead, N. Y.

Duke of Hessen. Liver and white pointer dog, 4½yrs. old, by Luck of Hessen out of Blarney, by F. R. Hitchcock, New York, to Hempstead Farm Kennels, Hempstead, N. Y.

Flirt. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped April, 1888, by Mainspring out of Merry Lass, by O. W. Donner, Boston, Mass., to A. Morton, New York.

Sam C. Lemon and white English setter dog, whelped May 8, 1888, by King Noble out of Cricket, by J. I. Case, Jr., Racine, Wis., to H. C. Glover, New York.

Annie F. Black and white English setter bitch, whelped Jan. 6, 1888, by Roderigo out of Juno A., by Memphis & Avent Kennels, Memphis, Tenn., to F. R. Hitchcock, New York.

Princess Newton. Black and tan spaniel bitch, age not given, by Newton Abbot Lord out of Lady Princess, by A. C. Wilmerding, New York, to Richards & Tatham, same place.

Walkill Bess. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped June, 1886, by Walkill Silk out of Walkill Blanche, by Theo. J. Hock, Rome, N. Y., to F. P. Jobes, Honeoye Falls, N. Y.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

J. R. G., Ellicott City.—Distemper takes various forms, and when an animal is very much run down sores and abscesses are liable to appear. Give a 2-grain pill of the citrate of iron and quinine three times daily concealed in a morsel of meat. Give a teaspoon of syrup of buckthorn each morning. Put 5 drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic in the food each day. Exercise regularly and do not feed much meat.

T. S., Brooklyn.—I have a hound that is troubled with a dry cough; he keeps continually coughing, but brings nothing up. He has been that way for about three weeks. He is about 7 years old. Ans.

℞ Creasote	gtt. xii
Glycerin	ʒi

Mix. Fit. capsules, No. 6

Sig. One three times daily, hidden in a morsel of meat. Give 5grs. quinine night and morning for a week.

F. R. B.—My Irish setter, medium size, has tapeworm. He has passed portions, lyd. and 1½yds. on two occasions; but the head still remains in him. He has always been fed on meal and milk. Has a ravenous appetite, but is very thin. Ans. Purge the dog with large dose (2 tablespoons) castor oil. Feed only milk for 24 hours prior to giving vermifuge. Give capsule of oleoresin of filix mas, 10 drops in capsule, repeat in two hours, and follow this in a few hours with a second purge. Powdered areca nut, 60grs., may be substituted. It should be given in large pill.

A. L. R., Gt. Barrington.—I have an English setter 2½ years old. About nine months ago he commenced to have fits, sometimes has four or five a day, and then goes from one week to six or seven without having any. He always has them in the morning, and falls down, struggles, froths at the mouth, and when he gets up appears dizzy; does not try to run away. Is stupid for a day or two and then seems as well as ever. He is in good condition, is smart and hunted well, except just after a fit. Do you think there is any hope of his getting over it? If so what can I do for him? I feed him on corn meal mush and milk and scraps from the table. Ans. Keep bowels open with syrup of buckthorn, one teaspoon each day. Give 2gr. pill of citrate of iron and strychnine three times daily. Put 5 drops of Fowler's solution in the food. Exercise regularly.

V. B. M.—1. I have a setter dog about 2yrs. old that now and then is subject to a wheezing cough. A dose of castor oil generally relieves him, but it—the cough—comes back in about six weeks. Can you give me a better remedy than the oil? 2. Are animal oils, such as lard and sperm, as good for gun oiling purposes as mineral oils, such as vaseline and cosmoline. Do the animal oils possess properties injurious to guns. Ans. 1.

℞ Creasote	5ss.
Glycerine	ʒii.
Spts. Frumenti	ʒii.

Mix. Sig. Teaspoon in wine glass of water three times daily. Ans. 2. No. Fine machine oil is a lard product. Vaseline is commended because of its handy shape and general accessibility.

MOPANG, Providence, R. I.—A six-months-old pointer has symptoms of the mange. Some time ago a spot about the size of a 10-cent piece appeared over each eye. The hair fell off and the flesh was much inflamed and swollen. Previous to this the pup was taken frequently with vomiting. Thought it might have been caused by his shedding teeth, but since the spots came he has been taken in the same way twice. I treated as follows: Washed spots in carbolic soap and applied an ointment called carbolated petroleum. Spots continue to grow larger, but are not as irritable. Have fed three times daily and given fair amount of exercise. Have also given sulphur and lard. Pup is rather fat, but in excellent spirits. Ans. Syrup of buckthorn, teaspoon each morning for three days; 2-grain quinine pill morning and evening concealed in a bit of meat; 4 drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic twice daily in the food. Rub a little zinc oxide into the spots each day.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 10.—The rifle match between Mrs. Kennedy ("Mexis") and Lieut. Geo. Coulson, Inspector of Rifle Practice of First Regt., N. G. P., for $50 a side, 100 targets, standard American, to be shot in 25m. each at 25yds., came off this evening. Lieut. Coulston won by 105 points. It is claimed that "Mexis" was somewhat indisposed, but as she was at the gallery practicing each evening preceding the match, there is not much in that excuse for defeat. Friends of both contestants were on hand early and fairly packed the gallery of D. Wray, 1402 Ridge avenue. The following well-known gentlemen were selected: Referee and stakeholder, Wm. Hildebrand Fitzgerald. Judge for "Mexis," W. W. Ulrich; scorer, W. Kennedy; timekeeper, Ed. Cole. Judge for Lieut. Coulston, J. F. Shonert; scorer, H. J. Mehard; timekeeper, J. J. Mountjoy. All preliminaries being settled, "Mexis" having won the choice took her position at firing point promptly at 4:05 P.M. Time was called and she fired her first shot.

First	5	minutes								29	shots.
Second	5	"								21	"
Third	5	"								18	"
Fourth	5	"								23	"
Last	2	"	33⅓s.							9—100	

"Mexis's" time was 22m. 33⅓s., deducting 2m. and 30s. for cleaning rifle four times, making actual time of shooting 100 shots 20m. 3⅓s. "Mexis" used a Stevens rifle and U. M. C. short .22cal. cartridges. No coaching or spotting of shots was allowed. The following is the lady's score in detail:

Target	1 to 10			7	7	10	9	6	7	9	10	9	10—84
	10 to 20			10	9	7	5	5	9	9	10	10	9—83
	20 to 30			9	8	7	7	9	8	9	6	9	6—78
	30 to 40			7	10	9	8	8	5	7	5	10	8—79
	40 to 50			10	5	6	6	6	8	10	7	7	8—73
	50 to 60			7	8	8	10	10	8	6	6	8	3—80
	60 to 70			8	5	8	8	7	6	6	9	10	10—77
	70 to 80			7	6	6	6	9	8	8	9	10	9—78
	80 to 90			9	9	8	8	8	7	7	9	8	10—83
	90 to 100			10	8	10	8	7	8	6	6	7	10—80—795

At 9:40 P. M. time was called and Lieut. Coulston fired his first shot, and at 10:03:20 he finished the 100 shots as follows:

First	5	minutes		29	shots.
Second	5	"		21	"
Third	5	"		20	"
Fourth	5	"		18	"
Last	3	"	29sec.	12—100	

Lieut. Coulston's time was 23min. 29sec.; he used the celebrated Wurfflein rifle and U. M. C. .22cal. short cartridge. Deducting 2min. from his time for resting and wiping the moisture from his glasses, made his actual time of shooting the 100 shoots 21min. and 29sec. Lieut. Coulston did not clean his rifle during the contest. The following is his score in detail:

Target	1 to 10			7	8	10	8	7	10	10	6	9	9—84
	10 to 20			9	8	8	10	8	9	10	8	8	9—87
	20 to 30			8	10	10	9	10	9	10	8	8	9—89
	30 to 40			7	10	10	10	8	10	10	8	10	9—92
	40 to 50			9	10	8	9	7	10	10	10	10	10—92
	50 to 60			9	9	10	8	9	10	10	9	9	9—92
	60 to 70			10	10	9	8	8	10	10	10	9	8—92
	70 to 80			10	9	8	8	8	10	9	9	10	10	91
	80 to 90			10	10	10	7	10	9	9	9	7	9—90
	90 to 100			9	7	10	9	10	7	10	9	10	10—91—900

An improved target box was used in this match—the invention of Theodore F. Shonert, Co. H, First Regiment Drum Corps. This box is made in substantial style, cased inside with steel and iron; the backplate is a heavy steel plate, such as is used by safe manufacturers. There is a hinge door, and a hole cut in the center of the door extends to the figure 7 on the Reduced Standard American Target. A ledge below the top of the door shows fixed pins, on which the target is placed. A neatly arranged drawer pulls out from the lower part of the box, to remove the accumulation of metal in a prolonged contest. The Improved Shonert Target Box is compact, substantial and a decided and admirable advance on any invention of the kind offered for consideration. Its merits are such that it deserves to receive general recognition. It is estimated by Mr. Shonert that in the course of ordinary shooting such a box will last for a considerable length of time before the renewal of the hinged front of the box will become necessary, while in the saving of lead alone it pays for itself.—SPRINGFIELD.

WILMINGTON, Del., Jan. 6.—Although the weather looked gloomy enough, it turned out very favorable for target shooting at Healdmoor Rifle Range, to-day. The light rains during the morning caused the spirits of local riflemen to lower rapidly, and their elongated faces betrayed their fear of disappointment in being deprived of their usual weekly out-door sport. But by noon the clouds thinned and produced a mellow, leaden light, which is just the thing a marksman likes to meet with. This lasted all of the afternoon and Healdmoor Rifle Range echoed with the sharp crack of the rifle until dark set in. Everybody was a little "out of tone" and no one seemed to get just the right "grip," but some fair scores were made in spite of the kicking each one wanted to give himself for an occasional wild shot. Following are the scores, Standard target off-hand:

Pistol Match, 50yds.

H Simpson	9	8	8	10	10	10	10	7	10	9—91
W H Johnson	10	9	10	9	8	6	6	8	8	8—85
W H Floyd	7	8	9	7	9	10	10	10	7	7—84
J Harvey	8	9	7	10	8	10	8	8	9	7—84
G Edwards	10	8	9	9	7	5	8	9	6	7—78
H Williams	10	7	8	9	6	7	10	7	5	7—76

Diamond State Match, 200yds.

J F McCafferty	10	9	7	9	8	10	10	5	6	8—82
J Scott	6	9	7	9	8	8	7	7	7	9—75
H Simpson	5	10	8	4	6	8	8	10	5	9—73
C Heinel, Sr.	8	6	5	4	6	6	10	7	9	5—66
A J Leitch (mil)	5	6	7	4	3	9	7	4	10	6—61
F James	7	9	6	4	7	8	5	8	6	8—65
H Edwards	5	7	7	3	6	8	7	6	7	8—64
C Smith (mil)	7	4	9	4	7	5	4	3	3	2—48
J Adams (mil.)	1	3	6	8	4	5	5	4	6	6—48

Military Match. Creedmoor Target, 200yds.

Sergt A J Leitch	4	4	4	4	3	5	4	5	5	4—41
Pvt J Adams	2	3	4	5	4	4	4	4	4	4—38
Corp C Smith	3	3	4	3	4	5	4	4	4	4—38
Sergt A Jackson	4	2	2	3	5	3	4	4	4	4—35

The Wilmington Pistol Club met for weekly practice at their gallery to-day. Several members were suffering from the grip, which interfered materially with the scores, or prevented them from shooting altogether. Following are the scores at 12½yds. Standard target, reduced in proportion from 50yds.:

H Simpson	10	8	10	10	8	9	10	7	10	10—92
J Naudain	10	10	9	8	10	6	7	10	8	8—86
W H Johnson	10	7	8	9	6	10	10	8	9	7—84
W Floyd	10	10	9	9	9	10	5	5	7	8—83
A J Leitch	9	8	6	10	8	9	7	9	8	7—81
H Garland	8	10	5	9	6	6	7	8	7	9—78
H Foster	9	8	7	9	9	7	6	7	5	10—77
H T Price	7	4	6	6	8	5	7	4	6	3—56

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 9.—At the regular weekly meeting of the Gaiety Rifle and Pistol Club, held this evening at their headquarters, 818 South street, Mr. J. Reifsnyder was declared the winner of the gold medal, and Mr. T. A. Pointer won the silver medal. The Wurfflein gold badge was won by E. T. Travis, and T. A. Pointer took the silver medal, while Mr. J. A. Pollock, having no opposition, was entitled to the bronze medal. C. Beutelspacher was again the winner of the leather prize. The official scores on standard American targets (reduced), 30yds. rise, Wurfflein rifles, plain open sights, off-hand, is as follows:

First Class.

J J Mountjoy	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	10	8	10—97
E T Travis	8	10	9	10	8	9	10	9	10	10—93
G W Coulston	10	9	10	10	7	10	10	9	8	8—91
H J Mehard	6	8	10	10	8	10	10	9	10	10—91
A McManus	9	7	8	10	6	7	9	10	6	8—80
J Reifsnyder	9	7	5	6	10	6	6	9	6	6—70

Second Class.

T A Pointer	10	10	6	9	10	10	8	8	9	10—90
Miss R Hensinger	6	9	9	7	9	6	9	10	9	10—85
T F Shonert	10	8	10	8	10	10	10	5	6	7—84
G F Root	9	6	8	6	20	7	10	7	8	10—81
W Wurfflein	8	10	6	6	7	9	8	9	9	8—80
J G Rea	7	6	10	7	7	8	7	6	9	7—74
John Hensinger	5	8	10	5	6	8	9	8	8	7—74
F Paul	5	7	5	7	10	7	6	10	8	9—74
J A Felix	7	9	9	6	8	5	7	8	5	9—75
C Beutelspacher	8	5	7	4	7	6	9	7	9	3—64

Third Class.

J A Pollock	10	9	10	6	8	6	10	5	6	6—75

Pistol scores at 12½yds., using the S. A. targets, Wurfflein pistol, plain open sights:

G W Coulston	10	10	9	9	9	9	9	8	7	7—87
E T Travis	6	7	8	8	10	9	10	9	9	10—86
J G Rea	7	8	8	8	8	8	8	9	9	10—83
J Reifsnyder	10	9	9	8	8	8	8	7	7	7—81
C F Root	10	8	8	8	8	7	7	7	7	4—76
H J Mehard	6	9	6	9	8	7	7	7	6	7—72
A McManus	10	10	8	7	6	5	5	5	4	0—62
T F Shonert	4	5	5	6	5	5	7	9	9	5—60
W Wurfflein	3	4	4	8	5	5	6	6	7	10—58
J A Pollock	4	4	6	6	7	7	0	8	0	9—51
J A Felix	0	0	0	0	0	4	4	5	5	5—33
J Hensinger	0	0	0	0	0	4	4	5	5	5—23
Miss R Hensinger	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	4	6	4—14

SPRINGFIELD.

BOSTON, Jan. 11.—The Massachusetts Rifle Association held its weekly rifle shoot to-day with a good attendance of shoofers, and nine matches were shot, with some good results, though the weather conditions were very unfavorable. Next Tuesday evening this association will hold its annual meeting and dinner at the Thorndike. Following are the scores made to-day:

Champion off-hand Match—200yds.

W Charles	82	J B Fellows	81
J A Frye	79		

Record Off-hand Match—200yds.

J B Fellows	83	W Charles	76
J A Frye	76	S T George	70
F W Chester	51		

Record Rest Match.

H Severance	103	T Warren	88

Fifty-yards Pistol Match.

H Severance	82	F Bowman	87	W Hawley	60
J C Winter	39				

Victory Medal Match—200yds.

W Charles	78	A S Hunt	77	O Moore	75

Military Medal Match—200yds.

W M Foster	45	M Wilson	41	O Moore	40
F F Lowell	44	W Farmer	41	A S Hunt	39
G F Hall	42	A S Field	40	F D Martin	38
T Bond	42				

All-comers' Off-hand Match—200yds.

J A Frye	81	A Sharp	77	A S Hunt	69
S C Sydney	81	S Comey	75	O Moore	65
J C Mills	81	F W Chester	73	A N Mann	65
S T James	79				

All-comers' Rest Match—200yds.

J Francis	107	A H Ballard	98	J D Cutts	85
T Warren	107	O Moore	94	A L Stone	78
B G Barker	100	F Ames	86		

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Jan. 8.—This evening the initial shoot of the St. Louis Pistol Club's ninth tourney took place. The return to the old metal target seems to have stimulated renewed interest in the club's shoot, for the attendance was somewhat larger than it had been for several previous shoots. The ring of the old familiar bell appears to please the members, and there was considerable enthusiasm manifested. Mr. Alexander made the top score and he will hold the medal for the coming week. As a whole, the shooting was of a very high grade. All shooting is done at a 1¼in. bullseye, distance 12yds., possible in 10 shots 120. The scores:

G Alexander	12	12	11	12	12	11	12	12	11	12—117	
E Mohrstadt	12	11	11	12	11	11	12	12	12	12—116	
M Summerfield	11	12	12	12	12	11	12	11	12	11—116	
O Neuhaus	10	12	12	11	11	11	12	11	12	12—114	
W H Hettel	12	11	12	12	11	13	9	12	11	12—114	
J A Lee	12	12	12	12	11	12	10	10	11	12—114	
W Bauer	10	12	11	12	11	12	12	12	10	11—113	
O Wallace	12	11	11	12	12	11	9	12	11	11—112	
Jay J Schaefer	12	10	11	12	12	11	12	11	10	10—111	
F O Fodde	10	11	12	11	11	11	11	12	11	11—111	
A E Bengel	12	11	10	11	11	11	12	12	10	10—110	

UNSER FRITZ.

SOMERVILLE, N. J., Jan. 4.—Co. H, of the 3d Regiment, N. G. N. J., formally opened its new rifle range here to-day. Governor Green, with his private secretary, R. S. Green, Jr.; Colonel John C. Owen, Assistant Inspector of Rifle Practice; Comptroller Anderson and Colonel John T. Van Cleef, of the Governor's staff, were present. Governor Green fired the first shot over the 100-yard range scoring a 3. On his second shot he scored a bullseye, and finished that range with a total of 20. The 200, 300 and 500-yard ranges respectively were then shot over, the Governor making good scores on each. The full scores made by Governor Green were as follows:

100 Yards.

Governor Green	3	5	4	4	4—20

200 Yards.

Governor Green	3	3	2	3	3—14

300 Yards.

Governor Green	3	2	4	3	4—16

500 Yards.

Governor Green	2	2	3	2	3—12

NEWARK, Jan. 10.—The standing of the clubs in the tournament of the United Rifle Clubs to date is as follows:

	Won	Lost	To shoot		Won	Lost	To shoot
Howard	11	0	11	Monroe	7	4	11
Excelsior	10	2	10	North Ward	5	7	10
Essex	1	8	13	Annie Oakley	4	8	10
Puritan	6	3	13	Newark	2	9	11
Lakeside	7	4	11	Sheppard	1	10	11
Oakland	6	5	11	Electric	0	12	10

DR. CARVER.—This famous rifle and trap-shot has been stricken down with pneumonia in London, Eng., and the attack has been so sudden and so severe that little hopes are entertained for his recovery. He had a congestive chill on Tuesday morning, but refused to stay indoors, although warned by his physician not to go out. He went to the Aquarium to superintend the arrangements to break 100,000 glass balls in ten days, the posters announcing that he would commence the feat on "January 8, at 10 A. M., and continue until the last ball had been broken." A second chill seized him while at the Aquarium, and he was soon so weak that he had to be taken home in a hack. Three hours afterward he became delirious, and an announcement was posted at the Aquarium that he was in a dying condition from pneumonia and that his contract to appear had been cancelled.

TORONTO, Jan. 7.—The Off-Hand Rifle Association clubs shot their second match of the year to-day with the following results, together with the number of matches won and lost by each team. Teams of 10 men, 10 shots each, at 100 and 200yds., possible 1,000 per team:

	Points.	Won.	Lost.		Points.	Won.	Lost.
Orillia	795	18	0	King City	721	10	8
Scarboro	778	16	2	Midland	625	6	12
Bradford	735	13	3	Alliston	592	3	15
Newton Brook	742	11	7	Point Edward		2	16
Aurora	731	10	8	Tottenham	517	1	17

CONLIN'S REVOLVER MATCH.—A revolver tournament is to begin at Conlin's Broadway gallery, New York city, on Jan. 15. The new French target is to be used. This target is placed at a distance of 33yds., and is 11¾in. diameter, with a bullseye corresponding to a silver dollar. It has been used with success at the Concours National de Tir, and at Vincennes at the last grand shooting festival. The best score made on the target was made by George Naude, of Paris, 56 out of a possible 60.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 5.—To-day being the last opportunity the marksmen of the Third Regiment, N. G. C., had to practice for the Tobin trophy, which takes place on Sunday next, they were out in full force, and the range at Shell Mound Park, Berkeley, was crowded. The scores made in practice by the different companies have hitherto been guarded jealously from the public, so that each company was in almost complete ignorance of what the others were doing. It was conceded, however, that Company B of this city was doing splendid work, and stood a good chance of winning. Captain Kennedy and Lieut. Burns of B company have been indefatigable in their exertions to keep their men at work practicing, and the result of today's shoot shows that their labors were not in vain. In spite of the cold weather, which is not calculated to steady the nerves of riflemen, the scores were the best ever made by the company, and should the weather be as good next Sunday B's success is assured. The best scores in the practice were as follows: Captain Kennedy 38, Lieutenant Burns 39, Sergeant Mahone 41, Sergeant Prichard 40, Sergeant Brusher 37, Sergeant Oestrich 40, Private Nelson 44, Corporal Donahue 26, Corporal Baily 41, Sergeant Kennedy 41, Private Shea 43, Private Johnson 41, Private Grey 34, Private Kehrlein 42, Private Heath 43 Private Brown 46, Private Carroll 41, Sergeant-Major Middleton 43, Private Stettin 40. Company C of Oakland also turned out in full force and practiced as though they intend to give B a hard battle.

Harbor View was also well attended, and the first monthly shoots of the California Schutzen Club and Germania Rifle Club took place.

The California Schutzen Club competition resulted in the following scores: Champion class, A. Strecker, 425 rings; first class, G. H. Brown, 432 rings; second class, William Glendemann, 421 rings; third class, A. Burmeister, 378 rings; fourth class, H. Enge, 378 rings. These scores are exceptionally high.

In the Germania Rifle Club shoot the following scores were made: Champion class, George Helm, 412 rings; first class, H. A. Kurlfinka, 360 rings; second class, W. Glendemann, 403 rings; third class, H. Patt, 373 rings; fourth class, F. C. Miller, 345 rings.

The Gruetli Verein also held a shoot in which the following were the best scores: A. Rohwyler 390, J. C. Huguenin 376, J. Scheibli 325.

The Eintracht shooting section held its first shoot for 1890 at Harbor View, the prize winners being as follows: Champion medal, F. A. Kuhls, 432 rings; first class medal, H. Hagerup, 371 rings; second class medal, B. Overmuhle, 346 rings; third class medal, J. Blinner, 319 rings. Capt. Kuhle took the prize for the best shot, a 25-ring.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

Secretaries of clubs and managers of tournaments are requested to keep us advised of the dates of their shoots, so that we may give due notice in our column of fixtures.

AMERICAN SHOOTING ASSOCIATION DATES.

Feb. 12, 13, 14.—Birmingham, Ala.
Feb. 19, 20, 21.—New Orleans, La.
April 30, May 1, 2.—Columbus, O.
May 7, 8, 9.—St. Louis, Mo.
May 20, 21, 22.—Minneapolis, Minn.
May —.—Kansas City, Mo.
June 4, 5, 6.—Lafayette, Ind.

The Kansas City dates have not yet been determined, but they will probably be May 25, 26 and 27.

CHICAGO TRAP-SHOOTERS.

CHICAGO, Jan. 7.—There is quite a flutter in the trap-shooting world here at present, and although nobody is shooting very much, about everybody who can carry a gun is going to shoot a match with everybody else right away pretty quick. The coming trap shooting tour of the U. S. Cartridge Co. car seems to have started up the fever.

Mr. J. H. McGee, of Kansas City, will come up here some time in the latter part of this month and shoot a match with Mr. C. E. Felton, at 100 live birds, $100 a side, 16-gauge guns. If Mr. Felton wears his new yellow-topped boots he will paralyze Mr. McGee and beat him easy.

Some time about the end of the month, too, the tie will be shot off here between Messrs. Riley and Elliott, of Kansas City, and Messrs. Budd and Organ. These folks have been laying for each other a good while, and have now got on a match that will be interesting. We all hope the Kansas City boys will win—if they can kill more pigeons than the other fellows. This is at $100 and 100 birds a corner.

Mr. R. B. Organ-Wadsworth (that makes his name look as though he were an English lord) has agreed to shoot a match with Mr. W. W. McFarland at 100 birds for $100. No money posted yet, but this is he'd a go.

Mr. Organ-Wadsworth, assisted by Mr. Ben Dicks, has also contracted to wipe up the earth with Mr. Billy Mussey and Mr. G. W. Randall, at the Mak-saw-ba Club grounds, next Saturday—unless the latter gentlemen should wipe up the earth with the former. It is not yet determined.

Mr. Billy Mussey and Mr. Organ-Wadsworth and Messrs. E. I. and A. W. Reeves have also gone into an earth-wiping contract similar to the above, for some time in the near future.

Mr. W. W. McFarland and Dr. Ashley, of Austin suburb, are of the opinion that they can kill a good many more pigeons than Mr. Organ-Wadsworth and Mr. Billy Mussey. Dr. Ashley is sick just now, but when he gets well this match will be shot.

If Billy Mussey doesn't win some of his matches, the boys will have to give him a benefit. He and Mr. J. S. Orvis have been walking on each other's coats for quite a while, and the result is that they will have to shoot a match for $100 a side, some time in February, probably, when they both have got their nerve up.

I have not had full scores of the whole shoot at Lake George Club, on New Year's Day, but believe I have announced that Mr. Place beat Mr. Loyd, Mr. Dicks beat Mr. Place, and Mr. Loyd beat Mr. Hamline.

But the above list does not cover all of Chicago's ambition in the challenging line. Chicago will challenge the two Pan-American teams as they pass East through here at the close of their great tour, and will produce ten men who, until spring at least, will nourish the fond thought that they can kill more live birds, at 25 a corner, than the whole cardoad of experts, East and West combined. I like Chicago's nerve. If she does tackle the Pan-Americans, we will see some fur fly.

But I have kept the best news for the last. It is now an open secret of some days standing that the great, the unparalleled, the much-talked-of and mighty-little-materialized ten-men match between Kansas City and Chicago is really and actually going to be shot. Tell it not in Gath! They say it will be shot at Grand Crossing, our shooting grounds here, Feb. 20, 21 and 22. The match will be between Kansas City and Chicago, and not between Missouri and Illinois. This is rather against Chicago, as she has trouble in getting the last three men of the team, which she ought to pick outside of the city. This match is for $100 and 100 birds per man. Kansas City will probably shoot Messrs. J. Riley, J. & W. Anderson, J. K. Guinnotte, J. H. McGee, J. A. R. Elliott, Drury Underwood, Frank Smith, B. Rieger and Ed. Bingham. Chicago team is not yet certain, but by permission of Mr. Organ-Wadsworth I may name Messrs. R. B. Organ-Wadsworth, W. P. Mussey, C. E. Willard, John and Abe Kleinman, W. Payson, A. W. Reeves, M. Eich, W. W. McFarland and J. S. Orvis. There may be changes from this, but it is somewhere in the neighborhood of right. Now let down the bars and pull the collars off'm the dogs of war! There is blood on the face of the pale-visaged moon, and there will be twenty men scared clear through until after Washington's Birthday. E. HOUGH.

Jan. 8.—The South Chicago medal shoot was held at Grand Crossing to-day, 10 live pigeons, 30yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, Illinois State rules:

Geo Kleinman	1111111111—10	A W Reeves	0010111111— 7
Abe Kleinman	1111111111—10	C F Templeton	1111110111— 9
Amstein	1101000001— 4	L Willard	1111111101— 9
E J Reeves	0101011111— 7	F Willard	1111010111— 8
Ed Marsh	1111110000— 7	*J Orvis	1111111111—10
C Miller	0110 0111— 7	*J E Price	1011011101— 7
J Watson	1111111111—10	*J Kleinman	0111111011— 8
Ike Watson	1110111111— 9		

Ties of 10 div. first and will shoot off at next meeting for medal.
* Not members.

Twenty blackbirds, for medal:

L Willard	10111101111111111111—18	E Marsh	10011110001000001003— 7
G Klein-man	00111111111111101110—16	Amstein	11001111010 10111110—15
F Willard	11101111111111111011—18	Miller	00010300300000103011— 5
Templet'	01111111100101111010—15	J Watson	11101010110001001—12
A Witeeve	11101111111101111111—17	Abe Klein-man	00101011003000011011— 9
E J Reeves	11111111101111111013—18		

Ties of 18: L. Willard 4, Reeves 4, F. Willard 5 and wins.

Jan. 9.—Contest at Grand Crossing for the *Herald* and Jenny & Graham Gun Co. trophies, 20 live pigeons, entrance $20, divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent., ground traps, 30yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, Illinois State rules:

M J Eich	11111102101112212012—17	EJReeves	11111111212120151—19
R B Organ	11111122221022021221—18	T Laflin	11111121011222011 0—17
J E Price	01111111111001222001—14	J Watson	11111121011211211212—19
Geo Klein-man	01011101201022112212—16	Malcolm	10222102010212220222—15
J J Klein-man	01111122221212122222—19	B Dicks	21120210112120220221—17
J Orvis	00111101111210202 11—15	Abe Klein-man	11122120121011111111—18
A W Reeves	11111112212212122220	Foss	11212020110112221112—17

Ties on 19 div. second, on 18 div. third; on 17: Eich 2, Laflin 5 and won, Dicks 0, Foss 8. RAVELRIOG.

SYRACUSE, Jan. 9.—The Onondagas had a club shoot to-day and Courtney made the boys hustle at a lively rate. He set the shooting pace so fast that all the contestants were handicapped, and the day ended without recovering from the "break." Courtney not only won in the first class, but also first money in the two match sweeps that followed. He was suffering from La Grippe, but it didn't seem to affect his shooting, which was first-class throughout. The shoot was for club medals, 25 bluerocks at 18yds., and 25 bluerocks at 30yds., for first class: 18yds. for both events, second class:

First Class.

Geo C Luther	18yds.	1011111111011011111110—21
	30yds.	1101111010011111111111011—20—41
J Montgomery	18yds.	1111101111111111011010001—20
	30yds.	1101101011101101001011—17—37
A G Courtney	18yds.	0111111111111111111111—24
	30yds.	1111111160110111110,101—20—44

Second Class.

H Chase	18yds.	1110101110000000001111111—13
	18yds.	1111111101111000,001111111—21—34
Fred Strange	18yds.	1111110111011011101111—21
	18yds.	1101111001101001101011111—17—38
Wm Prettie	18yds.	1010000101010201000 01100—11
	18yds.	1111100000011111111100011—16—27
Dr Neering	18yds.	0110010000011100 1110100—12
	18yds.	1011111011011111101010011—20—32
Dr Holden	18yds.	1111110100111101111101111—21
	18yds.	1000110011111011111101110—18—39
Harry Ayling	18yds.	1111101101000100,01—17
	18yds.	0001001010110110011101110—13—30

Courtney won Lefever medal in class A; Dr. Holden won K. & P. medal in class B.

Match No. 1, at 10 bluerocks, entrance $3:

Courtney	1111111111—10	Ayling	0111111010—7
Luther	1001111111— 8	Neering	1111011111— 9
Montgomery	0111111110— 8	Neering	1111101011— 8

Courtney first, Strange second, Montgomery and Luther div. third.

Match No. 2, same conditions as No. 1:

Courtney	1111111111—10	Strange	1111111001—8
Luther	1111111101—9	Neering	0000010111—4
Holden	1100001101— 6	Ayling	1111111101—9
Chase	1011100111— 7	Prettie	1010110011—6
Montgomery	1101111011— 8		

Courtney first, Luther shot out Ayling and won second; Montgomery shot out Strange and won third.

WORCESTER, Mass., Jan. 10.—At the meet this week at Coal Mine Brook Range of members of the Worcester Sportsman's Club the first event was the shooting off of the ties in the Norcross Trophy made at the last meet. The men tied were E. T. Smith, G. W. Russell, E. B. Burbank and P. W. Webber. The latter was sick and unable to be present, but is to be allowed to shoot later against the best score. The work of the three follows:

G W Russell	1111111111—10		1111011111—9—19
E T Smith	1111111111—10		1111101110—8—18
E B Burbank	11011w		

The remaining event was the next in the series of the Norcross Trophy contests. Each man had a possible string of 30 birds. The number broken by each man follows:

A B Franklin	30	Dr Bowers	24
G J Rugg	28	A L Gilman	23
Geo Sampson	28	C R B Claflin	23
E T Smith	28	E Welch	22
W E Johnson	25	C Crompton	21
C B Holden	25	E B Burbank	21
G W Russell	24	E F Swan	20
A R Bowdish	20
M A Linfield	19
H D Jourdan	18
W L Davis	17
C R Holman	15
W S Welch	12

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Jan. 7.—At our regular medal shoot here yesterday scores were as follows: Ten bluerocks, 3 traps, entrance $5—G. C. Luther and Jas. Montgomery each 8, div. third; A. G. Courtney 10, first; Fred Strange 9, second.

Medal shoot, Class A, 25 bluerocks at each distance:

	18yds.	30yds.		18yds.	30yds.
G C Luther	21	20	41	A G Courtney	24	19	43
J Montgomery	20	17	37				

Class B, 50 bluerocks at 18yds. for Lefever medal: Dr. Holden 39, Fred Strange 38, H. Chase 34, Dr. Neering 32, Harry Ayling 30; Wm. Prettie 30.

Ten bluerocks, $3 entrance: Geo. C. Luther 9, Jas. Montgomery 8, Fred Strange 8, Dr. Holden 8, A. Courtney 10, H. Chase 7, Dr. Neering 6, Harry Ayling 6, Wm. Prettie 7. Ties of 8 div. second. We are to shoot a return match with 10 men a side for the supper and all expenses with 10 men from Lyons, N. Y. We beat them the last time, and they gave us an elegant supper, and we had a fine time. Will give you full details next time, as I must go to the other shoot.—LA GRIPPE.

POHLMAN VS. MONAHAN.—G. Pohlman, of the Unknown Gun Club, and James Monahan, of the Northside Gun Club, shot at 25 birds each, 25yds. rise, for $50 a side, on Jan. 8, at Miller's Dexter Park, Brooklyn, on the Jamaica road. The contest resulted in a tie, but on the shoot-off Pohlman won. The birds were fast flyers and strong. The score follows:

Pohlman	0011110000000001011101113
Monahan	1000111100001011001001—13

In the shoot-off Pohlman killed 3 out of 5 and Monahan 2.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 8.—The Parkway Gun Club held a shoot at Miller's Dexter Park to-day. The birds were one of the finest lots of flyers ever tossed from the traps, and furnished capital sport for the well-known wing shots who faced the traps throughout the afternoon. The main event was the regular competition for the club badge. The score of the main event was as follows: E. Helgans 6, R. Phister 6, G. T. Savago 6, James Bennett 6, Bromwell 5, H. T. Selover 4, H. T. Bookman 4, P. Hale 3, M. Meyer 2, C. Stemheuser 2, and M. J. Borden 1. Helgan thus won the medal and Borden received the leather trophy. An extra event at 3 live birds per man followed, at 25yds. rise. In this event Buckman, H. Von Wyckhoff and R. Phister each killed 3; Savage, Meyer, Philman, Bromwell, Bennett, Selover and Helgans each 2; while Steinheuser and Borden each killed 1. In shooting off the ties for second money, miss and out, Selover killed 4 birds, Meyer 4, Bromwell 2, Bennett 3, Savage 1 and Helgans 0. The first two contestants divided. A second extra sweepstake, under the same conditions, resulted as follows: Helgans 4, Von Wyckhoff 3, Bockman 2, Bennett 4, Phister 3, Van Sicklen 3, Philman 5, Selover 4 and Charlick 5. It was too dark to admit of further shooting; the money was divided, after the birds were paid for.

RED BANK, N. J., Jan. 10.—The Riverside Gun Club held their weekly meeting to-day. Clay birds only were used as targets. The opening event at 10 singles resulted as follows: John Cooper won with 8, Fred Beal was second with 7, Wm Little third with 6, and Wm. Conover broke 5. Second event at 10 singles: John Cooper won with 7, Wm. Conover second with 6, Wm. Little and Fred Beal divided third, J. Bergen fourth with 5. M. Cornwell broke 4, David Belshaw 3 and Asa Whaymer 2. Third event 10 singles: John Cooper won with 10, M. F. Cornwell was second with 8, Oscar Hesse third with 7, Fred Beal fourth with 6, Asa Whawmer got 5, Wm. Conover 4, D. Belshaw 3, and P. Hendrickson 2. Final event at 10 pairs: John Cooper won with 8, Fred Beal was second with 7, Asa Whaymer third with 4, Wm. Conover broke 2.

PHILADELPHIA.—The following officers of the Wingohocking Gun Club, Germantown, have been elected: Pres., Joseph Thurman, Jr.; Vice-Pres., Mahlon Bolton; Treas., Roderick Provost; Sec., S. W. Keuhart; Field Captain, Harry Thurman; Executive Committee, Frank Kuhn, Theodore Mitchner, James Broadhurst.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—The Atlantic City Gun Club has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Pres., L. Adams; Vice-Pres., Dr. C. C. Raith; Sec-Treas., R. C. Griscom; Captain, C. C. Minerd; Executive Committee, W. Hayday, A. C. Griscom, Robert Stroud, R. C. Griscom and C. C. Raith.

WALNUT HILL, Jan. 8.—The opening shotgun meeting of the year was held on the range to-day, under the most favorable weather conditions, and with an unusually large number of contestants on the ground. It was expected that the 100-bird match between Bowker and Knowles would prove an exciting feature of the meeting, but the latter was badly out of form, owing to recent illness, and felt obliged to withdraw after the twelfth round. Bowker thus won the opal stud for which the match was shot, but Knowles was presented with a handsome split-bamboo trout rod as a consolation prize. The sweepstake events were hotly contested, and the scores made were extremely creditable, as the following summary shows: Five Keystone targets—Bowker 5, first; Crown, Dutch, Rule, 4 second; Knowles, Nichols, 3, third. Six standard targets—Bowker, Rule, Nichols, 5, first; Crown, Gregg, 4, second; Knowles 3, third. Five clay-birds, squad system—Crown 5, first; Bowker, Dutch, White, 3, second; Brooks, Nichols, Rule, 2, third; Gregg 1, fourth. Six standard targets—White 6 first; Bowker, Nichols, Rule, 5, second; Brooks, Short, 4, third; Bradbury, Crown, Knowles, 3, fourth. Seven clay-birds, Keystone rules—Chase, Gregg, Knowles, 7, first; Bowker, Crown, Nichols, White, 6, second; Dutch, Rule, Short, 5, third; Bradbury 4, fourth. Six standard targets—Black, Bradbury, Brooks, White, 6, first; Hosmer 5, second; Gregg, Knowles, 4, third; Rule 3, fourth. Six standard targets—Bowker, Crown, Nichols, White, 6, first; Hosmer 5, second; Knowles 4, third. Six standard targets—In this event there were 12 entries, Messrs. Bradbury, Bowker and Chase made clean scores. In shooting off the tie Chase won, and the prize, a bamboo fly-rod valued at $10, was awarded to him. Five keystone targets, squad firing—Chase 5, first; Bradbury 4, second; Black, Gregg, 3, third; Brooks 2, fourth. Seven standard target—Bradbury, White, 7, first; Bowker, Dutch, Gregg, Hosmer, 6, second; Shool 5, third. Ten Keystone targets, squad firing—Black, Brooks, Knowles, Rule, 10, first; Chase, Gregg, 9, second; Nichols, Perry, White, 8, third; Bradbury, Crown, Dutch, Hosmer, 7, fourth. Five standards—Brooks, Chase, White, 5, first; Black, Hosmer, 4, second; Bowker 3, third; Gregg 1, fourth. Fifteen Keystone targets, squad firing—Bowker, Short, White, 15, first; Brooks, Rule, 14, second; Black 13, third; Chase 12, fourth. Six standard targets—Black, White, 6, first; Knowles 5, second; Gregg, Rule, 4, third; Bowker 3, fourth. Five clay-birds—Chase 5, first; Crown, Rule, Short, 4, second; Bowker 3, third; Gregg, Knowle, 2, fourth.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 8.—This afternoon at Woodlawn Park the members of the Fountain Gun Club held their first shooting meeting of the season of 1890. The weather in the morning was delightful, but just as the shooting was about to begin the mass of heavy clouds which had been gathering in the west rolled over the shooting grounds, making things dark and dismal. So dim, indeed, was the light that it interfered materially with those engaged in the competition, although it was hardly midafternoon. The birds were a poor lot, in fact the worst in flight the men of the club have ever had to shoot at. C. W. Wingert, Louis T. Davenport and C. A. Seddons tied for first place with clean scores of 7 kills each. A. Alfred and H. W. Blattmacher tied with 6 kills each. W. Selover was all alone with 5. W. A. Stewart, W. E. Dudley and R. Grant scored 4 each, and F. H. Garrison 3. The tie for first place was shot off at once, and as fine a display of shooting skill was then witnessed as is often seen. Seddons missed his sixth bird and dropped out. Wingert and Davenport then shot round after round until the fourteenth, when Wingert killing and Davenport missing, the former took first position. These were all in Class A, and stood at 25yds. rise. Eddy, Blattmacher, Grant and Selover were also in Class A. Stewart in Class B, 23yds. Dudley and Garrison (Snapper) in Class B, 21yds. Just as the main event closed a heavy shower passed over the grounds, putting a stop to the shooting for a few moments. A sweepstake was then shot off, ties shot off, miss and out. Entrance $2, 3 birds each man, 3 moneys—Louis T. Davenport and C. W. Wingert killed all their birds and divided first money, after shooting out Detleffsen and Stell, who missed their first tie birds. Selover captured second money after shooting out W. H. Dudley, Grant and Garrison. Stewart took third without a competitor in his class. The two best shots of the day were made by C. A. Seddons. Both were almost straightaway birds, quartering a little to the left. Each bird was killed at a distance of 75yds., a remarkable distance to get a scoring shot.

FRANK CLASS.—The announcement that Frank Class would have a house-warming and a live-bird shoot at his new hotel just over the Passaic River, in Pine Brook, on Friday, Jan. 10, drew a large number to that place. The day was cold and raw, and the clouds seemed to be ready at any moment to send down a torrent. Many of the visitors had their shooting implements with them, and as John Erb had furnished a supply of good pigeons, they had lots of fun at the traps. The shooting was all of the sweepstake order, the conditions being 4 birds each man, $3 entry, 3 traps, Hurlingham rules to govern, and 3 moneys. The results were as follows:

First Sweep—Frank Class, Chris Reinhardt and John Riggott killed straight and divided first money. C. M. Hedden, George Innis, Jr., E. Jones and Hugh Leddy tied for second on 3 kills each, and shot off, miss and out, Hedden and Innis taking the pot by outshooting their opponents. Third money went in with first.

Second Sweep—Hedden and Riggott with 4 each, took first boodle. Class, John Erb, Sam Castle, Reinhardt, Jones, Leddy, Innis, Miller and Harrison tied for second, and on the shoot-off Jones killed 5 straight and took the pot. Third was again put in with first.

Third Sweep—Miller, Jones and Reinhardt tied on 4 each, and on the shoot-off Miller was shot out, the others dividing. For second Class, Erb, Castle Leddy and Riggott tied and shot off; Reinhardt and Jones proved to be the best stayers and captured the money. Third was split even by Hedden and Harrison.

Fourth Sweep—First was tied for by Hedden, Castle, Reinhardt, Leddy and Riggott with all down, and on the shoot-off Leddy and Riggott pocketed the cash. Enoch Miller and Class took second, while third was divided even by Erb and Jones.

Fifth Event—Castle, Leddy, Riggott and Miller killed straight and shot off, Castle and Riggott finally dividing first cash. Carl von Lengerke, Erb, Reinhardt, J. E. Wheaton and Jones tied for second and also shot off, Von Lengerke and Erb finally dividing. Third went to Hedden alone.

The final event was a miss-and-out, $2 entry, with 9 entries, Sam Castle captured the $18 by killing 9 straight, Jones missing his ninth, Hedden his seventh, the rest dropping out early.

DAVENPORT, Ia., Jan. 9.—Monday evening, Jan. 6, the Forester Gun Club held its annual meeting in the parlors of the St. James Hotel, and elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, F. O. Davis; Vice-President, C. M. Leonard; Secretary and Treasurer, J. M. Howard; Board of Directors, F. O. Davis, C. M. Leonard, J. M. Howard, John Kray, C. Collins, Harry Young, E. Emerson. The treasurer's report showed the club to be in a good condition financially, being out of debt and with a balance on hand of $269.99. The new board of directors were authorized to erect a club house in the spring to cost from $300 to $600. Gold medals were awarded to C. Collins, E. C. Brannigan and J. M. Howard. It was decided to put up a cup, to cost not more than $15, to be contested for by the members in live bird matches. C. M. Leonard was designated as the first holder of the cup, and J. M. Howard has challenged him for a match, 25 birds a side, which will be shot next Friday. The one who holds the cup in four successive contests will be declared the champion of the club and will be entitled to keep the prize. At a meeting of the directors, held Tuesday evening, Jan. 7, the following were appointed to make arrangements for the February tournament: F. O. Davis, C. M. Leonard, J. M. Howard, John Kray, and Harry Young.—W. M. PURCE.

PHOTOGRAPHIC IDENTIFICATION CARDS.—New York, Jan. 9, 1890.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The American Shooting Association have provided a very convenient and appropriate classification card, having on it outside a monogram with proper wording in gold letters; on the inside, printed on one side, is the classification, and on the opposite a photograph of the shooter. This at once identifies the shooter wherever he may go, and in many ways will serve him, principally as a card of introduction, and secure for him his proper place in shooting contests wherever he may be. The Association wants to place one of these in the hands of every shooter classified by it, and will do so for any one sending a photograph and fifty cents. The photograph will be reduced to proper size for card, and the original returned if desired. Already large numbers have been sent out, and without exception the holders say they would not be without them for twice the cost. In fact, they could not duplicate them themselves for less than that amount. They are so conveniently arranged that the classification can be changed at any time without charge to balance of card.—THE AMERICAN SHOOTING ASS'N L'D, Room 184 Stewart Building, New York City, S. M. TAYLOR, Manager.

NEW YORK, Jan. 7.—The members of the Unknown Gun Club elected the following officers at their annual meeting to-night: H. Knebel, Sr., President; J. Akhurst, Vice-President; R. N. Sillwell, Secretary; B. Van Staden, Treasurer. The club will continue to shoot on the second Thursday of every month at L. Miller's Dexter Park. Some valuable extra prizes have been offered by some of the members, besides the usual club medal, the Midas badge.

WEST JERSEY GUN CLUB.—Camden, N. J., Jan. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The West Jersey Gun Club, having just closed an eminently successful year, we think it fitting to send you a brief summary of our work, and ask if any similar organization can report a more active and prosperous period. To our membership we have added twenty active names, and established a revenue much in excess of our club needs. Our records disclose that over 25,000 targets have been shot during the year from our grounds, not including those used in our team matches with other clubs. On Christmas Day we shot 1,700 targets. Our new year opened to day with our regular medal shoot, and over 2,000 targets were shot, the number being limited only by our trapping capacity. Our team average for the year is 73 per cent. We are now arranging our schedule of matches for this year, and will be pleased to hear from clubs in this vicinity.—WEST JERSEY GUN CLUB.

WYALUSING, Pa.—The Wyalusing Rod and Gun Club was organized Jan. 7, with the following members: Dr. H. Rush, Al Ruff, J. M. Brown, J. S. Hamaker, N. A. Welles, J. A. Shuman, H. J. Lloyd, N. H. Allis, Fisher Welles, Lincoln Welles, F. H. Jarvis, I. M. Allis, A. W. Savage. Regular practice shoots at bluerock pigeons will be held weekly. Only members and guests of the club from a distance allowed to shoot. Rules of the American Association were adopted. The following officers were elected: Pres., N. H. Allis; Vice-Pres., Fisher Welles; Sec.-Treas., J. S. Hamaker; Executive Committee, J. S. Hamaker, chairman; J. A. Shuman, N. A. Welles. The club has been shooting for about two months past without being organized, and some very good good scores made. One object of the club is to see that the game laws are enforced, as they have not been in this vicinity.

NEWARK, Jan. 9.—At Erb's Park to-day the members of the Newark Gun Club held their first regular meeting of the year. Regular club match, 10 birds each man, Hurlingham rules, modified, to govern. A money investment was made by each man of $5, so that the competition was really a sweepstake as well as a monthly club match. The purse was divided into three moneys—for the 10 per cent., 9 per cent. and 8 per cent. John Erb and Carl Von Lengerke got clean scores and divided first money with 10 killed birds each man. Sam Castle and Chris Reinhardt captured second money on a tie of 9 killed each, and divided. John Riggott took third money. C. M. Hedden killed 4, J. Pentz and Gus Freche 3 each, while J. Wheaton, C. Heath and W. Hollis had to content themselves with 4 kills each man. Immediately at the conclusion of the club event, sweepstakes were got up and rapidly fought to a conclusion.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Jan. 11.—The storm to-day kept a good many gunners away from the regular weekly shoot of the Wellington Gun Club, although there was a sufficient number present to make the sport interesting. In the silver pitcher match, at 7 bluerocks and 8 clay-pigeons: Melcher won with a clean score. The other scores in this match were: Perry and Bond 12, White, Sanborn, Brooks and Chase 11, Lee 10, Dill, Short and Bradbury 9, Warren 7. The second shoot in the merchandise match, which was opened last Saturday, the scores in the silver pitcher match counting as the first contest, was shot at 15 bluerocks. The conditions of the match are that the man making the best three scores out of four at the end of the month to be declared the winner. The scores in this match to-day were: Perry, White and Dill 13, Bond and Brooks 12, Sanborn, Chase and Warren 11, Short 9, Bradbury 7. Sweepstakes followed.

SOUTH SIDE GUN CLUB.—At the regular semi-annual meeting of the South Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., Jan. 9, 1890, the following gentlemen were elected members of the Governing Committee: Asa Whitehead, L. H. Torrill, R. H. Breitnall, E. L. Phillips, President; W. R. Hobart, Secretary and Treasurer.

DAYTON, Jan. 9.—The Dayton shooters are waiting for the Cincinnati club to pay for the last match before entering into another one. At a practice shoot to-day Rolla Heikes scored 95, Scott McDonald 91 and Ed Rike 85 out of a possible 100.

Every week we are obliged to defer to the next week trap scores which come in too late for publication in the current issue. It is particularly requested that scores be sent us as early as possible

Canoeing.

The list of officers and directions for joining the A. C. A. and W. C. A. will be found in the first issue of each month.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

1,500 MILES IN AN ADIRONDACK BOAT.

PART III.

ERIE CANAL, Sept. 14.—Sunday.—A cold, foggy morning. I had to endure the criticisms of the boatmen as well as the low temperature while dressing, and was loth to turn out of the blankets. The water in the canal here is very clear and limpid, tempting one to an early morning bath. I rowed one mile to Palmyra, reaching its hotel at 7.15, but had to await the 8 o'clock Sunday morning breakfast. The intervening time was employed in playing hymns on the piano, thus effectually arousing all the guests. The breakfast was good, however, and I started on again at 8:30. Frequently I have to leave the boat and its precious baggage in suspicious-looking places, but thus far have lost nothing. When departing from the suburbs of the town a nice flock of plover flew up near me.

There was no wind to-day, but a strong current against me; and the eel grass, at places obscuring the water, was floating along in large islands. At the first sight of it this morning I foresaw a stop to my trip unless some contrivance was hit upon to avoid it, and viewed the situation with dismay. In sheer desperation finally the thought of elevating the boat's cutwater above the surface presented itself, and it was carried out by removing my traps and baggage to the stern. The rowing was harder and it prevented the boat running so fast, but I observed the satisfactory result with delight. The little boat would not hold inside, *i. e.*, under the deck, all the baggage and freight, so I had to put much on the deck abaft the coaming, a large box of plums and other such delicacies making quite a pile. This induced every one to think that I was peddling, and was provocative of much mirth at my expense. My joy was great at overcoming the eel grass, it being a positive pleasure to row over the matted masses of the pestiliferous weed without detention. The canal boats are often difficult to pass, and the delay thus caused is quite an item against my time.

At the end of the level, near Macedonville, I passed through four locks close together, being thus ushered on a seventeen-mile stretch, three miles of which brought me to Monroe county, and as far beyond the line was the town of Fairport. Then four miles to Bushnell's Basin, thence two miles to Certerville, and one mile beyond this little village, and near the end of the level, appeared Pittsford, where I arrived at 2 P. M., making from Palmyra nineteen miles and from Brighton twenty miles. Some of these little towns are beautiful, being well laid out, and having many pretty residences, broad, shady lanes and fine trees, mostly elms and maples. I passed many superb orchards to-day, mostly of Baldwin apples. The landscape, especially the last few miles was charming, though the houses were low. At Fairport the canal turns nearly south, having been northwest from Bushnell's Basin; after leaving Pittsford it goes north to Brighton, thence striking westward.

There seems to be quite a quantity of bass about, judging from the several fishing gangs out and I saw some heavy fish caught, too. They tell me they are caught running up to 2lbs. weight. The favorite spots for fishing are the little wooden bridges, over which the numerous lanes and roads cross the canal. The bass lie in the shade under these, and the fishermen lie flat on the boards above, with nothing but their heads visible. Sometimes a bridge would be lined with heads and poles extending thus. When a wily fisherman wants to change his ground he jumps from his perch on to a passing boat, and is thus carried to the next bridge.

About the middle of the morning I bought a watermelon of a farmer and ate it, together with a sprinkling of six or eight apples and plums, nearly eating out the larder of the small hotel at Pittsford, where I dined, besides. I was advised to-day by a canalboat gent, who seemed to take a lively interest in me, and whose request for the article had been refused, to huckster whisky along, thereby supplying thirsty souls, as a good living could be easily made by so doing. The advice was well-meant, but I could not relish it; doubtless it was sound, too, as everybody asks for a drink, and seem surprised at being refused. The prevailing opinion regarding my expedition is that I am going fishing, though sometimes I am a peddler, or rowing on a bet. This last is prevalent when I am pulling hard, and is perhaps the favorite idea; everybody becomes gloomy when told to the contrary. The following questions are put to me from canal boats I meet and continue to be shouted out as long as I am within hearing distance: "Whar you goin'?" "Whar you frum?" "Rowin' on a bet?" "What d' thar thing cost?" "How fast can she go?" "Got any whisky?" "Why don't you hitch on to a light boat?" After this, sometimes, "I don't begrudge you the rowin', but I'd like to have that there boat." And, "What'll you take for her?" Then the chaff element begins: "Say, boss, whar did you get that boat?" "In Philadelphia," I reply. "Now, then, come out o' that an' I'll larn yer," etc. On two occasions I just avoided a fight, the language becoming unbearable, and dignified silence having been of no avail; but generally the men and boys are a good-hearted set of roughs and would do a kind turn for one if necessary.

I left Pittsford at 4 P. M., and after the two miles to the end of the level there came five locks within a mile or two of each other, and at each gathered a curious crowd "to see the little skiff go through the lock." This last ushered me into a 60-mile level. I passed Brighton, at the end of one of the above short levels, and one mile from the last lock brought the handsome city of Rochester. I had to row some distance through the town, where the canal crosses the roaring Genessee River on a huge aqueduct, and a short distance further I stopped at a draworidge in the center of the city. I arrived at dusk, but the electric lights made everything very bright. It is but a short distance from Rochester to Lake Ontario. Irondequoit Bay comes far inland, and its head is near Brighton; the river forming it crosses the Erie Canal put a few miles west of Fairport. Rochester is 8 miles west of Pittsford by canal, and I have rowed to this point to day, 28 miles. There was but little eel grass in the water for the last 7 miles, and I made good time then by trimming the boat on an even keel.

At Rochester I left my craft in charge of the bridge tender and went to the Powers Hotel for supper. This is a very fine house, and the appearance of the city about the square reminds one of the best part of Boston. While writing up my log in the elegant reading-room a reporter appeared, note-book in hand; I tried hard to bounce him, but he would not be bounced; I therefore gave him my ideas about matters in general and nothing in particular, but it all appeared in the leading paper next day, for I was shown an account of it two days later 60 miles beyond. This was the first defeat of the kind, as I generally succeeded in getting off without committing myself. I was told, however, that my advent was heralded in a Rochester paper two weeks before I appeared; but how it was known is a mystery, as I always make a point of being very reticent. The reporter met me with, "You are here at last? We have have been expecting you for some time."

After purchasing some canteloupes, I left about 8:30. The canal for the next 2 miles led through the city, and was gloomy and dismal, with a great many street swing bridges. Under all of these I could pass but one, and that was raised for me after much shouting. This was a pedestrian railroad affair, and worked by water power. Rowing 2½ miles beyond Rochester, camp was made in the boat, moored to the bank by means of a handy fence post. My run for the day was 31½ miles.

Erie Canal, Sept. 15, Monday.—I slept very soundly until 7 A. M., and was not so chilly as the previous night, though the weather was very cold, having made some improvements, suggested by experience, in my sleeping arrangements. Rowing half a mile to the "four-mile grocery," a small shanty that distance from Rochester, where formerly was a canal-boat supply store, I prevailed on the Dutch proprietress to give me some breakfast. The result was altogether so filthy that I was forced to draw from my own larder, though the old lady was willing and obliging enough. It was a dirty little hovel, and I was glad to escape it, though in my haste I accidentally left my beloved coffee pot; henceforth no more chocolate.

I then rowed to Brockport, 16 miles from "four-mile grocery," passing Spencerport and Adams's Basin. At Brockport begins Orleans county. The town has 4,000 inhabitants, and is a pretty place, with many nice residences. I went to the Betty House, a quarter of a mile from the canal and from the railroad too, where I had a very good dinner. Since leaving Rochester the country has been flat, and covered with fine orchards, principally apple. The trees are well headed, with the branches well pruned and symmetrical, and the ground remarkably well cultivated. At Adams's Basin there is scarcely any other occupation than apple raising, and from this place great quantities are shipped to Philadelphia. The apple yield in western New York during the fall will exceed 4,000,000 barrels, representing about $10,000,000. There was a bad current on this level, which kept me back nearly 1 mile in every 5 or 6 rowed; while the grass was so troublesome that I had to elevate the bow as before.

I left Brockport at 3 P. M., and rowing on, passed the towns of Holley, Tuttles, Hulburton, Brockville, Hindsburg and Albion. The last mentioned was a large place, and boasted a drawbridge over the canal. Beyond this town I went two miles, and camped at dark, making 32½ miles to-day. Though the current, of course, continued strong, there was little head wind and eel grass during the afternoon. The country is a beautiful farming region, and besides splendid orchards and crops, I saw much fine stock of various kinds. Frequently the whole barnyard population is gathered on the banks, lining the water for some distance, while the paddling portion of the community would be in the canal itself. They all regarded me with unmixed astonishment and perplexity. The account of the trip in the Rochester *Herald* has evidently preceded my coming, as in several of the towns many people ran together at the sight of the boat, and frequently would line the bridges. The questioning I had to undergo was fearful; but as it is important to keep on good terms with everybody, all queries had to be answered. In one or two cases men actually rushed out from their work, 200yds. or so distant, with such exclamations as, "There he goes B'l," "Here no is," or "He's a comin'," and without except on they would shout out to know the size of the bet, this being the all-interesting part of it to their minds. Among the boating part of the community this or whisky is the first question, but I think that the balance is a little in favor of the whisky.

Clouds came up during the afternoon, and at dark looked very threatening; so when night came I "hit up" and went to work to sling the tent. Having found a nice grassy bank in a lonely spot, I hauled the boat out, and after fixing the tent over it I took a swim; then crawling into my quarters I ate a dozen nice peaches and crackers, and spent the rest of the evening in reading. The light attracts an infinite number of insects, great and small; and these creep over everything. The tent cover itself seems to be moving, as the bugs completely cover it while running about. Fortunately it is too cold for them, or else the mosquitoes would be thick also, as the country further back is quite swampy and uncultivated.

Erie Canal, Sept. 16, Tuesday.—I was up at 5:45, the wind blowing a gale, but the tent stood firm, and I had been undisturbed during the night, save by the roaring overhead. I tightened up my canvas decking, preparatory to launching, on account of having continually put heavy articles on it, using it for drying blankets, tent, etc., which had sagged it somewhat. I rowed one mile against a powerful west wind to Eagle Harbor, a little hamlet, where I had breakfast at a small cottage dignified by the name of "hotel." It was as neat and clean as could be, and the old fellow who kept it showed me some stuffed owls and loons he had shot on Lake Ontario.

I left at 8:30 and tried to row on, but the wind was fearful, preventing me from making a third of my usual speed. Growing stronger by degrees, it finally became so violent that to pull against it was impossible, and after striving hard for a mile from Eagle Harbor I got out and towed the boat, fastening one line amidships and taking a turn about my waist and taking the bowline in my hand, thus causing the boat to run parallel with the bank. This was continued until Middleport was reached, a small town 14 miles from Eagle Harbor, where I dined and rested a pair of weary legs, as the wind makes a serious undertaking of an attempt to walk against it; and all the morning I had this hard labor, while huge clouds of dust blew over the country. A few canal boats tried to run, but by far the most of them were tied up. I passed many large quince orchards with beautiful fruit, they seeming to flourish as well as the apples.

At Middleport the New York Central R. R. again meets the Canal, having deflected at Brockport. I passed this morning Knowlesville, Medina and Shelby Basin. At Medina, quite a large town, Oak Orchard Creek feeder comes in; this creek has been joined to Towanda Creek, several miles south, by a cut. The stream rises near Attica, and flows west into the Niagara River near Towanda. "Old Shelby" is a place of twelve ancient houses, and here the scene of the exploits of Mark Twain's character sketch is laid, and this is the spot that the famous character hailed from. The village looked as if it could produce some more like him too, as I beheld many nondescript specimens of humanity. But 8 miles stretches between the shore of Lake Ontario and Shelby Village. I was much impressed with it, having approached the venerable hamlet so suddenly, and longed to have a companion for a minute or two to talk it over. Instead of this I stopped a curious old chap who lived near at hand, and told him the story of Nicodemus Dodge, the above-mentioned hero, but he remained unmoved, merely remarking "Ther be some folks be that name hereabouts."

Not very much of the country could be seen, as the dust and wind were so blinding. I left Middleport again at 3 P. M., rowed two miles, at first keeping close to a high bank which partly broke the force of the hurricane, but after leaving this shelter I could not make a foot against it, and during several gusts to recover one's oar was an utter impossibility. Of course the only thing was to foot it again. So disembarking I trudged on once more, passing two or three towns, at one of which, Orangeport, I happened to see a pretty lass in a small store hard by. I was feeling very much in want of comfort in some shape or other, and so went in. This Western New York Hebe, however, was uncommunicative, save in shy glances and an embarrassed smile; so I drank a glass of cider to her health and went on my weary way. I reached Lockport, 12 miles from Middleport and 76 miles from the last bivouac, at 7:30 P. M., footsore and exasperated, having rowed but 4 miles all day.

It was probably the hardest day's tramping I ever had. The towpath being uneven, it was all that I could do to walk against the wind, and this pushing against my right side while the boat pulled the left around, made very laborious work. Some amusing scenes occurred among the few canalboats that were endeavoring to run, particularly when they passed each other. The wind at such a juncture invariably caused a collision, and afterward tangled their lines in great confusion. The country generally was flat, but fine and fertile; here and there were peach orchards, but apples still predominated.

At Lockport I once more got into the boat, and as it was very dark, and the prospect ahead was gloomy, I bribed some boys to run up and tell the lock keeper that a man with a pass wanted to be locked up. Five locks are here of large size and compact together, forming as many large steps, so it appeared at a distance. The walls of solid granite made an impressive sight, tending much to raise one's respect for the great Erie Canal. As all these locks are double, there are actually ten water compartments, each having 14ft. rise. They looked really terrible in the dark, with the water roaring through them like heavy thunder. It was fortunate that I found the boys, as no one would either have heard or noticed me in such a place, my boat being a mere speck in the great basin. The first lock, damp, reeking and cold, with dim lights 20 or 30ft. above on the parapet, together with the lower gate of the next, also 30ft. high, with the water thundering over its upper gates into the chasm where I waited, was a sight to unnerve one. I could neither see nor hear any one while going through, naught but the troubled waters of the huge gates appearing to work by magic or of their own accord.

When the last chamber is gained a singular sight meets one in looking down on those below. It is strange that a boat could rise so high on water in such a short distance. The heavy granite balustrades, steps and platforms presented a very fine appearance. I went to the Judson House, ate a hearty supper, and then pushed on west at 9 P. M. The canal, beginning half a mile from Lockport, is cut out of the solid rock for two miles, the walls rising 20ft. on either side; one could not get out of the water if swimming, as the walls extend upward in a perpendicular line. It is a dark, silent and lonely place. A ghostly canalboat or two passed by me and I saw a tug steaming toward Lockport, a sure sign of approaching Buffalo. High banks lined the water even after passing the cut, and the journey through was a very solitary one. The wind had nearly gone down, but there was an unusually strong current against me. I passed a fine guard-lock at Sulphur Springs, 5 miles from Lockport, and after rowing 1½ miles beyond this I tied up to a steep bank.

The night was very cold, not a house had been visible since leaving Lockport. While taking a swim about 10:30 P. M. I found the current so strong that I could scarcely swim against it. I have made 32½ miles to-day, rowing 10½ miles and walking 22 miles; so that I am justly tired. From Buffalo to Lockport there is but one level, divided into three divisions by two grand locks; so to-night I went to sleep with the happy consciousness of being on the last stretch of this stupendous canal, and having come nearly 330 miles from Albany. Just before reaching Lockport I passed into Niagara county; after Pendleton, half a mile west of my bivouac to-night, Erie county begins. This is my longest day's work so far, as I have been "going it" since 5:15 A. M., or 16¾ hours.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa. M. B.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CORINTHIAN MOSQUITO FLEET.

THE annual meeting of the Corinthian Mosquito Fleet will be held at the Sturtevant House, Broadway and Twenty-ninth street, New York, on Jan. 20, at 8 o'clock P. M. The following amendments have been proposed:

By-Laws—Change Chap. I., headed "Meetings," to provide for the second meeting in April instead of May. Chap. III., Sec. II., change to read "three dollars" instead of "one dollar." Chap. III., Sec. III., strike out "May" and insert "March"; strike out "June" and insert "April." Insert the following under Chap. VII.: Sec. I.—The commodore shall fly a rectangular blue pennant having in its center a white star. Sec. 2—The vice-commodore shall fly a rectangular red pennant having in its center a white star. Change "Chap. VII." to "Chap. VIII." and to read as follows: These by-laws may be amended at any regular meeting of the association by a two-thirds vote of all present, the proposed amendment having been stated in the call for such meeting ten days in advance.

Sailing Rules.—Rule II.—All boats shall be classified according to their rig and load waterline measurement, time allowance being given in their respective classes on load waterline measurement, except canoes, which shall be classified and sailed according to the rules governing regattas of the American Canoe Association; this classification is subject to the decision of the regatta committee. Change the above and present rule to read as follows: All boats, except canoes, shall be classified according to their rig and load waterline measurement, time allowance being given in their respective classes on load waterline measurement. Canoes shall be classified and sailed according to the rules governing regattas of the American Canoe Association, except when in competition with other boats for fastest time over the course, in which event they will sail on the corrected time of this association. Insert the following under the present heading "Prizes": When five or more boats in a class start, a second prize shall be awarded. A prize shall be awarded to the boat making the best corrected time over the course in a regular regatta.

The following names have been proposed for membership: A. de F. Wheeler, Stratford, Conn.; M. T. Bennett, Jr., Garden City, L. I.; Wm. Boyce, New York.

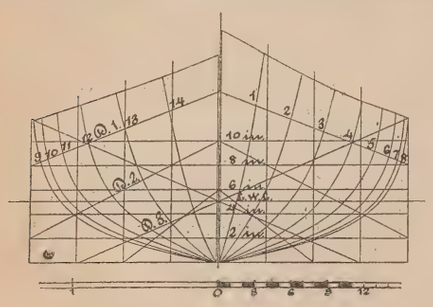
SOUTH BOSTON AND MASSASOIT CLUBS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 2 appeared an article relating to the Massasoit C. C., of Boston, which contained a flagrant misstatement which I desire to correct. The writer says: "The club is really an offshoot from the South Boston C. C., and includes the latter club's founders in its roll of members." Whether made from ignorance or from some less excusable reason, the statement is grossly misrepresenting. The South Boston C. C. was organized with six founders Jan. 1, 1888; of these six founders, one, Wm. Barrett, left the club two years ago, while four of the remaining five, Jas. Craddock, Thos. Aickland, W. W. Hird and W. J. Martin, are still active members of the South Boston C. C. The fifth, J. A. Frizzell, is the only founder whose name can be found on the rolls of the Massasoit C. C.—JOHN J. MARTIN, Sec. S. B. C. C. (Boston, Jan. 11).

WINTER CANOEING.—The members of the Irrawadi C. C., of Davenport, Ia., have been making late fall cruises every year, but this season they have fairly beaten all previous records. On Thanksgiving Day the entire club had an all-day cruise up the Mississippi, and on New Year's Day several took a short cruise and were not seriously inconvenienced by the cold and not at all by the ice, as there is none in the river at this point. The boys are preparing for an active campaign in the spring.—C. M. PURCE.

A. C. A., CENTRAL DIVISION.—Com. Stanton has sent out the following notice: "To the executive committee and members of the A. C. A. Gentlemen—You are hereby notified that in accordance with Article VI., Sec. 1, of the Constitution, I have this day declared Mr. James K. Bakewell, of Pittsburgh, Pa., elected purser of the Central Division, in the place of Mr. F. F. Andrews, of Rochester, resigned."

A 15×31½ RACING CANOE.

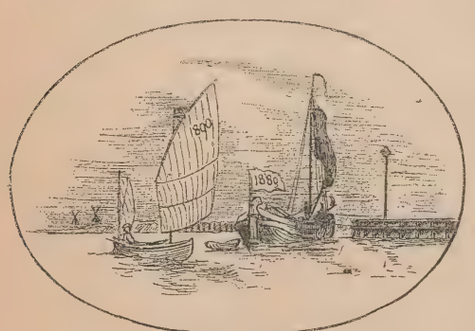
THE canoe whose lines are here given has been raced for two seasons, and has proved a very successful boat, being very fast in smooth water, but at her best in a strong reefing breeze and a heavy chop sea, under which conditions she goes very well to windward, while being fast off the wind and reaching. She is sailed with a sliding seat and no ballast, the board weighing but 14lbs. Her rig consists of two Mohican sails, 75 in main and 40 in mizen, 115ft. in all, the area being well distributed fore and aft. The actual length of the canoe is 14ft. 10in., but we have extended the lines to 15ft., in uniformity with the lines of Fly, Vagabond and Charm, all other dimensions being unchanged. The displacement for a draft of 5in. is 325lbs. in salt water. The same design expanded to 16ft. would displace 347lbs. at the same draft. The canoe is raced at a draft of about 5⅛in. forward and 5¾in. aft.



BODY PLAN OF 15×31½ CANOE.

The bottom of keel has a shoe ⅜in. deep, which is not shown in the drawing. The boat is somewhat slow in stays, and would be improved by a moderate rocker to the keel, about 2in. in a length of 5ft. at each end. This is not shown in the table of offsets, but can be put in when laying down. The mainmast is 1ft. 2½in. from the bow; the mizenmast 11ft. 7½in. from bow. The centerboard is 26in. long, the fore end of slot being 5ft. from fore side of stem The board comes above the coaming, dropping the full 18in. when down. These lines are specially interesting in comparison with those of Fly and Vagabond, each of the three being radically different from the others. The following is a table of offsets:

Stations.	Heights	Half Breadths.								
	Deck.	Deck	10in.	8in.	6in.	4in.	2in.	Dia. 1	Dia. 2	Dia 3
0..	1 7	0¹	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
1..	1 5¹	3⁵	2⁵	2¹	1⁵	1¹	0⁵	3²	2⁴	1⁶
2..	1 3⁴	6⁶	5³	4⁶	3⁷	2⁷	1⁴	6³	5²	3⁴
3..	1 2¹	9⁴	8²	7⁵	6⁴	4⁷	2⁶	9¹	7⁵	5
4..	1 1²	11⁶	11	10²	9	7²	4²	11⁵	9⁶	6¹
5..	1 0⁵	1 1³	1 0⁷	1 0²	11²	9²	5⁷	1 1⁵	11³	6⁷
6..	1 0²	1 2⁴	1 2²	1 1⁶	1 0⁸	10⁶	7¹	1 2⁷	1 0⁴	7²
7..	1 0	1 3²	1 3	1 2⁴	1 1⁴	11⁴	7⁷	1 3⁵	1 1¹	7⁴
⊠	11⁶	1 3⁴	1 3²	1 2⁶	1 1⁷	1 0	8¹	1 2⁴	1 1³	7⁶
9..	11⁶	1 3²	1 3¹	1 2⁶	1 1⁶	1 0	7⁷	1 3⁶	1 1³	7⁵
10..	1 0	1 2⁶	1 2⁴	1 2²	1 1¹	11²	7¹	1 3¹	1 0⁸	7²
11..	1 0²	1 1⁴	1 1¹	1 0⁴	11⁴	9⁴	5⁷	1 1⁷	11⁵	6⁷
12..	1 0⁷	11³	10⁶	10¹	9	7¹	4³	11⁵	9⁶	6⁷
13..	1 2	8⁴	7⁴	6⁷	5⁷	4³	2⁶	8³	6¹	4⁶
14..	1 3³	4⁶	3⁵	3¹	2⁴	1⁷	1¹	4⁴	3⁵	2⁴
15..	1 4⁵	0¹	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....



GLIMPSES OF THE A. C. A.—Under the above title Mr. S. R. Stoddard has published a very handsome series of photo-gravure pictures of the A. C. A. meet of 1889. The views of the racing canoes are among the best we have ever seen. The twenty pictures, which include the camp, the great A. C. A. circus and the racing fleet, are very well printed in different tints.

ORANGE C. C.—The Orange C. C., on the Passaic River, held their annual meeting of Jan. 8 in Arlington. The following officers were elected for the present year: Com., J. C. Massa; Vice-Com., G. Manley; Purser, R. W. Strachan, Jr.; Trustees, D. E. McMullen, C. W. Burroughs, C. G. Dans. The club proposes to put an addition on its house this spring.

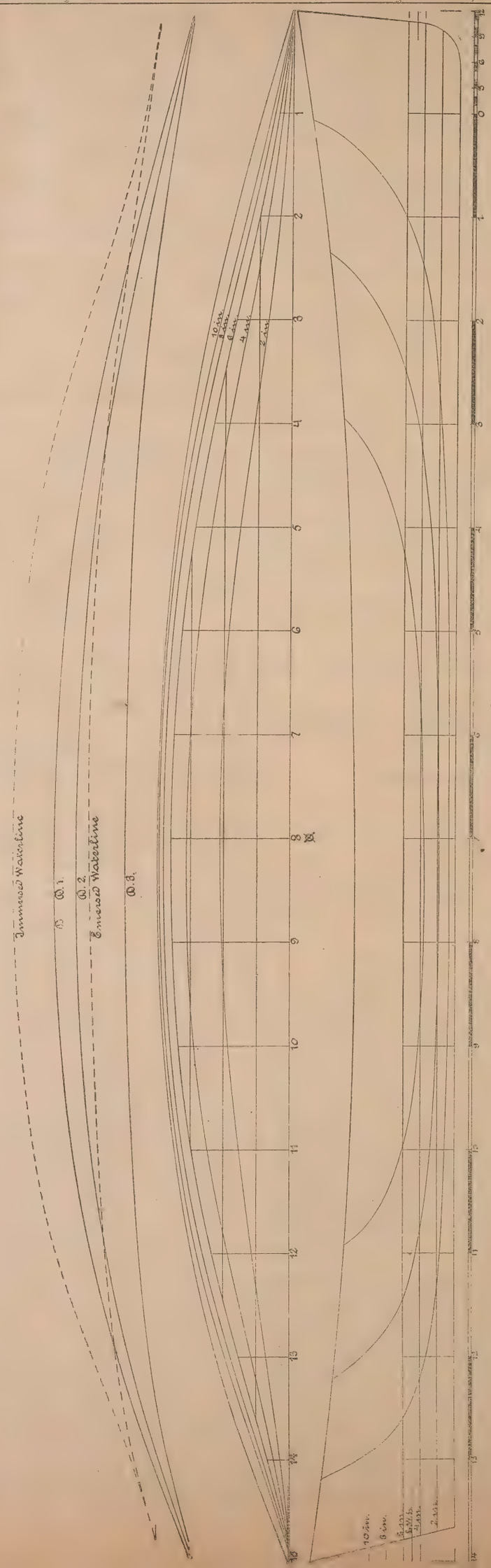
NEW YORK C. C.—The first race of the season of 1890 was sailed on Jan. 14 over the usual course on New York Bay, being a private match between Walpus, W. W. Howard, and Kittiwake, Col. C. L. Norton. Kittiwake led for a time at the start, but was finally beaten by Walpus.

KNICKERBOCKER C. C.—Officers for 1890: Com., L. W. Seavey; Vice-Com., E. L. Hopkins; Sec., J. K. Hand; Treas., C. C. Foster; Meas., F. C. Moore.

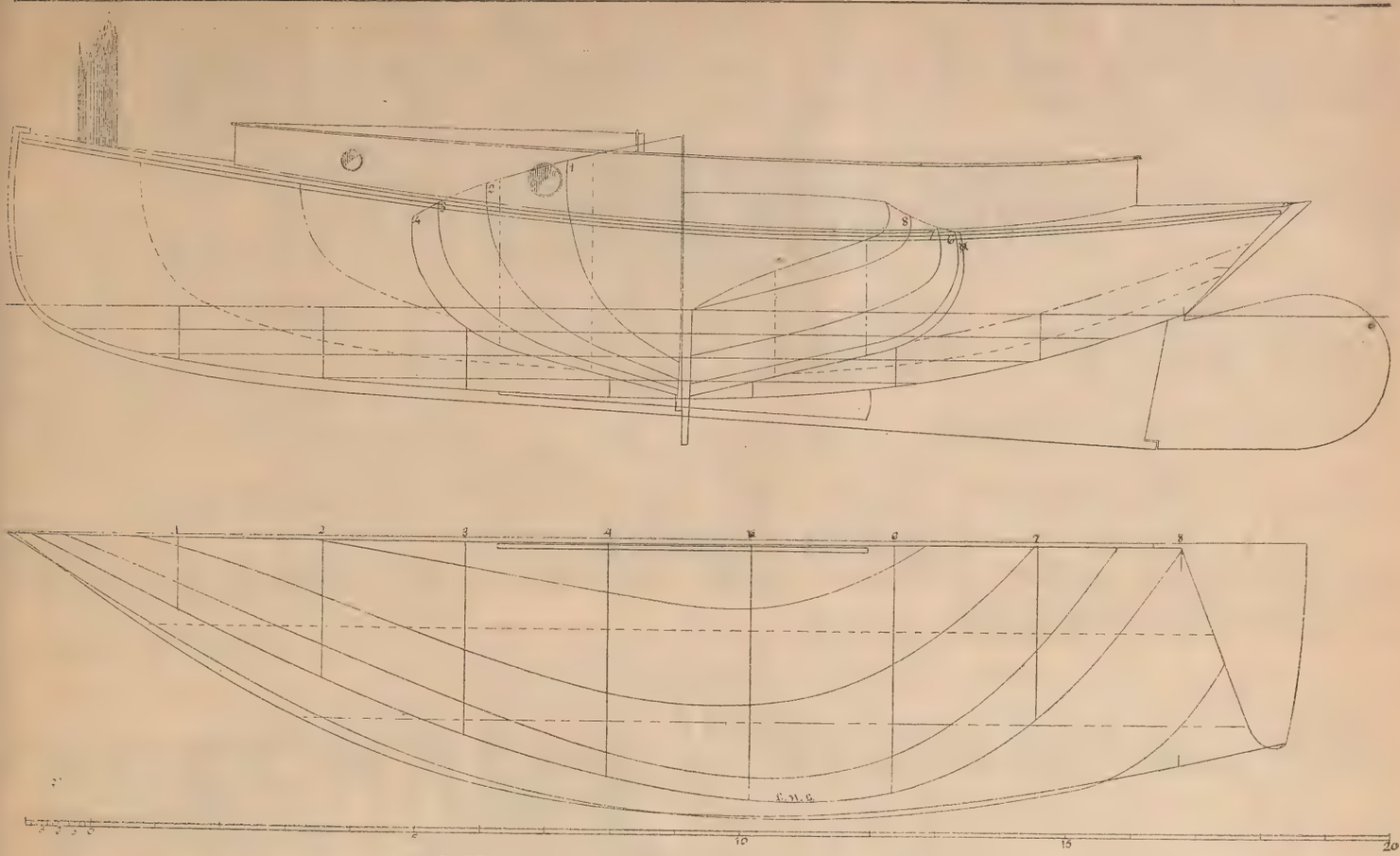
A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Atlantic Division—Geo. D. Gideon, Philadelphia, Pa.

Canvas Canoes and how to Build Them. By Parker B. Field. Price 50 cents. Canoe and Boat Building. By W. P. Stephens. Price $1.50. The Canoe Aurora. By C. A. Neide. Price $1. Canoe Handling. By C. B. Vaux. Price $1. Canoe and Camera. By T. S. Steele. Price 1.50. Four Months in a Sneakbox. By N. H. Bishop. Price $1.50. Canoe and Camp Cookery. By "Seneca." Price $1.

Small Yachts. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price $7. Steam Yachts and Launches. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price $3. Yachts, Boats and Canoes. By C. Stansfield-Hicks. Price $3.50. Steam Machinery. By Donaldson. Price $1.50.



15×31½ RACING CANOE.



CAPE COD "CATBOAT" MAGIC. BUILT BY CROSBY BROS.

Yachting.

"West India Hurricanes and the Great March Blizzard." By Everett Hayden, U. S. Hydrographic Office. Large quarto, with 23 lithographic plates. Price $1. Contains full history of the great storm of March, 1888, with practical information how to handle a vessel in a cyclone; use of oil at sea, etc.

THE CAPE "CATBOAT" MAGIC.

THE Magic, though in reality a "jib and mainsail" boat by virtue of her rig, is one of the family of Cape Cod catboats, made famous by such racers as Harbinger, Surprise, Mucilage and Kiowa. Though all were originally catrigged, and many still carry but a mainsail, there are some which use a jib at times, and others, like Harbinger, which carry it habitually, and are thus no longer catboats, but sloops. Magic was built in 1887 for Mr. Thos. P. Lewis, of Barnstable, Mass., by Crosby Bros., of Osterville, a firm well-known in connection with these craft. Her dimensions are:

Length over all	20ft.	
L.W.L.	17ft.	10½in.
Beam, extreme	8ft.	8in.
L.W.L.	8ft.	2in.
Draft without board	2ft.	1in.
Freeboard lowest	1ft.	3in.
Centerboard, length	5ft.	8in.
breadth	3ft.	4in.
pin from fore end of l.w.l.	7ft.	6in.
Mast, length	30ft.	
diameter at deck		7in.
Bowsprit outline	9ft.	
Boom	28ft.	
Gaff	17ft.	6in.
Hoist of mainsail	18ft.	6in.
jib	20ft.	6in.
Area of mainsail	512 sq. ft.	
jib	73 sq. ft.	

Magic held the championship of the Cape Cod Y. C., in the 18ft. class in 1887 and 1888.

SEAWANHAKA CORINTHIAN Y. C.

THE annual meeting of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. was held at the club house on Jan. 11, with Vice-Com. Center in the chair. The following officers and committees were elected:

Trustees, Wm. B. Simonds and Chas. A. Post; Com., Robert Center, cutter Medusa; Vice-Com., Geo. H. B. Hill, schooner Miranda; Rear-Com., Ralph N. Ellis, schooner Iroquois; Sec'y, Leon F. d'Oremieulx; Treas., Walter C. Hubbard; Meas., John Hyslop; Fleet Surgeon, J. West Roosevelt, M.D.; Fleet Chaplain, Geo. R. Vandewater, D.D.; Race Committee, Wm. A. Haines, Morris M. Howland, Walter C. Kerr, J. Langdon Ward, Wm. B. Simonds; House Committee, Herbert L. Satterlee, Wm. A. Haines, Ashton Lemoine, Alfred Ely, Wm. B. Ogden; Committee on lectures and entertainment, J. Frederic Tams, Leonard Chenery, Lieut.-Comd'r U. S. N., Chas. A. Post; Committee on lines and models, John Hyslop, A. Cary Smith, Wm. P. Stephens; Library Committee, Henry W. Tyler, Henry W. Hayden, W. C. Brown. Committe on Exhibits, John F. Lovejoy, R. Alexander Rutherfurd, Geo. P. Blow, ensign, U. S. N.; Law Committee, Chas. W. Wetmore, Sidney Chubb, Henry P. Rogers.

The measurement committee made a recommendation to the effect that the proposed amendment regarding waterline length should be laid on the table, in order that the rules of the club should be in unformity with those of the New York and Eastern Y. C., which was done, the same committees being continued to confer with the committees of the other clubs in regard to uniform rules. The proposed changes in the details of measurement were all adopted. The clause relating to the spinaker boom was objected to on the ground that it was liable to be evaded, but was finally passed as proposed in order not to conflict with the same rule as adopted by the New York Y. C.; the committee being instructed to bring the matter before the other committees when they meet in order that the wording of the rule may be revised. The trustees' report showed the club to be in a prosperous condition; it suggested also that the club should endeavor during the coming seaeon to hold some races under conditions that should test as far as possible the merits of various rules of measurement. The other reports showed a membership of 318, or 11 more than last year; a fleet of 137 yachts, a gain of 20, and a net surplus of $1,000. The retiring treasurer, Mr. Simonds, has held the office for 11 years, while Mr. Foulke, the retiring trustee, has held the same office since the formation of the club. The first of the lectures on design and construction by Mr. A. Carey Smith was given on Jan. 7, and the second on Jan. 14. The annual dinner will be given at Delmonico's on Feb. 1.

DEATH OF CAPT. CUTHBERT.—Captain Alexander Cuthbert, of Belleville, Ontario, builder of the yachts Countess of Dufferin and Atalanta, died at his home on Jan. 14.

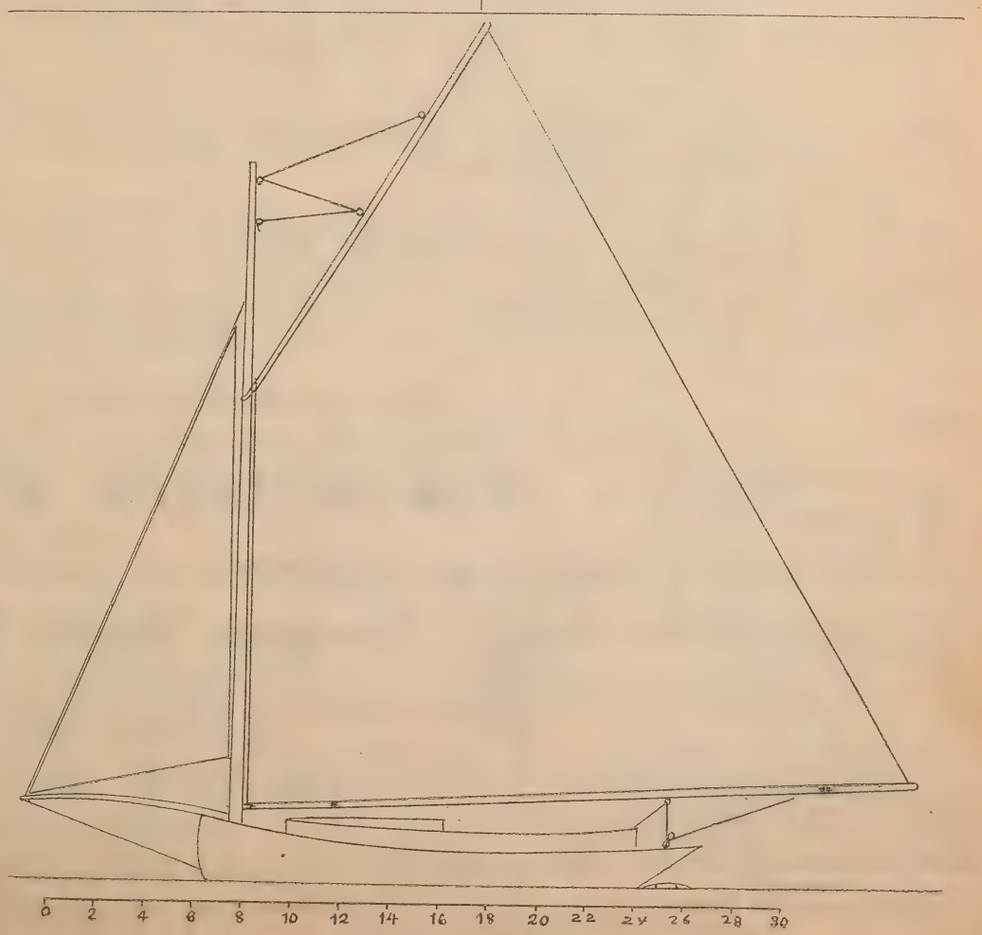
CORRECTED LENGTH AND "CANOE TYPE."

THE *Field* comments as follows on the recent report of the Eastern Y. C. committee:

"The Eastern Y. C., of Boston, U. S. A., appointed a committee, consisting of General Paine, Mr. Edward Burgess, and three others to consider the advisability of adopting a rating rule like that of the Seawanhaka Y. C. (as recently adopted by the New York Y. C.). The committee have reported that they are afraid to adopt a rule which is so easy on length and hard on sail—in these respects it is not so easy or hard as the Y. R. A. rule—because it might produce "an undesirable craft of the canoe type," to the extinction of the centerboard yacht.

"We certainly think these are groundless fears, even if the rule referred to be taken in conjunction with the new classification of sailing length instead of actual length of loadline. There certainly are no indications at present in this country (so far as yachts are concerned) that anything approaching a canoe type of yacht would succeed. Certainly the objection made to a simple sail area rule three years ago was that it might produce a canoe type of yacht in the smaller classes, and probably there were grounds for that apprehension, although it was not put to the test; but, at any rate, we do not see how the canoe type of yacht could exist without the centerboard even in small craft. If there is a deep fixed keel or 'dorsal fin,' such as the Humming Bird and others have, coupled with great beam, there is nothing 'canoe' about the type; if there is, then we might call the Jullanar of the canoe type, and she is usually spoken of as anything but an undesirable craft. The fact is, however, that both we in this country, and the best informed Americans, have now seen enough of the length and sail area rule to be convinced that a 'canoe type' of yacht is not possible under it. It may possibly yet come to that in the small classes of 5-rating and under, but the superiority of the type for match sailing would have to be very clearly proved before it became of universal adoption. And after all, if the type proved to be a bad one, it could easily be checked in its development."

WRECK OF A FOREIGN YACHT.—A very meagre report has come by cable from Cadiz to the effect that an English schooner, Inva by name, has been wrecked of the coast of Spain and 6 men drowned. The only yacht of this name is a schooner-rigged steam yacht, formerly the Argo, now owned by Count Straganoff and hailing from St. Petersburg.



SAIL PLAN OF MAGIC.

THE NEW YORK STATE NAVAL RESERVE.

THE Naval Reserve Artillery of the State of New York is now permanently established, and the actual work of drilling the newly enlisted members has commenced. The battalion has its headquarters on shore, where instructions by means of a model ship will be given as far as possible; and in addition broadsword, howitzer and machine gun practice will be given on board the Minnesota. The following orders have been issued:

GENERAL ORDER, NO. 1.

1. By virtue of an act of the Legislature of the State of New York, entitled, "An act to establish a State naval militia," Chap. 492, Laws of 1889, and pursuant to an election by the members of the First Provisional Battalion of the Naval Reserve Artillery, held Oct. 28, 1889, I hereby assume command.

2. George Edward Kent is hereby appointed adjutant of the battalion with the rank of lieutenant, and will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

3. The following named members having been duly elected captains of the respective companies, are hereby directed to assume command of the same with the rank of lieutenant, and will be obeyed and respected accordingly: First Company, S. Dana Green; Second Company, F. R. Calvin; Third Company, L. M. Mowbray; Fourth Company, W. P. Williams.

4. Headquarters of this battalion have been established at No. 873 Sixth avenue, New York city, where two members of the recruiting committee of each company will be in attendance every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock until further orders.

5. All business of the battalion will be transacted by the board of officers.

6. The U. S. S. Minnesota, having been named by the Hon. Secretary of the Navy for the use of the battalion for two evenings per week, the same is hereby accepted. Notice of drills will be given on board said vessel. PHILIP B. LOW, Lieut. Commanding.

Official: GEO. E. KENT, Lieut. and Adjutant.

SPECIAL ORDER, NO. 1.

1. Monday and Thursday evenings of each week are designated as drill nights for this battalion. The first and third companies will drill on Monday evenings, and the second and fourth companies on Thursday evenings. Drill call will be sounded promptly at 8 o'clock. These orders to take effect immediately. By order of P. B. LOW, Lieut. Commanding.

Official: GEO. E. KENT, Lieut. and Adjutant.

Under the law lately passed by the State of Massachusetts, the Adjutant-General has authorized the organization of two companies of naval militia in Boston, and the Massachusetts Y. C. is now working for the enrollment of recruits. Quarters will be assigned in the new armory on Dartmouth street, and permission has been obtained to use the U. S. vessel Wabash for practice afloat.

THE LIMITATION OF SPINAKER BOOMS.

THE *Field* of Dec. 28, makes the following criticism on the wording of the spinaker boom clause lately adopted by the New York Y. C.:

"The New York Y. C. has formulated its new measurement rule and thus deals with the spinaker boom: 'The length of base line shall be modified in any case where the spinaker boom measures more than the distance from the fore side of mast to the forward point of base line' at the bowsprit end. The Y. R. A. rule reads: 'In all cases, if the distance from the center fore and aft line of the mast to the outer end of the spinaker boom (when shipped in its place and square to the keel) exceeds the distance from the fore side of the mast to the cranse iron on bowsprit end, the excess shall be added to the base line.' Of course the New York Y. C. regulation is much more simple; but at the time when the Y. R. A. rule was passed it was thought that any such simple regulation would lead to long shanks to goose necks, or to contrivances for shipping the boom on the rail, etc., hence the regulation, which at first sight certainly looks rather obscure. After all it is the spread which the boom and its connections can give the spinaker which has to be considered, and the Y. R. A. rule takes full account of it, and the New York rule does not."

The present wording leaves room for an evasion in the shape of a very long gooseneck, or of shipping the boom on the rail in very light winds, both of which are contrary to the spirit of the rule. The wording of the Y. R. A. rule is better, as it will prevent any such evasion.

WATERPROOFING FABRICS.

NO question is so often asked of us as that of the best method of waterproofing, our mail this week bringing two such inquiries. We have frequently printed receipts, that by means of alum and sugar of lead best. The following correspondence concerning this method has lately appeared in the *Field:*

"A porous waterproof cloth is the best for outer garments during wet weather for those whose duties or labor causes them to perspire freely. The best way for preparing such cloth is by the process adopted for the tunics of the French soldiers during the Crimean war. It is as follows: Take 2½lbs. alum and dissolve in 10 gallons of boiling water; then in a separate vessel dissolve the same quantity of sugar of lead in 10 gallons of water and mix the two solutions. The cloth is now well handled in this liquid until every part of it is penetrated, then it is squeezed and dried in the air or in a warm apartment, then washed in cold water and dried again, when it is fit for use. If necessary the cloth may be dipped in the liquid and dried twice before being washed. The liquor appears curdled when the alum and lead solutions are mixed together. This is the result of double decomposition, the sulphate of lead, which is an insoluble salt, being formed. The sulphate of lead is taken up in the pores of the cloth, and it is unaffected by rains or moisture, and yet it does not render the cloth airtight. Such cloth is also partly uninflammable. A solution of alum itself will render cloth, prepared as described, partially waterproof, but it is not so good as the sulphate of lead. Such cloth—cotton or woolen—sheds rain like the feathers on the back of a duck. As to cost, alum is 1½d. per pound and sugar of lead 8d. per pound, and doubtless each could be had for less in quantities. Experience will tell the amount of liquor necessary for, say, a score of capes; but anyway the process will be found to be sufficiently inexpensive and effectual.—W. V. W. [The details as given by our correspondent will be useful to many of our readers, but his explanation is not correct; the essential parts of the alum, namely, the sulphate of alumina and the acetate of lead (sugar of lead) are mutually decomposed, acetate of alumina and sulphate of lead being produced. The latter is a perfectly insoluble and useless white powder; it is the acetate of alumina that repels the water when dry upon the fibers of the cloth.—ED.]

"I have used many ways and materials to try and keep dry when shooting, but I must confess without much success, except at the expense of being drenched with perspiration. I read with much interest your process of waterproofing with sugar of lead, etc., which I have heard of before, but was always afraid to try, from a fear that there might be a danger of lead poisoning from wearing things so treated, especially as they would generally be worn when the skin was warm, and consequently more open. Perhaps, to satisfy my scruples, you will be kind enough to answer the annexed queries. 1. Is there any risk whatever of lead poisoning from wearing clothes treated with the solution of sugar of lead and alum as recommended in the *Field* of the 12th inst.? 2. Supposing it is quite safe to wear a coat so treated, would it be equally safe to wear knickerbockers and stockings treated in the same way, these being in immediate contact with the skin? [If properly prepared, the acetate of lead is all converted into sulphate of lead, which, being a white, utterly insoluble powder, should not be allowed to get into the cloth, and would be perfectly harmless if it got there.—ED.]" "Referring to a paragraph in your last issue, and your remarks thereon, I think it only right your readers should be cautioned how they use sugar of lead. Some years ago I tried the process in question through seeing it mentioned in your columns, and, although I only stirred the sugar of lead with a stick, and never touched it with my hands, the fumes caused me to be severely lead-poisoned, and were it not for good medical treatment, I think the result would have been fatal. As it was I lost 7lbs. weight in a fortnight, and felt the effects for months. I would much rather get wet than make my waterproofs for the future.—E. B. T. [Sugar of lead is not volatile, and it is probable that some may have been taken into the mouth unconsciously by our correspondent, as, though very poisonous, it is not readily absorbed by the skin, being constantly used in lotions and so-called hair-revivers.—ED.]"

UNIFORM RACING RULES.

IN view of the action of the New York Y. C., and in order to be in complete harmony with other clubs, the Measurement Committee of the Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C. at the last meeting made a recommendation that the amendment providing for a classification by corrected length, as recommended by them, be laid on the table. It was further moved that the same committee be continued to confer with other clubs on the subject of uniform rules. As the New York, Larchmont, Atlantic and Eastern clubs now have similar committees, it is likely that a joint meeting will be held very soon, in order that such work as is deemed advisable may be completed before the beginning of the season.

MASSACHUSETTS Y. C.—The annual meeting of the Dorchester Y. C. was held on Jan. 3 at the winter quarters in Boston, with Com. Soley in chair. A very important amendment was made to the by-laws, the name of the club being changed to the Massachusetts Y. C. The following officers were elected: Com., J. C. Soley, Diana; Vice-Com., W. T. Lambert, Bohemian; Sec'y, W. B. McClellan; Treas., H. B. Callendar; Meas., Hartford Davenport, Lydia Adams; Ass't Meas., C. H. Dood, Deuce. Directors, the commodore (*ex-officio*), H. W. Savage (Clytie), C. H. Nute, Erastus Willard, C. H. Whiting. Membership Committee, A. L. Jacobs, C. F. Rice (Winsome), Chester Guild, Jr., T. W. King (Ethel), E. H. R. Revere, J. Dearborn (Mirage), A. Underwood. Regatta Committee, L. M. Clark (Paradox), Phillip Little, W. O. Gay (Nomad), W. T. Mann (Aldo), C. H. Guild (Beetle). House Committee, A. J. Clark, Francis Gray (Psyche), Eben Putnam, Frederick Gray, E. N. Pierce. The total membership, including the names now under consideration, is 294. The following amendments were also made to the by-laws: Art. 20, Sec. 9. By adding the words, "The membership shall be limited to 300, but in case of yacht owners applying for membership the committee is authorized to increase that limit temporarily." Insert Art. 14 (and change numbers of following articles): "There shall be three standing committees as follows: Regatta committee, membership committee and house committee. No member of the club shall be a member of more than one standing committee at the same time, and no officer shall be a member of a standing committee. The club has made arrangements for leasing a club house on Rowe's wharf, and landing privileges on India Wharf.

LYNN Y. C.—At the annual meeting of the Lynn Y. C., held Jan. 7, the following board of officers were chosen for the ensuing year: Com., F. E. Baker; Vice-Com., H. L. Parker; Treas., J. W. Attwell; Sec'y, F. E. Newhall, 22 Newhall street, Lynn. Directors, B. W. Rowell, E. B. Newhall, H. K. Wheeler, J. W. Haines, E. H. Dunbar. Membership Committee, J. H. Tufts, W. A. Estes, F. Holbrook. The annual report of the treasurer showed an advance in a year from a debt of $800 to a surplus of $236, the annual receipts of the year $2,226.21, the expenditures $885.87. The net receipts of the recent banquet were $626.33. On Jan. 1, 1889, the club had outstanding debts of $830. Jan. 1, 1890, the entire debt had been paid and $200 added to the sinking fund and over $206 in the treasury. M. C. J. Blethen is to float a new catboat this spring, to be 20ft. 5in. over all, 17ft. waterline, 9ft. beam and 11in. draft. Com. Baker and H. K. Wheeler are building a 40ft. steam launch.

HULL Y. C.—The annual meeting of the Hull Y. C. was held on Jan. 11, with Com. Whitten in the chair. The following officers were elected: Com., C. V. Whitten; Vice-Com., J. J. Henry; Rear-Com., J. J. Souther; Sec., W. A. Cary; Treas., C. C. Hutchinson; Assist. Sec., H. W. Friend; Meas., W. E. Sherriff; Executive Committee, W. D. Lovell, J. B. Forsyth, W. B. Lambert and J. R. Hooper; Membership Committee, F. L. Dunne, C. S. Wade, H. W. Friend and H. Taggard; Delegates to the New England Y. R. A., J. F. Brown and F. M. Bond. The membership is now 252. The foundation of the new house being completed, the committee was empowered to contract for the building at a cost of not over $6,000. A proposal was made to change the club flag, but was not acted on at this meeting. Mr. W. D. Lovell was appointed Fleet Captain.

THE NEW JAMESON CUTTER.—The composite yacht now building by Fary & Co., of Southampton, for Mr. John Jameson, late owner of Irex, will be 111ft. over all, 83ft. 6in. l.w.l., 19ft. beam, 13ft. 6in. draft, and will have a centerboard, the trunk being below the cabin floor. She has the clipper stem and raking sternpost. Her lead keel weighs 70 tons. It is very unlikely that she will challenge for the America's Cup, in spite of the reports to that effect that have lately been current here. Mr. Jameson proposes to own the fastest British racing yacht in the future, as he has for some years in the past; and to that end has built to the largest practicable limits in order to realize the advantages which size gives. Capt. Wm. O'Neil, who has sailed Silver Star, Samoena and Irex, all Richardson boats, will command the new craft.

LARCHMONT Y. C.—At a meeting of the Larchmont Y. C. on Jan. 8, it was voted, after a long discussion, to raise the annual dues from $25 to $40.

SIPPICAN Y. C.—The Sippican Y. C., after rather a doubtful existence since its organization, will enter upon its fourth season, that of 1890, in an extremely flourishing condition. Nearly all the prominent yachtsmen of Buzzards Bay are among the members, and the fleet comprises many famous yachts. Among the other yachts are the catboats Mattie and Climax of the first class, Widgeon and Lestris of the second, Daisy, Hera and Edith of the third, and Capt. Bird's fast little sloop Ziuzara. The treasurer's report shows a clear surplus in the treasury. The club's headquarters are at Marion, Mass., on Sippican Harbor, a branch of Buzzards Bay. The races are sailed on the open waters of the bay. The following dates have been fixed for next season: July 19, open race; Aug. 16, club race; Aug. 30, open sweepstakes. Larger prizes will be offered in the coming races than in former ones, and therefore large attendance is expected.

WINTER CRUISING.—The only sailing yachts now cruising in Florida and the West Indies are Iroquois, Rear-Com. Ellis, Seawanhaka C. Y. C., and Whim. Both of these schooners were designed by Mr. A. Cary Smith for Mr. Chapin, the present owner of the large cruising schooner Yampa, by the same designer. Mr. Smith is now at work on a design for a fast-cruising centerboard schooner, similar to Iroquois, but 84ft. long. She will be of steel, with her board below the cabin floor. Augusta, steam yacht, was at Norfolk, Va., on Jan. 11, on her way to Jacksonville. Vedette, steam yacht, Mr. F. W. Vanderoilt, has been at Elizabeth City, N. C., for repairs, on her way south.

BROOKLYN Y. C.—Officers, 1890: Com., Benjamin F. Sutton; Vice-Com., Geo. P. Foote; Rear-Com., P. H. Jeannot; Pres., Daniel O'Reilly; Treas., Wm. Burk; Sec'y, Wm. Cogger; Meas., R. C. Hopkins. Regatta Committee, Willis Holly, W. A. Taylor and A. S. Richoffer. Membership Committee, Henry Reilly, Edward Chandler and O. E. Tredwell. Trustees, Edward F. Drayton, John P. Tribken, Willard Gornam, George H. Lyons, M. F. Tobin, John Cottier, A. M. Lochhead, Franklin Prentiss and J. J. Welsh.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE U. S. NAVAL INSTITUTE.—The last quarterly number for 1889 contains a very interesting article on the works of the Bethlehem Iron Co., by W. H. Jaques; a paper on "Our Future Navy," by Rear-Admiral Luce, U. S. N.; and a valuable paper on the Management of Boats in Surf, by Ensign A. A. Ackerman, U. S. N.; in addition to much other interesting matter.

HARLEM Y. C.—Officers, 1890: Com., F. Lalor; Vice-Com., W. J. Cooper; Recording Sec'y, W. H. Porter; Financial Sec'y, H. B. McAllister; Corresponding Sec'y, J. Hutchings; Treas., Charles Hutchinson; Meas., John A. Lalor; Steward, Robert Payton. Trustees, Geo. W. Fuller, J. C. Ebmeyer, Thos. Hendry, R. L. Fersenheimer and Ed. McEvoy.

HUDSON RIVER Y. C.—Officers 1890: Com., Henry F. Allen; Vice-Com., John E. Drew; Sec., Edward R. Wilson; Treas., Richard V. Freeman; Meas., James K. Tucker, and Steward, John P. Hufnagel.

THE MARITIME EXHIBITION.—The Maritime Exhibition, which lately closed in Boston, has not proved a financial success, the loss being stated at $50,000.

A CENTERBOARD PILOT BOAT.—Boston will soon have a novelty in the shape of a centerboard pilot boat; the only one, we believe, on the coast.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

V. K., Ithaca, N. Y.—We have no record of the fastest mile made by a greyhound.

W. A. W., Portland, Ore.—The design published this week should answer your purpose.

T. M., New York.—We are not at liberty to give the writer's address, but will forward a letter to him for you.

T. W. S., Fond du Lac, Wis., and S. W. D., Wellesley, Mass., will find directions for waterproofing in another column.

G. R. M., New Boston, Ill.—Write to the Patent Office, Washington, for a pamphlet giving full information for taking out a patent.

L. F. J., Trenton, N. J.—We know of no safe method to produce abortion in a bitch. Would advise you to let nature take its course. There have undoubtedly been cases where the influence of previous sires has been shown in the offspring, but such cases are so extremely rare that the matter is hardly worth consideration.

M. G. C., Cape Cod, Mass.—You may secure the live jack rabbits from Mr. H. L. Liebfried, Garden City, Kan. They cost $2.50 each boxed for express, and the express charge to New York is $3 for each rabbit. The Eastern Coursing Club secured their jacks from this source and we understand they were satisfied with the transaction.

W. R. C. W., Port Hammond, B. C.—The description of the animal, as given you by the old trapper (who is more afraid of a woman than a grizzly) is too meagre to enable us to identify the creature, but it is probably the shoti, sewellel, or mountain beaver (*Aplodontia leporina*), though the description does not quite answer to this.

W. D. C., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Does the law allow a citizen of this city or the vicinity to carry a pistol loaded or empty. If it does not, please inform me where, under what conditions and by whom can a license be granted and its cost? Ans. Apply to police captain of the precinct in which you live. He will, if you are a proper party for it, issue a license at a small fee.

A. S. R., Springfield, O.—Champion Gloster is owned by Mr. James L. Breese, Tuxedo Park, N. Y. He was whelped July 24, 1884, and is by Dashing Rover (Dash II.—Norna) and out of Trinket (Crack—Diana). He was very high commended at New York 1887. His field trial record is first Members' Stake and divided second All-Aged Stake, Eastern Field Trials, 1886; first All-Aged Stake and first Champion Stake, Eastern Field Trials, 1887; first Members' Stake, Eastern Field Trials, 1888; and second Members' Stake, Eastern Field Trials, 1889.

BEECHAM'S PILLS cure bilious and nervous ills.—*Adv.*

HUMPHREYS' VETERINARY SPECIFICS

For Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs, AND POULTRY.

500 Page Book on Treatment of Animals and Chart Sent Free.

CURES: A.A.—Fevers, Congestions, Inflammation; Spinal Meningitis, Milk Fever. B.B.—Strains, Lameness, Rheumatism. C.C.—Distemper, Nasal Discharges. D.D.—Bots or Grubs, Worms. E.E.—Coughs, Heaves, Pneumonia. F.F.—Colic or Gripes, Bellyache. G.G.—Miscarriage, Hemorrhages. H.H.—Urinary and Kidney Diseases. I.I.—Eruptive Diseases, Mange. J.K.—Diseases of Digestion, Paralysis.

Single Bottle (over 50 doses), - - .60
Stable Case, with Specifics, Manual, Veterinary Cure Oil and Medicator, $7.00
Jar Veterinary Cure Oil, - - 1.00

Sold by Druggists; or Sent Prepaid anywhere and in any quantity on Receipt of Price.

Humphreys' Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

Forest & Stream File Binders

PRICE, $1.00.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

TARPON FISHING.

Anglers contemplating a trip to Florida this coming season will find it to their advantage to inspect our celebrated

Tarpon Rods, Reels and Lines.

The largest tarpon (184 lbs.) ever killed on a rod and reel was taken with one of our Nolbwood Tarpon Rods. They are pronounced "PERFECT" by all who have used them.

OUR NEW SOFT LINEN TARPON SNELL IS THE BEST.

ABBEY & IMBRIE,

Manufacturers of every description of

FINE FISHING TACKLE

18 Vesey Street (Fourth door from the Astor House), New York.

WINCHESTER

STAR  RIVAL

LOADED PAPER SHOT SHELLS.

Ask your Dealer for them.

Not Sold at Retail by the Manufacturers.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.,

312 Broadway, N. Y. NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Send for 82-page Catalogue of Arms and Ammunition.

PAINLESS **BEECHAM'S** EFFECTUAL

THE GREAT ENGLISH MEDICINE **PILLS** WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

For Weak Stomach—Impaired Digestion—Disordered Liver.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOX.

Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England.

B. F. ALLEN & CO., Sole Agents

FOR UNITED STATES, 365 & 367 CANAL ST., NEW YORK,

Who (if your druggist does not keep them) will mail Beecham's Pills on receipt of price—*but inquire first.* (Please mention this paper.)

A Hint is as Good as a Kick

Runs the saying. The 611 hints in

Hints and Points for Sportsmen

COMPILED BY "SENECA,"

Relate to Shooting, Fishing, Camping, Canoeing, Dogs, Guns and all branches of sportsmen's activities. It is a good book to have in the house and in camp. Price, $1.50.

FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO.,

318 Broadway, New York.

DAVIES & CO., 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill, London.

SPORTSMEN SMOKERS

SHOULD ALL SMOKE OUR CELEBRATED



HAVANA CIGARS.

The favorite cigar of Rod and Gun Clubs generally. These cigars are made of the choicest tobaccos, grown and selected with the greatest care. They cannot fail to suit the taste of all lovers of the fragrant weed. Each cigar has the brand impressed on it, and every box has a label, fac-simile of the title of the popular journal, and our firm signature, without which none are genuine. We are the only authorized manufacturers of the above brand.

We will deliver free of express charges

LONDRES PERFECTO.....@ $7.50 per 100
CONCHAS ESPECIALS.....@ 6.50 "

Upon receipt of price.

A. W. FOOTE & CO., Sole Manufacturers,
125 Maiden Lane, New York.

Increasing Sales Attest the Popularity of THE GENTLEMEN'S CIGARETTE.

SPECIAL FAVOURS.

Manufactured only by

KINNEY BROS.

(KINNEY TOBACCO CO. Successors). Also manufacturers of the Old Reliable

SWEET CAPORAL.

Charley's Wonderful Journeys

By C. F. AMERY.

This series of thirteen adventurous journeys into as many regions of Dreamland has been admirably characterized as the most delicious nonsense ever written, and is now being brought out in a handsome quarto volume of 116 pages, profusely illustrated.

PRICE, $1.50.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.,
318 Broadway, New York.
DAVIES & CO., 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill, Eng.

WOODCRAFT.

By "NESSMUK."

A book for people who love outdoor life: for the hunter, the angler and the canoeist. The work has been of service to thousands of outers, and will help thousands of others. It is full of practical advice and information from one who has spent his life in learning by hard experience what he now tells his readers. No camper can afford to be without it. Cloth, 160 pages, illustrated. Price $1.00.

FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO.,
New York.
DAVIES & Co., 1 Finch Lane, London, Eng

GURDON TRUMBULL'S

Names and Portraits of Birds

Which Interest Gunners; with descriptions in language understanded of the people.

Practically speaking, this is the first popular volume of ornithology ever issued from the press; a work which goes far to demonstrate that scientific accuracy may be as easily maintained in English as in Greek or Latin. Follows the game birds all over the continent and gives a glossary of all the local names in popular use. Illustrated with admirable portraits from the pencil of Mr. Edwin Shepard of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, which, with the clear descriptions in the text, will enable any man who can read to identify the contents of his game bag.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS:

It is the first, so far as we know, of a series of books of which the need is felt in every department of natural history.—*Troy Press.*

The book should find its way to a choice place in every sportsman's library.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

I would much rather know what this book tells me, the various names by which the people call a bird, than the Latin, Greek or Hebrew name which science gave him for the sake of cataloguing him. * * * It is more value to me to have a description of a bird in plain English which I understand than in scientific language which I do not understand.—*W., in Journal of Commerce.*

SOLD BY

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

PRICE, $3.50.

HILL ON THE DOG.

THE STANDARD WORK ON THEIR MANAGEMENT AND DISEASES.

Price $3.00.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.
318 Broadway, New York.

BARGAINS.

All Fishing Tackle AND Gunning Goods IN STOCK

Will be sold regardless of cost during the month of January to make room for new goods.

Now is the time to lay in your spring stock.

H. H. KIFFE,

318 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

UNCLE LISHA'S SHOP.

Life in a Corner of Yankeeland.

By ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

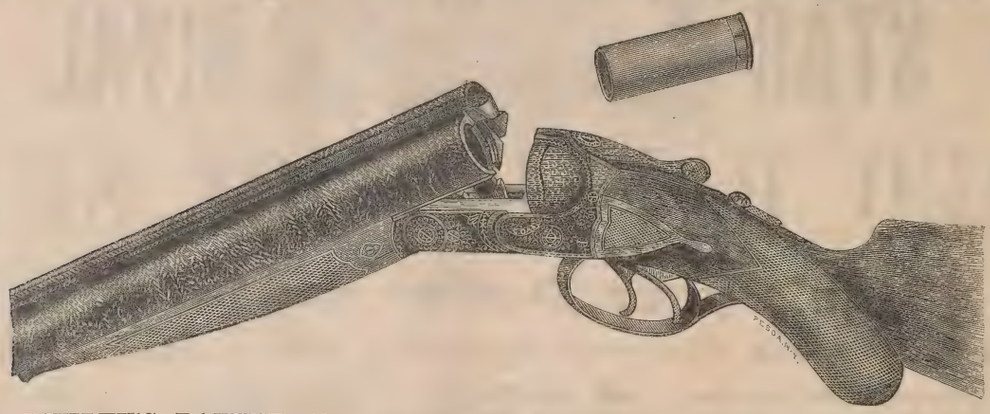
A book that appeals to all who know anything of the old-fashioned New England life. These are some of the chapters:

The School Meeting in District 13. Uncle Lisha's Spring Gun. In Uncle Lisha's Shop. Concerning Owls. Uncle Lisha's Courting. How Zene Burnham Come It on His Father. A Rainy Day in the Shop. The Turkey Shoot at Hamner's. Sam Lovel's Thanksgiving. Little Sis. Sam Lovel's Bee-Hunting. In the Shop Again. The Fox Hunt. Noah Chase's Deer-Hunting. The Hard Experience of Mr. Abijah Jarvis. The Coon Hunt. In the Sugar Camp. Indians in Danvis. The Boy Out West. Breaking Up. The Departure. The Wild Bees' Swarm.

They make a handsomely printed volume of 187 pages, bound in cloth. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, $1.00.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO., 318 BROADWAY NEW YORK.
DAVIES & CO., London, England.

Charles Daly Automatic Hammerless.



Made under DEELEY'S PATENT, the strongest and simplest, equal in every particular to any other AUTOMATIC HAMMERLESS costing DOUBLE the price. No. 150, price $175. No. 250, Diamond Quality, price $275. Charles Daly Hammerless, $100 to $225.

Charles Daly Three-Barrel Gun.

Shotgun Sizes
10, 12 & 16-BORE.
Length of Barrel,
28 to 30 Inch.



Rifle Sizes
.32 W.C.F., .32-40, .38-55, .40-70, .45-70.
Weights, 8 to 10lbs.

THESE GUNS HAVE DRIVEN ALL OTHERS OUT OF THE MARKET. IF YOU HAVEN'T SEEN ONE, INSIST UPON YOUR DEALER ORDERING IT. SHOOTING QUALITIES AND FINISH PERFECT.

Raymond Extension Skates.



SOLE N. Y. AGENTS FOR THESE CELEBRATED SKATES. SEND FOR SPECIAL LIST AND PRICES.

We have renewed our agreement with Messrs. Wright & Ditson for Lawn Tennis, and A. J. Reach & Co. for Base Ball Goods, and shall be better prepared than ever to fill orders for these goods. Wholesale dealers in Indian Clubs, Dumb Bells, Foot Balls, Gymnasium Goods, Bicycles, Fishing Tackle, Canvas and Leather Jackets and everything in the Sporting Goods line.

CATALOGUES ON APPLICATION.

SCHOVERLING, DALY & GALES,

302 BROADWAY and 84 DUANE ST., NEW YORK.

JUN 1958
"Bound to please"

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION LIBRARIES
3 9088 01197 9606